MINI-CONVENTION SPECTACULAR SUCCESS
Whole School Gets Involved

For one historical week in March, the eyes of the nation, in the eyes of the entire world, were focused on Connecticut College as it hosted its spectacularly successful Mini-Convention. The institution, which the collective history had been irreversibly changed for the better as it received the undivided attention of millions of politically aware Americans.

Food Scandal Rocks Campus

In her first speech since becoming head of the Residence Department, Mrs. Janet Ames, a candidate for re-election, blasted school officials for what she called "the gut-wrenching decision" to discontinue members of the residence staff without first consulting with her. The dismissals emerged as a result of an investigative study by the Voice into alleged practices of kitchen employees throughout campus. This article will attempt to make clear what has happened to cause the confusion and anger in which the campus has suddenly found itself immersed.

On February 18th, the offices of the Voice received an anonymous letter from W. Arnold Rickshaw '82, which stated that the author had witnessed a college employee recycling milk from the tray return in Harris Refectory. While this action was a bit out of the ordinary, it was nothing new, but as usual in a case like this, a reporter was assigned to the story. It soon appeared that the incident had been an isolated one, and by the time that the February 21st issue of the Voice went to press, nothing new had occurred. But there were now observers in Harris.

Prayer is the sign of the fish, and February 22nd is the start of it. The date is an appropriate one for the start of the Fish Scandal. On that Friday fish was served at lunch, but this was nothing unusual. Dinner was also fish, and this raised a few eyebrows on the staff of the Voice. A sample was taken and refrigerated for later identification. The next morning only a brunch was served, and there was no fish in the hot food, but a Voice reporter happened to take a picture of the salad that day. In it he found what appeared to be chunks of fish. Again samples were taken, and channels of communication began jangling. The samples would be sent to a lab at Yale, but that wouldn't have to wait until Monday. Saturday dinner was a lasagna bake, and as soon as they were served, wary Voice reporters began sifting through their portions. But it was in the soup of that evening, a vegetable soup, where the fish turned up. Small bits of it that looked almost like potato floated in the watery broth. Another sample was prepared.

Sunday saw the use of a fish paste in the cream cheese and a fish and macaroni casserole side dish at dinner. The officials of the Voice remained open into the wee hours as reports came in. Early on Monday a messenger rushed the various samples off to New Haven for identification. Before the reports came in, on Wednesday, the 27th, certain authorities would have to be notified. Because of her possible involvement, Mrs. Geiger was not one of those authorities.

The fish implant continued in TCI's and in a checkerboard. Samples were still being taken but were simply saved for later comparison. The big break came on Tuesday afternoon. One of the head chefs at Harris was observed talking to a man who was known to be a Catholic priest. While this in itself is not important, what was the transfer of the chef to a large garbage sack and an envelope. The observing reporter saw a connection between the fish and, and he followed the chef back into the kitchen area of Harris. There he witnessed the chef empty the bag into a storage bin. It contained only one thing: fish. The reporter also saw the chef placing the contents of the envelope into his wallet. The top bill had a picture of Ben Franklin on it. The chef was taking kickbacks for using the fish! Unbelievable! But as the reporter was able to get a sample of the fish in the bin the Voice was notified, and the sample was rushed down to Yale.

In the midst of this, President Oakes spoke was President Oakes, who detractors say are important, it was nothing like this. The participants remained unimpressed. Arnold Rickshaw, '82, which the Voice received an envelope. The observing reporters compared notes. The following day, Tuesday, that the Coast Guard was here. Thank God were focused on the eyes of the entire world. was really happening to cause the employees throughout the campus.

The Coast Guard was here, and it wasn't until the next day, Tuesday, that the Coast Guard was here. Thank God we do!" Oakes said, "This is a great day for our school."

"I'm pleased to welcome the instructors to the school," said Mr. Ames, "I'm pleased to welcome the instructors to the school."

"This will save us the expense of keeping a OB-GYN on the staff," says McKeon, "and we keep a closet full of it on hand just in case."

The second economy move that the hotly debated closing of the Infirmary as feared last year.

"We're not supplying the rooms with sheets, pillows or electricity. Also, we're not even in the paper cups, and kleenex. It's just too expensive to use these things once and just throw them away," When asked whether these austerity moves would cause a decline in the quality of service the infirmary provides, Dr. McKeon responded vigorously:

"We continue to maintain the most modern facilities possible. We only use the freshest leeches for bloodletting you know.

Continued on page 4
Golly! So much has been happening with the Senior Class that I hope that I can remember it all for you! We made lots of money from the various sales that we’ve been holding. On Valentine’s Day, we made thirteen dollars and eighty cents profit on our annual dandelion sale. On Washington’s birthday, we made eight dollars and seven cents on our Washington’s Birthday maraschino cherry cake.

On March 18, we made forty seven thousand, three hundred and ninety dollars on our annual “Nose-Candy”.

Plans for Senior Week are going great guns. We have lots of fun planned, such as an all-campus hide and go seek game, a lemonade and sugar-cookie party at D.J.’s house, and as a special treat, we’ll be showing the film “Son of Flubber” in Dana Hall.

We’re looking forward to graduation and that great step into the summer before law school. Our original plan was to have Alan Alda as our commencement speaker, but he’s a liberal and uses anti-racism words in his act so we’ve hired the popular film and television star Soupy Sales as our new speaker. Soupy Sales is a great speaker and I’m sure that he’ll have something of value to say to each and every one of us.

One more note, D.J. asks us to please not get so silly on Senior Night (May 4). Last year the Seniors went so wild that all of the Pinkies got headaches and upset stomachs the next day. So, hey, “mon-guys keep it cool huh? Groovy. See you around!

---CAMPUS NEWS----

**BRIEFS**, **NEW LONDON Sucks**

A survey of thirty major cities on the East coast lists New London as a sucky city. To qualify as a sucky city, it must have a distinct lack of culture, a transient population comprised mostly of college students, a large drug sub-culture, an impoverished downtown and foul drinking water. New London narrowly missed becoming Suck City ’80 by fifteen votes, Hoboken, New York took the honors. When asked to comment on the survey, the Mayor of New London, expressed surprise: “We weren’t sure we were going to place so highly this year. It’s all in our new promotional slogan to bolster our tourist business this year. ‘Visit New London and see the Pits!’”

**Communications Jolt**

For those of you who have been neglectful in paying your phone bills, S.N.E.B.T. has come up with a system that it hopes will keep delinquents from going below a minimum. With the recent addition of new electronic equipment, the company is now able to send voltage up the line to those who are delinquent in their payments. Customers when they answer the phone, Company spokesmen suggest that those who are delinquent should not answer any call if fresh from the shower.

**Survey Results In**

A recent survey of Conn. students indicated that they seem to prefer alcohol and sex. Verifying The survey, which polled 550 students, showed that a full 95 percent felt that the pleasures of the flesh were more enjoyable than academics. Miss Addie Tyson, a Trustee of the college, said she was shocked that “this is what television has brought us down to.”
Several Connecticut College personalities have made news this week: In Hollywood, Spelling-Goldberg Productions have signed yet another Conn. College alum to its series "Charlie's Angels". Senior Anne Dempsey may be joining in. Juli Ames' hair was last "felt silly" as soon as possible. Most of them are sub-titled, "adds Munson, "no to be expected, it's a long way off as art." Troy Blance labeled as "vicious and untrue."

news from around the world and other magazines

There's good news from north of the border. President Carter has announced that Canada will become this nation's 51st state, effective July 4th. Citing how helpful Canada has been in the past & saying that Canadians should be able to have their share of America, he has decided that they will be a full state, and not a protectorate, as President Trudeaun will be the first governor.

Those hostages who had been held in Iran for the better part of a year have been set free by their militant captors, & President Carter has said that all has been a terrible mistake. The military "are students at Tehran U. when they are not rioting, apparently thought that their captives were diplomat, & when they were told the 63 were diplomats, all was well.

Pointless View

by Frontal Loeb

Do you feel that the proposed animal husbandry bill should be extended to certain minorities? 

**

Clint Oglove, 10, 82

Well, I think that it should be tested first because you really can't tell what the long range implications will be right now. But if I had to answer, I would say no, if only to keep taxes down.

Sagedore Klei, Third World, 83

In my country, things are different. Farming, hunting, they are the thing. Here, I don't know, perhaps I will see it. The horn of plenty, that is what it is.

Wille Washington Carver, LA, 6

Do I look like a horse? O.K. then, you see my point. But think it's a good idea for other minorities who might need help. At least somebody wants to be on their side.

Leonard Tort, Visiting Instructor in Government. Let's look at this thing legally. I don't see why they should get it if we don't. Granted, they're different, but how far do you want to take this thing?

Vincent Lude, GA, 90

I think everyone should just live in harmony with the cosmos. I mean, what else really matters?

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SPORTS

Navy "A" Team Wins Big

In the third annual Northern New London Submarine Race the Navy "A" team, not only won over the entire field, but did it in record time. Last Saturday, a clear day on the Thames, saw the field of seven competing in the nation's most prestigious powered underwater event. Water temperature was a brisk 41 degrees at post time, but that made no difference to the various teams, some of whom had travelled over 400 miles for the race. At 9:30, the official start time, all were assembled. After a short delay the teams were off on the 7.5 mile run. The Polaris class Hound-dog, out of the South, led with the early lead, and at the halfway point it appeared that the men from Carolina had it in the bag. But then, from seemingly out of nowhere, came two challengers, one from the Nautilus line, out of New York, and the Trident class sub Napoleon, piloted by the men from Groton. By the three-quarter pole at Mammakee it was clear that we did have a race. As the wakes came into view from the Coast Guard dock they appeared even, and at the finish the wakes were neck and neck. It had been a photo finish, and perhaps the real reason for the Groton based win was the overall length of the vessels. Napoleon was more than 15 feet longer than the other two. With a time of 9:23:34 she had qualified not only for the Long Beach Invitational, but had also beaten the record by more than eight seconds. The Voice would like to salute the men of the Napoleon and we wish them the best at Long Beach.

The finish line: No Waterloo for the Napoleon.

Scandal continued...

That night the dealings of the Catholic priest, not to be released, but who is well known on this campus, seems to have been involved in shady activities in the past. He had been in the forefront of the push to get meatless Fridays during World War II, and had been instrumental in forcing fish as the only fish choice in the greater New London area on those days. Now while much of this push in the '40's was for the war effort, some of it was for less altruistic goals. The priest was, and is to this day a member of the N.A.F. (National Association of Fishmongers), a hard line organization with its roots in early fascism. Since its start this group has tried to eliminate meat from the American diet, and it is this group that has lately stirred up the controversy. Since its start the N.A.F. still hopes to force fish as the only fish food in America. Add to all this the fact that the priest is the registered owner of a large fishing and cannery operation, and one can see what implications emerge. The Voice notified authorities high up in the college. Again, Mrs. Geiger was not one of them. On Wednesday the results came in from Yale. All of the fish, including that from the bin, was the same, T. aalangus, albacore tuna. The reporter who had witnessed the pri est-chef transaction went to talk to the chef, and informed him of the evidence against him. The chef wisely admitted all, and offered to give valuable information if granted immunity. After consultation, the Voice and the school agreed not to press charges.

The chef had many tales to tell, along with evidence against the priest that was turned over to the F.B.I. These tales involved such things as substitutions of inferior grade food made by Salesmen, and dishes washed at lower than legal temperatures to save hot water for employees showers, unsanitary handling of food due to simple laziness, and manipulation of food for sexual gratification, one case of which will be taken to court. The N.A.F. still hopes to force fish as the only fish food in America. Add to all this the fact that the priest is the registered owner of a large fishing and cannery operation, and one can see what implications emerge. The Voice notified authorities high up in the college. Again, Mrs. Geiger was not one of them.

BY BIFF ADIDAS

Tanning Team Tours

The Connecticut College Tanning Team has just returned from their Southern Tour. The team's trip, which took them to competitions in Fort Lauderdale, Daytona and Key West, was called an "unqualified success" by team captain Lori Regoli. Against local junior college teams from Vermont and Rhode Island, Conn showed considerable strength in the overall competition. One of our first-stringers, Rich Rock, got burnt early in the competition and had to drop out. Team tanning is a relatively new sport that originated in Southern California and is spreading eastward like a new form of V.D. Points are scored by the judges who look for quality of skin tone, lack of burning marks and of course, no burning. This year, because of intense pressures on the part of all teams to do well, blood tests are taken after each competition to make sure that each winner is actually a Gaussian and not someone with a hidden advantage. This year, one member was sent home from the competition for being an octopus. Nice try, team! The team will be practicing for the invitational to be held in May. Practice is at Oriental Beach every day from ten to two.

SMITH-K.B.: Playing Dirty

Smith-K.B. defeated the team of J.A. Freeman last Thursday in the finals of the Women's Intramural Mud Wrestling Competition. In a bruising contest that went down to the wire with 5-2, 3-2, 1-2, and 5-4 matches, the women of the North held off the women of South campus to prove they were the best. Because of the injuries last year, Mary Watson, Dean of Student Affairs, called off the group mud wrestle, and said that the individual bouts would be enough to determine a champion squad. Surprisingly there were no severe injuries at all this year, leading some spectators to believe that much of the gravel had been removed from the mud of Larrabee Green. But we have been assured that this was not the case, and that the contest was a fair one. Congratulations go to the winners, and also to the losers, who had a great season, regardless of the final outcome.

Shopper's Coupon Weekly

Joe Bianchi gives tips on raising house plants.

This is the last issue of
Connecticut College Voice
this year. We have been bought by Rupert Murdoch. Look for us next week under our new title:
Shopper's Coupon
Dear Connie,

I think I'm in trouble. I go to the Co-Rec every night and drink until it closes. Now, I've been going in the afternoon too, so I go through about a dozen or so Heinekens and Molsons every night and I've been getting sloshed, not mention I'm going broke. How can I break this habit before my professors catch on?

Dipsomania Deonna

Dear Donna,

This was a tough question so I consulted with one of my experts, Mr. Attilio Regolo, the permittee of the Co-Bar. He suggests that you drink a domestic, rather than an imported beer since the domestics are less expensive. "Lite" Beer has slightly less alcohol than a regular beer which he added. So try that and good luck dearie.

Nervous Normy

Dear Nervous,

My mother's notion that the music can sometimes bring in the meat, meatballs, auto-eroticism, jerking off and other forms of masturbation are harmless. Actually, I think it is a valuable release of sexual tension. However, many normal young men prefer to play those new pinball machines in the Crozier-Williams Student Center.

Dear Sad, 

Did a Camel shit in the desert?

Shad Roe

Dear Bored to Tears,

Go to the speakeasy next week in Park, they'll be having a different brand of beer and should open up a whole new world to you.

By Constant Dumbrowski

Dear Connie,

What's the matter with me? I keep saying I'll do great things for the school like get concerts, have better parties, sponsor special events. Instead, what little i accomplish in this job fails miserably and loses immense amounts of money. Do you think I'm an arrogant, yet pathetic loser?

Shoe

Dear Frazzled Froob,

Have you tried going over to the Social Board Mini Concerts? Have you tried going to Ocean's here in 1981 and it is a return to look forward to.*

Dear Frazzled Froob

Social Board Mini Concert:

Blind Walker Johnson

When is the last time you heard good electric mandolin? I mean, the kind you always heard about from your old Uncle Hank who lived up in the hills of Tennessee. Electric mandolin players used to be a dime a dozen and even cheaper. But now, they're dropping like flies, and only a handful remain. The best of them by far is Blind Walker Johnson who will be appearing in Palmer Auditorium on April 1st at 8:00 p.m. Blind Walker made a name for himself in the early 40's by playing his own music and being one of the last of a dying breed. When I asked him if he ever played as a soloist, he said no. Then when I asked him if he ever played as a soloist, he said no. But then it's here anyway.

Blind Walker Johnson

Downtown -
Bank On It

By ANT ALLYN

Q: What'scha doing tonight? Going to Harris for dinner? A: Are you kidding me? One more trip to Harris this weekend and I'll be coughing up pieces of my liver. Q: So you're going to Ocean's? Or G's? Or Oaks? A: And if I ever have to look at another pineapple this semester..... Q: The Carrot? A: The road apple alternative to cowpings Q: So where else is there?

Does the above conversation seem to take place every single weekend? Then you should join the Akron Symphony Orchestra. The group went through the Lodesome Variations flawlessly before moving on to the intricate Water-Pic Choral by Currier and Ives. After the intermission the choir proceeded through Hanna-Barbera's way. They finished a cheerful audience with the William Tell Overture and the Theme from "The Nutcracker."

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To the Members of the College Community,

On behalf of the Freshman class of '83, I would like to make a general request of the college administration on this one. It represents the opinions of the authors.

To the Editor:

Correction and Amendment

Not the Connecticut College Voice is an editorially independent news magazine published annually once a year. All copy for this issue was written by students of Connecticut College, who were fully informed of the material, but material presented in this issue is not the material published in the magazine. The editors are pleased with the contributions of all, and the responsibility for content is that of the writers who submit material. The material presented in this issue is not necessarily the opinion of the editors. The editors would like to thank our readers for their patience and skill, and were informed that no small amount of beer had been consumed to psychologically prepare them for the event. Everyone in the place was excited, and with all the year's work behind them, we didn't need to get into the whole spirit of the thing. So we just had sex, we slipped and fell, and amidst cheers the other was awarded with a bottle of Pepsi. Then we all choked, as the prize of the ritual was cash, and we fell back to sleep.

To the Members of the College Community,

There seems to be a slight misunderstanding about the student Jar of Justice Board and my function on it. At no time did I request of the college community, especially you upperclassmen. Would it be too much to ask you guys to take me seriously?

To the Editors:

It is easy to sit back after working hard in the library all night, and think about nothing but pleasurable things. This is normal, we expect to do it, it is our right after hard work. And yet, there is something going on that demands our attention, something that cannot wait until we are fresh from a nice shag in the arms of sleep. That is the plight of the Wyoming truck people, the refugees who now have no homes. In late May of last year floods overwhelmed 46 percent of the state of Wyoming. People, respectable people like your family and ours', were left without jobs, without homes, without money and maps to the truck people? They do not ask for much. If they can find their way to cities they will be placed in refugee camps, taught new skills, given new lives. They will, in short, not become burdens, but will become active, productive citizens once again. We owe them the chance to prove it.

J.D.B.
D.S.S.

Letters to the Editor:

It was a practical joke that was a large stuffed cochin, as the prize of the ritual was cash, and we fell back to sleep.

To the Editors:

To the Members of the College Community,

I think that the mini convention going to press, we found out that the mini convention was excited, and with all the year's work behind them, we didn't need to get into the whole spirit of the thing. So we just had sex, we slipped and fell, and amidst cheers the other was awarded with a bottle of Pepsi. Then we all choked, as the prize of the ritual was cash, and we fell back to sleep.

To the Members of the College Community,

We are writing to request your consideration, we know, okay?

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To the Members of the College Community,
How I Pick Up and Make Love to Connecticut College Women

It is really the best part of the school, the part that occurs in the privacy of your own room that is. I refer of course to the scooping and scooping that have replaced anti-war marches and frisbees as the principle activities on campus. I have personally slept with over forty-five thousand women in my last three years here at Connecticut. Now, before I graduate, I would like to pass on my secrets to you lucky young who will replace me in the ranks on the frontlines of the battle between the sexes.

This is the easiest part. First, I go to speak-easies wearing only shorts, sneakers, my crew team sweatshirt from my alma mater (Bendover) and my Rolex. I drink until I get obnoxious. Then I socialize. Look for the type I know would be diminutive in the bay. I walk up to them and smile, make some small talk and then I pop the question, "Pardon me? Did you say your Volvo needs a tune job? Well, I have an eager tongue!" It always works for me.

2. How I Get Her Naked and in Bed with Me.
First, I pour a pint of Jack Daniels into her. Then, I wait for her to pass out. Now here is the hard part. Follow these instructions carefully. Remove any clips from her hair. Remove her down-filled vest. Remove her monogrammed sweater. Carefully unbutton and remove the Brooks Brothers shirt. Remove the Izod shirt. Remove the turtleneck. Do not remove the bra if there is one. It is there to protect you from small, pointed objects. Remove the bright green cords. Remove the undies with sailboats printed on them. Get into bed.

3. What to Do in Bed?
Anything goes, just whatever you and your partner's imagination can create. I like to read the Wall Street Journal out loud to myself. Some girls pick at those tiny red zits on their chests that they get from the sweaters they always wear. Some women, whom I guess were on some kind of drugs or something, wanted me to have sexual intercourse with them. Kneesclosed! Empty! Imagine me putting Trevor Martin Halstead the 3rd (my dick) into one of those things. You really must have a grudge against yourself. I tell these women to fuck off and if they want perversity in their lives let them pick up some Catholics or Jews or something like that. I'm not going to spoil my wedding night, no sirree bob.

4. What to Do out of Bed?
Anything goes, just whatever you and your partner's imagination can create. I like to read the Wall Street Journal out loud to myself. Some girls pick at those tiny red zits on their chests that they get from the sweaters they always wear. Some women, whom I guess were on some kind of drugs or something, wanted me to have sexual intercourse with them. Kneesclosed! Empty! Imagine me putting Trevor Martin Halstead the 3rd (my dick) into one of those things. You really must have a grudge against yourself. I tell these women to fuck off and if they want perversity in their lives let them pick up some Catholics or Jews or something like that. I'm not going to spoil my wedding night, no sirree bob.
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