

The Catalyst

Volume V, Number 16

Published by Students of New College, Sarasota, Florida

February 6, 1969

Environment

god loves you, william hamilton

For Sale
Mosrite electric guitar
\$220.
Tom Weislocher Room 133

rapunzel

Quietly, Dr. Hamilton's "Environment" seminar has been meeting each Monday night at 6:30 in the barracks behind the tennis courts, "looking for a totally new conception of the best educational environment." Quietly, until this week.

The group met Monday night for the fifth time. The first meeting, chaired by Hamilton, concerned decorating the bare room and outlining plans for the coming few weeks. The next three weeks, students did projects assigned by Hamilton, and discussed a long article on the film "The Graduate" while varying the environment by adding or subtracting light and music. Decoration of the barracks was all the supposed to be proceeding.

However, by the fourth week, the room was still almost bare and Hamilton said that he would leave if nothing had been done by the next meeting. Also during the fourth meeting, three students left during the discussion of "The Graduate", two of them because they wanted to listen to the Jefferson Airplane record in the background, rather than carry on with Hamilton's idea.

Thirteen students and Hamilton attended the February third meeting, for which the assignment was to read or listen to a Robert Lowell dramatization of Melville's story "Benito Cereno" and discuss the play but from the viewpoint of someone other than yourself.

During the ensuing week, about half the floor had been covered with foam rubber and quilted carpet patches of many colors. The group sat on the carpet. From the beginning, stylized role-playing (present were Eldridge Cleaver, a Group Freak, Enrico Verdi, "My Father", a Sarah Lawrence dropout, Lenny Bruce, and a "microbopper") made it difficult to keep the discussion on the subject of the play.

Within 45 minutes, Bill Kopecki, the microbopper, was playing loud rock-and-roll and choking Hamilton, "a poorly educated clinical psychologist",

with a cord, while Ivan painted in black on the Jon Lundell swung on the rafters, Jack Cousineau Eldridge Cleaver attempted to talk about the play and others laughed compulsively, moaned with anxiety, or grabbed on to the bodies on the floor, trying to quiet Kopecki's screaming.

After two hours, it ended, and a discussion began. On why the class-group hadn't wanted to discuss the play; on whether it was a class or a group or something in between; on why it didn't seem to be working.

The consensus was that, to date, the group had not been a radical experiment. The teacher had assigned, people had done things for the teacher, just like always.

Ivan, like of classroom roles; of "mutes", "whips", and "changers" among students, and of the teacher's usual role in getting the whips to start discussions in class.

Dr. Hamilton wanted to know whether an ideal educational environment would still have such roles or not. Roland King said that if such a situation was indeed the best means to learning what he wanted to learn about philosophy, then it was a necessary evil.

Bill Kopecki said the group was having an admirable discussion, and wanted to know why it was admirable. Jon Lundell answered that for once it was about a subject instead of about the discussion. No one really reached any conclusions about what the anti-environment was supposed to be, but it was evident that it wasn't supposed to be what it had been becoming.

Dr. Hamilton, before the group broke up at 9:45 said that he thought the group owed a debt to the people who laid the carpet. No assignment was issued for next week: just Mark Baraz' closing words

"I think the more livable we make this space, the better off we're going to be. And I think the more people take this seriously, in a funny way, the better off we're going to be."

The SEC meeting began with the final word on maintenance hassles from the mouths of Mr. Harra and a representative worker in which it was reported:

A. John Coats was dismissed for "dereliction of duty" over a period of time, for two days absence previous to his pneumonia report also, given five days notice, and received a salary of around \$1.75.

B. Previous labor relations with unionizers were cut off by the union for lack of sufficient interest.

C. Mr. Harra is not opposed to unionization and "goes one step further" in many fringe benefits to workers.

D. Workers are encouraged to talk to Jon Shaughnessy or anyone else on their views without endangering their jobs.

E. Average working periods for the present maintenance workers run white - 2 years, black-10-11 months. No race discrimination is implied in these statistics.

F. On Monday there will be a meeting of workers with NC social sciences professor Fleischman to discuss the issues. This meeting takes place Monday from 12:30 to 1:30. This is the last word for now.

Distribution of single rooms is progressing well reports the House Committee.

A list of faculty committee positions for students was given to the Supervisory Committee Watch for the opening of nominations--soon!

The College Council report was that the case of a student requesting permission to live in the dormitory area for a term without full payment of tuition for this term was considered. The student proposed his paying only room and board and tuition for a few special classes he wished to attend. The idea of whether or not a student should be allowed to remain as a member of the committee community without being in full academic residence was one of the foci of the discussion. Dr. Miller felt that regardless of the ambiguous outcome of this particular session the use of the College Council as a "court of last resort" by students was a good sign.

Dr. Miller reports that guest sign-in regulations are not being adhered to and reminds that the handbook rule restricts guests to a 1-weekday night --2 weekend night period unless the host requests an extension of privileges from him or Mrs. Brewer Permission, he says, is usually given freely for up to a week's stay but there have no guests staying longer in his memory. He suggested the possibility of SEChandler of this rule. Another comment was that it was felt that more or less permanent off-campus lodgers were not a desirable phenomenon.

Second on the Ombudsreport was another chapter in the history of pet regulation. Cats, he reports, are to be countenanced, at least if registered but the dog population is in danger. Due to an exorbitant number of complaints, against ALL canines necessitates a warning to owners of this variety of beastie to not anymore. Dogs will be interdicted on

campus and some disciplinary action could be taken against recalcitrants. Also he requests off-campus dog-owners to leave 'em at home. (This is administrative fiat--no SC rule, remember.)

The following for statisticians: withdrawals: 1st yr. 21--13m, 8f, 2nd and 3rd yr. 6--3 and 3. enrollment by class present; 1st, 152, 2nd, 70, 3rd, 52, total 274, AWL, 54--31 and 23.

There will be a NEW LICENCING OF VEHICLES soon. Take notice and save your bicycle from a horrible fate!

There was a request for SEC consideration of a library book-theft crisis. Hundreds of books are missing, many needed for ISPs and theses. This hurts the students more now because of low division book budgets and the consequent impossibility of replacement. Please deliver!

Closed stacks and library proctors were suggested as possible future necessities. You don't want that, book-borrowers, now do you?

Following some discussion of academic griev-

ances a new SFC was formed from volunteers Zimmerman, Lundell, Borrmann, Baraz, Bolin and Silverman. The committee will elect its own chairman. The meeting was adjourned at 8:20.

ROSSgraph i



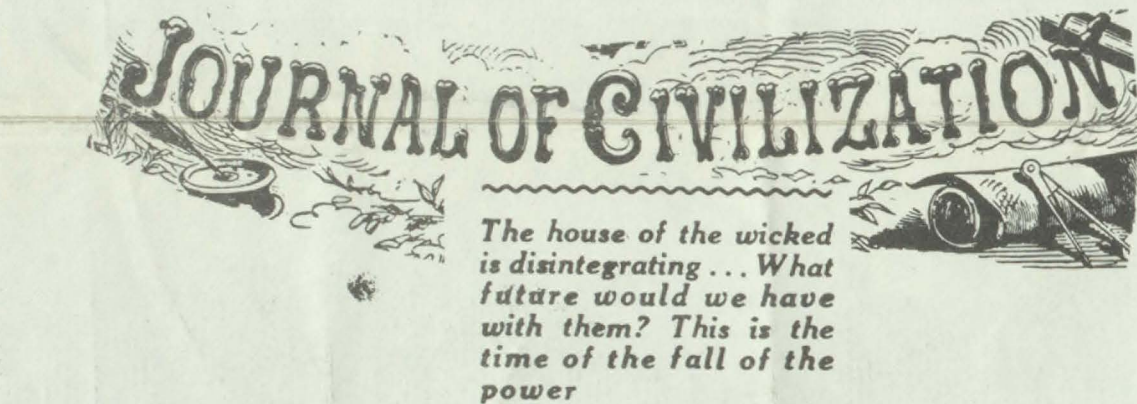
Going Up The Country

They left at six o'clock Friday morning six people in a rented Camaro with bucket seats and an antenna and five people in a Volkswagen van they were going to the country to see what it was like. The destination was Beaufort, South Carolina, the home of Joe Stratton, island and the marina and somehow George Chappell. But reaching South Carolina from Sarasota entails traveling Georgia. Georgia the sound echoed in their sinuses.... Read shivered Tania quivered Erik shook Malcolm turned Byron thumped Roger gasped. The Florida line was reached in good time. Interstate-25 had been good to them. A stop. Jessup Georgia, and there seemed a difference of opinion on whether to take a truck route or 82. Rebellion arg Weislocher bellowed Laurel whooped the bare split to take the way alone and separate. George whooped Fatrice grinned Louie shrugged. Slow out oh no there is a man in Ludowick, Georgia who assures bestranded travelers that he can honor their dime's club card then fixes their tire being sure to allow enough time to pass to allow a police to arrive and park in the gas station lot. Ah, then this man becomes a man who never said he could accept anything but cash and he explains his contrived delima to the proccured policeman. Police said to travelers... "You had better pay the man... travelers hesitate.... travelers speak of making kick kick his tire off their car... lay kick grinnaces... perceptive policeman says "you all 18 I let me see your draft card. Key girle you anybody's wife I To 18 I prove it... You got some I. D. I... traveler's scarce up cash and split Ludowick.

V.W. hits Beaufort. Cleane George's house out of foot. Ki Two hours later. Camaro hits Georges house... two hours late because of staying too long in Ludowick while kick and cop spent 2 hours getting their 22 dollars for the reasaped Japanese tire. Friday afternoon the travelers, 11 strong, march down downtown area of Beaufort. Lady tries to hit them in a crosswalk. (Noth to next tense for added believability in a true account) Travelers reacted with peace sign and smiles thinking the lady's foot slipped or she dozed momentarily from her strained life pressure fatigue. Lady then threw her car in reverse and tried once more to do harm to our group on the road. Lady then pulled forward into an oncoming lane of traffic and turned around and snorting tatted on her front seat she threw a cruel sneer of contempt at the youths. Amused, the party then proceeded to the edge of a nearby bay to sit and watch it. Arrival, a police car performed and a officer asked if our heroes were the local hippie group that had met with the mayor and the town council that very day and what they had discussed and George said nope we are not. These are friends of mine from New College Accredited in Sarasota Florida and the man said with the dignity of his office... as he drove away... we just want you to have a good time during your stay. Have fun contemplating your navels yuk yuk. Well George's dad just happened to be skilled at cooking for 15 people so they all ate memorably. Well George's friend just happened to own an old huge spanish american fort and all the land around it so the night was spent in exploring cells and tunnels and even a bar called the Yankee where the owner couldn't believe people from Sarasota existed. That night Louie and a volksw, full of people were pulled by a cop for "driving like nuts" but Louie said that he was just trying to keep up with George Chappell who was the only person who knew the town so the officer said that he just wanted them all to have a good

CANNEDLIGHT CANNEDHEAT

time and that they should be a little careful. Well second day George's friend just happened to have a furnished van with stereo and beverage and the group now fifteen strong drove forty miles to Savannah Georgia where the y delighted an old lady who has had a roster shop opened for four months without ever having had even a few disinterested customers. The group milled about and bought nothing and finally had to beat the old lady up and leave for more oppressive surroundings. And they found their way to a park after having been nearly run down in another crosswalk by a lady who after finally stopping revved her engine to maximum and was soon joined by a chorus of two other motorists who gunned their engines as voices in the city of noise while they told the true story with their eyes. In the park they sat a and listened to a folk singer who's presence saved them from motorcycle toughs and who's songs were appreciated to the extent that they took him and his sons and his friends back to Beaufort in the Magic Carpet Ride, the van. At dinner that night he gave them tales of his life and adventures and of how he was in the army and just back from vietnam and didn't mind killing at all and how the airborne trains its men to seek and at target reactive they punch you in the stomach for every time you miss the target until you don't miss or can't shoot until the next day. And one had read of a drill instructor, nevermind who made his men stand in a square, parading and then died and letters were sent home saying they had died in an as result of unfortunate accidents. Well we didn't and he didn't talk about the army much more and after a night of partying on some land who a friend of George's just happen to keep for parties out by a bay with a horizon and a moon. On the way home in the morning as Georgia was neared and the legal south corolla in beer was getting more and more sacrosanctious the curfew in the lead began throwing it unopened out the window can by can without such foresight though considering that the Volkswagen behind had to dodge the bouncing 12 ounce cans from lane to lane on a bridge. In the border of Florida two men in engineers caps threw sticks at the Volkswagen in reaction to a peace sign which they probably misinterpreted. Before leaving Georgia the Camaro was pursued and stopped by an officer who checked registration and identification and Georgia New York license. The two cars never saw each other again until New College but the V.W. went to Kalamco to eat dinner and the Camaro got lost in St. Petersburg for hours, stopped at McDonalds on the trail north of the school only to be told that they had run out of hamburgers for the second time in company history of 3 billion sales. And they pulled up in front of Hamilton Center and so on and so on and scoobie doobie bore-oh.



gospel acc'g to byron

If people have lived by a given system for the entirety of their lives they are not apt to be anxious to change it in any way. In fact, an attempt to change the system is an attempt to kill or render their lives of working and the results under the system void. The changing of a system on a large scale is commonly known as a kabob. The changing of a system on a very large scale and in a short period of time is, in the case I am considering here, a revolution.

At the time precise of the revolution the clingers to the old system are deviating behind the times. This is a relatively safe thing to do. The revolutionaries are deviating ahead of the times and this is dangerous as all get out. They are subject to the laws and injunctions dealt out by the old system. Socrates deviated ahead of the times in which he lived and was executed. Severity of punishment for forward deviance has lessened a little with the general intellectualization of the race but progress is still rolling as slow as in antiquity. If I return to my home with long hair I will be refuting the yardstick by which my ancestors recent have measured and become satisfied with themselves. I will be saying to someone who means nothing to the world except in one monetary way... the way means nothing. And this will mean to them that they mean nothing because they can see nothing outside of the terms of the system. They only have value in its dimension. My very existence is an attack in their minds and now it is an attack in my mind. I have been treated as though I were an aggressor often and I have been bewildered by this often. It is now that I declare myself an aggressor of sorts. The age of Aquarius is coming and the transition will take a century or more unless it is dealt with properly. I want my children to live in the freedom I see on the horizon, not their children's children. There is a lesson in history.

The age of Pisces came with the time of Christ. The transition was a slow one and hardly worth the trouble considering what the age of Pisces entailed. The mysticism of the age of Pisces was a limited selfish one on a small scale. The goodness was talked

of and dealt with as a dream. It was never brought to bear. The transition to Aquarius must not be delayed by unwillingness to change. The sluggishness of the last revolution of humanity must not be thought of as a precedent. Speed is essential. As this is being written, the ones who have been left in the dust both spiritually and intellectually rule the winds. But there are some people who feel the change within them that is beckoning them to the new and better life. The change is within. There is an equal part in every man and this common part is what is allowing men to know each other for the first time since we were disunited at creation. There are some people who know what it is to know someone. This has never happened before.

Now to see the problems of the transition. The old people are going to die. Not many can be saved before their departure. They can not harm us with their ignorance. They are not to be taken seriously in their final hours; they will leave in peace and in this way time is on the side of free men. But there are invokers of the old and the wrong which will not die so soon. Our children will not be burdened with them if we can deal with them early enough. These people are the hard core short hairs, a condition of the soul--not merely the physical difference of appearance. They have every right to be what they are certainly. But they must never slow the coming of harmony. They are of the old and thus they are afraid of change but we must never let fear in the hands and hearts of these dangerous people interfere with the revolution. The change will come with beautiful peace even if they are scared to death of having the yardsticks removed. They must be made to see people as people and not commodities or things which are in any way expendable. But this will take action on many fronts. Remember this in 1969 or they will be harding you into concentration camps in 1975. Caution, discretion, and prudence now will yield peace, harmony and love in our lifetime. If we who feel the change within us now do not act, things will get much worse before they get better.

fora

There will be two Forums this week.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 6, Dr. David L. Clark of Hope College will speak on "England Rejects the Baroque Style." Dinner will be served at 6 p.m. and Dr. Clark's talk will follow.

Friday evening, Feb. 7, thirteen students visiting Sarasota under the Experiment in International Living Program will be guests for dinner and afterward will present slides of their countries and talk about their land. They come from Japan, the Philippines, Laos, Hong Kong, Australia, New Zealand, Vietnam, Malaysia, and all are college-level students. Dinner will be served at 6 p.m. and will be limited to those who sign up in advance at the Student Policy Office. Showing the slides will follow at 7:30 p.m. in the Teaching Auditorium and will be open to the entire college community.

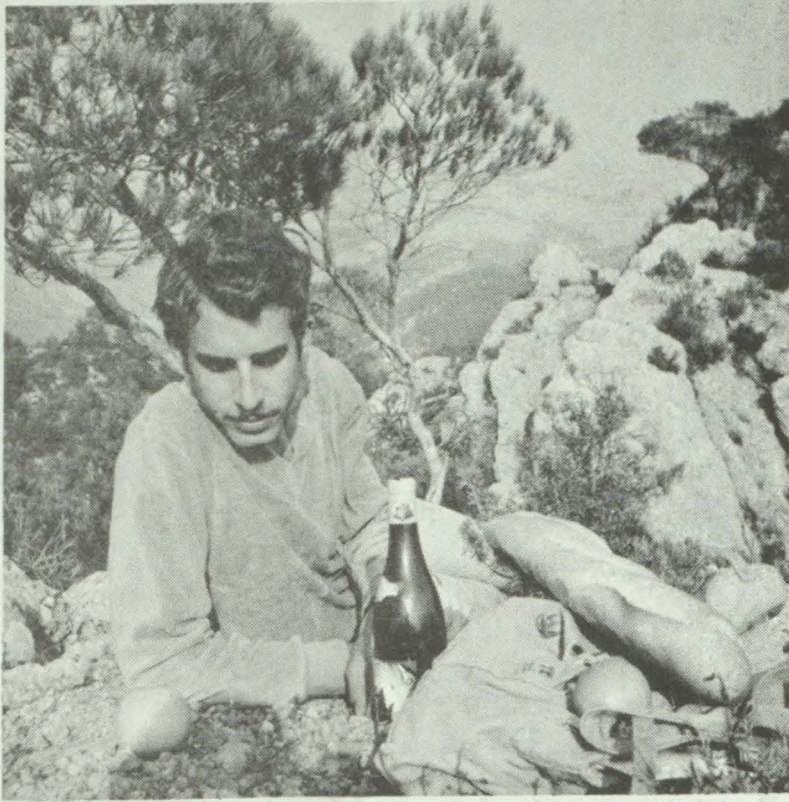
Message From France

To New College:
Having just spent many hours reading through back issues of the Catalyst from the beginning of this year, it seems time to send more news and a few comments from the real (unreal?) world away from Florida. Questions: Is there any more or less of an adjustment to make going from New College to American society or French society? This question is prompted by the usual run of articles, letters and comments in the Catalyst on the rather exclusive world formed by the school, and the "myth" that is so quickly attacked, and the beliefs so quickly shattered. What I write will probably be much out of date, in my senses because I am not on campus, because all the news I get is from the Catalyst or occasional letters, and much of what I know is part of my past there ("as it used to be").

Paul Zimmerman made reference to Sartre in one of his letters, drawing somewhat of a parallel, apparently, between Huis Clos and New College. Perhaps it would be good not to forget two lines from that play: "L'enfer, c'est les Autres" and "Et bien, continuons."

Last year in one of his talks on Foreign Study, Dr. Elmendorf referred to the world student population as one of the few examples of universality that exists. This is in many ways both a fortunate and unfortunate thing. On the good side, students around the world have a common basis of communication because of a more open, unbiased interest in the world, a feeling of potential and even hope that is often lacking in other generations and other groups of people. In a group of French students or a group of American students, one can usually find the same range of ideas, the same challenges, and also the same disillusionment and lack of either idealism or concreteness. This leads to the unfortunate side of things. There is also a universal apathy (a word too well known even at N.C.) brought on by a "what's the use" or "communication is impossible" attitude. In spite of the potential of the events I hesitate to call them a "revolution," last May, life at the universities here continues much the same as before—about 5% of the students even interested, the rest not willing to give up either the effort once the initial fervor has worn off. There was a cry for immediate change (something rather impossible when working with either government or college administrations) and when long range changes are envisaged, the cooperation from students is lacking. Even discussions on non-curricular topics, i.e. the world, is based on superficiality and little fact. To quote Dr. Mayer from last year: "Like a New College student, having never read the book, I am perfectly qualified to discuss it." There is another universal factor, one of waiting without action—reforms, Godot, peace, it's all the same.

To turn to the descriptive side, there is much that Americans could study and use from the French educational system, much the same as the French students are trying to "Americanize" the structure here. The first two years in the University are very structured but the third and fourth years are free. All that is required the third year is to pass three certificates (essentially three final exams in courses on a wide range of subjects) and then the fourth year to work on a more or less year-long independent study project (terminology and word magic is also universal), with often only monthly meetings with a professor. This



A DIFFERENT PACE OF LIVING

"mafrise" is often close to what Professor Waring would like to see as communication on research of professors between professors and students. It is a Senior Thesis except without other classes and more intense work. This project, although each student has an individual topic, is done in conjunction with other students working on related topics in seminars that meet regularly throughout the year. However, the impression received during the first weeks of attending French classes is quickly lost and replaced by the realization that unfortunately a situation where the student can do as much as he wishes is also one where the student can do as little as he wishes, be it New College or the University of Aix-Marseille, and doing just enough to get by is standard.

A sort of integration into French life, society and mores, has not turned out to be as difficult as expected. There is a different tempo, a different pace of living, that at first seems rather slow, but it doesn't take long to both understand and enjoy long afternoons sitting in cafes. There is little sense of urgency or immediacy. This concept is certainly foreign to certain Americans (I must admit to talking like an eternal New Yorker), but along with the lack of urgency goes the lack of "engagement" rather desperately needed.

To return to the original question from all this rambling, it is up to an individual to be an innovator, to communicate with others, not to wait in passive anger for things to change. Even if in a different society, for New Collegians the World, when confronted with what appears wasted rules and regulations and a reactionary society, the thing to do is not to shrug off all possibility of improvement and retire from it all. Even within New College, continued effort on the part of all sections of the college community, but especially the students, is a must to keep along a path that may lead to a realization of an ideal, creation of a reality from apparent myth. Perhaps also, if activity is kept up for the whole year rather than an all too quick withdrawal, there won't be a need for repetition each year of the previous year's hangups and depressions. There is also a good side to increased class size. If there are more students to continue what is done one year in the following

year, to start off with positive programs immediately instead of the usual month or two of hassle, size is not terrifying. Do more students equal more money equals more faculty equals better student-faculty ratio? Just a word on activities, thank Rosemary's Baby for student polls, bull sessions, instant campus, sex discussions, C.I.A. ads, faculty appointments (long live the Language Faculty, from last year) and it was great to know that Richardson Wood, Dr. Barnaby Keeney, and Dr. Harris Wolford came but why doesn't the Catalyst print the week after they come what they had to say instead of just announcing visits? A proposed contest: prize to the first student who correctly identifies the SFC, LC, SC, CSC, AC, SBC, SGC, SHC, SSCC (now SCRC?), NCMS.

"Passion, Action, Liberty?"

George Duffee-Braun

Scarlet



Mobile

To the Catalyst

hungry
freaks

An Education in Revolution

People interested in discussing the whys and hows of being a revolutionary in this pre-revolutionary society will start getting together Monday evenings. (first meeting last Monday.) A car will leave from in front of the Reception Center at 6:30. We will be mainly interested in the practical consequences of Marxist theory, which means first laying down a theoretical base and then deciding what we as individuals are going to do about it. If this interests you call 755-6054 and ask for John to get filled in on the rest. The group is not restricted to students.

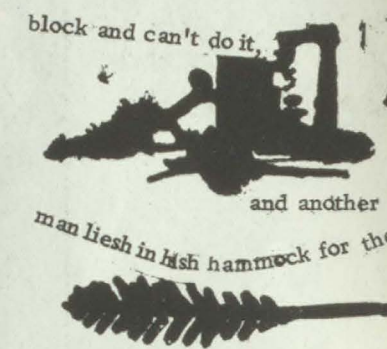
He was old and white-haired and pronounced all his "s"s like "sh"s, and I owe my present day happiness to him. My seventh-grade science teacher, Mr. O'Neill, whom we called Puncy behind his back because somebody said he used to be a boxer and it was a nice idea. The problem in this modern world being to live without guilt, and the trick being to substitute in your own consciousness a more liberating authority to counteract the repressive "no" of the parental superego. Not that Mr. O'Neill did any of that consciously. No, he just thought he was teaching us science, that is, if he even knew we were there. Pumping all the air out of

pair of Magdeberg Hemispheres would float, it seemed over the

fact that he was allowed to touch them and we weren't. In that sense he knew we were there, in the sense that those shiny plastic stuck-together globes were his and not ours, and he was the one who got to try his hardest to pull them apart, with the vacuum inside. He thought he was Mr. Wizard then, though his stem face wouldn't admit it.

It was when he lectured that he didn't appear to know where we were, and, paradoxically perhaps, that was when he saved me. Day after day we would write in our notebooks that we would have to turn in. He began each and every class by saying, "the bell has rung. Visitors please leave. All shuttles should now be in their sheath" and then just talked while we looked back and forth from our notebooks to the clock that moved a whole minute at a time and had to do that 45 times before we could leave. It wasn't even fun to pass notes, Mr. O'Neill was so dull.

One day, he talked about what work is. "If one man strains all afternoon to move a heavy shement



shame amount of time, fanning himself by moving a palm frond back and forth, who has done work? The man in the hammock. "Work," he smiled dryly, like he secretly knew he was blowing our minds, "work is done when something is moved." It was one of the only times he ever looked at us, and I suppose he still waits for that lecture every year.

Everybody in class giggled a little when he said it. What an amusing idea! And then, except for the day of the fill-in test that said "work is done when..." we forgot it, and nothing interesting happened the rest of the year.

That was long before I knew what a superego even was, let alone that mine had to be replaced. Six whole years, the thought lay like a seed in my mind. I forgot it was there at all, until last summer, which started out as a very stormy one.

I had worked every year since I was twelve, and last summer there was a business my father had helped me to start the year before, and which I was supposed to work on again when I got home for the summer. The job made me miserable but whenever I thought about quitting, my father's image brought guilt crashing down on my head. We got to the bottom of the issue once in a discussion. He thought it was immoral not to work, even if one was earning income, as I was, from work he had done before. I wanted to ignore him but there was nothing to take his place. Part of me hated unnecessary work and the other part hated idlers. There was no way open.

Then one night Mr. O'Neill appeared in my sleep. I had not thought of him for six years. He had his white druggist coat on, and looked at me maker-of-facts, like he was merely offering me something.

"Work," he said, "ish when something is moved." Great God! I thought. But that means that I do work. All the time. And after that I slept as I had never slept before. And the next day I quit my job and moved out of my house. And now, when I think, for example, of some schoolwork someone has told me to do, I get in my mind a picture of Mr. O'Neill, and I lie there swaying a palm frond, guiltless as the breeze.

Your faculty advisor asks you for advice?

Think it over, over coffee. The Think Drink.



For your own Think Drink Mug, send 75c and your name and address to: Think Drink Mug, Dept. N, P.O. Box 559, New York, N.Y. 10046. The International Coffee Organization.

OTHER SIDE OF CAESAR'S RENDERED

To the Editor(s):

Perhaps you might print all of part of this? It is a timely occurrence, and an occasion for letter writing on the part of all responsible citizens.

(Signed) David Moore
The National Observer, Monday, January 27, 1969; page 3.
How Nine Senators Would End Draft And Raise Pay of Volunteer Army

Widespread dissatisfaction with the military draft was reflected last week in a bill sponsored by nine senators to end conscription and shift to fully voluntary armed forces.

Senator Mark Hatfield, Oregon Republican, had introduced a similar bill without cosponsors in each of the past two years. This time, however, he obtained the support of colleagues from a broad spectrum of political beliefs. One was Barry Goldwater, conservative Republican of Arizona; another was dovish George McGovern of South Dakota.

Though the bill surely will be modified in its course through Con-

gress--and may not pass--it probably will form the core of any law to eliminate the draft. As presently written, the bill would:

End the draft six months after the enactment of the law. Registration, however, would be required for all males between 18 and 20 years old.

Make the armed forces more attractive to volunteers by increasing pay rates by \$100 a month for everyone in the service, augmenting the bonuses for those who re-enlist, improving a volunteer's opportunities for higher education while he is in the service, and lowering somewhat the physical and mental requirements for enlistment. Except for the pay rates, these proposals aren't detailed in the bill.

Establish a joint congressional committee to study the National Guard and Ready Reserve programs. The committee would propose ways to bring those units to heightened readiness for combat.

Reaffirm the right of Congress to reinstate the draft upon the recommendation of the President. The previous bills of Senator Hatfield would have premitted the President

to bring back conscription without congressional approval.

Mr. Hatfield reminded the Senate that a volunteer armed force was supported by President Nixon as a post-Vietnam War measure. He argued that an end to conscription could reduce the tensions within the United States. Abolition of the draft, however, isn't universally applauded. Questions about the bill were raised immediately by Sen. Henry Jackson, Washington Democrat, who wondered whether a cessation of the draft might not produce a mercenary military establishment consisting largely of poor people attracted by higher pay.

And he wondered what the cost would be. Mr. Hatfield placed a price tag of \$3.7 billion a year on his proposal, but asserted that much of this would be offset by a lower turnover rate, the closing of some training centers, and increased tax revenue from civilians who otherwise would have been drafted.

DEAR SIR

Dear Sir

I am writing you and many other college newspaper editors to alert college newspaper editors to alert fellow students about the recent happenings concerning youth fares. Several days ago a Civil Aeronautics Board examiner ruled that "youth fares should be dropped." Unless the Board decides to review the decision, it will automatically become effective in 30 DAYS.

I urge every student to contact the Civil Aeronautics Board, 1825 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C., 20009, and voice his protest against this unfair decision against youth fares. It is important that this be done within the next 30

days so that a new hearing will be set; otherwise the ruling automatically becomes law.

I am told that Western Union has a new opinion telegram; for 90¢ a 15-word telegram can be sent from anywhere in the U.S. to congressmen, the President or the Vice-President. If a student doesn't have time to write his opinion, I recommend that he call his nearest Western Union office and send a wire.

...I feel students should be informed of this injustice and that this issue is one that you are obligated to present to your readers.

Sincerely yours,
Stephanie Southgate
University of Houston

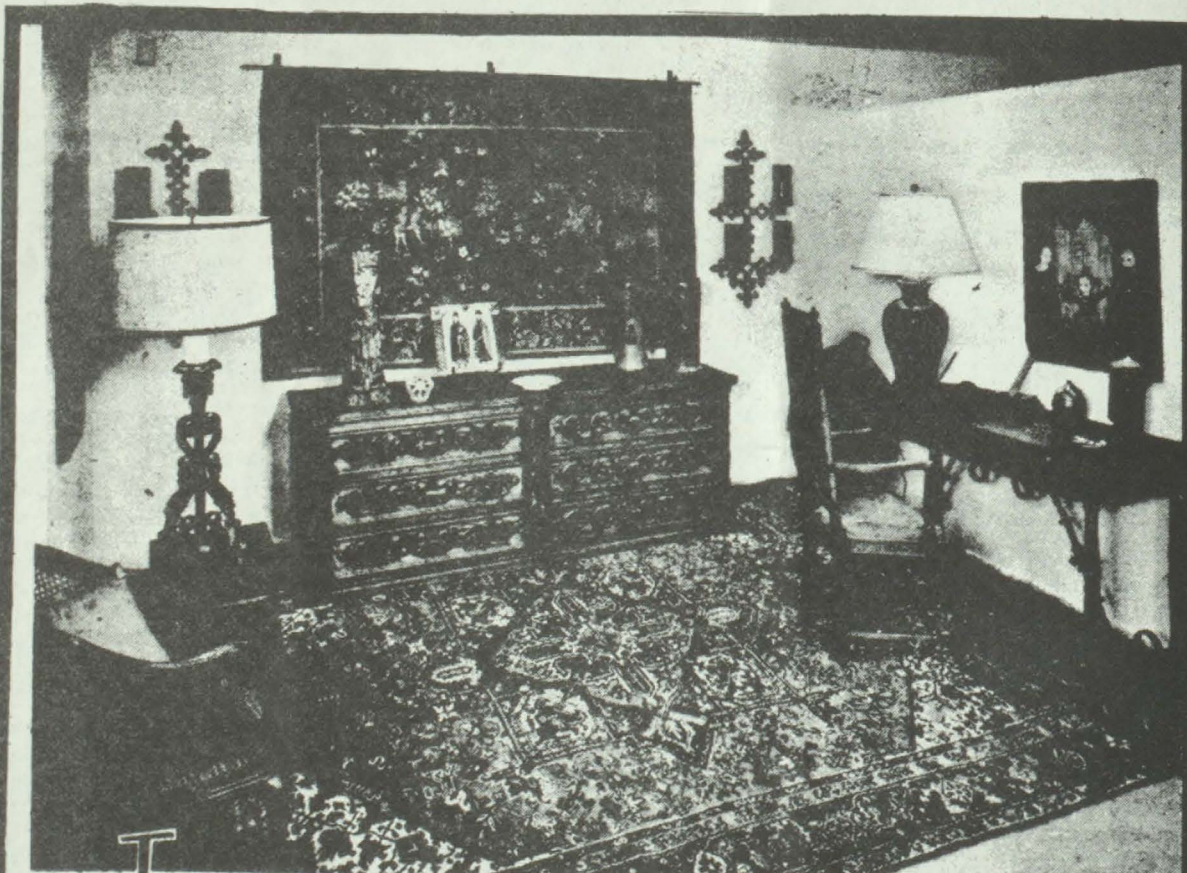
The cards drawn for this week were the 3 of hearts, the ace of spades and the ace of diamonds. This means that the week will be governed under the third sign, the Yellow King. The Yellow King, a fire sign, has entered into the recessive heart, however, all the others dominate and one can expect general good fortune considering last week's draw. With five dominant signs and one recessive, the Thief mode is lucky. All fire signs thus far speak of fortune. The Messengers bind the chart. Go Forth into the Year of the Crossbow without fear.

--from Vanisson.

Vacationing Assoc



rosograph II



Interiors designed to meet the most exacting requirements... any of our four interior designers will be happy to assist you.

Rosemary Boudier
ST. ARMANDS CIRCLE
Open 9:30-5:30

THE ORACLE OF DEATH IS DYING OF APATHY WITH EROTIC COMPLICATIONS

Posters

Jewelry



Gifts

Cards



MARU IMPORTS

OF ST. ARMANDS CIRCLE, INC.

SARASOTA

Flower Shop
Make it a habit -- not an exception.
1219 1st Street 955-4287

DO IT

at

SURF COIN
LAUNDRY



HOWARD JOHNSON'S
MOTOR LODGE

6325 N. Trail, 2 blocks north of college



BY JEANNETTE JOHNSON

WIGS-WIGLETS-CURLS

ALL TYPES OF HAIR PIECES
AND SERVICES

5 S. BLVD. OF PRESIDENTS
ST. ARMANDS CIRCLE
SARASOTA, FLORIDA

COCKTAILS AT THE COPPER BAR

3428 No. Trail
355-3446

FINE DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED LIQUORS

Ellie's Books &
Stationery, Inc.

COMPLETE OFFICE SUPPLIES

1350 Main St.

955-3515

OUTCAST

If you and your boss are mutual irritants, in America you're free to find a more congenial one. We have thousands of non-government employers. But when all industry is nationalized, there's just one employer.

Inevitably, Big Brother assigns you to a job, a location, even to housing. And if you don't like it, there's no place to go. Government regulation of industry is one thing. Government operation of industry is another. Another step closer to Big Brother. Already 20% of U.S. electric power is produced by Federalized systems. Some want to replace or duplicate the facilities of investor-owned utility companies with Federalized systems. The reasons are obscure. The reason for opposing any enlargement of Federalized electric power is clear to anyone who wants more than one place to go for a job.

Florida's Electric Companies -- Taxpayers, Investor-owned

FLORIDA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY • GULF POWER COMPANY
FLORIDA POWER CORPORATION • TAMPA ELECTRIC COMPANY



Patronize Our Advertisers