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Water is ice cccold at Ichetucknee

BY KAY KERLIN

Screams can be heard in the distance. Laughter follows and then, "Come on in the water's fine."

Actually the water is ice cold at Ichetucknee Springs State Park near Fort White, Fla.

The water in the spring comes out of the ground from numerous water sources as far away as the Carolina's and is used in the summer months for tubing, swimming, scuba diving and canoeing.

THE YOUNGEST children and the oldest adults float down Ichetucknee Springs clear day after day. On weekdays visitors to the park are in the company of 300 to 400 other tubers. On weekends they may have as many as 4800 people sharing the narrow river with them.

It takes approximately three and a half hours to float down the three and a half mile run.

In the water the tuber can relax and examine the natural beauty that surrounds him. There are bald cypress, Carolina willows, and aquatic vegetation alternating with the hardwood hammock bordering the water on both sides.

BIRDS, ALLIGATORS, bobcats otters and several species of turtles can sometimes be seen in the early morning hours at Ichetucknee.

Several species of snakes rest on the overhanging branches of trees along the edge of the water. However there have never been any reports of snake bites at Ichetucknee.

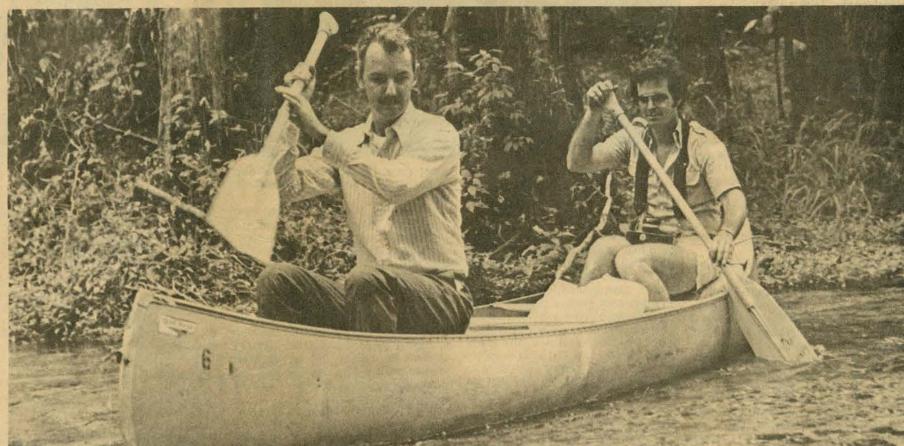
Despite the natural wilderness, the bouyant visitor on occasion will spot a cigarette pack or a beer can in the water

After three and a half hours of wilderness the tuber rounds a curve and there it is -- civilization.

Walking up the steep beach with tube in hand, the tired, but happy rider finds a picnic area with a throng of people; people walking, people eating, people leaving and more people coming.

Many people take two cars to Ichetucknee, one for the picnic area and one for the launch area. There is a shuttle bus to take those with only one car back to launch area.

In late afternoon, the crowds thin out. Tubes and picnic remnants, are loaded up and relaxed bodies head home



UNF students explore the beautiful Ichetucknee. For more photos see page 10. Crime on UNF campus is a reality

By MIKE HAROLD

Drug investigations, some vandalism mixed with grand larceny and a bomb threat sound like an episode from Kojak, but in reality those are some of of the items are recovered." the happenings here at UNF.

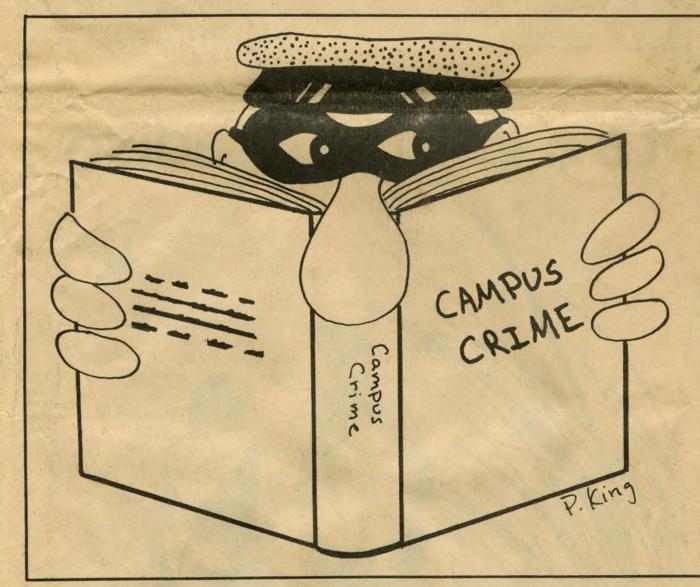
vanish. A video camera and search failed to disclose a bomb. accessories valued at \$740, were once taken.

Anderson stated, "Less than a fourth

A bizarre happening occurred when

some bandits made off with the carpet in the lounge of building ten valued at \$200.

Personal theft happens occasionally. One woman had \$250 taken from her purse.



The University of North Florida is in no way immune to crime. The university covers 1000 acres of which less than five per cent is covered with buildings and facilities for students and faculty.

Sergeant John Anderson, of the UNF police works in the investigative department and stated, "In relation with other campuses the crime rate at UNF is about average.

UNF police records indicate the total money value of all offenses for the year 1976 currently exceed \$7000. In one month on campus the total money involved in grand larceny thefts was \$1,865. In that month only two items were recovered.

OUT OF ALL the offenses that happen on campus, the biggest and most expensive would have to be larceny. This accounts for a large percentage of money which is tallied at the end of every year. Most of the larceny involves equipment such as calculators, tape recorders, projectors and autotrons -- a key used for copy machines. Cameras and other photographic equipment sometimes

half of the rec to police investigative work. The other half mysteriously materializes in some instructors office.

'They forget they have the equipment when inventory comes around," Anderson stated.

According to UNF police there were two narcotic and dangerous drug investigations on campus, but Anderson refused to release the information on the investigations but stated they involved marijuana. At present there are on going departmental investigations dealing with drugs.

On a routine patrol one UNF policeman found a bag of marijuana in the parking lot. When it was tested it was found to be very low grade and laced with tea.

Crime also strikes the parking lots around the campus. One students car is now less four hub caps valued at \$226. Another students car was the target for malicious vandalism which cost \$45

THE UNF police received a phone call from an individual threatening to blow up the university, but police

One student who had lost his money in a candy machine put his foot through the glass. The student took some candy and then registered a complaint with the finance department to get his money back.

A case involving battery took place when a lady was delivering newspapers to their respective boxes. A young man approached the lady and asked for a paper. When the lady refused she was knocked to the ground. Her assailant fled without a paper.

Most recently two air brushes used in the photography lab were taken valued at \$80. The information sign in parking lot three was knocked down at the cost of \$100.

Anderson stated that students can help the police in the crime area by reporting incidents and suspicions either in person or by phone.

In looking for a way to decrease the number of equipment being taken Anderson stated, "The college ought to have better control and follow up on the equipment."



photos by Pam King One of the 30 billboards that are springing up all over Jacksonville.





Mary Kahler, former art and photo editor of The Halyard, holds her winning art.

UNF Art?

Never let it be said that assignments are not practical at UNF. Art student Mary Kahler has proof they are.

Designing a billboard for the Women's Guild of the Jacksonville Children's Museum was an assignment for David Porter's Rendering Techniques class last quarter. About 15 students submitted their designs and voted for the best entry.

Kahler's winning design was donated to the Children's Museum and is now being displayed on 30 billboards throughout Jacksonville.

Now, when you drive down the road on some scary dark night and see that evil skeleton leering down at you, don't be frightened -- it's only Mary's art project up in lights.

Treasure hunters dig the shell game

By JEAN CRUMLEY

If you enjoy the thrill of a treasure hunt, the sound and sight of the sea and the beauty of nature's handiwork, you're a good candidate for the "shell game." But, if you would be a real shell collector or conchologist as the inpeople say, first try this little test to distinguish fact from fancy:

· Shells are found lying on the beach. · Most collectors are little old

ladies in tennis shoes.

· Most shells are found in children's luggage after they start to smell.

• To be a serious shell collector you have to live by the water.

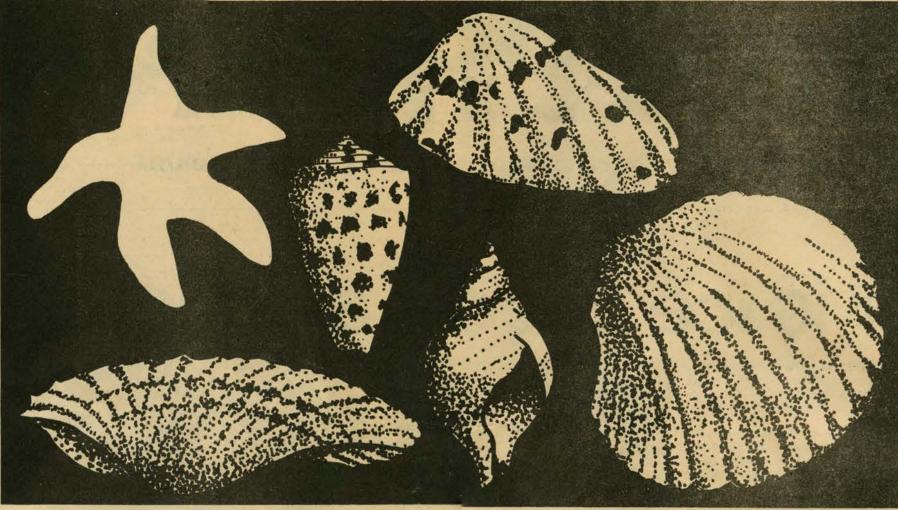
If you answered no to question one, you're well on your way!

Shells are not found lying on the beach. The game is more complicated and more fun--than that! Show-worthy shells must be collected with the animal inside. That means you've got to find the little fellows where they live. You can stash them in a bucket of water until you're ready, but then you'll bring them to a boil (gently) and clean them out and oil for inspection.

IF YOU answered no to question two. you're right--except for the tennis shoes. While shell collectors come in all ages, sexes and sizes, they will often be found in tennis shoes. Another way to tell a true collector is to look at the color of his neck, which will vary somewhere from brick red to bronze. Also, the beach-wise conchologist can be distinguished by a sensible head cover donned immediately above a pair of polaroid glasses. (He has to see below the sea, you see.)

Question three only seems true if you are traveling with any child between the ages of nine and 90. Shells can be found all over the world from 14,000 feet above sea level to six miles below the surface of the sea, according to Robert J.L. Wagner of Marathon, Fla., a shell show judge for 12 years and editor of "Van Nostrand Standard Scatlog of Shells." Wagner makes his point by saying, "During World War II our flyers who went down in African deserts kept themselves alive by finding snails at night and eating them.

Actually, where you prefer to find your shells depends on your spirit of adventure. For beginners, the beach is fine at minus-low tide, especially after a storm when these shy little mollusks have been dislodged from their hiding



Wagner, whose scholarship has not diminished his sense of humor. If you were reticent enough to spend your life inside a shell, you'd wait for nightfall to venture out too!

On the beach look for a trial-- it looks much like someone had drawn a light line with a stick-- or turn over stones or other objects which might hide your bashful quarry. Look for tide pools or other shallows-- or best of all, look for a native collector. He'll not only clue you in on the best local spots for shells, he probably also knows the best restaurants in town. But don't expect to find any huge dramatic specimens in these shallow waters. It's here that sea life is spawned and here that you'll find the babies of the species.

FOR BIGGER specimens you need a little more dedication and a little more derring-do. You'll have to get wet, or muddy and probably tired. Find some clear water and don your diving gear-snorkle or scuba-- and the jewels of the sea will become your treasures. Charlotte Lloyd of Neptune Beach, whose proficiency at scuba diving led to her interest in shells-- and the places. And night time is best, says Mr. current presidency of the Jacksonville

Shell Club-- admits that her diving ability gives her a distinct advantage in shell hunting.

She and her husband, Vic, and their three sons have been on shelling expeditions on both Florida coasts, the Keys and Bahamas. "Ironically," she said, "I have collected my best specimens offshore of Mayport-- in my own back yard, so to speak.'

Diving in water 70 to 100 feet deep, she looks for natural or artificial reefs which attract many kinds of sea life, including the mollusks which come to feed off the others. One of her other favorite shell spots is the Florida Keys, where she likes the snorkel in shallow water near the bridges.

But if you don't want to get your hair wet, there are still some fine opportunities for you. Arm yourself with a spade and one of those short, three-pronged garden tools and head for the mud or sand flats along the rivers or canals. Oyster beds are great, too. Here again, low, low tide is best. Look for the syphon, a long tube-like structure for feeding, and then start digging. About two feet down you'll find perhaps a lovely angel wing or the

sunray Venus or other clams and cockles.

IF YOUR dedication is directed to keep dry, you'll be heartened to know that most collectors also use some very pleasant indoor means to acquire their shells. There are a good number of shell dealers who will mail your shells to you. A list of shells currently available with their prices can be obtained by mail and most dealers will allow you to inspect your purchases at home before your transaction is final.

Trading is a favorite means of obtaining shells, particularly those from outside your own collecting area. There are traders' pages in the magazines devoted to conchology and a first letter to fellow collector in another part of the world may lead to a long-time pen pal relationship.

If you're inclined to gamble, you can order delivered to your door a bushel of dredgings. The cost is something like panning gold. You could come up with a shell worth much more than the cost

of the dredgings. "But," warns Charlotte, "make sure of the reputation of the people you buy dredgings from. The material should be exactly as it was taken from the ocean floor. You don't want to suspect that someone may have gone through it before you.

THE ANSWER to question four is-now you know--emphatically "no." You don't have to live near the water to rate as a conchologist. At the Jacksonville Shell Show, which took place in Jacksonville Beach last August and drew some 5,000 visitors, the winners of the coveted DuPont trophy for the exhibit which contributes most to the success of the show and is most instructive and inspiring to visitors were a Nebraska attorney and his wife.

Phyllis and Bernard Pipher collected their first shells at Sanibel Island in 1969. Bernard swears Phyllis was a \$40 a bushel, but the thrill is much like closet collector years before that

because of the shell motifs she used in their bathrooms. And it was Phyllis who initiated that first foray, partly for therapy, she says, but also because "it renews my spirit to be near the ocean." But now Bernanrd confesses to being hooked, too. Initially his only interest was in helping with the Latin classifications, but now whenever time permits, he happily shares his wife's hobby and they attent about two shows a year.

That Latin classification, by the way, is a must. Many shells have no common name, or if they do it may vary from one locale to another. "But," adds Phyllis, "nobody gives a darn how you pronounce the Latin names. So long as they are recognizable, everybody's happy.'

Phyllis also points out, with a twinkle, that in Nebraska you get to be an expert in a hurry. "People just started asking me to come talk to them about shells. Now I keep two boxes permanently packed and we go all over Nebraska. I average four or five talks a month," she said.

IN THE Pipher basement is a permanent shell collection which Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts and the Women's Estension and school classes visit often . "And the best of all," Phyllis says, "we've met lots and lots of interesting people." Just then she heard her name spoken and turned to say an enthusiastic, "Hello! It's so nice to finally meet you." This to a fellow conchologist whom she had known only by correspondence prior to this show.

Wherever you go in Florida you'll find a rich choice of beaches, bays, rivers and canals where you can break into the shell game. Along the West Coast there are Panama City and Port St. Joe, Cedar Key and St. Petersburg along with Sanibel Island.

Down south try Naples and Marco Island or the clear water of the Keys. Along the East Coast some of the best spots are the inlets like Matanzas near St. Augustine or Ft. George near Jacksonville.

It takes little besides a bucket and enthusiasm to get started and there are various inexpensive guide books to help you name your treasures. But do try to get around to boiling your shells before that return trip or the home folks will get wind of you long before you arrive.

Jacksonville Beach: It's a lover's paradise

BY JEAN CRUMLEY

The December sky was freckled with a thousand stars. Barefooted, we strolled along the silken sand, enjoying the cool surf swishing against our ankles. Off shore the freighters flickered their echo of the holiday windows that shone above us from the shambly seaside cottages that lined the seawall. We ambled arm in arm along the starlit shore, by turns exchanging happytalk or silently sharing the age-old nightsong of surf on sand.

Sound like the perfect setting to begin a love story? It was, and we did. For there and then we fell in love--with the Jacksonville Beaches.

Husband Dick and I were strolling on this remarkable December night with our good friends, Sig and Delores Pearson, hosts to our one-day stopover enroute to Pompano Beach from Cleveland, and newcomers themselves to the north Florida seaboard. Tumbling and prancing around us were about a half dozen of our respective offspring enjoying an exuberant reunion. There in the mild midnight air it seemed incredible that only hours before we had been slogging through the chill grey slush of a frozen city.

The next day we would drive for the first time along this same wide, hard strand, captivated by the staunch and unpretending architecture of the weatherbeaten clapboard cottages which had perched above the seawall, most of them, for fifty years. When they were built, Sig told us, they were designed to house the families of the wealthy Jacksonvillians who used them as summer homes. The 16-mile trip to Jacksonville, via ferry and a twolane brick road, had been a long journey then. Not until the day of the commuter were most of these commodius vacation homes modernized into the comfortable oceanside manors that we saw. "You can bet on it," Sig said, "behind those long screened porches and shuttered windows you'll find a modern air conditioner to take over when the sea breeze quits."

But on that particular sparkling blue and white day, the sea breeze was doing nicely, thank you, and we drove on down the strand, enchanted with the spacious, sunlit beach, the whirl of the sea gulls and the prim dance of the sandpipers. We were hooked already, but we didn't know it!

We flew off to Pompano that evening, looking back on a happy reunion and glad that our friends from Ohio had found such a happy new life style. Little did we realize how that brief visit to Atlantic Beach would change our lives! Well, there was one clue. When we eventually left Pompano Beach for Cleveland our flight captain informed us that the weather there was one below zero! We didn't want to go home.

"HOME" AT THAT time was a rambling ranch house in a congenial, woodsy neighborhood outside Chagrin Falls, Ohio. The schools in our little New England-style village were the best. The wooded hills blazed with color as the seasons changed, and through them rambled the Chagrin River to cascade over the waterfall in the center of town. We lived a wellordered exurban life, enjoying in turn our remote village life style and the nearby sophistication of Shaker Heights for shopping or Cleveland for the circus or symphony. We habitually celebrated TGIF with a number of gregarious neighbors, and Sunday brunch was another regular gettogether. Our children found pet rabbits in the woods and played touch football in the open fields. At "Farmer Brown's" on the other side of the hill we bought corn just ten minutes out of the field and greeted the young calves and lambs in the spring. In the winter the snow-covered hills in the park echoed the delighted shrieks of the snowcovered children who tumbled and slid their way down their slopes.

It was a fine way to live, no doubt about it. Why then were we suddenly subject to these yearnings? Sig and Delores had warned us, "Once you get that sand between your toes, you'll always want to come back." And it happened that way. More and more often on that 40-minute drive homeward from Cleveland each night, my thoughts would turn to a wide, sparkling beach beside the blue Atlantic. While my car maneuvered past the black lace of the winter elms against the somber sky I strolled mentally beneath sabal palms. Dick began to notice how short the golfing season was and started to complain that the driveway needed to be cleared of snow much too often. Our nineyear-old Carla kept her seashells seeming to take an eternity. Each counted and polished, and elevenyear-old Gary was heard to compare mint condition for showing. Each surfing very favorably against skiing. evening we waited for the telephone to

Only our eight-year-old, quiet Kevin seemed immune from these early symptoms of Florida fever.

The fever broke, finally, the following August. Sitting on the patio in the tepid twilight I leaned toward Dick across the picnic table and said, "Honey, you know what I've been thinking about all the way home tonight? You're a good salesman and I'm good at running an office. We can do those things anywhere, so what would you think about just selling out here and moving to Florida -- now, while we're young enough to enjoy it?"

DICK SIPPED his drink and looked at me. Even in the shadows I caught the glint in his blue eyes. "I didn't know you'd been thinking about it ,too,"he said.

Perhaps we had come to that point in mid-life where we all must inevitably ask ourselves, "Where are we? Is this where we really meant to be?" For these are the questions we were trying to answer that quiet summer evening. Dick was putting everything into his job as an industrial saies representative, but he foresaw that his company was about to be acquired and the loss of ground it could well entail. I was trying to keep pace with a thriving company in a job I had taken initially for just two days a week. Now five were not enough. There ought to be a better balance, we decided, in working for a living and doing the living. In Florida we would deliberately choose a simpler home, a slower life style that ring. But the long wait finally came to included time together under the sun. an end. Dick flew home with two job

The conversation grew animated, then excited, as the daydream evolved into a plan. We estimated that the relocation would require two or three months. We'd use the profit from the house to underwrite the move.

A week later our house carried a "For Sale" sign.

THE ENSUING weeks grew full of tension, with home sales in the late summer doldrums and the job search morning I had to leave the house in



offers and an invitation to stay with the Pearsons until we found a home. Not only would we live in Florida but, because Dick would be traveling, we could live at the same magic beach we had dreamed of.

The next two weeks were exciting, nastalgic, frantic and then full of panic as we made ready for the pilgrimage. Finally came the last night to sleep in our own beds. I panicked. There were three more cupboards to be packed and we were due to leave in the morning in that overloaded station wagon pulling a crammed trailer. "We'll never make it over the first mountain," I sobbed, "even if I do get packed in time to leave. What are we doing?"

The next morning, buoyed up again

by the efficient help of friends and the excitment of the Promised Land, I got through the last-minute chores. Gary had adorned the car with a "Florida or Bust" sign hastily lettered in his boyish scrawl. Carla coaxed the cat into her travel pen, Kevin gathered his toy cars and crayons, and we all squeezed into the station wagon. The first swirls of snow were falling as we looked back at home for the last time and turned on the movie camera to record that momentous moment. No Conestoga wagon ever carried more excited, more hopeful pioneers!

Except that we were not going west but south. South to dear and drafty weatherworn summer house that would be our oceanside abode. South to sea oats and sand dunes, to pelicans and gulls, to mockingbirds in the Spanish bayonets, to the grey-gold marshlands and gnarled pin oak; south to sprawling, lovely Jacksonville, laced together by bridges flung across the magnificent St. Johns River.

It's been eight years since this particular love story began. The boys are six feet tall now, with the powerful shoulders that surfing builds. Carla's year round tan looks spectacular with her 16-year-old curves. She and her father have acquired a collection of sharks' teeth and fossils that has gained them some reknown. Dick's golf handicap is in the low pro-am range. I have watched the sun rise over the ocean and spent countless hours contemplating that blue-on-blue horizon. Confronted by that ceaseless sea and limitless sky I have found a stillness in myself. I am content.

SGA: new faces, same old pattern

By WILLIAM BOWEN

The Student Government Association (SGA) kicked off the fall season just like net work television -- the faces have changed but the old patterns and problems seem to be the same.

There were some lively if open ended procedural sessions, but nothing was really different.

Student governments are created to aid counsel and direct the student and when necessary lend order to the herdlike personality of the students themselves. The success of it all is predicated on cooperation with the university's faculty and administration.

Yet the inherent SGA problems of other campuses are visible here and because UNF is a unique institution-an urban college sans resident students-- the problems become magnified. The major problems are lack of student interest and backing, the meager attendance of SGA members at meetings prohibiting effective legislation and a small but significant active participation by faculty members.

One gradutate student illustrated the UNF interest standard: "I come to class, sit there and then go home. I've no time or interest in school activities."

Lack of student interest equates to SGA ineffectiveness. Few people seem

to care if the SGA functions or chases rabbits. What students constantly forget is that SGA is the only link and bargaining vehicle with the university administration.

The quality of SGA depends on whether students participate or merely tame SGA decisions. Encouraging the latter illustrates the heart of the problem: SGA's near autonomous existence.

First you must understand the typical SGA member's temperament. Common within most members everywhere lurks a mild paranoia, developed largely from:

a. the feeling every muscle twitch on or off campus is subject to examination;

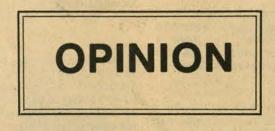
b. the tendency to inflate their own importance;

c. the seemingly genetic flaw of slow decision making;

d. a belief of an inferior position vis a vis faculty;

e. occasional but intense guerilla warfare with faculty and administration because of d.

Under normal conditions all this can be healthy and stimulating. The breakdown occurs, however, when humor is misplaced and SGA members fail to understand a political maxim. To wit: when individuals are foolish enough to volunteer for public office, they must endure the severe scrutiny



by everyday mortals and at times graciously accept roles as scapegoats.

But such organizations are delicate mechanisms, walking a fine line between currency and obsolescense. SGA members become endangered species merely from inactivity.

Ideally designed as the student leadership body on campus, they are also the least professional. The welfare of the students is the only measure of their success. The system at UNF has broken down, if it ever, in fact, functioned properly.

For instances: SGA has 59 allocated member slots, but one third of these offices are vacant, meaning rarely if ever are 50 per cent of the alotted members in a session. Further, the Senate has not met since January. And, finally, SGA opperates on a yearly budget of \$322,000 thanks to the \$2.14 per credit hour each student pays. This

budget includes, among other things, the hear in care clinic, child care center, financial aid and SGA salaries. All worthwhile expenditures.

One is hard pressed to declare SGA representative of anything, and the student body is in danger of having a select few decide too much. Here is where the lack of student interest comes home in a rush.

Because some students often accept office for less than honorable reasons, the office of Representative has lost its meaningful importance. ("It's important when job hunting," says one student, "to see student government member on my resume.") There are, simply, too many vacant slots within SGA, probably because the number of offices is too great.

According to one SGA source "the problem of too many representative offices has been addressed but we still are working on it." Which is the crux of

the problem: There are not enough members present at meetings to legislate change.

The SGA's internal conduct while in session is a sensitive area. For good reason, a lot of smoke is generated from a few real fires SGA's everywhere have a tendency to flail away with gusto at Roberts' Rules and Orders. Points of order and "viable alternatives" fly thick and fast, usually within an intellectual vaccum.

For, like similar bodies, they enjoy hearing themselves. Rules were intended as guidelines, never the substance, and this is where they bog down in a sad lack of productive legislation.

Yet if SGA seems to be spinning its wheels, good reasons exist in its defense. Turnover is high and frequent, few people attend meetings, elected members are not honoring their responsibilities and too many people meddle in SGA affairs.

And here is the tricky area of faculty involvement. The five standing committees within SGA have one faculty member who has an active vote. Yet SGA is financed and governed by the students and the students not the faculty win or lose in SGA decisions. Since faculty members rarely attend even routine sessions it is safe to

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assume that most faculty reps are not very knowledgeable or concerned with SGA's business.

That faculty members have any kind of voting power at all is highly irregular. This can and does imply mistrust towards the student government. Faculty advisors should be retained in a non-voting capacity for their advice can be extremely valuable.

Key errors are being made within UNF's SGA and trouble is brewing in some areas. The effort here, however, is an attempt to prevent the storm that enveloped one large university recently.

In the words of one former student and SGA member, "We consumed ourselves, all of us-- faculty, administration, newspaper and SGA-over petty and vague issues. I think it was just out of frustration." That went on for six months and everyone lost in the end.

While complete SGA autonomy is not really possible its quality and effectiveness depends entirely on students. The campus wars of the 1960s were in part based on a severe breakdown between these two elements. The SGA should devote itself more to student interests, patch up running battles and demand much more of its elected members and act the governmental body that it is

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The Halyard, University of North Florida's former student-edited newspaper, has recently received the highest possible ratings from a national ranking organization.

The Associated Collegiate Press, which had given The Halyard a First Class rating for papers published during the fall of 1975, went a step further this time, giving the paper an All-American rating with Marks of Distinction in four of the five areas it grades.

"I am especially happy for this award because I think it is a tribute to the hard work and dedication of the students who worked on The Halyard. It will also be a boost to the program here at UNF," said William J. Roach, associate

The Marks of Distinction came in coverage and content; writing and editing; editorial leadership and opinion features; and photography/ art/ use of graphics.

The only category in which The Halyard did not win a Mark of Distinction was physical appearance and visual communication.

The Halyard's managing editor, Drew Brunson, and news editor, Steve Holland, during that time period are now employed by The Florida Times-Union. Holland is a religion writer and Brunson is a copy editor on the state desk.

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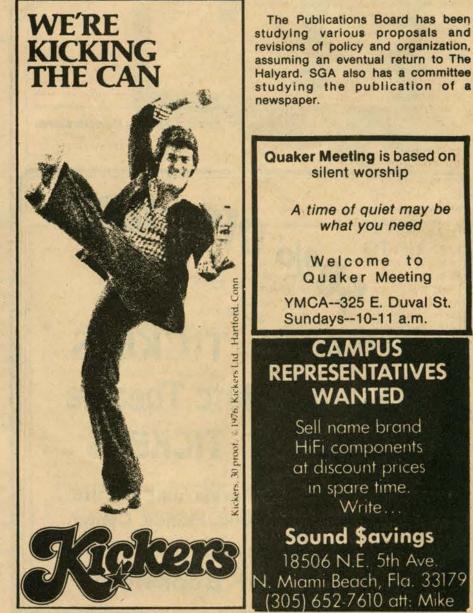
professor of journalism and communications and the paper's editor and general manager.

There were no All-American papers named by the ACP in the last rating and just nine First Class awards a year ago at this time.

UNF is in a category with four-year colleges and universities with 1,000 or more students and publishing twice monthly. More than 3,000 high school, monthly. More than 3,000 high schools, junior colleges, colleges and universities were included in the competition.

The Halyard ceased publication in July when the Student Government-which had been criticized by the paper-- allocated only \$7,500 instead of the previous \$23,000 for funding the paper and demanded control of the paper through a proposed revision of its Publications Board.

President Thomas Carpenter, saying this was unacceptable, vetoed the budget line item and The Halyard was forced to cease publication.



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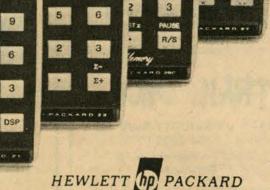


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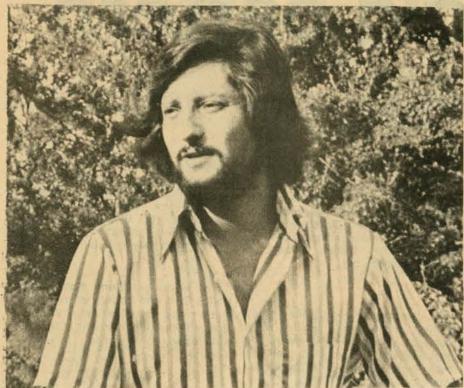
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UNF enrollment drops

By PATRICIA LEVINE-BRUNSON

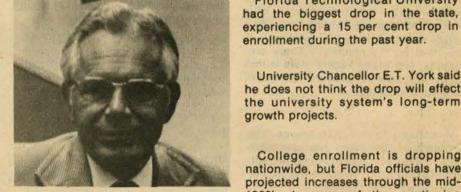
University enrollment has dropped two per cent in the State University System during the past year, including the University of North Florida.

UNF Registrar Marcus Casbeer said this drop, coming after a period of rapid growth, is due mainly to economic factors.

He said at UNF a period of rapid growth occured because the university was new and many people were going back to college to increase their skills and knowledge because of difficulty in finding jobs.

Many of these people have now found employment and the job market is somewhat better, so enrollment appears to be dropping slightly, he added.

Dr. William Wharton, associate dean of facilities, said the enrollment drop 115,784 to 113,059.



E.T. York

was being caused by two factors. One, the difficulty in getting as many people to enroll each quarter as were graduating and two, the increase in tuition fees.

Wharton said enrollment is down by approximately 150 FTE's (full-time equivalency) but added many of UNF's students work fulltime and come to school parttime.

The overall state drop is from

Congratulations, you're in medical school.



Carbonetti has macho

By DIANE TALL

Miguel Carbonetti has the "latin lover" mystique of a Rudolf Valentino or Ricardo Montalban, but there is more to this dynamic 26-year-old Argentine than just a macho aura.

Soft-spoken but articulate Carbonetti admits he has never had any problem finding girls in this country. He says they are attracted to him because he is different from the men here.

Carbonetti does not have much time to exercise his considerable charm, though. He works as a bartender at the Sheraton Inn in Orange Park to support himself and pay for his UNF

Florida Technological University

increase in the state's population.

The University of Florida

experienced a drop last year due to an

enrollment cap keeping enrollment at

28,189. Officials at UF are expecting a two to three per cent increase this year, but preliminary enrollment figures

show enrollment at UF dropping to

A full report on enrollments around

the state is not yet available.

28,000.

expenses. Between working and going to school he doesn't have much time for socializing.

Why did Carbonetti become a UNV student/part-time bartender? Carbonetti originally came to the United States to earn a master's degree at Jacksonville University. Blocked in his attempt by a mixup he decided to seek a second under graduate degree at UNF. His ultimate goal, however, is still his original intention of earning his master's degree in Political Science.

Carbonetti graduated from National University of Rosario with a B.A. in Political Science. He found the employment situation in Argentina not only limited but in the field he had chosen, somewhat dangerous because of the political unrest in his country.

So when he had an opportunity to be the first exchange student from Bahia Blanca to Jacksonville. He applied to JU through the program and was

When he arrived, however, he discovered there had been a mixup. JU thought he had applied to be an undergraduate student. School officials he was applying for the graduate program they insisted he arrange to have \$6,000 in a bank account to assure that he could pay for

Since he came to Jacksonville with the expectation that his education. including room and board, would be provided through the foreigr exchange program, he was total unprepared for such a large outlay of money.

Now it was decision time. Carbonetti came into this country with a student visa. If he wished to stay he had to be a full time student. He had spent a great deal of money to come to the United States to further his education.

Carbonetti registered at UNF as an undergraduate student. He had to take the Test of English as a Foreign Language to determine whether he had a competent grasp of the English language to be a student in an United

States college or university.

As the results would not come back in time for him to register for the winter 75 quarter, UNF let him take another test in the interim that he passed so that he could register for the winter quarter.

Still wishing to follow his initial intention of earning a master's degree in political science, Carbonetti in April of '75 again took the TOEFL. Although he scored high enough on the test to enter the graduate program at the University of Florida in Gainesville he was turned down because of budgetary cuts in the program.

He then attended FJC in the summer of '75 and took courses in speech and reading which he thinks helped his English comprehension.

Carbonetti returned to UNF in the fall of '75 to work towards a B.A. in Literature/Communications. He still hopes to enter a masters program.

During the winter quarter '76 political turbulence in Argentina prevented his father, an import-export businessman, from sending him money for support as required by U.S. rules for foreign students. Dean Darwin Coy helped Carbonetti obtain permission to go to work so that he could continue his studies at UNF.

And that is how a macho Argentine becomes a part-time bartender in an American bar while a full time UNF student.

His family consists of his father, stepmother, a 30-year-old sister, a 12year-old half-sister and a five-year-old half-brother. He describes them as "nice people" who he misses.

He talks to his family on the phone at least once a month and writes about as often as most men. he is hoping they will come to Florida so that he can take them to Disney World.

The Teachings of Jose Cuervo: "There is white,

enrollment during the past year. accepted.

College enrollment is dropping nationwide, but Florida officials have projected increases through the mid-1980's because of the continuing the program.

University Chancellor E.T. York said he does not think the drop will effect the university system's long-term

Now, you have to pay for it.

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That can be a very sensitive protein model, especially with trution costs climbing relembessly Vis. you can borrow but by the time you enter practice those debts can be substantial. There is an alternative – an Armed Forces Health Profes-sions (AFHP) scholarship. Whether you're studying to be a physician or a dentist, whether your goal is to become an osteopath or an optometrist, it can pay your entire tuition and leas all through medical school. It will also provide you with a substantial monthly allowance. In other words, if you qualify, one of those scholarships can give you financial independence

one of those scholarships can give you trivancial independence now, when you're ready to go into practice, an APHP scholar-ship will also have paved the way for you to start your career under highly favorable circumstances. You'll be a commissioned officer in the military branch of your selection. Your practice will be waiting for you. You'll step into it and know that the challenges you'll meet will be solely medical ones and profes-eiseally circulation.

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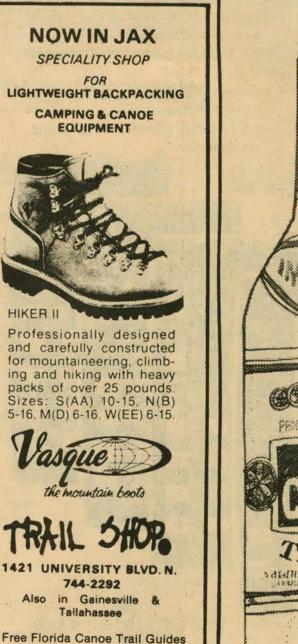
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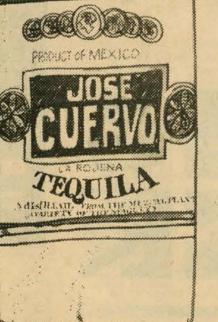
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and then there is white" -JOSE CUERVO

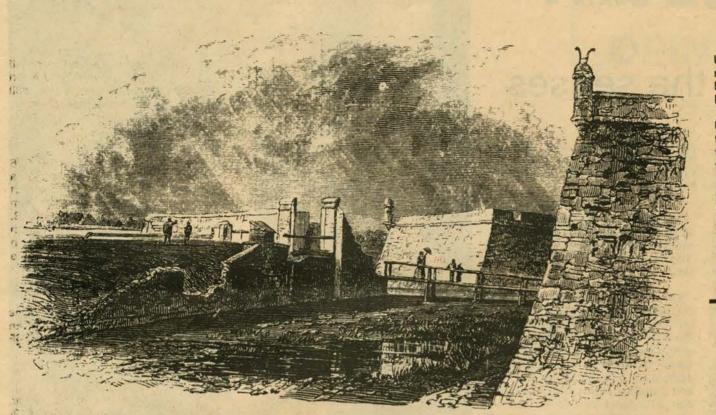


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1776



Fort at St. Augustine used by British to house American political prisoners

That's the way it was, in Florida - ho hum

By LEO MYERS

During this Bicentennial, why don't we hear about Florida's activities during the Revolution? Just because the area was divided into West and East Florida, referred to as the 14th and 15th. colonies, is no real reason for the oversight.

Was it neglect on the part of historians? Or, was there anything to relate?

Preceding the rebellion, England was anxious to rid her shores of undesirables, the poor, the criminals, the incompetent. Many were sent to Charlotia, on the bluff up the St. Johns

River. Greek immigrants were brought to the vicinity of St. Augustine by Andrew Turnbull, former British Consul to Asia Minor. None of these people had revolutionary sympathies.

Early in 1776, the British skirmished with rebel forces on the thickly foliaged banks of the St. Marys River, present Florida-Georgia border. Americans did attempt invasions. Charles Lee, Robert Howe, Lachlan McIntosh, Button Gwinnet, all led sorties which failed. They met resistance from the militia. the East Coast Rangers. The Rangers eventually fought in the campaign which ended at Yorktown.

Activity in West Florida was directed by America's Spanish ally, General Bernardo de Galvez. His forces

captured most of the English forts, ending in 1781 when Pensacola surrencered.

THE FORT at St. Augustine was a prison for important persons captured in northern cities. Among them were three signers of the Declaration of Independence, Arthur Middleton, Edward Rutledge and Thomas Heyward, Jr.

So, what happened in the Florida colonies during the revolution? There were a few big battlesbut no headlines. There wasn't even a newspaper or printing press. The people endured, waited, lived ordinary lives. No victories, no medals, just common people waiting for a far-away revolution to end.

Utopia Does it really exist?

By LEO MYERS

Why go to college to learn about right place to study about perfection. Everyone knows it doesn't exist, never has, and probably never will.

Last year, a Sociology Class at the University of North Florida studied the easy way to make the impossible come theme, "Utopia". The class project was true. to develop a criteria for the ideal place to fit the needs of American society.

You might assume after twenty students had read the same authors from a 30-volume bibliography the result would be a common concept. The exact opposite resulted. There were twenty versions of the perfect life. The readings did develop the premise that a functional utopian society

'Do the conglomerates of organized labor, big business, and the military complex appeal to the common man?'

depends upon a rational balance of all needs of civilized living, social, political, and economical.

All seekers for a place at the foot of the rainbow are faced with three basic types of communities. The religious enclave is inspired by a common desire for a good life on earth based on eternal privileges. The reformation community atempts to lead the world to perfect order through the application of certain principles on a small scale. Lastly, the economic cooperative seeks to aid its members by combining talents and resources in a scheme apart from the competition of the capitalistic system -- a sort of "help your neighbor, he helps you".

THE FIRST general question from the class: "Do the conglomerates of organized labor, big business, and the military complex appeal to the common man?" A majority of the authors who write about social and psychological problems of modern America say there is an emotional concern about acceptance of big institutions.

At the end of the eleven-week course, the minds as well as the hears Utopia? College doesn't seem ine of the twenty students had undergone some changes. Certain subleties were apparent. The serious efforts of study and reading at the college level produced one concensus. There is no

> Stuart Chase, author of more than a score of books, gave an answer. He said, "Given the massive problems of today, especially the arms race, the population explosion and the stricken environment, it is only too clear that no existing culture alone can cope with these challenges and adjust to the expanding shocks of high technology." To add emphasis to why we

> should study the utopian myth, Chase continued, "All cultures, in all the 149 so-called sovereign states, are in a condition of instability, with famines, energy crises, military coups, inflation, unemployment, religious conflicts, racism, and terrorism on the increase. while the quality of life declines." After the students digested these alarming remarks, they had another question.

"What about the persons who drop out?" A cartoon back in 1971 showed a young man in sandals, blue jeans, a beard, and long hair at the information booth in New York's Grand Central Station. He was asking the clerk, "Who am I and where am I going?" In this context, the drop-out attitude doesn't seem effective. Total isolation, except for a hermit, is unattainable in present day America. Persons and communities cannot achieve total selfsufficiency. There has to be cooperation in some manner.

THE VARIOUS attitudes of the class at mid-point of the course were an indication of some of the bewilderment and frustration which has bothered philosophers for the last two hundred years. One group decided utopia was impossible in the twentieth century. The second group wanted the United States to, "continue with its scientific, high-technology, high-energy system, and let the Third World fall by the way." The professor, Dr. Dewayne Dumbleton, a practicing follower of the community. Max asked, "What about private property earned through individual effort?" The textbook property answers ranged from private accumulation to the complete nonownership by any individual. Instead, total communal access and usage.

Page 5 .. THE PHOENIX .. Oct. 22, 1976

One student's concern was, "Will there be a continuance of the nuclear family?" Most Americans feel the nuclear family is the mainstay of our

civilization. It is the most socially accepted family unit. The student views were modified by their ages. The younger members were more inclined to permissive family groupings. The oldsters could accept a form of extended family, for the purposes of

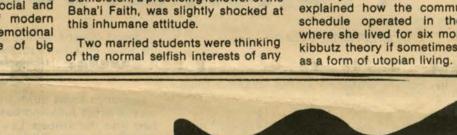
The second group wanted the United States to, 'continue with its sceintific, high-technology, high-energy system and let the Third World fall by the way.'

emotional and economic support. This may evolve to meet population and ecology controls of the future," prophesied a retired Marine Corps major.

The students expressed varying attitudes toward the work ethic as described in the readings. No one predicted a total absence of work. A Bible student claimed, "Work is a command from God. Look in the book of Genesis. It's clearly stated there.'

There was general class agreement that any work demands in the future city/life plan should be large enough to give a sense of accomplishment, a sense of belonging to one's community

ONE PERSON in the class, had recently returned from Israel. She explained how the communal work schedule operated in the kibbutz where she lived for six months. The kibbutz theory if sometimes classified as a form of utopian living.



Illusions 76:

By DOUG FOX

Thomas Fleming's "1776 Year of usions" is an interesting and detailed account of many events and personalities that influenced the direction of the American independence movement in that year.

how British lost the Revolution

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The Portable Party:

30 PROOF AND READY TO GO

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It is a tale of squabbles, intrigues and lealousies that existed on both sides of the Atlantic. But it is, as the title implies, primarily a story of the illusions that persisted in the minds of the British and Americans of that time.

There was Admiral Lord Howe, the commander of the British forces who felt crushing the "rebels" was unnecessary. It was quite sufficient, he felt, to demonstrate the superiority of the British military and end the rebellion. Fleming presents convincing evidence that Howe's reluctance to destroy the revolutionary forces in 1776 cost the British the war.

HOWE CORRECTLY felt that most Americans of the time would acquiesce to the stronger British forces, but he made the mistake of choosing Benjamin Franklin as the man to deliver his proposals. Franklin was one of the few ardent supporters of independence in 1776.

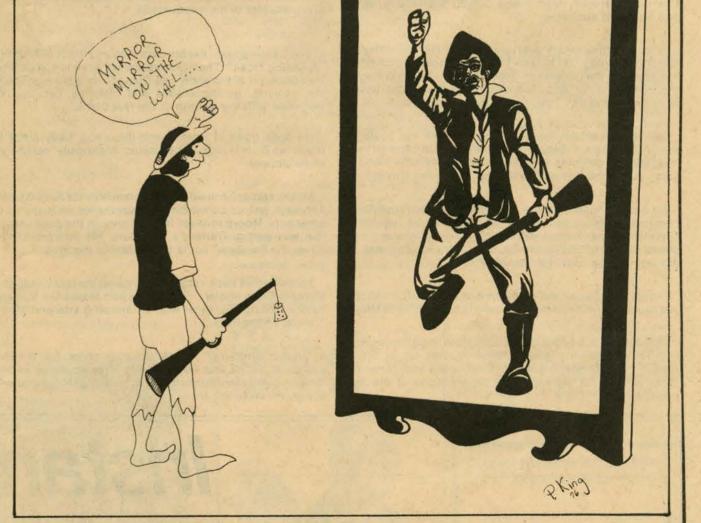
Howe's delusions were not as bad, however, as those of George Washington, and the Continental Congress at the onset of the year. They actually believed the rag-tag bunch of raw recruits that constituted the Continental Army could openly confront the most powerful navy and army in the world.

They compounded this error with the further fallacious assumption that once driven from the continent, as the British very nearly were in the early part of 1776, that the King's Army would never again be able to gain a foothold in America.

They were suffering from what Fleming calls "Bunker Hillism." This was the mistaken notion, spawned by the slaughter of the British at Bunker Hill, that the way to defeat the redcoats was to dig in and wait for the "stupid British" to make a suicidal frontal assault.

THE BRITISH were never again so obliging. But, the brilliant American guerilla fighters continued to assume that they would be. As a result, the Continental Army was nearly destroyed in the later part of 1776.

General Washington's realization of the error of Bunker Hilism was one of



the steps that he took toward becoming one of the most brilliant military and political strategists in history

In fact, the year revealed many things to Washington that have been forgotten today. It is forgotten that the famous American rifle took so long to load that it was actually inferior to the Hessian bayonet; that though many cheered for independence when the Continental Army won, the loyalties that most displayed would shift to the British when they won.

The leaders of the independence movement ofter representd no one but themselves.

FLEMING BELIEVES the revelation that the Continental Army was often in large part composed of vagabonds and thieves, that the leaders were often more interested in personal gain than altruistic self-sacrifice, might make Americans of today look with less cynicism upon similar occurences that plague them now. Even if Fleming is wrong in this assumption, the book is still entertaining and enlightening.

The Phoenix

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Offices of THE PHOENIX are located in the communications facilities, Bldg. 3. Room 2402.

This public document was produced at a cost of \$190 or 5¢ per copy, to inform the UNF community of the work of journalism/communicatins students.

Children's Museum

Delight to the senses

BY RICHARD L. SNIPES

The Jacksonville Children's Museum lives in the heart of this sprawling florida river city and within the hearts of her children.

The present structure opened its Joors in 1969 having been housed for 21 years in two old residences in the Riverside area. It comprises a threestory core building with wings at each corner providing the elevator service, staff offices, arts and crafts studios and a planetarium. The roof area houses a natural science classroom and an xhibit of live small animals.

The entire museum is devoted to thrilling the senses and delighting the mind. Young and old find a common ground where the wonders and discoveries of childhood are put into special perspective.

TOUCHING, SMELLING, hearing, and seeing become vehicles of experience. As the health/medical area explores the human body and these functions, the whole of the museum utilizes them.

You and your child may enjoy the ever changing lobby displays or browse in the museum shop with its specimens, artifacts and crafts. Perhaps a trip into the city's past or through the tombs of ancient Egypt intrigues you. There is an African culture exhibit, as well as one dealing with prehistoric Indian cultures.

Children of all ages are fascinated with the Florida Wildlife exhibit of native animals in their natural settings.

Like most of the museum projects, the early household items and country Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

store presentations deal with the Northeast Florida past and Jacksonville's Duval County in particular

MANY FACETS of the museum cater to the very young. The pre-school touch and feel animal room is such. The fine doll collection knows no age limit.

One of the primary attractions, especially among the city's youth culture, is the Alexander Brest Planetarium. It occupies an entire wing of the building. This \$100,000 audiovisual facility can simulate all the complexity of outer space. On Friday and Saturday nights the planetarium opens its doors for Cosmic Concerts. These light shows blend sound with sight and the stars.

There is always something going on at the Children's Museum. The exhibits are constantly updated. Family oriented events are offered weekly along with varied classes in art, science and crafts.

MIXED WITH seasonal enrichment programs, the Jacksonville Children's Museum is an enjoyable learning experience for children of all ages.

The museum, at 1025 Gulf Life Drive, is open Tuesday through Saturday 9 a.m. until 5 p.m., Sunday 2 p.m. until 5 p.m. Admission is free.

The planetarium hours are Tuesday through Friday at 4 p.m., Saturday and 4 p.m., and Sunday at 2:30 and p.m. There is also an 8 p.m. showing or



Some children read about the displays...

...while others just gaze in awe. 'French Dressing' is delightful topping

By STEPHANIE McLAIN

For an evening of entertainment starring some very famous ladies, try the current production at the Alhambra Dinner Theatre.

"French Dressing!," produced by The French Troupe features four female impersonators. J.C. Gaynor, Kelly Lawrence, Gregory Moore and Claude Sacha sing, dance and tease the audience.

Lewis Love and Sammy DeMarco, the two male dancers in the show, do a dance routine about which the only thing that is outstanding is their bodies.

Lawrence floats down from the rafters at the end of the second act as Julie Andrews in her role as Mary Poppins. With help from the dancers, Lawrence sheds his nanny attire and becomes the graceful Andrews of "The Sound of Music." He flits around the stage with dancers looking much like the pretty subject of his masquerade.



After an unnecessary overture, Gaynor starts the show as Carol Channing in a less than convincing productions number with the dancers of "Hello Dolly." The small stage at the theatre did not lend itself well to this act and the dancers were not warmed up. But stick around.

Lawrence follows the Channing act with his hysterical rendition of Helen Reddy. He mimics "I Am Woman" with exaggerated gestures and carries the microphone stand off stage in a fashion to emphasize the line, "I am strong."

Barbara Streisand is the next impersonation and Sacha captures this popular lady's mannerisms perfectly. Everything from the hair style to the long expressive nails is purely Streisand. Sacha mimics four of Streisand's songs, the highlight being "Don't Rain on My Parade."

Moore and the dancers close the first act with a Liza Minell i masquarade. Moore is not particularly convincing as Minelli.

The second act opens on the dancers doing a James Bond number that is very good. Gaynor comes on as Shirley Bassey. "Goldfinger" is great but Gaynor out does himself on "This is My Life" by capturing the emotions of the song perfectly

The dancers open the third act with an attractive routine to "Anything Goes." Then Gaynor comes back to top anything he's done yet in the show. His Diana Ross is the highlight of the evening. In appearance and style he captures the audience with the warmth of the real Diana.

He does three of Ross' songs including "Lady Sings the Blues" as Billie Holiday. The closing "Mahogany" number is a show stopper.

Moore comes back with his impersonation of Judy Garland. Although not as convincing in appearance as many of the other acts, Moore involves the audience in the deep emotion that was part of Garland's last years. His interpretation of "Over the Rainbow" could bring tears to the eyes.

Sacha comes back to close the show as the tacky, vulgar yet loveable Bette Midler. He covorts and teases the audience before closing the show with an amusing interpretation of "Leader of the Pack."

"French Dressing!" is an unusual show for the local audience. Sacha and Gaynor, who have appeared as their famous characterizations in New York night clubs and on television, make the show.

Claude Sacha performs as Bette Midler

Instant batik Batik dyeing is brought back to life

By RICHARD SNIPES

Along with pottery, macrame and hand embrodiery, batik is one of the primitive crafts that has been revived by the current back-to-earth revolution in American society.

The original process was developed in India and spread throughtout the Middle East. It was a complicated, time consuming method of achieving designs and color combinations by applying hot wax to babric in those areas where the next color dye was unwanted, dyeing the entire piece, letting it dry, reapplying wax to new areas and redyeing with a new color, etc. until the finished work was obtained. Obviously this method involved much preplanning and a great deal of time.

Instant batik eliminates the waxdye-wax buildup and short cuts the whole process by using colored wax and one dye bath.

Materials needed are fabric (silk, linen, muslin, old sheets are excellent); crayons; parafin or beeswax; liquid dye; paint brushes; tjanting (optional); small pot pie pans; newspaper; paper towels.

Procedure:

1. Fill electric frying pan with about two incnes of water and set temperature at 180 to 200 degrees. Melted wax has volatile properties at high temperatures so care must be taken to ensure even, constant melting.

2. Float pot-pie pans in hot water. Remove paper from crayons into small pieces into pans. One inch chunks of parafin or beeswax per two or three crayons will extend the medium, reduce color brillancy and affect the cracking properties of the wax. Parafin yields small intricate cracks; beeswax long even cracks.

3. Lay fabric on a surface protected by newspapers. When colors are completely melted, brush or pour hot wax onto desired areas. A batiking tool called a tjanting may be used much in the same way as a cake decorating nozzle. Practice on several pieces before you try this since the wax will blob unevenly until you are familiar with the use of the tool. Lacy scrollwork and script are effective results of tjanting.

10 =7= 1

4. When the entire piece is covered with wax, let the material set for about 10 minutes to be sure all areas are hardened. Crumble the work into a ball, loosely for minimum cracking, tightly for the more intricate multi-veined effect. Open material and gently brush away the loosened bits and pieces of wax.

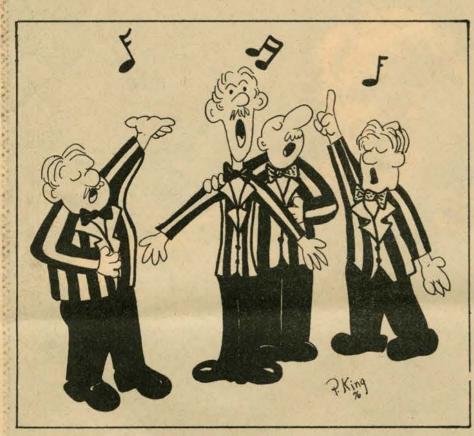
5. Mix dye with cold water according to package instructions. If a stronger shade is desired, use more dye or use dark colors such as cocoa brown, forest green or black. These are preferable to the lighter shades since more striking contrast can be acheived in the veining. If your work is small it can be immersed in the dye bath and left for several minutes. When you are working with a large piece, pour the dye directly onto the fabric. The backyard is a good place to do this.

Saturate one side, then turn the work over and repeat the process on the other side

6. Let the Batik dry to the still damp but not sopping stage. With a hot iron remove the wax by pressing the material between several layers of paper towels. Press small areas at a time, changing the paper towels frequently. This wax removal process may require repeated pressings for all the was to be eliminated.

7. Your finished batik may be stretched and framed or hung on dowels. Since a batik is opaque, black illumination gives brilliant effects. Hang it near a window, or create a lampshade. You will be thrilled by your first creation.

It'sfun...



Barbershop: 'hams' spreading joy of music

By GAY LYNN MONTGOMERY

"The Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America" is symbolic of a group of happy faces, dedication and beautiful harmony.

The establishment is original because its heritage is built upon a truly American form of music. Its origin came from the roots of minstrel shows and groups that began entertainment in barber shops across the land. Wholesome fun and fellowship combined with the thrills of four-part harmony have solidified more friendships than perhaps all the signed agreements in the world.

The group's main purpose is supporting community services. Priceless hours of time, talent, and money have been contributed by its members since the society was founded in April, 1938. Today the society boasts more than 700 chapters with over 35,000 members, the largest organized all-male singing society in the world.

The national organization is nonprofit, providing financial support to "The Logopedics" in Wichita, Kansas. This institute helps rehabilitate children with speech defects. In fact "barbershoppers" have supported this institution through donations exceeding the million dollar mark.

DURING A recent visit to Jacksonville's own Sunshine District, local President Sam Frankhouser commented, "Barbershop singing is one of the two forms of music indigenous to the United States. A small percentage is turned on to it because they are unaware of what true barbershop harmony is." This district consists of 58 members ranging in age from 14 to 75.

With a sparkle in his eye, Vice-President Ed Dalton conveyed his sentiments of the group: "We are all a bunch of hams at heart who enjoy getting together and spreading the joy of music as a unity."

During this time Richard Zettlemoyer was leading the group in "Back in Dixieland." His inspiration is reflected in the intensity of the groups articulate sound. Asked, "How do you get such a beautiful tone?", he pointed to the fingers on his hand using each one to represent each section. "The melody is usually carried by the lead while at the same time the tenor sings above the lead. The bass sings lower than the lead as the baritone fills in those in-between notes. If you listen even closer, you may hear overtones of a fifth voice, that in reality doesn't exist."

The ensemble obtain their pitch from the p shpipe with no accompaniment None of these men are trained musicians, but truly display the essence of quality.

THE GROUP is now preparing for a competition to be held in Sarasota in October. This is one of the two competitions held each year. The other involves the judging for a single quartet representing each group. This international competition has a panel of 15 judges rating them in five

categories: harmony, accuracy, members is transferred, he can join the interpretation, balance, blend, stage presence and arrangement.

The local district is seeking financial support by selling tickets so they can purchase new outfits for the coming events. Their planned attire for the occasion is coordinated colors of white, navy blue and black. The chorus rehearsals are integrated with chapter meetings.

In preparation for competition this group has a music committee that decides the repertoire which is then purchased from the International Office. They have nine to 11 songs in their repertoire for polished performance. During the presentation the Master of Ceremonies gives the history reminiscent of childhood days.

All society conventions are "family affairs," with the wives and children invited to come along and enjoy the singing friendships which have developed from barbershop conventions.

LOCAL SECRETARY Walter Squires summed up his impression of the assemblies: "Within a 24-hour period, one can only sleep a precious two hours with all the excitement and entertainment planned for this special event."

Rehearsals are held once a week. One of the members spoke of his friend driving 93 miles one way, from Blackshear, Georgia to attend practice sessions. Of course, this doesn't include the actual performances. One exceptional feature of being a

district member is if one of the enmeshed in the beauty of fellowship.

unit in that city. One older gentleman has been a member in Idaho for 30 years and is now regarded as a valued participant in this district.

"Keep America Singing" is their theme song. They perform such favorites as "This is My Country," Roll on the Mississippi," "Are You From Dixie," and "God Bless America." These men are available to perform for occasions such as anniversary dinners, retirement homes, hospitals and nursing homes. A mini-chorus known as the Sea Farers help the quartet during busy schedules and other times of need.

WALTER SQUIRES expressed his opinion of what "Barbershopping" means to him. "Barbershop singing is good music that can require considerable talent and training to be properly executed. It is a form of music that is satisfactorily renderable with the average person's talent at a minimum amount of training. At the same time, barbershopping is of sufficient complexity, variety and shading to offer a substantial challenge to the very accomplished vocalist."

Barbershopping is an asset to entertainment and community service. The thousands of dollars and man hours donated each year to charities make it special within its own entity. The fulfillment of this society utilize the opportunity for leadership, musical development and self expression, and

It's work

Opera's a luxurious, demanding profession

By GAY LYNN MONTGOMERY

Although it would appear the life of an entertainer is a glittering, glamorous escapade filled with luxury and affluence, actually, it is a demanding profession where only a chosen few attain success. This reality was vividly displayed to me through my apprenticeship with a professional opera company last summer.

Life with the Harford Opera Theatre. in Baltimore, Maryland, provided many exciting moments. In the spring, I submitted an audition tape to the conductor of Harford with a recommendation from my voice instructor. After acceptance, I sang in the chorus and worked as an understudy in four opera productions

from May to August. I ARRIVED at Towson State University in Baltimore, on May 31. The company lived in the West Hall dorm, which was nicknamed the "Cast" House. A cast of thirty singers and technical workers resided here all summer. However, a new cast of principals would arrive every two weeks to participate in their respective operas. Living with a variety of performers can make each new day a challenge.

This was my first time away from

Alice was responsible for painting the backdrops for the production set. Unlike most girls who enjoy dressing attractively and fashionably, Alice never wore any make-up, dressed in old jeans and tee shirts and would come home looking as if she had been painted into the scenery. We could never keep a supply of soap on hand, since we used a bar every week. She made me realize how fragile my 'constitution" was during dress rehearsals when she worked 36 hours straight until all touch-ups were completed. Then, energetically she was off again, for the construction of a new set

WHILE ALICE painted, our neighbor, Mary, served as costume designer. This 21-year old had an incredible talent for sewing. If she was not running around taking measurements, then she was cutting, sewing or gathering material and patterns for each of the characters. It was difficult keeping pace with her. Being responsible for all the costumes and make-up kept her running hectically until long after the rest of the cast was "sacked out." Sometimes I'd see her burning the midnight oil until 3 a.m. and then she would find time to share a pizza with me.

First, there was the daily walk to the

tightly scheduled atmosphere everyone has a sudden interest in the facilities at 6:30 for a 7:00 cast call. I found that modesty goes out the window when there are co-ed bathrooms and showers. No one had the time to feel inhibited when there was work to be done.

Next, I would go to the chorus rehearsal at 7:00 p.m. After the chorus had its music memorized the members joined the principal characters. Most of the principals were professionals from New York City Opera. Each one had his or her role perfected upon arrival.

ONE OF MY favorite characters became a very happy part of my summer. Although I tried to conceal my infatuation, I was astonished to find my big secret was suspected by the cast. He was slender, blonde and very attractive with a vivacious endurance for dancing and singing that never wore down. He played the role of Prince Tamino in the opera "Magic Flute.

Joe slept until noon everyday then took off to the avm for exercising. After his calisthenic endeavors he then practiced voice for two or three hours. He took an interest in my voice and instructed me during his spare time. Before Joe left, he recommended me to charmingly understandable. Being a bachelor, he leaned toward the persuasion of young ladies, playing the role of Romeo rather convincingly.

What about the stage director? I found out only too soon that you could be his friend as long as you were flexible in accepting authority at rehearsals. He would never win a personality contest, though. In spite of his shortcomings, I knew he was a necessary aggravation for the success of the opera production.

One morning I awakened to a catastrophe, strep throat had invaded the cast house. My voice was so bad the conductor dismissed me from rehearsals so I wouldn't contaminate others. My heart fell to my feet for it was the first time I had the opportunity of being understudy for a minor role in the "Magic Flute."

I've always heard that in times of need friends always surface and Harford was no exception. To make my troubled times more bearable, my friends brought me breakfast and took it upon themselves to make me comfortable. Then I realized that our friendships had developed into a relationship with concern for one another.

home and I was homsick and bewildered, but not for long! I shared a room with Alice, a 22-year old technical designer working on her master's degree. The first week was an adjustment for us both; my choral rehearsals were at night from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. while her hours ranged from 7 a.m. until 12 p.m. everyday. Without an alarm clock we were both in a frenzy.

By WILLIAM BOWEN

The 20th century Jewish struggle for

His best known, "Exodus" traces

events up to the state of Israel's actual

paradise.

survival is dramatized in a series of

novels by American author Leon Uris.

Fine Arts Building to practice voice a few hours. Then I would observe the principals going over their particular role. After rehearsal, I ate lunch by the olympic pool and relaxed until practice time again. Late afternoon supper call was promptly at 5 p.m. This was the only meal planned and scheduled daily by the cook. Then I rushed upstairs for a quick shower only to find that in a

a prominent voice instructor which I had the privilege of working with during the remaining operas.

The conductor and stage director are necessary entities for the

rehearsals as well as performances." THE "MAESTRO" was not only an artistic and creative mastermind, but he was like part of the family at the cast house. Whenever something went wrong his charisma made him

Wow, how does one feel after thirty performances? I feel like sleeping beauty who has just awakened from a long dream of a beautiful journey. Now the time has come to pack my clothes for my journey back to my heritage. My head is swirling with new ideas, creativity and the success of a summer involving growth, endurance and development that is the limelight of that final accomplishment.



Gay Lynn Montgomery sings in a local opera.

Tuneup time for night soaps

By DEBRA FAULK

James dies in a car accident in Mississippi and after a heated argument Rhoda and Joe are separated.

These aren't story lines from your favorite day time soap operas but changes that will be taking place in the new fall line up this season.

For better or worse many of your old favorites will be hard to recognize this fall. "Doc", starring Barnard Hughes as kindly old Dr. Joe Bogart whose series last season revolved around his family and not so ill patients, will be moving to a free clinic where producers hope he will put in a wider variety of comedy situation.

"Phyllis", the wacky former neighbor of Mary Tyler Moore, played by Cloris Leachman, has laid down her job as a photographer's assistant for one with a little more prestige as an administrative assistant. She will also be joined by three new regulars.

Valarie Harper, who plays "Rhoda", will be without a mate this season. Yes, the marriage that had all America watching, is on the rocks, but Joe (David Groh) will be making frequent appearances on the show to reconcile their marriage.

around the television circuit, will be fatherless this season after James Evans (John Amos) known for his off the series. J.J. (Jimmie Walker), the lanky "dyn-O-mite" kid wil have to take up the rein as the head of the family.

Shows that didn't need a major overhaul, but only a minor tune-up will simply be adding new faces to the cast of already familiar regular.

The shows are: Barnaby Jones, who will hire a new investigator; Laverne and Shirley wil have a new landlady; The Practice will have a new physician, and The Streets of San Francisco will be replacing departing Michael Douglas.

Since The Jeffersons moved up town, Archie Bunker of All in the Family has had no one to antagonize but his son-in-law Mike Stivic, played by Rob Reiner. Starting this season; however, Archie will be getting a new neighbor and a new challenge in black actress Vinette Collins.

Whether the changes are major of slight, the success of the shows will depend upon how they will come across to the audience.

The Evans family, well known protectiveness of his family, gets killed

independence. All his works consistently present a new and deeply personal insight into the epic Jewish captured within an errant time odyssey from holocaust to relative machine.

Uris misses

three times

With Uris' latest effort, "Trinity" he seems to have left good sense and talent in the Mediterranean. He has forsaken his greatest asset of knowing his subject intimately and creating fictional but believable characters, often based on real people.

"Trinity" labors to explain the culture, attitudes and political conflict of 19th century Ireland. The result is a flowery narrative with all the impact of an eighth grade history book.

The story is of three families with radically different loyalties, bent on different courses of self destruction. His parade of diverse and complex characters, caught in a bewildering maze of emotions is initially believable. even though Uris' fine art of instilling tragic destiny to his novels is somewhat lacking.

The lack of substance, however, is where things go wrong. The novel clips along neatly until at some intangible point you suspect Uris has not done his homework.

For instance he was criticized for stopping short of the Easter Rebellion, where "Trinity" sluggishly climaxes. smash-bang military event. But, far worse is when individuals melt into bland similarities, losing identity and credible importance. Historical facts bounce around as if

Exodus" would have been less the book if he had done the same. Uris

leaves the reader somewhat unfulfilled

and confused, because London's final

decision for the separation of Ireland

was more a paperwork exercise than a

To save himself he resorts to building a potentially excellent work around a half dozen actual incidentsa cheap trick practiced by mediocre novelists, which Uris is not.

This leaves heroes, villans and undecideds striving hard to keep pace with the plot. The story unconvincingly ends with an assinine attempt by Irish Republican Army to blow up a British ammunition dump. Unfortunately the book itself escapes destruction

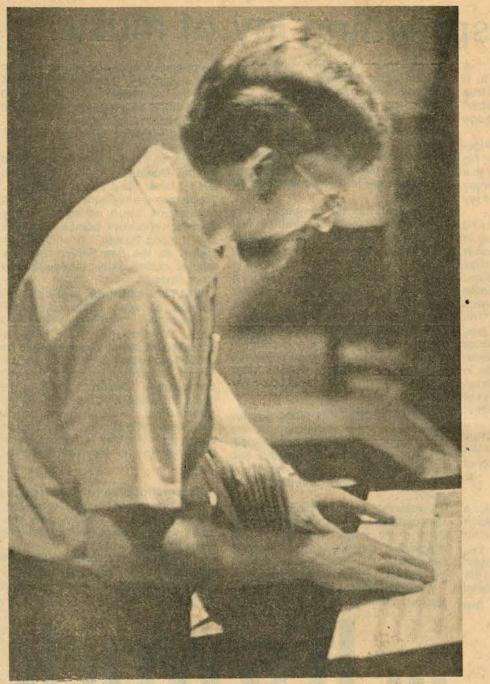
Uris can be forgiven if "Trinity" fails to deliver the graphic, fast paced mood of his earlier novels. Part of the reason could be the average American's lack of accurate Irish history. That could be one reason it took him seven years to write the book.

We have been victims for the most part of British censorship. He should be commended, therefore, for even trying to relate such a complex story. But, unlike the Jewish tales, Uris simply does not have the feel. Like Israel's the Irish story is of profound interest to many Americans. Hopefully someone will do it justice, for Uris has not.

Book review

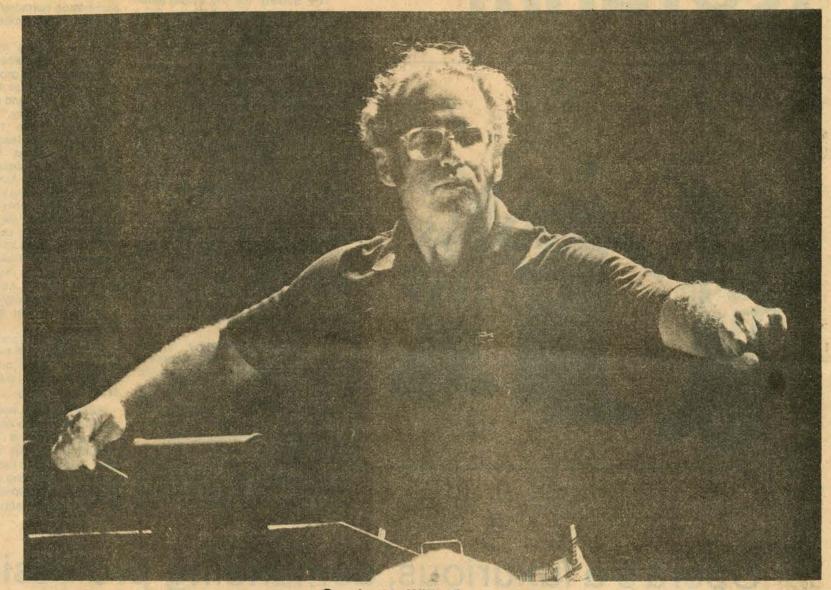
Television

review



ociate Conductor and principal bass player William eiland studies his music before rehearsal.

The Jacksonville



Conductor Willis Page



The Phoenix goes

Happiness and joy, mystery and turbulence, such are the feelings invoked during the Jacksonville Symphony dress rehearsal at the Civic Auditorium. Like a magical spirit, the music swells bright and clear from the hearts of the players to the souls of the people. But as any sorcerer knows, spirits are fleeting visions that must be conjured up nightly. So it is with the magic of music.

Nightly practice is necessary in order that the musicians develop rapport with each other, the music and the conductor. The Jacksonville Symphony has six rehearsals for each concert, including a dress rehearsal with the guest artist on the Sunday night before the first performance.

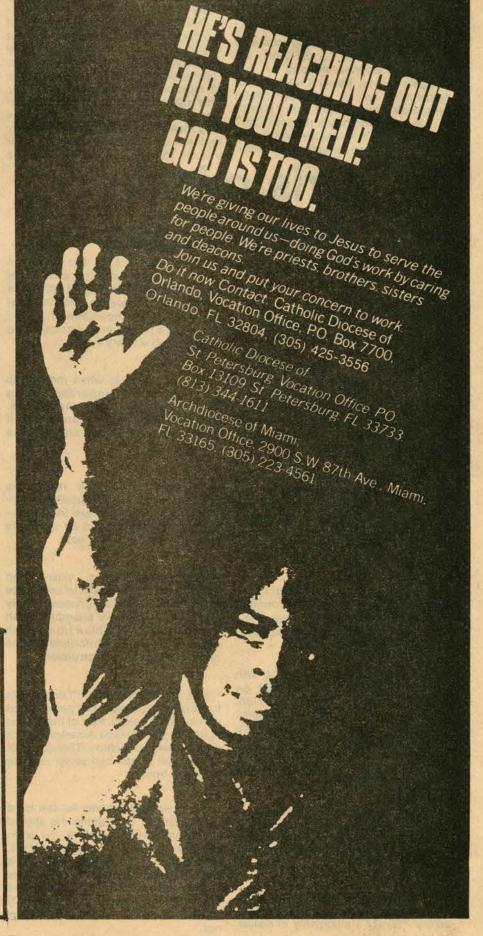
But the chaotic beginnings of the

rehearsal certainly can't foretell the beauty to come. With each player doing his own form of warming up, scales mingle with fragments of a hundred different symphonies to assault the ears and tease the memory until Joe Haygood, the principal oboist, sounds the "A" note so that all can tune up. That accomplished, silence falls across the orchestra as conductor Willis Page mounts the podium and raises his baton.

The music begins. They play for a while-then stop and repeat. Mr. Page changes the tempo and gives more emphasis to the trumpets so that the opening bars of Richard Strauss' "Thus Spake Zaruthurstra" -- which heralds the beginnings of man--is played with all the power and majesty it deserves.

Timpanist John Mattison watches the conductor intently.

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Symphony

Story and photos by Pam King





Harpist Alice Pardee is lost in concentration.

to symphony dress rehearsal

the Merry Wives of Windsor," their approach is humorous and lively to the music about the foibles of man.

THEY THEN MOVE from the fanfare and joy in "Prelude to Act III, from Lohengrin" by Richard Wagner to the lush romantic mood of Tchaikovsky's "Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 1, in B-Flat Minor, Op. 23." This technically difficult piece is played by Van Cliburn, the world famous pianist. The rehearsal of this number goes

Later, in Otto Nicolai's "Overture to smoothly except for one small area of that way. This difference of opinion dispute. There is a part in the music that calls for the principal flutist to play an "F." However, many musicians, including Jacksonville flutist Mike King, consider this to be a copy error in the original score and play a "B-flat" instead, thus maintaining the same melody that repeats itself throughout the movement.

> Van Cliburn, on the other hand, prefers the accompaning flutist to play an "F" and has made a recording of it

was anticipated by King and discussed with Page before the rehearsal, so when the question arose as to which note to play, the decision to play the "B-flat" had already been made.

During the break, Van Cliburn is besieged by fans and young students asking him questions and to sign their records and music or any scrap of paper they can find. Even the orchestra members are glad to talk with him. One violinist in particular, Rudolf Kigel, is

very excited that he will be able to send a picture he had taken of himself and Cliburn to his family in Russia.

After the break, the players continue rehearsing. Rehearsals can last until after 10:00 p.m., becoming a really exhausting effort, considering that most of the players have already put in a full days work at other jobs. But they keep practicing until they achieve their goal. This kind of dedication is not unusual since everyone has been doing this for so long. Violinist Alice Sager, a charter member of the original Jacksonville Symphony founded 27 years ago, has been playing for over 50 years. Even newcomer Gretchen Wallbrunn, only 16 years old, has been playing her violin for 10 years.

Of course, symphony rehearsals are also a time for friends to get together. They laugh and talk about sore fingers and tired lips to relieve the tension. nese backstage conversations range from discussions on musical interpretation to the cost of plumbing repairs.





got the Sauza.

Although music plays an important part in the lives of the orchestra members, they still have time for hobbies and other interest. Cellist Chester Parry and his vivacious bassplaying wife Vern, a grandmother to no less than 12 grandchildren, still have time to travel around the country in their camper. Elizabeth Kingston spends her time on the tennis courts when she's not practicing her viola or taking care of her family.

Although the orchestra members' interests vary, their main love is music and they all share the same dream--to bring the beauty and magic of their music to you.



The woodwind section playing during the rehearsal.

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Come on in, the water's cold!



Tubing--one of the many ways to travel down the Ichetucknee River.



Or how about a raft--it almost keeps you dry!

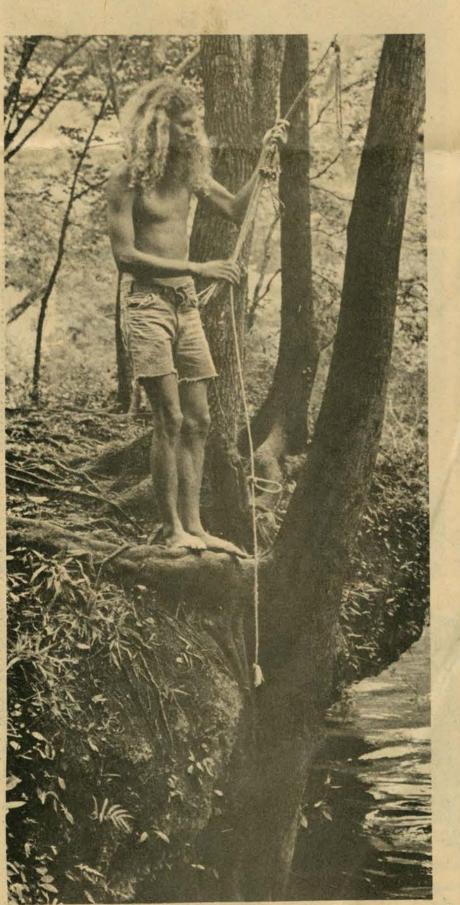
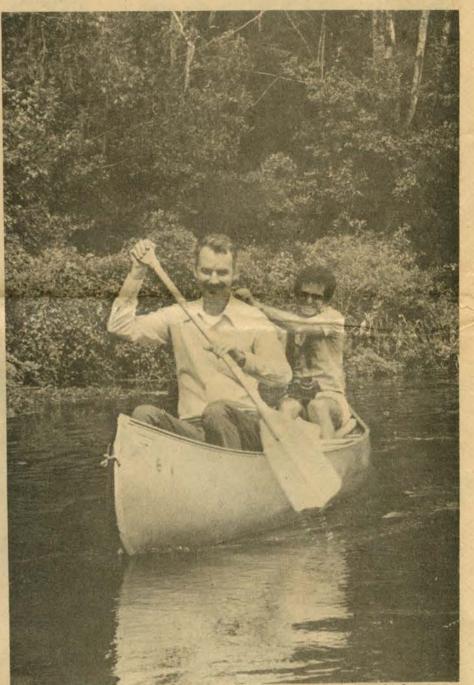


Photo page

by Pam King



UNF student Rick Bell prepares for the plunge into one of Ichetucknee's swimming holes.



And there he goes!

Mike King and UNF student Bill Mulford paddle their way down the river.

