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Sandspur, Vol. 80 No. 12 Parent-Alumni Weekend Special, April 01, 1974

Rollins College

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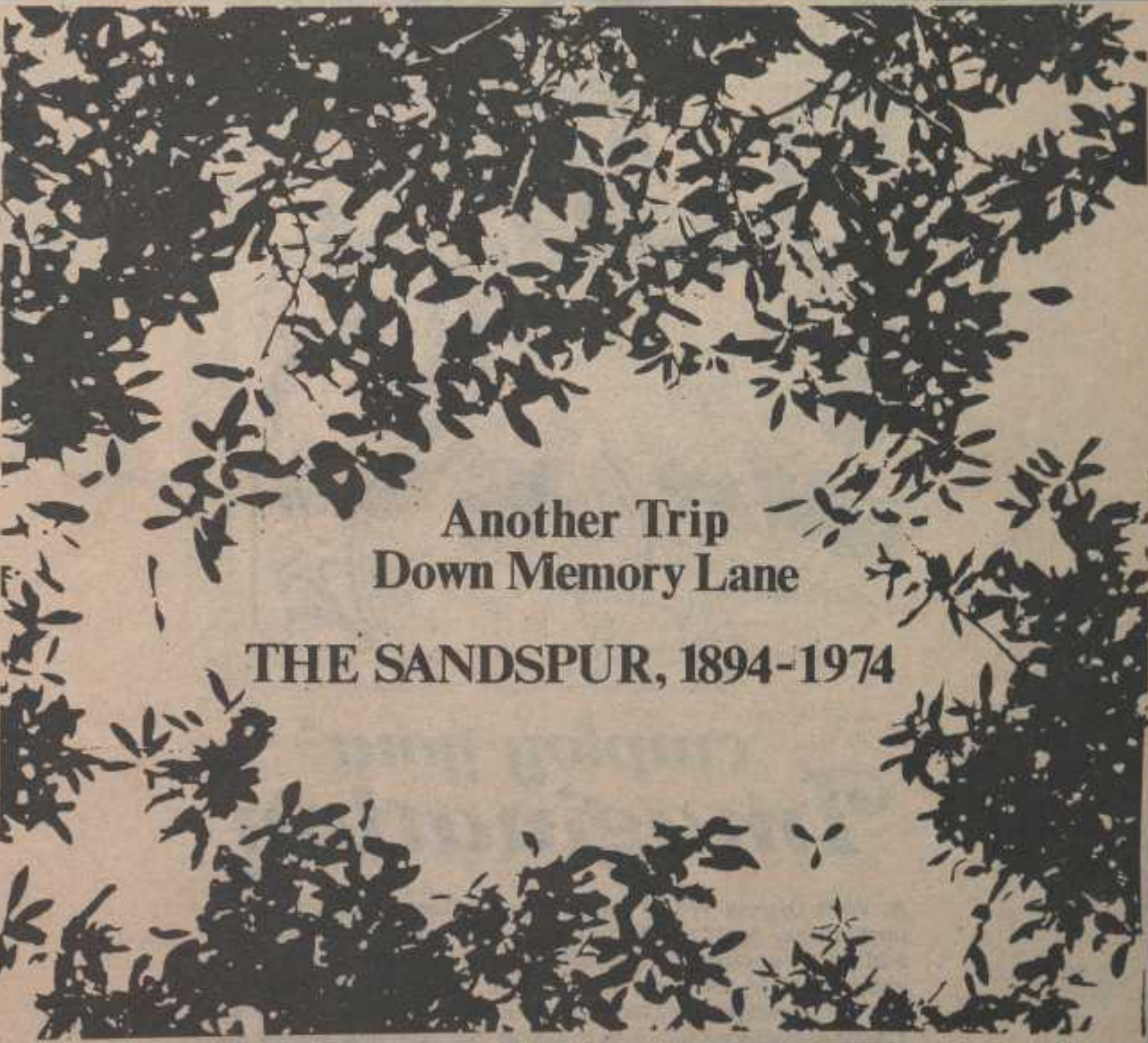
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THE SANDSPUR

VOLUME 80, ISSUE 12

APRIL 1, 1974



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Down Memory Lane

THE SANDSPUR, 1894-1974

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THE SAND-SPUR.

~ STICK TO IT. ~

Winter Park, Fla., December 20, 1894.

No. 1.

A Final Editor's Note

... Rex Beach, J. C. Penney, Fred Stone, Henry Westinghouse, Thomas Edison, Annie Russell, Jane Addams, Cordell Hull, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, William Knox, Richard Byrd, Henry Luce, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Carl Sandburg, Alexander De Seversky, Edwin Granberry, Willard Wattles, William O. Douglas, Mary McLeod Bethune, Edward R. Murrow, Harry S. Truman, Arthur Enyart, Paul Douglas, Mary Pickford, Theodore Darrah, Lillian Gish, F. S. C. Northrup, James Cagney, Buckminster Fuller, Sir Harold Mitchell, General David Sarnoff, Walter Cronkite, Max Wylie, Werner von Braun ...

During Parents-Alumni Weekend, we think it fit that we review this list of names and consider its importance. All of these people have been connected with Rollins College, either intimately or from afar, and all are the recipients of honorary doctorates from the College. By no means complete, this list is more than just a lot of names, for all these men and women stand out as important and integral figures in the history of the College and the history of the world for their respective contributions to the humanities, arts, sciences, politics, and commerce. The width and breadth of their intellectual and moral integrity is indeed immeasurable; and for institutions of higher learning, intellectual and moral integrity are, ultimately, what it's all about. To these figures from the past and present, we offer our thanks and ask for guidance.

This issue of the Sandspur is a somewhat gentle attempt loosely to recapture the trials and tribulations as well as the joys and exaltations of the College as recorded from December 20, 1894, to May 22, 1973, on the pages of the Sandspur. The clippings included were chosen for their historical perspective, their human interest, and their enduring qualities. We do not necessarily claim, however, that this issue is either an accurate or a complete chronicle of Rollins; it is the Sandspur, for better or for worse.

With the next Editor taking over in April, this is the last issue of which I am Editor-in-Chief. I must say that the experience has been both exuberating and exhausting, as well as highly educational. My naivete last September notwithstanding, I believe that I have learned more this year than I thought possible - about the College, about myself, about the meaning and endurance of friendship, and about responsibility. My staff, my friends, and I were so full of ambition and hope at the beginning of the year that it was hard to keep pace with the lopsided ratio of crashing failures to moderate successess. But we made it, much to our sur-





prize, and somehow all the trivial battles – whether won or lost – seem to have been worth it.

Little more remains to be said at this juncture of the road, except that I would like to thank the following people, all of whom made it both possible and worthwhile: Fred Lauten, Donald Wilson, Sue Carson, Jeffrey Storer, Richard Reinhart, Kathy Hurd, David Watson, Fran Goldstein, Katie Curtin, Bill Loving, Molly Elkins, Dorothy Arnold, Gary Williams, Stella Pollard, Jane Fletcher, Ma & Pa, and countless others.

And finally, I would like to dedicate this issue to three men whose stimulation, inspiration, and shining examples have guided me through the year. To Ted Darrah, Gil Klein, and Mike Del Colliano, thanks.

– Peter Andrew Turnbull
Editor-in-Chief



The Sandspur

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And Many, Many More.



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ROLLINS COLLEGE, WINTER PARK, FLA.

Tuesday, January 5th.



Winter Term Opens

DURING the past summer, extensive improvements have been made upon the buildings, and additions are being planned to accommodate the new lines of work instituted. Students of both sexes are received in the various departments—Collegiate, Academic, Preparatory, Sub-Preparatory, Music and Art. The faculty is made up of professors of the highest grade, Specialists in their departments. The location of the institution speaks for itself. Sickness is almost unknown. The equipment for work is the best. With careful and accomplished teachers, the use of a fine library, reading room and modern gymnasium, students are assured a happy, healthful and profitable sojourn at Rollins. The institution is entirely non-sectarian, and under a liberal management aims to fit young men and women to take their proper places in the social as well as business world. Great care will be taken to give to each student the training needed for the special field of labor to be entered upon as a life work. In every case the aim is to make years of study spent in the College of PRACTICAL use to the students, by fitting them for some useful field of labor in which a living may be gained.

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REFERENCES:

The following list of well known educators who personally will testify for the work done at Rollins and for Mr. Ward's ability to conduct the institution, puts the standing of the College beyond question:

WM. J. TUCKER, D. D., President, of Dartmouth College.
 HENRY F. THURGOOD, D. D., Pres. Western Reserve University.
 JAMES NORTHUP, LL. D., President University Minnesota.
 ROBERT C. SMYTH, D. D., Pres. Andover Theological Sem'y.
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 GEORGE HARRIS, D. D., Prof. Andover Theological Sem'y.
 CHARLES H. WILCOX, Prof. Lawrenceville School.
 JOHN E. TUTTLE, D. D., Prof. Amherst College.
 MISS JULIA E. WARD, Ex-Pres. Mt. Holyoke Seminary.
 MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, Dean of women's Col. University.



THE SAND-SPUR,

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Wilmington, Ala.

We look forward to Commencement with conflicting emotions of joy and sadness. The pleasant acquaintances formed during the year are to cease for four months in some cases, in others, forever. We leave the arduous work of the past year to resume our pleasant relations at home. Some of us go never again to return to our beloved Alma Mater. It is to these that commencement assumes the sadder aspect, for nowhere on earth can ever be found more sociable and harmonious environments than in the college. Leaving college, with its duties and toil more than counterbalanced by pleasure, some must go out to face the world and enter the never ending battle for life among men of all classes and conditions. And, looking over the tumultuous human sea, you will find the Rollins men tossed about in seemingly hopeless confusion with the myriad other strugglers. But amid the vast expanse of dashing waves and "white caps," you may discern an occasional cap of blue and gold rolling far above the surrounding mass, destined soon to rise to noble height and become the ruling Neptune.

To such aspiring friends the Sand-Spur bids a fond but sad farewell. To all we wish the happiest vacation our beautiful land can afford.

MEMORIES OF ROLLINS.

7

Girt round by fair Virginia
Beloved Rollins lies;
In memory's heart reflected,
Shine back thou happy days.
And watching each dim picture
Float by in visions slow,
We live anew the schooldays
The Florida suns below.
We think once more of Rollins,
With longing and with tears,
Our college home seems faded
In the swift rush of years.
Before us stands the tower,
Once more the bell we hear
Arousing us from rev'ries,
In accents loud and clear.
Gone are those busy hours
With hopes so bright and true,
The visions also vanish
While we our tasks renew.
But if to schools beloved
Should lasting fame belong,
We all do well to honor
Dear Rollins in our song.

The LNS collective needs staff.

LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE is a work collective of eleven people -- two-thirds of whom are women. Twice a week we produce newspackets that supply copy and graphics from a radical perspective to alternative newspapers throughout the country and abroad.

We have lots of work to do, but never enough people to do it. Right now we're looking for people who want to become full-time members of LNS either in the editorial or graphics departments. Editorial people write articles from scratch, edit material that comes to the office, call people to get them to write stories, and select articles to reprint. Graphics people take photos, create line graphics and collages, and select graphics from the hundreds of papers that come in the mail.

We'd especially like to encourage women to get in touch with us. Experience would be helpful, but we're pretty flexible. If you don't mind long hours and low pay, write or call us.

LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

160 Claremont Ave., New York, NY 10027 212 749-2200

We have heard over and over again the raptures of tourists who admire, and rightly, the beautiful chain of lakes about Winter Park. Certainly there could be no finer situation for a college than that occupied by Rollins. To live for eight months of each year within sight of such scenery, is an education in itself.

But with the eye of youth for amusement, we feel that there are more advantages in our location than those of beauty alone. Think of the bathing, of the possibilities in the way of rowing and sailing! There might be the most exciting races between picked crews, or rival sail boats. It would be no small item in the latter to reckon on the wind, which usually changes just in time for the home-stretch, or to remember that if Lake Virginia is still, its companion, Osceola, is usually ruffled by a strong breeze.

As to picnics, the standard amusement of Rollins students, there are any number of beautiful places on the shores of the various lakes, only waiting to be explored.

As if all this were not enough, there are natural waterways connecting the lakes from here to the St. Johns, and they tell us that no more delightful trip could be imagined than an exploring tour, in that direction. We are not yet making use of the lakes as we should.



LYMAN OTENBACH

We have noticed a new era in the construction of sidewalks. Rollins is taking the lead in this direction as is evident to all who have occasion to use the new saw-dust walk. It seems very proper for a school to take the initiative in any line of progress, but we can not see from a business stand point how the College can be so generous or self-sacrificing.

Philanthropy which discriminates should be condemned even if it proceeds from the loftiest of motives. Hence we cannot encourage generosity which gives the preference to one sex. However we suppose the action can be accounted for on the ground that it is axiomatic for boarding-schools to give hash for board.

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GRADUATES OF 1900.

COLLEGE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS:

Norman Lockyer Baker. Thesis, "The Dynamo as a Factor in Modern Civilization."

John Harold Dale. Thesis, "Examples of Greatness."

Louis Atwater Lyman. Thesis, "Commerce and Resources of South America."

Arthur Maxon. Thesis, "The Futility and Effect of Human Effort."

PREPARATORY SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Elizabeth Neale Acheson.

Margaret Allison Acheson.

Morgan Lewis Brett.

Hans Ford Evernden.

Ralph Littlefield Evernden.

Mary Seymour Guernsey.

Mary Alleen Hardaway.

Tinnie Lewis Price.

Jennie Florence Robinson.

Orin Winslow Sadler, Jr.

Harry Coffin Thompson.

Mabel Pauline Tilden.

BUSINESS SCHOOL, SHORTHAND, CERTIFICATE.

Mamie Louise Blue.

Charles Alexander McMurray.

BUSINESS SCHOOL, COMMERCIAL, CERTIFICATE.

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ROLLINS BASE BALL TEAM

FLORIDA STATE CHAMPIONS, 1922

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WINDHAM, P.	GORE, 1st B.	ROBBINS, 2nd B., Mgr.	BRETOS, 3rd B.	BARNES, C. Out



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RULES FOR ATTENDING CONCERTS.

1. Come late.
2. Leave early.
3. Wear creaky boots, and make your entrance and exit at pp passages.
4. Encore everybody.
5. Converse with your friends; only a narrow mind is unsocial while music is being performed.
6. Instrumental music may be ignored; it is generally meant as an accompaniment to conversation.
7. Violin music is an exception to the above rule. Listen attentively; open your mouth at the softest passages; the more you don't hear it, the finer it is.
8. Be wary lest you applaud too soon at very soft endings. Watch the performer: if it is a soprano, she will shut her mouth; if it is a violinist, he will flourish his bow; then you may safely stamp, whistle, clap, shout "bravo," "bravee," "bravah," or anything you like.
9. Loud endings are also to be applauded, but you need not wait for the end. As soon as the singer hits the high note—go it!
10. Changes in program are frequently made; be non-committal.
11. There are many European modes of applause. Always use these in preference to the American manner. Shout "bis," "brava," "encore," etc., and somebody may mistake you for a great kanoozer (connoisseur).
12. You may hum the tunes if you know them. You may also hum them if you don't know them, but the former method is, on the whole, to be preferred.
13. It may be possible that you do not own the hall, singer, orchestra and audience, but there is no harm in acting as if you did.
14. Wag your head.
15. Beat time with your feet.
16. Paste these rules in your hat or bonnet.



Boating Song

Music adapted from Beethoven
var. Nel cor piu.

I'm off for Rollins now, she said, Be

cause the skies are blue, she said, And the hearts of the boys are

true, she said- Rollins forever!

A flame of beauty the cardinal flies;
What cheer? what cheer? what cheer? he cries;
T'sweet! sweet! sweet! my heart replies;
Rollins forever!

Blue are the waters down below,
And full of shadows where we row,
Sometimes of moonlight too, you know;
Rollins forever!

Gold grows on the trees for us,
Golden apples of Hesperus;
Nor dragon to keep them away from us;
Rollins forever!

The "mockers" he chaffs and laughs at us,
And jokes and scoffs and scolds at us;
Eftsoons he'll learn to sing with us
Rollins forever!

Forever Rollins thy Blue and Gold
Our hearts and minds shall steadfast hold,
As the sun in the heavens or the stars untold;
Rollins forever!

IDEALS OF '18

(By Alfred J. Hanna '18)

There have been many classes to enter the historic walls of Rollins College but none more palpitant with energy, none more eminently capable and particularly well fitted to assimilate, preserve and propagate the ideals which prevade the atmosphere of the campus than that number of students who, on the 30th day of September, 1914, joyously and enthusiastically became members of the great Rollins family. There was no provincialism, no sectionalism, no narrowness, manifested in the actions or desires of that body of students who organized during the year the Class of 1918 of Rollins College. They were true Americans.

The magic spell of the beautiful campus, of the incomparable Florida climate, and the Christian family idea had their effect. How could it have been otherwise? A fairyland had opened its doors; did not the recipients owe loyalty at least to such a benefactor? The always present purpose "to promote unity and loyalty to the institution" was embodied within the constitution.

This expressed purpose has not been a written nonentity; it has been the stimulus which has aroused the campus. Traditions have been revived; traditions have been begun; an unrestrained, an unstemmed passion for irreproachably high ideals has emanated from the souls of '18. Its message to its fellows has been a zealous earnestness for hard work; the doing of it has been characterized by ecstasy.

13
A Sophomore knows just where to go.
Around their stone and sacred tree
To renew their vows unto thee,
Still to cherish, love forever
Dearest Rollins, Alma Mater.

Fair friends of wisdom's Grecian
mould,
True as soldiers brave and bold.
In the poet's most thrilling swell
Your friendship doth our love compel.
Students bound in bonds most strong
Then let this ever be your song:
Cherished now and loved forever
Dearest Rollins, Alma Mater.
A. D. ENYART.

RECIPE FOR DEAN ENYART

What the Sophomores Think of the
Dean

(With apologies to Lowell)

To a true faithful heart add wisdom
and zeal,
Throw in all of refinement minus its
chill,
With the whole of that partnership's
stock and good will;
Mix well and while stirring——
o'er as a spell,
The fine old Bostonian; simmer it
well,
Sweeten just to your own private lik-
ing. Don't strain
For only the very best heart will re-
main.
Let bask in affection till these lines
are read
From the worshipping Sophomores,
respecting lies "head,"
And you'll find a choice value ex-
tremely smart
Neither English or German—Just
Dean Enyart.

—THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

(Volume 18, Issue 9, February 5, 1916)



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I	E
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S	E



ROLLINS FOOT BALL TEAM

FLORIDA STATE CHAMPIONS, 1909

AN, R. T. Capt.   TO MONTAGNE, L. H.   BOYER, G.   WINDHAM, P. B.   ROGERS, R. H.   CHESSEY, Sub.   PALMER, Coach
 ROBBINS, Sub.   BLACKMAN, R. T.   LUCKIE, R. G.   HARNES, C.   ROOSEVELT, L. G.   RODRIGUEZ, L. T.   FORT, L. F. Mgt.

THE FLUNK.

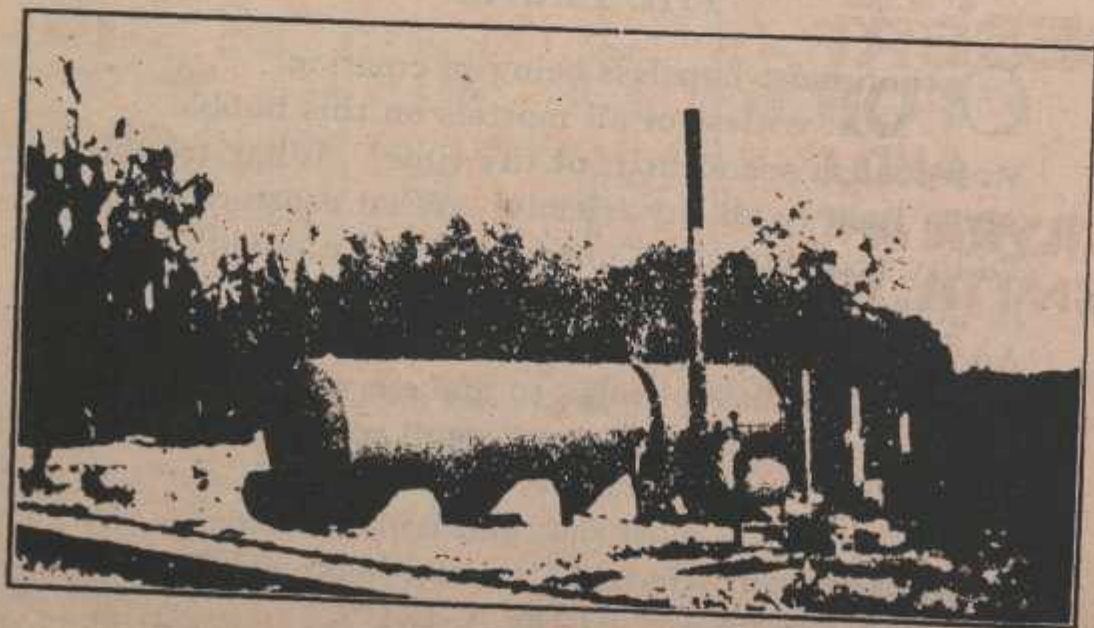
O thou most hopeless being in creation,
 Most witless of all mortals on this bubble,
 Most foolish spendthrift of thy time! What trouble
 Giv'st thou to all thy friends! What consternation
 To thy preceptors! Knowledge is all a muddle
 In thy noddle; "Exams" do thee befuddle;
 And zeros mark thy path of volitation.
 "It takes all sorts of folks to make a world,"—
 And doubtless those do some small part fulfill,
 Whose best reports bear never more than E's;
 But I should feel most sad, and truly hurled
 To deep despair,—indeed, 'twould make me ill
 To think I could not get the A-B-C's.



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FRESHMAN RULES

1. That when at school, Winter Park, or in Orlando, all Freshmen boys will be expected to wear a black tie, and a rat cap. The girls shall wear around their left ankle a piece of green ribbon, and shall also wear a rat cap. When the cap is not on the head it shall be kept in a conspicuous place. The caps shall be worn straight on the head, and shall not be accompanied with other decorations. In case the cap is lost a new cap must be obtained immediately, and some sort of hat or cap worn in the meantime.

2. Freshmen shall at all times show proper respect for those superior in rank by touching the button of his cap, and speaking.

3. He shall do errands for upperclassmen when requested.

4. No freshman at any time shall cross the campus green, cut corners of campus walks, or use the portion of the walk between the corner by Knowles Hall and Chase.

5. Freshmen shall have no dates at night except on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights.

6. Freshmen shall attend all college activities, and shall take prominent part in cheering.

7. Freshmen are to remember their place on the campus, and are requested to refrain from boisterous ways, and habits. He should dress in a conservative manner.

8. Freshmen are expected to meet breakfast, and are not to use alarm clocks under any consideration. He should also attend church as much as once each Sunday.

9. Rat Court will be held as often as necessary. All Freshmen shall attend unless excused by a member of the committee. Those breaking rules are subject to work on campus or other duties or penalties according to discretion of committee by permission of administration.

(Volume 28, Issue 4, October 15, 1916)

UNIVERSITY STATION



(Volume 31, Issue 34, May 31, 1929)

A PROCLAMATION

"By the President of the United States of America,

"A proclamation."

"I, Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, do set aside and appoint Thursday, the 30th day of November, 1933, to be a day of Thanksgiving for all our people.

"May we on that day in our churches and in our homes give humble thanks for the blessing bestowed upon us during the year past by Almighty God. May we recall the courage of those who settled a wilderness, the vision of those who founded the nation, the steadfastness of those who in every succeeding generation have fought to keep pure the ideal of equality of opportunity and hold clear the goal of mutual help in time of prosperity as in time of adversity.

"May we ask guidance in more surely learning the ancient truth that greed and selfishness and striving for undue riches can never bring lasting happiness or good to the individual or to his neighbors.

"May we be grateful for the passing of dark days; for the new spirit of dependence on one another; for the closer unity of all parts of our wide land; for the greater friendship between employers and those who toil; for a clearer knowledge by all nations that we seek no conquests and ask only honorable engagements by all peoples to respect the lands and rights of their neighbors; for the brighter day to which we can win through by seeking the help of God in a more unselfish striving for the common bettering of mankind.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

(Signed) "FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

ANOTHER ESCAPE

The escape of John Dillinger, sometimes known as America's last big, bad man, from an Indiana jail where he was incarcerated pending trial on charges of holdup and murder marks another step in the current fiasco of American justice.

Granted that Dillinger is by virtue of experience unusually adept in matters relating to evasion of the law and hence that he may be regarded as a "problem child" by any institution, the circumstances surrounding his recent disappearance from behind the bars point to serious weakness in our administration of punishment—weaknesses of a type that are becoming increasingly obvious.

Briefly, John Dillinger hoodwinked the law either by sheer bravado or by cleverly duping officials into permitting his runaway scarcely a week before the date set for his trial. "Terrorizing" the guards in the reputedly escape-proof Lake County jail with a wooden pistol whittled in his cell, the notorious killer laughed at their fear as he made his getaway.

As this is written the police are "combing the cities", their "dragnets are out", and authorities are momentarily expecting to report the desperado's capture. Combs, dragnets, and reports are in this case ridiculously unimportant factors beside the loose operation of one certain jail. Whether the fault is one of simple inefficiency or of open bribery, as has been suspected but not confirmed, the effect is the same and serves to spotlight an inexcusable shortcoming in our prison system. E. G. J.

Another Escape

(Volume 38, Issue 23, March 7, 1934)

Sensational Journalism

No matter what King Edward does, he will be criticized. It is most discouraging that people must be this way.

The way this affair has been played up in the newspapers is a disgrace to American journalism. Certain newspapers are the worst offenders. One of this type is **The Orlando Sentinel**.

This local paper has sensationalized every phase of the situation. Had it done its job well, we might not have been so critical. But **The Orlando Sentinel** cannot and should not try to be sensational.

In the first place, their approach is incorrect, for they do not have sufficient news to sensationalize. Secondly, the editors have picked the wrong material to paint in red letters.

The Orlando Sentinel has an excellent opportunity to be a good newspaper and serve a large territory. It is rather pitiful that the editors fail to see this point, and ruin what might be beneficial to a large number of people.

(Volume 42, Issue 11, December 9, 1936)

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but I love you yet more for
what you are going to be . . ."*
—Carl Sandburg

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Gregg Breaks Into Print

The publicity office and friends of Jess Gregg will be glad to know that his story "Grand Finale" will finally appear in print. It can be read in the February issue of *Esquire* which is issued today. From *Esquire*, the Magazine for Men, the Sandspur received advance tear sheets of the story and a letter signed by a woman on the *Esquire* staff concerning the story.

Jess, now known as Ashton, was graduated last year from Rollins. For the last three years he has been a prolific writer for the *Flamingo* and the *Sandspur*. His comedies, satires, and occasional more serious stories have been great favorites with the Rollins students. He climaxed his last year by being editor of the *Flamingo*. Jess was no less active on the Rollins stage, where he produced some of his own one-act plays and took part in many of the Student Players' productions. Jess was also clever with a paint brush, and many of his paintings, which are still hanging in the K.A. game room have shocked many austere visitors.

"The Grand Finale" appeared in the fall issue of the *Flamingo* in 1939. We hope to see a lot more of his stories in the future, and also hope that his success may be a good omen for many of the present Rollins writers.

Although the most recent Rollins writer to have a story published in a national magazine, Gregg is not the first. Sally MacCaslin, present editor of the *Flamingo*, had a story in *Harper's Bazaar* last summer, and many others in the past have been successful. Dr. Grover and Dr. Holt can regale any willing listener with long lists of names of former editors of the Rollins publications who have had books, short stories, and poems published. To anyone who digs into the matter, it would seem that these publications are excellent training grounds for the future writers of America. The sense of evaluation, the executive training, the study of excellent manuscripts and the high standards maintained all are aids to anyone who intends to write either for a living or for pleasure. They are valuable, as a matter of fact, for anyone, writer or not. It is a credit to the administration and to the students here that such a small college can show such an active interest in these things.

Editors aren't the only ones who benefit from this activity. The business managers, the advertising commissioner, and the staffs share in the advantages and the honors cast upon them by the illustrious works of their predecessors. We are proud to be an integral part of such a system, and know that the other members of the Publications Union are, too. We hope that as many of the new students who have the ability and the desire to share in what we now hold. It isn't hard

Rollins College is at war. By the time that you read this, something may have happened, as far as the world is concerned. Those events are far beyond the control of anyone who might be reading the Standard. There are, however, the direct results of this war situation, some of which many of those who will see this will have some measure of control. Those events will take place here at Rollins. Some of them had already begun to make themselves evident on Sunday night, six hours after the announcement that the nation had become a belligerent.

Wars have a peculiar effect on a College. Ask any man who was an one in April, 1917. This effect will begin to show itself in distinctive trends almost immediately. Most obvious, of course, will be a dearth of men 21 and over. The rumour-mill has already depleted the campus of at least half of the eligible males. Presumably, the additional urge of a declaration of war will inspire all draft boards to let themselves go and yank in every male with two legs and more than one arm. Next year they had better reduce the unit cost fee for men from \$1,150 or wherever it is now to about \$500, not counting deductions for good behavior. That way they might get enough men to fill Chase Hall, and they could turn the fraternity houses into sorority houses or tea rooms or places for the winter visitors to lecture to each other on the progress of the war which the former residents of the fraternity houses will presumably be fighting by that time. The Rollins Center could be turned into a bandage-rolling room and there the young ladies of the Rollins Seminary could do their bit for national defense.

This may be a slight exaggeration, but we don't imagine that the Administration will be much bothered by the problem of where to put all the excess of Phi Deltas or Lambda Chis that can't be fitted into their respective fraternity houses next year.

More subtle forces than draft boards are already at work. A war psychology is building up. Not the hysterical, war-mongering psychology that Mr. Liberman and Burtie Wheeler are so, so afraid of. Not at Rollins. Rollins works just the other way. Whenever the rest of the country gets excited, Rollins just says "what the hell" twice instead of once and skips both classes on Saturday instead of only B period. And that, in a nutshell, is the problem that must be faced by the Administration, the faculty, and above all by the students, during the months and years that are ahead.

The development of a devil-take-the-hindmost indifference is the most serious force facing this College today. And it will be as surely as the bear came over the mountain unless a great deal more is done to counteract the influences that are leading to it than Rollins has shown itself capable of in the past. There has never been a concerted effort at any time to reach the basis of the problem that was variously labelled "lack of school spirit," the "country club" reputation, etc. It is all part and parcel of the same problem—the general indifference of the "typical" Rollins student to life in general and education in particular.

If education has seemed a trivial thing in the past, how can it possibly be expected to occupy even a minor position in the interests of the "student" body when they are confronted by the immediate issue of life-and-death? A world in which men are killing each other does not create an atmosphere that is conducive to the orderly conduct of life's small affairs, the least of which is the acquisition of an "education."

Now, of course, is the time when those who have persisted this far will rise up en masse and cry, "So what? What do we do about it?" And rightly so.

Yet, we can propose no panacea, no magic formulae for the solution of the problems of morale and spirit. There may be some, but we have yet to meet them. The situation calls most for the exercise of great wisdom by those possessed of it, by those possessed of the responsibilities that go with it. If Rollins College was ever governed wisely, now must be the time for those endowed with that native shrewdness that makes men leaders to employ it to its fullest.

Rollins will pass through trying times, is passing through them now, although the student body may not be generally aware of some parts of the situation yet. Just as the whole world is coming to a fork in the road where one direction or the other must be chosen, so is Rollins soon to face a definite decision. For within the next few years this college will become either a playboy's paradise, the country club that the outside plans thought it to be, or it will become an institution interested in the accomplishment of some definite aim, or at least that something may be. Libra might gripe

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STUDENTS IN MASS MEETING

Dismissals Rock Rollins

EDITORIAL

Vote Of No Confidence

Paul A. Wagner has lost the confidence of the students. He has lost the faith of the faculty. In times of crisis a leader who has lost the trust of his followers is useless.

The only way to regain that lost confidence is for President Wagner to consult immediately with the emergency boards of students, faculty, and alumni and consider seriously their proposals. The President has given no indication that he is willing even to consider the plans of faculty or students. In fact, he and the trustees walked out of Sunday's mass meeting at the very moment when the students were about to present their plans.

Unless he shows a willingness to reconsider the wholesale firing of faculty while weighing the merits of the two student plans, the President is a liability to this college.

We entreat and pray that Dr. Wagner find the courage, the clear sight not only to save us from this crisis but also to assert a positive leadership. If he does not he may find himself president of a college with 4,000 alumni, 26 trustees, no faculty, and no students.

Right now students, faculty, administration and alumni are united in a warm family spirit of unequalled enterprise, courage, and optimism. Only Paul Wagner stands aloof, lonely in the shadows of distrust.

Today, all too many faculty and students feel that behind the steady smile is an iron hand that cares little for the spirit of democracy.

The President has failed in the ideals he stated in his inaugural address. Said the President on that occasion, "I would like to acknowledge the great personal debt of gratitude I owe . . .

"To the splendid faculty of Rollins College who share by their vote the tremendous responsibility of keeping my future steps in the same direction as my worthy predecessor . . .

"To the students, who in the final analysis are the sole reason for the existence of any college president . . ."

We students, Dr. Wagner, who are the sole reason for your existence here, have lost all confidence in you.

Please promptly regain it!

The Way Out

A committee of students has proposed an unheard of thing at Rollins. They have suggested that we students share some of the everyday maintenance work of the college, to save money by pouring a little of our own sweat into the task that lies ahead.

A receptive and intelligent administration would seize upon this idea for all it's worth.

But let us warn the President that he can expect little cooperation in the carrying out of this program unless he reconsiders the firing of a large portion of the Rollins faculty.

The reason given by the acting chairman of the college trustees, Eugene R. Smith, for the cut in faculty is the expected loss of income caused by the expected one-third drop in enrollment. If only one-third of today's undergraduates each sold a new student a Rollins education, the expected gap would be filled. Students will sell Rollins if it remains the college they have known. If the proposed faculty cut is carried out, undergraduates will be justly critical and it will be a miracle if even two-thirds of the present enrollment is met next year.

A Time To Do Great Things

The students, in a serious and orderly manner, have shown an interest and a willingness to sacrifice for Rollins as perhaps no other student body in the history of the college. It is a time to do great things. It is a time to forge ahead as a leader among small colleges.

Where others have failed, let us succeed!

Do not lead us into failure and retrenchment, Dr. Wagner. Lead us on—such as we have never seen before.

Instead of saying that statistics prove hard times ahead and that it is time to retrench, let us go forward. If our product is finding few takers in a competitive market, let's out all our competitors. Let's find out how there's been from the student body and let's give them the same chance that they will have the right to give us.

IN THIS SANDSPUR EXTRA

Background Story of Faculty Dismissals and Student Reaction

Chronological Report of Student Mass Meeting Sunday

List of Faculty Members Fired

Action of Student Steering Committee

Report of Sunday Faculty Meeting

State and National Publicity

Picture Coverage of Sunday's Mass Meeting

Editorial Comment

Late Flashes

Starr Calls In Legal Assistance

Speaking to his English class this morning, Dr. Nathan Comfort Starr said, "I charge the Administration with irresponsibility and gross misjudgment. . . This is a wound inflicted on the faculty that can never be healed. . . My first effort is reinstatement. I am working on that now with legal assistance."

Three Deans Issue Joint Statement

We will support with enthusiasm and gratitude all constructive efforts and plans of the students, individually or collectively, for the welfare of Rollins College. We are opposed to irresponsible and ill-considered actions or accusations against any person or any group.

Dean Stone
Dean Cleveland
Dean Waite

Gregory Suspended Temporarily Reinstated

Shortly before noon today, Alex Gregory, Rollins student, veteran, and graduating senior here, was notified by Dean Alexander Waite that he (Gregory) was suspended as of that time.

At one o'clock this afternoon, Dean Waite announced that the suspension had been temporarily lifted, pending reconsideration. Waite added that as far as he was concerned, "No student may attack the integrity of another person in an irresponsible way with impunity."

No Change In Tenure Wagner Announces

The action of the Board of Trustees in instructing the President to reduce the faculty in accordance with the budget at this time of financial exigency does not affect the tenure policies of the College.

(Signed) President Paul Wagner



al Suit, student leader



Horton, Council president



E. R. Smith, trustee



Smith, Faculty



This is a photo of a mass meeting of the students of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida, Monday, March 12, 1951.

STUDENTS WALK OUT

Trustee, Students, Faculty

Students and Faculty have to my mind shown admirable restraint throughout this entire grueling period of indecision and confusion. Now, with the school year about to close they must make a decision concerning their plans for next year.

No curriculum has been presented for next Fall. Students and Faculty do not know who will teach or what will be taught. This is an intolerable situation.

They also do not know whether Paul Wagner will remain.

As stockholders and employees they have a right to know the policies of the corporation and the conditions of employment.

A certain group of local trustees and misguided townspeople have lost sight of the basic cause of the crisis. To repent from the School Board Resolution...

Send Mine To Squeedunk



Following the announcement of faculty dismissal, for a period of approximately six weeks, (figures up to April 26) there was over a fifty per cent increase in undergraduate requests for transcripts over the same period last year. An unofficial estimate stated that over fifteen transcripts were requested in a half hour period yesterday afternoon.

Tension Grows Faith Fails

Student opinion and dissatisfied faction over delays in a decision on the administrative situation crystallized into action on the campus yesterday. The controversy has been raging unabated since its beginning two months ago today, and as yet no conclusion has been reached.

The opinion of the students most frequently repeated was that the delay was continued in consideration for a man that had ceased to be worthy of such consideration. It was felt that the 496 non-senior students who must make arrangements, to return or transfer for the coming year were entitled to the same consideration.

Since the start of the controversy the basic issues involved have been lost in a welter of statements and counter statements, side issues, and charges of persecution. The majority of the students feel that these basic issues must be settled now, and that propagandizing for public support must be stopped before it does any further damage to the school.

(Volume 55, Issue 24, May 10, 1951)

Sand-pur Editorials

ROLLINS NEEDS INTELLECTUAL ATMOSPHERE

Almost every week on this campus several cultural activities take place. And frequently these activities are characterized by the lack of students who turn out for them. And then students complain that there is nothing to do on campus or that they're really not interested in concerts, forums, and this sort of intellectual activity.

This brings to mind the question of why a person comes to college. Is it not for an education? If it is not, then why on earth isn't it? Colleges were not started simply to provide places for people to gather and talk about cars, girls, nasty professors and the like. Rollins was not chartered for the exclusive benefit of the center-sitters who like to watch all the girls (or in some cases, the boys) go by.

It is a rare thing to hear an intellectual discussion on this campus. If you do happen to be talking about something intelligent, frequently another person will come up to you and say why on earth are you talking

about something as dull as that!

The purpose of this editorial is not to condemn every student on the Rollins campus. That would be far from fair and also far from true. There are places where one can go on this campus and carry on a fairly intelligent discussion — but these places are few and far between. The casual simpleton atmosphere that prevails here is not typical of most colleges and universities.

It is to be hoped that something can be done to improve our atmosphere. It would help immensely if more students would take advantage of cultural opportunities available on this campus. This does not mean you should go to every concert, every lecture, every play, etc. but everyone should at least go frequently.

You came to college to get an education (we hope) and an excellent way to supplement the education you get in class rooms is the education you get from cultural activities. Make yourself a more well-rounded person with more to discuss and the atmosphere on this campus is sure to become more interesting.

'ROUND ROLLINS

Guest Editorial

(Volume 67, Issue 7, November 17, 1961)

Authorities Write on War

By DR. WALTER R. HERRICK, Jr.
Professor

The problem of American involvement in Viet nam is an extremely complicated one which the administration, with all its sources of military and related intelligence is, far better equipped to solve than any individual or group of laymen.

In my opinion, there is good reason for our presence there and for our line of action but, whether this opinion is shared or not, it is up to all of us to support the government's position in a war that will in all probability intensify before it is ended.

There seems to be no question but that the current dissent on the part of some "intellectuals" in this country has tended to firm up the determination of North Viet nam to stay in the field. While it is the constitutional privileges of all Americans to speak their piece, it is also their solemn responsibility to avoid giving aid and comfort to an enemy, regardless of the absence of a declaration of war.

The problem must be viewed in terms of the entire policy of the United States, with special regard to Southeast Asia. I believe the government has decided correctly to take and hold in Viet nam before the treaty with Red China is signed. As far as home, I believe that American arms can and will be effective in the long run.

By LIONEL SUMMERS
Professor

In my opinion it is almost impossible to make definitive statements with regard to the policy that we should adopt in Viet nam. In the first place we do not have all the facts in our possession. In the second place there are too many uncertainties about the situation to warrant categorical assurances. There are however certain guiding principles which would appear to be valid; namely; Irrespective of the wisdom or lack of wisdom of our original involvement we cannot abandon our South Vietnamese allies and we cannot unilaterally withdraw; we should explore every avenue looking towards a peace that would permit the pacification and reconstruction of Southeast Asia; and we should be very cautious in the escalation of the war lest we find ourselves involved in a war of major proportions and in danger of alienating some of our staunchest supporters, such as Japan.

By President Brechner, WFTV

I support our national policies in Vietnam wholeheartedly and without reservation. I believe we must meet any challenge from non-Democratic forces wherever they threaten our national interest and people who believe in individual freedom. Our interest must be not to gain land or bases, but to support those people and nations that want to be as free and independent as we are.

By DR. PAUL F. DOUGLAS
Professor

Even though the position of United States in Asia may be result of massive structural policy miscalculations and blunders extending over most of the Century, the situation in Viet involves America in a military era which requires more cost in money, life, and time in a context of diplomatic activity public opinion which both in the short and long run make it impossible for the United States to achieve a military or diplomatic success.

Whatever may be our rational, patriotic, or visceral positions are compelled to recognize that the Viet nam situation will enter a new stage. In this stage it may be expected that some sort of domestic order will be achieved either a cease-fire or international conference.

The outcome will be a more complicated situation in Asia and present the United States with more complex problems.

It is to be hoped that political ingenuity will enable the United States in this new stage of developments may open roads of communication and collaboration which will help to encourage the achievement of peace, freedom and economic strength. One of the major opportunities in this new period is in the execution of plans for development of the Mekong River.

Rollins Watches Glenn

I assume that your coverage of the South Viet Nam question was designed, at least partially, to elicit response. If so, I am responding.

First I would like to say that while few would claim that protesters against American involvement in Viet Nam speak for a "whole generation," or even for a majority of the American people, it should not be concluded that this opposition is composed of "kooks", "beatniks" and/or communists. As a matter of fact, the debate is being conducted on a much higher level than this; the opposition includes such noted authorities (and ostensibly patriotic, red-blooded Americans) as Hans Morgenthau and Bernard Fall, to name but two.

But, of course, the problem is not the protesters but Viet Nam itself. That American involvement in that country is being debated at all indicates considerable confusion as to why we have committed ourselves so heavily there. The present administration has done nothing to alleviate this confusion. On the one hand, Secretary Rusk and Ambassador Goldberg state that we are in Viet Nam to support a freely-elected, independent government from aggression. Now everyone knows there is no freely elected, independent government in South Viet Nam; there is only the government under a military leader that this country allows to exist. In addition, this justification seems to imply that we and the South Viet Namese military leaders would allow a communist government, if freely-elected, to control that country. This I seriously doubt. This justification seems clearly refuted by our own actions.

On the other hand, President Johnson and Secretary McNamara tell us that we are in South Viet Nam to halt the spread of Communism; they invoke the old "domino theory" that as goes South Viet Nam so goes all Southeast Asia. This is the most popular justification for it is simple and direct, it appeals to the American moral crusading sense by pitting good against evil—the good guys against the bad guys. Moreover, it is a safe theory because it cannot be proved or disproved unless we withdraw from South Viet Nam, which does not seem likely in the near future.

I am uncertain about this justification for two reasons: first, we do not have the resources to contain the spread of communism in Southeast Asia, for as every schoolboy knows that area is ripe for communist penetration. Only a drastic change in the social, economic and political situation will make that area stable. If the struggle in Viet Nam shows nothing else, it makes perfectly clear that that area's problems will be solved, not by military force, but by revolutionary change.

My second concern with this anti-communist crusade justification is that Red China, not communism per se, is the motivating power in Southeast Asia. Even if we eliminated the communist threat there, the power of Red China would remain. Sometimes, somewhere the United States must come to terms with this nation, as the Southeast Asians are now trying to do.

Where this leaves this country I do not know. I do know that no one has given me a satisfactory, acceptable justification for the tremendous American commitment in Viet Nam. I can only hope that the protesters will continue to march, that writers will continue to oppose in order to force the present administration to construct a Southeast Asia policy on firmer foundations. In the meantime, I find little educational benefit from seeing repeated the same old clichés and commonplaces about how the spread of communism is undermining our free institutions and how this nation is the great protector of the free world against Godless Communism, et cetera. It is full of sound and fury, but is it the basis for a rational foreign policy?

DR. JACK C. LANE
History Dept.

Last Tuesday, the campus was in a state of excitement for the major part of the day. Astronaut John Glenn was going up into space. Then at 9:47 a.m. he was up and the wait began. After three globe-encircling orbits, he was down, his space capsule floating in the Atlantic.

During the whole of this news-making event, Rollins was alert. Televisions were on all over campus with crowds of people sometimes viewing them. Radios were on everywhere and when one was not in reach of a radio, he usually had one with him.

Classes were called off or held in front of television sets. The ones that met were attended restlessly. Rollins was interested—really interested in something that was going on. We found this very refreshing.

Many other events of great importance go on in the world but the only things that really seem to penetrate into the miniscule Rollins world are space flights, and, last year, the presidential election.

Last May the school was in a similar state of tension when Allan Shephard became America's first man in space. In fact, we even had a Fox Day! Tension also gripped the school on election night in November, 1960.

Why is it that so few things really interest the students here? On other campuses, students get up in arms or develop extreme interest in a wide variety of other things. Something must be missing here because there are so few deep interests.

This is not a simple matter of let's try to do better or let's try to do this or that. Something is hollow at the core. The basis of a college is intellectual learning. Are we being challenged enough in our courses to promote this sort of an attitude? Are we trying to be challenged? Are we taking the sort of courses that present this sort of challenge? or are we just getting by with what we consider "snap" courses?

It has been said that the students are sick. Are they? Why can't there be more of the John Glenn sort of experiences?

Hicks Hacks Hair?



Relieved souls: saved from the chopping block.

Rumors have been circulating around campus all week. According to the many-tongued bird, the Dean of Men's Office had been pressuring certain male students to cut their hair and shave off their beards.

Supposedly, pressure consisted of personal interviews with Dean Hicks followed by threats of Lower Court. Hair had to be cut to the nape of the neck so that in most instances an uninvolved viewer could distinguish the sex of the individual from the back. Beards were to be neatly trimmed.

In an interview with Dean Kirouac, the facts came to the foreman. There have been no personal interviews in the Dean's Office nor have there been any threats regarding hair or beards. The rumors started when Dean Kirouac stated while speaking before the freshman men that

personal grooming should be neat and not detrimental to the individual.

"The individual's grooming should be representative in the most beneficial manner of himself and of the college," said Dean Kirouac. Something in these words motivated a rush to the barber shops where several freshman men voluntarily consigned the locks to the block. The only pressure applied, therefore, was a declaration of Dean Kirouac's views on good grooming.

The Dean neglected to say, however, what would have happened if the hair had not been cut according to his views.

"Dress at all times shall comply with the rules of good taste," Dean Kirouac quoted directly from the R Book. He continued, "As the Student Association has made no definite interpretation

of this clause, I have included the appearance of hair and beards in the definition of dress. Just as it would be a violation of this R Book if a woman went to the Union or Beanery in curlers, now-a-days with the men's hair styles, ill-kempt hair and beards on a male student would also be a violation."

At the House meeting on Monday, September 25th, Dean Kirouac emphasized the point that the Deans did not want to discipline any student for long hair or unruly beards. He maintained that it was up to the Student Association to clarify the matter. But pending a decision from the Student Association, the Dean's Office will continue to interpret the R Book clause in regard to length of hair and beards.

(Volume 74, Issue 2, September 29, 1967)

Dinky Line Demise Mourned



Services for the Dinky Line were held October 22 behind Ross Skillman Hall. At noon, devotees rose in union to pay their last respects to this grand old railroad line.

As the notorious Dinky Line sinks slowly into the sunset, one might turn a nostalgic eye towards the historical significance of this noisome locomotive, or perhaps retrospectively contemplate the sentimental gap in the rustic grandeur of our panoramic horizon — but, let's not.

Let us not elicit a soulful rearguard of the alleged contributions of the "Dinky" to the Rollins family, for its usefulness might be paralleled to that of a small model electric train and it was aesthetically most unappealing.

Naturally many alternative uses for the "Dinky" have been proposed: transporting beanery supplies from the McCoy Meat Hall; using the cattle cars to carry the Sigma Nu to Phi Delta parties; affording Greich and Wynn with a direct P.O.W. line to Auschwitz; carrying dying students to the Du Bois Health Center; taking heads to Miami; hiding motorcycles from Dean Hicks; converting it into a Kool-Aid concession stand for Claude Kirk; providing for faculty on

campus living quarters; and transporting protestors to the Pentagon.

Perhaps the most amusing aspect of the Dinky Line departure is that it hasn't. On a misty evening an awesome rumbling may be heard as the Phantom Dinky reverberates its lonely way through the night, waking the campus to start the day at 3:00 A.M.

The Orlando Sentinel produced an expose on the famed Dinky during the Gay 90's when it was first constructed. The cars were infamous for their remarkable ability to leave the tracks. Delinquents would often pour oil on the tracks so that the wheels would spin when the engine was started. In order to proceed the crew would have to shovel sand on the tracks. Ah, but those days are gone.

Oh somewhere there is sadness.

And somewhere people part. But there is no sorrow at Rollins.

Mighty Dinky has flunked out.

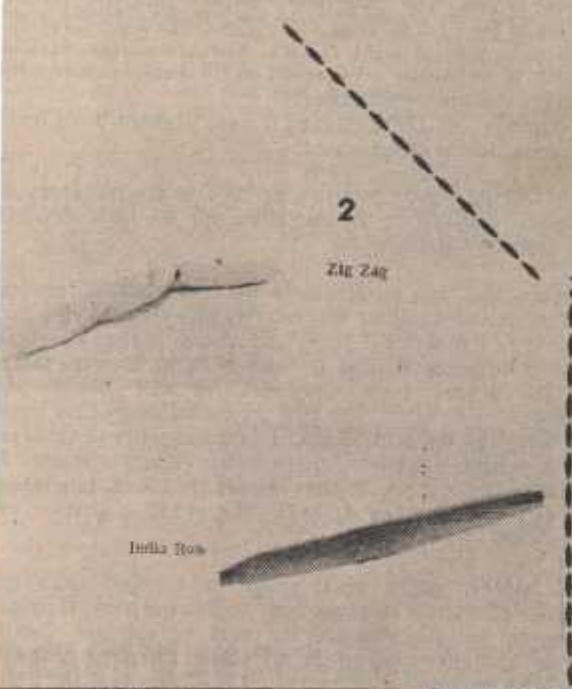
THE ROLLINS SANDSPUR

74th Year, No. 6

THE ROLLINS SANDSPUR, WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

Some Have It... Some Don't.

In American society, charisma, if you have it, can make you... Without you must stand to go half as far. The following is a charisma sensitivity test. Once you become attuned to whatever qualities charisma involves, all that remains is the development of your potential. A score of 7 indicates that you have charisma sensitivity, and that you may in fact be charismatic. A 6 right means that, although you are confused as to how to apply yourself, your charisma potential is close to the surface. Score 5 and you are mediocre - the least charismatic of all, while 4 and you start coming out the other side. (Answers on page 10)



Winter Park Police



Chicago Police



Martin Van Buren's Beard



Dave Infamy's Beard



OREO

5



OREO



6

Happy Birthday Mother Rollins

BY MARK MCGUIRE

with a lot of help from the friendly archivists



THE LIBRARY LAWN BEFORE THE LIBRARY OR THE LAWN



THE CHAPRONE (LEFT) MISSES ALL THE FUN
(WATCH THAT HAND)

Happy birthday, Mother Rollins! I hope this week's convocation has brought more unity and resolve to your fearless flock. Convocation focuses attention on your present situation yet I think its about time to cast some light upon your shrouded past, in particular, your first year.

Lucy Cross had the idea of founding the first college in Florida and wished it to be established in her home town of Daytona Beach. The Reverend Charles Bingham presented her idea at the first meeting of the Congregational Church Association in 1884 at Winter Park. The Association decided to establish a committee "to report on the Public School System of Florida and higher education."

On January 28, 1885, Edward Hooker presented the findings to the Association which stated:

"We feel that the time has come to take the initiatory steps toward the founding of an institution for the higher education in the state of Florida."

A committee was immediately set up to consider possibilities for the location of the school. Many cities vied for the school site. Frederick Lyman and Alonzo Rollins were instrumental in bringing Rollins to Winter Park. Through their efforts the Winter Park representative was able to pledge \$114,180 in cash, stock, and land for the building of the college. Since this was the highest bid, the Congregational Association voted to establish Rollins College in the village of Winter Park (population about 350). Rollins opened its doors, in temporary quarters, on November 4, 1885. The enacting charter of the college state:

"Its object, which shall never be changed shall be the Christian education of youth and, to this purpose, it proposes to provide for its students the best educational facilities possible and throw about them, those Christian influences which will be adapted to restrain them from evil and prepare them for a virtuous, happy, and useful life."

"You've come a long way, baby", so the commercial goes. Let's look at Mother Rollins then and now. Let's see where our dear, omnipotent mother has prospered and where she has failed. Let's view her humble origins and her resplendent glory today as she moves steadfastly forward into the seventies (whew -- that was difficult to spill out.) Ah, let's just see where the hell she's gone since 1885.

Professor B. L. Gonzalez, who came to Rollins 1898, gives us his first impression of Rollins:

"There, at the extreme of that village between the village and the lake, are hidden the seven magnificent buildings that form the celebrated Rollins College...at the shore of the most beautiful lake in Florida."

Imagine a bewildered freshman of today as he rides past the rustic beauty of the Fairbanks Inn or the placid scene at Harper's or Barnett's during happy hour, on his way to that citadel of intellectual astuteness, the "celebrated Rollins College." Here resides the world-renown Rollins family including, the administration, those able-bodied guardians of fiscal solvency and cherished traditions, the faculty, those caped crusaders waging fierce battle against academic mediocrity, and the students, those famed future basket weavers and beany workers of tomorrow (keep plugging Larry). The burgeoning activity on campus (last one to the beach buys the beer) might dismay the incoming freshman; yet he can retire to the murky, weed capital of Florida, our own Lake Virginia, to ponder his fate.

The physical plant of Rollins College didn't quite live up to the charter's goals. Rex Beach, a student at Rollins from 1892 to 1896, commented, "When I first came here, Rollins was ill-nourished and anemic. There was no running water in any dormitory; a hot bath was unheard of." Sound familiar. Just ask any of the courageous residents of Pinehurst, Lyman, or

Here Arms, who brave the evils of leaky showers with no water or broken furnaces in their quest for greater knowledge, if the facilities are much better today.

Another interesting anecdote on the facilities of the college in the early years is provided by Allyn Abill, in her description of how Cloverleaf was furnished. She commented:

"They didn't have money, they said, to furnish the rooms, so we took good boxes and put them together and we made mattresses, stuffed with moss and covered with cretonne."

Some of these early relics must still be floating around the campus disguised as Simmons air mattresses. Anyway, it's a disheartening to wake up in the morning, scratching feverishly or suddenly have to look up while sitting upon one of the college's sturdy couches. It's better than nothing, I guess. The students at Rollins then didn't have to much to complain about considering the overall expenses per year. Charges for a three-term academic year, of 32 weeks were: Tuition \$18 per term, Board \$48 per term, furnished room with light, \$12, making total cost per year to \$234. (Oh! for the good old days). Just think -- for the happy havens we reside in today pay only \$1000 or so. Admittedly, we do have extra benefits such as modern bureaus with handles that fall off and rickety lockers to hold the ample supply of books we use throughout the year.

Judge Donald Cheney of Orlando recalls that in 1904, the first they installed electric lights in Winter Park, one student, knowing how to turn the light off, tucked it in his drawer, setting the drawer on fire (he must have been a science major).

Tex Beach gives us an excellent picture of the problems of getting allowances which still plague the Rollins student today:

"As spending money I received three dollars each and every month. Out of that, I paid my general overhead and saved two dollars which I spent for drink. Another boy and I found that, for a quarter, we could buy six bottles of pop, and six bottles just easily satisfied the thirst of a slave to the soft drink habit. Once a month, therefore, he and I . . . indulged ourselves in a pop launch and lunched back to the campus belching luxuriously assorted flavors."

We're in the big league today. We've got a little more cash throw around; yet we still have to set aside funds for the essentials such as beer, tape decks, stereos and monarch notepaper. Then we provide for the incidentals such as textbooks and toiletries.

Once a day, the fearless bands of gulping greeds trudge forth in their Cougars or Porsches in search of drink. About closing time, they begin to stagger homeward, belching forth luxuriousness in assorted scents of rum, scotch, or, for the plebeians among us, beer. Without fail, they rise the following morning with blurred and heads spinning, yet ready to tackle Rollins demerits. They are among the fortunate few whom Mother Rollins has carefully picked to grace her hallowed halls of dining.

According to a Rollins College announcement of 1886, requirements for admission to Rollins were very high, the standards being those of New England colleges. Candidates for admission to the college were required to have had thorough preparation in Latin, Greek, French, arithmetic, geometry, trigonometry, geography, rhetoric, history of the United States, science and Bible, and in political science. "It is not surprising that enrollment in the college was small, such entrance requirements could scarcely be achieved in any preparatory school in the state."

Where have we gone a-tray. Here's an updated version of the application. Joe Jock, a Parsons College reject, after the college another try, and so he calls upon Mother Rollins. On September 13, he phones the director of admissions

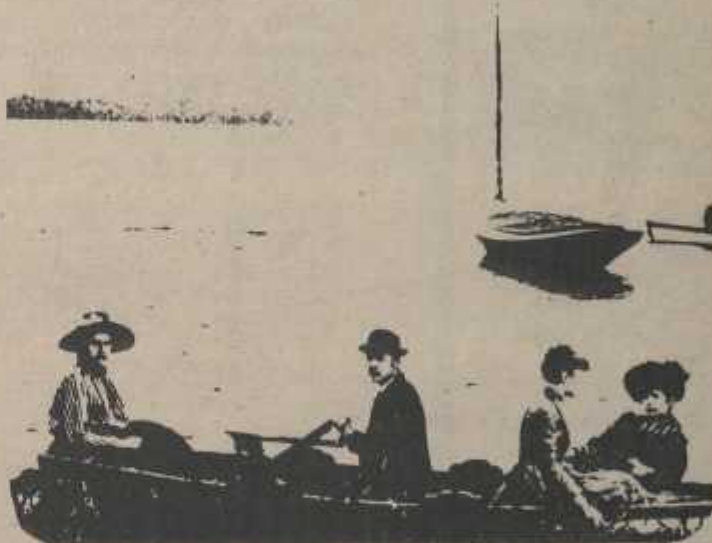
and says, "Duh, I want to go to Rollins." The director replies, "How much does your father earn?" "Duh, I can't count dat high." (Director) Oh, lawd, you get down here and register."

Maybe Joe Jock can develop some level of competence, provided of course, that the college library's volumes are adequate and up to date. After being opened for five years, the

Rollins College library had grown to 3000 volumes by 1891. I'm sure those 3000 volumes can still be found in Mill Memorial Library, probably in the current history and biochemistry sections.

A student body is academically motivated and intellectually competent in direct relation to the teaching prowess of its faculty. Marjorie B. Sloaterman gives us an amusing sketch of one of the teaching faculty at Rollins in 1891:

"Also Dr. Baker, all unknowing changed my whole life. He had written a physics textbook which had fallen into the hands of one Glancy O. Wallace in Pittsburgh. When Glancy needed brushing up on physics to get an engineering job in Central America, he came to Rollins to study under the author of a book he had greatly admired. He didn't go to Central America. In fact, he promptly lost interest in physics."



THE ORIGINAL JOLLI ROLLIES

If you've ever sat through a boring class at Rollins (heaven knows, it's not improbable) you can sympathize with the plight of this student. Let's not dump all the blame on the faculty. Rollins' reputation will only be as good as her student body is. We've got many Joe Jocks here. They don't help the overall academic standing of Rollins.

How do you get a truly academic atmosphere at Rollins? Do you set up strict rules, supposedly conducive to learning, which everyone must conform to or do you seek to establish a more relaxed environment, emphasizing the student's individuality? Mother Rollins, during the early years, thought the former method to be more expedient. Rules included daily attendance at chapel and forbade the use of intoxicating drinks, use of tobacco within the college campus, all forms of gambling and loitering in billiard saloons or similar places of resort. On Friday evenings gentlemen were permitted to sit upon ladies in the reception room of the ladies hall.

Picture such rules in force today. Life in the halls would be too pleasant. You'd see crown and mortarboard hats against the walls, screaming piteously but the worst of all, "hoowee!" You'd see people writhing in convulsions.



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on
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Allison Krause

This issue of the Rollins SANDSPUR has been dedicated to those four students who have died in the campus disorders at Kent State University in Ohio.

Perhaps the dedicating of this issue will do little to right a tremendous wrong on the parts of many people, but we must do something because we are all human..... and we feel.

At times like these it is indeed difficult to remain unemotional and silent..... pray for the U.S.A..

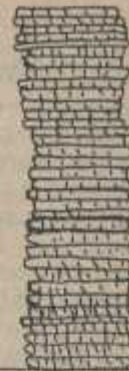
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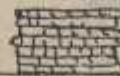
ENDOWMENT FUNDS

\$7,222,000



ON
SEPT 30
1967

\$1,200,000



ON
SEPT 30
1951

TOTAL FUNDS RAISED DURING TWO PERIODS

\$11,175,415



1951 - 1967

\$3,555,867



1934 - 1951



\$507,070.49
IN 15 YEARS



THE
PATRONS ARE
ANGELS

BUILDINGS ADDED TO THE CAMPUS DURING THE LAST 17 YEARS



CRUMMER HALL



THE DUBOIS HEALTH CENTER



THE ARCHIBALD GRANVILLE
BUSH SCIENCE CENTER



ENYART ALUMNI
FIELD HOUSE



SKILLMAN HALL



ELIZABETH
HALL



MALT HALL



NEW HALL

MY SALARY

note to the printer:
delete this the trustees
want me to present the
sunny side of the
College -!

ON SEPT 30
1951

ON SEPT 30
1967

for the last time, thank God.

Tuesday 7:39 p.m.

I guess Mao was correct when he said that there is no peace of mind, there is always contradiction. Last week an entire nation of young people demonstrated and made themselves known to their President and Congressional leaders. Charles Palmer, President of the National Student Association, called for the impeachment of Richard Milhouse Nixon, and even passed a petition around to colleges and universities that are members of NSA to be signed by the presidents of those student bodies.

We all wept on the library lawn when Dean Darrah offered a prayer for those four students at Kent State; we felt like we have never felt before. You thought, "My God, it's finally here; it's in my back yard now!" That's what you thought, because I was thinking it and many people told me they were thinking it. "Man, I'm not going to class. I gotta get out on that strike line and let all those 'rednecks' know how I feel about this thing."

Then, on the nights beforehand, we had a five-hour Assembly meeting on how we were going to organize this thing and it was the same people all over again, right? Right! Oh, what a lovely war! Oh, what a great issue! What a great time to feel humane and treat everyone like your brother.

Yeah, we did a great job. But, that was last week. The week before that it was environmental action and the week before that...

Just a little over a week after Kent State, there were students killed in Jackson, Mississippi; only these students were black, two of them, dead. PHILIP L. GIBBS, age 21, a Jackson State student and the father of an infant boy, and JAMES EARL GREEN, a high school student; they are DEAD now. They were killed when 150 bullets were fired into a dormitory by city police and highway patrolmen.

Okay, what are we going to do about it, people? The police now deny all comments on sniper fire. Before, they stuck to that belief strenuously—sound familiar? Now, why don't we see as much public discussion of it on this campus? Why not? I ask myself this question and there only seems to be one answer: they were black, weren't they? Yes, they were, and that makes us sound like a bunch of bigots, doesn't it?

This has been going on in the South for years, blacks getting killed left and right. The young people working for SNCC or the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee saw it. They knew about it, they screamed—no one listened.

You see what I meant about contradiction? We are setting double standards: "If our guys catch it, we demonstrate; if their guys catch it, well, that's happened for years." We are not being honest with ourselves.

Many of us are yelling about what's wrong with America, including myself. Perhaps the trouble with America is not all the Richard Nixons or the Spiro Agnews or the Mendel Rivers or the William Fulbrights—it may be us. How does that sound? Could there be another silent majority lurking in the diploma factories?

"So," we say, "what's the solution?" To be honest with yourself, I suppose, Spiro Agnew may be thought of as a narrow-minded, poor excuse for Vice President, but, he's pretty honest with himself and the American people. For instance, this excerpt is from a speech given in Florida recently: "Let us not be naive enough to believe that there are no seeds of revolution in the rebellion that radical young people describe as the 'movement.' Let us be candid enough to face the fact that the spawning ground... of the movement is the American university." Now that's honesty.

Another example of honesty comes from a 19-year-old girl from a small California college. She is Linda Eldridge. Linda says: "The young people—my brothers—I see them growing ugly and irrational and I hear them saying things that are not different from Johnson's words and justifications about Vietnam. Our parents hate us, our politicians desert us, our hopes simply grew old and died. I sound as though I am wallowing in self-pity because the world is too harsh. I'm not. I am only very tired."

That is indeed honesty. It's also lament and a call for some kind of love.

Many of you may think that this article is a bit heavy for the last issue of the year. Perhaps I am being presumptuous there, I HOPE NOT. However, for last week and the week before and the week before we committed ourselves to: environmental action, Kent State, Cambodia... We have all reached that point and there's no turning back, there's no turning back, there's no turning back, there's... WE ALL BELONG HERE, amen.

Typically yours
for the summer,
M.D.C.

(Volume 76, Issue 25, May 22, 1977)

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Facts and Observances: A Commentary

A TRIBUTE TO EDWARD R. MURROW

by
Donald R. Wilson



Call hallelujah, call deep thanks, call amen,
The strong men keep coming on.

- Carl Sandburg, "Upstream"

Rock-jawed and stern, intractably somber in his absolute dignity; probing, pensive and poised in hard-cut granite; the dark English-cut suit, the steady and careful delivery in that slowly measured, full and even cadence; the deep, sober eyes and, always, the cigarette - burning at leisure, held with easy strength between the firm lean fingers, smoke curling in a broad, incessant flow - which in time became his trademark: Edward R. Murrow. A full six feet and a rugged, stubborn frame; intense yet calm, restless and relaxed, dignified but earthly. "America's unofficial ambassador to Britain," William S. Paley called him. "The conscience of America," said John F. Kennedy; "the skeptical idealist," commented William L. Shirer. And that was Ed Murrow. "He was a shooting star," said Eric Sevareid when Murrow died in 1965, "and we will live in his afterglow a very long time."

Despite the secure stature of his inimitable reputation — which was inviolably established long before he resigned from CBS in 1961 after 25 years of service — Edward R. Murrow has become a legend this past decade; and his stirring example lives today not only as a guide and inspiration to future journalists, but as a genuine testament to all that dignity, decency, personal integrity, conscience and relentless commitment, exercised with thorough dedication by the individual, can admirably amount to. The simple result, Murrow would say, of “hard work” — of “the belief in the dignity of the individual and the conviction that any belief worthy of an individual must be hammered out by that individual on the anvil of experience.”

He did not found electric journalism; it had been practised with limited success years before his full exposure to it. But, following Elmer Davis and H. V. Kaltenborn, he extended the medium into wider dimensions than it had ever before reached and, since his death, was ever to reach again. Surpassing Davis and Kaltenborn, he transformed electric journalism into an art, which even today on countless tapes and in writing remains vibrantly alive, as complex in simplicity as a poem, as dynamic and colorful as the most involved mural.

He was, wrote his colleague and friend Eric Sevareid, “the first great literary artist of a new medium of communication.” And, says Sevareid: “It is his and — I sometimes think — his alone, never to be shared.”

Born the youngest of three sons on August 25 of 1908 to Roscoe and Ethel Murrow just outside Greensboro, North Carolina, Egbert Roscoe Murrow knew the South for only five years. The family soon moved west to Skagit County in the state of Washington, where Egbert grew up exposed to the rough and busy life of the lumberjack, by which trade his father sustained the family. Egbert was a hunter in those days; he was a lumberjack himself, and an eager if not always an attentive student. More than anything else he loved to talk, a preoccupation he carried with him to Washington State College, where he avidly studied speech — under the teacher whom he would hold in high esteem all his life: Ida Lou Anderson — and history and, on the side, drama. Joining the National Student Federation as president in 1930, he traveled to New York City, as Edward R. Murrow now, and shortly thereafter he went to Europe.

Representing American students abroad, Ed Murrow saw Europe firsthand in the days before World War II. He witnessed the incipient rise of Adolf Hitler in Germany as he exchanged ideas on education, politics and philosophy with other Germans, Englishmen, Italians and Frenchmen. In 1934, he married Janet Brewster; and in 1935, he was hired by CBS as “director of talks” — and not as a reporter — in New York City. Soon, in that capacity, he was sent to London.

“Marriage has always been and still is an extremely serious business for me, but I have unlimited confidence in us,” he wrote Janet Brewster before their marriage. “So many people stop growing and expanding when they are married. We shall be the kind of people whom people will look twice at when we are fifty — of whom our children may be proud. We shall make of our lives a real work of art.”

In a peculiar parallel, CBS News would grow with Murrow and Janet as a cogent vehicle of communications over the next bleak and terrifying decade. Within that time, all of England and most of America would learn to know the sound of Murrow’s voice; and Murrow himself would establish a new and totally unique form of reporting — a blend of the essay, the literary sketch, the facts and the observances — that would lift the electronic media to sudden journalistic prominence in the world.

Years later he would comment that, as Alexander Kendrick records, he was “lucky to be where he was when he was.”

He flew from London on March 13, 1938 to Vienna, when he related Hitler’s sudden march into Austria. Broadcast journalism at once came of age. Correspondents in Paris, Berlin, London and Rome participated with Murrow in the 35-minute broadcast that reached New York by way of a series of short-wave reports and a massive series of wire hook-ups across the European continent. Murrow literally overnight became director of news for CBS in London, in time for his most famous series of broadcasts: “This is London” during the Battle of Britain.

And, on Murrow’s vigilant coverage during the Battle of Britain, he states that the “moral performance in those deadly weeks is not likely to be equaled by any reportorial voice or pen in this generation.”



Never simulating or faking a story, Ed Murrow reported the Battle of Britain with painstaking precision and intense concern. It wasn't easy, and it was always demanding. Murrow rarely sought shelter. Driving through the London streets during the fiercest aerial attacks, he often spoke into the microphone as buildings crumbled about him and fire spread from block to block. From different roof-tops about the city, he would watch the RAF perform its severe duty in a ghastly spectacle of flak and conflagration against the night-time stars. He would cruise the Thames recording events and rarely writing but, as Severeid points out, back at CBS London headquarters he would "walk up and down the studio or office, dictating to someone else."

Edward R. Murrow brought the devastating particulars of an encroaching war in its inevitable threats home to America, defending always the staunch and undismayed endurance of a rugged people who refused to surrender to Hitler. "As Americans become more hysterical," he wrote his parents from London, "you may read and hear some pretty hard things about your overgrown baby, for I propose to report this war, not preach about it."

"During the last few weeks," he told America, "Europe has been like a man in a darkened house throwing open door after door in search of light."

Quentin Reynolds wrote about the war in magazines; Ernie Pyle recorded the events centering around the life of the G.I. in newsprint; and Ed Murrow caught the ominous spectacle in speech. He was everywhere, working tirelessly – on the beach in North Africa, from the front with the troops, on ships at sea and, perhaps most famous, from the bomber "D for Dog" flying over Berlin.

"Dead ahead there was a whole chain of red flares looking like stop lights. Another Lanc was coned on our starboard beam. The lights seemed to be supporting it. Again we could see those little bubbles of colored lead driving at it from two sides. The German fighters were at him . . . The small incendiaries was going down like a fistful of white rice thrown on a piece of black velvet . . . The cookies – the four-thousand-pound high explosives – were bursting below like great sunflowers gone mad. And then, as we started down again, still held in the lights, I remembered that the 'Dog' still had one of those cookies and a whole basket of incendiaries in his belly, and the lights still held us. And I was very frightened."

The CBS News staff increased its size under Murrow's care to include Bob Trout and Charles Collingwood, John Daly, Howard K. Smith, Paul Manning and Richard C. Hottelet. Under his insistence, they reported not only the news, but the facts and the incidents behind the news, stressing the color and character of the particular event. And when the Allies pounded through Germany, Murrow was with them, traveling with Patton's Third Army. As the war ended, he stopped at the Nazi death camp in Buchenwald, where he reported:

"When I entered, men crowded around, tried to lift me to their shoulders. They were too weak. Many of them could not get out of bed. I was told that the building has once stabled eighty horses. There were 1200 men in it, five to a bunk. The stink was beyond all description . . . They called the doctor. We inspected his records. There were only names in the little black book, nothing more – nothing of who these men were, what they had done or hoped. Behind the names of those who had died there was a cross. I counted them. They totaled 242,242 out of 1200 in one month. As I walked down to the end of the barracks, there was applause from the men too weak to get out of bed. It sounded like the handclapping of babies, they were so weak . . . As we walked out into the courtyard, a man fell dead."

And finally on March 10, 1946, Edward R. Murrow broadcasted for the last time from London. "Tomorrow I'm coming home for good," he said, after 10 years.

"It was customary during the war to say that democracy was on trial, and indeed it was. It survived, but the trial is not yet ended . . . It will, I think, be determined by the degree to which Americans understand the role in world affairs that has been thrust upon them. And the importance, not only of our decisions but of our example. We have, whether we like it or not, come into our full inheritance, our full strength."

He expressed his appreciation for the kindness the British had shown him during the war; he thanked the people for "tea, hospitality and infor-





mation" and "on occasion, information" — before he and Janet headed home to New York, where Ed had earned a job as CBS vice-president.

That prestigious desk job didn't last long, though, not even two years. During this short period Murrow, in his executive position, tended to emphasize the importance of public service and news broadcasts on radio — which he considered to be radio's prime duty — above frivolous situation comedies and tedious soap operas. He worked to give correspondents wider freedom in their coverage and broadcasted opinions, and attempted to direct CBS funds into broad journalistic, rather than pure entertainment, channels. But he could not keep away from the microphone and, in 1947, he was back on the air. He was reporting again.

Edward R. Murrow's week-day radio-news program remained on the air for 12 years, and it established virtually every technique — from the international news "round-up" to the autonomous news "commentary" that has since become standard. Always concise and carefully delivered, the news by Murrow set the precedent for the CBS style of journalism — "temperate yet crisp, dignified but informal, never condescending and always, probing behind the news," as described by reporter Alexander Kendrick. Quiet and understated but simultaneously trenchant and powerful, the nightly Murrow commentary — the "think-piece" as he put it — because the warmly analytic editorial that, transcending hard news, consistently championed the potential nobility of democracy and the essential dignity of men, while it debunked the sham, the conformistic, the facile and the repressive. Few subjects disinterested Murrow and he never scoffed at any serious, sincere and valid idea. He was, as Carl Sandburg said of him "reporter, historian, inquirer, actor, ponderer, seeker"; and the diversity of his range and the genuine integrity that moulded his concern expanded into all his journalistic ventures, adding greater force to Emerson's thought that, truly, "the great man makes the great thing."

Out of his nightly news program the weekly "Hear It Now" series developed; and his partnership with Fred Friendly began. What lay ahead for them was, quite suddenly, television.

"Most news is made up of what happens in men's minds, as reflected in what comes out of their mouths. And how do you put that in pictures?" he asked in 1949. He recognized the potential but saw the awesome power of t.v. journalism as he carefully prepared his entrance into it. "We need to argue this out," he said, "before the patterns become set and we all begin to see pictures of our country and the world that just aren't true."

His solution was simple honesty, and when he and Fred Friendly presented "See It Now" to the American public in 1951, he stressed just that. He believed that television should not only provoke, but illuminate. The "See It Now" camera punctuously recorded detail; icily, it picked up the image at a detached, lucid distance, but never acted alone. Believing the word must fight the image and take prime, speculative prominence, Murrow relied on the force of narration and comment in his t.v. documentaries, and never allowed the camera to intrude overbearingly across the stated issue. And, again, Murrow was everywhere. On the front lines with the soldiers in Korea at Christmas; on the flight line for a simulated atomic bomb run; in the United Nations, at the White House, in London, in Berlin and in Israel; discussing nuclear relations and disarmament with Howard K. Smith stationed in Paris; interviewing J. Robert Oppenheimer; appraising school desegregation and the rising momentum of nationalism in Africa.

"See It Now" never shied from controversy. The series in fact often anticipated news and made news. Murrow and Friendly examined the effect of cigarette smoking in the development of cancer long before the Surgeon General's 1964 report; they examined the effects of nuclear fallout. They helped to censure Joe McCarthy, and they saved Milo Radulovich.

In Dexter, Michigan, in 1953, an Air Force Reserve lieutenant had been classified as a security risk by his superiors because of the alleged leftist beliefs of his sister and father. His name was Milo Radulovich, and he had served eight years in the Air Force; there were no witnesses and no clear evidence — only vague suppositions and accusations — against him. But he faced a dishonorable discharge because he had refused to resign, and had refused to sever relations with his family. The "See It Now" cameras went to Dexter, and on October 20 Murrow proved all the accusations false. Radulovich's father in fact no Communist; and his sister stated that she

shared no similar political views with her brother. Oddly enough, CBS did not advertise the program after the Air Force had attempted to block its airing. Murrow and Friendly spent \$1500 of their own money to pay for advertising in the New York Times. That evening, at the end of the presentation, Murrow concluded: "whatever happens in this whole area of the relationship between the individual and the state, we will do it ourselves. It cannot be blamed upon Malenkov or Mao Tse-tung, or even our allies. And it seems to us that is a subject that should be argued about endlessly."

The Air Force dropped its charges against Milo Radulovich five weeks later.

Five months later, the "See It Now" cameras filmed several Congressional hearings presided over by Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin. Skillfully capturing the malicious force of McCarthy's tedious brow-beating, his indifferent and smug disinterest with his various witnesses, and his blunt and stolid manipulation of half-truths and slander, "See It Now" uncompromisingly illustrated the biased tactics of Joe McCarthy's witch-hunts, and cogently brought to light how the Senator ceaselessly intimidated but never investigated, how he accused but never proved, and in the process had frightened an entire nation.

"No man can terrorize an entire nation unless we are all his accomplices," said Ed Murrow on March 9, 1954 in his bold challenge to Senator McCarthy. He continued:

"We must remember always that accusation is not proof and that conviction depends upon evidence and due process of law. We will not walk in fear, one of another. We will not be driven by fear into an age of unreason if we dig deep in our history and our doctrine and remember that we are not descended from fearful men, not from men who feared to write, to speak, to associate and to defend causes where were for the moment unpopular.

"This is no time for men who oppose Senator McCarthy's methods to keep silent. We can deny our heritage and our history, but we cannot escape responsibility for the result. There is no way for a citizen of a republic to abdicate his responsibilities."

In the next few weeks, a constant barrage of further accusations, of insults, smears and frenzied denunciations issued from McCarthy in print and over the media against Murrow. The Senator at once labeled him a "subversive and Communist." But his words remained ineffective. He had been vanquished; and, a few months passing, the Senate would censure him, and his desperate investigation would end.

Now, despite his great success as analyst and commentator, the name Edward R. Murrow began to vanish slowly from the mass communications marque. This is ironic because he further directed his journalistic prowess over television and radio wires and a news series of public service presentations resulted from his efforts. There was the popular interview program "Person to Person" in addition to "See It Now" Over the radio, Murrow presented "CBS Reviews the Press." He established "CBS Reports" and "Eyewitness" and the politically-oriented "Small World" discussion program, and the annual year's end gathering of international correspondents, "Years of Crisis." But his popularity among CBS officials was fading.

News on television and radio, despite its importance, is always a commodity. If it doesn't sell, then usually it is not broadcasted. Electronic journalism must pay for itself or it won't survive for long. And it rarely pays for itself.

Murrow faced this problem in the late 1950's. Little by little his programs scored less admirably in the rating statistics. The CBS corporate executives gave the public what they thought it wanted or, at least, presented it with what they wanted to present it, and vicariously shaped the national taste. "Which came first," A British critic asked, "the program or the taste for it?" And the taste oddly favored escapism. Cowboys, doctors, befuddled husbands and awkward housewives, toothy announcers hosting mindless quiz shows filled up the prime time screen and, despite the clutter, built only a void. Original t.v. drama has disappeared; the lucid, pensive documentary was following its oblivious path.

"In an industry given to rule by committee, he was always an individual," Alexander Kendrick writes of Murrow. "He did what he thought had to be done on the air, and worried about the consequences later. He had no tolerance of government and other forces opposed to free broadcasting, forces which a corporation had to take into account."





Relations were strained between Murrow and CBS by 1960. He protested the corporate interference with journalism, and, always the center of controversy, in his stubborn defiance he was the target of consolidated powers in politics as well as in the press that sought to limit the scope and open efficiency of electronic journalism. "Either we believe in the intelligence, good judgement, balance and native shrewdness of the American people, or we believe that government should investigate, intimidate and finally legislate," he had commented in 1947 against the Hollywood blacklists. And now that American public had deserted him; legislating against him, they preferred to look at soap operas.

Edward R. Murrow left CBS in 1961 and, the last four years of his life, served as director of the United States Information Agency under John Kennedy's administration. His official task was communications: to advance American ideas in foreign nations. It was close to propaganda, but he chose to remain loyal to those goals he saw as his responsibility to maintain: "not to capture but to free men's minds."

"To be persuasive," he told John Kennedy, "we must be believable. To be believable, we must be credible. To be credible, we must be truthful."

An inveterate cigarette smoker most of his adult life — consuming, at times, up to 80 in one day — he suffered from lung cancer in the early sixties; and his left lung was removed in 1963. He remained at his government post as long as his health allowed. But his health had suddenly failed, and he resigned in 1964. Exhausted, disillusioned with the profession he had so diligently helped to build, in despair over the fate of his nation and the people he had so devoutly championed in the past, a weak and doddering Ed Murrow has honored by the British as a Knight Commander of the British Empire in 1965.

Weeks later, on April 27, he died of a brain tumor. In accordance with his last wishes, Janet had his body burned, and his ashes were scattered across the land that was part of his home in Paulding, New York.

"The speed of communications is wondrous to behold," he had said in 1964. "It is also true that speed can multiply the distribution of information that we know to be untrue. The most sophisticated satellite has no conscience. The newest computer can merely compound, at speed, the oldest problem in the relations between human beings, and in the end the communicator will be confronted with the old problem, of what to say and how to say it."

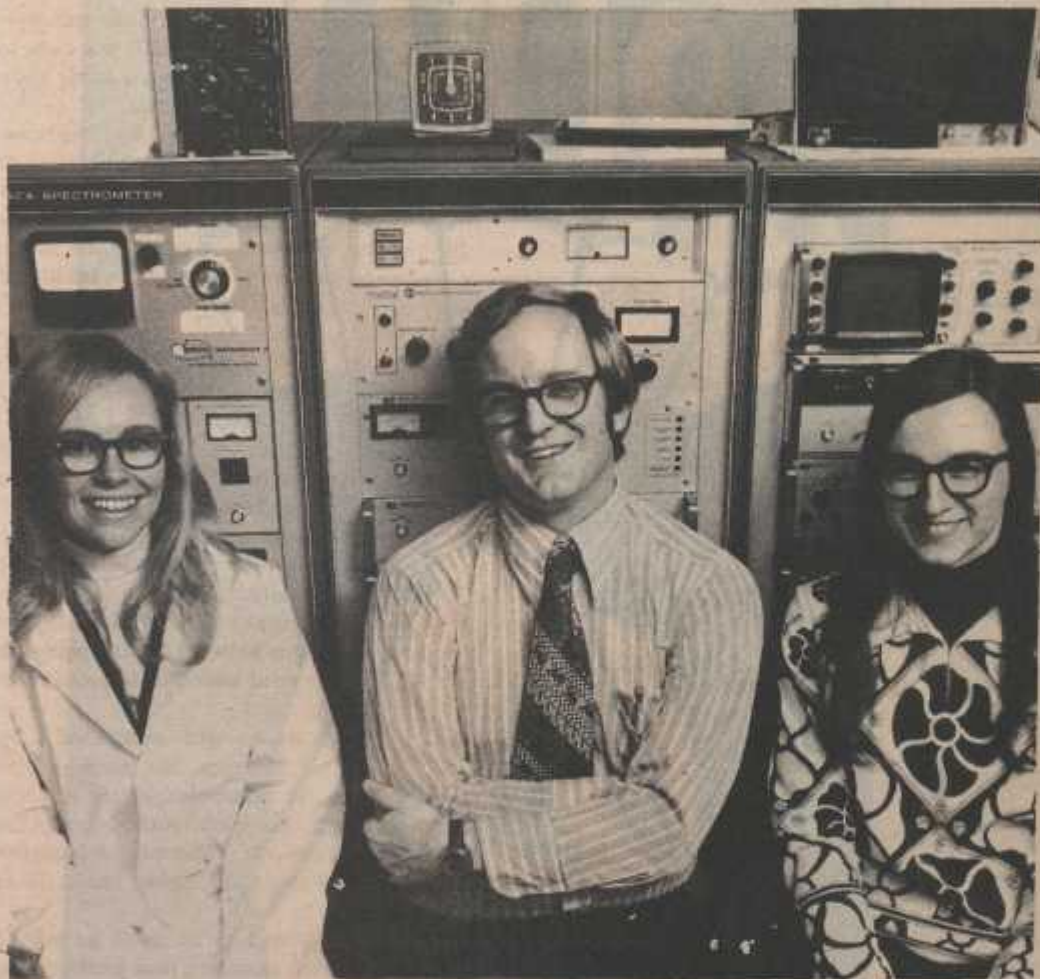
He had said it all, and more — with unmatched eloquence, the simple exercise of conscience and integrity, by the high standard of dignity. Speaking from the heart, he sternly judged the issues before him by the brain: his total conscience, his spirit, guided him. After his death, Milo Radulovich wrote Janet Murrow: "Wherever men cherish human freedom and dignity, Ed Murrow's spirit will forever stand. To him, we owe what life and freedom is ours."

Electronic journalism owes him as much as well. A giant, that was Edward R. Murrow; and his exercised that giant's strength with gentility and restraint. I recall how he would captivate my childhood home and, long after his sign-off, the presence — the voice, the appearance and manly poise — would linger, yet compelling, yet precise, yet crisp and illuminating.

What killed you, Ed Murrow? Was it that constant tobacco that was so much of your life? Was it exhaustion or despair? You had written your parents in the mid-1930's: "It's a pretty rotten world, isn't it? No one can look at what is happening without realizing that civilization is disintegrating and there are no standards left. Everyone is lost and wandering in a thick fog." As a seer, you spoke perhaps more than you knew, and, I fear, you addressed yourself more to my times than your own. You always considered yourself a simple reporter. Were you an anachronism by 1965, Ed Murrow, when standards and dignity and honor and work suddenly meant less than before? Did the tide of the times simply turn against you and cast you out? We can only wonder. You were more our full conscience than either of us realized. You remain an example to us as men and as workers, and we'll not see your like again. Similarly, some day, perhaps; but not totally. And never before the spirit of the times permits a like strength its sustenance in your fashion. We await undismayed the return of that presence to earth — somehow, at some time.

Until then, we close: "Good night and good luck."

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