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MASON PROFFIT



From the Basement

I believe it is of particular value for us to step back from time to time and take stock of ourselves and the world around us. I personally found that I gained some new and very interesting perspectives on our country when I returned this past August from a summer in Europe. Mr. Phillip Slater discusses this curious "new perception" often experienced by the returning traveler in his recent work entitled *The Pursuit of Loneliness*. I would like to use my space this week to share with you a small story Mr. Slater tells in the preface to his novel.

Once upon a time there was a man who sought to escape from the prattle of his neighbors and went to live alone in a hut he had found in the forest. At first he was content, but a bitter winter led him to cut down the trees around his hut for firewood. The next summer he was hot and uncomfortable because his hut had no shade, and he complained bitterly of the harshness of the elements.

He made a little garden and kept some chickens, but rabbits were attracted by the food in the garden and ate much of it. The man went into the forest and trapped a fox, which he tamed and taught to catch rabbits. But the fox ate up the man's chickens as well. The man shot the fox and cursed the perfidy of the creatures of the wild.

The man always threw his refuse on the floor of his hut and soon it swarmed with vermin. He then built an ingenious system of hooks and pulleys so that everything in the hut could be suspended from the ceiling. But the strain was too much for the flimsy hut and it soon collapsed. The man grumbled about the inferior construction of the hut and built himself a new one.

One day he boasted to a relative in his old village about the peaceful beauty and plentiful game surrounding his forest home. The relative was impressed and reported back to his neighbors, who began to use the area for picnics and hunting excursions. The man was upset by this and cursed the intrusiveness of mankind. He began posting signs, setting traps, and shooting at those who came near his dwelling. In revenge groups of boys would come at night from time to time to frighten him and steal things. The man took to sleeping every night in a chair by the window with a loaded shotgun across his knees. One night he turned in his sleep and shot off his foot. The villagers were chastened and saddened by this misfortune and thereafter stayed away from his part of the forest. The man became lonely and cursed the unfriendliness and indifference of his former neighbors. And in all this the man saw no agency except what lay outside himself, for which reason, and because of his ingenuity, the villagers called him the American.

—Phillip Slater

ROLLINS LOOKS AT ITSELF

In order to be accredited by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools, each participating college must go through a careful self-analysis every eight years. The school is urged to take as long as two years to delve into every aspect of its operation.

The director of Rollins' self-study program is chemistry professor Dr. George Cochran. He heads the steering committee whose task it is to draw up a final report on the college's condition based on the findings of over one hundred faculty, students, administrators, and trustees. The self-study of Rollins will then be handed over to a group of twelve visiting representatives of the Southern Association in late February or early March of 1973. This team will in turn go over the college and its condition and make recommendations concerning the qualifications of the faculty, the state of academic freedom, the adequacy of learning resources, and the total quality of the academic atmosphere.

Despite the tediousness of such an awesome job, Dr. Cochran has presided over the self-study for the past two years with much zeal. One of the changes that he has initiated has been the purpose statement of the college. Heretofore, this statement has been penned by an individual, approved by the trustees, and then forgotten by

everyone. By contrast, this year's statement is reflective of the entire community.

One of the many methods that Rollins has made use of was the "Institutional Inventory." Devised by the Educational Service, this program determines the college's and administration perception of the college and the role that each is playing the same. While Rollins faculty is higher than the norm, the student body is less than satisfying. A low turnout for freshmen taking part, which is a marked difference in the scale of initiation of purpose.

Just about completed, the self-study report will be almost four hundred pages in length. Although Rollins is in need of its accreditation, the report has focused on the good points of the college on the general outlook. This self-study has already been considered as one of the steps taken in achieving the "new look." To be sure, its presence will be felt for years to come.

—Peter T.

THE SANDSPUR

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'72

The differences in the campaign styles of McGovern and Shriver seem to be far apart as their positions on the issues. By using the personal techniques of these four men on the campaign trail, the American voter is able to get a rare insight to each candidate; in this day and age of TV publicity, the personality of the politician usually bears a great deal of significance towards the final outcome. Through



the eyes of a plane-load of reporters who tag along with the candidates the nation gets their glimpse of the nominees. That is why it is so crucial for Mr. Nixon and Mr. McGovern to maintain their best image for the press. The best developed picture is tantamount to victory on election night. Herein are some images of the candidates and their running mates.

The McGovern campaign for the White House is still alive and kicking, no matter what the polls say. After the nightmares of last summer, McGovern felt that his first task was unifying the Democratic party. Bitter pills were swallowed in the form of coddling up to the Daley machine in Chicago, and showering glittering praise on the fallen giant, Lyndon Johnson. Similar measures were taken with disgruntled labor leaders in Ohio and New York. To be sure, politics makes strange bed fellows.

Once the party leadership accepted McGovern, the matter of day-to-day campaigning was the issue at hand. Several well-known Democrats joined McGovern in his swings across the country. Viewers in mid-September scoffed at the big crowds that turned out to see Teddy Kennedy along side candidate McGovern. In the past days, however, even bigger crowds are turning out to see McGovern all by himself. The cool, uncompromising defiance of George McGovern has suddenly taken shape in his aggressive attacks against the Nixon Administration. The asset to this campaign is how McGovern handles the voters on a one-to-one basis. The general consensus from the people who have personally confronted the South Dakotan emphasizes his cool, deliberate charm that melts away the question of his being a radical. McGovern strategists see the lack of more time as the dominant liability to a victory for McGovern and Shriver. Further, the McGovern candidacy is a very trying and exhausting experience. Rocking the boat by defying George Meany and Wall Street is consistent with Senator McGovern's principles. His appeal is directed to Main Street, America; and his best chance for winning the presidency is goading Mr. Nixon into the boxing ring.

The President has been waging a campaign for re-election by flooding the camera eye with "surrogate" candidates. Carefully selected appearances by the President are draped with the prestige and trimmings of a Chief Executive in office. Having made only three trips on the campaign road to date, the President realizes that too much personal campaigning will offer the Democrats a larger target to shoot at. No doubt, Mr. Nixon remembers his defeat in 1960 after losing his large lead when directly confronting John Kennedy. Unlike Senator McGovern, the President uses his powers to remain aloof from the press whenever the questions are potentially embarrassing. Closed-circuit television to the press has been used by Mr. Nixon to explain policy instead of receiving questions on his policy. It seems apparent that the President is making sure that his press image remains sterile and pure for the audience. What you don't say can't hurt you certainly summarizes Mr. Nixon's public campaign style.



In the Vice-Presidential sweepstakes, Sargent Shriver seems to have plunged into the campaign with his sleeves rolled-up. On the other hand, Spiro Agnew sports his gold-rimmed cuff-links when being protected by a company of Secret Service agents. Shriver charges forward through small crowds, large crowds, and conventions in hopes of advancing the McGovern-Shriver ticket into more voters minds. His whirlwind style of 18 hour days have provided the Democratic ticket with new bounce and energy. His wit is reminiscent of JFK and his humor is directed at himself as well as the Republicans. Few people know much about R. Sargent Shriver and that is why his audiences gravitate towards him in search of an identification tag. His bold brashness and candid remarks are a refreshing breeze to the stale odors of unkept promises. Mr. Shriver has nothing to lose, and everything to gain by campaign '72, so he is doing what some say, "letting it all hang out."

The Vice-President's campaign mirrors a "new" Agnew in 1972. The Committee-to-Re-elect the President has paid out thousands of dollars to create a quieter and more rational Spiro Agnew. A Madison Avenue firm was employed by the Committee to shore up the weak points of the Veep's public personality so as to avoid repeating the embarrassments of the 1970 Congressional campaign where Agnew lashed out in public against the press. The whispers on the campaign trail reveal that Mr. Agnew is toning down his rhetoric as part of his dress rehearsal for the Presidency in '76. Meanwhile, Agnew and friends are doing all the dirty work against charges made by McGovern and Shriver, leaving their President sitting confident in the White House.

—Ted Marsh

HEDDA GABLER

Henrik Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, directed by Marilyn Burton, opened at the Fred Stone Theatre last week. An ambitious production, quite handsome technically, the show unfortunately failed more than it succeeded and mainly because of the cast, the members of which, excepting Elizabeth Cheney, performed their roles for the most part as caricatured stereotypes rather than as reasonably convincing characters. Of course Ibsen's plays, for any group of actors, novice or professional, are difficult to perform; and even the most inchoate success, especially among such young performers, is worth applause in itself. But the main problem with *Hedda Gabler* is that the production never burst fully alive on the stage to remain that way, and subsequently the low points marred the high.

Elizabeth Cheney, as Hedda, performed with a precise skill and steady control, from the most insignificant gesture to the wildest emotion, that made her the most engaging character on stage. Ibsen's Hedda Gabler deceitfully attempts to direct the fates of those around her, and her efforts lead to inevitable tragedy. She is a cold and cowardly woman who hides her fears by insolence and sarcasm, and her character, as the play progresses, slowly breaks down to a state of bare emotion on the stage. The rest of the cast, however, revolves infirmly around her.

Thomas Brown as Tesman, Hedda's husband, plays his part with a sluggish diffidence and a stolid activity that limits his character to a deflated dimension. He is simply an academician, in a dull superficial sense, but not a particular man who is an academician. John Cochran's Lovborg is totally insipid. Reciting his lines in a consistent low tone, his is monotonous to hear and watch. He simply reads, he doesn't act. Whereas Chester Berne, as Judge Black, stresses every single syllable he utters so distinctly and superfluously that he sounds completely inauthentic. No one talks like that, with every consonant hard and clear, each vowel accented. And Judge Black, as written, is more clever and treacherously cunning than the burlesque incarnation of evil that Berne portrays. Beth Links' Mrs. Elvsted is properly emotional and hysterically convincing, though at times her voice betrays her age and the characterization then suffers. Dorothy Bain, in the minor role of Tesman's aunt, fitted comfortably and well into her character.

Ed Krehl's set was successfully reminiscent of a rigid Victorian atmosphere, and Timothy Brown's lighting complemented the play's action in a quiet, unobtrusive manner. Director Marilyn Burton handled her actors skillfully. Confined to a small stage, she kept their actions fresh and mobile. The problem was their deliverance of lines. Elizabeth Cheney needed more support, and perforce in a colorful way. No one note, no matter how loud, can make a symphony.

—Donald Wilson



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ANOTHER OPEN LETTER TO THE STUDENTS

There are some things that I will never understand about myself as a living being. One of those is the point at which I cease to be. I can spend my life trying to expand my existence, experience all I can, even to the point of risk. Yet, if I'm going to expose myself to drugs, I have to begin to realize that I could be crossing that imaginary line between what I think is a new level of feeling and an understanding of nothing at all. Many of us, believing we are living ourselves and our bodies something for further growth, take risks. I must finally come to grips with the fact that I know very little about what is sustaining my body and what is breaking it down.

I could scream forever, "save the environment, pollution is overtaking us. . .," and never once face myself in the mirror and say, "how polluted is your body today?" It almost sounds silly to me, but only out of realization that this is just not a normal way of communicating with ourselves—we criticize what is not normal. This really makes me question what "normal" is in our society. If anything such as drug usage occurs a lot, no matter what causes it to occur originally, we perpetuate the familiarity of its existence by our acceptance and lack of questioning. We only seem to critically question the "strange," "abnormal," or "unfamiliar." Yet we keep a certain distance, never looking at the intrinsic value of something new, and believing we know what it's all about. Somehow, we really don't know how to deal with the strangeness and we ignore the familiar.

After the strange occurrence two weekends ago that resulted in a death, we could easily view what happened from a distance, believing we knew what it was all about; because it related to something that has become so familiar and normal to all of us. We are hardly questioning ourselves enough.

I hope that other students will agree and admit with me that we really don't know too much about what actually occurs in our bodies when we add some foreign chemical or combination of chemicals (whether or not we find that this was the cause of the death). The truth of it, for me, is that I would really like to know now. Last week's mystery turned the familiar into the strange. It seems that I must confront this strangeness and move a little closer toward an understanding of what value chemicals have for my physiological system. I want to turn the imaginary line of risk into a solid line of awareness. I'm weary of fearing and trying to understand death, but I will never tire of trying to understand life.

As a commitment of responsibility to each other, it would be beneficial for students at Rollins to aid other students by providing the kind of information that many of us are looking for. In fact, we could set up our own drug information and counseling center. The most informed people for counseling are sometimes those who

have personally had experience with drugs. We should be able to gather literature and use resources available on drugs in relation to body physiology. We should be able to train each other to recognize changes in our own bodies.

I would like to request that anyone who believes that he or she knows enough, through experience or otherwise, or wants to know more about drug effects, get in touch with me to help set up an information and counseling service. We ought to be able to come forward, without fear for ourselves, with a certain amount of commitment to the idea of helping someone to know him or herself better. We are in this together. I await your response.

—Jennifer Kaplan



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LEEDY'S

College is an experience. However, it is a well known fact that some colleges are more of an experience than others. For a Black student entering a predominantly white institution, the transition from an all-Black community to an all-white one is quite an experience. Life on a predominantly white campus can present a number of challenges to the Black student. However, I suggest his greatest challenge will be maintaining his cultural identity without becoming "out of it" altogether. Rollins, like any other predominately white institution, poses an immediate threat to the Black student's cultural identity or self-concept. Make no mistake, however, whether this image of yourself is pitifully shattered, or defensively restored depends on "where your head is at" in the first place. Once entering a white institution you are immediately faced with the dilemma of defining yourself in terms of your own Black experience. Perhaps, at no other time in your life will you be so intimately aware of what it means to be Black. The matter of how you resolve this dilemma is entirely left up to you. How-

INTEGRATION versus ASSIMILATION

ever, the choice you make may ultimately effect the opportunities open to those Black brothers and sisters who will follow behind. You must make the choice. To integrate or assimilate means to allow yourself to be shaped into the image of your white counterpart, accepting his culture with its values and ideologies as your own. However, to integrate means to enter the community and offer the experiences of your own culture as a valuable contribution to the college community. The Black Student Union of Rollins College offers the Black student just this opportunity. The brotherhood bonds created within the ranks of the BSU offer the Black student a base from which he can branch out into other areas of campus life. It is a family of sisters and brothers who offer the moral support that only a Black person can give to another in a situation like this one. It is not the intent of the BSU at Rollins to "close ranks" on the rest of the college community. It is our desire to offer the Black student the moral support and guidance it takes to help him meet the challenges the college presents. Yours in Brotherhood.

—Sister Theda James

STUDENT CENTER

activities

Hold your hats fans and get ready for a mighty marathon weekend at Rollie Collie. In the true Rollins tradition, the fun begins early-Wednesday evening with Mason Proffit in concert. On Thursday night there will be a presentation and discussions on drugs. Next on the list of events is the Hitchcock film Topaz on Friday night and a double header with the Two Plus One at the Down Under and Roberta Flack at the Sports Stadium on Saturday.

Mason Proffit will be appearing on Wednesday, October 11 at 9 p.m. in the Field House for two hours of continuous music. The group has discovered a blue grass rock sound that is natural and has taken the roots, aged and mellowed and sifted them through rock. North Carolina State University reports: "Our usually passive audience responded unbelievably to Mason Proffit. The group is really together and it shows it all through the concert." When the music begins, your eyes are suddenly unimportant, your ears insignificant,

for you do not hear Mason Proffit with your ears, but with your body!

The "Into Focus" program will feature a professional counselor who will speak on all aspects of the drug situation. This program will be Thursday, October 12 at 8 p.m. in the "Down Under."

Friday night's feature film at 8:30 p.m. in Bush will be Topaz, starring Frederick Stafford, Dany Robin, and John Forsythe. Topaz is in many ways a departure from the usual content of a Hitchcock movie. Based upon Leon Uris' book about the actual events which led up to the Cuban missile crisis, Topaz has more of a sense of current history about it than any of Hitchcock's other films—even those made during World War II. In Topaz, the "master" devotes an unusual amount of his attention to the creation of visual beauty in the film. Nevertheless, there is the expected amount of suspense work, including an unbelievably tense theft from the Cuban delegation to the United Nations in a Harlem hotel.

The Tow Plus One will play "Down Under" at 8 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. on Saturday, October 14. The group consists of three Rollins: Bunny Marcotte, Lynda Lincoln, and the Legion. They play a rounded blend of bluegrass and folk music.

The Student Center is also providing low price tickets to the Roberta Flack concert at the Orlando Sports Stadium at 8 p.m. on Saturday. Tickets will be on sale from 10 a.m. through October 12 from 7-9 p.m. in the lounge area. Tickets can also be obtained by contacting J.C. Clark, Lynne Henshaw, Bob or Pam McFall. There are no reserved seats and concert and transportation will have to be arranged by each student.

The line up, then, is Mason Proffit Wednesday, "Into Focus"-Thursday, Topaz-Friday, One and Roberta Flack -Saturday.

—Lynne Henshaw

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WHERE
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Rollins Students Go "Inside" AFRICA

It was 5:30 a.m. when our "plane-happy" group landed in Dakar, Senegal. Our tired and bloodshot eyes peered out into the blackness of morning in a vain attempt to reassure ourselves that there wasn't a pride of hungry lions waiting to sample an arm or two. Unfortunately (or may-be fortunately) for us, the pervading darkness of the early morning hours made it impossible to form the existence of anything except a "Dark Continent." Apparently, the elephant shuttle-bus service wasn't working and we were forced to hike the treacherous 200 yards of no-man's land which would hopefully lead us to the safety of the airport terminal building. In our stuporous state we decided to take a chance, figuring that if we were going to be eaten alive it might as well be while we were semi-conscious.

The elephants and lions were fantasies of course, not in the Freudian sense, but in the American sense, and they stem from the inherent need of our country to feel superior to an entire continent of people. The land, the people, and the animals in our nation must be better than those of Africa because we are civilized; indeed, we are the chosen people. Movies and television shows such as "Tarzan" and "Daktari," to name a couple, have helped to further cultivate the idea of African primitiveness even more. Johnny Carson jokes on "Bamba, the jungle boy," and comic strips such as "The Phantom" have substantially added weight to this idea. A mass of literature dealing with both fiction and reality (though, by today, the two are hard to separate), from books documenting the travels of Stanley and Livingston to stories by the *National Inquirer* dealing of the eating of missionaries and of the killing of nuns—all of these things further enrich these cannibalistic, Neanderthalian conceptions of Africa and its people in our minds. Note also that in every case the protagonists are white and the "primitive heathens" are always black.)

The drive to our hotel in Dakar was a fairly long one and provided an opportunity to get a few minutes of relaxing sleep. No one took notice of this, however, and fifteen pairs of eyes remained glued to the windows. Our hotel was poor by American standards (by West African standards, good), but at least the beds were comfortable. After a few hours rest, my roommate, Lon Butler, and I prepared to "make the scene" in downtown Dakar.

The short walk through the city swiftly ended our conception of Africa that we had maintained for nearly twenty years. Suddenly, Tarzan and Jane were put in proper perspective and the idea of a mysterious Mr. Walker (the Phantom) roam-

ing through the streets disappeared. Here was the real Africa, the progressive Africa, the independent Africa, the Africa of the future.

Senegal is a former French colony about the size of South Dakota. Beset by poor land which yields almost nothing but peanuts (literally), growers in Senegal are constantly faced with hard times. Many of them have flocked into the port city of Dakar hoping to find a better way of life; but jobs are scarce in Dakar and all too often these men end up on the streets of the city begging for money.

While in Dakar we took a ferry out to Goree Island where over 40,000,000 slaves were held at one time or another between 1444 and 1844. The building is still standing in which they were held before being auctioned off and sent to various parts of the world. Although the average slave would be held on Goree for 2 1/2 months, conditions were so atrocious that over 6,000,000 men, women, and children died there as hostages.

From Senegal we flew to Monrovia, the capitol of Liberia. The excellent English spoken by the people there, along with the vast American business operations in Liberia, contrasted sharply to the French language and atmosphere of Senegal. Interestingly enough, Liberia was first settled by freed American slaves in 1822, with the assistance of President James Monroe, who furnished funds for the trip—Monrovia is named for him. American businesses have freely engaged in the Liberia's commerce since the 1920's, when the Firestone rubber plantation was begun. However, to insure that no foreign powers or enterprises unnecessarily exploit Liberia's resources, the government has provided itself with "an ace in the hole:" only Liberian citizens can own land and only Blacks can become citizens, thereby making it doubly hard for non-Black foreign entrepreneurs to run the economy.

Ivory Coast was the next stop, and again we visited the capitol city—Abidjan. By African standards this was a rich nation with an abun-

dance of valuable timber, coffee, cocoa, and diamonds. Ivory Coast is another member of France's former empire, and its people, government, and capitol city are all very similar to those in Senegal—only richer.

Ghana, our next stop, was the first former British colony that we visited. Led by Kwame Nkrumah, Ghana's one-time flamboyant leader, this nation achieved the distinction of being the first British colony to become independent. Nkrumah and Ghana provided an inspiration for all Black Africans under colonial rule, and in the next few years almost every nation in Africa was independent. These were the "good times" for Ghana and her people remember them well, for within a short time Nkrumah wastefully spent the treasury and despotically suppressed opposition. His overthrow in 1965 marked the first of several coups in Ghana. Today, after having witnessed another coup in January, Ghanaians are content to look to the future when Ghana will be strong again. When that will occur, they don't know, but one thing is certain—behind the unflinching support of 9,000,000+ people, Ghana must improve.

Lagos, Nigeria, was our final stop in Africa and undoubtedly the worst. Lagos, with a population of over 1,000,000 people, represents the ultimate nightmare of mass-urbanization in a nation which is neither amply prepared for or concerned enough to do something about the urban onslaught. One could write a book on the horrible state of affairs in Nigeria and still not mention all of the inherent malformations. To top things off, Eleanor Mitchell, our very own tour leader, decided to bring the women's pugilism movement to Lagos by karate-chopping an unsuspecting taxi driver in the middle of a crowded street. (For those of you who don't know it yet, Eleanor teaches international relations at Rollins when she is not working out in the gym). But God was kind that day and spared Eleanor's life, thus allowing us to leave this horrible place. Our next (and final) stop would be Paris, France, but that was of little concern while we were in Lagos. We were concerned with leaving this modern-day Sodom-and-Gomorra; and when our time finally came, we left like Lot, and didn't look back.

—Rich Blundell

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An Alum of Note

When most people hear the name Rex Beach they think of the men's dormitory over by the Enyart-Alumni Fieldhouse. Actually, Rex Beach is one of the most famous alumni of Rollins College. The faculty of the college in 1892 would probably be stunned to hear of Rex Beach's fame because Rex Beach was not one of the most outstanding students in his class. He once said that during his first few months at Rollins he hated the school, but later he changed his opinion and said, "I loved it." Rex Beach disliked the restrictions the college placed on his social life, a sentiment that many students at Rollins echo today. Of course, the rules of that era were even more strict than the ones most people protest now. For example, the smoking of cigarettes was prohibited and students were limited to "one" date per week. Rex Beach and five of his friends received a strong reprimand from the president of Rollins for sailing on Sunday. Shortly after that incident, Rex was suspended for going to a party in Orlando. He managed to get reinstated in 1893. Obviously Rex decided that if he was going to attend Rollins, he may as well get involved in some legitimate activities. He became local editor of the SANDSPUR and played intercollegiate baseball. Rex also joined the Kappa Alpha fraternity. Though he liked Rollins, Rex decided to leave in his junior year to study law in Chicago.

While in Chicago, Rex Beach heard of the Alaskan gold rush of 1901. Feeling adventurous and lucky, he traveled to Alaska and actually found some gold. He returned to Chicago with his finances in much better shape than when he had departed. Being a man of many talents, he decided to write of his experiences on the Alaskan frontier. His literary works began to sell almost immediately.

In 1904 Rex took some time off from his writing career to further pursue his athletic career. He entered the Olympic Games of '04 in St. Louis and showed his versatility and athletic prowess by capturing three medals—two silver and one gold. About three years after his Olympic adventure Rex embarked upon a much more important venture—he got married.

His wife Greta was Fred Stone's sister-in-law and this relationship strengthened Rex's ties to his alma mater. During the years that passed, he pursued his writing career and became a noted author. Several of his novels were made into movies and soon Rex Beach had become a prominent man in the United States. Despite his fame, something was missing from his life and in 1927, Rex Beach found a new outlet for his talents.

He became president of the Rollins Alumni Association. In fact, Rex Beach served the longest term of any president, twenty years. At the inauguration of President Hamilton Holt, Rex Beach was awarded an honorary Bachelor of Science degree and was made a doctor of literature. The student who had been reprimanded and

suspended for rule breaking had certainly come a long way. Rex Beach served Rollins well and contributed much to the heritage of this institution. His service to Rollins was ended when he was stricken with throat cancer and nearly blinded by cataracts in 1947.

Rex Beach could not bear the inactivity and uselessness that these afflictions caused him. After his wife Greta's death, Rex took matters into his own hands. In 1949, he committed suicide.

Because of his love for Rollins College, the ashes of both Rex and Greta Beach are buried on the Rollins campus. This spot is marked by a simple memorial stone near the shell museum. Few Rollins alumni can surpass the dedication that Rex Beach showed this school. If every student and alumnus contributed half as much to Rollins as Rex Beach, this college would be nearly perfect.

—Gail Smith

COLLEGE u i s i n g

Recipe Number Two: Chef's Salad for Two

This is a simple dish that is both nutritious and low in calories. It is an enjoyable break from the meat and potato syndrome.

Place one half head washed and cut up lettuce in a bowl. Cut four slices of boiled ham and Swiss or American cheese lengthwise, cut a tomato into eight pieces, add both ingredients to the lettuce. Many optional ingredients such as hard-boiled eggs, olives, croutons, cucumber, radishes, bacon bits, and mushrooms can give added zest to your salad. Many or all of these can be added according to your personal taste. The final step is the salad dressing. Any commercial brand may be used, however, if you are on a diet it is best to use either lemon juice with oil and vinegar or a low-calorie commercial dressing. Mix all the ingredients together and your chef's salad for two is ready to eat.

—Chris Bantivoglio and
Dinny Abramson

Ladies

INTRAMUR

Wednesday, September 25 morning of what may well become the five season witnessed in many men's intramural basketball leagues, eight teams participating in the game played at least one game, and shown more strength than other possible to pick a winner at this Kappa Kappa Gamma and Kappa Phi, last year's championship team two games, but they lost one to the Freshmen. The latter won one, but cannot be counted running for first place.

On Monday the 25th the Thetas defeated the Phi Mus. Bobbie Clements with 23 points and Betty Fritz total. In the second game of the men defeated the Chi O team by Cissy Collins was the high scorer with 17 points.

The Kappas trounced the Nominators as Connie Morton and Cissy Collins and 12 points respectively. On the Alpha Phi won over the Independents, 23-13. Mary Law scored 10 points. They came right back to score a win over the Chi O's and defeated. Sue Wheeler led the club with 10 points. The Indies squeaked men for a 31-27 win on the second day. Pam Hobbs led the winners while Cissy Collins netted 16 for the day.

Bev Buckley led the Kappas to a win of the season on Thursday against sorority, and Bobbie Clements put the Thetas in their win over Nominators. An upset of the season occurred on Monday Freshmen defeated the Alpha Phi by count. Cissy Collins again led the scoring with a 17 point total.

So, after only one week of play there will be a fourway battle for the ship of the league. The games at Alumni Field House at 4:15 PM on Thursday.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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Wanted: Ambitious sales person for company in the area. Imaginative. Contact Jim Smiley at 851-3653.

The Rollins literary magazine, BRUSHING, is being published twice this academic year under the editorship of Carol Lightbourn. Please send contributions of poetry, short stories, art, or photography to Box 793.

Soccer Tars Triumph Over Monarchs, 5-2

It was certainly a heartening week for the Rollins soccer Tars. They played their two strong matches to date, losing 1-0 to the powerful St. Leo from South Florida and soundly defeating St. Leo by a 5-2 count.

On October 4 the team traveled to Tampa to play the Golden Brahms from the University of South Florida—the 15th ranked soccer squad in the nation. The Tars put a real scare into the Brahms as they played a tenacious and rugged defensive game that allowed their opponents to score only one goal. South Florida prefers to very deliberately build up their attack in the mid-field. The Tars frustrated their efforts here and finally gained control of the mid-field. Tar midfielders displayed fine hustle and skill and were rewarded many times by the equally aggressive Tar defenders. Rollins was thus able to upset South Florida's offensive tempo and largely nullify their potent scoring machine. Many players stood out in this losing effort, but sweeper Mark Crockett certainly must be noted for his consistent defensive play behind the Tar backline. The lone South Florida tally came at 14:20 in the game on a scramble in front of the Tar goal. Although the Brahms outshot Rollins by a considerable margin, many of their shots came from long range and sailed harmlessly over the goal or were handled by Rollins keeper John DeWald.

Coach Howell was not overly concerned by the lack of offense on the part of his charges. He has been concentrating on building up a strong defense and mid-field, and he certainly got a fine report from them against South Florida.

The defense turned in another strong game as the offense put five in the net to result in the Tars' first win of the 1972 season over the visiting team from St. Leo College. Rollins took the lead at 15:40 into the first half on a successful penalty kick by Chris Schmitt, and never trailed the game. The Atlanta duo of Billy Barker and John Dewald combined to give the Tars two more goals before the end of the half. The first of the Barker goals was set up by a Dewald cross as Billy redirected into the net with his head. Eight minutes later Barker took Dewald's through ball and blasted it past the Monarch goalie to give the Tars a 3-0 lead at the half.

St. Leo made a brief comeback in the second half as they were awarded and successfully converted two penalty kicks. Greg Herbert got the scores for the Monarchs. Sandwiched between the two Leo scores was a fine goal by Rollins forward Skip Yakopec. He scored at 42 into the half on a rebound from the Monarch keeper. The final goal was scored by Rollins forward Russ Ricciardelli near the close of the game. His sensational diving header from another Dewald cross put the game firmly away for the Tars. Three players, Schmitt, Ricciardelli and Yakopec, scored their first collegiate goals, and Dewald got three assists—his first for a college game.

The Rollins junior varsity successfully opened their season with a 4-2 win over the F.T.U. eleven on October 6. Sam Witten scored three goals and Russ Ricciardelli added one as the baby Tars triumphed over Jim Rudy's F.T.U. charges. Duke Marsh, younger brother of varsity keeper Todd Marsh, played an excellent game in the nets; he allowed no goals and made eleven saves during the time he played.

Scores from around the state: Stetson and St. Leo tied at 2 apiece, St. Leo dumped Tampa by 3-0, Florida Southern beat Stetson 5-2, FTU 6-1, and Miami 2-1, Florida International also topped Miami 1-0, South Florida bombed Tampa 9-2 and tied Clemson 1-1, and Baltimore beat Jacksonville by 6-1.

—Larry Hauser



LINKSMEN DISAPPOINTING IN FALL DEBUT

The 1972 Rollins varsity golf team and coach Joe Justice travelled to Callaway Gardens, Georgia last September 29 - October 1 to participate in the annual All-Dixie Intercollegiate golf tournament.

This first fall test for the team proved to be quite a disappointing one as the Tars turned in a three round team total of 944 to finish in 19th place out of a field of 22. At the conclusion of the first round the greensmen held sole possession of ninth place, but by the end of the second day's play they had fallen all the way to 18.

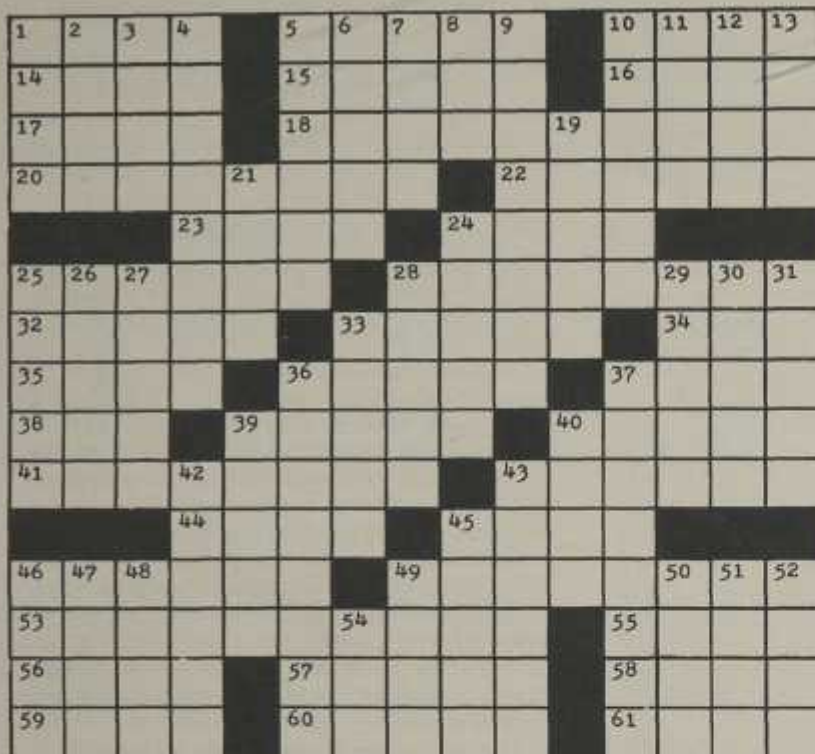
The lone bright spot for the Tars was the fine play all three days by junior letterman Dave Nash. He posted a final total of 225 that put him in third place in the individual standings. He was followed by John Hall (244), Jim McNamara (245), Alan Toon (246), Joe Videtta (247), and three time All-American Mike Ford (251).

The next tourney on the fall schedule is the Placid Lakes Intercollegiate on October 18-21. The Tars' fall season concludes with the Florida Intercollegiate on November 9-11.

—Randy Xenakis

Mark Crockett, (left) winner of the "hustle award" for the week preceeding the St. Leo game. Mid-fielder Bill Hudgins flies after the ball in the first half.

targum crossword



ACROSS

1. Goals
5. Rich or Prominent Man
10. Scarlett O'Hara's Home
14. Defeat
15. Market Place
16. English River
17. Roman Road
18. Military Stance (2 wds.)
20. Unmarried
22. French Painter
23. Take Out
24. Up
25. Free from Sin
28. Warlike Persons
32. Chemical Additive
33. Microscope Shelf
34. Vigor
35. Money
36. Condiment
37. Pago
38. Modus in Rebus
39. Trite
40. Donkey
41. Firm Supporter
43. Atomic Theorist
44. Slender
45. African Country
46. Piece of Thread
49. Regurgitating
53. Change
55. Developed Animal
56. Car
57. Mother-of-pearl
58. Sicilian Resort
59. Golf Items
60. Avarice
61. Bring Up

DOWN

1. Viking Explorer
2. Memorandum
3. Formal Fight
4. Shrill
5. Bomb Substance
6. Marble
7. Uninteresting
8. Pro Nobis
9. Tease
10. Goal
11. Declare
12. English Emblem
13. Insect (pl.)
19. Between: Fr.
21. Vegetable
24. Swiftly
25. Spreads Unchecked
26. Pass Off
27. Greek Letter
28. Walking-pole
29. Asunder
30. Brazilian River
31. Golf Club
33. Flash
36. Army
37. Newspaper Owner
39. Web-footed Bird
40. Indonesian Island
42. Venezuelan Grass
43. Cursed
45. Irish Poet
46. College Subject
47. Authentic
48. Price
49. Fault
50. "Pompeii" Charcoal
51. Fate: Latin
52. Growl
54. Sailor



gort Look, idiot! For months you've been asking the same stupid question! Gort, how's your invention for lifting great weights coming along?

But you still say *one man* will be able to lift a massive object with ease?

Yes! The lift-load ability increases with the number of pulleys and ropes.

Somewhat I get the idea you think my project won't work.

Well, let's say that... just in case... I've been working on a little invention of my own!

Oh? What?!

A truss.