



PROMETHEUS

Merri
Christmas

*He gave man speech, And speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe.*

Volume III Issue 3

Greenfield Community College

December 1964 — January 1965

Dr. Turner Officially Made President

On Dec. 11 Dr. Lewis O. Turner became the second President of G.C.C. Dr. Turner, who has been the acting president since September, was one of 35 applicants for the presidencies of G.C.C. and the regional college at Beverly. His selection as president was announced by Dr. William G. Dwyer, president of the regional colleges board in Boston.

Dr. Turner first became acquainted with the community college movement when he wrote a term paper on the subject in his college days. He feels that community colleges are at the "cutting edge of education" and that "there are

really no limits to what a school like this can do for the region."

Dr. Turner came to G.C.C. last year as dean of students. He is a native of Lynchburg, Va., received his bachelor's degree from Lynchburg College, and his master's in education from the University of Virginia in 1952. He received his doctorate from the same university in 1962.

He was school principal in Dillwyn, Va., taught at Appalachian State College in Boone, N. C., and Longwood College in Farnsville, Va. Before coming here, he was director of the laboratory school at Madison College in Harrisburg, Va.

Dr. Turner's Christmas message appears on page 3.

Site Approved For New G.C.C.

A new 83-acre site has been accepted as the new home for G.C.C. The proposed site for the new school was approved by the state board of regional community colleges in Boston on Dec. 11.

The state board, in accepting the Greenfield Meadows as the new location for the college, confirmed its intent to proceed with plans for a \$4,000,000, 1,000-student school. At a special Greenfield Town Meeting last June, \$30,500 was voted to purchase the land, pending state approval.

The board indicated that it

will start plans for the new school about 1967. Construction is slated to begin in 1969 or 1970. If, however, the college grows faster than expected, then the date could be moved up to accommodate the student load.

Approximately 300 students are enrolled at G.C.C. now. The building's capacity is 450.

Under the federal government's plan for assistance to public junior and community colleges, the government would pay up to 40 percent of the instructional space costs for the new college.

Mr. Stern Receives Award For Film

A "Diploma di Partecipazione" from the Venice Film Festival has been presented to Girl Scouts of America for its film "Journey Into Friendship," shown recently at the festival. Writer of the film is Mr. Alan Stern of the English Department at Greenfield Community College.

The 30-minute documentary, in color, which received the Chris Award at the Columbus Film Festival this year was filmed on location in Mexico, Denmark, Peru, and Ceylon in 1962 and released in June 1963.

The film opens at the Cabana, new headquarters of the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts, near Taxco, Mexico. Four Girl Guides attending the session are introduced; two are from Peru, the third is from Copenhagen, and the last from Ceylon.

"The film goes from the meeting place in Mexico to the diverse backgrounds from which the four girls have come and introduces the traditions, customs and scouting activities of each girl in turn.

The film's emphasis, in photography and narration, is on

the variety of the world and the possibilities of friendship among people of dissimilar cultures.

Mr. Stern has also written films for American Telephone and Telegraph Co., International Business Machines Co., National Education Association, Pan American World Airways, McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., U. S. Information Agency (Department of State), and Johnson and Johnson.

Look Into Language Study Abroad

East Lansing, Mich. — Florence, Madrid, Barcelona, Cologne and other world-famous European cities will become the winter, spring, and summer campuses for American college students participating in a Michigan State University program of language study abroad.

In cooperation with the Stiftung für Europäische Sprach- und Bildungszentren, the MSU Continuing Education Service is offering intensive programs in French, at Lausanne and Neuchâtel, Switzerland; in Spanish, at Barcelona and Ma-

Folk Singers Perform At G.C.C.

Ever since a certain member of the G.C.C. faculty, who belongs to that esoteric subculture called folk singers, decided to import Blue Grass folk music to Greenfield, neither the college nor the community has heard anything but "Blue Grass."

Mr. Leonard Schneider, backed by the newly formed college folk group, has been instrumental in bringing two of the finest performances of Blue Grass country music to G.C.C.

On November 20 at 8:00 P.M. in the college auditorium, a curious group — half students and half outsiders — anxiously awaited the opening performance of Bill Keith, Jim Rooney, and Pete Rowan.

After the first 15 minutes it looked as if the boys had flunked out cold. At the end of the first hour, however, both the performers and the audience began to enjoy themselves. At the end of the show the audience demanded an encore. By this time the different had become the familiar — Blue Grass music had gotten its foot inside of the Community College front door.

G.C.C. students had just begun to forget about folk music, and settle back to their studies when one morning neat little posters appeared in all the obvious spots around the school, announcing the arrival on campus of the Charles River Valley Boys on Dec. 12. The posters candidly invited students and normal people to attend the concert for a nominal fee.

After a week of poor response from the public and the students, Mr. Schneider and his co-workers doubled their efforts in selling tickets. Newspaper articles, college



Jim Pooney, Bill Keith, and Pete Rowan strummin'.

—photo by Dan Maguire

bulletin board notices, radio station announcements, and a barrage of colorful posters distributed downtown were some of the publicity tactics used by the group.

Saturday night came and with it a thick blanket of fog that crippled all traffic in the area. At 9:00 P.M. the boys had not yet arrived. Those who made up the half-filled auditorium began to get restless. The Charles River Valley Boys had called earlier to say that they would be late because

of the fog. Finally, at 9:05 they arrived. Surprisingly enough, none of the brave few had gone home.

What followed was a lively two hours of folk music that held the attention of the sparse enthusiasts.

The group's entertainment consisted of both vocal and instrumental pieces.

The audience's conclusion — fun is where you find it; the clues are all around.

David Buell

drid, Spain; in German, at Cologne, Germany; and in Italian, at Florence, Italy.

Applications for winter and spring quarter programs are now being accepted. Details for the summer program will be available shortly. Interested students are encouraged to obtain application forms as soon as possible. See address below.

In addition to attending classes in conversation, composition, grammar, and reading, participants will visit points of historic and geographic interest which become the topics of lectures and seminar-type discussions covering cultural, political, social and economic institutions of the country in which they reside.

To promote use of the foreign language and provide them with opportunities to bet-

ter understand their European contemporaries, American participants will attend classes and share living accommodations with students from Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, and Great Britain.

(Continued on Page 4)

HOLIDAY DANCE and

SMORGASBORD

DEC. 28, 1964

7:00 — 12:30

FRENCH KING
RESTAURANT

Route 2

SEMI - FORMAL

\$2.00 per couple

Student Council Elections Held

Student Council elections for first year students were held on December 10. Elected from the ten candidates running were: Paul Abbey, Patricia Marceau, Gerald Quadrino, and James Thompson. Chester Chapin was elected alternate.

This was the first election at G.C.C. in which campaign posters were used. Another first was the referendum.

These new Council members will join second year representatives: Gary Alden, Raymond Berry, Marion Bliss, Stanley Dobosz, and Daniel LaRose. William O'Neill is the second-year alternate.

EDITORIAL

Growing Pains Common To Other Bay State C.C.'s

The community colleges of Massachusetts have much in common. All are relatively new in the field of higher education, all are experiencing growing pains of one sort or another, all are non-residential colleges serving students from diversified backgrounds. Because we have so many common interests and problems, we can learn much from one another.

G.C.C. exchanges newspapers with six other community colleges. By reading these papers we can see how other students have successfully solved or unsuccessfully ignored problems concerning student government, student participation, and student responsibility. Often 'Letters to the Editor' columns reveal more about the pulse of a school than the more subdued editorials and news articles. Careful reading of both types of articles will, however, give you a more accurate picture of the school.

The colleges (from the student's point of view) are separate links in a chain barely connected by paper bands. These 'paper bands' can be of some use.

For instance, the G.C.C. Student Council was confronted by a constantly littered snack bar. The Council discussed the problem, decided to warn students that the snack bar would be closed if the condition did not improve. Students were warned; the snack bar condition did not improve, and the snack bar was closed for one day. Although the Council did not get at the root of the problem, the snack bar's appearance did improve.

The snack bar dilemma is not a problem unique to G.C.C. Two other community college newspapers have recently featured articles on the lack of student responsibility in keeping snack bars liveable.

One article in *The Chief* (Holyoke Regional Community College) subtitled "Lounge or Pig Pen," was an open plea for students "to accept a small but important responsibility" — that of keeping the snack bar neat in appearance. The writer went on to describe the present condition of the "Romper Room" as including "footprints on the walls and lockers, cigarette butts on the floor, and papers littered about."

In *The Bay Window* (Mass. Bay Community College, Boston) an editorial bewails the lack of space and facilities in the student lounge. The ratio of chairs to students is 68 to 700. A letter to the editor protests student irresponsibility, chides students for leaving "their garbage around," and mentions faculty policing of the cafeteria. The author of the article asks for some type of reconciliation between the faculty and students. In another article the Dean quips, "Students could improve the appearance of the building and campus if they would improve their aim at waste baskets and ash trays."

Last year the Mass. Bay Student Council closed the lounge. An article in *The Bay Window* read, "After continually seeing mounds of cigarette butts on the floor and furniture out of place, the S.C. decided to take action."

By compiling this information and comparing it with our own experiences, we can better understand our problem. We aren't the only college in which student irresponsibility abounds. Apparently this is a malady of other community colleges as well. We aren't the only college with an inadequate snack bar, nor are we facing the problem alone. It is apparently a recurring problem not to be solved by closing the snack bar for a day.

By reading the other community college newspapers we see new perspectives on our problems, we hear other student opinions, and perhaps even find a dean's humorous solution to a problem. It is only with such a background that we can intelligently approach problems concerning student participation and responsibility.

PROMETHEUS

Editor Marion Bliss

<i>News Editors</i>	<i>Feature Editors</i>	<i>Managing Editors</i>
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Term Paper Time—
And you think you've got it
Tough!

On Being Educated

Editor's note: This article first appeared in Prometheus in 1962. It was written by the former Dean Edmund Sullivan who now teaches at American International College.

The educated person is, perhaps, least of all characterized by his ability to reason or his mastery of knowledge. At their best, reason and knowledge are only tools. The criteria for how they are used and for what purposes are not to be found in how well we think and how much we know, but rather in the extent and kind of concern that we have for human existence.

We cannot help but think and learn. But to love, to hope, and to be compassionate, that is, to be committed to a deeply felt personal concern for human existence, would seem to be the fine mark of the educated person.

The great contributions from the past that are ours to use as we will are essentially the

results of love, hope, and compassion. Great societies of the past perished not alone because they lacked superior technical resources, but more importantly, a concern for the well-being of all its members was not universal. The Greeks, so the history books say, perished in a tentacle of the Roman octopus. But to the extent they made love a part of their life, to that extent, they did not perish. After all, what is democracy but love in political garb agape?

Of all the periods in Western intellectual history perhaps the Age of Reason is the most clearly marked as a period of hope. Now for the first time is reason recognized as common to humanity (as some Greeks also recognized); not an exclusive property of a privileged group. Despite the fact the ability to hope has always been a cause of human achievement, the more important fact is that now man could hope with the aid of scientific knowledge. Perhaps this is the initial time when Western man first became truly optimistic. Possibly *les philosophes* over-shot their mark. But they left us an incalculable legacy: man could hope for a better life and know that there were ways, political, social, and economic, in which such a life could be attained. We seldom remember what Locke or Voltaire wrote but the hope that animated them coupled with their overwhelming faith in the instrumental superiority of reason are combined in us today. Because of them, and others like them we can hope — successfully.

We have, then, at least two profound contributions, or themes, from the past that

have helped form, unbreakably, the attitudes and values that govern our relationships today. I believe that in the middle of the twentieth century we Westerners are just beginning to internalize in our very being something that great religious and philosophical teachers have known for a long time. Essentially this is the truly deep feeling of involvement with others that transcends an eleemosynary impulse. We are learning, perhaps the hard way, that change is not so much bringing us into unpleasant contact with communists, capitalists, and one worlders as it is bringing us into contact with ourselves.

Because of the technological knowledge and instruments we can command, as well as the emergence of often disturbing knowledge on the frontier of social science research, we are confronted, as we never have been before, with the 'wonderful yet awful possibilities' of being human. We can continue to exploit the advantages that our past and our geography have given us without examining the directions they might set for us. Or we can exploit these advantages within a framework that stresses social progress, rather than technological innovations; knowing of course that each is necessary for the other. I would suggest that this framework is essentially humanistic and is characterized by hope, love, and compassion. Its chief instrument is the ability to make ethical judgments — aided by reason and knowledge. Until each one of us is able to make ethical judgments and live with their consequences we cannot be said to be truly educated.

Dean Edmund Sullivan

Peace: -- A Gift

Not An Achievement

Mankind has always sought peace. He sometimes refers to it as contentment — at other times as tranquillity or happiness. But the word he uses most frequently is peace — peace among men, peace of the inner soul, peace between God and man.

The lack of an inner peace becomes more evident every day as the need for psychiatrists increases. Mankind seeks peace in modern ways.

He eagerly reads literature describing "six steps to happiness" or "inner contentment." He adopts materialistic goals, hoping that these can replace the emptiness that he feels.

There is no real peace in the world today — only an uneasy quiet. In Cuba, Germany, Africa, and the Far East, a cloud of fear and anxiety reigns. In our own hearts we fear a nuclear attack which would cut short our lives which have hardly begun.

We do not have the perfect faith in God — any god — based on knowledge, belief, and trust. Perhaps we are beginning to realize that our lack of peace cannot be blamed upon God or mystical forces, but upon "man's inhumanity to man."

Man has tried to find ways to gain peace in the past. Of-

has come to the end of a long search.

Socrates thought that the way to find peace was through knowledge; Epicurus said the way to peace was through enjoyment; Rousseau said to get back to nature; and more recently Hitler sought peace through slaughter.

Their mistake — peace is not an achievement or discovery, it is a gift. Peace does not begin between nations, nor between men, nor even with peace of the soul; it begins ten he has thought that he has

found the answer — that he with God. It is a gift from Him to us.

The only condition of peace with God is surrender to Him as a natural thing. We do not want to meet this condition. We want God's peace, but we still want to run our own lives.

Therefore we seek other solutions or compromises. Therefore, we fail each time.

Announcement by the Procrastination Club of America: "Last week was National Procrastination Week."

* * * *

On an average, only one dog in six million reaches stardom in movies or T.V.

Editor's Dilemma

Getting out this news sheet is no picnic.
If we print jokes, people say we are silly.
If we don't, they say we're too serious.
If we stick close to the "office" all day,
We ought to be out hunting news.
If we go out and try to hustle,
We ought to be on the job in the office.
If we don't print contributions,
We don't appreciate genius.
If we do print them,
The paper is filled with junk.
If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up,
We're too critical.
If we don't, we're asleep.
If we clip things from other papers,
We're too lazy to write them ourselves.
If we don't, we're stuck on our own staff.
Now, like as not, some person will say
We swiped this from some other publication . . .
WE DID ! !

Letter To THE EDITOR

A number of G. C. C. students were eligible to vote in the recent presidential election, most of them for the first time in their lives. It is unfortunate that they had to perform their first official act of citizenship under the circumstances of this election.

Each election seems to produce more name-calling and slanderous accusations than the preceding one, and the 1964 election was no exception. Many termed it the "dirtiest campaign in history." At the outset of the campaign there was no over-abundance of confidence in either of the candidates, and throughout the race both parties seemed bent upon smearing their opposition and destroying what confidence there was. People were confused. This writer often heard such remarks as, "I'm voting for so-and-so because he's the lesser of two evils," or "I don't want to vote for either." I found myself saying these same things, and even on election day I was not alone in being torn between the candidates not knowing for whom to vote.

The parties themselves were being torn apart internally.

Thousands of voters re-registered as Independents, and thousands more switched party affiliations entirely. Several high-ranking Republicans refused to support their candidate, while some prominent Democratic leaders became Republicans.

The greatest disappointment to me was to hear respected statesmen and politicians, including the candidates themselves, doing some of the most vicious name-calling imaginable. It was a sad and shocking thing to hear the highly regarded Ex-Vice President, Richard Nixon, dig back to Johnson's youth to relate a tale of a 90 mile per hour beer party on Texas back-roads. It was equally shocking to hear our president call his opponent a "warmonger." It is so obvious that both candidates love their country and neither is "irresponsible," as was suggested often by both sides during the campaign.

It is sad that men of such stature cannot sell their own merits, but rather must rely on slandering the name of their opponent in order to gain office. It is sad that the candidates for President of the United States of America have to spread out our country's dirty linen for the entire world to see.

Sandy White

From The President's Desk

As we conclude the year 1964, it is well that we highlight our achievements, consider our shortcomings and set our sights higher for the coming year.

I am extremely grateful to the student body for its interest in developing a dynamic college atmosphere and for sharing its leadership. The Student Council is to be commended for its efforts and willingness to tackle difficult jobs. We can be proud of the friendly attitude among the students and faculty which I hope we will never lose.

There is much to be done as we strive to develop a new and

growing college — a college which reflects standards of excellence in all aspects of the human enterprise. The challenge is clear. Continued progress is essential. I will need the assistance of every student and instructor, confident that great things will happen at Greenfield Community College.

May the joys of the Holiday Season be with you and your loved ones, and may the prosperity of the New Year be yours in great measure.

Lewis O. Turner,
President

Talented Artist Displays Work

Watercolors and oils by John Gnatek of Easthampton are on display in the G.C.C. auditorium this month.

Mr. Gnatek has had extensive experience in his field of art. After studying with a watercolorist during his high school years at Hopkins Academy, Hadley, he became a student at the Maryland Institute of Art in the fall of 1952 and immediately won a first prize in watercolor. Then in the spring the Institute awarded him the Emily McKim Reed Scholarship with one year's tuition for his outstanding work. During his next year's stay at the Institute he exhibited at Leonardtown, Baltimore, Easton, and Druid Hill Outdoor Art Show in Maryland. At one time he was a member of the Baltimore Watercolor Club.

In the fall of 1954 Mr. Gnatek went to England to study watercolor at the London City Guild Art School, sold some paintings, then gave up the

studies to travel and paint through European countries.

He exhibited watercolors at the 1958 and 1959 Delmarva Chicken Festivals and has had one-man shows in New York, Easthampton, Springfield, and Greenfield. His most recent exhibit was in Cambridge, Maryland.

For the past seven years Mr. Gnatek has been painting murals in the Massachusetts State Building in West Springfield for the Eastern States Exhibit, and for ten years has given art instruction in neighboring communities.

The average American male shaves two square miles of face during his lifetime, felling some 250,000,000 whiskers.

* * * *

If all the meek should collectively release all of their hates and vengeance, all of the terror of hell would be upon us.

Glee Club Formed

At long last, the community college has formed its first organized mixed glee club. Judging from the sounds of the echoing melody and harmony which were heard at the Christmas President's Hour on Thursday morning, December 17th, the Choraleers are on their way to a very successful school year.

In the past, the glee club has had difficulty recruiting male members. This year the men outnumber the women.

Leader of the glee club is Mrs. Lewis O. Turner, who

was instrumental in organizing the group.

This year's members include: Mr. Bernard Drabeck, Jim Frigon, Bob Blair, Dave Buell, John Kliska, Dick Waite, and Eddie Mudd, tenors; Louis Groder, and George Sibley, basses; Sherry Spooner, Candy Minot, Mary Call, and Norma Stratton, sopranos; Laurie York, Val Grant, Alana Anderson, and Ellen Gusan, altos. The glee club accompanist is Mrs. Doris Hodges.

The Choraleers are looking forward to other appearances during the coming year.

The Words

by Jean-Paul Sartre

Jean-Paul Sartre has never been an author to read at one's leisure. His difficult, turgid, irritating complex style has made comprehending his major works all but impossible. Now at last, he presents us an eminently readable book: a tender, warm, compellingly sad autobiography of his childhood. More than a narrative, *The Words* is an inward journey to the heart of the child who was to become father of the man. As such, it offers revealing insights into the personality which promulgated the grim philosophy of existentialism.

"I began my life as I shall no doubt end it, amidst books . . . It was in books that I encountered the universe: assimilated, classified, labeled, pondered . . . I confused the disorder of my bookish experience with the random course of real events." So Sartre relates his second birth. His awakening to language began long before he could read. In his grandfather's library he encountered those . . . ancient, heavy-set monuments . . . with " . . . pale, fusty leaves, slightly bloated, covered with black veinlets, which drank ink and smelled of mushrooms . . ."

Standing on tip-toe he would select a weighty volume of Corneille, open it and play at reading to the delight of his elders. It became a game in which he was always the winner and the reward of praise was lavished upon him without fail.

When Jean-Paul learned to read, his fatherless life became an illusion and the world of books his only reality. Words filled him with a delirious sense of power. He saw that to name a thing was " . . . both to create and take it."

The time came, however, when Jean-Paul, the coddled darling of the family, sensed the falsity of his posturing. "I was a fake child . . . Worst of all I suspected the adults of faking. The words they spoke to me were candies, but they talked among themselves in quite another tone." The shallowness of his life developed in him an incurable anxiety. He was tormented by this sham and by the necessity to continue it for the sake of his family. Attempting to resolve his dilemma, he began to write, filling notebooks with fantastic adventures in which he was both hero and villain. In the end he always emerged the hero, absorbing every lick of glory in his hunger of identity.

By the age of ten, writing had become everything. It was the sole and highest justification for his existence. He had decided also that God did not exist, thus commencing his " . . . cruel and long-range affair . . ." with atheism. In these two choices Jean-Paul, the child, has survived in Sartre, the man. He still finds his only possible salvation in writing. "It's a habit," he says, " . . . and besides, it's my profession . . . What else can I do?"

Every student of Freshman Composition learns in agony and frustration that writing is a demanding craft. *The Words* is highly recommended to all because it imparts to the reader a sense of the fascinating, ever-renewed vitality of language. In this book, Sartre's writing is crisp, economical, alive and often glowing. Despite his gloomy philosophy, he is a precise craftsman and a distinguished contributor to the treasury of world literature.

Dorothy Parrott



Quoth The THOG!

The THOG! is always asking the most inappropriate questions at the most inappropriate times. Some of his favorite ones are:

1. Where is Kamchatka?
2. Who are the Sikhs?
3. In what book does the character Wilkins Micawber appear?
4. What is a ukase?
5. Who wrote *The Lost Chord*?
6. What is poilu?
7. In law, what is a lien?
8. Who wrote the opera *The Huguenots*?
9. What is white bait?
10. What is the capital of Iceland?
11. What is a purdah?
12. If you saw a Lepidoptera in your garden, what would you call it?
13. What does the business term "e.o.m." mean?
14. Who wrote "*The Chocolate Soldier*"?
15. What is the literal meaning of the Ming Dynasty?

The THOG!'s answers appear on page four.

High School Business Teachers Feted

Business teachers in six area high schools were entertained at a Christmas tea yesterday by executive secretarial students at G.C.C.

Mrs. Shirley Evans, chairman of the executive secretarial department at the college, welcomed the 20 guests from Turners Falls and Greenfield High Schools, Arms Academy, Pioneer Valley Regional, Mahar Regional, and Amherst-Pelham Regional High Schools.

Misses Helen Kownacki, Sheila Crofton, Jacqueline and Candace Bleakley served. Miss Joyce Garbiel had charge of invitations; Miss Carol Pacienik, refreshments; Miss Melody Clark, hospitality.

Student Nurses Sing Carols At F.C.P.H.

G.C.C. student nurses sang Christmas carols throughout Franklin County Public Hospital on Monday, December 14.

Sponsored by the Nursing Club, with the assistance of the advisor Gale McDonald, the group sang familiar and nostalgic carols. The arrangements for this activity were made by Jean Doherty of Northampton, club president.

After singing, the students were entertained at a Christmas party at the home of Miss Doris Franklin, chairman of the nursing department.

Literary Magazine Gets Underway

The first issue of a literary anthology will be in print in one month. And we feel impelled to express our confidence in those who will work on the magazine staff. It will be a success only if you, the reader-writer, make it so. You can help by submitting your creative works no matter what form they may take — poetry, plays, short stories, articles, sketches. Suggestions for an adequate title are also needed.

Every human being has a desperate need for personal expression and we sincerely hope that you will want to keep in contact with the inner-Self of G.C.C.'s students by reading and writing for this, our first, literary anthology. Here's your chance to say what you've kept bottled up inside of you.

Robert King

Quotes For Christmas

With still a half of a semester's work ahead, it is interesting to note to what use we can put the classic quotes we have been studying:

When an impoverished friend rushes up to you on Dec. 24 for a little pecuniary aid, raise your forefinger in a knowing way and say, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

When your Christmas bills arrive after the holiday season and you find yourself in a precarious financial position, justify your throwing them in the nearest waste basket by "Better by far you should forget and smile than that you should remember and be sad."

Christina Rosetti

When that chattering female has nearly ruined a New Year's Eve party by her monopolizing the conversation, rush up to her and loudly proclaim, "Brevity is the soul of wit."

When you wish to leave the hostess in the same dignified manner you greeted her yet find it difficult to because of an excess of holiday egg nog, locate a scapegoat silently crumpled up in the room (too

much egg nog, too) and softly announce, "This above all, to thine own self be true . . . Farewell."

When you are strongly criticized for indulging in too many holiday goodies, answer with, "Feast and your halls are crowded; Fast, and the world goes by."

E. W. Wilcox

And finally when you must gather together your books and return to college and find the first few weeks in January trying, answer questioning friends with an educated reply, "To be, or not to be: that is the question."

When a Scrooge-type clerk reproaches you for singing Christmas carols loudly in her department — reply — "You have not converted a man because you have silenced him."

John Viscount Morley

And when you slip on the Christmas snow and find yourself unfortunately sprawled on a public sidewalk, you can save yourself from embarrassment by remarking — "Necessity can set me helpless on my back, but she cannot keep me there"

Margaret Barber

What Is A Nursing Student?

Nursing students are found everywhere; underneath, on top of, running around, jumping over or slithering past patients, beds. They are also found sitting in, going to, leaving from, or hurrying by college classrooms.

Doctors yell at them, head nurses criticize them, instructors correct them, and patients love them.

A nursing student is courage under a cap, intelligence in a college curriculum, strength in a skirt, energy that is endless, the best of young womanhood, a modern Florence Nightingale. Just when she is gaining prestige, she drops a glass, breaks a syringe, fails a quiz, or steps on a doctor's foot.

A nursing student is a composite. She eats like a team of hungry interns and works like a whole nursing staff put together. She has the speed of a gazelle, the strength of an ox, the quickness of a cat, and the endurance of a flagpole sitter.

To head nurses and instructors she has the stability of mush, the fleetness of a snail, the mentality of a mule, and is held together by starch, adhesive tape, and strained nerves. To an alumna she will never work harder, make more beds, or do more studying than her predecessors.

A nursing student likes days off, boys, the O. R., certain doctors, pretty clothes, her roommate, Mom and Dad. She is not much on unannounced quizzes, alarm clocks, or eating American goulash every week. No one gets more pleasure from straightening a wrinkled sheet, or wetting parched lips. No one else can cram into one little head the bones comprising the pelvis, the course of a disease, the eight parts of

speech, the major reasons for the international difficulties in the world, plus the ten top tunes on the hit parade.

A nursing student is a wonderful creature; you can criticize her, but you cannot discourage her. You can hurt her feelings, but you cannot make her quit. You might as well admit it — whether you are a head nurse, doctor, alumna, instructor, or patient — she is your living representative of the college and the hospital; your living symbol of faith and sympathetic care.

Millie Tassinari

The Trading Post

In the interest of perpetuating an old Yankee tradition, *Prometheus* announces a new column — The Trading Post. Students and G.C.C. personnel are invited to use the column for bartering. The cost is 25 cents per swap ad.

The ads may be left in the newspaper mailbox or given to any staff member.

* * * *

Nineteen fifty-one Chevrolet convertible, black, red interior, dual stronverg 47s, mallory ignition, split manifold, and mangled left fender and driver's side door — will swap for white slave girl.

Michael Rainville

* * * *

Wish to swap one cold, difficult job for a night's sleep. Person must be able to work under pressure, enjoy working at night, have aviator's license. Should like carrots, cocoa, coffee, and pie. Must be strong, jolly, and personable. Also must have beard and pot belly. Red suit required. No pay, but lots of intangible rewards.

Santa Claus

Report On Class Of '64

A follow-up on the class of 1964.

College Transfers:

Dexter Bliss:

Western New England
Nina Flanders: Univ. of Mass.
Conrad Halberg:

Univ. of Mass.
Nellie Harvey: Univ. of Mass.
James Lawlor: Univ. of Mass.
Martha Luey: Univ. of Mass.
John Magner: Westfield State
James Puhala: Univ. of Mass.
Richard Scott: Univ. of Mass.
Richard Smith: Boston Univ.
Joseph Steiner: Univ. of Mass.
Judith Stillson:

Univ. of Hawaii.
Robert Sulda: Univ. of Mass.
William Thackeray:

N. E. College.
Susan Verrill: Univ. of Mass.
Marvin Wizwer: A.I.C.

Executive Secretarial Majors:

Joan Bartlett: Northfield
Schools, office work.
Elizabeth Chudzik: Univ. of
Mass., office work.
April Glabach: married, lives
and works in Norfolk, Va.
Susan Grotto: Univ. of Mass.,
office work.
Judy Harris: Packard, Saw-
yer, Watters & Bell, office
work.

Arlene Klinker: married,
Working at Mass. Mutual.
Mary O'Malley: Civil Defense
Office and Snow's Dairy
Bar.

Donna Pierce: married, lives
and works in Florida, Civil
Service.

Barbara Potter: American
Airlines, secretarial work.
Sandra Sears: married, lives
and works in Abilene, Texas.
Irene Zajac: Univ. of Mass.,
office work.

General Employment:

Carol Baker: waitress at How-
ard Johnson's, plans to
continue her education.
Kathleen Curtis: office work
at Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Marguerite Daignault: office
work at Millers Falls Co.
Ronald Dodge: Working.

Alyce Farrick: Kingsgate
Drugstore in Northampton.
James Greenleaf: Millers Falls
Company.

Merrilyn LeVitre: office work
at Millers Falls Company.
Jean McMahon: office work at
John Hancock Insurance in
Boston.

Sandra Peterson: office work

The Joy And The Sorrow

Give echo, joy!
The season bids you sing
The little boy,
Our infant king, to sleep.

Give homage, men!
The time demands you
dream

Of ages when,
You shall not seem, but keep.

Give praises, bands!
Of angels there above
Whom He commands,
With model love, and deep.

Remember, time!
And think of what you see
When bitter rime,
Brings all to be, we weep.

Richard Thayer

Prometheus Wins Award

Prometheus has received an award for superior achievement in scholastic editing and publishing.

Prometheus, which is in its third year of publication, was entered in the college and university judging category of the annual competition conducted by Boston University Scholastic Press Association, B.U.

division of journalism, school of public communications.

Submitted to the contest were two issues of the newspaper published in 1963-1964, and two published in the current academic year.

This was the first time that *Prometheus* was entered in competition.

at First Nat'l. Bank, Greenfield.

Stacia Podlo: office work at
Millers Falls Company.

James Richotte: Millers Falls
Company.

Jean Ross: office work at John
Hancock Insurance in
Boston.

Military:

Alan Parrott: Air Force.

Home:

Jo Kabaniec.

Peggy Palmer, married.

Other:

Andrew Bullard: G.C.C.

Charles Davis: Photography
School in Woodstock, Vt.

Loretta Lashway: G.C.C.

John Wesolowski: G.C.C.

Bookstore Bargains

What do you need—a sweatshirt, some golf balls, a copy of *The Odyssey*, a birthday card, a pen? You name it, and chances are that the G.C.C. bookstore has it.

Any time you have a few extra minutes between 9:00 A.M. and noon, stop in at the bookstore and just browse around. You may find some very interesting items. Of course, there are the conventional textbooks: *Gregg Short-hand Simplified*, *Elements of Biology*, or *An Approach to Literature*. But there are also the more unconventional books in the paperback corner: *Male and Female*, *Peanuts*, and so on. You couldn't help but find something that would interest you.

Which color sweatshirt would you prefer — red, blue, white? Naturally, all of them are stamped with the G.C.C. insignia. Girls might be interested in the cardigan sweaters offered. Unfortunately they are available in one color only — green. But Christmas is coming, and what do you want? After all this is a bookstore, not a deluxe department store.

Why not stop in? Valerie Grant and Dick Knowlton, proprietors of this little store, will be glad to see you. Half of the bookstore profits go into the Student Council Fund. Do expect to see the unexpected.

Marion Purington

SEASON'S GREETINGS

from
the
PROMETHEUS
STAFF

THOG!

Answers

The THOG!'s answers:

1. In the extreme eastern part of Siberia, north of Japan.
2. Soldiers in the British-Indian army.
3. David Copperfield
4. An official decree or proclamation
5. Sir Arthur Sullivan
6. A French soldier
7. A charge upon real or personal property
8. Meyerbeer
9. Very tiny fish
10. Reykjavik
11. A curtain used in India to screen women
12. A butterfly
13. End of month
14. Oscar Straus
15. The luminous Dynasty

Merry Christmas — The THOG!

Snack Bar Comment

It must be true that only when something familiar is gone do we feel the impact of its loss. Such was the case with the closing of the snack bar. Since the beginning of the semester frequenters of the snack bar had been warned by numerous signs to pick up their cups and papers, and to empty their ash trays or the room would be closed. But the warnings were generally unheeded. It had come to a point where anyone who entered the snack bar found it difficult to locate a clean table. There were also hot ash holes on the table tops and on the linoleum. Is it any wonder that it was closed? But all it took was one day without the snack bar for an improvement to appear. The room is greatly improved — no small thanks to the shock that stirred us out of our sloppiness and lethargy.

Pamela Metaxas

It may be a mad, mad, mad world, but why so many mad, mad, mad people?

* * * *

Man in elevator hears voice from loudspeaker: "This is your automated elevator wishing you a Merry Christmas."

LANGUAGE STUDY—

(Continued from Page 1)

Additional information about the winter, spring, and summer programs may be obtained by writing AMLEC, 12 Kellogg Center, Michigan State University, East Lansing, Mich.