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Evansville Campus

# ROACH

VOL. I NO. IX

22 MAY 1967

### LOOK BOTH WAYS

by BETH BURLINGAME, Editor-in-Chief

Many things have been accomplished at the Evansville Campus of Indiana State University during the 1966-67 school year. In the area of student activities, the Student Senate has sponsored four dances and has sponsored open student elections.

The Student Life committee approved a student newspaper, ROACH, which has been published nine times during the past year. The ROACH has started planning for the next year for a better paper which will cover more student affairs and off-campus events.

The ROACH, in cooperation with the Student Senate sponsored a student fund drive. The money collected (\$75.) will go to buy non-reference type books for the school library. Plans are developing for a second fund drive to take place during fall registration.

For the second year the drama club presented a Christmas program at various schools and nursing homes. It is hoped that this will continue to be an annual event.

Student-signed petitions were sent to the Indiana State Legislature in reference to the financial program to be established for the Evansville campus. Along with the petitions a letter-writing drive was set up.

Student enrollment trebled over the first year's enrollment. The number of courses in the curriculum has increased by 78.

(continued on page 18)



ROACH OUT LIVED THE RAID FOR A YEAR!!!!

THE POETRY OF WRYTER SMYTHE

by ROGER PULLIUM

Out There

I sit lookin thru my hole in the wall  
at something called the outside world,  
and I see.

There are people out there,  
who pretend they really care,  
Also those who think they know,  
but are only playing a role.

Some of them cheat and lie,  
only to find they'll in the end cry.

There are those who'll put you on a choppin block  
because of your thoughts they're 'fraid to mock.

So be yourself my friend,  
and you'll have a happiness of no end.

And remember there is no place to go or hide,  
cause thoughts like these have to be kept inside.

Guess

This world of ours revolves 'round one thing.

Something else I want to bring,

But nothing else I can find.

So I search inward from my mind.

Others ridicule and don't understand

That I want other than offered by man.

I must know and find out why,

In the morning I release a discontented sigh.

Now

Oh My Oh My  
Should ask why  
But cannot do  
'cause of you  
Love begets pain,  
It's all so insane  
No different from you, me  
It's all meant to be

War lives with peace  
Both always increase.  
Can't do nothin' 'bout  
'cept scream and shout.  
You, me, all of we  
are goin' to be,  
Love, Pain, Peace, Hate  
Just can't wait

# FOLK NOTES

by Stephen Angermeier

When Steinbeck was speaking for the Okies<sup>1 1/2</sup> in The Grapes of Wrath, Woody Guthrie was singing his dust-bowl ballads over a one-horse radio station in Los Angeles. Guthrie claimed he learned to play the guitar while he was broadcasting. His okie fans would write him encouraging letters--"Keep it up, Woody, you almost made D this morning!"

Woody Guthrie was born in Oklahoma in 1912 and grew up on a farm. Farming at that time was not the most lucrative profession. In the flower of his youth dust storms came to the southwest. Woody later claimed that the dust was so thick you sometimes found yourself running your tractor and ploughs upside down, and the buzzards had to wear goggles and fly backwards. He also said that you could easily lose your wife and wake up hugging your mother-in-law. Now that is what I call thick dust. Woody left home with dust in his lungs and the clothes on his back and hopped on a Santa Fe cattle car. He spent his rambling years traveling the west by thumb and freight trains, sleeping in jails and barns. Woody met people just like him--no money, no job, no nothing. Woody said they often talked of their hard times. "They talked and they sung and they told the story of their lives--how it used to be, how it got to be, how the home went to pieces, how the young wife died or left, how Dad tried to himself, how the banks sent out tractors and tracted down the houses." Woody picked up an old rusty guitar and picked and sang just what he heard--hard times.

By 1939 he had thumbed his way to New York, had mastered the Carter Family style, had developed a Will Rogers-type humour, and was making money. Yet you can't keep a rambling man down, so one day he blew out of New York without saying a word to his "phoney, big-shot producers" and took to the highway again

depression." Alan Lomax, Folk Songs of North America.

with his guitar. He said he felt uncomfortable about eating well and sleeping soft, when his people were still wandering around over the West like a herd of locoed buffaloes.

Woody's musical style was rural, harsh, ironic, humorous, and truthful, with the heartbeat of the southwestern guitar pulsing behind it. He never tried to be original in the sense of the sophisticated songwriter. Like all true folk poets, he used familiar tunes, reworks of old songs, and added new lines and phrases out of the folk-say that the situation demanded. Woody felt that his function was to sum up and crystallize popular sentiment, acting as the voice of the common man. His songs are conversational in tone; they have a truth, an authenticity that no other poet has matched--except maybe Dylan.

While Woody lay on his death-bed, Bob Dylan would often visit him. He had a direct influence on Dylan, so much so that it is hard to tell their lyrics apart. Woody's songs were concerned with the poor, death, and hard times. Dylan's songs are concerned with middle-class mores, death, and hard times.

## ROACH STAFF

BETH BURLINGAME Editor-in-Chief

MARSHA BOYD Assistant Editor

ROBERT BRUCE Managing Editor

PAM DEWEFSE Copy Reader

RICHARD MERCER Sponsor

IT'S A FUN ORGANIZATION!

<sup>1 1/2</sup>"The migratory labourers from Oklahoma and other South-Western states who came west to pick crops during the

IS-U is? TS-U ain't?

WHAT ARE YOUR PREDICTIONS FOR THIS SCHOOL NEXT YEAR?

TERRY AUSENBAUGH--If we don't have junior classes this school will lose a lot of students and probably a lot of the good teachers it has. We were told that we would have a gear of classes added each year.

This was why I came here. Now my classes are messed up and I am having trouble transferring. It is all because of no junior classes like we were told we would have. MARION MEIER--I think it will fold unless they get some qualified instructors-not from high schools.

BILL FISCUS--They won't have enough junior courses for a full schedule.

STEVE MARTIN--I'm not going to be here, but it definitely has to improve.

LARRY ADAMS--It will increase in enrollment because of the incoming freshman class, but they'll lose a lot of present students.

CARLOS SNIDER--I think there will be a lot of students that won't be able to graduate if they don't add more classes because they can't afford to go away to school.

TOM CUMMINGS--I predict the enrollment will increase and the faculty will improve.

JIM SCIBERT--The lounge will be converted into the Evansville City Dump.

BEN KUHN--Most unfortunate that we won't have a four year college.

DAVE HARRIS--I don't believe anything will change.

RICK WARREN--I think it will increase in enrollment and hope it increases in classes offered.

JAY CAVENS--Write me in care of Saigon.

TERRY MOORE--It will expand to some extent but not to its full potential unless it is made into a four year school.

MIKE MAYER--I don't think it will change.

KAREN GOODMAN--They're getting to big for the building and will run out of room.

ROBERT BRUCE--Everyone will decide to walk to school, therefore, the school won't have the problem of students drinking in their cars.

LORYL L. CKEY--Reference above remark, students will no longer be prone to make-out in their cars.

JUDY ENGLISH--Beware of the first heavy snowfall.

ROGER D. HALL--Mr. Price will be fired for being a teacher.

JANE NIETHALER--Mr. Price should be granted his doctorate in Political Sci.

BOB T. HANCOCK--I hate to say it, but it will fold up.

LINDA J. STERNS & MARY GRUBMAN--Students will all walk to school because who likes to park a mile from the school?

JUDY WELLSILGER--If the students' attitudes do not improve quickly, the quality of their work will decline rapidly.

DIANA REISIDOR--The school will probably be the same next year, as it is this year.

JOHN SHANKS--ISU of E will be better without me. Really there will be more kids and more familiarity. It gets better each semester.

LOU COLLE--The student enrollment will probably decline. Why should a student start school here when you know you won't be able to finish here, as was implied when the school began.

C. COL LEDDETLER--One year older in time and hopefully in progress.

GEORGE GREEN--Moving toward a four year college, I hope.

RON BARRON--There should be a wider variety of classes offered. The classes should be better organized.

RON THOMPSON--Junior classes and move towards a four year college.

DOUG LIPSON--How about associate degrees.

by ROY DIEFENBACH



FOUR  
WAYNE CALLOWAY

While vacationing in St. Louis several years ago, I wandered into a small dusty bookstore; a place such as I usually end up in, no matter where I am.

While scanning over the rows of Tarzans, Tom Swifts, Hardy Boys, and back issues of science-fiction magazines I found, way in back and near the floor, a boxed set of four books bound in blue imitation leather and engraved with faded gold lettering. I pulled out one of the books. Flipping through the pages, I came upon wonderful, mysterious maps, strange written languages, and fantastic illustrations. On top of the box was the price: \$ 25.00. I carefully slipped the book back in the box and left the shop. At the same time I made a mental note of the title, author, and publisher: "The Hobbit" and "The Lord of the Rings" Trilogy by John Ronald Reuel Tolkien, Allen & Unwin Ltd., London.

This, of course, was a "First Edition" of the Tolkien classic; I now content myself with the first cheap edition by Hough Mifflin and Ballentine Books.

These books, from complete obscurity in this country five years ago, have become the hottest selling items on the big college campuses. They are also the passion and "mamalove" of the contemporary American "hippie" movement. This sudden enthusiasm, I believe, is due to the need which that age group has for a place "which is a little greener."

That place is Tolkien's fantasy world Middle-Earth, a world which existed countless ages ago in what is now northern Europe. The books are also popular because of the ease in which one can identify with the pleasures of the Hobbits, the central people of the epic.

Hobbits are little people; they rarely grow over four feet high. They love to eat (six meals a day), drink, smoke (they claim to be the originators of the art), and laugh, all of which they indulge in abundance. They have simple lives in their land, The Shire.

The Shire is centrally located in the country of Eriador which is the northwestern quarter of Middle-Earth. The Shire bears great resemblance to medieval rural England. The other countries of Tolkien's

Middle-Earth include Gondor to the south, a country somewhat like the chivalrous Renaissance England, and Rhovanion, north of Gondor and due east of Eriador, which is a huge country containing the Misty Mountains on the western border; two forests: huge Mirkwood, which is so dark the floor of it seems always night; and smaller Fangorn, which is the home of the Ents, Tolkien's most ancient and wise creatures, they resemble trees. Rhovanion also contains Lothlorien, the land of the Elves, who are not small in Tolkien but big as men, immortal, and, in fact, demigods.

To the southeast lies the dark country of Mordor, a huge fortress of a country, walled on all sides by the mountain range, Ephel Duath. In Barad-Dur, The Dark Tower of Mordor, lives Sauron the Great, The Dark Lord. No longer a man, Tolkien represents him as an abstraction of evil.

Sauron is the forger of the One Ring, and this ring is the crux of the epic.

The first book, The Hobbit (some 500 pages), is a prelude to the trilogy. In it, the Hobbit, Bilbo Baggins, while on an "adventure"--a rare and almost unthought of thing for homebody Hobbits-- wins the Ring from the monster, Gollum, in a riddle game. This is probably the funniest chapter in the whole work, due mainly to Gollum's manner of acting and speech: pure Cockney with a double "s" on his plurals--for example, "pocketses." Bilbo later in the book, travels with his companion dwarves through many adventures, finally assisting the Great Wizard, Gandalf the Grey, in killing the dragon, Smaug, who has been destroying the towns on the western borders of Rhovanion; he thereby wins a portion of the dragon's treasure and the Ring for himself.

The Hobbit was written for children about 1936; the trilogy, over a period of about 20 years: 1938-58. It was written for adults. The plot is extremely elaborate and contains about 30 sub-plots. It begins 80 years after the close of The Hobbit. Bilbo is now considered a weird but wealthy old fellow and is in the process of planning his eleventy-first birthday party

(continued on page 8)



A tavern, England

THE CRIME WITHOUT A NAME

Let go my arm, rum-pot  
 Insane, are you insane?  
 Is he that crazed, drunken sot  
 (the same, is he the same?)  
 Then have him tell us of his spells,  
 his fortune and his fame  
 We may hear before the tolling bells,  
 of the crime without a name

Could I upon my tailor's cot  
 have dreamed, could I have dreamed?  
 A phantom from a pewter-pot  
 have screamed, could it have screamed?  
 I laid it to the tolling bells,  
 this sound in sleep that came  
 I woke again to faery's spells  
 And the crime without a name

Two children murdered in my lot,  
 "O'Hame, please help, O'Hame!  
 I shivered dazed in my cot  
 (the same, he is the same)  
 'Twas but the wind upon the fells,  
 the wind sounds quite the same!  
 The windmills pumping at the wells,  
 and no one called my name

They cry yet, the murdered tots,  
 "Ashamed, are you ashamed?"  
 My reeling mind unseemly rots,  
 Unnamed, my sin unnamed?  
 The sullen tolling of the bells  
 now quivers through my frame  
 leave me to my thousand hells  
 and my crime without a name.

The Hobbit was written for children about 1936; the trilogy, over a period of about 20 years: 1937-58. It was written for adults. The plot is extremely elaborate and contains about 30 sub-plots. It begins 80 years after the close of The Hobbit. Bilbo is now considered a weird but wealthy old fellow and is in the process of planning his seventy-first birthday party

(continued on page 8)

MAWNIN'

An' what do ya think this mawnin'  
 brethren of the shanty,  
 swimin' streams of beer and spawnin'  
 young and scrappy banty

no thought for food, this mawnin'  
 brethen, at your gantry?  
 a rocket blasted down 'n  
 green cheese in the pantry

BRE ADFRUIT

When in the next life,  
 I am able to  
 choose,  
 I will be a breadfruit;  
 for I will be very useful to the  
 Typee  
 who will not laugh as they  
 bite through my soft skin  
 when they gnaw the moist pulp  
 of me  
 and when burying me, will intend  
 future use of me, giving  
 due credit  
 for  
 my  
 existence

CAT

soft spring on  
 feet;  
 always  
 to land  
 the mouse falls  
 prey to

ivory claws  
 unsheathed

pink

The Shire is centrally located in the western quarter of Middle-earth. The Shire bears great resemblance to medieval rural England. The other countries of Tolkien's

# LETTERS TO...

Dear Editor:

The editor of the Roach, in the last issue, posed some questions which are thought provoking, but they are not new in higher education. They probably have been asked at least since Socrates sat at one end of the log and the student at the other. Perhaps the following monolog will answer some of the issues raised in the Roach.

It must be remembered that prior to July 1, 1965, Evansville and the surrounding communities did not have any type of state supported undergraduate instruction located within easy commuting distance of the residents. Such cities as Ft. Wayne, South Bend, Kokomo, and Jeffersonville have had at least branch campuses for more than 20 years. As recently as January, 1965, the Indiana General Assembly passed a memorializing resolution--not a law--inviting Indiana and Purdue Universities to study the possibility of a branch campus located in Evansville. Nothing happened. When the Board of Trustees of Indiana State University saw that apparently nothing was going to happen to fulfill the resolution, they announced the establishment of a campus to meet the educational needs of this area of the state. This announcement on the part of the Board of Trustees was not an easy one to make because the General Assembly had not provided any funds with which to carry out the memorializing resolution. Indiana State University was then faced with the task of financing what it said it was going to create. Somehow money was found to hire two administrators, four secretaries, a librarian, two faculty members, and to buy enough equipment to at least begin to hold classes. This required about two months of frantic searching for the necessary funds, April and May in 1965. The new campus officially opened July 1, 1965.

The immediate question that might be raised is why did not the Board of Trustees wait until a more formalized plan could be developed and money appropriated by the General Assembly. Let me remind the reader that Indiana is still waiting for a plan and money for a second medical school.

The departure of Indiana State University into a new campus is still in its formative years. A financial plan for its development was submitted to the 1967 General Assembly, and while we were fortunate to receive a substantial sum of money, it was not enough to carry out the plan completely. The administration is currently in the process of trying to make the best type educational institution possible with the funds we have been given. This is not an easy task. The financial plight in which we are now engaged accounts, at least in part, for the lack of answers to many of the questions all of us have raised.

If the current plans do not meet any unforeseen obstacles, the Evansville campus will begin construction of its new building in July. In addition, we hope to hire 18 new full-time faculty members for next fall, including a Dean of Students to fill a much needed position on the Evansville campus. If approved, a \$100,000 grant from the federal government will give us additional money for science and audio-visual equipment.

Having been with the Evansville campus since it opened its doors, I am optimistic. This does not mean I do not become frustrated, at times, along with everyone else. Nevertheless, progress has been made this year over last. President Rankin, on many occasions, has indicated his desire that the Evansville campus proceed as quickly as possible in becoming a degree-granting branch of the university. Unfortunately, no one has yet invented instant money.

Sincerely yours,  
William A. Jones  
Director

## SHOW AND TELL

(continued from page 5 )

(111th), as the epic opens. He has taken to live with him his nephew, Frodo Baggins. After the party Bilbo disappears, or so it seems to the good people of The Shire. Actually he feels he needs a change in his old age and is going to live out his few remaining years with the Elves in Rivendell (111 is old even for Hobbits). Frodo, after Bilbo leaves The Shire, is made The Master of Bag End, Bilbo's old estate.

Frodo is not long able to enjoy such pleasures. The Wizard, Gandalf, visits him one day to tell him that he has discovered the origin of The Ring and that it is a creation of Evil and must be destroyed by throwing it into the volcano, Orodruin or, in English, Mount Doom, in the land of Mordor.

All of what happens after is too long to go into here; the trilogy runs several thousand pages. Basically, Frodo and one of his companions, Sam Gamgee, a pure comic relief character in the manner of Sancho Panza, reach Mt. Doom after hundreds of perils and miles. When they reach the top of the peak, Frodo finds, as Gandalf had warned him, that The Ring has gained control of his mind: He is unable to throw it into the flames. Here we have the surprise ending; Gollum suddenly appears from behind a rock, knocks Sam to the ground, and rips The Ring from Frodo's finger. Dancing madly in joy for regaining his precious treasure, he loses his balance and topples into the pit, defeating Sauron. Evil defeats evil.

That's the basic plot, but it is only a taste of the grandeur and complexity of the actual work and a hint at the hundreds of incidents and characters.

In addition to the maps and illustrations which Tolkien himself made are two original languages, Elvish and Cirth. Elvish is the more often seen, so I will say a few words about it alone.

The language itself is rather complicated, but Tolkien people enjoy using its script as a code for English. An example of this appears as the head for my column. Elvish letters represent consonant sounds only; punctuation like marks called "tehtra" are used for the vowels. So, the first letter is "sh," while the mark over it is an open "o." The second letter is "n," the third, "d." The mark over the second letter is an "a." The

fourth letter is "t;" the mark, "eh." The fifth letter is "l;" hence, "SHOW AND TELL," as usual.

This work is the epic of our age. The Lord of the Rings, in years to come, will be remembered, much for the mythology Tolkien used in constructing it. J. R. R. Tolkien, now a 75-year-old retired Oxford Don, appears to be one of the greatest writers of our time. He is certainly flexible; there is everything in the epic, from Dickensian slapstick comedy to nursery rhymes to Biblical formality and word choice. Yet for all their "fantascity," the characters are believable and psychologically plausible.

Anyone who misses this work is very much less a person for having done so.

### ROACH OF THE YEAR

1. THINK SUMMER
  2. Jimmy Jett owes the ROACH \$11.24
  3. No typewriter for ROACH
  4. The fire drills
  5. Falling plaster
  6. Mr. W. Smith
  7. Kessel Printing Company
  8. The quiet floors in the library
  9. PAM SCHNETZLER
  10. JO ANN ALEXANDER
  11. TONI SMITH
  12. MIMEOGRAPH MACHINE
  13. JOHN BIRCH LIVES
  14. FRODO IS ALIVE AND WELL IN MEXICO
  15. ISU of E POETS
- LONELY HEARTS PALYERS SOCIETY IN THE LOUNGE.

BE DIFFERENT THIS SUMMER...READ A BOOK!!



BETH BURLINGAME

For those who hear snow  
and read through Zen  
stumble far behind Buddha  
and are finally lost in the multi-fold path:

Enter the maze filled with people  
knock holes in blocking walls  
cut a square in Buddha breast  
Exchange your soul for earthy acid  
pick your nose and WOW  
with your dirty rags sit in Buddha's lap  
Keeping raving about the great-thing world  
forget the "World of No-Thing"  
put your finger in Buddha's navel

Exchange your mind in lingering smoke  
let words fall loose in high waves  
mind waves bounce off Buddha's statue head  
Move like a solid island  
propped up by "8-mile" guide lines  
hit Buddha in the toe with a crutch  
Hang up your big bag  
pull the draw-strings on other bags  
give it to Buddha in his hip-pocket as He sits.

For one who did not hear snow  
and searched through Zen  
ran fast behind Buddha  
and finally started on the 8-fold path

DANIEL ARMSTRONG  
1967-68 Editor-in-Chief  
of the ROACH

EDITOR'S NOTE: Along with Dan Armstrong, Beth Burlingame will serve as Assistant Editor and Susie Chambers will be Managing Editor.

TO THE STUDENT BODY:

Words like surprise and disbelief help describe my feelings when I was offered the ROACH editorship. The offer was totally unexpected; after all, my previous newspaper experience consisted only of one semester of high school journalism, a news story which appeared in the cub edition of my high school's paper, and several hectographed newspapers which I "published" years ago at home as sort of a hobby (if you've ever used hectograph ink, you know it won't come off your hands for a week). The wonder of it all is heightened by irony: Long ago my goal was to be an editor when I grew up.

Certainly I would like here to thank Beth Burlingame and the others concerned-- faculty, students--for even considering me for this job; and Beth should be particularly commended for her decision to step down from the editorship rather than control the paper year after year. I'd like, futher, to congratulate Beth for nursing the ROACH through its first year. For many undertakings the beginning is the shakiest and most trying. Two weeks after Beth was asked to head a student newspaper, the first issue appeared. At times it seemed uncertain whether there would be another issue.

There are many matters, some of them already being handled, which must be taken care of before next year's first paper comes out. For one thing, there is the ROACH constitution, now in preparation, to be finished. In addition, the style manual for the paper must be composed. Only the top members of the staff have definitely been selected, and we'll have to initiate a search for more members in September.

It might be nice to start publishing offset instead of mimeographing every issue, but now, at least, the prospect is dim, if it exists at all. One idea to think about is a literary magazine. If three of the city's high schools (Day School included) can publish such a magazine, why can't we--even if, like the ROACH, it must be mimeographed?

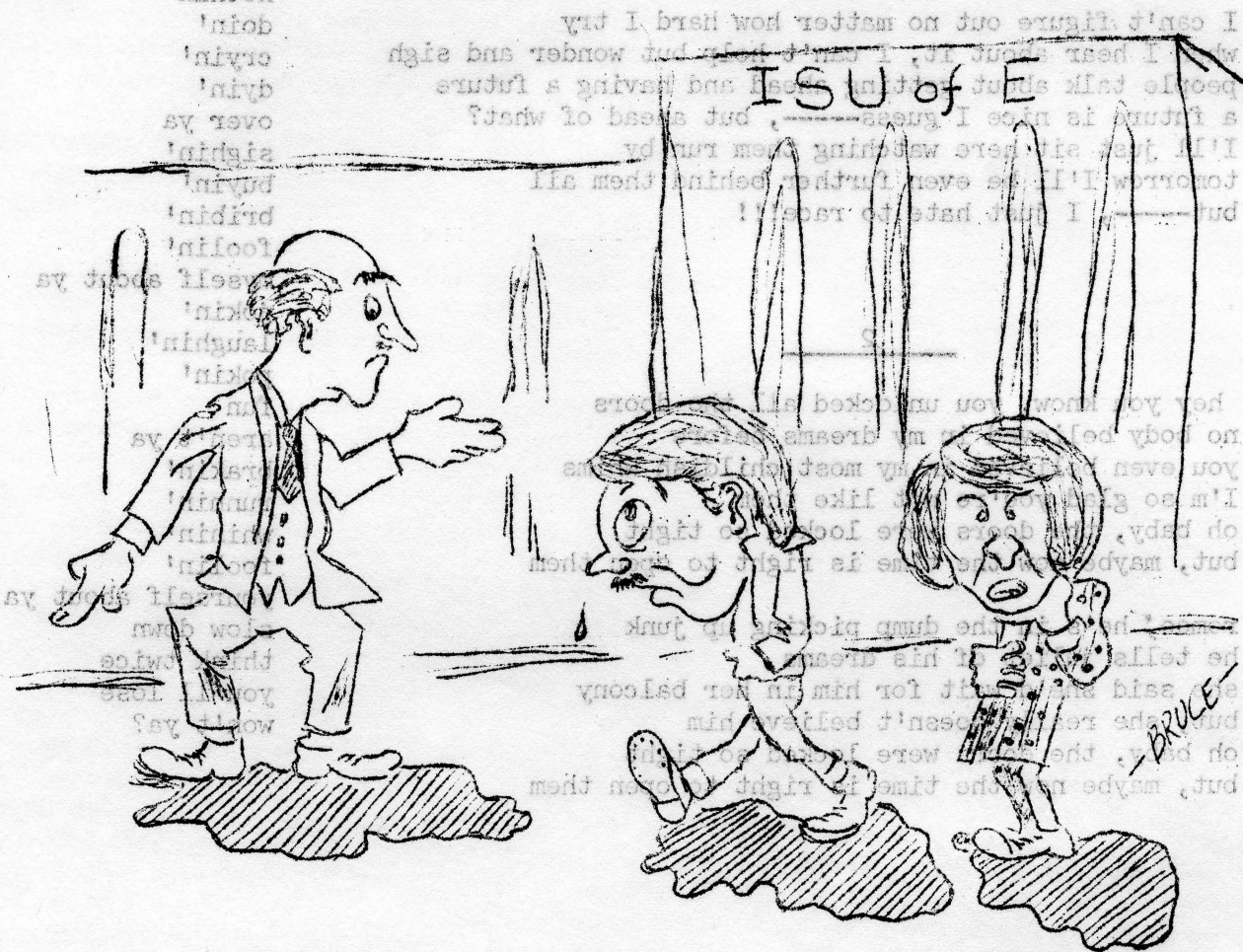
The ROACH has definitely made a point of publishing literary composititons. For this large, economy-size issue, for instance, six whole pages are devoted to poetry, and the poems are the work of six different writers. It has even been conjectured that someone on the paper whose title begins like the name of our university has been writing poetry imitative of a ROACH staff member's. Can it be we have a T.S. Eliot or two in the making?

Finally, I encourage suggestions on the matters previously brought up. The staff must make decisions, and opinions will be appreciated. At any rate, I'll try to edit a newspaper worthy of your eyestrain.

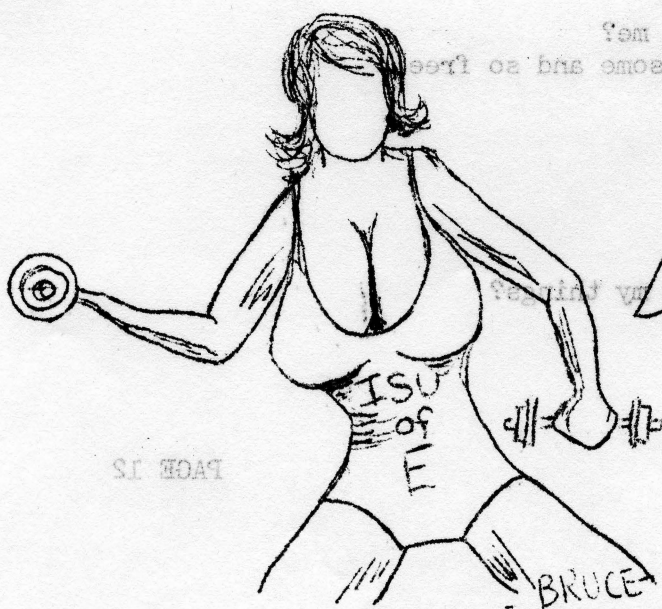
DANIEL ARMSTRONG  
1967-68 Editor-in-Chief  
of the ROACH

EDITOR'S NOTE: Along with Dan Armstrong, Beth Burlingame will serve as Assitant Editor and Suzie Chamness will be Managing Editor.

# A FOND FAREWELL



I'M SORRY, BUT THERE WILL BE NO JUNIOR CLASSES FOR THE CHARTER MEMBERS---NO ROOM!!



HERE'S TO THE  
FUTURE  
DEVELOPEMENT  
OF  
ISU OF E

A FOND FAREWELL 4

1

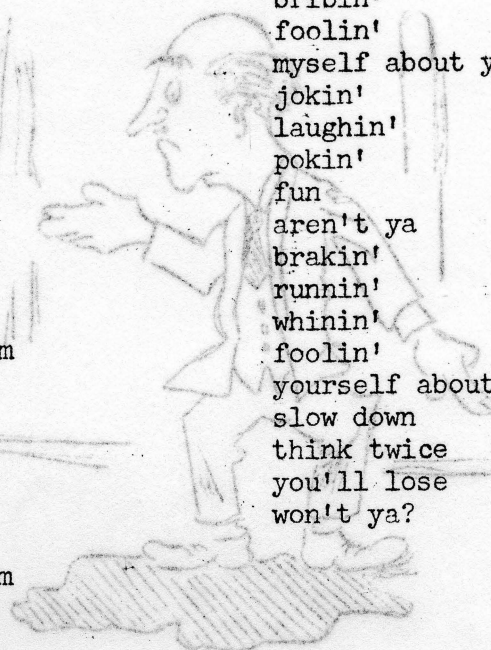
I can't figure out no matter how hard I try  
when I hear about it, I can't help but wonder and sigh  
people talk about getting ahead and having a future  
a future is nice I guess-----, but ahead of what?  
I'll just sit here watching them run by  
tomorrow I'll be even further behind them all  
but-----, I just hate to race!!!

sittin'  
smokin'  
drinkin'  
thinkin'  
about ya  
nothin'  
doin'  
cryin'  
dyin'  
over ya  
sighin'  
buyin'  
bribin'  
foolin'  
myself about ya  
jokin'  
laughin'  
pokin'  
fun  
aren't ya  
brakin'  
runnin'  
whinin'  
foolin'  
yourself about ya  
slow down  
think twice  
you'll lose  
won't ya?

2

hey you know, you unlocked all the doors  
no body believed in my dreams before  
you even believed in my most childish whims  
I'm so glad you're not like them  
oh baby, the doors were locked so tight  
but, maybe now the time is right to open them

romeo; he's in the dump picking up junk  
he tells juliet of his dreams  
she said she'd wait for him in her balcony  
but, she really doesn't believe him  
oh baby, the doors were locked so tight  
but, maybe now the time is right to open them



I'M SORRY, BUT THERE WILL BE NO JUNIOR CLASSES FOR THE MEMBERS--NO ROOM!

3

as i walked along my happy way  
just walking I say-----, just walking  
the people stop and stare  
have they not seen a handsome man as me?  
I thought-----, just walking so handsome and so free  
could this be my fate?  
me-----, a famous actor  
I'll bide my time  
commit no crime  
as free as me  
and as rich as kings  
or could it be-----, they don't like my things?



OF  
ISU OF E  
PAGE 11

PARKING LOT BLUES OR THE CASE OF THE EMPTY BEER CANS

by ROY DIEFENBACH

As of this writing, there are, on our parking lot, 35 crushed beer cans (various labels), 8 cases of Sterling, 6 six-packs (4 Sterlings and 2 Pabsts), 8 bottles of Stroh's, and a half pint of Seagram's. Everything is empty. Also, the lot is filled beyond count with cups, napkins, and paper bags, all beautifully emblazoned with the Sandy's emblem.

Now, it is not the responsibility of the custodians to keep the lot clean--at least not so far as cleaning up something that is quickly taking on the appearance of the city dump.

I know what you are thinking: It's not only the trash that gives the lot a bad appearance; the potholes and crater-like formations which give my car such an oceanic roll help not at all.

The reason for this, according to Dr. Jones, is that the area now used for the main lot was originally intended as a play ground, not a throughfare. Dr. Jones went on to say that gravel was then laid to form the parking lot, more gravel has now been ordered.

As those of you who drive have probably noticed, our three lots (yes, there are three now) are not large enough for all the students and faculty to park. But Vanderburgh County Traffic Commissioner Pohlkotte has taken down all the "No Parking" signs along Indiana St., which runs right by the school. And, as I indicated, there have been two additional lots opened for student use, one on either side of the gym.

These were generous efforts on the part of Mr. Pohlkotte and the school. They have eliminated the problem by some 30 parking spaces.

As for the future on the new campus, there will be, according to Dr. Jones, enough parking space for all. The parking area as now proposed will be in an inconspicuous wooded area across the street to make the campus more natural and to give students and faculty alike the pleasure of not looking out upon the field of shining chrome.

It seems that everything is being done with the student in mind. But the student must realize his own responsibility. Not only must the lot be kept presentable

but also a few common courtesies "which every good driver should know" must be learned and put into practice. For example, it is not at all "fun" to park perpendicularly in back of someone else's car--no matter how far one must walk otherwise.

With these thoughts in mind the parking lot can become a wonderful, "fun" and more joyful, yet practical, place for all.

HOME

Home lies beyond the pale  
Where C'aron's ferry breached  
the gale  
Masked death perches on the rail  
and will until the last  
wassail

Back to back the Talot cards  
tea leaves and stained-clay  
shards  
The last word from bearded bards  
Stems not the black and gushing  
fjords

All cry out in Freedom's name  
Which sounds quite like but not  
the same  
When uttered with a sense of shame,  
The sense, Archaic; as it came

A worm's breath disturbs the scene,  
destroys the set, and sweeping  
clean,  
Carries off the billious,  
vented spleen  
for the end is ever small....  
and mean.

By WAYNE GALLGWAY

Reasons

I sing to sing the singers song  
with my guitar near my heart  
my fingers fly over strings  
of silver steel.

The sound sends forth the stately  
notes of the singers song  
Notes like drops of rain  
hit the ground to fill  
the gaps of  
dry reason.

Master of the song I sing  
I cut into the hearts of lovers  
tearing apart  
whys and  
wonders.

Sending forth silver notes from  
my silver strings I sing to sing  
the singers song.

Only Glass

The glass that enclosed you and i  
is broken into the crystal parts of life.

The glass is gone forever--  
i and you should rejoice.

Lasting

quite--still--you breathe--  
night air--reaching your brain--  
while slowly--dropping your arm--  
on cool grass--that will never last--  
while lights die past leaves of green--  
in the night air you breathe--

things that fly about--to where they came--  
smells of flowers--sounds of things--  
hit hears--lasting for years--you breathe still and quite--  
while lights die past leaves of green and brown--

soft come birth--soft death lies--  
near there and everywhere--lasting for times--  
while lights die past branches--

All

Thoughts fly about the room  
landing where they fall.  
Some thoughts land on an afternoon  
Thoughts I care not think at all.

Digress to the pass they fly  
These thoughts of you  
Remembering the touch that  
lifted my soul  
Shattering hopes and dreams  
by careless words they fall.

Telling me you care  
what was I to think.  
Had I not cared at all  
would have best lived for me.

Thoughts to forget come fast  
faster than thoughts that came  
first to lift my soul.

Now I think thoughts forget you  
while they looked into your eyes  
not meaning to hide all  
the bitter years of the life  
that slowly you let fall  
these bitter thoughts of all.

# FACULTY FUNNIES

by ERNEST GRIFFIN

## The Pill, The War, Pot

Several ingredients need to be present in varying proportions to make a student feel he is really attending a university. Three major items in developing the impression that learning at a high level is taking place are a large physical plant, reknowned faculty members, and the feeling of controversy and intellectual stimulation from fellow students.

Unfortunately, Indiana State University, Evansville Campus, lacks all three of these basic criteria. Our physical plant, though sturdy, is hardly the ivy-covered hall we envision in our minds as an ideal college campus. Little can be done about this at present. Needless to say, the faculty here lacks well-known, widely acclaimed academicians who offer students a 'pipeline' to knowledge. This is a hard fact of life, not a statement depreciatory of the staff. It is doubtful that much can be done to alter this situation in the near future either.

Controversy and intellectual stimulation from fellow students is also lacking on our campus. Something can and should be done to remedy this situation. Discussion of the "crucial problems of our times" should be encouraged, particularly through open and frank forum-type discussions of the "Free University" mold, involving not only students but also interested faculty members.

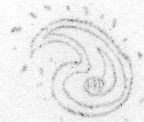
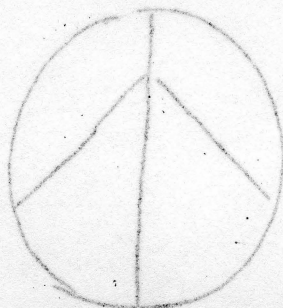
What about The Pill? Is it good or evil? Why shouldn't information on the use of contraceptives be supplied to ISU/E students? Let's stir up controversy and ideas!

Is the War morally wrong? Should we pull out of Viet Nam unilaterally and achieve an unprecedented moral victory? It is our war and our problem. We are the ones will do the fighting and dying. Shouldn't we explore the problem and be exposed to opposing ideas? We come to college to learn how to think and how to judge ideas as much as we do to learn delightfully objective "facts".

The use of narcotics should be legalized. Students should be able to "take a trip" on the front lawn of campus. Marijuana should be grown in the botany department's planter boxes!

A weekly or bi-weekly "seminar" on controversial topics should be initiated to help ignite the spark of learning through the exchange of ideas. Your ideas and concepts will be put before your peers and criticized by them. If your logic is poor or your reasoning unsound, watch out! You will learn from contact and interaction with your peers.

Since we can do little about our physical plant and the outlook for attracting Nobel Prize-winning faculty members is bleak, let's attack the problem of developing a true university atmosphere where we can make some progress. ISU/E should be a place where ideas circulate and are discussed openly and freely; a place where the students are interested and concerned with knowing and learning. The alternative is the atmosphere of a glorified high school.



# FACULTY FUNNIES

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# WAR BABIES

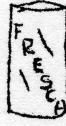
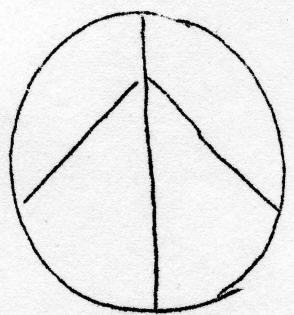
What about the Pill? Is it good or evil? Why shouldn't information on the use of contraceptives be supplied to ISU students? Let's stir up controversy and

idealism! Is the war morally wrong? Should we pull out of Viet Nam unilaterally and achieve an unprecedented truce? It is our war and our problem. We are the ones who do the fighting and dying. Students who explore the problem and pose to opposing ideas? We come to college to learn how to think and how to judge ideas as much as we do to learn diligently objective "facts". The use of narcotics should be legalized. Students should be able to "take a trip" on the front lawn of campus. Marijuana should be grown in the botany department's planter boxes!

# THINK

A weekly or bi-weekly "seminar" on controversial topics should be initiated to help fight the lack of learning through the exchange of ideas. Your ideas and concepts will be put before your peers and criticized by them. If your logic is poor or your reasoning unsound, catch on! You will learn from contact and interaction with your peers. Since we tend to little about our physical plant and the outlook for attracting Nobel Prize-winning faculty members is bleak, let's attack the problem of developing a true university atmosphere where we can make some progress. ISU should be a place where ideas circulate and are discussed openly and freely; a place where the students are interested and concerned with learning and teaching. The atmosphere of a glorified high school.

# SUMMER





ELECTRIC FAREWELL from EAST NEWBURGH by ROY DIEFENBACH



BY WAYNE GALLOWAY

To-day ends up then  
as a smoke-end in the rain  
to hiss and die in a stunted swirl of steam  
to turn once in a flash of fire and be washed clean--  
for the suntime dogs bark it away  
and echo away in the street,  
for the blubbering fog horns honking,  
welcome the dark on the long black Ohio.

Onaway across East Newburgh  
houses breathe and feed and breed  
in flickering light and in long hot light and in no light  
but for 9 volts which whistled down the wires  
also might I.

How I should find that the moments of rose and yew-tree  
spring from suspension in printer's ink  
to make their proud introduction to reality:  
"We are not only of equal duration," they say, "we are really one."  
And I have found that this is so.

Time follows time  
--just as darkness follows the washed-out dusk--  
each happening will enter in its hour,  
voices will be spoken and received  
in 9 volts tunneling through floors and walls  
of a house in East Newburgh  
(flowing falling, disturbing delighting)  
keeping the best of all that is past  
for the best of now is yet to come  
and morning will see the world as it wasn't.

To-day breaks then and is gone  
also am I  
in the road and away  
waving an armless hand to East Newburgh  
where clouds cough darkness in the rain.  
Morning will find me in some new place and new time  
where roses and yew-trees waste into dust  
blown with the breeze of song and verse,  
where morning will bring a new colored sun  
cracking slowly into squares on the floor of some new house.

In that house I will rise from my bed,  
rise to kiss someone's breasts and hands,  
lite a cigarette and quietly stand  
listening for the first word from the wires:

Day.



BY WAYNE GALLOWAY

One hears strange things these days. For instance, a rumor that the students will now be evaluating the professors. I was wondering: when did students (students should be underlined here) become so wise as to feel able to pass judgment on their teachers?

Student evaluation of professors was tried on other college campuses, the evaluation being published, and I believe the results were quite conclusive. "This man is dull, this one I feel is stupid, this one--well, I came to be entertained, not preached at!" The courses taught by these poor unfortunates were boycotted.

While many of us are here to avoid the draft; to propitiate the gods of conformity, or because we had nowhere else to go, we realize that this is an Institution of Higher Learning. That is, higher learning than we already possess, which must be imparted to us by persons who have achieved a higher level of education.

What this gibberish actually means is this: a student has neither the right nor obligation to publicly criticize his professor, whether he is constantly entertained by a snappy line of patter or subjected to the indignity of actually learning something (for this I pay \$15?).

One instructor stated, however, that he would not mind student evaluation if the results were shown only to the instructor (as opposed to publication and distribution to students). In this private appraisal lies, I believe, the only correct usage of student professorial evaluation.

(continued from page 1)

During the 1967-68 school year the student body should work to build a solid framework around present accomplishments and strive toward new ones.

Interest and help should be given to the developing Current Affairs Forum which is being sponsored by Ernest Griffen. The goal of the forum will be to meet twice a month for open discussion of topical subjects.

Also a group of students interested in an art film series and a folk festival need support from the student body for these activities next September.

The Student Senate will need help through the summer and fall sessions, for the Senate will be reduced considerably next year. Only three or four members of the present Student Senate plan to continue at ISU of E. A drastically weakened Senate could set student activities back a good year or more.

More student interest is needed for a fast growing sports program. Despite the lack of student response and support, ISU of E's basketball team carried the tri-state college league championship for a second year, with a 9-2 record.

Student interest and participation is much needed and desired on this campus, if we are ever to have a university atmosphere at ISU of E.

I wish to express my appreciation to the ROACH STAFF, for their time and effort in publishing a first year paper, to the few members of the student body who took interest in the newspaper and its activities, to the sponsor, Richard Mercer, whose advice and criticism was greatly appreciated. I also would like to thank the faculty and members of the administration for their timely assistance.

In addition I would like to thank the little man who installed the electric lights in the ROACH office, removing the whale lamps.

BETH BURLINGAME  
Editor-in-Chief  
1966-67