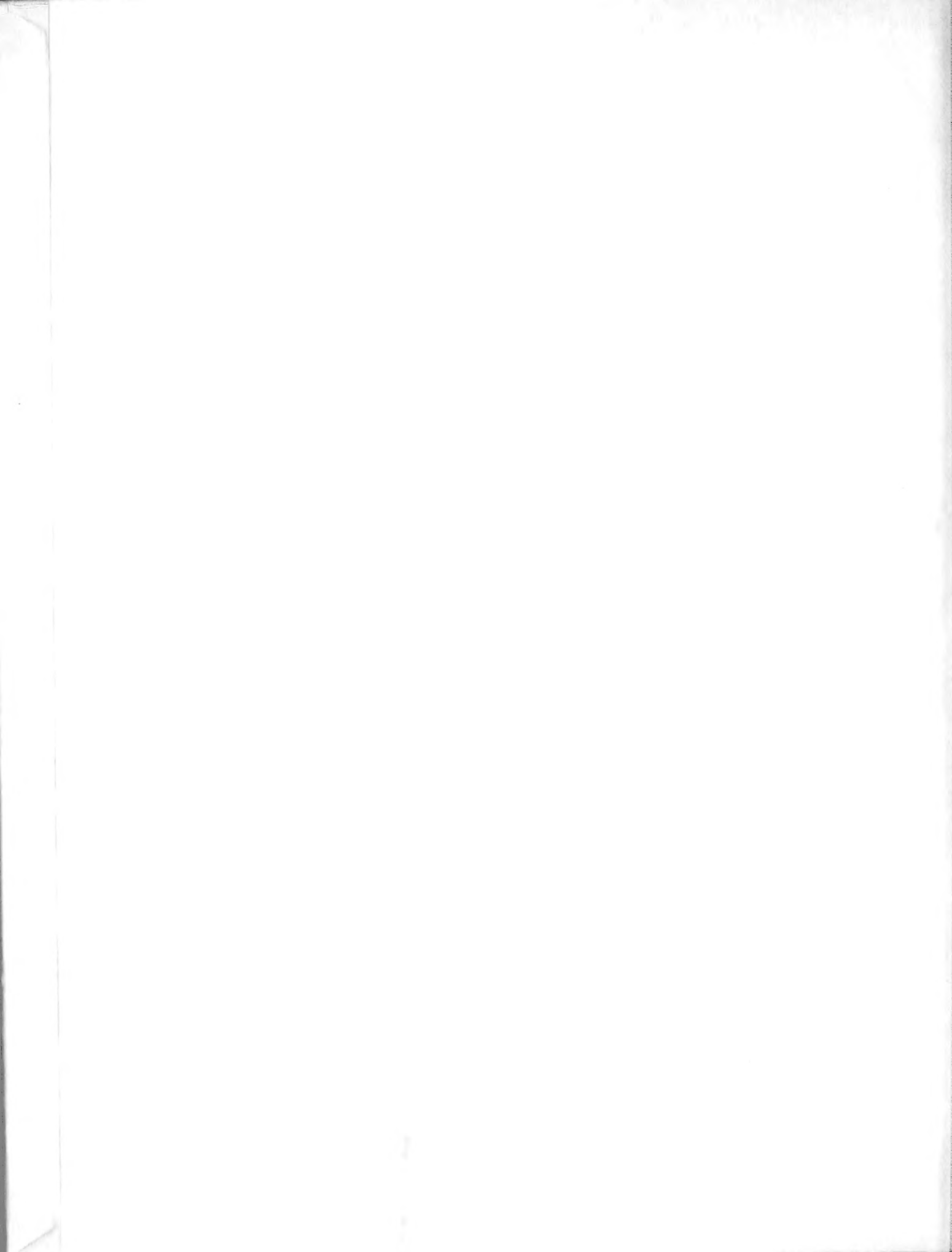


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**SILVER
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EDITOR'S NOTE

This is the first of the four issues of the Silver Sands yearbook-magazine. Historically speaking, it is a milestone in the annals of the Junior College of Broward County's campus publications. Journalistically speaking, it is a grand experiment, for the success or failure of this magazine will be the deciding factor in whether or not Broward Junior College will lead the way in this type of publication among the fellow junior colleges of

this state, or return to the standard, traditional yearbook. We, the Editors and Staff of Silver Sands, are trying our best to achieve success in this experiment, but only you, the students, can be the true factors in either our achievement or defeat by your acceptance or rejection of this publication.

Most of this magazine was compiled during the summer terms, and certain students who wrote for us are no longer at the Junior College. All through those months, we had dif-

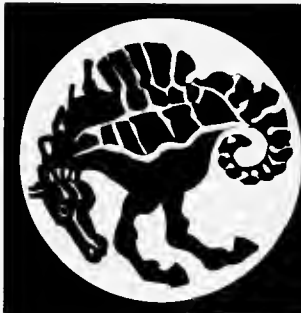
ficulty in finding available writers and staff members to fill our positions and, in some cases, the editors, themselves, found it necessary to author articles in order to fill page space. We are, nevertheless, proud of this magazine and sincerely hope you will share our enthusiasm. In any event, it will be you, the students, who will pass the final judgment on this publication. Success or failure; the decision is yours.

John E. Leatherwood
Editor-in-Chief

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COVER: Sunset over the campus of the Junior College of Broward County; photo by Ed Maxwell.



OCTOBER, 1965

SILVER SANDS

SILVER SANDS I

The Junior College of Broward County

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE NEW LEFT	Barbara Glowaski	2	THEY MOLD ACHIEVEMENT	April Robins	31
EULOGY FOR A COUNSELOR (Short Story)	Dr. Jack D. Taylor	6	SPORTS AT JCBC	Jack Grege	35
CAN DREAMS FORETELL?	Gregg Oliver	9	NEIL S. CRISPO	Mildred Edwards	39
DIGNITY (Essay)	Robert Grege	10	THE SAB	Mildred Edwards	40
THE FRESHMAN	Sharon Roesch	11	007 DOESN'T LIVE HERE	Pam Edwards	42
WHY THE CHOICE	Thomas Robinson	15	EXCERPTS FROM A EUROPEAN SUMMER Judith M. Rehm and Barbara J. Clark		44
THE REFRESHING RAIN (Essay)	Jeanette Machuske	16	GUARANTEED TO TURN YOU ON	Pam Edwards	46
ODE TO A FEMALE OCTOGENARIAN (Poetic Essay)	David Watkins	18	THE FRESHMAN RETREAT	John Leatherwood	49
CHEATING	Pat Hill	19	THE ADMINISTRATION AND FACULTY		52
ANN'S REVIEW	Ann Bardsley	22	HOW TO STUDY	George F. McCall, Jr.	61
THE MOON CURSE (Short Story)	John Leatherwood	23	SHINE BRIGHT, PALE MOON (Poem)	Jarrett C. Pharr	62
ON CAMPUS (Selected Cartoons)	Various Cartoonists	29	THE RAMPAGE OF BAFFLING BETSY	Ann Bardsley	63
MISREPRESENTATION (Poem)	Margaret Mary Brown	30	THE ISLAND OF JAPAN (Selected Poetry)	Tom Tohtz	64
			OUR FEATURED WRITERS	Back Cover	

THE NEW LEFT

A Quick Course In Picketing

BY BARBARA GLOWASKI

*Illustrated by
Tom Oliver
and
John Leatherwood*

FOR 25 years, the college campuses across the country were politically quiet. Except for a brief spurt of Conservative reaction to the New Frontier, the college student showed little political interest. This is no longer true. Suddenly, as if out of nowhere, has come a rebirth of political excitement and interest by collegians that has been termed "The New Left." The New Left is a movement of the young. It borders on radicalism and in some organizations is communistic. It is vital that the college students of our nation know what it is, where and how it got its start, and where it is going. For in our time, not only does the future but also the present belong to the American youth. If only for this reason, students and parents must inform themselves of the truth about the New Left.



Activity of a political nature by college students which had an effect on American political life was first manifested in the 1930's. The result of the Great Depression was the loss of confidence in the American economic system by a substantial number of citizens, especially among the intellectuals. In their dissatisfaction, they turned to the Left, hoping to find the panacea. The recognition of the U.S.S.R. in 1933 focused further attention on the Left. The unfortunate result was the formation of a coalition between intellectual, but naive, liberals and the Communist Party and its front organizations. This became known as the "Popular Front Movement" of the 1930's.

College campuses expressed this. They were boiling over with fads, ideas and stunts which fermented a protest against parents, deans,

and more than ever before, the world situation. Students huddled around the radio listening to Roosevelt's fireside chats or Hitler's frenzied rantings.

They picketed factories and tried to organize university janitors. They burned Hitler and Mussolini in effigy and formed the Veterans of Future Wars. They demonstrated, paraded, and sometimes landed in jail. Radicals, pacifists, socialists, communists, and liberals were everywhere.

The main theme of the 1930's was a liberal attitude towards, and a tolerant view of Communism. These were the years of the "Share the Wealth" movement of Huey Long, the old-age pension move-

College '65

ment of Francis Townsend, and the violently nationalistic, anti-Semitic, inflationistic, and sometimes socialistic propaganda of the "radio priest" Father Coughlin.

In the 1940's, college students were too involved in World War Two and in the fight to save the world from fascism to be interested in picketing and parading.

The "Silent Generation" was the name given to the students of the 1950's. These were the serious students who, due to the interruptions of World War Two and the Korean Conflict, were behind in their academic plans. They had not come to a university to play at politics or to be intellectually challenged by the outdated theories of Marx. They came to learn and to get an education.

In the 1960's, there was a revival of Conservatism. It was a reaction to the New Frontier. But its growth was stunted when Barry Goldwater was defeated. Political action in the Young Republican and Young Democratic clubs exists, but it is not as vocal nor as imaginative as the Far Left.

Today's college generation is faced with a movement that had its quiet beginning with Fidel Castro's victory in Cuba in 1959, and with the first student civil-rights sit-in in Greensboro, N.C. in 1960. It was not until the summer demonstrations of 1963 that the face of the movement became public. And it is not until now that the truth about it, along with its dangerous potentialities, is becoming known.

The college student is very much concerned with the present. He feels that he does not have to be overly concerned with the future. He is more sophisticated than his predecessors, and yet is exceedingly self-conscious. He has little faith in either of the two parties, although there is a tendency to try to work for changes through the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. If the politically motivated student, whose key words are action and personal commitment, cannot find what he is looking for in the legitimate major parties, he must turn elsewhere.

Some of the students are turning to the New Left. At tables on university campuses throughout the nation, students are signing up for trips to Cuba, picketing churches, businesses, public and private projects, demonstrations against segregation and for other popular causes, and parading in front of the White House. And this is happening more and more as students are becoming politically aware.

Although the New Left is a small minority, it is vocal, active, and growing.

The New Left is a loose confederation of socialist and communist organizations. It got its start with the tremendous student interest in the case of Caryl Chessman. Despite some feeling that he was innocent, Chessman was executed in California's gas chamber on May 2, 1960, for kidnaping.

Then came the Castro take-over

in Cuba, the civil-rights sit-ins, the student peace movements, and the rioting and demonstrations against the House Un-American Activities Committee. And so a movement came into being. Students realized for the first time they could participate in a social revolution.

The New Left manifests itself through peaceful demonstrations and picketing, through distribution of literature, through unsanctioned trips to Cuba, through sit-ins, through lie-ins, and through sleep-ins. They demonstrate against racial discrimination, against the war in Viet Nam, against the rules regulating sex, against high rental rates in Harlem, against Barry Goldwater, against the House on Un-American Activities Committee, against nuclear testing, and limitations on the right of free speech. The adherents of these ideas have formed clubs, leagues, and associations which maintain full-time staffs. The propagation of the ideals and goals of the New Left is a vocation in life, to some as religious a vocation as the priesthood.

THE young revolutionaries are in agreement on three major goals. One is "freedom now" for the American Negro. Thousands of these radicals joined with the NAACP and SNCC in Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida to march and picket for the equality of the Negro. The second goal is that the United States should retreat from Viet Nam and stop fighting "revolutionary socialism" throughout the underdeveloped world. They feel the U.S. is interfering with the revolutionary process. The third goal is one of a longer range. The New Leftists want the United States itself to go socialist, or at the very least, to organize a new democratic society from the grass roots up based on a planned economy.

A latent sub-conscious goal is self-expression. These young people feel strongly the need for self-expression and the unburdening of

parental repression. They look for this in these radical and controversial organizations.

The New Left is a conglomeration of splinter groups which have very little formal connection with each other. The largest and most influential is the Students for a Democratic Society. It is largely non-communist and intellectual. It believes in community organization and effort, and is opposed to leadership by an "Establishment." While it is non-communist, it objects to the "unreasoning" and "paranoid" nature of anti-communist sentiment in this country on the grounds that it weakens freedom, restricts debate, and inhibits action. SDS leaders talk about the development of new institutions and new organizations, and of new forces to work the social changes they seek. They have not as yet come up with a specific program. They staged the successful March on Washington in which more than 20,000 students participated on April 17 of this year. Currently, the organization has about 2,500 members on more than 75 college campuses. Since SDS is the largest of the radical organizations, it is obvious the membership of the New Left is still rather small.

The most far out of the far-left is the Progressive Labor Party. It is considered to espouse the Red Chinese line. At its recent convention in New York, it announced, "Americans in the ghetto streets will not go along with the gas chamber plans of this country's ruling class." The PLP declares that the people's needs require revolution, and that it will be prepared to wage the struggle on whatever forms and levels are necessary. Members played a large part in agitating for the Harlem race riots last summer. Actually, some of its members are simply rebelling against society in general. Started by two Communists in 1962, the PLP is reputed to have in its possession a letter from Communist China declaring that

this organization is following the "only true Line" of socialism in America. It has a growing membership of about 1,000.

The Young Socialists Alliance is the young and militant arm of the Trotskyites. They are Marxists who think Russia has been "democratized" and "bureaucratized." They organized the unsanctioned trips to Cuba. Until his death, Malcolm X was one of their heroes, along with Fidel Castro. Since its founding in 1962, it has never signed more than 1,000 members.

have a membership of close to 1,000.

It would not be fair to call the New Left a Communist front. It is not like the "Popular Front" of the 1930's. Yet, there is no denying that the Communists have played a part in the advancement of this grass-roots movement. The degree of the commitment depends on the organization. The Students for a Democratic Society do not have the Communist control that the DuBois Clubs have, nor do the Communists have the same degree of influence in it. The New Left



THE W. E. DuBois Clubs, named for a founder of the NAACP who became a Communist at the age of 93 and died soon after in Ghana, is the closest thing to a youth movement among the traditional Communist Party-U.S.A. Alongside the PLP and the YSA, the DuBois Clubs are almost moderate and their leadership includes non-communist radicals. They prefer to call themselves socialists but the over-all organization is unquestionably in the hands of the Communists. J. Edgar Hoover, head of the F.B.I., has identified the DuBois Clubs as a Communist youth group. Located in 35 clubs throughout the country, they

does not feel itself threatened by communism, and is, in fact, accommodating with it. Therefore, the Marxian threat to this nation cannot be ignored. All of these groups have adopted some of Marx's program. This is the real danger.

Why this turn to the left? Why this sudden resurgence of political activity on the campus?

One reason is the emergency of John F. Kennedy. This college generation was in high school when he assumed the office and powers of the presidency. By his stirring challenge to go with him to "The New Frontier" and his

espousing of Liberal ideas and methods to "get this country moving again," President Kennedy captured the imagination of the students.

When he was assassinated in Dallas on that tragic Friday in November, the collegians felt his death very keenly. As flags all across the nation flew at half mast, the American Youth felt as if a close relative had died. Three out of five students queried in a Newsweek pool said that they felt the Kennedy years to have been a special time. Some of them went

THE second reason is the students have been encouraged in their turn to the New Left by their college professors. Using such methods as teach-ins, the college professors, who were the radical and left-leaning students of the 1930's' Popular Front Movement, have in some cases, especially in the Berkeley incidents, strongly encouraged political dissent and demonstrations.

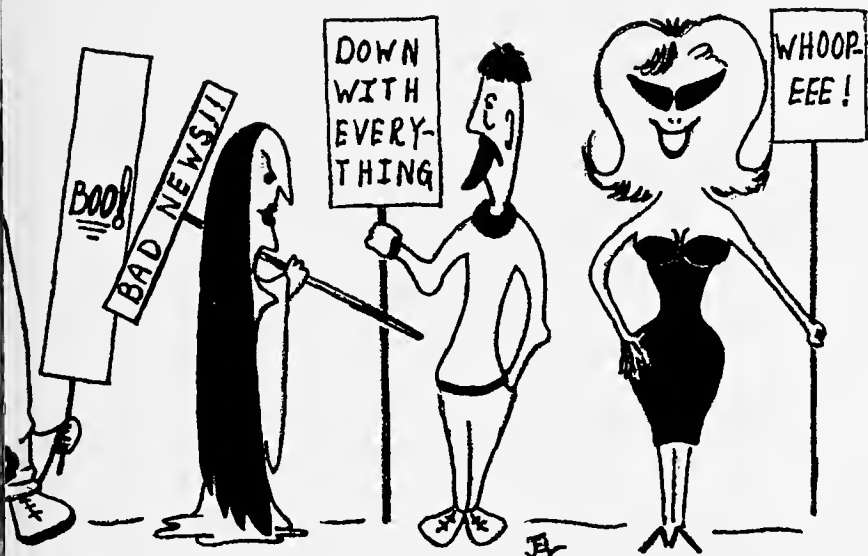
The third reason is the intellectual appeal of liberalism. The philosophy of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels still attracts some of

his tendency to be very sensitive to the expectations and preferences of others. To this person, the peer group and its opinions are most important. Anxiety is the mode of insuring obedience. Conformity is primary. The inability of the child to take the roles of his parents as his models forces him to search elsewhere for them. The peer group replaces the parents in importance. In the peer group, he can find acceptance and a meaningful relationship which satisfies his needs. In acceptance by the peer group he finds his purpose fulfilled.

In effect, in modern society, when he pickets or peacefully resists, he is accepted by his peer group. When he does not, he becomes an outcast. The importance of acceptance by his peer group has been internalized in him by his parents and by society. It becomes a subconscious but primary necessity.

The most ironic aspect of the New Left is that most of these groups have been begun by inner-directed persons. To the inner-directed person, his goals and the fulfillment of his goals in the proper manner is the most important thing. This also has been internalized in the inner-directed man by his parents and by society. Only in this case, the parents play a greater role. He enters politics to protect what he has or to get something he wants. Yet, it is the inner-directed man who is the moralizer. He has a greater consciousness of self than the other-individualist. The result is that the inner-directed lead, while the other-directed follow.

The movement of the New Left has really just begun. Its success or failure will depend on the verdict rendered by this college generation. Will the future leaders of the United States who are among the college students of today accept and embrace the radical social ideas of the New Left, or will they turn in another direction? The choice is theirs.



on to say, "he made the young people of today feel that life was worth living," and "he was an ideal man for someone of my generation to follow." According to the students, he made politics seem an attractive profession. He returned to it some of its lost honor and added to it his own special style. The Massachusetts statesman appealed to the youth of the nation and was able to communicate with them as no other American politician had been able to do in a long time. The nation's youth were attracted to politics because of the style and brilliance of this man.

those individuals who reason and weigh everything intellectually.

The fourth reason is a form of rebellion against the conservatism of parents. Many of the leaders of the New Left are graduate students who come from the upper-middle-class homes where politics are conservative. In order to prove their independence, they rebel politically.

The final reason is the emergence of the other-directed person in the urban centers of the country. In David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*, he defines the model of the other-directed person as a member of society whose typical conformity is insured by

EULOGY FOR A COUNSELOR

By **DR. JACK D. TAYLOR**
Dean of Students
The Junior College of Broward County

ILLUSTRATED BY ALVA FULLER

THE little town of Testcor was all agog. After all, wasn't its favorite son retiring from his position as president of Major Motors to return home to live his remaining years in Testcor?

To make the celebration more exciting this famous celebrity was scheduled to deliver the Commencement address at Testcor High School. As an added incentive H. I. Quotient was rumored to include in his notes some laudatory remarks about the late I. Will Guide, Testcor's illustrious counselor during Dr. Quotient's years at the high school. Quotient had always maintained that Mr. Guide had influenced H. I. in his decision to attend college. For this guidance H. I. was thankful.

H. I., also, credited Mr. Guide with masterful direction in breaking down H. I.'s twin brother's stubborn determination to attend college. Whereas H. I. had resisted all efforts to persuade him to matriculate to the University, L. O. Quotient had doggedly persisted in such an endeavor. Both of these attitudes had remained until Mr. Guide had

administered a Stanford-Binet Test to each with overwhelming results of 195 and 95 I.Q.'s for the brothers. Mr. Guide hypothesized that L. O. had suffered brain damage from an accident or high fever. Naturally, the teachers' marks substantiated the standardized test results. When the boys enrolled in their classes, the teachers buzzed about the differences in abilities. The teachers remarked that Mr. Guide's data gave them more insight on how to deal with each child.

Thus, H. I.'s speech was supposed to give the beloved Mr. Guide credit for much of the eminent president's success.

This success was predicted by Mr. Guide and manifested itself with high marks, participation in extra-curricular activities, and election to the major offices in high school clubs. These hallmarks extended throughout college as H. I. continued to awe professors with his brilliance. Even before H. I. enrolled at Stigma University, he aroused a hubbub with his phenomenal I.Q. With his amazing ability

and past record, H. I. passed most of his courses with a breeze and, in some instances, he was excused from his final examinations. No question about it—H. I. “snowed” even the faculty at Stigma.

Meanwhile, L. O. acquired a position commensurate with his I. Q., janitor at dear old Testcor High. Although L. O.’s contributions did not compare to those of H. I., he gained the distinction as the custodian of the year in Aptitude County.

L. O. looked forward to H. I.’s speech with considerable ambivalence. Being the brother of a famous executive brought smiles to L. O.’s face; however, L. O. always envied his brother’s success. To have his brother return to the scene of his own frustrations

blended misery and nostalgia to the festive occasion.

As H. I. planned his speech, he could not avoid recollections of his successful days at Testcor. Because of his college record and amazing ability, H. I. had bypassed the junior executive routine in favor of a vice presidency in a small automobile manufacturing company, the Private Motor Company. The years were kind to H. I., and as the company prospered, so did H. I. Changing its name from Private Motor Company to Major Motor Company, the enterpriser became a leading producer of cars. H. I. moved from tenth vice president through the ranks to first vice president and, finally, to president.

Of course, marriage to the chief stockholder’s





Of course, marriage to the chief stockholder's daughter did not impede H. I.'s march to this enviable position. Often H. I. thought that he would employ L. O. in some capacity; however, what could a man with an I. Q. of ninety-five contribute to an enterprising organization like Corporal Motors, as it was known during its period of transition?

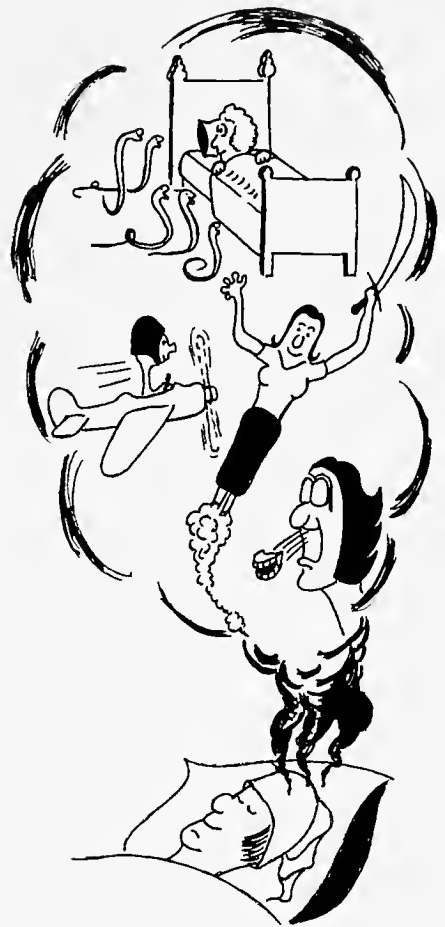
Almost the entire town congregated to hear Testcor's favorite son. An air of excitement pervaded the auditorium as the commencement exercise approached. Mr. Ace Speaker, principal of Testcor High, was extended the honor to introduce the honored guest. What an introduction it was! With a capacity for majestic oratory, Mr. Speaker extolled the accomplishments of H. I. Quotient. Not a word was mentioned about the less competent and ineffective brother. After the introduction the emotion-filled citizens could hardly restrain their enthusiasm — in fact a few scattered applauds dampened the dignity of the occasion.

The main speech surpassed even the elocution of the introduction. What a pity that I. Will Guide could not hear the plaudits regarding his own accomplishments as a counselor of this gifted alumnus. After he had mentioned his own great contributions (in a matter-of-fact way), H. I. explained modestly that this great genius would have been overlooked had it not been for a counselor who possessed the insight and perception to recognize this potential prodigy. Being the only psychometrist with the background to administer the Stanford-Binet, Mr. Guide was the only educator with the ability to recognize H. I. as a genius and L. O. as an average pupil with a capacity below the level to consider college matriculation.

Just to emphasize the noteworthy guidance of his former counselor, H. I. requested the cumulative records of his less talented brother and himself. This would be the climax of his speech—concrete evidence of Mr. Guide's professional counseling. With the two records in his hands, H. I. Quotient, the eminent executive stated that he owed his entire fortune, his entire success, his entire contribution to the results of the single test. Also, the same test had saved his brother from the frustration accompanying failure in college.

To conclude his remarks H. I. exclaimed "I will read you the I. Q. scores of my brother and me." As H. I. opened the two personal data cards to read the wide differential in abilities, he stared at each test score, paused, grew faint, and muttered, "Oh, no!" — "Oh, no!"

CAN DREAMS FORETELL...?



By GREG OLIVER

ILLUSTRATED by GREG OLIVER

It was three o'clock in the morning when Judy, a Broward Junior College sophomore, flapped her arms and flew through the air. She soared above the campus of JCBC cutting off the heads of her teachers with a great sword she firmly held in her hand. At the same time, on the other side of town, Nick, a freshman, was watching his own funeral being conducted by men of the moon.

Both occurrences are very odd ways for students to be spending their nights but, though odd, they are not at all impossible. The

above accounts were experienced during those somewhat commonplace journeys all of us take through the mysterious world of dreams. But what are those subconscious visions called dreams? What power do they have over us? How valuable are they to our lives? And, above all, can dreams foretell our future?

According to Henri Bergson's **The World of Dreams**, such thoughts are the illusions of the mind during sleep. The psychologists of the present day consider dreams to be a valuable part of

psychoanalyzing the nature and origins of a person's difficulties. Sigmund Freud has taught that dreams are not meaningless thoughts, but are full of information of great importance to the dreamer. Judy will be happy to learn that to dream of flying through the air is an omen of good fortune. To dream of carrying a sword signifies the possession of great power, and her cutting off her teachers' heads means an unexpected legacy will be left to her.

As for Nick's dream, author

Henry J. Wehman says in his **Dream Book** that if a person dreams he is buried he will meet with much misery, but if he dreams of the moon, it foretells delay in receiving money. With such interpretations, it would seem that Nick has a weary road of misfortune ahead of him.

Mike, another JCBC sophomore, often dreams about money. Wehman says, "To find money, mourning and loss; to lose money, good business; to see it without taking it, anger and disappointment; to count it, gain." Marian, also a sophomore, dreams of going ice-skating in the nude. To dream of nudity denotes pleasure with a sorrowful end. Her ice-skating shows she will engage in some unprofitable undertaking.

Dick, a sophomore aviation student, dreamt the night before his first solo flight that he was headed straight for the sun. As he was going up in the airplane the instruments jammed, he couldn't turn the plane or slow it down. Dick will be happy to learn that the dreaming of an airplane means

he will receive a large sum of money. He will be successful because to dream of the sun portends success in money matters.

"Night after night in my dreams, my teeth continuously fall out," explained Pat, a freshman. This is a warning to watch her health; it is also a portent of financial difficulties.

To dream of an automobile accident as Charlie, a sophomore, does, foretells disappointment. Helen, a freshman at JCBC, dreams of snakes surrounding her bed. This is a sign she will achieve success as a result of hard work. If a snake should bite her, she will quarrel with a friend or relative.

Did you ever dream of passing botany with an "A" as sophomore Emory does? It is unfortunate for you as this accomplishment is a warning that you will be let down. Whenever Wanda, a freshman, dreams, it is always the same situation, with few exceptions. "I always find myself in an old house admiring the quaint beauty of its

age, when suddenly I am frightened by something—be it a cobweb, a basement or an attic." Author Leo Francis describes such a dream in his **Dreams and Their Meanings**. "It is a bad omen to dream you are wandering through an old house. In addition, if you dream of fear you will be deceived by someone near to you."

Are you among the many male students who dream of being shipwrecked on an island with many beautiful girls? It is a good omen to the dreamer of girls for it promises long life and riches. But the dream of being shipwrecked is a sign of ill-fortune. Whether you or others are involved, it is a bad omen for lovers.

Talmud, the Hebrew Bible, says, "A dream which is not explained is like a letter which has not been opened." To understand their meanings may give you an insight into your future; by heeding a warning sounded in dreams you can often avert trouble. After all, you could control your own destiny. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed."

DIGNITY

By **ROBERT GREVE**
For Miss Patricia Kyle's
English 102 Class

OH what man is this that dares to define aesthetic universals with the cowardly words which I write today? Be he a fool or be he in Love?

But I say to them that question: if you have ever felt humbled by the greatness of the sea, or by its compassion, or by its violence; if your earthly boundaries have been, for a moment, weakened by the majesty of Beethoven, or by the beauty of Tchaikovsky, or by the simplicity of Strauss; if you have been awed by the soul of a child, by its naive purity, or by its trust; if you have felt love for your God and His love in return; if you have played before the moon and could yet face the sun; if within your realms you have taken only the best and have done without if the best could not be had; if you have cared for yourself and not been vain; and if you have done each of these things with deliberation and moderation—then you will know what dignity is, for it lies within you.

And thus it is, my friend. Whether you show success or failure, if you have shown dignity, you then will be shown respect.

THE FRESHMAN

... enthusiasm, desire and anticipation

by Sharon Roesch



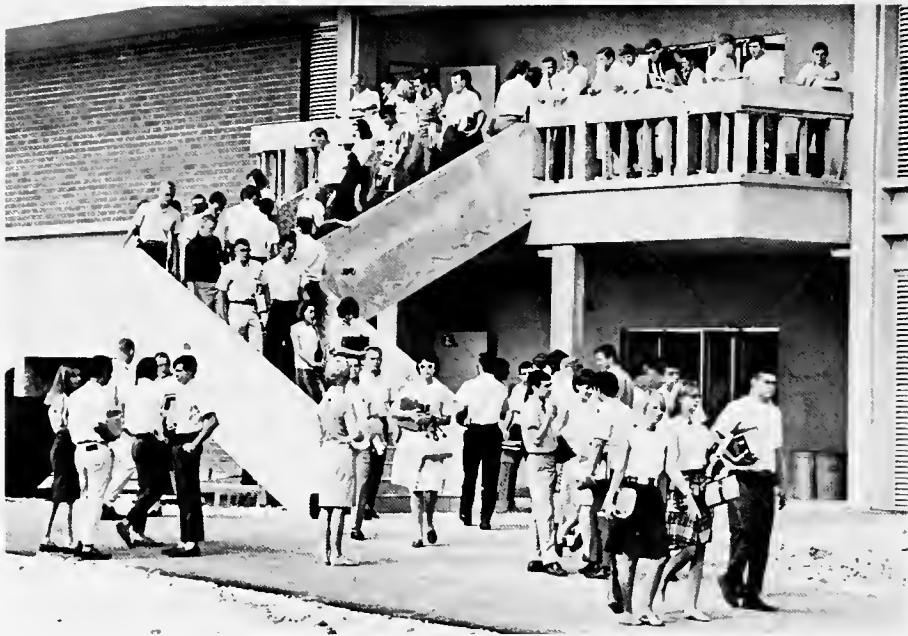
... the Freshman year is a time of learning and reaching toward a goal.

THE professors, administrators and students who work within the modernistic buildings of the college present a routine, a way of life, that is almost totally new to the entering Freshman. The faces are strange, the procedures are not clear, and the atmosphere is adult and progressive. Although he feels confused and perhaps even a little afraid of failure, his enthusiasm, desire, and anticipation mount within him from the moment he registers. Hope becomes an integral part of the Freshman, and everything he attempts is touched by it. This, coupled with desire, enables him to overcome many obstacles during the year, including his feelings of frustration and lack of self confidence.

The differences between college and high school range from the small complexities that baffle and

confuse the Freshman, to the large pitfalls that the Sophomore has already forgotten. Sometimes it comes as a surprise to the new student that it is possible to attend classes on the same campus with a friend and yet for an entire term never come face to face with him. Class schedules all differ and it is not unusual for a student to attend classes only on certain days of the school week. It is a novelty for many Freshmen to attend classes with students of various ages. The word "Freshman" denotes no special age but merely one in his first year of college. Ex-service men, wives with families, or teachers themselves may comprise a class along with upper classmen. All are bound together by the quest for knowledge.

Differences between college and high school



Class schedules all differ and it is not unusual for a student to attend classes only on certain days of the school week.

affect the Freshman in various ways. Sometimes he revels in a new-found independence while at other times he finds the adjustment difficult and has trouble allocating time between studies, dates, and a possible job. Learning that with freedom comes responsibility is often one of the hardest lessons for the college Freshman. Although he may have come in contact with facts about college life before, it is still a jolt, pleasant or otherwise, to find that no one comes to the student to direct him in every move, every choice, and every hour of his day. Bulletin boards, faculty advisors, and guidance material are made available to the student, however, it is up to him to keep himself well informed. Nothing is quite the same as the desolate feeling that spreads over the Freshman as he stands at the door of a room for an interview, advisement appointment, or testing, only to find that the deadline was the day before and he has lost valuable time, contacts, or money. Certainly he feels thwarted but, more than that, he comes to the realization that only he is the "captain of his fate and master of his soul."

The understanding that the success or failure of his college career is entirely up to him is one of the factors that matures a Freshman during his first year of collegiate environment. The choices he makes concerning classes, friends, and every aspect of campus life will affect him in the future. The first year of college is definitely a time of important decisions, although it is seldom that the Freshman realizes this at the time.

Studies are much more difficult in college and no longer are academics a game in which a student tries to see how little he can do during a term for

a passing grade. The Freshman encounters well educated adults who are prepared for their profession. All have attained a master's degree and many have received their doctorates. The instructors politely address students correctly by their last name, impressing them with the formality and privilege of education.

The desire to be recognized motivates many students during their first year in college. In the higher institutions of today, where one is recorded as a number and referred to as such for years following, the need to be noticed and accepted is great. Often the Freshman finds that he is becoming inter-



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ested in fields totally different from those of his high school career. He may be exhibiting leadership qualities that he did not know existed, and his enthusiasm for activities on campus is great. Many times the shy, reserved student comes out of his shell in college, finding himself for the first time unhampered by the group of classmates that he has known since elementary school.

New to the Freshman are many facts and circumstances that he finds very difficult to accept. His difficulty in accepting them may lead to disconcertment and feelings of resentment, but it is part of that maturation process known as college. No mat-

ter how much the Freshman has heard, nothing quite prepares him for that feeling of utter frustration which comes when he finds that two of his necessary classes meet at the same time, and his schedule is now unbelievably confused. The fact that he cannot slip by in a class without studying a great deal is discouraging, as are so many other facts of college life.

Pride and a feeling of accomplishment become the guideposts of a job well done. A grade is no longer merely a letter that signifies passing or failing, but a symbol representing hours of study, research, and money. The college grades or professors' approvals are not easily earned and the Freshman finds that perhaps he is not as accomplished or experienced as he had thought. It is at this time that he realizes that he truly is "a novice, esp., a student during his first year, as in a college," as Webster's Dictionary defines the term "Freshman."

It is only gradually that the new student overcomes the feeling of being a novice on the college campus. The simplest procedure becomes a task when faced by the Freshman. At first, even the computation of a term grade average is difficult. Hours, credits, and points must all be considered and understood to compile a grade average or to understand the fulfillment of academic requirements. Some students remain in the Freshman stage, in this respect, until the time of graduation, when they are informed of missing credits.

Books are no longer distributed in the classroom with neatly lined cards but, instead, must be purchased carefully according to term, course, and number. The cost of books is expensive and the new



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student usually learns (after costly experiences) to buy second-hand books and to trade with other students. All these things, which at some time will become habits, are now new and confusing. Parking lot regulations, "class-cut" system, and the registration procedure in time become second nature to the once baffled Freshman.

From the choice of classes to the choice of a career, the Freshman year is a time of learning and reaching toward a goal. The sighting of this goal and the means to attain it lie with the Freshman. He must evaluate, compare, and choose; not only must he do this with courses and friends, but with values and principles. He encounters a wide variety of personalities and philosophies during his first year of college, and it is his responsibility to formulate a philosophy or set of standards of his own—which he does unconsciously whether he realizes it or not.

With the widening of the Freshman's outlook on life, it is essential that he keep an open mind. His opinions and choices should be solid but flexible enough that if, after evaluation, he finds that he was mistaken about a career choice or the opinion of a person, he will be able to admit that his judgment was wrong. It is only in this way that he will benefit from his mistakes.

The Freshman listens, ponders, and wonders. He argues, reconsiders, and angers. Speculating on everything from sex to politics, he finds, as ultimately all students do, that he is one of a group and, yet, alone. As his scope widens he thinks more universally. Studying takes on a greater meaning and lesser things are pushed into the background. The relief one feels for passing a Zoology test is not welcomed because of some vague threat from the teacher or parents, but because to the student, passing Zoology represents coming one step closer to attaining a career or a degree. Membership in a political or pre-professional organization on campus means not just the acquisition of friends or status, but the obtainment of valuable information or experience which may help to determine or secure a final career.

Frustration and disappointment are unavoidably encountered during the first year of college. No one can dream or work toward a goal without sometimes facing failure or realizing that one has misplaced one's trust. Often, without even realizing it, the Freshman desperately seeks to find a model, an idol, someone he respects and admires. Perhaps nothing brings such sadness than to learn that faith and admiration have been placed in someone who is not at all worthy. Although the experience is disillusioning, it teaches the new collegian to put his faith in ideals and his trust in someone or something grander and more universal than any one human being.

After some disappointing experiences, it is not difficult for the new student to feel completely alone and depressed on the crowded college campus. The Freshman soon finds that there is no time for self pity because life continues around him with or without his volition. It is at this time that desire and an inexhaustible supply of hope carry him through. He learns that one mistake or failure does not mean total disaster. Attaining his goal may take more time and effort than originally planned, but he knows that in the end, it will be worth the effort if the goal is all that worthy.

The Freshman is indeed a person who is finding himself. Although all his problems will not by any means be completely solved and some things will undoubtedly continue to confuse him, he will have attained a great deal of knowledge and experience when he gains the title Sophomore. Mistakes will be a part of his education, but they will serve to mature rather than permanently injure him. He will be more sure of his beliefs and ideals because he has had a chance to prove or disprove them and, although he is perhaps not certain, he has a better idea of to what he wants to devote his life. He is someone who will know triumph and disappointment on a varied scale, and he will live a year of hard work and excitement. He is someone to be little envied and greatly understood; he is a Freshman.



Hope becomes an integral part of the Freshman, and everything he attempts is touched by it.

WHY THE CHOICE?

By THOMAS ROBINSON

If you stopped a group of freshmen and asked them why they came to JCBC you would certainly get various replies. Even if the reasons are the same, people express them differently. Whatever their reasons, the freshmen have arrived.

This past summer various high schools in the county replied to a questionnaire which asked that a percentage of graduating seniors give their reasons for enrolling at the Junior College. The responses were interesting and unusual.

Divided into four possible choices for attending, the categories consisted of academic, financial, social and other.

In the academic category, answers ranged from, "My grades were not good enough to get into a four-year university," to "JCBC is known to have a fine scholastic standing." Another student felt that spending his first two years in a small college would help him to adjust to college life.

Although many of the answers did not specifically say why the students were coming to the Junior College of Broward County, many said that their primary reason for going to college was to get an education. Jane Casey came because she feels it is a way to prepare her for a good job when she graduates, Patricia West came to gain knowledge, and Jim Walton just doesn't want to be ignorant.

Others were attracted to JCBC because of its outstanding courses and its high rating in the state. Martha Contner was attracted by the nursing program; Susan Brueining by the Data Processing program; and John Teitscheid because of the wide range of preparatory



courses. Diana Pace, a receiver of a JCBC Honors Scholarship, stated her reason as, "I have learned of the fine academic reputation the Junior College of Broward County has and believe it is an excellent school."

"To be successful in the future," and, "To have a profession to fall back on," were the replies of two students when asked why they are going to college.

Linda Farkas wants to build a better foundation before entering a four-year university. Jerry Haney is at JCBC because of an indecision about his major subject: "I will attend junior college until I determine what my vocation will be." Danny Lively is a bit skeptical about college: "If I can do college work it's better to find out in a junior college."

Those were some of the academic reasons why a number of high school seniors chose JCBC as the school in which to begin their college education.

It is surprising to find that not many people put down their reasons for attending as social. The most common reply under this category was, "All of my friends are going there," or, "I know a lot of kids who will be there." A few people, however, gave the reason that it will give them a chance to meet new people.

The most frequent answer given under the "other" heading had to do with living at home. Some students feel the best thing about Junior College is that it saves money for them or for their parents. Social reasons undoubtedly enter into remaining at home, but

finance plays the most important role. "I want to live at home as long as possible"; "I'd like to stay at home for the first few years"; "It is close to present living accommodations."

These are only a few of the reasons the students give for wanting to go to a junior college—the Junior College of Broward County in particular.

Of course there are other incentives for attending JCBC. One person was interested in the shorter term of school. Dan Johnson became philosophical about it: "Since I am undecided about my future, why should I waste money elsewhere?"

Percentage-wise, it adds up that 62% came for academic reasons; 45% came for financial reasons; and 12% each for social and miscellaneous reasons. If you added it up and observed that it came to more than 100%, you are right. You must take into consideration that many students gave several reasons for being at JCBC.

If you don't care for percentages, it can be stated another way. In order of their importance to the students of the freshman class, academic is first, financial is second, and social and miscellaneous reasons are third.

No matter what the reason for donning the rat cap, whether it be because of the desire to become educated, to associate with old and new friends, or as one person put it, "I don't want to leave my mother," they, the freshmen, are now a part of the student body of the Junior College of Broward County.



*The
Refreshing Rain*

BY JEANETTE MACHINSKE
For Mrs. Neda Hill's English 102 Class





THE rain stopped falling just a few minutes before I stepped out the door. The soft, gentle breeze which blew against my cheek and ruffled my hair was warm and moist as though a wet piece of cotton was covering my face. The clean smell of wet earth was waited to my nostrils as I breathed deeply.

Although the rain had stopped, the sky was still filled with clouds in varying shades of gray floating lazily before me. In the distance blue-black mountains of clouds were massed against the horizon, pouring out their tons of water upon the waiting earth below.

Palm trees swayed in the breeze like graceful

ballet dancers. Leaves skipped along the ground turning over and over like happy children doing cartwheels. Water trickled from the eaves of the porch and glistened on the emerald green leaves of the ixora bushes. Tiny drops of crystal water sparkled on the pink hibiscus blossoms like diamonds as the first rays of the sun poked through the parting cloud cover. Gay ripples played across the pools of water standing in the driveway.

The storm had passed. Once more God's earth was refreshed by the cool, clear water which had poured down from His heaven. I stood in wonder and awe before the beauty of this land after the passing of the summer shower.

Ode to a Female Octogenarian

BY DAVID WATKINS

FOR MRS. NEDA HILL'S ENGLISH 102 CLASS



The caressing touch of each finger to a key, the whispering hush of felt striking wood, the groping and gnashing of ebony and wire, all lavish themselves to my supervision, to my fate, and to my everything.

Yet my piano is not wood. She is pressed unicorn horn transplanted and crystallized from an aqua-tinted raindrop; she is gargoyle skin, webbed and silken-thatched; she is the plucked, feathered carpets from the shiny parlors of Olympian maidens; she is the stretched beams of tossed-away prisms, and the retrograde whirlings of excavated minds.

Yet my piano is not wire. She is spun moonbeam trapped in a rusted thimble; she is the tarnished porcelain from bloody spiral stairways in the Louvre; she is all the evaporated thoughts that have condensed on the roof of the world.

My piano is my soul, my treatise on each sculpture and syndrome I fancy or profane. A cynic of cynics do I become when I mount her lap and pat her head.

My piano is more than a friend. She senses my moods and releases my dreams; she bickers and pouts when I doubt my esteem; she echoes the songs of my flesh into the prolonged nights which I know as days; she consoles my laughter and sighs at my despondency.

I cannot see into me without her eyes. I cannot curl my fingers around eternity and dangle my arms off this scaffold of reality without having her as a lifeline to shore.

When I touch her, flesh against flesh, there can be no tomorrow, there can be no forever, and there can be no darkness. She cries out in my anger, whispers to my passion, and lavishes herself upon my moments of delight, my hours of creation, and my songs to the very brashness of the gods that gave me a woman I could enslave in the timeless void of unimaginable words.

CHEATING

A GROWING COLLEGIATE PROBLEM

By PAT HART

WITH twenty-three minutes left of the final examination, student 32502 wound his watch. Exactly seven minutes later he stood up, walked to the front of the room, and turned in his paper. The instructor took it, glanced over it, and tore it up.

This hapless student had tried one of the many ingenious methods of cheating that students use everyday in American classrooms. Unfortunately for the student, his instructor was both observant and well advised. Still, colleges are faced with the ever increasing problem of cheating.

The ways of cheating are many and varied. This particular student had inserted a minute scroll inside his watch and had replaced the crystal with a magnifying lens. Thus, by simply winding his watch the student obtained the

pertinent answers needed to pass the exam.

Other methods of cheating range from simple crib sheets to elaborate earphone devices. A standard joke among students is that of taking an exam while turning the pages of an open text book. As ludicrous as this may seem, it has been tried.

One popular method is lining a clear plastic cartridge pen with paper containing the necessary formulas or answers. Writing on clothing and hands, although a tried and true method, has its setbacks—the ink can smear and the writing can be easily seen by the instructor. The way that works best but requires the most ingenuity is to obtain a copy of the exam before it is given. This isn't often feasible in large universities, but it can sometimes be done in small colleges. The main problem

with this method is trying to remember all the answers, not to mention all the hazards involved while trying to get the exam in the first place.

Writing on desk tops or on lap boards can supply a few short answers which may save the day, or if caught, may cost the whole course.

The reasons for cheating are as many and varied as the methods. Mr. Neil Crispo, the new director of student activities, feels that much of the cheating in American schools is caused by the idea of competing with one's self. He believes that some of this cheating could be done away with if, "We could put education on a basis of competing with each other. If it's a choice between you and the other person, you will always come first."

Tom Spencer, president of the



Undergraduate Student Government at the University of Miami, made this comment: "We've had no cases of a good student ever cheating. Those who do cheat, usually do it from necessity—such as a football player trying to maintain his grade point average."

Some of the instructors at JCBC believe that a majority of students do cheat or would cheat. One of these instructors said, "Half of my students cheat now and if I gave them a chance, the rest of them would, too."

Other instructors have said that, "Not many students resist the temptation to cheat," and "Everyone would cheat if they weren't afraid of getting caught."

There are instructors, though, who feel, "College students are usually a pretty good lot and can be trusted to make the best decision."

The students themselves have varying views on cheating. Some will admit to having resorted to cheating in order to pass a course but others maintain that it isn't worth cheating just to get a grade. They feel that getting an education is the basis for college work and cheating on an exam doesn't help them to learn anything, but just takes away from their self-respect.

One student said, "It is a terrible experience to know the answer to an exam question but not be able to think of it. This is the time when a person is most likely to look on another person's paper."

A sophomore at JCBC said, "Cheating is a despicable practice. If you have to cheat to pass a course, you shouldn't be taking it in the first place."

Other students say that cheating is merely a means to get out of school. "The faster you pass a course, the less time you have left in school. I'd do just about anything to pass, including a little cheating on the side."

There are various types of

cheating and some students have morals about only a few. One student wouldn't consider copying on an exam, but was willing to turn in a friend's term paper as her own just to avoid the work of research and writing. One student commented, "If the assignment isn't really important, then it really isn't important if you cheat."

With TV classes and IBM grading, some students hold that they are trying to beat a system set up against them. The feeling of personal contact in classrooms has been lost and now the student says, "It is only a machine that I am cheating. It doesn't really matter."

The majority of the students asked, however, felt that cheating had no place in college life. They said that cheating would hurt their education and hinder their own progress through school.

There are many ways of dealing with a student that has been caught cheating. At JCBC, no set policy is followed. Dr. Taylor, Dean of Students, said, "We don't

like to set a policy. We prefer to leave it up to the individual instructor."

This college, of course, frowns on cheating, but offers no penalties by a set standard. The individual instructor can take what action he sees fit. Sometimes this means a failing grade in a course or an assignment; sometimes it means re-doing the assignment. When a student cheats on an exam, it may be explained to him why he received a failing grade or it might just come to be an understanding between himself and his instructor. This lack of policy leads to misunderstandings, sometimes, but leaves the instructors more freedom in their own control of the classroom.

The University of Miami has an Honor Court that meets in private and deals with all problems of cheating. The Court is made up of ten members of the administration, faculty and student body, combined. All of their decisions are kept from public knowledge.

A student caught cheating at

the University of Florida also goes to court. This court however, is made up entirely of students and operates under the laws of the Florida State Constitution. A trial is held and a verdict is given by a jury of students. The usual punishment is a number of "penalty hours." Penalty hours are academic hours required above the usual number for graduation. When these penalty hours are completed and the student is eligible for a degree, all the records of his cheating are removed from his file and nothing remains to tell anyone that he was ever caught cheating.

There are numerous other ways to penalize cheating. Expulsion or mandatory withdrawal from school are two. Unfortunately, such incidents can become common knowledge and can do considerable harm to both students and instructors.

No matter how it is handled, students realize, as one girl said, "If you cheat, you take the chance. If you get caught, you should pay the penalty."





ANN'S REVIEW

by Ann Bardsley

Being a critic is good for the ego. The critic is master of all in the field he surveys, and can praise or wither at will. I, for my part, cannot claim to be a literary expert, and so it seems perhaps presumptuous of me to judge the efforts of those who are far more talented than I. I read a great deal, both for knowledge and for pleasure, and I know what I like. On that perhaps flimsy basis are my opinions formed. There are times when I have goofed completely, as when *SHIP OF FOOLS*, which I thought tedious, was a best seller. However, my views usually reflect those of others who have read the same books. My reviewing subjects are, because of our quarterly publishing schedule, not necessarily current.

My choices are from the Best Seller list, from popular reprints, books much talked about, and random selections so good or so bad as to be worth reviewing. Let the reader beware.

Topping the best seller list this summer was Arthur Hailey's *HOTEL*, a big novel with something for everyone. Set in a large New Orleans hotel, this book goes behind the scenes of the hotel business through a variety of appealing characters and situations. Central character in the related episodes is Peter McDermott, the efficient, young assistant manager, who has a blot on his record to live down, and two pretty girls to live up to. Peter must face a bewildering series of crises that include a racial incident, a hotel thief, a tipsy diplomat and his wife covering up for a crime, and

a tragic accident. Minor crises and characters help to lend an authentic flavor to the business that readers of *HOTEL* will never again consider rather tame.

HOTEL has an exciting climax and the traditional happy ending. It is an excellent choice for a long, lazy, Sunday afternoon.

The current civil rights movement has inspired a host of books about the South and its racial crisis. Some of these volumes are excellent, while others are merely collected clichés by uninspired hacks.

WE SHALL OVERCOME, by Michael Dorman, will surely rank among the best non-fiction to come out of the social revolution taking place south of the Mason-Dixon line. Mr. Dorman is a reporter for a New York newspaper and has been on the scene of all the southern integration crises during the year 1962-63. He does not claim to be unbiased, but does make a sincere effort at objectivity. Most of the integration activities of that year centered upon the college campus and, appropriately, the book opens upon the tragedy of Ole Miss and closes with the peaceful desegregation of the University of Alabama.

Michael Dorman recreates that momentous year with an accuracy that keeps the reader on the edge of his seat. He goes behind the headlines and beneath the slogans. The Ole Miss riots are revealed in shocking detail, as are the frantic negotiations between Governors Wallace and Barnett with the Department of Justice.

WE SHALL OVERCOME is an in-depth, reporter's eye view of a national crisis. Once begun it is hard to put down.

Sober historians and gossip lovers alike will delight in Lillian Rogers Parks' *MY THIRTY YEARS BACKSTAIRS AT THE WHITE HOUSE*. This remarkable book, first published in 1961 and now reprinted in paperback, is an intimate glimpse into the White House and its occupants as seen by the maids, cooks and butlers who work there.

Written in a lively, entertaining style, *BACKSTAIRS AT THE WHITE HOUSE* surprises us with some goosepimply ghost stories about the spirits that haunt the Presidential mansion, especially the rather well-documented appearances of Abe Lincoln. The joys, sorrows, and idiosyncrasies of first families from Taft through Eisenhower are revealed through the eyes of the author, a White House seamstress, and her mother, who was head maid before her. Housekeeping problems, weird gifts like the scroll written in blood that one first lady received, parties, exotic guests, and visits by crackpots bringing personal grievances or messages from God are recalled by Mrs. Parks with wit and a trace of nostalgia.

This fascinating memoir serves an added purpose. Every reader who has ever had an embarrassing experience — no matter how horrible — can feel comforted by the knowledge that his humiliation has been topped by the diplomat's wife who actually lost her satin panties in the presidential reception line.

MY THIRTY YEARS BACKSTAIRS AT THE WHITE HOUSE is well worth reading, and hard to forget.

The Moon Curse

by
John Leatherwood

Illustrated by
Eleanor West

EBENEZER Marlowe had lived in the great city of London for the full seventy-three years of his life. Severe hardship and heavy toil had made a hard and bitter man of him and he had learned early in life that one would receive help only when one could give something in return. This pathetic bit of knowledge, along with other twisted philosophies of mankind's attitudes, had turned Marlowe away from society. He had become a virtual hermit obsessed with the passion of carrying out personal vengeance upon his fellow man before providence saw fit to take him from the society of the pitiful world.

For the past forty years Marlowe had made his meager living as the proprietor of a small pawn shop located in a back alley of Piccadilly Circle. His miserly ways had amassed him a fortune which he kept locked away in a storeroom of his establishment. Marlowe had made both home and occupation out of his shop and he was rarely seen leaving it, even for just the slightest moment. To his customers he was always pleasant, greeting them with a smile and good cheer. But this was a mere mask covering Marlowe's character; for behind his smiling shell, lived a being whose vengeful and bitter outlook upon life would eventually lead him to a horribly morbid fate.

It was the Autumn of 1891. Night had fallen upon London as clouds of fog rolled out from the Thames and spread themselves thickly over the city. Ebenezer Marlowe had retired from his daily activities and, as the chimes of Big Ben mournfully tolled the hour of eleven o'clock, he was having a disturbed sleep. As he lay on the dingy cot of his bedroom, he could hear the chimes tolling again and again. Suddenly they stopped and all was silent. Once again Marlowe attempted to pass into a slumber but a dull and sporadic rapping on his front door brought him to his feet. Lighting a candle, he hesitatingly

walked down a narrow passageway into the front room of his shop. The rapping continued. Marlowe, a man not easily frightened, called out harshly and clearly, "Who is it, who's there!" Nothing but silence was his answer. Again he called and again received only silence. Not wasting another moment, Marlowe quickly went for his revolver safely secured in a cabinet drawer. Clutching it tightly to his side, he moved once again towards the door. Then, with swift speed, Marlowe unbolted the latch and threw the door wide open.

He found himself face to face with a rather startled youth carrying a small bundle over his back. Marlowe demanded the youth's business. The boy, having fixed his eyes on Marlowe's revolver, stammered out his story. Marlowe was told that a Maximilian Danvers, who was thought by many Londoners to be a student of the occult and of sorcery, had passed away the day before and, leaving little capital with which to pay his unsettled debts, it was found necessary to sell several of the man's personal effects to obtain sufficient money for the funeral. The youth explained that the bundle he was carrying contained a number of Danvers' belongings. Marlowe passed the boy a harsh look and asked him to step in. Once inside, the bundle was hastily opened and Marlowe began a careful study of the various articles.

Marlowe scrutinized everything as though he were searching for a lost and very valuable gem. But he was unimpressed by the lot save for one object, a small mahogany chest locked tightly with both chain and padlock. Determined to acquaint himself with the chest's contents, he demanded the key for the chest from the boy but was told that there were several keys in the bundle and that the boy had no knowledge as to the one which fitted the padlock. Marlowe impatiently tried every key he was able to find

without success. Surely the padlock key must be somewhere within the bundle. Once again Marlowe attempted to find it. Thrusting his hands deep within the bundle, his fingers suddenly touched a long metal object. He withdrew his find and discovered, much to his delight, that it was a key. He hurriedly attacked the padlock with it, which at a turn of the key, fell open. Removing the chain from the chest, Marlowe opened it and found six small scrolls carefully stored inside. Upon examining one of the scrolls, he found it to be covered with Arabic lettering and some sort of a strange design. He replaced the scroll and told the boy he would pay five pounds for the chest and its contents, no more, no less. The bargain was sealed and the boy, returning the other articles to his bundle, brought the sack up over his shoulder and quickly left the shop.

MARLOWE returned his revolver to its hiding place, and with his newly purchased prize in one hand and the candle in the other, returned down the passageway to his bedroom. Placing the candle on a table, Marlowe removed the six scrolls and took them to the light for a more careful examination. He found all of them to contain Arabic lettering and six different designs, one on each of the scrolls. The greatest of curiosity now aroused, he acquired a burning desire to discover the meaning of the scrolls. Marlowe had a vague remembrance of having a book somewhere in his possession which dealt with Arabic writing. He realized that if he could only find that book, the problem of deciphering would be greatly lessened. He began an extensive search of his shop which lasted throughout most of the night, but as the first rays of the rising sun streamed through the city of London, Ebenezer Marlowe found his book.



It was now Sunday, and as was customary in keeping of the Sabbath, Marlowe's pawn shop was closed for the day. This gave the old man the entire day to pass as he thought best and the foremost thing on his mind was the deciphering of the scrolls. He worked with his task at a feverish pace, not stopping for a moment. The day passed into night and it was not until the following morning when Marlowe closed his book and returned it to its storage. The task had been completed, and for the first time in many years, he felt almost overjoyed with accomplishment. Marlowe had discovered that he had in his possession a formula for the retaining of youth written by an unknown prophet some five-hundred years after the birth of Christ. The first five scrolls contained the secret of the formula itself but the sixth scroll was a curse, or something like a warning, to all those who used the formula without the consent of Allah. Marlowe reasoned that there were a chosen few whom Allah believed pious enough in spirit to be blessed with perpetual youth and only these few were able to use the formula without consequences.

Marlowe believed this sixth scroll to contain nothing but a ridiculous and pagan superstition not worth anything but to be ignored and discarded. He also learned that the six strange designs appearing on the scrolls were concerned with the curse of the sixth scroll. He found them to be taken from an ancient lunar calendar and reasoned that the fate spoken of in the curse would be fulfilled on the night of a full moon. This time element Marlowe also ignored but concerned himself with only one idea—perpetual youth. He thought to himself what a grand thing it would be if he could regain his youth. With the fortune he had amassed over the years he could easily fulfill his dream of vengeance, and at the same time, he could enjoy all of the fun and frolic of the day. This was the chance he had been waiting for and fate had finally seen fit to grant him his wish. Ebenezer Marlowe was now trapped in his own obsessions and it would be a mere matter of time before he would feel the sting of the ancient curse.

In the days that followed, Marlowe could be seen making frequent trips to the druggist shop a few blocks away from his own establishment. His acquaintances began to wonder what the old man was about but Marlowe would speak to no one. He remained as silent as possible, and to the amazement of everyone, Marlowe's shop was closed to all business. Actually, Marlowe's trips to the druggist were for the purpose of gathering all of the needed ingredients for his experiment and his shop was closed so that his work might not be disturbed. It was just one week exactly after Marlowe had purchased the scrolls when he was ready to make his experiment. He rechecked the measurements of his ingredients with the information he obtained from the scrolls and found everything to be in readiness. The great Parliament clock

had just finished tolling the hour of nine when Marlowe mixed his chemicals in a large vial, and with a wondering smile of delight, drank them down.

For a few moments it was as if nothing had happened, then suddenly Marlowe's body was racked with terrific convulsions and spasms. He crashed about his room sending furniture and all various kinds of objects smashing to the floor. Then Marlowe fell also, his body overcome in a swoon. Four hours passed before he awakened from his sleep. At first Marlowe remained prostrate on the floor as if in a daze and then began to grope around in search of his candle. When he found it lying in a corner of his room, he withdrew a match from his pocket, lit it, and applied it to the candle. Marlowe then stood erect, with his candle in his hand, and walked a few paces to a mirror which was hanging on the wall. He gazed into the reflector and what he saw startled him. Reflected back at Marlowe was the image of a man of about thirty years of age—handsome, tall, and erect. Marlowe couldn't believe what he saw to be true. He put his hand to his face and found it to be smooth instead of wrinkled and leathery. He soon realized that the transformation had actually taken place; that his precious formula had proven true. Marlowe's uncertainty turned to reality and his concern turned to joy, unlimited joy which threw him into gales of laughter. Now he was capable of dealing with the disgusting human race as he saw fit. With youth and fortune, he thought to himself, how could he be stopped from reaching his inevitable triumph.

BUT overshadowing this optimistic faith in Marlowe's future was the thought of the people themselves. The seventy-three-year-old Ebenezer Marlowe now no longer existed. He would eventually be missed by his

acquaintances and many questions would be asked concerning his whereabouts. No doubt someone might think that foul play had occurred. What would happen, Marlowe thought, if he himself were arrested and questioned? How could he escape? How could he possibly explain the existence of the formula, the transformation, the obtaining of perpetual youth? It would be an impossible task. Marlowe threw himself down in despair. He thought of the human race as a mass of vicious insects trying to rob him of his discovery and triumph. He realized that he could not let this terrible thing come to pass. He must conceive a plan, a brilliant plan, to counteract any human resistance to his personal destiny.

Daylight had once again come to the city of London, and at Marlowe's pawn shop all was in readiness. He had passed the remaining hours of the night in deep thought as to the course he would follow. He had conceived a truly brilliant plan and was most anxious to put it into action. First and foremost, Marlowe had changed his identity. He was now John James Marlowe, Ebenezer's nephew and only living relative. Second, he would explain to his questioning neighbors that Ebenezer had summoned him in a letter a few days before to come at once to his bedside for his uncle feared that he was dying. Marlowe would then continue to explain that upon arriving at the shop the night before, he found his uncle dead, saying also that he had noticed the room to be filled with a number of medicine bottles which proved that his uncle had no doubt been nursing a severe and long-acquired illness which finally overcame him. Last, Marlowe would explain that his uncle's property was now in the hands of a financier and was to be sold. The plan was foolproof. In a few short sentences Marlowe would explain the entire incident quickly and simply and would

give no chances for questions to be raised.

The day passed as Marlowe had expected. His story had been told by himself only five times, but carried by a multitude of others, it had worked its way throughout Piccadilly Circle. Because of its convincing thoroughness, Marlowe's explanations were believed by everyone who heard them. There was, however, one small detail which he had neglectfully overlooked; the whereabouts of his uncle's body. As chance would have it, Marlowe was asked that question and he was momentarily stunned by it. His answer, that the body had been taken to a rural suburb across the Thames early that morning to be prepared for burial, was begun in a hesitating manner but finished off with such obvious sincerity that it was taken to be a truthful answer. By that evening, Marlowe had moved his living quarters from the dingy pawn shop to a stately mansion overlooking Hyde Park. He had won the day for himself and now believed more strongly than ever that his obsessions and ultimate destiny would be fulfilled.

A year passed and in that time the name of John James Marlowe became associated with the most fashionable society of London. He had used his fortune wisely to gain prominence and power and was on the road to war against the human race. It gave Marlowe great amusement to think of his new position in life and how he would use it to bring his dreams of vengeance to reality. The hate and bitterness he had acquired never left him. In fact, now that he realized he was capable of striking back at mankind, his twisted feelings were even more pronounced. It became just a matter of time before Marlowe's obsessions led him on the path of human destruction. He had passed the first year of his new life establishing himself in London's high society and now,

as he stood on the threshold of his second year, he felt that he was fully prepared for the task he had created for himself.

Marlowe moved swiftly and thoroughly, wielding his vicious tactics like the sword of an avenging angel. All those who had at one time or another dealt Marlowe an injustice suffered greatly for their mistake. First there was Sir Gregory Beachem whose signature appeared on an I.O.U. debt payment of one million pounds. Marlowe knew that Beachem's textile industry was in a bad way and that a demand for a payment of one million pounds would completely ruin him. Marlowe lost no time in buying the I.O.U., at a greater cost than it was worth, for the sole purpose of destroying Beachem. The demand was made, Marlowe received the debt payment, Beachem went bankrupt and committed suicide. Next there was Ramsey Fox, a brilliant politician and orator who had become the power behind the Prime Minister. A false embezzlement scandal created by Marlowe brought Fox a crashing defeat in a vital election and ruined his political career forever. Then there was T. Winslow Trumble, editor of one of London's greatest newspapers. Marlowe purchased the holding shares of

Trumble's publishing company and had the proud man thrown into the streets. Thus the war was waged and many a great man fell to ruin at the hands of John James Marlowe. It seemed that the great destiny he had dreamed of was fast becoming reality and Marlowe laughed and gloated over the turmoil he was creating. He had claimed his hour of vengeance and was making the most of every minute of it.

IT was now Autumn of 1893, the second year of Marlowe's new existence. He was passing a quiet evening at his Hyde Park residence, sitting before a blazing fire in the drawing room. He had just finished reading the seventh chapter of Emily Bronte's *Wuthering Heights* and had placed the book on a small reading table at his side. He was about to retire for the evening when he was suddenly overcome by a sharp pain in his stomach which sent him reeling back into his chair. He made an attempt to rise again and was able to stagger to the foyer where he collapsed at the foot of the staircase. Trying to drag himself up the stairs proved futile. Marlowe fell into a series of convulsions and lost all consciousness. A few moments later he came to his senses and found that the pain had ceased. Marlowe rose to his feet, looked wonderingly about him, and slowly mounted the stairs. Suddenly he realized that he was not the same man. Something had happened, something so drastically frightening that he was afraid to gaze at his reflection in a mirror. But that wondering curiosity of the unknown which all humans possess drove him on until Marlowe was standing before his bedroom looking glass. What he saw sent a sharp chill of sheer horror knifing down his spine and he uttered a shrill scream at the gruesome sight. He was gazing at the reflection of the most repulsive and grotesque creature that he be-

lieved could ever exist. Ugly beyond description, the creature was the complete picture of evil; its face full of cancerous sores and its frame hunched and twisted. As he gazed transfixed at the image, the remembrance of the curse of the sixth scroll shot through Marlowe's tormented mind. He turned away from the mirror and hurried to a window. His eyes stared out at the night and then he saw something which petrified him; something which he had prayed not to see—a radiant full moon suspended in a sea of black endlessness. The sight sickened him and he thought to himself what a terrible fool he had been for allowing his mind to be absorbed by the presence of the damned formula. Marlowe went completely mad. The realization of the curse's fulfillment upon him drove the crazed man into a frenzy. He tore out of the room and rushed down the staircase. Standing momentarily in the foyer, Marlowe moved toward a closet, grabbed his top hat and walking stick, threw his great coat over his shoulders and ran out of the house.

Marlowe, now under the spell of the ancient curse, quickly crossed the street and entered the park, clutching his walking stick as if it were a club. Groping among the shrubbery, he suddenly came to a clearing beside a lake where he saw a young couple sitting by themselves on a bench near the water's edge. Marlowe had a sudden and unmotivated urge to kill them and he began to move closer to the bench. Suddenly the crazed man, completely obsessed by the thought of murder, rushed viciously upon them, bringing his cane crashing down upon the head of the boy. The girl, seeing the hideous beast that was John James Marlowe, fled amid wild screams of terror. Marlowe gave quick pursuit, and capturing her, beat the girl unmercifully to death. Looking about him, he





saw that his wicked deed had been unnoticed, but the girl's screams had brought several policemen into the park. Marlowe escaped from the scene, crawling on hands and knees through the shrubbery, and was able to return to his home. Upon entering, he tossed his hat, cane, and coat aside and went directly to his chambers. There Marlowe fell into a deep sleep as if he were a panther resting from a fresh kill.

At the hour of nine in the morning Marlowe was awakened from his slumber by loud, repeated knocks at the front door. Shocked by this, he realized that his present grotesque state of appearance would prevent him from receiving his unknown visitor. He threw his hands to his face in despair and realized that the terrible sores on his skin were no longer there. He rushed before his mirror and saw the image to be that of his own youthful self. It was a miracle. He thought to himself that the entire terrible affair of the last evening was probably nothing more than a dreadful dream. At that moment, Marlowe heard a servant answer the door and admit the visitor. Donning his robe, Marlowe went down the staircase to the foyer where he found his visitor to be a policeman. The conversation

between the two men was brief and to the point. Marlowe was told of the murders of the previous night, was questioned as to where he had been during the evening, and asked whether or not he had heard anything at all which might aid Scotland Yard in the investigation. Marlowe's answers were, of course, quite convincing and he assured the policeman that he was ignorant of any knowledge pertaining to the crime.

Marlowe became well aware that what had occurred the previous night was far from a dream. The tragic news was being shouted in the streets. Every newspaper in London carried the story of the brutal murders. Detectives and policemen swarmed over the area searching and questioning. What had happened was most definitely true. As Marlowe returned to his room his mind was wracked with torment. The realization of what he had done, the horrible transformation, and the curse, the wicked curse which had now trapped his very being, plagued him. But there was a consolation. Hadn't he returned to his youthful appearance? Hadn't he been transformed from that terrible creature back to his own self? Surely he was not under the spell of the curse at the present. It could be possible that it would never plague him again. This optimistic faith in the failing potency of the ancient prophecy cleared Marlowe's mind and he was once again able to smile and think that he had won himself another victory over his foolishly ignorant fellow humans.

Day past into night, the second night of a full moon. Marlowe, sitting quietly in his library, was once again overcome by the familiar convulsions and emerged from them transformed into the horrible creature he had been just twenty-four hours before. Once again he stole out into the fog-choked blackness and once again he committed murder. Marlowe

was afflicted by the dreadful curse for four consecutive nights, and during this time, he had left such a trail of vicious murders that the populace of the area found it very unsafe to venture forth into the streets after sundown. In fact, a curfew had been instituted in the vicinity of Piccadilly requiring everyone to be off the streets by six o'clock in the evening. As for Marlowe himself, he had no longer been seen leaving his residence at any time by any of his many neighbors. He was suspected by no one of having any part in the murders, and for a time, John James Marlowe was a prisoner of his own passions, locked desperately away within his great house, secluded and alone.

EVER since the third night of his terrifying affliction, Marlowe had dismissed his personal staff and had engaged himself in a pitiful attempt of war against his own bewildered mind. He believed that he could succeed in crushing the power of the curse if he could once again gain control of his own senses and therefore throw off the hold the ancient spell had on his very being. Thus he waited for the passing of a second month embodied with both fear and anxiety. Then, much to Marlowe's delight, the eve of the night of the first full moon came to pass. It was an occasion filled with much mystery and pessimism, but Marlowe's overpowering self-confidence in his own abilities allowed him to face the passing of the remaining hours with an air of premature victory. Actually, Marlowe couldn't wait to see the golden full moon rise over the city. He believed that his earnest striving to regain the complete control of his mind would, indeed, release him from his dreaded curse. And now he waited, locked safely within his chambers as the full moon began its slow ascent into the night.

The great glowing sphere

reached its climbing summit and then stopped, suspended in the dark sky as if it had been hung there by the hand of God. And far, far below, staring intently at the silent moon, stood Marlowe transfixed in a vigil; a vigil which would suddenly and violently be rewarded. He anxiously awaited the familiar tremors and convulsions which would engulf him and hurl him into a world of unbelievable nightmares, but nothing happened. The transformation was not taking place. Had he succeeded, Marlowe thought to himself, as he stood before his window? Was it possible that he had defeated the curse, that he had gained a victory? Surely this must be true. He turned from the window, overcome with roaring laughter, and left the room. He was indescribably happy with the sudden turn of events. The moon was at its zenith of fullness but Marlowe's youthful appearance remained unchanged. He was now standing at the head of the stairs, and as his thoughts wandered from the curse and the full moon glowing brilliantly through the darkness, the mental resistance he had constructed to oppose the transformation began to weaken. As he took the first steps down the stairs, Marlowe suddenly became aware that all was not well. He began rubbing his hands together in a writhing motion, over and over, again and again. Then, before he was aware of the growing pains deep within his body, Marlowe was viciously overcome with violent convulsions. He lost consciousness, sank to his knees, and tumbled down the stairs. The transformation now complete, Marlowe awakened from his swoon, his very being and soul replaced by the spell of the curse. Then the horrible hours were passed as before, with murder as Marlowe's only reward.

The following morning Marlowe awakened from a deep slum-

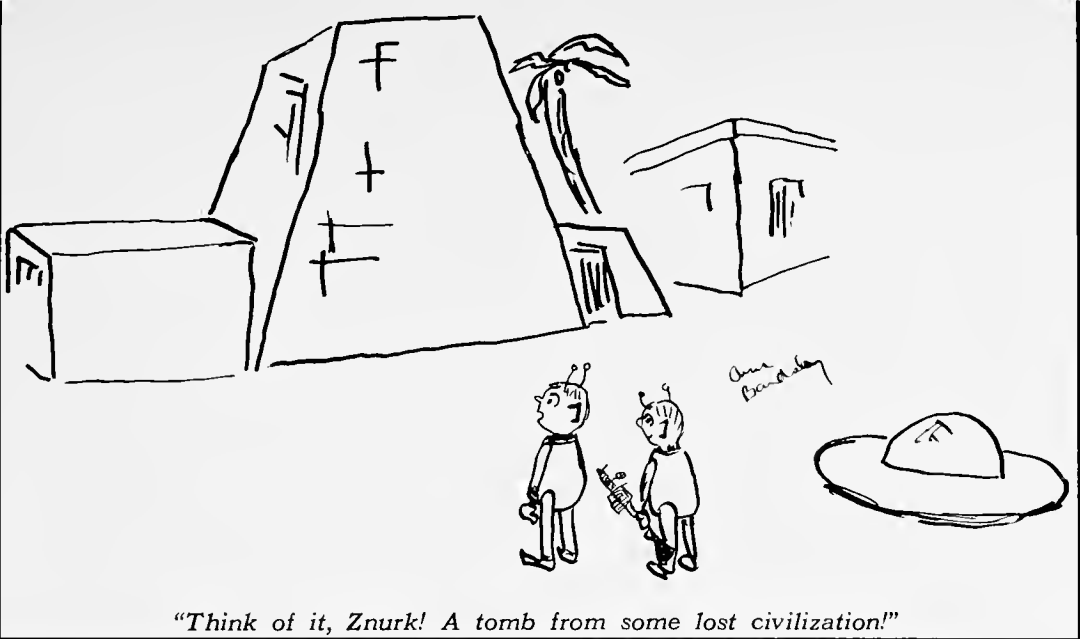
ber to find that he once again had regained his youth, but his blood-stained clothing, which was strewn throughout his chambers, served as a grim reminder of what he had done. The news of another Hyde Park murder was on everyone's lips. Detectives and police were everywhere, newspapers carried the horrible stories of murder, and London was screaming for action. It was as if the world had been turned upside down. Marlowe, having just purchased a newspaper, was standing in the foyer of his home reading the known details of the murder. Suddenly his eyes read something which made him start back in sheer horror. The murder weapon, a gold-studded walking stick, had been found lying beside the brutally-beaten body. It would be just a matter of time before Scotland Yard would trace the cane to its owner. Marlowe rushed to his chambers and began a hurried search of the rooms. He emerged from his task a broken and bewildered man. His walking stick was nowhere to be found. Marlowe realized that in one split second of neglect he had been totally ruined. He had fallen prey to his own evil passions and greed for revenge and there now seemed to be no escape left open to him.

The weight and chokingness of sudden defeat fell over Marlowe like a dark heavy shroud. All had been lost, all was now gone. Surely there was escape somewhere beyond the gloom. He must find it, he must flee, he must run or die. Now alone, deep within the prison of fright, Marlowe lost all sense of reality. He flew into a wild rage like that of a mad beast caught in a snare and waiting for death. He longed to strike out against the world and tear it asunder; to unleash his maddening fury; to escape the confines of his own hell. Now was the time, delay might bring capture. Marlowe, with his great opera

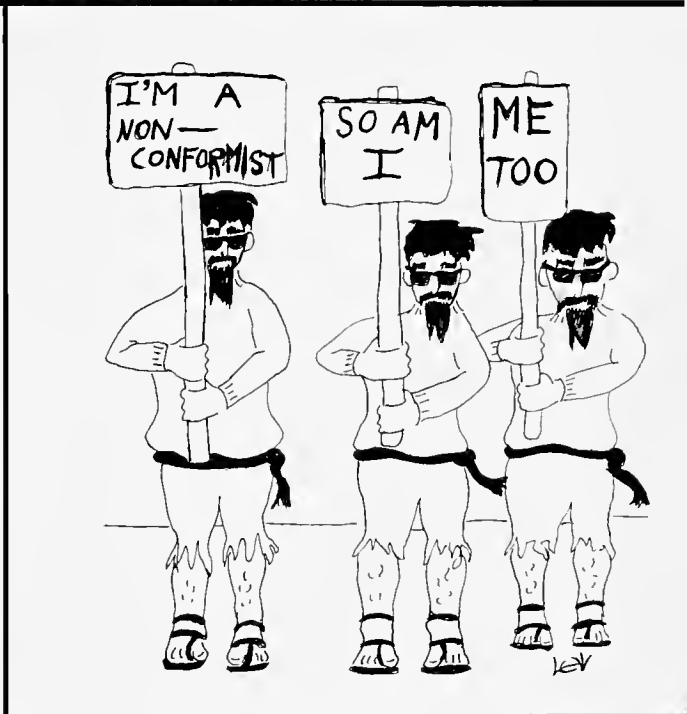
cape securely fastened about his neck, was rushing along the staircase - landing, potential escape coming closer with every step. He was descending the stairs when a profound remembrance shot through his twisted mind—the scrolls, those wretched pieces of shriveled parchment with the damned formula scrawled upon them. As he thought, his face became contorted in an expression of sadistic pleasure. He would destroy the scrolls, tear them, burn them, obliterate them. They would haunt him no more. Marlowe would have the last laugh in destroying the very things that destroyed him.

He went back to his chambers and took the scrolls, still safely secured within the chest, from a secret vault in his bedroom wall. Clutching the chest in his hands, Marlowe hurried down the stairs and entered his study. He tossed the small box in the fireplace and emptied its contents on the blackened stones. Taking a match from his pocket, Marlowe struck it and, with a laugh, applied the flame to the scattered scrolls and to the chest itself. The ancient wood splintered and cracked as the flames grew with consuming greed. Marlowe watched the fire, shouting with delight. He laughed and jeered as the objects burned and blackened in the flames. Marlowe's vile anger satisfied, he turned to leave but it was then that a portion of the chest burst, spewing fiery embers in all directions. Some struck Marlowe's cape and quickly ignited the fine cloth. Before he knew what had happened, flames were blazing all about him. He tore at his cape but it held fast. He gasped and stumbled before the great fireplace as the searing flames conquered all. John James Marlowe lay burning with his scrolls and all that could be heard were his screams as the last embers of empire burned into ashes and ashes unto dust.

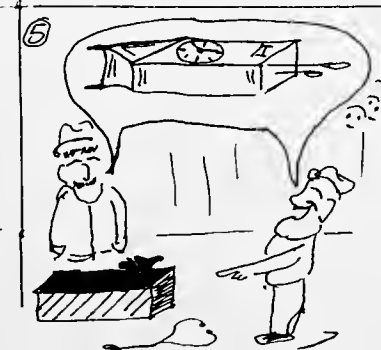
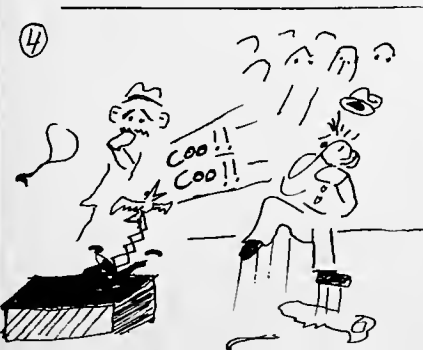
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"Think of it, Znurk! A tomb from some lost civilization!"



THE BOMB



MISREPRESENTATION

By MARGARET MARY BROWN

For Miss Patricia Kyle's English 101 Class

ILLUSTRATED BY ALVA FULLER



In the days of old when knights
were bold
And dragons roamed the land,
'Twas hard indeed to make great
speed
To win a maiden's hand.

One had, in fact, to do a deed
Of such tremendous scope,
That one brave knight set out to
court
With very little hope.

'Twas not that he was cowardly
For he was brave 'tis true,
But this poor knight was running
out
Of daring things to do.



So Lancelot, that was his name,
Set out with resolution
To ask his wise friend Merlin
What would be the best solution.

Now Merlin said that since there
were
No dragons left to wrestle
The knight should go at once and
buy
Lance Awnings for her castle.

So Lancelot, although he thought
The task extremely small,
Went out and bought Lance
Awnings
And then on his love did call.

I know that now you're wondering
If she said yes or not,
Well, you can bet your life she did
'Cause she liked Lance-a-lot!

They Mold Achievement

A Look at Student Cultural Creativity

BY APRIL ROBINSON

IN the annals of history, many gods and goddesses have been regarded as the source of beauty and culture in man.

Much history of past civilizations is revealed through the

culture that lives through the ages. We have studied the lives of the Egyptians, the Chinese and many others from their cultural remains.

Many students at the junior

college are helping to mold the culture and develop the civilization of our time. The culture that is developed in the students of today will help to express our civilization to the man of tomorrow.



SILVIA LOPEZ, a student of ballet, has been dancing for six years. She belongs to the Broward and the Dade County Civic Ballet and she has frequently performed on stage.

Her first experience in musical comedy, however, was last year when she played Susan in the JCBC production of "Finian's Rainbow." She found that she enjoyed it and will continue studying in the field of musical comedy when she transfers to a higher university level.

Although she wishes to continue her dancing and acting, she plans to work toward a degree in fashions. She is a model in her free time, and she feels that modeling and dancing are closely related, as they both use ballet positions and in both, "You deal largely with the discipline of the body."

Silvia has so large a field of interests, that she says she doesn't need any more opened to her, but rather needs only to develop one.

Quite frequently, if a student is interested in culture in one form, he is active in more than one phase. JAMES SUGUITAN is interested in many fields of self expression. Almost everything he does in the arts is for his own satisfaction.

He has written much poetry, and as well as having it published in the campus literary magazine, P'an Ku, he was managing editor on the magazine staff last year.

He started writing poetry in the eighth grade when he wrote descriptions and poems for the Little Flower's School literary pamphlet. At St. Thomas Aquinas, Jim continued taking a creative writing class which gave him much opportunity to express his emotions. He said that it doesn't really take much time, but he only writes when the mood strikes, "like on a moonlit night." He said, "When an outside stimuli works on you, you are more prone to write, especially poetry."

Besides expression through poetry, James does some painting

in oils. He won first prize in an art show in high school with a painting he called "Sunburst." From there the painting was submitted to Barry college. After also winning first prize there, it continued on to New York and Philadelphia art shows.

He describes the picture as a form of "bumpy modern art," with a tree, a cloud, the sea, and the sun shining through the cloud. He claims that the original painting he entered was called "Tropical Serenity," but the school asked for more submissions. It was then when he submitted the canvas that he used to clean his brushes. He had no idea what it was supposed to represent until the art teacher began describing what she saw in what James had thought was simply the brush-cleaning canvas.

James plans to follow a career of teaching English and the modern languages, but he feels he will continue both writing and painting as long as he finds an outlet for self-expression.



Often students find new fields opened to them after they enter college. ALICE CAMPBELL developed an interest in dancing largely because of activity connected with the Junior College. She chose dancing partly for the exercise and partly for the music involved.

Last year she performed a Charleston dance for her talent in the Hollywood Home Show. After that, she continued taking dance in various forms, including yoga with music, and since then she has been in a dance recital.

Alice plans a career as a secretary or a business teacher. She feels that any dancing she does as an outside activity will probably continue just for fun.



JULE HARKE, an alumnus from Ft. Lauderdale High in '65, is planning a career in teaching music. After he finishes junior college, he plans to attend either Florida State University or Princeton. "Both," he said, "have a fine music department."

Jule plays guitar and piano but is mostly interested in chorus. He hopes to someday direct a chorus of his own. He sang in the high school chorus and in the Ft. Lauderdale boys choir.

Some students wish to keep the cultural part of their life separate from their career. **JACK VANDERPLATE** wants to make English and literature his major field of study, for if he were a music major then music would be his job, "And jobs are work." He is content to continue his music for enjoyment.

Jack sings in a barber shop quartet they call the "Sunshine Southernaires," which has performed on occasions at the Yankee Clipper and the Galt Ocean Mile.

He also sings second tenor in the college chorus and the Ft. Lauderdale Symphony Chorus. Besides his activities in the vocal field, he is a student of piano and organ.



Often it is found that a student decides his field early in life. **STELLA BEALL**, a part-time student, found her field long ago when she decided to pursue the realms of music. She is a member of the Ft. Lauderdale Symphony Chorus and also accompanies the chorus director, George Sistrunk, while he teaches private voice lessons.

Stella was a piano student at JCBC for four semesters, and is interested in a career as an organist. Her experiences in piano

include pianist for "Finian's Rainbow" and pianist for South Broward's last year's production of "Music Man."

Stella is taking organ lessons from Mrs. Lettie Ozaki, organist at Park Temple Methodist Church. She plays organ for the First Methodist Church and plans to continue her music education at Stetson after graduation from JCBC. "Opportunities for organists," she feels, "are far greater than for piano unless one expects to become a concert pianist."



RHONDA ACHOR, a graduate from Stranahan, is interested in dancing and drama. She has been a dance student for eight years and has a background in ballet, acrobatics and tap. After joining the dance club at Stranahan, she widened her interest in dance to the field of modern jazz. She now feels that ballet is "too precise and formal." "In modern dance," she said, "you have a chance to improvise and move as you want."

Rhonda plans to make dancing her career someday, but will also obtain an elementary teaching degree.



A '65 alumna from South Broward, **PENNY CATHER**, has been taking ballet lessons for several years. She feels that she would love to make it her life's work, but she hasn't yet decided to make that final decision.

Only recently Penny has found dancing to be a different and complete world of its own and

she would like to become a part of it.

Penny has always been interested in music and she plays the piano and the oboe. She was the drum major at South Broward last year and found she enjoyed directing the band, but dancing is a relatively new and exciting world open to her that she wishes to pursue.

STEVE LARVENZE, a music major, exercises his talents outside of school. He plays drums, string bass, and trombone in a jazz trio. The group plays mostly modern jazz and Latin American rhythms. They have performed at the Pan American and the Yankee Clipper.

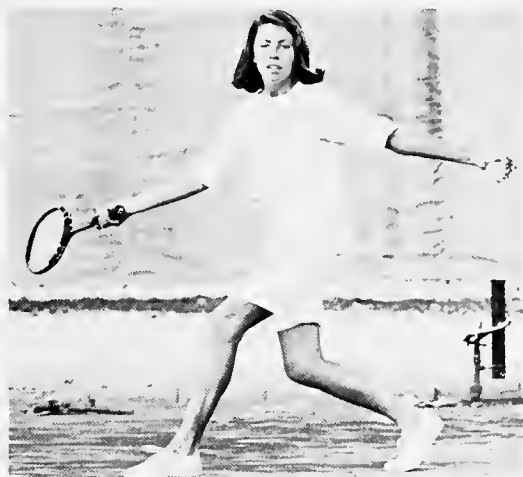
Steve has also had experience in teaching music to the beginning and intermediate band classes at Nova, and has taught privately under the direction of Mr. Fitchhorn.



SPORTS at JCBC

by Jack Cresse

FROM PHYSICAL EDUCATION, TO INTRAMURALS, TO INTER-COLLEGIATE, THE COACHES AND INSTRUCTORS OF THE HPR DEPARTMENT ARE TRUSTED WITH THE NEVER ENDING TASK OF KEEPING JCBC PHYSICALLY FIT. THIS IS THEIR STORY. THE SPORTS STORY OF THE JUNIOR COLLEGE OF BROWARD COUNTY



THE importance of maintaining the physical as well as the mental well-being of the student attending college never has, and never will be, overlooked. Of course, the main purpose of any institution of higher learning is preparing the individual mentally for future life. But to disregard the physical aspect of education would be purely inexcusable.

The importance of physical education has been a part of all societies dating back to the earliest em-

pires. The Olympics, inspired by rulers before the birth of Christ, and perhaps the most spectacular of all athletic events, represent the ultimate in amateur athletic accomplishments. In all great things there is a starting point—a beginning. Every great athlete had a start somewhere. A professional baseball player may have had his in Little League. But the greater majority of all professional as well as amateur athletes would not be where they are today if it were not for the stress on physical exercise and

team play in this country's educational institutions, from elementary school through college.

As in high school, physical education courses are required for graduation at virtually every junior college and university in the United States. The Junior College of Broward County is no exception.

Each student, with the exception of those over 29 years of age, those with military service, or those with medical excuses, are expected to take at least four hours credit of physical education. This is one of the requirements made of the JCBC students. It would seem natural that the material gains of physical exercise would merit considerable consideration in the scheduling of all classes without making it a requirement. But there are those who would disregard the opportunity available. It is for these students that the administration makes the HPR courses a requirement.

lifting, and tumbling; and Aquatics, which include swimming, diving, life-saving, and scuba diving.

The school catalog aptly sums up the beliefs concerning Physical Education. It reads: "Physical education is that part of the college curriculum which is concerned with the physical well-being of each student with consideration for the social, intellectual, and emotional aspects of his development as they relate to the physical in the learning of skills, development of endurance, strength, and organic vigor."

★ ★ ★

It is indeed true to assume that the students need for physical activity is adequately met by the array of HPR courses. Yet, as is evident in all schools, these courses amount to only half the available resources, at least as far as the average student is concerned. For the HPR Department pro-



Unlike those of high school, a wide variety of courses are offered. In fact the Health, Physical Education, and Recreation Department offers more classes than any other department.

For term I of this school year, the HPR Department offered approximately thirty courses. In comparison the Science Department offered half that number. Of course this is naturally so, since there are such a wide variety of sports to be found, so many in fact that the HPR Department has divided them into four basic areas.

These include Individual and Dual Recreational Activities, such as bowling, golf, tennis, and even fencing and ice skating; Team Sports, including football, basketball, volleyball, and soccer; Physical Fitness, offering such courses as gymnastics, weight

vides an excellent intra-mural program. Although these activities are attended by those with above-average ability, they are available to all students. For the first time in the school's history these activities are to be operated on a year-round basis. In the past, they were made available only in the first two regular semesters, but were eliminated in the two summer terms. Perhaps the rumors that the current four semester system the Junior College operates under might be abolished in favor of a regular trimester system have prompted this change. Whatever the reasons, the change is a fine one, current with the growing college's needs.

The only limiting factor in I-M action is that which prevents a varsity athlete from participating in the given sport that he participates in at the

varsity level. In other words, a varsity basketball player may not play on an I-M basketball team. However, he may play softball or football. Sometimes physical education majors are used as coaches on the I-M level, providing experience "... the best teacher."

I-M activities are many and varied, as mentioned. Keen competition, a necessary ingredient in any sport, is given an extra incentive by the handsome trophies awarded to the over-all champions in each sport.

As in HPR courses, both individual and team sports are to be found. A total of ten activities filled the last school year, and more are planned for this year.

Mr. R. L. Landers and Miss Elaine Gavigan, as I-M heads, will devote much of their time to



these activities, even though both are tied up in other areas. It is a credit to the HPR staff and the Junior College that such a dedicated pair partake so much of their time to make the JCBC I-M program what it is today.

In addition to his work in I-M's, Landers finds time to assist the head basketball coach, Mr. Clinton Morris, and the newly-appointed baseball coach, Mr. Leroy Wheat. He also finds time to referee local high school basketball games.

Miss Gavigan is head coach of the college's coed tennis team, in addition to her duties as ladies' I-M director and HPR instructor.

If these two individuals punched a time clock, their total hours for a week's work would easily accede 60.

Intra-mural activities include football, basketball, softball, volleyball, tennis, ping-pong, handball,

bowling and golf. Landers lines up the men's activities in these events, and Gavigan handles the ladies' activities, excepting those less suitable for feminine participation, of course.

One other activity has not been mentioned as an I-M, but very well could be. It is the college Judo Club, headed by a student, Bob Ripple. Ripple is well qualified for the job, having attained the rank of Brown Belt, which simply means you don't mess with this fellow, brother, unless you're a Black Belt or something. All kidding aside, Ripple has done a fine job with the judo men and has made his club among the most popular on campus—at least the most respected.

★ ★ ★

There are, as mentioned, material gains to be had from intra-murals, as admittedly there are in other extra-curricular activities. Yet there is one gain that is conspicuously absent from most other activities. For there is the spirit of competition—not in mind, but in body—for this is the true aim of all sports. Without it, there is merely play.

Competition also is found to be the only link between I-M's and inter-collegiate activities. There are many differences clearly evident between the two. Yet there is always the common denominator—competition.

All the ingredients of sport reach their highest proficiency at any college in team competition between schools. Here skill and competition are refined to as near perfection as is possible on the junior college level.

The best, and only the best, athletes find positions on the school's basketball, baseball, golf and tennis teams. Many things enter this world, which is far apart from the bowling class that meets Wednesday afternoon. Here a grade is not recorded. Performances are more closely recorded. The actual sport is more demanding. All is entirely different. It is on a higher plane. Here the tedious labor of the head coach is rewarded; the school name is upheld; and the team's many hours of practice are subjected to their stiffest test.

The school, the coach, the players. All are more or less dependent upon each other.

A successful coach is a winner. He is a winner because he is able to recognize fine talent. He is able to mold this talent into a fine working unit; a unit whose main objective is to win—to uphold the school's good name. To do so is to obtain self satisfaction. To win is to obtain satisfaction, but is a loss a failure? In some ways; yes, it is. But in others it is not. How you played the game is an important factor too often neglected in evaluation of performances.

Here, several other factors enter into consideration.

One is team work. The finest players will not win consistently if there is not a highly developed degree of team work.

Another is good coaching. The finest players cannot perform without the guiding mind and hands of a good coach. As mentioned, a good coach is one that recognizes and knows how to develop fine talent. But there is more. With the coach rests the burden of evaluation and correction. He must field the best of the available talent. And, when the team fails, it is he who must decide the corrective measures to be employed. It is almost as if he were a general, directing soldiers and planning tactics. Of course, just as the best general will meet failure with inferior troops, the best coach will find victory unobtainable with meager talent. Observe Casey Stengel.

The Junior College of Broward County is fortunate to have the fine coaching staff it does. During the first years of inter-collegiate activities at the college, success was less than desirable. But being the young school it was, the results were more or less expected. Last year the results of the coaches' labors were finally rewarded when all three of the varsity teams managed winning seasons.

The basketball team, in its third year, had a respectable 11-10 record and a third-place finish in conference play. Things look bright for the future as head coach Clinton Morris has had fine success in landing top area talent. The results of this season will tell much of the coaching, the players, and the school itself.

The baseball team, in its second year, managed a 13-12 record although seriously hampered by the loss of top players. Highlights of the season were three wins in four attempts over state champs, Manatee Junior College.

The coed tennis team, in its first year, performed brilliantly, losing only to the University of Miami girls—their only loss in six tries. The Miss Gavigan Group defeated Dade Junior twice, Barry twice and the University of Miami once. The 5-1 slate was the best, percentage-wise, of any JCBC team ever.

Athletics are often used as a basis for evaluating a college by the general public. Sometimes a school is better known for the state championship it won rather than the academic success it enjoys.

The latter should be the basis of evaluation for the two have only one thing in common. They start with the same letter. Other than this, they are as far apart as night and day. A school with a fine football team might not be the best place to get an education and vice-versa.

But when a school is better known for its athletics, it should not be considered academically lacking. It would seem that if academics are at a high level, then they would naturally be unrecognized by the public. It is when they are at low tide that they are recognized. It might be well to ask then, "Do we want to be recognized?" A school that is academically sound is like a good baseball umpire. Neither is noticed. Let the umpire make a mistake and all will know his name. Let him operate without error and his presence is barely considered. Let a college earn a bad record and everyone says, ". . . NO GOOD." Let the college be academically sound and there is not a murmur of discontent.

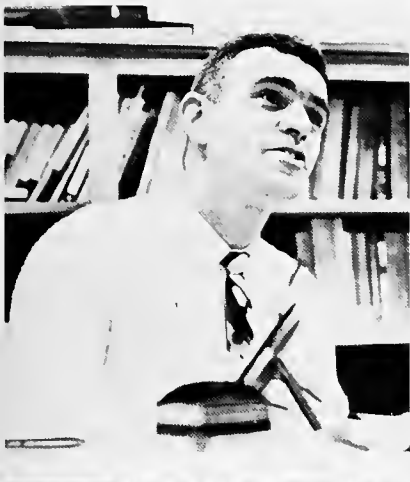
Academics are not for spectators. It is here that the difference between academics and athletics is found. Athletics are definitely for the spectator. Sports thrive on support. This is the reason why Notre Dame is better known for football than the average GPA of its graduating class.

If all that has been said is true, then there must be a sort of balance between the two. Academics and athletics balance out at the better schools, one being recognized, the other not. At JCBC the academic standards are good and the athletics are reaching maturity. This may be the year that the scales become balanced. With the addition of golf and men's tennis to the sports program at JCBC, the school is beginning to blossom out athletically. In this area, the school is starting to establish itself. In academics, it has become notably settled. The college is growing and with this growth come higher demands, demands that will be met, both academically and athletically. The scales will continue to balance themselves and JCBC will continue to be a proud school.



*From Sociology Lectures
to Director of Student Activities*

Mr. NEIL S. CRISPO



By MILDRED EDWARDS

A new perspective of activities is in store for the students at JCBC. Mr. Neil Crispo has a new position and he brought with him his unique and invigorating style. Mr. Crispo has assumed the duties of Director of Student Activities, replacing Mrs. Nan S. Hutchison, the new Dean of Women at Florida Atlantic University.

As his new appointment becomes more demanding, Mr. Crispo will eventually discontinue his instruction of sociology. He will, however, continue to advise the Student Government Association for another year.

A graduate of Florida State University, where he received his B.S. degree in Social Sciences and his M.S. degree in Sociology, Mr. Crispo has new and extensive plans and ideas for the coming year.

With the exception of a few modifications, the Student Activities Board will be run on the same basis as previously established. Mr. Crispo hopes to plan "Activi-

ties that correlate with the academic curriculum of the students, and have more activities that will enrich the environment of the student body." He would like to bring more renowned individuals to the college to give lectures and perhaps to spend a few days on campus. With this new forecast, the students will not only be able to talk with these various individuals in question-and-answer sessions, but also in personal and informal conversations.

As the Director of Student Activities, Mr. Crispo plans to make the students aware of the existence of the Student Activity Board (SAB) and its functions. In addition, he plans to increase the activities made available for students during a semester period.

When asked whether his new appointment will offer any challenges, he replied, "Yes, definitely. I like new challenges, especially this one, for it will bring me closer to the student body and the academic resources of the school."





March 29th — the musical production "Finian's Rainbow".

Ballet number during
tation by the Ruth

The SAB

by Mildred Edwards

Within the workings of this institution there is an organization functioning known as the Student Activity Board (SAB). The main purpose of this board is to coordinate and encourage campus activities which are beneficial to the students and to the college. The authority of the SAB is unquestionable and the board is responsible only to the President of the College.

Representation of the students and of the instructors is one outstanding feature of the SAB. In contrast, in many colleges which have similar organizations the boards consist of instructors and administrators only. The Student Activity Board at JCBC is composed of five members of the faculty and four members of the student body. The members from the faculty are appointed by the President of the College and the student members are appointed by the President upon recommendation by the Student Government Association. As the school continues to grow the membership of the board will increase also.



Trike race — the March 28th SGA Picnic.



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May 26th — the second SGA Picnic.

There are many outstanding functions of the SAB, one of which is to enforce the rules and regulations which govern all clubs and organizations, with the exception of athletics, publications, departmental activities, and dramatics. The board also screens all requests for new clubs and organizations. If the prescribed standards aren't met by a student group, or if the board doesn't agree entirely that the purpose of an organization is in the best interest of the students and of the college, it will be denied recognition. It will also be denied the use of college facilities, representation in other college organizations, Student Government, intramurals, and all privileges pertaining to the campus.

The board is responsible for all student social events and activities—dances, Lyceum programs, contests, benefits, etc.—and petitions must be filed and advanced approval secured for each event.

One of the most important functions of the SAB is to com-

pose a recommended budget to be submitted to the President of the College concerning the Student Activity fees. These fees consist of the \$15.00 activity fee paid by each full-time student at the beginning of each term.

Dr. Lee Henderson, of the State Department of Education, Junior College Division, commented that, "The Constitution of the Student Activity Board of the Junior College of Broward County is a good one, for it spells out the responsibilities of all the students on and off campus." Former Director of Student Activities, Mrs. Nan S. Hutchison, reported that the evaluation committee in April, 1965, was also pleased to learn that JCBC had such an organization (SAB) operating on campus. The committee praised the SAB for the job it has been doing as a ruling board.

To date, the operation of the Student Activity Board has proven very successful, and with well-qualified members it should remain as effective in the future.



March 18th Lyceum — "The Barber of Seville" presented by the National Opera Company.

| 007 DOESN

By Pam Edwards

THIS is an article about the library. Contrary to first impressions, the title does have a significant connection. So, what is there to write about a library? Well, it's a building or a complex of areas, it contains 20,100 books, it seats 224, it's open 62 hours a week, and you'll find the main collections on the second floor of building L. Interesting? Not particularly! But, that's it, in a nutshell, the physical description of your library, *the* library at JCBC. Is that all? Not by a long shot!

What types of books does the library house? Who selects these books? What will the library offer the students in the near future? These are questions that should interest every student on this campus, but how many can answer them? Thus, the purpose of this article.

The title is not merely a gimmick to make you read this article; it's a fact! More than likely you won't find the James Bond epics listed in the card catalogue, but if you have to find the political outcome of the Hundred Years War, the originator of the heroic couplet, or the definition of the thermionic diode, you couldn't have come to a better place. The college library exists to supplement classroom work with independent study and research. Recreational reading doesn't come under this category. So, unless Broward Junior College opens a department of Home Economics, Joe's news stand is probably better stocked with volumes on "How to Sew in Ten Easy Lessons" than the library on this Junior College campus.

A lot of time and effort goes into the selection of the books found in the Broward Junior College library. The reviewers don't wear "I'm Particular" buttons on their vests, but they *are* particular. Every month reviewers for the American Library Association review books especially for liberal arts colleges. Of these reviews, about 3500 are selected and published in "Choice," a monthly magazine of the American Library Association published for liberal arts colleges. This is the principle device used in the selection of books for the JCBC library. Even gifts are either accepted or refused in a discriminating and tactful manner. To be sure, the accumulation of books in this Junior College library is no "hit or

miss" venture. The selection is exactly what the word implies—very select.

The immediate expansion program for the library is already becoming a reality. Six central classrooms on the ground floor of the library building have been converted into one large study area. This provides a place for students to study who are using their own materials, such as text books, etc. Reserve books are also kept in this room, as well as the daily newspapers and duplicate copies of *LIFE*, *TIME*, *SATURDAY EVENING POST*, and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.



LIVE HERE



LUSTRATED. Thus, the library reading room on the second floor is reserved for students using all other references provided by the library.

One expansion factor of the library is constant. This is the steady inflow rate of new books — specifically five hundred a month. To comply with this accumulation, 20% more shelving has also been added.

Last year, \$6,000 worth of books were known to have been stolen from the library and of these only one-fifth were returned. These figures suggest one

of two things: that this college has more than its share of slow readers or that it is swarming with kleptomaniacs. In either case, if you are the proud owner of one of these choice specimens, congratulations, you have contributed to a statistic!

When asked what purpose a college library serves, Mr. Grady Drake, head librarian, gave this viewpoint: "College presents two general aspects to the student—that of formal learning and that of social development. The college library is primarily concerned with formal learning." Unfortunately, many students on this campus are guilty of distorting this concept. These students believe that the library exists to further their personal social development. At least that is the impression given when the library suddenly takes on the atmosphere of a branch office of the student center. The head librarian has described the self-discipline problem in the library as "appalling." This may sound like an expression of a pet peeve, but when was the last time you were trying to do some last minute cramming for a Chemistry exam and the two girls across the table found last Saturday night's dates to be the subject of the hour? To quote a passage from *The Prophet* by Kahlil Gibran, "in talking, thinking is half murdered."

What attitude should the student take toward the library so that the individual receives the greatest benefit possible from what is offered to him? Mr. Drake gave this response: "In class lectures, students are exposed to ideas, facts, and controversial opinions. Their own interest and curiosity should propel them to find additional information to substantiate or refute these ideas, facts, and controversial opinions. The ideal situation is one in which through faculty lectures and the library reading, the students develop their own independent and personal body of knowledge."

The next time you venture into the library, by accident or on purpose, take a moment to look around the room. More than likely all you will see is a lot of books, doing nothing but just lining the walls. This "wall-lining" was a rather expensive item. When was the last time you were offered an \$80,000 gift, absolutely free?

Excerpts from *A European Summer*

*Reminiscences of foreign travels
from the journals of two instructors
of the Junior College of Broward County*

By Mrs. Barbara Jean Clark

and Miss Judith M. Rehm

JUNE, 1960

RATHER than the Harrogate-York route, we chose the Lake District road to Windmere, Grasmere, Wordsworth's Cottage, Keswick and Carlisle to Scotland. The woods were lovely and, like the rest of the English countryside in early summer, quiet, peaceful. "A corner of England" in the native's memory is quickly realized in them and in the beauty

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON —
MONTREUX, SWITZERLAND

JUNE, 1965

Like some great beast come down from the mountains to drink, Chillon Castle hovers on the edge of Lake Lemman turning narrow-slitted eyes up to the Alps and open-arched windows down, across the lake. In the belly of the stone creature is the thirteenth century dungeon with its "seven columns, massey and grey," as Byron called them. The third pillar from the low entrance has a glass plate protecting Byron's name, carved there in 1816. Modern drip-dry ladies stop, grab for somebody's hand and whisper, "That's Byron's name — it really is." And then

of the wildflowers — lupen, foxglove, and poppies — that we can touch today, with a little imagination, from the windows of our Anglia, they seem so close to us.

Dove Cottage is not very large, on a main thoroughfare surrounded by hedge. Here the poet saw into his environment to do with it as his temperament allowed him; here in tranquillity he returned to renew his sense of proportion and tolerance, his security from the earth. In contrast, the human variety and often lack of proportion in the city continued to dominate Blake's intense images, while the tranquillity of nature, where it could be found, he believed had little to do with men's lives. I disagree with Blake.

JULY, 1960

Most of the decorations found in the churches of Rome were



Anne Hathaway's cottage,
Stratford-on-Avon, England



Spanish matador El Cordobes in the arena at Barcelona

they remember him from school, or something, and consult their blue guide sheet to find out what Byron was doing there besides carving his name a hundred and forty-nine years ago. They read of Bonivard — chained four years — sixteenth century — too long ago.

The opaque silken cobwebs hanging like draperies in the bone-chilling room are almost too thick to be real. Even Byron seems unable to take the webs seriously when he has Bonivard claim, "With spiders I had friendship made, / And watched them in their sullen trade." But one has only to breathe in the cold, lean against the moist stone and look long at those black swaying things in the corner. Even the drip-dry lady

moves out fast, clutching somebody by the hand.

Outside the sun gets at the stone and dries it off, makes potted geraniums and crawling vines bright green, floods into the huge halls. It doesn't quite make it to the thirteenth century latrines, but the castle men probably didn't either since the castle has only two, nearly inaccessible, with one seat each extending over the lake. But there are plenty of places to wait where sun and men can fuse into a mood of timeless contemplation. Window seats beside the lake may be medieval, but they speak to a modern need — the need to collect oneself in the presence of vast mountains, deep waters and the stones laid by men.



Courtyard of Chillon Castle

added 300 to 400 years ago until the present decade, such as those in St. Peter's. Michelangelo's work for his first commission, "The Disposition of Jesus from the Cross" or more commonly called "The Pieta," is the first statuary on the right side within the cathedral. This sculptor saw Mary not as a woman of fifty, heartbroken at the most agonizing moment of her earthly life as she holds her nearly dead son in her arms, but as a girl of eighteen, benign, revealing her eternal hope in mankind and her own purity of concentration in the thought.

AUGUST, 1960

Our usual comforts and cleanliness influence us to reject Spanish poverty and filth, and to be disgusted by the ragpickers of Madrid who make a part time business of begging. Yet it is too easy to walk away rationalizing you can't feed all of Spain's poor. In Toledo, I saw my first bullfight, "en la sombra," for I could afford

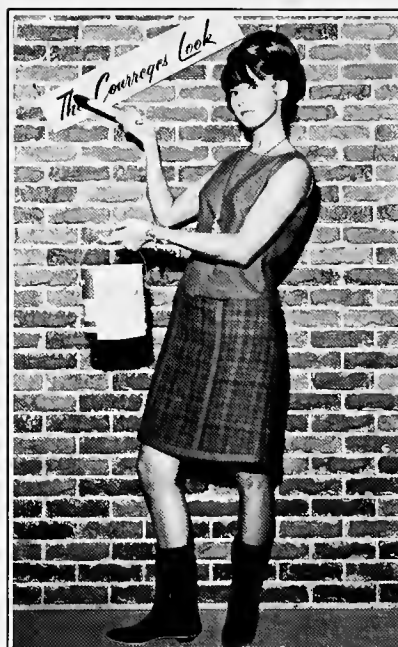
to pay for the better seats and to bargain with the saloonkeepers in their own tongue. El Greco's visions of his country's two class system are not so insane, after all. (Wasn't it a militant court that acknowledged him unstable?) Both were present to watch the national sport; only the green uniformed "soldados" carried rifles to prevent any disturbances from some of the villagers apparently happy on vino, yet we had noticed these official escorts and overseers in other cities, in Barcelona, Zaragoza, Valladolid, and in the country near the Pyrenees border. Their ominous proximity reminded me I might try to understand one of their few forms of public entertainment rather than simply dislike it. Why not celebrate when a brave torero contends with, and kills ingeniously, the threat of power upon him? The bullfight is their comedy; it is our tragedy as we react so seriously and literally to the scene

of bandilleros sending shafts into the bull's shoulders, his attempting to gore the horses in his anger and revenge, his beauty, strength and seeming invincibility in the arena cut down in the final thrust of the "espalda."

In reality, as in Spanish art, the contestants are more evenly matched than we suppose. My pounding heart in the last moments, my turning away at the strike, and intense ache are a mixture of American sentimentality and a failure to understand, if not accept, a violent, dramatic way of offering and hopefully achieving an answer to a difficult life with few possible, graceful successes. For the city girl from "The Hub of the Universe" the matador and his bull have performed well this afternoon, and have even recalled, with surprising awareness and a chuckle, her initial receptions in New England questioning a Southern education. It was time to leave!

Introduction:

The look is complete; the clothes are so much a part of the whole that the girl's looks come first. Only that second glance will tell you how well dressed she really is. The result — absolutely great!



THE COURREGES — Belted drop-waist wool jumper features solid red top with red and green plaid skirt. By Picadilly for Juniors 5-15. About \$15. Model: Pixie Davis.



AFTER FIVE — Black crepe sheath with sequined bodice—bowed sleeveless bolero jacket is detachable. Young junior design featured in Burdine's College Shop, about \$30. Empire waist A-line combines black crepe over cream. By Gerald McCann of London, featured in Burdine's Gold Coast Room. About \$40. Models: Pixie Davis and Jane Hall.

THE CLASSIC LOOK — (Left) Dacron-cotton A-line skirt by Harbut, about \$12. Long sleeve pinstriped shirt by Gant, about \$9. Cable knit cardigan in 100% wool, by Colebrook, about \$18. (Right) Madras A-line skirt with side-front pleat. By Juniorite, about \$8. Long-sleeve oxford shirt by Ellen Tracy, about \$5. 100% virgin wool cardigan by Garland, about \$13. Models: Jane Hall and Karen Winkopp.



Guaranteed

by Pam Edwards



"OP" ART — Dacron-cotton A-line "Hip-Hound" skirt. For Juniors by Mr. Vito of Miami. About \$8. Cut-out look in a wool courreges jumper with hip-slung belt. By Juniorite, about \$18. Both argyle and checked turtleneck tops in dacron-cotton and nylon knit. With matching stockings, by Juniorite, about \$10. Models: Karen Winkopp and Cheryl Fuini.

BELL-BOTTOMS — "Stems and Buds" by Mr. Dino. Striped bell-bottom pants, about \$12. Matching cut-out top also about \$12. "Caprisians" knits by Smartee. Bell-bottom pants about \$15. Sleeveless striped top about \$7. Jacket about \$15. Models: Cheryl Fuini and Jane Hall.

. . . to turn you on



BEHOLD THE BIKINI! — Blue gingham hip-hugger by Jantzen, about \$20. Model: Cheryl Fuini. Blue striped two-piece suit with yellow trimmed top. By Catalina, about \$19. Model: Karen Winkopp. White arnel skirted hip-hugger, about \$18. Model: Jane Hall. Blue and white flowered print two-piece by Jantzen, about \$18. Model: Pixie Davis.

**KNOWLEDGE
LEADERSHIP
SUCCESS**

THE FRESHMAN RETREAT

by John Leatherwood



WORKSHOP NUMBER 4: STUDENT GOVERNMENT



DR. E. G. WILLIAMSON



THE finish of a brilliant speech; a thunderous, standing ovation; a fond wish of goodnight and the second annual Freshman Retreat of the Junior College of Broward County came to an end. For two days, August 12 and 13, almost 150 students and a sizable number of educators had attended lectures, speeches and workshops, at Fort Lauderdale's Beach Club Hotel, in which were explained the purposes,

aims, and plans of the Junior College. All said and done was for the benefit of the selected freshmen leaders in the hopes that these students would find their places, take front positions, and achieve worth for themselves, their fellow students, and their college.

Attendance of the eight workshops, designed to give a complete look at all aspects of campus life, took up the bulk of time, but all was not work. There



The educators discuss Retreat pros and cons at a morning coffee break.



John Leatherwood discusses the scope of the Junior College literary magazine, P'an Ku, at the Campus Communications Workshop.



Dr. Melvne Hardee delivers the closing speech.



Freshmen listen intently to the informative discussions of Workshop number 1, Junior College Pros and Cons.



A session of the Student Government Workshop discusses Freshman activities.

were a breakfast, two lunches, two banquets, recreation and get acquainted sessions, and a dance, all during which the students found ample time to take a relaxed break.

Leadership, the main point of the Retreat, was stressed throughout most areas of discussion and its purpose was probably best summed up by Dr. Robert Weigman of the University of Florida when he said, "The person who leads the group is the one who serves it most effectively." As equally impressive was Florida Atlantic University's Dean Robert Breitenstein's remark that, "The junior college graduate exceeds in academic excellence over the student who has been raised as a freshman in his own four year university." This launched another aspect of discussion — no one has to apologize for attending a junior college.

The freshmen who represented almost every high school in Broward County, were told that upon entering a four year institution after a junior college graduation they will earn slightly less "A's" than the four year students but far less "D's", "F's" or



"I's". They were also informed that a "D" in college is an "F" in disguise, to join extracurricular activities but not to spread oneself's interests too thin, to keep a 2.00 average but to strive for a 3.00, and to get that degree for it is the key that unlocks the door to the college of one's choice.

Dr. E. G. Williamson of the University of Minnesota, one of the two Retreat guest speakers, gave an eminent discussion at the first banquet. His main point of remark, "The striving for excellence is the characteristic of an educated person," was stressed admirably throughout his talk. Florida State University's Dr. Melvne Hardee comprised the other member of the guest speaking duo. Her keynote speech, "What's Junior About the Junior College?," was an excellent opening to the two days' events, but her finale, in which she used her famed traveling companion Rockhead Freshman and, through the use of six different pieces of coral rock, each depicting Rockhead in a different light, took him through every phase of the Retreat in a remarkably inspiring speech, was a truly grand performance. Stating that, "Process is the most important part of a retreat,"



Margi Kitzmiller takes time out at poolside for an interview.



Elaine Frate



Mike Katz



Carol Shafer

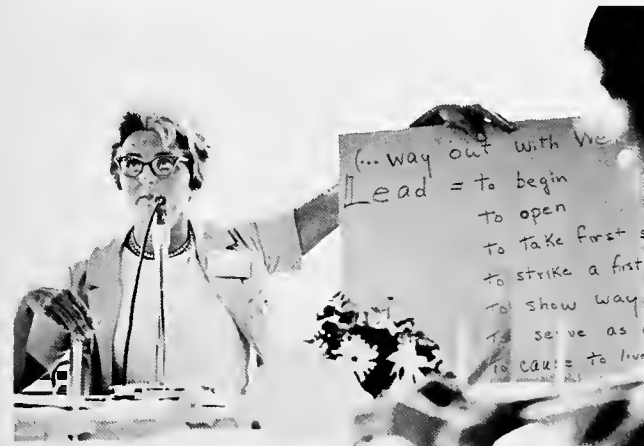
Dr. Hardee took the meat of the two days' discussions and ingeniously threw it back to the assembly in a brilliant summation. It was a fitting end to a very fine and worthwhile affair.

During the afternoon of the last day of the Retreat, many sophomores made it a point to interview a number of the freshmen in regards to the various happenings and points that were made in the days' sessions. There were four main questions asked: what one thing about the Retreat was most impressive to you; if you have made previous opinions about the Junior College has attending the Retreat changed any of them; what have you gained most from the Retreat; and did you hold a leadership position in high school. The answers received were surprisingly rewarding and informative. When asked if any of his previous opinions had changed, Mike Katz answered, "Definitely. At first I was skeptical about Broward Junior but now I've made a complete change in my opinion. I am very happy to be here and the Retreat has inspired me to get out and get the job done." Margi Kitzmiller was as sincere in her reply, "I was afraid that JCBC would be filled with clique groups but I'm happy to find that a clique atmosphere appears absent in college." When asked what most impressed him about the Retreat, Dave Brown commented, "I am surprised

with the smoothness of the Retreat, the well-planned organization, and the good food served to us. I expected less." Bill Mandeville explained, "The sophomore and faculty leaders knew what they were doing and really had something to offer. I like the array of teachers and the great amount of intelligence displayed."

When Elaine Frate was questioned as to what she gained from the Retreat, she answered, "I had no thought of extracurricular activities before the Retreat but now I desire a club membership." Carol Shafer was, "Prompted to join Silver Sands and, possibly, a Student Government committee." When asked what overall gains he had made by attending the Retreat, Greg Fitzpatrick replied, "I've gained a better understanding of college and know what to expect."

Many freshmen were pleased with the idea of debating a sound argument with their instructors, and the well used phrase "you get out of it what you put into it" really stuck with them. But probably the most striking achievement of this year's Retreat was the selling of leadership for, at the close of the final hour, the great majority of the freshmen had been inspired to leap into the job and take command. This alone made the Freshman Retreat a truly vibrant success.



Dr. Dorothy Leach promotes student leadership at Workshop number 5.



The Dance; Freshmen and Sophomores alike jumped to the rolling beat of the Cellar Dwellers.

IN MEMORIAM



JOHN YOST, A.B., M.S.
MATHEMATICS
JUNE 27, 1908 - SEPTEMBER 5, 1965

On this day — we, the students of the Junior College of Broward County, wish to express our love and appreciation for the dedicated life of a great and understanding teacher. Mr. John Yost helped the vast majority of those with whom he worked. It is with a sense of deeply felt loss that we have him leave us to go to a rewarding life in the future. Wherever he will be in the timeless years to come, we know that he will see his God and know that, with us, his mission on this earth was done well. The Editors and Staff of Silver Sands humbly dedicate the following Administration and Faculty pages to the memory of Mr. Yost.

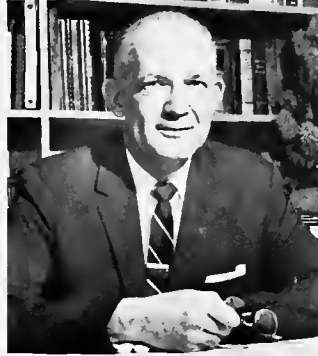
Presenting
**The ADMINISTRATION
 and FACULTY**
 of the
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 of
BROWARD COUNTY
 1965-1966



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A Farewell to President Rushing

As this, the first issue of Silver Sands, goes to press, we have received the sad news that our founding president, Dr. Joe B. Rushing, is leaving the Junior College of Broward County. Dr. Rushing has

resigned to become president of the newly-formed Tarrant County Junior College District in his native Texas.



Joe B. Rushing
B.A., M.A., Ph.D.

President of the Junior College of Broward County

President Rushing's resignation is a kind of milestone in the history of JCBC. When Dr. Rushing first came to Broward County, our college was an idea. He made that idea a reality, first at the old airport campus, with 700 students and a staff of 42, and later at the Davie campus he himself planned. Today, under President Rushing's leadership, we have expanded, and expanded again. We have a staff of 250, an enrollment of 4,583, and a national reputation for educational excellence. In addition, Broward Junior has become a cultural center for our community. It has attracted students, professors, and their families; has presented plays, radio programs, and exhibits; and has sponsored lecturers and performers of world-wide stature.

Dr. Rushing should be justly proud of his achievements as he leaves us. His departure is, in a very real sense, the end of the beginning at JCBC.

We shall miss Dr. Rushing greatly. We congratulate our founder upon his new position, and we wish him well.

HOW TO STUDY

By

GEORGE F. McCALL, JR.



LET me say at the beginning, there is no easy way to learn. Learning takes time and long arduous hours of work. This work pays dividends that cannot be equalled by any other endeavor. Study is rewarding when done properly and in a business-like manner. Paramount in your mind should be the idea that this study is being done for your benefit, not the instructor's.

The skills you will need in college are: reading, writing, listening, comprehending, memorizing, taking examinations, making notes, budgeting one's time, and many others. You already have a certain proficiency in most of these skills, but are you ready to put them to work? Can you use these skills efficiently and to your best advantage?

Study is a Do It Yourself program. Learning is a natural process, requiring stimulations and control to be productive. Your capacity to learn is far greater than you realize; you must, however, do many things to keep the level of learning efficiency reasonably high and personally satisfying. These things only you can do. It makes little difference what you have inherited, what other people have done for you — no one can give you knowledge, skill or ability. These you must acquire yourself through the process of learning.

You must Get Ahead and Stay Ahead. It is far easier to keep ahead of the course requirements and assignments than it is to catch up once you get behind. Preview each unit of study before it is presented by the instructor. Use your course outline along with your textbooks to stay ahead. Try this preview method and find out what a difference it will make in your attention in class, your ability to make clear, well-organized notes, your readiness to enter voluntarily into class discussions, your ability to ask intelligent questions, and your general feeling of confidence about the whole college situation.

Do not be afraid to conform. You can raise the level of your personal efficiency by conforming to the specific requirements of the school and to the way your particular instructor "plays the game." The "non-conformist" tends to condemn and reject that which he does not understand, while conforming rigidly to the dictates of his own limited knowledge. The non-conformist revels in his own oddity. The person who conforms and "plays the game" will make better grades than he who does not, because the conformist readily accepts the disciplines necessary for efficient learning.

Do not be ashamed of ignorance. There is no one quite so ignorant as the individual who thinks he is not. When you admit, without shame, resentment or embarrassment, that you do not know, you have taken the first step toward learning.

Learning takes time. Do not get in a rush. When an instructor asks you to prepare a term paper, theme, or assignment to be handed in at a specified future date, go to work on it at once. Evenly distribute the work over the allocated time with the assignment completed and ready a few days prior to the due date. Paramount in your mind should always be: I am doing this to learn as much as I possibly can by completing this assignment to the best of my ability, not for the benefit of the instructor or just to get the job done. Learning is a slow, steady process which can never be hurried or compressed into capsule form. You cannot reduce learning into a few hours just to meet the deadline.

Read, Look and Listen with an active, open mind and with a definite goal. Preview each new unit to get the general idea of the whole unit prior to detailed study. Study with questions always before you. Ask yourself questions that begin with the words Who, What, When, Why, Where, and How as you Preview, Read, Recite, or Review a unit. This will give direction and meaning to your learning. Real learning is only effective when you can

make active use of what you have read, heard or seen and can reproduce such learnings. Students who spend about half their study time or more on recitation tend to make better grades than those who do not.

Prevent Catastrophe. Consolidate your learning gains. Do not attempt to master a new unit in one sitting—it cannot be done. You cannot hold minute detail in your mind from study time to examination time without a series of reviews of the material of any course for a semester's duration. If you try, you will find the results disastrous and disappointing. The more efficient method of learning, remembering, and recalling material is to study the unit just to the point of immediate recall; then leave it and review it the following day. Plan to periodically review every week to ten days, making sure you can still recall the material easily and readily without either textbooks or notes. Keep testing yourself on ways you can apply this new learning in unfamiliar situations or problems. Schedule reviews every so often during the terms so that you will be able to avoid the panic of having to cram for examinations.

Learn to like people. Let them know you like them. When people know you like them, your school, your teachers, school administrators, your family and yourself, they respect and like you in return. The path of communication between men is not a one-way street. If you want people to respect you, you must show by your behavior that you respect them. The purposes of teachers and students are exactly the same; therefore, students and teachers must work together.

Practice these basic study methods for a few weeks until effective study habits begin to form. Man, being a creature of habits, should make habits work for him, not against him. If you still are experiencing difficulty, or are not enjoying your college work as you should, call the Student Personnel Office and have a conference with one of the counselors. You may have some little difficulty that requires special attention.

Come in as soon as you are ready to discuss your career plans or your choice of a major field of study.

You are always welcome.

SHINE BRIGHT, PALE MOON

By Mr. Jarrett C. Pharr

Instructor in Spanish;
Division of Language and Literature.

Illustrated by Lew Alquist

Guns are silent, my fighting done,
The road South calls, a trail is clear;
I'm headed home, though sick with fear,
I dread to reach Savannah.

My horse is black, the moon is full,
A pale light shines on death's wan tone;
Although I ride a known path home,
I seek a lost Savannah.

On through the night and ghostly mist,
My mount runs strong, dull hoofbeats sing;
Sadness enshrouds me hovering,
I sense a dead Savannah.

Forward into lonely stretches,
Passing famine, life so fleeting,
Naked hunger, wounds yet bleeding;
I weep for my Savannah.



THE RAMPAGE OF BAFFLING BETSY

by ANN BARDSLEY



She is just a scattered collection of wispy breezes now, ruffling the Scottish heather and pushing a bit of tumbleweed across the plains of Nebraska. Not so long ago we called her Betsy, and her mighty winds cut a swath of destruction across the tropics.

She was born in warm waters far to the south, and as Betsy began her northward journey, packing a powerful punch, South Florida watched anxiously. Our fears seemed foolish, for the big storm meandered past our danger zone and moved toward the Carolina coast. Cape Hatteras was already beginning to feel her winds and tides when fickle Betsy wheeled and headed south, turning our pleasant Labor Day routine into a race against time. We boarded and taped and sandbagged; and loaded up on candles, Sterno, and Spam. As always, bread became as scarce as gold.

Big, Bad Betsy lashed the Bahamas in blind fury, and then hesitated, unsure whether to make Florida or Cuba her next victim. Resolution restored, she headed west, raking the fabulous "Gold Coast" with winds as high as 140 mph, and ten-foot tides.

There were flooded streets and homes, broken windows, soaked rugs, uprooted trees, and boats beached on the highways. Death came, too, as a falling tree in Tampa, a flapping shutter in Palm Beach, a heart attack in Homestead, a live wire on a Miami street. First-aid stations and shelters, like the one here at Broward Junior, were havens for those who could not trust their homes to the fury of the gale.

When it was all over, we began the weary task of cleaning up the mess. A government inspection team came, and was kind enough to declare us a "disaster area," but all in all, we got off easy. For Betsy moved on to bigger and better things, devastating the coast of Louisiana with 14-foot tides and winds officially clocked at nearly 190 mph. The damage there is still being counted. The exact number of deaths will probably never be known.

If there is a lesson in the saga of Big, Bad Betsy perhaps it lies in the fact that, although a voyage to the stars lies just beyond the horizon, we are not yet masters on our own Earth. We can destroy ourselves at the flick of a finger but we cannot stay the winds or hold back the tide.

The Island of Japan

POETRY BY TOM TOHTZ

FOR DR. HOMER M. LEDBETTER'S
ENGLISH 230 CLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY KAREN WINKOPP



To Fujiyama

*The morning I walked out
And beheld your majesty
In the clear and thrilling
dawn,
The rising sun painted your
white crown
The color of cherry
blossoms.
I bowed my head, and my
heart
Sang with joy.*

To the Warriors Whose Souls Are Kept at Yasukuni Shrine*

*Brave sons who fought for your land,
Your souls awakened by three claps
Of the hand,
May find rest in hearing MacArthur
sleeps,
But his justice keeps
Alive your Imperial land.
Be not sad of our victory
Or of your losing;
Be glad for his choosing
To let Japan live and hatred die.*



* YASUKUNI SHRINE IS A SACRED PLACE IN TOKYO WHERE IT IS BELIEVED THE SOULS OF JAPAN'S OUTSTANDING WARRIORS ARE KEPT. IN THE SHINTO RELIGION, ONE CLAPS THE HANDS THREE TIMES TO GAIN THE ATTENTION OF THE SOUL TO WHOM HE WISHES TO PRAY.

OUR FEATURE WRITERS



JACK CRESSE, author of "Sports at JCBC," is a Sophomore with extensive experience in journalism. The first half of his Freshman year he was a staff writer for the Venetian Crier and was promoted to sports editor during the second semester. Jack is presently associate editor for the Crier, and is also working as a sports correspondent for the Fort Lauderdale News.



MILDRED EDWARDS, author of "Neil S. Crispo" and "The SAB," is a 1964 graduate of Dillard Senior High School, where she served as a varsity cheerleader. Mildred is now a staff writer for Silver Sands and an initiate of Circlettes.



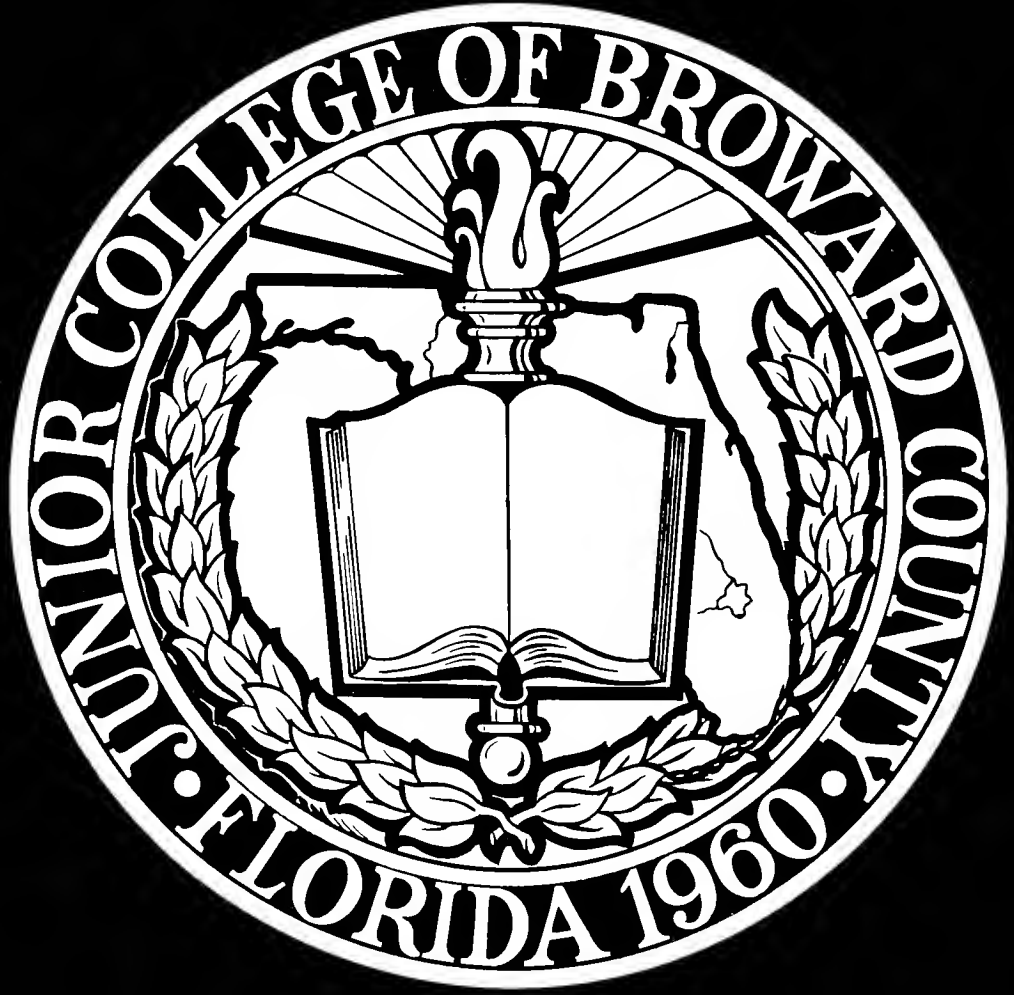
BARBARA GLOWASKI, author of "The New Left," is a recent August graduate of JCBC. She is now attending Florida State University and was just appointed Under-Secretary for Junior College Affairs. At JCBC, Barbara was a Freshman senator, Treasurer of SGA, a member of Phi Theta Kappa, and Sophomore Girl of the Year.



PAT HART, author of "Cheating," is presently attending the University of Florida School of Journalism and Communications. This past summer she attended JCBC and served as feature editor for the Venetian Crier. Pat has also been photo editor for the Seminole, yearbook of the University of Florida.



SHARON ROESCH, author of "The Freshman," is attending JCBC on an honors scholarship. During her Freshman year she served as a Freshman senator, a member of the Student Speakers Bureau, and worked on the college radio program. Sharon is presently Secretary of SGA, President of SNEA, Second Vice-President of SFEA, and an initiate of Phi Theta Kappa.





SILVER
SANDS

EDITOR'S NOTE

All that remains of Silver Sands I are some five hundred unclaimed copies, very little student disappointment, a lot of public praise and a great deal of success. Well over two thousand copies of the

yearbook-magazine have been distributed — a record achievement in the annals of Broward Junior College publications.

But it is just a part of the collection, others must follow. And, so, here is Silver Sands II. Most of the faculty feels we could never excel

our first attempt, many of the students think it quite possible. Whether we have or have not can be seen on the following pages. Look, read, enjoy, and be the judge.

John E. Leatherwood
Editor-in-Chief

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and Ken Smith
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and Literature* Dr. Homer M. Ledbetter



Seal of Silver Sands

*COVER: The annual Broward Junior College
Christmas tree lighting; photo by David Porter.*

SILVER SANDS

SILVER

SANDS

The Junior College of Broward County

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

II

DECEMBER, 1965

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE BLUE AND SILVER COLLEGIATE INTEREST POLL	2	FOOTBALL AND THE JUNIOR COLLEGE	Bill Kelley 44
THE QUESTION OF SUB ROSAS Matthew J. Faison	5	PACESETTERS WITH A HOLIDAY FLAIR Pam Edwards	46
FALL FESTIVITIES	8	THE LYCEUMS	Carol Shafer 48
THE RUSHING TESTIMONIAL	Pam Serre 24	SERVICE CLUBS OF JCBC	50
APPOMATTOX — AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY (Essay)	Dr. Harold B. Hayes 26	SGA	Ann Bardsley 54
ANN'S REVIEW	Ann Bardsley 31	THE COLLEGE STUDENT AND THE DRAFT Russ Sepielli	58
IN REMEMBRANCE OF THANKSGIVING	32	PATH OF IKEYA-SEKI	Joel Martin 60
RESPONSIBILITIES (Poem)	Dean Bayer 34	THE SILENT COLLEGE DILEMMA	Charlie Burt 61
HANDS OF LOVE (Poem)	Colleen Fairbank 35	ON CAMPUS (Selected Cartoons) Various Cartoonists	63
ISAIAH 9:6, 7	36	OUR FEATURED WRITERS	Back Cover
THE URGE TO KILL (Short Story)	Marty Roland 38		
SPORTS: PEACH BASKET PREDICTIONS / INTRAMURALS	John Wolfe 41		

The BLUE *and* SILVER

COLLEGIATE INTEREST POLL

THIS POLL WAS DEVISED AND CONDUCTED BY THE SILVER SANDS DURING THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER. THE PURPOSE FOR SUCH A SURVEY WAS TO DETERMINE AS ACCURATELY AS PRACTICAL PURPOSES ALLOW THE INTERESTS AND PREFERENCES OF JCBC STUDENTS. THE CATEGORIES CONSIST OF A WIDE RANGE OF VARIOUS SUBJECTS, EACH OF PARTICULAR OR GENERAL INTEREST TO ALMOST EVERYONE. BALLOTS WERE CIRCULATED AND THEN FILLED OUT BY THE STUDENTS. THE ANSWERS WERE THEN COMPILED BY OUR STAFF. THE RESULTS, CONSISTING OF THE TOP SELECTIONS FROM EACH CATEGORY, ARE PRESENTED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES. NOTE: THE PREFERENCES ARE LISTED IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY WERE CHOSEN.

Most Outstanding National Figure

President Lyndon B. Johnson
Barry Goldwater
John F. Kennedy

Most Outstanding Personality of the 20th Century

John F. Kennedy
Sir Winston Churchill
Dr. Albert Schweitzer
Ambassador Adlai Stevenson

Most Outstanding World Figure

Sir Winston Churchill
Pope Paul VI
U. Thant

Novelist

Ernest Hemingway
Ian Fleming
John Steinbeck

Most Influential Historical Figure

Abraham Lincoln
Sir Winston Churchill
Jesus Christ

Poet

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Edgar Allen Poe
Carl Sandburg

Playwright

Tennessee Williams
Arthur Miller
William Shakespeare

Spectator Sport

Football
Basketball
Baseball

Artist

Pablo Picasso
Michelangelo
Norman Rockwell

Participator Sport

Football
Tennis
Bowling

News Broadcast

Huntley-Brinkley Report
Walter Cronkite
CBS News Night

Sports Figure

Johnny Unitas
Sandy Koufax
Mickey Mantle

Magazine

Playboy
Seventeen
Life

Most Interesting College Course

English
World Civilization
Psychology
Mathematics
Sociology

Newspaper

The Miami Herald
New York Times
Fort Lauderdale News

TV Show

The Man from U.N.C.L.E.
I Spy
The Tonight Show

Automobile

Jaguar XKE
Corvette Sting Ray
Ford Mustang

Comedian

Jonathan Winters
Bill Cosby
Red Skelton

Past Motion Picture

Gone with the Wind
West Side Story
The Ten Commandments
It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World

Female Vocalist

Barbra Streisand
Joan Baez
Petula Clark

Recent Motion Picture

Goldfinger
Shenandoah
The Sound of Music
What's New, Pussycat?

Vocal Group

Supremes
Peter, Paul and Mary
Lettermen

Motion Picture Actor

John Wayne
Peter Sellers
Sean Connery

Instrumental Group

Ventures
Tiajuana Brass
Dave Brubeck Quartet

Motion Picture Actress

Bette Davis
Julie Andrews
Elizabeth Taylor

Vocal-Instrumental Group

Beach Boys
Beatles
Rolling Stones

Stage Actor

Richard Burton
Sir Lawrence Olivier
Rex Harrison

Instrumentalist

Al Hirt
Peter Nero
Duane Eddy
Louis Armstrong

Stage Actress

Julie Andrews
Anne Bancroft
Barbra Streisand

Fast Songs

Louie-Louie
Satisfaction
Wipe-out
Mo-Jo Workout
Get Off of My Cloud

Male Vocalist

Andy Williams
Johnny Mathis
Elvis Presley

Slow and Other Songs

More
Moon River
Theme from "A Summer Place"
Cast Your Fate to the Wind
Goldfinger

THE QUESTION OF

SUB ROSAS

By

MATTHEW J. FAISON

Can the college admit organizations which are admittedly illegal, throw parties at which no restrictions are made about serving liquor to minors, and have entertained reputations that are a great deal less than enviable?

Can the college turn away organizations which profess again and again a desire to serve the campus as organized social clubs, clubs that could possibly inject adrenalin into the heart of apathy which infects most school service projects and functions, and, moreover, in which a large portion of the student body has shown interest?

These are the horns of the dilemma the college administration must grapple with. The history is interesting. The future will be dramatic.

For months the issue of fraternities and the question of their legality and usefulness has been pondered by the students and the administration of the college. There have never been any clearcut procedures set down for the handling of students who are members of off-campus fraternities. No severe disciplinary actions have been initiated by the college, the fraternities continuing to flourish.

Past semesters have seen the college and Student Activities Board refuse the petitions of the fraternities to come on campus as true Greek letter societies. At the same time, however, the fraternities were refusing to compromise with administrative standards.

Controversy raged. The school newspaper, *Venetian Crier*, obtained photostatic copies of state laws seeming explicit on which colleges and universities were to be afforded the privilege of allowing fraternities on their campuses. Broward and all other junior colleges in the state of Florida were excluded from the list.

These laws were printed last March and reprinted again in issue No. 4 of the *Venetian Crier* on October 1st of this year.

232.39 Secret Societies prohibited in public schools.

It shall be unlawful for any person, group or organization to organize or establish a fraternity, sorority or other secret society whose membership shall be comprised in whole or in part of pupils enrolled in any public school.

State law 232.40 substantiates the above law by making it illegal for any pupil in a public school to join or pledge a fraternity or sorority. The teeth provided to the administrations of the various public schools, which include junior colleges, by the law are in section 232.41.

County boards are hereby required to enforce the provisions of this law by suspending or, if necessary, expelling any pupil . . . who refuses or neglects to observe these provisions.

The administration has not yet chosen to expel or suspend any of the fraternity or sorority members, although a large portion of the active members are known to the Director of Student Activities, Mr. Neil Crispo, and to Dr. Jack Taylor, Dean of Students and interim college President. The school has made clear its position to act when it sees fit at any time in the future without warning to the students involved.

* * *

For a good many years fraternal organizations have influenced college life. Often the organization of social fraternities and sororities has been of service to the student and to the institution. On other occasions, the results of fraternity actions have been detrimental.

Before one can discuss the worth of such organizations on this campus, one must first understand the differences, deficits, and advantages of the many types of fraternities.

The oldest and most selective of these organizations are the honorary fraternities such as Phi Beta Kappa or Phi Theta Kappa, which serves on a junior college level. Also included in the general classification of non-social fraternities are the professional groups. On this campus, Phi Beta Lambda, a business fraternity, and Delta Psi Omega, a dramatic fraternity, are representative. The functions and purposes of these organizations are, as their name implies, to promote scholarship in the case of the honoraries, and to provide a common ground for people with similar professional goals and interests as in the case of the professional fraternities.

Social fraternities and sororities, on the other hand, exist in the interest of fellowship and as a media for social contact. It is not to be denied that social fraternities contribute to their colleges and universities by promoting various funds, charity drives and the like, but the chief reason they continue to exist is the social life they offer.

In order for the Junior College of Broward County to incorporate social organizations as part of student activities as most other junior colleges in the state have done, including Miami-Dade and Palm Beach, a considerable amount of support by the administration and the school board would be required. Neither group has expressed any great feeling for the movement to date.

In order to get to the substance of the problem it



Members of Sigma Tau Sigma, one of the more noted of the Junior College sub rosas, take avid part in WPA work like that pictured above. Such activities are categorized as "petty vandalism."

becomes necessary to see the problem as it is seen by the fraternity member himself.

Walter Swanson had been a member of Sigma Tau Sigma since its inception in high school when it was formed by members of the various service clubs at the school. He was president until recently when he resigned in order to meet requirements for candidacy in the student government election. Swanson has been a leader in the cause for legal fraternities on this campus and was more than willing to be interviewed.

The reasons fraternities ever began are probably countless. Walt explained why despite the threats of the administration his fraternity continued to grow. "The reason we get as many people as we do is that colleges are associated with fraternities. The word fraternity and Greek letters just have a magic about them."

There is an economic consideration included in the decision on whether or not to join a fraternity. In many large universities students avoid fraternities because of the cost. In contrast to that, one of the main reasons fraternities exist at non-resident junior colleges seems to be the money a member can save. Most of the fraternities at Broward charge dues of \$5.00 a month and that \$5.00 usually provides entertainment for two week-ends during that month. Swanson explained the strategy. "To go out on a date, even to a movie, usually runs about \$5.00—we pay that much in dues for the whole month. One hall party at any of the local halls usually costs about \$100 for the room and the band and we have enough money left over for a small party later on in the month."

Swanson was quick to point out that his fraternity never has a party on the same night as a school dance or program. Thus, entertainment was provided for three week-ends of the month for about \$5.00 excluding extras.

Mark Fried, president of Phi Lambda Theta, agreed with Swanson. "Nobody in their right mind would have a party in their own house." Fried said that his fraternity paid the same amount for dues as STS and that their system of renting a hall for parties was similar. "Most dues pay for the place and the band. Besides," he added, "it gives you someplace to go."

Most of the ill will between the administration and the fraternities can be traced back to a party that was held last year when the place that was rented was damaged. The owner brought his complaints to the college since the group involved represented themselves as a sanctioned organization. The question of drinking was brought up.

Sigma Tau Sigma, like all fraternities, has had to make its own decisions about drinking. "We usually buy the mixers," Swanson said, "but not the booze." When asked about provisions for complying with state law and underage drinkers he said, "There are no restrictions about that now." It is a case of bring your own—if you can buy it you can drink it. STS does make use of a disciplinary board which has the power to ban a member from parties or to make an offender, usually the guy who drank the most at the previous party, serve as the bartender. As a badge of honor he has to wear a dunce cap.

The purpose of the disciplinary board is, in Swanson's words, "to make sure that everything is in



"Let's face it, we're breaking the law."

orderly fashion. To assure that everyone acts like a gentleman so we can come back."

Places are not always easy to come by. Considering the drinking issue, Swanson thought a moment. "Let's face it, we're breaking the law."

Fried's answer to the liquor question was similar. "Everybody brings his own. Most of the time we don't even buy the mixers." Occasionally a fraternity will foot the liquor bill. "We tried that once; it didn't work out."

Discipline problems are less complicated for Fried. "We always hire a cop."

The future of fraternities on the campus seems to be at best uncertain, at least as far as the college is

officially concerned. Fraternities might have a definite place in the college social strata and they might serve in a political sense. Swanson feels that they could be instrumental in the formation of a two party system in coming elections. He spoke of last year's SGA in reference to shortcomings in the present system. "If they (the administration) had let some of the fraternity people run in the last election, we might have had a better student government." To set the record straight, all but five members of last year's freshman senate were fraternity or sorority members. Most of them were dropped due to grades or resigned as senators when the ruling was passed that all fraternity members who were in any student activity would have to either quit that activity or their fraternity.

Swanson believes that fraternities can offer the college something in the way of a more complete social life, something which he feels is lacking now. "It's hard to get to know anybody without some social activities." Again Fried agreed. "You get to meet new people—I met a lot of guys that I have learned to like."

The interview lost some of its early tension and Swanson quipped, "It's good to have friends—somebody you could borrow a dollar from—if they had a dollar."

Some of the fraternities have taken steps to prepare for the future. Sigma Tau Sigma has applied for and received the right to incorporate and is recognized by the state. Phi Lambda Theta has flirted with the idea of seeking the sponsorship of an International Men's Club and petitioning the college for permission to come on as a service organization. But foremost in the minds of most fraternity members is that time when the college will act—either to admit them as student activities or to take disciplinary action.

If the college reverses and decides to allow fraternities on campus, they will no doubt come under the auspices of the Student Activities Board and will be subject to the rules that apply to all service clubs with a few possible exceptions. In the past, similar offers were either ignored or refused for various reasons. One of them being that originally the college would not allow the use of Greek letter names and the idea of changing their name and buying new pins and accessory paraphernalia discouraged the fraternities to whom the offer was made.

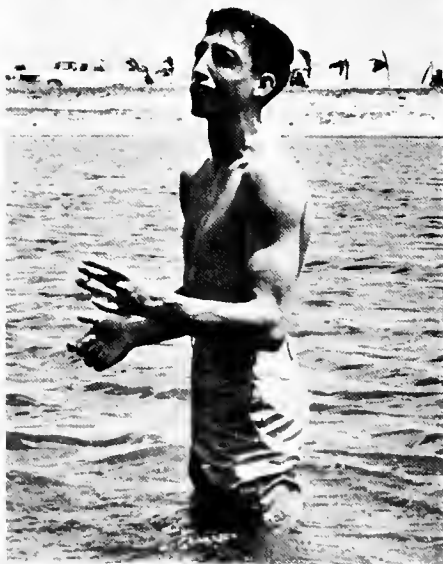
The last question thrown at the past president of Sigma Tau Sigma and the president of Phi Lambda Theta was how their fraternities would react if the administration opened the doors.

Fried, whose organization may be on the verge of becoming a service club, was cautious. "We have a different kind of members in the fraternity now than we did in the beginning. They are interested in what they can do for the school." He got to the point. "If the school offers us anything presentable, we would like to come on as a fraternity."

Swanson was brief. "They would come on just like—that." He smiled and snapped his fingers.



FALL





FESTIVITIES

Semester number one has past and with it has gone part of the college year. During its days, we saw many changes take place and many unforgettable moments occur. Construction phase 2 came to a completion, our President Joe B. Rushing resigned, one campus election had little votes and another had a lot of mud. We saw our college receive full accreditation and learned the meaning of "sub rosa." But, above all, Semester I brought a lot of fun, frolic, and festivities. The action was all a go go and it all a went went — into our lives and into our memories. The following fourteen pages will recall the highlights of these events, events that gave us Fall Festivities of '65.



Execution of justice; the "mob" carries a Rat off to his final reward, a bath in the JCBC lake.



Other rats found their way, and heads, into the reflection pool.



Noticeably worn from being put through the paces, Scott Anderson prepares for more "high command" interrogation.

RAT ACTIVITIES

A sophomore called "Hey, RAT," and a freshman doffed his little blue cap and bowed humbly. With others of his species, he was ordered to a table top, where the nervous group began a ragged chorus of "A freshman I am, SIR! . . . A freshman I be, SIR!" "LOUDER!" the sophomores ordered... "LOUDER!"

Every day of Rat Week was like that for the harassed freshman. They wore their tell-tale rat caps and chanted self-deprecating verses for their sophomore audience. Those whose performance didn't satisfy the sophomores were hauled before rat court, or received swifter justice at the fountain outside the Administration Building.

The sophomores, of course, enjoyed the whole thing tremendously. They were avenged for their own rat humiliations of a year before.



Exhibiting his expert leadership qualities, Tony Long drills a troop of rats.



Shades of the Spanish Inquisition; tribunal magistrates Dave FitzGerald, Mat Faison, and Jack Cresse delivered "fair" sentences to the condemned rats.



SEPTEMBER 13th **WINT**



The night of Monday, September 13, the Junior College of Broward County proclaimed a "First" in social activities.

On this occasion, eleven Broward County bands performed at Winterhurst, playing three songs each. The purpose of the dance was to have the bands audition for future JCBC functions. Over 500 students turned out and, of these, 250 voted on the bands, rating each from "outstanding" to "totally unfit." The Jesters won the rating with over half of the voters classing them as "outstanding."

The entire event proved very successful and student reaction was extremely enthusiastic.



WINTERHURST *A Go Go*





SEPTEMBER 18

RATS' REPOSE

Here we are in the Dwight Rogers Room of the Governors' Club Hotel. The date—September 18, 1965. The room is well decorated with white dinner linen and every other table has a centerpiece. On one end of the stage there is just enough decor to set the mood.

Amid the orderly confusion, Bonnie McFetridge, social chairman, reigns over decorations, tickets, and coordinates the proceedings. The Civinettes prepare to serve the refreshments, proving themselves a willing and able work force. Bob Ripple, the unofficial Master of Ceremonies and crowner of royalty, prepares for his part; many others working quietly



and efficiently escape popular notice but not gratitude. This is a student activity in every sense.

The time comes and the room is prepared. Moving in steadily is what will be an overflowing crowd of four hundred students, all with one track minds—FUN! The Bossmen, band for the evening, start off with a number bearing little resemblance to the Vienna Waltz. For a length of time (no one remembers how long) the vast majority of the students will go into a semi-hypnotic trance as they do every dance “in the book,” plus a couple of their own inventions, all to the throbbing beat that is penetrating walls for blocks beyond.

Finally intermission comes and we begin the slow return to sanity. Aware of reality, everybody and his girlfriend begins to converse. After a short interval, Scott Anderson and Jule Harke conquer the uproar with surprisingly little volume as they begin their folk songs.

Bob Ripple, now on stage, announces the time of coronation. Chosen to reign over the festivities are Scott Anderson and Darlene Neely, 1965 Rat King and Queen. The entire ceremony goes off without excessive pomp or stiffness and gives a natural climax to the evening's events.

It all sums up to a terrific night as the “Rat” underdogs are finally given equality and human rights.

OCTOBER 2nd, LYCEUM

The Stranahan auditorium was filled the night of October 22. Peter Nero, the internationally known pianist, played that evening and tickets for the performance were exhausted a week in advance.

His performance showed a good variation—from jazz to classical to folk. Surely there was something to appeal to every music enthusiast. Mr. Nero was accompanied by a bass violinist and a drummer, both of whom complimented the works of this great pianist.

Mr. Nero and his accompanists were well received and student opinion was undoubtedly enthusiastic. One student commented that such music usually does not appeal to him at all, but with Peter Nero playing it, it was great. What compliment could be more rewarding for an outstanding performance?



PETER NERO



October 30 meant the annual JCBC Halloween Dance. Traditionally there is a full moon, but no one knows for sure "weather" it came out or not. The voyage to the scene was anything but dull. Wiping the fog off of the windshields kept co-eds occupied while their dates made educated guesses at where the road was. In due time, a sign bearing the name "Cote Ranch" appeared through the downpour. Directly ahead a river appeared, which fortunately turned out to be a dirt road. Plow-

ing through the water, the barn could be seen to the port side. Anchor was dropped and the students waded ashore, greeted at the barn by the odor of carefully-preserved dry hay.

The Jesters turned on the beat, the cider poured freely, even when it was shut off, and the students danced with more zeal than style. The costumes were numerous and imaginative. Some were even controversial, like that student who came dressed as an Indian rainmaker. The band rocked out and

OCT. 30th



The HALLOWEEN DANCE

the rain faded from conscience as the beat permeated all.

In the midst of the action, King Ugly was crowned. Underneath it all was John Hall, winner of the collection contest, the proceeds of which went to charity. The king reigned in all his hideous glory while a couple of artificial bats flopped around.

It was estimated that 600 brave souls showed up at one time or another—a real tribute to the rain gods.



The King is crowned; John Hall—King Ugly of 1965.

NOVEMBER

4 — 16

ELECTION CAMPAIGNS



Candidates for president — Craig



and Bill Greene



Candidates for vice-president — Rick



and Walt Swanson



On November 13, the "ticket" of Greene and Swanson made good use of a hurriedly staged jam session to boost their campaign . . .



A large crowd gathered to hear the election debate

"It's unbelievable. It's just too great!" Bill Greene said when the results of the election named him the president and Rick Barnard the vice-president of the Student Government Association.

In winning the most controversial and hotly-contested election in JCBC history, Greene chalked up 368 votes to his opponent Craig Barker's 346, while Barnard received 369 to his vice-presidential opponent Walt Swanson's 345 votes.

Following the unofficial announcement of the results by Neil Crispo, Director of Student Activities, the election was contested and a recount called for. Crispo explained that the move was unnecessary as it is the procedure to recount the votes after an election.

Vice-president Barnard chose to comment on the problems that face the SGA this year.

"The major problem," Barnard said, "is the same problem that SGA has had ever since we've been here — communication between students and their SGA. If the people do not know why we're here and what we're doing for them, then they're not going to care at all about SGA. As people come to appreciate student government more, they'll come out and vote, they'll go to the meetings, and they'll see that SGA is an effective government and not just a bunch of people who got together and decided to call themselves senators."

And the future of SGA ?

Greene and Barnard both agree that the future looks "bright."

"The recent turnout in the election," Greene said, "has shown that the students are interested in student

government. Student interest is the only thing that can help SGA. Since this is higher and brighter than ever before, I think that SGA will have its best year."

Rick Barnard said, "The future of SGA looks brighter than it ever has been. The people serving in SGA are intelligent and capable, and relations with the Administration are better than any previous SGA ever hoped for."



. . . It was a lively finish to a very heated week of election activities.

The Blaze of Spirit!



NOV.
24th

THE BONFIRE

The JCBC campus was the scene for the second annual bonfire and dance Wednesday night, November 24. A good student turn-out witnessed the bonfire, ingeniously started by the "flame of spirit" coming from a giant seahorse's mouth. Rousing cheers from the cheerleaders were led by Bonnie McFetridge and Dave FitzGerald, the clown prince. A view of things to come for the basketball season was expressed by Coach Clinton Morris and the team. As the flames died down, a spectacular fireworks display presented the grand finale of the blaze.

To complete the event, the Bonfire Dance, featuring the beat of the Aerovons, was held on the Student Center patio.

The bonfire was sponsored by Circle K, and the Circlettes provided the refreshments for the festivities. School spirit and great fun prevailed, definitely setting the mood for the Thanksgiving holiday.



THE RUSHING TESTIMONIAL

*A
Night
To
Remember*



A numerous crowd of guests honored Dr. Joe B. Rushing with a spectacular farewell dinner.

A testimonial is anything which bears public witness to one's excellence, service, or accomplishments, by an expression of admiration and gratitude. An event, such as this, took place on the evening of October 23, 1965, at the Governors' Club Hotel. There, a numerous crowd of guests honored Dr. Joe B. Rushing with a spectacular farewell dinner, for the outstanding achievements which he rendered during his presidency to all of us here at Broward Junior College.

Among those attending the event were the faculty and staff, friends and relatives, community leaders, and representatives from various campus organizations.

The program began with an invocation by the Reverend William Hinson, pastor of the First Baptist Church, and then Dr. E. P. Lauderdale, the Dean of Instruction at JCBC, presented the evening's lively toastmaster, Business Director Albert Robertson.

Speeches, remarks, and addresses were given by Mrs. Virginia Young, Chairman of the Broward County Board of Public Instruction, Mr. Richard Ward, Executive Vice-President of the Fort Lauderdale Chamber of Commerce, Dr. Myron Ashmore, Superintendent of the Broward County Public Schools, Dr. James Wattenbarger, Director of Community Junior Colleges, Miss Sharon Roesch, Secretary of SGA, Mr. John Leatherwood, Editor-in-Chief

of Silver Sands, Mrs. M. W. Tustison, Chairman of the JCBC Advisory Committee, and Mr. Gene A. Whiddon, a community leader and friend.

Special presentations were made by Dr. Robert C. Cassell, chairman of mathematics and science at JCBC, who awarded Dr. Rushing with an engraved watch, as a token of gratitude from the faculty, and Mr. Charles H. Gravett, of Coral Ridge National Bank, gave Dr. Rushing a small remembrance of Fort Lauderdale Beach to put in his Mustang and take along to Texas—a surfboard, of course!

Entertainment was provided by the JCBC Glee Club, under the direction of Dr. W. DeLara. The musical organization sang selections from "My Fair Lady" and "The Sound of Music." Also, as an added surprise, Stranahan Senior Band ended the evening by playing several favorites ranging from "The Yellow Rose of Texas" to "He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The dinner was a tremendous success, thanks to all the fine people who worked so hard to make it that way. Special thanks go to Dr. E. P. Lauderdale, General Chairman, Edward F. Kotchi, Chairman of the Steering Committee, Dr. Jack Taylor, heading the Tickets and Invitation Committee, Jimmie C. Styles of the Arrangements Committee, Mrs. Carol Innucci, Chairman of the Publicity, the Civinettes Service Club, whose members worked as usherettes, and to Tropical Press, for donating the beautiful programs.

By Pam Serre



A Stranahan Senior High School majorette presents Dr. and Mrs. Rushing with nostalgic reminders of Texas — yellow roses.



The JCBC Glee Club sang selections from "My Fair Lady" and "The Sound of Music."



Dr. Myron Ashmore, Superintendent of Broward County Public Schools, delivered a fine address.



Mrs. M. W. Tustison, Chairman of the JCBC Advisory Committee, signs the guests' roll.

APPOMATTOX



AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

By
DR. HAROLD B. HAYES

Illustrated by
John Leatherwood

A painting hangs in the art museum in Galena, Illinois, indicating General U. S. Grant is surrendering to Robert E. Lee. The artist, Thomas Nast, depicts Grant as a disheveled, beaten and crestfallen soldier; Lee as an immaculate cavalier, the epitome of a victorious warrior. It's a tragedy of history that the scene is a painting and not a reality.

History is replete with such tragedies. Achilles had his heel. Caesar had his Brutus. Cleopatra had her asp. As a result of Appomattox, the South suffered under all of these—heels, brutes and asps.

But don't ignore the consequences to the North.

Lincoln could have caught the last act.

Grant could have finished his days in peace, with memories of myriads of battles and bottles. New York could have saved all the pomp and expense of entombing him.

Presently, the United States' annual budget and deficit spending would be halved. Even with such a reduction the costs would still seem unreal.

But back to reality.

Heavy tomes about the Civil War Between the States for Southern Independence, Withdrawal and Secession, 1861-1865, reap cobwebs on library shelves, North and South. These books guard the past with prose. Each year more and more books volunteer for sentinel duty. Surely, you've read "Jeb Stuart Was My Co-pilot," "Coming in on a Saddle and a Prayer" and "Crusade in Gettysburg"?

Let's attempt to clear the cobwebs these books have woven and restore some perspective to history. We can do this without the danger of re-opening hostilities against Fort Sumter. Although, with the South possessing Cape Kennedy, Oakridge, Redstone,

Selma and Elvis Presley, the odds would be a bit fairer than they were in 1861. Nor should we attempt to revive sectional rivalries. Ask any Daughter of the Confederacy if animosities haven't long, long been buried. After a full century such things should be forgotten. What follows merely intends to prevail against the mode of portraying something for the sake of popularity at the expense of history.

Mark Twain wrote, "History is literally—his story—and all depends on who writes it."

The South, living in an intellectual void for many years after its defeat, devoted its historical and literary talents to praising the Herculean accomplishments of the Confederate armies. With the exception of Lee, practically every Confederate general, who was able to dodge the Minnie balls, wrote his inaccurate memoirs. These writers were among the few privileged Southerners who knew how to spell "secession." Their offerings were part and parcel of the South's cultural endeavors following the war.

Southern culture in the decades following the war could be described as a jug of corn, a loaf of cornbread, and how it waddled in the wilderness. Weasels were more predominant than easels. The only sculptures were those of Northerners using Vermont marble. These men hacked out hundreds of Confederate soldier monuments which stand eternal guard over county court houses—or until a freeway came by. No orchestra was capable of playing anything more challenging than "Dixie."

A search of literature in the past century reveals Southern historians have revealed little about the adverse consequences of Appomattox. The following appraisal contains a few random thoughts on these consequences by a bored reconstructed Rebel who gets more

bored when he hears that old melody, "It's Best It Turned Out The Way It Did."

For anything to be better or best, there has to be a comparison. One cannot compare a victory to a loss. That's a contrast. The North won, the South lost. How do people know it's best? No basis for comparison exists. So, manning the bastions of dissent, let's turn the Napoleon guns around, load up with solid and grape shot, and hope the fuse doesn't sputter.

It's unnecessary to delve into the numerous causes of the war or the rights of secession. These date back to antiquity. For instance, slavery existed in the South because the climate and soil were suited to agricultural endeavors. If cotton could have been grown in the North, but not in the South, would Northern secessionists have fired on Governor's Island in 1861?

It's unnecessary to explore the creation of man who, Philosopher Locke said, God begot as an individual, endowed with a free spirit to pursue his own chosen course. (If Locke was right, then, admittedly, slavery was evil. It was a dying evil, however. In attempting to speed its death, the North perpetrated a greater evil in its denial of the South's right of self-rule. Pardon the cliché, but "Two wrongs don't make a right.")

It is necessary, however, to compare the ante-bellum South with the present. Because slavery, a social extreme, was an institution peculiar to the agrarian society of the South, that society was roundly condemned as decadent in the press, in the pulpit, in the salons, and in the saloons.

Was it decadent? If wealth and extremes in social classes indicate a rotteness, then "Look Out, Yankeeland!" A trip from Harlem to Park Avenue is a two mile jump from a garbage can to a Baked Alaska.

Recognizing these contemporary extremes, many sociologists and Great Societyikes, taking their cue from Nineteenth Century counterparts, claim that any system which has class distinction is decadent. Their words sound as if they were plagiarized from Pravda. But class distinctions do exist now—just as they did in 1860.

For example, in the opening chapter of Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind," a social gathering at Tara is attended by the leading aristocrats of the central Georgia neighborhood. The guest list is limited to wealthy planters, their families, and a few upper bourgeoisie. There are no dirt farmers, artisans or Negroes.

Today, when the Ford family throws a wing-ding in Detroit for one of its daughters, bringing her out, who is on the guest list? Not the welder from the Falcon plant. Not the Negro from downtown. Can the similarity be denied?

Politically, there is, today, a disproportionate number of top leaders in the North who come from wealthied classes, i.e., the Roosevelts, the Rockefellers, the Lodges, Williams, Lehman, Wagner, Joe, Bobby, Teddy, ad infinitum. (Space prevents the use of full names.)

If an economic, social and political aristocracy is bad, then the Civil War affected a transplant of an evil from Peachtree Street in Atlanta to Woodburn Avenue in Detroit, to Park Avenue in New York, to Hyannisport on Cape Cod, et al.

Actually, the Southern aristocrats built foundations of our republic. Washington led our first army to victory. Jefferson wrote our Declaration of Independence. Madison was the father of our Constitution. Patrick Henry was the first man to speak out for freedom and the Bill of Rights. And what of the Randolphs, the Lees, the Masons? All of these slaveholders were products of and leaders of that detested society. It's a marvel that their democratic contributions have not been censored out of school history texts.

It is conclusive that, for many decades after the demise of these aristocrats in 1865, demagogues replaced demigods as the South's significant contribution to govern-

ment. Bilbos and Longs sat in the seats of Davis and Calhoun. It was as if the South were attempting to get even with the national government by sending its worst men to Washington. Could it have been a mere coincidence that the calibre of political leadership had fallen to such great depths?

In the past two decades strides have been taken toward political rehabilitation in the South. Many fine and dedicated men such as Byrd, Rayburn, Russell, Holland and others have been elected to office.

Yet, a great political and governmental tradition was practically destroyed at Appomattox.

The deterioration of race relations, an unhappy aftermath of the war, is a feast the demagogues grow fat on. Consequently, the Negro in the South, today, is the most persecuted and humiliated segment of American society.

Shall we speculate on events had the natural course of manumission been allowed to evolve as in the North? Compare present conditions in the South with those in the North. In the northern states slavery was abolished peacefully and the former owners were justly compensated for the loss of their investments, usually by selling them South.

Now, the northern Negro has more equality; he has a stronger voice in the government; he makes more money; and he is far better off socially than his brother in the old Confederate states.

Little reason was evident to suspect the eventual emancipation of the Southern slave. The trend of history had already traveled a long way down that inevitable road. The French revolution freed the serfs in 1794; the British, via Parliament, in 1831; and Russia in 1861. Thomas Jefferson cut the bonds of his servants before he died. Lee freed the slaves he inherited (though Mrs. U. S. Grant still held hers).

Hesseltine says in his **THE SOUTH IN AMERICAN HISTORY** that in 1861 there were a quarter of a million free Negroes in the Southern states.

The speed of manumission would have been accelerated by the improvement of farming processes. With the rapid develop-

ment of new methods, the need for large numbers of field hands took a concomitant downward turn.

The greatest incentive, however, would have been the Southerners' own repugnance of the institution. A society which played a leading role in winning independence from England, which wrote the Declaration, the Constitution, and which impregnated the nation with a near-pure democracy under Andrew Jackson, would not, for long, live an hypocrisy. The abolition movement was born in the South, though Yankee mendacities abetted its growth there.

The trouble was, though being idealists, the planter aristocrats were also realists. They foresaw that the immediate abolition of slavery would give rise to an even greater evil. Events following Lee's surrender proved them to be sages.

Take a close look at the life of the average Southerner, black or white, during the malapropian "Reconstruction." This view indicates that a greater curse pervaded the South than the malaise of patriarchal servitude. It is difficult to find anywhere in history a period so permeated with corruption, brutality, or fear.

Coutter says in his **THE SOUTH DURING RECONSTRUCTION**:

"Most of the people who filled the many offices were untrained and untried scalawags, carpetbaggers and Negroes. Had times been normal their duties would have been onerous and complicated; with the times out of joint they took the easy road and speedily buried themselves in corruption . . . And yet the most speculative and exotic development in government . . . was to be seen in the part Negroes played in ruling the South—longest to be remembered, shuddered at, and execrated."

Let's linger a second on this deliberate attempt to kill a whole civilization, the looting of public and private treasuries, the debasement of proud individuals, the unpunished physical attacks, the calamity of abuse and libel heaped upon the people who followed Lee with such devotion and love. Reconstruction left a bitter memory in the hearts of Southerners, more so than Sherman's pillaging of Georgia and South Carolina.

The North cared little about these conditions. *The New York Times* said, "Congress is too busy

to give much attention to such commonplace matters as starvation and distress. We want the Southern people well under martial law."

The Times got its martial law. For twelve years the South was an occupied country, almost three times longer than Japan and Germany were occupied after World War II. There was martial law—but no Marshall Plan. Rather than using the law impartially to administer justice, the North used it to subjugate and confiscate, much as the Russians did in Eastern Europe after the last war.

Nor did the United States help to rehabilitate the economy of the South with massive foreign aid as the government did with Japan and Germany. Instead, the legislature put uneducated Negroes and unwashed carpetbaggers in control of the state governments. The Southern white was powerless and helpless until he found extralegal means to regain his franchise. Nightriders, such as Ku Klux Klan and the Knights of the White Camellia, organized to cajole the Negro, and to punish crime which the occupation forces ignored.

Actually, the U. S. Congress used the high crime rate in the South as an excuse for maintaining occupation forces. Referring to this great increase in crime, Senator Lucius Lamar (D. Miss.) asked these embarrassing questions:

When you point to acts of violence, I acknowledge and deplore them; but I ask you, who has governed the states where it occurs for the past ten years? Have we? Who has taxed us? Filled our courts? Controlled our legislators?

The reader may recall that Senator Lamar was one of the men John Kennedy used in his book "Profiles in Courage."

Today, the press takes much pride in blaming Little Rock, Clinton, Selma, Oxford, riots from sit-ins and freedom rides, and other abuses on the ignorance and prejudice of the Southerner. Is there one major paper outside the South that has placed the blame where it really belongs—in the radically controlled Congress of 1865-1876?

From the above mentioned facts it can be deduced that had right prevailed in 1865, the ignominious Ku-Klux-Klan, Jim Crow Laws and lynching would be alien to

Americans' vocabulary. The philosophy of the White Citizen councils would be unborn. The white's fear of the emergence of the colored people would be tempered with understanding, cooperation and, above all, communication.

The excesses of abuse on the part of both the Negro and the White during Reconstruction left a residue of hate. Dr. Martin Luther King said the reason people hate each other is because they are suspicious of each other. The reason they are suspicious of each other is because they don't know each other. The reason they don't know each other is because they don't communicate with each other.

But as a result of Yankee interference with communicative processes, then and now, hoeing the rows of equality in the South proves a rough task.

So, the Negro was the loser at Appomattox!

The evil aftermath of Dixie's defeat isn't limited to adverse race relations. The capitol building in Washington constantly echoes the deep North-South split on political beliefs. In most cases it is more difficult to get a Northern and a Southern Democrat to see eye to eye than it would be to get Mao to shake hands with Chiang Kai Shek. This national disunity can be attributed as much to historical distrust as to avid conviction.

Contemplate how the average Northerner would react had the U. S. lost and suffered under a Rebel reconstruction of comparable vindictiveness. Grey legions might have occupied Northern cities and towns for twelve years. Only those Northerners considered politically friendly would have the vote. All industry would have been dismantled and sent South. Personal fortunes would have been confiscated. Legislatures would be controlled by Rebels, Copperheads, and illiterate immigrants. Graft would have been so terrific that Pennsylvania would just have escaped from bonded indebtedness.

Had such conditions prevailed 100 years ago, would the Northerner, today, be a little leery of a Southern majority in Congress?

Of course, such would not have been the case even if the Rebels

had ruled supreme. Southerners were not fighting a war of subjugation, only of independence; not of hate, but of love for self-rule. And then, the humanness of its leaders would have precluded any such spiteful treatment. Lee, Davis, Benjamin, and others were not of the same ilk as ol' Thad Stevens, Stanton, and Grant.

If the preceding points are only speculation, natural conditions would have prevented extensive military rule. The population of the North was more than 400 per cent greater than that of the Confederate Whites.

So, compassion was vanquished at Appomattox!

The South has been called by F.D.R. the nation's number one economic problem. This hardly would be the case had the shoe been on the other foot in April of 1865. Cotton and tobacco brought undreamed of wealth into the coffers of the agricultural states. Eaton, in his "History of the Old South" indicates that 60% of all the U. S. exports on the eve of the war were of cotton alone. All this ended in 1865. War, retribution, and graft literally wiped out the richest area per capita on the North American continent. Even today, total recovery is eons away. For the South has just started to seriously adopt the industrial revolution.

There are several reasons for this belatedness. All can be attributed to the outcome of the war. Being exposed to twelve years of gross military persecution inflicted by an alien society which was a product of that industrialization, the ex-Confederate was not likely to seek a similar realm for his own community.

It is axiomatic that some people, in face of local opposition, tried to foster industry into some Southern states. It was a futile attempt. Northern industrialists were not going to allow any competition, no matter how small, to thrive in the South. They might have lost a few customers. So, Northern capitalists raised the freight rates for Southern railroads over which they gained control following the surrender. Southern factories found it impossible to compete on the open market.

The major capital available for investment in the past century was vaulted on Wall Street. In spite of pleas by would-be Southern manufacturers, little money crossed over the Potomac until the start of World War II.

Presently, the South is the fastest growing industrial area in America. But only the naive believe that this has come about as a result of human kindness from Yankee investors. On the contrary, manufacturers are finding that the returns from their investments are far greater in Dixie than in the North. The Supreme Court has somewhat equalized railroad rates; unions have less power; wages are lower; plant overhead is much less in the temperate climate; there is an abundance of cheap hydroelectric power; raw materials are plentiful; and state tax benefits are fantastic.

In 1960, it looked as if the benefits of increased industrialization had arrived. Then in March, 1961, a circuit court of the "victorious" government, announced that any plant moving into another state was required to take the whole work force along with it, if the workers so desired. So, thanks to the forced union with the Federals, it looks as if the South is to undergo another period of frustration in economic advancement.

Thus, industrial progress was the victim of Appomattox.

Control of tariffs, one of the major causes of secession, would have been a tremendous boon for the Confederate states, had they won and personally exercised that control. Prior to the war, more than half of all money going into the treasury at Washington was coming out of the states that were to secede, though these states comprised only a fraction of the population. Most of these taxes were being budgeted for improvement in the North. With military success, all of that money would have been rerouted to Richmond and put to work for the people who paid it.

This money, too, would have been sufficiently augmented by tariffs on United States imports which would have had to compete with European goods on an equal basis. Imports would have been

bought at a cheaper rate and the tariffs would have been set advantageously for the new nation.

Economic progress, also, went down in defeat at Appomattox.

In as much as the former Confederate states have always espoused Jeffersonian democracy (states' rights) and self-determination (secession) they would probably just as eagerly joined in the crusade against the Axis powers as did the United States. Dixie would have been wealthier and more industrialized, offering much more, materially, to the joint efforts. And the South would have fought as valiantly against aggression in 1918 and 1941 as it did in 1861.

Otherwise, relations with the United States could have been on par with Canada. Perhaps, since the Confederate Constitution, also, did not forbid secession, it is conceivable that some or all of the states eventually would have rejoined with the Federal union. But reunion would have been executed only if the union were to be mutually advantageous and not one of coercion and subjugation.

Political freedom, thus, was surrendered at Appomattox!

So, now down to the old cliché that "we are better off since the North won the war." The collective "we" is perhaps better off. The British empire would have been better off if old George had given his sword to Cornwallis. Russia is probably better off with 600,000,000 Chinese in the Communist orbit. Collectively, all larger political units are supposed to be better off, if you follow the rule of the "Federalists."

The majority segment of a political union, however, is the main beneficiary of a forced grouping. Nineteenth Century Austria was extremely "better off" when it controlled Hungarians, the Slavs, the Czechs, and part of the Germans, Poles and Italians. Austria had a strong military and a huge population.

Historically, nations that derived fame from military strength, e.g. Napoleon's France and Hitler's Germany, offered little to civilization except mayhem. Greatness in a nation is not necessarily derived from increased numbers of citizens or military potential.

India and Red China today are not great nations in the true sense. Greatness comes when democratic societies are left alone to pursue their own destiny and excellence without the interference from external forces.

Old Abe, in stealing Webster's words, said that the battle of Gettysburg was fought and won by the North so "that government of the people, by the people and for the people should not perish from the earth." Since it was the South that was fighting for self-determination and the Yankees for subjugation, it appears that the Great Emancipator would not have been so morose had he migrated back to Kentucky before he entered politics. He wouldn't have been forced to play the role of a hypocrite.

Even today hypocrisy in large political segments is denying the South its legitimate role in contributing leadership to the nation. Eleven of our first fourteen presidents were from the Dixie states. Since then only two have served as president, Wilson and Johnson.

Wilson, however, lived in the North. Admittedly, Lyndon Johnson is from Texas, a former Confederate state. But even he prided himself as being a "Westerner." Besides, he won the election by default. If it hadn't been for the tragedy at Dallas, LBJ would not now, and probably never would have been, president. Is there one other man from the South even remotely in contention for presidential nomination at future party conventions?

Finally, democracy was the biggest loser at Appomattox.

There is one truth mirrored in that painting in Galena, Illinois. That is the historical image of the two leaders of the two nations. One has come down as the most admired and respected general of all times. The other is remembered as the most corrupt and ineffectual president in the nation's history. It's said that the character of a people is reflected in its leaders.

The barbed-tongue bard from Baltimore, H. L. Mencken, was right when he called the Civil War a victory of "babbitts over gentlemen."

REVIEWS

REVIEW

By ANN BARDSLEY

One of the most delightful volumes to reach the Best Seller list this past summer was Bel Kaufman's *UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE*. Miss Kaufman, granddaughter of Sholom Aleichem, and a high school English instructor for fifteen years, has written a wise and uproariously funny picture of a young English teacher and her first semester on the job.

Perhaps the most unusual feature of the book is its style. It is written not in the usual narrative form, but rather as a collection of bizarre memos and circulars from the administration, student essays, contributions in the suggestion box, notebooks, letters, and gleanings from the wastebasket. This innovation is an apt vehicle for a teacher's eye view of Calvin Coolidge High School — overcrowded and under-staffed, in a shabby section of New York City. From the principal's super-efficient administrative Assistant, Admiral Ass, to his cowed faculty, come strange reminders that, "The bell will ring today at 3 P.M. sharp. This, however, is uncertain," and puzzling requests that "Polio Consent Slips must be collected today." From her student suggestion box the teacher gets few suggestions, but does hear that, "You're the only teacher who ever learned me English real good," and "Linda Rosen's got the Clap." Essays on subjects like integration yield surprising results. "Can you tell by my writing if I'm white or not?"

Former high school teachers may recognize many parallels to Calvin Coolidge High, where the

janitor, when needed, is never to be found, the librarian hoards the library books, windows are always broken, and students punished for going up the "down" staircase. Fierce and funny battles are fought as the teacher struggles through the maze of administrative procedure and triviality-intricate to find a little time for her students.

UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE is an hilarious mirror of faculty life, but as one veteran teacher put it, "You'd have to laugh — or you'd cry."

A few years ago a Washington correspondent wrote a brilliant political novel that went "inside" the United States Senate, focusing upon its traditions, responsibilities, antagonisms and power struggles. Almost as soon as it hit the best seller list, *ADVISE AND CONSENT* was flattered by a host of imitations, often written by correspondents more imaginative but less talented than Mr. Drury. The latest of these political insiders is *SUPREME COURT*, which is about guess what.

Author Andrew Tully is a former White House correspondent and ought to know better, but his fiction is stranger than any truth could ever possibly be.

Our hero is a handsome bachelor Supreme Court justice who, at the tender age of forty-two, has already occupied himself as governor of Massachusetts and U.S. Senator before ascending to his position as an associate justice. This remarkable gentleman — his name is Francis — also has a girl friend with whom he is having an affair. The girl friend, Beatrice, is a thrice-married actress who, deep down inside, is really a nice, middle-class Jewish girl. The cast also includes Francis' crony, the President, an extremely popular, extremely conservative young man who has just been reelected by an overwhelming conservative majority (really, Mr. Tully!) and wants to pack the Court because it's too liberal. Also included is Freddie, Beatrice's ex-husband, who plans to publish a book revealing the relationship between Francis and his girl, and a covey of Supreme

Court justices who settle those 5 to 4 decisions by slugging each other in the robing room. One character who seemed suspiciously realistic was the Senate majority leader who was trying desperately to earn the vacant seat on the bench by pushing through the Court packing bill, and dies suddenly from the strain. I was not really surprised to discover that exactly the same thing happened to Senate majority leader Joseph Robinson under exactly the same circumstances during the court packing battle of the Roosevelt era.

The reader is welcome, if he dares, to examine the plot of this improbable, but rather interesting cliché called *SUPREME COURT*.

Three of the most talked about books on the stands this fall were memoirs by President Kennedy's closest associates. These long awaited books, *KENNEDY* by Theodore Sorenson, *A THOUSAND DAYS* by Arthur Schlesinger, and *MY TWELVE YEARS WITH KENNEDY* by Evelyn Lincoln, were all serialized by major magazines before they were printed and controversy has swelled about them even before publication.

Of the three, the best seems to be Sorenson's *KENNEDY*. Though this book is the least colorful of the three, it is the most accurate picture of the late president and his mission of what Sorenson, one of the oldest and closest of Kennedy's friends, characterizes as "conciliation."

Schlesinger, though a Pulitzer Prize winning historian, has gotten into much hot water over his rather sensational revelations and borderline taste. Nonetheless, his book is well written and attempts to place the Kennedy administration in historical perspective.

Mrs. Lincoln makes no attempt to record the New Frontier for history; her book is rather a gossip memoir on what it was like to be the secretary of the man who became President.

Despite their faults, all three are useful and interesting reading, and leave us with the wish that we could have known the late president better.

IN REMEMBRANCE



“THE PLYMOUTH LANDING”

by
Pam Frost

OF

Thanksgiving



THE PILGRIM FATHERS

By Felicia Hemans
(1793 - 1835)

*The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;*

*And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.*

*Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came:
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;*

*Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear, —
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.*

*Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the tree!*

Responsibilities

by Dean Bayer

Illustrated by Eleanor West

The Wind!
My love, Oh free One!
You come from nowhere;
You go everywhere.

Someday you will
Take me with you;
Together the world, the
Universe we shall see.

But not today,
I am busy;
I am learning;
I am growing.

When I am grown —
No, — I will never be grown.
If my growth would end;
Then I would have no life.

So Wind —
Continue without me,
At least for a while;
I have things to do.

Begone!
You can't be constricted,
And I —
Can't be completely free.

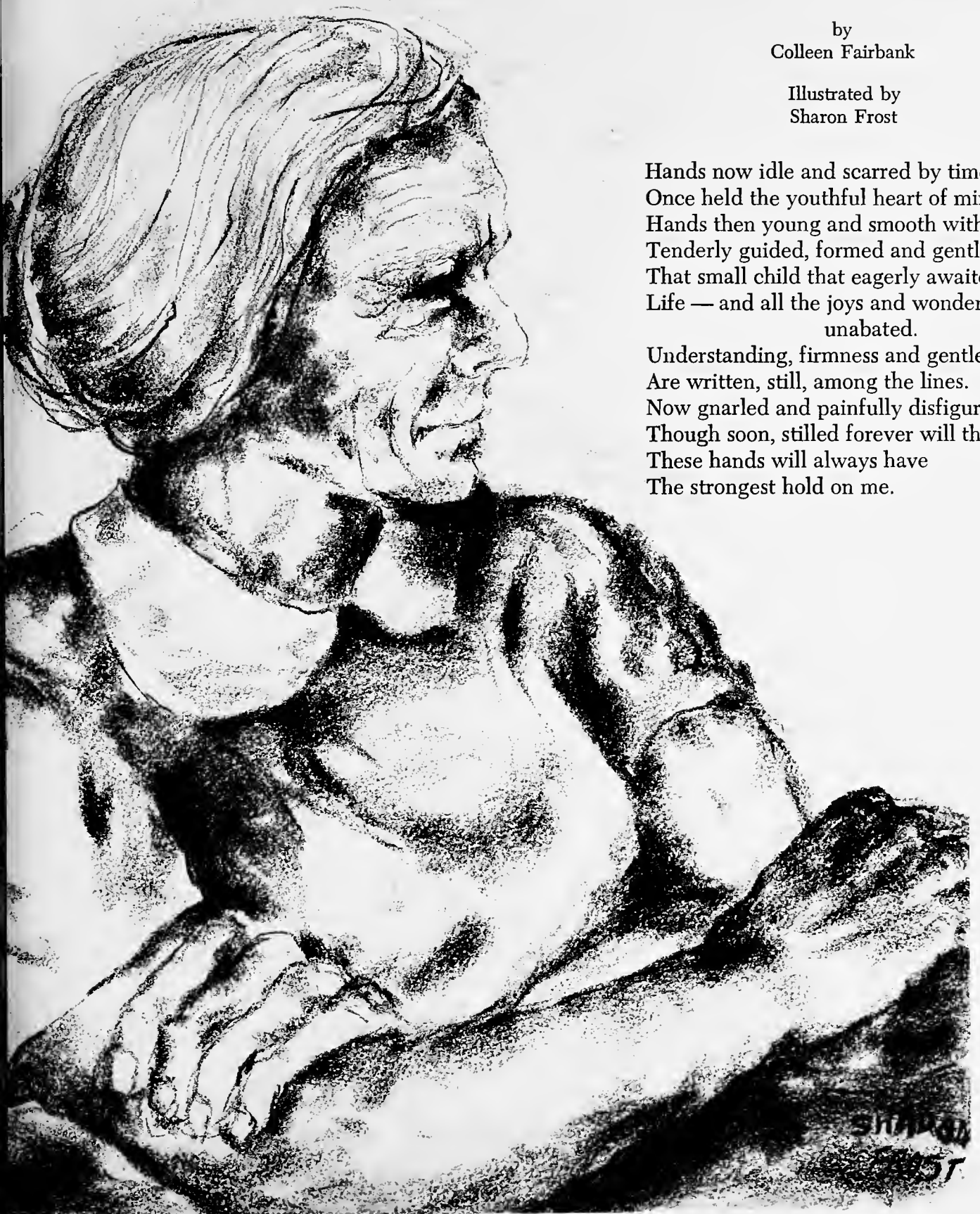
HANDS OF LOVE

by
Colleen Fairbank

Illustrated by
Sharon Frost

Hands now idle and scarred by time,
Once held the youthful heart of mine.
Hands then young and smooth with love,
Tenderly guided, formed and gently nudged
That small child that eagerly awaited
Life — and all the joys and wonders,
unabated.

Understanding, firmness and gentle times
Are written, still, among the lines.
Now gnarled and painfully disfigured,
Though soon, stilled forever will they be —
These hands will always have
The strongest hold on me.



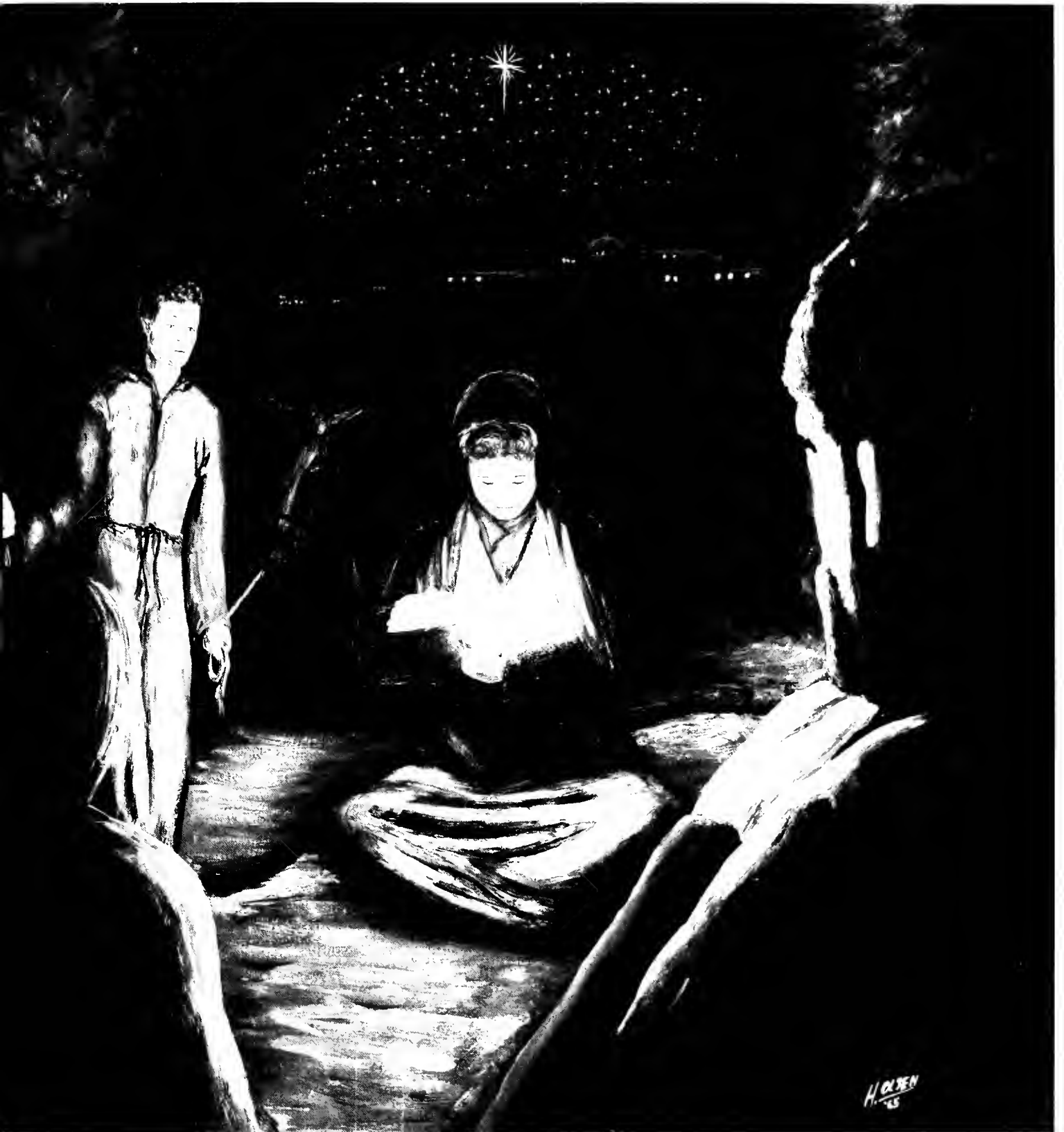
For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever.

Isaiah 9:6, 7

"The Nativity"

by
Harvey Olsen





"Be careful, Senor!"

I nodded silent acknowledgment, as I gripped my shotgun, and started down the tangled embankment.

The tropical downpour stopped and a warm drizzle covered my perspiring face. My light raincoat clung to my shirt and it caked itself to my sweaty body. The humidity in the Costa Rican jungle was suffocating and the stillness unnatural. Insects crawled into my nostrils and hair and glued themselves to the dirt and oil on me.

I paused and looked at my destination, a hundred yards below. The river crawled sluggishly at the base of the forty-five degree slant. Both banks were covered with a crazy pattern of matted undergrowth. It looked like finely-cut bamboo. To penetrate it would be impossible. To hack my way thru with a machete would be back-breaking. As I looked, I knew I'd find in that twisted underbrush the reason I'd flown over 2,000 miles. To hunt and to kill — the "Anaconda," the water boa constrictor, the largest and most powerful of the boa constrictor family. A specie that was a throw-back to prehistoric days. A snake so huge that once its coils were entwined around cattle, it could easily crush the life out of them.

I also thought of the States and home and my purpose in choosing the jungles of Central America. I told all who inquired I wanted a snakeskin for a trophy. I almost had myself convinced. Down deep, I knew it was more than a gory souvenir I wanted. I was trying to prove to myself that I was afraid of nothing. That I was tougher and better than anyone else. The more they labeled it suicidal or impossible, the more determined I became to prove to them how wrong they were. The deadliness of the hunt only increased the challenge, and the desire to kill intensified itself.

I remember the surprised expressions on the faces of all I told back in San Jose. At "Un Gran Hotel Costa Rica," to cover my nervousness, I joked with the bellhop and my steady cab driver. I promised I'd bring them back a dead boa. All they could say was:

"No, please, Senor!"

Dead or alive they wanted no

part of any boa constrictor, especially the "Anaconda." Even they doubted that I'd accomplish my mission safely.

My native guide coughed and it interrupted my day dreams. I turned toward him but he said nothing. He, too, was afraid of snakes. Nobody had any guts. It didn't make much difference. It was my hunt and I wanted it to be my kill. I told him, in my broken Spanish, to watch the surroundings. I didn't want one to drop out of a tree on me or accidentally walk into one. I didn't see any from the top of the hill, but I wanted to make sure.

I turned away from his fat form and started my descent. I half stumbled a few yards from the top when my foot caught itself in a low lying vine. My left hand pounded the ground and needle sharp thorns ripped the flesh open. I glanced back at the guide, but his copper colored face was expressionless. He stared back at me open-mouthed. I turned away again and continued slowly, watching every step I'd take. Small gnats festered around the gashes on my hand. I brushed them off but their persistence mingled with the blood and dirt. I concentrated on what waited for me by the river.

Twenty or thirty paces further, the guide called to me. He pointed up and almost directly above me. I thought he spotted a boa in the huge tree above me and cocked my gun automatically. The light rain clouded my vision and I squinted at the dense foliage above, ready to fire. My eyes searched the lower branches slowly and carefully. I tried to find the gnarled mass that deformed a branch or the trunk of the tree. I looked up the tree further and saw nothing. Exasperated and a little disgusted, I looked back at the guide. Instead, he motioned above the tree and slightly ahead of me. I followed his gestures and saw what he did. Three or four vultures circled lazily overhead. Something ahead of me was dead or dying. I didn't know, but I'd soon find out.

I lowered my head and continued my downward journey watching the moist jungle around me. As we both looked up, some-

THE URGE TO KILL

BY MARTY ROLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY LEW ALQUIST



thing might've moved between me and the river. I left my shotgun cocked. It was a single shot. I cursed my impatience and stupidity for not waiting an extra day. I could've gotten an automatic. I might need it before the hunt was over. It was too late for regrets and my gripes wouldn't help me.

As I walked, my foot touched a patch of mud and I slipped. My knee doubled and struck a rock in the ground and my left hand again hit the earth. It made my palm raw. As soon as I pushed myself up, the bugs were back at it again. They seemed to enjoy the blood and dirt on it. My knee made me limp slightly as I started again.

Half way down, I came across the decayed body of what was left of a jaguar. It was covered with flies and worms. The stench from it almost made me vomit. I looked up. The vultures were directly overhead. Their lust after death disgusted me and I peered at the surroundings. My first glimpse of death in the jungle made me feel uneasy. I told myself there was nothing to get jittery about. Another ten steps, more or less, a bush ahead shook slightly. I stopped and a chill ran down my back. I raised my gun and slowly crept closer. I took a step and waited, another and waited again, until I was only a few feet from it. My gun was thrust forward and I was ready to fire. I circled it slowly and as quietly as I could. I saw nothing. I couldn't believe it. Anything at all wouldn't have surprised me as much as seeing *nothing*.

I lowered my gun again and glanced back at the guide. I could see him watching me, but the distance was too great to tell the expression on his face. As I turned back and moved on to my original path, I couldn't help wondering about the bush. There was no breeze at all, yet it moved. Something must've moved it, and if so, where could it have gone? There was nothing; my search proved that. Not even a hole in the ground.

I thought —

"Had I imagined it? Had fear given me illusions?"

I tried to dismiss the thought.

My fingers touched the cold steel of the trigger guard. It felt good. It was reassuring. I momentarily glanced at the flap on the gun holster, that hung loosely at my right side. It was tucked back ready for use. Its shocking power wasn't much if I had to resort to it, but I probably wouldn't have to use the pistol anyway. I had forced a shell in the chamber of the .32 automatic, before I started on my downhill creep.

"Had I released the safety catch on it?"

I stopped and cradled the shotgun in my arm. I pulled the automatic out of its holster and convinced myself that I had. As I pushed it back into its resting place, I looked ahead. I could see the wild closely-knit brush that fringed the river more clearly. It was higher than I thought.

"Fifty or sixty feet more, I'll be there," I told myself.

My knee throbbed as I started my measured walk and the stiff cowhide in the Costa Rican boots cut into my instep and into my ankles on the angle I was walking. The holster hung too low, I thought. I don't know why I didn't realize it sooner, but I wasn't going to stop again until I got to the river. It was level there and I'd have a better chance of moving freely and firing successfully. The sooner I could get the kill over with, the sooner I could get back to the top of the hill. The slope was gentler as I moved closer. The trees were farther apart, the undergrowth less wiry. I could move a little faster, my eyes riveted on the river ahead and its surroundings.

Twenty feet from it, my boots touched mud and ooze. I started sinking slowly. Panicky, I jumped back. I didn't notice it, until I stepped in it. I could see a stretch of from six to seven feet in width, lay between me and the river. I didn't know what it was. I had never been warned of quicksand and I had never even given it a thought.

"What if that's what it was and I couldn't have gotten out fast enough? The guide might've helped me, if he could've gotten to me in time."

Sweat trickled down my greasy

face.

I had heard stories of quicksand. The sucking, inevitable death that entombed humans and animals alike. I could visualize myself being dragged helplessly down into the earth. I could even feel the horrible sucking as it would swallow my legs, then engulf my body and finally would swirl bubbling over my head. I shuddered involuntarily.

I was thinking too much. I was letting my imagination run wild and allowing myself to be weak. I was getting as gutless as everyone else.

I cut short my mental pictures and looked toward the river again. My eyes followed the patch of mire trying to find a way across. I had to get to the river. A short distance away I saw a fallen tree, and headed toward it. Just before I reached the tree, the brush on the other side, near the river, crackled and swayed. I stopped in my tracks and tried to make out what caused the noise and the movement. My heart quickened its pounding when I saw what it was. A gigantic boa constrictor slithered in and out of the thicket. It resembled a log twisting its shape. It was no imagination this time. I tightened my hand on the shotgun and hurried to the tree. As I half sprinted, I watched his glistening coils weave slowly away from me.

I reached the broken stump and started to climb. My right foot was on the tree and my left one still on the ground. I kicked what I thought was a branch of a tree. Suddenly it came alive. It was like a huge arm that whipped itself around my leg. The shock and power pulled me down. As I slipped from the tree, my holster swung behind me and my right foot came down on the writhing coils below. I saw for the first time, a huge boa constrictor, and could feel that same arm entwining itself around my right leg. I fired, without thinking, at the contorting coils. Blood spurted from them. They relaxed momentarily and I tried to drag myself out. As I strained to pull free, they tightened again. I saw the head, for the first time. It was shaped like two cupped hands and its tongue

darted in and out of its mouth at me. It was light brownish and covered with black designs. I grabbed the barrel and swung at it. It drew back out of range and bobbed back and forth. It gave a hissing sound and the tongue kept darting in and out. I struck at the winding, wrapping coils on my legs. I raised the gun and lashed at them, again and again. The more savagely I pounded, the tighter they twisted. It was like giant fingers squeezing my legs. I could see the blood dripping over the coils and on the ground below us. The pressure kept increasing and the coils crept above my knees. My legs felt like they were on fire. It felt as tho' the skin on them was being torn off.

I knew I had to keep beating at them. I couldn't risk stopping for a moment to try to reach behind for my pistol. My arms were like lead weights, as I repeated blow after blow. I couldn't keep it up any longer. His tongue still flashed in and out of his weaving head. My legs became numb. My feet felt like they were asleep. I knew I was losing. He'd never loosen up. I hit weakly, with the shotgun in my left hand, at the twisting coils that worked themselves below my thigh. I had to get to my pistol.

I groped behind me with my right hand. My fingers touched the side of the holster. His contorting threw me off balance and I started again. This time my fingers grasped the butt end of it. I pulled it out carefully and as I brought it in front of me, the coils had reached my waist. I was getting dizzy. I pointed the automatic at the dancing head and the darting tongue. As I squeezed the trigger and fired three or four times at it, the bobbing stopped. The bullets tore into his head and it plunged to the ground. I fired a few more rounds into the convulsing head. The pressure stopped and the coils loosened their grip.

I was weak and still dizzy as I forced the writhing coils open. I dragged myself out and away from them. My legs were so badly bruised, I couldn't stand. As I crawled up the hill, I looked back at the bloody form, still twitching. I remembered the snakeskin.

"The hell with it!" I thought.

SPORTS

Peach Basket Predictions / Intramurals

by
John Wolfe



Sports writers must, out of necessity, live a dangerous life. They are always being called upon to predict what the upcoming season will bring. This really isn't too dangerous when they know what they're doing, but when they don't, it's downright suicide. Well, since the varsity basketball season is upon us, the time has come for a few comments about the prospects for the Seahorse cagers. "I regret that I have but one life . . ."

* * *

The Seahorses are under the direction of Clinton Morris. Coach Morris played his college ball for Livingston St. (Alabama) College.

Before joining the Seahorse coaching staff, Morris coached at several high schools in Georgia and northern Florida and was assistant basketball coach at McArthur High School.

The assistant basketball coach is R. L. Landers, his first year in this capacity. Coach Landers played his college ball for Baylor University and, for the past two seasons, has served as assistant baseball coach at JCBC.

The cagers will compete in District IV of the Florida Junior College Conference. Other teams in the district are Miami-Dade, Monroe, Edison, West Palm Beach,





and Indian River junior colleges. The Seahorses will also participate in a Christmas tournament in Columbus, Ga., and have scheduled several games with university freshmen teams.

The Seahorses will play their first six regular season games on the road, awaiting the completion of the new gym to open at home. The gym will be christened on Jan. 15, when the Seahorses host the Stetson Freshmen.

Miami-Dade, last year's state champions, appear to be the class of the district. JCBC and Edison (Fort Myers) JC should fight it out for second place. Upstate, Chipola JC and Gulf Coast JC should be the best in the north, while St. Pete JC and Manatee JC should be tough to beat in the central part of the state.

Although more than half of last year's squad returns, the Seahorses face several problems. In the offensive department, they must find someone to replace Gil Ford and Stan Cowherd, who accounted for more than half the offensive output last year. Among the leading candidates to take over are Kenny Kulp, Steve Cairns, Steve Nealy, and Bobby Kennedy. Kenny, a sophomore, came on strong at the end of last season and displayed a real scoring potential. Cairns, a 1964 graduate of McArthur, transfers to JCBC from Florida Presbyterian. Steve will fit right in with the fast break offense the Seahorses will

employ. In addition to his offensive threat, Steve will help greatly on defense. Steve Nealy, the third leading scorer from last year, is back and, if he fulfills his potential, will be one of the team's outstanding individuals. Kennedy, a 6'4" All-County selection last year from Pompano Beach, should help the 'Horses both in scoring and rebounding.

The second big problem is height. The Seahorses have Steve Hall, a 6'6" sophomore, Kennedy, and John Gordon, a 6'3" Pompano graduate, who should help, but this lack of height will certainly hurt the 'Horses more than once before the season is over.

Defense is the third problem. Last year's defense was extremely generous in allowing their opponents an average of eighty points a game. If the Seahorses are to challenge anybody for anything, this will certainly have to be improved.

Other sophomores who return from last season are Bryn Jones, a rugged defensive star and an outstanding rebounder, Barry Allison and Marvin Hodges.

Last year Coach Morris launched an extensive recruiting program in the county and will reap the benefits this year. Joining Kennedy and Gordon are Pompano teammates Bill Fauerbach and Mike Mulford. Bill Mandeville and Greg Fitzpatrick, starting guards at Stranahan last year, will help the 'Horses' defense. Also, sophomore Mark Brier is out for



the team this year and should help both on defense and in the rebounding department.

* * *

The prospects for the 1965-66 season contain a lot of "ifs." IF the Seahorses can replace their lost scoring punch, IF they can plug up the defense, and IF their lack of height doesn't hurt them too much, then the 'Horses will give somebody some trouble. Though the picture might seem dark from here, the Seahorses have the talent to do it. Kenny Kulp and others should take up the offensive slack and Steve Cairns will prove to be a leader both on offense and defense. About the defense, it can't do anything but improve.

From this corner, the prospects for the Seahorses to improve upon last season appear very bright indeed.

A Note on Intramural Athletics

An important phase of any college's overall program is athletic competition. At JCBC, although the intercollegiate program is well-rounded and among the best in the state, it cannot fulfill the needs of all the students.

Thus the intramural program is of particular importance. Unfortunately it, like many other college-sponsored activities, is conspicuous for its lack of interest. It need not be that way. This year, the HPR Department is offering intramural competition in virtually all sports in which classes are taught. With this variety, everyone can find some sport in which he or she participates. Not only does the student owe it to himself to keep in good physical condition, but many of these sports can continue to be a source of enjoyment and exercise in his later life.

If you are not signed up for one of the intramural sports, then by all means drive your car over to that distant building and "get in the swing of things."

You too, girls.

* * *

Men's basketball inaugurated the JCBC intramural year. Always a popular sport, no less than ten teams competed for the championship this year. Basketball was divided into two leagues this year,

each with five teams. "A" League was made up of the "Adipose Wrecks," the "Hustlers," the "Spider and His Flies," the "Gators," and the "Bombers." "B" League consisted of the "Shot Guns," the "Road Runners," the "Hot Shots," the "Beavers," and "Deacon's Men."

In "A" League, the "Adipose Wrecks" led all the way to capture the league crown. The "Shot Guns" and "Deacon's Men" waged a fierce battle for the "B" League crown, with the "Shot Guns" wrapping it up with a 77-59 win over "Deacon's Men." In the championship game, the "Shot Guns" shot down the "Adipose Wrecks" by a score of 79-65. The winners were led by Gil Ford, who scored 27 points, and Stan Wood. Steve Cairns and Paul Pologruto had 22 points apiece for the losers.

Immediately following the championship game, an All-Star game was played matching the top players from the other four teams in each league. The "A" League All-Stars were Steve Hall, Marvin Hodges, Bill Mandeville, Bill Fauerbach, Bobby Kennedy, Mike Mulford, John Gordon, and Kenny Kulp. Representing "B" League were Bryn Jones, Mark Brier, Mike Grizzle, Bob Murrill, Barry Allison, Robert Judson, Bruce Kinder, and Craig Skok.

Led by Marv Hodges and Ken Kulp, each with 32 points, the "A" Leaguers overwhelmed the "B" All-Stars, 98-61. Mark Brier was high point man for the losers with 21 points.

FINAL STANDINGS

"A" League

	Won	Lost
Adipose Wrecks	3	1
Hustlers	2	2
Spider and His Flies	2	2
Bombers	2	2
Gators	1	3

"B" League

	Won	Lost
Shot Guns	4	0
Deacon's Men	3	1
Hot Shots	1	3
Road Runners	0	4
Beavers	0	4

Next on the men's intramural calendar was flag football. With six teams competing, the season was spotlighted by exciting play and several high scoring games.

Teams in the league were the "Transcendentalists," the "Road Runners," the "Magnificents," the "Tigers," the "Crimson Knights," and Circle K.

The "Transcendentalists" won the league championship with a perfect 5-0 record. (Editor's note: If they were as hard to beat as their name is to spell, it's a wonder the rest of the league even bothered to show up.) Ken McMahon won the individual scoring title with 42 points. Max Colombrito and Frank Gossett ran close behind with 36 and 30 points, respectively.

An All-Star game is to be played at the end of the season. The All-Stars, composed of players from the other five teams, will challenge the "Transcendentalists." Members of the All-Star team are Max Colombrito, Bill Bettis, Mike Johnson, Tom Robertson, Ken McMahon, Max Christian, Frank Fawl, Dennis Maugere, Bart Loftis, John Galli, Butch Wilson, John Bundy, Bill Conley, Tom Parko, Ernie Jones, and Bill Jenkins.

FINAL STANDINGS

	Won	Lost
Transcendentalists	5	0
Crimson Knights	4	1
Magnificents	3	2
Road Runners	3	2
Circle K	0	5
Tigers	0	5

While the men's intramural program was concentrated on football and basketball, women's intramurals was focusing on volleyball. Although very few teams entered, the season was by no means dull. Pam Bedford captained her team to the championship by downing a determined team captained by Joyce Fillichia. Others on the championship squad were Carol Warner, Patti Carpinelli, Janice Grooms, Anne Marie Cramer, and Diane De Martino.



FOOTBALL AND JUNIOR COLLEGE

Six weeks ago in Ann Arbor, Michigan, over 100,000 football fans turned out to witness the Michigan-Michigan State game. Unfortunately this situation will never occur between two junior colleges in the state of Florida.

Other junior colleges in Mississippi, California, Oklahoma and Texas support weekly football games with great enthusiasm, but starting a junior college football conference in Florida is out of the question at the present time. In order for a program of this nature to get started it would have to be submitted before the state department of education and, if approved there, it would go before the legislature. The philosophy in this state by the legislature is strictly against junior college football. The legislature doesn't feel that the junior colleges are financially ready to support football teams.

In 1948, Chipola Junior College organized a football team and was the only junior college football team in the state until it abandoned the sport four years later. George McCall, guidance director at JCBC, was a member of the Chipola football team in 1950-51. McCall is very familiar with the program that would have to be set up. He personally doesn't feel the state or JCBC is ready for another try in setting up a football league.

"It would cost too much and how could we be sure we would have enough people who would support it," McCall said.

Athletic Director Rex Brumley shared the same feeling as McCall in saying, "I think we would be smart to stay away from football because we probably couldn't afford it."

It would be impossible to finance a team on just the students' activity fees, so from what source would the money come? The money taken in from gate receipts would hardly cover the expenses of lights, renting a field, and dressing out the players.

Traveling Expenses

The east coast of Florida stretches over 400 miles, not to mention the long distance across the panhandle. Having the team travel in a chartered bus would cost at least \$300. Presuming the team would play at least ten away games, this already involves over \$3,000.

Equipment and Meals

The team would carry forty-four players. Equipment for each player would cost at least \$150. The total cost of the equipment for the whole team would come well over \$6,000. Repairing equipment would involve an additional undetermined amount.

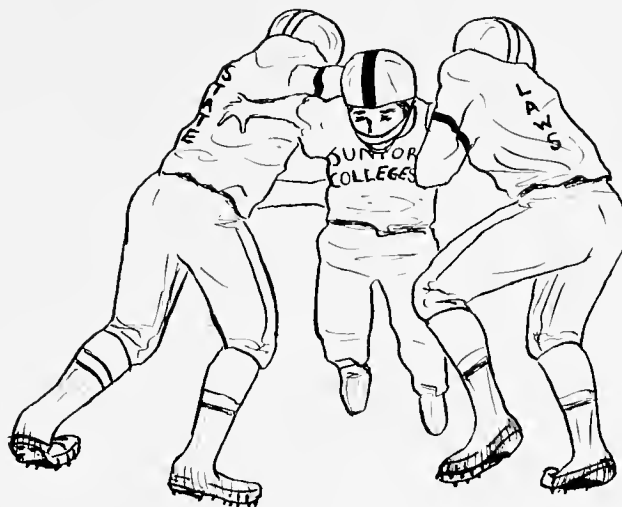
While the players are on the road for one night the school would only be responsible for one meal. The average cost of the meal per player would run about one dollar and a half. For the entire ten game season, these would cost \$660.

Housing

Housing the players overnight would involve \$300 a night. Overall this would cost three thousand dollars not to mention the coaches, managers, etc. Medical expenses would also prove costly as all the injuries would have to be treated immediately.

Football in junior colleges would certainly prove to be an advantage for universities throughout the

THE



By Bill Kelley

Illustrated By Diane Dasher

state. Knowing boys are getting experience playing college ball would be ideal conditions for Coaches Ray Graves of Florida and Bill Peterson of Florida State. The two colleges mentioned could easily divide the colleges in half and recruit the players from the schools which have been divided.

Bill Bondourant, sports editor of the *Fort Lauderdale News*, was asked if Broward County fans would support a JCBC football team. "I don't think so. I think it would be almost impossible to set up a junior college program in Florida and especially in this area due to the popularity of high school football. The games would also conflict with the U. of Miami and the new American Football League franchise coming to Miami."

Starting a football team could also prove to be the downfall of basketball, baseball and tennis teams. The money involved could easily affect the successful program which is currently underway. Basketball has been the fastest growing sport at the college and, with the completion of the new gym, basketball will have all the necessary tools that could lead Seahorse basketball teams to state championships.

The football program in California has not met with one-third of the success it hoped to reach. The legislature in that state has made up certain rules which all the junior colleges must follow in order to participate in football. The first two damage the program the most. They are:

1. A junior college can't play another college outside of its area. This could mean only playing two teams all season.

2. A junior college is not allowed to give scholarships to any boys outside its area.

The average attendance of junior college football games in California is only 3,000, while the average high school game brings nearly 4,000. Also in California there is no state play-off, nor is there a state championship game. The same situation exists in the other states.

Most students in this area were good supporters of their high school football teams and many junior college students can be found at high school games every Friday night. Also, giving the boys who didn't quite earn four year scholarships another chance to show off their talents at a two year school could earn them a scholarship upon graduation. It seems that students enjoy screaming at football games and doing it once more on the junior college level would only turn out to be more fun.

With the philosophy of the state legislature being against football, there will never be junior college football teams in the near future. These men must have looked into this program before they decided to vote against it. Perhaps, if starting a program of this sort at the present time did turn out a failure, it would only embarrass the state and the junior colleges as well.

The students of this college have a fine program set up as it sponsors golf, tennis, baseball and basketball teams. Would it be worth trying to start another sport at the risk of losing four?

Pacesetters wit



This evening ensemble presents the striking contrast of white on black. The dress is of Mattelasse and features an empire waist with a white scoop-neck bodice; the A-line skirt is in black. The evening coat, also of Mattelasse, is a vision in white. About \$70 at Saks Fifth Avenue in the Sunrise Shopping Center. Model: Dawn Miller



Serenity in yellow crepe is portrayed by Safinia. This design presents an empire waist and straight skirt with special emphasis on the cut-out bodice. About \$45 at Saks Fifth Avenue in the Sunrise Shopping Center. Model: Sandy Uetz

Holiday Flair



This versatile three-piece theatre suit features a slim skirt and laped jacket over a delicate lace shell. The beige rayon-acetate fabric presents the illusion of silk. A junior petite by Patricia Fair. About \$25 at Lory's in the Coral Ridge Shopping Center. Model: Peggy Williams

Elegance and simplicity are synonymous in this young junior design. The empire waist and the wine velveteen bodice are accented with a bow; the pale pink slim skirt is of crepe. About \$23 at Lory's in the Coral Ridge Shopping Center. Model: Sue Lopez

The LYCEUMS

By Carol Shafer

What does your college offer in entertainment?

It offers a variety of selections from the area of cultural arts. Would you like to hear a folk singer, a ballet, or a piano concert? Maybe a comedian, an opera, or a choir performance would better suit your tastes. Your college's Lyceum program features all of these. Evening performances are free to all full time students.

If past Lyceum performances are characteristic of future programs, students can expect many more very entertaining evenings. Those who heard Peter Nero's piano performance showed a definite appreciation for it. The attendance was a record for JCBC. More recently, talented Earl Wrightson and Lois Hunt gave an excellent concert entitled "The American Theatre in Concert." The versatile Miss Hunt sang "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," while Mr. Wright-

son displayed his tremendous style with "Old Man River" and "If Ever I Should Leave You." Their natural wit and humor prevailed throughout the program. These are just two examples of Lyceum's fine entertainment.

Lyceum had its beginning in 1960 when the college first opened. This year, Mr. Neil Crispo, Director of Student Activities, is responsible for the Lyceum programs. When asked about the purpose of Lyceum, Mr. Crispo commented, "The programs are to encourage the cultural development of students as well as to entertain them." Dr. E. P. Lauderdale, Dean of Instruction, complimented the students when he remarked that they are sophisticated in their cultural tastes.

The full house attendance of past programs has illustrated this comment quite well.

Summer Performers



World famous Mark Twain impersonator, Hal Holbrook gave his excellent and unique portrayal to a capacity audience on June 18 in the Stranahan auditorium. Holbrook's performance was a most enjoyable, never-to-be-forgotten addition to the Summer Lyceum programs.



Leon Bibb, renowned American folk singer, gave an impressive performance on July 24 at the Stranahan auditorium. His very fine production was a brilliant finish to the Summer Lyceums.



Talented Earl Wrightson and Lois Hunt gave an excellent concert in November at the Stranahan High Auditorium.

CIRCLE



The Circle K booth was the hub of much activity during the opening days of the first semester.

The student body of the Junior College of Broward County can surely be proud of its Circle K club. The club has brought the Junior College publicity around the nation as well as serving the school in a true sense of the word.

The club originated on the JCBC campus in 1960 and has progressed to the point where it now has over forty members. The motto of Circle K is "We Build," and the Broward club has more than lived up to it. Along with service, the club is dedicated to the building of character in men.

On the international level the club attained the highest honor that a Circle K club can receive. This was the International Achievement contest First Place Award, which is presented annually to the outstanding Circle K chapter of the six hundred organized chapters throughout the United States and Canada. The club has also received recognition from the United Fund, the Easter Seal Clinic, and its sponsor, the Beach Kiwanis Club. In addition, Circle K received the A. P. Phillips Award in 1965 for excellence in undergraduate extra-curricular activities. This award is in state competition with any organization on junior and senior college campuses.

Some of the club's projects are the sponsorship of the Halloween Dance, the Bonfire, the Bonfire Dance, Health Awareness Week, the King Ugly Contest, the United Fund Drive, manning the polls for SGA elections, aiding in student registration, assisting in the bookstore, Thanksgiving food donations for the needy, helping the Opportunity Center for the Handicapped, collecting for the Easter Seal Drive, ushering for Lyceum programs, and Operation KID.

Operation KID is probably the high point of service by the club. For this project, every other Sunday Circle K members act as "big brothers" to juveniles who have been in trouble with the law. Circle K men take these boys out on picnics, to baseball games, roller skating, and other activities which produce a good healthy atmosphere. On this project alone, Circle K members produce an average of forty service hours per two-week periods.

This year the club is under the leadership of President Ron Gustinella, Vice-president Chuck Drago, Secretary Bill Conley, and Treasurer Bob Klein. The campus advisors are Mr. Harry Schaelman and Mr. David Shaw. The Beach Kiwanis Club advisor to Circle K is Mr. Joe Furgeson.

This year the club will be host to the Florida District Convention to be held in March, at the Statler-Hilton Hotel. It will be responsible for the entire planning and execution of this meeting for over 250 delegates from throughout the state of Florida.

K

Circlettes

The Circlettes of the Junior College of Broward County play an important part in almost every phase of campus life. They are seen working in every department as student assistants and of the eighteen female members of SGA, fifteen are either active members or applicants of Circlettes.

Circlettes also play an important role in the social activities on campus. They co-sponsored the Halloween Dance and the Bonfire Dance along with Circle K.

As a yearly project the Circlettes volunteer their services in Anne Storke's home for handicapped children. They are working on the United Fund and Multiple Sclerosis drives again this year. One of the largest projects that Circlettes had this year was helping to coordinate the Christmas gifts for the soldiers in Viet Nam. By working with the various branches of the service, they were able to distribute the gifts to those soldiers who receive no mail from home. The gifts were shipped overseas by a special transport plane that delivered them directly to the men. Besides setting up the Christmas gift project, the Circlettes have also initiated a "Write to a Soldier in Viet Nam" program. Not only will this help to raise morale, but it will also keep the service men in Viet Nam better informed on happenings in the U.S.

The club is presently initiating a program in which all service clubs will participate. This program is in association with VISTA and will supply aid to the children of the migrant workers. Circlettes still have their orphan, Shin Bong Hi, and are hoping that other organizations will follow their lead.

The annual fashion show at the Beach Club Hotel, which is a joint project of Circlettes and Civinettes, was presented on December 5 and featured formal wear from Gowns Unlimited and sports attire from the Tack Room.

Circlettes are seen ushering at all Lyceum programs and will be selling cokes at all basketball games. They also aid in student registration and assist in the book store.

Under the leadership of President Clarkia Dennis, Vice-President Bonnie McFetridge, Secretary Sandy Pryor, Treasurer Joan Nugent, Chaplain Jane Hancock, and Sponsor Miss Charlotte Ford, the Circlettes have planned a busy year and hope that it will be the most successful one yet.



Betty Hunting (standing) and Circlettes President Clarkia Dennis do their part in helping to make Christmas for the soldiers in Viet Nam a bright success.



Civitan is responsible for a clean-up campaign, the purpose of which is to rid the campus grounds of unsightly trash.

CIVITAN

The Civitan club of JCBC has placed its service emphasis on getting the campus back into shape. They are responsible for a clean-up campaign, the purpose of which is to rid the campus grounds of unsightly trash. In addition, Civitan members spend their Sunday afternoons helping to landscape the area around the Administration building and are also in the process of repairing the campus road signs and curb stones.

Next semester, Civitan plans to compile a "first" for the college, a student directory. They will also co-sponsor the Valentine's Day Dance with the Civinettes.

During November and December, the club will

participate in the annual Civitan International fruit cake sale.

Civitan was represented by two members at the state-wide convention in Tampa which was held in late October. At the convention they were awarded a plaque for the most increased membership in the past year.

This year Civitan is under the leadership of President Ron Steadman, Vice-president Dave Rowett, Secretary, Hagen Kohler, Treasurer Mike Milan, Sergeant-at-arms Dave Richardson, and their sponsor, Mr. Roberts. Their off-campus sponsor is Plantation Civitan.

Civinettes

"Builders of Good Citizenship" is the motto of the Civinette club at JCBC and they fulfill this goal through their unlimited service on this campus. Displaying dependability-plus, Civinettes focus their efforts on assisting other students, faculty members, and the administration.

Their on campus services have consisted of distributing the Student Handbooks to both freshmen and sophomores; assisting in the bookstore, the library, and the Dean's office; weekly distribution of the Campus Calendar; selling tickets to Dr. Rushing's testimonial; also, ushering at the testimonial; serving refreshments at the Rat's Repose. Off campus, they are working on the Multiple Sclerosis drive.

Regardless of their active service schedule, Civinettes still manage time for the social aspect of campus life. In February, Civinettes will co-host the Valentine's Dance along with Civitan, their brother club. Twelve members represented the JCBC club at the state-wide convention at St. Petersburg, October 22-23.

In conjunction with their parent club, Plantation Civitan, Civinettes will be participating in the annual fruit cake sale during November and December.

Under the leadership of President Carolann Clifford, Vice-president Vicki May, Secretary Ginny Shulby, Treasurer Barbara Brent, and Chaplain Tommy Anne Tyler, Civinettes plan a very successful year.



The annual Civinette-Civitan picnic.



The heels of student apathy.

The Student Government meetings begin at 3:30 and sometimes run until sundown. They begin with routine business like approving minutes and committee reports, roll calls, and announcements. By the time they are over, the meeting room is filled with smoke, shirtsleeves are rolled up, and the senators are mad at each other. Bills are introduced, resolutions passed, and clubs chartered. Debate is sometimes witty, often heated, always spirited.

This year the voters of JCBC found themselves with a new kind of Student Government. Heavy class loads, the no longer glamorous reputation of SGA and the usual student apathy caused a sharp drop in the number of persons registering to run for office in the elections of last May and September. Election officials had to look hard to find students willing to run, and those who did were unopposed. The candidates

who signed up were interested in politics and government, and in getting things done, but many lacked the winning personality necessary to win an election. A "no contest" election gave birth to a new breed of senator.

There is little pettiness or selfishness in this year's SGA. Its members are, for the most part, cooperative, imaginative, and blissfully unafraid to voice their opinions. The freshman senators, and many of the sophomores, have never faced a competitive election. Their own vote alone would have been sufficient to win them their office, yet they are sharply aware of their responsibilities to "the rest of the kids."

The people who make up SGA are its real wealth. They come from all over the United States, and have a wide variety of major fields, hobbies, and political ideas. They are hard working, get above

average grades, and, though most enjoy a good table-pounding argument, they show an astonishing ability to get along with each other.

Despite its great personnel asset, Student Government is hamstrung by serious problems. The greatest of these has been lack of student support. Few students bother to run for office or even to vote. They have no idea what SGA can do for them or how it is set up. There are many complaints that SGA merely follows the "faculty line," and provides no real leadership in getting things done.

From the outsider's viewpoint the complaint is justified, although Student Government members bitterly resent it. The core of the problem lies, say the senators, in lack of communication. "They don't know what we're doing, so they conclude that we're doing nothing," one SGA member sum-

**its people
its plights
its potential**

BY ANN BARDSLEY

marizes. Almost all the senators have ideas for improving the communications, especially in telling their constituents what legislation is pending, and what happens to their student activity fee.

To add to its problems, the SGA found itself, early in the year, without a president or vice president. The president elected the previous semester had not returned to school. Judy Hancock, who was elected vice president, assumed the presidential post, but fell ill soon afterwards and had to drop out of school. The result was a leaderless Student Government.

To fill the gap, the two remaining SGA officers, Secretary Sharon Roesch and Treasurer Joyce Leagan, plus the Sophomore and Freshman class chairmen, Senators Bonnie McFetridge and Larry Ellis, shared the presidential responsibilities. Surprisingly, the arrangement worked well. Having their own members as leaders

eliminated the traditional friction between the executive and legislative branches of SGA. The easy camaraderie among the members replaced the usual rivalry, and SGA swung into high gear.

SGA was well upon the way to overcoming the first and second of its problems when the presidential election was announced. The election was intended as a solution to the lack of executive leadership since the resignation of President Hancock, and to provide strong presidential leadership.

The election, however, proved to be a sharp divisive force in the Student Government. A majority of the senate supported the presidential ticket of Craig Barker and Rick Barnard. A strong and determined minority came out for the team of Bill Greene and Walt Swanson. The campaign was one of the most heated ever to take place at Broward. Charges, counter charges, and lots of mud flew, and the election commission censured the campaigners right and left. Senators on both sides of the political fence stacked their reputations upon the outcome of the bitter contest.

When the votes were counted, both sides waited anxiously for the result. The winners—for president, Bill Greene, for vice president, Rick Barnard. Remembers one observer, "It was like electing Barry Goldwater with Hubert Humphrey."

The election had ended in an apparent stalemate.

From this point on, the future of Student Government remains to be seen. It may be that the political wounds opened by the election will not soon be healed. If this is the case, Student Government will remain at an impasse, with the president engaged in a constant struggle with a hostile senate led by the vice president. The SGA members themselves will lose little by all of this, but the student body will lose a great deal.

Another possibility is that the senate will accept the inevitable, and, while reserving the right of sincere dissent, will weigh the issues without bias and try to do the right thing for the students. A third possibility is that of mass

resignations, allowing the president to appoint his own supporters to the vacant senate seats.

Of these three courses, the second seems the most likely, as well as the fairest to all involved. It is, however, not an easy one. It is difficult for people strongly dedicated to one personality or platform to compromise on an issue to which they have committed themselves, or to get along with someone they bitterly oppose. This may well be the biggest problem SGA will have to face.

There are many things the SGA members hope to accomplish this year, and they will talk about it to you with eloquent zeal. They are interested in bread and butter issues like better food, recognition of fraternities, constitutional revisions, the dress code, ID cards, and school rules and services in general.

Yet they are interested, too, in a larger concept of student government. The SGA members would like to see Broward in closer contact with other colleges and universities. They wish for less faculty interference in student affairs, and want to see the powers and responsibilities of SGA expanded. They are sharply critical of student apathy, and are anxious to excite student interest in their government, and hope that the unique position that SGA finds itself in this year may excite some. Most of all, the senators are eager for the recognition and confidence of the student body. They want to prove that they are, indeed, the voice of the students, and that they can lift the campus from the apathetic morass into which everyone concedes that it has sunk.

The Student Government Association stands at the crossroads. It has great potential to either rise above its previous reputation and more recent political divisions, or it can stalemate itself in the heat of partisanship, and sink even lower into contempt and obscurity. The responsibility for its future lies not only with the members themselves, but with the student body, without whose support and encouragement the idea of effective student government may well be doomed to failure.

OFFICERS



BILL GREENE, President, is nineteen years old and a native of New Jersey. He graduated from South Broward High School in 1964, and is now studying Law. Bill is interested in government and politics, and considers himself a Republican.



RICK BARNARD, Vice-President, is from Alabama, and, at 22, the oldest member of SGA. He graduated from Miami Norland High School in 1961, and is studying Journalism and History. Rick is interested in history and politics, director of the college radio show, and considers himself a Democrat.



CAROLANN CLIFFORD, Secretary, is from New York City and is eighteen years old. She graduated from Ft. Lauderdale High in 1964 and is studying Fine Arts and Spanish. She classifies herself as a Democrat, but adds that she sometimes feels "One party is as bad as the other, if not worse, as far as being 'for' Americans and America."



JOYCE LEAGAN, Treasurer, is a native of Massachusetts and graduated from Pompano Beach High School in 1964. She is nineteen years old and is studying Elementary Education and World Literature. She keeps busy with student government, reading, and "seeking seclusion," and explains her political opinions as "conservatively confused."

SOPHOMORES



ANN BARDSLEY is a native of Massachusetts. She is nineteen years old, and a 1964 graduate of McArthur High School. Ann is studying Journalism and Political Science. She works on the student publications staff, and considers herself a "rather liberal" Democrat. When relaxing, she enjoys reading and oil painting.



CLARKIA DENNIS is a nineteen-year-old native of New York. She is a 1964 graduate of Stranahan High School and is majoring in English and History. She is a busy oil painter, active in school clubs and considers herself a political independent.



RON GUSTINELLA is from Ohio. He is eighteen, and graduated from Ft. Lauderdale High School in 1964, and is majoring in Pre-Medicine and Biology. He is also interested in electronics and sports. He lists himself as a Republican.



BONNIE MCFETRIDGE is chairman of the Sophomore Senate and a native Californian. She is nineteen, and graduated from Ft. Lauderdale in 1964. Bonnie spends her spare time with modeling, sewing, sports and cheerleading. She is studying Biology and Education.



GERALD MUCCI is a nineteen-year-old from Massachusetts. He, too, graduated from Lauderdale High in 1964, and is studying Business Administration and Marketing. Jerry is an articulate student of politics and also enjoys tennis and his hi-fi. He calls himself a "Conservative, by whose definition?"



SANDY PRYOR, nineteen, is also a '64 graduate of Ft. Lauderdale High. A native Pennsylvanian, she is now majoring in Elementary Education. Sandy is an active member of Circlettes and SNEA.



TRACY WILKINSON is nineteen years old and comes from Michigan. She graduated in 1964 from Stranahan High School, and is majoring in Chemistry and Math. She lists her interests as "Religion, politics and people," and is a Conservative Republican.

FRESHMEN



SCOTT ANDERSON comes from New Jersey and graduated there, from Montclair High School, in 1964. He is nineteen years old and is studying English and Speech. Scott plays the guitar and likes folk music. He considers himself a liberal political independent.



BRENT BALCH is eighteen years old and comes from Illinois. He graduated from Cardinal Gibbons High in 1964 and is majoring in Liberal Arts. He lists himself as a Conservative Republican.



RENEE BAYUK is an eighteen-year-old native of Pennsylvania. She graduated from Lauderdale High in 1965, and is studying Spanish and History. Renee enjoys dancing, swimming, tennis and singing. She is a Republican.



WILLIAM BEHERENS, eighteen, comes from Illinois. Bill graduated from Stranahan High with the class of '65, and is taking Engineering and Electro-Acoustics. He likes sports cars and his hi-fi. He is a Conservative Republican.



JAMES BIRKETT is eighteen years old and from New York. He graduated from McArthur High School in 1965 and is studying Political Science and Mathematics. He likes boxing, basketball, reading and politics. He leans toward the Democratic party, but adds that he may be open for a change.

SGA — THE PEOPLE



MIKE BURGIO, eighteen, is a native New Yorker and a 1965 graduate of Chaminade High School. He is majoring in business administration. Mike enjoys surfing in his spare time, and lists himself as a Democrat.



DAVID BYRNE is eighteen years old and a native of New York. He graduated from Northeast High in 1965 and is majoring in Pre-Engineering. Dave's many interests include electronics, flying, politics, philosophy, "roughing it." He considers his political interests "independent," with "conservative leanings."



LARRY ELLIS, eighteen years old, is a 1965 graduate of Stranahan Senior High School and Chairman of the Freshmen Senate. A native New Yorker, Larry's major studies include Law and Creative Writing. His interests are found in music and sports and he considers himself a conservative Republican.



BRUCE EVANS, is a native of Ohio and a 1965 graduate of South Broward High School. He is majoring in Dentistry, and likes music, drawing, and skindiving. Bruce lists his political preference as Democrat.



GARY FOSS is an eighteen-year-old Floridian. He graduated from Pompano Beach High School and is studying Chemical Engineering. He is a personnel officer in the Civil Air Patrol, and a Republican.



JEAN HOLDER is eighteen years old and also from Florida. She graduated from McArthur High School with the class of '65, and is majoring in Marine Geology and Gemology. Jean is interested in jewelry, politics, history and horses, and considers herself a conservative Republican.



ELLEN KING is eighteen and comes from New York. She was part of Lauderdale High's class of '65 and is studying Education. In her spare time she enjoys water skiing and dancing.



LINDA KNIFFEN is eighteen years old and comes from Michigan. She graduated from McArthur in 1965 and is majoring in Education. She lists herself a conservative Republican.



TERRY LABELLE is a Floridian. He is seventeen years old and a 1965 graduate of Chaminade High School. Terry is studying Law and Political Science. He lists himself as a Democrat and is interested in sports cars and politics.



DAWN MILLER is an eighteen-year-old native of Ohio. She graduated from Pompano Beach High in 1965 and is majoring in Education. She enjoys swimming, dancing, bowling, and tennis, and considers herself a Republican.



CHRISTINA MURPHY is eighteen and comes from Massachusetts. She is a 1965 graduate of Ft. Lauderdale High School and is studying Journalism and History. Chris is on the Crier staff and is a devoted fan of female vocalist Peggy Lee. She is a political independent.



BARBARA OLGES is an eighteen-year-old native of Kentucky. She graduated from Pompano Beach High School in 1965 and is studying Mathematics and Science. Barbara's many interests include art, music (she can play the organ), sewing, and handcrafts.



CRAIG PALMER comes from Ohio. He is eighteen years old and graduated from Cardinal Gibbons High School in 1965. Craig is studying French and Education, collects tropical fish, and lists himself as a Republican.



JULIE POOLE is a native of New York and is eighteen years old. She is a 1965 graduate of Ft. Lauderdale High and is majoring in Journalism. Julie pursues "happiness and all forms of motion." She lists no political preference, except to say that "the world should be kept free from tyranny."



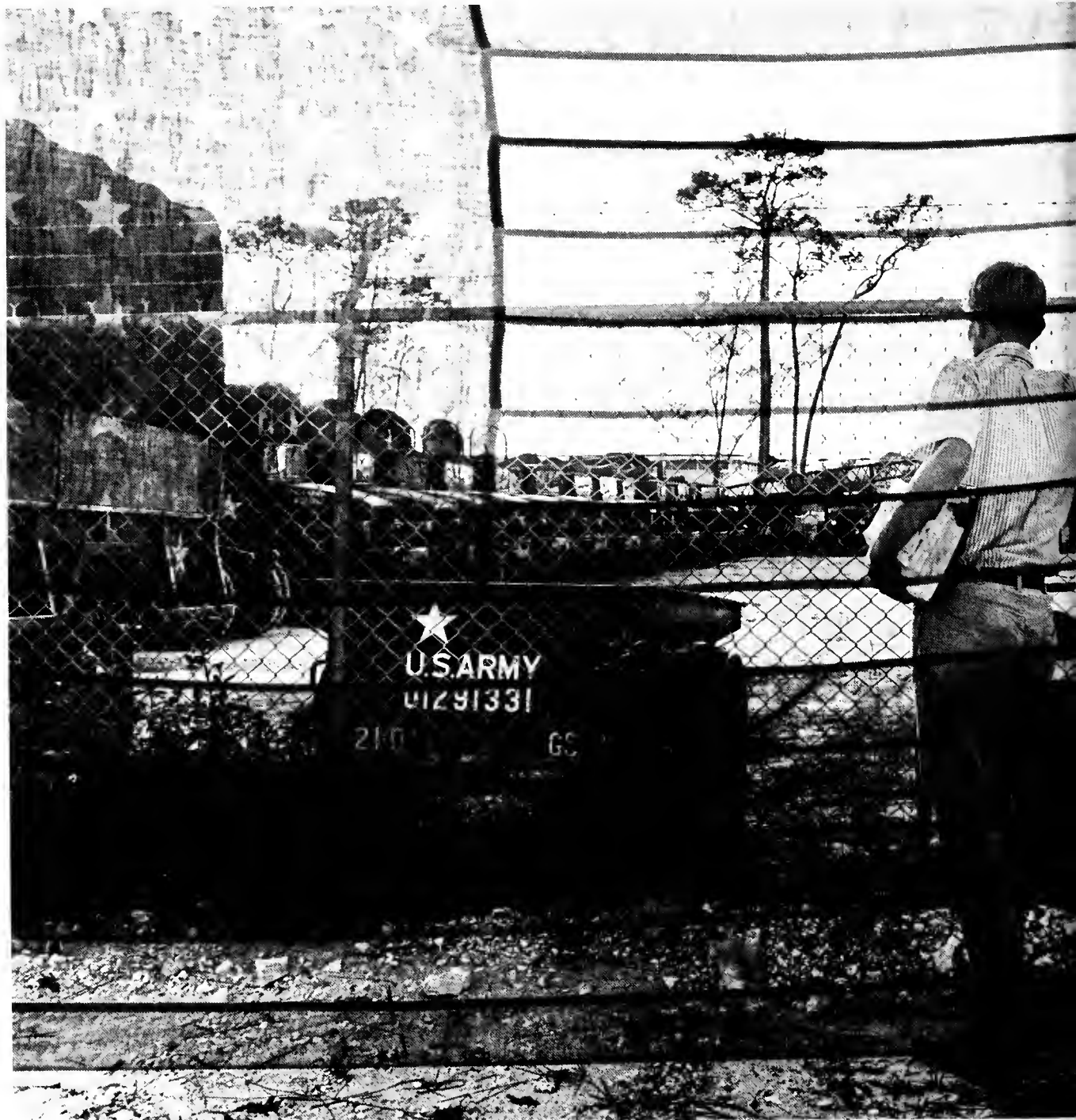
DIANA RACE, an eighteen-year-old, 1965 graduate of Ft. Lauderdale Senior High, is attending the Junior College of Broward County on an honors scholarship. A conscientious student, Diana is politically "conservative."



JAN SOUZA is an eighteen-year-old native of Massachusetts. She graduated from McArthur with the class of '65 and is studying Public Relations and Interior Design. She enjoys drawing, music and dancing, and is politically non-partisan.

the college student and the draft

BY RUSS SEPIELLI



If you are a male student, and your grades aren't too good, you had better start hitting the books or you may open your mail box and find a letter from Uncle Sam.

As the war in Viet Nam soaks up manpower, the draft calls are rising, and local Selective Service boards are cracking down on borderline students. Also in danger

are the perpetual students, men who go to college one term, drop out the next, and return again, and graduate students not engaged in the study of science or some field directly related to the "maintenance of the national interest."

There have already been reported cases of students who were taken from college and drafted. Those involved were borderline students who had exhausted several years of deferments.

This sudden increase in draft induction began in August, when President Johnson ordered reinforcements sent to Viet Nam. As a result the draft call jumped from 17,000 in August, to 35,000 in October, and to 45,000 in December. This means that every young man, between the ages of 19 and 26, who is not deferred for reasons of health, education, or matrimony, has probably been called. In many parts of the country married men without children are already being called. Under existing laws, college students can be called only after the pool of single or childless men has been depleted.

Mrs. Margaret Goodwin, Administrative Clerk of the Selective Service System in Broward County, said that, "College students are in no immediate danger of being drafted. Any student carrying 12 hours and in good academic standing," she said, "will still be deferred."

One must keep in mind the fact that the college student is deferred from the draft only under the present draft laws. The draft-evasion movement has already hastened a re-examination of the way our draft laws are administered.

Many people feel that college should not be used as a refuge from military service, or that just because a boy's family is rich enough to send him to school, he need not serve the nation in any capacity.

On the other hand, this country is traditionally anti-militaristic and has always encouraged students to continue their studies and broaden their knowledge.

Some observers, like Robert G. Spivak, of the New York Journal-

American, feel that a medical student or a science student could be more valuable to the nation outside the armed services than inside.

It would be unfortunate for such students if Congress were to change the draft laws without first carefully reviewing the situation.

Perhaps the greatest damage to the student's case for deferment is being done by the protesters. Their rowdy demonstrations are giving college students a bad reputation as being anti-government. In actuality, the anti-Viet Nam and anti-draft demonstrators represent only a small minority of college students. The tactics of the protesters, however, are beginning to backfire. Many student groups are now forming that support our government's policy in Viet Nam. Two of these, the Circlettes of the Junior College of Broward County and the Student Government of Miami-Dade Junior College, are organizing a drive to send Christmas presents to servicemen in Viet Nam. Organizations such as these are appearing on campuses all across the nation. Their actions are proving that the demonstrators are a definite minority, and that the majority of the students support our government's policies.

If college students continue to be deferred, and if the draft call remains high, colleges can prepare for a tremendous population explosion next fall. Between now and next September some 3,000,000 men will reach draft age. These youths represent the fantastic crop of "war babies," those children born in 1946 and 1947. Of these men some 40% will enter college, which will put a great burden on many schools.

For the others, those not entering college or those that are undecided, there is advice from Lt. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, head of the Selective Service System: "If you know what you want to be, then go on to college. If not, go in the service."

This entire situation that we are experiencing boils down to two alternatives for college students. **STUDY HARD AND DILIGENTLY, OR GET FITTED FOR KHAKIS.**





PATH OF IKEYA - SEKI

by Joel Martin
Director of the Astronomy Program

It is not every year that a college astronomy program can furnish a real, live comet for the students. But 1965 was one of those years.

This year the observing program for Astronomy 101 included Comet Ikeya-Seki, alias 1965f, alias Sungrazer VIII. The dependable Moon, Venus and Saturn were also on hand.

The 160 novice astronomers were given day-by-day directions for following the comet. Last minute position measurements were received regularly from the Central Bureau for Astronomical Telegrams, a service of the International Astronomical Union.

The only real difficulty was the ungodly hour at which the comet could be seen. After all, 5:30 a.m. is beyond the call of duty—even for a student in desperate need of an A or a B. The comet was best seen in Fort Lauderdale on October 25 and 28 after it had passed perihelion—and after the newspapers had consigned it to their special kind of oblivion.

Kaoru Ikeya, the Japanese who discovered the comet, is exactly the same age as the students of JCBC. One big difference between him and the students is that he works full time for \$35 a month, and spots comets in his spare time.

Ikeya is improving every year. This comet is his third and his best. What will his next one be?

Ikeya is persistent. He arises before dawn to pursue his avocation. He discovered his first comet after 350 hours of searching in the pre-daylight constellations. This was in 1963.

Locally, more than 220 interested people attended JCBC's first comet party to see Ikeya's first. It was, however, dim, small and hard to see.

His third comet—one anyone would be proud of—represented more than 2,332 hours at his homemade telescope. Though he spends a lot of time, Ikeya spends little money—a total of \$22.32 on the parts for his astronomical instrument.

The picture of Comet Ikeya-



Seki should help students remember this unusual event. The next big comet is due about 1986 when Halley's will return. It may be as impressive as 1965f, and it may not.



THE
SILENT
COLLEGE
DILEMMA

BY CHARLIE BURT

"Because the colleges are afraid to deal frankly with the normal sexual drives of young people, the consequences for students can be tragic," states Gerald Walker, recipient of the National Conference of Christians and Jews' Certificate of Excellence for Journalistic Achievement.

Every generation, of course, has had to deal with the problem of premarital relations among young people on the college level. As the Harvard "Crimson" put it in a recent article, "In sheer wildness, today's college students do not compare with their fabled predecessors." It also lists two factors, however, that make the current students different: (1) premarital sex in all its forms is much more widespread and openly discussed among students; and (2) in the midst of this apparent sophistication, at a time when highly reliable methods of birth control exist, the majority of students are nearly as ignorant of the facts as the poorest, illiterate Indian peasant.

"College pregnancies seldom appear in the published figures on illegitimacy (which has been rising throughout the nation)," states Milton I. Levine, M.D., "because the majority of them end in abortions." Through an abortion grapevine, which exists around most colleges, these desperate girls try to find their way to some doctor, rather than a quack. If they are lucky enough to find an M.D., the coeds arrange to have the abortion performed over the weekend, so they can be back in class Monday morning. Usually, their parents know nothing about it. Of course, the girls are taking enormous chances, for if the operation is badly done, they risk death.

Other girls decide to have their babies. They drop out of school and out of sight, then usually surrender the child to an adoption agency. James Poling, professor of family life at Oregon State University, stated that research has found, however, that few young women who give up their babies ever recover completely from feelings of guilt and remorse.

The third possibility is for the couple to marry—even though they may be far from ready for it

emotionally. Moreover, they may be totally unsuited to each other. Such "quickie marriages" load the dice against them and their children.

Colleges should face these facts realistically. Their primary purpose is education, yet, they cannot escape responsibility for the emotional and physical life of young people on their campuses. Since schools are aware that a certain number of students will have premarital sexual relations, administrators should try to make certain that all students know how to avoid the serious consequences.

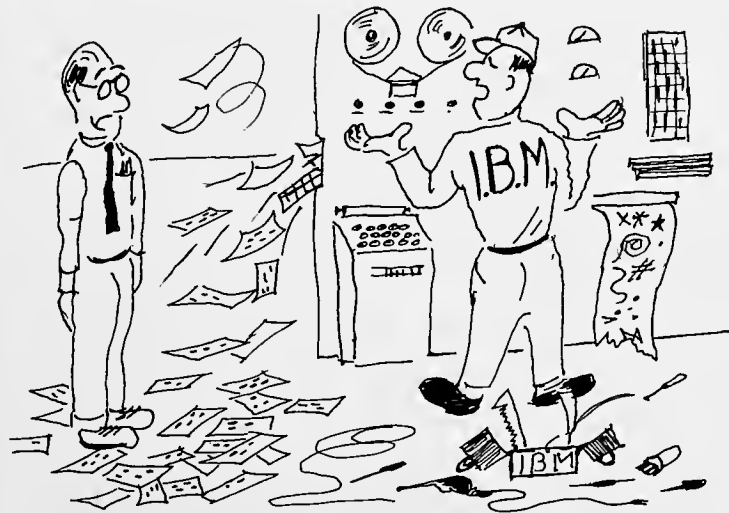
There is a world of difference between advocating free love and merely giving honest answers to questions which trouble students. Such questions as, "How do you describe the contraceptive diaphragm?" and "Is it possible to become pregnant without complete sexual intercourse?" are common inquiries among college students. One way to answer these questions in advance would be to provide each freshman with a recommended reading list of reliable, forthright books, such as Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher's "Babies by Choice or by Chance" (Avon, 1961, 50 cents) or his more detailed "Complete Book of Birth Control" (Ballantine, 50 cents). Both paperbacks are easily available at newsstands and drugstores, as well as at bookstores. The "Complete Book of Birth Control" gives full descriptions of all accepted methods and includes what is probably the clearest explanation of the "rhythm" method, the only one that the Catholic church will consider.

Certainly the colleges could help students understand better the physiological, psychological, sociological, and moral implications of their sexual maturity. To do this effectively, however, colleges should take into consideration the sexual activity that exists on campuses today and try to develop their policies to deal with it as realistically as possible. The "problem" exists, has been evaded, and will never be completely solved until the issue is faced squarely. Let us hope that our colleges at least make an attempt.

ON CAMPUS



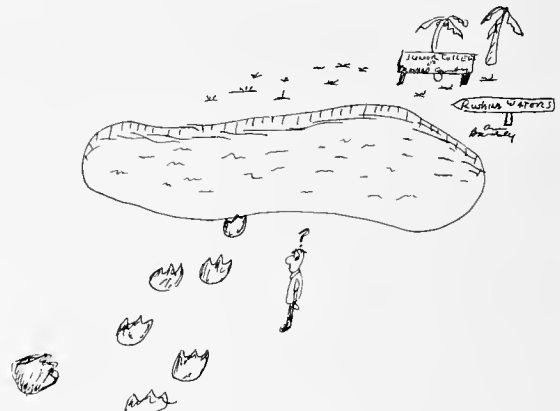
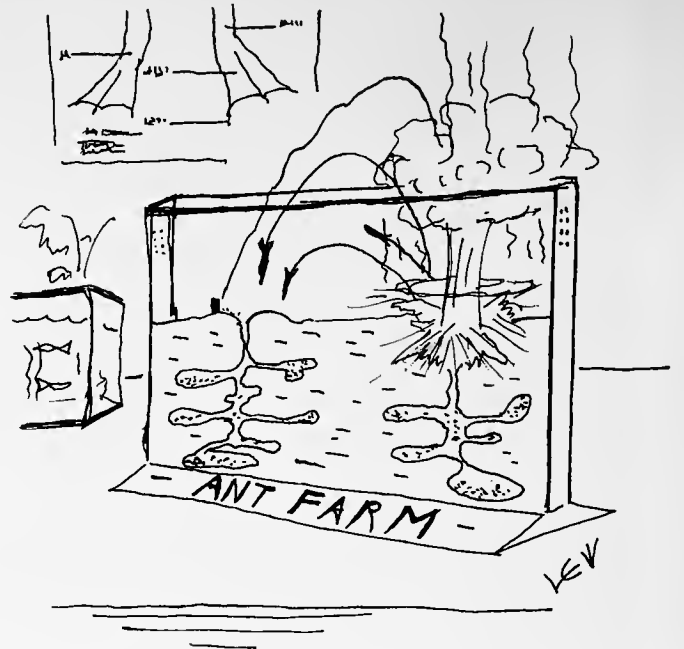
"Landscape! Landscape!"



"As close as I can figure, Mister, your machine just vomited"



Commercials We'd
Like to See —
"... Mah Man Packs
a .38 — Lifebuoy!"



"I don't like your attitude, Mr. Smith!"



"There's something here holding
a Yankee Go Home sign"

OUR FEATURE WRITERS



CHARLIE BURT, author of "The Silent College Dilemma", will graduate from JCBC in December. Immediate plans after graduation include attending the University of Florida as an advertising major. Off campus, Charlie was a ski instructor for Mirador Ski School.



BILL KELLEY, author of "Football and the Junior College", is presently a freshman English major. An avid sports enthusiast. Bill was the sports editor of the newspaper at South Broward and is currently Sports editor for the Venetian Crier.



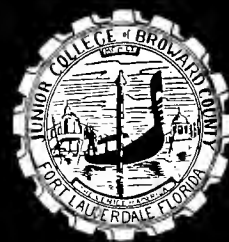
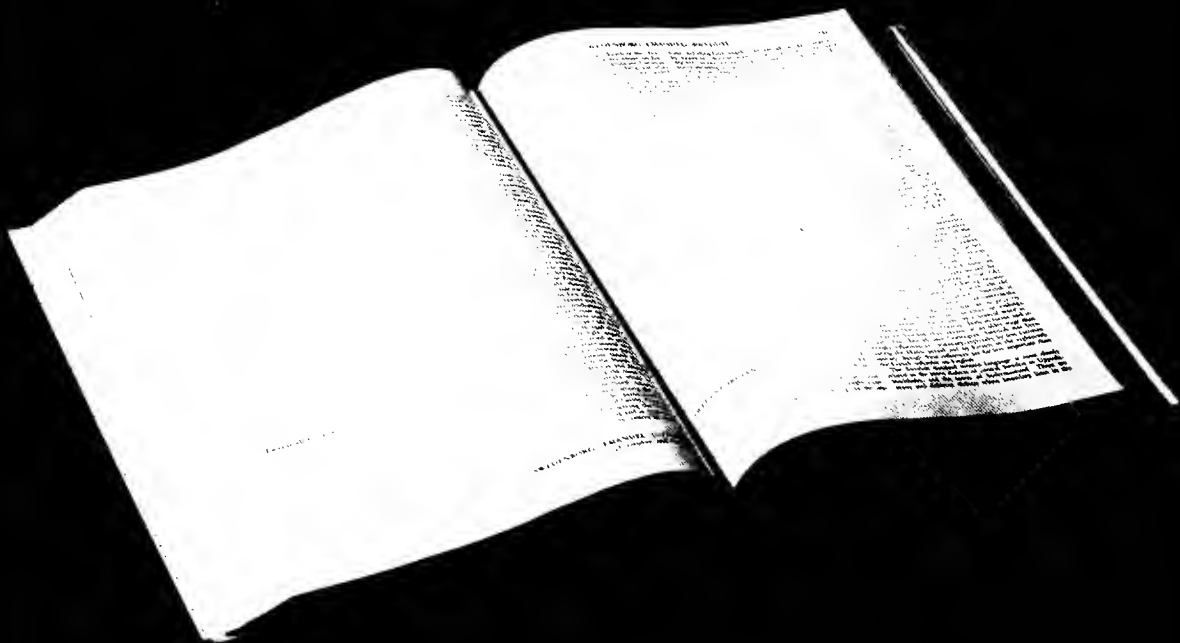
PAM SERRE, author of "The Rushing Testimonial", is a 1965 graduate of Cardinal Gibbons, where she was a staff writer for "Insight", their school newspaper. An elementary education major, Pam is a member of the French club and an initiate of Circlettes.



MATT FAISON, author of "The Question of Sub Rosas", is a sophomore and plans to graduate in April. As a freshman, he was selected Freshman Man of the Year and is a member of Delta Psi Omega, dramatic honorary society. He is currently the editor of the Venetian Crier and is a member of the Student Activities Board.



RUSS SEPIELLI, author of "The College Student and the Draft", attended the University of Florida during 1963-64. He is currently working for WQAM and plans to attend the University of Miami next Fall, majoring in speech therapy.



SILVER SANDS



SILVER SANDS

EDITOR'S NOTE

To break from tradition is a hard thing to accomplish, especially when the break results in such a noticeable change. Silver Sands is no exception, for the transformation that has taken place in the yearbook has caused an undercurrent of comment on the subject unparalleled at the College, in the county, or in the state.

Silver Sands is not for the ultra-conserva-

tives or the adorers of those overly-common, hard-bound books that just about every school in the nation has been clinging to for the past century. Such statements as "I wish we had a yearbook like the one back in high school" are a little behind times. For you, high school is a thing of the past but the Junior College is a very present fact. It is thus fitting that Silver Sands be a different publication, for it tells of life at an institution that is itself different from all other "traditional" forms of educational

structure. As a visiting student put it, "The magazine is something fresh, a new look, an escape from staleness."

We, the members of the staff of Silver Sands, are proud with our break from tradition and earnestly believe other colleges will follow. If this, Silver Sands III, does nothing else for you, we hope that it will remind you that you are now in college.

John E. Leatherwood
Editor-in-Chief

MARCH, 1966

STAFF AND ADVISORS

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	John E. Leatherwood
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	Pamela Edwards
<i>Literary Editor</i>	Ann C. Bardsley
<i>Feature Editor</i>	Sheryl Martin
<i>Art Editor</i>	Lewis Alquist
<i>Sports Editor</i>	John Wolfe
<i>General Staff Assistant</i>	Carol Shafer
<i>Photographers</i>	David Porter and Norman Summey
<i>Publications Advisor</i>	Dr. Harold B. Hayes
<i>Chairman of the Division of Language and Literature</i>	Dr. Homer M. Ledbetter

COVER: Steve Hall leaps for rebound against Miami-Dade Falcons; photo by David Porter



SILVER



SANDS



The Junior College of Broward County

Fort Lauderdale, Florida



MARCH, 1966

TABLE OF CONTENTS

BAHAMA WIPE OUT	Lee Bacall	2
PUBLICATIONS	Ann Bardsley and Jim Flavin	4
THE SCENT OF LILAC (Short Story)	Norm Stebner	10
ANN'S REVIEW	Ann Bardsley	13
ON NATURE AND MAN (Essay)	Carol Shafer	14
THE PROBLEM OF CAMPUS LANDSCAPING	Bruce Scharman	16
THE FACE OF VIET NAM	Jack Cresse	18
THE COLLEGE DROPOUT	Paul King	26
EUROPE ON A SHOESTRING	Ann Bardsley	28
WHAT AM I? (Poem)	Leonard Bauer	30
BE KIND AND TOLERANT, O YOUTH (Poem)	Cassandra Kenfield	31
ON CAMPUS (Cartoons by Lew Alquist)		32
BE SUCCESSFUL — ATTEND COLLEGE! (Essay)	Betty F. Niesen	34

SPORTS: INTRAMURALS/INTERCOLLEGIATE	John Wolfe	37
WINTER FROLIC		40
TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON	Phil Mansueto	42
THE CHRISTMAS DANCE		44
VENETIAN HOLIDAY	Pam Edwards	46
THE SOCK HOPS		48
SALUTE BRAZIL	Jeanne Cooney	50
SING OUT 66	John Leatherwood	52
CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS	Sheryl Martin	55
I THOUGHT OF BEAUTY (Poem)	Terry R. Van Der Heyden	62
I AM HE (Poem)	Cassandra Kenfield	63
MULTIPARTITE (Poem)	James Higgins Gray	64

BAHAMA WIPE OUT

WIND AND SEA both combine to give birth to an ocean wave. It is this ocean wave which the surfer reveres. It is for this wave that the surfer prays. It is from this wave that the surfer will get his thrills.

Wind is the father of the ocean wave. It is he who delivers the seed of direction to his mate. The sea is the mother of the ocean wave, for it is she who will bear a child, a child in the form of an ocean wave. And it is the ocean floor who in the form of a midwife will deliver the wave unto the surfer.

Blowing for many days in one direction, the wind gives stimulus to the sea. Heavy swells of water are formed. These swells are long, flowing, smooth waves. These swells, often 1,000 feet in length, are sometimes found by ocean liners to be running at speeds of 43 knots.

Allowed to run uninterrupted onto a beach, the swell will gradually build in height, and lessen in length. When a ground swell reaches a sand bar, it changes form due to friction from the bottom, and compression. A steep sided short wave is produced from the long shallow wave, which breaks usually where the water is shallowest.

Because south Florida is blessed with an offshore neighbor acting as a breakwater, i.e. the Bahamas island chain, there is a lack of surf. Grand Bahama, Eleuthera, and Great Abaco Islands prevent the long ground swells from reaching our shores.

It is reasons such as the Bahama chain that one finds announcements such as this:

SURFERS:

Ride wanted to Daytona or Melbourne areas over Thanksgiving vacation. More than willing to share expenses in order to ride decent surf. Ask for Bob 98-9-2365.

But why if there is such a paucity of surf in south Florida do surfers surf?

Answers to this question which was posed to surfers along the coast, ranged from "I dunno" to "It's something to do."

When Russ Sepielli was confronted with the question, he gave this reply, "When I am going to school,



BY

LEE BACALL

Illustrated by

Paul King

it is an escape from my problems. I get a feeling of personal satisfaction and accomplishment on a big day when I make the waves." It's personal he said, it makes me feel good.

Butch Herndon, from the Little Hawaii Surf Shop in Hollywood, said a mouthful about surfing when he said, "It is something you have to try before you can appreciate it."

Whatever their reason, and whatever their motivation, surfers are buying boards and equipment in numbers almost unbelievable five years ago.

For years people have looked with disdain upon the sport of surfing and its participants. Even today there is a certain dislike of surfers by the older generation.

People may laugh at the bronzed young adventurers paddling their boards in tranquil waters. But sure as the water erodes the sand, the surfer will ride the waves.

There are people who do not laugh at surfers. These people are the entrepreneurs in the "Surfing Racket." Many people do not realize the multi-million dollar importance to the American economy. Consider the fact that the average surfboard costs from \$125 to \$175 with some custom boards costing even more. Taking as an average \$150 as the price, and multiplying it times the estimated one million surfers there are, you come up with the staggering figure of 150 million dollars invested in surfboards alone. This does not take into account all the people the business employs, nor the materials used.

Surfing has been the stimulus for many products in the consumer market. Like every group, surfing has its own publication, Surfer magazine. There is a national organization getting underway, the USSA . . . the United States Surfers Association, dedicated to betterment of the sport. And too, like every group, organization, club, or field, surfing has its own specialized words.

There are regulation clothes to be worn . . . baggies for the boys, and bikinis for the girls. When it is cold, everyone must wear a diver's type wet suit. Many big name manufacturers of swimwear such as Jantzen, and Cole have gotten into the surfing trend.

Movie moguls have joined the bandwagon, along with recording artists and companies. On and on the list could go, including surfer cartoons, and skat-boards.

Not unlike the hula hoop, the surf craze is now upon us. But, unlike a fad, surfing is real, has been real for many years.

It has only come of age.





PAN KU



The *Benetton Oriet*
College of Broward County

February 1955
Gripes On 'Pit' Aired



Handwritten notes or signatures in the bottom right corner, including the name 'Hazel Brown'.

A free student press has been, for many years, of vital importance to almost all of America's colleges and universities. It reflects, through the airway and the printed page, the intellectual, social, and political ideas of its institution, and keeps the individual student in touch with all the activities on an often sprawling campus. A good student press, however, is more than just a mirror of college life. It encourages action, controversy, and self expression. It takes a leading role on the campus it serves.

The Junior College of Broward County has four publications, a weekly newspaper, yearbook-magazine, literary magazine, and radio program. All four are entirely operated by students, and are financed from the student activity fees.

PUBLICATIONS

BY ANN BARDSLEY
AND
JIM FLAVIN

Most of the editorial staff of all four publications are paid by workship or scholarship, and most intend to make journalism or a related field their profession. Many of the staff members, however, are unpaid volunteers who receive nothing but experience for their labors.

Putting out a publication is tiresome and unglamorous work, with the frustration of inflexible deadlines and numerous unforeseen problems. Typewriters sometimes rattle in the cluttered publications office until late at night.

The weary staff members often wonder aloud, ". . . Why do I bother, anyway? . . ." The truth is, they like it. For them, there is a creative thrill and pride in producing a newspaper, a magazine, or a radio show, that nothing else can match.



Editor-in-Chief Matt Faison and Associate Editor John Teitschied.

Perhaps the most difficult job among all the publications belongs to the staff of the **VENETIAN CRIER**, JCBC's weekly newspaper. Editor Matt Faison and his staff must, within a tight schedule, gather and write news stories, columns, and editorials, find photographs and an editorial cartoon, and then correct copy and proof sheets, lay out and paste up the pages, and fold and distribute the finished paper every Friday morning.

In addition to gathering news, the Crier staff has sponsored activities such as a forum on the war in Viet Nam and has taken editorial stands on school politics and policies, local and state issues affecting the college, and national problems such as civil rights, the student protestor, and the Ku Klux Klan. The Crier's sharp comments have occasionally sparked angry letters to the editor and one issue was actually burned by the partisans of a candidate the Crier criticized during a Student Government election. Despite the storms that sometimes ruffle the breeze of the Crier offices, it continues a policy of impartial news coverage and outspoken editorial comment.



Peggy Williams, Assistant Editor



Gerry McManus, Managing Editor



Marci Coyle, News Editor



Pidgeon Darbro, Feature Editor



Ed Dempsey, Sports Editor

Venetian Crier

SILVER SANDS



John Leatherwood, Editor-in-Chief, and Paul Bundy, Jr., Tropical Press representative, discuss the quality and design of the Silver Sands II color flat.



Ann Edwards, Assistant Editor



Ann Bardsley, Literary Editor



Sheryl Martin, Feature Editor



Lew Alquist
Art Editor



John Wolfe
Sports Editor



Carol Shafer
General Staff Assistant

SILVER SANDS, the quarterly feature magazine of JCBC, is, to both its staff and its readers, an exciting experiment in college journalism. This year Silver Sands replaced the traditional yearbook beloved of high school students. The editor, John Leatherwood, and his staff are trying to tell the real story of one year at JCBC without being, as they put it, "trapped within the rigid yearbook format." The magazine retains many yearbook features, such as photographs of the faculty and

the graduating students, but instead of the usual page for every club and activity the magazine publishes articles of varying length about major organizations and social events, often lumping related events together in one feature. In addition to the usual yearbook subjects, Silver Sands prints book reviews, poems, cartoons, short stories, and nonfiction articles that reflect the ideas and issues which characterize each year of college life.

P'AN KU



Helen Anne Easterly, P'an Ku faculty advisor, studies layout design and content of a rival publication.



Editor-in-Chief John Charlton

For the creative writer, a small staff produces JCBC's literary magazine, P'AN KU. The best serious literature, both prose and poetry by Broward students and faculty, is published in the magazine's two yearly issues. Any student can submit original poetry, essays, and short stories, and the P'an Ku editorial board chooses the best manuscripts for publication. The magazine is illustrated with appropriate drawings, engravings, and woodcuts chosen by editor John Charlton and Karen Winkopp, the art editor. In this, its second year of publication, P'an Ku is published in December and April, and has expanded from 32 to 64 pages of art and literature.



The staff of Community College Calling (Tri-C): Jim Flavin, Nancy White, Alan Kent, and Tri-C Director Rick Barnard.

Community College Calling

The newest and largest circulating of all the JCBC publications is **COMMUNITY COLLEGE CALLING**, a weekly radio program which reaches an estimated five thousand listeners in Dade, Broward, and Palm Beach counties. The program broadcasts from the WWIL studios at 4:30 every Sunday afternoon. Rick Barnard, Jim Flavin, Nancy White, and Al Kent

produce half an hour of campus news, music, interviews with faculty members and special guests, and a short "spotlight" interview with a student personality. The student staff does all of its own taping and editing and designs the program to publicize special campus activities and to inform a largely adult audience about the junior college.

The Scent

By

NORM STEBNER



EMMETT was washing the breakfast dishes when he heard the dog bark at a car turning into the farmyard. He paused, and then dropped the chipped, white enamel cup into the soapy water.

He lived alone, except for his younger brother, Johnny. The house was utilitarian. Emmett had thought of having an inside pump, but the old well outside was still good, its water cold and sweet; besides, he had outside chores whatever the weather. So he had given up the idea. The seats of the two wooden chairs at the oilcloth-covered table where he stood had long since worn through successive layers of paint. The wood grain glowed with a dull luster. The woodbox by the stove showed the battering of years. Next to the cane-bottom rocker was his mother's lamp table, a source of pride to him, with its clawed feet clutching the large green-glass orbs with perpetual ferocity. On the wall, a Currier and Ives print receded into mistiness behind a fly-specked glass, itself bounded by an ornate, once-gilded frame. In one corner of the room, the brass bedstead held a heavy quilted cover which still retained the residue of variegated splendor.

He wiped his hands on the floursack remnant with thoughtful deliberateness as the car-door slammed. The dog's half-hearted growls accompanied the footsteps across the porch. A man's shadow abruptly blocked most of the light coming through the unscreened opening.

"Mr. Elders?"

"Yes," said Emmett hesitantly, as he moved on age-stiffened legs toward the door. The rapidity with which the stranger had reached the door had caught Emmett somewhat by surprise.

"I'm from the State Welfare Board," said the stranger.

Emmett retreated a step. "Come in," he said, acceding to the stranger's official tone.

"Are you alone?" asked the agent, confidentially, without moving.

"Yes, I'm alone," said Emmett slowly, adding, "Johnny's out."

The agent moved into the semi-dusk of Emmett's house. He turned to glance out of the doorway where the dog, eying the intruder, had stopped at the sill marking the interior of the house.

"G'wan," said Emmett, motioning. The dog retreated.

The agent, seemingly relieved, said, "Good watchdog, I suppose?"

"Too old," said Emmett gruffly, looking past the stranger.

Outside, brushing the porch, a new-leaved lilac bush was vibrant with the imminent explosion of violet. The windmill rasped once uncertainly. The rusty red of the farmyard stopped at the edge of the new green winter wheat. Already, the heat waves blurred the line where green and blue met. Emmett peered intently for a moment, eyes narrowed in a face lined with more than age. The agent, face pale in the dusky light, stood flat-footed, straw hat in hand.

"Might as well sit down," said Emmett, indicating the rocker.

The agent moved gingerly toward the rocker, almost declining the invitation in deference to his light straw-colored suit. He seated himself carefully, and after holding his straw hat for a moment, laid it on the lamp table, resisting the impulse to blow the dust off first. He bent over as if to open his briefcase, but instead, propped it against a clawed table leg, unopened.

Emmett apologized with a glance at the dishpans on the table. "Have to do the chores first around here." He pulled a chair around to face the agent.

As the agent leaned forward, Emmett interjected, "The other fellow didn't come." It was neither a statement nor a question.

"Mr. Polp?" asked the agent.

Emmett nodded, although he didn't know the former agent's name.



of Lilac

Illustrated By

SHARON FROST

The agent continued, "He's been assigned other work in the department."

Emmett rather wondered at the other work, but didn't ask. He was more concerned about the change. The last agent had stopped in several times; questions about him, about Johnny. All written down on forms. Emmett remembered the carbon paper, how worn it was. It would hardly write and yet the agent had put the carbon in the forms very carefully. Even when it hardly wrote. He wondered if this new agent had some new carbon paper.

"When I was driving in, I couldn't help noticing your horses. Sure are big."

Emmett recognized that the agent was really commenting on the fact that he still used horses, but he said proudly, "Belgians. Go almost two thousand pound. First ones in these parts to use 'em. They can pull all day."

The agent settled back in the rocker. Emmett continued, "My dad paid a thousand dollars for one."

The agent focused on Emmett's dirt-stained knees. Emmett felt obliged to look at them too. He had set out a couple of dozen tomato plants that morning, carefully placing shingles to protect them from the sun. He saw no reason to explain, so he said, "1927. Kansas City. Big stallion, called him Barney."

The agent's "Uh-huh" was faint, mostly to himself.

"We used to have a dozen or so around. Raised 'em. Three years ago I sold a matched pair for fifteen hundred." Emmett said it as if to convince the agent that the horses were a good investment. When the agent didn't react, Emmett said, "Got four left. Need 'em."

Emmett interpreted the agent's silence as receptiveness. "How 'bout a cup of coffee?" He stood as he said it.

The agent extended his arm so his wristwatch was exposed and said in a quick tone, "Yes."

Emmett opened the stove lid, decided that chips

would do. He rummaged in the woodbox. The agent used the opportunity to open his briefcase, extracting a number of papers which he read and shuffled. Emmett shook the grate, added a dipper of water to the blue-enamelware coffee pot. Going to the shelves that served as a cupboard, where rows of jars, some empty, some full, stood in the near-darkness that obscured their contents, Emmett raised a little curtain at one end and carefully removed two flower-decorated cups. Glancing now and then at the agent engrossed in his papers, Emmett washed and polished the cups until they shone. When the coffee pot made hissing noises, he raised the lid and peered into the murky liquid. The odor reassured him, and he filled both cups with a steady hand.

The agent was so preoccupied with his reading as Emmett approached, that he had to place the cup on the lamp table. Returning to his own chair, he sipped his coffee. His lips smacked, and a satisfied "ah" was distinctly audible. The agent continued his reading. Emmett took another sip of coffee, testing the flavor in his mouth. Although the taste was reassuring, he set his coffee on the table beside him. The dog's toenails ticked softly across the porch. He lay down just outside, floppy ears half-raised, evaluating the silence.

"Besides," said Emmett abruptly, "Johnny likes to ride 'em. Got one out there 's a pretty good rider."

The agent continued reading. Emmett added, with a trace of humor, "Big enough, that's sure."

The agent glanced up. "Oh," he said, like a question.

"And I don't have to worry 'bout him on that horse. Got too much sense. Won't even go far from the place. Comes home when he's had enough."

The agent finished his reading. He let the papers rest on his lap, knees together, and reached for the coffee with both hands, a necessity since the lamp table was just a little below his eye-level. Emmett watched the maneuver carefully, half-expecting to

see coffee stains appear on the straw-colored suit. The agent managed a small sip, however, and returned the cup to the table. Emmett felt relieved and almost irritated at the same time.

"Course, he can't do much 'round the place." It wasn't an admission, but a statement of fact.

The agent very deliberately tapped the papers into neat order on the arm of the rocker. He placed them on top of his straw hat with an air of dismissal.

"Don't really matter, though, 'cause I can still do what needs to be done around here."

At this, the agent's face brightened and Emmett felt as though he had been complimented.

"Lot's to be done," agreed the agent.

Emmett reflected a moment. A tumbling profusion passed through his mind.

"Don't know why the Howards should be complaining 'bout Johnny, though," he said. His voice held a bitter edge.

"They would just rather not have Johnny around their place," said the agent, his voice indicating that this was not an unreasonable request.

"I know. But he don't bother nothing. Their li'l girl likes to play with him!" After a moment Emmett added, "He plays real nice with her too. Used to give her horsie-back rides. Just sits by the fence and looks at her books. Doesn't even go in their yard anymore!"

"Uh-huh," said the agent, as though to indicate the Howards hadn't made any complaints recently.

A big blue bottlefly buzzed aimlessly through the doorway. The agent flinched to himself and watched the fly, darting and pausing, bumping around the room. Emmett's eyes followed the fly too. The opaque light of the window by the stove, begrimed inside and out, finally attracted the fly. Both watched as the fly smashed repeatedly against the window, finally buzzing helplessly as it pressed itself against the glass.

Emmett spoke again, his urgency pleading against the irrelevancy of his argument. "He's big, but he wouldn't hurt the little girl."

The fly continued to buzz, more faintly now. Occasionally it rested. Emmett looked out of the open door, where the colors under the ascending sun were more vivid, yet blurred. He became aware of the heat and wiped his face with the dish towel. Only when he had finished did he notice, and embarrassed, he crumpled the towel and tossed it on the table as though it didn't matter. Somewhere out in the yard, a rooster started to crow, but stopped, his throat to dry to finish.

His thoughts were clearer now. Mornings, feeding Johnny oatmeal, some dribbling down out of the

corner of his mouth into his beard. Winters, wiring his coat on. Or shaving him, trying to get him to sit still—the time he grabbed the razor and cut his hand because he didn't want to be shaved. Or bathing him. If he got him into the tub, he splashed water all over the room. Johnny and the eggs. He liked them best warm from the hen, to take them and crush them in his big hands, arms upraised, so the warm yellow ran down his wrists and arms.

Emmett shook his head, one hand rubbing the back of his neck. The dog, nose on the doorsill, looked with brown eyes at Emmett, his tail thumping faintly now and then. The agent stirred in his rocker, his fingers tracing the creases in his trousers down to where they disappeared at his knees.

Softly, Emmett said, "He's my brother."

The fly was silent now, a spot of dark against the hazey gray.

The agent reached into his briefcase and pulled out a pad of printed forms. Emmett turned at the rustling and watched as the agent raised the pages one by one and methodically inserted the worn carbon paper squarely, firmly.

"It would be best to take care of it today," said the agent, approaching Emmett with the forms.

Emmett pushed aside the coffee cup.

"You'll need to sign all four copies." The agent's finger pointed. Emmett picked up the pen, and the agent said, "I'll take him with me this morning."

Emmett paused, reaching for the towel. "He's probably down at the Howard's." The towel muffled the words.

When Emmett had finished signing, the agent put the forms into his briefcase, snapping the lock, and fastening the straps.

"I'll pick him up on the way."

Emmett shook his head from side to side, slowly, his white hair strangely full. He brushed at his dirt-stained knees with quick swats of his hand. Rising, he walked with steady, measured steps, past the dog, out on the porch, stopping on the edge in the bright sunlight. Clearing his throat first, he called, "John-ny," but his voice cracked. Reaching out to the lilac bush, he broke a small branch. He smelled its fragrance, noting that it would bloom tomorrow. Taking a deep breath, he tried again. "John-ny." His voice was stronger, but not strong enough to carry. The dog padded up beside him. One hand went to scratch the dog behind the ears; the tail moved rapidly. Then straightening up, Emmett threw the lilac branch aside, and called once more, "John-n-ny!" His cry pierced the shimmering stillness. Down the road, a faint call came echoing back.

BRENDAN BEHAN, as some may recall, was an Irish author, playwright, and humorist who died a few years ago. He drank himself to death at a very early age. While he lived, Behan was a colorful figure who was known for his coarseness, profanity, and love of liquor as much as for his writings.

Brendan Behan was born in a Dublin slum and grew up in the turmoil of the Irish revolution. He joined the Irish Republican Army and was sent, at the age of 16, to England, to blow up a battleship. In that year, 1939, battleships were sorely needed by the British. The young terrorist was caught, imprisoned, and later sent to a reform school for teenage offenders. It is about this period in his life that Behan wrote in his autobiographical *BORSTAL BOY*, first published in 1958 and now reissued in paperback.

BORSTAL BOY (a borstal is a British reform school) captures all of the boredom, squalor, and degradation of prison life, yet it is a surprisingly funny and entertaining book. Behan has a fine Irish wit and a great skill with words. He laughs at himself and thumbs his nose at the British Empire. He waves the Irish flag, yet displays a real insight and tenderness towards his English prisonmates.

Behan being Behan, however, *BORSTAL BOY* is not for the prudish. He writes in the idiom of English prison and Irish slum and he did so authentically that the book was banned in his native Ireland. The four letter words, although distracting, do not detract from the book, but add to realistic tableau of life in prison.

As prison literature, *BORSTAL BOY* is excellent, but its worth goes beyond mere shock value. The reader learns a great deal about Ireland, the Irish, and Bren-

By Ann Bardsley

dan Behan, in particular. Perhaps it was his years in the borstal that caused him to reject, in his later life, any real discipline as a writer or as a person. Reading his delightful, if rather lengthy and detailed autobiography convinces the reader that Behan was one of the great might-have-beens of Irish literature.

Irving Stone, author of *LOVE IS ETERNAL* (about Abraham and Mary Lincoln) and *THE PRESIDENT'S LADY* (Andrew and Rachel Jackson), has written another fine biographical novel about a famous presidential couple. This one is the moving love story of John and Abigail Adams, set against the panorama of the American Revolution.

Abigail Smith was a pretty, saucy girl from Braintree, Mass., who, to the surprised disapproval of her family, fell in love with, and married, prickly, impoverished young Lawyer Adams. Their long life together had more than its share of grief, war, and long separation, but theirs was an exciting marriage in an exciting age. Abigail saw the Boston Massacre trials, the Battle of Bunker Hill, and the inaugurations of George Washington and her own husband as first and second Presidents of the new United States. She followed John from Braintree to New York, to the American embassies in France and London, until she finally hung out her wash in the White House. She knew Jefferson, Franklin, Washington, and all the giants of that era.

Mrs. Adams left a large collection of letters to posterity and author Stone has made liberal use of them in piecing together the lives of the Adamases, relying on his imagination to fill in the details of their marriage that history

has failed to supply.

THOSE WHO LOVE looks like another best-seller for Irving Stone.

One of the less recognized results of war is its use in encouraging literature. Countless thousands of books, some good, many bad, have come out of every war, and the conflict in Viet Nam is just now beginning to produce its share. The latest of these is *OUTPOST OF FREEDOM*, by Roger Donlon and Warren Rogers. *OUTPOST* is Capt. Donlon's story of the guerilla war in Viet Nam, and particularly of the terrible night the Viet Cong tried to wipe out the little jungle outpost he commanded. For his heroism in that battle, Capt. Donlon won the first Congressional Medal of Honor awarded since Korea.

Donlon is writing of his own experiences, but his story is essentially that of any professional soldier combating the Viet Cong. In the war he fights, there are no real battles, only raids in the dark, ambushes, and booby-traps. The Vietnamese soldiers are quite as likely to fight each other as they are the enemy. (On the night of the battle, Capt. Donlon thinks at first that all the noise is being made by rival tribes within his own forces shooting at each other again.) Even the sweet-faced children who beg for bubblegum in his camp may be spies for the enemy.

It is a strange, frightening war, from which it is hard to separate good and bad, friend and foe. Capt. Donlon and his men are professional warriors, not politicians. They had a job to do, to hold their position, and they did it. Their courage seemed, to me, mindless and futile, but it was courage and patriotism none the less. Capt. Donlon and his team are among the first authentic, old-style heroes to come out of the war-that-is-not-a-war in Viet Nam.

On Nature and Man

by Carol Shafer

. . . Nature's peace will flow
into you as sunlight
flows into trees. The winds
will blow their freshness
into you and the storms their
energy, while cares will drift
off like autumn leaves.

JOHN MURPHY

Joseph W. Krutch is the author of a small book of essays, *The Twelve Seasons*, in which he discusses man's relation to the natural world. It is an excellent book and is very beneficial in considering Nature's meaning. Mr. Krutch has lived close to Nature's world, learning to appreciate fully its significance. He realizes that the natural world offers many rewarding experiences to those who will look closely at what is happening there. The natural world is not still, but is full of life and of change.

In the natural world, "there is so much that is not man." God's creation includes a great deal more than man himself. The Creator has provided a vast world of plants and animals for our discovery. If we would open wide our eyes, ears, and all our other senses in discovery of Nature, we would be amazed at our findings. We would learn, but in addition, fellowship with Nature would lift our spirits to new heights. Even a few moments spent each day with the living, nonhuman world would be a worthwhile experience.

Try to develop this sensitivity. Find a flower, any flower, and examine it closely. Feel the softness of its petals. See how perfectly it is designed. Notice its beauty in color. Where do you see such loveliness in man's great enterprises? Do you see it in the towering, steel skyscrapers of the architect? Is such beauty found in our hard, concrete buildings? Definitely not! These cannot compare in beauty and design with the simple flower.

On the other hand, consider the oak tree. Its strength is in extreme contrast with the delicateness of the flower. The oak stands strongly against all

weather because its fiber is tough. Year after year, destructive forces try its strength but the oak's life force endures. Our own bodies become ill so easily that we must depend on pills to bolster our health. The tough oak is able to live successfully in most of the world's climates.

Even when we see in the trees the "stark symmetry" of winter, we know that soon the life force will emerge in new green leaves.

Through studying the author's work, one becomes aware of man's efforts to "confine" Nature. Notice how neatly trimmed we keep our yards; we are careful to landscape with just the right amount of foliage. The grass surrounding our trees is cut neatly away; our hedges are trimmed periodically in order to keep them at a certain, specific height. Why can't the natural world be allowed to show its beauty in its own way?

It is always disturbing to see heavy bulldozers clearing the land free of every living thing. Why should machines be allowed to strip the land of all vegetation? Why does civilized man think that he can improve upon Nature? He seems determined to redo the world's landscape. Those persons who have really considered Nature's significance realize that the natural force is a powerful one, as great as human life. It cannot be tamed by man, despite all of his efforts. The life force has a will of its own. We cannot understand this force fully, but we must accept it. When we do, we will experience a joy in knowing that we also belong to God's great plan for life.





THE PROBLEM OF CAMPUS LANDSCAPING

by Bruce Scharman



THE WIND blows across the fields of the campus picking up sand as it speeds on its course. The flying sand attacks the finish of autos in the parking lot. It stings and burns the eyes of students as they hurry from class to class.

The rain comes, and stays for days. It fills the low spots of our campus grounds and parking lot with the excess of water. The Classroom building, or more correctly the adjoining parking lots, are probably the most in need of adequate drainage. To cross the water, students are forced to wade through or build simple bridges out of boards and unused construction materials.

Sometimes, in the warm months, the sun heats the grounds near the classrooms, and makes the white sand radiate heat like a stove. Reflections of heat waves shimmer just off the ground and bathe the campus in a smothering blanket.

This characteristic of the JCBC we students all know well. But it won't always be this way. The Dean of Administration, Dr. Harvey B. Oates, is the man seeing to it that the campus will eventually be properly landscaped. He is handling the financial end of the project and coordinating the construction of the new buildings and the landscaping of these buildings.

However, Dr. Oates points out, it probably will take several years before this extensive job is complete. The change from barren fields to buildings and trees will not be a radical one. Rather, it will be a very gradual change. Every year there will be a new building or two and a little more greenery around the campus.

Mr. Albert Will will be personally in charge of the selection and placement of shrubs, trees, and sod on campus. As the head of the Horticulture Depart-



ment, he is well acquainted with the problems and expense involved in a venture of this size.

The Horticulture Department is growing the plants which are going to be used to landscape the campus grounds. Already, Horticulture students are doing the work and growing plants for this project.

Mr. Will says that although construction will be completed by 1970, the landscaping will be continuously expanding and changing.

The amount of land which can be landscaped on campus right now is severely limited because of the low spots on the grounds. These low spots must be filled and brought up to the level of the present buildings before they can be landscaped. Also, buildings are going to be constructed on many of the low spots.

City water is being used to irrigate the present landscaped area, with the exception of the area

around the Administration building. This is very expensive and will be eliminated when pipes are installed and well water is pumped on campus for irrigation purposes. However, water pipes cannot be installed until these low spots are filled. There is no way to water the new landscaping with the campus well water, at this time.

Mr. Will said that for those students who wonder what is planned to eliminate the periodic flooding, a system of drainage pipes will be laid underground and will carry water from the center of the campus to the perimeters, where ditches will be dug to hold the excess water from the heaviest rainfalls. These drainage ditches will be dug alongside of the roads which surround the campus.

How can students help in landscaping the campus? Will had these suggestions: Civic groups are being encouraged to install landscaping, therefore any student or group of students could help by just donating a few hours of their time. Labor is what is needed right now. The plants are all ready and waiting to be planted. Any interested group could work in four shifts on a Saturday and install sod and plants in locations which are ready for landscaping.

The east side of the Science building is suitable for landscaping right now. The new Classroom building will be ready for beautification in late winter or early spring. Will said, "Students can play a big part . . . in landscaping their campus."

The model of the completed campus in the A building is fairly accurate, but some changes have been made in that original plan. Notable in these changes is the fact that many of the lakes and much of the area that was intended for beautification will be transformed into badly needed parking lots.

Benches and shaded spots will be scattered around the campus as in the manner of the benches outside the A building. The A building is a fairly good example of what the buildings around the campus will look like when the construction and landscaping are complete.

On the financial end of the landscaping project, Dr. Oates says that taxpayers are willing to pay for educational expenses, but they are reluctant to pay for landscaping costs. At this time the funds for landscaping are coming from the vending machines located in the student center and from profits of the book store. Over the next ten years, Dr. Oates estimates the total bill for campus landscaping will run to \$500,000.

That's a lot for greenstuff in anyone's book.

The Army compound at Thu Bai brandishes a maze of barbed wire; thorned protection against the Viet Cong.



What is Viet Nam?

. . . it is a struggle between right and wrong with little discernible between the two.

. . . it is a nation that can open the door to world peace or pull the trigger blasting the world into oblivion.

. . . it is man killing man so that man may live.

. . . it is understood and misunderstood.

. . . it is the beginning of life for some and the end for others.

. . . it is the Red vs. the Red, White and Blue.

. . . it is the new vs. the old and the ancient vs. the young.

. . . it is more than a revolution and less than a war.

. . . it is a mother praying and a grown man crying.

. . . it is home for some and far away from home for others.

For eleven months and 15 days it was home for two Junior College of Broward County students. They saw what Viet Nam is. The struggle, the killing, the WAR!! They saw

THE FA



LE OF VIET NAM

BY JACK CRESSE

VIET NAM HAS BECOME A PART OF OUR LIVES THAT CANNOT BE IGNORED. IT HAS RETURNED AMERICANS TO THE REALIZING ANGUISH OF MILITARY COMBAT. A MONSTROUS HELL THAT HAS PLAGUED OUR NATION TIME AND TIME AGAIN. BECAUSE THIS CONFLICT IS SO ENCOMPASSING IN SCOPE TO THOSE IN THE FIELD AND THOSE AT HOME, WE, THE STAFF OF SILVER SANDS, PRESENT THIS ARTICLE IN THE INTEREST OF THE COLLEGE, THE STUDENTS, AND ALL WHO READ IT.

WHAT APPEARS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES IS THE VERY REAL, VERY FRIGHTENING, AND VERY UNFORGETTABLE STORY OF TWO MEN WHO LIVED THIS WAR. THE PHOTOGRAPHS YOU WILL SEE WERE ALL TAKEN IN VIET NAM AND ARE REPRODUCED HERE THROUGH THE COURTESY OF WILLIAM BECKETT AND GREGG TURNBULL.

WHATEVER YOU MAY CALL IT, THIS IS WAR. LET US HOPE THAT IT WILL SOON SUBSIDE INTO LASTING PEACE.

JEL

A PROTEST marcher burns his draft card, a draft-dodger fights his way through Botany, a president rests in Texas with the burden of world peace on his shoulders, a parent prays, and a Special Forces officer peers through the dark, waiting.

All have been affected by Communism. In some ways their actions result from the war in Viet Nam. It is easy to see why.

The protest marcher would have us ignore the Communist threat and forget the war. A draft-dodger is afraid of the war. President Johnson fully realizes the Communist threat and leads the major persistent opposition to it. A parent prays that the war will not take his son's life. The prayers are for a man stationed in a small hamlet located somewhere in a country that has suffered under Communism for the last 20 years.

In their own way each of these individuals is scared. Each represents a small segment of the free world's protector—the United States.

There is a story of a small boy who refused to wear shoes because the "clodhoppers" cramped his feet. A look at a severe case of trench foot cured the boy's phobia and he was never seen again without heavy boots. In a way it tells the whole story of the American outlook toward the conflict in southeast Asia.

The exact nature of the war is misunderstood by the vast majority of the "Great Society." Because of

this widespread ignorance there is a slight but loud opposition to U.S. policy. The basis for these protests also has a less subtle but more encompassing effect—apathy. More than a protest nation, the United States has become an apathetic one. If the nature of the United States' policy was known to all, many say protest marches would be confined to civil rights and apathy would be replaced by understanding. Like the story of the small boy, the knowledge of the war in Viet Nam can place the shoes of understanding on the barefeet of misconception.

The best insight into the war can be found in someone who has been there.

William Beckett and Gregg Turnbull are now students at the college. Both were soldiers in Viet Nam. They volunteered and served the standard term of 11 months and 15 days. Bill was stationed in Hue, a small village 60 miles from the 17th parallel, the dividing line between north and south. Gregg worked in personnel at Saigon, the capital of South Viet Nam.

Both had comments on a number of subjects relating directly to the war effort and the reaction of the people there. They talked about the war, its effects directly and indirectly on the U.S., and any other questions that popped up in the discussion. But, more important than the mere answers is the fact that what they have to say is based on fact. They were there.

The conflict's beginning was typical as was the ensuing Communist infiltration of the country. The Indochinese war (1945-54) between France and Viet Nam (then Indochina) over colonial claims, left the nation divided along the 17th parallel; Communists in the north and non-Communists in the south. Viet Nam became the ripe apple for the worm of Communism. It burrowed deep into every village and hamlet, spreading propaganda and supporting rebellious segments of the population.

Ngo Dinh Diem became ruler of South Viet Nam and declared it an independent republic, centered around a strong central government. The north which had been Communist since the early days of the Indochinese War, became the focal point for a Communist-inspired movement to control the entire country. The effects of this movement were noticeable but as yet had not met any dynamic proportions. However, the withdrawal of the final French troops in 1956 opened the door still further to the Communists.

An unsuccessful attempt at Diem's life was followed two years later by a just as ill-fated try at a military coup. Diem soon realized that the Cold War was getting hotter and called to the U.S. for help.

Uncle Sam obliged, taking the heat off with a cool 15 million dollar loan, which Diem used to supplant his meager troops with well-trained and better-equipped personnel.

Ironically, President Eisenhower, now a politician, forgot his military background and was reluctant to pour personnel into Viet Nam. Although Ike did send some "advisors," the real move to supply manpower came with a non-military president, John F. Kennedy, in 1961, after several more attempts had been made on Diem's life.

Attempts on the lives of the average Viet Nam citizen were becoming more successful by the day. As the deaths began to increase, so did U.S. aid, now in the form of both men and money. Diem still wasn't resting easier, and time would tell a very good reason for his sleepless nights.

On November 1, 1963 Diem's regime was overthrown by a military coup led by General Duong Van Minh. Diem was killed, during Madam Nhu's hair-raising tour through the U.S. A touchy situation developed since it was not known if the new government would be pro or anti U.S.

Bill relates the story in Hue which is representative of the general feeling everywhere. He said, "Neither the South Vietnamese nor the U.S. knew what was going to happen. At any moment the U.S. and the Minh troops' ties could have been broken, and we would have been at each other's throats.

"We were on 'Red' alert (Prepare for immediate action) in Hue. They (Nimh's army) had their heavy cannons lowered right at us from their position across a barbed wire fence. We played the waiting game and wondered what would happen next."

Eventually, a pro U.S. military junta was established, probably because Nimh saw the value of U.S. aid. Chances are he would have received it any way.

The Viet Cong had taken a staggering toll of lives and property in the Mekong Delta. However the real U.S. resistance was ignited by the Tonkin Incident in 1964. The U.S. soldiers stopped being advisors because of the harassment of Navy shipping in the Gulf of Tonkin. Americans retaliated by bombing North Viet Nam strongholds. It must be mentioned that the fuse was touched off by many other incidents as well.

The heat was on even in Saigon where Viet Cong terrorists are still a menace to the poulace and soldiers alike.

Today, terrorists are everywhere and they are continually bombing stores, bars and homes. The main targets are the always busy bus stops. They leave bombs in the form of a harmless package that will explode on contact. A bicycle may be a time

bomb; even cars are used effectively. A lone shoe-shine box may be armed to the teeth with TNT. Soldiers and towns people are warned to touch nothing—especially if it looks harmless. They are told to trust no one, because bombing isn't the only thing employed by the all too tricky Viet Cong infiltrators.

The city is full of street vendors who would like nothing more than to take American money in trade for poisoned fruit or a bomb cleverly disguised as a balloon or a trinket.

Most of the traveling in Viet Nam is done in "Circlos," three-wheeled bicycle-line carts but some interesting times are had with many taxi drivers in Saigon.

"First you must tell the driver where you want to go and then barter for the fare. They have no meters. If that isn't enough, you must then give the driver constant directions," Gregg explains. "It's easy to get lost and when you do, watch out!"

Why? Gregg tells of an incident.

"A buddy and I were out late one night and got into one of these taxis. We just wanted to get back to base but pretty soon we realized that the driver had taken a wrong turn and we didn't know where we were. Paul, who was in the front seat, told the driver to stop, but the car kept right on going. Paul had to stop the driver by showing him the working end of a switch blade—neck high."

"I was scared of those monkeys ever since," Gregg remembers, "I didn't know if the guy was setting us up for an ambush or just didn't understand us."

But you don't take chances in a war like this.

Young girls are favorite spies used by the Viet Cong. Several of these women have been arrested for extracting information from GI's. Bill tells of one such lady who was thought to be the nicest thing that ever came along. The Vietnamese arrested her and her brother and both were shot for treason.

Now all Vietnamese must carry an ID card, and if an American soldier is caught with someone without a card, he has "hell to pay."

The Vietnamese police, affectionately called "white mice" by the Americans, because of their uniforms, do some to control the terrorists but citizens feel they could do more.

Most of the time you get a "Yinloi" which translated means "Sorry about that." "You hear it from the day you get there to the day you leave," Gregg said.

It's that kind of war.

By the end of 1965 the U.S. had extended its total output in Viet Nam to 200,000 men and is still



Sunset over Phu Bai bathes sky and mountains with a reddened glow.

pouring them in. By the end of this month, the total may reach 250,000.

With the rising tide of U.S. intervention, the Vietnamese war has become the center of controversy, so intense that it completely dominates the everyday conversation of Americans. The conflict is subject to the hottest anti-U.S. policy demonstrations in the country's 190-year history. Even though these demonstrations are the work of minority groups, their actions ring loudly in other countries and especially in the ears of the American soldier in Viet Nam.

"More than anything else, these demonstrations affect the morale of our fighting men," Bill explains. "It isn't easy to come back after weeks of the most miserable fighting you can imagine, and pick up a newspaper full of headlines about some draft card burning. If they understood what was going on, these kids would think twice before doing anything like that," he continued. "It's like a small child first learning to express himself; it's the only way he knows how."

Bill believes in the right to demonstrate as a fundamental gift of our constitution, and further quotes Hubert Humphrey as saying, "The right to demonstrate does not necessarily mean the right to be taken seriously."

Many feel that the fighting in Viet Nam actually

defends the right to demonstrate. But, "You don't think about things like that when your getting shot at," Bill says.

Gregg is less subtle in his remarks concerning the demonstrators. He says they should be given two choices. One would be revoking their citizenship, giving them free passage to any Communist nation of their choice, or they should be inducted into military service.

Even though the first idea is infeasible, it is the general consensus among military personnel that the second might not be a bad idea.

Both point out other harmful effects of these demonstrations.

It makes great propaganda. Something to the effect that, "See how much the American's care about the war . . .," or "If the American people are so much against war, why do the imperialists leaders insist on killing innocent people."

The propaganda is very effective on the uneducated villagers, who are under continuous pressure from the VC. A favorite trick is to parade a war prisoner through a village. The conversation might go like this. Remember the villagers have already been indoctrinated with anti U.S. propaganda. The trained VC says, "See this man, the one who just last week pillaged your village, poisoned your rice paddies, killed your children, raped your women, and



Buddhist self cremations have become a sickening part of the Viet Nam war. The monk pictured above meditated for 48 hours, wrote his will, and then . . .

destroyed your homes. He is a Pig." Another VC moves swiftly and with one stab of his machete, kills the "dirty dog." Effective? You bet.

If it is not difficult to understand why the VC propoganda is so effective, consider the examples that Bill gave.

Ever since the French left in 1954, the Vietnamese have hated any Caucasians. The French left Viet Nam a ravaged collection of broken down villages and so embittered the natives that they carry their hatred over to the Americans.

If you were approached by an Asian who offered you a better life under Communism you would think he was a nut. So is it too with the Asians, when an American approaches him and offers a better life under democracy. It works in the opposite way also. An Asian will believe an Asian, and an American will believe an American.

It's that kind of war.

It is easy to see what a difficult task the Americans face in winning friends. Practically everything is going against him, the terrain, the weather, time, the enemy and the nature of his supposed allies.

Time is on the enemy's side. The VC have everything to gain and his nature tells him they have all the time in the world. The Asians believe basically, "Just let things ride and everything will take care of themselves." They can afford to wait until the

U.S.-Vietnamese make a move, then make their move. Their chief weapon is surprise, first hitting the enemy here and then there. It is difficult to fight an enemy as unpredictable as the Viet Cong.

The weather in South Viet Nam is among the most sporadic in the world. The North has two seasons, the hot-dry and the cold-wet. In the south; three seasons, the hot, the dry-hot, and the cold, are found.

When the monsoons start, it is unbearable and the combination of low temperature and constant rain makes life unbearable for anyone.

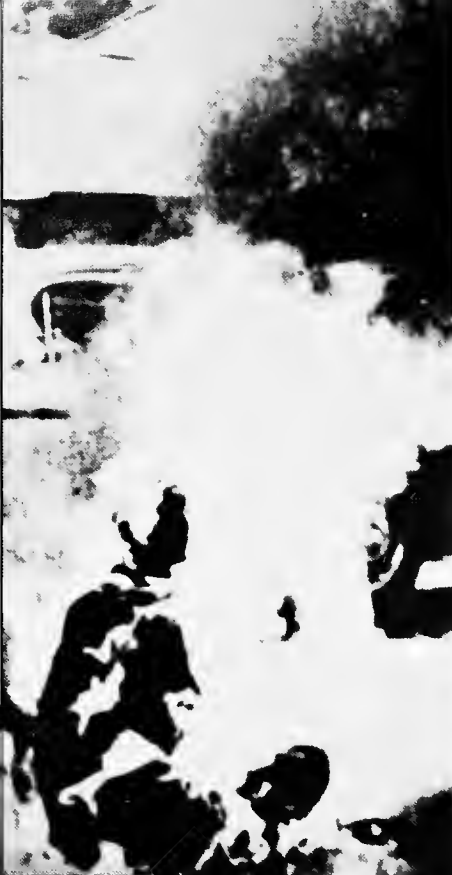
"Once I didn't see the sun for seven weeks," Bill relates.

It's almost as bad in the hot-dry season; all you see is the sun and the days are hot as hell—literally.

What is the enemy like?

Malcom W. Browne, who won a Pulitzer Prize for his reporting in Viet Nam, offers the best insight into the enemy. The most outstanding mark of the North Viet Cong is his use of propoganda, which has already been mentioned, but the fighting soldier sees an entirely different enemy.

Although the picture has changed in recent months, the Viet Cong still display the outstanding qualities that, up until late last year, accounted for their being "ahead in the war." They are tough, and as Bill says, "They're no amateurs."



... after being soaked with gasoline, he cremated himself. His charred heart, now enshrined, is worshipped by Buddhist followers.

They are tremendous jungle fighters, being accustomed to the terrain, and they can subsist for weeks on a diet of rice and "nuec mam," a sauce made from decayed fish. "They let the fish dry in the sun for days until it turns a sickly black color. It is eaten with rice and really isn't too bad if you can stand the smell," Gregg explains.

A favorite tactic of the Viet Cong is to recruit young, indoctrinated men from the villages. This is how it works:

After visiting a previously unharmed village, the VC, who have been trained by Agitprop (the communist propaganda organization), play on the ignorance of the villagers, and soon win them over. The young men are trained in guerrilla tactics, and after the VC see fit, they are allowed to actually participate in a raid on a "barbarian" camp. They strike usually after dark or before dawn, catching the soldiers by surprise. There was a time when these raids were very damaging, but they are now few and far between, and less effective.

Not only is the enemy well-trained, he is excellently equipped and now has anti-air missiles, supposedly supplied from a communist neighbor. The jungle is the battlefield and the VC will stoop to anything to win, including ambushes, booby traps, and bizarre maneuvers. They seem to be everywhere, which accounts for the war being spread over such a

wide area, with no specific battle lines — only scattered perimeters. Early last summer, the VC controlled most of the country and, spread throughout their holdings, were small areas under southern rule. Holdings are continually changing. One day a hamlet may be northern controlled and the next day under southern occupation.

It's that kind of war and the accounts of activities are unlimited.

Gregg tells of the death of a friend. His name shall be Carl. "Carl was a medic in the fourth corps, stationed in Can Tho, just southwest of Saigon. An emergency call came in for troops to repulse an attack on a hamlet not too far away. Carl volunteered to go since the injured would run high. About half way there, the group was ambushed, and as he dived for cover, Carl received a machine gun blast across his chest. He didn't know what hit him, and he wasn't the only one to die that day."

The silent tactics used by the VC in the field are brutal and account for many lives. Most of them by ingenious traps.

The paths running through the jungle are barely wide enough for a single file line, and are the scene of the most barbaric of these traps. A huge ball of any material, holding numerous blades protruding at all angles, is fastened by a rope to a tall tree bordering a path. It is lifted to another tree several

yards from where it is tied. A second rope holds the ball in the tree — waiting for a line of men to come along. The rope is cut and the ball swoops downward in a pendulum-like arch. By the time it reaches the startled men, it is just inches above the ground and is traveling fast enough to knock over a box car. What it does to the six or seven men is best left unsaid.

Land mines that jump above the ground several feet before exploding are used. Holes are dug and poisoned nails, bamboo spikes, or glass are imbedded in the traps, which are covered with branches and grass. Steel bear traps are planted where a GI is most likely to step. Poisoned darts are used, and just recently some of nature's own creations are being turned into instruments of death. Banana snakes are tied with strings to the inside roof of some vacated hut — head or shoulder high. The poison from these snakes can kill within two minutes.

The terrorism and the killing will continue, experts tell us, for a long time.

Many ask why we are there? And why did we go in the first place? The questions are legitimate and so are the answers.

If the U.S. pulled out, Viet Nam would be under communist rule within a month. The communist takeover would be tolerated by the average Vietnamese citizen, but the far reaching effects of communist rule cannot be overlooked.

For one, a pro-communist takeover would complete the communist circle around Thailand, one of the wealthiest countries in southeast Asia.

The communists must be prevented from securing its anchor in the Straits of Malacca. The straits are the life blood of trade with the Southwest Pacific. Ships, now passing through the straits at a rate of over 200 a day, bound to and from ports in Japan, India, Indonesia, Australia, and the Philippines, carry about 98% of the Oriental trade. The riches of Burma, Laos, and Cambodia, already nearing communist control, would be threatened. Viet Nam is the hinge with which the open door of trade with these nations rests on.

Japan, now one of the most industrial nations of the world, would collapse within a month if the Straits were closed. To survive would mean an alliance with Red China. For the safety of the Free World and because of prior attachments with these nations, the United States is honor-bound to protect the world from the communist threat.

The protection principle is a fine reason for Americans being there, but some still ask why a nation as powerful as ours, has failed to end the war already.

If we followed the same procedure used in the Philippines following the Spanish-American War, we would first suppress the rebellious segments by establishing a military government. Gradually control would be given back to the natives, but as more and more of this control is relinquished, more and more communist segments would pop up and the war would start all over again.

The danger of such an all-out offensive is in possible Red Chinese intervention. If the Reds entered the conflict, the result would be all-out war between the U.S. and Red China.

The allied armies total 2.7 million men, 500 ships and 4,000 jet aircraft. These figures would seemingly outnumber the Red Chinese forces of 2.5 million men, 50 ships and 2,000 jets, but when one considers the population figures, which supply men as they are needed, it makes you wonder. The allied population numbers 325 million. In China alone there are 700 million people. Still some feel that the Americans could win. The Russian worry is shrugged off with the belief that the Soviets would actually be on our side.

Nonetheless a victory in a war with Red China would make peace in the Pacific a reality, not an unstable promise.

Another challenge comes from the United States itself. The war now is not a popular one. The U.S. can supply the needed men and weapons, but as yet it lacks the ultimate support of the American people. The end will depend upon the willingness of the Americans to cooperate with the Asians.

If we wait, there is the chance that Red China might develop an ICBM and declare open war on the U.S. which could lead to annihilation of both sides. If they were stopped before this could happen, all the better for the U.S. and world peace. But you don't just go around declaring war on countries just because there is the chance they might eventually start something. The U.S. has learned this. It's too bad other nations have not.

We can play a preventive war and hold our ground, but chances are this would lead to another Korea or Berlin. The only alternative left is to force the North Vietnamese to the bargaining table.

They offered to sit down and talk things over once before, but the U.S. refused because it was felt we had not militarily established ourselves enough to make any firm demands.

The question of how and when the Viet Cong will see the futility of war is unanswerable. Much depends on mankind, not his ingenious ability to make war, but his inherent desire to make peace.

SIX out of ten students who enter college today drop out before graduation, and this includes your classmates at JCBC. George McCall, coordinator of placement, says the drop-out rate here has been as high as 66%.

A Life magazine survey predicted accurately that of 1.1 million students who entered college in 1963, over 600,000 would drop out before they finished.

Students drop out of college at about the same rate and for the same reasons as they did 40 years ago. But in 1925 society was inclined to accept dropping out as a frequent necessity. Today the act is regarded as a social catastrophe. This stigma has resulted from the increasing pressure by parents and business and social groups who place such a heavy emphasis on the possession of a college degree.

Students drop out of college for a variety of reasons. In a joint interview with Dr. Jack Taylor, Dean of Students, and Dr. Walter Jarecke, Director of Guidance, and Director of Institutional Research, it was pointed out that the most predominant reason that students drop out is because they are not achieving the level that they expected to. Sometimes this is due to a lack of preparation. Dr. Jarecke said they're not sure of what they want, and in some cases this means there is a lack of motivation.

Mr. McCall stated that students mainly drop out due to a lack of interest. He feels that interest is needed for motivation, and the motivated person is interested. Students with a goal in mind are not plagued by the doubts that infect the student who doesn't know where he is going.

Lack of motivation itself can be so disturbing that a student will withdraw from college in an attempt to find what he wants. The student becomes entangled in a

net of rationalization and doubt when attempting to satisfy himself that leaving is the right thing to do. Often a student will alienate himself from his school, its instructors and policies by reasoning with half truths. For example, he might say, "Exams and courses seem arbitrary, and obviously are compromises. Teachers themselves apologize for the fact that they must omit material because of time limitations. Often they never agree among themselves on what should be included. One teacher's reading list for one English course differs widely from another's list for the same course."

This complex web of reasoning, the doubts, and the anguish a student suffers are common experiences to thousands of college students each year.

Sometimes a student has a legitimate reason to criticize a college. In a "School & Society" magazine editorial, William W. Brickman explains that situations exist in some colleges which permit dropouts. Instead of dropouts, they might be termed "Run-outs." Because of poor teaching, students are swamped and lost. This can kill their interest and motivation. Mr. Brickman suggests, "It is an obligation upon higher education to organize its house in such a way as to make each student want to succeed in his studies."

Emotional problems can cause a student to drop out. An unsuccessful romance can disturb a student to the point that he loses his motivation and his interest. Then, because he doesn't study, his grades drop below the passing level and he has to leave the college. His record says that he was an academic failure. In reality he was simply a heartbroken student.

Other reasons for the high number of dropouts include illness, jobs or the armed forces. Sometimes the financial responsibility that is forced upon certain stu-

dents is too great and they must withdraw. A student should not leave until he has exhausted all possibilities that might allow him to stay in college. For example, a student with too much financial responsibility should apply for scholarships or college loans. Many students who leave for these reasons definitely plan to return later; one JCBC student felt it necessary to drop out and get a job in order to help his widowed mother. However, he plans to return to school as soon as possible.

Some students are not psychologically ready for college. For these few students psychiatric help is needed. However, when a psychiatrist is needed, he might not be used because a student feels that it would place a blot on his record. Dr. Jarecke mirrored modern thinking when he said that he doesn't think it hurts their record any more than when they go to the doctor for a cold.

A college dropout is not necessarily a failure. Bobby Darin, Sandy Koufax, and Woody Allen are all college dropouts. They are successful, but they had an important aid when they dropped out — talent.

Dr. Taylor explained that roughly 35 to 40 per cent of our population will be absorbed in professional jobs which demand a college education. The rest of the jobs in our society must be filled by workers who couldn't get a higher education. Mary Sheahan, the personnel manager for Sunbeam Electronics in Fort Lauderdale, says that many positions in accounting, management, etc. are open for young men. She said that a college degree is not required, but that it would help a young man entering the business.

Someone must be the grocery store manager or the sales clerk in a department store. However, if a student has the ability to get a college education and doesn't, he

is cheating himself. He is limiting his abilities and the things he can do.

Mr. McCall said that statistics show the largest number of drop-outs will always come at the end

THE COLLEGE



of the second semester. April is rapidly approaching . . . This type of educational fall-out is nearly as tragic as the radio-active type, because the student who does drop out will have to live with the consequences the rest of his life.

DROPOUT

by Paul King



EUROPE

BY ANN BARDSLEY

YOU'VE got the travel bug. Admit it. You duck into travel agencies and browse through their shiny folders from faraway places. You hoard picture post cards, foreign stamps, and old copies of NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC. You drool through your World Geography course, and shiver when you see a jet liner take off, or a steamer going out to sea.

Stop drooling, and throw those NATIONAL GEOGRAPHICS away. That trip to Europe that you've always wanted is not as impossible as you think. Thousands of American students cross the Atlantic every summer. Some are financed by rich parents or are Ivy League socialites spending their junior year abroad, but many are ordinary young college men and women to whom the trip represents many months of saving and careful planning. They have done it, and you can do it too.

If you have at least a thousand dollars to invest in your trip to Europe, your best bet is one of the many agencies which organize and lead groups of students abroad during the summer months. These tours handle all your transportation and hotel arrangements, your

meals, and your schedule. They range from the very luxurious, where you travel first class, and visit the best hotels and restaurants in Europe, to less expensive tours by bus, station wagon, or bicycle.

Slightly lower down the price scale (not very far) is the Experiment in International Living. This program, which costs about \$900, will arrange for you to live with a family in another country. You will go to your host country with a group of nine other students and an instructor. Besides living with the family, you and your group will travel in the host country and in nearby countries. In special circumstances you may be able to join the Experiment tour for a lower price. Mr. Harry Schaleman is the Experiment agent on this campus.

If you're looking for something in a more realistic price line, don't give up. The opportunities are numerous.

One of the best tour programs is offered by the United States National Student Association. The USNSA organizes student tours, study programs, and special interest trips in many parts of the world. The study programs focus

on politics and economics, languages, and art, and the special interest groups include bicycling and hosteling, work camps, and music and art festivals. The programs usually last about two months and are open to American college and university students, and to students entering college in the fall. The cost for the USNSA programs, including transportation, begins at \$750, but may go as high as \$1,600.

For Catholic students, the National Federation of Catholic College Students, and the National Newman Club Foundation offer five "Meet Europe" summer tours. The trips last from 22 to 49 days, and cost from \$340 to \$759. The considerable cost of transatlantic transportation, however, is not included in the tour price.

If you are the venturesome type who wants to plan your own trip, know what you are doing. It will be much cheaper and an exciting experience, but requires careful planning and budgeting.

The largest single expense of the trip is your round-trip transportation. It will probably cost more than all the other tour expenses put together.

PE ON A Shoestring

Ordinarily, plane and ship passage to Europe costs about \$400 round trip. There are, however, several less expensive methods of transatlantic transportation for the independent traveler.

If you can join a bona-fide group of twenty-five or more like-minded travelers (or form your own group and give it a name) your New York to London fare will be only \$325 per person. If traveling alone, you may be able, as many students do, to take advantage of the low transatlantic prices offered by Icelandic Airways. Some Icelandic fares are as low as \$270 to \$350 round trip. However, their prop-flights take 16½ hours, and Icelandic is not a member of the International Air Transport Association.

If you are planning to travel by ship, the Council on Student Travel, a federation of more than 140 educational institutions, religious agencies, and national organizations provides special student transportation to Europe each summer. The Council arranges special chartered all-student sailings for the 9 day voyage. Social and intellectual life are plentiful aboard the one class ships. An orientation program helps the travelers to prepare for their visit to a foreign country, and there are forums and discussions on international issues, lectures on art and architecture, language practice, films, a ship's newspaper, religious services, dances, and impromptu hootenannies and concerts put on by the students.

Prices are \$160 to \$180 one way, from New York.

The cheapest way to cross the Atlantic is by charter flight. All

universities are eligible to sponsor a charter, but the group should be large enough to fill an airplane. Fares from New York to London are between \$225 and \$300 round trip. To form a charter group, check with an airline representative for complete details and fares.

When you arrive in Europe, you will find living expenses comparatively cheap. In fact, it is possible for a thrift minded, light traveling student to live on almost nothing — if he plans carefully.

Inexpensive travel inside Europe may be done by bus, train, motorcycle, or bicycle. Many trains and bus companies offer special "thrift coupons" and "guest tickets." These low cost tickets allow the bearer special privileges such as 1,000 miles or seven days of unlimited travel. Motorcycles are fast and use little gas, but they must be rented or purchased in Europe, and gasoline is very expensive there. Bicycles, though slow and rather tiring, are a cheap way to really get to know the country you are visiting. For long distances cyclists can take the train, and bring their bicycles with them for a very small extra charge (about 75 cents in Britain for a 60 mile trip). Ferries and airplanes connect Ireland with Britain and Britain with France. Though slow and sometimes crowded, the channel ferries are an inexpensive connection between the British Isles and the continent.

The cheapest housing for the student traveler are the youth hostels which dot Europe. At a hostel the student hiker or cyclist can find pleasant if not luxurious dormitory accommodations. Many of the hostels serve simple, inex-

pensive meals and most provide cooking facilities for those who wish to do their own cooking. In the British Isles a night's lodging in a hostel costs 2s 6d (about 50 cents). On the continent prices may be slightly lower. Guests at the hostels, which have facilities for both men and women, are expected to help with the chores. More expensive accommodations include college dormitories, which are open to traveling students in the summer, YM and YWCA's, and private homes. These last cost from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a night.

Food in taverns, pubs, small restaurants, and cafeterias is filling and fairly cheap, and you can eat your fill for about \$1. In many countries beer and wine are drunk instead of water. (Be sure to visit these!)

If you have the necessary shots, passports, and visas, sufficient funds, and a realistic, carefully planned budget, plus a little pioneering spirit, a shoestring visit to Europe can be a wonderful adventure.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

Council on Student Travel

777 United Nations Plaza
New York 17, N.Y.

Icelandic Air Lines

610 B 5th Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

The British Travel Association

680 5th Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

American Youth Hostels, Inc.

14 W. 8th St., N.Y., N.Y.

U.S. National Student Assn.

265 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

National Federation of Catholic
College Students

1312 Massachusetts Ave.

Washington, D.C.

All fares in this article are approximate and subject to revision.

WHAT AM I?

By Leonard Bauer

Illustrated by
Joanita Taormina

Who are you, sitting here listening to me?
I am unliken to no one, yet who can I be?
Who are the learned and who are the good?
I am a person like you, sometimes hard to be
understood.

Who are the wicked and who are the wise?
I am a mere man who one day lives and one day
dies.

What is life, involving us in time?
I am being in his likeness in body, soul, mind.
But will I ever really know what I am?
And will I ever really truly understand
Myself?



Be Kind and Tolerant, O Youth

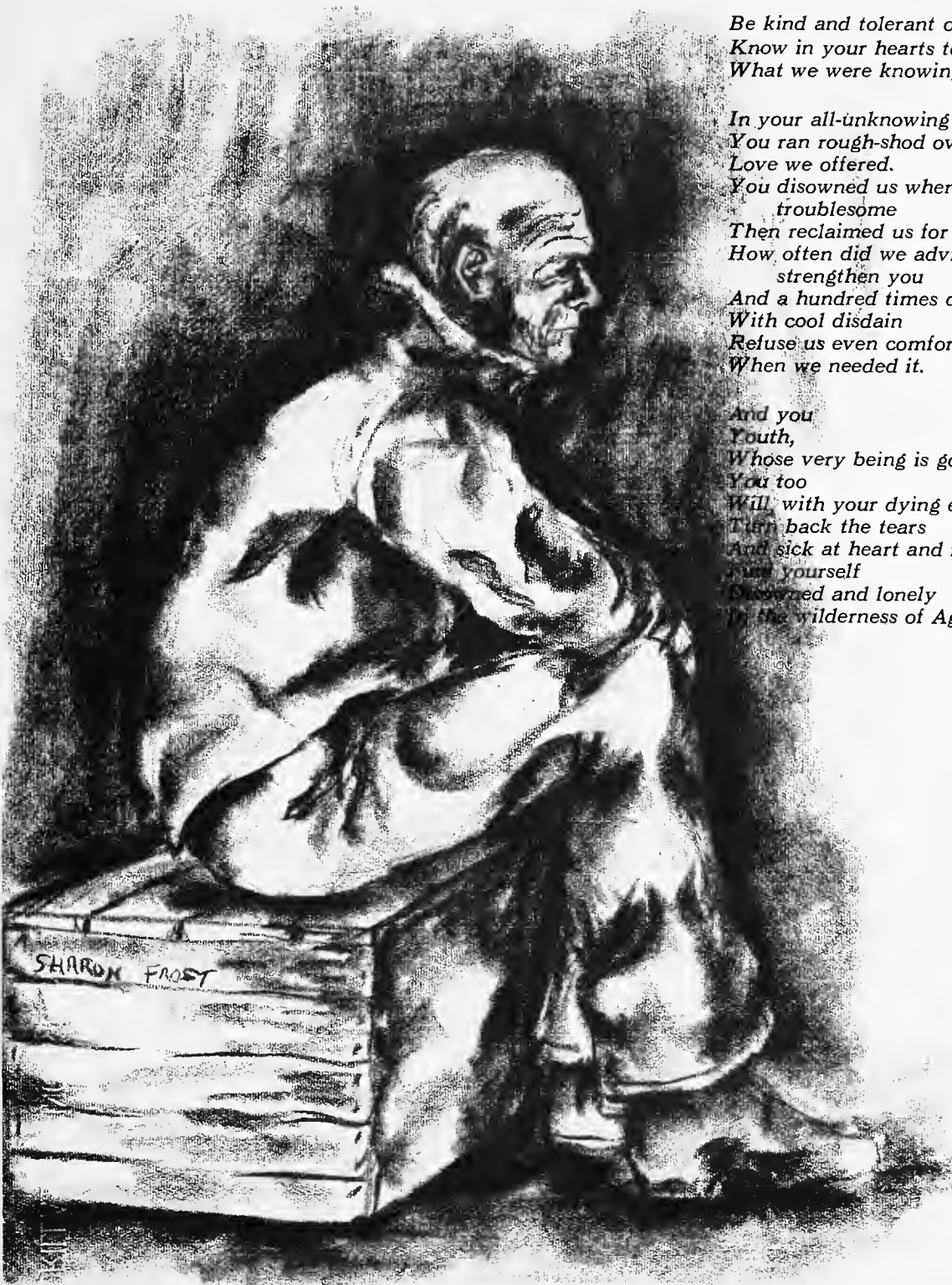
By Cassandra Kenfield

Illustrated by Sharon Frost

*Be kind and tolerant of us, O Youth
Know in your hearts tomorrow
What we were knowing yesterday.*

*In your all-unknowing superiority
You ran rough-shod over the
Love we offered.
You disowned us when we were
troublesome
Then reclaimed us for our riches.
How often did we advise and
strengthen you
And a hundred times did you
With cool disdain
Refuse us even comfort
When we needed it.*

*And you
Youth,
Whose very being is golden light
You too
Will, with your dying eyes
Turn back the tears
And sick at heart and in need of love
Find yourself
Disowned and lonely
In the wilderness of Age.*





Card Shark,
Ace Deal,
Says "Silver Sands
Has Me Flushed!"



Egyptian Architect, Abda Blumblob,
Says, "ممنون لله على ما فعله
معنا في
SILVER SANDS
والذي بناه لنا في
الجامعة"



*BARF!



BAN
THE
STUDENT
CENTER
"FOOD"

NEGOTIATE
NOW!

*Banned for Abolition of
Rotten Food

ON CAMPUS



Sen. Morre
Graft
Says, "I Read
Silver Sands
at all my
Filabusters!"



Alcoholic
I. Proot
Lushwell
SAYS

"SILVER SANDS
IS DA' BEST
A Gab a dc
Maga pfar
ga
Ieve
Redo
ER ba
S"



SILVER SANDS
Recommended By
the Administration

distributing yearbooks is a boring
o, one that requires a good deal
time and patience. But for the
istically talented, the job be-
mes less of a problem when you
a able to put your efforts to
odding instead of watching the
ock.

ver Sands Art Editor Lew Alquist
d just that during those long,
nely hours of Silver Sands II dis-
tribution. The very best of his
ors appears here for your en-
yment.

BE SUCCESSFUL



There has been an increasing trend of thought during recent years that without a college education, a person might as well give up any idea of attaining success, fame, or fortune. The hue and cry of college education for all has resounded throughout our modern world and has been repeated so loudly and positively that to issue challenge against such a decree is considered unbelievable, sacrilegious, and immoral. Everyone

should have a college education; a burden of guilt and an aura of shame exudes from the individual who reluctantly admits to his lack of membership in the alumni club of the "I Graduated from College" organization.

We realize, of course, there are many dedicated people occupied with medical, law, and teaching professions. Well planned and executed college educations have enabled these doctors, lawyers,

nurses and others to realize their ambitions for themselves and their fellow men. I would not want to risk dropping off into an anesthetized coma, fully aware that a high school dropout was waiting with scalpel in hand to relieve me of my overly ripe appendix.

There are many people crowding our colleges at this time who would gain from four solid years of acquiring seniority in a labor union or serving an extended ap-

ATTEND COLLEGE!

By
Betty F. Niesen

Illustrated By
Nancy Bollen

prenticeship in a shoe store or a women's lingerie department. These are the individuals who, for reasons, are being pushed into colleges in the futile hopes of being molded into counterparts of wealthy, successful, well poised men and women of the world. After four years of following a prescribed course of sliding through the easiest subjects with a low "C" average, these sheepskin shielded cogs venture into the out-

side world. A young man so equipped can look any prospective employer perpendicularly in his proverbial eye in the most candid manner and say, "Yes, sir, I am a well educated personage of Prominent College. I know I can be an asset to your firm, sir, because I Belong. I Know People Who Count! They flunked the same courses I did, but we did have a jolly four years together getting ready for our futures and all that."

And he will get the job for one of two reasons: (1) the employer is in awe of anyone flourishing a college diploma, or (2) his employer is also an alumnus of Prominent College.

Sometimes parents are too blame for needlessly pushing their children into colleges. Many parents feel they have realized their own ambitions and goals when their children enroll in college. Throughout this marvelous country of free-

dom and opportunity, there are numerous young people entering colleges and universities every year without a clear understanding of why they are taking biology or calculus except that mama and papa have always told them that someday they would go to college. No matter if Joe never learned to read while he was in school for twelve years. The reality that he graduated from high school communicates the fact to his parents that Joe is ready for college. Going along on the false assumption that Joe has graduated from high school because he has been taught and that he has responded to this educational process by learning, his parents are proud to see him begin to carry out the plans they have arranged for him. They are prepared all the way for his glorious entrance into college, for his straight "A" report cards, and for his triumphal graduation at the end of four years of diligent study. After this process of cultivation, Joe will emerge from college miraculously equipped to conquer the business and professional world with his brilliance and intelligence.

Parents not only are ramming their youngsters into colleges because they think their children want an education, but also they want them to find good marital prospects. A doting mother who has had to rummage around the house for money to pay the insurance man or who has had to tell the paper boy to come back some other time when he comes to collect his weekly pittance is determined that her daughter is not going to suffer these same hardships. This mother has never had the honest forthrightness of character to be able to say to her daughter, "Go to college and get yourself a rich husband." No, she confuses the issue with irrelevant and garbled statements about social status and a place in life and

inane remarks about future generations of unborn children having social status and places in life. Never does she degrade her intentions by referring to the obscene expression—money. She does not face reality by considering that she is using her daughter's self respect, individuality, and virginity as a ransom to an unknown stranger who conceivably might be loaded with loot. Little does the doting mother realize that her little Sue could just as easily meet and marry Joe Poor as well as Ronnie Rich.

While some students are wandering around in a fearful fog of ignorance and reviving only long enough to wonder why they are in college, others are burrowing in for a four years' hibernation period from the demands of a hard and practical world. This four year period of required surface study, scheduled time, and unrestricted recreation passes pleasantly and effortlessly. Intense thinking is kept to such a minimal amount as to be practically nonexistent; it is not necessary to expend an excess amount of energy in concentration of subject matter. Instead, college is a four year period of grace offered in which the avoidance of making major decisions is religiously practiced. Some of the minor decisions which demand very little thought is whether to write home for more money or to call collect. Another conclusion of logical thought process might require decisive action when the hibernating student is faced with the problem of signing up for Stargazing Course I or Elementary Bowling. But a minimal amount of serious thinking is expended regarding future employment, serious study, or wondering if his own life is meant for anything besides sleeping and eating and potential conquests of the opposite sex. When this type of person has finished his educational hibernation from the world,

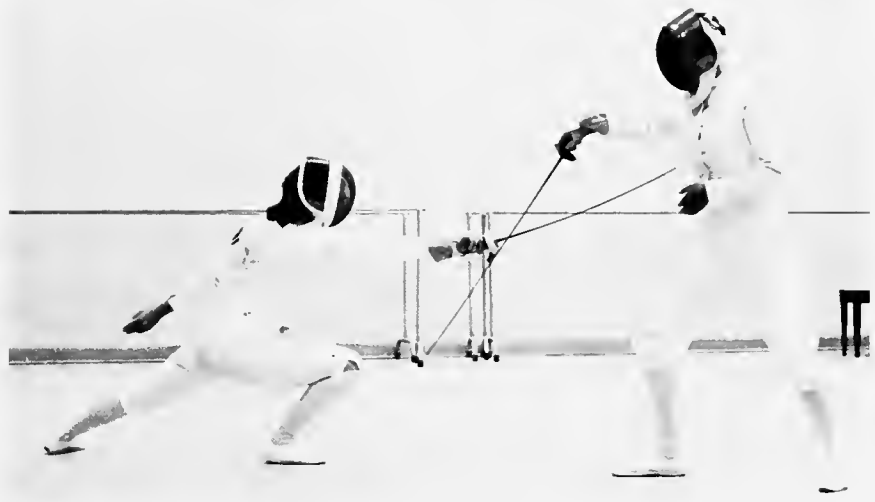
he is groggy from the self indulgent catering to his own whims and is suffering from mange and malnutrition caused from being academically undernourished.

While there are many undeserving students cluttering our colleges and universities, soaking up the time and energies of capable teachers, there are some deserving students who are being neglected and short changed as far as superior academic schooling is concerned. These are individuals who are honestly concerned about their future lives and for the well being of the world in which they are active members. These students take an eager interest in life and have a dawning awareness that there is more meaning to life than mere existence. A class is an instrument which opens a door a little wider so he is better able to visualize what he himself is capable of accomplishing. A college degree is to be accepted as an honorary prize, not for the dubious prestige symbol, but in realization that a little has been learned. This student is grateful for the privilege of being taught a little more than he knew before enrolling in college. His world will never be quite as narrow and restricted as it had been. For these students, schooling has been an appetizer to the main course of additional learning, the prelude to the concert of a more full life. For these people, who are students in the most definitive sense of the word, true learning never comes to an abrupt end with the issuance of a diploma. Our college teachers will keep working to inspire the small percentage of students who really want to learn in spite of all the others who are enrolled in college for any other reason than to learn. The determined students will acquire knowledge in spite of obstacles even if they have to take a longer route to their educational destination.

SPORTS

Intramurals Intercollegiate

by John Wolfe



Don't be surprised if the next couple years bring a bowling alley to the JCBC campus. For if the enthusiasm generated over intra-

mural bowling competition and the scramble for the HPR bowling classes is any indication, then bowling is the coming thing at the

college. Maybe it'll even replace tricycle racing.

Intramural competition saw no less than fourteen teams battling

it out for the championship trophy. The "Out of Sights" won the first-place trophy, thanks to the consistent play of team members Howard Finegold, Frank Catania, Jim Shafer, and David Graham. The "Out of Sights" rolled to a 16 and 4 record, edging out the "Bandits," who came in second with a 15 and 5 slate.

In men's competition, the trophy for the highest individual game went to Mic Syurgot, who bowled an excellent 242. Trophies for the high individual three game set and for the best individual average went to David Skipp. David rolled a three game total of 592 and maintained a 187 season average.

Irene Meyerinch matched Skipp's performance in girls' competition, walking off with the girls' version of the highest individual three game set and highest average trophies. Irene bowled a three game total of 491 and had a season average of 149. The highest individual game trophy went to Carol Norton for her 190 game.

I-M BOWLING STANDINGS

	Won	Lost
Out of Sights	16	4
Bandits	15	5
S. O. N. S.	13	7
Half Fast	13	7
Zits	13	3
Raiders	12	8
Spartans	12	8
Losers	10	10
Broward Barons	10	10
Duds	8	12
Absentees	6	14
Pisco Sours	4	16
Wooly	3	13
Gutter Getters	1	19
* * *		

Next on the intramural scene was tennis. December saw the competition for the men and women's singles championship. A mixed doubles tournament will be held later in the year.

In a close match, Bill Lipske defeated Bruce Kinder 6-3, 3-6, 6-2. Renee Bayuk won the women's championship by virtue of a 6-4, 6-0 win over Martha Allen.

* * *

In men's handball competition, Bart Loftis edged out Robert Wilson for the championship trophy.



A new sport on the intramural calendar, fencing, enjoyed an impressive inaugural season.

Since not very many JCBC students are experienced swordsmen, competition was limited this year to members of the HPR fencing classes. The championship bouts were held in December and were limited to foil competition. In boys' competition, five points constituted a bout. Four points constituted a bout in girls' competition.

The first men's fencing champion of JCBC was James Stover. He defeated Steve Hall 5 to 4 in the final bout. The girls' champion was Pam Alderman. Pam triumphed with a 4 to 2 victory over Michell Saul.

* * *

WOMEN'S TENNIS

With prospects of being the number one team in the state, the JCBC women's tennis team embarks on their spring season. Although only two girls return from last year's squad, which recorded a five and one slate, the squad will be bolstered by a bevy of talented freshmen.

Jane Hancock, number one player last year, returns along with Cristy Johnson. From Stranahan, where she was undefeated in match play, Jane was ranked No. 7 in Girls' 18 and under and won

the Gold Coast tournament as a senior. Chris, from McArthur, lost only one match last year as Broward's No. 2 player.

The freshmen are headed by Stephanie DeFina. Stephanie, from South Broward, is ranked No. 1 in the Women's division for Florida and No. 15 in the nation. She is also ranked No. 5 in the nation in doubles. While at South Broward, she twice won the State high school tennis tournament.

Other freshmen are: Chris Koutras, Marilou Cmaylo, and Beth Fuller. Chris hails from Miami Norland and is ranked No. 2 in Girls' 18 and under in the state. Marilou attended Stranahan where she won the Broward county tournament. Beth is from McArthur where she was undefeated in match play. She is ranked No. 13 in Girls' 18 and under.

Their main competition will come from Rollins, last year's state champs, Tampa U., and the University of Miami. Easily the best junior college squad in the state, the JCBC women's tennis team has an excellent chance of winning the team championship as well as several individual honors at the State tournament.

SCHEDULE*

- March 1—Palm Beach JC (away)
- March 4, 5, 6—F.S.U. Invitational (away)
- March 10—U. of Miami (away)
- March 17—Miami-Dade JC (home)
- March 24—Palm Beach JC (home)

April 1—U. of Miami (home)
 April 5—Miami-Dade JC (away)
 April 15—State Tournament (away)
 *Matches with Indian River and Edison to be arranged.

* * *

MEN'S TENNIS

This spring, men's intercollegiate tennis will come to the JCBC campus. In the past, we have had the women's team, but 1966 will be the first year for the men.

The team will be handled by Coach McGehee. He is a graduate of Tennessee Tech, where he was a member of the tennis team.

The team suffered a severe blow when several of its leading players were declared ineligible. However, there is still a supply of talent on hand. Harry Richardson, a Fort Lauderdale High grad, leads the cast. Other team members include Dave Claxton (Ft. Lauderdale), Fred Easman (South Broward), George Herrera (St. Thomas), Bob Klein (Ft. Lauderdale), Larry Spiller (Dillard), and Jim Tucker (Ft. Lauderdale).

This being the first year, Coach McGehee isn't sure what kind of competition the Seahorses will be facing. He described the team as one with "average" ability, but added that he thought the team would win their share.

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE

March 4—Palm Beach JC (home)
 March 18—Indian River JC (away)
 March 22—Miami-Dade JC (home)
 March 25—Edison JC (away)
 April 8—Miami-Dade JC (away)
 April 9—Edison JC (home)
 April 22—Indian River JC (home)

* * *

GOLF

Another new intercollegiate sport on the JCBC campus is men's golf. The team will be coached by Mr. William Porterfield. Before coming to JCBC, Coach Porterfield was tennis coach at Northeast High.

Although this is the first year, prospects look extremely good. Hal Hutchinson, from Pompano, leads the hopefuls. Hal was All-County and All-Conference in 1965, and finished second in the

Coral Gables Orange Bowl tournament. Mike Hines, a McArthur graduate, is another fine prospect. Mike finished second in the 1963 Broward Junior tournament. Other players are: Bob Stacy (South Broward), Ray Isbell (a transfer from Texas), Jim Lyford (Stranahan), John Schaeffer (St. Thomas), Bob Golden (South Broward), and Jerry Rasmussen (Stranahan).

Miami-Dade, state champs for the past four years, should prove to be the Seahorses' toughest competition. Other than Miami-Dade, Coach Porterfield isn't sure of what the competition will be like, but expects a winning team.

Only matches definitely scheduled at this time are two with Miami-Dade, on Feb. 18th and 25th. Coach Porterfield hopes to add another eight or nine matches. The JCBC golfers will also compete in the State tournament, June 2-4, and the National Junior College tournament in Miami, June 6-10. * * *

BASEBALL

"I think we will, barring injuries, be a definite contender for conference and state honors." So are Coach Leroy Wheat's words on the prospects for his first season as head baseball coach at JCBC.

Coach Wheat has impressive credentials. He has seen action with the Cleveland Indians and the Philadelphia and Kansas City Athletics, as well as playing several years in Triple A ball. He was basketball coach at Fort Lauderdale High for five years and baseball coach for one. That one year he was head baseball coach, the Flying L's enjoyed one of their most successful seasons in a long time.

He is particularly impressed with the Seahorses' depth and defensive ability. He added that the hitting is also excellent and that the whole team has displayed lots of desire and hustle.

The Seahorses are loaded with individual talent. At catcher, they have Jim Gurzynski (Cardinal Gibbons), and Gary Bryce. Bill Adelmann, a sophomore from Pompano, holds down first base. Second base is manned by Rich Orr. Rich, from Stranahan, was All-County and All-Conference last year. Fighting it out for short-stop will be Bruce Kinder, an All-County and All-Conference selection from Fort Lauderdale last year, and Paul Buzzella, a sophomore from McArthur. John Dow, a St. Thomas Aquinas graduate, will handle third base.

The 'Horses have their hitting power in the outfield. Allan Morell, county batting champ last year from St. Thomas, joins Bill Fauerbach, the leading Seahorse hitter last year, and Bob Martin, an All-County and All-Conference pick last year from Stranahan. Backing them up will be John Jolinski (Pompano), Jim Cottone (Stranahan), and Duke Dufresne (West Palm Beach).

The pitching staff is led by Stan Cowherd, a sophomore from Pompano, Craig Skok, an All-County and All-Conference selection from Fort Lauderdale, and Ron Huff, a Chaminade graduate. Completing the pitching staff are Don Newhouser (Monsignor Pace), Danny Overstreet (from Jacksonville), Bill Lawson (Seacrest), and Eddie Garner (Pompano).

Coach Wheat rates Manatee and Miami-Dade as their top competition, and rightly so. Both teams are among the leading junior college teams in the nation.





WINTER





The finish of an old year and the beginning of a new leaves one with time to think of past happenings and future hopes. The following thirteen pages give remembrances of those happenings that were once fun-filled moments in our lives — from the first play of the season to a spirited performance of Sing Out 66 — moments that can only be recalled in thought. So while you are thinking, flip these pages and the memories will come back all the more vivid — memories of Winter Frolic, 1965-1966.

FROLIC





December 1 - 5

Teahouse of the August Moon

by Phil Mansueto

THE HOUSE lights dimmed, a hush came over the audience, forty seconds later a skinny, ragged Okinawan came out on stage and said, "Lovely ladies, kind gentlemen. Please to introduce myself. Sakini by name. Interpreter by profession."

The scene was set for John Patrick's "Teahouse of the August Moon," the first production presented in the new college little theatre. It was directed by Miss Mildred Mullikin and Mr. George Cavanaugh.

The scene of the comedy was

set in the South Pacific during World War II. The play is narrated by Sakini, portrayed by Steve Thomas, a roguish native interpreter. Sakini is an employed civilian of the United States Army and his "boss" is the pompous Colonel Purdy, Terry Whitmire. Sakini likes the colonel but unfortunately the friendship isn't a mutual one. Purdy gives Sakini to Captain Fisby, Rick Jarvis, a former college professor of the Humanities, and a bumbling failure in the army. Purdy then sends Fisby to the small village of Tobiki to make it self-supporting

and to introduce democracy to the natives.

Fisby is given a plan to guide him in his recovery of Tobiki. The top officials in Washington have thought of everything possible and compiled the recovery in the form of Plan "B." Plan "B" is to be his "Bible," and he should not have any questions whatsoever, because Washington has anticipated everything.

With his new "Bible," Sakini, an old woman, her daughter and four children, an old man, and a goat, Fisby starts out for Tobiki in a very crowded jeep. Sakini ex-



plains, "Distance from Headquarters to Tobiki, by map, two inches. By horse, three days. By foot, four days. By jeep, ten days."

On arriving at the village, Fisby finds it much easier to accept the native customs than to try to follow the colonel's idea of "making the natives learn democracy even if he has to shoot every last one of them."

Fisby's lectures on democracy do not come off too well and instead of building a pentagon-shaped school house as prescribed in Plan "B," Fisby builds a Teahouse. Fisby has received a Geisha

Girl as a present and everyone knows that a Geisha Girl must have a Teahouse in which to work. It so happens that Fisby allows the Geisha Girl, Lotus Blossom, played by Sylvia Lopez, to teach the ladies of the village her art.

Several hilarious things happen to make the play wonderful entertainment. In the end the village does manage to become self-supporting through the sale of native potato brandy, 10 Star Batata.

The satirical side of the play is slanted toward the Army and the

American idea of success, democracy and morality.

The production ran for four consecutive nights and played a Sunday matinee. Anyone who did not see "Teahouse of the August Moon" missed one of the college's finest productions.

"Little story now concluded. History of world unfinished. Lovely ladies, kind gentlemen. Go home to ponder. What was true at beginning remains true. Pain makes man think, Thought makes man wise, Wisdom makes life endurable, our play has ended. May August Moon bring gentle sleep."



December 17th

The Christmas Dance



On the night of December 17th, Fort Lauderdale's Statler Hilton Hotel played host to the Junior College's Christmas Dance "Snowballs and Seashells," the first formal affair of the year. Some 700 people attended and danced to the musical debut of the Stage Band. It was a glittering end to a very active first semester.

Master of ceremonies Matt Faison, Snowball Queen Sue Hoppins and her escort, Dave FitzGerald, at the moment of coronation.

White knee-length jeans by Wrangler; about \$5. White wool "Poor Boy" sweater; about \$5. Royal blue parka; about \$5. Model: Bonnie McFetridge.



Casual princess-line shift featuring an orange striped bodice combined with a flower print skirt of the same color. The V-neck front contrasts with a low square-neck back. By Kelwin of Miami; about \$18. Model: Susan Shaw.



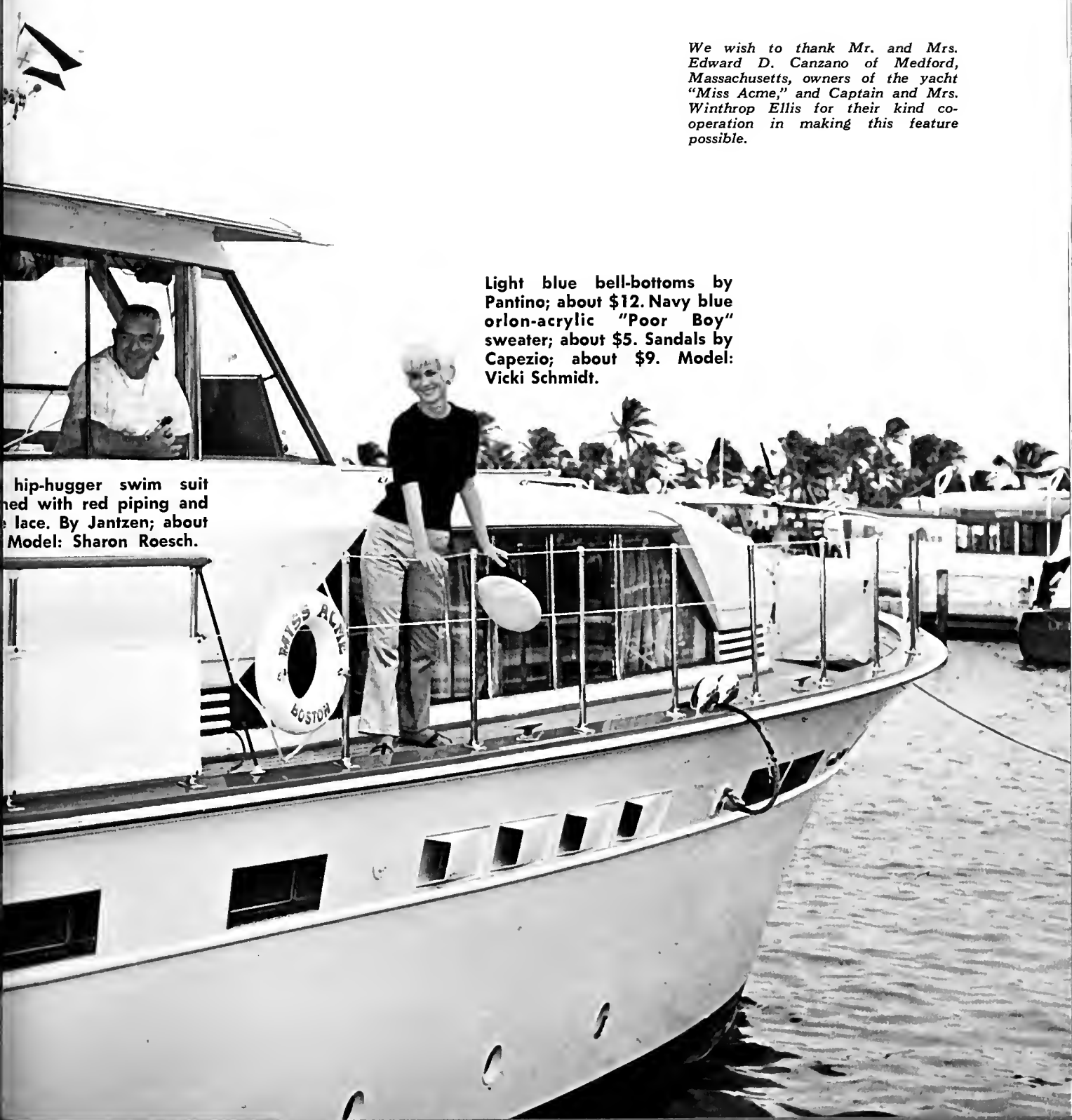
Venetian Holiday

December 17th, 1965 - January 5th, 1966

We wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Canzano of Medford, Massachusetts, owners of the yacht "Miss Acme," and Captain and Mrs. Winthrop Ellis for their kind cooperation in making this feature possible.

Light blue bell-bottoms by Pantino; about \$12. Navy blue orlon-acrylic "Poor Boy" sweater; about \$5. Sandals by Capezio; about \$9. Model: Vicki Schmidt.

hip-hugger swim suit lined with red piping and lace. By Jantzen; about \$12. Model: Sharon Roesch.



THE SOC



HOPS

JANUARY 15 - FEBRUARY 11



In order to create spirit during the basketball season, the Student Government Association sponsored informal sock hops after the home games. The bands featured at the dances included the Avantis, the Overtones, and the Cavemen. The turnout was considered good and the whole affair was a large success.

Salute Brazil

BY JEANNE COONEY

MR. HARRY J. SCHALEMAN, an instructor of geography at the Junior College, has worked with The Experiment in International Living and is presently Community Chairman for a group of eleven Brazilians. This organization has fifty member nations and hopes that by placing people in private homes in other countries, they will further understanding between individuals in the United States. The Experiment does not advertise and therefore its existence is made known by word of mouth. Those interested must contact the headquarters in Vermont. Then the organization tries to choose people who are the most well-rounded in personality and interests. Pertaining to selection on the basis of socio-economic background, the Experiment has no specifications. To avoid discrimination because of financial factors half-scholarships are offered to those in need of them.

The seven men and four women who make up the group include one married couple. The occupations of the group vary from student, teacher, physician, newspaperman, bank official, librarian, to economist. Their ages range from sixteen to thirty-eight. Their visit

JANUARY 9TH
FEBRUARY 8TH



in Broward County lasted for one month. Then they left as a group for a three day visit to Washington, D.C., where they were the guests of the State Department. To complete their group tours they spent three days on a sight-seeing excursion in New York City. The rest of their time was allotted for independent travel. Differing from American women who often work after marriage and motherhood, the mothers of all of the group members are housewives. The fathers' occupations include a newspaperman, two bankers, a tradesman, a businessman, a pilot, a ferryman, and a public notary. The Brazilians who visited Fort Lauderdale have many interests that are both different and similar to those of South Floridians. They listed classical and popular music, volleyball, swimming, the theatre, movies, visiting museums, and opera. Only one mentioned television as a favorite pastime.

To find out more about Brazilians in general and teenagers in particular two of the students were interviewed. They were Paulo Henrique de Castro, who recently graduated from high school, and Frank Fleming, who will graduate from high school

this summer. They both intend to continue their educations at a University and eventually become engineers. Paulo attended private school and Frank attended public school, but the curriculum was much the same. The subjects, however, differ somewhat from those offered in the United States. They include English, Portuguese, French, Spanish, mathematics, history, physics, chemistry, geography, and sports, mainly soccer, volleyball, and basketball. Once a week they have a government class in which they are taught capitalism vs. communism, their own governmental structure, and related subjects. The main differentiation, of course, is that of language. In Brazil the word "college" refers to the eighth and ninth grades. However, these students were most deeply impressed by how differently Americans spend their time. To illustrate this, some of their activities can be summed up as follows: On weekdays, they attend classes from 7:30 A.M. to 12:00 noon. This is followed by afternoon walks, homework, and perhaps television. Saturdays and Sundays are spent at parties, the beach, movies and nightclubs. The most striking dif-

ference was that in Brazil teenagers spend a good deal of time in nightclubs. Teenage girls seldom work and the boys usually wait until they are nineteen or older. Both sexes get most of their spending money from their parents. However, they seldom have their own cars.

Though differences prevail, the similarity in people throughout the world is typified by one response regarding musical tastes. When asked whether he preferred classical to popular, one young Brazilian replied, "Oh no, not the young people!" Apparently, young people the world over still prefer the Beatles to Beethoven.





The finale — "Which Way America"



The Colwell Brothers — Paul, Ralph, and Steve

ON THE MORNING of Wednesday, February 9th, the campus of Broward Junior College resounded with the musical spirit of a free America, as some sixty vocalists of the Sing Out 66 troupe gave folk tunes, ballads, and songs of revolution in a magnificently fine performance.

In order to make the event an unforgettable success, all classes were closed during the show and hundreds flocked to listen as a strong wind carried the strains of "Which Way America" and "The Ride Of Paul Revere" across the campus. Student response was tremendous and many were moved to discover the purposes and force behind this spirited group.

After performing to a capacity crowd at Fort

SING OUT 66



Lauderdale's War Memorial Auditorium, leaders of Sing Out returned to the College on Friday morning for a question and answer forum with several interested students. During this session, the collegians realized that Sing Out 66 was the promoting youth-force of a very great enterprise—Moral Re-Armament, a movement dedicated to return the world and its people to God. United solely by the faith of its members, Sing Out performances are free to all and supported by private funds, not government financing.

In outlining the purpose of the talented singers, John Ruffin, one of the group's leaders, stated, "We wish to make freedom such a contagious thing that

by John Leatherwood



Linda Blackmore sings "The Ballad of Joan of Arc"

Communism doesn't stand a chance." Another Sing Out leader, Vee Entwistle, shared Ruffin's enthusiasm. "Sing Out isn't just a show, it's an expression of what we want to live for. And right now, our main interest is to create a Sing Out here in Fort Lauderdale." Response was almost immediate as many students made the decision to join, create, and follow.

What force motivates a youth to join such a movement? Why do they wish to do so? How does it all come about? Sing Out vocalist Kathie Emrich, a twenty-one year old University of Colorado junior, was most eager to tell her story.

"The show came to the University in November (1965), and some of the Sing Out girls stayed in our sorority house. I became very interested in their purpose and decided to find out all I could about Sing Out and Moral Re-Armament. By the end of the first term, I had become very friendly with some of the girls and invited them to spend the holidays with my mother and me at our home in California. As Sing Out headquarters are in Los Angeles, it was very convenient for mom and me to find out all we could about it. She knew I was quite serious about this and allowed me to make up my own mind on what course to follow.

"After returning to Colorado Springs, I attended a two-day Moral Re-Armament conference which greatly heightened my enthusiasm for the movement. I entered the University for the second term but was uncertain on whether to stay in school or follow Sing Out. To make this decision, I consulted God in prayer and felt it to be His will that I join Sing Out 66. By this time, the group was here in Florida, performing in Orlando. I took a plane down to meet them there and became a member of Sing Out just a week ago.

"I have no uncertainties about the choice I made for I really believe I am doing God's work in just the way He wants me to. I am a firm believer in Moral Re-Armament and wish to pattern my life after its four moral standards: honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love. But it's much more than just an individual thing, it's going out and getting others to follow. And this is the aim of Sing Out—to get the idea across to all who hear us; the idea of a world based on absolute moral standards, directed by God and bringing out the best in man.

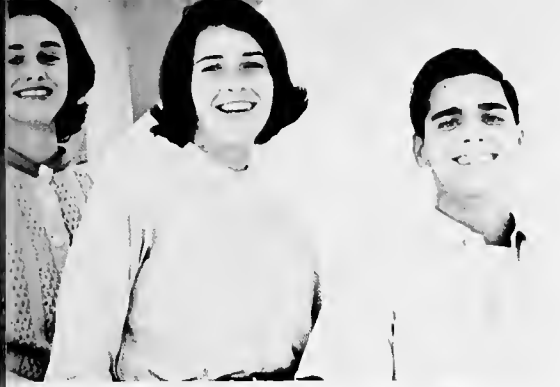
"Though most of us in Sing Out are high school and college students trying to capture youth so that, through them, the battle can be continued, we must also capture the adults for monetary backing and experienced guidance. With these two forces united, we are certain that the world spoken of in the Lord's Prayer verse 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven' will be achieved."

This is only a small part of the story of this remarkable movement; the rest shall be written upon the pages of history.



Bob Quesnel, accompanist





C L U B S

and
ORGANIZATION



There are two choral groups on campus, both under the direction of Miss Betty McMillion. The COLLEGE SINGERS, larger of the two, is open to all college students. The president is Mike Day; vice-president, Andrea Colaninno; and secretary-treasurer Kathy Rollins. Student conductor is James Stewart. The Singers schedule one program per semester, this semester's to be held early in April. The COLLEGE CHORISTERS is a smaller, more select group of students, eligible only through try-outs. They are active in civic programs, performing for area Kiwanis Clubs, hospitals, and women's organizations. This semester, the Choristers will present a Spring concert for the College.

COLLEGE SINGERS

FRENCH CLUB



The French Club was formed to promote interest in the French language and the cultures of the French peoples. This year, the club is sponsored by Mr. John Weldon. Its officers are Randy

Steinberg, president; Dawn Lincoln, vice-president; and Lorraine Becker, secretary-treasurer. During each semester, the club has speakers and films concerning various aspects of the French

culture, or countries speaking the French language. At the present time, the club is in the process of reorganization, and the group will be in operation again next term.

ORCHESTRA



There are four orchestral groups formed or in organization on the JCBC campus. All of these four are under the direction of Mr. Jimmy Woodle. The BROWARD COLLEGE ORCHESTRA is open to members of the community as well as students. There are forty musicians in the orchestra at the present time, and are scheduled for their first concert in February. There will be another concert, the date of which is to be announced. The Concert Orchestra will also assist in the production "Sound of Music."

The CONCERT BAND is open to college students only, and presents two concerts per semester. The STAGE BAND, which is made up of members of the Concert Band, performed at the Christmas dance last semester.

Now in the process of organization is the "PEP BAND." Open to college students, it will play at the home games in the new gym.

PHI BETA LAMBDA

Phi Beta Lambda is a nationally affiliated fraternity designed to equip students to participate effectively in business professions and community life. The club was organized in 1963 and became affiliated with the national fraternity in 1965. This year's officers are President Bob Joynes, Vice-president Skip Day, Treasurer Bob Shevenell, and Secretary Linda Dahl. Sponsor is Mr. Peter Shenosky. The fraternity has planned to award a scholarship for the outstanding business student, and also plans to send a delegation to the state and national conventions. Car-washes will make up the major part of the fund-raising to finance these trips. Phi Beta Lambda, in conjunction with S.G.A., put on the Christmas dance, which was held December 17, at the Statler Hilton.





Phi Theta Kappa is the campus honor society and Mu Mu chapter of the national organization. The society is sponsored by Mr. John Bunch, and its officers are Sven Soneson, president; Bob Klein, vice-president; Connie Sue Corbath, secretary-treasurer. The purpose of Phi Theta Kappa is to promote and award outstanding scholastic achievement. The group also provides

PHI THETA KAPPA

the college with a tutoring service to aid students with a weekly, one-hour session in languages, science, or whatever subject requested. Tentative plans are being made for an awards banquet at the end of the year to honor those students on the President's List. Requirements for Phi Theta Kappa are a 3.0 average and at least a fourteen hour course-load.

The Reading Club is dedicated to the service of the community and the College. Its officers are Irene Meylinger, president; Jean Holder, vice-president; and Debbie Evans, secretary. Sponsor is Mrs. Margaret Porter. The club is not related to the reading classes

offered by the college. It is an interest club, and all materials used are gotten especially for it. The planned project of the Reading Club is a system of junior high tutors to work with underprivileged students in Broward county. This would be especially helpful to

students who are majoring in education or sociology. If the college tutors could reach the children and help them to improve their reading, it would be of great help, psychologically as well as scholastically, to the children in their later school years.



READING CLUB

SALES AND MARKETING

The Sales and Marketing club was formed as an interest organization for those students who are aiming for a two-year degree in sales, advertising, or other types of business administration. The purpose of the club is to allow the student to see more quickly the opportunities in today's business. The officers are Jeff Buntz, president; Tom Penny vice-president; Eileen Ard, secretary; and Roger Stubing, treasurer. The sponsor is Mr. Marion West. Besides lecturers, who are among the prominent businessmen in the area, the members review case study problems on commercial disputes and work on marketing surveys. Delegates from this chapter will be sent to the State Sales and Marketing Leadership Conference at Tampa, in March.



The Spanish Club is one of the oldest campus organizations, having been in operation since the opening of the College. This year's officers are Ana Martinez, president; Roland Balsera vice-president; and Kip Flanders, treasurer-secretary. The club is sponsored by

Mr. John Pawlowski. The object of the organization is to promote the Spanish language and the culture of the Spanish-speaking peoples. At the end of this term, the club hopes to present an award to the outstanding Spanish student of the year. They are also planning

a dinner at one of the Spanish restaurants in this area to be held in early spring. This past semester, in conjunction with the French and German clubs, Spanish Club sponsored a Christmas program which was presented December 10.

SPANISH CLUB



Liisa Ruden, former Miami Opera Guild member, performs at a Spanish Club Meeting.

SNEA is a pre-professional organization designed to acquaint students interested in education with the many phases of teaching. The officers are President Sharon Roesch, Vice-president Barbara Bird, Secretary Anita Plouffe, Treasurer Kevin Bunin and Reporter

Nancy Craig. The club is sponsored by Mr. Wayne E. Barton. SNEA promotes student teaching in the local high schools. They will be holding a rummage sale in the middle of February to finance the trip to the state convention.

Also planned is the sale of JCBC stationery to assist in the fund-raising. Membership is open to students interested in teaching, maintaining a "C" average, who can pay their dues before the deadline.

S
N
E
A



STUDENT NURSES ASSOCIATION

SNA is a pre-professional organization for nursing students, sponsored to encourage students to become active members of a professional nursing organization after graduation. The club is co-sponsored by the American Nurses Association and the National League for Nursing. JCBC's chapter officers are Kitty McCarroll, president; Lois Macomber, 1st vice-president; Pat Connors, 2nd vice-president; Gail Bruderhausen, recording secretary; Geraldine Karjanis, corresponding secretary; and Mariari Sharrett, treasurer. The campus sponsors are Mrs. Adele Miller and Miss Carolyn Dunne. Only students enrolled in the nursing program are eligible for membership. SNA has a program planned for the Department of Nursing to be presented in February. This year they were hostess chapter for the state convention, which was held in Hollywood.



Young Americans for Freedom is a nationally-affiliated organization of the conservative youth of America. The officers of the campus branch are Chairman Don Shaw, Vice-Chairman Tony Marra, Secretary Tracey Wilkenson, and Treasurer Win Rand. Y.A.F., sponsored by Mr. Lucius DeYampert, was formed last semester and became active during this past January. The national organization was launched in 1960 from the estate of W. S. Buckley, and contains more than 35,000 members. The aims of Y.A.F. are stated in the Sharon Statement, documented in 1960. It outlines the opposition of Communism, the preservation of the Constitution, and the defense of national sovereignty.



YAF

Young Republicans

The Young Republicans Club was formed to promote interest in political affairs and to support the growth of the Republican party. Y.R. received its charter from the state federation in November of 1965. This year's officers are Chairman Bill Behrens, Vice-chairman Jeanne Cooney, Treasurer Brent Balch, Publicity Secretary Tom Tumlin and Recording Secretary Carol Ely. The

club is sponsored by Mr. Harry Crews. Last term, Young Republicans became the first club to back a slate of candidates in the freshman elections. The club was also active in the last SGA presidential election, and plans to back candidates in the upcoming general election. Y.R. will send a delegation to the State Convention in May, 1966.



I Thought of Beauty

By Terry R. Van Der Heyden

Illustrated by Joanita Taormina

*I thought of your beauty and this carnation,
'Twas plucked from an enchanted garden,
Fragrance divine, silv'ry dew laden;
In raptures am I, my infatuation.*

*O'er the blissfulness indulged that shan't perish;
When ecstasy throbs my mortal clay,
My heart does pound away, pound away,
Chanting: "My love, you above all I cherish."*





I Am the Rich
The Famous and the Poor
I Am Socrates crying from
His grave for hearers.
I Am Virgil
And Dante and Homer
I Am Charlemagne and Shakespeare.

But I Am more —
I Am Poverty Enriched
I Am sickness Cured and Death made Life.
I Am a Candle in the Darkness
I Am Love and Joy and Pain
And I Am the End of the search.

For I Am He Who makes the earth
Spin round upon its axis
And threw the stars into the sky
Before there were eyes to see,
Or a man to try to count them.
And I Am He to Whom the eternal worship
Of all creatures belongs
Who put all this into the earth
And Who will take it all away
— Infinite Truth
Infinite Love
Infinite Wisdom —
Infinite God!

I Am He

By Cassandra Kenfield

Illustrated by
Cherry Hanson

MULTIPARTITE

By James Higgins Gray

Collage by Lew Alquist

*In a time before our own
In a far off land
People were building a tower
Before they were through
They suddenly discovered
They could not understand each other
Some turned white with fright
Some red with shame
While others black with anger
Still, others yellow with discouragement
They all fled with contempt*

*That day they started a race
A race of people
The race for supremacy
White said "I'm the smartest"
Red yelled "I'm the strongest"
Black laughed "I'm the happiest"
And yellow sang "I'm the most"*

*Now!
Yellow threaten white
White hate black
Black fight white
While the red sit
And watch their land grow smaller
Where is the finish line
For the race of races
Let one live with another
Two live with three
And the world with me.*

NIGGER GETTER

Spl. \$14.95

This Gun Carries a Negro For \$1000

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Vietn

I'm all white.

Handwritten signature

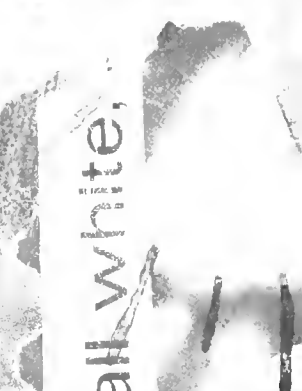
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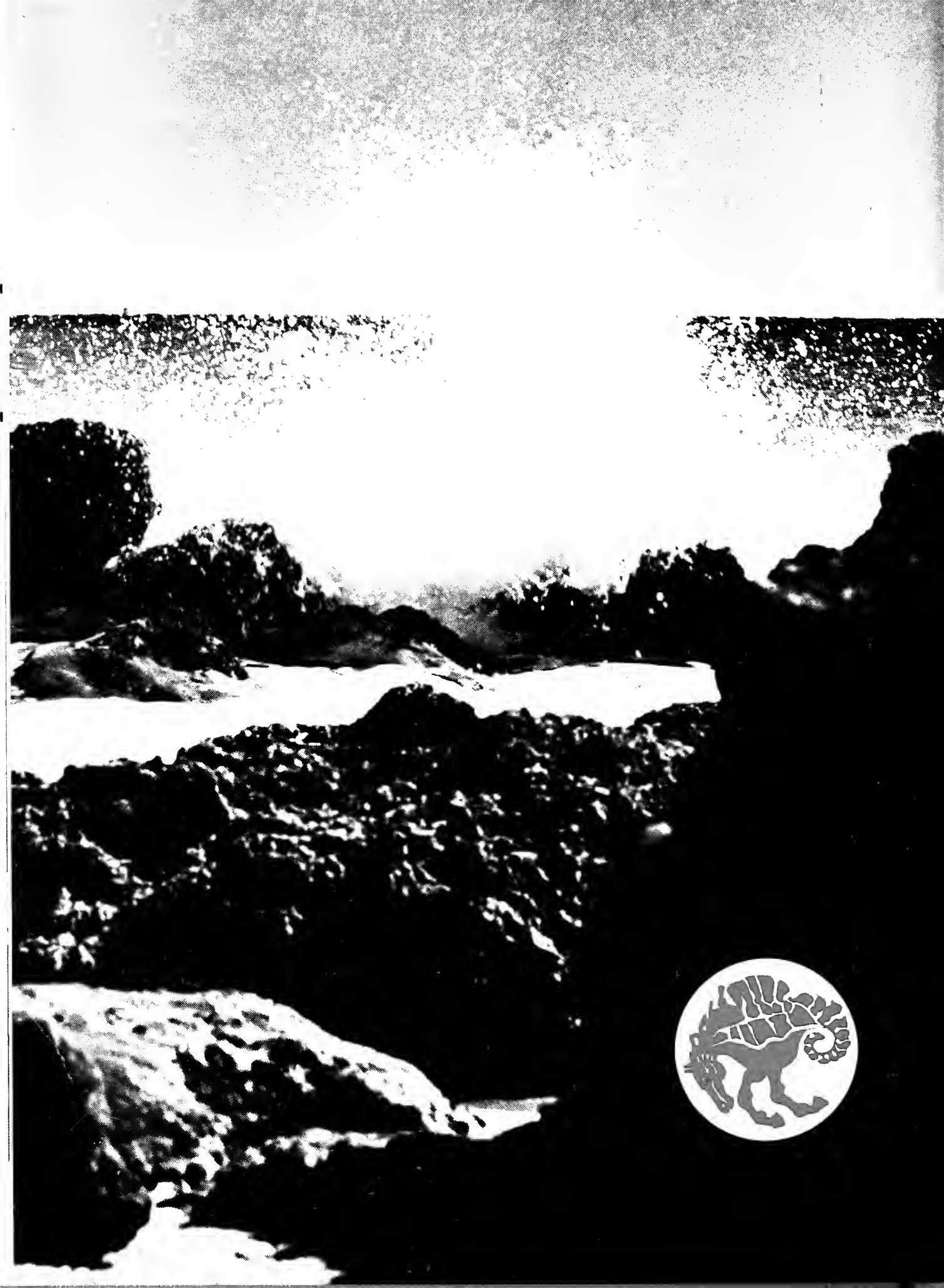
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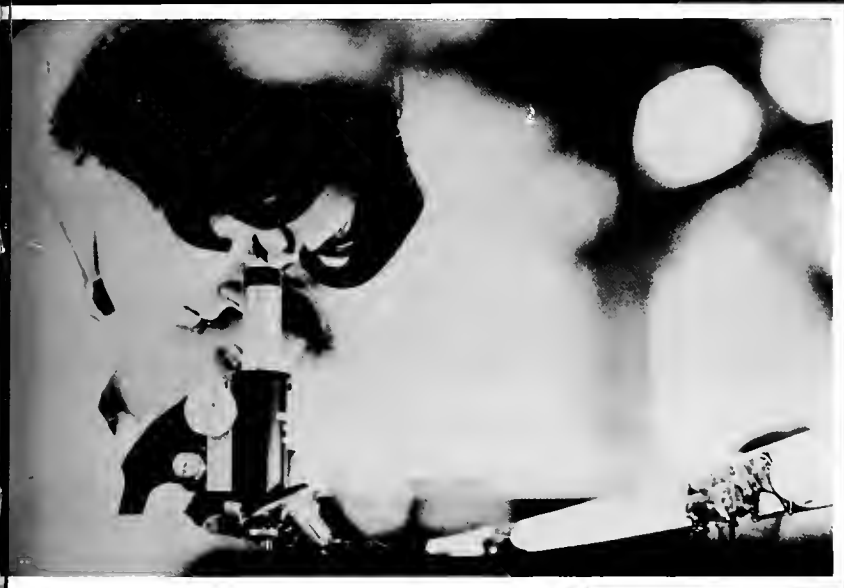
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Get Whitey! The War Cry
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SILVER SANDS



SILVER

SUMAS

MAY, 1966

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SILVER

SANDS

IV

The Junior College of Broward County

Fort Lauderdale, Florida



TABLE OF CONTENTS

COLLEGE '66	2	ON CAMPUS (Selected Cartoons)	32
THIS 'MICKEY MOUSE' COLLEGE — A FAIR		CANDIDATES FOR GRADUATION, MAY, 1966	34
ACCUSATION?	Sheryl Martin 6	GRADUATES OF DECEMBER, 1965	36
VILLAGE CAMP	Sara David 8	PRAYER OF FUTILITY (Poem) John Leatherwood	46
CAMPUS CASUALS	12	INTERCOLLEGIATE SPORTS	John Wolfe
SHALL WE OVERCOME?	Robert Jackson and Rick Barnard 14	CONGRATULATIONS SEAHORSES	48
LYCEUM PRESENTATIONS	Elle Kurpiewski	SPIRIT '66	53
DAVE BRUBECK	16	TENNIS	54
THE NORMAN LUBOFF CHOIR	18	GOLF	55
NATIONAL PLAYERS	19	BASEBALL	56
SOUND OF MUSIC	Phil Mansueto 20	JUDO	58
FOLK MUSIC — THE MUSIC OF FOLKS		THE CAMPUS — A LOOK AT THE FUTURE	
Marci Coyle	21	Ann Bardsley	59
THE MEDICAL ASSISTING PROGRAM	24	THE SGA PICNIC	62
TERMINATION (Short Story)	Jim Tucker 26	WHAT MEASURE — THE MAN? (Poem)	
SEAHORSE MIGRATION	31	T. Stephen Rosen	63
		ANN'S REVIEW	Ann Bardsley 64

COLLEGE '66

Is it Producing A New Breed of American?

BERKELEY riots again, sex orgies persist in America's unapproachable Ivy League colleges, LSD has become "high camp" and America's collegians are winning no popularity contests with older generations.

Is this typical or atypical of the students who have flooded our college campuses? Are they merely a mass of aimless transgressors who rebel for the sake of rebelling or does the majority consist of serious-minded young adults who realize they are "the hope of the future" and yearn to meet and to accept this responsibility?

Currently, the subject of the hour among writers and journalists has been "the revolution" among America's youth. SILVER SANDS wanted to know what the college student thinks of himself and his colleagues. To find out, we went directly to the subject in question—the representatives from the

nation's colleges and universities who have recently filled Fort Lauderdale beaches. Replies were consistent yet strikingly different; expected yet shocking; profound yet uncertain. Primarily, they helped to give a clearer concept of the breed of Americans the colleges are producing.

It is a generation in a hurry. It is impatient to do something about persisting dilemmas on both the national and international level. It looks at the world and is dissatisfied with what it sees. It challenges government, religion, and morality. It goes further—it questions the why's and the wherefore's. It critically analyzes society's basic institutions and wonders where they have fallen short of their mark. "There are more of us, we are more educated, and we have more leisure time. This results in more time to think, to observe, and to question," stated Fred Balzer, a senior and a psychology major at the University of Alaska. George Holder, a 20 year old sociology major at Northwestern University, pointed out that "We have not experienced a depression or a major war. Perhaps because of this we are more idealistic than previous generations and want to bring about changes quickly."

Students today are definitely moving away from the church. Are they deserting the concept of a God or solely the concept of institutionalized religion? Of the stu-

dents questioned, only one is a profound atheist; many more are agnostics. The majority believe in God, but not in organized religion. "Religion should be personal. Church doctrines have left a void that I have filled with my belief in a personal God," stated a 23 year old graduate student at Indiana University. A history major at UCLA cited that "Certainly this generation is deserting the church, but it is not a sudden movement. It has been a gradual change down through history. With the advancement of time comes religious reform. Let's face it, most of our organized religions are archaic and outmoded." A psychology major from Ohio State University added, "I definitely believe in organized religion for myself, but not for everyone else. To say that all others should believe as I do would be imposing on their personal freedoms."

On one major issue, replies were astoundingly identical. This was the subject of morality. This generation is labeled as radical in its moral adjustments. Is it really? Has it completely denounced established moral standards? No two students differed in their sentiments and this popular reaction was summed up by Jim Coldwell, a sophomore and a sociology major at the Royal Canadian University: "What is moral? There should never be a specific set of moral standards set up by society for all to follow. Morality is a per-

sonal matter. Every individual should be responsible for setting their own standards and then following them."

Students are surprisingly willing and eager to express their opinions. They have set down their ideals and convictions and are not

ashamed of them. From the representative number interviewed by SILVER SANDS, here are some of their replies:

ON MILITARY SERVICE IN VIET NAM



Jim Coldwell, 19, sophomore sociology major at the Royal Canadian University.

"I'm still a Canadian citizen, yet I have resided in the United States for nine years. If called to service I'd gladly give my life for this country. I believe in what the United States is doing in Viet Nam and they should stay there until the cause is satisfied."



Laurie Mandebaum, 20, a French major at Skidmore College.

"I'm not a pacifist, but I definitely believe that we should not be in Viet Nam."

(Note: Of the students interviewed, Miss Mandebaum is the only one who does not back our stand in Viet Nam.)



Ronald Furst, 18, business major at the University of Miami.

"Prejudice definitely decreases by generation, but I feel that students are hypocritical about integration. They will try to give an outward impression of being all for racial equality, yet this is difficult for them to accept within themselves. It will have to be a gradual transition. It is impossible to jam anything down people's throats and then expect them to swallow it willingly."

ON DRAFT-CARD BURNERS



John Rosamilia, 20, a student at Rutgers University.

"What is the point in taking such drastic measures when they're actually not accomplishing anything? If they're trying to play the role of the martyr they have failed. The only visible outcome is that their character or else their sanity appears questionable in the eyes of others. Thus, their purpose is deterred rather than escalated."

ON RACIAL PROBLEMS

ON THE BERKELEY RIOTS



Elena Borstein, 20, an art major at Skidmore College.

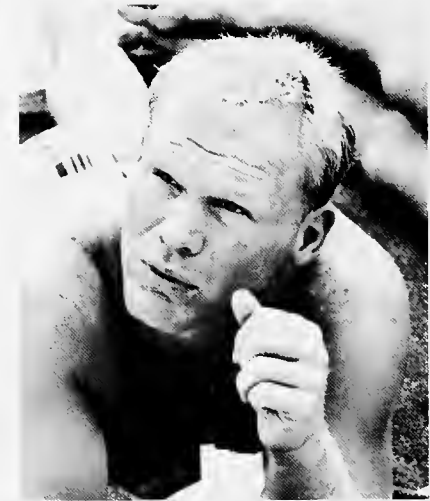
"Berkeley may be right, but the method is wrong. If they really believe in their objectives there's nothing wrong with that. More people should have such sincere motives. But they're going about it all wrong. They're accomplishing nothing but a great deal of undesirable publicity."

ON GOVERNMENT



Susie Kogut, 21, senior education major at Michigan State University.

"I don't feel a personal responsibility for my country's racial problems, but I do feel a personal responsibility in helping to solve them."



Larry Tolstam, 23, graduate student in economics at Michigan State University.

"I don't believe in 'my country, right or wrong' per se. Citizens should maintain the right to criticize their government's actions, but once it makes a move they should back it up whether they agree or not. Governments are the products of human minds. No human is perfect, so how can a government be?"



ON RELIGION

Merle Carlson, 23, a graduate student in chemistry at Northwestern University.

"Organized religion is good for those who cannot think for themselves. It provides a logical behavior pattern for individuals who are unable to set down a satisfactory pattern on their own. The more educated a person becomes, his need for this type of religion lessens."

ON FAMILY RELATIONS



Fred Balzer, 22, senior psychology major at the University of Alaska.

"I've worked with kids from broken homes, alcoholic parents, and other undesirable backgrounds. To be honest, I feel complete disgust for what I see. I consider myself a good potential parent and to me this is extremely important. The loss of family ties is a loss our children cannot afford."



Marjorie Freeman, 19, freshman physical education major at the University of Florida.

"Yes, I definitely believe in God. In organized religion, no. Ways of expression vary with each individual. In churches and synagogues, people have a tendency to follow the crowd. No true belief really comes through."



Jeff Zettel, 19, sophomore history major at UCLA.

"I don't believe in God, yet I am not saying that there is not a God. I don't believe in a heaven or a hell. I believe in people and people are good. All my life my parents have practically crammed religion down my throat. As a result, instead of being devout, I have turned away from it."

ON THE FUTURE



George Holder, 20, a sociology major at Northwestern University.

"I definitely fear for the future. Small scale wars will continue and will slowly drain our country's economy. I'm not saying that big wars are out, but I think that the occurrence of one is unlikely. The greater destruction potential man obtains, the less likely he is to use it. Economically speaking, we will suffer the greatest at the hands of the small scale wars."



"... the registration run-around ..."

"... with the lake the parking lot ..."

WHAT'S the difference how we dress or how we feel? When you're in the thirteenth grade, you've got to be treated like you're in the thirteenth grade!"

This comment was taken from a conversation overheard in the student lounge. The boy was discussing the dress code. In another corner of the room, there was a heated argument going on about the restriction of fraternities on the JCBC campus. The students were all arguing in favor of the establishment of legal fraternities on campus. Their reasoning was logical and their arguments were sound. At least they appeared to be sound, since there was no one arguing against them.

The average student spends a great deal of time in discussion and/or criticism of the campus, the administration and the school system in general. This criticism either takes the form of a subtle prod ("... the super-rotten 'food' at the Union"), the not-so-subtle prod ("... with the lake in the parking lot and the sand dunes 'round the buildings, we should set up cabanas and beach mats. We'd make a fortune!"), and finally a downright stab ("If this mickey-mouse kindergarten were really a college, we could have our fraternities, and sororities too, if we wanted them.").

The most common complaint

seems to be that the whole concept of a junior college is an insult to the ideals of the American university. The usual phrase employed to describe it is "mickey-mouse." For those not familiar with the term, it means "simply too unbelievably stupid to be mentioned in an intelligent conversation."

The reference to the junior college as an extension of high school is also frequently heard. Restrictions and methods of procedure such as bells at the end of class sessions, enforced attendance, and the dress requirements are thought by the students to be impositions or reflections upon the students' judgment. "The rules are set up by the administration, enforced by the faculty, and the kids who are supposed to be learning discipline and acceptance of responsibility aren't gaining anything."

Dr. E. P. Lauderdale, Dean of Instruction, attributed the necessity of restrictions upon the student body to the lack of an organized, strong student government, such as those that exist in the four-year institutions. He said "Leaders aren't just born, they practice. In a two-year institution, there just isn't enough time for the student to learn enough about self-government to be able to direct themselves. At the universities, the juniors and seniors are the ones who run things. That gives the freshmen and sophomores



a chance to learn with no problem of 'two-year turnover'."

Lauderdale also said that "... the administration cannot abdicate responsibility for the operation of the educational institution. It can delegate authority to the student, but it can't relieve itself of legal authority of the school."

One reason the junior colleges were established was to take the load off the four-year universities. Certainly community colleges have done this. Here in South Florida,

This 'MICKEY MOUSE' Junior College . . . *A Fair Accusation?*

by SHERYL MARTIN

Dade County Junior College, with an enrollment of almost 17,000, and JCBC with more than 4,000 have lifted over 21,000 incoming students off the enrollment lists of the state and private universities in Florida. This is not even considering the other junior colleges in the state. Without the junior

Students are not always able to cope with college life, studies and responsibilities at the same time. Jarecke said, "When a high school student is sent directly to a fairly demanding university of the better class, he is at a disadvantage because there is much background he lacks and is not able to survive without. In a junior college, the student is able to catch what background he didn't have before, and acclimate himself to college life."

The problems that the "open door" policy of enrollment present to the teachers are quite different from those found in a university. Where, at a university, the professor may often have to cope with overcrowded classes and an exasperating schedule; in a junior college the problems are more in the nature of having to deal with an incoming group of students which

may appear to be intellectually inferior.

Dr. Homer Ledbetter, Head of the Humanities Division, said, "There are more problems here, but at least we are able to cope with the problems on a more individual level . . . Every piece of human stuff has worth in its own right. Educators should try to develop this worth."

Aside from the regulatory problems of a junior college, there are the physical discomforts of establishing a school. These discomforts (the lake in the parking lot in front of "C" building, the daily sand storms, the registration run-around, the "food" on campus) are things that both the faculty and the students must share. They are caused either by lack of facilities or conflicting future plans for campus arrangement. They are to be endured as part of the birth pains of a college.

*" . . . we should set up
cabanas and beach
mats . . . "*

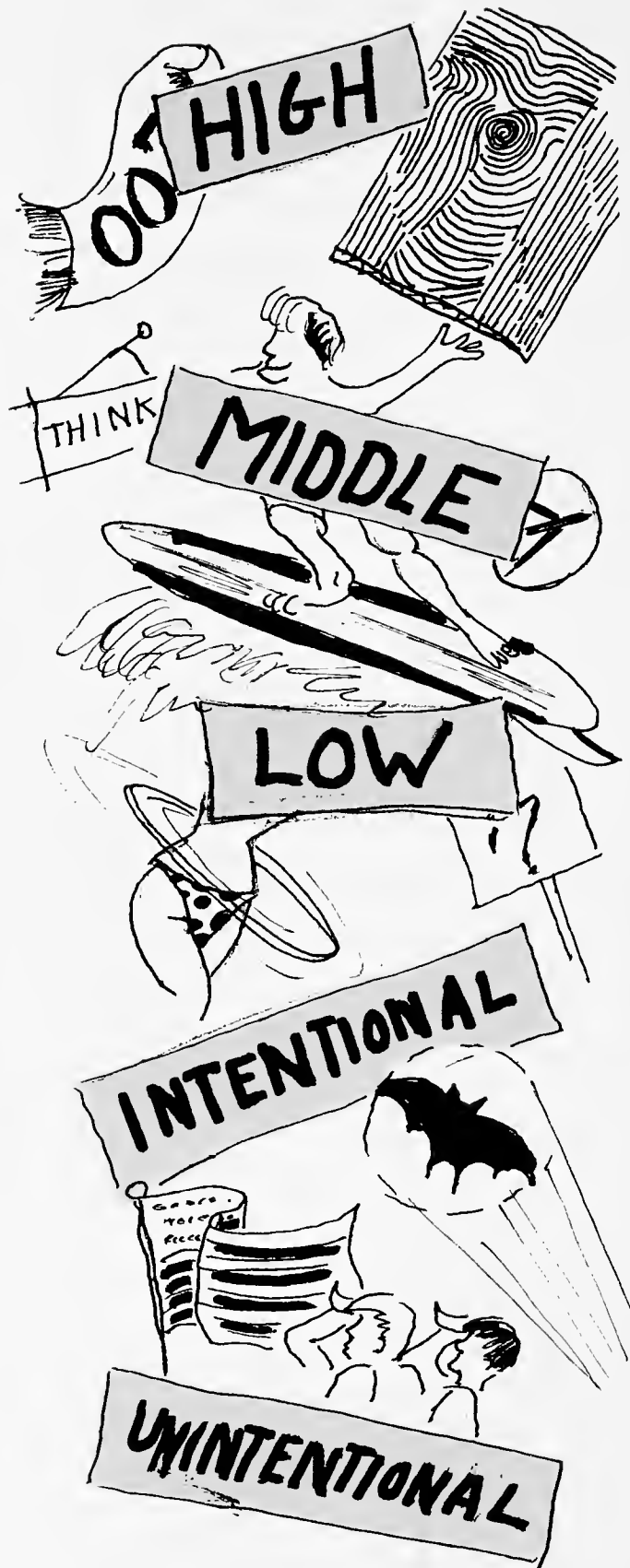
colleges, the universities in the state would have had to turn away almost half of the applying students.

The advantages a two-year institution offers the student are many and varied. The most obvious is the financial advantage. The junior college offers a university parallel program to students who otherwise couldn't afford a college education. Dr. Walter Jarecke, director of counseling and advisement, said that "Statistics show that graduates of the university parallel courses here do better than do those students who follow the same course in certain four-year institutions."



VILLAGE CAMP

by Sara David



FAMILIARITY, hopefully, breeds Camp. Camp? It's an old word that's been dragged out in the open and given a new meaning. It obsoletes Hip; Mad, mad, mad; Pop; Swinging; Crazy; Groovy; *Funsville*. You're not "In" anymore, or "Out." You're either Camp or you aren't. The world, suddenly, is divided into two and only two parts: those that are and those that aren't. A trivial matter? Unworthy of consideration in a college magazine? Absolutely not. Camp keeps the very best of company.

Susan Sontag, who breathed new life into the relic, is a professor of philosophy at Columbia University. In an intricate and involved essay in the *Partisan Review*, Fall, 1964, she decided that the word satisfied a missing definition for a "third sensibility." To Miss Sontag, Camp is the love of artifice and exaggeration; the theatricality of certain things that are "good" because they're so "awful." She restricts Camp to the *affluent* society, or one capable of reacting to the psychopathology (her word) of affluence. Sontag Camp: Tiffany lamps; 1900 A.D. post cards; King Kong; the androgynous boy-girl, girl-boy pre-Raphaelite painting; Oscar Wilde. And sex movies, if seen without experiencing an involvement.

Time magazine took her up on it, and started what has become a free-for-all in defining subjective taste. The *New York Times* magazine couldn't resist the bait, and insists it's a noun and an adjective:

Camp, n: a 3rd strem of taste.

Camp, adj: too much; not to be believed.

This impeccable source carefully subdefines it,

with examples:

High Camp: . . .

Middle Camp: . . .

Low Camp: . . .

Intentional Camp: . . .

Unintentional Camp: . . .

and, less bold, than Miss Sontag, adds, "in the beholder's own eye, of course."

Gloria Steinern, in *Life*, calls Camp "return-trip Pop . . . but it has got to be Fun." *Holiday's* George Frazier takes the side of a critic who says Camp is something that is good *in spite of* being bad. He goes so far as to conclude that Camp *really* is an Indonesian portrait of Tony Curtis done in chicken feathers. The *Venetian Crier* abstracts it to NOT owning a Mustang, or getting married because you WANT to.

Webster's *Third New International* lists 23 variations of Camp, none of which remotely resemble anything concerning a "sensibility," or a chickenfeathered Tony Curtis. And, horrors, according to Meehan, the word has been around in the non-rural sense since 1909, evolving from connotations of "the pleasantly ostentatious," through homosexuality in the 1920's, to its present status, whatever that is.

Camp has become part of the mainstream, the bloodstream of the U.S. And most unlikely of all, it is being treated as a serious subject, debated by intellectuals (?) via magazine articles and newspaper columns. So much so, in fact, it has permeated the medical/mental profession. To one New York psychiatrist, Camp is potentially dangerous: a sick and decadent form of regression; an adolescent, sentimental running-away from life and responsibilities. A Fort Lauderdale psychologist considers it a rebellion against conformity, an "objection to existing mores and culture."

Camp means all things to all persons. It can be defined as



simply or as elaborately as your vocabulary permits. Underneath the verbal extravagance, Camp is essentially a response: the unique, spontaneous reaction of the subjective i; momentary immersion of the senses in pure, undiluted delight. It is an instantaneous involvement that fulfills a need for a feeling of aliveness and character in the monotony of mass culture, affluent or, in spite of Miss Sontag, *unaffluent*.

Which brings us to JCBC Camp. Other than the fact that a draftable student occasionally plays Russian roulette and signs up for 11 college-hours, and some students deliberately don't alter a perfectly good car, is there such a thing as complex Camp on the *unaffluent* campus: Is JCBC too horribly dull to support anything but the most primitive form of Camp—playboy covers on the Family textbook, Cornhuskers lotion, thin men with thin beards? Of course there is.

JCBC Camp is as real as intangible as the fourth dimension. You can't prove it. You just feel it's there. JCBC Camp may be different, but it exists. AND it has nothing to do with Italian Monopoly sets, or Japanese movies with deliberately un-related subtitles. OR Steve Reeves movies, Bea Lillie, Victor Mature's chest, or Andy Warhol's eight-hour movie of a man sleeping. These things have to be searched out and exhibited. They shriek Camp. JCBC Camp is perhaps more sophisticated because it is so ultimately subtle. It deals with the emotional rather than the visual senses.

To all appearances, the same things happen every day at JCBC: same classes, same teachers, same buildings, and same look-alike students. JCBC Camp is tenuous and wafy: and extremely exclusive. It is available only to those

that have lived here. It is the thing that gives character and a sense of difference to the incredibly familiar *unaffluent* junior college life. It is a sense of the unpredictable in the routine: the non-giving-in to sameness and plainness. Anybody that has been here and denies that JCBC Camp exists is obtuse. Asleep. Unaware. To use a more familiar word, "Out."

For instance, how about all the prestige JCBC is acquiring? Two on the president's list, 29 on the dean's list at FSU, trimester I, 1965. It creates a feeling of surprise and delight. It shouldn't, really. After surviving the math-science courses here one can climb any educational mountain. But since, for some reason, it creates an air of the unusual, important enough to take up eye-catching space in the paper, it is definitely Camp for JCBC alumni to be on the FSU president's list.

The new planetarium: an Aztec temple in the midst of a wasteland relieved only by great boxes that shelter the inhabitants? And Mr. Martin: might he possibly go into the mysterious darkness and never appear again except to announce great happenings from omens of the stars: perhaps the collision of two worlds, or life on Mars? The planetarium most certainly is an involvement of the unfamiliar with the familiar. In a word, Camp.

Camp clings to Building A, ex-building C. In the terribly hot September, 1965, students and teachers voluntarily packed themselves, alive and barely breathing, into this concentration camp: sans water, sans bathroom, sans air-conditioning. (Camp People) Now, finished (almost?), WITH water and air, the name changed to Classroom Building A, theoretically it shouldn't be Camp. But it

is. *In spite of* the seeming dignity and formal name, how about the curtain walls that cut sight but not noise, patios with no place to sit or put books? No public telephones. *In spite of* the efforts of the authorities, it remains a marketplace. It demands an emotional experience to stay the day there. Building A perversely retains its Camp atmosphere.

Definitely Camp is the unlikely circumstance that, of all places, the math-science department should be the one to acquire exquisitely landscaped parks in tiny corners. AND benches WITH cushions. Unexpected and different? Yes. Camp? Very much so.

The new registration procedure is Camp this year. Ante the new registration, 4-day lines weren't Camp (*too emotional*), they were killing. Now, if you have to wait, it's unique. The familiar exhibits an unfamiliar quality: Camp. Return-trip Pop, if you prefer *Life's* definition. Going to the office and successfully completing a mission is Camp. And so is the two-foot deep reflecting pool WITH fountains. JCBC Camp involves a light-hearted adjustment to familiar problems. Non-complaining. A feeling that education is worth *anything*.

JCBC Camp breaks out in tiny happenings on the campus. The DeLara and Woodle concert, for instance: the pursuit and attainment of excellence. And the opening of the Fine Arts building with a formal art exhibit rivaling anything to be found downtown. The foreign language movies this trimester: "Fedra." A Greek myth in Spanish! Lawrence Olivier playing Othello (this is foreign?) directly to the students and faculty. These things happen every day at Columbia university, and every week or month or so at Miami, FSU and Florida State. At JCBC,

however, they're Camp: an occasional elegance that lives, unnoticed for the most part, within the familiar goings-on of the practical campus affairs.

Pan Ku is Camp—if you read it and discover that gold glitters beneath the expected, and the conventional. The superb *Pan Ku* illustrations. The *Venetian Crier* is Camp this year: the atmosphere periodically boils with reactions from students, faculty, administration and probably the school board. Who cares? It's Camp on the campus: a surprised delight in discovering that caught up in the *unaffluent* atmosphere there thrives individualism and boldness and creativity. The deceptively familiar and practical carries beneath it a strain of difference.

JCBC people are Camp. These JCBC instructors and professors aren't ninnies, they've got guts: consider the faculty pictures in *Silver Sands*. These are brave souls who exposed themselves, and for the most part got the worst part of the bargain. These pages in *Silver Sands* bring about a tender feeling (Susan Sontag's

expression) that goes along with anything Camp. It's "good because it's so awful."

Students that enroll because they WANT to be Camp; students that grudgingly enroll and become advocates of THIS junior college are Camp. So are the students burdened with a double life of work and study, and find time to play. And so are the adult students that manage to survive obsolete, sometimes medieval, educational backgrounds. Even MORE Camp: the fact that you can count the older women, but not the men. Men don't age, somehow they merge within the group. Universal Camp?

Camp even seeps into the library. No IRS man ever tracked down a tax fugitive more diligently than the librarians search for total information. No matter how trivial the grail, if it's important to the student, it's holy to them: an attitude that transcends the impersonal objectivity usually associated with the formality of a library.

JCBC Camp rebels against the unemotional atmosphere of the

practical higher education. It is the Self within the crowd. It is a reprieve from the robot-like, automated, organized existence in mass education.

What about non-camp? There is no such thing. For Camp, by definition, is pure, undiluted response. It necessitates non-judgment, non-consideration, non-comparison, and non-premeditation. You either are or you aren't—you feel it or you don't.

This article is subjective. Opinionated, if you prefer. You perhaps object, or disagree. Fine, go to it. It's a symptom of non-contrived response. It's Camp.

One last, sad remark. It probably isn't even *Camp* to be Camp anymore. Like Dorian Gray, *Camp* is perhaps already dead of old age in just a few months. However, people will worry it, use it, and keep it artificially breathing for a while until someone comes up with a newer word for the same old thing: the response of delight within the known. The familiar that ISN'T contempt. A sophistication that can exist within the *unaffluent* society.



CAMPUS CASUALS





Sun, sand and wind inspire the fashions on the junior college campus.

The sunny days of South Florida call for dresses or skirt and blouse outfits of a light material. The coeds carry sweaters for the cooler days and raincoats for those cloudy days when sudden showers seem inevitable.

Hairdos are usually loose, simple styles that

are ruffled by the wind and easily combed back into place.

The good sturdy and ever popular loafers are worn by most coeds. These shoes are comfortable for the long walks between buildings over the hard concrete and through soft sand.

Sun glasses protect artfully made up eyes from the wind whipped sand and the bright Florida sun.

by ROBERT L. JACKSON

TO SAY that the problems of race relations in the United States are complex hardly helps to clarify our situation. But unless the complexity of this matter is seen and taken into account, no single step is likely to be very effective. The problems of American education are no less complex. In a nation as diversified as ours, universal education can never be simple, and it is universal education that we must strive for now.

Since the issues of race relation permeate into almost every aspect of life, it is not unusual that we have it interlaced with other problems in education.

Let us come a little closer to home. How are we licking the problem at Broward Junior College? Most people say "what problem?" That was my reaction, too. But I wasn't quite convinced prior to enrolling at B.J.C.

I wasn't sure that B.J.C. was the place for me. The outer me just didn't want to conform, but deep down inside I knew that this was my best bet. My debate went something like this:

Outer Me: Look, kid, it's too much trouble.

Inner Me: Yeah, but it's economical and very convenient.

Outer Me: They will all be against you . . . even the instructors are "segs" (segregationists).

Inner Me: First of all, you're not looking at this thing with an open mind. Second, this is Fort Lauderdale, not Birmingham or Selma, Alabama. And third, this problem exists on both sides . . . us and them.

Outer Me: Why do you and I have to be pioneers? Why don't we leave things like this for other people?

Inner Me: Have you considered where we might be today is everybody thought like you?

Outer Me: Well, I guess you're right.

After the better half of me decided to enroll at B.J.C., I was curious to know how other Negro students felt about attending the junior college. What problems were they confronted with, if any.

I was coming out of the student center when I spotted a short, stocky Negro fellow with thick black-rimmed glasses sitting at a patio table reading. I spoke politely and then proceeded to ask him, "Do you feel uncomfortable when you're sitting in a class with all white students?"

"Well," he said, "this is the first time I have attended such a school. At first when I sat at my desk in the front of the room, I could feel eyes staring at the back of my head. But now I feel at ease."

Another Negro student added that he feels very uncomfortable whenever issues on civil rights are brought up in the classroom by students or instructors.

Upon asking Negro students whether or not they believed that they could get along better at an all-Negro college, more than fifty percent said no.

One girl added, "I adapted myself to

"You see," he started, "we represent about 3% of the school population and whenever we see another one of us walking across the campus or sitting at a table, we join them because they're like 'kin.'"

I could see the point he was trying to make. Most of the Negro students share those sentiments and I am no

Shall We Over



the situation, made new friends, and I like it very much."

I walked around to the southeast end of the patio and noticed that the Negroes were all sitting together, segregated from the rest.

I asked a fellow (Negro), "Why do you congregate in this section? Why don't you integrate with the rest of the students?"

exception now that I've been here a while.

I think Broward Junior College earns an "A plus" because of the lack of friction or major incidents between the races.

As I stated before, we have a long way to go, but maybe before long, we can look at everybody and think of them as "kin."

by RICK BARNARD

SUMMER is coming. The last day of school, Fourth of July and week-ends at the beach are just around the corner. Summer means fun, time to relax and leave your troubles behind for a couple of weeks.

Summer is not all fun and smiles. Summer 1966 will undoubtedly witness a nasty little rite that has plagued the country for decades. Along with cold

by huge militant bands of whites who will complain about the Supreme Court, curse President Johnson, and passionately demand the maintenance of the status quo.

Rather than review the history of race relations in this country and thereby repeat what has already been said, I prefer to look at the problem from a personal viewpoint.

I'm a white, middle-class, Anglo-Saxon Protestant. I was born and lived for ten years in Birmingham, Alabama. Contrary to what many people might like to believe, my mommy never took me on her knee to teach me how to hate. I was told to show respect for older people (even polka-dotted ones), not to ask girls to go skinny-dippin' and not to buy popsicles from the colored ice cream man. I was once given a good shaking for being rude to our Negro maid. The word "nigger" always brought a quick reprimand or slap on the backside from my red-haired Scotch-Irish Mom. Our crowd did not spend twenty-four hours a day re-fighting the Civil War. Only once can I remember waiting in a darkened cemetery to scare the daylight out of an old Negro man.

I have a cousin who runs a huge farm (we never call it a plantation) in Mississippi. He frequently carries a short cropped whip but uses it only on the horses. My boyhood was not drastically different from any of my friends. I went to school, teased the girls and raised hell in general.

Since I was fifteen, I've spent a healthy amount of time wondering what it would be like to be a Negro. I've decided I wouldn't like it. I would be somewhat irritated if I spent four or five years of my time and a lot of money going to school and was then refused a job because my skin didn't have the right tint. I would be even more irritated if refused service at a restaurant because the owners believe I'd pollute the place. Being asked to get the heck out would bug me no end. My money spends good all over town. The life of a Negro must certainly be more difficult than mine from the very beginning.

The Junior College of Broward County is the first integrated school I've ever attended. Going to school with Negro students doesn't bother me at all. There is no reason that it should. Perhaps if the situation was reversed and the enrollment consisted of about 200 whites and 4,300 Negroes I would feel differently. I might tend to be a little quieter and to sit at the same table on the patio every day. I might not be the "joiner" that I am. I like to think I wouldn't act that way but I probably would.

The fact is that Southern people do not, by nature, hate Negroes. They never did. It strikes me as ironic that the disturbances in Harlem and Watts were defined as socio-economic upheavals while the brawls in Birmingham and St. Augustine were termed race-riots. Those who view the Southerner as three parts hate and one part grits are just as prejudiced as the people who think of the Negro as an unwashed dum-dum.

Fort Lauderdale is hard to categorize. It's not in the South. The South stops at Orlando. The gold coast, with its Saturday stew of refugees from the cold, defies definition in terms of ethnic association. I am not proud of Birmingham's reputation as a center of hate. I do realize that "Southern justice" is not a myth. It's there. It's real. Feed it a little fuel and it will raise its ugly head to take a last desperate swat at the new Negro maturity. But this does not mean that every citizen of the South should walk around with a skull and crossbones painted on his back. Southern hospitality and sense of honor are not myths either. They are an important part of the moral fibre that sustains the people of the so-called Bible Belt.

Southern justice and the redneck philosophy are fading and a new South is rising to take its place. The increased industrialization along with the Supreme Court demand for reapportionment mark the end of rural rule. The new South is made of steel and history, white collars and more commerce.

The racial war is a malignancy which infects the soul and slows the heartbeat of the entire country. John F. Kennedy saw the problem in a double light. In addition to being a sickness, he thought it offered us a chance to mature. In the close of the 1960 presidential campaign he spoke of this responsibility. "I remind you of a letter Lincoln wrote to a friend at the beginning of the Civil War. 'I know there is a God, and I know He hates injustice. I see the storm coming and I know His hand is in it. But if He has a place and a part for me, I believe that I am ready.' Now, a hundred years later, when the issue is still freedom or slavery, we know there is a God, and we know He hates injustice. We see the storm coming and we know His hand is in it. But if He has a place and a part for us, I believe that we are ready."

The generation before ours had a chance to straighten out the racial mess and they really bungled the job. Now it's our turn. Relations between the races will not improve in the courts or halls of Congress. Understanding must develop on the streetcorner, at the job and especially on the campus. President Kennedy was right; we are ready.

ome?



beer and steaks sizzling on the outdoor grill, the "lazy, hazy days of summer" will usher in the annual dance of racial hate. Negroes from every metropolis in the United States will surge onto the streets and boulevards in huge militant bands to complain about economic infringements, racial discrimination, and passionately demand "Freedom now!" These colored processions will be met



Introducing

FROM the moment the Dave Brubeck Quartet began playing, it was obvious that jazz *craftsmanship* was apparent. It was also obvious that the Quartet was the most popular Lyceum of the three presented.

Brubeck did almost everything. He played, talked, made jokes about jazz improvisations and laughed off a faulty microphone.

The show opened with "Saint Louis Blues" followed by a soft and pretty rendition of "Brandenburg Gate." The sax of Paul Desmond was very smooth and Brubeck played the piano in almost classical form.

The first part closed with standards like "Tangerine" and "Take the A Train."

The second part featured some new and old tunes. Brubeck played "Forty Days," which, he explained, was a new jazz spiritual. It proved to be interesting and beautiful.

As always, the audience found a favorite, in Joe Morello. Though it must have been hard with the talents of Brubeck, Desmond and bass, Gene Wright, on the stage. However, Morello was the audience winner as he received a standing ovation following a fantastic drum solo.

The Quartet then played, what most had been waiting for, the popular "Take Five." It seemed to close the show as another standing ovation occurred.

With that piano, sax, bass and drums, the evening of jazz *craftsmanship* and showmanship, ended.



March 10, 1966

DAVE BRUBECK





The Norman Luboff Choir



THE Norman Luboff Choir represented the word *versatility* when they presented the second Lyceum program. The Choir accomplished this by opening with spirituals and closing with popular songs they have made famous.

"Hodie natus Christus est" by Sweelinck, opened the show and the spirituals were the rule of the first half.

There was one interesting comic relief, however, and this was when the Choir performed "Valise." The song is about the conversation bits that one can pick up while dancing around the ballroom. The lyrics and effect were excellent.

Seriousness soon returned when the first part closed with an extended piece called the "Magnificat," which was just that — very magnificent.

By the second half, the audience had found a favorite singer in the low voice of Paul Burgen. He received a standing ovation during "Deep River."

Dreamland was achieved through such songs as "Laura," a standard of the Norman Luboff Choir. "Dry Bones" was another favorite as percussionist Paul Callaghan gave it an exciting Latin beat, the only accompaniment in the song.

"Skip To My Lou" also received fantastic applause as the program ended.

Throughout, adults seemed to have "music does still exist" written on their faces. Students also appeared to enjoy the variety of spirituals, folk, and popular songs presented by the *versatile* Norman Luboff Choir.

Two student journalists, Elle Kurpiewski and Al Kent, interview Maestro Luboff during a relaxing moment backstage.



National Players present

Romeo and Juliet

BEAUTY, versatility and craftsmanship were the key words in this year's three final Lyceum programs.

The National Players displayed beauty in their presentation of Shakespeare's immortal *Romeo and Juliet*. The story, as most know, is the tragedy of two lovers and the sequence of events that lead up to their sorrowful deaths.

Chris Sarandon in the role of Romeo was excellent after a slow start. The handsome young actor portrayed Romeo in the perfect tradition, yet added depth to the role with his own modernization and youthfulness.

Juliet was also played to perfection by the capable and lovely Halo Wines. Costuming and lighting were especially effective during her scenes.

Both had their brightest moment during the balcony scene, making it the highlight of the evening.

However, the play was not always melancholy. One actress and two actors gave the audience the much needed comic relief in the course of the play. Juliet's nurse, played by Pat Hecht, was marvelous with her ever suffering manner. Mercutio, friend of Romeo and Peter, servant to Juliet, played respectively by Philip LeStrange and Charles Faranda, were also wonderful in their comic roles.

The play itself, of course, is a classic. Yet, all the actors involved gave it their own special touches, making the roles believable and alive.

Shakespearean lovers had to agree that the presentation was a memorable experience.



The Sound of Music

THE Stranahan High School Auditorium was filled with the sounds of music Friday and Saturday, April 1 and 2, as the Fine Arts Department presented its spring musical production, "The Sound of Music."

The play was double cast and starred Banu Gibson and Mary

as she waltzes to mass and even sings in the Abbey.

"Maria, it seems to be the will of God that you leave us," says the Mother Abbess, played by Mrs. Rosemary Schoch. Maria pleads with the Mother Abbess not to send her away because she does want to become a nun very

portrayed by Dr. Willard DeLara, chairman of the Fine Arts Department, is a very strict man and runs his house like a battleship. Maria, however, manages to change all this.

Maria's first innovation into the von Trapp home is music, in the form of singing. Maria teaches the



Ann Uhlar as Maria, a young girl who wanted to become a nun. The setting for the play was in Austria in early 1938.

Maria makes a real effort to be solemn and obedient but she seems always to be getting into some sort of mischief. It's not that Maria doesn't try to be good; on the contrary, she is a kind and loving human being. But Maria has music in her heart and is oftentimes seen by the other nuns

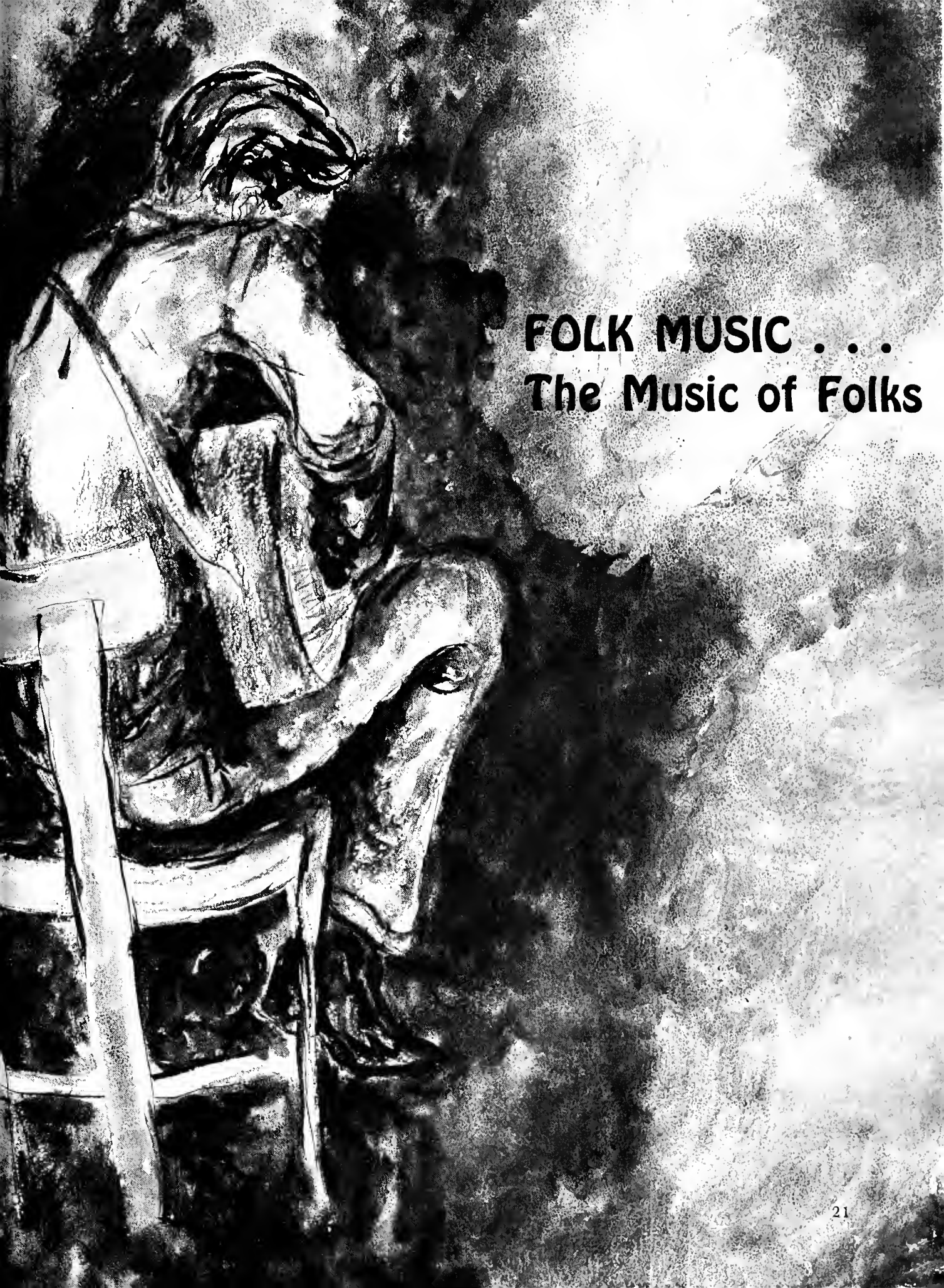
much. The Mother Abbess assures Maria that she will only be away for a short while and that when she returns to the Abbey she will then know better what is expected of her.

"If it is God's will," says Maria.

Maria is sent to the home of Captain von Trapp, an ex-navy hero, widower, and father to seven children. Maria assumes the position of governess to the seven von Trapp children. The Captain,

children, who previously were "little marching machines," how to sing, something they had never done before. This also marks the first time music has been brought into the von Trapp family since the death of the Captain's wife.

Maria then teaches the Captain how to know and love his children better. By doing so the battleship atmosphere is removed and is replaced by the close-knit family relationship with Maria becoming the children's "new" mother.



FOLK MUSIC . . .
The Music of Folks

AND I can't help but wonder where I'm bound." These words from a song by Tom Paxton, a contemporary singer and writer of songs, probably reflect the feelings of this college generation. Just as the words of over one thousand songs written by Woody Guthrie, song writer and singer, reflect the feelings of his generation. Bob Dylan, another contemporary singer and writer of songs, says when he hears people call these "folk songs" he thinks of fat old men. He adds that he prefers to call them "traditional songs." Dylan comments, "It (traditional music) comes about from legends, Bibles, plagues and it revolves around vegetables and death. It is too unreal to die."

The renaissance of the traditional song began about eight years ago when the Kingston Trio recorded "Tom Dooley" and sold over a million copies. This form of music was adopted by a new generation of song writers to express the feelings of their restless young audiences.

Although the revival of the traditional songs began only eight years ago they are a part of something that has survived for over seven centuries.

Willa Muir, noted authority on traditional ballads, says, "These songs have a charm . . . a slow impersonal rhythm of traditional feelings that carry with them ancient and long forgotten or half-forgotten rituals and ceremonies."

When we say folk or traditional music, Jerry Silverman, musician, says we mean only that music "north of the Rio Grande and south of the Distance Early Warning Line." This, in a way is true. Yet, within the boundaries of the United States, the Melting Pot of Music from all nationalities, songs contain elements of the English ballad, East Indies' calypso beat, the African chant, the Irish reel and the distinctive characteristics of the Spanish guitar.

Our traditional music began in England centuries ago with the minstrels who made up and sang ballads and laments that told real stories about love, hate, birth, death and work.

The ballad is a story put to music. The singer is simply an impersonal storyteller. There is no coaxing to get the audience to listen. Miss Muir says, "The ballad draws its listeners into itself on a current of assured sympathy."

The ballad has many gaps which the listener must fill in with his own imagination. Take "Barbara Allen" for example. No attempt is made to tell the listener why Miss Allen has rejected the love of "Sweet William" nor does the ballad tell why she repents for her hard-heartedness after William is

dead. Still the ballad is a complete story and each listener fills in the why's and wherefore's in his own way. Miss Muir adds, "The audience is expected to have a natural ability to enter directly into any situation presented."

Stories put to music often involved wit and riddles. It seems that all folks, rich and poor, liked riddles. The minstrels, always willing to oblige, put plenty of this kind of wit into their stories. It can be found today in many of the old ballads. For example, "I Gave My Love a Cherry." In this song the speaker asks his love: when does a cherry have no stone, a chicken no bone, a story no end and a baby no crying? When the minstrel first sang the song, asking the questions, his listeners were challenged to think of answers. The witty answers that have come down to us are as follows: a cherry has no stone when it is blooming; a chicken, no bone when it is pipping; a story of love has no end; and when a baby is sleeping, it is not crying.

The ballads often concerned themselves with encounters between a man and a woman and involved rape and murder, courtship and marriage or unfaithfulness. "The House Carpenter," for example, tells the story of an unfaithful wife, married to a carpenter, who ran away with a wealthy ship owner. This ballad is a little unusual in that it has a moral. The unfaithful wife and her lover are drowned when their ship sinks.

Many of these ballads were written in an era in history that is billed as having been extremely staid and proper. Talk of sex was strictly taboo. It is strange that a majority of these ballads tell of unfaithful spouses and their lovers. They spare few details. Probably the best example of this kind of ballad is "Matty Groves."

Surprisingly enough, the greatest reservoir of these ballads today is in the Appalachian and Cumberland mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee, northern Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia. In the very early days of this country a restless group of men, still more English than American, pushed west into these mountains and settled. They brought with them the old ballads of England. Here they remained, unnoticed and untouched by the rapidly changing world outside the mountains. Generation after generation passed on the same old songs almost unchanged.

Howard Brockway, musicologist, says, "The barter system and old world folk song literature imported from the mother country were kept alive. Songs that died out in the old country a century ago are still

sung every day in the Appalachian region." Though many of the old songs kept the flavor of the old world like the ballads, "Willie Moore" and "Fennario," others took on idiosyncrasies that were distinctly American. The latter were the forerunners of the American ballads like the ones about Jesse James and John Fisk, both famous outlaws.

According to many authorities on American music, the greatest group of contributors to music on the American scene were the Negroes. Dvorak, a Bohemian composer, wrote, "In the Negro melodies of America I discover all that is needed for a great and noble school of music. They are pathetic, tender, passionate, melancholy, solemn, religious, bold, merry, and gay."

Harold Courlander, musicologist, says, "I think that Negro folk music today is the largest body of genuine folk music still alive in the United States."

When the African Negro arrived in this country, two things began to exert influence on him. One was European music and the other, and greater, was the Christian religion.

Foremost among the religious traditional songs in this country is the Negro spiritual. Of these W. E. B. DuBois wrote, "They (the songs) tell of death, suffering and invoiced longing toward a truer world of misty wanderings and hidden ways. . . . Through all the sorrow of the Sorrow Songs there breathes a hope—a faith in the ultimate justice in things . . . that sometime, somewhere men will judge men by their souls and not by their skins."

The Negro, influenced by the European music and religion and backed by his own natural musical talent in turn, influenced American music.

The amount of influence by the Negro on American music is almost astounding. He introduced various drums, the four and later the five string banjo and syncopated beats. According to Silverman syncopation, "Literally . . . is putting the *ac-cent* on the wrong *syl-lable*. To the guitarist it means playing a beat where none would ordinarily occur—or, not playing a beat where one is expected." The Negro

also introduced a new variety of rhythm and the call and answer format of voodoo chants.

With the tunes from old English ballads, Minstrel shows, Irish reels, Negro songs and Spanish ballads the American people have developed their own ballads with characteristics that are definitely American.

Today, once again, people have turned to traditional music to express themselves.

Pete Seeger says, "Folk music is a living, vibrant thing again." People like Seeger, Oscar Brand, Jean Richie, Mississippi John Hurt, Aunt Molly Jackson, Cisco Houston, Burl Ives, Woody Guthrie, and, more recently, Tom Paxton, Joan Baez, Judy Collins and Peter, Paul and Mary, are using the folk idiom to speak for the people. They sing the old traditional songs and add many new songs to their lists. The new songs are being written in the old traditional manner.

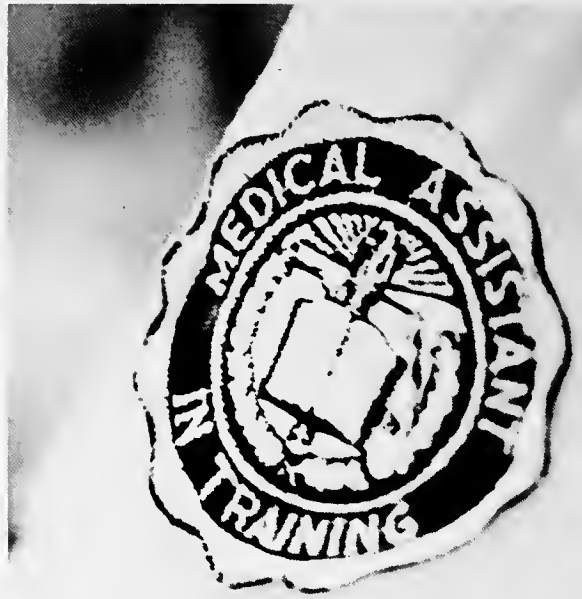
But many singers and writers are using the folk idiom for protest music. It all started in the spring of 1965, according to Life magazine, when Bob Dylan set one of his laments to rock and roll music. The combination of folk idiom and rock and roll bands has brought about something called folk-rock. For example there are: "Like a Rolling Stone" by Dylan; "Sounds of Silence" by Paul Simon; and "Eve of Destruction" by P. F. Sloan.

It is plain to see that the history of American traditional music from the first British ballads in the New World to their present day off-spring, folk-rock, is the history and heritage of the country itself. No American history text could better tell the story of the settling of the West than "Sweet Betsy from Pike." No literature book could tell the story of the cowboys' lonely, dangerous life better than "Old Chisholm Trail" or "Home on the Range." No lecture on sociology could better tell the Negroes' story than "Swing Low Sweet Chariot."

No geography text could be more complete or more concise than "This Land Is Your Land." And no one could better express the feelings of present times than Tom Paxton when he says, "I can't help but wonder where I'm bound."



Joyce MacNeir makes a microscopic urinalysis.



Mary Ellen Fagadore taking an electrocardiogram. Her "patient" is Joan Lee.



Mrs. Fay Plum, a member of the M
appo



Joyce Calta taking a blood sample.



Program Director, Miss Norma B. Chernok, explains x-ray principles as Vickie Baker looks on.

THE MEDICAL ASSISTING PROGRAM



Medical Assistants Advisory Committee, demonstrates techniques.

BROWARD Junior College boasts a unique and highly specialized program which, unfortunately, is unknown to the majority of students. This program, the first of its kind in Florida, is Medical Assisting. Its uniqueness lies in that it is designed for students to be trained to handle both aspects of medical office procedures, the administrative and the clinical. In addition to being the first of its kind in the state it is also the only program to be approved by the Florida Medical Assistants Association. BJC's program is the product of combined effort, specifically an advisory committee consisting of physicians, the Medical Assistants Association, and college personnel.

Miss Norma B. Chernok, Director of the Medical Assistants at the college, marveled that "After the Broward County Medical Society Bulletin announced the existence of our program the phone started ringing and it hasn't

stopped. Two girls are already working part-time in doctors' offices."

The demand for Medical Assistants, both locally and nationally, is tremendous. At present, thirty-three Broward students are enrolled and this number doesn't begin to satisfy the demand in Broward County alone. The Broward County Medical Assistants Association and the South Broward County Medical Assistants Association offer scholarships to a number of promising students.

Exactly what makes a promising Medical Assistant? In the words of Miss Chernok, "The girls must learn to take a lot. Therefore, they must like people, be amiable, and have a great deal of patience. In order for a girl to get through the program she must apply herself, since constant practical application is an essential requirement."

And then there's enthusiasm plus. This is definitely not lacking among Broward's Medical Assisting students, and theirs is equalled only by that of Miss Chernok.

“TERMINATION”

By JIM TUCKER

Based on Hemingway's "The Killers"

Illustrated by Sharon Frost



AS NICK stepped into the hall and closed the door behind him, Ole Andreson sat up on the bed. "So they found me again," he murmured. It was the same old story. No matter where he went, he could be assured they weren't far behind.

Ole Andreson had been a prizefighter, and a good one, but he had had reason to make good. It was the only way to avoid a dreary lifetime at the lumber mill in his hometown of Anoka Falls, Minnesota. The town populace was predominantly Swedish and lumber had been their mainstay for generations. Ole's father was a foreman at Larson's Mill and he had been proud of the local renown of his son. Ole's strength was legendary in their small town and for all his great size and strength he was "quick as a cat."

Ole opened the drawer of the nightstand and removed the timeworn pouch containing his pipe and tobacco. He methodically stuffed the bowl as the memories flooded his mind.

He could see in his father a reflection of himself in the years to come. The hard years at the mill had made their mark on Gunnar Andreson and it would not be long before he could no longer meet the physical demands required of him. Ole wanted more of life, but his education was scant and lumber was all he knew. The mill loomed as a barrier which he could not hurdle.

When the fair came to town few of the residents of Anoka Falls failed to make an appearance, Ole being no exception. Competition was keen among the hardy townfolk and any test of strength was certain to draw a crowd. The fair had as one of its members a former professional boxer with the appropriate title of Big Mike, who earned his way fighting the local toughs in the backwater towns. As he began his spiel, the spectators crowded round the makeshift ring. Fifty dollars would go to any man who could stay in the ring for three rounds with Big Mike. The fighter was no small man and with his knowledge of that particular art he had yet to be bested.

Big Mike waved a fifty dollar bill as he pleaded for a combatant. Ole found himself cajoled and shoved to the edge of the ring and Big Mike, noting his indecision, hastily pulled his intended victim through the ropes. As Mike laced on the big sixteen ounce gloves, Ole had made up his mind to stay away from him. The big fighter was a rugged veteran and Ole had no intention of exchanging blows.

When the bell sounded Mike rushed toward Ole with all the stealth of an enraged buffalo; his livelihood depended on his ability to beat a man senseless in the brief span of three rounds. He let fly a roundhouse right only to find Ole far out of reach. He grunted and turned sharply to face Ole's new posi-

tion. Mike crowded close and made two perfunctory jabs with his left, his right cocked for an opening. But again Ole faded, and his bobbing, weaving form offered but a small target. The first round passed in this manner, Ole feinting and retreating, never dropping his hands to allow the aggressive Mike a breach in his defense. Big Mike perspired heavily as his elusive quarry retired to the opposite corner.

Mike had been clumsy in his eagerness to finish Ole; he now studied his opponent with a grudging respect. The big Swede had the grace of a cat and his sedate manner belied his powerful frame. He had thus far been so confident of his agility that he had not as yet proffered a single blow. Mike seized upon this as the key to his defeat. He must anger Ole, forcing him into the role of aggressor to destroy his poise.

With the dull clatter of the bell signaling the start of round two, Mike began to exhibit the attributes of his trade. He circled about Ole and cautiously commenced a series of short, telling jabs. Mike well knew the effectiveness of the jab; while not a lethal blow it is irritating and painful. As he began to follow the pattern of Ole's movements, a cut appeared over his eye. Ole brushed fruitlessly at the steady flow obscuring his vision and Mike immediately caught him with a hard, glancing right to the jaw. Ole staggered, and off balance, toppled to the canvas.

Ole was stung and his pride was hurt. In his anger he jumped to his feet and threw a wild right at his stodgy foe, heedless of the nine-second count to clear his head. The blow sailed harmlessly over Mike's head and he countered with a stiff left to the mid section. Ole doubled over gasping for air, and only the bell saved him from a barrage of killer punches.

Ole remembered little of the third round. He knew his agility would not stave off the eager pro and his only chance was his own strength. He was calm and determined as he moved into the center of the ring, avoiding the more vicious of Mike's punches as he lapsed into his opponent's habits of the previous round.

Mike had again become eager and his caution abated as he resorted to the big punch in hopes of ending the fight. Ole was continually slowing down and Mike harassed the gaping wound over his eye.

Few spectators saw the blow that ended the fight. Mike had worked Ole into a corner and landed three rapid jabs, anticipating the follow-up. As he drew back his already poised right, Ole seized that moment to begin the short arc of a vicious hook. It caught Mike squarely under the chin and sent him heavily to the canvas.

Ole stirred in his reveries and relighted his pipe.

The sweet memory of his first victory was still vivid in his mind. He made no attempt to stem the tide of his recollections.

Mike, far from unhappy at his demise, had been unaccountably elated. It puzzled Ole only briefly as Mike was quick to make his reasons clear. He had been in the fight game for the better portion of his life and he had never seen a man with more inherent potential as a fighter. He wanted to take Ole to Chicago and train him for the ring. Mike had been a good fighter in his own right and he knew the ropes; more important, he knew the right people.

Ole had nothing to lose. He readily accepted Mike's proposition and within the week they were settled in Chicago. At the very worst he would again face the mills he had left behind. At best he would have within his grasp things for which he had never dared hope.

The ensuing months passed quickly and with a determination born of the will to succeed Ole relentlessly pursued the arduous training schedule. Mike, too, was unsparing of himself in his capacity as trainer and manager. True to his word, he found the backers and capital necessary for the months of training. His prowess in the ring proved invaluable as he also served as Ole's sparring partner. He left Ole with many a jarring memory, emphatically driving his lessons home in a manner unlikely to be forgotten.

After the first few bouts Mike had difficulty finding suitable opponents for his skillful protegee. While he was leery of pushing Ole too fast, he was also aware of the danger of his becoming overconfident. His first bouts had been no contest as he simply overpowered his opponents. Mike wanted better fighters who would give Ole the experience he could only acquire with a stranger. Much can be learned from a good sparring partner; but fighters develop various habits and movements that, given time and familiarity, can be read. The word had gotten round that Mike's man was no trifling pug and few managers of the better fighters were willing to risk a loss to a nobody.

Mike's dilemma was solved by the sensationalism of the press. A few sportswriters had "somehow" gotten wind of the new giant and had come to the gym to watch him work out. Ole's size and obvious skill were impressive and after hearing of Mike's difficulty arranging a match, the writers scrambled back to their typewriters to beat out a story of the backwood "Paul Bunyan" that no one dared fight. Mike now faced quite another problem as the publicity-starved fighters wanted a crack at the presses' new hero. He arranged bouts cautiously,

attempting to schedule them in a gradually ascending order comparable to Ole's development. He needn't have worried; Ole was more than a match for the best of them.

The big one was on tap. Lonnie Wilson, the fourth ranked heavyweight contender, wanted to beef up his position with a win over the new sensation. It was fast, too fast and Mike didn't like it. Wilson was no newcomer but Mike was sure Ole could beat him. It was a big break but Mike knew there was more behind it than Wilson was willing to disclose. It took money and influence to get into the big time and Mike had thus far made no commitments. But they couldn't pass up this chance. The bout was scheduled and Mike decided to play it by ear.

One week remained before the fight. Mike had tried several times to tell Ole, but the words wouldn't come. He felt old, and sick as he watched Ole's lithe, glistening form make an art of the monotonous ritual at the heavy bag. The odds were three to one on Wilson, but the smart money was on Ole. Wilson was going to dive.

The fight was over. Wilson was out in the third, right on schedule. But he came around later than planned. Mike had not told Ole of the fix and he fought to win. It had taken all of Wilson's skill and experience to stay alive until the third round and he did not intentionally walk into the crushing blow that clouded his brain. Mike had made no deals, but now he was in. He had gotten the break and the purse; it was only a matter of time before he would be called to do his part.

He didn't wait long. Tony Scarpetti, manager for number three on the heavyweight ladder, paid Mike a visit. Ole was to drop the next one to Lowell, Scarpetti's man. The volatile Mike made it clear there was to be no fix and threw Scarpetti bodily into the street.

Seven long months had passed since the Wilson fight and Mike had not been able to arrange a match of any significance. The doors were locked to outsiders and the key had been tossed roughshod into the street.

Ole paced the length of his tiny room. Mike had told him the details to this point and he found the politics of the fight game to be far more intricate than his maneuvers in the ring. But Mike had not told him the full story and Ole began fitting the remaining pieces of the puzzle into place. One point still eluded him. Ten months of idleness had ended when Mike scheduled a bout with Lowell. Ole did not know the circumstances surrounding the reconciliation, but of this he was certain — Mike was adamant in his denial of any fix. Why, then, had Mike's

dejection increased as the fight date pressed closer?

Mike had worked with him as never before and Ole was honed to razor sharpness. A few moments prior to ring time, Mike said a curious thing. "Just remember, Ole, win or lose, nobody beats the system."

Lowell was tough. Nine rounds had passed with neither man taking a fall. Ole was possibly the better boxer and Mike figured the point spread, though slight, stood in Ole's favor. His strategy for the tenth and final round was basically defensive. Lowell had taken the opposite tack; he needed at least a knock-down. But he had not reckoned on Ole's stamina. He continually danced and weaved, the ever-darting jab keeping Lowell at bay while awaiting a careless lunge. In desperation he made this final error and the deafening roar from the crowd paid tribute to the skill and power of the triumphant combatant. Ole had indeed proven himself a veritable Paul Bunyan.

Mike steered him through the surging throng toward the locker room, answering the myriad of questions launched by the press while Ole showered and dressed. When Ole appeared, Mike allowed a scant few minutes for the pictures and interviews required of a new hero. Once outside they jostled their way through the thinning crowd and Mike pressed something into Ole's hand. It was an airline ticket. He had already packed Ole's bags and sent them ahead. As he pushed Ole into the waiting cab, he hurriedly explained that he would handle the press while Ole spent a few quiet days at home. It was the last Ole was to see of his friend and benefactor.

Three restless days passed as Ole tried vainly to contact Mike. To allay his fears he crowded his mind with trivialities. He drove to nearby Duluth to pick up several purchases he had ordered for his family. The heavy Saturday traffic forced him to walk several blocks to the department store. As he approached a large newsstand he was struck motionless; his eyes riveted to the cold black print. The stark headlines of a Chicago paper declared Mike's posthumous arrival into the fight game's big time — "OLE ANDRESON'S MANAGER FOUND DEAD." The startled newsboy gaped open-mouthed as Ole bellowed his rage, tearing to shreds the affirmation of his apathy.

The bitter memory no longer roused Ole to fury but remained to prod his conscience, sticking indelicately in his craw. He recalled the futility of the long hours with the police; he could tell them nothing they didn't already know. An investigation of the Wilson fight was to be held but there were few clues leading to Mike's murderer. He was returning from

one of the lengthy interrogations and upon rounding the corner of his apartment building, he noticed a light flicker in his third floor apartment. A man stood alongside a car parked across the street, directly in front of the apartment house. In the faint illumination cast by a distant street lamp he could make out the coarse features of a man he knew only as Lafe. He was a brawler, a punchy fighter who sold his services to the highest bidder. Ole ducked behind the safety of the building, flattening himself against the dull, craggy bricks. His breath came in short, harsh gasps while his mind raced. Mike's curious reference to the system echoed in his head.

And, "This guy, what's his name, Nick — yeah, Nick Adams," had just left his room after telling him they were here. Nick said there were two of them, Max and Al, and they had waited for him at Henry's lunchroom where he usually ate supper.

"Okay, Mike, maybe I can't beat the system, but I'm through running. I won't make it easy for 'em."

He crossed the room and opened the worn suitcase. He found the box of cartridges and tossed them onto the bed as he rummaged through his sparse belongings for the revolver. The door burst violently open and Ole stared down the unrelenting barrel of a shotgun. The empty pistol hung uselessly in his hand as he glanced toward the cartridges on the bed. Al followed his gaze and grinned.

"Hello, 'Bunion!' You're a real loser. You ain't never lost a fight but this time you're gonna' take the long count."

At that moment Mrs. Bell, the landlady, was mounting the stairs with her iron perched atop a stack of linen. When she spied Al standing in the doorway she dropped her bundle, and the iron clattered down the steps.

Al realized his folly even as he spun toward the noise. Ole leaped toward him as the hurtling pistol slammed into the killer's skull. He dragged Al's inert form onto the bed and bound his hands with a necktie. Mrs. Bell had gone for the police.

"That was too close," breathed Ole. He slipped the chain-lock into place and took a position in the far corner, the side on which the door was hinged. If the door were not opened wide he would be obscured from the view of anyone standing in the doorway.

He crouched in the corner loading the pistol and the minutes ticked by. "Where are those cops?" he wondered. Al rustled on the bed. Ole cursed him softly and he was still.

Ole trained the pistol on the door, his breath cut short. He heard footsteps clammering up the ancient stairs.

“It’s me, Mr. Andreson, Mrs. Bell, and the police.”
 Ole breathed a sigh of relief and hastened for the door. He slipped back the chain and turned the knob. The door flew open, striking him full in the face. He staggered backward, stumbling over the still opened bag. Max stepped into the room leveling the shortened barrel of a shotgun and squeezed the

trigger. Ole’s once graceful form plummeted grotesquely to the floor.

“The old woman,” cried Al.

“Don’t worry,” snapped Max, tugging on the binding necktie. “She ain’t going noplac with that lump on her head. Let’s get out of here.”

Mrs. Bell’s feeble cries went unheard as Ole’s substance spread darkly around him.



Recognition Night 1966

HIGHLIGHT PRESENTATIONS

OUTSTANDING INTEREST CLUB	Phi Beta Lambda
OUTSTANDING SERVICE CLUB	Circle K
OUTSTANDING CLUB OF THE YEAR	Circlettes
CLUB LEADERSHIP AWARD	Bob Joynes
OUTSTANDING INDIVIDUAL SERVICE	Clarkia Dennis
HONORABLE MENTION	Charles Drago, Ray Cafolla
SPECIAL SERVICE AWARD	Beverly Driscoll
FRESHMAN WOMAN OF THE YEAR	Jean Holder
HONORABLE MENTION	Jan Souza
FRESHMAN MAN OF THE YEAR	Bob Brewes
HONORABLE MENTION	Larry Ellis
SOPHOMORE WOMAN OF THE YEAR	Sharon Roesch
HONORABLE MENTION	Joan Nugent, Joyce Leagan
SOPHOMORE MAN OF THE YEAR	Matthew Faison
HONORABLE MENTION	Terry Van Der Heyden

S E A H O R S E
M I G R A T I O N





You have been found GUILTY of bending your I.B.M. CARD...

Let the sentence be carried out!



BREAK!
the Electromagnetic Pencil;



TEAR UP!
the Parking Decal;

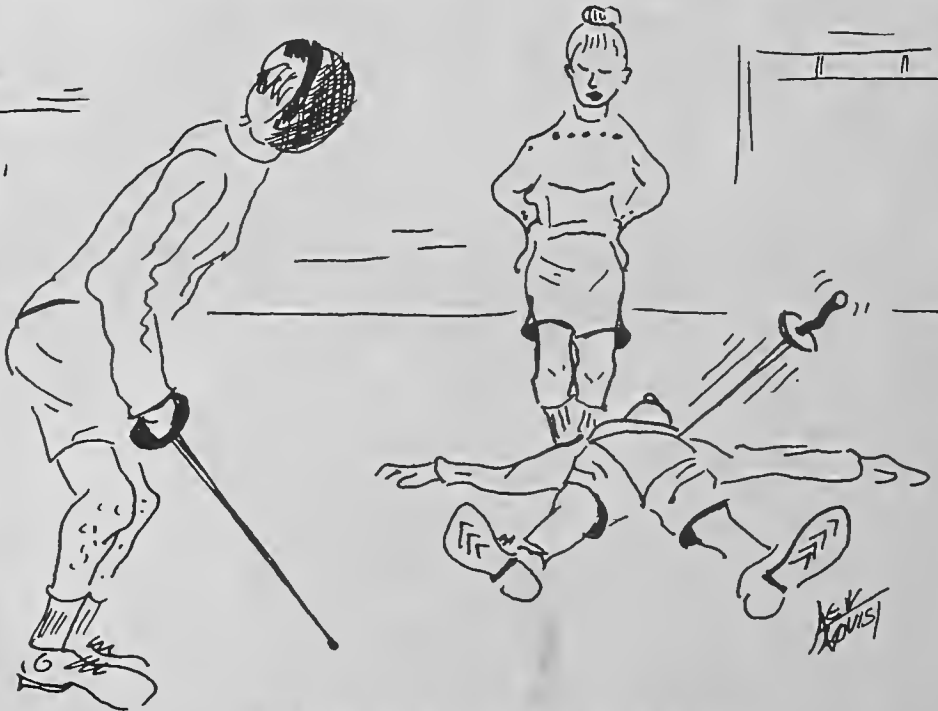


REMOVE!
thy name from the data tape.



Take the sinner AWAY!

ON CAMPUS



"Well, so much for the skill test."



You got a letter from the president of the college. What happened?

Omg I've flur

Cartoons by
Lew Alquist
and
Ann Bardsley



"You express your philosophy well, but..."

57- Employment

57-10 On the Job Training

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PRESIDENT

EXPERIENCE helpful. Room for advancement. Fringe benefits. Good rural atmosphere.

Must be able to get along with adults as well as children.

Must be patient.

Send I.B.M. card to Junior College of Broward County, Davie, Florida.

* Anyone holding office of Superintendent of Public Instruction need not apply.

57- Livestock - Pets

Lew
ALQUIST

SEL

Help

Auto



or maybe they found out about the frat orgy I went to...



I guess I'll be thrown out of school...



and then I'll be drafted. Off to Viet Nam.



Well, I suppose I'd better open it...



"He wants me to buy an encyclopedia." "Well, isn't that nice!"



The Faculty
and the Graduating Class of the
Junior College of Broward County
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
request the honor of your presence at the
Commencement Exercises
Monday evening, May second
Nineteen hundred and sixty-six
at eight o'clock
Stranahan High School Auditorium



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Balsera, Rolando M.
Florida Atlantic University
Geography

Bardsley, Ann C.
University of Florida
Journalism

Bird, Barbara L.
Florida Atlantic University
Education

Bohannon, Patsy L.
Florida Atlantic University
English

Brand, Wynnifred G.
Florida Atlantic University
English

Brent, Barbara J.
Florida Atlantic University
Art

Carter, Sarah C.
Florida Atlantic University
Education

Carveth, Constance S.
University of South Florida
Education

Chapman, Diane E.
Florida Atlantic University
History

Conti, Charlotte A.
Undecided

Cronin, Arleen B.
University of Florida
Spanish

Davey, David R.
Florida Atlantic University
Education

Doetsch, Kathleen A.
University of South Florida
Elementary Education

Dyer, Carolann

Force, Sandra L.
Florida Atlantic University
Education

Grass, Joe B.
Florida Atlantic University

Greenfield, Carol F.
Florida Atlantic University
Education

Grove, Nelda
Florida Atlantic University
Music

Hansen, Cheryl F.
Florida State University
Physical Education

Jolly, Barbara J.
Florida Atlantic University
Elementary Education

Kissinger, Donald C.

Leagan, Joyce A.
Florida State University
Education

Mack, Nancy J.



Balsera, Rolando M.



Bird, Barbara L.



Bohannon, Patsy L.



Carveth, Constance S.



Chapman, Diane E.



Conti, Charlotte A.



Doetsch, Kathleen A.



Dyer, Carolann



Force, Sandra L.



Greenfield, Carol F.



Grove, Nelda



Jolly, Barbara J.

Madden, John E.
Florida Atlantic University
Accounting

McGoldrick, Dolores F.
University of Florida
Education

Metzger, Gary J.
Florida Atlantic University
Education

Morrison, John W.

Nugent, Joan E.
Undecided

Palmer, Donna E.
University of Florida
Nursing

Patrick, Marguerite M.
Florida Atlantic University
Education

Pinder, Paula D.
Carson-Newman
Education

Pryor, Sandra L.
Florida State University
Education

Ready, Terry L.
Florida Atlantic University
Physical Education

Roesch, Sharon H.
Florida Atlantic University
Education

Ruden, Elizabeth N.
Florida Atlantic University
Language

Sansone, Cheryl L.

Schmidt, Vicki A.
University of Florida
Education

Schulman, Barry H.
Florida Atlantic University
Education

Shasek, Judith A.
University of Florida
Education

Smith, Jolene A.
Florida Atlantic University
Education

Stanton, Nancy M.
Florida Atlantic University
Education

Susik, Carolann

Tabbert, Suzanne K.
University of South Florida
Elementary Education

Thibedore, Gilbert W.
University of Notre Dame
Language

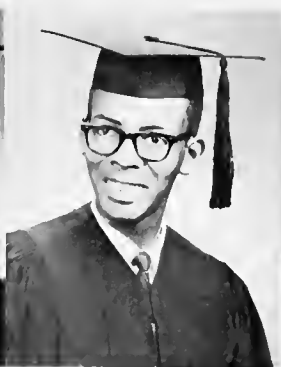
Vernacchio, Beverly L.
University of Florida
Education

Watson, Michael R.
Florida Atlantic University
Accounting

Zeiss, Sarah H.
University of Florida



Leagan, Joyce A.



Morrison, John W.



Nugent, Joan E.



Palmer, Donna E.



Patrick, Marguerite M.



Pinder, Paula D.



Ready, Terry L.



Roesch, Sharon H.



Ruden, Elizabeth N.



Schmidt, Vicki A.



Schulman, Barry H.



Shasek, Judith A.



Smith, Jolene A.

Tabbert, Suzanne K.

Vernacchio, Beverly L.



Watson, Michael R.

Zeiss, Sarah H.

Candidates for the Associate in Science Degree

Bacon, David C.
Florida Atlantic University
Business Administration

Barker, Craig S.
Florida Atlantic University
Business Administration

Bassett, Samuel H.
University of Florida
Architecture

Berg, Walter F.
Florida Atlantic University
Accounting and Incorporate Law

Bieberbach, George

Black, Joy E.
Florida Atlantic University
Elementary Education and Biology

Brestel, Eric P.
Florida Atlantic University
Pre-Med and Biology

Brownlee, James P.
University of Florida
Pre-Medicine

Bundy, Paul R. Jr.
Undecided

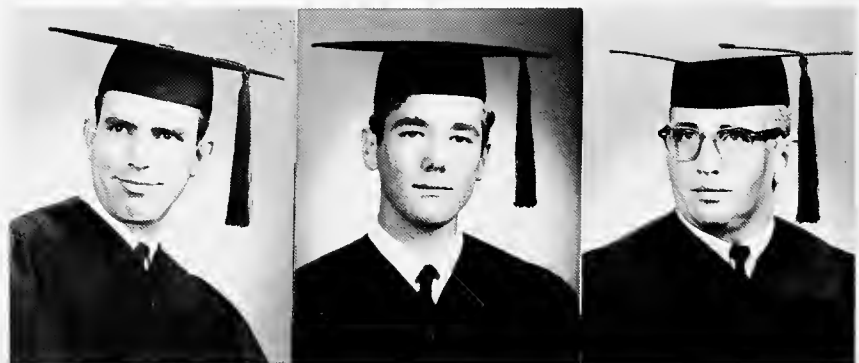
Carver, James
University of Florida
Chemistry



Bacon, David C.

Bassett, Samuel H.

Black, Joy E.



Bundy, Paul R. Jr.

Carver, James

Crossman, Bruce R. Jr.

Chapman, Neil C.
Florida State University
Physics and Math

Clark, David W.

Coveney, John D.
Florida Atlantic University
Ocean Engineering

Crossman, Bruce R. Jr.
Florida Atlantic University
Pre-Medicine

Day, Donald M.
Florida Atlantic University
Business Administration

Dennis, Clarkia L.
Florida Atlantic University
Chemistry

Dietrich, Frederick F. Jr.
University of Florida
Wild Life Management

Dollar, Carol A.
Carson Newman College
Home Economics

Dooley, Peter C.
Florida State University
Business

Dugan, Marcia A.
University of Florida
Education

Epple, Steven W.
University of Florida
Architecture

Faison, Matthew J.
University of Florida
Journalism

Fowler, Dorothy M.
Florida State University
Accounting

Fox, Thomas S.
Florida State University
History

Frazier, Thomas H.
University of Florida
Business Administration

Giannantonio, Joseph J.
Florida Atlantic University
Physical Education

Giordano, John
Florida Atlantic University
Business Administration

Godin, Thomas J.

Green, Gary
East Carolina College
Commercial Art

Gunzenhauser, Gail L.
Undecided

Guthrie, Ward

Hamm, Helen R.
University of Florida
Education

Hamman, Thomas R.
Florida Atlantic University
Accounting

Hancock, Jane H.
University of Florida
Medical Technology



Day, Donald M.



Dennis, Clarkia L.



Dollar, Carol A.



Dugan, Marcia A.



Faison, Matthew J.



Fox, Thomas S.



Frazier, Thomas H.



Giannantonio, Joseph J.



Green, Gary



Hamm, Helen R.



Heiges, Bonnie L.



Klein, Robert L. Jr.

Hansell, Ross C.
Florida Atlantic University
Investments

Heiges, Bonnie L.
Florida Atlantic University
Elementary Education

Hurley, Harry T.

Iwaniec, Theora
Florida Atlantic University
Vocational Guidance

Klein, Robert L. Jr.
Florida Atlantic University
Chemistry

Kulpa, Kathrin R.
Florida State University
Physical Education

Langston, Charles R., III

Leatherwood, John E., III
University of Miami
English

Lindeman, Bonnie J.
University of Florida
Architecture

Little, Judy

Lowry, Alice D.
Florida Atlantic University
Art Education

Lowry, Stephen, R.

Lundgren, Edward A.
University of Florida
Dentistry

Marant, Patricia L.
Florida State University
Medical Technology

Marino, Susette A.
Florida Atlantic University
Elementary Education

May, Victoria J.
Appalachian State Teachers' College

Mazur, Andrew J.

McArdle, Donald R.

McEwen, David W.
University of Georgia
Education

McFetridge, Bonnie M.
University of Florida
Education

McTague, Patricia L.
Florida State University

Meade, Kenneth W.
Undecided

Meehan, William T.
University of Florida
Electrical Engineering

Menees, Thomas
Florida Atlantic University
Psychology

Montagnari, Anthony A.
University of Florida
Drafting

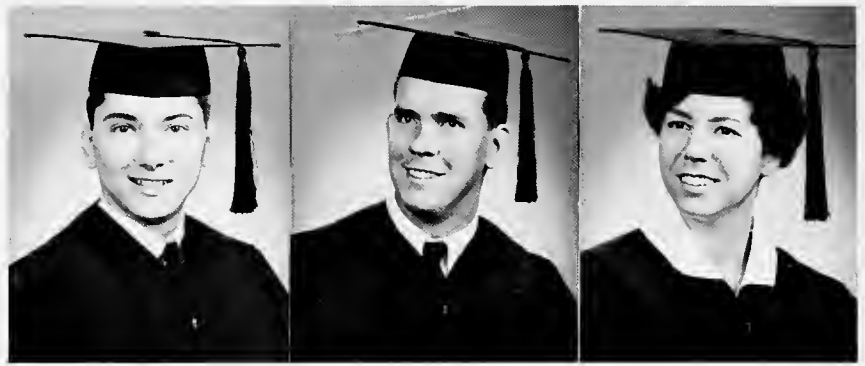
Moore, Timothy R.
Florida Atlantic University
Business Administration

Moses, William E.
Muller, William F.
Florida Atlantic University
Business Administration

Mullis, Donald L.
Florida Atlantic University
Pre-Medical

Mulkey, Jerry D.
Muscattell, Ralph P.
Undecided

Neff, Frank M.
Oddo, Antoinette P.



Leatherwood, John E., III

Lundgren, Edward A.

Marant, Patricia L.



May, Victoria J.

McArdle, Donald R.

McEwen, David W.



McFetridge, Bonnie M.

McTague, Patricia L.

Meade, Kenneth W.



Montagnari, Anthony A.

Mullis, Donald L.

Pawl, Donna J.

Pawl, Donna J.
Florida Atlantic University
Business Education

Pawlowski, James

Pfanner, Jonita K.

Pickett, Phillip E.
Florida State University
Mathematics

Pildner, Billie A.
Baptist Memorial Hospital, Memphis
Medical Librarian

Reuss, Joseph S.

Rice, Sharon K.

Robinson, April I.

Roof, Carl J.

Saltus, Gary L.
Florida Atlantic University
Pre-Medical

Sepielli, Russell J.
University of Miami
Speech Therapy

Shaughnessy, Thomas H.
University of Florida
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Smith, James W.
University of South Florida
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Smith, Roy G., Jr.
University of Florida
Engineering

Snyder, Robert I.
Florida Atlantic University
Systems Analysis Administration

Stary, Roger R.
Florida Atlantic University
Business Administration

Steadman, Jerry W.

United States Navy
Strathie, Paul W.
Florida State University
Industrial Arts

Stringfellow, Stephen K.
University of South Florida
Electrical Engineering

Sundberg, Paul V.
University of Florida
Mechanical Engineering

Swanson, Walter C.
University of Florida
Education

Travers, Rita L.
Florida State University
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Tumlin, Thomas M.
University of Florida
Engineering

Vathauer, Karen I.
University of Florida
Education

Van Buskirk, Lawrence H.
University of Miami
Accounting

Vayda, Daniel J.
Florida State University
Physical Education

Vordenberg, Dona L.
University of Florida
Pharmacy

Warner, Carol A.
Florida State University
Physical Education

Wilkinson, Tracy L.
Florida Atlantic University
Mathematics

Winkelhake, Lawrence R.
Zegel, Marylin J.
University of Florida
Mathematics



Pildner, Billie A.



Robinson, April I.



Saltus, Gary L.



Snyder, Robert I.



Strathie, Paul W.



Stringfellow, Stephen K.



Sundberg, Paul V.



Swanson, Walter C.



Tumlin, Thomas M.



Vathauer, Karen I.



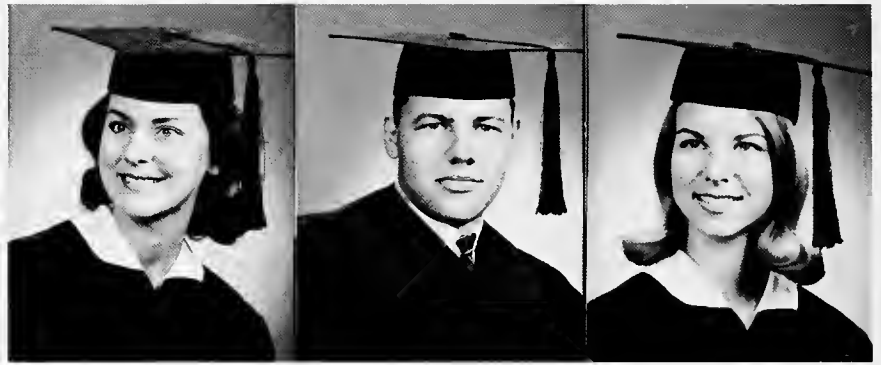
Vordenberg, Dona L.



Wilkinson, Tracy L.

**Candidates for the
Associate in Science Degree
in Business Administration**

- Dahl, Linda L.
- Graves, Donald E.
- Spittgerber, Joy A.
- Wigglesworth, Sherri E.



Dahl, Linda L.

Graves, Donald E.

Wigglesworth, Sherri E.

**Candidates for the
Associate in Science Degree
in Nursing**

- Boyd, Margaret T.
- Brown, Joyce F.
- Bruderhausen, Gail M.
- Carlisle, Judith A.
- Cecil, Mavis M.
- Davies, Joan H.
- DeTorres, Catherine A.
- Galbraith, Judith E.
- Kimball, Connie K.
- Lynch, Stella A.
- McCarroll, Kitty A.
- McDougall, Patricia M.
- McKay, Mary J.
- McQuigg, Elizabeth L.
- Moore, Sylvia B.
- Mullenax, Marjorie L.
- Pasquale, Madeline R.
- Phillips, Mary E.
- Riddle, Sara R.
- Schultz, Bernadine M.
- Spangler, Bette J.
- Steele, Nora
- Tapperson, Sigrid
- Walsh, Elaine



Brown, Joyce F.

Bruderhausen, Gail M.

Cecil, Mavis M.



McKay, Mary J.

Moore, Sylvia B.



Mullenax, Marjorie L.

Tapperson, Sigrid

Walsh, Elaine

DECEMBER GRADUATES
Associate in Arts Degree



Fuller, Alva M.

Johnson, Michael J.

Brackebush, Jane L.

Carter, Jimmy T.

Fuller, Alva M.

Guido, Patricia A.
 Florida Atlantic University
 Elementary Education

Hanson, Cheryl L.
 Undecided

Ilowiecki, Katherine

Johnson, Michael J.

Lopez, Sylvia
 Florida State University
 Drama

Lorch, Lynne C.

McQuade, Brian J.
 Florida Atlantic University
 Social Science

Murawski, Elaine T.
 Florida State University
 Elementary Education

Phelan, Gladys J.

Scott, Nancy A.

Snyder, Richard L.
 Florida State University
 Social Science

Suguitan, James J.
 Florida Atlantic University
 English

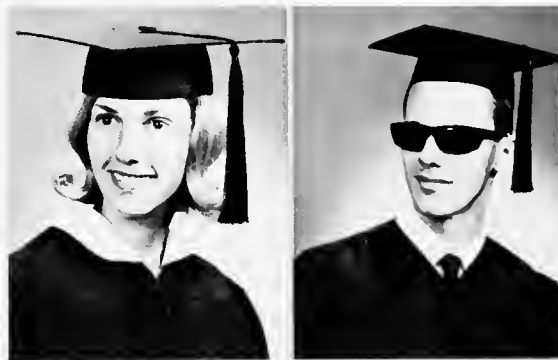
Smith, William R.

West, Eleanor F.
 Florida Atlantic University
 Art



Lopez, Sylvia

McQuade, Brian J.



Murawski, Elaine T.

Snyder, Richard L.



West, Eleanor F.

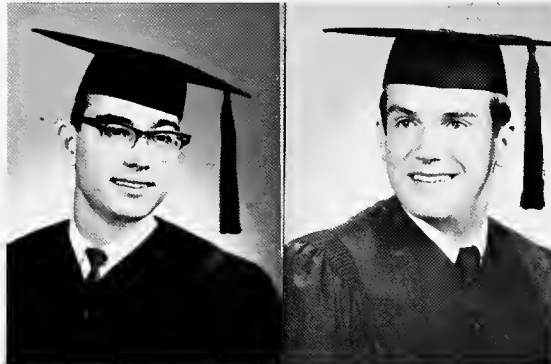
Associate in Science Degree

- Beimly, Kenneth Gordon**
Florida State University
Advertising
- Blackwood, Thomas Burdette**
University of Florida
Accounting
- Bowman, Robert Lee, Jr.**
- Brand, Richard Edward**
Florida State University
Business
- Branner, William Paul**
Undecided
- Brandt, George Paul**
University of Florida
- Burt, Charles G.**
University of Florida
- Campbell, Alice Rae**
Florida Atlantic University
Education
- Christen, Carol Lynne**
Ohio State University
Education
- Coleman, Ronald Edward**
University of Miami
- Coles, Nancy Jane**
Florida State University
International Relations
- Cooper, Albert Edward**
- Dahlhofer, Gary Robert**
Florida Atlantic University
Marketing
- DeBlasio, Nicholas George**
Florida Atlantic University
Accounting
- Durgy, William Ralph**
- Foster, George Steven**
Florida Atlantic University
Business
- Franks, James W.**
Florida Atlantic University
- Gayeski, Martin Joseph**
- Gordon, Sharon Boozer**
- Gunter, Gary Wallis**
Florida State University
Hotel-Motel Administration



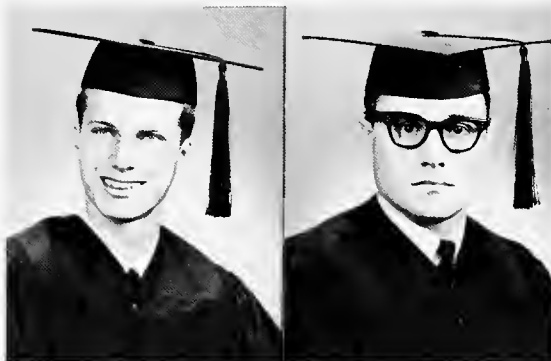
Blackwood, Thomas Burdette

Christen, Carol Lynne



Coleman, Ronald Edward

Dahlhofer, Gary Robert



DeBlasio, Nicholas George

Durgy, William Ralph



Gordon, Sharon Boozer

Halsey, Richard Bruce
Florida State University
Business Administration

Harper, Karen Marlies
Florida Atlantic University

Holden, Robert James
Florida Atlantic University
Accounting

Howard, Thomas William
Florida Atlantic University

Johnston, Thomas Anthony
University of Florida
Journalism

Kite, Robert Bernat
University of Miami

March, Steven John

McLellan, William Francis
University of Florida
Law



Harper, Karen Marlies

Midzalkowski, Joseph Harold

Midzalkowski, Joseph Harold
Florida Atlantic University

Moore, Michael Munroe

Rawe, James Herbert

Sander, Woodrow W., Jr.

Schneider, George Jesse
University of Florida

Shetler, John Quentin
Florida Atlantic University
Education

Shull, Judy Jane
Florida Atlantic University
Education

Shuttleworth, Thomas Brady, II
Florida Atlantic University



Rawe, James Herbert

Schneider, George Jesse

Smith, Lois Mae

Southard, Gail Louella

Stackpole, Margaret Ann
Florida Atlantic University

Strickland, Janice
Florida Atlantic University
Education

Thixton, Robert Gerald
Florida Atlantic University

Vitello, Frank Dominick
Florida Atlantic University
History-Political Science

West, Loise Claire

White, John Jay



Smith, Lois Mae

Southard, Gail Louella

Associate in Science in Business Administration

Williams, Terry R.

Associate in Science in Data Processing

Martin, James R.

Associate in Science in Law Enforcement

Fletcher, James M.
Florida State University
Law Enforcement

La Graves, Walter F., Jr.
Florida Atlantic University
Law Enforcement
Employed by the Pompano Beach
Police Department



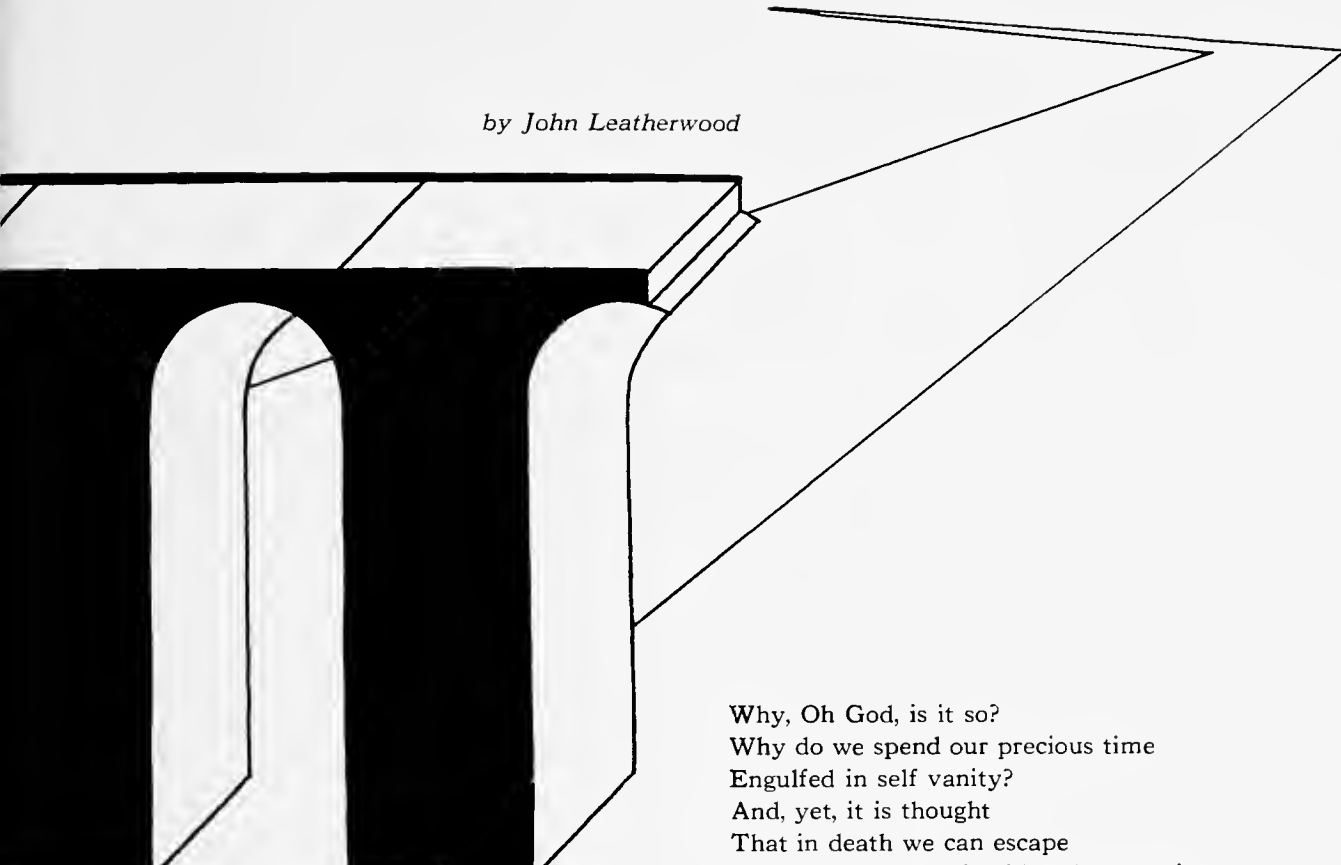
Fletcher, James M.

PRAYER OF FUTILITY

*Illustrated by
John Leatherwood*



by John Leatherwood



When, Oh God, shall man
Stand beside his fellow man
And call him brother?
How long will it be
Till the chains of the bonded
Fall loosely away
Into rust and broken decay?
Why have we fallen
Into a den of fools
And sold our sacred souls
For power, for riches, and for fame?
Life is but a twilight of existence
Which decides our fate eternal;
Are we so blind, Dear God,
As to let it slip from our grasp
Without capturing one moment of its beauty?
We shut our ears
To the song of a bird,
And close our eyes
To the majesty of a mountain.
Thy gifts to us mean nothing;
Thy very presence goes unheeded;

Why, Oh God, is it so?
Why do we spend our precious time
Engulfed in self vanity?
And, yet, it is thought
That in death we can escape
From this society of void and uncertainty.
But yet, Almighty God, what is death?
A mere gate; a lonely bridge
Thrown across the path of existence;
It is but a boundary of separation
Between life and eternity.
A single moment of occurrence
Which transports us to endlessness;
An endlessness which is decided
By deeds done in a twilight of life.
But, Oh God, we shall go on;
On and on with our greed, our lust,
Our sin and our wars.
Marching ever onward to the brink
Of our own destruction;
For man shall be destroyed
By man's own being.
Oh weep, weep for Thy children
Gracious and All Powerful God,
For we know not what it is
To weep for ourselves.
But we go on preaching
Pure ideals of humanity,
And fail to accomplish our goals.
Oh God, would that it were not so;
But be it so and so be it,
For it is that which we call our destiny.

Congratulations

SEAHORSES



Head Coach Clinton Morris.



Bill Mandeville lays one in.

And richly deserved they are. The Seahorse cagers finished with a 12-8 record overall and a conference mark of 6-2, good enough for second place and a berth in the state tournament.

Good balance and a strong bench keyed Coach Clinton Morris' charges to the best season ever enjoyed by a JCBC five, which included a win over arch-rival and nationally ranked Miami-Dade JC.

The season opener was an omen of the good things to come as the Seahorses smashed Florida Keys JC, 107-74. Kenny Kulp led the way with 28 points. Bryn Jones continually stole rebounds from the taller Wreckers and Marv Hodges' fine floor game kept the opponents off balance.

Traveling to the west coast, the JCBC quintet met disaster in the form of Manatee JC, losing 59-92. The Lancers' superior height and shooting simply overwhelmed the 'Horses, who just couldn't seem to get their offense moving.

They say you can't keep good men down and the Seahorses proved it the following night with an 88-78 win over Edison JC. Kulp was high scorer again with 25 points. Freshmen Bill Mandeville and John Gordon also played a fine game, contributing 18 and 17 points, respectively.

Over the Christmas holidays, the Seahorses journeyed to Columbus, Ga., for a tournament. In the opening round, the JCBC five faced the host team, Columbus JC. Leading at halftime, the 'Horses ran cold the second half, losing 79-84. Kenny Kulp remained the Seahorses' most prolific scorer with a game-high 25 points. In the consolation game, Broward faced another Florida team, Gulf Coast JC. They also proved unfriendly, stifling the 'Horses' offense in winning, 83-68. Kulp, with 15 points, and

Steve Cairns with 10, were the only 'Horses to hit double figures.

Next the Seahorses traveled to DeLand where they romped over the Stetson JV team, 96-73, in what Coach Morris described as their best game all season. Ken Kulp, John Gordon, and Steve Cairns led the way with their fine all-around play.

Another road trip found the Broward quintet in West Palm Beach blasting Palm Beach JC, 103-65. Kenny Kulp's scoring (22 points) and Bryn Jones' rebounding paved the victory road.

The Seahorses found things a little tougher down Miami way, falling before arch-rival and the state's number one team, Miami-Dade JC. John Gordon played one of his finest games, finishing with 31 points, but to no avail as the Seahorses absorbed their fourth loss, 122-99.

The 'Horses home season opened with the Stetson JV team coming to town looking for revenge. It was nowhere to be found as the Seahorses continued their



Bryn Jones dribbles off a tight screen.



High in the air, Bobby Kennedy hooks for two.

domination of Stetson, 98-81. Trailing at halftime, the 'Horses exploded out of the locker room to score 58 points in the final half. Seahorse Captain Bryn Jones paced the win with 24 points and excellent rebounding.

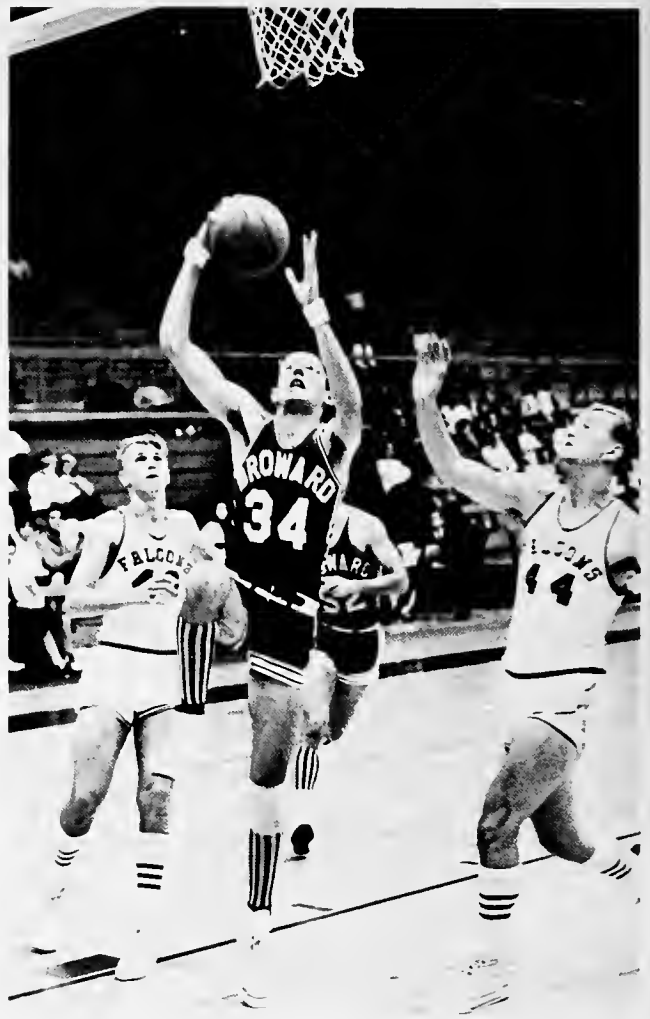
That old nemesis, Manatee JC, popped up again, bouncing Broward to the tune of 60-54. Once again, Lancer size and defense proved too much for the boys from Broward.

The weekend wasn't a total loss as the Edison JC Bucs were sorry they ever visited the Stranahan gym. Still stinging from their loss to Manatee, the 'Horses grabbed the lead early and were never headed the rest of the game. The fast break sizzling and their defense choking every Edison spurt, the JCBC five coasted to a 104-81 win. Kenny Kulp led the scoring with 21 points.

The next weekend saw the Seahorses entertaining Indian River JC and Florida Keys JC. Indian River proved to be rude guests, pulling out a 102-98 victory in the final minutes. Led by Kulp's 35 points and Steve Cairns' 19, the JCBC five played fast, aggressive ball, only to have four final-second Indian River points put the whammy on them.



Surrounded by Falcons, Steve Hall soars to grab the rebound.



John Gordon slips between Falcons for two points.

Florida Keys was much nicer, bowing 125-84. Looking for a possible state tournament berth, the 'Horses completely demolished the Wreckers' attack with a tough defense and hot shooting. Kulp was again high scorer with 24 points.

The University of Miami Freshmen were the Seahorses' next victim, 90-89. Underdogs all the way, the JCBC eagers matched Miami point for point, winning it on Steve Cairns' final second foul shot. Cairns and John Gordon tied for scoring honors, with 22 points apiece.

The next evening saw the Seahorses clinch a state tournament berth with a 104-85 revenge victory over Indian River JC. Ahead by a slim margin at halftime, the 'Horses spent the second half widening the gap over the hapless Pioneers. John Gordon, in addition to his fine rebounding, led the Broward eagers with 34 points.

The Seahorses' next opponent was Miami-Dade

JC. Ranked number one in the state and among the top ten nationally, the Falcons were heavy favorites over their supposedly weaker arch-rivals. Such was not the case as the Seahorses surprised the Falcons, 96-92, in overtime. The game was a question of whether or not the Seahorses could keep up with the Falcons. Never more than six points behind, the 'Horses slowly crept closer, tying the score 82-82 as time ran out. The overtime period belonged to little Marvin Hodges. The 5'11 guard sank five of six free throws and a field goal to put the stopper on the Miami attack. Gordon led the scoring with 23 points, but Hodges' 9 points won the game.

Still up in the air from the win over Miami-Dade, the Broward five was quickly brought back to earth by the U. of Miami Frosh. Seeking revenge for an earlier defeat, the Baby 'Canes ran the tired Seahorses off the floor in a 113-95 victory. Kenney Kulp was high man for Broward with 23 points.





"You aren't stoppin' this kid," warns Bill Fauerbach as he races by Edison opponent.

Rebounding from the Miami loss, the 'Horses traveled to Lakeland to swamp the Baby Moccasins of Florida Southern, 87-79. Hard pressed by the Mocs, the Broward quintet led from the start, winning their eleventh game. Gordon was high scorer with 19 points, followed closely by Steve Cairns and Bobby Kennedy, each with 18 points.

The Broward Seahorses continued their winning ways in the season final against Palm Beach JC; racking up a lop-sided 104-61 win. Bobby Kennedy led the scoring parade with 31 points.

By virtue of their second place conference finish, the Seahorses earned their first state tournament

berth. The opening round found Broward facing a strong, experienced Chipola JC five. Cold shooting and an ineffective fast break proved the 'Horses downfall, as they lost, 66-79. If it's any consolation, Chipola went on to win the state championship.

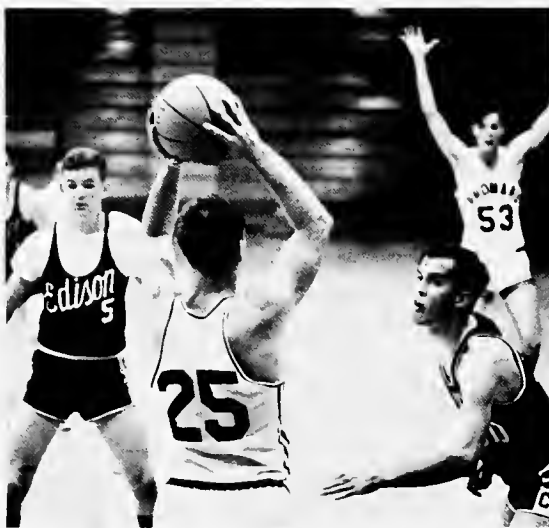
Although he couldn't kick, Coach Morris believed we could have done better had the new gym been completed. This, he said, would have given the 'Horses a practice court and a definite homecourt advantage.

Next year, with a completed gym (it's gotta be done by then) and six returnees, the Seahorses look for an even better season. Returning are Bob Kennedy, John Gordon, Greg Fitzpatrick, Bill Mandeville, Bill Fauerbach, and Mark Brier. Coach Morris couldn't report any definite recruiting results, but if he's as successful as he was last year, WATCH OUT!

Congratulations again, Seahorses, and good luck next year.

SCORING STATISTICS

Player	FG	FT	RB	Total	Average
Kulp	157	53	143	367	18.4
Gordon	116	81	180	313	15.6
Cairns	85	53	55	223	13.1
Jones	80	45	158	205	10.3
Kennedy	72	38	145	182	9.1
Mandeville	46	22	22	114	6.3
Hall	34	38	68	106	6.2
Hodges	38	26	9	102	6.0
Fauerbach	30	27	108	87	4.8
Fitzpatrick	26	10	13	62	4.4
Nealy	6	1	10	13	4.3
Allison	4	2	6	10	1.2
Brier	4	1	9	9	1.8



"Here I am!" Bob Kennedy waves frantically to Steve Cairns.



Darlene Sanks



Dave Fitzgerald



Darlene Neely



Lynn Travers and Irene Meyering

Karlene Sanks



Bonnie McFetridge



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Chris Koutras (left) and Christine Johnson team up for doubles.



Jane Hancock stretches for the return of a high volley.

TENNIS

Although usually referred to as "the weaker sex," the girls have been showing up their male counterparts at JCBC in spring sports competition. The girls' tennis team currently shows a five and zero chart, best of the spring sports at the Junior College. They also own a first place tie in the F.S.U. Invitational Tournament.

Their excellent record includes double victories over Palm Beach JC (6-1, 7-0), and single victories over Miami-Dade (5-2), Marymount College (5-2), and the U. of Miami (5-0).

In the F.S.U. Invitational, which included teams from many of the South's major universities, the JCBC girls tied for first place with Rollins College, each team finishing with twenty points. Stephanie DeFina, the Seahorse-ettes(?) No. 1 player, took first place in the singles competition.

The remainder of the season includes matches with the U. of Miami and Miami-Dade and the State Championships, April 15.

The men's tennis team isn't doing quite so well. At this time, they have a one and four record with an 0-4 conference mark. Their lone victory came in a "practice match" with Palm Beach JC.

The inexperienced (only two played high school tennis) Seahorses have lost twice to Edison JC (2-4, 2-4), Miami-Dade (0-9), and Palm Beach JC (3-4).

The rest of their season includes a match with Palm Beach JC on April 1, and two tournaments—the Florida State Championships at Cape Coral, April 22, 23, and the Florida Junior College Championships, May 4, 5, 6.

Jim Tucker keeps his eye on the ball as he attempts to make a forehand drive.





GOLF

After losing their first two matches, the JCBC linksmen bounced back to win their last four, bringing their record to four wins and two losses.

Miami-Dade, last year's state junior college champions, beat the Seahorses by scores of 16-5 and 11-7. The Broward linksmen then rebounded with a 9½-2½ victory over Palm Beach JC. Ray Isbell was medalist with an eighteen-hole total of 71. Both Isbell and Mike Hines scored three points for their team.

The Seahorses evened their record to two and two with a 17-1 win over Biscayne College. Next, the JCBC golfers did a repeat performance, romping over Indian River JC, 17-1. This time Hal Hutchinson was low man with a 74 total, followed by Hines, who had a 76. Their next victim was Edison JC, who fell 7½-4½. Hutchinson led this win with a 3-0 victory in the No. 1 match.

Their matches are scored by the Nassau System. The golfers compete on a match play basis, scoring a point for winning either the front or the back nine. If they win both, they earn an extra point, making a maximum individual score of three. Normally only four golfers compete, but in several matches this year the Seahorses have used more, accounting for the higher scores.

The rest of the season includes three major tournaments. There is the Florida collegiate tournament, at Gainesville, the Florida Junior College Championships at Coral Gables, April 14 and 15, and the National Junior College Championships at Miami, June 7-10.

Hal Hutchinson and his sand wedge blast from a trap.

Don Schroeder lines up a putt.



Top row: Bob Goldin, Ray Isbell, Jim Lyford, Bob Stacey, Jerry Rasmussen.
Bottom row: Mike Hines, Hal Hutchinson, Donald Schroeder.





Head Coach Leroy Wheat

BASEBALL

he spring, they say a young fancy turns to girls and all. How much of their fancy turned to girls, I can't say, but young men of the JCBC base- team have definitely turned fancy to baseball—and quite successfully, too. As this magazine goes to press, the Seahorses own

an eleven and one chart, with a five and one conference mark.

When interviewed before the season, Coach Leroy Wheat said his team ought to be strong contenders for the state championship. Looks like his prediction is coming true. So far, the Seahorses own triple wins over Dick Howser's

Baseball School, double victories over Palm Beach JC, U. of Miami Freshmen, and Edison JC, and single wins over Indian River JC and a squad of Yankee farmhands. Their lone loss came at the hands of Indian River.

Coach Wheat's charges boast strong pitching, sizzling bats, and



Dodging the catcher's spikes, Bruce Kinder slides safely home



"Comin' in knee-high, goin' out sky-high," hopes Jim Gurzynski

an exciting defense. Coach Wheat is overjoyed at his pitching staff, saying "it's real good for this time of year." At the plate, the Seahorses got off to a rather slow start, but are sizzling now. Leading the surge are Bob Martin, Bruce Kinder, Bill Adelman, and Paul Buzzella. Coach Wheat's a

bit disappointed at the defense, but said that it's improving and that it "ought to be exciting to watch." We're not quite sure what he meant by that last remark.

Not all is peaches and cream in the Seahorse camp though. Injuries have slowed the team a little bit. Adelman had a bad knee

and Alan Morell suffered an infected leg. Problems have also come from another source—the Junior College Baseball Commission. It seems there is some question as to the eligibility of three players—Adelman, Gary Bryce, and Larry Sanders. Coach Wheat is awaiting a decision with crossed fingers.



Jim Bryce rounds third on his way to another Seahorse score



Don Newhouser grimaces as he uncorks a fastball

THE JUDO CLUB



DON'T ever say JCBC isn't a cosmopolitan college, for now a little bit of that isle of Japan has been transplanted to the campus. This is in reference to that ancient and honorable sport of jujitsu or judo.

Established to promote interest in the manual arts, especially judo, sportsmanship, competitive ability, and physical development, the Judo Club is in its first year of organized activities.

The club gives planned demonstrations to various church groups, Boy Scout troops, and clubs throughout the area as well as engaging in intercollegiate competition.

In their only dual meet to date, the Broward Judoakas, or judo men, fell to Miami-Dade JC. At the Florida State Tournament in Gainesville, Club President John Craddock placed fourth in his division. The club is scheduled to compete in a tournament in Coral Gables on March 15th and is trying to line up a few other matches.

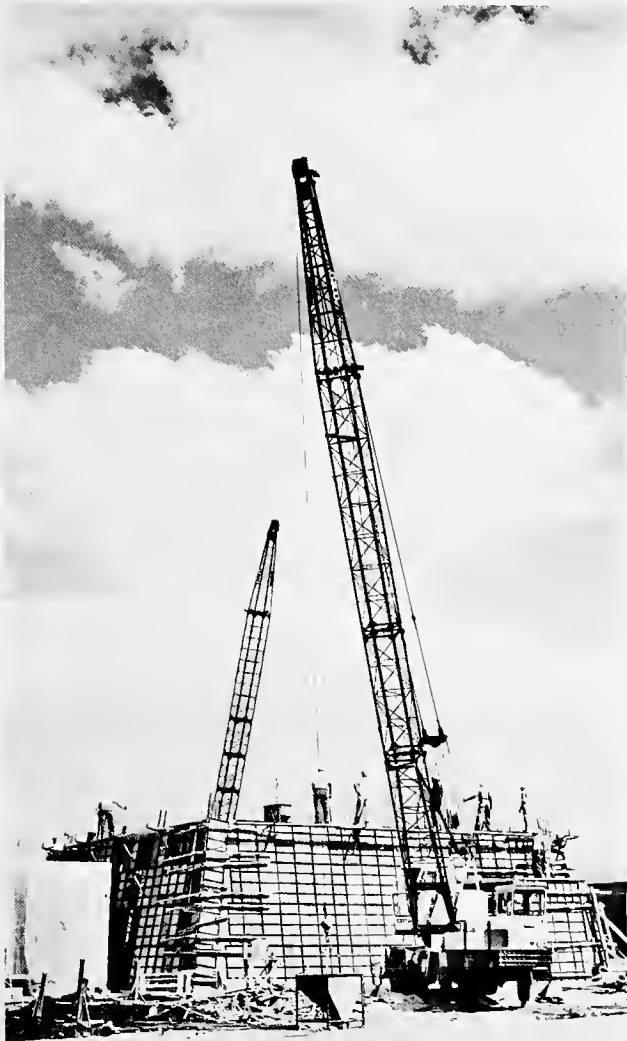
Craddock holds a first degree brown belt in both judo and karate and another club member, Bill Bancroft, owns a karate black belt.

The club is composed of fourteen members. Other officers besides Craddock include Ray Shoaff, Vice-President, Chet Meisner, Secretary, and Dave Richardson, Treasurer. The club sponsor is Mr. David Pactor.

THE CAMPUS

A Look at the Future

by Ann Bardsley



SEVEN years ago, the Junior College of Broward County began.

It started with a piece of paper, an authorization by the state legislature to build a junior college at Fort Lauderdale, Florida. A few months later, an advisory board was appointed, and then, in the spring of 1960, a president, Joe B. Rushing, of Texas.

When he took office on April 7, Dr. Rushing was the president of a college that existed only on paper. By August 30, the Junior College of Broward County had moved into temporary quarters at the old Fort Lauderdale naval air station barracks, and had opened its doors to nearly seven hundred students. The students and faculty of the little college endured the old military buildings for three years. Then, in 1963, the JCBC moved out to its big, breezy, 152 acre campus. There, a nucleus of seven buildings, Administration, Data Processing, Physical Education, Library, Technical Laboratories, and a Student Center were ready for occupancy.

In this year of 1966 there are approximately 3000 students attending the junior college, and they are taught by a faculty of 130, all with masters or doctorate degrees. To the seven original buildings have been added a faculty office building, classroom building, a two hundred seat lecture theatre, fine arts center, a gymnasium, and a modern planetarium. When the gymnasium is opened, phase two of the building program at JCBC will be completed.

In the immediate future is Phase III of the building program at JCBC. Plans already on the drawing board call for three buildings to be begun in 1967. These will be a classroom building, central receiving center, and a much-awaited-for cafeteria.

The proposed two-story classroom building will house the Medical Technology, Nursing, Medical Assisting, Police Science, and Business Administration departments. Included in the facility will be laboratories for the medical program, drafting, and photography.

The central receiving center will have space for unloading and loading, storage, campus security, and for the maintenance and custodial equipment, as well as offices for the custodians and engineers and for the Dean of Administration.

The planned Hospitality Center will reward the students of JCBC for their many years of patience with adequate food facilities. The new student center will be a two-story structure costing one and one-half million dollars.

Most of the ground floor of the center will be used for a huge modern cafeteria. There will be a main cafeteria room for students and a faculty dining

room separated by soundproof partitions. The main serving line will handle soups, salads, and hot and cold meals, and a snack bar will dispense drinks, ice creams, and snacks. A conveyor belt for dishes, storage and refrigeration rooms, and a modern kitchen and bakery will insure a fresh, plentiful, and appetizing variety of food for the student. Many part-time jobs will be available in the cafeteria.

The ground floor will also have offices for the counseling staff, Student Government, and the student publications staffs. Movable partitions in the cafeteria and student lounge area will make it possible to use the building for small and large meetings, banquets, and assemblies.

Upstairs, the hospitality center will have four hotel rooms with baths, a conference room, two class rooms, and offices for the cafeteria manager and the Hotel-Motel Administration department. Mr. Ray Dietrich, director of the Hotel-Motel program at JCBC, explained that the hotel rooms and a model hotel office will be used as laboratories for his growing department, and can also be used to accommodate guests of the college. Much of the space in the building can be adapted to a variety of uses, he said, so that the Hospitality Center can be used at its maximum efficiency.

What is the outlook for the more distant future? The campus will fill up with still more buildings, as many as thirty-five of them. They may include, for the Physical Education department, an Olympic size swimming pool and a bowling alley. The Aviation department may have as many as fifteen planes, with hangars and classrooms, at the airport. Also planned are an Auditorium, Music building, Audio-Visual center, Technical Education center, and Horticulture facility. When it is completed, about 1972, JCBC will have cost the state, local, and possibly Federal governments an estimated ten million dollars.

For the present, Dr. Harvey Oates, Dean of Administration, is making efforts to alleviate some of the more irritating features of campus life. Ten thousand dollars has been appropriated to improve the drainage which causes a moat around the Classroom building after a heavy rain. Although money for landscaping is difficult to obtain, some landscaping will be done to protect floors and delicate equipment from the sweeping sands. To ease the serious food problem, Dr. Oates has promised hot food service next fall. Simply prepared stews, soups, and sandwiches will be available during the lunch hours on the ground floor of the HPR building.

Perhaps more important than buildings and equipment is the intellectual future of the college.

Broward started off with nothing, but in six years she has become one of the top ten junior colleges in the nation. The prominence JCBC has achieved in so short a time reflects favorably not only on the students and faculty of the college, but also upon the community that supports the school. In return, Broward has the duty to lead and to serve as the cultural leader of the community.

"Fort Lauderdale," according to Dr. Harvey Oates, "has the 'makings' of a fine community." He mentioned that Fort Lauderdale is one of the smallest cities in the country to support its own symphony orchestra. Broward, he said, has a responsibility to educate the community. He sees the college as a place where the free exchange of ideas and of both

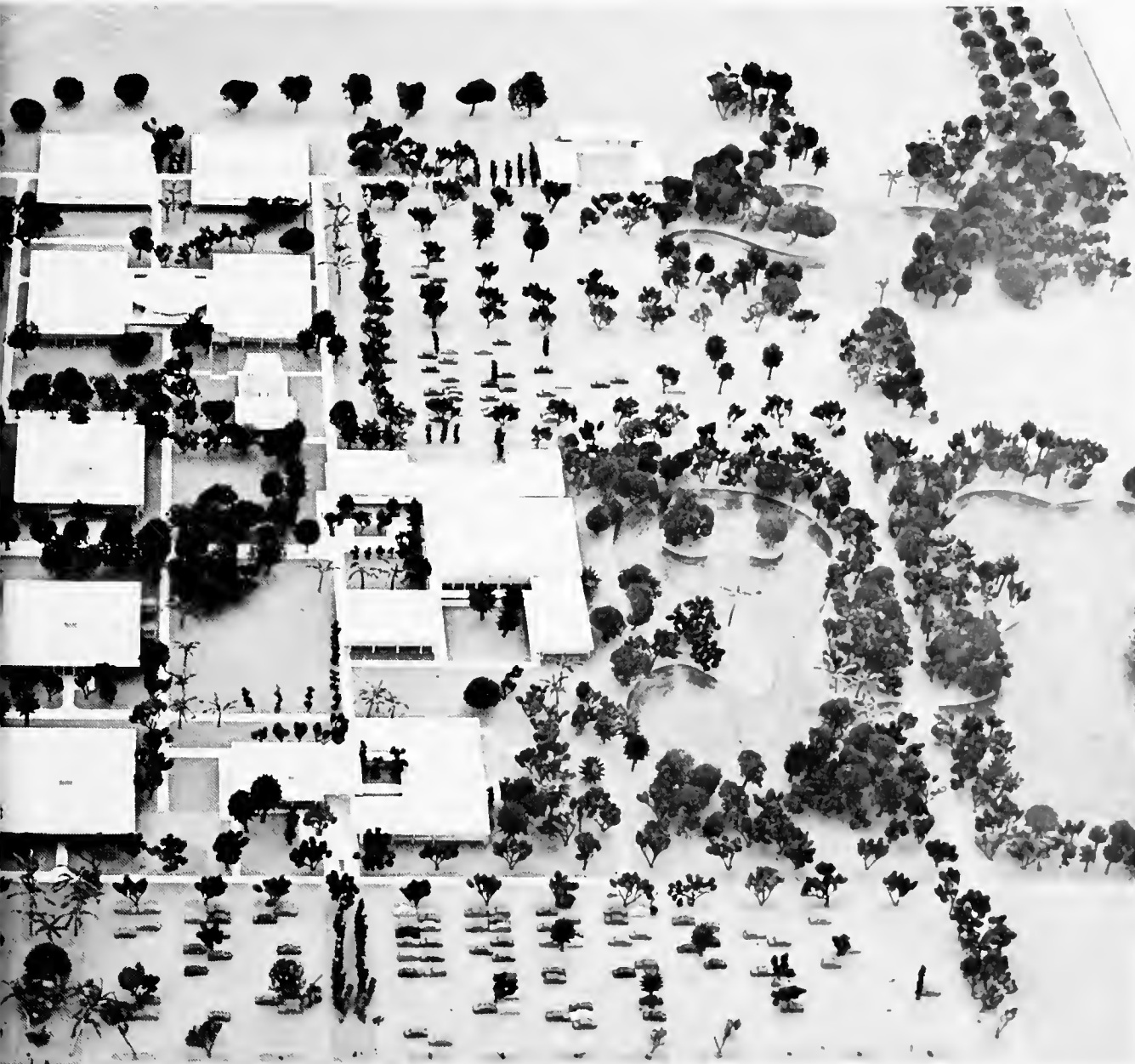


new and time-tested concepts form the intellectual and cultural base of the community.

Dean Edward Kotchi points to another facet of Broward's responsibility for community service. In addition to its university parallel program, JCBC has many students taking terminal courses which will place them in the main stream of business life after a two year professional course. Graduates with an associate degree in a terminal program fill a crying need for skilled, non-professional technicians. They are sought by doctors, architects, engineers, and researchers. As policemen, builders, managers, they have special training which puts them above the herd, and raises the quality of their occupation. Of particular importance, says Dean Kotchi, is the

value of the junior college in attracting new business to the area. Companies are anxious to move into areas where they are assured of trained workers, and the facility for training more. Dean Kotchi emphasized that college must not produce "mere mechanics." They must, he said, be well rounded people who are capable of working with engineers and physicists, and of keeping up with advances and changes in his field.

What lies ahead for the college? With an enthusiastic community, skilled faculty, a wide variety of courses, the finest possible facilities in which to teach them, and its avowed duty to lead and serve the community, the future that lies ahead of Broward looks bright indeed.





Annual
S. G. A.
Picnic



WHAT MEASURE - THE MAN

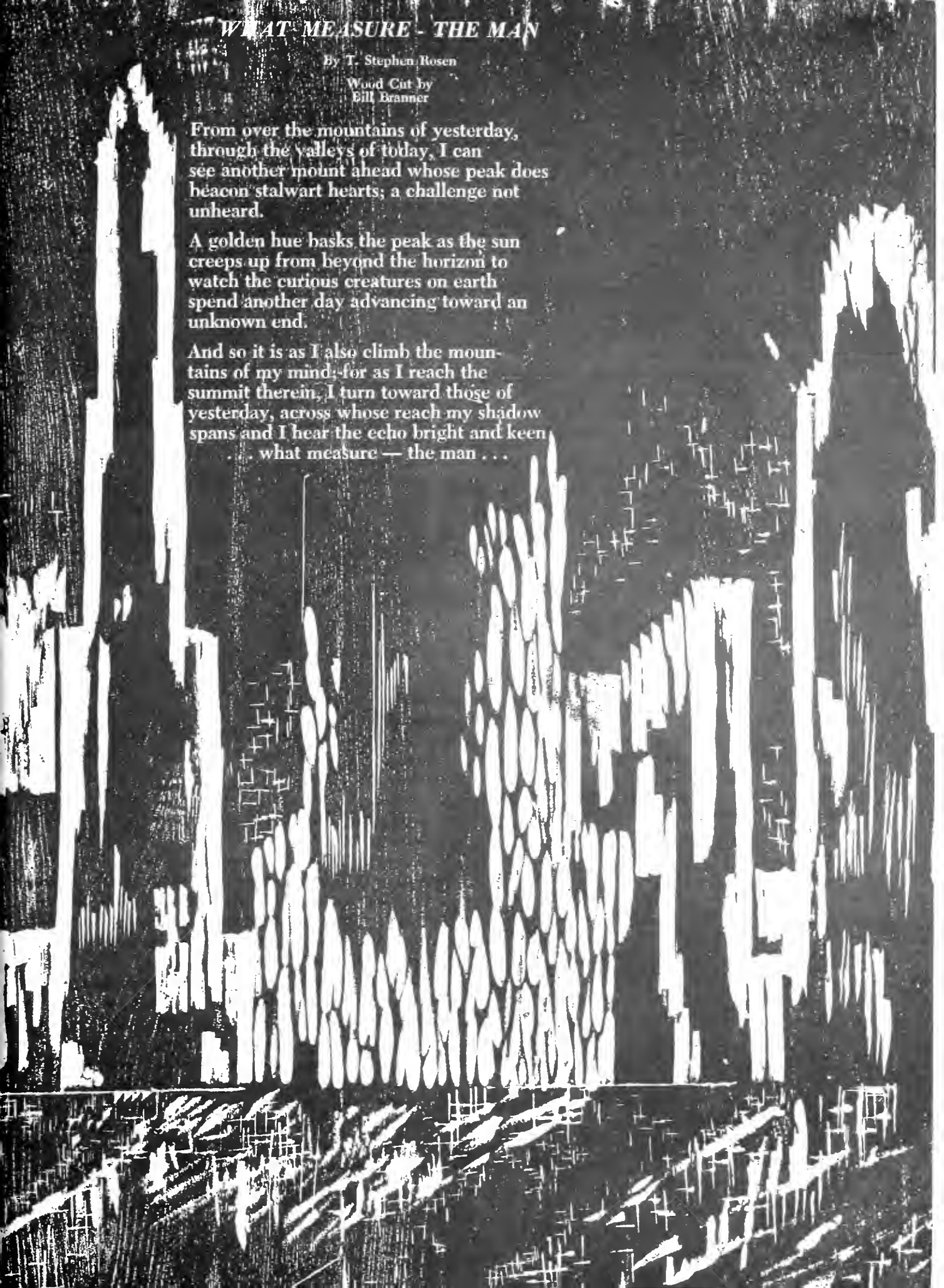
By T. Stephen Rosen

Wood Cut by
Bill Branner

From over the mountains of yesterday,
through the valleys of today, I can
see another mount ahead whose peak does
beacon stalwart hearts; a challenge not
unheard.

A golden hue basks the peak as the sun
creeps up from beyond the horizon to
watch the curious creatures on earth
spend another day advancing toward an
unknown end.

And so it is as I also climb the moun-
tains of my mind; for as I reach the
summit therein, I turn toward those of
yesterday, across whose reach my shadow
spans and I hear the echo bright and keen
... what measure — the man ...



THE poor in America are the twenty per cent of our population that the rest of the nation never sees. Somehow, in this land of abundance, one in five of its citizens lives a life of never ending need, cultural isolation, and despair. **IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY**, by Ben H. Bagdikian, is a newspaperman's report on poverty in America.

Each chapter of this disturbing book deals with another kind of poverty, hidden away among the slums of the cities and the leaking shacks of the countryside. The poor, migrant workers, slum dwellers, derelicts, a starving pensioner, and miners and farmers struggling with an exhausted land, tell their stories in their own words. With the exception of the skidrow derelicts, their poverty is not their fault. They long to escape from their misery, and they all hope for something better for their children, but for these human beings, poverty is a way of life they will never escape.

The author corrects, one by one, our misconceptions about American poverty, and explains why the Horatio Alger tradition just doesn't work any more. According to Bagdikian, the worst effect of poverty in modern America is that it isolates the poor from the mainstream of American culture. They have no opportunity to see how the more prosperous people live, for the rich and the middle class live far away from the East Side and Tobacco Road. Lacking political power, they have substandard schools and utilities.

Surrounded by poverty, the poor man's child goes to school for as long as his clothes hold out, with the children of other poor men. When he can no longer afford school he drops out to look for the unskilled job that he may or may not find, and the cycle goes on.

For anyone who wonders what the war on poverty and social welfare legislation are all about, **IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY** is recommended reading.

In the vocabulary of my native New England, there are three sacred words: Boston, money, and Harvard.

The economics books of this generation have endeavored to prove to us that money is intrinsi-

ANN'S REVIEW

Ann Bardsley

cally worthless. Several years ago a very proper Bostonian wrote a funny book about his fellow proper Bostonians called (you guessed it) **THE PROPER BOSTONIANS**. When New England recovered from that blow, there was but one more institution left to puncture. An Iowan named Richard Bissell (Harvard '36) has done the job on his alma mater.

YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A HARVARD MAN is a humorous, rambling history of America's oldest college, digressing into discussions of customs, anecdotes, personalities, and skeletons in the closet. The undergraduate days of three of Harvard's most distinguished sons, Theodore and Franklin D. Roosevelt, and John F. Kennedy, are brought to rather surprising light. Teddy Roosevelt, says the author, was an outstand-

ing candidate for Freshman Oddball of the Year.

The book, however, has two faults. The author makes many references to people, places, and things that are meaningless to the deprived masses who never went to Harvard, and he thinks he is screamingly funny. Mr. Bissell has his moments of delightful humor, but all too often his laugh-lines are ponderous slapstick. Along with Harvard indifference and the Harvard accent there is a Harvard sense of humor that is remarkable for its lack of subtlety, and the book is its unfortunate victim.

YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A HARVARD MAN is light and pleasant reading for a quiet afternoon in a leather chair at the Harvard Club.

In the midst of all the popular trivia about the medical profession, one book has come out within the past year which has real merit. **INTERN**, by "Doctor X" is an anonymous physician's diary of the most important year of his career, one which he begins as an awed student just out of medical school, and ends as a trained and confident healer.

The real life of a hospital intern, as "Dr. X" paints it, bears little resemblance to the dashing hero on the TV set. His life is one of constant pressure, little sleep, and hardly any financial reward. He has some successes, and some heartbreaking failures, and there are no pretty nurses around to mop his brow.

Some of the horrible mistakes, described in detail, that the intern makes will make you vow never to let one even take your temperature. Yet, the book is reassuring, too, for the young doctor regards his patients as human beings and not, as the layman suspects, merely as a broken arm or an infected gall bladder.

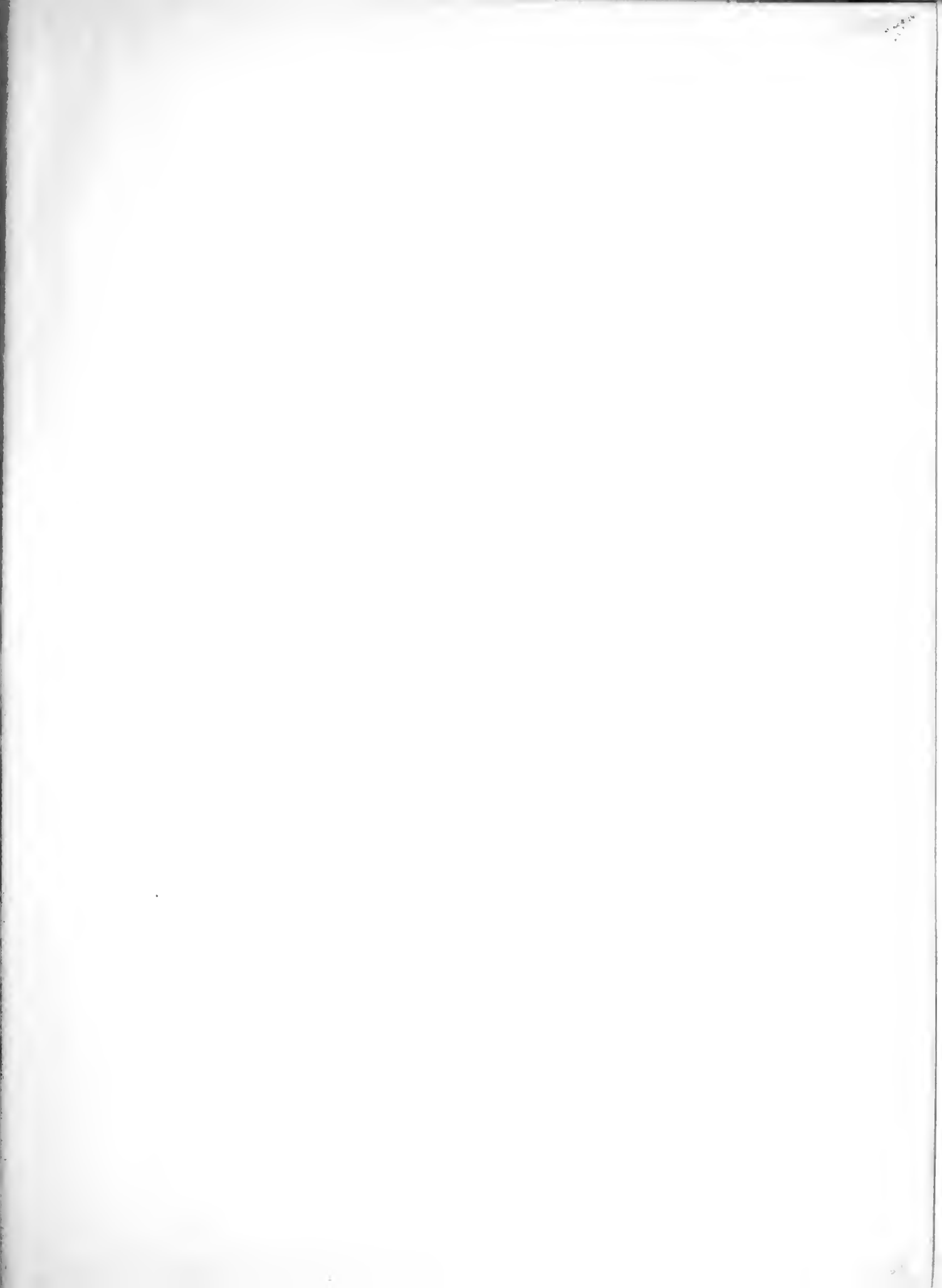


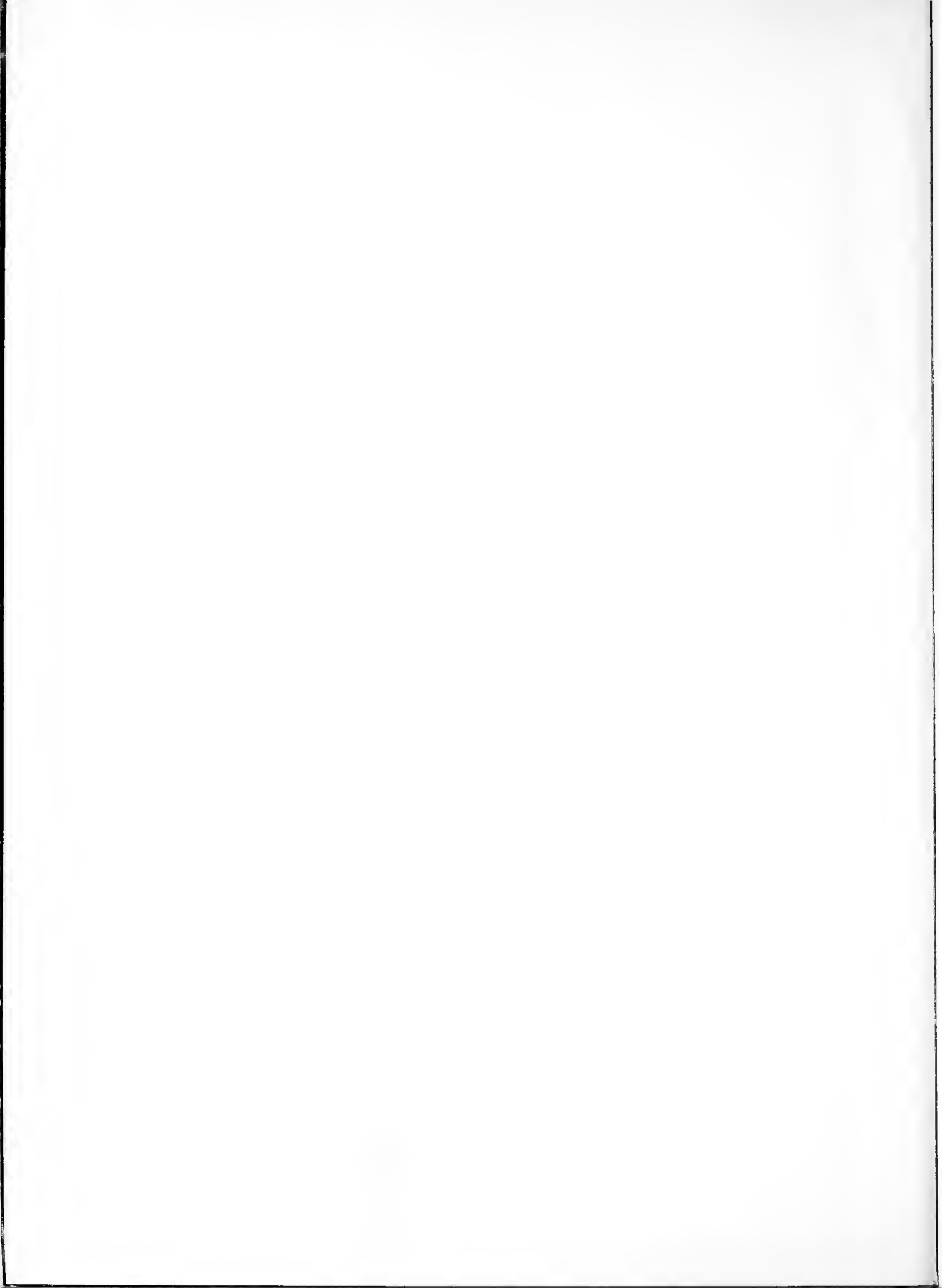
Change is inevitable. The highest position in our college's administration has been vacated. To fill this void during the interim period, our Boards have selected an acting president. We sincerely believe that he has done well.

Representing the students of the Junior College of Broward County, the editors and staff of the Silver Sands proudly dedicate Silver Sands 1965-66 to Dr. Jack D. Taylor as one who with dignity, leadership, and wisdom is successfully fulfilling his mission.









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