

STARS

University of Central Florida
STARS

The Rollins Sandspur

Newspapers and Weeklies of Central Florida

4-3-1970

Sandspur, Vol. 76 No. 19, April 03, 1970

Rollins College

Find similar works at: <https://stars.library.ucf.edu/cfm-sandspur>
University of Central Florida Libraries <http://library.ucf.edu>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Newspapers and Weeklies of Central Florida at STARS. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Rollins Sandspur by an authorized administrator of STARS. For more information, please contact STARS@ucf.edu.

STARS Citation

Rollins College, "Sandspur, Vol. 76 No. 19, April 03, 1970" (1970). *The Rollins Sandspur*. 1368.
<https://stars.library.ucf.edu/cfm-sandspur/1368>

THE ROLLINS SANDSPUR



Vol. 76, No. 19

THE ROLLINS SANDSPUR, WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

Friday, April 3, 1970



**Election ,
Iron Butterfly,
Julian Bond
Ex-President's
Address
on page 2**



Student Association... From The President

FELLOW STUDENTS:

By the Student Association Bylaws, I am required to present to the Student Government a final report of the year's accomplishments.

This year I shall present my final report to the student body at large on April 6th at 8 o'clock p.m. in Bush Auditorium.

But what will be more important than my report of a year's efforts, I will swear in the new President and Vice President, and I am certain

that the new President will offer some remarks concerning plans for his administration.

Moreover that night, the newly reorganized Student Government will go into effect.

Monday evening, April 6th — Bush Auditorium — 8 o'clock: — REFLECT WITH ME ON A YEAR OF SUCCESS—SUPPORT YOUR NEW PRESIDENT AS HE ASSUMES OFFICE.

Thank you,
Larry Witzleben

This Nation of Savages

Bond Speaks To Campus

By Gwen von Stetten

Julian Bond, a man of controlled manner, of directed anger, of hard-hitting but soft-spoken irony, spoke to the Rollins campus last Wednesday night, meeting a full house in Bush and a barrage of students' questions. Noting the traditional speaker's opening remarks and "amusing anecdote," Mr. Bond provided the audience with an "it's a pleasure to be here," followed by a wellplaced jab at V.P. Agnew.

The body of his speech was drawn from the historic speeches of three prominent Blacks, and spanned the period in U.S. history from the abolitionist movement to post Civil War reconstruction. Mr. Bond's point, which was well taken, in quoting from these sources was to show how very little attitudes towards the Black race have changed over the last 100 years. From Frederic Douglass, an active abolitionist, whose speech to the Rochester Ladies Anti-Slavery Society on July 4th, 1852 Mr. Bond quoted, the comment was drawn that America's conception of her greatness, her claim to liberty for all was "A thin veil to cover the crimes of this nation of savages." Our national greatness and liberty are "swelling vanity" and "sheer mockery" of the democratic system. Quoting from Henry M. Turner, a Black minister and 1868 member of the Georgia House of Representatives, Mr. Bond made the point that, though the Black people were pioneers in American civilization, they were "strangers in the land of their birth," strangers to "the land which they worked and gathered harvest." Mr. Bond quietly made the point that Henry Turner was one of 27 Black state representatives in Georgia, twice as many as are now present in that body 100 years later. Mr. Bond's third excerpt came from lawyer/doctor John

S. Rock, speaking in 1858, who attacked the white man's conception of the Black race. Dr. Rock was perhaps the original "Black is beautiful" promoter, for his speech described the grace in movement and rich, dark color of the Blacks, as compared to the sharpness of feature, pale skin and overall "delicacy of the whites," commenting that Mother Nature must have been exhausted by the time she created the whites.

The short and pointed speech was followed by a longer period of questions from the floor, during which, at one point, Mr. Bond was grilled by one student for his working with the "system" to achieve his goals, whereas Carmichael and Brown, Bond's fellow participants in SNCC's voter registration drive, are noisier and perhaps more immediately effective in promoting Black goals. Mr. Bond pointed out that he was a member of SNCC before Brown or Carmichael joined, and that, "We are simply different people... though I'm less outwardly militant, I'm sure that I believe as strongly in what I do as Mr. Brown or Mr. Carmichael believe in what they do." In his speech, Mr. Bond pointed out that the "system" was good, but that it needed change in its bureaucratic agencies that forestall or impede progress; however, he also mentioned that representative democracy itself was going through a change, an opening of the franchise — the problem is to get the "noisy American majority" to act in concert for the good of the world. As Mr. Bond pointed out earlier, America is faced with a threat from within, from the dualities of the Black/White Rich/Poor conflict, which, considering that the U.S. contains 6% of the world's population and uses annually 60% of the world's resources consumed, makes the U.S. a threat not only to itself, but to the world.

Concert Ticket Policy Changed

There will be a new policy regarding tickets for the Iron Butterfly concert on Friday. No tickets will be issued in advance to Rollins students. Those students interested in attending should be at the Orlando Sports Stadium by 8:00 p.m. and should go directly to a specially designated ROLLINS GATE. There Rollins tickets will be available to students presenting their I.D. cards on a first come, first served basis. This trial method of ticket issuance was necessitated by the illegal sale of tickets provided free of charge by the Student Center.

Election Returns

At 4:00 p.m. Thursday the polling closed for the election of the President and Vice-President of the Student Association. Out of a possible 1,059 votes, 672 votes were actually cast with 63.5% of the campus having participated. Nine votes were declared void.

Randy Lyon received the majority campus turn out that he needed in order to firmly establish him as President. Homer Pike edged out Dylan Thomas by a slim margin of 24 votes. Homer Pike received 339 votes, while Thomas captured a close 315.

best poem—

THE DINGHY

THE SANDSPUR is happy to announce the winners of its literary contest at this time. They are:

Richard Paul Betz, junior, for his poem, "The Dinghy," and
Jennifer Fisher, junior, for her untitled short story.

With thanks to Peter Klappert and all who entered

..... ND & LK

Sheltered from the northeast wind

And from the cold silver light of the moon,

The sullen dinghy strained at her slime-sheathed cable

In the shadow of the many-masted galleon.

The dark waters viscid stirred, flickered;

Brilliant-etched wind-stirred windward waves

Seemed to slice under the barnacled keel—

And the dinghy shifted on a sea of echo and phosphorescence.

And the keel of the galleon seemed flat and

The keel of the galleon shallowed in deep water and

Dark in the dark, sliding beyond the senses, creatures moved that

In folklore forests would have been called beasts—

Would have frightened the likes of Heinrich and Gretchen

Who took the shortcut from Grosspop to firelight home

On a moon-silvered October night, despite rumors of wolves,

Yearning to have their blood split and tell of it to Hans.

*Come all ye children, come all ye lambs,

Into the darkness before the orisons—

Come all ye incense, come all ye rams,

Death spake o'er the waters, beyond the horizon.

Death moved the king and the poet and Che—

Did we ever touch her beasts' breasts, in water, beyond fingertips?

Rats gnawed the cable, it twin-splashed into the sea,

And we were alone in cafes and streets and garrets.

—richard
paul betz

best story —

When I was in the sixth grade Julie Walters broke her arm and had a cast painted by her friends in psychedelic colors that said "Pray for Surf." I wanted to break my arm but I didn't have any friends to paint my cast, and I didn't know what to pray for since I didn't surf. I remember telling that to my psychiatrist once and he said I must be masochistic. He wasn't the least bit psychedelic and probably never even wanted to surf. But Julie Walters could surf. Julie Walters could probably walk all the way out to the wave and do it without a board.

"Who's this Christ figure Walters?" William asked on one of the few occasions he had been listening to me. We were taking a stroll around Central Park late in July, only with William a stroll always turned out to be a brisk trot.

"William, sometimes I am sure you have one ear that doesn't function when I'm talking in it."

"Don't be ridiculous, I was listening," he threw over his shoulder — I was always two feet behind him. "I just didn't catch where you knew her from."

"I didn't throw it."

"Oh," he said unconcernedly. "Well, it's not really worth it is it?"

"Worth what, William?"

"Worth you getting upset over, now is it?" It was amazing how calm he could remain in the face of an argument.

"Well, I'm upset." He wasn't going to get away with it this time.

"Over Julie What's Her Name? Come on, Ape —"

"My name is April and it's not just her. William, you don't ever listen to me."

He condescended to turn around because I'd stopped ten feet behind him.

"Of course I listen to you, sweetheart. It's just that you happened not to be saying anything."

Some people have a real talent for making me feel terribly disposable — like one of those paper towels you use and use and then throw away. Or like a sponge that people use to soak up their problems and never gets wrung out so it ends up old and dry. While I stood there picturing myself as several useful kitchen utensils, William took my hand.

"Don't cry, please."

"I'm not going to cry William," I said and started walking again, hoping that I wasn't going to cry.

"Look, sweetheart," he started by way of reconciliation. "I didn't mean it wasn't important. It's just that my mind is on that paper I have to hand in Monday, okay?"

"William, do I look like a paper towel?"

He looked concerned. "Do you feel like a paper towel?"

"I asked you first."

"No," he sighed. "You don't look at all like a paper towel. Let's walk."

So we walked. The sun was just starting to sink slowly into the western skyline and the squirrels were running around like they knew they'd get mugged after dark. Some days I get absorbed trying to follow one squirrel for a while to see if he really knows where he is going. I started to ask William if he knew where the squirrels slept at night and noticed that he was concentrating on a more familiar animal. She was one of those

New York blondes who always manage to look like they stepped off the pages of Vogue. I gave up jealousy as long ago as I gave up trying to look like a Vogue model but every once in a while I feel like moving to a small town where they never heard of false eyelashes or mini-skirts.

"It's just that sometimes I feel like I get used like one," I broke in on his ogling.

"Feel like one what?"

"William," I said, remembering how much he hated me to make four syllables out of his name.

"Okay, okay, why do you feel like a surfboard?"

"Like a paper towel." Somehow my metaphor was beginning to lose its significance.

"Oh," he managed without losing track of the blonde.

I turned away with a sigh of resignation, which is a gesture he always notices.

"What's the matter now?" he said.

"Nothing, I just feel all wet."

"Look, April, I'm sorry but I told you there's this paper and I can't seem to concentrate on anything else."

"You seemed to be doing pretty well with the blonde," I said.

"What blonde?"

"Let's walk." So we walked and that night I dreamed that a blonde squirrel turned me into a sponge.

"It wasn't that I wanted to break my arm," I was telling Ann on the way into her apartment one night after work. "It's just the idea of having that wild cast, you know, and all of those people paying attention to you."

"Didn't I know Julie Walters?" she asked flipping on the light in her living room. On Tuesdays Ann and I always fixed dinner together and went to a movie. Sometimes it was sort of a declaration to our respective fiancés that there was more in life than male companionship. Most of the time it was because they never called during the week anyway.

"Everybody knew Julie Walters. She was a cheerleader, prom queen, national merit scholar —"

"Ah yes, Miss Win-Everything of Johnson Memorial High."

"Kennedy Memorial," I corrected.

"Whatever. It's been too long. Do you like rice dishes?" she asked going into the kitchen.

"Yeah, I guess so. Do you ever think of me as disposable?" I yelled in her direction.

"Hey, you want a fresh mushroom?" I heard from the kitchen.

"Ann, do you ever think of me as disposable?" I repeated. She emerged from the kitchen with her mouth full and mangled. "Of course not, what are you talking about?"

"It's just that sometimes William just never seems to hear me, you know?"

"You know I feel that way with Jeff sometimes when I talk about the wedding."

"Like yesterday we were walking and I felt really depressed. Maybe I don't say the most important things but you'd think —"

"Could you come into the kitchen, Ape, I just put the water on for the rice."

"Sure," I said, following her into the kitchen. "So yesterday I was thinking about school because I feel like I never had any friends."

"Of course you had friends."

"I did?"

"Well, you had me, remember?"

"Yeah."

"Here," she said handing me two plates. "Go set the table, the last show's at 7:40."

"Ann, you're not listening either," I said, taking the plates and staring after her.

"Of course I'm listening," she said perusing a cupboard, "You're just paranoid, Ape."

"April," I mumbled.

"What?"

"Nothing." I slowly started to set the table.

"You're just paranoid, April. People listen to you and you're always imagining they don't. Dammit, I can't find the soy sauce."

I was staring at myself in a plate. "My psychiatrist says the same thing but Ann, it keeps happening. Over and over again I walk into rooms and people look right through me, I ask a question and it falls on the floor and just lays there unanswered. You know, if all my questions were grapes I could bottle more wine from my living room rug than in all of Southern California."

I listened for some laughter from the kitchen.

"I found it," Ann said smiling as she came through the door with the soy sauce in her hand. "Did you say you wanted some wine?"

I stared silently into the plate again.

"April, what are you doing?"

"I'm making sure I'm still here."

"Don't be so ridiculous," she said laughing.

"But that's just it Ann - I'm ridiculous. Everybody thinks I'm ridiculous and everything I say is so ridiculous that they don't even have to listen. If I had been Paul Revere yelling all over the countryside that night this country would still be a colony."

This time it was funny and I sat the plate down that I had been gesticulating with and watched Ann slowly convulse with laughter. I said something about being allergic to mushrooms and left her chuckling over the stove.

Once out on 83rd Street I thought of calling William and remembered the paper he had to get in. He would be holed up in the library at N.Y.U. only taking time out to look over the stacks or the stacked blondes, depending on the crowd. There must be someone who'd listen, I thought. I walked a few blocks humming "I'll talk to the trees but they don't listen to me" and then stopped into a phone booth.

"Hello, Mother?"

"Oh, April, I just tried to call you this afternoon."

"Yes, but I went straight to Ann's after work. I was really feeling down and it just seems -"

"Oh, well, I had to call to tell you that the material we ordered came in this morning."

"Listen, Mother, are you doing anything tonight?"

"I would have called during your office hours but Clara came over and you know how she talks."

"I thought maybe I'd come over to talk to you. All week I've been really down about people not -"

"Oh, April you should see the orange crepe - you know, for your hostess skirt?"

"Mother, I feel like a disposable diaper."

"You still want that skirt, don't you? It was such a cute pattern."

"Mother, are you listening to me?"

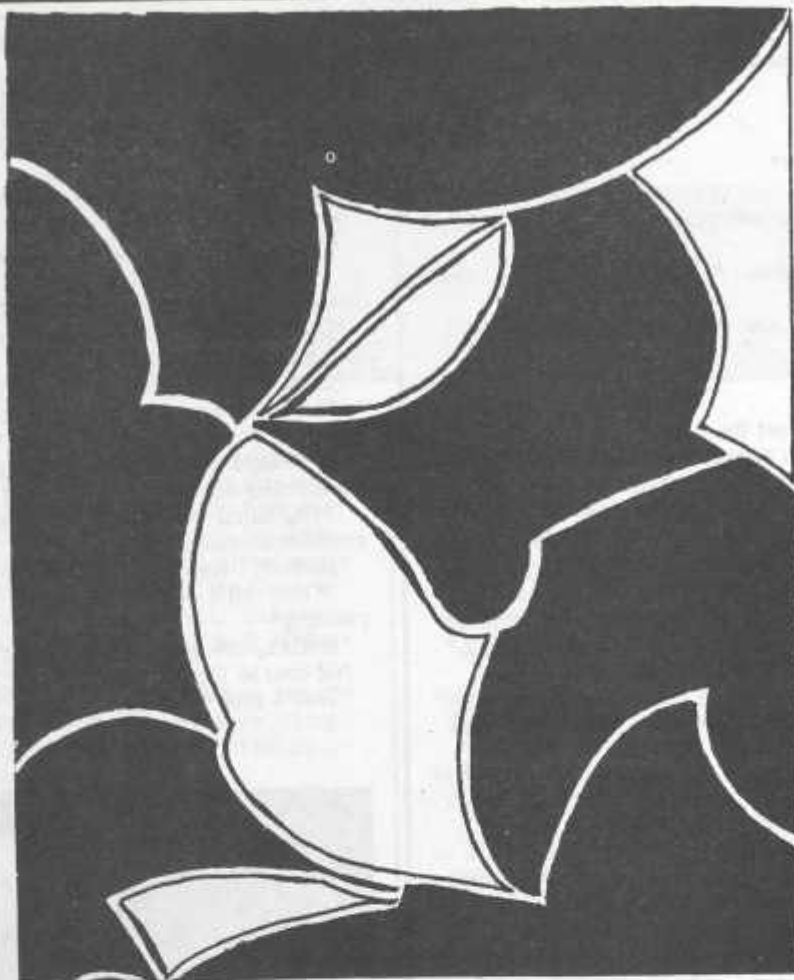
"Of course I'm listening, dear."

"That's what I thought."

-jennifer fisher

Photo: Dana Shelton





two

seeking to complete

each

other's puzzles

is the only

marriage of

souls —

an eternal

complexity

—Michael David Madonick



Hold me my love
Secure against my own desire
For I fear it is mine only

But what then shall we do
When perhaps we discover
Our desires are one

Hold me my love

—Judi Best

Distorted figures
Product of my vision
Staring faces of guilt
a swaying hallway
Fugitive of society
the
blame
falls
on
you

—Dulce Herrera

The whistling of the wind
past the barely opened window
caught me thinking,
or was it dreaming,
of those moments I leave behind me
as I travel.

I pray that I am not running,
for I cannot deny what was
and is a part of me.
But had I spoken, or smiled,
or reached out,
there might be more to where I've been
than to where I'm going.

—Jeff Bestic

I would buy a gypsy wagon,
Follow you around the world,
I would buy pink and green ribbons,
Keep them as my banner furled.

I would take the gold of summer:
Weave it with the autumn rust,
Sprinkle it with winter silver
Coated with December dust,

Shuttle it with all spring's colors:
Warp of sky and woof of heath,
Loomed upon the sun of Monday,
Spun on midnight's rainbow wreath.

I would wrap my cloth of madness
Round you, girdling in the morn:
Set you free midst all time's sorrows
Knowing you might never mourn.

I would set my gypsy wagon,
Pink and green banner blowing,
Rolling past you in the sunshine,
Never knowing I was going.

—John's song

A Day in the Life . . . of Any One

An orange sun emerged from behind a row of trees and, with what little amount of light is managed to squeeze through the narrow spaces between the thick bars, splashed its scant rays on to the dusty cement floor. As the sun rose higher in the artificially gray sky, more light managed to break into the cell. Slowly, it revealed the presence of a scruffy-looking man in his 25th year of life, lying on an ancient wooden cot. His face was now illuminated by the bright morning rays as the sun grew taller in the sky. The face betrayed the story of the man's wasted life. He was only 25, yet his life was at an end. The deep lines and wrinkles were sharp; not like the smooth rounded lines of a naturally aged man. The white scar that ran across his left cheek served only to remind him of the other deep scars that had been inflicted upon him, physically as well as emotionally. He began to stir from his sleep as the sunlight intensified. His eyes opened, and without hesitation he sat up and walked to the small window in his usual daze. Staring out the window, as he had been doing each day for the past month, he heard the rattling of keys as the heavy steel door of his cell parted from its usual position long enough to admit the faceless guard who carried his tray of morning food. He didn't have to turn his head to know who it was as the guards always brought him food at sunrise. The guard didn't stop to communicate with him, either by insult or otherwise, or to kick him with the tip of a heavy steel-toed boot. No pleasure would be derived from seeing a death-row prisoner squirm in pain. But who is this emotionless being? What foul crime could he have committed that brought him to this place?

Who is this facsimile of a man?...Just a man;...oh, what is his name? His name is Andrew Orez...he's a killer. At least that's what the pros-

ecuting attorney called him, a "born killer." Andrew didn't like being called that; he wasn't a born killer. And if he was, so was everyone else...at least that's how Andrew felt. Today is a big day for Andrew...he's going to die. At 9:00 a.m., the guards will march into the cell, escort the body of Andrew Orez down the long corridor, strap him into a gas chamber and finish him off completely. The state is going to a lot of expense for this, \$71,50, so the warden hopes Andrew won't make a big fuss.

"Hey, Orez," shouts the guard, "this is your last meal, so we made it good; don't waste it."

Andrew stares out the window; his mind has escaped through the bars into the living world, so he can't hear the guard's kind words.

"What the hell am I doing here?" asks Andrew out loud. "You killed your friend Jimmy Person," answers Orez. But I didn't mean to shoot him...it was an accident, thinks Andrew to himself. The sergeant told me to shoot anything that moved...the sergeant?...That was in Vietnam!...I shot Jimmy while we were hunting for pheasant in Oakdale Woods; only three miles from my own house. I must be dreaming, thinks Andrew to himself. But the heavy stink of the urinal on the opposite side of the cell reminds Andrew of the painful reality. He continues to stare out the window as he goes over in his mind once more how he happened to fall into this unfortunate predicament. What else can he do? He still has two more hours before they come to put him out of his misery. ...I was 19...The first time I had ever been away from home for a lengthy period of time. The Army was never noted for its kind treatment of recruits, and I learned all too quickly what was expected of a soldier.

"You people think that all you have to do to serve your country is carry a gun for 12 months," shouted the sergeant. "Well, you all have a lot to

learn. It is an honor to be a member of the United States Army. You will learn to do exactly as you are told, instantly, without any hesitation...Many of you will not be coming back from Vietnam.

"You think so, what?" shouted the sergeant.

"I think so, sir," answered Andrew.

"Good," said the sergeant in a soft voice, "then you remember rule number one



And it will be your own fault unless you follow the rules: Rule number one...When you are out on patrol and something moves in the area ahead of you...you shoot it! You will continue to shoot it until it does not move! If you do not shoot it, it may shoot you and kill you. You shoot first or you will be dead! Rule number two...

The sergeant's voice became inaudible as Andrew's mind drifted from one shocking experience to another...I was in the sergeant's office, thought Andrew. He called me in to shout at me again...What was it for this time?...Oh yeh, "for refusing to obey orders on a practice patrol."

"...Do you remember what I said your very first day here, Private Orez?" asked the sergeant.

"I think so..." said Andrew hesitatingly.

which states very clearly that when something in the area ahead of you moves, you shoot it! You shoot it until it is dead! Do you remember that, Private Orez?"

"Yes sir," answered Andrew.

"Then why did you disobey orders and refuse to shoot that target when it stood up directly in line with your fire?"

"I..."

"You what, Private Orez? You hesitated...is that right, Private Orez, you hesitated?"

"Yes sir...I...hesitated," replied Andrew.

"Do you remember rule number one, Private Orez?" asked the sergeant. "It states very clearly," continued the sergeant, "that you will not hesitate to fire or you will be dead. Did you hear me, Private Orez? I said you will not hesitate or you will be dead!"

"Yes sir," answered Andrew.

drew.

"For refusing to obey that order, Private Orez, you will be sent to the stockade for a week. I hope you do not think I am punishing you, Private Orez...I am merely sending



Photo: Dana Shelton

you there to help you learn to obey orders."

"Sir," said Andrew, "according to regulations I have to be court martialed and found guilty before I can be sent to the stockade."

"You are guilty as charged, Private Orez. There is no point in going through the formality of a trial," answered the sergeant in a matter-of-fact way...

...The sergeant had no right to send me to the stockade, thought Andrew. I really hadn't done anything wrong...That target...it just startled me for a moment; this was all new to me. But the sergeant was right; those guards did help me learn to obey orders...only they did it in a very brutal way. They treated the prisoners like sub-humans. They

beat us up regularly; played with us like toys in the most sadistic manner possible...I wanted to kill every last one of them...kill? ...That was the first time I ever wanted to kill someone..."Well, Private Orez," asked the sergeant after I had returned from the stockade, "did they teach you how to obey orders?" "Yes sir," I snapped back at him as I tried to remain at attention. My legs and stomach hurt so bad I felt like I was going to pass out any minute. "They taught me alot, sergeant, more than you will ever realize."

The sergeant looked at me sternly as if he were trying to find some hidden meaning in my last statement. Finding none, he remarked, "Well, Private Orez, you have missed alot while you were on vacation. You have a great deal of work to catch up on."

...All during my 12 months in Vietnam I thought about what the sergeant had told me. I hated him; but strangely enough I never had the urge to kill him. I had begun to act and think like a soldier. Any thought of killing or even harming the sergeant had been discouraged long ago by the constant barrage of rules and regulations. The sergeant couldn't be killed...it was like trying to kill God...I was a good soldier in Vietnam; I killed alot of the enemy. Sometimes I killed regular people...but it was their fault really...they moved. The sergeant said that if it moved you were supposed to shoot it until it was dead...I had to shoot those people. It was o.k., anyway, no one was punished for killing in Vietnam...You were rewarded for killing...But we lived like filthy animals...Crawling in the dirt and mud;...sitting in the rain trying to eat the food before it washed away. We had to kill or the General wouldn't be happy. If we killed enough we got to go on R. and R., the whole unit.

Andrew lost all track of time while in Vietnam. He received letters from home regularly, but they served only to distract him, for a moment or two, from the turmoil of war. He wasn't homesick anymore. His bright future was too hard to see under all that mud and beard. The letters came regularly, just like the guards do now. Everything

performed like machines, including Andrew. When the voice of the commanding officer was heard, he would get up with the rest of the company and go out to kill some more of the enemy. Then, he would come back to the base, eat, sleep, and read more letters. He felt nothing when he killed. He felt hatred for the enemy when his friends did not come back to the base with him, but he was sure the sergeant said he would only be in Vietnam for 12 months.

Andrew's mind moves on to a pleasant experience...He is finally returning home from Vietnam, and he can see his parents and girl friend waiting for him on the observation deck of the air terminal...I could see them smiling and waving at me, thought Andrew. They surrounded me...patted my back as if I were a hero. They were so glad to see me...for weeks it was like a holiday at home. Everything seemed so strange...Everything was so familiar, yet it seemed new to me. I had been away off and on for six years; I was no longer a care-free teenager. I didn't feel excited about anything anymore...All those things I had dreamed of doing seemed unimportant to me now. I had no future and I didn't care!

Then my friend Jimmy Person came by one day and asked me to go hunting with him...Good old Jimmy...the idiot! Why did he insist on taking me hunting?...Andrew rested his head against the stone wall as his arms wrapped around the bars. His eyes continued to stare out the window. They were frozen and refused even to blink. He was a mannequin, only he moved...sometimes.

"Go with Jimmy," insisted his mother as Andrew recalled to mind his big mistake.

Go hunting with Jimmy, thought Andrew. They all insisted, pushed and annoyed me with their constant prodding. All right, I said, I'll go hunting; anything to satisfy them...

We were in Oakdale Woods hunting pheasant.

"We'll walk parallel to one another," I remembered saying to Jimmy. "Don't get ahead of me, take it nice and slow."

"O.K.," said Jimmy. But I knew he hadn't really heard

me. He was too busy concentrating on getting the first bird of the day...I had only been back from Vietnam for six months and already I had a gun in my hand. The M-16 felt heavy...but it wasn't an M-16, it was a 22!...The brush thinned out ahead of me so I had to get down on all fours and crawl...What was I doing crawling in the dirt again, a rifle resting across my forearms?...A suspected enemy camp was just ahead...No, I'm pheasant hunting! Why couldn't I turn off all that I had experienced in Vietnam? There was an open field just ahead...I felt nervous...I knew there was nothing out there, nothing to be afraid of...But the sergeant said, "Rule number two, Do not cross an open field when you can walk around. If you walk across an open field you are a dead man. Charlie will kill you before you take three steps!"...But that was Vietnam; why do I feel so strange? This is home. I am home now. There's nothing out there...I decided to walk around. Why, I don't know. ...I hear rifle fire to my left, something is running...I begin to sweat, my mind is all foggy. I can't "see" anything anymore...More rifle fire...something is moving. Where am I?...More rifle fire...something is running...sergeant said...do not hesitate...shoot until dead. More rifle fire, it is close!...I raise my rifle and shoot in the direction of the movement. My M-16 jams after three shots...I look at my rifle...Oh, my God! It's a 22! I'm home...What have I shot?

My friends and parents said nothing when the police arrived. My mother only cried, my father just stared at me. I tried to say something...but what could I say?...I killed Jimmy...The prosecuting attorney was right...I was a killer...But I didn't want to kill...I tried not to become brainwashed by the rules and regulations...I tried not to kill...But the sergeant told me not to hesitate...He told me to kill.....

"I didn't want to kill him," shouted Andrew. "The sergeant made me kill. I didn't want to!".....

Andrew felt four strong hands

continued: page 10



Photo: Dana Shelton

to d.a. & friends

on the way back down the ladder
 the falling angels called, "you can't tell the game without
 a program"
 so in my haste i shelled out a quarter and bought
 a printed gilded lily
 as time passed on as it did before
 the flower wilted with my honesty—
 i should have learned from the latter but the
 taking left me crossed—
 shall i in desperation grasp or hear again
 "they know not what they do"
 they do

—Michael David Madonich

continued from page 9
 grab his arms. It was two of
 the guards...It was 9:00 o'clock
 ...He was back in his cell...
 It was time to die.

The doctor removed Andrew's shirt and taped the end of a long stethoscope to his chest. The guards hoisted him up and walked him down the long corridor. Andrew tried to move his legs but they had disappeared.

"The sergeant...it's his fault...ask him...he told me to...I didn't want to kill my friend," protested Andrew in an almost inaudible voice.

The white chamber appeared at the end of the corridor. There were spectators. A flash of light... "keep back," said a voice to the spectators.

Andrew was strapped into a hard wooden seat.

"I tried to stop...but I couldn't," explained Andrew to the "deaf" guards. He was panting. His chest expanded to twice its size whenever he took a breath. The pulsating

veins in his head and neck swelled as the blood raced through his sweating body... He had smelled death, looked at it, ran his hands over it, and even brought it upon others. Now he was about to experience it for himself. He

wasn't afraid to die. He had never experienced death, how could he be afraid? He welcomed death! He would never again have to recall those horrible memories...

The door slammed shut and Andrew was alone in a soundless world. Eyes stared at him through the window.

"I killed Jimmy," muttered Andrew. "My best friend. I admit it. But the sergeant... it was his fault too. He killed also."

..... A colorless gas began hissing into the chamber. Andrew sat there motionless. The guard said count to ten and take a deep breath, thought Andrew. He took a deep breath and

— Lindsey Wolfer



a leaf taking flight with the wind,
 my soul was uplifted.

Art: Doris Gerathewohl

Candidates Present Platform

By Gil Klein

On the evening of March 31, the candidates for President and Vice-President of the Student Association presented their campaign platforms in Crummer Auditorium. They spoke before an estimated audience of 60-70 students.

HOMER PIKE

The first speaker was Homer Pike, a Vice-Presidential candidate. Homer, a junior and a Phi Delt, has been editor of the R Book and, this year, the Tomokan. He called for more participation in the government from juniors, sophomores and especially freshmen. He believed that the current members of the government had to go out and actively solicit support from the rest of the students. It is necessary, he said, to bring the government to the students and it should be the job of the VP to act as a liaison between the government and the students. More specifically, he called for the creation of a special committee, chaired by the Vice President, that would look into and initiate legislation for allowing 21 year olds to drink on campus. This committee would also work to get Florida to lower its drinking age to 18. Homer believes that the IFC and Pan Hel can do more to make student government really work at Rollins and, if elected, he will make sure that they produce.

DYLAN THOMAS

Dylan Thomas, a freshman Guild member, has been serving as the Independent Freshman Men's representative in the student House. Like Homer

he called for more general student involvement in the government and better communication between the students and the government through better advertising. He believes that the student court is in definite need of reform. The biggest problem, he pointed out, was in the investigating system. He does not believe that an investigator can be impartial as the current system demands. He would like to see a defendant system created. Dylan also believes that the student government should take more direct action in initiating humanitarian projects.

RANDY LYON

Randy Lyon, a junior in the Guild fraternity, is the only candidate for President. He has been Vice-President of the Student Association and chairman of the Visitation Committee. He began his speech by pointing out the mistakes of the past administration: the lack of a faculty evaluation and the problems of the Community Action Board. He promised that the faculty evaluation will come out on time next year, and that he will continue to look for new opportunities for the CAB. Next, Randy pointed out those things that the government has begun that must be carried on into the coming year. The student reorganization, he said, would take a great deal of work and organization to really make it effective in the coming year. The creation of the idea of Rollins as a community of scholars has also been significant this year. This has been exempli-

fied by students sitting as equal members on faculty committees and will be increased in the near future by student representation on the faculty Senate. Visitation, of course, has been a major step this year. The work, though, for its final implementation has hardly begun.

Looking toward the future, Randy predicted a greater relaxation of social restrictions and a strengthening of the student court. For the court he too, like Dylan, believed that some type of public defender system should be initiated. He

warned, though, that the court should never operate under the adversary system of the public courts. The key word for next year, Randy said, will be involvement. A few people can no longer keep the student government working. It must have the support of the majority of the students, even if he has to beg people to participate. He pointed out the hypocrisy of students claiming to be capable of running their own affairs, yet no one is willing to put in the work. This hypocrisy must and will be ended under his administration.

Moderator Speaks Out

I thought that since I have been elected Moderator of the new student government (ego trip) it might be a good idea to express some of my views on the new student government in general, and my job as moderator in particular, to those of you whom I will be serving next year.

My position as Moderator is a new one and as such it will need some explanation. As the new student government is set up, the Moderator will have many of the functions of the Speaker of the House in the old system of government. However, there will be several important differences. The Moderator will have no vote and his main function will be that of ensuring the rights of the individual delegates in the new governmental body. I will make

every effort to see that all facets of a particular issue are explored. I pledge myself to making certain every party has the opportunity to express their views on any given issue. The ideals of fairness, objectivity, respect and justice will be my guiding principles when running the assembly meetings.

In the new government structure, committee will have even greater importance than they do at present. Since there will be only one forum for general discussion, it will be necessary that any proposals being considered will have been well thought out and adequately researched. If this is done next year's government will be able to deal with the matters before it in a more efficient and more importantly, effective manner.

continued on page 12



342 Park Avenue, South



Wm. A. Ritzi & Sons, Inc.
INTERNATIONAL

Diamonds
Watches
Jewelry and Watch Repair

227 PARK AVENUE NORTH
WINTER PARK, FLORIDA
305 / 644-9704

FINE JEWELERS
SINCE 1881

continued from page 11

The college has undergone a great deal of change in the last year and is making decisions that will determine its course in the future. For too many years the rights and needs of the students at Rollins have been left untouched, largely due to the tremendous amount of apathy that this school seems to generate. However, this has appeared to be changing somewhat in the last few years.

A new, more effective governmental system has been passed, Rollins' first form of visitation has finally been approved, the curriculum has been improved and more the general mood of the campus appears to be changing. This next year

VISTA

A VISTA recruiting team will be on the Rollins campus April 9 and 10 to answer questions concerning the nature of the VISTA program and to provide information on application procedures. There are no entrance requirements for VISTA. Selections are made on the basis of the quality of application and upon feedback given by the references whom the applicant has listed. Applicants should be 20 or over, preferably seniors with emphasis toward people with specialized skills.

This year VISTA will recruit, select and train more than 5,000 volunteers. Volunteers may work with people in city slums, in rural poverty-pockets, on Indian reservations, with Eskimos in Alaska, in migrant labor communities, with the mentally retarded, or other types of self-help, anti-poverty programs.

will be critical. If we rest on these important, but far too few, past accomplishments, then little will have been accomplished, and Rollins will remain stagnant. However, if we use these measures as building blocks to even greater and more far-reaching reforms, then we will have truly accomplished something.

Since the first beer bottle hit Lake Virginia many moons ago, the students here at Rollins have been accused of being a bunch of lazy, rich, snotty-nosed little brats and I am certain that you are just as sick of this criticism as I am. This image of the Rollins student has been forced upon us by so many segments of our college experience that many of us believe it to be true. This is the real tragedy of Rollins.

We have made the first steps at bringing this campus to life, of lifting it out of the gay nineties and into the 70's. And we MUST continue at an even quicker pace. If you have a gripe or an idea, talk it up and let's do something about it. This is truly our chance to really make something of this place. It is up to us to do it and we must do it now.

Peace,
Ken Bleakly

Language Lab

I would like to reassure not only the students of French, German, Russian and Spanish but also my colleagues that, even though the mechanism of the Language Lab is out-of-date, the Lab is not out of service. It is presently functioning to the fullest extent of its limited capabilities.

Dr. Bessie W. Stadt

Letters to the Editor

TO THE EDITOR:

I was very surprised this Wednesday evening as I watched the procession of Rollins students file into the Beanery to have dinner with Julian Bond. Although the man is a black politician, there was not one black student present at this dinner! My surprise turned to embarrassment, shame and anger when I found that only one black student had been invited, and he chose not to attend — a very justifiable decision, in my opinion.

I do not feel that this omission of black students was intended, but I do think it was a very careless blunder and should be exposed so that thoughtlessness such as this will be avoided in the future.

Respectfully,
Ramona A. Schallau

DEAR EDITOR:

The students at Rollins are beginning to take a critical look at the oppressive draft laws in this country and how they are affected by them. Seniors in particular are suddenly faced with the possibility of being inducted into a system which they find morally or religiously reprehensible. With the new director of Selective Service advocating (and not without much justification) an end to all college deferments, and with less justification, a postponement of a Volunteer Army, undergraduates, too, have cause for apprehension.

Men subject to the draft have at least four alternatives: compliance and induction into the service, alternate service as a Conscientious Objector, emi-

gration, and non-cooperation with the possibility of receiving a jail sentence. If you have questions or problems with the draft, visit the Orlando Peace Center, 836 Broadway (corner of Marks St. and Broadway) in Orlando. It is open for drug counseling every Sunday evening from 8-10 p.m. It is never too late to oppose the draft.

On April 15, the Central Florida Anti-War Coalition will be staging anti-war and anti-draft activities on campus in Orlando. Become an "effie" snob for peace."

Sincerely yours,
Jack T. Dill



Grand Prix

(Film Review of Grand Prix to be shown Saturday, April 4 instead of Friday, April 3 at Bush Auditorium at 8:00 p.m.)

Lasting almost three hours, Grand Prix has all of the thrills and gadgetry of racing. Grand Prix is an international tribute to racing car championships — the roar of the motors, unbelievable speed, the blazing action, death-defying intensity of the drivers, thrills, hungry, shrieking crowds, the bullet-shaped cars, near hysteria in the pits — are startlingly presented by Director John Frankenheimer in a magnificently photographed film. This is the story of competing drivers who risk death in a series of nine races and how they endure and live to the fullest measure between races. The color photography from mounts on racing cars and helicopters is unusually interesting. Grand Prix has won an Academy Award for special sound effects.



Free Film and Bonus Prints

Buy a roll, get a roll free when picking up finished film — FREE

**Colonial
DRUGS**

wallet/size Bonus
Print from Kodak
color 12 exp.
3 1/2 x 3 1/2 size

New England Ave

TRAVEL RITE TOURS

AIRLINE RESERVATIONS

1 BLOCK FROM CAMPUS
171 West Fairbanks
Phone 647-4034

W. P. Medcalf — June Kramonsh

**Carter's
LUGGAGE CENTER**

204 Park Avenue, N
Winter Park

TKEs Take Volleyball Lead Sig Eps Take Soccer

By Bob Taylor

In a lot of recent volleyball action, the TKE's have emerged as the league's top team and probable champion. Their biggest win came Wednesday night when they fought back from a 1st game 6-15 loss to win the match with 15-10 and 15-11 game victories.

The Snakes were the TKE's toughest opponents and should be able to take second in the league. In other action, the Club and SPE came back after 1st game losses to win over PDT and the Indies, respectively. The KA's won in two straight over the Lambda Chis. In Tuesday's action, the TKE's

beat the SPE's, the KA's beat the Indies in three games, the Lambda's beat the Phi Deltis and the Grads beat the Guild.

Last Thursday saw the Indies beat the Phi Deltis, X-Club beat the SPE's, Snakes downed the KA's, and F-Grads beat the Lambda Chis.

VOLLEYBALL STANDINGS:

TEAM	W	L
1. TKE	4	0
2. KA	2	1
3. SN	2	1
4. X-Club	2	1
5. LCA	2	2
6. SPE	2	2
7. Guild	1	1
8. Indies	1	3
9. PDT	0	5

MOOG MUSIC

A program of electronic music with extra-terrestrial overtones will be offered in a free public recital on the Jacksonville University Moog Synthesizer at 8 p.m. tonight in the Crummer Auditorium.

William Hoskins, Jacksonville University Composer-in-Residence and Director of the Electronic Music Studio in the JU College of Fine Arts, will demonstrate and explain the Moog Synthesizer at 4:30 p.m. this afternoon in Crummer. During the 8 p.m. concert, he will present his own selections composed especially for the Moog Synthesizer which can electronically recreate a tremendous variety of sounds.

The Synthesizer attracted national musical attention recently when it was used to record "Switched-On Bach" and then "Well-Tempered Synthesizer," both of which did well on the charts.



IMPORTANT

Rollins, which over the years has sent a steady stream of students to major law schools, has been designated as a test center for the administration of the Law School Admission Test by the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, N.J.

The Rollins center has been established for the convenience of the growing student population of Central Florida.



By Peter LaLime

In the final match of a marathon three-way five-game play-off, Sigma Phi Epsilon took the intramural soccer crown Saturday by edging cross-campus rival Tau Kappa Epsilon, 1-0. In previous double-elimination tournament action, the TKE's downed Sigma Nu twice, 2-1 and 2-0, with a 1-0 loss to the Sig Eps sandwiched in between. TKE came back in the fourth tournament game to level the series with Sig Ep, 2-1, setting the stage for the final match: one team or the other had to be eliminated by dropping a second contest.

Much was on the line for TKE. Battling to protect an almost untarnished record — they had been defeated only once in three seasons — a TKE win would have retired the soccer trophy by virtue of having won it three years consecutively.

Left wing John Coley footed in the magic goal for the Sig

Eps on a hand ball penalty kick with 3:05 gone in the second quarter, his fifth marker of the season. The goal was only the fourth scored all year on goalie Kim Kramer in 13 games — eight in the regular season, five in the playoff. Statistically, Kramer rates as the finest intramural goalie in a long while.

In a vicious third quarter, TKE almost came back to tie or go ahead. Bullet shots by rover Tom Taylor and left wing Garth James, and a head shot by Ennis Berker all missed — by inches. But the Sig Ep defense of Dean Paul, Jim Stanton and Dave Cox pulled itself together and held on for the win. Goalie Larry Goode scrambled for his fourth shut-out of the year; it was his second against the TKE's.

The championship in soccer handed Sigma Phi Epsilon its first trophy ever in a major sport.

INVENT A SLOGAN • WIN A PRIZE

"Whatever Your Cause, It's a Lost Cause Unless We Control Population"

That's the best population slogan we've been able to come up with. Can you top it? A citation and an honorarium of \$10 are offered for the best slogan turned in to the advertising manager of this newspaper before the forthcoming Environmental Teach In on Earth Day, April 22. The winning slogan from this campus will be eligible to compete for the national

\$500 PRIZE

to be awarded for the best slogan prepared by a student on any of the 215 campuses where this ad is appearing.

Rules: Simply devise a brief state-

ment of the importance and urgency of checking population growth — to the environment, to quality of life, to world peace. Send it on or before April 22 to this newspaper, addressed "Population Contest." Judges on this campus will be three members of this paper's staff appointed by the ad manager. All decisions final and only this selection will be eligible for big national prize, to be judged by Paul Ehrlich, David Brower, and Hugh Moore.

Write your slogan today. One entry per student. For free literature on population explosion, write Hugh Moore Fund, 60 E. 42nd St., New York 10017.

ARTESIAN GUILD

FEATURING HAND-CRAFTED CONTEMPORARY GIFTWARE AND PENDANTS IN BRONZE

UNIQUE AND LASTING CHRISTMAS GIFTS

111 E. WELBOURNE AVE. WINTER PARK, FLORIDA



Oarsmen Make Headway

By Tom Cutler

After a disappointing start, the Rollins crew has begun to pick up a little and make some forward progress. Recently, both J.V. and Varsity boats posted overwhelming victories against Williams College of Massachusetts and Morris Harvey College of West Virginia. Tuesday the Varsity took a respectable second place in the Cypress Gardens Regatta losing only to the Ivy League's Columbia while finishing ahead of Florida Southern, The Citadel, Morris Harvey and a crew from Guatemala. The Junior

Varsity suffered bad luck during their race as one of the oarsmen lost a seat and then finished fourth.

During the past two weeks, Rollins coach Jim Lyden has innovated a new rigging in the Varsity boat; instead of using a port oarsman as stroke and then alternating port and starboard oars on up to the bow, Coach Lyden has gone with a starboard oarsman, Bert Martin, as stroke then a port, a starboard, a port, a port, a starboard, a port, and a starboard in the bow. This Italian type rigging is being used to

Tars Capture 6 Victories

By Peter LaLime

After dropping a 4-2 decision to William & Mary (March 24), the Tars resumed the pace of their steady come-back from a sloppy 2-3 start and won their last six games in a row, three by shutouts. Rollins now has won 11 of the last 12 games including three Baseball Week wins over each of the other participating teams.

ROLLINS 6, AMHERST 0

Eddie Campbell continued to be the ace of the Tar pitching staff (March 26) as he fired a five-hitter at Amherst College and got credit for his third win of the year against no losses. The Tars collected 11 hits, two each by Bob McCabe and Mark Freidinger.

ROLLINS 7, AMHERST 4

Dan Osinski in relief of starting pitcher Steve Winchester (March 28), won his third game of the season against a single defeat. Rollins collected seven runs on eight hits for their ninth win of the year. Bob McCabe, Rich Westfal, and Mike Rix picked up a pair of hits apiece.

ROLLINS 8, BROWN 0

Freshman Kim Tuell went to distance and fired a three-hitter as the Tars won their final game of the Baseball Week Tournament over Brown University, 8-0 (March 30). Larry Stinson, Rick Magner and Bob McCabe each got two hits and Mike Rix rapped a three-run triple.

ROLLINS 2, CORNELL 1

Bob Jonap captured the Tar's second Baseball Week win (March 31) repeating Tuell's pitching performance by throwing a three-hit shutout at Cornell. Rich Westfal and Mike Rix each got two hits for Rollins.

ROLLINS 10, CHICAGO 5

Rollins collected ten runs and 13 hits (April 1) to down Chicago University — the last Baseball Week team it had not yet played — 10-5. Rich Westfal playing short stop went 4-for-4 and knocked in three runs. Jim Trocchi won his first game of the season with relief from Dan Osinski in the eighth inning. The win was the Tar's sixth in a row, bringing their record to 12-4.

compensate for the various weights and strengths of the different oarsmen.

Another feature of the crew program this year has been the frequent use of early morning practice. On a day when late labs make it impossible for many oarsmen to attend the after-

noon workout, practice is scheduled for 5:45 a.m. At this time the groggy mates began to and head for Lake Maitland to grind it out till 8:15. Other times the lost hours of sleep are made up in an oarsman's A and B period classes.

\$19.
SRO SNAPPY STRAPPY
WHITE OR BONE KID - BLACK
PATENT - THAT'S

SHOE BIZ AT GIBBS-LOUIS
W.P., C.P. & D.T.

BILL BAER
"MR. COLOR TV"
CENTRAL FLORIDA'S LARGEST
SELECTION OF TAPES & RECORDS

NOW

RAY CONNIFF
PERCY FAITH
JERRY VALE
MARTY ROBBINS
DORIS DAY
TONY BENNETT
RAY PRICE
FLATT & SCRUGGS
JOHNNY HORTON
FRANK SINATRA
ARETHA FRANKLIN

ONLY 1.29

Bill Baer
OF WINTER PARK
WINTER PARK MALL
WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

Sigma Nu Relays-Sunday 2 p.m.

Alumni week is usually a time for students to be quiet, unassuming scholars who are dedicated to their studies. However, this year Rollins students

Netters Victorious

By Bernie Jarman

To date, the Rollins Tennis Team has compiled a 10-1-1 record, as it continued its tradition of winning. In total singles competition, the statistics show 62 singles competitors, only Bob England remains unbeaten with 12 victories. Following up with only one loss are Ron Lague and Doug Welsh.

The only loss suffered by the Tars was a 6-3 defeat at the hands of a strong University of Pennsylvania squad. However, the Tars were alleviated this loss by jumping back to defeat the equally strong Georgia Tech team 5-4.

This weekend, the netters play in the University of South Florida Invitational Tournament in Tampa. The next match will be April 6 against arch-rival Stetson University in DeLand.

will participate in and provide the climax to Alumni Week. What could be a more fitting climax to a week of visiting by the old guard than the Sigma Nu Relays?

The Relays are a pseudo-track meet staged by Sigma Nu Fraternity for the sororities and the independent women. Each social group pays the Sigma Nu's a ten dollar entry fee to cover the cost of putting on the events. Points are awarded to the sororities

for finishing first, second, or third in any event. All the old events remain, including the mud jump, the balloon hop, the Tug of war, the stilt race, and a special new surprise event. For years the Relays have been one of the funnest events on the campus, and this year should be no exception. Sigma Nu Fraternity extends everyone an invitation to come Sunday to the Sandspur field at 2:00 for what some call "the greatest show on earth."

ALUMNI ART SHOW

Those of you who have classes in Bush or who have lately wandered through the building know about the art exhibition currently on display there. It is one of the features of the Rollins Alumni Reunion Week and will continue its showing until April 5. Located in the first floor halls, it is comprised of a small but interesting collection of art representative of nine talented alumni.

SOFTBALL STANDINGS:

TEAM	W	L
1. SPE	2	0
2. PDT	1	0
3. TKE	1	0
4. SN	2	1
5. Indies	1	1
6. Guild	0	0
7. LCA	0	0
8. KA	0	2
9. X-Club	0	3

TAYLOR'S PHARMACY

offers you
24-Hour

Prescription Service
with

4 Registered Pharmacists
also

Famous Brand Cosmetics
in WINTER PARK it's

TAYLOR'S

102 North Park Avenue
Phone 644-1025

ATTENTION!!!!

Anyone who wants to learn layout for the Sandspur and would like to work on the Sandspur next year please contact BOX797.



SIZES 8-20 \$32.00

LEEDY'S

311 Park Ave. S.
Winter Park, Fla.

CHECK WITH **george stuart**



SHARP ELECTRONIC CALCULATOR

Easy to carry by hand and compact enough to fit into an attache case for weekend work. The compactness is combined with economy and capacity.
\$895.00



STUDY CENTER

Only 36" wide, 48" high, 18" deep. Has drop-down, walnut woodgrain finish, vinyl laminate desk plus shelves, electric outlets, storage units, locking do

\$149.50



The first really new College dictionary of this century.

155,000 entries, over 4,000 illustrations, 10,000 geographical and biographical entries, 200 maps, 1,500 notes on usage and synonyms, 6,000 quotations from literature. Thumb indexed \$8.95

CHECK WITH **george stuart**

Phone Office 1-800
123 East Robinson ORLANDO, FLORIDA

CHECK WITH **george stuart**

ALLIANCE TO MEET

The Alliance Francaise of Rollins College will meet on Monday evening, April 6 at 6:15 p.m. at the Carlton Arms Clubhouse on Jamestown Avenue in Winter Park (entrance, corner of Aloma and Ranger Blvd., 1/2 block West of Rt. 436), for a covered dish supper offering

mostly french cooking.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray W. Eldredge will be hosts for the event. After the dinner, a film by Air France, "Traveling Through France," will be shown with commentary in French.

For information, please call Louise Manley at 644-3309.

FOR SALE!

1963 Volkswagen Bus

9 PASSENGER MODEL, EXCELLENT MECHANICAL SHAPE, EXCEPTIONALLY LOW MILEAGE. THIS VERSATILE AND POPULAR VEHICLE WON'T WIN ANY SPEED OR BEAUTY AWARDS BUT IT'S DEPENDABLE, ECONOMICAL AND SUITED TO MANY USES. PRICE \$495. CALL 647-2930 FOR APPOINTMENT.

COURT :

Positions Open

Students interested in working with the Student Court system at Rollins should pay attention to the following information: Applications are now being accepted for the positions of Court Chairman and Court members. These applications should be turned in by April 8. Also, applications for Court Investigators are now being accepted with no official deadline as of yet. Applicants for all these positions should contact the Student Court Chairman, Box 559.

Applications for the Traffic Court Chairman and for four other positions on the Court as judges have been opened. Please send your applications to P.O. Box #109.

Poetry Contest

RULES AND REGULATIONS for submitting poems to the Rollins Chapter of the Academy of American Poets Contest:

(1) Contest is open to all full-time Rollins undergraduate students.

(2) No more than ten pages of poetry may be submitted.

(3) All manuscripts must be typed.

(4) All manuscripts must be signed with a pseudonym. Submissions should be accompanied by a sealed envelope with the author's pseudonym on the outside and a 3 x 5 card on the inside which includes both the author's pseudonym and name.

(5) NO MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE RETURNED.

(6) Submissions should be sent to Box 55, Rollins College, or before May 1.

The winner or winners, as well as any honorable mentions, will be announced at the Awards Assembly. \$100 will be awarded for the best poem or group of poems submitted. The prize may be divided or withheld at the discretion of the judges.

The Academy of American Poets established its University and College Poetry Award Program in 1955 and Rollins was one of the original participating colleges. Sixty-one colleges and Universities throughout the United States now participate in this program.

TWO BIG SPECIALS

at

THE MUSIC BOX

(next to the Colony)

20%

extra off all stereo
headphones

\$7.95-\$29.95

\$9.95-\$10.95

diamond needles

reg. \$4.98 to \$5.48

only \$3.99*

GUARANTEED ONE YEAR

*not magnetics

one week only

"Doc" O'Brien's Pharmacy

NEILL O'BRIEN, Reg. Ph.

Serving Rollins Students
For 28 Years

Charge Accounts
Checks Cashied

on Park Avenue
PHONE MI-1739