

Connecticut College

Digital Commons @ Connecticut College

1978-1979

Student Newspapers

10-31-1978

College Voice Vol. 2 No. 6

Connecticut College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1978_1979

Recommended Citation

Connecticut College, "College Voice Vol. 2 No. 6" (1978). 1978-1979. 9.
https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1978_1979/9

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Newspapers at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in 1978-1979 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact bpancier@conncoll.edu.
The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

The College Voice

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Trials and tribulations of the beleaguered disc jockey
Tenure and the economics of education
Mohican Hotel: A shadow of past glory

VOLUME II, NO. VI

OCTOBER 31, 1978

GHOSTS



OCTOBER 31, 1978
VOLUME II, NO. VI

The College Voice

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE
NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

Making the team



Tenure and the economics of education

By Michael Adamowicz

Four teachers are up for tenure this year. The review process is more stringent this year than ever before. Economic pressures and a projected decline in student enrollments in the years ahead have forced the College to toughen the requirements for tenure. Thus, these four teachers must meet the most demanding criteria yet to retain their faculty positions.

The selection process is lengthy and wide in scope. The first step is for the department chairman to gather feedback from students, the student advisory committee, and faculty. He then makes a full assessment of the candidate as a teacher and a scholar. His final report is given to the Faculty Advisory Committee by December 15.

The next step is the Faculty Advisory Committee's report. They make their decision on the basis of the department chairman's recommendation, letters submitted by faculty members and outside scholars familiar with the candidate. The committee ranks all applicants in order of preference and sends the statement to President Ames.

The president then makes the final decision from all the material sent to him. He reports his findings to the board of trustees in early May. The trustees can reject his recommendations but usually support his conclusions.

In 1975, the administration decided to cut tenured positions back by 10 percent. So far six spots have been vacated. This makes getting tenure much harder as there are fewer positions available for the junior professors to fill.

Another factor adding to the difficulties facing the candidates is that the state of Connecticut passed a law removing any mandatory retirement age. Therefore, some teachers will hold their positions longer than was previously possible. The untenured professors must compete for even fewer places. As

President Ames stated, "we will have faculty teaching beyond 65, this makes getting tenure even more difficult."

Part of the problem comes from the College's earlier tenure procedures. Ames stated that the "College previously tried to do more than it could afford to do." Dean Francis Johnson added that "this college has not been as hard nosed in its tenure practices as its neighbors in New England. They now have more maneuverability than we do." This means that the college has tenured itself into a corner. Most departments have their tenure quotas filled, leaving no room for new additions to the permanent staff.

However, it is possible for a teacher in an untenured track to gain tenure. Ames said: "Even if a professor were in an untenurable position, he could get tenure under exceptional circumstances. If he or she was really, really dazzling in every respect and it was obvious to us that we would never find anyone better, no matter how long we looked, then obviously an exception would be justified."

All of these factors have led to a retrenchment by the administration. They hope that strong corrective measures will bring about beneficial results. One change that is desired is a greater flexibility to meet changing student tastes. Over the years, some departments lose student interest. The tenured teachers in these departments limit the number of positions that can be created to fill new student preferences. President Ames stated that you "cannot allow yourself to get too tenured in. But you have to be careful not to cut back on a fad. You have to be careful that you don't cut back in the area where there is no interest now, but five years from now there'll be renewed interest. And so we've got to be enrollment sensitive and, on the other hand, try to ride out the temporary low enrollments and hope they'll go up again."

continued on page 3

The Downtown Merchants Page

A SUPERLATIVE SANDWICH!

THE **B.M.T.**
BIGGEST-MEATTEST-TASTIEST

The B.M.T. at Subway is a SUPERLATIVE sandwich... it's the BIGGEST, MEATTEST, TASTIEST cold cut sandwich on Subway's already famous menu of foot-long sandwiches. The B.M.T. starts with American cheese, continues with salami, ham, Genoa salami, pepperoni, and finishes with a wide selection of vegetables and seasonings. Here's the best part! The B.M.T. is made to your EXACT taste for a Subway sandwich specialist. When it comes to giant, delicious foot-long sandwiches, Subway has the best track record around! So the next time YOU think of foot-long sandwiches, remember America's newest alternative... and make the B.M.T. The foot-long sandwich there's full of superlatives from your top line to the last... and only available at SUBWAY... where something delicious is served every sixty seconds.



OPEN LATE 7 DAYS A WEEK

AIT! WHILE-U-WAIT! WHILE-U-WAIT!

PRINTING
While-U-Wait!
Specialists in Fast, Low-Cost, Quality Offset Printing

100 COPIES FOR \$395*
This price hasn't changed SINCE 1965!
*8 1/2" x 11" page, black ink, one side! Additional 100's just 1 1/2¢ each or less. Photocopies Available

We specialize in resumes

State Street
442-8333

OVER 350 PIP'S NATIONWIDE

pip POSTAL INSTANT PRESS

E-U-WAIT! WHILE-U-WAIT! WHILE-U-WAIT!

NEW LONDON'S ONLY DELI AND CREPE HOUSE

ANNA CHRISTIE

ENTERTAINMENT
NIGHTLY
SPECIALIZING IN
FOLK-JAZZ & BLUES

52-54 Bank Street
New London, Conn.
443-9255



SOUTHWICK
NORMAN HILTON
CHAPS BY
RALPH LAUREN
BURBERRY LTD.
CORBIN LTD.



HATHAWAY
PENDLETON
WOOLRICH
J. G. HOOK
COTTAGE TAILORS
TOP-SIDER

447-3313

107 Captain's Walk Corner of Eugene O'Neill Drive and Captain's Walk

THE DUTCH TAVERN

Reasonable Prices 35¢ a beer \$2.25 a pitcher

9 am - 12 pm Monday-Saturday

23 Green St. Right off Captain's Walk



Thames River Greenery

203-443-6817
38 Captain's Walk
New London, Conn. 06320

Open Mon.-Sat.
8:30-6:30

Marcus

Friday 8:30-9:00

OVER 40,000 Pair of

Lee

Levi's

Wrangler

LOWEST PRICES AROUND

15-23 Bank Street

New London, Conn.

443-0471

MARCUS: The Guys store that Girls adore

LETTERS

Hemispheres

To the Editor:

It is all too evident that the author of the article on Study Abroad is suffering from a number of delirious delusions. The most important one, of course, is based on the assumption that there is a lack of administrative support for study abroad. When you consider that right now (First Semester 1978-79), fifty-seven Connecticut College students are studying abroad on approved programs, it is difficult to understand from whence derives the notion that there is a lack of administrative support.

Because of the increasing interest in foreign study, the Administration asked Mrs. Ernestine Brown to work with the Associate Dean in making information about foreign programs more readily available. That the addition of an individual to this vital area constitutes a lack of administrative support boggles the mind.

The college pays \$1,000 a year to belong to the Institute of European Studies in order to ensure that our students will be given preference to enroll in the European programs supported by this organization. The Administration of this college established the special annual exchange with Westminster College in Oxfordshire, England. The Administration of this college chose to join four other colleges in establishing the Kyoto program in Japan. Again, how do these positive actions constitute a lack of administrative support?

I have never heard of any ad-

ministrative decision to prevent the acquisition of informational brochures because of postage considerations. It is rather my impression that the office may grow weary of spending extra money to obtain new brochures because of a student tendency to forget to return the original brochures to the shelves.

It is indeed true that space is a serious problem. The Administration is aware of this difficulty and would like to remedy it as soon as we possibly can. But this office is not the only one caught in this space bind. Only money and time and renovation of various buildings will rectify this pressing problem.

Personally, as a member of the administration, and proud of it, I am growing a bit weary of this constant carping assumption that the college is run by a group of non-caring individuals.

Alice Johnson
Dean of the College

Question

To the Editor:

Open letter to SGA President Janice Mayer: Has Mr. Knight given SGA any clarification on the legality of the room entering policy as he promised on September 20?

Sincerely,
Jerrold B. Carrington
Class of 1979

FOLLOW UP

Knock three times

By Eric Schoenberg

The legality of the Connecticut College room entering policy is currently being investigated by both students and administration. At the Student Assembly meeting of September 20th, Treasurer Leroy Knight agreed to ask the school lawyer for an opinion on the question. There is no indication, at this time, when this will be received.

Meanwhile two students, Bob Porter '79 and President of Student Gov't Janice Mayer '80, are also seeking an opinion from the Legal Aid Service in New London. President Mayer is also corresponding with the student government of Mt. Holyoke where a similar policy has had problems.

Although the story is unclear, it seems that the investigation of a maintenance problem resulted in a student being busted for possession of marijuana. SGA President Mayer has stressed the importance of cleaning up Conn's policy before similar situations occur here. Meanwhile the policy still stands. Students should be aware that various school officials have access to students' rooms.

Over October break, at least two housefellows entered rooms in search of school property. This was not a check of rooms where school property was known to be, but rather an across-the-board check of all rooms in those dorms. Until there is a clear reversal of the policy students should assume that it stands as is.



The College Voice

Editor-in-Chief
EVAN A. STONE

Assistant to the Editor
JAMES C. POLAN

Managing Editor
ALEXANDER REID BRASH

Art Director
HOWARD ANDERSON

Photography Editor
VICKY MCKITTRICK

Illustration Editor
MAX MOORE

Senior Editors
MICHAEL ADAMOWICZ
ANDREW RODWIN

Senior Writer
MICHAEL SITTENFELD

Associate Editors
DAVID FIDERER
NICOLE GORDON
ALLEN MOORE
B. ROBERT NORMAN
STEVEN SHAFFER
THOMAS USDIN

Business Manager
JOANNE BALTZ

Business Staff
PAUL COSTA
SUSAN COURTNEY
HELENE KEO
SARAH GOLDSTEIN
LETTY SELKOVITS

Production Staff
RANDI CHUDNOW
MARYBETH DUGAN
NANCY GARLOCK
DAVID MCKILJ OP JR.
ANNE ROCHE
SETH STONE
ROBIN WAXENBERG
LISA WESTERBERG

Photography Staff
TERRY GREENE
TATANIA LOPUCHIN
WENDY WEEKS
BERNIE WEISS

Circulation
JOHN AYERS

Consultants
STEVEN GUTMAN
DAVID STEWART

Contributors: Alleyne Abate, Clyde McKee III, Dan Nugent, Alison Rogers, Eric Schoenberg, Ben Sperry, Lawrence Strauss, Larry Yahia, Stephanie Zachs.

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 does not assume responsibility and will return only those accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. All copy represents the opinion of the author unless states otherwise. The College Voice is a student-run, non-profit organization.

Editorial offices are located in Room 212, Crozier-Williams Student Center. Mailing address: Box 1351, Connecticut College, New London, Ct. 06320. Phone: (203) 442-5391, Ext. 236 or 397.

Making the team (continued)



Faculty Advisory Committee

Continued from page 1

Dean F. Johnson plays an informal role in the tenure process. He stated that "It is the President's discretion to ask me to become involved with him in review of the materials that have come to him from the Advisory Committee and the department."

Johnson listed the criteria that he and the President look at for the candidate's dismissal or acceptance. He said, "What we would be looking at is the teachers' record, the promise of the candidate to the future of the College the students, and the world of scholarship. Also, what effect would his addition to the staff have on the distribution of topics covered in the department, and what different research and classroom impacts he'll have in the coming decades."

Johnson hopes that cutting back the number of positions and the tougher tenure requirements will allow the college to increase staff salaries, add to the number of services available to the student and allow the College "to stay lean in anticipation of the coming reduction in student enrollments."

Johnson believes that "the pressure on the College and the President are enormous. Further, the decision becomes tougher

as the junior faculty is composed of many absolutely outstanding candidates."

Many students are watching the tenure procedure closely this year. Some feel that this year will serve as an indicator of the College's dedication to the academic excellence of Conn. There has been some question of this in recent months and they feel they can be reassured only if the College tenures the best of those up for tenure this year.

Thus, the President and the College are faced with many responsibilities and dilemmas. How well the system works and the administration's ability to cope with the problems will be revealed this May.

The position of Editor-in-Chief of THE COLLEGE VOICE will be open as of November 7, 1978. Interested applicants should submit a written statement to Box 1351 and attend the Editorial Board meeting at 10:30 p.m. on Monday, November 6. A new editor will be elected at this time.

Evan Stone

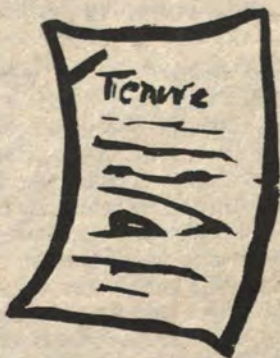
INSIDE OUT

VOLUME II, NO. VI

Tenure

The controversial issue of tenure arises again. Michael Adamowicz clarifies and illuminates the way in which a Professor may be tenured.

p. 1-3



Ghosts

The once imperial Mohican Hotel is now a decaying mess. Lawrence Strauss examines the history behind this New London landmark.

p. 6-7

DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS	2
FOLLOW UP	2
ON CAMPUS	4
NEWS SHORTS	4
OFF THE TRACK	5
PEOPLE	8
ENTERTAINMENT	9
OP-ED	10
SPORTS	11

COVER PHOTO COURTESY OF
THE NEW LONDON COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

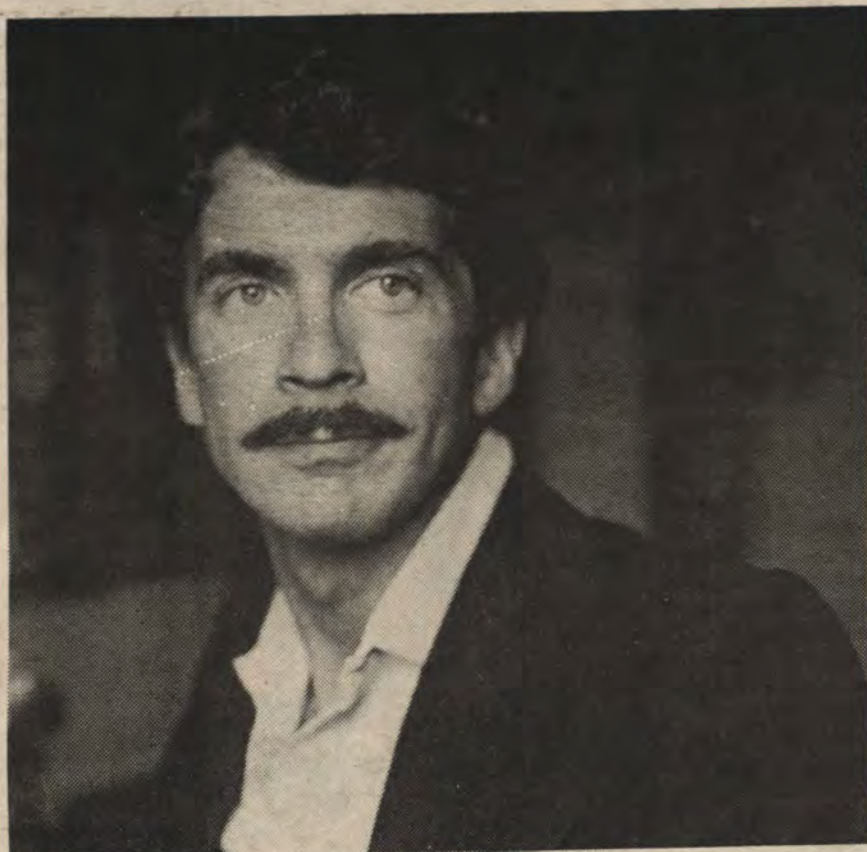


Record spinner

Radio is a dangerous sport. Don Nugent gives a behind the scenes account of d. jaying on the night shift at W.C.N.I.

p. 9

ON CAMPUS



Alfred Corn, visiting assistant Professor of English

A call in the midst of Conn

By Ben Sperry

If you have happened to see a nattily dressed mustachioed man in his mid thirties, who bears a not too faint resemblance to a young Clark Gable, ambling around campus this fall, and were curious as to his identity, seek no more. The man's name is Alfred D. Corn, a poet and writer, and he is teaching three Creative Writing courses this semester as a Visiting Assistant Professor of English.

A native of Valdosta, a city of thirty thousand in south-central Georgia, Mr. Corn did his undergraduate work at Emory University in Atlanta, from which he graduated in 1965. After graduate work in French Literature at Columbia, Mr. Corn spent a year in Paris on a Fulbright Scholarship. In the years following his return, Mr. Corn taught French at Columbia, wrote for a publishing firm, and worked as a freelance writer on numerous projects in New York. In the past two years Mr. Corn has taught writing seminars at Yale as a visiting lecturer.

Mr. Corn's earliest recollection of an interest in writing goes back to when he was eight years old, when he wrote a poem for a grade school teacher. According to Mr. Corn, his work was received by the teacher with friendly incomprehension and a disinterested "That's nice." After that inauspicious beginning Mr. Corn continued to write both poetry and fiction in high school and some of his work, which he describes as "Not very good; I doubt if I've kept any of it", was published in the school literary magazine. Mr. Corn stopped writing in college and didn't pick it up again seriously until after graduate school. Mr. Corn attributes his renewed interest in writing at that time to encouragement from friends and a positive reception of his work. Since then he has written a novel not yet published and two books of poetry, *All Roads at Once* and *A Call in the Midst of the Crowd*, both published by the Viking Press. Currently Mr. Corn is writing a third book of poetry.

Aside from his work, Mr. Corn is an admirer of classical music, and he also likes to travel.

After this semester, Mr. Corn hopes to devote full time to his writing. When

asked about the future of his writing career Mr. Corn said simply, "Most writers think their best book is the next one."

Give me liberty or give me.....

By Andrew Rodwin

Civil liberties are legal rights that are often taken for granted in the United States. The right to assemble, the right to practice any religion, freedom of speech, due process of law—all are Constitutionally guaranteed rights which, in the face of the expanding executive, have been maintained reasonably well over the years by the judicial branch of government. Civil liberties are taken for granted because, presumably, they have become a part of the Western tradition.

But recently, in an on-campus lecture on the new field of civil liberties law in the United Kingdom, guest lecturer John Wheeler concluded that civil liberties have not the hallowed status in Britain that they do in America. Professor Wheeler, a former dean of Hollins College and still a member of their faculty, has spent the past three years studying in England, at the Law School of Cambridge University and in London.

The field of British civil liberties law has only recently begun to be explored and Wheeler is at the fore, blazing trails. While drawing occasional conclusions in his lecture, Wheeler described a number of interesting civil liberties cases in the U.S. and the U.K. in a comparative manner. In the United Kingdom, for example, an individual is free to practice homosexuality and yet ironically is committing a criminal offense when advocating, e.g., defending, homosexuality.

Paradoxically as well, an individual

may be punished for conspiracy to commit a crime (a common law offense), but would be punished more leniently or not at all, in certain cases, for actually committing that crime.

Important differences exist between American and British society, differences we tend to overlook. Wheeler believes that the lack of a written constitution, the tradition of parliamentary sovereignty and the implicit trust in authority in Britain, conditions anathema to American constitutional law, account for the relative impotency of the British civil liberties tradition. One might conclude that with the rise of the Third World, whose nations have no tradition of civil liberties, the United States may stand alone for these liberties in the international community in an attempt to influence the constitutional development of these fledgling nations.

Mr. Wheeler's lecture was part of the Bernstein Lecture series sponsored by the college Government Department.

Announcement

Connecticut College President Oakes Ames has announced the appointment of Nancy Gallinger as assistant in the college's Office of Public Information.

Miss Gallinger replaces Deborah A. Weingrad in the News Office. Miss Weingrad, who has served as director of the News Office for two years, is leaving the college to take a position

with Connecticut Public Television in Hartford.

Miss Gallinger, a 23-year-old native of Griswold, will be responsible in her new position at the college for the preparation and distribution to the print and broadcast media of all publicity pertaining to the college's programs, policies, and personalities.

Display

Sculpture and drawings by two Connecticut artists will be on display in the Cummings Art Center at Connecticut College Nov. 1-21.

Also on display will be the Mayer Collection, a group of works by major 20th Century artists. The collection, on loan to the college, will appear in the Dana Gallery. An opening reception for the exhibit will be Nov. 1 from 7 to 9 p.m. in the Cummings Art Center.

Sculpture by Robert Kelley, a resident of Stamford, and an art teacher at Westhill High School in Stamford, will be exhibited in the Manwaring Gallery. Kelley received his B.S. and M.S. degrees in art education from New York University. He also studied at Howard University and New Haven State Teachers College.

Drawings by Helen Spoehr, a 1968 graduate of Connecticut College, will be on display in Gallery 66. A resident of Guilford, Spoehr received the National Council Higher Diploma in Art from Chelsea School of Art in London, England.

NEWS SHORTS

Swanson

Wayne R. Swanson, associate professor of government at Connecticut College, is one of five Connecticut political scientists to be appointed to a special committee to study the state's procedures for nominating political candidates. The group will begin a series of public hearings in early November.

The focus of the deliberations will be to reexamine the state's challenge primary law. A report assessing the adequacy of the current law and outlining recommendations for changes will be submitted to the General Assembly by March 1, 1979.



Feminism

A women's studies program entitled "Feminism is What You Praxis" will be offered at Connecticut College Nov. 4 and 5.

Sponsored by the college's Women's Studies Committee, the weekend program will feature nine guest speakers who are experts in such areas as law, health, sports, and the Equal Rights Amendment.

The workshops will be conducted Saturday, Nov. 4 from 11 a.m. through 4:30 p.m. The Rev. Suzanne Hiatt will begin the program with a keynote address entitled "Strategies for Institutional Change" at 10 a.m. in Olive Hall.

Appointment

Connecticut College President Oakes Ames has announced the appointment of David Weiss as the program coordinator for the college's Office of Continuing Education.

Weiss, a 25-year-old native of St. Louis, Mo., will be responsible for planning and coordinating the performing aspect of the summer session.

Stones trial

Keith Richard of the world renowned rock band the Rolling Stones entered a trial on October 23 that could send him to prison for life. Twenty months ago, he was arrested in his hotel suite for possession of nearly one ounce of heroin and a small amount of cocaine. The heroin was valued by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who also made the arrest, at \$4,000. If the Canadian jury should find Richard guilty of both distributing and possessing the heroin, he faces a very stiff penalty.

ERA possible

The Senate has voted, 30-60, to extend the ERA's ratification deadline until June 30, 1982. During the next 39 months, ERA supporters must concentrate on winning the ratifying vote in the last three states they need. Also included in the senate decision, is a provision that does not allow states, that had previously given approval to the amendment, to reverse their votes during the extension.

Dodd and Connell

By Alleyne Abate

A debate took place at Connecticut College on Tuesday, October 24th between Congressional incumbent Chris Dodd and challenger Tom Connell. This encounter for the benefit of voting students began at 8 p.m. in Dana Hall and was sponsored by the League of Women Voters and the Department of Government. About 200 people attended this congressional debate, and they seemed quite knowledgeable and made both candidates reveal their positions on all major problems.

Each man began with a five minute opening remark. Dodd cited that after being in office for two terms he really knows the governmental system and what needs to be done. He also mentioned that he is the youngest member to serve on the powerful House Rules Committee. Connell, on the other hand, illustrated how through holding a job

since age 14 he understands what people have to do in order to "pinch the buck." He believes that he has a good perspective in the area of a tax cut.

Questions then came from the audience. These questions centered around taxes, nuclear energy, and ecology. When asked about the tax problem, Dodd responded that he did not vote for the recent tax cut proposal in Congress it was not a cut for the \$15,000 bracket and under. Connell disagreed with Dodd's assessment of the tax cut and said that it would have helped the American people a great deal. This appears to be the main issue around which their 1978 campaign revolves.

After an hour of probing questions the debate closed with the two men summing up their positions. Both men stressed that wanted people to be sure to vote.

Graphics or starvation?



by Alison Rogers

"Connecticut College's art department is one of the best," states a transfer student. A senior agrees, "For this size school Connecticut College has a very strong art department." These opinions are voiced by art majors, two of an approximate seventy at Connecticut College.

The life of an art major is "very busy" according to one junior major. While most art majors divide their class time equally between art and academic courses, more time out of class is spent on art because, "It's more demanding."

The recommended curriculum for those majoring in art includes ten studio courses and three art history courses. Art majors agree that the faculty of the art department is excellent. Professors Hendricks and McCable are on the verge of international recognition for their art work. Both have had major exhibitions in large cities, such as New York, Washington D.C. and Paris.

All art majors work toward an exhibition to be presented at the end of their senior year. Works of art in two areas are expected to be shown, with one developed to a greater extent than the other.

Is there life after graduation for an

art major? The choices are few, but in their fewness lies great diversity. One can either go on to graduate school or try to find a job utilizing a Connecticut College art background. "If one is a committed fine arts person, graduate school is the next step," says one teacher in the Art Department.

With one exception, the job market is rather small for those with an education in art. "Unless you want to go the starving route, you don't want to try to live off of your art," warned one junior. One art teacher reaffirms this, saying that very few artists support themselves sufficiently by selling their original works of art. The exception to this discouraging view is the area of graphic arts, one growing in popularity at Connecticut College. It is considered the most vocational and the most lucrative, with examples of available jobs in layout work and advertising design. Also, some artists become teachers in order to support themselves.

Advice from a junior art major concerning the way she deals with her art classes can be heeded by anyone else trying to put their academic work into perspective. "Take each teacher for what they are, keep an open mind, and incorporate what they have to say into your own experiences."

OFF THE TRACK

In the Valley of Death (I AM HIP)



By B. Robert Norman

I'm 6'4" and weigh, oh, about 188 lbs. I look like a crazed gorilla on the football field, and have been compared to a jerk many times. For some reason people appear to be intimidated by my size. They figure that I must have been a behemoth since day one and have existed by eating people and spitting out the bones. Not true. I eat the bones. But seriously, there really was a time in my life when I had to wear lead-filled sneakers to hold me down on windy days. Ladies and gentlemen, I too was a squirt. Let me take you back through time to the wonder years when my hormones knew not the meaning of growth.

Now I'm aware how much fun it is to pick on shrimps whose idea of self-defense is to bleed all over the attacker. But I used to come home from private school wearing a goddam tie and jacket, white shirt, and dynamite boots, and most important, my handy-dandy briefcase covered with stickers. They said cute things such as SALT, GO HOME and I AM HIP. I would get off the bus and then walk the remaining half-mile.

I nicknamed that half-mile the Valley of Death. My reputation as a petrified dwarf always gave me a welcome committee upon my return from school. Fortunately, there was a well-placed forest that ran between the bus stop and my house. And I would tear ass through that forest like Swifty at Suffolk Downs. However, I ran more like Bugs Bunny and if the gang didn't get me, a thorn bush would.

The following year began with an omen. I grew two inches and lost five pounds. But I soon found the secret to making friends. I became a major source of income:

"Hey, I bet you five bucks you can't make him eat that tennis ball."

"Oh yeah? You're on. Watch this."

"Mmmmmmmfffff! Ack! Gag!"

"See? I told ya so."

And like that.

The next part in the story you have seen in a thousand movies. Abused punk swears revenge, makes a list of those to die, conceives of a hideous, bloody plot, and then goes out and spits on their lawns. Unless there was anybody home at the time. But my plans were temporarily put aside when we moved to a different town. At last, I thought, I could find a world where everyone was a puny muskrat.

Nope. It was a world of Joey Harburgers, who was 6'2" 200 lbs. in the eighth grade. There was Patrick O'Connell, the first true sadist that I have ever had the displeasure of meeting. (This guy was-is totally warped). They were complimented by Bryan Dirrairie whose favorite pastime was shooting hockey pucks at my head. Not to mention Johnny "Green Teeth" Egan who was nothing short of a blithering idiot. They didn't have to be bigger than I. Most of them had black-jacks, brass knuckles, and other paraphernalia to test out. There were no woods in this town but there were plenty of back alleys.

Being bounced around like a basketball for years did have some advantages. I learned the art of gentle persuasion which occasionally helped to avoid a beating. It was almost fun using my face and life as barter. But a better game came along. I discovered a kid smaller and more petrified than me. Better still, he wore coke-bottle glasses with tortoise shell frames and he carried a briefcase. The poor slob was pitiful, with his white socks and high waters equipped with open fly, and his keys that were attached to his belt. God, I wanted his lunch money.

So I took off after him. I chased him upstairs, downstairs, and through the cafeteria. I would have caught him too if "Green Teeth" hadn't tripped me down the stairs. It turns out that he just hates people who pick on little geeks. That little goon would push me out of the way whenever we passed in the halls from that day on.

Bastards. All of them. Do you think that I forget? You, sister: do you think I don't remember when you used to make me kiss bug-face close-ups in that big nature atlas? Gary DeCicco, you fat slob! I recall all those times you came up to me and said, "I'm Zorba the Greek and I'll tweek your cheek," then pinch it blue. Lenny Leforte, if you are not back in prison by now, you will get yours, you rat.

Now hold on here. Just because I can now rip out their livers will that atone for what happened? Won't I become what they were? With increased size and strength there comes great responsibility. Spiderman never kicked the crap out of Flash Thompson, did he? I too must dedicate my powers to good, justice, and the protection of Democracy. I realize now that revenge bears no merit, and is much less intrinsically rewarding than forgiving and forgetting.

Bullshit.

Last of the Mohican:

By Lawrence Strauss

When you walk down Captain's Walk, you have a hard time escaping the Muzak-instrumental versions of "Rain Drops Keep Falling on My Head" and "Tie A Yellow Ribbon Around The Old Oak Tree." Everywhere you look you see new stores that are struggling to attract customers; inside them you see sales people trying to keep busy, for business never seems to be good. The stores, it seems, are losing out to the superhighways and shopping centers. Then there is the old movie theater that has seen better days. You get the feeling that only ghosts go there now to watch the movies. At the corner stands the old wing of the New London public library. You can't go inside, though, because it is falling down. So Captain's Walk is hardly a cheerful place—or street, or mall, call it what you want—and you get the feeling that it is rotting. The Mohican Hotel is no different than the rest of Captain's Walk; along with almost everything else on the street, it too is rotting. But the hotel has always fascinated me, particularly since I like to imagine what it was like in its heyday—the

"...the Mohican was considered to be one of the best hotels on the east coast, on a par with the Waldorf Astoria

twenties, thirties and forties. I have always wished that I could go back in time to see the hotel when it was really the Mohican Hotel.

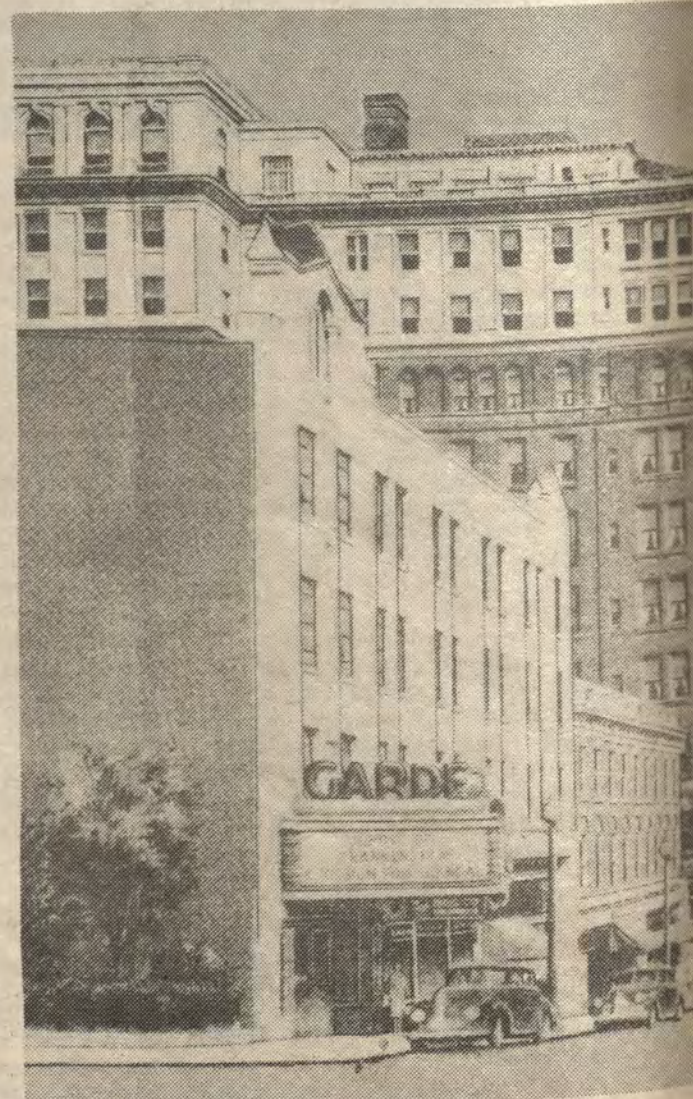
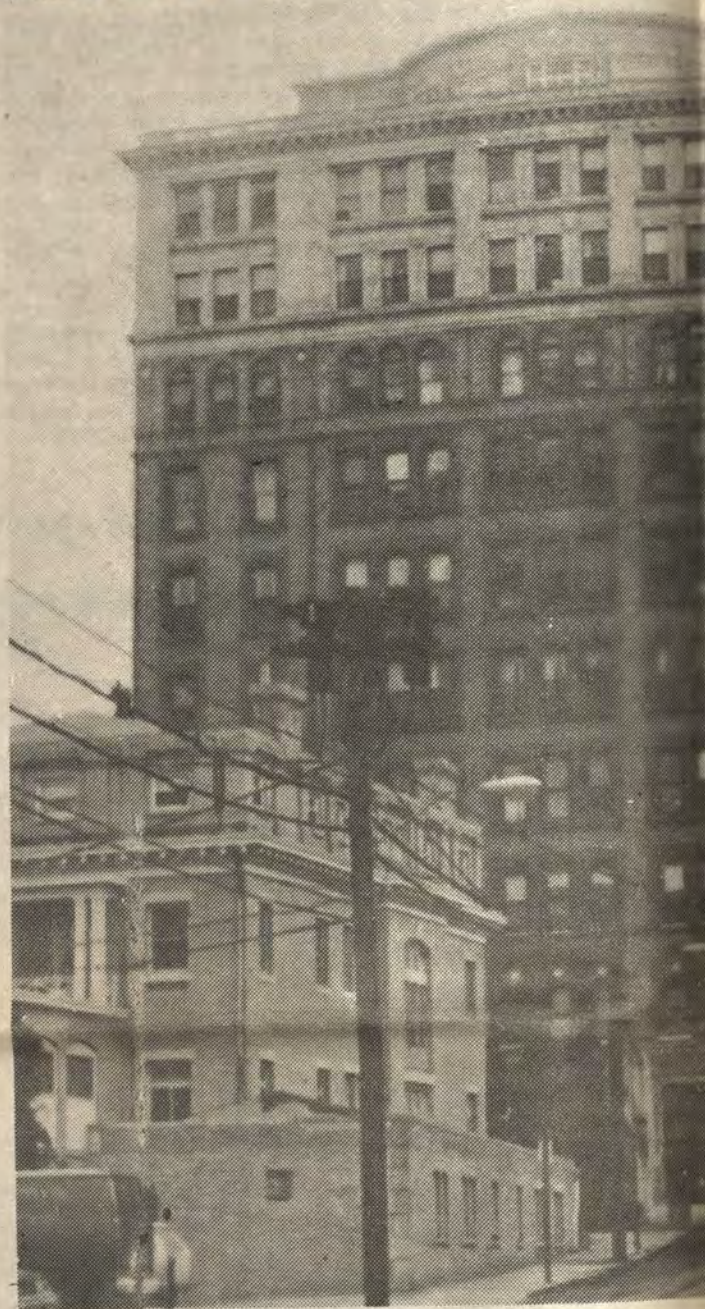
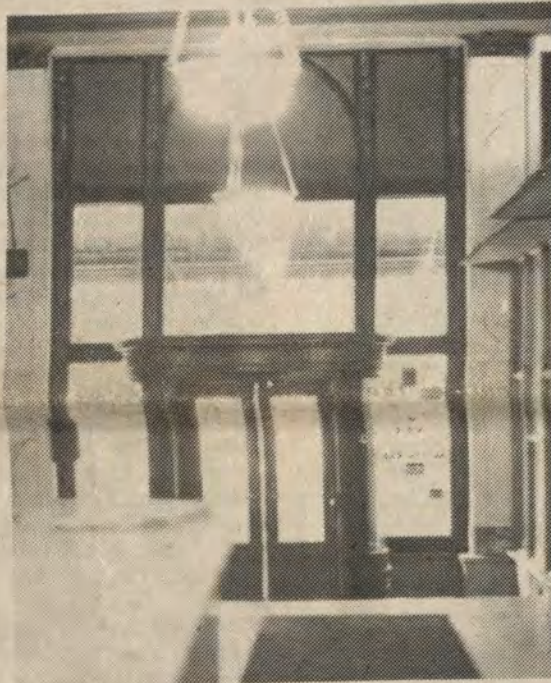
The Mohican Hotel: it is an old building, built in 1896, and it is decaying. Yet, if you look carefully, it is an elegant old place. Originally it was supposed to be a printing press. A man by the name of Frank Muncey moved his press from New York to New London, figuring that he could cut labor costs by over

\$100,000. Also, he felt that New London was a good location since it was situated halfway between New York and Boston, the two big publishing centers in America. However, things did not go well for Muncey, and by early, 1897, due to union difficulties, he had decided to shut down his printing press and move it back to New York. When Muncey decided to leave New London, it made the headlines in "The New London Day" and the defunct "New London Telegram." "The Day" ran an editorial that said: "Bringing the printing plant here was a mistake." Because Muncey's printing business failed, he

decided to turn the building into what is now Mohican Hotel. The alterations, which included adding two stories, took about three months. The Mohican opened officially on May 11, 1897. Later on, in 1909, Muncey installed a hydraulic elevator, a big event in its day; he did this because he had been trapped in an elevator once, and the new elevators were safer. They are still working today. In 1916 the top three stories as well as a roof garden were added.....

You aren't allowed to go up to the roof garden today. Apparently it is run down now. In the old days, back in the twenties, thirties and forties, the Mohican was considered to be one of the best hotels on the east coast, on a par with the Waldorf Astoria in New York. You would never believe that though, looking at the Mohican today. When you walk into the lobby, you notice that it has been stripped to the bone. A lot of things have been stolen. The bar, once a New London hot spot, is closed now. The walls haven't been painted in years. But there was a time when things were different, when you could go up to the roof garden and listen to the orchestra and admire the beautiful view. From the roof garden you looked out and saw a small New England harbor, not what you see today: industry. During the good years there was always a doorman to meet you out in front of the hotel. There were eight elevator boys and at least as many bell-hops. According to one woman, who has

lived in the Mohican since the thirties, "The service was gracious." In its heyday the Mohican had five dining rooms, one of which was on the roof garden. You were living in style when you went up there. The food was good, and so was the music. Many of the waiters worked at the hotel from the time they were



A shadow of past glory

boys until they were old men. Another veteran of the hotel, who still lives there today, told me that when she travelled to Florida and California, people had heard of the Mohican Hotel. This is all hard to believe though, even if you try your hardest to imagine what things were like long ago. It is sad when

is there, right in front of you: the weekly boarders you see roaming around the bare lobby; the rusty dials over the elevators; the drab walls; and the paint that is peeling.

Not too many people come to stay in the hotel these days. Most of the people living there are weekly or monthly boarders. A few people have lived there longer, and one of those people is Mrs. Rose Linicus, whose family has lived in the hotel since the twenties. Talking to her makes you sad, for she is heart-broken about the hotel, what has happened to it over the years. She lived in the Mohican during the good years, when people came up to stay there for the Yale-Harvard boat races. "It was a lovely place to live," she says, "I can't begin to tell you how different it was." She lives on the ninth floor in a small apartment. She has a view of New London harbor. "Back in the twenties and thirties," she says, "the view of the harbor was beautiful." She remembers when Eugene O'Neill used to stop by the hotel. The Mohican bar was one of his favorite places to drink. "Of course," she adds, "he'd drink anywhere." She doesn't get out too much nowadays, nor does she have a lot to do with most of the people who live in the hotel now. At least she doesn't spoil some of her fond memories.

When I asked the lady at the desk in the lobby if I could go up to the roof garden, she said I couldn't.

"We're terribly sorry, sir," she said, "but we're not permitted to let you go up there."

"But I just want to take a quick look at the roof garden," I said.

"Nope. There's no way. Nobody's allowed up there anymore."

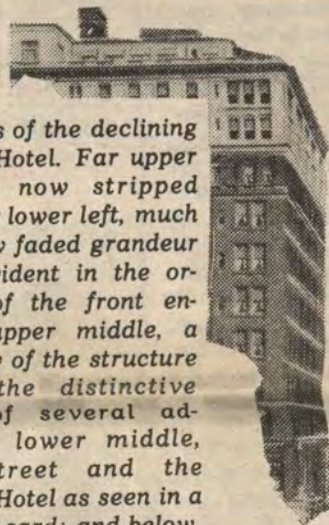
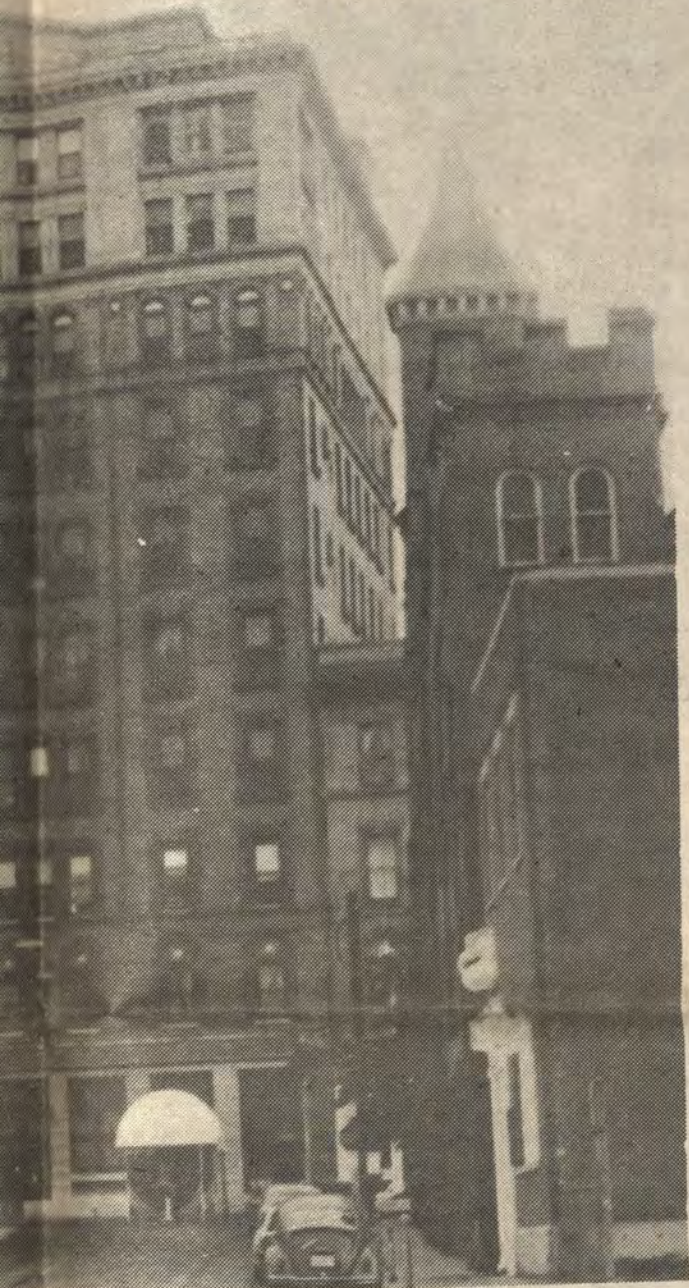
"Couldn't I just go up there for a minute?"
"No."

That was that. The glory days of the hotel were shut off from me.

It looks as though I am never going to make it up to the roof garden, or get the chance to see the rest of the hotel—the lobby aside. So that leaves me with my imagination. Whenever I'm walking down Captain's Walk, I do my best to block out the Muzak, and I try to

the weekly boarders you see roaming around the bare lobby: the rusty dials over the elevators: the walls..." "She remembers when Eugene O'Neill used to stop by the hotel. The Mohican bar was one of his favorite places to drink. "Of course," she adds, "he'd drink anywhere."

Pictures of the declining Mohican Hotel. Far upper left, the now stripped lobby; far lower left, much of the now faded grandeur is left evident in the ornament of the front entrance; upper middle, a front view of the structure (notice the distinctive marks of several additions); lower middle, State Street and the Mohican Hotel as seen in a 1930s post card; and below, the first Hydraulic elevator installed in New London still operating. Cover photo depicts the Mohican upon completion.



avoid looking in the stores. They always depress me, it seems. Instead I always gaze up at the top floor of the hotel, where the roof garden is. I try to picture what things were like when Mrs. Linicus first lived in the hotel, when tea dances were held two or three times a week. I find it hard going, though. The Muzak, among other things, distracts me. And I look at that building and see an old run-down hotel. But sometimes, when my imagination is finely tuned, I can see myself in the roof garden. The year is 1928, and I am having a conversation with Eugene O'Neill. It is a beautiful summer evening, and I can see the lights way off in the distance on Fishers Island. The orchestra plays music of the jazz age, then a waiter, who has worked at the Mohican for years, comes over and refills our drinks. People are dancing cheek to cheek now, for it is getting late. It is past midnight. Nobody wants to leave. Everybody will stay to watch the sunrise. Then O'Neill, who has been looking out at the harbor, turns to me and speaks.

"It's a pretty good view, isn't it?"
"It's beautiful."

STATE STREET, NEW LONDON, CONN.

591



PEOPLE



Lucy Sloman after winning the New London Watermelon Seed-spitting Contest, exhibits the bubbling friendliness and charm which won her the housefellowship of Park. Pin-ups of this Texas-belle (a real ding-dong) are available upon request. Write to You Are Kidding Me, Box 649.

Connecticut College varsity sports continue to surprise and amaze.

The soccer team has continued to show good, strong play and to maintain their winning ways. Women's crew of course had a brilliant season, with the Dad Vail Regatta championship highlighting. The women's tennis team had a strong 8-4 record. And the Cross-country team climaxed an astounding 26-1 record by winning the Tri State Championships.

Certain signs have popped up which have reinforced our feelings about Conn varsity teams. First, the soccer team caught the cadets with their guard down and defeated them 1-0. This tradition continued when men's crew out stroked the Coast Guard in 3 out of 5 races on a wet, cold day.

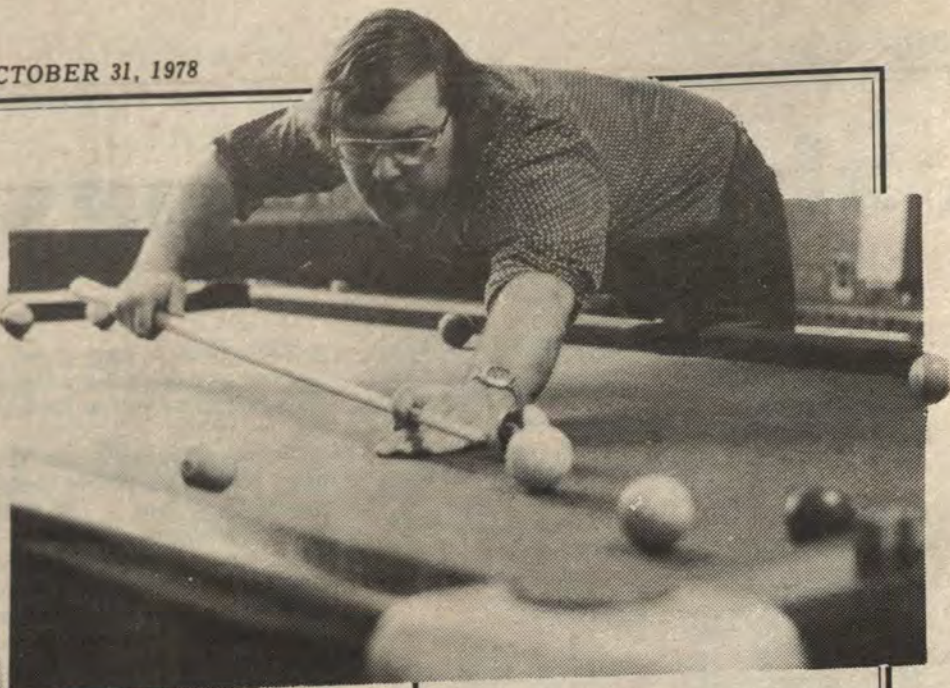
The Camel will no longer be a Beast of Burden.

"We are a bunch of wild and crazy gals!" That's what freshmen Kathy Bruno, Karen Rose, Laurie Sauer, and Sally Clarke have to say about themselves. And why not? They live in a plush two-bedroom living room and bath suite called the Freeman Tower.

Just five flights up Freeman and you will run into a ward for the quasi-insane. Kathy (far left) amuses the group by playing guitar and Kermit the Frog. Laurie (second from right), besides hitting the bottle, declares herself to be "the housemother" and the head of the Tower Massage Parlor, no explanation need. Sally (far right) voiced her distaste for "the 75 stairs on the way up!" After the long trek up she likes to curl her hair via the current methods. And Karen (only one with a phone) had this to say about her roommates, quipping, "I'm gonna barf."

The girls know how to have fun too. Besides reading "the disgusting and vile things on the memo pad" they enjoy water fights on the fire escape. A friend of the crew summed up Tower life this way: "This place is so crazy even the mice are hunchbacked."

You've come a long way, baby, to get where you got to today.

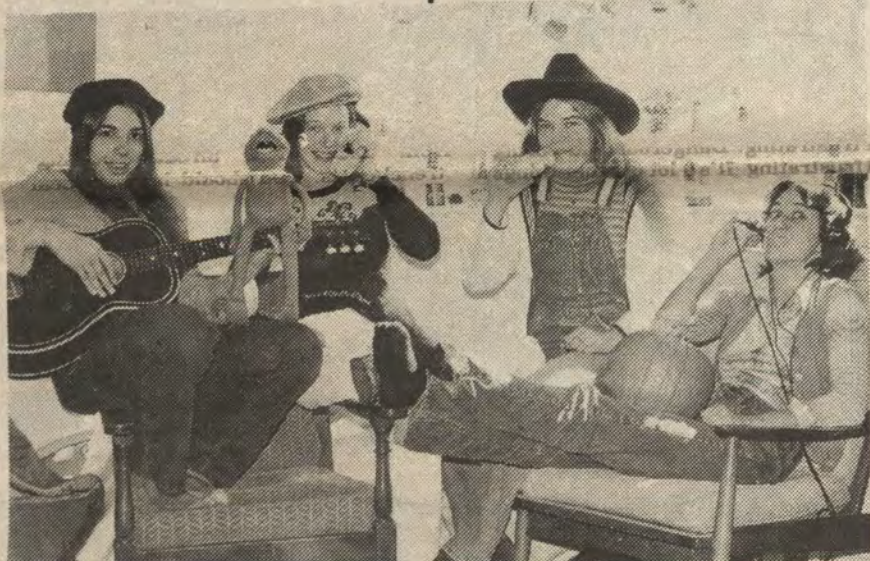


Are you frustrated because there are no interesting campus jobs, and you are always broke? Well, Mark Fregeau has solved that problem. He has resorted to hustling people out of money that was "only destined for beer anyway." Mark, who lives in Turner Falls (right across from Railroad Salvage) has decided to call himself the Massachusetts Mangler. In this picture, Mark prepares to ricochet the 7 ball off his "pigeon" into the side pocket.

A spokesman for the Administration commented: "It's all part of the deterioration of the liberal arts education. Students aren't interested in developing their critical faculties anymore, but rather want to acquire skills that will make them attractive packages in the job market."

Sarah Buckingham and Chris Bailey, residents of the famed Morrison East Wing Freshman suite. The suite consists of two non-connecting bedrooms, each with its own doorway and hall, and bathroom. The other suite holds Rosanne Bociarelli and Christian Keller. Since the east wing suite is so segregated from the rest of the form Sarah and Chris were asked how they keep amused. The reply, "We like to discuss how women at the beach wear those plastic bathing caps with the blonde ponytail coming out, but they have brown hair and see-thru rubber shoes, and they try to be real popular but they are really queer."

There you are.



"Long distance is the next best thing to being there," claim extraterrestrial classmen "J2" Julie Stahlgern (left) and companion Wendy "Wookiee" Weeks (right). These two foreigners represent the very first participants enrolled in Connecticut College's experimental alien exchange program. "I'm enjoying myself down here," explains Stahlgern, "but I sometimes get a little home-sick." Weeks elaborates, "I'd heard that the boys at Connecticut were kinda weird but I figured they'd still talk to us girls anyway. Well they don't so every Sunday J2 and I contact our old male pleasure units through the Bell Star System." Get a load of this, sports fans, these gals are capable of running up a monthly phone bill which would put some of your big mouth New York types to shame: at \$14.60 a light second, our two space travelers combined for a bill totaling \$1700.00 during the month of September.



ENTERTAINMENT



Hey Mr. Late Night D.J.

By Dan Nugent

You are the disc jockey. The time is the present. The chair is yours. The sentences are clipped. Go to it.

Radio is a dangerous sport. Boring and frustrating. Dangerous and boring and frustrating. It's a lot of other things as well, but those are the mainstays of the WCNI experience. You'll learn to love WCNI; quote the rule book at gatherings; praise past d.j.'s of fame and infamy; in short, become the complete radio boor. When the technique of fading in songs is more important to you than the songs themselves, you will be hooked. You will have joined us. From there on no escape is possible. After your first few shows the real pointlessness of the experience will begin to dawn on you. Your grades may slip, and you may end up wandering the streets of New London begging spare change from your listeners. They will ignore you and insult your show. All this and more may occur, and only because you wanted to know what goes on at WCNI. Aren't you sorry you asked?

Basically, the job of the d.j. is a simple one: to play music, answer telephone calls, and read public service announcements. This sounds simpler than it is. The d.j. must arrive at the station one half hour before his show is to begin so he can collect enough records from the shelves to last a major part of his show. There is no worse feeling for a disc jockey than facing the idea that he has no more music to play. Running around the station in search of that next song is a sure way to precipitate a nervous breakdown or at least a mental disorder of some minor variety. A stack of records within easy reach is essential. After his records are pulled, the hapless d.j. must fill out the Log Book, in which he records the times he announces the station name and number. Public service announcements are also recorded in the Log Book at the time they are read over the air. Besides the Log Book the d.j. must fill out a playlist form on which he records each song he plays, the artist, the album from which it is taken. As a final requirement, he will play at least five "new releases" per show, songs that have been in the station less than two months.

Now remember that you are the d.j.

Calm yourself; you have a show to do. Clear the studio of all the friends who have suddenly attached themselves to you and who show a marked interest in the new album by Jethro Tull. Try to keep that album in the studio and out from under their already bulging trenchcoats. You should learn to deal with people who call to hear the Allman Brothers play "Ramblin' Man" just one more time. You will realize that your audience knows only three songs, so you will try to play them in a different order each time. And, in truth, how can you mix the aforementioned song with Frank Zappa and Chuck Mangione and not want to eat the thermometer? But even this anxiety will become enjoyable. Radio types are nervous beings, their bodies cued to change things in three-minute time slots. This can create twitches in the most solemn of faces.

No loneliness can match that of the

late-night or early-morning disc jockey. New London ceases to exist very late in the evening. You will convince yourself that the town is a rumour. No matter how much caffeine you ingest, the control board will look remarkably like your pillow, in these forlorn hours. Gauge your sanity by the amount of time you spend babbling incoherently to your listeners. If you begin to read the opening paragraphs of "The Great Gatsby" over the air, you're in trouble. Especially if you convince yourself that you've written it.

Even afternoon people can become twisted. Many have. An Existentialist is born every hour in the WCNI studios, which is just what this campus needs: teams of radio people quoting Sartre and Billy Joel. It's something to ponder, if in deed anything is worth pondering. It's up to you, this radio game. You are the d.j. You are the blessed. You are the damned. Sleep warm.



The museum lurking beyond south lot

by Stephanie Zacks

Lurking just beyond the south parking lot of Conn College lies a small, readily accessible museum which seems virtually unknown to many Conn students. Why? What is there about the Lyman Allyn Museum that apparently keeps so many students from visiting? One senior comments that, "There is nothing of interest to see,"—rather an interesting comment from someone who has never visited the museum.

In actual fact, Lyman Allyn contains a number of interesting permanent displays, including art from the Ancient and Medieval worlds, the Renaissance world, 17th, 18th, 19th century England and America, the African and Oriental worlds, and even more. One can wander through a rather small but alluring maze of various cultures on the second floor of the museum.

Lyman Allyn also has four rooms with temporary exhibits. Currently there is an exhibit by Paul Dougherty (paintings, watercolors and monotypes primarily of marine scapes). On November 5-26 there will also be a display by Alphonse Scarano entitled *Seven Districts: a perspective on New London life styles*.

All this, however, is certainly not very well publicized to Conn students, for otherwise the museum would hold a far bigger audience than it does not. "I heard it's known for its great collection of dollhouses," is one student's reason for never having visited. And certainly he has a point, if indeed old dollhouses and dollhouse furniture was all that Lyman Allyn has to offer.

But there is far more. In addition to its diverse collection of paintings, sculpture, decorative arts, costumes and more, the museum also offers lectures, tours, and art classes. Students may study in a library which art history majors ought to take note of; it's a good non-circulating art history reference library.

Well, if all this is true, there is perhaps still something lacking or inadequate about the museum; or why else wouldn't Conn students take advantage of a cultural highlight in a virtually uncultured city? For one thing the exhibits, although many and intriguing, are each quite small and do not come close to giving the visitor an adequate overview of each culture that is depicted.

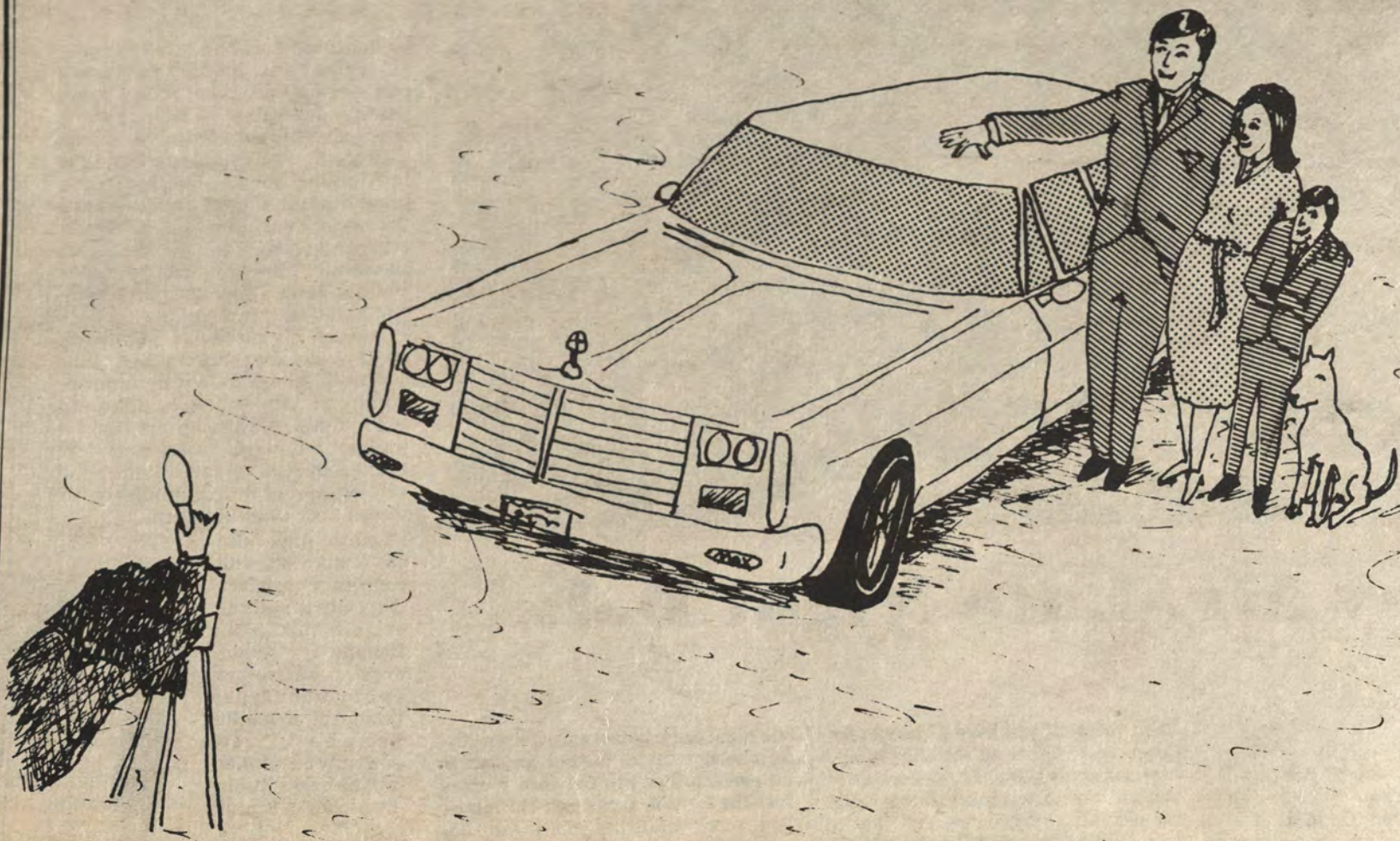
Another student gives yet another reason for the museum's lack of popularity: "It's out of the way." This is indeed a weighty statement, as the only mode of transportation needed is one's own two feet.

Despite the seemingly negative reaction of students to the museum, there are those who have visited and feel the museum is worthwhile. One student enjoys the museum, but feels, "Most students (if they aren't art history majors) can't appreciate it unless they enjoy museums."

But despite its limitations, Lyman Allyn is an entertaining museum and it seems that students ought to take advantage of it at least once. A student agrees and comments, "It's a nice little museum and worthwhile for every student to visit once as part of the Conn College experience. It adds a little class to a country-club type institution."



OP-ED



Hot wheels down the American road

by Larry Yahia

America, land of cheeseburgers and the automobile. If one doesn't already own an automobile he or she is probably negotiating a loan right now or figuring out how many more months or years of work lie ahead before he or she will be able to afford one. To the American, the automobile is essential, for if one doesn't own an automobile one is not taking part in one of the greatest institutions of our culture. And that would be, of course, unamerican.

In our society of high-powered mass media and digital clocks that makes one painfully aware of exactly how late one is, the car is deemed absolutely necessary for achieving happiness as well as survival. The car takes us to work where we labor, nine to five, simply to maintain our car so that it will be capable of getting us home from the job.

The automobile is therefore a necessary catalyst in the american work ethic. The car is an essential means of transportation. Sitting in traffic that makes the whole world look like a parking lot is infinitely better than sitting in a subway with so many people violating your social space. In the subway the american gets the feeling of being one of the masses (such a horrible fate!), but in the private sanctuary of the automobile he is himself, the almighty individual.

The car also gets you to the disco on Friday night, to the package store, the tennis courts or wherever. But the automobile serves an important function other than getting you from here to there. The automobile is most certainly capable of getting you from here, period. The car is the basic means by which one leaves; where-to is not of the utmost importance, as long as one is on the road.

The automobile is equated in the formula that renders a vision of freedom and individualism. (The equation being Time plus Car plus Money minus Responsibilities equals freedom and the individual.) The automobile is a primary means of disengagement for the American. The car carries us away from parental problems when young. Once in the car and underway, pressures from work become part of the past and no longer of much concern because so much pavement lies ahead.

Americans are not very easily haunted by the past.

but when they are, they make very short term of it. American society lives in the future and those Americans who take to the highway live for a future that consists of only tomorrow. Tomorrow is the most important day of an American-on-the-run's life. And the thought of "where will I be tomorrow?" is one of the most inviting aspects of taking to the highway. Who would ever dare say that Americans aren't romantics at heart.

Why do I want a car? Being a good American, I have the need for a sense of independence. In my case it is more of an independence from having to ask dear Dad if I can take the car to the Cape for the weekend. But it is all of the same notion, a sense of freedom. At least if one is not free he will work for some minimal sense of freedom. Many know the experience of getting into the car and going simply for the sake of going, whether for a trip or a cruise around town to relax. Adrenaline picks up, and exhilaration from the feeling of independence comes over you, you turn on the radio or if fortunate enough you pop a tape into the tape-deck and before you can say "fill'er up with high-test" you are taking part in the American dream. You have disengaged yourself from the familiar environment and there is nothing but the optimism of what lies ahead. All that you are trying to forget is now behind you and no longer of any importance; Mom and Dad threatening to take back the car, harassment by the boss, or romantic troubles. It all doesn't matter anymore.

When one hits the road for the purpose of leaving it is because he or she is a fugitive. A fugitive from love, from pressures of one's surroundings, home, the job, from the law, or simply a fugitive from the familiar. And whatever one is a fugitive from, it is more than likely that there is a tune to be whistled while driving which can become one's personal anthem of freedom or disengagement. It is more likely to be the "freedom theme" if one is a good American. No matter, it is all the same when one is on the highway.

Suppose you have been in Interstate 95 south for about an hour, just past Providence, Rhode Island. After having been pelted by disco or musak (i.e. dentist office music) on all wavelengths, a song comes on the radio that finally hits home, describing

the theme of the automobile and freedom which has been so often written about in popular music before Saturday night became the only means of escapism. It is by those seemingly immortal advocates of escapism, the Who. The song is called "Mobile".

I don't care about air pollution
I'm an air-conditioned gypsy
That's my solution
Watch the police and the taxman miss me
'Cause I'm mobile
Keep me moving
just a hippy gypsy
And I'm mobile

In the privacy of your projectile towards freedom you belt out the words knowing each word is true.

If you haven't gotten the chance to take the highway and put together your own American dream, it is probably because you haven't been able to acquire all the ingredients to the formula that produces instant individualism. Maybe you have the time and the car but no money because the car ate it all. Don't worry too much, you can always find a song to whistle while you walk to work. If you are nostalgic there are an infinite number of songs about the railroad as being the road to freedom, but these songs were predominant only before the car became number one and the railroads became an almost totally neglected means of transportation. There are also countless country and western songs dedicated to the contemporary American cowboy, the trucker. But ever since Henry Ford made the automobile available to the masses the car is seen as the way to get out. The car takes us to the promised land where the grass will no doubt be greener.

Well, if you end up sitting around at home with the blues, it is not the end of the world or a Communist plot; there are millions like you at home with the blues who would rather be on the road. And if you have more commitments and responsibilities than you could ever sneak away from to realize this American dream, remember, it is only a dream. But if you ever go see a doctor about the blues you've been having, you know exactly what he'd tell you, "Take plenty of gas and call me when you get to the West Coast."

SPORTS

Women's regatta: "You got third"

by Allison Rogers

The National Invitational Women's Regatta, held in Holyoke, Mass. on October 14 proved to be an exciting event.

Three boats from Connecticut College competed: a novice shell, a junior varsity shell and a varsity shell.

The rowing began with qualifying heats. Each boat was individually timed so it could be placed in the correct final. The novice and j.v. boats both were placed in the petit finals, meaning they were among the second four highest times (fifth through eighth) in their timed heats. The varsity boat made it into the grand final, with the first through fourth place timed varsity boats competing.

The novice boat race was first. Given a chance at fifth place among all novice boats, coxswain Sue Spang pushed her team hard. The novice eight, consisting of Marianne Marchi (stroke), Laurie Smith, Lynn Rothney, Nancy Smith, Christine Spaethling, Carol Jones, Kim Gibbs and Sue Liu rowed their first collegiate crew race and managed a respectable sixth place finish.

Next, the junior varsity teams competed. The Connecticut College team of Pam Hartman (stroke), Barbara Spiess, Karen Miller, Andrea Heap, Lindsey Sutman, Sandy Meyerhofer, Lisa Flinker and Allison Rogers, coxed by Judy Duker rowed the 2000 meters in a race marred only by the interlocking of oars with Dartmouth, the team to the left and the eventual winner. The race was close, and the team didn't know until they reached the shore if they had captured sixth or seventh place. The Camels were awarded seventh place on the junior varsity level.

The varsity crew team had been timed as the fourth fastest varsity boat going into their finals. Coxswain Lise Kritzer and team members Lannie Hamilton (stroke), Barbara Goodman, Ann Taylor, Laura Peck, Cathy Wrigley, Wispy Anderson, Karen Lamphear and Bonnie Mills now had a chance at first place in the varsity final.

As the spectators on shore craned their necks to the left, waiting for the first glimpse of the four racing shells, the loudspeaker kept them informed as to the progression of the race. All four boats were in close formation, with Connecticut College racing at a fast 35 strokes per minute. The Camels kept up the exhausting pace, but as the boats glided over the finish line, both the spectators and the crew believed that Connecticut College had come in fourth. It was quiet when the boats slowly rowed back to shore and waited to be docked. Disappointment was evident in the faces of the eight Connecticut College varsity women. The quietness was broken by a voice calling to the Camels, "You got third!"

First disbelief, then joy, then chaos reigned on the bobbing dock. Because of the slightly diagonal finish line, Connecticut College was awarded the bronze medals for the varsity race.

The directors of the National Invitational Women's Regatta are trying to make it the largest women's regatta in the country. Dave Greenspan, coach of women's crew at Connecticut College, noted that there were more teams competing this year and also that the quality of rowing was better.

Only in its fourth year, the National Invitational Women's Regatta is still growing, and should be even more impressive next year.

From Assumption low to Trinity high

By Clyde McKee III

The Connecticut College soccer team's bubble temporarily burst this past week when they were defeated by Assumption College, 1-0. The Camels, without question, have played superb soccer this Fall. Their ten wins and two losses record is thus far the best season ever for Conn. soccer. Conn's inexperience had not been a factor in the first ten outings but as the team won more and more games, there suddenly emerged an exaggerated confidence that can surely not be afforded.

The Camels' defense, which until the Assumption game had been flawless, suddenly broke away from their traditional sound play and tried to implement a flashy style of play which set up Assumption's goal. A sloppy pass from Rocco Damiano was intercepted and then blasted by helpless goal tender Trae Anderson. Anderson, who has

played superbly this season, has been able to guide the young defense, despite their tendency to try flashy plays.

After Conn's bombardment of Roger Williams College, a game which lifted their spirits with a 10-2 victory, they narrowly escaped with a 2-1 win over Rhode Island College.

The big news was Conn's defeat of Trinity on Saturday. This brought the team back from the low after the Assumption game. Conn had never defeated Trinity before and this an important victory. Along with the Coast Guard victory, this a great boost to Conn's athletic department.

Correction: The Women's Tennis Team compiled an 8-4 record, not 5-3 as previously reported.

This week in home sports

Date	Sport	Opponent	Time
Nov. 2	Soccer	Nichols	3:15 p.m.

CCFL Standings

North		South	
Larrabee	3-1-0	Harkness	6-0-0
Smith-Burd.	3-2-1	J.A.	3-1-0
Freeman-Pk.	3-1-0	Quad-K.B.	2-3-1
Morrisson	2-3-0	Windham-Laz	1-5-0

Bellin's Pharmacy



FREE DELIVERY AND PHONE

Fast prescription service
Vitamins-Cough & cold remedies
Hudson vitamins reduced
Vitamin C 250 mg. 250 count
Regular price \$3.49
Sale price \$2.39
Vitamin C 500 mg. 250 count regular
price \$5.89
Sale price \$4.09
Vitamin E 400 I.V. 100 caps. regular
price \$5.99
Sale price \$4.99
Vitamin E 200 I.V. 100 caps regular
price \$3.79
Sale price \$2.99

442-3303

HODGES SQUARE

Gordon's Yellow Front

WINES & LIQUORS



Let us help plan your next party
Save on your favorite wines
Liquors, Beer, Keg Beer

443-9780

Cusati's dry cleaning and laundry

Open 7 days a week 7:A.M. — 9:00 P.M.

Laundry drop off service Coin operated machines
\$2.50 minimum charge up to 8lbs. Dry cleaning
25¢ each additional pound 447-1287

Mr. G.'s Restaurant

Grinders • Complete Menu • Pizzas

Kitchen Open Daily
'til 1:00 a.m.

Take
Out
Orders

452 Williams St.
Phone 447-0400

Gates and Beckwith

Do it Yourself Center

GARDEN SUPPLIES
POTTING SOIL
KEYS, HANDTOOLS

HARDWARE
PAINT, VARNISH.
STAINS LOCKS

"Odds & Ends at the foot of the hill"

UNIVERSAL FOOD STORE

Cold Cuts Fresh Bakery Fresh Produce
Fresh Meats Cut to Order

391 Williams St.

Hodges Square

All your party needs:
ice cold beer-mixers-chips + dips.

.....just at the bottom of the hill.....



ROMEO'S

RESTAURANT

Complete New
Menu and Salad Bar



Join us
for our

HAPPY HOUR

Daily
Luncheon
Specials
from \$2.50

Luncheon
Cocktails
95¢

RESERVATIONS
442-0439

Banquet Facilities
for all occasions

327 Huntington Street, New London, Conn.
I-95 North, Exit 83, South Exit 84E, left at light after Hodges Square

COLOR CHOICE

WATERFORD CENTER
106 BOSTON POST RD., WATERFORD
We're "5 Stores In 1"

Wallpaper & Paint • Custom Framing
• Graphics • Arts • Crafts
442-0626

We give 10% student discounts
with \$5.00 minimum purchase.

FOR RENT

2 Storey, very private, on 3 acres surrounded by
arboretum.
3 bedrooms
1 bath
large kitchen with dw
large living room with fireplace (Franklin stove)
dining area with sit-in coffee area
2 sun decks
lots of big windows with southern exposure
near Quaker Hill School
oil fired, baseboard hot water heating
cellar
1½ miles from Conn.

Lease, references
\$300 per month rent

\$300 security-cleaning deposit
pre-pay 1st and last month
pay own heat, phone, utilities
pets-children negotiable
available: mid December 1978-mid July (or possibly
August) 1979
Call: 447-9844 (Mr. Strenski)

For your Drinking and Dining!
BANK STREET CAFE



639 BANK ST. N.L.

Good Music Fine Drink
GREAT ATMOSPHERE

Reasonable
Priced

55¢ Draft
Beer

Downtown, it's the "BANK STREET"