

THE

No. 3

October 7, 1960

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Well, here it is again--Friday. We were afraid that our many, avid readers would be sorely disappointed this week, for it was quite doubtful that we would be able to spew forth with our usual assortment of pertinent news. First of all, our editor found himself up to his ears in a U.S. History paper; secondly, our venerable co-editor, alias typist, Jan Janesheski, broke her windshields and couldn't see past her extremely large proboscis to type up the stencils. Therefore we had to recruit the aid of Sister Adelaide and her Red Cross Unit to help us meet this national emergency. All three editors were declared national (and unnatural) disaster victims and the entire job fell upon the shoulders of Mike Nolan, that superb flash of Marian's tennis courts. Hats off to Michael (the slob)!

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To revert to a more serious vein, we would like to say a few words about the coming basketball season. As some of you know, bleachers with a capacity of 500 are to be installed and 8 home games will be played in our gym for the 1st time this year. We also understand that the cheerleaders are organizing cheering blocks to be made up of dorm and day student coeds. We applaud both moves and hope that each will help to contribute to a livelier spirit among the students.

We would like to do our bit also by printing the school pep song in hope that it will be remembered when our Marian Knights take to the hardwood this fall.

We rise and cheer for you, dear Marian,
And let our voices ring on high,
We'll loudly sound your name,
And proudly spread your fame,
Raise your glory to the sky!

In battle you shall march to victory,
While we proclaim your might,
Your gold and blue shall fly
As we forever cry,
Hail to the Marian Knights!

It is our humble hope that those students among our readers who are not familiar with the school pep song will take a few minutes and learn it - Those who are plagued with poor memories are asked to clip it out ---

PRO FOOTBALL RESULTS

The Vets cleaned up the lakeside, but got cleaned on the gridiron last Sunday as the Colts came from behind to eck out a thrilling 13-12 victory. This wild and wooly contest was decided in the last three minutes when Jerry Williams of the Colts tossed a desperation pass to Packy Cunningham in the end zone. Earlier in the game, Vince Unitas, that noble Q.B. of the Vets, flung an incredible 40-yard pass to Joe Sullivan in the end zone. Moments later, Bill Kelsey latted the ball out of "Silks" hands, thus causing a "friendly" rhu-pard as to whether the pass was actually completed or not.

In other action, the Chemists shut out the Giants and the Rams butted the Bears 13-6 under the sure handling of that tricky Bill Byers, along with the able assistance of Mike Noon.

Come on out and watch this Sunday's greased gridiron as another gallant group of garrulous go-getters invades Marian's stadium.

Vets vs. Rams	- 12:30
Chemists vs. Colts	- 1:30
Bears vs. Cards	- 2:30

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The Men's Glee Club Meeting Time has been changed from 3:30 Thursdays to 10:30 Thursday mornings. All interested are invited to come to the auditorium at this time.

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We suggest that those students who Are not familiar with the new chapel in Clare Hall take a peek. It is a fine example of simple beauty ---

WE INVITE CRITICISM!

ALSO , CAMPUS ORGANIZATION NEWS.

GOOD SHOW!

The Carbon takes its honorable hat off to the hardworking, heroic Vets who used their free day Tuesday cleaning up the lake side. They did a commendable job cleaning up the steps, and clearing debris, brush, etc., from along the shore. Their valiant efforts on a day when they could have leisurely whiled away the hours reading the Iliad and the Odyssey or something, deserve much credit. Now the lake is again adorned only with the blinding beauty of nature, where students may meditate, the Audacoon Society may flourish, and lovers may quarrel.

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BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

The birthday of Carbon editor Joe Kempf this week has caused an avalanche of telegrams, wires, post cards, carrier pigeons, subpoenas, get-well cards, what have you. Some of the most heart-felt words of congratulations are as follows:

"May all your children have rich parents".....Nelson Rockefeller

"Try hard, but don't trust the Gallup Polls".....Gov. Dewey

"Be brave, boistrous, bemonastic, and benevolent".....Beowulf

"You're inebriated with the verbosity of your own exuberance".....Webster

"What a fine, ambitious, well-brought-up lad".....Mrs. Kempf

"Pots of ruck".....Suzie Wong

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Attention all AQUANAUTS! Don't get overanxious, but it's almost time to get into those aqualungs, flippers, snorkels, etc.

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EDITORS:

"I find your paper truly inspirational ---" Elmer Gantry