YEARNBOOK PROGRESS

In the past two weeks, the yearbook staff has made a lot of decisions concerning the composition of the 73-74 yearbook. First of all, we have decided on the cover design; it's a fantastic idea, and we think you'll really like it! We have secured a publisher, and the deadline for the first half of the book is December 15th. Since we have less than a month to go, we'll need pictures from EVERYONE. As discussed in the last issue of the Organ, each student will submit his own picture and a data sheet will be required with each picture. We've decided that there will be three pictures per page (three students per page), which will give plenty of room for the necessary details. Students will not be separated according to class (Freshmen, Sophomore, etc.), but arranged alphabetically. Individual pictures were voted on because we felt that people were getting tired of posing in front of a camera. This way, you can select a GOOD photo of yourself and it will be put in the yearbook. Anyone who does not submit a picture will not be in the yearbook, it's that simple.

One of the fund-raising activities planned is a dance, to be held on December 8th, 8:30 P.M. Admission is $1.50, and a picture of yourself for the yearbook. Additional tickets (used to buy drinks) may be purchased any time at the dance. The dance will be SEMI-FORMAL since it is in the Christmas spirit. We're trying to get a band for the dance because we've heard through the grapevine that most of you would like a live band. ("Oh, we'd do anything for you") Liquor will be served, no beer or wine.

As mentioned above, part of the admission to the dance will be a picture, along with the data sheet in this issue of the Organ. Additional data sheets will be placed in the cafeteria and the library. The picture should be no larger than 3x5, and we'd prefer black and white. Remember one thing, if you bring a bad photo, you'll see it in the yearbook, so do yourself a favor and submit a decent one.

Last, but not least, we need help. One way to get rid of apathy is to get involved with school activities, and one of the biggest activities is the yearbook. Each member of the staff can use people to help them. Putting a yearbook together isn't an easy job. If you've had any experience working on a yearbook, great, but if you haven't, we will teach you what you'll need to know to do the job correctly. Our deadline for the first half of the yearbook is less than a month away, so please consider giving us a helping hand. If this generation is for helping others, the best proof would be to help your own fellow students put together a book that will contain memories of the entire year. If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem...

Cathy Benjamin
The following information is necessary in order to secure an individual space in the 73-74 yearbook. Please fill out immediately and return them no later than Wednesday, Nov. 21st.

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<th>YEARBOOK DATA</th>
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**SPECIAL NOTE:** If you don't fill these out yourselves, we will, and you can count on our imaginations running wild!
Many people on this campus have complained of loneliness, how it haunts them constantly; how it occupies their subconscious and, consequently, their dreams. So what's the matter? Well, unfortunately, if you're not a ravishing beauty or a handsome Don Juan, you're not too easily accepted. Why must everyone be so looks conscious? Why can't everyone be accepted for what they are? What makes some people think they're God's gifts to the world and that they have the right to cut people down? (Those questions should be rhetorical, they'll never get answered.)

What ever happened to the "good old days", when college was a place where one could make life-long friends and the only lonely people were the ones who didn't participate in anything. (Yes, some people make themselves miserable, but, remember one thing, they must have their reasons.)

Maybe some of you remember that this year's theme is LOVE - love of one another. Okay, okay - some people aren't very lovable, but, then again, love of friends is something different altogether. Those of you who have good friends know how nice it is. It's just nice to have someone to share dreams and aspirations and deep-down feelings with. It's nice to have a shoulder to cry on or a smile when you're down so far you have to look up to see the ground! It's a give and take relationship, and each person grows separately, yet they grow together. Everyone needs a friend, not only acquaintances, but a real friend.

Would it hurt to find out how other people feel? You might be surprised to find out that some people agree with you on a lot of things. Of course, there will be those that disagree with you, but that's just one of life's little obstacles you'll have to learn to cope with.

Maybe an answer to the apathy on this campus is for everyone to care about everyone. Just remember, you're no better or worse than anyone. Let's start caring about each other and just watch apathy disappear. Try it ... you'll like it!

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CONGRATULATIONS

to Nancy Lee for finally getting her ears pierced.
to the girls in 42-10 for the great work on their door.
to Mr. Steve Rievman, who is now DOCTOR Rievman.
to Vicky K. for being such a great leader of her club.
to "Dutch", who will turn 18 (FINALLY!) on Tuesday, Nov. 20th

RESULTS OF QUESTIONNAIRE

1. students are willing to pay between $5 and $15 for the yearbook
2. students are in favor of each student submitting his own picture
3. students are in favor of a semi-formal dance (to be held soon)

** THANKS TO ALL WHO FILLED OUT QUESTIONNAIRES.**
MEMOIRS OF A PSYCHOTIC

It's night again, oh how I dread the night. Letting myself be drawn into its succulent vacuum, always to the dismay of my own confusion. Undecided as always to my unprescribed schedule for which I strive so desperately to fulfill. What the hell do I do with myself? That's what kicks me in the teeth every night after dinner. Might as well go brush my teeth. The fresh crystal cool mint taste glistening over my gums, the stimulating Py-co-pay bristles spreading that Crest into the relished enlightenment of my tongue. It's true what they say, the best things in life are free, which must account for the money I spend here. I was walking down the halls before. Shouts and screams, door knockings, the sound of WSHE blasting from Fort Lauderdale. It seems like a lot of noise but somehow it's oddly morbid. Maybe its the clinical white halls with the cold empty echoes and the desolation of each claustrophobic corridor. Only the few stray people drifting into rooms, doors quickly clamping shut behind them. All I see are those slimy little frogs stuck to the windows and doors. Ohhhhh the unmitigated deadness of it all transcending my soul to the very bowels of paranoia. I look at a clock, the hands ticking away as usual. That's one thing about time. Always there with its constant breathing, pushing deeper into its own destruction. Always present with its abstract existence that is never really there at all. Maybe it's the only security I'll ever have. If only those clocks would stop. Just for a little while. No, it's better they go fast, maybe not fast enough. Gotta get back home. Back to good cooking and smiles that are more than 99% polyester. I saw they put more chairs in the lobby the other day; they should go like hotcakes. When will they ever learn? Sick of trying to find a TV set. Nothing on anyway. Maybe someone's going to 7-11. Like to get some beer. Get drunk and go to bed. Just polish off another day. But there's always Royal Crown. Go to Royal Crown and meet some meat. That hallucinative red glow with those sinking vinyl chairs. Only to stagger back to the dorms, the only sign of life being the hum of a coke machine. Maybe a phone screaming for attention. But it's back to that bed. That wonderful bed. Not worrying whether it's Tuesday or Wednesday, not caring if the sun ever comes up again, not even remembering what my teachers even look like. God I'm hungry. Could be time to go cruisin for burgers. Is anyone going to Samboz? The very thought of food is driving me insane. Might as well just hang it up and go to bed. What's the use of anything anymore? Not even being able to fill myself with some foo----- Wait!!!!!!! What's that sound? That music? I don't recognize--No wait! It's someones stereo but what the hell is it? Sounds like Wayne Newton, no, must be the Carpenters. Must be that kid down the hall who walks funny. Ah well, time to hit the sack. Don't let it get you down. It's only Marymount burning.

Basie

NOW HEAR THIS!

In answer to questions put in the Organ box in the Library:
1. It's not our job to find out about cigarette machines, change machines, candy machines, or stamp machines. The purpose of submitting questions is for the Organ or the yearbook.
2. The soda machine in Carroll Hall is now filled with soda, "Cotton Mouth"
3. To put more pictures in the Organ takes a lot of time and money. If you're willing to help, we'd be glad to have you.