

Down With Pants...

May 21, 1965

CARBON FOREVER

The CARBON sorrowfully marks the passing of another memorable year. We commemorate the passing of another glorious era of CARBON history. We thought that it was only fitting and proper that we conclude this yearly rat race with another CARBON milestone. We submit to you the most lengthy CARBON in world history. The CARBON has grown and prospered in past years, instituting many changes in this tradition soaked instrument of eternal vigilance. This year we enlarged the staff to broaden our base of operation. This has enabled us to give better coverage to college events through a degree of departmentalization. This year has also seen much more extensive use of the third page and the CARBON's first fourth page. As a grand finale we are now presenting the first fifth and sixth pages. This year has witnessed the first extensive use of cartoons and caricatures. The "faculty salutes" are also a 1964-65 innovation. We have given more comprehensive sports coverage. Our social calendar has been improved and our Student Board coverage has been raised to an adequate level. The staff, Nora Fitzpatrick, Jack O'Hara, Jerry Traub, Jacque Tarter, Chuck Welch, Lynn Bocknik, Fred Carr, Diane Leathers, and myself, hope that you have found our efforts worthwhile.

The students may look forward to many more improvements next year under the capable leadership of next years editor, Chuck Welch. The torch has been passed, VIVA LA CARBON.

MB

WHO WEARS SHORT SHORTS?

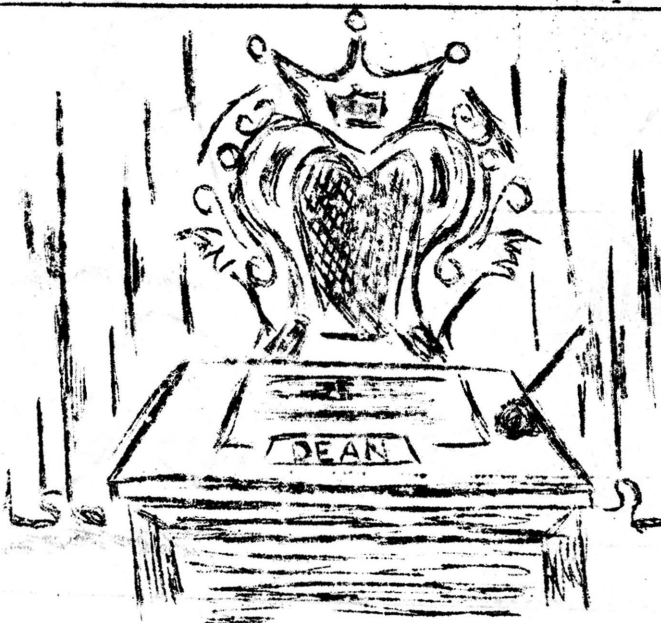
The CARBON, the omnipotent voice of the students, has in the past made it it's policy to fire at the honourable administration complaints and compliments which it feels are necessary. With the advent of spring the annual crises of that hush, hush topic, bermuda shorts, has again risen and the administration has come through with it's annual gay 90's reply of no shorts on campus except in the mixed lounge, at picnics, and on the road behind the school where no one will be scandalized by this immodest, obscene, but fashionable style of dress.

Last Sunday the crises was brought to a head when notices were posted in the peon's huts forbidding the occupants to wear those naughty, naughty, shorts at the picnic to be held that afternoon. Later this affair was switched to the mixed lounge when the word got out that those "simple" men from the South were organizing a display against the great facade being put on by the administration. Failing to relent from this move, the men of the dorm attired themselves in white shirts, ties, sport coats, and bermudas and peacefully moved from the South, past the Administration building, through Clare Hall, and into the Mixed Lounge amidst the applause and laughs of the Marian Maids.

It might be noted here that this movement was in no way connected to the celebration of the President's 25th anniversary in the priesthood. What the peons were resentful to was the fact that 1) the scholars were all but excluded from the celebration, 2) they were being forced to wear long hot pants in 85 degree weather, 3) from the administration's decision it appeared that the leaders of our college were afraid to let visitors see our motly, illiterate group of students, and 4) the administration appeared to be putting on a big facade to visitors by showing them how inactive and quiet our campus is. In other words, don't let anybody see our students. They're just terrible.

The celebration on Sunday could have been one of the biggest chances for the school heads to unite the students behind the school. Instead they apparently were trying to alienate them. The chance to display appreciation by the student body for all Msgr Reine has done was thrown out the window by our leaders. Somebody bungled the whole affair. We hope this situation will be rectified in the event of any future celebrations. We hope the administration is not ashamed of us.

CW



Carefully considering the fact that "they" don't flunk, expell or excommunicate graduating seniors we wish to exit with a flourish and a hearty hi-yo Silver by launching a salute to the congenial ~~custodian~~ of the bulletin board, Sister Mary Adeanshouldnotdothisbutilikeit. Thousands upon thousands are summoned before the throne each day until the main corridor is literally overwhelmed by the multitudes. Hunger and exhaustion stalk the serpentine rank as it slowly winds into the inner sanctum to eagerly partake of the royal word...A what?...A flagpole !!!...you can't take 35 hours... We have not purchased Park School... Where did you hear that...No, I'm not being replaced...Its just one of those things... We simply don't have the money...That's their job... ..ad infinitum.

We wish to present a literary commendation to Sister for surviving at her job despite what seems to be a concerted effort to effect her demise. She dodged successfully as Dean of Women, she ducked with precision as moderator of the Student Board and up till the time we went to press she has skillfully bobbed and weaved as Dean of the College. Hail to thee O Tallyrand of Marian College!

LETTER TO SENIORS

To the Senior Class:

It seems that the time is drawing near for us to bid adieu. There will probably be no other time in our lives in which we will look back and reminisce. These four years have been a trial for many, if not for all of us. Some of our classmates, it seems, were not destined to graduate for one reason or another. Yet what remains? Our compeers remain. We have marched through thick and thin together. We aren't all compatible, but we have done at least one thing together. We've run the gauntlet as compatriots. If ever there was a time to be thankful for something, now is the time. By the grace of God may we follow our individual paths with success.

These hallowed halls of learning should be long remembered for they gave us all they possessed. Let us not forget Marian College and the Class of 1965 in the hum drum of every day life. May all your troubles be little ones.

Sincerely,
Joe Rettig

Student Board

- * The newly elected Student Board held its first meeting on Monday, May 17 at 8:00 PM in the Men's Lounge.
- * The Board discussed two upcoming events. On Saturday, May 22, a leadership workshop will be held in the auditorium from 8:30 AM to 3:30 PM. The program will include three speakers who will discuss concepts of student government, such as parliamentary procedure and group dynamics. Interested students are invited to attend. Students participating in the board-sponsored program in conjunction with the Welfare Department are planning a picnic for Sunday, May 23rd.
- * Executive Secretary Don Busby announced that he will attend the NSA Convention this summer. Two or three other delegates will be chosen.
- * The Freshmen Orientation Program for next year will be essentially the same as last year with allowances being made for the use of the outdoor pool.
- * Responsibility for the parking regulation will be turned over to the administration with some recommendations which will be submitted by a committee.
- * The Board chose Father Patrick Smith, who is presently on a leave of absence, as its moderator.
- * The Marian College Chapter of Carnegie Hall Hall Jeunesses Musicales, a revised NCMEA, submitted its constitution and by-laws and was recognized by the Board as an official campus club.
- * A committee composed of Jerry Fedders, Andy Wagner and Don Busby was appointed to investigate possible locations for an enlarged student board office.
- * Vice President Nancy Carrier outlined her proposal for an activities calendar which would be offered to students next September. The calendars, of the large block style, would be initially financed by the Board. This would considerably alleviate the confusion concerning scheduled activities both for the students and for the activities co-ordinators.
- * It was also decided that the Board should re-emphasize general student opinion in favor of bermuda shorts as campus attire.

Susan Picker- Secretary

Last Pre-Exam Mixer

Tonight the Y.C.S. will hold this year's last mixer before exams. The Virtues Band will be featured. Kick off time is 8:30 PM. A meager 75 cents will put you in the "in crowd". Everyone is asked to motivate in the direction of the Mixed Lounge for this gala affair.

Who's sorry now?

We don't like to say, "you had it coming," or even "We told you so." But how can you "men of the diamond" expect us to share your sentiments about losing a game? Sure, the umpires stung us. Sure, we could'a won. You did your job and we gave our support. Still we lose. Next time we lose, why don't you have a cig on the way back? Play hide and seek with the Coach; he won't care-if you don't. (anonymous)

"The greatest CARBON ever told."

DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

The CARBON is making a significant departure from its usual policy by allotting an extraordinary amount of space to a single subject. We feel that it is absolutely necessary considering the importance and worthiness of the article.

Marian College has a Drum and Bugle Corps. If this seems to be an unimpressive statement please reconsider carefully. At the beginning of this college year most individuals thought that it was an impossible and ridiculous scheme that would surely pass swiftly into oblivion. Most people were skeptical and some were openly hostile. At the very best, many thought, the plans could come to fruition next year or the year after.

Marian College does have an excellent Drum and Bugle Corps and it has been invited to march in the 500 Festival Parade. This is a very amazing accomplishment. It will give Marian a very worthwhile representation in this annual event. It will give Marian a great deal of much needed publicity and will be a drawing card to Marian in future years. It is generally a very valuable addition on our campus. The CARBON hopes that every student will give the corps a rousing welcome at their official debut on Field Day. Their uniforms haven't arrived yet but this will not deter the Drummers and Buglers. The performance will proceed on schedule with or without the dress blues.

The role of the Corps reads as follows:

Soprano Buglers

Mike Hoxley- Treasurer
Tony Wadsworth
Carl Hopper

Bass Bugle

Larry Clemens

Drums

Paul Meyers
Pete Method
Jim Ellsworth
Paul Forssander-President
Greg Rudloff
Charlie Kelly

Tenor Bugles

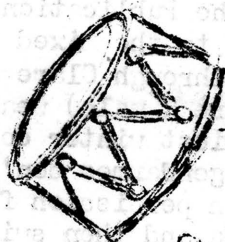
Don Basley
George Hynek
Dave West
Dave Walker

Color Guard

Vicki Andrade
Jacque Tarter
Rosie Evans
Maryann Brewer
Harry Allen Hingate
Connie Eaton-Vice President
Jerri Sanna
Judy Holliman-Secretary
Mary Ann Arzman
Carolyn Crouch-Color Guard Captain

Baritone Bugles

Jeff Gardner
Rick Kern
Lddie Green
Allan Burnson
Jim Sullivan
Bill Kutyllo



The CARBON would like to extend special congratulations to Drum Major John Sweany. The Corps was John's idea and he was the principle organizer. If a single person can be given credit for the Marian College Corps John must head the list. Credit is also due S/Sgt. Hilderbrand and Gy/Sgt. Menonne of the United States Marine Corps for their assistance in drill instruction; to Mr. Sweany, the Equipment Manager; to Mr. George Schneiders, Financial Promoter; to Sister Vivian Rose, Mr. Rhinesmith and to Mr. Anderson of our Development Office.

The CARBON salutes the MARIAN COLLEGE DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS.

CARBON JOKE3 (Ha! Ha!!!)

Give me work to do,
Give me health,
Give me joy in simple things.
Give me an eye for beauty,
A tongue for truth,
A heart that loves,
A mind that reasons,
A sympathy that understands.
Give me neither malice nor envy,
But a true kindness.
And a noble common sense.
At the close of each day,
Give me a book,
And a friend who knows the value of silence
While I'm attacking his sister.

CARBON WILLS

The "Super" from Schnelker
to Ed Arzman
The "all knowing Beard"
to Mario Rivas
The "Lounge Lovin' "
to Crunch and Ken
"Old Man"
to Jerry Traub
O'Donnell's "Little Black Book"
to Ron Roembke
The Fitzpatrick femininity
to Mary Adams
Sandy Whitman's "Bermudas"
to Jane Ward
Kathy Stapelton's dorm privileges
to Martha Gorman



The CARBON applauds that standard bearer of justice, that woman amongst men, that leader of democracy and mother of Sidney, Mrs. O.K. Fellas, housemother of the men's dorm. Cruising about in her white roadster, she passes many students who are unaware of the trials and tribulations faced daily by this valiant woman. Who could forget her quick thinking in the Fire Drill of 1964, her heroic performance in the face of the dorm Peasants' Revolt of 1965, and her efficient leadership which carried the Dormitory Board through one year unsoiled and untattered. Truly the Dick Tracy of Marian, she has more than once slithered down the dorm halls at 11:30 PM in search of wrongdoers and lawbreakers. Also a noted fashion leader, her colossal turbans have undoubtedly become the vogue this spring with the belles of Marian.

Yes, this week we salute you Mrs. O.K. Fellas and offer our sincere hope that the men of the South will quit calling you Gongi.

TALL
SHE
STANDS



TO THE LOUNGE

The bermuda shorts problem on campus has brought to the attention of the CARBON the problem many students, particularly those from the South Campus face, in going to the mixed lounge without passing one of the main buildings. So as another public service the mighty CARBON has devised a plan of 10 different ways to get to the mixed lounge without being caught in shorts.

- 1) Hide in a car and sneak in the back entrance. Of course the back door closes at 6:15 and from then on you'll have to take your chances.
- 2) Parachute from the Sky-Spy's helicopter.
- 3) Walk down 30th street to Krogers and then come in the back way over fences, through yards, and across the Potters Field.
- 4) Come from South Campus and hop the fence at Park School (2.00 fine) and make a mad dash for the lounge.
- 5) Go to Tudor Hall, wade through the creek, cross the baseball diamond, swim the Lake (10.00 fine) and ascend the hill behind the Publications building. Then scramble to the mixed lounge.
- 6) Walk through Clare Hall (Before 6:15 PM if you are a male) wearing your longest and heaviest winter coat. Hope Sandy and her gendarmes don't see you.
- 7) Obtain permission from the Face to use his Honda and then swiftly drive down the back drive to the lounge.
- 8) Go to Riverside Golf course and purchase a \$1.50 ticket. Then when you reach the 16th tee hook your drive down the back road in the direction of the lounge. Pretending to be a golfer in search of his ball, nonchalantly look until you have reached your destination.
- 9) Obtain a ride from Sister Vivian Rose from the music building to the lounge.
- 10) Hope the administration becomes a little more sensible and changes the rules.

FOUR YEARS OF PROGRESS

The CARBON wonders how many students give a few minutes of their time to think of the vast changes that have taken place at Marian during the last four years. Sometimes it is too easy to overlook many of the excellent advantages that we are offered and many of the improvements that have been made.

Four years ago few people seriously considered the purchase of the Stokley Estate within the next 20 years. The purchase of Park School was just a dream and a men's dorm was a vision in the distant future.

Four years ago any type of athletic grant was considered an impossibility.

Four years ago the ratio between men and women was utterly fantastic. Today we are achieving a balance. Girls used to have reason to complain.

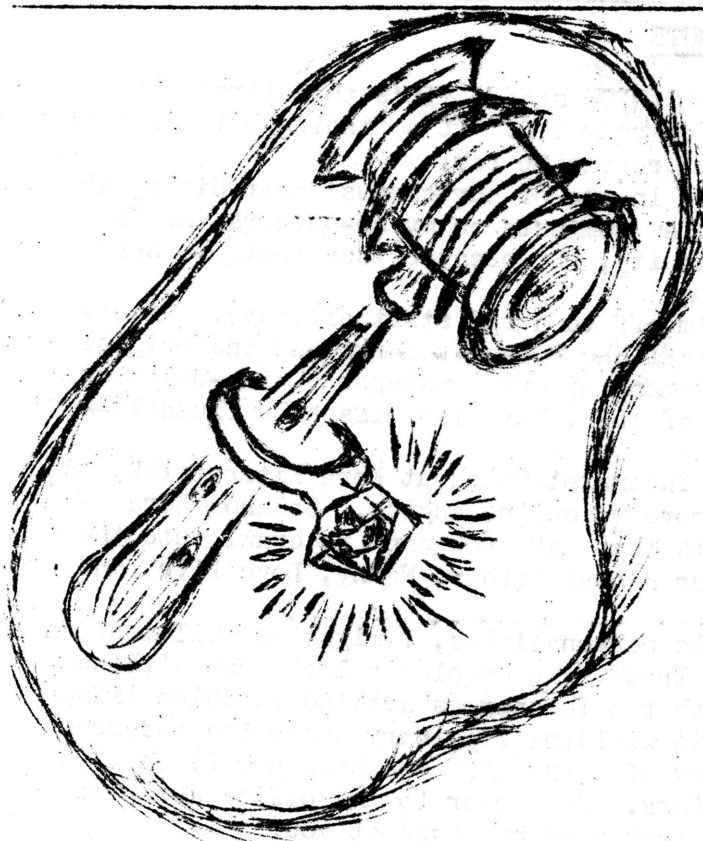
Four years ago women residents had twelve o'clock hours on Friday and Saturday, ten o'clock on Thursday and Sunday, and eight o'clock hours on Monday through Wednesday.

Four years ago we didn't have a flagpole. Today Larry "Bernie Zimmer" Zimmerman and the Senior Class have erected a true monument to our patriotic zeal.

Four years ago our Student Board was too timid to raise its voice on a controversial issue. Recent Boards have been valuable student organizations.

COMMENCEMENT'S

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Feeling the necessity to recognize the leaders of our campus for the past year in this CARBON special, the almighty, non-fearing CARBON moves to the realms of Harkin's not student to lend a little bit of CARBON immortality to Miss Mary "Lamstrong" Johnson, ex-el presidente of the Student Board. Recognizing the responsibility of such a job this brave woman had the nerve to run against the CARBON Editor and win. What an upset! Nevertheless this pert young stateswoman took the gavel and not once did she shirk the responsibility as she led the Student Board through such crises as the Publications Plague, the Selma Tour to the South, and the Lounge Lovers Reprimand to mention a few. Her method of "smoothly talking" her way around one Mr. Wagner is surely to be admired.

A pat on the back to our now bygone leader. (Whoops we better watch that.) May you serve your upcoming responsibilities as well.

Harkin's Heros

The game with Indiana Central Tuesday evening brought to a close this year's baseball season with a 3-11 record. The team statistics are as follows: (14 games)

I. Team Hitting Average
At bats - 402
Hits 89 Average .221

II. Individual Hitting Leaders
Brodnik .353
Sanders .341
Federle .313

III. Pitching
Federle 3-6 E.R.A. 3.10
Sanders 0-5 E.R.A. 1.70

IV. Passed Ball
Carr (3) Strom (1)

V. Hit by a pitched ball
Hynek (5)
Cardis (2) Others (3)
Carr (2)

VI. Strike Outs
Cardis (16)
Essling (13) Others (58)
Hynek (12)

VII. Base on Balls
Baker (11)
Hynek (9) Others (26)
Federle & Carr (9)

VIII. Stolen Bases
Federle (7) Others (25)
Brodnik (5)

IX. Fielding
Attempts 441 Average .898
Errors 48

X. Individual Fielding Averages
Carr .983
Essling .965
Federle .960
Strom .956
Brodnik .900



SALUTE IV

As we move along in this extra special edition of attractive college stuff, we feel compelled from the bottom of our pitless hearts to salute that guardian of the North Campus Bastille, that compatriot of Mrs. O.K. Fellows, and daily patron of Form Fit Studios, Mrs. Mother Clare, leader of the Clare Hall Beauties. After a year under the tutelage of the Dean of Women, she moved into this time honored position to lead all the "Farmer's girls" through a successful year. Quiet and reserved, who would suspect that beneath the frame of her body rests the biggest and most understanding heart in the college community. Her ability to recognize the age of her women (without checking I.D.'s) and method of treating them as such is truly to be admired.

This week we salute you Mother. May you always stay in good form. 1,2,3, down. 1,2,3, down.....



A TRIBUTE

What is it like being a member of the CARBON staff. It's that first date without Clearasil. It's not being asked for your I.D. It's finding out the exam proctor is nearsighted. It's all this and repulsive too.

After a year of privileged membership in one of our campus' most disorganized organizations, I would like to present a few comments on my co-workers, not because they are interesting personalities (far from it), but because they would be hurt if somebody didn't say something about them.

I'll begin with Mike Brown (You see I'm off to a bad start already). Mike's easy going, off the cuff, off the record, off the rocker remarks and incorrigible verbosity are elements essential to achievement of our newspaper's aim--oblivion. Not only does Mike hem-haw with the best of them, but also misspells fluently--a true inspiration to aspiring failures.

No day at the CARBON office would be incomplete without Nora Fitzpatrick, who provides our journalism with some of the more masculine angles. Somehow Nora manages to toss off those little witticisms that make you want to crawl into the nearest ink eradicator bottle. Nora is our House Mother, Nanny, Love Life, and Bouncer.

While I'm on the subject of despicable personalities, I might as well mention the CARBON'S swiftly balding sage, Jerome Traub, who couples a lecherous attitude with a lecherous attitude and comes up with two lecherous attitudes, which is more than anyone deserves. Jerry specializes in wielding imaginary authority and from time to time performs the grueling drudgery of going over the backroom files with some of the unassuming female CARBON staffers. Come over to the office sometime and experience the thrill of having Traub look down his nose at you.

In the Naive Department of the Pub. Build. we find Diana Leathers, who is still trying to figure out the punch line to "Why did the chicken cross the road". Blank stares are Diana's specialty, and if you're good, she may even sigh for you. Diana has the kind of breathy voice that makes you think the building is on fire.

If you're in the market for a child prodigy, the CARBON staff is willing to meet you halfway. You bring the prodigy. We have the child. His name is Chuck Welch, a youngster with a short attention span and an uncontrollable urge to ask permission to leave the room. The past year has been ever so interesting, what with teaching the little tot to walk and all. By golly he can even say No-ra.

Moral newsheet that we are, we are blessed by the presence of that angelic vapor of prudence Jacques Tarter, who only in a spasmodic blurt of benevolence, will descend her golden staircase to commute with the lower levels of existence. In these, the fleeting moments of ecstasy, she flits from male to male massaging back muscles--then it's aloft again. Oh--the transitory nature of joy.

Now and then the hum drum, lack-a-day pace of big campus journalism sparkles in the electric presence of Narcissus, that is Fred Carr, on one of his infrequent visits. His time is not his own. It belongs only to the hungry-eyed coeds and the 6'x6' mirror in his room. Yes. Fred's in love with himself and has no rivals.

Supplying the Pub. Build. with plenty of Southern exposure is Lynn Bocknik, bringing with her each day of CARBONation, all the magnolia blossom atmosphere of the old plantation home. Her lilting drawl bespeaks bygone days of julep, hush puppies and cotton balls (to say nothing of slavery). Lynn has been known to assist Miss Tarter in the traditional CARBON ritual of male muscle massaging.

What can you say about our moderator, Father Elford--nothing... So why bother.

I'd like to say something about myself but the available space is so meager.

It is with a heavy heart that I say good-bye to these my colleagues:

"Saying good-bye is a reason

For weeping, regretting and grieving,

But saying good-bye is much easier now,

Cause, hot damn, I'm happy they're leaving.

Jack O'Hara

P.S.

Our artistic superboy, because of his carefully studied humility, has neglected to include himself in his sarcastic sketches. What would our CARBON be without his childish scrawl, his insane babblings and his idiotic antics. He will be long remembered for his musical rendition of the "Way of the Cross", his one hour escapade at playing a chair, a Buddha and a vomiting Chinaman. What an ~~ass~~ man!

COLLECTOR'S
ITEM
CARBON

Lynn Boelzlik

Mike Brown

Chuck Welch

Nora Fitzpatrick
Fred Carr

PUBLICATIONS

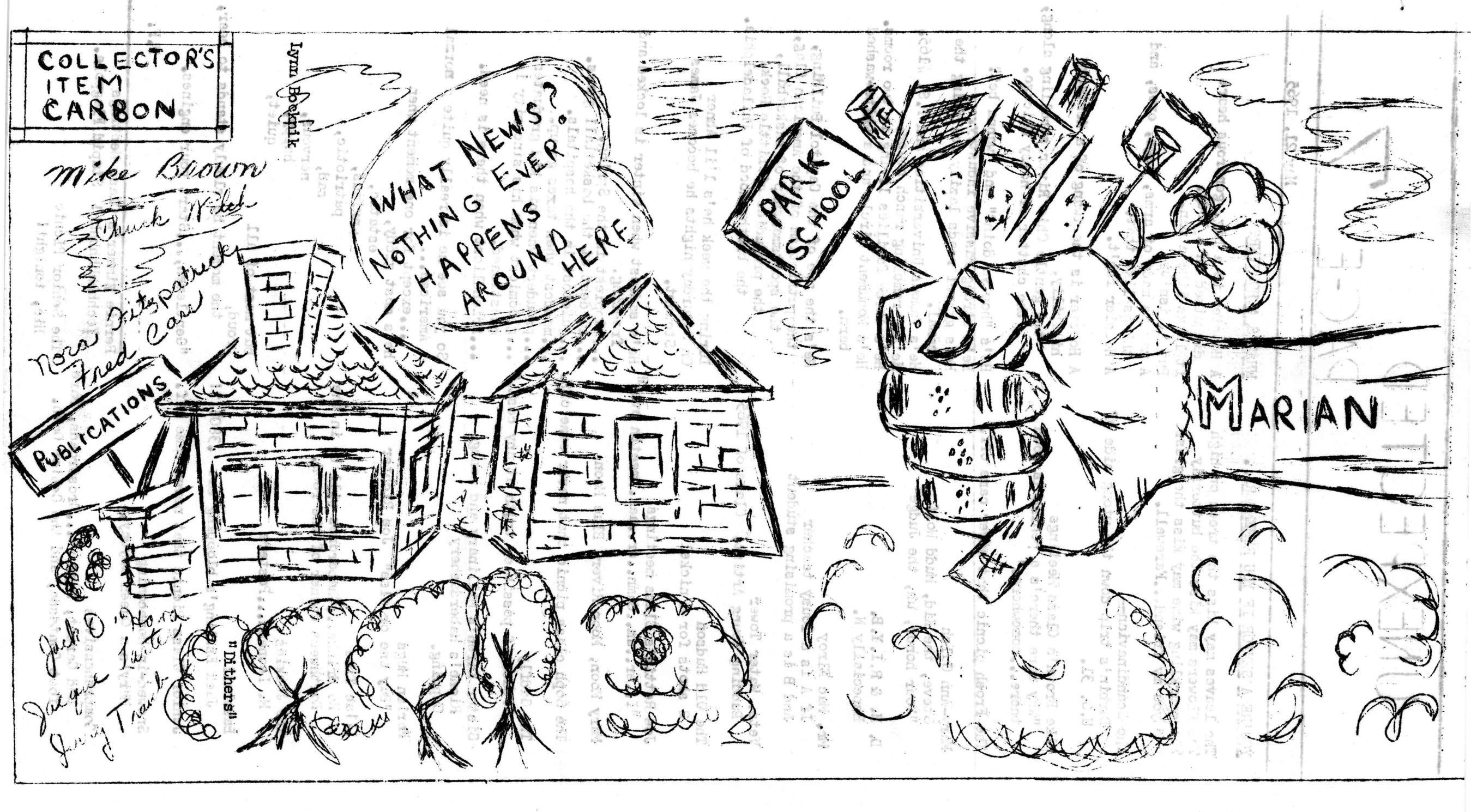
Jack O'Hara
Jacque Lutter
Jerry Trank

"Mithers"

WHAT NEWS?
NOTHING EVER
HAPPENS
AROUND HERE

PARK
SCHOOL

MARIAN



May 21, 1965

YOU'RE A SENIOR IF YOU REMEMBER...

The leaves may kiss the trees on high
The flowers may kiss the butterfly
The sparkling wine may kiss the glass
And you my friend...Farewell.

The Scandinavian--

Durbin's trip down the wrong side of
U.S. 31.

Mike Brown's Class Meetings

"Why sure there's a peninsula down
there...somewhere."

The Frosh picnic that never came off.

Mary-Ann Gulch

Steve, the Kid, Mudd Wolf
"Your honor, uh, the Judge"

D. N. & R.I.Y.B.

Especially N.

Mr. Mac Elroy

If A is a lousy teacher
And B is a promising student

Vets. Water Tower

Budding Young Artist, Class of 1965

The Old Hudson

2 shots for a nickel

Joe Rettig's Class meetings

"I..er..um..damn..er..aaa..meetin over"

Mary Moon, Moon River, Blue Moon

The Soph class picnic that never came off.

The Gadfly

"Peace if possible, truth at any cost."

Sister Karen's Millinery and Monsg.

Riene's Haberdashery
Capping.

Marian Mugs

"Buy one or else" Joe Richter

Lilac Time

No drinks...Chaperones will be in the
Northwest corner of the room.

The Jockies

M. Leonard...Posters

Baseball

Jack Essling's blooming bat .380?!?!?

Junior Class Picnic that never came off.

Snowed-in Homecoming

Mary's a Queen anyway.

Comprehensives

Red Carpet, Daymons...Crossroads, Bare
foot Contessa, and the Senior Oath.

WHAT'S A HOOSIER?

A Hoosier is a big, generous heart
disguised in a body.

It looks like a man.

But it isn't.

A man is made of arms, legs, eyes, and
things like that.

A Hoosier isn't.

A Hoosier is the twang of a Kentucky
hillbilly,

the gentle Ohio River strolling along,
the chatter of noisy Chicago.

He's "how ya doin?" and "wanna bet!"

He's strong massive industry.

He's gravel roads lazily following the
canal.

He's famous Universities and P.S. #165.

He's a rambling ranch house.

He's three families living in two rooms.

He's Monument Circle and a white-washed
barn.

He's the awe of the Capitol Building,
the patriotism of the American flag,

the sportsmanship of basketball,

the prejudice of Little Rock,

the brotherhood of Philadelphia.

During the week he's I'll Abner

On Saturday nights he becomes James
Stewart.

He's saddest when winter is locked and
freezing.

...happiest in the Spring.

...loudest at the basketball games.

...quietest in the hospitals.

...maddest when taxes go up.

...proudest when his kid graduates.

...gloomiest when his sincerity is
questioned.

...friendliest when there is need.

So you see he is really quite a normal
American...

...except for one moment when
he's most glady,

estatic,

anxious,

patriotic,

sad,

nervous,

happy,

quiet,

but most of all

proud,

the moment he slowly stands to hear,

"Gentlemen,...Start your engines."

N.F.

Bernie Zimmer's Class Meetings

Yechhhhhhhhhhh! Stupid Flagpole.

The Senior Picnic

Hic, tonight!