The Nation

The Embattled Director

My faith in the character and the competence of Bert Lance has been reconfirmed... Bert, I'm proud of you." But Comptroller Heimann's 7½ pound report on the legality of Lance's banking practices proved more weighty than President Jimmy Carter's enthusiastic endorsement in late August.

The report's accusations of unsafe and unsound banking practices during his presidency of the Calhoun First National Bank in 1973 and 1974, marked the initial gusty winds of a storm the embattled Director of the Office of Management and Budget proved unable to ride out.

There was the Manufacture's loan... the Chicago loan... personal overdrafts... dubious campaign finances, hardly leaving him a shining symbol of Carter's high ethical standards for top officials. Still, Lance continued to insist, "My ability to carry out my job has not been damaged," as he braced for his day in court.

The deceptive calm before the storm broke only weeks later with the disclosure that Lance, may have used an airplane owned by the National Bank of Georgia, for personal and personal purposes, during 1975 and 1976. Heimann viewed this as a possible violation of federal election laws, referring it to the Justice Department for possible prosecution.

Heimann also uncovered evidence showing that Lance and his wife had received nearly twenty loans amounting to almost $4 million from Georgia's Fulton National Bank, between 1963 and 1975, a substantial portion of that time while Lance headed the Calhoun First National Bank, indicating a direct connection between the loans and interest free deposits that the Calhoun Bank had placed with the Fulton Bank to establish a correspondent relationship. Heimann's report concluded that there was evidence the loans could not have been obtained without those correspondent accounts... Carter's endorsements of Lance stopped.
President Jimmy Carter
The Director's ordeal had begun spilling over with an old Nixonian question, and slipping uncomfortably into the President's lap: How much had Carter known, and when had he known it? The Chief Executive was using up his credit quickly. Had he begun to reneg on promises of avoiding impropriety?

In late September, Lance was awarded a last fighting chance to defend himself in front of the Senate Government Affairs Committee. Though he came out swinging against his tormentors, the skillfully designed argument could have been more effectively accompanied by violins than the facts that Lance used in depicting himself as a martyr and wronged public servant.

Cunningly, Lance warned that it would be unfair for Carter to require his resignation on the basis of controversy and flimsy accusations. But, the most serious charges were not flimsy, and a scandal ridden public was beginning to see just that.

In September, President Carter, voice trembling with emotion, announced the resignation of the Budget Director.

His departure, thought by many critics to have been mishandled, shown a glaring light on Carter's stubborn refusal to recognize facts adverse to his long time friend and confidant.

"Bert Lance is my friend," declared Carter, a relationship which seems to have superseded his need for high ethics and that special kind of morality.

Millionaire-businessman Tongsun Park
reveal a collective group of culpable congressmen, both present and former, as well as a guilty South Korean government.

Hold-out Suzi Park Thompson, former secretary to retire House Speaker Carl Albert, known for her lavish parties (on a supposed yearly income of $9,000-15,000), testified before a closed meeting of the committee for five hours.

Jaworski was serious about penetrating the barriers to discovery,
Two For One Split, Plus

Michael J. Poblocki, new director of residential life wasted no time in raising a collective student eyebrow with the banning of goldfish and the condemning of alcohol in which to drown pet-less sorrows.

Sarah Klenk assumed the corresponding position left open by the expected split of the student activities office. The '72 graduate of Simmons College brought with her new ideas of increased accessibility to the activities office, development of Babson's student leadership abilities, as well as a unique people-of-the-week poster addition.

A tangential summer reorganization was effected across Babson Park Avenue with the promotion of David J. Carson to Dean of Students. PAUL C. STAAKE, who for several years held the dual title of Vice President of Student Affairs and Dean of Students, forfeited the latter title to Carson in the form of the promotion which succeeds ten years service at Babson.

She ought to know what kind of student Babson is looking for ... she's married to one. Filling the position vacated by former admissions counselor Scott Fahey, Mary Rose, a 1976 Boston College psychology major, and wife of a Babson graduate student, joined the college's administrative ranks in September.

Returning after a two year stay at Salve Regina, a woman's liberal arts college in Rhode Island, Harrison prepares to assume the position of food service director, left open by Babson's own Dick Metzger.

Harrison, a graduate of the Culinary Institute of Hyde Park, N.Y., believes that the Babson environment is professionally oriented and its people easier to work with. So, with management skills under his belt and in the air, Harrison now must refill footsteps with the comraderie cultivated by the former director.

Similar to her predecessor, now established at Colgate College, Rose's primary function will be to interview prospective Babson students.

"Babson is a horse of a different color," twice as large and easier to work with, stated Jim Harrison, Babson's newest old face.

Marshal Burak was appointed to the position of Dean of the Graduate program at Babson. Filling the long time void, there's one Dean down, an undergraduate to go.
Putting Babson on the Map

CHRIS PELLEGRINI, MARTY BAUMAN

 Marty, those pants rep-resent our whole season. Take 'em off. I want 'em.

The NCAA action was over, the Babson Beavers suffering a heartbreaking defeat at the hands of Courtland State. Back at Coach Hartwell's house, the team, Marty Bauman, Chris Pellegrini and all who cared to, shared in a mixture of champagne-drowned sorrows and reminiscences of a great season.

"Everyone was drunk as a skunk," recalled Bauman, and the coach, whose words now rose above the others, was no exception. "Take 'em off," he commanded again. Slowly, Bauman complied, removing his symbolic pants, covered with NCAA mud.

"I want these legs, but you've got a smelly crotch. Gimme the scissors." Approximately twenty passes later, Hartwell successfully severed crotch from legs. "Fran," he instructed, "frame 'em."

Today, one leg hangs in Bauman's office, one in Hartwell's home, and a new pair lay under the Christmas tree, courtesy of the coach.

Pellegrini and Bauman smiled at the recollection, each with an ease that only success can bring. Functioning adroitly, without the aid of a director of public relations, the two were responsible for the extensive publicity coverage enjoyed by Babson and the beavers during the 1977 soccer season.

"Actually, we didn't do that much," suggested Pellegrini, but her broad smile revealed a loosing battle with attempted humility ... the success still too new.

"There was a poster every week, beginning with the Holy Cross game, including the Nationals," she continued, "most of them written by Billy McQuillan and utilizing paper donated by his Dad."

We had tremendous media coverage," stated Bauman, "from Brandeis on, having at least two stations send cameras to every game. Channel four's Jimmy Meyers," who made "Tiny Babson College" famous, continued Bauman, "reported the results of every Saturday game."

How did Bauman do it? "He badgered them ... tortured them," groaned Pellegrini. "I became a major pain in the neck," laughed Bauman. "I've spent two years developing a relationship with Jimmy, and I think my biggest accomplishment was making the sports writers and newscasters Babson fans. Jimmy would freak out," recalled Bauman, "when I'd call in the results of another game, yelling about the victory to the whole room. 'I knew you guys could do it,' he'd shout."

"One night I was at the Garden for a Celtics game," recalled Bauman. Walking around during half time, I saw Jimmy giving some guys a hard time about why Rod Carew didn't deserve to be most valuable player of the American League. 'Well, who do you think should be MVP,' they asked him. Spying me in the back-ground, Jimmy replied, 'Mark Paylor,' and they didn't know what the hell he was talking about," he laughed.

They were all on our side," he grinned, while naming the contacts he had developed: Meyers, the Globe's Barry Cadi-gan, WEEI's Steve Holman, Channel Seven's John Dennis. "Even Barry Janoff, Associate Editor of Soccer America," he added, "who's supposed to be
I'M A BABSON BOOTER BOOSTER

impartial said, "Boy, I hope you guys win, so much!"

Marty didn't have outrageous contacts when he came to Babson," stated Pellegrini, "which makes his accomplishments all the greater."

"After the Regionals, which put us into the Nationals, I was in the locker room, getting champagne poured all over me, and by the time we got to Hartwells, we were gonzos. Drunk as a skunk, " he recalled,

"I called Holmann from WEEI, and taped an interview over the telephone with him. I still can't remember anything that went on, but the tape wasn't that bad ... or that good, either," he grinned.

"It was funny to watch the attitude of the guys change as they got more and more publicity," commented Pellegrini. "At first it was a real novelty, but after Channel Two, then Five, then Four and then Seven, it almost made no difference at all. They were stars and they realized it was true."

Right down to the last lime green bumper sticker, Chris Pellegrini and Marty Bauman infused their dedication into the most professional and successful effort ever, in placing "Tiny Babson College" on the map ... permanently!

Milestones

The prince of puns, Groucho Marx, ended nearly a seven-decade career at the age of 86, in Los Angeles. Reaching the height of his fame on Broadway in the mid 1920's, along with his brothers Harpo, Chico, Gummo and Zeppo, Groucho continued on to create a legend in the world of movies with gems such as A Night At The Opera and Horse Feathers.

You Bet Your Life afforded Marx a forum for all his talents, the wise crack, the arched eyebrows, his leer and gait.

Stated Steve Allen: "You can start laughing at Groucho when you are very young and never stop."

It was a life of people, pools, playmates, pills and paranoia. Presley lived life fast, and on August 16, he died that way. Found lying on the bathroom floor of his Tennessee Graceland estate, the cause of death was determined as "cardiac arrhythmia," the medical report saying nothing of success, a factor which surely contributed to the death of the King of Rock 'n Roll.

In Memphis, hordes of hysterical fans violently crowded outside the mansion's gates. Some 22,000 floral tributes lined the banks of the lawn. The city ran out of flowers; two women lost their lives in the frenzied mass of agonized fans when a drunken driver careened into the crowd.

In the wake of his death, and
Elvis mania, unparalleled even in his life, began. Television documentaries, fresh shipments of Elvis records, re-releases of old movies, and pictures, pictures, pictures ... all attempts to immortalize "E."

The man who gave Cadillacs away like candy was dead at 42, leaving behind a music filled legend; downhome, upbeat and ultimately, irreplaceable.

Cinema

Wide-Eyed Wonder

Wide-eyed wonder and innocence, a collection of childhood fantasies, adventure, thrills and the celebration of rebirth; these are the things CLOSE ENCOUNTERS is made of.

Director Steven Spielberg bit off more than even his shark’s collective endeavors with this $18 million extravaganza which proves that his creative and technical genius are no accident. Contending with the high standard he, himself, established with the show business and audience thriller JAWS, Spielberg’s worries and those of Columbia’s stockholders were short lived.

Riding the tail winds of the summer smash STAR WARS, CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND was immediately compared, and came up to be nothing of the sort. Set in the middle class backyard of Muncie, Indiana, the hero (Richard Dreyfus) becomes overwhelmed one night while on the road alone on duty for a power company, with an inexplicable and frightening phenomenon. His truck begins to rock uncontrollably, dials spin wildly, contents of the cab are sent flying, the air is filled with an immense rumbling, and he is burned with the brilliant searing lights of what he is sure is an extraterrestrial vehicle. His family, stereotypically reduced to tears by the shame of public ridicule refuse to believe his story. He is fired from his job. The remainder of the plot follows Dreyfus and a handful of similar UFO sighters as their lives become a mad search for the origin and final rendezvous with the alien visitors.

With bursts of light and music, Spielberg does what few have done. The audience is treated to a clear view of our futuristic extraterrestrial visitors as they emerge from their ship, belowing hello in an exhilarating exchange of language.

The wonder of Spielberg’s vision is contagious, leaving its audiences scanning the starry skies and rear view headlights for new magic, fantasies and UFO’s to zoom into their lives.
The World's Premiere Clown

Chaplin in 1936 film

America's response was less than enthusiastic when in 1910 they met Charlie for the first time, as a vaudeville clown. The love affair between he and the world was not born until he sported Fatty Arbuckle's pants and Chester Conklin's jacket in that famous one reel. His career from there was one made of his life's memories, kindled in London slums; an alcoholic father and a mother who sewed blouses for 1½ pence each.

Chaplin created a unique choreography as the Tramp scampered through classics such as Modern Times, The Gold Push, and The Great Dictator. Though welcomed into the homes of millionaires and genuises alike, so rapid was his ascent, that it caused an entanglement in his own scene of sordid love affairs, marrying and divorcing two teenagers and earning a reputation as Hollywood's premiere satyr. That behavior nearly ruined his career.

Condemed by Congress and right wingers for his support of Soviet American friendship meetings, Chaplin learned in 1952 that if he returned to the U.S. from London, he and his fourth wife, whom he had married in 1943 when he was 54 and she was 18, would be detained.

His newest film was boycotted on the West coast, and so hurting in both pride and purse, he retired without retaliation, to Switzerland, with his wife Oona - daughter of Eugene O'Neill - and their eight children.

In 1972, gestures of friendship were initiated with the United States' collective recollection that Chaplin had helped found United Artists and had paid millions of dollars in American taxes.

And so the Tramp emerged, now a white haired, fleshy, grandfather. Queen Elizabeth, recognizing his films' eternal ability to entertain, bestowed knighthood upon Chaplin in 1975. It was preceded by an Academy Award for "The uncalculable affect he has had on making motion pictures the art form of this century."

Sir Charles commented once, "Life is a marvelous, a wonderful thing, but as you get on, you always think of moments past, and you always think of death."

The moments and thoughts of Sir Charles' life were of triumph and humiliation and sometimes of death, but he will be remembered longest for his love and celebration of life.

Fading Stars

Once the "Showplace of the Nation," Manhattan's grand old Radio City Music Hall, large in memories as the Grand Canyon, but not nearly so durable, will close its doors forever in April, the reason, as with its smaller brethren, the cinema, is money.

A dazzling monument to the belief that there's no business like show business, the Music Hall incited wild attempts at measuring all aspects of its size; the five thousand miles of film shown yearly, the 20 pounds of gum once scraped from beneath the 6,200 velvet seats, the 25,000 light bulbs and the two ton chandeliers.

Yet despite the long lines of patrons and 250 million visitors who have been it's paying customers, the grand Music Hall lost $2.2 million in 1977, officials estimating that it would lose an additional $3.5 million by remaining open this year. "It is simply not possible for us to remain open this year," stated Alton G. Marshall, president of Rockefeller Center, explaining that it takes $176,000 a week, merely to cover operating overhead, including the salaries of 440 employees.

Unlike the terminal prognosis of the proud hall's condition, its demise was not abrupt. While caught in the upward spiral of inflation, attendance dropped from five million in 1976 to less than two million in 1977. But there is more than figures involved. The emphasis on family entertainment is not what it once was, while in answer to this, Hollywood has produced fewer and fewer movies which have met the Music Hall's inflexible policies. The medium of television has further damaged the landmark's attendance by nightly offering child oriented family fare.

While New York's new mayor, Ed Koch, has promised to do all in the city's power to keep the Music Hall alive, and other political leaders pledge their political support, it is impossible to bring back the times that made the Hall's success, when people were impressed with the shimmer and bigness that was the grand old Music Hall.