



Virtue is for those who haven't had the opportunity.

THE VIEW FROM HERE

The Carbon, your friend when all others desert you, your lover when love has gone, your torch when you have lost the way greets you for the 1966 - 67 campaign. Specializing in sarcastic cynicism, we vow to uncover the dirt long after the hole has been emptied. The staff will continue to chronicle the weeks events, covering everything from Clare Hall panty raids to birthday parties in the Men's Dorm. Could the common man ask for anything more?

The Carbon will continue to serve you with the news you want to read on its shining silver platter. In a situation where controversy has been the seed of progress, the Carbon is proud of its nourishing role. As we tear down our towers of tradition, we should do so with courage and conviction. That which is contrary to our needs and our development as a community must yield to the future. The Carbon seeks to quicken the revelation of our potential. We are not here to raise the flag where there is no flagpole, but we cannot allow the flag to be sheltered in the coffin of impractical tradition.

We proudly announce that the CARBON'S editorial staff remains intact. Perhaps, in all fairness to his followers we should note the passing of Charles E. Welch. He was fired.

Mary Leahy, who by now is the state's leading authority on libel laws is back once again to attack the faculty, the administration, the buildings, and the landscape. Mellifluous Mary's outstanding literary effort of last year was never allowed to reach the printer.

Jerry Traub, the Babe Ruth of sports writers offers you his capsule reviews and comments on the M.C. high-flying athletic program. Jerry's style has been compared to Tolstoy's and no one has ever figured out his status as CARBON sports editor. But, we imagine Tolstoy probably could have written for us if we needed him. Jerry is best remembered for his prize winning interview with Cleon's desk.

M.C.'s Richard Burton, i.e. Jack O'Hara will again adorn our pages with magnificent political cartoons and timely essays on such topics as the "Mud Composition at the Bottom of Marian Lake." Whenever the Carbon finds itself short on news of great portent, Jack will hack for us.

We indeed welcome two new members to our cheerful staff. In order to water down the dirt, we print Sheila Mudd, has been snatched from the Clutches of the Fioretti. Whenever there is a "Lynch Lynch" or a "squelch Welch" movement taking hold at M.C., Steve Miller, our own version of a Washington correspondent, will be on the scene to untie the knots. In other words, Steve's beat is student government.

Father Patrick Smith continues his own version of ecumenical reform on campus. He has survived threats of excommunication, extortion and a ban from the dining hall, and returns to censor as he alone can do (or can't do).

We welcome your suggestions and your comments and even your gripes to make the CARBON a better newspaper, your newspaper. The CARBON is your commentary on campus life.

LS

FACULTY ANECDOTE

As a sister to our weekly Faculty Salutes, the CARBON introduces Faculty Anecdotes. In an effort to delve into the darkest hours of our faculty's careers, moments of sin have been captured by our all-knowing pen, and will be reproduced at the instant of the slip.

This week we "anecdote" Monseignor John J. Doyle who has made M.C. history on a night ride from Cincinnati. The "Mons", maintaining his insatiable pride for Marian, drove off to Xavier to view the Knights ballgame with X.U. Cheering our boys to defeat, the "Mons" promptly left the great Ohio metropolis for the trek back to Alverna. Upon his arrival an in-

quisitive priest asked the good Monsignor where his car was.

It seems our beloved chaplain had caught the train for Indy and his forgotten car rested quietly in Cincinnati.

HELP WANTED COLUMN

Major Schnieders has put out the alarm.. He needs an interested male to serve as manager for the basketball team. The sex restriction has been added due to the locker room requirements. Any interested scholar should contact the man behind the desk in Reynolds fieldhouse.

Tonight! In our very own Mixed Lounge -- the annual bouncing of the beanies or the BEANIE BOUNCE, with John O'Kane! The freshmen have been saved from a week of havoc by the great god of rain. Starting at eight, oh what fun you will have, especially if you are a sadistic sophomore or a masochistic freshman. The Gung-ho Guerrillas and their somewhat questionable leadership have devised a unique and definitely profitable finale to the two weeks of Freshman persecution. With a dance, trial and a bonfire, no Marian maid or knight can afford or even want to miss the event. That's tonight Friday, September 30. (Of course you do realize frosh, that if you don't attend, you will be forced to wear your beanies for the next three years.

sm

AMARIAN THE BEAUTIFUL

In the middle of August, when the student deans sent out their annual paraphrase and left no mention of any big changes on campus, it should have been apparent to returning students that an enigma awaited them, an enigma, it turned out, which had established squatter's rights on the southern sanctuary grounds. Oh, do not ask what is it; let us go and make a visit...

Modeled after the go-go guy from Lafayette Road, a great gutsy glob of nutty putty, alloy veneer adorns a quite frank display of chicken wire, retrieved in the nick of time from a once honored home coming float. Today's prize, alas, is tomorrow's junk. Add to the heap a visible helping of hemp, a multicolored synthetic jeweled navel, which someday has promised to glow in the dark (just a little competition for the WIFE Good-Guy Carol Tree), and a badder than life albino tumor, the epitome of the pathetically malignant quality of entire composition.

The primary criterion for censorship at Marian is any deviation from standards of good taste. Perhaps it is time for critics to re-evaluate their standards, particularly now, on a campus where so much natural and creative beauty is let to stand along side the trite and meaningless.

May the great god Allah strike it dead before it reproduces.

MKBL

Here we are, sports fans, heralding the start of another athletic year. Here's hoping you will be strong supporters of the Knight efforts, as the expanding movements of Cleonism become reality.

Intramural football makes its big splash into the campus activity pool this Sunday as thirteen teams test their summer-weakened muscles on the Potter's Field. Sunday's times are posted today; scores and schedules will be covered weakly in this column.

Cross-country got underway on a bumpy road Wednesday with a whitewash by Rose Poly. Jeff McQueen finished eighth for the Knights. Saturday, the harriers will face Butler, and Tuesday, they travel to Indiana Central. Mr. Bridges did not recruit Mercury as reported last year.

JT

BOARD REPORTS

The frosh had a swell weekend and week for orientation. People just a little damp behind the ear usually enjoy a little rain. At any rate the Student Board enjoyed the rain. It lowered the expenses.

At Wednesday's Board meeting Chuck Welch and Sue Mailloux splitting of the minds. Miss Mailloux didn't care for Mr. Welch's interpretation of NSA, the National Socialist Association. You might say that she wanted to chuck Welch out of the meeting. In an effort to clear up the situation, Sue will enter a signed affidavit verifying the Christian beliefs of NSA on October 3.

Hey, they've finally done it. You will no longer be confronted with that most tedious decision: that being, "Which religious must I join?" The Student Board has approved the Constitution of ACTION, which gives one God to all club members.

The CARBON has proudly announced that Friday has become Monday and will print on MONDAY which has become Friday.

psm

FACULTY SALUTES are back again

Sister Mary Surfer, earthly guardian of amoeba, bless their little hearts, and world's expert on Bird Heaven, has returned to the MC campi, flushed with the excitement of mid-summer activity.

Most happily for her students, she will lecture in her usual scientific manner, spewing forth bits of wisdom and piety. Knowing the value of classroom discipline, she will once again strike terror into the hearts of the unsuspecting by displaying her ever-popular Navajo slides, while simultaneously lecturing on the social import of Hell's Angels.

Sister Mary Surfer, we salute you. If not for you and others like you, who would feed live mice to the snakes?

sm

