#### Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology

#### Rose-Hulman Scholar

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## Volume 6, Issue 9 - December 17, 1970

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VOLUME 6, NUMBER 9

ROSE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

**DECEMBER 17, 1970** 

### UNCLE SAM WANTS "YOU!"

SOPHOMORES! If you are wondering how you are going to pay for your next two years at Rose and you would welcome at Rose and you would welcome a chance to become involved in society's problems, try qualifying for a two year ROTC scholarship. Applications are now being accepted until 15 January 1971. If you qualify, your scholarship will pay for your tuition, books, supplies and most fees. You will also be paid fifty dollars a month, tax free, for subsistence. Your two year scholarship benefits will total approximately \$6,000 over the two year period, depending upon your academic major.

In return, you agree to serve as an officer in the United States Army for four yearstwo more than other ROTC graduates—and may qualify for a commission in the Regular Army. As an officer you will be given positions of responsibility where you will work with men and women from all parts of the United States-a microcosm of the society we live in and a focus of its problems including civil rights, national security, drugs, the environmental and cultural conflicts.

For details of this program, see your ROTC instructor or stop by the ROTC administrative office. Literature is also available in the hall outside the ROTC office if you would prefer to read about it first.

## TOMMYKNOCKERS

by Bill Strahle

ITEM: I hear grumblings from more than a few students about the policy of continuing classer up to and including the day before finals. I frankly don't know what it take to get any rational explanation of this practice from the faculty or administrative personnel concerned. Sure they're willing to TALK to you about it-if you guess right, corner the proper people, and don't mind being buried in ten-year-old statistics

(Continued on Page Three)

## Season's Greetings SHE'S JUST A "BABE UNTITLED I

In times of eight they voted to office men of hate. In times of nine time was no longer mine.

The men of hate of blood had ate and found it to their like. Knowing well the lost cause there we stood to fight;

Fought for the lost cause because, because

we had words

and love

And they had rifles and bullets and coffins.

They did not spare those rifles

those bullets

or coffins.

We did die.

They hailed our deaths; were glad to see us gone, but gone we aren't as they will find. They say we don't know what the fight and fear the fight.

We scream, we yell, we cry, we weep; they do not hear. they only fear.

They deplore our violence

obscenity

profanity

Truly, a burden of crime for peace-loving people.

They are guilty of murder.

-Brian E. Blair '74

IN THE WOODS"

As told to "The Woods by Frannie Frat Party

One of the obstacles freshmen are forced to cope with, recover from, and eventually overlook, is their first college

fraternity party.

Your first expectation of the frat party, assuming you've found someone sweet enough to do you the honor of fixing you up, is complete joy, almost ecstasy. She tells you he'll call Thursday night, so you perch yourself three inches from the nearest phone booth, making sure everyone on phone duty at every other phone knows where you are.

Finally, the phone rings, and it's for you. Nervously, you say "hello," and a male voice at the other end replies, "Are you the girl who wants to get fixed up with me?" "Well," you figure, "everyone's allowed one slip of the tongue."

Then comes the question you've dreaded, "What do you look like?" Upon evasion of this question, the conversation abruptly ends with, "I'll see vou Saturday night," which can be interpreted, "I'll give you the once over Saturday night, baby."

Those next two and a half days are spent figuring out how to attire your too large body in something that won't make your date feel like he's taking out Sidney the elephant. When you decide you're as much the finished product as you'll ever be, the girl down the hall screams, "It's here," and you begin to think, "I've got a cutie, she can't even tell what

(Continued on Page Four)

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## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir:

As you know, serious consideration has been given to eliminating lectures from some of our courses this quarter. Both the physics department and the math department have offered self-teaching courses which have abandoned the lecture, and it is rumored that next quarter will see Physics IV being taught entirely by the new, no-lecture method used this quarter. However, before we all join the race to jump on the "new methods" bandwagon, it would be well for us to examine what we are leaving at the starting line and what awaits us at the finish.

The essence of education is the transfer of knowledge from one person's head to another's. This can conceivably be accomplished through a textbook alone, but there will always be questions that a student will ask but which won't be answered adequately by the text. Thus we come to the novel idea of a person to person approach, and the teacher is born. The function of the teacher is not to be a substitute for the text, but a supplement and guide to it. His task is to offer new approaches to the material in the text (e.g. an historical, continuous development approach to physics rather than the static one presented in the text); to give an overall understanding and perspective to the text; to stimulate interest in his subject; to stimulate curiosity,

thought, and questioning in his students; to answer questions asked by the student; to find out why questions aren't asked if none are; to require more than a superficial understanding of his students; to make sure that his students are making satisfactory progress in their studies; and to perform all of the myriad other tasks which are associating with transferring knowledge. His only obstacle in accomplishing these ends, once he decides he wants to accomplish them, is

Unfortunately, the student and teacher at Rose are failing at the most fundamental level in their mutual endeavor of transferring knowledge from head to head. The lecture method of teaching is failing for two primary reasons: 1.) the student almost never prepares for class in advance and 2.) once in class, there is all too little communication be-tween student and teacher. We, as students, have all heard comments about boring lectures. I'm sure it's boring for the teacher, too, when he comes to class and asks for questions only to be met with a barrage of silence. Of course, there are no questions, because no one has studied or even looked at the material beforehand. So, the teacher, being now reduced to a textbook, has no alternative but to start plowing through the material, at which time the student becomes completely bewildered and goes to sleep. Of course, lectures are boring and unproductive under these conditions! The problem, therefore, is for the teacher to

stimulate or force preparation for class. Couldn't he give daily homework that counts a good part of the term's grade, or give pop quizzes every day, or just get extremely angry when no one is prepared, if nothing else will work. Making the first week of school unnecessary, supplementary material so that the student could get a head start during this time might possibly be a good

Once the student starts preparing for class, he will hopefully have the rudimentary knowledge needed to ask questions and enter into discussions. It may then be time for the teacher to forego some of his textbook substitution activities and devote some time to answering questions, offering new approaches to the material, probing the student to see what he does and does not know, and developing ways of helping him to greater understanding. There is much too little of this probing communication between student and teacher in classes today. I may be somewhat unaverage in this respect but

four-fifths of my teachers have neither spoken to me nor heard me speak in their classes during the nine weeks of this quarter. Communication and questioning is as important to the teacher as it is to the student in learning well.

The new physics method of teaching has managed to force the student to keep up, with its test deadlines, but there seems to be much lacking in it as well as in the lecture method. When are the questions of the student answered? Surely the short time it takes to grade a test is

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not sufficient for this purpose, and the teachers involved have admitted that few students see them with questions outside class hours. Isn't the student missing something when the only contact he has with the teacher is during the grading of his test? The new physics method has succeeded in forcing the student to keep up, true, but it has also replaced the es-



sential communication between student and teacher, which is at least possible in the lecture, with a book and a brief tenminute tutoring sessions once or twice a week.

This may have all sounded very idealistic and impractical. But it is fundamentally involved in the major problems of education at Rose, from the Humanities student who mumbles to himself all quarter that Hum. is worthless but never says so to the teacher, to the physics student who has a question but never asks it or simply never is prepared enough to ask a question and understand. The teaacher MUST start probing and querying to find out if the student is making progress, what questions he is asking himself, and what stage of understanding he has reached and the student MUST start probing and questioning the teacher in an attempt to increase his understanding. Neither the traditional lecture method nor the newer physics

method of teaching can realize their full potential until this is accomplished and the existing canyon in student-teacher communication is bridged.

-Name withheld upon request

LETTER TO EDITOR
Dear Friends and Fellow Students:

Our campus sits along the northwest edge of Escambia Bay, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico at Pensacola, Florida. So far this year, Escambia Bay has suffered over 60 major fish kills, each one of close to or more than a million fish—food fish, sport fish, "commercial fish," you name it.

These kills have been traced to industries and municipalities north of and on the bay, which have been using the Escambia River and the bay for a dump. One such industry is the Monsanto Co., which, as of January, 1970, was dumping into the river, and the bay, the following wastes:

10,000 lbs.-day 5-day biological oxygen demand

3,900 lbs.-day total organic carbon

1,875 lbs.-day TKN

1,331 lbs.-day nitrite nitrogen 1,104 lbs.-day ammonia nitrogen and nitrite

421 lbs.-day total phosphate 264 lbs.-day ortho phosphate.

One of Monsanto's most advertised and ecologically deleterious products is Astro Turf, an artificial grass; some of its other products are Arochlor (1250) compounds and herbicides. Because our public officials have been tragically slow to respond, and because citizen initiated "pollution control" legislation is being successively weakened and stifled, and will have only moderate "success" if ever passed, we have concluded that only economic sanctions can force the industries involved to recycle their wastes and quit using the Escambia River-the public domain-for a dump.

We intend to take sanctions against all industries, of which there are six locally, dumping into the Escambia River and the bay. To establish our effectiveness, we have decided to begin by calling for a boycott of Astro Turf, the Monsanto product that depends most heavily on the college market. We desperately need your support. There is nothing less at stake than the bay itself-the bay which is an integral part of our biosphere, is essential to a balanced environment.

It doesn't take much thought to realize that Escambia Bay is about as important to you as it is to us. By supporting our boycott you not only deny revenue to an enemy of the bay, you also help assert, for once, that our waters and our skies are not dumps, and that even large industries must be held responsible for their wastes.

-Responsible Env. Act
Program
P.O. Box 294
Gonzalez, Fla. 32560

#### **TOMMYKNOCKERS**

(Continued from Page One)

—but have they shown a willingness to use this media to explain their position to all of the students? No? Then let me suggest that this topic be placed on the agenda of the next joint student-faculty meeting.

ITEM: There was no winner in the RPI Racing Association Rally held last Sunday. Even the president, Ed Krome, did not attend. We had the party though, and those few members who ACTIVELY support the club's functions had a great time!

ITEM: A joint spring concert with St. Mary's is a great idea. Our activities board deserves a commendation for this!

ITEM: Merry Christmas from the staff.



if you want to be thanked with a kiss . . . give a kiss-inspiring gift . . .

FROM



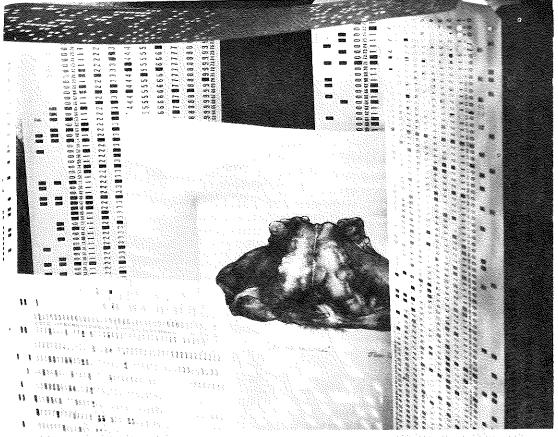
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John Silk Deckard is a social philosopher whose vocabulary comprises the human form and the gestures thru which human beings typically speak their most honest feelings.

His dedicated concern, involvement and commitment rather than social alienation is clearly reflected in his works. Inevitably these works, (which are being displayed at the Swope Art Gallery) disturb a

complacent society, for Deckard grabs intentionally at feelings and intellect, often ignoring conventional beauty and compositional propriety. He endows his figures with a savage restlessness. Indeed, his forms twist, tremble and nervously intertwine and, with Michelangelesque impact, convey a kind of inner fury, a sense of the tragic struggle of contemporary man to return to his self and to his Gods. And whether conscious-

ly intended or not, the social correlates cannot be ignored. For with insight and subtle wit, Deckard shouts loudly of the aspirations and triumphs of our age . . . and also of its futilities, its sins and its pretentions.

Tied up in our computerized world of tense, day-to-day living, John Deckard's works provide a release for our pent up emotions.

## SHE'S JUST A "BABE IN THE WOODS"

(Continued from Page One)

sex he is."

The big moment arrives, you meet him, and thirty-million voices inside you keep saying, "Go on, you're not going to marry him, it's only five hours out of your life." Two minutes later, you're in the car and off to the frat party at a place that looks somewhat like a tenement house.

At any rate, you give the building the once over, and say to yourself, "It looks harmless enough, all right, I'll go in." Then you find that everyone has the same introductory line, "drinks are that-a-way," so you drag your thirsty but "I don't drink" date this-a-way.

About this time, your date begins an explanation of the house, because within ten minutes of captivity inside, one starts to believe that the twilight zone really does exist. "The house," he says, "is owned by four electrical engineers," which is why every light in the house behaves as if it is broken, and completely turns off between songs on the tape. He leaves out, however, that this also applies to the bathroom.

When your date begins pouring down the eighth beer, you begin thinking, "Maybe I misunderstood him when he told me he didn't drink." But no matter, the beer put him into dreamland about 10:30 p.m. You are left to wander about the house giving everyone there the impression, "She's either on something, because no normal person looks that lost, or she's here stag." Mind you, it's all couples.

About 11 p.m. you're forced to wake the poor lad up with

the startling question, "Am I boring you?" When he doesn't reply, but makes a mad dash to the washroom, you begin to think, "No, I'm making him sick," only to see him returning looking like an empty beer can.

Not knowing anyone, you could begin talking to yourself in this situation. The only hopeful thing that comes out of your mouth is, "Things could be worse," only to come to the rude awakening that the couple you were to have had a ride home with never showed up. Even talking to yourself doesn't help at that point, so you remember where you go to school, and begin to pray.

Then it happens, a miracle. A sober senior offers you a lift home. You grab your coat, and deliberately forget to tell Joe College you're leaving.

Of course, you can't believe it

## ENGINEERS NOW 4-2; ILLINOIS COLLEGE HERE FRIDAY

Following two home games over the past weekend, Rose's Engineers travel to Indianapolis tonight for a battle with always tough Indiana Central and then return to Shook Fieldhouse for an encounter with former conference foe Illinois College. At Indiana Central, the Engineers will attempt to return to their winning ways after an 87-76 loss to Baldwin Wallace here Monday night.

Baldwin Wallace took advantage of some 22 Rose turnovers caused by their full court press to come from a six point deficit midway through the second half to a commanding ten point spread with seven minutes to play. Rose's inability to convert the first shot on numerous bonus situations late in the game spoiled their comeback hopes as the teams matched baskets the remainder of the way.

A back injury to D. J. Cordero has proved costly as his height, experience, and consistent play when healthy have been sorely missed in the past

two games.			
ROSE	$\mathbf{FG}$	$\mathbf{FT}$	$\mathbf{TP}$
Dougan	. 0	2	2
Bennett	. 1	0	2
Eppen	. 7	4	18
Snyder	1	3	11
Butwin	_	3	13
Cordero	. 2	1	5
Black	. 1	6	8
Eades	. 3	1	7
Wadsworth	. 3	4	10
Totals	26	24	76
BALDWIN			
WALLACE	$\mathbf{F}\mathbf{G}$	FT	ΤР
Marsh		2	4
	12	4	28
Martin	14	4	40

16

12

5

3

15

Johnson ..... 7

Lane .....4

McElfresh ..... 5

Kopania ...... 1

Wise ..... 1

Totals ..... 36

even happened. But the problem is to keep yourself from believing that all rosebuds aren't weeds in disguise, that one just got planted in the wrong flower pot.

Editor's Note: The preceding article was reprinted from the November 19 issue of the St. Mary's Student Newspaper, "The Woods."