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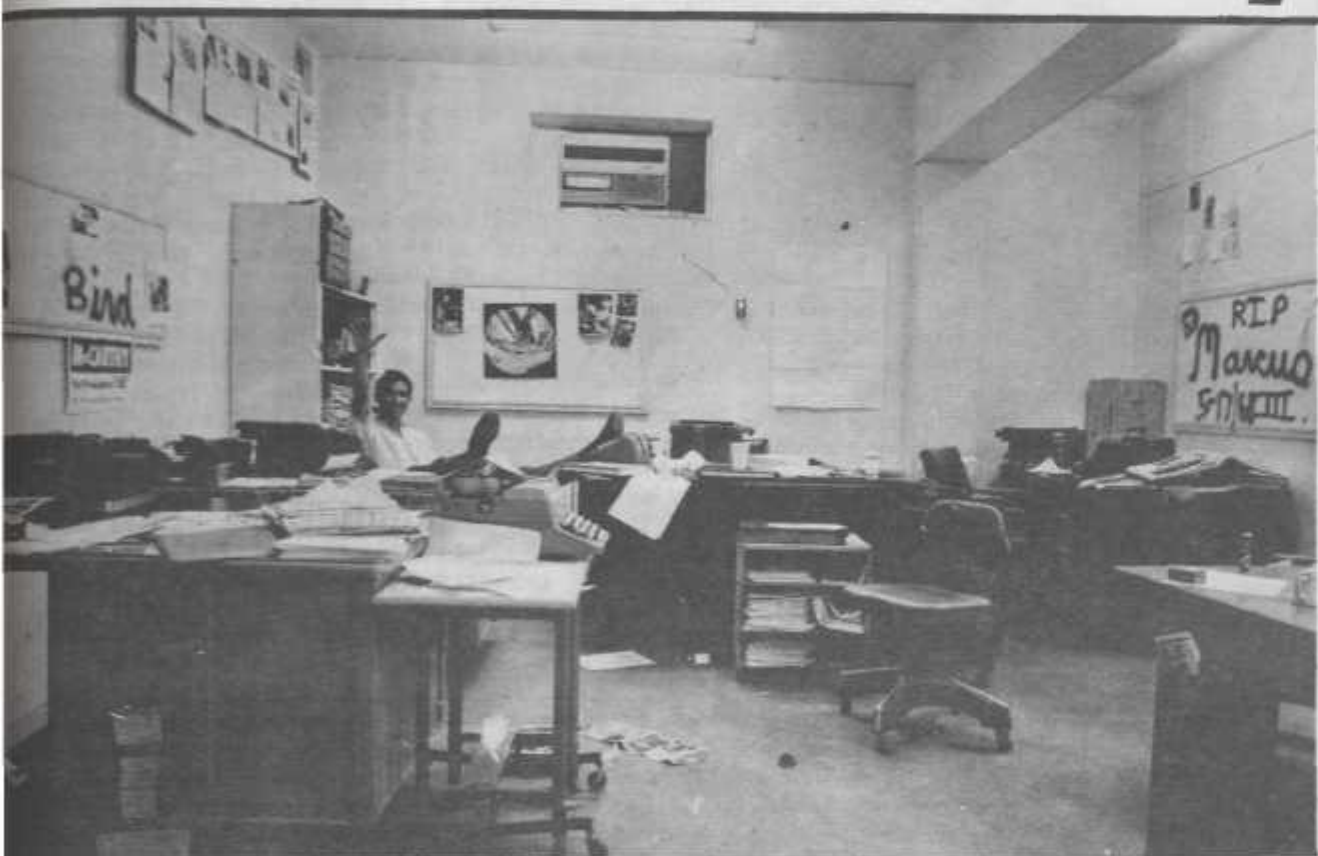
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217 Await Friday Graduation

Rollins Gives Degrees To Largest Class Ever



Excellent! EHHXXXELLENT!!!!!!

SANDSPUR photographer Don "Bird" Robins waves everyone a big fat goodbye from his perch high atop the SANDSPUR office in downtown Studentunionville. "Bird," who has just finished cleaning the office, wishes everyone to know that this is the only picture taken of him that has ever appeared in any publication in the history of the world. PHOTO BY MARK BILLSON.

Rollins College will present degrees to 217 candidates from its undergraduate program and additional MBA degrees to Crummer Business School candidates on Friday, May 31st, at 10:00 A.M. in Knowles Memorial Chapel. Admission to commencement exercise is by guest card only, until after the academic procession is seated.

Dr. Charles N. Millican, President of Florida Technological University, will deliver the commencement address. Rollins President Hugh F. McKean will grant the degrees.

A reception for the students and their families will be held on the lawn in front of the Chapel following the ceremonies.

The Class of 1968, acclaimed by many administrative and faculty officials to be among the very best in recent years, numbers among it many college leaders of academic, social, and athletic distinction.

Besides being one of the best graduating classes, the Class of 1968 is also one of the largest—perhaps the largest—in Rollins history—217. In recent years there have been approximately 180-190 graduates.

Of the 217 members of the class around ten are graduating with academic honors. This number, too is high compared to those of recent years.

A large percentage of the graduating class' members is going on to graduate work. Several are entering fields of social service such as the Peace Corps and Vista. Most of the men will be serving the military, in all probability; of them many will become officers. There are, too, a lot of marriages in the offing, as well as lot of job-searching in areas ranging from advertising to spying to teaching.

Spies, graduate students, and Peace Corps workers alike will be at the preliminary affairs for graduating seniors. On Thursday evening, May 30th, President and Mrs. McKean are receiving the seniors at "Wind-song." Then, early the next morning, there is a senior-and-alumn breakfast at the "Family Tree" across the lake from the campus.

After this, the usual academic procession will assemble, weather permitting, in front of Carnegie Hall, march across the library lawn and into the Chapel to the tune of traditional commencement organ-music. During the exercise, the Rollins Chapel Choir will perform.

Then, after an hour or so of what really amounts to roll-calling, 217 visibly unchanged people, sheepskins in hand, will exit through doors of sun-filtering moss, late-night friendships, and moments of sudden classroom awareness into a new time and place and thing.

Florida Faces May Primary

On May 28th Florida will conduct its Democratic Presidential primary. There are three slates in contest: one committed to Senator Eugene McCarthy; the second committed to favorite son George Smathers, who has not made clear who he will support at the convention; the third, committed to Florida politician Scott Kelly, who wants to get Smathers' slate declared illegal. Kelly charges that a slate is supposed to pledge its support to someone. Since Smathers has pledged his support to no one, it is illegal, says Kelly.

The legal battle is presently being fought in Florida courts. The decision will be handed down on May 27th, the day before the primary.

This primary will have a tremendous impact on the national political scene, especially for McCarthy. For if Smathers is knocked out of running, McCarthy will win by default. Consequently, McCarthy's true strength, which could only be measured in a real battle with Smathers, will not be measured. A false measure of McCarthy strength could have quite an effect on the national political scene, especially considering that California's crucial primary shortly follows that of Florida.

House Fight Adds Fuel To Finance Fire

The annual budget battle was fiercely fought last Monday night at a meeting of the Student Legislature. All contingents had their tanks in file ready to defend and attack any potential adversary. The crisis was compounded this year by a unique deficit of \$13,732. To alleviate the situation, previously tabled allocation requests for the tennis and golf teams were withdrawn.

A statement of the estimated revenue and budget requests was distributed to all present and Finance Committee Chairman, Terry Law, requested that each budget request be considered in the order listed in the statement, except for the Student Center, which he requested

be considered last. This plan was adopted and the budget battle commenced.

Former Speaker of the House, Fred Gittes, made an opening statement and suggested that each budget be automatically cut to the amount of last year's allocation before consideration. Seth Feigenbaum moved that Fred's suggestion be adopted, and the motion carried. This strategy alleviated a great deal of potential belligerency that never exploded. All budgets, with only one exception were adopted according to this suggestion.

The first request to be considered was \$4000 for the Sailing Club. The plight of the seaworthy group

was delivered by Jim Short, but the House voted not to allocate any funds to the Club.

David Lord pleaded with the legislature to adopt the Athletic Department's request for \$1500. As usual, Lord's antics were of no avail and no funds were allocated to the Department.

Stan Kaplan rendered an enthusiastic case for an allocation of \$900 to the pep band. However, immediately following Lord's endorsement, no allocation was granted.

Bob Glass defended the requested \$855 for the Speaker's Bureau. The allocation was reduced to a fraction of the request until Bob Hochschild pleaded with the House to

allocate at least the amount of last year's allocation. Accordingly, \$500 was voted to the Bureau.

The R-BOOK was allocated \$1095 after Editor Susan Glenn stressed adoption at a later date to abandon the retroactive account.

At this point, Dean Kirouac (hung up on the salaries question) moved that all salary requests be referred to the Finance Committee. The motion failed for lack of a second.

Dick MacLeod, Editor-elect of the SANDSPUR defended the \$11,500 allocation rendered last year. The request was carried.

TOMOKAN Editor-elect, John Harris, also successfully defended last year's \$13,900 budget.

The \$600 requested by the Finance Committee for the Student Association General Account was passed. The Rollins Players' traditional request of \$3000 was carried in spite of opposition from Athletic Department allocation advocates.

The FLAMINGO, represented by Editor-elect Lorrie Kyle, was the only allocation that was increased over last year's figure. The House adopted a \$2,200 allocation.

The Student Center was provided with the left over funds which amounted to \$30,468.80. Although this was short of their request of \$34,388.21, it was an increase over last year's allocation.

Sparks began to fly after non-financial matters were dispensed with when Student Association Comptroller Terry Law moved to enforce specific controls on the Student Center budget. Former Speaker Fred Gittes defended the need for increased surveillance of the Student Center funds by citing many specific examples of misallocation, wanton spending and irresponsible fiscal planning. Nona Gandelman threatened to render a refutation and demanded "equal time."

Women Win Hours Extension

Extension of freshmen and sophomore women's hours was made law by the vote of the May 15 meeting of the Student-Faculty-Administrative Council. At the time of the vote, the "sit-in" by the Freshmen women in the "Library," there was a bill being discussed in the House to extend hours for freshmen women to eleven between Monday and Thursday. The Rules Committee, under Chairman Lucia Turnbull, elected to stay ahead of the situation. The hour changes that resulted are as follows:

Freshmen women's closing hours will be 10:00 PM, Monday through Thursday, 12:30 AM Friday and Saturday, and 10:30 PM on Sunday during the Fall Term. Six late hours are allowed during this period on any night. During Winter and Spring Terms, closing hours Monday through Thursday shall be 10:00 PM, Friday and Saturday 11:00 PM, and Sunday 10:30 PM with eight late hours in the Fall and Twelve in the Spring on any night.

Sophomore Women's closing hours will remain 11:00 p. m. Sunday through Thursday and 1:00 a. m. Friday and Saturday. Twelve late hours are allowed in the Fall Term, but are unlimited during the remaining two terms.

The existence of a standing committee was suggested by the Council to the Rules Committee. This unit

would make a canvas survey of all the women on campus as to their feelings about the loosening of the regulations concerning closing hours, or perhaps having no hours at all. This being complete, a similar survey would be made of their parents' views, the results of which would aid in determining future policy on this chronic issue.

Johnson Elected Speaker Of House

In a run-off election at the last meeting of the Legislature, Steve Johnston was elected Speaker of the House over Lucia Turnbull and Stacy Margaronis. The office was vacated by Russ Olsen, who stepped down at that point. The Standings Committee, under Lower Court Chairman Phil Marion, allowed the vote in the face of the illegality of one vote that would not have affected the result.

Johnston is the incumbent President of the Phi Delta Theta Colony on

campus and has served as House and I.F.C. representative from that house for two years. He has been actively interested in the Young Republicans, and served as President of that organization last year, making it a dynamic and effective body both on campus and in local politics. Johnston has not committed himself to any planned policy of his office for next year, but says he plans to continue the investigation of increased women's hours and possible visitation rights.

Editorial

Sandspur Reflects On Eventful Year

In retrospect, Rollins has reflected in its own way the vibrations of the year 1967-68. The students' awareness of the events outside the campus--set against the backdrop of a far-off war coming ever closer--injected a shot of adrenalin into the heart of the campus.

It seems as if the electric horror of many of the realities in the late 60's has created an uneasiness, an anxiety that seeks to relieve itself in commitment and involvement rather than a security that cannot be had. Four years ago, the SANDSPUR decried the apathetic temperament of the student body. Now administrators wonder what this same student body will conjure up next. We feel that the campus now stands alive and committed to a search for awareness, and thereby, for action.

One of the most important aspects of this search for awareness and action on campus this year has been in the form of questioning and self-analysis. We feel that the SANDSPUR has taken the initiative in formulating this process of inquiry and reappraisal. There has been a "method to our madness."

As we noted in our first editorial of the year, the modern American campus is fast becoming the action center, the wet mold of our contemporary civilization. Consequently, we have hoped to awaken the students to the role they can and must play in today's society. We have incited, aroused, criticized, and infuriated with this purpose in mind. Some reaction--be it adverse or laudatory--is better than no reaction. Some involvement or commitment regardless of how small or restrictive it may be is better than none at all. We have endeavored to create some inkling of a perception toward these goals using any and every means at our disposal.

Primarily we have utilized the question. We have asked about the validity of strict conformity of dress and hair length in the context of the academic experience, the validity of archaic drinking laws, and of a new wave or style of campus journalism. We have questioned the Council, the Beanery situation, the new curriculum, the student salary problem, the draft conscience crisis, and the student center policies. We have probed the coming Presidential elections, the McCarthy campaign, the proposed self-appraisal of America during the Viet Nam war, the assassination of Martin Luther King, IFC's ban on hazing, Lower Court appointments, and the freshman women's plea for later hours and the action of their protest. We have analyzed the library and Greek situation, not to mention many others. We have attempted to mirror Rollins during one of her most dynamic periods. We have ventured from the ordinary norm because Rollins has changed and only through innovation could we report this change. Thus, we give some of the credit to the SANDSPUR staff for recording and consequently participating in creating here an atmosphere of vitality and relevancy.

Indeed, this year's graduating class has seen an enormous transformation in the atmosphere and 'image' of Rollins during four years. We congratulate those administrators, those students, and faculty members who have risked censure and criticism to bring about this transformation. They have had the guts to be outspoken and this courage has produced results.

In conclusion, upon the release of this year's outstanding TOMOKAN and FLAMINGO, we can honestly say that this has been the year of Rollins publications.

Editor's Note:

Out By Six!

Stepping down from the editorial 'we,' I wish to thank personally those people who have been invaluable to the SANDSPUR this year. Special thanks goes to Mrs. Stella Pollard in the Alumni House for addressing 600 SANDSPUR'S every week. I appreciate the counsel and advice of Dr. Edwin Granberry, the literary consultant to the SANDSPUR, and Mr. Ed Wren, the SANDSPUR'S technical advisor. I am also very grateful to all the professors and students who have extended encouragement and constructive criticism in the various campaigns of the paper. Finally, I give grateful acknowledgement to Don Robins, photographer, and those 12 members of the staff (Scott, Susan, Pat, Lynn, Josie, Linda, Dick, Connie, Fred, Chris, Ev, and Bob) who have in actuality produced the paper every week. Without them.....

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| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
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Gator Grips

Dear Sir:

An editorial by Richard MacLeod in the May 17, 1968 issue of the Sandspur greatly disturbed me and, no doubt, upset the many students who work within the organization of the Rollins Student Center. In defense of the proposed programs of the Student Center for next year and the request for an increase of \$5,000 (approximately), I shall answer the editorial in a more orderly fashion than that which the criticism was made.

The Student Center and the Publications Union are very similar in nature in that:

1. Both groups are self-perpetuating. The successors are appointed by the outgoing members.

2. Both groups rely on the House for funds.

3. Both groups objective is to submit programs, whether they be publications or activities, which are appealing not only to the majority group's interests on campus, but also the minorities.

The difference between the Publications Union and Student Center is that:

1. The Student Center officers and committee chairmen are non-salaried. The editors of the Tomokan and Sandspur receive salaries. Approximately \$3,300, was paid to Sandspur personnel in 1967-1968 and about \$950, to the personnel of the Tomokan for the same period.

In answer to the criticism of Richard MacLeod in his editorial:

1. Nona Gandelman did say to spend the money in the committees, not for the purpose of justifying next year's budget and to spend for the sake of spending, but to provide the students with quality programs. Agreed, the Mitch Ryder Concert was a flop, but the committee chairman and social group representatives who sat in on the Program Administrative Council wholeheartedly approved the decision to have Mitch Ryder come to Rollins.

2. The Student Center was criticized for wasting student money and robbing other student organizations of money which could be put to better use. Mr. MacLeod must remember that all of the Student Center's funds go to provide programs for the students. Nothing is paid in salaries. Question: Should the Finance Committee cut the Student Center's budget, thus reducing the quality, quantity, and variety of programs offered to all of the students or should it approve the request of the other groups requesting money, some of which goes to pay salaries?

3. The Student Center has established the position of Comptroller in order that it may more accurately control its own finances and also to lessen the demands on the Comptroller of the Student Association. Of course, the books of the Student Center are open to the Finance Committee at their request.

4. The other points criticized by Richard MacLeod deal with specific programs of the individual committees of the Student Center. If the students of Rollins College have criticism of the programs, I strongly urge that they send capable representatives to the Program Administrative Council. Here these representatives are allowed to express the opinions of the students whom they represent and these suggestions are weighed in the final decision of the Student Center.



Yours truly,
Robert R. Kirouac

← Advisor to
Student Center

Letters to the Editor

LBJ Sounds Mah Fellow Amurricans...

To The 1968 Graduating Class
Rollins College

Few moments equal the joy, the satisfaction, and the fulfillment of graduation. It is a personal and permanent victory, an honor to last a lifetime. To each of you I extend my sincere congratulations.

The time is past when our national interests could be served by a few who elected to make their country's affairs their own. The complexity of our age and the particular burden history has thrust upon us -- to preserve freedom where it exists and to foster it where it does not -- demands every American hand and every American heart. The greatest responsibility falls to those who have the most to give.

I cannot tell you the extent of America's influence in shaping the new order of world affairs -- though I believe it will be great.

I cannot measure our national ability to abolish ignorance and sickness and injustice wherever these ancient enemies degrade humanity -- though I believe it is limitless.

I cannot predict that America's future will match and exceed the brilliance of her past -- though I believe it will.

The answers will not come in my lifetime, but in the future -- your future. I am confident that you who have proved your ability to achieve, to endure, and to win, will serve that future with distinction.

Lyndon B. Johnson

Nix Nixes

Dear Sir:

My initial reaction to "Greek Group Characteristics Capsuled" found in the last SANDSPUR was one of humor; however, when I thought of its underlying purpose, I could find none of a constructive value. There is little doubt that the articles have obvious validity from a superficial standpoint. I am all for poking fun as long as it does not greatly offend the student body. It seems to me that the SANDSPUR is the "voice of the student body." Well, if true, the Rollins College student body certainly must not think very much of itself as a whole, since the majority of students are Greeks.

Alumni and parents, sometimes doubtful about the "New Rollins," are slowly gaining confidence in the things they hear from President McKean, the Administration, and the leaders to the Alumni Association. How can one possibly believe that alumni and parents will be convinced that their support is worthwhile if they were to read the articles. It will also, no doubt, display to outsiders what a fine, high-caliber, conscientious student body Rollins College must have.

The "Greek Group Characteristics" article may have offended the Greeks, but is also hurt the SANDSPUR, as well as the College. The slander written pertained to a few exaggerated characteristics (some not even true at all) of each fraternity and sorority, making the article nothing more than a blown-up gossip column.

What will become of the article? Probably nothing. The only point that I am trying to make is that if the distinctively critical and sarcastic writing is to establish a precedent, then I can safely predict the eventual subordination and even extinction of the Greek system and the impairment of Rollins' improving its image.

In this all-important, progressive and expanding period of Rollins history, such articles, unless put in a more constructive and represented fashion will create nothing but misunderstanding, and bitterness in the long run.

David M. M...

'Spur Hailed

Dear Sir:

CONGRATULATIONS!!! The SANDSPUR has finally taken a look at one of the largest problems at Rollins, and an honest one at that. The "greek" system has held a axe over those who would criticize for too long. We can only hope that this 'shock treatment' will make the diehards take a look at themselves.

The aspects depicted are so true that the scoffing lines of any pledge manual explain how different the meaning of fraternity is to what Harry Highschool imagines. How true this becomes as he realizes that if he doesn't get into his choices he might as well transfer to commit suicide.

The fraternity party means drink at any level, and 'brothers' can't understand how ANYONE can have a good time without a cigar. It's one hand and a beer in the other. Granted, that Winter Park-Orlando is no Sunset Strip, but must it be turned into a brewery to provide any fun? There must be other ways.

Intramural sports, a last vestige of some sort of spirit and fellowship is wounded when all of the time are there only to witness a 'blood match' between two fraternities which is frequented with fists. Many matches are only a way to 'even' or show who can play rougher. Spirit??

The only phase of fraternity life that has really come under fire is the pledgship and hazing. The I.F.C. has 'banned' hazing. Sure they have, and look how effective it is. Just ask any pledge (if he can still talk) how wonderful it is that something is REALLY being done to help him. But the fraternities will always stick to their paddles, because what better way is there to unify a pledge class and make men out of them than to pummel and humiliate them. After all, these are traditions, so why break them?

Woe is the 'greek' who sits with his friends if they are of a different organization. Rollins is so dead set in her ways of growing that half of the campus has never seen the other half in the Beanery.

Words will fly, and tempers will burst, but the truth has been bare, and if it does one ounce of good, the system will be that much better for the 'greek' system will determine the future of Rollins.

Jeff Be...

Art Prof. Retires After 31 Years

For the past thirty-one years, Miss Constance Ortmyer--head of the Art Department--has taught sculpture at Rollins. The end of this year marks her retirement, which she plans to devote to sculpting and caring for her elderly mother.

A reception honoring our sculptress was held in conjunction with the opening night, May 21, of the 1968 Senior Art Show. Two days later her students surprised Miss Ortmyer with an informal party. Miss Ortmyer's warm personal and artistic guidance have earned her the affection and appreciation of her students and co-workers, and her retirement is a decided loss to Rollins.

Seniors Prepare for Grad School

EDITOR'S NOTE: We polled the senior class to find out what grads were going to blow their minds in grad school. The following people replied.

Anna Stakely -- M.A.T. at Boston University or the University of Virginia.
 Ann Watkins -- Georgetown University, Washington, D.C.
 Robert McCormick -- University of New Hampshire for a Masters of Arts-Sociology.
 William Vogel -- F.S.U. Law School, Tallahassee, Fla.
 James Leahy -- M.B. A. at Columbia, New York.
 Larry Pound -- M.B.A., Crummer School, Rollins.
 Evelyn Cook -- M.A.T. at Emory University.
 Rita Ausley -- M. B. A. at Crummer, Rollins.
 Jerry Lang -- Columbia Continuing Education for Bachelor of Architecture, New York.
 Bob Young -- Yale for Ph.D. in English.
 Sara Perrott -- Masters in Elementary Education at the University of Maryland.
 Allan Curtis -- Dartmouth's Tuck School of Business Administration.
 Mike Nelson -- M.F.A. at Columbia or Iowa.
 Jerry Dexter -- F.S.U. on a work study program financed by the Florida State Library Association for a M.S. in library science and eventually M. A. in Florida Art History.
 Dick Ezzard -- University of Florida Medical School.
 Barbara Alfond -- M.A. in English at Boston University.
 John Slothower -- Crummer School Rollins.
 Robert Franklin -- law school, University of Virginia.
 Jim Amadel -- University of British Columbia; Vancouver, Canada; Ph. D. English Literature.
 Perry Deal -- fellowship at Brown University, Providence, R.I.; applied math.
 William Mellan -- University of Florida.
 Terry Bunde -- National Institute of Health Fellowship at the University of Florida in biochemistry.
 Donna Brodie -- assistantship at the University of Miami in psychology.
 Karin Borkenhagen -- University of Virginia for M.A. in American History.
 Sue Hall -- Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.
 Robin Sutcliffe -- study in Spain or research assistant at Bedford Institute of Oceanography in Nova Scotia.
 Betty Jenkins -- M.A. in psychology at the University of Florida -- Gainesville.
 Victor Laporte -- M.S. in Clinical Psychology at University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
 Dave Pearlman -- M.B.A. at Crummer School, Rollins.
 Mark Billson -- Ph.D. in Comparative Literature at Brown University.
 Tinkie Caler -- M.A.T. at F.S.U. Michigan State University, or Indiana University.
 Jeff Birch -- University of North Carolina Law School.
 Gale Whitehurst -- M.A.T., Rollins.

**Madame
Margo
wishes
all
a
Bewitching
Summer**



Three newly initiated members of mens' honorary ODK are, left to right, Fred Schert, Mark Billson, and Dan Pincetich. Not pictured, is Jack Myers.

Seniors Explain Honors Theses

Aside from the opportunity to accumulate a high grade point average, the Rollins senior who has succeeded at the former has yet another chance to excel---by participation in the Independent Study Program for Honors at Graduation. In order to qualify for this honor, a senior must have at least a 10.00 cumulative average, must then proceed to write a thesis, and must be prepared to defend it orally. If the Honors Committee which hears his oral delivery passes his thesis, he will then graduate with honors according to his grade average. A 10.00 rates graduation with distinction, a 10.50, high distinction, and an 11.00, highest distinction.

Norm Friedland's history honors project, "Henry Adams: A Twelfth Century Monk in a Nineteenth Century Universe," is an attempt to provide a unifying philosophy for the public and private writings of Adams. His popular works give the impression that he was an ardent scientific philosopher; however, these works seem to be in conflict with his lesser-known writings. Thusly, the attempt was made to provide an explanation to unify Adam's life with all of his works.

Vida Hall's honor thesis, "Christian Art of the Twentieth Century: An Extension of a Continuing Tradition," is an examination of two-dimensional works of art with Christian subjects of three major artists--Emil Nolde, Georges Roualt, and Marc Chagall---and from three important churches--Notre-Dame de Toute-Grace in Assy, France, Henry Matisse's Chapel of the Rosary, in Vence, France, and the Cathedral of St. Michael in Coventry, England.

Also submitted to the Art Department was Ronalie Clement's thesis, "Advertising: Its History, Theory, and Techniques." In her thesis, Ronalie attempts to determine whether advertising can be considered an art form. She traced formal design in advertising through its history, and, to enhance her theory, developed a product, designed its packaging, etc., and created an entire advertising campaign.

In the field of literature, Scott Kass' thesis, "John Updike's Vision of Man," shows how the novels of Updike attempt to find a ray of affirmation in the morass of absurdity that is man's existence. "Baudelaire and Swinburne: Theme and Technique," Mark Billson's thesis, has a two-fold purpose, firstly, to trace the theme of evil through the poetic works of the French poet Charles Baudelaire and the English poet Algernon Swinburne, and, secondly, to study the thematic and technical influence of the poetry of Baudelaire on that of Swinburne.

Forest Deal's honors project, "The Appearance of Objects Moving at High Velocities," submitted to the Physics Department, demonstrates mathematically that the appearance of an object moving at a relativistic speed appears contorted. This apparent contortion is composed of a Lorentz contraction coupled with effects due to the finite velocity of light.

Bill Oider's thesis, "Phenomenological Field-Theory," is an abstract study relating quantum mechanics to psychology. "Studies on Dye Adsorption in the Fetal Chick Kidney," Joanna Ward's project, was a work in pure research in the

field of biology.

Submitted to the Economic Department, James Leahy's thesis was entitled "Wage Structure in America and Canada." In his thesis, Leahy demonstrated the forces which actually determined the wage structure in both countries, combined with the effects of labor unions and the existing structures. Also submitted to the Economics Department was Merrill Cross' thesis "The Problems of Developing an Optimal Management Information System in a Representative Manufacturing Firm." This project deals with the problems, and develops guidelines for solving the problems with a system approach.

Guiliana Peterson's honors thesis, "Fundamentals of Cardinal Number Theory," was submitted to the Math Department. As she states it, there exist infinite sets of various magnitudes, i.e., there exist "infinities" of different quantities. The paper is a study of some of the results evolving from this non-trivial theory of infinite sets, or more specifically, of the "numbers" which denote the sizes of these sets.

Differing from the Honors at Graduation Program is the Honors Degree Program, initiated by Dr. Wavell, which is designed for superior students who are prepared to do honors work in their freshman year. This work eventually leads to a special Honors B.A. degree. The first candidate for graduation under this program is Robert Young, who did his thesis on the American poet Wallace Stevens.

Rollins' Cupid



Makes It Big

It's really been a year for the Tar Cupid -- an all-time record number of Rollins students will soon be wearing a band on the left digital extremity. Who knows whether it's the temperate climate, the romantic Spanish moss, the moonlit lake or the draft? Soon to be hitched are: Bobbie Corenman and Dan Pincetich, Marilyn Mueller and Ken Sparks, Lindley Wilson and George Chapin, Jeanne Morris and Kort Freydenbourg, Carol Welch and Jeff Whitehead, Carol Vile and Garry Justice, Susan Orton and La Mar Bingenheimer, Niente Ingersoll and Geof Robertson, Carole Conklin and Bob Farwell, Susu Skinner and Guy Sommers, Lynn Fort and Kent Stirling, Bev Bernhart and Ken Acker, Chris Lindstrom and Bill Kinne, Kathy Blake and Grant Thornbrough, Sharon Rosewicz and Ron Gelbman, Suzanne Aquirre and Bob Young, Barbara Bergengren and Ed McNair, Christabel Kelly and Paul Vartanian, Ann Crabill and Bill Leydig, Jill Stirling and Chuck Thomas, Lana Cooper and Bishop Jordan, Mary Aulick and Phil Marion, Sandra Jackson and Stu Harrison, Carole Hogan and Dick Myers, Sherry Askren and Buzz Walker, Shelly Crosby and Boyd Bruen, Pam Booth and Tom Alexander, and Guiliana Peterson and Andrew Slocum Groat. Others affianced include: Leslie Johnson, Jane Richeson, Bill Older, Gwen von Stetten, Jack Ceccerelli, Dianne Kaighan, and Ann Pritchett.

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Campus Goes Wild Over '68 Tomokan

The 1968 TOMOKAN hit the campus Wednesday afternoon with all the impact of a blast from the guns of Bonnie and Clyde. Editor Bob "Clyde" Farwell and friend Carole "Bonnie" Conklin and staff had plans of waiting to release the yearbook later in the week. But once the word got out that the book was in town, there was no holdin' 'em back.

Set against basic black, three multi-colored scenes, two of Tiffany glass, grace the cover. Tasteful, serated olive half-sheets interspersed among full black-and-white photos of campus scenes and celebrities followed. Like the one of Dean Fred on pages two and three. Such a character portrait Rollins has never seen. Like, that's Dean Fred. And what they said about Dean Fred, that was Dean Fred too.

Color photography has seen few finer moments--college yearbook-wise--than it has in the work of Ted Flagg (theatre shots, sky shot including Chapel tower). Bruce Behrens' photograph of Miss Rollins was excellent.

Then too, the "googoogoojoo" copy was "just right" sharp, and never gushy the way yearbook copy can be.

The make-up, cropping, and layout was generally inventive and interesting. Alternately humorous and

"straight", the photos were markedly animated and full of expression and continuity.

One stroke of brilliance was the two-page Gale Coleman pitching spread. Another was the three-shot sequence of the basketball court collision and collapse.

An Oscar to the guy who thought of having the Greek group pic elsewhere than in their own backyards. Kudos and compliments to the person responsible for the first decent faculty group shots in the history of the world.

Art nouveau and pop art themes were well woven throughout; the Bonnie and Clyde motif was especially well executed.

One Farwellian flipout was the failure to mention the photography of Doug Pendry (soccer), J. C. Clancey (students), Mike Thiedeman (introductory), and especially Don "Best Supporting Actor" Robins, whose photographic expertise was evident in about half the tome's pix. Don did the portrait of Dean Fred and the great Coleman series, to name two.

A new section made its appearance this year: The 1968 Dubious Awards to Tainted Tars. Quiet humor always was Farwell's forte.

Ted Flagg's especially fine work is in evidence on pages 92 and 93, where Carole Conklin, Miss Tomokan 1968, is portrayed in two very striking scenes, one a double exposure.

But of all the pages in the book, perhaps 141 is the most subtly brilliant. A scene devoid of human beings, showing only the tables on the porch behind the Beanery, is devoted to the Independent Men, none of whom showed up for their group picture. Touche, Bob.

In short, this year's TOMOKAN was out of sight. Congratulations to Bob Farwell and staff for a tremendous job!

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THE ROLLINS SANDSPUR



Newly initiated into womens' honorary, Libra, were Connie Hirschman (standing, left), Carol Welch (standing, right), Maggie Curtis (seated, left), and Linda Buck (seated, right).

Libra Taps Four Juniors

With the soft glow of ivory candles to guide their way down the dimly lit halls, the white-cald figures move quietly to the door, pause, enter, and tap the unsuspecting lady on the shoulder. Upon recovering from the initial shock, the startled inhabitant

realizes that those who have invaded the privacy of her domain are inviting her to become a member of this school's most distinguished women's fraternity--the Order of the Libra.

Thus four junior women were tapped last Thursday night. Their initi-

ation into this prestigious society was not based merely upon their outstanding academic achievement but also upon their involvement in extracurriculars, unquestionable character, and highly developed sense of responsibility.

Libra welcomed into its folds during the Sunday initiation Linda Buck, and Connie Hirschman of Kappa Kappa Gamma and Maggie Curtis and Carol Welch of Pi Beta Phi. Linda, an Elizabeth Hall counselor and the victim of many snookers, is presently a member of the SANDSPUR staff, Pi Gamma Mu, and the Rollins Historic Society. An art major at Rollins, Connie Hirschman is also staff artist for the SANDSPUR and the FLAMINGO. Recently returned from a year of study in Spain, Maggie Curtis claims the vice-presidency of the Student Center's Board of Directors and a prominent position as writer and worker for the SANDSPUR. Carol, president of Pi Beta Phi, is also number one in the executive order of the Board of Directors.

Regan, Schert Receive Oslo Scholarships

The Office of the Dean of the College has announced the two winners of the Strong Scholarship for summer study in Oslo, Norway. The winners are Fred Schert and Michael Regan.

Mike Regan is a junior Philosophy major who is a counselor in New Hall, a member of this year's orientation committee, and an Algernon Sidney Sullivan Award Winner. He has a definite interest in Ibsen and desires to find out "what makes Norway unique." After studying Norwegian literature,

history, and economics in Oslo, he plans to tour Germany, Denmark, Holland, and Austria.

Fred Schert is a junior pre-med major who is a member of Teke, a lab assistant in Freshman biology, a participant and business manager of the Rollins Singers, and a member of ODK. Fred plans to travel with Mike after studying at the University of Oslo.

The Strong Scholarship is given to a junior male student on the basis of leadership, scholarship, and service.



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Greek Edition Causes Mixed Repercussions

Last week's Greek edition of the SANDSPUR created no little ripple in Rollins' usually placid lake of status quoism. Administration, faculty, and student response ranged from consternation, surprise, shock, and flabbergast on the one hand, to exclamations and nods of approval and laughter on the other.

The edition, which devoted much of its space to a critical evaluation of the Greek system, its rituals, parties, and so on, and wound up with a caricature of each group, proved out to be the most-read issue of the year. "I've read it twenty times" admitted one sorority girl.

Unfortunately, many Greeks grew under the collar because they did not bother to read beyond one page, did not, in fact, even read the editor's note attached thereto.

Anyway, the issue came off as a runner ("How can you say such things," screeched one pretty young thing). "Why this is ----- outrageous," blasphemed her beau. Still, there were those hardnoses who claimed that the SANDSPUR, in fact, nice-Nellied the Greeks to death. "Is this anyway to launch a crusade?" growled an Indie. "Read the Harvard CRIMSON some time," yelped, disappointed in the SPUR's blunt tack.

And then there was the misinterpretation of the issue's intent and wording. "You're calling us -----," gasped a sorority girl whose group had been rewarded with praise of its true "sisterhood." Said another, "I don't think it's fair to make fun of our physical appearances, in this case our large -----," (That frat had been called "Mickey Mouse" for other reasons.)

A group which shall remain nameless was flattered to be referred to as "gross beyond imagination." One vehement Greek protested that the SANDSPUR was "slanderous and filthy. Such things should not be permitted in a school publication."

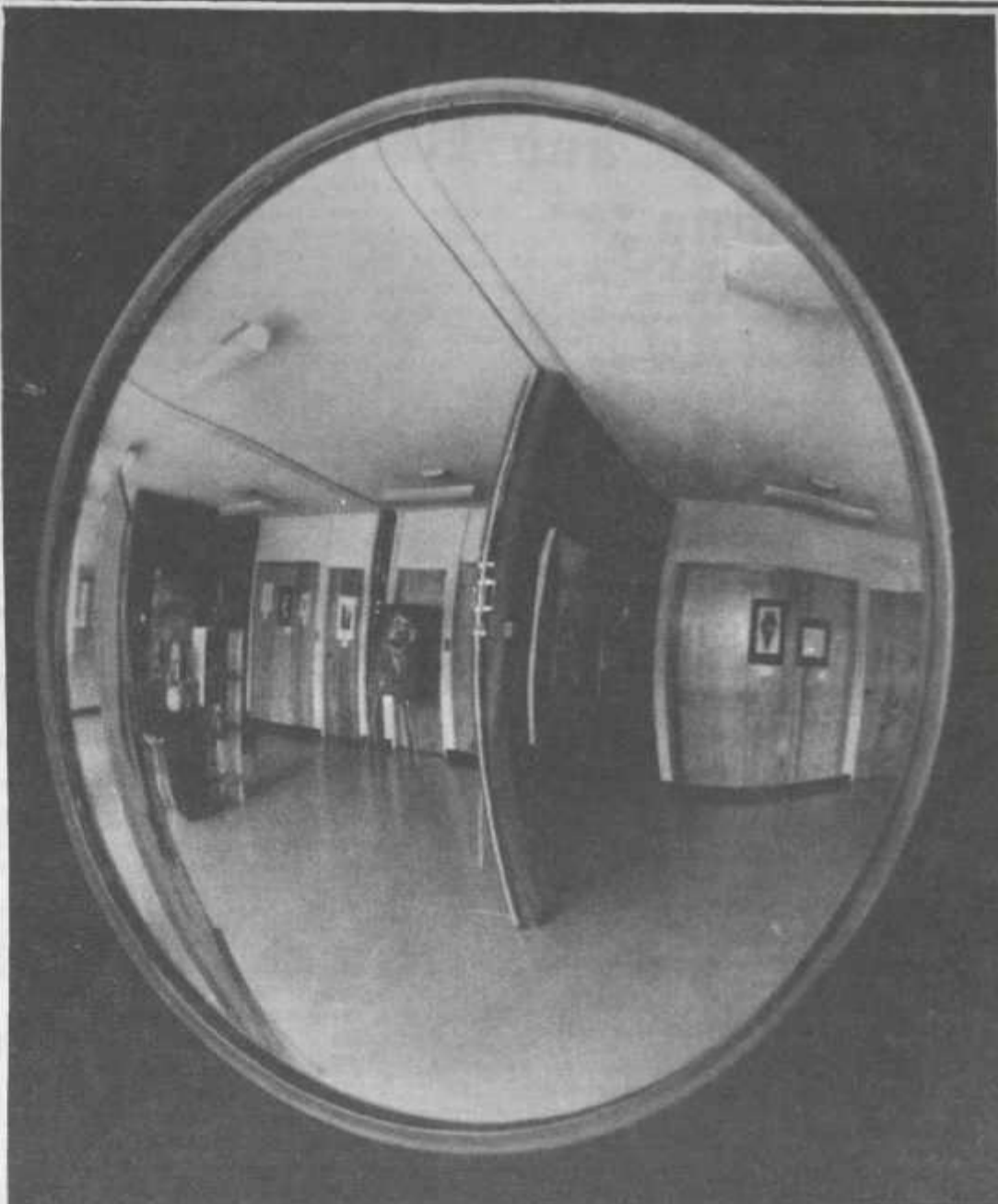
The SANDSPUR, by the way, was advised by one faculty member, after he had read the caricature page, to "clear out of town and stay out of town for a couple days--or at least till this thing simmers down."

In some cases, Greeks would approach the editorial staff with praise, then turn right around and slander the SPUR to others.

One group of guys honestly didn't understand the issue, and had to have one of the editors explain its very basic meanings, word by word. That the Greek situation could possibly be questioned was totally incomprehensible to them.

There was even division among the Greeks: one frat man, standing before peers in his house admitted that it was OK for the SANDSPUR to rap the frats, but that is wasn't cricket to be so nasty with the girls whereupon his girlfriend, seated before him, piped up, "But dear, they're only printing their opinion, and they're entitled to that." He simply glowered.

No matter how the campus might have felt about the issue, they at least read it. And they at least took time to read it en masse on Friday afternoon, of all afternoons. Which is more than can be said for the SANDSPUR the other four years we've been here.



Pictured here is the exhibition room of the 1968 Senior Art Show as seen through a special-effects lens. (Photo by Don Robins.)

Senior Art Exhibit Lauded

A wide variety---both in media and style---characterizes the 1968 Rollins Senior Art Show, held May 21-27, in the two patio galleries of All Saints Church. Of the sixteen graduating seniors, fourteen (plus Lebanese student Farid Haddad) are represented.

A highlight of the exhibit is the fine selection of prints---etchings, serigraphy, woodcuts, and collage prints. Memorable is the pure simplicity of Kerry Dexter's work, the sensitive rendering of Kate Fox's two etchings, the sketchy freedom of Susan Haddock's etchings, the intriguing shapes of Mia Hanson's single serigraph, the compelling

images of Vida Hull's prints, the analytical composition of Rebecca Klammer's etchings, and the beautiful draughtmanship of Michael Thiedeman's prints.

Examining the other works, a similar diversity of expression is noted. Examples are Ronalie Clement's cubist-derived paintings---mechanical conceptions whose painterly overtones add textural richness to otherwise harsh canvasses. Haddad's oils are a great disappointment. After his luminous, Miro-like work exhibited during Fine Arts Week, these compositions seem as murky and nauseous as a swim in Lake Virginia. Though it is

commendable that he should experiment with new styles, it is regrettable that the results are not quite up to par with his over-all achievements.

While Susan Haddock's figure study reflects poorly on her painting ability, her almost floral abstract rights her reputation; the beautifully painted play of warm colors on a cool blue gives a feminine twist to abstract expressionism. Of Vida Hull's assortment of media, perhaps the most moving is her CRUCIFIX, a writhing figure of twisted wire and dripped lead. Unique is her TREASURE BOX OF THE EXOTIC EAST, an antiqued construction with the nostalgic flavor of treks across the seven seas in search of tea, spices, and curiosities. Mentioning constructions leads to Jerry Lang's gleaming white arrangement of shapes. A sort of three-dimensional WHITE ON WHITE (Malevich's supremist painting), Lang's construction attests to the pure harmony of geometrical forms. Heidi Nivling's GOVERNOR KITCHENER is interesting not only for its unusual combination of mechanical object (automobile horn) and painting, but for its well-chosen details---such as the repetition of the circle motif via frottage transfers. Though poorly placed, Miss Nivling's sculpture of steel rods slicing through space also deserves commendation. An attractive expression of action painting, Mary Parkinson's FLAMING NOCTURNE warrants attention. Although his work often features subject matter, Michael Thiedeman's superlative oils seem stylistically related to the same movement---a sort of restrained abstract expressionism.

This assemblage of senior talent reflects well on the instructors' and the students' capabilities. Would-be art collectors or students who want to decorate their rooms with "originals" may purchase paintings, prints, and sculpture at prices ranging from one dollar to over one hundred. Whether browser or buyer, the Senior Art Show offers a not to be missed opportunity for fascinating viewing.

Deans Request Student Resume

The student deans have requested the SANDSPUR to announce that it is imperative for all students, especially graduating seniors, to immediately submit a resume of their college activities to their offices. Each report should list any and all participation in extra-curricular, fraternity, honorary, academic or athletic organizations; any offices held or awards received. Secretaries of all campus organizations are also requested to submit lists of active participants to the deans' offices in order to insure the accuracy of each statement submitted.

The resumes are required in order for the deans to render letters of recommendation or character references. These are often required of prospective employees twenty years after graduation, not to mention that no firm will consider a green graduate without one.

IT IS OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE FOR EACH STUDENT TO SUBMIT SUCH A REPORT. Male students are stressed to turn their resume into Dean Hicks' office before departing for the summer. Women are required to submit theirs into Dean Howden.

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Whereas, we, the Graduating Class of 1968, Being of Good Head and Keen Bod, Do Hereby Will and Bequeath the Following:

I, John Newbold, pass on the flame to the Sig Eps.
 I, Fredt Nivling, leave behind fun in the sun.
 I, William Older, leave this world for another far, far better.
 I, Mary Parkinson, leave Mike's side for over ten minutes at a time.
 I, Sandy Voran, leave my great legs to the Gamma Phi's.
 I, Lane Vosbury, leave my keg of milk to Tom Eaton.
 I, Mark Billson, leave my ability to stay alive to Dick MacLeod.
 I, Lynn-Louise North, leave my layout to Bill Blaiser, the Aloma Road to Tony and Bob, and my status as resident day student to someone who doesn't need much sleep.
 I, Brewster Gilles, leave my uncanny ability to keep girls guessing. My little black book I leave to George Brown.
 I, Ron Lehr, leave all my smiles and agreeableness to all the dear and loving friends I have made at Rollins.
 I, Rhea Stakely, leave my ability to gain weight to Sally Coth.
 I, Bob Franklin, leave my three ping pong paddles to anybody with an unracked ball.
 I, Ronny Kessler, leave John Christie to a garbage can.
 I, Ronalie Clement, leave my ability to remain anonymous through four years — just belong to a sorority on another campus.
 I, Mary Weiher, leave my Supreme records to Gail Puttison.
 I, Tim Goss, leave some intelligence.
 I, Hanna Hempstead, leave Fred Whitlock and John Tremaine each a different number to call on.
 I, Sherry Askren, leave a complex about my sister-in-law's build.
 I, Evelyn Oakes, leave my tree seeds to be sown.
 I, Peter Schenk, will Dr. J. B. Hamilton to a Gothic Novel.
 I, Mary Campbell, leave my ability to cheerfully follow the baseball team through rain, hail, and snow to Karen Bachmann.
 I, Carol Du Bois, leave with a one-way ticket to Tennessee.
 I, Daniel Dodge, leave account number 3219 for purchases at 539 W. Fairbanks.
 I, Marion Simon, leave a hard-surfaced, shaded parking lot for day students.
 I, Dana Cooper, after five off and on college years, hereby leave via the front door.
 I, Kathy Blake, leave the pride of the Indies.
 I, Jean Finger, leave my bicycle for everyone to share who took up the craze.
 I, Carol Haas, leave Sloth, though I wish I didn't have to.
 I, Dave Hirsch, leave with Ree and the rest of my jewels.
 I, Leslie Johnson, leave the Sunshine State without any evidence.
 I, Dianne Kaignin, leave — finally!!
 I, Christabel Kelly, leave my budding talent behind.
 I, John Krouac, rid the school of my brother and I.
 I, Becky Klammer, leave my witness to Gail Green.
 I, Jane Kibler, leave the Keyes to my heart.
 I, Tony Levechio, leave to return as Super Dean.
 I, Ruth Loessel, leave my size to Jack Cecerelli.
 I, Jean Morris, leave my membership in the fan club to the "Captain Kurt Show".
 I, Phillis Mann, leave it all behind.
 I, Lynn Labisky, leave for home.
 I, Joanne Maurey, leave my Porsche to Jay.
 I, Anne McCall, leave my anonymity to Patty Bartock.
 I, Pat McFadden, leave John Christie for good.
 I, Bill McNulty, leave stage right.
 I, Bill Millard, leave, stage left.
 I, Patrick Molloy, leave through a trap door.
 I, Nancy Sharpless, leave to Merry Ross and Sharon Veach the wee, small hours, of the morning; may they accomplish as little as I did in that time.
 I, Nancy Biller, leave to Debby and Shelley, its originators, the Fish Award, with knowledge that they will groom another with speed and finesse. (Bloop, Bloop)
 I, Pam Booth, leave my insatiable desire behind.
 I, Ed McNair, leave my ability to recognize more gripes than anyone I know to Cliff Montgomery.
 I, Al Hollon, leave my ability to deliver effectively what I think . . . I think.
 I, Donna Brodie, leave my fertilizer shirt to Kathy Ginkel, my sinful habits to Miss Felton, my faithful ways to Michael and my middle name to Dean Darrah.
 I, Karen Borkenhagen, leave to whomever has my room in Cloverleaf, my complete supply of insect repellent and bug spray since, unless screens which fit the windows are installed by next year, you'll certainly need them.
 I, Sue Hall, leave my ability to play musical dates to Joan Wright.
 I, Robin Sutcliffe, leave my shoulder and zoo to anyone with a strong maintenance inclination.
 I, Betty Jenkins, leave my best-selling autobiography, "The Amorous Adventures of B.J." to the Chi O's.
 I, Victor LaPorte, leave a copy to the "LaPorte-Halber Scale of Attitudes" to Dean Hill and staff.
 I, Dave Pearlman, leave any desiring capable sophomore my seat on the bench.
 I, Mike Nelson, leave my chair, fourth from the front on the right in every classroom in Orlando Hall.
 I, Allan Curtis, leave to Beth all the fascinating hours in the TKE living room.
 I, Jerry Lang, leave a flourishing bar-tending business and a water ski.
 I, Arny Halber, leave a copy of "Human Sexual Response" by Masters and Johnson for the college censors and their secretaries.
 I, Kerry Dexter, leave the library.
 I, Richard Ezzard, leave Terry Bunde.
 I, Keith Skaver, leave to go buy diapers.
 I, Barbara Alfond, leave my sweet disposition to Ann Elmore.
 I, John Slothower, leave the KA house to Dave Nix, and its pledge class to Lower Court.
 I, Carolyn Simon, leave my collection of Brownie points to the English Department.

I, Forry Deal, leave my slide rule and my math courses, to anyone who thinks you need the one for the other.
 I, William Mellan, leave one professor, stiff, one stone lab Guess H-O. I will furnish slab "12 X 18".
 I, Norm Friedland, leave my acceptances and fellowships to six law schools to any lame, blind, deaf or otherwise physically unfit male who General Hershey might deem qualified to declare 4-F.
 I, Jim Oppenheimer, leave a toupee for Bill Hartog who will need it more than I ever will.
 I, Marcia Carow, leave to all senior English majors many happy times at 8:30 each morning.
 I, Vida Hull, leave my paint rag to Mr. Peterson.
 I, Andi Scudder, leave behind inKminating Evansdence.
 I, Sandra Jackson, leave with Stu Harrison.
 I, Karen Shaud, leave and only wish I could just take some of you all with me.
 I, Jeff Birch, leave to open my own school of dance which will specialize in night club steps.
 I, Tinkie Caler, leave only to return one day as Dean of Women.
 I, Gale Whitehurst, leave Connie Griffen my Southern heritage as in later life she may need it.
 I, Bill Osborne, leave a three carat diamond to Tina Patterson.
 I, Jim Watkins, leave to be drafted unless Dr. Fletcher can pull some strings.
 I, Albert McCormick, leave my charter membership in Sig Ep to Pat Crowley.
 I, Bill Vogel, leave my over-rated self esteem to all the broken coeds who were dumb enough to believe it.
 I, Fred Gittes, leave Dean Hicks and Howden, The Student Center and Lower Court with a sigh of relief.
 I, Terry Bunde, leave all my broken, battered and otherwise useless lab equipment, and knowledge in Advanced Organic to Bob Stonerock, he'll need it.
 I, James Leahy, leave four years of forced chastity to Ben Sons.
 I, Larry Pound, leave, branded for life.
 I, Evelyn Cook, leave my Alpha Phi sweatshirt to Bob Richardson.
 I, Bill Howard, leave Racquel Welsh to Mike Norris.
 I, Bob Young, leave Senior Course to the Summerhill School.
 I, Stirling Case, leave my seat at the Celebrity Room and Gene's Lounge.
 I, Chris Wilder, leave the chess ladder and broken beer cooler to anyone who feels like fixing things.
 I, Jim Amadei, leave one slightly used pair of penetrating eyes and one contemplative facial expression — used to make my boring instructors think that I was interested in their classes.
 I, Rita Ansley, leave 5 pounds of bacon, two dozen eggs and a sack of potatoes to any tall, handsome, six foot man who can eat them.
 I, Polly Perrott, leave the silly, jack-legged nickname of Polly Perrot to any screamer who cares to have it.
 I, Laurie Reger, leave a list of the daily "Happy Hours" in Orlando and Winter Park to all potential albies.
 We, Susan and Tom Thompson, leave our appointment at the Orange County Court House to Susan Hall and Tim Brown.
 I, Evan Daniels, leave my ability to be esoteric to Dr. Wavell.
 I, Mia Hanson, leave the trees, the wind, the sun, and a web of love and hope that your time spent here is as beautiful and as full as mine.
 I, John Christy, leave my apartment to my dear friend Carol Viele and her beau.
 I, Lynne Fort, leave the Pi Phi house to Carol Welch.
 I, Carl Wiedling, leave my right, brown painting loafer to Beth Macy. I have nothing else to offer except my left one — for the first person who asks for it.
 I, Gary Justice, leave my sense of humor to Bob Hochschild, my greatest admirer.
 I, Bunny Soccy, leave a bag of carrots to Bunny Murdock.
 I, Bob Hochschild, leave my ability to do the barest minimum and get by to the Math. Department.
 I, Lois Shunk, leave relief at not having to go through it all again.
 I, Nancy Hopwood, leave my ability to keep a neat room to Susan Gregory.
 I, Dan Pincetich, leave my Blood Brother Billie, behind.
 I, Jean Fletcher, leave my philosophy that a woman should not be used to Lynn-Louise North.
 I, Bill Acheson, leave my ability to dodge the draft after being drafted twice to Bill McLennan.

I, Brian Baker, leave all of my wife's admirers behind.
 I, David Beckingham, leave my ability to spend four years at Rollins — never attending classes, doing any work, or ever giving a damn and still graduate to anyone with my intelligence.
 I, Henry Alderfer, leave being Bird's roommate to some hot chick.
 I, Nancy Butler, leave to raise a Flag.
 I, Jack Cecerelli, leave the Snake Pit.
 I, Ann Crabill, leave to learn how to prepare radishes.
 I, Lana Creamons, leave one cocktail shaker.
 I, Merrill Cross, leave my ability to fool my German profs and get A's out of it when I should have failed to Sid Smith.
 I, Sandy Daltzell, leave my friends all the joy of my companionship.
 I, Joanne Dembits, leave my reputation to Bill Hartog — he might need a little of it to rub off on him.
 I, Ted Alfond, leave a shoe.
 I, Kathy Andreas, leave Phi Mu spirit.
 I, Harriet Baker, leave a mirror.
 I, Chuck Gordon, leave my ability to be a flaming success to the Deltas.
 I, Scotty Green, leave a little "cool" to my dear sister, Gail.
 I, Andy Groat, leave some eye soap to Eliot.
 I, Jay Gustafson, leave my fondest thoughts in Liberia.
 I, Bruce Hengge, leave my chair in the TKE living room to John Koldhoff.
 I, Tom Eaton, leave a quart of Vodka to everyone.
 I, Ray Edwards, leave my autograph to all my fans.
 I, George Smith, leave the only memory I have of Rollins to the Archives.

I, Millie Elm, leave four wonderful years to Rollins.
 I, Bob Farwell, leave all the hard work, frustration, agony to John Harris and Tris Colkette.
 I, Sue Felder, leave my title as "campus gossip" to Jim Amadei.
 I, Joel Ferree, leave my tubes to Don Robins.
 I, Kate Fox, leave my successful talent show to the Phi Mus.
 I, Nona Gandelman, leave a marvelous sophomore year to Dennis Winneke, a traumatic junior year to Fred Gittes, and an unforgettable senior year to Bob Krouac, and I'm taking Beauregard with me.
 I, Barbara Brummel, leave my math grades to Bob Hochschild.
 I, Chris Clanton, leave my ability to keep a secret well hidden.
 I, Niente Ingersoll, leave Mr. Mendell to the Thetas.
 I, Van Lawrence, leave fond memories to the Deltas.
 I, Bill MacLennan, leave, thank God.
 I, Guillian Peterson, leave women's rules.
 I, John Pinder, leave Hialeah.
 I, Bob Richardson, leave my conquests.
 I, Ron Sans, leave the lab.
 I, Sharon Rosewicz, leave my Torah to Kathy Brown.
 I, Carole Conklin, leave an naked "Puma" to the Lambda Chi House.
 I, Bill Blackburn, leave a solemn promise to Connie Whenever a fine burns, I'LL BE THERE!!
 I, Dick Myers, leave to play with my very own Barbie Doll.
 I, David King, leave — no, I think I'll stick around. I mean, like, girls, beer parties, heireses, frats — it's too cool to split this scene.
 I, Nippy Acker, leave to conquer Lilliput with hand in vest.
 I, Laura Hollon, leave to follow Alva to greater success.
 I, Gordy Lynch, leave my nickname, The Slim Slugger, to Jeff Burns, and one rusty nail to Jumpin' Joe.
 I, Patrick McLaughlin, leave my trumpet.
 I, Susan Muckley, leave the library's great history section.
 I, Marilyn Mueller, leave my stilts.
 I, Vernon Stewart, leave a sigh.
 I, Dave Stuart, leave a box of no dose to every freshman.
 I, Sunny Edwards, leave my absentmindedness, if I can remember where I left it.
 I, Jay Titus, leave some skin on a telephone pole.
 I, Paul Vortanian, leave my alligators, goats, snakes, and birds, but take with me a poodle.
 I, George Sanzero, leave behind me a future in Chemistry.
 I, Bob Shabes, leave behind me Amway shoe polish for sandal-wearers.
 I, Peter Shaw, leave forty-three pounds of hair on Doc O'Brien's floor on May 30th.
 I, Gene Shippen, an ex-Navy man, leave and laugh at all the draft-eligible guys.
 I, Syd Smith, leave a rusty TEKE pin.
 I, Brian Smith, leave my Goldwater in '64 pins.
 I, Mike Thiedeman, leave my table in the rear of the Union.
 I, Nancy Yallow, leave the fun life of the theatre.
 I, Kathy Jones, leave the "T" club.
 I, Ruth Makemson, leave American Literature with a sigh of relief.
 I, Tom Kibbe, leave a rusty TEKE pin.
 I, Stumpy Redding, leave Mr. Mendell to the Thetas.
 I, Margaret Reinke, leave MR for Jamadie.
 I, Cory Schou, leave my street-fighting techniques.
 I, Ken Shearer, leave my Volkswagen to Tony King.
 I, Lillian Stauffacker, leave a punch in the schnozz to Brewster.
 I, Johnnee Western, leave for the homestead.
 I, Dan Zarnowicz, leave a growl.

I, Stan Burns, leave an apple polished.
 I, Joe Browning, leave a golf tee.
 I, Sandra Christian, leave a kiss.
 I, Ken Hill, leave my popularity.
 I, Merton Hollister, leave my spot in the Union.
 I, John Applebee, leave you all my philosophy grades.
 I, Bob Capely, leave the secret of my origin in the Persian Gulf night club on Miami Beach to whoever will listen.
 I, Ralph Jones, leave one new spring tomato to Carol Skodje.
 I, Maria Leal, leave a year's subscription to the Commonwealth to the Sand spur.
 I, Rick Loghry, leave a dribble to the Field House.
 I, Virginia McAleese, leave one size to Nippy Acker.
 I, Lucy Pace, leave my joy to Bob Richardson.
 I, Fred Page, leave turned over stomach to the X Club.
 I, Robert Rans, leave my home runs to the Tars.
 I, Joan Schiemer, leave all the fun and games I have had at Rollins to the Gamma Phis.
 I, Chas Schoene, leave with the hope that there is a dog track at St. Louis.
 I, Ed Siemer, leave one purple onion to the only hungry eye on campus.



Real Rollins Revealed In Startling New Novel

Well folks, it's finally happened. John Hershey wrote an expose of the life of Mary McCarthy stripped of the walls of their ivy, and now John Bentham has brought literary notoriety to Rollins. In Bentham's first effort as a novelist, he attempts to portray the pathos of college life amidst the backdrop of supposedly carefree college days, mirroring the trenchant reality of the 60's where the student no longer hibernates in the shell of the academic world but is forced to assume a role of commitment and self-assertion if he is to survive.

Thinly veiling Rollins under the guise of Edmondton College, Bentham describes in great detail the Spanish architecture, the moss-laden trees, and yes, even the railroad running through the campus, the Slink. A WIST OF MOSS (Bentham Books, \$4.95) can now be purchased at Taylor-Carlisle in the Winter Park Mall.

Sherri Arnold, homecoming princess, cheerleader and president of the Tri-Hi-Y at Lynchburg Hi in Virginia, comes to Edmondton:

"Standing at the door of the freshman dormitory, her bottom lip quivered slightly as she said 'yes' to the fraternity man who offered to carry her bags to her room. She was sorry now that she had arrived alone -- Mommy and Daddy had offered to come with her, but Sherri had decided to make the trip to Edmondton her first solo venture. Her round, full eyes brimmed briefly, but she flipped her thick, shoulder-length blonde hair and tried to project an air of assurance as she followed him down the hall. She had never felt so ill at ease in her life. It seemed that everyone was looking at her, but not with the adoring eyes of the homecoming crowd."

After her inauspicious arrival, Sherri welcomes the frenetic pace of orientation week: filling out forms, swim tests, appointments with her advisor, and discussion groups. Her initial fears are allayed by the attentions of her discussion leader, Walter Grant, who takes her to the Student Co-Op for a Dr. Pepper after the first session. Sherri dissolves into ecstasy when she finds out that he is vice president of the student body and a member of the best fraternity at Edmondton, SAE.

"He's just what Mommy and Daddy would want," she sighed to her roommate later in the dorm.

Adrienne, who had been accepted at Sweetbriar but had decided to come to Edmondton where there was less work and more booze, blew a disdainful funnel of smoke into Sherri's face as she spoke. "Don't kid yourself, honey," said Adrienne, as she absent-mindedly rearranged her hair in the mirror, twisting a short black lock over her right temple and smartly patting the curl into place.

"I don't think we're going to get along unless you wise up and stop flipping out over every upperclassman who looks your way. I don't relish the role of mother confessor and..."

"Why don't we pick up the room a little?" Sherri interrupted coolly. "I can't even walk around with all our clothes on the floor, and those

candy wrappers on your bed are driving me crazy."

"Personally, I didn't come to college to be my own maid," smirked Adrienne.

"I think I'll go see the Dean of Women about a roommate change," retorted Sherri. "After all, I didn't come to college to live like a PIG!" Slamming the door behind her, she stormed down the hall.

Sherri's new roommate is a change from bad to worse. Gonzala Martinez, already nicknamed Erotica Fronterra by the girls, has, after three days, stayed out past closing once and distinguished herself by sneaking out the dorm window without being caught. But Erotica is quickly ruled "out" by aligning herself with a group of unshorn and unshod outcasts who sit outside the dining hall on a shaded porch overlooking the lake.

Rush begins and Sherri is soon snapped up by Tri Delta, which happens to be the best sorority on campus. She feels she has assumed her rightful place among the Edmondton elite. Perceptively, she realizes that the social system is a vigorous struggle between the haves and have-nots, and Sherri confidently plans to play her advantages to the hilt.

She is invited to her first grove party by the SAEs. Regrettably, Walter has taken Adrienne, which is the first blow in an evening of disasters.

"Holding a cigarette like a crayon, she lifted her first cup of beer to her lips. Coupled with the stale taste of smoke, Sherri thought for a moment she was going to be ill as the lukewarm, yeasty tasting liquid gagged her. Jim pounded her on the back.

"That's the way, girl." He knew she had never had beer before, and enjoyed watching her every move. A senior from Palm Beach, Jim seemed to have an endless capacity for consuming cup after cup."

Slightly high, Sherri prepares to enjoy a pledge skit the new SAEs were planning for the actives.

"The stunts were funny at first, and although she didn't understand a lot of the jokes, Sherri laughed along with the crowd. By the time of the final stunt, the jokes had so degenerated she was having difficulty hiding her embarrassment from Jim. Suddenly, to her horror, the pledges grouped onstage and did something that nobody, but nobody would do in front of a lady from Lynchburg! In a swarm of muffled sobs, Sherri ran to the car.

"Jim disgustedly opened the car door. 'What's the big idea? Here the pledges are trying to put on a good show, and you really blow your cool!'"

"Sherri collapsed over the steering wheel and sobbed, 'How could you? I don't understand!'"

"Okay, baby. I should have expected this from a freshman. Let's go."

Next Monday, after spending the weekend alone in the dorm, Sherri visits her favorite professor, Dr. Edgar Duncan (Ph.D. in Economics Harvard). Bearded, young and a bachelor, Dr. Duncan had come to Edmondton to escape the scholarly publication grind of the Northern universities. Sherri pours forth all of her frustrations, fears and disappointments about Edmondton.

"He leaned back in his chair and lowered the pipe that he had held firmly set between his teeth. His mouth expanded in a suppressed smile as he said 'I really don't think you have a thing to worry about. Why don't we go over to the Co-Op and have a Dr. Pepper?'"

Their first tete-a-tete in the Co-Op led to many others. Ed (as she now called him) seemed to be a Co-Op sitter, and Sherri couldn't help but go over and have a Dr. Pepper with him every time she walked in. Months pass and the situation changes. Ed begins to tell his problems to Sherri; but at this time, Walter re-enters the picture.

Tired of blase Adrienne, Walter wants a change of scene. He began dating Sherri frequently, and she becomes his campaign manager for the upcoming elections where he is running for Student Body President.

"The election results were to be announced at eight. By 7:30, the Co-Op was filled with students anxiously awaiting the returns. Sherri sat alone, exhausted from the intense campaign. Thinking over the campaign, she realized all she had done for Walter. She had wheedled, pleaded and cajoled the Tri Deltas into backing him and, in turn, had alienated every one of her sorority sisters. They voted for him, but resented her.

"It seemed as if the time would never come and she kept on wishing that Walter would appear. She hadn't seen him all day and she needed him terribly. Sherri could see Toni Winthrop, Phil Stewart's girl, glowering at her from across the room. She was so confident that Phil was going to win! After all, Walter had ruined his chances by promising Honor Court positions before he was elected -- That was to be her reward; the only freshman ever appointed to Honor Court. The clatter seemed to increase around the main door as Walter appeared, surrounded by his entire fraternity. He swaggered over to Sherri's table and sat down.

"You've been at Rick's haven't you?" asked Sherri. Just how many have you had?"

"Look, Sher, I think I'm going to lose, and I need as much strength as I can get."

Sherri was suddenly furious at Walter. "I think you're disgusting. Running off and getting tanked while I sit here alone with everyone gloating over what a fool I've made of myself. Didn't you ever stop

to think about ME?"

"Look Sher, I've had enough on my mind without having to worry about YOU at a time like this!" In a gesture of contempt, Walter got up and sauntered over to the table where Adrienne and several other Tri Deltas were sitting.

Tom, Walt's best friend, came over to console Sherri. "Don't let him get you, hon. He's just worried about the election."

"I can't stand losers," said Sherri. "Let's go out and get something."

Sherri and Tom drive to the nearest package store, pick up a fifth of vodka, and go to Seven-Eleven for some orange juice. Returning to campus, Tom assures Sherri that he knows just the spot where they won't be caught. Sherri and Tom get very drunk, until Sherri realizes that Tom has all the time been trying to upstage Walter. Trying to figure out what to do, she sends him back to the car to go get some more vodka and orange juice. Taking advantage of his absence, Sherri groggily steals back to the dorm where she collapses in bed without even asking if Walter had won.

Waking up the next morning she finds a bevy of phone messages from Walter tacked to her door. Erotica informs her that Walter is the new president, and Sherri is assured a nomination to Honor Court. Filled with remorse, she calls Walter who patches things up and kids her by saying, "Next thing you know you'll be the only sophomore ever elected to Who's Who!" She also learns that Tom was apprehended by the authorities while carrying vodka and orange juice to the docks and is being sent to the Honor Court where she will sit.

"It's a shame that your first case is going to be someone you really know well," commented Walter.

Sherri stood by the phone, stunned. Walter continued, "Tom must have been really upset about something. When the cops grabbed him he was mumbling about finding some girl he had left in the bushes. Didn't I see him walk out with you last night?"

Sherri managed to breathe out a feeble "Yes."

"And say, where were you? You missed my inaugural party! I tried to call you, but Erotica said you were out."

Sherri quickly put her hand over the phone and yelled down the hall for Erotica. "You've got to help me. Will you say I was in the dorm all night but refused to take any messages?"

"No," stated Erotica flatly, "I won't."

Returning to the phone, Sherri said hurriedly, "I was with Tom for a little while, but I came back to the dorm before closing. Look, Walt, I've got a final and have got to run. See you at lunch, okay?" Sherri immediately dialed Tom's number.

"Tom? I've heard what happened. Oh, Tom I'm so terribly sorry. (Thank heavens, I wasn't caught, Sherri thought to herself.) Good thing I'll be on the court that tries you."

Tom replied, "Where were you anyhow? If I hadn't been wandering around like an idiot trying to find you, I wouldn't have been caught."

"I know Tom, but I was so tired and I... I heard them coming and I had to get away."

"Okay, baby. I understand. Trust me - no one will ever know you had a thing to do with it."

Tom's case didn't come to trial until the next September. By that time, the new Honor Court had been duly installed. Sherri almost was not approved by the Student Council, but Walter insisted that either she receive a position or he would not nominate another candidate. The Council begrudgingly gave in.

Secure in her new status, Sherri recognizes the fact that Tom has got to go. He is the only person at Edmondton who could possibly cast a shadow on her reputation.

Sherri comes back to Edmondton after a summer in New York with Adrienne. They had managed to iron out the personality difficulties that had plagued them freshman year and are now the best of friends.

(Continued on Page 8)

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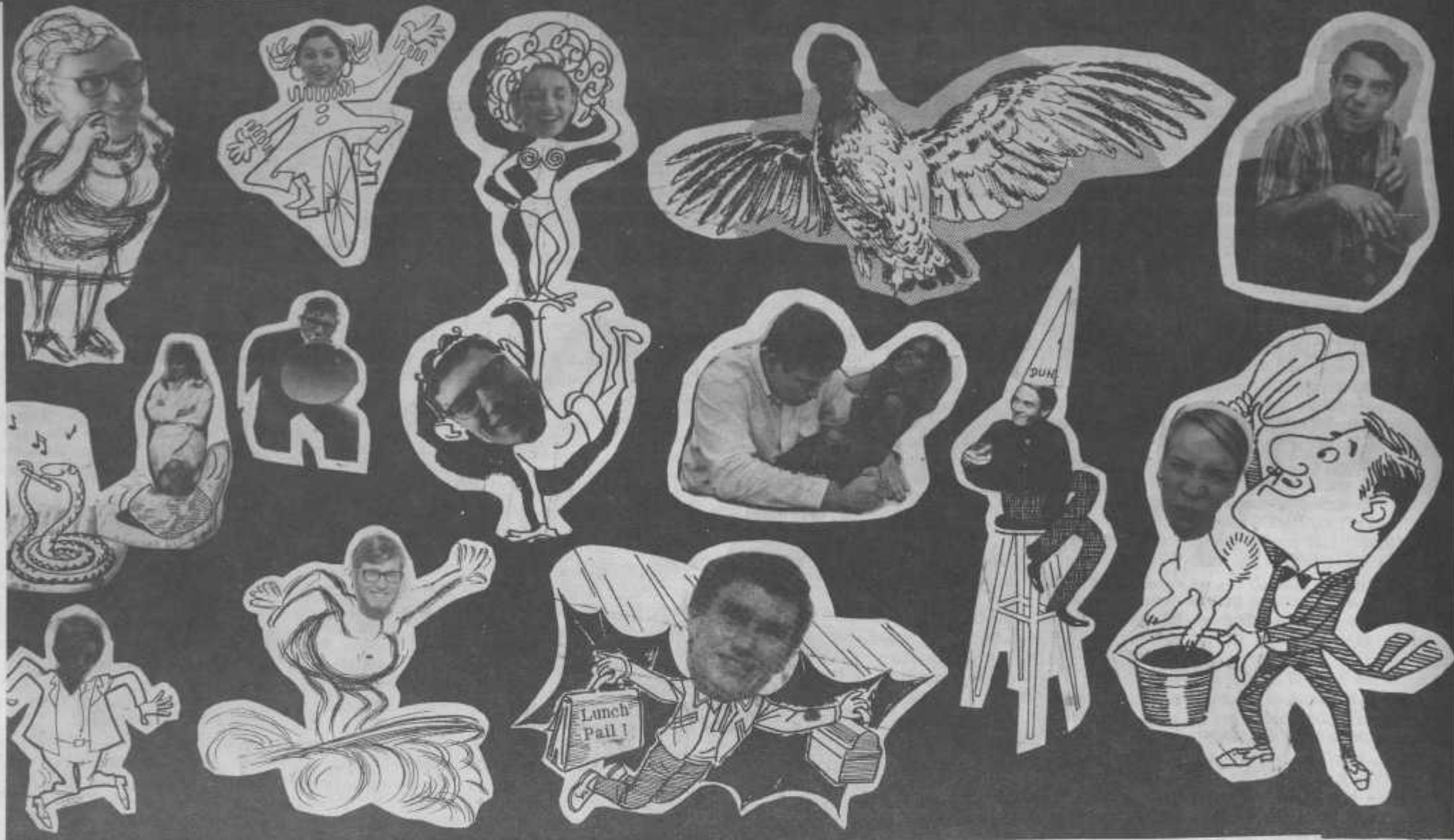
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Those of us on the SANDSPUR staff who are about to fly salute you. We are: Bob "Hoch" Hochschild (top left, Idea Man), Maggie Curtis (clown, Girl Friday, circulation), Josie "K.T. Georgia" Bidgood (glamour girl, News Editor), Don "Bird" Robins (photographer), Scott "I don't know, what do you think" Kass (Managing Editor in natural pose), Lynn-Louise North (snake-charmed layout, make-up girl), Chris "The Voice" Wilder (Business Manager), Fred Gittes (alias 'Fat Fred, the Ad Man), Pat "Der Chrysalis" Crowley (Associate Editor), and in his arms, Susan Bauman-Glenn (Feature Editor, you name it, alias 'Sweet Sue'), MARK KITCHEN BILLSON III (dunce capped ringmaster, mountain-mover, in natural pose), Linda Bucky Buck (bunny Copy Editor), Connie Hirschman (knock-kneed Art Editor, cool and classy), Surfer Seth Feigenbaum (paste-up man supreme and rich man to be), Dick "Lunchpail" MacLeod (THE CRAZY-MANWHO'S TAKING OVER BILLSON'S JOB NEXT YEAR).

Rollins Novel Tells All

(Continued from Page 7)

ends. Sherri is smoking Winstons, loves Scotch, and can use her Southern accent for effect.

Honor Court was held Tuesday night. Sherri carefully planned her appearance for the first court session. She bought a stunning black dress, a matching cigarette case and a gold lighter. That night she put on her false eyelashes and splashed on a little extra perfume. This time she had to convince everybody that Tom ought to be suspended.

Honor Court met in the small amphitheatre where they held biology classes. The room reeked of formaldehyde. The seating arrangement enabled the nine court members to sit in a semi-circle facing the chair where the defendant sat.

Tom's case was the third to be reviewed. By that time, Sherri had established her control of the proceedings. Tom sauntered into the room when the chairman called him into the court. No oath was administered as the Edmondton Honor Code included all court proceedings.

"The nine members stood as Tom entered and soberly looked him up and down. The chairman of Honor Court, Ted Jenkins, one of Tom and Walt's fraternity brothers, read the charge in a stern voice. Tom winked at Sherri and smiled at Ted. The seven other court members and the faculty advisor glared at Sherri and Ted; they all suspected the two had been compromised. Everyone sat uncomfortably in his chair as the questioning began.

"Tom pleaded guilty. He never lost his air of assurance and cockily answered the questions with mock heroics, steadily keeping his eyes on Sherri. Looking him full in the face, her blue eyes were black in the dim light. Fastening her eyes on Tom she asked, "Who was the girl you were looking for that night?"

"Tom's mouth dropped in astonished disbelief. He shifted his position uncomfortably, and blushing, replied, "Some townie I met at a party. I don't even remember her name," he laughed uneasily, trying to break the tension."

After long, careful deliberation the Court accepted Sherri's proposal that Tom be suspended for one term. She knew that his pride would prevent him from returning to Edmondton and if he tried to incriminate her, he had already told the court the girl was a townie.

Walking back to the dorm, Sherri passes the Economics building and notices that Dr. Duncan's office light is still on. She decides to pay a short visit before closing. He is very happy to see her and invites her to sit down.

"I'm surprised to see you again, Sherri," he said cagily.

"I'm surprised you're working so late," she replied coyly.

He got up from his chair, walked to the door and shut it with his back, clicking the lock with his left hand.

"Sherri, I know you were the girl with Tom the night he was caught. We wouldn't want anything like that

to get out, now would we?" he announced, walking slowly toward her."

Purposely leaving you with this cliff-hanger, the Sandspur urges you to buy the book and read the rest for yourself. Everything and everybody are there. We have dealt with only one side of the novel (Sherri's social life).

However, Bentham's book describes every aspect of college life, including the academic and administrative hassles. We have also avoided drawing any direct parallels to the reality of Rollins, but the novel is a glimpse behind the closed door, into the reality of a college education as a struggle for identity and meaning in a futile microcosm, preoccupied with its own human conflicts. The Sandspur acknowledges its indebtedness to Bantam Books for allowing us to reprint portions of the novel. Copyright A35D14-Z85 1968.

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