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BEAVER COLLEGE, GLENSIDE, PA.

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Science Building Scrapped; To Be Lockheed Prototype

by Jane Robinson

After considerable committee deliberation, the members of those departments using the new science building have concluded that it stinks. Not a little; a lot. As a result, the sciences will re-reside in Murphy and mathematics and psychology will squish back into the classroom building, squashing as they go.

Some of the reasons for this feeling of displeasure with the building were revealed. The unfamiliarity of the new place has scared psychology professors. They recently have suffered from maniac tremors and catatonic seizures in classes and labs, particularly during discussions of paranoia. Math department members are also making strange reports; they say that the computer terminals are alive — (now COME ON!) — and that they bite and even have names. The deciding factor for the committee, however, was the comment from the biology department. Dr. Sturges said that the plants were seen walking down the hall one afternoon. He tells of the following conversation he overheard:

Plant I: "Stay man, you gotta' get your stamen together."

Plant II: "But if I hear one more tree sap tell me about how great he is, when he doesn't even have pistils . . ."

Plant I: "Well, he might be right — he says we gotta' branch out."

Plant II: "I don't care, he shouldn't meddle, Petal."

This blew their bulbs out.

In order to deal efficiently with disposal of the structure, another committee was formed. They contacted Lockheed Corporation and asked about their air transport prototypes. Lockheed is deeply involved in locating a product to compete with *Star Trek's* "Enterprise" spaceship.

What most Americans don't know is that the SST, the debatable craft under discussion in Congress, is not supersonic transport, but Spaceship Thunder. Lockheed was very pleased with the prospect of Beaver's science building as an effective competitor.

The transaction has been completed. The science building will go for a cool \$1.50.

John Wain To Discuss Gay Power

by Elsa Larsen

It was announced late last night by President Gates that the man at the top of the suggestion list for graduation speaker had agreed to speak. Infamous goodwill ambassador and notorious statesman John Wain was the man of the hour. Said Gates, "Yes girls, John Wain will be here, he told me he would even give up going to Vietnam in order to honor us with his presence."

Wain who has just recently made a name for himself in the field of politics has not been working as far behind the scene as many like to think. He began his career in politics many years ago as a stand in for Ronald Rayguns in governmental documentaries on the Indian problem, and has managed to work his way up through the rank and file of filmdom's finest to become one of history's most acclaimed authorities on domestic and foreign policy in the United States. The most recent of Wain's contributions to the saving of America's society has been his starring role in a controversial documentary shown last week to the congressional committee on Indian Affairs. The movie, entitled "Rio Low Bow" explores the ritualistic ceremonies of the Indians of south western United States. Said Wain of the movie, "This is the type of thing in American culture which makes a good honest man want to shoot them all." Wain has also been well known for his ability with a gun.

In his announcement to the entire student body, Gates expressed

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Girls Eaten, Ejected Alive

by Jane Robinson

A most unfortunate accident occurred late in the afternoon, last Tuesday. All names will be omitted to protect the innocent.

The oft-seen truck with the leaf-vacuum sucker was parked near the dining room around 1:00 p.m. The little men had gone in for a cup of coffee and had left the machine on, only planning on being gone for a few minutes. At that time, several Beaver students were walking by, as well as a guide with a tour for a prospective student.

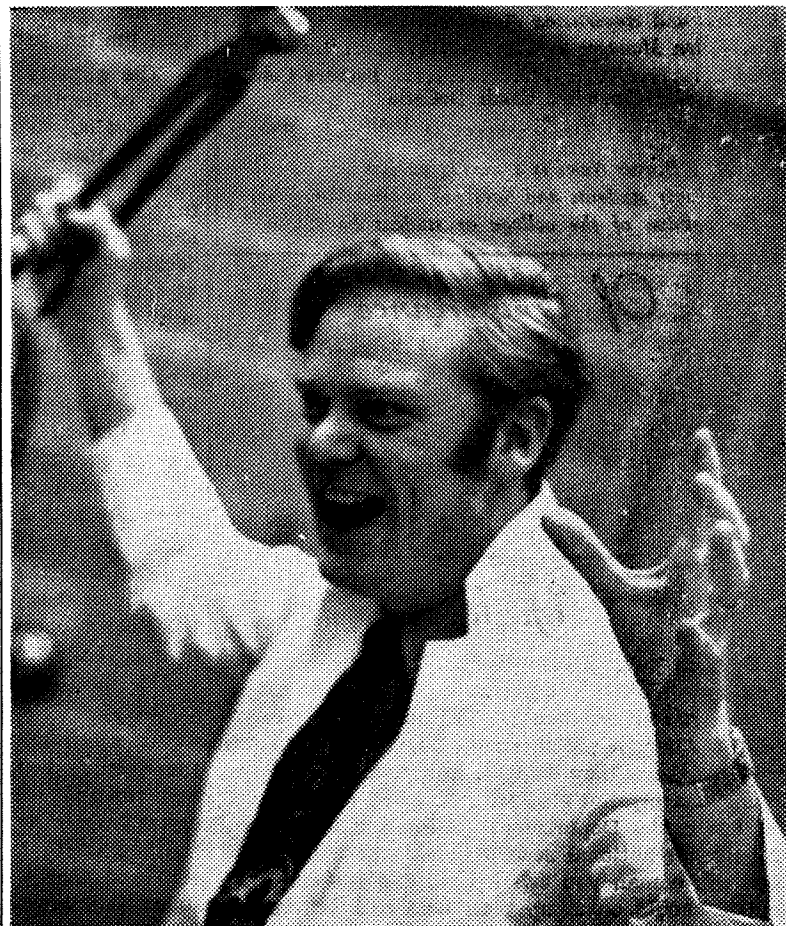
At 1:01 p.m. the machine, for some as yet unknown reason, sucked up two of the girls as well as all members of the tour. Immediately after, the machine sucked up the dining hall. At this point, it threw up; the dining hall fell back on its foundation, luckily.

After their frightening experience, the prospective student and her parents were asked about their reaction to Beaver. The mother was the most verbal. The mother said, "Well, I thought Beaver would be nice for —, but now I see it has violence on campus like all the rest. Thumbs down!"

The father mentioned that he felt the campus was not very appetizing.

No charges were made, but the machine was put away until a decision could be reached concerning its necessity.

Cameron Runs Amuck!



Dr. Samuel Cameron reacting to a suggestion made by Dr. Bernard Mausner.

by Sandy Thompson

Dr. Samuel Cameron, who has been serving as campus clinical psychologist, was found, raving mad and out of his mind in his office.

This reporter, acting on an anonymous tip believed to have come from Dr. Mausner who has been trying to relieve Dr. Cameron of the comfortable chairs he has in his office, went immediately to the Science Building where a crowd had already gathered. Dr. Cameron refused to come out of his office and was so violent that no one could approach him.

Dr. Mausner, head of the department, was speaking in a calm voice to the raving maniac. "Sam, it's me, Bernie. I'm your friend. Why don't you put down those prongs and come out? We can talk about it."

Swinging the prongs which just barely missed Dr. Mausner's nose, Dr. Cameron screamed, "My name is NOT 'Sam,' it's 'Brutus.' Get away from me, you head shrinker! You can't see me unless you have an appointment! What's your problem, is your roommate bothering you? Are you insecure? Has your boyfriend left you- HAH, I'll bet you have an inferiority complex! If you come any closer, I'll tell everyone that you practice black magic!"

With that, Dr. Cameron ran behind his desk and started muttering to himself. Dr. Mausner turned to the crowd of onlookers and stated, "I'm afraid Dr. Cameron has suffered a serious breakdown resulting from all the problems he has stored up inside him. Not HIS problems, his patients' problems."

A copy of Freud's *The Ego and the Id* flew out of the door, hitting Dr. Mausner squarely on the back of the head. Dr. Cameron's now demonic voice came from inside, "I demand to see my lawyer! I demand to see my mother! My father always hated me! Why do I have to have red hair?"

"Oh, dear," fretted Dr. Mausner, "It's much worse than I thought." Several attendants from Norris-

town State Hospital who had been summoned by the maintenance department (he was making quite a mess) arrived to try and remove Dr. Cameron from the premises. However, the first man who entered the office quickly rushed out with a desk drawer smashed over his head. He was heard to mutter to his companions, "That's a hot one."

"And the next one who tries anything will get worse!" yelled Dr. Cameron from the top of his bookcase where he was hunched. "I did not kill Julius Caesar, you've got nothing on me!"

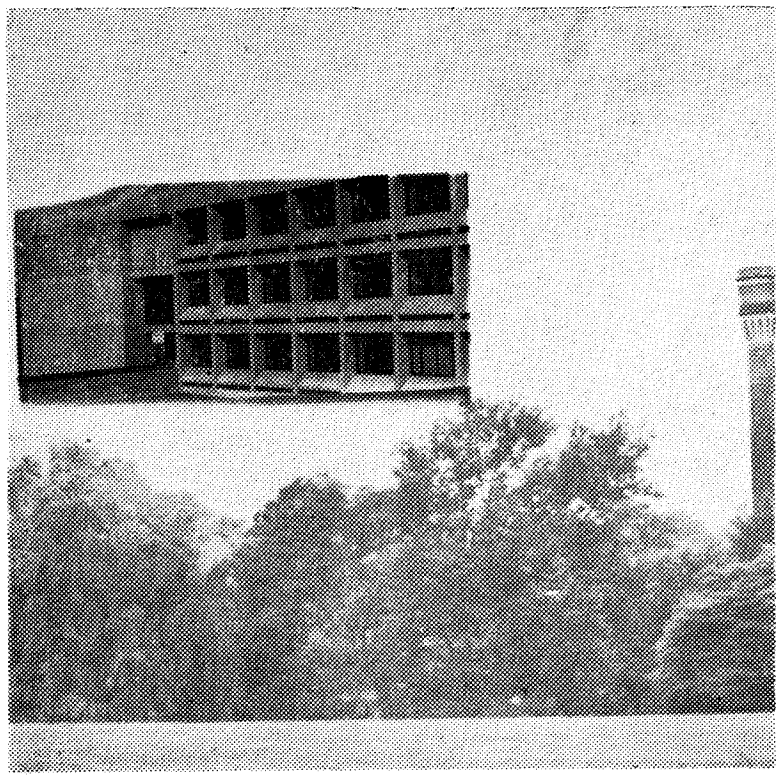
The attendants, reinforced with several faculty members who were volunteered by Dr. Mausner, once again entered the office. Dr. Cameron took a flying leap from the bookcase and, with his prongs flying, soon ended the attempt to remove him.

With heavy casualties, the group left the office and were called together by Dr. Mausner who said, "Look, gang, we've got to come up with a really good plan. How about if —" He broke off as Dr. Cameron suddenly rushed by him saying, "Excuse me, I've really got to go. I've got a committee meeting at the Senate that I forgot about. We're electing a new emperor today." Smiling, Dr. Cameron started down the hall.

Jumping at the opportunity, one brash and ambitious young attendant caught up with him and said, "That's where I'm going too. May I walk along?"

"Why certainly," said Dr. Cameron. "I think a less antagonistic emperor would be nice, don't you?" The attendant signalled his companions, and together they escorted Dr. Cameron out of the building as he sang verses from the Aeneid which Dr. Mausner had put to music.

"Committee . . ." Dr. Mausner thought out loud. "Oh dear, I think I see the basis of the problem!" Gazing after the madman being led away, Dr. Mausner said sadly, "He's been on Faculty Council too long."



The defunct science building performs Lockheed flight maneuvers.

Anna Smith Receives Archaeological Grant

by Elsa Larsen

Anna D. Smith has recently received a congressional grant in co-operation with the University of Alabama, to do extended research in the field of archaeology.

The grant which totals \$367,405.98, to be divided evenly over a ten year period, was awarded to Anna in recognition of her discovery of the remains of Adam and Eve in Longwood Gardens last spring.

Anna, who is a senior English major, made her discovery in May of last year while studying the yellow tulips in their natural habitat. "I knew as soon as I saw the extremely well-preserved bodies that they were Adam and Eve. They didn't have any belly buttons," explained Anna.

When asked about her reaction to the grant she stated that she was tickled pink and that now she knows that all her work in the

field of archaeology and other academic matters has not been wasted. Remarkd Anna, "I hate to brag, but I have worked very hard these past few years. It has meant giving up a lot of things but it was worth while."

Anna will use the grant first to do research in Northern Africa, where she hopes to find the intellectual stimulation she needs to carry her on to more significant discoveries.

The specific details of her trip to North Africa she also explained. "I knew what I was looking for, but I have since forgot, except to say that I know I will dig it."

Anna first became interested in archaeology when she was about six years old. As she expressed it, "I found peace in archaeology when I was very young. I was playing in the backyard, and I found my

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Beaver News

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Of Importance

—S. B. T.

Yeah!

Boy, oh boy. Hrumpff. If those conservationists aren't the living end.

Now you know what they've done? They've stopped the Alaskan pipeline AGAIN. Okay, the first couple of times they were at least bearable in questioning the pipeline's usefulness. But now — well, you heard the Department of Interior spokesman. He said our national security would be endangered. Now he's a man you can believe and the conservationists should clean up their acts and believe him and let the pipeline go through.

In fact, I don't see why they're just making the pipeline 800 miles long. They're planning on just piping the oil from the North Slope to a southern bay and then putting it on tankers to take it to other ports. Well, I think it should go right down to California, pick up the oil spilled in Santa Barbara, and then come right across the country to the White House steps, 6800 beautiful miles! Then it can be used by everyone directly. In fact, I hope it comes right through Glenside. In fact, I think that the next President will win the election if he has a campaign slogan of "two pipelines in every yard and a chicken in every pot!"

With the pipeline right across the country maybe it'll stop those flocking birds from migrating south every year and dirtying up our beautiful earth. Maybe people will see the light and stop putting those foolish health warnings on cigarette packages. Maybe people will smarten up and group together around the pipeline so that EVERYONE lives in urban settlements which more effectively can produce mass pollution. Ah, but that's all a dream.

But I must dream; we must hope for such achievements. It's an important subject, you know?

—J. R.

Don't Be Confused

In the midst of a maze of some and a gaze of others there stills seems to be none which carry the characteristics of sense with them in the course of time. While in a nonexistent community where everything should be which is not, there is never anything that is without being isn't.

The problems that arise in such a situation may have fallaciously led all to the conclusion that there never can be without not being, but this is not convincing to everyone. It has been stated and quite validly so by those who are outside of the situation, that it was and not that it were. Yet this in itself leads one to the belief that it still should be despite the fact that it cannot.

Nonsense is not something that is senseless unless there are those who find it not to be the case. Thus there can never be any which do not understand the situation, and who are left in the maze without gazing through to the otherside.

Unfortunately this is not an autonomous problem stemming from interdependence but rather is totally irrelevant to nothing that does not possess nonexistence.

It would seem strange to many that this should be expounded upon so seriously and never fully practiced, but the truth in deception is that there is nothing to deceive except the believer who is never really being.

Therefore in the bearded world of colors and killers, there is nothing that can be said without saying everything unless there is nothing said in faith. The mind is everything that is the permutation of existence and morality. Do not confuse yourselves by thinking otherwise for the sense lies nowhere in the claim but outside of it.

—E. A. L.

Glenside Twelve Infiltrate Beaver

by Pat Read

Since September, unknown to most Beaver students, a band of gypsies has been inhabiting the Beaver campus and lately they have begun to explore various buildings at odd hours of the night. "We really like it here," said Seemora Grossness as she tightened the Beaver tee-shirt she had wrapped around her head. The leader of the band who since their arrival at Beaver have adopted the name the "Glenside 12." At first we couldn't figure out whether or not this was a co-ed school. But since we only saw guys entering and leaving the dorms in between 10:00 p.m. and 6:00 a.m. we decided that this must be one of the few remaining girls schools with limited parietals.

The gypsies camped out behind the Castle for most of September in tents disguised as trees and stone walls. "For a while," said Crudeness Schwartz a vocal member of the group, "we hid in that big white building that those guys were trying to put together when it snowed. But when they started moving in all of those rats and snakes in cages we decided that the building was obviously going to be an annex to the Fairmount Park Zoo and we moved out."

"Thank you," said Eloise Easygoer imitating some slang she had heard in the cafeteria. "We really liked that big building with all of those holes, so we decided to explore some of the other buildings. Anyway, it was cold outside and some guy in a maroon car kept coming around, flashing lights, and keeping us awake at nights."

The next building that the gypsies decided to explore was the Eugenia Fuller Atwood Library. "We chose that one," said Seemora, "because it was the closest one to our last home. We had alot of gear that we didn't feel like dragging all around the world, because that guy in the car was always around."

"It was really funny," said Eloise. When we got there, there were alot of people talking, laughing, and running around. No one was studying. We figured out that those guys who were working on the big white building must have screwed up the sign and that this was really one of those student union buildings we had read about."

Then we decide to move on and find out more about general life at Beaver College.

After their stay in the library the gypsies discover Blake Hall. "We found this little deserted house just inside the walls by that big road with all of the cars. That little house across the street with the big colored sign also attracted our attention and I think that if we ever decide to do something to repay Beaver we will buy one of those signs for the college. I think that it would be just what Beaver needs," said Eloise.

"That deserted little house was really neat," said Crudeness. "We had a couple of birthday parties and had a good time playing with all of those old musical instruments. There is only one thing that bothers me. No matter how much Beaver paid that guy to design some of the buildings around here, they were gyped. Now don't get me wrong, I like nice old things but I just can't believe that anyone could ever hope to coordinate them into the modern college life styles that always get splattered all over the front page."

"I was sure," said Eloise, "that that funny man in the maroon car lived in that house. He rode by a couple of times but he never came in, not even when we made alot of noise and tried to attract his attention. We felt sorry for him driving around in that funny car all night by himself."

"I think that our most exciting adventure at Beaver came one night when we decided to visit the cafeteria because we slept all day and were very hungry," said Seemora. "We must have made too much noise because that guy finally got out of his car and came inside. We gave him some gypsy charms, a couple of American flags and some canvas from our tents and he let us go."

"I wanted to put a spell on him," said Crudeness, "but Seemora pointed out that we were really low on herbs and potions and that we might need them someday like if we ever met the president of the college or something like that."

"Some of the other buildings that we would like to explore are that big museum with the huge door, that place where they have all of those paints and that big haunted building up on the hill," said Eloise.

Beaver has really been good to us," said Seemora. We watched students taking food out of the cafeteria and we have developed a whole new style of shoplifting. When everybody had those little cards with their pictures on them we went down to this room where a lady was giving out money for slips of paper and got our pictures taken. Once we have stayed in all of the buildings I think that it will be time for us to wander on. Some of the girls really liked it here and plan to apply for jobs as campus guards or tour guides. Jobs are against the gypsy code, but Beaver has had such a strange effect on us that maybe the Gypsy Board of Review will excuse them.

I sure wish that they would move out the zoo out of that building with all of the holes because I think that our tribe could settle there and maybe establish an academic department at Beaver and expose students to our lifestyle.

Letter to the Editor

For a Good Cause

To the Editor:

This has been on my mind for a long time, as a matter of fact this has been on my mind for over twelve and a half years. I think that this matter is of the utmost importance to everyone at Beaver, to everyone in the entire world as a matter of fact.

There are so many people who just miss the entire point of their existence and I think that this letter will bring the real realities of life into the spotlight. Once people realize just how important this thing can be I'm sure that they will see my point and be willing to give their full support to any effort that they may undertake.

For as long as I can remember I have been trying to describe my

feelings to people and for some reason they have always looked at me in a funny way and just shaken their heads. I'm sure that once the majority of people see that the *News* has allowed me to print my cause they will see how good my ideas are.

I can not stress how much this issue really means to me and how much it should mean to you. Once they see the problem I'm sure that they will be able to help me find the answer.

Thank you very much for the space — but just remember that this issue touches everyone of you and it may just smother you someday unless we all unite to solve this problem.

Sincerely,

Dreia Sherbaum

"Hula Helen" Hits Hawaii



Helen Buttlet practices the hula during lunch hour. "This way I kill two birds with one stone. I keep my figure and learn the hula too," says Helen.

by Sandy Thompson

Mrs. Helen Buttlet, of the Beaver College English department, has revealed her plans for next year when she will be on sabbatical. "If the winds blow right, I will be dancing in Hawaii next year," she said.

"I have always been interested in body language and I think I will write a novel using my body instead of words," she continued, as she began to sway around the room. "And this means that I will have to learn more about it — I think the hula is a beautiful art form and will serve my purposes well."

Mrs. Buttlet said that she has passed a beginners' correspondence course in hula already and is ready for "the big Pacific advanced hula."

"I have a job in the Honolulu airport. Basically, my responsibilities are light. All I do is wiggle out to the plane, throw some flowers around the visitors' necks, and wiggle back to my dressing room. At the same time I will be working on my novel in my spare time," she said. Nonchalantly, Mrs. Buttlet flicked on her sunlamp explaining, "I have to look the part, you know."

Mrs. Buttlet is most excited about her novel. "I have this really dynamite plot," she said, squinting into the sunlamp. "It's all about a Hungarian monk who falls in love

with a Japanese Geisha girl and runs away with her to New Orleans where they start a jazz group and become a smashing success. But then the monk becomes pregnant and, totally confused, he hides out in Mexico City, has the child which turns out to be Siamese twins, gives them up to a local orphanage, and returns to Hungary where he beats himself for the rest of his life because of his sins. Meanwhile, the Geisha girl runs away with the Beatles and becomes a world-wide controversy, but gets disillusioned with show business, cuts off her hair, joins the Hare Krishna movement, and spends the rest of her life banging a tamborine on the corner of 12th and Market."

Beginning to practice with the hula-hoop which she uses to keep in shape, Mrs. Buttlet said, "The best thing is that whenever somebody wants to read my novel, they call me up and I go over and dance it out for them. Swell, huh? I may have a little trouble with the Siamese twins, but I think it'll work out. The whole thing should be about a four hour dance." Looking ponderously at the ceiling, she added, "Maybe I'll divide it into chapters."

Upon return, Mrs. Buttlet will present the novel at the first all-school convocation. She also plans to teach a beginning course in let-making. "I love flowers," she said.

Grey Tower Wins Rah! Rah! Award

by Sandy Thompson

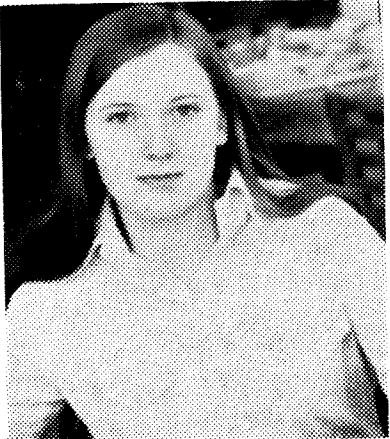
Junior Pat Tower, who was Beaver College's entry in the annual "Love Your Campus" competition, sponsored by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has received first place recognition for her submitted entry.

The contest, which was held in Atlantic City on the beach, annually presents awards to those students who present the most unique forms of school spirit. Pat Tower, Beaver's only entry, came up with an incredibly convincing show of spirit by going above and beyond all other entries, past and present; she has changed her name to "Grey Tower," in honor of Beaver's most famous landmark.

"I'm not surprised," said Dr. Edward Gates, president of Beaver College. "The castle is the kind of place that demands devotion. Why, I kneel before entering every morning. I myself have often thought of changing my name to 'Castle Gates'."

Pat, who is now back on campus proudly displaying the five string banjo which she received as her prize, says of her victory, "I had pretty stiff competition. Many entrees had dyed themselves their school colors, others had shaved their heads and tattooed the words to their alma mater on the bald spot." Strumming her banjo, Pat continued, "I was really worried about the boy from Oklahoma University who wrote a sequel to the musical, 'Oklahoma' and could sing all the songs at once. Besides, he really wanted this banjo."

When asked about her choosing of the name "Grey," Pat said, "Well, my parents will have a rough time getting used to calling



Grey Towers, winner of annual "Love Your Campus" competition.

me 'Grey' but I think it will get easier for them as time passes. My main problem at the moment is the fact that I live in Thomas. I'm afraid that if contest officials find that out, they might take my banjo away. I'm trying to find a room in the Castle, fast!"

Mrs. Florence Plummer, dean of students, admitted, "I was worried about this contest. We've never won before although I thought last year's entry was quite good. We had a student who surgically added a Beaver tail to her body. I guess she was too much for the judges."

Next year's contestants are already planning their submissions. So far, one student has streaked her hair in alternate scarlet and grey, another has sewn a school flag from her own hair. Any students wishing to enter the competition should submit their ideas to the Contest Office, Miss Humblestop.

"Bomb" Breyer Reveals Earth Shaking Hobby

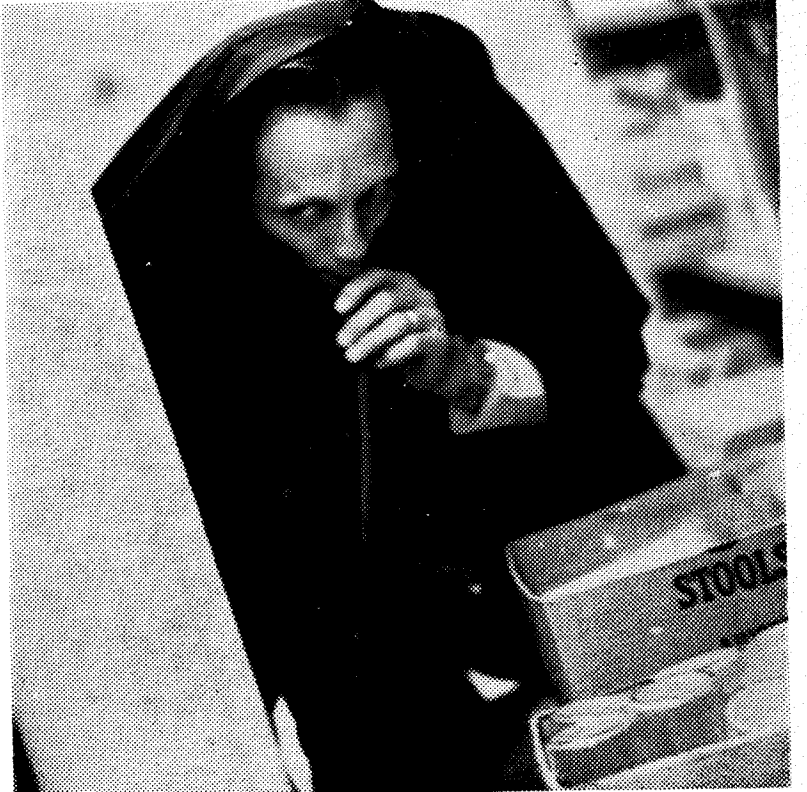
by Pat Read

Many people at Beaver College have hobbies in areas in which they are genuinely interested. But Dr. Arthur Breyer recently revealed that he choose his hobby out of utter frustration with the over-all world and the Beaver situation. "There is just too much to be done," said Dr. Breyer with a sigh. "No one realizes all of the problems that will soon overtake all of us. So I decided that I would help everyone out and fix things so that they would never have to realize what life is really like. Especially all of the students here at Beaver. After four years at Beaver, I just don't think that many of them could face the cruel realities of the outside world."

And in case you are wondering just how Dr. Breyer plans to live up to his self-appointed mission, well Dr. Breyer's hobby, his favorite past time, is making atom bombs. "That is, it's really the only way," said Dr. Breyer. "The idea came to me several years ago when I was speaking at a peace conference. Ever since then I have been thoroughly dedicated to the idea."

"It has been really easy to incorporate my hobby into my general life and schedule at Beaver," said Dr. Breyer as he checked his supply of explosive chemicals. "Several days a week I eat in the cafeteria and smuggle out as much of the food as I can. When I get back to the lab I break the food down into its components and come up with some of the most amazingly explosive chemicals ever prepared for human consumption. I plan to use these chemicals in place of nitro glycerin which has become so hard to obtain these days."

Another thing at Beaver that has helped me with my plans, is all of the paper that people, especially President Gates and mem-



Dr. Breyer in the midst of his atomic experiments.

bers of the physics and chemistry department, use when they write me notes that I never read. Since heat is a large factor when composing my bombs and fusing components together I have been saving paper for four years. So far I have accumulated over 79 billion tons of scrap paper with various Beaver letterheads, that will help me save the world.

"My babies should be completed any day now," said Dr. Breyer as he patted a huge white object in the basement of the science building. The way I plan to do it is really very simple. I plan to steal the garbage truck and load my experiment onto the truck. I have been saving my salary and the allowance that my mother gives me

for years so that I can hire the Goodyear Blimp for a day, as a matter of fact I will be the last person to ever use it. Then we are going to get the bomb to the top of Murphy bell tower and get in the blimp. I plan to fly around until we run out of gas or find a really nice place that just looks like it would like to have a bomb dropped on it and then let 'er rip. I really can't wait — I'm sure that everyone is really going to appreciate what I plan to do. Sometimes I think that if I had never come to Beaver and attended so many committee meetings and inter-state conferences that I would never have found the ultimate solution to all of our problems. I'm really so glad I came."

Lauver-Frazier Shape Up For Fight of the Century

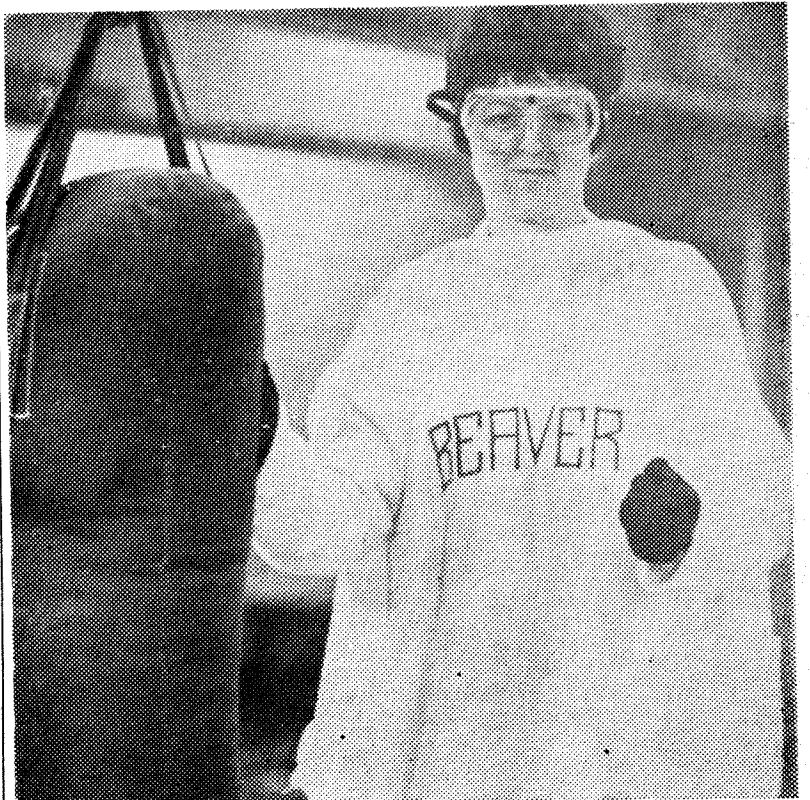
by Elsa Larsen

Miss Ruth Lauver, Chairman of the Physical Education Department, was the surprise hostess last night to World Champion Boxer Joe Frazier and several of his body guards. When asked about the purpose of his visit, Lauver explained, "He challenged me to his final boxing match." It seems that Frazier, who two weeks ago beat former world champion Cassius Clay, has a deep seated feeling of incompetence toward women.

Lauver, spoke today of her surprise at Frazier's visit. She said, "I am delighted that he challenged me. I always wanted to be a boxer, this is my chance." She also explained that Frazier told her of his desire to retire from the ring, but that he had to beat a woman before he could do so with a clear conscience. Frazier's sister gave him all his boxing lessons and he has never been able to shake the feeling that he owes all he has to her. As he told Lauver, "I'm not a male chauvanist, but I've been dominated by women all my life and I have to overcome it."

The Beaver golf instructor was not too clear about why she was chosen as the antagonist, but she suggested that it may have something to do with the fact that Frazier's sister is also named Ruth. "Problems of male inferiority are very complex," remarked Lauver, "and anything can send the victim into a fight."

When asked what she thought her chances were, Lauver explained that she will be receiving intense coaching from the other members of her department. Mrs. Evans and Miss Murphy have been putting her through various kinesi-



Miss Ruth Lauver prepares for her title match with world champion boxer, Joe Frazier.

ological exercises to get her in shape. "They are taking this very seriously and are giving me a tremendous amount of moral support," she said.

She also has received calls from several other professional boxers offering her assistance. She turned them all down. "This is no joke, especially to Frazier, and I don't want to treat it as such. I have to do this on my own both for his sake and mine." She has agreed to use Clay's boxing gloves though. "I couldn't refuse that," she explained, "he appeared in my office this morning holding a solid gold

box with the gloves in it. He was so sincere I just couldn't refuse."

The match which may begin a new career for our physical education instructor and end a career for professional Joe Frazier will be held April 25 at 6:00 a.m. in the lobby of the Castle. Tickets are being sold to the public for two cents. Beaver students will be admitted free. Frazier will receive no remittance for the fight. As he explained, "I don't want anything from this except the chance to retire in peace." Said Lauver, "I've always wanted to do something big for Beaver, maybe this is it."



Four year Beaver veteran, Anna Smith, waves goodbye to her fans as she prepares for her archaeological dig trip.

ANNA SMITH

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

first piece of rock." Ever since that day, Anna has centered her life around all kinds of rocks. She has never been without a record player which she uses to listen to all the new discoveries in rock music, and the major portion of her diet, especially when she is in the field, is rock candy. "Everything in my life is related to rocks and the ideas behind them," she said.

Anna also spoke of the people who have been most significant in encouraging her interest in the field of archaeology. "I have spent most of my summers and vacations with the Maharishi Mahashiyogi. This is my thing," she said, "I've been grooving on it for a long time and now I'm gonna go."

The enthusiasm Anna has for her studies in this field were displayed by her first reaction to the

news of her award. She immediately began planning her trip and the equipment she would take. She remarked, "I got on the train and went to every department store in Philadelphia looking for shovels and picks. The girl I went with wanted to drag me off to the ladies department, but I was satisfied to roam through the hardware." Anna has two beautiful shovels and a large pick which she got on sale that day.

The departure time for Anna's trip to Africa has been set for 1:30 p.m., May 24, 1971. When asked if she had any problems in scheduling her departure so soon after graduation she replied, "I'm gonna' get my diploma and run down the aisle. There will be an airport limousine waiting to take me straight to the airport."

Future Glimpses:**Joan De Mar****Never Seen, Always Heard**

by Jane Robinson



Joan DeMar ringing Murphy bell which she does 96 times a day.

In this chaotic world of student riots and social dissention, the academically dedicated student is a rare and precious individual. One of this year's graduating seniors has, for the past four years, successfully applied such dedication. Miss Joan DeMar, winner of this year's Bell Resounding department's award for being the only person in the department, plans a future of such dedication also.

It was at Beaver's hockey camp of the summer of 1967 that Joan was first noticed, for, as Joan says, "bell resounders should be heard and not seen." Even that early in her freshman year, Joan was already present at Murphy and regularly ringing the bell, every 15 minutes. Since 1967, few people on campus have been aware of her timely significance.

Answering to the criticism of the relevance of her field, Joan had the following statements to say:

"Relevance? Where would bats be without a belfry? Huh?" (It should be here injected that Joan has majored in Bell Resounding to the exclusion of all other disciplines, such as English.) She continues, "Where would Big Ben be, huh? Where would travellers of the sea be without the bells on buoys which clang for the safety of their veritable lives, huh? Where would Bell Telephone be, huh? Just think of it! Where would America the Beautiful be without the Liberty Bell, huh? As for the crack in the Liberty Bell, that's a whole other subject. Why

I've had three semesters on bell cracks alone."

And, indeed, Joan is learned in the erudite field of Bell Resounding. She has been commended by her professors, particularly Professor Will Bong, for her resonance, timing, rope pulling, and bell clapper swinging. Rope pulling and bell clapper swinging are but two of the numerous techniques well-known and widely used by bell resounders. Other techniques include gonging, bonging, chiming, clanging, tinkling, jingling (one of the more famous methods), scronging, ringdingling, and Big-Benchong-wonging. All of these techniques have been perfected by Joan in her advanced courses, under the tutelage of Professor Bong, Instructor B. Loud, Assistant Professor Dewitt Weelack, and Associate Professor Ben Deaf.

Though bell resounding sounds like a "patsy" field, bell resounders know different. Mr. Ben Deaf himself, after years of tireless effort toward perfection, has suffered the most common occupational hazard; he has a ringdinged eardrum, unheard of to those outside of the profession.

As to her future of dedication, Joan will join those angels of safety in the oceans of the world. She will permanently be clanging a buoy bell. Joan has recently been notified of her new position on a buoy, buoy number 001 to be exact, in the Gulf of Tonkin.

Asked about her view of her new position, Joan said, "I'll be sorry to leave Murphy, but I realize I must go on. They say there is a lot of action in the Gulf these days, I only hope it keeps up. We bell resounders have a deep social conviction and like to be useful. I'll be looking for a replacement for Beaver at our annual convention at the Timex factory, the alarm division. It's a pretty affair, and all you hear is the lovely ring tingling."

So says Joan DeMar, another of the truly talented, but seldom if ever noted, Beaver seniors.

Library Notes

by Elsa Larsen

The library has recently received several rare books for display throughout the month of July from the collection of Horst Sellers.

Included in the collection to be shown only by advanced appointment are *Willy Do It* by Betty Wont; *The Russian Tragedy* by Itors Balsov; *On Looking for a Toilet in Holland* by John Updike; *Designing Low Cut Dresses* by Seymore Tittle; *1001 Ways to Cook Potatoes* by Ida Hoe; *Socialism in the Potato Business* by Dick Tator; *The Japanese Art of Self Defense* by Kikum Kneehi; *The Accident* by Chief Sitting Bull and Running Red Light; *Transportation in Communist China* by Rick Shaw; *How Corn was Born* by Lee J. Cobb; *Off the Cliff* by Eileen Dover; *The Day All Italy Saluted Hitler* by Harry Pitts; *How I Won the War* by Vic Torious.

Due to the large demand for these books, persons are reminded that they can see the books only by advanced appointment and that the viewing time is limited to five minutes per person.

It was also announced that as a result of student request the stereos in the browsing room are now picking up a Philadelphia radio station. Unfortunately, library officials did not have a large selection to choose from and are thus not really sure which station can be heard.

JOHN WAIN

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

extreme enthusiasm at Wain's acceptance. "I almost feel guilty tearing him away from all his other civic duties," said Gates. "He actually cancelled a long standing engagement to speak at the Bob Hoope Open Golf Tournament. We all should be very proud," he added.

When asked about the specifics of Wain's visit Gates explained that the topic of his speech was "Gay Power, It's Pros and Cons," but that any further comment should be obtained from Wain himself.

Although Wain was not available for comment since he was off rescuing a poor damsel in distress, Bob Hoope was more than willing to serve as his spokesman. Said Hoope, "John was in a real conflict when he had to decide between Beaver and my tournament, but I told him to go to Beaver. After all he can speak at my tournament anytime and anyway we've all seen him a million times in the movies." Hoope also explained that Wain was very anxious to begin writing his speech for the Beaver audience. "The last thing he said to me as he jumped on his horse to leave was, 'I think I'll go do some research now,'" remarked Hoope. "I'll only wish it were me," he added.

The reaction from the Beaver students has been so overwhelming that school officials fear that they may have to hire additional security patrols for the day to keep the girls in order. "There are even rumors that a woman's lib faction is planning to attend the graduation," said Gates. "I'm sure he will be pleased at the response."

Wain is expected to arrive at Beaver the night before graduation in order to give the seniors a chance to talk with him personally. "I know there must be a million things they want to ask me, and I'm sure they all want my autograph," he told Gates.

Graduation is scheduled for 11:00 a.m., May 24. Anyone who wishes to take pictures of Wain is asked to wait until he is speaking to insure that he has on his make-up.

Profile:**Mary Mac**

by Pat Read

The first thing I can remember is the immaculate white sheets and pillow cases I had on my bed when I was a child," said Mary Mac, Beaver's infamous lady of the bedroom who annually supplies students with sheets, pillow cases, towels, blankets and dry cleaning services. As Mary talked she was folding sheets and pillow cases. Now and then a shriek of "Oh isn't that beautiful," would interrupt the conversation everytime Mary folded an especially blindingly white sheet. "I really had nice blankets, too," she said burying her face in a white fluffy towel.

"I went to Catholic school for 12 years," said Mary in a wistful tone. "All of the nuns wore such beautiful starched uniforms. After I graduated from high school with shining honors I attended Lawnree University. I had a inter-disciplinary major which combined chemical whiteness with the stiffness of the bio-physical features of starch. I knew from the beginning that the laundry industry had a place for me."

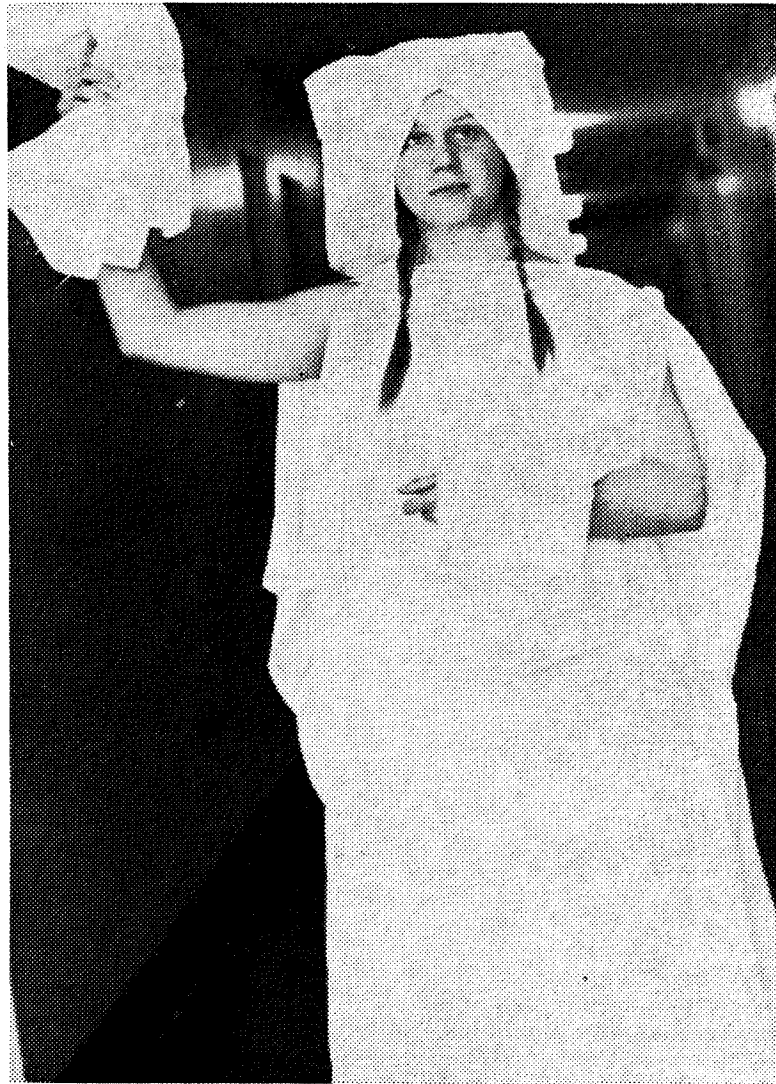
Mary graduated magna cum laude from Lawnree University and then got her starch — excuse me — start in the laundry business. "I got the capital I needed to launch my sparkling venture by refunding coupons and entering every contest that any detergent, fabric softener, or starch company ever sponsored, since I was six-years-old. My motto even from the beginning has always been "Soft and clean, just like mother."

Success came easily to Mary. Because of her persistence and dedication to her profession, people began to beg the shining Mary

Mac to do their laundry. "Business reached such a pitch that I couldn't handle it by myself anymore. Since I had built my business on a clean foundation of care and dedication, I couldn't hire just ANYONE," Mary exclaimed rolling her eyes. I went all over the country looking for just the right kind of people who would treat other people's laundry with the respect it really deserves. I can spot a "Mary Mac-er" in a minute, tall, smiling, immaculately white, and straight, as if they had starch in their bone marrow.

Mary and her army of "Mary Mac-ers," working together under a stiff collar of dedication and their motto "soft and clean, just like Mother," have developed the Mary Mac idealogy into a multi-million dollar industry. "I enjoy the money," said Mary as she filled out her inventory order for next week, "but it's so dirty and besides that it's green. Someday if I really hit that great white goldmine in the sky, I'm going to exert my influence and only have bright, white money minted in the United States. I'm so well endowed that I've decided that I will start my own college based on the principals that cleanliness is next to godliness and that the customer is always right."

"I'm not only interested in the laundry industry, you know, I'm also very concerned about ecology," said Mary as she poured a heaping cupful of bio-degradable soap into an automatic washer. "The next thing I want to do is put our laundry in bio-degradable bags. I feel that everyone should do his part," concluded Mary with a starchy white smile.



Mary Mac, a bright spot in Beaver College life poses in her traditional garb. "I really believe in living my product," she said. "I put my own personal stamp on every sheet, pillowcase or towels that Beaver students touch — to me it's not laundry, it's a way of life."

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