

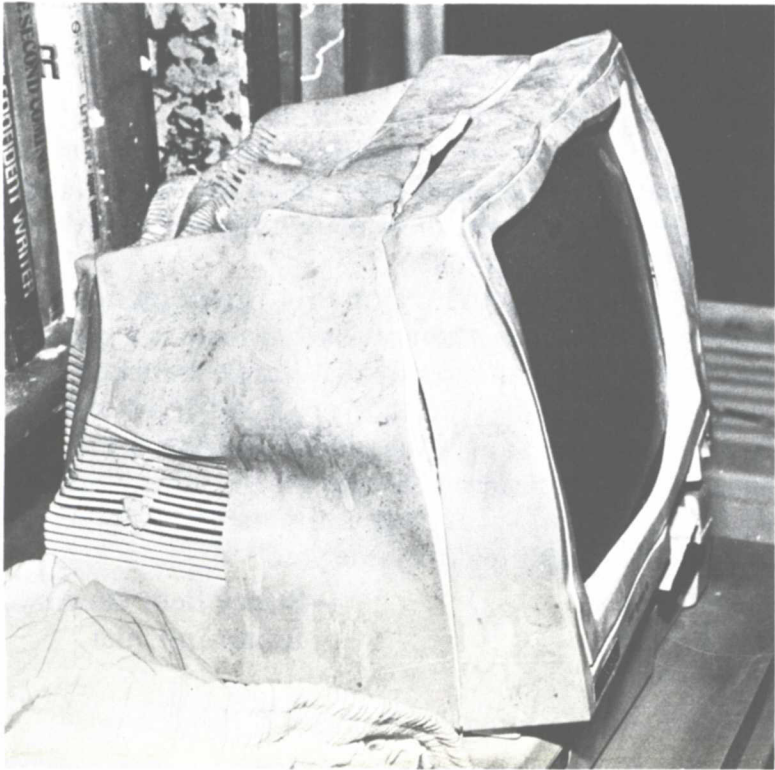
THE TOWER

Beaver College

• Vol. LX No. 15

• October 30, 1986

Fire Blazes in Heinz Hall



By Susan Adelizzi and Stacey Beth Downey

On Saturday, October 26 at approximately 1:00a.m. there was a fire in Freshman Jason Ortmeyer's room on First North Annex in Heinz Hall. Senior Leigh Lohwasser was sitting at her desk. She smelled the smoke and pulled the fire alarm. Junior David Forbes, who was in the hall then, alerted Heinz Resident Director Carl Kalberkamp of the fire. Kalberkamp immediately called Beaver security and the Cheltenham Fire Department. Kalberkamp then helped to evacuate the dorm. Most students had already been evacuated by Amy Canter, Heinz Resident Assistant on duty. Mike Moonblatt, Cheltenham Fire Marshal, had no comment on the cause of the fire.

Glenside Fire Department arrived at approximately 1:20a.m. and entered the building. Kalberkamp instructed firemen to go in with masks because no one could be sure if Ortmeyer was in the room or not. By 1:25a.m. the fire was extinguished. No one was injured in the incident. Meanwhile, Ogontz and LaMott Fire Departments came to assist.

In an interview after the fire had been extinguished, Forbes explained that he, Senior Fred Hofstetter, Junior Taral Shah, and Freshman Raul Montalvo had smelled smoke and had made an attempt to enter Ortmeyer's room. "There was about four feet of smoke from the ceiling down," said Hofstetter. "We got the fire hose," Forbes said, "and

kicked open the door. The nozzle fell off. Fred got the extinguisher but that didn't work either." "We decided to run through the halls," said Hofstetter, "there was no alarm on the second floor so we started knocking on doors." Connie Henkel, Assistant Dean of Students, told *The Tower* that all Heinz fire alarms had been tested in a fire drill during the week of September 22. It was noted then that Second North Annex and First West Heinz fire alarms did not work. The following morning a Security report was submitted to maintenance of the alarms that were not operating. Calls were made directly to John West, Director of Plant Operations, by Henkel and Jeanne Kalberkamp, Heinz Resi-

dence Director, to notify West of the inoperative alarms.

Heinz was thought to have been entirely evacuated. Then "someone told me," said Canter, "that there was someone in the building" Canter boldly reentered the building and rescued Freshman Lori Isaksen.

While the firemen cleared the remains from Ortmeyer's room, *The Tower* interviewed students for their reactions. "I didn't believe it," said Senior Lori Shields. "I ran like hell," said Michelle Bieneik. A few minutes later it began to rain. A fireman instructed the students to go to the Chat until it was safe to reenter the building.

Between 2a.m. and 2:30a.m. students

were told that it was safe to reenter Heinz Hall. After the students were settled, Kalberkamp was interviewed by *The Tower*. He calmly recounted his initial reactions. "We couldn't locate Jason. He had been around. No one could find him initially," Kalberkamp said.

"I would like to say that I'm sorry," said Ortmeyer in an interview with *The Tower*, "for the inconvenience to all Heinz dorm members, the police department, administration, Beaver resident students, and especially to my hall members. The Kalberkamps and the RAs enhanced control in Heinz and therefore accomplished a more successful evacuation from the dorm."



Inauguration of President



By Alice Jacobsohn

Delegates marched in wearing their gowns and smiling as the excitement grew; history was in the making. Faculty and administration of Beaver College and about 95 representatives from colleges in Pennsylvania, Delaware, and several other states, participated in the inauguration of Beaver College's 18th president, Dr. Bette E. Landman, on October 18.

Friends and neighbors joined in the ceremony as Beaver College continued its commitment to "forging a bold future from a proud past." In 133 years of existence, Beaver College has been one of the first colleges in the area to admit continuing education students, start a licensed child care center and a community scholars program. In fact Beaver

College is so diverse in its educational opportunities that a distinguished pigeon took his place in the back of the tent during the ceremony.

President of the University of Pennsylvania Dr. Sheldon Hackney, who gave the inaugural address, stated "one of the reasons that education is important in today's world is that it should equip us to cope with ambiguity, to function under conditions of uncertainty." President Landman added that educational achievement is "a dynamic process that operates best when the entire Beaver family works collectively with creativity, intelligence, vision, and persistence." She pledges all her energy, enthusiasm and devotion to the advancement of Beaver College.

NEWS BRIEFS

CAMPUS

• Elizabeth Clark of Blue Bell has been named the new director of Beaver College's Community Scholars program. She has been a sociology instructor at Beaver since 1982. She holds a masters degree from Rutgers University, and is active in local organizations. We wish her good luck.

• There will be a meeting Oct. 30 at 6:00p.m. in the Dilworth lounge for anyone interested in joining a Wellness/Health committee. If you have any questions, such as what is a wellness committee, contact Mary at ext. 2319.

• The Honeywell Corporation is currently holding its fifth annual Futurist Award Competition. Entrants are asked to submit two essays, each less than 1500 words, that predict technological advancements in the next 25 years. One essay should predict the advancement, and the other should predict the societal impact that the advancement will have. There will be ten prizes of \$3000 each awarded, and a chance to work for Honeywell in the summer of 1987. All full-time college students are eligible.

For more information write: Futurist Rules, Honeywell Telemarketing Center, Honeywell Plaza MN12-4164, Minneapolis, MN 55408, or call toll-free 1-800-328-5111, ext. 1581. Requests for entry material must be received by December 31, 1986. Deadline for entry is January 31, 1987.

• The Philip Morris Company is sponsoring an essay contest dealing with the government's encroachment upon First Amendment rights. There has recently been talk in Washington about banning cigarette advertisements in the media. Philip Morris would like entrants to deal with the issue of First Amendment rights in an essay of 2500 words or less. First prize is \$15,000, second is \$7500, and third is \$5000. Entrants must be over 21 years of age. The contest deadline is January 1, 1987.

Entries should be sent to: Philip Morris Magazine, 120 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Just don't die of cancer before you're finished writing.

WORLD

• Congress recently passed a law establishing a new income tax system which is vastly less complicated than the system currently in use. It establishes three tax rates based on income, and cuts out many loopholes present in the current system. In general, lower income families will pay less than they do now, as will middle income earners. Upper income families will pay more. And if you believe that, don't forget to leave cookies out for Santa Claus on Christmas eve.

• The company that runs Howard Johnson restaurants recently announced that many of the famous eateries will be closing around the country, to be replaced in many instances by Bob's Big Boy outlets. So now, in place of the familiar orange roofs, we will see hundreds of obnoxious signs depicting an overweight young boy, who has obviously eaten one too many greasy hamburgers, beckoning us to join him on the road to high blood pressure and an early death.

• President Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev held a two-day summit meeting in Iceland over the weekend of Oct. 10.

There were, of course, no great developments, and the world is still in pretty damn tough shape.

• The New York Mets are the World Champions of baseball for 1986. This was written in early October, so the Series wasn't even played when this went to press. But if they didn't win it, the sun must have fallen out of the sky and it's pretty chilly outside now.

• Skipper Dennis Conner and the crew of the 12-meter yacht *Courageous*, who lost the America's Cup to the Australians in 1984, are currently practicing off the coast of Australia for the upcoming races in 1988.

The crew has high hopes for regaining the Cup. Unfortunately, nobody told them that the only way they will win the America's Cup back is if the grossly overweight Conner falls overboard during the race. The wind propelling Conner in a sailboat is the equivalent of a flea dragging an elephant on a skateboard for twelve miles. Up hill.

Editorials

Same Students in Every Club

The inauguration of Dr. Bette E. Landman as president of the College on Saturday, October 18, ran smoothly and successfully. The Inaugural Planning Committee deserves credit for the arranging and organizing of the event. All of the students who volunteered to help on inauguration day as academic hosts, tour guides, campus and reception greeters, special guest escorts, ushers, and the Castleaires played an important role in the success of the day.

If you were to run through the list of students who participated, you would find that they are the same students who participate in everything around here. They are people who are already in at least three clubs and organizations and are probably officers in one or two.

It bothers me that just a few members of the student body do all the work to provide programs on campus for the rest of you to enjoy. Don't you ever feel guilty reading *The Tower* knowing that only about a dozen people did the really hard work. It's the same way with the Dam and other SPB functions. You go down to the Dam on Thursday nights and get to relax and enjoy

it while the SPB people have been busy all week running around to provide you with this entertainment that they are either too uptight to enjoy, or they have to go and catch up on all the work they neglected all week because of their commitment to the club.

I personally am getting tired of dealing with the same people all the time. No matter what club I join, I run into the same people. It gets boring. You know what each person is going to say because this is your third meeting with them this week. We need variety and fresh faces. But, most of all, we need sleep. It's a lot of work and energy for those of us doing all the work on this campus.

My theory of this phenomenon on Beaver's campus is that there is a gene or chromosomal difference between the involved and the apathetic. It just always seems to be the same active people and the same apathetic ones. If it is some kind of a biological irregularity then I suppose we can't really blame you.

—Stacey Beth Downey
Editor-in-Chief

Paradox of Past and Present

During the past fall break, I went home to visit family and friends. I'd been having a tough semester at school, and I was tired of looking at and living with just about everything around me. I had a strong urge to leave. It was the same urge that brought me all the way down to suburban Philadelphia from a small New England town in the first place.

All during our high school years, my friends and I dreamed of getting away and living exciting lives in far away places. Despite the thousands of good times we all had in those years, all of us were certain that a change of scenery would launch our excitement levels into the stratosphere. After all, we'd crashed the same bars, swam the same beaches, and dated the same girls for what seemed like a lifetime. On top of that, we'd all been living with the same nagging, overly concerned parents for years. I think we were even getting tired of each others' company.

So we all went our separate ways, some to college, others to the military, still others to the working world. And we all sought the key to happiness in our new lives. When

holidays brought us home again, sitting around the same beers, we'd regale each other with tales of life outside the small hometown we shared. But we all realized one thing—we missed the damn place with a passion.

When we had those infrequent hometown reunions, everything was great. Old relationships breathed new life, old hangouts possessed fresh charm, and even our dreaded parents, our God-given kill-joys, were a welcome sight and refreshing change. For all our new-found worldliness, we realized that home was where our hearts really were.

I discovered this all over again during fall break. It was great to see family and old friends again. But then, after a couple of days, I actually started to miss good old Beaver. And I saw the paradox. There isn't any magical place out there that's going to fulfill all your dreams, but there's good in everything you find. The best times of your life are the ones you're living right now.

—Tom Breslin
Viewpoints Editor

Quips and Quotes

Has society shaped you? R.

What is [in]sanity? R.

REVOLT was not surprised to see your lack of reaction to its comments in the Grapevine. We expected it.

REVOLT

"If you want a place in the sun you've got to put up with a few blisters."

M-ArdTwn

THE TOWER

Editor-in-Chief

Stacey Beth Downey

News Editor.....	Stacey Downey
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VIEWPOINTS

Letters to the Editor

Not Even Glenside is Safe

Dear Editor,

Beaver College's campus fosters the impression of being a safe and secluded place to live. The feeling of security extends to the Glenside area as well. I would like to relate an incident that will reveal the danger of trusting a false illusion.

My friends and I have a long-standing habit of taking walks in the evenings. Normally, we traverse the side streets of Glenside until the train station and wind back home through the dark, quiet neighborhoods. Whether we go in groups, pairs, or alone, the walks are long and refreshing.

On the first cool evening of October, my roommate and I started off on yet another diverting excursion. We walked out of the musty dorms passing dirt and stale smells. The gravel sounded under our feet as we sidled along past parked cars to leave by Blake.

The night was one of those that is moonless and crisp. We ran laughing for the liberation from the humidity. Turning the corner by Rizzo's and the good thrift shops, we passed an elderly couple with matching cardigans. So far, everything was normal.

My roommate and I were speaking comfortable half-thoughts and moving with long gaits. I heard some loud voices from across the road in a parked car. I imagined that the quarrel was a joke. I learned later that my companion glanced over at the car when I did and we realized that the man was yelling at us!

"Get over here and give me 10 dollars!" he screamed. "Come here,

now! Don't look away... You'd better walk faster..."

Meanwhile, we sped up the sidewalk and turned, as if by plan, onto busy Easton Road.

"Can you believe that?" I asked nervously. "In Glenside?"

"I'd expect that in New York, never here!" she said.

As we absorbed the shock, the car came squaling around the corner. The man was leaning out of his window screaming and foaming at us. When he recklessly weaved through the traffic light by the bank, we crossed the street to avoid meeting him if he were to make a U-turn.

Holding on to the wooden rail at Roy Roger's, we surveyed the street to see if the car was about. We argued over the color of the car but agreed that the man had blond hair.

"It'll be alright. Let's go as far as 7-Eleven and if he's not there, we'll run back to Beaver."

"I'm scared," I repeated for the tenth time.

When we walked into the 7-Eleven parking lot, we froze in uncertainty. The drunken blond beckoned to us as he casually leaned on his rear bumper.

"Just pretend that you didn't see him. Let's go inside," I cautioned quietly.

Once safely indoors, we faced each other in the last aisle. Our thoughts moved quickly.

"Do you have any money?"

"Do you?" I returned.

"We can't call collect, either."

"I forget Michael's number."

"We're stuck."

"I can't believe this."

Unaware of the menace, two Beaver girls walked into the store. One said later that she "never saw people so

glad to see her." We walked home together. No one screamed at us again that night.

Beaver College's campus is enclosed and lovely. Students naturally feel safe. I have learned that this comfortable aura is an illusion and I resent the awakening. I hope that everyone realizes the possible dangers in the environment. Yes, not even Glenside is safe.

Mary E. Feeney
Junior

Drugs on Campus

Dear Editor,

There has been much discussion in the press this year about drugs on our college campuses. To a degree, this is warranted, for there is no denying that drugs are a problem in today's society. But I'm afraid some of the sensational stories we have read lately, such as the tragic death of Maryland's Len Bias, have served to elevate justified concern into rampant panic.

Many of the proposals offered to combat drug abuse verge on illegality. Random room searches, lie detectors, and especially drug testing, are plainly in opposition to the principle of personal freedom. Such practices assume the guilt of their victims, forcing them to prove their innocence. And the bedrock precepts of American law maintain that a person is innocent until proven guilty.

Cracking down on drugs on college campuses should be done only in the context of society as a whole. The problem of drug abuse is no worse among college students than it is among their peers in the working world. But this is not to say that I

would approve of drug testing in the work place any more than I would approve of it on campus.

It is not the responsibility of school administrators to police their students. We have a very large and capable law enforcement network to do that. The emphasis should be placed on stopping the flow of illegal drugs into this country, not in busting the individual consumers of such drugs. And while we're at it, we might spend a bit of money to help those addicted to drugs. Anything less is a perversion of our legal and educational systems.

Tom Breslin
Senior

Blame Goes Both Ways

Dear Editor,

Deb Tonjes wrote to you in the October 2nd issue of *The Tower* and complained about the division she sees between the traditional students, the C.E. students, and the auditors on campus.

As a C.E. student, I'd like to respond by saying yes, there is a feeling of resentment by a few of the traditional students towards a few of the C.E. students and a few of the auditors.

With 670 traditional students, 103 C.E. students, and 70 auditors on campus, there will be differences of opinions and not all of these students are going to see eye to eye or, for that matter, want to associate with one another. With such a large group of people, it's just human nature that there will be some differences.

But I don't believe the traditional students should always bear the burden of responsibility for the resentment that sometimes exists between these different populations.

I have seen some C.E. students and some auditors treat their fellow students in ways that, I believe, create fertile ground for this resentment. Being "class hog" or "condescending" is out of place whether you are 18, 28, or 80.

The road to understanding and respect is a two-way route. All populations—traditional, C.E., auditor—need to realize that we are all in this together.

The traditional students need to be more receptive to the older students. We older students need to remember that because we may have 20 years on those around us, our age does not grant us a different or higher status. The auditors need to remember that we welcome them into our classrooms but sometimes we really want to hear what the professor has to say.

Instead of emphasizing our differences, let's compare (and share) our similarities.

How are we ever going to remember all those dates for our history exam this week??

Lynda Cooper
Senior

Oh, those nostalgic cleaning men
Gazing at the trees,
Listening to their Walkmen,
Elbows on their knees.
You can see them
In the stairwells,
You can see them
In the halls,
You can see them
In the bathrooms
Hiding in the stalls.
You can see them everywhere
That they're supposed to be,
But they're leaning
On their broomsticks.
"How much is your fee?"

Dangerous Forces Within

By Heidi Volpe and Mark Mensch

Halloween inspires people to pull out their Ouija boards and start experimenting in communicating with the dead. Experts in the occult warn amateurs that playing with spirits is serious and dangerous and they advise against it.

You, your roommate, and even your lover all possess an untapped, hauntingly destructive force within your mind. This force is repressed within your subconscious. Ouija boards and séances act as channels to this force. Unfortunately, many of us don't understand the dangerous possibilities which lie in untrained jokers who toy with these rituals.

When a person dies, they may die biologically; but spiritually they remain alive. The spirit, however, is transported into another dimension. Novice mediums playing with spiritual rituals invite the spirit to re-enter into our own plane of existence. Without proper training, the novice is unable to control the spirit and therefore becomes a victim of his own joke. He has swung open the doors of his subconscious mind to the evil domain of spirits.

Even small children are capable of releasing incredible mental power of their subconscious which results in pseudo-hauntings. These hauntings are commonly referred to as poltergeists. The main target of these hauntings is usually a female child of 9 or 10 years old. When the child wishes to be noticed or act out forbidden acts and the parents refuse, the child's subconscious takes over. Her subconscious becomes its own mischievous child and forms a poltergeist. There are documented cases where these poltergeists have done anything from break a dish to destroy the entire house. There have been reports of jets of water coming out of the walls, where no pipes exist underneath. Tongues of flame mysteriously appear on stairways and yet burn nothing. There has even been one case where there was bleeding furniture.

Obviously, the field of the occult should be left to trained professionals. People who decide to experiment with the dimension of spirits may find themselves in a horrifying, out-of-control, dimensional rip caused by their own evil subconscious.



By Mark Mensch

The full moon dimly lit the road as the youth made his way home. He had been at a party and had lost track of the time. He started to fear his mother's wrath for being out so late. Sunrise was not far off, and he knew his mother would be angry for his disobedience of curfew.

All of a sudden, there was a snap to his left. He froze and looked over his shoulder. The bushes on the side of the road were still. Their forms seeming alive and evil in the pale moonlight. The boy could hear his heart-beat quicken with his pace. His mind started to pay tricks on him. He saw beings, not exactly humans, but some-form of life (or unlifed), moving just

outside his peripheral vision. He could hear the wind making strange moaning noises through the trees. His walk sped up to a scurry shuffle as he neared his home.

There was another snap and he didn't look back this time. He just broke out in a sprint to his house, which was now in sight. As he neared the walkway, he was sure there was someone just behind him. The sun was just about to peek from behind the hills as he raced to the door. "Please," he thought to himself as he grabbed the doorknob, "Don't be locked!" He twisted the handle and shoved. He fell right into his mother's arms.

"Mommy," he bawled, "I was so scared!"

"Hush now," his mother replied, "Just go to sleep and we'll talk about it later."

After drying his tears and tucking him in, his mother gave him a kiss on the cheek. "Good-night love," she said with a smile. The boy felt very safe now knowing his mother wasn't angry. He could still see in her smile the glint of her fangs as she lowered the lid to his coffin.

FEATURES

Spotlight

By Mary Joyce



Photo by Beth Schabb

Following the tradition of SPOTLIGHT, this week's column presents Alice Lerro as an integral part of Beaver College. Alice is the assistant to Assistant Dean of Students, Ellen Landau. Alice is also a continuing education student with a 4.0 grade point average.

Alice has been working and taking classes here for four years. She is also the mother of three children. Considering the numerous duties and responsibilities that Alice manages, it is no minor accomplishment that she has such excellent academic status.

Alice previously graduated from Harcum Junior College with an A.A. degree in Fashion Merchandising and worked in that field for several years. The opportunity to study liberal arts has led her to believe that merchandising is relatively limited. Alice now tends to "fall in love" with each new subject she takes and enjoys

the liberal arts as a whole. This semester she is studying "Selected Authors" in English and "History of the Hellenistic World."

Being both a part of the CE department and the CE population allows Alice to have the unique opportunity to understand the position of the students here. She considers her role in the registrar's office to be basically a resource job. However, she is kept quite busy there, always available and helpful to those who go to see her.

On top of all her other duties, Alice is also actively involved with the CE newsletter, *To Be ContinuEd*. For relaxation, she enjoys taking walks and attending the ballet.

Although Alice Lerro may not be as well known as some of the "big names" on campus, all things considered, she is a pretty amazing person, and one of vital importance here at Beaver College.

By Heidi Volpe

All of us are going to miss the palate-pleasing, greasy food we've grown to crave and savor at Howard Johnson's ("Ho-Jo's" to the old-timers). I'm willing to bet my bottom dollar that each and every Beaver College student has patronized Ho-Jo's at least once and has vivid (well, for some) memories of great times had there. You must religiously eat healthy, good food if you didn't.

There's a wave of nostalgia which overcomes us old-timers when we gaze across Easton Road at the now-empty Ho-Jo's. Ah, the memories of those glistening knives and spoons which were always victimized by the

spotmaker that lurks in every dishwasher. And the friendly ogre who so deftly waited on you and always executed speedy, outstanding service.

So what if they never made a fortune in tips from us poor, starving college students? We made up for the weak tips in pure volume. I think they owe it to us to paint a "Beaver-Student-Xing" on Easton Road. You could go there anytime and see at least one fellow Beaver student, especially on a Saturday morning at about 3:00 a.m. At that wee hour you are bound to see half the people you just partied with in booths and tables scattered about the restaurant, their blood shot eyes,

By Virginia Heitmiller

Beaver College's Theatre Department will be staging their annual fall production on November 7th and 8th, at 8:00 p.m. and again on November 9th at 2:00 p.m. This year's play is entitled "Scenes from American Life," and was written by noted playwright A.R. Gurney.

The auditions were an open stage call and twelve students were chosen for parts. Those students are: Leslie Birch, Edward Coleman, Mary Cubbin, Leonard Elliot, Eris Griesmer, Holly Beth Handspicker, Joseph Madia, Jason Ortmyer, Lori Orsenbush, Maryellen Rawlett, Ted Simmons, and Jim Smith.

The play is a satire of upper-middle-class American life from the depression of the 30s to present times and beyond. It consists of 36 separate scenes with each of the twelve actors and actresses playing a wide variety of different roles. The play focuses on the superficial values of American society and where they might be taking us. Gurney also examines the hypocrisy and complacency in our lives. "Scenes from American Life" is also a very funny play.

"The characters of the play are essentially nice people, the sort you would like to have for friends or meet at a cocktail party but not who you want running the country," explained Ellen Kaplan, Assistant Director of the Theatre Department and director of the play. "Responsibility," Kaplan noted, "is the only dirty word." The play puts emphasis on how our inside-out values might eventually lead to our destruction."

Play Rehearsals Under Way



Because of the numerous scenes in the play, the actors and actresses must be extremely versatile. Rehearsals for the play include working with improvisational techniques, as well as actually rehearsing lines. Ms. Kaplan feels that this will help them to make the transition from role to role more smoothly.

Although the play covers an immense time span, only one basic set will be used. The changes will be represented by costuming, props and lighting. This symbolizes the way in

which our society changes on the surface, but remains essentially the same. Margie Holly is the Stage Manager, and the lighting will be done by Jon Kimnach.

Freshman English classes take note, you must attend!

CAREER Corner



Life after liberal arts? A recent study of Arts and Sciences graduates of the University of Virginia shows a very positive attitude toward liberal arts as preparation for a career. Ninety-one percent would recommend their majors to incoming freshmen, and 85 percent said they were satisfied with their current positions. When they graduated, though, only 36 percent had a clear idea of career direction. "Don't assume," one alumnus

said, "that when you choose a major you're choosing a career. There's virtually no connection between academic majors in the liberal arts and future career paths."

Do you need a resume? If you're planning to apply for full-time, part-time or summer work, or for internships or even graduate school, the answer is yes. An easy way to get started is to pick up "Preparing Your Resume" in the Career Library (in Heinz Hall, remember?), and attend

the Resume Writing Workshop on Wednesday, November 5 at 4:00, also in Career Library. And stop in Mr. Lower's office any time for a quick review of your resume draft.

Juniors in computer science and accounting: Pennsylvania State Internship Program offers six-month internships (June through December) throughout the state. \$275 per week and excellent experience. See Mrs. Hoover (Room A, Heinz Hall) for information.

Ho Jo's Will Be Missed

By Heidi Volpe

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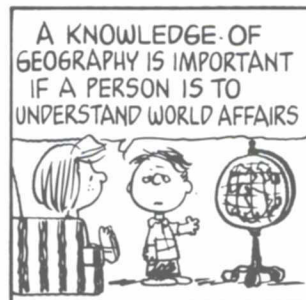
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savoring the greasy triple deluxe cheeseburger, side order of burnt onion rings and foamy oreo, pistachio, butter brickle milkshake the waitress just set before them. It's another party!

I'm sure we all have fond memories that are similar to that. It might take us a bit to readjust to this new establishment called "Bob's Big Boy." However, nothing can replace those wonderful memories of Ho-Jo's that we have built into our minds and stomachs.



Around Town

THEATRE

October 16th - November 16th. The Cheltenham Playhouse opens its season with the critically acclaimed comic-drama "Quartermaine's Terms." Written by Simon Gray, it portrays the lives of a loveable English teacher and his companions at a small school in Cambridge. The Playhouse is located at 439 Ashbourne Road in Cheltenham. For further information, call the playhouse at 379-4027.

November 5th-9th. ASINAMALI at the Zellerbach Theatre. A vivid and provocative look into the life of a South African township. Consisting of a mixture of song, dance, storytelling, and mime, it is performed by the talented Market Theatre group of South Africa. ASINAMALI is written and directed by Mbongini Ngema. Call 898-6791.

FILM

November 26th - 27th. D.O.A., a right passage. At the Roxy Theatre, 2021 Samson Street, Philadelphia. Film coverage of the Sex Pistols' infamous U.S. tour. In addition to "The Sid and Nancy Show," segments include footage from The Clash, The Dead Boys, Iggy Pop and many others. Recommended for mature audiences. Admission is \$4.00, shows at 6:30p.m., 10:15p.m. Thursday matinee at 2:40.

November 23rd - 29th at the Theatre of Living Arts, 334 South Street. ANIMATION MANIA!!! The Theatre devotes an entire week to a much overlooked art form—the cartoon. Aspects of this media that will be explored run the gamut of everything from classic Warner Brothers Bugs Bunny cartoons Sunday night, with Daffy Duck on Friday!, to such things as surrealism in animation. A night will also be devoted to Bullwinkle and Rocky and Felix the Cat. Call 922-1010 for show times and admission costs.

SPB UPCOMING EVENTS

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30

Halloween party in the Dam
Co-sponsored with RHC
Judging contest for the best costume

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6

From Doylestown — the band
"CLASS ACT"
Featuring Angela Leigh on vocals in the Dam 'til 11

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7

The Annual Mr. Beaver
7pm in Stietler
— following —
Super Sound System
Wild Video Dance Party
Two 12½ foot screens
All requests accepted
10 'til 2 in Murphy Gym

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13

Open Mike Night in the Dam
If you have an act and would like to show it off to your campus—contact
Kristen Shea, ext. 2339

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19

NEW YORK SWING BAND in The Dam

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20

Once again.....NIXON'S HEAD in The Dam

COME OUT AND PARTICIPATE — WE'VE SCHEDULED ALL
THIS FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT.

Spooky Story Contest Winner

During the month of October *The Tower* held a contest to find the most ghoulish chiller on campus. The prize was that it be published in *The Tower*. Of all the entries we received, this one spooked us the most.



The Tatoo

By Chuck Regan

James was depressed. He had just had an argument with his longtime girlfriend. It was over between them. He had decided to get drunk and forget it all. It just was not his night. He muttered to himself, "I need a change." As he moped down the dimly lit street, he stopped to light up his cigarette. The clock tower alerted him to the time; it was half-past one in the morning. "I need a change." He put away his lighter and continued on his way home.

The route to his apartment from the bar he frequented was well known to him. Tonight, however, was different. There was a new building on the street. A tattoo shop. James' inebriated mind began to do something as close to thinking as it could. "I need a tattoo." He entered the shop.

A man sat in the corner of the dark room smoking a cigar. He looked up as he heard the bell on the door. The shop owner mashed his cigar out and stood. James felt intimidated by the proprietor's sheer size but managed to force out some slurred sentences. "I saw that you were new, and I thought I'd give you some business."

The man grinned and spoke somewhat condescendingly. "Well, I greatly appreciate your thoughtfulness." His voice was deep and gravelly. "Let me show you my work." He lurched over to behind an old, battered desk and brought out a dusty photo album. James took notice of a beautifully detailed cobra printed on the owner's hand. "I only do snakes. It's my specialty." James smiled.

James woke the next morning with a splitting headache and an unusual soreness on his chest. He searched his mind for answers as he looked in the mirror. "Oh." The evening came as a vague blur. He looked again at the coiled snake etched permanently on his chest. He groaned. Time for work. He got dressed.

The day dragged on more monotonously than usual. He was in an exceptionally irritable mood and it reflected in his work. His caustic state rubbed many of his work mates the wrong way, including his employer who granted James an indefinitely long vacation without pay. "Great." James went home. It was raining.

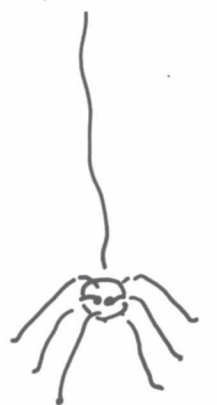
He got home just in time for the six o'clock news. It was the same old news; robbery, rape, terrorist attacks, arson...the last story caught his attention. The newscaster described the location of the fire...it was on the 600 block of Lincoln Way...the street he walks through on the way home from the bar. James' mind raced. He wished he could remember all that happened the night before...at approximately 1:45 am...he remembered something. He had heard the clock tower at one thirty...police are searching for the suspect...James broke out in a cold sweat. "It couldn't have been me!!" ...a witness claims to have seen a man in his early thirties... James gasped. He was thirty-two. A still photograph was displayed of the building previous to its burning... "That was right next to the tattoo shop." He remembered some more. The fire seemed to have been started from an adjacent alley...the film clip showed no sign of the tattoo shop, just an empty alley. "That can't be!" ...police are now following up on leads...James ran into the bathroom. He was sick.

He stood over the sink and splashed water onto his face. Taking a deep breath, he stared at the tired face he saw in the mirror. "I don't believe this..." He noticed a dark splotch on his neck. Unbuttoning the collar revealed more...he ripped open his shirt. The snake that had previously been coiled on his chest had unravelled and was heading for his neck. James' eyes widened in terror. He splashed more water on his face and closed his eyes...he was afraid to look. Ever so slowly, he opened one eye. The snake was still heading for his jugular. Frantically, he tried to wash the image from off of his body, but it remained as permanent as the skin he was born with. His clouded mind raced...this couldn't be happening.

Again, James tried washing the snake off, but with a scouring pad. On the verge of tears, he examined the image again. It had crept further up and had its jaws open to strike. In a final, desperate attempt to save his life, he grabbed his straight razor and began to scrape at the tattoo. Blood trickled into the sink. His body coursed with pain as he removed small sheets of skin. A sharp pounding on the apartment door startled him. He looked in the mirror...it was covered with blood...he had slipped with the razor...the police broke in... they were too late.

A dark figure sat watching the eleven o'clock news. A story of an arsonist's suicide was that night's highlight to him. The building burning down was actually an accident, but it served its purpose. In an intoxicated stupor, the coroners reported, the vandal had slit his throat in lieu of the previous night's crime.

The bell on the door alerted the figure to a man in the doorway. With a cobra-adorned hand, the figure switched off the television and turned to the man in the doorway. "May I help you?", the figure inquired in a deep, gravelly tone...



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The Glenside Inn is now offering
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on Monday thru Friday, 7PM till 9PM,
and Sunday, 4PM till 8PM (excluding Saturday).

Have a full course meal
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ROAST VERMONT TURKEY - Served with all the trimmings
FLOUNDER PARMIGIANA - Breaded Filet, Provolone Cheese, Tomato Sauce
CHARBROILED SALISBURY STEAK - 6 ounce Broiled to your liking
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ROAST PORK AND VEAL SAUSAGE - Served with Saurkraut and Potato
ROAST HALF BARBECUED SPRING CHICKEN -
CORNED BEEF BRISKET - Served with Braised Cabbage and Roast Potato

Vegetable Selections

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Rice
Cheese Potato

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Stewed Tomatoes
Broccoli

Dessert Selection

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Early Birds served from 4:00 p.m. till 6:00 p.m. daily.
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