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Ebb Tide

Paper Acquires New Name: Maintains Ocean Image

by LINDA M. BOUCHARD
 Why have we chosen the new title? In the December 1976 issue, former editor Martha Wolf documented the generally pejorative meanings of our former title, 'Ebb Tide.' They include, "decline," "death," and "ill omen." Wishing to maintain a reference to the sea, we decided on a title that has both literary and topical connotations: The Nautilus.

The first issue of 'Ebb Tide' came out in December 1947. It was also the initial year for the first women's college in Rhode Island. In the thirty-years that

'Ebb Tide' has been interpreting and illuminating the college life at Salve, it has seen many changes. The physical size of the paper grew, while several columns were modified or deleted, and others were added in preference, because the final goal was to make its search for news intensive rather than extensive. Our goal remains unchanged and the evident growth and positive direction which the college paper has assumed indicated this transition.

The editors of that 1947 publication were faced with the same query with which we were most

recently confronted; that of establishing an appropriate name for the paper. "Ebb Tide" was decided upon, not with any conscious negative connotation in mind, but rather because the name related to the sea. As for this meaning, it is generally believed that the ebb tide leaves shells, sea glass, and other treasures upon the shore. Beach combers eagerly anticipate this tide because it allows them to survey the remains and eventually share their findings with others. This "Ebb Tide" left the "Nautilus" upon our shore.

Little is known regarding the life history of the nautilus. The shell they produce is quite remarkable as it is septate, that is, it contains a series of chambers, the animal itself occupying the outer or last chamber produced. As the animal grows larger, the outer wall of the shell is built forward and then seals off the vacant area with a thin partition.

This 'nautical' definition is paralleled with a famous literary source. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a New England scholar, critic and man of letters, who wrote both

poetry and fiction as well as delivered lectures on English poetry, was the source from which we drew our present title. From "The Chambered Nautilus:"

*Year after year beheld the silent toil
 that spread his lustrous coil,
 still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling
 for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining
 archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home,
 and knew the old no more.*

O.W.H. 1858



The Nautilus

American Studies Program Introduced

by JANET DeSANTIS and LINDA CLORITE

Dr. Sheila Megley, Dean of Students/Associate Dean of the College, announced recently that Salve Regina College was the recipient of a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. The grant provides for consultant services in the college effort to reorganize the American Studies program. The grant will enable the American Studies Program, currently within the Department of History and Politics, to be organized as a multi-department effort.

On February 28, Dr. David Marcell, Resource Person from Skidmore College, visited our campus to serve as consultant for the co-ordination of this new concentration. Dr. Marcell's visit included meetings with various members of the faculty, administration, Long Range Planning Committee and student body. His last visit, on March 28 and 29, included Curriculum Planning/

Design Work sessions. Careers in American Studies were also discussed. It is hoped that Dr. Marcell's assistance will develop a cooperative link among the departments involved, as well as encouraging new media and new modes of learning for this interdisciplinary course of study.

In constructing programs of instruction relevant to students and the world in which we live, the American Studies Program will strongly focus on a diversified curriculum. The common elements of history, literature, geography, politics, sociology, art, music, and education will form the bulk of the program. Perhaps this interdisciplinary approach is the program's most unique feature. The student of the American Studies Program is faced with many challenges. Besides exposing himself to the interrelationships of various subject matter, he will ponder contemporary problems as they exist in America and the world.

In particular, American diversity in religious belief, ethnic origin, occupational character, and cultural/political experience poses a serious question. Can we, or rather will we relate our past and present knowledge to future and pressing needs? In developing cooperative levels with other subject areas, teachers in the several fields can pool their knowledge and relevant findings, cooperatively working with the representatives of the other divisions of higher learning.

Presently, a student wishing to prepare himself in American Studies selects a major or minor in the Department of History and Politics with electives from other departments.

themes are now tentative; some modifications may be dictated by later circumstances) provide that each student in the program participate in seminars with the other students in the program. There will be three seminar meetings within each over a three-semester cycle. The entire series of nine semesters earns one credit. The scheduling will be flexible so that each student will have an opportunity to complete the series of nine seminar meetings.

Possible areas of interest for an American Studies Major include: Recreational Education, Social Studies Certification, Library Science as a specialist, Pre-Law, Historical Societies, Museum, Politics, Government Employment, International Corporation, Journalism, Business, Public Relations, College Admissions, Advertising (for Art interests) and Graduate Study.

Excitement is running high for this approved proposal. Faculty members from the departments of English, Religious Studies, Art, Music, History and Sociology are all involved. Sister Ann Nelson, Chairwoman of the Department of History and Politics, is primarily responsible for developing this concentration. Sr. Lois Eveleth will be the acting co-ordinator of the program. In them, Salve has two excellent educators with two new challenging tasks to pursue!

The American Studies Program, which is being offered on about 300 campuses throughout the country, is relatively new. Because of its diversity and perhaps because of its close relationship to the Bi-Centennial Spirit of identifying with the dynamisms and structure of the United

"I Could Have Danced All Night . . ."

by LOIS MASSOROTTI and ELENA VIEIRA

As jeans were thrown aside, gowns and suits were gotten ready. Anticipation built up for the big night, and finally the important event for the Freshman class had finally arrived. On Saturday, April 23, the Freshman class at Salve Regina College sponsored a formal.

Each year the Freshman class holds a Cotillion, and this year it was opened to the entire college community, thus being called 'Spring Formal.' The Cotillion itself represents a coming out for Freshmen. Following tradition, each Freshman and his/her escort were introduced to the college community. The gentlemen received a white carnation and the young ladies a long-stemmed red rose, then proceeded down the main stairway of Ochre Court.

After dinner, held at the Hotel Viking, students, escorts, and

guests returned to Ochre Court for the dance. The inclement weather made it necessary for the young ladies to be driven up to the Great Hall, under the archways of the driveway to Ochre Court, in true Victorian style. The music provided by "NO EXIT" was enjoyed by all. The band consisted of guitar, saxes, flute, trumpet and rhythm section, a truly 'Chicago' type band, with an equally professional sound. Awe-stricken by the surrounding of Ochre Court, everyone felt the magic of the old summer mansion. The weather did not dampen anyone's spirits, for once inside the rain was forgotten and it was generally agreed that the evening passed too quickly.

Music, company and location were ideal. The memories of the Spring Formal will linger on for months to come.



Dr. Marcell

The Seminar Series (the

Continued on Page 5



Spring Cotillion.

Symbolism and Myth Resound In Ochre Court

by LINDA CLORITE

Symbols are images which can't be reduced to single meanings. Ochre Court's symbols represent, basically, the birth of the conscious out of the unconscious. They depict the human psyche at a certain stage of development. The conscious is the ability to reflect, to look back upon. Nothing in nature, other than man, has this ability. The unconscious comes first — it is associated with a mother. The newborn conscious is her male child. He gets killed and is reborn during some time in his life, as seen in most heroes or male gods in mythology.

Did the people who designed Ochre Court think of these symbols as they built the structure? Dr. Hersh, professor of dream symbolism and mythology, doesn't think so. He believes that most of these type of things come out of the unconscious.

One of Ochre Court's clearest images is within the staircase; the repeated motif of cherub faces on the balustrade. Each one has a different facial expression and one interpretation is that the baby is the symbol of the newborn and the fish that he is pushing apart are the instincts; the

body, the animal world. The baby pushes them apart as if he is saying — Hold everything! — Like we do with our bodies — when we have to stop and reflect on things before we go ahead. The conscious is vulnerable at early stages. The babies may also symbolize the Ego; the individuality of everyone, even though we are all human and basically the same.

In philosophies around the world, nature is viewed as serpents which are devouring themselves. They represent the continuously turning seasons — life dies in the winter and is reborn in the spring; the leaves are the fertilizer for the new.

This eating of itself and rebirth is symbolic of the state of mind before being reflected upon; like when you were a child, you just did things without first thinking of them.

The dragon is another "monster" that eats itself — a symbol of dying and rebirth — the instincts. St. George, slaying the dragon as seen on the exterior above the portico, symbolizes that he is able to deal with the instincts. Christianity is a real advance over the pagan religions, over instincts; it is an attempt to

deal with instincts (dragons, fish, serpents).

Water and the ocean, which are depicted throughout the Court's motifs, symbolize the unconscious. They are the source, instincts are born in it — as humans are born in water. The water serpents are the negative powers of unconscious which have to be dealt with (St. George kills the dragon and frees the maiden, human soul.) In Christianity, this can be related to the struggles between Jesus and Satan. Jesus frees the human soul which is the bride, the Church.

The open mouths of the griffins and dragons seen throughout, symbolize the unconscious we are born out of and are compared to the earth and the ocean. Just think of the story of Jonah and the whale; he is swallowed and spit out after three days (to consciousness), symbolizing death and rebirth. It is a reentering from the unconsciousness; of coming out transformed. The Easter season also reflects this.

Christ is crucified and is laid in the earth (Mother Nature, unconscious) and is reborn after three days (into consciousness).

The unicorn, sculptured into the chapel's door frame, is the Christ image, a new kind of consciousness. Its one horn symbolizes the Ego (the Ego is only concerned with one thing — it-

Former Editor Describes Role

by JOYCE KUBINEC

The *Ebb Tide* staff is indebted to Martha Wolf, who was the editor for close to two years. She is also Sigma Phi Sigma and valedictorian of the graduating class this spring.

When asked about being the editor of *Ebb Tide* Miss Wolf replied, "It was so hard to try to decide what the people on campus wanted to read about, not what you yourself want to read about. Working on the paper was a privilege, a priceless experience because it really made me start to pay attention to other people and what interests them."

Miss Wolf then commented on her plans after graduation. "I have no great plans. My only plan is to use my education to better appreciate my immediate surroundings and to intertwine bits of knowledge with what ever comes my way."

To conclude Martha's portrait, Dr. James Hersh says it best — "She's a unique person."

Editor's note: The present editors would like to thank Martha for her generous and valuable assistance during the year, especially this past semester when she had completed her studies.

Congratulations

At its recent meeting for new members, the Mercy Honor Society, Sigma Phi Sigma, welcomed thirteen Salve students into its ranks. Among the honored students were *Ebb Tide* editors Martha Wolf, Anthony Kutsaftis, and Linda Bouchard. The criteria for membership are scholarship and service.

Congratulations, editors.



self). The Ego is the center of consciousness. The unicorn is depicted in Ochre Court as chasing a dragon — chasing instincts away.

The baby with wings, updated in the Great Hall, below the balcony, is an old image; it can be seen in many old cemeteries on gravestones. He is called Kypnos, the god of sleep, or Hermes — the messenger of the gods. He is a guide of dead souls between earth and the underworld. Hermes is also the statue in the room before admissions, next to the fireplace. He has just thrown his staff into the middle of some snakes and the snakes froze around his staff, forming a Caduceus. The snake has the power of life and death it is believed, because of its ability to shed its skin and grow a new one. This is why the symbol of the Caduceus is used as the symbol of the medical profession.

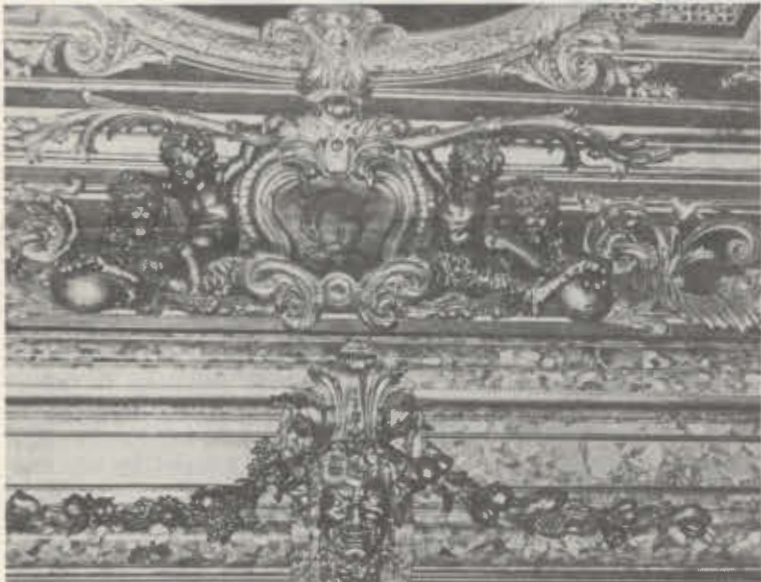
The mermaids, used as door handles on the iron doors, symbolize instinct, growth and development. They depict each of us.

We are both half conscious (the human part) and half unconscious (the fish part).

The columns surrounding the second floor also show the story of evolution. It begins with the child who relies on his mother for everything — this symbolizes the unconscious — as you were when you were four years of age, you may have been wild with no discipline. Then you develop into the second stage — a growing apart stage, which we are more or less going through now — being at school apart from our parents, learning to become independent. This stage is represented by the articles of culture and education being held by the figure on the column. The third and final stage is a period of harmony, a union of both the unconscious (instincts) and the conscious.

Ochre Court is concerned mostly with the second stage; pointing out the definite break and attempts to keep apart the unconscious and the conscious.

So, perhaps the next time you
Continued on Page 4



Editorial

More Fire Safety

Great things concerning fire safety have been initiated on this campus, but shouldn't they have been begun long ago, at the beginning of each new semester, for instance? Some observations involving the fire safety codes include the fact that the residents are being timed on how fast they can vacate the buildings. That's great, but what would actually happen in case of a real fire? The students at the present are using the regular daily-used doors. But what if the stairwells could not be reached in time? Are the fire escapes in working order and do the students know where they are? The fire escapes should be used by the students at least once a semester, to insure that the escapes are the safest way to leave the building and are in working order.

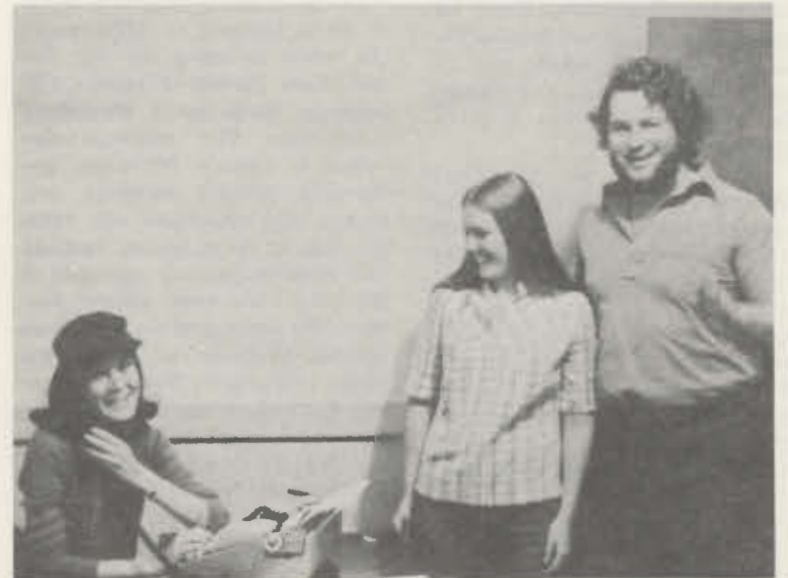
Also, does everyone know where all the fire extinguishers are located? I didn't, until I walked around my dorm one afternoon and found out for myself. I found one of them behind about six bikes. Just that I know where they are doesn't mean, however,

that I'd know how to utilize one in case of an emergency. I'm sure they're basically easy to figure out, but there could be a time when there would be no time to read instructions.

In view of all the above points, we suggest that a simple fire safety drill be conducted at the beginning of each semester. These drills would include each and every building on campus and the following basic techniques demonstrated;

1. Actual use of the fire escapes by the students
2. Locations of fire escapes and extinguishers pointed out (make sure they are unobstructed with spot checks throughout the school year.)
3. Use of fire extinguishers

It may be too late to implement these procedures this school year, but not for next year. In a school of this size, this drill is not impossible as it might be on a larger campus. Hopefully, the administration will take these points into consideration and thus raise the fire safety standards at Salve.



Tony K. and Linda C. leave Linda B. in charge.

EBB TIDE / THE NAUTILUS

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The opinions expressed herein are the opinions of the editorial board and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the administration, faculty, or the student body at Salve Regina College.

from
Campaigns In The Eastern Provinces

Of Arms I Sing, And Of The Man . . .

Virgil

by FRED PAGE

Not more than fifty feet from the back door of my house, an old tumbling-down fieldstone wall meanders through the dense underbrush, head and tail unseen, like a great serpent made heavy with the winter's cold, motionless until Spring. Between door and wall a small yard prevails, and somewhere beneath the foot of new snow a rusted and broken boat-trailer continues to fade and fall, along with those nasty briars I piled last autumn, gathered at great effort with the remains of what was once probably a rather sharp and sweet little hand-sickle (which I had found in the basement, hanging upside down by its exposed heel like a lonely bat). Just beyond the door and stony border, lies a small plot of cleared and worked land, a miniature mid-winter pastoral wherein winter is encamped.

Yet the wood beyond the wall has remained a mystery. It is impenetrable, a thriving (if now dormant) tangle of sapling, briar and tree. When I moved here last fall the foliage was so dense as to appear a solid piece, a seamless fabric of green drawn flush across the wall's top, a vast and pendulous dorsal fin nearly concealing the beast beneath. Yet I do know what lies beyond the wood, for there is a road which skirts one side and down this I have walked many times to the old granite quarry immediately behind the trees, and from thence to the salt marshes and the seashore of Gooseberry Beach. But even though this walk flows gently downhill and the scenery is pleasing to the eyes I have always felt the distractions of passing cars and cyclists with their impertinent and inquisitive stares

and noises; like the alert fox I often saw darting across the yard toward the trees, I too wanted to take my walk as silently and unobtrusively as possible: yesterday I went in search of a tool with which I might make this possible.

Inside the army surplus store the little Jewish man with the deformed left arm was reading the newspaper which he had spread out upon the glass display case. Within that dusty vault there gleamed and glowered the medals and merit badges of countless wars and skirmishes, foreign and domestic, some remembered but many more forgotten. Perhaps if my own small campaign succeeded, I might come here to obtain a proper memento, more as my reward and reminder of a valorous day.

The salesman didn't look up until I said, "May I see that one please?" pointing to the wall behind him. He peered at me over his reading glasses, slightly disturbed by my crisp request. Mute, he turned around, stepped up on his vacant stool, and took down from the wall-peg his very best (surplus) machete with green canvas sheath and stainless steel beltguide, withdrew the long black blade, turned around, and handed it to me, butt first. The ten dollar price was a bit steep, but the several handle rivets were solid, the one-piece tempered blade was without flaw, if a shade dull. But as I hefted its balanced weight and silently weighed the cost I thought also of the secret trail I longed to blaze through the thicket. My money went down, my change was returned, I was out the door with my prize, and he was rereading his paper before two minutes expired.

This morning, after a sleep lightened with anticipation, I pulled on two pairs of wool socks, stepped into my knee-high rubber boots (a previous surplus 'find') and set off — it seemed like an expedition! — across the yard to the wood. Sword in hand I climbed over the stones and prepared to do battle with the slumbering Hydra. And though, unlike Excalibur, my sword didn't gleam in the sunlight as it rose with my arm, or like Achilles' blade was it heavy with the fire of a god, yet as surely as if it was destined to "smite the sledged Polacks on the ice" down it fell, shearing the first thick thorny stem that opposed me. In exultation I cried, "Forward!" Ah, yes . . . but which way? For even though every green leaf had long ago been stripped by the wicked northeast winds the tangle of cat-briar and vine was still a forbidding maze, a variegation as matted as the brachiated vessels of the lung. The sun-illuminated patches of visible snow were not, however, so neat as the dark cul-de-sacs of the blood but were ragged, chaotic glitters of sense needing rough surgery to connect into a trail. At close quarters it proved impossible to choose among these random spaces. I needed some perspective. After a few more satisfying but futile strokes I retreated to the stone wall, climbed upon its frosty back and scouted for a tall tree I might use for a bearing. I sighted a tall oak covered with strangling vines (I would right *this* offense in due course!) about sixty yards distant, then I leapt down, sword in hand, ready at last to merge with the dark wood.

Spring . . . At Last!

by ELVIA S. MARTORELL

After this long, cold winter we all deserve a warm, sunny Spring. Yes, I could say that again. And again . . . !

Off go the coats! Down go the tops of cars! We all seem anxious to discard the heavy, dark chains of winter and welcome the glorious sun. Oh, wonderful sun . . .

On one of the first nice Saturdays, I put on a light jacket, grabbed my keys and set off for my favorite place — lower Thames St. The little shops were all alive with smiling faces, couples walking hand-in-hand licking ice-cream cones, children chasing one another along the alleys of Brick Market Place, and babies happily riding on squeaky carriages.

"Nice day . . ." I heard someone say. "Oh, yes, I hope this is Spring now," replied someone else.

I followed the small groups in and out of the shops and found myself caught in the spirit of Spring. The air was fresh as can be and a delightful breeze played with my hair and sent my thoughts wandering off. Everyone was in such a pleasant mood!

I asked several specialty shop owners what Spring meant to

them in relation to their businesses.

Louanne Brown of "Gepetto's Apprentice" (a children's shop), replied, ". . . when the weather is bad, business is bad." Now that the weather is finally picking up, more people are out shopping. Of course, there was Easter, and that in itself prompts the purchasing of bunnies, candy and new clothes.

For Bobbie Henri of "The Hook and I," it means that more people are out in the garden and therefore doing less needle work. In the cold, winter nights more needle craft-lovers were apt to snuggle comfortably in a warm chair and make the weather seem less dreary with their projects. Now, if they do any needle work, the motifs are sunnier — sailboat, flowers and blue skies.

Joan Hamilton of "Cabin Crafts and Gifts" explained that Spring attracts different groups of people from diverse localities, many from out-of-state. Therefore her winter customers that are more interested in miniature collections (her favorite hobby) are not seen in the Spring. Of the weather, Joan said, "I think . . . basically people

are just tired of the long winter. They are out more."

Dianne Shaver, of "Tashi" also agreed on that, and added that ". . . people feel a lot better in the Springtime, they smile more." They want to throw out their old wardrobes and buy new clothes. Financially they are better off after the winter and so they start buying for the new season.

Certainly Carol Paris, of "Pappagallo" was in a cheerful mood when I visited the shop on their opening day at their locality on Brick Market Place. "Spring is a favorite time," she said. The clothes are a lot brighter and people don't have to wear the dark, heavy tones of winter. "People come in and see the Spring and Summer clothes and accessories, and they are thinking of warmer weather." I certainly was, as I browsed through the sunny outfits and felt the nice breeze blowing through the door.

Thereafter, I went straight to my favorite place — the ice-cream shop. With my treasured peach-melba cone I proceeded to an inviting, sunny bench facing Thames Street to really enjoy the day.

Welcome, Spring!

Charades Of People

*Brown eyes are staring right through me.
 I wonder what they're seeing?
 Brown eyes, void of all expression,
 Looking at the world passing by.*

*Are they viewing the externals? . . .
 The charades of people
 going through life
 with their heads in the clouds,
 hiding from life . . . and love?*

*Or do they really see
 the people inside?
 The fragile, beautiful truth
 of someone glad to be alive?*

NEILA C. E. BENNETT

Book Review

Solo Flight

by SHERRY L. PRAZAK

If you are into feelings, you are into poetry and if you are into poetry, you can't ignore "SOLO FLIGHT," by Nanci Phillips Sharp. It is the most recent Scrabbletown Press publication in the Newport Writers' Series. "SOLO FLIGHT" is divided, for clarity, into three sections. "For the Japanese," includes five haiku, which when read and re-read, develop layers of meaning on their own; these are followed by several three and four line poems, each an entity unto itself. These poems are as simple as the wildflowers to which the writer alludes, but they each have an enormous and lasting impact.

The middle and most lengthy section of the book is entitled, "Reality Revisited," and if it doesn't evoke a tear, a laugh, or a little anger here and there, check your pulse. The structure of most of the poems is effectively tight with the exception of "Georgine," which appeared in the "Newporter," last summer,

and "Soliloquy," a wordy surrealist effort about phoniness and insensitivity. My major criticism of the book is the verbosity of these two poems, but then they were obviously written in an uninhibited stream of consciousness and were left with all of their original intensity intact. Anyone under the age of 30 might laugh uproariously at a poem called, "At the House of Alexis Beauty Salon." When you begin to identify, it becomes a major tragedy and a not so glib comment on our youth-oriented culture.

Three short love poems, and three perfectly structured sonnets make up "In the Shadow of Adonis," the final section of the book. It provides a quiet and bittersweet conclusion to an uncompromising literary effort.

You might have seen Nanci flying around campus last semester; she says the ocean view outside of O'Hare is inspirational! "SOLO FLIGHT," should be available at Newport bookstores by mid-April.

In Retrospect

by LINDA M. BOUCHARD

Perhaps the best is always cumulative. In September the paper began with four editors and a handful of eager staff members. Since that time the staff has increased along with the quality of each successive issue. The entire process is like planting a seed and watching for the sprouts. All the while you are adding fertilizer and weeding out, preparing for the harvest.

* * *

The most significant change which occurred was renaming the paper. Martha Wolf initiated the idea, when upon completing a crossword puzzle she found the renowned title to be negative in nature. My thanks to Sister Mary Jean Tobin, R.S.M., who suggested the title 'Nautilus' and introduced me to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

* * *

"But we still need to fill three more column inches on page four!" Appreciation is extended to all of the occasional contributors who helped us fill those chasms.

* * *

Recognition should go to our photographer, Jim Boulay, who could be seen at most events in a variety of garb clicking his candid camera. In fact, it has become so much a part of his nature that at the recent Spring Formal I asked him what kind of boutonniere he sported on his lapel, whereupon he indignantly replied, "That's not a flower, its my 35mm!"

* * *

Tony and Linda's help and encouragement has been invaluable to me and the continuing success of the paper. I'm doubtful if the world is quite ready for the unequalled species of Tony K.; however, I know that he is ready for it and I wish him luck in whatever he does. Linda is looking forward to a new educational setting next fall, and I'm beginning to wonder if, indeed, the office isn't a little spacious.

* * *

This expose would be incomplete without a *grand merci* for Brother Gene's valuable contribution of time and effort devoted to each issue. I am looking forward to another fruitful year to follow, n'est-ce pas?

Salve Senior Interns In Washington

by MARY FRANCES DOUGLAS

Each year, Salve Regina offers an exciting chance for those students interested in government to spend a week in Washington, D. C. — working with the staff of a United States senator, visiting such well-known places as the White House, Supreme Court, and Federal Bureau of Investigation, and attending various subcommittee meetings.

Sponsored by Rhode Island's Senator Claiborne Pell, this program informally began in 1961 when Senator Pell entered the United States Congress. Dr. Robert McKenna, Associate Professor

of History and Politics at Salve, was then a student at Catholic University in Washington, and became one of the first Pell interns. He was so impressed with his "internship" experience that, after becoming a member of the Rhode Island State Senate, he introduced a bill in 1969 forming the Rhode Island State Government Internship Commission and Program, of which he is chairman.

The purpose of the commission, according to Senator McKenna, is "to give students a chance to learn about politics, and to get a

good, solid background if they want to teach political science or enter politics themselves." It provides state funds which make it possible for two students from each of the various Rhode Island colleges and universities to stay in Washington, and to participate in different government activities for a week.

This year, Salve's intern was Jill Delano. Commenting on her week in Washington, Jill said, "It was a good experience showing me a lot about how the government works, and giving me a chance to see Senator Pell at work." While in Washington, Jill stayed in a private home two blocks away from Senator Pell's office. Her duties included office work in the afternoons, but at other times she took tours of the capital city and sat in on subcommittee hearings. Says Jill, "I didn't realize what a busy place it was!"

Applications for the program are available in Senator McKenna's office. Selection of interns is on the basis of a demonstrated interest in government and the student's academic background. Preference is also given to residents of Rhode Island, because of state funding. However, it is not necessary to be a political science major, so if you would like to learn about the workings of government, be sure to apply!



Student Congress

by SUSAN O'CONNOR

On Wednesday, April 20, 1977, at 12 p.m., the recently elected 1977-78 Student Congress held its first meeting. Basically, the focus of the meeting was directed toward the defining of a specific goal which the 1977-78 Student Congress hopes to achieve.

Suggestions that have arisen thus far have all been directed toward three primary concerns: 1) a unification of the student body, 2) a further improvement in communication between faculty, students, and administrators, and 3) a further concentration upon becoming a service-oriented body — one servicing not merely the Salve community but the Newport community as well.

It has been suggested that a unified student body is a prerequisite for both improving the lines of communication and becoming a service-oriented body. In addition, in order to accomplish this task it is important that students come to the realization that Student Congress is not an elitist organization which shuns outside participation, but rather an organization that welcomes student suggestions and participation.

In the past, non-members have been reluctant to become involved with Student Congress. Let us hope that next year's Student Congress succeeds in enlisting the aid of many more students. Its success will depend, to a great degree, on the efforts of all students and not merely the efforts expended on the part of those who have been elected as representatives of the student body.

HAPPY VACATION

Success

by JOYCE KUBINEC

"To laugh often and love much; to win the respect of intelligent persons and the affection of children; to earn the approbation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty; to find the best in others; to give of one's self; to leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, or a redeemed social condition; to have played and laughed with enthusiasm and sung with exultation; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived — this is to have succeeded."

Criminal Justice Offers M. S.

by JOHANNE RAYMOND

A new master's program began at Salve Regina this semester. It enables qualified students to earn a Master of Science degree in Criminal Justice. The M.S. program provides opportunities for active police officers to gain advancement. Retired officers can teach criminal justice or management courses.

To attain a Master's degree in Criminal Justice a student must accumulate 36 credits in five years. The degree requires 15 credits in prerequisites, 9 credits in Organization and Management, and 12 credits in electives. To be accepted into the program, the candidate must fulfill such requirements as diagnostic tests in criminal justice and courses in management. Students must also have at least a B average in all

courses being taken and be interviewed successfully.

As they progress, students have an option. They may either write a thesis, which they will later defend orally, under the guidance of a committee, or they may take an oral examination on all that they have studied. A check list of pertinent information will be handed to all students explaining these requirements and options.

"The new program is going quite well," according to Mr. Charles Cooke, department chairman. "I think I can honestly say that it is a challenging program. It requires a lot of work." To date thirty applications have been received by the Criminal Justice Department. Mr. Cooke is looking forward to receiving many more in the immediate future.

REGINA MARIS
1977 Yearbook May Still Be Purchased
Contact Mary Garvey
Or Any Yearbook Representative

Cast Excels In 'Hobbit'

by MARTHA WOLF

When a friend suggested one damp, nasty night that we go to see the Readers' Theatre production of Tolkien's *The Hobbit*, I was every bit as eager to leave my snug abode as Bilbo Baggins had been to be parted with his comfortable little hobbit hole, only to converse with slimy lizards at the edges of inky, underground pools, to be pursued by wargs and spiders, and to be nearly kindled by an irate dragon.

In spite of my initial reluctance, I found that this production, under the direction of Robert Kulo, not only did justice to the book, but actually seemed to enhance Tolkien's masterpiece of imagination. The music that forms such an important part of the book was particularly effective in this

production, as was the narration that accompanied the various scenes.

Only lack of space prevents the praise of each of the thirteen actors individually. Michael Radkovich excelled as the wizard Gandalf, as did Libby in her role as Gollum. Tony Kutsaftis, possibly the largest dwarf to date, was quite good as Thorin, as was Paul Murawski as Glain and Paula MacKey as Roac. Don Currier deserves special praise in his role as the squeaky-voiced Bilbo. Portraying the middle-aged hobbit dragged into an adventure against his better judgment, he was at his best when "positively flummoxed."

Symbolism and Myth

Continued from Page 2

pass through Ochre Court on a routine visit to one of its offices, you might pick out these figures described above. And maybe the building will become to mean something more to you than just another ornamental old mansion.

Many thanks to Dr. Hersh who took time to give me a symbolic tour through Ochre Court.

So Wide A Chase

by SHERRY PRAZAK

*In a sea churning with blood
The slaughter is nearly complete
Hastening that time
When the waters will no longer embrace
Her gentle giant
The whale.*

"You'll Love Europe"

by HELIA M. da COSTA

"It is a cultural shock to realize that you are in Europe." Hearing this before my semester in Madrid last year, I hardly believed it. Now I do. I'd like to share a few of my memorable experiences with anyone interested in studying or traveling abroad. My first advice is, "Get ready for a once-in-a-lifetime experience!"

Studying at "El Instituto de Cultura Hispanica," a branch of the University of Madrid, I lived down the street from the famous Prado Museum. A charming Spanish family adopted me, as Senora Rosa became my second mother. When free from classes I traveled widely in Spain and in nearby Portugal. I thoroughly enjoyed my family and travels.

What I didn't enjoy was the Spanish timetable for meals — breakfast at 8:00, lunch at 2:30, and supper at 10:30, or "early" in the winter, at 9:30! After supper, which took an hour, we went

to bed. Besides, everything was cooked in olive oil. After six months my stomach was a wreck and so was my figure.

While in Madrid I took four courses in Spanish language, literature, and art. The art course, which was taught at the Prado Museum, was my favorite. It combined field trips with theory. Madrid was an education in itself; it had monuments, museums, parks, bullfights, and fiestas. Perhaps the best part was the constant parade of people, all fascinating to this New Englander.

Before and after my studies in Spain, I explored Paris, Rome, Lisbon, Zurich, the Riviera, Venice and Vienna — places I had always dreamed about. In my travels I noticed that many, if not most, Europeans seemed to be bilingual. To those of you who are becoming bilingual at Salve, I say, "Go ahead." To those who aren't, I say, "Go anyway. Europe is a great experience."



Helia da Costa with her Senora Rosa Ballesteros

Franklin Linotypist Maintains Tradition

by LINDA M. BOUCHARD

There is a place in Newport which has refused to be touched by the age of technology and in its denial has retained an art which is, regrettably, dying. The art of which I speak is that of the linotype. It is perhaps a social comment on the place art assumes today that in the many times which I have been to Franklin Printing House I had not noticed such a machine.

Joe Olivier has been a typesetter for the past 23 years, having learned the trade at the Linotype School in Boston. Mr. Olivier explained the procedure involved and I was overwhelmed with the ease in which he operated the obviously complicated piece of machinery. The machine is used for mechanical composition of typed matter, which cast lines of type (thus, linotype) in one-piece slugs from individual matrices by the manipulation of a keyboard, much like that of a typewriter except the letters are positioned differently.

The matrices are stored in interchangeable *magazines* with a large number of narrow channels; every channel contains several duplicate matrices. Each matrix has one or two single characters stamped into one of its edges and each letter has its own combination. Variable spacing between words is accomplished with expanding devices known as *space bands*. When a full line of matrices has been composed, the operator *justifies* it by causing the space bands to expand, thus filling the line.

The justified line of matrices and space bands, in the casting mechanism, forms the end-wall of a hollow mold exactly the size of the slug to be cast. Molten metal is forced into the mold against the incised type characters in the matrices. Rapid cooling takes place and the finished slug is

trimmed and falls into place in a *galley*, or accurately, tray. After the matrices have served their purpose they are automatically distributed back into the storage channels through a coding system.

The first linecasting machine, called linotype, was invented in 1884 and was followed by the intertype. Both machines have similar methods of operation. Before printing became established, textual matter, such as business letters and circulars, was written by hand. Writers were trained to produce in a uniform style. However, the personality of the individual could be easily recognized in the writing. In many ways the problem of the typogra-

pher is similar. There must be a constant compromise between his individual sense of design and the requirements of a uniform printing face. The typographer must confine his work to the design of characters consistent with each other. They must be of such a shape that they can be placed in any relationship in a word or sentence and be visually balanced. Many modern type designs are not works of art when compared to calligraphic presentation. The furthest removed from the calligraphic presentation is the use

of computers, which Mr. Olivier says is replacing all other techniques of printing mainly because "time is money." *The Providence Journal* has just completed their conversion. Franklin Printing House as well as other small printing houses will not dispose of the linotype because the demands are not as great as that of large newspaper offices and the precision is just as good, if not better.



Dr. Spragins Sets Up M. A. Program For Deaf Students

by JILL SPENSER

Dr. Anne Spragins of the Psychology Department has agreed to set up a master's degree program at Gallaudet College. Located in Washington, D. C., Gallaudet is the only college for the deaf in the world. Dr. Spragins, with degrees in psychology and experience teaching educators, is especially interested in this project because her seventeen year old son is deaf.

Asked how she felt about going to Gallaudet, Dr. Spragins said, "While I thoroughly enjoy my work and contacts at Salve, I look forward to the challenging program at Gallaudet. It will allow me to combine professional and personal interests." By 1978 Dr. Spragins expects to accept the first applicants into the new program and to teach in it.

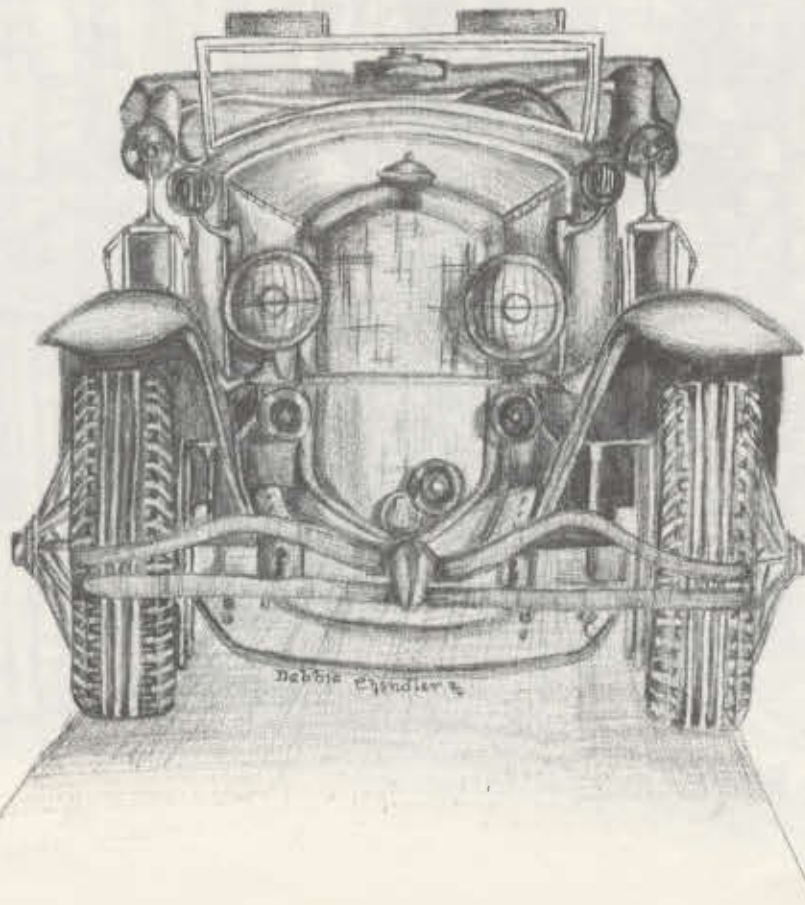
Founded in 1859, Gallaudet has been interested in an M.A. program for several years. Psychologists and counselors there are anxious to pursue specialized studies in working with the deaf. Dr. Spragins will spend the summer perfecting her sign language and will plunge into planning this September. Gallaudet's gain will be Salve's loss.

American Studies

Continued from Page 1

States, it should prove to be a challenging learning experience for a number of ambitious Salve students. Becoming a model of cooperation on which all society and human development depends, can be a valuable asset to anyone — especially Salve's American Studies grad!

Much success and best wishes to all who are involved in making the American Studies Program become a Salve reality.



McAuley Gatehouse Home To Salve Graduates

by LINDA CLORITE

For Rent: Gatehouse; two bedrooms, two baths, kitchen, dining area, living room. Very comfortable. Can't beat the neighborhood. RENTED . . . to two Salve Regina College graduates and their feline companion.

Eileen Malone, the college nurse, and Nina Donahue, Director of Student Activities, have occupied McAuley Hall's gatehouse, along with their pet cat, Sarah (with an H), since the end of December.

Since both of their jobs entail a lot of time spent on campus, both 1976 graduates feel that it is a most convenient location. Up until December, they had resided on Catherine Street in Newport. They view the gatehouse as a possible area for future workshops involving both faculty members and students. It could be a place to meet informally, to relax and to develop better communications between these two groups. Already, there has been a feminist workshop held there which they felt went over quite well for all involved.

Before holding their respective titles on this campus, both Eileen and Nina were R.A.'s for two years. They attended the first R.A. workshop which was very much in need. The workshop enables the R.A. to become a person who can be used as a resource for students with problems.

Eileen, hailing from Cape Cod, holds a B.S. in nursing and Nina, who is from Holyoke, Mass., has a B.A. degree in History and Political Science. To prepare for their Salve jobs, they both attended an internship during the month of January, 1977, to understand and learn how the different administrative offices are run. Nina interned in Dr. Burrell's office while Eileen worked closely with those in the Dean of Students office. According to Nina, "It was a real learning experi-

ence. We got to know the administration, faculty and office workers and became better equipped to give directions."

Commenting on their present homestead, the women explained that before December, 1976, Dean Megley had lived in this brownstone cottage. From 1974-1975 it had been the first men's residence on the campus. To make room for the incoming men (all five of them!), walls and a bathroom were added but now the house has been almost fully restored to its original structure.

About six years ago, Rosary Hall, as it had been named in 1955 when the college received the building along with the estate of "Vinland" (now McAuley), had been the chaplain's residence. This gatehouse, of the same Peabody and Stearn design of an English country house of the Queen Anne Revival period as McAuley Hall, was a gift of Mrs. Twombly Burden along with the rest of the buildings in the compound including Angelus Hall (the former stables), Marlon Hall (caretaker's residence) and the Boathouse (a potting shed). The gatehouse itself was the former home of the gardener and his family.

Poetry Reading

by CAROLINE HELLER

Seven area poets acquainted a Salve gathering with their work twice this last month. From Dick Bidwell's frugal, skeletal narrative to Kerry McKeever's prolific, abundant mode, the styles were as varied as the poets. A small but appreciative audience of students and writers listened intently to the selections, sanctioning each poet with enthusiastic applause.

Bidwell and McKeever have each published selections. They both, plus Peter Bouffidis, Kent Hamilton, Rowena Dunlap, Bill Slattery and Jerry Bienvenue, are members of the Newport Writers' Group. Begun two and a half years ago, the Writers' Group serves as a forum for local authors. Providing support and interest, the group meets weekly at the Washington Square YMCA.

The City

Noise, confusion
Mass illusion
Ebbing
Flowing
Coming
G
o
i
n
g
Paperbacks
Needletracks
Excitement
Refinement
Culture
C s
l r
u e
st
Bright lights
Dark nights
Doorsteps
Footsteps
No steps.

NEILA C. E. BENNETT

From Within a Squirrels' Cage

by ANTHONY KUTSAFTIS

*When the last key is pounded
And the room is all quiet
I'll walk through these halls
And somehow deny it.*

— KUTSAFTIS '77

All stories must come to an end, even this one. It has been a wonderful three years working on the *Ebb Tide*. I doubt I will ever forget the paper or the people who have made it so special. Firstly, Sister Loretto O'Connor whose patience and perseverance molded what little skill I had into passable journalism. Secondly, my working partner all these years, the now famous Martha Wolf. As writers Martha and I matured together. Her talent will bring her far and, as for me, well, come visit me in the home where such demented people as myself are kept.

The past year has been made sweeter by the presence of Brother Gene, Linda Clorite and Linda Bouchard. Entering into a sea of controversy, Brother Gene has shown wisdom and fortitude, often standing up for us in very sticky situations. He was the superego of the paper as I the id ran wild. Like a pair of bookends, Linda and Linda were always present when needed. They were supportive rather than stifling. It has been my pleasure to be associated with these people and I will surely miss them.

But this is the 'Squirrels' Cage' and some humor is called for.

So when I find some I'll let you

know. Many good things have happened at Salve this past year, but some things we all pray for didn't happen . . . Maybe next year:

1. A case of lockjaw for Barry Taylor who has bored us one time too many. And to Barry: "Please don't worry. Modern medicine has performed many great miracles and I'm sure they will find a way to surgically remove your briefcase from your hand."

2. Vending machines that actually work.

3. Referee lessons for Alan Jackson and Paul Marawski who blew more calls than a blind cop on traffic duty.

4. Another tire for Ray Reid's bike. The poor guy's been riding around on one for long enough.

5. New cigars for Bob Kulo whose cigar smoke has chipped the paint off the wall in three rooms and damaged the olfactory system of many a student.

6. A graduation at which we have a really interesting speaker. Hey, what is Idi Amin Do Do, or is that Da Da, doing on the twenty-second?

7. Freshman immunity to such come-on lines as: "My boat leaves in the morning," or "I only have one week to live."

8. A clinic to be taught by me on how to explain unexcused absences from class. It would be shown that a stampede of Yak will satisfy an English teacher, but an outbreak of paranoid schizophrenia might be necessary for your psych professor.

9. A noble animal to follow the hallowed (or is it hollowed?) Yak and the venerable fletch weasel as next year's animal.

10. A port-a-john for *Hobbit* cast members so they wouldn't have to jump out windows and seek vacant trees.

11. Salve's version of roots: an editorial board visit to the state mental health institute.

12. A pub on campus so students won't have to walk so far to and from getting drunk.

Over the past three years I've met many interesting people while involved with the 'Ebb Tide-Nautilus.' One person stands out in my mind, a truly memorable person of impeccable reputation. I've decided to interview this person. So here now is my interview with myself.

Ebb Tide: What are your future aspirations, Tony?

Tony: Do you mean my plans?

Ebb Tide: Yes, your plans?

Tony: To open a chain of McDonald's stores on the moon.

E T: Please, be realistic.

Tony: Okay, so maybe I'll only open one store.

E T: What has working for the E T taught you?

Tony: Many things, but foremost in my mind is that if your article isn't on time you'd better have a good excuse. So I've learned to make up good excuses.

E T: For instance?

Tony: Yaks, I use yaks a lot. Yaks and all sorts of plagues!

E T: People seem to think you are eccentric.

Tony: I know, and that puzzles me. The whole thing started when I organized a union for sissy salesmen from Scranton who walk with a limp, speak with a lisp, and do immoral things to after-dinner mints.

E T: Do you have any hobbies?

Tony: No.

E T: Well, what do you do in your spare time?

Tony: Grant interviews to morons like you. I'm also organizing a 'Slap a Sailor Silly Week.'

E T: Do you have any pets?

Tony: Yes, I have a pet planet. Saturn and I are good friends. I've taught him to sit, fetch, and sick 'im. I'd call him now, but people get paranoid when they see Satie flying towards me. He's really very gentle and I've had him spayed.

E T: How does your family put up with you?

Tony: They don't. I had to trade them off. My mother was traded for my car and two future draft picks. My brother for a jacuzzi.

E T: Completed any other deals?

Tony: Yes, I've traded Salve to Charlie Finley for Vida Blue, \$1,000,000, and his pet rock Mortimer Kiwee. But Bowie Kuhn might void the trade.

E T: It's been interesting speaking to you, Tony! Any final remarks?

Tony: I have a philosophy on life I'd like to relate, but space limitations make it impossible.

Anyway this isn't a sermonette. However, I'd like to say that my McDonald's store will serve moon burgers and milky moon shakes.

E T: Are you ever serious?

Tony: Yes, once when I was seven years old and I had been bitten by a rare Tasmanian fletch weasel. I was serious as hell!

Signed: Tony Kutsaftis, alias Yaga . . . Keeper of the Fletch Weasel, Brother to a Yak . . . Thorin Oakenshield.

This being the last column bearing the title "From Within The Squirrel's Cage," I feel that some points should be made clear. The fletch weasel and I have a contract extending into '78. We are available for parties and guest shots until that time. Our fee is \$25. Save all your old copies of the 'Ebb Tide' for, like fine wine, they will mellow and be classics along with the first Superman comics. Original Squirrels' Cage editions are available for \$50. Pick your copy up from Martha Wolf's house. Also Squirrels' Cage T-shirts for \$7.50. (Only Kidding?)

This being Yacht summer in Newport, I would be amiss not to mention that you girls can pick up a rich yachtsman if you are at your best. A hint: remain sober, dress expensively, and get run over by the boat as it leaves the harbor. If you are a fan of the man, for instance Frank Sinatra, it would be just another case of the ship hitting the fan. God bless and Goodbye. We now return you to normal programming.

