Windmill: A Success Story?

By Betsy Singer

A year and a half ago, in April of 1980, two human ecology students, Josh Lyons and Scott Kling, wanted to demonstrate that there are alternative energy sources which could help diminish the high cost of energy consumption. With the guidance of Dr. David Fenton of the physics department, they constructed a windmill, now perched on the library, in order to reduce the cost of the physical operation of WCN.

Now the question has arisen, "Is the windmill a success, financially and structurally?"

Normally, power for the school comes from outside utilities. It is then dispersed through the campus. According to Dr. Fenton, the windmill feeds the power back onto the circuits, supplying the power, rather than using it. In other words, it compensates for whatever power the radio uses, putting back what it takes off.

The success of the windmill is measured by how much power and energy is fed out. The structure is equipped with a watt/hour meter, putting back what it takes off. Whatever power the radio uses, it puts back what it takes off. Whatever power the windmill feeds the power back onto the circuits, supplying the power, rather than using it. In other words, it compensates for whatever power the radio uses, putting back what it takes off.

The success of the windmill is measured by how much power and energy is fed out. The structure is equipped with a watt/hour meter, enabling one to simply read the dial to see how much power is being generated. The windmill begins to run when winds reach 10 m/p/h. At 40 m/p/h winds, the windmill reaches its maximum output of 2000 watts.

Dr. Fenton points out there is no accurate picture of performance. Because Scott and Josh ran out of funds, their windmill does not have all the proper instrumentation to calculate the correct amount of power generated. However, there is hope for improvement in the future.

A passerby may have noticed the windmill has not been in operation for several days. This is due to one of the troubles with structure parts: the windmill has a broken break assembly. As noted, before winds reach 10 m/p/h, the break comes off, thus allowing for the structure's operation. A broken break means the windmill does not run. Mr. Little, head of Physical Plant, recalls that the break has been replaced several times: two months after the windmill's setup and once in the spring. Dr. Fenton, too, is disappointed with the structure. He notes that Enertech of Vermont, the company who designed the windmill, is reputed to have trouble with break assemblies.

Scott and Josh received much financial backing in their endeavor and gathered all the money before they started. They applied to many foundations for grants, but several offered no support. It must be noted, however, that one foundation generously granted money towards the project. Dr. Goodwin, a former member of the faculty, and his group, the Conservation and Research Foundation, donated $3,000, approximately one half of the needed money. The balance consisted of a Mellon grant to the Human Ecology department, a donation by Southern New England Telephone Company, who also supplied labor, and various donations by the college. All of this money covered the cost of the tower, engineering design, consultants, and labor. After much recognition by the outside press, the windmill was dedicated on March 23, 1980.

A trend, however, has also developed that shows an increase in interest in mathematics and science. "I have talked to more students that want to get involved in math or science," said Dean Watson. "Some spoke of wanting to major in them. After all, math has not been a very large major field in Connecticut. Computers, also, are being mentioned more. Diverse, interesting, worldly intelligent. The class of 1985 is anything but dull.

Debut of '85

By Alleyne W. Abate

It is August 30, 1981. For 437 people it is the beginning of their college career. Under a bright sky accompanied by a refreshing breeze, cars, vans, and Uhauls pull to the curbs of the 21 dorms at Conn. The moving-in process commences.

These students who have accumulated on the New London campus come from over 40 states, and as well as foreign nations. The class of 1985 was chosen from the top 15 to 20 percent of the last year's college applicants.

According to Margaret Watson, Dean of Student Affairs, during the last two or three years students have become more settled about life and more serious about their studies. "The unrest of the 1970's is yielding to the seriousness of the 80's."

Her statement is reinforced by the fact that 52 percent of the class took at least one honors or Advanced Placement course during high school. Also notable is the fact that four freshmen were valedictorians of their class. These figures come from a report compiled by the Admissions Office.

Along with academic excellence, the freshman class has some star athletes. Forty members were team captains of varsity sports and over 500 varsity letters were earned. One aspect that has remained fairly stable is the male-female ratio. The college has tried to keep classes 60 percent female to 40 percent male without lowering its admission standards. This has been consistently maintained, with the exception of the class of 1984, which is 70 percent female and 30 percent male.

There is a diversity of interests and backgrounds represented. The students range from an all-star basketball player to the son of an American ambassador to the African nation of Kampala. A trend, however, has developed that shows an increase in interest in mathematics and science.
CAMPUS NEWS

Palmer Renovated

By Ellen Hennick

The renovation of Palmer Auditorium is the most noticeable project that was carried through this summer on the Connecticut College campus. The college now boasts of a beautifully redecorated auditorium in which it will hold college and community events. The undertaking has been priced in excess of $80,000. On Oct. 3, in celebration of Palmer's new look, the auditorium will host a benefit performance of the Jeffrey II Dance Company.

The renovation of Palmer Auditorium was a proposal which received much attention from college administration. The committee which made the final decisions on the choices of color, design, and materials, had members involved in various aspects of the college community. The final decision was made by President Donald Little, Director of Physical Plant, Marjilene Geiger, Director of Residence; Sally Taylor, Associate Director of Botany; Richard Lukonius, Professor of Art; E. Leroy Knight, Treasurer and Business Manager; Jane Breddos, Assistant to the President; Oakes Ames, President; all were members of this beautification committee.

Although a great need for undertaking this project has been present for a long while, the final decision to actually carry through the renovation was made in March of 1981. In fact, besides a few minor paint jobs, the decorum of Palmer had not been touched since it was originally built in 1939.

The improvement includes three basic parts: new seat coverings, new carpet, and a fresh paint job. Last June, the seats were sent all the way to the Cordall Company in Michigan. In the meantime, the carpet was installed and Physical Plant undertook the rigorous job of painting the walls and ceilings.

The new appearance of the building was designed to remain in its original Art Deco style. This conservative style is void of elaborate trimmings and moldings. The new top-quality appearance of Palmer is appropriate for hosting events and performances of the same quality, such as the Jeffrey II Ballet.

The Oct. 3 performance is being given to help provide funds for the renovation. Mrs. Mary Nelson of New Jersey has underwritten the cost of the performance in honor of her son, a member of the class of 1978. Jane Breddos has hopes of raising $60,000 for the renovation. Tickets range from $10 to $100. Those who donate $10,000 or more will have their names engraved upon plaques in the lobby of Palmer Auditorium.

The benefit performance will mark the opening of the Connecticut College Concert and Artist Series, although tickets for the Jeffrey II are not included in regular subscriptions. The new look of Palmer has sparked new excitement for the series which is managed by Betsy Brininger, the head of the Palmer Auditorium Box Office. The Concert and Artist Series will provide the opportunity to hear other fine musicians this year. The National Arts Centre Orchestra of Ottawa on Oct. 8, Julliard String Quartet on Nov. 4, and Empire Gas Orchestra on Dec. 2 provide the balance of the schedule for 1981.

After a great deal of decisions and efforts the college now has a beautiful auditorium. The Director of Physical Plant has high hopes of keeping Palmer in good form for many years. "We hope that the students will want to take care of something that is nice."

Changing of the Guards

By Aron Abrams

"Seventy percent of the 21 person, 1980-81 campus security staff are no longer here," said Joseph Bianchi, director of Connecticut College Campus Safety. "But you'll find no replacements. We've chosen that we're dedicated to trying to upgrade the force."

There are a variety of reasons for the turnover, said Bianchi. "One is that members of last year's staff were fired for insufficiency. We lost up for listing false data on his application. One retired; one didn't like night work; four people found better paying jobs; and two felt the job was too hard."

According to Bianchi, this year's staff will be able to serve the campus better than last year's force.

"One problem we face is that we can't give much training to our staff because of our budget limitations," says Bianchi. "Therefore, we're looking for people with previous training, like policemen, military and security types."

"The members of this year's security staff have a variety of backgrounds," says Bianchi. "Seven were police officers, four were security guards, one was a park ranger, and one worked on border patrol. Bianchi noted that other members of the force were previously involved in industrial work, journalism, and public relations."

Bianchi considered assault the most serious of the incidents reported to campus safety. "The four assaults were the following," said Bianchi. "One was a fight between a visitor and a housefellow; the second was a fight between a party crasher and campus safety. The third incident occurred when campus safety officers were summoned to a dorm in response to a student's call. The call turned out to be a hoax, and the patrol car was pelted by ice. The last incident occurred when a citizen was driving through the campus and someone threw a water balloon inside his car. The car almost crashed. We weren't able to find the person responsible." Bianchi was also concerned about the growth of bomb threats. "In October, someone called the Waterford police and said 'There is a bomb in the Connecticut College library and it will go off in twenty minutes.' We checked it out, of course, but it turned out to be a false alarm."

One problem that Bianchi feels will soon be solved is the false intrusion alarms, which were installed in 1980. According to Bianchi, these crime prevention devices are placed in the office buildings and arena and are set off when an intruder's presence is detected. "But," says Bianchi, "last year, the alarms were set off by swaying the vibrations of passing trucks. This year, adjustments will be made."

Bianchi noted that the student campus safety patrol will again be on the university's campus. "The solar and sail panels, the students work at gate guard, south

INCIDENTS REPORTED TO CAMPUS SAFETY

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Windmill: Success Story?

Continued from Page 1

including Time magazine, newspapers, Channel 3, and Channel 6, the windmill was finally erected on Earth Day, the symbol for a new concern for his environment.

How long until all this money comes back? Scott and Josh predicted ten years from when it was built. Yet, Dr. Fenton remarks that due to its structure, the windmill has not produced the amount of power that was predicted.

When asked if there are any future projects in store, Dr. Fenton replies that "Americans, apathetic towards the energy shortage, are so used to devices that plug into the wall, it is difficult to see any future of this conservation advance."

Dr. Fenton believes "there are no new technologies waiting to be tapped by American industries. The only possible projects would involve the development of solar pages. On the college level, he has hopes for passive solar collectors to, someday, heat the warm water in dorms. According to him, in this time of high energy costs, the natural energy of solar and sail panels, is the only way to go."
You may have heard of the weeping business man at his competitor's funeral. "Isn't it a shame," sniffed one lady-friend of the family. "I'll say," cried the man. "I was just about to put him out of business!"

He got the market, but it cost him his best incentive; and maybe the guy was crying just as much for his competitors' benefit.

For the College Voice, the Spark died before we could beat it, so we cry the paradoxical tears of empty greenery. "Hey, isn't it true!" shouted the Voice. "Never mind your same identity or, for exclusive popularity over the Voice. That would have made it the status quo. The two papers never really collided, because they were never on opposing courses.

The Spark didn't attempt weekly news or sports, didn't sell a lot of ads, or jazz up its front page. Its various staffs almost relished its obscurity, though romantically of the penny-pressing and boiler-room offices.

They wrote articles and editorials: they poked fun at the student-bare Eighties, patronized the arts, and vehemently criticized any attempts to regiment, whitewash or dilute the students' interests. The typical Spark editor was diametrically opposed to the standard Fanning philosophy, for the best interests of the College never lay beyond, above or in place of the four classes presently enrolled.

As colleges go—and one may argue, as cultures go—that is the most hallowed issue around. It is certainly one of the most important, today even more so for Connecticut, which is undergoing massive gyrations of policy and appearance, dollling itself up for the student-bare Eighties.

The Spark was often rightly criticized for its ignant stance, sketchy facts and scant printing schedule. To a great extent, it died the Darwinian death of practical insufficiency. It died a romantic death too, and a potential Sparkster probably sits over his beer, wondering what the damned status quo does to us—it was all a plot!

So the Spark is a martyr, its death another stab in the finding hearts around the campus. But martyrdom is itself short-lived, and usually goes the way of the martyr before any good comes of it.

And the College Voice has got the unearned monopoly. For the Voice, success has usually meant the inclusion in its pages of all points of view; the role of editor may be to present a running dialogue in creative, productive opposition. The Voice and Spark never really traded such ideological blows, they could have, and could still, if a group of students feel like resurrecting alternative writing.

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**EDITORIALS**

**Eulogy for the Spark**

**By Pat Kennedy**

In 1976, Ronald Reagan first introduced the issue of human rights into the Presidential campaign, a theme that Jimmy Carter picked up a short while later and made the agenda of the Administration. Unfortunately, President Carter was unable to integrate such noble aspirations into the overall foreign policy framework, which is one reason that Ronald Reagan now has this.

**The first question is why we should make human rights a part of our foreign policy.** The reasons are moral and practical. Morally, while we do not like to see the inner turmoil of other countries, nations should observe certain fundamental rules of human conduct. The leader of the free world, our country has the ability and the obligation to do what it can to promote such standards. On a practical level, nations observing such standards are more compatible with ours, making human rights objectives consistent with our principal goal of promoting the interests of the national interest. However, we must take care that our specific actions in support of human rights do not conflict with the national interests. To promote human rights we must do two things: identify abuses and take action. Since

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**Administering A Human Rights Policy**

The State Department does both, public identification of human rights violations is often followed by our relations with other countries. A short while ago, columnist William Buckley would alleviate this problem by appointing an independent Commission on Human Rights made up of people from groups like Freedom House, Amnesty International, etc. This group would report publicly on the status of human rights in other countries, leaving the State Department to integrate such considerations into an overall policy framework.

The first thing to do in implementing policy is to consider the nature of threats to human rights, particularly long-term. It is obvious that the greatest danger to the liberties of all people is international Communism. As a result, policy must be international, it is the most effective way to deal with other countries. In the private sector, individual families are spending more and more money to improve their land. Businesses have realized the impact of the local environment on productivity, and consequently have spent money planting and landscaping their settings. Colleges and other institutions have long recognized the value of preserving national parks, beautiful grounds, and, despite a shortage of funds, continue to recognize it. It is ironic that, concomitant to the increased pressure for preservation of the environment in general, and for our homes in particular, on a national level we are turning away from a concern for the preservation of the open areas. As the aesthetic beauty of private land increases, the beauty of public land will decline, and soon we may have no more wild, open land to enjoy.

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**Connecticut and Watt**

By William Field

On coming back to Conn this September, I couldn't help noticing what Physical Plant has been doing to keep our campus beautiful. New plantings around JA, groundwork around Palmer Library and the Infirmary, and work in the Arboretum point out the concern that the administration holds for our welfare. In these times where open land is disappearing, natural areas are being developed, and where we are exploiting, the administration is spending money on the national level, it is comforting to know that some are still willing and able to spend money to keep green areas beautiful. Communists, by the opinion of certain individuals, particularly those of the upper echelons of Reagan's government, have not spent on beauty, but instead of money it is not wasted.

There are many things on which money must be spent, and groundwork is only one of those things. Fortunately, the opinion of Americans agree that, despite budget constraints, we must all work to preserve and improve aesthetically the areas surrounding our living and working spaces. And yet it is ironic that, as private institutions such as colleges, corporations and individual families are...
ENTERTAINMENT

Social Board Looking Good

By Garry Bliss

Garry Gleason, the new Social Board Chairman aims for more variety in planned events. He also wants more events that would involve all people in the college community. For example, he offered the frisbee exhibition that was held September 8th. Dave hopes to offer events other than parties. He is looking for suggestions pertaining to all of these ideas and especially on ideas for non-alcoholic events.

The responsibilities of the Chairman of Social Board are outlined in the Social Board Manual for 1981-1982, the first book of its kind at Connecticut. His job is to coordinate all social functions on campus. He works extensively with the administration, primarily with Dean Margaret Watson. Dave helps people plan social events and gives approval for the events.

Dave keeps a complete calendar of all college social events. He does this to prevent scheduling conflicts that might leave some events unattended.

Dave hopes to make some significant improvements in planning social events. He wants to revamp the orientation committee by recruiting more experienced people. Thus, future frisbee exhibitions or orientations will be more enticing.

Social Board has already planned the following events for this semester. First will be the Oktoberfest Weekend. This is an expansion of last year's very successful one day Oktoberfest. For those that remember last year's festival, you will be pleased to know that Dave is trying to have it rain. The weekend will start on Thursday, October first, with a German dinner and later a German coffee house. Friday there will be a German bar set up in Cro. The festival itself, complete with "oom-pah" band will be Saturday afternoon.

Music, Music, Music...!

By Lisa Chernin

Subscriptions to the Connecticut College Concert and Artist Series are on the rise again this year, and with the exciting performance schedule for 1981-1982, the increase comes as no surprise. Dana Hall is nearly sold out for the two-concert Dana Series, and Palmer Auditorium is more than half sold out for the Concert Series, with the first concert still several weeks away.

The Concert Series will open on October 8 with performances of the Beethoven Symphony No. 2 and the Shorter Symphony No. 14 by the National Arts Centre Orchestra of Ottawa.

WHAT'S COMING UP IN THE ARTS

DANCE
October 3
The Jeffrey II Dancers in Palmer.
October 10, 11, 12
Stuart Pimler in East Studio.
November 5, 6, 7
Dance Club Concert in the East Studio (Cuo).
December 4, 5
Senior Majors Dance Concert in Palmer.

THEATRE
September 20, 21
Auditions for Six Characters in Search of Author.
(9:20 - 3:00-5:00, 7-8:30; 9/21 - 3:00-5:00)
October 25, 26
Auditions for Directing Project One-Arts.
(10/25 - 7:30; 10/26 - 4:00-6:00)
November 19, 20, 21
Six Characters in Search or Author in Palmer.
December 7, 8

ART
Month of September
Three New London Artists in Cummings.
September 13 - October 4
Janet Shiner, One Woman Show in the Lyman Allyn Museum.
By Joe Neidercom

The terror that emerged over a century ago in the post civil war south may be... obstacle to resolution of the abortion tumult - lack of consensus on the basic issues at stake.

The League stressed that the event was a forum, not a debate. The opposing legal arguments seemed to have more common ground. Pro-choice legal expert Professor Thomas Emerson reviewed the 1973 Supreme Court decision which legalized state-funded abortions, and gauged the constitutionality of the three major anti-abortion platforms now in Congress.

The opposing legal arguments seemed to have more common ground. Pro-choice legal expert Professor Thomas Emerson reviewed the 1973 Supreme Court decision which legalized state-funded abortions, and gauged the constitutionality of the three major anti-abortion platforms now in Congress.

By Michael Sladden

Connecticut College was host Tuesday evening to the Connecticut League of Women Voters-sponsored forum on legalized abortion. Well-run and atypically sedate, the pro-choice/abortion program nevertheless displayed the sensitivity of abortion at the religious, legal, and political levels on which it is being contested around the country.

Speakers for both pro-life and pro-choice positions called forth figures and details to support their stance, but simply demonstrated demanded moral choice on the issue.

Moral rhetoric was heaviest in the pro-life camp. Bishop Bertram Schlossberg insisted abortion was 'an attack upon God Himself,' and equated legalized abortion with the Nazi-sanctioned purges of 'inferior beings' in the Forties.

A pro-life colleague, Dr. Walter McPhee, attacked abortion on the medical ethics front, citing the rapid development of a fetus within a 12-week period. Pro-life lobbyist Linda Deming flashed gruesome slides of actual abortion techniques and stressed the human appearance of the dead fetus.

Pro-choice responses were geared toward acceptance of abortion as a fact of life. On the medical question, Yale's Dr. David Bingham argued that legalized abortion would be safer and more humane than illegal back-alley abortions. His religious colleague, Rev. Leon Filer, trusted the religious theologicals on abortion, and the commitment for the human life. But he warned that anti-abortion movements like Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority violated church-state separation, and the first Amendment.

New Weights for Gym

Continued from Page 8 started. This constant tension is the key to muscular strength development. On the Hydragym, every cylinder of every exercise has a meter which reflects the level of resistance the machine is exerting. These readings run from 1 (lowest) to 5 (highest). The main principle is that, when a muscle is worked against gradually increasing resistance over a period of time, it becomes stronger and, to some extent, larger.

The idea behind the Hydragym is to go as hard and quickly as you can possibly go for twenty seconds at each respective station. "You've got to give it your best shot, otherwise you're not getting everything out of it that you should," notes Luce. After giving it your best shot for twenty seconds, you rest for forty seconds before moving on to the next station. In other words, you spend a minute at each station, or six minutes to finish one complete circuit or set. This is observed.

"Six minutes on the Hydragym is probably more work than you'll get out of a whole day on the universal gym."

Prescriptions of three Hydragym sessions of exercise per week, on alternate days, are apparently as effective and better tolerated by the participant than as daily workouts. This arrangement provides a framework that leads
September 6, 1981

Dear Melinda:

Well, it's 1:00 A.M. in the South Lot parking lot, and I've been here for an hour as part of my campus security job, sitting on the curb, trying to remember that the towneys don't run in with soap and write "booger-booger" on the windshield of the rich kid's cars. It's a job, alright, but I'd rather be skinny dipping in mud than sitting here by myself, thinking depressing thoughts. Alas, poor me.

Anyway, in your last letter, you asked why I never signed my letters "love, Oliver." Well, kid, what can I say? What excuse do you want? "You know I love you ... I needn't express it on paper." Or "I can't make a commitment." Or "The world's a big place and everyone loves everyone." But who are we fooling? It's all stupid platitudes, Melinda, and no matter how you slice it, no matter how you sign your letters, nothing improves.

Enough of this exposition. Let me tell you three stories about love and pseudo-love and maybe you'll understand what I mean.

I once knew a kid named Garko Gradick. He was my first semester freshman my junior year. Garko came from Yugoslavia and he wasn't what you could call normal. The first thing he did when he got here was call a noise from his ceiling — "When people come into my room, I want them to know I'm here," he said, pretending he was Charles Bronson. "Uh huh," I said, making a cute face — fan guy, that Garko.

Another neat thing he used to do was put on sunglasses, go up to girls at parties, and say in his accent, "My name is Garko Gradick. I come from Yugoslavia and if you lost ten pounds, I'd sleep with you." That was as romantic as Garko got, but, for some thoroughly strange reason, each of the girls who saw him with first semester thought he loved her. Ah, the fools.

Anyway, people didn't take too kindly to Garko. He eventually got booted out of here — he wrote "Horsehit" on every page of his final exam blue books. His G.P.A. floated around in the subparian level and now Garko is but a memory, but maybe Garko understood love.

I've got another friend, Phil. Phil's a bright guy, he's got his PH.D from Dartmouth in Classics. A PH.D. Now, what do you think Phil does during his weekends? "Sit at home, translating "Valley of the Dolls" into ancient Greek? No way. Ray. 26 year old, Phil does what when he gets home from school is ride around in his van and pick up high school sluts.

"I love trash," he says. "At Dartmouth, they don't have any. As I was in high school, I was too busy studying. But now, I'm psycho."

And once the girls get into the car, Phil starts quoting at them. "Are longs, vita brava," he says. "Art is long, life is short."

"No shit?" asks the nubile young slut, who has maroon lips and got her hair cut like Farrah Fawcett's way back when. This was Phil's idea of love — quoting Latin to a singularly bored bone head before seducing her.

A problem arose, though. One time, Phil found himself caught up in that old Latin passion, meaning that he reluctantly began the duplication process with a Burger King fryer operator. Now, I don't know if you know it or not, Melinda, but the job market is not exactly overflowing with jobs for Classics specialists, so now old Phil does work the 12 AM shift at a local styrofoam factory, where he quotes Latin to the illegal alien workers.

Remember, Phil: As the Latins would say, "Tough shit's.

So, Melinda, you see that love can be both fake and painful.

Now, let's talk about the tragically stupid. I know a fellow Harry. Now, Marty, a nice guy who has this ability to befuddle into the nearest wall. He's the type you'd ask to sign your yearbook, but you wouldn't read what he wrote. Quiet and nice, but awesomely boring.

Anyway, while Garko offered women sweaty passion and Phil gave them romantic Latin, Marty made them little sculptures out of shells. He makes gifts of smiling snails, happy turtles, and little sea shell people.

Marty's been malingering these little things to this one girl for the last three years, but she never really met Marty. She did sit in front of him in a bus once, though, and since she had what Marty considered a "thousand percent smile", he developed a crush on her, got her address, and has been mailing her these little things ever since.

"But, I asked Marty once, "Has this girl ever so much as mailed you a thank you note?"

"No," Marty said. "She never even acknowledged she gets them."

"Pardon me for not sending them if she doesn't care?"

"She's got a nice smile," Marty said, painting a face on a shell.

"Besides, she never told me not to mail them to her. If I mail enough ... who knows?"

Ah, Marty. You can't stop through life falling in love with girls who sit in front of you in the bus. But you probably already know that.

So, you see, dear Melinda, love is either a lie, a source of confusion, or just another way to end your letters. And if you believe that would be both hypocritical and stupid to end my letters to you, the one person I care about, with that shaky concept, because then I would be the same as everybody else, making deals. "If I say I love you, will you say you love me, please?" Sorry, Melinda, but I refuse to let my heart nauseate my mind.

Hang tight and keep warm,

Oliver

Have You Seen Fred?

By Jason Baum

"Gosh, so this is college," thought Freddy Freshman as he lifted his collection of Tolkien and Vonnegut and carefully placed them on the top shelf of his dinkered bookcase. Freddy couldn't believe that only three months earlier he had been a senior at Eddie Haskell High in Perth Amboy. Now he was a freshman at the college of his choice, Connecticut College.

As Freddy unpacked his Strideks, Clearasil, Oxy-3, Phisoderm, Listerine and Scope, he tried to figure out what to do for the rest of the afternoon and how to let the girls know that Fred was in town. As if by magic of a piece of paper slid under his door, Freddy ran to the door in hopes of meeting whoever had left it. Much to his surprise and disappointment no one was there. "How strange," thought Fred. When he turned around to go back into his room Freddy realized he had slammed the door shut with the keys inside. "Shit. I've been here less than two hours and already locked out of my room." Shuffling his feet Freddy went to see Househellow to find out what to do.

"Hey Harry. I've got a little problem.

"Don't worry Fred. Everything will be alright. It takes time to adjust, I'm sure you'll meet people, things aren't as bad as they look, the grass is always greener on the other side of the campus, there is a silver lining inside every cloud. Believe me, suicide isn't the answer, besides it would look really terrible on my record," Househellow Harry stated.

"First of all my name is Fred not Freddy. And the only problem I have is that I'm locked out of my room."

Harry wasn't listening. He was smiling as he imagined how he had prevented the first suicide of the year. "Won't Marg be proud of me!," Harry thought as he walked out of his family."

"I am locked out of my room. What can I do?" Freddy asked rather expectatively.

"Call campus security," Househellow Harry said absentmindedly as he circled around the room of girls from his well-worn copy of the freshmen register.

An hour later Freshman Freddy was back in his room and reading the paper that had been the source

Continued on Page 9
(Based on Reminiscences of Seniors Collected by Linda Hughes and Michael Shoenwald)

How Did We Become Seniors?

“We were on the roof of Lambdin in May. We saw a prospective Freshman girl and her parents walking around. We aimed a funnelator at the old man’s tie and hit it. We didn’t see her daughter on campus that Fall.”

“My best freshman memories are sleeping on the balcony of KB one night; putting a friend in a dryer for two whole revolutions; making a collage on the third floor walls of KB and then at the end of the year having a funeral and mourning party for its destruction; getting locked in the all-night study room of the library and not knowing how to get out; stealing the New London Banana Company sign; and cranking ‘Hey Jude’ with friends and singing into shampoo bottles as microphones.”

“At the beginning of my freshman year, I used to keep a low profile. One night, I went to a Film Society showing of this depressing Italian war movie, about Italians killing each other and everything. I walked back to the dorm and saw that a meeting was going on. I snuck in and tried to stay in the back, out of sight. They were having dorm elections and, out of nowhere, this kid I never talked to pointed to me and said ‘I’ll run, but I don’t think I’ll win’ and everyone laughed. The girl I was running against gave this speech about how she had always wanted to be secretary/treasurer, and how she wanted to get involved in dorm activities, and how she really loved collecting dorm dues. When she finished, I had to say something, so I said ‘Well, she’s got my vote.’ She won, and that was it for campus politics.”

“I was trying to put my bed up on cinderblocks by myself and I’m crawling underneath the bed frame, trying to position the bed frame so it would stay on on the cinderblocks like a loft and it fell on top of me. I was pinned underneath this bed frame. So I was sitting there for five minutes, screaming for help, trying to get myself out from under the bed frame. I finally got myself out, then my roommate walked in.”

“During finals week of first semester, I stuck around till the last possible date to take Miss Malley’s intro to European History exam. On Monday morning, nine a.m., oh, god. The library was really empty and I was very depressed because I thought that I was the only person on campus still studying. Finally, I was sure that I was going to fail, so I went down to Burdick Basement; really depressed, and everybody was partying down there, even the security guards were sitting there drinking beers in one of the rooms. My roommate was done, so he didn’t give me any sympathy either. They were partying, so I went back to my room, all depressed, put the pillow over my head and tried to get to sleep. Finally, I went to sleep at three and woke up at six. I really wanted to sleep another hour, but I got up and went to the Williams cafeteria.”

“I lived on the second floor of Harkness and one guy got pretty drunk one night and decided to see if a vacuum cleaner could act like a helicopter. So he opened the window, dragged the vacuum cleaner over to it, tossed it out the window, stuck his head out and watched it fall to the ground. He pulled his head back in and said ‘Well, guys, I guess not.’”

“I arrived at school my first day freshman year. My roommate arrived at the same time. We both got our keys, tried the lock on our door and our keys didn’t open it. During this process, all of our stuff was being carried in and by the time we realized we couldn’t get in the room, our belongings were taking up all of Lazrus first floor hall. We ended up going to Cro with our parents and then to the opening assembly and then four hours later, our door was open.”

“During Opening Day ceremonies my Freshman year, a friend and I went walking in the arboretum. We got quite lost and I thought I would be spending first semester in Buck Lodge.”

“I went walking in the arboretum. We got quite lost and I thought I would be spending first semester in Buck Lodge.”
New Weights for Gym

By Peter Strand

The mere mention of the word "weightlifting" elicits fond memories of the great Russian weightlifter. Nadey Alekseyev's, straining every inch of his corpulent body to push astronomical weights above his head. Alekseyev's spectacular achievements in the 1972 winter Olympics helped frame the standard public attitude toward weightlifters that existed at that time; they were abnormal, monsters, oversized, overweight, nothing more than muscle-bound beasts, a fate comparable to being stoned with the plague.

Abundant changes have occurred in this most ancient of competitions since Alexeyev "weightlifting" elicits fond.smile only in the ever-increasing public eye as a form of sufficient exercise—but in the evolution of a diverse system of lifting programs devoted to the total physical development of the body. In the past decade, universal gyms and nautilus weight machines have cropped up in large quantities throughout the country, enabling all its participants to build up a state of bodily strength in which every organ is healthy and subject to the control and direction of the mind and will.

Now Connecticut College has strengthened its hand in the rush towards "fitness fever" with the recent acquisition of a six-stationed system of arm and leg weights called a "Hydra-gym." This new apparatus, costing approximately $5,000, combined with the eight exercises which comprise the universal complex already in function, make it possible for fourteen people to enjoy Conn's spacious exercise facilities at any given time.

The seeds of acquisition into the purchase of the Hydra-gym took root early last year when Connecticut College's Athletic Director, Charles Luce, began comparing the physical education facilities of schools similar in size and quality to Conn. The findings were a great shock to Luce. "There was a gigantic gap in what we had to offer the general public and what other schools provided," he explained. "Our facilities were inadequate in providing good and enjoyable recreation and acceptable physical fitness."

To remedy the apparent shortcomings, Luce sat down and drew up a list of long and short range goals. After much consideration he opted for the Hydra-gym, "a short range step to improve our long range needs."

Luce added that he was looking for something that would further enhance the enjoyment of the public, and that would be fun. As the name implies, the Hydra-gym is based on the theories used in hydraulics. The Hydra-gym uses the same principles as the nautilus machine; it differs from the concept of the universal gym in that it uses cylinders, rather than weights and pulleys.

The differences between the universal and Hydra-gym systems become increasingly clear-cut when one examines a routine workout on both devices. Working with the universal setup exercises the various muscles to be trained by lifting progressively heavier weights. In the course of a normal workout, the participant does ten repetitions on each weight with a 2-3 minute rest between weight increases. In this manner, the participant works directly against the weights and gets resistance only when he reaches his maximum weight.

By contrast, this same person comes up against resistance in everything he does when employing the Hydra-gym. Even after he has lifted the weight to its pinnacle, he receives tension when he lowers it back to where he

Continued on Page 5

By Seth Stone

The retired gentleman was enjoying a relaxing summer at the Cape. On a typically sunny day near the end of August, he was painting his house when the phone rang and changed his plans. George Ernest Arlett, former coach at Northeastern, Harvard, Rutgers, and of the United States Olympic team has given up house painting and retirement to become men's crew coach at Connecticut College.

"I was up on the ladder, brush in hand, when my wife said that a Mr. Luce from Connecticut College was on the line," Arlett recently related from his office in Crozier. "I knew his name from my days at Northeastern (when Luce was basketball coach and assistant athletic director at Boston University). I was anxious to take the call. I rushed down the ladder, spilling the paint every-where as I went."

Arlett's interest in coaching crew, together with his boredom in painting and retirement, led him to accept the job after a quick visit to the campus.

"We are very happy to have someone of Ernie's reputation and talent on our faculty," said athletic director Luce. "He is one of the top men in crew."

Arlett's attractive English accent along with his casual style of dress (sports jacket, tie, baseball cap and sneakers) tempts one to call him Ernie on the first meeting. But, the more one learns of his accomplishments, the more one is inclined to give him more respect.

The new coach was born and bred in crew, as both his father and older brother were English rowing champions. Born in Henley-On-Thames, England, Arlett graduated from the Herne Hill Technical Institute into the world of professional regattas. He took home first in his hometown, Oxford, Reading, and Henley-On-Thames.

For nine years before the war, Arlett was a boat-house supervisor and free-lance coach to various English and foreign crews and scullers. During World War II he attained the rank of sergeant in the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry and Royal Engineers, serving in France, Belgium, India, and Burma.

Following the war, Arlett began coaching full-time. He coached the National Provincial Rowing Club from 1946-1957, and at Oxford College and Queens College in 1958. The following year he decided to seek his fortunes in America."

"Coming to the United States was quite an adventure. You see, there was a problem in communi- cation," explained the genial Arlett, taking time between meetings and visitors to relate his story. "At Oxford College, there was an unfortunate experience with a parked car. It was vandalized and the glass that was broken was credited to the athletic director and he asked what I thought."

"I told him the windshield was broken. He asked what I said, and

I repeated about the windshield. He did not seem to understand at first, but it finally prevailed upon him. He said you call the wind-shield that is its name in America. He said America may have invented the car, but that we in England invented the language, and it was called a windscreens."

The language barrier did not prevent Arlett from landing his first American job as freshman crew coach at Rutgers in 1949. He moved north to Boston in 1960, becoming sculling coach and intra- mural rowing director at Harvard. His glory days began in 1964, in his new job as men's crew coach at Northeastern University.

Northeastern had no crew program until trustee and yachts- man Chandler Hovey presented the university with $12,000 with which to purchase two eight-oared shell. Crew was born, and Arlett was appointed its first mentor.

What Arlett did with a new program was nothing short of miraculous. Taking a first year team, Arlett led his crew to 33 victories in races. In the Dad Vail Regatta in Philadelphia, Northeastern junior varsity and freshman boats rowed to victory, a first time feat by a freshman coach.

Arlett continuously led his crew to the Eastern Sprints, winning the prestigious heavyweight event in 1972 and 1973. He retired in 1978, but still maintained interest in the sport.

Arlett was named head sculling coach for the United States Olympic team in 1976, a job we would have repeated had there been no boat war in 1980. Arlett previously coached the United Olympic crew in 1948 and has coached the Americans in the World Championships at New Zealand in 1978.

The renowned coach still followed racing in the east and was anxious to become fully involved again. When Ric Ricci, Con- necticut's crew coach for eight years, decided to accept the job as freshman heavyweight coach at Yale, University, the need for a new coach at Conn's Luce's offer to Arlett was too good to refuse.

Continued on Page 9
Connecticut and Watt
Continued from Page 3
one that is more... out of school and is now a Hare Krishna member in Boston, Mass.
Next Week: Freshman Fred meets Promiscuous Pat.

Administering A Human

Continued from Page 3
one that is more repressive, unstable, aggressive, and unfriendly. While abuses of human rights should be identified without regard to authorship, we strive to consider our relationship with others to determine what actions should be taken in response. With friendly countries, we have taken a firm stand and quiet dialogue to encourage them to avoid rights abuses. Indeed, President Reagan succeeded with this approach in obtaining the release of Argentine political prisoners and the commutation of a South Korean dissident's death sentence where President Carter's hostility and protest had failed.

On the other hand, nations with which we are on extremely terms must be treated with the utmost humanizing and contempt since diplomacy is obviously ineffective. Dictators like Castro and Qaddafi would interpret our attempts to improve our relations with the Soviet Union, human rights should be part of the Administration's policy of linkage. We have strengthened ties with mainland China; however, the Chinese must realize that treatment of their citizens will have an impact on the future of our relations. The rights of the Taiwanese must also be safeguarded from mainland aggression.

Old Chief

Continued from Page 8
"I am very happy to be here," said Arlett. "All that I have seen impresses me. The men and women of the coaching staff are all quite nice. The花开 shows a spirit and determination which can lead us places. We have a presence in New England."

Both the past and the present of Connecticut are present as Arlett is here. Lyons Bradley, who finished up four fine years of

Music

Continued from Page 4
Group. He has recorded a wide
range of flute repertoire for Decca, Nonesuch, and Musical Heritage, including several LPs of modern compositions written for him by American composers.

The opportunity to see and hear these fine performers is not one that students should ignore. The student subscription rate is $20 for the eight concerts and has a reserved seat for the season. Ticket information can be obtained by calling the Palmer box office at 447-1911, ext. 384.

Have You Seen Fred?

Continued from Page 6
of his problems is his appearance. 'Real Men Play Flag Football!'
Fred's fat fingers trembled and he grew pale when he realized that flag football was the answer to the entire world's problems. 'Then the last thought was too cosmic and that he should go play with the other real men. He rushed out to Harkness green in his new Sears Toughskins and fox tennis shoes. 'I'm ready for anything,' thought Freshman Fred as he dreamtied of glory on the playing field.

On the first play a freshman from Long Island who had grown up next to a airport had six feet tall forgot he was playing flag football. When he saw Fred bear down on him with the ball he decided to puncture Fred's dreams of glory. By the time he had arrived on the field with their new sleek crusleomobile to transport Fred to the waiting hands of the college physicans his Fred had recovered consciousness. He decided to walk to the infirmary, after all he was a real man.

In between Windham and the infirmary Barry Brain and Sensitive Steve were playing chess and listening to popular songs from the Arctic performed by the British band 'The Beatles.'

"I this can include all that anyone who has lived more ways that the rest of you have." Barry Brain added. "If you want to impress people and I'm talking mainly about the opposite female sex, the best way is to show them that you are a part of the way they're feeling," boasted Barry Brain.

"One sure method," Steve announced, "is to tell a girl you cry. It works like a charm, they figure that any guy who is tough enough to admit he cries must be really macho."

Fred was listening and making mental notes of everything that was being said. He decided to give it a chance. It made a lot of sense in theory. (Perhaps if Fred had taken English in high school, we would have known that what works in theory doesn't always work in practice.) He thought to himself how he would announce his new found sensitivity. Then it occurred to him. It occurred to him that his Psych professor asked the eighty people why they had enrolled in this course.

"Because I like to cry!" Fred announced.

Fred dropped out of school and is now a Hare Krishna member in Boston, Mass.

Next Week: Freshman Fred meets Promiscuous Pat!
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