

The Paw Print

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Photo—P.deV., G.W.

'Madwoman' Cash Rules Drama Club Mid-Winter Show

Jean Giraudoux, one of the foremost playwrights of contemporary French literature, intermingles entrancingly the comic with the serious and the thought-provoking in his play "The Madwoman of Chaillot." Four madwomen and a group of somewhat bohemian vagabonds plot to exterminate a malignant cancer in Paris when they discover that it plans to destroy the city in order to obtain the oil underneath.

In the middle of February the Drama Club, under the direction of Mr. Stelling, will present "Madwoman." Already frantic preparations are underway. If you should happen to look inside the auditorium on a Friday afternoon, chances are you would see a mob of about 40 people running around helter-skelter, with a seeming lack of purpose. This, however, is not the case; look again. In one corner Debbie Bays, in charge of costumes, is taking measurements. Elsewhere, Jeff West, lighting director, takes photographs (Why? Oh, well. . .) and Julie Burko is busy designing sets.

The center of the activities is, however, the circle of players on the stage, trying to read their assigned parts. The madwoman, Anna Belle Cash (type cast?) makes valiant but ineffectual efforts to learn to whistle through her fingers, while Bill Lutin, the Ragpicker (the major vagabond) learns how to stand. Tom Hobbs has once again been cast as the villain—i.e., President. Nancy Patton and Eddie King play Irma and Pierre, the young couple in love. The three other madwomen, Averil (Vinnie) Lerman, Susan Watkins, and Anne Metzger sit quietly chatting in a corner, waiting for the second of the two acts.

The rest of the mob includes such characters as Sewer Man, Little Woman, and Deaf-Mute. Admittedly, there is a certain amount of confusion, but don't be fooled, there is a purpose—and the ultimate result should do credit to M. Giraudoux's concept.

—Anna Belle Cash

Jordonia: A Bleak Rehabilitation For Youth Afoul of the World

Three small boys sit behind a grocery store and play in some sand. The owner gone, one of the boys, aged fourteen, begins to knock out a window. He and his friends crawl through the opening and clean out the cash register. The next day the boys are picked up by the police. Most of the money is returned and the boys are brought before the court. The youngest is released in the custody of his parents, while the other two are sentenced to a place called Jordonia.

To most of us, Jordonia is a joke, a place that couldn't exist. After seeing it, one finds it even harder to believe that a place such as this does exist. The official name is the Tennessee Vocational School

SAC Looks Toward Student Edn. Day

Biafra, Student Education Day, prospects for a smoking lounge, and two proposed constitutional amendments highlighted SAC discussion during the past month.

Mr. Frank Florczak spoke to the SAC meeting of November 17 to encourage Peabody students to help the starving children of Biafra. After questions and much discussion the members of the SAC voted to support the project in any way possible. SAC members addressed envelopes to contributors to the Biafran fund-raising campaign and also decided to sponsor an inter-class basketball game on December 20 to raise money to buy food to be sent to Biafra.

As a result of the assembly on the changes in Peabody this year many students have evidenced a growing interest in the prospects for a smoking lounge. SAC discussion of the matter, which lasted for two weeks, culminated with the decision not to refer this matter to the faculty because of the continuous fire hazard.

The finance amendment and the election amendment, passed earlier this year by the SAC, were presented to the student body in an assembly December 4 and were ratified by an overwhelming majority.

Bill Lutin and Tom Hobbs, co-chairmen of Student Education Day, proposed in a recent meeting that the SAC should again support Student Education Day. This proposal was passed and it was decided that the committee this year should be an open one, providing for as wide a range of topics and speakers as is possible.

—Charlie Doherty

for Boys. The institution is "home" for three hundred fifty boys, ages eight through twenty. Their reasons for being there range from truancy to the theft of a two-ton truck. Their sentences range from four months to any number of years.

The more a person sees of Jordonia, the greater his realization that it is more of a prison than a school. Every morning at eight and every evening at four the boys are required to assemble outside for the purpose of counting heads. After assembly, about two hundred of the boys attend classes while the rest work in shops or remain confined in the dormitories. The "school" consists of an old building constructed around a courtyard. Here, again, students are lined up before each class. Upon seeing the boys in these overcrowded, overheated rooms, it is obvious the atmosphere is not conducive to learning. To further complicate matters, the teaching personnel, though realistically trained, are inadequate in number. To add to the teachers' problems, many of the boys even at age fourteen cannot even read or write. Under these poor working conditions, the term "vocational school" is a farce.

As we walked around the institution, noticing the high fence, the denim uniforms, and the dreary appearance, we felt the boys were being imprisoned rather than taught. After learning of the policies and methods of Jordonia (as proof of the effectiveness of Jordonia, consider the fact that 50% of the boys who leave Jordonia return there or are promoted to another, bleaker prison) we felt the whole situation hopeless. Within our frame of reference, seeing Jordonia is enough to prevent us from doing things outside the law. But to the boys there who have been brought up under such straitened conditions, a sentence at Jordonia is not much worse than what they have already experienced. As an example, one boy commented that school there was preferable to school "on the outside."

A lot of the boys appeared so innocent and happy that it seemed impossible that they could have done anything bad enough to be sentenced to Jordonia. They acted in much the same way as any thirteen year old you would meet. One boy, Mike, was a jovial thirteen year old with a round face. It didn't seem to bother him that he was in Jordonia, but he did say that he would rather be home

Continued on Page 4

Senophs, Freors Tangle In Play for Biafran Funds

Tomorrow at 9:30 players elected from the Freshman and Junior classes will clash with those from the Sophomore and Senior classes in a basketball game to climax a week of fund-raising for the starving children of Biafra.

In voting for their favorite nominees to play the game, students have already contributed \$151.21. The nominees of the Junior class brought in the largest amount of cash with \$49.82. Carla Davis, Ellen Davis, Charlie Doherty, Bill Haggard, Clyde McCullough, and Bart Rollins form the upperclass portion of the Freor team. The Freshman class, which brought in \$38.55, elected Fred Birmingham, Dianne Dixon, Benita Karr, Jack May, Lucy Sellers, and Harry Wilson to be the other Freors.

The seniors, with \$40.75, elected Dean Birmingham, Jan Bowers, Julie Goldstein, Mary Hillman, Sydney Underwood, and Karen Witt to represent them while the sophomores elected the other Senophs: Andy Akers, Kathy Chitwood, Lindsay Hammonds, Cheryl Lewis, Mike Matthews, and Kay Swann. The Sophomore class contributed \$22.09.

Mr. Bob Kammerud foresees victory as coach of the Freors. Rumor has it that Raymond (alias Rainbow) will consent to lead the Senophs to a well-planned win as their coach.

Faculty members of the Science and Social Studies Departments Kathleen Metzger, Paul George, and Heber Rogers will provide absolutely non-partisan referee service disregarding race, creed, color, rules, and lack of coordination. Coach Stubblefield will also be on hand to referee for the referees.

A treat awaits the spectators in a half-time game pitting specially-

selected faculty members against an exclusive SAC team. The faculty has already signed up Leland Johnson and Rauchy Stelling while it is rumored that Gracie Allen, Roy Singleton, Robert Smotherman, and Lucille Mason are next in line for contracts. The SAC experts (a truly representative team?) are Bill (the Stumbler) Lutin, Luther Beazley, David Wiggins, Vicki Wise, and Rosalyn Baxter. Dickie Baldwin and John Spam have volunteered their services as referees.

After the Varsity game with BGA tomorrow evening, the annual Christmas Dance will be sponsored by the SAC. It has been the custom of the SAC to dedicate the dance to a worthy project. This year the proceeds will be combined with the money from the students' game and will be presented to Tennessee Relief for Biafran Children. The New Republic, otherwise known as Glenn Hammonds' combo, will provide the music.

Several students brought the mass starvation in the African country of Biafra to the attention of the Student Activities Committee approximately a month ago. After a speaker came to speak to SAC in order to authorize Mr. Jim Dick's Nashville-centered effort, Tennessee Relief for Biafran Children, a committee was formed to consider ideas for fund-raising. The idea of a student basketball game was suggested and accepted, for three years ago the same type of project was tremendously successful in collecting money for the poor in South Viet Nam. The committee proposed that the proceeds of the Christmas Dance should also go to the Biafran cause. The motion was passed overwhelmingly.

—Anne Metzger

Vandy, Peabody Screen Black Power Advocates

It was agreed in the Geneva Convention that poisonous gas was an inhumane and overly destructive method of destroying one's enemy. It is therefore no longer used in wars. Or is it?

There is a dirty war in progress at this very moment, and you are the target. But, as you are not fighting back, you are not an



Photo—P.deV., G.W.

Bright one morning

enemy and there is, therefore, no reason to grant you the courtesy given an enemy who is ready to reciprocate. So, either grab a gas mask and head for the trenches or declare enemy status.

If you wish to head for the trenches, either flunk out of high school or visit your friendly neighborhood war surplus store for a gas mask, shovel, and trench coat.

If, however, you wish to declare war, you will not find it easy. You are not only declaring war on branches of your own government and big industry but on friends, relatives, teachers, and yourself. How does one declare war on such a mighty foe? One does not.

Therefore one must join the ever-growing underground against

air pollution—the air underground is much safer. Basic training may be obtained in room 300 and 302. Here one learns that smog is a colloid of waste materials suspended in air; that with every breath you take you are ingesting into your lungs poisonous compounds of sulphur, carbon, nitrogen, and potassium.

The regional headquarters of this group has its primary objectives in the Vanderbilt and Peabody smokestacks, and the factories of North Nashville. The intrepid members of this noble group go out every morning and turn on the street lamps so that commuters may see where they are going. They stage demonstrations for the Mayor, who continually promises action. One member, enraged when he discovered the snow on his lawn had turned black, nearly killed himself trying to drop a bomb down the Vanderbilt Smog Stack.

However, if one feels one would not fit in well with the group, one can always write articles for the PAW PRINT, and aid the cause of pollution with one's own hot air.

—Webster Cash

Congratulations

Senior Jay Lyon, furthering a time-honored Demonstration School tradition, has been announced as one of 2 National Council of Teachers of English Excellence Award winners for Metropolitan Nashville. Areas of competition for the awards were: English usage, expository and autobiographical writing, and written creative expression.

The Peabody Christmas Dance this Friday, December 22, will end the week long drive to raise money for the SAC Biafran Fund. After the Tigers romp BGA, students can dance to the music of the New Republic. Coming to the last dance of 1968 means another meal for a starving Biafran child. Give a child life and think about him Christmas morning.

Madison Avenue Dreams Of A Violent Christmas

Red and green wreaths, silver and gold tinsel adorn every street corner, department stores display larger, gaudier showcase windows, and children are starting to make secret lists of toys. It is Christmas.

What do children want for Christmas? What do they include in those letters to Santa Claus? GI Joe's, toy mausers and Italian carbines and bayonets, electric army tanks, battle fatigues and camouflage helmets are among the "toys" listed to go under the tree. The rugged spirit of Christmas. Children will play with robots that destruct on command, shoot machine guns that use deafening caps, and drop imaginary napalm from miniature bombers on Christmas morning.

It is a curious way to celebrate a religious holiday. Christmas warrants something above the usual violence on television—the war scenes, the westerns, the movies about pervasive crime syndicates. It is a time for script writers to soften their hard-line approach of convincing children that violence is inherent in the American way of life. It is a time for advertisers to introduce other types of toys. But script writers will not stop writing (except for an occasional Hallmark special). And advertisers will not stop cultivating the art of making violence fun and enjoyable and natural.

They won't stop because the public takes the bait. They dare not stop because the public demands this type of bait. But the saddest reality of this system is that children also play the game. They peer earnestly into Santa's face and ask for BB guns and army strategy games. As they romp the streets lined with plastic decorations, they hardly notice that their parents have purchased an artificial Christmas tree. Yes, the spirit of Christmas. . . .

While twenty million dollars are spent for war games along the West German-Czechoslovak border and while eight thousand children die each day in Biafra, a nation riddled by war for more than twenty years awaits an unsure Christmas day cease-fire. And then a child asks, "What is Christmas?" Don't confuse him by saying that it is a holiday which stands for love and hope and peace. It is a lie.

Authentic School Spirit A Multifaceted Concept

To the Editor:

On the morning of December 13, it was raining as I made my way up the front steps of Peabody Demonstration School to my first class. I was late and hurried. As I reached for the door knob it suddenly flew out of my hand and I found myself confronted by a girl clad in BLUE AND MAROON. "You can't come in without telling me the password," she yelled. A junior high student ran up and informed me that today was Beat Meigs Day! (Beat them what? Beat them up?) As I hold no personal animosity towards Meigs, I was not overjoyed at this idea of endangering the welfare of the students there. I pushed myself through this barricade using bodily force. Escaping, I heard the disgruntled cheerleader yell, "Where's your spirit? It's your school too, you know!"

Yes, it's my school too. And it's time to realize school spirit exists in places other than a gymnasium. Peabody is going through a change that is hard to make. Prior to this time we were under the careful guardianship of Dr. McCharen. Some of us complained that this was too watchful, but all must admit that we were safe. There were few decisions that we could really make. We were restricted but we were well taken care of. Now these bonds

have been removed. We find ourselves in a dilemma. Our treasury is in the red. Our school is openly referred to as divided. We must take care and learn to live with new freedom and responsibility. But we must be sure not to make problems where none exist. If a place to smoke is all Peabody students wish to concern themselves with, it is appalling!

One of the tangible freedoms that must not be plagued with petty problems is the PAW PRINT. What the staff of this paper is attempting to do is wonderful. It is one of the most exciting things I have ever seen at PDS. Before this year the hottest topic the PAW PRINT dared to touch upon was the time at which the bookstore opened. The staff of this paper has done more in three months than I have read in two years. That which the PAW PRINT is doing is exciting. I call upon PDS students to stop being apathetic and realize the potential of this paper.

Peabody is many things to different people. To me it is an exciting place which formerly had an excellent intellectual atmosphere for a high school; this is being disrupted by trivia. I defy anyone to tell me that I have no school spirit, because I think Peabody Demonstration School is the Greatest. I want to keep it that way.

—Ruth Turner

To the Editor:

The duty of a school newspaper, as viewed by the students, is to present the ideas, opinions, and actions of the student body. In these general respects, the PAW PRINT has failed.

By reading the names of the writers of the articles, one can see that the publication is continually in the hands of the same few whose styles are so similar that, without identification, the articles could appear to have been written by the same person. To recoin a "Laugh-In" joke, I sometimes find myself having to look things up in my *Funk and Wagnall's*. Also, the opinions and bias always take the same trend. This in itself is not wrong, but if it is done, then the heading "PAW PRINT—Peabody Demonstration School" should be deleted, for the paper lacks being a true representation of the students. Certainly, articles concerning the strikes and the mentally ill have their merit, because students must be made aware of the things outside the walls of PDS. But why must these articles overshadow the other ones concerning the school? Less space should be devoted to those articles which can be found in local or national newspapers to leave room for those articles concerning the school. Having been on the staff of the PAW PRINT, I realize what a task it is to get valuable school news. Yet, a feature article on a student, teacher, or club project concerns the PDS student more than does an article on the grape boycott.

Many students criticize the paper while failing to understand its problems. It is probably for this reason that the PAW PRINT has undertaken to write all the copy itself, rather than assign articles to people not directly on the staff. Yet perhaps the staff isn't looking closely enough for other students who are willing to write.

This letter has been an attempt, not at criticizing the paper, but at understanding it by one who has been in the position to see both sides: that of the staff, and that of a concerned student.

—Jan Bowers

Uniqueness: The Quality An Education Prostitutes

As four years of my life come to an end, I have been reflecting on all the things that I have thought and done, and I have come to a point of stopping and looking over my high school experience. What am I? The obvious answer attests to the fact that I am first a student. Before anything else, I am supposedly dedicated to the pursuit of knowledge. But, I have no basic idea of what my high school experience has done for me. Granted, it has prepared me for college, but college serves no purpose unless it has a specific function that it will perform for me or allow me to perform.

In wondering about purpose, I have come to a basic impasse in self-definition and understanding. I find myself unable to cope with the feeling that there is no one with whom I can communicate. In class, I have the subjective comments of my teachers to "guide" me. At home there are my parents, but somehow I feel that I have been thrust into a cage from which there is no escape. I have molded my life around the premise that I am to grow in the conventional manner. And now here I am, and indeed here are many young men and women, faced with the problem of living with a self that they have not formed and that is not at all related to their natures as human beings.

I am told: "look, and you will find." But the things I have found seem to be against the nature of that which I have been taught I will find. The greatest problem which confronts me is a profound feeling of uniqueness. This individuality, good or bad, has not been provided for by the educa-

tional system. The world seems to be without consolation of any kind. I feel desperately alone and helpless, and the way I am treated in class does not seem at all to be remedying the situation.

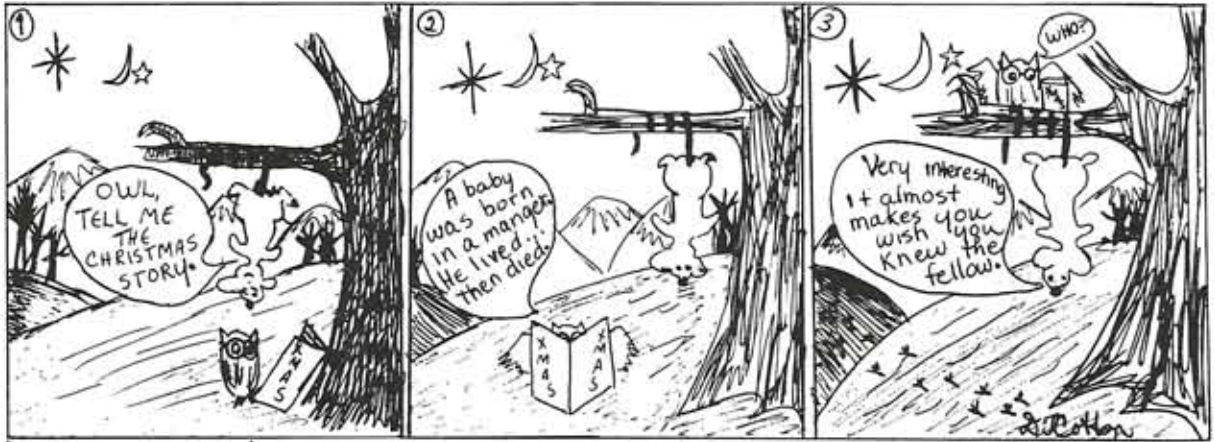
Teachers, because they are ultimately human, do not realize that their viewpoint is often irrelevant to the life of a student. The relationship between them needs to be the type of relationship which guides the student to search, but imposes no predisposition to search in such a manner as to find the same answers that faculty member finds applicable in his life. The student has enough trouble in evaluating his own efforts without the confusing addition of another, and I must add, totally alien, opinion.

College may be important in many persons' lives, but this school indiscriminately prepares all its students for college and all the features of a life based on being "college educated." Sometimes when I wonder exactly what I am going to do, the teacher steps in, and I feel as if I must react in the opposite direction. This constant mental ferment hurts, and hurts profoundly. I do not ask for release, I ask only that the faculty acknowledge the possibility that there are no common human traits, existences, essences. The student is an individual, and it's awfully lonely at midnight studying for a test that one knows is coming sure-thing tomorrow. All I ask, indeed, all I demand, is that the teacher realize the profound feeling of being alone which constantly torments the student, and that, having realized this, that he consider the student as a human individual.

—Bill Lutin

The Paw Print staff hereby invites—and urges—the readers of this publication to make their opinions known in the form of letters to the editor. The staff will consider for printing any signed letter which is well-written and which they feel is relevant to the newspaper.

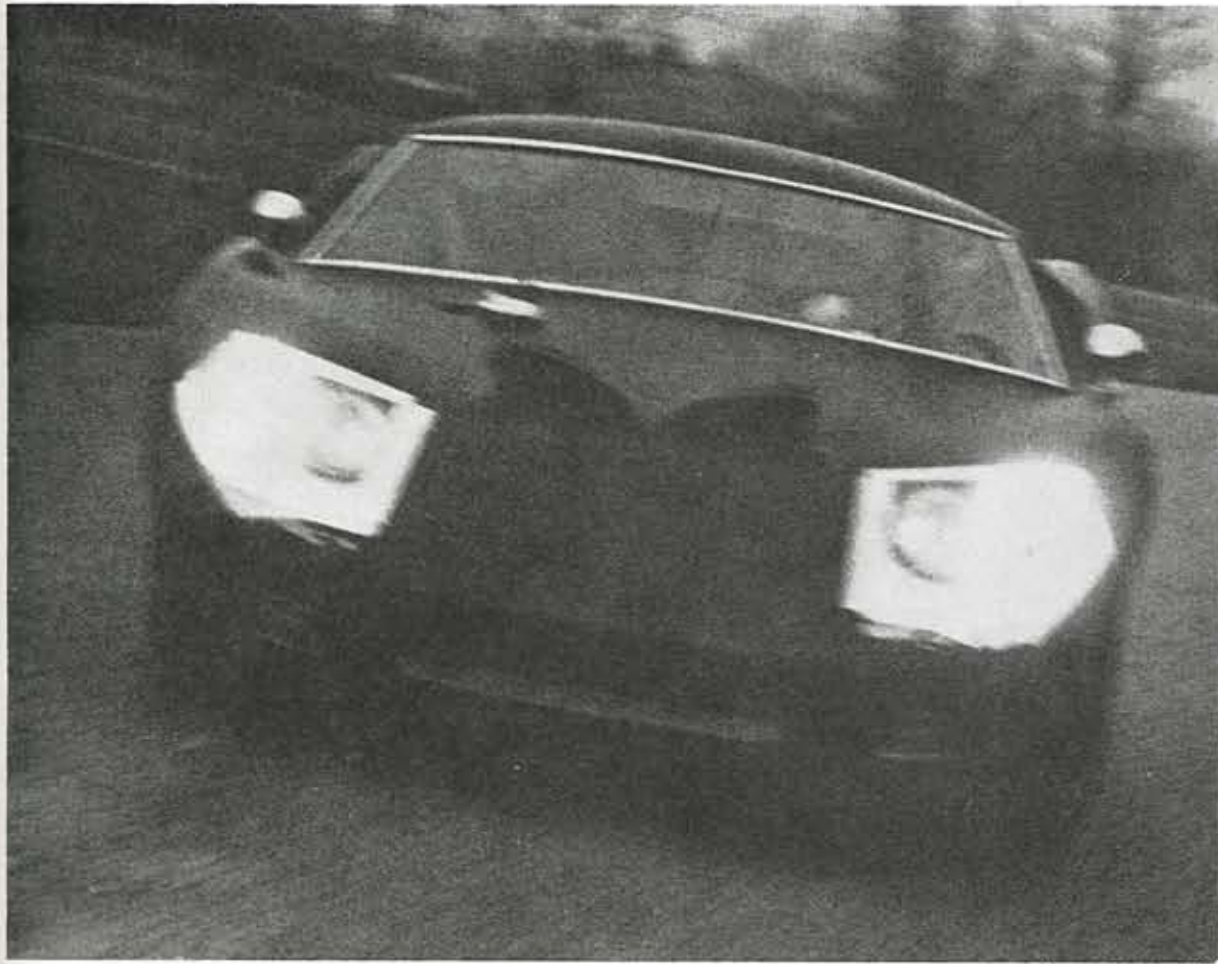
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The Paw Print

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Photo—P.deV., G.W.

the road... the wind... the wheel... speed

The headlights of the Avenger GT 12 pierced the early morning air. Behind these lights a drowsy, blanched face protruded out of the dark. A boy leaned against the open car door waiting to glimpse the faint grey horizon. About 5:30 a.m. he opened the other windowless door; I climbed in. He turned the ignition key as I strapped myself into the fiberglass seat flush with the floor and stretched my legs beneath the instrumented dash. The car suddenly jerked forward. Darting down the side of the hill, the GT 12 hugged the pavement. From second to third, to fourth, to the first

gradual curve. The driver double-clutched back into third and the tailpipes singing in guttural crescendos fused with the deafening roar of the motor. He floored it. The Avenger—jutting into one curve, screeching out of the next—like a snake during his first summer meal rhythmically gulped the paved stretch. The wheels screamed. Like fingernails scraping across a blackboard, the tires ground gravel into the asphalt. And the cold wind rushing from one window to the other filled the car with an acrid smell. The driver, with determined, steely eyes on the advancing road,

incorporated each shock, each resonant wail into himself. Anticipating another S curve, he automatically played with the clutch, then clenched the gearshift with his gloved hand. He took the last curve—unaware of everything except the road, the wheel, and the thoughts that flashed through his mind at 90 mph. The roaring engine would have drowned time, but the Avenger stopped. Dean switched the key. One step out of the car and the ground wavered. The sun had just broken away from the horizon and in another car, on another road, the steady, trumpeting vibration also died away.

—Nancy Patton

**A European Looks at Americans—
“Frivolous, Self-Centered, Naive”**

America, in the eyes of countless Europeans, still retains some of its aura as a land of unexpected opportunities, limitless wealth, and perilous adventures. Upon first entering the country, they are impressed by the technological superiority, tremendous material wealth, and the friendliness and so called open-mindedness of its people. This peculiar trait (open-mindedness), common to so many Americans, can be more accurately termed an intermingling of tolerant indifference and well-meaning, easy-going nonchalance. Perhaps this explains why, after first impressions of generosity and refreshing lightness have faded, disillusioned Europeans tend to regard Americans as rather frivolous, superficial and self-centered, lacking refinement, good taste, and possessing an irritating naivete in the matter of foreign relations. Now, no longer dependent on U. S. foreign aid, Europeans tend to sympathize with those nations who weren't being patronized by a condescending Uncle Sam blind to his own problems of racial strife and illegal war. Most of these criticisms, however, are born out of a deep concern for America to retain her strength and influence and to use it wisely. Perhaps the most distasteful and at times the most disgusting side of American culture is that which finds partial expression in the mass media, TV, radio, press, and cinema, which seemingly appeals to the poorly educated masses. Each of these is flooded with advertising and commercials which, despite their inherent inanity, manage to attract much attention and appeal to the instincts of the “crowd.”

Another disconcerting aspect of American society is its inclination to sanction conformity and reject individualism. This is frequently not so easily noticeable because this intolerance of individualism usually manifests itself in an impenetrable wall of indifference, so that it becomes a social necessity to be “in” some group, regardless of the side to which it leans. The portion of America that few Americans fully appreciate is a treasure of virtually untouched natural beauty and resources; I'm thinking here especially of some of the National Parks and Monuments of the West whose landscapes encompass all sorts of scenes of power and those of a haunting, delicate beauty. In coming to Peabody, I was surprised at the number of students from various cultural backgrounds; compared with nearby public schools, Peabody was quite cosmopolitan. In addition, Peabody possessed relatively high academic standards that presented at least some challenge for a newcomer. After a while, I realized that many were less interested in the pursuit of higher understanding and learning than in the prestige that such achievement offered. I soon became aware of a disconcerting lack of “esprit de corps” and of real personal contact, accompanied by a high degree of hypocrisy, superficiality, and conceit.

—Dorothea Vorbusch

Yannie's
Green Hills Shopping Center
269-0950

All seniors with privileges can now use the Joint University Library. Dr. Frank Grisham, the new director of the JUL, the JUL staff, and Dr. Pratt have agreed on the following procedural policies for PDS seniors.

1. No books are to be charged out directly to Demonstration School students.
2. Seniors with privileges may use the Central Division and Peabody Collections within the respective buildings.
3. The letter of identification issued by the PDS administration to each senior with privileges is to be used for identification purposes when the student is using the JUL system.

Pancake Pantry
1724 21st Ave., South
208 4th Ave., North

casual corner for simply wonderful
Sportswear
100 oaks
belle meade

PDS Students Aid Disadvantaged In Building Pride in What They Are

Much attention has recently been focused on the housing needs of the poor in Nashville. There are, however, other areas in which the needs of the underprivileged are just as pressing and perhaps more significant. Education—the providing of funds, materials, places to learn, and interested tutors or instructors—is one of these. In response to this need, a number of PDS students have volunteered time and effort to organizations attempting to provide educational opportunities to segments of society that few PDS students are aware of.

Senior Gail Kutsch spends several hours each week working with underprivileged children in North Nashville. She works under the guidance of no state or federal government program. Alarmed parents and members of Carroll Street Methodist Church started this project with the hope of helping spark interest in educational affairs. Members of the church, college students, and students from various Nashville high schools are active in the program. The school, located in the church building, offers placement for children from kindergarten to sixth grade age. Gail directs the energies of the children in an arts and crafts class.

The Carroll Street project has been given an overwhelming response. When it first began, twenty students attended. Now the total enrollment is over eighty and the number of children waiting outside the door on Carroll Street increases every week. Gail, whose first class numbered only five, is presently in charge of twenty eager youngsters, some of whom had never before worked with such items as construction paper, crayons, and paste.

For two years senior Nancy Patton has been actively engaged in the program sponsored by the Edgehill Methodist Church, giving additional academic assistance to students in need of it. There are over 200 volunteer workers representing local high schools. Nancy tutors a seventeen year old Negro boy in algebra and geometry and is also helping him to prepare for his college entrance examinations. Besides academic subjects, courses in modern dance are also offered. Generally, the Edgehill project has enjoyed a warm reception.

Since early autumn Julie Burko has been recruiting chairman for the Positive Action Committee. The Reverend James Price directs PAC, which is structured to “help

the people help themselves.” In contrast to the other programs, PAC works to alleviate adverse living conditions for the people of the Charlotte area. The members also attempt to relocate families and to raise money for rat control. PAC works with the members of the district instead of doing all of the work for them. PAC must use commonly available resources because of a lack of funds. They teach the people how to decorate their homes and how to make useful household articles from commonplace materials such as cardboard boxes. The Black community has been most receptive to the work of PAC, but much is left to do and a critical lack of funds exists. However, the people are hopeful and determined to make a better life for themselves. Julie asserted, “I feel closer to the Black community knowing that they want to relieve their own problems. It gives me a personal satisfaction to realize that I am helping give them pride in what they have.” Other students from PDS are working with PAC, including Mike Doochin, Loren Glasser, Peter Katz, Irwin Kuhn, and Roger Small.

Anne Metzger spends part of her Sunday afternoons working in an East Nashville project started by two VISTA workers. The project, the Edgefield Co-operative of Churches Tutorial, is staffed by students and adults. Anne tutors two fourth-grade children in mathematics. The younger children and teenagers are tutored in courses in which they have fallen behind because of unfavorable environmental circumstances: the kind of circumstances PAC is trying to alleviate. This fledgling project, unlike Edgehill, is in dire need of good tutors.

None of these students found acceptance hard. Each of them stated that he had gained something from his work—a sense of personal satisfaction in knowing he was helping people to help one another. Tragically, however, there are too few of these programs. The community must work together and for a common goal instead of consuming their time and the time of others with prejudice and bickering.

—Linda Reese

Hickory Plantation
Hickory Smoked Pit Bar-B-Que
297-3053

Raskin Realtors
• Edwin B. Raskin
• Herschel Katzman
Third National Bank Bldg.
244-4250

Kuhn's Variety
in
Belle Meade Plaza

McQuiddy Printing Company
The Complete Printing House
711 Spence Lane
Nashville, Tennessee

Girls Open League Play, Team Competition Stiff

The Peabody girls' intramural basketball season opened with a double-header in Joel E. Cheek gymnasium on Tuesday, December 10. After preliminary ceremonies and player introductions, League Commissioner Gracie Allen tossed up the first ball to begin play in what promises to be a thrilling season.

The first game saw captain Debbie Coddington, with a brilliant display of sharpshooting, pour in 5 points to lead her team over the Bowers team in a runaway 7-1 contest. Coddington's team, strong contenders for the school title, put on an all-around exhibition of fine defense, ballhandling, poise, and sportsmanship. This classy sextet pulled away in the third quarter after holding a half-time edge of 2-1. Despite the awesome boardwork of Kathy Harrell and Monster Man Daphne Smith and the deft ball handling of Gail Kutsch, the hustling Bowers squad failed to contain the well-executed Coddington Shuffle. The pressbox was continually buzzing over the agility of Leslie Zarker and the Coddington defense, as well as the all-around play of center Kathy Harrell on the Bowers team.

As the Kilgore and Witt teams went through their warmups, the air was electric, for the crowd sensed that darkhorse Kilgore was "up" for the tilt against the Witt team, which was rated a close second to Coddington in the pre-season ratings. Witt, handicapped by the absence of star performer Ellen Davis, lined up for the opening tip with only five players.

It became apparent early that

this would be a run-and-shoot ball game as both teams tickled the twines for 3 points each in the opening quarter. The second quarter saw Witt's fast break miss connections time after time, but the same team's full court press produced numerous turnovers to keep them in the game. Kilgore's team was having trouble with their shooting, hitting a cool 14.3% the first half, but Pat Cook's fine basket helped them along. The teams went into the locker room at half-time with the score 5-4, Witt's favor—the difference coming from deadly shooting from the charity stripe by Cheryl Lewis, who hit 3 for 4.

Kilgore's team took the floor in the second half with determination in their eyes and a plan in mind. Jumping into a tight half-court zone press, they forced the Witt backcourt to fumble the ball time and again. The excellent shooting and tough board work of Lindsay Hammonds put Kilgore in the lead while defensive stars Shaddix and Cheryl Sutherland kept the collapsing Witt juggernaut scoreless. The fourth quarter made it look a walk-away as Hammonds scored again and well-rounded Karen Witt's superb ball hawking failed to ignite a rally. The final score was 10-5 for Kilgore, in an impressive showing for both teams.

Deadlines prevent reporting of more recent games, such as the long-awaited Coddington-Kilgore duel, but this was a very fine way to get the girls' intramural basketball season underway.

—Tex Mall and
Bob Tifflebum

"Marat/Sade" Gives Order to Chaos, Beauty To Pain of Man's Existence

In this portrait of the forces which afflict us in life, Peter Weiss uses the setting of the bathhouse of the asylum at Charenton to depict our environment. Some of the forces are the characters, but a great many of the problems and dilemmas of man are present in the play. Many of the forces present are things confronting only Marat while others are aimed at the audience, but the primary beauty of "Marat/Sade" is that it deals with more numerous aspects of what we call "life" than do most plays or movies. Medieval morality plays are the only other presentations of this sort that I can recall.

Marat (the fact that his name is mentioned far more than those of all the other characters put together must mean something) is put through unbelievable strain, both emotionally and physically. As he sits in his bath tended only by Simonne, he is the personification of the pains of man. Freezing, burning, itching, going blind, hardly able to write his calls to the nation (for which he is tormented by his sense of responsibility), Marat is blamed for what power-hungry politicians have done to the revolution he created and labored for.

Though the play is essentially a conversation between Marat and the Marquis de Sade, "The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade" is much more. The herald's thorough sarcasm when he quells the objections of the director of the asylum (who fears exciting his patients and giving the viewers of his inmates the wrong/impression of the modern methods employed in the rehabilitation of patients) by saying that what they portray took

place more than fifteen years before when the people weren't civilized as they are at the present is humorous, but, as has been said before, we laugh when something threatens to affect us. The Mad Animal's soliloquy is another high point. A patient of the asylum who isn't really a part of de Sade's play, he works himself into hysteria while screaming his belief that man is a mad animal and has to be restrained by an attendant. This is the most impressive of the "uncontrollable outbursts" in the play. Especially impressive is a nightmare in which Marat is haunted by his "hated parents," a school mistress, Voltaire, who led Marat to revolution but gave him no further direction, and Lavoisier, a great scientist who was guillotined. Above all, though, there is Charlotte Corday, played by a girl suffering from sleeping sickness, who sees Marat as the cause of all the murder which has polluted Paris and ruined France. She isn't opposed to liberty, but to Marat's revolution, and must kill Marat to save France and liberty.

Weiss said himself that a good play differs from an inferior one in the number of provoking images transmitted to the viewer. Although I disagree with this criterion, "Marat/Sade" is a play that profits from its over-completeness. A less great work might appear only cluttered or chaotic, but the chaos in "Marat/Sade" is an important factor in the life that Weiss understands and creates for the stage.

—Alan Leiserson

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Tigers Contain Arch Rival Ryan

With the basketball season well under way, the PDS Tigers have emerged with a 4-4 record. Although 4-4 is not spectacular, it does speak well of the team because four of the seven teams played in our district are rated as top notch.

The Tigers opened their season with a 73-70 triumph over Clarksville. The team continued its winning streak by rolling over TPS 75-38. Then came the sweetest victory of the year: the Tigers downed Father Ryan 59-51. In this game the Tigers beat their arch rival Ryan for the first time in eight years.

The Tigers then ran into a top ranked North team, losing their first game 71-58. The team suffered their second defeat at the hands of Howard 78-74, as a result of the injured starting guard, Dick Baldwin, as well as a poorly played game. The Tigers bounced back to beat David Lipscomb only to find Meigs lurking in the shadows. The Tigers were defeated for the third time: 80-61 by the hot shooting Mavericks.

On December 17, the Tigers again met Lipscomb, this time in a home game. The score was close throughout the game, but even after a successful attempt by PDS to tie the score, Lipscomb won by a shot in the last two seconds of the game. The score: 38-36.

Coach Stubblefield is optimistic about the team's future, with Greg Rogers averaging 23 points and Dave Wiggins with 18 per game. Dick Baldwin, with his defensive power, returned as guard Tuesday night after missing three games.

The PDS team has one of the roughest schedules in the district. The members of the team and Coach Stubblefield are working hard this year to earn a name for themselves and the school and the prospect of victories is bright.

—Luthur Beazley

Jordonia

Continued from Page 1

than there. Although we were outsiders to the counseling session, the boys didn't mind our presence at all. In fact, they were extremely candid and unashamed about what they said. Mike and the others talked about their crimes not with pride, but with a matter-of-factness that was surprising. One fourteen year old had been brought up before the judge 14 times before being sentenced to Jordonia. Many boys felt no guilt concerning their crimes, because they had always lived in the middle of truancy and theft. It seemed to be a way of life.

Jordonia was founded upon the right idea: that is, as a solution to society's delinquent boys. But somewhere the institution and its goal have been twisted until Jordonia is not a solution to the problem but merely a place to lock it away.

—Jan Bowers and Luthur Beazley

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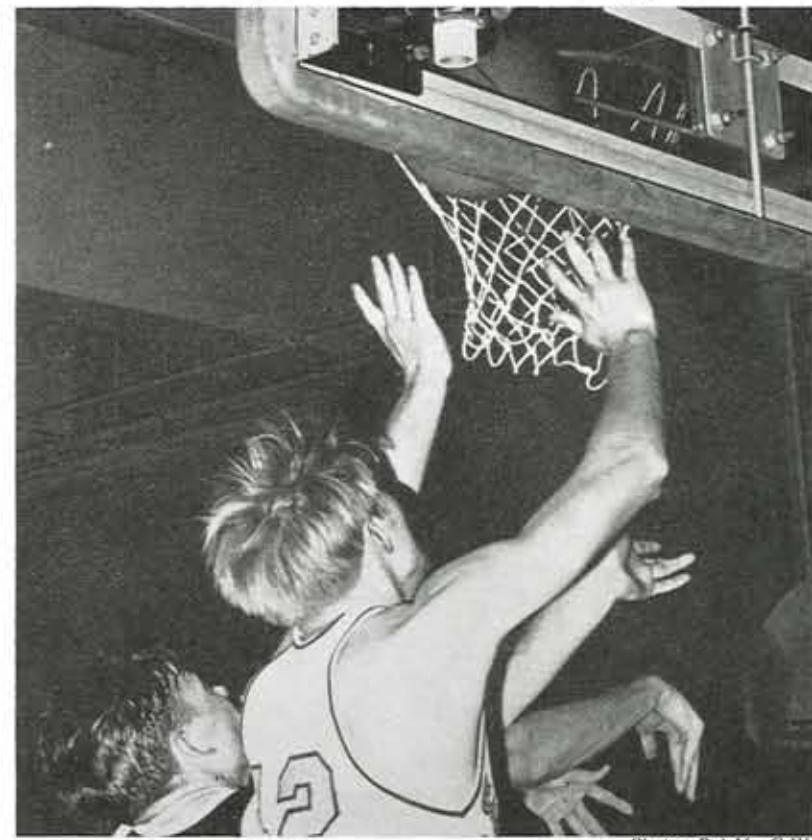
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Photo—P.deV., G.W.

Junior High Team Drops Lipscomb In First Win

Recovering from four early-season losses, the Peabody Junior High basketball team roared to victory over David Lipscomb Tuesday, 31-23. Point-makers for the Tigers were Captain David Baldwin—4, Alternate Captain Ben Barton—6, Kenneth Cooper—7, Steve Davis—2, Billy Evans—2, Mike Ward—9, and Manuel Zeitlin—1.

The team got the season underway November 25 in their opener with Overton. It was an uphill battle—Peabody lost. Bouncing back the next week in the McMurray game with an improved defense, the Tigers came close to victory, falling behind only in the last few minutes of the game. Although the team scored more points against Washington Junior High than any other team in the last three years, the Junior Tigers could not beat the team which has remained undefeated for seven years. On December 10, Rose Park tromped the Junior High team.

Besides those mentioned, team members include Ben Caldwell,

Johnny Matlock, Joe Simmons, Lee Spann, Russ Saindon, Johnny Falk, Natt Fields, and Ronnie Steine.

Junior High Innovations

The Eighth Grade is now publishing a bi-weekly newspaper for the Junior High, the *Peabody Times*. Sponsored by Mrs. Kammerud, the first issue of the newspaper appeared three weeks ago. The *Times* has a staff of twenty-three students, among their numbers an artist and a business manager. The co-editors are Martha Jewell and Bradley Seeman. This experiment in journalism contains Junior High news, sports, editorials, short stories, and other features.

Another experiment is the twenty-minute Tuesday break for the entire Junior High. This break gives students a chance to talk and eat. Its ultimate purpose is, in the words of one bedraggled faculty member, "to make the long school day bearable."

—Rosalyn Baxter and
Bradley Seeman

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