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ABORTION INFORMATION BUREAU
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I want to evoke a mood: the overwhelming immensity of the sky and the timeless quality of the moment, where night is merely the continuation of daytime and discomfort broaches drinking water: of the challenge of constant change, of the fact that there are too few trees and moaning winds, of the realization that snorting horses, of clustered covered wagons and cooking fires, of playing children and barking dogs, of raising parties and prowess of mounted police; of the simple dignity of the Rom. of their exuberant animal nature, their love of life, where carp play in the sun, of approaching twilight.

Jan Yoors, The Gypsies

Of his understanding parents, Yoors says that Jan Yoors "plays at" being a writer, an artist and even at being a married man with his friends a million dollars worth of good things. "Gypsies have no possessions - don't believe in possessions, don't believe in making anything. There are no gypsy plastic arts, and there are no gypsy songs, just story telling, adapted from Islamic or Russian sources. There is no gypsy jewelry that we wear in the West build a big myth about. There is no gypsy embroidery, no weaving, no crafts. What counts is the family group, the community group and the psychological relationships you have among you. If you have a good relationship, what does it matter where you are or what you have? Or even have a palace or a slum. It's the relationship that counts. "Gypsy children don't have toys. Instead they play at being grown-ups." The gypsies maintain that Jan Yoors "plays at" being a writer, an artist and even at being a married man with his friends.

I grew up in what seems to me, in what I've been made to believe to be a gypsy, as a gypsy, as an adult too.

Evidently Yoors' parents (both of whom are living) did not gnominate a split between them and their precious child. They only asked that his son "turn them first to advice and assistance" if he became embroiled in any complications or trouble. Yoors says that as a youth he "left the Gypsies as impulsively and as unthinkingly as I had left my parents in the first place." His frequent leafletakings from the large skyscraper studio/home of his parents, "permeated with the familiar smells of beewax and freshly baked bread and cakes," are real rather than in the form of messages toward his children and those attitudes held by parents toward children in general.

The gypsies are not Bercy's commute. It changes every day. The breaks up every single day and roar in a different order. So you are never the same group of people together. Over the years, I have met thousands of different gypsies. I lived in Russia and met a gypsy for a few days or a couple of weeks, and then I changed language. I went to Siberia, Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan and touched base at those places and throughout all of Europe joining many different gypsy communities. And in rejecting his Western culture, Jan Yoors was unable to take the final step of integrating into his adopted culture culminating in marriage.

"My six months in prison were fabulous times." And in rejecting his Western culture, Jan Yoors was unable to take the final step of integrating into his adopted culture culminating in marriage.

"My six months in prison were fabulous times."
"I often say jokingly that the tragedy of my life was that I never had the chance to rebel."
Gypsy (Continued from page 4)

it's just an extension of the present life which I think is much more logical. After death, life could be on a different plane, but it is still an extension. You're taken away from life because you have emptied life. Why should there be anything less good waiting for you on the other side? When you were born, you plunged into the frightening unknown into a loving mother's arms. When you plunged into death, the other unknown, why should something less good await you there?

The mighty artistic essentials of space, color, and line, as celebrated by this age of artists, may become tiresome. The subtlety of basics, fundamentals, and minimums have been lost. Not the last twenty-seven artists of the current exhibit at the Institute of Contemporary Art seem to be gridded and barring it all with much more vitality than this enemy of mathematicians would ever have expected from a show called "Grids". The surprises of subject matter may be discounted so that the exhibit might easily be thought of as "Media". In spite of some vast differences in conception and execution among the painted and sculpted grids, the collection holds itself together tenaciously. One painting becomes the transformation of another, not necessarily a statement in itself. Each artist's important choice of the grid as his point of departure is minimized by the fact that each work is participating in the grand design. In this way, one is both an agent of countless possibilities. It is nearly impossible to love one grid alone, there are so many variations to choose from. Eventually a grid among grids begins to look inevitable, while a single grid among other options of how to cover a canvas might be engaging in a different way.

Perhaps the exhibit is so eminently fun because it's almost useless to get analytical about even the most analytical of artists--Elsworth ("I want the masses to perform") Kelly included. The company of contrasts is enough to thwart any ambitions excesses of parallelism. The objective minimal works of Carl Andre--bricks laid on the gallery floor according to his specifications--play against Alfred Jensen's lovingly crafted paintings of small grids that play with chance in another way by adhering to a Mayan number-color system that must explain deficiency. The emotional paint-slashed canvases of Joan Snyder rest in comparison with the pencil approximations of graph paper that Agnes Martin manages with such fineness. But it is merely by coincidence that Andy Warhol and Jasper Johns find them selves with the grid. They neither employ it as scaffolding for es-perimentation, nor glorify it as an expressive set of relationships in itself. Their pictures of dollar bills and letters of the alphabet are stacked with efficiency and honesty, so that they happen to look gridded just as the canvases happen to be covered with dollar bills and letters of the alphabet. If the purity of the grid was made fascinating by Mondrian, the game of it is quietly advertised by the ICA exhibit. Anyone can play "Grids". Penn's Graduate School of Fine Arts that became the ICA played along by engineering its office lights to light up its own gridded facade with a computerized blinking rate. Carl Andre's contribution on to the confusion is a square of 144 metal plates, a leaden rug that is hardly distinguishable from the flooring that was there in the first place. Alan Shields's "Wade 11 (Roman)" is a ceiling hanging of mathematically sewn cotton webbing that grids the first few feet of gallery space. Both pieces prove quickly that grids do not a rational alphabet make. In spite of their debts to graph paper precision, they may complicate more than they clarify.

In the midst of all the novel gridding operations there's good and comparatively old Ad Reinhardt reigning supreme with an invisible grid, a "Black Painting" of 1963. Barely visible blocks of black paint of different shades merge into one blackness when the painting is not treated with due concentration of judicious lighting. In this exhibit, the painting becomes the last word in understatement, as well as the last word in success. The proportions are shady, whether inspired by charity of chivalry, so that they add another dimension to the show. Of course the grids are not inferior, and so they are not esoterico, but what was probably designed to be a just representation becomes repetitious. One Joan Snyder would have made its impact; a single Donna Nelson would have sufficed. But multiplying each times three runs into a lot of grids without bringing new ideas to the show.

Mark March first as your last possible chance to see "Grids", then hold the calendar at arm's length for a surprise. Isn't art potential a wonderful thing?
Beyond a doubt

By Warren Williams

It's been said that men, in their respect for the past, admire their grandfathers and hate their fathers. Particularly evident in art, that same anxiety that men tend to discard those immediately before them and reach to the generation before that (or further) for inspiration. A case in point is the present show at the Philadelphia Art Alliance, a 1907-1945 collection of essays by Paul Cret, running to February 18.

The show rises above being merely a memorial to a famous Philadelphia architect. Its importance lies in the fact that it reviews the career of a traditional architect caught in the revolution in modern architecture. His work was the type in many ways, the 1907 proposal for the University of Pennsylvania Architecture School shows what a Beaux Arts scholar would have liked to see. The Cret conception of tall, large, and open spaces the firm modernity of a railroad car.

Throughout these designs, one sees Cret the traditionalist. He believed that planning and structure must be subordinated to the overall appearance based on a past style. In most, a classic motif is seen dominating the building or a Baroque scheme articulating the open spaces. Running through all is a consistent attention to detail and lack of virtuality that is of unusually high quality. Yet to discuss the major issues of traditionalist architecture would like to take two buildings in particular.

In many ways, the 1907 proposal for the University of Pennsylvania Architecture School shows what a Beaux Arts scholar would have liked to see. The Cret conception of tall, large, and open spaces the firm modernity of a railroad car.

In addition to the business-as-usual approach of Mailer's writing, one sees Cret the traditionalist. He believed that planning and structure must be subordinated to the overall appearance based on a past style. In most, a classic motif is seen dominating the building or a Baroque scheme articulating the open spaces. Running through all is a consistent attention to detail and lack of virtuality that is of unusually high quality. Yet to discuss the major issues of traditionalist architecture would like to take two buildings in particular.

In many ways, the 1907 proposal for the University of Pennsylvania Architecture School shows what a Beaux Arts scholar would have liked to see. The Cret conception of tall, large, and open spaces the firm modernity of a railroad car.

These traits, championed by the new movement, are not seen in his works and as a result there are excellent monumental areas. Yet the work spaces are rigid and closed. This inability to deal creatively with space, due to its subordination to the exterior, was a main weakness of the style. Yet the exterior may well have been worth the architect's energies. It was conceived as a warm, well articulated Italian Renaissance revival building. It never made it to the surface. Nothing did always go this well for Cret on the exterior. 

The 1925 Federal Reserve Board Building in Washington, D.C. represents the final stage of traditionalist architecture before it bowed to the modern style. By this time the traditionalists had general acceptance of a process of choosing either a big waves, at home or an embarring demotion. But even the worst of Mailer's enemies would be hard put to argue that he hasn't extended the resources of the American literary tradition. If Mailer is rude, ungracious, even bitter with a rare kind of malicious little boy fury, as the more recent broadcast of the "Dick Cavett Show" seemed to indicate, this is his rate of exchange for exposing his private vision and, perhaps, his internal despair. Or as Dr. Lucid suggests, Mailer is not "the author or publicist because" that role was a help to him as a private artist." That is willing himself to be a vessel of literary authority and symbol of the creative imagination in society, Mailer has found the leverage to be uniquely honest in confronting realities that are constantly denied or diluted by "merciful" fiction.

The difficulty, perhaps, is that Mailer, himself, doesn't have often as a barometer of the culture, that the exhaustion and frustrated have become common furniture in our lives, will be fixed and projected on that external point in the culture which claims that very aspect of our attention, in this case, the artist, or Mailer, himself.

Let us say, at least, that among the small brood of writers who were tried to define our common human experience, Mailer has survived as the most prominent, barrier-buster, as adjudicating between the collision of the self and the historical processes in which the self is involved; calling for heroes in an age when heroes have died; and forcing us to realize that each moment is a dying or a growing and that there is nothing in between.

Whether we end up calling him a wrestling or art, violence or insight, a hero or a curvy, Mailer has informed our interest with ideas and vision. May his high gear with the apocalypse endure.

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Norman Mailer finds his Boswell

By William Vitka


This is gonna be a good one, folks.

It begins this way. "I think it has been only recently that we have begun to perceive the truth about Norman Mailer: among the generation of writers who emerged from the war and devoted their lives to the creation of a body of literature, he is one of the very few who have grown into a person of irreversibly realized presence."

Dr. Robert Lucid's Norman Mailer: The Man and His Work is a very rich and satisfying collection of essays that pursue their subject with an appropriate measure of grace and intelligence. In another sense, the volume serves as a chronicle of the literary point that has followed Mailer since he entered the public arena with the The Naked and the Dead in 1948.

With each new work, Mailer seems to provoke hallelujahs or venom, qualified approbation or secret scolding; even scandal seems to become a virtue and monomania is embraced as the only permanent frame of reference.

This literary wash is facilitated by a series of close, critical shots from the clackety-clack rhythm of literary history, they finally present a comprehensive picture of American fiction interacting with the public artist, not just another major theme of Dr. Lucid's work.

Each selection, then, answers the need for internal structure and integration between the formal demand to contribute to the overall shape and movement of the book. Each critique addresses itself to the issue of whether Norman Mailer really stinks at any particular moment in time, while engaging us on the secondary level with a continuing dialogue between artist and culture.

The collection is especially fine because it isn't distracted with the usual window dressing reviews an edition of this kind will sometimes attract. Rather there is an obvious concern to include authors who will tell the whole truth about the public image's values against which Mailer will be measured.

Lucid introduces the volume with a thumb nail history of the artist as public figure that is both serious and cultural yardstick to examine the friction between opinions that will follow. The most revealing character of the relationship Mailer enjoys with his audience, as well as the element that makes Mailer the "man of tradition" that illuminates that relationship, Lucid then proceeds to review the body of Mailer's published work, using the theme of the "public figure" for an organizing principle. It is, perhaps, the most concise and stimulating account of Mailer's writing to date.

Among the authors included in this volume are Richard Foster, Norman Podhoretz, Alfred Kazin, Diana Trilling, Tom Wolfe, Richard Polier, Dwight Macdonald, and James Baldwin.

As the essays suggest, Mailer will not allow spectator response to remain unchallenged. Instead, he will manipulate the audience into a process of choosing either between a fast-waving solidity or an embarring demolition. But even the worst of Mailer's enemies would be hard put to argue that he hasn't extended the resources of the American literary tradition.

If Mailer is rude, ungracious, even bitter with a rare kind of malicious little boy fury, as the more recent broadcast of the "Dick Cavett Show" seemed to indicate, this is his rate of exchange for exposing his private vision and, perhaps, his internal despair. Or as Dr. Lucid suggests, Mailer is not "the author or publicist because" that role was a help to him as a private artist." That is in willing himself to be a vessel of literary authority and symbol of the creative imagination in society, Mailer has found the leverage to be uniquely honest in confronting realities that are constantly denied or diluted by "merciful" fiction.

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Whether we end up calling him a wrestling or art, violence or insight, a hero or a curvy, Mailer has informed our interest with ideas and vision. May his high gear with the apocalypse endure.
Waiting for Godot is a play that toys with the credibility, convictions, deceptions, and patience of the audience as it does with Estragon and Vladimir, the two persevering heroes. The scenery is stark, the action minimal, and the dialogue rapid, redundant, circuitous, profound, inane, delightfully-rhythmic and often tiring.

Didi and Gogo (as they call one another), are waiting for Godot. Who or what Godot is, is uncertain. They only know that when he appears, somehow, all questions will be answered and all problems resolved.

Vladimir: I’m curious to hear what he has to offer. Then we’ll take it or leave it.

Estragon: What exactly did we ask him for?

Vladimir: Were you not there?

Estragon: I can’t have been listening?

Vladimir: Ch...Nothing very definite.

Estragon: A kind of prayer.

Vladimir: That he’d see.

Estragon: That he couldn’t possibly understand arguments, the seasoned stuffing of a lifetime.

Estragon: We don’t manage too badly, eh Didi, between the two of us?

Vladimir: Yes yes. Come on, we’ll try the left first.

Estragon: We always find something, eh Didi, to give us the impression we exist?

In the audience, we are made to parallel their situation. They are bored and trying to fill their time with different entertainments and experiences. Presumably we are in a similar situation. We have gone to the theatre for entertainments, and to pleasantly occupy a couple of hours. Despite our boredom, Didi and Didi are restless, bored, and often disheartened. As the play drags on, we too become bored, impatient, and frustrated as the hoped-for resolution seem to come no closer, only to be once again unattainable in obscurity and distance.

This feeling of shared expectancy and what we would normally achieve through the superb technique of the playwright, Samuel Beckett.

Alan Schneider who directed the American premiere of Waiting for Godot in Miami, Florida in 1956, is the Director of this production at the New Locust Theatre. Mr. Schneider has gained distinction as director of all the works of Samuel Beckett, and many of those by Edward Albee and Harold Pinter.

Waiting for Godot is known as a tragicomedy, but in this rendition, most of the tragedy and pathos of the situation is lost to the comedy: Scenes intended as grotesque, painful, and almost offensive here take on a vaudeville-like comical aspect. Part of the cause for this may lie in the directing, and part in the choice of Tom Ewell as Vladimir. Ewell...perhaps he be best identified by his role in both the Broadway and film version of The Seven Year Itch. At one time a great comedian, Mr. Ewell acts this role with professional ease and ability, but one misses the deep pathos and tragic within Vladimir’s situation and soul.

Estragon is acted by Warren Pincus. The character is ridiculous, touchy, and humorous. Unfortunately, Mr. Pincus slightly overdoes it, even slipping occasionally into a Yiddish accent, while his shivering and whining tend to become monotonous.

Ed Burd as Pozzo does a thoroughly adequate and convincing job. David Alden, who graduated from the Pennsylvania last year, and may be remembered as an active part of the Perm Players, makes an excellent Lucky. His part is the only one throughout the play that generates any true feeling of bondage and misery. Each jerk on the rope about his neck and his ultimately agonesty individual every audience.

The Boy, who comes to Gogo and Estragon as a messenger from Godot, is very effectively managed. Played by Keith Luckett, the Boy’s blonde youth and innocence contrasts sharply with the two dirty and wearied tramps. He presents a golden shaft of hope, the unguaranteed promise and incentive to the men which moves them to return and wait that day and the next and the next.

Does reality exist in the conclusive meeting with Godot, or is Godot merely an illusionary goal which lends hope and substance to the otherwise unen- durable purposelessness of life and time? This is a question which Didi and Gogo dare not contemplate, but a question which upon leaving the theatre, the audience may brood over for hours to fill those last few hours before we are permitted the sweet oblivion of sleep.

And still we wait...
Irish Rioter's Bombs Burn U.K. Embassy

By United Press International

Inches that did not demonstrate streamed through the streets of Dublin Wednesday and burned the British Embassy in a shower of Molotov cocktails and bottles and hindered firemen from getting inside. (Continued on page 5)

U. May Develop Academic 'Links' With Other Schools

By MIchael Black

Top University administrators and officials from Pennsylvania State, Carnegie-Mellon and Bryn Mawr College this week toured the campus of Columbia University in New York to discuss the possibility of establishing "links" between the two institutions that the links you may want to see established in the future.

The financial implications of establishing the cost of programs are obvious especially as we all need to cut back on our expenditures in many areas. The challenge goes beyond the financial. The distinction between the two institutions may prove useful in stimulating new courses in higher education.

By United Press International

The throng converged on the embassy in Merrion Square as the Irish demonstrators stormed through the streets outside the School of Social Work to protest the dismissal of a recruiting officer. (Continued on page 5)

Frosh Offered Four Draft Alternatives

In Scott Sheldon

As hundreds of slightly bewildered freshmen gradually learn to live with the knowledge that they may indeed want to serve their country, one in five of them is being offered the chance to avoid conscription. (Continued on page 5)

Pisces Sign Unlucky In 4th Draft Lottery

The others in the top 25 draft lottery numbers for those who have not yet been drawn by the lottery. As of March 1, 1973, 163,000 were nailed and 289,000 were drafted in 1969. (Continued on page 3)

OBSERVING THE STUPEFIED demeanor of those who were drawn down at Random House to see their fate, one can only say that the lottery numbers for those who have not yet been drawn by the lottery. As of March 1, 1973, 163,000 were nailed and 289,000 were drafted in 1969. (Continued on page 3)

Top University administrators met with Columbia University officials Tuesday at the home of Columbia President William J. McMillan and "explored the possibilities and ideas of cooperation in some academic areas." (Continued on page 5)

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WASHINGTON — March 4 and 7 were pictured by the War Department in the selection of those men with March 6 or 7 birth dates, who would be drafted by March 1 or 3, 1973. Some 163,000 were drafted in 1973, 163,000 in 1970, 164,000 in 1970, and 164,000 in 1970. (Continued on page 5)

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Academic Ties

(Continued from page 1)

Academic Ties

(Continued from page 5)

The number of students tends to be small in any one area, he said. "I don't
work more than twenty or so places a day, because I've had people who come
back and say that it will be too burdensome," he said.

Jobs and the beginning of the university will "try to balance between existing
strengths" rather than make any future plans for mental development.
"We're trying to grow into the future," he said, and predicted that the
program will grow in scope and in number of students.

However, he noted that since the University and Bryn Mawr have

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100% WOOL & 65% WOOL/35% ACETATE

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FABRIC BY INQUIRY

Watteau, tailored at each elbow;
the traditional scissors has started to phase out in favor of
Eastern and Oriental languages in

"One of the first fruits of the
program is the students' learning to
work with the students of the
California system," he said. He
noted that discussions between
the two universities will continue.

Presidential Assistant Robert
Hochman and Robert H. Dyson,
also participated in the Columbus
summit.

The Daily Pennsylvanian

First Come, First Serve...

The following is a list of the draft lottery numbers. (Continued from page 1)

Now You Know...

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IFC PRESENTS

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COMEDY
VADEVILLE EXOTIC DANCERS....

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Thursday Feb. 10 3 PM Irvine Auditorium

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Friday Feb. 18th 9 P.M.

Ballroom Warwick Hotel

"10th Per Couple

Ticket Information

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JULY 7TH

SUBSTANDARD HOUSING, as pictured above, is one concern of the city-wide
Relocation Agency, a student-run group started this summer. The organization
proposed a draft lottery to house tenants in Philadelphia.

Draft Lottery

(Continued from page 1)

4-10, 18-20, 23-25 15-17,
20-22, 24-26, 28-30 10-12,
21-23, -25, 27-29 05-07,
11-13, 15-17 00-02,
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By ANSEL EICKEN

Professor Eickennan, writes Columbia philosopher Robert Paul Wolff, "The dismal educational lot for the first 18 years of schooling (three years in the public schools and 15 in the private) is the Grade." Wolff's analysis of American universities, "The Ideal of the University," contains a detailed plan to improve the grade from the first through the third year. This plan is based on a series of arguments, and then requires that the arguments be compared to different educational reforms and then the relative merits of the reforms be assessed. The difference between the traditional and the new reforms is captured in the conclusion, "The issue that we are faced with is the grade, not something else." Wolff concludes that the grade is the root of all evil.

Criticism, though it becomes increasingly loud and
diverse, should not be silenced. It is
necessary to the democratic process.

The grade is the root of all evil. It
prevents the development of democracy.

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prevents the development of democracy.
Graham was chairman and both times the group refused the meeting. Trouble first started apparent, Dr. Berg said, around Christmas. At a time when one third of the School of Social Work faculty would not normally have normally been accepted, two new members had been granted admission. Mrs. Graham, he continued, was uncooperative with the administrative committee when it prevailed upon her to improve the recruitment situation. When she realized the Advisory Committee's refusal to discuss the program, Mrs. Graham decided to terminate her employment.

Mrs. Graham was notified with an initial letter on Jan. 22 stating that her services were no longer desired and her relationship with the University would be terminated as of Jan. 31. She received two weeks severance pay and accrued vacation benefits. The notification, according to one source, came as a surprise to her.

Members of the administrative committee emphasized that the minority program was not in jeopardy. They said that the program had been beneficial to the recruitment situation and that the committee was not interested in dissolutions to the school's curriculum.

When asked if she would appeal her dismissal, Mrs. Graham responded, "I've talked to a lawyer."
Fencers' Try for Share of Pie Foiled by Violets, 16-11

he defeated Peter Westbrook. Maestro Lajos Csiszar. (24) defeated Penn 14-1 >. 16-11. "We away from Washington Square. went into a small restaurant a block epeeman Fernandez and a few friends Quakers Chris Frauenhoffer con- after the initial sab-e competition. was disappointed twice last night. style could help as he lost a narrow, 5-

The Revenge of the Prodigal Son

Olicer Barrett (10) didn't go to Penn. She did Frank Barsanti and Donnever, Maybe that's why we have to win so much. A herculean effort that culminates in defeat isn't good enough. The answer and tradition of the Ancient Eight is to transcend the varsity logo column into a derivative legend has never FRED - Quaker Fernandes was disappointed beyond last night. The first and final Penn-NYU meet in Greenwich Village, Quaker quarter back from here, last year Penn went into a small restaurant a block away George Szunyogh, 5-4, but Fernandes cool logician, put

Whicker Baskets in Vain as Frosh Roll

By JEFF ROTHBARD

The Abington Tige's 51-41 victory in the second half against Penn was a nongame 5-3 victory over Tom Tom Makler won, but the Violets took the

By DAVE CHANDLER

Fencers' Try for Share of Pie Foiled by Violets, 16-11

By DAVE CHANDLER

The second cause of his disap-

The Gymnastics Club (4-0) stumbled over arch-rival Dartmouth, while THE GAME (Harvard-Yale) was televised before