Paul Lehmann: Provocative and Creative

By MEREDITH DRAKE

Each year Connecticut College campus chaplain, David Robb, has the opportunity to honor a distinguished friend of the college community. This week's profile is of Dr. Paul Lehmann, who will once again resume its stately building on the Connecticut College campus as Chaplain and Director of the Office of Religious Affairs.

By CHRIS REVAZ

The old Palmer Library, perhaps the most elegant and stately building on the Connecticut College campus, will once again resume its place as a center of learning and cultural pursuits. The building has stood dormant for four years now, but exciting plans are now under way to transform it into a beautiful humanities center. Connecticut College is one of the few institutions in the country that has a faculty in residence program. Professor Lehmann’s residence offers a great opportunity to take theology out of the dark corner that many students have placed it in. “He’s both a lot of fun and tremendously stimulating. He makes you think in ways you hadn’t planned on thinking,” concludes David Robb, Treasurer of the College’s Development Office.

As a conversation with students, Dr. Lehmann, David Robb, and Laura Hesslein (the director of Counseling Services), any topic will be considered such as homosexuality, sex ethics, and etiquette, what is responsible and irresponsible. Dr. Lehmann explains that “as a theologian, the student’s concerns are, well, we just talk to them and see what comes out.” He goes on to say that Professor Lehmann has a “charismatic personality, but he is no means moronic.”

This year’s Theologian who looks into areas that might not conventionally be thought of as religious, and asks about the significance of human life and the dignity of a human being. He is the most kind and thoughtful of the three colleges.

By BRAD ROBB

Tallafuss may be able to help the college reduce its energy consumption since 1970. Tallafuss may be able to help the college reduce its energy consumption since 1970. Tallafuss may be able to help the college reduce its energy consumption since 1970. Tallafuss may be able to help the college reduce its energy consumption since 1970.
Faculty Profile: Alasdair MacPhail

Alasdair MacPhail is one of the thirty-two new professors to hit Con-
necticut College this year. His specialty is early American his-
tory, and he has2 been working at the University of Illinois, and
Franklin and Marshall College. While at the last two
institutions teaching early American History and working on a
book. But before that, he attended the University of Illinois, and
uh, College.
Mama Ocean: Pizza With Pizzazz

By JEFFREY MICHAELS

Hunger may be one reservation a trip to Ocean Pizza Palace, home of the magnetic force attracting appetites. In a sea of congeniality and motherhood, Mary Rozanski—known to everyone as Mamie—stands out.

"I especially love Conn. College students," says Mamie. "Because I realize they are far from their mothers' tables and when I see them hungry I think of them as my own.

Despite the Polish sur-
name, Mary is of Greek. She arrived in New London from Athens in 1956, a widow with a baby boy to support. Mary acquired the new name in 1960 when she married Mr. Rozanski, whose life she shared until he died five years ago.

Her baby boy is now 26 years old, and is a fourth-year student at a four-year medical school student in Athens, where, as a Greek, he never worried about tuition. After graduation he will return to the country for his internship, but his absence leaves Mary living alone.

"When I am home I am alone, so I work to be with people," Mary says. "And the people I work with are wonderful. They treat me as a member of the family.

Contrary to popular belief, Mary does not own Ocean. Sam Vafidis has owned and run the restaurant since it opened in 1963. Mary began working there in 1969, as "both a cook and a waitress.

"At suppertime we have everybody, she says, "Doctors, lawyers, everyone. When you work with people we have atmosphere like your own family."

Mary now takes Mondays and Tuesdays off, but on other nights she works from 4 p.m. to midnight. The time varies depending on how busy it is. She does the customers, and the food, and makes the beans. "I was once telling a customer that the best dish here is the Fish and Chips, and he said, 'No, Mary. The best deal here is you!'

Perhaps it is the ever-present aroma of hearty Greek and Italian food that provokes the eating. But whatever the reason, even at the end of a long day, the vibe seems unjaded by the miles she has traveled across the floor of the restaurant.

"I stand up on my feet and I work like a mule," says Mary proudly. "I own my own house, my son goes to medical school, and I have not had a vacation in ten years."

Sometimes it gets too busy for even Mary. Last March so many orders were called in from the Coast Guard Academy in the same short time that Sam had to turn down a few.

They remember fondly that a Conn. College dorm last year ordered 100 small pizzas, something that Mary probably could not even make up special orders. "Somebody asked me to make a seafood pizza, so I cooked one up with clams and shrimp on it," she says.

Mary appreciates both the business of Conn. College students and the courtesy they show her. "Conn. College is in my heart," she says sincerely.

And the students appear to appreciate it, too. "I like the way she adds up the bill in Greek," Mary Goldberg '81 says. "And I like how she always remembers who I am."

By the way, the delivery men add up checks with startling speed, but it is easily explained by her work as a data entry operator in a machine shop with the National Bank of Greece before she came to this country, work that sharpened how she can do this. But the fact that Mary will continue to the college is a little bit birthday party at Ocean's they will supply the birthday cake free. Just call a day in advance and they will write the name of the birthday celebrator on top. Mary will bring you the cake with its burning candles, and will even sing you Happy Bir-

The pizza will warm your insides, the booths and year-
to-old tile floor will sparkle for the coming semester.

James Stiles, Box 1296, or by calling 444-9374.

The College Voice is now accepting applications for the position of Business Manager for the coming semester.

Applicants seeking the position should submit a letter stating their reasons for applying as well as any previous experience which they feel will be helpful. All applications should be sub-
dited by Dec. 2nd. Any questions regarding this position may be directed to James Stiles, Box 1296, or by calling 444-9374.

"Kick Your Butts"

By JEFFREY MICHAELS

The American Lung Association says that the vast majority of smokers have either tried to quit smoking or would like to do so. To help Conn. College students who want to quit, the infirmary is sponsoring a "Kick Your Butts" drive. Participation in the "Kick Your Butts" drive is a choice that will cost nothing. Since it began five years ago, the program has helped 75 percent of the participants kick the habit.

Based on the very small response to the smoking questionnaire distributed last March, Dr. McKeohan states that the director of the program, Dr. Mary McKeohan, will need the cooperation of the students to be successful. She would be interested in quitting. She hopes they will take advantage of the smoking health fair which is open to all Conn. College students, faculty, and staff. Dr. McKeohan points out that it's certainly a better deal than some commercial programs as Smokersenders, which can cost as much as $300.

"We're not trying to force anyone," says Dr. McKeohan, "but we want people to know that help is available.

Participants in the "Kick Your Butts" drive choose a date when they will quit completely, and spend several weeks preparing to cope. Although counseling, the program tries to identify the pressures that make people smoke, and then to find different ways of relieving them. The entire process lasts approximately six weeks and involves weekly meetings of about an hour. Dr. McKeohan points out that this schedule is quite flexible, depending on the group's needs.

Morrison Fellowship

Each summer, two Conn. College students will be able to intern with the League of Women Voters. In recent years, winners have been Mark Hall and Chris Burke. The application process involves filling out an application, submitting a letter of recommendation, a transcript, and an interview, with the deadline set for December first. Anyone interested should contact Mrs. Bredeson in Fanning room 213, for further in-

By ARON ABRAMS

A poet walks among us. Patricia Dambros has been chosen to represent Connecticut College in the Connecticut Poetry Circuit Competition. This competition selects five Connecticut poets from a field of twelve to read their work on Connecticut campuses. Pat's works were selected over other Conn. students' poems by "This Is It" in Setauket.

Carolyn Abbott, a Conn. sophomore, was one of the winners of last year's competition and spoke at fifteen campuses.

Pat, a sophomore, has been writing poetry since her junior year in high school.

Pat's creative efforts, which include short stories and plays as well as poems, have won her recognition from the Hartford Current and Connecticut Scholastic Magazine. In 1977, Pat was accepted as the Center for Creative Writing in Hartford where she studied poetry and drama.
**ENTERTAINMENT**

**Penny Ante Street Company:**

**A Rejuvenating Treat**

by Julia Stahlgren

The Penny Ante Street Company, Conn. College's touring children's theatre, performed in Harkness Chapel last Saturday, Nov. 9. Directed by Nancey Kerr, the show was a successful piece of children's theatre not simply because the scenes were instructive, but because of the collection of folktales and fables, and not simply because there were lots of bright colors, silly jokes, songs, and fancy costumes, but also because there was a strong connection between the audience and the performers.

It was good children's theatre because there were lots of bright colors, silly jokes, songs, and fancy costumes, but also because there was a strong connection between the audience and the performers.

The Penny Ante Street Company will be performing their latest productions at schools in the Connecticut area. On Friday evening of Dec. 5th, they will be doing corrupted by disco, and disco. This piece would have come through without losing the audience with too much disco.

The Rose, choreographed by Leona Mazurmann was a surprize. Her use of suspensions to heighten emotion was well conceived. She used most of the space well and made good use of levels to help emphasize the strong connection between the movement and the music. Tony Pace's although handicapped by a change of dancers, came out very adequately. Different from his original idea, he was able to make his style predominate with some innovation. But not enough. The more innovation, the better. It will be worth looking forward to in the future.

Fancy colors, choreographed by Cyanne Lawder, had some very interesting shapes. The only drawback was that three shapes were held for a very long, long time. This helped to remind the audience that their seats were uncomfortable. Cyanne did some good ideas which will need working on, and can be looked forward to in the future.

From top to bottom: Buddy Harris, Rob Richter, Jane McEaney, Beth Bria, and Chris Fascione.

**Dance Collage**

Surpasses Past

by Robert Newbold

This semester's Dance Club concert, Dance Collage, far surpassed previous Dance Club concerts. The music was highly original; the pieces were entertaining, and well choreographed. Most of the pieces used the space well and can be looked forward to in the future.

The piece started with some classical ballet but became corrupted by disco, and disco. This piece would have come through without losing the audience with too much disco.

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After such excitement, it was difficult to settle down, but Donna Davenport made it easy to relax. Donna's dancing in Robyn Wilson's piece, Blue Return, supplemented Robyn's choreography well. The piece used the space in a manner that flowed well with dancer and music. The expanses of the stage was not used, though, had Robyn staged the images in different parts of the space, a greater feeling for the dancer might have been created.

The final piece was The Space Harmonics Live and In Concert. This was to the piece so good, and was pure fun. Leona Mazurmann must have had fun creating this piece, and we had fun watching it. What more could or should be said?

Throughout this concert quality was achieved. The hard work of the dancers was worth the effort. Good show and thank you.
The Hayden was well executed throughout. The runs in the first and fourth movements were impressively accurate, and the second movement was played with rich tone, though perhaps with too much vibrato. The sections for solo cello and di. violins in the third movement were delicate and tastefully done.

Bartok's second string quartet, a masterpiece of twentieth century chamber music, is at heart a romantic work. Bartok used dissonance to express both tension and resolution, and his building of the separate lines creates haunting harmonies with a constantly shifting texture. The Tokyo Quartet clearly had a strong understanding of the inner workings of the piece. This understanding was expressed in their clear, intense rendering of the piece.

The closing work on the program, the Brahms Op. 51 No. 1, is probably the most difficult of Brahms' Quartets to perform because of the pervasive meloncholia that must be sustained over an entire section in the third movement. This difficulty was reflected in the Tokyo's performance, which seemed to lack the flair and sensitivity of the Haydn and the Bartok. The omission of the repeat of the exposition of the first movement further damaged the performance. Not only did the audience not have the chance to hear twice what is certainly a sonorous and passionate section, but, because the first theme recurs throughout the movement in various forms, it nullifies the understanding of the entire work.

It was disappointing to hear the Brahms played so unimaginatively. However, my pleasure at the performance of the Haydn and the Bartok was not marred by this disappointment.

The Faculty Chamber Music Recital given last Tuesday evening began, like the Tokyo concerts with Haydn, this time the Octet for Winds in F Major. The performance, however, was not nearly as satisfying as the Tokyo had been. Much of the brightness and spiciness of the work was missing, and during several of the variations in the second movement the ensemble was not even playing together. There was no direction to the interpretation, and I heard little more than the notes as written on the page.

By the end of the second set of works on the program, however, my fears as to the success of the recital were allayed. Peter Sacco, faculty member and violinist, and Peter Yarborough, violist and guest artist, gave an exciting performance of Martinu's Madrigals for Violin and Viola. These pieces show Martinu's use of Czech folk songs and dances, as well as his affinities for long and beautiful melodies. Mr. Sacco's violin and Mr. Yarborough's viola virtually danced the songs and sang the songs as they followed the sometimes dissonant twists and turns of the music. The lyrical melodies were sensitive, but not overdone—the passagework was brilliant, and the more rhythmic sections had drive. I was won over to the performance with such vitality.

Mr. Sacco and Mr. Yarborough disagreed with Frank Church, cellist, and William Dalfs, pianist, of the faculty, to end the concert with the Piano Quartet No. 1 in F major by Gabriel Faure. They succeeded in giving life to a piece that can be monotonous with lyric beauty. Their subtle shading of the harmonic progressions was superb. Play also did not attempt to over-interpret the music, particularly in the third and the recycled set. Certainly would have suffered had its dignity and reserve been violated. While in some places the balance between instruments was bad, causing muddiness and obscuring the cello part, the performance was, as a whole, sensitive and as dignified as the music itself.

Altogether the recital was thoroughly enjoyable, and it was a pleasure to find that the faculty is maintaining its high level of performance.

The performance of the Contemporary Ensemble also included performers from the faculty, as well as graduate students from the New London area. The program included Ralph Burns' Electronic Sonatas, an electronic soundscape that particularly struck my fancy. However, as the sound one might hear if one were using a big, fat, heavy speaker, the tone was less than ideal while playing the slower parts more delicately.

The most unusual work on the program was Peter Vincenzo Mazzamurro's For Violin and Computer Tape. An electronic soundscape produced by the computer with a human violin, little bells, rings, bees, and all sorts of nearly indescribable electronic sounds. This is a sound that particularly struck my fancy. However, as the sound one might hear if one were using a big, fat, heavy speaker, the tone was less than ideal while playing the slower parts more delicately.

The choice of continuous ebb and flow produced by the computer and the violin together was quite good. The pieces were well crafted, and the tone was smooth and her tone, pleasant.

The final works were a set of folk songs arranged by Lejano Berio, for an ensemble of flute, clarinet, soprano, harp, viola, cello, and two sets of percussion. The music, particularly the songs, was very organized, and I got no impression of disjointedness in any piece. The audience was all seated and relatively quiet.

The performance was generally well received, but certainly came only from the audience, and not from the other performers. I am sure that they were not giving their best, and the audience, therefore, which presented with such reception was dry and impersonal.

"Sharing" (1989), by San Diego-based composer Richard Penner, is, in contrast, a work of swirling energy and flowing lyrical work. Written for bassoon and tuba, its two sections set the work with themes and episodes. The performance was rather flat. However, it was a way of letting the music of the needed More and also a way of feeling to express its basically Romantic ideas.

As mentioned above, the most unusual work on the program was Peter Vincenzo Mazzamurro's For Violin and Computer Tape. It is a well crafted piece of electronic soundscape that particularly struck my fancy. However, as the sound one might hear if one were using a big, fat, heavy speaker, the tone was less than ideal while playing the slower parts more delicately.
Burdick "Rob's" Windham of Super Bowl Bid

By GEOFFREY JOYCE

The opening round of the CCFFL playoffs got under way on Tuesday and the marching zone, every indication that the game would be a super one. Burdick had looked only once during the regular season, and their success was primarily due to the running of Gerry Schanz and a quick, intelligent defense. Windham, too, had cruised through the regular season with only one loss, that being a 21-14 loss to first place Smith. The strength of this team lies in their size. Their offensive and defensive lines are huge, and their linebacking core ranks among the best in the league. The stage was set for a classic game and what took place was even more than expected.

In the first quarter neither team could move the ball offensively. This was caused by some early game tension, a good defense, and weather conditions that were not to every liking. On this particular Tuesday afternoon, the temperatures were in the high 30's and the wind was gusting. Throwing accurately was much more difficult and the emphasis on offense was shifted to the running game. The first quarter ended scoreless and it wasn't until a few minutes into the second quarter that the Burdick offense began to move. After one first down, Gerry Schanz hit Dave Lobel for a 15 yard gain and another first down. Just as momentum seemed to be leaning Burdick's way, Jim Dezell picked off Schanz's pass and appeared to have Windham in a quandary. However, the Windham defense seemed to get together and every Burdick possession and although Schanz was able to score, their defense kept the game within reach. The score remained 16-0 at the end of three quarters, but what was once a close game at the final 15 minutes turned Burdick's comfortable lead into a very close game.

In the opening stages of the fourth quarter, Tony Morakis recovered a Burdick fumble on the Burdick 29 yard line. Two plays later, Scott Bauer hit Jim Dezell for a 15 yard gain and appeared that Windham would get right back in the game. However, on the very next play, Burdick houseewl Tony "Fatman" Delayni intercepted Bauer's pass. Once again, Windham was denied. After shutting down the Burdick offense, Windham got the ball back with 8 minutes remaining in the game. Just as quickly as Burdick had struck, they were denied. On the first play of the first half, Scott Bauer hit Brian McDonald, who ran upfield and a few seconds later, the score was 16-4. Bauer again hit McDonald on the 2-point conversion and Windham was back in the ball game.

Burdick received the ensuing kickoff, but with Gerry Schanz temporarily out of the lineup with an injury, they could not muster up a first down. Kiesel came on to punt and hit a good kick to Bob Ruggiero of Windham. Ruggiero hesitated, and just when it seemed like Windham defenders had him pinned, he found a hole and was off. He ran 48 yards for the touchdown. Right after the kickoff, Burdick found the ball again. With the score 16-14 and Windham celebrating their touchdown, some unknown person ran on to the field and stole the football. Seconds later, the officials and players saw what was happening and began chasing the thief. His plan was too good though, for there was a driver waiting for him and the precious football. Seconds later, the ball was coming to an end, quarter back Hilford handed off to Neil McLaughlin who bowed over from the two making the half time score thirty-five to nothing.

The only time Harkness-Plant showed any indication of a score was coming to an end, quarter back Hilford handed off to Neil McLaughlin who bowed over from the two making the half time score thirty-five to nothing.

The Men's Basketball Team prepared for their December 2 opener against Gordon with a tune-up scrimmage against Roger Williams College. The Camels came out on top 104-82.

Photos by Cameron Hall
THE AX MAN

By ARON ABRAMS

I'm writing this story full of dirt. I'm full of dirt, that is. It's now 3:35 and I'm lying on my bed in my dirty clothes, writing this story. Enough of the exposition.

You're probably wondering why, if I'm full of dirt, why don't I take a shower or change my clothes or something. Well, I can't.

You know why? Because I'm trapped in this room. There is a killer dog outside my window and a thief, with a gun, in the rest of the house. And you know who's outside waiting for me, in case the dog and the thief fail to kill me? Yeah. The Ax Man.

You ever hear of the Ax Man? He's forty feet tall and his ax is twenty feet big, it's coated with red. The Ax Man tells the police that he cuts red trees with it, hence the color. But me, Pauly, and Kennybird know better.

It's surprising that since the Ax Man is so big and tall, no one ever saw him except me, Pauly, and Kennybird. But we did. We were on the playground, throwing things at each other until we ran out of sticks. Then we started running after each other till we were out of concrete.

Then we lied there, bored.

Suddenly, Pauly jumps up and points to the crowd of trees in back of us.

"Wouldn't that be something if you see a gigantic head pop up over the trees... and the guy's two miles away?" he said.

Me and Kennybird thought about it.

"Yeah. We'd be lying here, staring at each other... Then we'd see this gigantic shadow over us. Shaped like a head," me.

And he's carrying a big gun.

"Nah... They don't make guns big enough. A giant knife." Pauly.


No one approved the idea, so I said, "A big rubberband," and I meant it, but they all laughed.

"No. I'm serious. Like it was really wide, and if he shot it at you two feet away. Shoot, it would..."

But I was talking to myself. Pauly and Kennybird were talking about the real weapons a forty foot tall bad guy would carry.

The ideas were getting skimpy.

"A giant glass bottle. He'd break it on you. Then he'd pick up the glass and run away so no one would know he did it." Pauly.

"He'd step on you and then he'd...." I stopped, thinking of something original. "He'd eat you." I disappointed myself. Everyone eats their victims. Pauly.

"And what the forty foot tall guy we saw coming at us would use to kill us with.

"An ax," Pauly said.

"Yeah," said Kennybird. "He'd swoop down and chop at them."

"What about it. Dad?" I asked. "Attack him before he gets me."

"Yeah," they said, "That would be too risky."

Then they made plans about attacking the Ax Man. I was on the outs with them, so left.

While walking away, I figured I'd show off a little. "Hey, Ax Man," I yelled to real homongous jerk. Yeah. You are.

Pauly and Kennybird looked at me, stumped.

"What'samatter?" I yelled at them. "You scared of the Ax Man? To tell you the truth, I was nervous of the Ax Man myself. That's why I wanted Pauly and Kennybird to help me.

"The Ax Man is a graxman. The Ax Man is a graxman, we kind of sang. Pauly said that there was a such a word graxman; I didn't think so. It didn't matter, though, because we were always making up words.

We stayed there on the macadam, yelling at the Ax Man (who was lying face down, behind the trees) for about twenty minutes. Then while he was before he betre the home before the Ax Man got sure or it turned dark.

(Usually, me, Pauly, and Kennybird walk home different ways when we leave school. But there's this dirt path we took this time that goes to Pauly's house first, then my house, and then Kennybird's. We started soccer with them, but we ended up like we usually did, kicking them until they got kicked off the path.

After we said goodbye to Pauly, me and Kennybird spoke a little more.

"Spose he heard us?" I asked.

"He might have. But, then again, he might have been in Bulgaria or something (Kennybird always knew those places). Or even if he had been lying there, he might not even know English. So we stand pretty safe.,"

"But, suppose he wasn't in Bulgaria, I said. I didn't want to say it, but I had to. And suppose he doesn't understand English. And suppose he was there... hiding behind the trees?"

"Me and Kennybird looked at each other for a while. But, we didn't say anything till we got to my house."

"Bye," I said.

Illustration by Karen Bachelder

By PUTNAM GOODWIN

I've been asked by many what has happened since the first notice that I had been fired from Conn. College, (consult Volume IV No.7 of The College Voice if you haven't heard this tragic story). Fortunately, there's a happy ending to the story. My mother and I agreed to temporarily keep me here at Conn. At least for now I won't be packing my bags, although a member of the administration did shake a distraught finger at me, and said "You haven't heard the last of this Goodwin."

We, the sympathetic faces of the committee as they confered as to whether they would add a small item to their already complex budget. I promised that I would not be frivolous, and that I would continue to work, if not hard, then to the best of my abilities.

Well, you may not see it entered into the finance committee's budget, but they agreed to temporarily keep me here at Conn. At least for now I won't be packing my bags, although a member of the administration did shake a distraught finger at me, and said "You haven't heard the last of this Goodwin."

I must say my position is still a bit tenuous.
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