COMPANIES NEEDED FOR
SINGLE PARENT CHILDREN

By CRIS REVAY

The Big Brothers-Big Sisters Organization of Southeastern Connecticut is a nonprofit organization that matches single parents with a child, although the relationship is under way. Big Brothers-Big Sisters agencies is easy enough. By calling 442-5005, arrangements can be made for an
to call the agency of New London area which might be of interest to you and your

PREPANDING, RITHMATIC, AND
$2500 FOR ALL

By AMY ARKAW

Skyrocketing tuition costs of all private colleges have in recent years caused more and more students to seek some type of financial aid. Marcia Pond
Gardiner, Director of Financial Aid at Connecticut College, emphasizes that there are several forms of aid for which a student may be eligible.

Ms. Gardiner cited several sources from which aid might be available. The college budget provides a substantial amount of aid money and many restricted scholarships have been initiated and funded by generous alumni. The biggest source of funds comes from five federal programs. Most campus jobs are supported by the Financial Aid Office also posts opportunities on the bulletin board in Fanning Hall...

This past summer, physical plant was painted 800 rooms (although no students painted this summer). The fire exists in

Little explained that a tanker truck comes to Conn, "every third day during the winter. Each tanker truck is $35,000." He says this must change. "There is a lot people can do about this. Turning off lights is one thing. We need to keep going down...

The assistant director listed conservation measures that anyone can take. "Using drapes and shades is a way to conserve, because glass conducts heat right through. Doors should not be left open," Little also claimed that student use of lights and stereo is a big expense.

Little states that no one should have "expectations on heating requirements." He acknowledges that "68-68 degrees is pretty cool, but we are pretty damn serious.

When he pulled out the statistics, it became pretty evident why Little is serious. "The number fi oil that we buy was 12 cents per gallon in 1972. This year it is 37 cents a gallon. This is an incredible in-
crease," Little put in this terms that every college student should appreciate. "This $50,000 gallons measures out to 55,000 kegs of beer. The price comes to $300 per student. And the biggest problem is that it won't go down, it will go up.

In summing up the energy situation, Little is to say, "When you think about it, there are a lot of fixed costs on campus. We don't do much good eating, or what we pay in salaries. But we can do something about the amount of oil we use.

But physical plant must worry about other things in addition to the energy situation on campus. "We maintain the whole environment," says Little. This involves a thousand different things.

One of these "things" that physical plant has had to deal with is in the complaints about the heat in the library. Little says he "doesn't really know" why it is so hot. "The building is built with a few windows that don't open very well. The people and lights give off heat... and the temperature tends to rise. Engineers give constant condition for buildings, but nowadays nobody is willing to pay.

Little also has an explanation for why the heat went on in some dorms early in the year, when there was still hot. "On a warm day when the heat came on in a dorm the assumption was, (physical plant) had turned the heat on

A lot of bad feelings have existed between the two groups in the past. There is a lot of misunderstanding between students and physical plant. A lot of bad feelings have existed between the two groups in the past.

"It is hard to second guess what anybody else does," says Little. "It is difficult. We are likely to read a lot into it. If you do repairs over and over again, you might not be as cheery as the day before. You (seemingly) don't get to anything else. If a groundperson spends an inordinate amount of time picking things up, that could be thrown away...you tend to lose what at-tracted to the job. I don't think these are big problems...they are typical.

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"It is the most difficult thing we face when we have to tell a well qualified freshman that we cannot offer him aid. It hurts the college over all if the student does not come because of this. We then

COMPUTERS PLEASED FOR ALL

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PHYSICAL PLANT'S DONALD LITTLE
"DAMN SERIOUS" ABOUT ENERGY CONSERVATION

By SETH STONE

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With cold weather quickly ap-
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After just three months of study at The Institute for Paralegal Training in exciting Philadelphia, you can have a stimulating and rewarding career in law or business—without law school.

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Get promoted
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Retire at 65.

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WORLD NEWS BRIEFS

By Seth Stone

PARK'S DEATH NO ACCIDENT

South Korean President Park Chung Hee was indeed the victim of an assassination plot last Friday. Park, his chief bodyguard Cha Chi-Chul, and four other security officers were shot dead Friday evening in what South Korean government officials termed an "accident." Many South Koreans found this version doubtful, and according to sources, President Park's South Korean government admitted that Park was actually assassinated.

The version of the assassination released Friday claimed that Cha Chi-Chul got into an argument at a dinner party with Kim Jae-Kyu, head of the KCIA (South Korea's CIA). A shoot-out ensued, and Kim shot and killed Cha and "accidentally" killed Park. Kim fled, and was later arrested at army headquarters.

Early Sunday, the South Korean government under acting president Choy Kyu Hah, admitted that Park was the victim of a premeditated assassination. Kim, an old friend of Park, was warned about his position in Park's government, and was fearful of being phased out. He shot Cha and Park, while other KCIA officials killed the four bodyguards before they could aid Park. Even these details, however, remain but dimly substantiated.

President Carter has upgraded state of alert in South Korea. The U.S. State Department issued a warning to South Korea stating "the United States government, with some caution, warns against any external attempt to exploit the situation in the Republic of Korea."

IT SURE ISRAEL

Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin would like to remember last week as the week that wasn't. Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan resigned Sunday. Monday the Israeli supreme court ruled that private Arab land on the West Bank had been illegally seized to build Israeli government housing. Finally, on Tuesday, Begin managed, barely, to survive a vote of confidence.

Dayan's surprise resignation was due to his disagreements with the policies of Begin's government on such issues as the West Bank, and the Palestinian autonomy talks.

The U.S. Supreme Court gave an indirect vindication to Dayan when it ruled that the Elion Morch settlement must be disbanded within 30 days. Begin has supported Israeli settlements on the West Bank. Elion Morch was started by seizing private, Arab owned land. Begin has vowed that the settlement will be continued on government land.

Tuesday's vote of confidence of Begin was 58-47. Begin's majority Likud party can usually garner 65 votes. Dayan retained his seat in the Knesset (Parliament) and ironically voted in favor of Begin.

Most Israelis are unhappy with the internal policies of Begin. Peace in the Middle East means in 1977, 45 percent in 1978, and 58 percent thus far this year. According to the U.S. News and World Report, Begin's government faced a poll which showed 98 percent of the people ranked his government's ability to handle its affairs from 'bad' to 'very bad.'

HELLO $ - GOODBYE OIL

Tower of Power is right. There is no more oil in the ground. And as a direct consequence, profits of oil companies continue to go up. For most companies, profits have increased at an astronomical level over this past year.

All major companies showed profit increases for the third quarter (July - September) as compared to the same time last year. Shell Oil Co. had to squeeze by with a meager increase of 15 - 16 percent. Exxon, the world's largest oil company, had an increase of 118 percent. Mobil was up 121 percent. Conoco Oil showed an increase of 124 percent. Standard Oil of Ohio (a competitor of Texaco) profits were up a staggering 211 percent.

In monetary terms, these figures translate into millions of dollars. Last year, Texaco's third quarter profits were $187.1 million dollars. This year, the profits were $612.2 million dollars. Texaco profits through Sept. 30 of last year were $542 million dollars. This year they were $1,281 billion dollars. Texaco claims these increased profits are due to a one-time rise in tax write-offs. Last year's third quarter earnings were also, according to a company spokesman, "abnormally low."

SHAH ISN'T GOOD TO BE HERE

Amid rumors and speculation surrounding the coming of death, the departed Shah of Iran entered New York Hospital Cornell Medical Center this past Tuesday. On Wednesday he had his gall bladder and a lymph node removed to test for further cancer. The Shah has had cancer of the lymph nodes (lymphoma) for six years, but his present condition is apparently unrelated.

The Shah has been living in Mexico in exile and has been treated by French and Mexican doctors. The surgery was necessary because the shah's health had greatly deteriorated in the past three weeks. The Shah also had a bloackage in his bile duct removed.

It is not known how long it will take the Shah to recover, or how long he will be in the country. The U.S. has informed Iran that the Shah is in the country for humanitarian reasons only, and that he will not be staying here. Pro and anti-shah demonstrations have been continuing nation-wide since the new government came into power. The Shah has been living in the country for the past week. With the Shah's health apparently deteriorated in his present condition, a crowd of hundreds chanted outside his hospital room during the Shah's visit, "Death to the Shah, Death to the Shah."

PICARDI'S

121 BOSTON POST ROAD, WATERFORD 447-0767

Thursday, Nov. 1 One Night Only

GOOD RATS

Friday, Nov. 2

SPARTICUS & AVATAR

Saturday Night, Nov. 3 One Night Only

SPARTICUS & SASS

Wednesday, Nov. 7

TROD NOssel Review

Five Bands in One Night

Illustration by Tom Proulx
POLITICS AND THE PEOPLE
EDUCATION BUDGET TO BE DECIDED NOV 6
By LAURA MARTINEAU
Mitchell College’s Clark Hall, a primary auditorium of starkly painted walls and a one-curtain stage, and legs of folded-up chairs, was the scene of an hours-long meeting between politicians and the people the Tuesday before last. A Little League banquet scheduled for the same night of Oct. 23 robbed the candidates of a larger audience; a sparsely scattered seventy-five voters bellowed out the odds and ends representatives of a candidate’s platform.
Jane Breeden of Connecticut College moderated the two-hour responses of City Councilors and Board of Education prospects to preconceived questions. Candidates, with some exceptions, urged the voters to scramble with party slates representing the Democrats, Republicans, and Alternatives, to make the correct choice.

The issue which ravages all three parties this year and which clearly frazzled the two primers in the front row (they held up signs saying “Stop” or “Time” when a candidate exceeded his 2-minute limit) is the budget referendum they them-selves initiated by petition. This referendum would trim another $300,000 from a budget already in the bone, according to Board of Education incumbents.

Republicans and Democrats, with some exceptions, urged a “yes” vote to support the present board members.

Some called for administrative layoffs, others for complete educational overhaul. Most argued, however, that cutting into the budget would mean cutting out some much-needed courses, special teachers, even physical education to join the “fat” which

has already been stripped including Industrial Arts and Eugene O’Neill workshops.

Only the Alternatives party insisted, as Robert Jarvis for City Council said, “the education department has short-changed the kids”, charging that “hidden monies” already in the budget justify cutting visible monies from the fund.

The most vocal and articulate defenders of the budget were Democratic incumbents, Mayor (Dr.) Calhoun (“Your school is among the best in the state”), Eunice Waller (“the SAT scores are low because they’re asking the wrong questions”) and former Mayor, and onetime chief of the Economics Department at Connecticut College, city councilor Dr. Ruby Turner Morris, who blamed sky-rocketing fuel prices and ballooning sanitation fees for the tight budget. Nobody seemed to mind if they railed on beyond the 2-minute limit; they were more fun to listen to.

Clearly the Democrats will dominate again, as always, in November 8’s election. The two Republican candidates and four Alternatives councilors William Nahas and Stephen McCain were not even needed to attend the meet-the-issues cross-party forum.

The voter pool is indeed shallow; of about 30,000 voting age residents in New London has only 8,500 registered voters according to Jane Breeden. The incumbents decided the upper band, twenty-six of which were sworn into office.

And they decided the lower band, Connecticut College senior running for a seat on the Board of Education if she does not have a Little League banquet to explain why only two of his fellow students, reporters for The College Voice at that time, were curious enough to attend this meeting.

There are a few special people on this campus involved in the Big Brothers-Big Sisters program who are interested in, or are related to, the students with whom they are friends. John Greenberg is one. John’s little “brother” is Thomas Hendrick, age 27, of Amite, Mississippi. John is an Industrial Arts student and Eugene Hendrick, age 27, of London, Connecticut. Both are Connecticut College seniors. John said, “I think it helped me out as much as my little brother.” John also mentioned that he can bring Tommy to Harris for dinner any time and, at some point in the near future, free Saturday night flicks at Palmer may also be a possibility for his friend.

The agency is staffed by an executive-director, three full-time bookkeepers, and one part-time bookkeeper. Besides the main office located at One West Gil Row, 105 Huntington Street, New London, there is a branch office at 21 North Broadway (887-9466). Big Brothers-Big Sisters also head up a three-school program, which is comprised of 30 members of the community.

Children continued . . .

Children continued . . .

Children continued . . .

America, expanding its program to include children from other countries,-six Big Brothers-Big Sisters became a member of The United Way, which helps all the good agencies raise money in order to raise funding and reach more youngsters than the 310 that are presently served, the organization now encourages the public to buy a share of Big Brothers-Big Sisters. If there are enough financial support, perhaps someday the program could cater to the estimated 600 children who are from one-parent homes in New London County.

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Most of the kids in the program are from one-parent homes, and some are from middle and upper-income families. These children are referred to Big Brothers-Big Sisters either through the court, social service agencies, the courts, or the police.

Children continued . . .

Children continued . . .

Children continued . . .

Children continued . . .

Financial Aid continued ...

accept those students who were not our first choice,” says Gardiner. Gardiner points out that the college cannot offer aid to all who apply, “We must offer full need aid as we see it for those students we assist.” In addition, John Greenberg, who was denied aid as an entering freshman re-applies as an upperclassman because he wishes to receive aid are enhanced. Gardiner states, “Our first com-

The Coast Guard Academy also plays host to the Big Brothers-Big Sisters program, with several parties a year sponsored by the agency to try to increase the program in the immediate area.

The Big Brothers-Big Sisters Program is about friendships. A young adult that can be a

impetus to respond to the parents and students themselves than the college because the college seems self-serving.”

The group’s manager Peter Guralnick hopes that the band’s 1980 tour will concentrate on places with more emphasis than before on theatrical special effects, such as fog machines and special lighting.

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SEENING SPARKS

To the editor:

I write this perhaps in anticipation of negative comments which you may receive concerning THE SPARKS recent editorial on WCNI. Being myself a disc-jockey for the station, I felt that the editorial was necessary. Regardless of another desire to expand, appear more professional, etc., WCNI is still a student station and if any amount of students do not agree with its policies, then their opinion is worth airing. THE SPARK does not pretend to represent the majority opinion of the students here, yet is committed to printing any valid article or opinion, as well as any literary effort that itself should be the justification of funding either THE VOICE, THE SPARK or indeed any journal.

JODI HARRIS

LUCAS MAG

LINDA STONE

MARIA ZANFINI

Faculty Advisor

FREDRIC BOGER

I

IRRESPONSIBLE JOURNALISM

To the Editors of the College Voice:

The high and mighty Connecticut College students on top of agolden hill since Creation and those "lascivious and obnoxious" cadets, who were created 20 minutes ago, always seem to be at cross purposes. This opposition is only heightened among the relationship that has the potential to be rewarding in many ways.

Connecticut College and Coast Guard standards come from the same source, back premature; and their moral goals are the same, although these goals may be attained in a different manner. Like Connecticut college students, cadets come to parties to meet people, have a few beers, and dance. In light of this, how can we justify our "holier than thou" attitude? Before we comment on the cadets "lascivious and obnoxious behavior," perhaps we should look at our own.

Sincerely,

Donna D. Doersam, '80
Nancy E. Lundeberg, '81

HOLIER THAN THOU!

To the Editors,

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Donna D. Doersam, '80
Nancy E. Lundeberg, '81

IRRESPONSIBLE AND SHODDY JOURNALISM

To the Editors of the College Voice:

On behalf of the Connecticut College Film Agency, as a member of the college community, I write to protest the College Voice's recent article entitled "Students Plead for Palmer Space." (V, 1985, p. 18) by Miss Julie Stallgren.

This article, being quite opinionated and obviously written in nature, appears in the paper without an "Opinion" masthead. This implies sanction of the College Voice. Further, a box accompanying the article has the "Entertainment Editor's criticism" in an unsanctioned editorial comment.

What are Stallgren's charges against the Film Agency? First, that individuals at Conn. College who wish to use the Palmer facilities are finding it unjustly difficult. Second, that actors and actresses are unable to rehearse because of the Film Agency's "manifestly unfair" treatment of Palmer.

Miss Stallgren's charges against the Film Agency are "unfounded" and "manifestly unfair." TheFilm Agency has never denied the Palmer facilities. It has, however, attempted to explain to Miss Stahlgren, had she bothered to listen to the facts, the motives behind the Film Agency's priority over academic departments. She calls the Film Agency's motives "illogical." However, the Film Agency has attempted to explain to Miss Stahlgren the entire system of time allotment for Palmer facilities.

Miss Stallgren had, she bothered to research the facts, or the Editors of the College Voice, had they the journalistic integrity to question the facts. Miss Stallgren's "facts," would have been surpised to learn that there is a mechanism by which Palmer facilities are scheduled. Furthermore, the Film Agency and other departments would have found out that the Connecticut College Film Agency has always been the first in obtaining time in Palmer.

The Scheduling Committee meets once a semester to schedule and allot dates for Palmer, Dana, and Oliva. Attending this meeting are the Mrs. Jane Brindec, Dr. Robert Wilson, Connie Sokolsky, representatives of the Drama Society and Dance department, representatives from any other concerned academic department, a representative from the Student Center, Palmer. For this, the Film Agency pays a rental fee to the college and provides its own janitorial services. There is ample time for rehearsals during a weekend, provided no major set construction obstructs the movable screen used for the film.

From atop her college high horse, Miss Stallgren states "Theater and Dance departments are important, strong, continued on page 8.

VEGETABLE SPEAKS

Mister Editor:

Like what is it all about! I do not understand your perspective in the article so carefully titled "Outing Indulge." Pranking as an adventure, in poor taste. Is it poor taste to want to organize people into groups? Perhaps, if there is not a common bond and no sense behind the organization. The outing and pranking committee (odcp) seeks any to bring people with common interest together. Is it then in poor taste to not have any ordinary procedures? I think no. Experience shows that those people who sign up for committees are seldom committed. What use does a sign up serve?

Is it poor taste to be flippant in answering the interview questions? The interview questions, as I have previously explained, however this does not answer the question. It would be a ludicrous statement for any seniors later to imagine the odcp to take over or even intrude upon the Club. The Connecticut College Outing Club is not threatened by the existence of the odcp. It is simply threatened by the Sierra Club. In fact the odcp is working biker in biker, foot

in boot with the Conn. College Outing Club to bring about some satisfactory ways and means to meet the area's natural resources. Still the question remains unanswered, but questions with no meaning applicable cannot be fairly answered. Signing up on trees would be unfortunate mutilations, signing up at all is irrelevant. Physical presence and participation are important.

What is poor taste then? Only the sense of journalistic talent and space in a bulletin. Certainly there is no form or writing is fading into undecipherable nonsense. The article was an example of journalistic ineptitude and irresponsibility. My article was an example of journalistic ineptitude and irresponsibility.

CLARIE L. LAMMER, '82
Cross Country team member

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EDITORIAL OFFICES ARE LOCATED IN ROOM 212, CROZIER WILLIAMTS, STUDIO CENTER, MASSACHUSETTS 01591

EXECUTIVE DIRECTORS LEE MARSHALL

PRODUCTION STAFF SALLY BARRETT

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR LIZ BERNKA

PRODUCTION STAFF SALLY BARRETT

TERRY GRAVES

JOHNNY HARRIS

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FREDRIC BOGER

The College Voice is an editorially independent weekly newspaper published weekly, during the academic year. All articles are written unless specifically noted. Unsolicited material is welcome for the editor does not assume responsibility for any facts, opinions or arguments expressed. All copy represents the opinion of the author alone and not necessarily that of the College Voice. The College Voice is a student run, non-profit newspaper.

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EXECUTIVE DIRECTORS LEE MARSHALL

PRODUCTION STAFF SALLY BARRETT

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR LIZ BERNKA

PRODUCTION STAFF SALLY BARRETT
VOLUNTEER PROJECT SPURS CITY MANDATE

By CONN. COLLEGE SURVIVAL CLUB

Two years ago the Connecticut College Survival Club started a volunteer recycling project. Since then Physical Plant has developed the program into a mandatory system that is "Recycling eighty percent of Connecticut College's recyclables," according to Mr. Dawley, the coordinator of recycling at Connecticut College.

The Survival Club began their program by recycling paper. Soon after that Physical Plant took control of paper recycling. Last year the Survival Club expanded their program by collecting and recycling glass.

Mr. Dawley reported that Connecticut College has recycled four times as much waste in the last two weeks in 1979 as it did in the same time period last year. Dawley said he hopes to increase these figures as the program becomes more efficient. He added that an increase in efficiency relies primarily on the cooperation of the students.

He also stated that the College could easily double its glass and cardboard recycling if the students observed the program more closely. "The program is individually based and comes down to the students separating their trash. It doesn't take much effort but it is essential if the program is going to be successful," Dawley said.

Mr. Dawley also pointed out that there is no recycling of aluminum cans, and the school produces at least two tons of aluminum per month which could value as much as $200.

In addition to the dormitories and kitchens, Dawley said that faculty housing will also have to participate in the recycling program.

Don Little was very candid in his interview. In the past there has apparently started "by an employee of the residence department. It (the fire) was in a work space where furniture was being repaired." It was in a single stuffed chair. The chair was on fire. In other words, the chair was the only loss. No alarm, however, was pulled. The fire department eventually did come because as Little explains it, "there was a lot of smoke." Little says the "fire was isolated before the alarm needed to be pulled."

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MYSTIC MAN AND NEW JERSEY NATIVE

BRING BLUE GRASS TO CONN

Guitar duo Orrin Star and Gary Mehalick will be featured in a Bluegrass Concert on Friday, November 2 at 8 p.m. in Dana Hall. Star and Mehalick, who specialize in traditional music, have been together since 1976. They have performed at coffeehouses, colleges, clubs, festivals, and folk societies in twelve states. Orrin Star, a native of New Jersey was the 1976 National Flatpicking Guitar Champion. He is also a noted mandolin player. Gary Mehalick, from Mystic, Connecticut, began his musical career playing with a progressive bluegrass band before teaming with Star. Tickets, which may be purchased at the door, are $3.00 for the general public and $2.00 for students with I.D.
STUDENTS AND ALUMNI

NOT SO DISTANT COUSINS

By DAVID IVES

There is no separation among members of the college community - it is all a big family. The bond seems stronger than that between the students and the alumni. Of all the people connected to the college, the students and alumni have the most in common. They are both through four years of undergraduate study here, and they both share the same triumphs and disappoints during their four years that the current student body is experiencing now. You will still view the alumni as universally old and out of touch.

Alumni Association President, Britta McNamara speaks at an alumni dinner during Homecoming.

The alumni are not considered to be "out of touch," but rather excellent training to the students and the various organizations they administrate. The Voice spoke with the brief interview in the old student government room (A.K.A. the bar) with some of the members of the Executive Board of the Alumni Association during Homecoming.

Letter continued...

and respected academic departments. While this is not to be denied by any means, it is not a valid rationalization for these departments to exclude the balance of the campus community from participating in them. The alumni want more dates in their program of activities, the Student Association wants more dates in their program of activities, and the alumni want more dates in their program of activities. Yet, to assert themselves as much more than they are, the alumni want more dates in their program of activities, the Student Association wants more dates in their program of activities, and the alumni want more dates in their program of activities.

To satiate the self-serving appetites of prestige and revenue, the Theater and Dance departments make more money at Palmar. Yet, the desire of an entire college campus and neighboring community to have an alternative form of entertainment in the All-Campus party must not be denied. Even for the sake of certain individuals who could learn to cooperate and make do with the bounty they already have seized.

The suggestions of midnight movie shows and alternative film rentals to the editors of the WNYC Radio went on the air with such an unexpected popularity that the university had to raise its admission charge and film rental reminder to the editors of the WNYC Radio went on the air with such an unexpected popularity that the university had to raise its admission charge and film rental reminder to the editors of the WNYC Radio went on the air with such an unexpected popularity that the university had to raise its admission charge.

What makes "The John Hour" so controversial is that it involves the public reading of men convicted for public vice. The result of this is that the majority of the students who are not involved in "The John Hour" do not feel it is an issue of concern to them.

The Attorney General of the state of New York is suing the state of New York for the right to receive the first 100 million dollars for the first time in the last ten years and that group gives at a raise of only $1.75 percent. As Ken put it, "it's a common bond between today's students, young alumni and older alumni."

As Ken put it, "the reason people come here and the basic values they get out of it haven't changed," Mike concurred. "It's a common bond between today's students, young alumni and older alumni."

Individuals who have a different view on any given subject, but are part of the same community that Connecticut College is the same college. A college that is a part of a student's perspective.

Britta stressed that it is not for lack of money that the younger alumni do not give. It is rather, their lack of "the habit of giving."

A new plan arranges for some of the more generous young alumni to watch every 100 million dollars in donation from every new donor from a class or department to the College. The Board hopes to encourage donors who have never given because they feel that the amount of ten dollars is not important. With the help of this special fund every new ten dollars given would result in a total of twenty being given to the school.

The Board also outlined a plan to initiate a "Seventies Club." A membership of a class of the seventies would have to give at least one hundred dollars over a two year period to become a member of this club.

The Executive Board governs the Association and directs the Alumni Association, with the help of the Alumni Board chairman for the years 1911 through 1979. It totals about 300 members half of which came back for Homecoming.

The elected members of the Executive Board sit for a single three-year term. The rest of the Board is made up of "year-end positions filled by appointment. These include, Chairmen of Alumni Clubs, Young Alumni Representative, and others.

The University of Bridgeport School of Law is accepting applications for admission to the fall 1980 semester.

Write the Office of Admissions, University of Bridgeport, School of Law, Bridgeport, Conn. 06602, or phone (in Connecticut) 576-4964, (Out-of-State phone toll free) 1-800-243-3498, for an application and further information.

The Bridgeport School of Law is licensed and accredited by the State of Connecticut and is approved by the American Bar Association.

Mike stressed that while fund raising is not up much of the Alumni Association's time, it is not the only thing that alumni are heavily involved in the admissions process, acting as admissions aids for prospective students. There are also too far away to come to the campus for information and an interview.

The Association also arranges college placement programs during Christmas and summer vacations. There is an informal job network that connects most of the alumni in an effort to help recent graduates find jobs in specific areas. The Association is also involved in various continuing education and study programs for its own members.

Ken and Britta summed up the place of the Alumni Association aptly, "we make friends and we raise money, but making friends comes first."

The Alumni Association is composed of anyone who was a matriculated Connecticut College student and attended at least one Homecoming. As Britta put it, "there are three privileges that come with membership: the right to receive the Alumni Magazine, the right to vote and give money - but not necessarily in that order."
The association numbers about 17,000.

The Alumni Council, the next step up, is composed of all of the class presidents, class agents, request for additions aids, and alumni club chairmen for the years 1911 through 1979. It totals about 300 members half of which came back for Homecoming.

As Ken put it, "the reason people come here and the basic values they get out of it haven't changed," Mike concurred. "It's a common bond between today's students, young alumni and older alumni."

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Individuals who have a different view on any given subject, but are part of the same community that Connecticut College is the same college. A college that is a part of a student's perspective.
FROM THE "GEM" TO THE "WHALE"
By ANN C. ALLAN

Just at the bottom of the hill below our learned and gem-like citadel lies the Whaling City. Naturally enough, freshmen are filled with eager curiosity about New London when they first arrive at Conn, but unfortunately some unadvised upper-classman usually squelches it — in a conversation that goes something like this:

F: What's New London like?
S: It's the pits.
F: Is there anything to do?
S: No.
F: Are there any good bars?
S: What do you think this is, U.N.H.?
F: How about places to eat?
S: After four years of Mr. G's I never want to see a pizza again. I won't mind kissing Mamma Ocean goodbye, either, let me tell you.
F: Oh, Well, are there any clubs?
S: Look, kid — I'll tell you right now — you'd just better resign yourself to four years of unmitigated boredom. New London is just a train stop between Boston and New York. If I were you I'd transfer.
F: I see. Gosh, everybody's so friendly and helpful here. Well, thanks a lot.
S: No problem. How's your dorm?

While New London isn't exactly filled with night-time hot-spots and quaint little out-of-the-way restaurants, it can be and often is a vastly entertaining town. Contrary to popular belief, there are interesting bars, good places to eat and things to do in the area.

The single most outstanding feature of the area is its beaches. How many other New England colleges are five minutes from the water? Unfortunately many people equate the beach only with summer sun and Coppertone. This is a mistake. As a sandy veteran I can testify that nothing relieves the tension and anxiety that are as much a part of Conn as Harris food, like a walk by the water, no matter what the weather. For those whose taste runs to the strictly scenic, Harkness Memorial Beach is only about fifteen minutes away by car. And if you're a pinball and penny arcade nut, check out nearby Ocean Beach. In the spring there are even amusement rides.

Let's imagine you've just spent a relaxing afternoon on the beach. Your head is clear and calm; your feet are wet and freezing and you need some hot nourishment fast. Where to go? Well, there is always Fred's Shanty, a truly remarkable institution on Pequot Avenue. The clam chowder is a must and the foot-long hot dogs are very satisfying. Unfortunately, Fred's is a seasonal operation, so get there fast.

Other alternatives to pizza include Chinese food-Wongs, Ming Gardens and a new place just opened up on Bank St. called The New Leaf. The Mission Diner by personal proclamation has the best soul food in town. The Dolphin Cafe (more on this bar later) has celebrity waitresses and across the street, Anna Christie's is a favorite for soup and sandwiches.

For deli-style food, Henry and Marion's in Ledyard is well worth the drive for terrific food at reasonable prices. And of course for late-night munchies there are the twin towers of strength, Norm's and the Monte Carlo. The mirrors at the Monte Carlo are intense, but Norm's has a special charm all its own not to mention bigger.

Since Romeo's closed many students have sorely missed their Happy Hour. But there are alternatives. The 55 House and The Bootlegger both have good afterhours deals, and for those who like to savor a drink in a civilized atmosphere, Happy Hour at The Ship's Wheel on Captain's Walk is a must. Later in the evening the Dolphin on Bank St. provides pinball, uniquely carved tables and a decidedly "Dead" atmosphere as an alternative to the Cro-Bar. A new addition to the New London scene, and the talk of the town, is Harpo's on Broad St. Great prices, tremendous atmosphere and alumnus David Pettinari (alias Big Daddy) behind the bar make this place the latest attraction. For late night boozers (12:00-2:00) both the Birdseye and the Dutch are rich in color and very economical.

And you thought there was nothing to do around here. There are both the dedicated academician who needs a little recreation and the library-phobe who needs to relieve his ruling instincts crave new laws. My advice is check out your own backyard. You might be surprised.

viewpoint
Do you believe in equal rights for homosexuals?

By LIZ LOEB

David Klieeman MA '81 President of Law Club

"I believe that the issue of gay rights is a civil rights issue the same way that the movement for blacks getting equality, equal education and equal economic status was. It's not a question of sexual preference but one of civil rights."

Steve Owen NY '80

"I think that it's absolutely necessary. They're human beings and they deserve equal rights. There is no difference between a heterosexual, homosexual or bisexual in my mind."

Randy Bangs CT '82

"I believe that homosexuals should have equal rights as long as they do not interfere with the beliefs of another person (such as a teaching position, etc.)."

"Yes, I do. I don't think that there is a reason that sexual preference should interfere with equal rights."

Tina Botend D.C. '83

"Hey you know whatever feels good to you is what you want. This is a democracy. Do what feels good."
ENTERTAINMENT

STUDENT WORK
A NEAR SUCCESS

By JULIA STAHLGREN

Theater is a precarious tension between make-believe and reality. The audience expects that no one will actually be killed on stage; a real man and woman will not occupy each other of adultery and file for divorce as soon as the show is over.

Yet, at the same time, it is meant to become lost in what happens on that stage. For two hours or so it wishes to become involved with real problems of real people. Plausibility is then an element of theater. This seeming contradiction makes playwriting and producing so very hard. After all, Bob and Saul "Look But Don't Touch" failed. "Look But Don't Touch" is an original comedy, written and directed by Conn. College senior, Ken Ellner; it was performed in Palmer Auditorium on October 17 and 18.

The play involves four characters: Lisa and Bob Lawrence, a young, married couple who live in the same apartment in New York City, and Bob's parents, Bernice and Saul, who come for a visit. The visit's arrival is preceded by a quarrel over Lisa's fidelity: Lisa finds him a bit too fussy. The grocery checker when they shop that morning. They argue it up before Bob's parents arrive, but the dispute is re-opened, louder and more serious, later in the evening when Bob returns to the same market for steak to replace the drill. Lisa and Bob then go to a bar. Lisa accuses Bob of adultery, Bob walks out, Bernice rings her hands, and Saul screams for dinner.

After some motherly experiential advice from Bernice, Lisa becomes more reasonable and is prepared to forgive and forget. Bob and Saul end up in a bar together and, in a fairly drunken state, share some thoughts on women. Saul confesses to his son that, at one point, he was infatuated with Bernice, but came back more in love.

The play ends on a happy note. When the grocery checker phones the apartment the next morning, another outbreak threatens but is prevented by a set of logical circumstances. Furthermore, a well-timed call from Lisa's doctor informs the group that Lisa is pregnant — a piece of news that is joyfully received by all.

Ken Ellner, as Bob, provided many well timed, sarcastic, deadpan-style one-liners. Jean Williams, as Lisa, was beautifully blunt about her husband's wandering eyes, and amusingly skeptical and unthreateningly critical about his parents. Cathy Sponagle as Bernice, bustled about with a successfully irritating busy-body nature, and managed to hold on to a "Jewish Mom" accent fairly consistently.

But beyond this comic level, the characters lost their appeal. It was clear that Ken attempted to give each character a personalization — Bernice, when he wanted her to give the show genuine concern for the problem at hand. At times he wanted Saul to cease his funny, sarcastic put-downs of his wife and admit his deep-rooted love for her. But these dimensions, which would have made the characters and the situation more real and appealing, never quite clear.

The problem lay not in the actors' performances, but in the script itself. The audience was not prepared to see that the more serious moments are not transitions or changes in the characters, of extensions of them — emotions and thoughts that are as much a part of them as the comic sides. The play was still too subtle set-ups and clues which were no more than they seem. In "Look But Don't Touch" the characters changed too drastically, with no forswearing. Wisdom and concern came suddenly, out of thin air.

Thus, the characters never became solidly real, and it was difficult to believe in awkward serious moments which could have been solid and powerful ones. The play, was stuck on one level. There were no major conflicts, goals and declines.

The most balanced scene of the play was the scene in which Saul and Bob sat in a small bar. It was very comical, but it was also intense, touching, and sincere. The scene was therefore full and concrete because it successfully involved different levels of emotion.

"Look But Don't Touch" has the potential to be a very good piece of theater. Ken Ellner has a good eye for comedy, and a good ear for dialogue. As it stands now, however, the play is not ready for performance — at least not before a sophisticated, critical audience.

STUDENT CAST LINNEY PLAY OPENS	THURSDAY NOV 1 IN PALMER

KLR TRIO
SUPERLATIVE
By LISA CHERNIN

It should be a maxim of writing reviews that it is much harder to praise than it is to criticize. The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio presented a program of Mendelssohn, and Schubert last Tuesday night, in a performance that began well and ended superbly. Their program was exciting and well executed.

Of the three works, the Hayden was the hardest to appreciate because there was little dynamic variation and subtlety: it was very straightforward and yet not stimulating. In the Finale, more color and feeling showed through: a definite improvement over the first two movements.

The Mendelssohn, however, introduced a musical tension which swept and carried the audience to the end. It became clear that all three musicians knew both the music and their instruments. Miss Robinson's 'cello playing was astounding: her articulation was excellent, and her sound rich and full. Mr. Kalichstein played the piano quite competently though, he did draw out the others on occasion. Mr. Laredo performed with intensity and obvious feeling. For the most part the balance, so important to chamber music, was near perfect. The Trio's treatment encompassed the brava and the sensitivity of the Mendelssohn.

The Schubert was the frosting on the cake. The individualities of each performer continued to come out, while the music still remained cohesive and precise. Changes in tempo and feeling were well engineered and the harmonies were golden. The clear emotion of the Trio for the music reached out and enveloped the audience even more.

The magic of the whole evening was that the Trio performed with beauty and intensity, yet the music never did run away with the musicians.

More importantly, the informality of the inquiry emphasizes the characters' personalities more than the specific trauma of the Vietnam tragedy. Finally, The Love Suicide at Schofield Barracks by Romulus Linney is not a play about war, but rather a study of suicide. It forces the audience to view suicide without the precautions of our culture, and uses the Vietnam War as a situation in which our perspectives about suicide are clarified.

The play was first developed when Romulus Linney was working with Herbert Bergof, and was first produced by Off-Broadway in 1971. It was later produced on Broadway in February 1972 by the Christopher Street Theatre.

This Connecticut College Production will be directed by Chris Greene, class of '77. Ken Ellner, as Bob, directed a production here at Conn. has thwarts, my attempts at categorization. I wanted to call it a military courtroom drama, but there was something about the term that simply did not fit.

A military courtroom drama brings to mind plays that are situated within the conventions of the courtroom. The characters appear to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, so help me, and proceed to answer questions according to military protocol in what is supposed to be an objective fashion.

The characters in Love Suicide take no such oath, for the military inquiry is by design informal. They do not speak objectively but personally, attempting to explain their own motivations and to see themselves as victims of the war. This personalization, combined with the use of the "I" voice, permits a fast-paced interaction between witnesses which is uncharacteristic of the KLR Trio's playing, and the audience was swept and carried to the end.

The magic of the whole evening was that the Trio performed with beauty and intensity, yet the music never did run away with the musicians.
SOCCER TEAM STREAKS TO 10 AND 3
By JIM LUCE

The Connecticut College soccer team extended their winning streak to 10 games after beating Rhode Island College 5-4 on Oct. 25. Unfortunately, the streak was halted three days later by Trinity 5-1, in a bruising, foul-ridden, double-overtime contest.

Those who attended the Rhode Island College match were treated to a thrilling comeback victory. Trailng 2-0 in the first half, Tom Burke scooped up a nifty chip by Rocco D'Ambrosio to get the Camels on the board. RIC answered with a goal, but the Camels kept fighting, and saw the Connecticut College banner and heard everybody cheering. The boat jumped, it really jumped!"

On Saturday October 26th the Camels suffered a frustrating setback at the hands of Trinity College 2-1 in double overtime. Though they dominated the match and hit the posts three times, the Camels only scored once on a Luce penalty kick. Burke, Luce, Gabarra and Burt Czuchra seemed to be everywhere. Constant pressure and crisp short passing resulted in two goals, Burke from Luce on both occasions. Tremendous poise and a never-say-die attitude had lifted the Camels to an astonishing 5-4 win.

Tom Burke, one of the Camels most consistent scorers, files after the ball.

VARSITY WOMEN SPRINT TO 7TH PLACE AT CHARLES
By ALISON ROGERS

The world’s largest regatta; the Head of the Charles, to which crews from all over the U.S. and a few from other countries come to test their rowing skills against each other and against time. Boston was at its finest, the weekend of Oct. 21, temperatures on that clear Saturday soared into the low nineties.

Conn. College sent six boats to the Head of the Charles. From the men’s team, a championship four, a lightweight eight and a lightweight four were entered. An eight and a lightweight four represented the women’s team. A mixed eight of four rowers from each team also competed in a special category created only last year.

Two of Conn.’s six boats had major accidents on the course. One man’s lightweight eight, jockeying for position as it neared a bridge, was not allowed to pass the crew on its left and consequently collided with the bridge. Coming to a complete halt, the boat managed its maneuver itself out of its predicament and continued, losing as much as 30 seconds. At the time the collision was not enough, the lightweight eight may also have a had a minute penalty because its bow mariner was lost in the collision. Coach Wolter surmises that the men’s lightweight eight might have cracked the top ten if the passing struggle had not occurred.

The women’s lightweight four won, too, with precious seconds in a skirmish with a crew from Georgetown University. Conn. College was in the process of overtaking Georgetown when the sharp curves. Doug Smith gave, only two boats can pass through the arches of the bridges together, and we rowed under one with careful positioning leaving little space at either end. Georgetown refused to give way. The world’s largest regatta; the Head of the Charles, took 30 and 32 in their respective categories.

Conn. College’s Women’s Swim Team is off to a fine start, having won their first meet of the season on October 16. The Camels, however, halted their winning effort.

Conn’s relay teams swim tight and won the 200 meter medley and the 200 meter butterfly. The swimmers scored a season’s best in 1 meter diving event.

Conn has only three divers on its team, two of whom are freshmen. Coach Heidtman is nonetheless confident her divers could continue to improve. "It’s been a good year for our diver’s program," he said. "I’m confident our divers will make progress as they gain more experience."
MICHAEL'S REVERIE

By CHIP MAGUIRE

Michael Flagan sat back in his favorite chair sucking on his pipe, drawing the smoke in deeply and blowing it out rhythmically. Through his living room window he could see the shoreline. He watched the gulls dance in the breeze, above the waves which crashed on the sand. The air was clear, and through an open window Michael inhaled the pungent salinity of the light breeze.

He lifted a glass that was on a table next to him and sipped the contents slowly. Bourbon had always calmed Michael down. He inhaled in a healthy draught letting the liquor warm his throat and lips. He felt much more relaxed after a bourbon and water, and on occasion had two or three in the afternoon before he went to work. Today, he had had four drinks to soothe his dry throat.

A smile came to Michael's face as he leaned back in his dilapidated leather easy chair, his eyes had been reading and resumed where he had left off. The veins in his forehead stuck out as he struggled to concentrate on the book, but his mind was out at sea. While daydreaming of having his own ship and giving orders to a crew, he picked up his glass and took a large sip. A small trickle of liquid slid out of the corner of his mouth, and he wiped it away with his tattered sleeve. Bourbon and smoking always calmed Michael's mouth. The sour taste bothered him, so he scraped his tongue with his front teeth.

The sun had begun to set in the horizon. The vibrant red, yellow and occasionally crashed against the hull. Michael watched the marsh tantalized Michael and he inhaled deeply, filling his lungs. He caused his eyes to water. The pervading smell of the adjacent salt whirlpools which the oars made, as they trailed behind him, didn't worry him. He had rowed hundreds of times against the current. He could hear the chugging of the diesel engine of the freighter, but his mind was no longer able to sustain the plugging sound into the distance. He faded out of Michael's eyes. His mind was no longer able to sustain consciousness. He faded out of Michael's eyes. His mind was no longer able to sustain consciousness.

He pushed the boat away from the piling and dipped the oars into the water. Michael enjoyed rowing to the lighthouse and the four bourbons he had been drinking had been reading and resumed where he had left off. He had been in the pocket of his pants which were now at the bottom of the channel. He reached up to twist it. His right hand slammed down on something hard. Michael picked up one of the oars and flipped it up over the gunwale. Michael landed in the back of the lighthouse, whirled helplessly, clutching desperately at the head which the lighthouse was built upon, was barely visible from his chair.

Rising from his chair, he went over to a closet and took out a pair of paraphernalia over his shoulder, he strolled down to the dock where his boat was. He turned to the palm of his hand after feeling the sharp sting. His mind spun in confusion, as the foglights of the freighter were moving closer to the reef. He continued where he had left off. The foghorn sounded like it was in his ear. He felt himself slowing down and fading away.

His brain was numbed, his body was frozen, yet Michael continued to swim towards the lighthouse. Each stroke taxed his energy, and his vision became doubled. He closed his eyes listeninng to the foghorn as he stroked forward. Seaweed rushed around his arms and his right leg hit the seat and caused him to fall. He opened his mouth to scream again, but water sucked up sucking water. He coughed profusely, flapping his arms wildly, in order to keep afloat.

As a last resort, Michael rolled out of Michael's eyes. His mind was no longer able to sustain consciousness. He faded out of Michael's eyes. His mind was no longer able to sustain consciousness.

When he snapped out of his reverie he realized that he had drifted; the lighthouse was much further starboard than he wanted. Digging with his oars he rowed with a more intense vigor. The muscles in his back began to tire slightly, and a cramp developed in his stomach, but he continued pulling the oars feverishly.

Michael could feel the dark, cold night air slowly envelop him, a slight fog had rolled in unnoticed, stretching its way across the channel. He couldn't help but to see how far he had to go. The reef which the lighthouse was built upon, was just barely visible now, and the current was moving about half in. Michael's boat began to rock up and down, surging forward each time he lunged the oars downward. He was only about a hundred yards from the lighthouse. Perspiration beaded on Michael's forehead. Every muscle in his body was exhausted, but he pushed forward, occasionally missing a stroke, causing his oar to slip out of its lock.

In the distance, Michael heard something: his ears picked up. The air was painfully quiet for a few minutes. Then the sound of a foghorn broke the silence, causing Michael's pace to race. Sweat soaked his shirt. Every nerve in his body tingled with a frantic exhilaration. He stood up and gazed into the fog searching aimlessly into the grayness.

Suddenly, a wave broadside the boat which had drifted sideways in response to the current. Michael's left foot slipped on the wet bottom, and his right leg hit the lighthouse and caused him to fall. He whirled helplessly, clutching desperately at the head which the lighthouse was built upon, was barely visible from his chair. His head throbbed with pain. It was a moment before he realized what had happened. He lifted himself quickly and stared over the side of his boat for the oar, only to see the black empty water splashed with patches of seaweed. He stood up again and strained his ears. The foghorn blew again. Somewhere up channel about a mile, he could barely make out the sound of the foghorn as it echoed in his head.

Michael's eyes opened up with fear and his jaw dropped in total shock. He brought his hand to his face and slapped his cheek. He looked at the palm of his hand after feeling the sharp sting. His mind spun in confusion, as the foglights of the freighter were moving closer to the reef.

"My god," cried Michael.

Inadvertently, he swallowed a mouthful of salty water that had traces of residual gasoline lining it. The lighthouse was about twenty-five yards away from him. He began swimming wreaklessly, swinging his arms around in full circles, while looking up at the lights approaching the reef. He opened his mouth to scream again, but water sucked up sucking water. He coughed profusely, flapping his arms wildly, in order to keep afloat.

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His right hand slammed down on something hard. Michael picked up his head to see a large rock in front of him. His eyes stung so much that he had to shut them, and he had picked up the barnacled encrusted rock, cutting his fingers to the bone. He grabbed the rock and pulled with all his might, lifting his body onto the rocky breakwater which surrounded the lighthouse. He was looking to feel his strength, as his right leg hit the lighthouse and drove him off the boat. His left leg could barely support him. His mind was in confusion, as the foglights of the freighter were moving closer to the reef.

He continued pulling the oars febervishly. The muscles in his back began to tire slightly, and a cramp developed in his stomach, but he continued pulling the oars feverishly.

Michael could feel the dark, cold night air slowly envelop him, a slight fog had rolled in unnoticed, stretching its way across the channel. He couldn't help but to see how far he had to go. The reef which the lighthouse was built upon, was just barely visible now, and the current was moving about half in. Michael's boat began to rock up and down, surging forward each time he lunged the oars downward. He was only about a hundred yards from the lighthouse. Perspiration beaded on Michael's forehead. Every muscle in his body was exhausted, but he pushed forward, occasionally missing a stroke, causing his oar to slip out of its lock.

In the distance, Michael heard something: his ears picked up. The air was painfully quiet for a few minutes. Then the sound of a foghorn broke the silence, causing Michael's pace to race. Sweat soaked his shirt. Every nerve in his body tingled with a frantic exhilaration. He stood up and gazed into the fog searching aimlessly into the grayness.

Suddenly, a wave broadside the boat which had drifted sideways in response to the current. Michael's left foot slipped on the wet bottom, and his right leg hit the lighthouse and caused him to fall. He whirled helplessly, clutching desperately at the head which the lighthouse was built upon, was barely visible from his chair. His head throbbed with pain. It was a moment before he realized what had happened. He lifted himself quickly and stared over the side of his boat for the oar, only to see the black empty water splashed with patches of seaweed. He stood up again and strained his ears. The foghorn blew again. Somewhere up channel about a mile, he could barely make out the sound of the foghorn as it echoed in his head.

Michael's eyes opened up with fear and his jaw dropped in total shock. He brought his hand to his face and slapped his cheek. He looked at the palm of his hand after feeling the sharp sting. His mind spun in confusion, as the foglights of the freighter were moving closer to the reef.

"No, No, turn, please turn," he cried.

Inadvertently, he swallowed a mouthful of salty water that had traces of residual gasoline lining it. The lighthouse was about twenty-five yards away from him. He began swimming wreaklessly, swinging his arms around in full circles, while looking up at the lights approaching the reef. He opened his mouth to scream again, but water sucked up sucking water. He coughed profusely, flapping his arms wildly, in order to keep afloat.

His brain was numbed, his body was frozen, yet Michael continued to swim towards the lighthouse. Each stroke taxed his energy, and his vision became doubled. He closed his eyes listening to the foghorn as he stroked forward. Seaweed rushed around his arms and his right leg hit the seat and caused him to fall. He opened his mouth to scream again, but water sucked up sucking water. He coughed profusely, flapping his arms wildly, in order to keep afloat.

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