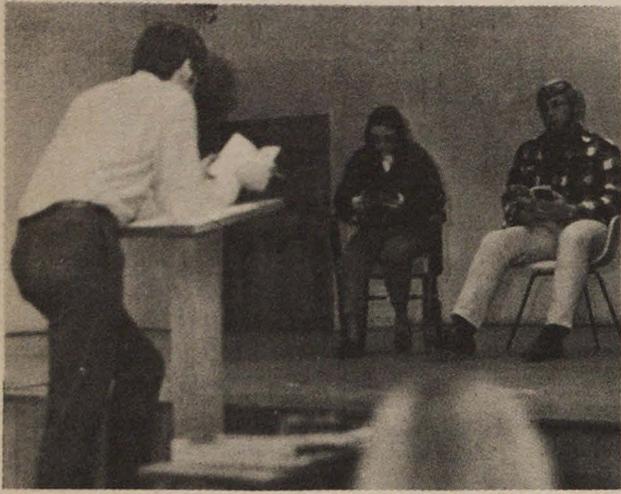


Open House, "Becket", 'Purlie Victorious' Highlight Week's Activities



Kevin McArnarney, producer-director of 'Becket' listens to Dorothy Combs and Lou Leibig read lines in last week's try-outs. The play premieres March 14 and 15. (photo by Joe Kubala)



Sr. Edgar, superior of the new campus convent, opens the doors to all faculty, staff and students for the convent open house Sun., Feb. 9, from 2:00 to 4:00 p.m. (photo by Joe Kubala)



Mr. Robert Moran directs (l. to r.) Daisy Myles, Linda Scott and Joseph Smith in Ossie Davis' "Purlie Victorious". The production will open the week of Feb. 21. (photo by Joe Kubala)

The Hohl Thing

Editor Plans Phoenix Future For Second Semester Issues

by Mike Hohl

As you might guess if you have paged through the PHOENIX, this is a beginning-of-the-semester catch-all issue. You might have read pages two and three already. They were supposed to have come out three weeks ago -- the week after God interfered with the CARBON; the PHOENIX simply had technical difficulties. Pages two and three are for what they are worth.

Elsewhere on this page Dick Gardner comments on the Action-sponsored, Christ-instituted mass of three weeks ago. "Love is like a ring." I make note of this because Dick and I rarely agree, and this is one of those times.

Over the next semester we plan to put out nine more issues. We have modified our staff somewhat. Probably the most important change as far as we are concerned is the addition of Glenn Tebbe as our business-manager. There are other changes which can be noted in the staff box on page four.

I plan to keep the PHOENIX in its present format with some modifications. Starting next week we are devoting half of page three to certain aspects of student life which will be intensively explored. On the agenda for next week is a report by Lynn Schwartz, NSA secretary, on the purposes and functions of the National Student Association. Also in

the works are reports on student involvement at project's in the city's mental hospitals, Indiana Girl's School, and the Teacher's Aid Program. In March we are planning a series to explore the system of student government here at Marian. Another item to be discussed is the why and wherefore of the California Grape Strike.

I plan to work closely (as in the past) with the two new CARBON editors, John Mahoney and Michael Miller in order to emphasize that our two respective publications are indeed complements of each other. Realistically speaking, Messrs. Mahoney and Miller and myself get along well, despite our disagreement in most philosophical issues, particularly music.

Next week the sports page will return whole and intact. There will of course be some editorial comment on Dr. Guzzetta's address to the students yesterday, our voice from the right George Buessem will return and our sports editor Steve Taylor will write again -- right after comps.

In closing last semester and starting on the new, I must emphasize that this is a student publication. We are interested in your opinions -- verbal or written and, incidentally, we're pretty tolerant in accepting faculty evaluation also.

THE PHOENIX

VOLUME 33 NUMBER 7

MARIAN COLLEGE

FEBRUARY 7, 1969

Gardner Questions Religion's Motives

by Dick Gardner

A fascinating phenomenon has begun to occur among the students at Marian College. The students are beginning to think. It may well be the beginning of an extended exercise of the intellect and could have profound long range consequences.

Let me offer a few examples in proof.

Earlier in the year, Action performed an electric Mass, dubbed "fold-rock." I objected to the Mass because only the music had been changed, and the Eucharist had been left untouched. It seemed to me that it was the same old vehicle patched up with an occasional twang, and proclaimed meaningful. How appropriate that it concluded with "The Sounds of Silence."

The FIORETTI then appeared, questioning a number of things. One article was entitled "Is Christianity Relevant?" It was intended to make the reader decide for himself whether or nor Christianity is relevant for him.

It was not so much a questioning of the relevancy of Christianity as an available philosophy. It said that though Christianity may not be relevant now, it should be.

The Mass should be a discussion of what it means to be Christian, necessarily an emotional/rational questioning of the nature of human existence. It must reach out beyond Church walls. It must stimulate creative thought. It must also appeal to the emotions. I seriously question the ability of the Mass in its present form to rouse anything but a resounding yawn. Today's good movies--even the bad ones -- are providing more philosophical/emotional meat than is the Mass. I refer you to "Joanna," "Alfie," "A Man for All Seasons," "Blowup," etc. And the Church responds with its pastoral letters, and lectures on the existence of angels.

"Love is like a Ring" attempted to reach out. It did reach out. It infused meaning

into a dying form and revived it. There is great potential in community "worship" -- ugh, I hate that word. If only we could communicate the fact of community--that it exists even beyond the Church structure and reaches out to us even when we are alone in bed or facing death on a battlefield. It should make us question "why?" It should urge us to look down from the heavens and into the hearts of men, even our own, especially our own in relation to others. The Mass should never be the same way twice. Christ was alive, vibrant. We lose his meaning somewhere deep inside the PEOPLE'S HYMNAL. We have become so attached to things and ritual that we are beginning to be ruled by our inventions.

(Continued to page 4)

'A Man And A Woman' Profits Benefit 'Becket'

Marian College will present one of the first college showings of the Academy Award-winning motion picture, "A Man and a Woman," tonight at 8:00 p.m. in Marian Hall Auditorium. The original version of this color film as shown in New York stars Anouk Aimee and Jean-Louis Trintignant in a story of the love between a widowed race car driver and a stunt man's widow whose children attend the same school. "A Man and A Woman" was named Best Foreign Film for 1967 and has won the Cannes Film Festival Award, the Golden Globe Award, and the Grand Prix of the International Catholic Film Guild. In addition, it was the winner of the Best Photography Award of the French Board. Admission is \$.75 in advance and \$1.00 at the door. Profits will be used for the student production of BECKET.

Brubeck, Symphonic Choir Present Religious Oratorio

Dave Brubeck with the Indiana Symphonic Choir will present his religious oratorio THE LIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS, Feb. 15 at 8:00 p.m. at Clowes Hall. Two Marian students, Mary Pass and Teresa Eckrich, are members of the Symphonic Choir. (Related picture on p. 4).

MC Music Club is sponsoring a free bus to the performance Sunday evening. Tickets are \$2.50 and can be obtained from Michael Hohl at extension 304, Maria Turner at 405, and Craig Blattner at 333.

Known as an expert jazz pianist, Dave Brubeck received top honors and recog-

inition in the recent jazz and pop poll for 1969, followed by Ramsey Lewis and Sergio Mendes. Before he became an outstanding single in piano jazz, he was the organizer of the Dave Brubeck Quartet with Gerry Mulligan on the baritone sax.

Considered his best work so far, THE LIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS is a religious oratorio. After its world debut in March, Henry Humphreys called it "a very brilliant highlight of modern man's earnest search for an answer to the riddle of a 20th century torn asunder by two wars..."



The nuptial ceremony of Philip Mahoney and Nancy Greubel took place last Saturday in Ft. Branch, Indiana. Among the wedding party were Marian students Danny

Gonzales, William Bradley, Mary Drazer, Sarah Eckstein, Mary Helen Mosher, Sarah Greubel, John Mahoney, Michael Mealy, Steve Miller, and James Erbse. (photo by Joe Kubala)

Carbon Folds-Information Contest Tabled

Another Marian College newspaper has folded as a result of journalistic strife on the expanding campus at 3200 Cold Spring Road. Following the example of the notorious GADFLY, the CARBON this morning gave way to the larger and older publication, the PHOENIX.

O'Kane Approached
CARBON editor John O'Kane was stopped en route to the Perc by PHOENIX Romingirl Reporter who requested a formal eulogy. "You and your editorial page

will have to wait for the press conference," O'Kane asserted. Before striding toward his mourning public, O'Kane lost his trademark, a Vitalist-stained Ivy League cap, to the aggressive reporter. Upon questioning by the Hohl PHOENIX staff concerning her unusual behavior, the Romingirl explained that without the CARBON'S support, Marian College may lose its star liberal to the Montreal TIMES IN June, in which case she wished to protect his identity.

O'KANE EXPLAINS
Cameras from WFBM, WISH

and WLWI were on hand to televise the press conference scheduled by publicity dynamo, Stephen Combs, O'Kane's words were simple but eloquent, restrained yet emotive. "The competition from the larger PHOENIX was just too great. We had to fold. Now at Marian we are engaged in a bitter readership competition. And with only two tables on which to put the CARBON, the PHOENIX, notices about films, statements from the placement office and briefs about summer projects, there isn't any

room."

JUMPS OUT WINDOW

Before anyone could stop him, O'Kane rushed through the crowd, disrupted pin ball competition, galloped up the stairs, dumped the PHOENIX in-basket, and hurled himself out a second story window. His fans followed O'Kane to the window and gazed in horror at the jagged ice below. Not a trace of the body could be seen.

RESOLUTION

Deeply confused, Romingirl Reporter righted the in-basket, searched BART-

LETT'S, and began typing and erasing a pastoral elegy. No sooner had she footed the meter than a sivering O'Kane vaulted the sill. To the last thread they struggled for the cap, but O'Kane's strength was greater. Once again donning his trademark, O'Kane sneered, "Tear up that trash. I'm the latest scoop." His freezing experience had shown him that escape is the answer. "What an idea for a movie!" the Romingirl cried. O'Kane agreed, and now peace is again beginning to reign among Marian College publications.



Jabberwalkies Swashbuckle Figureheads' "Soul"



This reporter was fortunate enough to sit in on the first confrontation meeting between the C.C.C.L.S. (Conscientious Children's Committee for Legitimate Strikes) and T.E. (The Establishment) which met in the not-too-distant past.

My vantage point was from one of the 3" X 6" play-school desks, at which angle I was able to pick up the remarks of the demonstrators in the local Nairam Heights Kindergarten in nearby bourgeois Vulturedale.

The well-behaved urchins

and urchinesses presented a grim picture to School Board officials. Their leader, in Little Lord Fauntleroy attire, spelled out the student dissent on letter charts with letters from the alphabet soup which was being served during the morning recess of the meeting.

All available media (chalk, crayons, quill pens) was used by the students to demonstrate inherent problems in the school and proposals for remedying the unfortunate situations.

The "demands" were outlined as follows: (1) a maxi-

mum height of 5'-2" for all teachers; children felt they were being mentally and physically overpowered by the presence of some of the administration whom they labeled "in the giant category"; (2) longer recesses and lunch periods to release the tensions of the high-powered curriculum; (3) more time at the blackboard to adequately emote and create; (4) permission to allow a greater number of animals into the classroom for study, especially those named as direct links to "homo sapiens"; (5) direct dial phones to the principal's office installed in each desk to stimulate mutual communication between students and principal.

The red-faced officials looked on in fear and trepidation, chewing on the No.1 pencils. The speaker for the "Establishment", one of those 5'-3" giants, allayed the fears of the students as they stated that their "rights" would not continue to be suppressed. He said the committee realized that such abuses could no longer continue and that the proposals seemed significant answers to the problem of communication in the classroom. He personally congratulated them on their presentation and wished them good luck in the afternoon finger painting class.

With lunchboxes waving and profuse cheering emanating from the rosy-cheeked hoard, the victorious boyd of five wended its way outdoors amid the cheers of some of their class of 120. Unfortunately, only four were there cheering--the rest had gone home for lunch.

Piece Imminent As RRR's Clash

by Parmalee Evangeline Rosalind Tuttleton

The autumn air was oppressive with the gloom of the impending confrontation. Some of those sages who would again witness the meeting hoped desperately for a mutual agreement of the two forces. The other sages prepared indifferently for their arrival. Everything was ready.

They came. Alone, in small groups, and finally in hordes the opposing members descended upon the community and spread out to begin their period of occupation. The veterans sought out their old corners and familiar paths, and the recruits carefully explored the battlegrounds.

The first group, known as the non-R's, gathered in the smoky cavern to assess their mass power and the latest gossip, while fortifying themselves with the ptomaine delights served there. Uniforms varied, but identification could be made with a brown paper bag or a pack of Bicycle playing cards.

Meanwhile, the opposition, known simply as the R's, was moving into the two utilitarian housing quarters to prepare for the confrontation. Their means of identity consisted of a general look of nausea and fatigue as a result of their food and furnishings.

After a few sessions of basic training and/or re-orientation, the members of each team became acquainted with the rights, strength, habits and areas frequented by the opposition. Keeping all these factors in mind, they finally headed for the large, un-air-conditioned, over-heated battleground. The confrontation began.

It was the same old thing, just like the year before and the year before that. The tactics and the strategies had not changed, nor had the patterns of the battle. Once again, the gap between the forces opened and they polarized. The usual invasions on each other's territory were met by the usual hostile or indifferent reactions. And those sages who had hoped for a confraternity sighed as they began another year of teaching communication to the non-communicators so they could educate themselves and then go in piece.

Policeman Par For Course; Pair Apprehended In Fair Way

by Anita DeLuna

Kentucky, Indiana - Thursday evening at 11:35 p.m., several officers of the law reported finding two rain-drenched, lost students from a small nearby college meandering along Hot Rock Road near Four Roses Golf Course. The students, Mary Ann Colig and Harry Mann, were immediately transported to their respective dormitories, where, upon being interrogated, they gave concurrent accounts of the events of that evening. This is the tale they tearfully told: These two young people, Mary Ann and Harry, desiring to spend an evening of friendly companionship, and feeling some affection toward each other, set out early in the evening to find a place where they could discuss privately their most profound and personal thoughts, and, if the mood arose, give expression to their feeling of mutual regard. Young Mann suggested that they recline in the lounge of his dormitory; however, Miss Colig declared that she did not feel cordially welcome there, after once entering that same lounge alone to the accompaniment of crude noises, snorts, and other sounds, like those of piglets, when she merely wanted temporary relief from the sub-freezing weather.

Then they adjourned to the local Snaque Shoppe, where they soon discovered that conversation at normal decibel level was not to be attempted, and also observed that any displays of mutual regard would be entirely public, a circumstance which fell somewhat short of warming their collegiate little hearts.

Subsequently, they retired to the nearby television lounge, and tried to watch the Thursday Night Movie, but strange wet, smacking and rustling sounds soon confused them so entirely that they once again left to seek at least semi-solitude. Finally spying an unoccupied bench near the top of a hill, they sat down wearily and waited to see what pilferer of privacy would pop up. Unfailingly, as usual, another couple approached and sat down opposite them, obviously bent in a similar direction. Mary Ann and Harry arose in discouragement and dimly drugged down the hill to a small pond, at Harry's suggestion that they watch the submarine races. Before they even observed others gathering about to view the races, they heard happy shouting and stumbled across an array of tin cans, which emitted an odor much unlike that of lemonade. They immediately turned to trod onward.

In desperation they crossed the street to the golf course, having determined to proceed in peace and privacy across the fairways. However, a great deal of precipitation (rain) presently prevented them from being quite certain of their direction. In due time, though, they fortunately found familiar Hot Rock Road. It was at this point that the friendly police officers discovered the, sad and soaking.

After the ordeal, one young policeman, a recent graduate of Marian College, in Indianapolis, Indiana was heard to express his gratitude that problems such as these were seldom occurrences at his alma mater.



Batesville To Indianapolis: The Move Right

Through special permission of its editors, or rather anti-editors, that blankety-blank campus literary magazine, F_____ is printing in the PHOENIX the one story that didn't quite make it past the censors. Unfortunately, the Ph_____ has censors, also. "Up against the dashboard, you little _____!" This is a cry borne out of the dark of night, the violent response of the passionate young man. His little _____ smiles sweetly, presses her trembling _____ against his arm to express her deepest hopes, her unfulfilled d_____.

It all began in small Batesville where both ideology and street had divided them. In that brief encounter on the chance intersection of lives, they finally realized who they really were: he a headstrong radical, she a timid liberal.

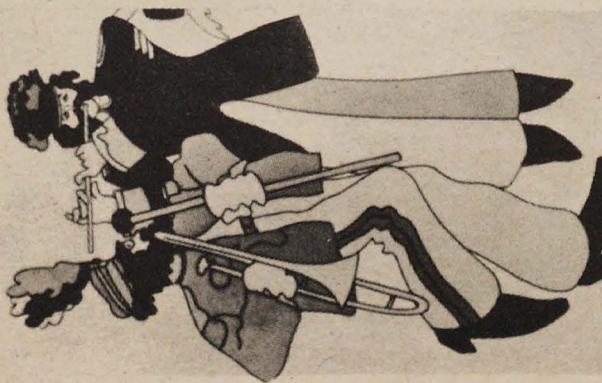
"D_____, I'll have to leave this town, at least for a while. In Indianapolis I'll be safe." He wept at the words, but knew that she was right. Her

childhood had been dominated by conventions, and the biggest of these was waiting at the M_____ Hotel. There could be no turning back now.

Approaching Meridian Street, he feels the s_____, the absurdity of his action. One right turn will take this b_____ off his shoulders. With one right turn the worry ends forever.

Trembling, he turns right.

"Oh, b_____, if you could just light my f_____, just this one time. Sure, with you I gave all that up, but now you're gone and I need one for the road." It is almost more than she can bear, yet she obeys. "Oh, oh, where is it?" she cries. "Up against the dashboard," he answers, softer this time. At last she find it, presses, and feels the long hidden pack of cigarettes.



R and R of M.C.

Carnival Gets Merry-go-round

by: Percival

Once upon a time, and a very good time it was, there lived a very little man who decided he wanted to do something for the people of his community. The community was in social isolation because their leader had denied them the right to see "Blow-up", a sadistic film about a long-haired youth who tried to disrupt the Legion of Decency by showing the uncensored version of "Pollyanna". The leader thought that the movie would not be good for their virgin minds and so felt that the interests of the community would best be served by forgetting the whole thing. And so they did. All but the very little man.

What the very little man wanted to do was stage the play "Carnival" complete with happy music, cute dancing and lots of clowns. So he went to the leader who said,

"Boy, won't that be a donnybrook!" And the very little man saw that the leader was happy and set about sending for the materials to put on the play. However, when the time

neared for the play, the very little man out of the goodness of his heart checked once more with the leader who over the summer had donned a new image, which he wanted to use

as an example for the rest of the community. This time the leader was not so receptive. He told the very little man that he had to have a moderator in order to do anything, and that this was a family and all families because of

their close personal contact needed guidance. But the very little man only laughed and corrected the leader, "You mean advisor?" But the leader suddenly became stern and repeated, "Moderator!" The

very little man was slightly taken aback but as all members of the community must do, he accepted this piece of friendly advice. So after much ado about nothing the very little man shook hands with the leader, who directed him out

of his office, patted him the back and sent him on his way. As all good little boys do, the very little man went in

quest of an advisor searching all the rooms in the community. Finally, the very little man came to the church-room and discovered a distraught priest who was crying very loudly.

"What's the matter?" said the very little man. But the priest kept on crying, even louder this time.

"Why are you crying?" The little man asked again.

"I'm crying," the priest finally said looking up with holy water eyes, "because no one will pick me for their advisor." The very little man looked at the priest very sternly and correcting him, said, "Moderator!" But the

priests slugged him in the mouth and said, "Advisor!" Whereupon the very little man asked the priest, "Will you be my advisor?" who answered

"Yes" in a rebel-like voice. Then the priest sent him on his way. The very little man went back to the leader's office, who greeted him with a big smile and a pat on the back. "I've got an advi. . . er, moderator, sir."

"Greaaatt," the leader said in normal exaggerated fashion. "Who?"

"The priest," responded the little man coyly. "Can I put on my production now?" But the leader became stern once more and said, "Not yet. You have to go to the controller first and get the auditorium rented."

So the little man left after receiving a pat on the back from the leader and went to the controller who in turn sent

him back to the leader, who after patting him on the back sent him to the Academic leader for God knows what reason, who sent him back to

the leader, who, in turn, after patting him on the back, sent him to anybody he could think of just to give him the run around. By this time the very little man was dizzy from all the running around he had to do, but finally was called into the priest's room who said he could no longer be advisor because he didn't like political run arrounds. So once again the very little man had to find

another advisor who would fulfill the leader's wildest dream. And boy did the little man find one, who surprisingly enough was a very big man, big enough to be three ad-

Perc Inhabitants Suffer Neuroses

Dr. G.M. Brukoswki, eminent psychiatrist with the I.U. Medical school, has announced the results of his Marian College Perc inhabitant study. In a press conference held in the Perc last Tuesday (the conference was held at 6:30 a.m. to avoid the filth of the breakfast rush.), Dr. Brukoswki explained that his studies show that a surprising proportion (93%) of the Perc inhabitants suffer from severe neuroses, generally stemming from anal fixations resulting from prolonged anxiety during the second and third years of life.

"These neuroses," explained Brukoswki, "are evidenced by the enormous amount of litter and waste deposited on the floors, tables, and seats in the Perc." Brukoswki, noting that those studied were all college students, also said that it is

likely that the students are still reacting excretorily to tensions and anxieties they face in their hectic college life. The doctor hastened to add, "The use of the word 'excretority' is merely a figure of speech." However, a Perc janitor who was later questioned seemed to feel that the term was appropriate. He stated, "I've run into some pretty suspicious looking — on the floor of the Perc."

visors. And so the very little man against his will returned to the leader who was disheartened after hearing the news because he couldn't think of any other hurdle to throw in the very little man's way.

But don't get frustrated, the little man just happened to be an experienced hurdle jumper and the day finally arrived for the play to begin. But all the members of the community

didn't come because their annual basketball game was that day, and they didn't come the second night either because the dance in honor of the game held the day before was THAT night; and on the third day he had an afternoon performance which had been rescheduled by the leader from another

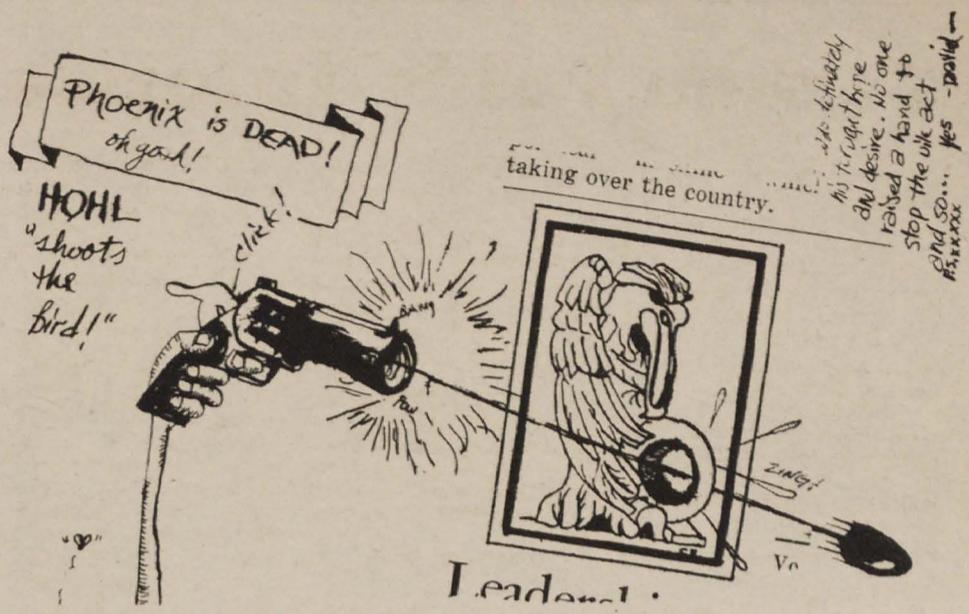
night because a Russian dance contest was to be held a week from the original night

the play was scheduled and it would take the Reeves' men a week to set the stage up. But anyway, that night was

supposed to have all the graduates of the community come to the play as the leader had promised, but only two people showed up: the leader and his wife. But after it was all over, the very little man had still made money. But sadly enough everyone but the community had seen it, probably because a championship card game and a where-I-got-drunk-last-night discussion was held in the Perc on the same nights.

There is a moral to the story, but the leader had the writer "up against the wall" with his mouth sealed by flesh-colored scotch tape.

Social Development



Mother Goosed Rhymes

By: Previously untapped media for achieving nervonic ecstasy: unleashed by Mike Smith and John Hellstern

Jack be nimble
Jack be quick
Jack jump over
The speed bump.

Dear Miss Jeffers:
Hark, hark
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags,
Some in jags,
Some in velvet gowns.
Signed, the P.C.S.ers

Georgey, Porgey, pudding and

pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls come out to play,
Georgey, Porgey runs away.
(or) I'll let you wear my ring if you get your nose pierced.

One, two,
The thing to do,
Three, four,
Do some more,
Five, six
. . . See the next issue of the FIORETTI.

Sister Mary, quite contrary,
How do your studies go?

Little Jack Hornee
Sat in the cornee
Eating his heart out.

"It's quite a change from Oldenburg."

Little Sister Etticoat
In a white petticoat
And a long black gown.

Unfinished Sonnet on the Unfinished Updating of the Nun's Garb

On Looking into the Registrar's Files

Little Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe;
What can little Betty do?
Give her another,
To match the other,
And she'll probably just lose it again.

What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice
And everything nice
And a sound program of theological and liturgical formation in the spirit of contemporary scholarship and practice.

If I'd as much money as I could spend,
Either MC wouldn't be in a bind
or I'd be somewhere else.

Letter

Dear Student and Body of Marian College,

Today I felt a striving urge to write to some of my former classmates and almost friends, to explain my sudden withdrawal from that institution of sometimes higher learning. If any of you remember, my name is Perry Percey. My good friend Charlie Loudenberger wrote about me in the CARBON for awhile, that is before he got kicked out of school for smoking grass in the chapel during the Rock Mass.

I just had to write to explain to you that I couldn't stay at Marian College. I couldn't get used to saying "Hi" to everyone I met nor daily explaining to everyone my psychological state of well being. And I couldn't get used to everyone gawking at me because of my long hair and beard.

I really like the teachers there--most of them, except the ones that treated me like I was still in grade school. But even though it seemed like I was getting a good education, I couldn't stand the fish-bowl existence. I felt like the only human in the world's largest eye bank. I did meet some beautiful people there and I did hate to leave them, but there are beautiful people in the Bronx, especially at the zoo.

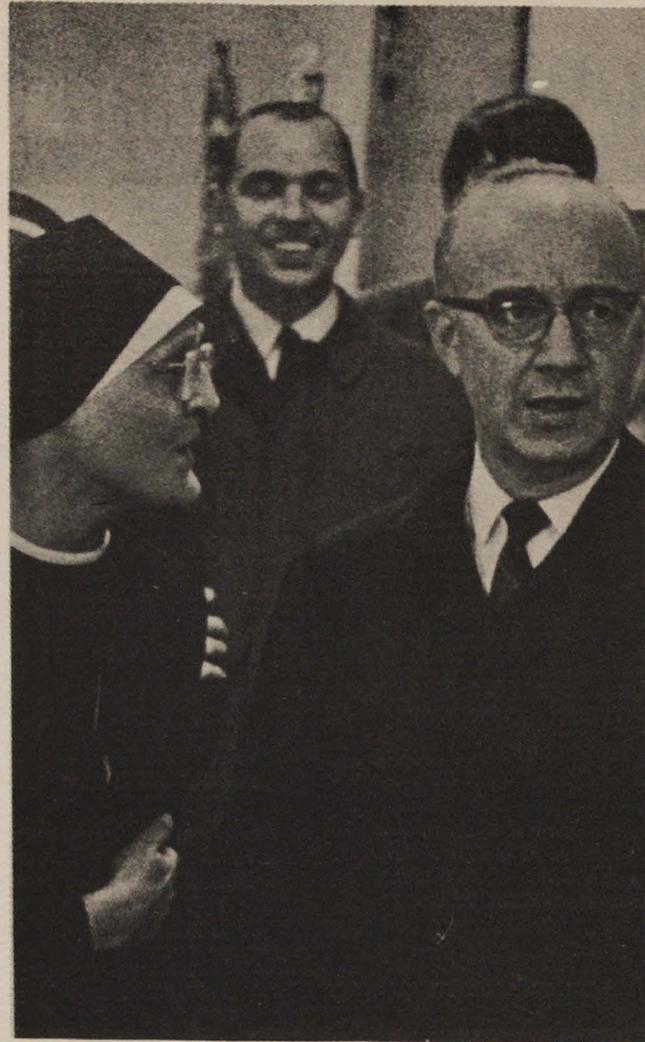
Peace and Love,

Perry

(written on the back of a peanut bag)



Teresa Eckrich, Mary Pass, Jane Goebel, Marian members of the Symphonic Choir, rehearse for the Brubeck Oratorio, "A Light in the Wilderness," to be presented at Clowes Hall, Feb. 18 at 8:00 p.m. (photo by Joe Kubala)



Dr. Guzzetta responds to the results of the Drum and Bugle Corps raffle held Monday, as he learns that his was the winning ticket. Sr. Vivian Rose congratulates the President as Mr. Rhinesmith, Corps moderator, looks on. (photo by Joe Kubala)

Knightlight Athletes Face Test: Grades Versus Play

by Mike Mealy

Academics or athletics—which is the more important to the college athlete? This is a problem that often faces the collegiate athlete, especially at this time of year when the grades of last semester have just been received and a new semester is beginning. To some people this may appear to be an easy decision to make but for most athletes it is a very difficult choice to make. Some find out too late that they have made the wrong decision and will have to suffer the consequences.

The basic fact of this dilemma is that the academics of collegiate life are the most important element of college life. Grades, which are often overemphasized, and learning are the aspects that determines a student's success in school and in some degree, learning being much more important than grades. Thus, athletes should take a place of secondary importance. But a capable athlete who is unable to compete suffers a loss, a loss felt both by himself and by his school.

The perfect situation is for both aspects of college life to complement one another but sometimes there is conflict. Although the athlete is often an average or above average student the burden often becomes too much. It is then he is forced to give up sports or his athletic play and schoolwork both suffer. However, by dropping a sport he loses the chance of learning many things in athletic competition that cannot be learned in the classroom. He loses something that has been an important part of his life. Although most students may not realize it, withdrawing from a sport is a difficult, but sometimes necessary decision an athlete must make.

I hope that the majority of Marian athletes will never have to make this decision and that they can reap the benefits of both classes and competition. However, if this choice must be made I hope those faced with it make the correct decision even though it is difficult.

The PHOENIX
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'Love Is Like A Ring' An Attempt To Reach Out

(Continued from page 1)

Thought exists only when the mind is not afraid to question. The Mass should stimulate that questioning. It must make us ask of ourselves what it means to be Christian; it must even make us ask if there is any reason to be Christian. The choice must be our own.

The most recent Mass sponsored by Action pushed in that direction. That Mass attempted to an experience in Christ, rather than a traditional fundamentalist type lecture on St. Michael the Archangel and his roving band of heavenly hosts, and hostesses. Do we know why we worship the things we do, or even what they are? The Mass should approach the why as well as the what. Why did

Christ die?—let's be exhaustive. What did he do? Why did he do it? Why do we live? What shall we do? Why? The

answers, if there are any, must be found in the hearts and minds of individuals. They cannot be provided by shamans or brahmins, or by plugging into prescribed ritual and screaming "I'm saved," in the proper fashion.

Love is a ring that can grow, if we will help it, if we can understand it. We cannot assume that we already have it. Questions, if they are profound enough, provide an amazing amount of answers, or at least direction. The Mass must begin to ask, as did the last one, those profound questions.

Phoenix Staff

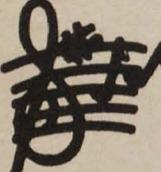
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Drum And Bugle Corps Holds Drawing; Student Drought Found Among Winners

The Marian College Drum and Bugle Corps completed one phase of their drive to make money for their forthcoming trip to St. Petersburg during Easter vacation with their raffle drawing on February 3. Net profits were estimated between \$1200 and \$1500.

A representative of Dick Hunt Chevrolet was present at the drawing held in the college cafeteria at the evening meal. The odds against what occurred are still being computed on IBM machines—Dr. D.J. Guzzetta's ticket was drawn as first prize winner.

Dr. Guzzetta has informed the Corps that the car will be donated to the college for its use.

The second-prize color TV was won by Mrs. Dora O'Neill, 3642 S. New Jersey, Indianapolis, and the third place \$50 gift certificate was won by James Carter of Oxford, Indiana.

The Marian College Corps has in the last week been designated by officials of the Parade of States in St. Petersburg as the lead unit in the parade, a singular honor not only for the Corps and the college, but also for the state of Indiana at the annual "Festival of States."

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