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By Linda Hughes

A handgun control forum, sponsored by the campus organization, was held on Tuesday, October 27. The discussion provided an informative exchange of views on this very controversial issue.

The panel consisted of two Connecticut College professors, Mrs. Susan Woody and Mr. Charles Bond, State Representative John Woodcock, Mr. Stephen Rockettia, a competitive shooter, New London Police Chief Donald R. Sloane, and Mr. Robert Crook, the Legislative Director for Connecticut Sportman’s Alliance.

The first to speak was Mr. John Woodcock, State Representative and a member of the General Assembly. He is assigned to a judiciary committee that investigated the topic of stricter handgun legislation. As a result of a survey revealing that two-thirds of the American public would prefer tighter legislation, Woodcock began the fight to strengthen handgun statutes in Connecticut.

The concealable handgun bill passed the Senate and was made law partly through the efforts of Woodcock. The new law decrees a mandatory 1-year sentence for anyone apprehended carrying a gun without a permit. It includes a clause that provides for mitigating circumstances. Woodcock views the objective of the law as an attempt to decrease violent crime.

The new law, in effect, forces handgun owners to register their guns. Mr. Robert Crook, who spoke next, called the new gun law, "cosmetic." He believes that "gun ordinances do not help reduce crime because banning guns will not keep criminals from getting them." Mr. Crook, a lobbyist on Capitol Hill and Legislative Director for Connecticut Sportman’s Alliance, stresses that his organization does favor gun control. They are opposed, however, to those groups that are attempting to outlaw handguns completely.

"The enemy is not the 50 million Americans who own guns," he says, comparing the move to ban handguns to the dismal failure of prohibition, and the virtual ineffectiveness of America’s endeavor to counter drug smuggling. Mr. Crook feels that declaring handguns illegal is a violation of the Second Amendment which allows for persons to own guns in order to defend "person, family, and property."

Psychology professor Charles Bund was the third speaker. He discussed the psychological implications of handguns. Using the conclusions of extensive testing, Mr. Bond explained the frustration-aggression theory and how it relates to gun misuse: frustration always equals violence. Continued on Page 2

By Jennifer Price

A number of Connecticut College students have recently voiced complaints about the enforcement of on-campus parking policies, and about the policies themselves.

The rules allow juniors and seniors to register their cars and park in any parking space on campus, while sophomores and freshmen must park in south lot.

Joseph Bianchi, head of campus security, said students frequently do not park where they are supposed to, which results in overcrowding and illegal parking, (i.e. in fire lanes, in front of dorm exits). "The problems would be much less severe if everyone just complied with the rules," said Bianchi.

Some students claim that security concentrates too heavily on ticketing students and neglects other campus problems. Many feel that they have been ticketed or towed unfairly.

Sophomore Nancy Sutton awoke one morning to find her illegally parked, unregistered Honda being towed from behind Harkness dorm. She had previously received four tickets and been told to register her car. She stopped the towtruck, was charged $40. ($15 towing fee, $25 ticket) and was again told to register her car. Two hours later, Nancy returned from class and found her car had again been towed, and she was stuck with another $40 bill.

Nancy admits that she was wrongly parked, but claims that "security picks certain cars to nail again and again. They also ticket some areas much more than others. Last year I lived in the pine and only got two tickets all semester. I've already had six this year."

"I don't argue with them because they're just doing their job," says Nancy. However, she does think that the present situation is bad, and that the school should look for an alternative.

Sophomore Hal Sizer, said, "all security wants to do is hand out tickets. They vandalized my mop by cutting the lock and tossed it from inside my dorm without any warning. They even lied and said they had warned me when they hadn't."

"Sister's hallmate, freshmem Lee Babb has a different viewpoint. "He shouldn't have had a moped with gas in it in the dorm where people smoke anyway," said Bab. "It really was a fire hazard."

Bianchi does not feel that students are singled out. "We ticket repeat offenders and when we receive a lot of complaints from either the dorm, the staff, and the upperclassmen," he said.

The security chief does admit that Connecticut College "could definitely use more parking spaces," and claims that the situation is being considered by the Parking Appeals Committee.

At present there are 306 spaces on north campus, and about 330 registered cars for the area. Bianchi said that there is always plenty of room in south lot; but many people are hesitant to walk to and from south lot after dark or in the rain. Bianchi did add that campus safety is available to escort any student back to their dorm after dark.

The Parking Appeals Committee, not Bianchi, sets the rules governing on-campus parking. Bianchi simply enforces these rules, and he believes it is up to the students to obey them. "It would be far more pleasant if I didn't have to do my job," Bianchi said.

Gun Control Forum

Beware: You Are About To Enter the Tow-Away Zone

Of Conn and Co-ops

By Michael Schenewald

If students at Connecticut College want to establish a co-op for used books, there must be some kind of model to build on or example to follow. Obviously, the best models to follow are existing co-operatives, which have seen success and failure in their short or long term existences. If mistakes that have hurt other co-operatives can be avoided, and a smooth organization established early on, a used book co-op may become a reality for Connecticut.

Oberlin College in Oberlin, Ohio has had a book co-op since 1940. Membership in this co-op is open to anyone paying a one dollar annual fee. According to co-op manager P. LaVan, the goal of the co-op is to be of service to Oberlin College and the surrounding community rather than a profit making institution.

Each member of the Oberlin Co-op has one vote in the election of the Board of Directors, i.e. the running of the co-op. The Board of Directors consists of the manager and 12 members with a minimum of two students. Profits from the co-op are used for three purposes: 1) bonuses and fringe benefits to employees; 2) capital to finance the business; 3) a Causes Fund, from which individuals and groups can make applications for funds.

The book co-op at Vassar College in Poughkeepsie, New York, has been in service since 1923. The co-op is run by students, faculty and staff, and when we receive a lot of complaints from the faculty, the staff, and the upperclassmen, he said.

The security chief does admit that Connecticut College "could definitely use more parking spaces," and claims that the situation is being considered by the Parking Appeals Committee.

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Music Appreciation.

Values in the 80's from a tradition in the 30's.

The College Voice hopes to see Mr. Kirmmse back on his feet again soon.

IN MEMORIAM

L. Aileen Hostinsky

On Wednesday, October 21, Connecticut College suffered the loss of L. Aileen Hostinsky, professor of mathematics, who died at her home in a heart attack.

Professor Hostinsky completed her undergraduate work at Kansas State University in 1943. She received her M.A. degree in 1945 and the Ph.D. degree in 1949 from the University of Illinois.

In 1962, Miss Hostinsky came to Connecticut College. Seven years later, she became chairman of the math department and retained that position until 1976. She had also taught at Mount Holyoke College, Pennsylvania State University, Syracuse University, Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, Temple University, and the University of Illinois.

Specializing in abstract algebra, she served as visiting lecturer to colleges of the Mathematical Association of America from 1963 to 1966. She received a National Science Foundation Faculty Fellowship in 1968-69 for research at the University of Oklahoma and Tulane University.

Miss Hostinsky belonged to many honorary fraternities and organizations such as Phi Beta Kappa, Pi Mu Epsilon, the American Mathematical Society, and the Mathematical Association of America; for which she served as chairman of the Northeastern Section from 1973-74. Also, she was listed in the World Who's Who of Women in Education, Notable Americans of Women.

She was born on June 18, 1921, in Riley, Kansas, and is survived by her mother, Mrs. Joe Hostinsky of Manhattan, Kansas.

A fund for mathematics books in the Connecticut College library is being established in Miss Hostinsky's memory. Checks made payable to Connecticut College and marked "Hostinsky Fund" may be sent to the Development Office, Strickland House, 168 Mohagen Avenue, New London, CT 06320.

The College Voice
Tickets and Student Org.
Let Security Kill Two Birds

Letter
To the Editor:
To many students on campus it appears that the job of security is to write tickets and tow cars. The money collected from parking violations, an annual sum reported to be about $9,150 by the Treasurer, goes into the general fund of the College.

We believe that money collected in this way from students should go directly to Student Organization, rather than into the general fund.

Security must perform the daily ritual which infuriates all who park on campus. The punishment ($5 per ticket, and up to $40 towing fees) here outweighs the crime, putting security into an adversary relationship with students.

Meanwhile, SGA funding is not keeping pace with inflation; clubs and organizations are shrinking or expiring, rather than growing. Important student-run services and projects suffer.

The money from parking violations should go into the Student Organization budget, not the general fund. Directing this money back to students might take the sting out of the ticket wars.

Mark Olivia
Fritz Folts

This week's letter finally illustrates the real sense of ambivalence between the security personnel and students on campus. It's the overly harsh ticketing campaign, plain and simple. Students will say that security is courteous and helpful if you're in need, but in the same breath loathe them for towing cars. And it is hard not to suspect a pathological zeal on their part when stories of ticketing are heard from students who have been fining students for parking their cars where there are no parking spots.

With Student Org. clearly in an activities recession, it seems the obvious alternative: let parking ticket money go to Student Org., so that WCNE, the Voice, philosophy club or whatever student activity can be enhanced or given a chance. $10,000 a year is not a large sum in the general fund of the College; it is a fifth of one semester's Student Org. budget. The positive results would be enormous, especially the bolstering of Special Events.

As Student Org. and the pinkies related? In the final wash, students will always have tickets on their cars: it's the policy. But if this suggestion is heeded, they'll feel a lot better about paying those fines. The money will at least be going to other students, and justice is really done. The LAW is upheld, and student activities get new life.

-M.S.
ARTS AND LEISURE

Filling Space at Cummings
By Gary Bliss

The new show that recently opened in Cummings displays work of three artists. The Figure in Architectural Space is comprised of pieces by Carol Parker and Alvin Scher.

The first piece one sees is by Carol Parker. It is a colorful and whimsical installation of three plaster people. Two are on bent saw horses on the ground, the third is suspended in the air. There is a rainbow of ribbons connecting the three plastic figures.

The second piece is by Alvin Scher. His seven sculptures combine architectural forms and human forms. The forms limit the views of the people inside the forms. In all of the sculptures, words are understood through association with visual images, so comprehension of words is a three step process. Throughout the play I felt the visual, moving elements overpower the verbal consistently. This is not necessarily a bad thing, but I wondered why, Why, in scene 11, when Schneider was quoting Shakespeare, did my attention and concentration focus on Kindschi, as he walked, sat and lay on the tightrope which was strong across the upstage area about five feet off the floor? Why, in scene 12, were the slow, rolling, restless movements of Salka, two-thirds of the way up the two story ladder, more fascinating than Kindschi's accompanying Brecht commentary? Why, in scene 13, as Schneider and Kindschi sat in their seats to watch the actors sit, and movement and contrast between the visual and the sensory which develops during the play is curious. Because the dialogues and monologues Parker incorporated are, for the most part, truthfully and pertinently profound, the piece has a multi-layered character which original Vaudeville shows lacked. Vaudeville used to be performed in enormous theatres, to large numbers of people of all ages and interests. The strong potential I saw in Your Own Vaudeville, is, then, at a youthful, formative stage. It needs direction, correction, and attention. Ms. Parker has a collection of artistic material which is important to her, but she must pinpoint an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must pin point an aesthetic or topical material which is important to her, but she must...
Crew Does Well on the Charles

By Dave Legow

It was cold, wet, and windy when the Camels launched their shells into the Charles River for the annual regatta held in Boston. Not bothered by the inclement weather, loyal Connecticut fans gathered alongside the river to cheer on the Camel crews. The Head of the Charles is the big race of the fall in which crews from all over the nation and the world participate. The course is three miles long as opposed to the standard springtime mile and a quarter. Roughly, forty crews are entered in each race. Included in the regatta are such prominent crews as the Navy, West Germany, Norway, Harvard, Yale, and the U.S. Olympic teams. But despite the stiff competition, the Camels did extremely well and proved themselves to be strong contenders for the gold medal in the spring.

The women's heavyweight eight stunned their competitors by finishing tenth out of forty teams. Connecticut was the only small college to place among the top ten. The Camels were clocked at 17:40, finishing ahead of Rutgers, Brown, and Boston University, its three chief adversaries in the Eastern Sprint Championships coming up in May. The Coast Guard was left behind finishing 35th in a time of 19:24.

In the mixed eight competition the Camels finished 28th with a time of 18:33. The winning time in the event was 16:12.

In the men's lightweight four, Conn placed 27th out of forty. The University of Minnesota won the event in the time of 17:08.8. The lightweight women did not fare as well. Up against bigger schools like U. Penn, they came in 9th out of ten.

The most impressive showing for Connecticut in the Charles came from its men's heavyweight eight. They rowed in the elite event. The Camels took 16th out of forty completing the course in 15:44. In this race the Conn oarsmen beat all their competition for the spring including old rivals such as Trinity, Williams, U.R.I., Wesleyan, Princeton, and the Coast Guard Academy. The Coast Guard came in 16th finishing two seconds behind their opponents up the street. This was the first time a Conn College's men's crew team has ever beaten the Cadets in men's heavyweight eights competition.

Camels coach Ernie Arlett was pleased by the performance of his team. The oarsmen of the heavy boat were elated upon hearing the news that they had beaten the Coast Guard. Traditionally in the spring at the Dad Vail Championships for Small Colleges the Cadets have won the gold medal and have outranked Conn. But it looks as if this year could be different.

Although the Guard only lost by two seconds, they appeared to be greatly shocked by the success of the Camels. One observer noted a Cadet shaking his head upon hearing the results. Varsity coxswain Sean Peoples said after the race, "This ought to give Bill Stowe, the Coast Guard coach, something to think about this weekend."

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At sixteen Tom left school to help his family earn money, and at twenty-one he was well into the routine of helping his father deliver milk to houses in his country. One morning, as they drove along to the ring of milk bottles jostling in the back of the track, Tom’s mother asked him, "Why don’t you go into town one of these weekends with some of your wages and meet a few of your old classmates?" Tom’s face grew darker.

"What is it, Tom? I know your mother and I am quiet people, but when we were younger we used to run about in groups—why don’t you like people?"

"I do like people, I mean..." Tom stared at his father’s hands—the blue veins rising as he gripped the steering wheel. "I mean, I like the inside of people, but I just don’t like what we show to each other." This was before Tom fully realized that he showed more of his insides to others than most.

"What do you mean, are you saying your mother and I have showed you something wrong?"

"It’s not you, it was at school... the books we read... like Tess of the D’Urbervilles, they were very serious, and well, tragic. The other guys would laugh at the... tragic parts and I would try to laugh too, and I did, but my face always gave me away— they knew the books made me feel, you know, tragic, and they would laugh at me. I can’t hide like they could."

Tom’s father had never heard his son speak in such language, and he could say nothing.

Tom continued his quiet, imperceptibly changing life with his parents. He sometimes went off alone to see a movie in town, sometimes walking among the swans on the marshes to see the young geese. He could almost hear their naked hearts beating in the brine.

At home the doors and windows were left unfastened so Tom’s mother could hear if he came home. He had missed her, realized she had been observing him all along. He went to the marshes. Swans were flying wild, squawking, and the geese are flying in a frenzy of feathers and the sun was setting in a fierce, orange glow. He heard a strident noise like the smacking of a clamp. Tom’s mother became very ill. The family learned that Tom must have taken the milk bottles, her moist hand pressed against the door:

"Come in, Tom. Your name is Mary. I’ve watched you waiting, I asked your postman who you were. I like you, Tom. You’re always alone, you’re like me—you think people are fools, don’t you?"

"No, I don’t."

"False modesty. You know we’re better than they are. Why don’t you go into town one of these weekends with some of your wages and meet a few of your old classmates?"

"I do like people, you know."

Yes, your face is very red. You do better after a walk."

They walked together through the marsh. Tom tried to forget the woman within the strange house and imagined that this murky, muddy creature beside him was at one time a girl, sometimes walking alone to see a movie in town, sometimes walking among the swans on the marshes to see the young geese—the old man who had grown weaker. His daughter Theresa knew the books made her feel, you know, tragic, and she would laugh at him. I can’t hide like they could.

By Carolyn Abbott

The Transparent Man

Off the Track

By Carolyn Abbott

The Transparent Man

The Transparent Man

"I was lying on his back in the sun, thinking how useless he was, feeling how useless he was." His face grew darker. "I heard a noise like the clattering of a clamp."

"Why did you spend so many nights with your mother—after she’d begun to improve? I was alone."

"How could I have known?... That stuff might have started to eat her again, I had to be sure."

"How is your nurse, or perhaps, your nurse’s?"

"She helps mother a lot. She’s fine."

"Yes, they’re very good friends, I use them well. She watched his face grow hotter."

"You can’t hide, I know you’re jealous—how could you be? You disgust me."

"Outside of the door Tom looked across the marshes and the ducks were flying their reddish orange tails, and the clouds were rolling furiously over the sky."

That night Tom returned and Mary was tender and he was quiet again. He sat reading after dinner. Mary glanced over occasionally, read a book of her own, Mary locked up once and saw a frown flash. She didn’t show it. She waited quietly behind him, read the page he was reading and returned to her book.

When Tom was asleep she found the book, opened it to the page that Tom was reading. She turned the page."

"I remembered one afternoon in the marsh when I had run away and she was so angry."

"The transparent man."

Continued on Page 9
Clyde's Apple Cider: Sweet Antiquity

By Cara Esparo

When the summer breeze turns crisp and cool, and the green leaves turn to brown, rustling with age, we call to mind our childhood memories of pumpkins, mischief night, and trick or treat. Now, in our college years, we must add to the list, the sweet, ripe taste of B.F. Clyde's old fashioned apple cider.

Clyde's Cider Mill of Old Mystic, was established in 1881, and remains the sole survivor of its kind. It is not a renovation; it is a "real" cider mill. It is "real" in the sense of primitive methods, an untouched constitution, and family tradition. The mill is presently maintained by Jack Bucklyn, the grandson of B.F. Clyde, who, with heartfelt certainty, declared the mill would thrive for many generations to come. In his distinctive suspenders and wire-rimmed glasses, Mr. Bucklyn told the story of a proud history, patting his grandchildren on their heads as they darted by, while calmly tending to his work with a confidence that comes with life-long experience.

The apples are clean and pressed in the simplest fashion—by timeless milling process. Timeless it is true, yet in 20 minutes, 80 bushels of cider can be produced. The true mark of the mill's authenticity, is the "simple slide valve" steam engine that is the sole supplier of the mill's power. It is the last working steam engine that is the sole supplier of the mill's power. In addition, Clyde's hospitality provides "custom cider making" whereby town folk can bring their own apples to be deliciously transformed. The pastoral drive out to Old Mystic is worth the trip alone, as the route wanders by cows and their pastures. But, the highlight of the Clyde's experience is the first good gust of the sweet apple aroma that overpowers your senses. It provokes a teasing anticipation for the "out of this world" cider taste that's on its way.

It is truly refreshing to rest assured that some old fashioned purity still survives.

To get to Clyde's Cider Mill—Take N. Stonington Road, Old Mystic. 95N Exit Rt. 184 (1st exit after bridge). Go 6 miles, take first right after Yesterday's Manner (on left) then sharp left—N. Stonington Rd. Mill on left.

The Transparent Man

Continued from Page 8

When he came back again the next evening she spoke: "I saw your nurse in town as I was buying aspirin. I remember it well, because I thought as I looked at her, that she wind must have picked up—her cheeks were so red, then I noticed she was buying some cosmetics." She watched his face carefully.

"She never wore it when she was with mother. She could never be so false," But he couldn't believe that Mary would lie to him, and he lost some of his respect for Sharon.

He began walking the countryside alone, as Mary had said she was tired of walking through sludge and wanted to spend some time with her friends in town.

Often now Mary watched Tom's face, and Tom felt he was being twisted and controlled by some unknown force. He couldn't join Mary in town, this was his religion: despite the boys at school, the hardened or bland faces he had known, there was something good in all of them, although he was afraid to find this goodness in anyone but his family and Mary. Now he felt he was losing Mary.

One night he decided to go with Mary to a small bar in town and meet a few of her friends. There was Jake and Tim, two loud, muscular farmers—Brod, a quieter but opinionated schoolteacher, and a beautiful blonde young woman who watched with sharp, blue eyes. They drank beer and talked. To Tom it seemed that the four others were always competing to talk, each carrying on a separate conversation, so that their words battled between them. As they became drunker the competition increased and they began to joke by finding fault in each other: one would point out to the other that his speech had become slurred, one would spill some beer and another would call her an uncoordinated oaf, they would attack each other's stories beyond the point of interest or fun. People in the bar began to turn and look at them. Tom remembered seeing a few greasy pecking at each other in the muck. He began to laugh. Their words seemed to be brawling between them.

"Brod turned, 'What's so funny? Come on, you haven't said much all evening.' "Oh, nothing you'd think was funny, just something stupid I remembered." "Something's wrong with him," said Mary. "I can always tell when his face turns red like that—I can read him like a book—that's how I use him."

Tom's hands, shaking, rose to his face—from the fear inside him, he knew its color. He walked out of the bar.

The next day Tom didn't go to work. He went into town instead, to an old warehouse where welders of steel and iron worked. He walked up to one worker and asked him a question, the man lifted a heavy pair of tongs from a mound of liquid orange beneath him. The welder's face stretched in surprise, Tom remembered seeing his color. He walked out of the bar.

Mary was asleep when she heard the footseps, grotty on the path outside. She awoke as the door opened, as Tom entered her hands slapped against her cheeks. Tom's head was completely covered by a metal mask which had been welded shut.

"Florence Emily Hardy, The Life of Thomas Hardy, 1840-1928, New York, 1968, p. 147."

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