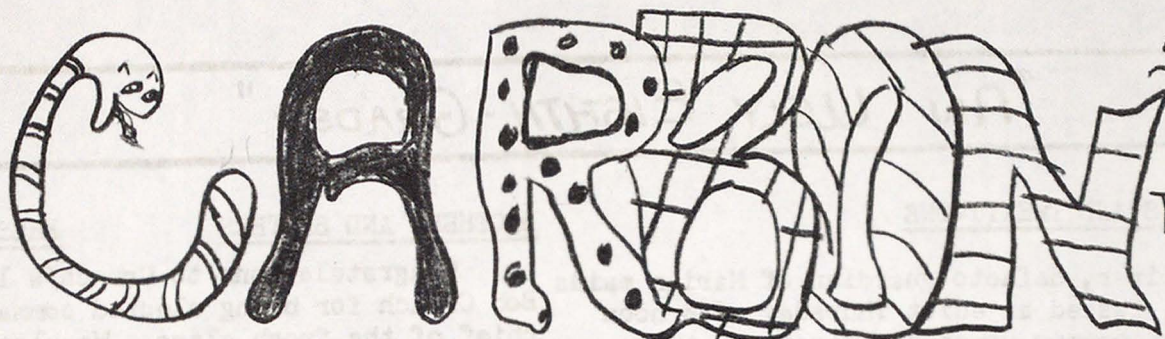


October 17, 1966

THE  
PIOUS  
AS  
HELL



STUDENT  
BOARD  
MEETS  
TONIGHT  
7:00

## DEFINITION OF A VIRGIN...

### the view from here

While not quite measuring up to the fanfare and worldly impact of LBJ's "Great Society," the Student Board and its president, John Lynch has revealed Lynch's own version of a year long Christmas. Once again we are captured by the realization that Marian College is not all that it might be. The CARBON hopes that our latest re-birth does not return to the year-long nap to which we always manage to yield. John Lynch has a good idea - indeed, a very good idea- and Marian College might do well to listen carefully.

Your CARBON viewed this past Monday's version of "Blackboard Jungle," and along with almost everyone present, enjoyed ourselves immensely. Yet we must not lose sight of the fact that for all its sensationalism, Monday's most significant contribution was the presentation of an academic idea. The essence of the program presented at this centers around the rehabilitation - or a better word - construction of the collegiate atmosphere at Marian. Specifically, Lynch calls for a major adjustment in the academic attitude on campus. At this stage "academic" and "collegiate" atmospheres should be questions for a high school senior trying to find a college. But, perhaps in keeping with the high school atmosphere which seems to permeate our campus, these are the problems of every Marian College student. If Marian is ever to become the academic environment that most envision, our toil must begin today.

Last Monday produced an interested cross-section of faculty and students; it also produced frank and sincere opinions concerning the plight of the institution; but even more importantly the past Monday produced an idea, an idea which must capture the spirit and imagination of our community. Those willing to become directly involved must prepare themselves for an arduous task, the likes of which this school has never seen. We urge the Student Board to guide this program with all respect due the idea and its potentiality. We encourage the student body to take the Board's initiative and share in the effort to make this more than an idea. We are all much too aware that MC has produced many "ideas" which have emerged into the great labyrinth of nothingness. We hope this idea becomes a working reality, one to which the administration cannot turn its back.

Reality will not greet us today, nor tomorrow. Patience must take the hand of hard work. We cannot cry for responsibility if we are not prepared to act with this same responsibility. Everyone utters words of discontent; if we continue to be a student body of words, Marian College has lost its purpose for being. The task is ours; those faculty members who realize the school's plight will work with us. If Marian College is ever going to move away from the apathy which is devouring us today, the student body too, must emerge from this very same apathy.

LS

### THIS IS THE WEEK THAT IS

- Monday Oct. 17.
- 7:00 SEA's first drunk of the season, Rm. 251
- Tuesday Oct. 18.
- 7:00 Sr. Flo-Marie, in the MC Lectures speaks on math among other things, Rm. 251
- 8:15 Mr. McDonald, in the Lectures talks on early Yankee music, Rm. 251.
- Thursday Oct. 20.
- 12:30 The good Father Higgins speaks on welfare in the Church - a Convocation.
- 7:00 Marian Lectures - a good one - Miss E. Murray and The Modern Voice in Drama talks about "Mother Courage" and probably "mother love." Rm 251.

### CARBON CALENDAR CONTINUED

- 8:00 The same Father Higgins reviews the Ecumenical Council. By this time he should really be warmed up. Catch the show. AUD.
- 8:00 A Mr. Frank Stites talks about the young playboy, Tom Jefferson in the History Dept's contribution to the Marian Lectures. Rm 251
- Friday Oct. 21.
- 8:00 THE FANTASTICKS - A rape set to music. "This show is fantastic." Indianapolis CARBON
- 8:30 A MIXER, sponsored by Clare Hall. Live entertainment, you should see our kids dance. The MCML
- Saturday Oct. 22.
- 8:00 THE FANTASTICKS
- Sunday Oct. 23.
- All day Let your parents attend day camp with you.



# "AN UGLY EIGHTH-GRADER"

## TWO O'CLOCKS AND TWENTY-ONE

Miss Diver, defacto guardian of Marian maids on and off, issued an edict Thursday afternoon stating that campus women can remain on the streets Nap-town and vicinity for two hours into the next day of the night on which they ceased being Clare Hall girls. These anti-Cinderella regulations apply to only two nights of the long week, i.e. Friday and Saturday, or those days known in some erotic sections of our own country as the "weekend." The term "women" is attributed to those of Senior Status or those of having reached the worldly age of twenty-one. Extrinsically this should mean that on-campus women, now given the opportunity, will now develop socially in a two o'clock world. We hope that they will use this privilege advantageously to themselves and to Marian. We hope it will bring them more than an extra hour to order pizza.

ML

## A LETTER FOR ALL YEARS

Dear Sir:

The appearance of a lack of academic freedom on campus makes it necessary for interested students to express their total support of those faculty members who realize that the progressive faculty and students have a vital interest in management of college life.

The exclusion of the lay faculty and students from a voice in the formation of the community spirit is both detrimental to the intellectual atmosphere and degrading to the college as a whole.

If these people cannot express themselves freely and openly without fear of repercussions then a true college spirit cannot exist on the Marian Campus.

Sincerely,  
Anne Treckman, Ellen Scanlin,  
Pat Bowron

## PRAISE FOR OUR TYPISTS

As your editor calmly types up the CARBON, he remembers being asked by one of our lovely typists to mention them in the CARBON. Well hello Delicious Diana Leathers and Sultry Sara Motta, wherever you are.

Our wonderful women of the keyboard would certainly make life in the Carbon office beautiful if they were ever here; so girls, please come home; all is forgiven.

## HELP IF YOU NEED IT

Major Schnieders, through his friendly CARBON Want Ad section has gotten a baseball manager for Cleon. Of course in the process, Cleon lost Major for a day, but all is well with the reconsideration of the Schnieders. The moral of of tale is: if you need help and you are like the athletic department, you'd better use CARBON.

## BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Congratulations to Crunch's little brother Bob Crouch for being elected commander-in-chief of the frosh class. We also extend congratulations to his executive staff which consists of Ted Allen (called Ted) as V.P., Steve Schwab's sister Nancy as secretary, and Shea Smith's brother Stae as treasurer.

In his earlier political career Barry Goldwater was elected president of his freshmen class. We certainly wish this year's officers better success than Barry and from all appearances they will be much more successful.

pSM

## THE DAY AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE...

The day following Saturday is Parent's Day. This time around the Student Board wants to accomplish a most remarkable feat. It not only hopes to attract parents as close as 100 miles, but also those as far away as one mile. This, of course, is going against all statistical data, for those closest to a major event are always the last to benefit. (How many Chicagoans ever made it to a Cub game this year?) The Board feels that it is betting on a sure thing this time, however, for it's betting on you. Besides, whose parents would dare turn down an invite from Charles E. Welch?

pSM

## INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL

SUNDAY, OCT. 16

NFL:

P.B.R.'s 2 Pontius and The Drivers 0  
(forfeit)

C.F.'s 18 Freshmen 0

Manuah III 2 Brains 0 (forfeit)

AFL:

Beer Barons 13 The Best 6

Terrible Toms 12 Wildcats 7

Werner's Stock 27 Grapestompers 6

Check to be sure about games for Oct. 23, Parent's Day.

P.S. All World Series bets should be paid by Wednesday.

P.P.S. Major is back in the gym; rumor has it that he was affored a Chevy II as part of his new contract.

JT

Then there was the sadistic little girl who locked the bathroom door the night of her father's beer party.

## WHAT'S THE STORY HERE?

In keeping with the current trends on campus of student-faculty involvement and of spreading afar the banner of Marian, the CARBON would like to throw its iron into the fire of school spirit. Yes, the CARBON has an idea. Recognizing the great abilities and the great potentials lying dormant in our multi-versatile faculty, the carbon wishes to propose a constructive use of these talents. We propose an answer to the Beatles, a rebuttal to the Rolling Stones (they need one), a spin to the Four Tops, we propose our own Marian mod band to bestrew the name of Marian over the entire Mid-West, yes even Batesville; over the entire U.S. and over, yes, just think of it, the entire world. (Look our Mao).

Swinging under the tempting title of the Marian Mystics will be Bob Bob Bob Moran on the hides, the Ringo of M.C., hair and all. Defying all tradition Bob Bob Bob will not use drumsticks, but instead will use shredded posters of past theatrical events on campus. Adding the Ferrante and Ticher effect will be Alec MacDonald and Sister Vivian Rose. Both will knock at the ivories while a flaming candle, supported by a broken beer bottle, illuminates their music. Twanging out on lead guitar will be the wild queen of M.C., Emilie Murray, alive and in person. Backing up wild Em will be Sister Norma playing a little Latin base. Completing the instrument line up, with that special effect on the triangle, will be the dirty ol' man of the campus, Father Pat Smith. To cap it all off, on vocal, look out Nick Jagger, will be America's answer to Christopher Columbus, always searching for something, John L. Darretta. Not only will JLD sing Italian love songs but with his elaborate clothing taste will undoubtedly set the new clothing style for all American children under 5 (foot that is). Anyone wishing to secure the Mystics, while the price is still cheap, is asked to contact E. Forrest Scarborough, Mystic manager.

JO'K



## WHAT REIGNS ON CAMPUS

This past week we find that the great god of raindrops has blessed us again. Despite the fact well-known by Indianapolis residents that the rainy season in this fair town is not the last week of September, our out-of-town guests were welcomed by a week-long seige of rain. Well, now it has solidified and dorm students and day-hops alike are plagued by the cool, clean snow. Beauty today and slush tomorrow.

As the snow began to cover M.C.'s campus on Wednesday, many a dreadful groan could be heard coming from the men of S.C. They shuddered at the fact that they would have to find their way through that ungodly white stuff to N.C.

Your, always there when news breaks, roving reporter learned from an esteemed Sophomore (J.O'K.) of plans for a tunnel connecting the Men's Dorm to Clare Hall, which seems to be the center of activity on N.C. - girls and food or should it be food and girls. The men were overwhelmed with anxiety to get started on the passage way. So they dug and scraped and packed snow for hours. Upon completing the tunnel and reaching N.C. at 4 a.m. Thursday, the men returned to S.C. cold and hungry, but pleased with their efforts. Thursday morning this white fantasy served its purpose; but to everyone's dismay, it was discovered that by 11 a.m. Mr. Sunshine had turned their hard night's work into a charming path of knee-high slush. So girls, don't worry about a sudden unexpected onslaught of men on N.C., it seems that mother nature will once again keep them in their place. The great white pumpkin strikes again!

NS

## THOU SHALT NOT EAT FISH THIS FRIDAY

Among the myriad joys of this cheerful month is that singular date, the eleventh - Veteran's Day. Upon this extremely popular national feast, Archbishop Schulte, praised be his most august office, has lowered the cloak of dispensation upon the mundane abstinence which forces believers and infidels alike to partake of that culinary atrocity - fish.

For once, we are to be spared the Saga rendition of vituals so familiar to our Friday palates. By the eighteenth, will the shock of the Friday "meal" be so great that mass suicide will ensue? Can we protect ourselves from that one meal a week, above all others, that hurls us to the depths of gastro-intestinal distress? Will the gourmets amongst us be carted off, on the brink of a mental and gastronomical breakdown?

Is that what bothers you? Do you see a need to revolt, because of the ineffectuality of verbal manifestations of displeasure? Does Frisch's seem the only answer? Will you revolt or will you endure? I make no decisions, or even suggestions for you. You must formulate your own.

SM

The ever expanding CARBON announces the birth of 3 new staff members: John O'kane, June Obert, & Nancy Schwab. Say hello to them in the halls.