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The College Voice

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Harrisburg and oil: twin nightmares p.1, 4-5

Eclipse trip p.6-7

VOLUME II, No. XIII

APRIL 3, 1979



Bottom of the barrel

Critics and gadflies have grown used to tying together contemporary problems by quoting the famous line from the comic strip Pogo. "We have met the enemy and he is us." If the energy crisis is the moral equivalent of war, as President Carter once maintained, the energy problems the United States faces today are a deserving victim of Pogo's brilliant irony.

By Andrew Rodwin

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

These plans were presented to Congress formally on March 1, under the Energy Policy and Conservation Act of 1975. According to the Act, Congress has 60 days to accept or reject the plans, with no option to amend.

The plans, if passed, will be emergency powers reserved to the President. They may be implemented only in the event of a "severe energy supply disruption" or to fulfill obligations incurred under international fuel conservation agreements.

Rationing

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

Under the rationing plan, ration checks would be mailed quarterly to drivers on the basis of motor vehicle registration. These checks would be exchanged for ration coupons at banks and similar institutions. Currently, 4.8 billion such coupons, ironically being a striking resemblance to dollar bills, are in storage in Colorado; they were printed by The Nixon Administration during the Arab oil embargo.

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

The Federal Department of Energy emphasizes that rationing would only be a last step taken to live with a "severe energy shortage" in which demand for oil exceeded supply by 20 percent. Under such circumstances, roughly 87.8 billion gallons of gas would have to be rationed out to 149 million registered motor vehicles annually, according to Congressional Quarterly.

Consequently, each car would be allowed 11.3 gallons per week, or 1.6 gallons per day.

Other Measures

Rationing being a last resort, three fuel conservation measures would precede it if a serious oil shortage was



The Crunch

recognized by the President. These include weekend gas station closings and a ban on advertising lighting, as well as a thermostat regulation plan which would compel public and commercial building operators to keep buildings no more than 65 degrees in winter and no less than eighty degrees in summer, as well as keep hot water tanks at a maximum of 105 degrees.

Combined, these conservation plans could save roughly 610,000 bbl. per day (about 1/30 of daily domestic consumption) according to Energy officials.

These plans, then, are stringent enough to eliminate the current domestic shortfall, and barring any further crisis in the oil market, would insure stability without having to resort to rationing.

However, Sen. Johnston, chairman of the Senate subcommittee now considering the plans, predicted two weeks ago that two of the three conservation plans would not be passed, and that thermostat regulations would be impossible to monitor.

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

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

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

In the meantime, the world is at the mercy of oil-rich countries that, understandably, are systematically inflating prices in an effort to make a

hefty profit from their precious resource. Such countries, at best, feel ambivalent toward the needs of the industrial West.

Domestically, the situation is equally critical. The U.S. has a terrific thirst for oil, consuming 20 million bbl. daily,

more than 1/3 of the world's total. This gluttonous appetite is related to the American standard of living, the highest in the world.

Unfortunately, the U.S. only produces 9 million bbl. per day, which means it must import 11 million bbl. daily. As a result of the Iranian crisis, 1 million bbl. per day were lost. With half of this loss being made up from Saudi (and other) sources, the current shortfall in the United States is 500,000 bbl. per day.

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

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

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

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

Price Hikes

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

Continued on page 4

MOSCOW 1980



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The College Voice is an editorially independent news magazine published weekly during the academic year. All copy is student-written unless specifically noted. Unsolicited material is welcome but the editor does not assume responsibility and will return only those accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. All copy represents the opinion of the author unless stated otherwise. The College Voice is a student-run, non-profit organization.

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

Parting remarks

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

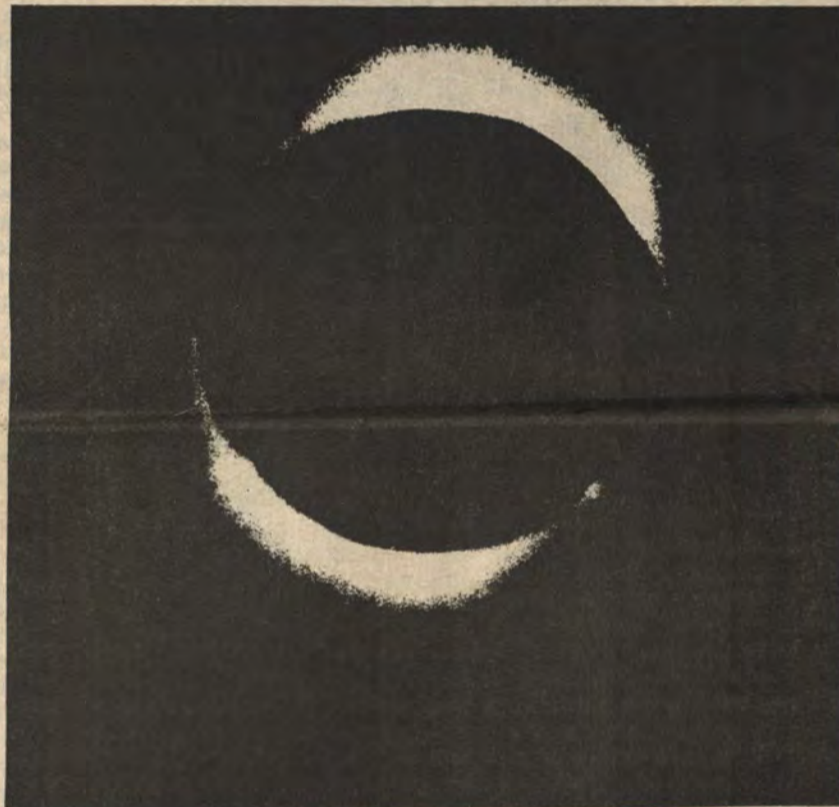
Personally, my tenure as Editor has been an educational experience in human nature and diplomacy as well as in journalism. I am grateful to the community for permitting me this once in a lifetime opportunity.

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

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

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

James Polan



LETTERS

Cold feet

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

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

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

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

Teri L. Ursin

INSIDE OUT

p.1,4-5

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

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

Stake in brew p.8-9

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

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

Here comes the sun

p.6-7

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

Over a barrel



The trip was long, the weather cold but the feisty group caught the rays they were looking for.

Expressively, expansively, Laura Martineau captures the romance of the awed men and women star-struck by the cosmic spectacular.

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than quadrupled prices. The latest hike sent the benchmark price of a barrel of crude up 9 percent, from \$13.33 to \$14.54, effective April 1.

(Because OPEC only stipulates "benchmark" or "floor" prices, countries often sell their crude at higher prices by adding surcharges. Venezuelan oil, for example, was priced 15 to 18 percent above the last benchmark price. "Spot prices" -- prices for oil bought short-term -- have reached as high as \$30 bbl.

Business Week predicts that the benchmark price may rise to \$20 bbl. within one year.)

As a result, gasoline prices can be expected to rise 2 cents per gallon immediately, and another five cents per gallon by Labor Day when the price increase works its way through the system.

Two cent price hikes are not negligible. "The OPEC hike will affect every nook and cranny of our economy," asserts one expert, "since oil is the basis of almost everything we use in our daily life."

Oil is becoming a monkey on the back of an addicted U.S. economy. "In Washington," the Hartford Courant reported, "the U.S. Chamber of Commerce said the OPEC increase would erode the purchasing power of the average American household by \$50 in 1979 and reduce employment by 100,000 jobs."

Speculates Business Week, "There will probably be no repeat of 1974, when the quadrupling of the price of oil sent all the world economies tumbling in unison into the worst recession since the 1930's. But the odds are greater now that heightened inflation will produce government policies that will markedly slow economic growth by 1980, and the dangers of a worldwide slump, with the U.S. the first to plunge into recession, have obviously gotten much greater."

"What's scaring people now," said economist Alan Greenspan earlier this year, "is the possibility that we're on the edge of a major disaster."

The Moneymakers

A segment of the Third World -- especially the Arab countries -- is a major source of oil for the West, and has the oil-thirsty West over a barrel (sic). Obviously, this affects the dynamics of international relations.

The money earned by oil sales -- petrodollars -- must be traded for goods or capital investments to have value, but most Third World countries do not have markets for the manufactured goods the West produces.



Local retailer Dan Monaco is suspicious of big oil's credibility

Economics

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

Domestically, swollen oil prices are aggravating inflation, whose rate is now an incredible 14.4 percent annually. Consequently, the government is reluctant to deregulate domestic oil prices which are kept artificially low by a labyrinth of pricing regulations. Were domestic oil prices allowed to jump roughly 9 dollars bbl. to meet world prices, skyrocketing prices could inflict traumatic damage on the economy.

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

However, opponents of deregulation say that Americans are so addicted to oil that demand for it is inelastic, meaning that dramatic price rises won't drive customers away from gas pumps.

The alarming atrophy of the once powerful American dollar can be traced in part to the insatiable appetite for oil, and its sudden scarcity in the American diet. As oil price rises cause both general price rises and an increase in the National Debt, the dollar is growing weak in relation to most foreign currencies.

Not only does this weakness threaten America's international status and standard of living (through trade deficit and likely recession), and so perhaps the international balance of power, but it rocks the stability of the international economic system, based on the dollar.

Consequently, gold prices have skyrocketed, indicating a lack of confidence in paper currencies which symbolically support modern economies. Gold speculation is self-perpetuating, and further aggravates tremors in the system, possibly bringing crisis.

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

Further, Third World countries may not be mature enough to pump oil at the frantic pace of over 28 million barrels per day. Although boosts in production may appear to be in U. S. interests, they may not be in the Third World's.

Clearly, using petrodollars to buy arms is of no value to the millions of Third world peasants living at the subsistence level. Only purchases of technology and education will gear primitive economies for development, and improvements in the general welfare. Yet many claim that petrodollars remain in the hands of a small elite, with the average peasant gaining few or no advantages from multi-billion dollar sales.

Assuming modernization, at what point does the breakneck pace now apparent strain a country to the point where the fabric of society is ripped apart? Iran, once a major oil exporter, was unable to assimilate the Shah's (in retrospect) reckless modernization program based on oil. And consequently, has both allowed oil production to dwindle to a trickle and has suffered the heartbreak of prolonged political violence and civil strife.

The revolution in Iran, reported Business Week, is perceived as a threat by the established governments of OPEC countries. Nations like Saudi Arabia fear that the possible combination of Iranian-type reaction and untrammelled oil development will cast the Saudi government in the role of Wester Stooze, and will lead to a nationalistic, religiously fundamental revolution similar to the one that deposed the Shah.

In the final analysis, pressure on Third World governments to pump more oil may be imprudent. Were Saudi Arabia, a country that foreign policy experts are watching with intensity, to suffer a crisis

similar to Iran's, the peace and stability of the world would be endangered, as an international shortfall of 9.5 million bbl. a day could not be absorbed. Speculation on the global ramifications of such a crisis would be uncategorically bleak.

Mexico

Mexico, our poor Southern neighbor with whom traditionally no love has been lost, has in the last few years discovered that it possesses at least 40 billion barrels of oil underground. Conservative estimates predict there are possible additional reserves of over 200 billion barrels.

Despite Carter's recent visit to Mexico, Mexican-American relations are poor, largely because of the two million indigent Mexicans entering the U.S. every year looking for employment.

Of course, our concern for Mexico has only blossomed since their oil reserves were discovered. Yet by no means does the U.S. have any special claim on these reserves, a self-evident notion Carter emphasized in a recent speech.

Mexican President Jose Portillo, probably considering developments in Iran, is determined not to pump oil at a breakneck pace simply for American benefit. In an interview with Newsweek, Portillo insisted, "Mexico will develop oil according to its own interests, and this basically means according to its capacity to digest income from oil exports."

Currently, Mexico does sell 500,000 bbl. of crude daily, mostly to the U.S. Shipments are expected to double by 1982. Although the U.S. wants Mexico to step up production even more, last December Energy Secretary Schlesinger vetoed a deal to buy natural gas from Mexico at \$2.60 per thousand cubic feet. That price, though, \$.85 higher than domestic prices, was seen as inflationary, and was considered to be subject to future oil price rises as well as a temptation to Canada to rise its prices.

The upshot of our rejection of the Mexican plan is that Mexico now flares 500 million cubic ft. of natural gas at wellheads daily: the gas, which is brought to the surface along with pumped oil, must be disposed of because there are no customers for it.

Currently, the U.S. is reconsidering its decision.

The argument can be made that rejection of the Mexican plan was justified. 500 million cubic ft. represents less than 1 percent of our daily consumption, so that relatively speaking its loss is not injurious. Further, since the Arab oil embargo, a trend in home heating away from gas, and new gas discoveries, has led to a current domestic surplus of 1 trillion cubic ft. of natural gas.

Alternatives

Because of gas available in Alaska, Canada, and Mexico, this surplus is likely to grow. It would be to our advantage to use this excess gas to replace consumption of oil; Secretary Schlesinger estimates that the huge gas surplus could replace 500,000 bbl. per day of oil, which matches our current shortfall exactly.

The problem is to convert privately owned industrial facilities from oil to gas burning capability, an added expense profit-motivated businessmen will not wish to incur. As we have immense proven reserves of natural gas, though, it would be helpful, where technically possible, to move to gas whenever and wherever possible.

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4PM TO 7PM
SAT- 9AM TO 5PM
SUN- CLOSED

Saddled with a huge cut in gas supplies,
Monaco has to stagger hours open

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

Coal is a further example. Though the Administration is currently urging a switch from consumption of oil to coal—to relieve the oil shortage—the mining of coal is an environmental hazard, and the burning of it causes extreme air pollution.

Pollution is a by-product of most fossil fuels. It is likely to worsen, too, if the oil shortage is not relieved. Because unleaded gas costs more to make, it is more expensive than regular gas at the pumps, although half of the roughly 5 cent gap between regular and unleaded is due to retailers, who are able to cut prices of regular by charging more for unleaded. The result: owners of cars with catalytic converters designed for consumption of unleaded fuel are pumping regular into their fuel tanks. Two or three tankfuls of regular gas in enough to ruin a catalytic converter, and result in polluting emissions that are 400 to 800 percent greater.

No federal statute exists prohibiting motorists from engaging in this practice, although some states, including Connecticut, have passed legislation making it illegal.

Nuclear Power

Nuclear power, the infamous alternative to fossil fuel, is plainly the most controversial type of energy now available. Although nuclear power currently produces a total of 13 percent of the nation's electricity, there are a number of alleged gaps in safety precautions entailed in nuclear energy operations. The disposal of wastes, the venting of cooling water, the threat of meltdown, and other phenomena all contribute to a dangerous proliferation of radioactivity in the environment, according to opponents of nuclear power.

The nightmare at Three Mile Island in Harrisburg is viewed by many as an important trial of nuclear power. At that reactor, a gas bubble covered an upper section of the fuel rods, preventing coolant fluid from contacting the rods and relieving them of excess heat. Had the bubble moved, or expanded significantly, the temperature would have risen to an ominous level, causing the radioactive fuel to melt, and pierce the radioactive shell in a molten state.

If this had happened (a debacle Jack Lemmon tried to prevent in the China Syndrome), the radioactive fuel would have melted into the earth until it reached water, at which point it would explode into the atmosphere as radioactive steam, to be blown wherever the winds might take it. Ultimately, immense amounts of radioactivity would end up in the environment.

Barring a meltdown, it is still true that some radioactive gases have been vented into the atmosphere in an effort to bring about cooldown. According to Harold Denton of the N.R.C., these emissions will result in a general background exposure in the Harrisburg area of 60 to 84 millirem annually. Although the government claims exposure to up to 5000 millirem per year is safe, average annual exposure is usually only 100 millirem.

Still, power company officials and the NRC maintain that the amount of radioactivity that has been released from Three Mile Island is negligible, and might result in one to two cancers per 10,000 exposures. But these are ballpark estimates: no one can predict precisely what effect this radioactivity will have when it infests the environment and food-chain.

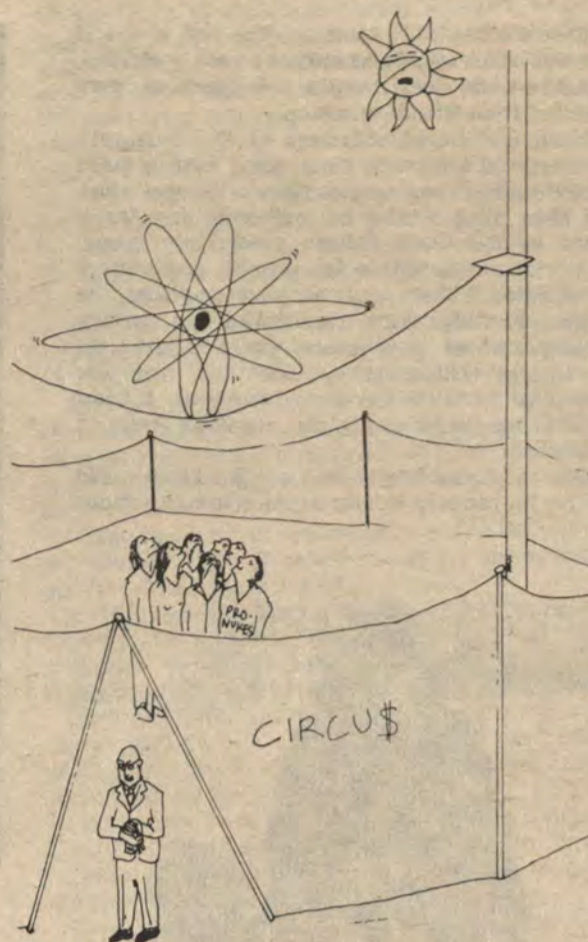
Even less can be said about what the exact effects of a meltdown are. Asked what the effects of a meltdown in Harrisburg would be, all expert Jack Lindsay replied was "We don't know." This lack of hard knowledge of comprehensive environmental ramifications suggests that nuclear power presents grave risks.

Harold Denton did predict that a meltdown in Harrisburg would have caused at least 1 billion dollars worth of property damage.

Proponents of nuclear power argue that because of sophisticated safety equipment, a meltdown could never happen. It is true that the size of the bubble in Harrisburg had been reduced by 97 percent by Monday morning according to Metropolitan Edison officials. It is also argued that because of diminishing fossil fuels, nuclear power is an indispensable part of America's energy portfolio.

Crying wolf

Congress and the American public are the variables in any energy program; legislation must come from the one, conservation from the other. Unfortunately, according to Newsweek, "the true dimensions of the potential crisis had yet to sink in on Congress or a public grown openly skeptical after years of false energy alarms."



Apparently, the government has "cried wolf" too often. Reported Congressional Quarterly, "exhortations to conserve seem to have had little effect. The public has generally been skeptical of past calls for conservation when the reasons for cutting back — and the rewards for doing so — have not been readily apparent."

A disappointing 200-odd citizens attended Connecticut's four energy hearings, or about 5/1000 of 1 percent of the state's population.

Those who did turn out for the New London hearing did seem generally concerned about the energy problem. Most saw the need for conservation, but expressed reservations about weekend gas station closings, which would threaten the local tourist trade centering in Mystic.

There was little enthusiasm for rationing. Most citizens recognized there might eventually be a need for it, but testimony expressed concern about the specifics of rationing. Major worries were that rationing would favor the rich — who own many cars and can pay high prices for coupons on the white market — and that there might not be enough gas allocated to those who have long distances to drive to work.



A local retailer — Dan Monaco, owner of Monaco's Rent-A-Bay and Monaco's Service Center on Poquonock Rd. in Groton — gave personal testimony about the severity of the oil crunch. According to oil company allocation plans, based on March 1978 consumption, fuel sales to the nation's retailers are being limited, so as not to deplete inventories. Mr. Monaco's gas allowance was cut by about 45 percent last month, reducing his sales volume drastically.

Retailers are being caught in the middle, Mr. Monaco says. He pointed out that in his area two gas stations closed, another may close soon, and the rest aren't open 20 percent of the time because they haven't enough gas. Mr. Monaco is currently crashing heads with the state bureaucracy in an attempt to get his allocation changed, because the number of customers has increased due to the closing of competition. He needs more gas to stay open.

There are contentions that the oil companies are artificially creating a shortage by piling up inventories to an unnecessary degree.

Said Mr. Monaco, "I think government has what I call a knee-jerk response to the oil industry. But the oil industry is more powerful than the government."

Since the Arab oil embargo, the public, like Mr. Monaco, has been highly skeptical of oil interests and the government. Many citizens at the New London hearing felt that the government — in cahoots with the oil industry — was lying to the public. Stressed one emotional septogenarian giving testimony, "Just give us the truth."

Future shock

All the evidence clearly indicates that the U.S. needs a comprehensive energy program. Yet President Carter barely gave one sentence to the energy issue in his 1979 State of the Union speech.

Concludes the General Accounting Office in Washington, "the government has not significantly improved its ability to deal with a crude oil supply disruption."

Newsweek speculates that a major reason for Administration lethargy is that the issue is so unpopular, and that Carter cannot afford any major setbacks on the Hill.

Recently, Carter cancelled a major speech about energy, in which he was supposedly going to stress the development of nuclear capabilities. Currently, the government spends in excess of 1 billion dollars in nuclear energy research. Clearly, Carter will have to reassess the role of nuclear power in the wake of the Harrisburg incident.

Although the US spends a premium on nuclear energy, solar energy is (comparatively) neglected, meriting only 60 percent as much in funds for technology. Solar energy is a workable energy source, but is prohibitively costly. But solar energy is abundantly available, non-pollutant, and not dangerous. It is an irony that the U.S., saddled with an energy problem, has not used its superior technology in an all-out effort to make the solar panacea viable.

Of course, while private enterprise is technically the most efficient type of economic organization, it is in the interests of business only to make money. The American standard of living is certainly due to the profit motive. But do the profit motive and the need to solve the energy problem — which is absolutely imperative — coincide at any point?

Even an establishment organization like the CIA claims that the current oil shortage has been artificially created by the oil companies, in an effort to reap huge profits.

Our energy addiction has provoked radical changes in international affairs as well. The West is desperate for oil, and the OPEC countries are making fortunes supplying it. But in leaping into the modern world, these countries are smacking into obstacles Western countries have dealt with for centuries. The Arabs, to

a large extent, are trading their oil for arms, and in doing so are cashing in on the brutal side of modern life, rather than the humane one. In this respect, the conquering Arabs have been conquered by their subjects.

Today, we are using huge amounts of fossil fuel together with energy sources whose safety is questionable. Our energy habits have resulted in pollution, inflation, environmental destruction, foreign hostility, and a radio active threat, but we do have the highest standard of living in the world.

The real problem is to make conscious decisions in our energy policies that will eliminate all of these ills without sacrificing the health and happiness modern technology has made possible. But a failure to act rationally leaves the future of modern life open to question, because the energy problem in the world today is screaming for attention — screaming at least to those perceptive enough to hear.

by Laura Martineau

It was cloudy in New London on February 26, at 10:43 a.m. There was nothing extraordinary about that — Conn. College students are used to it. Some of them were trying to get to class, some of them were trying not to get to class, some were asleep, some seemed awake, but only a few—only 5— were looking straight up into the sun.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

Christmas break saw Baumert and Ives running all over New London and Boston looking for money. Dr. Baumert won the support of college president Oakes Ames (\$210) and the interest of the Mystic Seaport Planetarium, whose director Don Twerwoy eventually provided \$200.

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

Mike Sladden, experienced photographer, pulled strings in both Rochester, NY (headquarters of the Eastman Kodak Co.) and in New London, CT to

acquire 4 Nikon SLR cameras. The rest of the 16 cameras which would accommodate a variety of films, exposure times, focal lengths and apertures, were collected from friends and family.

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

Mike and Laura bought the food. The group would survive the non-stop 40-hour trip on cold cuts, canned



juice, fruit, Hershey bars, and soup heated painfully slowly in a 16 oz. hot pot that worked on the energy available from the car cigarette lighter.

There were only two substantial stops for the two vehicles, Dr. Baumert's station wagon and David's Avis Chevy-van — the first was in Rochester, to pick up cameras and have two fine home-cooked meals prepared by Mrs. Sladden. The ride from upper NY and deep into Ontario went from driving rains to blinding snow. Huge outcroppings of rock, dimmed



Eclipse spe

The shadow beams over the land commanding. The silence brings not night or day or nature or these things.

by the snow until they were upon you, loomed terrifyingly to shadow the cars. Eyes turned up in disbelief—this was the beginning of the Canadian highway "system."

The second stop was in Ontario, in a town you will never want to visit unless you are out of gas at 5 in the



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

Spectacular

land, hushing, extinguishing,
brims with expectation. It is
or time, and yet it is all of

morning with 90 kilometers to go to the next town. Then a town like Schreiber becomes extremely attractive. It has a central "strip" of 6 or 8 gas stations, a motel, a diner, and a little white house marked O.P.P. (Mike did.) This is the home of the stout and true Ontario Provincial Police, and when the wind is cutting, it is too cold even to snow, and the trans-Canadian highway has not been plowed all winter, one need not bother to knock. Because at 5 a.m. in Schreiber, the O.P.P. are where they ought to be, snug at home in bed.

The Conn. College eclipse team was where it ought to have been too, crammed into the guts of an equipment-stuffed van, huddled tight into sleeping bags, sipping crayon-colored cocoa for warmth. That was just enough to soothe stomachs, resign ruffled nerves to the wait, and put everyone to sleep. Everyone, that is except for Greg Simonson. He was scribbling furiously on a napkin, trying to solve a cosmology problem that had "been rattling around my head for hours".

The long night was over when the trucks that had shared the station, lulling the van with "umfs" of exhaust, finally lumbered awake and away. It was dawn. The team breakfasted briefly and was back on the road. It was almost easy to forget the ride of the night before when we rounded the bays and inlet fingers of Lake Superior. It is a different world; the air so blue and clean it hurts, the view so spectacular that you must shut your blood-shot eyes against its completeness. You forget to breathe.

The terrain, once having entered Manitoba, changes so drastically that it is like a piece of poor editing; part of the land must have ended on the cutting room floor. Gone are the frightening mountain passes, roads glaring with ice, and perfectly uniform miles of timber in Ontario. Manitoba could be Dorothy's Kansas. The telephone poles conform to the land and make gentle waves as you look to the endless road ahead. Houses pop up like warts, and are just as conspicuous on the clean face of the land. Sunsets seem endless.

It was nearly 10 p.m. when the ride was over, and we reached our motel in Souris, Manitoba. Though its walls were indeed made of paper and the "Fiat"

showers up 9/10 of the closet-sized bathroom while leaking all over the stamp-sized towels, at least the glorious Comet had beds. And after assembling equipment for two hours, aligning the telescopes with the stars, and marking the spot where each one belonged as precisely as is possible with flat cola poured carefully in the snow (because this is one place where magic marker does not work), the beds did not even seem lumpy.

It had been cloudy all of that day. Nevertheless, we saw spectacular Northern Lights stretch in a wavy arc across the sky that evening. Still, weather predictions were dismal for the 26th. When the day dawned it was, in spite of everything, clear and pink and bright.

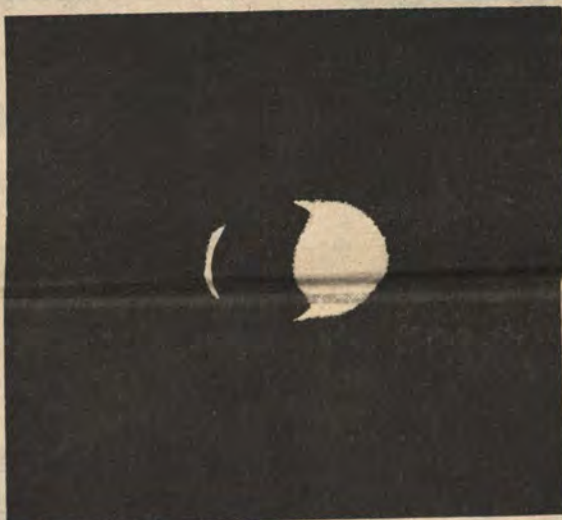
After a scant breakfast for which no one had the stomach anyway, the telescopes were set up. There were problems with the elbow scopes; they were not aligned properly. David cursed and kicked at snow banks.

A tape recorder sat precariously on a motel table set near the scopes. It would record our voices and our feet crunching in the brittle snow.

A radio, tuned to station WWB, bleeped out each seconds and announced the minutes in a casual monotone. Broadcast by the National Bureau of Standards, this would be the backdrop of the tape.

The partial phases of the eclipse began at 9:32 a.m. Vicky called out, "Partial, One!" as she photographed the first image of the reduced sun cast primitively on grey cardboard. Her voice, which would call out each time she photographed a new, more diminished phase of the eclipsing sun, was almost as regular as the beeping time clock on the radio, and it was just as scary. It was happening.

The team milled about, talked, fiddled, tried not to look nervous. David kicked and shouted, trying to coerce the army scopes he and Karen had babied, into working. They would not. At the last minute, two of them had to be abandoned. That left three in use. People were shuffled to new posts, discarding their



The 'diamond ring' effect.

carefully memorized exposure sequences. There was an oddman out; not enough equipment for everyone to be photographing during totality. Dr. Baumert graciously offered to 'choreograph' the other members as they shot. "I just want to watch," he said.

The time grew closer, it was perceptible with every moment. Through heavily filtered goggles the sun was just a crescent; tiny as a new moon, delicate as a child's finger nail.

The snow, captured by an angle of light it would never know again, sparkled in thousands of tiny prisms which squeaked under foot like so much diamond dust.

It was eyes, all eyes.

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

**The eyes of people stunned
by a solar eclipse.**

The horizon was dim and it seemed like twilight. A thin haze of clouds, lazily nastily all morning, decided not to lift. We would see the eclipse through it.

Hovering at the scopes, David caught us all off guard. "OK folks, this is it," he spoke loudly, calmly, with incredible force. This, indeed, was it.

The shadow beams over the land, hushing, extinguishing, commanding. The silence brims with expectation. It is not night or day or nature or time, and yet it is all of these things. The shadow ends as the pearls of light begin. These are Bailey's Beads, the final rays of the sun filtering through the valleys of the moon. They signal the overall darkness and the brilliant double sunset on either side of the horizon.



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

We click and tremble our cameras throughout. Three of us have lens caps on for half of our exposures. No time to curse. We remove them, eyes transfixed, and try again. Even one picture will be enough.

"Watch out for the beads," David cries. This means it is almost over, as cruelly as it has come: cool, distant, oblivious. The beads reappear, more brilliantly because we have already seen them once and remember. One of them explodes into light—the Diamond Ring—which makes a cross in the upper right hand corner of the sun and heralds the returning day. It is dawn again. We cry, shout, shiver and touch each other because we cannot touch the sky.



The photographic expedition was very successful. A slide show will be presented on April 10 at 8 p.m. in Bill 106.

ENTERTAINMENT

Midnight at the oasis

by Ann C. Allan

For those people who incline towards intellectual or cultural pursuits, the campus offers a wide variety of dance and music concerts, theatre productions, and lectures ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous. The rest of us drunken slobbs, however, are often at a loss as to what to do with ourselves. Weekends of course are reserved for that complete, all-out effort at inebriation called the all-campus party. Often, however, this zoo-like conviviality palls and we yearn for a smaller, more intimate setting. Thus one often hears, in varying forms, the following dialogue:

A: Wanna go to the bar?

B: No, I have to find the cure for cancer by Friday for Bio. 101

C: No, I have to learn the 129th position or my boyfriend will leave me.

D: No, I have to graduate and find a job.

A: What are you kidding me? These are your college years. These are the times of your life. These are...

B,C,D: Shut up already. We'll go at 10:00.

A: How about 9:30?

regulations of the liquor board and say 'Look, it's the law and we have to obey it.'"

When asked what is the best selling beer in the bar, Mr. Regolo replied: "Molson is the best seller, and the next is Miller Lite. Budweiser is a very good one also especially since the Larrabee boys have really made Bud famous on campus-it's one of the top sellers."

What about student employees? Bouncer Dave Rubino had this to say: "It's a plush job. You never see a hassle in this place. There's only been one since I've worked here and that's it".

Barmaid Andrea Blomgren had this to say: "Students in the bar never tip, it's only townies that tip. I've seen some trouble in here. People crush in front of the bar and it really creates a problem for the people who work here."

Another barmaid who has worked in the bar for three years, Cindy Stone, commented, "It's a very good job-it sure beats working in the kitchen. It can be a real hassle though when it's crowded because people get rude and obnoxious. Being a barmaid is probably the hardest job in the bar. The bouncers have it easy. The people who work here are very nice to work with. After a



Bar permittee Attilio Regolo, and daughter Laurie

The response from students when asked about the bar was overwhelmingly positive...After all, night after night the bar is packed and there's a long line at the door.



The response from students when asked about the bar was overwhelmingly positive. A few gripes were heard, as some complained about prices or called for expansion. In general, however, people seem to be enthusiastic. After all, night after night the bar is packed and there's a long line at the door.

What about the people who work at the bar? It must not be all joy having to function efficiently in the midst of confusion, smoke and noise, hilarious as it probably is to survey the scene with a clear and sober eye.

In an interview, permittee Attilio Regolo had this to say about the bar: "The bar first opened in January, 1974. We have a mortgage which will be paid off in 1981. We're self-sustaining, which means we pay all the bills-rental, soap, glasses, breakage and labor, which is the biggest chunk of all. We manage to pay all the bills and our aim is to stay in operating black as much as we can."

"I love people though at times it gets very hectic. It's a demanding job. People get inebriated and high-spirited. We feel it most at the end of the semester when people are celebrating and letting all the emotions go-I understand. Sometimes I have to remind people that we're under the rules and

while you get to know the regulars, like all the Larrabee boys drink Bud. You don't even ask after a while because they're in here all the time."

So when that old restless urge overtakes you as the air gets warmer and ground gets sloppier, take a walk to the bar. After all, these are the best times of your life, remember?



Here is a random sampling of some of the bar patrons:

Chris Colbert:

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



Larry Yahia: "Attilio is the pest permittee north of the Mason-Dixon line."

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

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

Chris Gifford: "I like it best during the middle of the week when people come in after studying for a couple of beers. On the week-ends it gets too crowded—the bar should be expanded".

Caroline Baldwin: "Life is just a cocktail party".

Tommy Beuscher: "The bar is as great a place to be as the mood you're in."

Michael Fishman: "This place is too F....expensive."

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

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

Mike Amarall: "It's too expensive."

Bill Malinowski: "YEAH. And they should have a Happy Hour on Friday afternoons."

Herb Kenny: "I wouldn't know, I'm never in here."



Chris Wright: "I have a theory about the bar. Some of the personalities are key, like nerve centers for the campus—they really make the difference between a good and a boring time."

Rick and Hick and Spice: "At times the atmosphere is quite rustic. If we had any friends we'd go more often."

Jimmy Luce: "There are a lot of wild and outrageous people here."



Julia Mack and Allison Frazier: "We used to live in the bar last year, starting at 7:00 every night. We'd get Tab and almonds, Attilio helped us with our homework. It was more fun than the library to study here."

Laura Allen: "I think the bar should be expanded. People having to stand in line is kind of ridiculous. It's the only place on campus, people don't usually want to go into New London. I wish there was dancing."

Craig Shiffert: "It's basically a social standby when there's nothing else going on, it's resources are limited."

Celayne Hill: "What better place is there?"



SPORTS



Four for the semis

by James Dicker

The Men's Dorm Basketball League moved into playoff action this past week with quarterfinal games. The top four seeded teams came out with victories, one by a large margin, one by a decisive margin and two by close scores. Larrabee and KB-Day had the easier wins of the round while Wright-Marshall and the Faculty had to struggle before advancing into the semifinals.

The Faculty fought off a furious second half Lambdin rally, triumphing 46-40. Lambdin came out extremely tight in the first half while the Faculty raced to an early ten point lead and a halftime margin of 23-12. Jeff Simpson bombed over the Lambdin guards for 12 first half points while Tony Sowinski countered with 8 to keep Lambdin within reach. Arthur Berg led Lambdin's third quarter comeback but Simpson kept the Faculty on top 33-28 with four more jumpers. Rich Channick brought Lambdin within three, 35-32 early in the final quarter but that was as close as Lambdin was to get. Free throws by Bill Lessig and Robert Hampton buried Lambdin in the end, 46-40. Simpson finished with 24 points and was supported by Hampton's 12. Sowinski, Berg and Channick led Lambdin with 10 points each.

Wright-Marshall edged past the Quad in a sloppily played game, 37-33. Both teams obviously felt the playoff pressure. The Quad took an early 4-0 lead on jumpers by Steve Litwin and Rich Hazzard and never relinquished the lead through the halftime score of 23-21. The Quad's lead was built on Hazzard's 9 points and Mark Hamblett's 8. Walter Harris kept Wright-Marshall close with 9 first half points. The third quarter was all Wright-Marshall's as a tough defense kept the Quad scoreless while Wright-Marshall took a 29-23 lead. Rich Goddard quickly cut the Quad's deficit to 4 as the fourth quarter opened but Giles Troughton's

eight fourth quarter points, the final two with only thirty-five seconds remaining, spurred Wright-Marshall to the victory, 37-33. Hazzard topped all scorer's with 15 while Harris led Wright-Marshall with 11. The game marked the end of Jordan "T" Trachtenberg's fine coaching career, a career that unfortunately failed to produce a championship squad.

Larrabee fast broke its way past an undermanned Windham team, 63-35. Windham played a tough first quarter to trail by five, 16-11. Larrabee, however, got its fast break in high gear during the second quarter to run its lead to 31-15. Jimmy Luce led the Larrabee first half barrage with 13 points while Peter Mykrantz was pacing Windham with 10 points. Larrabee put the game out of reach with a third quarter 18-5 spurt. The final stood at 63-35 with Luce's 25 points leading the way for the Bee and Larry Wielgus' 10 supporting. Mykrantz finished with 14 points for Windham as did teammate Mark Jones, one of the league's most underrated players.

KB-Day upheld its number one seeding in a ten point victory over Morrisson in a game played late at night on the coast, therefore the statistics are sketchy. Morrisson played a strong first half to find itself tied with the favored KB-Day at the buzzer. The third quarter was again tight until Morrisson's Tommy Usdin fouled out. KB-Day went on to post its ten point margin. Dave Fiderer and Fred Sams led the KB-Day triumph.

The Semifinals are to be played Wednesday night April 4th with the pairings of KB-Day vs. Faculty and Larrabee vs. Wright-Marshall. The finals will be the best two of three series, to be played this Saturday, Sunday and, if necessary, next Tuesday. Insiders look for a KB-Day vs. Larrabee final but don't count Wright-Marshall or the Faculty out.

ReLAXing break

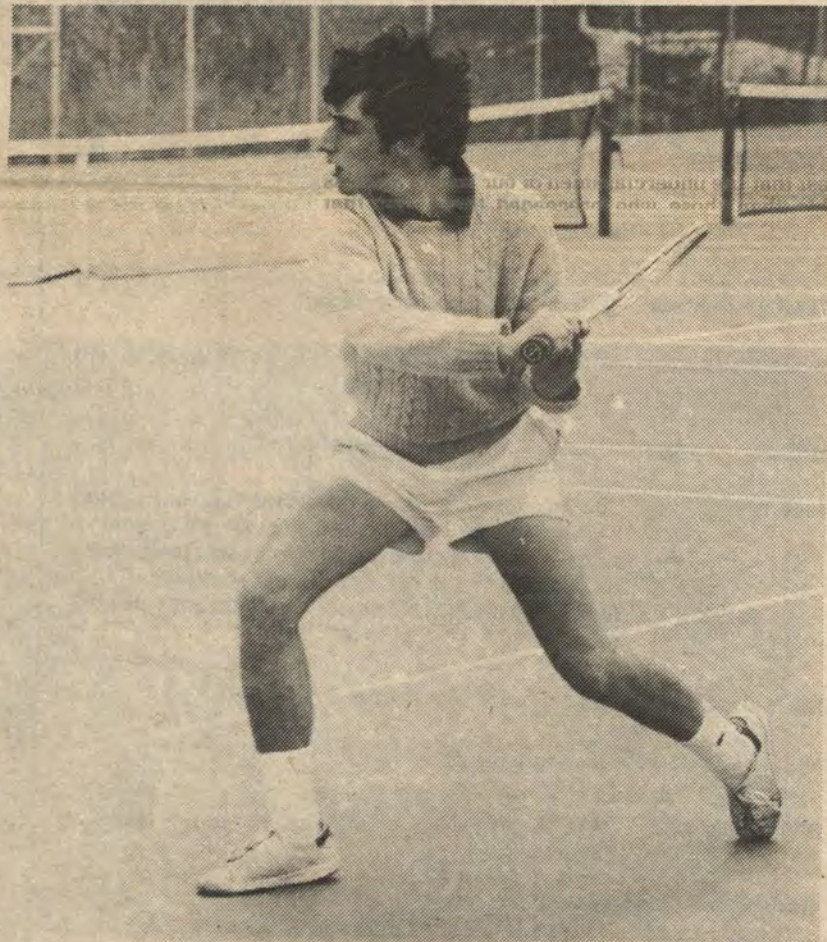
By Mike Fishman

Some people just sat at home and wasted their spring breaks, but not the Conn. College lacrosse team. They all got tans; not to mention a heavy dose of some good old-fashioned lacrosse. A field of 28 lacrosse players, one coach (Larry Roberts), one mascot (Tim Hickey), and two fans, both lame, invaded Haverford College at 9:00 a.m. on the morning of the 21st.

I guess with the 70 degree weather most of the team thought they were still on the beaches of Florida inhaling six-packs. Larry, "Mr. Roberts," certainly thought that they looked like they were still in Florida and he was ready to go back to New London to teach after Haverford squashed Conn. 8-0. The next day the coach changed his strategy when half the team couldn't find their way to Villanova. In the morning practice he got rid of the revolving door defense and burned a 15-7 victory over the Camels in the afternoon. "Humped again" thought the coach realizing that this didn't look like the team that had licked URI 7-4 two weeks earlier. So after a light morning practice and short Pep-Talk the Camels decided to put it together to play Catonsville Comm. College. Last year on the Camels first trip south CCC beat us rather soundly 13-3 but we had plenty of excuses. This year it was a beautiful day and there

were four fans on hand to do some serious yelling so the Boys responded with one of the most exciting comeback games I've seen as we battled back twice to win 10-9. We scored 6 big goals in the last quarter and three of those in the last two minutes.

Everyone enjoyed reading their names in the paper, especially Tony Lerner who had a hat trick, but the real test was still to come. In the last and final game Conn. found that when it rains it really does pour and they did not pass the test as they lost 19-6 and again there are many explanations. I could say that Mt. St. Moreys is a top notch team or that four games in four days is very tiring both physically and mentally or it could have been because it was raining or finally that there had been too much victory celebration the night before but one thing is for sure, there were no fans. So no matter how good or bad the spring trip's won-lost record is the team is really good and soon to reach their potential. We have more talent on this team than there has ever been on a Conn. Lax team, and last year we compiled a 6-4 record. Not bad for a team with mostly young and rookie talent so this year come on out and support this collection of hearty men. The opener is away at Fairfield on Tuesday, April 3rd and the home opener is Saturday, April 7th.



Tennis anyone?

By James Dicker

The Connecticut College Men's Tennis Team opens its spring season this week under the watchful eye of Coach Ralph DiSaia. With a vastly strengthened schedule, including matches against seven of the top fourteen New England teams, the Camel squad is looking to improve its regional ranking from number thirteen into the top ten.

The Netmen are led by the powerful play of Peter Mykrantz. Phil Craft is this year's freshman standout and is expected to help considerably at the top of the line-

up. The strong nucleus of the team consists of upper classmen Ted Greenberg, Clyde McKee, Eric Carlson, Seth Uram and four year players Jim Dicker and Richard Goddard. The aforementioned Craft leads a fine freshman contingent which also includes Gregg Burgess.

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

OPINION

Last gasp for dying Deadheads

by Greg Levy

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

Although counterculture breathed its last gasps in 1973, its vestiges were still evident here at Connecticut during my freshmen year. It was during this

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

and past years, that in my mind, characterize the way college should be. Rebellion and non-conformity still existed here at Connecticut. People were of staunch enough character to be different, and this was manifested in their leisure time activities, which today would be regarded as undesirable.

The death of what might be best described as counterculture at Connecticut College, became clearly evident with the arrival of the class of 1981. Those of us who still clinged to the values inculcated by the 60's noticed a grave difference in the new addition to the college community. This is not to suggest that the underclassmen of our school are less capable than those who preceded them, but that their social patterns and ideals have become standardized and leave no room for deviation. This change has been affected across the country, and can be particularly noticed here at Connecticut, where a conservative trend demanding conformity has come to the fore. With the arrival of the class of 1982 this trend has become even more painfully evident.

When I speak of a conservative trend, which demands conformity, I am delineating the almost universal standard of social behavior at Connecticut College, which restricts one's behavior to that which is deemed acceptable by the majority of our fellow students. This overwhelmingly conservative standard of behavior clearly stifles the more socially creative members of the college community, specifically those of us who still uphold the values and lifestyle of the previously acceptable social norms of the 60's. We are now an extreme minority at Connecticut College, and are accordingly criticized for our failure to conform to today's conservative ideals. This has unnecessarily created a rift in the college community, which has manifested itself in a lack of cohesion.

Those of us who pursue a radical lifestyle are stifled by social norms

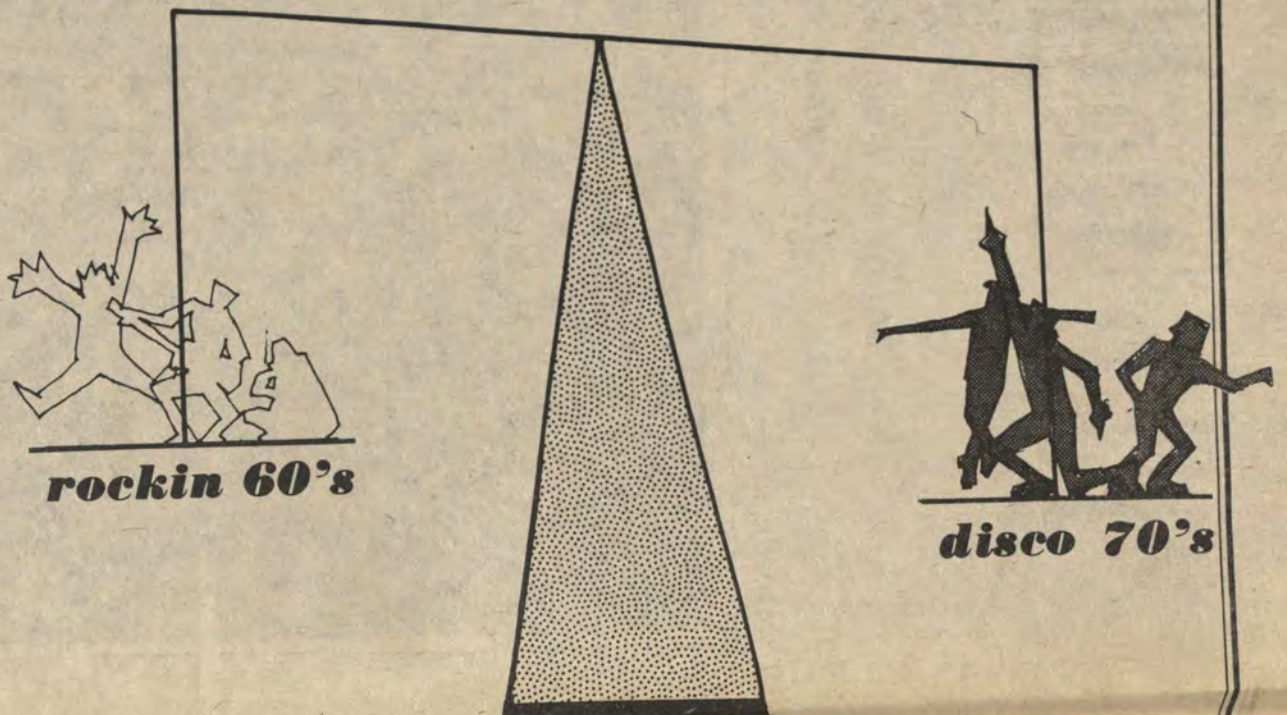
It might be appropriate at this point to suggest what a contradiction this poses. Connecticut's student body is a nearly perfect example of the "me" generation of the 70's. This is made evident by the recent infiltration of disco in the Connecticut College social scene, which was preceded by such 70's oriented forms of entertainment as Billy Joel. The "me" generation revolves around the individual and his or her actions. These actions are justified and legitimized since they are for the benefit of the individual. Yet, when certain members of the college community deviate from the narrow norm of social behavior at Connecticut, their actions are not justifiable on this same basis, since they threaten the conservative status quo of the school.

This is a most unfortunate state of affairs, which surely suggests a lack of cohesion. Those of us who still support the ideals of the 60's recognize the cohesion that is inherent in these values. The emphasis on "us" instead of "me", as suggested by the 60's was a major impetus to a unified campus, which has now disappeared.

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

Finally there is no solution to this problem. In fact, this is only the beginning of a trend that will come to

encompass even more of our social endeavors. Unfortunately, the recent pattern of social stagnation at Connecticut has made this essay necessary. It is too late to return to our former social patterns, in fact, it is impossible due to the social standardization inherent in the 70's and the Connecticut College student body. However, I have felt it necessary to point out that things have not always been this way, in the hope that some of you would realize the validity of different forms of social expression. Although I cannot condone all the activities characterized by the 60's, I can praise them for the results they brought, specifically a greater degree of campus cohesion.



Blocking the tax drain

by Bill Butterly

It was evident from the article on Howard Jarvis and the Tax Revolt (Feb. 27) that the author was himself guilty of being "shallow and ignorant" (as he had described the supporters of the tax revolt) of the facts of the current tax burden facing the taxpayers as well as Mr. Carter's proposed budget. The article contained several errors and to the best of my knowledge lacked any factual corroboration. As a result, the author was able to hide the fact that the present Tax Revolt is simply a manifestation of the taxpayer's growing frustration in his attempts to force the legislators to reduce spending and taxation.

However, several errors from the previous article must be corrected first. To begin with, Howard Jarvis was not the initiator of the present California Tax Rebellion. In fact, the movement was begun 11 years ago by a man named Philip E. Watson who collected over 500,000 signatures to put Proposition 9 on the California ballot in 1968.

In addition, Howard Jarvis has been active in tax cutting initiative movements in California for the past 14 years. So one can see that the tax rebellion in California was not an overnight "craze" as the author of the previous article would have us believe.

The success of proposition 13 came as a result of a whopping tax increase due to a revaluation of California property with no corresponding decrease in the mill rate. As a result property taxes increased as much as 250 percent. For example one retiree in Malibu Canyon had his yearly tax bill shoot from \$800 to \$2300 a year on a modest two bedroom home.

Turning to the national scene, a move to reduce taxes has been underway for quite some time also. The National Taxpayers Union has been in existence since 1969 and has over 1 million members and 250 local organizations.

The author was wrong in his statements concerning the federal budget. First, he stated that the social service part of the budget was "small" and that conservative politicians like Governor Reagan never look toward the defense budget for cuts. Much hullabaloo has been made by liberals concerning the defense budget. Yet both these statements are entirely incorrect.

Social Service outlays in fact make up 53 percent of the federal budget or \$260 billion dollars. This represents a substantial increase from its 1964 level of only 29 percent of the budget or \$24.3 billion. Social Service outlays are hardly "small" and in fact make up the biggest portion of the budget. Comparatively, the defense budget has shrunk from its 1964 level of 42 percent to only 23 percent of the federal budget.

Most importantly, however, we must look at the current tax burden the American taxpayers face to understand their cry for help. Of every dollar a taxpayer now earns the government claims 42 cents and inflation claims another 11 cents. This means that out of each dollar the taxpayer is now left with only 47 cents of real spendable income.

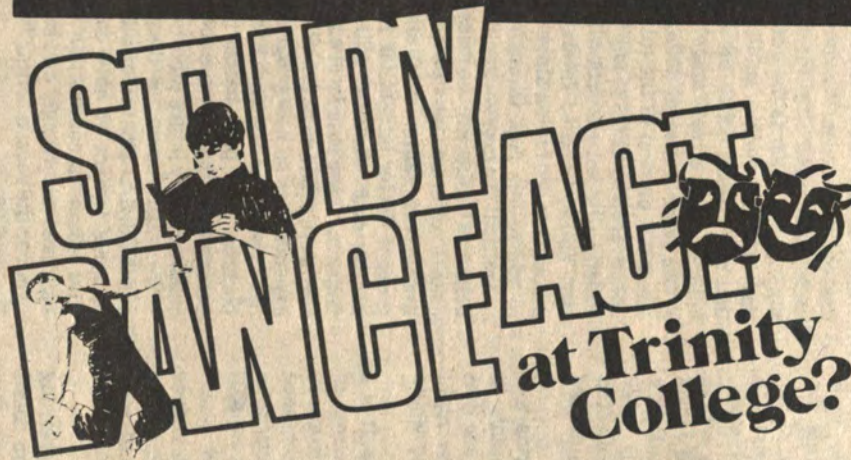
The federal budget today is over \$500 billion or almost 25 percent of the total GNP. 38 billion of this not covered by taxes of any sort. This money is being added to the federal debt which now stands at almost \$800 billion dollars. Interest on the national debt amounts to \$50 billion alone. We cannot long continue to add to this debt through excessive spending.

Amid all the current rhetoric about the effects of a balanced budget are the cries that the poor will be the ones to suffer because we will not continue to fund the welfare programs. This is also unfounded. In fact, the present Carter budget for fiscal year 1980 which he has termed "austere" still represents a \$30 billion dollar increase in federal expenditures. The only cuts that were made were \$12 billion dollars from intended expenditures on new programs. That is why liberals like Ted Kennedy and Frank Church were upset, because their pork barrel projects tailored to their pet constituencies were being removed, and this could severely injure their own 1980 election chances.

We must remember that it took us 197 years to reach the first \$250 billion budget and that in the short space of 4 years we have doubled our budget to over \$500 billion. In conjunction with this, the tax burden has risen accordingly and inflation has risen steadily to cover the record setting budget deficits of 1975, 76, 77, and 78.

The American taxpayer cannot long endure continuing tax rates of this type nor can we endure tax increases of any type. This then is the root cause of the present tax revolt. It's an idea whose time has come and one which we should all support.

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