FIRST BLACK WOMAN
ORDAINED IN CONNECTICUT

By Alma Washington

On Sunday, September 23rd, at the Noank Baptist Church, a new minister was ordained into the American Baptist Churches of Connecticut. The event was an historical precedent as Thelma M. Waterman, became both the first female and the first black Baptist minister in the state of Connecticut. Best known on campus for her work in placing student volunteers in community agencies, Ms. Waterman recently completed a Master of Divinity program at Yale.

Why ministry? Ms. Waterman explained that while she had not been aware of it herself, others seemed to have known all along that one day she would become a minister. One friend told Ms. Waterman's decision to enroll at Yale, "It's about time!"

Reverend Waterman first considered entering the seminary after spending two years with Community Affairs. Though she counseled women with seemingly "secular" problems, many of them revealed a deeper, spiritual nature. Faced with a consistent pattern of identity-related crises, Ms. Waterman had three options: 1) she could ignore the spiritual dimension of each problem and focus on the secular; 2) she could apply for scholarship through the Institute of European Studies. Awards are up to $1380 for a year continued pg 14.

PEACE TIME DRAFT DODGE
Hopes Hang On Presidential Study

By Bob Landau

Over the past six months Congress has been on the march towards conscription. The push to revive registration and reactivate the Selective Service System stems from the contention that our All-Volunteer Forces will not adequately provide for national defense and mobilization in time of national emergency.

A few weeks ago the House of Representatives voted down an amendment by Rep. Sonny Montgomery (D-Miss.), a champion of registration, that would have put the House on record as favoring peacetime registration. This action was precipitated by the passing of an amendment by Rep. Patricia Schroeder (D-Colo.) to delete Sections 812-415 of the Defense Authorization Bill which dealt with Registration and the Selective Study on the matter due in January.

The Senate has its own draft-averse advocates led by Rep. Sam Nunn (D-Georgia). Nunn has pushed S-109, a bill reported out of the Senate Armed Services Committee, which directs the President to begin draft registration of 18-26 year old males on January 2, 1980.

After a closed session on Friday, the Senate elected to postpone any action pending the Presidential study next year. In the interim, support found in proponents of draft legislation who recognized that there was no chance of passage at this time. Debate on this matter will restart in both Houses of Congress once the study is released.

IMMEDIATE IMPLICATIONS OF PASSAGE

Given the viability of this controversial issue, the ramifications and determination of enacting draft registration must be scrutinized.

a. Males between the ages of 18-28 will be registered by the Selective Service System. When registration is in effect Selective Service regulations require registrants to provide their Selective Service when they change their address and must leave the country in some cases change jobs.

b. Males will be liable for classification and examination and, shall, as soon as practicable following his registration, be so classified and examined, both physically and mentally, in order to determine his availability for induction for training and service in the Armed Forces. Thus, if registration begins, the SSS is being given an existing statutory mandate to classify and test registrants as soon as feasible.

CAMPUS NEEDS COME FIRST...
But There Are Exceptions

By Tina Cobello

"Connecticut College offers a substantial program of the international aid to assist students who are unable to meet the cost of a Con- necticut College education..." Scholarships awarded by the College can be earned by a student in the following ways:

(a) of the Presidential Study
(b) that each registrant shall be included in the national draft registration list
(c) by classification and examination, and
(d) by physical and mental test.

Initially, it appears unfair that students receiving financial aid should not apply this aid toward the cost of a Study Abroad of 12-College Exchange Program. Yet an investigation of this policy has proved it to be a financial problem rather than a legal one.

"The College has no moral obligation to financial aid recipients studying abroad but there simply isn't enough money," cites Marcia Gardiner, Financial Aid Director. Ms. Gardiner explained that each year a number of freshmen are admitted on an "admit-denying" basis. That is, they are admitted to the College but denied any financial assistance (even though their need for such aid is proven) because of the lack of funds. Ms. Gardiner's observation has been that "good" candidates for admission often need financial aid. Limiting the enrollment to only those who could afford it, she feels, would also put limitations on the academic quality of students. Therefore, priority with respect to financial aid is given to students studying on campus.

If it seems logical that a student's financial aid should travel with him since he would be utilizing it if he remained on campus. Yet, for those students studying abroad, the College must admit a new student. If those admitted required no financial aid, a system could balance. But, again, this would limit the quality of the enrollment.

There are several exceptions to the financial aid policy. Students majoring in Italian are required to study in Italy and so, any eligible for financial aid. Also, "Students selected to participate in the Associated Students' Study Abroad Program and the Exchange Program with Westminster College, Oxfordshire, England, may be eligible for assistance." In addition, students going abroad can apply for scholarships through the Institute of European Studies. Awards are up to $1300 for a year continued pg 14.
GOOD TIMES
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CROWDED ROOMS ON CAMPUS
Untripling The Triples
By Alison Rogers

The fall semester of 1978 brought an overload of women to Conn. College. 108 women were placed three to a room; a mere 24 men were placed in triples. Some of the rooms had originally been doubles, therein lying most of the student discontent. Half of the male triples have been split up, and thirteen of women's have been "untripled". Dean Watson breaks the news that "that's it" for now; all rooms on campus are occupied. Jeanette Hersey, director of admissions, helped explain how this predicament came about. This year Connecticut College is fuller than last year by thirty-five students. The seeming surplus was a deliberate attempt to balance last year's surprising under-enrollment. Mrs. Hersey explains that "College doesn't know until the students actually check in to College, even though they may have paid an unreturnable fee.

The importance of a full college is great; budgets depend on maximum use of dorm space. If the college is even slightly below its average enrollment, programs have to be pinched back.

At a meeting last week, Katharine Blunt dormitory voted to prohibit the posting of any notices or announcements anywhere in the dorm except the main foyer on the first floor.

According to housefellow Mark Blaser, all House Council members, as well as all present dorm residents, agree with the proposal suggested by House Council member, Seth Marcus. Blaser said, "it is simply useless to put posters on every stairwell." In addition, he said, "it is a matter of conservation."

Blasser also added that the Student Government Association has discussed the issue of posting pollution in the past. Other house fellows have indicated to Blasser that they believe the decision to be a good one, and one which they might consider. However, there has been no publicized effort on the part of any other dormitory to follow K.B.'s suit.

ILUSTRATION BY TOM PROULX
STUDENT RUNS FOR PUBLIC OFFICE

Henry Hauser for School Board

W. Henry Hauser, a twenty-one year old senior at Connecticut College, is running for a position on the School Board of New London. This is the first time a student of the college has run for public office in the area, and the second time a member of the college community has run in recent times since Professor Cibes ran for and won the office as State Representative in November of 1978.

Henry Hauser is the President of the college's radio station, WCNI, and has quite successfully managed its large budget during the past two years. Henry is a Government and History major who is on the History Advisory Board, which assists in evaluating both courses and faculty. He has been a member of the Republican party on campus during the past three years, and is currently its Vice-President. He has also been Vice-chairman of the first district of New London for two years...

"It seems that politics must run in the family, for his great uncle Charles Gates Dawes - was Vice President of the United States under Calvin Coolidge."

The Alternatives believe, simply put, that a substantial number are discontented with the current system, as it is to be a tool for the advancement of political organization can enlist and transform the current "political action committee" into the present-day Alternatives Party.

Their first test came with the City Council elections of 1977. Though they failed to elect any of their candidates by write-in vote, the Alternatives did manage to obtain 10 percent of the tally and so the insurance that they would be on the ballot for the 1978 elections. Mr. Sullivan garnered only 9 percent of the vote of that year, in a 3-way race for state representative that was won by Connecticut College Government Professor William Cibes.

To talk to the traditional party leadership is to come away thinking that this "new kid on the block" will not fare much better on Election Day '78 than it has in the past. Still, Republican Committee Chairman Harvey Tattersall IV did sound a bit concerned that the Alternatives would split the non-Democratic vote, and do more damage to his out-numbered Republican party than to the powerful Democrats.

The Alternatives Party has only 45 members to date, but that figure is an increase from the 12 original pioneers of only two years ago and does not begin to reflect the "tremendous outpouring of citizen support received since then."

The party, says Mr. Brown, is made up of a potpourri of ideologies united in the desire to change New London in a way that better reflects the popular will. Mr. Brown assures that no one in the Alternatives Party makes more than $25,000 a year in salary and that a substantial number are young and from minority groups.

The Alternatives believe, simply and ideallyistically, that "the people elected should do what their constituents want, even if it runs against their own or their party's philosophy."

This curious third party began in November of 1977, the 12 original Republicans, Democrats and Independents - led by Mr. Sullivan - banded together to form a "political action committee." For all intents and purposes, they were just taxpayers who would propose new ideas to old party lines.

Mr. Sullivan, however, was not in the best graces of his party (Rep.) the time. Several year old sheriff's papers through the New London Republican Committee, Sullivan was asked to come to a City Hall meeting to explain why he was giving money to a "pro-independence group. As that was just political provocation, as Mr. Sullivan later relates it, he quit the Republican party's and formed the "political action committee" into the Alternatives."

Finally the YAF says, "You'll hear that the volunteer army is a black army, but this is not true." The facts are that in the last quarter of 1977 37 percent of Army recruits were black bringing the total number of blacks in the Army to 28 percent. Blacks make up 13.4 percent of U.S. males between the ages of 17 and 21 and it is clear that a disproportionately high number of Army recruits are black and this number is growing.

In an attempt to boost their membership the tiny YAF has misinformed and misled many students on this campus. In the letter I have attempted to set the facts straight and I hope that this sort of thing will never again happen here.

Sincerely,
John Kose '80

THE COLLEGE VOICE, SEPTEMBER 21, 1979

TOWN AND COLLEGE

NEW LONDON'S ALTERNATIVES PARTY

An Adventure in Idealism

By Mark W. Hall

To most New London residents and Connecticut College students, Tuesday, November 6, will come and go in the anonymous fashion that marks most of the days of our lives. But to a small group of political activists, Nov. 6 is New London city government election day, a crucial test for the future success of their political experiment.

That experiment is the Alternatives Party, a somewhat populist and conservative organization that has only recently burst onto the rambunctious New London political scene. Though minuscule in size and influence, this unique third party movement has made moderate gains in its bid to shake up the city's power structure, especially that of the grip of the Democratic machine.

Alternatives Party chairman Michael Brown sounded enthusiastic about his group's prospects when he sat in the living-room of his modest New London home. True, he responded, the Alternatives Party has only 45 members to date, but that figure is an increase from the 12 original pioneers of only two years ago and does not begin to reflect the "tremendous outpouring of citizen support received since then."

The Alternatives Party platform reveals countless proposals to cut back at the notorious patronage system that has plagued municipal affairs in New London. Mr. Brown cited the Harbor Improvement Committee - it has not met in four years - as an example of political appointees who enjoy the prestige and title of public service, but not the work.

This curious third party began in the person of a former state representative, Republican Paul Sullivan. In the spring of 1977, the 12 original Republicans, Democrats and Independents led by Mr. Sullivan - banded together to form a "political action committee." For all intents and purposes, they were just taxpayers who would propose new ideas to old party lines.

Mr. Sullivan, however, was not in the best graces of his party (Rep.) the time. Several year old sheriff's papers through the New London Republican Committee, Sullivan was asked to come to a City Hall meeting to explain why he was giving money to a "pro-independence group. As that was just political provocation, as Mr. Sullivan later relates it, he quit the Republican party's and formed the "political action committee" into the Alternatives.

To talk to the traditional party leadership is to come away thinking that this "new kid on the block" will not fare much better on Election Day '78 than it has in the past. Still, Republican Committee Chairman Harvey Tattersall IV did sound a bit concerned that the Alternatives would split the non-Democratic vote, and do more damage to his out-numbered Republican party than to the powerful Democrats.

Could the Alternatives Party someday usurp the Republican support and become Democratic opposition in New London? Not at all, affirms Mr. Tattersall. Similar third party movements have peaked and faded in the past. "If one is a fiscal conservative, one cannot find a proper home in the Republican Party with the mechanisms and power base already set up."

Long-time Democratic Committee Chairman A. Washon used stronger language in his denunciation of the Alternatives. Though he acknowledges the increasing popularity accorded them, he sees no future for the Alternatives. "They appeal to only one rather conservative segment of the public... (and don't consider those that don't pay taxes)."

Both party strongmen agreed that the Alternatives' enthusiasm is an ingredient in the political process. Echoing his Republican counterpart, Mr. Washon says that "no political organization can exist without its passionate members. It is a perfect normal thing as long as you have qualified people."

The Alternatives Party must first be elected if it must look toward its admirable goals. To remedy the party-lever mentality that has blocked Alternatives Party efforts in the past, a full slate of their candidates are running to fill posts on the City Council, School Committee, and the largely symbolic Board of Selectmen. Campaign funds have been raised through such humble endeavors as rummage sales and a pot - luck supper.

Should the Alternatives miraculously control of New London politics, Mr. Brown has no delusions that his organization could expand beyond local limits. But the aim of the Alternatives Party is not to seize the overthrow of the current system, as it is to be a tool for the advancement of a new symbolic order. Mr. Brown elaborates: "We're out to improve the (other) parties, to make them more accountable. Hopefully, someone will pick up the pieces and continue."

Letter to Editor

from page 4

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CARTER AND THE WOLVES

By Alexander Reid Brash

President Carter was heralded into office by all the major environmental organizations as the most environmentally concerned president in history. Today, three years and an energy crisis later, he is turning into the environmental movement foe.

Ecological awareness has increased ten-fold in the past fifteen years throughout the U.S. and such groups as Audubon, World Wildlife Fund, and Sierra Club have seen their membership quadruple in the last five years. President Carter learned to efficiently harness this constituency when he last ran for office. In 1976, when he was still living in Plains, Carter made headlines by recalling the time that several utilities chairman came to him claiming that they would have to shut down unless Georgia relaxed its new pollution standards. Jimmy told them to go right ahead and shut down, and pollution standards were not going to change.

This summer, however, the old Carter environmental position was swept out along with everything else at his Camp David retreat meeting. Several days after returning from his week long retreat, Carter made this at a press conference: "We will protect our environment, but when this nation critical, people have a right to refinance or pipeline, we will build it."

Ralph Nader attributes Carter's new position to the fact that he has succumbed to Big Business in America. Mr. Nader recently said in a Rolling Stone Interview that he has been properly tried and finally to the weight, and delivered the first inductee. The Congressional Budget Office estimates that with a more simple and more equitable registration system, it would take a mere 12 days to get induction started. The cost of this system would be only $1 billion per year, yet the YAF insists it would be, "an extra cost of billions of dollars per year."

The YAF goes on to state, "A volunteer army will be more efficient and cheaper."

There is also no question that the volunteer army is more expensive than the conscript one. In 1964 46 percent of the Armed Forces budget went personnel, in 1980 it will be 56 percent but this is just the beginning. The number of qualified high school graduates is declining and the Army will have to attract a greater percentage of them. Even before then, it will need 30 percent of all male graduates and clearly it will have to raise salaries and benefits to attract them. The Army also needs men of higher educational levels than it has in the past. It is not likely that it had to reduce the reading level of most of its branches and lower the seventh grade. Salaries will have to go up even more than 30 percent in order to attract them. Positions are also rising rapidly. At the moment the cost is not apparent but the YAF believes they go later and come painfully aware of it in ten to twenty years when their taxes will have to be paid.

Carter's new $88 billion Energy Security Corporation, if passed by Congress, will bring on a severe political crisis. Carter will be forced to increase his reliance on corporations and unfortunately it is these constituencies which are the least ecologically-oriented.

Carter's other $24 billion Energy Security Corporation, if passed by Congress, will bring on a severe political crisis. Carter will be forced to increase his reliance on corporations and unfortunately it is these constituencies which are the least ecologically-oriented.

Carter is clearly being captured by the re-election crowd and that you can see this in issue after issue: abandonment of millions of acres of forest lands to corporate development, the oil decontrol, gas regulation, the Deep Seabed Mining Bill and other issues. What really stands out is this thing about the environment.

The collision of the nation. It is designed to emphasize the production of more synthetic fuels from such sources as the strip mining of shale and oil saturated sands, and promises to rush new technological developments onto the market before they have been properly tried and tested. Finally, it provides for a volume tax which could waive aside not only present environmental restrictions, but also environmental Impact Statements. President Carter is clearly being captured by the re-election crowd.

Panicked at the thought of a frosty winter, and a prowling Kennedy wolf Carter has decided to sanction the hydraulic state wide just over a secure five years at any cost. The current 13,000 private dams in New York, the great Russian Prince who tossed first the servants, and finally his horses, to the wolves, as he rode home one night in a storm, so does our President dismiss environmental safety for political safety. What Jimmny does this week will determine if the system is more efficient or if the system is more equitable registration. The Congressional Budget Office estimates that with a more simple and more equitable registration system, it would take a mere 12 days to get induction started. The cost of this system would be only $1 billion per year, yet the YAF insists it would be, "an extra cost of billions of dollars per year."

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Waterman continued

London Association and minister of the Niantic Baptist Church gave a report from the Ordination Council. Waterman presented a two part paper before the Ordination Council. The first part stated Waterman's Christian experience; the second explained his understanding of the Christian Doctrine. Following her reading of the paper, the minister went through a series of questions by the Council. She was then excused and the Council held a discussion, open to the public, on her eligibility. The Council voted unanimously to ordain Waterman.

The charge to the candidate was made by L.D. Cornish, minister of the Mount Moriah Fire Baptized Holiness Church of New London. He declared, "God has chosen you now you must be a woman of action." The charge to the Church was made by Mary Funk, Director of Christian Education at the Noank Baptist Church. Lois B. Shandeos, chairperson of the Board of Directors at the Noank Baptist Church read the vows of the church and questioned Rev. Waterman.

In the ordination prayer, Rev. James L. Pratt, minister of the Mount Moriah Fire Baptized Holiness Church of Mount Moriah Fire Baptized Holiness Church, said, "God has chosen you now you must be a woman of action." He further stated, "We must all be grateful to Thalena's dedication to faith in Christ." Following the benediction, given by Rev. Waterman, the Reverend and her family received congratulations and well wishes from the supporters. Waterman then invited to attend a reception in her honor in the church vestry. The reception was sponsored by the Board of Deacons of the Noank Baptist Church.

OAKES' ARK

At 5:00 a.m. Monday morning, a student assistant who helps keep Fanning Hall clean, noticed water covering the building's fourth floor. Upon investigation he found it coming from the cold water tap in the men's room. The tap had been left on a full blast, probably since Friday night. The fact that the tap was all the way open would seem to indicate that this was not the result of negligence, but rather of a premeditated malicious act.

Mr. Bianchi said that security personnel had checked the building during the weekend, but was unable to say why the flood conditions on the fourth floor occurred. However, he did say that student security officers were not involved. When questioned about clues or information he stated that a few leads were being followed up. But he was sure that whoever was responsible was someone with a sick mind, no doubt.

150 ANTI-NUKES HEAR HOLDSWORTH

On Sept. 13, 1979, at 9:00 in Crozier Williams, Jane Holdsworth, a representative of the movement against nuclear power, spoke before a Conn. crowd of about 150. Ms. Holdsworth is considered the leading local authority on the dangers of nuclear power. She has been a writer for the New London Day and an expert on the topic for Congressman Chris Dodd.

Ms. Holdsworth discussed the hazards of two local nuclear power plants, Millstone I and II. She called the plants "nuclear lemons," adding that the term lemon mildly describes a danger that has the potential to kill fifty thousand people. She went on to relate a long list of problems that have beset both Millstone I and II. She cautioned that closing either Millstone is highly unlikely because of Connecticut's heavy dependence on them for electricity.

Ms. Holdsworth's purpose is to prevent the building of Millstone III, which is scheduled to be built in 1984. She stated that the building of Millstone III offers no advantages to the New London area. Indeed, she feels that it will only increase the potency of an already deadly powder-keg.

When asked what she plans were concerning Millstone III, Ms. Holdsworth answered by saying that the prevention of Millstone III will only be accomplished through a combination of tactics. These include, local community support through a petition, support from prominent figures, political lobbying, and personal letters to elected officials.

A New London citizen who attended the meeting strongly objected to the delay of Millstone III until an alternative source of energy could be found. His statement drew this response from a Conn. student, "Am I more afraid of the industrial and economic difficulties that will follow a nuclear plant shut down or am I more afraid of the death that might result from its continued operation?" Michael Bugulume also replied, pointing out that our transitional energy source must be found until we develop alternative energy systems such as solar power.

On Wodehouse and Waugh and George Bernard Shaw

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What do you think about current efforts to reinstate the Draft?

Interviews by Liz Loeb

Marty Alperin, Class of 1966, Boston, MA

“I support efforts to reinstate the draft. I think we need a draft. I think the volunteer army isn’t working. I think it’s predominantly black and populated by other minorities and financially unfortunate people. So it’s doing the similar things that a draft would do.”

Jim Sparrell, Graduate Student

“I have mixed feelings. On the one hand I don’t like the violation of personal privacy. But on the other hand I think it can be psychologically constructive for people to anticipate defense of the country.”

Mike Kenner, Class of 1963, Long Island, NY

“If there’s a draft, I’m not going.”

Jan Shapiro, Class of 1963, Highland Park, IL

“I don’t think we need the draft because at this time we’re not engaged in any wars and hopefully aren’t planning to be. I don’t think that people should be called into the military when for one thing, there’s no war to fight and we shouldn’t plan on getting into any.”

Debbie Solomon, Class of 1982, New Canaan, CT

“I think it’s a really touchy issue and it really scares me and I don’t think that I’m alone. Most people my age are probably really scared about it.”

Mike Kenner, Class of 1963, Long Island, NY

“I think there is absolutely no call for it. I don’t think that people will accept it in today’s society and personally I would fight the draft in any way that I could. I don’t think it’s an indication of a lack of masculinity anymore. So I don’t think it would be upheld.”

Preston Handler, Class of 1941, NY

“I think there’s absolutely no call for it. I don’t think that people will accept it in today’s society and personally I would fight the draft in any way that I could. I don’t think it’s an indication of a lack of masculinity anymore. So I don’t think it would be upheld.”

Lee Smith, Class of 1951, Philadelphia, PA

“I don’t think it’s necessary to reinstate the draft because I think the United States is carrying a larger army than it’s ever going to need. I don’t think that land warfare and infantry will ever be used again. And any warfare in modern life, I just hate to see it go back to people who don’t want to be in the army having to serve.”

Judy Marks, Class of 1966, Dayton, OH

“I think there’s no real need for it right now and I’d just hate to see it go back to people who don’t want to be in the army having to serve.”

CHIANG CHING DANCE COMPANY COMES TO CONN

Professor Chu Supports New Art Forms

On Saturday, September 29, the Chiang Ching Dance Company will come to Connecticut College. The company, personally sponsored by Professor Charles Chu, will present an evening program of Chinese modern and traditional folk dancing.

Chiang Ching established the company in 1973 as an attempt to project her indigenous culture “while reaching out” to audiences around the world. Chiang Ching and the company graduated from Peking Academy of Dance where she studied classical ballet as well as Chinese dance.

The eight member dance company is particularly dedicated to bridging the East-West gap and are noted for their modern interpretation of traditional Chinese folk dances. Two of the musical pieces the company uses were written by the new music professor on campus, Mr. Ung.

RADIATION AND HEALTH

Nuke Group

Focus For Films And Discussion

The effects of radiation on human health will be discussed Thursday, September 27, at 8 p.m. in Dana Hall. The new student organization opposed to nuclear power will meet to view the film Paul Jacobs and the Nuclear Gang and to hear Michael Burlingame of the History Department discuss the subject.

Afterwards there will be a meeting to elect officers and to adopt a constitution for the group.

Paul Jacobs and the Nuclear Gang focuses on the A-bomb testing in the American Southwest. It documents how Jacobs, an investigative reporter, tracked down information laying the government’s assurances of the safety of the earliest atomic bomb tests. The film also surveys some of the dangers posed by radiation at the naval shipyard in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, at the Rocky Flats weapons plant in Colorado, and at the nuclear facilities in Hanford, Washington.

Jacobs began his studies in 1957 at the suggestion of Nobel-prize-winning chemist Linus Pauling. Wandering over the Nevada test sites, Jacobs discovered “hotspots” where the fallout was so concentrated that the needle of his geiger counter was thrown off its scale. Twenty years later he died of leukemia, probably contracted as he conducted his research. Most of the film was shot during the last three weeks of Jacobs’ life.

The film juxtaposes interviews with cancer patients who were exposed to the fallout from the bomb tests with clips from Army and Atomic Energy Commission films describing how little danger the testing presented. In addition, there are interviews with leading physicians and scientists who have studied the health effects of radiation, including Helen Caldicott, Thomas Manseau, Helen Stewart, and Arthur Tamplin.

There will also be a showing of a fifteen minute film entitled “Hiroshima,” produced by Columbia University. It investigates the effects of radiation on the population that was exposed to the A-Bomb blast in August 1945.

The public is invited to attend the films and Mr. Burlingame will talk admission charge to cover the film rental fee.

Photos by WENDY WEEKS
Dear Friends and Listeners,

This coming year marks one of transition, a long hard struggle for WCNI-Conn College Radio.

Our attempt to improve Conn. College Radio is of first priority, and WCNI, being a non-profit, non-commercial station, is supported by those who have a love for it. In other words, WCNI does not exist for a claim to fame of making a fortune.

College radio has the advantage of being free of the constraints of commercial programming where monetary rigormortia can take the fun out of good communication. In the end, WCNI tries to provide an informative as well as enjoyable program which depends on you, the listener, to support us and give feedback, to volunteer some of your time to a radio station that tries to improve the way of life in New London.

Please drop us a line at Box 1333 or come by the station anytime. Thanks!!
Jonathan S. Golden
Vice President-General Manager

MONDAY

Bob Seide 7:00 -10:00 a.m.
Comedy, identifiable rock, and some oldtime music to rid yourself of the Monday morning blues.
Michael Sheridan 10:00 a.m.-12:30 p.m.
Progressive Rock.
Shane O'Keefe 12:30-3:00 p.m.
Music with sophistication and music to rouse the savage beast. The best of both worlds.

The Bee Gees ............... F
The Bay City Rollers .......... D
The Osmonds ................ D-
Southern Rock ............... A+

Teacher's Comments:
This student's interests appear to be centered on one obsession. Only the best in Southern Rock.

Jim Bolan 6:00-10:00 p.m.
An alternative radio experience. New and different music featuring jazz, fusion, and import rock.
Blake Taylor 10:00 p.m.-2:00 a.m.
Jazz.

TUESDAY

Drew Sanders 7:00-10:00 a.m.
Simply electrifying but never electrifyingly simple.
Larry Hirsch 10:00 a.m.-12:30 p.m.
Upbeat rock and roll and a little bit of the unexpected.
Lisa Chernin 12:30-3:00 p.m.
Listen to the world's most famous classical composers and performers. (And some not so famous ones):

Steve Owen 3:00 - 6:00 p.m.
Owen =Afternoon Soul.

Dan Nugent 6:00-10:00 p.m.

Clair Cazier 10:00 p.m.-12:00 midnight
Rock interspersed with a blend of progressive, reggae, and new wave.
Matt Litucky 12:00 midnight-2:00 a.m.
Fast, hard, rock if you like that sort of thing.

WEDNESDAY

Kathleen Banister 7:00 -10:00 a.m.
Music and comedy. Few technical mistakes.
Charlie Hornet and Sam Rush 10:00 a.m.-12:30 p.m.
Jazz and a dash of humor.
Ron Eisenberg 12:30-3:00 p.m.
Rock music interspersed with new wave, jazz, fusion, and funk.

Mark Mellow 3:00-6:00 p.m.
Easy listening geared for the heavily sedated. Not advisable for those who are easily upset.

Jon Golden 6:00-10:00 p.m.
Tasteful progressive jazz and rock. Weekly specials and interviews with contemporary rock and jazz artists.

Uncle Mike 10:00 p.m.-12:00 midnight
The unorthodox, but widely acclaimed radio show is back. A talk show format will be periodically adopted.
Josh Radin 12:00 midnight-3:00 a.m.
Rock and soul music for late night carousing.
THURSDAY

John Weyrauch 7:00 - 10:00 a.m.
(pronounced Why-rock?)

Why in the morning? Does the tedium of the week make it hard to drag yourself out of bed on Thursday mornings? If so, listen to rock suited to treat you with the respect you deserve at this hour, and a lacing of jazz to lift your spirits.

Don Goldberg 10:00 p.m.-12:30 a.m.
An exploration of the roots of American acoustic music. A primarily bluegrass format with tastes of ragtime, country, and blues.

Sue Tyson 12:30-3:00 p.m.
A tasteful variety of musical styles including rock, jazz, reggae, and classical.

Henry Hauser 3:00-6:00 p.m.
Rock has evolved into many forms. These forms include New Wave, Punk, Southern Rock, Rockabilly, Technorock, and Fusion. But it is still Rock n' Roll.

Queeb 6:00 - 10:00 p.m.
Sometimes it is better not to say anything at all. Not all the time, of course. New Wave.

Bernie Weiss 10:00 p.m.-2:00 a.m.
Bernard says "listen to my show". A veritable haberdashery of sound. Progressive.

FRIDAY

Mark Gibson 7:00-10:00 a.m.
Rock music.

Glen Steinman 10:00 a.m.-2:00 p.m.
Rock and Roll, roots to the present.

Doug Weber 2:00-6:00 p.m.
A heavy stress on contemporary mainstream rock, contrasted with its predecessors. Party up, party high!

Bruce Robinson 6:00 -10:00 p.m.
Disco. Needs no explanation.

Vinnie D. 10:00 p.m.-2:00 a.m.
Disco. Still needs no explanation.

SATURDAY

Jeff Day 7:00-10:00 a.m.
What else is there to do on Saturday morning? Except jog? Rock n' Roll.

Doug Fisher 10:00 p.m.-2:00 p.m.
Rock with interesting surprises.

Dawn Jalet 2:00 - 6:00 p.m.
Even girls like punk rock. Listen and find out.

Sheri Kaplan 6:00-10:00 p.m.
Disco.

Andy M. 10:00 p.m.-2:00 a.m.
Guess and spell Andy's last name and win absolutely nothing. Rock with a drive.

SUNDAY

Thom Allen 7:00 - 10:00 a.m.
Classical music for the hardcore classicist.

David Levy 10:00 a.m.-2:00 p.m.
Classical music that is not so classical: from Albihono to Darvis Milhaud, a long exploration of composed music dating from the 15th century to the present.

Blind Bottleneck Seamans and Dr. Redeye 2:00 - 6:00 p.m.
Blues format presenting a cross section and a progression of the blues from its black roots in the early 20th century to contemporary electric blues-rock.

Royce 6:00-10:00 p.m.
Progressive rock and jazz.

David Schwartz 10:00 p.m.-2:00 a.m.
**JAZZ FIDDLER : SOCIAL BOARD'S FIRST PAINTED LADY**

From Charlie Daniels to "The Dead"

By Ann C. Allan

In an attempt to offset the all-pervading boredom that, alas, has returned with the fall to our little citadel on the hill, Social Board is presenting an evening of unusual jazz, with Vassar Clements, the noted jazz fiddler. It promises to be a lively occasion. The place is Palmer; the time is 8:00 p.m. on Friday, Sept. 30th.

Social Chairman Skid Rheault, whom his predecessor John Azarow calls "The best prepared Social Chairman in Conn. College history," has revised last year's mini-concert concept in style but not in substance. Social Board still works tirelessly to bring quality entertainment on campus and to answer the nagging question (usually raised early in the year) of entertainment on campus and to answer the nagging question (usually raised early in the year) of "What is the best entertainment around here?" Even the fascinating pastime of endlessly asking the question begins to pall after a while. The mini-concert series of last year incorporated all manner of in substance. Social Board still works tirelessly to bring quality entertainment on campus and to answer the nagging question (usually raised early in the year) of what is to be done around here? Even the fascinating pastime of endlessly discussing our neighbors' business begins to pall after a while. The mini-concert series of last year was qualified success and a usable step in the right direction. Skid hopes to carry the concept further by dropping the word "mini" and writing "always a worthwhile evening of music." The expected enthusiasm for the concerts.

The first artist to appear, Vassar Clements, looks extremely promising. He has performed and recorded with such notables as Charlie Daniels and the Grateful Dead, and has a devoted following of his own. He has won rave reviews at other colleges and also in the record business. Time and again writers have had the word "incorporating all manner of in substance. Social Board still works tirelessly to bring quality entertainment on campus and to answer the nagging question (usually raised early in the year) of what is to be done around here? Even the fascinating pastime of endlessly discussing our neighbors' business begins to pall after a while. The mini-concert series of last year was qualified success and a usable step in the right direction. Skid hopes to carry the concept further by dropping the word "mini" and writing "always a worthwhile evening of music." The expected enthusiasm for the concerts.

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Vassar Clements

Clements never took a violin lesson.

By Doug Weber

Rachel Sweet, Fool Around

Rachel Sweet's new album is a prime example of music industry procrastination. The label is expected to release a new producer who is more comfortable with the format. The model Sternberg followed is the commercial sound of Linda Ronstadt and Peter Asher. For this reason, Rachel comes out sounding very much like Ronstadt on "Sad Song" and "Stranger in the House." This irritates more than impresses; the model is too similarly identifiable. Rachel does deliver an enjoyable performance of the latter. She imitates Debbie Harry (of Blondie) and Diane Ross as well.

Both new wave songs on Fool Around are simple copies of Blondie. "Suspended Animation" is a prima facie copy of "One Way or Another" and "Cuckoo Clock" has the same feel as the entire Parallels album.

The Motown songs are the finest on the album, but even when Rachel's voice is its strongest, Sternberg clutters the productions and makes the composer, The Fool, lead vocal. Take one listen to "I Go to Pieces" and you will hear half a dozen spots where Rachel's expertise vies for attention with a synthetic harp or a lazy string section.

It is a shame that the album turned out this way. Rachel Sweet has a genuine voice that need not be tampered with. Her voice shines when she sings with force, and only when she has to "fake it" does her voice not sound great. One can only hope that she will pick up a new producer who is more comfortable with her voice; one who will make her paint her nails and peddle her on the streets. Rachel could come clean, and satisfy her customers more deeply.
SPORTS

HOCKEY TEAM UNDAUNTED BY EARLY LOSS

By Jill Crossman

Coach Marilyn Conklin is extremely excited about the 1979 season, because there is a great hope, the paper stated. Inspired by both the coaches and the players, that they will greatly improve last year’s disappointing record of 3-19-2.

Four veteran players will be returning for the 1979 season; Beth Howland, a senior, will be playing fullback this year. Another defensive player, sophomore Sue Jones, will be seen at halfback. Caroline Buttrick and Debbie Dubé will be heading the offensive attack.

Most of the team is composed of freshmen, twelve in all, Anne Delany, Holly Golden, Sally Peters, Lisa Trapp, Erica VanBrimer, Sarra Newhall, and Heath Mottern have all been going through drill and preparing for the fall season. The team anticipates a very competitive and enjoyable season.

The Cross Country Team is beginning the 1979 season following a very impressive record (28 wins, 1 loss) last year. Coached by Mark Connolly and Doug Roberts, the team anticipates a very competitive and enjoyable season.

Four of last season’s top runners are returning this year: George Fisher, Kevin Shuster, Charles Kiell, and Paul Nerz. Other returning Camel runners include John Santini and Beth Smolen. The next home match for the team is on Tuesday, October 2, when they will face Hartford University. Come down to the South courts at 3 p.m. and cheer on the team.

Quality Recruits

May Beat BU

By Leslie Doppler

Every weekday afternoon since September 4, the Women’s Tennis Team has been going through drills and scrimmages preparing for the fall season. All their hard work paid off on Tuesday September 18, as the team won their first match of the season against Holy Cross.

The women beat Holy Cross 6-1, winning only a singles match. Sophomore Linda Scharfe, a strong player from last year’s team, had an off day as she lost to her opponent 6-1, 6-2. In all the other matches the Camels displayed fine tennis. Winning their matches were sophomore Libby Christie and seniors Marily Broody, Donna Doerstl, Carol Sastain and Beth Smolens. The Camels doubles teams, made up of Clove Earl and Robin Waxenberg,reacts to the result.

Just two days after their winning start the team fell to a powerful team from Trinity. The Camels, by only a lone doubles match, dropping the other 8 matches to the very strong Trinity squad.

The team is now preparing for this Saturday’s match at Boston University. Coach Yeary noted that with the improvement of the veteran players, that the school is able to take a doubles match.

HUSKIES EDGE CAMELS

Warm-up Season Wanes

by Larry Derman

Tom Perreault, the new men’s tennis coach, is enthusiastic about this year’s team. “I’m very pleased with things. It has been a great deal of cooperation, and I’m looking forward to the spring season.” The fall season, traditionally a warm-up and tryout for the more competitive spring season, began on a note as the UConn Huskies edged Conn. 5-4.

The context was closed throughout with the result in doubt until the last doubles match had been played. The top four seeds won as senior co-captains Mykraunts and McKee, and sophomore Phil Craft all won. The team’s fourth win was provided as Mykraunts and Craft teamed up to take a doubles match.

Coach Perreault feels that, “we should have beaten them, and in the absence of Conn’s number three singles player, junior Eric Carlson, hurt the team.” It looks as if Mykraunts and Craft are battling for the number one position. Following them are Carlson, McKee, senior Ted Greenberg, and a quartet of freshmen, Nigel Bently, Steve Mitchell, Keith Sampson, and Matt Martin. Rounding out the squad are senior Tom Meyers, Brad Egan, and Jeff Merrill, and junior Jim Denmark.

The brief fall season ends on October 12 when the Coast Guard Academy, at the state of Connecticut last year.

“Will we have to be even more competitive than last year,” Coach Connolly states, “although the record may not be as impressive.” If the new runners develop, while the freshmen prove that they are, the team should be competitive.

The Cross Country Team will be running the Franklin Street 5K meet on the course at the Coast Guard Academy. Spectators are always welcomed.

Photo by SALLY BARRETT
This year Off The Track will be devoted to forms of writing that do not have a place in the conventional newsmagazine. Short stories, essays, poems, comics, sections of plays—all will be shown in this column. At the moment, I have one aim: to give creative and non-creative writers a chance to show their work. Flexibility is important, as there should be pieces from Expository writing as well as the advanced creative writing seminar. Looking ahead, I would like to see many contributions to Off The Track. My box number is 905, and I live in Marshall 294. A note or even a story is all you'll need.

Thank You, All Moore

ABRUP'T ENCOUNTER

BY BLAKE TAYLOR

It was a summer day in Virginia, one of many slow, hot days in the mountains of the Blue Ridge. To stand up from one's rocking chair and move from the porch to the adjacent kitchen was considered a chore. It was not unusual to have a good half hour of decision making before pulling the one to refill the empty glasses. Only once in a while did a distant truck or chain saw interrupt the chorus of bumble bees drifting lazily around the flowering bushes edging the porch. Life was hot, humid and easy.

The weather was fairly consistent: sunshine with overcast, staggering heat. If it had not been for the white, neck-deep creek that ran right by our house, those summer days would have been unbearable. Even when we were not refreshing ourselves in the spring-fed water, just knowing it was there was some relief.

Along with swimming, the creek provided excellent fishing. I spent many early morning hours with my older brother floating gently downstream in the old rowboat, waiting for our lines to be yanked taut, when we would steadily reel them in. Most of the fish we caught were red eyes, good for eating but by no means the best. Sunfish were the next most plentiful fish. They were more interesting looking than the red eyes, with rainbow coloring and a roundish shape, resembling flounder. Still, they were not the best possible catch. Bass and catfish were what we were after. They grew larger than any others in the creek. They provided the biggest fight and the best eating.

They also required a different bait than the rest. Instead of lures, branch lizards and crawdaddies were necessary. It was because of the need for this bait that I spent many hours splashing through the shallow streams that riddled the surrounding mountains. The best stream was an hour’s hike from home. It ran through land that was not ours, but that was owned by some cousins with whom we didn’t have a very good relationship. At the time, I never gave too much thought to what land belonged to whom. I would just go where I needed to or where I wanted to go.

On these bait hunts, I had nearly perfected the art of nabbing, or quickly lifting rocks and plunging a hand down to grab anything that moved. Sometimes it was a dark twig flowing downstream, but more often than not, it was a slippery, black lizard. Crawdaddies were a little harder to capture—they had claws.

It was after a successful bait hunt that some trouble began to develop, although at the time I was unaware of it.

I mounted the steps to the porch one day after what seemed to have been a quick trip from the stream, and showed everyone my day's catch. They were impressed and I enjoyed telling them about the difficulties involved. Dinner was close to ready, so we decided to put off fishing until the next morning. After eating wasn’t a bad time to fish, but by that time it was pretty dark and the idea of reeling in some cold, slippery aquatic life form without being able to see it clearly was far too scary. After eating our dinner with strong appetites, the adults sat on the porch sipping drinks and talking and we children played cards and went to bed.

The next day was bright and hot but without direct sunlight; the sky was heavy and overcast. I was rocking back and forth on the porch, along with two of my cousins, the rest of the family no doubt close by. We had had no luck fishing earlier that morning, so that after all the effort I had put into bait plus the building: "I don’t know, Bub," I ended up sulking. I sat there, staring straight ahead at nothing in particular, concentrating on being mad. I stayed in this position until I heard my name called in a soft but excited and urgent way.

"What?" I was utterly shocked. Kermit was a cousin by marriage. We never had anything to do with him, only with his stepdaughter, Alice, who was a nice girl.

"What are you gonna do?" he asked after a rather long pause.

I realized I had forgotten him completely while thinking over this unexpected, strange news.

"Oh... I don’t know yet. I guess..."

I didn’t finish my sentence; instead, I thanked him and ran up the porch steps and into the house. My windbreaker was hanging in the pantry; I grabbed it and ran back by the playhouse. He says he saw you..."

"And that Alice’s playhouse is two months walk from my house. After going down the winding dirt road, I would have to cross route 42 and then walk down a long heavily wooded road that led to Kermit's house. At the end of this road that twisted back into the woods. At the end of this road a half-hour's walk from my house. After going down the winding dirt road, I would have to cross route 42 and then walk down a long, heavily wooded, ill-kept dirt road that twisted back into the woods. At the end of this road was Kermit's house.

I was a third of the way there, crossing route 42, when I realized I hadn't the slightest idea of what I was going to say. I would have to approach a man who was practically a stranger to me and tell him he was completely wrong in his accusations. I wasn’t even sure what he looked like.

The road that led to his house was at the base of a gently moving wheat field. Clearly, this road was not kept up by state maintenance: one tire track sank far below the other, potholes scattered the area and weeds grew high down the middle. After this open stretch, I walked into the shaded area. Huge, old oaks, side by side, formed a dense canopy above me. The light was fading and if I had not been so out of sorts, I would have been somewhat frightened.

On reaching the top of a mild rise, I could see the old white house. I left the dark thicket of trees behind as I approached the wire fence surrounding the house. I was not surprised by two German shepherds that came bounding out from behind an old shed, barking loudly.

For a minute or two, I waited at the aluminum gate that separated the dogs from me. Then the front door of the house opened.

The house was set pretty far back from the gate, so it was difficult to see who was at the door. I could just make out two German shepherds that came bounding out from behind an old shed, barking loudly.

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OFF THE TRACK

"Hello," I said, once he was in earshot. "I'd just like to get something clear.
He didn't say a word. He just stood there in his tshirtsht, about five feet, eight inches tall and very skinny. He reached the gate and his dogs greeted him, jumping and running between his legs. Judging from the blank look on his face, I thought that perhaps he hadn't heard me.
"I'd like to clear something up."
"What do you want here?"
"Um, I was told that you said I messed up Alice's playhouse and I wanted to tell you that I didn't do it and that I don't even know where it is."
"You've gone up here every day."
"Yes. Catching lizards."
"I don't want you or any of your family up around here. I don't want you fouling around with my property."
"But I didn't do a thing," I said, overwhelmed by this unexpected hostility. "I don't want you to feel angry!" he shouted. "And I want you to apologize."
"Apologies I didn't do a thing," I repeated, knowing it was true and that I didn't have to apologize for anything to anybody.
"What did you say?" His eyes flashed and his hands gripped the fence.
"I said I didn't do a thing." Kermit slipped through the fence, keeping his dog inside. He had his hands around my throat in an instant. His face was close to mine, his breath hot, his eyes bloodshot and wide. I was taken completely by surprise and took hold of his wrists. He was thin but strong. His grip was tight and it hurt.
"You want your face in that water?" He glanced down at a mud puddle at our feet.
"I said nothing."
"I said, you want to put your face in that water?"
"No."
"Bullshit," he said softly, and let go of me.
"Beat it," he said, letting loose my neck and shoving me backwards away from him.
Not knowing what else to do, I began to walk quickly away. After a short distance, when I was getting near the tunnel of oak trees, I turned around. He had just turned and started for his house. I couldn't believe what had just taken place. I was furious, in a timid way. I shouted, "I'll be back here with my father!"
The man jumped around and ran towards me with great speed. I was terrified. I didn't run. I was too frightened.
He grabbed me by the collar, lifted his right hand over his left shoulder and brought it down hard, slapping me painfully in the face. His hold loosened and he stepped back.
"Bullshit," he said softly, and let go of me.
I took a couple of steps back, turned and ran through the darkness, my cheek burning.
The several days that followed were filled with light rain and white skies. As the summer went on, I learned to be satisfied with red eyes and perch. A fish is a fish; it was the act of fishing that was important.

THE WALK

by Allen Moore

I remember when I went on a walk with a friend of mine. As we left college to visit the woods, I realized that I was in a rut: the papers, tests, and readings were turning me into a machine. My life was so calculated that even time presented me with a problem: it moved very slowly. I told Lisa about my older brother who had run away from home to antagonize my parents. My father is a disciplinarian, and I can live with him because I bend to his demands. But hike does not bend; his fights.

When we entered the pines I noticed a change in her. She was free enough to wonder whether there were any bears in Connecticut. I said that I had not heard of any, and she asked me what I would do if a bear came ambling down the trail. I did not know. She wanted to climb the nearest tree, but I did not know whether there were any bears in Connecticut: the trail was too narrow, the trees too tall, the bears too scared. I told Lisa about my older brother who had run away from home with a friend, and I told her about my parents. My father is a disciplinarian, and I can live with him because I bend to his demands. But hike does not bend; his fights.

We continued to walk along the trail. The pines, the cool air, the crackle of our shoes meeting the earth—all were pleasing to my senses. But I missed the campus: the dorms and the library were fixed images in my head and the woods were naked without them. I was able to concentrate on one thing only—turning back—but Lisa convinced me to go forward. She liked the idea that we were headed towards some old stone houses; it would be reassuring to see some form of civilization.

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I glanced down at a mud puddle at our feet. I asked Lisa what it meant to be a man and she answered: "And I want you to apologize."
"Apologies I didn't do a thing," I repeated, knowing it was true and that I didn't have to apologize for anything to anybody.
"What did you say?" His eyes flashed and his hands gripped the fence.
"I said I didn't do a thing." Kermit slipped through the fence, keeping his dog inside. He had his hands around my throat in an instant. His face was close to mine, his breath hot, his eyes bloodshot and wide. I was taken completely by surprise and took hold of his wrists. He was thin but strong. His grip was tight and it hurt.

Pile and stack the forms ever higher.
Build the monument for the eternal liar,
the gleeful figure, who cavorts and plays,
there, at the sacrificial rite,
where the men give them a feast and dance to work in a lurid fen.

The prealld of the factory still
hold the lives of thousands
in his wallet he carries the lives of thousands.
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The man jumped around and ran towards me with great speed. I was terrified. I didn't run. I was too frightened.
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"Bullshit," he said softly, and let go of me.
I took a couple of steps back, turned and ran through the darkness, my cheek burning.
The several days that followed were filled with light rain and white skies. As the summer went on, I learned to be satisfied with red eyes and perch. A fish is a fish; it was the act of fishing that was important.

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 Eddie Strumpf had learned that not everything tastes good on a Ritz Cracker and she's biffin' mad.

THE HAPPY EXECUTIVE

by Jim Franchese

Pile and stack the forms ever higher.
Build the monument for the eternal liar,
the gleeful figure, who cavorts and plays,
there, at the sacrificial rite,
where the men give them a feast and dance to work in a lurid fen.

Grinding their lives away, as the wheels and cogs turn,
the dust of paper making their eyes and nose burn,
these men live with repetition and demand
untiI slowly they forget they belong to the land.

They lose their humanity, have their souls taken away,
by a demon they cannot stop or stay.
Soon, they are little more than the machines they tend
except one can see that their backs bend.

Down and Down and Down further still
and as their backs bend down, so goes their will.
They forget what it meant to be a man set free
and cannot remember why they wanted to be.
They don't even pray now, their hope is forgotten
and like the left-over fruit lies soiled and rotten.

Yet, the president of the factory still kneels and prays
to his gods of production and profit displays.
In his wallet he carries the lives of a thousand men
who mix sweat and dust to work in a lurid fen.

So Pile and Stack the forms ever higher!
For Him, Build the monument, damned eternal liar!
The gleeful figure, who cavorts and plays there, at the sacrificial rite,
where slave men burn, day and night,
to build His altar, so all may kneel and pray
to his gods of Production and the Profit Display!
In 1971, Mrs. Waterman was graduated from Trinity College as an exceptional and socially minded young woman with a minor in religion. As a teacher's aide, her first assignment as graduate student the following year and the Chair of the Department of Education at the Horace Bushnell Church Training Center in Hartford. During that time, it was initiated into its own programs. Smith College, on the other hand can grant financial aid to only students enrolled in a Smith overseas program.

Aid continued
and $600 for a semester.
Dean Philip Ray, Chairman of the Committee on Study Abroad, sees more flexibility in Conn.'s overseas program in comparison with many other schools, and maintains that an overseas campus of its own, Connecticut College, could fit into its own programs. Smith College, on the other hand can grant financial aid to only students enrolled in a Smith overseas program.

Financial aid is also not trans-
sferrable to a school in the 12-
College Exchange program. A survey of several of the eleven colleges in the exchange program indicated that each school has its own policy regarding off-campus aid both for Study Abroad or for the 12-College Exchange. Trinity's policy reads, "a student receiving financial aid may apply to use that aid for an institutional program judged to be integral to the major."

Mount Holyoke's resources are limited and students are "urgently to explore other sources of aid," that is unique in that they offer no financial aid for Study Abroad, and have a scholarship fund which it is such a study. The chair at hand which involves students, administration, and faculty. The problem is basically a financial one, but the Financial Aid office welcomes any possible solution. Ms. Gardiner is hopeful that job training for students and alumni suggestions on how to handle the situation.

Community Affairs continued
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