

Board Chooses Student Representatives



Williams

The Old Dominion University Board of Visitors last week chose the two students who will sit on the board as non-voting representatives of the student body.

The two students chosen were James White, a junior majoring in sociology, and James Williams, a senior majoring in political science.

They were chosen from a list of four students nominated by SGA President John Sasser. The other two nominees were James Baily and William Carrio.

White, who has been active in student government for several years, said that he "hoped to prove that students can accept responsibility on such a plane and do a noteworthy job."

"I would like to see the university become more involved in the community and the community become more involved in ODU. I want to work with the board for the betterment of the students and the institution," said White.

The Honor Code is one topic which Williams would like to discuss with the board. "Since I have been chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Student Senate I have seen many of the misconceptions surrounding the Honor Court," he said.

Williams sees his new position as an advisory post to let the board know how students feel.

"Legally we are not supposed to be there. They have set the ground rules and we have to follow them because we are there under their grace," said Williams.

"Jimmy White and I have the responsibility not to ruin this for the students in the years to come. If we make mistakes then the board can just say 'no more students.'"

"If the program is successful here then it may spread to other state schools that really need some student participation. In a way, we can either make it or break it for the whole state," said Williams.

Last April the Board decided to investigate the possibility of appointing student and faculty observers to that body in an attempt to improve communications and understanding among the students, the faculty, and the board.

At the June meeting of the board, they adopted a statement of conditions and procedures to be followed by student and faculty representatives. They emphasized the point that this was to be an experiment in developing a working relationship between students and faculty which would be evaluated at the end of one year to determine its effectiveness.

The board pointed out that the representatives were not actual members of the board but guests who do not have any inherent or privileged right of discussion. Their views would be welcome and solicited when appropriate.

The board stressed that the student and faculty members must make every effort to represent the entire student body and faculty rather than any faction or their own personal views.

The governing body also stated that the faculty and student representatives would not replace the president in his responsibility of presenting to the board matters of concern to the students and faculty.

They said that student and faculty members would not be allowed to attend certain closed sessions of the board or its committees which deal with such things as personnel, property acquisition, evaluation of specific programs or departments, and other discussions which the board feels might cause embarrassment to individuals or departments within the university.

The statement by the board said that the Rector is the sole spokesman for the board in communicating any actions or discussions to the news media or the public except when otherwise authorized. Any transgression of this by a student or faculty representative would be considered a serious ethical violation necessitating his removal from the board.



White

Gov. Godwin To Dedicate Ed. Building

Gov. Mills E. Godwin Jr. will be speaker for dedication exercises for new \$1,820,000 Education Bldg., Sunday, Oct. 26 at 3 p.m.

President James L. Bugg Jr. will preside at the dedication. The governor will be introduced by ODU Board of Visitors Rector Frank Batten. Rev. William R. Martin, the campus Episcopal chaplain, will offer the prayer of dedication.

Located on the south side of the mall across from the Hughes Library, the building provides space for a major expansion of the School of Education, the largest teacher-training center in southeastern Virginia.

In addition to offices for the Dean of Education and the chairmen and faculty of several departments of the School of Education, the building provides offices for the Dean of Arts and Letters and for the chairman and faculty of the English Dept. There are 28 classrooms and 113 faculty offices.

The building's interior is designed so that classrooms may be changed in size and function as advances in the science and technology of teaching call for new requirements and new uses of available space.

Special facilities include centers for the training of teachers in speech and in audio-visual skills, a science laboratory, a counseling and guidance complex, a reading clinic, and a curriculum library. The library provides easy access to elementary and secondary texts for student teachers. There is also an educational placement office.

The School of Education will hold a special "Open House" Sunday, Nov. 2 from 3-5 p.m. in the new building. Faculty of all the Tidewater area schools, alumni and all interested members of the community are welcomed to visit the building and tour the expanded facilities of the school at that time.

Mock Election Political Clubs Present Candidates In Straw Vote Balloting for Offices

A mock election for Virginia's constitutional offices, sponsored by the Young Democrats and Young Republicans clubs, will be held Oct. 28 and 29.

This year there will be four voting booths located on campus: near Chandler Hall, between the Social Studies and Fine Arts buildings, between the Science and Administration buildings and between the Technical and Education buildings.

All of the voting areas will be open from 9 a.m. until 4 p.m. and again each night from 5:30 to 8 p.m.

The straw vote is the second event of this type sponsored by politically-oriented



Tremper clubs. Choice '68, a national mock election for presidential offices, drew over 3,000 students to the polls.

"The two days for the election are designed for student participation," said Paul

Johnson, president of the Young Republicans. "We hope to have about 3,500 students participating in the gubernatorial election."

Old Dominion University has a higher voting population

among its students than any other college in the state, said Mike Tremper, secretary of the Democratic College Federation.

"The biggest hope behind the mock election is to open one of the many avenues that will have to be explored if students want to learn the avenues of affecting change open to them through the two party system," continued Johnson. "We hope to allow the student by voting, the satisfaction of actively participating in the electoral process."

In the offices of both major parties across the state, the workers in this election are of an average age of 23. Their efforts will determine the outcome of the election.

Last year, Choice '68's voting results from ODU foretold the national elections outcome.

Paving the Road To Knowledge

Tulip trees and Darlington oaks will soon dot the Mall as work progresses towards completion of the sidewalks and landscaping of the expansion. Current construction includes regrading and regrassing, with a sprinkler system soon to be installed. Sidewalks will be laid across the Mall from the library to the Education building, and from the College Center to the Engineering building and Chandler Hall.



The Mace and Crown (by Mark Jacobson)

ODU Studies Mental Health Aid Program

In an effort to collate Old Dominion's meager psychiatric aid, the counseling department and the Student Affairs Deans have asked Dr. A. H. Powell Jr., a Norfolk psychiatrist, to serve as a sort of reference psychiatrist for OD students.

Plans for developing a mental health aid program are very nebulous at the moment, but by designating Dr. Powell as a specific reference for students seeking help it is hoped that students will make use of available counseling office aid.

Bugg Speaks To Faculty On Salaries

By JANICE HILL
Mace and Crown Staff Writer

"The move from college to university is focused on the objective of excellence and the major criteria for increasing a teacher's salary is his contribution to the university," President James L. Bugg Jr. told a group of about 40 faculty members.

The meeting, at which Bugg fielded questions from the faculty, was a 50-minute session arranged by ODU's chapter of the American Association of University Professors.

(See AAUP, page four)

Petitions for freshman class officers and for Student Senate vacancies must be filed by Oct. 30 in the Student Government office.

Elections for freshmen officers and senators will be held Thursday, Nov. 6. There are four senatorial vacancies: one in the Technical Institute, one in the School of Education and two in the School of Business.

The Mace and Crown

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"To give the news impartially, without fear or favor, regardless of any party, sect or interest involved."—Adolph Ochs

Mankind—Earth's Worst Guest

The skies, the rivers, the land itself are all becoming the victims of man and his prosperity. The air is rapidly becoming saturated with the wealth of nations, as that wealth finds its expression in tangles that allow an immediate display of glory. The land and its resources are raped in thoughtless fulfillment of cries to fill luxury's lap. The rivers are dying prof of the mismanagement by man of that which he slights, thinking in terms of immediacy, rather than future hours. All are the victims when

nature is victimized. Man has become, and will increasingly move towards, a future wrapped in an artificial environment. The danger, of course, is not merely one of scenery loss. Mankind is moving towards a plastic Utopia which will find itself built upon a foundation of sand unless that which is murdering the environment is ended.

There must be a respect for nature or nothing healthy will be left to mankind. It seems rather incongruous to have cars for all if the price is that

in traveling one must wear a gas mask. The same is true for yachting in sewers, or flying at high speeds through the wild sulfur yellow and carbon gray yonder. It is definitely the hour for priorities to be examined, and some balance to be created.

A future of princely palaces and high rise heavens which are nothing more than air conditioned dungeons in which man must stay because the outside air would murder his fragile condition, seems a high price for thoughtlessness.



"Let's Go Home and Play in the Sewer"

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To the Editor:

Since Bill Deane's article in *The Mace and Crown* last week concerning the relevance of fraternities to the university and the fraternity members, I have heard many members (especially Sigma Nu) verbally attack CADA and assert that the fraternities are the only student organizations which contribute anything constructive to the school.

"What has the CADA done for this school or the community?" they ask. That they ask this question illustrates the basic problem of the fraternities—unawareness. With the publicity which has been given to CADA activities, only an apathetic or an illiterate student could ask such a question. However, since the fraternities are so interested in our activities:

Time Out—last March classes were cancelled for one day so that students could use the day to voice their opinions, suggestions, and complaints to the administration. The day was considered a success by the administration, faculty, and students. It was a healthy start to opening up communications between the students and administration. But where were the fraternities?

Libra Pop—the largest crowd-drawing social activity ever held at OD (10,000). The purpose of the Pop festival, besides having a good time, was to raise funds for the Legal Assistance Fund of CADA. Ten thousand people—but only a few scattered fraternity members in the crowd. Where were the fraternities?

Legal Assistance Fund—In the short time since the Legal Assistance Fund of CADA was established, three students have been bailed out, two for frequenting a disorderly house (their apartment), and one (a sorority girl) for drinking beer in public (on a friend's front porch). The Legal Assistance Fund was established so that students will not, for any reason, have to spend time in jail for lack of funds. We would certainly welcome your contributions and suggestions, Greeks. Where have you been?

Vietnam Moratorium—What ever ones feelings on the war are he must agree that Vietnam is

a major issue of our country and deserves to be discussed and debated especially on the campuses. In helping to locally coordinate the Moratorium, CADA hoped to stimulate these dialogues. Again, where were the fraternities?

Disorientation Handbook — It is true that the merits of this book are highly debatable. However, it has been the only student effort made to help incoming students avoid the pitfalls of the university. For those who felt that the handbook was inaccurate or biased, we will gladly accept your assistance in next year's publication.

The above listed activities are the major ones of the CADA over the past year which relate directly to the campus. CADA has been involved also in many community activities.

The CADA and SGA names were attached to some of the above activities. However, in all cases the action and ideas were initiated by the CADA and SGA support enlisted later. In only one case did the CADA receive any support from the fraternity system—a Theta Xi endorsement of Moratorium. Where have you been, fraternities?

—Katie Dwyer

To the Editor:

As one of the so-called "silent majority," I must take exception to the recent editorial on the Vietnam Moratorium. I believe the writer of this editorial has fallen into the same error that many of his comrades have fallen into before him; the error of presenting his personal beliefs and opinions as established facts accepted by all.

The writer claims that "The national mood is one that now accepts the illegality of the war as a foregone conclusion." I must disagree. What the writer sees in the weariness of a people who, after years of fighting and the deaths of thousands of men, can see no concrete results. The question is not of legality but why the war has been allowed to continue for so long without being resolved.

The writer of the editorial also chooses to belittle President Nixon's efforts in the search of peace. The recent troop withdrawals are dismissed as nominal and by inference insignificant. Left unmentioned is the fact that for the first time since the United States became involved in Vietnam the number of troops there is decreasing instead of increasing.

That the flow of U.S. units is now out of Vietnam instead of into represents a bold step by President Nixon in his honest attempts to attain peace in Southeast Asia, and he deserves the support of all of us who earnestly desire peace.

—Thomas J. Worrell

To the Editor:

the libra pop
we talked of the day past.
the people
the place
the event
the emotion.
electric.
right, man — the electric
kool aid and the peanuts.
the libra pop.
they called it that.
damn, man—
who called it that?
the freaks
the beer drinkers
the bands
the cads
the sga and john sasser (we
accept your apology)
the pigs
the virginia booking agency
who the hell cares?
the people?
no.
the people just wanted to
dance.
to dance?
can't, baby.
keep off the grass—
don't smoke it either.
dance?
hell no.
don't tear up the green
field
that the 250-lb. tackles
had tip-toed on the night
before.

did the neps win?
got a beer?
say—I could sure go for
that one cheerleader with
the big...
brown shoes?
brown shoes, maybe?
no, man.
"brown shoes don't make
it"—zappa.
yeah.
zappa was zapped all right.
zap.
at the libra pop.

—Neal J. Minsberg

To the Editor:

Gov. Reagan (who is gaining nationwide notoriety as an integral component of the impeach Reagan movement) today stated that anti-Vietnam War protesters were as good as traitors, and that they offered no alternatives to an abrupt withdrawal from Vietnam.

Vice President Agnew and other supporters of Nixon's policy stated that the moratorium demonstrations would do more harm than good.

One senator claimed that the peace demonstrations were planned by Communists at a conference in Berlin, and that the demonstrators were more interested in the welfare of North Vietnam than in peace (clever, that).

This from the administration that has promised every day for two weeks not to be influenced by Vietnam Moratorium day.

Even WGH radio forewent a pimple commercial to deliver a daring editorial condemning an American pullout because this would constitute surrender. In addition, the South Vietnamese would be left to the cruel mercy of their Communist foes.

In the first place, the Communist North Vietnamese are no more cruel than their relatives in South Vietnam, just as the Northern troops were no more cruel than the Southern troops in the American Civil War (or would you like to admit that the cruel side won and is now pressing onward in Vietnam?).
The term Communist is usual.

ly taken to mean Chinese or Russian Communists who have vowed to conquer the world. Though receiving aid from China now, North Vietnam was not originally pro-Chinese, but quite an independent country, and it posed little threat as a world conquering power.

About 10 years ago, the Viet Cong were fighting a guerrilla revolution mainly with home-made guns and bombs. When the U.S. intervened directly in the fighting, North Vietnam was forced to accept aid and supplies from Red China, in order to survive.

Thus America, in trying to save Vietnam from domination by Communist China, actually drove her away from the influence of the free world. The initial decision to meddle in Vietnam was due largely to the unimaginative foreign policies of the Eisenhower-Nixon-Dulles administration.

The simplest and most compelling argument against U.S. military involvement in Vietnam is that our most basic objective, self-determination for all of Vietnam, is implicitly impossible. Building a democracy and electing public officials is a delicate and sophisticated undertaking.

Even in the great United States, the most literate and affluent country in the world, democracy is still far from adequate. Surveys show the public to be largely ignorant of even the most basic facts about our government. Americans repeatedly make badly informed choices in electing representatives. Citizens seldom make their wishes and opinions known to government officials.

In view of the technicalities involved, it is inconceivable that a country of poor, ignorant, illiterate peasants could cope with the mechanics of a democratic system.

Communism does not require the involvement of citizens in their government; communism is an effective system for industrializing and upgrading a country. Russia managed to convert from a state of virtual feudalism to one of the world's great industrial nations in less than one generation.

I do not mean to advocate communism over democracy. In theory they are equally meritorious; in practice they are de-

College Center Board Working for Students

One of the committees to watch this year is the College Center Board. It is in charge of the College Center and the way the center is run. Under the leadership of Dudley Crawford they have had an interesting and active year so far.

One of the first things they did was to pass a resolution to get 3.2 beer in the College Center. Letters have been sent to various university officials making the formal request. Filing the request should be simple enough, particularly if the student body shows a strong interest and desire for the beer.

The cafeteria manager would get a beer license from the Virginia Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, assuming permission had been given by the college authorities, and the Center Board would begin bargaining with the local beer companies.

The most obvious place to put the beer taps would be in the presently unused dish return room. Installation, decorations, and alterations could be paid for by the local

beer distributor who is picked. Any beer company could hardly resist the chance to establish a market among 10,000 young people.

With these advantages the beer could be sold at about 15¢ a glass, maybe as much as 20¢ with a substantial profit. The Student Activities Committee is also looking into supporting this proposal.

In other developments in the Center Board, John Early, one of the members, has written a letter to Dean Whitten pointing out to him that the Campus Center Board was solely in charge of allocating space in the College Center (as stated in their constitution) and that he wanted a formal request from the counseling office for moving in without their permission. At this time one student meeting room (202) was lost in the move and another is expected to go soon (109).

Since the letter was written with the permission of Dudley Crawford both of them were called in to see Dean Whitten on Wednesday.

Oct. 15. Whitten explained to them that he was ordered to move by President Bugg and that the president of the university could do as he pleased, as the power to make rules, regulations, and delegation of power was solely his.

The fact that this particular power had been designated to the Center Board by former President Webb was forgotten. The implication was, of course, that Whitten wouldn't write a letter of request for something he was not responsible for. Then Crawford and Early were given an appointment to see President Bugg the following Monday, Oct. 20.

Crawford saw Whitten the next day and Whitten said that he would write the request.

This, of course, brings in interesting implications. It would seem that (by writing the request) the College Center Board's power to designate space in the center has been reaffirmed and they could thus turn the counseling office out of the building if they saw fit to.

It might be exciting to see the counseling office out in the cold selling matches to build themselves a building of offices but this is not likely to happen.

What would seem to be the appropriate and fair action of the College Center would be to charge the counseling office rent for the space they (or President Bugg) have

commandeered in the center. Why not? The college bookstore has to pay rent and it would seem only fair to do so for the counseling offices.

Another point tied into this is that when the building was originally funded it had to be bonded under the students of Old Dominion College because the state would not pay for a building that was not in an educational interest. Thus \$20 is taken out of each student's tuition to pay the interest and payments on the bond.

So it would seem appropriate that the Center Board charge rent for all offices in the building (with the exception of the center director as her salary is paid from revenue of building and actual student offices like SGA, the Mace and Crown, etc.)

Much of this is speculation and will probably result in Crawford and the board being like Don Quixote—that is, charging windmills. Nevertheless, it is rewarding to see the students and faculty on the Center Board working actively for the students' interest. That in itself is unusual in colleges around and in the college.

—BILL DEANE

Ed. Note: Anyone interested in working on or with the College Center Board should contact Dudley Crawford in room 200 of the College Center.



Harold Pinter's most celebrated play, "The Homecoming," opened Thursday, Oct. 9, at Stan Fedyszyn's Norfolk Theatre Center. Through most of this surprisingly short full-length play (the script is about one-third as long as "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"), the air is turgid with a maximum amount of tension and a minimum amount of information.

The entire play takes place within an old house in North London. The six characters include the old brothers (the older, 70, is at the house's head; the younger, 63, is relegated to the role of a freelance chauffeur), three thirtish sons of the eldest brother, and the wife of one of the brothers; she is accompanying her weak-willed husband, Teddy, who is returning home after a six-year absence. His return is the axis from which the play evolves.

However, most of the play is expository in content. The family's history is frequently put on review. Picturesque pauses punctuate the dialogue with the action picking up when Teddy and his wife arrive. The pauses continue, but with the new situation, they seem to bear more im-

port. Previously, the halting delivery of the characters, who are supposedly in their everyday milieu lends an unnecessary stiffness to the air. This point can well be argued in the opposite direction, but this reviewer is of the opinion that the pacing would be enlivened with no ill effect had it been stepped up a bit—even in a play as short as this (about two hours).

Pinter's pauses are stamped in everything he does—his four films for which he was the scriptwriter; all his plays, and even his personal interviews. It has been said that the importance of Pinter's plays are to be derived not through what the characters say, but through the silence of his pauses.

The biggest advantage of this technique is obvious: people, as a general rule, do not talk in large bursts without interruption. Nor do they talk with one another in such a rapid-fire fashion as one is accustomed to hearing on the stage.

Such a practice has always struck me as being a false note about stage productions. Expounding on philosophic insights as those that Shakespeare had in the sub-human Caliban mouth in "The Tempest" gave that play an unnecessary stiffness; the incredible effusion of wit bandied about by George and Martha in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" was a bit more than one could hope to expect in one evening between two supposedly tired participants.

With Pinter we have the opposite extreme — pauses throughout. While Pinter's method may be closer to the real thing, he shows no variation. All of the characters speak haltingly and, hence, they all have a monotonous sameness.

Happily, the action does pick up and this mannerism (of pauses) sidesteps from the stage's center. One feels that Pinter's puppet strings, though still very much in control, are not as visible as before.

Another characteristic of the work of Pinter is that his characters are all role players—they jockey about for position, and, inevitably, roles are often reversed. This practice is very much in evidence in "The Homecoming." The characters relegated to a lower position suddenly rebel, assert themselves, and then take command.

For example, after Ruth, Teddy's husband allows herself to be pawed and mauled by Lenny and Joey, she starts making demands. They comply so suddenly that they disorient the others and her wishes are fulfilled.

The dialogue is spiced with black humor (Lenny at one point says, "I had a good mind to give her a workover there and then, but as I was feeling jubilant with the snow-clearing I just gave her a short-arm jab to the belly and jumped on a bus outside"), embarrassing humor (Teddy: "Come on, Dad, I'm ready for the cuddle"), and humor that spans of the absurd: When the old man-father sees Ruth, he calls her a tart. Then he booms, "I've (See Review, page seven)

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graded until they have equal, and similar, flaws. My point is that Nixon, Reagan, and Whitehurst, who complain that peace demonstrators offer no alternative to unilateral surrender, themselves offer nothing to the people of South Vietnam.

At best, America offers a system too mechanically complex for peasants to contend with; at worst America offers more of the greedy, irresponsible government in Saigon, North Vietnam offers a government that is oriented to producing food, shelter, and sustaining its citizens.

When the Viet Cong commit savage terrorist attacks, they are not killing their fellow countrymen just for the hell of it; they are trying to overthrow the Saigon regime. One difficulty the U.S. has had in pursuing the war is that the North Vietnamese are freely aided by the South.

As for alternatives to abandoning Vietnam completely, the most obvious alternative is to help the peasants with massive Peace Corps programs. This would give them the literate and affluent foundation necessary for participation in a democratic government. A program this size would be expensive; so is war. There is an old African proverb, "Kindness is the slowest warrior, but none surmounts him; he cuts to the heart."

Another cunning solution is to remove all willing Vietnamese (by airlift or whatever) from Vietnam and place them in a new country where they can renew their simple village life in peace. There is vacant, and theoretically farmable, land in Australia, in the Libyan desert, and in parts of the Western United States.

The Vietnamese have shown themselves hardy enough to survive almost anywhere. The people are quite desperate enough to accept such a proposal. Vietnamese villagers, hoping to escape the ground war near their villages often board American supply planes and fly to the safety of an air base.

Some parents, unable to find standing room on a plane, have abandoned their children in the crowd. Rather than risk having it killed by U.S. or Viet Cong attacks, the parent sends his child to safety and stays in the battle zone.

These are two alternatives which are less expensive and more humane than war. Any takers?

—Joe Sharp

To the Editor:

It is almost miraculous how masterfully Mr. Anthony Miracolo misunderstood the CADA ball-bond drive. Anthony's insistence on the seizure of illegal drug users is definitely a mark in his name, but his own offense at the "poor taste" of the "fun-fest" apparently has caused him to draw at least two obviously inaccurate conclusions from what he so freely condemned an "obviously illegal cause."

First, the CADA raised money for student bond funds in general. This money could be used as bail for a variety of charges ranging from the possession of marijuana to a disorderly fraternity party to the slanderous accusations of a newspaper editorial. Second, and even more closely related to me, the prince of perversion considers it particularly important to avoid profanity in his erotic endeavors. As proof, I offer the words to his theme:

I am the prince of perversion; I have my very own version of love.

I am the king of confusion; I offer illusion on drugs.

I am the sage of sin; I want to get into your will I am the duke of demerition; Promoting prevention by pill.

And I'm trying to get to you. Dying to get to you.

At first, Anthony's unfair accusations offended me to the point that I would not have hesitated to label him a rector of reaction somewhat behind the times, but after much thought I have come to regard him in a new light. I realize now that such a thorough misunderstanding is indeed the work of a master himself. Let me welcome Tony to my land of make-believe as the King of Confusion. I've been outdone.

—Jerry James

Beware of Flowers that Bloom in Spring

Along with high-button shoes, King Edward, romantic music, Thomas Hardy, and aristocracy, the legality of marijuana passed away. Since 1911, when the first laws appeared restricting the use of that plant, there have been two major world wars and a depression. The causes of all these events including making marijuana illegal were basically the same—the exercise of power under the influence of clique interest.

The reason marijuana has fallen from heaven and finds its roots in hell in the minds of men started with a lobby in Congress initiated by tobacco companies at the turn of the century when marijuana posed a threat to the tobacco industry's market.

Since that time, despite all research to the contrary—including a study by the United States Army in Panama in

1908 which stated that marijuana did not have detrimental effects upon social behavior—marijuana has now come to be lumped with the opiates, and guilty of addiction by association.

Tobacco, meanwhile, has enjoyed a long season of acceptability. While it has been linked to lung cancer, heart disease, and other ailments of a life shortening nature, this wondrous weed, first palmed off onto Europeans by the Indians, has been legal with no questions asked. No questions were asked primarily because of the tobacco industry and its influence upon certain southern states.

Until this decade, there has been a silence about tobacco—except for the coughing and death rattles. Now the truth about tobacco is evident; it's garbage only humans would deem fit for consumption.

Alcohol has enjoyed the same romance in the minds of men without curiosity. "Malt can do more than Mil-

ton can to explain God's ways to man."

The monstrous joke of it all is that research shows that alcohol is destructive to brain cells—the stuff that thoughts are made within—as well as all the other charming effects. Alcohol and its use have reigned majestically over social life which might aid those bound for life in helping individual psyches to understand why treatments take years.

Now what of that instant decadence called marijuana?

According to the British scientific journal, Science, a study has shown that THC, the stimulant in marijuana, to have no physical effects except for increased rapidity in the beating of the heart. This effect is only temporary; this certainly is a reason to outlaw this dreadful item, this causation of all our social ills, this weed which would turn our beloved home life into scenes straight from dreams of inequities.

(See Marijuana, page seven)

FOR SMOKING POT! HOW EXQUISITELY UNJUST!



Busted For Beer

Student Claims False Arrest

By **TRIXY WAMSLEY**
Mace and Crown Staff Writer

Junior Anita C. Mason was arrested Oct. 8 for drinking in public while at a Greek happy hour.

The trouble began when Miss Mason, a little sister to Delta Sigma Phi Fraternity, was attending a party at the 49th St. residence of one of the members. She went outside to sit on the front porch with several other people with a paper cup containing beer in her hand.

A policeman, Officer Snitzer, drove up and stopped in front of the house. He approached, inspected the cup held by one of the boys, then grabbed Miss Mason and told her she was being arrested.

Going back in the house to get her purse, she asked

some of the brothers to "call Bill Deane and the ACLU." When she asked the officer why he had chosen her to arrest, he answered, "Because I saw you first."

She was taken to the station and charged with drinking in public, an ordinance for which she did not need to be informed of her rights. The desk sergeant questioned her and bail was set at \$11.25. She was then allowed to make a phone call, for a dime, and called her parents in Virginia Beach. Following that, she was locked in a cell.

"It was like a kennel, 2 box, a cube with flat metal bars that formed wide squares and a vent in the ceiling with bars over it. There was a long, narrow shelf, a bed, I guess, with no mattress and a dirty, rusty, filthy sink."



Miss Mason

Within 40 minutes three brothers and a girl friend came to bail her out. At the same time Bill Deane, chair-

man of the Campus Americans for Democratic Action and Lou Eisenberg, head of the CADA's Students' Legal Assistance Fund, arrived. Miss Mason's mother came, demanding to see the justice of the peace. Her mother was thrown out of the JP's office, and then threatened with arrest by the desk sergeant.

The trial was held at 9 a.m. Thursday morning, Oct. 9. Fred Hartnett, treasurer of Delta Sigma Phi, went with Miss Mason to the hearing. In the hall, before court began, Miss Mason was approached by the arresting officer Snitzer who, accompanied by a fellow policeman, asked her if he could drop charges. He explained that he had "lost his cool" and made a mistake by arresting only her. Miss Mason agreed, fearing that no matter how wrong the officer was, the judge would still find her guilty, and the case was then dropped.

Later, talking with Prof. Robert Stern of the Political Science Dept., Miss Mason decided to file a complaint of false arrest. The next day, Friday, she went to the chief of police and charged Snitzer with "acting irrationally and flagrantly mistreating his power." According to the chief of police this was the first time anyone had filed such a complaint immediately after an arrest. The charge will go on the policeman's record and will be taken into account when he comes up for promotion.

Snitzer is in his twenties and has been on the force two years. He had no reports, from neighbors complaining about the party and could not have seen Miss Mason or anyone else there disturbing the peace.

Miss Mason later conferred with Stanley Sacks, a lawyer, about the drinking in public law. The law is poorly written, and Sacks said that "thugs are hauling out obscure laws to convict students." Miss Mason feels she was only arrested because she is a student and that the officer's attitude was "totally unfriendly in view of the situation."

The ACLU referred Miss Mason to Sacks. She says he is concerned and eager to help, in view of the police harassment. This is the first case ACLU has handled in which the charges have been dropped.

"The ACLU and the Legal Assistance Fund are not just for drug users. They can help anyone, even Greeks," Miss Mason said. "I would hate to see anyone go through the same thing, whether fraternity or freak, alone."



The Mace and Crown (By Mark Jacobson)

PRESIDENT BUGG ADDRESSES faculty members at his first appearance before Old Dominion's AAUP chapter. Discussion centered mostly on methods of salary determination.

AAUP (continued)

The purpose of the question-and-answer session was to provide the faculty with an opportunity to learn the university's position on issues which directly affect them.

At the opening of the discussion it was stated that the topics covered would be the teachers' salaries, campus dissent and the university's publication policy; however, most of the hour was devoted to raises and the amount of research a professor must do to earn one.

When Bugg was asked if the rise in the cost of living schedule shouldn't be a determining factor in raises, he said that he doesn't believe in automatic pay raises. "The university is bound by contracts, including tenure, but beyond that there is no well defined criteria for awarding increases in salary," he said.

He went on, saying that every teacher hired is expected to be a teacher and a researcher to some degree, and the commonly agreed role for faculty is one of research, teaching, and service to the community.

"There will be a rating of the faculty at ODU," he said, "and the faculty members' contributions to the school will be judged by the deans and the department heads."

with consultation among senior members of the department."

One questioner argued that this was an arbitrary merit system and would be a game of playing politics with the department heads. Bugg admitted that the judging would be arbitrary, "but I don't know of any other way to do it," he said.

In the area of publications, Bugg said that he does not plan to put a time limit on the production of research but he thinks a good teacher must do research if he is to remain a good teacher. President Bugg emphasized the necessity of "having a faculty reputation beyond the bounds of Norfolk" in order to get more graduate students.

ICF Sponsors Discussion of Black Theology

The Interspersary Christian Fellowship is sponsoring a discussion of Black Theology today at noon in room 207 of Chandler Hall.

"Carl Ellis, a member of the Tom Skinner staff and a graduate of Hampton Institute, will be the speaker for the discussion which will center itself about questions from those who attend," said Don Bryant, president of the Interspersary Christian Fellowship.

The Interspersary Christian Fellowship is open to students of all denominations. Anyone interested in joining the organization should contact Bryant at 863-3872.

YDs Sponsor Super Slaves

The Young Democrats will sponsor the first annual Super Slave Sale Oct. 31 in the College Center.

Any campus organization is eligible to put up for auction one Super Slave selected from its group or sponsored by its organization.

A roving trophy and a monetary award will be given to the organization with the highest auctioned Super Slave.

Pat Long, a member of the Young Democrats, will be the chief auctioneer.

The Super Slave candidate should be submitted no later than Tuesday, Oct. 28. The candidate's name and phone number should be put in the Young Democrats mailbox in College Center.

If there are any questions concerning the sale notify Deborah Carr or Pat Long at 627-3989.

Faculty Starts Study Series With 5 Classes Open to All

By **PAUL COLE**
Mace and Crown Staff Writer

Responding to observed needs of students to have an opportunity to work through academic problems such as motivation, a study habit, speed reading, and writing of research papers, the ODU faculty is sponsoring a series of "How to Study" groups, meeting weekly now until Thanksgiving.

A student may participate in all five classes or they are encouraged to come to any one of the units of study that meets their special needs and

concerns. The lecture-discussions are outlined as a total unit but with different members of the faculty teaching each unit to give maximum benefit from any one or all of the sessions attended. Formal enrollment is not required.

The second Study Group will meet at 2 p.m. on Thursday, Oct. 30 to investigate "Study Process" with Miss Dorothy Jones of the Business Management Department. Underlining, note-taking, outlining, and reviewing will be evaluated for the individual student.

Study Group Three "Completing Assignments" will deal primarily with research papers and creative writing and will meet at 3 p.m. on Thursday, Nov. 6 with Mrs. Mildred Peele, English professor, leading the study unit.

On Tuesday, 2 p.m., November 11, Dr. Charles Bell, of the chemistry department, will lead the study seminar on "Preparing for and Taking Examinations," suggesting both emotional and mental preparations for test taking.

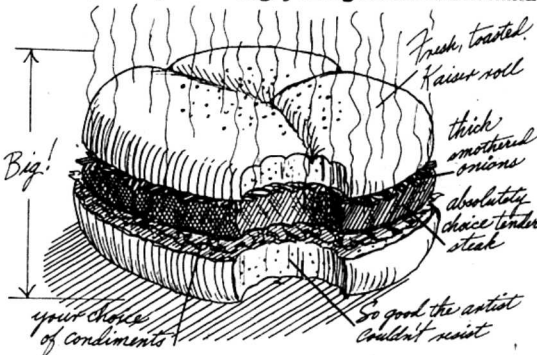
The final section will be taught by a reading specialist from the education department on "Developing Reading Skills." This class will meet at 2 p.m. on Thursday, November 20. Students will be given aids and suggestions for developing rapid reading skills and improved comprehension.

All classes are to be held in Kaufman Hall, room 100. All students are invited to attend and if anyone would like to have counseling on a more personal level, they may come by the counseling office at the Webb Center.

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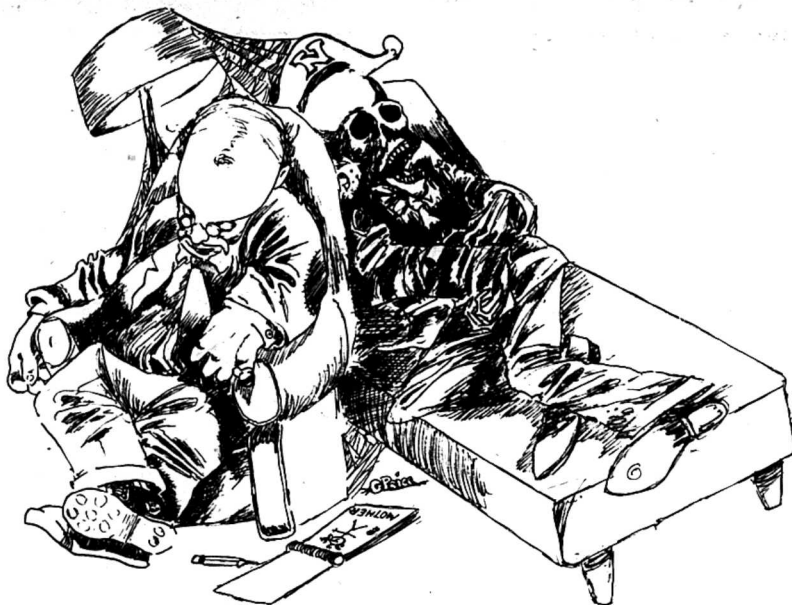
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Insight

Vol. 4 No. 1

Olive Drab

By RICHARD L. LINDELL II



The big inspection was going well until the inspecting Major General asked the Lieutenant Colonel Battalion Commander what condition the men were in. "The men are in good condition, sir," the Colonel beamed. "They do their daily dozen every morning and top it off with a mile of double-timing." The example of his broad smile was followed by his flunkee cohorts who seemed ready to agree with anything their battalion commander had to say.

"Well, then," the General said, both walking towards H.Q. "I'm glad to hear that. It's always good to know that the men are in good condition because we never know when we may be involved in combat, do we Colonel?"

"No, sir. We never know," the Colonel replied as his subordinates agreed with vigorous, mute nods.

"What about you, Colonel?"

"Sir?"

"I said what about you—what kind of condition are you in?"

The Colonel was momentarily flustered, but he quickly regained his military savoir faire by bleating in his trained military tone, "Well, I'm in pretty good shape, sir—for an old man, that is."

The General failed to see the humor. "Old? Did you say you were old, Colonel?"

"Well, er . . ."

"Colonel, there are no old men in the Army. There are plenty of retired Army men who are old, but I don't know of any active men in the Army who are old—do you, Colonel?"

"Well, sir—no, I don't—you see, I was just . . ."

"How old are you, Colonel?"

"I'm not old, sir."

"I've just told you, Colonel, that there are no old men in the active Army—do you think I need anyone to remind me of what I've just said?"

"No, sir, of course not."

"Then why did you tell me that you're not old when you already know that I know that there are no old men in the Army—ESPECIALLY SINCE I JUST TOLD YOU?"

"Sir, I was just . . ."

"Yes, yes, Colonel. Now tell me—how old are you?"

"I'm forty-three, sir."

"Forty-three years young, eh?"

"Yes, sir, forty-three years young."

"What's that, Colonel?"

(Higher in pitch) "I said I was forty-three years young, sir."

"Colonel, I'm not hard of hearing. Do you think I'm hard of hearing?"

"I don't think you're hard of hearing, sir."

"Then why did you repeat yourself? Did I give you any indication that I was hard of hearing—like cupping my hand to my ear? Well, was I cupping my hand to my ear?"

"No, sir, of course not, sir."

"You seem to be quite emphatic about it, Colonel."

"Yes, sir."

"How come you're so emphatic about it now when you were so doubtful fifteen seconds ago? Do you like two-faced men, Colonel?"

"Why of course not, sir."

"Then how can you stand yourself when you change your mind all the time? Another

fifteen seconds have passed. Would you care to change your mind again?"

"Oh, no sir."

"Oh, no sir what?"

"Sir, I didn't see you cupping your hand to your ear, so therefore you are not hard of hearing."

"Profound deduction, but what does my cupping my hand to my ear have to do with your age?"

"It has nothing to do with it, sir."

"THEN WHY DID YOU TELL ME THAT I DON'T CUP MY HAND TO MY EAR WHEN I ASKED YOU HOW OLD YOU ARE?"

"You're right, sir. Your not cupping your hand to your ear doesn't have anything to do with how old I am."

"Colonel, I don't need you to repeat what I've just said. If I needed something to repeat what I've just said I would buy a goddamn tape recorder. You know it's kind of embarrassing to have someone going around and mimicking me all the time—don't you agree, Colonel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you do it?"

"No excuse, sir."

"What's the matter, Colonel? You mean to tell me there's no excuse for telling me that I wasn't cupping my hand . . . By the way, Colonel, what does my not cupping my hand to my ear have to do with how old you are?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Then why did you change the subject?"

"I didn't mean to, sir."

"No, of course you didn't mean to, but that still does not answer the question, does it, Colonel?"

"No, sir, it doesn't."

"Then answer the question, by God!"

"What question, sir?"

"So far you've contradicted me, mimicked me, admitted yourself that you're two-faced, and now your memory fails you. Next you'll be wanting to bite my ear lobe. In short, Colonel, I've had just about enough warring, mimicking, contradicting and loss of memory from you that I can stand. Now, if you don't answer my question immediately, I'll have you court-martialed. Now, Colonel, answer my question."

"What was your question, sir?"

"Oh, that's right—you can't remember from one goddamn minute to the next, can you?"

"No, sir, I can't."

"I seem to have forgotten that glaring weakness in your character."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir, what?"

"You have forgotten that glaring weakness in my character, sir."

"I've forgotten! You're the forgetful one, you silly bastard, or have you forgotten that already?"

"No, sir."

"Now, then, we'll try it one more time. How old are you, Colonel?"

"I'm forty-three years young, sir."

"Forty-three years young, eh? What do you think you are—some kind of goddamn wit or something with that 'young' bit?"

"No, sir. I don't think I'm some kind of goddamn wit."

"What was that again, Colonel?"

"Sir, I said that I don't think I'm some kind of a goddamn wit."

"That's what I thought you said. Colonel, don't you know that military men aren't supposed to take the Lord's name in vain?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you do it?"

"No excuse, sir."

"Let's see, now. Insubordination, traits of forgetfulness, using profanity. There is no question that you'll get a dishonorable discharge, but the question is just exactly how long your prison sentence will be. Do you think you ought to go to prison, Colonel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, you do, do you? Well, that's sort of expressing a negative attitude about it, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Colonel, United States officers don't express their opinions with negative attitudes. It's a very bad quality to have—certainly not desirable of a United States officer. A United States officer works on a 'can do' basis. Well, what do you have to say for yourself, Colonel?"

"I'm forty-three years old, sir."

"So what?—I don't care how old you are. Why should I care how old you are? We don't care how old you are when you are in the Army because no matter how old you are, when you're in the Army—you're a man. And so everyone knows that there are no old men in the Army so that means that if you are in the Army, you are a young man."

(Continued on back page)

Jaguar Harlequinade

By NOEL DAVID FINNEY

"Celui qui croit dérouler le rouleau de sa vie
Ne déroule rien du tout."

Henri Michaux

in emperor of nonsense
and monarch of nothing
with his harlequin mask
and pantomime dance
playing fool and the foil
in variegated pants

'a reveler with dreams
drawing patterns in air'

in his cheap
(had for the price of admission)
paradise

(a performance
of certain roles
is what this audience
expects . . .

They are used to such comedy)

he parades
his special tragedy
pathetic figure
playing melodrama

(his parts are stitched
together like his motley clothes)

a better person
than the situation allows

& You,
who sees beyond the splendor
of his costume
farther than the clever skits
the colorful, comic dancing/
the actor at his mask

a prince of bathos
undone at every turn/

laughed at and
wronged like some
blameless punch
beaten to a raggy pulp

because he lacks words
to prove his innocence

or proven the fool
because of ignorance

'a cony gulled by the role
he's chosen/ a foil

at every move
beaten down
and walked upon

a scarecrow
for better players
to drive a dagger in

contrast is his only virtue
no one measures up to him

he is no player
to put one's money on

with chalk
canescent face
sugary at first
then sour
and grey
toward the end

a simpleton dulled
by experience
the smile he wears
is an inverted frown

he thinks he is poet
of pantomime
his awkward actions
prove him a clown

Emperor Of Nonsense
nevertheless/
goaded by an audience

greedily devouring
his every fall

his sketchy role
partly improvised

is guesswork
what pleases
(if anything at all)
is
accident / an
anticlimax

(just) before a dull thud
with a leaden weapon
leaves him lifeless

a multicolored flower
another fool has walked upon

II

jester / false magian / would be priest
with a ceremony
of incongruities

various elements thrown together
(or picked from the air)
that seem fit for the moment
to suit the part called for

poor fool,
your melange
is easily seen through

laughter will not cloak despair
nor dancing while others
call the steps (your feet mimic)

yet fool,
are you my twin?
the both of us are meliorists
how can it get much worse?

we've chosen roles
we lack the courage for
and act our petty griefs
in pantomime

(oxymoron is our
chief device)

with words
we can't control

our treble voices
seldom heard
above our trobbing
hearts

brother,

our world is a prison
of cold conceits
of fits and starts
dulled by sweetness:

our chalk faces
now mellowed with a nearly sensual grin

decorations
like the masks
worn in a bukagu

(popular with the audience
part of tradition)

make us recognizable at last
and nearly human

(just as) the dull thud
driven by some unseen hand
makes a drama of concussion

the chalk melts
from our faces:
we make our
ritual of confession
and find another mask
to hang the story on

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A Love Sonnet

By JOHN F. WALSH

I'll sing of arms and a woman as long as the weather permits and the beer holds out. You see, I have journeyed far and adventured much, and though I'm short of funds, at this moment and seemingly trapped in this bar in this not unpleasant state of Kansas, I will recount what has brought me here as long as you are kind enough to lend an ear and spare the resources necessary to grant me an energy.

On recalling, my youth was not unhappy. My father owned an ostrich farm. Disharmony arrived at our doorstep, disrupting that idyllic domestic portrait, when my dear mother, a lady of great innocence, ran off to work vaudeville with a dwarf magician who spoke with a Russian accent but was actually from Florida. My dear Papa's heart was shattered and his body soon joined that fate when he, with my Uncle Tomson, was near a still which exploded and they both became a part of the scenery of six counties. This, of course, left me and my little cousin, Ophal, homeless waifs. Thus began our lives of wandering.

For Ophal, a sweet child of rare beauty, attracted the ardor of that city's mayor who lured her to the city's council meeting chambers and relieved her of her innocence. Then in my extreme youth, I reacted to this deed hastily by burning down several buildings of historical significance and, with Ophal, deserted that community of wanton lust and heavy land taxes. We decided to find my dear mama whom we last heard was in Chicago with Madame Fantastic and Her All Girlie Revue. Unfortunately, we procured a ride on the highway with a truck driver of dubious morals who traded us into kitchen slavery for the price of a meal and several grams of methedrine. We left that kitchen when we learned that the woman who ran that establishment was planning to fatten us and eventually use us in the making of barbecues—a culinary honor we decided to forego.

We met, in that strangling moment when day slowly chokes into darkness, a man of politics, as we attempted to walk to the highway. He shook our hands and asked our support, giving us a promise of a happy

future and a smile of plaster radiance. He thanked us, blessed our parents as pillars of the society, and asked our names. Sweet Ophal was silent in heart-broken sorrow as I accounted our pasts. The man of politics merely nodded and offered us a drink of wine from a bottle he held wrapped in a brown bag. We thanked him taking note, fearing that it would impair our judgment. He frowned and offered the wine again with a pistol in his other hand to enforce his graciousness. We both drank deeply from that bottle of vile brew made locally and cheaply. Sick at heart and stomach, I crashed upon the pavement into unawareness of the world. I awoke from that deathlike sleep to find that my dear, sweet Ophal had once again been led further away from the state of innocence. I trembled as I asked her in delicate words, of her trial; she smiled in bravens and claimed that she had made the best of it.

We wandered from that arena of roadside decadence, beautiful, cursed Ophal and I, into a night, so chilling and spiritually desolating, with clouds burnt by a savage moon, that my heart leapt for joy at my luck, at being so young and in such trouble. We neared a farmhouse where an old woman, a badly weathered and in need of new paint, offered to blow our heads off to the mercy of the winds with a shotgun for we were young and close at hand. We declined the invitation and asked for a glass of water since she seemed generous. She snarled and spat and, after uttering words unknown to me then, mirroring her vulgar soul, she refused. Hoping to soften her heart and allow the true goodness that lies at the bottom of each human heart to burst forth and sing like the majestic lyric of the condor, I asked her what she did for a living. She laughed and cursed my innocence which made my poor Ophal blush rose red. She was a wanton woman and had the union credentials to prove it. We continued our travels before she spat upon us any more.

Then, misfortune truly reared its ugly head as we were sneaking through Georgia. We were arrested for entering the state without a passport and were accused of saying the Pledge of Allegiance backwards—something, they told us, only a pinko communist yankee would do. I was placed on a chain gang digging the foundation for the missile base for the state's rocketry program, and Ophal was sent to a breeding

farm for future members of the state militia. With several others, I tried to escape, but was recaptured. We were told there would soon be the annual celebration in the state capital of the state's withdrawal from the Union, and that we would be executed at that gala affair as part of the festivities.

That day arrived all too soon. It was a spectacular occasion. There were high school bands from all over the state, playing—all were playing "Dixie" at the same time. I, along with several others who were condemned to this fate for being accused of being Catholic or Jewish were painted red or blue, actually both, which made us purple. We heard a stirring speech by the governor, and his court, a man in a picture of the evil communist plot to fluoridate water and teach reading and writing. I was so moved that I felt my doom was just, for I could both read and write.

As the bonfire of books, formerly the state's public libraries collection, burned in the street and as the crowd gathered cheering, we were led to what seemed to be our fate—to be consumed in flames with the works of James Joyce and Micky Spillane. At that moment, when all seemed lost, there was heard to the dismay of those gathered to celebrate, the earth trembling sound of four thousand motorcycles who had come for their leader, one Leonard Bernstein, who was among those of us doomed. After the city was looted and the young women, the fragile flowers of that state, were dishonored, the young cavaliers left me in a ditch several hundred miles away after they learned that I could both read and write.

Alone, I mused the greatness of my fortune, but was saddened at my ignorance of the fate of my dear Ophal.

After walking to a nearby farm house, I obtained a message from a generous widow who lived there and heard on the radio that a Miss Ophal Dungswothy, my dear little Ophal, was to marry Prince Wing, Sultan of Ismael and laundryman magnate. My heart was shattered, for I knew that Ophal would never marry a greasy Turk like that of her own free will. The widow, as fortune smiled on me, told me that she knew the maid at the New York Ambassador Hotel, where the Sultan stayed when he was in this country trading in his green stampt for new yachts, and that the Sultan had been overcome by the charms of this girl, my Ophal, and had his court, a man in a picture of her, leaving her in an unconscious state.

I wept at the fate of my poor Ophal, and the widow took me into her bosom to comfort me. It was to my dismay that the widow was not a widow and that her husband, a salesman of walnuts, arrived at an inopportune moment. He sold me into bondage aboard a tramp airliner flying illegal contraband—Swiss watches and Paris originals—to Hong Kong. The captain of that craft was an apparition of evil with one eye which was centered in his forehead and breath that reeked of Hershey's chocolate and garlic. While in flight, the plane was struck by a flock of warrior doves—that rare breed of doves covered with colorful feathers and armed with platinum beaks—and was destroyed by those creatures' sense of territorial imperative. We crashed in the wilderness of South Africa, with only the stars for company. For three days and three cold nights, we wandered that land in search of some sentinel of civilization. On the fourth day, we found a gas station where, after the captain had calmed down, I let her know that everything was all right, we took a cab to the city. We dined at the best restaurant in town and were arrested for asking for a knife and fork.

The police commissioner let the captain go after he found out that they both served on the Russian Front together and the captain finally conceded that the commissioner's Panzer unit was better than his. I was sentenced to a dungeon after I was accused of being a rock music singer. There I met a college professor who had by mistake bought a ticket to this land when, after misappropriating the student activities' funds on hula dancers from Mundane, New Jersey, decided to disappear to South Dakota, but ended up there. From the prison library, he had taken several Rosicrucian tracts. After studying them for a few minutes, he smiled and disappeared. I called the guard to tell him that dinner would only be for one, and the professor turned him into a toad. Into the night we fled into the wilderness, we were met by friendly tribesmen who took an immediate liking to the professor for they were Oxford graduates, too. I told them of my plight and of Ophal's fate. They were deeply moved and gave me a guide who led me on a two-day's journey across hostile jungle to an airport. I was astonished at my good fortune, for I caught a free flight to Hotcha, the capital of Ismael. As I departed from that plane, I was drafted into their army which, after four hours of military training that very afternoon, was marching on Israel. Armed with a pike and shield, marching towards the border, I wondered if I would ever see my beloved Ophal again. Our forces met with disaster after cavalry was bombed and we, the infantry, were attacked with tanks. My friend was captured; back to Hotcha I was drafted alone. I met a peasant with his family who, after telling me that his profession was not peasantry, but being a refugee, told me of the fate of Princess Ophal. The war was started by the prince as a tax loss, and he and his beautiful wife had gone to Paris to live.

Now, my friends, begins the incredible part of my tale. I returned to Hotcha where, after paying a Swiss watchmaker, I was given by the captain of that plane to keep the correct time while I was in prison. I purchased a general's uniform, and then negotiated a settlement with the conquering armies who seemed just as glad to leave. They rallied the people of that nation into the town square and with a tourist guide book to their tongue marshaled them against their prince who had cynically written off as a tax loss. Appealing to their nationalism and their pride, I got them to give me their money which they did freely and generously in order that I return their leader to them that they may try him fairly and then execute him. With their money, I was able to buy a bus ticket—at a discount, seeing that I was an important government official—and a box of candy. The bus was re-routed by a sheep stampede and I ended up in Russia. I was arrested there for knowing who Karl Marx was and after they found out I was an American, they made a prisoner exchange in which I was traded for a Russian tourist who was arrested in this country for knowing who Joe McCarthy was. I, then, found myself in Gnome, Oregon where I purchased a paper purely by chance and was dismayed to find that Ophal had been kidnapped by a mystic cult from South America who planned to sacrifice her at the next full moon.

Knowing there was no time to lose, I borrowed a car from a kind inventor who was working on the process of finding the stimulant in airplane glue and drove to Hotcha where I was arrested for looking as if I would be the kind of person that would possess marijuana. I was thrown into prison near Mexico City, but was released after complaining so bitterly about the conditions they thought I was Duncan Hines reincarnated. I met an American tourist who happened to be a member of the American Civil Liberties Union, and, after I told him of Ophal's present situation, he decided that it was a violation of her constitutional rights. He called up his son, a recent Yale graduate, who was a Mexican bandit, and with his group of bloodthirsty killers, we rode south. We reached the village near the spot where the mystic cult held its services and read on a bulletin board that the services were called off because the victim had been rescued by a vaudeville troupe. The party I arrived with felt that these people should be made to understand the concepts and principles of civil liberties; so they burned the village and destroyed the temple. They took me to Texas where in a theatrical newspaper I read that my dear Ophal had joined an opera company that while on the way to London had been hijacked at sea and been taken to perform exclusively for an evil Asian dictator, Wong Munlitte Bai.

I decided that if I must travel that far, I must have more funds than were presently available to me. Unqualified for anything else, I took a job as a janitor at a nearby university where I was soon promoted to president because of my military experience. Whereas the students were passive, the faculty had armed themselves and had turned the campus into a sea of troubles when they learned that I established a liaison-ship rule. Most of the were die-hard teachers who claimed that nowhere in their contracts did it say that they had to know how to read or write. I left the campus with the Board of Trustees, a truck and a half-track—a gift from the student body—after a five-inch shell destroyed my offices and the faculty, mostly veterans of the Spanish Civil War, launched a bayonet charge on the Administration building. They paid me generously in gold, which was their policy for combat duty. I then took a plane to Sham, the land of the evil Wong Munlitte Bai. After landing and dressing inconspicuously as just another Oriental potentate, I wandered towards the royal palace. Outside the palace, I heard the unforgettable sound of Ophal singing Madame Butterfly. By stabbing three palace guards and piling them, one on the other, I was able to peer in the window from which the sound of that heavenly voice was emitted. Though she looked like a punch drunk lady of the night, I was saddened that that was the way Ophal had been made up for the role. I advertised in the local newspaper and was soon contacted by the local chapter of the Mafia which was led by a boy I went to high school with. In a final matter, he helped me storm the palace and after great bloodletting, we freed Ophal and the rest of the opera company. While the evil leader of this land regrouped his forces, we escaped aboard the luxury opium flight of the local airlines.

Now, to end my tale, to end the song of my life, which was spent searching for that creature who embodied all my hopes and dreams, I will tell you this, Ophal, after many trials, had become hardened and had lost her innocence. She no longer spoke in the manner I recalled from my youth when I would spend hours speaking of the simple pleasures of listening to brooks babble and watch chipmunks gather nuts. Her voice had been toned down after a life of decadence; she spoke of her experiences with a cynical growl for a laugh uncutting each phrase. I listened and laughed for, thanks to fate, she had become an evil, decadent, vile creature—the girl of my dreams. Now, friends, would you like to buy a revealing picture of the heroine of my story?

(Continued from front page)

Isn't that right, Colonel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Say it, then."

"Say what, sir?"

"Have you forgotten already, Colonel?"

"No, sir."

"Then, what's the matter? Are you unable to comprehend what I've been saying? You're running up quite a score on the tally sheet, you know. Now we can add lack of comprehension to the list. Come on, Colonel, make a stab anyway. COLONEL!"

"Er . . . er . . . sir, I'm a young man."

"What's that on your temples, Colonel?"

"My temples, sir?"

"Yes, Colonel, temples. T-E-M-P-L-E-S. Is that quite clear, Colonel?"

"Yes, sir. Quite clear."

"Then what is it?"

"What is what, sir?"

"You're getting more incoherent by the moment, Colonel. Before I know it, you'll be a slobbering idiot. What is what, sir? I don't know, Colonel. Suppose you tell me what is what."

"I don't know, sir."

"All right, Colonel, suppose we start over again. Now suppose you tell me for Crissake what that is on your temples."

"I don't know, sir."

"You mean to tell me that you don't know what is on your own temples? Let's see, the Colonel seems to be a bit hazy on human anatomy. How do you expect to learn anything about the Army when you don't know anything about the Army's most important part—MAN?"

"Yes, sir, I should take a course on human anatomy."

"Let's see now—delegated authority for one's own benefit without proper authorization. That's another serious breach of contract—I hope you realize that, Colonel."

"Yes, sir."

"You still haven't answered the question, Colonel. If I wasn't a patient man, I don't know what horrible misfortune would confront you. But as it is, I'm basically a placid man and very patient, too, so I'll ask you one more time, Colonel. I don't know—maybe I haven't used the right technique or something; maybe I haven't given you the impression that I mean business when I want an answer. I'll try another approach. Okay, Colonel. WHAT IS THAT YOU HAVE ON YOUR GOD-DAMN TEMPLES?"

"I don't know, sir, that's why I should take a course in human anatomy."

"What? I can't believe it. A plus factor. You've finally come up with a plus factor in your favor. By taking that course it means you have plans for self-improvement—a definite plus factor."

"Thank you, sir."

"Oh, Christ! You didn't wait long to nullify your only discernible positive quality, did you? With that humble retort you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Colonel. Colonel, a United States officer should be fearless, have integrity and should be firm in his convictions, but he should never be humble, because the enemy is very liable to take advantage of your humility. Now I still haven't lost my temper, Colonel. Suppose you tell me about those temples."

"My temples, sir?"

"You mean I have to tell you about a characteristic of your own disgusting anatomy?"

"I . . . yes, sir."

"All right, rather than stay here all day and try to pull answers out of you, I'll tell you, to your utter amazement, no doubt, that you've got grey hair on your temples. Did you know that, Colonel?"

"Yes, sir, I knew it."

"What's the matter—don't you still know it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, say it."

"Yes, sir. Sir, I knew that I had grey hair on my temples, and I know that I have grey hair on my temples."

"Very good. Now suppose you tell me what that grey hair is doing there, Colonel."

"It's my grey hair, sir."

"Don't you think I know that? That doesn't explain why grey hair is on your temples. Didn't I tell you that there are only young men in the Army, Colonel?"

"Yes, sir, you did."

"Young men don't have grey hair on their temples, do they?"

"No, sir, young men don't have grey hair on their temples."

"Colonel, you're in the Army, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And since there are only young men in the Army—you must be a young man, eh, Colonel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, let's see now. You're in the Army and therefore a young man. But there's one flaw that I can't understand—you have grey hair on your temples. Why do you have grey hair on your temples, Colonel?"

"I'm forty-three years old, sir."

"And during your forty-three years you just let your hair turn grey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you think that's a bit careless? I mean this demonstrates that you are slovenly in your habits, another negative trait in the long and growing list of your despicable qualities. Don't you think you ought to do something about the grey hair on your temples, Colonel?"

"You mean cut my hair off, sir?"

"No. I don't mean cut your hair off. Do I look like the kind of man who wants a bunch of Yul Brynners in his outfit?"

"No, sir."

"Now, that we've got that settled at long last, what is that pushing your belt buckle outward?"

"I don't see anything pushing my belt buckle outward, sir."

"So, you're having trouble with your eyesight, too. Tell me, Colonel, what isn't wrong with you? Did you say that you are in good condition, Colonel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why are you in good condition, Colonel?"

"Because all soldiers in the United States Army are in good condition, sir."

"Is that the best you can say—I mean don't you feel any personal responsibility for keeping yourself in good shape in case war may break out, because we never know when war may break out, do we, Colonel?"

"No, sir, we don't."

"Then what accounts for that garbage, specifically that disgusting protrusion in the form of your girth pushing your belt buckle outward? It looks like a rudder in the reverse—you probably have a powerful magnet inside there and electric eyes all over the place so that you merely have to point your belt buckle in the general direction that you want to go—then you don't have to walk under your own power because no man who motivates under his own power could be as fat-assed as you are. There must be thirty-eight or thirty-nine hand spans between your hips! All right, by God, you said you were in good condition. Show me."

"Sir?"

"A United States soldier, since we have qualified that he is in good condition, ought to be able to do twenty-five push-ups without much sweat. Go ahead; do twenty-five push-ups, Colonel."

The Colonel grunted out three push-ups with difficulty. On his fourth, his arms collapsed, his girth kissing the floor. He arose, red-faced and short of breath. "I'm afraid that is all I can do, sir," he pleaded.

"That's all you can do, eh? Well then, did you hear what I said not more than thirty seconds ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did I say?"

"You told me to do twenty-five push-ups, sir."

"Did you do twenty-five push-ups, Colonel?"

"No, sir. I told you that . . ."

"I'M NOT CONCERNED WITH WHAT YOU TOLD ME. THE POINT IS THAT I TOLD YOU TO DO TWENTY-FIVE PUSH-UPS AND THAT DOESN'T MEAN THREE AND THEN QUIT. YOU'RE INSUBORDINATE, COLONEL! YOU'RE DISOBEYING A DIRECT ORDER. NOW GET DOWN THERE AND KNOCK OUT TWENTY-TWO MORE PUSH-UPS OR I'LL HAVE YOU THROWN IN THE STOCKADE!"

Twenty-six minutes elapsed before the Colonel had done the required push-ups. He now stood on gimpy knees, supporting himself by bracing against his desk. He heaved in gasps

as his heart pounded violently. A button had popped off his shirt during his exercise causing his heaving navel to peek out every time he took a breath.

"Where is your button, Colonel?" The Colonel was exhausted and confused. His answer was poorly enunciated and incoherent.

"I didn't understand you. Speak up, man!"

"Sir, my button popped off . . . while I was doing . . . my exercise."

"I didn't ask what happened. I saw what happened, and I know what happened. I merely asked you a simple question about a simple object, a button as a matter of fact. Nothing complex—just a simple old ordinary button." The Colonel spied the button halfway under his desk, but he did not move, fearing he would be reprimanded again.

"Look at me when I'm talking to you, Colonel. Do you know it's against Army regulations not to be SOP (Standard Operating Procedure)? You know perfectly well that you're not SOP with that button off. The only buttons I want to see off are the ones that are being sewed back on."

The Colonel made a clumsy lunge for the button, but in his uncoordinated state he negotiated his move poorly. His forehead came into contact with the edge of his desk. He arose slightly, tottered, then lost his equilibrium. Arising on one knee, he looked like a fighter trying to pull himself together, trying to come to scratch before the referee tolled ten. He had acted on instinct until that moment. Now his body would no longer respond. His hands groped upward as though he were praying to the heavens, but his lone supporting arch gave way. His haunches rolled on the floor like a huge thumb rolling on an ink pad for a thumb print. He tried to get up once more, but in vain. His arms flapped like the harmless flippers of a penguin while his feet stirred, but he could not coordinate his movements. His limbs continued to move for a few more seconds while his obese carcass remained stationary. He reminded one of a huge beetle with appendages flailing in the air in a futile attempt to clutched his breast in obvious pain. He bit his tongue when he clenched his teeth, the blood decorating his face as the curious make-up of a clown might. The massive welt on his head was taking the peculiar form of an impromptu birthday hat. He quivered, urinated, vomited blood, and stared at the ceiling as if asking the heavens, "Why?" He exhaled his last breath as if in disgust, then fell back dead, his eyes still staring at the ceiling.

A first looney checked his pulse, looked to the floor and grimly announced, "I'm afraid he has left us."

The General barked, "Dead!" He can't die. It's against the Army regulations—in peace time, anyway." He looked confused for a moment, but did not lose his aplomb. He stooped over the cadaver, fished for its dogtags, then abruptly yanked one loose. It took two hands to pry the body's jaws apart. Then the General inserted the dogtag between the mandibles and flipped the lower jaw so that the dogtag remained wedged in between. Standing to appraise the situation he brushed his hands in a gesture of accomplishment. Looking at a nearby lieutenant, he spoke in an even voice, "Remove his personal effects and put them in a DD66 envelope—then have two men, rather six men carry him out, put him in a deuce-and-a-half and cart him out to the dump. If someone gets suspicious at the dump, a Dempsey Dumpster will suffice."

"Yes, sir."

The General turned to leave, but before he had gone through the orderly room portal he added, "Oh, and one more thing. Have a man sew that button on so we can at least say he died SOP."

Insight

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Dorm Students Left Bitter After Meals

By **TRIXY WAMSLEY**
Mace and Crown Staff Writer

What are the conditions in the dorm cafeterias?
"I'm a senior and have been to four different colleges and have eaten at four different cafeterias and the food here is the worst I've ever had."
"We get the same meals over and over."
"There isn't enough time when you have to wait in such long lines."
"The service is slow as hell."
"It's not worth discussing."
"There is a definite problem with feeding any large

group and this place proves how big the problem really is."
What specific things are wrong with the meals?
"Always the same vegetables — carrots, asparagus and broccoli."
"The food is bland except when the dishes have a soapy film."
"Have you ever had grilled cheese sandwiches with slices of tomato on them?"
"Well, sometimes we get Mystery Meat."
"Mystery Meat is veal."
"No, it's chuck wagon steak or meat loaf or something like that."
"The pizza is hard, you know?"
"They hardly ever give us good hamburgers and we get hamburgers all the time."
"The waffles could stick to the walls."
"Rice is like glue."
"There's never enough rolls and the rolls are really good."
"You can play ping-pong with the potatoes."
"Poached eggs have to be the worst."
"Their spaghetti—barf!"
"Like one time the roast

beef was like green but they put a lot of gravy over it to hide the green spots."
"In Rogers' the pancakes swim in syrup and in Gresham they have lumps of powder."
"Cold chipped beef sandwiches . . ."
How does the food compare with last year's?
"Much better." "Worse this year."
"The service is slower."
"Servers are much nicer."
"Less variety of foods."
"Get the old company back."

These were some of the comments of residents in both Rogers and Gresham Halls. Students who live in these dorms have been complaining about the food since the beginning of the school year. They are dissatisfied and disgusted with the service they pay for in the dorms.

A complaint committee has been set up consisting of the floor presidents of both dorms, through which the students can suggest changes they would like to have in their food.

Except for one small kitchen in Rogers Hall East, there is no space available for a student to fix his own meals if he does, not like what is being served in the cafeteria. The only alternative is to buy a meal at one of the surrounding grills, which can be expensive if done on a regular basis.

Many students said they would like to have a menu posted so that they could decide ahead if they wish to eat in the cafeteria. This would also be helpful in knowing before you take it, if the meat buried in gravy is veal, roast or liver."

Suggested also was an improvement in the speed of service. Some seemed to favor the idea of a possible double line system. Others thought that having more plates ready when the line starts would be helpful.

The males questioned complained mostly that there is "not enough food. An hour after a meal I always get starving again." Although they have been promised all they can eat, dorm students feel the food itself is not filling.

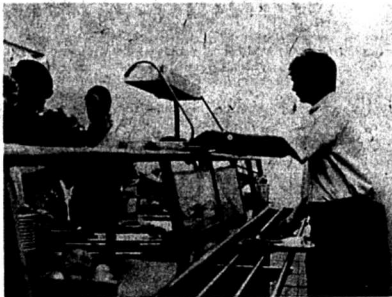
When asked which particular foods they would like done away with, the most frequent answers were: chipped beef on toast, eggs, the seasoning in vegetables, roast beef, veal and potatoes. "All forms of potatoes are hard inside and greasy outside, so you get acne and overweight from eating them."

Breakfast was agreed upon as the least favored meal and residents unanimously agreed that they would like: eggs cooked longer, more oatmeal and better-made pancakes.

Many people in both Rogers and Gresham agree that, although the same company prepares food for both cafeterias, the food at Rogers is cooked better and has more flavor. The biggest majority of complaints came from students living in Gresham.

"For the first two weeks of school the meals were really good, but now they get worse every day." This complaint was repeated many times, implying that the company is capable of doing better than it is at the present time.

The complaint committee met with the managers of both cafeterias Oct. 8 in an



The Mace and Crown (By Fred Frankel)

COMPLAINTS REGISTERED BY dorm students included slow service in the food line. Double-line systems and prepared plates were suggested to speed serving, but the quality of the food served, according to many students, still needs attention.

attempt to work out some solutions. According to James Kluckman, a floor president in Gresham, the management "turned down only two requests, but only because they interfered with stipulations in their contract."
Some of the changes promised were: less frequent serv-

ing of poached eggs, lengthened meal hours, more types of salad dressing, unlimited second helpings and larger plates of food, grilled cheese sandwiches without tomatoes and more variety in the menu. Both managers agreed to try anything "within reason" to improve service.

Congressional Delay Affects Student Loans

WASHINGTON (CPS) — A congressional deadlock still is preventing enactment of the emergency insured student loan bill. The bill would give lenders an allowance of up to 3 per cent above the interest rate of 7 per cent that is allowed on the insured loans.

The bill was drawn up when the prime interest rate rose to 8½ per cent this year. It was feared banks would not make loans to students because they would lose money on the 7 per cent insured interest limit.

The congressional snag in a Senate-House conference committee has been over whether a lender could require a borrower to do business with his lending agency in order to receive a loan. House conferees charged the provision would make the program unworkable.

Despite the delay in passage, the U.S. Office of Education says the volume of the loans remains high. In August \$155 million was committed by lenders for the loans as compared to \$133 million in August 1968.

Final congressional approval of the emergency loan bill is expected shortly.

Expert Offers Free Lessons In Bridge Play

The College Center is offering free bridge lessons to any interested student. Beginning and advanced lessons will be taught by a Norfolk area bridge master every Wednesday starting at 2:30 p.m. in the reading room.

Students must sign up for the free lessons at the front desk of the College Center.
"As long as students indicate an interest in the lessons we will continue them," said Mrs. Adele M. Owen, director of the College Center. She also said, "if there is enough interest in the lessons and students request it the lessons may be moved to an evening time more convenient to the students."

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Emerson Forum Asks For Speakers' Fund

By JANICE HILL
Mace and Crown Staff Writer

"The purpose (of the Emerson Forum) is to provide a place for students to go to meet people who are relevant to today's issues and to provide a forum for the free exchange of ideas," said forum president, David L. Delzell.

The non-partisan group is a member of the IRC (Inter-Religious Council) and is sponsored by the Unitarian Church of Norfolk. Its advisor is Dr. Willard Frank of the History Dept. The forum takes no stand on issues, except of course, when the issue—such as the denial of the right of free speech—might abrogate the function of the forum.

merit these funds because they provide the only regular weekly intellectual activity on campus for students. Because of the short distance between Washington, D. C. and Norfolk, forum members feel that with these funds they could bring speakers of national reputation to the campus several times a year.

Thus far, the forum has only been able to obtain out of town speakers when they can catch them in town on



Delzell

Speakers for each meeting are chosen by a committee elected by the forum's membership. Although it is both local and international in scope, the forum's speakers have been mostly limited to area people because the treasury can't afford to pay traveling expenses. For this reason, the forum has requested financial assistance in the amount of \$500 from the Student Activities Committee. The forum feels that they

other business or when they are willing to pay their own transportation costs.

In the past the majority of the guest speakers have been politically inclined toward "the left," or at any rate have tended to be liberals. Delzell cited as the reason for this "the difficulty in getting people on 'the right' to lay themselves open to the criticism they might receive."

Each meeting consists of a half-hour talk by the speaker and a half-hour period of discussion, debate, and questions. Membership is open to all students. Dues are \$1 per semester and students may join at any meetings.



BILL MARTELL, BILL McDonnell and Charlie Rozycki (r to l) rehearse for the Dominion Players' production of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible," which opens Nov. 6 in the Tech Theater. Tickets go on sale today at the College Center front desk. Admission is \$1 for students and college, \$2 for the general public.

Educators to Present Lecture on Learning

The Old Dominion University School of Education and the Virginia Optometric Association will present the fifth annual "Forum on Learning Difficulties" at Old Dominion University in the Education Building from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. on Nov. 1.

John W. Streff, director of visual research, Gesell Institute of Child Development, and Elmer R. Kane, director of teacher education programs, McGraw Hill Book Co., will be principal speakers.

Dr. Streff received his doctor of optometry degree from the Illinois College of Optometry. He is a member of the board of directors of the Gesell Institute and a fellow in the American Academy of Optometry.

Dr. Kane received his doctor of education degree from Teachers College, Columbia. He is the author of "An Administrator's Guide to Elementary Science" and the co-author of the "Physiology of Readiness" and "Developing Learning Readiness."

President James L. Bugg, Jr. will welcome the participants. Dr. A. R. Tonelson, dean of ODU School of Education will be chairman of

the forum, which will be presented free of charge. Interested members of the community are invited to attend.

Seniors Scout January Jobs In Interviews

Beginning Nov. 3 and continuing until the twenty-first of the same month, Old Dominion's seniors who will be graduating in January will be able to interview 80 business and government organizations who will be recruiting prospective employees.

According to Arthur W. Denna, director of financial aid and placement, this year's program is nearly twice the size of last year's, both in the number of companies and in the number of students involved.

The organizations were provided with brief resumes of the seniors they are to interview, allowing them to know in advance the personal history of each applicant. This will facilitate the interviews in speeding up the time it takes to talk to each applicant.

CHEAP THRILLS

By JAY HENDERSON
AMERICAN TRIBAL CUSTOMS
Part One

(This column, like all others appearing under the heading, "Cheap Thrills," is blatantly a spurious pack of lies.—JRH.)

The average drugstore liberal, we have noticed, delights in finding faults in others; those very faults, in fact, which the drugstore liberal never sees in himself. For those of us uncertain of the term "drugstore liberal": he is the type who sends a contribution to the Vietnam Moratorium Committee, then stays home to watch the protest on teevee. Or put more bluntly: a drugstore liberal is one who voted for Humphrey in hopes that Hubert would change his ways once in the White House . . . so be it.

In any case, the latest fad among these all-American left-leaners is to say that "hippies" are "bigots" because they are more "conformist" than the "Establishment." A precise idea of the import of this concept requires further definitions:



Homogeneous?

(1) "Hippies" are broadly defined as anyone between the ages of 12 and 30 having hair longer than one and one-half inches, wearing uniformed Boy Scouts and the YAF.

(2) "Bigots" are persons who do not think, talk, and act like drugstore liberals, which leads to:

(3) "Conformist," the quality of thinking, talking, and acting like other persons.

(4) "The Establishment" is, of course, those persons in power who all think, talk, and act like one another . . . like Richard Nixon and J. William Fulbright, for instance. Within these definitions in mind, we can translate the above concept thusly: "Kids are all alike."

Well, we know an old FFV baroness who claims she can't tell one black from another. She proved it, much to the chagrin of the State Department, by tipping the Ghanaian ambassador when he held her coat at an embassy affair. To this affront, the ebony gentleman replied (as we reply to the concept that all youth is homogeneous):

"N'all!"

Loosely translated, this means "elephant leavings."

We can understand why the drugstore liberal thinks as he does. One, it shows his conservative friends (who think that all "hippies" are anarchists, communists, radicals, pinks, faggots, and so on ad nauseum) that he is not on the side of the Left; two, it proves to his friends that he is truly a liberal, being enlightened enough to criticize his comrades on the Left. Of course, it further shows that he is a "conformist," just like his drugstore-liberal friends. This is not a contradiction; it is merely the working of American Tribal Custom Number One:

"Do Unto Others As Your Friends Do Unto Others."

In all fairness, we must let at least one drugstore liberal speak in his defense; therefore, we requested the opinion of Harvey Helpful, our local liberal spokesman.

"Well, gee," said Harvey; "lookit all those kids wearing Levis and Army-surplus fatigue shirts. Did you ever see so many kids wearing Levis and Army-surplus fatigue shirts?"

"Well, Harvey," we interjected, "on an average student's budget of \$3.17 per week, did you expect Brooks Brothers' suits?"

"Y'know," said Harvey, "it all reminds me of a story James Thurber wrote . . . I think it was Thurber . . . let's see . . . yeah, it was Thurber. He wrote this story about a guy who talked to a lemming . . . the lemming talked back, you see . . . and it turns out the guy spent his whole life studying lemmings, and the lemming spent its whole life studying humans. So the guy asks . . . he says, the only thing he's never been able to figure out is why lemmings jump into the sea. And the lemming says the only thing he's never been able to figure out is why humans don't. I think that's relevant to the point, don't you?"

So much for the drugstore-liberal viewpoint. To further prejudice our case, we leave you with this thought from The Sirens of Tital (Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.):

"In a punctual way of speaking, goodbye."



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ANALGESIC TABLETS

(Continued from Page Three)

Marijuana

It is high time that the country be allowed some knowledge about marijuana based on scientific reports and moves away from the propaganda that renders to the mind, images of marijuana users living in medieval scenes where their evenings are spent dancing in bogs of evil with Satan playing alto sax.

Facts are the means by which a society should make its decisions, but alas, the plain truth of it is that this society may be trapped within its mist of fiction. Time can only tell.

—JOHN F. WALSH

Review

never had a whole under this roof before. Ever since your mother died."

And there is much more. The actors, especially Charles Burgess, as the old man, and Jack Wiseman, who plays his sarcastic son, Lenny, do quite well in their difficult roles.

Of the six actors, however, Burgess and Wiseman are the only two who adopt British accents. This is as obvious as it is disconcerting. But other than that, things appear to run well and the evening proves to be one that is thought-provoking as well as it is humorous.

—RICHARD LINDELL



STUDENTS SOAK UP the last few rays of the Indian summer sun before the College Center patio becomes just another slush pile. Do you realize that in a week it

will be Halloween, and that Thanksgiving is just around the corner, and there are only 49 more shopping days till . . .

The Mace and Crown (By Fred Frankel)

UN Day Festivities Planned

Oct. 24 is United Nations Day and the Tidewater Chapter of the United Nations Association has planned a dinner at the College Center this evening, co-sponsored with the Political Science Club of ODU, Josh Bunch, president.

There will be a social hour

at 6:30 p.m., and dinner at 7:30 p.m. James B. Carey, director of labor participation in the United Nations Association, with headquarters in Washington, D. C., will speak after the dinner.

Carey has represented the labor movement at many international conferences and was delegate at the Founding

Assembly of the United Nations in 1945.

The cost per person is \$3.50, \$2.50 for students.

For further information contact Linda Mays, secretary of the Political Science Club, Prof. Robert Stern of the political science dept. or Prof. George Stetson of the geography dept.

'Pornography' Evening Topic At King's Head

Pornography and censorship will be the topic of a panel discussion at the Oct. 27 meeting of the Old Dominion Graduate English Society.

Panelists for the discussion will be Sam T. Barfield, Stanley E. Sacks, and Dr. Thomas M. Pick, Dr. J. V. D. Card of the English Dept. will moderate the discussion.

Barfield, a former Norfolk City councilman, is an outspoken opponent of pornographic literature. Sacks, an attorney, recently defended Grove Press in Norfolk's legal controversy over the Swedish "I am Curious (Yellow)" Dr. Pick is professor of abnormal psychology at Old Dominion and a practicing psychologist.

The meeting, which is open to the public, will be held in the Cloister Room of the King's Head Inn at 8:30 p.m. Monday, Oct. 27. Refreshments will be sold at the bar.

CLASSIFIEDS

Ads are free to students and faculty of ODU. Ads may be submitted to 206, College Center.

MERCHANDISE

FOR SALE—1967 MGB with OD. \$500 mt. \$2500, call R. S. Rice, Graham Hall, room 213, 625-8008.

FOR SALE—1969 TR-3; new top, tires, brake-work, paint job and clutch. Good engine and transmission. No. 4 inspection. \$400. Call 432-8115 after 9:30 and weekends.

FOR SALE—Royal portable typewriter, only slightly used. \$25. Call 625-4064.

FOR SALE—SONY TC 355 3-head stereo tape deck, played about five times, retail \$210. Need money. \$150 or best offer. Dan Doyle, 433-7718.

FOR SALE—1 dual transistor ignition, new, excellent condition. Mfg. by Canadian firm for trucks, works on anything for one cylinder up, pops up car and gives better gas mileage. \$15. **ALSO—Horrible paisley (mostly red) sports jacket**, made in U.S. Virgin Islands by virginia—good for hippies or hippie minded. About a 41. Brand new (afraid to wear it.) John Crawford, Graham Hall 206.

FOR SALE—1968 BSA, Twin Carbs, lots of chrome. Excellent mechanical condition. Call Jerry, 393-4384 after 5:30 p.m.

FOR SALE—'65 Olds, 442, 4-speed, wide oval, silver blue, tach, 400 cu. in. 350 hp, excellent condition. Must see to believe. 458-1784.

FOR SALE—Amp Scott receiver, Gerrard Astec speakers, A-R speakers, other components available. 625-7654.

FOR SALE—A. H. Sprite with matching hardtop. Low mileage, excellent cond. \$1,000. R. S. Rice, Graham, Rm. 213.

FOR SALE—Large steamer trunk. Best offer. Call Janet, 655-5180.

FOR SALE—MGB, 1967 blnd, excellent cond. 25,000 miles. Must sell. \$1,835 or best offer. 623-7335

WANTED—'68 or '69 VW bus, used. Call Bill Deane. 423-5015.

MERCHANDISE

WANTED—Used inexpensive typewriter. Contact Jack Bray at 623-6826.

MISCELLANEOUS

TUTOR—I am available to tutor or translate French. Previously taught high school. Call Mrs. Phyllis Trataneglo, 533-3093.

WANTED—SGA needs artistic students for a publicity committee. Those interested, apply at the SGA office.

LOST—One navy blue trench coat with light blue initials DJC on collar, Oct. 2 at Finesis Inn. I have found a trench coat that I will gladly return for my own. Contact Donna Comparato, Rogers East, room 116, 625-5671.

LOST—If you have found a pair of glasses in the women's restroom of Webb Center, please return them. Brown frames, tan case. 423-7180.

NOTICE—Anyone interested in writing humor or aiding in the production of a Campus Humor Magazine, contact Kathy, in The Mace and Crown office.

RIDES

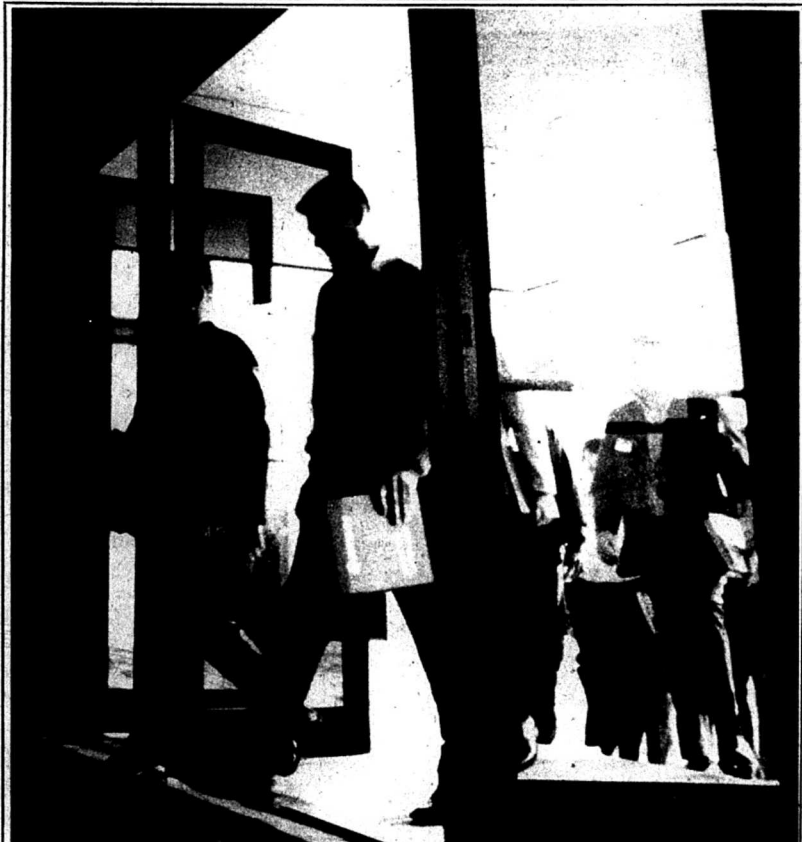
RIDE WANTED—From Coronado section of Norfolk to ODU, 655-0989.

RIDERS WANTED—Share expenses from Janaf area. Call Janet, 655-5150, after 4:30 p.m.

WANTED—Ride to Stamford, Conn. or vicinity for Thanksgiving vacation. Please contact Barb-Rogers Annex, room 116, 625-5671.

HOUSING

LIVE IN—Navy wife needs help with children. Girl to live in. Room and board provided and possible transportation. Contact Mrs. Samuel McLeod, 3549 Blue Marlin Circle, Va. Beach. 486-2394.



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Future Ballet Studio Splinterless Paradise For Twinklety-toed

By GAIL SAVAGE
Mace and Crown Staff Writer

Ballet students, are you tired of snagging your tights and slippers on the studio floor? Happily your frustrations are over.

A new floor was laid in the ballet studio this summer. Unhappily the new floor is the only improvement that will be completed in the near future.

The university's studio was converted from an old grocery store. In the center of the room there are two square poles which often cause bruises not only on the students but also inflict the instructor with an occasional black and blue.

The instructor's office is in a small corner of the room, divided by a shabby partition, which provides little or no privacy.

The dressing room wall looks like it was bombed and the dressing room itself is only large enough for five persons to change clothes comfortably.

VA Welcomes Ex-Servicemen At Association On West 48th

The Student Veterans Association, an organization for ex-service personnel, is located one block behind the College Center at 1444 West 48th St. A student may apply for membership weekdays any time before 3 p.m. The dues are \$5 per semester.

The association offers a place to relax between classes, a free pool table, and television, the use of a stove to cook lunch or supper on and a cooler for beer.

Social life includes happy hour every afternoon, especially Friday. The association also sponsors parties, fishing, hunting and camping trips.

There are no shower facilities, and after a workout in ballet the students have to change directly into their school clothes and go to their classes hot and perspiring.

We are in dire need of new ballet facilities. The present studio was meant to be used only for six months and then be moved to the old gym. Funds were held up for the new gym, however, and thus the ballet students have suffered for over two years. After the new gym is completed, the studio will be located on the second floor, but at the moment no date can be quoted.

So ballet students, watch out for those poles while doing your Tour De Jours and hope the future ballet students will learn to dance under better conditions.



The Mace and Crown (by Fred Frankel)

GOALIE PETE HILL fends off an attempt to score by William and Mary in a hard fought game that resulted in a 2-1 loss for Old Dominion. The Monarchs scored early in the first quarter and retained a 1-0 lead until the fourth quarter when W&M scored the tying goal, William and Mary went on to gain the winning point in overtime.

...a last shot

By JIM PURYEAR

Seeking to dispel such rumors as: "Did Metheny really put Puryear in athletic support," or "whataya mean, Art Leido traded four new tires for Puryear's column," I decided it was time to accept my destiny and let the ink flow once more. So if you're ready to jump on the train, we are about to pull out and take a journey into the land of make-believe.

Our first stop takes us somewhere in the outer limits of Flatbush. Duh, you know like Filmore the Bear, and three-four time and stuff like that.

A thousand fights is mixing it up with some 200-lb. dock worker. After a heated debate he grabs his two basketballs and bounces them merrily down the street toward some high school. He looks like he would make a better plumber than a fighter.

The night is drawing upon us as we approach whence we started, the great metropolis of Norfolk with its high rising commercial buildings and its flashing Romero's Tavern sign illuminating the downtown waterfront section.

Since it is well into the 6 o'clock hour the campus is deserted save for three men walking from the athletic office. They look very familiar for some strange reason. A balding stout man is flanked on the left by a wiry, elderly man, and on the right by a trim, thin man in his late thirties.

As we gaze off into the distance we see a trim young figure of a man running around in a uniform closely resembling that of the Bronx Bombers. This man seems destined to roam the great green fields of immortal Yankee Stadium with such stars as the Yankee Clipper and the like. Seems like the coach is yelling something about his hair being too long.

Hardly able to catch our breath as the train zips on pulling into a little coal town in the hills of West Virginia. As the train loads up with fuel, our eye is caught by a skinny little kid tossing an old and beat-up round ball through a jagged, torn bushel basket hung on the side of an old drab, gray house. The kid looks good. Wonder if he's dreaming of playing for West Virginia University?

Time to go again. As we streak onward, Newport News comes into view with its highly industrialized shipbuilding facilities. While the train slows down in order that we may get a better view of naval operations, a commotion occurs off to the left.

A little man with a large sign stating something about

Three Lettermen

Cross Country Team Promises Good Season

Old Dominion's cross country team opens its 1969 season under a new coach. E. Leigh Griffin, who used to be the freshman swimming coach back in '66, is very optimistic about the coming season.

The team is comprised of three lettermen and five freshmen. It is a young team with great potentiality. The boys have only been practicing for three weeks, but they are shaping up fine. The team morale is high, and they are looking forward to a fine, productive season.

The team contains two-year letterman David Marlin. Marlin hails from Kecoughtan High School, where he won nine letters in indoor track, spring track, and cross country. He was one of the top 10 runners in the Peninsula District. On numerous occasions he has run in 25- and 50-mile marathons.

Ron Ervi, also a two-year

letterman, was the number two runner for OD last year. Ervi graduated from York High School on the peninsula.

One of the most promising freshmen on the team is Glenn Logan. At Princess Anne High School he lettered eight times. He holds the Eastern District record for the indoor mile. He holds many school records at Princess Anne. Logan is expected to be the number one runner on the team.

Another promising freshman is Robbie Keeler, a two-year letterman at George Mason High School in Falls Church, Va. He was a member of the state champion cross country team in 1967.

Ed Festerman, who graduated from James River High School near Roanoke, just returned from four years active duty with the Marine Corps. He attained the rank of sergeant.

The other remaining members of the team are freshmen Steve Gore, Chuck Burroughs and letterman Joe Clark, just out of the armed forces.



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