Here with a half roll of bathroom tissue (for want of facial) in front of me, I think of all my years at Marshall. Academic and social scars are deep. I think of good times and bad and quest for truth. Have I found it? Why doesn’t it show itself? Perhaps in years to come I will know whether these years have been beneficial or whether college was a social opportunity merely endured. The years have been long yet not uneventful — though most events have long passed from my memory. Do only the good times remain? No.

There are a few heartbreaking ones still indelibly etched — the sleepless nights on wet pillows, trying sometimes in vain to analyze myself and revamp my lifestyle. College is an experience — a growing experience (although high school seniors think they have it made). It is a place where you learn that you don’t have it made — yet — no matter how hard you try to make a name for yourself while you’re here. Some progress from the all-night drunkenness of beer to one glowing shot of scotch. All of a sudden classical and soft music are good and sometimes preferable. But most of all you find that truth does not lie entirely in academics.
there's rolling and being rolled / 113
Spring is the time for splashing, sunning, bicycles and ice cream cones. There is no other day like the first warm day when everyone who has been hibernating between walks to class seems to grow that drippy extension on the hand known as a double chocolate. Trees become easy chairs and lawn chairs are just that. Skinned knees are on the rise (or fall as the case may be) as we get back into summer and its games. The overall outlook on life, especially for Solarcaine manufacturers, improves. Summer is an art gum eraser that removes the stark lines of winter down to the faint traces of the memory.
ON STAGE FOR SUMMER FUN!

2 BROADWAY KITS!

OLD MAIN THEATRE

COMING!

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA-RAYS ON THE MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS

AUGUST 8-9-10

M.I.T. SUMMER THEATRE PRODUCTIONS

AUGUST 569
GIVE

ever way,
not going
to tell You!
I greek week

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"I guess we know who's the big man on campus now!" / 171
graduation — a circus in itself
Having been screwed by Marshall, I can attest to the fact that this institution can be compared to not only a nymphomaniac, but also a prostitute. After all, you only get what you pay for.

But Marshall has only learned to screw as it has been screwed. How many millions is it that have been wasted on building then tearing down a failure of a transit system at wvu? Who was called a university in name only? Who still is?

Oh yes. We're getting a new building. How does that compensate for losing our school of engineering (where, by the way, these pictures were taken? And the med school. It's more a probability than a possibility, but some still say, "Why split the money between two schools when we can pour it all into one and have one fine university instead of two mediocre ones?"

My all-too-wishful thinker thinks, "No wonder West Virginia projects such a money-poor image." You could show me all the facts and figures in the world, but I would still hope for equality — scholastic equality in this state. Of all the colleges and university (ies) in the state, Marshall is third from the bottom in terms of money received per capita. For the time being, all I can offer is, "How sad."

— Meg
 Twelve o'clock.
Along the reaches of the street
Held in a lunar synthesis,
Whispering lunar incantations
Dissolve the floors of memory
And all its clear relations,
Its divisions and precisions,
Every street lamp that I pass
Beats like a fatalistic drum,
And through the spaces of the dark
Midnight shakes the memory
As a madman shakes a dead geranium.

Half-past one,
The street-lamp sputtered,
The street-lamp muttered,
The street-lamp said, 'Regard that woman
Who hesitates toward you in the light of the door
Which opens on her like a grin,
You see the border of her dress
Is torn and stained with sand,
And you see the corner of her eye
Twists like a crooked pin.'

The memory throws up high and dry
A crowd of twisted things;
A twisted branch upon the beach
Eaten smooth, and polished
As if the world gave up
The secret of its skeleton,
Stiff and white.
A broken spring in a factory yard,
Rust that clings to the form that the strength has left
Hard and curled and ready to snap.

Half-past two,
The street-lamp said,
'Remark the cat which flattens itself in the gutter,
Slips out its tongue
And devours a morsel of rancid butter.'
So the hand of the child, automatic,
Slipped out and pocketed a toy that was running along the quay.
I could see nothing behind that child's eye.

Half-past three,
The lamp sputtered,
The lamp muttered in the dark.
The lamp hummed:
'Regard the moon,
La lune ne garde aucune rancune,
She winks a feeble eye,
She smiles into corners.
She smooths the hair of the grass.
The moon has lost her memory.
A washed-out smallpox cracks her face,
Her hand twists a paper rose,
That smells of dust and eau de Cologne,
She is alone
With all the old nocturnal smells
That cross and cross across her brain.'
The reminiscence comes
Of sunless dry geraniums
And dust in crevices,
Smells of chestnuts in the streets,
And female smells in shuttered rooms
And cigarettes in corridors
And cocktail smells in bars.

The lamp said,
'Four o'clock,
Here is the number on the door.
Memory!
You have the key,
The little lamp spreads a ring on the stair.
Mount.
The bed is open; the tooth-brush hangs on the wall,
Put your shoes at the door, sleep, prepare for life.

The last twist of the knife.

Higher education is one lamp-post in a row of many, but truth can become lost in the search for dollars.
We are like the cat — we will take what is there for lack of something better. How many of us came here because we knew no other way?
Them degrees is important.
And like the child, we grab and pocket that which we wish to learn — and yet, where will it lead us? A job in another field most likely; or marriage.
Did we conform like good little boys and girls? Are we now considered socialized?
I can see Old Main and Northcott from here.
Some friends are in the living room playing cards.
The year is not quite over for me although it is mid-July. But in one respect, a phase of my life is over. In about one week I will revert to the same student status I almost enjoyed six years ago — anonymous — before I got into this business.

Kolleen asked me to go with her to the next Chief Justice staff meeting that fall and I agreed, having been involved in publications in high school. Gary King was editor and the staff was then composed of people, most of which are long since gone. Those were the carefree days when I had no thoughts of being editor. And I certainly have no thoughts of being editor again.

Probably for the rest of my life “Chief Justice” will be the two words I can type fastest.

It has been at the same time a good and a bad year. There were happy times and times every editor goes through, wondering where his next print is coming from. Our staff was not a gregarious one, which made things rather difficult.

But it’s over — finished except for the proofs. Thank God and thank J.B. Edwards.

Yes, Mom and Dad, I can get back to school. No more yearbook for any of us to worry about. But it makes me rather sad not to have an office on campus to go to between classes — or instead of classes — or to get stopped coming out of at 5 a.m. the day of deadline.

The book itself is a compromise between what we wanted and what we had to work with. I cannot tell you what I think of it, you must decide for yourself. I will admit my bias, and that doesn’t necessarily mean towards, since there are many things I would do differently given the chance again.

For now, I think I’ll just go back to Ritter Park and sit in trees or by the pond and blow some more bubbles. I like to watch the pretty colors spin in the wind until they burst.

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(this page has been — blurp-zip-expletive deleted — partially erased in honor of the current administration.)