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College Voice Vol. 3 No. 15

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Connecticut College, "College Voice Vol. 3 No. 15" (1980). *1979-1980*. 1.
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Not the CONNECTICUT COLLEGE Voice



April 1, 1980

APR 1 1980

NEW LONDON, CONN.

MINI-CONVENTION SPECTACULAR SUCCESS

Whole School Gets Involved

For one historical week in March, the eyes of the nation, lo, the eyes of the entire world, were focused on Connecticut College as it hosted its spectacularly successful Mini-Convention. The course of the college's history had been irreversibly changed for the better as it received the undivided attention of millions of politically aware Americans.



Chief Litchman: A spectacular success!

At the opening ceremonies, held in the hockey rink, hundreds of enthusiastic Connecticut College students gathered to hear their Student Government President, Mike Litchman, give the opening remarks. In a short speech, interrupted twice by applause, Mr. Litchman thanked all of the students for their enthusiastic support of the mini-convention idea and said "We have proved that this school can band together and accomplish miracles that detractors say are impossible, or something like that."

Next on the podium to speak was President Oakes Ames. As he approached the

podium the assembled crowd spontaneously rose to its feet in a standing ovation in appreciation of the outstanding work that Mr. Ames had done for the college in the past few years. Mr. Ames was flanked by his wife on one side and his charge d'affaires, Mrs. Jane Bredeson on the other.

"This is a great day for our school," said Mr. Ames. "I'm pleased to welcome the invading aliens to our planet. I'm sure they will like life here on Neptune as much as we do!"

After Mr. Ames remarks, the actual convention took place with discussion of the issues and setting up of guidelines. It wasn't until the next day, Tuesday, that the first of many Presidential candidates arrived to speak on campus.

At 10:00 a.m., the Senior Senator from Massachusetts, Senator Edward M. Kennedy, appeared before a throng of thousands in the new hockey rink. Kennedy was wearing a grey pin-striped suit and a button that said "Go U. Conn Huskies". His hair was wet and his clothes were damp. After a long ovation, Kennedy made his initial remarks:

"I'm so glad to be back here in New London. I had a little trouble getting here though, I was coming down from 95 North and they said that I had to take a right turn off the bridge to get to Conn. College. So I did. Thank God that the Coast Guard was there to fish me out of the Thames. No, but seriously folks, here's what I plan to do. I plan to end discrimination by painting the White House half black. I'll put potency back into our foreign policy



Prez Ames: "A great day for the school"

and demand that the Russians remove their missiles from Cuba, take down that wall they're building in Berlin, and stop spying on our space program. I'll send a man to the moon before this decade is out. I'll divorce Joan and marry Jackie. I'll comb my hair. I'll do anything for anybody. So, Please, give me your support. And do well in school, and don't cheat, not much anyway. Thank you very much and God bless."

(Continued on p. 45)

Infirmary Gets Sicker

The Connecticut College Infirmary, faced with demands by the administration to pare down its operating budget, is about to implement new procedures in order to meet its goals of saving \$150,000 over the next year.

Dr. Frederick "Steady Freddie" McKeon announced several steps which the Health Service will be taking over the next several months. First, will be the implementation of a "Self-Help Gynecological Clinic."

"Following the success of the 'Self-Help Cold Clinic' we decided that resources could be better utilized if students took more responsibility for their own gynecological health."

Each student will receive a speculum, mirror, home pregnancy test kit and an illustrated manual describing certain common gynecological problems. Before taking possession of these items students will sign

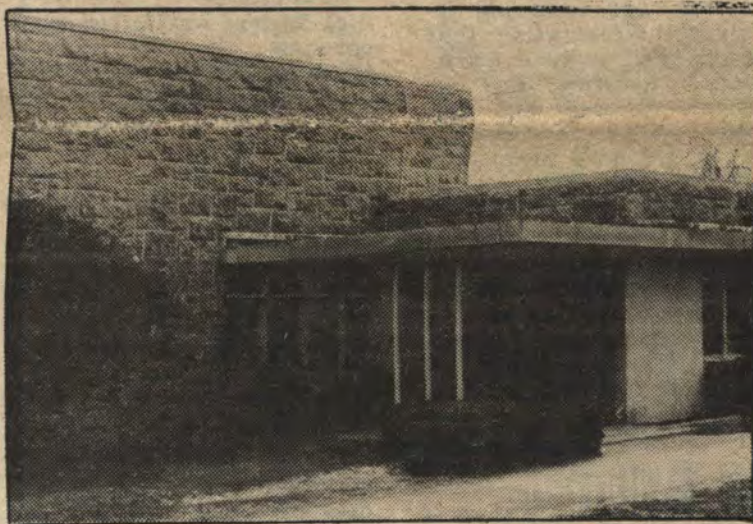
a statement releasing the Infirmary from any liability.

"This will save us the expense of keeping a OB-GYN on the staff," says McKeon, "and we keep a closet full of hangers on hand just in case."

The second economy move is not the hotly debated closing of the Infirmary as feared last year.

"We're not supplying the rooms with heat, sheets, pillows or electricity. Also, we're reusing band-aids, paper cups, and kleenex. It's just too expensive to use these things once and just throw them away." When asked whether these austerity moves would cause a decline in the quality of service the infirmary provides, Dr. McKeon responded vigorously:

"We continue to maintain the most modern facilities possible. We only use the freshest leeches for bloodletting you know."



School Infirmary: Cutting costs, not sutures.

Food Scandal Rocks Campus

In her first speech since becoming head of the Residence Department, Mrs. Geiger blasted school officials for what she called "the gut-wrenching decision" to dismiss members of the residence staff without first consulting with her. The dismissals emerged as a result of an investigative study by the Voice into alleged practices of kitchen employees throughout campus. This article will attempt to make clear what has happened to cause the confusion and anger in which the campus has suddenly found itself immersed.

On February 18th, the offices of the Voice received an anonymous letter from W. Arnold Rickshaw, '82, which stated that the author had witnessed a college employee recycling milk from the tray return in Harris Refectory. While this action was a bit out of the ordinary, it was nothing new, but as usual in a case like this, a reporter was assigned to the story. It soon

appeared that the incident had been an isolated one, and by the time that the February 20th issue of the Voice went to press, nothing new had occurred. But there were now observers in Harris.

Pisces is the sign of the fish, and February 22nd is the

start of it. The date is an appropriate one for the start of the Fish Scandal. On that Friday fish was served at lunch, but this was nothing unusual. Dinner was also fish, and this raised a few eyebrows on the staff of the Voice. A sample was taken and refrigerated for later identification. The next morning only a brunch was served, and there was no fish in the hot food, but a Voice

reporter happened to partake of the salad that day. In it he found what appeared to be chunks of fish. Again samples were taken, and channels of communication began buzzing. The samples would be sent to a lab at Yale, but that would have to wait until Monday. Saturday dinner was a lasagna bake, and as soon as they were served, wary Voice reporters began sifting through their portions. But it was in the soup of that evening, a vegetable soup, where the fish turned up. Small bits of it that looked almost like potato floated in the watery broth. Another sample was prepared.

Sunday saw the use of a fish paste in the cream cheese and a fish and macaroni casserole side dish at dinner. The offices of the Voice remained open into the wee hours as reporters compared notes. Early on Monday a messenger rushed the various samples off to New Haven for identification. Before the results came in on Wednesday, the 27th, certain authorities would have to be notified. Because of her possible involvement, Mrs. Geiger was not one of those

authorities.

The fish implants continued in TCB's and in a chowder. Samples were still being taken but were simply saved for later corroboration.

The big break came on Tuesday afternoon. One of the head chefs at Harris was observed talking to a man who was known to be a Catholic priest. While this in itself is not important, what is was the transfer to the chef of a large burlap sack and an envelope. The observing reporter saw a connection with the fish, and he followed the chef back into the kitchen area of Harris. There he witnessed the chef empty the bag into a storage bin. It contained only one thing — fish. The reporter also saw the chef placing the contents of the envelope into his wallet. The top bill had a picture of Ben Franklin on it. The chef was taking kick-backs for using the fish! Unable to believe his eyes, the reporter was able, however, to get a small sample of the fish in the bin. The Voice was notified, and the sample was rushed down to Yale.

Continued on page 4



Geiger, Chef: Small chunks floated in the watery broth.

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CAMPUS NEWS

Senior News



By Janice Mayer

Golly! So much has been happening with the Senior Class this year that I hope that I can remember it all for you! We made lots of money from the various sales that we've been holding. On Valentine's Day, we made thirteen dollars and eighty five cents profit on our annual dandelion sale. On Washington's birthday, we made eight dollars and seven cents on our Washington's Birthday maraschino cherry sale. On March 18, we made forty seven thousand, three

hundred and ninety dollars on our annual "Nose-Candy" sale.

Plans for Senior Week are going great guns. We have lots of fun planned, such as an all-campus hide and go seek game, a lemonade and sugar cookie party at D.J.'s house, and as a special treat, we'll be showing the film "Son of Flubber" in Dana Hall.

We're all looking forward to graduation and that great step into the summer before law school. Our original plan was to have Alan Alda as our commencement speaker but he's a liberal and uses snide comments in his act so we've hired the popular film and television star Soupy Sales as our new speaker. Soupy Sales is a great speaker and I'm sure that he'll have something of value to say to each and every one of us.

One more note, D.J. asks us to please not get so silly on Senior Night (May 1). Last year the Seniors went so wild that all of the Pinkies got headaches and upset stomachs the next day. So, hey, c'mon guys keep it cool huh? Groovy. See you around!

JB case load

In the past Judiciary Board Logs, and in this one, we have restrained ourselves, and have not included information that could give away a defendant's identity. But no longer. Starting with the next one we're printing everything, including names and addresses in case anyone is inclined to write to parents. If you bastards think you're going to keep getting away with murder, as it were, you've got another think coming. You're going to toe the line from here on in. We mean business. Now go to your room. And you're grounded for the next two weeks, do you understand me?

(Case No. 55)

a) Breach of Social Honor Code in form of cheating at tennis match.

b) Guilty 6-3, 6-0, 6-0.

(Case No. 56)

a) Breach of Academic Honor Code in the form of plagiarism. Student was accused of photocopying thirteen pages from an encyclopedia, stapling these pages together and handing them in as his own work.

b) No decision. Board decided that it would not handle the case as questions of copyright infringements are outside of its jurisdiction.

(Case No. 57)

a) Breach of Social Honor Code in form of failing to show proper identification at a meal.

b) Guilty 8-0.

c) Student was forced to eat meal.

(Case No. 58)

a) Breach of Social Honor Code in form of intent to injure students. Defendant "strafed" campus with small machine gun from low-flying private aircraft.

b) Guilty 8-0.

c) Due to wealth of father and likelihood of sizeable donations, the Board felt that censure would be adequate.

(Case No. 59)

a) Breach of Social Honor Code in form of stealing. Defendant was caught stealing food from Cro snack bar.

b) Guilty 8-0.

c) Due to defendant's Middle Eastern background, the Board decided that his right hand would be amputated at the wrist.

(Case No. 60)

a) Breach of Academic Honor Code in form of plagiarism.

b) Guilty 8-0.

c) Due to defendant's decision to copy directly from textbook written by plaintiff, he was given academic probation with distinction in the major field, for a period not to exceed two semesters.

School's New Energy Policy

The school announced today a five-point plan to conserve energy and cut down on skyrocketing costs. First, the temperature of the beer in Cro-Bar will be raised ten degrees. No heat will be provided in the dorms. The hard-to-heat South campus dorms will be closed and students will have to room together up north. The Pinkie car will be replaced by a rickshaw to be pulled by work-study students. The washing and drying machines will be replaced with scrub-boards and clothes lines. WCNI will be shut down, saving both power and cutting down air pollution. "If these administrative measures prove ineffective, harsher steps will be taken," says the school.

WCNI Fund-raising

WCNI is in the midst of a fund-raising campaign. Station Manager Henry Hauser says that the additional money will go towards buying new equipment to raise the power of the station's broadcasting antenna and to give its News Department remedial reading lessons. When asked why WCNI is not looking to broadcast in stereo, Mr. Hauser replied:

"Vincent Van Gogh Didn't Need No Stereo,

At CNI it's go man go,

Get up at seven to do a show,

Play the music fast and slow."

Mr. Hauser whom friends have said has been under a lot of strain lately, has been known to call himself Ted Turner and drive his car into the Thames thinking its a yacht.

College Gets Pat on Fanning

Editors of College Beautiful, a nationally circulated magazine, were on campus last week with the news that Connecticut College is their choice for 1980's Campus of the Year award. The editors were impressed by structures such as Fanning and New London Halls, and said that Larrabee House had them stunned with its "understated elegance." But what clinched the award, the editors told Trustees, was the Thames Hall dilapidarium, whose lines are assembled in a "wonderfully random way."

BRIEFS



Dinosaurs Still Extinct

According to research done by the anthropology department in co-operation with the palenontology department at Yale, the dinosaur is still on much worse than the endangered list. No evidence has surfaced to suggest the recent presence of the huge creatures, who once dominated the Earth, and the fear is that they are gone for good. Dr. David Murray says that the trouble could have been prevented, and that, "although we didn't kill them, all this pollution and waste of natural resources is not about to bring them back."

Yearbook to be Reprinted

The editors of Koine, the Connecticut College Yearbook, has decided to reprint the 1970 edition of the book. Says the editor:

"This year the kids have the same concerns as the kids did in 1970. There were movements to resist the draft, uncertainty about our country's involvement in foreign wars, and lots of wild, loud music. So we said, why bother going through the motions to create a whole new book when the 1970 edition is perfectly acceptable? I mean, D.J. looks the same as she did and the faculty never reads it anyway. We'll just change the Senior pictures section and no one will know the difference. Pretty keen idea huh?"

New London Sucks

A survey of thirty major cities on the East coast lists New London as a sucky city. To qualify as a sucky city it must have a distinct lack of culture, a transient population comprised mostly of human filth, a large drug sub-culture, an impoverished downtown and foul drinking water. New London narrowly missed becoming Suck City '80 by fifteen votes. Hoboken, New Jersey took the honors. When asked to comment on the survey, the Mayor of New London expressed surprise: "We weren't sure we were going to place so highly this year. Its all in our new promotional slogan to bolster our tourist business this year "Visit New London and see the Pits!"

Communications Jolt

For those of you who have been neglectful in paying your phone bills, S.N.E.T. has come up with a system that it hopes will keep delinquent accounts to a minimum. With the recent addition of new electronic equipment, the company is now able to send voltages up the line to give healthy shocks to its non-paying customers when they answer the phone. Company spokesmen suggest that those who may be guilty not answer any call if fresh from the shower.

Survey Results In

A recent survey of Conn. students shows that they seem to prefer alcohol and sex to studying. The survey, which polled 650 students, showed that a full 85 percent felt that the pleasures of the flesh were more enjoyable than academics. Miss Addie Tyson, a Trustee of the college, said she was shocked, but that, "this is what television has brought us down to."



Thames Hall: Wonderfully random lines.

"A rash consisting of small, raised bumps will appear on the chest and abdomen, and may be accompanied by fever, nausea, dizziness, dyspepsia. . ."

David Simpson Schwartz



Another Book Store

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PROTEST RALLY!

Wed. April 9, 1980

10 A.M.

Harkness Green

Come join the protest against student involvement in the Vietnam War Course. We are demanding an unconditional, unilateral withdrawal from this tedious engagement. Hear plans for the nationwide Moron-A-torium to be held on May 11.

PROTEST RALLY!

—NEWSMAKERS—

Several Connecticut College personalities have made news this week: In Hollywood, Spelling-Goldberg Productions have signed yet another Conn. College alum to its series "Charlie's Angels". Senior Anne Dempsey will be joining the cast.

When told that the 1970's "Me Decade" was over and that this was 1980, Conn students David Rabbino and Rocco Damiano expressed surprise and said that they had "felt silly" about the way they've been cavorting around campus and that they would "try to act normal" as soon as possible. Archaeologist Harold Jull has been the recipient of a grant to dig through the Oakes Ames estate to find Ames' hairpiece. "I'll be using a team of volunteers to go over the house inch by inch, if the wig is there, we'll find it," says Jull. Ames' hair was last seen in 1955. In order to bolster sagging attendance at its Wednesday and Sunday films the Connecticut College Film Society will start showing Triple-X porn films. Les Munson, President of the Society, claims that the move was made to help maintain community interest in the film program. "Most of them are sub-titled," adds Munson, "so we can easily pass them off as art." Trey Bianco labeled as "vicious and untrue" rumors that his car is actually assembled from a kit and powered by a lawnmower engine. Local automotive experts contend that the same kit company produced the silly-looking Chevy that Paul Kiesel drives around campus. Professor T.R.H. Havens denies that he knew in advance that the Japanese were going to bomb Pearl Harbor. "I know about it now, but I had no idea about it then, honest." The Student Government Association has voted to grant Conn's rock group, "The Clothespins" fifty dollars for a one-way bus trip to Cleveland. The search

for the housefellow for next year continues. So far, none of the applicants have passed the initial screening interviews. One of this year's housefellow, David Nightingale told "newsmakers" confidentially that "I wouldn't trust any of these jerks to babysit for my pet rock!" More as the story develops...Barkley Hendricks, whose paintings in recent New York Times article, has decided to go into commercial illustration, his most recent venture has been the front panels of Kellogg's Corn Flakes boxes, done in his super-realist style. Unconfirmed reports have Mr. Charles Chu starting his own Chinese calligraphy service specializing in menus. Asian Studies Professor, Kent C. Smith will be sent to the People's Republic of China for a one year exchange program, Connecticut College will receive, a panda, Liu Ming Feng, in exchange for Mr. Smith. A foul-up was reported last week, the computer switched programs accidentally and as a result, the new admissions decisions were made at random by the computer and the room lottery deliberately placed students in dorms in order of their academic promise. This is the fourth year in a row that the mistake has occurred. New exhibition in Cummings art center, Barbara Zabel will be on display from April third to the fifteenth. A donation of eight dollars has been made to the school by an anonymous donor who wants a roller-skating rink put up on campus. The development office states that it has accepted the challenge and will try to raise the additional \$1.2 million dollars necessary to complete the badly needed facility. Mike Lyddon '81 is having "more fun than ever", he reports. Conn. Students Bob McBride, David McCall, John McCarthy, Kath McCarthy, Pete McCarty, Ellen McCausland, Fay McClurg,

Cathleen McCormick, Mike McCoy, Diane McCue, Laurie McDevitt, Nancy McDonough, Steve McElheny, Nancy McFadden, Sally McFarland, Louise McGarry, Deirdre McGill, Karen McGlathery, Susan McGonagle, Mathew McGrath, Alyson McGregor, Gall McGrew, Michele McGuire, Holly McGuirk, Clyde McKee, Mary McKelway, Cammy McKensie, Greg McKeon, Alice McKillop, Donald McKinley, Vicky McKittrick, Neil McLaughlin, Liz McMahon, Andy McMurray, Kathy McNair, Donna McParland, Steve McWilliams and Laurie Epstein have announced plans to form a law firm to be called McBride, McCall, McCarthy, McCarthy, McCarty, McCausland, McClurg, McCormick, McCoy, McCue, McDevitt, McDonough, McElheny, McFadden, McFarland, McGarry, McGill, McGlathery, McGonagle, McGrath, McGregor, McGrew, McGuire, McGuirk, McKee, McKelway, McKensie, McKeon, McKillop, McKinley, McKittrick, McLaughlin, McMahaon, McMurray, McNair, McParland, McWilliams, and Epstein.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mykrantz announce the birth of their first child, A Volkswagen Scirocco on March 17, 1980. The child weighed 2,450 pounds at birth. A fund consciousness raiser for Jerry Brown will be held in Abbey dorm on April 14, B.Y.O.D. Despite a popular rumor, The Seaside Regional Center has not become a graduate wing of Connecticut College. Palmer Auditorium hosts "Kiss" and "Black Sabbath" in concert on May third. Favorite administrator Dean Johnson has changed her nickname to "Dean-O" instead of D.J. Says Alice of her new name, "It's more contemporary I think and it will make me closer to the kids."

Pointless View

by Frontal Loeb

Do you feel that the proposed animal husbandry bill should be extended to certain minorities?

Clint Ogilve, 10, 82
Well, I think that it should be tested first because you really can't tell what the long range implications will be right now. But if I had to answer, I would say no, if only to keep taxes down.



Sadegher Lrel, Third World, 83

In my country, things are different. Farming, hunting, they are the thing. Here, I don't know, perhaps we will see it. The horn of plenty, that is what it is.



Willie Washington Carver, AL, 80

Do I look like a horse? O.K. then, you see my point. But I think it's a good idea for other minorities who might need help. At least somebody wants to be on their side.



Harrison Winfield III, MA, 83

What's the point? Can I comb my hair before you take my picture?



Amy Leotard, NY, 81

If you mean, should they get the same protection as dogs and cats, then of course not. But if it is going to be sort of an overview system, then I don't see why not.



Leonard Tort, Visiting Instructor in Government
Let's look at this thing legalistically. I don't see why they should get it if we don't. Granted, they're different, but how far do you want to take this thing?



Vince Lude, CA, 80

I think that everyone should just live in harmony with the cosmos. I mean, what else really matters?



AROUND THE CORNER AND UP YOUR ASS

news from around the world and other magazines

There's good news from north. President Carter has announced that Canada will become this nation's 51st state, effective July 4th. Citing how helpful Canada has been, the president says that Canadians should be able to have their share of America. He has decided that they will be a full state, and not a protectorate, and that Margaret Trudeau will be the first governor.

Those hostages who had been held in Iran for the better part of a year have been set free by their militant captors who said that, "this has all been a terrible mistake." The militants, who are students at Tehran U. when they are not rioting, apparently thought that their captives were diplomats. When they were told the 53 were diplomats, all was well.

President Carter said that he forgave the Ayatollah Khomeini, and invited the 78 year old cleric to the White House to go jogging.

The energy crisis, once a grave national problem, has been effectively solved by the additional ten cent a gallon tax imposed by the Carter Administration. Solar power has been fully implemented, all nuclear plants have been shut down, and 12 dollar a barrel oil is more plentiful now than ever.

Connecticut legislators have decided to raise the drinking age to 90. Citing the correlation between alcohol and accidents, Rep. Chris Dudd said that the legislation will help Connecticut become "the Safest and Dullest State in the Union."

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SPORTS

Navy "A" Team Wins Big

In the third annual Norwich-New London Submarine Race the Navy "A" team not only won over the entire field, but did it in record time. Last Saturday, a clear day on the Thames, saw the field of seven competing in the nation's most prestigious powered underwater event. Water temperature was a brisk 41 degrees at post time,

but that made no difference to the various teams, some of whom had travelled over 450 miles for the race. At 9:00, the official start time, all were assembled. After a short delay the teams were off on the 7.5 mile run. The Polaris class **Hounddog**, out of Newport News, had the early lead, and at the halfway point it appeared that the men

from Carolina had it in the bag. But then, from seemingly out of nowhere, came two challengers, one from the Nautilus line, out of New York, and the Trident class sub **Napolean**, piloted by the men from Groton. By the three-quarter pole at Mamakoke it was clear that we did have a race. As the wakes came into view from the Coast Guard dock they appeared even, and at the finish the wakes were neck and neck.

It had been a photo finish, and perhaps the real reason for the Groton - based win was the overall length of the vessels. **Napolean** is more than 150 feet longer than the other two. With a time of 9:23:34 she had qualified not only for the Long Beach Invationals, but had also beaten the record by more than eight seconds. The **Voice** would like to salute the men of the **Napolean** and we wish them the best at Long Beach.



The finish line: No Waterloo for the Napolean.

SMITH-K.B. :

Playing Dirty



BY BIFF ADIDAS

Smith-K.B. defeated the team of J.A.-Freeman last Thursday to win the finals of the Women's Intramural Mud Wrestling Competition. In a bruising contest that went down to the wire with 5-2, 3-2, 1-3, 2-5, and 5-4 matches, the women of the North held off the women of South campus to prove they were the best. Because of the injuries last year, Marg Watson, Dean of Student Affairs, called off the group mud wrestle, and said that the individual bouts

would be enough to determine a champion squad. Surprisingly there were no severe injuries at all this year, leading some spectators to believe that much of the gravel had been removed from the mud of Larrabee Green. But we have been assured that this was not the case, and that the contest was a fair one. Congratulations go to the winners, and also to the losers, who had a great season, regardless of the final outcome.

Scandal continued . . .

That night the dealings of the Catholic priest were rigorously examined in the back rooms of the **Voice** offices. The priest, whose name cannot be released, but who is well known on this campus, seems to have been involved in shady activities in the past. He had been in the forefront of the push to get meatless Fridays during World War II, and he had been instrumental in forcing fish as the only food choice in the greater New London area on those days. Now while much of this push in the 40's was for the war effort, some of it was for less altruistic goals. The priest was, and is to this day a member of the N.A.F. (National Association of Fishmongers), a hard line organization with its roots in early fascism. Since its start this group has tried to eliminate meat from the American diet, and it is this group that has lately stirred up the sodium nitrite - nitrate problems in Washington. The N.A.F. still hopes to force fish as the only non-vegetable food in America. Add to all this the fact that the priest is the registered owner of a large fishing and cannery operation, and one can see what implications emerge. The **Voice** notified authorities

high up in the college. Again, Mrs. Geiger was not one of them.

On Wednesday the results came in from Yale. All of the fish, including that from the bin, was the same, T. alalunga, albacore tuna. The reporter who had witnessed the priest-chef transaction went to talk to the chef, and informed him of the evidence against him. The chef wisely admitted all, and offered to give valuable information if granted immunity. After consultation, the **Voice** and the school agreed not to press charges.

The chef had many tales to tell, along with evidence against the priest that was turned over to the F.B.I. These tales involved such things as substitutions of inferior grade food made by staff members, dishes washed at lower than legal temperatures to save hot water for employee showers, unsanitary handling of food due to simple laziness, and manipulation of food for sexual gratification, one case of which will be taken to court if beastiality can be extended to dead animals. These things are horrible, of course, but those responsible have been removed from their posts.

Mrs. Geiger, the **Voice** is pleased to report, had no knowledge of these actions while they took place. The



Yale Technician: Samples were rushed to New Haven.

editors of the **Voice** have apologized to Mrs. Geiger for having taken on the study without her prior consent, but feel that due to its nature it could not have been conducted in any other manner.

The outcome of the investigation is now out of the hands of the **Voice**. The priest is scheduled to come to trial at some point in April. Of the others, those who may have committed violations of the law will also be brought to trial. The **Voice** hopes that nothing like this will ever happen again. But if it does, the **Voice** will be ready. *

Tanning Team Tours

The Connecticut College Tanning Team has just returned from their Southern tour. The team's trip, which took them to competitions in Fort Lauderdale, Daytona and Key West, was called an "unqualified success" by team captain Lori Regolo. Against local junior college teams from Vermont and Rhode Island Conn showed considerable strength in the overall competition. One of our first-stringers, Rich Root, got burned early in the competition and had to drop out.

Team tanning is a relatively new sport that originated in Southern California and is spreading

eastward like a new form of V.D. Points are scored by the judges who look for quality of skin tone, lack of bathing suit marks and of course, no burning. This year, because of the intense pressure on the part of all teams to do well, blood tests are taken after each competition to make sure that each winner is actually a Caucasian and not someone with a hidden advantage. This year, one member was sent home from the competition for being an octaroon. Nice try, team! The team will be practicing for the invitationals to be held in May. Practice is at Ocean Beach every day from ten to two.



Next week in the Voice :



"The new Pinkie Car: Do we really need it"
An in-depth, full and complete total investigation by Scoop Stone.

and



Joe Bianchi gives tips on raising house plants.

This is the last issue of
Connecticut College
Voice

this year. We have been bought by Rupert Murdoch. Look for us next week under our new title:

Shopper's Coupon
Weekly

Dear Connie



By Constant Dumbrowski

Dear Connie,

I think I'm in trouble. I go to the Cro-Bar every night and drink until it closes. Now, I've been going in the afternoon too. I go through about a dozen or so Heinekens and Molsons every night and I've been getting sloshed, not to mention I'm going broke. How can I break this habit before it destroys me?

Dipsomaniac Donna

Dear Donna,

This was a tough question so I consulted with one of my experts, Mr. Attilio Regolo, the permittee of the Cro Bar. He suggests that you drink a domestic, rather than an imported beer since the domestics are less expensive. "Lite" Beer has slightly less alcohol than a regular beer," he added. So, try that and good luck dearie.

Dear Connie,

I'm almost afraid to admit this but, I tend to sit around my room and masturbate. Is this harmful?

Nervous Normy

Dear Nervous,

No, a common conception among the ill-informed is that whacking-off, beating the meat, oranism, auto-eroticism, jerking the pole, self-abuse or other forms of masturbation are harmful. Actually, it is a valuable release of sexual tension. However, many normal young men prefer to play those new pinball machines in the Crozier-Williams Student Center.

Dear Connie,

What's the matter with me? I keep saying I'll do great things for the school like get concerts, have better parties, sponsor special events. Instead, what little I accomplish in this job fails miserably and loses immense amounts of money. Do you think I'm an arrogant, yet pathetic loser?

Shad Roe

Dear Shad,

Does a Camel shit in the desert?

Dear Connie,

Things aren't going so well. First, I screwed up on my government mid-term and got an F. That was going to be my major. Then my roommate started bringing in different guys every night. They party and smoke and mess up the room and keep me awake all night so that I'm a wreck in the morning. None of my alligator shirts fit any more. All of my turtlenecks are stretched out. My father called me and told me that he and Mom are getting a divorce. Neither of them want to take custody of me. My 2002 is in the repair shop for the third time this semester and my period is late and I don't think Greg likes me any more because he doesn't say hello to me. What should I do?

Frazzled Frosh

Dear Frazzled Frosh,

Have you tried going to any of our Social Board Mini-Concerts?

scheduled to return in Fall 1981, and it is a return to look forward to. *

Downtown - Bank On It

BY ANT ALLYN

Q: What'cha doing tonight? Going to Harris for dinner?

A: Are you kidding me? One more trip to Harris this weekend and I'll be coughing up pieces of my liver.

Q: So you're going to Oceans? Or G's? Or Oaks?

A: And if I even have to look at another pizza this semester...

Q: The Carrot?

A: The road apple alternative to cowflops.

Q: So where else is there?

Does the above conversation seem to take place every single weekend? Then maybe you should shed your Conn. College shell and head down to Bank St. for a little urban adventure. I know people will tell you it's unsafe, but it's no more likely that you will be knifed than it is that you'll find yourself as *pate de Chevy* on Route 32. My tour started off with a good meal at the Hygenic, New London's most famous sanitary restaurant. The food, having been boiled until sterile, can be a bit bland, but the prices more than make up for it. Try the meat loaf almondine, or the more daring bluefish soup, and I doubt you will be disappointed. Get there early to avoid the lines, as there are no reservations other than your own. Dress is casual to seedy.

If literature is your bag, then Bank St. will not leave you stranded. Just down the block from the Hygenic is the Little Bookshop, New London's answer to Barnes & Noble. Finding the title you want is a little tricky, since most of the stock is unlabeled, but then it's fun to just

browse. The Little Bookshop appears to be to a great degree a medical bookstore, so bio-chem majors should take note. Also be sure to check out the magazine section, which is full of specific topical material. One example, for the young proctologist-to-be, was *Enema Monthly*, which seemed full of information and was profusely illustrated, a steal at only \$5.95.

Enough cannot be said for the people who frequent Bank St. They are among the friendliest people I have ever met. Two guys from the Navy offered to buy me dinner, drinks, and anything else I might want. They also offered to give me a ride home, and all this was upon first meeting me. You don't meet people like that just anywhere. They really were sincere.



Bank St.: Clean, safe, fun

The women on Bank St. were just as friendly in my one encounter, which was when I asked for directions. I was looking for the rumored brothels which are supposed to exist on Bank St., and I was talking to a woman who stood outside of the bookshop. When I asked her if she knew of any brothels, she quickly said that they were Up Yaws street, and she seemed quite happy

Continued on page 6

CONCERT REVIEW Arkon Symphony Orchestra

Patrons of Palmer Auditorium may have been a little disappointed that the Akron Symphony Orchestra was unable to do their scheduled performance last Saturday night, but their replacement was well received. And while I hope that the Orchestra is able to find another station wagon, I am in a way glad that they allowed the Shaker Heights Boys Choir to come in their stead. The boys, who as little as seven months ago had been a Little League baseball team, were able to bring off a series of difficult pieces with

better than fine quality. The performance was considered "very adequate" by at least one member of the music faculty, he a self-proclaimed expert in classical barbershop choral. The group went through the Lodestone Variations flawlessly before moving on to the intricate Water-Pic Choral by Currier and Ives. After the intermission the choir proceeded through Hanna-Barbera's so-called Custard Works, and finished to a cheering audience with a slightly altered version of the Sputum Bellicosam. All in all the performance was a masterful one, and this was even more so because of the lack of preparation. The Shaker Heights Boys Choir is

RECORD REVIEW

No More Peatmoss - The Bandicoots

This album, the first by the New Wave-Hydroponics group the Bandicoots, has its share of problems, not the least of which is the recording itself, which appears to have been done on a portable cassette recorder with the batteries running down. Some of the songs seem a little uninspired, and the monotonal title cut is an example. But (there is good news) this is a very fine first album by any New Wave-Hydroponics band. Lead guitarist Satch Wynadote

writes wonderfully evocative lyrics. They bring out the day to day problems of the hydroponicist in terms as clear as the water used to grow the huge vegetables hydroponics is famous for. Songs such as "Squash Festival" are beautiful in a simple and yet ecstatic way. And the epic "Call Me Water Farmer Now" is a classic in style and form. Don't be put off by the cover photo, which shows the group covered in pea pods. This album is not going to go away. And neither are the Bandicoots.

Social Board Mini Concert:

Blind Walker Johnson



When is the last time you heard good electric mandolin? I mean, the kind you always heard about from your old Uncle Hank who lived up in the hills of Tennessee. Electric mandolin players used to be a dime a dozen, and even cheaper in the Depression, but now they're dropping like flies, and only a handful remain. The best of them by far is Blind Walker Johnson, who will be appearing in Palmer Auditorium on April 11th at 8:00 p.m. Blind Walker made a name for himself in the early 40's by poking out his eyes to evade the draft. He went on to become a master at the electric mandolin; by the time of D-Day he could not only play better than anyone else, he could also lip-synch to all his songs. Now, one of the last of a dying breed, Blind Walker still has what it takes to play his craft, and if you don't sit too close you won't even be able to see his involuntary shudders; he suffers from a rare form of herpes. Come see Blind Walker Johnson and his Kentucky Swillboys, next Friday in Palmer.

EDITORIALS

There is nothing sadder to see in these days of skyrocketing tuition costs than the wanton destruction of college property and college minds. The amount of vandalism has increased to near epidemic proportions this year. Windows have been broken, doors kicked in, walls disgraced with obscene graffiti. The amount of money spent this year alone on repairs is enough to supply maid service to each and every room on campus. Not to mention the human cost in lost dignity for those who commit these vile and malicious acts.

Now, the administration has a solution. One that we would like to see in effect. Yet, the student body has not shown any support for this sensible and simple solution for the vandalism problem. The ban on night-time all campus parties and speakeasies is a rational answer to the problem. Most vandalism occurs at night, under the cover of darkness, after an all-campus event has concluded. By having parties during the daytime, fewer incidents of vandalism will occur. Students will tend to drink less during the daytime, and will have their evenings free to study. The Deans are correct when they say that a party that begins at ten in the morning is a better idea than one that begins at night when we're all tired.

Let's support the daytime party idea and get behind the administration on this one. It will do us all a world of good.

It is easy to sit back after working hard in the library all night, and think about nothing but pleasurable things. This is normal, we expect to do it, it is our right after hard work. And yet, there is something going on that demands our attention, something that cannot wait until we are fresh from a nice shower or eight hours of sleep. That is the plight of the Wyoming truck people, the refugees who now have no homes.

In late May of last year floods overwhelmed 40 percent of the state of Wyoming. People, respectable people like your own family and ours, were left without jobs, without homes. There was no food to eat, and an estimated 8000 people were forced to take to the interstate highways in small, overcrowded makeshift trucks.

Many of these trucks suffered breakdowns and flat tires before even leaving the state. Others got out, only to break down miles from any telephone. Now what is to become of the truck people? President Carter says he can give them no aid because the disaster area is Wyoming, and the people are no longer there. No state will help them because they are on federal roads. AAA says their credit is shot. So are they simply to wander across the wide prairies aimlessly until they run out of gas? Or will we, responsible Americans who understand the plight of our fellow citizens, send badly needed money and maps to the truck people? They do not ask for much. If they can find their ways to cities they will be placed in refugee camps, taught new skills, given new lives. They will, in short, not become burdens, but will become active, productive citizens once again. We owe them the chance to prove it.

J.D.R.
D.S.S.

Bank Street

continued . .

to help me on my way. I guess that Yaws St. may be off Bank St., but it must be far away, and I am happy to report that I did not find it. Prostitution does not seem to be a problem on Bank St., nor does any other crime, and the fact that women feel safe enough to walk there alone is evidence of this.

For a little of the nightlife, Bank St. can be a rewarding place. I was unable to go to all the popular spots, but the one I did get to is probably a good representative. That is The Latin Village. The people there are lively in a "South of the Border" way, and if you are not ready for a lot of action I suggest you step to the back of the place where things are a bit quiet. When I arrived there was an intricate dance going on which one of the patrons was kind enough to explain was a kind of Latin ritual. It is called El Matador, and it involves two men doing quick and fancy precision maneuvers with pearl handled razor blades. It takes patience and skill, and I was informed that no small amount of liquor had been consumed to psychologically prepare the man for the event. Everyone in the place was excited, and with all the yelling it was hard not to get into the whole spirit of the thing. One of the men slipped and fell, and amidst cheers the other was awarded with a woman, who was the prize, or cochon, as the prize of the ritual was called. I left the Latin Village in high spirits, and I am sure I will soon return.

There is more to Bank St. than I was able to cover in just one trip, but that is the beauty of the place. There is always something new to interest you. So when the blahs hit high on the hill, come down off of it. One word of warning: with all the things going on, bring no more money than you plan to spend, for I can almost guarantee you will not come home with any.

Correction and Amplification. Just as we were going to press, we found out that the mini convention was a practical joke that Mike Litchman thought of. Says Litchman, "I can't believe people took us seriously, when we can't even get a phone list out."

LETTERS

To the College Community:

I'm sorry, I goofed. I thought a new hockey rink would perk up the boys on the team and help them deliver a winning season. I've gone ahead and sold the rink facility to the U.S. Navy so that they can use it for target practice. Like I said, I'm sorry. Maybe a new basketball court?

Anonymous

To the Members of the College Community,

There seems to be some false information about what went on during my tenure as J.B. Chairman. At no time was a large stuffed kangaroo dressed as a frontier judge placed in the room where we heard J.B. cases.

Signed,
Joel Mishkin
Chairman



To the Editor:

Now is the time to look at the overabundance of dog flu virus now causing an epidemic on this campus. If nothing is done, each person here has the possibility of becoming a passive carrier for this disease, regardless of if he or she has had it. The disease itself is not serious, but if two carriers should happen to have children, the possibility for dog flu birth defects is great. I suggest that each student come to the infirmary for immunization. Or plan on looking for six supernumerary nipples on the bellies of your first born. I think you catch my drift.

Dr. Frederick McKeehan

To the Editor:

Is it true what they say about us art majors? I heard that we live in our own little world. Let me know, okay?

Signed, Suzi D'Erriere
Neptune & Beyond

To the Editor:

I take offense at your recent article, "Lookalike Contest Results" (Feb. 22) in which you accused me of looking like Cora, the Maxwell House Lady. In the opinion of all people I have asked, the similarity is small if not non-existent. I'll get you, my pretties.

Dean Alice Johnson

To the Editor:

Could you guys help us out? After "Gays and Lesbians and their reactions to the new Pink Floyd Album" we've run out of topics. Can you think of something?

Signed, K.Y. Felcher

To the Members of the College Community,

On behalf of the Freshman class of '83, I would like to make a general request of the college community, especially you upperclassmen. Would it be too much to ask you guys to take us freshmen seriously? Sure we have more zits, our voices crack, we drink until we puke, we're short, we wear glasses, dress like high school kids and listen to Styx and Toto, but we're people too! I'm sick of being patted on the head by girls who say that they'll wait for me to grow up. Why, I drank three Buds the other day and didn't puke it up or nothing. Thanks a lot for your consideration, we appreciate it.

Signed,
David Kaster
President Class of '83

To the Editors:

You want to know the worst? Being trapped in a room with a philosophy major. Yuck. What a bummer.

Signed, Most Anybody

To the Members of the College Community,

There seems to be a slight misunderstanding about the Judiciary Board and my function on it. At no time during the hearing of any case do I, or any of the other board members, dress up like the Ayatollah Khomeini and swing nooses in front of a student who is on trial. This is a malicious and false lie perpetrated by imperialistic Western and aggressor Eastern powers.

Thanks,
Jeff Lupoff
J.B. Chairman



To the Editor:

Don't tell me to eat shit and die.

Danny Dung-beetle

To the Editor:

Don't get me wrong. I like little kids. If properly cooked.

John Wayne Gacy

Not the Connecticut College Voice

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Not the Connecticut College Voice is an editorially independent news magazine published annually once a year. All copy for this issue was written by English speaking students, unless specifically noted. The editors are pleased with the material, but do not assume any responsibility for anything contained herein. All copy represents the opinions of the authors, I think. Not the Connecticut College Voice is a student-profit, non-r/n organization. Nothing else. You can stop here. Really, it isn't fun or anything. You know, once I was at this picnic where there were a whole lot of ants around, and my father, see, he was there because I was ten or so,

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OFF THE TRACK

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MAY 4

I remember when
when
when
you were the only one
you were the only one
who I could talk to
and now
now
you are not here
have not
will not
can not
be here
anymore

I remember when
you always said
said that we
could be together
together forever
but now you are not here
not here and will not
not be
and the time is near
and the time is near
and then
what about me
what about me
I will be late for dinner
Sandalwood

And Now We Are One

We walked across the saltmarsh soft,
And tasted of its breeze,
She talked of love and tenderness,
I slapped away the fleas.

The hours passed like broken wind,
She had me in her grasp,
I wished to tell her how I felt,
My voice rose to a rasp:

"Love is a music, the song of the lute,
Your flesh is so warm, your face so hirsute.
I need you," I told her, "like a pup needs its food,
You're the pick of the litter, the pride of the brood."

And now the beach is far away,
The marsh is dry and sere,
And though I left her there that day,
I wish that she was here.

Lax Shortstaff

How I Pick Up and Make Love to Connecticut College Women

It is really the best part of the school, the part that occurs in the privacy of your own room that is! I refer of course to the scoping and scooping that have replaced anti-war marches and frisbees as the principle activities on campus. I have personally slept with over forty-five thousand women in my last three years here at Connecticut. Now, before I graduate, I would like to pass on my secrets to you lucky young who will replace me in the ranks on the frontlines of the battle between the sexes.

1. How I Pick Up a Girl.

This is the easiest part. First, I go to speakeasies wearing only shorts, sneakers, my crew team sweatshirt from my alma mater (Bendover) and my Rolex. I drink until I get obnoxious. Then I socialize. I look for the type I know would be dynamite in the hay. I walk up to them and smile, make some small talk and then I pop the question. "Pardon me? Did you say your Volvo needs a lube job? Well, I have an eager tongue!" It always works for me.

2. How I Get Her Naked and in Bed with Me.

First, I pour a pint of Jack Daniels into her. Then, I wait for her to pass out. Now here is the hard part. Follow these instructions carefully. Remove any clips from her hair. Remove her down-filled vest. Remove her monogrammed sweater. Carefully unbutton and remove the Brooks Brothers shirt. Remove the Izod shirt. Remove the turtleneck. Do not remove the bra if there is one. It is there to protect you from small, pointed objects. Remove the bright green cords. Remove the undies with sailboats printed on them. Get into bed.

3. What to Do in Bed?

Anything goes, just whatever you and your partner's imagination can create. I like to read the Wall Street Journal out loud to myself. Some girls pick at those tiny red zits on their chests that they get from the sweaters they always wear. Some women, whom I guess were on some kind of drugs or something, wanted me to have sexual intercourse with them. Eeeeyeeooooowww! Gross! Yuck! Imagine me putting Trevor Martin Halstead the 3rd (my dick) into one of those things. You really must have a grudge against yourself. I tell these women to fuck off and if they want perversity in their lives let them pick up on Catholics or Jews or something like that. I'm not going to spoil my wedding night, no sirree bob.

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