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Dec 5

The College Voice

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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

THE STORY BEHIND THE 'BOWDITCH'



The College Voice

VOLUME II, NUMBER IX
DECEMBER 5, 1978

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NEW LONDON, CONN.



There exists a gulf between Conn and the Academy which transcends the small distance across the street.

Is there a shrink in the house?

By Heidi Haas

In our society, it is becoming increasingly acceptable to seek psychological counseling. Those who see psychiatrists or counselors are no longer considered to be merely neurotic. Many people seek professional counseling and greater tolerance is invariably a response to that fact.

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

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

Mitchell College as director of their counseling service.

Bert has an MSW in Social Work and worked 4 years at a child clinic in Norwich.

Bert and Laura both enjoy working here. Bert has been at Conn for five years simply because he likes the students, and the way they seek him out on their own initiative. He admits with a grin that the vacations are also attractive.

Continued on page 7

Cold War with the Guard

By Michael Sittenfeld

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

Academy graduates must serve at least five years as Coast Guard officers while Conn students are destined for anything from graduate school to unemployment. The "common motives" of which Cadet Schroeder speaks are to achieve excellence in particular fields of study.

Despite the similarities in academic pressures for each institution, there exists a gulf between Conn and the Academy which transcends the small distance across the street. The Cadets interviewed by the Voice feel Conn students misunderstand them; they speak of hostility and strange looks which they receive at all-campus parties or in dorms. Some of the Cadets believe that the Vietnam war has turned many people against any kind of military institution, blinding others to the services which the Coast Guard provides.

The July, 1974, issue of National Geographic reported that the Coast Guard, "established in 1790 to catch smugglers...acts as arbiter and constable of maritime law, agent of oceanographic research, keeper of lights and other navigating aids, and, when needed, as a potent military force." In addition, the Coast Guard rescues thousands of people at sea every year.

During times of peace, the Coast Guard is an arm of the Department of Transportation; in time of war, according to a promotional pamphlet, "the Coast Guard serves as a highly-specialized wing of the United States Navy."

Each military branch of the government has one service academy. The

Coast Guard Academy, however, is the only service academy which has competitive admissions; there are no appointments to the Academy. Last year about 8600 applicants competed for approximately 350 acceptances in much the same way as students who apply to Conn.

Continued on page 6

Larrabee takes the flag football crown from Harkness

By Katherine McNair and Ann Allan

There are those in the outside world who think of Connecticut College as an academic haven for the quietly studious intellectual. These people envision a tree-lined campus where students sip tea and argue of Plato vs. Aristotle as the sun slowly sinks behind Knowlton. But we who actually live here know another side of Conn. We know that inside of every wimp who wears horn-rimmed glasses and trudges meekly to the library six nights a week lies the soul of a snarling, beer-chugging rowdy football player. It was for these that the Conn. College Flag Football

League was created. And every year there occurs a ritual that within our small ivory tower carries as much significance as say, the original confrontation between North and South in 1861. This is the Super Bowl.

For two years now those two legendary powerhouses, Larrabee (North) and Harkness (South), have battled it out on Harkness Green. The

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

booze and bravado to reach a peak of psychological intensity that could only be released in the final contest.

Kicking off in the first quarter was the Harkness team. Although the ball was well-kicked by Hugo Smith into the end-zone, Larrabee quarterback Mark Fiskio completed his first pass to Jimmy Geberra and his second to

Continued on page 14



Mark Fiskio of the 'Bee

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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.

Future shock

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Similarly, the nonchalance with which we use material goods, like food or windows, as toys and playthings, must be called into question. We cannot afford to waste things. Inflation, vanishing resources, and the dissipating economic base on which modern life is based are trends which portend of a future when we will not be able to be free with goods because they will be scarce. The age of abundance seems to be running out. Nightmares like the gas shortage will probably come back to haunt us.

That such things are unpleasant to face is irrelevant. They should be faced. To ignore them is to jeopardize tomorrow.

It is especially disheartening for the Voice to make serious allegations against Physical Plant, only to have Physical Plant apologists convolutedly point their fingers at student sloppiness and vandalism. Unfortunately, their charges, though not germane to a defense, are well-founded.

So much more is at stake at Connecticut College and elsewhere than lobbing food around a dining hall. Regardless of what certain members of the Administration and faculty have said, it is the students' right to investigate what is going on around them. And if shortcomings and abuses are perceived, it is our right, unquestionably, to make accusations and press for change. In so doing, we create our own future. But by living profligately and for today alone, we let the future just happen, and if we do so it is certain that we will not like what it brings.

J.C.P.
A.S.R.

LETTERS

Dear Editors,

We would like to extend the soccer team and cross-country teams congratulations on their highly successful seasons. The soccer team finished with a 14-3 record and an E.C.A.C. bid, while the cross-country team finished at 26-1. The respectability of the college's athletic program is confirmed by these achievements among Division III schools. In view of the Camel's overwhelming success, the College Voice sports department has neglected and often been unprofessional in its coverage. This is evidenced in the last soccer article to appear in the Voice, by Clyde McKee.

McKee's article, berating the team for its loss to Assumption College, reminds one of Boston Globe columnists who spend more time cutting up athletes than reporting the positive and important aspects of the season. Surely 14 victories deserve more space than three defeats. To concentrate one's time on such petty criticism of a successful organization is not only embarrassing to the writer, but leaves the reader of the article in bewilderment as to the purpose of his journalistic endeavours. A team as good as the Camels comes along rarely in a school of this size. They deserve all the support they can get. The College Voice, as a fundamental instrument of student body communication, it should not reconcile itself to such unconstructive criticism.

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

Bill Malinowski
and Barry Hyman

After his hearing before JB, following a social infraction, SGA vice-president Vuyo Ntshona decided to withdraw from school. According to the constitution, the Executive Board of SGA is responsible for choosing a new VP.

VOLUME II, ISSUE NO. 9

INSIDE OUT



Swept away

Swept and battered by a late season hurricane, the 42-foot "Bowditch" sunk to the bottom of the Caribbean. Alumnus Ben Sprague and the three other crew members nearly drowned, and that was only the beginning of their ordeal.

by Noah Sorkin
p. 9-11

Frasure

p.12-13

Mike takes an in-depth look at Government professor William Frasure, his ideas about teaching, and his concern with the ability to think analytically.

by Mike
Adamowicz

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Coasting

For those who haven't had the opportunity to see much of the Academy, but still would like to know what the pace of life is like across the street. A thorough look at the US Coast Guard Academy, and the students who choose to go there.

by Mike
Sittenfeld

ON CAMPUS

Welcome to the noodle factory

By Tina Gould

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

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

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



Woodworth Hall: Admissions Headquarters

virtue of participation and the sharing of their personal experiences.

One important job of the admissions office, which is perhaps the least apparent, is to travel around the country

and spread the "good word" about Conn. College. Some of the cities visited by our admissions staff includes Denver, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Grand Rapids, and Chicago. Mrs. Hersey believes that attracting students from a broad geographical area is a response to the wishes of the college community.

On campus the Admissions Office is a busy place, especially during the fall semester. During an average year, the office will give interviews to over 2,600 prospective student and will process more than 2,700 applications for admission. At this point student input is crucial. The tour guide program becomes the link between the Admissions procedure and the reality of student life for the prospective applicant. Mrs. Hersey believes that more prospective students today are openly concerned about the quality of life at any particular college than before. Tours are given every hour on the hour from 10:00 a.m. until 4:00 p.m. Monday through Friday and on Saturday mornings. Tour guides are volunteers from the student body and organized by Pam Crawford and Scott Williamson.

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



Student guide points out Cummings

NEWS SHORTS

New prof.

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

Refugees

The group of Vietnamese refugees stranded off the coast of Malaysia on the freighter Hai Hong was thinned out last Sunday. The first of 604 arrived in Montreal yesterday and the remaining 1900 passengers will be shipped later on this week to home in the West. Other countries that want the refugees are France, Belgium, Switzerland, Britain, and West Germany. West Germany went on to say that it would admit 1,000 Vietnamese refugees, although all might not be from the Hai Hong.

Malaysia wanted no part of the refugees and after refusing to take the Hai Hong passengers, even threatened to force the freighter out to sea if no other country would accept them.

The refugees paid \$5 million for the 30-year-old freighter and also paid Vietnamese officials to allow them to leave the country.

Lightning

In 1945, lightning struck the foot of Roy C. Sullivan of Groton, Virginia, and clipped off one of his toenails. In 1969, a shaft of lightning knocked Sullivan unconscious and singed his eyebrows. In 1970, Sullivan was hit by lightning a third time, burning both his shoulders. In 1972, lightning burned Sullivan's hair off. In 1973, a bolt struck Sullivan and burned off some of his hair. In 1976, lightning again struck Sullivan on the shoulder. In 1977, lightning hit Sullivan for the seventh time, setting his hair on fire once more and singeing his clothing. "Some people are allergic to flowers; I'm allergic to lightning," says Sullivan.



NEWS

Deadly nuclear threat

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

If the cooling pipes were to burst, a stoppage of water to the reactor core would occur, and the result would be a "meltdown" accident. Estimates by Brookhaven National Laboratory say that a meltdown would kill 45,000 people, injure 100,000, contaminate an area the size of Pennsylvania with radioactivity and do \$17 billion in damage.

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

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission has revealed that 24 reactors, including the three stated above, suffer from the same generic design that can cause pipe cracking.

Compounding the problem is the fact that the cracks develop from the inside of the pipes and are impossible to detect by either x-ray or ultrasonic sound techniques.

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

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

A new review is now being

conducted by scientists at the University of California, the Brookhaven National Laboratory, the Electric Power Research Institute, the Environmental Protection Agency, California Institute of Technology, and Princeton University.

Dollar blues

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

In its monthly report on inflation, the Labor Department said if the rise in prices of pork, beef and poultry continue to push consumer prices up (the rise in prices during October was 0.8 percent) the net rise in the rate of inflation for the year will be 9.6 percent.

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

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

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

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

Frosh recruits

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

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Continued from page 1

The 'Guard'

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

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

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

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

"You can make four \$50 million ships do whatever you want," added First classman Terry Walsh.

"During the academic year, the emphasis is on education," remarked First Classman N.E. Vandevoorde. Cadets can major in nine different areas: marine engineering, ocean engineering, electrical engineering, mathematical sciences, physical sciences, management, and government. "This is primarily an engineering school," said Lt. Whiting. For cadets, technical majors do not leave much time for electives.

After completing the freshman year, "military



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

Many cadets spend a good part of their second, third, and fourth summers on the Coast Guard Cutter Eagle, a 295-foot ship which was obtained from Germany after World War II. The Eagle provides cadets with experience in communications, navigation, and the handling of a ship which is essential for their careers as officers.

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

The government pays cadets about \$4000 a year, according to a Coast Guard brochure, "for uniforms, equipment, textbooks, and other incidental expenses...it's not unusual for many cadets to have a considerable sum of money saved up upon graduation." After four years, cadets become ensigns with a salary of about \$600-700 per month, in addition to medical and health care benefits and commissary privileges.

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

For the cadets interviewed by the College Voice the transition to a co-educational cadet community has not been completely smooth. "For twenty years you're expected to learn how to treat women one way, and then suddenly you're expected to treat them another way," said Cadet Frost in commenting about the difficulties of giving orders to women cadets.

"There's no tradition to fall back on with dealing with women," said First Classman Walsh. "Problems come up which never came up before." First Class Cadet J.D. Wolch remarked that, "there are a lot of problems, but I think they can be worked out."

The reasons which cadets have for attending the Academy include the facts that they get paid while they get an education and that, upon graduation, they have a guaranteed job. "I wouldn't have come here if my parents could afford any institution in the country. This is the best institution I got in," said First Classman Vandevoorde. For some cadets, however, there are deeper considerations.

"I came here because I wanted to help other people," said First Class Cadet Avallone.

"Some of us came here to serve our country," remarked Cadet Frost.

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

While many Conn. students do not understand the Academy, it is important to realize that cadets do not completely comprehend Conn. The cadets interviewed by the College Voice spoke of the small number of times they have visited the Conn. campus. Some explained that they do not know what Conn. students study.

Filling in the gap which exists between the two institutions depends on the enlightenment of both student populations. It is difficult for Conn. students to accept the fact that cadets can be seen walking around the Academy campus carrying rifles. In the same way it is hard for cadets to understand the relaxed atmosphere of Conn.

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



— Is God Calling You? —

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PHOTO BY WENDY WEEKS



Bert Gunn

Counselors

Continued from page 1

Both counselors have maintained private practices.

One often imagines that Conn. is free of severe or even mild problems. According to the counselors, there are students facing personal difficulty. Bert Gunn has dealt with problems ranging from neurosis and sexual handicaps to test anxiety and lack of personal direction. Many students who flock to the counselors are simply sad or lonely.

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

Some students are referred to the counselors by housefellow, deans, faculty advisors, or doctors, but most come on their own accord. Two hundred students, or about one out of every eight enrolled here, sought professional counselling at the Infirmary last year.

The counselors do not have dogmatic approaches to counseling. In her work, Laura responds "individually to the individual." When a student comes to see her, Laura engages in exploring, along with the student, feelings, thoughts, and behavior. Working together, they advise one another. Laura offers personal opinions and advice, but only as one suggestion out of a possible many.

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

Some students ultimately decide to take a year off or transfer. Bert recognizes a certain flexibility in the administration's response to students who pursue a transfer or the like to meet personal needs.

There is diversity in the students that Bert and Laura see. Students may just visit once; conversely, they may get counseling every day, or be sent home. The student's family is only informed at the student's request, or in the event of an emergency, which is quite rare.

If medication is called for, students are referred to a psychiatrist. And, in fact, 20 percent of counselled students have had previous psychiatric help or counseling service.

Significantly, 90 percent of the students who visit the counselors return after their first visit. This seems to confirm a basic sense of trust in the counselors and the conviction that they can indeed lend help.



Laura Hesslein

Instead of offering prepackaged solutions, Bert and Laura both stress the importance of taking time to seek the answers to one's problems introspectively. Students confused about their own identity and who find no solution in depending on the opinions of others should establish their own frame of reference. "The students should not be afraid to find out," suggested Laura.

Although Bert is in his office three days a week, and Laura five, and both are always on call when at home, the counselors recognize that hidden in the infirmary, they have little access to direct, spontaneous contact with the students. It is true that discussions have been held in dorms on such subjects as academic pressure and cohabitation. Yet, as Bert says, the campus is growing more stressful, although it is not clear why. A student is free to analyze the own causes of his or her stress by seeing the counselors. The problematic question of why the campus is becoming more of a place of stress, and why counseling is becoming a more widespread phenomenon characteristic of contemporary society remains.

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PEOPLE



No, this isn't the latest winter fashions just in from Paris. It is Ginny Clarckson wearing her 500 foot flip-top chain. The chain is made up of 15,000-20,000 soft drink pull-tops, and when laid down straight it will hopefully stretch Ginny into the Guinness Book of World Records. And what you see isn't all she got, with 300 feet more hiding in St. Louis. Ginny's collection began four years ago, but serious collecting only started this past summer. Ginny rummaged parking lots, waste bins, and had a little help from her friends. So why not give her a hand? Ginny will be setting up a box in Cro labled for Flip-tops only. So instead of tossing it to the ground you can help to establish a world's record!

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

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

Faced with the prospect of a strike, senior writer Mike Sittenfeld has sent out feelers to Reader's Digest and Family Circle, wishing to join either magazine staff, while People page editor B. Robert Norman would be happy just to get his last job back, as produce clerk at a local Food Fair supermarket.

On their way home after a 3-1 win over Central Conn the CC Hockey team saved the town of South Windsor Ct. from destruction. They noticed a rapidly spreading brushfire off the side of the road and they jumped out of the van and attacked the fire with their sticks. By the time the firetrucks and the police arrived the team had the situation under control. Commendations are on the way but John England, Team Captain, would much rather have the town pay for the melted fiberglass sticks.

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



Ah! At last some semblance of sanity has been restored to Conn. For the past few years people have been crowding into the gym to see men play intramural basketball. Women dutifully crept up the balcony stairs to cheer their jocks on lest they be accused of lacking dorm spirit, or worse, hormones. Have we forgotten that men are actually the coeds here? Well, last year the women instituted their own intramural league and it has really blossomed. Lambda's Julie Davis (braided) said it best, "I like the team spirit among dorm members. I also like to tear up opponents." And one look at the "Bee's" Marilyn Sternlieb shows the intensity at which the game is played. Now it is the men's turn to play cheerleader.



There is an unwritten tradition prevalent on almost every college campus. The tradition is that when the first real snowstorm hits every nut and his brother goes out and frolics in the snow, desperately trying to get his or her picture taken (nobody really has fun in the junk). This leads to another tradition; every simpering idiot with a camera ventures forth and snaps all those cute people playing in the snow. And boy do they have fun. The stuff drips down their backs and underwear and freezes on embarrassing places. Then there are the people who throw snowballs with eggs or ball bearings cleverly hid inside. Other fun activities includes sliding down a hill that empties out onto a major freeway. But the most obnoxious tradition of all is that every college publication (barring U.Miami, Hawaii, etc), prints a bundle of these insipid pictures. So here is my rendition of "Snow at Conn College."



SWEPT AWAY

On October 25,
Conn alumnus Ben Sprague
and three comrades left Bermuda
for the Bahamas. Three days later, a Cuban
tanker found the "Bowditch" sunk and her four crew
members living with no provisions on a raft built for two.

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

The four men sailed as far south as Bermuda with no problems. The weather had been fair (the hurricane season is usually over this late in the fall) and the ship was able to make reasonably good time,

reaching Bermuda on the 20th of October. Once docked, the crew took on fresh provisions and made minor repairs aboard their boat. Relaxing in Bermuda for five days, the men were ready to start the second half of their voyage on the 25th of October.

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

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

by Noah Sorkin

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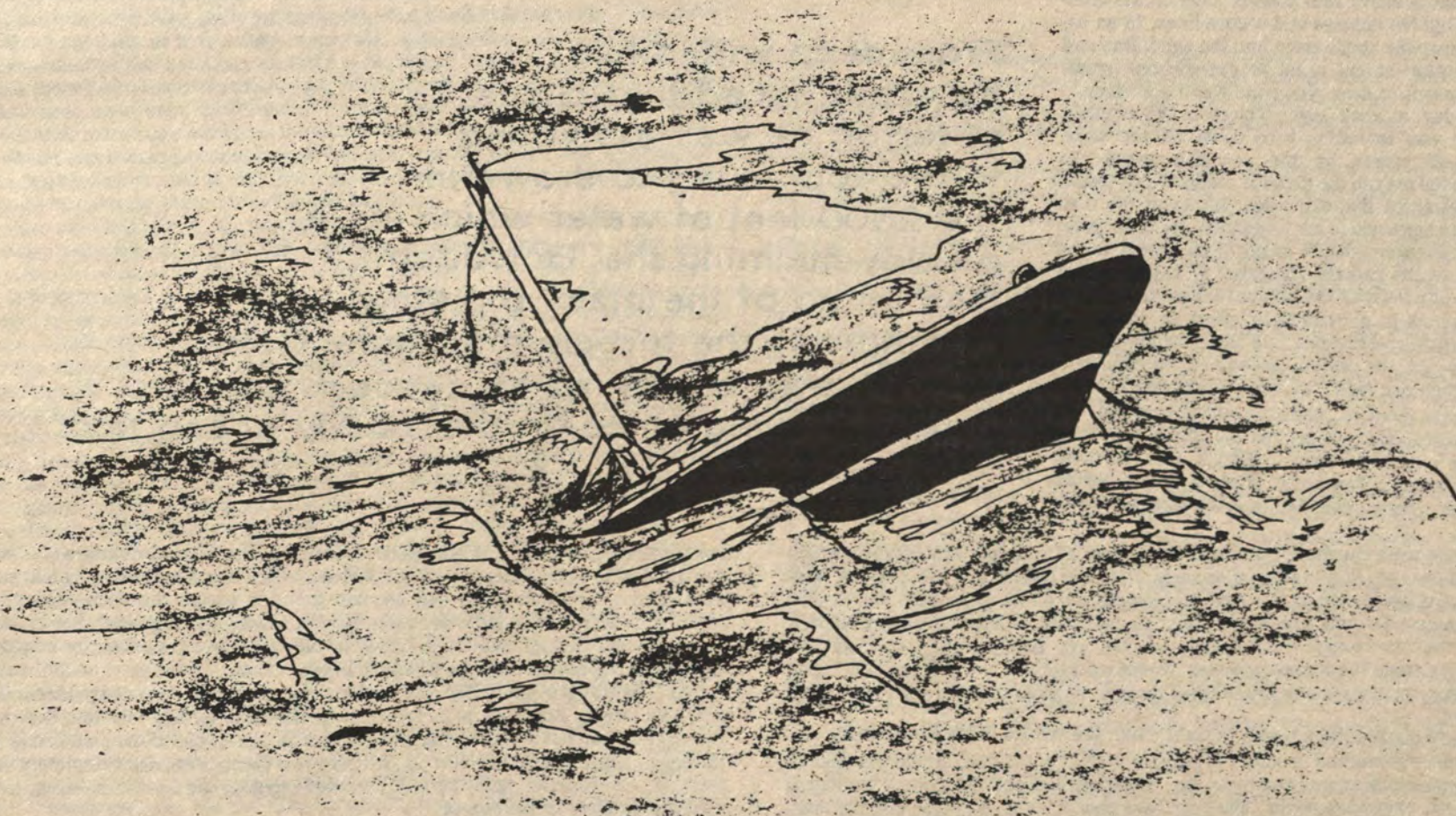


Illustration by Max Moore



fifteen feet at the small craft. On deck, one of the crew members pointed out a dark cumulus strata cloud formation forming to the south, a definite indicator that the weather was turning bad. Saturday night was virtually sleepless, as the crew battled the winds and rain in an effort to keep the Bowditch on course.

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

On Sunday, at about eight o'clock in the evening, the crew was forced to take down all the sails. Thrown off course by the powerful storm the Bowditch fell prey to the gigantic swells which tossed the vessel about like driftwood. Although the men were quite seasoned to such weather, the crew grew anxious as the hurricane's strength increased. In the wheelhouse the captain struggled to keep his ship headed south towards the Bahamas. Ben manned the ship's pumps in a frustrating effort to empty the water which was flooding into the quarters below.

At 9:00 p.m. the captain issued new watch orders. Rather than one man, two men would now hold the watch on the top-deck, while the other two would tend to the pumps, or try to protect the ship's equipment from the storm. At about midnight Ben had gone below to catch a few hours of sleep, much needed after such a trying day. But then the Atlantic turned deadly.

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

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

At 1:00 a.m. the boat fell victim to another wave, and once again the Bowditch was slapped sideways onto the surface of the sea. Becoming more and more concerned, yet still acting calmly and swiftly, Ben tied a line between himself and the mast so as not to be swept away by the raging waves. He heard the cries of

SWEPT AWAY

'From deep within him he experienced that cliché of terror; he was too young to die, too young to drown in the 2600 feet of water which were quickly claiming the 'Bowditch'. Ben let go of the mast and slowly swam up to the turbulent surface. Below him the ship continued its descent, down to its final resting place on the muddy ocean floor.'

another crew member, Malcolm Kadera. Down in the flooded quarters Kadera was fighting to escape through an access hatch. Yey Ben saw that the hatch was blocked by a life-boat which had become jammed across the deck. Kadera's screams filled the air as the water rose above his neck. Although Ben shortly saw Kadera escape through a different outlet, he had little time for relief, for now the Atlantic turned hateful, and the Bowditch began to sink.

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

From deep within him he experienced that cliché of terrors; he was too young to die, too young to drown in the 2600 feet of water which were quickly claiming the Bowditch. Ben let go of the mast and slowly swam up to the turbulent surface. Below him the ship continued its descent, down to its final resting place on the muddy ocean floor.



Floating on the sea, Ben was heaved about violently by tremendous waves. The salt in his throat stung piercingly from within, while his eyes burned from the constant splashes of water which swept over him. At first there was no sign of the other crew members. Then, slowing regrouping his thoughts, Ben heard the shouts of his companions. Two of them were clinging to a dinghy which had come loose from the ship. Although afloat, the small raft lay upside down in the thrashing water, the men unable to right it because of the rough seas. A few yards away from him the third crew member yelled out for Ben to swim towards the dinghy. With great effort Ben managed to fight his way over to the tiny raft, grabbing on wearily as the four men struggled to stay together, to keep their tired, waterlogged bodies from slipping beneath the surface.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The ship drew closer, and Ben rowed frantically, as if he could somehow take revenge on the sea by slapping it with his oars. The ship grew closer still, and though they knew they had been spotted, the crew continued to wave and scream. It felt good to wave, to scream, to feel alive—and they didn't stop until they were climbing up the rope ladder which a sailor aboard the tanker had thrown down to them.

Profiles of Professors

This semester the College Voice has featured a series of profiles of a few of the college's outstanding faculty members. Previous subjects were Professors Cranz, Neiring, and Macklin.

By Michael Adamowicz

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

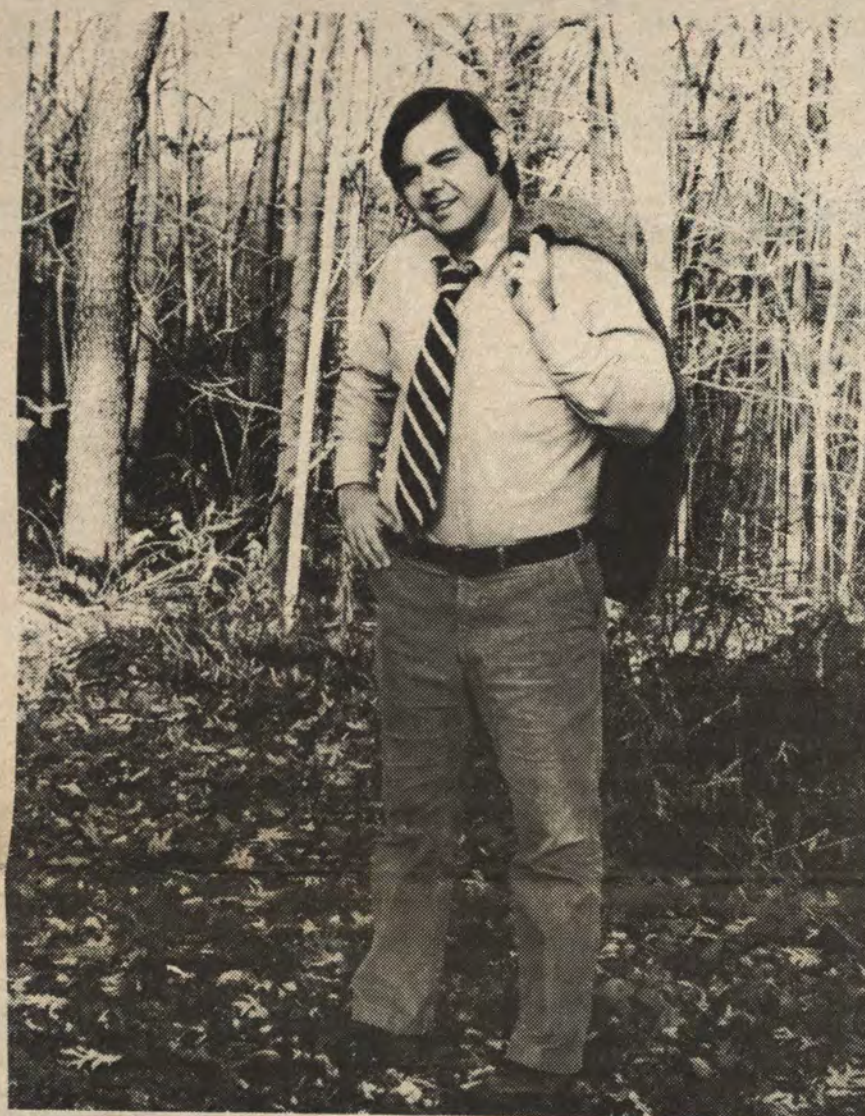
He went to college at the University of Pittsburgh. There he pursued a wide variety of interests, both in and out of the classroom. Frasure recalls, "I've always followed my interests instead of what professors told me to read. I was always more inclined to follow my own instincts and curiosity than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

Mr. Frasure attended Yale Law School after his graduation from Pitt. He found that "law school sharpens your reasoning ability and analytic skills more than any other form of education. In law school you read hundreds of cases that all deal, in some sense, with what a word means; how a particular word applies to a set of facts. There is scarcely a word in the language that, somewhere or other, hasn't been construed by some court. You learn from this that any word standing by itself is imprecise. This enables lawyers to avoid a lot of problems simply by the means of careful drafting and precise thought."

"Law school also teaches you to get to the heart of an issue; you learn to see which facts are peripheral and which are central. Also, you learn a lot of substance that you don't learn anywhere else. You get an understanding of how the government and the economy and the decision-making processes work. This is particularly important to me in my branch of political science-public policy. There is an awful lot you learn in law school that political scientists aren't aware of."

Mr. Frasure brings all these rigorous skills and his wide scope of interests into his courses. He often uses much the same method of teaching that professors in law schools use. This is an in-depth technique of questioning one or a few students for as much as fifty minutes at a time. Frasure states that, "the way in which law school improves your analytic ability can also be taught to undergraduates without having to use a lot of arcane legal materials. You can teach this type of thinking with all kinds of material. For example, public policy and ethical problems are well suited to this type of teaching."

He continues to describe the question and answer teaching style: "First, it depends on creating an atmosphere of tension, which is one of the reasons why students are a little intimidated by it. There has to be tension because it really doesn't work if the student does



"Ideas make a difference to me, they always did. It was always important to me what people thought about things."

not care whether he gives an intelligent answer or not.

"Actually, it doesn't matter what answer you give; I'm going to make the answer seem wrong. The student doesn't like that so he tries to defend his answer. The more he defends it, the more of a muddle he gets into, and it's very frustrating. The student quickly begins to realize that, no matter what he says, the answer is going to be followed by some other question. Then the student starts to try to anticipate what the next question is going to be for any answer he might give. Then he is able to move one or two questions ahead. In a lot of ways it's like chess."

There are many benefits to this type of teaching, according to both Mr. Frasure and his students. Frasure finds that the "ultimate purpose is to develop the ability to do this without an opponent. Any time you ask a question, you will be able to see that there are various possible consequences arising from different answers. It really refines the way you think about things. You don't leave loose ends hanging. The student's expressions become a lot less ambiguous. To sum it up, you are a lot

smarter than you were before."

A student who has been in several of Mr. Frasure's classes stated that, "Mr. Frasure taught me to take a problem or an idea and continually refine and rework it over in my head. He taught me this both in the way his lectures are structured and also by his method of questioning." Another student added that, "Now I can think a couple of steps ahead of anyone I'm debating an issue with. It really has helped me to participate intelligently in Mr. Frasure's course as well as all my others."

This method of teaching goes hand in hand with Frasure's specialty, which is public policy. Public policy has been the fastest growing field of political science in the last decade. Frasure describes it as an "inherently multidisciplinary field. There's much similarity between it and economics. But there are also significant differences. If you looked at two public utility companies, for example, and asked a group of economists which was performing better, you would get a clear consensus. The reason for this is that no one really knows how to answer a question like that because there isn't

consensus about what to measure when you are dealing with public policy. Different people will look at different things and there are many, many aspects to look at.

"The important thing is this: if you want to know if something works, first you have to decide what you mean by 'works.' That's really the stickiest question that faces policy-makers. What I do in my policy courses is to bring to bear my background in law, economics, political science, and so on, and look at the technology, the economics, the legal constraints and legal problems, and the political problems involved in solving the public policy problem. And this policy studies training is really excellent for anything a student might want to do later on in law school, graduate school, business school or anything else."

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

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

Frasure served as counsel to island legislatures while he was in the Peace Corps. From his involvement in such matters he learned much "about what the United States was up to in the underdeveloped parts of the world. Some of the things that we did over there did not always meet with the approval of the American government. Some people even got into a lot of trouble of one kind or another. The American government had plans for the Islands that were not in the best interests of the people who lived there. I was supposed to serve the interests of those people. Consequently, there was often a lot of tension."

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Frasure feels very strongly about his department. He believes that "it is one of the most collegial bodies on the college campus. There are simply no strong personality clashes within my department. Further, these are not the kind of people whose interests are confined to the space between Mohegan Avenue and Williams Street. Everyone in the department is deeply involved in academic, public, or professional endeavors outside of Connecticut College, and that provides enormous benefits for our students."

Mr. Frasure is deeply concerned about the College and the students. He displays a great interest in spurring more intellectual activity on the campus than that which goes on solely in the classroom. He believes that "the only thing conspicuously wrong with the faculty is that it is too small. However, the quality of the professors here is very high. Any student who is dissatisfied here will be dissatisfied at any small college in New England. If I've told one student, I've told fifty that going from here to Mt. Holyoke, Trinity and soon, is like going from Burger King to MacDonald's."

"Another problem is that all of us here are too introspective. We spend far too much time and energy thinking about Connecticut College. This isn't a serious problem, it's just a distinct tendency."

"The students suffer from this

though. This introspection distracts from involvement with more important ideas. But the students here are good, on the average. This isn't just my opinion but it's a demonstrable fact. The average student here is roughly as good as an average student anywhere. But there is not enough diversity among the students. One of the things we should change is what we do with our best students. We simply don't do enough for them right now. And many other faculty members seem to feel the same way. I'm not talking about honors and awards. I mean that the best students are not challenged enough; or given the opportunity to grow as much as they are capable of. Being smart ought to be important to college students, so should being well-read. Education here is centered too much on the classroom. We have to stimulate students to talk together, to think and argue, to read a lot more and to care about ideas. There should be honors courses or seminars for specially selected students. To argue that this would create an elitist group is silly. The very premise of this kind of institution is exclusivity. However we do it, there should be much more orientation toward the better students. It's very necessary to do and most good colleges do it."

As another faculty member commented, "He adds an important dimension to our curriculum that otherwise wouldn't be there; he is extremely valuable as a law school advisor, he just can't be replaced."

OFF THE TRACK

Art and Leisure for the sick

By Dan Nugent

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

Stay away from Hartford. It is too boring to be dangerous. Providence is just as bad, and is in Rhode Island. The mention of that state alone induces laughter. How can degeneracy live amid hilarity? No, it's down to Boston or New York: take out the drugs and take out a notebook.

Even Boston has a reputation as being reasonably safe. And it is possible to survive in the city if one doesn't know the correct places to go. A sad fact but a true one. Everyone of course is familiar with the famed Combat Zone, where porno film houses and strippers and prostitutes can delight the most jaded of college students. There is a real possibility of trouble or death in the Combat Zone, if one torments the proper person, (usually the man with the pink hat and matching automobile), but the place begs friction. It is much too easy.

The bar at the Ritz is much more intriguing in its moneyed decadence. "The Rat," in Kenmore Square, caters to your anxieties in a punk rock mode, as does "The Club" in Cambridge and "Cantone's" downtown. The Boston Common at 2 a.m. is an undeniably vicious spot, and if one hasn't the cover charge for mental or physical destruction in a drinking establishment, the Common will undoubtedly fulfill both needs at no cost.

Boston is a great place if one stands around on street corners long enough. Bruises are chic this year.

New York, obviously, is the essential city for a bad time. Never mind the glare of 42nd St., the drooling addicts in Washington Square Park, or the man rounding the corner right now and closing in on you: these are but tokens of the widespread amorality and immorality (depending on who you ask that makes the city so great).

Punk lives and thrives and kills here, in the Village in particular. "Max's Kansas City" and "C.B.G.B.'s" bring mayhem to the East Side, and just a few blocks from the later club is the headquarters of the Hell's Angels. There is so much of the kind of frenzied dissolution some seek that it is difficult to hit upon a smattering of the spots.

"Plato's Retreat" would undoubtedly rank high on anyone's list of licensed orgy houses. For homosexuals, the gay bars on the Lower West Side are gloriously repulsive, and for the newest sexual group to arise, the celibates, life revolves around Studio 54, an uptown disco palace. For the ultimate in boredom chic, there is "Regine's," run by a French pseudo-disco queen with a ravaged voice who will annoy her customers with unceasing French disco vocals. This is mental self-immolation at its finest.

Central Park is, for purposes of annihilation, "tres de classe," as Regine might add. The subways, too, are so very overused that among the cognoscenti death on the rails doesn't make it. Sorry.

If all else fails, and the quest for decadence leads to romantic moonlit nights and a general sense of well-being, all this can be eliminated ever so easily with a visit to the bus station. Every city has one; it serves as a training ground for neophyte derelicts and drug addicts who haven't quite hit the big time yet. An Omaha bus station can give you trouble; the thought of the Port Authority Bus Terminal in New York can only send chills of expectation up the most sedated of spines.

New London doesn't make it. The Cro Bar reeks of security. One must elope with the bride of danger and cast off in the bark of near death. Extended metaphors are the first sign. Be decadent or don't complain. See you down the alley, first door, way on the left. I'll be wearing the beanie.

The Downtown Merchants Page

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SPORTS



Family portrait

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

By Jill Crossman

Coach Bill Lessig is elated with this year's performance by the soccer team. The team finished their season with a superb 13-2 record and qualified for the E.C.A.C. Regional Tournament. The team triumphed over Middlebury in the tournament, but suffered a heart-breaking defeat to Colby. The Camels came out of the tournament ranked impressively as the number 2 E.C.A.C. team in New England. Coach Lessig is extremely proud of the entire team and had praise for every member.

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

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

This leadership ability was crucial this season since Anderson was commanding a very young defensive squad composed of freshman sweeper Rocco Damiano, wingbacks Steve Barnard, "Put" Goodwin, Tom Schindler and sophomore centerback Dave Geller. Geller did a fantastic job marking the opposing center forwards for the team. Even though they were freshmen, Coach Lessig says that "Barnard and Damiano's experience enabled us to make adjustments to the opponent's tactics" and that Schindler gave the Camels "added strength on our outside."

The most remarkable aspect of the team, Lessig feels, was their ability to "rebound after losing Kevin Sayward in

the Wesleyan game." Although losing such an experienced and talented player would have "destroyed most young teams," the Camels "pulled together with hard work and unselfish play" from freshman Randal "Toga" Klitz, Tom Schindler, Bob McBride, sophomore Tom Burke and junior Andy Shasha. There was a dynamic scoring trio composed of Jim Gabarra, Jim Luce and Steve Litwin. Lessig claims that Gabarra, Luce and Litwin "kept a lot of pressure on the opponents which didn't allow them to take advantage of our inexperienced mid-field." All in all, Luce scored a phenomenal 22 goals, Gabarra had 14 goals, 9 assists, and Litwin followed with 4 goals, 5 assists.

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

Coach Lessig views the E.C.A.C. Tournament game against Middlebury as the best example of what to expect from the Connecticut College Soccer Camels in seasons to come. During that game the team stretched themselves to defeat an extremely strong team. "It exemplifies," Lessig believes, "how far one can go in rising to an occasion." With twenty-one of twenty-three players returning, the team's prospects are extremely optimistic. The combination of the strong veterans and talented incoming freshmen, should create a very "positive situation." In reflecting back on the season, Lessig says "We had fun. We enjoyed the pain, the sacrifices, and the crowd support."

Larrabee tramples Harkness

Continued from page 1

Larry Weilgus (Gator) for a first down. Larrabee was now in good field position and although Fiskio sprained his ankle in the second play, he managed a strong run to the Harkness 35 yd. line. Fiskio's next pass was incomplete, but he remained unruffled with a rally after his initial setback as he threw his next pass into the end-zone where Paul McCarthy (Buckwheat) was wide open for the TD. After this five play flurry for a 7-0 Larrabee lead, the defense of both teams settled down and there was no more scoring in the first half.

Both teams had opportunities, but Larrabee was hurt by a penalty that nullified an interception by Mark Fiskio at the Harkness 20 yard line and Harkness was stopped after having a first down at the Larrabee 17 yard line.

After half-time draining and socializing the crowd's attention returned to the field where Larrabee kicked off. Harkness had a sloppy beginning when on the first play they dropped the ball at the line of scrimmage. They came back on the next play as Stewart completed a pass to Carrington but his attempt to repeat the play failed as Chris Colbert came through for Larrabee with an interception and ran with the ball to the Harkness 2 yard line. Fiskio then threw to Buckwheat for his second touch down and the score was 14-0, Larrabee. After receiving the kick-off, Dave Stewart was once again frustrated in his efforts to pass by the invincible Larrabee line of Bill Davis, John Krinitzky, and David Pettinari (Big Daddy). However, a pass interference penalty on the Bee gave Harkness the edge and the next two plays were run by Clyde McKee down in a sweep to the left, then a strong run down the middle making it a fourth down and a half yard to go for the first down. After a completed pass to Bob Rugerio, Harkness once again posed a real threat with first and goal to go. But Larrabee effectively squashed this rally by preventing Beaver from catching a pass in the end zone.

Throughout the game the lightning combination of Fiskio and Buckwheat prevented Morrin from displaying the superb talent we have seen over the past three years. Then a clipping penalty was called on Harkness that set them back and proved to be a decisive turning point in the game for Larrabee. Harkness proved unsuccessful in their



Social Bill sums it all up

drive to the goal line. Although Larrabee regained the ball they were unable to score as Carrington made two interceptions.

Going into the fourth quarter Harkness had the ball and a completed pass to Beaver resulted in a fiercely determined run but a stiff arm penalty was called on Dave Stewart as he attempted a quarterback draw play. Pushed back, the Harkness team was unable to complete the drive in to score as the Larrabee line proved stronger than ever. Frantic and somewhat demoralized at this point, the only hope for Harkness lay in a passing game. But after four incomplete passes, Larrabee regained the ball and QB Mark Fiskio, well-protected by the Larrabee boys, threw a smooth pass to Gator in the end zone for a TD and the score was 21-0, Larrabee. Harkness rallied in a gallant last-ditch effort to score as Beaver caught the kick-off and ran with it to the 40 yard line. Hugo Smith followed that up with a couple of good catches. But the speed and quickness of Gator proved too much for Harkness as he was there for an interception. After some strong running by Fiskio, Larrabee was again in good field position and John Krinitzky made a good catch in the end-zone for a final score of 28-0, Larrabee.

The Larrabee boys were triumphant. They had dominated the entire game and their awesome defense doomed the

Continued on following page



Big daddy nails Beaver in busted play

Continued from previous page

Harkness scoring efforts to futility. While Harkness had the ball the majority of the time, they were frustrated again and again by Bill Davis, David Pettinari, and John Krinitsky, who combined to form an impenetrable defensive line. When Larrabee did have the ball, a cool and well-protected Mark Fiskio promptly led the offense to victory. The entire team was a well-oiled machine that steam-rolled over Harkness. As their confidence increased with the mounting score, the Bee boys played tremendous football. It must also be said of Harkness that, in the face of an overwhelming Larrabee victory, they did not throw in the towel but kept attempting to rally, even in the final quarter. But in the end, Larrabee prevailed.

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

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

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

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

Chris Colbert: Montana Red Dog!

Yahoo: As owner I am signing Ironhead as a PG next year.

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



Harkness QB Stewart has hard time in the pocket

The two leaders of the Harkness team, quarterback Dave Stewart and Captain Beaver Morrin were true sportsmen in defeat and had this to say:

Beaver: They (Larrabee) are a tremendous team. Their line is the strongest of any team we've played all year. They combined that with a cohesive backfield attack. A fine group of athletes. No dirt at all. No cheap shots. It would have been nice to win. But better that I was playing against these guys again.

Dave Stewart: The key to the game was Larrabee's defense. They put us on the defensive immediately and although we tried to come back, they just kept coming. They played an excellent game.

So once again at Connecticut College another Super Bowl has come and gone. Most of the players on both teams are seniors, and they have glorious memories to warm them by the fire when, old and decrepit, they reminisce to politely bored grandchildren. For those of us who remain, however, the question arises - what about next year? To all those Caspar Milquestoasts out there, we staunch CCFFL fans extend an invitation to get out and play (after all, you have the rest of your life to read Plato and Aristotle.)

Men's hoops

By Marsha Williams

The November 28 game against Salve Regina opened the season for the Connecticut College Varsity Men's Basketball Team. The Camels, boosted by the large cheering section, trampled their opponents, winning the game by 42 points.

Fifteen players make up the Varsity Team this year: Mike Amaral, Chris Bergan, Paul Cannelli, Ted Cotjanle, Barry Hyman, Charles Jones, Herb Kenney, Dan Levy, Bill Luce, Bill Malinowski, and Wayne Malinowski, and freshmen Tom Barry, Rex Bowdoin, John Faulkner, and Lincoln Levinson. Coached by Charles Luce and assisted by Butch Laurion, the team elected Dan Levy and Ted Cotjanle as co-captains.

Coach Luce expects vast improvement over last year's record of 6 wins and 14 losses, the team returning with a better understanding of the game and of their individual potential. Experience, however, dominates as the key factor in the anticipated success. Both Dan Levy and Ted Cotjanle have played all four of their years at Conn. Wayne Malinowski, last season's most valuable player, and Barry Hyman, last year's most improved player, are back for another impressive season. Wayne, Dan, and Ted led the team in scoring last season. Ted also dominated in rebounding, as did Chris and Charles. Coach Luce is counting on these players, as well as Rex Bowdoin, the most this year.

The new members bring with them many valuable assets. Rex Bowdoin looks to be a top rebounder, as does Lincoln Levinson. Tom Barry needs only experience to reveal his natural ability which includes speed, strength, and excellent shooting skills. John Faulkner, although temporarily hampered by a back injury, looks to be a good guard.

Having a relatively tall front line is one of the major strengths the team possesses. The shortest front-line player is 6'3", and the tallest stands at 6'7". Coach Luce sees the team's depth as another strength, with about ten players contributing solidly.

The team also possesses strong determination. Inconsistent call-handling skills are a weakness Coach Luce hopes to see resolved in the next few games. "The offense tends to be impatient, forcing things to happen rather than letting them happen," he says. The defense, too, needs improvement.

Twenty-five games are scheduled for this season, the largest number of games ever scheduled here. The teams to look out for include Wesleyan, Trinity, The Coast Guard, and Manhattanville. Injuries to Barry Hyman, Bill Luce, and John Faulkner will hopefully cease to hinder their progress in the future.

Women to hustle ball this season

The Women's Intercollegiate Basketball Team is anticipating a more successful season than they experienced last year. Returning from last season's play are Kim Whitestone, Ginny Bell, Jenny Altschul, Celayne Hill, and Claire Quan. Although there is at present only one other member, Rita

MacInnis, a freshman from Waterford, Connecticut, Coach Ralph Disaia is optimistic that there will be more.

Rita MacInnis comes to the team with excellent ball-handling skills that Coach Disaia believes will help the team immensely. Since the Women's team has little height, their tallest player being only 5'7", they are turning to solid conditioning with the hope that they will be able to out hustle their opponents. As of now, this is where the emphasis lies. The team is also attempting to learn new, basic plays, so that when the games actually begin in second semester, they will be in good shape.



Cathy Welker demonstrates gymnastic expertise

Swinging from bars

Gymnasts flexing for tomorrow's meet

By David Fiderer

With the opening of their season one day away, the Connecticut College Women's Gymnastic team is ready to take on all comers. The Camels begin their season tomorrow (Wednesday) night at 7:00 p.m. at the Coast Guard Academy in what should be a rarity in sport; females dominating males.

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

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

Doing the majority of the vaulting for Conn this season will be Carol Vaas (floor exercises), Carolyn Hoffman (floor exercises), Amy Roberts (floor exercise and bars), Cathy Welker, and Heidi Walsh, who is presently injured.

Coach Disaia anticipates the University of Bridgeport, Rhode Island College, Barrington, and the University of Hartford to be the toughest opponents of the season. The members themselves are optimistic that last year's record of 4 wins and 10 losses will be improved upon.

All girls interested in becoming a part of this interscholastic sport should contact Coach Disaia in the athletic office on the second floor in Cro. There is still time to get in shape before the first games on January 24 against the Coast Guard Academy, January 25 against the University of Hartford, and January 27 against Amherst.

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

The team's biggest question mark is the bars event. Junior Cathy Welker (balance beam, vaulting, and floor exercise) who is performing more like a Tourescheva with each passing day, along with Carol Vaas, Lisa Kingman, and Hildi Perl are the key performers on the uneven parallel bars.

The team is coached by Jeffrey Zimmerman and Wally, whose last name is unknown to anyone but himself. The girls are in good shape. Any guy will testify to that. Seriously now, the coaches have worked the team very hard this fall, sometimes up to 12 hours weekly. However, co-captain Lynda Plavin feels that there is much work left to be done. "The team's routines are not polished yet." The team is confident that they will be polished and shining by the February 1, the start of their "real" season.

Yale, Keene St., and Bos. St., will be the toughest of the 11 opponents the Camels will face this season.

Gymnastics is an exciting and beautiful sport to watch. Come on out and watch the girls who fly through the air with the greatest of ease.

ENTERTAINMENT



Greased nightmare

By Mary Conklin

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

Most actors look forward to auditions the same way students look forward to final exams. And with good reason. Both experiences are extremely nerve-racking and unpleasant. Unfortunately, they are necessary if you want to get anywhere in your field. In the end, your ultimate success or failure depends on your attitude. It's my belief that the whole audition process has been carefully structured as a test of human endurance to see how well one individual can work under pressure. What do I mean by pressure? Here follows a true example.

I auditioned for the musical "GREASE" on Broadway this summer with two of my friends—and about four hundred other hopefuls. The doors opened at 10:30 a.m., but we had shown up at 8:00 to sign up early. Even then, there were over a hundred people already ahead of us. We knew that we

were in for a long wait, so we sat down and proceeded to get very, very nervous.

I really hate it when horror stories and sick jokes about my would-be profession turn out to be true. The whole ordeal was like a bad dream. People were being called up in groups of ten at a rate of about four groups an hour. That meant that they spent fifteen minutes per group of ten. I started giggling madly when I realized that I

If Stacy hadn't been there to get me out I would be there still, behind the toilet paper writing my memoirs

would have a little more than a minute to show my stuff. Face it, my chances of even making a fraction of an impression were pretty slim. I started wondering what the hell I was trying to prove. Jesus Christ, I didn't even need the job. Yet.

Then I heard my number called. Oh well, ours is not to question why. I was

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

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

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

Ct. orchestra serves up Bach's lunch

By Putnam Goodwin

Believe it or not, there is an orchestra at Connecticut College. Every Wednesday night at 7:30, a group of 30 or so staunch musicians, some from the city of New London and the surrounding area, and some from Conn. college itself meet, and rehearse classical works for 2½ hours.

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

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

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

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





"Look but don't touch" cast, looking and touching

Campus sleeper: Humor of a break-up

By Stephanie Zacks

What do Woody Allen and a Conn junior have in common? By December 2, both will have written, directed, and starred in their own works. Currently, Ken Ellner is in the process of directing and acting in a light-hearted two-act comedy entitled "Look But Don't Touch." It deals with the importance of communication and trust between two people. The breakdown of the relationship and the conclusions which the characters jump to provide the comic moments.

Ken has always wanted to write, but he never expected he would stage and star in his own work. He began writing short stories when he was nine, and from there he moved on to poems, lyrics and music. At this point he had some of his poetry published. He then began to write plays. He wrote "Look But Don't Touch" over a period of nine months last March and April, and took four drafts to complete it.

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

The cast consists of four characters, all students at Conn. They are, besides

Ellner, sophomores Lori Bassin and Leslie Rogers and junior Richard Sauer, all very enthusiastic about the play. Leslie calls it "a really funny play. A lot of students write plays but this one is excellent and original - everyone can understand it. I'm psyched about doing it."

In addition to the cast, Ken has "an excellent stage crew who I can crumble against and who will always build me up again." They are stage manager Anne Richards, carpenter and electrician Vance Gilbert and crew member Laura Fernandes.

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

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

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

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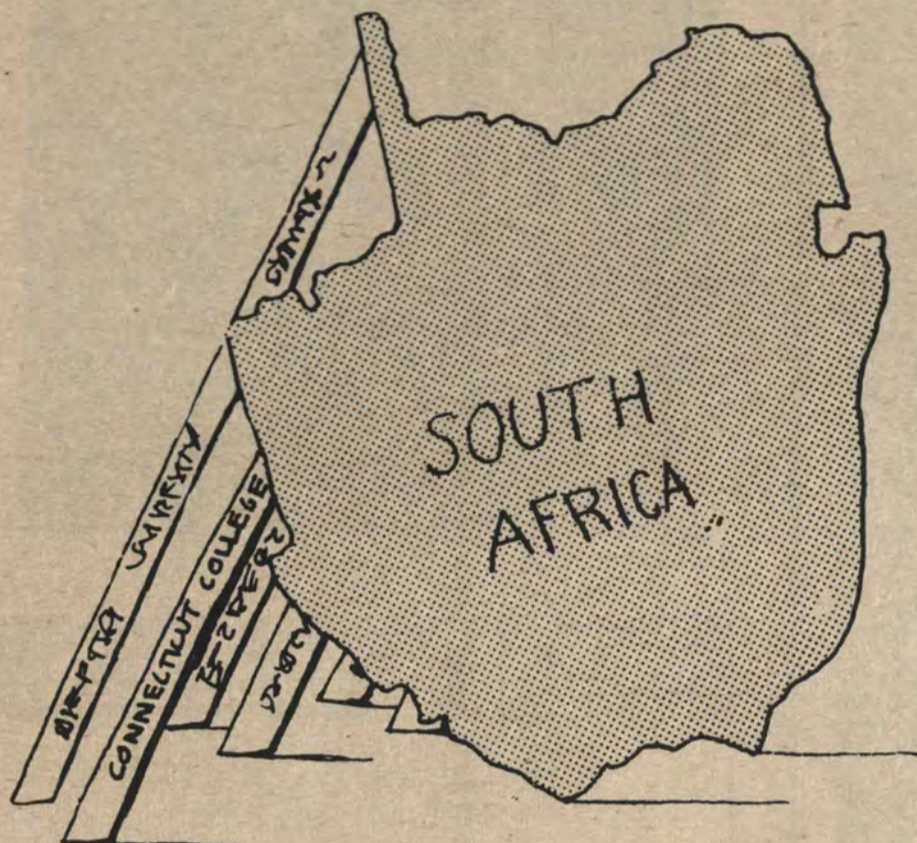
Such a tiny cancer can almost always be cured. A cancer of this size can best be found by mammography — a technique of low-dose breast x-rays. Using far less radiation than ever before, mammography can detect a cancer long before a lump can be felt. While the cancer is still highly curable.

Not every woman needs mammography. But for those women over 50 or with special reasons to be concerned, like those with symptoms or a strong family history of breast cancer, mammography can find a tiny cancer before it has spread. Ask your doctor about mammography.



American Cancer Society

OPINION



Getting out of an ethical nightmare

By Marion E. Doro

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

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

The level of American investment in South Africa ranks at something like 16 percent of the total foreign investment, or approximately one per cent of all industrial investment in the country. Of the 90,000 persons employed in these American firms, about 60,000 are Africans. Would asset-stripping have a significant impact on the South African economy? The evidence suggests that there would be a reduction of job opportunities -- for Africans and whites alike -- or that other foreign investors would quickly fill the vacuum created by withdrawing American firms. This would be particularly true in critical industrial fields such as electronics; if IBM were to sell its South African holdings today, West German and Japanese companies are ready to move in tomorrow. In short, withdrawal would not have sufficient impact to influence the government to alter its policy. Not yet, anyway. Moreover, the sale of the American firms would not mean that the funds invested could be returned to the United States -- no funds, foreign or domestic, are easily or quickly transferred out of South Africa. The Government has

protected itself rather well against asset-stripping through stringent currency exchange controls. Divestment would mean that the value of company investments would be reduced, and -- more important -- we would lose whatever influence we might have if we stay and exert pressure for change.

Two related factors make it possible for us to maximize our influence for change. The first is that the South African economy has been in decline during this decade; one measure of this is the fall in its growth rate from 7 percent in 1974 to .5 percent in 1977. In many respects South Africa is no longer a politically attractive market for economic investment, and this is reflected in the extent to which American and British banks now refrain from lending to government and public corporations. The shrinkage of new funds enhances the importance of existing businesses. Consequently, established foreign firms are in a position to actively demand improved economic conditions for their African employees. Some have done so; others have not.

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

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

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

The reason of pure criticism

By Thomas Usdin

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

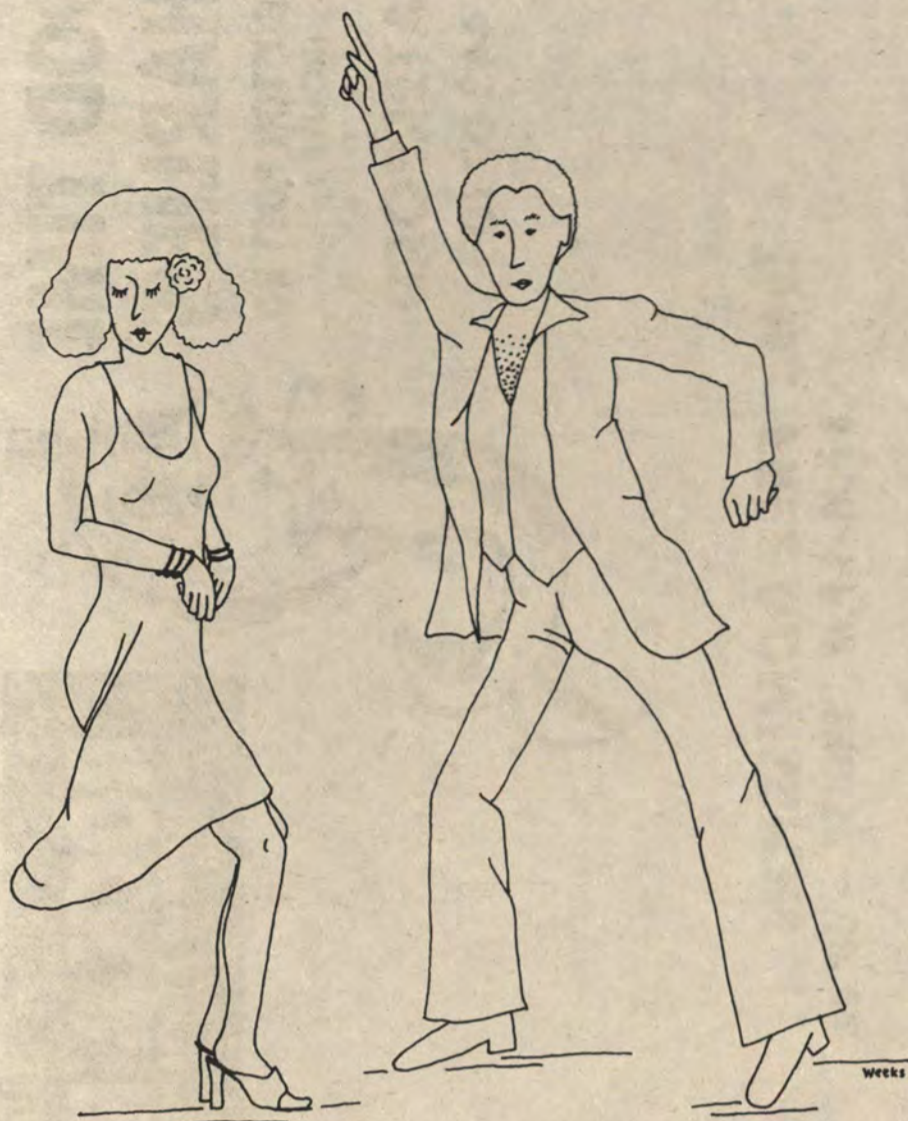
These ideas certainly bring up some interesting points, but perhaps Mr. Birdsall's remarks will help to shed some light on what some of the real problems are. I'm sure many people will agree with his assessment that the presidents and deans cheerful, competent, and hard-working. However, do those qualities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

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

within another and to motivate that person to overcome their deficiencies.

I also find fallacy in Mr. Birdsall's suggestion that the solution to our problems can be achieved through an understanding of some of the great thinkers of our world. Is this really a viable solution? Is he being practical and serious when he says that the problems of our contemporary world can be alleviated through an understanding of philosophers that are to a large degree removed from the concerns of our society? If Mr. Birdsall is, in fact, serious than perhaps herein lies the chief problem and that is that some members of the Faculty and the administration are out of touch with the interests and concerns of the college community. The symptoms of this problem are manifested in many areas. Perhaps this is why there were but a handful of either faculty members or administrators at Conn's first soccer game in the E.C.A.C. play-offs; perhaps this is why some students are disillusioned with the administrative support for foreign study, and finally this may give us a clue as to why a faculty member can be so out of touch to suggest that in our supposedly progressive society our goal should be to simulate the environment that existed forty years ago.

I am not claiming that either the Faculty or the administration is incompetent. On the contrary, I think that for the most part they handle their jobs and responsibilities well. However, perhaps some problems do arise out of their insensitivity to the concerns of the people they are interacting with. Furthermore, it seems that these problems will only be accentuated by unreasonable and defensive responses to criticism that is voiced for the purpose of hopefully bettering the community.



Disco delusions ...

"I used to be disgusted, now I try to be amused."

To Bradshaw Rost and His Fellow Disco Ducks:

The recent exaltation of disco musak as "the" ultimate expression of the 70's was so ludicrous it was amusing. You displayed amazing ignorance in proclaiming disco as the cultural manifestation of our current generation. If it is true that human beings use less than one-tenth of their mental capacities normally, then you discophiles utilize a fraction of that to enjoy your lifestyles. Disco is pure, escapist fairy tale geared to the emotional range of a five year old. It is an easily marketable commodity at the present time, but this is no grounds for the attribution of profound cultural significance. Has your college education taught you to equate money with culture? If so, we suggest a re-examination of your values.

Can one's mind be so saturated with the monotonous, vacuous tunes of "Saturday Night Fever" as to deny the existence of alternative forms of music?

Why don't you wake up!

How could one be so presumptuous as to proclaim that rock is dead, and that those still enjoying it are merely regressing into the 60's? Where have you been for the last ten years anyway? We hasten to correct your stupendous miscalculation of "anti-discoites" as a minority on this campus and in society in general. You did a terrible injustice to the 60's in stereotyping those years as "Woodstock, pot smoking and Vietnam." Obviously your grasp of that decade is extremely superficial. Please don't compound your errors by acting as the self-styled authority of the 70's as well. Can one's mind be so saturated with the monotonous, vacuous tunes of "Saturday Night Fever" as to deny the existence of alternative forms of music? Why don't you wake up! Far from dying out, rock has been infused with a level of high energy during the 70's. Your mind is a sea of doldrums that

craves an invigorating blast of new wave and punk to bring you back to reality.

Among your most glaring misconceptions is your belief that disco is the only music one can make an integrated emotional and physical response to. Are your faculties that limited? We experience a similar feeling of revulsion upon attending all-campus disco fiascoes. Granted, there is a certain grace to carefully studied and conscientiously mastered disco steppin'. However, it requires limited powers of observation to perceive that 8 out of 10 disco couples lack such ability. Despite their efforts to achieve this image of sublime elegance while spinning and twirling, they usually end up in an embarrassing position closely resembling a contorted half Nelson. Such finesse.

We also venture to comment on the emotional aspects (or lack of) of disco. In a truly esoteric discotheque the nature of the "emotion" expressed quickly reveals itself to the intelligent observer. Distilled, it is several hundred people allowing themselves to be manipulated by a d.j. with an I.Q. of 60 who just happens to have acquired the motor coordination to spin a turntable. They usually look more like cows in a barn than dancers enjoying sensual delights. Stir 'em up a little bit, they move - slow 'em down, they stare off into space with empty eyes.

Is disco music perhaps conveying some deep, obscure message that we have failed to grasp? Hardly. For the truth is, there is no message in disco. It is totally devoid of any expression of ideology. Do yourself a favor and try to decipher the concepts behind the lyrics of Elvis Costello or Patti Smith, for they represent what the music of the future will be. Incidentally, the music is also fantastic to dance to. Let's face it, the life span of disco will be remarkably short and its impact will never be classified as significant. Only after you achieve this revelation, will you be cured of the disco malaise. Maybe one fine morning you will be overcome by the sudden urge to use your Saturday Night Fever album as a frisbee. Sha-do-be..... SHATTERED!!!

Respectfully yours,
Two Punk Rockers
A. Blomgren
& L. Regolo

Registration: picking odds-on favorites

By Steven Shaffer

Perhaps there is an ivory tower assumption that courses are to be selected on the basis of interest and academic desirability. Extraneous factors, such as the time of class or course requirements have little or no affect on the student's choice. Realistically, however, most of us know that this is not quite so true. I would venture to say that most students, at one time or another, have selected courses on the basis of such "extraneous" factors. These extraneous factors indeed become primary factors in some cases. There is nothing inherently wrong in such a course selection process, provided that the student had not organized his-her entire four years along these lines.

In some instances, the time consideration can be beneficial to a student's learning. How can one expect to absorb the intricacies of Aristotelian logic at 8:30 in the morning, especially if one has been consuming alcohol in Cro Bar (in lieu of logic in the library) until midnight. To thyself be honest. It would be impractical to register for such a course. One would be better if taking Physical Anthropology at a comfortable 11:30. This allows one plenty of time to sleep, drink, and, with a minimal amount of effort, do well in the course to boot. Mankind's pragmatism again takes center stage.

Not all students are oriented to social priorities. This orientation seems to be one of occasional occurrence throughout the student body. It is neither good nor bad. More power to the students who can rise at 7:30, day after day, to make an 8:30 class in Biochemistry. On the same token, I salute the student who realizes his-her academic limits and adjust his-her course schedule accordingly. Those students who find a perfect correlation between the courses they desire and the times they are given should count their blessings. It seems to happen all too infrequently.

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

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

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

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