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Rollins College

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# Rollins Sandspur

Vol. 18, No 24

May 2, 1975

## Publications Union Makes Full Circle Since Inception

by: SHARON RUVANE

In an effort to combat inconsistency and mismanagement that has plagued Rollins publications in recent years, the Rollins College Publications Union has been reinstituted. Ratified and put into effect by the Student Association in April, the purpose of the union, as stated in its 1975 constitution, is to conduct, manage, and issue for the Student Association the Sandspur, the Tomokan, the R-Book, and Brushing.

Founded in 1929, the Publications Union was a strong force on the Rollins campus, especially during the depression years. From 1930-1935 the RCPU could boast that all Rollins publications were standing on firm financial ground. One of the financiers of the early 30's union was James Ottoway, Sandspur editor and chairman of the RCPU. Today he oversees a larger brand of news: The Dow Jones-Ottoway newspapers which include The Wall Street Journal and The National Observer. During Ottoway's chairmanship it was stressed that good business was the key to the RCPU success. Membership in the RCPU, based upon this good business principle, consisted of all members of college sanctioned publications. The officers of the RCPU or Board of Control were the editor and business manager of the Sandspur, the editor and business manager of the Tomokan, the editor of the Flamingo (now Brushing), a faculty advisor for each publication, two students appointed by the Student Council, and the treasurer of the College, who was responsible for auditing all accounts.

The business managers of each publication were responsible for submitting financial statements at every monthly meeting. There were strict by-laws concerning absences and provisions calling for impeachment and replacement of incompetent members. The union was in charge of setting candidacy requirements for future editors and business managers. Candidates for editorship had to be members of the upper division of the College for the incumbent year and must have had two years staff experience on the publication for which they were applying. Candidates

for business manager must have had one year business staff experience on that publication and also had to be a member of the upper division of the College. In choosing officers for the following year all members of the RCPU voted with the exception of the faculty advisors and the college treasurer. The candidate receiving a 2/3 majority vote of the RCPU would be approved by the student council and would assume office the following year. Following his election the new officer would become an ex-officio member of the RCPU until he became a full voting member in the fall. During ex-officio membership, future editors and business managers were further trained in the management of their publication and received exposure to the management of the RCPU.

In the late 30's the RCPU expanded its constitution to include another voting member. This member, the Advertising commissioner, would be responsible for accumulating advertising for all publications. In this constitution an advertising salary was set up based upon a commission system. The advertising manager or commissioner would receive a 20% commission on all advertising he received. If the commissioner sent an agent to secure the advertising, the agent would get a 15% commission and the commissioner would receive 5%. With this new position in the RCPU it was possible to maintain a joint file for all publications containing prospective advertisers.

During the 1930's there were business managers and a commission system in the RCPU, and the RCPU worked. It received local coverage in the Winter Park Sun Herald and occupied a full page description in the yearly Tomokan.

After the 1930's it is hard to follow the history of the RCPU. Isolated constitutions appear up until 1967 but none of them bear the specifics or the

clout of the 1930's documents. In various stages the business managers disappear, publication staff lose membership, the advertising commissioner disappears, the college treasurer disappears, and the faculty advisors become voting members. Monthly financial reports became quarterly reports and finally semester reports. Instead of monthly meetings, the RCPU meets once a term and even then absent members are allowed to vote by proxy.

With this lack of detail and omission of business structure it is no surprise that the last RCPU disappeared in 1967 when the chairman graduated and took the RCPU Constitution home with him. Following this disappearance came managerial chaos. To avoid deficit budgets editors lent each other money. Publications came out on an irregular basis if they came out at all, and editors assumed office having had no previous publications experience.

With this background, Peter Turnbull, the 1973 editor of the Sandspur recently drafted a new Publications Union Constitution. Although Turnbull refused to comment on his proposal, it is obvious that he is trying to bring back some of the business aspects of the publications. The 1975 RCPU calls for monthly financial reports from each publication and sets specific months when the board must meet. There are by-laws governing attendance at meetings which state that two unexcused absences may bring about automatic dismissal.

Although this 1975 RCPU is on the right track, it is doubtful that it will be able to match its predecessor of the 30's. The '75 RCPU has no business managers and no advertising commissioner. Its membership is not composed by all staff members of publications but instead consists of the editor of the Sandspur, the editor of the Tomokan, the editor of Brushing,

the editor of the R-Book, the president of the Student Association, three representatives of the student Association, two representatives of the faculty to be agreed upon by the RCPU and by the College Activities Committee, and a comptroller.

LaRue Boyd, college Director of Publications, who knew nothing of the history of the RCPU, feels that the 1975 membership of the RCPU consisting of four student association members will force the editors of the publications to be responsible not only to themselves, as has been the case in

past years, but to the student body as well. This is a nice concept but not really the heart of the problem. Publications at Rollins have been inconsistent and mismanaged in recent years because editors have had little business knowledge at their disposal. If the RCPU would get back to business and provide fair representation for all members of Rollins publications, instead of padding its membership with student association and faculty representatives, then it might turn out to be the power house that it was during the depression.

## Career Workshop Successful

by: FRAN GOLDSTEIN and JULIE HICKS

The prevailing mood was optimism at the Career Workshop for Women, held 11:00-4:00 Wednesday in Bush Science Center. Ms. Cindy Grubbs, assistant director of the Rollins College Admissions staff, kicked off the conference with an inspiring keynote address. She pointed out that there was no question as to whether women should work, because the fact is they already do. Half of all women aged 18 to 64 are in the work force; however, they are concentrated in low paying jobs, and harnessed to secretarial, teaching and other professions limited in advancement opportunities. Women end up in these jobs through a two pronged barrier: discrimination and a stereotyped passive self-image. Society perpetuates these barriers because of the importance of the nuclear family, which tends to prohibit the woman from working. In addition, the "feminine" role as a non-aggressive, non-competitive person keeps women out of professional careers such as management, since these qualities make them seem incapable. Furthermore, "masculine" women are not hired since they are not "decorative" and "feminine." Ms. Grubbs emphasized that new role models for females much be achieved. "We must expand

and maximize our potentials. "A change in women's role, is a change with far reaching consequences."

At the close of her remarks, Dean Alzo Reddick asked the audience at large why so few Rollins women students came to the career day. The audience responded variously "It was too good of a pool day;" "Most girls at Rollins are economically stable assuming rich parents or husband will support them when they graduate some women feel that just because they go to college, they'll be able to get jobs." Dean Wanda Russell commented that the attitude of non-concern is prevalent among Rollins men as well as females. "The men also seem to have this syndrome of 'Eat, drink and be merry, sometime I'll have to do something.'"

After a break for lunch, the workshop sessions started. Students were able to talk first-hand with successful career women and were exposed to the harsh realities of finding a job in a "man's world." Various areas were represented in six sections: Communications, Employment, Literary, Professional, Science, and Social Service.

Sentinel Star Feature writer Lynn Trexler, Channel 2's Pat McDonald and Anne Maynard of Florida Power discussed the field of communication.

Cont. to p. 4

## Come to the "Cabaret"



Rev Johnson (The Emcee) surrounded by the Kit Kat Girls.

CABARET," the multiple prize-winning Broadway musical success that launched one of the major song-hits of the late 1960's, will conclude the regular Annie Russell Theatre season when it opens May 8. Performances are also scheduled May 9, 10, 15, 16 and 17 with a 2 p.m. matinee on May 17.

Opening on Broadway in November 1966, and continuing nearly three years till September 1969, Cabaret won all three of the "best musical of the year" awards in its first season, the Tony Award, the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award and the Outer Circle Critics Award. When the show was given in London, it won London's Variety poll and the Evening Standard poll as the best musical of the year over there.

The Rollins College production production will be directed by William McNulty, who has already this season directed Godspell, played Dionysus in The Bacchae, the title role in Butley. Senior Nela Baemeister will play Sally Bowles, which featured Liza Minelli in the film role.

Director William McNulty pointed out that the screenplay by Jay Allen changed the plot radically: Sally became an American, while her boyfriend became a Britisher.

At the Academy Awards in March, 1973, Cabaret garnered eight "Oscars" including: best actress (Liza Minelli); best supporting actor (Joel Grey); and best director (Rob Finner).

For ticket information or reservations, call the Annie Russell Theatre box office from 1 to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday, at 646-2145.



Richard Lloyd as Cliff.

## Seniors Accept Physics Research

Mr. Clifford J. Luty, a senior physics major at Rollins College has accepted a graduate research assistantship in Applied Physics at Georgia Institute of Technology. Mr. Luty is in the Physics Department Honors Program at Rollins College and is completing his research thesis on "Computer Simulation of Properties of a Field Ion Microscope."

Mr. Luty is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Luty of Orlando, Florida and is a graduate of Colonial High School.

Mr. Leonard H. Eaton, a senior physics major at Rollins College has accepted a graduate assistantship in Computer Engineering at Clemson University. Mr. Eaton is in the Physics Department Honors Program at Rollins College and is completing his research thesis on "Fourier Interferometry."

Mr. Eaton is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard H. Eaton, Sr. of Orlando, Florida and is a graduate of Boone High School.



# Letters

## TO THE EDITORS:

As this term begins to draw to a close I'm sure many students are feeling the pinch; not enough hours in the day, not enough days in the week, and not enough weeks in the term. I am writing about one other element which is lacking in this ever diminishing Spring term; that is the number of places to study on this campus. For some reason this past week has been one where this problem of a limited amount of study space has been felt the worst.

The main segment of this issue, I feel, lies in the fact that the library has such strange hours during the week-ends; prime study time, and one where the need for the library is great. The fact that the doors are not opened until 2:00 P.M. on Sundays is horrendous and very frustrating for any student in need of research resources, or even just a place to get away from stereos and telephone calls. Many a time, on a Sunday afternoon, I have been a personal witness to a line standing outside on the library steps waiting for the powers that be to graciously open their doors! Orlando Hall is supposed to be open at all hours for the purpose of studying, especially when the library is closed. However, there have been instances in my own experience when I have had to run around trying to find someone to open doors and classrooms in order that I can have a quiet place to study. My question is, why is someone trying to lock us out?

This leads me to a second issue. Once we have finally been granted entrance to the Mills Memorial Library, it is like studying at a football game. I spend my time playing musical rooms as I attempt to find a quiet place to study among the turmoil of phone calls, vacuum cleaners, librarians that talk too loud, workmen milling around, and students who come to the library to socialize; the whole attempt seems futile. (By the way, I have personally experienced all of the above, and more.) There just does not seem to be a quiet place in our fine library, and the stacks are no consolation, because if you sit back

there you risk catching pneumonia from the damp chill.

All of these issues become magnified when I look back on my past three years at Rollins and realize the constant cry for much needed reform in the area of our academic standards, in attempts to change the Rollins College Country Club to a college where academics is of more importance than getting a good sun tan. However, when I see all of these obstacles placed in the path and obstructing good study habits I really wonder as to the hypocritical nature of some of the staff at this school.

Now, what about solutions? First, some kind of arrangement put into affect whereby the library would open at nine or ten on BOTH Saturday and Sunday. Secondly, Orlando Hall would be open at all times. Thirdly, a real effort would be put forth, on the parts of students, staff and administration alike, to create an atmosphere in the library which might be more conducive to studying, even if that means vacuuming at 7:30 A.M. before the library opens, and taking the phones OUT of the study and reference rooms so that students and faculty would not be subjected to the personal and business conversations of individuals. These improvements can only serve to raise academic standards and make life a little easier for the faculty and students at Rollins College.

Letters may not always have the extreme effect that is hoped for, but they do serve to raise consciousness. If anyone else feels as strongly about this issue, in order to have a lasting effect, let some more voices must be heard - Let yourself be known!!!!

KATHLEEN STEWART

## TO THE EDITORS:

While I appreciate the compliments in the letters in last week's SANDSPUR, I feel that I must point out that I was not "railroaded" out of the English Department. My evaluation procedure followed the college Bylaws and was the professional judgment of my department. The

implications of motive were embarrassing to me and insulting to my department.

My association with Rollins has been happy, and I leave with affection and some regret. The students who know me best, however, must know that I would have accepted the opportunities for teaching and research that the University of Rochester offered me in any circumstances. My decision to take the U. of R. job was my own free choice.

I wish all the best to Rollins, my department, and the wonderful students.

Paula Backscheider

## To the Editors,

Regarding the poem received by Professor Nordstrom:

I don't plan to return to Rollins next year. I am sick of being around people whose highest aspirations are to spend all day laying in the sun.

The poem seems to express the attitudes of about 70% of the people here. They care about nothing but having a good time for themselves. It never occurs to them that their blaring stereos or immature pranks make trouble for everyone else.

The college is partially at fault. They need \$4,000 a year and will take just about anyone who can pay it. The academic standards are dropped to zero so that these people can continue their four year vacation and keep the money coming in.

The society is at fault too. A lazy worthless leisure class is of no use to anyone. If the student body here has no self-motivation, then an outside force should be applied to make them do something useful. If a person wants to stay in school, then he or she should be forced, by academic standards, to get an education that can be used to benefit the society. If a person does not have the motivation or self-discipline to stay in school, then they should be dropped the first year they screw-up and not kept around like leeches until their junior year.

Mikell Seely

## TO THE EDITORS:

The Student Center, in particular myself and our Concerts Chairman Ivan Fleishman, would like to extend our appreciation to the following individuals for making this past weekend's Earl Scruggs Concert such an overwhelming success:

Lt. Brettnall and Co. of W.P.P.D. for handling the "hot lines" and their assistance; Charlie, John, Glory and Bob of Campus Safety for their efforts in rounding up herds of bicycles; The City of Winter Park for not pulling the plug; George ("R-5") Westwood for directing security; Kris Pigman for announcing the acts; Hal, Dino, Bob and assorted other KA's for helping out around the stage; Pat ("The Schlitz") Lamb for drinking half of the 8 cases of beer which were intended for the Roadies; Mick, Al, and Pete for their assistance at the gates; President Critchfield for giving us the necessary "go-ahead" to make it happen and remaining cool through the whole thing; Kevin, Dan and various other TKE's, Mick ("The Strong Man") and Al for their help packing up the equipment and cleaning up after the Concert; Physical Plant for providing the Stage and electrical requirements.

Last, and most important of all, a Big thanks to the 1200-1500 people who were on-campus for the event, in particular the 400-500 students who were right there at the stage cheering on "Ol' Earl."

It's your enthusiasm and seeing you happy and "into" an event, that makes all the blood, sweat and tears we pour into these jobs worth it!

Thanking you sincerely,

Ivan Fleishman and Mark Maier

P.S. See you in the Fall!

## We Happened to Notice...



Last week, in an article entitled FOOD GNUS, Sir Reginald Smedley Hart Bourne railed the food service. This is not uncommon. Everyone rails the food service. Students, faculty, writers, lovers, haters, all rail the food service. Monty Hall might rail the food service, for all we know. Then, this week, it was brought to our attention that Dick and Roger, the managers, were not so affected by our stinging jest as were the chefs, dishwashers, food servers, orange peelers and the rest of the hard-working staff over there. These are the people who cook our food because they enjoy cooking our food. Well, we're going to do an about face.

Here (briefly, as space dictates) list of our ten favorite foods. It has occurred more and more frequently that, believe it or not, we look forward to certain dishes at Rose Skillman. The following are, in our judgement, the Beanery Best."

- 1) Someone whipped up a superb fruit salad last week, and bundled it in a watermelon shell. It was delicious.
- 2) The vegetable and rice soup served for lunch.
- 3) The excellent gumbo served at dinner, not often enough.
- 4) The lasagne.
- 5) The Caesar salads.
- 6) The spare ribs.
- 7) The London broil (better if it were rarer).
- 8) The shrimp.
- 9) The eggplant parmesian.
- 10) The sloppy joes.

We would like to see more fresh fruit (just a bowl of pears, apples, and bananas would be fine), fresh whole vegetables (peppers, tomatoes, cucumbers, and radishes), and more condiments (cottage cheese, fruit salad, pickles, etc.) so that if there is something for dinner we don't like (ground meat burgers... yech) we can still have dinner. There is a surprisingly large vegetarian group at school that deserves attention, and a lot of us just like to see more than meat and potatoes!



This came in the mail the other day:

To the 1975 College Graduates,

President Eisenhower once said that education is not only the means for earning a living, but for enlarging life. His words are especially appropriate for those who complete college. Your generation's candor, sensitivity and desire for creative involvement are heartening signs that you will be doing more than just earning a living.

You are graduating in a particularly difficult year. You will be faced with many uncertainties. But the opportunities that await you are even greater than the challenges. It will indeed be within your grasp to enlarge and enrich life in our society. As you make the decisions that will shape your course and that of your country, I hope you will keep in mind that one person can make a difference.

Times have changed greatly since I went to college. But looking back on those days in the context of today's



world, I know that the same optimism and hope I shared with my classmates is very much alive in you today. I want you to know how much I admire your enthusiasm and determination, and how convinced I am that you will make a difference for America.

I wish each of you the satisfaction that comes from doing your best at something you believe in.

Gerald R. Ford

For those of you who heard rumors that there might be four swimming lanes built across Lake Virginia, well, read on. We walked down to Coach Harry Meisel's office last week to investigate. Coach Meisel said he did not know what we were talking about, and replied that "there is no story." However, we at the Sandspur found there were plans drawn up and run off; the four swimming lanes were to be somewhere between the boathouse and the ski ramp, and would extend 50 meters from the shore out into the lake. Mr. Charles Zellers, college treasurer, told the Sandspur that whenever someone wants to build anything in a lake in Florida, they must go through the Environmental Board in Tallahassee. Mr. Zellers had recommended that Mr. Meisel not go through with his plan because the lanes were of no benefit to the college. They could, in fact, be a hazard. Mr. Zellers pointed out, however, that Mr. Meisel could go through Tallahassee himself. Zellers was quick to add that this would not be a popular gesture. But since when has Mr. Meisel been trying to win a popularity contest?



We received several comments about last week's letter page, among them a few concerning the one-sided letters on Dr. Backscheider's departure at the end of the year. Some people were downright nasty about it. All we have to say is that those were letters, people. They are labeled as such, and are also signed by the authors. They are opinions that do not fall under our editorial policy, and thus are printed as letters, nothing more.

Dr. Backscheider had a comment, and it is found in this issue under the Letter heading.



It is the general consensus, so we hear, that everyone enjoyed the Earl Scruggs concert. Well, that's wonderful. Whenever we hear the word "enjoyed" we are thrown into paroxysms of delight to think that a sizable number of people were pleased with a Student Center production. That's a step in the right direction.

The evening did have its black side. Right around 5:30 p.m., Randy Taylor, immersed in his Request Concert Hall program down in WPRK studios, suddenly found his turntables grinding to a halt and his resonant voice fading into audio twilight. Oddly, someone had plugged Barefoot



Earl

Jerry into the station power line, whereupon nobody had any power, and Barefoot Jerry had lost some friends.

Fortunately, the situation was rectified and power restored before a certain editor was scheduled to do a jazz music program. This quick action saved the Student Center, we assure you, from possible law suit (infringement of personal enjoyment!)

## THE SANDSPUR

ESTABLISHED IN 1894 WITH THE FOLLOWING EDITORIAL:

*Unassuming yet mighty, sharp and pointed, well-rounded yet many sided, assiduously tenacious, yet as gritty and energetic as the name implies, victorious in single combat and therefore without peer, wonderfully attractive and extensive in circulation: all these will be found upon investigation to be among the extraordinary qualities of the SANDSPUR.*

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Media Editor  
Sports

Grover Gardner  
Robin Jewell  
Robin Shurtz  
Bob Sullivan  
Wendy Clark  
Chris Boesch

Layout

Leslie Aufzien  
Alison Lee  
Alison Lee  
Sharon Ruvane  
Dan Hirschhorn

Proofreading  
Advertising  
Graphics

Contributors: Sharon Ruvane, Julie Hicks, Fran Goldstein, Peter Ehrlich, Bob Sullivan, Peter Turnbull, Liza Beasley, Gary Langfitt, Jacqueline Misho, Alan Boone, and Kathy Kramer.

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## Food For Thought

Food for Thought  
By Alan Boone

A few weeks ago, if you recall, there was a "Plant a Seed for Change" program on campus. Generous students pledged their lunches for the cause. The money from those uneaten beanery meals was collected and sent to a starving nation. The amount was \$106.48 - a commendable effort.

According to figures calculated by Siga Foods, an average of 60 pounds of food is thrown away per meal. At 40 cents per pound, this amounts to \$24 per meal and \$72 per day. When this is applied to the 230 days that the beanery serves, a sobering sum is realized. The value of food wasted annually in the beanery, conservatively speaking, is \$16,560 - a shameful amount.

There is something ironic about a student body that trash-cans \$16,560 worth of food and then goes without eating to raise a tremendous \$106.48 to send to their hungry fellow men.

You cannot deny it. You see a lot of uneaten food go down the conveyor belt. This nutriment is not recycled. It fills up garbage barrels. Your friends leave half a plate of this and a dish of that. "But my eyes were bigger than my stomach." Selecting the amount of food you will actually consume is not so difficult.

As with toilet training, it can be mastered in early life. It's simple: if you're not going to eat it, don't get it off the serving line. You see the girls stack up the abandoned trays near the end of the meal period. Some of those trays have entire untouched plates on them. There is no justification for such waste. Do you go to McDonald's, buy two hamburgers, and throw away one of them? The beanery food is not edible, you say. Then don't get it off the line. By this time you should know the characteristic taste of most of the

dishes offered. Contrary to criticism, it is not the food that is spoiled in the beanery. However fashionable it may be, please do not decorate your tray with half-eaten items.

The beanery management has tried to reduce the waste. One measure was to require students to bring their plates back for seconds. This step was to insure an empty plate in order to get more food. The inconvenience of this task overwhelmed too many gluttons. Another regulation, which is a little more successful, is to permit one plate at a time. This rationing infuriates some brickheads, but such emaciated individuals can muster the energy to return to the serving line if they are hungry enough. Students are permitted to serve themselves in all areas except the hot foods section, allowing them to take exactly the amount they want and should eat.

To these ideas, let me add some suggestions. If you're not sure about the taste of a dish, get a small portion and try it out first. Don't load your tray to piggish capacity when you enter the cafeteria.

Select a moderate meal and return for more if you finish it. Don't grab a handful of butter pats or a truckload of crackers. Pick up only the amount you're likely to use. Discipline yourself, and fuss at your friends when they leave food on their trays. Before you put that piece of cake on the conveyor, remember those hungry humans we raised \$106.48 for.

The luxury of having all you care to eat is a privilege that should not be abused. Suppose we had one of the typical institutional food programs that charges individually for items taken? Then you might pay for what you ate, eat what you paid for, and not pay for what you didn't eat. Who covers the cost of that \$16,560 wasted food fee? Not the beanery.

by: ROBIN SHURTZ

A friend of mine once said, "The true measure of a hero is how powerful his villain is." To be sure, any film or play is found lacking if one and not the other is the stronger character. The most powerful and popular horror films have realized this: the protagonist is only as powerful as his greatest obstacle. For what it is worth, the most popular horror film of all time, Bela Lugosi's *Dracula*, had as its central figure not a dashing young hero with curly blond

hair, but a sly, slick-haired, aristocratic leech. When faced with such a powerful adversary, traditional methods of heroics are useless; it is the scientific cunning of Van Helsing, a weak character, that eventually causes the vampire's downfall.

It is no wonder then, that the most popular actors within the horror medium are not traditionally portrayed as heroes, but as villains. The "Big Three" in horror films, Lon Chaney, Boris Karloff and Vincent Price, have played, almost uniformly, villains ("monsters" if you will) that are vanquished only in the closing seconds

By Jacqueline Misho

This article was written for those of you who are prone to semi-annual periods of insanity, especially during that gala affair known as registration week. Let's face it. It's the end of the year, and your reverence for Mr. Spock has reached a peak. Your image in the mirror has recently taken on somewhat "pointed" dimensions, and you begin to wonder which

courses would present a "challenge" to your ever-growing intellect.

Ah Yes! The solution miraculously appears before your very eyes!! A chance to grow, accelerate, expand your horizons! You quickly fly to your advisor and sign up for... a self-paced course!!

Better known to those with acute bush syndrome as "PSI" (personalized system of instruction). These little gems lurk in various science departments like Romulan space

ships with fully operative cloaking devices. They provide an excellent opportunity for the average, everyday, run-of-the-mill genius to finish a course early. Besides, who needs lectures?

Wait a minute who does need lectures? Haven't we all, at one time or another, bemoaned the fact that we were being forced to sit through a class from which we gained little or nothing we could not have

to the bookstore in a U-Haul? Personal tutors are great, as long as the proverbial situation concerning the two blind people can be avoided. Choosing one's own testing times is certainly a major convenience, provided the allotted time is not spent waiting in a line twenty deep.

The personalized system of instruction is an experimental method, through which a student may benefit or suffer. At this point in time

## This is a Warning?

accomplished, independently? After all, no one has a perfect schedule (thanks to aforementioned loss of reason), and sometimes it's nice to be able to devote large blocks of time to a single interest or subject (marbles, underwater basket weaving, etc.).

The self-paced courses offered now and in the coming year have a multitude of pros and cons. For instance, one can become better informed with multiple sources for each course, but who wants to pull up

(because it is relatively new), which of these situations a student may find himself does not totally depend upon the student. There still seem to be several small "bugs" to be ironed out in the near future. Sufficient motivation towards independent learning will make these "bugs" appear small and inconsequential, however. This humble servant recommends realistic assessment of personal motivation before the course, rather than after.

## Media: Speaking of Vampires...

of the final reel, and not without a baffling series of heroic adventures and cliff-hangers. If the past masters of the horror film have been the aforementioned trio, the modern master of villainy would have to be Christopher Lee.

More so than Vincent Price, who more often than not adds a note of humor to his various roles, Lee attacks each of his characters with the skill of a master sculptor.

Refused leading roles for many years because of his extraordinary height (6' 4"), Lee finally got a major role in Hammer Films re-make of the Universal horror film, *Frankenstein*. Entitled *Curse of Frankenstein*, this film was the first to co-star both Lee and Peter Cushing; Cushing being another horror actor who almost always plays the foil to Lee's nefarious deeds. So well was the initial Hammer *Frankenstein* film accepted, that a year later Lee was offered the title role in Hammer's *Horror of Dracula*, the screen's first actual adaption of Stoker's novel. Lee went on to play monsters and terrors galore, appearing in such films as *The Mummy*, *The Gorgon*, *Creeping Flesh*, *Horror Express*, *Castle of the Living Dead* and continuing his *Dracula* presentation in seven other films.

More recently though, Lee has been portraying more "conventional" villains than the past, essaying such roles as Rochefort in *The Three Musketeers*, and Scaramanga, the

title character in the new James Bond thriller, *The Man with the Golden Gun*. Does this mean a gradual drifting away from the horror medium? "Not at all," said Mr. Lee when I managed to corner him recently at the Bay Hill Country Club. "It is just that I have to accept my scripts more cautiously now. I have more of a reputation now than just another scary face." I would have no seconds thoughts in appearing in a terror film that I thought had promise; if they offered me a role in *Rosemary's Baby: Part 2*, I would jump at the chance. Unfortunately, the fantasy market has cheapened over the years, and companies just don't want to promote them like they did before."

Indeed, the last three horror films that Lee has made, *The Wicker Man*, *Satanic Rites of Dracula* and *Nothing But the Night*, have not seen major American distribution as of this writing. Tony Award Winner Tony Schaffer wrote *The Wicker Man*, and considers it one of his best works, yet no one will distribute the film in America; it has also won the International Fantasy Film award as best horror movie of last year. Lousy distribution as well as poor product has prompted Lee to start his own production company, Charlemagne Films, named after his famous ancestor. "The company will deal mainly in thrillers, the type they used to make." In other words, the type of

film he himself has made famous in recent years.

About his continuing portrayal of *Dracula*: "I became increasingly disenchanted with the way they were handling the character. . . *Dracula* appeared less and less in "his" films, and degenerated into a stock villain." It has been said of *Satanic Rites of Dracula* that the character more resembles Rohmer's Fu-Manchu than Stoker's menace. . .

What does the future hold for Christopher Lee? "I hope to remain as active as my audience allows me. . . don't get me wrong, I haven't turned my back on horror films, just the way they are presently being handled. I hope to appear in at least the definitive *Dracula* film before I retire." So do we, Mr. Lee, so do we.



and a lot of young people who recognize what has been happening to their food."

The restaurant menu is small but highly diverse: soya soup, yogurt, avocado salad, nitrate-nitrite free all beef hotdogs, goat's milk cottage cheese and papaya juice are just a few of the entrees. A favorite is the "smoothie," a high protein drink or a blended tropical fruit puree, banana, honey, fruit and protein powder.

A representative sampling of the merchandise includes vegetable soup, clover honey, peanut butter, sesame spread, honey ice cream, ginseng, spruce root tea, whole wheat graham crackers, soy flour bread, mung bean and cranberry papaya. In the far right corner of the store, a display of all natural organic cosmetics may be found.

Hours of the main store are 9:30 a.m. through 6:00 p.m.; the restaurant is open from 12:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.



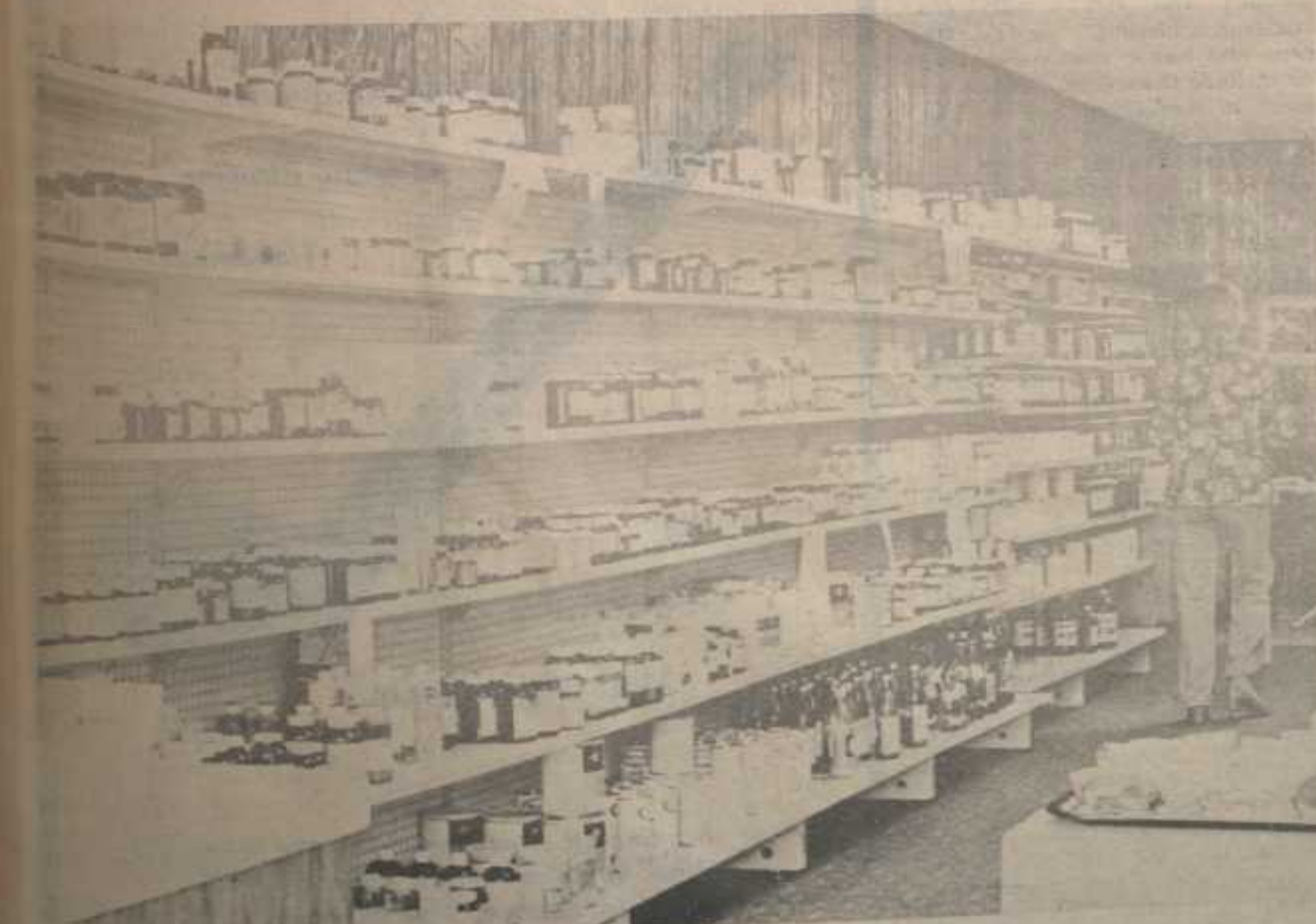
## I Never Sang For My Health Food

by: FRAN GOLDSTEIN

The mere mention of "health food" used to merit disparaging scoffs, but such no longer holds true. The ecology movement of the sixties didn't evaporate; it just turned from outward concern with the physical environment to inward concern with the nutrition of our bodies. Along with obtaining good nutrition without artificial additives, vitamins, or minerals came the demand for unadulterated food which had not been cut down on pollution.

That demand is being fully met at Quality Health Foods. Located at 348 S. Park Avenue, the store is both a grocery and a restaurant. Ms. Viscusi, who owns the store, was introduced to the health food business through her doctor husband, who believes that the excess consumption of white flour, sugar, salt and the traces of pesticides used to grow vegetables cause a great many health problems. Consequently, there is no sugar or white flour product in the store.

Asked what sort of clientele frequented Quality Health Foods, Peg O'Brien and Silvia Lipschitz, who manage the store, replied that their patrons were a curious mix: "We get a lot of older people who want the same food they had when they were young,



Vitamins line the shelves of the healthiest store in town.



## A Song of Sorrow

### Journey to Belfast



Photos by Christine Spengler.

by: PETER TURNBULL

The accompanying article was originally prepared for inclusion in the final issue of Fall Term, but was not received by the Sandspur until long past paress time. Its revival in this issue is not intended to spur any Ireland-bound Rollins students to travel to Northern Ireland; neither is it an effort to explain the Troubles," a task much too large and complex to be attempted here. Let us suffice with a

perhaps over-simplified summary and commentary, however:

Since 1609, when James I of England sent over a colony of Scot and English settlers, Northern Ireland (or Ulster) has been politically, socially, and economically dominated by protestants, although the majority of the population has always been Catholic. Following a bloody war for independence after World War One, the British government partitioned Ireland, finally recognizing the 26-

county Free State- later to become the Republic of Ireland- and creating the six-county British province of Northern Ireland.

The Irish Republican Army (the IRA), which had led the fight for national freedom and had been instrumental in establishing the revolutionary provisional government, was declared an illegal organization by the Free State government following a vicious civil war in 1926. The constitution of the Republic of Ireland has always called for the de jure 32-county nation, while the government has always accepted the de facto partition of the island. The IRA has never given up, however, despite numerous factional disputes, and although practical political and military considerations forbid it, the ideal of the IRA has never really died in the hearts and minds of the Irish.

The current "Troubles" in Northern Ireland began in the summer of 1969, when a group of Catholic civil rights marchers in Londonderry was attacked by the Protestant-dominated police force. Calling for fair electoral boundaries, freedom of speech and assembly, amnesty, repeal of the Special Powers Act (a 1922 legislative statute giving blanket clearance to government police forces for any actions deemed necessary), and an end to discrimination in housing and jobs, the civil rights groups were immediately branded by Protestant extremists as a papist conspiracy against the Union Jack.

The tensions and violence grew, and urban guerilla warfare broke out throughout the North. The British troops called in to keep order were soon recognized as the armed agent of the Protestant, pro-British status quo. On Bloody Sunday in January of 1972, British troops opened fire on unarmed, militant civil rights marchers in Londonderry, killing thirteen and wounding scores of others.

The British now clearly want out; quite simply, they cannot afford to stay in Northern Ireland much longer. Forced to maintain a standing troop strength of 14,500 men in Ulster, Her Majesty's armies have lost 232 dead and around 1400 wounded in the past five years; beside that, the British government has spent nearly three billion dollars in aid to the North since 1969. And by hanging on to Northern Ireland, the British are forced to suppress civil liberties, maintain internment camps for political as well as

criminal prisoners, and assume the role of supplying an occupying army, thus presenting to the eyes of the world the last ugly vestiges of 19th century colonialistic imperialism. There is no gulf quite so psychologically wide as the Irish Sea.

Civilian losses in Northern Ireland are much greater than those of the British army, of course. The death toll in the North stands at around 1200 and increases almost daily; there is no known accurate count of civilian injuries. The paramilitary organizations are numerous, the largest being the Ulster Defense Association (the UDA), the Ulster Volunteer Force (the UVF), the IRA Provisionals (the Provos), and the IRA Officials (a Marxist offshoot).

It is not a religious war; rather, it has developed into socio-economic-political gangsterism. The voices of moderation are drowned out for the most part by the literal and figurative explosiveness of the extremists, both Protestant and Catholic. However, following a rash of bombings in England last fall, a Christmas cease-fire was arranged in the North, lasting twenty-five days. On February 19th a second cease-fire was arranged and is theoretically still in effect; there have been over sixty casualties since, however.

Perhaps the most telling commentary of the Troubles, both past and present, was written over fifty years ago. Prior to his execution by the British army for his leadership in the Easter Rebellion of 1916, the teacher-turned-revolutionary Padraic Pearse wrote: The fools, the fools- they have left us our Fenian dead, and while Ireland holds these graves, Ireland unfree will never be at peace."

KINGSPORT, Co. Cavan, Ireland, November 23rd, 1974- About a month ago a fellow student and I decided to venture to Belfast, ostensibly "to see what it was all about." Because we had been specifically asked not to go to Northern Ireland, we specifically declined to tell anybody where we were going.

As both of us were well aware of the Troubles in the North, we postponed our final decision as to whether or not to go until the last minute, pending news of any new outbreaks of violence on a scale larger than normally

existed; I say that we were "well aware of the troubles" - the media were (and are) constantly reporting the latest casualties of sectarian violence - but after a decade of video combat fatalities and newspaper atrocities and, bluntly, the daily confirmation of the great American ethic of random violence, we were more or less passive in both our approach to and feelings about the "Troubles".

Thus psychically unprepared, we took our seats on the north-bound train and joked as we approached the border. "Don't worry if we get into any bad situations - you're big and mean-looking and I can run fast." Armed with savage wit of this nature, capable of inflicting incisive jabs of cynicism, we smiled negligently as customs men at the Great Victoria Street train station searched our luggage, finding nothing but clothes, toilet kits, and books.

Passing through customs, we made our way through the station, only to be confronted with the first really arresting indication of the Troubles: in front of a gaping hole in the side of the building was a sign, stating due to security problems (read: a bombing) the restrooms were temporarily out of order but that the bar and lounge had been relocated in another part of the building.

Fair enough, said we, and off we trudged to the city centre to the tourist bureau to find lodgings for the weekend. We noticed more and more British soldiers and policemen as we walked, and then we began to notice that at the door of every shop and building was a guard frisking everyone who entered. And then we saw the first of the many police barricades: hurricane fencing strung along twelve-foot steel posts imbedded in the concrete, topped with barbed wire, and flanked by security gates manned by armed police and troopers in combat gear, who searched each person and his or her belongings before allowing passage. (We later found out that the entire city centre is bound by these barricades, not too effectively creating a demilitarized zone of about two square miles.)

From the travel bureau we were  
(Cont. on p. 6)

Cont. from p. 1

They said communications has many opportunities for women, although it is highly competitive. "Women must be assertive and self-confident, but most of all, they need the support of other women as well as male support," stated Anne Maynard.

Neal Bullock, Master Counselor at Florida State Employment Agency, Johanna Marble, affiliated with the Foundation for Human Potentials, Inc., and Wanda Russell, Associate Dean of Students at Rollins gave clues to practical job-seeking. Ms. Bullock suggested a visit to 117 Court St. in Orlando where there are many listings for summer jobs. "Attitude, appearance and animation are important in successfully getting a job," contributed Ms. Marble. "Look alive, you could be replaced by a button." She continued, "An employer places 93% of his judgment on attitude and appearance, and only 7% on skill in hiring." Dean Russell said that knowing oneself, knowing what one has to offer, and knowing one's goals are essential factors in choosing a career. "Rollins does have vocational counseling, and personal guidance to help students in their career plans. A career library is located in the Personal Development Center at the French House," said Ms. Russell.

Writers Iris Comfort and Andre Norton, and poet Jean McKenzie comprised the panel for the literary session. All three women related their own experiences at breaking into writing, and gave tips on getting material published. Ms. Norton advised that the writer have "an eating job," that is, a steady job to keep from starving while waiting to be published. "Discipline is most important to the writer. A professional

writer does not wait till he's moved by a wonderful idea or inspired. You must write at least a paragraph every day, even if you're not in the mood - it gets your mind working," said Ms. Norton when asked for advice to the aspiring writer. Writing for specific fields was discussed, as well as the mechanics of publishing - literary agents, publishing in paperbacks as opposed to hard backs and what sells. Ms. Norton told the group that confessional writing, Gothic novels and Harlequin romances had the most market appeal, and paid well to boot. Writers-to-be have a greater chance of success when they study the market, and *Writer's Digest*, *Writer's Market* and *Publisher's Weekly* are valuable aids in this enterprise. Ms. Comfort added that one of the best ways to write was to consider every experience in such a way as to convert it into a saleable article. She related her own example of writing an article on child rearing, and selling it as a cover article to *Parent* magazine despite her agent's refusal to market it. She emphasized the necessity of staying open to every opportunity, even "running a bluff" to get a job - only make sure it can be backed up later! Ms. McKenzie related the move of poets to the university, and informed the listeners that one of the biggest decisions a poet had to make was where to expend his energies, i.e., what kind of an eating job should he take. In the past, many poets embraced life in such earthy disciplines as ditch digging, but more and more poets have been turning to teaching in the universities. She recommended completing a Master of Fine Arts program, although she maintained that an education was not essential to creativity.

The professional session drew women from such varied areas as gem cutting, marketing and law. Ms.

Merrill Gladstone, Ms. Vivian Morris and Ms. Winnie Sharp all set forth their views on women in professional fields. Ms. Gladstone spoke of lapidary and mineralogy as areas which incorporate many interests - geography, mathematics, and jewelry making, and felt these to be open to all people. "Dedication and attitude toward your job are more important than skills. Skills can be learned, attitude is something you carry with you throughout a lifetime," she said. Ms. Morris also had a positive, enthusiastic attitude toward possibilities for women in marketing. She is Vice President in charge of marketing at Winter Park Federal Savings and Loan. Ms. Morris called marketing "diversified, rewarding, there's never a moment you don't have something cooking; in marketing, you must know something about every department, every account." In response to a question regarding advancement within the banking system, Ms. Morris answered that tellers can rise to marketing positions involving research, branch openings, public relations, advertising and marketing analysis. Ms. Sharp, an Orlando attorney, told the participants of her entry into the legal profession. After attending Vassar, she went to the University of Virginia Law school as one of six women out of a class of two hundred men. She later transferred to Stanford in California, an atmosphere she found more congenial. She and her husband are now members of a private Orlando firm. Ms. Sharp's specialties are real estate, commercial and family law. Encouraging all to look into law, she said that a law degree was also a help in such professions as politics, banking, and business, as well as being invaluable for the person who had an interest in changing the structure of society.

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# "In Rode the 500..."

by: GARY LANGFITT

Question: What sporting event requires the strength of a NFL fullback, the speed of an Olympic sprinter, and the endurance of a marathon runner? Answer: The Bi-annual Rollins Registration Day or, as it is more commonly known, The Gallop for the Guts. It has come to my attention that fully half of the Rollins student body misses this stirring pre-dawn event, so, for the benefit of the lucky Juniors and Seniors, I have tried to keep a diary to accurately describe this week's affair.

3:00 A.M., Wednesday morning- I arrive with a group of entrants after the customary pre-race party. Already, close to twenty people have set up camp against the Field House doors. It is immediately apparent that a decision must be made; there are two doors into the lobby, only one will be open. This is a little bit like running in the Kentucky Derby, knowing that only half of the gates will open when the race starts. Secretariat may be running against a field of glue factory rejects, but if his gate doesn't open, he might as well have stayed in the paddocks.

4:00 A.M.- There are now about fifty people who have staked out territory around the Gym. Some clowns, I won't mention names, are cooking steak and eggs in a camper parked by the steps. The rest of us occupy ourselves in a less flashy manner. There are a few card games, one Backgammon board in use, inevitable hits off the handy hip flask; a few foolhardy souls are trying to catch forty winks.

4:47 A.M.- Mass panic! The word filters through the crowd that Design for Listening is closed! People frantically search for an alternative gut course. The art, music and theatre departments seem to get the most attention. Pencils with erasers are at a premium. People with a smooth forgery techniques are in constant demand for the courses with a consent prerequisite. Eventually, the crowd calms down as new schedules are worked out.

5:30 A.M.- Over a hundred and fifty hopefuls are now here in anticipation

of the announced 7:30 starting time. More are arriving every minute. Everyone is still sitting or lying down, but a tension is building. There is a sense of comradeship among those of us that have been here since the early morning; no one that gets here at six is going to cut in front of us!

6:05 A.M.- People are streaming in, something is about to give. For some never-to-be-explained reason, the crowd stampedes the door. Some of us have time to grab our pillows, most just get up and lunge wildly for the door. Hands, toes and faces are stepped on. In a matter of seconds, everyone is packed like sardines around the entrance. A quick look around reveals that a few latecomers with extraordinary quickness have managed to get ahead of me. I guess I'll have to work on my reflexes a little more before next year's race.

6:20 A.M.- The scene resembles a Grateful Dead concert with festival seating. Everyone is waiting for the gates to open so they can dash down and sit in front of the band. Except, this time, everyone is waiting for Mr.

Backscheider to open the doors so they can get into the magic world of Wednesdays-Off for fall term. Once every minute or so, a calmer head reminds the crowd that there is still over an hour until starting time, but, even if there was room to sit down, nobody would risk their place in line.

7:00 A.M.- The flag is dropped, the door opened, the race is on! Now is the time for brute strength. Four people try to get in the door at one time; every few seconds someone pops into the lobby and dashes toward the registration table. A few girls make it through the door without their feet touching the ground. I manage to get in fairly early, after out-muscling some of the fast-but-weak latecomers. Five hundred people are processed within fifteen minutes, the race is over. The results won't be known until the afternoon mail. Now it is time to go back to our respective rooms and sleep the day away. Few people will make it to classes, but everyone will cherish their participation in an event that is fast becoming a Rollins tradition.



This is Scoop McNerty, your ace fashion reporter with the latest from the trend setting styles of Rollins College. As 1972-73 was the year of the Top-Sider, 73-74 was the year of the stalker, so this year is surely the year of the crutch and cast. These Rollins students are known for their ability to start fads, and this year they seem to have outdone themselves. Some students will go to great lengths to become part of this fad, as we shall see.

To remember back, surely the

names at random in the Rollins directory, and use what's left as the list. Special mention, however, should be given to some. Congratulations to the junior who broke his leg in an intramural soccer game, then refused to quit and promptly broke it again playing volleyball. And a "Good Work" to the sophomore who sprained one ankle playing basketball. Not satisfied with just a limp, he then went out the next day and broke his other ankle, almost winning our

## Fashion Gnus

precursor of this newest craze was Russ Ricciardelli, a junior who could be called the Christian Dior of the East. Ricciardelli, in the first week of school, practically destroyed his knee to remain in the "in" group for nearly two months. Since Russ is a soccer player, naturally the fad caught on fast with the soccer team. Soon to follow suit were Andy Eberle and John Noelker, with cast for knee and ankle injuries.

But let us not only laud our sports stars for their participation. Surely, to break a bone in a sporting event takes no skill, just some good fortune. Let us praise those distinguished Rollins fashion-followers who gained their plaster in more meritorious ways.

To try to compile a complete list of all Rollins students who have appeared on campus either on crutches or in the plaster this year, one merely has to cross out any 25

Wheelchair Award. A "Nice Try" to the junior who rolled his car over twice to get immersed in a head cast. But the X-rays proved negative, and the chagrined student had to just walk around campus for three days looking like a rabbit with no ears.

Other qualifiers include the senior who threw his knee out while standing still catching a fly ball in intramural softball; and the girl who broke her arm when she fell off a chair she was standing on. However the Best of Competition award goes to the freshman girl who tore a ligament while dancing (?). We leave those details to Patsy Post.

So, people of Rollins, if you really want to be "in" this fashion season, break a bone, or throw your knee out and join the cast of thousands. Until next time, this has been Scoop McNerty.

## Choir Holds Dinner- Proceeds to Scotch for the Scotch

by: LIZA BEASLEY

The annual Chapel Choir banquet was held Tuesday night at the Imperial House restaurant on 17-92. All choir members were appropriately dressed for the occasion and met at the bar at 5:30 for a cocktail before dinner which was served at 6:00. The

menu included roast beef, egg plant, parmesan, and black bottom pie. After an excellent dinner, awards were presented to outstanding freshmen Mark Garlock and Sandy Gettings. Senior four year awards were granted to Chapel Choir president, C. Scott George, Music Guild president, Gigi Keefe, Chapel Staff president, Jean Reisinger and Amado Bobadilla, choirmaster at a local church. After the awards, gifts were presented to choirmaster, Alexander Anderson, Chapel Dean Wettstein, Chapel secretary, Mrs. Ellen Emerson, and Chapel custodian, Mr. Johnny Johnson. Others present were Dr. and Mrs. Jack Critchfield, Dr. and Mrs. Wettstein, Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert, Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton, and Mr. Hicks.

## Social Highlights

under the tasteful guidance of PASTY T. POST

WELL, fans, let me tell you this week was so exciting that it looks like I might have to invent news to make this an interesting and exciting campus. Now you crazy college kids just aren't being mean enough to each other!

Dr. Hamilton almost choked in Chapel on Sunday. No it wasn't the sermon; a bug flew down his throat while he was singing.

The Polish Picnic on the library lawn Sunday proved to be somewhat of a success. Barefoot Jerry should have put his shoes back on and walked back home. However Mr. Scruggs and family proved to be a delightful change from Deep Purple or what ever else noise seems to blare out of dormitories when one is trying to study. Most of the color was derived from the locals who dotted the lawn with diapered babies, rabid dogs who are always in the way, and styrofoam coolers containing NEHTs and cold-cuts. The only let down of the entire concert was that after people succeeded in pumping themselves with beer, pot (which was openly smoked) and God only knows what else, they had no place to go except home!

### TATTLE TALE TIME:

The editor of the Sandspur (not to mention names) was seen last week-end till 5:00 a.m. in the Phi Mu living room engaged in what I would tastefully call heavy petting.

Dig, Dig; till next time!

## Happy In Glad Rags

by: GROVER GARDNER

In brief, this is what happens to a person when the person wears second-hand clothes:

- 1) His friends shun him.
- 2) People talk behind his back.
- 3) Bums follow him around.
- 4) Things keep falling out of his pockets.

Let me elaborate each item on this list.

His friends shun him either because his clothes smell, or they just don't want to be associated with anyone who wears second-hand clothes. People talk behind his back do so because he has no friends; the gist of their gossip is that he is cheap. He is constantly plagued by hobos and street people because they get the notion, mostly from his dress, that he is willing to consort with them. Still, since his clothes are a little better than their rags, they feel he will add a little class to their panhandling efforts, should he decide to join in. Finally, things fall out of his pockets because it is hard to find used pants without holes in the pockets.

Reading the above information, one might conclude that our man is a slob. Well, that's where you're wrong. He looks fairly neat, but his personality is a horrid mess. His loyalties are a tangle; he can't decide whether to shun modern society and revert wholly to the world of pleted suits and wing-tips, or attempt to push away his nostalgic drives and force himself to comply with present codes and morals. People who choose the latter end up wholly hostile to their previous existence. These are the people who kick huns and refuse to donate to Salvation Army.

On the other hand, should our man choose to follow his natural drives (toward the nostalgic and second-hand), he would, as in most cases, reach a point after about three weeks when he instantly transmutes into an old man who walks the streets Sunday afternoon in a spotted sharkskin double-breaster (and a silk tie with palm trees hand-painted on it).

No one likes this sort; they sit outside high-class cafes and insistently tell passers-by that they can get ice cream a lot cheaper at a place in Maitland. They also ask if you've got a cigarette for their sick brother, Charlie. All I can say is, Charlie's been sick a long time.

Let's get back to the heart of the matter. Should we, as a nation, shun people who wear second-hand clothing? I say, No. Look at the advantages of good second-hand wear. It's real cheap, for one thing. It is marketed on a national basis; thus, if you're stuck in Poughkeepsie without a thing to wear to the Elk's convention, you are bound to find a rag dealer in town that will have your style in stock.

Another great advantage is that one is bound to find all sorts of interesting things in the pockets. At different points in my career, I have run across pipe cleaners, playbills, greasy menus, memos to business partners, a forgotten Erskine Caldwell novel (if anybody can forget an Erskine Caldwell novel), baby dolls' eyes, a pawn ticket (I redeemed it for what turned out to be an old hump gun with notches in the handle), and a neglected Hemingway manuscript, the last of which I kept for a few years, and haven't we heard enough from that

guy?

Well, 'nuff said. My point is that we should all reconsider our motives when we catch ourselves sneering at used clothing. And if you run across an old vyella shirt in the closet, would you give me a call?

## FISHING IN LAKE VIRGINIA





(Cont. from p. 4)

directed to a bed-and-breakfast in the vicinity of Queens University, on the south side of the city. After checking in with the landlady, we decided to walk around Belfast a bit, making sure to bring a camera along because "nobody back home would believe us."

We proceeded down the Ormeau Road, the scene of numerous assassinations and bombings, and commented to each other on the various hulking shells of burnt-out buildings, numerous barricades, and the omnipresent graffiti ('Up the Provos' and 'Boot Boys Rule - OK' being the most prevalent, followed by 'UDF Rule' and 'Fuck the Queen') when we spotted a soldier crouched on the opposite side of the street, clutching his automatic rifle in readiness and glancing warily about him.

We looked further up the road and saw four or five more soldiers in similar positions, roughly circling a small white van parked by the curb. Next to the van was an armed personnel carrier. Two British soldiers, both carrying automatic sub-machineguns and wearing light-weight flak jackets, were involved in frisking a young woman spreadeagled against the van and going through the contents of the truck.

Deciding that this would make a great picture, we walked about twenty

yards past the van, turned, took a snapshot, and walked on. Before we could take more than five steps, a clipped British voice behind us said, "Hold on there, lads."

We froze, looked at each other, and turned slowly around, making sure all the while that our hands were well away from our pockets. There stood the two soldiers who had been frisking the woman and searching the van.

"Did you just take a snapshot of that back there?"

Unsure of what to do, I turned on a thick Southern (American) drawl. "Excuse me, sir?"

"I said did you just take a photo?" this time more insistently and impatiently. My cohort was staring at the gun in the soldier's hands, and I looked and saw a full magazine and a finger on the trigger.

"Yes, sir," we both replied.

"May I see your camera?"

We handed it over and watched as he fiddled with the cover. He handed it back and told my friend to open it up and to take the film out.

"Are we not allowed to take pictures?"

"That's right, lads," he replied as the two turned away from us and went back to the van, taking our film with them. The young woman was still spread-eagled, her hands and face against the van, as another soldier herded her at gunpoint.

"That's right, gentlemen," the

smiling young official at the American consulate told us later. "There are written rules and unwritten rules, and you just broke an unwritten rule." As he led us to the door he pleasantly told us that he was taking a holiday that weekend, but that if we got into any trouble someone at the consulate would help. Jerry Ford's innocuous grin followed us out the door, past the

security guard, and down into the rainy mist of the early winter evening.

Upon reaching the street, we decided that the official at the consulate was a punk and that we would send the bill for the confiscated film to Queen Elizabeth.

We wandered around the city centre as night came on, walking through the nearly deserted streets.

Stopping at a police checkpoint to ask directions to a pub which had been recommended to us, we were told that we probably wouldn't want to go there. Why not, we asked. The policeman motioned us to follow him and we did, thinking 'oh well, what the hell'. He stopped half-way down

(Cont. on p. 8)



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# SPORTS

## Baseball Beach Freebee

by: BOB SULLIVAN

As it says in the Rollins Newsletter, this Saturday is the day that you can get something for nothing. Because Saturday is the day that Rollins will be holding its first beach day. Rollins will play Stetson University and the fans will get a show, on and along the field. You've read it before, I'm sure, but for those who have been hibernating for the past two weeks, I'll say it once more. Every Rollins student who wears a bathing suit will receive all the free soft drinks that he or she wants. And a reminder, the pool will be closed this Saturday, because of a meet, so the only place to catch the rays will be at the ball park. And with free soft drinks, you can't beat that deal.

On the field, the show will be tops, also. Heavy-hitting Stetson is led by the base stealing king of college baseball, senior Mike Wolfe. Second baseman Wolfe set a new national record with over 65 stolen bases. For

comparison, Woody Keys leads Rollins with 11 steals. But the Tars have something that the Hatter's don't, in the person of John Castino. Castino leads the Tars in almost every batting statistic including Home Runs (9), RBI's (54), Doubles (14), and Average (.352). The Hatters can't pitch around Castino either with David Hall right behind him. Hall's latest exploits include a grand slam against Jacksonville last Wednesday night in the Tars 10-3 victory up there. So Saturday's game should prove very interesting.

And don't forget the Nickname Contest, featured in last week's Sandspur. In case you missed it, tell me who these players are: Touch, Ski, Little General, Guinea, Jake, Roland, OC, Obie, Mellow, Bennie, Dr. Bones, Boxer, Gippa, JJ, Lorenzo, Strictly, Pup, Ommo, Koala Bear, and Chuckles. Send your answer to Bob Sullivan, Box 2342. If you don't drink. The 2 Six-packs can be your favorite soft drink. The Winner will be announced at the Rollins-U. Florida game May 17.

## Co-ed Tennis Shorts

by: WENDY CLARK

Over the past two weeks the Rollins Mens' tennis team has had two wins and two losses. The toughest match played was against Pepperdine University on April 16. The team lost 8-1, but the score is not indicative of the team's performance. They played tremendous tennis to make each match close and tense. On April 21 the team came back to whip Stetson University 9-0. Then on April 23 they drove up to Florida State. Although the team lost, Coach Norm Copeland is quite pleased with No. 1 player Ted McBeth, who had an extraordinary win over top-ranking Gordon Jones. The team had a close match on April 25 against F.T.U., but pulled through to win 5-4.

The team plays their last match of the season away at University of South Florida.

by: CHRIS BOESCH

The Rollins Women's Tennis Team ended their season on Saturday with a 9-0 win over the University of South Florida. This victory rounded out a perfect season for the team which won seven out of seven matches. Senior Bev Buckley remained undefeated both in singles and doubles with partner Linda Wert. Nancy Yeargin also went undefeated in singles action, as well as doubles with Rayni Fox.

Coach Ginny Mack was extremely happy with the team's performance this year. "The season was all I knew it could be when we started out the year. The competition is getting increasingly tougher, but this year's team met the challenge very successfully. It is hard to imagine the team next year without Ann Flint, Bev Buckley, Linda Wert and Rayni Fox. It was a day of mixed emotions - happy for the win and undefeated season but so sad to see the seniors end their careers at Rollins."

We wish the seniors luck and congratulate the team for another outstanding season.

## Rollins Third in Regatta

by: KATHY KRAMER

Florida rowing teams swept the Southern Intercollegiate Rowing Association Championship Regatta held at Stone Mountain, Georgia April 26. Rollins crew members were among fifteen rowing clubs present for the eighth annual competition.

The Rollins varsity heavyweight eight finished third in the south, outstroking Citadel, Norris Harvey, and U. of Va.; FIT and FTU took first and second places. Rowing in the varsity were: Steve Hall, Jack Beal, Ken Scott, John Ross, Tom Courtney, Bob Potter, Bill Maclean, Wes Parker, and Larry Hickey, coxswain.

FIT and Jacksonville University won in the varsity four classification

against Rollins' Tom Courtney, Will Graves, Marcus Burns, Chuck Sullivan, and Tom Garibaldi, coxswain, who took third place in their heat.

Ken Scott and John Ross, with Tom Garibaldi as coxswain, presently hold the Florida State Intercollegiate title for pairs with coxswain. They captured third place at Stone Mountain; FIT and Jacksonville U. again took first and second.

State champs Steve Hall and Jack Beal clinched second place in pairs without coxswain, defeating Remeck Rowing Club and just behind Morris Harvey.

Chuck Sullivan, Rollins' entry in the novice singles came in fourth place, with two Atlanta rowing clubs and Jacksonville U. in front.

The recently established women's team entered a four consisting of Linda Brown, Dora Carrion, Kathy Kramer, Susan McKeon, and Virginia Toledo, coxswain. University of Tampa, Jacksonville U. and Sommet placed in the finals while Rollins finished third in the qualifications.

A Rollins first in the competition was swept by Coach Jim Lyden who rowed in the veteran singles.

Other members of the Rollins rowing teams include Bob Hay, Nancy Blodgett, Renee Noell, Barbara Leopold, and Maria Wolf.

Representatives of the men's team will journey to Philadelphia to compete in the Dad Vail Regatta on May 10.



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Looking for a job this summer? Want to work near and or in the water, and don't want to go home? Rollins is offering summer and year-round positions working in Aquatic Ecology. If you are interested contact either Dr. Richard or Dr. Small by May 15. Stipends are available.

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Tuesday, May 6-1:30 p.m. Crummer Auditorium

Wednesday, May 7-1:30 p.m. Auditorium

Any questions-contact Student Affairs Office, Carnegie Hall

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# CAMPUS NOTES

## TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION

SIMS on campus would like to announce that **Maharishi Mahesh Yogi** will be appearing on the Merv Griffin Show on May 5 (next Monday) (Channel 6) at four o'clock in the afternoon, for those who want a Psychologically-oriented explanation of the program and results of Transcendental Meditation. Also appearing on the show will be Grandma Walton and Psychiatrist Bloomfield, both instructors of TM. For more information call 2455 or write box 2555.

Adrian Valls.

More than 11 years of the Rollins experience will be the background of Dr. Allen Norris's talk at Chapel this Sunday at the 9:45 a.m. service. Dr. Norris has served the college on the faculty as well as in the administration, providing particularly supportive counsel in his current role as Vice-Provost to individual students with a variety of academic problems. Taking up the duties of his appointment as President of Lewisburg, N.C. next month, Dr. Norris will take this opportunity to reflect on the values implicit in a viable liberal arts education. His subject will be Quest & Commitment.

## POETRY CONTEST

One thousand dollars will be awarded as grand prize in the First Annual Poetry Competition sponsored by World of Poetry. Poems of all subjects and styles are eligible to win the grand prize or any of fifty other cash or merchandise awards.

According to contest director, Joseph Mellon, We are looking for poetic talent of every kind, and expect 1975 to be a year of exciting discoveries.

In addition to a prize, each winning poem will be included in the prestigious World of Poetry Anthology. The contest will be judged by an independent panel of the Chaparral Poetry Society. Rules and official entry forms are available by writing to World of Poetry, 801 Portola Drive, Suite 211, San Francisco, California 94127. The contest closes June 30, 1975.

## DANCE FRIDAY

This Friday, May 2nd, the Student Center is sponsoring a dance in the Union. The band is called Holly Lane and they have recently arrived from Columbus, Ohio. They are presently on vacation from a three month four day a week show at the Columbus Steak and Ale. If anyone wants to hear the band before Friday, they will be in the Pub Thursday for two shows starting at 9:15. Again there will be a dance this Friday night May 2nd and the time will be 9:30 right after the movie.

There will be a Bike-athon held by the Kissimmee - Sanford - Orlando - Winter Park Optimists Club. All proceeds will go to the Florida Hospital Kidney Tissue Bank. Poster will be up on campus with more details about this May 4th event.

## THE STUDENT COURT

The new Student Court for the remainder of this term and for next year has been named. The Investigating Committee of the Student Court consists of Blondie Jones, Bill Maclean, Susan McKeon, Brian Moore, and Henry Battagliola. The new judges are: Luther Graham, Lois Cooper, Patti Marx, George Westwood, Jeff Morgan, Tom Sciortino, Lewis Lerman, and Cathi Wiebrecht. All of these people were nominated by the Nominating Committee of the Student Court and were approved by the Student Assembly on Thursday, April 24. Since their approval they have started an orientation process for the positions on the Court.

## LOST AND FOUND AT THE CONCERT:

- 2 Pairs of Sunglasses,
- 1 Camera (Amy Loewith)
- 1 Baseball Cap,
- 1 Towel
- and 1 small styrofoam cooler.

If you lost any of these items, check with Campus Safety in Carnegie to get them back.

## PEACE AND CONFLICT STUDIES

An intensive semester's work, Fall 1975, focused on Peace and War, Global Problems, Conflict and Revolution, Peace Research, Conflict Resolution and Non-violence. For undergraduate and graduate students, 12-15 credits - transferable. For information and applications, write: Peace and Conflict Program, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15260.

International College for Hypnosis Studies, Inc. announces its opening fall term 1975. Professional training in medical, legal and psychological hypnosis. Bachelors degree required for admission. State Board Approved. Non-profit. P.O. Box 011221, Miami, Fla. 33101. Tel. (305) 932-2233 ext. 1365.

The Student Legislative Action Center was created by the students of Rollins College during the winter of 1975, its basic purpose to provide a means by which people can participate in the political process. Those who founded the Center believe that there would be far more participation by the citizens if they had essential information on the organization of the government (federal, state, local), on those who represent them in public office, and on the intricacies of the communication and lobbying process.

It is the SLAC people who are responsible for the bulletin board in the Post Office to the right as you walk in.

Next week SLAC is sponsoring several activities on campus. This Monday, May 5 and Tuesday, May 6 there will be two petitions in the Beanery during lunch and dinner. The first petition will be to remove Gallo wines from the Pub and replace them with comparably priced and comparable-tasting substitutes supported by the United Farm Workers. The second petition will be to supplement teamster (i.e., scab) lettuce with United Farm - supported lettuce next year in the Beanery. The members of SLAC look forward to student participation in this and future events.

## POTPOURRI

This week's list of entertainment can rightly be labeled entertainment for the skeptic. We're giving you everything from the Marx Brothers to Exxon energy reports.

VIDEO: Who says that we don't have big name groups at Rollins? Every night this week the Rolling Stones are performing in the Union, at 9 p.m. Next week the video will be the Virgin President, a story of the first totally incompetent man to become president. No sarcastic remarks, please.

FILM: This week's film is one of my favorites. The classic "A Night At The Opera" starring the Marx Brothers. The line to watch for in the movie, which is in Bush at 8 p.m. is when Groucho says to Mrs. Claypool, "How would you like to feel the way she looks?" Watch for it.

PUB: This Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights, the band Holly Lane will be performing. The shows will

begin at 9:15 p.m. Check the signs for details.

## LECTURES:

Next Tuesday, May 6, there will be a lecture presented by Exxon Corporation amazingly enough about the Energy Crisis.

SPECIAL: Don't miss the Rollins beach day, this Saturday! If you wear your bathing suit, you will receive all the free cokes you want when Rollins plays Stetson. By the way, the pool will be closed this Saturday, so if you want to catch ray what better way to do it than with cold coke in your hand, watching baseball game. The game begins 1:30 p.m.

Don't trust any one with your money? Wondering just which way your money is being thrown off? Come to the meeting of the Student Center Board of Directors this Tuesday, May 6 at 5:30 p.m. and get some answers.

## A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

The classic Marx Brothers come to A Night at the Opera, will be shown in Bush Aud. this Friday at 8 P.M. It's a hilarious satire on the opulent circumstance surrounding grand opera. Groucho and his brothers escape the ocean with an Italian opera company and try to help two singers get a break. Margaret Dumont plays the patron of the arts and provides a great deal of fun for the brothers. Don't miss this crazy, silly and a movie.

Next week look for the Bruce Lee great, "The Chinese Connection."



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(cont. from p. 6)

"That's why not," he said. "The place was blown up last week."

"By the Provos or the UDF?"

"Probably by the owner for the insurance, but nobody can prove it."

We ended up drinking in a pub near the university, after being turned away at another pub across the street because the doorman/security guard didn't recognize us and so would not let us in. Upon returning to the bed-and-breakfast, we were cau-

tiously let in by the landlady, who scrutinized us thoroughly through the curtains before unlocking the door. "There were Brit soldiers knocking on doors tonight," she explained ominously.

The next day we played tourist and visited the Ulster Folk Museum and the castle at Carrickfergus (which overlooks the town where Andrew Jackson's parents were born). Arriving back in Belfast around five, we again wandered through the city centre before deciding to stop

someplace for a few pints.

We saw a place which appealed to our culinary tastes and were about to walk in when three men stepped out and told us that the pub was closed, that we should try another place down the street. Looking at the crowd inside and then back at the three men, we shrugged our shoulders and strolled down the street to another pub.

We got back to the bed-and-breakfast early that night in order to watch "Kojak" and found the news on television. A filmed report was on,

regarding the latest sectarian killings in the city. We watched in grim fascination as the reporter told how gunmen had walked into a bar early that evening and had shot two brothers in the head, killing them instantly.

As we lay in our beds that night, neither of us talked. Suddenly I sat up "What is it?" my friend asked. "Gunfire," I said, and we both listened for a few minutes until the shots faded away.

The next morning we caught the first train for Dublin, and as the train pulled out of Belfast, through the open country towards the border, past the border town of Dundalk, and finally into the city centre of Dublin, we spoke infrequently, each of us wrapped up in our private thoughts and sufficiently masked by the Sunday papers and our friendship to disturb the other.

As we walked across the O'Connell Street Bridge in Dublin, I suppose we both realized what it was that we had been looking for since arriving back in the city but had not seen: no troops on every corner. No barricades. No sense of unfounded guilt and paranoia as we passed a policeman. And we realized that on that night we would not lay awake in our beds, listening for the sound of gunfire echoing through the city streets.

"Sweet Jesus," my friend muttered, "let's have a pint."

"Spoken like a gentleman and a scholar," I replied, and off we went.

