

# 8 THE IBIS

Vol. 2, No. 9

THE LINDENWOOD COLLEGES

MARCH 16, 1970

## 'Danger of split' seen

Barton Gill is preparing to petition the administration on behalf of the residents of Ayres Annex to open their lounge to female guests. The petition requests that the opening extend for the hours when Irwin Hall is open and that access be allowed through the upstairs interior door to the basement where the men live.

Gill stated that the petition is only part expression of the

feeling that the Annex dwellers have concerning their position on campus. He felt that issues like the 24 hour opening of the terrace level rooms, in Ayres, and its generally superior facilities had given those in the Annex a feeling of second-class citizenship.

As Hall Councilor for the Annex, Gill pointed out that living in the Annex entailed the loss of some of "the import-

ant part of living with people," but added that it would be "much more livable when Irwin becomes a Men's Dormitory." Looking to the future he prophesied that a similar situation could evolve next year if a small number of students had to be lodged in Niccolls. "There's a real danger of splitting the LC II community," he warned, "it's far too easy to become isolated."

## Commons Course problems result in special discussions

Present problems and possible changes in the Freshman Common Course were the topics of a special discussion last Tuesday arranged by the Ibis. The discussion group was composed of Dean Barnett, Drs. Hood, Eckert and Moore (the Director of the Common Course) and freshmen students Vicki Davenport, Bonnie Blitz, Thalia Roschke, Barton Gill, and Michael Segalla.

The first problem to receive attention was the poor attendance at the plenary sessions. Reasons suggested by students for this phenomenon ranged from a misunderstanding of the number of absences permissible before a grade cut was incurred, to the boring nature of some of the addresses. The students centered their criticism around the correlation of attendance and grade. Dr. Moore noted that just over 20% of students had been penalized for inadequate attendance. He added that there had been a marked decrease in absenteeism this semester, particularly among male students, which seemed to suggest that the grade cuts had had a definite affect. Ideas by students included the abolition of the attendance requirement and the rescheduling of the plenary sessions before the sub-plenaries. Barton Gill put forward a plan for dual grading of the course. He proposed that a Pass-Fail grade be given for attendance and a letter grade for papers, discussions, etc.

Dean Barnett told the meeting that a new schedule had been drawn up for next academic year. He informed them that in it the total number of class hours of the Common Course was reduced to six, two each on Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. Currently the course runs eight hours weekly. Some of the students felt that the course would lose by having its hours reduced.

The students voiced enthusiasm for the broad topic areas which comprise the Common Course. Gaining particular praise were the diversity and relevancy of the chosen study areas. Michael Segalla questioned that apparent emphasis which had been given to the Social Sciences in considera-

tion of these topics. He felt that the semester had begun with a well-balanced and constructive mixture of viewpoints, but the course had not retained this balance. Dr. Moore did not feel that this criticism was justified and pointed to the large part which the humanities had played through the films which are a regular part of the course.

On the subject of films, the students wanted there to be more discussion. They were shown the films in the 10:00 to 12:00 section of the course and this eliminated any formal exchange on their content. Dr. Hood pointed out that in previous years such discussion had been allowed for, but few students had participated.

The sub-plenaries also received student approval. There were some reservations expressed that some of the professors who were out of their fields with the subject matter could not always lead a meaningful evaluation of it. Dr. Moore answered this by saying that although this was sometimes a drawback; it could also be an advantage since it gave the student a chance to see other points of view on all

subjects.

Dr. Moore then raised the point that the students were also responsible for the course and some of its shortcomings were their own. Barton Gill noted that many students came to the course without the requisite writing skills that it demanded. Bonnie Blitz suggested that the first two or three weeks of the student's participation should be given over to teaching the students how to write a paper, before any assignments were made.

Thalia Roschke felt that since students were not being tested on the reading for the course, it was quite often left until last among assignments or left out altogether. Dr. Moore corrected her basic premise by explaining that students were in fact graded on their contributions to the sub-plenaries.

## KCLC hours expanded

KCLC-FM has extended programming hours to include two more hours in the afternoon. Now KCLC is on the air from 3 p.m. to 11 p.m.



Beverly Thurston, the newly elected Cotillion Queen.

Photo by Lysne O'Brien

## Town Hall meeting covers dorms and Wed. classes in '70

At the LC I Town Hall Meeting on March 4th, President John Anthony Brown, the possible renovation of Niccolls Hall, dormitory housing and the probable rescheduling of classes to include Wednesdays next year.

Patricia Clapp raised the question of student enrollment by asking "how many students are transferring this year that had been here originally?" The President answered that 66 women were transferring out, and 68 transferring into LC I. Another student wanted to know if the presence of men on campus had been a reason for women transferring. He commented that "the majority of transfer students come from Junior Colleges," and he added that "the appeal of some particular program was a major cause of students' transferring." He then noted that the women's enrollment would rise from 322 currently on campus, to a projected 343.

Aline Lindquist requested information on plans for the use of Niccolls Hall. The President stated that "no women students would be placed in Niccolls under any conditions." He pointed out that Irwin and Ayres Halls would be the primary residence for men students, and Niccolls would only be used if there were a need for it. He noted that the dormitory could be redone floor by floor, as it became necessary.

A rumor was reported to have been circulating around campus about a co-educational language house. The President commented that there was a possibility of having a "language house" where the residents would be language majors, but it would not be co-educational. Further to the discussion of special residents he announced that no consideration has been given to "Freshman Dorms", however, some plans were being made for the housing of married students.

He summed up future dormitory plans thus: "With 300 extra beds to fill, there will be no more dorms built at this time, but when the need arises for new dorms, they will not be built on the plan that was used for the dorms already constructed."

The President reported that meetings were now underway to investigate the use of Wednesday mornings for the scheduling of science laboratory classes and other extended classes to ease the current tightness of the class schedule. However, he stressed that few classes would be slated for Wednesdays and that the afternoons would remain free for most students.

Kathy Krueger asked if there were any plans for the renovation of Roemer Auditorium. The President stated that such plans were under consideration involving an estimated cost of \$160,000. The capacity of the hall would be increased to seat between 625 and 700 people. He noted that it would be less expensive to alter the current facility than to build a new one.

Discussing the recent burglaries from the Wooden Niccoll, the President stated that the building would "remain closed until the students can come up with a plan for opening it again." Any students with possible solutions were asked to organize their proposals and present them to the President's office.

The small attendance at the meeting prompted Jean Ann Mackiewicz to suggest that another be held sometime in the near future. The President thought that he would prefer to sit down in the various residence halls with smaller, informal groups of the LC I student body to discuss issues with them.

## Mrs. Bishop to speak at Career Planning Day

Mrs. Joan Fiss Bishop, Director of Placement at Wellesley College, Massachusetts, will give the keynote speech, on March 18 at Lindenwood College's "Career Planning Day." The speech, "Futures for Women: To Cop-out or Opt-in", will be given in Young Lounge at 2 p.m.

Other activities, which will commence at 9 a.m. and run all day, include discussions on futures for women, displays, tables, bulletins, brochures and literature concerning careers for women. Material will be available for those who are interested in summer opportunities for travel and study abroad,

and for graduate fellowships. LC's Dean of Students, Sandra Thomas, described the day as an "excellent chance for women to devote the entire day to making plans for the future."

Mrs. Bishop has widespread experience in placement services including a tenure of several years at Wellesley. She has received honorable recognition from her colleagues culminating in the Meritorious Service Award. Among other positions, she has held membership on the Research Committee of the College Placement Council and the Board of Governors, Harvard Business School Association of Boston.

Faculty Focus

# London Bobbies 'amused tolerance' a marked contrast to Chicago '68

Part One of a Two Part series.

by Lynnewood Martin

The behavior of the Chicago Police Force during the Democratic Party Convention there in August 1968 was in vivid contrast to the performance of the London Police (the 'Bobbies') which I observed that same summer.

I was in London to read at the British Museum, and early in July on my daily trips to the Museum I began to see little notices stuck to the commercial advertising posters on the walls in the 'Underground'

(i.e. subway) stations. These notices announced a peace demonstration and march from Trafalgar Square on the thirteenth of July, the anniversary of the Geneva Accords of 1954. As a long time opponent of our war policy in Vietnam I decided to join this demonstration, and (since the thirteenth was a Sunday when the Museum's Reading Room is closed) after mass at the Shrine of St. Thomas More in Soho I walked round to Trafalgar Square.

I saw red as soon as I entered Trafalgar Square - literally! All over the central plaza there were red flags. Some were the plain Red Flag of Revolution, but too many were embroidered with the names of local Communist Party organizations such as "South Kensington Communist Youth" and "Putney Young Communists."

Now, I am no 'Red baiter' who sees 'communism' in anything more modern than the McKin-

ley era, but I am a product of the (Joe) McCarthy era, and besides, I am a loyal Democrat in Politics, and this was obviously another party's rally. I decided that I would just be an observer.

Except for the Communist youth club banners, the signs were the standard slogans of the peace marchers everywhere which are intended to appeal to our better instincts.

Some interesting variations were the signs calling upon British Prime Minister Wilson to "Stop Aiding U.S. Imperialists," and one small, hastily done sign reading "Remember Czechoslovakia."

The speakers were a collection of shrill children whose denunciations of the great powers and their war policies while probably sincere, were not very convincing or moving, and the forced enthusiasm of their audience was the characteristic of all cliques. One older speaker compared the Peace Movement to the Sinn Fein of Ireland and to the Women Suffrage Movement in Britain. The relatively mild applause which these antique causes inspired may be variously interpreted.

The crowd itself was a sight to behold! The carefully selected costumes ranged in style from early Dickens and Charles Adams to the cast of Ozark Opry! Just seeing this motly and bazaar collection was an interesting experience which compensated for the dull speeches. London is the Hippie mecca, and their center in London is Picadilly Circus which is only a few blocks from Trafalgar Square. On this bright Sunday afternoon they were out in the hundreds chatting casually, smoking (pot?), wandering over the plaza singly or in groups, or just sitting and staring or sleeping on the pavement. The benches around the plaza

were all occupied by solid Respectable Britons, 'taking the sun' as usual and ignoring everything else. "One must carry on you know."

If the Respectable Britons were ignoring the crowd there were others who were keenly interested in it. Hucksters of a variety of goods and various books and papers were like good capitalists, all over the plaza. Buttons, postcards, flags of the National Liberation Front (Viet Cong), and even balloons were for sale.

Others were offering "The Sayings of Chairman Mao" in red plastic binding. Newspapers of various (and variant) editorial views were hawked, but no one seemed to be buying. An ice cream wagon on the other hand, did a thriving business. A little man with a broom and dust cart watched the crowd and muttered something about "a bloomin' mess."

The distinctive blue helmets of the London Policemen stood out above the crowd as they discreetly and unobtrusively mingled. They were unarmed except for a dignity of bearing an attitude which said very forcefully, "I represent the law." These 'Bobbies' give one the impression that they are competent. They are tall men, alert and intelligent. In the time I spent in London (six weeks) I never saw a fat policeman, or a policeman smoking, or any officer whose uniform looked sloppy.

The police command post seemed to be located on the steps at the high (north) side of the plaza opposite the Nelson Monument where the speakers stood, and a large number of officers were grouped there. When the march finally began (after two hours of speeches!) the marchers were led by a large furniture See Peace March, page 6.

Student Focus

## 'Phase three' of Rea's life to deal with films

Rea Baldrige pictures her life in three phases: the first and second consisted of the accumulation of pieces of knowledge which were "stored in huge black balloons" until needed for future use. Then, after seeing "Blow-Up" on March 5, 1970, the balloons burst and phase three in her life began; "all the pieces started to fall into place."

She loves all forms of art and in phases one and two most of her time was spent working with painting, dancing, music, writing, theatre and film. She sees phase three as being predominantly involved with film; of all the communications media, she counts it as her first love. Believing film to be the culmination of all communication arts media, she describes her love as "...like a painting in the way you look at it; poetry in the sense you can read it; music because you listen to it; sculpture in that you can feel it (it's mechanical); it's like dancing the way it moves. But I think above all it's theatrical because it is a reproduction of life. And the only thing wrong is that it isn't three dimensional."



Rea Baldrige on the other side of the lens.

Photo by Lysne-O'Brien

Rea's film-making activities began her freshman year when she was the first student to make a film for her final project in Commons. In her sophomore year she produced a film study of a friend which proved prophetic in content - professionally termed 'cinema

verite'. She is working on a film she hopes will be ready for presentation in late spring. Also, she is trying to organize a spring portrait and sculpture exhibit entitled "Breakfast Under the Balloons." She did a painting last year with the same title, and this proved to be the beginning of phase two of her life.

Rea hopes her future will include a career in the film industry. Her professional experience with films began when she spent last summer in St. Louis as a film editor with Technasonic Studios. As a graduation gift from her parents, Rea will receive a one-way ticket to Europe. She will be there completely on her own and free to seek a career working with European film companies.

Although Rea is active, interested, and involved, she obviously maintains her own identity. She has found many things at Lindenwood which are pertinent to what she wants to do, but she manages to remain a little above it all and still takes time for some things that "really aren't important." She's never too busy to enjoy herself and she sums up her personality with: "Show me something that interests me and I'll try it!"



Dr. Lynnewood Martin of the History Department.

Photo by Lysne-O'Brien

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# Miss Jackson new head of Intercultural Affairs

Janice Jackson has assumed the duties of the head of the Department of Intercultural Affairs, the office vacated by Carol Watson at the end of the fall term.

Miss Jackson will work in conjunction with student counselor, Mrs. Dorothy Roudebush, and Dean Thomas. Her primary responsibilities will be to initiate programs for disadvantaged students as well as Special Program students.

She will also be working with the Seven College Consortium. The Consortium is striving to establish a black studies program using the facilities of seven campuses, including Lindenwood, to present black history and culture to their combined communities.

Miss Jackson was born and educated in Mississippi. After graduating from Tougaloo College, she came to St. Louis where she worked as a case worker for the Missouri Department of Welfare. She then joined the faculty at Beaumont High School in St. Louis and became chairman of the Human Biology Department and sponsor of the Black Students Union.

Through her past experience helping students, Miss Jackson has developed a philosophy about student problems. She feels that the trouble and unrest surrounding a bad situation are good signs of the chan-

ging times as they show interest on the part of the student. Her keys to helping students resolve their problems are listening, trusting, and taking an interest in their affairs.

Miss Jackson commented that extensive traveling, including trips to Haiti and Russia, has

contributed much to her learning experience by further educating her to the ways of the people. Preferring to work with older students, she feels close to Lindenwood students. She stressed that her office, on third floor Roemer, is open anytime for either a friendly chat or help with a problem.



Miss Janice Jackson who now heads the Office of Intercultural Affairs. Photo by Lysne-O'Brien

# 'Atmosphere' improved

Students, students of each hall, who's the fairest of them all? The question was asked within each women's dorm a Thursday night late on February 26th, as each dormitory nominated their candidate for Cotillion Queen. To precede the coronation at Stouffer's River-view Inn in downtown St. Louis on Friday night March 6th, there was to be a fashion show held March 4th, so that all the student body could view and vote for the candidate of their choice.

Patsy Holloway, Social Council Chairman, acted as Mistress of Ceremonies for the fashion show that Wednesday morning in the presence of a minimal representation of the student body. Each candidate modeled her gown on the Roemer stage as Patsy gave particulars of class rank, outside interests, age, and dorm which the candidate represented.

The Impassions struck up the band promptly at 9 p.m. in the Grand Ballroom at Stouffer's Inn on Friday evening. At 10:45 p.m. couples stopped their vigorous gyrating as the coronation ceremony began. Each candidate was escorted to the front of the ballroom by her date and there awaited the final announcement.

Lasz year's Queen, Nancy Peters Dale, was escorted to her throne by her husband. Miss Holloway announced the 1st Runner-Up, Carmen Griffin, who was presented a bouquet of yellow roses. A crown and bouquet of red roses awaited a queen as six other candidates



The six members of the Queen's Court; from left to right- Carmen Griffin, Daraka Kiattinat, Jan Meader, Pam Parrish, Connie Stuart, and Reva Stubblefield. Photo by Lysne-O'Brien

smiled anxiously until the queen was announced.

"I remember being nervous and anticipating the outcome," recalls Beverly Thurston, a junior from McCluer Hall and the 1970 Cotillion Queen. "I was surprised especially because it all happened so fast.

It was exciting for me to be able to represent McCluer Hall." Bev also made comment on how much better the Cotillion seemed from past years expressly because of the at-

mosphere Stouffer's Ballroom lent to the occasion.

The members of Bev's Queen Court were Pam Parrish; a senior representing Butler Hall, Jan Meader; a senior representing Cobbs Hall, Reva Stubblefield; a sophomore representing Irwin Hall, Daraka Kiattinat; a senior representing Sibley Hall, and Connie Stuart; a junior representing the Day Students. Each of the court members were given a gold engraved charm inscribed: "1970 Cotillion Queen Court."

# Child Development Lab strives for creative methods

The Lindenwood Colleges' Child Development Laboratory announces pre-enrollment for the 1970-71 school year.

The Laboratory, located in the College chapel, serves both the Colleges and community of Saint Charles. It seeks to function as a model in creative methods of teaching and learning at the pre-school-kindergarten levels. It strives to utilize current research developments in the field of early childhood education.

Students of the Colleges are able to participate in the program through special projects for course study or in special volunteer work. This activity

may be in the areas of reading, mathematics, music, art, dance or drama. A recent production was the puppet show "The Magic Princess" written and produced by the Level II students.

Children may enter Level I at four years of age, Level II at five years of age. Flexibility in the program allows the individual placement of a child.

A school visit and child interview are required for admission. Interested persons may receive enrollment information or information about the volunteer program by writing the Lindenwood Colleges Child Development Laboratory or by calling 724-3700.

# Nationally known film producer due at LC

Mr. Edgar Scherick, prominent New York film producer will present one of his nationally acclaimed films and discuss production techniques with students at The Lindenwood Colleges for two days next week, March 17th and 18th.

Scherick, whose wife, Carol Ruth Romann Scherick, is a graduate of Lindenwood, will give a public showing of one of his films and then conduct an open seminar on significant aspects of the production. The film will be shown Tuesday, March 17 at 7 p.m. in the auditorium of The Young Hall of Science on the Lindenwood campus in St. Charles.

Scherick, who graduated Magna Cum Laude and Phi Beta Kappa, from Harvard University in 1949, began work in the communications media by joining the broadcast-oriented advertising agency of Dancer-Fitzgerald-Sample. At this company, he rose to the position of director of sports and special events. In 1956, he was hired by CBS as that network's sports specialist. He created Sports Programs Inc. produced NCAA Football and closed circuit boxing championships. He also created "The Wide World of Sports" which became an ABC-owned property when Sports Programs was merged into the American Broadcasting Company.

In 1966, Scherick resigned

from ABC to form his own company for the purpose of producing theatrical and television motion pictures. One year later, he joined once again with ABC as President of Palomar Productions, Inc. and during the period of Palomar's association with ABC, the company has produced a highly acclaimed group of theatrical feature motion pictures.

For Palomar, Scherick served as producer of For Love of Ivy with Sidney Poitier, and the current Jenny with Marlo Thomas and Alan Alda. Scherick was executive producer of Harold Pinter's The Birthday Party, Ring of Bright Water with Bill Travers and Thank You All Very Much with Sandy Dennis. Other Palomar releases during this time were: Woody Allen's Take the Money and Run, Whatever Happened to Aunt Alice? with Gerladine Page and Ruth Gordon, The Killing of Sister George with Beryl Reid and Susannah York, and They Shoot Horses, Don't They? with Jane Fonda and Michael Sarrazin. Robert Aldrich's Too Late the Hero, with Cliff Robertson and Michael Caine, another Palomar film, is set for summer distribution. Scherick's latest feature, Homer, produced for Cinema Center Films, recently completed shooting in Canada.

# Vista worker to head talk

SKIP BATCHELOR, a VISTA recruiter, will be on campus, Thursday March 19th. The IBIS is sponsoring an informal discussion between Mr. Batchelor and students in Young Lounge at 2:30 p.m.; he will be speaking on his work in VISTA and future VISTA programs in the area.

# Ecology issue subject of Ibis supplement

The Ibis will publish a special four page supplement on March 23rd 1970. The subject for this issue will involve environmental problems peculiar to the St. Louis metropolitan area. Included will be articles written by leading area ecologists and Ibis staff writers. This supplement will also contain a photographic essay covering some of the "polluters" in the area.

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# Library an 'irritation rather than education'

Recurring problems in the library have surpassed the point of acceptability to many students and to us. Consistently throughout the past year, the resources of the library have proved inadequate to research from history to the physical sciences. Professors and students alike have often lamented this situation and they have been forced to seek the necessary material in other campus libraries, such as Washington University. While we would not expect one facility with the limited resources of a small college to house all requisite materials in all fields, it does not seem unduly harsh that we could expect periodicals to be shelved chronologically

and bound in some manner other than with string. Similarly, several essential periodicals in some fields are unavailable. Additionally, while there seem to be an abundance of student assistants aiding the professional staff, none have been trained (of those we talked to) to even replace the photographic paper in the 3-M microfilm recorder. Indeed, one assistant was unable to locate the supply area in which the photographic paper might be stored. This same assistant, working alone as is the custom on a weekend evening, became highly incensed and belligerent when asked to contact someone having knowledge of the storage location. On another

occasion an assistant required no less than six phone calls and an hour of searching to locate the lens needed for using the microfilm recorder. We must admit, on the other hand, that most of the assistants and the librarians are both courteous and helpful to library users. Also, under the leadership of Mary E. Ambler, the quality of the library and its resources have improved steadily. Yet many improvements in the areas mentioned above, and others, are needed. One source of information on the library staff reported to us that critically needed material remains under lock and key, unavailable to all,

save the library staff. Included among these stored books are works which have been ordered by faculty members as long ago as spring semester of 1969. A general count revealed that approximately 1000 books remained uncatalogued, unavailable and unused. We are left to wonder what information needed for research is shelved, collecting dust in that locked room. We would suggest that some obvious measures be taken to partially relieve the situation. First, that a list on needed resources be compiled and budgeted for the next fiscal year. This should be done in consultation with department chairmen and students. Second,

that student assistants be trained in the operation of all facilities, including equipment available in the library. Third, that a temporary method of cataloging those books now held in storage be implemented while waiting the arrival of the Library of Congress catalogue cards. Further, that these books be made available on a special reserve basis, not to be taken from the library. These measures will not, of course, totally alleviate the library's problems. They could be at least a beginning toward solution. Unless, and until, the problems are met with forceful action, the library will continue as a source of irritation rather than education.

## Just the facts, please

"We want the facts, please, just the facts," an infamous statement made innumerable times by television detective Sargeant Joe Friday. It would seem in our college community that the administration would preface their investigations with such a statement, or at least base their charges and investigations on solid facts — not mere hearsay.

Why is it that our administration avoids concrete cases?

As one instance, let us point up an event which took place on January 13, 1970. A stereo console was unwired from its socket and taken from the McCluer Hall living room and the campus. Lu Walters, President of the dorm, and Susan Schroeder, a resident assistant, spent an entire day talking with girls who had been in the lobby and living room at the approximated time of theft. From there the two compiled a list of names of suspects

and their addresses, phone numbers, and the schools they attended. This list was taken to Mr. Harig, who decided not to call the police because "it would be bad publicity." With this information and a theft report handed to the administration, the girls of McCluer sat back and awaited action.

The stereo had been a gift to the dormitory by the senior class residents of 1965. These for an entire year to make this gift to the resident hall. It was uninsured and now irreplaceable.

During the weeks that past after that night, not one detective or policeman came to question the dorm residents about what had happened that night, but the administration assured them that, "the police are still working on it." McCluer is still waiting... obviously in vain.

Instances have arisen this year where students of both LC I and LC II have been convicted on accusation without fortifying evidence. The administration

has gone to bat on these cases with rapid action.

### Bad publicity

Why then must concrete cases, such as that previously mentioned, wait unattended for weeks? What is the cause of delays and absence of action in matters such as these? The question also arises as to why it would be a case of bad publicity to go to the police in matters of theft. Does this mean that if a student should be molested or abused in any way that the police should not be notified because of the risk of bad publicity? Will further reports of theft be cast aside to take second and third place to trials by rumor? We would hope the administration would begin rectification of this lack of policy and restore confidence to an area of community relations sorely in need of it.

## A proposal to end Union thefts

The recent closing of the Wooden Niccoll seems an unfortunate but necessary action in view of the repeated burglaries which have beset its operation since January. We feel that every effort should be made to re-open it as soon as possible since it has made a small but significant contribution to the social life on campus. At the recent Town Hall Meeting (see story on Page one) President John Anthony Brown made an appeal for student proposals which would facilitate this re-opening.

### Three alternatives

In response to this appeal we would suggest the following:

1) The removal of all vending machines from the Wooden Niccoll, except the Juke Box and perhaps a drink machine.

(Sufficient other machines and facilities are nearby at the Tea Hole)

2) The restriction of opening hours to 7:00 to 12:00 Sunday through Thursday and 7:00 to 2:00 Friday and Saturday.

3) The establishment through the LC I Student Association and the LC II Community Manager's office, of a committee who would provide student 'managers' for the hours when the building is open. The student on duty need not do anymore than watch for suspicious actions and, on seeing such actions, report them by telephone to either the campus authorities or the St. Charles police.

We stress that this should be the extent of the student's responsibility and that he should in no way be encouraged to attempt apprehension of the possible malefactors.

# 8 THE IBIS

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Contributor..... Linda Piper

## Intervisitation-again

On Saturday, March 7, from the hours of 12 noon until 6 p.m., an intervisitation program was held on this campus. Due to the fact that it was Cotillion week-end, intervisitation, by tradition, automatically came into effect. (The intervisitation proposal was initiated last semester through the action of LC I and LC II Student Governments. A voting process followed after a format had been developed, but the proposal was defeated because a 2/3 majority was never obtained in the student's vote, plus some administrators had adopted a negative attitude toward the petition.)

In informal discussions involving the dormitory presidents, vice-presidents and their respective head residents, favorable responses were indicated for the continuance of intervisitation in the immediate future, aside from the already scheduled dates for intervisitation on special weekends. Some students from LC II that had the occasion to visit Cobbs Hall remarked that they now can understand why the women students did not wish to lose their dormitory, and that they definitely did not want to take Cobbs away from the women already occupying its premises. A general feeling was acknow-

ledged that the men students enjoyed the chance to see how the other half lives.

We, as a result of the positive attitude reflected above and the continued absence of intervisitation on even a limited basis, believe that the students have admirably demonstrated their willingness to accept the desired responsibility to intervisitation. If the students make applications to their respective community governments, we would hope the appropriate authorities would recognize the positive aspects of limited intervisitation on the basis of the Saturday, March 7, performance.

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It is the policy of The Ibis to print letters written to the editor. All letters must be signed but names will be withheld upon request. If several letters are written concerning the same subject the best will be chosen. The Ibis reserves the right to edit all letters.

Student Government Column

Headliners

# Because there's no returning, 'use no double standards'

# Guitars to hockey

by Tom Greer

Walking down along the banks of the Familiar River one fine day, after skipping onethousand stones upon the ice cream water and whistling more songs than he had ever known before, Willie Boy happened upon a dazzling, fair-eyed maiden. Startled by this sudden apparition, he began to fumble nervously with his hat and bid her a pleasant afternoon. "She has no use for me," Willie Boy said to himself, "surely she is thinking what an inconsiderate rude bumpkin I am." But to his immediate surprise, the young beauty offered him a radiant smile and a seat beside her in the shade of a drooping willow tree. "She smiles like a rainbow", thought Willie Boy. And she did. Everything about her was as irresistible to him as the call of the river had been that same morning. He knew that summer was almost over, and soon the thick, green empire which had surrounded him for several months would be devoured by the ancient, gnarled monster from the North, known to his people as Winter.

So he wasted no time in stumbling to her side. For the next few days Willie Boy underwent the most awesome education of his life. Together with his new found friend, he shared the wonders of love and nature which until that time were beyond his wildest dreams. It seemed as though they had traveled through the center of the earth and floated high above the farthest star.

"You've given me the wings of a bird!" he cried to her. But his ecstatic trance was abruptly halted when they realized that hunger was upon them, a feeling common to birds as well as people.

"I'll wait for you here," his lovely maiden sighed. "There is an orchard not far from here where you can find something to eat."

Always swift in obliging, Willie Boy bolted to the orchard, gathered some fruit, and returned breathless to the spot which had become sacred to him in the past few days.

She was gone. He quickly scrambled to the top of the willow tree, shouting for her until his voice could hardly mimic the croak of a frog. Silence. Slowly, he slipped down from the tree and crept towards home, trembling not only because of his broken heart, but also from terrifying visions of his father's wrath. Perhaps he shouldn't go home, he thought.

"But what could I do? I don't have the courage to drown myself, and I know of no other

place to go."

So home he went, straight to the feet of his father, where he sobbed and moaned in accompaniment with the story of the past week. When he was finished, Willie Boy silently awaited a reply, gritting his teeth in expectation of the whipping of his life, or anyone else's, for that matter.

But it did not come. To Willie Boy's utter amazement, his father remained rocking solemnly in his chair, tapping his fingertips together like a birdcage and pulling slowly on his chimney of a pipe. An eternity passed before the old man finally spoke, and when he did he left no mistake that he meant to impart the wisdom of his years on the boy.

"Son, when I was a boy, your grandfolks and I lived on the edge of the thickest, darkest forest in these parts. No one cared much for going too far into it, and few who did ever returned to tell about it. Stories used to sail out of the woods like bats from a cave. Much of it was only hearsay, and, mind you, there is nothing more foolish than a man can listen to than rumor. But there is one tale that stands out in my memory above all the rest. Maybe you will learn something from it, perhaps you won't. Just hear me out.

"Deep in the roots of the forest, they say, there lived an ageless Satyr. He lived alone, at peace with nature, and the world of the woods was his as far as he could see. One cold day in mid-Winter, while gathering wood not far from his cave, the Satyr came upon a weary, broken down man who lay moaning at the base of a tree, his tears forming icicles beneath desperate eyes. Rushing to his side, the Satyr shook the man and asked what ailed him. 'Thank God, you're here,' wept the man, 'I've been lost in the forest for a fortnight without food or shelter. Help me, please.' He fell into a faint as the Satyr lifted him upon his shoulders and quickly returned to the cave.

"A bright fire was burning and porridge bubbling when the lost man began to stir. 'You are safe now,' warmed the Satyr, 'take this bowl of porridge. It will do you good.' The Satyr's guest nodded a silent thanks and scurried closer to the fire, cupping shivering hands over his mouth and blowing heartily. 'Why are you doing that?' the host questioned. Pausing to look at the Satyr, the surprised guest replied, 'Why, to warm my hands, of course.' Taking the

bowl of steaming porridge, he blew several long breaths across its surface. 'And why are you doing that?' inquired the Satyr once more. 'To cool the porridge,' blurted the man, 'It's much too hot.'

"Upon hearing this, the Satyr nimbly retrieved the bowl from the man, threw it in the fire, and ordered him to leave in an instant. 'What on earth are you doing to me?' the man cried bitterly. 'I have done nothing to offend you.'

"Ah, but you are wrong,' returned the Satyr, once again pointing the way out. 'Anyone who blows both hot and cold from the same breath does not deserve the rewards of my hospitality. Now Go!'

Willie Boy sat wide eyed. It was a nice story, he thought, but what does it mean? Seeing the boy's puzzlement, the old man began again, more quickly than before.

"You see, Son, the Satyr was luckier than you and I. He lived alone in the world and did not need the foresight that we need today. We must always be thinking ahead. And I hope you learned a lesson from the lost man. Stick to your commitments, use no double standards with your emotions. When you are faced with new situations, when you must choose a course to follow, don't let these new experiences overwhelm you."

Willie Boy had never been more confused as he watched his father restoke the chimney. He no longer heard the call of the river, for the blood gushing within his ears throbbed with the intensity of the old locomotive which he had listened to so many times chugging past in the darkness. Sensing Willie Boy's dismay once more, the old man spoke out with finality.

"Go now, son. While these

See Rumors, page 7

## Black Voices



John Witthaus of the Fountain.  
Photo by Hind.

Ending the Basketball season with his play by play commentary of Duchesne's game with Hermann for the Missouri State Championship and St. Charles vs. Parkway West for the Class L Regional Semi-Finals, KEITH ASKENAS (air name Keith Ascot) is now looking forward to the possible expansion of KCLC's broadcasting time to the morning. If the expansion is approved he will have his own fifteen minute exercise show along with his regular eight minute sports show.

Keith, who is the sports director for KCLC, hopes to do professional sportscasting when he graduates. "Sports has always been my life," Keith commented. "And through sportscasting I can be involved in all sports." Keith numbers hockey as his first love with baseball and softball running a close second.



Dean Gary Quehl  
Photo by Lysne-O'Brien

JOHN WITTHAUS, a member of the band The Cheshire Fountain, performed with Lace(y) Haug, Fred Hilligardt, Terry Roy, Don Lash, and Larry Strathman at the Rainy Daze Club along with the Amboy Dukes. Although they were only on stage for an hour the group completed ten songs including their interpretation of "Dear Mr. Fantasy." During this song they took a long rhythmic break featuring organ and guitar. John, a student at Lindenwood, has been playing in bands for approximately six years and has been with The Cheshire Fountain for eight months.



Keith 'Ascot' - KCLC.  
Photo by Lysne-O'Brien

Consulting trips have made LC II's DEAN GARY H. QUEHL an in-and-out visitor to the campus since the start of Spring Semester. He recently completed trips to Augustanna College, for the North Central Association, to Chicago, where he conferred with the American Association of Higher Education, and Washington D.C., where he attended an Executive Committee meeting of the American Conference of Academic Deans. He commented that his traveling was "less than usual, this year."

# Acceptance of acceptance

by Linda Piper

## Letter to the Editors

Dear Editor,  
As a member of the Lindenwood College II Community and also a member of the proposed Institutional Study Committee, established in November of 1969, I feel it my obligation to report to the com-

munity that this committee has not met in formal session.

Therefore I publicly demand a statement from the administration as to when and where this committee will be officially formed.

Barton Gill

Hi, man,  
Look at me.  
Love me  
I love you.

Hi, babe,  
You can go with me  
as long as you don't step on my toes.

Sorry man,  
I didn't mean to cause you pain.  
I'm different,  
I'm black.

Is it because of what I am?  
And what I am isn't black?

Me.  
Me is me.  
Me is not you.

You are not me.

I don't love you because you aren't my type.  
The type you are I can't dig.  
You are you because of whence you came.  
I am me because of whence I came.  
Well, hi man, from whence I came is black  
And from whence you came is white.  
Now, tell me  
It ain't because I'm black.

I have a hang-up  
And that hang-up is black.

Love me for what I am  
Or leave me alone. Or better

yet I leave you alone.

Acceptance of difference is the key  
Acceptance of the fact that likes mix.  
Acceptance of acceptance.

Hi, look me over

I have a hang-up  
And that hang-up is black.

Where  
What  
When  
How  
Why

Be

Closeups

# War film 'writes its own rules'

by David Dwiggin

*Oh! What a Lovely War* (Hi-Pointe Cinema) is not a traditional "war film." Nor is it a traditional musical. There is no film category into which it fits easily. It writes its own rules, as only true art can.

In his directorial debut, acting veteran Richard Attenborough has undertaken an enormous task. He wants the audience to examine the basic paradox surrounding World War I (or any other war): the happy patriotism of those at home and the contrasting misery and slaughter at the front. His method for conveying this point is to approach the film on two levels: the real, which is applied to the trench scenes, and the surreal, which he uses for the scenes in England. The Generals, who are sending literally hundreds of thousands of men to their deaths in every battle, are seen as proprietors of a vast amusement pier. They connive to replace each other in the top spot while the "score" from each battle is kept on a giant scoreboard which carries the chilling tale of the total casualties. Field Marshal Haig, who eventually takes command of the British Forces, is seen playing leapfrog over his staff officers, while the troops sing, sarcastically, "One staff officer jumped right over the other staff officer's back..."

This is in direct contrast with the scenes of the actual battles in which the stories of five members of the Smith family are told. They are five fairly ordinary stories each ending in a death marked by a close-up shot of a blood-red poppy which tells far more than any violent scene could. The Smith family is involved in almost every major battle and major event of the war. One of them is at the front on Christmas, 1914, when the two opposing forces laid down their arms and advanced, fearfully, towards each other across no-man's-land to celebrate a day of peace. At the end of the war one of

them is back in exactly the same place that he and his brother had fought over four years previously.

The film employs much of the music actually sung during the war; the title of the film itself comes from a sarcastic soldiers song of the time. The songs are mostly popular songs or hymns whose lyrics were altered by the soldiers. They fall naturally into the picture, when they are soldiers' songs, and unnaturally, when they pertain to the home front.

The cast is too large to list, giving individual credits. Suffice to say that all the actors turn in good performances and that Attenborough can handle actors of the highest calibre with extreme ease and taste.

The largest problem which faces any director who is so consciously using two levels is the transitions from level to level. This Attenborough handles beautifully. He manages to weld the varying elements of the film, the surreal elements of the film, the real battle scenes, the songs and special effects into a unit which carries not just the director's message but also the feeling of the time and the tragedy of the war. His closing scene, whose shock value we won't spoil, is one of the most moving in cinematic history.

The film runs for two hours and ten minutes, cut by twenty minutes from the English version, and may be thought too long. We resented the cuts, which excised one of the best scenes from the film, and, obviously did not feel that it ran too long. For once, a musical has been made which is not afraid of a serious subject, which avoids the "stagey" feel of most pictures of this genre, and which is cinematically a damn good film. There is no way that there can ever be too much of these qualities. Go and see *Oh! What A Lovely War*. You will be missing a beautiful, innovative film if you don't.



Photo by Lysne-O'Brien



Photo by Lysne-O'Brien

The recent fashion show, held in the McCluer Hall Living Room, featured some of the new Spring clothes and a few wigs, all modeled by Lindenwood students. All the clothes were supplied by Karstev's in the St. Charles Plaza. Two of the models, Crystal Abrams, right, and Nancy Kirchoff, left, are pictured here.

Photo by Lysne-O'Brien

## Peace March

# '...a bloomin' mess'

Cont. from page 2.

van with anti-war slogans painted on its sides. A small group linked arms and marched in front of the van itself, but it

was the van which kept the marchers at a steady pace. A station wagon with signs on top brought up the rear of the

lengthy column, and may have been in communication with the van in the lead. As the van moved from the south side of Trafalgar Square around the plaza and into Charing Cross

Road, the police blocked the north stairs to prevent anyone from breaking into the column as the marchers went by. Another small group of policemen proceeded the marchers and cleared the intersections of traffic. Still other police walked

alongside the column on either side to keep the ranks closed up, and we who watched were kept on the sidewalks by a stationary police line.

As I kept apace of the head of the column I was impressed by the attitude of slightly a-

mused tolerance which these policemen preserved - even while the marchers chanted slogans of a highly provocative nature. The marchers were a spirited group of activists, and now that the speakers were out of the way they enthusiastically demonstrated their talents for slogans, rhythmic claps, chanted 'litanies' and group singing. Since they all marched with their local club under the club banner it is probably that these skills were rehearsed in advance.

(To be continued)



Another discussion in the continuing series of Women's Liberation lectures. The principal speaker of the last lecture, Margritt Hoffmann, is shown here at the far left. Also engaged in the discussion are Mrs. John Brown, and Mrs. Aaron Konstam.

Photo by Lysne-O'Brien

Have you personal worries?  
Would you like to talk them over in confidence  
with an experienced counselor?

Professional help is available on campus:

**Mrs. Roudebush**  
week-days, 9 to 5  
Roemer 31

with

**Mr. Betts**  
Wednesday, 9 to 5  
Student Activities Building  
by appointment - 724-5942

Rumors

# 'Get me home, get me home!'

Cont. from page 5.

new feelings are fresh in your mind you are best equipped to greet the world, Keep in mind that many people change like night and day, and this will hurt at times, just as you feel hurt now. I am proud of your honesty. Live honestly with the people of the world and you will grow together like the roots of a tree. But if you try to deceive your companions, you will fall alone like late-Autumn leaves."

The shrill whistle of the train reminded Willie Boy of the Banshees he had often read, and dreamt, about not long ago, and he shuddered like the old goose which came to visit every Fall. "There must be a million cars on this freight train," he guessed. As far back as he could remember, Willie Boy had wondered just what was in all of these thundering boxcars, and where they could all be going. The thrill of at last finding these answers nearly made him wet his britches and as he sprinted, grabbed, and swung up on an inviting ladder, he was stunned by a feeling which sunk like granite to the pit of his stomach. He knew he could never return, for the tracks left behind him were no longer his.

The sun was yawning upward on the second day when Willie Boy felt he could scarcely contain his restlessness. Along the way he had seen an infinity of places and faces beckoning for him to jump down and participate in things which were totally foreign to anything he had ever done before. Yet he had resisted stubbornly, for the serpentine train seemed to be approaching bigger and more intriguing places all the time. His thoughts drifted aimlessly from the river of ice cream to the fair-eyed maiden to the Satyr to the prospects at the end of the line. Would it come soon?

Like a thunderclap his senses were suddenly jolted alert by a

brilliant neon sign, not far down the line, which belched enormous electric pulses. He recognized the word it blazed as the one which had been frequently advertised and spoken since the night before last. And though he had planned to ride it out until the end, the curiosity he felt told him to jump off at this monster of light, to begin at this place called COLLEGE.

With arrows and marked paths to guide him, Willie Boy had little difficulty reaching the designated area. If this is way life is going to be out here, he thought, he might just enjoy it. True, it was not anything like his river back home, but everyone here wore big smiles and clean clothes, and Willie Boy liked this. What more could he ask for? A brief visit with the Fathers of the College, as the leaders were called, left him in an even better disposition. They had spoken of truth and enlightenment, and the betterment of the individual, and they spoke in the same fragrant tone as his fair-eyed maiden from the Familiar River. There would be plenty of spare time for his own use, he was told, so he set out to meet the other people at the College.

The first traces of Autumn were settling over the campus, and Willie Boy's thoughts skipped like stones back to home, and the puzzling story of his father. Here, he felt safe from the things which the old man had spoken of, so he whistled cheerfully as he approached a group of students. They were laughing and teetering like pop bottles in a small circle.

"What's going on today?" beamed Willie Boy, shuffling a bit. Silence. As they drifted further away from him in a static uneasiness, Willie Boy repeated the question in frantic friendliness. "Rat," someone murmured, leaving him quite confused, and he absent-mindedly patted his face for any rhodent-like protrusions. What was more puzzling, however,

was that the people in the group appeared to be more frightened than angry. This did not seem right to him at all, because he had not declared or shown himself in any way. "Perhaps this is why they act like that," he pondered.

So Willie Boy decided to drift down wind. Only a few banana steps away, beneath a magnificently decorated tree, there stretched a girl more dazzling than any he had ever seen. Could it be true? He imagined himself a snake as he inched toward her. Yes, she was more fair than the sun, or appeared to be. Remembering the maiden with the radiant smile he had known before, Willie Boy decided to approach her similarly. She smiled.

"You smile like a rainbow," he blurted. What would she say?

She crooned between shrugs and giggles, "It's the toothpaste probably. Keeps my teeth white, white, white! But colors? Now, really...."

"Oh, my God!" Before he could think twice he found himself running at an incredible speed, leaping hedges, fences, steps, and many invisible creatures, until he stumbled into the office of the Fathers of the College.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" boomed the largest one, "We have no room for young rowdies of your caliber!"

"But please, I was only trying to find the truth. Is there something wrong with—"

"Wait, hold on," chimed the second Father, "We could put a man with that kind of energy to good use. Let him stay, get him involved."

Willie Boy's wind was beginning to return as the first Father again spoke. "Yes, perhaps you are right. I'll always give a man an honest break. Sit down, son, tell us what's wrong. We're here to lead you." He cleared his throat and was about to speak when the second Father glanced down at Willie Boy's feet, and was sud-

denly transformed into a Banshee of old. "You're missing a shoe!" came the quivering howl, "Our boys don't run around like Indians here, you hear! We had enough trouble with them out West, and I heard just the other day they've been plotting a revolt. Don't get us wrong, now. We do feel affection for those kind. As long as they behave like decent human beings, that is." Sitting back, glaring down his three pound cigar, "You want to look like one of them? Fine, but not here, buster!"

"Please! Let me explain. I lost it when I was running." "Running, eh?" glared the first Father. "You in politics?" Then, tugging at mammoth earlobe, "There's the door!"

Fighting to remember the words of the Satyr, Willie Boy tried to speak. Granite in the stomach again. Behind him someone stammered "Bad communications," and he imagined himself 'ole wingfoot' as he streaked back against the arrows which had once pointed the way. "Get me home, get me home!" rebounded within his head. Closer to the rail-

road tracks he flew, ignoring the Winter beast which was now scattering the leaves of the trees down the long stretches of concrete. "Live honestly with the people of the world and you will grow together like the roots of a tree." His father's words echoed against the sound of skittering leaves. "Then what went wrong, was I not honest? He couldn't have lied about —"

The blast of the whistle was so loud this time that he was certain that the air would shatter and fall tinkling to the tracks. His face mirrored the numb awareness of futility as the train continued to rumble onward. "There will be no train homeward bound, no going back, no going back at all. . . ." Willie Boy muttered in pained resignation.

And though the train would not turn back, and he knew it, Willie Boy wearily grabbed a trembling, rusted ladder and swung on board. In the vague, grey distance the City loomed ominous, its magnificent iron jaws methodically bogging down the endless tide of locomotive and life.

## Jefferson Airplane a 'delight' for the crowd

by John Witthaus

Despite electronic difficulties with their amplifiers, Jefferson Airplane completed their concert March 1, much to the delight of the audience. Appearing with the Airplane at Kiel Convention Hall were folksinger Danny Cox, and St. Louis rock bands the Aardvarks and Alvin Pivil.

As we had anticipated, Jack Cassidy and Jorma Kaukonen of the Airplane played with typical excellence. Although we personally do not enjoy Jorma's finger tremels, the strength and intelligence of both his guitar licks and Cass-

ady's bass figures more than compensated; they made us forget our personal reservation. Rhythm guitarist Paul Kantner was the only 12-stringist we have ever heard that didn't sound folksy! He played an honest to-goodness rock 12-string. And Gracie and Marty did their usual great vocal work.

Danny Cox, a black folk singer reminded us of Richie Havens, but was more soulful. His best song was "Universal Soldier."

The Aardvarks played all their songs to a modified shuffle beat, and were so tight that they were able to all skip

a beat at the same time and not lose the beat. Mike Newman, the guitarist, was exceptional. He reminded us very much of Jeff Beck. The drummer, Skip Daley, has a style that parallels Keith Moon; he's flashy and loud, but very tight and tasteful.

Alvin Pivil was a great disappointment. At the Washington University, Grateful Dead concert last spring, Alvin Pivil was a very together, dynamic band; but at Kiel, their originals were a bit like pabulum, that is, they were good songs, but not very stimulating.

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# Dean Barnett can be your 'slave for a day'

How would you like to have Dean Barnett, Dr. Caine, Mr. Davis or Mr. Bushnell as your slave for the day? It will all be possible at the Linden Scroll Slave Auction to be held in the Ayres Dining Hall beginning 11:30 a.m., Wednesday, March 18th. The auction is being held to supplement the Scroll's Scholarship Fund.

Faculty, administration and students will be auctioned at this

time for their talents or donations in the form of homemade goods. Imagine spending part of a spring weekend with Dr. Stanley Caine and two other students touring Daniel Boone's home and picnicking under some tree. Mr. Perrone has offered to prepare a dinner for four. Dr. Barnett has a box of divinity candy 99.99% pure homemade, specially prepared and elevated to "divine state" by

Dean Barnett. For those connoisseurs of fine wine, Mr. Brescia will entertain 5 to 8 students in his home sampling his wares. Mr. Davis will escort 2 students to the Mother-In-Law House to fulfill his contract of bondage.

All proceeds will go to Linden Scroll which in turn will present a scholarship to a deserving student at Honors Day.

# Miss Grant's poems emphasized by her personal expressions

Young Auditorium was transformed into a world of magic on Thursday, March 5th, as Sharlen Grant read a repertoire of poetry selections to an extremely receptive audience. Many of her poems were taken from her current anthology *Blow the Moon Down*, published by the Griffin.

Dimmed lights and candles set the mood for her entrance.

Lending a formal air to the occasion, Mr. C. B. Carlson, dressed in tails, introduced Miss Grant. She began by reading poems about poetry, one of which was entitled "Poems Should Mess With You". Highlighting the program was her presentation of "Your Mother Sucks". Her gestures, facial expressions and tonal qualities lent much feeling to the evening. Intermingled with her own work were poems composed by other young Black writers.

Miss Grant said that she finds it difficult to compose light, happy poems. As a Black author she writes about her race's problems.



Photo by Lysne-O'Brien



# The Self Starter.

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A gal who likes few limits on her job, not the same spoon-fed work day after day.

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Does this sound like you? Then it sounds like you should talk with the Southwestern Bell interviewer. He can start you on your way in a challenging career as an indi-

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