

Can we support a black community?

Whether through some intense desire to express its Christianity or some attempt to follow the trend on other campuses, Loras College, some time ago, made the commitment to establish and support a black community.

Last week that black community felt the need to take drastic measures in expressing what it called "needs for survival" to the white element on campus and in the city. The result was the take-over of Henion Manor, the disruption of almost an entire week's normal business and a general wave of shock in the academic and civic com-

munities from which some say we will never recover.

Suddenly that great Christian community which invited and recruited black students to participate in its educative process was not so sure it had done the right thing.

The deliberations and administrative hesitations about the rights and needs for the black students to have the facilities of a black culture house have been bandied about in one forum after another. We will not take the time to fall into that particular syndrome. Nor will we ever advocate violence or the dis-

ruption of any individual's rights, no matter how hard-pressed the issue. It is only fair to mention here that while the Loras administration ruminated and shuffled its feet during last week's activities, Msgr. Driscoll did act with restraint. Twice, he had the opportunity to use police action in forcing evictions, but he did not.

Administrative hesitancy has always been a problem here. The black students occupied Henion Manor and Msgr. Driscoll hesitated about what to do, then negotiated. After the black culture house had been given a temporary site in Smyth Hall, the black students themselves were put on trial and suspended — presumably the culture house would be left for white students to maintain. Then again, after the suspensions had all been handed out, the decision was reversed; this time under intense pressure from representatives of Dubuque's other two colleges.

This lack of a definite stand seems to be what both black and white students have resented for a long time. "What we're looking for is just a definite 'yes' or 'no' answer," Tommy Jackson told us in a news conference.

The unfortunate thing is that had the Loras community been committed to the same standards under which it initially invited black students here, there may have been no take-over of Henion Manor, and much less embarrassment for everybody all the way around. We at Loras must learn to accept the fact that if we want a black community in our midst, all of us—not just Msgr. Driscoll—are going to have to prepare to make some sacrifices to keep it.

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At the opening day Mass of the 1968-69 school year, Msgr. Driscoll cited a passage which he said was inscribed over the portals of a medieval university. "Enter to learn; learn to serve"—that was the phrase and it was emphatically applied to the lives of Lorasmen, if we remember that morning's sermon correctly.

In a community atmosphere we have not gone far in "learning to serve" if we have not taken the trouble to serve our own. Yet we at Loras stand staunchly on "normal channels" without which we say we cannot serve the critical and urgent needs of our brothers. Perhaps while trying to establish a Christian identity for this the oldest college in Iowa, we have somehow turned the entire Christian concept around. When Christ fed the five thousand he didn't allow the crowd to go hungry while he put the question through proper channels.

Perhaps, as some say, Loras College never could and never will be able to adequately support a black community. If that is the case, we might quietly apologize to the black students, tell them we didn't mean what we originally said and ask them to leave before they or we are deluded any further.

Or perhaps it is we who have not yet "learned to serve" who bear some responsibility for last week's events. We presume that by "to serve" our priest-president meant something more than warming chairs at a committee meeting.

'Raiders' cause damage

On September 25, 1969, a "panty raid" was held at Clarke College. Participants were identified as Loras College students. Estimates of the number of students who occupied Clarke's Mary Josita Hall for a 20-minute period range as high as 200.

At the raid, \$551.80 worth of individual's clothing and other personal property was stolen, two windows broken, and other property damage done. The total cost of the night's activities ran well over \$600.

Furthermore, five women in Mary Josita Hall were subjected to physical abuse approaching the legal definition of assault and battery, being dragged across the floor of the building, and pushed into walls. One young lady who declined to be identified was bruised on one leg from hip to ankle.

Virtually all the occupants of the building were subjected to foul, profane and abusive language for no apparent purpose except the amusement of those Lorasmen participating. "We were shocked to see our own boyfriends acting like animals," one girl told us.

The usual appeal to "the honor of the Lorasman" was made by the Student Senate. Various pick-up points were located where raiders could return the stolen property with no questions asked. As of last Friday, only \$52.00 worth of the coveted lingerie has been returned.

It was not until a month later that a Senate resolution dated October 25 was drafted by President Bill Schrier advocating reparations and prosecution of the guilty parties. At that time, a number of the victims from Clarke arrived at a Senate meeting to plead their case. They were made to wait from 7:15 until 8:55 p.m. when the Senate enthusiastically moved for adjournment with-

out even considering them or Schrier's resolution.

Schrier and other authorities were finally able to form a committee made up of representatives from both colleges. That group's first meeting has been scheduled for today.

We find it totally appalling that such decadent and ruinous activity can be so casually passed over by the Loras community. Nowhere did we hear the chorus of reproach from alumni, friends and benefactors that arose after 16 black students occupied Henion Manor.

16 black Lorasmen occupied a building in what they considered a serious and desperate cause. Personal rights were violated, but none of the 16 can be accused of causing property damage or physical violence. Vengeance upon them was swiftly initiated and advocated—save for an eleventh-hour pardon by Msgr. Driscoll.

Yet at this time, there are many Lorasmen walking this campus (50-60 of them positively identifiable but for fear of reprisal on the part of the women who might do so) who are guilty of the abuse of young women and the theft of their personal affects, all in the name of a good time. Concerning this, not one of them have been approached, nor has anyone seemed to become excited. All of which brings us to some speculation about racist attitudes on this campus and in Dubuque.

But perhaps it is not correct to attach a "racist" label to this issue. Could it be that the academic and civic communities do not mind students who expend their energies on traditional "pranks." Perhaps only those students who are seriously and desperately concerned about changing the obsolete but secure way of doing things can rouse a reaction from the typically numbed sensibilities of people in this vicinity.



'Parietal hours—nothing! They're piranha hours!'

by Wm. Rabor

"Oh, hello, Portnoy," my roommate, Chester, greeted me as I walked into our room. His girlfriend, Linda, was sitting on my bed. "Aren't the new parietal hours groovy?"

"Groovy," I smiled. "Say, it's been a hard afternoon—my pre-med Russian archaeology course is going badly. I think I'll shower and relax. I can undress in Harry's room."

"You can't. Cynthia and her sister Fleda are in there," my roommate replied.

"Then I'll use Big Eddy's room."

"Sorry. The girls' cheerleading section came up to autograph the cast on his arm."

"Oh," I said hollowly. "Well, who needs to shower anyway. I'll just dash a little cologne on. What's this?"

"Don't use that, Portnoy," said Linda. "I thought that since I'll be visiting Chester so often, I'd leave a few things on hand so I can freshen up right here. Oh, by the way I also left some things in your bureau—you know, slacks and

blouses. Chester's was full. We knew you'd understand."

"Certainly," I answered feebly, mentally picturing myself groping sleepily some morning for a t-shirt and coming up with a blouse.

"Kinda like bringing the panty raid right to you, huh, Portnoy," Chester cracked.

I tried to devastate him with a withering stare, but just then there was a knock at the door.

"Hello," said a little girl in a uniform as I opened it. "Our club heard about your new parietal hours and decided to come up and see if you'd like some Girl Scout cookies."

Somehow the kid reminded me of Ida Lupino.

"I'll take a box," I said, the taste of ashes filling my mouth. "Chester, do you want..."

Chester and Linda were cooing to each other on my bed, oblivious to all reality.

"Here's a dollar, beat it, Ida."

"How'd you know my name, mister?"

I shut the door hurriedly. Chester was wiping lipstick stains off his face with my pillow case.

"Chester!" I started to protest, but the words were drowned out by a chorus of amazon voices across the hall singing "Ninety-nine Bottles of Beer on the Wall."

My vision blurred and with a pounding in my ears I staggered outside only to collide with a girl.

"Watch where you're going, clumsy," the vixen screamed. "This isn't just a men's dorm anymore — there are LADIES present." And fluffing her hair she strode into the men's john.

"Parietal hours—nothing!" I gasped as everything went black. "There're piranha hours!"

I slumped to the floor just in time to be trampled by the entire Women's Rosary League of St. Ubald's Church come to pray for peace.



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