

# THE TATTOO

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## College recruiters disappointed at fair

By HILA YOSAFI  
The Tattoo

A low turnout at the annual College and Career Fair held at Bristol Eastern High School last week disappointed recruiters and coordinators.

"We were expecting more students," said Mercellus Miglioranza, a recruiter from Manhattanville College in Purchase, New York.

The fair, which featured about 150 booths in the gymnasium and cafeteria, included mostly New England and New York schools, the armed services, and work programs, was open to anyone.

"I would have liked to see more people but the ones that came here got a lot of information that they wouldn't have otherwise gotten," said Larry Hochman, chairperson of Eastern's guidance department and coordinator of the event.

Hochman estimated about 250 families took advantage of the free fair.

Tom Clark, a senior at Eastern who is looking for a

good business school, said, "I think it's useful giving students an idea of what colleges have to offer without us having to travel very far."

Eastern junior Lisa Cote, who filled out a few information cards while she took a break from concert choir, said the fair was informative and "you get to

**'My only fear is the Army will try to suck me in,' said Matt Nadeau, eighth grade student at Northeast Middle**

see all these colleges you've never heard of."

Susan Martin, mother of Eastern senior Brandon Martin, said, "I expected more colleges to be here."

Lewis Mills junior Kristen Watson said, "Maybe they should have a broader spectrum from schools around the country."

But Hochman said, "This is the biggest number of colleges we've ever had."

The recruiter at the

Southern Connecticut State University booth, Paula Kennedy, didn't understand why so few people stopped by her booth. She said, "I would have thought that being a state school not too far away it would have been busier."

Students who don't think college is for them could also ben-

efit from the fair.

Jeffrey Parks, a representative from Hartford's AmeriCorps, a program where members get a living allowance for tutoring Hartford students and receive money to further their education or for job training, said the turnout "wasn't as significant as I'd hoped it would be."

Matt Nadeau, an eighth grader at Northeast Middle School said, "My only fear is the Army will try to suck me in."

Recruiter Michael Dezi at the



Recruiter Fred Bartlett from Florida Southern College, attended the college fair at Bristol Eastern High School last week.

Connecticut Army National Guard booth stressed that through the military you could attend college tuition-free.

John DeFelippi, a parent of an Eastern senior, said his biggest fear about college is paying for it for the rest of his life.

Miglioranza said he sees a lot more students at the fairs he participates in at other high schools.

He said that since it's only held once a year here "it should be a warning sign to seniors."

But Hochman said there is no need to hold the fair more than once a year.

Aida Silva, a senior admissions officer at the University of Connecticut, said students "should start as early as they begin middle school" to prepare for college by taking classes such as algebra and a foreign language.

Hochman said students should also start looking at colleges long before their senior year deadlines.

"There's no such thing as too early," Hochman said. There is, he said, a thing as too late.

Tattoo writer Chantelle Garzone contributed to this story.

## After awhile, it takes more than a glossy brochure to tantalize

By COLLIN SEGUIN  
The Tattoo

What do a paper pyramid, an empty video box, a pen, and a whole lot of booklets have in common?

They are just a few of the prizes you can win on "The Great College Search."

The game started for me just after I had taken the PSATs, or practice SATs, for the second time. Colleges started sending me mail, and I was overwhelmed by a deluge of letters congratulating me, and books telling me that I was perfect for the school in question.

This overload of attention impressed me. I started to think, wow, I must really be special to

these colleges.

That was when I realized that I was just one of tens of thousands of students who was being targeted by colleges. I really wasn't special, just another name in a computer.

I decided on four colleges that I was especially interested in, and then decided to have a little fun with the rest.

No longer did I look at what majors a school offered, but what bonuses the school was willing to give. For example, an Ivy League school didn't stand a chance against Loyola Marymount, because Loyola offered a really cool pen if you sent a reply card.

I wasn't interested in Embry Riddle, but the "do-it-yourself" pyramid that they sent me was

one of the highlights of the college search.

You can imagine my surprise when I received a video carton from Everett College, one that contained no video.

Then were the much-less interesting viewbooks that the colleges sent.

These were the schools' pathetic attempts to convince you that they deserved your \$100,000-plus, and the next four years of your life.

Of course, these books were trying to convince you that you can get the full idea of the school from a book received through the mail.

One example of a school's statement would be "Mr. \_\_\_\_, we understand that you are interested

in our school.

While other colleges may try to change your mind with pretty pictures, we have sent along this viewbook to help you make your own decision."

This is the point where I realized that there was no way they could know if I was interested in their college, and that the viewbook they sent me was, hey, more "pretty pictures."

This is when I realized that it wasn't such a great thing getting all of that college mail.

After I had made my choices, the rest was just an annoyance.

I had gone from the kid who would open Publisher's Clearinghouse letters, just to say I received mail, to not even caring what I got.

### Opinion

## Ringside at the congressional catfight

By AMANDA LEHMERT  
and JOE WILBUR  
The Tattoo

Here's what two newspaper geeks do on a Friday night: we attended the congressional debate between Nancy Johnson and Charlotte Koskoff last month at Central Connecticut State University. And we actually enjoyed it.

After much confusion and some brilliant impromptu highway maneuvering, we arrived with only a vague idea of where we were going and what was to occur.

We arrived an hour early. Poor planning, perhaps, but, we figured, if we were going to be at a debate on a Friday, we might as well be early. Go ahead. Call us square. We can take it.

We strolled about the campus for an hour, looking for the ballroom and the debate crowd, watching bored students in black trench coats lounge on picnic tables smoking cloves. A few dark figures in medieval robes stalked past us. This, we guessed, had been neglected in the college view book.

We found the hall and quickly located the free food. Politics are nice, we thought, but chocolate chips are better.

We were instructed by an old man with a baseball cap (who claimed to be the caterer) to start at the top of the pile of complimentary cookies. He was up all night baking, he explained, and we weren't sure whether to smile and thank him, or just to back away slowly. We took them post haste, and found our advisor, Steve Collins, who was skulking in a corner gathering quotes.

As usual, Steve had found the biggest freaks in the room. Behind him third party candidate Timm Knibbs was ranting to anyone who would listen (and especially those with notebooks) about the injustice of the closed debate. He said (repeatedly) that the taxpayers were being gyped, made to pay for a debate in which legitimate third party candidates (like himself) were not allowed to speak. After much arm flailing and voice raising, Knibbs was calmly escorted outside.

We breathed a sigh of relief because he had just begun to talk to us and we were a little afraid that he might have been packing heat. Ellen Russak of the League of Women Voters, sponsors of the debate, explained

that Knibbs failed to meet their "requirements of a legitimate candidate."

We didn't blame her. If it were our debate, we wouldn't have invited him either.

Stepping outside for a bit of fresh air, we heard the distinct echoes of an angry rally forming in the distance.

The "Carpenters for Koskoff," a group of union workers, carried picket signs and chanted slogans. Among our favorites were "Export Johnson, Import Koskoff" and "Hey, Hey, Ho, Ho, Nancy Johnson's Got to Go!"

Mingling in among the clean crowd were a few rougher chanters singing: "Nancy Johnson is a Congress Ho!"

Bruce Lydem, a union man, explained the rally: "We think that Nancy Johnson is wrong for the 6th district. She's not for working people. She's forgot what it's like. It started in Bristol, with New Departure and then with Stanley. We've got families trying to live on \$25,000 a year. If she put the effort into helping working people that she puts into campaigning and fund raising, we wouldn't be here."

Johnson and Koskoff make good sparring partners, we'd decided, because, besides being Republican and Democrat, they really seem to hate each others' guts.

We filed into the ballroom, smiling ear to ear, trying to be neutral, and took our seats in the front row. By sheer chance (or perhaps some strange liberal law of physics) we found ourselves on the "Koskoff side" of the room, a few men in hard hats sitting just behind us.

And then they were ready to rumble. As Johnson took the stage, modest applause rose, killed quickly, it seemed, by a great deal of boing. The room's right wing was quiet as Koskoff entered the fray, but the left cheered wildly.

One of us commented to the other that, if the debate could be won solely on the merit of the candidate's legs, Koskoff would have it hands down.

But on with the issues. The audience was pretty lukewarm

through the discussion of nuclear testing and the death penalty, but heated up with the discussion of NAFTA and HMOs.

While discussing the origin of a motion that Johnson supported to keep foreign products from being stamped "Made in the USA," Koskoff seemed to falter. She wasn't sure how to argue as she was obviously unclear on the case. "What was the case?" she asked Johnson. "Do your homework, Charlotte," Johnson replied.

Just then, a Koskoff supporter darted up through the aisles, a piece of paper in hand. She looked about for a pen, grabbed one of ours, scribbled something, and passed it to Koskoff. It was then revealed that the case involved Canadian peanut swirl being imported for Skippy peanut butter. The audience giggled at the revelation as we tried to pretend that we weren't thrilled to be a part of the democratic process.

We think that we can trace the ensuing cat fight to this exact point. Claws were unheated, and it began to get ugly.

We noticed that Johnson was the veteran politician, finding every conceivable way to cloud and confuse the issues. If you asked her what her favorite color was, we imagined, she would tell you why having a favorite color is important to children starving in the Middle East and that she VERY strongly supports starving children in the Middle East having favorite colors.

Koskoff was obviously the novice, still emotionally involved in the issues, still aware of the difference between what she feels and the safe answer. Perhaps when she has been in Congress for so long that she too goes deaf to the chants just outside, she will be able to win reelection with the greatest of ease, fence sitting like an old pro and having an answer for everyone.

And so that's that. We left the debate with a little more faith in the system, a few chocolate cookies and a reaffirmed fear of third party candidates. This, we think, is what this nation's really all about.

## Chaos reigns at the tech school, too

Saturday, Oct. 17, 1998

8 a.m. This is the morning when all members of the class of 2000 (or at least those who want to go to college) take the test that could save them a lot of money. After only a couple of hours of review and six hours of sleep, I entered the auditorium side of Bristol Eastern High School's cafeteria, ready to take my PSATs.

There was a mob students. Half to make conversation, half out of curiosity, I asked my friends what the hold-up was. The theory was that there was no room due to construction.

Due to the asbestos removal in the math hallway our room assignments got changed at the last minute. And I was one of the lucky many to get stuck in the cafeteria. Somewhere I'd heard that the asbestos was supposed to be removed over the past summer. Even if they're a bit behind schedule, why start it the morning of the PSATs, of all days? When we finally began the actual test, I could not concentrate. Normally I work better with noise. But the Fruitopia machine was just letting out this annoying moan.

- Hila Yosafi, junior, Bristol Eastern High School

Monday, Oct. 19, 1998

The two public high schools in town aren't the only schools that serve the Bristol area and are under construction. I am a junior at E.C. Goodwin R.V.T.S. in New Britain and life there is pandemonium.

The math center is being renovated so they can put in 11 computer terminals. I can never find the teachers. It's even worse for the rest of the school. There is no kitchen! Instead, there's a little "cubicle" with which we have to make 250 sandwiches everyday. The maintenance department has moved in the convection oven, but the electrician still hasn't hooked it up, so it's still sandwiches. God only knows when the blasted construction will start. We have had so many start dates it's no longer funny. At any rate, once they do start it will take 120 working days to complete our new state-of-the-art kitchen.

Time-line: June 1, 1998, asbestos removal slated to start (did not get funding); July 15, asbestos removal slated to start (did not get funding); August 1, finally got funding; Aug. 29, asbestos removal completed; Sept. 1, demolishing of walls/construction Slated to begin (not done); Oct. 15, demolishing of walls/construction slated to begin (not done); Oct. 19, demolishing of walls/construction slated to begin (not done).

- Marc Bramhall, junior, E.C. Goodwin R.V.T.S.

Monday, Oct. 19, 1998

Sigh. It's Monday morning. I'm on my way to first period geometry. 'Nuff said. While making my merry way through the foreign language hallway, I am suddenly overcome by the sickening aura of diesel putrescence infiltrating my innocent lungs. I gag violently at this unexpected disturbance in my otherwise serene respiration. This is a school, not a gas station! Holding a too-long sleeve over my face, contorted with disgust, I hastily exit the deadly hallway, escaping its volatile contents. I suppose I'll have to continue with my existence now. Grumble. Work and progress...BLAH!

- Chantelle Garzone, sophomore, Bristol Eastern High School

Are you living your life under construction? Is your head hammered? Do you wander hallways sneezing from dust? Do you puddle hop to algebra?

If you're a student, teacher, or other staff member at a school "in progress" and want to share your experiences with the outside world, put it in writing and send it to us.

To get it to us, hand it to a Tattoo staff member, or put it in the mail, snail or electronic. Snail mail address: In care of Tattoo advisors Jackie Majerus and Steve Collins, The Bristol Press, 99 Main St., Bristol, CT 06010.

Or, E-mail it to SteveJackie@prodigy.net Please include your name, school, class and phone number.

## Some news about us

What's this? *The Tattoo*, the award-winning page written by local teenagers, is supposed to be published only on "occasional Mondays" in this fine newspaper. But this is our seventh consecutive week of publication. This breaks all records, for you see, this is a volunteer effort on the part of participating students and by our advisors, Press reporters Steve Collins and Jackie Majerus.

We are not on steroids, just lots of Diet Pepsi. Keep watching, there will be more. By the way, if you've been missing editions and have Internet access, you can see our archives on the web, cause we're hip like that. You can also get a special little e-mail from us just before we go to press, since even the most devout readers might miss us sometimes. To get the e-mail notice or give us an idea, gripe or pat on the back, drop us a line at: SteveJackie@prodigy.net.

To check us out on the web, point your browser to: [http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/Majerus\\_Collins](http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/Majerus_Collins)

Anybody - really, this means you - with a question or comment about this page can call Steve or Jackie at 589-5316.



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