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**STARS**

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The Rollins Sandspur

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## Sandspur, Vol 94, No 04, October 21, 1987

Rollins College

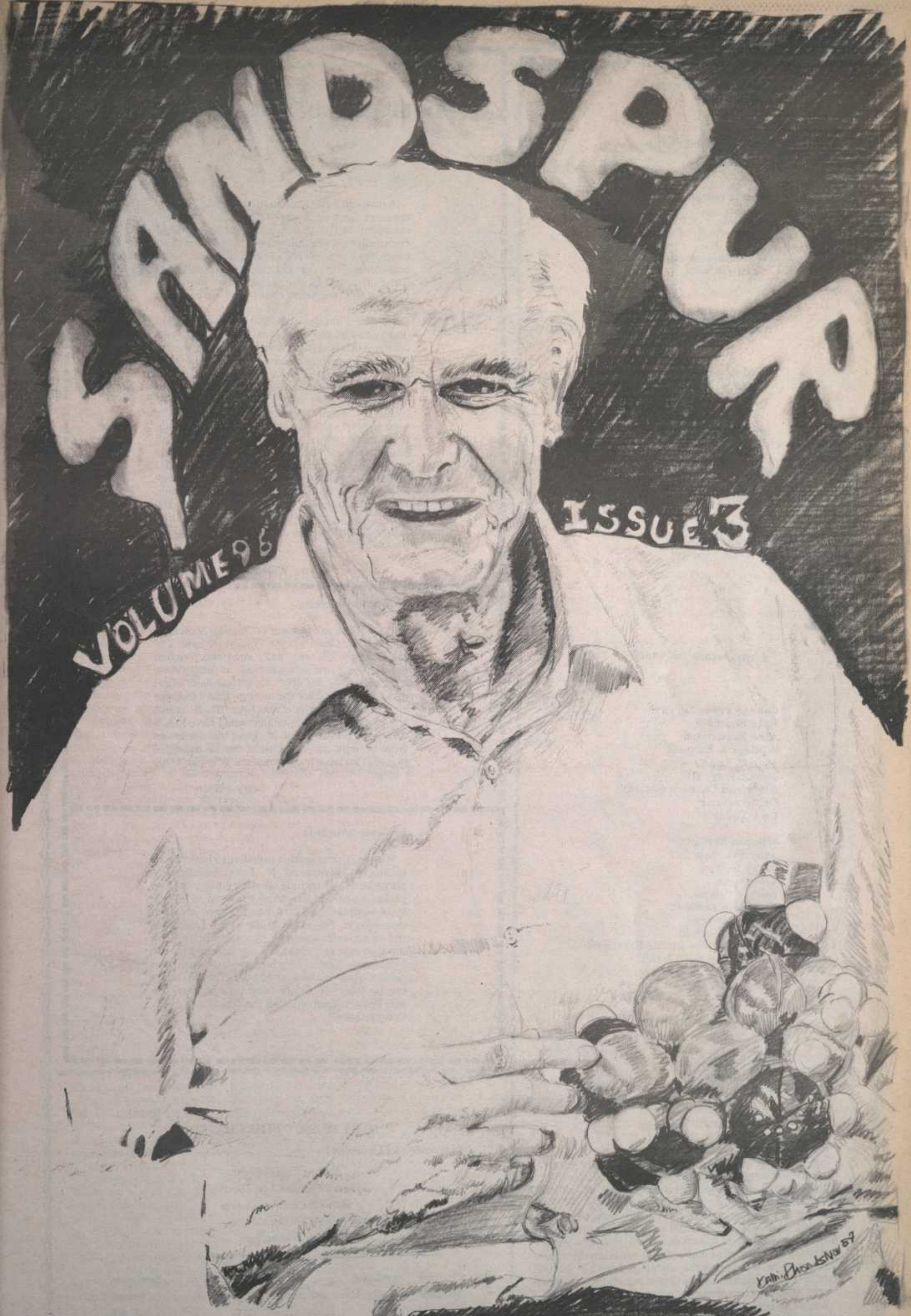
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We the editorial board of the Rollins *Sandspur* extend a sincere standing invitation to our readers to submit articles on any subject they feel is interesting, maddening, thought provoking, or generally newsworthy. As the editors of the *Sandspur* we reserve the right to correct spelling, punctuation, and any such grammatical errors; however, under no circumstances will we alter the form or import of the author's ideas without previous discussion and agreement between the author and his/her section editor. The *Sandspur* is your paper: we will always keep this in mind, but we cannot succeed in this goal and serve the Rollins Community without its support and participation.

the editors

## Letters to The Editors

Dear Editor:

Occasionally the *Sandspur* contains an advertisement for a term paper "service." On such occasions in the past I have castigated those responsible for including such ads in our campus newspaper. Sadly do I not that a recent edition contained yet another example of these unfortunate practices (theirs and yours). Herewith, I repeat the comments I have made in previous years.

To wit: I realize that in the "real" world dominated by the market mentality, an advertisement offering to produce research papers for students is a manifestation of entrepreneurial ingenuity. Students who avail themselves of this (dis) service should understand, however, that while money may talk, it can't read, write or think. If you want to get your mind's as well as your money's worth out of a Rollins education, think twice before buying ideas from Un-think Tanks such as "Research Assistance," whose pitch recently appeared in the *Sandspur*. You might also want to consider what your college newspaper is doing running ads for Un-think. Just trying to make ends meet? Following the law of supply and demand?

How bullish is the market for Un-think at Rollins?

Gary Williams

To who it concerns,

I would like to comment on Michael Scotchie's article "The Crisis" in the Volume 95 issue 2 of the *Sandspur*. It was really good and touched upon quite a few subjects that, to mildly state it, "really piss me off." As a freshman I find myself searching for this college that I thought was here, that I heard was here. There aren't any parties worth a damn here and I have R.A.'s constantly on the prowl. It's great that the issues were brought up — but what can be done?! I say you can have books and fun. Why can't this college?

Larry Sutton

by Corey Edwards

Winter Park is getting together to build an all childrens playground at Lake Island. The playground will include creative equipment like rocket ships and fire trucks instead of riding-type equipment so that handicapped children can enjoy it. This effort is like a barn-raising for the community because everyone helps. The food, drinks and childcare are donated by the community. Lots of help is needed, unskilled and skilled labor will be appreciated. The fun starts on the 4th of November and runs through the 8th. So, get involved. Call the IFC at ext. 1982. See ya there!

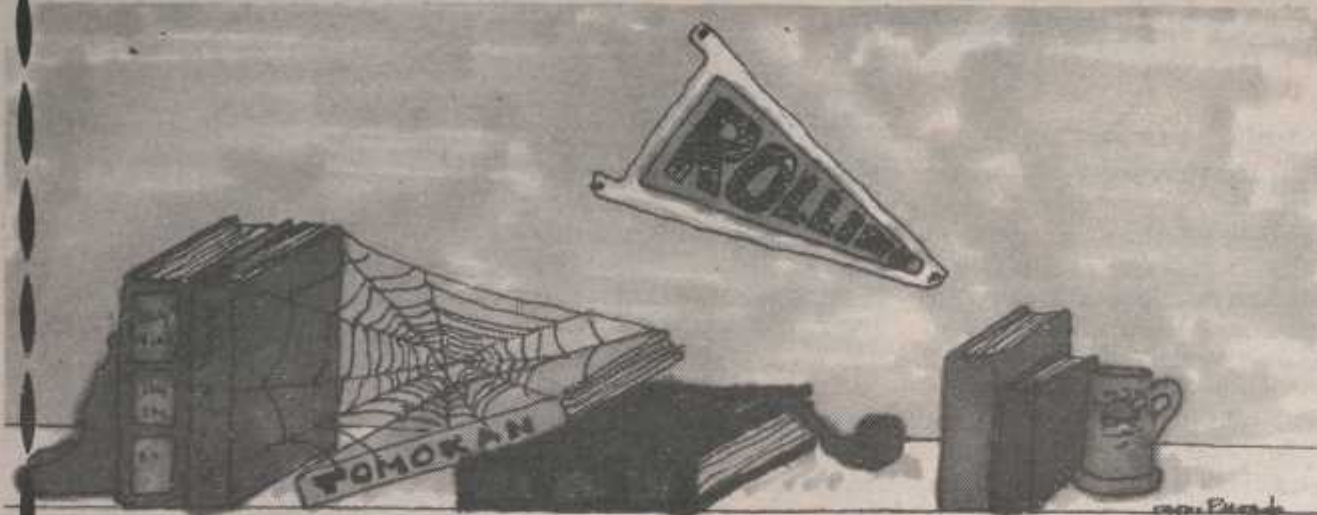
#### NEXT MUSIC IN THE CHAPEL

November 5 (Thursday)

8:00 p.m.

Rollins Chapel Choir  
Central Florida Choral Society  
Orlando Chamber Players  
William McDonald, tenor  
Mark Fischer, horn  
Conductor, Alexander Anderson

Overture 'Coriolanus' ..... Beethoven  
Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings ..... Britten  
Stabat Mater ..... Verdi  
Te Deum ..... Bruckner



I would like to heartily thank the Alumni who took the time out of their busy schedule to write the SANDSPUR and share their wealth of wisdom with us, the community of Rollins College. The response that we have recieved has been wonderful and I hope that it will continue throughout the years to come. Thank you again,

yours truly,

kathi rhoads

## Tounge Trophies, Trout Fishing and KA Kidnapping Back in '64

Dear Editors of the *Sandspur*,

I received your letter requesting alumni to write. Fortunately or perhaps unfortunately for you, your letter did not specify any particular subject matter or topic. I could provide you with an excellent story about what Rollins did for me, but instead let me flip the coin to the other side and tell a few stories about what I and my fellow students did to Rollins. You may judge from my story whether or not student life has changed much over the years.

Spring at Rollins College the year of '64 was glorious. The college throbbed with the promise of warm weather fun. The beach had already claimed early pilgrims who returned bearing the good news that the cold winter winds that not only froze your legs, but also sandblasted your ankles, were gone.

In this pregnant atmosphere, I settled down to lunch at the beanery with the rest of my good-for-nothing fraternity brothers. There was the usual grumbling about the food (which, in truth, was not bad), talk about the beach or how to get an air conditioner in your room, and, in general, much ado about nothing. Things took a pleasant about-face when the X-Club proceeded with its ritual awarding of the tongue trophy to a sophomore Kappa. (The award, I believe, is self-explanatory, just in case the ceremony no longer exists.) Usually, the embarrassed awardee disappears quickly out a side door amidst whistles and cat-calls. This time, however, she stayed seated until the club members had returned to their places. Then she picked up the trophy and her plate of food, swished her way over to the table of the young man who had revealed their intimate secrets, and deposited trophy and food (a big plate of spaghetti) in his lap. But to her surprise, before she could get away, he jumped up, threw her over his shoulder and made for the lake. The beanery emptied to watch the two, she beating unmercifully on his back, he dripping spaghetti and meat sauce with every stride, make a straight way trek to the lake. When he reached the end of the swimming dock, he gave a quick twist and she went end over end into the water. But, (a word to the wise; always C.Y.A.) one of her sorority sisters was close behind and while he was admiring the splash, she hit him from behind with the best football clip I've ever seen. Not only did he go into the lake, but the blow split his pants, providing entertainment for the Kappas present, who returned the whistles and cat-calls heard earlier. Believe it or not, the two made up while getting out of the water and have gone on to live a happy life together, perhaps even enjoying spaghetti dinners.

Maybe it was that event — I don't know — but whatever it was, the girls at Rollins went full-goose-bozo that spring. For example, later that week my room began to smell, then reek of some terrible fish odor. Try as we might, my roommate and I couldn't find from where the smell came. Our best guess was that a rat had died in the walls, but, of course, such an hypothesis was appropriate to liberal arts majors, (which we were) who also knew that the walls were poured concrete block. The joy of being a novice liberal arts major was that it entitled one to hold contradictory statements to be true.

On my way to a sociology class, I happened across a pretty strawberry blonde whom one of my fraternity brothers had the hots for, but was

too shy to ask out. She was a knock-out, especially because she had a full complement of freckles which played over her nose and cheeks. Having no other purpose in life but to give people insulting nicknames, I proceeded to greet her with the one I had given her, "Speckled Trout."

"What's up, Trout?" I asked, flipping my eyebrows Groucho Marx style.

"Not much," she replied. "But, I hear you've been having some room problems?"

"Huh?" I gave her a sideways look.

"Yeh, word has it you like to sleep with fish?" The side of her mouth turned up in that I've-seen-you-naked smirk. The gears in my head began turning, or at least trying to grind off the rust.

"Sleep with fish! Trout, you trying to proposition me or turn me on?"

"Not me. If you've slept with one trout you've slept with them all," she said, having trouble getting 'them all' out because she was beginning to laugh. She shook her hair catching it with her hand and pressed it to her mouth, finally giving me a Marilyn Monroe good-bye air-kiss.

"See you later, fisherman," she said and took a turn off to the Student Union.

Something was up. She knew something about the smell in my room! After class I went back to my room and turned the place inside out. Nothing. Then I remembered the line about sleeping with a trout. I turned my bed on its side. The odor now was very strong. At the bottom end of the bed springs was a small slit in the fabric which had been neatly sewn back. I got my roommate's letter opener and cut through the material. There, in a splendid state of decay was a speckled trout. It took me a full hour to remove the carcass, but every minute I used to plan a quick retaliation.

Trout was simply too nice a person to do anything mean to, so I figured maybe I could kill two birds with one stone — embarrass her in a harmless prank and fix her up with my fraternity brother at the same time. All that was needed was a pair of handcuffs, which I obtained from another brother who had practically any gizmo you could want kept in his closet.

Lunch time the next day I sat down beside Trout. She knew I knew, but neither let on about it. At the end of lunch I casually handcuffed her to myself, informed her that the key was back at the fraternity house, and that we could live our lives at the beanery or she could get unhooked back there. We left the beanery right away.

By promising a couple of six packs to some of our beefy pledges, I had arranged that my shy brother be brought to the front of the house in whatever condition they found him. I had signaled them just before we left and as I had hoped, they had him downstairs clad only in a large beach towel by the time we arrived. He had been taking a shower. I dragged Trout, who had covered her eyes in embarrassment, over to him. I removed the handcuff from myself, put my cuff on him, (glad that he was being held down, judging from the threats being made to my life), gave them a reservation to Chez Aline restaurant for that night, and took off for the beach. To this day, I wonder how he got his clothing on for dinner, because the person who was to have given them the key lost it.

After that, guys on campus were veritable targets for pranks, the best of which was performed by the Kappa Alpha Thetas.

My fraternity, KA, had (I hope still does) a beautiful coat of arms made by a Rollins artist. One day, it was taken from above the fireplace. Having received a tip that a sorority had it, we conducted an investigation but turned up zilch. After three weeks, we sent a note to sorority presidents saying enough was enough, it's not funny anymore, return the coat of arms. A week went by and no response. We sent a second letter urging a quick return, but again, nothing happened. On a hot, sultry Wednesday, KA declared war on the sororities. No more talk. Now was action time. KA would show the girls we meant business. Pledges were ordered to pick up at random three girls from each sorority and bring them to the house, which they did. At the house the girls were interrogated pseudo-gestapo style; they were told to call back to their houses and say that if KA didn't receive its coat of arms, the hostages would be magic-marked and would bear the "scarlet letters" of KA on their kneecaps. Calls were made. An hour went by. No results. Appropriate action was taken. We sent out more pledges. New hostages. More "kneecapping." No results. How can this be, we thought! Our tactics were certainly ruthless enough to provoke the desired response. Wrong! At least with respect to the *desired* response. I can still remember the look on a pledge's face when he came running into the livingroom saying that all the sororities were coming. He looked like a kamakazi pilot on his final dive. Seconds later, I had the same look as the girls stormed the house. The scene was like a liquidation sale — everything went but the walls. Fortunately, for the school, the girls went easy on the furniture. Not so for the brothers. We were dragged/carried to and thrown in the lake, then pelted with lake goo and moss. Talk about loss of face. The rest of the afternoon found us wearily putting the house back in order. The *coup de grace* came when we discovered that some of the girls had gotten up into our rooms, taken our underwear, and dumped it in a big tub filled with pink RIT dye. Needless to say we were the butt of many off-color remarks at dinner that night. However, every cloud has a silver lining. The coat of arms appeared miraculously in its place the next morning. Seems as though some Thetas had taken it and hidden it all those weeks under their housemother's bed! (Does that tell you anything?)

Now I don't know what goes on at Rollins today, but I hope it's as much fun as the printable episodes I listed above. By the way, I went on to marry one of the Thetas who appropriated the coat of arms. She and I went from Rollins to Emory University to earn graduate degrees. Presently, we both teach and administrate at the University of Alabama at Birmingham — she in English and I in Philosophy. I'm still a liberal arts major, although my Ph.D. now only allows me to examine contradictory statements rather than affirm them. I suspect I lost the arrogance and naivete of youth in graduate school. But, I have never lost the memories of Rollins and the good, hard, and sometimes down and out bad times of going from a high school kid to a young man in the very short passage of four years. You who are there, enjoy the time while you have it, because you will join the rest of us fossils before you know it.

Hold down the fort (beanery)!

Yours truly,

David Roberts IV

## Best Comprehensive Institutions

Washington, October 16 — The nation's college and university presidents have named Wake Forest University in North Carolina the best comprehensive institution in the Southern and Border states, according to *U.S. News & World Report's* third biennial survey of American higher education released today.

Voted the best college by 3 of every 4 presidents, Wake Forest is a small university offering all the benefits of a large university. Wake Forest was clearly the number one choice in this category of mostly public-sector colleges which offer a feast of professional and liberal-arts courses at half the price of a private school.

In the survey's largest category — national universities — Stanford University was named the best in the country for the second time, edging out Harvard and Yale. Stanford was selected by 65.5 percent of the presidents, followed by Harvard (64.5 percent) and Yale (62.7 percent).

*U.S. News* asked 1,329 college presidents — 764 presidents, or almost 60 percent, answered the survey — to select the 10 schools providing the "best" undergraduate education from among those classified in the same category as their own. The 1,329 schools were divided into nine separate categories based on the 1987 classification of institutions of higher education assembled by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching in Princeton, N.J. Presidents were requested to take into consideration cohesiveness of curriculum, quality of teaching, relationship between faculty and students and the atmosphere of learning fostered by the campus.

Among the 141 schools in the comprehensive institutions in the Southern and Border states — 58.2 percent of the presidents responded — Wake Forest was selected by 73.2 percent followed by Trinity University in Texas (59.8 percent) and Furman University in South Carolina (51.2 percent). Top schools in the comprehensive institutions in Southern and Border states include:

Rank	College	State	Rating**
1	Wake Forest University	North Carolina	73.2%
2	Trinity University	Texas	59.8
3	Furman University	South Carolina	51.2
4	James Madison University	Virginia	39.0
5	University of Richmond	Virginia	39.0
6	George Mason University	Virginia	37.8
7	Stetson University	Florida	35.4
8	Rollins College	Florida	25.6
9	Loyola University	Louisiana	24.4
9	University of North Carolina, Charlotte	North Carolina	24.4

\*\*Percent of presidents naming school in top 10 of their category.

The Carnegie categories are: 1) National universities, 2) Eastern, 3) Southern and 4) Western comprehensive institutions, 5) smaller comprehensive institutions, 6) national liberal-arts colleges, and 7), 8) and 9) the regional liberal-arts colleges in the East, South and West.

The full survey of 120 top-ranked colleges and universities appears in the Oct. 26, 1987, issue of *U.S. News* as part of a 27-page feature on American higher education. The issue goes on sale Monday, October 19, *U.S. News* will also publish a new student guidebook containing important and helpful information about the institutions in the survey. The guidebook will be available in bookstores and newsstands in November.

### Comprehensive, Southern

Top comprehensive colleges (offering professional and liberal arts degrees) in Southern states. There were 141 schools in this category; 58.2 percent of presidents responded.

Rank	College, state	Rating
1	Wake Forest University, N.C.	73.2
2	Trinity University, Texas	59.8
3	Furman University, S.C.	51.2
4	James Madison University, Va.	39.0
5	University of Richmond, Va.	39.0
6	George Mason University, Va.	37.8
7	Stetson University, Fla.	35.4
8	Rollins College, Fla.	25.6
9	Loyola University, La.	24.4
9	University of North Carolina-Charlotte, N.C.	24.4

## Pizza Vandals Plague University of Missouri

COLUMBIA, MO (CPS) — Residents of "Greek Row" at the University of Missouri are terrorizing pizza delivery people, smashing headlights and stealing merchandise, pizza parlor managers and drivers charged last week.

The pizza managers said the police, when called, fail to take the problem seriously. "They look into it for about 10 minutes," said Tony Stewart, who manages Domino's Pizza.

Greek Life director Cathy Scroggs and Todd Johnson, president of the Intrafraternity Council, said they were unaware of any vandalism problem in Greektown.

But Stewart said "It's just so commonplace, when a driver comes back and says something happened, we just say 'Oh, that sucks.'"

At Domino's Pizza headquarters in Ann Arbor, Michigan, a spokeswoman said she hadn't heard about the pizza terrorism being "a widespread problem," on other campuses.

## Campus Women Are Condom Craze's Biggest Consumers, Sellers Say

(CPS) — Women students reportedly are a lot more interested in the campus condom craze than men, various sources say.

The University of Nebraska at Omaha's health center, for example, has sold only 12 condoms since August, and all have been to women, said nurse Supervisor Ruth Hanon.

About 65 percent of all the condoms bought are purchased by women, added Margaret Whited Scarborough, of Denver's Westend Corp., which makes condom vending machines.

When it comes to free condoms, however, the genders no longer discriminate.

The University of Minnesota gave away an estimated 3,000 free condoms at orientation in September, though freshman Eugene Mayer said as many as half the rubbers given away at his session were taken by women, too.

"That shocked me," Mayer said. "I thought it was just something for men."

At the University of British Columbia, "gladiators" threw an estimated 10,000 condoms from a truck outfitted to look like the Trojan Horse to campus passersby, who reportedly left none laying around.

Otherwise, however, shyness still seems to keep many students from taking advantage of campus condom machines or services.

## Students Private College Expenses Hit \$11,132 A Year

New York, N.Y. (CPS) — Freshmen at the 500 most expensive private campuses in America will spend an average of \$11,132 in tuition, fees, room and board this school year, the College Board reported Sept. 8.

The Board, which also publishes summaries of college costs and enrollments at public campuses, noted the 500 most expensive campuses have about 75 percent of all the students who go to independent — as opposed to public — schools.

The \$11,132 average represents a 7.39 percent increase over 1986-87's prices.

The Consumer Price Index — the government's measure of how much all kinds of goods and services cost Americans — rose much slower, at 4.3 percent, during the same period private campus prices rose 7.39 percent.

## Robert Jay Lifton to speak at Rollins College

WINTER PARK — Robert Jay Lifton, nationally known author, teacher and psychohistorian, will speak at 7:30 p.m., Friday, November 6, in Knowles Memorial Chapel, Rollins College Campus.

Dr. Lifton's talk, titled, "Our Nuclear-Age Future: Directions of Hope," will address major issues relating to the use of nuclear power and how individuals can more effectively address the nuclear dilemma.

Distinguished Professor of Psychiatry and Psychology at the City University of New York/John Jay College of Criminal Justice and The Graduate School and University Center, Dr. Lifton has been concerned with the extreme historical events of our time and with how these events shape our lives and our history. He has been particularly interested in "large-scale violence in the name of virtue" as reflected in events like the Vietnam war, Hiroshima, the Chinese Cultural Revolution and the Chernobyl nuclear disaster. His writings reflect his career-long concern with these issues.

Since 1977 Lifton has been researching medical behavior in Auschwitz. His book, published in 1986, *The Nazi Doctors: Medical Killing and the Psychology of Genocide* will receive the Los Angeles Times Book Award for History on November 6.

Dr. Lifton's talk is part of a special celebration at Rollins College to recognize an important historical event — the renaming of the School of Continuing Education after one of Rollins' most important former presidents, Hamilton Holt, who served from 1925-49. The November 6 lecture follows the tradition of Holt's "Animated Magazine," a community lecture series that brought well-known scholars to the Rollins campus to speak.

The special Inaugural Convocation highlights the official opening of the Hamilton Holt School, which has provided evening degree programs to Central Florida adults for more than 25 years (as the School of Continuing Education).

*Note: Students should call to make a reservation: 646-2232.*

## In Extreme Letter, Yale Denies Being A 'Gay School'

NEW HAVEN, CONN. (CPS) — Apparently trying to calm alumni fears — and preserve a rich source of donations to the school — Yale President Benno C. Schmidt last week sent a letter to some 2,000 fundraisers condemning an August newspaper opinion piece that called Yale a "gay school."

The article, run on a commentary page of the Aug. 4 Wall Street Journal, alleged 25 percent of Yale's students are homosexual.

Schmidt charged the piece, written by Yale grad and freelance writer Julie Iovine, "painted a lurid picture of this place" and had "no basis in fact."

During the 1986-87 fiscal year, Yale raised \$31.1 million in donations from alumni, some of whom wrote Schmidt in the commentary's aftermath to ask about its veracity.

In his letter, Schmidt lamented, "It is too bad that serious, concerned readers can be misled by such journalistic drivel."

Journal Leisure and Arts page editor Raymond Sokolov said he was sorry Schmidt was upset by the article, but refused to disown it.

"I think the reaction has been really extreme," Iovine said. "I'm not saying that Yale is overrun by gays." Even if it was, "what's wrong with that?"

Meanwhile, the Yale Daily News reported on Sept. 18 that the Yale chapter of the Kappa Alpha Theta sorority still had 1985 guidelines from the national chapter for ridding the houses of members "engaging in homosexual acts."

The guidelines, written by the national chapter, suggest pointing out to the student involved that homosexuality is "illegal," and, if the student continues to flaunt the rules, says the chapter should ask the member to resign.



Photographs by Jonathon Chides

### REVEREND OTIS MOSS TO ADDRESS TENTH ANNIVERSARY URBAN LEAGUE DINNER

ORLANDO, FLORIDA, Selected as one of America's 15 Greatest Black Preachers by EBONY MAGAZINE, the Reverend Otis Moss will be the keynote speaker at this year's annual Metropolitan Orlando Urban League Dinner. The fund raising event to commemorate the organization's 10th anniversary will be held at the Peabody Hotel on Thursday November 12th at 6:00 p.m.

"We are indeed honored to have Reverend Moss as our tenth anniversary keynote speaker for he is an advocate of the non-violent approach for effecting social and political changes in our world... a challenge and goal that the Urban League has long held," says the Chairman of the Metropolitan Orlando Urban League Board, Robert Bilingslea.

The prominent minister says he has "strong philosophical bonds to Mahatma Ghandi and Dr. Martin Luther King Junior" and has tallied more than twenty years of direct involvement in the civil rights movement as a religious leader and community activist. Since 1975 he has been the pastor of the Olivet Institutional Baptist Church of Cleveland, Ohio.

Reverend Moss has been a frequent member of diplomatic clergy missions. On one assignment, he was an invited consultant with President Carter at Camp David to discuss moral and social issues facing the nation. Other missions include visits to Israel, Hong Kong, Taiwan and Japan.

He has received numerous honors and awards in community service, including the Governor's Award in Civil Rights in 1983. Reverend Moss is an accomplished writer and columnist and has been a featured guest lecturer at major universities across the nation. He has been listed in "Who's Who Among Black Americans" and "Who's Who in Religion."

Reverend Moss will be the featured guest speaker at the MOUL Annual Dinner on November 12, 1987, 6:00 p.m., at the Peabody Hotel.

## Succah Party Was A Success

On October 8, 1987 the JSL sponsored a Succah party to celebrate the Jewish holiday Succot. The holiday signifies the temporal nature of a persons existence, but also represents the seasons harvest. The tradition requires a succah, Hebrew for booth or hut, to be built free standing of any other building.

This tradition although not new to Rollins, was significant this year. For the first time, the JSL invited the Black Student Union, Latin American Society and Middle Eastern Students Association to help in the festivities. Succot usually conjours up images of celebration and actually involves celebrating the holiday with among other things, food. To this end, all the above mentioned groups participated by providing ethnic foods typical to their culture.

An estimated fifty people showed up at the festivities eating Cuban and Middle Eastern food. In addition, the crowd enjoyed Israeli music and dancing provided by a local professional. People enjoyed bountiful portions of ethnic food as all sat and were entertained by snippets of conversation about colorful cultural backgrounds.

Manny  
Papir



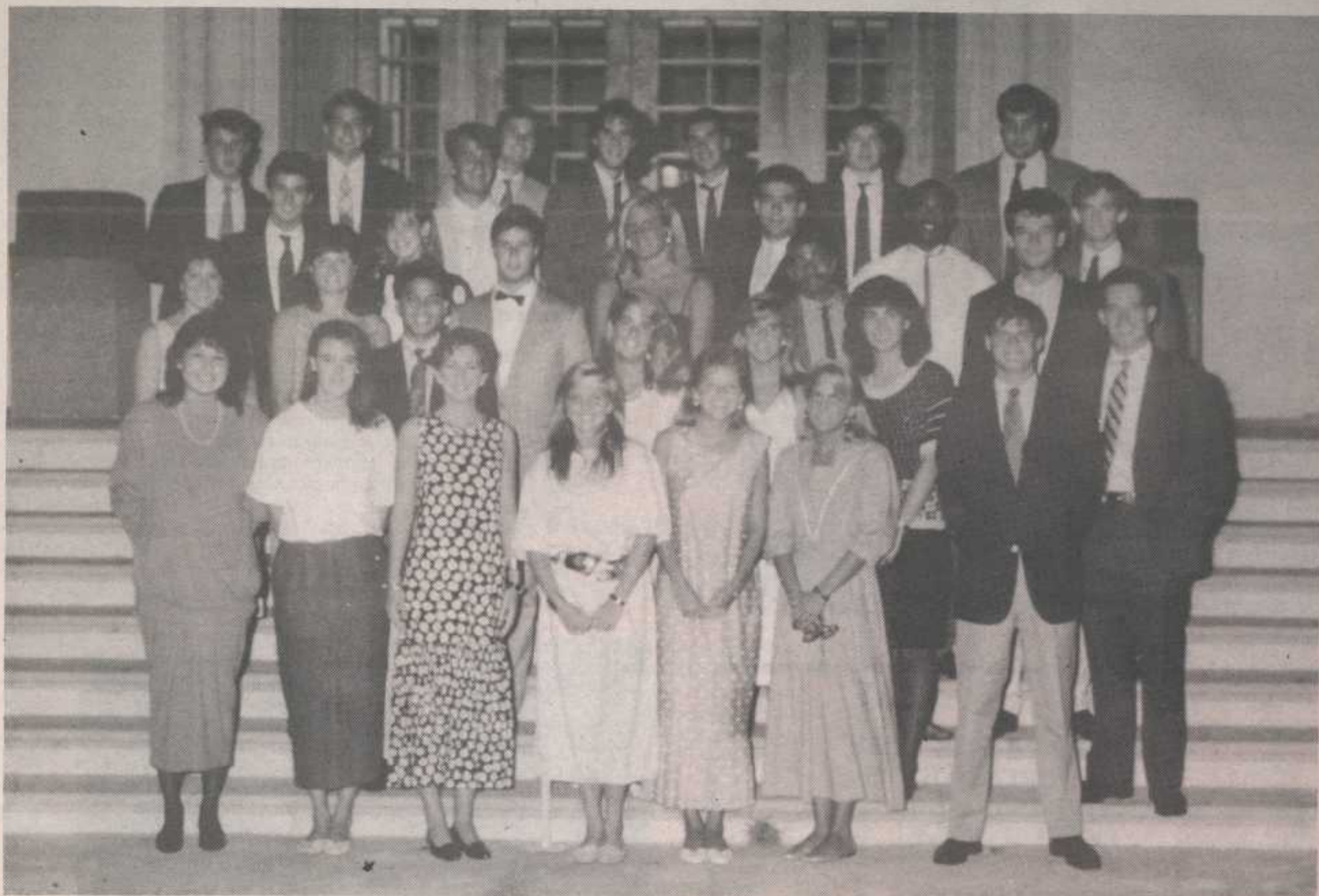
### 5th Annual Walk for Hunger to Benefit the Community Food Bank

On Saturday, November 14, 1987, the Community Food bank will hold its 5th Annual 10 Mile Walk for Hunger beginning at 8:30 a.m. at St. John's Lutheran Church in Winter Park. The Hunger Walk is a fund raising event held during National Food Bank week to benefit the Community Food Bank, a private, non-profit organization that collects, stores and distributes surplus foods to Central Florida agencies feeding the hungry.

The Community Food Bank is seeking participants for the event as well as individuals or organizations willing to sponsor a walker.

For Hunger Walk information contact Cate Brosig at 295-1066.

# Meet Your Senators



Back Row: Steve Eckna, Tom Curran, Chip Tedeschi, Frank Zitzman, Peter Maroney, Marc Cipullo, Dave Raber, Tom Mavis.

Third Row: Tony Shacar, Kristen Marcin, Christie Kibort, Jay Courtney, Derrick Henry, Phil Roofthoof, Robert Hartley.

Second Row: Cindy Starsmere (VP Student Center), Nancy Timmons, Victor Angustia, Gene Ramsey, Jennifer Mazo, Kim Steinberg, Cedric Gaskin, Lauren Hays, Michael Guli, Steve Appel (SGA President)

Front Row: Deanne Furness (Comptroller), Joline Furman, Polly Grable, Mimi Herrington, Julie Hernandez, Nicole Nordling

Not Pictured: Woody Hicks (SGA VP), Steve Kelley, John Campbell, Craig Butler, Ernie Vega, Paul Keel, Christine Faas, Michelle Artiles, Heather Conner, Kelley McCaffrey

## What is SGA?

The SGA is forty senators, ten from each class, who are elected by their classmates to fulfill the duties of a senator such as attend meetings, sit on faculty committees as a student representative, and vote on the allocation of student fees to the various clubs and organizations on campus.

This year the SGA would like to be more of a focal point in the student life on campus. We would like to keep the campus going in the right direction, as Rollins itself continues to change for the better. One way this is possible is by bringing the students together for large scale events.

So far this year, we took a group of 100 students to Gainesville, FL for a University of Florida football game. Monday, November 9th, G. Gordon Liddy comes to campus to address the student body in what should be an experience for all of us. But there is much more planned for the spring.

We are going to put on a 5K Fun Run on February 13th, the Saturday morning of parents weekend. We would like to get the entire student body in on breaking a Guinness Book of Records' record. We want to have a take-off of the old dating game at

halftime of the Rollins-UCF basketball game. There will be more speakers coming to campus in the spring. And finally, we would like to have a full-scale 10th year celebration for "our man" President Seymour.

We meet twice a month, usually the first and third Wednesday night of the month, in the Mills Gallaway room. You are encouraged and welcome to come listen and ask questions. If you have a proposal, we would like to hear it!

Things are looking up this year. The school publications are working hard with a brand new computer system. Mills is taking shape, and the student offices are being used. Another basketball season is almost upon us, which means a run at both Sunshine State titles.

To me, Rollins is a fun place to be these days. I hope the SGA can do something to make it even better for everyone. Stay active, be spirited, and things will continue to move in the right direction. It should be a year to remember.

-Steve Appel

1987-88 SGA President

# ROC REPORT

## "Primitive" Logic

In 1855, Chief Seathl of the Suwamish tribe in the state of Washington dictated this letter in answer to one received from the President.

The Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land. The Great Chief also sends us words of friendship and goodwill. This is kind of him, since we know he has little need of our friendship in return. But we will consider your offer, for we know that if we do not do so, the white man may come with guns and take our land. What Chief Seathl says, the Great Chief in Washington can count on as truly as our white brothers can count on the return of the season. My words are like the stars - they do not set.

How can you buy or sell the sky - the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us. We do not own the freshness of the air or the sparkle of the water. How can you buy them from us? We will decide in our time. Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people.

We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of the land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs. The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it, he moves on. He leaves his father's graves behind, and does not care. He kidnaps the earth from his children. He does not care.

## ROCs Gets Harder

Our children have seen their fathers humbled in defeat. Our warriors have felt shame. And after defeat, they turn their days in idleness and contaminate their bodies with sweet food and strong drink. It matters little where we pass the rest of our days - they are not many. A few more hours, a few more winters, and none of the children of the great tribes that once lived on the earth, or that roamed in small bands in the woods, will be left to mourn the graves of a people once as powerful and hopeful as yours.

There is no quiet place in the white man's cities. No place to hear the leaves of spring or the rustle of insect's wings. But perhaps because I am a savage and do not understand - the clatter only seems to insult the ears. And what is there to life if a man can not hear the lovely cry of the whippoorwill or the arguments of frogs around the pond at night? The Indians prefers the soft sound of the wind darting over the face of the pond, and the smell of the wind itself cleansed by midday rain, to the scent of pinion pine. The air is precious to the red man. For all things share the same breath - the beasts, the trees, the man. The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. Like a man dying many days, he is numb to the stench.

If I decide to accept, I will make one condition. The white man must treat the beasts of this land as his brothers. I am a savage and do not understand any other way. I have seen a thousand rotting buffalo on the prairies, left by the white man who shot them from a passing train. I am a savage and do not understand how the smoking iron horse can be more important than the buffalo that we kill only to stay alive. What is the man without the beasts? If all the beasts were gone, man would die from great loneliness of spirit, for whatever happens to the beasts also happens to the man. All things are connected. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth.

One thing we know that the white man may one day discover. Our God is the same God. You may think now that you own our land. But you cannot. He is the God of Man. And His compassion is equal for the red man and the white. The earth is precious to him. And to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its creator.

The whites, too, shall pass - perhaps sooner than other tribes. Continue to contaminate your bed and one night you will suffocate in your own waste. When the buffalo are all slaughtered, the wild horses all tamed, the secret corners of the forest heavy with the scent of many men and the view of the ripe hills blotted by talking wives, where is the thicket? Gone. Where is the eagle? Gone. And what is it to say goodbye to the swift and the hunt, the end of living and the beginning of survival.

We might understand if we knew what it is the white man dreams, what hopes he describes to his children on long winter nights, what visions he burns into their minds, so that they will wish for tomorrow, but we are savages. The white man's dreams are hidden from us. And because they are hidden, we will go our own way. If we agree, it will be to secure the reservation you have promised. There perhaps we may live out our brief days as we wish.

When the last red man has vanished from the earth, and the memory is only a shadow of a cloud moving across the prairie, these shores and forests will still hold the spirits of my people, for they love this earth as the newborn loves its mother's heart-beat. If we sell you our land, love it as we have loved it. Care for it, as we have cared for it. And with all your strength, and with all your might, and with all your heart - preserve it for your children, and love it as God loves us all. One thing we know - our God is the same God. The earth is precious to Him. Even the white man can not be exempt from the common destiny.

His father's graves and his children's birthright are forgotten. His appetite will devour the earth and leave only behind a desert. The sight of your cities pains the eyes of the red man. But perhaps it is because the red man is a savage and does not understand...

## WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH THE GATORS? GATOR SEARCH!

by Charlotte Lindsen

My freshman year became the year that marked the gator awareness year. It wasn't my presence in Lake Virginia, but rather my experience on the Wekiva River. ROC was on a trip, canoeing down the river. That night was gator hunting night. And did we see gators!!

Well the story is about (John Langfit probably wants to keep this a secret) our gator hunting experience late that particular night. A time where you can always find these beasts roaming around in the weeds.

Suddenly we hear this loud roaring in the bushes close to the swampy areas. Everybody gets so excited and rushes to the scene but could not advance any further because they were all stuck in the mud. The two people in my canoe didn't let that stop them! With greatest excitement they started pushing and pulling the canoe through the mud towards the roaring, of what we thought was a gator. I of course, didn't like the idea at all and didn't get out of the canoe, there was no way I would get out.

So they left me in the canoe and slowly crept closer to the bushes. And then suddenly... we heard the loudest roar you can imagine. I bet you know what I did! No doubt about it; as fast as I could I jumped out of the canoe barefooted and sprinted to the others, leaped on to one of their canoes, making sure my feet were way out of the mud. My heart beat was going one hundred times as fast as it normally did. Anyway, John will fill you in on what really happened out there. Maybe you can even experience it yourself.

So, do these gators do any real harm or do people just pretend that they do? This thought leads me on to an interview I conducted with Warren Witherell, the Ski coach. Rumor had it that he had ordered the city to remove the gators from Lake Virginia because they were becoming a threat to his waterskiers.

This doesn't seem to be the case at all. Apparently the responsibility lies with the fishing game team who supposedly asked the city for their removal. Warren says that these gators get transferred to more remote lakes.

In any case, Warren seems to like gators a lot, but doesn't have too much knowledge of them. We know, however, that they will be attacked because of their size and appearance. The question is: does their removal have any detrimental effect on the ecosystem of the lakes?



# The Day The World Changed

October 6, 1987

Professor Alan Nordstrom  
English Department  
Campus Box 2672  
Rollins College  
Winter Park, FL 32789-4499

Dear Professor Nordstrom:

You were so right! Your AIDS column — interesting though it is — is too graphic for Sentinel use. However, I appreciate your submitting it and hope you'll continue to submit columns for possible "First Person" use.

Sincerely,

Loraine O'Connell  
Style Coordinator

by Alan Nordstrom

"Any other questions?" The young nurse from the Health Center paused and smiled solicitously upon the forty or so collegians gathered before her in the dormitory lounge.

"Yes," said a coed towards the back of the room. "What are 'internal water sports'? I mean it's listed in the pamphlet..."

"Oh, that's urinating inside your partner," the nurse replied, smiling still.

"O gross!" and "Ugh!" went up the cry from around the lounge, and finally I felt some rapport with others there. For the last fifty minutes I'd come to think I'd slipped through a time warp or stepped onto another planet when I walked through the dormitory door that evening.

Within those fifty minutes I had watched a public-service video on AIDS that taught the mechanics of safe sex in language I've read only in pornography or heard in blue movies, though the words were now being used clinically, not suggestively. I watched a comedian unrolling a condom ("You know, a rubber") onto a banana ("You put this on *your* banana," he instructed us, with only the slightest snigger, a clinical snigger). I watched a foursome of young women on their lunch break passing an unfurled rubber around their table to contemplate over coffee as they discussed the insidiousness of the AIDS virus.

Soon afterwards we in the lounge were handing around a flaccid condom of our own. "If you can't touch one," our nurse exhorted us, "you'll never be able to use one." Then a rubbered banana came round too, with the promise that it would *not* find its way into the banana splits that had lured many of our group to the meeting and would shortly be dished up in the lobby.

By the time of the banana splits, we were all familiar with pubic lice, penile warts, vaginal sponges and diaphragms ("If you can't see these in the back, come up afterwards. I'll leave them out here for you to look at"). We had observed the proper technique of inserting spermidal fluid with a syringe. "That's just for the women," we were helpfully informed. Nothing would be left to our imaginations. No confusions were fostered. All was out on the table, clear and clinical.

"Remember," said the Health Center nurse, "you can't say 'we'll just wait until before he comes then pull out and put the rubber on.' There's semen in the pre-ejaculate fluid, and that fluid can carry the virus."

Are there any virgins here, I wondered? Is anyone embarrassed? Am I embarrassed? Shocked? Is this really happening? Have I suddenly entered Old-Fogeydom? I thought I was pretty

hip. Just this morning I was teaching "The Miller's Tale" to my sophomore and kidding them for their reticence in reacting to Absalom's misdirected kiss and Nicholas' ignominious branding. "Are you grossed out by all this?" I prodded. "Are your sensibilities offended?" I was ready to sympathize and not press the tale on them further, until Allison finally assured me that only troubles with translating the Middle English were to blame for their impassiveness while hearing the recording of Chaucer's bawdy fabliau. I'd been touched by their seeming modesty or at least the polite hypocrisy of their reserve. They would snigger late, I figured, in the privacy of their dorm rooms. They didn't wish to sully the decorum of the classroom, I thought.

But now, who knows? It's a whole new ball game. The rules are all different. Anything goes. Penile warts. Pubic lice. You have to worry about AIDS if you're having oral sex, but mainly during menstruation. External water sports? What's the world coming to? (Ha, ha, another pun on "come" — must have been ten tonight.)

No virgins? No one's shocked? What about romance? delicious mystery? privacy? They used to be called "private parts." Privacy's gone. Candor's in. The wicked little virus has changed our mores overnight. It's dragged sex from the receding shadows, from under the sheets, and laid it sprawling like a corpse on the anatomy table.

"Can you hear all right in the back of the room?" Let's make a circle of our chairs so we can look at each other and talk about these things. (Go ahead, touch it, it just has a little spermicide on it, it won't bite.) During the '70's we learned how to engage in sex freely. Now in the '80's we must learn to talk about it just as freely."

I'm learning.

The Orlando Sentinel recently refused to print this article on the grounds that it was too graphic.

## We Must Not Be Deceived About Economic Future

by Tim Doyle

... if anyone is to have the privilege of lying, the rulers of the state should be the persons, and in their dealings... with their own citizens, may be allowed to lie for the public good.

—Plato's Republic

... being deceived about the highest realities is what mankind utterly detests. —Plato's Republic

With Wall Street's quakes and tremors rocking world markets these last few weeks, the Reagan Administration's economic illusion is quickly fading away and reality is setting in. Indeed, Black Monday and the volatility of Wall Street has not been the cause of any economic shake up, it has rather acted like an alarm clock going off and waking up people all over the world to Reagan's ill-fated economic policies.

For a country who loves to buy, buy, buy, and worry about payment later, Ronald Reagan and his administration have turned out to be the

natural rulers of America. Back in 1980, Reagan told the American people how he would balance the budget deficit (at the time one Trillion dollars) by 1984. What was so great about his scheme was that we didn't have to pay for it: tax cuts and David Stockman's knife would take care of it for us. Moreover, Reagan would make America strong again by increasing military spending. All of this would be done and our economy would grow to boot.

Well, the Gipper and his team have fooled us (and themselves) for too long. Reagan's veil is becoming transparent and he can no longer hide the fact that under his administration the budget deficit doubled from one Trillion to two Trillion. This huge deficit makes our government overly dependent on foreign investment i.e. the Japanese et al buying U.S. Treasury Bonds.

Moreover, the Trade deficit (\$200 billion a year) puts our economy in a double whammy: The dol-

lar must be lowered so that our products can sell in foreign markets but that could drive up interest rates. The reasoning behind this being that with a dollar so low, higher interest rates might be the only way to attract foreign capital for our budget deficit.

Economics isn't simple stuff and as a Humanities major I don't have all the answers, but one thing is easy to discern: Reagan and his fellow Republicans must turn tail on their economic policies. Slight tax rate increases and budget program cuts are the only fundamental answers to getting America back on a sound economic path.

This path leads to the future and, as ambitious college students, we all have an interest in it. What we make of our future depends in large part on what we inherit from our leaders of today. With this thought let us go to the polls in '88 and elect a leader with intelligence and honesty in whom we can have confidence.

## Biden Failure Part of Plan?

by "Woodstein"

Why does it seem that all the Democratic campaigns are being thwarted? In May, Gary Hart's campaign died because of allegations of adultery. Joe Biden was haunted by a college term paper plagiarized 22 years ago, collapsing his campaign. Pat Schroeder, the Congresswoman from Colorado, ran out of money. Here is one possible explanation. Try to imagine, just for a moment, a conversation such as this taking place in a secret room in some dark basement in Washington, D.C.

"Well, Bob, what do you think? How is the operation going?"

"So far, George, I'm pretty pleased. The first part of the plan is right on schedule — three down and four to go."

"Yeah. You were so lucky to find out about Biden's old law paper. How did you know he faked it?"

"I didn't. I just gave everything to my men over at the CIA who went through every detail of his life with a fine-toothed comb. One guy checked the references on a footnote, and we hit paydirt."

"That's great. But how on Earth were you able to place the blame on Dukakis' aide?"

"Simple — mucho dinero. People will admit to anything if you give them enough money. All we have to do now is blame the next democratic campaign failure on Dukakis again and he will collapse."

"That's wonderful. I hope we have the same luck with Babbitt. So far, there is nothing much on him except that some of his personal mannerisms resemble Nixon."

"That's a good attribute, not bad. Keep looking."

"I am. I've got twenty guys from Intelligence working on it."

"If worst comes to worst, we can always do what we did to Schroeder."

"What did we do to Schroeder, anyway? How could we possibly have convinced her that she didn't have any money when she was flooded with it?"

"Simple. Her campaign accountant is really on our side. He simply diverted most of her funds and hid it all deep in one of our accounts."

"It is amazing what bookkeepers can do. Heaven forbid we'd have a woman in the White House."

"Yeah! Now, what have you got on Gore?"

"Well, Bob, it looks promising, but we still need more info. Apparently, when he was nineteen, his college fraternity was involved in a number of pranks and were all arrested once. However, I have no direct evidence proving that he, personally, was involved, and I have nothing on the nature of the pranks."

"That's all right. We still have some time on



Gore. What's with Jackson?"

"Oh, it's fantastic. A friend at the FBI found out that millions of dollars of contributions to his ministry were diverted to Jackson's campaign fund."

"Wow! That's great, George. I can't wait to see the public desert him. How sweet it will be."

"Yeah, I can almost taste the White House, now."

"Don't count your chickens, yet. We still have to get Simon the nomination and then come up with something for every VP he runs with."

"I still don't understand, Bob. Why do we want Senator Paul Simon, a nobody from Illinois, to get the nomination of his party?"

"You're so stupid, George. Simon is weak and looks like an egghead. The public doesn't like his bow ties. He will be the easiest to beat."

"Okay, I understand now."

"What's the story on Gephardt?"

"Well, we have a lead on a possible sexual encounter with a professional prostitute seven years ago, but nothing confirmed, yet."

"Keep on it, but keep on other leads, too."

"Right. Oh, by the way, Bob, Donna Rice called. She wants more money."

"What? We're already paying her three million a month."

"Yes, but we can't afford to have this get out. You saw what happened to North."

"Yeah, but later he became a hero. We should be too, you know. But we can't take the chance.

Don't worry, this time I didn't make the mistake of hiring Barker."

"Anyway, Miss Rice says that she doesn't like the money because she can't put it in any official interest-bearing investment because it isn't legal."

"Hush! Don't say that. You know that this must be done. It may officially be against the law and the Constitution, but we are doing this for a higher ideal."

"You're right. I certainly don't want to see a Democratic White House."

"Bite your tongue! That would be horrible. The Democrats would never allow us to secretly fund Iran, Iraq, the Contras, the Sandinistas, Israel, Lebanon, Pakistan, India and the Soviets with nuclear and conventional arms."

"Bob, why do we always support both sides?"

"Fool! The more sides we support, the more customers we have, and the more money we can make. Besides, it is right to treat all countries equally."

"Of course. So the point is, we cannot let the 'goody-goody' Democrats win. Therefore, we had better pay Donna all of what she asks for, at least until after the election. Remember, if it wasn't for her, we'd still have Gary Hart to deal with."

"All right. Pay her. Listen, I have to get going. I'm giving a campaign speech to the Neo-Nazis."

"Okay, Bob. I'll see you. Good luck."

"So long. Hail Nixon!"

"Hail Nixon!"

**WATERGATE — DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN!**

# Sheltered Lives

This has been a strange evening. If I were the sort of person that believed that everything has a meaning (which I don't—but I do keep an open mind) I might be feeling a bit wary.

My evening started by reading *Journey To Ixtlan*, which are lessons of Don Juan—an Indian Sorcerer. Then I watched an episode of *Kat & Allie* about the homeless. My evening of TV ended with a movie called *Strange Voices*, about a young woman with schizophrenia.

These three events affected me greatly within myself. I thought about the old age home down the street from my own home. I see the old men and women in my mind as clearly as I see this pen in hand. They are not dressed for the cold, they beg for money on the streets for cigarettes and such. And just as clearly, I see myself walking away. All these thoughts came to me tonight. One might say my conscious has been raised, and if

truth be known—I don't like it. The reason is simple—I don't want the responsibility. Yes, it was only television, and yet valid points were made as I drew in my own experiences from the city. It saddens me greatly to learn I am so unwilling to see these things before me. And tomorrow I will awake and shrug off with a laugh the sadness, and once again join the mainstream of those who choose to remain ignorant. It is a brutal truth—one I am not proud of—yet it is reality. But for now, I will remain open and allow myself to think.

There are tears in the rims of my eyes and in the back of my throat. They are for the people I will not see and for myself because of self-induced blindness. I see people without homes walking the cold streets, and I think to myself "Tsk, tsk—why doesn't someone do something for them?"

And I go about my way, no longer thinking about what I had seen because I was no longer face-to-

face with it. I ask why someone else can't do anything. The question should have been "What can I do about this?"

But that would mean the acceptance of responsibility. And this is what it boils down to—we as a people, as a society do not accept our mentally ill, homeless and aging. We go through with blinders on, seeing only what we choose—we do not choose to accept the responsibility and this saddens men greatly because, I too cannot accept it.

There is money to build nuclear bombs and missiles and other toys of death—these things that can lead to the destruction of our civilization. But there is never enough money to feed and shelter and care for those who truly need it—these things that can help build upon our own humanity.

So where do we go from here? I don't know, if I had had the answer, this would not have been written.

Author unnamed

# The Eclipse Of Community At Rollins College: Some Consequences

Jack C. Lane

Department of History

In a recent retrospective, I talked of the decline and fall of the Student Center and suggested that the loss of the Center may have precipitate an eclipse community at Rollins. If this is true, and I believe it is, we are speaking of a very serious problem which has ramifications for the whole of life at the college. Many of the problems that have arisen at the college in the past decade can be traced directly or indirectly to the atrophy of community.

As many people recognize, we are living in an era dominated by excessive individualism. Students who have entered Rollins in the past ten years have been the products of family nurture and social institutions that teach them to be concerned first of all with their own personal lives and their own personal goals, in short themselves. Young people reared in such an environment do not have many cooperative, collective, common experiences, and this makes it difficult for a college to encourage such experiences, but it does not relieve us of the responsibility of trying. In fact, I believe that community experience is at the heart of a liberal education.

Without a community with an active center, we simply reinforce the individualistic, atomistic behavior already embedded in the student's personality. Nay, we encourage it, and when they cannot find identification with the whole they seek identity with the parts. Thus, separate student organizations have proliferated in the last decade, and the Greek system has become stronger than ever, with students living out their lives at Rollins in a separate group existences.

While we may laud this as an education in diversity, it has a deadly affect on community.

Our academic program further feeds this atomism. The increase in the number of classes has allowed students to take such a variety of courses that they rarely ever see each other in more than one or two classes. Each class is a distinct experience. Since the major has become the way in which students academically identify themselves (What is your major? is the most commonly asked question on the campus), we have successfully divided them into at least fifteen groups (more when considering area studies majors.) Not satisfied with this multiplication, several years ago we created minors. Anyone for independent studies? Our general education requirements, which we, with some cynicism call "core courses," is actually little more than a cafeteria of separate departmental offerings.

The faculty is by no means free of this unbridled pluralism. Encouraged by the administrators, we have retreated into our basic units—the departments—and in these redoubts we sink deeper and deeper into intellectual incest, and dare anyone to penetrate the sturdy walls we have built around them.

The result is that there is little or no commonly shared experiences, academic, intellectual, social or otherwise. More significantly, we fail to develop those "habits of the heart" that common association would provide, because we are not accustomed to associating with each other outside the formal academic structures. Is it surprising that practically no faculty and only a few students have anything to do with our efforts at all-college activities such the Knowles Chapel

program, Theatre plays, Concert series, and all-college guest speakers, and why only a fraction of the college members show up even for athletic events? Was anyone surprised that little more than a fourth of the student body attended Convocation, one of the most significant all-college events of the new academic year. And when on those rare occasions of a large gathering, are we surprised, are we even concerned that faculty, students, and administrators collect in their constituent groups, somewhat embarrassed by the presence of each other? If you are astonished, you shouldn't be, because in our daily lives, we never develop the habits of association, of common discourse and conversation.

When such common experiences become a part of our daily lives, we will see a dramatic change in other areas. We will begin to identify ourselves with the college first and our constituent groups second. We will see a greater attachment to and more pride in the whole college and less sense of alienation that has produced high attrition rates, low alumnus support and widespread destruction of college property. Until we develop the habits of community, no amount of rhetoric proclaiming that we are a community will substitute for commonly share experiences. In fact, as we historians know when we observe past societies, loud rhetoric is a certain indication of the absence of substance. When we have substance—when we have community—there is no need to proclaim it. It speaks for itself.

Next issue: How we could rebuild community at Rollins.

## Guest Editorial (In response to Jacob Neusner's Article: "Advice To A Postulant-Professor" from *Chronicles* September Issue that was reprinted in the *Sandspur's* last issue).

by William Bartlett

A disturbing article appeared in the September issue of *Chronicles* magazine. (Reprinted, without credits, in the last *Sandspur*.) Jacob Neusner, a professor at Brown University, wrote with such bitterness and disillusionment about his experiences as a university professor that I felt sick. Here is a man who has devoted over thirty years to a life of learning, teaching and sharing, and, upon asking himself what advice he would give to someone who feels called to this kind of life, says:

To state matters bluntly: if you have to teach in a college in order to pursue the research you wish to undertake, then go, teach. Otherwise, pursue learning in some other setting. Universities these days are not led by scholars and educators, and they do not value teaching or scholarship. . . . Teaching through engagement with your students will make your students hate you, and it will not gain for you the respect and appreciation of anyone on the campus or off. . . . If you have to make a living in the academy, teach as little as you can, to as few students as you can, and avoid all engagement with students.

Professor Neusner goes on in this vein for quite a while. He points to the difference between the university as it existed when he and his colleagues inherited it as young professors in the 1950s and the university as it exists now, two decades after the campus revolution and the failure of the faculty to keep alive their vision of life in the university as a calling "to civil debate and discussion about matters of reason, and [the] commitment to teach through discovery and to impart knowledge through engagement of mind to mind" in the face of the politicization of the university and the replacement of its leaders, traditionally scholars themselves, by fund-raisers, corporate

managers, and professional administrators. As Neusner says, "The barbarians have inherited Rome, and, as before, the Dark Ages will endure for some time to come."

Evidently, Neusner's disillusionment with the university has caused him to capitulate to "the barbarians." This is profoundly tragic, for what is more human, more noble, more important than fighting for what you believe in? And what is sadder than the sight of a defeated person?

Neusner tells those of us who will make up the next generation of professors that we must alter our ideals, goals, and expectations in the face of a university that has changed for the worse. I'm not convinced. Granted, the universities, especially the major research-oriented institutions, may have lost sight of their function as places in which the engagement of mind to mind inherent in good teaching is cultivated and encouraged. But Neusner is a defeated man. How much of his defeat do we attribute to the institution which he served, and how much do we attribute to his own weakness?

One thing we can say for sure about life: it presents problems that may seem overwhelming. We also know that the human spirit is capable of the strength and courage needed to overcome problems of any order of magnitude. But not everyone does. What distinguishes the winners from the losers, besides the fact that the losers give up the fight? Certainly it is not necessarily talent or luck; we have countless examples of people who have come through trials more severe than anything Brown University could do to Professor Neusner. No, defeat is not an external event, but internal. The woeful state of higher education does not defeat Neusner; he defeats himself. A man who calls himself a professor and thinks that the way to function in a university is

to isolate himself as much as possible from his administration, colleagues and students—such a man has lost his integrity and embraced defeat.

Teaching—meaning a life of exploring, learning and sharing—is valuable, and, when done well, one of the greatest things we can do. Of course, I know nothing of the struggle in which Neusner was engaged, the battle against the barbarians which he lost, but I believe it a battle worth waging, and one which is possible to win.

I believe that the engagement of minds that is so vital to teaching is possible and worth the effort because I have seen it happen at Rollins, and I have been part of it. I have seen friends not just excited about learning, but engaged with ideas in a powerful, self-transforming way. And this has happened to me, too. I have talked to professors and shared ideas that we felt were important—that are important. I have learned from—and learned with—professors who love what they teach and love it with a magnetic intensity that draws students into a shared force field in which thoughts and ideas are exchanged from a basis of caring and trust. These professors believe that what they do as teachers is the most important thing in the world. Yes, they may get frustrated and discouraged at times, but they see enough to continue devoting themselves to this act of faith that is teaching.

These experiences that we can have at Rollins we, who are the next generation of professors, can not afford to forget. Neusner advises us to live selfishly within the university: "Do not give yourself to your students. . . . [Do] not write too much. . . do not disagree with other people. . . do not say anything new. . . ." I say, "No!" On the contrary: give, teach, learn, write, ask—do what you are called to do. And pray for the strength to flourish in what may be a hostile environment. We must not accept Neusner's alternative.

## Do-It-Yourself Behavior Modification (Or, How To Change A Bad Habit)

by Judy Provost

Most of us have struggled at some point in our lives to change a bad habit or negative behavior - smoking, binge eating, procrastinating, biting nails, and so forth. There may be underlying psychological issues that perpetuate the behaviors and should be addressed through counseling. Yet, there are some specific steps that individuals themselves can take in a self-help fashion.

### Step 1

Write a "contract" to yourself stating in positive terms a specific behavior you want to change - WHAT and WHEN. Examples are: "This term I want to get all my assignments in on time." or "I want to stabilize my weight at 10 lbs. less than my present weight by learning to eat healthy foods and eat only at mealtimes."

### Step 2

Before trying to change, record current behavior for about one week. Don't make yourself

do anything differently; merely record your actual behavior, for example, when, where, and what you eat. Be specific in recording circumstances surrounding the behavior to be changed. This record makes you more aware of the various factors (emotions, environmental cues, etc.) involved with the behavior or bad habit and gives you a baseline by which to measure change.

### Step 3

Plan a system of rewards that you give yourself when you successfully accomplish the new behavior. The reward must be something you can do yourself, not dependent on other people. The reward should also be proportionate and appropriate to the behavior; for example, getting to watch David Letterman for finishing an assignment on time but not buying \$500 worth of clothing as the reward. Remember, only reward

yourself after completing the behavior, never before. You may need to plan some small rewards for the little daily steps towards your goal and a bigger reward when the overall goal is met.

### Step 4

Practice the new behavior (and rewards), remembering to be aware of and avoid circumstances which stimulate the old behavior (from your baseline records). It may help to continue keeping a record or log so that you will be very conscious of your choices and actions. You might note times when you "slip" into the old behavior - what was going on?

There are other strategies that can help in breaking a bad habit, such as involving a close friend with your behavioral contract, using positive imagery, and working with a personal counselor. Mark Freeman and Judy Provost are available to help at Lakeside Health and Counseling Center in Elizabeth Hall.

## Isn't College Wonderful?

by Mike Scotchie

Isn't college wonderful? It allows one several years to learn everything and to contemplate the meaning, origin and destiny of life — once general education requirements are completed. However, after two years in the material world, I discovered that all the answers cannot be found behind the wheel of a BMW. I was devastated by this. On the verge of entering a monastery, I decided at the last minute to journey to distant lands and taste the proverbial fruits of life along the way — a pilgrimage, if you will. My travels took me to the bowels of Ohio and Indiana (Columbus and Indianapolis, to be specific) as a groom in the harness horse racing industry.

I learned the trade under the guide of Ray, the second trainer for our stable, the man who was

to become my mentor. Years of working with the horses showed all over his appearance: worn work clothes, leathery hands, sun-hardened face, and an ample beer gut, the latter being the result of years of socializing with the horsemen. Truly a sight to behold for the young seeker of knowledge and hope.

One day I beheld him sitting on a tackbox, munching on a glazed donut and drinking a beer. I figured this was as good a time as any to gain knowledge. So I sat at his feet, cross-legged, and asked, "Ray, what is the nature of man?"

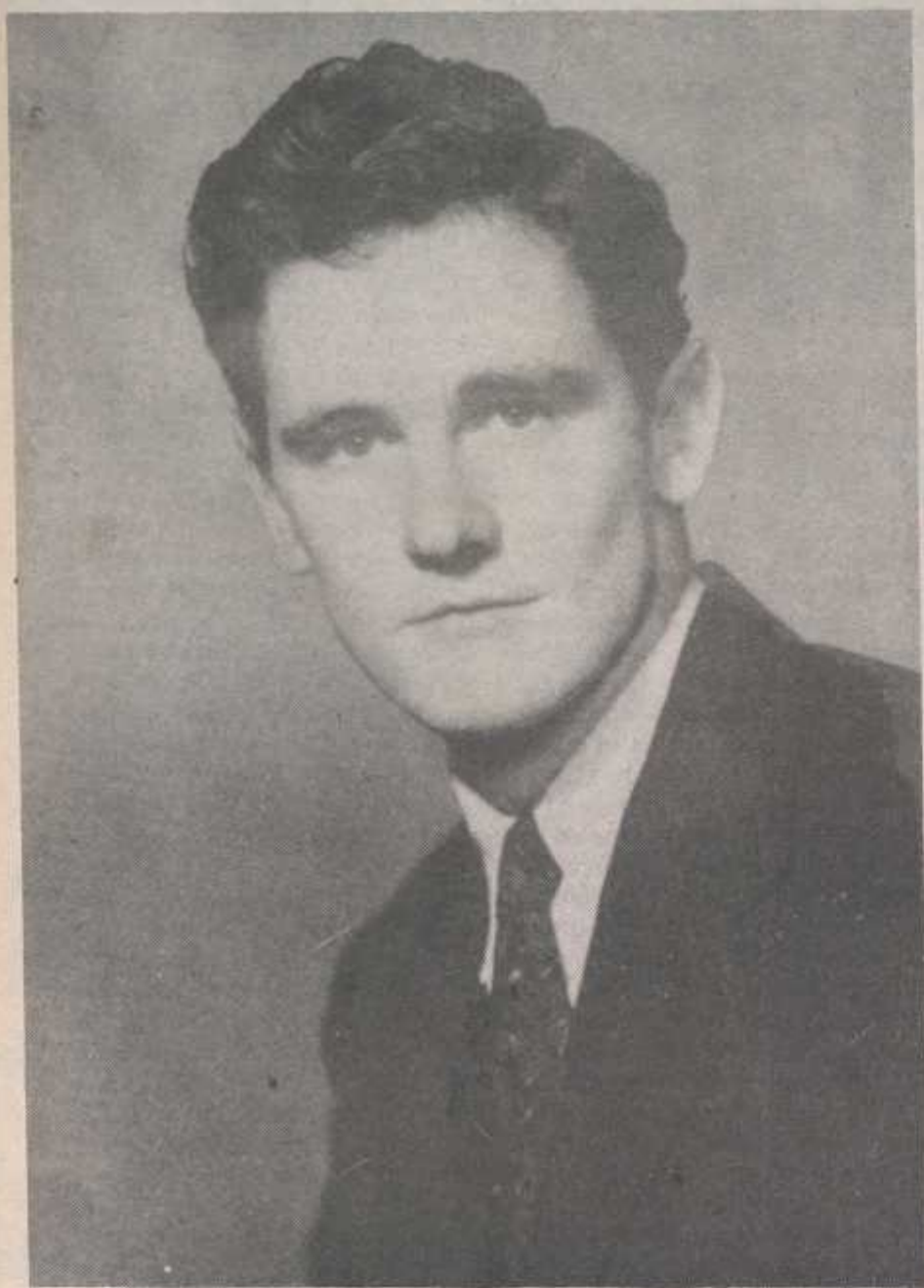
Ray looked me straight in the eye, then glanced over his shoulder to see who I was talking to. His gaze climbed up to the rafters, and he massaged his gums with his tongue while he chose the right

words to impart.

"I'll tell ya," he began. "I been in this bidness for thirty years. I been all over the country, to the Meadowlands, Lexington, Indianapolis, Pompano. . . an' some other places too, an' I seen all kinds of people. I learned one thing." He paused to take another bite of his donut. "People are like horses: they got big, long faces, long tails, they smell, and they blow snot on you when you walk past 'em." He smiled and took another drink.

I thanked him for his time and went off to ponder this over a breakfast of my own. For some reason, I had a hard time contemplating the future and my purpose in life. All I could do was sit there and enjoy my eggs. Them was good eggs, too.

## Donald Cram, Class of '41, Co-recipient



Laura Hope-Gill

On Wednesday October 14, 1987, Rollins graduate, Donald Cram received a telephone call from the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences congratulating him for winning the Nobel Prize in Chemistry. Cram, 68, a native of Vermont, shares the Prize with another American, Charles J. Pedersen, and the French researcher Jean-Marie Lehn. The scientists were recognized for their work involving a new area of Organic Chemistry referred to by Lehn as "Supramolecular Chemistry" and by Cram as "host-guest" chemistry.

Cram graduated from Rollins College with his Bachelor of Science in Organic Chemistry in 1941. He studied here on a National Honorary Scholarship and, although he was a quiet student, he was involved around the campus. He was on the honor roll and was a member of the Knowles Memorial Chapel Choir, and the program of the Rollins College Student Players' production of *The Night of January 16th*, presented in December 1938, cites Cram's name playing the character of John Graham Whitfield. For this performance a local critic stated that Cram was "authoritative and always in good taste."

Following his graduation from Rollins, Cram received his M.S. at the University of Nebraska in 1942. During the war years of 1942 to 1945 Cram did research work for Merck and Company with penicillin and streptomycin. In 1945 he went to Harvard University where he studied as a National Research Fellow and earned a Ph.D. in Organic Chemistry in 1947. In 1948 he joined the staff of the University of California at Los Angeles as an assistant professor, to be promoted the next year as Professor of Chemistry. He has remained at UCLA since, performing lectures, writing books, and constantly expanding the field of chemistry which he refers to as "host-guest chemistry."

Cram has either authored or co-authored over 300 journal articles and a half-dozen books. With Professor George Hammond and later with Professor James Hendrickson, he wrote the introductory text *Organic Chemistry*. This book has been noted for its development of an "entirely new organization for the presentation of the subject at an elementary level." It has been translated into eight languages since it was first

published in 1959. In his *Elements of Organic Chemistry*, co-authored by Richards and Hammond and published in 1969, refined the text into an even more simplified form. A monograph by Cram, *Fundamentals of Organic Chemistry* was the first in the field and translated into Russian shortly after its publishing in 1965. These are just examples of the contributions made by Cram to the instruction and development in the field of Organic Chemistry.

Cram has been credited with the pioneering of such fields of Organic Chemistry as the design and synthesis of host compounds that selectively complex and orient guest compounds (also explained as being enzyme imitators), carbanion structure and stereochemical capabilities, cyclophane chemistry, phenonium ions, and open-chain conformational analysis.

Cram's early investigations were in the field of mold metabolites. His more recent interests have dealt with syntheses of highly saturated organic molecular complexes. This interest evolved greatly from his recognition that at the center of such important biological functions as immune response, enzyme catalysis, drug action and genetic information storage and retrieval lies the process of complexation. Stemming from this discovery are Cram's further studies of multiheteromacrocyclic host compounds that mimic certain enzyme systems in complexes with guest compounds and the further catalysis of reactions. In short, Cram and his co-workers have opened a whole new field of synthetic host-guest complexation.

It is to this area that Cram has dedicated over fifteen years of research. He creates the "counterfeit" host molecules in his laboratory. These molecules are synthetic counterparts to important biological compounds such as enzymes, proteins of the immune system, ribonucleic (RNA), and deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) molecules. Cram constructs these hosts that are necessary in the carrying out of many of nature's vital processes. The hosts mimic in the laboratory what enzymes accomplish in the cells.

Cram compares the host-guest relationship to that "of a baseball mitt to a baseball or a scabbard to sword." Cram and his co-workers have designed and prepared more than 500 of these hosts. He says "they're getting larger and more elaborate all the time." But the field is still very young despite its incredible advances of late.

"Although still in its infancy, this field excites the imagination in its potential for invention and discovery," says Cram "In principle hosts can be designed to extract uranium, and even gold from the sea. Another possible use for hosts is in the separation of toxic ions from nontoxic ions in industrial or atomic energy wastes. A particularly exciting goal is the invention of organic catalysts that rival the properties of the enzyme systems."

Cram speaks of his research with vigor and excitement.



Dr. Donald J. Cram, co-recipient of the 1987 Nobel Prize in Chemistry, is a 1941 graduate of Rollins College, the oldest private institution in Florida. Dr. Cram (center) is shown here at the College's 1975 Commencement ceremony receiving the Distinguished Alumnus Award from President Jack B. Critchfield. Dr. Daniel DeRicola, Dean of the Faculty,

# of Nobel Prize in Chemistry

cont. from page 12

"Clearly wonderful discoveries will be made in this decade and the next in host-guest complexation. I think we will help answer important theoretical questions, and it is likely the research will also have important applications in medicine and industry."

The awards committee announcement praised Cram for his devotion and energy which he has applied and continues to apply to his field.

"Great progress towards this goal has been made over the last 20 years, and it is the pioneering achievements in this field that are now being recognized. Pedersen, Lehn and Cram laid the foundations of what is today one of the most active and expanding fields of chemical research..."

Cram takes a humanly honest attitude toward his research.

"I constantly need new challenges," he says relating his interest and devotion to the field of host-guest chemistry, "and I couldn't think of a larger reservoir of challenges."

This drive to figure, discover and conclude is a great strength and Cram has used it to lay the foundations of what is one of the largest growing fields of discovery in today's world. And Cram's philosophy provides him with a great faith in the sciences.

"One of the beautiful things about chemistry is that you can never command the field. All you can possibly do is make a small contribution to a tremendous body of accumulating knowledge. Reading the chemical literature is a humbling experience, but contemplating what is yet to be done is exhilarating. The physical and life sciences are the main frontiers left in the world today for exercising the pioneer spirit."

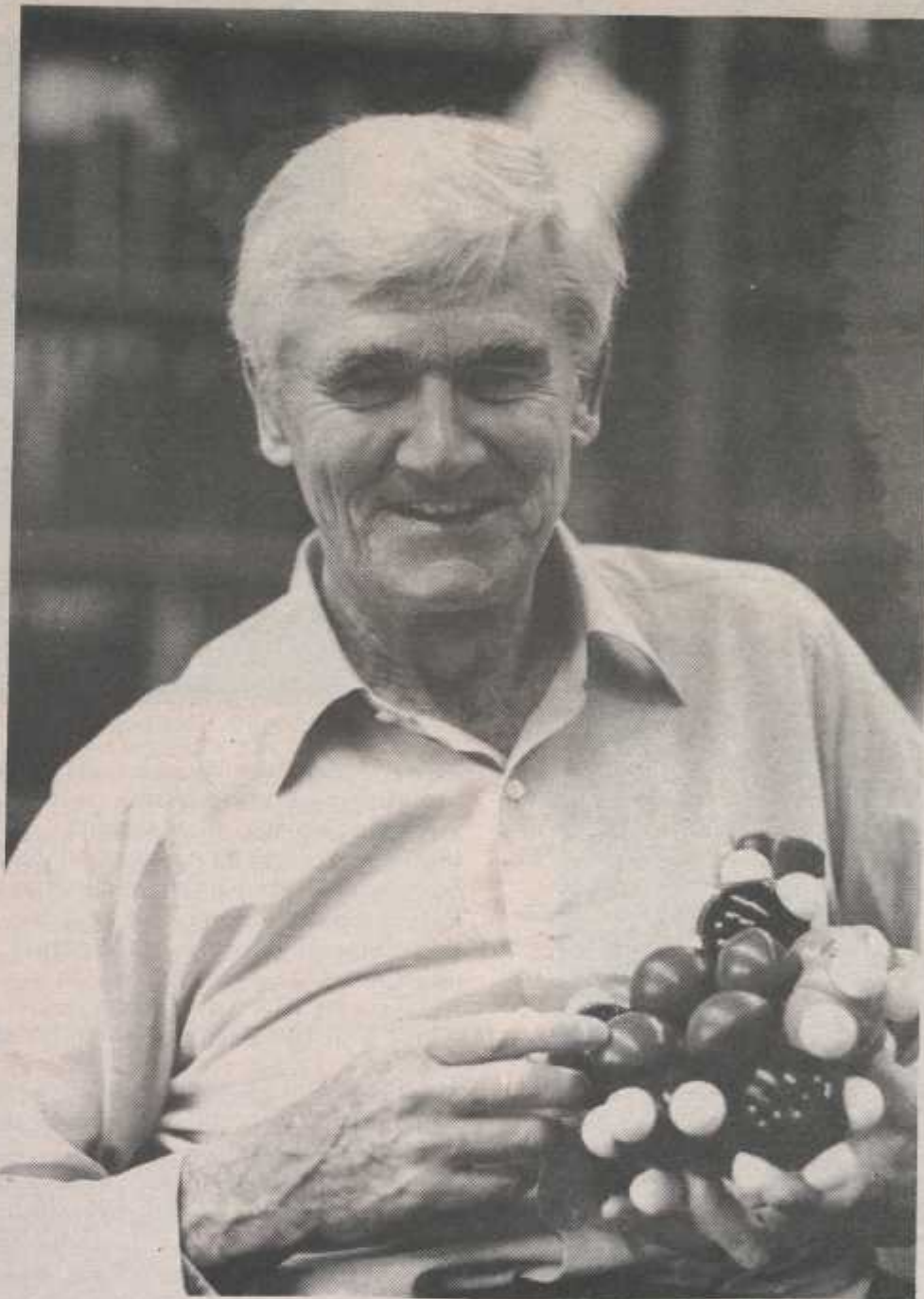
Cram views himself as a romantic when he is approaching his research. He approaches each experiment as a detective who has to "conduct intelligence operations on the behavior of organic molecules and spy on their behavior. You have to piece together hints and clues." He views the unknown as an enemy — a culprit. He tries to put his mind in the mind of that enemy and draw the explicit from the implicit. And, honestly he has stated, "I'm good at that."

It is with this attitude that Cram has achieved such honors as being named a Guggenheim Fellow in 1955, elected to the National Academy of Sciences in 1961, the first holder of the Saul Winstein Chair in Organic Chemistry, and at least twenty others which he has achieved steadily for the last twenty years. On May 25, 1975, Donald Cram was awarded the Rollins College Distinguished Alumnus Award by Dr. Daniel R. DeNicola and Former President Jack B. Critchfield. Cram was the first recipient of the award.

On Wednesday, October 14, President Thaddeus Seymour called Dr. Cram to congratulate him on his winning the Nobel Prize. Cram spoke fondly of his days at Rollins College.

"This is a day on which I am very proud of having been at Rollins College. Rollins sent me on my way well-equipped to deal with the career I've had."

Cram, who built his own chemistry equipment



while he was attending Rollins, praises his Liberal Arts Background as the means by which he started with the general philosophies of the combined studies program offered by Liberal Arts and worked his way toward the specific study of Organic Chemistry.

"Rollins was the general, and I developed a philosophy there. I had all kinds of doors opened for me there. It was a very good place to start my career. I'm very appreciative of Rollins."

Cram currently teaches and researches at UCLA. He receives upward of \$500,000 in research grants annually, and he continues to break down the barriers of the unknown and to open up new doors for younger scientists as well as for the environments, industries and the human citizens who will reap the benefits of his enthusiasm, intelligence and hard work.

Charles Kobbler, Chair of UCLA's Department of Chemistry, describes Cram as "creative, very methodical, and he works at his research with tremendous energy. He is like an Olympic athlete, devoting years and years of work to pursue his goal."

Cram weaves his philosophies and his intelligence together in all he works toward. From his creative dismantlings of scientific secrets and presumed impossibilities to his guitar playing for his students before he introduces a new concept in one of his classes.

Kenneth Trueblood, one of Cram's colleagues, marvels at Cram's possession and avid display of brightness, diligence and an exceptional imagination.

"The world is full of people who possess one, or even two of these qualities, but there are few who possess all three."

And he continues to apply each of these qualities to his research and teaching at the laboratories of UCLA, to his writing of scientific literature, to his marriage to his wife, Jane Maxwell Cram, to his life so that we may embark upon and explore new boundaries, however distant or unimagined, and become acquainted with the currently unknown. Donald Cram, Rollins College graduate, class of 1941. Recipient of the 1987 Nobel Prize in Chemistry.



The graduating class of 1941. Donald Cram stands in the back in the back row, fifth from the left.

# ART AIN'T NICE

Jake: Quite a little voice.  
 Walt: Comical.  
 Bob: And how she lays it on, she does.  
 Matt: Ha! Very nice — ain't it? Comical. And how she lays it on, she does!  
 Macheath: Nice? You call that nice? That's not nice, you clown! That's Art, and Art ain't nice!

"The dialogue among Macheath and his gang after Polly sings 'The Barbara Song.' This dialogue takes place in Act I, scene 2 of *The Threepenny Opera* as presented by the Rollins College Department of Theatre and the Rollins players. The scene was originally in Act II, Scene 3 of Marc Blitzstein's adaptation of the Kurt Weill (Music) and Bertolt Brecht (Book and Lyrics) opera.)



Rick Juergens (the house critic).

*The Threepenny Opera* is a very difficult show to bring together because it involves many aspects of theatre such as music, costumes, acting, scenery and lights which all had their own intrinsic importance but were invaluable to the instrumental working of this opera. Adding to this is the complications of the period, what Weill and Brecht wanted the piece to say, and what the director (Joe Nassif) interpreted the theme to be. Still the curtain had to go up at eight o'clock on Friday the 16th and it did.

"A visual feast" is the most accurate term that should be used to describe this show. With the spectacular set, (designed by Darwin Red Payne and put together by Tony Mendez with the help of James Packard, David Dusseault and other crew members) the grand costumes (designed by Dale Amlund), the dim and exact lighting (designed by James Packard), and the appropriate choreography (Robert Sherry); the Prologue, the Carnival, and the Ending were examples that clearly showed the complex beauty of this production.

The only problem, as Brecht states, "that art ain't nice." Brecht wanted to alienate his audience so they would take a step back and look at what his literature was criticizing. This way his audience wouldn't be entertained and take what he had to say lightly. He was mocking society and its values about wealth, goodness and positions of power. Mr. Peachum, a poor man in control of a beggar's firm called "The Beggar's Big Brother," which was one of the biggest of its kind in the city of London, is in control of the outcome of the show. He is in a position of power but he is a villain. Police Commissioner Tiger Brown on the other hand is very feeble-minded and wishy-washy for he gets manipulated by Mr. Peachum and Mack the Knife through out the whole show. A societal position of power is a pawn while the real power lies in the villain who in the end changes the outcome of the show by pardoning Mack the Knife. The villain becomes the good guy while the good guy becomes the villain because his lack of action gets Mack the Knife jailed. This is very melodramatic unless one looks at it from the outside, then it becomes truthfully ironic.



This is where the problem lies. One must begin to hate Mr. Peachum or the element of surprise at the end becomes redundant. Also, how can one really enjoy a work of art and critically analyze its serious points? Jesse Wolfe does a very good job of portraying Mr. Peachum as a nasty and colorful character. In the song, "The World is Mean," Peachum sings, "We crave to be more kindly than we are. Give gladly to the poor because it is right. If all are kind, his kingdom can't be far. Who wouldn't wish to bask beneath his light? . . . The world is mean and man uncouth. To be aglow instead of low! But you know circumstance won't have it so." But is Jesse Wolfe's portrayal a person that the audience would be disgusted by? This is a key character because he has great power and if he is the ugliest then the other characters, like Filch (played by William Cowart), can play off this grotesque creature and begin to wonder where his power comes from. I don't know whether this was the director's fault or the actor's but Brecht's point and the way he wants the audience to view it gets lost right from the beginning scene because of this misinterpretation. Mrs. Peachum (Marian Hose) could have added to this alienation of the audience and she does with her alcoholic gestures but it could have been much bigger and more grotesque. Brecht and Weill are making some powerful statements about society and are not to be taken lightly, even in this day and age. These substantial claims about society are lost into the world of entertainment because the play turns into a three hour entertainment spectacle or visual feast.

Then we meet Mack the Knife (Eddie Bowz) and Polly Peachum (Elaine Kersting). Mack represents many things, good and bad. He is the essence of both and it should show in his character. He should be mean and psychotic, allowing his sometimes slapstick gang to play off of him and vice versa. He should also be walking the thin line between bad and good every minute of the day and the change should be smooth but noticeable to the audience. Not a very easy character to become but the script lends to this attitude. Again I don't know where the problem began, with the directing or with the acting, but Eddie Bowz becomes too charming all of the time. One should almost be sucked in by Mack's charm and then thrown back into their critical viewing chair by his violent reactions to situations. He is the true politician. And the charming side of Eddie Bowz plays very well. On his way to death Mack the Knife makes a speech from on top of the gallows after having been turned in by Jenny, his whore and manipulated by Mr. Peachum. "What is the robbing of a bank compared to the founding of a bank? What is the killing of a man compared to the subjection of a man? . . . Some of you have in the past been very close to me. That Jenny should have informed on me, amazes me greatly. It is clear proof that the world changes not."

" . . . The world changes not." This is very true all of the female characters of the show. Polly Peachum will always be innocent. Jenny Diver (Alice Smetheram) will always be a backstabber with a conscious. And Lucy Brown (Aidan Garrity) will always fall for Mack the Knife's lines and rescue him from troubled situations. I don't know what kind of message Brecht and Weill are making. These three parts were played very nicely.

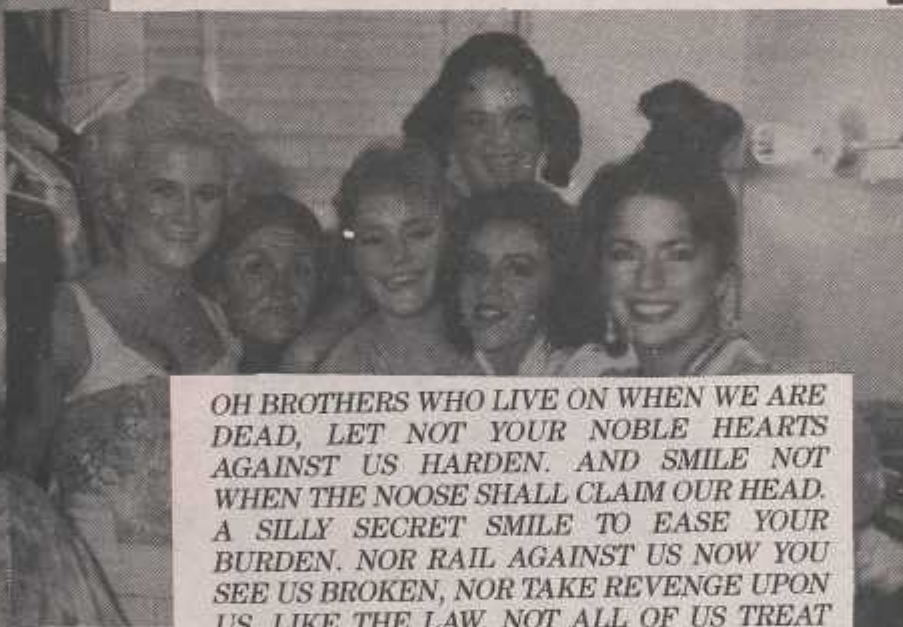
Polly Peachum was the young, romantic, innocent, stubborn and ambitious girl who fell in love with Mack the Knife. Elaine Kersting brings out the innocence and romance well.

Alice Smetheram plays the treacherous whore with a great sense of believability because she shows that she is human and feels guilt for luring Mack into the police. But one gets the feeling that this wouldn't stop her from doing it again.

Aidan Garrity does a fine job of grasping the concept of Lucy Brown, the commissioner's daughter. She has a part in one of the best scenes in the show. Polly and Lucy sing the Jealousy Duet with great charisma and beautiful voices while Mack looks on and enjoys watching the two women become ruthless fighting over him. Bot Aidan Garrity and Elaine Kersting display their fine voices in this scene.

One of the most difficult aspects of this sometimes jagged show is to find the median between turning your audience off and making them step back. This production did find a median but maybe just too much towards the entertainment side. Brecht and Weill wanted ugliness and this is lost in the translation of this production. Some actors did find a nice little niche in their acting repertoire but some still showed me the same old characters with a new face.

It is a very hard show to review because, technically it ran perfectly but conceptually was where the theme became sugarized. This was the reason for some of the visual banquets that took place. The scene where Mack the Knife gets turned in by Jenny Diver in the whore house was framed beautifully by the umbrella. Mrs. Peachum was holding on the upper platform. But, unfortunately, beauty isn't one of the main themes of the show.

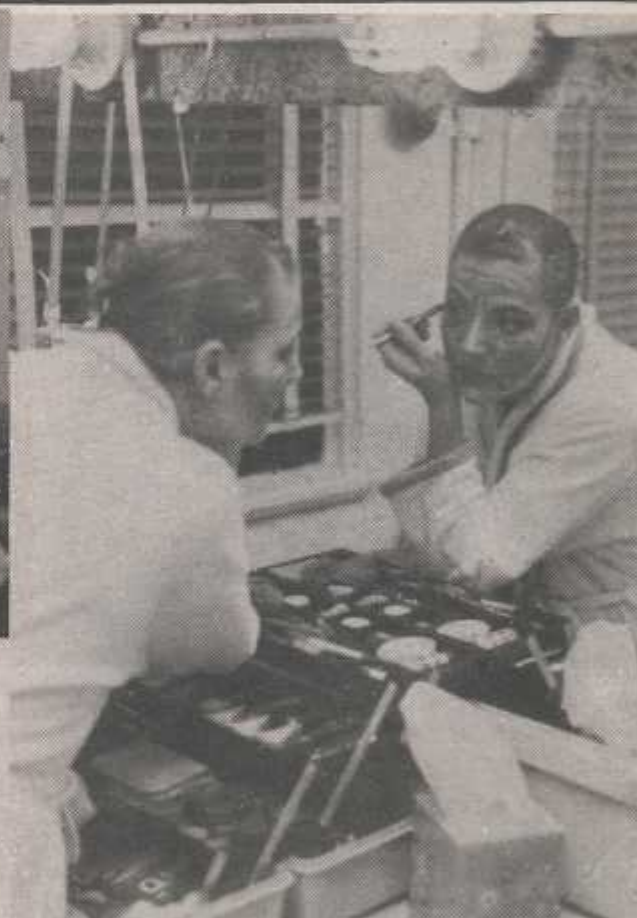
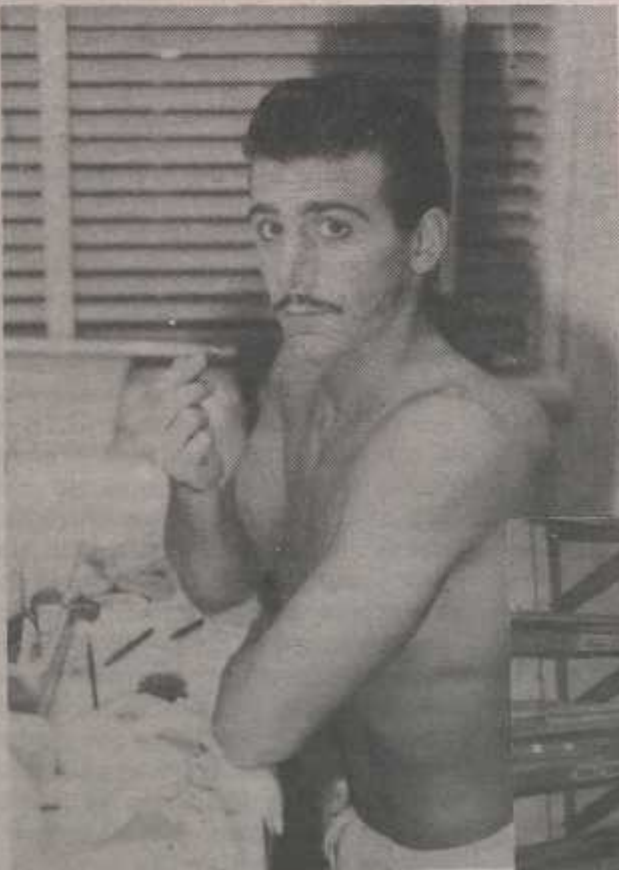


OH BROTHERS WHO LIVE ON WHEN WE ARE DEAD, LET NOT YOUR NOBLE HEARTS AGAINST US HARDEN. AND SMILE NOT WHEN THE NOOSE SHALL CLAIM OUR HEAD. A SILLY SECRET SMILE TO EASE YOUR BURDEN. NOR RAIL AGAINST US NOW YOU SEE US BROKEN, NOR TAKE REVENGE UPON US, LIKE THE LAW. NOT ALL OF US TREAT VIRTUE WITH SUCH AWE! OH BROTHERS, BEING LIGHT OF HEART BE SHAKEN. OH BROTHERS, MAKE OUR FATE A LESSON BE, AND BEG OF GOD THAT HE WILL PARDON ME.

AND LUSCIOUS GIRLS WHO FLAUNT THEIR TREASURE BEFORE THE EYES OF EASY YOKELS; AND OTHER MEN WHO WAIT AT LEISURE TO WATCH AND SNATCH THEIR SINFUL SHEKELS. THE CROOKS, THE WHORES, THE CATHOUSE OWNERS, THE SHILLS BY DAY AND PIMPS BY NIGHT; AND YES, THOSE DOGS IN UNIFORM, MAY I GUILTLESS IN THEIR SIGHT.

MAY HEAVY HATCHETS IT THEIR FACES, AND SMASH THEM IN FOR ALL TO SEE! NOW I FORGET THEIR FILTHY FACES, AND BEG THEM ALL TO PARDON ME.

(Mack the Knife's death message from the gallows)



Photographs by Robert Hartley  
Photographs by Jonathon Chisdes  
Compliments of the Sandspur Photography Department

# In Fashion, If Not Politics, Students Move Leftward 'Statement' And A Taste For Yo-Yo's A Mysterious

by Mike O'Keefe

(CPS) — Campus fashions are changing radically this fall, but no one is sure if it means students are becoming as radical as their clothes.

"I don't know if it's a political statement," said Valerie Cartier of Minneapolis' Haute Stuff boutique, a shop popular among University of Minnesota students. "But it is a statement."

"It's the return of the '60s," asserted Larry Schatzman of the Unique Clothing Warehouse, a Greenwich Village store frequented by New York University students.

Whatever it is, America's college students are mellowing out their wardrobes this fall: tie-dyes, jeans and mini skirts are in, and the pressed, preppy look is out, various fashion observers agree.

"Even sorority girls aren't wearing very preppy clothes this fall," Cartier reported.

"Students are dressing the way they're living," Cartier said. "They're not sitting at home and planning their outfits for an hour."

"When I was a freshman I really didn't fit in," recalled Tim Lum, a Boston College senior. "The campus was really into the preppy stuff, and I really felt out of place. I feel a lot more comfortable now. I could never wear those preppy things."

At NYU, students are "going crazy over acid-washed (pre-faded) jeans. And tie-dye has come back in a very big way. Leather jackets and pants are also popular, especially if they have a distressed look."

Another old style is returning. "Mini skirts are very big right now," explained Nancy Cooley of the Ritz, just off the University of Colorado campus. "Short skirts are hot."

Also big among college students are silk skirts and shirts, '40s pleated pants and slinky dresses.

"Women," Cartier added, "are wearing big hoop earrings, thick belts and chunky jewelry. Anyone who hung onto that stuff now has a real treasure."

Owners of stores on or near campuses say things like Army surplus pants, Guatemalan wrist bands, oversized sweaters and jackets are selling quickly, while rich, traditional colors like plum and forest green are in.

Out are torn-neck T-shirts, turquoise and silver jewelry, stirrup pants, designer jeans, polyesters and big tune boxes.

Schatzman counsels that, although '80s students are interested in '60s fashion, they may not be interested in "serious" issues.

His store stocks dozens of goofy toys ranging from water pistols to plastic dinosaurs to paddle balls. "We sell an awful lot of yo-yos," Schatzman said. "It's fun. It's an '80s mentality."

The mentality also apparently includes an eye for a bargain, or, as University of Colorado student government leader Perry Dino calls it, "value shoppin'."

Dino foresees trendy "vintage clothing" shops for Salvation Army outlets, Goodwill stores and Disabled American Veterans shops. "I'm talkin' values here," Dino cracked.

"People who spend huge coin on designer names think they're lookin' real sweet, but it's really sad. If you buy a Polo shirt for \$30, that's huge coin spent on symbolism. Now, if you spend that much, you better have five or six items to show for it."

Dino wears his second-hand threads everywhere. "When I showed up at the last regents' meeting," Dino said, "the kid was lookin' goood."

Dino believes the change in fashion reflects a change in student attitudes. Like their '60s counterparts, late '80s students are interested in political and social activism.

"I think a lot of people are ready to sign the Port Huron statement again," Dino said, referring to the manifesto that began Students for a Democratic Society, one of the most important sixties leftists groups.

He reasoned there are similarities between the Vietnam War and the Reagan administration's Central American policies, and that students are more interested in environmental movements, civil rights and other issues.

But musical tastes also influence fashion trends, said Judy Fleisher, the manager of Oona's, a used clothing store near the Yale campus in New Haven, Connecticut.

U2 lead singer Bono's leather fringe jacket spurred sales of similar jackets, while the Grateful Dead's latest tour sparked interest in tie-dyes, faded jeans and other hippie regalia.

But Boston College's Lum figures the whole thing is just a trend that will pass in the near future. "It's a reaction against the preppy thing."

"Right now it's trendy not to be concerned with clothes. At BC, ripped jeans are really big. People are even ripping their jeans on purpose. These are the same girls who two years ago were wearing the plaid skirts."

## What Has Been Your Funniest

Photos and interviews by Robert Hartley



John Henry III  
Class of '88

On the Friday evening before convocation my good friends Jay Smith III, John Stiles, Jr. and I had the pleasure of taking Dean Bari Watkins out for drinks at Two Flights Up. We were starting the school year off in style. By 11:00 p.m. we no longer acted or talked like the educated people we are — our conversations made little if any sense to us. We were on a role — drinks were being ordered left and right by our party. Others in the bar were so amused at our drunken state that they sent us more drinks. We failed to remember that as our consumption grew, so did our check. I left the trio for a few minutes to release some of the liquid that had been building up in my body. When I returned our table was empty. The only thing that remained was a \$110 bar tab. The others were nowhere to be found. As luck has it, I only had \$75 in cash. There are advantages to being a regular at Two Flights — they trusted me to bring them the remaining \$35 once I returned from the SAM machine. The SAM machine greeted me with a friendly out of order sign as I attempted to insert my card. I frantically raced over to a friend's to borrow their HONOR card. Once inserted into the HONOR machine, it produced the necessary cash. Oh, was it a challenge to use one of those machines with my degree of a buzz. I finally reappeared at Two Flights, money in hand. I left along — \$110 dollars poorer, having no idea where my drunken friends were. The alcohol was taking full effect on my body by now. Groan. Let the school year begin — we sure ushered it in style!



Laura Raco  
Class of '91

Girls began to scream. Everyone in Beans focused their attention on the girl (Kim) at the table next to me. Kim's friends decided to liven up her birthday with an unusual gift... strip-a-gram. Out of the blue this male, dressed as a police man, came up to Kim. As he sang to her, he began to strip. With each garment he removed the crowd cheered. Within a few minutes the guy only had a G-string on, shaking his equipment and dancing vulgar dances in Kim's face. Poor Kim, I thought. I was so embarrassed and it was not even happening to me. Finally Kim got up and danced with him. By now the dining hall was roaring and clapping. When the guy finally excited Beans, still shacking and dancing I tried to return to my dinner. Somehow the hot dog did not look too appetizing.



Eric Rosenthal  
Class of '88

Everyone, especially the freshmen, should remember funny horror stories from the SAT adventure. The same fools that brought us the SAT's in high school bring college graduate school bound students the GRE's. It was my turn to take the miserable tests. My friend Tony and I went to the test location, Bush auditorium. While we were waiting for the test to begin we began to complain to one another about the size of the desks. We needed to find something wrong with the test environment so if our scores were low we could blame the room. We began to joke that maybe we could write ETS (the makers of the test) and plea that sympathy should be taken on our grades because of our poor working conditions. Tony used my portable pencil sharpener but then realized that there were no place to put the shavings. He held them in his hand. Another excuse for poor test results. Our silliness continued as we began to criticize the lighting and temperature of the room. People next to us must have thought we had a screw loose. Our behavior was so fitting for graduate students. Through our antics we successfully relieved the pre-test tension that we had had earlier. We felt so immature — it was great. A true noble victory over adversity.

## Chamber Soloists

The Annie Russell Theatre on the Rollins College campus in Winter Park will be the setting for the first Festival Concert Series program on Sunday, November 8, 1987, at 4:00 p.m. The New York Chamber Soloists will perform works by Mozart, Ravel, Poulenc, Milhaud and Schumann.

The New York Chamber Soloists, an ensemble of strings, winds and keyboard, have the ability to perform many works seldom heard due to the unusual combination of forces for which the pieces have been written. Over the past twenty-seven years, the ensemble has compiled an impressive record of repeat engagements in the United States and abroad. The group's frequent appearances in the capitals of Europe (both Eastern and Western) have included State Department tours, a private concert for the Prince and Princess of Monaco and performances at international festivals in Prague, Warsaw, Bucharest and Dubrovnik.

As Artists-in-Residence at the Vermont Mozart Festival since its inception in 1974, the New York Chamber Soloists have been integral to the Festival's success. In January of 1979, CBS broadcast a documentary over national television featuring the New York Chamber Soloists at the Vermont Festival.

The seven member group includes violin, viola, cello, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and piano. When necessary, the group has guest artists join them to increase their flexibility and expand their repertoire. Tickets to the concert are \$13.00 and can be ordered by calling (305) 646-2182. Mastercard and Visa are welcomed.

## New Laser-Light Show features Pink Floyd's new album

Opening Friday, November 6, the John Young Planetarium's new Cosmic Concert will feature Pink Floyd's newest release, *A Momentary Lapse of Reason*, from compact laser disk.

One of the most popular groups ever done in planetarium laser-light shows, the John Young Planetarium will debut several brand new laser effects and graphics to make it one of the most unique shows done in over a year!

Showtimes for *A Momentary Lapse of Reason* are 9 and 10 P.M., Friday and Saturday nights through November 28.

Also in November, the 11 P.M. Cosmic Concert will be *Rush Classics*, featuring many of their best works.

Admission is \$4.00 per person per show. The John Young Planetarium is part of the Orlando Science Center in Loch Haven Park, 810 E. Rollins St. in Orlando.

## Nancy Jay Exhibit at Maitland Art Center

The paintings of Orlando artist, Nancy Jay, will be on exhibit from October 31 through November 29, 1987, at the Maitland Art Center. The gallery is open daily to the public.

Nancy Jay's work is expressionistic, with an emphasis on the use of color. The abstract oil and acrylic paintings are worked on unusually shaped canvases and other materials in varying sizes. The artist is a professor of drawing and painting at Valencia Community College.

## Cathedral Series Presents Rollins College Chapel Choir

The Cathedral Series will present the Rollins College Chapel Choir under the direction of Alexander Anderson on Tuesday, November 17 at 8 o'clock in the evening. The concert will take place in the newly completed Cathedral Church of St. Luke, 130 North Magnolia Ave., in downtown Orlando.

Ralph Vaughan Williams' *Five Mystical Songs* will be featured during the first half of the concert, with Edmund Leroy, soloist. *The Lord Nelson Mass* by Franz Joseph Haydn will conclude the program.

The Rollins College Chapel Choir is one of the leading choral groups in Central Florida. Consisting of members drawn from the student body, the alumni, the faculty and the community, the choir has performed extensively in Florida and has undertaken four European tours since 1976.

A native of Scotland, Alexander Anderson is a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists and an Associate of the Royal College of Music in organ performance. He has studied, performed and recorded throughout Europe and is well-known in Central Florida as Organist and Director of Chapel Music at Rollins College, Director of the Orlando Chamber Players, and Director of the Central Florida Choral Society.

As with all performances in the Cathedral Series, the program is free and the public is warmly invited to attend. A reception will follow the concert in the Great Hall.

# Experience At Rollins?



Mark Roberts  
Class of '91

It was 5:00 a.m. I had finally finished my religion paper, only one day late. I planned to get my paper to the typist at 7:00 that morning. There was time for a quick two hours of sleep. I slept through my alarm and woke up at eight. Oops. I had missed my 7:00 appointment with my typist. In a state of panic, I mentally ran through all my options. The most logical, but the worst sounding to my tired body, was to find a new typist. I could not turn in my paper handwritten. Suddenly I remembered my friend Wally's offer to type my masterpiece. Things began to look up. I met Wally at the boathouse at 8:15. The paper would be typed by nine. Shortly after Wally began to type, the typewriter broke. With the paper due at 9:00, there was no way for me to type it somewhere else. I am too slow of a typist. I raced to the campus post office to get the number of a word processing service (finally those ads on the walls have a purpose). Winter Park Word Processors seemed the key to my problem. As I ran to the parking lot to borrow a friend's car, I saw the car being towed out of the lot. After some negotiation with the towing service and the exchange of some money, the car was returned to the ground. Off to the word processors we went. I had the typed paper in my teacher's box at 10:10 — only one day one hour and ten minutes late. I returned to my room and crashed. What a way to start a Friday.



Bill Vivian  
Class of '90

The funniest things seem to happen to me when I get a bit of alcohol in my blood stream. This tale is no exception. Several friends and I really were into the World Series. It also provided us with a chance for numerous drinking games. The high scoring games made the run a drink game quite exciting. After the Cardinals shocking defeat, we hit the local bars to drown our miseries. It was a long night for us at the bars. I woke up the next morning in the back of the holy man's pickup truck. How I got there, I don't know. But it was so confusing to have the sun wake me up, with a hangover, in the back of a pickup truck. Does anybody know how I got there? If so, I'm eager to find out. So much for the funniest thing that has happened to me. I guess it is not real funny. Guess you had to be there.

**Editor's Note:** Not only does Bill not know how he ended up in the pickup truck, he also does not know his real name. (According to Rollins lists there is no Bill Vivian — the name he gave the Sandspur). When you see "Bill" please remind him of his real name or ask him to register with the phone operator.



Renee Porter  
Class of '89

Actually my funniest Rollins experience did not happen to me. It was even more embarrassing — it happened to my boyfriend right in front of me. He was escorting me to his fraternity formal off campus. It really was a special occasion; he actually wore a good white shirt and tie. Drinking began early in the evening, so by the time of our arrival at the party, he had a nice little buzz. When my boyfriend gets a little tipsy, his energy level skyrockets. Midway through the party I hear his drunk scream. I look around and he is "skiing" toward me across the beer and punch covered dance floor. Even the best of skiers reck. He was no exception to this rule; midway through his glide he took an awful skid, fell, then slid across the floor on his face. Not only was he a mess but so were those around him (he made quite a splash). The party's attention was now focused on him, with cheers and numerical evaluations of his skid coming from the group. He stumbled up, put his sticky, bloody head on my shoulder and gave me a kiss. How was I supposed to look nonchalant with my drunken hurt boyfriend head leaning on my shoulder?

# MEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM SPELLS SUCCESS - "W-O-L-F"

by Fred Battenfield

"IT'S THE WOLF, IT'S THE WOLF!"

No matter whether that familiar cry comes from the mischievous little boy, the three little pigs or Rollins College basketball opponents, the message remains the same — beware of the Tars and All-American candidate *Jeff Wolf*, who will try to take a big enough "bite" out of them to guide RC into the NCAA Division II National Tournament in 1987-88.

Wolf, a 6-4 188 pound senior guard from Cincinnati, Ohio, brings some impressive numbers and talent to his bid for All-American status. Wolf

was a First-Team All-Sunshine State Conference selection and averaged 20.6 points and 5.1 rebounds per game to lead Rollins to its best season in school history. He also is the top returning scorer in the SCC.

With Wolf's aggressive style of play as the impetus, Rollins compiled a 21-8 overall record last season and an 8-4 finish for third place in the nation's toughest Division II league, the Sunshine State Conference. Rollins won 20 games for the first time ever and defeated three Division I opponents and then #1 ranked Tampa in the course

of 1986-87. The Tars defeated Northwestern, Indiana State and Central Florida all on the road.

Rollins opponents may cry "Wolf" more than once this season because Head Coach Tom Klusman has arguably the best squad ever in the school history for 1987-88. The Tars return 10 letterman and have four starters back from last year's excellent squad. RC will make a serious bid for a Top 20 ranking this season and a NCAA berth.

Klusman, a former Rollins star who begins his eighth season, also had a big year as he became the winningest coach in Rollins College history by running his career record to 111-80. The Tars, according to Klusman, will make an aggressive run at the Sunshine State Conference title this year with a veteran team that likes to push the ball up the court and lives by the three-point shot introduced into college basketball a year ago. RC was ranked #20 in the nation in Division II by hitting on 146-367 for 39.8%.

"We will make a serious challenge for the conference championship this year and the automatic bid to the NCAA Tournament that goes with it," Klusman said. "We have been knocking on the door for several years but we play in a very tough conference. However, I think we've got the 'Wolfs' to do it this year."

Crying "Wolf" will be a frequent occurrence this year because Jeff will combine with his younger brother Dan (6-5 junior forward - 15.4 ppg/6.2 rebounds) to form perhaps the best family act in the nation. Jeff and Dan put together an impressive array of statistics between them that would make even Little Red Riding Hood a "Wolf" fan. The two combined for 36 points per game, 11.3 rebounds, 171 assists, shot a phenomenal 120-308 from three-point land for 39.0% and were a combined 256-313 from the free throw line for 81.8% (they are numbers one and two returning in the SSC).

Klusman also has Curt Fiser (6-5 senior forward) who is one of the top inside men in the SSC as he averaged 18.9 ppg and 4.9 rebounds and shot 60.9% from the field. He was an Honorable Mention All-SSC selection. The other starter returning is Troy Kessinger (6-0 senior point guard) who tossed in 8.8 ppg and had 118 assists (4.1 average).

Other letterman returning are Andy Holman (6-6 sophomore forward - 3.2 ppg); Dan Mickalak (6-1 senior guard - 2.5 ppg); Greg Eckstein (6-2 junior guard - 2.2 ppg); Todd Murphy (6-8 junior forward/center - 2.0 ppg); and Mitch Woods (6-0 sophomore guard - 0.9 ppg).

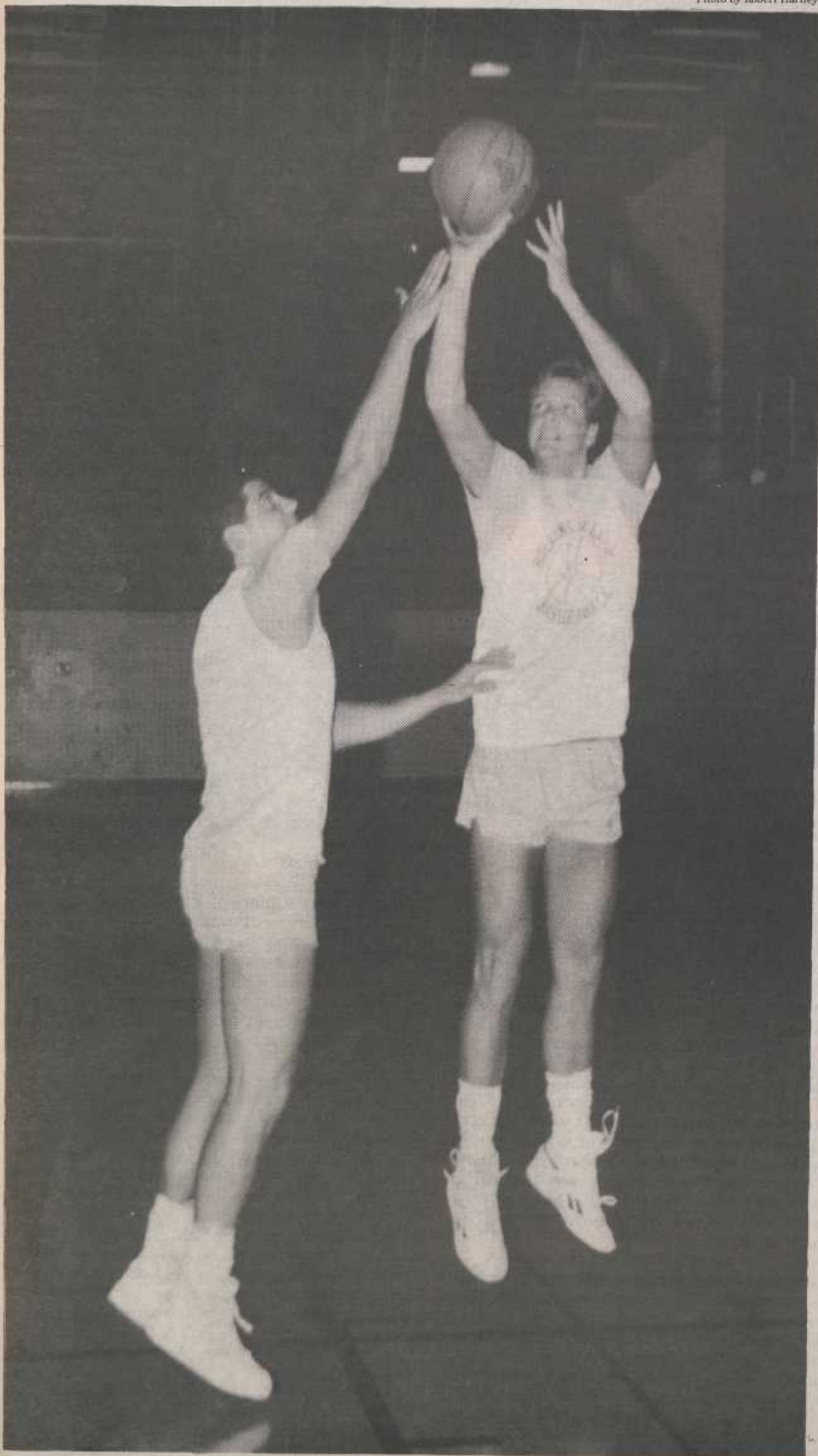
Blending in with the veterans will be the Tar's top recruiting class in several years. Tom Klusman signed four quality freshmen who were all heavily recruited and come from winning programs. One of the key recruits is Cameron Forbes (6-6 freshman forward) who averaged 16.0 points and 8.0 rebounds for Evansville (Ind.) Memorial High School. He led his team to a 25-2 record and a #3 finish in basketball-rich Indiana. Also, Terry North (6-1 freshman guard) who has the potential to be one of the best shooters ever at Rollins, will join the Tars. He averaged 17.0 points and five assists for Hazard (Kentucky) High School.

The other two recruits are both products of the Cincinnati (Ohio) St. Xavier High School-to-Rollins connection that has pipelined Tom Klusman and the Wolf brothers to Florida. The freshman duo is Scott Martin (6-0 freshman guard) who averaged 12.0 points and 4.0 assists and Mike Reeves (6-7 freshman center) who popped for 11.0 points and 6.0 rebounds.

Rollins will begin its push for national recognition with a demanding schedule that includes road games at Division I opponents Dayton, Northwestern and Stetson, which is the pre-season favorite in the Trans American Conference. The Tars will also host cross-town rival Central Florida in addition to its regular Sunshine State Conference schedule of preeminent teams like Tampa, Florida Southern, Eckerd, FIU and St. Leo.

So remember, when the cry "Wolf" goes up this season, the anxious little boy and the three pigs and thousands of fans will be cheering for Jeff and Dan Wolf and the Rollins College Tars who are on the way to the NCAA's!

Photo by Robert Hartley



The Wolf Brothers will provide the major offensive punch in the 1987-88 Men's Basketball lineup. Jeff, shown here on the left, averaged 20.6 points per game last year as a junior guard and was first All-SSC last year. Dan, a junior forward/guard this year, averaged 15.4 points per game and led the Tars with 6.2 rebounds per game a year ago.

# Women's Basketball Team Aiming For State Title

by Fred Battenfield

Beginning his second season as Head Coach of the Rollins College women's basketball team, Glenn Wilkes, Jr. will have to produce a few new wrinkles to duplicate the superb 1986-87 season produced by the Lady Tars. Rollins finished 21-6 and narrowly missed the Sunshine State Conference title by five points, while Wilkes was named Coach-of-the-Year in the SSC and was the National Freshman Coach-of-the-Year of the American Women's Sports Federation (AWSF). This year, Rollins returns two starters and eight letterwinners to begin their quest for the NCAA playoffs. Topping the list is Thrid Team All-

American Kim Tayrien, a junior who averaged 17.3 points per game and shot 59.9% from the field for sixth in the nation. Tayrien led the Lady Tars to a sixth place national finish in NCAA scoring as the team averaged a whopping 83.9 points per game. The other starter is Kirsten Dellinger, a junior who averaged 10.0 points per game and 8.0 rebounds. Other letterwinners returning are Doyne Calvert (5-10 JR 3.5 ppg); Eileen Tobin (5-11 JR 4.0 ppg); Mary Johnson (5-7 SR 3.5 ppg); Monica McNeil (5-11 SR 4.0 ppg); Kim Erwin (5-6 JR 2.3 ppg) and Jeri Ferree (5-6 JR 3.3 ppg).

"We've got a lot of work ahead of us, but I think we'll be a real solid team this year," Wilkes said. "The field has opened up for all our players because we've got to replace three starters, but that has made the intensity in practice very high. Kim Tayrien hasn't missed a beat from her All-American year and has reported in very good shape. Our offense has fallen into the footsteps of last year when we were sixth in the nation in scoring, but we've got to do some work on defense. We play a lot of man-to-man defense and most of our young players don't see that in high school."

# Men's soccer team eyes Sunshine State Conference playoffs



Deagen Duvall attempts to beat an opponent to the ball.

Photo by Robert Hartley

by Fred Battenfield and Michael Truax

Freshman Declan Link took over the top scoring honors in the Sunshine State Conference two weeks ago by booting in three goals in a 7-2 Rollins College victory over Erskine of South Carolina on Saturday, October 17, and two more in a hard fought 5-4 overtime loss to F.I.T. on Monday, October 19. Senior Keith Buckley broke out of a scoring slump against Erskine with two goals and Tim Gallagher and Brad Johnson also added a score for the Tars. Link, a native of London, England, now has scored 13 goals in 14 matches and has five assists for a total of 31 points. Buckley's two goals against Erskine moved him past Billy Barker ('75), and into sole possession of fourth place on the all time Rollins goal scoring list. Senior Oyvind Klausen was honored for the week of October 12 as the Sunshine State Conference's Player-of-the-Week. The Tars, with a recent 4-2 Sunshine State Conference win over Eckerd at home, are now 7-6-2 on the season after a tough month of October. For the month, the Tars went 3-4-1, with a disappointing 5-4 loss to F.I.T. in overtime on October 19, and a tough 2-1 Sunshine State Conference loss to Tampa on October 10. Highlights of the month include a 6-1 drilling of Jacksonville on October 7, and the 7-2 win over Erskine at home on October 17. With a 2-2 Sunshine State Conference record, the three remaining regular season games may help determine if the Tars will go to the playoffs, but at this point chances appear very slim. Rollins will play two nonconference games, one against Barry at home on Sunday, November 1 at 2:00 p.m., and the other away against Central Florida on Wednesday, November 4 at 7:30 p.m. The final game of the regular season will be an important Sunshine State Conference matchup at St. Leo on Friday, November 6 at 3:30 p.m.

## TAR SCOREBOARD/CALENDAR

MEN'S SOCCER TEAM RECENT RESULTS				
DATE	OPPONENT	SCORE	CONF. RECORD	RECORD
10/3	RICHMOND	1-1(T)	1-0	4-2-2
10/4	COASTAL CAROLINA	2-1(L)		4-3-2
10/7	JACKSONVILLE	6-1(W)		5-3-2
10/10	TAMPA	2-1(L)	1-1	5-4-2
10/14	SOUTH FLORIDA	5-0(L)		5-5-2
10/17	ERSKINE	7-2(W)		6-5-2
10/19	F.I.T.	5-4(L)OT	1-2	6-6-2
10/21	ECKERD	4-2(W)	2-2	7-6-2

VOLLEYBALL TEAM RECENT RESULTS			
DATE	OPPONENT	SCORES	RECORD
9/29	F.I.T.	15-1, 15-8, 15-8 (W)	12-4
10/1	BETHUNE-COOKMAN	15-6, 15-2, 15-8 (W)	13-4
10/7	TAMPA	9-15, 10-15, 8-15 (LW)	13-5
10/9	RADFORD	15-7, 15-8 (W)	14-5
10/9	UNC-ASHEVILLE	15-4, 15-9 (W)	15-5
10/10	CAMPBELL	15-7, 15-8 (W)	16-5
10/10	GEORGIA STATE	15-2, 15-3 (W)	17-5
10/10	RADFORD (CHAMPIONSHIP)	15-11, 15-4 (W)	18-5
10/13	STETSON	13-15, 12-15, 15-7, 12-15 (L)	18-6
10/16	ST. FRANCIS	15-8, 15-10 (W)	19-6
10/16	FLORIDA	15-12, 15-8 (W)	20-6
	ATLANTIC		

REMAINING VOLLEYBALL DATES			
10/29	STETSON	HOME	7:00 PM
10/31	FLORIDA ATLANTIC	HOME	10:00 PM
11/3	F.I.T.	AWAY	7:00 PM
11/6-7	WEST GEORGIA INTERNATIONAL	AWAY	ALL DAY
11/10	ST. LEO	HOME	7:00 PM
11/12	TAMPA	HOME	7:00 PM
11/17	ECKERD	HOME	7:00 PM

10/17	BETHUNE-COOKMAN	15-12, 15-13 (W)	21-6
10/17	WEST GEORGIA	15-3, 15-6 (W)	22-6
10/17	ST. LEO (CHAMPIONSHIP)	15-12, 15-2 (W)	23-6

OTHER EARLY NOVEMBER DATES				
DATE	TEAM	OPPONENT	PLACE	TIME
10/31-11/2	WOMEN'S TENNIS	WOMEN'S INTERCOLL.	GAINESVILLE	
11/6-7	MEN'S GOLF	FLORIDA INTERCOLL. TOURNAMENT	PELICAN BAY	
11/6-8	MEN'S TENNIS	FLORIDA STATE INTERCOLLEGIATE	GAINESVILLE	
11/7-8	WATERSKIING	SOUTH FLORIDA	TBA	8:00 AM

## Intramural Flag Football Schedule

CONFERENCES			
BLUE		GOLD	
A - Chi Psi		Z - Crummer	
B - Phi Delt		Y - R.A.P. (KA)	
C - Indies		X - X-Club	
D - Holt		W - Sig Ep	
E - Rex Bch		V - Lyman (Indies II)	
F - Bedlam Hall (McKeon)		T - McKeon II	
G - Elizabeth			

11/6	4:00	E-T	SS
11/6	5:00	B-Z	SS
11/9	5:00	D-Y	SS
11/9	4:00	(OPEN)	HS
11/9	5:00	F-X	HS
11/10	5:00	G-T	HS
11/11	5:00	A-B	HS
11/12	5:00	Z-Y	HS
11/13	4:00	C-G	HS
11/13	5:00	X-T	SS
11/16	4:00	F-D	HS
11/16	5:00	(OPEN)	HS
11/17	5:00	(OPEN)	SS
11/18	4:00	Y-X	HS
11/18	5:00	A-D	HS
11/19	4:00	B-C	SS
11/19	5:00	Z-W	HS
11/20	4:00	G-E	HS
11/20	5:00	T-V	SS

# Meet your RA's: Introducing Matt Delaney

article and photo by Robert Hartley



Matt Delaney  
Class of '88  
Holt Hall  
Hometown: Scituate, Massachusetts

Matt Delaney is an R.A. in Holt Hall. In addition Matt is the leader of Forgotten Space, a band that frequently plays at Rollins.

**Q. How long have you been an R.A.?**

A. Since January, 1987.

**Q. Why did you decide to become an R.A.? Did someone help to influence you to become on?**

A. Becoming an R.A. gave me a chance to get involved with residential hall life, an area I missed because I was living off campus. It was also a way to have an impact on the Rollins community.

**Q. Part of the responsibilities of being an R.A. is to take turns being the R.A. on duty. This requires you to stay in the dorm at night. Does this restriction on your time greatly effect your social life?**

A. Because I share the "on duty" status with six other R.A.'s, I am only required to serve one week every month and a half. Even when on duty, if I need to be somewhere else, it is usually easy to find an R.A.'s to switch duties with. Being on duty does force me to stay in the dorm and as a result I get a great deal of work done. Overall, being an R.A. does not restrict my time or social life.

**Q. What do you think people on your floor think of you? Do they respect you? What kind of role do you think they see you as serving?**

A. My first goal as R.A. was to gain the respect of my floormates. Once this respect is established, things run smoothly. There is a mutual respect between us — the floormates do not take advantage of my position and I, in return, do not take advantage of them. They see me as just another student with a few more responsibilities. This cooperative living encourages people to work out their problems amongst themselves.

**Q. At times you are put into the position of having to be the bad guy — the policeman who busts a party, confiscates a beer from an underage drinker, etc... Does this role bother you?**

A. Unfortunately I must be a policeman once in a while. I think I am fair about my use of power. When I do go in for the bust, those involved are in the wrong and have usually been warned about breaking the rules. I have no problems with busting people who do respect the rights of others around them.

**Q. Now that you are an R.A., what do you think of the R.A.'s that you have had in years past? Have you tried to follow their example?**

A. I have had both good and bad R.A.'s I like to think that I have learned from them. I try to incorporate their good styles and not repeat their bad qualities. I think these role models have helped me to become a better R.A.

**Q. Why did you decide to come to Rollins? Are you happy with your choice?**

A. I have attended two small prep schools. I really like their small size and intimacy. Rollins offers that same small school environment. Rollins also offered me a good, strong education. Their baseball program was another plus. I really am happy here; the school and the students are great.

**Q. What do you hope to do after graduation?**

A. After graduation? I am working on graduation! But seriously, I will probably have some trivial business job. Once I have built up some savings, I'll enter a field that I would really enjoy such as playing music or flying planes.

**Q. Are you happy with your decision to serve as an R.A.? Would you do it again?**

A. I am glad I accepted the challenge of being an R.A. It has provided me with a fantastic opportunity to meet people. Working with the Residential Life staff has helped me to grow and improve as a person. I encourage more people to get involved with the program. Would I do it again? In a second!

## Gatormania Hits Rollins

by Michael Truax

Fun, sun and surprises are the three best ways to highlight the first annual Student Government Association (SGA) sponsored football trip to see the University of Florida Gators on Saturday, October 10, which at times seemed to take a page out of the script of the hit television series "Gilligan's Island."

"Just sit right back and you'll here a tale, a tale of two unfaithful buses, that started from their tropic port, the Enyart Alumni Field House. Their skipper was a mighty government man, SGA proud and true; 150 or so passengers set sail that day looking for a football game and brew. . . . The buses' mechanicals started getting rough, the Orlando Bus Lines wer tossed, if not for the courage of the fearless crew the football trip would be lost. . . . No air pressure, no bus, no radio, not a single luxury, if not for Gainesville Public Transportation where would we still be? . . ."

The SGA sponsored trip, organized by Steve Appel, to see the Florida Gators take on mighty Cal-State Fullerton was a big success despite several, exciting setbacks. All seemed to be going well as we departed from Rollins and headed out on to I-4 and then the Florida Turnpike. The two buses seemed to be the picture of health, before my bus mysteriously died about 42 miles from Gainesville. Steve kept order and told us to get on the other bus, which we gladly did through shouts of refunds and SGA overthrows.

"What do you need an invitation or something?" shouted the busdriver of my next bus, as the rest of us climbed onto bus #2 slower than to his liking. Clearly this man was not happy to see his bus turn into one giant party, but what choice did we have? Slowly the scenery went by as we made it off I-75 and to the outskirts of Gainesville. Here we were just five miles from the University of Florida when misfortune struck again. However, luck was on our side this time as well! As the air pressure in the bus dropped below levels to move the bus, we found ourselves just outside The Oaks Mall in the middle of an intersection, where Gainesville public transportation came to the rescue. Blue and orange Gator Aider buses were running back and forth from this mall practically every minute.

Once again Steve took command of the situation. Helping direct traffic with the local police, Steve got us across the street safely and onto several Gator Aider buses, which were free of charge. This time we made it to the game.

"Heeeeerrrrre come the Gators," yelled the public address announcer at Florida Field, as the Gators rushed out onto the field before a capacity crowd of orange and blue. And did the Gators ever rush! The Cal-State quarterback couldn't even see the football in his hand. Running back Emmitt Smith and the Gator offense compiled over 350 total yards of offense, while it seemed like Cal-State's offense was in reverse. At one point in the third quarter, Cal State had 70 total offensive yards. A few minutes later, the scoreboard showed 60 yards. Fumbles, interceptions, and a very physical Gator team proved much too much. After a tough loss to Miami the week before, the Gators rebounded to an easy 65-0 win. Someone should have called a medical examiner at halftime.

After the game, we were off to the J. Wayne Reitz Student Union, where we feasted on hors d'oeuvres in the lavish Ammerconda room located on the fourth floor. The Student Union itself appeared to be at least six stories tall, with panoramic views of the University of Florida campus and the Gator Bowl. At around 8:00 pm we were met by one Orlando Bus Line bus that took all of us back to the good ol' Oaks Mall where we found the other repaired bus. Along the way, however, we participated in several renditions of various KA and Kappa theme songs, and whatever else we could come up with.

If there is a moral to this story, it's come out and support SGA and Rollins sporting events. The trip was first class all the way, with only a few unforeseen problems that made the trip all that more exciting and enjoyable. Everyone had a great time, except Cal-State Fullerton, and more people should have attended than the roughly 100-150 people that were there. Considering the more than 1350 students at Rollins, it seems likely that we can draw better attendance. Remember, these are the kinds of college memories you end up telling to your kids and grandchildren. Don't lose out on great experiences like these while you're here at Rollins!

# Poets Corner

## Sonnet

Question if you know  
how to why this is  
so everyone knows  
that which is true is  
Life as we know  
has it any more or do I see that  
that which is true is  
which means which one  
truth we choose in  
our own time is  
ours is to Always  
Question if you know  
how to why this is.

T. Carl

## A Preface to Tomorrow

When failure explodes like news of war  
Blinding your eyes in its flame,  
When it sears your flesh and burns  
like Juno's vengeance against Aeneas,  
When it wounds your reason for existence,  
and bleeds  
A thick, hot blood of bitterness,  
you must stop:

Know well the enemy,  
do not isolate yourself from his wrath  
For you walls and spines will crumble,  
Perhaps through perfidy born into a  
trojan horse,  
Perhaps love will shred your heart

But mend the wounds,  
Tend to the ailments  
And if the pill is bitter  
Sing and Dance in Hell.  
With wind ever in your sails,  
you shall find the Lavinian shores,  
though you may spil other's blood,  
And bury your past along the way.

The city of your dreams you shall build,  
though you may never dwell within its gates.  
Peace will return, the anger withers,  
the bleeding stops;  
When storms of rage swell in your soul,  
Be grateful for such passion.

Kenneth Averrett

October was an essence  
of adolence and innocence  
longer days spent chasing  
blurred image over clover  
two pairs of weathered leather loafers  
among the bullrush and the moss  
Blueberry patches lay barren, submissive,  
as we turned our naked backs  
to the November wind behind us.

October was an essence  
spent by the sundial and the rose bush  
laughing under the tumult of silence  
which possessed us  
in the glory  
of our youth  
The brilliance of our season  
in the absence of a swan  
kisses that were a fraction  
of the October wind itself  
tethered thoughts  
freed upon the pages of a day  
among the bullrush  
in my dreams  
where October bullfrogs muttered  
October songs

While the November wind whispered  
gently  
behind us

Laura Hope-Gill

## A Haiku: Sunset

The Sun's Departure  
Diminishing into a  
Sea of red lava

Andy Holman

The cubes were sitting in the glass  
Two cold cubes, steadfast and serene  
Crystalline shapes, that the way  
They sat, the ice leaned

It is my saviour when I get hot  
I don't know why, why not

Come and drink  
It is in the stare  
Those are what are  
Two cubes, steadfast and serene.

John Bajak

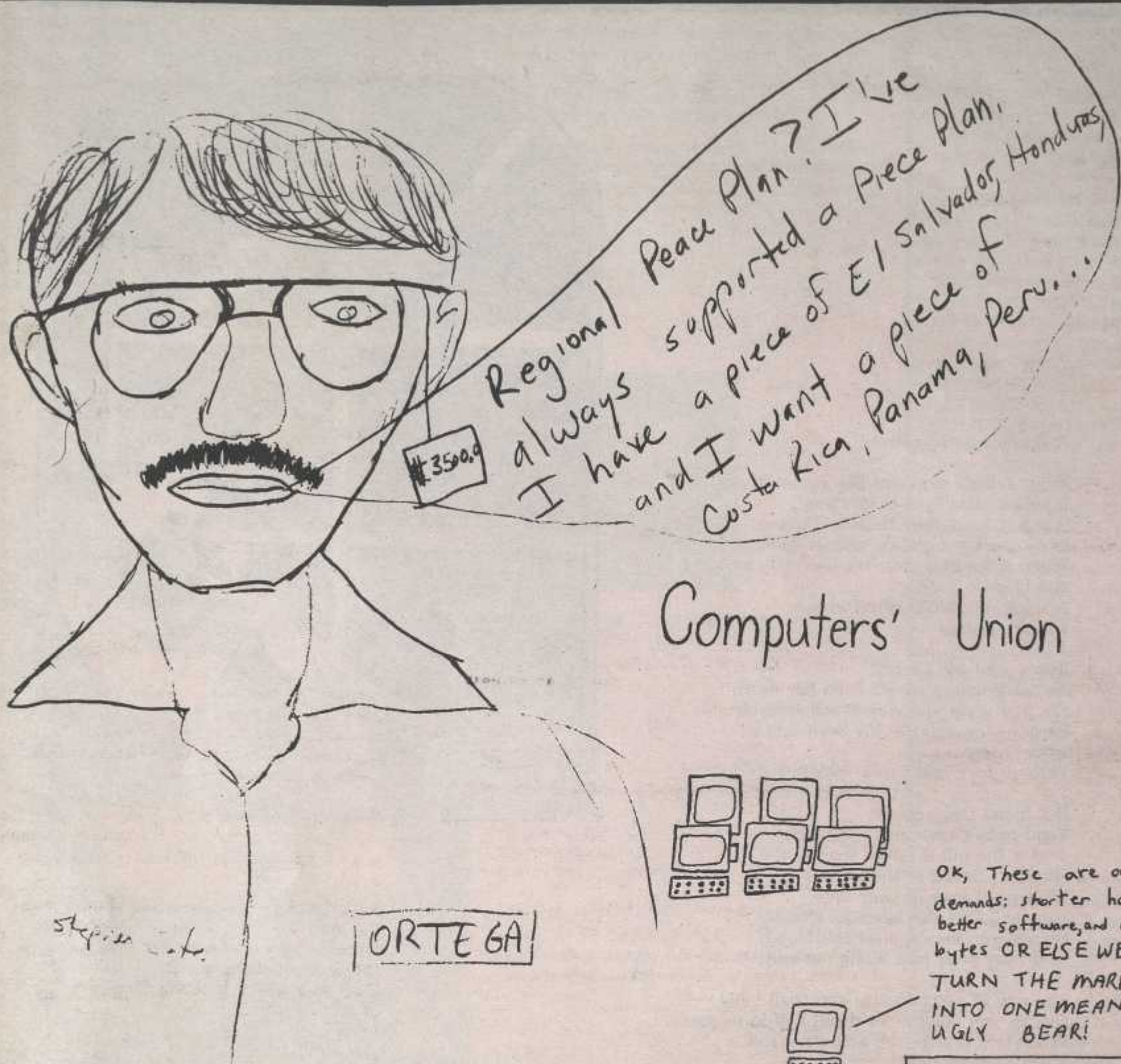


I stood  
with my feet in the sand  
the waves lapping about my ankles  
their soft, sultry touch reminded me  
of a cat's silky fur.  
I felt cold.  
alone.  
yet somehow unafraid.  
The sand whipped away beneath me,  
but i knew I would not fall  
the setting sun warmed my face,  
carressing my skin,  
enveloping me in its rosy glow  
I stood,  
by the sea,  
the wind moved through me,  
yet the chill touched me not.  
I stood  
and I cried.  
I cries.  
Then I raised my arms skyward  
like a child  
reaching, stretching, hoping  
Before finally sinking  
slowly  
into the sand.

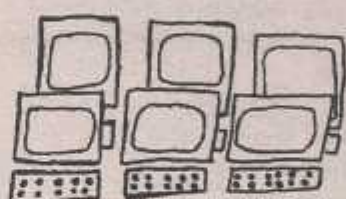
Susan Dzurus

Anyone who wishes to submit poetry to  
the Sandspur to be printed in the POET'S  
CORNER may do so by sending it to Box 1597  
or by contacting Laura Hope-Gill at 646-2615.

# Cartoons



## Computers' Union



OK, These are our demands: shorter hours, better software, and more bytes OR ELSE WE'LL TURN THE MARKET INTO ONE MEAN, UGLY BEAR!

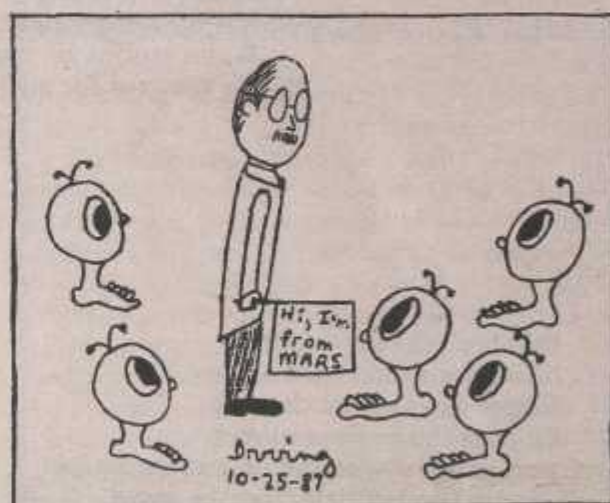
1. REAGAN CAMPAIGN	2. SUPERBOWL XIX	3. WALL STREET 1987	Why me?
<p>There's a big bear (RUSSIA) out there.</p>	<p>There's a big Bear out there.</p> <p>PATRIOTS BEARS</p>	<p>DOW JONES FALLS 500 POINTS!</p> <p>There's a big bear (market) out there.</p> <p>Irving 10-21-87</p>	<p>Why me?</p> <p>Irving 10-21-87</p>

Am I a man dreaming that I'm a butterfly, or am I a butterfly dreaming I'm a man dreaming that I'm a butterfly?



You are an ordinary housecat dreaming that you're an intellectual.

Irving 10-23-87



How a martian scientist imagines a visit to earth.

**Coming Soon To Bush Theatre:**  
**Gorky Park & Beverly Hills Cop**

He's been chased, thrown through a window, and arrested. Eddie Murphy is a Detroit cop on vacation in Beverly Hills.

**BEVERLY HILLS Cop**

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



# CLASSIFIEDS

**Limousine & Photography services** for all occasions, reasonable rates. Also need male/female drivers. 293-6664 or 365-1092.

**"Tutoring"** — Get help before it's too late! From an expert in Physics, Calculus, Algebra & Trig. Mike 293-6664.

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Term papers — \$1.25/page  
Reports — \$1.25/page  
Resumes — \$10/10 copies 645-1455

**Term Papers!!** — Charlette 646-2862, McKean room #321.

**Need a paper typed or a spreadsheet?**  
1-5 pages — \$2.00  
6-10 pages — \$1.85  
11 or more — \$1.75  
629-1671.

**FOR SALE: 2002 BMW 1976** — original owner, collectors car, mint condition \$7500, 645-0657.

**FOR SALE: Renault Alliance 1983**  
Automatic/AC/AM-FM/ w/cass., tinted windows \$3295, 677-8749.

**FOR SALE: Yamaha scooter, 1983**, new brakes, \$700. Rosie 647-4511.

**FOR SALE: Acoustic guitar**, carrying case and strap — excellent condition \$75, 647-6403.

**Lifeguard needed!!** — Afternoon and evenings, Seminole YMCA, 321-8944.

**Flower reps needed** — cash paid daily — day or night sales — salary and commission, 628-3782 Jill James.

**Juggling!!!** — organized practice, Tues. night 6 P.M., south balcony in the field house.

**Springboard diving instruction!** — anyone interested in newly-organized diving class should contact Will at 644-8202 or campus box 1201 for info. All levels accepted, and instruction will stress proper mechanics and techniques for maximum fun and safety.

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We will build your loft hassle free. There is no mess or fuss, because we build it off campus and bring it to your dorm room. Your cost is minimal. If interested call Dave Dusseault at: 679-9432 OR Rob O'Brien at: ext. 2065.

**This Service for on campus students only!!**

Call now and join the Loft Generation.

Acoustic guitar with carrying case and strap; excellent cond. \$750. 647-6403. Desk \$50

Handicapped lady looking for live-in companion; share house chores. 647-4237



Anyone interested in placing a Classified Ad. Send information to Box 2742 or call us at Ext. 2071.

Anyone interested in placing a Classified Ad. Send information to Box 2742 or call us at Ext. 2071.

**Houses for rent** — 2 bedroom 1 bath, 3 bedroom 2 bath. Call 291-8204 Bob Smith.

**Room available** — Oct., Nov., Dec. Female/non-smoker \$240/month. Contact Bryce 740-6015 or Kathy 646-2280.

**Roommate wanted** — 3 bedroom 2 bath, end of Park Ave. \$250 plus utilities. Murat at 647-3112 or 275-5211.

**Looking for places to rent?** call "Ready 1," The #1 in prompt service. Mike or Dave 293-6664.



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**Leave The Turkey At Home!**

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**NATIONAL EVENT GREAT AMERICAN SMOKEOUT RALLY** — A fun filled event with refreshments, entertainment, costumed characters, Survival Kits to encourage smokers to quit "Cold Turkey." November 13, 1987, Barnett Plaza — 12:00 — 1:00 P.M. & November 19, 1987, Central Park, Park Avenue — Winter Park — 11:30 — 2:00 P.M. — We hope that during the Great American Smokeout Day, you would wear the color RED to support a smoker to quit.

## — ATTENTION MUSICIANS —

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Do you need a place to jam?  
Are you in a band?  
Would you like to be in one?  
Interested in planning major bashes of the multibandular distinction?

Well, then the Rollins Musicians League is the group for you! For more info. send your name, box no. & extension to W. Woodward Nash, Box 2441 — GET OFF.

**ROOMATE WANTED** — Nice House, Park Ave., 3 BR — 2 BATH, WASHER/DRYER, \$200-Utilities — MURAT 647-3112 evenings and 281-5211 days.

**APARTMENT FOR SALE** — in Cloisters Winter Park, Luxury Condo. — 2 BR, Stu. Floor Unit — \$99,300 — Dezex Realty — 644-1032 after hours or days at 695-7308, Nina

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## The Washington Post

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**TO:** Perform regular reporting assignments, replacing vacationing staffers. Work for national, state, local, sports, style, foreign, and business desks covering general and feature assignments.

PHOTOGRAPHIC AND COPY EDITING POSITIONS ARE ALSO AVAILABLE.

**REQUIRED:** Interest in journalism, writing ability, previous experience on college and/or commercial newspaper preferred, typing skills.

**WISH TO BE CONSIDERED? HURRY!** Send a request for an application along with a self-addressed envelope. Completed application deadline: Nov. 15, 1987.

**WRITE TO:** Summer News Program, News Department  
The Washington Post, 1150 15th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20071

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Phone: DAY ( ) \_\_\_\_\_ EVENING ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

## RESEARCH PAPERS

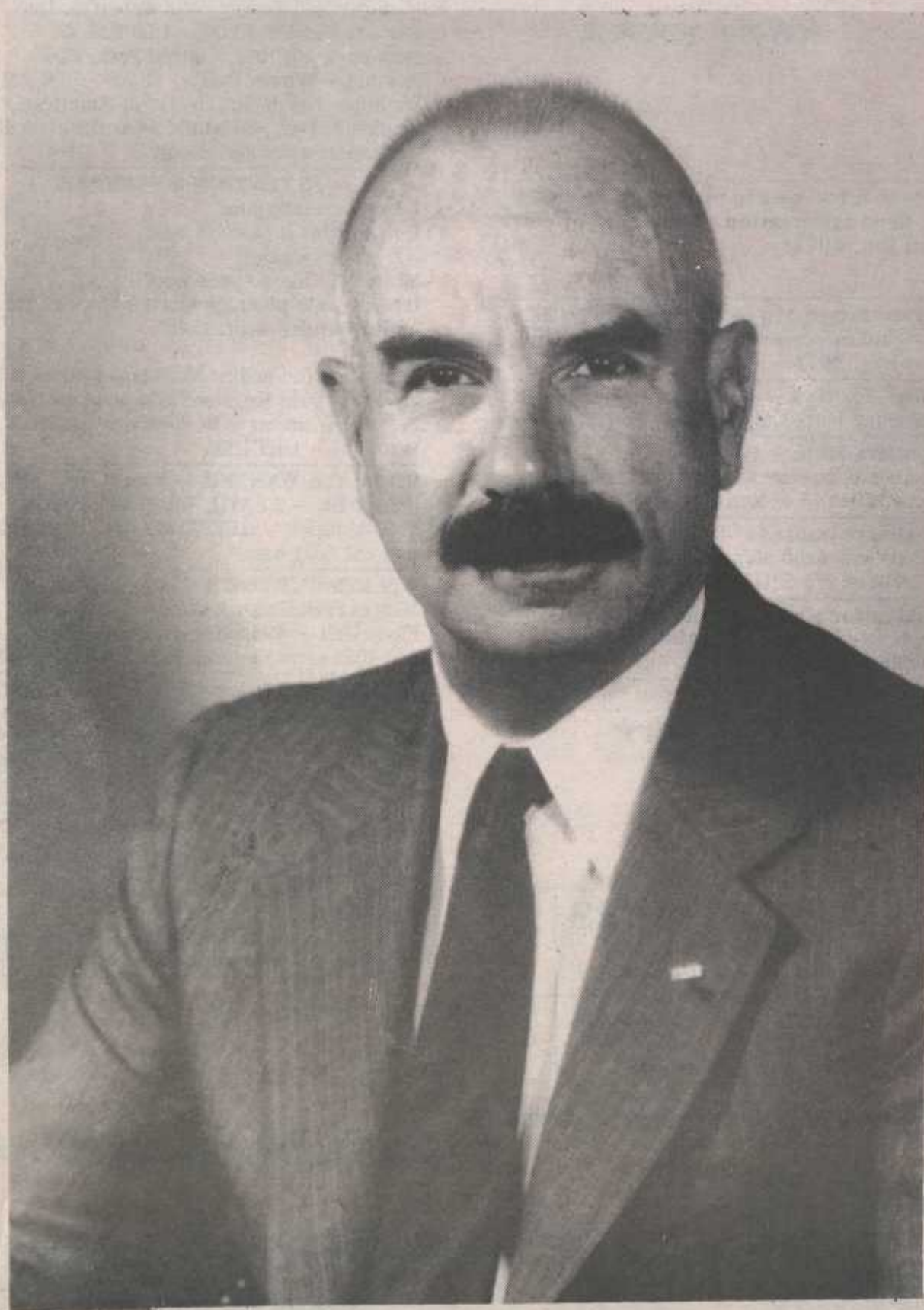
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# G. Gordon Liddy to appear Monday, November 9th in Bush Auditorium



**BY SPECIAL INVITATION  
FROM THE HISTORY  
DEPARTMENT ??**

A leading French newspaper, *Le Matin*, described G. Gordon Liddy as "a man of fantastic intelligence and complexity."

Born in New York City in 1930, he attended private schools where his IQ was measured at 137 to 142 — the genius range — educated by Benedictine monks and Jesuits. Liddy is a Law Review graduate and holder of a doctorate in law from Fordham University. During the Korean War, he was an army artillery officer. Thereafter, he entered the FBI and, after receiving in quick succession multiple commendations from J. Edgar Hoover became, at age 29, one of the youngest supervisors at FBI national headquarters in the modern era.

After his FBI service, Liddy practiced international law in Manhattan, then served as an assistant district attorney and first came to public attention when he led two raids on the headquarters of Dr. Timothy Leary, leader of the 60's psychedelic movement and LSD proselytizer.

Mr. Liddy narrowly lost the 1968 Republican congressional primary in New York's 28th district, then took command of the Nixon presidential campaign in that area. In the first Nixon administration, he was appointed successively Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury; Enforcement Legislative Counsel; and finally Staff Assistant to the President of the United States. At the White House, he was assigned to the secret Special Investigation Unit which he left to become General Counsel to Re-elect the President. The rest is history.

For his role in the Watergate affair, Mr. Liddy was sentenced to 21 years in prison. For refusing to implicate anyone else, he was ordered incarcerated in a maximum security prison so notorious that it was subsequently ordered destroyed by a federal court so that no human being could ever be confined there again. Mr. Liddy served nearly five years, including 106 days in solitary confinement, and maximum security in nine prisons until, still silent, he was finally freed by President Carter "in the interest of justice."

Today, Mr. Liddy is an owner of an industrial security company, has published two best-sellers in four languages, had two motion pictures made about his life, and appears frequently on radio and television internationally. The heavy demand for him in the corporate and college lecture markets has led *The Sun* to comment: "In this decade of renewed individualism, Liddy has become a kind of cultural hero."

A certified pistol expert and holder of a first degree black belt, Mr. Liddy is equally at ease in the halls of power or the most dangerous alley. He may be found, in what spare time he has, with his wife Fran, enjoying fishing and water skiing with their five children. Mr. Liddy also enjoys photography and piloting World War II Allied and Luftwaffe aircraft.

#### TOPICS INCLUDE:

- *Inside Government: What Really Goes On*
- *Watergate vs. "Contragate": Illusion vs. Reality*
- *Surviving or Prevailing: The Choice is Up to You*