

► Naptime isn't just for kids

Students at two Iowa universities needn't hide in the back of the classroom when they feel the need for a snooze. In fact, they're encouraged to take naps.

Joseph D. Olander, president of Teikyo Westmar U. and Teikyo Marycrest U., recently requested students take time out of their daily schedules to take a nap at midday.

Sound too good to be true? In his first presidential memo Olander wrote: "Latin, Asian, African and Mediterranean peoples have long known what contemporary medical researchers have just discovered: naps are very good for us. Therefore, I should like to encourage each of you, sometime between 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. every day, to take a 10- to 15-minute nap."

Olander says he's always believed in the spiritual, mental and physical benefits of napping and encourages his students to make time for a nap every day. "We are all chasing all kinds of goals in life... we need to take time out of our schedules and if you can't sleep, you need to at least take time out to be still and reflect on yourself for awhile," he says.

But curling up for that snooze may not be a feasible option for some students and faculty who say they're too busy to take a nap. "I think everyone thinks it's a great idea, although most haven't had any time to act on it," says Jeff Halterman, student body president at Teikyo Marycrest. "They also may be a little uncomfortable with it



You are feeling very sleepy... President Olander says it's OK to nap in class.

because it's a little bit out of the ordinary."

But students at Teikyo Westmar are taking Olander's advice, says Student Body President Tim Krosch. "I think it is difficult with some classes, but some teachers are being really good and letting students have naps if they ask." Students simply ask their professors if they can take time for a nap, and some allow it while others just blow off the idea, Krosch says.

One of his teachers even takes a vote to decide whether enough students want a nap, and a couple of teachers automatically schedule the nap every day, he says.

Krosch takes his nap every day now and is happy with the results.

"They do help a lot. A lot of people have been making fun of us, but really [the naps] are kind of nice." ■ Colleen Bradford, *Iowa State Daily*, Iowa State U.

► 79-year-old likes to hang with his fraternity brothers

Willard "Dewey" DuRoss is old enough to be their grandfather. But on the weekends, the 79-year-old Pennsylvania man is just another brother at the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity at the U. of Delaware.

DuRoss pledged Sigma Phi Epsilon 61 years ago during his freshman year at the university. He lived in the stone fraternity house in 1933 where he pursued a degree in "fresh air, sunshine, coeds and swimming."

And it's as if DuRoss never left.

He travels 40 miles now from his home in Frazer, Pa., back to his old stomping ground every Friday and hangs out with his brothers until Sunday morning. DuRoss says he hasn't missed a single weekend of cavorting with his younger brothers since he returned in the mid-'80s. "I've made 52 trips a year for seven and 1/2 years," says the retired salesman.

He has made enough trips to become a permanent fixture at the Sig Ep house. In 1985 when Sigma Phi Epsilon moved back on campus, DuRoss was there to help his brothers. "The pres-

ident asked me where I'd like my bed," DuRoss says. "I told him upstairs by the window. They all thought I was moving in, so I did."

And moved in, he has. DuRoss is the one at the Sig Ep parties with a bourbon and ginger ale in hand, charming a young woman with his old-fashion wit or discussing the latest Blue Hens game with one of the guys.

Senior Kevin McCullough says his oldest brother is an inspiration.

"Dewey reminds me that youth is everlasting." ■ Lindsay Solomon, *The Review*, U. of Delaware



Willard "Dewey" DuRoss enjoys partying with Sigma Phi Epsilon at his alma mater.

► The perfect spring break for pee-nuts

When my friend Jamie suggested we go somewhere for spring break last year, I was aghast.

"We don't need to go anywhere," I snapped. "We can stay home and get drunk. It's cheaper and besides, the smell of Hawaiian Tropic makes my nose bleed."

"No," she argued, "I think we need to travel, a road trip, pack up the car, get a carton of smokes, a bag of Funyuns and we're off. It will do you good." We were going somewhere. "Florida?" she suggested.

"The Land of the Lost Senior Citizens? No, thank you."

"Mazatlan?" she offered.

I just looked at her. Evidently, she had very high hopes for this trip, and she was acting as if we both still had credit cards that worked. One by one, the plastic keys to our life of luxury were seized at inopportune times, cut up in front of our eyes.

Now we were operating on a cash-only basis, which limited our options tremendously. It had to be cheap. It had to be within a reasonable driving distance. She wanted to be near a beach. This left us only one choice: Rocky Point, Mexico, also known as the poor man's Mazatlan.

We convinced our friend Staci to join us because she had a tent and never went anywhere without 10 packs of cigarettes. She also is the strongest girl I know and can balance a case of beer on one shoulder. She's a woman, all right. We would be safe with her. We were off.

As soon as we made it into Rocky Point, Jamie and Staci headed directly for the beach. As they bound into the ocean and played in the surf, I was busy in the sand building my cabana to shield me from the sun.

Then the best thing in the world happened. A little man appeared with a basket of burritos, another popped up with a tray of silver jewelry and yet another came forth bearing straw hats. It was Mexico's version of the Home Shopping Network, right on the beach. Bartering still is alive and thriving in Rocky Point because I traded two Pepsis for a silver ring and was very proud of myself for making such a deal until two weeks later when my finger turned green and swelled up like a sausage and my father had to cut the damn ring off with a pair of hedge clippers.

After a while, it became clear to me that I needed to use the restroom. I looked around but couldn't find anything that resembled one. I walked down toward the water where Staci and Jamie were swimming. I ventured in, getting my ankles wet and then went in up to my knees.

"Hey, you guys," I yelled when they were close enough to hear me. "Where's the bathroom?" Staci started to laugh and then screamed out, "You're standing in it."

It seems that the beauty of going to the beach is not the silky, warm sand between your toes, or the splash of the surf against the shore, or the shadow of sea gulls flying against a fiery horizon. No, the beauty of going to the beach is that you can piss in the ocean whenever you feel like it because, apparently, everyone does it.

No matter what you're doing, playing volleyball, getting a tan, buying burritos, you can get up, walk into waves and relieve yourself in front of total strangers, and it is OK.

During the next three days, we drank whiskey, smoked, ate what the peddlers brought us on the beach, peed in the ocean and never, at any time, did we meet one single man with a full set of teeth that he couldn't pull out of his mouth with the mere suction of his tongue. It probably would have been the same thing in Florida. ■ Laurie Notaro, *State Press*, Arizona State U.