Camels end most successful year ever
Admissions - picking the best of the crop

THE STORY BEHIND THE 'BOWDITCH'
There exists a gulf between Conn and the Academy which transcends the small distance across the street.

There exists a gulf between Conn and the Coast Guard Academy, "the outcomes are different but the motives are the same. There is so much in common between us... and there's a kind of cold war going on," according to Third Class Cadet Matthew Schroeder.

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Is there a shrink in the house?

By Heli Haas

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The college has responded to this trend in staffing the Infirmary with two professional counselors. These are Laura Heinlein and Bert Gunn. Both work out of offices in the Infirmary basement.

Both have previous experience. Laura has an MS in counseling. Her past work includes 4 years at Central Conn. State College where she not only did career counseling but also taught counseling courses for graduate students. After this she spent a year at Mitchell College as director of their counseling service.

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Cold War with the Guard

By Michael Sittenfeld

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Larrabee takes the flag football crown from Harkness

By Katherine McNair and Ann Allao

There are those in the outside world who think of Connecticut College as an academic haven for the quietly studious intellectual. Those people envision a tre-lined campus where students sip tea and argue of Plato vs. Aristotle as the sun slowly sinks behind Knowlton. But we who actually live her know another side of Conn.

During times of peace, the Coast Guard is an arm of the Department of Transportation; in time of war, according to a promotional pamphlet, "the Coast Guard serves as a highly-specialized wing of the United States Navy." Each military branch of the government has one service academy. The Coast Guard Academy, however, is the only service academy which gives competitive admissions; there are no appointments to the Academy. Last year 350 Cadets were selected for approximately 350 acceptances in much the same way as students who apply to Conn.

Larrabee boys, an awesome conglomeration of meat, sinew and muscle, were hungry this year as a result of their defeat at the hands of Doody, Sanford, Morris & Co. in '77. And Harkness, left with only Dave Stewart and Beaver Morrin after graduation, had managed to turn a group of unknown and relatively inexperienced players into the only undefeated team going into the bowl. Tension mounted in the days before the game as both teams combined brute and bravado to reach a peak of psychological intensity that could only be released in the final contest.

Kicking off in the first quarter at Harkness field, Larrabee's team. Although the ball was well-kicked by Hugo Soberon, the final of his first pass to Jimmy Geberra and his second to

Continued on page 7

Continued on page 6

Continued on page 14
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Future shock

A recent conversation with a few members of the Campus Safety staff has brought a few facts to the attention of the College Voice.

1. Earlier this year, a security officer went to Larabee to investigate a noise complaint. Outside the dorm, a tin-gallon bag of water was dropped by a group of students from the roof of Larabee, missing the officer by a few feet. Ten gallons of water weighs about eighty-three pounds.

2. Last year, a student was caught driving his car on Harkness Green. He told the security officers that caught him that his father was wealthy and influential; and that if they caused any trouble for him, his father would “have their jobs.”

3. About a month ago, a station-wagon parked in South Lot was pushed over an embankment. The car now rests at a 45 degree angle. Extensive damage was done to it.

4. Earlier this year, a group of students were seen running around in the power facility by the post office, at night. A power facility is generally considered to be a very hazardous area. One student was caught. A letter was sent home to his parents; this constituted his punishment.

5. Again, earlier this year, a student threw a glass beer mug through the closed window of a cruising security car. Later that night, the student drove by the car a couple of times, shouting sarcastic insults at the officer inside.

Without being self-righteous, it must be noted that these incidents are only exaggerated examples of a general pattern. There is a meaning behind the food thrown, the windows broken, and the furniture stolen by students at Connecticut College. (Is it pertinent that parents pay the bills for most students to come here?)

A certain attitude towards the related constraints of rules and the value of material goods is developing among us. The attitude is one of irresponsibility.

It may be inadvisable to follow rules when our inclinations urge us to do otherwise, and to use material goods rather than to play with them. But, although a measure of flexibility is appropriate, rules should be obeyed. Rules are made because we are cramped, because we are stuck with one another. This is a hard fact. It must be adjusted to. It is nothing other than tough luck. Not to adjust to it is to be spoiled.

Similarly, the nonconformity with which we use material goods, like food or window, as toys and playthings, must be called into question. We cannot afford to waste things. Inflation, vanishing resources, and the dissipating economic base on which modern life is based are trends which portend of a future when we will not be able to be free with goods because they will be scarce. The age of abundance seems to be running out. Nightmares like the gas shortage is very hazardous. Inflation, vanishing resources, and the dissipating economic base on which modern life is based are trends which portend of a future when we will not be able to be free with goods because they will be scarce. The age of abundance seems to be running out. Nightmares like the gas shortage are prevalent by a few members of the Connecticut College and elsewhere than littering food around a dining hall. Regardless of what certain members of the Administration and faculty have said, it is the student’s right to investigate what is going on earlier this year, that student and abuses are perceived, it is our right, unquestionably, to make accusations and press for change. In so doing, we create our own future. But by living prodigally and for today alone, we let the future just happen, and if we do so it is certain that we will not like what it brings.

The College Voice is an editorially independent news magazine published weekly during the academic year. All copy is student-written unless specifically noted. Unsolicited material is welcome but the editor assumes no responsibility and will return only those accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. All copy represents the opinion of the author unless otherwise noted. The College Voice is a student-run, non-profit organization. Editorial offices are located in Room 115, Creative Writers Student Center. Mailing address: Box 1351, Connecticut College, New London, CT 06320, Phone: (203) 435-3971, Ext. 236 or 297.

LETTERS

Dear Editors,

We would like to extend the soccer team and cross-country teams congratulations on their highly succes-
sful season. The soccer team finished the season with a 14-3 record and an E.C.A.C. bid; while the cross-country team finished at 3-6-1. The respec-
tability of the college’s athletic program is confirmed by these achievements among Division III schools. In view of the Camel’s over-
whelming success, the College Voice sports department has neglected and often been unprofessional in its coverage. This is evidenced in the last soccer article to appear in the Voice, by Clyde McKee.

McKee’s article, berating the team for its loss to Assumption College, reminds one of Boston Globe columnists who spend more time cutting up athletes than reporting the positive and important aspects of the season. Surely 14 victories deserves more space than three defeats. To concentrate one’s time on such petty criticism of a suc-
cessful organization is not only em-
barrassing to the writer, but leaves the reader of the article in bewilderment as to the purpose of his journalistic en-
deavours. A team as good as the Camels merits more coverage than a school of this size. They deserve all the sup-
port they can get. The College Voice, as a fundamental instrument in student body communication, it should not return itself to such unconstructive criticism.

Connecticut College, as a small New England institution lacks distinction from similar private colleges in this part of the country. Perhaps we can use the wide reputation of the soccer and cross-country teams to help build a distinct and positive reputation.

Bill Zaniowsky
Barry Hyman

Volume II, Issue No.

Frasure

by Mike Adamowicz

Swept away

Swept and battered by a late season hurricane, the 45-
foot “Bowedboat” sits at the bottom of the Caribbean. Alavanaugh Ben Sprague and the three other crew members nearly drowned, and that was only the beginning of their ordeal.

by Noah Sorkin

Coasting

For those who haven’t had the opportunity to see much of the Connecticut College sailing team, you might want to know what the pace of life is like across the street from the 14-3-1 record of the US Coast Guard Academy, and the students who choose to go there.

by Mike Sittenfeld

p.12.13

p.16

p.9-11
**Welcome to the noodle factory**

**By Tina Gaold**

On the edge of our campus, between J.A. and Williams Street, is a small white building officially designated as Woodworth Hall. Even after four years as a tour guide, I too must plead guilty to the charge that when a car slows down beside me and I am asked “Can you tell me where Woodworth Hall is?” that I must take a moment to consider before I answer. Woodworth Hall is, of course, better known as the Admissions Office.

The curious thing about the Admissions Office is that although it is the one building in which most students enter before beginning their career here, it is the one place they seem to avoid for the next four years. Perhaps not avoid, but rather most of the student body forgets that the Admissions Office exists, and remains relatively unaware of what goes on inside. In search of some answers to some questions concerning this elusive but vital spot, I went to see Mrs. Jeanette Hersey, Dean of Admissions.

The first question which people seem to ask of Admissions Officers and tour guides concerns the kind of student population which the college is seeking to attract. Although there seem to be conflicting views on this subject offered by various groups on campus, Mrs. Hersey maintains that students need only look to themselves and the students around them to find the answer. Mrs. Hersey feels that there is no profile of the “typical Conn. College student.” A former president of Bennington College, and a friend of Mrs. Hersey’s, once said that he was “looking for a well-rounded student body, not just well-rounded students.” Mrs. Hersey concurs with this philosophy. What the college looks for in forming the student body is students of high academic potential (an evaluation based upon a student’s high school record and test scores), individuals who are enthusiastic and involved in a wide variety of interests. These candidates can be expected to contribute to the college community by virtue of participation and the sharing of their personal experiences.

One important job of the admissions office, which is perhaps the least apparent, is to travel around the country and spread the “good word” about Conn. College. Some of the cities visited by our admissions staff includes Denver, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Grand Rapids, and Chicago. Mrs. Hersey believes that attracting students from a broad geographical area is a response to the wishes of the college community.

On campus the Admissions Office is a busy place, especially during the fall semester. During an average year, the office will give interviews to over 2,600 prospective student and will process more than 2,700 applications for admission. At this point student input is crucial. The tour guide program becomes the link between the Admissions procedure and the reality of student life for the prospective applicant. Mrs. Hersey believes that more prospective students today are openly concerned about the quality of life at any particular college than before. Tours are given every hour from 9:00 a.m. until 4:00 p.m. Monday through Friday and on Saturday mornings. Tour guides are volunteers from the student body and organized by Pam Crawford and Scott Williamson.

The process of admissions plays an important role in determining the future of the college. The people who work there understand their role and try to reflect the best interests of the college community and to represent the college accurately to prospective students.

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**New prof.**

The anthropology department is offering a new professor. Dr. Adam Kendon will join the faculty next semester. Professor Kendon, supported by a grant from the Henry R. Luce Foundation, holds degrees from the universities of Cambridge and Oxford and is presently a senior research fellow in the anthropology department of the Australian National University in Canberra. Kendon’s second semester courses are listed under the heading of Human Movement.

**Refugees**

The group of Vietnamese refugees stranded off the coast of Malaysia on the freighter Hal Hong was thinned out last Sunday. The first of 604 arrived in Montreal yesterday and the remaining 1,000 passengers will be shipped later on this week to homes in the West. Other countries that want the refugees are France, Belgium, Switzerland, Britain, and West Germany. West Germany went on to say that it would admit 1,000 Vietnamese refugees, although all might not come from the Hal Hong. Malaysia wanted no part of the refugees and after refusing to take the Hal Hong passengers, even threatened to force the freighter out to sea if no other country would accept them.

The refugees paid 85 million for the 30-year-old freighter and also paid Vietnamese officials to allow them to leave the country.

**Lightning**

In 1945, lightning struck the foot of Roy C. Sullivan of Grotton, Virginia, and clipped off one of his toenails. In 1966, a shaft of lightning knocked Sullivan unconscious and singed his eyebrows. In 1970, Sullivan was hit by lightning a third time, burning off some of his hair. In 1974, lightning again struck Sullivan on the shoulder. In 1977, lightning hit Sullivan for the seventh time, setting his hair on fire once more and singeing his clothing. “Some people are allergic to flowers; I’m allergic to lightning,” says Sullivan.
Deadly nuclear threat

A spokesperson for the Energy Policy Information Center has declared that design flaws in three New England nuclear reactors present a "serious and immediate" hazard to members of the region. The three reactors suffering from design defects that cause a breakage of cooling pipes are the Millstone I near New London, Connecticut, Vermont Yankee outside Brattleboro, Vermont, and Pilgrim I in Plymouth, Massachusetts.

If the cooling pipes were to burst, a stoppage of water to the reactor core would occur, and the result would be a "meltdown" accident. Estimates by Brookhaven National Laboratory say that a meltdown would kill 65,000 people, injure 100,000, contaminate an area the size of Pennsylvania with radioactivity and do $17 billion in damage.

The defect was first discovered at the Duane Arnold reactor in Cedar Spring, Iowa, when water started to spray out of the main cooling pipe during an unscheduled shutdown. Later, four other cracks in other cooling pipes were discovered in the same plant. Fortunately, officials at the plant were able to correct the problem, and saved the surrounding area from a meltdown disaster.

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission has revealed that 74 reactors, including the three stated above, suffer from the same generic design that can cause pipe cracking. Compounding the problem is the fact that these cracks develop from the inside of the pipes and are impossible to detect by either x-ray or ultrasonic sound techniques.

Steve Hildegard, of the Energy Policy Information Center, said of the three New England reactors, "pipes vital to safety systems at these may be silently corroding. Unless these reactors are shut down and thoroughly inspected, cracks which can cause a devastating accident may be going undetected. Hildegard went on to say that the pipe cracking problem is the type of unanticipated problem that the recently discredited "Reactor Safety Study" or the Rasmussen report, failed to consider.

The Rasmussen report, which said the odds of being killed by a nuclear reactor jet equal to those of being killed by a meteor, was, after its release in 1975, hacked by the nuclear industry. Recently, the Rasmussen report has been contested by an independent report, in view of the pipe cracking. This independent report stated that the testing method was defective and the Rasmussen report "should not be used uncritically either in the regulatory process or for public policy purposes."

A new review is now being conducted by scientists at the University of California, the Brookhaven National Laboratory, the Electric Power Research Institute, the Environmental Protection Agency, California Institute of Technology, and Princeton University.

Dollar blues

Prices have doubled since 1967, which means a dollar will buy only half as much as it did eleven years ago, the government declared as it released figures showing a new surge in food-prices occurring last month.

In its monthly report on inflation, the Labor Department said if the rise in prices of pork, beef and poultry continue to push consumer prices up (the rise in prices during October was 0.8 percent) the net rise in the rate of inflation for the year will be 4.6 percent.

"God awful!" was the only comment President Carter's chief inflation advisor, Alfred E. Kahn would make after seeing the new figures. Unfortunately for him the new inflation figures are the highest yet to be recorded in the history of the United States.

The Consumer Price Index passed the 200 mark in October for the first time ever, meaning that a $200 purchase in 1978 would cost $100 if bought in 1967. Adren Cooper, Commerce Department analyst of the price report, went on to say that the price report "shows we still have a high rate of inflation and it's persistent."

George Meany, the president of the AFL-CIO, feels that "the average worker's wages, just cannot keep up with the price tag of the essentials. It's obvious that speeches and threats that are not based on legislative authority will not curb inflation. The need for a statutory, across-the-board controls program becomes daily more apparent."

Because of the new inflation, Carter's voluntary anti-inflation program has been attacked with cries for mandatory wages and price controls for an immediate halt of the inflation. Barry Bosworth, director of the Council on Wage and Price Stability, indicated Tuesday, in response to the complaints the Carter administration is considering some changes in its anti-inflation standards.

Fresh recruits

Two new freshmen representatives were selected by the freshmen student body to Conn. College's judicial board. Guy Donatelli and Nat Turner, of Rumble and Rock dormitories respectively, were two of the victorious candidates. The position requires them to judge the disciplinary cases occurring on the campus, along with other members of the judicial board.

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The dropout rate at the Academy during the first three months of the freshman year is high, according to Lieutenant George Joseph Whiting, public affairs officer. "When we bring in 300 people, we don't expect to graduate 200," explained Whiting. "A good number of people come into this kind of life and can't handle it."

The first three months—often referred to as "Swab months"—constitute the transition from civilian life to military life. Several cadets lock back upon their swab months as a difficult trial. "You're all equals and you're all on the bottom," said First Class Cadet J.E. Frost. "The academy has subtle ways of applying pressure."

Cadets who persevere after the first semester gradually gain more responsibility. Freshmen are fourth classmen, sophomores are third class cadets, juniors are second classmen, and seniors are first class cadets. "The amount of authority which a cadet has increases as the years go on," said Lt. Whiting. "You work your way up."

First Classman J.M. Avallone commented that "the transition from lower class to upper class is significant, the challenge is the fun."

"You can make four $50 million ships do whatever you want," added First classman Terry Walsh. "During the academic year, the emphasis is on education," remarked First Classman N.E. Vandervoort. Cadets can major in nine different areas: marine engineering, ocean engineering, electrical engineering, mathematical sciences, physical sciences, management, and government. "This is primarily an engineering school," said Lt. Whiting. For cadets, technical majors do not leave much time for electives.

After completing the freshman year, "military training is not a significant part" of a cadet's time, according to Cadet Avallone. Fourth classmen do a lot of military training and studying, while upper classmen concentrate mostly on studying.

Many cadets spend a good part of their second, third, and fourth summers on the Coast Guard Cutter. Eagle, a 286-foot ship which was obtained from Germany after World War II. The Eagle provides cadets with experience in communications, navigation, and the handling of a ship which is essential for their careers as officers.

If a cadet does not train on the Eagle, he can go on a cruise to Europe during the summer. On these cruises cadets will generally spend four days at sea for each day on land. Several cadets feel that their summer experiences more than compensate for the academic and physical rigors of the rest of the year.

"You work your way up."

The government pays cadets about $400 a year, according to a Coast Guard brochure. "For uniforms, textbooks, and other incidental expenses, it's not unusual for many cadets to have a considerable sum of money saved up upon graduation."

After four years, cadets become ensigns with a salary of about $600-700 per month, in addition to medical and health care benefits and commissary privileges.

In 1976 the first women were admitted into the Academy. "Women merged right into the cadet corps," said Whiting. "The academy has done quite well with women. It is now felt that women can do what men do, they've proven that they can. Assignments in the Coast Guard are no longer based on sex."

For the cadets interviewed by the College Voice the transition to a co-educational cadet community has not been completely smooth. "For twenty years you've expected to learn how to treat women one way, and then suddenly you're expected to treat them another way," said Cadet Frost in commenting about the difficulties of giving orders to women cadets. "There's no tradition to fall back on with dealing with women," said First Classman Walsh. "Problems come up which never came up before." First Class Cadet J.D. Welch remarked that, "there are a lot of problems, but I think they can be worked out."

The reasons which cadets have for attending the Academy include the facts that they get paid while they get an education and that, upon graduation, they have a guaranteed job. "I wouldn't have come here if my parents could afford any institution in the country. This is the best institution I got in," said First Classman Vandervoort. For some cadets, however, there are deeper considerations. "I came here because I wanted to help other people," said First Class Cadet Avallone. "Some of us came here to serve our country," remarked Cadet Frost.

As a member of the Coast Guard before going to the Academy, Third Classman Schroeder rescued a child after a huge storm in Hawaii. Schroeder's commanding officer suggested that he apply to the Academy to pursue a career in the Coast Guard. He came to the Academy for, among other reasons, more opportunities to rescue people at sea.

While many Conn. students do not understand the Academy, it is important to realize that cadets do not completely comprehend Conn. The cadets interviewed by the College Voice spoke of the small number of times they have visited the Conn. campus. Some explained that they do not know what Conn. students study. Piling in the gap which exists between the two institutions depends on the enlightenment of both student populations. It is difficult for Conn. students to accept the fact that cadets can be seen walking around the Academy campus carrying rifles. In the same way it is hard for cadets to understand the relaxed atmosphere of Conn.

A widespread tendency among Conn. students is to sneer at cadets because of their rigid, structured lifestyle. Only after this phenomenon is eliminated can Conn. begin to realize the dedication and spirit which characterize many Coast Guard cadets.

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Counselors

Continued from page 1

Both counselors have maintained private practices. One often imagines that Conn. is free of severe or even mild problems. According to the counselors, there are students facing personal difficulty. Bert Gunn has dealt with problems ranging from nervous and sexual hangovers to test anxiety and lack of personal direction. Many students who seek the counselors are simply sad or lonely.

Laura feels that problems tend to be personal. Although one might assume freshmen have the hardest time since they are in the midst of transition, mostly upperclassmen seek them. When asked if they felt the school aggravates problems, both replied that the academic environment doesn't create problems but rather brings them to the surface. Laura emphasized that school can be a "stress-producing activity."

Some students are referred to the counselors by housefellow, deans, faculty advisors, or doctors, but most come on their own accord. Two hundred students, or about one out of every eight enrolled here, sought professional counseling at the Infirmary last year. The counselors do not have dogmatic approaches to counseling. In her work, Laura responds "individually to the individual." When a student comes to see her, Laura engages in exploring, along with the student, feelings, thoughts, and behavior. Working together, they advise one another. Laura offers personal opinions and advice, but only as one suggestion out of a possible many.

Like Laura, Bert responds differently to each student, taking into account diversity of temperament and personality. His orientation is eclectic - a bit of everything. Bert, for example, might advise the lonely to "look around and see who sparks your curiosity. Then find some way to speak to him or her."

Some students ultimately decide to take a year off or transfer. Bert recognizes a certain flexibility in the administration's response to students who pursue a transfer or the like to meet personal needs. There is diversity in the students that Bert and Laura see. Students may just visit once; conversely, they may get counseling every day, or be sent home. The student's family is only informed at the student's request, or in the event of an emergency, which is quite rare.

If medication is called for, students are referred to a psychiatrist. And, in fact, 80 percent of counseled students have had previous psychiatric help or counseling service. Significantly, 90 percent of the students who visit the counselors return after their first visit. This seems to confirm a basic sense of trust in the counselors and the conviction that they can indeed lend help.

Laura Hesslein

Instead of offering prepackaged solutions, Bert and Laura both stress the importance of taking time to seek the answers to one's problems introspectively. Students confused about their own identity and who find no solution in depending on the opinions of others should establish their own frame of reference. "The students should not be afraid to find out," suggested Laura. Although Bert is in his office three days a week, and Laura five, and both are always on call when at home, the counselors recognize that hidden in the Infirmary, they have little access to direct, spontaneous contact with the students. It is true that discussions have been held in dorms on such subjects as academic pressure and cohabitation. Yet, as Bert says, the campus is growing more stressful, although it is not clear why. A student is free to analyze the own causes of his or her stress by seeing the counselors. The problematic question of why the campus is becoming more of a place of stress, and why counseling is becoming a more widespread phenomenon characteristic of contemporary society remains.

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No, this isn't the latest winter fashion just in from Paris. It is Glasby Clarkson wearing her 500 foot flip-top chain. The chain is made up of 15,000-20,000 soft drink pull-tops, and when laid down straight it will hopefully stretch Ginny into the Guinness Book of World Records. And what you see isn't all she got, with 500 feet more hiding in St. Louis. Ginny's collection began four years ago, but serious collecting only started this past summer. Ginny rummaged parking lots, waste bins, and had a little help from her friends. So why not give her a hand? Ginny will be setting up a bee in Crock aged for Flip-tops only. So instead of tossing it to the ground you can help to establish a world's record!

On their way home after a 3-1 win over Central Conn the CC Hockey team saved the town. They noticed a rapidly spreading brushfire and attacked the fire with their fire trucks and the police. By the time the fire fighters and the police arrived the team had the situation under control. Commendations are on the way but John England, Team Captain, would much rather have the town pay for the melted fiberglass sticks.

Now that the New York Times has resumed publication, the College Voice is considering beginning its own newspaper strike. With the times back on the newstands, Voice editor-in-chief James C. Polas feels that his paper can relax their "vigilant assumption of the journalistic vacuum pursuing therefrom" and plans to call a general strike. Experts speculate that Polas will use his resulting leisure hours to clean up his room and act.

Christmas came early this year for campus security. Many security persons mentioned their barrassment of riding in the denoted, beat-up old Nova. So Santa Anus consulted his elves and came up with a beauty that rivals the Bug mobile. (For you non-believers, just consider the car as a channukah present.) The car has kept students happy as Security has no time to dispense parking tickets since they spend all their time cruising the campus soliciting dates and thumbing their noses at unfortunate who only drive BMW's.

Three Connecticut College crimbusters, Wild Joe Malmington, Sweet Lou Costa and Fangus Mass, were instrumental in the arrest of several roughhan townies who were in the process of abducting a high-power moped. The three heroes are seen here practicing criminology techniques on Pork dormmate Boba Costa, an off-duty student patrolder, attributes the trio's success to Warehouse Liquors in Dedham. These three are anxiously awaiting their next assignment; a stint on the Florida beaches in Statutory Rape Prevention.

There is an unwritten tradition prevalent on almost every college campus. The tradition is that when the first real snowstorm hits every nut and his brother goes out and frolics in the snow, desperately trying to get his or her picture taken (nobody really has fun in the junk). This leads to another tradition; every simpering idiot with a camera ventures forth and snaps all those cute people playing in the snow. And hey do they have fun. The stuff drips down their backs and underwear and freezes on embarrassing places. Then there are the people who throw snowballs with eggs or ball bearings cleverly hid inside. Other fun activities includes sliding down a hill that empties out onto a major freeway. But the most ob nicious tradition of all is that every college publication (barring U-Miami, Hawaii, etc), prints a bundle of these insipid pictures. So here is my rendition of "Snow at Conn Collage."
On October 25, Conn alumnus Ben Sprague and three comrades left Bermuda for the Bahamas. Three days later, a Cuban tanker found the "Bowditch" sunk and her four crew members living with no provisions on a raft built for two.

October 13, 1978, was a beautiful fall day in Manchester, Mass. As he arrived at the harbor, Ben was genuinely looking forward to the job which he had gotten through a close friend. Along with three other men (ages ranging from 40 to 57) Ben had been hired to sail the 42 foot sloop Bowditch from Manchester south to an island named Abaco in the Bahamas. Ben had been to sea before on ships of all sizes, and the impending 1500 mile trip across the South Atlantic represented nothing out of the ordinary. Each of the four crew members were experienced sailors and navigators (one of the crew members, the captain, even held an airplane pilot's license).

The four men sailed as far south as Bermuda with no problems. The weather had been fair (the hurricane season is usually over this late in the fall) and the ship was able to make reasonably good time, reaching Bermuda on the 20th of October. Once docked, the crew took on fresh provisions and made minor repairs aboard their boat. Relaxing in Bermuda for five days, the men were ready to start the second half of their voyage on the 25th of October.

For two days the Bowditch sailed south by southeast, the nearest land some one hundred and eighty miles to the west. For two days the men tended to those chores required of any crew at sea: securing lines, checking navigational equipment, washing decks. For two days the Bowditch sailed undisturbed through the deep waters of a calm blue ocean. Then the Atlantic turned mean.

In the mid-afternoon of Saturday, October 28, the ship's barometer started to drop as the winds around the Bowditch began to beat at the rigging. The sea began to flex its muscles, hurling waves of ten and by Noah Sorkin

Illustration by Max Moore

THE COLLEGE VOICE, DECEMBER 5, 1978
Sunday arrived, and with it the skies revealed an ominous picture: cumulus clouds now dominated the horizon, and a heavy rain poured down as the crew stowed life-rafts and secure lines. In an attempt to keep the ship's stern into the wind, Ben and another sailor let out a set of sea-anchors, small weights meant to drag along the water's surface.

On Sunday, at about eight o'clock in the evening, the crew was forced to take down all the sails. Thrown off course by the powerful storm the Bowditch fell prey to the gigantic swells which tossed the vessel about like driftwood. Although the men were quite seasoned to such weather, the crew grew anxious as the hurricane's strength increased. In the wheelhouse the captain struggled to keep his ship headed south towards the Bahamas. Ben manned the ship's pumps in a frustrating effort to empty the water which was flooding into the quarters below. At 9:00 p.m. the captain issued new watch orders. Rather than one man, two men would now hold the watch on the top-deck, while the other two would tend to the pumps, or try to protect the ship's equipment from the storm. At about midnight Ben had gone below to catch a few hours of sleep, much needed after such a trying day. But then the Atlantic turned deadly.

The huge wave caught the Bowditch broadside; a twenty foot wall of ocean which captured the ship in a matter of seconds. Both the rudder and the 5000 lb. keel lifted out of the water as the boat lay completely on its side. Ben was thrown violently from his bunk, crashing against the bulkhead. Grasping his way on deck he saw that the cockpit was flooded, the men who had been at the wheel now struggling against the corrosive water. Waves washed over the ship, quickly filling the lower compartments as they surged through ventilation ducts and open engine hatches.

Slowly the Bowditch began to right itself, the weight of the keel pulling the side Ben worked furiously to pump water out of the boat. In the wheelhouse the compass spun crazily as the Bowditch was put into a quick 360 degree spin by the enormous winds. The hurricane was at its peak, punishing the craft with rain and waves, and slating at the faces of the crew as they tried to work.

At 1:00 a.m. the boat fell victim to another wave, and once again the Bowditch was slapped sideways onto the surface of the sea. Becoming more and more concerned, yet still acting calmly and swiftly, Ben tied a line between himself and the mast so as not to be swept away by the raging waves. He heard the cries of another crew member, Malcolm Kadera. Down in the flooded quarters Kadera was fighting to escape through an access hatch. Yes Ben saw that the hatch was blocked by a life-boat which had become jammed across the deck. Kadera's screams filled the air as the water rose above his neck. Although Ben shortly saw Kadera escape through a different outlet, he had little time for relief for now the Atlantic turned hateful, and the Bowditch began to sink.

As if unwilling to surrender what had been his home, devotion and pride for the ship, Ben held on to the mast as the ship quickly slid into the sea. Although he had cut the line tying him to the mast Ben grasped the pole firmly as the ocean began to swallow him up. Within a few seconds he was completely submerged. He felt the agony of badly needed oxygen, the horror of being in a medium so alien to his senses.

From deep within him he experienced that cliche of terror; he was too young to die, too young to drown in the 2600 feet of water which were quickly claiming the 'Bowditch'. Ben let go of the mast and slowly swam up to the turbulent surface. Below him the ship continued its descent, down to its final resting place on the muddy ocean floor.'
Floating on the sea, Ben was heaved about violently by tremendous waves. The salt in his throat stung piercingly from within, while his eyes burned from the constant splashes of water which swept over him. At first there was no sign of the other crew members. Then, slowing regrouping his thoughts, Ben heard the shouts of his companions. Two of them were clinging to a dinghy which had come loose from the ship. Although offset, the small raft lay upside down in the thrashing water, the men unable to right it because of the rough seas. A few yards away from him the third crew member yelled out for Ben to swim towards the dinghy. With great effort Ben managed to fight his way over to the tiny raft, grabbing on wearily as the four men struggled to stay together, to keep their tired, waterlogged bodies from slipping beneath the surface.

The sea proved too rough to right the dinghy. For seven long hours the men could do nothing but hang on to the sides of the raft. Although the tropical waters were not particularly cold, the sheer violence of the ocean pounded against the men, making these hours seem like an eternity. No where on earth could there be a more desolate spot, no where could there be a place where Ben could feel more lonely, more afraid; more convinced that the irrationality of fate had somehow trapped him. Seven long hours of swallowing sea water, of cursing the weather, of trying to encourage each other, and of wandering in amazement how their beloved ship had disappeared, leaving them stranded and helpless.

The sun rose brightly on Monday morning. By 8:00 a.m. the wind and rain had died down considerably, and as if in a gesture of reconciliation, what what once been tremendous swells turned to small choppy waves. Only after several clumsy attempts was the crew able to turn the dinghy right side up. Climbing over the side Ben scooped water out of the raft, wondering how a dinghy meant to hold two men could possibly accommodate the four of them. Yet it was vital that they get out of the water; their eyes were terribly swollen from the sea salt, and their fear of sharks made staying in the water too great a risk. In addition, one of the crew members had badly cut his hand during the night. The loss of blood had weakened him, making it all the harder to keep a firm hold on the raft.

Slowly the men crowded into the small dinghy. As good as it was to be out of the water the crew could still not feel relieved, for an assessment of their situation proved gloomy. They had no food, no fresh water, no medical supplies, no flares, compasses or charts. They were simply adrift in an expanse of ocean nowhere near the shipping lanes. Their entire stock of provisions consisted of two oars, a pair of oarlocks, seven pieces of chewing gum and a flashlight. Then the Atlantic began to tease them.

Making calculations from the sun the captain realized that they were drifting east. The ocean was carrying them further out, in the direction of Europe, over two thousand miles away. Grabbing the oars Ben tiredly rowed in a westerly direction, hoping to counteract the ocean currents and perhaps move them closer to the shipping lanes, some ninety miles off.

All day they rowed, their terror and anxiety reflected in haggard faces. Their voices grew rough as their throats felt the dry burning of hours without water. They took off their shirts and draped them over their heads in a desperate effort to protect themselves from the sun. The only relief they could find was a periodic nap; ten minutes of sleep now, five minutes a little later. And always that expanse of water all around them, always that great blue nothingness which was the Atlantic. Sometimes they would look out and think that they had spotted a ship, but it would soon prove to be nothing more than a large swell, tens of miles away from them.

Monday night came and their thirst grew worse. The fluids within them were quickly evaporating through salty spit and perspiration. They could no longer sit up straight but rather slumped weakly, letting the oars drop into the boat while each man tried to catch some sleep.

At about 9:00 p.m. they saw a light on the horizon. The running lights of what must have been a tanker were bobbing up and down way off in the distance. Ben sat up, notifying the others that a ship was in sight. He tried to shine their flashlight in the ship's direction, carefully manipulating the small beam in an attempt to send out a distress call. For a few moments the men stared at the horizon, biting their lips in the anticipation that maybe, just maybe, whatever was out there would spot their signal.

But the light did not grow any closer. The crew realized that they were not going to find salvation in the distant ship. Perhaps they had not been seen, or perhaps the ship had purposely steamed away from their light, believing them to be another ship. The crew slumped back into the dinghy, too drained of energy to feel any disappointment.

As the night passed the men were silent. Sometimes they slept, sometimes they merely let their thoughts roll about in their minds as if in an attempt to match the rocking of the dinghy. They dreamed of home, and friends, yet their thoughts were constantly interrupted by the sharp bite of thirst, and the empty, sickening feeling of hunger. They prayed, too. Each in his own way and to his own god. Ben wrestled with notions of death, wondering whether there really were any ships which might find them.

They soon realized that the sun was rising, but Tuesday morning brought them no relief. Still the horizon was empty, nothing more than the blurry meeting of sky and sea. They tried to make a fish-look out of a flashlight beam, but the brittle piece of metal proved useless. They tried rigging a sail from their shirts, but the wind was too weak to move them against the strong ocean currents. Thirst, hunger, fear, desperation and the specter of death brought them into Tuesday afternoon.

Ben was the first to spot it. A faint dot on the horizon, distant but visible, blurry but real. The men strained their eyes to see it, fighting the burning sensation within their pupils. It grew slowly larger, taking on shape and proportion. A ship, a large ship, perhaps a tanker, with a large funnel and deep draft. The men crowded to the bow of their dinghy, resting their beleagured bodies against each other as they stared with an intensity only the desperate ever experience. It was a ship. A beautiful, sweet ship. They saw its bow pointed in their direction, and for a moment their minds stood frozen.

Suddenly they jumped to action, as if they had forgotten their thirst and pain. Ben set to the oars, rowing furiously towards the oncoming boat. Although there were still miles between them, another crew member was unable to control his emotions, grabbing a shirt he stood up and started waving it, trying to force a weak scream from his parched mouth.

The ship drew closer, and Ben rowed frantically, as if he could somehow take revenge on the sea by slapping it with his oars. The ship grew closer still, and though they knew they had been spotted, the crew continued to wave and scream. It felt good to wave, to scream, to feel alive—and they didn't stop until they were climbing up the rope ladder which a sailor aboard the tanker had thrown down to them.
This semester the College Voice has featured a series of profiles of a few of the college's outstanding faculty members. Four subjects were Professors Cranz, Neuring, and Macklin.

By Michael Adamowicz

Professor William Frasure has had a very diverse education: he has learned since his undergraduate years it pulled together in the courses he teaches. This gives his students holistic educational experience, centering on public policy.

He went to college at the University of Pittsburgh. There he pursued a wide variety of interests, both in and out of the classroom. Frasure recalls, "I've always followed my interests instead of what professors told me to read. I was always more inclined to follow my own instincts and curiosity than to follow the regimen prescribed by some professor. My college years were spent in a coffee shop arguing what, at the time, seemed to be important issues. Ideas made a difference to me, they always did. I must have tried a dozen different majors before I decided on philosophy. It was always important to me what people thought about things. I always responded to people as much on that basis as on any other." From this approach in his education, Frasure gained "a diverse intellectual background. It didn't follow any kind of regular pattern that was intended to lead in any particular direction. I just had a lot of curiosity."

Mr. Frasure attended Yale Law School after his undergraduate training. He found that "law school sharpens your reasoning ability and analytic skills more than any other form of education. In law school you read hundreds of cases that all deal, in some sense, with what a word meant; how a particular word applies to a set of facts. There is scarcely a word in the language that, somewhere or other, hasn't been construed by some court. You learn from this that any word stands by itself; it is impossible to understand a word without seeing which facts are peripheral and which are central. Also, you learn a lot of substance that you don't learn anywhere else. It also affords an understanding of how the government and the economy and the decision-making process works. This is particularly important to me in my branch of political science-public policy. There is an awful lot you learn in law school that political scientists aren't aware of."

Mr. Frasure brings all these rigorous skills and his wide scope of interests into his courses. He often uses the same method of teaching that professors in law school use. This is an in-depth technique of questioning one or a few students for as much as fifty minutes at a time. Frasure states that, "the way in which law school improves your reasoning ability can also be taught to undergraduates without having to use a lot of illusory means or the materials. You can teach this type of thinking with any kind of material. For example, even if a student doesn't think the problems are well suited to this type of teaching.

He continues to describe the question and answer teaching style: "First, it develops your capacity to handle argument, which is one of the reasons why students are a little intimidated by it. There has to be tension because it really doesn't work if the student does not care whether he gives an intelligent answer or not. Actually, it doesn't matter what answer you give; I'm going to make the answer seem wrong. The student doesn't like that so he tries to define his answer. The more he defines it, the more of a puzzle he gets into, and it is very frustrating. The student quickly begins to realize that, no matter what he says, the answer is going to be followed by some other question. Then the student starts to try to anticipate what the next question is going to be for any answer he might give. Then he is able to move one or two questions ahead. In a lot of ways it's like chess."

There are many benefits to this type of teaching, according to both Mr. Frasure and his students. Frasure finds that "the ultimate purpose is to develop the ability to do this without an opponent. Any time you ask a question, you will be able to see that there are various possible consequences arising from different answers. It really refines the way you think about things. You have to leave loose ends hanging. The student's expressions become a lot less ambiguous. To sum it up, you are a lot smarter than you were before." A student who has been in several of Mr. Frasure's classes stated that, "Mr. Frasure taught me to take a problem or an idea and continuously refine and rework it over in my head. He taught me this both in the way his lectures are structured and also by his method of questioning." Another student added that, "Now I can think a couple of steps ahead of anyone I'm debating an issue with. I really think you've helped me to participate intelligently in Mr. Frasure's course as well as all my others."

This method of teaching goes hand in hand with Frasure's specialty, which is public policy. Public policy has been the fastest growing field of political science in the last decade. Frasure describes it as an "inherently multi-disciplinary subject. There's much similarity between it and economics but there are also significant differences. If you looked at two public utility companies, for example, and asked a group of economists which was performing better, you would get a clear consensus. The reason for this is that someone really knows how to answer a question like that because there isn't a consensus about what to measure when you are dealing with public policy. Different people will look at different things as the most important, in many aspects to look at."

"The important thing is that: if you want to know if something works, first you have to decide what you mean by "work" and then really ask a substantive question that faces policy-makers. What do I do in my policy courses to bring to bear my background in law, economics, public policy, and so on, and look at the technology, the economics, the legal constraints and legal problems, and the political problems involved in making the public policy problems. And this is not something students often spend a really excellent for anything a student might want to do later on in law school, college, or business school or anything else."

Frasure is co-author of a leading study of campaign finance reform; it was from that book that his present involvement in policy studies developed. "I was struck by the way in which the methods of the decision-making process limits the kinds of options that can be considered seriously. A legislature, an administrative agency, a court, whatever, each has distinctive ways of perceiving and defining problems, so that with respect to each, certain models of policy are unlikely to be entertained. Likewise, the backgrounds and interests of the policymakers place strong constraints on policy formulation. Here the most interesting question is what to do with experts. How much authority should we give to people with special knowledge? Is it a good idea, for example, to put doctors in charge of health policy? It is a relatively predictable detriment of selecting the wrong one. An apparent, but under-estimated, inability to distinguish those problem areas from more serious ones is a very costly failure of our governmental institutions."

Frasure spent two years in the Peace Corps in the Caribbe in Islands after he graduated from law school and before he entered graduate school at Johns Hopkins University. He stated that "the main reason I went was that I wanted to have an adventure for a while. I had to adapt to a very strange environment. It was a difficult process, but it taught you how much of what we have in this country it's possible to live without. It's possible to live a happy, satisfying existence without a lot of the trappings of so-called civilization. Living out there in a situation like that puts you in touch with a lot of things that you are not in touch with in this country. You find out that, because of all the gadgets that are present here, there are a lot of things that you don't pay attention to that are necessary to get along in other places. It was necessary to take the tides and phases of the moon.

Frasure never ran for public office or ran for any state or national offices. He was from the Peace Corps he was in the Peace Corps. From his involvement in such matters he learned much "about what the United States was up to in the under-developed parts of the world." The things of the things that we did over there did not always make it to the approval of the Administration. Not many people even got into a lot of trouble over one kind or another. The American government had plans for the Islands that were not in the best interest of the people and he worked to serve the interests of those people. Fortunately, there was often a lot of tension."

Continued on following page.

Profiles of Professors

Frasure and the Forensic of Thought

"Ideas make a difference to me, they always did. It was always important to me what people thought about things."
Art and Leisure for the sick

Hidden away in the insufferable foothills of New London and environs, one is seized, at times, to indulge in the high decadence found only rarely at campus parties. There are too few social people at Connecticut College; the decadent must seek out a metropolis, and preferably one insocial turmoil.

It's downto Boston or New York: take out seek out a metropolis, and preferably one in social turmoil. The bar at the Ritz is much more intriguing in its moneyed decadence. "The Rat," in Kenmore Square, caters to your anxieties in a punk rock mode, as does "Max's Kansas City" in the East Village in particular. "Max's Kansas City" and "C.B.G.B." bring mayhem to the East Side, and just a few blocks from the latter club is the headquarters of the Hell's Angels. There is so much of the kind of frenzied dissolution some seek that it is difficult to hit upon a smattering of the spots.

"I'm not liking this. I'm not liking this at all." One faculty member com mented, "It adds an important dimension to our curriculum that otherwise wouldn't be there; he is extremely valuable as a law school adviser, he just can't be replaced."
By Jill Crossman
Coach Bill Lessig is elated with this year’s performance by the soccer team. The team finished their season with a superb 9-2-2 record, good enough for the E.C.A.C. Regional Tournament. The team triumphed over Middlebury in the tournament, but suffered a heart-breaking defeat to Colby. The Camels came out of the tournament ranked impressively as the number two E.C.A.C. team in New England. Coach Lessig is extremely proud of the entire team and had praise for every member.

Lessig is especially grateful for the fine job done by seniors Steve Litwin and goalie Tracy Anderson. Lessig claims that one of his greatest challenges for the next year will be “to replace these vital players.” Litwin tied the school record for most career points and for most goals scored. He received the greatest honor that can be given to any Camel soccer player, the Mark Zashin Award. The award is given to a member of the team who has done the most to motivate “team spirit and Camel pride.” Lessig believes that the fifteen freshmen on the team followed the example of the upperclassmen by “establishing a tradition of team pride.”

Tracy Anderson proved to be a most effective goal keeper for the Camels. Anderson holds the record for the fewest goals allowed in a season, only 14, and also for the most shutouts in a season, six. In addition, he has the best goal against average in New England. If there was a co-winner for the Mark Zashin Award, Trae would certainly be the most likely candidate. Lessig describes Anderson as a “leader on the field.”

This leadership ability was crucial this season since Anderson was commanding a very young defensive squad composed of freshmen sweeper Vic Damiano, wingbacks Steve Barkard, “Pat” Goodwin, Tom Schnidler and sophomore centerback Dave Collier. Geller did a fantastic job marking the opposing center forwards for the team. Even though they were freshmen, Coach Lessig says that “Barrard and Damiano’s experience enabled us to make adjustments to the opponent’s tactics.” Certainly that strategy gave the Camels “added strength on our outside.”

The most remarkable aspect of the team,Lessig feels, was their ability to “rebond after losing Kevin Sayward in the Weslayan game.” Although losing such an experienced and talented player would have “destroyed most young teams,” the Camels “pulled together for a quick and decisive play” from freshman Randall “Tug” Kitz, Tom Schnidler, Bob McBride, sophomore Tom Burke and junior Andy Shauns. There was a dynamic scoring from the Camela “addition of Jim Geller, Jim Luce and Steve Litwin.” Lessig claims that Geller, Luce and Litwin “kept a lot of pressure on the opponents which didn’t allow them to take advantage of our inexperienced midfield.” All in all, Luce scored a phenomenal 22 goals, Geller had 14 goals, 9 assists, and Litwin followed with 4 goals, 5 assists.

Lessig explained that from a coaching standpoint, even more important than winning is establishing a team concept. He says that “one of the main ideas of a sports program at a college like our is to have student athletes experience what it is like to play on a real team.” Not only do the members of the starting lineup contribute to the building of the team, but the substitutes, managers and coaching staff are also vital elements in the team’s structure and also deserve recognition. The fine assistant coaching staff was composed of Ken Hudsak, Bill Swarts and Jim Low. This season’s managers were Alice Bakker, Linda Culwell, Terri Tymimake and Kathy Crane. The coach especially stressed the importance of the substitutes. “They put so much of themselves into practice. They wouldn’t allow the starters to get complacent. They kept us sharp.” The crucial substitutes were Ed Cearse, Guy Donastelli, Allen Moore, Andy Porter, David Flaherty, Tom Sargent, Larry Kronke, and upper-classman, Max Langstaff and Jamie Popkin.

Coach Lessig views the E.C.A.C. Tournament game against Middlebury as the best example of what to expect from the Connecticut College Soccer Camels in seasons to come. During that game the team stretched themselves to defeat an extremely strong team. “It exemplifies,” Lessig believes, “how far one can go in rising to an occasion.”

With twenty-one of twenty-three players returning, the team’s prospects are extremely optimistic. The combination of the strong veterans and talented incoming freshmen, should create a very “positive situation.” In reflecting back on the season, Lessig says, “We had fun. We enjoyed the pain, the sacrifices, and the crow support.”

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**Family portrait**

Soccer team sees brighter future - bulk of squad to be back

By JUI eroolmaa

THE COLLEGE VOICE, DECEMBER 5, /978

SPORTS

Larrabee

Family portrait

Soccer team sees brighter future - bulk of squad to be back

By JILL CROSSMAN

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Coach Lessig views the E.C.A.C. Tournament game against Middlebury as the best example of what to expect from the Connecticut College Soccer Camels in seasons to come. During that game the team stretched themselves to defeat an extremely strong team. "It exemplifies," Lessig believes, "how far one can go in rising to an occasion."

With twenty-one of twenty-three players returning, the team's prospects are extremely optimistic. The combination of the strong veterans and talented incoming freshmen, should create a very "positive situation." In reflecting back on the season, Lessig says, "We had fun. We enjoyed the pain, the sacrifices, and the crowd support."
Harkness's scoring efforts to futility. While Harkness had the ball the majority of the time, the Bee boys played tremendous football. It must also be said of Harkness that, in the face of an overwhelm- ing Larabee victory, the did not throw the towel but kept attempting to rally, even in the final quarter. But in the end, Larabee prevailed.

At the post-game party in Larabee players from both teams left their rivalry on the field as they consumed two kegs and massive quantities of liquor, not to mention a wide assort- ment of contraband. The Larabee boys, ecstatic and expansive after their triumph and conquering victory cigars, had this to say about the game:

John Kriskitsky: Both teams were good and both deserved to be there. This year Larabee had it together, this year we deserved it.

Bill Davis: Beaver and Stewart are some of the most incredible competitors that we've gone up against in four years.

Larry Wegman: It was a good clean game and I'm glad I got seven.

Chris Colbert: Montana Red Dog! Yahoo! As owner I am signing both teams.

Backus: I don't want to say anything. I am just happy.


Men's hoops

By Marsha Williams

The November 28 game against Salve Regina opened the season for the Connecticut College Varsity Men's Basketball Team. The Camels, boosted by the large cheering section, tramped 72-64 over their opponents in the game for 42 points.

Fifteen players make up the Varsity Team this year: Mike Amara, Chris Bergan, Paul Cammell, Ted Cojeans, Barry Hyman, Charles Jones, Herb Kenney, Dan Levy, Bill Luce, Bill Malinowski, Ted McQuade, Ted Perry, John Faulkner, and Lincoln Levinson. Coached by Charles Luce and assisted by Butch Lourin, the team elected Dan Levy and Ted Cojeans as co-captains.

Coach Luce expects vast improvement over last year's record of 8 wins and 14 losses, the team returning with a better understanding of this season's game and of their individual potential. Experience, however, dominates as the key factor in the anticipated success. Both Dan Levy and Ted Cojeans have played all four of their years at Conn. Wayne Malinowski, last season's most valuable player, and Barry Hyman, last year's most improved player, are back for another impressive season. Wayne, Dan, and Ted led the team in scoring last season. Ted also dominated in rebounding, as did Chris and Charlie. Coach Luce is counting on these players, as well as Rex Bowdon, the most intense backfield attack. The new members bring with them many valuable assets. Rex Bowdon looks to be their key man in a bench, as does Lincoln Levinson. Tom Barry needs only experience in his physical ability which includes speed, strength, and excellent shooting skills. John Faulkner, temporarily hampere by a back injury, looks to be a good guy.


Continued from previous page

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Swinging from bars

Gymnasts flexing for tomorrow's meet

By David Piferer

With the opening of their season one day away, the Connecticut College Women's Gymnastic team is ready to take on all comers. The Camels begin their season tomorrow (Wednesday) night at 7:30 p.m. at the Coast Guard Academy in what should be a rarity in sport, females dominating males.

Co-captains Lynda Plavin (vaulting, balance beam, and floor exercise) and Carol Vaasmoor (bars and vaulting) lead a string but relatively inexperienced squad which will have to put forth maximum effort if it is to improve upon last season's record of 9-3.

Depth is a quality any successful team should have. The Camels have plenty of it in several key areas. Lynda Plavin leads a talented group of balance beam performers which includes Cathy Welker, Sally McFarland (vaulting), Linda Wiatrowski (floor exercises), and Christi Beckwith (flooring).

Doing the majority of the vaulting for Conn this season will be Carol Vaasmoor (floor exercises), Carolyn Hoff- man (floor exercises and bars), Cathy Welker, and Heidi Walsh, who is presently injured.

Linda Kingman and Rayna Nitnberg are being counted on heavily by the coaches and their teammates to do well in the floor exercises.

The team's biggest question mark is the bars event. Junior Cathy Walker (balance beam, vaulting, and floor exercise) who is performing more like a tourney-winner with each passing day, along with Carol Vaas, Linda Kingman, and Heidi Perl are the key performers on the uneven parallel bars. The team is coached by Jeffrey Zimmerman and Wally, whose last name is unknown to anyone but himself. The girls are in good shape. Any guy will testify to that. Seriously now, the coaches have worked the team very hard this fall, sometimes up to 12 hours weekly. However, co-captain Lynda Plavin feels that there is much work to be done. "The team's routines are not polished yet." The team is determined to be ready in shining by the February 1, the start of their "real" season.

Yale, Keene St., and Bow-C St., will be the toughest of the 11 opponents the Camels will face this season. Gymnastics is an exciting and beautiful sport to watch. Come on out and watch the girls fly through the air with the greatest of ease.
Greased nightmare

By Mary Condlin

I remember reading somewhere that to be a successful actor, one must be hopelessly bonkers in order to survive. And honestly, you really have no choice but to be slightly out of your mind— it's the only way you stand a chance of dealing with the crap that's forced upon you when you start pounding the pavements looking for work. I am speaking specifically of auditioning for shows.

Most actors look forward to auditions the same way students look forward to final exams. And with good reason. Both experiences are extremely nerve-wracking and unpleasant. Unfortunately, they are necessary if you want to get anywhere in your field. In the end, your ultimate success or failure depends on your attitude. It's how you handle the pressure. What do I mean by pressure? Here follows a true example.

I auditioned for the musical "GREASE" on Broadway this summer with two of my friends—and about four hundred other hopefuls. The doors opened at 10:30 a.m., but we had shown up at 8:00 to sign up early. Even then, there were over a hundred people already ahead of us. We knew that we were in for a long wait, so we sat down and proceeded to get very, very nervous. I really hate it when horror stories and sick jokes about my would-be profession turn out to be true. The whole ordeal was like a bad dream. People were being called up in groups of ten at a rate of about four groups an hour. That meant that they spent fifteen minutes per group of ten. I started giggling madly when I realized that I would have a little more than a minute to show my stuff. Face it, my chances of even making a fraction of an impression were pretty slim. I started wondering what the hell I was trying to prove. Jesus Christ, I didn't even need the job. Yet.

Then I heard my number called. Oh well, ours is not to question why. I was nervous, the first thing I looked for when I got out of the elevator was a bathroom. I found one backstage with a sign on it: 'do not lock the door: it will stick. Of course I went in, forgot, and locked the door. If Stacy hadn't been there to get me out I would be there still, behind the toilet paper writing my memoirs. But I was mildly liberated from my porcelain prison and crawled back in line, wishing I were dead.

Sure enough, it was all I hoped it not to be. One by one, people were called to audition. They sang maybe three lines of their song before someone said, "Thank you. Next." And that was it. Fini. Good God, I thought, what a way to prepare for the last judgement. But I was one of the lucky ones. When my turn came, I was allowed to sing six lines before they stopped me. I was ecstatic, but very glad that the whole shabang was over and done with.

I never heard who did get cast, but I really didn't care. I knew I hadn't made it, and that was all that mattered to me. The experience still haunts me, though, because there will come a time when I will have to do this type of thing once or twice a week until I get a job. When that job is over, I'll be back on the streets again repeating the ordeal for the rest of my life. Times like these makes me cling desperately to my college cocoon and fantasize about going into plumbing.

Illustration by Max Moore

CT. ORCHESTRA Serves Up Bach's Lunch

By Putnam Goodwin

Believe it or not, there is an orchestra at Connecticut College. Every Wednesday night at 7:30, a group of 50 or so staunch musicians, some from the city of New London and the surrounding area, and some from Conn. college itself meet, and rehearse classical works for 1½ hours.

Classical music is anonymous at Conn. There are some students who have been here for four years who are still unaware of its presence. But the orchestra is larger than it was last year, and is showing encouraging signs of growth. The first concert, "Bach's Lunch," held in the Cris main lounge at 10:30, Friday Oct. 27, was relatively well attended by both faculty and students, and the lack of publicity. It was an impromptu concert, held primarily for the faculty who eat at the Cris snack bar. The program started with Bach's third Brandenburg concerto, performed by the string section. The strings then continued with a piece by Vivaldi, and the program concluded with Bartok's Hungarian dances as the winds joined the strings.

The atmosphere was informal and relaxed, and the musicians responded well.

The orchestra is a diverse mixture of musicians with varying degrees of technical skill. The group is small, and in some spots, incomplete. There is no percussion section, the viola and cello section are proportionately too small (compared to the rest of the orchestra), and some places in the brass and woodwind sections need filling. But under the patient leadership of Peter Sacco, the group works merrily on pieces within their capability and with the proper instrumentation.

Unfortunately, there is not a large group of instrumental musicians on campus, and to provide for larger pieces the orchestra has recruited music residents to help fill out the group. During the first part of the rehearsal, this large group practiced. Then a smaller, ratified group compiled almost totally of Conn. students will rehearse pieces that require fewer instrumentations.

The members of the orchestra are dedicated, and in the next few years the orchestra will continue to grow, and eventually come out of the woodwork. Interested musicians are welcomed to come to rehearsals on Wednesday night at 7:00 p.m in Cro's deanery to try out for the orchestra.

Illustration by James Moore
What do Woody Allen and aConn junior have in common? By December 2, both will have written, directed, and acted in a light-hearted two-act comedy entitled "Look But Don't Touch." It deals with the importance of communication and trust between two people. The breakdown of the relationship and the conclusions which the characters jump to provide the comic moments.

Ken has always wanted to write, but he never expected he would stage and direct his own work. He began writing short stories when he was nine, and some of his poetry was published. He then began to write plays. He wrote "Look But Don't Touch" over a period of nine months last March and April, and the cast was ready to complete it.

"Look But Don't Touch" has not been published, but it is under Ken's own copyright, and Jerrell Productions is backing and financially supporting it. Ken first proposed the play to a school in New Jersey from which he transferred to Conn. He worked at the theatre there last summer which turns professional for the season. Ken's proposal included an offer to donate the proceeds to their foundation, as his way of repaying them for the experience they provided him.

The cast consists of four characters, all students at Conn. They are, besides Ken, sophomores Lori Basnin and Leslie Rogers and junior Richard Sauer, all very enthusiastic about the play. Leslie calls it "a really funny play. A lot of students write plays but this one is excellent and original - everyone can understand it. I'm psyched about doing it."

In addition to the cast, Ken has "an excellent stage crew who I can't build again and who will always build me up again." They are stage manager Anne Richards, carpenter and electrician Vance Gilbert and crew member Laura Fernandes.

Originally Ken had his play read by professionals. Since they enjoyed it, he obtained the three actors besides himself who currently make up the cast for a stage reading. The four then talked about performing it on the stage and voted to "go all the way." which floored Ken. "Their response has been phenomenal," says Ken. "We are all working on something from conception, and that in itself is exciting! It's really difficult for me to step out and look at me acting," he comments on his task of both acting and directing his own acting.

"Look But Don't Touch" will be performed on December 2 at the Burlington County College Little Theatre in New Jersey. It is tentatively scheduled to appear at Conn on February 3.

Ken is currently compiling a play which he hopes to stage in April. The theme is "Revelations of You and Me," and will include short scenes of interactions between people.

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American Cancer Society
OPINION

Getting out of an ethical nightmare

By Marion E. Doro

Recent articles in The College Voice on the South African question reflect the editors' concern with the issue — and rightly so, for it centers on the problem of human rights and the nature of our commitment to such causes. The problem with this problem is that it seems to allow only two options: you either divest or you do not divest, i.e., you sell all your holdings in American companies with branches in South Africa, or you do not. If you do not sell then you can be accused of supporting that government's policy of apartheid. If you do sell it can be said that you are not a "prudent" businessman because you have acted against your best financial interests. There are numerous variations on these two positions, and they all seem to suggest that divestment is a fixed star in the firmament. This is not necessarily so.

Would asset-stripping have a significant impact on the South African economy? The evidence suggests that there would be a reduction of job opportunities — for Africans

The level of American investment in South Africa ranks at something like 10 percent of the total foreign investment, or approximately one percent of all industrial investment in the country. Of the 90,000 persons employed in these American firms, about 50,000 are Africans. Would asset-stripping have a significant impact on the South African economy? The evidence suggests that there would be a reduction of job opportunities — for Africans and whites alike — or that other foreign investors would quickly fill the vacuum created by withdrawing American firms. This would be particularly true in critical industrial fields such as electronics; if IBM were to sell its South African holdings today, West German and Japanese companies are ready to move in to tomorrow. In short, withdrawal would not have sufficient impact to influence the government to alter its policy. Not yet, anyway. Moreover, the sale of the American firms would not mean that the funds invested could be returned to the United States — no funds, foreign or domestic, are easily or quickly transferred out of South Africa. The Government has protected itself rather well against asset-stripping through stringent foreign exchange controls. Divestment would mean that the value of company investments would be reduced, and — more important — would lose whatever influence we might have if we stay and exert pressure for change.

Two related factors make it possible for us to maximize our influence for change. The first is that the South African economy has been in decline during the 1970's; one measure of this is in its growth rate from 7 percent in 1971 to .5 percent in 1975. In many respects South Africa is no longer a politically attractive market for economic investment, and this is reflected in the extent to which American and British banks now refrain from lending to government and public corporations. The shrinkage of new funds enhances the importance of existing businesses. Consequently, established foreign firms are in a position to actively demand improved economic conditions for their African employees. Some have done so; others have not.

The second factor is the growing pressure from American shareholders for economic change. Recently, much of this is due to the efforts of the Reverend Dr. Leon Sullivan, minister of Philadelphia's Zion Baptist Church, who has developed a code of conduct which he urges on all American companies with firms in South Africa. This code — now called the "Sullivan Code" — advocates nonaggression, fair employment and pay practices, training programs and advancement for Africans, and improvement of their living conditions. Not enough companies have adopted the Sullivan Code, and not enough Colleges and Universities have insisted that the companies in which they hold shares should adopt the Code. Some people believe that it is not possible to implement it, but the Ford Motor Company has done so with reasonable success in the past year.

Connecticut College should adopt the Sullivan Code as a standard of conduct it expects of all the companies in which it is a shareholder. The assumption that withdrawal would be useful overstates the level of American investment and underestimates what can be achieved by staying in and only by we set an example of corporate social responsibility. Improvement of the Africans' economic status would cost money, thereby lowering dividends. That would really be putting our money where our mouth is.

Divestment is a last act of despair; it is based on the Ponzi Pilate principle — when you do not know what to do with a problem, just wash your hands of it. The Christopher Principle seems more appropriate at the moment — it is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness.

THE COLLEGE VOICE, DECEMBER 5, 1978

The reason of pure criticism

By Thomas Usdin

A few weeks ago Richard Birdall, Professor of History, wrote a letter to the editor of The College Voice, dealing with the intellectual atmosphere of the college. His remarks were in response to the "stream of acid criticism that is directed toward the college administration." Mr. Birdall has suggested that this criticism is unjustified because he feels that the administration is "cheerful, competent, and hard-working." He went on to say that if the college administrators should solve their own problems, then perhaps they would feel no need to concern themselves with other's affairs. Birdall suggested that the solution is for everyone to bury themselves in their books; the answers can be found in the works of such great thinkers as Kierkegaard, Wallace Stevens, and Freud. He believes that only in this way can we simulate the college atmosphere that existed forty years ago when the administration was able to run the college without any flak from the students.

These ideas certainly bring up some interesting points, but perhaps Mr. Birdall's remarks will help to shed some light on what some of the real problems are. I'm sure many people will agree with his assessment that the presidents and presidents and presidents of the college have been cheerful, competent, and hard-working. However, do those qualities exempt them or any other members of the administration from the possibility that one's opinion should not have to be positive to be constructive. Criticism can aim at improvement; it is not necessarily a condemnation. Intronpation alone does not allow man to see all his shortcomings. An outside observer is often needed to perceive problems.

Criticism can aim at improvement: it is not necessarily a condemnation.
Registration:

**picking odds-on favorites**

By Steven Shaffer

Perhaps there is an ivory tower assumption that courses are to be selected on the basis of interest and academic desirability. Extraneous factors, such as the time of class or course requirements have little or no affect on the student's choice. Interestingly, however, most of us know that this is not quite true. I would venture to say that most students, at one time or another, have selected courses with such "extraneous" factors. These extraneous factors indeed become primary factors in the course selection process, provided that the student had not organized his/her entire four year course schedule accordingly. The overriding factor will no doubt be the sudden urge to absorb the intricacies of Aristotelian logic at 3:00 in the morning, especially if one has been consuming alcohol in Cby Bar (in lieu of logic in the library) until midnight. To thyself be honest. It would be impractical to register for such a course. One would be better off taking Physical Anthropology at a comfortable 11:30. This allows one plenty of time to sleep, drink, and, with a minimum amount of effort, do well in the course to boot. Mankind's pragmatism again takes center stage.

Not all students are oriented to social priorities. This orientation seems to be one of occasional occurrence throughout the institution. These students are good nor bad. More power to the students who can rise at 7:30, day after day, to make an 8:30 class in Biochemistry. On the same token, I salute the student who realizes his/her academic limits and adjusts his/her course schedule accordingly. These students who find a perfect correlation between the courses they desire and the time they are given should count their blessings. It seems to happen too infrequently.

Three difficult work load courses beg a fourth course which will not require as much work... this method can be instrumental in preserving a student's sanity.

There are indeed other reasons for a student's course selections. Three difficult work load courses beg a fourth course which will not require as much work. Far from being the easy way out, this method can be instrumental in preserving a student's sanity. Then there is the ever-present general education requirement. Doubtless there are areas in general education which do not embody courses which any given student has a liking for. For instance, students of a strictly artistic viewpoint might not see a redeeming value in studying Social Psychology rather than Discovery in Physics. Neither one holds much significance in preserving a student's sanity. But one can also apply when there is a course conflict, and one desirable course must be sacrificed for a more desirable (or required) course which is taught at the same time. In such cases, how else is a student to choose?

I do not think the barometer of academic virtue, of hard labor reaping intellectual fruits of academia, is being threatened. Some of these so-called extraneous factors in course selection exist as a result of student practicality. Of course, some of these reasons exist, too, because of the student body. In cases of student priorities, a prayer for the academic and social motives of course selection seems appropriate but thank God all learning does not take place in the classroom.
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