

THE IBIS



New Police Chief Grimmer.

Photo by Hyde

New police chief suggests 'joint relations committee' to resolve community problems

Recently appointed St. Charles Police Chief Marvin W. Grimmer favors the establishment of a joint Lindenwood-Police relations committee to discuss mutual problems and their resolution. He indicated "there has been a widening gap between students and the Police during the past two years and there is every need to 'hash out' our differences...if a committee could be founded that would not be slanted I

would be in favor of it, yes." Grimmer, a twenty year law enforcement veteran gave lack of communication and misunderstanding as the major culprits contributing to the gap. An associate, Detective Rigo, agreed but added, "Lindenwood has always been considered as upper echelon in St. Charles. Recent rumors of drug use, more lax control of women students, and changes of the college" have seemed to lower the prestige of Lindenwood, in the eyes of some St. Charles residents. "Now we know this drug thing is present, although unmeasurable, and confined to a small minority" yet like one bad police officer giving the department a bad name, so does this one student do the same for Lindenwood.

offered that the problem was "the buck. To obtain the money you must go to the taxpayers and you know what taxes are today. For the most part training procedures will be on-the-job training and further schooling" of new officers by more experienced officers "who have gone through professional training, as Chief Grimmer has recommended at least as a beginning."

Both officers commented on the present law salaries of beginning police officers especially in view of a rapidly growing town and more complex problems. Said Grimmer, "A man has to be pretty dedicated" to lay his life on the line for \$531 per month. "I believe" the mayor and the council are "in favor of the professional policeman and the accompanying increased allocations for training and salary."

Discussing the problems of the thirty-two man police force Grimmer lamented the lack of professional training available to his new officers. "In the past, and I'm hoping to change this, a candidate would apply, take a written exam, appear before the police board, pass a physical; after that there has been no training." He pointed out, however, some members of the force had training at State Police training headquarters in Rolla and St. Louis County Academy for police officers. "We are members of the St. Louis Major Cases Squad and we attend numerous seminars throughout the year on narcotics, police relations, and more general topics. About 20% of our officers have had what you would call professional training, which is low." Grimmer

Turning to reports of harassment of Lindenwood male students by police officers Chief Grimmer responded he had seen no reports of this. He admitted it was possible but felt they had probably been an exchange of words from both sides. "Still," said Rigo, "if there is a police officer doing this we want to know about it... as regards to the long hair... it's none of the officers business why someone has long hair. It is his business to stop anyone walking downtown late at night after stores are closed "to inquire where they are going... he's protecting property and the people of the community. It's all in the way he does it" that counts.

commented further that evaluation procedures will stiffen and then candidates would be going to the St. Louis Academy (County).

"The best place to learn about a man is during his six month probationary period." This academy is expensive and they have to evaluate a man before he is sent there. "75% of the police officers training is common sense and working on the street - the rest he can learn from a book. I think that the time has come for St. Charles city and county to stand on their own two feet and establish a training program of their own." Detective Rigo agreed and

"Further," said Grimmer, "if you approach a man you've stopped, as a gentleman, he'll generally respond in much the same way; you've got to put yourself in his position." Concluding, Chief Grimmer reiterated his desire to establish good relations with Lindenwood students. "We're willing to split the melon down the middle with you. I think we can accomplish a great deal toward understanding one and other if we make an attempt to communicate. We're members of the same community and must live together. We have to tackle the problem before it grows beyond our control."

The Ibis will not be printed during January because of the number of staff members who will be off campus.

Intervisitation becomes an 'absurd situation'

On December 4th a final vote was taken on the Lindenwood I intervisitation rights, the results of which led the Student Association of LC I to drop the proposal of intervisitation for the women's college.

DORM	FOR	AGAINST
Butler	23	12
Cobbs	21	23
Irwin	21	6
McCluer	24	44
Parker	39	28
Sibley	19	7
Total	147	120

These figures are based on the results of a secret ballot vote taken at the women dorm meetings. Patty Uren, Student Association President of LC I, feels this was the best way to handle the situation since intervisitation is private and individual concern.

Notably, these figures differ from the ones taken from the vote held over a month ago. Possibly the change in the vote, according to President Uren, was due at least in part to the fact that many of those who voted 'yes' at first and 'no' this time did so because they were voting on emotions in November.

The students were informed by the Sub-Committee of the President's Council to Investigate Dormitory Intervisitation on November 16th of the ramifications such a proposal would have if it did in fact go into effect. President Uren expressed her confidence in the students' vote on the grounds that the assembly held and subsequent letters sent to all students explaining what had been discussed at the November 16 meeting had allowed them a keener and more knowledgeable background on which to vote.

Not all Lindenwood I students voted, but Miss Uren stated that "even if 100 more students had voted 'yes' which is inconceivable, there still would not have been a two-thirds majority to carry the

proposal. She expressed great surprise at the vast movement of votes to the negative side, although she had anticipated some changes after the Sub-committee's presentation, but not as many as actually occurred.

Tom Greer, Community Manager of LC II, feels the entire intervisitation matter is being turned into an "absurd situation." He stated during an interview, "The things that impress me most specifically about the intervisitation problem is the nature and intensity with which it is being handled on all levels. Granted intervisitation is a very important question, but it seems that it is being over magnified and over

stated in such a way that it borders on ridiculous."

Greer at first though Lindenwood I would obtain intervisitation rights but the longer the issue was deliberated the more pessimistic he became. The vote of December 4th came as no surprise to the LC II Community Manager. His only comment to the change in the vote was that "ambiguity shown by the girls' second vote makes me wonder where their heads and minds really are."

The girls have voted intervisitation in their dorms down, but almost 100% of them, when asked in the ballot if they were against LC II getting intervisitation rights voted 'no'.

'Violation' ends in suspensions

On December 8th the Deans' Council met to review the case of four students, Gary Robinson, David Siddall, Linda Emwie and Jacqueline Hansborough, who had been charged with: "Violation of a campus policy which prohibits male and female students of the Lindenwood Colleges from visiting each other in student dormitory rooms." Present in an advisory capacity were the Judicial Boards of LC I and LC II.

After their initial hearings on December 2nd and 3rd, at which the Judicial Boards were not present, the Deans' Council recommended that the four be suspended at the end of fall term 1969 and that financial aid from the Colleges be terminated. Application for readmission was to be allowed for the spring term of 1970. This action was taken in "consequence of (the) violation of (the) policy and (the) subse-

quent misrepresentation of (the student's) actions on the night of November 13th, 1969 before the Deans' Council..." The recommendation was sent to President Brown who alone is empowered to suspend or dismiss students.

On December 5th the President requested that the Deans' Council reconvene to consider "additional information that was available to the Deans' Council and not known to them at the time of the recommendation." The student Judicial Boards were asked to be present at this review. After hearing a complete restatement of the case, including the new information, the Deans, after consultation with the student judicial representatives, made the same recommendation with regard to suspension but attached a further recommendation that the four students be readmitted in spring term and that financial aid should be continued.

Black Voices

Call for a fair Black view-point

by Craig McConnell

It is the top priority that Black Faculty be added to the Lindenwood staff. Lindenwood is bringing in a lot of students and they are entitled to view the Black Perspective. Since the administration has expressed its desire for an open community for various and integrated experiences, we hope the lopsidedness of the faculty will be soon remedied.

A special student committee has been formed to fulfill the following objectives:

1. Let qualified people know that Lindenwood is attempting to reverse its racist policies of the past.

2. Search for qualified people.

3. Interview, meet and comment on prospective faculty members.

We should also like to see Black people (diversity) in all phases of campus life. There

is some token comfort in that statement, "There is ONE Black part-time professor on campus," but it is a psychological barrier to find Black people on only the student level.

We hope that last year's sentiment of "no rape of the south for the black professionals" will cease. This is the sort of paternal decision-making on the part of administrators that is not needed.

The Afro-American Media Center will certainly warrant precious perspectives and a desperate call for Black leadership; while the seven college consortium, dedicated to Minority needs, will demand Black administration as well.

There must be, for fairness and stimulation, not only on this campus, but across the country, a representation of the Black Perspective.

Closeups

With some help from his friends

by Craig Carlson

Tennessee Williams has written a bad play - *Orpheus, Descending*. The language does not transcend, the tragic rhythm is hurky-jurky, and the ending is contrived and melodramatic. It is no small feat, therefore, that Mr. Enoch and his gang patched up the old leaky inner-tube, got it zipping around the theater, and created a moment of magic in Roemer Auditorium December 4th, 5th, and 6th. Simply put, the production of *Orpheus Descending* was a hell of a good time. It is probably the most exciting thing around here since Major Sibley resigned as President of Lindenwood College and decided to start a new college in Japan.

Roemer Auditorium is a perfect room for a ping-pong tournament, but not for a theater production. The stage is too small, light leaks out from backstage through air vents, and there is a funny green curtain draping the top of the stage and clashing with the stage designs, which some one would not remove for the production. It is the room reserved for Town Hall meetings and a few things like that. Mr. Enoch and his assistant play director, John Taylor, however, knew their business and transformed the auditorium into a sensual smorgasbord. They used lavender perfume, music, sound effects, lights, and a clever stage design to transport the audience

to a merry-go-round of sights and sounds. One small child, who understood not a word of the dialogue, was transfixed and goggled-eyed by the environment for the entire play. McLuhan might be right after all?

Briefly, the play is about two star-crossed lovers, Valentine Xavier and Lady Torrance, and other maimed human relationships. Lady's husband, Jabe, is the villain - he kills Lady's father in a fire and in one of those scenes with a lot of "Oh no's", he confesses, shoots her, dies and leaves Valentine for the last sad speech before Lady dies. She does, and Valentine flees chased by Southern Furies who think he killed her. The play was, as I have said, less interesting than the production and acting.

Charles Moore was simply stupendous as Valentine Xavier. Valentine is a sort of surly Brando type with a southern drawl. Moore shuffled around the stage, fiddled with his belt buckle in a way to make young ladies nervous, and maintained exquisite timing. He was, in short, believable.

Claudia Dammert played the difficult part of Lady Torrance. Part of the problem with this part is that there is a lot of yelling to be done. Lady is always discovering something more horrible than the last

(See Orpheus page 6)

A paperback writer

David Churchill has a theory on art which seems to have aided him greatly in his hopes to be a professional writer. Dave states, "Art is perfection." He makes it clear that in order to be an artist one needs perfect form and control in the area his individual art is concentrated. This reason is why Dave chose the field of paperback writing as his present task.

In 1968, while he was working for the U.S. Post Office in Washington, D.C., Dave, now a freshman at Lindenwood II, had his first paperback original published. "The Jade Madellen," which centers around the drug culture found at DuPont Circle in Washington, was printed by Caravelle Books in New York. Dave made no statement in his novel about drugs, but said, "As I think about it, I really don't know what it was about. I'm really not happy with it."

Of course, Dave wasn't about ready to say he was not happy that the novel had been printed. The novel took him nine months to write and Dave was upset only by the fact that the publishing company cut out the 90 pages that he felt were the best.

Right now Dave is working on an adventure series about a female agent or as Dave describes her, "a soldier-of-fortune type character" named Iris Ares. This series will also appear in paperback form.

Dave's ambition is to write cheap novels", at least right now while he perfects a writing formula. He anticipates writing best sellers when he is in his "late 50s or 60s".

On the Lindenwood campus Dave's area of concentration is English. "The Griffin" plans to publish a booklet of some of Dave's work so that the students can be introduced to someone

who is well worth reading.

Dave feels a writer is like a painter who must learn what colors compliment each other and together form an image. The writer must determine a

writing formula and get control of it so that his ideas are understood by others. This is what Dave believes and what he seems to be doing.



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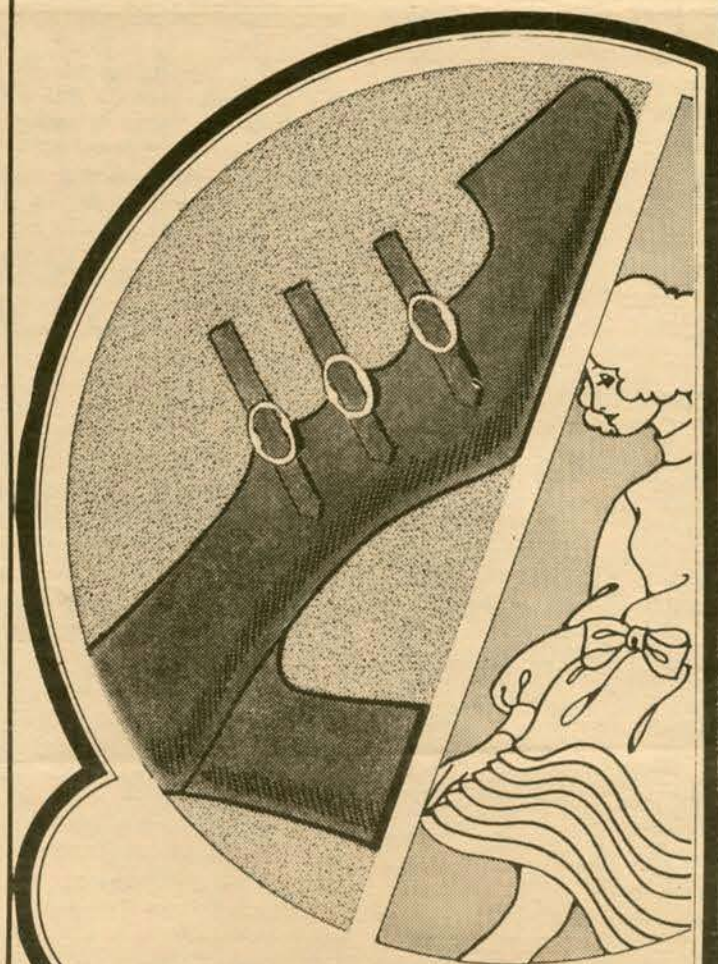
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Realm of challenge

The holiday season is upon us to be followed soon by a new year. It does not seem inappropriate to reflect upon this nearly completed term; nor inappropriate to look forward to what the first year of a new decade will bring. After all, it is said that what is past is prologue and we would agree, with reservations. On the other hand we would hope that some of this year's prologue would remain in the past.

It has been a term of experimentation in virtually every phase of campus life. Lindenwood II was launched with an air of hope and expectation that men could govern and police themselves to the benefit of the entire community. Endless elections and endless ballots with strange names came early. Ad hoc committees, town hall meetings, a new community manager, a new judicial code (we're still waiting), and a question mark replaced the exclamation point after the phrase, "It will succeed?" On one side the students demanded more power and self-determination while what they had began to pale; on the other side, the Administration made intemperate remarks like, "While I'm (an administrator) of this college there will never be 'open dorms'." "Which destroyed any measure of faith students could place in an administration. On one side, the students failed to maintain even nominal vestiges of self-government. (See "An Epitaph... Maybe", The Ibis, November 24, 1969) while on the other, the administration was most reluctant to abandon the role of "in locus parentis." (See "A Free Place" The Ibis,

October 27, 1969). The ultimate sensation has not been unlike being bitten to death by ducks.

At Lindenwood I, the "traditional Lindenwood Lady" reared her head seldom except to take a look at the new men on campus and then relegated them to the same status as a G.D.I. from Washington University - a leper. As the term wore on she began to fade as a newer force of some of the Student Association. To say this group has been dynamic would be an understatement and unworthy of the progressive spirit on which their existence has been postulated. There were rough moments - such as when the old "Bark" was laid to rest - but, generally, the attitude has been one of reasoned, informed concern. Clearly, though the ladies are getting a facelift in the underclassmen, their efforts must be applauded. We are seeing a dawn of realism among the women and to some this is frightening. Reality usually is just that. To those who face it, we say welcome to the world. To those traditionalists mentioned earlier, we can only say, "Yes, Virginia, the finishing school days are over."

There is much food for thought among administrator and student alike during the coming holidays.

The success of the College rests, along with the faculty, in your hands. For the administrator we can offer this: We are in the midst of a revolution and that includes you. Changing mores, sexual codes and speech are the most visible signs of the revolution and you must accept it for

that or declare yourself forever departed from the realm of challenge. There may be words you don't like, morals you can't live by, and dress you find ludicrous but you have invited all these things to Lindenwood and they will forever change the Colleges. Be not intemperate in your judgement of these matters. Above all, you must reason, not pontificate, discuss; not lecture, and be willing to defend the free exchange of ideas you so bravely offered to us. To do less is to nullify your purpose: the education of enlightened men and women for the future of mankind.

For students, be not so quick to accept a decision as mandate. Recognize that all that is given, in terms of power, can just as easily be taken. Too, understand that while you may be a part of a revolution you have a responsibility to yourself and the community at large to prove the experiment here capable of success. At this point the prognosis is not good, but the health can be restored to the patient with proper care.

We dare to hope that the new year will be one of purpose and achievement. While this is beautiful rhetoric, there is little else we can offer except to continue to serve as we have this term, an open forum of truth. There have been times when we, too, have failed as only a man-made thing can. Still, we have begun what we hope will be a tradition at the Colleges - a newspaper that will serve no master save one - the community.

Vote at 18

You are better educated than any generation before you, you are wanted by politicians as workers in their campaigns, but your opinion does not carry the same weight as that of a fifty year old grade school drop out. You try to make your opinion known in the only way you know how and the Vice President of the United States calls you one of "an effete corps of impudent snobs." You hear a lot of talk about Student Power, but you do not approve of violence, so how do you get this thing called Power? You have to get the same type of power that the fifty year old has, you need the right to vote.

There are many politicians who support the lowering of the voting age, among them is Richard Nixon... "It is not because they are old enough to fight but because they are intelligent enough to cast an informed ballot. The new generation is far more educated and knowledgeable than its predecessor... I strongly favor the extension of the franchise to 18 year olds." (May 6, 1968) If politicians such as Richard Nixon and every President since 1942 favor lowering the voting age, why has it not been done? They are for it, but it is not a sacred cause to them. If you want the right to vote, you have to get out there and work for it. It must be a sacred cause to you. Sue Schroeder has been chosen co-ordinator for the Ninth Congressional District of a group planning to get the voting age lowered to 18 in Missouri. In Jan-

to the qualified voters for their signature, you should help. When they ask, "Why 18?" tell them that 18 is the age that most people graduate from high school, at this time they decide whether to go to college, get a job, join the armed services or get married. 18, 19 and 20 year olds are often better informed about the political issues and have a greater stake in the decisions than most of their elders because today's decisions affect tomorrow's way of living. 60% of the 18, 19 and 20 year olds in this country have full time employment and almost all pay taxes... taxation without representation was one of the major grievances against George III. While the "if they are old enough to fight" argument is invalidated by the females in that age group not subject to the draft, it is interesting to note that 1/4 of the U.S. troops in Viet Nam are under 21. This is worse, according to President Eisenhower, than taxation without representation, it is sacrifice without representation. Given the opportunity to vote, young adults in Kentucky between 18 and 21 had an 80% turnout last November, the highest percentage of any age group voting in that election.

If you really want to have an effective voice in the politics of this country, get out and work for it, show the older generation that you are ready, willing and very capable to handle the responsibility of the vote.

China Doll Complex

The intervisitation issue for Lindenwood I lost steam as do most issues on the Lindenwood campus. The first week after Thanksgiving recess a final student vote was taken for the LC I intervisitation rights and a drastic change in the women's attitude was evident.

When the proposal was first introduced, emotions ran high and Lindenwood College for Women jumped on the bandwagon for freedom of the sexes. The first vote had a majority of the women's dorms almost unanimously voting in favor of dormitory intervisitation. This blind passion was halted when administrators asked that certain aspects of the proposal be examined.

The Sub-committee of the President's Council to Investigate Dormitory Intervisitation was set up to research certain problems considered with intervisitation. The committee members studied financial ramifications, faculty responses, effects on admissions, and psychological and socio-environmental ramifications. The findings of the study turned out to be overwhelmingly negative for Lindenwood I.

Whether it was purely the negative attitude of their findings or a deeper concentration on the issue at hand that swayed the vote cannot be determined. Obviously the committee's findings did radically change the vote.

It is at this point that the reasons for this movement of LC I to a more negative view point should be looked at. Either the Student Association jumped too quickly in presenting the proposal to the President's Council or they accepted the women's votes as being valid because of faith in Lindenwood I's student body.

A time lapse of slightly over one month occurred between the first vote at LC I and the second. Does this mean that on every issue the women must be given a month to calm their emotions before they can intelligently discuss and finally vote on it? This unfortunately means the Student Association must wait on all their issues because it cannot depend on the first vote received from the people they are supposedly representing. It would seem that if LC I students want to legislate for themselves they must first learn to debate and concentrate on the issue with some degree of intellect.

We raise a question as to the significance of the secret ballot. One reason for its justification is that intervisitation is an individual affair and should be handled privately. It has been assumed that when the first vote was taken students voted as they thought others would expect them to vote. This assumption was made because the first vote was taken by a show of hands.

The individual student, therefore, voted not on her knowledge on the issue but on her contemporaries' feelings. If a student can not determine her standing on the proposal and vote on it without fear of public disagreement than how valid was the vote taken in November? The second tally answers this.

Obviously the LC I students cannot stand alone on an issue. When they are given an opportunity to hide their opinions by means of a secret ballot then their feelings toward an issue seem to be more clear.

A Lindenwood I student does not really care about intervisitation or any other campus issue unless her friends care about it. One cannot help but wonder how the girls would have signed in their male guests if this depends so much on majority approval. Surely, other members of the dorm would have seen on the guest book. Would the girls have requested secret sign-in envelopes had intervisitation been passed?

It was a sad vote because it showed the frailty of the Lindenwood Lady. She has become a china doll and refuses to move except with the rest. This protects her from falling and breaking and becoming an individual. And since intervisitation is for the individual; intervisitation is not for Lindenwood.

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Faculty Focus

A fantasy from year 1776.. but 'is there hope for us?'

by Ann Nord

Faculty Focus, Ann Nord 1776: a fantasy stimulated by Percy Green's lecture.

Until a few years ago, I lived on a different planet where life was gradually disappearing. The average life span was growing shorter, and fewer and fewer of us were able to reproduce. We had been unable to discover the cause. I learned that our scientists were making plans to evacuate some of us and that I could leave for the planet earth if I wished.

The scientist who told me about it said that there was one problem. In order to survive in the earth's atmosphere, I would have to become a member of an earth species. My space ship would be outfitted with chemicals and equipment so that I could prepare a drug for the transformation.

Upon arrival, I would need to obtain one additional ingredient: a living cell from a member of the species I wished to join. The scientist recommended that I become a human being, as they appeared to be the most biologically-advanced group. In finishing, he said, "Our knowledge of this species is fairly sketchy. We will, of course, provide you with all the information we have about them, and about earth, to help you in making your decision. Remember, if you decide to make this trip, you will become a member of another species in every way, except that you may retain some memories of your former life. You will not only look like a member of that species; you will think and feel like one as well."

I did read the materials which were sent to me, but I had made my decision immediately in the

scientist's office. The adventure appealed to me as well as the opportunity to belong to a species which could plan for the future and live again through its children. The opportunity to experience life as a new kind of creature added to my feeling of adventure.

The trip to earth lasted two years. Upon arrival, I obtained a living human cell without much difficulty and went to work in my lab. The transformation was less radical than I had expected. I noticed very little difference in myself except for my appearance and a bewildering new habit: every night I would lose consciousness for a long period of time. Upon regaining my sense, I often remembered seeing strange visions and thinking bizarre thoughts. At first I feared that the drug had done some damage, but after I learned to communicate with earth people, I discovered that this experience was normal in human beings and necessary for their survival.

My space ship landed in the autumn of the year 1776, in the United States of America. The people there were very excited and optimistic. They had just declared their independence from England and spent hours arguing about what form their new government should take. I noticed, however, that the people with black skins took less interest in the struggle for independence than those with white skins. I talked at length with several of them and learned that they didn't expect a change of government to make much difference in their lives. Many of these black people were considered possessions of white people. The white owners had the privilege of treating

their black people, who were called slaves, as they pleased. They were permitted to beat the black people and keep them in chains. They could sell them at will, even if the sale separated husband and wife or parent and child. The slaves received food, clothing, and housing, but even if their owners were very wealthy, slaves often lived less comfortably than the poorest white people in the land.

I was quite disturbed about this situation and tried to discover the logic behind it. I looked for characteristics, such as a tendency toward extreme violence in the black people, which would make it necessary to exert such absolute control over them. But the only reason I could see for this custom of slavery was that it increased the comforts of the white people.

One day I tried to discuss the matter with one of my white friends. It was difficult to get him off the subject of the new independence. He kept repeating the stirring slogans of his people: "Every man has the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!" "Taxation without representation is tyranny!" "Give me liberty or give me death!" I was so puzzled and confused about slavery that I tried to get through to him, excited as he was. I asked if it ever seemed to him unjust that the slaves were beaten. He stopped orating long enough to answer me. "Yes, I sometimes wonder about that. I think it may be morally wrong. I never beat my blacks unless it is absolutely necessary. There are many other ways to keep them in line." Then he went back to the subject of freedom, this time emphasizing Fantasy page 6

Headliners

New LC writers

The Bobbs-Merrill Publishing House now has under consideration a novel, "And it Reigned in Autumn," written by a Lindenwood student. PAUL VAND-EVELTER, a freshman from both Mexico City and Washington, D.C. has been asked by Bobbs-Merrill for the final draft of the novel. He explains that the novel "basically has

MRS. TESSIE WELCH, Assistant Professor of Chemistry here at Lindenwood was recently awarded a grant supporting experiments in connection with current nuclear research. The grant comes from the Division of Chemical Education of the American Chemical Society with support from E.I. du Pont

to do with the self-realized individual." This idea is developed through the actions of the character who, being lost in society and having no individuality, loses himself in reference to other people, but, "in this case, nothing is lost." He expects to hear from the Company sometime in January.

de Nemours. The research project is entitled "Short-lived Radioisotopes in Undergraduate Laboratory Courses." Working along with Mrs. Welch are two Lindenwood alumnae, JANE SECK and PAT PENKOSKE. The report from the experiments these three women developed is currently being published.



Photo by Hyde

Dateline Asia

Progress is too slow

by 1/Lt. Adrian J. Gordon

Thanksgiving has come and gone and Christmas is approaching rapidly. I spent Thanksgiving in Manila being thankful for a wife who loves me very deeply, (for some reason which I cannot really fathom,) and for friends at home without whom I am sure I could not survive this year. Christmas will be spent on Okinawa and New Years will be spent at sea.

In my first letter to you I said that I was going to try to give you both sides of the story about Vietnam and life in Asia but tonight my mind is full of other thoughts and if the editors will bear with me I would like to offer some of them to you.

We are approaching the end of a decade, ten years in which we have seen the world change as it has never before changed in any comparable length of time. Every branch of science and technology has advanced far beyond the wildest dreams of our parents. The heart transplant is now very nearly a com-

mon thing and the dream of man since he first appeared upon the earth has been accomplished; he has walked upon the moon. To those who have shaped the passing decade, I say thank you for what you have accomplished, you have given us much to work with in our job

of making more of the coming decade.

The 1970's belong to us, and we have a duty to our nation and the world to do more with these years than our parents and leaders have done with the years that have passed. Great technical strides have been made and yet, for the most part the world is no better off than it was a thousand years ago. Millions of people still go to bed hungry at night, women still die needlessly in childbirth and men still die senselessly in pointless wars.

Daily I am told that we are making progress in all fronts where the fight against human suffering goes on, and daily I become more painfully aware of the fact that progress,

if it exists at all, is far too slow. You and I are the hope of the wealthiest nation in the world and, as such, we may be the last hope of a world torn apart by poverty, ignorance and war. There are two

paths open to us now. One will lead to disaster. One will lead to peace and hope for all mankind, the other to a war that will slowly but certainly engulf the entire world in a struggle for survival that should not have happened.

I am asking you now to join me in a resolution not for the new year but for the new decade. I ask you to join me in a determined effort to make the world of 1980 a world with a real promise of a better life

for everyone; black, white, or whatever else. I ask you to devote your every energy to making life worth living for every child that is born into this world.

For the new year I wish every one of you peace and happiness and love.

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Soon-Mah Jong tournaments

The might of the Freshman class in the athletic field, begun in the wet of the parent's day football game, continues unchecked after their victory in Butler Gym over the Upperclassmen on Nov. 26. The right good men of the class of '73 girded their loins and defeated the aging veterans in a rousing, hard-fought, seesaw battle which needed only the appearance of Dink Stover to necessitate its inclusion in the annals of the great basketball score-book in the sky. When the final gun sounded and the last bruised upperclassman carcass had been dragged from the floor the clock showed the final score to be 138 to 119.

Fresh from their pre-game pep-talk the upperclassmen strode onto the court, self-assured of victory and puffed out like pouter pigeons. The frosh soon ruffled their feathers as they ripped at their claws and harried their every move throughout the first two quarters. The freshman attack, led by reformed soccer star Mo-

ammed Anwary, made repeated forays into upperclassmen territory. Equally strong for the upperclass was Clarence Hendrickson. At the half the upperclassies held a tenuous lead which had obviously been perpetrated by the occult machinations of a crooked ref (unnamed). This hypothesis is lent some credence by his frequent trips to the upperclassmen bench where currency is said to have changed hands. During the interval a plea was made for an extension to allow certain of the players to finish their stoogies.

Joe McWhorter (coach of the upperclassies) and Delaney (the unnamed ref) were able to contain the Frosh score until late in the third quarter when McWhorter ran out of ready cash at which point Delaney began his several clandestine pilgrimages to the freshman bench as the fortunes of their side proportionately increased.

The foaming cap of the cresting frosh wave was his mag-

nificance, the body, Noren Kirksey. Noren reflected the seamy, sweaty nature of the revived frosh attack as he repeatedly snuck the ball by the serried ranks of upperclass basketball power in a variety of utterly, breathtakingly brilliant maneuvers which left the diehards on the upperclassies bench wondering if they were witnessing some new kind of superstar emerging before their jaundiced eyes. Kirksey was top scorer with 61 points. His final rush led the freshmen up and to glory.

As the game broke up the frosh returned to their rooms "to preserve their beautiful bodies." The upperclassmen were reportedly going off to drown their sorrows muttering vague threats about intramural Mah Jong and the Croquet competition.



Five assorted players anxiously awaiting a rebound. Photo by Hyde

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Fantasy

The survival of blindness

(cont. from page 3)

zing the importance of freedom of religion. "You know, so many of us come from countries where there was religious persecution. The Europeans really seemed to think that everyone should believe in the same religion. Each one of them considered it a commandment from God to force his religion on everybody else. We've got to keep that sort of thing from happening here."

I interrupted again. "Sometimes I wonder if it's wrong to keep the blacks in slavery. I really don't think they are that different from the rest of us." He responded curtly, "But God has told us they are inferior. It's in the Bible, 'They belong to a tribe of men which He has cast out.' Everyone knows that."

The contradictions in his thinking astonished me. He returned to his discourse while I retreated into my own thoughts.

I asked myself, "How can he be so inconsistent? And what about the rest of these human beings? Do they have similar mental processes?"

If they do, I can't understand how a species so capable of blindness could have survived this long. Is there any hope for them?" Then I remembered the last words of the scientist on my home planet. 'Them' was the wrong pronoun. "Is there any hope for us?"

Orpheus

I just need someone to love

(cont. from page 2)

revelation. Claudia's yelling was not superior, but her natural grace and tenderer moments on stage were memorable. I was sorry she got shot.

Nancy Griffith, as Carol Cutrere, a whore with the heart of a little girl, glided across

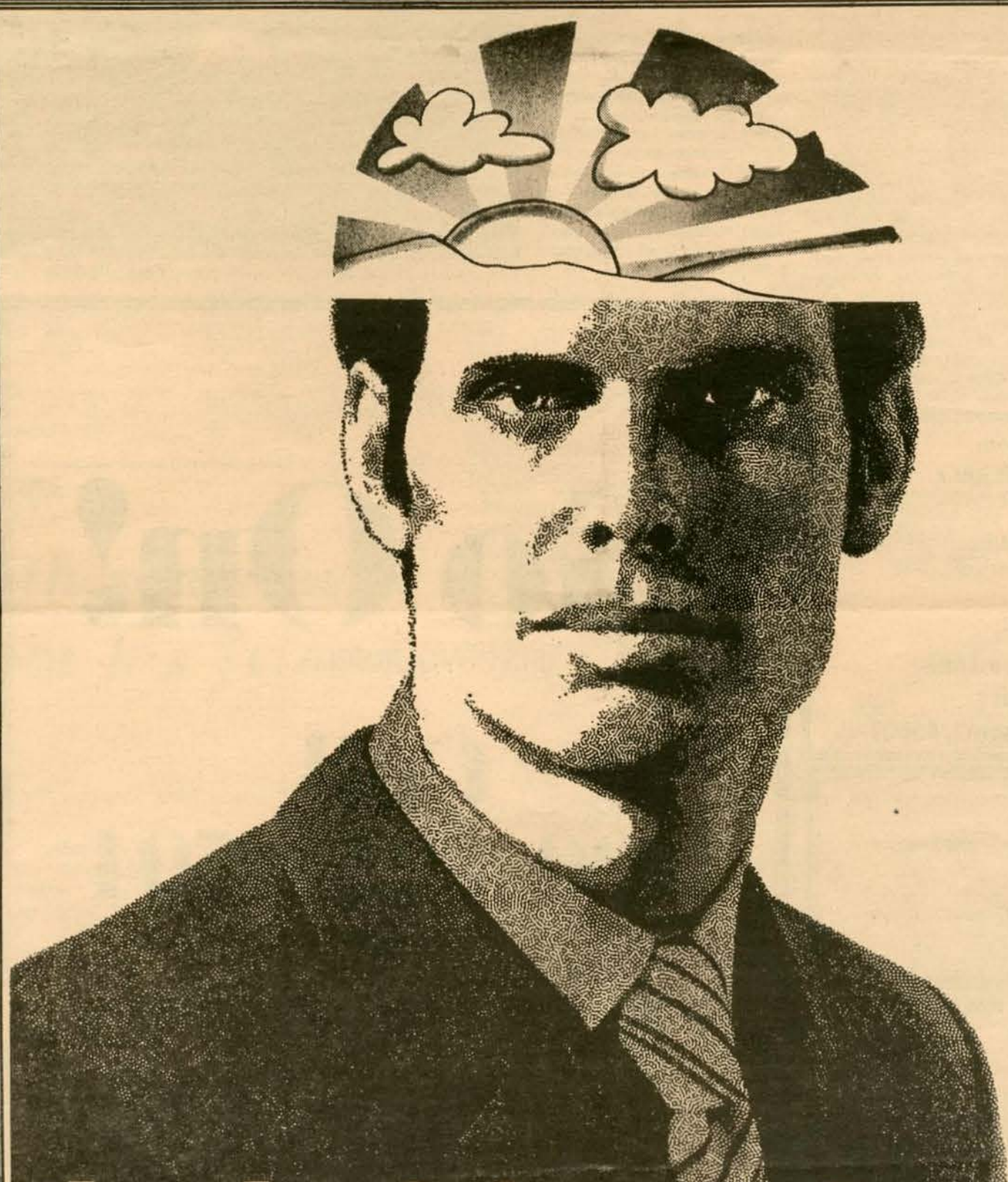
the stage. Her presence dominated the first act. She was sultry, sexy, vulnerable, tender, and magical. She carried every line.

Patricia Ruth, as Vee Talbott, another of the more difficult parts. Partly because of the way she walked stiff and puppet-like with legs going every which way, and partly because of her high pitched voice, she stole the show during the few times she was on stage.

T.J. Arnold and Tom Greer, as Sheriff Talbott and Jabe Torrance respectively, also did their share of running away with the show. T.J. came off like the sheriff in the Dodge commercials - a little stupid and a little scary. He swaggered and blustered, but maintained an undercurrent of "I'm just a little old country boy" humanness. Greer, made up like the Holy Ghost, was cratchy and ugly, just as he should be.

The minor characters, swirling about the action to provide exposition and comic relief, were sheer delight. Bonnie Blitz, Gretel Denham, Louise Lysne, and Pamela Gordon each individualized their parts and made them memorable.

However, it was Phil Enoch who pervaded the play. He believed in it and got a whole gang of people to believe in it, too. With all their little machines and lights and a tangible sense of professionalism and almost flawless acting they got a hell of a lot more people to believe in it. Tennessee Williams would probably be astounded. One longs to see what Mr. Enoch and his gang could do with, say, *Peter Pan*.



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