"DIRECTIONS": KEEPING COLLEGE LEADERS INFORMED

BY LAURA MARTINEAU

Twenty-seven alumni, parents, and trustees convened last Thursday at New London's own Holiday Inn to begin a weekend designed to further their understanding of Connecticut College's pursuits. The event, organized by secretary of the college Jane Bredeson, led the group from a Harris breakfast to the psych lab, from library to greenhouse, from lecture to lecture. Bruce Kimmence and Janice Macklin spoke on "Teaching at Connecticut College," Betsy James spoke on Career Counselling and Internships and Charles Luce spoke about Athletics. Dean of the college Alice Johnson joined student leaders Sarah Firth, Housefellow Janice Mayer, senior class president, Mike Litchman, SGA president, and Jeff Lopoff, J.B. chairman, to discuss "Students Today.""Older "Directions" guests were surprised to learn that dorms are independent study. The gentle and laudatory atmosphere of the panel discussion was shaken only once near the meeting's end. A young woman of the class of 1951, having quietly stomached the sometimes sugar-coated portrayals of students at Conn. Coll., asked point-blank what had been done about the "situation" at Mary Harkness dormitory. The situation—which prompted some alumni to petition president Oakes Ames to withdraw financial support from the college until its correction—is "vandalism; or as she described it, "abusive language on the walls," absence of furniture in the living room, and the generally "deplorable" state of the dorm she had lived in twenty years ago.

Sarah Firth called the dorm "a home" where members respect each other and understand the difficult dual role of housefellow as administrator and student.

Janice Mayer cited positive experience as an admission's interviewer to assuage Mr. Larry Lopoff's concern that Connecticut College has traditionally been a second choice school. Jeff Lopoff conceded, "Connecticut was not my first choice, I was looking for the Ivy League's," he was quick to stress that faced with the chance to transfer, he had decided to stay at Conn. because he could do more here than he might ever do at an Ivy League school.

ARTS UNITE IN STEVENS' CELEBRATION

By LAURA MARTINEAU

Wallace Stevens knew what to do with liberal arts education. He studied languages at Harvard and later became vice-president of Hartford Accident and Indemnity. He also, very quietly, became a poet. It was not until the year of his death, 1955, that the importance of Stevens the poet publicly surpassed that of Stevens the executive: it was the year of his Pulitzer Prize.


Distinguished scholars, renowned faculty members, students, and an alumni, will represent Stevens' work in prose, and several other events. William Meredith, Professor of English and consulting poet to the Library of Congress in Washington, will read his poem. Here and There—inspired by Wallace Stevens.

Robley Evans, Ass. Professor of English will direct Connecticut College students in Stevens' play, "Three Travelers Watch a Sunrise."

Pianist William Dale and Cellist Frank V. Church, both of the Conn. College Music Department, will accompany soprano Anita Telsehence in musical adaptations.

STILL NO ACTION AT 32 CROSSING

RED LIGHT, GREEN LIGHT: PLEASE?

By AMY ARKAWEY

Since the opening of school, the residents of Emily Abbey House, the cooperative dorm across the street from the campus, Unity House and faculty members and their families who reside along route thirty-two have complained about a faulty traffic light. According to Mary Alperin, resident of Abbey House and initiator of a petition to rectify the problem, the pedestrian-demand button has been broken since the summer.

Abbey Housefellow William J. Kavanaugh, and several other students have complained to campus safety and to the administration of the City of New London, however, is responsible for the traffic light.

Alperin added that there is a "contact switch" at the end of the driveway which is also supposed to change the light. This has been broken for some time. He said it is
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DIRTS OUT CLEAN'S IN

Modern Electric, the company in the past has been responsible for operating and maintaining the washers and dryers on campus, has been told to remove their machines from the campus. Their contract has not been renewed. In the past year M.E. has ignored appeals and refused to service machines. Students, too often forced to troop over to other dorms to get their clothes clean, have found it increasingly difficult to ferret out even one working machine in the Complex.

Last Friday Modern Electric began to remove the washers and dryers from Lambdin. I asked them if they knew when new machines might be arriving. The biggest of the three haulers turned to me, eyed me up and down and said, "I don't know, and I don't care, but we have thirty days to get them out, so you'll probably rot in those clothes till then."

Marjorie Geiger, Director of residence, was more encouraging. She said that new machines will be being installed this week; if all goes well, dorms should have working washers and dryers by Friday, Oct. 5.

NEWS

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Rock 'n Roll At Its Best

by SETH STONE

It is time to pull out the wine glasses and have a drink of champagne. It is time to have a toast and say "Here's to the Future."

Ten years ago this month, CoCo For Wo became CoCo For Wo and Beaux. Ten years ago this month Connecticut College went co-ed.

"There was a lot of thought before the change came about. The faculty was long divided. The move to co-education was in the air."

This is How Registrar Robert Rhine described some of the background thinking that went into the decision of the Connecticut College for Women to go co-ed.

According to Rhine, the decision to go co-ed was made growing out of "We didn't delay the decision once our minds were made up."

1969-1969 there were some very thoughtful surveys done. Alumni, students, faculty and trustees were asked their opinions. In fact, administrators were so busy deciding to go co-ed that they almost forgot to tell anybody. "It was not voted through until late spring 1969. It came so late that we could not publicize the fact (to high schools) that we went co-ed. Consequently the number of freshmen men was not very large." Rhine is not exaggerating with that last statement. In 1969 there were 1,444 undergraduates enrolled in Conn. - 24 were freshmen males, and 14 were male upper-class transfers. There were 38 male students in a school of 1,400 women. Ten years later, the current figures show there are 116 male and 1,005 female undergraduates, for a total of 1,121 undergraduates currently enrolled at Conn. While this is the breakdown for each present class.

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Male Freshmen Total

Seniors 163 246 409
Juniors 138 278 416
Sophomores 189 278 445
Freshmen 148 296 444

Total 618 1,005 1,623

"The fact that the school went co-ed and increased in size meant that more living space was needed, along with a dormitory for men."

But, surprisingly no major changes were made. Said Rhine.

"Lazrus is new, but that only holds 25-30 students. What has happened is that a lot of personal amenity rooms such as sewing rooms and hair dressing rooms have been converted to dorm rooms."

There wasn't a move to build new dorms. Lazrus was a gift and we took it. We are about where we expected to be. 1600 is a nice round figure. We have no plans for expansion. The expectation is that population available to private colleges is not increasing."

The figure helps us meet budetary requirements. It is no secret that in the spring of each year a tentative budget is made up...and once we know how many bodies we have, we can make a budget..."

Since the first co-ed year of 1969 included upper-class male transfers, the first co-ed graduating class was 1971. The size of the graduating classes has fluctuated, but in the past five years has not been far from 400. And in the past five years, there have been ap-

proximately 80 more females per class.

The last graduating class (1979) was one of the smallest of the past few years. But, the total sophomores, the class of 1982, is the biggest one in school history, one more student than the class of 1983. Though the sizes of graduating classes fluctuates, one statistic remains stable. College enrollment is always lower in the second semester. In 1971-72 there were 88 fewer students (1416-1328). Last year there were 15 fewer students (1527-1512). Rhine says this is a natural phenomenon for colleges. "Second semester is always low for several reasons. Some people finish their degree requirements in

continued on p6 tor
WHAT WAS HAPPENING

What was happening at Connecticut College ten years ago? A check of the back issues of the College Voice revealed some interesting facts. First of all, The College Voice was first published in April 1969, not even a full year earlier. Second, the school regulations governing men's visiting hours had just been revised to allow men in the women's dorms any day of the week. Previously men had been restricted to the dorm livingrooms and the hours of one to six on Sunday.

Students were apparently pleased with the rule alterations. Said one of the students: "Last year some guys stayed overnight. I think that was really nice. The lack of separate bathrooms seemed to be a minor worry, but one student was quoted as saying, "We'll just have to get used to it.""

No Action continued...

response received was that of an article that appeared in the Daily News of The New London Day last week.

Mr. Driscoll, who did not reach for comment, stated, according to the Daily News article, that he requested that the necessary repair parts be ordered. He also said that he will ask the City Council to appropriate the $3,300 needed to pay for the repairs at the first council meeting this week.

Alperin said he believes it is outrageous that the repair of a mere relay switch should be so expensive and take so long. In addition, he said the administration conveyed the impression that the repair parts were unavailable at this time. Alperin believes this to be equally outrageous because, "The parts are not rare and this is a spot that is used a lot. It is a critical and dangerous spot." He further commented, "I think it would be unfortunate if there was a loss of life because of this."

In addition to the faulty traffic light, there are dangerous curb stones along route thirty-two. If a car skids, a bad accident could occur. Last year, students petitioned the College to build a guard-rail that would insure safe crossing. They were informed by the President's secretary that the guard-rail would not be installed. Later in the year, however, the school did make plans to build a path through the sports gardens. They decided that such a venture would be too expensive.

Alperin said, "Somebody someday will get killed, then they put in a guard rull." He also added, "I don't like to blame the administration for this, but I feel they could have used their leverage to get these things remedied."

seeing large hairy feet in the next stall, pointing the opposite direction. "What? The Europeans do it.""

After successfully updating social regulations, the college community had examined the academic structure with revision in mind. Two alumnae (class of '23 and '39) suggested that the school should allow more academic freedom for the students. Accompanying the article was a list of proposed reforms. The list included instituting a pass-fail option for upper class students, self-scheduled exams, student designed majors, and even some student-taught classes.

The school also approved Student Departmental Advisory Committee to relate to the faculty the students' perspectives on curriculum, staff appointments, campus conditions, and other academic concerns.

Even in 1969, Connecticut College was involved with the off-campus world. The September issue of the Satyagraha reported that the College Council (a faculty-student administration forum) had voted to endorse a one-day war moratorium on October 19th. But student said, "So what? The Europeans do it.""

The purpose of the October 19th moratorium was to allow door-to-door canvassing in support of a broader anti-war demonstration scheduled for that November. The November anti-war moratorium was to include a public morning on the steps of the Capitol for G.I.'s killed in Southeast Asia.

Connecticut College students were also organizing a drive to aid Mississippi's victims of Hurricane Camille. They argued that opportunists had over-run the path of the storm selling water for $1.00 per glass and soap for $1.50 a cake. A group of students, prompted by these reports, distributed containers in all of the dormitories to collect much needed personal articles for the flood victims.

In 1969 Connecticut College entered its first year of co-education; now in 1979, we enjoy a ratio of 40 percent men - 60 percent women. "In '69 the administration was discussing new changes in the academic structure; now we take for granted the pass-fail option, and self-scheduled retardations. Needless to say we enjoy many benefits not available to students ten years ago. The present administration and foresight are what make this school what it is."

BOMB DROPS SAT SCORES

The decline in SAT scores has been observed since 1965, and it may be a result of atomic bomb testing in the 1950's.

Dr. Ernest Sternglass, professor of Radiological Physics at the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine, says that the biggest culprit is the radioactive fallout that results from above-ground atomic tests. Above-ground test scores over a period of 10 years, took place among teenagers who were in the uterus when fallout from atomic tests hit certain parts of the United States.

Dr. Sternglass says that atomic bomb tests caused radioactive fallout that has been linked to genetic damage, retarded growth and development of thyroid glands, and mental retardation. "There is no doubt that the bomb tests have caused damage to the thyroid glands, which the doctor claims, if less than perfect, contributes to poor intellectual development."

According to Sternglass, the most alarming drop of SAT scores occurred in Utah, where most of the atomic testing took place in the 1950's.

Says Sternglass, "This is not new. At Hiroshima, for example, a 1969 report noted that 20 percent of children's children then in utero were born with disabilities. In 1969, 30 percent of the children tested were from where the bomb hit. The closer the bomb, the heavier the low-level radiation dose, the greater the impairment of intellectual development."

Dr. Sternglass is calling on the government, as a result of this new study, to monitor and report the long-term effects of low-level radiation on fetuses.
OPINION

By BERNICE FLANAGAN

Last Saturday night I left a Cro semi-formal with a smile on my face. It was not an alcohol-induced grin - there was very little alcohol left when I arrived - nor had I enjoyed a scintillating repartee with a new crush. Rather, for the first time in three years I felt comfortable walking through the crowds of people in Cro main lounge with someone I knew by my side. I did not "scooping" to make certain that a special someone had arrived and did not even check for potential dance partners, perhaps because I did not particularly care for the music. What I did do was drift around talking to people whose company I truly enjoyed. Once I felt that I had spoken to everyone I wanted to, I did not assume a bored position on the Cro railing to assure I would not miss anything; I merely left the party-happy.

Sophomore year a similar experience at an all-campus party would have left me feeling empty and depressed. Why, then, as a senior, can I handle a party alone? I do not believe it is because I know more people, I don't feel as if I do. Perhaps the most convincing explanation is that as a senior I did not assume a bored position on the Cro when I arrived - nor had I entered a pre-formal with a smile on my face. It was not an alcohol-induced grin - there was very little alcohol in the drink I ordered, and I did not feel as if I was being watched. Perhaps the most convincing explanation is that as a senior I did not assume a bored position on the Cro when I arrived - nor had I entered a pre-formal with a smile on my face. It was not an alcohol-induced grin - there was very little alcohol in the drink I ordered, and I did not feel as if I was being watched.

As seniors contemplating what to do with the rest of our lives, being self-centered may be not only necessary, but earned.

The College Voice

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The College Voice is an editorially independent news magazine published by Connecticut College students. All copy is student-generated, or secondarily edited. Unsolicited material is welcome but all correspondence bears responsibility and will return only upon request to a self-addressed, stamped envelope. All unsolicited material will be returned. The College Voice is a student-run, non-profit organization.

Editorial offices are located in Room 311, Connecticut College Student Center, mailing address: Connecticut College, New London, CT 06320. Phone: (203) 432-2691, Ext. 2492 or 2907.

Connecticut College Senior Kayce Becker, who also worked for the Arts Department, designed the Stevens Celebration poster with the help of Eric Albertson.
ROMULUS LINNEY: PLAYWRIGHT IN RESIDENCE

BY AMY ARKAWY

During the fall semester, Romulus Linney, the noted novelist and playwright, is teaching courses in both Playwriting and Fiction at Connecticut College. Professor Linney, who received his B.A. from Oberlin College and his M.F.A. from the Yale University School of Drama, has held visiting professorships at Brooklyn College, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, the H.B. Playwright's Foundation, and the Annenberg School of Communications. In addition, he has been a member of the English Faculty at the Manhattan School of Music from 1964-1972, and an adjunct associate professor at the Columbia University School of the Arts from 1972-1974. Before coming to Connecticut, Linney was a visiting associate professor at the University of Pennsylvania during the spring semester, 1975-1976.

After serving in the army, Linney began his career in the theatre as an actor in 1958. He also did some directing for a short time but left the theatre in 1962 to become a novelist.

The candid and friendly Linney describes his leaving the theatre as a necessity. He says, "It was much harder for an actor to find work at that time. There was no off-off-Broadway. If I was starting today, I would probably continue acting."

That year his first novel, Heathen Valley, was published. His second novel, Bowly, By Thy Hand Unfurled was published in 1965. However, he found his novels becoming increasingly dramatic and was drawn back to the theatre. He explains, "I became more and more impatient about the work that was being done." In 1966, Linney's first play, The Sorrows Of Fredrick (a closet drama as he describes it) opened in New York City in 1967 at the Mark Taper Forum. His first play is also his most acclaimed and performed. Productions of it have been done many times in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Germany and in the well-known Vienna Burgtheater in Austria. Many actors including Fritz Weaver, Austin Pendleton and Tom Cote have played the lead role.

His other works include Democracy and Esther, Holy Ghosts and The Love Suicide at Schoefeld Barracks, which is currently going into production at Connecticut College.

Currenty, Professor Linney is serving on two commissions — The Phoenix Theatre and the Chelsea Theatre — both in New York City. In addition, on October 19, rehearsal for his new play, Child Byron, based on the life of Lord Byron, will go under way at the Actor's Theatre in Louisville, Kentucky.

The vibrant professor explains that creative writing courses have become more popular because, "Although one can't be taught to write, one can be helped to teach oneself." In addition, Linney believes that regardless of one's ability, writing courses are "a very interesting way to become in touch with one's personal feelings."

Linney believes that writing is completely personal and that one should exercise one's own imagination. In both his courses, fiction and playwriting, Linney allows and encourages the students to choose their own subjects and to develop their own styles in major projects. However, he uses short exercises to "release certain imaginative forces in the inexperienced writer."

The professor also believes it important that writing be shared. All students are required to read their own work aloud in class. The class then engages in critical discussions of each work that are both "candid and supportive."

Professor Linney is on campus every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and lives in New York with his wife Margaret — an associate professor of Drama at Brooklyn College — and his two daughters Laura, 15, and Susan, 4.

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THE WAY WE WERE: THE WAY WE ARE...

D.J. LOOKS BACK

BY ALICE JOHNSON

When I first came to Connecticut College from Wellesley in 1958, I could see little remarkable difference between the two schools. Both were small women's colleges, both extended over beautifully landscaped campuses, and both stressed a special kind of Victorian-if not Edwardian-gentility of manner. Both maintained vigorous academic standards, though I was immediately impressed by how much more work was expected of Connecticut College students than of their Wellesley counterparts. This is not meant to be an odious comparison; Connecticut was simply still in the throes of trying to prove itself as a women's college in New England.

In less than a week, realizing that "Equal Rights" were here to stay, he formed a committee made up of faculty, students, and administrators to grapple with the problem of parietals and in loco parents. After weeks of discussion and debate, in loco parents was out and a single standard was established. Each dormitory would vote in its own house rules. That September, twenty-seven young men arrived on the campus. Coeducation was off and running. The first men were pioneers and excellent aides in the recruitment of others to follow.

We all recall the upheavals which occurred in 1970 across the country when the Cambodian incursion was revealed to the nation. Devisiveness and misunderstanding developed as students came to be viewed with alarm, anger, and even hatred. But that Spring upheaval, traumatic as it was, marked the abrupt ending of some ten years of student activism. Students realized that no matter how much they deplored the war, they were essentially helpless. Their government refused to listen. And as if by the snap of a finger, everything suddenly stopped. Students turned inward and many went off to do "their own thing"-to grow apples in Vermont; to drive taxicabs; to build log cabins; to run marinas; to make pottery.

A new breed of student began to arrive on campus in September of 1970. There was little if any sign of national political interest. There was rather a return to serious academic pursuits. The pursuit of careers began to assume remarkable importance. Interests in the professions - particularly law, medicine, and business administration - began to superecede scholarly pursuits. Professional emphases shifted. In the sixties, most students interested in law or medicine planned to be public defenders of those without financial means, or to establish urban clinics to minister to the poor.

There is, more tension and anxiety in the student body today than I can remember having noted before. The uncertain economic status of the world and the scars left by the disgrace of Watergate and Vietnam have contributed to a sense that perhaps all is not so right with America. Students today resist being engulfed by the impersonal big hand of government or big business, and are deeply concerned about the way both have contributed to the pollution of the planet. A large all-campus effort to collect all materials that can be recycled and used again is a reflection of wide-spread student concern.

The pressures of every college generation change. But the young are still basically the same: vulnerable, sensitive, and idealistic. They may be more knowledgeable in some ways than were their predecessors. Only time will tell if this is a good thing.

The college remains a small community-a community in which it is possible for students to explore and to try out new ways to improve the world as they perceive it. Most of them, despite the pressures and the tensions, would still, I think, agree with Wordsworth's statement of another time: "Bliss it was in that dawn to be alive. But to be young was very heaven." That's the way we were; that's the way we are.
By ANN C. ALLAN

Homecoming at Connecticut College is relatively recent but nevertheless glorious tradition. It holds a special place in the hearts of current and recent alumni who have been rushed in and out of the life at CCC. One year after receiving a diploma and maybe particularly comfortably returned to the place where their lives would take off for days.

Homecoming is a time for unabashed nostalgia. Time has a way of blurring past experience with a warm, hazy patina.

For those of us who are still students at CCC, Homecoming is exciting. It’s bound to be the best party of the semester. So many activities and special events are planned that the weekend is crammed with things to do and the mere mention of boredom is going to be snuffed out by the array of fun that awaits us.

The highlight of this year’s Homecoming should prove to be the Casino Night. A highly unusual and imaginative idea put on by the Senior Class to be held in Crozier-Williams Theatre on Saturday night. The upstairs lounge will be turned into a casino complete with gaming tables and real dealers. A certain amount of hard cash buys the participant fabulous sums of play money to be squandered freely. Later in the evening there will be a auction at which you can bid your winnings on some weird and wonderful items.

The man behind this ambitious project, Marty Johnson ’76, is optimistic about expected turnout. Says Johnson, "This will be the major fundraiser for the semester for the senior class. We plan on having eighteen tables-roulette, black-jack, wheels of fortune and craps-upstairs. The downstairs area, in the snack bar, will be a dance floor. Of course. There will be a liquor bar at the main desk and a separate bar upstairs in the casino. Social Board is helping to finance the party and they’re going all out. Johnson worked closely in planning the event with a company in Hartford called Games of Chance, Inc. who will provide the tables and will also train stavy to sixty-five seniors as dealers. Some one hundred seniors are needed to put on this party and, indeed, the cooperation within the class has been outstanding. Johnson stated that there were some problems with "bureaucratic red-tape and alumni are expected to return, and of those registered with the Alumni Office 80 percent are from the class of ’79. In addition to recent graduates, CCC will also be hosting the Alumni Council, a group made up of class representatives, admission aids, and fund-raisers, who will be attending workshops and seminars, as well as enjoying themselves.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1979
6 p.m. - 2 p.m. - Registration, Crozier Main Desk, Crozier-Williams (coffee and doughnuts)
10 a.m. - Alumni Crew Race, Seniors vs. Alumni, Boat-house, Thames River. Brunch following for participants.
11 a.m. - Men’s Tennis, C.C. O. vs Coast Guard. North Tennis Courts.
12 noon - At Campus Picnic on Harris Green. TICKETS REQUIRED!
1 p.m. - Women’s Volleyball, C.C. O. vs. Clark.
2 p.m. - Men’s Varsity Soccer, C.C. O. vs. Vassar. Hawkness Field.
4:30 p.m. - Faculty/Student/Alumni Receptions in Selected Dorms.
6 p.m. - Dinner on Your Own. Menus available at Registration Desk Crozier-Williams
9 p.m. - 2 a.m. - CASINO NIGHT (admission charge and cash bar). Sponsored by the Class of ’70, Crozier-Williams.

Homecoming: Welcome Back Alumni

Although in the past only the last five classes have been invited to Homecoming, this year - because CCC is celebrating ten years of co-education - all the class from ’73 on will be invited. Johnson stated that "It was a chug-a-lug event in which one student was made." Despite all these changes, Ryne can still say "things went smoothly the first year (of co-education)."

The only anomaly that occurs to me is the problem of housing that very first year. Larrabee was the men’s dorm. The move to co-ed dorms was a monetary move. It is also hard to believe that 10 years ago.

In an interview with Constance Sowalsky, Dean Margaret Watson said, "There was one very serious reason for the move to co-ed. When asked if the move was a monetary one, Ryne said "there is evidence for that. There are more opportunities for money. We wouldn’t have $500,000 for the rink. Co-education has brought us varsity sports: crew, soccer, basketball, and others. The range of intramural sports has increased.

Despite all these changes, Ryne can still say "things went smoothly the first year of (co-education)."

It is apparent that many changes have taken place at CCC in the last ten years. Many have been important, some are less important, but all are interesting. But the thing that has happened is that most of our young graduates are not commuting anymore.

Connie Sokalsky pointed out that last Homecoming 1500 people passed through Crozier-Williams on Saturday night. In reference to Casino... Constance Sowalsky, Dean Margaret Watson agreed, "It serves as a means of getting old friends together. It’s especially important to the seniors and juniors, but even the freshmen, to who bid on the things that help the turn out is that most of our young graduates are starting to go to the mixer.

Constance Sokalsky added, "The first year people didn’t really know what Homecoming was. People are talking like it’s big weekend."

Dean Watson agreed, "People make a point of saving this weekend to come to CCC."

In discussing the raison d’etre of the weekend, Ryne stated, "It serves as a means of getting old friends together. It’s especially important to the seniors and juniors, but even the freshmen, to who bid on the things that help the turnout is that most of our young graduates are starting to go to the mixer."

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ONE WOMAN REMEMBERS MANY
By JULIA STAHLGREN

A clearly, voice lifted forward from the back of the chapel. It was a woman's voice that sang, and even though the tune was only "Yankee Doodle," it was beautiful. The person appeared moments later, gifted with sparkling eyes, a wonderful smile, and appealing ease. She greeted the audience, and palmed their attention and concern. About one hour later, they applied her name and a standing ovation.

"Women I Have Known" is a one woman show that was written by Ms. Tula Sessions and performed in the chapel last Thursday night. This in its fourth season, the show is a fascinating and moving look at some of the steps women have taken in the past towards emancipation. "Women I Have Known" is far from a hostile, bitter commentary, but a celebration of women, though. "History was written for men, by men, 'bout men, a...men," smiled Ms. Sessions with a heavy Old New England accent at the beginning of the show. Rather than talk about what men had done to women in the past, "Women I Have Known" focused on what women have done to help themselves; and so dealt positively with a subject prone to negativism.

Ms. Sessions spent a full year before writing the script, which is comprised of the stories of eight different women out of the American past. Thursday night the audience met four of the eight. Anne Hutchinson, Lucy Stone, Sojourner Truth, Margaret Sanger — all feminists in the purest, truest sense of the word. Ms. Sessions explained after the show that she does not always introduce all eight women, and although the script is quite complete, it is written to allow her to decide, on stage, which of the eight she will cover.

Ms. Sessions acquaints the audience with these females through her portrayal of a warm, sensitive, tough, and very amusing Old New England woman. She speaks of the women as if she has known them, establishing a smooth, personal tie with each one, to make them all seem real and tangible. Ms. Sessions furthered the realism by voicing each character at various moments; the program is highlighted with genuine speeches and events from these women's lives.

This format provides an impressive demonstration of Ms. Sessions' talent. Already playing one role, she dropped in and out of four other very different characters on Thursday evening with dextrous ease. Anne Hutchinson (1990-1823) was a strong, daring woman who was "accused of thinking." She verbally opposed the Puritan church and was seen as such a threat that John Winthrop banished her from the community.

CLEMENTS A CROWD PLEASER
By JEFFREY DAY

"Music's the only thing that makes sense to me," said 57-year-old Vassar Clemens, who's band (Jimmy O'Neill on guitar, Brian Cole on drums, Lou Stevens on piano and Buzzy Meikle, formerly of the Outlaws, on bass) bluegrassed 500 people at Palmer Auditorium last Sunday evening. The band played a total of 20 songs, some of which might be called progressive bluegrass, country rock, or just Vassar's own blend of music. Whatever it was, the crowd definitely seemed to enjoy it.

A good fraction of the crowd were old Vassar fans playing their spoons and enjoying the display of fine fiddlin'. A part of the crowd seemed to have been experienced this type of music for the first time, but by the end, Vassar and Friends had the crowd on its feet.

Vassar introduced a "cowboy" by the name of Dean Campbell, whom he described as "a good ole boy" from Nashville. He added a Western touch along with a fine display of yodeling. The band ran through many of the favorite old bluegrass tunes: "Lonesome Fiddle Blues", "Orange Blossom Special" ("...the Fiddler's National Anthem"), and the traditional last encore "Will the Circle Be Unbroken?"

The band was diverse enough to handle a song by Vassar's favorite, (in the style of Jean-Luc Ponty), "Acropolis" Clemens even let his 400 year old fiddle, "Thoromorton," sing "Listen to the Mockingbird," Vassar's people, as well as the band, could not have been friendlier, as eager as we were to make our first review a good one.

The awkward feeling in the beginning was quickly seized by Vassar's good nature. He did not even seem to be bothered by us starting out with the most tired question that we could have asked:

S & J: "What direction do you think your music is taking from here?"

Vassar: "We don't read it, we just play it. Anything...Who knows? Whatever comes up next that feels good.

S & J: "What about music in general?"

Vassar: "Ah...Ditto isn't worth a flight! I mean one tune would be fine but every tune with the same chords...ya know that beat? I don't see how there's room to do anything much...except dance. I don't have anything against what anybody's doin', if it's going to have anything to do with music it ought to be music!"

S & J: "What's been your favorite musical experience and with whom was it?"

Vassar: "I can't say that 'cause all of 'em been jus' as great."

S & J: "This summer at your concerts in Colorado the audience seemed to be a much older crowd. Do you think Bluegrass is dying with your generation?"

Vassar: "The thing of it is...Bluegrass 'died in the wool' Bluegrass...I don't think you've ever heard 'it have you? Just acoustic banjo, mandolin, gitar, and a bass...played the same way everybunny...same notes, everything...now Bill Monroe is Bluegrass. He was a big influence, that's who I started with. Ya got to keep learnin' though...that's what makes music good."

S & J: "So what do you think when people try to classify your music?"

Vassar: "It don't matter to me, I could go out there with 5 saxes and they'd say 'Man, that checked out Bluegrass.' "(Vassar doesn't seem to agree with his manager's commercialization measures, the fangler on the bass and the phase-shifter on the fiddle. In order to reach a confident, he told us..."sounds terrible anyway."

S & J: "What do you think of kids today, playing campuses, etc.?"

Vassar: "Ya know ya really got a beautiful campus here...yah... They're with ya...they seem like they know what 'cha doin', you know...they know that your feeling, or something."

On this, the last night of a 60 day tour, Vassar went into a story about his wife, an idol's idol. "Hank Snow's got a tune about movin' on and he (Chubby) said he'd been movin' too long, so he kinda' got out of it. I like playing to people...I don't like movin' on the road, but I'll put up with that to play the fiddle really hate it, but I'll do it to play the fiddle."
**SPORTS**

**SET: SPIKE: POINT!**

By MARSHA WILLIAMS

Six new faces can be seen among the Connecticut College Volleyball team this season, one being that of Marilyn Gelish, the new coach. Although new to Connecticut College, Ms. Gelish is certainly not new to volleyball. In fact, this is her tenth year of affiliation with the sport. She comes to us from Kean State University in New Hampshire where, after participating in the volleyball club, she initiated the first intercollegiate team, and later saw the team in its first winning season.

**MEN’S SOCCER STALLED AT 3-3**

By MARSHA WILLIAMS

Although the Men’s Soccer team has been extremely competitive this season, their record at the end of September stands at a disappointing 3 and 3. Since the opening victory against Holy Cross, the Camels have beaten Fairfield and the Coast Guard, but have been defeated by Quinipiac, 2-1, and 1-2, and 15-2. Spectacular serves from sophomores Carol Martin, and impressive overall play from freshman Michele Blanchard helped the team to victory.

After splitting a decision on September 15 with Wesleyan, members of the team beating Eastern, the Camels returned home for yet another extremely competitive match against Boston College. Some 75 spectators were on hand as starters Beth Schelling, Carol Martin, Margot Moser, Michele Blanchard, and co-captains Lee Stack and Beth Offenhartz took the court. BC won the first game with a score of 25-18 despite excellent serves from Lee Stack. The second game saw the Camels win 15-4 with great overall teamwork and outstanding serves from Beth Schelling. The third game went to BC; the fourth to Conn. Then in the fifth, just as in the fifth game against Yale, the opponents came out on top by only a few points.

If you haven’t made it to a Conn College Volleyball game yet, you are definitely missing a great opportunity to see competition at its peak. The next home game is Saturday, October 6, against Clark.

**Flag football: the sports alternative**

By ANN C. ALLAN

There are some people who think that the fall term at Conn. begins with classes in Fanning, dorm get-togethers designed to alloy freshmen, seniors, and sophomores in warm sweaters to replace cut-offs. The air is cooler, the leaves will turn soon, and this semester, one resolves to really buckle down and work. Summer is really over.

But for the die-hard fan, fall at Conn. really begins when Oakes Ames throws out that first football and the glorious intra-mural wars begin anew. Next to such grandiose events as the Harvard-Yale game, Conn. flag football games may seem pale and insignificant, but those who play, as well as those who cheer the volunteers on, know how intense the competition is.

This season opens as a kind of a blank slate: which teams and individuals will earn immortality remains to be seen. Gone are the almost legendary dynasties, the famous North-South rivalry, and the proven greats. As Smith Househead Chris Colbert puts it, “It’s not like the days of old.” Will darkness and Smith, containing as they do the last remnants of the teams that have so dominated the league for the past three years, emerge as rivals? Will the players from Park-Wright do better re-managing from the complex than they did from J.A. last year? What new teams will emerge to inspire the passionate fans loyalty which is such an integral part of the league? Everyone has his own speculations and predictions, but this writer will wisely refrain from forecasts, for fear she would be laughed out of print if wrong! Later in the season of course I’ll claim I knew all along!

This season opened with a confrontation between Hamilton and K.B. Both sides obviously suffered from first game butter-fies. In the first half the hard hitting, gladiatorial style so favored by Conn. fans was absent. This hesitancy went off as the game went on with Hamilton playing its best against Bob Bugnayse, and Bob (Bunsen) Landau. Both sides were plugged in incomplete passes and penalties. K.B. seemed particularly limited by their small variety of plays. Despite the early season confusions, K.B.’s quarterback, Pat Voke, displayed considerable potential. Hamilton finally triumphed 31-14.

**Flag Football commissioner, Rick Schierig, looked forward to the rest of the season. "There are so real powerhouse anymore. The stronger teams are Freeman, Hamilton, and Smith-Morrison, but Park-Wright could be a sleeper."**

The individuals he mentioned as worth keeping an eye on were Jim Baron and Peter Mendelson of Park-Wright; Fred West, Bob Ruggerio, and Bob Landau of Hamilton; Tony Delyani, Lou Lora, and Paul Sabatino of Barkness; and Chris Colbert of Smith-Morrison. As of press-time, Smith-Morrison has compiled a league leading 2-0 record by recently crushing Freeman 42-14.

While players come and go, some things never change, like the multitudes of female freshmen fans! Bob Hamilton and K.B. started the season with loyal, ardent, and vocal supporters, cheering them on from the sidelines. The more objective speculators were full of eager speculation, nostalgia, and Bush- weiser. Flag football at Conn. since co-education and the licencing of Aliollo Regolo. So, let there and support your dorm!!
HOT TIME IN THE SUMMER SUN
By ANDREW RODWIN

The final steps are taken when the corners of the vinyl liner are wedged into the coping with clothespins or silver clips, and when the hose of the vacuum is slipped under the liner and sealed airtight with duct tape. Clicked on, the vacuum pulls the liner tight and the liner hugs the walls.

Around the corner of the house, at the mouth of the driveway where the tank truck has been parked, George pulls start the pump. The flaccid hose snaked down the length of the driveway and across the lawn snaps erect. Tumescence, it squirms to rid itself of the slight kinks that bind the flow.

The first flying gallons of water slap the wall of the pool like a shot; draining down, water forms an instant puddle at the bottom. Arcing powerfully up from the mouth of the hose pitched through empty space and roaring down into the pool at 250 gallons per minute, the water in the bottom quickly collects depth. It is a time to rest, talk, relax, watch. This pool is finished.

We built those pools; seventeen soundly-built swimming pools this summer. It's something to feel good about.

Concrete trucks had a nagging habit of arriving an hour or two late. Tom Murphy, the driver in his work clothes, would lean back in a chair, feet lounging on the desk, glancing up at the ceiling, and assorted cleaning equipment used for digging and landscaping.

After calculating the depth of our projected hole (a function of the yard level at which the customer wanted his pool), and staking out our rectangle, the backhoe operator began to dig. With his aid of a leveling transit, we guided the operator through whatever hours, or days, of earth-scooping it took to get the hole dug. Then, the three of us assembled the walls of the pool. These consisted of galvanized steel panels, 3½ feet high by 8 feet long, which we bolted together to achieve the dimensions of the pool. The walls were anchored by supportive braces called "A-frames" and topped with a continuous rim of metal "coping" which was bolted around the inner perimeter of the panels; later we would clip the vinyl liner into the coping.

Once we levelled, squared, and straightened the walls we were ready to pour the concrete "collar," around the outside base of the panel walls. The collar essentially anchored the pool in place.

Concrete trucks had a nagging habit of arriving an hour or two late. Tom would call the company periodically to find out what the hell was going on, but the dispatcher always maintained that the driver was "on the way." Hugh figured it was the driver himself, tipped back in a chair, feet lounging on the desk, looking up at the ceiling, and addressed the phone. The trucks bore three to five cubic yards of concrete. Transporting deadweight into a collar required either shovelling conveniently spaced piles dropped from a truck circulating the pool, or moving unexaggerated tons of concrete in wheelbarrows. This could provoke quarts of sweat.

Next, we shaped the hole exactly to specifications. Even the best backhoe operator is never accurate to the inch; the hole must be finished by hand.

Because there is a deep end of the hole, or "hopper," whose walls were the earth on which the steel panels rested and whose floor was 4½ feet below the bottom of the shallow end, shaping required considerable care and effort. Rocks were raked, bulging walls were trimmed to a flat angle. Harding has to be sculpted away with a shovel, hanging roots were shorn with awkward clippers, and rocks, deceptively neat, had to be wrested from their dull peace with a prybar, or chipped in incredible sledge with an incessant jackhammer, or picked at like tartar from a molar. The simple arithmetic of subtracting excess dirt by throwing it up and over the walls, or adding dirt by getting outside and throwing it in, balanced the equation. A well-shaped hole remained.

Floored and walled by earth exposed to a mature sun, the hole, again, was surrounded by steel panels, which relied all available heat inside. It was an immense reflector oven. We once put a thermometer into a hole; it registered only 120 degrees for the simple reason that the thermometer's calibrations ended there.

After shaping, the only thing standing between the pool and the liner was the absence of a smooth surface on which a few minor jobs remained. Asmixer, I was left alone to handle mixing and wheeling a steady supply of vermiculite for Tom and Hugh to turn over. It was a simple job, but a nasty one. The mixer was a simple job, but a nasty one sputters and backfires of the raucous engine usually heralded a stall which would leave me fiddling meaninglessly with the choke, pulling-starting until the rope frayed, and harboring a rich black indulgence in my own frustration. But Tom, an excellent mechanic, lent a hand.

Trowelling was typically done in a single day: a trowelled surface is too sensitive to leave casually overnight. For this reason, we finished trowelling pools late in the afternoon or evening.

Now came the vinyl liner. The liner fit the pool like a glove, or "propho" to use the slang, and was the actual container of the water.

When George came with the water and pumped it into the pool, we had to watch for wrinkles in the liner, and make minor adjustments in the way it hung. Once the liner was seated nicely, we could settle back a little. Sometimes we enjoyed fine cans of drenching cold beer. These, pulled from chilled six-packs dripping sweat in the hot sun, were relished.

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Awareness that a few minor jobs remained did not spoil the satisfaction that nurtured through our fatigue.

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