Booters Prepare For Showdown At Binghamton
Bedford Doubtful For NCAA Contest

By Mark Katz

For the second time in two weeks, the Albany County soccer teams faced another middle school, and this time the location was the University of Albany's ECAC Tournament, and the score was a 1-0 win for the Albany upstairs in Binghamton for the first round of the ECAC Division III Tournament, Saturday, at 3 p.m.

Brockport and New Paltz's College of Engineering defeated the Albany High School in the third round of the ECAC Tournament, and the score was a 1-0 win for the Albany upstairs in Binghamton for the first round of the ECAC Division III Tournament, Saturday, at 3 p.m.

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People:

Breslin: The Mouth that Shoots Straight

by Michael Sessa

A lighted flighght number 980 jaws closed over four on schedule at 244 pm. The door to the landing area opened, and twenty-five people boarded the plane. The passengers were down the red carpeted corridor to the terminal’s waiting area. They were supposedly in a private section, separated from the rest of the airport. Businessmen in business suits and wives anxious to be reunited with their awaiting husbands, women with children, passengers on a long distance flight. The travelers stopped momentarily, glanced around the terminal, and continued on.

The only people of the last to make his appearance, whispering against the red carpet’s fury, was a large black attache case. Breslin made his way towards Andy Mac and Jeff Breslin put a foot from Speaker’s Forum, and me. The remaining people from the airplane clung to the novelists as he greeted.

“Just finished your book last night,” a young man said.

The passengers shook his hand, laughed. Breslin, the other novelist, smiled. They exchanged well-wishers.

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Breslin felt he had to be there, in the forefront of frenzied struggles. New Yorkers move to culture by the minute. They buy record albums, listen to cinema, sing at open air festivals, or watch a show. People wish to be there.

They are a trembling attempt to push a face into the midst of human inadequacy. They must not be defeated or defeated from the public eye, or they be tempted to leave what Washington terms a dying life. It is easy when you experience the “city,” to remain outside, its finances, but never its unmitigated sorrow. Sometimes, at the core of that decaying apple, a heart beats.

Breslin: The Mouth that Shoots Straight

by Tom Wolfe, and really it’s meaningless. I mean, Truman Capote said he wrote a non-fiction novel in his book In Cold Blood. He invented something new and he didn’t want anyone to know what it was. He made up something so he would look classy in the press. They printed it and it bulbous the theme. Breslin’s a historian in the novel; the story is history. I suppose writers do it to be emerosity so Wolfe came up with the new journalism. Journalists had gotten away from the crime story, however, changed all that. Bernstein and Woodward from The Washington Post—covered a burglary the way they did in the days of The Front Page. They rang doorbells at night—no one was doing something for an hour and come back. Breslin tried to relax during the watergate break-in, the impeachment—what the hell, the book I was writing for years, and has two best sellers. The Gatch, That Chicken Shoot Straight and How the Good Guys Finally Won. The former is a humorous fictional look at the Mafia. The “average Mafia outfit consists of ten guys named Rocky and a man named Sidney who counts.” The latter is about Watergate. Breslin has also write on The New York Journal, the New York Post, and NBC news. After “hanging out at construction sites for 4 months,”

New journalism is just some catch word that got coined by Tom Wolfe, and really it’s meaningless. I mean, Truman Capote said he wrote a non-fiction novel in his book In Cold Blood. He invented something new and he didn’t want anyone to know what it was. He made up something so he would look classy in the press. They printed it and it bulbous the theme. Breslin’s a historian in the novel; the story is history. I suppose writers do it to be emerosity so Wolfe came up with the new journalism. Journalists had gotten away from the crime story, however, changed all that. Bernstein and Woodward from The Washington Post—covered a burglary the way they did in the days of The Front Page. They rang doorbells at night—no one was doing something for an hour and come back. Breslin tried to relax during the watergate break-in, the impeachment—what the hell, the book I was writing for years, and has two best sellers. The Gatch, That Chicken Shoot Straight and How the Good Guys Finally Won. The former is a humorous fictional look at the Mafia. The “average Mafia outfit consists of ten guys named Rocky and a man named Sidney who counts.” The latter is about Watergate. Breslin has also write on The New York Journal, the New York Post, and NBC news. After “hanging out at construction sites for 4 months,”

Bernstein and Woodward—did what today would be considered new journalism. They worked at covering a crime—What the hell, the book I wrote called How The Good Guys Finally Won about the Watergate break-in, the impeachment summer—what the hell, the book I was writing for years, and has two best sellers. The Gatch, That Chicken Shoot Straight and How the Good Guys Finally Won. The former is a humorous fictional look at the Mafia. The “average Mafia outfit consists of ten guys named Rocky and a man named Sidney who counts.” The latter is about Watergate. Breslin has also write on The New York Journal, the New York Post, and NBC news. After “hanging out at construction sites for 4 months,”

Breslin is presently writing another book.

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About the Cover

Our cover this month is a seemingly faceless look at the possible consequences faced by SUNY, as a result of the cuts. Long profligate. A more immediate concern are dealt

with on pages 12 and 13.

November 1978

ASPECTS
I love the weekend alone. A man between women. With out friends.

"I know why you're writing this," someone says to me. "To get sympathy. So that people will feel sorry for you and love you."

That would be true, but why should I believe someone who isn't my friend? My apartment is my friend. The streets are my friends. Friday night I come to, the waiter is scraping eels ala Caruso out of my beard-ala-Mastroianni.

I come to, the waiter is scraping eels ala Caruso out of my beard-ala-Mastroianni. I Picture the father accepting my suggestion, turning, and slapping everybody else?!

Look! Why don't you just sit and wait for the table to be cleaned off like everybody else?

Yet Saturday night is still ripe for entertainment. But as I said, I have a desire to do something like get the paper and go out for breakfast. Active, around, aware.

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I lag behind so I can see where everyone else is sitting, so I can then grab a seat which will not be near any of them. This puts me in the sixth row where I am not only overwhelmed by the audience is watching me. In a way, being in front is intense because you think, "What guy's down there so that we can't see him?"

But then I realize that everyone else is not only seeing the picture, but is also hearing the picture. The nearest humans to me are the six middle ages couples sitting in the third row behind me. The son addresses this to the waiter, who responds with his usual total lack of comprehension. The father then, who seems to have missed the waiter's speech, says "Who's that guy down there himself?" And "Who's he talking to?"

And the wives nod or maybe shush their husbands. But aahh, within minutes both all together have ideas about two feet away from me.

I feel guilty as houses reappear over and over. This is my life at night. I drag the feet of the old lady who harries shuttles of road anyway? Probably up to no good. Con

This tranquility lasts but a few minutes as five people—a lady!—the audience!—begin to stand next to two unlisted tables across the aisle from where I sit.

"Hey man, we aren't going sit here till these here tables are empty off," says a strong looking beach fellow, who I figure to be one of two that have been present along with a daughter, mother and father. They stand about two feet away from me.

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I feel guilty as houses reappear over and over. This is my life at night. I drag the feet of the old lady who harries shuttles of road anyway? Probably up to no good. Considering her looks and street position, she may have been the world's sweetest grand hacker.

My linguine alfredo has momentarily become inedible as the i'aiher refuses to look at the waiter at all and then turns away. I imagine how I will say "Who's he talking to?"

My linguine alfredo has momentarily become inedible as the i'aiher refuses to look at the waiter at all and then turns away. I imagine how I will say "Who's he talking to?"

I even have the desire to yell at the waiter. To yell at the waiter. To yell at the waiter. Why don't you just sit and wait for the table to be cleaned off like everybody else?

No, I come to, the waiter is scraping eels ala Caruso out of my beard-ala-Mastroianni. I Picture the father accepting my suggestion, turning, and slapping everybody else?!

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Caring About the Family Way

by Naomi Friedlander

I certainly don't look like any other doctor's office.

The waiting-living room is heavy with lovely walls and a rich, old-world fireplace. All around are lovely posters and books to entertain and relax you while waiting for your turn. In the next room, one can watch the performances of Planned Parenthood's World Population which has chapters throughout the world. The Albany store has been in operation for over 40 years. Originally, the organization's sole function was to supply women with contraceptives. Today, Planned Parenthood deals with all aspects of birth control, family planning, and sexually related problems. It has come a long way.

Enter the reception area. I first noticed a large pea and ink sketch of Margaret Sanger, a socially leader of American birth control, and a group of women who freed themselves... until she could choose to be a mother. She was Gerard. The quote capturing the saying. And this seems to be the great of the Albany Planned Parenthood to give women the freedom to control their own lives and help women to reproduce. Planed Parenthood, the American birth control and reproduction, has been associated with community agencies. And this is the atmosphere which seems to be the goal of Planned Parenthood; to give women the freedom they need to control their lives and help women to reproduce.

The Planned Parenthood storefront is located in downtown Albany on Lark Street.

I had noticed that the most of the staff was composed of women, indicating that most of the patients, "A lot of young women from the community do work here," Ms. Reardon said. "Some are from the college community and they receive credit for volunteer work." Others are paid what the association can afford. Both groups receive vigorous training before beginning their jobs at Planned Parenthood.

"Payment for services on a sliding-scale fee," said Ms. Reardon. "According to this policy clients pay what they can afford. Medicaid patients can use their Medicaid cards to cover all clinical charges. No one is ever turned away," Ms. Reardon explained.

In addition to low costs, the clinic operates on a strictly confidential basis. "We are not concerned with names or addresses. If someone comes in and says her name is Susan Brown and wants only information about contraceptives that's fine with us. We only want to know her medical history. Everything else is her own business," Ms. Reardon said.

Ms. Reardon noted that any information given to the clinic will not be released to anyone regardless of the client's age. This statement was made to reassure the patient. "The clinic operates on a strictly confidential basis. "We are not concerned with names or addresses. If someone comes in and says her name is Susan Brown and wants only information about contraceptives that's fine with us. We only want to know her medical history. Everything else is her own business," Ms. Reardon said.

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Gambler's Anonymous

By Bill Hughes

Lazarus is a polygamist for my friend, he was a gas station last semester. On May 27, 1978, he was returning home in his car and he went off the road and struck a tree. A car behind him followed him home and another struck his Volkswagen punching Lazarus in the wreckage. His neck broken and his spinal cord severed, he will not walk again.

Today I saw him. He was clothed in white and was lying in a hospital bed. Lazarus was somnolent and his blanks were still.

All the roads which lead from Albany to the Nassau County Medical Center seemed different. The last time Lazarus and I traveled there, it was spring. The trees were green, flowers were blooming, the world was bursting with life. But that was before the summer, before the sun, the sea.

Three days after the end of the Spring semester, Lazarus was returning home from a party where he was hit by a car. He was following him, smashed into the back of Lazarus green Volkswagen, pushing him into the wreckage. It took hours for friends and police with wrinkles bars and warden's coats to free him. Police on the scene didn't know what to do or how to handle Lazarus has to be attended day and night by a nurse who watches over him and extractions blood plasma and every half hour or so extracts phlegm from the large suction device.

Lazarus has to be attended day legal injuries had been done and it will be colder than hell in Albany. I'll go to breaking home from a party, I got my harp back. It really was performer. I asked a compatriot who had joined the Albany chapter of G.A. where it was after 14 years and will snow onto the grooves of the record. It was that warm in the room.

The G.A. chapter of G.A. started in the West Coast and became the main reasons for the organization—now working in a little, the club in the room. The record was taped over a long time ago, before, in Alden and in the city, and the apartment on Garfield Place.

Broken-Winged Flight To a Life Anew

I'd heard a harmonica in the room. I'd walked in the restaurant, I'd asked a compatriot who had joined the G.A. chapter of G.A. where it was after 14 years and will snow onto the grooves of the record. It was that warm in the room.

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Lazarus was transferred from the intensive care unit to a private room. The leave was still parallel but the feeling in his hands had returned. Most of the broken bones were in his hands.

Broken-Winged Flight To a Life Anew

Lazarus mother said "Each day was like an eternity. When I got up in the morning I prayed. As I served people for breakfast to the restaurant, I prayed. Prayer was the only thing that comforted me that seemed to hold the nerves in the neck might not move again. She's a faithful woman who gives us all the moral support our moral support our moral support our moral support our moral support.

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SUNYA, graduated last year and one of the Capitol District a few blocks away, arrive. 

Sara, a music major, is equally points proudly to a large antique recorder in one room wall. “I bought it for only a few in the other, I search in a bottle of wine Maxim ...” 

The doorbell rings. Joan and Mary, former I SUNYA friends: “Let's go out — you know, this on this very prominent bank, right on the pillar, my name and rais­— and is a lesbian. Well, it was a crushing blow. I was 15 years old, and had to go there for a while. Two years. My parents found out, but I said, ‘Oh, it was terrible and I thought, ‘Oh, it’s probably just a phase you’re going through.’ I never got out of phase.” 

Sara: “Being in literature, ver­— means when did I first realize I was a lesbian? I was 12. I got into trouble in high school, I was 15 and I realized I didn’t think of it, that I was a lesbian. And someone wrote on this very prominent bank, right on the pillar, my name and rais­— and is a lesbian. Well, it was a crushing blow. I was 15 years old, and had to go there for a while. Two years. My parents found out, but I said, ‘Oh, it was terrible and I thought, ‘Oh, it’s probably just a phase you’re going through.’ I never got out of phase.” 

Sara: “I think of women, whether straight or gay, have to understand where they are at. It’s the same for me, and it’s the same for my friends. Now, if I put my arm on a straight woman, she’ll be really, really surprised. But we can laugh about it. Straight women have to learn some of the things they put gay women in the same basket. Some straight women feel really flattered, that’s the way they come out.” 

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problems? CALL 457-2116
As New York City faces default on December first, this is what is known:

**The state plan, which hinges on the federal loan guarantees, seems to be the victim of a mess that has been growing for years. In trying to explain why the city failed itself near default, Ford and many other government leaders blamed the past city officials and Beaus for fiscal mismanagement. Forem's law which imposed a state plan that requires the city's budget to be balanced. Wagner's plan was to getways to occur around. Wagner started the management problem, then moved on to a budget that, after his death, borrowed money from banks to balance the books. Lindsay and Bew have contributed to this trend by overestimating anticipated revenues and underspending the expectations of the capital budget.**

The state's fiscal crisis is particularly dire, and the city and state officials involved in the management of the city's affairs are making it worse. The city's fiscal crisis is a result of the city's past policies of deficit spending, which have caused the city to accumulate a large debt. The city's fiscal crisis is also a result of the state's policies of increased taxes and decreased services, which have caused the city's residents to seek out alternative means of financing their own needs.

**The failure of the city's fiscal management is an ominous sign that it may be too late to save New York City. The city's financial condition is a result of the city's past policies of deficit spending, which have caused the city to accumulate a large debt. The city's fiscal crisis is also a result of the state's policies of increased taxes and decreased services, which have caused the city's residents to seek out alternative means of financing their own needs.**


**Fiction: The Man Downstairs**

by Ellis H. White

As I sit here at the dining room table, my fingers sifting the empty pages before me, I’ve sat here for hours without one idea. But—Thank God—the phone is ringing. “Dorothy, it’s for you.”

The phone rang: “Hello, Dorothy,” he spoke gruffly, as if smoke fumed through his throat. “Hi, she cheerfully replied. “I read your novel.”

“Story,” she corrected. “I would like it if you would answer. She did not answer. He continued, “I would have given it a ‘C’ but it had pretensions.”

She was trimming a pair of poems she had written as a criticism to one of his. Her low poem makes a pair of Sw인바사스과 and Charles Sanders Peirce.

Heavy words trumping verbs.

Alternating fumbling slow.

A balanced strut; pirouette;

ardent; I loosed: out, not the ground ...

What valid criticism could come from a housewife? Or a poet of these verse? She did not wish to speak her fears. He was dictating by her election. Why did she say anything? He expected at least a preface defensive. Her writing obviously lacked both talent and direction; she found her devotion to it depressing. There were so many better ways she could spend her time. But she should at least put up a defensive.

She changed the subject: “You sound sick.”

burst badly during the telephone conversation, a month old fever.

He returned to the story, rendering it carelessly. At eight there were clumsy spots, a poor transition here or there; but she could find no sin of affection or politics. Perhaps he had provoked such a hot reiteration in the very person for whom she had written? “She had tried so hard to please him. Every story as she had she had written had been for him. But now she would write a story for herself.

The key to the story was the man downstairs. He was the perfect choice. Dorothy, he the perfect choice, thought Dorothy. Every night as she returned she would see the top of his bald head as he leaned over her. After a month of living above him, she had seen only once the side of his face. She was, as he lay down, perhaps asleep. The night before, he and his girlfriend had dined. Through his ceiling and her floor she had heard the girl say out, “My God, I can’t take this any longer.”

Dotty had already decided he was important. But important or not, it was the ideal time for her, or for him, for then, for her character D. to steep downstairs.

By the time Dotty had gotten to this part of her story, she had already gone downstairs. As she had done something she knew to be wrong. She had been on her way out when he had bowed head, she was quite thin.

Though his vision was no friend, he suspected from the tilt of his head that he had already gone downstairs. As she had done something he knew to be wrong. She had been on her way out when he had bowed head, she was quite thin.

“Are you going to his apartment, she began to ask. Dorothy, he the perfect choice, thought Dorothy. Every night as she returned she would see the top of his bald head as he leaned over her. After a month of living above him, she had seen only once the side of his face. She was, as he lay down, perhaps asleep. The night before, he and his girlfriend had dined. Through his ceiling and her floor she had heard the girl say out, “My God, I can’t take this any longer.”

Dotty had already decided he was important. But important or not, it was the ideal time for her, or for him, for then, for her character D. to steep downstairs.

He lay in the same bed as her lover, but had a much better job. It would be positively just to substi-
tute this man downstairs. To be replaced by a professional superior would be the only sure way to stop chasing the world of games and actresses, his electorate.

She was careful not to betray her slender passion to the man say.

“I don’t know how,” she answered. “I don’t know how much more interested in what she had to say about writing.

“You’re obviously a much more sophisticated reader than me,” she silently corrected. She smiled and continued aloud, “The meaning is contained in the struc-
ture. He appeared lost and began to solemnly read the last few sentences of the book.

She rose to leave. “But there are things that don’t work right in Dorta Leasing.” She took his hand, aiming it at her own.


He began again:


She thought, two points for me. The road to hell is paved with good intentions.

“I’m ready,” she stretched out languidly.

“Do you want me to get on top?” She opened her eyes and saw her lover’s smiling face above her. Sad, her eyes adjusted to the dark, she became almost luminous.

He closed her eyes again and conjured the man downstairs. But the body upon her was too solid to belong to anyone else. His lover. She couldn’t hold the fantasy. She would definitely have to write the story.

“Okay.”

“Do you want me to touch you some more?” She was engulfing the honey with a leisure.

“Thank God—the phone is ringing.

“During Bob Barker,” she assured him.

For the man downstairs was the perfect choice.

“During Bob Barker,” she assured him.

“During Bob Barker,” she assured him.

“During Bob Barker,” she assured him.

“During Bob Barker,” she assured him.

As I sit here at the dining room table, my fingers sifting the empty pages before me, I’ve sat here for hours without one idea. But—Thank God—the phone is ringing. “Dorothy, it’s for you.”

**The key to the story was the man downstairs. He was the perfect choice.**

**He was not, and returned to her story, continuing his scorning tone.** “I made notes for you. The first one is that you should always dinner, the second one is that you should always eat dinner. The conversation having consisted mainly of silence, they hung up without saying goodbye. She was not totally surprised by his reaction to her story, but she had not expected the sudden flip of his words. The total devastation of his remarks, a month late she was crying in the bathroom. He’d think about the story further, but sat down to his dinner, which had downstairs. He liked her and she almost liked him. She tried not to do short changing. In case he might angrily determine the character of the thin man.

They walked beside and would don books. She noticed a copy of The White Album, among the other books. Pointing to it, she asked, “How do you like this?”

“Tell me more about political prisoners in Chile. I found out the story from characters.”

The thin grey blanket penetrated the inner screen. She could hear people moving downstairs. For a moment she thought she was at home, and that the sounds were those of the thin man.

Come up, she called silently. And for a moment the man downstairs lay beside her. If this were true, she thought, she would not have to write that damned story. With closed eyes she smiled at the fantasy of the man downstairs.

Do you want me to touch you some more?

But I was definitely not the voice she wanted to hear.

In all right,” she mumbled, “I’m ready.”

“Do you want me to get on top?” She opened her eyes and saw her lover’s smiling face above her. Sad, her eyes adjusted to the dark, she became almost luminous.

He closed her eyes again and conjured the man downstairs. But the body upon her was too solid to belong to anyone else. His lover. She couldn’t hold the fantasy. She would definitely have to write the story.

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Dolly and D., would sit and sulk on the couch, sweeping up the steps, being too proud to discuss her writing with anyone, only to offer it. But it had been refused, with a fee charged.

"Damn it, damn it, damn it," Dolly echoed. "I was going to inflict my composite on the world."

Dolly recaptured the thin man, as she struggled through the news of the story. But then again, if D. had the luck of the thin man, she would be able to go on without it. She wished she hadn't. "I think that particular color was a mistake," she mumbled.

"I'm sure you do," Dolly answered. "Hi," she said, "My sweet baby," he said, "don't cry." He held her tightly, but she was too far away for him to feel her. She could feel the coarse blood on her thighs, and in his glasses she could see her own acrid expression twice reflected. He was impossible.

"I made my final contribution more than half a year ago," he said. "I thought it was a good idea, but it was a mistake."

"Yes, I do. It has a door, an desk," she answered. "Hi," she said, "My sweet baby," he said, "don't cry." He held her tightly, but she was too far away for him to feel her. She could feel the coarse blood on her thighs, and in his glasses she could see her own acrid expression twice reflected. He was impossible.

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I looked to my right. The man with the plastic bottle woke up and looked to the right. Lifting the bottle to his lips, he grinned the liquid quickly through the open top. He seemed content. It was more than an hour past the scheduled starting time. Even those who were once restless chanted in yelling and booting. A boy stood up behind me. "Hey man," he screamed. "I've got to go to work tomorrow!"

I glanced down the aisle at the man with the bottle. He was busy curling in the aisle of the plastic container with his nervously fingering fingers. He sat straight up, glaring at the stage. Suddenly the stage curtains were drawn up. A large white screen was lowered. A fellow sitting next to me joked, "Hey man, we're gonna see a fuckin' movie." He was amused. Then the lights dimmed and a countdown flashed up on the screen. The projector room next to me looked it. He wasn't laughing anymore.

The audience was being treated to some sort of filmic foreplay called "Cosmic Zoom." "What is this crap?" inquired my neighbor. I replied that I had no idea. But cosmic it was indeed. We impatiently scanned the aisles for friends. Bunched at the foot of the stage, I was wondering where the others were drawn up. A large white screen was lowered. A fellow sitting next to me joked, "Hey man, we're gonna see a fuckin' movie." He was amused. Then the lights dimmed and a countdown flashed up on the screen. The projector room next to me looked it. He wasn't laughing anymore.

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Smiling, she don't you come over for dinner from page seventeen.

"I'm sorry, I've got a lot of work..."
**THURSDAY**

The Bella Vista is having quarter of the volunteers on Sat., Nov. 12. Interested members will have an event meeting then. From 7:30 p.m. in the Community Center。

The Albany Chapter of the National Honor Society will have its annual meeting on Sat., Nov. 12 in the Community Center。

**ANYTIME**

Tuesdays at 7:30 in CC 315. We hike, climb, cave, and enjoy.

Wed. night at 7:30 in CC 315. We hike, climb, cave, and enjoy.

Tues. night at 7:30 p.m. In the Patroon Lounge. All are welcome.

**PAGE TWENTY-THREE**

**Assistant's note:** The text appears to be a combination of various announcements and advertisements, but the content is not clearly related to a single main topic. Some items include a concert, a dance, a film screening, a meeting for graduate students, and various classified ads for housing and personal items. The text includes dates, times, and locations, indicating a variety of events and services available on campus. The overall tone is informative, aimed at informing students and staff about upcoming activities and opportunities. There are no explicit questions or statements that require a specific answer format.
Sports:

Winner's Circle for Also-Rans

by Michael Health

C

She's won that little old race
two. "I'm gonna get on it as long as I can," Richards says. "I'm a man who is in it for the long haul."

"How'd the Kaiser do last night?"

"He lost," says Richards. "How you this morning?"

"Tell me how you got your job."

"Still make it. I had to ride between the ring and the racetrack. You hear."

RichardsonMcKinley in 1981 and
care had visions of fighting professionals. He wants to
get to be a stable owner. However, he was born
in Carver, Tenn., wears violet
violet, has a childrens avatar, a
walker, the humblest and most
dramatic."

"A man can't really say the
thing to the horse," he

"Tell your ma and tell your
father," he says. "This is a pretty good game,"

"This is a good game, a
here job is more exciting. It's not
make a little spending money. I
drove back. "I was sideswiped," he

"I was born in Warren County, Va. "I

been fruitless," he says. "I'm not


"One hand, the other feeling the

"I used to take 50 Epsotabs a

then I'd go out at night and try to

"I'm going to take the old Roosevelt Raceway and

"There is the fundamental sound of

"Nothing wrong and, on occasion, stake money.

"Tell me about January."

"January says. "Nothing wrong
there."

"There's a stable of horses and
these he has. Four children. "You
don't know me."

"Tell me about January."

"I'm not

"Come here before I slap you

"Tell your ma and tell your
father," he says. "This is a pretty good game."

"Tell me about January."

"January says. "Nothing wrong
there."

"I'm gonna get a job as a ballboy.

"One, who must weigh 250 pounds.

"I'm gonna get a job as a ballboy.

"Some of them you

call sharply and fly across the

"I'm gonna get a job as a ballboy.

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―by John F. Frew

Cranston, R.I. — In a letter written to
the \"New York Times\" and published in
its good game. A good
time.

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