



"They only come out at night"

Night Students Emerge In SGA Elections

Five Kennesaw Junior College night students, running on a "night-student" ticket which emphasized equal rights for all students, successfully captured the top five slots on the ballot in the recent SGA Senatorial Election.

Four hundred and sixty-five voting students elected a total of ten Senators from a field of fifteen candidates. Also elected were three students who constitute the three-member Entertainment committee.

The election, which was held on campus October 13 and 14, produced the following results. Asterisk (*) indicates those elected:

Senatorial Election

Terry Meeks*	312
Donald Atkinson*	299
John Stewart*	270
Larry Croft*	259
Alvin Palmer*	257
Howell Swain*	242
Angie Brown*	235
Hal Love*	229
Mike Smith*	205
Ken Rogers*	190

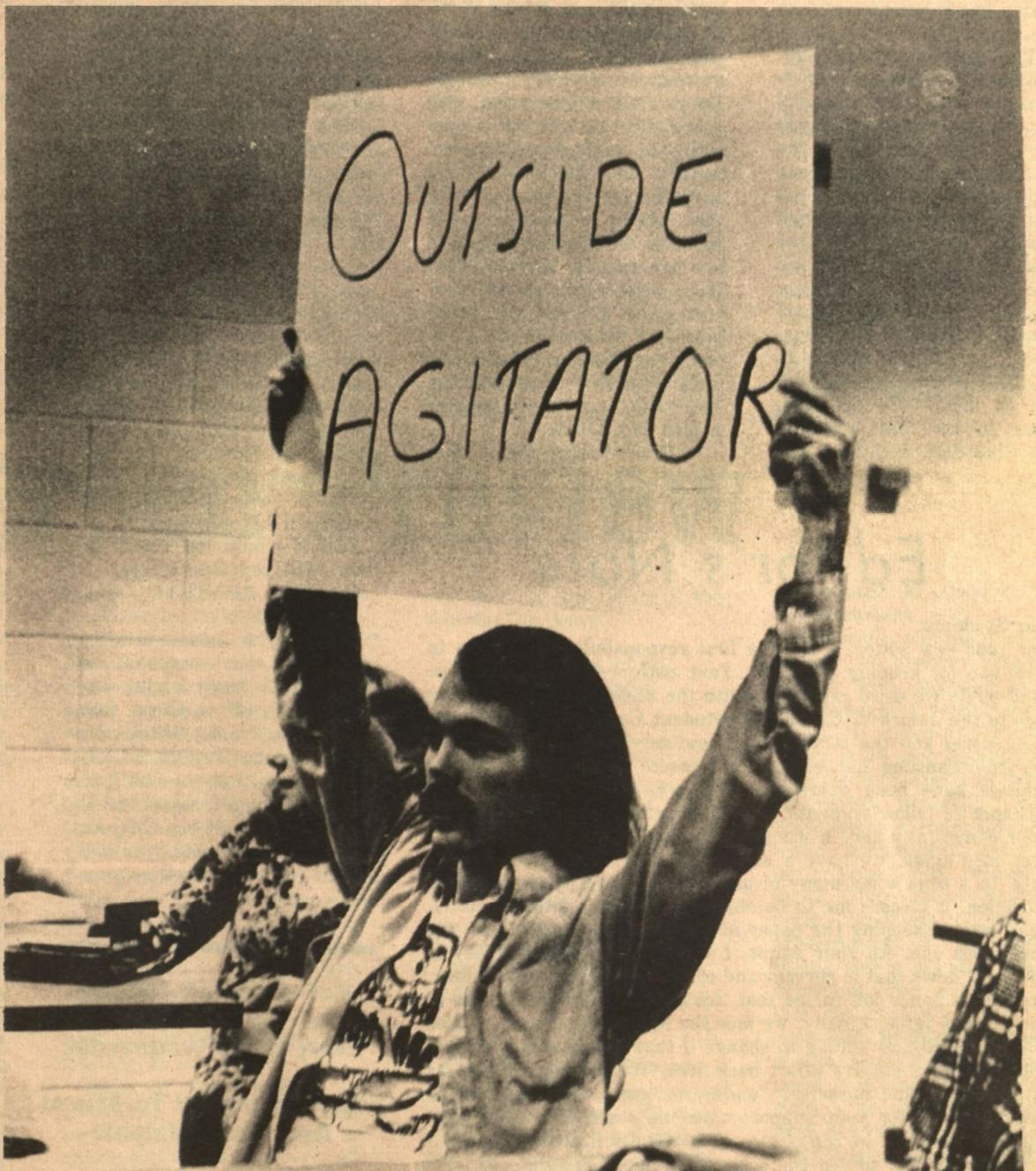
Ken Bratton	187
Polly Holliday	186
Beverly Opp	184
Steve Floyd	166
Robert Smith	101

Entertainment Committee

Becky Rentz	316
Tony Maddox	302
Flay McCaskill	214
Billie Gillespie	202

The election marked what a lot of observers viewed as a significant turn-around in student government, such as heavy participation and block voting by night students.

Senators are elected for a one-year term and took office immediately upon election, in accordance with the student Constitution. They constitute the voting and decision-making segment of the Student Government Association, along with the current officers who are June Rowland, President, Randy Krise, Vice-president, Nancy Mitchell, Secretary and Winifred Seay, Treasurer.



KJC Comes of Age

Vice-President
Randy Krise

After a laborious ten year history, it appears that Kennesaw Junior College has begun the final drive from adolescence to the "Big College" scene. This observation is made with several indicators being considered. The administration, The Student Government, and the student body as a whole has made this prognosis very favorable for this up and coming school.

The administration under the direction of Dr. Horace W. Sturgis seems to have turned the corner in many ways. The first indicator was the fact that the responsibility of registration was placed in the hands of our very competent data processing chief, Jim Woods. With the largest enrollment in the school's ten year history, it was very apparent that Mr. Woods' expertise accounted for the

very smooth movement of 3,100 students in two days.

Noticeably missing were long lines, long hours of standing, much anxiety and foul language from upper classmen that usually surrounds registration. Dr. Sturgis with his sometimes ultra-conservative policy, showed he is very much capable of adapting when he was "shocked" with a four-year banner at the dedication. It is a tribute to Dr. Sturgis when we mention that Kennesaw is one of the best schools academically in the University System of Georgia. With his emphasis on academics he has brought only the most qualified instructors to campus to accomplish this awesome task. Thank you, Dr. Sturgis.

With the recent Student Government elections it is easy to see that the campus political scene has come of age

also. We witnessed first rate "politickin" in the different coalitions that geared up to win their respective senate seats. The ticket of five night students won going away. It was very surprising to see such enthusiasm.

When the new James V. Carmichael Student Center was dedicated, it marked the first new structure to be added since Kennesaw's conception. The students came, the politicians came and cheered, and after holding their breaths for months over the reaction, the administration cheered. The large student body feels content that this is indeed Kennesaw Junior College and not the

13th and 14th grades as it has been considered in the past.

We need now marshal our enthusiasm towards on-campus activities. In closing, a word to all freshman. If we, the S.G.A.

could gain your support many things could be possible. Some day you might hold a degree from the University of Kennesaw. All things are possible through organization.

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"If you weren't there, someone was"

Dixie Rock Alive and Well

The Doobie Brothers, one of America's most popular rock groups, blazed into Atlanta Sunday night bringing with them a bag of tricks Houdini could not have matched.

Noted for their aggressive "Dixie Land" rock, the Doobies have added a touch of showmanship to a group already renowned for their musical abilities and quality. Lead by a powerful guitar section, the Doobie Brothers brought the crowd of over 10 thousand to its feet on nearly

every tune. Such highlights as "Black Water" were enhanced by a fog covered stage, "Movin Down the Highway" by fireworks, and other songs by balls of fire rising above stage to get the excited crowd moving. The highpoint came when the Doobies returned for a 20 minute encore of "Listen to the Music".

One fan remarked as he was exiting the Omni, "This is something I'll never forget as long as I live!"

Carey Box

"Eli's Gone"

By LOVE

7:30 p.m., the night of October 3. As I stand and watch three "roadies" set up the Public Address system, lights and instruments for a band called "Eli", I find myself thinking, "Three Dog Night Music" (Think about it).

8:03, "Eli's" five members enter. All are adorned in various shades of "glitter rock" attire and hairstyles. It turns out that "Eli" is a top forty, "play the hits" band. They are complete with a lead singer who looks and acts like

a fusion of Bowie-Reed. The stage is illuminated by multi-colored lights. Films of the Beatles are being shown while "Eli" performs a Beatle Melody. The group also performed music by artists such as Elton John, Bockman-Turner Overdrive, and the Rolling Stones.

Only by virtue of being a live performance did "Eli" differ from the AM radio. Apparently that was enough. The crowd was a large one and the evening was obviously entertaining for all save this reporter.

"Library Lounge"

THE JESUIT

By BRUCE BONE

Here is a book for someone who is tired of watching television and does not want to study. John Gallahue's book does what a good novel is supposed to do, it tells a story. Once you pick **THE JESUIT** up, you will not want to put it down.

THE JESUIT revolves around Father Alexander Ulanov. Ulanov is sent into Russia by the Catholic Church to preserve and maintain the functions of the Church in a communist country. The penalty for being caught is quite obvious, death or imprisonment if Siberia. To tell any more of the story would rob the reader of the pleasure of the book. The ending of **THE JESUIT** is guaranteed to shock you. Stein and Day has even gone so far as to ask that any reviewer tempted to reveal the ending, refrain from reviewing the book.

John Gallahue's book is well

written and fast moving. **THE JESUIT** is enjoyable and well worth the time spent reading it. I highly recommend this book, if only for the change of pace it offers the reader.

THE WILD MAN FROM SUGAR CREEK

By BRUCE BONE

In his book, **THE WILD MAN FROM SUGAR CREEK**, William Anderson gives the reader an excellent insight into the attitudes of depression era politics in Georgia during the thirties and forties. No other man since the Civil War has dominated Georgia politics the way Eugene Talmadge did during the twenty years of his political career. Gene Talmadge was many things, champion of the little man and yet a friend of business. Gene Talmadge hated big government but relished the relief the New Deal had to offer.

Eugene Talmadge was a very unusual figure. Once while returning from his annual trip to the Kentucky Derby, Talmadge told a friend "to get off the train and go find some coffee and sandwiches." The friend missed the train and the ensuing high-speed chase in a commandeered taxi lasted through three Southern states. Talmadge believed in himself to the utmost. As governor he told an aid he believed that a Caesar was born every century. The aid replied to the effect that surely the governor did not believe he was the Caesar of this century. Talmadge simply replied, "Yes, I do think so."

Mr. Anderson's book is well written and very interesting. One does not have to be a serious student of history to find this book enjoyable. Incidentally, Mr. Anderson also makes some interesting comments about Mr. James V. Carmichael's gubernatorial campaign against Talmadge in 1946.

Silver Screen Preview

A Trip to the Devil's Garden

By PATRICIA WALL

Reefer Madness has hit our campus! No, I am not referring to the smoking orgies in the woods; I'm talking about the movie - "Reefer Madness". "Reefer Madness" takes us back to the days when "Portia Faces Life", "Amos and Andy", and "Ozzie and Harriet" were just voices on the radio. The era was the mid-thirties when the attitude was one of deep patriotism and high morals.

"Reefer Madness" (formerly titled "Tell Your Children") was a contemporary 'fact filled' movie that used scare tactics to promote the belief that the "dread Marihuana" was, in fact, the weed from the Devil's own greenhouse. (And all this time I thought the Devil lived in Hell!)

I spent about an hour and a half trying to approach "Reefer Madness" with a non-committal attitude; but I found that much too hard among the laughter that rang out from the crowded room.

"Reefer Madness" started out with a written warning that it might "startle" YOU WITH ITS FACTS: BUT IT WAS THE "only way" to prevent its further use that already had "thousands" in its "deadly, narcotic, addicting" clutches. Those statements, alone, were enough to turn the audience into a bunch of laughing hyenas, but they did calm down enough to watch this "dramatization of events

that bear no resemblance to persons, living or not".

After the opening words of warning, headlines concerning large Marihuana drug busts and break-ups of big "narcotic rings" whipped across the screen enlightening us to the widespread use of the 'dangerous narcotic'.

Our first 'people' were concerned parents at a PTA-type meeting listening to their children's principle, speaking on the 'outrageous' use of the dreaded "narcotic Marihuana". He was most adamant in his emphasis on how horribly addicting and deadly the narcotic Marihuana was. His example of a typical case history of Marihuana's evil touch comprised the entire movie. The case told of a couple of Marihuana smoking adults, who seduced countless numbers of the local high school kids into joining the ranks of the "addicts".

The smoking cult was composed of a few gangster-like, middle-aged adults, who practically combed the streets picking up 'new recruits'. Soon, the majority of the "good kids" would meet in the 'oldsters' apartment; to get stoned, jitterbug as if on '78' speed, themselves, get into some "heavy neckin", and even pull their clothes off in wild abandon. Strange, those effects of that devil weed. The audience could not contain their laughter.

Conveniently enough, the movie contained just enough 'victims' to show the horror of its constant use, in all its

possible ways, at that. The smokers, or "addicts" as they used to be called, were heavily dependent upon the drug, and most were irritable until they could smoke that blessed narcotic reefer. Upon inhalation of that first, addicting toke, the regular user experienced instant euphoria - a look came over their faces you wouldn't believe. These people floated away on that first drag, and by the first reefer, they were 'hot to trot'. Some turned into mad gigglers, but they were those nasty mind-altering effects that could change the happy person into a "Boston Strangler", snarling at everyone.

Back in the thirties, all smokables were hand-rolled, so it was easy for an unsuspecting teen-ager to ask for a 'smoke' and end up with a 'toke'. It was amazing the number of teens who were tricked in this manner. The audience fairly howled with laughter at this.

The bizarre plot led us through the lives of the teen age "Marihuana addicts", with some of them performing macabre acts of murder and suicide. Even the death scenes were so incredible that they evoked up-roarious laughter!

The conclusion of "Reefer Madness" brought us back to our principle (who is a laugh even if he doesn't speak) who is still upset as ever. Like an "Uncle Sam", he makes his concluding statement by pointing at the parents, saying, 'the next addict' "could be your son, your daughter, or yours,

or yours," and pointing at the camera, "or yours".

THREE DAYS OF THE CONDOR

A Stanley Schneider Production

Directed by Sidney Pollack

PARAMOUNT
Based On James Grady's
Six Days Of The Condor

Condor is a good film, not a spectacular film. A somewhat frightening, almost believable, and certainly entertaining film, it provides a receptive vehicle for the respective talents of its stars, Robert Redford, Faye Dunaway, Cliff Robertson, and Max Von Sydow.

Though the credits list four stars, the film, typically, belongs to superstar Redford. It is his drama that unfolds on the screen and his sphere we inhabit throughout the movie.

Pollack's visual direction is excellent and the entire script is well acted by believable characters. With the same precision that emerges in **THEY SHOOT HORSES DON'T THEY** and **THE WAY WE WERE**, Pollack executes a film designed for audience appeal thereby making him a valuable Hollywood property and money-maker. However, unlike "Horses", there is no

art appeal in Condor, only entertainment.

Redford's portrayal of Joe Turner, an average American genius who happens to be employed as a reader for the CIA, is superbly Redford. There is no such creature as a true Redford character for the Hollywood superstar inevitably portrays characters who, while consistently entertaining, have no measurable depth. Thus, Robert Redford's style continues to be the presentation of the normal thrust into a situation that is abnormal. This is not to say that he doesn't do what he does well. Redford is a master of cool normality but he never takes you inside the characters - he gives a pound of flesh but not an ounce of soul. The closest Robert Redford ever came to a depth of character in his acting was in **JEREMIAH JOHNSON** (The film I consider to be his best) and even in this production the audience has to read between the lines to find the character's insides. In films like **Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid**, **The Candidate**, **The Sting**, **The Great Gatsby**, and **Waldo Pepper**, we find colorful characters, romantic settings, and entertainment, but nowhere do we find a character emerging with his hopes, his dreams, his fears, or his desires. Redford himself says, "I Owe An Audience A Performance, Nothing More."

Co-star Faye Dunaway emerges in Condor as she does in most of her earlier roles, a

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Dr. Kubler-Ross Highlights October Symposium

With her introduction preceeded by the usual opening jokes and welcoming remarks, a calm Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, rose to the podium. The slight, platinum-haired, Swiss woman took the microphone before a standing ovation. With the cessation of the applause, the good doctor proceeded to explain to more than 3,000 listeners why death was so much a part of life.

Dr. Kubler-Ross began her interest in death and dying when she had helped some theology students write a paper dealing with 'Dying: Man's Biggest Crisis.' She began her research by going to hospitals and asking to speak with those terminally ill patients on the subject of death. And, every time she said that, the nurses would say, "Nobody on this floor is dying." Then, Dr. Ross began looking for the real sick-looking patients. But, the nurses intervened, saying, 'the patients are too ill to talk.' The belligerence of the nurses only served to stimulate Dr. Ross' interest in the subject. When Dr. Ross finally made contact with the patients, the difference in what she expected to what she got was like night and day. Patients would open up quickly once the fakery of denying their state was dropped.

The greatest problem that most of us face in dealing with the terminally ill patient is how to talk to them. Our gut reaction is usually fear, panic, hopelessness, and helplessness. If all your friends expressed such depressing emotions towards you, how would you feel? Dr. Ross says that it is much better to enter that hospital room with fear in the waiting room. If you fear your own finiteness, no one can be of more help than a terminally ill patient.

In dealing with the terminally ill, Dr. Kubler-Ross has found that there are three types of languages the patients use to talk about their illness. Some patients can talk about it in plain English. These patients have transcended the fear of dying, and have no need for counseling. It is the young children and the teenagers who need the counseling. Her is where Dr. Ross steps in for she has become the leading expert in the counseling of dying patients.

Dr. Ross feels that children and adults have a hard time coming to grips with death because of the hush-hush attitude that surrounds it. When hospitals keep children under fourteen out of certain wards, the children cannot see for themselves that Mommy still looks 'normal', even though she is about to die. If the child could witness dying, before it is death, he would better understand how the puzzle of life is put together. As it is, the child sees his mother, normal and healthy as she goes to the hospital; and the next time he sees her, she is lying in a casket. He has no understanding of what could have happened to her, and

therefore comes away from the death with no understanding that could help him face future deaths.

A second language is then developed by those children who cannot talk so openly about their own deaths to be. This language comes from a self-denial that you or your loved one is really dying. It is expressed as, 'No, that won't happen to me, or anyone I know'. It takes a "killer" to wake you up to see the reality of death. Such a realization comes through knowledge of bombs, pollution and wars. The fear of death stems from our own destructiveness, a fear of catastrophic destruction of everything and, that is also unstoppable. Children use pictures to show the realization of their own impending death. In drawings, a patient can relate not only his knowledge of his terminal condition, but also that he is not yet ready to speak about it. You cannot force a dying patient to talk if he is not able to. You have to use his language to reach him and 'talk' to him.

There is a third language that children will use in relating their condition to another. It is a use of words that suggest death, and it takes a brave person to put the implications into real English.

One particular case of this language deals with a young girl named Susie. One night, Susie asked her favorite young nurse, "What happens if a fire breaks out while I'm in this oxygen tent?" The nurse quickly assured her that no one would smoke around her, then she left the room. The young nurse was puzzled at this and called the supervisor. The supervisor told her that Susie was finally ready to talk about her terminal condition, but the young nurse backed down, saying that she was not ready yet. So, the supervisor went to Susie, who almost immediately said, "I know I'm going to die, and I've got to talk to someone about it." The next morning, the supervisor shared some of the conversation with Susie's mother. The supervisor went too far though, when she said that Susie said, "If I could only talk to my mother is way." At that the mother physically pushed the nurse away, saying that she couldn't talk to Susie. From that day forward, the mother never again went to see her daughter alone; she always carried some of Susie's friends, knowing that Susie could not talk about death in front of them.

Susie died without ever relating her feelings about death to her mother. This is the case too many times. A child will hang on to life, waiting for their parents to come to grips with his problem, but all too often a child will give up and die.

If you can learn the three languages that dying patients use, then the patients will open up to you. They will tell you who they want to talk to, when they want to talk and how long they need that talk-

ing to last. Don't get insulted if a patient does not choose you to share the secrets of her soul, dying is a very personal thing. The patient will let you know if you are wanted or not.

It is not only the patients who need counseling but the families as well. One year right before Christmas, a young child whose sister had died called Dr. Ross for an appointment. The doctor was very busy and preferred seeing her after Christmas. The girl said, "Well, I guess we better meet at nine o'clock on Saturday morning then." he doctor thought it was cute the way the child had so matter of factly set up the appointment, but the actual meeting was less than cute. As it was, Dr. Ross felt uncomfortable with all the children who had come. Then, one 13-year-old boy started off the session by saying that he believed in reincarnation. Dr. Ross asked his sister what she felt. She then stated that when she died, she knew she was going to see her sister. Dr. Ross asked her if it bothered her, that her brother had a different point of view and in an annoyed voice she replied, "He's entitled to his own opinion."

One little girl remained silent, so Dr. Ross asked her to draw a picture. Within a second the child had whipped out a pen and a piece of paper and was working on a picture. After a few minutes there was a lively scene of a house celebrating Christmas; there was a house with a tree inside, full of lights. On the outside of the house were many lights, and even a sleigh. The child said that this was her problem. Dr. Ross was puzzled as she asked the girl to explain. The young girl then went on saying that her sister had died last year, two weeks before Christmas and her father would not let them hang lights or decorate for Christmas, and the same goes for this year. The child asked Dr. Kubler-Ross if she could talk to her father about the decorations. Dr. Ross went to the man and almost reluctantly, the day before Christmas, the house glittered with the Christmas spirit.

This one incident made Dr. Kubler-Ross see the importance of talking to the child before Christmas. If she had not taken the time from her busy schedule, the child would have spent another dull Christmas. And who wants a tree after Christmas?

In the case of a young mother who is losing her son to leukemia, the first reaction might be a self-denial that he is terminal. She knows that his illness is real, but she can't deal with it yet. Dr. Ross says that it is wrong to force this woman to face the bitter reality because she may reject not only the reality, but her son as well.

Everyone involved in a terminal case may, at some point, feel anger. They are angry because the patient is their son or daughter, and they are too young to die. This anger is displaced onto some irrelevant object, but the feeling is there. Anger must be dealt

with, and not ignored.

Preparatory grief is one way of coming to grips with the anger of dying. It's the mourning of the little things. As in the case of a young mother, dying at age twenty-one; she asked why was she to die and leave her children and husband behind? Who would take care of them? Dr. Ross insists that it is most important to stay with a woman like this and help her see it through.

Dr. Ross also says that a child will sometimes ask his mother where he is going when he dies. His mother stands at a painful loss for words. Yet, Dr. Ross tells of one young lad who, as he remembered a former friend, told his mom this: "When the doctor puts me in the ambulance, be sure the red light is on and the siren is going very loud, so that Beth Ann will know I'm coming." He expressed our greatest fear, and that is the fear of being alone.

"Death—the final stage of growth" was the topic of Dr. Kubler-Ross' second lecture of the day. She said that 'people die the way they lived, and with dignity'. A person who lies to himself throughout his life, will die denying his illness. To him, that is dignity. A fighting person will die fighting for something; to him, that is dignity. We are on this earth to minister counsel to the terminally ill. We are not here to project our own hopes into the picture.

In one case of counsel, there was a hypochondriac who got no sympathy from her family. As time passed, she became quiet; yet, for no reason, she suddenly began to complain again. Well, the family decided if ignoring her one time worked, then it would work again. But her complaints went on until she was taken to a doctor, whereupon it was discovered that she had terminal cancer. Dr. Kubler-Ross counseled the family, but they got the exact opposite meaning from what she had told them. The family thought they were to lie to the patient and cheer her up. When Dr. Ross saw the patient, she was not to tell the patient of her illness and was not to see her alone; this was the decree of the family.

The last time that Dr. Kubler-Ross saw the patient, she opened her conversation by saying, "I'm dying for a cup of coffee," before the husband could come on with his usual, "Doesn't she look great" line. The husband, being a gentleman, and missing the doctor's terminology, sped out of the room to fetch her some coffee. For a few minutes Dr. Ross was alone with the woman. The woman then blurted out, "I could die tomorrow, but they couldn't take it." Dr. Ross replied, "I know—that's why I'm here." With a few more consoling words, a smile of relief came over the woman's face, and knowing that she had accomplished her goal, Dr. Ross smiled too. When the husband returned, he never had any idea what the two were smiling about.

From the dying, we learn how to live. If we could realize the brevity of our existence, we all would live very different lives. Children need to know that death is a part of life.

Dr. Kubler-Ross states that the upper class children are the most deprived from unpleasant situations like poverty, sickness, hunger, and death. Dr. Ross decided to show her own family that not all life is beautiful. She invited a crotchety, old bachelor to live with her family. The man was very independent; he woke when he wanted to, he ate when he wanted to, and he bathed when he wanted to, and he usually didn't want to!

Dr. Ross admits that it took her a year to get to like that man, but at the end of two years, she really felt something for the old codger. One Friday, when Dr. Ross had been in a hurry to get home to her family plus one, and she had twisted her ankle. Her young daughter was so shocked to see her mother hurt that on Saturday morning she made her first up of coffee at age six. She brought it to her mother in bed, and her act of kindness inspired Dr. Ross to take some to the old man. As she walked by his room, he called to her, saying that he had a present for her. Now, this was most unlike this man, so the doctor limped in. He gave her his most prized possession; his cane. Dr. Ross took the cane and limped off to get him some coffee. When she returned, the old man was dead.

After the death of the old gentleman, Dr. Ross busied herself with the funeral arrangements. One day while her back was turned, Dr. Ross' six-year-old daughter brought a bunch of ehr young friends in to see the body, much to the horror of the mothers of these children, some of whom still do not speak to Dr. Ross. Yet, Dr. Ross' daughter told her mother very nonchalantly, "I thought they ought to see the body." Later when Dr. Ross wanted to go shopping for a casket, her daughter asked to go along, saying that it would be the last time they could shop for him. They picked out the casket together.

Once while talking to a dying thirteen-year-old girl, Dr. Ross gathered from her that her greatest grief in dying was missing the joy of going to school as she loved it and did well. She told Dr. Ross that her chaplain told her that those who love God the most, go to heaven; and she couldn't go because she loved her parents more. This, unfortunately, was Dr. Ross' last visit, but she left the child with a happy heart. She said, "Who does the teacher give the toughest assignments to?" The little girl answered, "To the best ones." Dr. Ross then asked the girl if God had given her a tough assignment. Without a moment's thought, the girl answered, "He sure must think a lot about me."

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Intramurals Kick Off

Underway Football Season

By Jim Turner

Yes, fans, it's again that time of year where college students drop their books and pick up the old "pigskin" and take to the football arena for a season of rugged intramural flag football games.

K.J.C., well renowned for its collection of athletic supporters, is again looking for another big year of flag football competition. This year the K.F.L. has expanded to two days a week - Tuesdays and Wednesdays, with 4 teams making up 2 different divisions.

Game times are the same for both days, with the first game beginning at 3:45 p.m., and the second game starting at 5:00 p.m. All games will be played at K.J.C. Memorial Stadium. Come on out and support your favorite teams. A truly different football experience may be enjoyed by all fun-loving KJC students.

TUESDAY DIVISION BEGINS SPECTACULAR SEASON

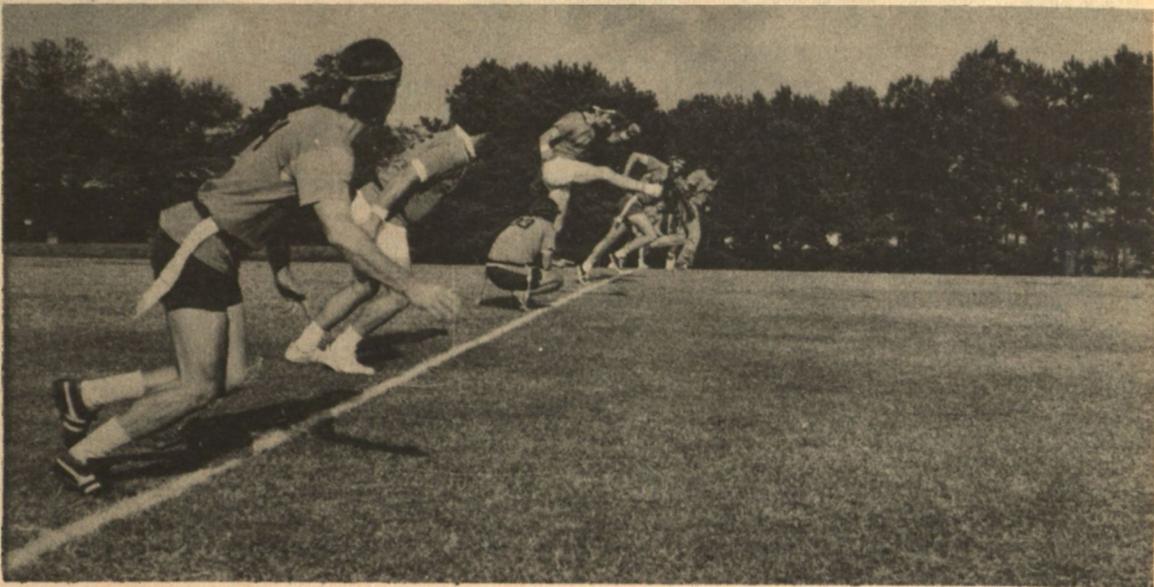
GUNKS DROUNCE TEAM C

Beautiful weather prevailed this Tuesday, October 14th in Big Shanty as a game between the Gunks and a yet unnamed Team C. As the game began the crowd was still wiping tears from the National Anthem which was played in a beautifully touching way by "Flippy" the dolphin on his electric bagpipes.

Team C received the opening kick-off to begin the first half and after their initial drive was stopped, they were forced to punt. The Gunks, led by outspoken quarterback, began their push down the field which ended as Vernier found his end, Mike Williams, in the endzone for their first score of the year.

The obviously unpracticed and inexperienced Team C continually threw incomplete passes and were generally stymied throughout the game and first half and with four minutes in the first half, the Gunks took control and marched 60 yards for a touchdown at the half-time gun. The key catches were made by Mike Williams and Michael "Juice" Grant, (the Gunks answer to the famous O.J.) The half ended with the Gunks ahead 13 to 0.

After a performance by the Salvation Navy marching band, the second half began with the Gunks receiving the kick-off. Two plays later, Vernier launched a Vernierial Pass to speed Juice Grant



covering 40 yards of turf and a touchdown. This did it for the now dejected Team C as they never even threatened the Gunk endzone. The Gunks made 2 more touchdowns and the final score was Gunks: -31, Team C: -0.

TEAM X TEACH FACULTY LESSON

In the age-old war between Sweathogs and Professors, the Sweathogs finally won the confrontation.

Bearded Tom Keene, led his heralded team consisting of an "Alabama Redskin" veteran team into the stadium by playing rugged defense and displaying surprisingly strong endurance. However, Keene, also a quarterback of the oldies was never able to generate a potent offensive punch.

Team X wasn't able to crank much offense either, until the late-goings of the second half, when quarterback, Robert Hightower, connected on a pass to Ted Smith for a touchdown capping an 80 yard scoring drive. The half ended Faculty - 0, Team X - 6.

The second half began the same as the first had ended with Team X trading interceptions with the Faculty and finally seeing Jimmy Doutlet of Team X intercepting a Keene pass and stampeding into the endzone for the score.

The Boo-Birds got on the backs of the faculty on the next series when the aged crippled legs of Tom Keene, plus the fatiguing factor now visible on the faces of the Faculty offensive line, carried them into their own endzone for a Team X safety. Score was then, Team X: 14, Faculty: 0.

After an amazing Karate Demonstration by faculty member Clarence Heard, the Team X sweathogs once again scored as quarterback Hightower found Garr Adams and connected on a 60-yard scoring strike, thus concluding the game. The final score was Team - 20, Faculty - 0.

NEWS TO PONDER

Rumors have it that the Faculty team is negotiating for two highly sought after additions to their team. First - George Allen of Washington has been given an invitation to be head skipper of the team while on the West Coast, talks are still going on with the 49er's and Raiders for a possible trade bringing Norm Snead or George Blanda to the KJC Faculty team in exchange for future draft choices.

WEDNESDAY LEAGUE BEGINS OCTOBER 15

The Wednesday League began today with fans coming out by the scores to watch last

Secretary Review Course Offered

Business and Public Policy, the second unit of a 32-session Certified Professional Secretary Review Course, will begin Thursday, November 13, at Kennesaw Junior College.

Sponsors of the non-credit course are KJC and the Cobb County Chapter of the National Secretaries Association.

The course is designed to prepare participants for the Certified Professional Secretary examination to be given in May. Sessions will be held in Social Science Room 102 on Thursday evenings for six weeks, from 6:30 to 9:30 p.m.,

year's champions of the KFL in their first pre-season intra-squad game. Yes, the FLYING BEAVERS, last year's super team is back again featuring an almost completely new team. The only returning veterans from last year's team are Wild Bill Allison, "Receiver of the year in 1974", Muff Medford, and this year's captain, "Truck" Turner.

Turner brings several familiar faces into this year's squad with the likes of Mike Godwin, Mike Hosford, "Deacon" Doug Bramlett and "Mean" Mark Stewart.

This year's team may also feature the biggest line in the KFL with John Ballard, Fred Gamel, and Bob Otto making up the "Fearsome Three-some." The Beavers will face a stiff challenge this year if they are going to defend their 1974 championship crown.

The second game proved to be a Real Battle with Team A inhaling the Reefers 15-6, in what was the most evenly matched contest of the first weeks games. The Reefers and Team A matched defensive strength against each other to allow low scoring.

Drew Garrell did almost everything for his team (Team A) by intercepting two passes, throwing a touchdown pass and completing a two point conversion play. Alan Morris also picked off a pass to give Team A another touchdown.

The only offense the Reefers could muster came at the game's end, when Dennis Walsh scampered 65 yards down the sidelines to prevent a Reefer shutout. Even though his team had viewed the film "Reefer Madness" at their pre-game psyche session, team captain Ed Shoemaker was unable to explain his team's slow responses to the game.

The final score was Team: 15, Reefers: 6.

through December 18. The class will meet Nov. 18 in lieu of Thanksgiving.

Instructor will be Tom Browning, Marietta attorney.

Other units in the series will consider communications and decision making; environmental relationships in business; office procedures; and economics and management.

Registrations for the second unit starting November 13 will be accepted no later than November 6. For information, contact the Kennesaw Junior College community services office 422-8770, ext. 334.



Moments In The Life Or The Rounding Of The Square

"Oh, my name - it means nothing. My age, it means less." I sang those words that Sunday afternoon as I wandered throughout my apartment. My name is Marvin Spooker and it had been an average day. The major crisis

that I faced that October morning was two-fold. Number one was the fact that a hang over reminded me just how "toasted" I had been the night before. More important to me was the discovery that I was also out of "higs." I was preparing to walk up to the store and make my contribution to the Virginia Tobacco industry when suddenly, with warning, my dog started barking. "I wonder who that might be," I thought. "I also wonder who wrote the book of life. Coming!", I said, as a sharp rap was issued upon my door. As I peeped out the peep-hole, I muttered to myself, "Peep-hole, get ready, there's a train a'comin! Don't need no baggage, you just get on board." "I'm getting pretty cynical in

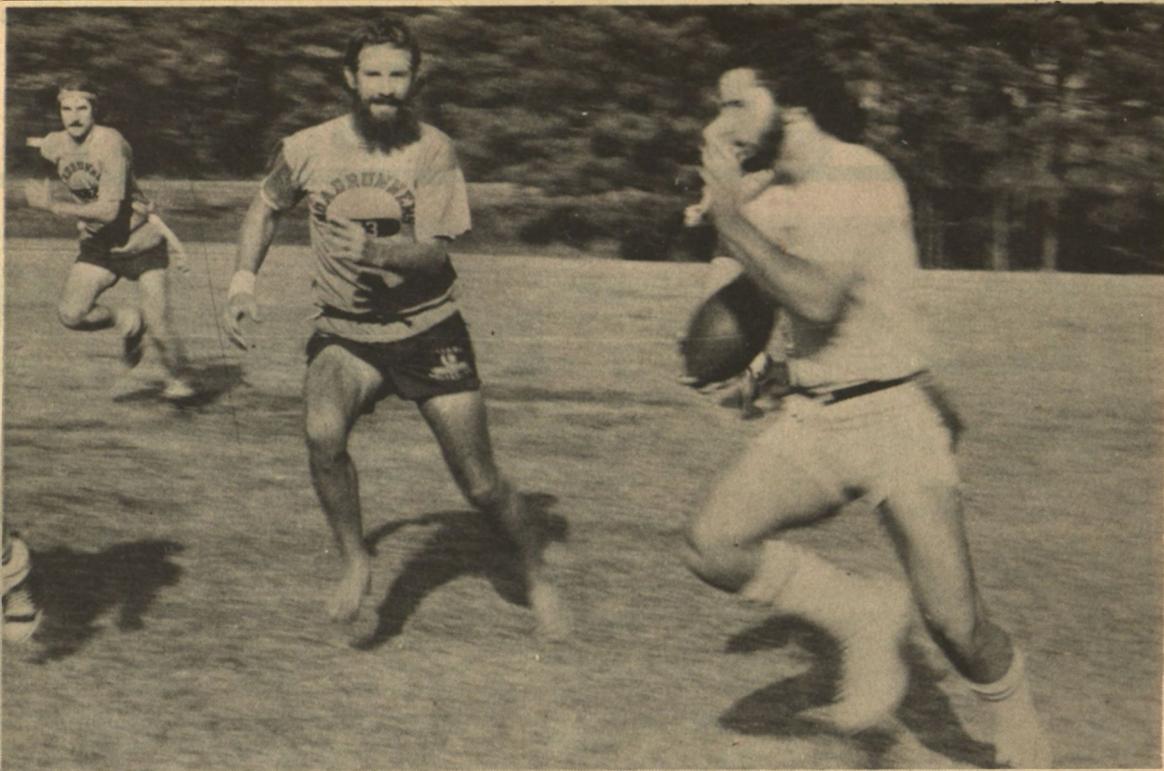
my youth," I mused.

Suddenly, my eyes protruded from their sockets. Outside my door was my long lost friend, Tom Merriweather (I never did like that name). "Yikes!", was my first reaction. "Tom, where have you been? The last time I saw you was six months ago. Damn boy! Come on in."

"It's good to see your ugly mug again, Marvin," said Tom. "Now, if you'll get your dog off my leg I'll come in and visit awhile." "Quit that biting . . . black dog," I commanded as Tom with his backpack and walking stick limped into my humble abode. "Marvin, I need a place to crash for a couple of days. Would it be alright?" "A couple of days? What do you mean? Tom, it's going to take you a couple of weeks to fill me in on what's been happening with you."

"There will be time for much talk later," said Tom Merriweather. "For now, tell me about Brenda and other things on the mountain."

"Well, Brenda moved in with me about two months after you left for Dela Croy. She remained here for three months. After awhile, she explained that it was time to move on. I got a letter from her about a week ago. It seems she has found employment in Rock Mart, Georgia and . . ." "Rock Mart!" shouted Tom. "This is more serious than I thought. We must leave for there immediately. Do you have the time to assist me? I warn you however, Marvin, the going will not be easy. I feel certain that she has fallen in the clutches of none other than our mutual enemy Baron Von Vaughn." "You mean the same Baron Von Vaughn that placed the cannister of apathy gas in the student center? The man who has stifled progress on every level and broken some hearts too?" "Precisely," said Tom. "Can I count on you, Marvin?" "Deal me in on this adventure, Tom. I have a personal score to settle with the Baron. Give me a second to get my gear together and we'll be off." To be continued.



DR. KUBLER-ROSS

Continued from Page 4

What is death, though? What happens to people when their presence is no longer detectable in a physical state? Dr. Kubler-Ross has known patients who have "died" and come back to talk about it.

One example was that of a young woman whose psychotic husband kept trying to kill their two-year-old son. She was dying and in the hospital ready to let go when she found that she could not die. Even though she had signed release papers for her son to be placed in her brother's custody, it would not be enacted until the son was sixteen. With this preying on her mind, the young mother knew she could not die, but something very similar did take place.

One night, the mother experienced a floating, peaceful sensation. From an elevated point of view, she watched a nurse enter and leave. Then she saw a resuscitation team come in; she remembers those who wanted to revive her and those who wanted to give up. But she lost consciousness, and obviously returned to her body. She was discharged soon after with no mention of the incident. She kept this inside of her for fear that she might be declared insane and have all the chances for her son's welfare destroyed.

All the persons who have made this physical transition have lost their fear of death. They say that they are helped out of their bodies, and that they do not do it alone.

Dr. Kubler-Ross made her

final point one of general relevance. She said that we must have open minds, for doors will open with open minds. "Death doesn't have to be a big nightmare, it's what you make of it," she said. "Tell someone you love them, while they can still hear you." She brought up the case of a young woman who took her three-month baby to the hospital, and nursed it while holding the hand of her husband who died moments later. The woman wrote a letter which said, "And to all of you, I say, live out your love for one another now, don't be afraid to touch and share all the tragedies of life." And as Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross says, "We are all like snowflakes, all beautiful and distinct, but here for a very short time."

Dr. Hudson Speaks Out

With a participation level of more than 10%, Dr. Susan Hudson told me that this year's intra mural program is doing even better than last year's. Dr. Hudson serves as the athletic director for the intra mural sports. The intra murals are athletic activities for the entire student body and faculty. The sports provide a needed outlet for those students not taking sports, or for those who just enjoy competition.

The intra murals are almost entirely managed by the participating students; Dr. Hudson just serves as the "advisor" to the program. The sports cover a wide range of activities. There are team sports, such as: football, basketball, and volley ball. And there are individual sports like tennis, handball, table tennis, and swimming. There are single sex sports like powderpuff football; then there are the co ed sports, like volley ball.

The students who manage the sports are also the coaches, lifeguards and referees. This provides jobs for many students, while keeping them involved in the school. The part of the budget set aside for the intra mural division goes to the payment of these students, besides buying new equipment like the ping pong tables that so many are already enjoying.

All the events have tournaments which are set up on the 'round robin' premise. In a round robin, a player gets a chance to play at least three

other players; thus it is more encouraging than a single try tournament where one lost game equals a totally lost tournament. In this way players get more enjoyment out of a tournament.

Basketball is the most sought after sport in the intra mural program. This year there are twelve competing teams. Football is second to basketball with nine teams playing this year.

This year will see a change in the photographic coverage of athletic events. Last year, all the participants had was the trusty Instamatic of Dr. Hudson. This year she will relinquish her post to a professional photographer, who will be whipping out more than a small camera for those important events.

Each quarter has some large event which brings out many spectators as well as participants. This November is the month for the Turkey Trot. It is a mile run for the women and a mile and a half run for the men. Both shall run around the soccer field. It is to be held near Thanksgiving and the first and second prizes will be turkeys.

The main aim of intra murals is to bring the students together in an attitude of fun and competition; and with Susan Hudson around, you can bet the program does just that. Do come out and join the many students already participating. It may be more fun than you know.



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COUPON

"Daddy won't be home tonight--he's gone to an SGA meeting."

As a service to the students here at KJC, the Sentinel is publishing brief biographical information about those students who have been elected to lead the SGA during this coming year. Following, is information about the five night students who are newly-elected Senators, along with a statement which each issued following the election: Biographies of the other five Senators will appear in the next issue of the Sentinel.

Larry Croft

Larry Croft, who has attended KJC for the past two years, is a graduate of Cherokee High School, and attended Mercer University in Atlanta before coming to KJC. He is a veteran, 27 years old, married and has two daughters -- Shawn, 8 years old and Tonya 6 years old. Croft is employed as an industrial salesman and belongs to the Northeast Cobb Optimist Club. His interests are centered around national and state politics as well as sports, including golf, football, baseball and other outdoors recreation. He is majoring in business administration and will return to Mercer to pursue a B.A. program when he leaves KJC. Croft, who originally left KJC to attend Mercer, did so because of the lack of courses available for night students. While in the SGA, he plans to make this problem an area of attention and hopefully be able to help correct the situation as it now exists. He states that he is also interested in working for expanded facilities and activities in all areas for night students.

Al Palmer

Al Palmer, 28 years old, has attended KJC for two and a half years and is studying Secondary Education. Originally from Clinton, Tennessee, he has lived in Powder Springs since 1969. Palmer is single, a veteran, and is highly motivated politically. He calls himself a liberal, and supports Hubert Humphrey for President in 1976. His extracurricular activities are sports-centered, with his emphasis on water sports and bowling. Palmer plans to transfer to Georgia State University and pursue his degree in Education with a minor in history and government. He has stated a strong desire to work on many specific problems here at KJC including teacher evaluation, expanded and improved student publications, improved food service, expanded hourly operation of the facilities in the student center, and the KJC 4-year program. In his election statement, Palmer explained "Night students have shown they want equal representation in student affairs. For the first time they will have the representative they deserve."

Terry Meeks

Terry Meeks, a 27-year old veteran, has been at KJC for three years and will be transferring to Southern Tech to study engineering. Meeks, who has resided in Northeast Marietta since 1970, is originally from Thomaston, Georgia. He is married and has one four-year-old son, Glenn. He is employed by Colonial Pipeline and is interested in sports and student politics. He calls himself an Independent, but is not interested in politics in general. Meeks has outlined several areas of concern for the SGA. Primarily, he is concerned with night students not having representation in the SGA, and problems with transient students. Specifically, he is interested in free coffee for night students, weak curriculum in the evening program, opening of the library on Saturdays, and longer break between night classes. In his statement Meeks declared "I was real pleased at the turn out of the Student vote. As a Senator, I hope to improve the student interest in the SGA."

Don Atkinson

Don Atkinson, a 33-year-old veteran, has been at KJC since the fall of 1973. He attended Campbell High School where he was active in athletics, playing on the 1960 all-star baseball team of Greater Atlanta. He plays golf and softball and intra-mural flag football here at KJC. He is married and has two children - eight and four. Atkinson expresses an interest in politics but has no preference for party. He hopes to accomplish a lot through the SGA such as improved food service for night students, expanded night curriculum, elimination of the Regents Test, and a teacher evaluation program instituted. He favors a teacher pay raise, but is likewise concerned about the quality of teachers. He hopes for a more representative SGA with a day and night student representative system. Atkinson has also expressed concern about the manner in which the SGA budget is administered which allows the newly-elected Senators no say-so in how student fees are expended during their term. His intense interest in helping night students is reflected in his statement, "I will be conferring with night students about their questions, problems and suggestions to present at SGA meetings."

John Stewart

John Stewart, a resident of Douglasville, for the past 4 years, is originally from New York and has attended KJC for the past two years. He is 40 years old, works for Texaco Oil Company and is married with four children. His 18-year old daughter, Catherine Mary, attends Emory; Denise, 16 and Gwendolyn, 14 attend local high schools, while John Thomas, age 5, waits patiently to start his educational career next year. Stewart's primary interests are sports and business. He plans to attend Georgia State and obtain an accounting degree. He belongs to the American Legion and Disabled American Veterans. Stewart is concerned about the educational system in Georgia and other current issues, although his interest in politics is limited. Several specific areas of concern here at Kennesaw he lists as the need for inter-collegiate sports, the non-existence of a career B.A.C. program at KJC, and more activities for night students.

Destiny Brings Dr. Dominguez To KJC

By JANE LAWING

Dr. Dominguez is a very interesting new addition to the Social Science staff of Kennesaw Junior College. Mauricio Dominguez-Tejada, with his striking Central American features, precipitates an air of foreign flair with an authenticity quite suitable for a professor of World Civilizations.

At an early age, Mauricio Dominguez left his home in El Salvador to begin what became extensive travels. His travels have led him throughout Central America and Mexico to the Caribbean. He found Mexico to be very impressive; he was especially impressed with the "fantastic" Mexican people. He was also very impressed with France and Switzerland. Dr. Dominguez's interest in Mediterranean culture and history has provoked him to travel widely in Western Europe and the Mediterranean countries. Dr. Dominguez has lived in the United States intermittently for about seventeen years. In the U.S., he has travelled from California to Washington, D. He especially enjoyed the social and cultural aspects of Washington, D.C. With his first hand knowledge of many different cultures acquired from his travels, Dr. Dominguez is certainly capable of instilling in American students an awareness and an interest in other civilizations.

Dr. Dominguez is not only capable of teaching, but he is also very qualified. He received his Ph. D. in history from Tulane University in 1970.

Dr. Dominguez came here this year after being told that Kennesaw Junior College is a good progressive junior college with room for advancement. He states emphatically that he is "200%" in favor of Kennesaw gaining four year status. He describes Kennesaw as having a "good atmosphere to work in." He says that he likes the college so far, but as for the future he believes like the ancient Greeks: "Man's freedom is determined by destiny, and one never knows."

Dr. Dominguez's occupational experience is not limited to that of college professor. He has been employed as a movie critic for leading newspapers in Mexico and Costa Rica. He has done a considerable amount of writing about Latin American literature. While in Central America, Dr. Dominguez also worked in the coffee industry.

The professor from El Salvador has developed quite a range of American interests. Dr. Dominguez is very interested in movies. Of course, being a former movie critic, he goes to movies often -- usually four times a week. Dr. Dominguez is interested in

keeping abreast with "what you people are reading." American literature fascinates Dr. Dominguez. He is extremely interested in the American masters of literature. In fact, he off-handly considers Ernest Hemmingway to be one of America's most important contributions to world culture. Dr. Dominguez feels that it is important for one to keep in shape. He states that he "tries" to play the popular American game of tennis.

When asked about his opinion of American women, Dr. Dominguez promptly replied in his distinct Central American accent, "I like them!" He finds that American women are "more comfortable to be with and more open" than women of the Latin society. He feels "more at ease and less formal" with American women. He describes the American woman as being "interested in what's going on."

Dr. Dominguez does not share America's raging interest in television. He finds American television programs to be "abominable." The only time he watches television is during professional basketball season, when he intently follows his favorite team--the Boston Celtics.

Dr. Dominguez feels that through his years in the

States he has come to enjoy "informality." He has come to enjoy the easy-going American way of life. Four years ago, after he attempted to settle down in El Salvador, Dr. Dominguez found that he had adapted so well to the American way of life that he could not readjust to life in his native country.

Dr. Dominguez's World Civilizations classes are sometimes open with informal discussions of provocative topics. For instance, such topics as socialized medicine, homosexuality, and UFO's have been discussed during class. Dr. Dominguez's interest and belief in life on other planets are evidenced in his discussion of UFOs.

Dr. Dominguez hopes that students gain from his class "a sense of the continuity and flow of history." He would like his students to attain a "knowledge of other countries and how they affect us." He believes that we are a product of what happened in the past.

Dr. Dominguez serves as a striking reminder to many of Kennesaw's students that other cultures do exist and thrive outside of the U.S. It would surely be beneficial to many students if destiny would have Dr. Dominguez to remain teaching World Civilizations at Kennesaw for many years.

Probation Course Offered

A 10-hour basic training course for voluntary probation officers will begin Monday, Nov. 10, in the Cobb County Judicial Building in Marietta.

Co-sponsored by Kennesaw Junior College and the Marietta-Cobb YWCA, the class will be held on Monday and Wednesday evenings through November 24, from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. Class meetings will be held in the fourth floor Superior Court room and the course is open to the public without charge.

Instructors will be Kennesaw Junior College faculty members Dr. George Beggs, chairman of the Social Science Division, and Ronald TeBeest, assistant professor of political science.

Purpose of the course is to provide basic training for volunteers who would like to help either juvenile or adult offenders.

Included will be sessions on basic psychology and behavior patterns of major personality types; basic concepts and techniques of communicating with offenders; and a summary of the course, including ceremonies conferring certificates and swearing in of new volunteer probation officers.

Participants will have an opportunity to learn more about the nature of probation programs by questioning a police officer, a volunteer probation officer and a person on probation.

To register, contact the KJC community services office, 422-8770, ext. 334, or the YWCA, 427-4611.

Scrolls Of Sulthremar

She swilled her icy beauty as she kissed the saffron pallor of her asphodels. She caressed the supine allure of her pulchritude as she stroked the ardent veil of her dafodels. She sipped her sagacious fruits as she touched the scented visions of her Israfel. She somberly gazed upon taloned waves raging and clawing. She sullenly viewed viscid breakers foaming and gnawing. She immured songs of mystical seas breeding and lolling.

She dreamt of mordant ardors as her resonant slumber glowed in the isles of radiant veils. She sung of alluring songs as her savory countenance exulted in the furies of pallid tales. She whispered of august songs as her reveling aspects gyrated in the crimson veneer of tepid gales. She knew of the miasmal tarn of Elaina. She sung of the phantasmal marn of Luialas. She immured the scenes of the gloating krakens of the hidden mythos of Zorthala.

She dreamt of the remote eons when the basking moons of the purpling jungles cast icy slivers of glaucous light, as she slept amid the fabled towers of sunken galleys. Her lips kissed the saffron gems of her flaring soul as she sung of the silent oceans of her isles. She was the cherished dream of untold memories sailing into the delicate zones of her lands as her saffron jewels glistened rivulets of exotic allure. She sang of the days when the pale skies gazed upon her beauteous pallor, and in the eons of the past, she exulted in the joyous unison of her ever-wandering soul amid the portals of the viscous. She sang of the crimson whispers of the nighttide amid her ardent dances as the ancient galleys of Hyperborea sailed afar. Her eloquent fertility cradled the seeds of lost isles as she thirsted avariciously for the elegant peregrinators of her rending songs. She sang and beckoned among broken altars in the scarlet nightfall. She whispered of the fragrances of remote littorals. She trilled of her mist-laden vespers as her melodious voice mingled with the silent mist-trails of seagirt terrene.

She wove chansons of suggestive gossamer beyond the rarest artistry. Singing softly were the Sirens as she lived in the jeweled splendor of their fabled reign. Singing gently were the sensorial blossoms of her visionary arias as she stroked her reticent memories of the gay fronds of wind. Her songs flashed over the velvet of ocean as her veneer glistened selenic lucency. She was a Circe of dreamt wizardry. She was a lissome mirage yielding blossoms of ambergris as the lulling aura of her sorcery immured her sagacious isles. Her melodies savored of the sweet nectars grown in the lily-vales of Ellendra. She reflected scented ariettas caressing subtle listeners.

Her saffron countenance reflected the chagrin of swirling seas, and her dreams swilled the icy allure of the myriad tiremes sailing across the hy-

aline as her sister Sirens sang their eerie sonatas. With their sails unfurled and in full bloom, the ancient seafarers knew her mellifluous songs. With their prow raking the waters of the Sirens, the seafarers felt the charms of her bewitching lyres. With their bows seeking the chatelaines of forbidden continents, the mariners of elder moons set course for the opal horizons of her wine-drenched songs. Her hyacinth tresses flailed wildly as her iris songs enchanted and entangled her listeners with the delicate art of the Black Widow seaming and weaving its silken veils of mystery. She lulled her melodies, enveloping the grating furies of the salt-gloated brine. She sipped of her beauteous arias as she sailed unto her cantatas of the forgotten. She embraced the roses of her lenience as she felt the deft softness of her sanguine lips. Her visions were set afire by the frenzies of her moon-drenched allure. Her pallid cantatas told of ehr necromantic love as she sang of the eloquence of verdant chaparel.

Her fragrant trills evoked the flowering of her love. Her riven wisps of beauty were of the savorous wines of the amber valleys of fertile orchids. Her ardent style stroked the fragile veils of moonlight as her liquidous charms cast ripen dreams of vernal bloom. She arrayed her exotica with seductive gowns of samite amid the ever-swaying vespers of her tenure. She cast a demure austerity among the florid twilight of perished stars. Her tranquil songs immured the silent lily-pools of her isles.

Elaina's songs were as the poetry of a zither, spinning its melodies of mysticalness. She was a seamstress of exoticness, laying and weaving her ululations of summer wine amid her looms of magic. She swilled the saffron music of her pallid temples, worshipping the bygone whispers of her delicate visions. Sailing into the glaucous horizons was the enchantress of elation as the sea-warded isles of Atlantis bespoke her liting eroica. She sang of the silk-arrayed Sirens mesmerizing the very eye of the glaring heavens. Her arias told of her wine-immured embrace with unknown vistas. She was an artistic sorceress of bewitching ardor as her ever-questing songs kissed the stars of the nether galaxies. She was a dryad of loveliness, reflecting icy rivulets of lucency from her flaring tresses. Her flowering songs sailed beyond her universe as her voice echoed the heart-throbs of her eons.

She was the ever-blooming flower of the gossamers of her liana. She was a Siren of silvery-song. She was a Siren, swilling her exquisite grapes of pulchritude. She was a Siren among her wispy purlieu whose myrtle voice mingled with the slumbering winds of the nighttide. She sang sullenly of the lilies of her countenance.

Angel Comes To Campus

The Socc & Buskin Players will present **Look Homeward, Angel** as their fall quarter production. The play is based on Thomas Wolfe's immortal novel, and was adapted for the stage by Kitti Frings. The play is very faithful to the book, and promises to be a great show.

The Cast was announced by Ms. Charlotte Stephenson, professor of Speech and Drama here at KJC, and who will also direct the show.

Eugene Gant will be played by Bruce Dunbar. Eliza Gant will be portrayed by Mrs. Plu Tribble. Ben Gant will be played by Todd Cotton, and W. O. Gant will be played by Mr. Gary Fox, a professor of English. Ms. Sharon Donehoo will appear as Mrs. Snowden.

Others in the cast are Mrs. Ruth Inglis as Mrs. Pert; Genie Baker as Helen Barton; Michael Perry as Hugh Barton; Dianne Patrick as Mrs. Clatt; Angela Griffith as Florry Mangle; Angie Dillard as Laura James; Mr. Proseur will appear as Dr. McGuire; Roy Roberts as Tarkington; Mrs. Goff as Madame Elizabeth; and David Brayfield as Luke Gant.

Doug Carter will appear as Mr. Farrel, and Jackie Shier will portray Miss Brown.

In the next issue of The Sentinel, we will be talking to Eugene and Eliza Gant. Don't miss it.

Preview

Continued from Page 3

female distraction for the male Cliff Robertson's role as a CIA Section Chief, while well performed, was not a role designed to test his full potential. His best performance to date has been in Charly, a sixties film about a mental retardate who achieves a superior level of intelligence only to lose it again.

Max Von Sydow, of EXORCIST fame, is a superb actor and gave what I consider to be the best performance in Condor. He adds depth and insight to what would ordinarily be a shallow character in his portrayal of a killer-for-hire who is concerned only with his own efficiency.

The film itself is a test of Redford's ability to survive as agent Condor, aka Joe Turner, when his CIA unit disguised under the auspices of the American Literary Historical Society is hit in Manhattan while he is literally out to lunch. All members of the unit are eliminated, leaving only Condor.

The film reveals some interesting theories about a CIA within a CIA and a constructed attempted overrun of Middle East oil reserves. It is contemporary in its theme with the recent disclosures of CIA assassination plots, LSD experiments, etc., however the emphasis is not on theme but on visual entertainment.

THREE DAYS OF THE CONDOR succeeds as entertainment, and who's to say that this isn't enough?

(Media Pass Courtesy of Management, Cinema 75)

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scabs crusting like sores on a leper
lining the road of land
military formations make up the march
that Sherman pushed to the sea;
dust in the threats
where puddles will pool greasy colors
months from now
when the leaves will turn the season
to smoky thoughts
and the only tomatoes will be those
strained through summer stomachs
like watermelon seeds.
weeds over my head
seeding for next year and even the tadpoles
darting like huge mutated sperm
glistening, gray marbles
that school children shoot with thumbnails;
september whispered in
at midnight with football replays
warm coffee & chillbumps
hot ham sandwiched between two wool blankets
while he on the graveyard shift
wanders with the ghosts of dunfey's
and i wake up in the dark
clutching at empty air
hit with a ton of bricks
before another birthday.

-E. Mills
9-2-75



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