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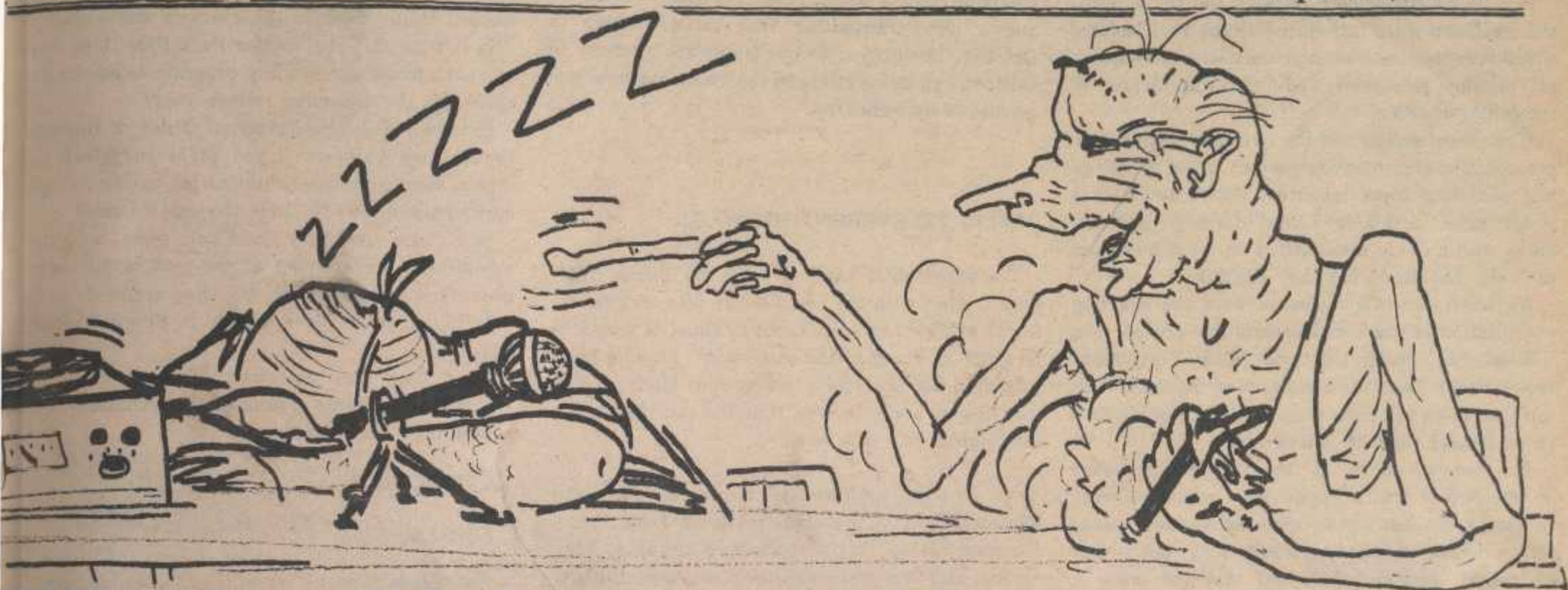
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Winky Whippet-Class of 1919

by: BILL CHESTER

This past summer I had the great good fortune of meeting Mr. Walter "Winky" Whippet of Belladoon, New Hampshire. Mr. Whippet, Rollins class of 1919, was kind enough to grant me an interview concerning the "Old Rollins".

Winky, as he demanded to be called, is rapidly approaching octogenarian status. Despite his advanced age he remains an alert and lucid individual. Regretfully, Mr. Whippet's health has failed him as of late. In regards to his growing dependence upon medication Winky bravely remarked, "I wouldn't be caught dead without it." He suffers from occasional bouts of blindness. (His doctor informs me that Winky's blindness is a result of his penchant for strong drink. When liquor is not available, as was recently the case, Winky is not adverse to the use of hair tonic and household agents.)

For those who are so disposed, Mr. Whippet can be contacted by mail at his winter address: Belladoon Home for the Weary, Belladoon, New Hampshire.

The following is a verbatim account of my interview with Mr. Whippet.

Bill Chester: Mr. Whippet. . .

Whippet: Winky, if you please.

B.C.: Winky, in 1915 you were a freshman at Rollins?

W.W.: That's right, bunky. I wanted to major in Tap Dance, but my folks made me take up Maintenance. (Mr. Whippet graduated in 1919 with a major in the Minuet. **Editor's note.**)

B.C.: I see.

W.W.: Wish I could.

B.C.: In which dorm did you reside in 1915?

W.W.: Weren't no dorms in '15, hotshot. All the freshman lived on rafts out on Lake Virginia. Boys and girls both. We had to swim ashore for classes.

B.C.: That must have been a harrowing experience.

W.W.: Not too bad, unless the leeches got you.

B.C.: And where were the classes held?

W.W.: Either the old boat house or Apopka. No one wanted to use the campus on account of the Walk of Fame problems.

B.C.: What Walk of Fame problems?

W.W.: Well back in '15 the Walk of Fame wasn't just a collection of stones like it is today. No sir. Back then they had the actual corpses of those famous people laid out around the "Horseshoe". And you know what a hot day will do to a bunch of stiffs. That's why classes were held in Apopka for awhile.

B.C.: I see.

W.W.: Oh, lay off. Say, you wouldn't have any hooch on you? A little rye? Corn? How about some Bay Rum? Vitalis? Liquid Plummer?

B.C.: Sorry. . . I imagine you could tell us something about the classes?

W.W.: No, I take mine straight from the bottle.

B.C.: Classes. C-L-A-S-S-E-S.

W.W.: Well don't shout at an old man. . . Classes? Let's see. Well, first off, anybody late for class was either expelled or shot; sometimes both depending on the mood of Dean DeFarge. The old Dean was quite a man, always wore a pistol and carried a bassoon around for good luck.

B.C.: Exactly what courses made up the 1915 curriculum?

W.W.: We had Astronomy, Greek, Astrophysics, Midwifery, Bowling, Latin, Plumbing, and naturally Animal Husbandry. Now remember, these were all required courses. The gals could take Home Economics if they could get prenatal consent. (We're relatively certain Mr. Whippet means "parental consent". **Editor's note.**)

B.C.: With all those required courses it would appear as though there weren't enough hours in the day for homework.

W.W.: You're right! There weren't enough. Heck, when I was a sophomore there were only 22 hours in a day. (Mr. Whippet is wrong here. In 1933 Federal Law reduced the collegiate day from 39½ hours to 32 hours. **Editor's note.**)

B.C.: What was the faculty like?

W.W.: Good question. No one knows for sure, that's still alive. ("who's". **Editor's note.**) There were only four teachers that I can recall. But those four had a strong administration behind them. There were 37 deans, 28 housemothers, Winnie Ruth Judd was one, and of course the Upperclass Vigilantes.

B.C.: Who were your favorites?

W.W.: Father Flannigan, who taught Comparative Orphanages, and Judge Crater. I wonder whatever happened to the judge?

B.C.: How was the Greek situation?

W.W.: There weren't any, although I seem to remember a few Mexicans and a girl who claimed to be an Esquimau.

B.C.: I mean the fraternity-sorority situation.

W.W.: Say what you mean, son. The gals were absolutely crackers over sororities and us guys were crazy to join a good frat.

B.C.: Which fraternity did you pledge?



W.W.: The Kappa Ramma Nukes, or just the "Nukes" for short. Want to learn our secret grip? I'll show you if you can get me a good bottle of scotch.

B.C.: Sorry.

W.W.: So ain't I. Now where was I? Oh yes. The Nukes. We Nukes were real desperadoes. One fall, after Open-House, we lynched a couple of pledges just to let off some steam.

B.C.: What about the Administration's reaction?

W.W.: The Administration, both here and in Washington, was pretty finicky about that sort of thing. They weren't crazy about "hazing" either. Still, you could see a public flogging or a good garotting right around "Hell Week".

B.C.: Was there much drinking?

W.W.: Just look at me.

B.C.: I see. . . Sorry.

W.W.: Oh, that's all right. I knew a guy once whose tongue fell off from the drink.

B.C.: Uh-huh. Did the Independents cause much trouble?

W.W.: You bet they did. One year they got all worked up over the inclusion of English literature into the curriculum. They got so mad that they threw the corpse of Dickens into the lake.

B.C.: What came of that?

W.W.: We darn near lost Fox Day over that stunt. Luckily the body washed up at New Smyrna Beach a week later, no worse for the wear.

B.C.: I bet the Greeks were mad.

W.W.: Heck no. Dickens was English anyway.

B.C.: How were women's hours in 1915?

W.W.: Pretty stiff. Freshmen women had to be in their closets by seven o'clock.

B.C.: Now I've got you cornered, you old soak. I thought you said freshmen lived on rafts. Well what kind of closets can you have on rafts?

W.W.: Water closets.

B.C.: That does it. I'm leaving. Here. Drink this.

W.W.: What is it?

B.C.: Truth serum. And I hope you choke on it!

We Happened to Notice...

We happened to notice that this year's Orientation Wake progressed very smoothly and efficiently. Oops, did we say "wake"?

In a sunny atmosphere of rules and regulations, the freshmen were introduced to the real Rollins, which everyone knows comprises a large population of housing personnel and assistant deans of something-or-other.

What surprised us was the swift and imaginative presentation of so many important facets of college life, including room inventory (don't touch that scotch tape!) and a few brief dorm regulations, along with a lively dissertation on what freshmen can't do, and also what they can't do.

We were immensely pleased with the exacting organization of the social orientation groups. For instance, we heard that one Spanish professor spoke about Spanish, Spanish and Spanish. You can't get more complete than that when presenting an all-around view of college life!

As someone here at the newspaper office commented, it was a shame that, when we were freshmen, we didn't get a more exhaustive look at things during Orientation Week. Why, one writer expressed surprise when told that the price of college these days certainly *doesn't* include three dollar's worth of useful Max Factor coupons and a free extension cord!

We noticed there are fewer WELCOME BACK, ROLLINS signs along Park Avenue. Isn't anyone glad to see the kids return? One store, which featured a sale with twenty-five to fifty percent off on various items, now sports a new sign in the window advertising "10% Off for Rollins Students." Welcome back.

We also noticed that parking spaces are getting scarce. One gas station owner now refuses to sell spaces to Rollins students. Another owner will sell his spaces - to the girls only. Doesn't he know that women are lousy drivers?

WPRK took on a new look two weeks ago. The painting people redid the walls in the main studio, and the carpet people have laid stuff on the floor to match the walls, stuff that a few of us wouldn't mind having in our own homes to cover those rotten,

stinking old floorboards. Not to be jealous, but how long since the Sandspur office has looked like the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria? Anyway, they have also installed handsome new equipment, including a gleaming control board, tape decks and turntables, and a new transmitter that should arrive in October. The plan is to quadruple their power to thirteen hundred watts, and the whole business will go stereo by February.

PUBLIC TELEVISION THIS WEEK

We expected a bang-up week on Public Television, what with the commercial networks boosting all of their new shows, but Channel 24 seems to be plodding along at the same pace. They've been making a big push for contributions lately, which may be part of the answer. Nonetheless, there are a few high points this week.

At 3 p.m. on Sunday, September 21, the Philadelphia-Folk Festival features John Prine, Norman Blake, British balladeer Frankie Armstrong, and Don Reno and the Tennessee Cutups, along with special guest, national Fiddle Champ Buck Ryan.

Also on Sunday, at 8:30 p.m., THE NATURALISTS features a documentary on John Muir, the Scottish immigrant who pioneered the crusade to preserve the Yosemite Valley. And don't miss MONTY PYTHON'S FLYING CIRCUS in its new time slot at 11 p.m. This week, Oscar Wilde, Whistler, Bernard Shaw and the future Edward VII exchange epigrams instead of conversation at a dinner party. There's a nasty scene at the Blood Donation Center, where stocks are being stolen, an even nastier scene in a peculiar bar; then on to the International Wife Swapping from Red Car.

Wednesday at noon is the new time slot for WHEN TELEVISION WAS LIVE. Mary Healy and Peter Lind Hayes, the great early T.V. entertainment team, reminisce about the days when television was live. The major portion of the show is devoted to films of their shows. Fascinating viewing for tube fans, trivia lovers and nostalgia nuts.

THE ROMANTIC REBELLION, at 3 p.m., finds host Kenneth Clark discussing the life of Jacques-Louis David, the revolutionary classicist who influenced the course of history more dramatically than any other artist; his paintings played a direct role in the French revolution.

Thursday has a share of good viewing. At 2:30 p.m., THE ASCENT OF MAN starts its series again. On this first show, host Dr. Jacob Bronowski goes back to the creation of man and follows the history of man's mind as basic human talents begin to unfold. Beginning in the Omo Valley in Ethiopia, the good doctor examines human physical gifts and traces on a computer the development of the human brain.

QThen at 8:30, Professor S. Schoenbaum, noted Shakespeare scholar and author of "A Documentary Life of Shakespeare," is interviewed on CLASSIC THEATRE PREVIEW. This is followed by a screening of MACBETH, starring Eric Porter and Janet Suzman. First in a series of thirteen classic dramas produced by the BBC and presented on CLASSIC THEATRE: THE HUMANITIES IN DRAMA.

On Friday, at 12 p.m., Jimmy Breslin is featured on BOOK BEAT, and discusses his book "How the Good Guys Finally Won," his study of the impeachment process that ultimately drove President Nixon from the White House.

IN THE "IS IT TRUE DEPT.":

Is it true that the Orange County Department of Motor Vehicles has presented an official vote of thanks to Campus Safety for posting all of the unused traffic signs in the county's warehouse?

Is it true that the Winter Park Fire Dept. has started a massive recruiting program to bolster its ranks for the upcoming college year?

Is it true that the Fraternal Order of International Curb Painters (Local 7475) has given an official commendation to Rollins for having enough curbs painted red to circle the earth twice?

Is it true that fifty freshmen were seriously considering transferring at the end of fall term because it rained on the day they arrived?

Is it true that the sandspur is Florida's State Flower?

Is it true that notorious "Fingers McGirk", ex-safecracker, lurks around the Post Office to help people open their mailboxes?

...and now,
A note from the Editor....

Not only is Winter Park a delightful college town, it is also one of the wining and dining capitols of Central Florida. Let me give you a brief outline and descriptions of some of the better places to throw money away.

LA PORTA is a high-fashion dining establishment, specifically for the lavish budget. You can order up to twenty-three courses, including bread, savories, fruit cocktail and anti-pasta. Not for the queasy, this sale-a-manger can provide an entire afternoon and evening of fine cuisine. Bromo served with the coffee.

HOUSE OF FOOD is not what the name implies. They never serve real meals, just bits and pieces of yesterday's cold-cuts. Sometimes they don't have anything to eat at all. The chairs are very comfortable, though. Air-conditioned salad bar.

MAMA'S ON LOAN features home-cooking, which is usually stone-cold by the time it gets to the restaurant and onto your table. Best to call ahead and order, even if you don't know the menu. Everything tastes the same anyway.

RUDY'S is marvelous for the small pocketbook. It's also marvelous for the small stomach, as the portions are miniscule. It's rumored that the owner is a skinflint and hates to serve people more than he himself would eat, to minimize waste. It's also rumored that the owner had his stomach removed eighteen years ago.

THE PINBALL let's you eat while you play pool, pinball or other amusements on the premises. As you enter you are fitted with a large tray that hangs around your neck. The food is placed on this tray, leaving your hands free to gamble your life away at the card table, or wherever. Bring your own straws.

POKONO JOE'S has dancing every evening from eight to eight-thirty. Then the band switches with the chefs, who do a hilarious barber-shop quartet routine, while the musicians cook. If you arrive after eight-thirty, the drummer makes a great soufflé.

The main attraction at THE YELLOW DOOR is Happy Walters on the giant Hammond Rhythm Box. The organ itself broke down several years ago, and the management has yet to repair it. Dancing nightly to delightful rhumba and medium swing beats.

Never at a loss for amusement, Rollins students frequent these spots in an attempt to find some meaning in life. If you ask me, they're looking in the wrong places, but that's beside the point.

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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Bite and Chew

under the tasteful guidance of:
PASTY T. POST

Well, well, well, as in welcome back. It is now time to start gritting your teeth again (after what was, for most of you, an absolutely tacky summer), and once again become a tasteful member of the Rollins society. Marriage seemed to be the theme for Summer '75, and quite a few co-eds and alumni took their marital vows. Some weddings proved to be the social event of the season. (Susan Brown did throw quite a charming bash), while others were just plain off color, if you know what I mean! Wedding will be the plain concern of Dana Schneider this fall, as she does plan to marry Dylan Thomas, a former Rollins student, now alum, on the 3rd of Feb.

New cars and more gold appear to be the theme for this year's returning co-eds. Two members of the Washington society are sporting about in new autos, and girls, with this recession, it is going to take twice as much gold to make it through the year. **Fashion** is the key word on the courts this

year: be sure to check out **Le Sport**, off Park Ave. They look just fab.

Speaking of Fashion, just a quick note to you freshmen girls: **GET WITH IT!!** Here at Rollins we just don't wear those god-forsaken double knit pants with tacky co-ordinated tops. **WRONG!** To that certain new student with the leather vest avec fringe and the matching headpiece, please send it back to the reservation where it belongs. Otherwise the freshmen look in pretty good shape. However, one good party should absolutely smear your image and if that doesn't do it, I will.

Attention, dancers: Check out **P.J.'s** (formerly The Back Door); it is now a disco with a seemingly tasteful crowd.

Applications are now being received for membership in the Buena Vista Room. The selection committee assured this writer that the crowd would be much better this year, with a possible check on family background before admission. Ask Roger for an application blank.

Till next week remember, "Never too thin or too rich."
DIG DIG.

Booked Solid

(From time to time this journal will review and recommend new and re-issued books which have been acquired by either the Library or Bookstore.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame, by Victor Hugo, 112 pages, short bibliography and no pictures of the hunchback.

Set in 14th century Notre Dame this fast moving albeit slow-witted epic tells the heartwarming story of Quasimodo (Charles Laughton) the hunchbacked but agile bell ringer. In the final chapter Quasimodo wins the heart and hand of the lovely Esmeralda but not before Cardinal Richelieu and the Vatican Boy's Choir sing the unforgivable libretto from **KISS ME KATE**. American readers perhaps know this work by its more popular title, **GIGI**.

Through the Years With the Whoopee Cushion, by Heinrich Heine, 1,247 pages, many interesting pictures of the Royal Family.

Heine, professor emeritus of the Latvian War College, has done it again. He deftly delineates the sordid history of this "engine of mirth" from prehistoric times to the present. Included are anecdotes about Aristotle's tricking Sophocles into sitting on the cushion, how Napoleon won Bonaparte's hand by getting her to jump on "la cushione oolala." Heine states in the preface that this book has been his life's work, "This book has been my life's work."

Studs Lonnegan and the Whistling shirt, by Graham Greene, 433 pages with no copyright.

Bound to please. Bound to tease. Bound in genuine Naugahyde this book is a must for the illiterate.

My Years in Hollywood, by Max Planck, Library of Congress #6, on loan from the Ocala National Forest.

Relating his life in Hollywood the author offers fascinating insights into the lives of Fay Dunaway, Gerard Manley Hopkins, George Arliss and the Dolly Sisters. One uproarious chapter is devoted to T.S. Elliot's tragic love affair with Margaret Dumont. Edmund Wilson has written of this volume, "Only in paperback."



Golden Archives Special

WHO ARE THESE TWO Rollins Celebrities from the past? Hints: The picture is a publicity shot for a theatre production here on campus.

What is the name of the stage on which the two actors stand? What are their names? What is the name of the production? When was the picture taken?

The first student to bless Box 2742 with the

correct answer will receive a shiny, newly-bound copy of "The Best of Life," a collection of the finest examples of magazine photography from that illustrious publication's long history.

All questions must be answered correctly, and the winner must be a present Rollins undergraduate student. Answers must be received in the mail no later than Wednesday, September 24th.

Where You Come From is Important

by: HARVEY COX

(Born and raised in Malvern, Pennsylvania, Harvey Cox graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1951 and later received his PhD from Harvard University. Presently a professor at the Harvard Divinity School, Mr. Cox has authored such nationally prominent books as *The Secular City* and *Feast of Fools*.)

I used to be very embarrassed when people asked me where I came from. Actually I was born and spent the first seventeen years of my life in a little town called "Malvern" in Chester County in Southeastern Pennsylvania. It wasn't really much of a town, especially in the 1930's during my boyhood. Only 1555 people called Malvern home. It had no restaurants, no movies, no drive-in hamburger emporia. The trains rushed through Malvern to stop either in Paoli to the east or in Downingtown to the west. Malvern had an elementary school but we had to ride a bus five miles to Berwyn to go to high school. It was not a prosperous town. At the intersection of its two main streets, King St. and Bridge St., stood the wreckage of an abandoned Hires Rootbeer factory. The town was cursed with a sort of communal inferiority complex, so I grew up being embarrassed when people asked me about where I came from.

I am not so embarrassed anymore. In fact I am writing a book now, which should come out in the spring of 1973 which is, in part, about my boyhood in that bypassed little town, because it was a singularly rich and memorable boyhood from a human point of view. Though small, Malvern has a little of everything, or almost everything. We had blacks and whites, Catholics and Protestants, some

Italians, Irish, one Jewish family, two Mexican families that I can remember, and every variety of Christian religious denomination. We had traveling circuses, at least one tent revival per year, caroling at Christmas, one muddy but deliciously cool swimming pond and every summer two solid weeks of the Fire Company Fair. Everyone knew everyone else, literally, and if you saw a stranger on the street it was cause for comment. Most people from Malvern got to Philadelphia, twenty-two miles away, once a year — usually for Christmas shopping.

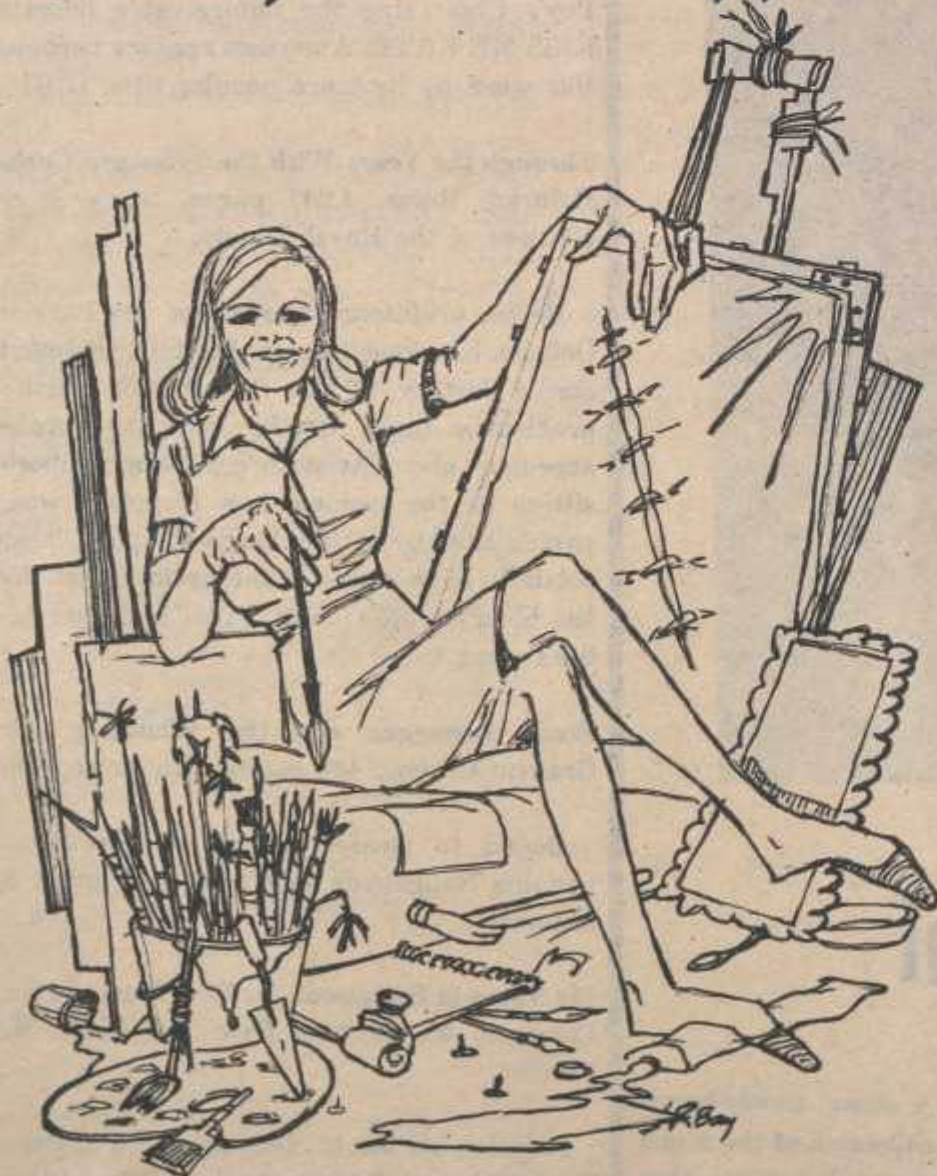
Of course I had to leave Malvern. I went to sea on a Merchant ship at seventeen in 1946, hauling livestock and relief materials to post-war Europe. I then went away to college, away to graduate school, and eventually moved away to get married and work. Coming from Malvern for years made me feel a little provincial. When asked the inevitable question I would lower my eyes and mumble something about "near Paoli" or "suburban Philadelphia" (which wasn't really true) or "near Valley Forge". But recently I have been happy to tell people about my home town. I think it's because as I grow older I get more and more appreciative of the good things about it. I also find that I'm fascinated with where other people "come from", what their childhoods were like, when and how (or if) they made the break into that big outside world. Of course many people I know come from many different places. Their parents moved around or got pushed here and there. But that also is where they "come from". The fact is that the particularity of individual life histories is probably the most interesting thing in life. I had to leave Malvern, yes, to explore and settle in the larger world. But at forty-two I am ready to admit that Malvern is not such a bad place to have been from.

Coming to terms with where we come from is an essential part of maturation. Denying one's ancestry, recent or ancient, is a kind of self-mutilation. Also it forces us into a kind of negative identity defining myself *against* what I was or what I was expected to be. There was a time when people, for perhaps understandable reasons, would change their names or their religion because they were afraid that if people knew "where they were from" it would mean prejudice or exclusion. They were right that such bigotry exists, but to stop being who I am in order to be a part of something else now seems to me a too high price to pay. America will never be a really pluralist or really free society unless that particular form of self-mutilation is no longer necessary for anyone. Where I come from and where my people come from (or as in the case of Afro-Americans, where they were brought from) is an essential part of me. If I must abdicate that to become part of some larger and allegedly more inclusive community, then it is not worth it.

I hope in 1972 we have reached a stage in the evolution of American society when we can rejoice and revel in our *differences*. We can discard the old image of the "melting pot" (which never described the reality anyway) and have instead a society which is more like beef-and-vegetable stew, in which each separate ingredient flavors the other, but retains its own unique succulence. To do this we can let the question "Where are you from?" lead not to discomfort and the minimizing of differences but to an occasion for the mutual revelation of that variety and diversity which makes life zesty. It's a question which can lead us back into ethnic history, comparative religion, contrasting cuisines, the variety of songs and stories and jokes, the things that make a people a people.

I'm from a little town called Malvern. Where are you from?

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Sinema --etc.

By Robin Shurtz

Summer is a weird time. It's a time to put in eight hours in a pain-in-the-tush job you don't give a hoot about, watch a million game shows on television you wouldn't normally see, torture your skin 'till it resembles a fried hamburger so you'll look "healthy," and watch movies. Especially watch movies. The motion picture moguls know that this summer people are prime targets for film fare, and vice-versa, so they supersaturate every major city and hick town with hundreds of films; some of dubious aesthetic quality. Armed with open mind and an average of \$2.25 in my pocket, I assaulted the motion picture industry hoping for a few hours of needed escapism (for ya see, I put my time in at the World this summer). Since these films will undoubtedly be re-cycled around the area, it might be a good idea to be prepared for them. Following is a list of the best and worst films to hit the Central Florida area over the summer, with a short description and comment on each.

RECOMMENDED

Rollerball—Norman Jewison's vision of American violence and its effect on the future. James Caan stars as the anti-hero Jonathan E.
Jaws—Escapist fare about a giant shark terrorizing a small New England resort. Robert Shaw is featured as Quint.
Monty Python and the Holy Grail—Hilarious fantasy about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. For devotees of Mel Brooks and the Marx Brothers.

Return of the Pink Panther—Another superb comedy with Peter Sellers continuing his role of Inspector Clouseau.

Nashville—Robert Altman's microcosm of America focusing in the music business. Not for those who dislike C/W music.

Deathrace 2000—A violent, black-comedy from Roger Corman. Made to capitalize on "Rollerball," but succeeds on the level of satire.

Beyond the Door—Surprisingly fine shocker made from elements of "Rosemary's Baby", "The Exorcist", and "Faust." What it lacks in originality, it makes up for with fine performances by Richard Johnson, Juliet Mills, and convincing special effects and music.

A Boy and His Dog—Faithful adaption of the Nebula Award novella by Harlan Ellison. Deals with the alternate societies that inhabit post-WW 3 America. Funny, sad, and satirical at the same time.

DISSAPPOINTING

Russian Roulette—Boring political "thriller" that could have served as a potboiler on television, but not worth paying to see. George Segal stars.

Mitchell—Yet another "cop - who - makes - his - own - rules" movie. Joe Don Baker is still living off his "Walking Tall" image.

BAD

Benji—Ridiculously saccharin tale of love and devotion.

Other Side of the Mountain—"Love Story" rip-off.
White Line Fever—Laughable "revenge" movie with typical redneck/macho overtones; i.e., violence overcomes any problem.

Breakout—Charles Bronson's name is twice as big as the title in the ads. This is so one-dimensional, it looks like it was filmed in one weekend.

The Clones—Stay away from this bargain-basement science fiction tale of multiple identities.

My Brother Has Bad Dreams—Previously released as "Scream Bloody Murder", this film is one hour of boring melodrama, and a half hour of gory mayhem. Why do people waste their time making these?

Crazy Mama—Cloris Leachman in an un-funny take-off of gangster films.

I Drink Your Blood and I Eat Your Skin—Your sickest and most revolting nightmares come true. These are the type of movies that give legitimate horror films a bad name. Produced for those people who enjoyed the great Drivers Education films, "Mechanized Death" and "The Unteachables."

As you can readily see, the bad and disappointing films far outweigh the good ones. I suggest you save your popcorn money for a few movies that are reportedly coming and promise to be good: "The Devil's Rain", "The Wind and the Lion", "King of Hearts", "Smile" and the co-billing of the last two James Bond films, "Live and Let Die" and "The Man with the Golden Gun." Also, be expecting some surprises on campus!

Jaws: It Came from Beneath the "C"

To hear everyone these days, one would come to believe that the phenomenon of "Jaws" is something brand new. Hundreds of doctors and psychiatrists have been searching through their collective diplomas trying to fathom (no pun intended) the popularity of the film. In actuality, "Jaws" has its roots deeply embedded in the horror film cycle of the 1950s. The old monster-on-the-loose schtick has been around since the dawn of the cinema, but never had it been so prevalent as in the "innocent" 50s.

**MORE PEOPLE HAVE SEEN
JAWS
THAN ANY OTHER
MOTION PICTURE!**



The formula of these films is pretty routine, albeit entertaining. Giant monster(s) appear to an isolated few. The observers tell the authorities. The authorities either can't or won't believe them, either because

1. They are teenagers
2. It would be detrimental to the tourist trade
3. They've got their traffic quota to fill, or
4. Any two of the above.

After numerous killings of mysterious nature, the authorities believe the dedicated few, and agree to fight the "thing." And as always happens, conventional means of violence fail to kill the monster, and it is always destroyed at the last possible minute by some outlandish contraption whipped up hastily. The final credits role, and an ominous THE END is superimposed over the landscape, which dissolves and reforms into a foreboding question mark. An American-International Picture.

The only thing that separates "Jaws" from the

other films made in this genre is the fact that a considerable amount of time went into the preparation and filming of the piece. Other than that, the film is no different than the Grade B or C movies that came out under the masthead of James Nicholson or Sam Katzman. If this is so, then what is the special appeal of "Jaws"?

I believe the answer is a simple one. The same thing that drove audiences to see "The Exorcist" two years ago, or "The Birds" in the 60s, or "The Thing" in the 50s. Everyone, no matter how much they deny it, go to these movies to get the bejabbers scared out of them. There is something extremely romantic about being eaten alive by a carrot-man from outer space, or being pecked to death by the same type of animals you keep as pets in your house. It is reality slightly distorted. It is the encroachment of the unknown and the unfathomable into the ordered universe that thrills the audience. In short, it is escape. That has been the real purpose for fantasy and horror films: the idea that "this can't possibly happen to me"... but it might. It is the thrill of watching a man walking a tightrope, poised between order and chaos, life and death.

One of the most frightening concepts out of the horror genre, and perhaps the most viable, is the nature - running - amok - and - killing - alot syndrome. "Jaws" fits into this, as does any other film that puts man at the mercy of natural forces he can't control. "Willard", "The Killer Bees", "The Fly", "SSsss" and even dreck like "Night of the Bloody Apes" and "Frogs" exploit this fear of normality being distorted into abnormality.

Hollywood is forever copying itself, spinning off cheap imitations of proven money-makers; there is talk of a planned sequel to "Jaws", as well as inexpensive exploiters such as "Mako—The Jaws of Death", "Claws", and a whole army of animal killers being promised by every independent producer hoping for a fast buck. "Jaws" author Peter Benchley purposely included a dramatic and violent death to his monster for the express purpose that he wanted no follow-ups to be made. Unfortunately, it seems Mr. Benchley is naive of the powers of resurrection that often come from a healthy box office...remember when they said there couldn't possibly be a sequel to "Beneath the Planet of the Apes"?

Student Center Films

Friday, Sept. 19



DUCK SOUP

Tues., Sept. 23

**COOL
HAND
LUKE**
PAUL
NEWMAN

8:00 P.M.

Bush Auditorium

ROLLINS--come in & visit
with us at 118 Park Ave. S.

SILVER STONE

CLAY

Jewelry
Kings

YARN PIECES
JIM & MARGARET EBAUGH

PAINTING
BY
H. SHRIVER SMITH

Pottery
Helen Forster

MACRAMÉ
John & Ann

Small classes
drawing-oil painting - pottery

Woman Chaplain Interns at Rollins



by BARBARA WAVELL

As many of you may not realize, Dr. Wettstein, Dean of Rollins Chapel, is taking a sabbatical this fall. Replacing Dr. Wettstein for Fall Term is Francis Unsell McDonald from Union Theological Seminary, New York. Aided by several local guest speakers, Ms. McDonald will provide us with our fall term sermons.

Fresh from the burgeoning concrete metropolis, Mrs. McDonald experienced a certain amount of culture shock. "I sorta miss concrete" she confesses. She also finds people less assertive here; while the impulse in New York is to hustle through a line, people in Winter Park proceed at a more mellow pace.

The decision to attend Rollins "just happened." Ms. McDonald wanted to spend her intern period somewhere in the South. Ministry in a college environment, she finds, bridges the gap between teaching and ministry experience. She is a member of the Presbyterian Church and wants to focus her attention on personal student interactions. She'd like to start an informal student-based study group and emphasizes an open door policy.

Academically she has focused her studies on modern dance, which she finds is a key to personal self-discovery and expression, speech, and the Old Testament. She is interested especially in the history of religion, including ancient and primitive religions and primitive concepts of myths and symbols. Ms. McDonald finds the study of religion necessary in addition to the study of theology because "it gives a different perspective of reality you don't get when you are immersed in your own culture." Ms. McDonald's vivacious and personal approach promises to make this an interesting term.

Campus Notes

Rollins College Athletic Director Joe Justice announced today that the Rollins-Florida Southern soccer match set for September 26 will be played on the Rollins Sandspur Bowl and not in Lakeland as previously scheduled.

The reason for the change, according to Florida Southern officials, is because of extensive maintenance work being done on the Florida Southern Field.

Game time is 3:30 p.m.


The Rollins Sandspur is now receiving classified advertisements. Students may place a classified ad of any nature (except dirty or sarcastic items) for the grand price of \$1.00 per column inch. If you don't know what a column inch is, the editor will gladly explain over the phone any day. The deadline for each Friday's paper is the previous Tuesday evening at 5 p.m. If there is no one in the office, just pin your ad copy on the door, along with your name and student box number (or other address) and we will bill you through campus mail.

NOTICIAS DE CUERVO

Recipe #456.78cR

THE TAXCO FIZZ:

- ★ 2 oz. Jose Cuervo Tequila
- ★ Juice from one lime (or 2 tbsp.)
- ★ 1 tsp. sugar
- ★ 2 dashes orange bitters
- ★ White of one egg
- ★ A glass is quite helpful, too.



JOSE CUERVO® TEQUILA. 40 PROOF.
IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY ©1973, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

The TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION PROGRAM

AS TAUGHT BY MAHARISHI MAHESH YOGI



MAHARISHI MAHESH YOGI

Transcendental Meditation is an easy, effortless technique practiced for 15 - 20 min. twice a day.

T.M. provides deep rest which is the basis or dynamic activity
- improved grades -
improved athletic performance
and enjoyment of life.

FREE INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

Presented by the Students International Meditation
Society of Rollins College.

Bush Science Hall — Auditorium

Tuesday, September 23 - 6:00 P.M.

For over 130 years we've been using the word "quality" in our advertising. Once again, we'd like to tell you what we mean by it.



Our brewery in 1844.

Blue Ribbon quality means the best tasting beer you can get. A quality achieved only by using the finest ingredients and by adhering to the most rigid of brewing standards.

In Milwaukee, the beer capital of the world, Pabst Blue Ribbon continues to be the overwhelming best seller year after year. Blue Ribbon outsells its nearest competitor nearly five to one. That's why we feel we've earned the right to challenge any beer.

So here's the Pabst challenge: Taste and compare the flavor of Blue Ribbon with the beer you're drinking and learn what Pabst quality in beer is all about. But don't take our word for it. Taste our word for it.

Pabst. Since 1844.
The quality has always
come through.

