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The Dial, Volume 1, Number 5, December 20, 1963

Milwaukee-Downer College

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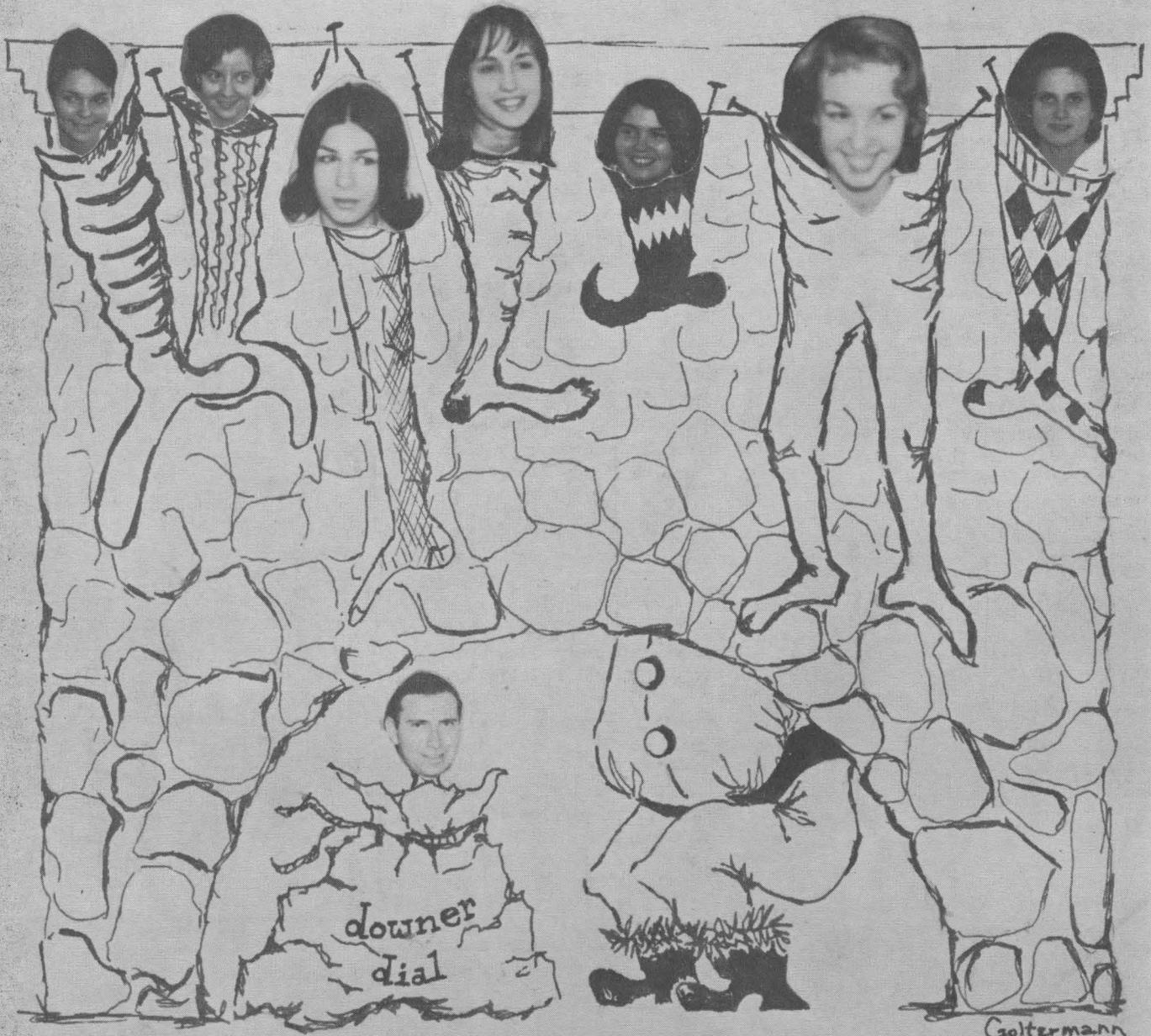
THE DIAL

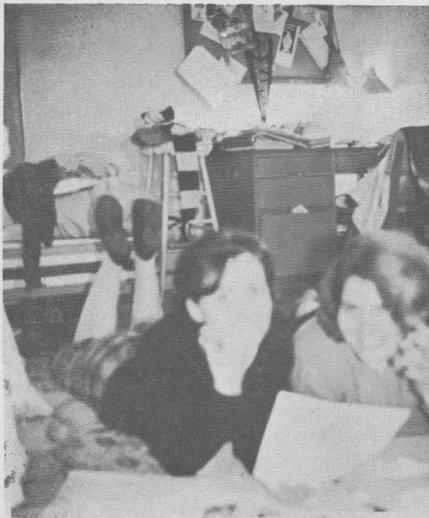
Volume 1, No. 5

Milwaukee-Downer College

December 20, 1963

'twas the night before...





Tradition

I found her sobbing brokenly in a corner, the shreds of a seating chart scattered around her as though to cushion her grief. Come, come, I said, trying to sound compassionate and cheerful at the same time, What's with the Niobe act? In mute answer, she gestured toward the pile of thumbworn replies which was flanked by a horrendous boar's head. It came at once. It was like a revelation . . . a great light. The big picture, I mean. She was in charge of Christmas dinner. I tried to comfort her while I pressed for details. Who's coming? When? Where? Why? How much? Oh really?

The person, though she appeared a miserable wretch at the moment, was none other than Sandra Edhlund. With Cathleen Grant, she is responsible for the planning and execution, if I may use the term, of Christmas dinner. This traditional event is to be held on the traditional Thursday, December 19, at the College. A wassail hour in Greene, with appropriate traditional entertainment, will precede the dinner in the college Commons. Connie Nickols is in charge of these festivities, which include the burning of the traditional Yule log, the presentation of the traditional boar's head, and the traditional patter of the traditional Fezziwigs. The traditional good time will be had by all.

When the group descends to the Commons for dinner, accolades will be heaped upon Linda Fialla, who is in charge of decorations in that august chamber. Traditional fare will be followed by traditional caroling, to be led

by that traditional nightingale, Barbara Allen.

Christmas Dinner is a group effort in every sense of the word. The in-group includes Cathy Coffin, who was in charge of invitations; Linda Fialla, Connie Nickols, Cathy Grant, Sandy Edhlund, and Miss Davis. The out-group, fair attendant, is thyself.

On the Qui Vive

I think that it is somewhat difficult for us Downer girls, living in the close, rather insular setting that we do, to be in any meaningful sense aware of ways of life quite alien to our own. The situation really demands an extra effort on our part, not only as students but as "citizens of the world," so to speak, to make ourselves especially receptive to opportunities that hold within them relevant experience and broadened outlook.

Such an opportunity is a weekend work camp. A time for hard work, a time for meditation, a time for warm communal effort, a time to transcend the student in the ivory tower aura and communicate on a purely human being to human being level. The people with whom you work are probably very "different," in the way they lead their lives, in the thoughts they think. Yet they are not so different that the common denominator of humanity is not present to fill in where similarities cease.

I have come to think, too, that it is rather ironic that people with whom one works on a work camp, those who exist in the severely socio-economically depressed strata of the city, and we students have something very real in common. Neither of us is completely in tune with a society at large. And perhaps the secret of the success of the work camp lies in the reassurance both of us derive from the fact that no matter how far apart we remain in life-ways, we never have to lose touch with people as people. We are not merely images and representatives of various ethnic and class structures that are superficially imposed upon us. We remain warm, real individuals who can never be completely enshrouded in the artificial tenets by which we are more or less compelled to live.

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Book Review

by Meredith Murray

YOU ARE NOT THE TARGET,
Laura Archera Huxley

If you are uncompromisingly normal, you need not bother to read this review. The book under discussion is only for the anxious, the neurotic, the careworn. In short, it is highly recommended for the majority of Downer's population. So pay attention, all; you who have had your fill of weaving, American government, microbiology, and/or *Bleak House!*

At first glance, the book seems to present itself as a target for ridicule. The cover blatantly screams, "Laura Archera Huxley offers practical wisdom on how a human being in a chaotic world can cope with stress, anxiety, competition, and the uncertainty of the times without going to pieces mentally or physically." Oh now really! Somebody must be joking.

Fortunately for those of us who are constantly in trauma, nobody is joking. The author, the publisher, and ultimately the reader are completely serious. The only drawback, if it can be so termed, is that relief from neurosis is not instantaneous. The recipes which Mrs. Huxley composed for the benefit of those who went to her for psychological aid and counsel must be practiced. Mere reading does not insure negation of migraine headaches, eyestrain, or the inability to attend an eight o'clock class. But if practiced religiously, the recipes in this book are the next best thing to the vitamin pill — and, in the long run, are only half as expensive.

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Novel - Tea

by Sandy Wagner

The English Fiction Class, accompanied by Mr. Blume and Mr. Santas, attended a high tea on Thursday, November 21, at the home of an alumna, Mrs. Schwartz, for a treat as an exemplum of Victorian society. It included the typically English tarts with the typically English tea (or coffee if one preferred).

The tea party was one that even the White Rabbit would have attended, in preference to the Court of the Queen of Hearts, for the unanimous American response was one of enthusiastic appreciation.

At four o'clock, by the Rabbit's watch, Time halted, allowing imaginations to make a grand entrance into a contemporary eighteenth century novel of either *Tom Jones* or *Vanity Fair*. The dining table was covered with a white table cloth displaying many delicacies while the hostess sat at one end of the table pouring tea from a shining silver pot into dainty cups, asking in a very proper English manner "one lump or two?" (of sugar that is). With those magic words the world stopped for an

hour and a half so that the English students could sit in the coziness of a soft green drawing room, enjoying a tete-a-tete while balancing plates and cups upon their knees, or decorously tasting lemon tarts or other delicious sweets.

Every few moments a few ladies would disappear to the food-laden table and then return then disappear then return then disappear again. Conversation continued between mouthfuls of cookies and cakes which any ravenous college student would praise. As the hour approached 5:30, Time resumed her duties breaking the spell leaving only a remembrance of an afternoon well spent talking over a cup of tea — and a thank you to a gracious hostess.

This month's cover is a contest winner. Miss Lee Golterman, a petite senior at Milwaukee-Downer College, emerged triumphant in competition with the Hartford Avenue School third grade art class. Miss Golterman plans to pursue art in the future. She received the announcement of her victory with tears of joy, for among her prizes was a six cent popsicle fellowship. Our congratulations to Miss Golterman!

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* * *

Ann Slanders will not appear in this issue. She is deeply involved in a civil suit as a result of last month's issue of the *Dial*.

A Merry Christmas to our Subscribers

from the

Staff of the Dial