Camels end most successful year ever
Admissions - picking the best of the crop

THE STORY BEHIND THE 'BOWDITCH'
Is there a shrink in the house?

By Heidi Haas

In our society, it is becoming increasingly acceptable to seek psychological counseling. Those who see psychiatrists or counselors are no longer considered to be merely neurotic. Many people seek professional counseling and greater tolerance is invariably a response to that fact.

Mitchell College as director of their counseling service has worked 4 years at a child clinic in Norwich. Bert and Laura both enjoy working here. Bert has been at Conn for five years simply because he likes the students, and the way they seek him out on their own initiative. He admits with a grin that the vacations are also attractive.

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Cold War with the Guard

By Michael Sittenfeld

For students at Conn and the Coast Guard Academy, "the outcomes are different but the motives are the same. There is so much in common between us,... and there's a kind of cold war between North and South." According to Third Class Cadet Matthew Schroeder. Academy graduates must serve at least five years as Coast Guard officers while Conn students are destined for anything from graduate school to unemployment. The "common motives" of which Cadet Schroeder speaks are to achieve excellence in particular fields of study.

Despite the similarities in academic pressures for each institution, there exists a gulf between Conn and the Academy which transcends the small distance across the street. The Cadets interviewed by the Voice feel Conn students misunderstand them; they speak of hostility and strange looks which they receive at all-campus parties or in dorms. Some of the Cadets believe that the Vietnam war has turned many people against any kind of military institution, blinding others to the services which the Coast Guard provides.

The July, 1974 issue of National geographic reported that the Coast Guard, "established in 1790 to catch smugglers...acts as arbiter and constant of maritime law, agent of oceanographic research, keeper of lights and other navigating aids, and, when needed, as a potent military force." In addition, the Coast Guard rescues thousands of people at sea every year.

Larrabee takes the flag football crown from Harkness

By Katherine McNair and Ann Allan

There are those in the outside world who think of Connecticut College as an academic haven for the quietly studious intellectual. Those people envision a treasured campus where students sip tea and argue of Plato vs. Aristotle as the sun slowly sinks behind Knowlton. But we who actually live here, know another side of Conn. We know that inside of every wimp who wears horn-rimmed glasses and fridges meekly to the library six nights a week lies the soul of a snarling, beer-chugging rowdy football player. It was for these that the Conn. College Flag Football League was created. And every year there occurs a ritual that within our small ivory tower carries as much significance as say, the original confrontation between North and South in 1861. This is the Super Bowl.

For two years now those two legendary powerhouses, Larrabee (North) and Harkness (South), have battled it out on Harkness Green. The Coast Guard Academy, however, is the only service academy which accepts competitive admissions; there are no appointments to the Academy. Last year academy graduates received for approximately 350 acceptances in much the same way as students who apply to Conn.

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Larrabee boys, an awesome conglomeration of meat, sinew and muscle, were hungry this year as a result of their defeat at the hands of Deedy, Sanford, Morris & Co. in '77. And Harkness, left with only Dave Stewart and Beaver Morrin after graduation, had managed to turn a group of unknown and relatively inexperienced players into the only undefeated team going into the bowl. Tension mounted in the days before the game as both teams combined bone and bravado to reach a peak of psychological intensity that could only be released in the final contest.

Kicking off in the first quarter, the Larrabee team. Although the ball was well-kicked by Hugo Stowe and caught by Larrabee quarterback Mark Fiskio completed his first pass to Jimmy Geberra and his second to

Continued on page 14
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Future shock

A recent conversation with a few members of the Campus Safety staff has brought a few facts to the attention of the College Voice.

1. Earlier this year, a security officer went to Larabee to investigate a noise complaint. Outside the dorm, a 10-gallon bag of water was dropped by a group of students from the roof of Larabee, missing the officer by a few feet. Ten gallons of water weighs about eighty-three pounds.

2. Last year, a student was caught driving his car on Darkness Green. He told the security officers that caught him that his father was wealthy and insignificant, and that if they caused any trouble for him, his father would "have their jobs.

3. About a month ago, a station-wagon parked in South Lot was pushed over an embankment. The car now rests at a 45 degree angle. Extensive damage was done to it.

4. Earlier this year, a group of students were seen running around in the power facility by the post office, at night. A power facility is generally considered to be a very hazardous area. One student was caught. A letter was sent home to his parents; this constituted his punishment.

5. Again, earlier this year, a student threw a glass beer mug through the closed window of a cruising security car. Later that night, the student drove by the car a couple of times, showing sarcastic insults at the officer inside.

Without being self-righteous, it must be noted that these incidents are only exaggerated examples of a general pattern. There is a meaning behind the food thrown, the windows broken, and the furniture stolen by students at Connecticut College. (Is it pertinent that parents pay the bills for most students to come here?)

A certain attitude towards the related constraints of rules and the value of material goods is developing among us. This attitude is one of irresponsibility.

It may be inevitable to follow rules when our inclinations urge us to do otherwise, and to use material goods rather than to play with them. But, although a measure of flexibility is appropriate, rules should be obeyed. Rules are made because we are cramped, because we are stuck with living with one another. This is a hard fact. It must be adjusted to. It is nothing other than tough luck. Not to adjust to it is to be spoiled.

Similarly, the noncompliance with which we use material goods, like food or windows, as toys and playthings, must be called into question. We cannot afford to waste things. Inflation, vanishing resources, and the dissipating economic base on which modern life is based are trends which portend to waste things. Inflation, vanishing resources, and the dissipating economic base on which modern life is based are trends which portend to waste things. Inflation, vanishing resources, and the dissipating economic base on which modern life is based are trends which portend to waste things.

Thus, such things are unequal to face is irrelevant. They should be faced. To ignore them is to jeopardize tomorrow.

It is especially devastating for the Veile to make serious allegations against Physical Plant, only to have Physical Plant apologize convulsively point their fingers at student sloppiness and vandalism. Unfortunately, their charges, though not germane to a defense, are well-founded.

So much more is at stake at Connecticut College and elsewhere than lobbing food around a dining hall. Regardless of what certain members of the Administration and faculty have said, it is the students’ right to investigate what is going on, earlier this year, that student injuries and abuses are perceived, it is our right, unquestionably, to make accusations and press for change. In so doing, we create our own future. But by living prodigally and for today alone, we let the future just happen, and if we do it is certain that we will not live what it brings.

J.C.P.
A.S.R.
ON CAMPUS

Welcome to the noodle factory

By Tim Gould

On the edge of our campus, between J.A. and Williams Street, is a small white building officially designated as Woodworth Hall. Even after four years as a tour guide, I too must plead guilty to the charge that when a car slows down beside me and I am asked "Can you tell me where Woodworth Hall is?" that I must take a moment to consider before I answer. Woodworth Hall is, of course, better known as the Admissions Office.

The curious thing about the Admissions Office is that although it is the one building in which most students enter before beginning their career here, it is the one place they seem to avoid for the next four years. Perhaps not avoid, but rather most of the student body forgets that the Admissions Office exists, and remain relatively unaware of what goes on inside. In search of some answers to some questions concerning this elusive but vital spot, I went to see Mrs. Jeanette Hersey, Dean of Admissions. The first question which people seem to ask of Admissions Officers and tour guides concerns the kind of student population which the college is seeking to attract. Although there seem to be conflicting views on this subject offered by various groups on campus, Mrs. Hersey maintains that students need only look to themselves and the students around them to find the answer. Mrs. Hersey feels that there is no profile of the "typical Conn. College student." A former president of Bennington College, and a friend of Mrs. Hersey's, once said that he was "looking for a well-rounded student body, not just well-rounded students." Mrs. Hersey concurs with this philosophy. What the college looks for in forming the student body is students of high academic potential (an evaluation based upon a student's high school record and test scores), individuals who are enthusiastic and involved in a wide variety of interests. These candidates can be expected to contribute to the college community by virtue of participation and the sharing of their personal experiences.

One important job of the admissions office, which is perhaps the least apparent, is to travel around the country and spread the "good word" about Conn. College. Some of the cities visited by our admissions staff includes Denver, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Grand Rapids, and Chicago. Mrs. Hersey believes that attracting students from a broad geographical area is a response to the wishes of the college community.

On campus the Admissions Office is a busy place, especially during the fall semester. During an average year, the office will give interviews to over 3,000 prospective student and will process more than 2,000 applications for admission. At this point student input is crucial. The tour guide program becomes the link between the Admissions procedure and the reality of student life for the prospective applicant. Mrs. Hersey believes that more prospective students today are openly concerned about the quality of life at any particular college than before. Tours are given every hour on the hour from 10:00 a.m. until 4:00 p.m. Monday through Friday and on Saturday mornings. Tour guides are volunteers from the student body and organized by Pam Crawford and Scott Williamson.

The process of admissions plays an important role in determining the future of the college. The people who work there understand their role and try to reflect the best interests of the college community and to represent the college accurately to prospective students.

NEWs SHORTS

New prof.

The anthropology department is offering a new professor. Dr. Adam Kendon will join the faculty next semester. Professor Kendon, supported by a grant from the Henry R. Luce Foundation, holds degrees from the universities of Cambridge and Oxford and is presently a senior research fellow in the anthropology department of the Australian National University in Canberra. Kendon's second semester courses are listed under the heading of Human Movement.

Refugees

The group of Vietnamese refugees stranded off the coast of Malaysia on the freighter Hai Hong was thinned out last Sunday. The first of 604 arrived in Montreal yesterday and the remaining 1906 passengers will be shipped later this week to homes in the West. Other countries that want the refugees are France, Belgium, Switzerland, Britain, and West Germany. West Germany went on to say that it would admit 1,000 Vietnamese refugees, although all might not be from the Hai Hong. Malaysia wanted no part of the refugees and after refusing to take the Hai Hong passengers, even threatened to force the freighter out to sea if no other country would accept them.

The refugees paid $5 million for the 30-year-old freighter and also paid Vietnamese officials to ensure that it would admit 1,000 Vietnamese refugees. Other countries that want the refugees are France, Belgium, Switzerland, Britain, and West Germany.

Lightning

In 1944, lightning struck the foot of Roy C. Sullivan of Grotto, Virginia, and clipped off one of his toenails. In 1969, a shaft of lightning knocked Sullivan knoc-

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Deadly nuclear threat

A spokesperson for the Energy Policy Information Center has declared that design flaws in three New England nuclear reactors present a "serious and immediate" hazard to members of the region. The three reactors suffering from design defects that cause a breakup of cooling pipes are the Millstone I near New London, Connecticut, Vermont Yankee outside Brattleboro Vermont, and Pilgrim I in Plymouth, Massachusetts.

If the cooling pipes were to burst, a stoppage of water to the reactor core would occur, and the result would be a "meltdown" accident. Estimates by Brookhaven National Laboratory say that a meltdown would kill 65,000 people, injure 100,000, contaminate an area the size of Pennsylvania with radioactivity and do $17 billion in damage.

The defect was first discovered at the Duane Arnold reactor in Cedar Spring, Iowa, when water started to spray out of the main cooling pipe during an unscheduled shutdown. Later, four other cracks in other cooling pipes were discovered in the same plant. Fortunately, officials at the plant were able to correct the problem, and saved the surrounding area from a meltdown disaster.

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission has revealed that 24 reactors, including the three stated above, suffer from the same generic design that can cause pipe cracking. Compounding the problem is the fact that these cracks develop from the inside of the pipes and are impossible to detect by either x-ray or ultrasonic sound techniques.

Steve Hildegar, of the Energy Policy Information Center, said of the three New England reactors, "pipes vital to safety systems at these may be silently corroding. Unless these reactors are shut down and thoroughly inspected, cracks which can cause a devastating accident may be going undetected. If Hildegar went on to say that the pipe cracking problem is the type of unanticipated problem that the recently discredited "Reactor Safety Study" or the Rasmussen report, failed to consider.

The Rasmussen report, which said the odds of being killed by a nuclear reactor are equal to those of being killed by a meteor, said, after its release in 1975, backed by the nuclear industry. Recently, the Rasmussen report has been contested by an independent report, in view of the pipe cracking. This independent report stated that the testing methods were defective and the Rasmussen report "should not be used uncritically either in the regulatory process or for public policy purposes."

A new review is now being conducted by scientists at the University of California, the Brookhaven National Laboratory, the Electric Power Research Institute, the Environmental Protection Agency, California Institute of Technology, and Princeton University.

Dollar blues

Prices have doubled since 1967, which means a dollar will buy only half as much as it did eleven years ago, the government declared as it released figures showing a new surge in food-prices occurring last month.

In its monthly report on inflation, the Labor Department said if the rise in prices of pork, beef and poultry continue to push consumers' prices up (the rise in prices during October was 0.8 percent) the net rise in the rate of inflation for the year will be 4.6 percent.

"God awful" was the only comment President Carter's chief inflation advisor, Alfred E. Kahn would make after seeing the new figures. Unfortunately for him the new inflation figures are the highest yet to be recorded in the history of the United States.

The Consumer Price Index passed the 200 mark in October for the first time ever, meaning that a $200 purchase in 1978 would cost $100 if bought in 1967. Adrin Cooper, Commerce Department analyst of the price report, went on to say that the price report "shows we still have a high rate of inflation and it's persistent."

George Meany, the president of the AFL-CIO, feels that "the average worker's wages, just cannot keep up with the price tag of the essentials. It is obvious that speeches and threats that are not based on legislative authority will not cure inflation. The need for a statutory, across-the-board controls program becomes daily more apparent."

Because of the new inflation, Carter's voluntary anti-inflation program has been attacked with cries for mandatory wage and price controls as an immediate halt of the inflation. Barry Bosworth, director of the Council on Wage and Price Stability, indicated Tuesday, in response to the complaints the Carter administration is considering some changes in its anti-inflation standards.

Fresh recruits

Two new freshmen representatives were selected by the freshmen student body to Conn. College's judicial board. Guy Donovan and Nat Turner of Rham and Park dormitories respectively, were the victorious candidates. The position requires them to judge the disciplinary cases occurring on the campus, along with other members of the judicial board.
The Guard

The dropout rate at the Academy during the first three months of the freshman year is high, according to Lieutenant George Joseph Whiting, public affairs officer. "When we bring in 100 people, we don't expect to graduate 30," explained Whiting. "A good number of people come into this kind of life and can't handle it."

The first three months—often referred to as "Swab months"—constitute the transition from civilian life to military life. Several cadets look back upon their swab months as a difficult trial. "You're all equal and you're all on the bottom," said First Class Cadet J.E. Frost. "The academy has subtle ways of applying pressure."

Cadets who persevere after the first quarter gradually gain more responsibility. Freshmen are fourth classmen, sophomores are third class cadets, juniors are second classmen, and seniors are first class cadets. "The amount of authority which a cadet has increases as the years go on," said Lt. Whiting. "You work your way up."

First Classman J.M. Avalone commented that, "the transition from lower class to upper class is significant, the challenge is the fun."

"You can make four $50 million ships do whatever you want," added First classman Terry Walsh. "During the academic year, the emphasis is on education," remarked First Classman N.E. Vandevere. Cadets can major in nine different areas: marine engineering, ocean engineering, electrical engineering, mathematical sciences, physical sciences, management, and government. "This is primarily an engineering school," said Lt. Whiting. For cadets, technical majors do not leave much time for electives. After completing the freshman year, "military training is not a significant part" of a cadet's time, according to Cadet Avalone. Fourth cadets do a lot of military training and studying, while upper classmen concentrate mostly on studying.

Many cadets spend a good part of their second, third, and fourth summers on the Coast Guard Cutter Eagle, a 286-foot ship which was obtained from Germany after World War II. The Eagle provides cadets with experience in communications, navigation, and the handling of a ship which is essential for their careers as officers. If a cadet does not train on the Eagle, he can go on a cruise to Europe during the summer. On these cruises cadets will generally spend four days at sea for each day on land. Several cadets felt that their summer experiences are more than compensating for the academic and physical rigors of the rest of the year.

The government pays cadets about $4000 a year, according to a Coast Guard brochure, "for uniforms, equipment, textbooks, and other incidental expenses. It's not unusual for many cadets to have a considerable sum of money saved up upon graduation."

After four years, cadet becomes ensigns with a salary of about $600-700 per month, in addition to medical and health care benefits and commissary privileges.

In 1976 the first women were admitted into the Academy. "Women merged right into the cadet corps," said Whiting. "The academy has done a pretty good job with women. It is now felt that women can do what men can do, they've proven that they can. Assignments in the Coast Guard are no longer based on sex."

For the cadets interviewed by the College Voice the transition to a co-educational cadet community has not been completely smooth. "For twenty years you've expected to learn how to treat women one way, and then suddenly you're expected to treat them another way," said Cadet Frost in commenting about the difficulties of giving orders to women cadets.

"There's no tradition to fall back on with dealing with women," said First Classman Walsh. "Problems come up which never came up before."

First Class Cadet J.D. Welch remarked that, "there are a lot of problems, but I think they can be worked out."

The reasons which cadets have for attending the Academy include the facts that they get paid while they get an education and that, upon graduation, they have a guaranteed job. "I wouldn't have come here if my parents couldn't afford any institution in the country. This is the best institution I got in," said First Classman Vandevere. For some cadets, however, there are deeper considerations.

"I came here because I wanted to help other people," said First Class Cadet Avalone. "Some of us came here to serve our country," remarked Cadet Frost.

As a member of the Coast Guard before going to the Academy, Third Classman Schroeder raised a child after a huge storm in Hawaii. Schroeder's commanding officer suggested that he apply to the Academy to pursue a career in the Coast Guard. He came to the Academy for, among other reasons, more opportunities to rescue people at sea.

While many Conn. students do not understand the Academy, it is important to realize that cadets do not completely comprehend Conn. The cadets interviewed by the College Voice spoke of the small number of times they have visited the Conn. campus. Some explained that they do not know what Conn. students study.

Piling in the gap which exists between the two institutions depends on the enlightenment of both student populations. It is difficult for Conn. students to accept the fact that cadets can be seen walking around the Academy campus carrying rifles. In the same way it is hard for cadets to understand the relaxed atmosphere of Conn. A widespread tendency among Conn. students is to sneer at cadets because of their rigid, structured lifestyle. Only after this phenomenon is eliminated can Conn. begin to realize the dedication and spirit which characterize many Coast Guard cadets.
Counselors

Continued from page 1

Both counselors have maintained private practices. One often imagines that Comm. is free of severe or even mild problems. According to the counselors, there are students facing personal difficulty.

Bert Gunn has dealt with problems ranging from neuromuscular and sexual hang-ups to fear and lack of personal direction. Many students who flock to the counselors are simply sad or lonely.

Laura feels that problems tend to be personal. Although one might assume freshmen have the hardest time since they are in the midst of transition, mostly upperclassmen seek them. When asked if they felt the school aggravates problems, both replied that the academic environment doesn’t create problems but rather brings them to the surface. Laura emphasized that school can be a “stress-producing activity.”

Some students are referred to the counselors by housemothers, deans, faculty advisors, or doctors, but most come on their own accord. Two hundred students, or about one out of every eight enrolled here, sought professional counseling at the Infirmary last year.

The counselors do not have dogmatic approaches to counseling. In her work, Laura responds “individually to the individual.” When a student comes to see her, Laura engages in exploring, along with the student, feelings, thoughts, and behavior. Working together, they advise one another. Laura offers personal opinions and advice, but only as one suggestion out of a possible many.

Like Laura, Bert responds differently to each student, taking into account diversity of temperament and personality. His orientation is eclectic—a bit of everything. Bert, for example, might advise the lonely to “look around and see who sparks your curiosity. Then find some way to speak to him or her.”

Some students ultimately decide to take a year off or transfer. Bert recognizes a certain flexibility in the administration’s response to students who pursue a transfer or the like to meet personal needs.

There is diversity in the students that Bert and Laura see. Students may just visit once: conversely, they may get counseling every day, or be sent home.

The student’s family is only informed at the student’s request, or in the event of an emergency, which is quite rare.

Laura Hesslein

If medication is called for, students are referred to a psychiatrist. And, in fact, 20 percent of counseled students have had previous psychiatric help or counseling service.

Significantly, 90 percent of the students who visit the counselors return after their first visit. This seems to confirm a basic sense of trust in the counselors and the conviction that they can indeed lend help.

Bert Gunn

Instead of offering prepackaged solutions, Bert and Laura both stress the importance of taking time to seek the answers to one’s problems introspectively. Students confided about their own identity and who find no solution in depending on the opinions of others should establish their own frame of reference. “The students should not be afraid to find out,” suggested Laura.

Although Bert is in his office three days a week, and Laura five, and both are always on call when at home, the counselors recognize that hidden in the Infirmary, they have little access to direct, spontaneous contact with the students. It is true that discussions have been held in dorms on such subjects as academic pressure and cohabitation. Yet, as Bert says, the campus is growing more stressful, although it is not clear why. A student is free to analyze the own causes of his or her stress by seeing the counselors. The problematic question of why the campus is becoming more of a place of stress, and why counseling is becoming a more widespread phenomenon characteristic of contemporary society remains.

Laura Hesslein
No, this isn’t the latest winter fashions just in from Paris. It is Glassy Clarens wearing her 500 foot flip-top chain. The chain is made up of 15,000-20,000 soft drink pull-tops, and when laid down straight it will hopefully stretch Ginny into the Guinness Book of World Records. And what you see isn’t all she got, with 300 feet more hiding in St. Louis. Ginny’s collection began four years ago, but serious collecting only started this past summer. Ginny rummaged parking lots, waste bins, and had a little help from her friends. So why not give her a hand? Ginny will be setting up a box in Cro header for Flipp-tops only. So instead of tossing it to the ground you can help to establish a world’s record!

Christmas came early this year for campus security. Many security persons mentioned their barrassment of riding in the beat-up old Nova. So Santa Anne consulted her elves and came up with a beauty that rivals the Lib mobile. (For you non-believers, just consider the car as a channukah present.) The car has kept students happy as Security has no time to dispense parking tickets since they spend all their time cruising the campus soliciting dates and thumbing their noses at unfortunate who only drive BMWs.

On their way home after a 3-1 win over Central Conn the CC Hockey team saved the town of South Windsor Ct. from destruction. They noticed a rapidly spreading brushfire off the side of the road and they jumped out of the van and attacked the fire with their sticks. By the time the fire-trucks and the police arrived the team had the situation under control. Commendations are on the way but John England, Team Captain, would much rather have the town pay for the melted fiberglass sticks.

Three Connecticut College crime-busters, Wild Joe Malmington, Sweet Lou Costa and Fungus Mass, were instrumental in the arrest of several roughian townies who were in the process of abducting a high-power moped. The three heroes are seen here practicing criminology techniques on Pork dormmate Bobo Costa, an off-duty student patroller, attributes the trio’s success to Warehouse Liquors in Dedham. These three are anxiously awaiting their next assignment: a stint on the Florida beaches in Statutory Rape Prevention.

Ah! At last some semblance of sanity has been restored to Conn. For the past few years people have been crowding into the gym to see men play intramural basketball. Women dutifully crept up the balcony stairs to cheer their jocks on lest they be accused of lacking d Germ spirit, or worse, hormones. Have we forgotten that men are actually the coeds here? Well last year the women instituted their own intramural league and it has really blossomed. Lambdin’s Jelie Davis (beaded) said it best, “I like the team spirit among dorm members. I also like to beat up opponents.” And one look at the “Bee’s” Marley Sternlieb shows the intensity at which the game is played. Now it is the men’s turn to play cheerleader.

There is an unwritten tradition prevalent on almost every college campus. The tradition is that when the first real snowstorm hits every nut and his brother goes out and frolics in the snow, desperately trying to get his or her picture taken (nobody really has fun in the junk). This leads to another tradition; every simpering idiot with a camera ventures forth and snaps all those cute people playing in the snow. And hey do they have fun. The stuff drips down their backs and underwear and freezes on embarrassing places. Then there are the people who throw snowballs with eggs or ball bearings cleverly hid inside. Other fun activities includes sliding down a hill that empties out onto a major freeway. But the most obnoxious tradition of all is that every college publication (barring U-Miami, Hawaii, etc), prints a bundle of these impert pictures. So here is my rendition of “Snow at Conn College.”
On October 25, Conn alumnus Ben Sprague and three comrades left Bermuda for the Bahamas. Three days later, a Cuban tanker found the “Bowditch” sunk and her four crew members living with no provisions on a raft built for two.

October 13, 1978, was a beautiful fall day in Manchester, Mass. As he arrived at the harbor, Ben was genuinely looking forward to the job which he had gotten through a close friend. Along with three other men (ages ranging from 40 to 57) Ben had been hired to sail the 42-foot sloop Bowditch from Manchester south to an island named Abaco in the Bahamas. Ben had been to sea before on ships of all sizes, and the impending 1500-mile trip across the South Atlantic represented nothing out of the ordinary. Each of the four crew members were experienced sailors and navigators (one of the crew members, the captain, even held an airplane pilot’s license).

The four men sailed as far south as Bermuda with no problems. The weather had been fair (the hurricane season is usually over this late in the fall) and the ship was able to make reasonably good time, reaching Bermuda on the 20th of October. Once docked, the crew took on fresh provisions and made minor repairs aboard their boat. Relaxing in Bermuda for five days, the men were ready to start the second half of their voyage on the 25th of October.

For two days the Bowditch sailed south by southeast, the nearest land some one hundred and eighty miles to the west. For two days the men tended to those chores required of any crew at sea: securing lines, checking navigational equipment, washing decks. For two days the Bowditch sailed undisturbed through the deep waters of a calm blue ocean. Then the Atlantic turned mean.

In the mid-afternoon of Saturday, October 28, the ship’s barometer started to drop as the winds around the Bowditch began to beat at the rigging. The sea began to flex its muscles, hurling waves of ten and

by Noah Sorkin

Continued on following page
Sunday arrived, and with it the skies revealed an ominous picture: cumulus clouds now dominated the horizon, and a heavy rain poured down as the crew strove to tighten hatches and secure lines. In an attempt to keep the ship's stern into the wind, Ben and another sailor let out a set of sea-anchors, small weights meant to drag along the water's surface.

On Sunday, at about eight o'clock in the evening, the crew was forced to take down all the sails. Thrown off course by the powerful storm the Bowditch fell prey to the gigantic swells which tossed the vessel about like driftwood. Although the men were quite seasoned to such weather, the crew grew anxious as the hurricane's strength increased. In the wheelhouse the captain struggled to keep his ship headed south towards the Bahamas. Ben manned the ship's pumps in a frustrating effort to empty the water which was flooding into the quarters below.

At 9:00 p.m. the captain issued new watch orders. Rather than one man, two men would now hold the watch on the top-deck, while the other two would tend to the pumps, or try to protect the ship's equipment from the storm. At about midnight Ben had gone below to catch a few hours of sleep, much needed after such a trying day. But then the Atlantic turned deadly.

The huge wave caught the Bowditch broadside; a twenty foot wall of ocean which capsized the ship in a matter of seconds. Both the rudder and the 5000 lbs. of the huge wave caught the Bowditch broadside; a twenty foot wall of ocean which capsized the ship in a matter of seconds. Both the rudder and the 5000 lbs. of the enormous winds. The hurricane was at its peak, punishing the craft with rain and waves, and slamming at the faces of the crew as they tried to work.

At 1:06 a.m. the boat fell victim to another wave, and once again the Bowditch was slapped sideways onto the surface of the sea. Becoming more and more concerned, yet still acting calmly and swiftly, Ben tied a line between himself and the mast so as not to be swept away by the raging waves. He heard the cries of another crew member, Malcolm Kadera. Down in the flooded quarters Kadera was fighting to escape through an access hatch. Boy Ben saw that the hatch was blocked by a life-boat which had become jammed across the deck. Kadera's screams filled the air as the water rose above his neck. Although Ben shortly saw Kadera escape through a different outlet, he had little time for relief for now the Atlantic turned hateful, and the Bowditch began to sink.

As if unwilling to surrender what had been his home, devotion and pride for the ship, he fought to keep the Bowditch on course. The crew members pointed out a dark cumulus cloud formation forming to the south, a definite indicator that the weather was turning bad. Saturday night was virtually sleepless, as the crew battled the winds and rain in an effort to keep the Bowditch on course.

'From deep within him he experienced that cliche of terror; he was too young to die, too young to drown in the 2600 feet of water which were quickly claiming the 'Bowditch'. Ben let go of the mast and slowly swam up to the turbulent surface. Below him the ship continued its descent, down to its final resting place on the muddy ocean floor.'
Floating on the sea, Ben was heaved about violently by tremendous waves. The salt in his throat stung piercingly from within, while his eyes burned from the constant splashes of water which swept over him. At first there was no sign of the other crew members. Then, slowing regrouping his thoughts, Ben heard the shouts of his companions. Two of them were climbing to a dinghy which had come loose from the ship. Although afloat, the small raft lay upside down in the thrashing water, the men unable to right it because of the rough seas. A few yards away from him the third crew member yelled out for Ben to swim towards the dinghy. With great effort Ben managed to fight his way over to the tiny raft, grabbing on wearily as the four men struggled to stay together, to keep their tired, waterlogged bodies from slipping beneath the surface.

The sea proved too rough to right the dinghy. For seven long hours the men could do nothing but hang on to the sides of the raft. Although the tropical waters were not particularly cold, the sheer violence of the ocean pounded against the men, making these hours seem like an eternity. No where on earth could there be a more desolate spot, no where could there be a place where Ben could feel more lonely, more afraid; more convinced that the irrationality of fate had somehow trapped him. Seven long hours of swallowing sea water, of cursing the weather, of trying to encourage each other, and of wandering in an amazement how their beloved ship had disappeared, leaving them stranded and helpless.

The sun rose brightly on Monday morning. By 8:00 a.m. the wind and rain had died down considerably, and as if in a gesture of reconciliation, what what had once been tremendous swells turned to small choppy waves. Only after several clumsy attempts was the crew able to turn the dinghy right side up. Climbing over the side Ben scooped water out of the raft, wondering how a dinghy meant to hold two men could possibly accommodate the four of them. Yet it was vital that they got out of the water; their eyes were terribly swollen from the sea salt, and their fear of sharks made staying in the water too great a risk. In addition, one of the crew members had badly cut his hand during the night. The loss of blood had weakened him, making it all the harder to keep a firm hold on the raft.

Slowly the men crowded into the small dinghy. As good as it was to be out of the water the crew could still not feel relieved, for an assessment of their situation proved gloomy. They had no food, no fresh water, no medical supplies, no flares, compasses or charts. They were simply adrift in an ocean which they would soon prove to be nothing more than a large swell, tens of miles away from the land.

Monday night came and their thirst grew worse. The fluids within them were quickly evaporating through salty spit and perspiration. They could no longer sit up straight but rather slumped wearily, letting the oars drop into the boat while each man tried to catch some sleep.

At about 6:00 p.m. they saw a light on the horizon. The running lights of what must have been a tanker were bobbing up and down way out in the distance. Ben sat up, notifying the others that a ship was in sight. He tried to shine their flashlight in the ship's direction, carefully manipulating the small beam in an attempt to send out a distress call. For a few moments the men stared at the horizon, biting their lips in the anticipation that maybe, just maybe, whatever was out there would spot their signal.

But the light did not grow any closer. The crew realized that they were not going to find salvation in the distant ship. Perhaps they had not been seen, or perhaps the ship had purposely steamed away from their light, believing them to be another ship. The crew slumped back into the dinghy, too drained of energy to feel any disappointment.

As the night passed the men were silent. Sometimes they slept, sometimes they merely let their thoughts roll about in their minds as if in an attempt to match the rocking of the dinghy. They dreamt of home, and friends, yet their thoughts were constantly interrupted by the sharp bite of thirst, and the empty, stinging feeling of hunger. They prayed, too. Each in his own way and to his own god. Ben wrestled with notions of death, wondering whether there really were any ships which might find them.

The men realized that the sun was rising, but Tuesday morning brought them no relief. Still the horizon was empty, nothing more than the blurry meeting of sky and sea. They tried to make a fishhook out of a flashlight spring, but the brittle piece of metal proved useless. They tried rigging a sail from their shirts, but the wind was too weak to move them against the strong ocean currents. Thirst, hunger, fear, desperation and the specter of death brought them into Tuesday afternoon.

Ben was the first to spot it. A faint dot on the horizon, distant but visible, blurry but real. The men strained their eyes to see it, fighting the burning sensation within their pupils. It grew slowly larger, taking on shape and proportion. A ship. A large ship, perhaps a tanker, with a large funnel and deep draft. The men crowded to the bow of their dinghy, resting their belugasheled bodies against each other as they stared with an intensity only the desperate ever experience. It was a ship. A beautiful, sweet ship. They saw its bow pointed in their direction, and for a moment their minds stood frozen.

Suddenly they jumped to action, as if they had forgotten their thirst and pain. Ben set to the oars, rowing furiously towards the oncoming boat. Although there were still miles between them, another crew member was unable to control his emotions, grabbing a shirt he stood up and started waving it, trying to force a weak scream from his parched mouth. The ship drew closer, and Ben rowed frantically, as if he could somehow take revenge on the sea by slipping it with his oars. The ship grew closer still, and though they knew they had been spotted, the crew continued to wave and scream. It felt good to wave, to scream, to feel alive—and they didn't stop until they were climbing up the rope ladder which a sailor aboard the tanker had thrown down to them.
Profiles of Professors

Frasure and the forensic of thought

Frasure spent two years in the Peace Corps in the Caroline Islands after he graduated from law school and before he entered graduate school in political science at the Hopkins University. He stated that "the main reason why I went was that I was ready to adapt to a very strange environment. It was a difficult challenge to make you learn how much of what we have in this country is possible to live without. It's possible to live a happy, satisfying existence without a lot of the trappings of so-called civilization. Living out there in a situation like that puts you in touch with a lot of things that you are not in touch with in this country. You find out that, because of all the gadgets present here, there are a lot of things that you don't pay attention to that are necessary to get along in other places. It was necessary to get along in the tides and phases of the moon."

Frasure served as co-author of a leading study of campaign finance reform; it was from that book that his present involvement in policy studies developed. "I was struck by the way in which law schools serve as a kind of think tank. The decision-making process limits the kinds of options that can be considered seriously. A legislature, an administrative agency, a court, whatever, each has distinctive ways of perceiving and defining problems, so that with respect to each, certain models of policy are unlikely to be entertained. Likewise, the backgrounds and interests of the policymakers place strong constraints on policy formulation. Here the most interesting question is what to do with experts. How much authority should we give to people with special knowledge? Is it a good idea, for example, to put doctors in charge of social security or are they too probably detrimental to selecting the wrong one. An apparent, but understated, inability to distinguish those problem areas from more serious ones is a very costly failure of our governmental institutions."

Frasure attended Yale Law School after his undergraduate education. He found that "law school sharpens your reasoning ability and analytic skills more than any other form of education. In law school you read hundreds of cases that all deal, in some sense, with what a word meant; how a particular word applies to a set of facts. There is a word in the language that, somewhere or other, hasn't been construed by some court. You learn from this that any word is a fact. A word is how the legal system is functioning. This enables lawyers to avoid a lot of problems simply by the means of careful drafting and precise thought." "Law school also shows you how to get to the heart of an issue; you learn to see which facts are peripheral and which are central. Also, you learn a lot of substance that you can use."

Frasure brings all those rigorous skills and his wide scope of interests into his courses. He often uses much the same method of teaching that professors in law school use. This is an in-depth technique of questioning one or a few students for as much as fifty minutes at a time. Frasure states that, "the way in which law school improves your reasoning ability can also be taught to undergraduates without having to use a lot of different kinds of materials. You can teach type of thinking with all kinds of material. For example, if your method is straight into your problem areas are well suited to this type of teaching.

He continues to describe the question and answer teaching style: "First, it develops your reasoning ability. I've often used one as the center of your challenging, situation, which is one of the reasons why students should have a little trouble. There has to be tension because it really doesn't work if the student doesn't consent about what to measure when you are dealing with public policy. Different people will look at different things and find different solutions to the many aspects to look at.

"The important thing is that: if you want to know if something works, first you have to decide what you mean by 'works.' There are really two different question that faces policy-makers. What do I do in my policy courses is to bring to bear my background in law, economics, political science, and so on, and look at the technology, the economics, the legal constraints and legal problems, and the political problems involved in doing the public policy problem. And this is a question people make a really excellent for anything a student ought to want to do later on in law school, graduate school, business school or anything else.

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Frasure feels very strongly about his department. He believes that "it is one of the most collegial bodies on the college campus. There are simply no strong personality clashes within my department. Further, these are not the kind of people whose interests are confined to the space between Mohican Avenue and Williams Street. Everyone in the department is deeply involved in academic, public, or professional endeavors outside of Connecticut College, and that provides enormous benefits for our students."

Mr. Frasure is deeply concerned about the College and the students. He displays a great interest in spurring more intellectual activity on the campus than that which goes on solely in the classroom. He believes that "the only thing conspicuously wrong with the faculty is that it is too small. However, the quality of the professors here is very high. Any student who is dissatisfied here will be dissatisfied at any small college in New England. If I've told one student, I've told fifty that going from here to Mt. Holyoke, Trinity and so on, is like going from Burger King to McDonald's."

"Another problem is that all of us here are too introspective. We spend far too much time thinking about Connecticut College. This isn't a serious problem, it's just a distinct tendency."

"The students suffer from this though. This introspection detracts from involvement with more important ideas. But the students here are good, on the average. This isn't just my opinion but it's a demonstrable fact. The average student here is roughly as good as an average student anywhere. But there is no intellectual diversity among the students. One of the things we should change is what we do with our best students. We simply don't do enough for them right now. And many other faculty members seem to feel that the same way. I'm not talking about honors and awards. I mean that the best students are not challenged enough, or given the opportunity to grow as much as they are capable of. Being smart ought to be important to college students, so should being well-read. Education here is centered too much on the classroom. We have to stimulate students to talk together, to think and argue, to read a lot more and to care about ideas. There should be honors courses or seminars for specially selected students. To argue that this wouldn't create an elite group is silly. The very premise of this institution is exclusivity. However we do it, there should be much more orientation toward the better students. It's very necessary to do and most good colleges do it."

As another faculty member commented, "It adds an important dimension to our curriculum that otherwise would be available if he is extremely valuable as a law school adviser, he just can't be replaced."

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OFF THE TRACK

Art and Leisure for the sick

By Dan Nugent

Hidden away in the insufferable foothills of New London and environs, one is seized, at times, to indulge in the high decadence found only rarely at campus parties. There are too few sick people at Connecticut College; the decadent must seek out a metropolis, and preferably one in social turmoil.

Stay away from Hartford. It is too boring to be decadent. Providence is just as bad, and it isabloke. The mention of that state alone induces laughter. How can degeneracy live amid hilarity? No, it's down to Boston or New York: take out seeking a metropolis, and preferably one in social turmoil.

parties. There are frenzied dissolution some seek that it is difficult to hit upon a smattering of around Studio City" and "C.B.G.B.'s" bring mayhem to the East Side, and just a few blocks from the Port Authority Bus Terminal in New York can only send chill a station can give you trouble; the thought

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The Downtown Merchants Page

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THE DUTCH TAVERN

Reasonable Prices 35¢ a beer $2.25 a pitcher
9 am -12 pm Monday-Saturday 23 Green St. Right off Captain's Walk
Larrabee tramples Harkness

Continued from page 1

Larry Weiglas (Gator) for a first down. Larrabee was now in good field position and although Finkio scrambled his tackle in the second play, he managed a strong run to the Harkness 31 yd. line. Finkio’s next pass was incomplete, but he remained unfluffled with a rally after this initial setback. Then, his next pass into the end-zone where Paul McCarthy (Backwell) was wide open for TD. After this five play flurry for a 7-0 Larrabee lead, the defense of both teams settled down and there was no more scoring in the first half.

Both teams had opportunities, but Larrabee was hurt by a penalty that nullified an interception by Mark Finkio at the Harkness 30 yard line and Harkness was stopped after having a first down at the Larrabee 17 yard line.

After half time starting and socializing the crowd’s attention returned to the field where Larrabee kicked off. Harkness had a sloppy beginning when on the first play they dropped the ball at the line of scrimmage. They came back on the next play as Stewart completed a pass to Carrington but his attempt to repeat the play failed as Bob Rugerio, Harkness once again turned back and proved to be a decisive turning point in the game for Larrabee. After a clipping penalty on the Bee line the next two plays were run by Clyde McKeen down in a sweep to the left, then a strong run down the middle making it a fourth and down to go for the first down. After a completed pass to Bob Rugerio, Harkness once again failed to get a first down threat with first and goal to go. But Larrabee effectively squashed this rally by preventing Beaver from getting a pass in the end zone.

Throughout the game the lighting combination of Finkio and Buckwell prevented Morris from playing to the superb talent we have seen over the past three years. Then a clipping penalty was called on Harkness that set them back and proved to be a decisive turning point in the game for Larrabee. Harkness proved unsuccessful in their drive to the goal line. Although Larrabee regained the ball they were unable to score as Carrington made two interceptions.

Going into the fourth quarter Harkness had the ball and a determined run to Beaver resulted in a fiercely determined run but a stiff arm penalty was called on Dave Stewart as he attempted a quarterback draw play. Pushed back, the Harkness team was unable to complete the drive in to score as the Larrabee line proved stronger than ever. Frantic and somewhat demoralized at this point, the only hope for Harkness lay in a passing game. But after four incomplete passes, Larrabee regained the ball and QB Mark Finkio, well protected by the Larrabee boys, threw a smooth pass to Gator in the end zone for a TD and the score was 21-6. Larrabee, Harkness rallied in a gallant last-ditch effort to score as Beaver insulted the kick-off and ran with it to the end zone line. huge Smith followed that up with a couple of good catches. But the speed and quickness of Gator proved too much for Harkness as he was there for an interception. After some strong running by Finkio, Larrabee was again in good field position and John Kristinits made a good catch in the end zone for a final score of 28-6. Larrabee.

The Larrabee boys were triumphant. They had dominated the entire game and their awesome defense doomed the

Continued on following page

Social Bill sums it all up

family portrait

Soccer team sees brighter future - bulk of squad to be back

By Jill Crossman

Coach Bill Lessig is elated with this year's performance by the soccer team. The team finished their season with a super record of 15-0 for the E.C.A.C Regional Tournament. The team triumphed over Middlebury in the tournament, but suffered a heart-breaking defeat to Colby. The Camels came out of the tournament ranked impressively as the number 2 E.C.A.C. team in New England. Coach Lessig is extremely proud of the entire team and had praise for every member.

Lessig is especially grateful for the fine job done by seniors Steve Litwin and goalie Trace Anderson. Lessig claims that one of his greatest challenges for the next year will be to "replace these vital players." Litwin tied the school record for most career points and for most goals scored. He received the greatest honor that can be given to any Camel soccer player, the Z888hin Award, Trae would certainly be included of the team who has due the most to motivate "team spirit and Camel pride." Lessig believes that the fifteen freshmen on the team followed the example of the upperclassmen by "establishing a tradition of team pride."

Trace Anderson proved to be a most effective goal keeper for the Camels. Anderson holds the record for the fewest goals allowed in a season, only 14, and also for the most shutouts in a season, six. In addition, he has the best goal against average in New England. If there was a co-winner for the Mark Zashin Award, Trace would certainly be the most likely candidate. Lessig describes Anderson as a "leader on the field."

This leadership ability was crucial this season since Anderson was commanding a very young defensive squad composed of freshmen sweeper Joe Damiano, wingbacks Steve Barnard, "Pui" Goodwin, Tom Schindler and sophomore centerback Dave Geller.

Geller did a fantastic job marking the opposing center forwards for the team. Even though they were freshmen, coach Lessig says that "Barnard and Damiano’s experiences enabled us to make adjustments to the opponent’s tactics. And that Schindler gave the Camels “added strength on the outside.”

The most remarkable aspect of the team, Lessig feels, was their ability to "rebound after losing Kevin Sayward in the Weslayan game. Although losing such an experienced and talented player would have "destroyed most young teams," the Camels "pulled together under head coach Bob Mitchell and assistant coach Kevin Geller."

Coach Leosig says that "Barnard and Litwin made adjustmenta to the opponent's tactics and Geller did a fantastic job marking the sophomore centerback Dave Geller. Damiano's experience enabled us to manage a strong run to the Harkness 31 yd. line. Finkio's next pass was incomplete, but he remained unfluffled with a rally after this initial setback. Then, his next pass into the end-zone where Paul McCarthy (Backwell) was wide open for TD. After this five play flurry for a 7-0 Larrabee lead, the defense of both teams settled down and there was no more scoring in the first half.

Both teams had opportunities, but Larrabee was hurt by a penalty that nullified an interception by Mark Finkio at the Harkness 30 yard line and Harkness was stopped after having a first down at the Larrabee 17 yard line. After half time starting and socializing the crowd's attention returned to the field where Larrabee kicked off. Harkness had a sloppy beginning when on the first play they dropped the ball at the line of scrimmage. They came back on the next play as Stewart completed a pass to Carrington but his attempt to repeat the play failed as Chris Colbert came through for Larrabee with an interception and run with the ball to the Harkness 1 yard line. Finkio then threw to Bucinewafor his second touch down and the score was 14-0. Larrabee. After receiving the kick-off, Dave Stewart was once again frustrated in his efforts to pass the invincible Larrabee line of Bill Davis, John Kristinits, and David Peteniani (Big Daddy). Harkness then ran a pass interference penalty on the Bee defense, but the next two plays were run by Clyde McKeen down in a sweep to the left, then a strong run down the middle making it a fourth and down to go for the first down. After a completed pass to Bob Rugerio, Harkness once again posed a real threat with first and goal to go. But Larrabee effectively squashed this rally by preventing Beaver from getting a pass in the end zone.

Throughout the game the lighting combination of Finkio and Buckwell prevented Morris from playing to the superb talent we have seen over the past three years. Then a clipping penalty was called on Harkness that set them back and proved to be a decisive turning point in the game for Larrabee. Harkness proved unsuccessful in their drive to the goal line. Although Larrabee regained the ball they were unable to score as Carrington made two interceptions.

Going into the fourth quarter Harkness had the ball and a completed run to Beaver resulted in a fiercely determined run but a stiff arm penalty was called on Dave Stewart as he attempted a quarterback draw play. Pushed back, the Harkness team was unable to complete the drive in to score as the Larrabee line proved stronger than ever. Frantic and somewhat demoralized at this point, the only hope for Harkness lay in a passing game. But after four incomplete passes, Larrabee regained the ball and QB Mark Finkio, well protected by the Larrabee boys, threw a smooth pass to Gator in the end zone for a TD and the score was 21-6. Larrabee, Harkness rallied in a gallant last-ditch effort to score as Beaver insulted the kick-off and ran with it to the end zone line. huge Smith followed that up with a couple of good catches. But the speed and quickness of Gator proved too much for Harkness as he was there for an interception. After some strong running by Finkio, Larrabee was again in good field position and John Kristinits made a good catch in the end zone for a final score of 28-6. Larrabee.

The Larrabee boys were triumphant. They had dominated the entire game and their awesome defense doomed the
Continued from previous page

Harkness scoring efforta to futility.
While Harkness had the ball the
majority of the... (floor exercises), Amy Roberta
(floor exercise and bara) , Cathy
Welker, and Heidi WaJab, who is
presently inJUQllI,

Men's hops

By Marsha Williams

The November 28 game against Salve Regina opened the season for the Connecticut College Varsity Men's Basketball Team. The Camels, boosted by the large cheering section, trampled their opponents with a score of 142-40 points. Fifteen players make up the Varsity Team this year: Mike Amaro, Chris Bergan, Paul Camelli, Ted Cojanclo, Barry Hyman, Charles Jones, Herb Kenney, Dan Levy, Bill Luce, Bill Malinowski, Wayne Malinowski, Ron Roberts, and freshmen Tom Barry, Ry Bowdwn, John Faulkner, and Lincoln Levinson. Coach Charles Luce and assisted by Butch Laurion, the team defeated Dan Levy and Cojanclo as co-captains.

Coach Luce expects vast improvement over last year's record of 8 wins and 14 losses, the team returning with a better understanding of the game and of their individual potential. Experience, however, dominates as the key factor in the anticipated success. Both Dan Levy and Cojanclo have played all four of their years at Conn. Wayne Malinowski, last season's most valuable player, and Barry Hyman, last year's most improved player, are back for another impressive season. Wayne, Dan, and Ted led the team in scoring last season. Ted also dominated in rebounding, as did Chris and Charles. Coach Luce is counting on these players, as well as Rex Bowdwn, the most talented.

The new members bring with them many valuable assets. Rex Bowdwn looks to be a versatile performer, as does Lincoln Levinson. Tom Barry needs only experience to make his natural ability which includes speed, strength, and excellent shooting skills. John Faulkner, temporarily hampered by a back injury, looks to be a good guard.

Having a relatively tall front line is one of the major strengths the team possesses. The shortest front-line player is 6'3", and the tallest stands at 6'7". Coach Luce hopes to improve the team in the next few games. "The offense tends to be impatient, and it happens rather than letting them happen," he says. "The defense, too, needs improvement."

Twenty-five games are scheduled for this season, the largest number of games ever scheduled here. The teams to look out for include Wesleyan, Trinity, The Coast Guard Academy, and Manhattanville. Injuries to Barry Hyman, Bill Luce, and John Faulkner, has the team's depth hurt. Coach Luce hopes to improve his team in the next few games. "The offense tends to be impatient, and it happens rather than letting them happen," he says. "The defense, too, needs improvement."

Women to hustle ball
this season

The Women's Intercollegiate Basketball Team is looking for a more successful season than they experienced last year. Returning from last season's team are Michelle Swider, Gliny Bell, Jenny Allehut, Celyane Hill, and Claire Quan. Although there is present at only one other member, Rita MacInnis, a freshman from Waterford, Connecticut, Coach Ralph Diasia is optimistic that there will be more.

Rita MacInnis comes to the team with excellent ball handling skills that Coach Diasia believes will help the team immensely. Since the Women's team has little height, their tallest player being only 6'7", they are turning to solid conditioning with the hope that they will be able to out hustle their opponents. As of now, this is where the emphasis lies. The team is also attempting to learn new, basic plays, so that when the games actually begin in second semester, they will be in good shape.

Cathy Walker demonstrates gymnastic expertise

By David Fifer

With the opening of their season one day away, the Connecticut College Women's Gymnastic team is ready to take on all comers. The Camels begin their season tomorrow (Wednesday) night at 7:30 p.m. at the Coast Guard Academy in what should be a rarity in sport; females dominating males.

Co-captains Lynda Plavin (vaulting, balance beam, and floor exercise) and Carol Vaas (bars and vaulting) lead a string but relatively inexperienced squad which will have to put forth maximum effort if it is to improve upon last season's record of 8-3. Depth is a quality any successful team should have. The Camels have plenty of it in several key areas. Lynda Plavin leads a talented group of balance beam performers which includes Cathy Walker, Sally McFarland (vaulting), Linda Wiatrowski (floor exercise), and Christ Beckwith (floor exercise).

Saying the majority of the vaulting for Conn this season will be Carol Vaas (floor exercises), Carolyn Hoffmann (floor exercise), Amy Roberts (floor exercises and bars), Cathy Walker, and Heidi Walsh, who is presently injured.

Lila Kingman and Rayna Nitberg are being counted on heavily by the coaches and their teammates to do well in the floor exercises.

The team's biggest question mark is the bars event. Junior Cathy Walker (balance beam, vaulting, and floor exercise) who is performing more like a tourneepert with each passing day, along with Carol Vaas, Lila Kingman, and Hildi Perl are the key performers on the uneven parallel bars. The team is coached by Jeffrey Zimmerman and Wally, whose last name is unknown to anyone but himself. The girls are in good shape. Any guy will testify to that. Seriously now, the coaches have worked the team very hard this fall, sometimes up to 13 hours weekly. However, co-captain Lynda Plavin feels that there is much work to do. "The team's routines are not polished yet," the team is confident that the team will be shining by the February 1, the start of their "real" season.

Yale, Keene St., and Bowdoin will be the toughest of the 11 opponents the Camels will face this season. Gymnastics is an exciting and beautiful sport to watch. Come on out and watch the girls fly through the air with the greatest of ease.
ENTERTAINMENT

Now Playing:

Greased nightmare

By Mary Condlin

I remember reading somewhere that to be a successful actor, one must be hopelessly bonkers in order to survive. And honestly, you really have no choice but to be slightly out of your mind — it's the only way you stand a chance of dealing with the crap that's forced upon you when you start pounding the pavements looking for work. I am speaking specifically of auditioning for shows.

Most actors look forward to auditions the same way students look forward to final exams. And with good reason. Both experiences are extremely nerve-wracking and unpleasant. Unfortunately, they are necessary if you want to get anywhere in your field. In the end, your ultimate success or failure depends on your attitude. It's your job to prepare for the last judgement. But when that job is over, I'll be back on the streets again repeating the ordeal for all eternity. So come to rehearsals on Wednesday night at 7:30, a group of 30 or so scabrous musicians, some from the city of New London and the surrounding area, and some from Conn. college itself, meet, and rehearse classical works for 5½ hours.

Classical music is anonymous at Conn. There are some students who have been here for four years who are still unaware of its presence. But the orchestra is larger than it was last year, and is showing encouraging signs of growth. The first concert, "Bach's Lunch," held in the Cro main lounge at noon, Friday Oct 27, was relatively well attended by both faculty and students, and the lack of publicity. It was an impromptu concert, held primarily for the faculty who eat at the Cro snack bar. The program started with Bach's third Brandenburg concerto, performed by the string section. The strings then continued with a piece by Vivaldi, and the program concluded with Bartok's Hungarian dances as the winds joined the strings.

The atmosphere was informal and relaxed, and the musicians responded well.

The orchestra is a diverse mixture of musicians with varying degrees of technical skill. The group is small, and in some spots, incomplete. There is no percussion section, the viola and cello section are proportionately too small (compared to the rest of the orchestra), and some places in the brass and woodwind sections need filling. But under the patient leadership of Peter Sacco, the group works hard on pieces within their capability and with the proper instrumentation.

Unfortunately, there is not a large group of instrumental musicians on campus, and to provide for larger pieces the orchestra has recruited some residents to help fill out the group. During the first part of the rehearsal, this large group practiced. Then a smaller, raffish group compiled almost totally of Conn. students who rehearse pieces that require fewer instruments.

The members of the orchestra are dedicated, and in the next few years the orchestra will continue to grow, and eventually come out of the woodwork. Interested musicians are welcomed to come to rehearsals on Wednesday night at 7:30 p.m. in Cro; they want to try out for the orchestra.

Illustration by James Moore

By Putnam Goodwin

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Illustration by James Moore
Campus sleeper: Humor of a break-up

By Stephanie Zacks

What do Woody Allen and a Conn junior have in common? By December 2, both will have written, directed, and starred in their own works. Currently, Ken Ellner is in the process of directing and acting in a light-hearted two-act comedy entitled “Look But Don’t Touch.” It deals with the importance of communication and trust between two people. The breakdown of the relationship and the conclusions which the characters jump to provide the comic moments.

Ken has always wanted to write, but he never expected he would stage and act in his own work. He began writing short stories when he was nine, and had four drafts to complete it. “Look But Don’t Touch” was written over a period of nine months last March and April, and took four drafts to complete it.

“Look But Don’t Touch” has not been published, but it is under Ken’s own copyright, and Jerrell Productions is backing and financially supporting it. Ken first proposed the play to a school in New Jersey from which he transferred to Conn. He worked at the theatre there last summer which turns professional for the season. Ken’s proposal included an offer to donate the proceeds to their foundation, as his way of repaying them for the experience they provided him.

Ken, sophomore Lori Basin and Leslie Rogers and junior Richard Smear, all very enthusiastic about the play. Leslie calls it “a really funny play. A lot of students write plays but this one is excellent and original — everyone can understand it. I’m psyched about doing it.”

In addition to the cast, Ken has “an excellent stage crew who I can crumble against and who will always build me up again.” They are stage manager Anne Richards, carpenter and electrician Vance Gilbert and crew member Laura Fernandes.

Originally Ken had his play read by professionals. Since they enjoyed it, he obtained the three actors besides himself who currently make up the cast for a stage reading. The four then talked about performing it on the stage and voted to “go all the way,” which floored Ken. “Their response has been phenomenal,” says Ken. “We are all working on something from conception, and that in itself is exciting! It’s really difficult for me to step out and look at me acting,” he comments on his task of both acting and directing his own acting.

“Look But Don’t Touch” will be performed on December 2 at the Burlington County College Little Theater in New Jersey. It is tentatively scheduled to appear at Conn on February 3.

Ken is currently compiling a play which he hopes to stage in April. The theme is “Revelations of You and Me,” and will include short scenes of interactions between people.

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American Cancer Society
Getting out of an ethical nightmare

By Marion E. Doro

Recent articles in The College Voice on the South African question reflect the editors’ concern with the issue — and rightly so, for it centers on the problem of human rights and the nature of our commitment to such causes. The problem with this problem is that it seems to allow only two options: you either divest, or you do not divest. I.e., you sell all your holdings in American companies with branches in South Africa, or you do not. If you do not sell them then you are accused of supporting that government’s policy of apartheid. If you do sell it can be said that you are not a “prudent” business man because you have acted against your best financial interests. There are numerous variations on these two positions, and they all seem to suggest that divestment is a fixed star in the firmament. This is not necessary so.

Would asset-stripping have a significant impact on the South African economy? The evidence suggests that there would be a reduction of job opportunities — for Africans.

The level of American investment in South Africa ranks at something like 10 percent of the total foreign investment, or approximately one per cent of all industrial investments in the country. Of the 90,000 persons employed in these American firms, approximately 90,000 are Africans. Would asset-stripping have a significant impact on the South African economy? The evidence suggests that there would be a reduction of job opportunities — for Africans.

Divestment is a just act of despair; it is based on the Postil Principle — when you do not know what to do with a problem, just wash your hands of it. The Christopher Principle seems more appropriate at the moment — it is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness.

The reason of pure criticism

By Thomas Usdin

A few weeks ago Richard Birdsaal, Professor of History, wrote a letter to the editor of the College Voice, dealing with the intellectual atmosphere of the college. His remarks were in response to the "stream of acid criticism that is directed toward the college administration." Mr. Birdsaal has suggested that this criticism is unjustified because he feels that the administration is "cheerful, competent, and hard-working." He went on to say that if you could solve their own problems, then perhaps they would feel no need to concern themselves with other's affairs. Birdsaal suggested that the solution is for everyone to bury themselves in their books; the answers can be found in the works of such great thinkers as Kierkegaard, Wallace Stevens, and Freud. He believes that only in this way can we simulate the college atmosphere that existed forty years ago when the administration was able to run the college without any flak from the students.

These ideas certainly bring up some interesting points, but perhaps Mr. Birdsaal's remarks will help to shed some light on what some of the real problems are. I'm sure many people will agree with his assessment that the presidents and faculty are cheerful, competent, and hard-working. However, do those qualities exempt them or any other members of the administration from the criticism that one’s opinion should not have to be positive to be constructive? Criticism can aim at improvement; it is not necessarily a condemnation. Introspection alone does not allow man to see all his shortcomings. An outside observer is often needed to perceive problems within and to motivate that person to overcome their deficiencies.

I also find fallacy in Mr. Birdsaal's suggestion that the solution to our problems can be achieved through an understanding of some of the great thinkers of our world. Is this really a viable solution? Is he being practical and serious when he says that the problems of our contemporary world can be alleviated through an understanding of philosophers that are a large degree removed from the concerns of our society? If Mr. Birdsaal is, in fact, serious but perhaps herein lies the chief problem and that is that some members of the Faculty and the administration are out of touch with the interests and concerns of the college community. The symptoms of this problem are manifested in many areas. Perhaps this is why there were but a handful of either faculty members or students at Oleo’s first soccer game in the E.C.A. C. Play-offs; perhaps this is why some students are disgruntled with the administration’s support for foreign study, and finally this may give rise to why a faculty member can be so out of touch to suggest that in our supposedly progressive society, our goal should be to simulate the environment that existed forty years ago.

I am not claiming that either the Faculty or the administration is incompetent. On the contrary, I think that for the most part they handle their jobs and responsibilities well. However, perhaps some problems do arise out of their insensitivity to the concerns of the people, they are interested in. Furthermore, it seems that these problems will only be accentuated by unreasonable and defensive responses to criticism that is voiced for the purpose of hopefully bettering the community.
To Bradshaw Rost and His Fellow Disco Ducks:
The recent exaltation of disco music as "the" ultimate expression of the 70's was so ludicrous it was amusing. You displayed amazing ignorance in proclaiming disco as the cultural manifestation of our current generation. If it is true that human beings use less than one-tenth of their mental capacities normally, then you disciples utilize a fraction of that to enjoy your lifestyles. Disco is pure, escapist fairy tale nonsense.

Fever" as to deny the existence of alternative forms of music? Why don't you wake up! Far from dying out, rock has been infused with a level of high energy during the 70's. Your mind is a sea of dolllards that cries an invigorating blast of new wave and punk to bring you back to reality.

Among your most glaring misconceptions is your belief that disco is the only music one can make an integrated emotional and physical response to. Are your faculties that limited? We experience a similar feeling of revulsion upon attending all-campus disco flowerets. Granted, there is a certain grace to carefully studied and conscientiously mastered disco stepping. However, it requires limited powers of observation to perceive that 8 out of 10 disco couples lack such ability. Despite their efforts to achieve this image of sublime elegance while spinning and twirling, they usually end up in an embarrassing position closely resembling a contorted half Nelson. Such fiasco.

We also venture to comment on the emotional aspects of disco. In a truly artistic discotheque the nature of the "emotion" expressed quickly reveals itself to the intelligent observer. Distilled, it is several hundred people allowing themselves to be manipulated by a d.j. with an I.Q. of 60 who just happens to have acquired the motor coordination to spin a turntable. They usually look like cows in a barn that dancers enjoying sensual delights. Stir 'em up a little bit, they move "slow 'em down, they stare off into space with empty eyes.

In disco music perhaps conveying some deep, obscure message that we have failed to grasp? Hardly. For the truth is, there is no message in disco. It is totally devoid of any expression of ideology. Do yourself a favor and try to decipher the concepts behind the lyrics of Elvis Costello or Patti Smith, for it is totally devoid of any expression of emotion. Most often, various lyrics of disco are a background accompaniment to the dance. They usually match but do not reflect the emotional and physical response to the experience, being merely regressing into the 60's? Where have you been?

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