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Junior Year Abroad

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NEW LONDON, CONN.

By Tina LoBello

"Those were the best five and one half months of my life." "The focus on family life is much greater and children act much older than American kids." "Coming back to Conn, I felt a little alienated at first." "The pace is so much faster in Paris; life is centered around the city rather than a college community."

These are just a few impressions of seniors who spent all or part of their junior year studying overseas. Ninety students participated in a Study Abroad program during 1980-81, each of whom now has many memories to share.

Randi Chudnow spent second semester in London on a program called INSTEP, the Institute of Political and Economic Studies. Sponsored by Beaver College, the program introduced 40 American students, the majority of whom were economics or government majors, to the English way of life. Randi spent her first week in England living in the countryside with a Cockney family, becoming acquainted with familial traditions. Once classes began, she, along with the other American students on the program, were in a dorm setting with an English grad student serving as the resident advisor.

"I did miss a little on English culture because of this," comments Randi, "but we did encounter differences in our ways of doing things. For example, the English prefer their milk warm and the graduate resident once found himself arguing with 40 Americans who insisted it be refrigerated."

Unlike other programs, explained Randi, INSTEP was academically very challenging. Classes, made up solely of Americans, were taught by English professors. The professors worked closely together, interrelating material from various courses in exam questions and seminars.

Randi is happy to be back at Conn although "those were the best 5½ months" of her life. That is only natural, she feels, for anyone on a study abroad program, since there is much more involved than just academic learning. "I think I was only depressed for one day during the whole time I was there," she reminisced.

"I feel refreshed coming back to Conn," comments Gail Georgeson after studying in Paris for one year on a Smith College program. Gail lived with a French family which she describes as "faithful, tightknit, and more formally

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THE COLLEGE VOICE

Connecticut College's Weekly Newspaper

October 2, 1981

Vol. V, No. 3



New Bio Labs Dedicated

By Suzanne Hanny

John E. McKeen, former chairman of the board and president of Pfizer, Inc. of Groton, was honored at a September 23rd ceremony dedicating to him the renovations of New London Biological Laboratories.

The ceremony, on the green beside New London Hall, was attended by past and present faculty from the Science Department, representatives from Pfizer, Inc. and many of the campaign's donors.

Three short speeches were made lasting about half an hour. Following that, there was a tour of the new facilities and a reception in the greenhouse.

President Oakes Ames described the new facilities and the life of John McKeen, his work for Pfizer and his devotion to education. Mr. James Daly, Mr. McKeen's nephew, spoke as a representative of the McKeen family. He expressed the deep appreciation by their family for the honor bestowed upon John McKeen. President Ames then introduced Mr. John J. Powers, Jr., a member of the Pfizer Board of Directors, who spoke for the company. He described the great work John McKeen had done for the field of science

and the expansion of Pfizer International Inc. Following the speeches, the three gentlemen uncovered the plaque which will be placed on the inside right of the main entrance to New London Hall.

The renovations totalling \$822,000 received donations from numerous sources. Pfizer, Inc. and Mrs. McKeen both gave donations in memory of John E. McKeen. Another donation came from Mrs. Ted Nelson, in memory of her son, a member of the Class of 1978 who was majoring in botany and human ecology at the time of his death.

Renovations included new energy saving windows, insulation and total rewiring of the building to serve the modern scientific equipment. The renovations, which lasted two years, will enable the Botany and Zoology Laboratories to use the latest methods of research and make more space available to future expensive equipment, according to President Ames.

President Ames emphasized the purpose of the developments in biological science was not only to educate students in this area but also to introduce others to the biological area of study. The John E. McKeen Memorial Biological Laboratories should help greatly to attain this purpose.

The Rink:

Looking A Gift Horse ...

By Betsy Singer

"We have just received a wonderful Christmas present, an offer from a donor who wishes to remain anonymous, of \$800,000 to build a skating rink . . . The donor would far prefer us to build a totally enclosed facility because of the better conditions it would provide for skating and, consequently, its increased utility."

—Oakes Ames, December 20, 1977

"Its increased utility" — these words have caused much controversy between several members of the student body, the athletic department, and the administration. It appears that in 1979-1980, when the issue of building an ice rink began, there was the conception that the building would serve as a multi-purpose facility providing a place for parties, concerts, and various athletic events.

Ken Abrams '82, having been affiliated with Social Board for two years, has unsuccessfully urged the administration to fulfill their promise. According to him, there are two false theories concerning where that \$800,000 was intended to go. First, it is said that the money was donated anonymously and could have been put towards anything. Or, the money was donated along with a list of uses, one of them being the construction of an ice rink. "The truth," says Ken, "is the \$800,000 was a challenge grant. The money would be donated only if Conn raised \$800,000 to match. Also, the money must go *only* towards an ice rink facility. No rink — no money."

Excitement grew along with the students' assurance of a brand new multi-purpose facility. This belief was not unfounded. For many years, people like Constance Sokalsky, former Director of Campus Activities, have

been yearning for increased student space. In a report describing the necessity for more space, submitted November 22, 1976, Ms. Sokalsky remarks, "With the ever-increasing importance of physical education and student activities as a determining factor in the prospective students' final selection of a college, Connecticut College must become aware of and respond to the growing pains that Crozier Williams is experiencing." With the announcement of the construction of the rink facility, Ms. Sokalsky optimistically remarked in her annual report 1978-1979, "Hopefully, the opening of a multi-purpose skating rink will serve to appease some of our discontented students and help to alleviate this problem."

What happened?

To save money the administration "cheated" on the architectural structure. For a strong roof, a pyramid shape is best, reducing the risk of collapse. However, the rink's roof is a double-pyramid structure. "The result is an echo chamber," notes Ken, "an acoustical nightmare! The echo from back to front is over five seconds; it's incredible! We've tried parties there. The third one was with a swing band on Parent's Weekend. The soundman wanted to quit! Acoustically, no band would want to jeopardize their reputation; they're professionals!"

"The new system they have in there now is inadequate. You can't understand things even at a hockey game. A feasible solution would be a false roof, costing between 25 and 50 thousand dollars." This year the money went towards redecorating campus, painting Cro. Ken believes the administration could have included a false roof in its budget. Also,

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Oscar Mayer Has A Way

By Cara Esparo

Oscar Mayer may have a way with bologna, but he certainly has a way with words as well, as displayed in his discussion on "The Importance of Food to the American Economy."

Mr. Mayer, accompanied by his wife, a Connecticut College graduate, projected an assurance and security in his business, that comes with the honest home-town goodness, which started the venture some 98 years ago. The grandeur of the Oscar Mayer Company started in Chicago as a neighborhood meat market, originated by Mr. Mayer's grandfather. As he told the story of the family progression, his father taking over in 1909, moving the company to Wisconsin, and his beginning in the 1930's, his smiling eyes gave away his fondness and pride for the 41 years he served in the company, from which he is now retired. To his dismay, the Oscar Mayer Company was sold last May to the General Foods Corporation. Mr. Mayer called it "a difficult step, very emotional." One of the key reasons for the move was "the financial responsibilities were getting enormous."

The belief that "food is life," an underlying theme of Mr. Mayer's discussion, gives rise to his undying faith for agricultural technology, and all its dramatic changes. Some 150 to 200 years ago, the work of half the population involved agriculture and food production. Today this is true for less than 5%. Along with this came crop yields, improving by enormous amounts. For example, an acre of corn, which yielded 25 bushels 125 years ago, now yields as much as 200 bushels. To thank for this, are a host of technological developments in areas such as plant and animal genetics (hybrid crops and animal husbandry), pathology (disease control and eradication), and knowledge of the soil, along with fertilizers and pesticides. Other areas include mechanical refrigeration, transportation, distribution, packaging, marketing, and financing. All of this relies on the main area of research.

The crowd began to chuckle as Mr. Mayer described a new advancement

called "The Weiner Tunnel." This machine processes 10,000 pounds of prime meat into 1-pound packages of weiners in 45 minutes, untouched by human hands. He finds this advancement "truly mind-boggling."

Mr. Mayer refers to America as "peerless" in agricultural production. He explained that cultivated crops grow best in a 30°-50° latitude. Fortunately, the U.S. lies in that latitude, except for the southern tips of Texas and Florida.

Along with the "awesome grandeur of agriculture," comes serious concern. "Agriculture is always beset with enormous risks," for Mr. Mayer mentioned his concern toward a collision between the needs of the increasing population, and encroachment upon lands for urban needs. He indicated that 3 million acres of land per year is taken away from agriculture, and put toward urban areas. Agriculture also deals with "a once a year gamble," as far as Mother Nature is concerned, offering no second chance. Oscar Mayer could offer no firm solution to these ever-pressing problems.

It is quite evident that huge sums of capital need to be invested to maintain our agricultural affluence. Mr. Mayer noted that corporate earnings supply the basic source for those investments. The 250 billion in earnings per year, are broken down to be "socially beneficial." The immediate tax bite is the basis on which the government gains power to spend "for the benefit of us all." Two-thirds of the earnings, after taxes, are retained right in the business to help production and expansion. Furthermore, one-third is paid to stockholders, providing further tax yields. In short, Mr. Mayer assured that "corporate earnings means jobs, and jobs mean economic well-being for all that hold them."

It is difficult to realize that an Oscar Mayer weiner can be so rich in technological history, and can contribute so greatly to the economic welfare of our country. It's no wonder why, if you were a weiner, everyone would be in love with you.

Continued from Page 1

structured" than the typical American family. The children, she said, are career-oriented at a much younger age because of the competitive job market and seem to grow up a lot faster.

"They've decided on a career by age 13 or 14." Gail admits, however, that the family she lived with was definitely "an aristocrat family" as were most others that hosted American students. She feels that this is because the program is sponsored by Smith.

Classes were the most interesting part of Gail's experience. The Americans had a special French class together and, in addition, were allowed to select courses at any Parisian university. This, Gail found, was harder than it sounds, since the universities cater to specific programs of study rather than liberal arts. "I had trouble explaining to them why, as a psych major, I wanted to take Art History." A striking contrast to American universities and to Conn in particular, was the number and variety of students enrolled. "Since we were in Paris, there is no campus, no college community. The focus is on the city itself." Gail found this aspect extremely different from the "protected" setting here at Conn.

Would she recommend the Smith Program to interested students? "Not if they're interested in having a good time with their American friends." The group, unlike other programs, was very "study-oriented" and very serious. It was excellent academically but was not the "good time" that other programs advertised. Since classes are taken in French universities, professors are not as lenient as they might be with solely American students.

Sarah Buckingham and Christian Keller both spent second semester in Seville, Spain, on a program called CIEE — Council on International Educational Exchange. Classes were taken at the University of Seville either with Spanish students or with other Americans. Both Sarah and Christian agree, however, that the major part of their learning took place out of the classroom, i.e. learning about the Southern Spanish lifestyle which, they discovered, was about 30 years behind modern America.

Sarah chose to live in a family setting instead of a "residencia" (boarding house) and was forced to "be a Spaniard." She became familiar with many of the day-to-day Spanish customs, such as the fact that people still do their food shopping on a daily basis and have little need for refrigeration. "In the winter," Sarah explained, "since the houses are so poorly heated, you could keep your milk in the kitchen cabinets which were just as cold as a refrigerator, if not colder." Unlike America, where the home, or dorm room, is a place to entertain guests, social life in Spain was not centered at home. It is practically a treat to have a friend over for dinner. "I had to be very careful about doing 'the right thing' and worrying about people's impressions."

Christian agrees that the Americans are the center of much attention and are carefully watched. Her living experience was different than Sarah's since she lived with female Spanish students in a "residencia". But, as did Sarah, Christian became very familiar with a very prevalent dichotomy between the traditional and modern students.

"The traditional students had very close family ties, didn't go to parties, and went home almost every weekend." Both girls recall one afternoon when a group of Christian's housemates actually went to a movie. "They were so excited that they bought a cake to celebrate!" The so-called "modern" Spaniards were "very feminine, always dressed up and were suspicious of the American girls. "They didn't want us to meet their boyfriends."

The dominant way of life, the girls found, leaned toward the traditional. Although the city of Seville has a population of 600,000, the people have retained a small-town mentality. "Of course it was fascinating, but it was also frustrating," explains Sarah. "They were so naive in a lot of ways."

Both Christian and Sarah are excited and happy to be back at Conn, not only to be with friends but because "academics are more challenging, more interesting." Says Sarah, "I learned to appreciate the little things, like heat in the winter, and not having to worry about people's impressions of me."

Senior Jan Henkelman spent her first semester in Denmark. She lived outside of Copenhagen with a Danish couple who had adopted two Korean children. Much of her focus was on the Danish family which was very close, very warm, and very hospitable to guests. In fact, says Jan, "they became my family."

Jan was very impressed by the Danes and by their governing system. "They are a homogeneous group, who have many values, a high regard for honesty, and who seem very open and liberal." They are governed by a social welfare state which provides them with free education and medicine, while remaining a capitalist system. It was this very dimension which, while very appealing at first, caused Jan to miss the U.S. "Because they are such a homogeneous group, they never argue or disagree." There is no need for the outspoken opinions which we find in our country.

Jan's classes were at the University of Copenhagen, and the available courses consisted mainly of liberal arts and humanities. Math and science were limited. Although interested in dance, Jan went to Denmark as an anthropology major. There were no dance classes offered in Denmark and Jan's only exposure was to performances of the ballet. Sensing the loss and realizing the energy she could devote to dance, Jan became a dance major upon returning to Conn.

A most memorable part of her trip was the Danish celebration of Christmas, much of which involved preparation of food and homemade gifts. Jan remembers going out with the family to chop down the Christmas tree which was then decorated with homemade paper ornaments and real candles. Gift-giving was less commercialized and down-played in comparison to the American custom, and Jan designed and sewed the gifts she gave. She recalls that one can't forget glogg, the Danish Christmas drink made of warm red wine, raisins, almonds, cinnamon, and cloves.

Not everyone who studies overseas comes back and changes his major. Neither does everyone have trouble deciding whether or not to refrigerate milk in the winter. All agree, however, that it is an experience which they will never forget. As one student proclaimed, "It made me proud to be an American."

Valuable Information for the Connsumer

By Daisy Smith

Amidst the leftover Books-for-Sale signs in the post office, overshadowed by huge posters of soon-to-come events in Cro, hidden by newspaper clippings and semester abroad slips in Fanning is Valuable Information.

Imagine this: it's the first few weeks of school. Naturally you want to impress your professors. You get your first paper assignments, but you can't type. Don't worry! If you've searched the post office, Cro, and Fanning for typists and couldn't find any (or if you haven't even looked) here are a few volunteer typists:

Kathy in Groton will collect and deliver your papers. She has her own typewriter and will charge \$1.25 per double-spaced page. her number is 444-2761.

Shirley's Typing Service has a small but dignified business card on the bulletin board in Cro and Fanning. The number is 442-0511, and sounds very dignified with its phone-answering machine.

Jill Baker, who lives in KB 324 will also type papers for you. Her box number is 126.

Recently someone asked me where I got my hair cut when I was at school

and I had to say I didn't; that is that I wait until I go home to get my hair cut. But haircuts are no longer a problem. Two girls on campus will cut hair very inexpensively.

Debby Itchkawich lives in Wright 324. Her phone number is 444-9306 and her box number is 786. A haircut from her costs around \$4.00.

Jan Henkelman charges \$4.00 for a blunt trim and \$5.00 for a cut or a layered trim. She lives in Harkness 301. Her box number is 583 and her phone number is 444-9423.

If anyone is interested in expanding his musical abilities, Claire Dale gives piano lessons at \$10.00 per half hour. She has a degree from the Yale School of Music and lives at 11 College Court, Quaker Hill — that is within walking distance from campus. Her number is 442-4506.

If anyone has a service that might interest students, put signs up in visible places. Maybe you build lofts for people's rooms, maybe you love to sew or to iron, or maybe you are a good mechanic. Everyone is always looking for some kind of service and most everyone is willing to pay for it.

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A TYPICAL CONNECTICUT COLLEGE STUDENT.

CH²

Dear Editor:

Was it a plot? We wish we could think it was, so we could lift the guilty feeling from our shoulders and point our fingers at Fanning or those SGA members who never supported the SPARK. They are now smirking an "I told you so. We could have used that money on beer." The death of the SPARK has been difficult for us to face. We could blame ourselves, or the students' lack of interest but for whatever reasons the SPARK has died. We have finally come to the conclusion that we gave it our best, and we feel proud of what we attempted to and did accomplish.

The typical SPARK editor probably was "diametrically opposed to Fanning philosophy" but differences in philosophies were not what the SPARK commented on. Our commentaries and criticisms were more than philosophy, they were attempts to "spark" interest in those issues that should concern students.

Perhaps we're still trying to "spark" a dead fuse; however in light of a recent article by Bill Butterly regarding the value of the Student Government Association and whether it should be abolished; a SPARK editorial, or shall we say, editorial comment is appropriate here. SGA should be recognized as a

viable means of student power. One of the problems is the lack of recognition. It receives so little attention and is mocked at by students and members alike. So few students know about the Board of Trustees: who they are and what they do. Even less know about the Student Trustee Liason Committee which is our only channel to that body of decision makers. Our communication with the faculty was cut off last semester with the abolishment of the student evaluations. Yet the students sit back.

We need to perceive our Student Government as a viable force and use it as such. We don't have many other channels of communication. That very same type of person who questions the value of Student Government is the type that makes motions for sit-in protests for Wednesday afternoon tea and cookies. Dorm presidents should get serious about what they were elected to do instead of merely using the position to enhance their applications to law schools. Let's just say they should realize that there's more to their jobs than tea and cookies.

Connecticut College needs an alternative. This campus lacks dialogues, it lacks alternative thinking, it lacks independent thought. As the formal channels of communications become more obscure to the students and those

that are known slowly disintegrate, we, the student body, lose our incentive to think. Journals, newspapers, and student government, as few in number or as little attended as they may seem, are all we have. Let's use them!

Sincerely,

Lucia Nunez
Ellen Hennick
Co-editors emeriti of the SPARK

TO THE COLLEGE COMMUNITY:

On behalf of the Soccer Team, we would like to personally thank all those who attended and supported our cause last Friday night (September 25, 1981). Your spirit and encouragement was greatly felt, and without a doubt, instrumental in the CAMEL "humping" of the C.G. Bears.

LOVE YOU ALL,

Steve Barnard
Rocco D'Amiano
Randall Klitz
Tri-Captains

P.S. The Camels' next home game will be October 6 versus Holy Cross. SEE YOU THEN!

A Light in the Dark Room

By Lee Ann Christiano

Improvements in the Connecticut College photography facility can be recognized and appreciated only if one recalls its condition before this past summer.

In the last several years, the photography facilities in Winthrop basement have deteriorated greatly. The floors were rotting, the area was very unclean, and mold was growing on the walls which were in desperate need of a paint job. This past summer, thanks to the efforts of Conn College student Joe Sternlieb and art instructor Ted Hendrikson, much needed improvements were made. The facility has been cleaned up after years of neglect, the walls have been painted, and plywood was placed over the rotting floors.

Joe Sternlieb, presently a senior at Connecticut College said that during his freshman year he was concerned with

the poor condition of the photography facilities. As a sophomore, he wrote letters to college President, Oakes Ames, and to many photography corporations asking for grants. Ames informed him that the budget lacked funds to aid the photography facilities, but wished him luck in his further endeavors to gain funds. Joe received responses from all of the corporations, but all were negative except for one corporation which offered to help locate used equipment.

Hendrikson, a part-time instructor in art, teaches the only photography course offered at Connecticut College. The enrollment is limited to 15 students giving those interested only a slim chance of getting into the course. Students wishing to continue beyond this course must do so through an independent study program where Hendrickson gives his time on a

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Tea and Cookies Run Dry

By Caroleen Hughes

The Conn College tradition of Wednesday afternoon tea and cookies has been discontinued, says Mary Jane Geiger, Director of Residence Halls and Food Services. Ms. Geiger has however, offered several alternatives to the residence chairmen that may be enacted soon.

Ms. Geiger says the main reason for the afternoon affairs had been to get the students together socially. It began back when the College was only for women. At that time, she explained, there were no classes in the afternoon, so the entire student body could benefit from the refreshments. Recently however, she claims only a limited number of students have partaken of the food because of classes and other commitments. She

would prefer to see some other type of get-together that was planned by the students themselves through the House Councils, in order for more dorm members to participate. She offers such suggestions as cider and doughnuts for the pumpkin carving sessions, Sunday study breaks of hot chocolate, cookies and cranberry punch, or something similar, before special dinners at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Another reason the weekly sessions were ended was due to the fact that often the jugs of tea would return full to the kitchen and the cookies would be taken upstairs to rooms instead of being eaten in the living rooms. In essence, it was defeating the "social" purpose of the afternoon. Also, she stated that she had heard complaints about some people taking stacks of cups and leaving none for the rest of the students.

Yet, Mrs. Geiger did emphasize that nothing has been finalized. She is keeping all of the options open for the time being. But she stressed the fact that she could not do both the tea and cookies and the special affairs for the students.

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old curtains are needed to catch sound. Such renovations would allow for the rink's use throughout the year. According to Ken, the music down there now sounds like garbage.

How does the administration feel? Ken answers, "To them, it's a beautiful showpiece. It is a beautiful ice rink and parents and the community are impressed by it. More importantly, the administration thinks the students won't complain. They think music sounds like loud noise anyway!"

"Once again, the school has neglected student needs," acknowledges Ken. "For example, there really is no place for an all-campus party and the rink is best suited for this. Because of the cement, less vandalism is likely to occur; one can't break cement. Also, the rink has a big back door which is good for handling kegs."

Parties are not the sole purpose of a multi-purpose facility. Ken pointed out that Charles Luce, Athletic Director, has to adjust to sharing the gym with social events. The gym floor is not intended for high heel shoes or beer.

Interestingly, Ken notes that although Conn is co-ed, the administration has never fully acknowledged this. He states, "For example, now there's men's and women's basketball. That means twice the amount of practice time, thus cutting down the time other people can use the gym. If the rink could accommodate basketball players, this problem could be eliminated. There has been no effort to increase athletic space since the school went co-ed. Ironically, the school uses the rink to entice more men to the school!"

It is possible that the administration is turned off by all this talk about parties held at the rink. Especially with the noise issue last year, they "do not want Conn to turn into a partying school," as Ken puts it.

The ice rink's construction created hopes of an additional outlet for expending energies and developing interests. The building can now accommodate ice and roller skating, tennis, and square dances, but Ken believes this does not serve the wide variety of interests it was purported to do. He urges the students to become aware and combat the attitude of the administration that academics and ambience of the school take precedence over needs of the students for student activity space.

— CORRECTION —

The English students profiled last week come from Westminster College in Oxford. Westminster Abbey is a church; the students are not clerics.

Intramural Football Insights

By Peter Strand

"Football is rather a bloody and murdering practise than a felowly sporte or pastime. For dooth not every one lye in waight for his Adversary seeking to overthrow him . . . though it be upon hard stones? . . . So that by this meanes, sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their armes; sometime one part thrust out of joynt, sometime another; sometime their noses gush out with blood, sometime their eyes start out; and sometimes hurt in one place, sometimes in another . . . And hereof groweth envie, malice, rancour, choler, hatred, displeasure, enmitie, and what not els: and sometimes fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel, picking, murder, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience daily teacheth."

(Philip Stubbes, *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583)

Welcome to the wonderful world of football! You've been under its stupefying spell before. You've felt its captivating charm as has every pigskin enthusiast. How many of us have thrilled with the cheery prospects of a weekend of football watching? How often we have become happily immersed in the joys of the National Football League, comfortably parked in front of our televisions on a Sunday afternoon, an ample supply of beer close at hand, cheering with deathly fervor for the home team.

In our modernistic survival-of-the-fittest society, we long to see defenses that would make the Guardian Angels of New York's subways tremble week after week, offensive linemen who could punch holes in the Berlin Wall while escorting runners through hostile terrain, and defensive linemen hitting them hard and gleefully seeing how they fall. Football provides a more than adequate outlet for our innate pugilistic nature, in doses of three hours at a time.

When the wars have ended for the day, when the last tight spiral has arrived softly in the gracious arms of a receiver, when the last middle-linebacker has plunged his helmet into the ribs of a charging runningback, when the last field goal attempt has fluttered cleanly through the uprights, we take it upon ourselves to keep the embers stoked until the flames of battle can be rekindled during the next weekend's frays. This imitation and emulation has taken many and various forms, the most popular being the advent of flag football, a takeoff of the ancient two-hand touch game using flags as the "tackling" device.

Flag football provides a solid framework for the desirous athlete to exhibit his wares. The flag football field gives the avid Saturday and Sunday spectator the opportunity to mirror the attributes of their favorite player and team. Anything goes in flag football. Some of the sting of a twenty-point Giant loss to the Eagles on Sunday, can be assuaged with a twenty-point Giant scalp of the same Eagles on the flag football field.

The serenity of the field is a stage for the idolation of talents. The fifteen-year-old quarterback tells his schoolmates he is Terry Bradshaw even though his passes wobble about erratically like fragile paper airplanes. All across the flag football field there are runningbacks who echo the shake and bake moves of Tony Dorsett, wide receivers who think they possess the grace of Lynn Swan, linebackers with the tenacity of Jack

Lambert, placekickers with the accuracy of Garo Yeppremian, and coaches who try to think up plays that would make Tom Landry proud. To make their games seem more realistic, participants wear replicas of Earl Campbell's or Ken Stabler's jersey, sweatbands of their teams favorite colors, and quarterbacks bark out signals like the real pros.

The flag football intramural program at Connecticut College assumes an even larger role due to the absence of a competing team at the New London campus. Instead, the men who would possibly comprise a Connecticut College football team are restricted to the rough and tumble life on the Harkness Chapel Field. It is there that you might find 250-pound linebackers with 4.6 speed for the forty or a quarterback who can throw the ball fifty yards in the air.

The scenario on the plush green turf of the Harkness Chapel Field Friday afternoon was familiarly reminiscent of a popular beer commercial. The occasion was an exhibition flag football game between Branford and the triumvirate of Blunt, Lazrus, and Abbey. The question under scrutiny was, "Would a couple of good friends really go at it this hard for a beer?" Well, the answer was obviously a resounding "Yes!", if that beer is Michelob Light.

Imagine for a minute, a new version of the Light Beer commercial. First, theme music would flood the screen.

Then alternating pictures of Doug "Digger" Simon making an all out dive to snare a pass from Mike "Ghost" Prezioso. Steve Lau gritting his teeth as he sweeps left end from the KB team. Tom "Shake and Bake" Levine striving for the end zone while the KB defenders grimace as they try to thwart the attempt. Images of the pigskin floating over outstretched hands, thrust in the air in vain; Dave "Disaster" Kaster and Mark Finnegan reaching for the flags of Bill Frankenstein and Chris Vincze; the faint picture of a glass of Michelob Light flowing across the screen in the background, as if they were really striving to grasp the beer. Throughout the commercial there is music and slow motion stop action, with cuts to appetizing pictures of Michelob Light.

The defensive struggle ended in a 7-7 tie. Branford, resplendent in white uniforms with red trim and coached by center Craig "Bear" Gordon, got on the board first in the initial half. Prezioso hit Simon with a leather bullet near the right sideline, and the guileful wide receiver was off to the races, as he went into the end zone untouched. Prezioso handled the football like a magician producing rabbits from a top hat, taking Gordon's snap and avoiding a wave of KB rushers, giving Simon the time to shake loose.

Both teams held resolutely on following series' and neither side could do much offensively. KB finally got even late in the contest on a bit of razzle-dazzle. Quarterback Bill Frankenstein took the snap from center and pitched out to Lau. Lau ran parallel along the line of scrimmage as if he were going to run. But before he crossed the line of scrimmage, he came to a halt and lofted a pass to Gary Johnson, who was wide open in the right corner of the end zone. Johnson pulled the pass securely into his arms, knotting the game at 7.

They say that playing a tie football game is like kissing your sister, but when you are playing for a Michelob Light it makes no difference whether your sister is twenty and beautiful or wears a size twenty.



Slow Start for Field Hockey

By Linda Hughes

Nita Lamborghini has coached the women's field hockey team at Conn for two years. Despite the current 0 and 3 standing, she is confident the team will prove its mettle, and make the '81 season a winning one.

The women suffered their first defeat at the hands of a strong Trinity team. That game was lost by a score of 3 to 1. Assistant coach Karen Weaver suspects that "first game jitters" may have quelled the talented Conn team.

The Wesleyan game pitted Conn against a very tough, highly competitive team. Conn fared well though, coming from behind to tie at 1-1. Ultimately however, Wesleyan triumphed with a goal scored in the last few minutes.

Spirits were high and confidence abounded as the team prepared to take on Mount Holyoke. Coach Weaver noted "that both teams have some strong members" and she was prepared for an exciting contest.

Mount Holyoke scored about 4 minutes into play when a goal for Conn was made by Paula Trearchis and assisted by Tammy Brown — the score was tied at one each. After the half, however, the Holyoke team really came on strong and dominated for the rest of the game. They made two goals in quick succession, and skillfully prevented the Camels from retaliating. The final score was 3-1.

Nita attributes the loss mainly to "mental errors" — the women were not thinking. They failed to work together

and use the sides to advantage. She also noted that the team looked tired, and simply was not playing up to par.

Conn played the Assumption team next. It was a slow and difficult first half for the Conn women. Assumption led at the half by 2 to 0. The Camels battled fiercely for the rest of the game, but were unable to score. Assumption won 4-0.

The team from Durham University in England was Conn's next contender. It is this game that demonstrated what the women are capable of. They played a nearly flawless match. The awesome defense crippled the Durham team, repelling all their attempts to score. The offense was equally effective with several very close shots on goal. At the end of the game, both sides were scoreless.

Nita Lamborghini and Karen Weaver give new definition to the word "coach". They stay on top of every strategy, and are involved 100%. Nita offers constant words of encouragement and instruction. She urges the team to apply the "pressure", and to "hustle, hustle", while never forgetting to praise a good move.

The coaches are very proud of the field hockey team. Karen sees them as "much improved over last year," and "finally beginning to believe in themselves." Nita stresses the fact that the team is still in its "building stages." It is a young team and there is plenty of time for experience and improvement. Nita has "high hopes for the future."

The Harriers Hustle

By Rob Ingram

The Conn College cross country team has already run two meets in the '81 season resulting in 1 victory and 4 losses for the men and a 3-3 record for the women. As a result, many team characteristics are already apparent.

First, it is obvious that Dave Litoff and Paul Nerz are headed for exceptional seasons. In the first race against such annual powerhouses as Coast Guard and Wesleyan, and the next week against Trinity, Litoff simply ran away from the field. Dave has a way of making a 5-minute per mile pace look like an afternoon stroll, and Paul Nerz has not been very far behind him. Against Trinity and Eastern, the pair took off after the first half mile of the five mile race and were not seen again by the pack.

Unfortunately, cross country is a team sport and the usually strong men's team has not yet had enough help from their third, fourth, and fifth runners this year.

Geoff Farrell, Rob Ingram, John Williams, Lyle Miller, Win Noodle Bishop, and Peter Foley have not been able to crack the top fives of many opponents and this has resulted in defeat. As the season progresses however, they will get stronger as many nagging injuries will hopefully disappear.

The women's team has displayed contrasting contrary traits in their first two meets. Mary Ann Tilton, Lisa Jackson, Ellen Donlon, Cora Brauer, and Stephanie Taylor are the only five on the team. However, in both meets, they have hung together tenaciously and have consequently placed very well. While they have beaten Sacred Heart, Eastern, and Smith, they lost by only 4 points to the Coast Guard and were very competitive with Wesleyan and Trinity as well. Coach Mark Connolly has been very pleased with their tough performances so far, and the future looks exciting for Dave Litoff who has been dominating easily this year.

ARTS AND LEISURE

Dance in the Afternoon

The College Voice, October 2, 1981



Oktoberfest

By Michael Schoenwald

"Little Germany" is the best way to describe what Connecticut College will be like on October 1, 2, and 3. These are the dates of the second annual Oktoberfest, presumably with something in it for everyone.

The festival will begin on a rather mellow note on Thursday night, when a Coffee House will be held from 8 to 12. German pastries and coffee will be served and a brief introduction to German culture given to enlighten us on the ways of Germany. Campus musical talent will be provided for the entertainment of all.

On Friday night, in what has been billed as "An Evening of Enchanting Taste," the Conn College community has the opportunity to taste seven different types of vintage Southern German wine in Cro main lounge. The \$3.00 admission charge will cover this waitered, semi-formal affair with crackers and cheese. The wine, light and naturally fermented, will be specially selected by the Social Board to ensure the best possible quality.

On Saturday, from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m., a beer "bash" will be held in the Quad. This will consist of all the Becks of

Hoffbrugh beer (brewed specially at this time of year), one can drink. There will also be a live German oompah band. All for free!

The Oktoberfest began in 1810 as a celebration for the wedding of Crown Prince Ludwig of Bavaria to Princess Therese of Saxe-Altenburg. In 1811, the festival was held as an agricultural fair and the tradition has carried on ever since. Today the Oktoberfest is held in Munich for 16 days at a place called "Theresien Viese" (Theresa's Meadow). It resembles other fairs with rides, booths and games. Six breweries in Munich each have a big tent with a brass band inside playing traditional oompah music. John King, the Acting Associate Dean at Conn, who spent the year of 1966 as an exchange student at Kiel in West Germany, worked at the Oktoberfest selling postcards in the Lowenbrau tent. He distinctly remembers "Bronzed German waitresses carrying 5 or 6 liter mugs of beer in each hand."

It is interesting to know, as we start our Oktoberfest, the Germans will just be ending theirs. Let's all be a little German at heart and make the festival something to remember.

By Gretchen Galbraith

Whether you have two left feet or are the next Ginger Rogers, non-credit dance classes offer the chance to dance and have fun. The courses offered include ballet, jazz, modern dance, and body work.

The six dance majors who conduct these classes have a wide range of interests and talents. Some hope to perform after graduation while others are interested in teaching, and body therapy.

Eve Chilton, a junior, teaches one of the three modern dance classes. This is her first year as a full-time teacher, although she has substituted for non-credit classes in the past. She has been dancing for nine years and finds that she is most interested in modern dance. Eventually, she hopes to perform with a dance company in New York City or

on Thursdays. She has taught dance before but this is her first time teaching on campus. Jan is interested in teaching creative movement to children. She regards dance as a tool that can be used to stimulate creativity, and feels that the creative arts should be incorporated into the United States educational system.

Melissa Tischler is another dancer who is interested in teaching after she graduates. She is certified to teach elementary school and plans to use dance as a teaching device. Melissa has been a dancer for eleven years. She chooses to teach ballet because it is the dance form she most enjoys. She basically wants to provide her students with a chance to move, as well as familiarizing them with ballet vocabulary.

The body works class is conducted by Nina Weisbord. This is her first teaching



Leona Mazamurro in her element.

Europe. She finds non-credit challenging because there are so many ability levels. But, she feels that everyone can gain from a better awareness of how the body works.

Amy Condren has been dancing since the age of thirteen. She was in a high school ballet company and taught dance over this past summer. Modern dance is Amy's forte, but she feels that a well-rounded dancer should be versed in both ballet and modern. She is interested in Anatomy and Kinesiology because she too, believes that it is important to know one's own body and the ways in which it works. Amy plans to dance professionally. In fact, she hopes to win a scholarship to study at the Cunningham dance studio in New York City.

Jan Henkelman teaches modern dance

experience although she has taken dance for about four years. Her own favorite class here at Connecticut is African Dance because it "has strength and it's very natural." The body works class is based on the premise of stress reduction and body awareness. Its aim is to teach people how to move naturally and release tension.

Leona Mazamurro leads a jazzercise class that meets on Mondays. She also teaches a community class called jazzercise-aerobics. She has taught both jazz and modern other years. Leona is working on three pieces in the dance club concert and she hopes to get the non-credit jazzercise class involved in the concert. A senior this year, she hopes to perform in New York City after she graduates.

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*DRAWING SUNDAY, Q105
 DAYS IN THEIR LIFE - CONTEST

OFF THE TRACK

Taken for a Ride

By Ali Moore

If cars won't stop, at least they'll give a cooling blast, not fine freezer chill, but tepid air which takes the heat away for a few seconds. That is decent enough. Wind-wake trailing a car blows against Billy. Motor drone and wind gust fade away. Heat returns. He mops his brow with his wrist top, then looks at the tiny matted blond hairs, and up to the drier forearm hairs. This just won't do. Out comes the hankie and Billy mops his brow and wrist the right way. He should've thought hankie first off. Something feels terribly wrong on his head. Abruptly, and rather intently, he takes the hankie into his left hand and with his right starts skimming his wonderful locks, but before making a complete investigation he finds the nasty affliction: four, maybe six, strands of hair lie arched backwards over his part. Gingerly, he places the rebel strands back in line with the others. Those lousy car wakes.

If Billy's car hadn't split its fanbelt, he'd be sitting with Linda right now, gabbing about the heat, the clear blue sky, all that sort of thing, and undoubtedly, drinking a tall frosty lemonade. He might kiss her. If her roommates are at work, he'll try for those little breasts stashed away in the airy bulk of her sun dress. No. They'll feel too sticky. Better to lounge in the shade and keep cool than get out of hand on a day like this.

Under a tree, on top of a clean piece of roadside paper, sits Billy. For once the scrub oaks don't rustle. Just a blue sky, a white sun, those scrub oaks, an empty road — all stands still, except the buzzing bugs. They can't feel the heat else they'd attach to bark or a leaf for rest. Billy looks at his sneakers and tube socks, a white pair girdling his calf, sporting red and blue stripes near the top. The sneakers pass muster but the socks won't do. Who wears socks up three-fourths of their calves besides tubby high school football players? Had he thought this morning? After sliding the socks down into a casual bunch around his ankles, remembering to keep the red and blue stripes visible and straight, Billy looks to his left and a small smile comes to his face.

A car, finally a car. He draws a large breath, points his thumb further out, and deals his last card by shining, in the sun, his pearlies. A clean-cut look is what the driver wants. Shine those teeth. Look delighted. He slows down. O.K. You've caught him. It would've been hard to smile any longer but he fell for it.

A two-door yellow bomber of a V.W. Bug halts before Billy. The passenger door clicks, swings open. A figure, the passenger, outlined by a black woolen cloak presses its hooded head face first on the dashboard. Its two hands, the only visible flesh, hold the ejaculated seat-back atop its hunched over torso. A navigateable hole to the rear seats waits for Billy, who bends down for a closer look. Cloaked in similar woolen, also complete with hood, the driver exhibits only hands — the left clutches the wheel and the right, the stick shift — and a nose tip. Billy pulls his socks three-quarters of the way up his calves. A gurgling noise seeps from the interior so maybe this car won't make it to Linda's house and many more cars travel this road so one'll pick up a hitchhiker and all right already the car is a dud.

"Hurry in, please," the driver says in a male voice.

"Just fixing my socks," says Billy. Up and in, he goes. The back seat feels fine although the leg room leaves little to be desired by even a midget. The door slams shut and the passenger puts his right hand to its old spot on the still ejected seat-back. He maintains his original face first to the dashboard

position. Neither men move while Billy adjusts his socks, making sure the stripes line up straight. That gurgling noise doesn't come from the car but from the passenger. It's loud breathing. Sounds as if he's had a tracheotomy or has a dentist's salivatory vacuum in his mouth. It is loud: ssssssKKUSHKA ssssssKKUSHKA.

Billy aligns the stripes for the sixth time when all of a sudden out of the blue, the driver turns round to smile big and toothy right at him. He holds his smile for twenty seconds, more than enough time to see the driver's handsomeness, if one goes out for the all-american blue eyes, blond hair, and summer tan. The smile falls. He turns around, ridding Billy from his ogle and grin.

The yellow bomber edges out onto the road. It speeds up at a quick pace. After the switch into fourth gear, its acceleration levels off handily at fifty-five miles per hour. Within the Bug, various sounds particular to the car, air whooshing through a small opening in the passenger window, and the effervescent ssKUSHKA combine to a racket. Above this clatter, the driver begins to shout:

"Hitchhiking, yes? I suppose that's a good way to travel with the price of gas these days. How far can I take you? Going far or what? When I was young — my name is Redmond by the way because my grandfather had the same name, my mother's father that is, and my parents, they had named my older brother after my father's father, the other grandfather, whose name was Howard, sometimes Ward for short which is my brother's nickname, too, and they, my parents, wanted to name me after big Red, seeing as they didn't care to leave him out being my mother's father and all. Well, when I was young — oops, did you see that bicyclist? A bicycle can't be beat. It keeps you fit, takes you where you want to go. Nope. A bicycle can't be beat, b-e-a-t, except for maybe when it develops a puncture and that is the worst because I know about these things from experience like when I punctured flat over at Tisbury and kept patching the tube, then putting the tube on the rim, then working the tire over the tube, taking care not to start a new leak, then pumping the whole thing up, and now get this, every time I tried to put the tire over the tube and onto the rim I'd make another flicking puncture. Five times I did this. What could I do? Damned if I fixed it; damned if I didn't. That's the way of the world. Yes. Did I ever tell you a man must be honest to himself. Why, when I was young . . ."

Redmond quits shouting. In the rear-view mirror, Billy sees the driver pucker his face, concentrating, presumably, on a lost detail from his childhood. Redmond eases off the accelerator, and for no apparent reason — the road lies straight and carless — changes from fourth to third to second gear. The car moves at twenty miles per hour. Redmond's pucker eases out until he smiles and chortles. His right hand falls between his knees and raises up again, grasping the neck of a half-gallon vodka bottle. Clear fluid swashes to about the quarter mark.

"Want a shot?" says Redmond.

"No thanks," says Billy.

"Why it's a hot day. You're bound to be thirsty. Lord, my whistle needed wetting the moment I hopped out of bed, and that would be about four hours ago since it's eleven o'clock. Normally I'd roust up earlier but I decided to snooze an hour longer on account of the weekend. Sure you don't want any? Usually I rise at six."

"No thanks", says Billy.

Redmond stops dangling the bottle in front of Billy's eyes, shoves it over the passenger's knees, under his hooded head, and drops it: a soft thud. The

ssssKUSHKA raises up louder. It even develops a sort of breathing murmur as ssKUSS sounds between the KUSHKA.

"Is he all right?" says Billy.

"Are you all right, Sam?" says Redmond as he hits him on the back of the head, smooching it against the dashboard. The murmur hits on a new sound, "KUCH." "Yeah, he's a tough one that Sam," says Redmond. "Would I hanker for a pop of vodka or what? Let me at it. O where, O where has my little brother gone, O where, O where can it be?" Redmond takes aim at the wheel, then leans down between Sam's knees and head, steering blindly with his left hand, searching madly with his right. "Do you know where it lies, Sam?" Leaning his head on Sam's knee and looking at Billy, he says, "Do you know where it is?"

"Are you trying to kill us," says Billy, "Get up. Get up and steer."

"Oh, if I must", says Redmond, who slowly turns round and sits up in time to gently swerve the car away from the rubble alongside the left lane.

"Much better," says Billy.

Redmond slumps forward. His face rests on the center of the steering wheel, on the horn pad which sets off the horn which happens to work. Two men slumping forward.

"Wake up," says Billy.

Redmond comes to. He steers again. Billy unclamps his hands from his knees. The crash position might have been a necessity. People like him shouldn't drive. He's crazy, nutso. Where'd he ever find an officer stupid enough to give him a license. What an idiot.

"Sir, I'm a capable driver of the stick shift," says Billy.

"No problem. Everything's A.O.K., under control, c-o-n-t-r-o-l. I'm perfectly fine. Yesirree. No problem here."

The car stalls adeptly at his last word. Its engine sputters twice, konks, and it rolls onto a stop in the right lane. Redmond slaps his open palm against

Sam's head. The gurgling slows, then speeds up boisterously. "Lousy jerk of a car," says Redmond. Out from the car, he goes, and straight onto the pavement, he bellyflops.

Billy sees his chance. These fellas aren't worth it anymore. He ejects the seat back, and scampers out the door onto the pavement, keeping his feet off prone Redmond. When he stands over the passed out driver, he realizes that his legs jitter and shake. No one needs a car accident. But should he help the man? A better idea would be to dash down that driveway and lose these drunks for good. Someone coming along the road will help them.

Redmond, with a cocked eye, watches Billy take a step. Then the driver mightily springs up to his feet.

"Heading off?" Redmond says.

"Um, ah, down my driveway," says Billy. "I'm going to my house."

"And you won't even give me a thanks?"

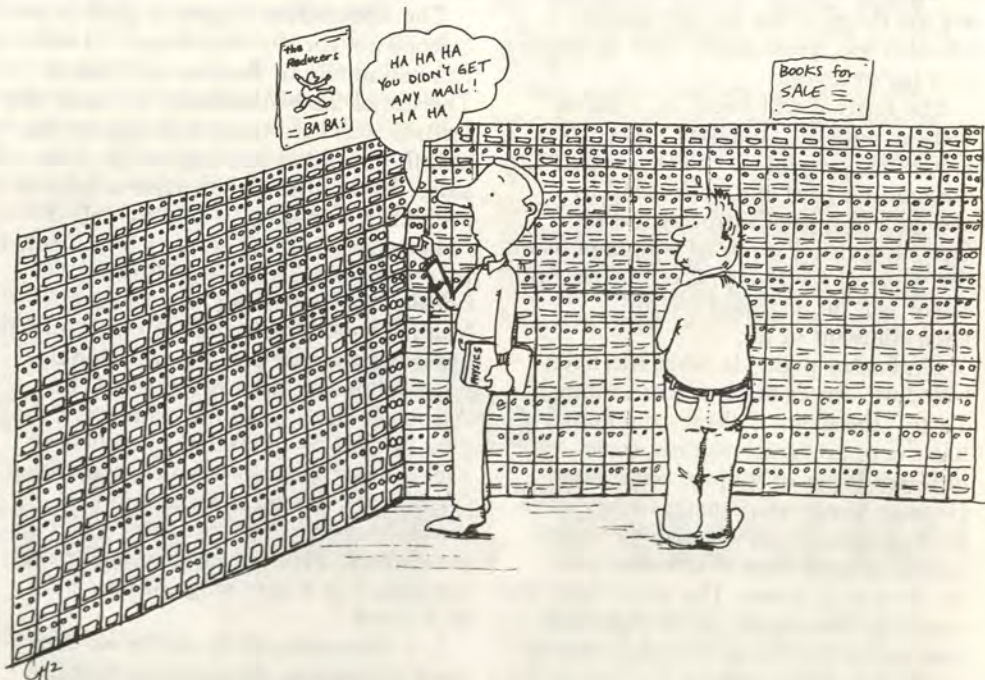
"Thanks for nothing. You almost killed me."

The wobbling driver steps to the young man. He rests his mitts on Billy's shoulders, and gives him a fatherly stare. Spurring calculated spit drops onto Billy's quaking face, Redmond starts talking.

"When I was young, I met a man who could drive a car around an iceberg, where it was a gigantic iceberg that floated loose in the sea, and had many cliffs and crevices to challenge a driver as good as he, you know."

But before Redmond could go on, Billy sprints away down the driveway while swishing a hankie over his face.

Redmond turns round to the open door. "Hey, Drooper, you can sit up now," he says with a giggle. "How about some liquid refreshment?" From the silent car, comes a titter and the vodka bottle. Redmond twists off the cap and lets the cool water rush down his throat.



One Minute

By Steve Pelton

Her long painted fingers slid a dollar bill across the counter towards Sally, the freshman library clerk. "Hi," Sally said.

"Hello." The girl cleared her throat.

"Do you have change?"

"Sure." Sally reached into the change drawer. "Washday?"

"Hmmm?"

"Wash-day."

"No." The girl carefully smoothed a strand of hair off her forehead. "Phone call . . ."

"Oh." The young librarian smiled.

"You get a lot of calls, don't you?"

"Hmmm . . ."

"Calls. You get a lot of phone calls.

Don't you?"

"Oh . . . some . . ."

"I'm in your hall." Sally closed the change drawer with a quick shove.

"Oh. I thought you looked . . .

familiar . . ." The girl fixed her hair with a toss of her head. I do get some calls from my friends at home . . . my boyfriend . . ."

"Yeah, I thought so." Sally smiled. "I've only gotten one call so far. And that was from my father."

The girl behind the counter handed the girl her change and waved a small goodbye. The girl in the black dress turned silently. Sally sighed and pulled her hair out of her eyes.

New Phone Connections

By Sue Rotatori

Five hundred phones, several miles of telephone cable, much time and lots of hard work were involved in the installation of the College's new telephone system this summer.

The massive undertaking, in which the old mechanical system was replaced by a new electronic one, required the complete rewiring of the entire campus. It was described as a "timely change" by Mr. Sheridan, Director of Administrative Services and a key participant in the changeover process. The old system, installed in 1954, had reached its maximum capacity, while the new one has much room for expansion. Mr. Sheridan also noted that the new system is easier to repair and is much more reliable than the one it replaced.

The cost of maintaining the old telephone system was one of the key factors in the switch. After three major rental increases in the last three years, the decision was made last spring that the college would purchase its own system rather than continue renting one from the Southern New England Telephone Company.

The new system features a variety of services especially suited for a college community. Administrators and faculty members can take advantage of the call forwarding option and conference calls can be set up connecting several parties at once. Many of the new phones have WATS lines, making long distance calling easier and less expensive. A

unique feature of the new system is the "camp on" service which, after one party has gotten a busy signal while trying to reach another, automatically connects the two at the first moment that both lines are free.

There is also much potential for further expansion with the new system. One feature that Mr. Sheridan hopes to see instituted in the very near future is the installation of phones in every student's room. Besides being vastly less expensive and more convenient, this would also be a great improvement in security. As a Conn graduate and former housefellow, Mr. Sheridan is well aware of the need for phones in every room, and is hopeful that this may come about as early as next year.

Dean Watson is also very enthusiastic about the future possibilities of the new system and about the system in general, calling it a "vast improvement in campus communications." She praised the representatives of the BCS company, from whom the new telephone network was purchased, for their work in teaching everyone about the operation of the new system.

Mr. Sheridan also hailed the cooperation between BCS and the college as tremendously helpful in easing the transition. With hundreds of numbers being changed, there was great potential for confusion. But everyone involved seems to agree that the switchover was carried out with a minimum of problems, and that the new system is a great improvement.

Youthgrants Program

The Youthgrants Program of the National Endowment for the Humanities is alive and well and will once again offer a limited number of awards to young people in their teens and twenties to pursue non-credit, out-of-the-classroom research projects in the humanities. The deadline for receipt of completed application forms is November 16, and funded projects begin the following May.

Some examples of college-level projects funded in this highly competitive program are: an annotated exhibition of 20th century war-time "home-front" activities in Minnesota and Wisconsin; a complete historical survey, presentation, and guidebook on a tradition-steeped small Florida coastal island; a collection and study of migrant worker border ballads in South Texas; and a film on a small Oregon town's innovative survival method — backyard goldmining — during the Great Depression.

Up to 75 grants will be awarded,

offering as much as \$2,500 for individuals, and a few group grants up to \$10,000 (\$15,000 for exceptional media projects). Youthgrants are intended primarily for those between 18 and 25 who have not yet completed academic or professional training but can demonstrate the ability to design and perform outstanding humanities research and translate that into an end product to share with others. The humanities include such subjects as history, comparative religion, ethnic studies, folklore, anthropology, linguistics, the history of art, and philosophy. The program does *not* offer scholarships, tuition aid, or support for degree-related work, internships, or foreign travel projects.

If you are interested in the program, a copy of the guidelines should be available for review at your campus Placement Office. If not, please write immediately to: Youthgrants Guidelines, Mail Stop 103-C, National Endowment for the Humanities, Washington, D.C. 20506.

A Light in the Dark Room

Continued from Page 3

voluntary basis. He dislikes refusing students the opportunity to further their interest. Hendrikson is willing to take on a full-time position, yet the school is not willing to pay the salary for a full-time instructor.

The spacial limitation at the present time makes it difficult to accommodate those students who are presently involved in photography, either through the photography class, the yearbook, or the newspaper. Though there are four working stations in the darkroom, only two people can work comfortably. According to school policy, academic facilities are not to be held in dormitories. While there is expansion space available in Winthrop basement, the lack of funding is the barrier.

The estimated cost to fix the entire facility is approximately \$12,000, a relatively small figure compared to the number of people it would serve and the

costs of other projects which the school has funded. The most recent was the renovation of Palmer Auditorium, an undertaking costing over \$80,000 basically for carpeting, reupholstered chairs, and a paint job.

A good photography facility would not only serve its academic purpose, but it would also serve as a recreational or hobby facility as well. Many of the members of the faculty and of the administration are supportive of the idea and see the need for more hobby-type extracurricular facilities for students. Among the supporters are Deans Watson and Johnson, Mr. Peter Leibert, Associate Professor of Art, and Mr. Donald Little, Director of Physical Plant. Unfortunately, as long as the renovation of photography facilities remains low on the list of priorities for provision of funds, the possibility of further improvements remains highly unlikely.

China on a Bike

China Passage, which pioneered bicycle touring in China, announces a major breakthrough in China travel with the inauguration of a new South China bicycling route. The new route traverses roads and rural terrain in China's wild and remote Guangxi-Zhuang Autonomous Region, including areas never before accessible to foreigners.

Originating in the Portuguese colony of Macao, the cyclists will tour the rugged coastline and interior of Guangdong Province enroute to Canton. From there the group flies to Guilin and cycles south through Guangxi's world famous karst mountain zone to Nanning, in China's exotic southwest region.

The itinerary combines a challenging bicycle course with a variety of scenic attractions — the waterfalls and mountains of Xiqiao, the ancient Taoist temples at Foshan, China's first "luxury" resort at Shichinshan, the Zhongshan Hot Springs at Xiaojia, the fantastic river courses, stone mountains and caves of Guilin, and hundreds of miles of cycling through the stunning wilderness of Southwest China. Activities will include boat excursions on Guilin's Li River and through the Pearl River delta, mountain climbing, epicurean dining,

and numerous visits to people's communes, schools, factories and wildlife preserves.

Unlike most China tourists who see only the country's major cities and only by bus, our cyclists go out among the Chinese people to see them eye to eye — in the countryside, villages and towns — where they actually live.

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For additional information, call China Passage toll-free at (800) 223-7196 or (800) 223-7197, or write: China Passage, Inc., 302 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10001.

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A \$1,000 grand prize will be awarded in the upcoming poetry competition sponsored by World of Poetry, a quarterly newsletter for poets.

Poems of all styles and on any subject are eligible to compete for the grand prize or for 99 other cash or merchandise awards, totaling over \$10,000.

Rules and official entry forms are available from the World of Poetry, 2431 Stockton, Dept. J, Sacramento, California 95817.

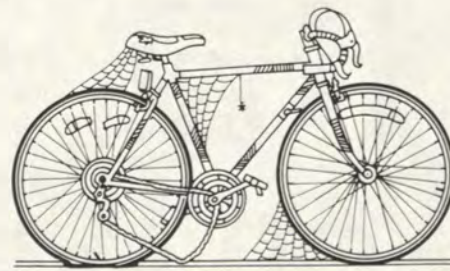
Yoga

Offering staff and faculty Integral Hatha Yoga Beginner's Class for one hour during lunchtime on Monday, Wednesday and/or Friday. Exact time and days will be clarified and posted depending upon your interest and response. Location: Crozier-Williams Center. Six-week session: \$24.00. Call soon — Wendy Shapiro at 535-1913. Looking forward to share knowledge and joy of toning, revitalizing, and relaxing the body and mind!

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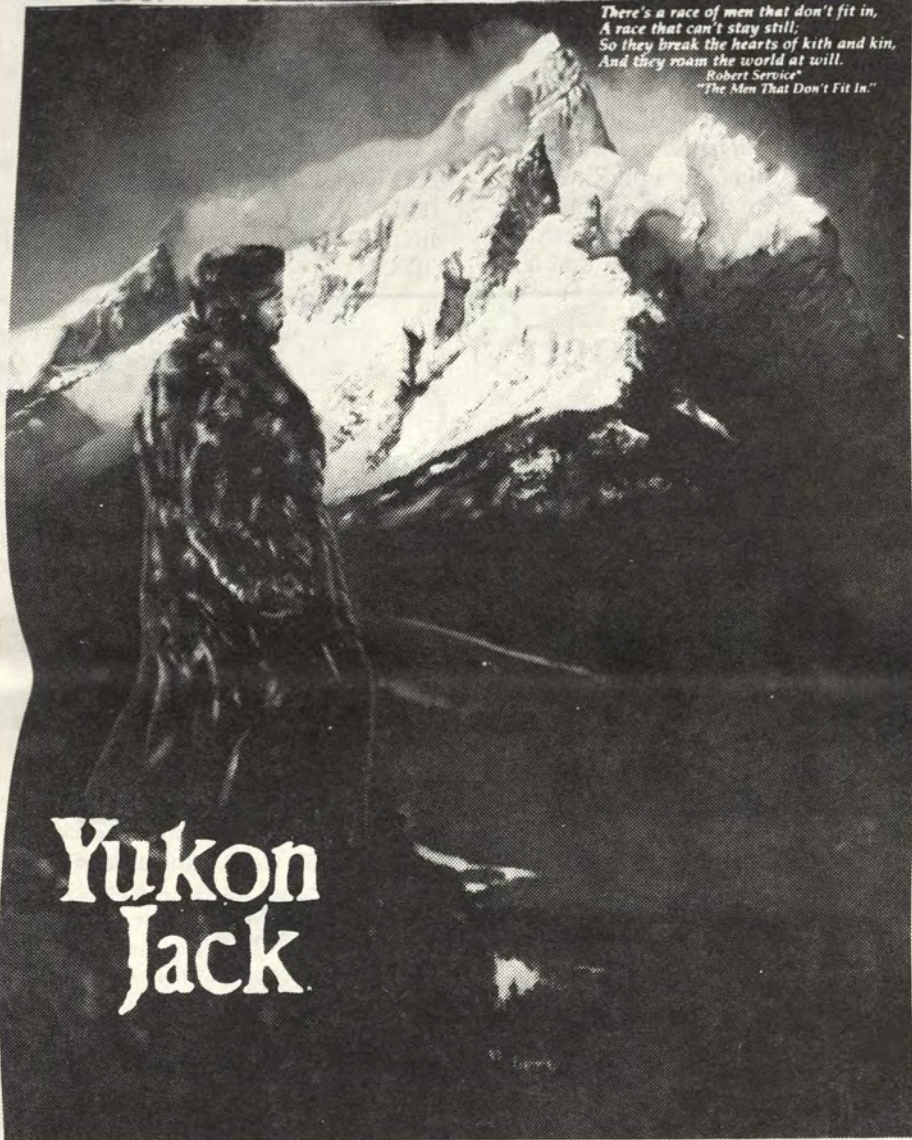
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