4-1-1978

College Voice in the Dark

Connecticut College

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Connecticut College Infirmary report concludes...

CANCER, SEX LINKED BY RATS

Nancy Heaton Reveals All

Beaver Morrin: 'Where my Nickname Really Came From'

What To Do When Your Housefellow Is Gay

College Bar Mitzvahs—The Newest Fad

Death: What To Do

DO WOMEN ON CAMPUS EVER SLEEP?
Housefellow Sex Scandal Discovered--Wicked
Presidential Ring

Roy Eaton, Jr., head of Intelligence at CCIA (Connecticut College Intelligence Agency) called it "...the biggest raid of his career," Butch Florence, top honcho of the CCIA's Vice Squad, candidly said, "We caught those lIamen with the able help of the CCIA, that Ames, a seemingly shy, reserved College President, is actually an escapee from Mass General's Intensive Per- cussion Unit, where the world's foremost doctors try to unravel the forces behind violent perversion. According to Dr. Irma Hoar, Director of P.U., "Ames was a blow to us. He had given us stiff resistance, but we felt that he was finally going to buckle in and go down for us. But then, he..."

While most Connies were sunning their wealthy bodies in the South, the diligent members of Eaton's En- forcers were once again restoring respectability to Conn College's reputation. The VOICE, never one to mince or cover words, got the real story behind this momentous bust, which rocked the College establish- ment from the hired maids to the man at the top, Oakes Ames himself.

Artfully disguised under the pretenses of being a nunmary, the VOICE was startled to hear that Plant Department foreman of Rough Rindy Regan, was actually a member of the upper echelon, piecing together the jig saw puzzle pieces of the College's most embarrassing boner. As the Director said, "If this had leaked to the boys at the Day, it would've been plastered on the rest of the beaurocracy In area towns. We always thought that everyone there slept 24 hours a day."

The question is: Did the Committee talk to the man we know as Oakes, or by some quirk of fate, was the real Ames bopped up by the recently escaped P.U. patient? The VOICE has learned that Dean Johnson once told her secretary, in the utmost secrecy, that the voice of the man who is now President didn't live up to his telephone image. The VOICE is now investigating whether this man in the person hired to be President--by the telephone--or if he is an im- ponderable. Stay tuned.

More pieces fell into place as the VOICE courageously pressed forward in its efforts to uncover the untold truth. One night in October of 1974, Ames, dressed as a "typical college student," went to the Bach Dor in Waterford, Conn., and met Rindy Regan, a freshman, whom he was to later refer to as "Rough Rindy". They became fast friends, being married to..."

YOU DIE
Reagan goon uses the gentle art of persuasion and loaded firearms to coax volunteers.

"We never bothered with the place. We always thought that everyone there slept 24 hours a day."

Ames, Watson, and Regan formed a triumvirate of power unequalled in the College's annals, while at the same time managing to keep the rest of the bureaucracy in check. Ames, as THE MAN, took 50 percent of the top, Watson 30 percent, and Regan, only 20 years old, 20 percent of the site. The "employees" were encased to work by various promises: fear of bodily harm, fear for family, fear of death, fear of expulsion. Some were forced drugs, becoming dependent upon Regan for their very existence. CCIA accountants have estimated that Ames grossed over $50,000. Per week, non- taxable, helping to explain his lavish jet-set parties, which took place in his closely guarded Watch Hill retreat. The VOICE was unable to elicit statements from the Big Three, but has learned that lower employees, unwilling to take the fall for their bosses, were prepared to sing. Because of the ex- tenuating circumstances, no names will be mentioned here, although the VOICE can accurately report that the unwilling employees are in the care of trained doctors, while the volunteers have fled to the safety of larger schools, such as the Coast Guard Academy, where they hope to pass themselves off as Government Issue.

The VOICE did find one person willing to talk, Michael A. Richards, class of 1978, told of hearing cries of terror, moans of pain, the clinging cramp of whips, and squalls of joy. When asked why he never reported these, Richards shrugged and replied: "I thought they were praying."

Next week the VOICE un- covers a plot to turn the Squash Court into a 25 cent peep-theatre. STAY TUNED!
HORRORSCOPE

Secret of Bizarre Wines Uncovered

ARIES 3-21.20:
You will awaken this morning. If not, you are dead, so to drinking wine to combat frigidity when dating dwarfs.

PISCES 2-19-3-20:
You're still in last place.
Signed _

AQUARIUS 1-20-2-18:
You will be followed you home and assaulted

CAPRICORN 12-22-1-19:
Your life continues to be dull. But how does it

GEMINI 5-21+20:
You have a dull. But how does it

LIBRA 9-23-10-22:
Your life continues to be dull. But how does it

CANCER 6-21-7-22:
You must ignore them. Do not buy any

The 27 pound grape, which crossed Gas affectionately refers to as the "big mother," is now thought to be the parent of all white varietals. The wines of New London have a mysterious and often disfattoasted history. In 1973, Sal "Salvitori" Gold, a mastercater and husband of chain ace duckpin bowler, moved his family from Miami to New London, where he had to get out of the family business because of what he described as religious persecution. Senior gold, as he prefers to be addressed, soon began to develop a terrible reputation. His Chablis and Cabernet wines were said to be "entirely made" (an Italian phrase meaning "fit only for those who sleep among pigs"). Gold's early failures should have convinced him that tea making was not his cup of wine, but unfortunately he continued. Gold's wines began to develop a terrible reputation. His Chablis and Cabernet wines were said to be "entirely made" (an Italian phrase meaning "fit only for those who sleep among pigs").

By the summer of 77, Gold was desperate. On June 23, Gold closed it all. Accounts of the gristy massacre are sketchy. However, informed sources speculate that while Senior Gold was passing a kidney stone to his wife, an atomic blast broke out in his wine cellar...

Sal Gold left behind more than shattered bottles. News of Sal's departure forced tears of joy from the competition. As written by... Dr. Hiram Hakalooey Professor Linguistics Lilian Bug College Kanehank, III. Died 2-8-2-76 Bullshit psychoiogy is a mean doing things who to rape you the minute your back is turned.

Do not buy any items on sale today. Send all donations to Bus No. 118. Keep your money in a mat-

Now YOU can learn the art of bullshit— in your spare time! As written by... Dr. Hiram Hakalooey Professor Linguistics Lilian Bug College Kanehank, III. Died 2-8-2-76 Bullshit psychoiogy is a mean doing things who to rape you the minute your back is turned.

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Contest Finalists
For Hardy Boys Date

These four lucky finalists had the best 250-word or less essay on "Why I want a date with the Hardy Boys or Nancy Drew." Sharon (below right) told how she could amuse the boys by cracking her knuckles to the tune of "Da Do Run Run." Jerry (below left) desires to become the lads' manager, and make millions of their sweat. Jay (above right) entered because he thought he could help Hardys stave off marauding females.

GROW YOUR OWN LIMBS
Do It
In Your
Own Home

Now that science has artificially imitated the biological miracle of regeneration, you too can Grow Your Own Limbs. Some people suffer from a weight problem. Some are getting gray hair, others are going bald, while still others are plagued by nagging forms of dandruff. But your problem is different: you're missing a limb. And no combination of vitamins, appliques, cosmetic garments, or toupees is going to hide that. But now there's hope. Because now, you can GROW YOUR OWN LIMB, and we're not pulling your leg.

"I hated to do this. Children has once loved Seth. But when he lost his tentacles, all he ever did was wallow in self-pity. Even Roperian client-centered therapy didn't help. "But your miracle cure did!" Ken Schwettter, Duluth, Minn.

Your money back if you don't find the treatment stimulating.

PUNKS DISARMED!!!
"I'm a zookeeper. It was going to be my painful duty to dispose of our squid, Seth, who had lost most of his tentacles. Of course, it would not be difficult to find a buyer, as there are many local fast-food chains that pay top dollar for animal flesh.

"I'm a zookeeper. It was going to be my painful duty to dispose of our squid, Seth, who had lost most of his tentacles. Of course, it would not be difficult to find a buyer, as there are many local fast-food chains that pay top dollar for animal flesh.

Reg Groid, Holiday Inn, Duluth, Minn. Yes! Rush me my kit, including my surgeon's scalpel, extension cord with live lead, and damp sponge, for only $19.95., I want to grow (Check one): arm leg zinnias all of above Special offer! Order today, and get, for no extra charge, a bowl of live tadpoles to practice on.

Mail to: Limbs Galore P.O. Box 1034 Duluth, Minn.

Offer void where prohibited by law.
Competency doesn't make the best resume. Not to Nancy Heaton, despite her job as student government president.

"Taking pride in what you're doing is what really counts," Nancy told the Voice. "That's what this school is all about, and I'd like to see every student at Conn College bear that in mind."

Nancy, of course, is the president of student government who sparked the meetings with her wit and enthusiasm. No one is as charismatic as Nancy save perhaps former SGA president Leslie Merglis.

"Sure, power is gratifying, and so's having a library named after you. But you have to have discipline. But most today never hear about."

Nancy pondered the question a moment then told THE VOICE "When you do your best, instant recognition becomes part of your life. That rubs many guys the wrong way."

Nancy believes her philosophy of pride is accomplishment is as effective for freshman as it is for her. "I'm 21 and I have nothing more to prove... So why do I still drive myself? You just have to have pride. The same pride that allows a Fraser to get up in front of a class and lecture."

Friction

The 5'5", 115 lbs. legislator has had some problems with this, her first full year as SGA president. The SGA is filled with friction between president Heaton and vice president Garvey. How come?

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Nancy Heaton Reveals Key to Success

Introducing a distinguished Icelandic bird who has the answer to all those confusing air fares to Europe.

The bird you see here is known as a Puffin. A small, colorful member of a large group of birds which includes both the frigate bird and the albatross. When seen against the most distant icebergs, the Puffin is the bird of the north.

$275
roundtrip to Europe
 dudes leaving New York
$400
roundtrip to Europe
 dudes leaving New York

Icelandic to Europe.

The bird you see here is known as a Puffin. A small, colorful member of a large group of birds which includes both the frigate bird and the albatross. When seen against the most distant icebergs, the Puffin is the bird of the north.
Why Boyish President Lusts for Buxom Blondes

The most powerful man in the world, President James Earl Carter, has been seen dancing at New York City’s swank Studio 54 with a sizzling blonde bombshell, while his plain-Jane wife Rosalyn stayed home at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. knitting slippers for their young, bespectacled daughter Amy.

With an incredible amount of warmth and understanding, this deeply loving Southern wife frankly admitted, “I still love him. He’s my husband. He needed...a bit of freedom.” She smiled wistfully, rubbing a tear from her cheek. “He’s really a good boy. It’s just that all these problems are mixing him up. He’ll come back. I know it. And I’ll be here, waiting.”

The VOICE has learned, through ultra-reliable sources at both the White House and Studio 54, that the President has dated a tall, shapely, buxom young woman wearing a Farrah Fawcett hairstyle. Further reports state the woman to be the proprietor of an exclusive brothel on Manhattan’s East Side, serving only distinguished clientele, patrons known by reputation only, not name, include ambassadors, powerful conglomerate chairmen, and Saudi Arabian princes.

The President’s once idyllic marriage began to crumble on the road to Washington. Intense lobbying pressures, a rigorous schedule, and the many women he met began to alter his conservative ethics. As he struggled towards the White House, he left his morals behind in such campaign stops as Des Moines, Iowa; Sacramento, Calif.; Birmingham, Ala.; and Nashua, N.H. When away from his wife, he refused to call her. When travelling with her, he refused to return to the hotel room together. He began to receive mysterious gifts, never explaining to his doing wife who sent them.

Once in power, the situation deteriorated rapidly. After the first 100 days, the honeymoon was over, not only between Carter and Congress, but between he and Rosalyn. Carter threw wild parties in the privacy of the Oval Office, inviting the cream of the Georgetown Society. According to Rosalyn’s governor, Carter once forcefully struck, kicked, and secretly cursed his wife after she complained that the noise would wake Amy. It was the beginning of the end.

Carter began to go elsewhere to find his kicks. Private basements at the Lances’ were rumoured to transgress into Roman orgies, where Burt fed Concord grapes to his guests. Nothing saved the President’s appetite. He began to show up at parties with glamorous women; once he attended a State Dinner for the Prime Minister of Romania with two scantily-clad females in tow. THE VOICE has discovered that after this episode, both Sect. of State, Vance and Security Advisor Brzezinski met with the President, supposedly to convince him that his “Hugh Hefner” imitation was hurting the country. Carter was said to agree, and promised to attend only private parties in the future. It seems that the temptation to roam soon proved irresistible. A few months later he began to frequent the Studio 54.

This period of the President’s life has torn the sensitive Rosalyn apart. Said she: “He had always been such a kind man. But he began to act...mean. He would rant and rave for no reason, saliva flowing from his mouth. And once (here her voice lowered) he kicked Amy’s dog.” She quietly dabbed her red eyes with a hankie. “He’ll be all right. I know it. God is with him. He just has a little...just in his heart.”

“I think he needs this experience.”, she continued. “He has to find himself. We grew up poor together, struggled together, experienced together. Now he wants to taste success by himself.” Rosalyn paused, thinking. “It’s just one of those things every couple goes through once. If we weren’t famous, no one would even notice about it. It’ll work out. It has to. For Amy’s sake.”

Carter refused to comment when approached by THE VOICE. Reliable sources, however, report that he was seen by hundreds kissing his attractive dancing companion at Studio 54. Other insist they saw him running his hands over her supple body, while even more said that he was bumping and grinding with her on the dance floor. “He’s not a bad dancer.”, observed one 54 patron. “He’s got rythym.”

A close friend of Carter’s, who wishes to remain unknown, confirmed that the President “just wanted to taste the good life.” He went on to explain how Carter was so poor as a boy that he didn’t have a new pair of shoes until his Senior year at Plains High School. He never went to the movies. His nights were spent on homework, or holding his sweetheart Rosalyn’s hand and watching the creek rise. And, of course, helping on the family peanut farm.” To this day, Carter refuses to eat Skippy.


EDITOR’S NOTE: As THE VOICE went on-the-scene discovered that the President had been arrested by an FBI agent in downtown Manhattan. Our man reports that Carter attempted to buy a gram of “Coke” for undisclosed reasons. Accompanying Carter was his blond girlfriend.

BOOK BONER

powerful conglomerate chairmen, and Saudi Arabian princes.
Conn Close Encounter Experience Electrifying

As a reporter, I am allowed for a moment to be subjective, it was the most incredulous event that I have ever witnessed. I think what happened on March 19th on the Connecticut College campus was a sure sign from the universe.

No longer is man the divine creature of the universe.

The Navy could not offer any explanation of how an object escaped from our defenses. All they could say was "Hey lady, wanna eat my melons?"

"I don't believe you," her slender figure was at the door. "You! These were mine before you came!"

"I told you to leave, you pesky little human. Very bony, thin and spindly. I hope you never touch me again."

Connie saw, to her dismay, a very identifiable object; to be precise, "a big f--g spaceship. It hovered over Fanning for about five minutes."

"It was a pretty good film. Nothing like Bridge Over the River Kwai, but pretty good anyway. Yeah, the creatures were about seven feet tall, very lanky, and had these big bulbous heads. As I said, their faces looked like the lead alien in Close Encounters."

This time Eaton asked them for their parking permit. "I got to assume that it was a good film. Nothing like Bridge Over the River Kwai, but pretty good anyway."

"I didn't understand their question. Both aliens, in unison replied "Abayikes."

Eaton asked them to repeat it, but they only stood silently two feet away from their craft.

"Let me handle this, it's our turn in your world."

"I repeated their greeting. I had to assume that the first words that would be spoken upon leaving one's spaceship would be a greeting. Probably their equivalent of "Hi.""

"So I repeated "Abayokes. They repeated it again and held out their arms."

"I assumed that, too, was a greeting, so I grasped one of the alien's hands. It was, um, a little cold and slimy. Not something I'd lie to do again."

"They were at a standstill, these two races, born so far apart, now standing so near to each other. Both sides were silent for a while now. A tape recording of their greeting was to be fed to the College computer, after the Dorm Lottery. The break came at about 5:00."

"It was at that time that Oakes Ames, President of Connecticut College emerged from Fanning Hall, almost hidden under a baggy raincoat, carrying a large briefcase.

"The moment he stepped out of the door, both aliens got very excited. They hopped and hooted and made all sorts of strange sounds, spinning around in circles. They finally fixed their super-developed senses on the President and stopped after him. Their long legs carried them quickly, and within a minute one of the aliens had grabbed the President and slung him over his shoulder."

"The moment they got him aboard their spaceship took off immediately, becoming invisible."

Before the College could offer anyone money to come to the aid of the President, the aliens had him aboard their ship. As the side of the cube became opaque, the crowns could plainly see Ames bent over the knee of an alien, receiving numerous blows on his posterior region. The spaceship took off immediately, becoming invisible to the naked eye. It has not been detected since.

An analysis of the aliens, executed by The Voice's Computer, has filled in many of the blanks. By the composition of the cube and the heat of the surface, our computer has concluded that the ship is from the planet Acorn in the Tree Constellation, a little know star cluster next to the Herpes system. The ages of the creatures, as determined from a piece of skin that had adhered to Robb's watch, was found to be between 160 and 110 Earth years old. The high pitched sounds that they uttered were most definitely some sort of admonition and perhaps, even a scolding from the aliens to President Ames. Their "greeting," as Mr. Robb interpreted it, turns out to be something completely different; something even touching, when translated by computer.

"It's coming closer! This shot was taken just seconds before the UFO landed on the unfortunate photographer."

"I repeated their greeting. I had to assume that the first words that would be spoken upon leaving one's spaceship on an alien inhabited world would be a greeting. Probably their equivalent of "Hi.""

"So I repeated "Abayokes. They repeated it again and held out their arms."

"I assumed that, too, was a greeting, so I grasped..."}

By ALAN CASSIDY SMITH

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TOUCHDOWN!

Alien ship, after landing is ticketed by Pinkle. "This will make my quota," noted Eaton.

Harry Fishkin was elected president of the board at the annual meeting.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!!!

Diet Sweeps College

A new fat diet that has produced weight losses in an astounding 97 percent of the participants is being tested at Connecticut College. According to Margaret Vorfeels, the technique involves serving steaming fat-free foods covered with various gravies. Supplementary foods such as yogurt and fruit are pre-cooked for better results.

Even the staple items such as orange juice and milk have been replaced with apple juice and watermelon squee shirts. "It's remarkable" says Vorfeels and "it saves us plenty of money every day!"
Thanks Janice! Here Come The Osmonds!!!

by Bill Mavis III

Janice Clubfoot, our Socially Bored Chairperson, has done a peachy job in her position. I would like to take this opportunity to publicly applaud her. Let us review the ungodly economic situation with which she has had to wrestle. Poor Janice has the meagre sum of $75,000 to spend. If she needs more money to entertain the students, she can go to Special Events and Inane Requests for a paltry $50,000.00. In order to pay for a really super concert, she has to hassle with one financially finicky person. The poor dear, I really don’t understand how can she can bear it!

However, even though darling Ms. Clubfoot has to withstand all these horrid pressures, she has done a capital job. To begin with hasten back to those fleeting fall days, which we spent so happily this past semester.

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