“DIRECTIONS”: KEEPING COLLEGE LEADERS INFORMED

By LAURA MARTINEAU

Twenty-seven alumni, parents, and trustees convened last Thursday at New London’s own Holiday Inn to begin a weekend designed to facilitate their understanding of Connecticut College’s pursuits. The meeting was organized by secretary of the college Jane Brederos, led the group from a Harris breakfast to the psyche lab, from library to greenhouse, from lecture to lecture. Bruce Kimmens and J.B. Macklin spoke on “Teaching at the Ivy League’s,” he was quick to concede, “Connecticut was not my first choice, I decided for the Ivy League’s, “he was quick to stress that faced with the chance to transfer, he had decided to stay at Conn. because he did not do here what he might ever do at an Ivy League school.

By LAURA MARTINEAU

Wallace Stevens knew what to do with a liberal arts education. He studied languages at Harvard and later became vice-president of Hartford Accident and Indemnity. He, also, very quietly, became a poet. It was not until the year of his death, 1955, that the importance of Stevens the poet publicly surpassed that of Stevens the executive; it was the year of his Pulitzer Prize.

Connecticut College, in an explosion of the arts, is celebrating the Oct 2 centennial of Stevens birth from Wed. Oct. 18- Thurs. Oct. 11.

Distinguished scholars, renowned faculty members, students, and an alumni, will represent Stevens’ work in prose, in music, painting, photography, sculpture, drama, and poetry.

By AMY ARKAWY

STILL NO ACTION AT 32 CROSSING

RED LIGHT, GREEN LIGHT: PLEASE?

Since the opening of the school, the residents of Emily Abbey House, the cooperative dorm across the street from the campus, Unity House and faculty members and their families who reside along route thirty-two have complained about a faulty traffic light. According to Mary Alperin, resident of Abbey House and initiator of a petition to rectify the problem, the pedestrian-demand button, has been broken since the summer.

Alperin added that there is a “contact switch” at the end of the driveway which is also supposed to change the light. This has been broken for some time. He said it is the school’s responsibility to repair it. The administration has not made an attempt to rectify the problem.

Last week, Alperin sent out the petition, signed by over sixty students and residents, to City Manager, C. Francis Driscoll, the chief of New London police, President Oakes Ames and the New London Day. The only
A career in law—without law school.

After just three months of study at The Institute for Paralegal Training in exciting Philadelphia, you can have a stimulating and rewarding career in law and business—without law school.

As a lawyer’s assistant you will be performing many of the duties traditionally handled only by attorneys. And at The Institute for Paralegal Training, you can pick one of seven different areas of law to study for your training. The Institute’s unique Placement Service will find you a responsible and challenging job in a law firm, bank, or corporation in the city of your choice.

The Institute for Paralegal Training is the nation’s first and most respected school for paralegal training. Since 1970, we’ve placed over 2,500 graduates in over 55 cities nationwide.

If you’re a senior of high academic standing and looking for an above average career, contact your Placement Office for an interview with our representative.

We will visit your campus on:

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12

The Institute for Paralegal Training
235 South 17th Street
Philadelphia, PA 19103
(215) 732-0000

Approved by the American Bar Association.

Prepare for:

MCAT - DAT - LSAT - GMAT
GRE - GRE, PSYCH - GRE BIO
PCAT - DAT - VAT - MAT - SAT
NMB I, II, III - ECFMG - FLEX - VQE
NDBI, LNP - NLE

Flexible Programs & Hours
Visit Any Center And See For Yourself
Why Make The Difference

101 WHITNEY AVE.
NEW HAVEN, CT. 06511
285-149
800 SILVER LANE
E. HARTFORD, CT. 06118
366-7472
Duluth, N.Y. State Only CALL TOLL FREE: 800-233-1782

Picardi’s
121 BOSTON POST ROAD, WATERFORD 447-0576

Thursday - Sunday. Oct. 4-7
MOLLY McGregor

Saturday Night Oct. 6th only

Fountain Head
w/ Molly McGregor

Wed. Oct. 10 only

Harlequin

Rock ‘n Roll At its Best

NEWS

DIRT’S OUT CLEAN’S IN

Modern Electric, the company which in the past has been responsible for operating and maintaining the lights and dryers on campus, has been told to remove their machines from the campus. Their contract has not been renewed. In the past year M.E. has ignored appeals and refused to service machines. Students, too often forced to troop over to other dorms to get their clothes clean, have found it increasingly difficult to ferret out even one working machine in the Complex.

Last Friday Modern Electric began to remove their machines from Lambdin. I asked them if they knew when new machines might be arriving. The biggest of the three haulers turned to me, eyed me up and down and said “I don’t know, and I don’t care, but we have thirty days to get them out, so you’ll probably rot in those clothes till then.”

Marijane Geiger, Director of residence, was more encouraging. She said that new machines were being installed this week; if all goes well, dorms ought to have working washers and dryers by Friday, Oct. 5.

COEDUCATION — PAST & PRESENT

by SETH STONE

It is time to point out the wine glasses and have a drink of champaigne. It is time to have a toast and say “Happy Anniversary.”

Ten years ago this month, CoCo For Wo became CoCo For Wo and Beaux. Ten years ago this month Connecticut College went co-ed.

There was a lot of thought before the change came about. The faculty was long divided. The move to co-education was in the air. “This is how registrar Robert Rhyne described some of the background thinking that went into the decision of the Connecticut College for Women to go co-ed.”

According to Rhyne, the decision to go co-ed was not a rash one. “We didn’t delay the decision once our minds were made up.”

During the fall of 1969 there were some very thoughtful surveys done. Alumni, students, faculty and trustees, were asked their opinions.” In fact, administrators were so busy deciding to go co-ed that they almost forgot to tell anybody. “It was not voted through until late spring 1969. It came so late that we could not publicize the fact (to high schools) that we went co-ed. Consequently the number of freshmen men was very low.”

Rhyne is not exaggerating with that last statement. In 1969 there were 1,444 undergraduates enrolled in Conn. - 24 were freshman men, and 14 were upper-class trans. There were 38 males in a school of 1,406 women.

Ten years later, the current figures show there are 68 male and 1,005 female undergraduates, for a total of 1,633 undergraduates currently enrolled at CoCo. The driving in the breakdown for each present class.

Male Female Total

Seniors 163 246 409
Juniors 136 335 471
Sophomores 189 278 467
Freshmen 146 296 444

Total 618 1,005 1,623

“Though the size of graduating classes fluctuates, one statistic remains stable. College enrollment is always lower in the second semester. In 1971-72 there were 38 fewer students (1416-1379). Last year there were 13 fewer students (1627-1614).”

Rhyne says this is a natural phenomenon for colleges. “Second semester is always low for several reasons. Some people finish their degree requirements in continued on page 3...”
WHAT WAS HAPPENING...

What was happening at Connecticut College ten years ago? A check of the back issues of the College Voice revealed some interesting facts. First of all, The College Voice was the name from Conn Censur to the Satyagrah-an Indian word that means "Truth Force.

The college was undergoing major academic and social reforms. The school regulations governing men and women had been revised to allow men in the women's dorms any day of the week. Previously men had been restricted to the dorm livingrooms and the hours of one to six on Sunday.

Students were apparently pleased with the rule alterations. Said one member of the class of '70, "Last year some guys stayed overnight—it was really nice". The lack of separate bathrooms seemed to be a minor worry, but one student was quoted as saying, "We'll just have to get used to it.

No Action continued...

response received was that of overnight—it was really nice". The lack of separate bathrooms seemed to be a minor worry, but one student was quoted as saying, "We'll just have to get used to it.

In 1969 Connecticut College was involved with the off-campus world. The September issue of the Satyagrah reported that the College Council (a faculty-student administration forum) had voted to endorse a one-day war moratorium on October 19th as a student said, "So what? The Europeans do it."

After successfully updating social regulations, the college community examined the academic structure with revision in mind. Two alumni (class of '22 and '39) suggested that the school should allow more academic freedom for the students. Accompanying the article was the proposed reforms. The list included instituting a pass-fail option for upper class students, self-scheduled exams, student designed majors, and even some student-taught classes.

The school also approved Student Departmental Advisory Committees to relate to the faculty the students' perspectives on curriculum, staff appointments, promotions, and other academic concerns.

Even in 1969, Connecticut College was becoming an off-campus world. As the New London Day last week. The Council suggested that the college suspend "business as usual" and cancel classes in support of the moratorium.

The purpose of the October 19th moratorium was to allow door-to-door canvassing in support of a broader national anti-war movement scheduled for that November. The November moratorium was to include a public meeting on the steps of the Capitol for G.I.'s killed in Southeast Asia.

Connecticut College students were also organizing a drive to aid Mississippi's victims of Hurricane Camille. It was reported that opportunist had over-run the path of the norm selling water for $1.00 per glass and soap for $1.50 a cake. A group of students, prompted by these reports, distributed containers in all of the dormitories to collect much needed personal articles for the flood victims.

In 1969 Connecticut College entered its first year of co-education; now in 1979, we enjoy a ratio of 40 percent men - 60 percent women. In '69 the administration was discussing new changes in the academic structure; now we take for granted the pass-fail option, and self-scheduled retardations.

Needless to say we enjoy many benefits not available to students ten years ago. The lack of separate bathrooms may be a result of atomic bombs, but I feel they could have used their age to get these things remedied.

NEWS SHORTS

Radio Theatre Set To Air

Thanks to the efforts of a handful of enthusiastic overseas students, the Radio Theatre is quickly making a name for itself. Jim Francese, director of the show, along with co-directors Paula Bernardi and Kathy Cryan, have begun planning the wide range of radio theatre entertainment. This semester they hope to bring a touch of real professionalism to their work.

In order to turn out high-quality shows, the actors and actresses have been involved in "Theatre Games", which teach them how to use physical bodies as well as their voices for a more spontaneous style of acting.

Ben Robinson and Max Langaff have been invaluable in supervising this new dimension in radio theatre. A wide range of sound effects will also be employed to make the plays sound believable.

Francese feels radio theatre is a real art, and, as one of the biggest potential forces of creativity on campus, could really put WCNI "on the map." What kind of shows are in store? Everything from Sherlock Holmes to Beckett to Tennessee Williams to anything in between, says Francese. Radio theatre welcomes student literary conceptions with open arms as well.

The quickly growing enterprise has already been generous enough to receive 20 complete scripts from our most generous resident playwright, Romulus Linney. Radio theatre is currently receiving grants for its expenses. Jim also hopes to find other sources of financial backing to establish a truly sound program.

The directors of Radio Theatre are excited about the weekly shows which will begin airing on Thursday nights at 8:00 p.m. after October break. As Francese puts it, "Radio theatre can pull people with extremely varied interests and talents together, put them in a pool where they all work together to create something really unique." Any prospectively brilliant artists of the theatre can contact either Jim Francese at 443-2781, (Box No. 439) or Paula Bernardi, (Box No. 145), or Kathy Cryan, (Box No. 307).

The End Of The Argument

The battle of the sexes is alive and well in New York. Marco Mason, '89, proved that fact without a doubt when he pleaded guilty to biting off his wife's nose during a heated argument in their home. Apparently the argument arose over which of the Masons would receive custody of their two daughters. Fortunately, surgeons were able reconstruct Mrs. Mason's nose. Unfortunately for Mr. Mason, he was sentenced to two months in the clinic. Obviously the poor man bit off more than he could chew.

Bomb Drops SAT Scores

The decline in college entrance examination scores may be a result of atomic bombs, according to Dr. Ernest Sternglass, professor of Radiological Physics at the University of Pittsburgh.

Radio Theatre is currently receiving grants for its expenses. Jim also hopes to find other sources of financial backing to establish a truly sound program.

The directors of Radio Theatre are excited about the weekly shows which will begin airing on Thursday nights at 8:00 p.m. after October break. As Francese puts it, 'Radio theatre can pull people with extremely varied interests and talents together, put them in a pool where they all work together to create something really unique.' Any prospectively brilliant artists of the theatre can contact either Jim Francese at 443-2781, (Box No. 439) or Paula Bernardi, (Box No. 145), or Kathy Cryan, (Box No. 307).

The End Of The Argument

The battle of the sexes is alive and well in New York. Marco Mason, '89, proved that fact without a doubt when he pleaded guilty to biting off his wife's nose during a heated argument in their home. Apparently the argument arose over which of the Masons would receive custody of their two daughters. Fortunately, surgeons were able reconstruct Mrs. Mason's nose. Unfortunately for Mr. Mason, he was sentenced to two months in the clinic. Obviously the poor man bit off more than he could chew.

Dr. Sternglass says that atomic bomb tests caused radioactive fallout that has had a tremendous effect on thyroid gland development of fetuses. Surely it is one of the effects of low-level radiation on fetuses.

Dr. Sternglass is calling on the government, as a result of this study, to enforce legislation to prevent effects of low-level radiation on fetuses.
OPINION

By BERNICE FLANAGAN

Last Saturday night I left a Cro semi-formal with a smile on my face. It was not an alcohol-induced grin — there was very little alcohol left when I arrived — nor had I enjoyed a scintillating repartee with a new crush. Rather, for the first time in three years I felt comfortable walking through the crowds of people in Cro main lounge without someone I knew by my side. I did no "scoping" to make certain that a special someone had arrived and did not even check for potential dance partners, perhaps because I did not particularly care for the music. What I did do was drift around talking to people whose company I truly enjoyed. Once I felt that I had spoken to everyone I wanted to, I did not assume a bored position on the Cro railing to assure I would not miss anything; I merely left the party-happy.

Sophomore year a similar experience at an all-campus party would have left me feeling empty and depressed. Why, then, as a senior, can I handle a party alone? I do not believe it is because I know more people, I don't feel as if I do. I do not believe it is because I'm now more party-happy.

Perhaps the most convincing reason is the lack of intellectual equals. One friend believes that Conn. College women see themselves as superior to the men, and that senior women on the whole are "cynical." Most of us are aware of the attitude that the women at Conn. are the "victims" of the "wimpy" men. To attempt to make an all female institution co-educational, and thus bring the calibers of the "victims" to Conn. has long been a subject under fire. One friend jokingly likened the main experience at Conn. to that of a wide-eyed little boy in a candy store.

Considering the ratio alone, women at Conn. are at a supreme disadvantage. Why then all this discussion of the position of senior women?

Traditionally it has been considered socially unacceptable for a woman to date a younger man. A sweeping statement, yes, and there are, of course, exceptions. But there is some validity to it. The emotional and intellectual gap between a twenty-two year old and an eighteen year old is often considerable. It is acceptable for a man to date a younger woman, it is difficult for the reverse to take place. Senior women are in a exclusive predicament.

Resignation rather than depression seems to be the prevailing attitude in facing the artificiality of any college campus, especially one as small as ours, in relation to the "real world". The women in the class of 1980 seem to be waiting out this final year. Spirit for the class as a whole is present, but enthusiasm for the social life is waning.

Resigned to the scarcity of prospective romantic relationships, used to the carbon-copy all- campus beer, we are relatively anticipating the years ahead, we can now enjoy ourselves socially in a manner we have not been able to in the past.

As seniors contemplating what to do with the rest of our lives, being self-centered may be not only earned, but necessary.

OPINION

By BERNICE FLANAGAN

Lut Saturday night I left a Cro semi-formal with a smile on my face. It was not an alcohol-induced grin — there was very little alcohol left when I arrived — nor had I enjoyed a scintillating repartee with a new crush. Rather, for the first time in three years I felt comfortable walking through the crowds of people in Cro main lounge without someone I knew by my side. I did no "scoping" to make certain that a special someone had arrived and did not even check for potential dance partners, perhaps because I did not particularly care for the music. What I did do was drift around talking to people whose company I truly enjoyed. Once I felt that I had spoken to everyone I wanted to, I did not assume a bored position on the Cro railing to assure I would not miss anything; I merely left the party-happy.

Sophomore year a similar experience at an all-campus party would have left me feeling empty and depressed. Why, then, as a senior, can I handle a party alone? I do not believe it is because I know more people, I don't feel as if I do. I do not believe it is because I'm now more party-happy.

Perhaps the most convincing reason is the lack of intellectual equals. One friend believes that Conn. College women see themselves as superior to the men, and that senior women on the whole are "cynical." Most of us are aware of the attitude that the women at Conn. are the "victims" of the "wimpy" men. To attempt to make an all female institution co-educational, and thus bring the calibers of the "victims" to Conn. has long been a subject under fire. One friend jokingly likened the main experience at Conn. to that of a wide-eyed little boy in a candy store.

Considering the ratio alone, women at Conn. are at a supreme disadvantage. Why then all this discussion of the position of senior women?

Traditionally it has been considered socially unacceptable for a woman to date a younger man. A sweeping statement, yes, and there are, of course, exceptions. But there is some validity to it. The emotional and intellectual gap between a twenty-two year old and an eighteen year old is often considerable. It is acceptable for a man to date a younger woman, it is difficult for the reverse to take place. Senior women are in a exclusive predicament.

Resignation rather than depression seems to be the prevailing attitude in facing the artificiality of any college campus, especially one as small as ours, in relation to the "real world". The women in the class of 1980 seem to be waiting out this final year. Spirit for the class as a whole is present, but enthusiasm for the social life is waning.

Resigned to the scarcity of prospective romantic relationships, used to the carbon-copy all- campus beer, we are relatively anticipating the years ahead, we can now enjoy ourselves socially in a manner we have not been able to in the past.

As seniors contemplating what to do with the rest of our lives, being self-centered may be not only earned, but necessary.

OPINION

By BERNICE FLANAGAN

Lut Saturday night I left a Cro semi-formal with a smile on my face. It was not an alcohol-induced grin — there was very little alcohol left when I arrived — nor had I enjoyed a scintillating repartee with a new crush. Rather, for the first time in three years I felt comfortable walking through the crowds of people in Cro main lounge without someone I knew by my side. I did no "scoping" to make certain that a special someone had arrived and did not even check for potential dance partners, perhaps because I did not particularly care for the music. What I did do was drift around talking to people whose company I truly enjoyed. Once I felt that I had spoken to everyone I wanted to, I did not assume a bored position on the Cro railing to assure I would not miss anything; I merely left the party-happy.

Sophomore year a similar experience at an all-campus party would have left me feeling empty and depressed. Why, then, as a senior, can I handle a party alone? I do not believe it is because I know more people, I don't feel as if I do. Perhaps the most convincing explanation is that as a senior I naturally have more confidence in myself than I ever have. But that is not the total explanation.

At Sunday brunch following a recent party in Harris, four senior women who were discussing their own feelings about the social life at Conn. Referring to the preceding night, all four agreed that they felt more sure of themselves than they have in previous years, and yet there was something missing—something that no one could quite describe. Maybe it was the physical absence of friends in the class of 1979, maybe a lack of a certain air of anticipation that had formerly accompanied the mental preparation for a party.

What we all ached away from stating, however, was why anticipa-
tion had once existed at all. The prospect of meeting new people and making new friends is always exciting. Perhaps we could not admit to each other, or to ourselves, that as long as there had been an older class, there had been older men.

I do not wish to imply that all women, or men for that matter, attend social functions with the sole intention of meeting the man or woman of their dreams. The ideal party in Harris, I sat with comparable to singles bars—an idea that the brunch group found preposterous and blown out of proportion—has already been expounded upon. But we can admit that attention from a member of the opposite sex, be it romantic, intellectual, or merely social, is most often flattering.

Much has been said and written about the "successful" attempt to meet the man or woman to date a younger man. "Even though Stevens is a difficult poet," said Thomas Couser, "we are trying to make accessible to a diverse audience." His chances, however, took form. One Spring, when English Professor George Willauer, attended the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association in New York, which commemorated Stevens, William Meredith, Alfred Corn (poet and 1978 Visiting Professor of English at Conn. College), and Associates Professor of English and Assistant Professor of English, "she" attended the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association in New York, which commemorated Stevens, William Meredith, Alfred Corn (poet and 1978 Visiting Professor of English at Conn. College), and Associates Professor of English and Assistant Professor of English. "Even though Stevens is a difficult poet," said Thomas Couser, "we are trying to make accessible to a diverse audience." His chances, however, took form. One Spring, when English Professor George Willauer, attended the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association in New York, which commemorated Stevens, William Meredith, Alfred Corn (poet and 1978 Visiting Professor of English at Conn. College), and Associates Professor of English and Assistant Professor of English.

A grant from the Connecticut Humanities Council, state committee of the National Endowment of the Humanities, confirmed that arts programs. N.E.H., which sponsored language school director Germaine Bree's two visits to Conn. last year, and is supporting her return this weekend, is in charge of interdisciplinary programs like the Wallace Stevens Centennial. A Connecticut College grant from the English Department's Ed Preston Gibson Fund rounded out the NEH gift.

It was only natural that Wallace Stevens should be the focus of a program like Connecticut's interdisciplinary "explosion" of the arts. He himself was a curious intertwining of ideas. A powerful poet, not merely a literate, but a finely literate poet; Stevens never lost sight of the dailiness of life. "It gives a man character as a poet," he once said, "to have this daily contact with a job."

Connecticut College Senior Kayce Becker, resident of the Arts Department, designed the Stevens Celebration poster with the help of Eric Albertson,
ROMULOUS LINNEY
PLAYWRIGHT IN RESIDENCE

BY AMY ARKAWY

During the fall semester, Romulus Linney, the noted novelist and playwright, is teaching courses in both Playwriting and Fiction at Connecticut College. Professor Linney, who received his B.A. from Oberlin College and his M.F.A. from the Yale University School of Drama, has held visiting professorships at Brooklyn College, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, the H.B. Playwright’s Foundation, and the Annenberg School of Communications. In addition, he has been a member of the English Faculty at the Manhattan School of Music from 1964-1972, and an adjunct associate professor at the Columbia University School of the Arts from 1972-1974. Before coming to Connecticut, Linney was a visiting associate professor at the University of Pennsylvania during the spring semester, 1975-1976.

After serving in the army, Linney began his career in the theatre as an actor in 1956. He also did some directing for a short time but left the theatre in 1962 to become a novelist.

The candid and friendly Linney describes his leaving the theatre as a necessity. He says, “It was much harder for an actor to find work at that time. There was no off-off-Broadway. If I was starting today I would probably continue acting.”

That year his first novel, Heathen Valley, was published. His second novel, Slowly, By Thy Hand, Unfurled was published in 1965. However, he found his novels becoming increasingly dramatic and was drawn back to the theatre. He explains, “I became more and more impatient about the work that was being done.” In 1966, Linney’s first play, The Sorrows Of Frederick (a closet drama as he describes it) opened in New York City in 1967 at the Mark Taper Forum. His first play is also his most acclaimed and performed. Productions of it have been done in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Germany and in the well known Vienna Burgtheater in Austria. Many actors including Fritz Weaver, Austin Pendleton and Tom Conte have played the lead role.

His other works include Democracy and Esther, Holy Ghosts and The Love Suicide at Schofield Barracks, which is currently going into production at Connecticut College.

Currently, Professor Linney is serving on two commissions—The Phoenix Theatre and the Chelsea Theatre—both in New York City. In addition, on October 19, he attended a rehearsal for his new play, Child Byron, based on the life of Lord Byron, which will be done at the Actor’s Theatre in Louisville, Kentucky.

The vibrant professor explains that creative writing courses have become more popular because, “Although one can’t be taught to write, one can be helped to teach oneself.” In addition, Linney believes that regardless of one’s ability, writing courses are “a very interesting way to become in touch with one’s personal feelings.”

Linney believes that writing is completely personal and that one should exercise one’s own imagination. In both his courses, fiction and playwriting, Linney allows and encourages the students to choose their own subjects and to develop their own styles in major projects. However, he uses short exercises to “release certain imaginative forces in the inexperienced writer.”

The professor also believes it important that writing be shared. All students are required to read their own work aloud in class. The class then engages in critical discussions of each work that are both “candid and supportive.”

Professor Linney is on campus every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and lives in New York with his wife Margaret—an associate professor of Drama at Brooklyn College—and his two daughters Laura, 15, and Susan, 4.

THE OTHER BOOK STORE

THE COMMENT HEARD MOST OFTEN FROM PEOPLE WHO’VE BEEN TO THE OTHER BOOK STORE IS: “INCREDIBLE!”

1. ATMOSPHERE
   We consider every book a major purchase. A book may cost only $1.50 and yet give you an idea that can change your whole life. Our relaxed, unhurried atmosphere is our way of saying: “Take your time, enjoy your visit, look these books over.”

2. SERVICE
   Every person in our store is competent to assist you in finding titles from our stock or special ordering books for you.

3. EXPERIENCE
   Buyers at the Other Book Store are tough customers when it comes to salesmen. Sixteen years of practice have taught us to say no to tasteless or useless books.

4. MUSIC
   Our selections are never canned, plastic, or mushy. We always feature book-person’s music. You’ll appreciate it at once!

Other Book Store · 20 West Main St. Mystic, Ct. · 06355 · 203-536-4788
THE WAY WE WERE: THE WAY WE ARE...

D.J. LOOKS BACK

BY ALICE JOHNSON

When I first came to Connecticut College from Wellesley in 1958, I could see little remarkable difference between the two schools. Both were small women's colleges, both extended over beautifully landscaped campuses, and both stressed a special kind of Victorian— if not Edwardian— gentility of manner. Both maintained rigorous academic standards, though I was immediately impressed by how much more work was expected of Connecticut College students than of their Wellesley counterparts. This is not meant to be an odious comparison; Connecticut was deeply still in the throes of trying to prove itself as women's colleges in New England.

1968 Dick Gregory leads commencement exercises to commemorate the death of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., in the month of March.

College students on a march of three black students killed.

In less than a week, realizing that "Equal Rights" were here to stay, he formed a committee made up of faculty, students, and administrators to grapple with the problem of parietals and in loco parens. After weeks of discussion and debate, in loco parens was out and a single standard was established. Each dormitory would vote in its own house rules. That September, twenty-seven young men arrived on the campus. Co-education was off and running. The first men were pioneers and excellent aides in the recruitment of college men. That's the way we were; that's the way we are.

Although cracks already existed in the pattern of gentility, they did not really begin to show until the fall of 1960 when the first of the activists arrived on campus. The arrival of the class of 1964 marked the end of what journalisms had already labelled "The Silent Generation." The first effort of this group of freshmen which launched more activism was the 'Spring' uprising, traumatic as it was, it marked the abrupt ending of some ten years of student activism. The students realized that no matter how much they deplored the war, they were essentially helpless. Their government refused to listen. And as if by the snap of a finger, everything suddenly stopped. Students turned inward and many went off to do "their own thing": to grow apples in Vermont; to drive taxicabs; to build log cabins; to run marinas; to make pottery. A new breed of student began to arrive on campus in September of 1970. There was little if any sign of national political interest. There was rather a return to serious academic pursuits. The pursuit of careers began to assume remarkable importance. Interests in the professions— particularly law, medicine, and business administration— began to superecede scholarly pursuits. Professional emphases shifted. In the sixties, most students interested in law or medicine planned to be public defenders of those without financial means, or to establish urban clinics to minister to the poor.

There is, more tension and anxiety in the student body today than I can remember having noted before. The uncertain economic status of the world and the scars left by the disgrace of Watergate and Vietnam have contributed to a sense that perhaps all is not so right with America. Students today resist being engulfed by the impersonal, big hand of government or big business, and are deeply concerned about the way both have contributed to the pollution of the planet. A large all-campus effort to collect all materials that can be recycled and used again is a reflection of wide-spread student concern.

The pressures of every college generation change. But the young are still basically the same: vulnerable, sensitive, and idealistic. They may be more knowledgeable in some ways than were their predecessors. Only time will tell if this is a good thing.

The college remains a small community—a community in which it is possible for students to explore and to try out new ways to improve the world as they perceive it. Most of them, despite the pressures and the tensions, would still, I think, agree with Wordsworth's statement of another time: "Bliss it was in that dawn to be alive. But to be young was very heaven." That's the way we were; that's the way we are.

Photos by GEOFFREY DAY
HOMECOMING: Welcome Back Alums

By ANN C. ALLAN

Homecoming at Connecticut College is relatively recent but nonetheless glorious tradition. It holds particular意义 for the recently graduated who have been welcomed back to3 campus and into the fold...after receiving a diploma and probably particularly polished to return to the days. Homecoming is a time for unabashed nostalgia. Time has a way of giving past experience with a warm, fuzzy patina.

For those of us who are still students at Conn, Homecoming is exciting. It's bound to be a very happy and best part of the semester. So many activities and special events are planned that the weekend is crammed with things to do and to remember. Of course, one hundred seniors are needed to put on this party and the cooperation within the class has been excellent. Rhyne stated that there were some problems with "bureaucratic red-tape and delays." He also said, "It was time-consuming. The state of personal jewelry in a hat, a cadet would draw it and the match was made.

The dances would be chaperoned, and we (the faculty) would sit around like 'old fogies; watching, there was a chance and it should be the premier event of the season.

A lot of time and effort has also gone into planning the week-end as a whole. Two to three hundred alumni are expected to return, and of those registered with the Alumni Office 80 percent are from the class of '79. In addition to recent graduates, Conn. will also be hosting the Alumni Council, a group made up of class representatives, admission aides, and fund-raisers, who will be attending workshops and seminars, as well as enjoying themselves.

Although in the past only the last five classes have been invited to Homecoming, this year - because Conn. is celebrating ten years of co-education - all the class from (the first co-ed class) have been asked to attend. And though Homecoming is only three years old, each year more and more alumni return.

In an interview with Constance Sowkalsky, Dean Margaret Watson of the Commitee - the three ladies discussed the history of the event and the philosophy behind it. According to Ms. Anderson, "We had a good crowd last year. This is only the third year and it's a new thing for us but the alumni seem very responsive."

Ronnie Sokalsky added, "The first year people didn't really know what Homecoming was. Now people are talking like it's big weekend." Dean Watson agreed, "People make a point of saving this weekend to come to Conn."

In the past reunions were held in the spring, so Homecoming came into being as an event for the fall. As Ms. Sokalsky pointed out, "Homecoming started as a day, but for students it's a full weekend. We can't accommodate incoming guests for the entire weekend - it would be impossible to feed and house them." She also predicted, "It will grow to be a bigger thing as more come and people talk about it. I can see tailgate picnics in the future!"

In discussing the raison d'etre of the weekend, the Dean stated, "It serves as a means of getting old friends together. It's especially important in the case of seniors and juniors, but even the freshmen who have bid on the job and volunteered are basically a social and recreational event that the whole family can attend." And, one thing that helps the turnout is that most of our young graduates are between Boston and Washington.

Connie Sokalsky pointed out that last Homecoming 1500 people passed through Crozier-Williams on Saturday night. In reference to the College, she noted, "The precedes always come through the successful Senior Week and Commencement."

Connie Sokalsky promises to be the high point of a great weekend. See you at the black-jack table."

Co-Ed continued...

December. There is natural at- traction, with students leaving. And many students spend the second semester away.

This last reason accounts for the small size of the class of '81. They are the present juniors, and many are spending the year abroad, or at another school.

"Also," says Rhyne, "there is a greater tendency for a male to drop out of school for work or traveling than a female. Men are at maturity as women. They are slower starters in the race of finishers. The long haul, things even out."

But before one takes this too seriously, one must remember the "big boys" who ride, especially the College Beer and Bike Race. Smiling, Rhyne recalled the old school traditions, when the college was all girls. "We used to have a Pig Race. The Academy would send up enough cadies - one cadet per Connecticut female. There would be a dance in Cro. The selection of partners were

The bike race was more bizarre. "It was a chug-a-lug event in which the boys would ride to campus, stopping for beverages along the way, so some were sooner when they got here. Only some."

Another feature of the single sex sports was more competition between classes. There were yearly competitions and competitive parties. There would be a dance and singing between classes," says Rhyne. "Prizes would be awarded. I would like to see resumption of friendly competition between classes.

But there was one very serious reason for the move to co-ed. When asked if the move was a monetary one, Rhyns said "there is evidence

In afternoon the season." Dean Watson agreed, "That was the most I knew when I went co-ed. Rhyns said not better, but...

"I think it is fun but. We have had more instances of vandalsim never heard of 10 years ago. But, at the level of consumption, it seems a fun and social event."

The college is healthy, everyone benefited from this year. So, let's hear one more verse of "Happy Anniversary" and have another round of champagne. Cheers and farewell to a great group and another happy Connecticut. Here's to another 10 years of growth!"
ONE WOMAN REMEMBERS MANY

By JULIA STAHLGREN

A lovely, clear voice lifted forward from the back of the chapel. It was a woman's voice that sang, and even though the tune was only "Yankee Doodle," it was beautiful. The person appeared moments later, gifted with sparkling eyes, a wonderful smile, and appealing grace. She greeted the audience, and palmed their attention and concern. About one hour later, they approached her with romance and a standing ovation.

"Women I Have Known" is a one woman show that was written by Ms. Sessions and performed in the chapel last Thursday night. Now in its fourth season, the show is a fascinating and moving look at some of the steps women have taken in the past towards emancipation. "Women I Have Known" is far from a hostile, bitter commentary on the lack of compassion of women, though. "History was written for men, by men, 'bout men, a...men," smiled Ms. Sessions with a heavy Old New England accent at the beginning of the show. Rather than talk about what men had done to women in the past, "Women I Have Known" focused on what women have done to help themselves; and so dealt positively with a subject prone to negativism.

Ms. Sessions spent a full year before writing the script, which is comprised of the stories of eight different women out of the American past. Thursday night the audience met four of the eight - Anne Hutchinson, Lucy Stone, Sojourner Truth, Margaret Sanger - all feminists in the purest, truest sense of the word. Ms. Sessions explained after the show that she does not always introduce all eight women, and although the script is quite complete, it is written to allow her to decide, on stage, which of the eight she will cover.

Ms. Sessions acquaints the audience with these females through her portrayal of a warm, sensitive, tough, and very amusing Old New England woman. She speaks of the women as if she has known them, establishing a smooth, personal tie with each one, to make them all seem real and tangible. Ms. Sessions furthered the realism by voicing each character at various moments; the program is highlighted with genuine speeches and events from these women's lives.

This format provides an impressive demonstration of Ms. Sessions' talent. Already playing one role, she dropped in and out of four other very different characters on Thursday evening with dextrous ease. Anne Hutchinson (1590-1643) was a strong, daring woman who was "accused of thinking." She verbally opposed the Puritan church and was seen as such a threat that John Winthrop banished her from her.

S & J: "What about music in general?"

Vassar: "Ah...Disco ain't worth a thing! I mean one tune would be fine but every tune with the same chords...ya know that beat? I don't see how there's room to do anything much...except dance. I don't have anything against what anybody's doin', if it's going to have anything to do with music it ought to be music!"

S & J: "What's been your favorite musical experience and with whom was it?"

Vassar: "I can't say that 'cause all of 'ems been juss as great."

S & J: "What do you think when people try to classify your music?"

Vassar: "It doesn't matter to me, I could go out there with 5 saxes and they'd say, Man, that's cool. Bluegrass...I don't think you've ever heard it...have you? Just acoustic banjo, mandolin, g'tar, and a bass...played the same way everybody...same notes, everything...now Bill Monroe is Bluegrass. He was a big influence, that's who I started with. Ya got to keep learnin' though...that's what makes music good.

S & J: "So what do you think when people try to classify your music?"

Vassar: "It don't matter to me, I could go out there with 5 saxes and they'd say, Man, that's cool. Bluegrass...I don't think you've ever heard it...have you? Just acoustic banjo, mandolin, g'tar, and a bass...played the same way everybody...same notes, everything...now Bill Monroe is Bluegrass. He was a big influence, that's who I started with. Ya got to keep learnin' though...that's what makes music good.

S & J: "What do you think of kids today, playing campuses, etc.?"

Vassar: "Ya know ya really got a beautiful campus here...yah...They're with ya...they seem like they know what...they seem like they know what they're doin', you know...Ya know...they know what your feeling, or something."

On this, the last night of a 60 day tour, Vassar went into a story about Hank Snow, an idol's idol. "Hank Snow's got a tune about movin' on and he (Chubby) said he'd been movin' too long, so he kinda' got out of it. I like playing to people...I have to keep movin' on and I'll put up with that to play the fiddle...I really hate it, but I'll do it to play the fiddle."

THE COLLEGE VOICE, OCTOBER 4, 1979

ENTERTAINMENT

CLEMENTS A CROWD PLEASER

By JEFFREY DAY

"Music's the only thing that makes sense to me," said 37 year old Vassar Clemens, who's band (Jimmy O'Neill on guitar, Brian Cole on drums, Lou Stevens on piano and Buzzy Mekins, formerly of the Outlaws, on bass) Bluegrassed 500 people at Palmer Auditorium last Sunday evening. The band played a total of 30 songs, some of which might be called progressive bluegrass, country rock, or just Vassar's own blend of music. Whatever it was, the crowd definitely seemed to enjoy it.

A good fraction of the crowd were old Vassar fans playing their spoons and enjoying the display of fine fiddle. A part of the crowd seemed to have been experienced this type of music for the first time, but by the end, Vassar and friends had the crowd on its feet.

Vassar introduced a "cowboy" by the name of Dean Campbell, whom he described as "a good ole boy" from Nashville. He added a Western touch along with a fine display of yodeling. The band ran through many of the favorite old bluegrass tunes: "Lonesome Fiddle Blues", "Orange Blossom Special" ("...the Fiddler's National Anthem"), and the traditional last encore "Will the Circle Be Unbroken."

The band was diverse enough to handle a song by Vassar's ex-Texas, (in the style of Jean-Luc Ponty), "Acropolis" Clemens even let his 400 year old fiddle, "Thorndorment", sing; "Listen to the Mockingbird." Vassar's people, as well as the band, could not have been friendlier, as eager as we were to make our first review a good one.

The awkward feeling in the beginning was quickly lasted by Vassar's good nature. He did not even seem to be bothered by us starting out with the most tried question that we could have asked:

S & J: "What direction do you think your music is taking from here?"

Vassar: "We don't read it, we play it straight...Who knows? Whatever comes up next that feels good."

S & J: "What about music in general?"

Vassar: "Ya know ya really got a beautiful campus here...yah...They're with ya...they seem like they know what...they seem like they know what your feeling, or something."

This show was starting. Its content was impressive and stirring. The quiet, intimacy of the chapel provided an atmosphere that complemented the mood established by the script's author and actress. The skill, and sensitivity, and vitality of the performances, like that of Sojourner Truth, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Margaret Sanger, has a strong sphere. I cannot think of too many better ways to describe Ms. Sessions.
**SPORTS**

**SET: SPIKE: POINT!**

By MARSHA WILLIAMS

Six new faces can be seen among the Connecticut College Volleyball team this season, one being that of Marilyn Gelish, the new coach. Although new to Connecticut College, Ms. Gelish is certainly not new to volleyball. In fact, this is her tenth year of affiliation with the sport. She comes to us from Kennesaw State University in New Hampshire where, after participating in the volleyball club, she initiated the first intercollegiate team, and later saw the team to its first winning season.

Megan Voeburgh, Liz Lawson, Michele Blanchard, Nancy Mamel, and Ginny Bell are the rest of the new team members. They will join veterans Beth Offenhartz, Beth Brown, Meg Garvey, Elizabeth Schelling, Lee Stack, Carol Marton, Kim Carlson, and Margot Moser to form a 13-member team that Coach Gelish believes "has the ability to make it to the regionals in Pennsylvania."

Rumor has it that the team’s practices consist of more conditioning exercises than the men’s soccer team! Although the women joke about their extensive conditioning, there are many stretching exercises, sprints, and jumping drills very similar to those of the men. Practices also include individual drills in which the players can sharpen personal areas of need.

The latter part of the practices involve fast-paced inter-squad matches during which a team is set up on one side of the court receiving serves in game fashion from the remaining players on the other side. The scramble-like drill allows Coach Gelish to familiarize herself with the women as players, while simultaneously providing practice for the team members.

The volleyball team closes the month of September with a record of 2 wins and 3 losses. The first loss came against Yale by a close 2 to 3 score. Yale had won the first two games, but the Camels fought back to win the next two. The pressure was on Yale in the fifth, and they responded, coming out on top by a score of 15-16.

September 24 marked the first home game and the beginning of a very busy week for the volleyball team. They narrowly improved the Conn College fans by completely overpowering Albertus Magnus in three consecutive sets, 15-2, 15-12, and 15-2. Spectacular serves from sophomores Carol Marton, and impressive overall play from freshman Michele Blanchard helped the team to victory.

After splitting a decision on September 6, the Camels were ready to beat Eastern, the Bears returned home for yet another extremely competitive match against Boston College. Some 75 spectators were on hand as starters Beth Schelling, Carol Marton, Margot Moser, Michele Blanchard, and co-captains Lee Stack and Beth Offenhartz took the court. BC won the first game, but the Camels took the second game, 15-8 despite excellent serves from Lee Stack. The second game saw the Camels win 15-4 with great overall teamwork and outstanding serves from Beth Offenhartz. The third game went to BC; the fourth to Conn. Then in the fifth, just as in the fifth game against Yale, the opponents came out on top by only a few points.

If you haven’t made it to a Conn College Volleyball game yet, you are definitely missing a great opportunity to see competition at its peak. The next home game is Saturday, October 6, against Clark.

**MEN’S SOCCER STALLED AT 3-3**

By MARSHA WILLIAMS

Although the Men’s Soccer team has been extremely competitive this season, their record at the end of September stands at a disappointing 3 and 3. Since the opening victory against Holy Cross, the Camels have beaten Fairfield and the Coast Guard, but have been defeated by Quinnipiac, 2-1, 15-12, and 15-2. Spectacular serves from sophomores Carol Marton, and impressive overall play from freshman Michele Blanchard helped the team to victory.

After splitting a decision on September 6, the Camels were ready to beat Eastern, the Bears returned home for yet another extremely competitive match against Boston College. Some 75 spectators were on hand as starters Beth Schelling, Carol Marton, Margot Moser, Michele Blanchard, and co-captains Lee Stack and Beth Offenhartz took the court. BC won the first game, but the Camels took the second game, 15-8 despite excellent serves from Lee Stack. The second game saw the Camels win 15-4 with great overall teamwork and outstanding serves from Beth Offenhartz. The third game went to BC; the fourth to Conn. Then in the fifth, just as in the fifth game against Yale, the opponents came out on top by only a few points.

If you haven’t made it to a Conn College Volleyball game yet, you are definitely missing a great opportunity to see competition at its peak. The next home game is Saturday, October 6, against Clark.

**FLAG FOOTBALL RIPS INTO SEASON**

By ANN C. ALLAN

There are some people who think that the fall term at Conn. begins with classes in Fanning, dorm get-togethers designed to aid freshmen, and the annual autumn rush of warm sweaters to replace cut-offs. The air is cooler, the leaves will soon turn, and this semester, one resolves to really buckle down and work. Summer is really over.

But for the die-hard fan, fall at Conn. really begins when Oakens Ames throws out that first football and the glorious intra-mural wars begin anew. Next to such grandiose events as the Harvard-Yale game, Conn. flag football games may seem pale and insignificant, but those who play, as well as those who cheer the trials, vicissitudes and triumphs of their favorite team, know how intense the competition is.

This season opens as a kind of a blank slate; which teams and individuals will earn immortality remains to be seen. Gone are the almost legendary dynasties, the famous North-South rivalry, and the proven greats. As Smith Housefellow Chris Colbert puts it, "It’s no longer the days of old." Will darkness and Smith, containing as they do the last remnants of the teams that have so dominated the league for the past three years, emerge as rivals? Will the players from Park-Wright do better than the other teams? Everyone has his own speculations and predictions, but this writer will wisely refrain from forecasts, for fear she would be laughed out of print if wrong! Later in the season of course I’ll claim I knew all along!

This season opened with a conference-contender之间的比赛，Hamilton and K.B. Both sides obviously suffered from first game butterflies. In the first half the hard-hitting, gladiatorial style so favored by Conn. fans abounded. This hesitancy wore off as the game went on with Hamilton playing better than they have in years. Magi and Bob (Burtles) Landau were the stars of the game, with Ruggerio shone on defense and defense highlighted by an exceptional thirty yard run, while Landau provided the impetus for Hamilton’s scoring drives.

Both sides were plagued by incomplete passes and penalties. K.B. seemed particularly limited by their small variety of plays. Despite the early season confusion, K.B.’s quarterback, Pat Vokey, displayed considerable potential. Hamilton finally triumphed 31-14.

Flag Football commissioners, Rick Schiering, looked forward to the rest of the season. "There are so real powerhouse games. The stronger teams are Freeman, Hamilton, and Smith-Morrison, but Park-Wright could be a sleeper."

The individuals he mentioned as worth keeping an eye on were Jim Baron and Peter Mendelson of Park-Wright; Fred West, Bob Ruggerio, and Bob Landau of Hamilton; Tony Delyani, Lou Lora, and Paul Sabatino of Smith-Morrison. As of press-time, Smith-Morrison has compiled a league leading 2-0 record by recently crushing Freeman 41-14.

While players come and go, some things never change, like the multitudes of female freshmen fans! Both Hamilton and K.B. started the season with loyal, ardent, and vocal supporters, cheering them on from the sidelines. The more objective spectators were full of eager speculation, nostalgia, and Budweiser. Flag football enthusiasts at Conn. since co-education and the licensing of Atilio Regalo, go, get there and support your dorm!!
HOT TIME IN THE SUMMER SUN

BY ANDREW RODWIN

The final steps are taken when the corners of the vinyl liner are wedged into the coping with clothespins or silveres of wood, and when the hose of the vacuum is slipped underneath the liner and sealed airright with duct tape. Clicked on, the vacuum pulls the liner tight and the liner hugs the walls.

Around the corner of the house, at the mouth of the driveway where the tank truck has been parked, George pulls starts the pump. The flaccid hose snaked down the length of the driveway and across the lawn snaps erect. Tumescence, it squirms to rid itself of the slight kinks that bind the flow.

The first flying gallons of water slap the wall of the pool like a shot; draining down, water forms an instant puddle at the bottom. Arcing powerfully up from the mouth of the hose pitched through empty space and roaring down into the pool at 250 gallons per minute, the water in the bottom quickly collects depth. It is a time to rest, talk, relax, watch. This pool is finished.

We began building swimming pools in the middle of May. Still caught up in the crush of final exams — that alienating stream of bone-wrenching study, feverish beer-drinking, and dark apprehension — nothing looked finer to me than hot sun, honest sweat, long hours, and cold cash. As Hugh figured it was the driver himself, tipped back in a chair, feet after a thousand dollars with Sweetwater Pools.

We formed a crew to build pools. With six summers of building pools behind him, Thomas, a veteran, was boss. Hugh and I were what might appreciatively be known as "junior partners," or more simply "bips." Customers for whom we built pools invested roughly seven to eleven thousand dollars with Sweetwater Pools. As sub-contractors, we invested heavily in sweat and care, and were well paid.

Concrete trucks had a nagging habit of arriving an hour or two late. Tom would call the company periodically to find out what the hell was going on, but the dispatcher always maintained that the driver was "on the way." Hugh figured it was the driver himself, tipped back in a chair, feet louging on the desk, sipping a Coca Cola, who answered the phone.

The trucks bore three to five cubic yards of concrete. Transporting deadweight into a collar required either shoveling conveniently spaced piles dropped from a truck circular the pool, or moving unexaggerated tons of concrete in wheelbarrows. This could provoke quarts of sweat.

Once we leveled, squared, and straightened the walls we were ready to pour the concrete "collar," around the outside base of the panel walls. The collar essentially anchored the pool in place.

Concrete trucks had a nagging habit of arriving an hour or two late. Tom would call the company periodically to find out what the hell was going on, but the dispatcher always maintained that the driver was "on the way." Hugh figured it was the driver himself, tipped back in a chair, feet lounging on the desk, sipping a Coca Cola, who answered the phone.

The trucks bore three to five cubic yards of concrete. Transporting deadweight into a collar required either shoveling conveniently spaced piles dropped from a truck circular the pool, or moving unexaggerated tons of concrete in wheelbarrows. This could provoke quarts of sweat.

Next, we shaped the hole exactly to specifications. Even the best backhoe operator is never accurate to the inch; the hole must be finished or "shaped" by hand.

The final steps are taken when the corners of the vinyl liner are wedged into the coping with clothespins or silveres of wood, and when the hose of the vacuum is slipped underneath the liner and sealed airright with duct tape. Clicked on, the vacuum pulls the liner tight and the liner hugs the walls.

Around the corner of the house, at the mouth of the driveway where the tank truck has been parked, George pulls starts the pump. The flaccid hose snaked down the length of the driveway and across the lawn snaps erect. Tumescence, it squirms to rid itself of the slight kinks that bind the flow.

The first flying gallons of water slap the wall of the pool like a shot; draining down, water forms an instant puddle at the bottom. Arcing powerfully up from the mouth of the hose pitched through empty space and roaring down into the pool at 250 gallons per minute, the water in the bottom quickly collects depth. It is a time to rest, talk, relax, watch. This pool is finished.

Sand was simple — throw it, trowel it smooth. But vermiculite could be an enemy, even as it lay before mixing, dry and inert in stacked bags of cement and piled bags of rice-like additive labelled "pool base aggregate." These ingredients were collided with water in a gas-powered mixer whose engine was as temperamental as a nasty kid.

As mixer, I was left alone to handle mixing and wheeling a steady supply of vermiculite for Tom and Hugh to trowel. It was a simple job, but a nasty one. After mixing and wheeling the vermiculite for the hole, I was left standing alone on the job site. At the far end of the hole, a large concrete mix truck had been parked, George pull started the pump. The flakey stuff was deposited into the hole, and we mixed it with water to create a simple paste.

The trucks bore three to five cubic yards of concrete. Transporting deadweight into a collar required either shoveling conveniently spaced piles dropped from a truck circular the pool, or moving unexaggerated tons of concrete in wheelbarrows. This could provoke quarts of sweat.

Next, we shaped the hole exactly to specifications. Even the best backhoe operator is never accurate to the inch; the hole must be finished or "shaped" by hand.
Fine Foods and Ice Cream
Old-Style Fountain Service

"58 Williams Street
(Route 32)
New London, Conn.

10% Discount on Sunday Nights
(after 4 pm)
with CGA or Conn. College ID
Offer Good Through Oct. 7

CONNECTICUT SPORTING GOODS COMPANY
424 Williams St. New London TEL 442-4364
SHIRTS SILK SCREENED AND LETTERED
Silk Screening:
12-24 shirts ...
25-48 shirts ...
49-72 shirts ...
73 - above ...
$4.00 each
$3.60 each
$3.25 each
$2.75 each

Lettering:
1-5 letters ...
each additional letter ...
numbers ...
$.50 each
$.10 each
$.50 each

Immediate Delivery
Two Week Delivery

GOVERNMENT STORE
391 Williams St.
Cold Cuts  Grinders  Fresh Produce
Fresh Meats Cut to Order
All your party needs:
- ice cold beer-mixers-chips + dips.

GOOD TIMES
30 BANK STREET 443-0710
New location: across from Marcus.
Paraphernalia
Incense
Sterling and Turquoise Jewelry
T-Shirts Custom Printing

Beaconway
10% Discount
Welcome back to campus!
stop in and register for
student discount ID card
Marcus Plaza, Norwich, Ct.
These best buy components add up to one terrific system! At one terrific price! You get a Technics SA-200 receiver with 25 watts per channel (less than .03THD); plus our best-selling, semi-automatic belt drive Technics SL-220 turntable; plus Advent/2 top quality, high performance speakers.

= $499.

NEW LONDON
90 Bank Street
442·5314

ROBERTS
the music people