



Forget it... Garcia ain't coming

by Dick Meyers

In the interests of national security, the Quo Vadis Plumbers recently installed "bugs" in the headquarters of the MCC Rumor Factory, an obscure campus operation dedicated to the dissemination of totally inaccurate information. The following conversations, taped within the past three weeks, indicate the depths of moral perversity at which this organization operates.

"Let me make one thing perfectly clear, Martha. Even if Spiro is indicted, you can't be Vice-President..." (Sorry, wrong tape.)

"Hey man, you gonna do anything about the concert in October?"

"I dunno. Who's there?"
"The New Riders of the Purple Sage, and the Fabulous Rhinestones."

"I dunno. Let me do some checking. (Check, check, rustle, rustle.) Hmmm, very interesting. The New Riders of the Purple Sage used to be the Riders of the Purple Sage, headed by Jerry Garcia. Garcia was at the Capitol Theatre in September, and the New Riders are there in October. Plus, Garcia's jammed with the New Riders a couple of times. What do you think?"

"I think we should phone Mary-lu."
(Note: Mary-lu is a top operative, and is liaison-person between the Factory and the student body.)

"Hello, Mary-lu? This is Arlo at the Factory. Jerry Garcia's going to be at

the October 14 concert in the Gym."
"Far out, Arlo. Hey, isn't he head of the United Farm Workers?"

"No, man. That's Cesar Chavez."
"Oh, okay. Bye, Arlo." (Click.)

The Factory has apparently done its job well. 52% of the student body believes Jerry Garcia will appear at the concert, 43% have heard Cesar Chavez will attend, and the remaining 5% contend no one will appear, due to rumors of an impending hemorrhoid epidemic in this area.

Concert Committee chairman Tom Franki, in his never-ending battle for Truth, Justice, and the American Way, has administered the coup de grace to the Garcia rumors.

Franki said he had attempted to invite Garcia to the concert, but had

learned that the rock-guitarist and his group, the Grateful Dead, would be on a West Coast tour at the time.

Although acknowledging the fact that Garcia has occasionally performed with the New Riders, Franki emphasized their reputation as one of the top bands in the country was earned without Garcia's aid. "Ticket holders," he concluded, "won't be disappointed."

Tickets are on sale at the Cashier's Office in Center II, and at the Office of Student Activities in the College Center. Students are allotted four tickets each at \$4.00 per ticket, with additional ducats priced at \$5.00. The concert will be held as scheduled, despite rumors of an early-winter blizzard moving in this direction.

Sign-in controversy goes to arbitration

by Rosalie Hine

Three separate grievances have resulted from last February's directive from the Division of Continuing Education (DCE) that teachers of night classes must sign in before each class. The rule was enacted, according to Jerome Shindleman, DCE's Dean, to discourage absenteeism among the night faculty. Before that DCE had suffered a rash of faculty absence which led to

numerous complaints from students and parents.

According to Dominic Macchia, Chairman of the Grievance Committee for Local 1940 of the American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO), the first grievance questions DCE's right to impose the ruling. The Union contends that its contract covers full time faculty members who teach evening courses. If this is ruled true, then the sign-in order, which constitutes a change in working conditions, could not be enforced unless it was negotiated into the Union's contract.

Ronald Bush, Assistant to the President for Personnel, said that the DCE is a separate entity (school) with, as yet, no Union representing its faculty. To underscore his point, he referred to the paragraph in the recently ratified Union contract which says that it "in no way grants recognition to the Union as collective bargaining representative of the adjunct (DCE) faculty. The Union is attempting to obtain recognition through the arbitration system," he continued, "rather than seeking certification through the Public Employees Relations Commission, the more common procedure."

The other two grievances concern the protest generated by the sign-in ruling. In the "Allen

Sherman" grievance the Union is asking that a letter of reprimand be removed from the permanent record of last year's Union President, Sherman. As President, Sherman sent a memo to faculty members directing them to

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Cop guns muskrat; rabies test ordered

A muskrat, suspected of being rabid, was shot near North I last Friday morning at 9 a.m.

"There has not been a case of rabies in New Jersey since 1939" Captain Rice, of MCC's police force reported, "and it is not certain that the muskrat was in fact rabid."

Before it fell to the ground in convulsions, the animal lunged toward Mrs. Patricia Burpee, President Chambers' daughter. She had apparently approached the animal first.

President Chambers phoned the campus police immediately and Captain Lawrence Rice answered the alarm. He was armed with a pistol.

Rice fired three shots, killing the animal. He later recounted that he had "found the animal lying on its side. I was able to get to within a few feet of it."

"Although it was breathing heavily, there were no signs of excess saliva on the animal's mouth."

Excess saliva is only one sign of rabies. The disease, known technically as hydrophobia, usually occurs in dogs and is passed on to other animals. The inflicted animal, at a certain stage of the disease's development and with little provocation, tends to attack with its natural weapons - carnivores use their teeth.

A representative of the Edison

Division of Health said if traces of rabies are found in the brain, the Edison wardens would set traps around the campus to catch other animals.

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Frosh in bike mishap

Kevin Scheid, a freshman in the Liberal Arts Division, was injured in a motorcycle accident Friday and is listed in fair condition at John F. Kennedy Community Hospital, Edison.

He is in the Intensive Care Unit and unavailable for comment but his mother said, "on Friday they thought they couldn't save his leg, but now they're more hopeful." She added that "he'll be in the hospital for awhile."

The twenty year old Perth Amboy resident was heading home from school on Woodbridge Ave. when he collided with a car. No details were available. His mother said, "We don't know what happened in the accident. He is in a state of shock and is asking us what happened."



Dean Shindelmann

Made controversial decision

Was prof coy about sign-in?

"Unworkable and subject to abuse," that's how Tracy Gerow, one of the "Biology 6," describes the Division of Continuing Education's sign-in policy. He said he believes the policy, enacted last February to reduce evening faculty absenteeism, may actually be used to cover up absenteeism.

Gerow believes he has

Continued on Page 7



Louis Linton

In critical condition

Heart attack fells Linton

Louis Linton, an assistant professor in the Electrical Technology division, is in critical condition in St. Peter's Hospital, New Brunswick.

Linton first entered the hospital three weeks ago suffering from pneumonia. However, his condition soon turned critical when he suffered a cardiac arrest on Wednesday, September 26 at 8:10 a.m.

Professor Linton, age 34, is

married and has one child. His wife Edith is a student in the nursing curriculum here. The Lintons live at 1430-A Oak Tree Drive in North Brunswick.

The seriousness of Linton's illness has caused great concern among his fellow faculty members as well as the student body. Dean David Tyrell, his divisional supervisor, said he was "stunned" and "very upset" at the news.

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Editorials:

A bad end . . .

In Greek mythology, Pegasus was a winged horse from whose hoofblow sprang the Hippocrene fountain of poetic inspiration. When its master Bellerophon became too proud and tried to ride to heaven, Pegasus threw him to the ground and then became the sacred horse of the muses.

In Middlesex County College pathology, Pegasus was well cared for while it was a colt but when recent masters became as self indulgent as Bellerophon, they remained in the saddle. Pegasus became a slothful animal that ate funds like a horse but refused to pull its wagon. It only inspired students to join organizations other than the yearbook.

Now it seems that the Pegasus yearbook has been ridden into the ground by student non-participation. Pegasus' only hope is that it might be rescued by the muses.

Perhaps the muses should take the form of the college's Marketing Art and Design curriculum. The photography and layout could be done by the MAD students as a yearly project, using classroom time and facilities.

If MAD declines to take on the responsibility of yearbook production, there will be nothing left for Pegasus to do but bite the dust.

Which, when you consider the indifference most students obviously feel toward a junior college yearbook, might be a very good idea.

A good beginning

Two local bus routes have been expanded and buses are running every half-hour along Woodbridge Avenue as part of a 90-day experiment to determine how many people will make use of the service. From the looks of it, the experiment should soon become an established practice.

We believe that, in view of the mounting traffic problem and the actual need by many for the service, this facility is one to be welcomed. Ours is a commuter college but not all those who commute can do so by car, and many would rather not. It is time, indeed, for these people to have a public transport.



POM casts cold eye at all that POW fanfare

by Jim Painton

Early this year, as the Vietnam War trickled to its death, planeloads of POWs were poured into the huge Welcome Home vat. But you already know that. Of course you do.

Newspapers and TV were flooded with stories: "POWs Home - Well Done, Nixon," "Ex-POW Marries," "Ex-POW Divorces," "Ex-POW Goes to the Store," "Ex-POW Doesn't like Bananas On His Cornflakes."

It got to the point where an ex-POW couldn't emph his bladder without the world reading about it in the Daily News.

Such publicity has diminished somewhat, but the saturation point is still nowhere in sight. TV Guide continues to run stories on

favorite quiz shows of ex-POWS. Fan magazines still feature ever-enlightening scoops such as "10 Intimate Secrets I Wouldn't Even Tell God," a statistical list revealing everything from eye color to underwear sizes. No teenybopper worth her weight in bubblegum will ever forget Sixteen Magazine's immortal "Pin-Ups of Your Favorite POW," or the equally memorable "Win A Date With Robert Chenoweth."

The next inevitable step will be the business world, where our heroic boys will earn small fortunes for shaving with Schick and drinking milk.

So who am I to begrudge them their good fortune? These former prisoners have paid their price. Why shouldn't they cash in on their long years of suffering? After all, President Nixon did!

Am I claiming that, from all indications, Vietcong prison camps weren't nearly as bad as the NAZI torture chambers depicted in old war movies? Dare I propose that the camps weren't as bad as American propaganda cracked them up to be? Nay, friend, a double negative I say to you. Surely they suffered! The mere fact that many of them were drafted was good cause for suffering!

Why, then, am I so bent out of shape? I'm glad you asked.

Fearing the possibility of latent homosexual tendencies, I joined the Navy at age 18 to prove my manhood. When I was honorably separated on August 16, 1973, after four years of faithful active service, I received little or no press coverage. My father shook my hand, belched, and said, "Son, it's good to have you home." That was it. My mother didn't even know I had ever left.

There were no cameras and no reporters. There were no headlines. My name didn't even appear in the Society section of the Home News. Nobody cared what television programs I

watched; nobody asked the size of my jockey shorts. (For the record, I wear size 30-32, or "Men's Small," depending on where you buy them.)

Perhaps I was wrong to expect a tickertape parade down Fifth Avenue, New York. They could have at least asked me to ride on the Mayor's Float in the Labor Day Parade down Maple Avenue, South Plainfield. Maybe it was a bit presumptuous to expect a half-hour interview on "Meet the Press." They could have at least asked me to co-host "The Popeye Show."

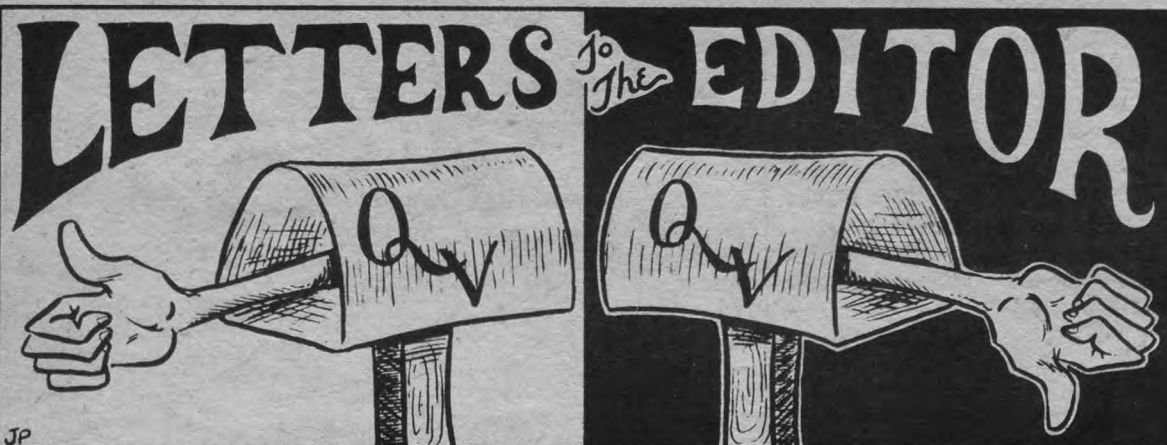
Four long years of swabbing decks and taking abuse from the double-standard upper echelon of military society, and what do I come home to? "Son, it's good to have you home." Thanks, Dad, I'm glad SOMEONE remembered!

Surely I am not equating four years of life at sea with X amount of years at an enemy prison camp! Endless days of back-breaking labor...bread and water...beatings...separation from loved ones...struggling for survival...Come to think of it, yes I AM equating the two.

For four endless years I was a "POM" - "Prisoner of Me." Being a peacenik at heart, I was at war with myself the entire time. Twenty percent of my tender young life, wastefully spent kissing Uncle Sam's blood-stained feet... serving as a toy soldier for the overgrown children who like to play war.

So Nixon finally got around to sweeping up Johnson's dung-heap, and the prisoners returned to freedom. I shared their feelings, but not the glory. If my philosophy is worth anything at all, I should find ample consolation in being at peace with myself at last. And in knowing that I'm not a homo.

Actually, I suppose I AM happy, deep down inside. I'm just pissed off because I didn't win that date with Robert Chenoweth.



Dear Editor:

I think that Gladys McDougall's article in your Sept. 27 issue entitled "Women discuss minds and bodies" was a blow below the belt of American tradition.

First of all, any organized group that promotes the practice of masturbation should be ashamed of itself. "Deal in your own reality," the group says, but if your "own reality" is sick, grabbing some part of "your sister" is not the alternative. Perhaps they should consider psychiatric counseling.

Furthermore, it seems sad that a group of "intelligent women" can find nothing better to do on a weekend than gather together to complain.

If they make themselves look like the woman in the picture, no wonder they're frustrated. If they were able to find themselves a man like normal women should they wouldn't have such problems.

Have they no homes to take care of? Have they no children to raise? Have they no husband to feed? Have they no pride?

A Ladies' Man

Dear Editor:

The photograph depicting the seminar on Automated Blood Counting is an excellent one, and I appreciate the coverage given this lecture by Quo Vadis.

However, the caption under it is erroneous. Art Upperman is from Coulter Electronics, Inc., the firm which pioneered electronic instrumentation in the field of hematology. The demonstration was presented to students in the Medical Laboratory Technology Program, and other interested persons.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) Dorothy I. Good

Ringside seat

Student union - part two

by Joe Weber

Last week this column called for a Student Union, a bargaining unit whose functions would include such matters as student evaluation of faculty, grievance procedures, grading policies, class size, and academic freedom.

Today it features three points of view from the three persons involved most in the collective bargaining that takes place on campus between labor and management (faculty and administration)—President Frank Chambers, Ronald Bush, Assistant to the President for labor relations, and Jim Gronquist, president of AFT Local 1940.

President Chambers neither favored nor opposed the concept but said that he was uncertain of its legality. "Legally, I don't know whether a third party is admissible in collective bargaining. I presume that is subject to state laws," and added, "in collective bargaining between a railroad and management there is no place for the public."

He also said, however, that he thought student input to collective bargaining was important but that it had been very difficult to get students involved. "There is a provision for the student to meet with the Education Committee of the Board of Trustees. I don't recall who filled that last year."

Bush was hesitant to welcome such a body because he felt that the students here would not have the time. "The average contract takes over 400 hours of collective bargaining. Are the students here going to have that time?"

"My only concern would be that when students become involved in the process they would have to do a lot of homework. You've got to know a lot of things," he cautioned. He said that he couldn't

talk about apathy on campus because he'd been working on the current faculty contract since his appointment last April but did say, "the county college caters to people without an overabundance of money. I think it's more difficult for them to devote the time they need."

Of the three interviewed only Jim Gronquist saw a union as both feasible and necessary. "Groups, when they aren't represented, are going to be discriminated against. I think that's a fairly safe principle of power." In addition to being faculty union president, Gronquist is a sociology instructor.

He explained that he saw it as "advantageous for the students . . . The student is the consumer of a product here, education. I do think students know some of the things that they want or need."

Gronquist discussed a friend he has in a Danish Student Union saying that he had been involved in negotiating work-study pay. He commented that the Student Unions in Europe are very strong but that we haven't any here because of "American anti-Intellectualism and socialization." The faculty president would like to see such unions organize at the time people first enter school. "You'd be surprised how many articulate 5-and 6-year old kids we have."

He felt that it would be "a lot of hard work" to construct such a union here. "Most people are too socialized to the mentality that the authorities know best—at no time in the sixties did we represent a majority of the students," said the former student activist.

Gronquist was involved with student government since "the time I was in sixth grade." He added that he thought most student government was a "shameful facade."

On second thought

Release is at hand

by Bill Ricker

You'll go blind! You'll get pimples! You'll go insane!

You've heard it all before. We're talking about SELF-ABUSE. Right? Wrong!

They lied to you. They lied to me. They lied to all of us. Only through masturbation will you find true freedom, true liberation and happiness. If you don't believe me, just ask good old Wilma Scott Heide.

Who is Wilma Scott Heide? Well, she just happens to be the president of the National Organization of Women (N.O.W.), and she has come forth in this hour of need to clear up all those misconceptions and downright lies we men have been forcing on women all these years.

Through this new Moses—er, Ms-es—women will be led across the sexual wilderness. Women, heed this new Prometheus bearing dildos. Girls, go out there and tug that old clitoris for the dignity of womankind.

What a bunch of crap.

If we men started this whole mess, then explain to me how, in their respective orders, Mommy Babs, Miss Barbara, Sister Agnes Marie, Mrs. Cynthia Brunquirst and Co. could find nothing better to do during the first thirteen years of my life than keep telling me to get my hands: (a) out of my pockets, (b) out from under my desk, and (c) out from under the covers.

Let's face it, ladies, you raised us male chauvinist pigs. The first time—I swear to you, the very first—I ever heard a male speak about masturbation was my good old Pop Warner Football Coach. I'll never forget his immortal words: "O.K. guys, one more training rule. No jerking-off during the season 'cause it will take your strength away." And that, my friends, is why it came to be referred to as the long season.

And while Mommy Babs, Miss Barbara, etc. were warning us males to keep our hands out of our pockets and above the desk, guess what they were telling all those cute little girls. Right. Don't ever let those nasty boys ever, ever, ever, touch you THERE, or THERE, or THERE. For Christ sake! My fourth grade sweetheart wouldn't let me touch her THERE before she even had a THERE

to touch.

And all this time my glands were glandulating, my hormones were secreting, my natural juices were bubbling to the surface. All that time my hands were out of my pockets, above my desk, and I was nowhere near THERE. And then it happened. Good old National Geographic. God bless those native girls. God bless the Aborigines. God bless bathroom doors that locked from the inside.

I knew I would become blind, acne infested and loony. I damn sure knew I was going to hell. I felt that way for a long time. In fact, until I read good-old Dr. Kinsey's report. After that, simple observation provided no evidence that 99% of the males and 74% of the females were wearing glasses, covered with pock-marks, or talking to themselves.

You lied, Mommy Babs. The fear was gone . . . but, still, the guilt remained. Now, thanks to Wilma Scott Heide, that too is gone. Now I know those adolescent yanks were actually bringing me freedom, dignity and identity. Oh, thank you Ms. Heide, wherever you are (and whatever you're doing, for that matter. Viva la sport!)

Don't get me wrong, I personally have thought a lot about Ms. Heide's masturbatory stance. I believe, in fact, I have found a very socially significant use for her idea. I believe Ms. Heide and her followers should all lie, single file, about three feet west of the San Andreas fault. Then they could begin their individual masturbatory techniques. Hopefully their collective orgasms would produce enough of a tremor to dump the bunch into the Pacific Ocean.

I'm for the women's liberation movement. In fact, I'm for any movement that advances anyone's dignity and freedom. I hope the day comes when we don't need movements, when we've all grown wise enough, and learned to care enough, never to subjugate anyone, for any reason. But I'll never buy rhetoric bullshit for any reason. And, Ms. Heide, that's what you're selling.

Like we used to say back in junior high school, you're some jerk-off.

Good grief!

by Cindy Burchardt





Look, Ma . . . I

by Dianne Tezinski, Q

"Okay, let's get our jackets. We're going outside."
 "I'm not," squeaked a little voice.
 "But everyone is going outside."
 "I'm not. I haf to go bafroom."

There's never a dull moment," said the serene young woman as she led the little boy aside.

With 50 active youngsters, it would certainly seem that the counselors at the college's new day care center would have their hands full. But they're as competent as busy bees that go humming about in a hive of activity. They keep the youngsters engrossed with a honeycomb of pastimes - singing, reading, drawing, playing games, nibbling and napping.

The day care center opened this semester for children aged two to five years old. The offspring of MCC students, staff, and other community members can attend from seven-thirty in the morning until five in the afternoon. They are given breakfast and even take a two hour nap in the afternoon on cots with pillows and blankets.

And according to Day Care Director Linnea Gershenberg, the only problem is with children who have never eaten or slept away from home. She said that those children need only adjust to their new surroundings.

The surroundings should be easy for a child to adjust to. The walls are painted happy shades of yellow and orange, and the carpeting is soft enough to fall on. There are potted plants on shelves, and kids' drawings on the walls. It's the kind of house storybook children live in. The counselors even seem like part of the gang.

Day care will tend to children and afford their parents the opportunity to work or attend school. It will also serve as an observatory for the college's child psychology and early education students.

Ms. Gershenberg, who worked at the Rutgers Demonstration Day Care Center before she came to MCC, sees day care as the most pressing need of the community. "I'm interested in seeing day care develop to meet the needs of families instead of any way the government wants it," she said. "Right now more research needs to be done."

Photographed by Vince Da Grosa,



in college too!

Quo Vadis Feature Editor

But the children's mothers are glad to have any day care facilities at all. Mothers can now attend college classes, knowing their children are being cared for in a convenient place.

For instance, Judy Champion is separated from her husband and on welfare. Last year she had to go to night school so one of the two women she lives with could watch her three year old son, Eric. Now she can attend classes all day and prepare herself for a better job. "It won't take so long to get my degree and I have more time to study now," Judy smiled.

Or Judy Anhalt, who had to drive her three year old to her mother's before she could go to school. Now she can bring her daughter with her. "It was difficult," she admitted, "but now I don't have to worry. I know she's being taken care of."

Mrs. Anhalt's daughter is not only being taken care of ... she's even having fun. There are plenty of playmates, and on warm days everyone is taken outside to play on the grassy hills of the old campus golf course. It's like a giant backyard to run around in, and the kids can "Whoop!" as loudly as they want.

One day last week, five year old Richard Myers was rolling a tire up and down the hill. Two year old Jaime, he knows his last name but he wasn't telling, was perched under a tree playing with twigs and new fallen leaves. "I'm building a house," he volunteered. Other youngsters were learning to play catch with a multicolored ball. There were lots of toys - it looked like Santa Claus had made an early airdrop.

All the toys, except those that were donated, are educational. But to kids, toys are toys and that's what they all like best about the center.

Three year old David Regan boasted the fire truck was his favorite because, "I have one at home." But he also liked the boxes.

Four year old Laura, who didn't know her last name, said she liked all the toys, especially the blocks. "I don't have as many kids at home to play with," she added.

"I do," said David, playing the devil's advocate.

"No you don't." Laura threw a tiny handful of grass at him and they had a grass fight until they were both rolling with laughter. Then they rolled right down the hill.

by Baron and Gladys McDougall

Syed breaks hockey sex barrier

Scores lone goal as team loses

by Bill Benwell

Syed Hasan, a male student from Pakistan, made his debut on the MCC women's field hockey team Friday afternoon, and except for some incredulous stares and a few gaping mouths, the Newark State junior-varsity team showed little reaction, defeating the Middlesex squad 3 to 1.

Syed was able to play on the supposedly all-women team because field hockey is considered a non-contact sport, and, since a field hockey team for men does not exist at MCC, he is allowed to play on the only field hockey team made available to the student body. Right up to game-time, no one was sure how Newark State would react to the action, as it turned out, however, there were no problems at all.

According to one Newark player, their team was not informed that Syed would play until shortly before the game began and the referee told them, "by the way, they've got a guy on their team, but it's absolutely legal." There were a few grumbles at first, but most of the opposing women were quite amused at playing against a man. Toward the end of the game, one player was overheard to say, "Let's give him a standing ovation." Another remarked, "I really don't mind him playing, but he's so much faster than the other girls, he dominates the game". Still another player, referring to Syed's ability called him "the only player on the

field."

Newark State scored first in the contest, with a goal halfway into the first period. Middlesex came right back a few minutes later on a goal by, guess who, Hasan, who skillfully maneuvered through a crowd of opposing players, then went a quarter of the field by himself to score and tie the game. Newark State scored twice in the second half, shutting out Middlesex the rest of the way, to earn the victory.

Sacchi article in "Coach"

MCC wrestling coach John Sacchi has had an article of his published in the September issue of Scholastic Coach Magazine entitled "A Strong Set of Stand-Up Counters."

Among the counters which Sacchi describes are: the "front trip", "ankle pick", "crotch drop", "heel block", and "body pick."



Syed Hasan checks a Newark State co-ed in last Friday's losing effort.

Pakistani loves the game

The Middlesex women's field hockey squad may not show the potential to be contenders for the GSAC crown, but they do have one phenomenon few other women's teams have—a male player. The man's name is Syed Hasan, and he has, in a few days, turned an obscure sport into a much talked about subject.

"I have only been in this country for eight months," says Syed, who hails from Pakistan, "and learned to speak English only six months before that at the Pakistan American Cultural Center." Syed, however, has no communication problems with Coach Marilyn Jones and the other players, and anyone talking to him, quickly realizes he has learned his lessons well. He even showed a bit of the American athletic culture, when, after scoring a goal in the team's first game, he happily slapped palms with another member of the team.

It is also apparent by watching Syed play, that he enjoys being a member of the MCC squad. He admits he was embarrassed "a little, at first," about playing on a team composed completely of women, but says "I enjoy it." One member of the team jokingly added, "He loves playing with us girls."

In Syed's country, field hockey is a major sport; the Pakistanis are, in fact, the world champions. It is a sport, however, that is played almost exclusively by men. Why in the United States do women primarily play field hockey? "I don't know," Syed answered. "All over the world, in countries like Britain, Kenya, Pakistan, Belgium and others, the sport is played by men. Only since I have been in this country have I seen women playing."

It appears that since Syed was able to play in the season's first game without complaints from the opposing team, he will be able to continue to lend, in the words of Jones, his "tremendous" ability to the women's field hockey team.

Booters sail over Atlantic after 3-0 Bulldog bite

by Brian Stolte

Middlesex won the game 2-1, but should have won it by a bigger margin. The Colts continuously failed to capitalize on many of their scoring opportunities last Saturday, at Edison, against Atlantic County.

MCC scored both their goals in the first half on scores by Roy Fernandes and Oscar Bailey. Fernandes' scoring strike came about as a result of a penalty kick. The Buccaneers' lone goal came in the second half by Tony Latorre. It marked Atlantic's first goal of the season and only goal to date (ACC was shut-out in their first two games by Bergen and the University of Pennsylvania freshman team, respectively).

Visiting goalie Ronny Reid did a commendable job against Middlesex's talented offense. On four occasions, Reid foiled hard-hit possible scoring shots by Bailey, Kevin Welter, Carmen Romano and Rich Choma. After the game, Middlesex's fine defenseman Doug Faulkner stated that "he (Reid) played very well."

Colt rookie goalkeeper Paul Jetter also turned in a notable performance allowing just one goal in eleven attempts.

The Colts, coming off a disappointing defeat at the hands of Bergen, needed this victory to regain their confidence. Atlantic, the second-place finisher in the GSAC last year, also lost to Bergen but, by a 1-0 decision. The Bucs, as a team, are inexperienced. Their coach, Bill Sabonjian, cited this as being the primary reason for the poor showing thus far this season.

Throughout the first half, Middlesex's strong defense thwarted all Atlantic scoring threats with Fernandes displaying good kicking form. Atlantic's defense relied heavily on the goalkeeping of Reid.

Middlesex's offense again lacked a good deal of ball control, but penetrated into

Atlantic territory on quite a few occasions. As to the offense of the Bucs, as one Middlesex player (Bob Jenners) put it, "they had good ball control, but weren't that overpowering."

MCC soccer coach Richard Plant reflected upon last Wednesday's 3-0 whitewash of Middlesex by Bergen this way, "we should have beaten Bergen. We controlled the game for a good seventy minutes. Losing to them was disgusting."

Disgusting? Apparently so. Even the players had to ditto their feelings toward the Bergen game in agreement with the coach. Kevin Welter, when asked to express his opinion replied, "as a team, we really played lousy."

Harried harriers corralled at Colt

by Todd Hoblitzell

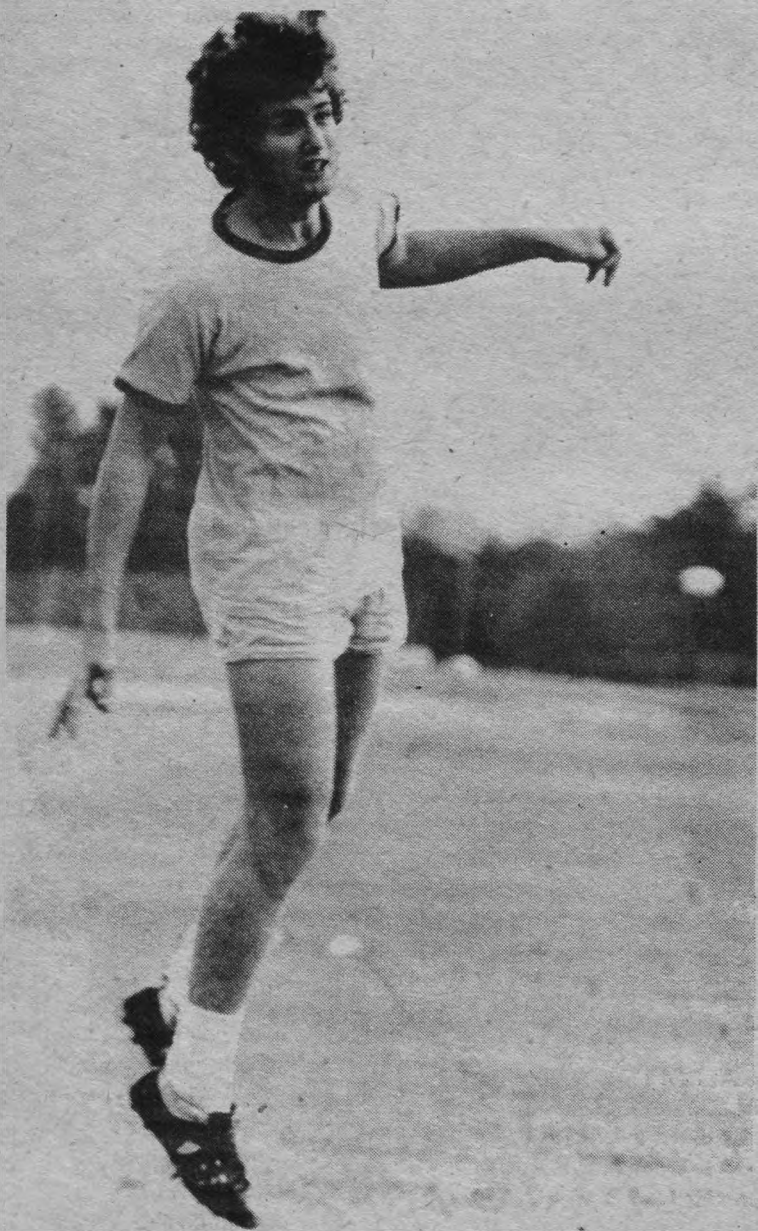
A fledgling team of MCC runners placed 14th in the annual Colt Invitational cross-country meet at Middletown, New York on Saturday.

Running on a course that was tougher than expected, coach Joe Schlegel's harriers initiated its '73 season with a disheartening performance. Jay Japka led all Middlesex runners, in placing 72nd, while Jim Heiser finished 76th.

Joe Toth was running in good position behind the leaders, but a cold that was hampering him throughout the week, forced him to stop halfway into the race. Toth felt that had he continued his pace, he would have finished within the top positions.

"This being the first meet for the team, I feel we can forget it and concentrate on the rest of the season, but the team can use it as a stepping stone in preparing for the other meets," Schlegel said, and continued, "We know what we have to do to get ready and that is to just keep running ourselves into good shape."

Looking towards Wednesday's encounter with Somerset, Essex and Morris (to be held at Morris), Schlegel expressed some doubt because Essex County finished 5th on Saturday in the Colt Invitational. He warned that coming off a disappointing meet such as the first one, the team will be out to show their competitors that Middlesex should not be taken lightly.



Colt booter Dave Van Why whoops it up after Middlesex edged Atlantic 2-1 on Saturday. (photo by Steve Baron)



Wolfgang Granatzki was really cooking when he visited MCC last Wednesday. (photo by Steve Baron)

Kitchen magician has fungus in bag of tricks

by Erin Medicott

I long for the day when I will eat a delicious meal that looks good and has quality to sustain my weight—or optimistically, add a little too.

After giving up with disgust at lunchtime sittings of food from the Winner's Circle, an idea came to mind. Why not learn to cook? And what better place to start than the kitchen in the College Center, for a special guest was invited to give a cooking demonstration . . . a GOURMET CHEF.

This was my big chance to see first-hand how to satisfy my admiration of aesthetic beauty, the culinary art of gourmet cookery.

In the few-minute wait before the 12:00 demonstration, I remembered my first encounter with "sophisticated" food. It was during my freshman year in high school when I stayed the weekend at a friend's house. She had decided to prepare our dinner that included this salad: a head of lettuce, peach halves, mayonnaise, garlic salt and parsley.

She topped the whole thing with home-made blue-cheese dressing and a few grapes. I got ill and remained that way for the remainder of the weekend. My attitude towards "gourmet cooking" has been critical, but I was willing to take a chance.

The guest chef, Wolfgang Granatzki, approached the two large wooden tables at the head of the room. His tools of the trade were on shelves behind him: eggs, pans of meat, bowls, pots and spices. His manner was authoritative. He stood before the table like a doctor ready to begin surgery.

A piece of artwork posed in

the corner. It was a beautiful ice carving of a swan created by the chef himself. Carving is his hobby, and he often displays the ice sculptures at the parties he serves.

Granatzki has worked at his profession for eight years, three spent in apprenticeship with low pay. He belongs to Restaurant Associates, a "union of chefs," with his headquarters at the Promenade Cafe in New York City's Rockefeller Center.

With light hair, blue eyes and a sly grin, he only admits to being 29. Who cares what his age is, as long as he could help my poor stomach regain consciousness.

The audience consisted mainly of students in the Hotel, Restaurant and Institution Management curriculum, a few housewives, several teachers and interested onlookers. Presumably all were attempting to pick up a few pointers. I was there out of sheer desperation.

Granatzki, the magician of the kitchen, did his first trick with a "pate," (pronounced pa-tay). The ingredients he used to fill the pastry-lined oblong pan: fatback, horsemeat and seasoning marinated in wine, pistachio nuts, cut-up truffles (black fungi that grows underground), a long tube-like piece of veal, some diced chicken and shallots which he cooked flaming in brandy. Taking the brandy bottle he turned to the audience and said, "Anybody got a match . . . and a glass?"

The wizard in white continued to work at the pate. Evan Enowitz, a teacher in the H.R.I.M. curriculum asked, "Don't you put aspic in that?" Granatzki remarked, "Excuse me, I'm getting paid for this."

Something clicked in my head. This chef really knows his stuff!

Maybe I can learn to feed myself, and bring my appetite up to par with that of the Galloping Gourmet. If only I could . . .

After placing the pate in the oven for baking, Granatzki brought out one already finished to show the audience. Slicing it carefully he pointed out the different layers of meat and pastry inside the crust.

So—now I learned two things about gourmet cooking; the food takes time to prepare properly, and it looks great when you serve it. Ah, but will it be worth tasting?

Granatzki works closely with other competent chefs. "A good chef," he stated, "trains people to help him." This year he took a student from the Culinary Institute of America and helped to teach him about cooking. He added, "he is doing alright because he wants to learn."

He also showed how to prepare an omelet and "Gravlax"—fresh salmon cured in salt, sugar and dill for about 18 hours. He showed equal proficiency with meat, eggs and fish.

"I would never do this demonstration at Macy's," said Granatzki, speaking to the H.R.I.M. students, "because they are all housewives and they cannot do it. But here, you are all professionals."

How can people learn to cook inexpensively? Granatzki replied, "I am the most fitting guy to show them how to do it."

He can feed his wife and 5-yr. old daughter inexpensively, especially when he takes home leftover food from the large restaurant parties, he revealed.

Bob Bartel, President of the Epicurean Club, also attended the demonstration. "You get a lot more out of the demonstration," Bartel said, "than if someone were up there just telling you about cooking. It was very well done."

Samples of food were placed on the tables for audience inspection and tasting. I became nervous. Would gourmet appetizers cure me of the "mealtime blahs?" I bit into a piece of pate . . .

A few students afraid to voice their true feelings smiled after each bite. "Delicious," they had said. "Mmmm. I wish I could cook like that." "Fantastic." Then they went upstairs and ate sandwiches at the Winners Circle. The only thing "fantastic" was the speed with which the chef accomplished the preparation.

The food was certainly "gourmet". It looked good and it smelled good. But it just didn't taste good.

I'd be wrong to reject gourmet food because it's different ("What did you say a truffle was?"), but I'm right to reject it if it doesn't taste like food.

Will somebody out there please give me a real meal? (I might even settle for a tasty vitamin pill.)

Controversy goes to arbitration

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ignore the sign-in order, and, for this reason, received a reprimand attached to his permanent record.

Shindleman related that within a week after the sign-in policy was enacted, 3 conflicting orders were issued to the faculty. Sherman's order not to sign-in

was followed by a memo from Vice President Callahan directing the adjunct faculty to obey DCE's order and sign-in. The third order, issued by the Union's Chief Negotiator, Wilma Thompson, again said not to sign-in. Over the spring semester all but about a dozen DCE faculty were signing in regularly. This number was reduced as Shindleman sent 3 letters to the faculty members who were not signing in, the last of which warned that they would not be hired by DCE for summer classes if they did not comply immediately with the ruling. Six members of the Biology Department still refused. Shindleman continued that Sherman next sent the faculty and Board of Trustees each a copy of a letter he had written to him (Shindleman) accusing him of "blackmail". Shortly thereafter Vice President Callahan reprimanded him.

The "Biology 6", as they have come to be known, were not hired by the DCE for the summer session. They are Mahmoud Taher, Robert Colburn, Roger Furbee, Jeffrey Hochbaum, Tracy Gerow and Doris Mayner.

In the third grievance Macchia said the Union is asking that the "Biology 6" be paid for the contact hours they applied to teach, citing the contract's change of working conditions clause along with its specification that full-time faculty members shall have first preference to teach 6 credits in DCE courses.

When asked why they had refused to sign in Taher said, "It (sign-in) was not one of the conditions I accepted when I took the job. It is impractical during inclement weather and it is not an efficient system." Tracy Gerow, another of the 6 said, "The original reason for trying the system (to curtail absenteeism among evening faculty) was not bad but the sign-in system is absurd. The punishment of the 6, which essentially amounted to a \$1400.00 fine was way out of proportion to the alleged offense."

At the hop

A filmic Fifties revival is being conducted this week in the third-floor lounge of the College Center.

Did prof sign in?

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uncovered one such case. He contends that on Sept. 13 William Koy, a DCE adjunct faculty member, signed in then left at about 7:00 o'clock. Gerow said that on several occasions he brought his suspicions to the staff of Division of Continuing Education's Dean Shindleman but was unable to get anyone to check the sign-in roster for Sept. 13 to see if Koy had, in fact, signed in.

Shindleman said that he was aware of Koy's absence but he had not yet checked the sign-in sheet when, on Sept. 25, he was stopped by Dominic Macchia, Chairman of the Faculty Union's Grievance Committee, and asked for a copy of the roster.

Gerow pointed out that it was by accident that he discovered the absence. One of Koy's students entered Gerow's Biology class to sell a textbook to one of Gerow's students. Koy's student asked Gerow where Koy was. The student said that Koy had told his class on Tuesday evening, their first class, that he would be available Thursday evening till 7:00 o'clock.

At this point, Gerow remembered seeing Koy as he (Gerow) was signing in earlier in the evening. This is when he began to suspect that Koy, an adjunct, might have driven to MCC, signed in, then left.

Shindleman now says that he has investigated the matter and found that Koy did sign in but that he had followed the appropriate procedures. He added that Koy's students have confirmed that the class was made up.

Muskrat shot

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This, he said, is a precautionary measure to learn if other animals might have contracted the disease.

Mentioning alternative possibilities - specifically distemper or hepatitis - as possible causes for the muskrat's

behavior, Rice added, "This is an isolated incident and no others were noted over the weekend."

He concluded that his department's investigators "just don't know for certain yet and won't until the New Jersey Division of Health contacts us later this week."

Campus calendar

TODAY:

- BOWLING CLUB ... meeting ... College Center ... 310 ... 2 p.m.
- "TAKE A SECOND LOOK" ... meeting ... College Center ... 215 ... 3 p.m.
- DELTA SIGMA PSI CLUB ... meeting ... College Center ... 312 ... 4 p.m.
- ALPHA DELTA EPSILON ... meeting ... College Center ... 321 ... 4 p.m.
- CIRCLE K ... meeting ... College Center ... 319 ... 4 p.m.
- ALPHA PHI OMEGA ... meeting ... College Center ... 310 ... 4 p.m.
- MOTORCYCLE CLUB ... meeting ... College Center ... 310 ... 4 p.m.

WEDNESDAY:

- H&R SWEDISH LUNCHEON ... "Swedish Pork Fest" ... \$2.00 ... Corral Restaurant ... 12 noon.
- A.C.E.S. ... meeting ... College Center 312 ... 1 a.m.
- COMMITTEE FOR ALCOHOL ON CAMPUS ... College Center ... 312 ... 3 p.m.
- SOCCER GAME ... Essex County College ... away ... 3 p.m.
- CROSS COUNTRY ... Somerset County College ... away ... 3:30 p.m.
- FIELD HOCKEY ... Ocean County College ... home ... 3:30.

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