Harrisburg and oil: twin nightmares p.1, 4-5
Eclipse trip p.6-7
Critics and gadflies have grown used to tying together contemporary problems by quoting the famous line from the comic strip Pogo. “We have met the enemy and he is us.” If the energy crisis is the moral equivalent of war, as President Carter once maintained, the energy problems the United States faces today are a deserving victim of Pogo’s brilliant irony.

By Andrew Rodwin

On Wednesday night, here at the City Council chambers in New London Town Hall, a hearing was held by the Connecticut Office of Policy and Management. Chaired by Undersecretary of Energy Thomas Fitzpatrick, the hearing was one of four the state has voluntarily sponsored to solicit citizen feeling about the three energy conservation plans and the gas rationing plan Congress is now considering.

These plans were presented to Congress formally on March 1, under the Energy Policy and Conservation Act of 1975. According to the Act, Congress has 60 days to accept or reject the plans, with no option to amend. The plans, if passed, will interpose the emergency powers reserved in the President. They may be implemented only in the event of a “severe energy supply disruption” or to fulfill obligations incurred under international fuel conservation agreements.

Rationing

The most controversial of these plans is gas rationing, a measure to which the government resorts during World War II.

Under the rationing plan, ration checks would be mailed quarterly to drivers on the basis of motor vehicle registration. These checks would be exchanged for ration coupons at stations and similar institutions. Currently, 4.6 billion such coupons, ironically a striking resemblance to dollar bills, are in storage in Colorado; they were printed by the Nixon Administration during the Arab oil embargo.

Ration coupons, good for gas purchases, would have to accompany cash payments for gas at gas stations. Uniform rationing would be allowed for all automobiles, regardless of their fuel efficiency, with exemptions and exceptions made for certain commercial and safety vehicles.

The Federal Department of Energy emphasizes that rationing would only be a last step taken to live with a “severe energy shortage,” in which the enemy and he is us.

The Crunch

Vital statistics daily illustrate the energy deficit with which the nation and world are faced. Currently, 55 million barrels of oil (one barrel equals 42 gallons) of crude are pumped daily. This supply figure is 2 million barrels less than daily world demand.

The loss of Iran’s 5 million bbl. daily, experts, because of their political crisis, is responsible for the shortfall. Because the Saudis (and a few other countries) offset this loss by producing an additional 3 million bbl., the shortage is not as bad as it might be.

World oil stocks, in absorbing this massive daily shortfall, will dwindle dangerously unless conservation measures and additional sources of fuel interpose. Ultimately, in the absence of these, there will be a real shortage of oil which depleted inventories will be unable to cushion.

In the meantime, the world is at the mercy of oil-rich countries that, understandably, are systematically inflating prices in an effort to make a hefty profit from their precious resource. Such countries, at best, feel ambivalent toward the needs of the industrial West.

Domestically, the situation is equally critical. The U.S. has a terrific thirst for oil, consuming 29 million bbl. daily, more than 1/2 of the world’s total. This statistic is a reflection of the American standard of living, the highest in the world. Unfortunately, the U.S. only produces 9 million bbl. per day, which means it must import 20 million bbl. daily. As a result of the Iranian crisis, 1 million bbl. per day were lost. With half of this loss being made up from Saudi (and other) sources, the current shortfall in the United States is 800,000 bbl. per day.

However, after oil supplies are redistributed among consuming nations according to the terms of the International Energy Agency of which the U.S. is a member, domestic shortfall may rise to an eventual 800,000 bbl. daily, barring any further crisis.

It is imprudent to try to make up these losses from existing inventories, even in the short run. If oil companies are unable to build up inventories in the spring, as is traditional, serious shortages will result during the winter when fuel consumption is at a peak.

The implications of these statistics are profound. The oil shortage, although at present relatively modest, threatens to change the American lifestyle, whose dependence on abundant energy is absolute. Although bans on outdoor lighting and thermostat regulations are not controversial, the closing of gas stations on weekends would inflict traumatic damage to much of the country’s tourist trade and its many attendant amenities, including shops, hotels, and restaurants.

Rationing is hardly more attractive. Under rationing, motorists would have to face the problem of traveling to and from work, shopping, visiting friends, and seeking entertainment and recreation all on less than 12 gallons per week. Prospects are particularly gloomy for rural residents.

Price Hikes

More immediate are the devastating price rises of gas and heating oil since the Arab oil embargo. Since that time, in response to the monstrous demand for oil, the OPEC oil cartel has more
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Parting remarks

Vietnam veterans on Campus, New London Poverty and the upcoming energy crises are a few of the issues that The College Voice has presented for scrutiny by the college community this semester. Along with our accomplishments of last semester the Voice has shown continuous improvement in its attempt to be responsible 'voice' of the community. For this I am pleased.

Personally, my tenure as Editor has been an educational experience in human nature and diplomacy as well as in journalism. I am grateful to the community for permitting me this once in a lifetime opportunity.

I have, however, a persisting and nagging sense of disillusionment and disappointment in regard to the overall response to the Voice this year. Certainly a college publication can use all the constructive criticism that it can get. Even a few administrative hassles are useful in keeping the editors in line. The Voice however, receives its greatest (almost exclusive) response to its departments: sports, entertainment news, etc. Our feature stories mentioned at the outset promote virtually no reaction among the Community. We are not looking for the proverbial pot on the back from our readership.

Apathy is not the entire answer given the response that we do get to our departmental articles. Perhaps it is somewhat unfashionable and not entirely socially acceptable for students to openly intellectualize about the important events of the day. I do believe that all of us spend a considerable amount of time thinking about these issues but we are somehow stemmed at some point before these thoughts are transmitted by the spoken word.

I am optimistic that as the Voice improves the nature of the feedback will concurrently improve. In any event I leave the Voice in highly competent hands and welcome any and all contributions from the college community.

James Polan

INSIDE OUT

p.1-4-5

A guzzling 55 million barrels of oil are being pumped from the rich earth daily, but the industrialized world drinks huge drafts of petroleum as if they were as cheap and free as water.

Stake in brew p.8-9

A couple of legs are poured out of taps nightly at Connecticut's own Cro-Bar. Bud is a favorite, and people are willing to wait in line for a cold can from Attito's cooler.

Here comes the sun p.6-7

The Voice goes to the bar, and bounces back a spread checkfull of rich quotes and candid snapshots that should ring a collective bell in the minds of the 'breweclie', beaufied bar crowd.

Over a barrel

Energy is limited. Unchecked demand for it has profound implications, and shapes the complexion of almost every major issue today.

There won't be another total solar eclipse over the United States for 38 years. So a determined group of Conn students trekked to Manitoba, Canada to see the total eclipse there last February.

The trip was long, the weather cold but the feisty group caught the rays they were looking for. Expressively, expansively, Laura Martineau captures the romance of the awed men and women star-struck by the cosmic spectacle.

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LETTERS

Cold feet

Open letter to Pres. Ames, Campus Safety & Residence:

I have been impressed by the college's attempts to increase fire safety. Fire drills are an integral part of any such program. However, the authorities ought to think before they schedule a drill such as the one I experienced last night. At 2:00 a.m. on a chilly late-winter night, I was requested by the fire buzzer to step outside for a breath of fresh air. As long as classes continue to be scheduled for 8:30 a.m., fire drills should be restricted to the "non-gee" hours if they are to be taken seriously.

As I stood in my bathrobe on cold pavement, watching my neighbors wonder how fast frothblite and or pneumonia set in, I thanked God that it at least wasn't precipitating. Fire drills are a serious matter. I realize that actual fires do not happen at convenient hours. This is all the more reason to avoid false alarms at such times, or the boy crying "Wolf!" syndrome may prove quite true, causing great tragedy. I, for one, will not bother next time to evacuate unless I hear actual evidence of a real fire: screams, shouts of "Fire!" cracking flames...

I would like to suggest, with all due respect, that the feeble-minded fool who called for a 2:00 drill use what little brain he/she may actually possess, and attempt to restrict this sort of thing to midnight or earlier if it is to be a useful procedure.

Teri L. Utsin
Saddled with a huge cut in gas supply, Monaco has to stagger hours open.

\[ \text{Local retailer Dan Monaco is suspicious of big oil's credibility} \]

\[ \text{Economists} \]

Oil is to modern life as water is to the human body, and as such is causing tremendous changes in the constitution of the economy, both nationally and worldwide.

Domestically, swollen oil prices are aggravating inflation, whose rate is now an incredible 14 percent annually. Consequently, the government is reluctant to deregulate domestic oil prices which are kept artificially low by a babbling of pricing regulations. Were domestic oil prices allowed to jump roughly $5 a barrel to meet world prices, skyrocketing prices could inflict traumatic damage to the economy.

But postponing deregulation, the oil industry protests, is not without serious consequences. The industry believes that domestic demand can only be reduced by allowing prices to rise--a theory based on classical supply and demand curves. Further, regulation inhibits the search for new oil reserves, as profits are less attractive.

However, opponents of deregulation say that Argentina's experience of a fixed demand for oil is an inelastic, meaning that dramatic price rises won't drive customers away from gas pumps.

\[ \text{Aside from investing in the West, many oil-rich countries use their petrodollars to buy sophisticated weapons and arms equipment, especially from the U.S. -- it was Iran's decision to stop buying arms that led to a major rise in gold prices. It is questionable whether trading high-priced arms to underdeveloped countries with little evidence of political stability is either fair to such countries and their neighbors or in our own best interest.} \]

Further, Third World countries may not be mature enough to pump oil at the frantic pace of over 25 million barrels per day. Although boosts in production may appear to be in U.S. interests, they may not be in the Third World's.

Clearly, using petrodollars to buy arms is of no value to the millions of Third World peasants living in the subsistence level. Only purchases of technology and education will gain primitive economies for development, and improvements in the general welfare. Yet many claim that petrodollars remain in the hands of a small elite, with the average peasant possibly gaining less.

Assuming modernization, at what point does the skyrocketing price of oil begin to strangle a country to the point where the fabric of society is ripped apart? Iran, once a major oil exporter, was unable to assimilate the Shah's (in retrospect) reckless modernization program based on oil. And consequently, it has allowed oil production to decline to a trickle and has suffered the heartbreaking of prolonged political violence and civil strife.

The revolution in Iran reported Business Week, is perceived as a threat by the established governments of OPEC countries. OPEC countries fear that the possible combination of Iranian-type reaction and untrammeled oil development will cast the Third World governments in the role of Western, realpolitik modernization program based on oil. And consequently, it has allowed oil production to decline to a trickle and has suffered the heartbreaking of prolonged political violence and civil strife.

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Yet the problem is not so simple. The environmental impact of developing Alaska as a gas or oil reserves is now being hotly debated. Generally, in trying to solve the energy problem, the government must choose between aggravating inflation, preserving the environment, and developing new sources of energy. Alaskan development is an obvious instance of this dilemma.

Coal is a further example. Though the Administration is currently urging a switch from consumption of oil to coal to relieve the oil shortage, many coal is 안 all that because of diminishing and the burning of its causes extreme air pollution. Pollution is a by-product of most fossil fuels. It is likely to worsen, too, if the oil shortage is not relieved. Because unbiased gas costs more to make, it is more expensive than regular gas at the pumps. But the demand, half of the roughly 5 cent gap between regular and unbiased is due to retailers, who are able to cut their costs and pass the higher price on for unbiased. The result: owners of cars with catalytic converters can consume the same amount of fuel as regular, but the fuel is pumping regular into their fuel tanks. Two or three tankfuls of regular gas in enough to ruin a catalytic converter, and result in polluting emissions that are 400 to 800 percent greater.

Seventy nations exist in prohibiting motorists from engaging in this practice, although some states, including Connecticut, have passed legislation making it illegal.

Nuclear Power

Nuclear power, the infamous alternative to fossil fuel, is plainly the most controversial type of energy now available. Although nuclear power currently produces a total of 13 percent of the nation’s electricity, there are a number of alleged gaps in safety precautions in nuclear energy operations. The disposal of wastes, the venting of cooling water, the possible explosion, and the spread of radioactive gases have been vented into the atmosphere as radioactive steam, to be blown away, and might result in one to two cancers per 10,000 of the population. Although the government claims exposure is usually only 100 millirem, according to Harold Denton, these variables in any energy program; legislation must be reassessed the role of nuclear power in the wake of the Harrisburg incident.

The nightmare at Three Mile Island in Harrisburg is viewed by many as an important test of nuclear power. At that reactor, a gas bubble closed up an upper section of the fuel rod, preventing coolant fluid from reaching the hot and relieved its overheated core. Had the bubble moved, or expanded significantly, the temperature of the core could have reached an unsafe level, causing the radioactive salts to melt, and pierce the radioactive shield in a meltdown state.

If that had happened, as a local retailer Jack Lennm tried to prevent in the China Syndrome, the radioactive fuel would have been released into the earth or water, which would then be blown into the atmosphere as radioactive steam, to be blown away, wherever the winds might take it. Ultimately, immense amounts of radioactivity would end up in the environment.

Barring a meltdown, it is still true that some radioactive gases have been vented into the atmosphere, and all that could bring about condensation. According to Harold Denton of the N.R.C., these emissions will result in a general background exposure in the Harrisburg area of 60 to 84 millirem annually. Although the government claims exposure is up to about 200 times that of a natural annual exposure is usually only 10 millirem.

Still, power company officials and the N.R.C. maintain that the amount of radioactivity that has been released from Three Mile Island is negligible, and might result in one or two cancers per 10,000. These are ballpark estimates: no one can predict precisely what effect this radioactivity will have when it enters the environment and food chain.

Even less can be said about what the exact effects of a meltdown are. Asked what the effects of a meltdown in Harrisburg would be, all expert Jack Lindsey replied was “We don’t know.” This lack of hard knowledge of comprehensive environmental ramifications is in itself a nuclear power problem.

The real problem is to make conscious decisions in this respect. The future of modern life depends on energy policies that will determine whether the energy problem in the world will be solved or made worse.

For instance, since oil has been supplied to the United States from other countries, oil addiction has provoked radical change in international affairs. More than one country is willing to attack another for energy. In this respect, the energy problem in the world today is screaming for attention — screaming at its perceptive enough to hear. Just give us the truth.

Illustration by Max Moore
It was cloudy in New London on February 26, at 10:45 a.m. There was nothing extraordinary about that—Conn. College students are used to it. Some of them were trying to get to class, some of them were trying not to get to class, some were asleep, some seemed awake, but only a few—only a few—were looking straight up into the sun.

They were not at school. They were in Manitoba, Canada in a tiny parking lot behind the “Comet Motel”, a sleazy clap-clap with sparkly wall-paper and leaky showers. They were wearing six layers of clothing and leaning over odd structures of plywood, aluminum, steel and glass. They had been stamping their feet for over three hours in the 20 degree cold, but now they were still.

It was still cold, but no one remembered his feet. It was eyes, all eyes. Eyes caught in a play of light and dark that strips the mind of memory, thought or logic. The eyes of people stunned by a solar eclipse.

The land gets very, very quiet, and there is a ten-seness in the silence that makes you turn around quickly to see that there is not something behind you. All that you see are shadows, longer than in any twilight, yet happening in mid-morning. The sun is low in the sky because it is still winter. There are some clouds—sneaky hazy ones that challenge you because they are so far, far away and you can do nothing but watch as they try to shroud something shy and brief and beautiful.

You walk around, pretending to be busy, waiting thinking telling that this had better hurry up and happen because you've been in a van for 40 hours, seen 2000 miles in two days, and had no sleep. You think now, of all times, of how it was that you got here.

It was started by David Ives. Bio-chemistry major and avid astronomer, he went to professor of astronomy John Baumert in August to ask if he knew of anyone who would like to donate some money to an honest college student bent on seeing his first eclipse.

Baumert said no, he didn't, and that was it until December. David returned. He wanted to lead an expedition of students to see the solar eclipse of February 26 in Manitoba, Canada; he wanted to photograph it, write about it, share it, remember it, but above all, see it.

Dr. Baumert caught on. He became co-organizer of a venture that included Conn. College学生 Mike Sladden '81, Karen Greeley '80, Vicky McKittrick '81, and Laura Martineau '81.

Christmas break saw Baumert and Ives running all over New London and Boston looking for money. Dr. Baumert won the support of college president Oakey Ames (C81) and the interest of the Mystic Seaport Planetarium, whose director Don Twersky eventually provided $200.

David elicited the support of the Boston Museum of Science, which provided a Quasar telescope, enough money to rent a van and pay for gas and tolls, and David Romanowski, a lecturer for the Hayden Planetarium at New York University. A last minute bonus came from the Connecticut Arboretum fund through the interest of William Niering, director of the Arboretum. The rest of the money needed came from the pockets of the members of the trip, whose eighth member was former Conn. College astronomy major Greg Simonson, 77, now a Yale graduate student.

Mike Sladden, experienced photographer, pulled strings in both Rochester, NY (headquarters of the Eastman Kodak Co.) and in New London, CT to acquire 6 Nikon SLR cameras. The rest of the 16 cameras which would accumulate a variety of films, exposure times, focal lengths and apertures, were collected from friends and family.

Karen and David, members of Dr. Baumert's observational astronomy class, spent anxious hours rehabilitating 6 army surplus elbows telescopes which had been doing nothing but gathering dust for 40 years in the Conn College observatory closet. With prisms removed, lenses cleaned, and camera bodies fitted to their newly adapted eye-pieces, the useless old things were transformed into working telescopes whose “long lenses” would be just right for cameras to photograph the distant sun. David also assembled the astronomy department's new Ritchie Field Telescope for use by the expedition team in Manitoba.

Mike and Laura bought the food. The group would survive the non-stop 16-hour trip in cold cuts, canned juice, fruit, Hershey bars, and soup heated painfully slowly in a 16 oz. hot pot that worked on the energy available from the car cigarette lighter.

There were only two substantial stops for the two vehicles, Dr. Baumert's station wagon and David's Avia Chev-van—the first was in Rochester, to pick up cameras and have two fine home-cooked meals prepared by Mrs. Sladden. The ride from upper NY and deep into Ontario went from driving rains to blinding snow. Huge outcroppings of rock, dimmed by the snow until they were upon you, loomed terrifyingly to shadow the cars. Eyes turned up in disbelief—this was the beginning of the Canadian highway "system."

The second stop was in Ontario, in a town you will never want to visit unless you are out of gas at 3 in the morning. It was not night or day or nature or these things.

The shadow beams over the land commanding. The silence brings——

Eclipse pilgrims (from left) Mike Sladden, Greg Simonson, John Baumert, Karen Greeley, Laura Martineau, Vicky McKittrick, David Ives, and David Romanowski.

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morning with 90 kilometers to go to the next town. Then a town like Schreiber becomes extremely attractive. It has a central "strip" of 4 or 5 gas stations, a motel, a diner, and a little white house marked "The Conn. College eclipse expedition was very successful. A slide show will be presented on April 10 at 8 p.m. in Bill 106.

The horizon was dim and it seemed like twilight. A thin haze of clouds last night was clearing off. Our heads were filled with dreams of the dawn. The sun rose in the east, and we could see the sun at the horizon. The snow was sparkling in a thin haze of cold air. It was still early, but the sky was clear. The sun was just rising, and we could see the sun through a magnifying glass. The sun was bright, and the corona was purest, gentlest, softest white. Electric bursts of color dot and spew the circle of the sun. They are solar prominences; fiery whirls of gas whose temperature, different from that of the sun, allows them to be spewed out from its incredible mass. They are radiant dots to us, dots which each house the mass of 5 earths.

Almost as they are here, so they are gone, instantly, as if to contrast with the halo that replaces them. It is the corona. The clouds block its long rays, but we don’t remember to notice. The sun is blue over the sun; the corona is purest, gentliest, softest white. Electric bursts of color dot and spew the circle of the sun. They are solar prominences; fiery whirls of gas whose temperature, different from that of the sun, allows them to be spewed out from its incredible mass. They are radiant dots to us, dots which each house the mass of 5 earths.

We click and tremble our cameras throughout. Three of us have lens caps on for half of our exposures. No time to curse. We remove them, eyes transfixed, and try again. Even one picture will be enough. "Watch out for the beds," David cries. This means: to be alert, ever, to be aware, and to have our cameras ready, vigilant, distant, oblivious. The beads reappear, more brilliantly because we have already seen them once and remember. One of them explodes into light—the Diamond Ring—which makes a cross in the upper right-hand corner of the sun and heralds the returning day. It is dawn again. We cry, shout, shiver and touch each other because we cannot touch the sky.

The shadow beamed over the land, hushing, extinguishing, commanding. The silence brought with expectation. It is not night or day or nature or time, and yet it is all of these things. The shadow ends as the final rays of the sun filtering through the valleys of the moon. They signal the overall darkness and the brilliant double sunset on either side of the horizon.

Eyes caught in a play of light and dark that strips the mind of memory, thought or logic.

The eyes of people stunned by a solar eclipse.

It was eyes, all eyes.

The 'diamond ring' effect.

Eyes caught in a play of light and dark that strips the mind of memory, thought or logic.

The eyes of people stunned by a solar eclipse.
The response from students when asked about the bar was overwhelmingly positive...After all, night after night the bar is packed and there’s a long line at the door.
Here is a random sampling of some of the bar patrons:

Chris Colberl: The bar is definitely a hot spot. It’s where the action is. Good scoping. What I really like is the way your hands stick to the tables. Seriously, it’s a good place. I’m very positive about it. The prices are definitely reasonable but it should be expanded. I could also see a wet T-shirt contest “and bingo on Sunday nights”.

Larry Yahla: “Attilio is the pest permittee north of the Mason-Dixon line.”

Larry Wielgus: “The bar has been a great place over the past four years. I must hand it to Attilio, he finally got smart and got the easy-open Bud cans”

Marty Johnson: “They should serve beer in the line outside the door.”

Chris Gifford: “I like it best during the middle of the week when people come in after studying for a couple of hours. On the weekends it gets too crowded-the bar should be expanded”.

Caroline Baldwin: “Life is just a cocktail party”.

Tommy Beucher: “The bar is as great a place to be as the mood you’re in.”

Michael Fishman: “This place is too F....expensive.”

Phil Tmft: “I think that it’s really important that the college community get together and stop the movement to raise the drinking age. The quality of cardine-packing that occurs in the bar would forever disappear with fewer legal drinkers. I must love it because I have to drive fifteen minutes to get here.”

Bill Barrack: “All roads at Conn. College lead to the Bar.”

Mike Amarall: “It’s too expensive.”

Bill Mallowski: “YEAH. And they should have a Happy Hour on Friday afternoons.”

Herb Kenay: “I wouldn’t know, I’m never in here.”
The Connecticut College Men's Tennis Team opens its spring season this week under the watchful eye of Coach Ralph DiSaia. With a vastly strengthened schedule, the team will play nine matches against seven of the top fourteen New England teams. The Camel squad is looking to improve its regional ranking from number thirteen in the top ten.

The Netmen are led by the powerful play of Peter Mykrantz. Phil Craft is this year's freshman standout and is expected to help considerably at the top of the line-up. The strong nucleus of the team consists of upperclassmen Ted Grosberg, Clyde McKee, Eric Aronson, Seth Uram and four-year players Jim Dicker and Richard Goddard.

The aforementioned Craft leads a fine freshman contingent which also includes Greg Burgess.

Coach DiSaia believes, "the team has outstanding potential, combined with experience and maturity with the line potential of the team. DiSaia looks for an exciting year with many tough matches and an extremely high level of play.

Photos by Wendy Weeks
TO THE COLLEGE VOICE, APRIL 3, 1979

OPINION

Last gasp for dying Headheads

by Greg Levy

A good many of you probably regard your existence here at Connecticut College as the most boring, the most uninteresting, and the least exciting. Connecticut's reputation as socially stagnant is well known to many of our peers engaged in a college education. Yet, this was not always the case. There was once a time when this school was fun during non-working hours, both inside and outside the building. Both the spirit and the ideals of this time have been forgotten here at Connecticut. The traditions that were sacrificed in favor of the superficial culture of the 70's, along with all the trappings of the "new" generation. The result has been a severe loss of cohesion here at Connecticut.

Although counterculture breathed its last gasp in 1975, its vestiges were still evident here at Connecticut during my freshmen year. It was during this period that my peers were able to freely express themselves socially.

Connecticut's student body is a nearly perfect example of the 'me' generation'

and past years, that in my mind, characterise the way college should be. Rebellion and non-conformity still existed here at Connecticut College, became clearly evident with the arrival of the class of 1981. Those of us who still clung to the values inculcated during my freshmen year.

The death of what might be best described as counterculture at Connecticut College, became clearly evident with the arrival of the class of 1981. Those of us who still clung to the values inculcated during my freshmen year.

Those of us who still support the values of our more conservative forebears are continually criticized for our failure to conform to the "new" social norms of today. This has led to a loss of cohesion that is inherent in these values. The emphasis on "me" instead of "us", as suggested by the author, was a major impetus to a unified campus, which has now disappeared.

To a certain extent, I can support the 70's mentality: specifically, the emphasis on doing one's own thing. People should be able to pursue whatever they want, along with their individual expressions of these desires. Yet, this is not the case at Connecticut. Those of us who pursue a so-called radical lifestyle at Connecticut are continually stifled by the conservative social norms of our school. We are not allowed to freely express ourselves socially.

Finally there is no solution to this problem. In fact, this is only the beginning of a trend that will come to encompass even more of our social endeavors. Unfortunately, the recent popular reaction to the present tax revolt at Connecticut has made this essay necessary. It is too late to return to our former social patterns. Indeed, we are responsible for any change in our social norms. By calling for tax cuts, we have sought to force the legislators to reduce spending and taxation. Yet, the public has been misled by politicians and the media. In fact, we are responsible for any change in our social patterns. By calling for tax cuts, we have sought to force the legislators to reduce spending and taxation.

Social Service outlays in fact make up 53 percent of the federal budget or $20 billion dollars. This represents a substantial increase from its 1964 level of only 29 percent of the budget or $12 billion dollars. Social Service outlays are hardly "small" and in fact make up the biggest portion of the budget. Comparatively, the defense budget has shrunk from its 1964 level of 42 percent to only 23 percent of the federal budget.

Most importantly, however, we must look at the current tax burden the American taxpayers face to understand the cry for help. Of every dollar a taxpayer now earns the government claims 42 cents and inflation claims another 11 cents. This means that out of each dollar the taxpayer is now left with only 47 cents of real spendable income. The federal budget today is over $800 billion or almost 25 percent of the total GNP. 28 billion of this is not covered by taxes of any sort. This money is being added to the federal debt which now stands at almost $8000 billion dollars. Interest on the national debt amounts to $6 billion alone. We cannot long continue to add to this debt through excessive spending.

Among the current rhetoric about the effects of a balanced budget are the cries that the poor will be the ones to suffer because we will not continue to fund the welfare programs. This is also unfounded. In fact, the present Carter budget for fiscal year 1980 which has termed "austerity" still represents a $30 billion dollar increase in federal expenditures. The only cuts that were made were $12 billion dollars from intended expenditures on new programs. That is why liberals like Ted Kennedy and Frank Church were upset, because their pet pork barrel projects tailored to their personal districts and constituencies had been cut.
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