

Sibley Standard

September 29, 1993

Vol. 2, No. 1

Welcome Back!

Hello! And welcome back to another fun-filled, action-packed year of life at the 'Wood.

For those who are new students, we'd like to give you a big Sibley Salute! May all your Lindenwood experiences be all that your Lindenwood tour guide/enrollment officer promised they would be!

This is the second volume of the *Standard*, and we're just tickled pink to be continued. Thanks for taking the time to run your eyeballs (les globes oculaires in French) over our pages. We try to

provide our readers with informative little tid-bits like that every once in a while.

We at the *Standard* feel that we have a mission, and that mission is not to inform you of worldly events, nor is it to make any deep or profound statements.

What our mission is, however, is to provide an open forum news letter type journal to which anyone may contribute.

The *Standard* is a non-profit organization published monthly, written by and for the women of Sibley Hall.

If you would like to contribute prose, poetry, essays, or articles, please feel free to do so. Contact Sharon Hawkins at 949-4743 for submissions or questions about our publication.

Although the *Standard* is mostly for your entertainment, we do occasionally publish editorials. In addition, we print restaurant reviews, movie reviews, and music reviews. Basically, we feel as if we have a variety of features to which you, the reader, may contribute.

Thanks for reading us, and have a great year!

Sibley's Woman of the Month

By S. Hawkins

She thought she'd never die. She never did.

Mary Sibley was born in 1800 in Rome, New York. In 1803, she moved with her parents to St. Louis where her father served as the first post master and one of the first federal judges of the Louisiana Territory.

When she was thirteen, Mary went to the only girls' seminary in the West, Mrs. Tevis' boarding school for young ladies in Shelbyville, Kentucky. To get there, Mary traveled to Washington, D.C. on horseback. From there to Shelbyville, she continued by boat.

After two years, Mary returned home and had the dubious honor of being one of the belles of St. Louis, along with her good friend Nancy Lucas. Both

young ladies were fond of a lark and would travel all day to go to a party at one of the outlying forts. The girls would pack their party clothes, ride horseback, dance all night, and then return not a bit exhausted.

It was at one of these parties where Mary met Major George C. Sibley, the Government Indian agent, who was then 33 years old. That year, Mary and George were married in her parents' parlor. After the marriage, the Sibleys travel to Ft. Osage on a month long boat trip, transporting Mary's riding horse, piano with drum and fife attachments, and furniture to their new log home.

Many distinguished explorers and travellers en visited the Sibleys. Mary would station a man out on the

dock to invite passers by into their home where she would often entertain them by playing her piano.

Mary Sibley lost no time in teaching and began to teach the Osage women and children around her home.

After George's appointment at Ft. Osage was finished, the Sibleys, in 1826 moved to St. Charles where Mary's family had also moved.

It was here, on a 120 acre section of woods where Lindenwood had its humble beginnings. In 1827, Mary Sibley began a school for women, but conducted it in her home in St. Charles. A long log cabin which could house between 20 and 30 girls was then erected in the Linden Wood in 1831, but the school dates from 1827.

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It's Not McDonald's, But It's Home

by S. Hawkins

I was sitting on my bed, studying, when suddenly, a woman barged into my room, surprised that she was walking into a room.

I can see where there may have been some confusion. My room, even the whole dorm, might look a lot like a public building, such as, oh say, McDonald's.

Yes, indeed, this is a common mistake. I often find people just moseying around in my room. These same people are more than a little chagrined to later find out that they were not in a public building.

Of course, the plaque on my door which reads "Mary Sibley Museum" might add to the general confusion about the status of my room as a student room in a resident dorm.

At one time, my room was the Mary Sibley Museum, but the museum has since been relocated to the Memorial Arts Building.

I endeavored to explain this to the

lady who walked into my room, but since she was already obviously confused, she couldn't quite understand which building was the MAB.

"This is a room," said the woman, commenting on the obvious.

"Yes, it is," I said calmly, even though I was scared half to death by the woman's sudden appearance.

"Oh, I see you have shelves and a phone," she remarked, as she came in and looked around my room.

I was just a little bit concerned at this point, I might admit. I'm not used to having your every day, run-of-the-mill schizophrenic sociopath just walk in off the street. I decided, however, to just take the situation and run with it.

"Yeah, we all have phones now," I replied noncommittally.

She grinned, showing many pointy teeth, and then she asked, "Are you allowed to cook in here?"

"Oh no," I replied as I glanced around, looking for something with which I could defend myself in case she decided to pounce.

The unusual woman began to sashay about the room, picking objects up and commenting on the decor in general.

"I like your cat posters," she said, as she picked up one of my photographs and put it down in the wrong place.

"Thanks," I said nervously.

"Is there a bathroom on this floor?" she suddenly asked me.

"Um, no," I replied, thankful that the old crone hadn't seen my bathroom.

"Oh well," she said, finally heading for the door, "I guess I'll go ahead and leave now."

"You do that," I told her, "and have a nice day."

It's always a good idea to be polite to crazy people who barge into your room and then leave without killing you.

Wanted: Your Creativity!
Cheri Jaspersen needs people
to create a decorating theme
for Homecoming.

Things to Do, Places to Go, and People to See

Main Street in St. Charles should be on your list of things to do and places to go.

Main St. is a must, especially if you are not from the St. Charles area.

Main St. is a veritable cornucopia of shopping treasures. The shops have everything, from country collectibles to antiques, to buttons and ribbons.

There are also stores that specialize in country decorating, make home-made cookies and candy, and offer a variety of room perfume.

Many of the shops have combined various products and services. For instance, Figuero's, a specialty coffee and tea shop, is also a wonderful place to relax after shopping and have a cup of espresso, or a glass of ice tea.

In addition, there are a plethora of knick-knack shops to help decorate your room.

Pop's General Store also has a variety of novelties to add that unique touch to your room's decor that says, "This is me!"

For the historically conscious, the Lewis and Clark Museum offers a \$1 tour. Everything you ever wanted to know about the Lewis and Clark expedition, and a dash extra, is situated all in one place!

Main St. has also been landscaping, so the view is just beautiful right about now. Get down and see it soon, however, because the seasons are about to change. The fall foliage is absolutely stunning, too, though. Actually, Main St. is beautiful, any season.



Music Reviews

Billy Joel's new album, *River of Dreams* is just FABULOUS!!!!!! Words fail to describe how utopic Joel's new music is, but obviously, I will attempt such a feat anyway.

This new album is a unique blend of new sounds with traditional Billy Joel chemistry. What is truly inspirational about this album is how very compelling the songs really are. The words speak to all souls with a message that will be just as true tomorrow as it is today.

I am especially fond of "Lullaby," which Billy Joel wrote for

his daughter when she asked him what happens when people die. He answers her with a moving, hauntingly poignant melody. This is a beautiful song, and comforting for anyone when coping with death.

"River of Dreams," is another great song. Joel combines a gospel background with an upbeat 60's style. The result is typical Billy Joel—truly spectacular.

Another wonderful song is "Two Thousand Years," which was the inspiration for the cover of the album that Christy Brinkly created. What a talented family.

Restaurant Reviews

The school year has only just begun, but it feels like it's been eons already, simply because I, like most everyone else, miss Mom's cooking.

If you long for the "down home" style of cooking, the *Standard* has just the place for you—*Victoria's Restaurant and Ice Cream Parlor*.

For meals that are just heavenly, with a down to earth price, there is no other place that compares with Victoria's.

Entrees include chicken fried steak, Mom's meatloaf, and liver and onions, in addition to a variety of sandwiches and hamburgers.

The service is prompt and friendly, and the atmosphere is equivalent to Mom's kitchen.

Then, there are all the home-made ice cream choices. This month's specials are lemon merangue pie ice cream and pumpkin crunch ice cream.

If this doesn't tempt you, the gazillion other home made desserts are certain to. There are sundaes, cream puffs, malts, and milk shakes, not to mention other heavenly concoctions that will probably add pounds to your weight just by thinking about them, but that's ok because, just like Mom, Victoria loves you just the way you are.

Now clean your room.

If you happen to be in the St. Louis area and you are dying for some great Italian food, then you must go to *Rigazzi's on the Hill* (off of 44 and Arsenal).

Rigazzi's has had a reputation since 1950 for the best pasta this side of the Mississippi. There are other dishes such as pizza or steaks, also.

However, *Rigazzi's* is best known for its fishbowls of a beverage that we may not mention here, but it rhymes with deer.

The atmosphere is perfect for a very special date. Yet, at the same time, it's a great place to meet your buddies and just hang out.

Prices are great, too. Just \$7 to \$10 for a huge plate of pasta.

Whenever the fare here at the 'Wood is just not what you are in the mood for, or if you just happen to be out and about, the *Standard* suggests that you drop by *Rigazzi's* and experience this heavenly pasta for yourself.

Hey, why not take that very special someone and treat him/her to a wonderful evening?

While you're at it, why not take a friend? He/she would appreciate it. And if you don't have anyone to go with, why not treat yourself?

Bored to Tears?

Tired of moping around the mail room just waiting for someone—anyone—to write? Then pry your face from your mail box and get involved!

Not only are there intermural sports to occupy your time, but there are a veritable smorgasbord of clubs, groups, and organizations that would be tickled pink to have you join, including, but not limited to:

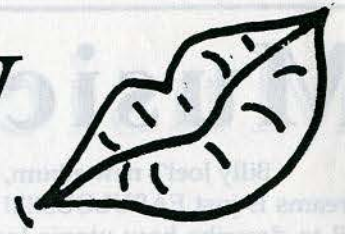
Band, Circle K, Psychology Interest Group, and the Math Club.

If you are bored silly, you only have yourself to blame. Here are some of the things you can do on campus:

- Movie Nite
- Sand Volley Ball
- Visit your library!
- Patronize the indoor swimming pool in Butler's basement
- Go squirrel watching
- Catch up on some reading in a swing
- Walk to Lyon's Frozen Custard (yum!)
- Catch up on your work study
- Volunteer at St. Joseph's
- Hug someone!
- Clean your room
- Do some laundry
- Do someone else's laundry
- Read a book
- Read someone else a book



Dear Gabby



Dear Gabby,

*How do I keep my beautiful summer tan without spending a lot o' money?
Waning Irritably*

Dear Irritable,

Lose the tan, babe, or you'll be forking out more dough within 5 to 10 years on doctor's bills and chemotherapy. It isn't worth it. If you must be tan, purchase the "tan in a bottle." Several cosmetic companies, such as Clinique and Elizabeth Arden have just such a product for sale, or, try Walgreen's and save big bucks.

Dear Gab,

*I really love clothes. I know that's incredibly shallow, but I can't help it. Whenever I see a really cute outfit, I just have to have it. However, I can't afford school, books, and a new wardrobe. What to do?
Fickle Fashion Bug*

Dear Bug,

As far as we can tell, you have several options.

1. Get a job. It might help you to achieve a real personality through taking on responsibility.
2. Learn to sew. Amaze your friends and family by doing something productive.
3. Marry for money. Just kidding--everyone knows that all the "money" is currently married or dead.

Dear Gabby,

*Here's a brain teaser for you: what is the only thing broken by mentioning it?
Reader*

Dear Reader,

The answer is silence. I read "Ask Marilyn," too.

Dear Gabby,

I am so sick and tired of the lack of courtesy shown by some students on this campus. It is almost as if it is impossible to show some decency here. For instance, I have been nearly killed by some reckless drivers, especially on the side road between Sibley and Ayres. What can we do about this situation?

Sorely Miffed

Dear Miff,

First of all, let me just say that I sympathize with you. I have often felt that there is an apathy to common courtesy, too. What to do, though? Well, you could always report near-death instances to your R. D., who will then make an incident report.

Dear Gabby,

I'm having a problem with the laundry room. Whenever I go down to do my laundry, someone else's clothes are either in the washer or in the dryer. I always go down to check, and someone usually always leaves their clothes sitting for a good long while. I don't want to offend anyone, but there are times when I absolutely have to get my clothes done! How can we resolve this problem?

Bemused in Sibley

Dear Bemused,

I understand your problem. Every once in a while, I tend to forget my clothes, too, though! I think if we all try a little harder to be more sensitive to the needs of others, things will work out. If you seem to be constantly forgetting your laundry, why not invest in a cooking timer? Or, if funds are limited, set your alarm to go off to remind you to go get your clothes!

Dear Gabby,

Our Bathrooms on the second floor are always a mess. The garbage cans are constantly overflowed with used feminine products. Also some people are putting their own trash in the bathroom garbage cans. The filth from the trash not only smells, but it provides a home for many vermin. This is disgusting. I really resent the people who are too lazy to clean up after themselves.

Angry Reader

Dear Angry,

I agree with you wholeheartedly. If everyone would clean up after herself instead of pretending to have a personal maid, there wouldn't be a problem. It would amaze you how much cleaner the bathroom would be if everyone would clean up her own mess. This is really a childish situation that we have here, not only on the second floor, and not only in Sibley, I'm sure. So, let's all do our own part in making life a little easier for everyone, and stop being so selfish.

Problem? Question?
Observation
you'd like to share?
Then write Gabby!
She'd love to print your
responses.
Just send any corre-
spondence to Gabby at
Box #303.

What to do When You're Feelin' Blue; or, When You Want to Kill Your Room Mate...

by S. Hawkins

We've all had those days when nothing is going right. Every professor assigns a 50 page research paper due in a week. It rains and you forget your umbrella. Your girl or guy dumps you. Then your room mate does that one little thing that drives you absolutely crazy--like squeeze the tube of toothpaste in the middle instead of the bottom, as the directions read.

Before you commit harry-karry and ruin your chances of a normal life beyond bars, take a deep breath. Don't make any rash decisions. Most of all, don't say anything in the heat of the moment that will ruin a good friendship.

In these first few weeks of the Fall '93 semester, some of us have had to adjust not only to campus life, but also to living with a room mate, or several room mates. In the hustle and bustle of starting classes, finding the library, and establishing a social life, you may not have had time to have a little talk with your

room mate(s) about what each of you expect from the other.

Now is the time to take a moment and have that talk. Living in close quarters (and some of these rooms are very close quarters indeed) will tend to provide a plethora of gripes, but you have to be able to communicate with your room mate(s) in a non-inflammatory manner.

This is a good opportunity to review those often forgotten rules of courtesy and respect that you always feel you are entitled to. Yes, you are entitled to them, but so is everyone else.

Whenever you do feel that you can not communicate with your room mate(s) the way you would like, get someone such as your resident advisor or resident director to mediate a discussion. Don't just fly off the handle and demand to move. Try and work it out. Besides, chances are that there is nowhere to move you to.

R. A. Locked in Bathroom

By S. Hawkins

The first floor R. A. experienced an unfortunate mishap on the 17th of this month.

The R. A.'s bathroom on the first floor is not a part of her room. Rather, it is located out in the hall. Unbeknownst to her, maintenance had removed the door knob to fix the lock. The R. A. just closed the door behind her, thinking nothing of it.

Just a few minutes later, she realized her error and began pounding on the door.

Beating on the door did not immediately bring help, however, because those who heard the pounding thought it was Mary Sibley trying to express her opinion about the new inhabitants of the lower level.

The banging persisted, however, and Jenny Gaylord finally went to investigate.

"I'm locked in the bathroom!" the R. A. yelled to her would-be rescuer, "I've been in here for 45 minutes!"

The rescuer tried to get the door open, but it would not budge.

"Hang on," Ms. Gaylord said, "I'm going to call security!"

Just 15 minutes later, a highly amused maintenance man let the R. A. out and gave her several tid bits of advice.

"Didn't you know you're not supposed to close the door without a door knob?" asked the ever helpful maintenance man.

Our R. A. knows now.

For Sale

Two matching plush swivel rocking chairs--verry comfy!

Price negotiable. Contact Cheri at #4743 for more information.

Does anyone need a shower curtain? I have three: blue, white, and cream. If you'd like one, call #4743.

If anyone needs a good locksmith, just call Jerry in the Security office.

Advide is free.

If you are an education major, and you'd like to participate in a mentoring program for at-risk children, contact the education office.



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Sibley cont'd

The Sibleys had no children of their own, but they gladly took to their hearts the young ladies that came to them for instruction—not just how to cook and clean, but real education.

Mary was advanced for her time and believed in women's rights. She was a close friend of Susan B. Anthony, too. Although she never lectured in the Lyceum (speeches advocating women's rights), Mary did her share of changing the times by offering an educational opportunity to women.

Mary Sibley was never grim and dismal; rather, she exuded an air of sheer vitality and cheerfulness. She was fondly known to the girls as "Aunt Mary," and considered to be a bit of an eccentric.

She had a carriage built to her specifications and would often take it to town to run errands or make visits. The Linden Wood Ladies soon began to call the carriage the "Ship of Zion."

Mary also had an unusual habit of dropping by on friends and family and taking things. If Mary liked it, or thought "her girls" could use it, she would merely say, "thank you" as she purloined the object under consideration.

Despite this and other idiosyncracies—or perhaps because of them—Mary Sibley was a favorite among the students and the town. She was also well known state wide. Mary Sibley played an important role in Missouri history not only in being the first to colonize Jackson county, but also in founding the first school for women West of the Mississippi.

James Mitchener even describes Mary in his book Centennial as "a marvelous little wren [in a] shimmering dress who sat down at the piano" astounding all with "a veritable explosion of noise."

Although Mary has been described as a wonderful hostess, the epitome of decorum, grace, and elegance, I like to think that she was far more than that. I believe that entertaining guests was more than mere entertainment for her. It was a means by which she could expose more people to her new experiment in female education.

As a matter of fact, Mary Sibley was more than just founder, teacher, president of Linden Wood. When times were hard, Mary Sibley marched out and met the dragon head on. On her own, Mary raised over \$4000 in the 1840s to help the school get back on its feet again.

Lindenwood has ever benefitted from the grace, charm, and benefaction of this feisty lady. We may not notice her, we may not even give much thought to her, but she lives on, not only in name, but in deed.

Much thanks goes to Regina Terry, one of the archivists who keep and organize all of the old records of Lindenwood College.

Ms. Terry is on the third floor of the library on Mondays between 8 a.m. and 3:30 p.m., extension 4823.

As an active alumni, Ms. Terry wants everyone to know that the Sibley Museum, located in the Memorial arts building, will be open Alumni Weekend, October 22 through 24.

Get your ideas now for the

Halloween

Door Decorating Contest

BAND OF GOLD SHINES Lindenwood Has Marching Pride

by S. Hawkins

If you have been on campus at all the past several weeks, you have probably heard the melodious sounds of the marching band.

The Lion Pride Marching Band has gotten off to a very good start this year, evidenced by the spectacular goose-bump-inducing marching shows performed at every home football game.

The show usually opens with "Hall of the Mountain King," featuring tuba section solos. The tuba section consists of J. C. Kines, Shawn Rebelle, and Derrick Lake.

"Pictures of an Exhibition" features the trumpet section, with soloists Jim Tokes and Liz Huebner. The show also includes "Pachelbel's Canon" and a drum feature, written by Lavell Jones.

Solo baritone horn player, John Francisco is featured in "Intermezzo."

There are about 50 in the marching band, which itself is only in its second year, but to see and hear them perform, you'd think there were a hundred.

Music Director Bob Carter feels that the success of the marching band is a direct result of the students.

"They are proud of their work, and I'm proud of their enthusiasm. Their contribution is tremendous."

One would think that with a show that looks this good, the band would practice from sun up to sun down, but actually, the band practices a total of seven hours a week, 8 hours in a game week.

There is strong leadership in this group, as evidenced by not only the look of the shows, but also the sound. Drum Major John Holmes designs and charts the drills in

the show. James Murray is the assistant drum major. Graduate assistant Bryan Allen

is the flag coach. The drum captain is Lavell Jones, who formerly marched with the Blue Devils and the Santa Clara Van Guard Drum and Bugle Corp.

Other members of the band were also in the Santa Clara Van Guard Drum and Bugle Corp, including Eric Wesley and John Holmes.

As for the actual marching band, membership is open to the general campus population.

Carter adds, "Those who are in the marching band are experienced marchers and really fine musicians. They really put a lot into [marching] for an activity."

For an activity, the result is amazing.

The drum line is absolutely spectacular, performing with drum and bugle-type fanfare, and astonishing audiences with sensational percussion antics.

This Saturday, October 2, the marching band will participate in the St. Charles Octoberfest parade, which will start in Blanchette Park, continue up Kingshighway, down First Capitol and end in Frontier Park.

There are only three more home games, October 9, October 23 (Homecoming), and November 13, in which to see the Lion Pride march.

Mr. Carter is planning another great concert season, which will begin after football season. Of course, there are also small group ensembles, jazz combo, and the jazz band.

"The group sounds extremely good," said Mr. Carter, "I'm really proud of them."

Actually, the entire Lindenwood music program is only four years old, and it has made incredible strides toward improvement in sound, size, and capability.