

THE CARBON

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Marian SAT Scores: A Question of Numbers?

by Beth Sawchuk

The average score for first-time, full-time, traditional freshmen has improved from a cumulative score of 904 in the fall of 1995 to 1002 in the fall of 1996, reported Dr. Felicetti in his state of the college address.

Over the past Marian has focused on two main goals. "To increase the average level of the entire student body by being more

1989 were 56 points below the national average and 34 points below the state average. The 1996 scores reflect a great improvement over the past seven years, considering that 90 to 95 percent of the students are from Indiana where the average SAT score is consistently below the national average.

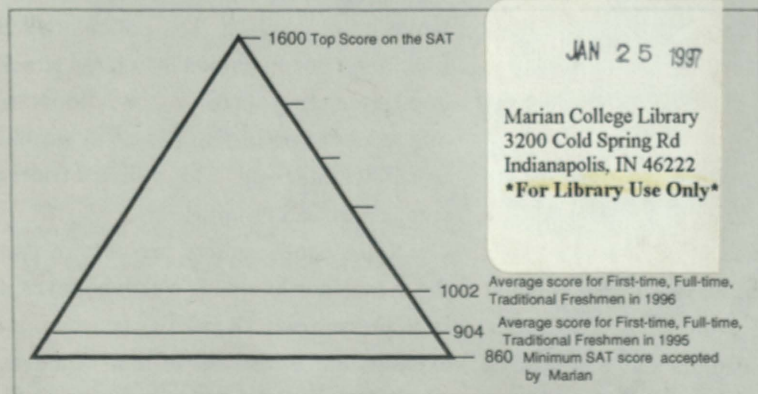
Marian evaluates its progress and

capabilities based on the mean scores. The mean, or average, score is calculated using the SAT results from first-time, full-

of evaluating a situation because it takes into account the extreme scores. In this case it would show the midpoint between marginal students and the rest of the students admitted. Median scores could perhaps be a precise way of presenting student aptitude as well as evaluating the college's ability to create and maintain an institution of higher learning.

Excluding conditional students is not an unusual way of presenting average scores among institutions, according to Reed. Publications such as Barron's request average SAT scores that omit the marginal student. The purpose of this request is to illustrate to potential college students both the criteria for admissions as

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selective as well as continue the unique mission of providing opportunities to those students who enter Marian with conditional standards," said Dr. David Reed, Director of Information Resources and Assistant to the President.

Currently, Marian's average SAT score is eleven points below the national average and fourteen points above the state average.

"We have made a lot of strides by improving the quality of the student body," said Reed. Scores in


time, traditional freshmen who have been admitted meeting the minimum requirements. The minimum requirement for admission is a cumulative score of 860 and verbal score of 460. Marginal students, those students who are admitted on a conditional basis, are excluded from the final figure.

Marian neither calculates nor utilizes the median score in evaluating the level of the student body. However, using the median score is often the most accurate way

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The Stokely Ghost



by Harry Newburg

Strange occurrences have been observed in the Stokely Mansion over the years.

Sara Reid, Performing Arts Department Chair, recounted several eerie happenings of which she has personal knowledge. Vicki Welch, Director of Conferences and Events for Stokely, supplied a few more.

About two years ago, Welch describes standing before a large, glass china cabinet on the first floor with a group of people. Suddenly the cabinet exploded, showering glass across the floor and spewing forth the bric-a-brac contents.

The current maintenance man often hears footsteps when he is alone there at night, according to Welch. He invariably finds nothing but a strong sense of some sort of "presence."

Working late in her first floor office one night in the 1980's, Reid saw a car pull up to the portico. Its headlights shone into the room across from hers. There, silhouetted in the light, was the figure of a man dressed in a somewhat dated double

breasted suit. His face, hidden by shadows, was not visible. Thinking it was Phil Kern —currently a faculty member in the Music Department, then a student— Reid approached the figure which dissolved before her.

One night, prior to 1976, a group of students were decorating an upstairs area in preparation for Valentine's Day. Hearing a tremendous crash, they thought a car had smashed into the north portico. They rushed downstairs and found not a car crash but the heavy doors leading into a room adjacent to the portico violently opening and closing by themselves. It is said the students vacated the premises with the utmost dispatch.

Again in the 1980's a patrolling night guard saw a light in an upstairs window. Entering the building to investigate he heard piano music coming from the room. As he approached the door the music stopped, the light went off and the guard made a hasty retreat. He immediately resigned his position.

Prior to that incident another guard on night duty saw a light coming from the

game room on the third floor. Being cautious he called IPD from downstairs while he kept watch. The police arrived in minutes accompanied by a large attack dog. Ascending to the second floor the dog would go no further but lay down and began whimpering. The police officers went on to find nothing.

Some scoff. Others are certain that the mansion is haunted. Welch believes it is a poltergeist. Reid dares offer no explanation. Both believe that whatever it is it intends no harm to visitors or staff.

When the Sisters of St. Francis purchased the property in 1963, it was decided to decorate some of the rooms and halls with vases of fresh flowers. Inexplicably, when the staff reported for morning duty, the flowers lay strewn across the floor.

In 1911, industrialist Frank Wheeler built the lavish residence. He and his family were the first occupants. One night in 1927, in a fit of depression, he shot and killed himself in the master bedroom.

Frank Wheeler was known to be allergic to flowers.

Committee Sees Big Picture

by Jacqueline Finney

Last spring the president of the Marian College Student Association, Bob Kodrea, made a proposal to the General Education committee regarding the twelve hour convocation requirement. His proposal basically states that instead of twelve hours of sitting through lectures, speeches, or presentations, students would be asked to complete twelve hours of community service over four years.

Kodrea recognizes that the content of convocations has gotten better over the past

few years, but there still remain many students who sit through the hour "studying, talking, laughing, sleeping, or bored."

Kodrea handed his proposal to Dean Balog, who told him, "The General Ed. committee will take this into consideration." The committee, with Balog as chair, is busy looking over many proposals similar to Kodrea's, each one looking for a change in the school's general education curriculum.

The committee was formed last November in response to the apparent need

for change in not just convocation requirements, but in all general education requirements. The committee is looking at the big picture which is concerned with how well our school's curricula mirrors the goals of a liberal arts education.

In December the committee will try to sell their package to the college council, which seats student representatives, and the council will vote on it. The final results of their decision will be made known first to faculty, then to students.

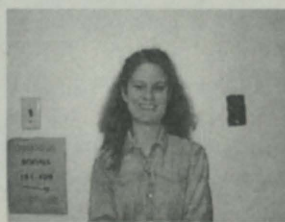
Student Responses

We asked several students how they feel about our general ed. requirements.
Here's what they had to say:



"A waste of time"

Amy Cortner, a freshman majoring in Psychology, feels that many of the general ed. classes are wasteful, because they have nothing to do with her major. As for the classes she is taking right now, she says that they are "just a repeat of high school."



"Philosophy should not be required"

A junior Elementary Education major, Katie Wendling says that Philosophy should be optional and not part of our general ed. requirement here at Marian. Other changes she would like to see involve the Theology requirement, suggesting that Intro to Theology is enough, and the science requirement, saying that Natural Science was simply a review of the science she had in high school. In regard to the convocation requirement, Wendling shows concern because some friends of hers, she says, have had problems attending convocations because of conflicts with Education Practicums. She agrees with alternatives such as community service and attendance at campus events, and also suggests another option — simply cutting the number down.



"I think they're good [the general ed. requirements]"

Julie Huber, a senior Business Administration major, says that twelve convocations is too many, because commuting and working makes it "too hard to set aside time for twelve." Huber agrees with the idea of community service as an alternative to the convocation requirement.



"[Convocations are] more harm than good"

Freshman Leonard Pigg III says that he doesn't believe there are any definite benefits to the convocation requirement. He says that they do "more harm than good" because they are so time consuming. He also agrees that the humanities requirement needs to be looked at, saying that the class is "irrelevant to a lot of majors."



"Get rid of humanities"

Eric Weitzel, a senior History major, would like to see the end of the Humanities requirement, stating that the class "gives you kind of useless knowledge."

Photos by Beth Sawchuk

Letters to the Editor

Dear Mr. Martin:

Thank you for the article in the last *Carbon*. Lots of wisdom in it. I often find myself wanting to shout at students in class "'Carpe Diem!' Damn it! 'Carpe Diem!'"

Great job.

William Doherty

Dear *Carbon*,

I loved your article on Scott Selm and his cereal feat! Perhaps Scott would be willing to challenge Dr. Felicetti to the same task! I would gladly provide a case of the President's favorite soda as the prize!

Alice Shelton

Dear Editor and staff of The Carbon:

You must be commended for your diligent work on the recent issues of *The Carbon*, they are a vast improvement to the previous years and you should be very proud. However, I find myself both offended and appalled by an article in the last issue. I found Peter Martin's article, "It's Not Too Late, Until It's Too Late," to be very offensive both to me and to many of the students on this campus and other college campuses.

While Mr. Martin's many accomplishments should be applauded, it is wrong of him to assume that youth means frivolousness. By making comments such as "You think about going to the dorm to crash after your last class and I think about the problems that six teenagers will have waiting for me when I get home," Mr. Martin has successfully alienated an entire section of this college's population. It may seem to him that the younger generation on this campus has it very easy, but things are seldom what they seem. Many young people have struggles as well, many—most—of us have much more on our minds than crashing after class or what party to go to.

It is always dangerous to make comparisons, especially in the case of appearances. Just because someone is young and cheerful does not mean they have not and do not struggle—*really struggle*. Mr. Martin should be proud of his accomplishments, yet he should also remember not to judge people by their appearances, for appearances often tell you little about the life and the battles that person has fought.

Emily Nicole Persic

Professionalism

Peter Martin, Managing Editor

Interviews are necessary to get the facts and we appreciate those of you who have granted the time and have shared the information so that the readers can be intelligently informed. However, there have been instances when reporters were promised follow-up material that was never received—when this happens our writers' efforts are handicapped and the story suffers. Too often, there is a fear that some information will be misrepresented or interpreted incorrectly. When the people who have access to the information work closely with the reporters who need it, the chances of error are greatly reduced. The students have a right to know the facts and it is our job to see that they have them. We do not have a problem responding to a letter criticizing the absence of a follow-up piece on an important topic; especially when the information that was needed to produce it was not forthcoming. We have a professional team of student journalists who are talented and hard working; we ask that they be treated respectfully.

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Editorial Policy

We wish to continue the practice of the *Carbon* being accessible and useful to the entire college community. Those wishing to submit news or articles for consideration should do so through any of the reporters listed in the masthead or by placing it in the *Carbon* mailbox in the faculty mailroom in the basement of Marian Hall. Items may also be submitted through e-mail. Our address is carbon@marian.edu.

Submission of articles, letters, etc. is no guarantee of publication. The *Carbon* student editorial staff reserves the right to publish those pieces it sees fit. All articles, letters, etc., are subject to editing.

All submissions must be signed, with a phone number for verification, to be considered. Anonymous or unsigned pieces will not be considered.

Facing Into the Wind: an Editorial

by Beth Sawchuk

I have come to the realization that most students on this campus do not receive the respect and the cooperation of the faculty, staff and administration. Sadly, most of us don't even realize it and allow the disrespect and lack of consideration to continue. However, there are others of us who have experienced it and instead of facing the problem and demanding respect turn our backs and voice our opinions into the wind.

For some reason many students place professors, deans, coaches and even peers on unnecessary pedestals. How many of us have been given the runaround by the administrative offices, discouraged by a professor, or have wasted time waiting for unanswered questions? We choose to remain silent and live with the insignificant roles that we create for ourselves. Most of us fear that we may get

in trouble if we disagree with a professor or step on the toes of the administration and tarnish our reputation.

However, I am here to announce that your role as a student is a vital one. This is your education, your money and you are an adult who deserves respect and consideration. So demand it! If you have an unresolved problem with a professor make an appointment with the academic dean, Dr. Balog. Got a problem with student services. Stop by Dean Woodman's office. If he is not available, speak with the student body president, Bob Kodrea, or any of the officers of MCSA. If you are tired of speaking into the wind, then start voicing your concerns to the editor of *The Carbon*, and your concerns will definitely be heard.

Bringing Culture to the Pop

by Ara Wade

Not too long ago, I had a pretty negative opinion of the majority of Americans. I was convinced there was no hope of bringing them into the cultural fold, that they would ever become interested in literature. Then, one day I read some renegade writer of teenage bubble gum fiction had transformed Jane Austen's *Emma* into a modern, witty social commentary which mocked itself as it mocked our dimwitted society. I am speaking of *Clueless*. And while most of America failed to grasp that the movie pointed a scathing finger at its own mindless civilization, they flocked to see it in droves. What makes this movie remarkable is not that Alicia Silverstone managed to pout her way to national attention without a drop of acting ability, but that those mindless Americans were unwittingly exposed to a pretty inventive adaptation of a classic novel. Next thing I knew, numerous adaptations of classic works were hitting the big screen. Never mind that most of them were Jane Austen novels, I was impressed the movies were actually being

made and that Americans were actually going to see them, which returns me to my point.

As more and more great novels (and I say "great" because some professor has professed these novels as great and I, being the naive young student of literature, accepted that view) are adapted for the big screen, bringing culture to the population and making it popular culture, my view of Americans is changing. While I was initially skeptical about whether Americans would accept having their great bastion of stupidity invaded by examples of cultural genius, I must confess real excitement that Americans have supported such movies as *Howard's End*, *Sense and Sensibility*, and of course, *Interview with the Vampire*. Because of the change in American habits, I have had to admit they may not be as dumb as I once thought.

They, the eager American Public, have gone out en masse to support adaptations the Hollywood beast has produced, and I confess my eager support of its efforts. If it takes a movie with Emma Thompson in a whalebone corset and a high

collar Victorian dress to get Billy Bob to experience the richness of English literature, then I say go for it. Let those hillbillies flock to see E. M. Forster's Greatest Hits starring whoever you have to dress in those obnoxious outfits, even if it means resorting to giving Michelle Pfeiffer a minor role in an Edith Wharton novel. I say make everybody speak with lilting English accents. If nothing else works, hire Winona Ryder and Daniel Day Lewis to play all the roles.

But I digress. I think it important to declare my true intention, to cut through the ridiculous chatter and the halfhearted sarcasm to illuminate my real purpose. I am optimistic this new trend to seek literary enlightenment through the movies continues to include such distinguished works as *The Great Gatsby*, *Sons and Lovers*, and the sequel to *Bridges of Madison County*. My hope is that people who would ordinarily scoff at such cultural elitism as filling an already pompous essay full of pretentious literary references will seek out films based on crusty British novels, starring

gorgeous American actresses in uncomfortable costumes. Whatever it takes to get them into the seats, whatever it takes to expose them to the very fringes of culture, I am all for it.

Now you might object to people getting their only contact with classic literature through the movies, and I must confess my own initial misgivings about the whole affair. But having come to the conclusion that any contact with culture is better than no contact at all, I completely support the effort. By going to see these adaptations, Americans are exposing themselves to a world which they likely as not ignored while going through school. By making these movies profitable, they are encouraging studio executives to continue to fund similar projects, and consequently, they bring culture to the pop. If it takes watching a movie to create literate Americans then I think it is imperative we support the initiative. I for one cannot wait to hear Nicole Kidman speak with a British accent in *Portrait of a Lady*. I just hope we get to see her in a corset.

Mysterious Machinery Identified

by Daniel Przybyla

Area 51, a secret military facility located about 90 miles north of Las Vegas, is shrouded in mystery and intrigue. Top government researchers and military minds are believed to be investigating the existence of extraterrestrial life.

An area here on campus bears a distinct likeness to that cloaked government operation in the desert of Nevada. Area M&M, otherwise known as "Mysterious Machinery" is found behind the maintenance garage across from the tennis courts. Just as Groom Mountain Range blankets the military facility from public eye, so giant blue tarps conceal large devices.

As curiosity of the events taking place in the desert escalates, students wonder about the objects existing behind the maintenance garage. Following a thorough investigation of Area M&M, the machinery was accurately identified by Paul Breece, member of the Marian College ground crew. The four stacks beside the garage represent a walk-in cooler. The assorted pieces of machinery clothed in blue depict two air-conditioning units. However, Breece lacked the information to unlock the complete mystery.

Ron Koberstein, Director of Facilities, exposed the absolute truth. This past summer Baxter Pharmaceuticals donated its 6,000 cubic feet walk-in cooler to the college. Over the past two summers, various



Machinery chilling out behind the maintenance garage

companies have donated air-conditioning equipment. The equipment is actually massive centrifugal chillers which are more efficient and less expensive to maintain than normal "air-conditioning units". Both the cooler and the chillers are operational.

Mr. Koberstein is not certain when or in which buildings will be installed with the

two chillers. The walk-in cooler, however, will be built alongside the cafeteria and he hopes to have it constructed in a year's time.

The area behind the maintenance garage may not house military equipment, but the presence of alien life forms is not out of question.

Tunes Among Tomes

by Rhonda Rabensteine

The audience sits, listening to the last notes from the piano die away into the moment just before the thunderous burst of applause. The pianist stands and bows, framed by the library windows behind the piano.

Wait a minute, the library? Yes, there is a piano in the library now, a baby grand, to be exact. The piano is a gift to the college from Nick (Marian alum 1972) and Kelly Scmutte. When asked how the it came to be added to the library decor, Library Director Kelley Griffith said, "The Advancement office

offered the piano to the library to support musical events where a piano would be needed."

The piano was used on October 5 during St. Francis week for the "Influence of St. Francis in the Arts." In the future, the piano may be used for the library's "Tunes and Tomes" program, and possibly to put on a program for the children of alumni during Alumni Weekend by bringing in the Indianapolis Opera Company.

Another idea that has been proposed is to have "lunch-time performances" once or twice

during the year. Students who would like to perform one or more pieces during the lunch hour would put on a concert for other students who could bring in a sack lunch and listen.

The piano will need a cover in the future since it is positioned in front of the library's wall of windows, and there are plans to buy one.

Perhaps some evening or lunch hour this year students will find themselves listening to the sounds of music echoing through the library.

A March into Canada

by Daniel Przybyla

"Seventy-six trombones marching in a big parade. These six words embark the listener on a harmonious and invigorating parade through the streets of River City, in the delightful musical, *The Music Man*, one of four theatrical performances seen by students and staff at the annual Stratford Festival in Stratford, Ontario. Dr. Jack Sederholm, head of the theatre department, along with three staff members and twenty students departed October 17 for the drama festival that has Shakespeare's plays at its heart. The town of Stratford, Ontario, has its roots in the original town Stratford-on-Avon in England, the birthplace of William Shakespeare.

Two theatres, the Festival and the Avon, are the galleries for the productions. Visitors can delight themselves shopping in a myriad of shops in this quaint town or stroll along the picturesque Avon River.



Spanning seven months, from May to November, magnificent performances take place on world-class stages performed by world-class actors. Eight theatrical productions, including three renowned works of drama, a musical and four of Shakespeare's masterpieces energize thousands of local, national and international visitors.

\$24 million was budgeted to the theatrical creations this year, made possible through generous donations and

inexpensively priced tickets.

The Marian group enjoyed four days of live drama including *Barrymore* and Shakespeare's *King Lear* and *The Merchant of Venice*. Resounding praise was bestowed upon the productions by the Marian entourage, who look forward again to next year's march into Canada.

Pianos Play No Silent Notes

Commentary by Adrian DeBoy

I realize literature and music are combined in our humanities course, but placing the recently donated piano in the library seems to be taking things a bit far. Is it possible the instrument could be more appropriately located?

Most likely, some flaw lurking in my personality causes me to exhibit confusion towards a piano subtly wedged between the reference computers and front window. Perhaps I first began to reject change when my mother stripped me of my blanket, but mixing musical instruments with libraries does not seem right.

Although my knowledge of horticulture extends not even as far as my un-green thumb, I've heard that plant lovers sometimes play music to their vegetation. Apparently, music supplements growth and provides a boost beyond water and sun. The comparison between students and plantlife may have entered the thoughts of professors long ago. Only now has the administration set such thought into motion. Piano performances might combine with learning through osmosis, an established practice easily observable during an evening stroll through the library. Alas, the studious possibilities stemming from the piano's placement in the library vanish in consideration of the curt request taped to it: "Do not touch."

A major reason for the piano's arrival in the library is the lack

of space available on campus. This excuse has its flaws. A piano's function holds close ties with sound waves detectable by the human cochlea, which would seem to create a discontinuity with the usually hushed atmosphere associated with libraries. Despite the soothing effect its observation alongside other library exhibits may

allow, the piano might provide more useful services to other sights on campus (which also have adequate space).

Students eating at Clare often wince for want of soft dinner music to compliment their meal. For these students to endure musicless entrees as the ivories remain untickled in the library is nothing more than a taunting gesture. The remnants of the ping-pong table at Alverna might be replaced by the piano; strapping a net on it could provide a more tolerable playing surface. When the piano is not used for ping-pong the aerobic classes could unplug

their radio and to move to a different song.

All great speeches often use repetition; even though this article is neither a speech nor great it seems necessary to continue saying the same thing—for what else is there to say? Having a piano in a library seems far more than silly and, although the school surely has more pressing concerns to address, I doubt any excuse could alleviate this preposterous placement.

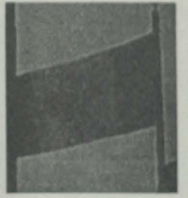




by Timothy Vollmer

Past and Present

Stratford, 1995



The atmosphere of the theater is quiet, anticipatory. Elderly gentlemen and ladies stroll through the double doors and take their seats beside teenagers both well-dressed and casual. A balcony overlooks the blockish, sloping stage which thrusts into the audience and is surrounded on three sides by watchful eyes and shifting bodies.

The floor of the stage is checker boarded, and glistens crystallinely in the dim light. Grey-iron frames of fluted curls and curlicues hung with semi-transparent gauze rise high into the air. The set is dark, shadowy, like the night sky, and filled with glimmerings of icy beauty.

This is the Festival Theater of Stratford, Canada. It is the third of four performances scheduled for the Marian group that gathered together on a chill Thursday morning to participate in the world-renowned Stratford Festival, a several month long extravaganza of theater performed by some of the finest actors in North America.

Seven plays and two musicals were produced by the acting company, of which the Marian group attended *The Gondoliers*, a colorful and energetic musical; *The Merry*

Wives of Windsor, a delightful comedy of thwarted seduction and jealousy by Shakespeare; *Amadeus*, the sinister and foreboding tale of the incredibly gifted Mozart and the embittered court composer Salieri; and *Macbeth*, the darkly classic tragedy of guilt and betrayal.

The set design detailed above was for *Amadeus*, the most potent and provoking of the performances. The play struck a ringing nerve through most of the Marian contingent, for it dealt with art, celebrating its beauty and infamy, the vagaries of talent, and the agony of mediocrity. Mozart was not a congenial man. For all his tremendous talent, he was brazen, brash, and entirely too outspoken, not at all the quiet composer who is often pictured sitting in a dim study, diligently spilling his notes for the edification of the world.

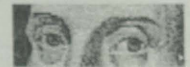
The Marian group was witness to two standing ovations. The first was for the actor William Hutt, who portrayed the comic villain Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. A truly outstanding actor, Hutt appeared in three of the festival's productions and this year celebrates his 75th

birthday. The second ovation, which occurred without hesitation as if the audience was of one mind, was for Brian Bedford, for his portrayal of Salieri in *Amadeus*.

Stratford is a small, charming town, lined with its share of cafes and souvenir shops. And, of course, there were the bars, which the Marian contingent frequented every night following the evening performance with the aspirations of meeting at least one of the actors who were rumored to take their repast in such localities.

The cost for the entire trip was approximately \$150, which covered transportation, accommodations, and tickets. Add in fifty dollars for food and one or two souvenirs, and the total cost rounds out at about \$200. Expensive? Perhaps. Yet, in retrospect, I would have willingly paid more. Television and movies pale in comparison to the intensity of the theater experience; and what earthly medium can mimic the stricken, horrific awe of watching both heaven and hell unfurl, like winter roses, beneath your wondering eyes?

Stratford, 1996



I did not leave Stratford with a heart so content as the year before. Perhaps the performances of the present festival burrowed more deeply into my psyche; perhaps they did not end with the same satisfactory closure, with the same soothing balm of mediated justice. *Macbeth* usurped his throne through treacherous murder and toppled its foundation with paranoid tyranny. King Lear, though a poor judge of character, did not commit actions warranting the wicked abuse visited upon him by his elder daughters, or the death of his beloved, youngest daughter.

Salieri, of *Amadeus*, died a broken, mediocre wretch, a failure even in suicide who realized, at the last, that genius cannot be bargained for, nor the favors of God thwarted. Shylock, of *The Merchant of Venice*, a Jew without friends, a bitter, hateful man because all his life he had been visited with hatred and abuse, is trounced

unmercifully in the courtroom though he, upon entering, was the plaintiff; the law twisted upon him like a dagger, he is stripped of possessions and identity, and the hypocrites who had pleaded for mercy, though would not spare the least for Shylock, retire, all, in blissful matrimony and material wealth.

And *Barrymore*, a one-man



performance by Christopher Plummer depicting a last attempt of the great actor John Barrymore to reemerge in his old age upon the stage, concluded with an admission of failure, and the knowledge that, shortly after the time in which the story is set, Barrymore will be dead. Only the exuberant antics of *The Music Man*, a musical about a con artist who sells band instruments and uniforms in a small Iowa town, counterpointed the intractable gloom of the other three performances witnessed by the Marian contingent during its short stay.

William Hutt once again graced his ponderous bulk across the Stratford stage in his endearing portrayal of King Lear. His is a familiar and welcome figure I hope to see several more times. He appears, along with Stratford's Martha Henry, Tom McCamus, Peter Donaldson, and Martha Burns, in a movie adaption of Eugene O'Neill's Pulitzer Prize-winning *Long Day's Journey Into*

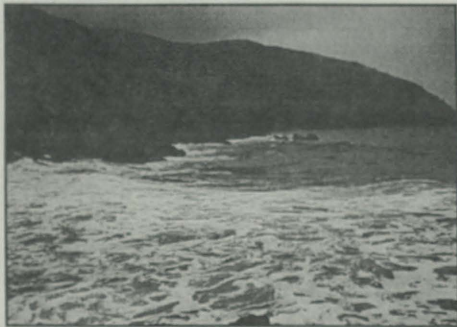
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IRISH JOURNAL II

Emily Persic, a senior double major in art and English, spent time in Ireland this summer.

Photos and story by Emily Persic

On our way to the ocean the clouds paint shadows on valleyed mountains, the sky is low and stormy gray and as we get closer the crushing roar is in my ears. This is the Dingle Peninsula, County Kerry, Ireland. The tip of the Dingle, where we spent the



most time, is about half the size of Indianapolis; however, no two places could be further apart. Dingle is a phenomenon of nature that is unequaled—from the lush forest beauty of County Wicklow to the brilliant colors of Achill Isle, nothing can compete with the dark fire of the coastline of Dingle Peninsula.

When we began to drive into this place the sky was dark, the clouds close enough to touch. It was here that I discovered the ocean. We have all been to the beach before and most of us have also played in the ocean—but no ocean like this. The Atlantic was in full fury, so stormy that they wouldn't take the ferries out to the small cluster of islands off the coast called the Blasket Islands. In the cold, furiously windy air, my fiancé, Chris, and I climbed over the clean, white sand to the beach.

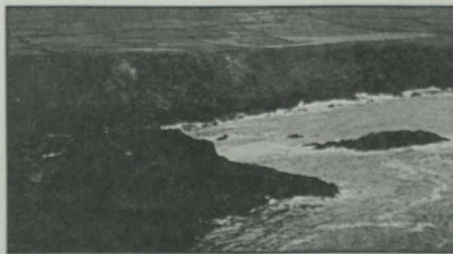
From the dune tops I could make out, across the water, the green crests of the Blasket Islands where up into the 1960's a farming and fishing community had lived in homes that had been built hundreds of years earlier. A recent film, *The Secret of Roan Inish*, was based upon these islands, the people who left them and the many slick, dark seals that live on and around the islands. On a stormy day like the one when we were

there, you can barely make out the shapes of the islands that lie three miles off the shore.

The roaring grew louder until it filled by head and my body trembled with the force of it. The ocean was a living thing and it compelled and called to me. The black cliffs that sheltered the little cove broke up the sky and reached to heights of ninety feet. The sound of the rising tide and the lowering storm clouds echoed off of them.

It was that day, surrounded by this awesome beauty and force that I learned that I could actually be one of the stupid tourists that everyone hears about getting killed in really moronic ways.

The gray-green-blue foam white water was as enthralling as Ulysses' sirens and I just *had to* climb the slick black rocks that led a tendril out into the churning ocean. One might ask why Chris didn't think to stop me. He was off exploring a cave on the beach, not the smartest idea either considering the tide coming in. So off I went on my mighty adventure, creeping carefully



over sharp and narrow cliff rocks out to the furthest point.

Here the waves crashed up against the rocks, reaching heights of twenty-five feet, stronger and more powerful than any human body. It was foolhardy and exhilarating, it was stepping into the eye of a tornado and watching the world spin madly around me, uncontrolled and uncontrollable.

While I was standing there when one wave, more ambitious than the rest, rose out of the water towards me. It is an indescribable feeling, to see that wall of water, and I did all I could, clinging frantically to the cliff side and shutting my eyes. It bore down on me, knocking me to my knees and would have carried me away had not my instinct for self-preservation made me hold even tighter as the icy saltwater struck full force.

Well, I am here to write this, so I didn't get carried away. I came up sputtering and laughing—honestly—I was filled with freedom and, no doubt, adrenaline. Chris had noticed me and headed towards me only moments before The Wave, and he helped me, shivering and sliding in wet boots, back to shore.

That night we ate mussels and whiskey-cake and drank Smithwicks and Guinness in the tiny fishing town of Dingle, surrounded by the noise of tourists, Irish bagpipes and the brilliantly colored doorways and roofs. At the pubs the foreigners were lost in the swamp of natives, men and women in heavy sweaters calling familiar "cheers" and "bye for now" to the round-faced, grinning barkeeper. I could still feel the salt from the waves on my cheeks and in my hair, and looked on in amazement at these rugged, lined faces of fishermen and their women. I had seen the boats they fished in, some of them no bigger than my queen-sized bed, and now looking at the healthy strong bodies and bright eyes, hearing their coarse voices sing along with the Trad band, was stunned into shame at my own smooth skin and soft hands.

For hundreds of years the Irish of County Kerry had braved—and loved—that wild tide I had been part of for such a brief time. Even today, while many young people are leaving the tiny villages for Dublin, London, Chicago and Boston, there are still those content to live on this stretch of stormy land and farm the unrestrained sea.



The next day we left Dingle, leaving the eager tide behind, heading back to Belfast, the city built upon the swamp and baptized in fire. But that solitary beach I carry with me, keeping it close, finding reminders in the storm clouds passing by my apartment window and the way the wind blows cold sometimes, leaving the crushing roar in my ears and in my blood and the fire in my heart.

Dinner Auction a Success

by Daniel Przybyla

Item 77 up for bid, four tickets to the "greatest spectacle in racing," the 1997 Indianapolis 500. This was just one of nearly 90 items donated and auctioned off at this year's "Opportunities for Excellence" dinner auction to raise money that will go to benefit students with scholarship and financial assistance. Maribeth Ransel, Director of Alumni Affairs, estimates that \$150,000 was secured for the advancement of students' education.

Almost everything from the dinners prepared by Jug's Catering to the audio visual equipment from Marky's Audio Visual was donated to the dinner auction.

Even more valuable were the students. "There is no way the dinner auction can be done without student help," explained Ransel. She sees the students' service as a three-fold benefit. Guests who attend the

auction want to know their generosity is going to aid an individual's academic growth. Therefore, guests are delighted to see student involvement in this event, which in turn attracts guests to support the scholarship fund. Because the community is contributing financially to their education, students perform their part in service to honor financial contracts. Students who helped were credited with \$20 to that organization or club they support.

Faculty, staff, administration, maintenance, conference events and security all contributed time and service for a total of 150 volunteers. It was a unified effort of Marian personnel creating a commanding success. More tables were sold this year than ever before, which reflects the expanding attraction to Marian College in the Indianapolis community.

James T. Morris and Jerry D. Semler were the honored guests, chosen for their philanthropic support of the surrounding community. Two prominent members of the Indianapolis business community, both are aggressive advocates of programs that propel the progression of young people.

One person whose insight into youth and community service is responsible for the conception of the "Opportunities for Excellence" dinner auction is Mrs. Mary Young, class of 1947. Her vision of fund raising has forged a stronghold of commitment between the financial supporters of a Catholic education and the grateful students who benefit economically and academically because of the link.

Next item up for bid, a liberal arts education, its value, priceless.

Nurses Promote Fellowship

by Kandra Roembke

The Marian College Student Nursing Association (MCSNA) is the local chapter of the national organization. MCSNA promotes fellowship among nursing students with interaction outside the classroom. As nursing continues to attract such a large number of students, the club focuses on being a bridge between the classroom and the world of nursing.

MCSNA also offers the opportunity for education, networking and fellowship on a broader level. They attend a weekend conference participating in workshops and seminars. A variety of

guest speakers also present their ideas and findings. Last year, the group attending had the opportunity to interact with the founder of Marian's nursing program. "We talked to Gene Watson which was really neat because she developed the theories the nursing program at Marian was founded on," stated MCSNA president Holly Sheagley.

The conference takes textbook learned skills and puts them into a professional arena. To make the transition from studying nursing to working as a nurse a little easier, job and career counselors are available. Many companies use the conference as an outlet to distribute new materials for students. "Last year I received a free resource book and a lot information to help study for the Nursing Boards," said Sheagley.

On the networking level, the conference offers career opportunities. Participants have the opportunity to experience firsthand accounts on the nursing profession provided by professionals from many different areas.

The conference promotes fellowship among students. Sophomore nursing major Cathy Korty is looking forward to attending the conference for the first time. "One of the most important aspects of the conference for me will be interacting with the other students. It is refreshing to know that students everywhere have the same questions, concerns, and anxieties as I do," said Korty. This year the conference is being held in Chicago on November 15-17.



ELS: Teaching English to the World

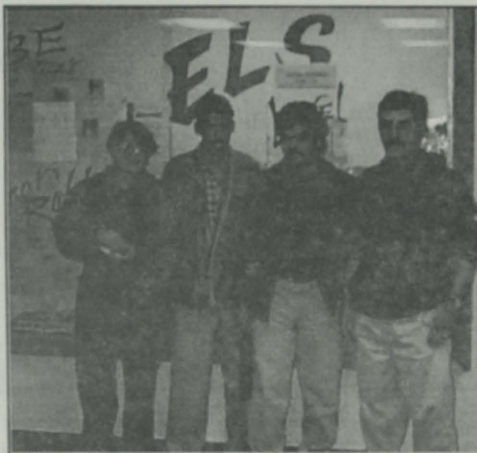
by Peter Martin

A Turkish nuclear physicist, a German musician, an Argentine business executive, and personnel from Saudi Arabian airlines have studied at ELS.

The ELS or English Language Studies program is more than just a name on the Marian College campus, it is a business which has a strong impact on Europe, Asia, Africa, the Middle East, and South America. Although not a part of the college, its presence is significant.

There are three programs at ELS: the regular intensive, the super intensive, and the EFE (English For Executives) programs. The regular intensive program is a four week learning experience which meets five days a week. The program is structured around all day group meetings, homework, and field trips. The Super Intensive English Program or SIEP is one-on-one training from 6 to 9 hours per day,

five days a week, for one to four weeks. This is a grueling program. Finally, there is the



English For Executives training session which can last from one to four weeks with

three hours per day in group sessions and three hours per day on a one on one format. Governments from around the world send their citizens to one of the ELS facilities located in the United States to learn English. Some of the people that have come to this campus are indeed students who need to have a better command of the language before continuing their studies at American colleges and universities. The nuclear physicist from Turkey studied at the ELS unit here at Marian before going to MIT to finish his doctorate. The Argentine sales manager of Dow-Elanco Chemical must entertain his clients and give presentations in his line of work; a strong working knowledge of English is essential. Dow-Elanco Chemical sends him to ELS. These are just a few of the people who come to the Marian campus.

SAT continued from page 1

well as the competition built around the typical student attending that institution. Including the scores of the marginal student is "not representative of the majority of typical students" attending Marian, claims Reed. However, Reed goes on to say that "Marian's scores reflect the real progress and capabilities established here whether or not they include the conditional scores."

Reed points out that scores including marginal SAT scores can be obtained by request. A request had been made by *The Carbon* on October 17; however, it was not fulfilled by press time. The number of marginal students unaccounted for in the current average was not available either. However, Dr. Reed insisted that it was not a significant number.

It is interesting to see how progress and capabilities can be measured from a score missing vital background information and

how easy it is to omit this information to make something appear in a positive light. For example, take a student's grade point average that is based on thirty classes. Out of the thirty classes the student passes twenty-eight and fails two. Normally the two failed courses would lower the student's GPA significantly. If the option were available to drop the two failed courses and base the GPA on the twenty-eight classes passed, many students would take full advantage of this situation. However, the registrar's office would probably be reluctant to eliminate the two failed courses.

Progress and capabilities can only be evaluated by acknowledging all the elements of a particular situation as illustrated in this example. This has not yet been recognized by the college which intends "to increase the level of the *entire* student body."

Game, Set, Match

by Ali Hinton

The Mens' and Womens' Tennis teams ended their season only a netcord short of a Conference championship. Each team stroked their way to a second place finish in the MCC tournament. For the women, senior Natalie Jones and juniors Amanda Wilson and Heidi Hancher made the All-Conference team. Junior Brad Pearce and freshman Kyle Milbee gained All-Conference recognition for the men as well.

An overall record of 12-1 was netted by the women while the men rallied their way to a 10-3 finish.

Commentary

One Honors Program Experience

by Patti Riegsecker

Dean Balog said in his message to the inductees of the honors program last fall, "You are studying the liberal arts, a line of inquiry which will provide you with the ability to integrate seemingly disparate bits of knowledge, to make them into a vast mosaic which from the proper distance becomes a clear picture." As a senior student, I can highly recommend the Honors Program in that integrative process. The program is designed to inform and stimulate students using innovative procedures while encouraging them to indulge in self-expression. The program is unique in that it employs multiple disciplines to clarify the picture. Each seminar is an exciting pedagogical experiment. The particular mix of professors and students creates a distinctive learning environment.

The positive experience I encountered in my first honors seminar motivated me to finish my degree in English. Even though the special humanities section was large, discussion was encouraged and much lively discourse developed. Student interaction and participation was facilitated to promote self-confidence and critical assessment. The professors engaged in rousing debate meant to inspire academic inquiry. Each of the five field trips to various museums and theatres reinforced a different school of thought. If education could be this exciting, I wanted more.

The second of my seminars studied various utopian/dystopian structures in literature and art. The use of two disciplines gave the subject a much wider perspective. Emphasis was again placed on group discussion and leadership. The opportunity to write and present papers developed additional skills. This seminar also included a trip to Washington, D.C. Although the main focus was the Holocaust Museum, the tour of our nation's capital encompassed a wide variety of venues. The exposure to so much of our history and art broadened my world vision and touched my life in ways that are difficult to express.]

The third and last seminar covered the Industrial Revolution from the literary and historical viewpoints. The presentation of a technological innovation of the era gave each student additional experience in public speaking and research. Since the ratio of instructors to students was one to two (only one student dropped out), class interaction was incredible. The information gathered was only limited by the number of questions conjured, so the class periods flew by.

A major research paper, another important component of the third seminar, tied the two disciplines together. I presented this particular paper to the faculty as my senior honors project. Giving my own presentation was a unique learning experience, but it was most gratifying to listen to the other students speak on topics that were of importance to them. I have witnessed so much growth in the last three years that I could not help but be proud of the achievements.

Sure, there were negatives involved with the honors program, but each negative was canceled out by a positive. I spent some

pretty long nights reading, but the material was challenging and I knew I could be vocal about any opposition. Debate was welcomed. Many of my fellow students were concerned about their GPAs. I have always found that once priorities are set, good grades are directly proportional to the hard work invested. Nothing of substance is gained without hard work. Real life roles of family and business are enhanced by the options presented in intellectual stimulation. The point being to clarify the picture.

Marian: The Suitcase College?

by Anita Hess

It's about 2:30 p.m. on a Friday afternoon. Students are rushing back to the residence halls from their last class of the day, gearing up for the road trip home. Every year I've seen students desert the campus on the weekends.

Why do students go home? The answer seems rather simple: there is nothing to do. What is there to do at home that can't be done on campus besides visiting with family and friends or the occasional indulgence in some good home cooking? Whether it is watching movies or television, baking cookies, eating pizza or going to parties, it can be done here at Marian. There are plenty of things to do, such as supporting Marian athletic teams, attending dances or watching free movies on MC-18. Residence halls provide VCR's for a small fee as well as a variety of board games. Alverna student center offers a ping pong table, a pool table and an air hockey table which students are allowed to use free. The great thing about Marian is there are over 500 students to share these activities with—all within walking distance. Why not save the gas money used to go home and stay in Indianapolis?

If you're still not satisfied with the goings—on of the campus, try joining one of the thirty clubs. Club information can be obtained from Holly Markiecki in the Student Activities Office. If you still are not satisfied, or have suggestions or concerns, contact any of the fifteen officers of the Marian College Student Association (MCSA) your student government. MCSA represents all students and would be happy to bring your suggestions up for discussion at the next meeting. Meetings are held every Monday at 9 p.m. on the second floor of Alverna Student Center. Students are welcomed to attend.

So what are you waiting for? It's college. It's a time to explore, meet people, and have fun.

A Brief History of (Marian's) Time

by Jacqueline Finney

*Photos courtesy of the
Marian College Archives.*

We are made constantly aware that the school is forever undergoing construction and renovations. But most of us know very little about our campus history and are not knowledgeable about how much it has changed over the years.

The campus, as it was bought by the Sisters of St. Francis from Oldenburg, Indiana, in 1936, was originally just the Allison estate, previously known as Riverdale. The upstairs bedrooms of the mansion were used as classrooms, the old



The old library in Allison mansion

music room converted into a chapel, the marble room became a study room, the area in front of the large staircase made into the library and the pool was, well, the pool. The library was housed in the mansion, spanning a couple of floors, until our current library was finished in 1970 (so anytime you feel like complaining about the size of the library collections, just think about what it *could* be). Added bonuses to the mansion, which was already an amazement to the nuns because of the architecture, were the private telephone system and the elevator (now sealed).

Allison mansion has not always been known by that name. Students of the 40's would know it by the name Madonna Hall and other alumni might refer to it as Marian Hall. The original Allison estate included



Clare Hall being built. Fisher Hall before the fire is in the back ground

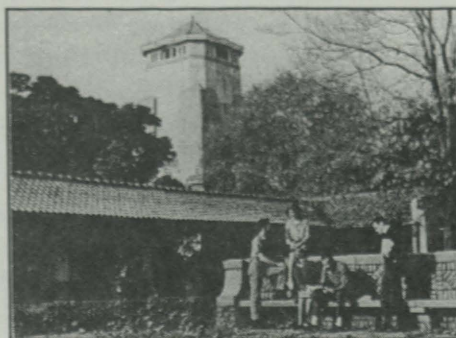
the mansion itself, a large garage with three apartments, a servant's residence, three greenhouses, two farmhouses, stables, and five lakes.

The servant's quarters served as a residence hall. The main room downstairs was the cafeteria. After serving for years as the first residence hall at Marian, a commuter bus stop, and as the main site for maintenance services, renovations changed this building into what is now known as the Alverna Student Center.

For a long time, as the student population grew and before a new residence hall was built, the greenhouses of the old estate were used as dormitories for young girls and at the same time functioned as the location of the school's science labs. The greenhouses, which used to be in front of Alverna on the side facing Marian and Clare, were torn down in the late 50's because the roof was caving in and the structures were not suitable to be a permanent residence.

Clare Hall was finished in 1949 and Marian Hall was built in the mid-fifties, but Allison was still being used as the library and as the site of the art department.

The Fisher estate, bought by the school



A view of the old Stokely tower.

in 1968, included the main building itself, an indoor swimming pool, servants' quarters, another small house, a polo field, stables, and an indoor tennis court, in addition to several outdoor ones. The indoor tennis court was eventually torn down and is the present site of the St. Francis parking lot. The indoor swimming pool became the present day Art Annex, the stables were converted at some point into Padua Hall. The mansion itself survived a fire and was reconstructed in the early fifties, later to become Fisher Hall.

Another big piece of the puzzle that has formed Marian College was the annexing



An overview of the campus circa 1965.

of Hawkeye, the Stokely estate, in 1963. The original builder and owner was Frank Wheeler, now famous as the ghost that haunts the upstairs of the mansion. Wheeler's estate had on the grounds a heated, seven-car garage, a large water tower, a lake, a gazebo, a Japanese teahouse, two houses for grounds staff, and an orchard. The lake was filled in by the owner between Wheeler and Stokely, C. Monty Williams, who put a swimming pool in its place. The water tower was torn down by the school because it was damaged and unsafe. The teahouse became worn and ugly after years of misuse, and has now been restored.

Marian's size grew with the construction of Doyle Hall at the back of the old Stokely estate and then St. Francis Hall, directly in front of Fisher's polo field. The three estates of Wheeler, Fisher, and Allison, old friends and business partners (one small investment was the Indianapolis Motor Speedway), have undergone tremendous facelifts over the years, so much that imagining them in their former glory can be difficult.

Swimming in Art (Annex)

by Beth Sawchuk

Marian College has more swimming pools than any other campus of equal size. That is what happens when a college is developed on estates belonging to three wealthy families, each owning their own pool.

Most students know of the pools belonging to Stokely and Allison mansions. A third pool was built behind what is now known as Fisher Hall. The building still stands. It is the narrow building known as the Art Annex which houses the ceramics, sculpture and printmaking classes.

"The Annex is one of two of the most bizarre buildings on campus," says Mark Hall, Assistant Professor of Art History and Humanities, the other being Padua Hall which was once the horse stables for the Fisher estate. The Annex is not only unique because it once served as a pool house but for the construction of the building as well. The pool was built so that half of the pool was underground extending as deep as fourteen feet below the surface. Changing rooms were built on the west end of the

building where students now utilize a printing room.

The building along with Fisher Hall, Kavanaugh Hall and Padua Hall as well as the property extending to where St. Francis Hall stands, was sold to Park Tudor and developed into an educational facility. A



floor was built over the existing pool and the building was divided into six separate class rooms. Later the property was taken over by Marian and the building was designated to house the art department.

The building is very durable, according to Hall. The construction of the Annex shows that there is only one weight bearing wall that supports the entire structure. This has allowed the removal of walls in order to incorporate larger classroom space. Over the years a furnace has been installed so winter classes could be scheduled and to insure protection from the threat of frozen pipes. A privacy fence, playfully known among the art faculty as the "Don French Memorial Fence" was built several years ago. Mr. French, the former Dean of Admissions was offended by the Raku pit that sat in front of the Annex and deemed it as an eyesore. Complaints were made and a privacy fence was ordered so that the students could practice the craft of Raku firing in the privacy of their own backyard.

The Annex and Padua Hall were at one time scheduled for demolition in order to make room for a future courtyard proposed by the college's Master Plan. However, plans have changed and the Annex has proven to be a building worth keeping.

Internet a Lively Source for Politics

by Michelle Study

Not enough time to sit through the 90 minute debates, but still want to be informed about the upcoming election? Then head to the net for up to date election coverage. On the Internet you can find a generous helping of politics, the following is a summary of three web sites.

CNN's all politics at allpolitics.com/index.html, offers several pictures and summaries of the day's top stories. You can also learn more about campaign '96 ads,

the Dole tax plan, and even participate in a CNN/USA Today poll. Another interesting aspect of this site is the information on third party candidates, which oftentimes are no more than a name on a ballot.

Politics Now at www.politicsnow.com/ offers the usual in top stories and polls. However, this site also offers a comprehensive list including a map of the house and Senate races, from this listing you can find biographical information on the

candidates in all of the House and Senate races. This site has great graphics.

Count down '96 at www.comeback.com/countdown/ offers a slightly different approach to the election. There are election games in which you join a campaign and actually advise your candidate on issues.

Remember Election Day is November 5.

English Club Doesn't Read

by Timothy Vollmer

Stratford 1996 continued from page 8

Night, which should soon be released in theaters.

My sole regret connected with the Stratford festival of 1996 was that we had not seen more than we had. Of the eleven, we attended but four, a paltry number, not even one-half. The theater experience there is like nowhere else. I cannot vouch for New York, but I fancy Stratford to be at least comparable, if not superior. An international theater festival extending six months every year, for 44 years, does not stint for quality.

Reservations for the 1997 Stratford expedition will be taken mid-way through the spring semester. With perseverance, we might even land that backstage tour that has been alluded to the past few years, but has yet, in my limited experience, to be realized.

On the last Saturday of every month, an open poetry reading is held in the Borders Castleton store at 7:00 p.m. Of the 20 plus English Club members, four were in attendance. Of the four, only two, Jacqueline Finney and Emily Persic, read their material. Two students from an IUPUI poetry class were also present.

The reading was conducted in a small, comfortable corner of the store near the science fiction/fantasy section. Couches were arranged in a semi-circle so that the poet of the moment was hemmed in with her back to the glass wall. A few took the placement to heart and read as if besieged, softly and cautiously, as if to read with vigor would have opened themselves to dire retribution.

Few poems were striking, that is, few evoked memorable images. A lady dressed in straight black, in a forceful voice, demanded vampires to return her blood. A gentleman wearing ripped jeans audaciously showcased a thin pocket-book of poetry which, to judge from his selections, must have been self-published. All seemed aghast to hear rhyme when Larry Atwood, a Marian English teacher, shared a little of his work, as if such a technique was deemed antiquated by these more enlightened times.

After all that was necessary to say was said in abundance, Finney was accosted by a passionate rabble enthralled, or at least charmed, by her pointed, poetic wisdom. They veritably tripped over themselves to wrest the manuscript from her grasp, and customers by necessity leapt aside as this jubilant throng paraded their grail through the double front doors.

All who attend are welcome to read; all that is needed is to sign in before the session begins. For aspiring poets, this is an opportunity to make connections in Indianapolis' literary community, which is larger and more sophisticated than most would initially conceive. For more information, contact either the English Club president or vice president, Jacqueline Finney or Amanda White, respectively, both of whom would be pleased to help students take up arms for an apathetic English Club.

