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Milwaukee-Downer College

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THE DIAL

Volume 1, No. 2

Milwaukee-Downer College

October 18, 1963

Parents Gather

by Linda Fialla

The weekend of November 1-3 looms on the horizon as an interesting, entertaining, and fun prospect for both students and parents. "We Gather Together" is the theme for these activity-filled days and is just a hint of the festive mood which is expected to prevail. At this time not all of the details are available but the schedule stands as follows.

Classes will be open to visiting parents on Friday as will the Museum, Library, and Sabin which may prove to be especially interesting to the adults. In the evening the two Residence Halls will welcome parents following dinner in the Commons.

Saturday morning there will be a coffee hour in Alumnae Hall at which time parents will have the opportunity of meeting members of the faculty, administration and student body. Following this event there will be a Faculty Lecture in Pillsbury. The speaker, a member of the faculty, will be announced later. Preceding lunch in Commons, a music hour featuring students performing in voice, piano, and violin will be held in Greene.

After lunch, buses will transport eager students and parents to the Greek Orthodox Church of the Enunciation, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. There they will be given a guided tour which should prove to be one of the high spots of the weekend. Again, dinner in Commons but this time something a little different. A buffet; some of the interesting delicacies anticipated are cheese, shrimp, ham, turkey, and roast beef—enough to tempt the palate of any gourmet. At eight o'clock p.m. Lee Dodds and Diane Rosedale will present their Reader's Theatre in Merrill. Lee Dodds will present "Around the World in Five Plays," excerpts describing young girls trying to find themselves. Diane Rosedale will recite "Some of the Best," again excerpts from contemporary Broadway shows.

Sunday breakfast will be held in Commons and at two thirty that afternoon the opening of an exhibit on paintings and etchings by Arthur Thrall, Associate Professor of Art at the College, will be held in Chapman Memorial Library. This will be the final planned activity and an appropriate ending for a delightful weekend.

Upton Sinclair, The Gentleman Rebel

by Marilyn Anker

The voice of Upton Sinclair, soon to be heard on Downer's campus, is the voice of a man who sought social justice in a period of economic strife and turmoil in the United States. It's the voice that aggravated Teddy Roosevelt to the point of explosion—"Tell Sinclair to go home and let me run the country!" As the author of Pulitzer prize-winning "Dragon's Teeth" and the even more famous "The Jungle," he still continues his crusade for social justice and advocates the knowledge of the developments of our complex society in order that we, the human race, will win the "struggle for existence."

Sinclair worked his way through the College of New York and Columbia University. His aim was to become a writer, and to this extent he succeeded. In 1915 he moved to California and was greeted by his reputation as "the worst radical in the country." He appeared as a social preacher behind the garb of a literary writer. "His hell was capitalism, his heaven was socialism and his flock was discontented." Sinclair ran as a nominee for governor of California on a platform entitled EPIC—End Poverty in California. He lost the election, having reacted with savage hatred towards wealth, his opponents reacted with a savage hatred to his candidacy. He wrote a farewell to politics and then took up his pen and produced an astounding amount of literary material. His singular individuality, determination and success remain today to enchant and inspire, and the gentleman rebel speaks on. . . .

With Apologies To Mr. Lincoln

by Barbara Allen

Miss Dart's slender fingers reached for the fatal slips of paper. Six times her hand entered the boxes; three times cries of joy were emitted by the winners; three times the hearts of the losers constricted as they thought in terror of the agonies ahead.

Greene Hall does not closely resemble the traditional slave blocks, and Miss Dart's hand is a far cry from Simon

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Upton Sinclair looks back now on a life time of a colorful career as a muckraker, politician and a social reformer. In a recent lecture, Sinclair recalled the troubles he faced after college graduation. He felt that college professors had failed in preparing him for the realities of life. He said, "I came out of those nine years without knowing anything about modern economic problems, modern economic affairs or modern theories of remedy." And when Sinclair did come out of college, he made his career as a result of a chance glimpse at socialism. Now advocating strongly an industrial social democracy, he feels that this can be brought about through the interest of the people. Defining socialism as "a movement for social justice brought about by an appeal to the conscience of humanity and to a scientific study of our (social) problems," he upholds that it is as different from communism as civilization is from barbarism. He feels that socialism attempts to produce a world in which people "control their own financial destiny and enjoy the full product of their labor," by means of applying the concepts of democracy to industry and finance. At the same time Upton Sinclair declares of socialism that, "Some of it is wise and some of it is foolish, because of that it is the truth of all human beings."



Master Trull Puts "Slave" to Work

THE DIAL

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THE SOCIAL EVENT OF THE YEAR

Big AND Little Sis Luncheon!

From the Editor's Desk

Mediocrity Our Goal?

In pondering the question posed in the last issue of *The Dial* as to the reason for the declining enrollment, a thought came to me which bears further investigation. Dr. Johnson has said that the function of this school is to seek out and educate the average student. Now this may be a function of prime importance. However, in many ways it seems as if the college is catering to mediocrity.

This can be seen in many areas of college life. One of the most glaring situations in which this is presented is the stress placed on "manners." True, a gracious way of living and conducting oneself is of great importance. However, the area of "manners" stressed here, particularly those exemplified in Commons behavior, is far from gracious. Freshmen and new students are taught the basic mechanics of proper serving as if these were as inflexible as the rock of Gibraltar, but it never goes beyond that.

Thus people are constantly consumed with a passion for rigidly adhering to the mechanical matters of passing the salt and pepper and never reach the position of even elementary table conversation. I have been present at tables where the conversation never reached above the height of the strawberry shortcake. This is certainly a shame in any college situation.

Although I have dwelt at length with this particular aspect, it is only one glaring example of the striving here to be mediocre. The academic life is another. Few students delve into any of their subjects beyond the basic minimum required for the grade they wish. The governmental organizations of the school also reflect this. Several students worked an extended period of time to produce a very fine statement of academic freedom and responsibility. Most of the students have not even read the statement.

In order to rise above this trend to minimal activity, one must be challenged. At present challenges are offered us if we seek them out. However, again, many are not willing to do this. Perhaps a change for the better might occur if the Heads of Hall and some overly complacent and manner conscious students would remember MDC is not a finishing school but an academically oriented college. Most important, of course, is that students look at themselves clearly, shake off complacency and find some challenge. After all, if we wanted to produce vegetables, we could always plant a garden on back campus.

Sandra Edhlund, Editor

Downer Ties Peace Corps

"I don't believe what we just saw. Those Downer girls are playing football." This comment was heard from an incredulous UWM student as he walked by the hockey field at 6:30 a.m. on Thursday morning in early October. Well, believe it or not. Downer does have a football team this year.

The idea for a girls' football team has long been in the mind of Dr. Sidney Peck, head coach. The purpose of the team is to raise money through ticket sales for the United Fund and other charities. Dr. Peck, when asked the prospects of the team before its first game last Sunday, said, "I have every confidence that the women will be in excellent shape for Sunday. We have some outstanding material and I look forward to a great season."

The girls certainly are enthused as can be seen from the large turn-out for the 6:00 practices. The prose and cons of a quarterback sneak or a statue of liberty play take precedence in date parlor conversation, and the amount of food consumed at breakfast is ever increasing to feed the hungry athletes.

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Book Review

by Meredith Murray

"The Family of Man has been created in a passionate spirit of devoted love and faith in men."

In our library, *The Family of Man* is listed and filed as an "art" book. This, unfortunately, causes it to be overlooked by many students who do not frequent that section. In all truth, it is not an "art" book—it is much more than that. It is a work of art in itself.

The book was created by Edward Steichen for the Museum of Modern Art. It is a collection of 503 photographs (anybody can read it!) from 68 different countries. The idea for the original exhibition, as it appeared in New York City, was conceived in 1951. In explanation of the exhibit, Mr. Steichen says:

"We sought and selected photographs, made in all parts of the world, of the gamut of life from birth to death with emphasis on the daily relationships of man to himself, to his family, to the community and to the world we live in—subject matter ranging from babies to philosophers, from the kindergarten to the university, from primitive peoples to the Councils of the United Nations. Photographs of lovers and marriage and child-bearing, of the family unit with its joys, trials and tribulations, its deep-rooted devotions and its antagonisms. Photographs of the home in all its warmth and magnificence, its heartaches and exaltations. Photographs of the individual and the family unit in its reactions to the beginnings of life and continuing on through death and burial. Photographs concerned with man in relation to his environment, to the beauty and richness of the earth he has inherited and what he has done with this inheritance, the good and the great things, the stupid and the destructive things."

The search for these photographs took three years, collected over two million pictures, and ultimately resulted in *The Family of Man*. The book is very unobtrusively divided into several sections by short quotations from such seemingly incompatible sources as Russian folk stories, Kwakiutl Indian hunting songs, Apache proverbs, William Blake, the Bible, James Joyce. The photographs mirror all the hopes, joys, loves, and fears ever experienced. It is difficult to imagine the individual so hardened and pessimistic who could remain unaffected by the beauty, the squalor, the grandeur, and the pride of man as he appears here. Even the cynic finds he suddenly, perhaps unwillingly,

gives credence to Carl Sandburg's poem:

There is only one man in the world
and his name is All Men.
There is only one woman in the world
and her name is All Women.
There is only one child in the world
and the child's name is All Children.

Ann Slanders



Dear Ann,

I was going to request an answer to this query in plain wrapper but my roommate would probably read it anyway. She did that once before and was very disappointed when it turned out to be a copy of the *New York Times*. Anyway, my problem is of a different ilk.

I get so sick of cleaning the bathtub! No one ever cleans the tub and the ring is like unto nothing you have ever cast your orbs upon. I mean really. Some people have no consideration and no greasy elbows. I have to scrub before and after. How can I tactfully get people to clean up after themselves. Don't tell me to take showers because I'm tall and I can't get clean above the waist. Also my feet stay dirty.

BABO-ingly yours,
Arma Hammer

Dear Arma,

In this scientific era of the Friendship VII, the Atom Bomb, the Polio Vaccine, the Piltdown Man, the Deodorant which takes the Worry Out of Being Close, and the Electric Toothbrush it strikes me as slightly less than intriguing that so little has been done to cope with that bane of dormitory life—the bathtub ring.

Perhaps science has reached an impasse in this area but, girls, there is still hope! A number of students were asked how they, as individuals, have come to grips with this problem. Those suggestions listed below have been shown to be 99½% effective when used in a conscientiously applied program:

- 1) Call the maid and have her clean it up.

- 2) Hire and post on bathroom duty presently unemployed members of the tidy organization known as MURDER, INC. who are very proficient at getting people cleaned up.
- 3) Perhaps those who can't bear to clean the ring they've created would prevail upon themselves to line the tub, prior to bathing, with Saran Wrap.
- 4) Post a notice saying that a ring has been found in the tub and would the owner please claim it.

If none of these solutions proves to be of practical validity there is yet another alternative . . . get behind the door of a front loading automatic Westinghouse wash machine and GO FOR A SPIN.

Ann Slanders

Downer Ties

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Jubilant over the Sunday victory against the Shrive Corps, the team is looking forward to their next game. Who knows? We may yet have the Green Bay Packers on campus.



The Huddle

Contrary to popular belief, the FP signs on the sidewalk are not obscene gestures from UWM. They merely designate the location of fire plugs.

* * *

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Satire Revitalized By 'Fringe'

by Lee Dodds

Shelly Berman said "coffee, tea or milk," Mort Sahl asked if there was anyone whom he had not yet offended, and then we Americans spontaneously applauded our new poignant satire.

But soft! What light on yonder isle breaks? 'Tis the British with **Beyond the Fringe!** This play, brought to the United States from London, is a series of dramatized irreverencies created and enacted by four temporary fugitives from the academic world. Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, Jonathon Miller, and Peter Cook are Oxford and Cambridge graduates who have succeeded in establishing a new level of satire—one which is acute, profoundly funny, and most important, able to illustrate the real meaning of this art.

Indeed, Americans should have been wary of this particular British Invasion, for the difference between **Beyond the Fringe** and Mort Sahl is the difference between vital and superficial satire. The striking difference is explained by Jonathon Miller, spokesman for the British quartet. He pointed out that the satire of Berman, Sahl, the Premise, or Second City is limited by an ethnocentricity. That is, the humor is confined to one particular group or subject. For example, Shelly Berman deals mainly with the individual and his condition; Mort Sahl deals only in political situations. Furthermore, according to Miller, these comedians fail to deal honestly and directly with their subjects. "Sahl merely drops political names into wisecracks," remarked Miller. The result is a sort of politically oriented Bob Hope who has nothing significant to point out about the weaknesses of the government.

In contrast with the American trend, the **Fringe** company stabs at diverse aspects of life. They strike directly, too. For example, their farce on Shakespeare is a masterpiece. The satire of a Shakespearean death scene displays an expiring dueler groaning: "Now steel is twist gut and bladder interposed!", to which the vanquisher replies: "Oh saucy Worcester, dost thou lie so still?"

There is one particular aspect of this situation which is refreshing. The success of this play in the U.S. indicates that at least we can appreciate good satire, even if we cannot produce it.

Please give generously to the United Fund. All we want is your fair share.

Dr. Harvey in Washington March

The night of August 27, 1963, was hot. In Boston, thirty buses chartered by the NAACP were preparing to leave for Washington, D.C. Miss Harvey, of Downer's faculty, was on one of these buses. What follows are some of her impressions of the historic March on Washington.

The bus left Boston at 10:30 p.m. About half the Boston Marchers were Negroes. From dawn on, the riders watched with mounting excitement hundreds of buses, cars, even trains full of people, flowing in one direction with one intent. An atmosphere that had been exciting became electric, as thousands of people who had fought alone or in small groups for years experienced that wonderful feeling of accord with many, many people.

Miss Harvey determined to participate in the March when the utter naivete of government officials as to the magnitude and nature of the real feeling of Negroes became apparent. Interviews of Robert Kennedy after the civil rights program was announced in early summer convinced her that this naivete existed.

People of all ages and walks of life participated in the walk. The NAACP had requested that no one under 14 participate, but many children were there with their parents. All age groups were represented, but there was no organized group of college students.

Newspaper coverage of the March was extensive, and in Miss Harvey's opinion it was for the most part fair. There was some resentment over continual comments on how well dressed the assembly was.

There were no incidents that would have incited highly emotional responses. People were joyous, because they were great in number; they were excited, because the activity in which they were engaged was exciting; but they were also deadly serious, calm, and controlled.

The crowd was kept under control at all times by its own leaders. Loitering was discouraged, and 210,000 people came and went very rapidly. Military police, not regular Washington police, were in charge. Miss Harvey attributes

the peaceful execution of the March to the fact that for once the police were not looking for trouble and didn't want it.

By 6:30 p.m. Miss Harvey was on the bus on the way to Boston. Thousands of people who had stood together in common cause parted again. They left feeling that at last they had **done** something, and something to be commended. The March on Washington was a monumental accomplishment, a thrilling experience, and a great tribute. When asked whether she'd do it again, Miss Harvey replied—"of course!"

—Barbara Allen

Apologies

(Continued from Page 1)

LeGree's; nevertheless, at the first SGA meeting the differences ceased to be superficial. As part of an attendance campaign, three members of Executive Council were surrendered into slavery for two hours in the guise of door prizes. Ironing, typing, cleaning, and running around the block are all requests that Liz Juneau may legally make of Kate Schumann, Linda Fruen of Sandy Edhlund, and Mitzi Trull of B. Jo Kounovsky.

Yes, Mr. Lincoln—would you have believed that slavery is now being propounded as a force for good government?

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