



MCNA award winners: Julie Boggiano, Lynda Carnes, Elizabeth Vollmer, Margaret Hesse, Joe Pottinger, Paul Graser, Tamitra McCormick
Photo by Pam Janssen

Fontbonne Wins Nine In State Competition

By Lisa Williams

The evening of Saturday, April 1 at Southeast Missouri State University, the *Fontbannner* won nine awards out of thirteen categories entered in the Missouri College Newspaper Association statewide competition. Overall there were twenty-four categories. Lynda Carnes, Editor-in-Chief Emeritus of the *Fontbannner*, represented Fontbonne at the awards ceremony and banquet.

The *Fontbannner* took first place in Page One Design, and third place in both Special Supplement/Section and Overall Design.

Individual awards for first place honors in News Writing went to Margaret Hesse and Elizabeth Vollmer for their article on then-candidate Bush's St. Louis Student Journalist News Conference. Hardy Pottinger also took first place in the Non-Political/Entertainment Cartoon category.

Julie Boggiano earned a second place for In-Depth News Reporting with her article about a girl's struggle with anorexia-bulimia. Lynda Carnes received second for her article "Out of the Class: Business Law Goes to Prison" in the category of Feature Writing. Paul Graser took second in Sports Column with "The Penalty Box."

Tamitra McCormick won third place for Entertainment Review with her article on the BSA's soul food dinner.

The event started Friday night with a display of all the entries. Carnes said, "After I checked out our competition, I was sure that we could at least win four categories."

On Saturday all the representatives were invited to attend the workshops planned for the day. These took place in the University Center's Private Dining Room. Some of the speakers were Patrick Gauen from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, Lisa Waddell of *The Commercial Appeal* in Memphis, Tennessee, and John Cutsinger, design expert from Austin, Texas.

The speaker for the awards was Jeffrey Marx, a Washington correspondent for the *Lexington Herald-Leader*. Marx has written for a wide variety of newspapers and magazines including the *Washington Post*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Chicago Tribune*, and *The Sporting News*.

Various members of the award-winning team commented on the reason for our success. Feature Editor Margaret Hesse attributes the *Fontbannner's* achievements to the fact that "We're just good. I was glad to see our hard work paid off." Sports Editor Paul Graser says, "It came as a surprise to me but hey, we deserved it." "Good leadership," "cooperation," and "hard work," were also cited.

The *Fontbannner* is ready and waiting for next year's competition. The staff is confident it could do even better.

College Adopts First Anti-Drug Policy

By Margaret Hesse

Due to the federal Drug-Free Workplace Act which became effective March 1, Fontbonne has made a statement of compliance and has initiated a drug-free awareness program.

The statement reads, "The unlawful manufacture, distribution, dispensing, possession, or use of a controlled substance is prohibited at Fontbonne College." The law, however, does not classify tobacco or alcohol as a "controlled substance."

If an employee violates this he will be dismissed for the remainder of the day with loss of pay and placed on ninety-day disciplinary probation. In addition, he will be encouraged and perhaps required to participate in an approved drug rehabilitation program. A repeated offense while on probation will result in termination. The Department of Education will be notified of any offenses.

This new statement by the college has "forced us to address this issue on a straight forward basis," according to Mel Patton, Vice-President of Business and Financial Affairs.

"Previously, we had policies that were general and could be interpreted several ways. This is much more specific."

The drug-free awareness program stresses that the unlawful use of a controlled substance is dangerous and places all employees, students, and guests of the college at personal risk. Not only is this use unlawful, but it is "contrary to the spirit and mission of Fontbonne College."

Patton explained, "This has an impact not only on employees but on students as well." The federal law now requires all students receiving a Pell Grant to sign a statement of drug-free compliance for the period covered

by the grant.

Education Secretary Lauro F. Cavazos announced this month that Education Department investigators will be making spot checks at colleges across the United States to determine whether students receiving Pell Grants have signed the pledge and if they are, in fact, drug-free. The investigations will not include drug tests but will rely on tips from the public. Students found violating the law could be stripped of aid or lose qualification for all federal aid for an as-yet-undetermined number of years.

Patton feels that Fontbonne's approach is not overreactive. "Our program indicates serious penalties, but it still leaves a margin in terms of rehabilitation. This is a good policy that will not hurt the school. In fact, it's a positive step in the war against drugs."

Work Study Pay Hiked 19%

By Joyce Nowak

Students involved in College Work Study have been waiting a long time for this good news. Richard Klemm, Director of Financial Aid, advises that as of the end of this semester the hourly wage for Work Study students will increase to \$4.00 from the current \$3.35.

The current pay scale, according to Klemm, has been at the \$3.35 level "at least five years." The \$.65 an hour increase may not look like much at first, but the maximum earnings for a student with a Work Study will increase from \$1400 to \$1800 for the coming school year. Klemm describes the increase as "significant."

College Work Study is awarded to approximately 100 Fontbonne students each year although not all students utilize these

awards. "The intent of the increase is two-fold. It will be more attractive to students. Time spent working will be more beneficial and will reduce their dependency on borrowing funds," Klemm explains.

"The Financial Aid office has always been concerned about the amount of loan debt the student has had to assume," says Klemm. This pay increase is to the students' benefit because they will have to borrow less money.

Even though a nineteen percent increase is indeed significant, students on Work Study will agree that it has been long overdue. Hopefully, the next wage increase will not take another five years in coming.



Caroline Kovar, Laura Butler, and Meredith Hanley, performers in "Ladies in Retirement" see page 6
photo by Pam Jansen

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If You Can't Beat 'Em, Lead 'Em

How about that Missouri College Newspaper Association awards-winning *Fontbanner*?

and there was much rejoicing

Not too shabby for a bunch of English majors.

Our first time at bat and we won, placed, or showed in nine of thirteen shots on goal. (Okay, so I mixed up the jargon a bit. What do I look like, a sports columnist?)

While we're on the subject, congratulations are in order to the illustrious Paul Graser for outstanding performance by a writer in a sporting role. Actually, he did very little to earn that coveted distinction. He's simply notorious for stealing the credit on someone else's achievement.

And I want my \$12.50 back.

By now you've probably noticed the unmistakable lack of blue ribbon attached to this, my humble literary endeavor. Believe me, I noticed it, too.

Oh sure, In-Depth Reporting got me a red, but my column didn't do jack.

I was robbed, I tell you. I demand a recount.

Word has it, though, that the entire Fea-

ture Column racket at the competition was rigged. Wads of money changed hands, and due to prior engagements at a wilderness resort, none of it was mine.



You're not the
only one

By Julie Boggiano

According to sources at the awards ceremony, "humor, derision, and subversiveness held no place there." Apparently, mine was the only entry possessing any true intellectual value. The other columns in that category, I'm told, all blandly "dealt with Issues."

And that's why I didn't even make runner-up.

Hah. The judges can at least do me the respect of admitting a jealousy so violently

obsessive that they just couldn't bring themselves to give my work any further praise.

Yet another example of man's senseless inhumanity to man.

I don't deal with Issues?

Who was responsible for the obliteration — total and with extreme prejudice — of

Censorship, on this campus and in its publications?

And to whom did the editorial board of the *Fontbanner* offer a formal apology of grovelling for ever daring to infringe on my First Amendment rights?

Who, I charge you, was asked — nay, PLEADED (and still insultingly not paid) — to become the paper's fearless leader and new Editor-in-Chief (not without my dear colleague Lisa)?

I'm speaking rhetorically here; please, don't holler out your answers.

By failing to recognize the universal magnitude of my writing, the MCNA has done me a great injustice and simultaneously risked its own credibility as a journalistic paradigm.

I don't know about you, but I wouldn't want to be wearing their spats.

Oh I'm not bitter, you understand. It's just that my readership won't take this kind of abuse. We normally get even.

Perhaps by next year's awards competition, this heinous sin may be annulled. I remain skeptical, but one never knows.

I'm always skeptical.

Retreads: I Beg Your Pardon?

By Gail Gartelos

Older than most students, older than some instructors — yes. But retreat?

Retreads are worn-out, abandoned, utilitarian objects which have had a cosmetic coating applied to them to give the appearance of serviceability.

Now, there are many things you may call me: older, returning student, non-traditional, liberated woman, ex-suburban housewife. But worn-out, abandoned, utilitarian — I don't think so. If I wanted that kind of abuse I would have stayed married.

I agree that there are not many captions one could put over this column that all would

like, let alone agree with. I think it should reflect our mental attitude upon returning to school. Think about how you would feel if suddenly you went back to grade school.

Would you fit in? Would your "peers" accept you? Would the teacher be intimidated by your very presence? Could you handle the work? What if you asked stupid questions? Should they call you by your given name or MRS.? Do you call the instructor by his given name or MR.? (Exception: Doctor Burgo. I can't imagine calling him "Don.")

So maybe "Searchers" would more aptly describe my attitude towards school and myself. It implies an awareness on my part that there are many things I do not know, but really wish to learn about. Yet it doesn't have that humorous ring to it, does it?

Do we have to be segregated once more from our peers by a title? Maybe no title at all would suffice. Perhaps a perspective, a glimpse, or a thought would work. Let the title, if there has to be one, reflect my joy in learning and thinking. Let it somehow state that I am proud of myself AND my years. I'm glad to be at school now, at this point in my life, when I have a different perspective on learning and life.

That's it! A Different Perspective.



Cafe Dawns the Age of Aquarius' Coffee House

By John J. McGrath

The evening of Tuesday, April 11, Fontbonne held its first Coffee House jam session in the Cafe from 7 p.m. to midnight.

A league of amateur musicians and vocalists from around campus entertained a small gathering of friends with music from the sixties and seventies, along with traditional folk favorites. Complimentary cookies, tea, and coffee were available from the snack bar.

Other performances included Sr. Sean Peters' delightful oration of "Cinderella" done entirely in spoonerisms, and Kevin Jones' dramatic interpretation of a scene from "A Raisin in the Sun."

Some who lent their musical talent for the

night included Sean Holland - bass, Mike DelRosario - electric guitar, Jason Sommer - banjo, Jim Ford, Dave Pigago, and John McGrath - acoustic guitar, and Jenny Liermann and Julie Boggiano - vocals.

The Literacy Council of Greater St. Louis will hold tutor training sessions on Fontbonne's main campus in June and July. Anyone interested in becoming a tutor in the war against illiteracy should contact Peggy Liggett at 889-1409.

Graduation Events

Honors Convocation
Monday, April 24
Fine Arts Theatre 7:30 p.m.

'89 Hours Drink
Tuesday, May 9
Millbrook Cafe 8:30 p.m.

Baccalaureate Mass
Friday, May 12
Ryan Chapel 7:30 p.m.

Official Toast
Friday, May 12
AMC Precedes Ball

Graduation Ball
Friday, May 12
AMC 9:00 p.m.

Commencement
Saturday, May 13
Library Quadrangle 1:30 p.m.

Reception
Saturday, May 13
AMC Following Commencement



Fontbanner

Editorial Staff

Editors-In-Chief: Lisa Williams and Julie Boggiano

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Cartoonist: Hardy Pottinger **Staff Photographer:** Kristina Wellpott

Staff Writers: Carrie Goldring, Darrell Haynes, Tamitra McCormick, John J. McGrath, Jasna Meyer, Joyce Nowak, Elizabeth Vollmer, Kristina Wellpott

Supplement Editor: Amy Smoucha

Editor-In-Chief Emeritus: Lynda Carnes

Faculty Adviser: Jason Sommer

Focus on Abortion Issues

Reflecting on a Difficult Choice

By Lynda Carnes

We'll call her Emily. She was a classic "good Catholic girl," raised in a devout Catholic home. She attended parochial school as a child and she knew the Church's views on

"I was choosing the lesser of two evils. Getting pregnant meant having physical signs that everyone could see."

sexuality, contraception, and abortion.

She believed that people who had abortions were horrible, unforgiveable. There was no excuse for not using contraception,

and righting one wrong with another was even worse. But when Emily was sixteen and found herself pregnant, she felt trapped between her mother's anger and an unloving church.

"I was terrified. The Church ostracized girls who got pregnant. I saw a girl go through it. Everybody said she was doing the right thing by having her baby and giving it up for adoption. But there was this attitude that she had to be punished for being pregnant. Even after she went to another parish, people still whispered about her as if she didn't deserve to be talked about out loud.

"My mother had been warning me, 'Don't get pregnant. It would be a terrible burden. Your life would be miserable. You will never fulfill your dreams.'

"I tried to tell her about it, but she said she would send me out of town if I ever became pregnant. My baby would be given up for adoption. I would never go to college. She took away all my choices; my feelings were never considered. She thought everything I was doing was to her. She let me know that in her eyes I wasn't fit to be a mother, that I was not a responsible person."

For all the trouble Emily had with her parents, she didn't want to hurt them. They were prominent members of the Church and she was afraid of being exposed as pregnant. She didn't want them to be ashamed of her.

"As I saw it at the time, I was choosing the lesser of two evils. Being pregnant meant having physical signs that everyone could see. Being exposed in that way seemed more

threatening than having an abortion. I was aware that by choosing abortion, I was taking a life. But it seemed like survival of the fittest. It was an act of selfishness, but I didn't know it then."

Emily went to a physician she knew and he offered her options. He didn't perform abortions himself, but he gave her phone numbers for both abortion clinics and pro-life clinics. He didn't take a side. She felt that he treated her with compassion and respect; like someone who was young, scared, and in trouble, but still a responsible human being.

"Going into the clinic was strange. I was afraid of protestors, but they weren't there. I felt like I was going in for flu shots or something. The people were nice to me.

See CHOICE on page 7

Demonstrating for Pro-Life: Trista Nelson

By Theresa Mozelewski

Recent attention has been drawn to the abortion controversy because of demonstrations by both pro-life and pro-choice groups. Pro-life supporters travel sixteen hours by bus every January 21 to commemorate the anniversary of the Supreme Court decision on *Roe v. Wade* which legalized abortion, and to rally for its reversal which would make it illegal once again.

Fontbonne student Triska Nelson has attended four Washington marches. The *Washington Post* once interviewed her so people could get a young adult's perspective on the abortion issue. She says she goes "not to protest, but to show support for American women who are for the cause and want to keep their children."

The second year Nelson made the journey to Washington, dangerous weather conditions delayed her return to St. Louis. "We were taken to a Catholic school where we had to sleep in the school gym." Nelson felt it was a growing experience because the crowded quarters brought people together.

"Now they are like my family away from home. It was great to see all those people pull together for something they believed in."

Nelson's position is based on the belief that life begins at conception. "The people who are pro-choice present their argument as if it isn't a child in the womb. We have to examine the issue differently than if it were just a piece of tissue." Pro-choice supporters

are protecting the rights of women, but what about the rights of the unborn child?

"Unplanned pregnancies are much more common now than they were when abortion became legal. I went to school with girls who didn't use any method of birth control. They thought, 'I don't have to use the pill, I can just have an abortion.' In those cases the child has no chance. It is wrong to use abortion as birth control when there are so many other options for women today."

In the case of unplanned pregnancy, Nelson suggests looking into all the options before deciding what to do and perhaps joining support groups. Villa Maria Center and Birthright are two such organizations in the St. Louis area which offer support and suggestions without pressuring those seeking help.

Nelson believes the best form of counseling is talking to peers who are going through the same thing. "Both lives have to be considered. People can't separate the child's life from the mother's. One has to weigh the importance of the child's life against the problems and concerns of a pregnancy."

Pro-choice and pro-life groups both agree adoption is a viable solution, but it can be very difficult emotionally. "We can't make this so cut-and-dried, black-and-white. Each woman has a different situation and they have to be considered individually," she says.

Nelson isn't militant in her beliefs; she says she is more apt to write her senators than take part in a sit-in at an abortion clinic. She



believes abortion is wrong, but she doesn't force her opinion on anyone.

"Americans think you have to take a stand one way or the other. This isn't true. I can't make judgements about someone else's life. I don't know what they are going through."

Nelson doesn't think the U.S. could adjust to an immediate reversal of the *Roe v. Wade* decision. Smaller steps need to be made such as the pulling of federal funding of abortions. "The abortion controversy could be lessened by attacking the problem of

unplanned pregnancy. Sex education at a younger age, information on birth control, and programs for women who can't afford to keep their children are just some solutions that need to be looked into."

Pro-lifers support "life through life." Nelson says, "As young adults, we have the freedom to believe what we want. Everyone has his own opinion; we are not led blindly by our Church and families. We can decide for ourselves, but we must realize we are talking about children's lives. Abortion is killing children and that is just not right."

Ministering to Those Affected by Abortion

By Theresa Vossmeier

"If anything positive has come out of this debate, it's that we've become more open and caring for girls who have gotten pregnant outside of marriage and find themselves in an abortion situation.

"We're more aware of their real life difficulties and problems. I would like to see pro-life and pro-choice work together to have a community independent of abortion. Pro-choice advocates say abortion is a solution, but I don't think anyone really considers it an acceptable one," says Fr. Kevin Schmittgens of St. Sebastian Parish, an active participant in Project Rachel.

The Catholic Archdiocese of St. Louis began Project Rachel in order to reach out to women and others who have been involved in an abortion. Through loving, caring, and understanding, they help the people find spiritual and psychological healing.

Project Rachel began in November 1986

under the direction of Dr. Sue Havath. Its founder, Vincent M. Rue, Ph.D. is executive director of Sir Thomas Moore Marriage and Family Clinic of Southern California. The program is a collaboration of specially trained priests and licensed counselors who provide

"People mainly refer to me for reconciliation. I'm not simply a figurehead."

an intense post-abortion reconciliation.

Because of the secretive nature of abortion, many women go through the after-effects alone. According to Schmittgens, "There is a certain finality about it, and this is one of the most difficult things in working with people who have abortions. There is no

going back." This often brings on depression and feelings of guilt and grief. "That's where you really have to trust in what we believe, in the power of God's reconciliation and love."

Many women experience eating and sleeping problems, difficulties in concentration, nightmares, relationship problems, crying, nagging, self-blame, and anger. Counselors from Catholic Family Services and Social Workers for Life provide help in a manner less rigid than some might expect.

"People mainly refer to me for reconciliation purposes, but I do some counseling. I'm not simply a figurehead. We had to learn the psychological aspects of it, too. The church wanted specially trained priests who could be more compassionate," Schmittgens explains.

After an abortion, many feel a grave sense of loss, emptiness, and isolation — more than just the baby's mother. "Men as well as women feel the loss deeply," Schmittgens insists.

Who is responsible for these post-abortion victims?

"Part of the problem is that our male-dominated society focuses blame on the woman. We have fallen back on that. But what I would like to see is for us all to claim a certain level of responsibility."

After reconciliation, most women go on with their lives and some even become a viable part of the pro-life movement. These women have earned the ultimate credibility. They, more than anyone else, realize the effect abortion has on someone's life.

"We need to confront the problem of unwanted pregnancy and abortion before a woman feels trapped into this irreversible decision. The ultimate test for all of us, whether we are pro-choice or pro-life, lies in paying attention to these difficult situations."

Project Rachel is available to all victims of abortion. For information write Project Rachel, 462 N. Taylor, St. Louis, MO 63108 or call 531-8500.

Faculty Spotlight

Torrini Honors Police Killed in Line of Duty

By Lisa Williams

"How can you work in an environment like this?" he asks.

A student pipes in, "It's so cold my fingers can't hold the crayon to draw." While looking around the room with disgust, the man with the voice of Napoleon rallies his class to complain about the various injustices heaped upon the Art Department.

The speech dies as his face suddenly cracks into tiny lines of mirth. "Enough said. Bring me my easel and drawing pad." It is brought to him, in all haste, by two eager students. His hands begin moving frantically across the newsprint pad. The marks come together to produce first a primitive form, then a woman, and finally, the model. He steps back, looks at what he has done, and says, "Now you see, that's not bad."

It is a simple statement of fact, perhaps even an understatement. He finishes the linear drawing in under three minutes, while constantly saying, "From the universal to the particular."

His passion for reproducing what he sees with his hands goes far beyond teaching drawing. Unlike other artists, Rudolph E. Torrini's first love and his profession are one and the same. He has a passion for life that reveals itself through his ability to reshape what he sees with precision, whether he uses clay, conte crayon on newsprint paper, or simply the English language peppered with ample Italian expressions.

His resume sports an impressive list of exhibitions and commissions from the 1966 New York World's Fair at the Vatican Pavilion to the St. Patrick Church in Wentzville, Missouri. But much more impressive than the credits is the actual work. Torrini describes his works as "quiet" but this by no means tells the story.

Torrini's latest work, up for dedication on May 15, 1989, is a monument to police

officers who have died in the line of duty. The memorial, consisting of the nine-foot bronze statue placed upon a seven-foot pedestal, will overlook a thirty-foot granite slab containing the names of the policemen. The statue now stands in the lobby of the St. Louis Police Department on 12th and Clark Street.

When Torrini was first commissioned for the memorial, he had ideas about what it should be. His first presentation was of a dying police officer in the arms of an angel. This idea was rejected, so he had to rethink his process, which is much like that of a reporter's.

Torrini interviewed key subjects and called meetings to discuss ideas. Research also included getting background information on the police force and police work in general. He also saw pictures of the men who died in the line of duty. Some of the officers died before the invention of cameras, and for these men there was just a badge and a little black draped sash.

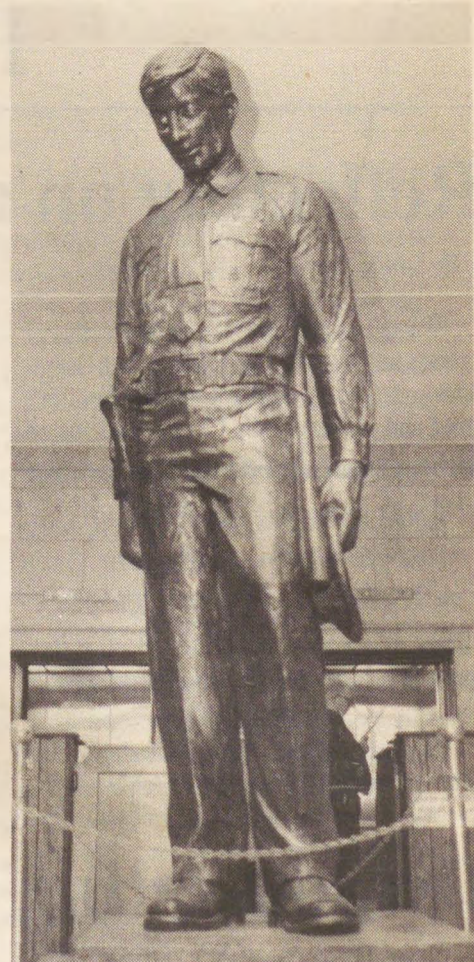
Finally Torrini came up with another equally beautiful idea that was also acceptable to the department. The figure he pre-

sented the second time was of a young cop standing tall in his uniform, head bowed, arms at his side and his hat in hand. The title of the monument is "The Rookie."

The ideas for Torrini's sculptures come from his imagination. However, in the case of this memorial, for some finishing touches Torrini needed an officer dressed in full attire. The officer, acting as model, gave Torrini insight into the policemen as well as the way the uniform fits the body. This particular officer made an excellent subject because he was feeling some of what "The Rookie" represents. The officer had recently shot someone, in the line of duty, for the first time.

About his commissions, Torrini says, "I have to give them what they want but didn't ask for."

The monument will be placed in front of the Civil Courts Plaza on 12th and Market Street and dedicated by Chief of Police Robert Scheetz on May 15 at 12:00 p.m. The speaker for the ceremony will be Jack Buck. The ceremony is open to the public and all are welcome.



"The Rookie" as sculpted by Rudolph Torrini.

Photo by Michael Williams

Harrison Spins Big Yarns for Little People

By Margaret Hesse

Annette Harrison, master storyteller, thrilled an audience of children, students, and faculty at Fontbonne with her "Story Theatre" on April 6.

Harrison, who has been performing for over ten years, was invited by Sherri Bryant, a graduate clinician in the Communication Disorders Department. Bryant first experienced Harrison's storytelling while working at the Clayton Child Center where Harrison performed once a week. It was then that Bryant decided to have Harrison put together a workshop for the Fontbonne community. "I thought it would be a great benefit to my kids."

Children from the Communication Disorders clinic and A Growing Place - Montessori School in Washington Hall sat in attention and actively participated in the stories. Harrison delighted the audience with three stories for the children and one adult story.

She combined movement, chant, and story to create a living experience. Her second story, about why the sun and moon stay in the sky, asked the children to imitate sea animals. One excited boy exclaimed, "I want there to be a dinosaur!" Harrison's skillful improvisation drew the children into the story.

Following the stories, the children left and Harrison conducted a workshop. She emphasized that the main requirement of storytelling is that "everyone has their own



Crayon drawing of an octopus by Jason, a visitor at A Growing Place, inspired by Harrison's story.

Photo by Pam Jansen

College Requests Response on Assessment Criteria

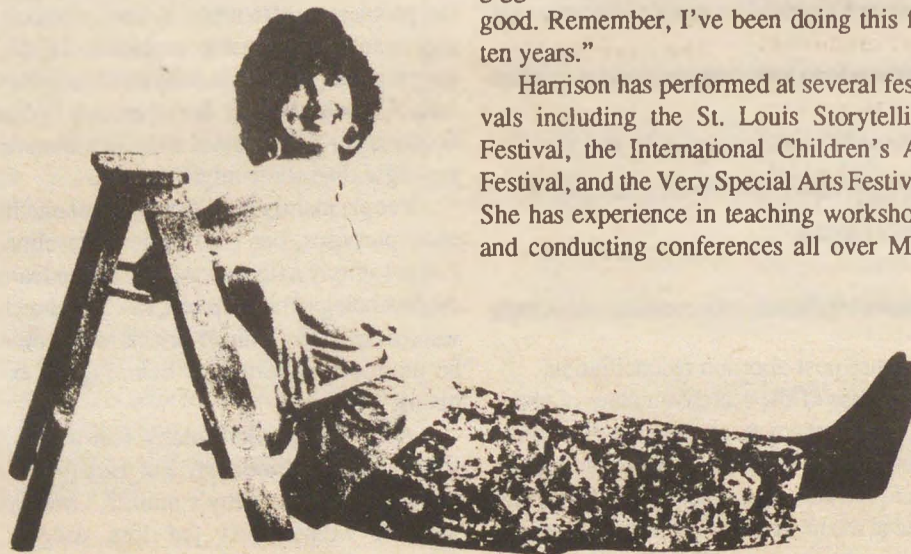
By Margaret Hesse

The ad hoc Committee on Assessment faces the problem of developing a plan to determine what students at Fontbonne have learned. The committee is required to do this in order to comply with both state and national accrediting agencies' emphasis on "accountability."

The preliminary statement reads, "Within a Catholic and a liberal arts tradition, Fontbonne College will create an environment and provide the tools for maintaining and promoting the search for truth. At Fontbonne, students will develop historical remembrance, critical reflection, moral resolve, thoughtful reverence, creativity, communicative abilities, leadership, self-confidence, and reverence toward diversity. Students will acquire professional competence, readiness to assume professional and social responsibility, an examined and evolving set of values, and a clearer self-knowledge."

Ad hoc Assessment Committee members are Sr. Sean Peters, Ann Spiller, Sr. Ruth Yates, Gary Zack, Sr. Margaret Camper, Tommie Frison, Bruce Halliday, and Laura Beekman.

The committee welcomes comments on the statement and suggestions for changes and additions.



style. Mine just happens to be high energy. But you must be true to your own personality."

Audience members, which included mainly Communication Disorders and Education students, asked several questions concerning how to get started. Harrison wisely stated, "In order to get rid of your inhibitions you will need to just jump into it and DO it. That's the only way." Then she giggled and smiled, "I didn't start out this good. Remember, I've been doing this for ten years."

Harrison has performed at several festivals including the St. Louis Storytelling Festival, the International Children's Art Festival, and the Very Special Arts Festival. She has experience in teaching workshops and conducting conferences all over Mis-

souri, and has entertained audiences ranging from preschool children to senior citizens. Her skills as both storyteller and educator have allowed her to participate in school residency programs funded by Young Audiences, Inc. and the Missouri Arts Council. She has also put together an audio cassette made up of her stories, follow-up activities, and recipes to encourage family togetherness entitled "A Dash of Seasoning."

The National Student Speech-Language-Hearing Association, a student organization, and Student Services sponsored the event. Bryant hopes to hold another workshop with the help of Early Childhood Education students. Bryant said, "I thought it was a huge success and we'd like to get more people involved next year."

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FB Literary Supplement

May 1989

Live To Tell

Elizabeth Vollmer

The light of a full moon crept between thick off-white curtains in an elderly couple's home, casting a shadow around a restless figure on a king-sized canopy bed. The figure was that of a woman . . . a woman with a disturbed expression even at this late hour while she slept. A grandfather clock chimed in some distant part of the house arousing her, and she sat up suddenly alert. Her dark crafty eyes darted about as she took in her surroundings, focusing on no particular object for any length of time. She clutched a crimson beaded rosary. It dangled from her wrist as she reached for a glass lamp on the cherrywood nightstand next to the bed. The antique clock near the lamp read 2 a.m. She pushed back the flower-printed bedspread, stepped onto the plush violet carpet, and limped over to the window. Her rough features became visible as she peered at the sky. Wrinkles creased downward from the corners of her mouth engraved by an ever present frown. Unruly eyebrows grew together over the bridge of her long nose. Her nostrils flared. Her brown curly hair would soon be gray as her roots were now. And her body . . . her poor fat body sagged. The woman lifted the rosary, holding it between her thumb and forefinger. She extended it as far away from her body as possible to create the illusion that it belonged in the sky . . . that it was somehow connected with the solar system. She spoke to the moon in a low raspy voice.

"Yes, I'm coming."

She then abandoned her place at the window, hobbling to the gray-stone fireplace across the room. The fire burning earlier had diminished into one smoldering coal. She watched as the warmth generated from that coal slowly faded, transforming it into a worthless piece of nothing. Having lost interest, she limped to the closet and painstakingly selected an outfit. She robed herself in white attire, grabbed her purse, and left the room, closing the door behind her.

Once in the hallway the woman stood motionlessly, breathing deeply and allowing her eyes to adjust to the darkness. She tiptoed quietly past her husband's bedroom so as not to awaken him. Her pace quickened upon reaching the living room and remained steady until she entered the garage. She stopped and groped through her purse for her keys. Realizing they were already in the car, she climbed in, started the ignition, backed out, and slowly drove away.

Whenever someone close to me has died, I still feel his presence . . . as if whoever it was is watching over me. But I do not feel that way now.

Perhaps I cannot deal with her death because suicide has always been such an abstract, inconceivable concept to me. And perhaps I cannot feel close to her now because I could never relate to her destructive lifestyle. But, there has to be some way to come to terms with a death like this. There has to be some way to resolve the inner turmoil resulting from this violent self-inflicted finality. There has to be an answer and yet the answer is not there for me to know. I can only contemplate the situation and draw my own conclusions. However,

my conclusions may very well contradict the truth behind her actions. The truth that I find in her death may not be the same as the truth she sought in dying.

No one knows how another person feels. For if my family knew how my grandmother felt, we could have prevented her death. But as it was, we were literally crippled by human nature. Whoa, why am I torturing myself? Thinking can be a dangerous, almost self-destructive, way of occupying time. Hmm, that was a peculiar thought. Maybe I should just stop thinking.

How could I have gone from being so philosophical to being so scatter-brained within seconds? Maybe I'm going crazy. Maybe I was already crazy. Yes, that could very well be possible. I have always been crazy but have just realized it. How could I have been crazy for an entire eighteen years and not know it? I am not sure how I overlooked this, but at least I'm aware of my madness now, which is good because I would rather know. Ugh, enough of this!

Everyone, except family members, had left. Why had no one come to say good-bye to me? Gosh, that's a real hard one.. think about it. Wait, didn't I just say I had to stop thinking? Vu ja de. Stop screwing with your own head. No one came to say good-bye because you've been staring at your dead grandmother for two hours. Actually,

Trapped

Trapped
inside my head
(without expression, my hand will grow numb).
I grip the pencil
tightly
(graphite glistening ebony in the moonlight).
Slamming it through my brain
the words pour quickly through clenched fists...
(I am free).

by Hardy Pottinger

Amygdala

A mirror lies shattered on the floor
(it stares as I stared)
neither of us understanding the other.

by Hardy Pottinger

Parousia

From a ruined tomb in a forgotten land
she spoke of love and desire.
Angry shouts from crazed men
playing at hate and war
of all these memories
she had once seen and tasted
and she had come through it all.
Catharsis.
Pain.
Baptism in fire.
The world and her oracle
had come to know God.
"You, little rock, are the wisest," she said
having no Socrates nor any man at all.
A tear trickled down her face
she chuckled
and skipped alone into the darkness.

by Hardy Pottinger

it was not really two hours, and I don't think I was staring. But what constitutes staring? I started out staring and ended up lost in thought, trying to recreate what led up to this. Anyone who saw me probably assumed that I was bummed out. That's silly! How could anyone know how I feel when I don't even know?

Oooh, I think it's to mingle. I walked up to the casket to join my brothers, Alex and George, who were quietly discussing the peaceful expression on my grandmother's face. It was true—she did look peaceful, which I found perturbing since she had never looked that way when she was alive. I caught Alex's eye, and he flashed me a wink without breaking away from his conversation.

Everything seemed wrong. She had on a white silk dress. She always used to wear black, that was her favorite color, so why white now? Maybe because she was wearing white when she jumped off the bridge. Or probably because white is supposed to represent the glorified body. For whatever reason, it was illogical. She should have been dressed in black.

And the flower arrangement! Yuck! She would have wanted long stem red roses. But what did she get? Chrysanthemums: Blue, red, yellow, purple, pink, and white chrysanthemums. The whole thing was too colorful. She was not that colorful a person.

I felt an arm slip around my shoulders and I turned to see my parents standing at my side. My poor father had aged ten years. For the first time in my life I saw this man; he had always been considered a big person, but he looked very small and weak. His complexion was gray and dark circles shadowed his eyes. My mother remained a rock. Her pale blue eyes shed no tears. Her short blond hair was perfectly in place and her make-up appeared to be freshly applied. She knew my father needed emotional support and she wasn't going to fail him.

cont. Supplement 4

Monday

Multicolored rings
Red Purple Blue
Wink at my reflection in the rain.
A car slides by
And I see myself disappear
Fragmented
Into a thousand shades of gray.

by Hardy Pottinger

Parable de Dada

Six men were gathered on a roof top
and all except one were named John.
Ted, the other, spoke up first
(for he had just eaten),
"I believe trees are orange
and therefore should be cut down
before anyone else finds out."
"Rubbish!" John cried
and they threw Ted to his death.
"Dada!" Ted shouted as he fell.
"What do you mean 'Yes, yes'?" they asked
for they were confused.
And then they were confronted with the
horror of Ted's head exploding on the pavement
below.
And they understood.

by Hardy Pottinger

Painting

The painting remains
 unfinished on my easle
 almost a year it's stood there
 carefully drawn in
 half-painted
 the ghost of the man in the foreground
 fully looks the part of the tourist
 at Yellowstone, mountains and lake in background,
 sunglasses in pocket,
 behind him, the pale moose
 chews grass
 too close for real comfort
 he mimics the moose's stuperous expression
 under the joke creeps a certain apprehension
 at the nearness of the animal
 there was something I wanted to say with it
 about humor and fear
 and the nearness of humanity to animality
 the vision remains in half shadows
 like the poems
 I haven't written
 and stories
 I haven't told
 consumed by the business of the day
 and the other obsessive creations
 with which I devour my moments

First Flight

for Ben

Riding the Cumbres-Toltec railway to Chama,
 we stopped over at Big Horn Station,
 no station really, only the ponderosa & aspen
 growing silent in the grey lava dust. I walked,
 watching the earth, looking for treasure,
 silvery driftwood maybe, or a perfect slice
 of refined aspen gold. You stood,
 strong legs spread in a stance of pleased defiance,
 arms reaching for the sky,
 deep man-child voice shouting,
 "hky-hky!"
 a young eagle's first crowing.
 The late autumn sun
 cast your spectre for me there,
 a small black shadow
 soaring across the grey earth.

by Lynda Carnes

I ate the orange

bursts of orange oil
 staining my fingers
 as I peeled it,
 they dried there like
 orange scales on my skin
 I ate the orange
 explosions of sweet, sticky juice
 on my tongue
 down my chin
 the tiny stain
 of mold
 I picked off, stuck beneath a fingernail
 that section had the ancient taste
 of old women
 and old men
 living alone too long
 in old houses
 I ate it all anyway
 sucking down the last
 mildewed drop

by Lynda Carnes

Pop

by Lisa Williams

"Pop?" I spent the majority of my summer chasing this sound. I thought I had found it in the bottom of a grocery bag where the milk carton, packed too tightly with the other items, gave a sigh of relief when I removed the oatmeal. I guess I was mistaken. Once when I cracked my elbow against the car door I thought I heard it, but for my pain and purple bruise, nada. I was on a mission, but why? I would like to say a natural love of the great outdoors or a need to get my body in tune with nature, but they only say that on yogurt commercials starring a slightly older, pudgy actress from the Cosby Show. My reasons were all together different. It all started when a little green ball refused to hit a round grid work of heavy twine or, if the racket is more expensive, some dead animal's tautly stretched guts, hence producing the sound "pop." My journey began in May of '88 in the midst of summer registration at a community college.

As I walked away from the registration desk clutching my pink receipt, I felt a touch of guilt. I could still hear the chunky receptionist asking, "This all you takin'? No readin', no math?"

"Reading?" I asked.

She just stared at me expectantly. I wanted to tell her she had confirmed my beliefs about community colleges.

"No, no reading, just the tennis lessons."

"Forty-five fifty," she wheezed holding out one chubby hand.

Although most summers I signed up for a load of useful and required credits, this summer was different. Oh, I still took a required course to appease my practical conscience but the course I most looked forward to was tennis.

Before my classes started, I read up on tennis and watched a couple of matches on television. I acquired just enough knowledge to make baseless assumptions. After careful inspection, not to mention following the French Open like a convert to a new religion, I realized a few things. The tennis dress was short, short and very cute, yet, the game was no more than ping pong played

on the ground with an oversized net. I was almost ready for a lesson. First, however, I visited several pro shops and bought various "can't do without" items. It seemed there were more than a few newcomers to the sport of tennis this year. Not to worry though, there were plenty of salesmen on hand to assist. I mentioned the mad rush of amateurs to the guy at the register, he just grinned revealing ruler straight teeth against a painted on tan and said, "It's Openitus." I wasn't quite sure if that was some tennis affliction or more jargon I didn't know. Hurrying off to a customer offering more than conversation, Mr. Tan mumbled something about the French Open and a couch potato's hopes of glory.

My lessons, given at the local tennis courts, were held early on Saturday mornings. Seventeen, half asleep, disgruntled, coffeeless adults sat under a large oak tree shading their sensitive morning eyes from the bright sun as we waited for the instructor. The green clay courts, four in all, were spotless. Not one bird dropping stained their virgin grounds. Apparently all the birds in Saint Louis collected over a previous court I had visited, while this one only attracted ants. The instructor finally arrived ten minutes later. He chirped good morning, smiling brightly as most morning people do. "My name is Mark and I will be your tennis instructor for the next eight weeks," he said. The response from my classmates was varied. With the majority of them sporting dark circles under their eyes, this class was obviously not the morning type. We left the safety of the shade tree and followed the instructor onto the court.

He stood in the middle of the court facing us. "OK, the first thing we are going to do is learn how to shake hands with the racket," he said as he walked to each person checking their grip. He had the class stand in a semicircle, practicing their backhand and forehand grips while he went in search of some tennis balls. As I watched my classmates, I noticed that most were awed now and concentrating very hard on getting the grips just right. Although the grips seemed simple, they meant everything when playing the game. After a couple of minutes of turning a racket over and over in your hand, however, the novelty wears off and it becomes nothing more than sophisticated fiddling. Just when the attention span of the class was waning the instructor returned with two crates of tennis balls. We learned forehand swings and then Mark reminded us to practice the grips and try hitting the ball directly in the center of the

racket. He claimed we would be able to hear the difference when the ball hit the racket correctly. It would make a peculiar "pop" sound.

I practiced every day between lessons, yet, every time the ball hit the racket the "pop" was absent. I told Mark that I was obviously doing something wrong, but what? Mark watched me lob a few balls back and forth across the net with a classmate. When the ball hit my opponent's racket, a crisp, clear, resounding pop was heard across the court. When I returned the ball a ping was barely audible. To my surprise, Mark said I was playing rather well. When I reminded him that the peculiar pop sound was missing, he simply said "Well everyone can't do it. Look on the bright side, you're playing better than half your class and for some of these ninnies it's the second time around."

"Gee, look on the bright side" I mimicked, in what can only be called Mark's macho wimp voice, as he sauntered away.

During the rest of the lesson my mood was less than pleasant, and if I had to find a suitable word to describe it, "bitch" would work. At this point I was not opposed to kicking a little old lady or biting a small child. Because of the legalities connected with those actions, I settled for throwing my racket across the court, over the fence, and nearly hitting a startled pedestrian. I was determined to hit the ball correctly, including the elusive pop sound. I snatched a couple of balls from

cont. Supplement 4

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EF4

Joan Brockmann

All my life, up until then, I had been waiting. Not obviously waiting, mind you. In fact to the casual observer, I looked as if I had waited for nothing. But, I knew better.

I walked the beach early in the morning, feeling the sandy grit between my toes. I felt alive when the water made my feet cold. I made a game of noticing things, especially people, since I was still waiting at that time. I noticed how bodies moved with their individual strides. Some fought the flow of movement against the sand with their steps, others I envied and tried to copy so that my stride might be as graceful as theirs. I noticed the sand shades of colors as the sun rose in the sky and reflected differently the blue and green hues of the water. I would walk for miles being in companion with my own thoughts, savoring all that I sensed before going to be regimented into the daily commitments of living.

In the evening, I would resume my solitude, again going back to my beach, as I always thought of it. The evening chronicled the busy missions of the sea urchins. Sometimes I would hold the shells up and inspect them. You see, I was still waiting and preparing. I wanted a wealth of grace and interest to share when the time came.

I noticed you. You were taller than most, leaner than most. Yet, there was a grace in your stride that, try as I might, I could not copy. I studied you for sometime in your ballet across my beach. For many days I pondered you and began to wait for you. My eyes could not be filled enough with the pleasure of watching you.

By chance, or so you thought, I made my circles smaller around you so that in time you would notice me, as I had noticed you. With the sun shining gold in your strands of hair, you peered at me, sending your own light through a smile that encompassed the sparkle of your eyes. I was intrigued. I saw that your intrigue equaled mine.

In the mornings and evenings of that season, we instinctively performed our courting dance. I wanted to draw the shapes of your finely made hands in a book somewhere for memory sake, but the only drawing done was in my mind. I watched those hands fluid in the air, gentle in the touch and strong in their care. At night, I memorized the feel of your open hand laying under my pillow, there for me to place my own. I smiled at the length of your form, always with a limb hanging over the edge of the bed, too long, too alive to be compactly kept under the wrap of blankets.

It was a season of warmth. My heart was on fire as I believe was yours. The ebb and flow of conversation christened new thoughts in my diary of reflections. I was brought a fresh vision of all that I could be, should I try. When we walked in stride together, your arms gave balance to the grace my body would not allow. We spoke of many things and I knew that in my waiting I had prepared well to match wit with one such as you. And yet, I sensed your equal desire to take comfort in my ordinariness. You acknowledged value in my thought and tried on care for my soul. There was mention of your nature being insensitive and unaware, afraid of inflicting wounds on those whom you cared for. I was unaware of those traces. I believed in the light glowing from your eyes when they held my image.

It was for you that I had been waiting.

Seasons passed in their natural timing, as this one, with no exception. I knew it always, just as you knew.

I watched you leave, music in hand, facing the morning sun. For a time, I walked our stride, grieving, not wanting to breathe in the air that did

not have your scent. I kept guard over all that had been given so that no treasure was lost in the fading distance of time.

A new season drew life. I stretched my soul into different patterns. I no longer waited. I remembered. There had been a time.



Etching by Beverly Nelson

Flying

The yellow flowered wallpaper of a working-class kitchen absorbs the conversation into its old, untended texture. The girl sits cross-legged, listening as a young boy talks and twists her hair: Third grade science, exploring the river behind the house, until he turns to questions.

"Have you ever gone on an airplane?"
 "Yes." In her eyes, a story plays. She wants to take him to an airport so that he can watch planes take off and hear destinations broadcast as if they were possible. When she was eight she would leave this house, the house that is now grandma's, to watch the planes at Midway, and somehow the neighborhood became a place left behind as she counted to thirty. She wanted to tell him the story if only for the feeling of taking his body and all that he's learned to be tested against something different. So that he can see himself— a family slide held up against a window, images and people sharply defined, with a cardboard-white border separating them from the surrounding room. Just the idea of a plane, nose-up and confident that it will land, be received in another place.

She cuddles the boy's little sister who had come for comfort; it was bedtime. He decides to try it too. Tightening his shoulders, arms holding his stomach, he backs into the triangle of her folded legs, but his legs can only find the floor, and he is almost sitting now with back and head in her lap, one elbow prodding her stomach. Forgetting her story, she wonders if he realizes how much he's grown this year, or if he only notices that he no longer fits; even now he is flying.

by Amy Smoucha

Being a Daughter

Returning, confronted with you and not my surrogate idea of you, your stories and your manners explain certain parts of me—the movements of my hands, the shape of my mouth, but not that alone, other things—facts I leave under my pillow each day, ideas that leak from my dreams.

It is as if I am made from remembered pieces of your lives. Landing in the battle of Normandy, and later, in the Rhineland, translating for other poles, but they were POWs and you a soldier for the U.S. who could have risen in rank, except you "refused to kiss ass."

And you worked in the bandage factory doing your part, for the duration, leaving school to help your parents. Fixing your ma's hair on the porch at night, and nudging the boys to notice, to make her happy. Your love of fine-looking clothes, going to the ball rooms—
 "Swing and sway with Danny Kaye."

I try to live your lives as story becomes memory, and even your loves, in choosing the other. The stories frighten me sometimes when they sound so like my own, not the details but the telling. I know father and son going to the ballgame as a treat for the old man. The news to a daughter that her mother has died. You told me these things; I was desperate enough to ask, but I knew them, in another way, before, because they shaped you who in turn shaped me.

Now my mind plays its reversing tricks wondering if my leaving, education— if the stories I tell complete you, as your stories complete me. While I listen, I measure carefully the ways that I defy what you have known, yet I still come to the same conclusions. Considering this adds something new. It shapes my eye with a dark line, and gives the sound from my mouth a different quality as, in conversation, I hear my words and listen to your voices.

by Amy Smoucha



Photo by Pam Jansen

Pop

From Supplement 2

the crate and shoved them into the pocket of my tennis skirt. Staring at the ball remaining in my hand, I shifted my left foot to a forty-five degree angle, near the base line. I tossed the ball while bringing the racket back, behind me, then up and over my head, finally making contact. I heard a swoosh then a thwunk. The ball landed just outside the right service. With mounting impatience I tried the serve again, and again with various results. Some of the serves were right on target while others were either wide or long. I heard everything from thwak to thud, but no pop.

I thought I could burn a little excess energy by picking up some of the balls on the court. It was all I could do not to throw one at the poodle leashed to a nearby tree. He yapped excitedly while his master played tennis some distance away. Having collected most of the balls on the court I joined my classmates, taking turns lobbing shots to the instructor. So intent was I on hearing that obnoxious sound, I shot a ball directly to the front of Mark's starched, white, tennis shorts.

Instead of the infamous pop sound, I heard "Ooph!" and realized a little late what had happened. I stared at my instructor, who was now doubled over. Admittedly, my return had more power to it than I had imagined. Yet, if that was the case, why didn't I hear that peculiar sound? Mark was standing up straight now. Attempting to smooth over both our embarrassment, he made some wisecrack about balls in general. The class continued without further fuss.

During the last couple of weeks of the lessons, we played doubles. The class, on the whole, had transformed into a group of good tennis players. Although the class was held at an ungodly hour of the morning, some of us showed up even earlier to practice or play an actual match. I had all but forgotten my aggravation with that silly sound. However, during one of those early morning practice sessions I heard a distinct pop. I had to look no further than my own racket to see that I had produced the sound. It seemed my search was over. There were no applause or slaps on the back, congratulating my performance. The only sound I heard was "pop!"



Live To Tell

From Supplement 1

Design by Alicia LaChance

Mom looked pensively at my father and then at us kids, as if she already knew there would be objections to her upcoming suggestion.

"It's time to leave guys. It's been a long hard day, and tomorrow's going to be equally as rough. I think what we all need right now is to go home and get a good night's sleep."

I panicked. "Mom, we can't leave! Grandma always hated to be left alone. If we leave her here all night by herself, I'd feel like I was betraying her."

Smooth move Kathryn. My father and brothers started to cry. I could not stand the sight of it, and my own eyes welled with tears. I repeated to myself, "I will not cry. I will not cry. I'm going to be strong, like mom."

"Honey, you don't understand. Your grandmother is not here. She's with God. This is just her body." I don't understand? Perhaps she's the one who didn't understand, but I did not have the energy to explain so I nodded my head in agreement.

Allowing myself a few moments to regain control, I announced I was leaving and would meet everyone at home. I then retreated to the lounge to collect my belongings. As I searched through my purse for cigarettes, I came across a sterling silver crucifix on a thick chain. I remembered sitting on my grandmother's lap, admiring the necklace when I was little. One time I even mustered up the courage to ask her if I could have it, but she told me I was too young to appreciate it. She told me I could have it when she died.

Looking at it now I could not recall why I had ever wanted it. It was ugly . . . Jesus's elongated body nailed to the cross with an expression of immense pain frozen on his face for all eternity. I certainly would not wear this, especially since it was meant to be a beautiful remembrance of my grandmother . . . something that in the future was supposed to comfort me and help me accept her death as God's will. Ha, that was comical, maybe even ironic, because I did not ever want to remember my grandmother again. I would bury my anguish and questions and guilt as well as my memory of her simultaneously with her body. And as for accepting her death as God's will, it would never happen. It was no one's will but her own. She gave up on life!

As I struggled to open the heavy exit door, the necklace slipped out of my hand, and I did not bother picking it up. It was the easiest way to let it go although my heart ached, and I felt as if I had just denied a part of myself. My tears resurfaced as I walked toward my car on the otherwise empty lot.

"Hey Kathryn, wait up!"

I did not acknowledge my older brother's presence. If I turned around, he would see my tears. If I tried to speak, I would lose control. If I wiped my eyes, he would know I was upset. The best thing to do would be to keep walking. By the time he caught up, my tears would be dry. When I reached my car, I hopped on the hood waiting for Alex, knowing he was not in a hurry to get home.

Alex sat on the car too. "Where's dad's car?"

"I don't know. He must have parked on the other lot."

Alex hesitated briefly before saying what he had come to say. "Ya know Kathryn, it's ok to cry!"

"I know."

My response baffled Alex. Maybe I should tell him that if he had caught me two minutes earlier,

he would have seen me crying. Or maybe I should explain my theory on death and grieving. Part of me wanted to enlighten him, but I decided it would be best to change the subject while I had the chance.

"It's funny, ya know—most people are afraid to die, but not her. She wanted to die."

"No, that's where you're wrong. She didn't 'want' to die, she wanted peace. And the only way she felt she could get that peace was by dying."

That was a pretty interesting concept. In fact, I found it quite logical. Maybe too logical but impressive nonetheless. The thing that really disturbed me about this insight was his sureness. How could he be so sure about what grandma expected to gain from dying?

"But what if she's not any happier wherever she is now?"

Alex spoke in a quiet, almost inaudible voice. "She is . . . happier. You saw her. Sure, she was swollen and bruised from the fall, but she looked peaceful. More peaceful than I've ever seen her before. For chrissake, she had a smile on her face! When was the last time you've seen her smile?"

"Suicide's a sin! She could be in hell!"

Alex was growing irritated with me, I could tell by his tone of voice. But, he was patient . . . more patient than I would have been if the tables were turned.

"She is not in hell. She was mentally ill. Mental illness is a disease—it cannot be helped. She could not control it. God knows that—He'll take pity on her!"

"Alex, do you understand death?"

"Of course not. No one's capable of truly comprehending death. You'd have to be God."

The tears that I had forced away earlier were flowing. I could no longer control my emotions and cried for a long time with Alex beside me. Pulling myself together, I handed Alex the keys to my car.

"Here, why don't you drive?"

He took the keys and opened my door before walking around to the other side and slipping into the driver's seat. He then gently took my hand and placed a hard object in it. I gazed at Alex dumbfoundedly, not really seeing his face . . . just a knowing look in his eyes. I looked down reluctantly, already sensing that it was the crucifix. A sharp pain echoed throughout the emptiness inside, paralyzing me so that I did not have the strength to move. My hand clasped around the necklace and my eyes welled with tears again as I stared at Alex. He turned toward me with a slight smile, a sad smile. He winked, we sat in silence for a few moments before heading home under the light of a full moon.



Linoleum Cut by Beverly Nelson

Campus Focus on Careers

There's More Majors Than Meets The Eye

By Dan Hoffman

College students are encouraged to map their way to their career.

"Liberal arts students should seek the aid of a strong, experienced, and insightful career counselor who will be qualified to help choose and obtain goals," says Joyce Kennedy, a syndicated columnist of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*.

In one instance, Kennedy writes of a graduate with degrees in both literature and languages who was depressed because he is busing tables and bagging groceries. He reads Latin and is fluent in French and German. He has a background in history, music, rhetoric, poetry, and art history, and has traveled extensively. According to Kennedy, his problem is that he did not plan for a career.

Kennedy suggests studying job search skills as much as any college subject. Many books available to aid in career study include *Career Map* by Neil Yeager and *Jobs for English Majors and Other Smart People* by John L. Meinchaer.

Internships, practicums, and co-operative education programs play an important role in starting careers. Fontbonne places an emphasis on these, as they help students finish their degree programs while gaining valuable work experience. The college gives credit toward a degree based on the number of hours worked in the field.

Most practicums run one semester and vary from department to department. The important benefit is that the company may hire a student intern after the degree program is completed. Practicums offer a tryout period to ensure job satisfaction.

Many students fear that jobs will not be available after graduation. *Managing Your Career*, an employment weekly published by the *Wall Street Journal*, predicts unusual opportunity for American workers in the next five years. Most new jobs will be in professional occupations, small business, and the southeastern region of the U.S.

Those who have a degree but do not want to follow a normal routine can chase an offbeat career. A shepherd can work in the outdoors and earn \$500 to \$750 per month, for instance. Students who would like to get paid to drink and party may opt for being a wine steward — managing cellars, becoming masters of the grape, and making \$50,000 a year.

Other offbeat occupations include steeplejacks, who fix church and radio towers, travelling frequently, working 1,000 feet off the ground, and earning close to \$40 per hour; and private investigators, who handle civil, criminal, and personal matters, grossing between \$25 and \$100 an hour.

No matter what career a student samples, he should consider all the choices possible. It is a good idea to plan not only the first, but the second, third, and fourth jobs as well. Developing new attitudes which can affect the meaning of work and the structure of the business, and having a well-rounded education with job experience, will help enhance career options.

Before signing up for additional coursework, students should identify career goals. The challenge facing graduates is not picking a career to get a job, but selecting a career that has access to the best series of jobs.



Ann Spiller, Director of Counseling and Career Development

Photo by Pam Jansen

Careering Around with Ann Spiller

By Joyce Nowak

Finding the right career means more than deciding what line of work to enter. It involves research, training, dedication, and sometimes a little help.

The key to choosing the right career, according to Ann Spiller, Director of Counseling and Career Development, is "linking people and resources."

As she prepares for the onslaught of job-hunting students in need of that service, Spiller looks forward to what she describes as resources. "There is an increased flow of seniors through the office this year because of the good hiring climate," Spiller said. She pointed out that the increase was not only local, but national as well.

She normally makes contact with students as freshmen when they take the Strong-Campbell Skills Test. But as sophomores, her contact with students is minimal at best. She encourages juniors to seek out "a lot of career-related work experience" and when they become seniors she will attempt to further assist them in career planning.

"Generally speaking, the sooner I get to know them, the better we are able to work

together."

Spiller tries to match students to jobs consistent with their skills and career goals. It's an involved process, but successful. A survey of recent Fontbonne graduates showed that ninety-seven percent of the students responding were employed.

Spiller conducts employment counseling sessions for prospective graduates twice a month. Job Works, as the program is called, helps students identify and develop the skills necessary to find career-path employment opportunities. Resume writing and interviewing skills are some topics covered in the sessions.

Although career development is Spiller's major area of involvement, she also makes "personal referrals for students suffering from anorexia or chemical dependency." The referrals are part of the counselling aspect or her job that her master's degree in social work prepared her to handle.

She gets a great deal of satisfaction from her job because it gives her the opportunity to help students reach career goals.

BSA Hosts Job Seminar

By Tamitra McCormick

A job preparation seminar for black youths was held on campus Saturday, April 8 from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. 150 people attended the event, which was sponsored by the New Sunny Mount Baptist Church, Black Student Alliance, and Fontbonne alumnus and Teen Coordinator Timothy Hughes.

Activities began in the Cafe with a prayer and words of welcome from the President of the Youth Department, Priscilla Smith. B.S.A. members Beverly Nelson (President), Avril Lawshe (Treasurer), Tamitra McCormick, and Robert Jones spoke about future plans and college life. Then the presenters of the workshops were introduced.

Loretta Summers (Applications Preparation) gave a brief overview of the things she looks for in an interview: 1. Dress appropriately. 2. Fill out the application correctly. 3. Be aware of social norms. Pamela Hiler (Professional Grooming and Dressing) invited the audience to find five things wrong with her overall appearance and promised to reveal the errors later. Rounding out the team were Doris Howard and Derek Robinson (Interviewing Techniques).

The ninety-eight youths were divided into three groups and escorted by B.S.A. members to Ryan Hall for the three presentations. At thirty-minute intervals, the groups rotated to a different room. After lunch in the Cafe, the group moved to the Lewis Room of the Library to view a Southwestern Bell video entitled "Making the Right Moves," and then headed back over to the Cafe where the invited companies — Job Corps, McDonald's, National Food Stores, Red Cross, and the U.S. Government — had set up tables to issue and accept job applications.

"It was worth my time," said Curtis Riggs, a junior at Hazelwood Central High. "It helped me figure out how to better present myself." Riggs said he enjoyed the "Dress to Impress" seminar by Pamela Hiler the best because everyone seemed to enjoy picking out the flaws in her attire.

Sydnee Williams, who attends O'Fallon Technical High, said the seminar was "educational." She currently studies data processing and hopes one day to major in Accounting here at Fontbonne.

With the remaining time left, the group was divided again to receive the grand tour of the campus and a much requested visit to Beverly Nelson's dorm room.


Students Offer Tax Help

Ten students have completed the first Volunteer Income Tax Assistance (VITA) program. It provides assistance to any individual who needs it, although the principal focus of the program is to prepare returns for the elderly and handicapped.

The students who completed the IRS training and volunteered their time, at least one evening each week from February through mid-April, are Joseph Adewunmi, Michael Brockland, Jennifer Clark, Betty Grasso, Debbie Hindersmann, Troy Kilbreath, Laura Pruet, Patricia Rebman, Maria Santos, and Janet Willer.

According to IRS records, the students completed over fifty returns and helped numerous members of the community with their tax returns and questions. All the students involved will receive professional recognition from the IRS.

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QUOTELINE

What do you think about the new Work Study pay increase?

Photos and interviews by Pam Jansen.



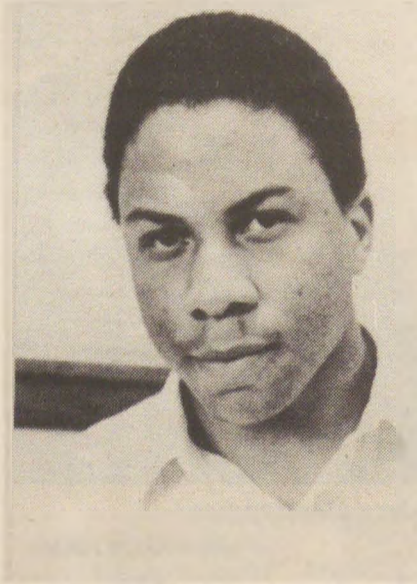
Michael Williams: Freshman — Computer Science

Students deserve to be paid for the work they do.

Work Study will be going to \$4 per hour. Is it too high?

June Lee: Graduate student — Computers in Education

It's a good program for the college to offer because it helps students without being just a handout.



Kristi Brown: Sophomore — Special Education

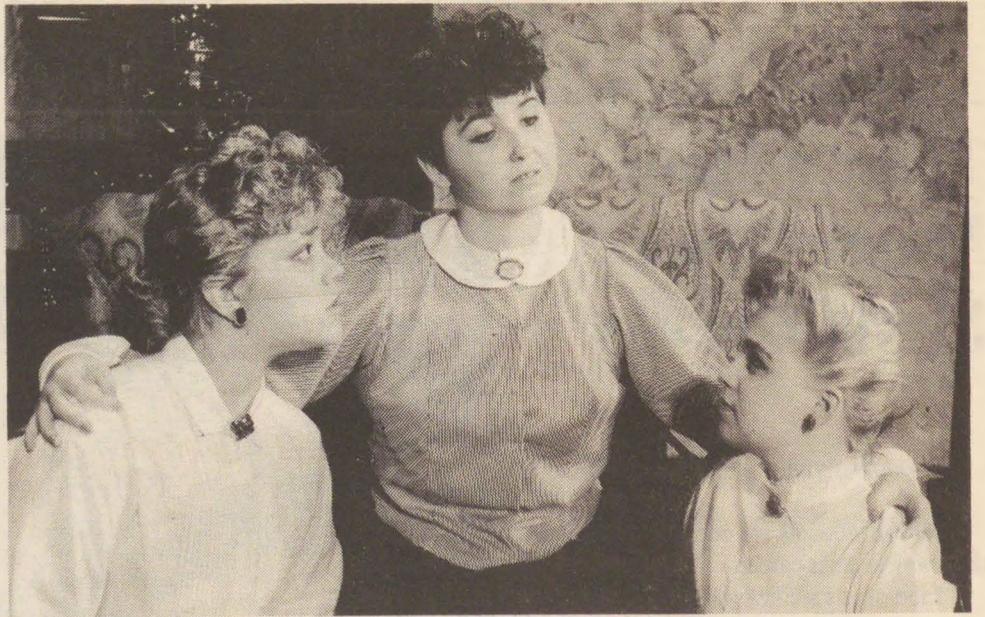
Work Study keeps people on campus and involves them in school.



Karen Ley: Sophomore — Special Education

Because of the increase in tuition it will help the students who really need the income.

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Carolyn Kovar, Laura Butler, and Meredith Hanley in "Ladies in Retirement." Photo by Richard Hinners

Theatre's Final Production Is a Real Lady Killer

By Julie Boggiano

Fontbonne's final production this year, *Ladies in Retirement*, thrilled and riveted theatregoers with its lively characters and gripping suspense.

The play's action centers around Ellen Creed, a retired woman who has lost her home and money and now keeps house for her friend Leonora Fiske. Her undoing lies in the motherly overprotection she feels for her two daft sisters, Louisa and Emily, who can't seem to get by on their own in the world.

Ellen arranges for them to come to Leonora's home, where Louisa will be free to observe the brave world from inside through her telescope, and Emily may gather all the driftwood she desires. The Creeds are blissfully happy with everything but Leonora, who has grown weary of their eccentricities and would like Ellen's sisters to leave; they have overstayed their welcome by four months.

On the day they are to leave, Ellen insists that her sisters are merely going for an afternoon drive, and she tells them that she plans to persuade Leonora to sell her the house. They exit, and as Leonora begins playing the *Mikado* on the piano, Ellen creeps up from behind with a curtain pull and strangles her. When her sisters return, she devises a story that Leonora has gone away on holiday.

Enter nephew Albert Feather, who has already met Leonora when he came to ask Ellen for money. Ellen was away fetching her sisters at the time, so Leonora paid him from her moneybox in the deep brick oven. He arrives for a short visit, and his first night in the house, Albert tries to pinch from the

hidden moneybox only to discover that behind its wrought-iron door, the oven has recently been bricked shut.

While reading Ellen's mail, he begins to suspect something awry when the post returns a check written to Leonora. He reveals the envelope and gives it to Ellen, who hastens with a reply letter. By examining her blotter paper, he discovers that Ellen has been cashing the checks in Leonora's name.

The maid, Lucy, then expresses concern to Albert that Leonora left her favorite red wig when she went on holiday, an oversight she would not likely make. He believes that Leonora is dead and that Ellen, knowing about it, is embarking on a little profit. Hoping to blackmail Ellen and cash in on the profit, Albert softly plays the *Mikado* one night and when Ellen appears to investigate the music, Lucy is seated at the piano disguised in the red wig. Ellen screams, and Albert guesses everything.

Laura Butler was ominous and convincing as the murdering housekeeper Ellen Creed, and Terry Meadows as the ruthless nephew Albert was the perfect adversary. Both gave excellent performances and played off each other well.

Meredith Hanley and Carolyn Kovar as the "pathetic" Creed sisters were delightful. Their interpretations of Ellen's crazy, quirky sisters offered light relief from the intensity regarding the murder. And as the untimely victim of Ellen's ambition, Michele Mallett-Sherman was impressive. She remained a strong force throughout the entire first act.

Melissa Hack as Lucy Gilham and Elizabeth Engle as Sister Theresa completed a well-cast performance.

Use of sound and lights were quite effective in the play, especially during the second act involving the thunderstorm. Meg Walters did a splendid job with the lightning in that scene.

Costumes and scenic design by Kim Doyle fit well with the atmosphere of the story, and Richard Hinners' direction worked with the script without being erratic.

The only drawbacks may have been in volume and scene changes. Some of the actors in the play had difficulty in projecting their voices out to the audience, and in the case where offstage sound effects was used in scenes, the dialogue was almost unintelligible. In addition, the scene changes were somewhat lengthy. Movements of the stagehands were slow and rather inefficient.

The play was three acts long with two intermissions, and ran about two and a half hours. Overall it was an enjoyable night of theatre and a successful production.



Summer Fashion: Keep Cool in Hot New Looks

By Kristina Wellpott

The summer months are quickly approaching along with the realization that our summer wardrobes need a fresh new look.

So whether you are planning to slum it by the pool or take on a career-minded job, there are plenty of hot new trends to make you sizzle this summer.

"The sixties are back!" according to *Glamour*, *Mademoiselle*, and *GQ* fashion editors. Sophisticated renditions of those busy prints can take both men and women to the most progressive club or conservative job.

All of these designs have an eighties flair.



Rob Schnettler & Trish Viviano model summer fashions.

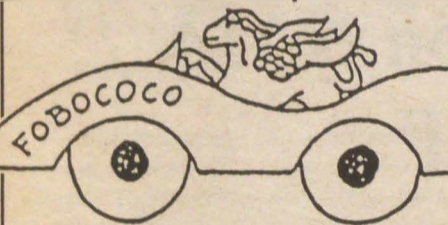
Photos by Kris Wellpott

Commuter Council Selects Logo

Fontbonne's Commuter Council announced its new logo at the April 7 Spring Fling dance in the Cafe.

Commuters at the dance voted on several slogans and graphics entered by only commuters, with a cash prize of \$25 for the most votes.

The result was a tie. The winning entries were a picture of the griffin driving a sportscar and the slogan "Commuters do it in their cars." Prize money was divided



between commuters Paul Graser and Julie Boggiano.

The new logo will soon appear on bumper stickers, keychains, and possibly tee-shirts, according to Council member Meredith Hanley.

Kids to Learn Spanish, French & Pascal

By Carrie Goldring

The Continuing Education Department now gives children the chance to develop positive language skills during their summer vacations. It offers courses specifically designed for kids.

This summer marks the department's second year of the program. The classes include conversational French and Spanish and a computer class.

Dr. C. Manc'h Royall from France, and Spanish native Evelyn Camp will teach the language and culture of their respective



"GQ Preview" shows men this summer in floral and paisley shirts accompanied by bright cotton shorts, or with a darker jacket and pants for a more conservative look. Dress shirts are to be worn buttoned all the way to the top for a polished, casual look.

Neon brights will take on the summer in swim and sun apparel. Tight capri pants and oversized tee-shirts will be the look for women, and men will sport cycling action shorts in bold brights.

The accessory of the season is the bandana, in an array of bright colors and sizes. It can be used as a belt, a sash, a scarf, or even a splash of color for a straw hat. And those sacred holy jeans you can't seem to part with and keep hiding from Mom? Patch them up with bright bandana material for a whole new look. Or add some flair to those faded blues with the tail of a bandana in the back pocket.

There is no time like the present to give your summer wardrobe a fashion facelift, so try a few changes that will make your summer look hot!

Scholarship for Minorities in Education

By Jasna Meyer

By 1991 the Campaign for Fontbonne hopes to have received \$2 million for endowment, \$2 million for facility modernization, and an additional \$2 million for maintenance of operating expenses. Donations to the campaign's scholarship fund have established eight new endowed scholarships.

The most recent one is the Minority Scholarship from Southwestern Bell Telephone Company which has \$100,000 in its funds. This endowed scholarship is for minority students majoring in Early Childhood Education and Development or Elementary Education.

Minority students make up fifteen percent of Fontbonne students, which is one of the highest numbers of minority enrollments among St. Louis area colleges and universities. Lisa Williams, a junior majoring in English and Education, was the first recipient of this scholarship.

countries.

Classes will run from June 19 to July 14, Monday through Thursday, 9:00-10:30 a.m. There is a limit of 15 students and classes are available to children grades 3-6. For more information call Peggy Liggett at 889-1409.

Looking for a summer job?

Call TLC for Kids
725-5660

-must have a car and references

Student Profile Graduating Senior Margaret Hesse

By Elizabeth Vollmer

Who's Margaret Hesse? You haven't heard? She's a Communication Arts/Public Relations major, a local campus celebrity. Still can't recall where you've heard the name or seen the face? Okay. It appears as if there's need for a subliminal message.

Presidential Scholar for four consecutive years... Mar... Performed in Puss 'n Boots and Cinderella... gar... Theatre Box Office Manager for three years... et. Vice President of Ambassadors... Hes... Fontbanner Feature Editor for two semesters... se. Senior Graduating Class Co-Speaker... Margaret. Alumni Hood Award Recipient for '89... Hesse.

So the message was less than brilliant. But hey, if you didn't know who Margaret Hesse is, now you do. And you're thinking, "She can't be real. Anyone with those credentials has to be sub-human, as in no social life, a total bookworm."

Hesse refutes such preconceptions. "I've always done well in school and sometimes I think it's been a curse. People have high expectations when a person achieves continuously and that makes it pretty tough to mess up. Sometimes I think if I make one mistake, it will negate all of my achievements. That's pretty scary." She adds, "I like to succeed. It's not that I try to succeed so as not to fail, but I try to succeed and the fear of failure comes along with it."

Still think she's sub-human? Good, because it is for that exact reason that Margaret is so modest.

Peggy Musen, Director of Admissions



Margaret Hesse

Photo by Pam Jansen

CHOICE continued from page 3

They asked me several times if I was sure this was what I wanted to do. And they offered me counseling, before and after.

"The only time I felt I was being mistreated was in the operating room. I started sobbing on the operating table because I realized what I was doing. The doctor yelled at me for crying and said, 'I can't do my job if you're sobbing.' Afterwards they took me into a recovery room filled with big easy chairs and gave me cookies. There were all kinds of women there."

But the hardest part of the abortion for Emily came after it was over.

"I never thought that my baby was a blob of tissue. I knew that it was a life and afterwards it was even more real to me. I suffered from an overwhelming sense of grief and guilt, and I had to work through it alone. There was no one to help me."

Emily went away to an out-of-state college but she had problems there and had to drop out of school. She moved back home and eventually went into therapy, mostly in the hope of resolving her conflict with her parents. Even though it lasted four years, the

and Moderator of the Ambassadors, describes Hesse as "a totally committed participant in the Ambassadors." She continues, "No job has been too small or too big for Margaret. It's been a pleasure working with her. She's willing to take on tasks that other people don't want to do because she doesn't see it as work."

Mel Patton, Vice President of Business and Financial Affairs, shares Musen's feelings toward Hesse. "Margaret is the role model in my mind of what I would like to see in other Fontbonne students. She's the type of person we, (the college community), like to identify ourselves with."

One close friend of Hesse's admits that sometimes it's difficult to see Margaret achieve as much as she does "because it makes you examine your own accomplishments, and there are times when you say, 'Dammit, I could have done that.' You're not really angry with her. You're angry at yourself for not having taken the same initiative. I guess that's good because her accomplishments prompt you to think about things you can be doing. And she's very supportive. She likes to see her friends do well and does everything in her power to help them. That's inspirational."

What's inspirational is that Hesse was not only chosen by her fellow classmates to speak at the graduation ceremony but was also chosen by the faculty and staff to receive the Alumni Hood Award.

Richard Hinners, Chairperson of the Communication Arts Department and the person who nominated Hesse as a candidate for the award, says, "Margaret has been absolutely indispensable to me. She has done an outstanding job in handling the theatre box office, publicity, and ticket reservations for our productions. She is a joy to work with and I know she is destined for great things."

Hesse plans to stay in the entertainment field. "I know that just because I intend to pursue one field, it's possible that I may end up in another at the other end of the spectrum. But no matter what, I always want to be happy."

Hesse thinks that being elected senior co-speaker for graduation was neat. She considers it an honor. In speaking about being the recipient of the Alumni Hood Award, there are tears in her eyes as she smiles and says, "That is the ultimate thank-you from Fontbonne."

therapy barely touched on her grief. For Emily it was an ordeal she lived in secret.

"It's a grieving process. I grieved for my child for almost a year and I still feel the loss. The pain lessens, but it never goes away."

Perhaps Emily's greatest disappointment has been in the Church, which she feels neglected her in her grief.

"They want you to feel sorry. They absolve you. Then they forget it. I went to a priest and received absolution, but there were ongoing feelings that they didn't address. I felt let down, that all the Church wanted to do was go through the process of absolution. Like I was a gear in a machine. I still feel like I can't go to them when I need to. It's easier to go to a stranger and pay them to listen to me."

Although Emily considers herself pro-choice, she would never choose abortion again for herself.

"I've learned now to appreciate the importance of life, even the life of a fetus. I would never have an abortion again, but I still believe in having the choice available for others."

Putting the Lid on the Box: The Final Chapter

Welcome to another edition of "The Penalty Box." It's been said that all good things must come to an end. That in itself made me think this column would last forever.

However, rumors have been circulating that for someone whose job is to cover campus sports, I don't have a firm handle on what's going on. This just isn't true. To prove it, I'll take some rapidly fired questions at random from anonymous callers.

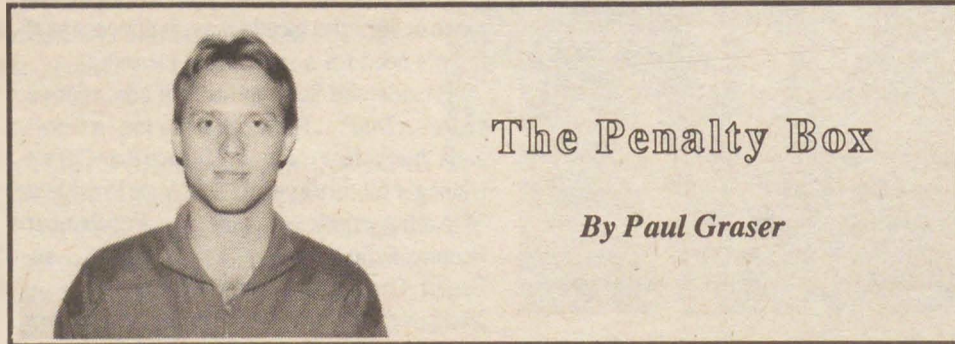
Caller 1: What do you think about the school getting a recreational complex?

TPB: Personally, I think this school can party with the best of them. I love the fact that Fontbonne goes out of its way to dream up reasons for a party. It's a good way to let loose and break the monotony. Other schools are jealous. So just have fun and don't worry. There's no reason to have a complex about it.

Caller 2: Did you know we have a golf team? And why aren't you playing on it?

TPB: I have to admit, the other day when they told me the coach was at Tantera with

the team, I thought they said he was at Pantera's ordering a supreme. Seriously, my golf game just isn't up to par. I shot a 73 the other day. If the weather was nicer I would have gone on to the second hole. But I'm



The Penalty Box

By Paul Graser

tired of putting around. Let's drive on to the next question before I get teed off.

Caller 3: How come you called your column "The Penalty Box," and you never wrote about hockey?

rooms and all, I figured turnabout was fair play. Unfortunately — What was that question again? — Must have lost him. Next caller.

Caller 4: What did you really think of the fan support at school games?

TPB: All kidding aside, the fan support at games was very poor and at times, uninspirational. I mean, a few times somebody would come up to me and say hello. Other times somebody else would try to make small talk with me. But I virtually had no fan support at school games whatsoever. Oh, did you mean for the teams?

Caller 5: I'm really depressed. Nobody knows what I'm going through. I think I'm going to —

TPB: -click- Sorry to cut you off. Always one prank call. (Obviously a Mets fan.) Time for one last question. Go ahead, you're in print.

Caller 6: TPB, do you have anything you'd like to say before you leave Fontbonne?

TPB: Well, it would take up too much space to say thank you to all the faculty, staff, and friends for putting up with me. And goodbyes are just too emotional for me. And to say I'll miss these quick deadlines would be a lie. So, no.



Golf team members Frank Licavoli, Mike Chlipala, Todd Daube, Coach McKinney, Dino McKinney, Jerry West, Pete Wiss. Photo by Paul Graser

Golf Team's Season Is Right on Par

By Paul Graser

History surfaced at the college again as the Men's Golf Team swung into action for the initial match of the season and its career.

Pete Wiss, Frank Licavoli, Dino McKinney, Jerry West, Mike Chlipala, and Todd Daube make up the squad which is coached by Lee McKinney.

The Griffins won their dual meet against Maryville College to open the season. Pete Wiss led the way by shooting the lowest score, helping the Griffins win by twelve strokes.

Each team selects five players to compete at each match. From those, the four best scores are added together to form a team total. The lowest team score wins the match.

The Griffins gained good experience by playing in the Mid-Western Golf Tournament on the Oakes Course at Tantera. Major

golf schools were in the tournament including the University of Tennessee, Kansas State, Wisconsin, and Mizzou.

If the fierce competition wasn't enough, the course was the toughest the golf team will find.

"Professionals don't like to play on it. Nobody makes par," said Dino McKinney. "I shot better on the back nine than I did on the front."

The Griffins, who practice at Berryhill Country Club, have several other tournaments and dual matches scheduled before the district playoff tournament at the end of the season.

"We've got a good team and we're going to get better," said Coach McKinney. "Golf is a great game. It gives me a chance to get my sanity back after basketball."

Soccer Team Wins, Places, Shows at Fundraiser

By Darrell Haynes

On April 8, soccer coach Scott Westbrook and his team held their first fundraiser at 8:30 p.m. in the Cafe. Nearly 150 people, including players and parents, contributed \$2,090.57 to the soccer team. The theme for the evening was "A Night at the Races."

Participants were invited to bet on races projected on a screen. Proceeds went directly to the soccer team. Ten races in all enabled modest winnings and moderate losses.

The biggest winner of the evening was Jean Crowe, secretary for the Music Department. Crowe won \$472 in the 50-50 drawing, which represents half of the money collected by the soccer team in a raffle drive.

The names of those who didn't win were collected and pulled in raffle style to make winners out of everyone. There were also attendance prizes donated by the Bookstore and Anheuser-Busch.

Westbrook and the entire team express their gratitude and thanks to everyone who participated.



Scott Westbrook

RSVP Needed on NAIA or NCAA, ASAP

By Paul Graser

The college's sports program is discussing a switch from the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletes (NAIA) to Division III of the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) for the 1990-91 year. A decision should be made by the first of July, but would not be implemented for another year.

The move would prevent Fontbonne from offering athletic scholarships. Aid would be based totally on academic achievement and financial need.

"My philosophy in recruiting is that of Division III right now," said Athletic Director Lee McKinney. "College is for an education first, so I look for academically inclined student-athletes."

Fontbonne seeks to join a new conference in Division III which would be made up of Maryville, Webster, Parks, Principia, Blackburn, and Westminster Colleges.

The NAIA, to which Fontbonne belongs

now, announced that it is splitting into two divisions for next season. Division I would comprise of schools offering full athletic scholarships; Division II, schools awarding partial scholarships.

"That's all in theory. I don't know how they're going to implement it," said Lee McKinney. "There are teams in our conference offering full rides."

Major reorganization and transition are the labels given for next season. Coach McKinney has scheduled a lot of games against Division II and III teams so the school can compete against squads of its own academic prowess.

"There's more prestige associated with NCAA. When a school has NCAA behind their name, no matter what division, people take notice," said McKinney. "The jump would further emphasize our commitment to academic excellence."

Seniors Pledge Record Gift

A record high of \$4,070 was pledged to the Campaign for Fontbonne by the 1989 class as a result of contacts made by the 1989 Class Gift Committee. The eighty students pledging represent thirty-five percent of those contacted.

Committee members reported an openness on the part of the class to give support to the college. One student said he "felt good to be able to do something for Fontbonne." Others were enthusiastic

about the Rhinestones and Roulette casino night and wanted to cooperate.

Members of the committee include Andy Beckerman, Cindy Dameron, David Hoffman, Virginia Lawton, Nancy Linhoff, Bernice Marquart, Kathy McTigue, Lisa Moritz, Nora O'Dell, Lori Reed, Marianne Russell, Rene Sargent, Peggy Winkleman, Darren George, Janice Judgens, Janet Rabushka, Tom Yabraes, and Stephanie Stueber, csj.