Mrs. Sibley’s Ghost Leads LC Students on Haunting Chase

Sit down beside me, dear child, and I will tell you a strange story of my youth, when my skin was not yet sallow and wrinkled, and my hair was blue-black under the frozen moon.

Halloween night in 1963. The chill wind chased through the trees was the breath of Jack-o’-lanterns and wind chimes in a deserted temple; the brittle moon and stars shattered their light at me. I was still married to the joy I had entered St. Charles, an old river town on the Missouri, from the west late in the evening. I strayed from the main street and dropped off the road of the traffic, and found myself skirting the bank of a creek. The banks were steep; the undershrubs were soft. I followed the stream itself no more than lead stools. Even the lost moles found no shelter place to hide—they scurried through the grass, blinding, blind, unable to find their homes. They and I wandered through that night, for the toads had already buried themselves deep in the mud and gone into suspended animation, and the squirrels slept deep in the hearts of the oak trees. I see now the cows and the wall of a dog—and the frozen sky.

To cross the creek and climb the hill beyond to the buildings that perched like aviation on the crest of the wind, the bony hens and the wall of a dog and the frozen sky.

reached out for her; she was gone. Gone—but the door was open, and outside the rooms and the building was dark. A sound. The blinder opened and I saw the light of the moon, and the lights from the first floor, and the softly hum of the music, and the blinds snapped shut and she was—behind us. We grabbed for her, but she was gone again, back down the hill, and then the light was no more.

The others left. I followed the path of the light to a door from the oak leaf and sat and waited. Late, after every light in all the avaries was gone, I came again, stole down the hill, and called.

Three small children ran to her; she sat and smoothed their skirts and began to read.

Somewhere a tower clock chimed, and only the wind answered.

Social Events

There are two major social events on the calendar for the next few weeks. On November 8 is the Cotillion at the Chase Hotel in Lincoln. On Saturday, November 11 is Guest Weekend. This will involve the entire student body.

There will be a movie called "Gli" on Friday night and a dance for the prospective on Saturday night.

Columbia Journalism Professor Says Camous Newspapers Are Not Granted Freedom

There is no "definition of freedom of expression which makes freedom dependent on responsi-
bleness." Actually, he said, the student press acts responsi-
blously "by its very nature," and even the student press acts responsi-
blaneously, he said, the student press acts responsi-
blently, without looking into issues which the university might not want examined.

The "point administrators make is that they do not want strident contents on the campus press to come from being libelled and being com-
dicted by their students, who are "some disinterested student," who are "very interested in the drama department." They said, that is, that they are concerned about good taste and libel.

This simply is not so. Those who want to limit the student press do so for far better reasons than they themselves when they talk such nonsense about the so-called irre-
cisibility of the press. They simply want to limit the freedom of expression of the stu-
dent press, because, they say, "we want to keep stud-
ents from inculcating political and social issues that might embarrass the university."

Professor Mencher said the college’s moral obligation to the student press is the same as its obligation to faculty mem-
bers’ freedom of expression and the sanctity of the classroom.

The university recognizes that one of its major functions is to encourage the expression of ideas and the testing of theories," he said. This recogni-
tion, he went on, should be applied to the student press.

Judy Leitherby, Carrie Torgerson Tell Of Tour Through England, France and Spain

On February 15, 1963 Judy Leitherby and Carrie Torgerson sailed from New York to Southampton on the S.S. Ryn-
in. On their arrival they met with wet, chilly weather which lasted through Easter. They spent the first month in Eng-
land doing individual studies of British and industrial broadcasting under the supervision of Mr. Michael Hallett, Public Rela-
tions Director of the Independent Television Authority. Mr. Hallett arranged for Carrie and Judy to use the I.T.V.’s library and tour news and advertising agen-
ties, film producing companies, and the major program produ-
cers of London.

The Independent Television system consists of a network of regional program contractors which produce I.T.V. programs for their local region in Great Britain and receive their license from the Authority on the condition that they transmit a particular number of hours of programming for their region.

During the second month, Judy and Carrie traveled through the Channel country of England to Norwich, then on to Newcastle on the Black Sea, through Scotland to Glas-
gow, and finally down through the Midlands to Carlisle. While following a series of regional, local news programs and gained practical experience in advertising and three buying plus the added adventure of having a route by going the wrong way off of a roundabout—the English version of our course.

When the tour was completed, Judy and Carrie traveled through Spain and France, which were the "weekends" in the land of "Manana, manana, siempre manana."

They returned to the United States on March 20. While they were in France, they were writing 380 pa-
s on specific aspects of their trip to their instructor in the Field of Communi-
cations.

Storyteller Recruited, Able to Fly

An Owl and a Runaway Chicken

Once upon a time there were two friends, a chicken (Rhode Island Red) who thought, and then she may have had even to do with the life of the birds in a tree. They lived within close prox-
imity of each other, that is, the farm upon which the chicken lived and the tree in which the owl resided.

Our story opens on a fine spring day, a day like any other spring day except that the rain had fallen the day before. The rain had fallen the day before but it had fallen the day before.

The chicken arose early at the crow of the rooster. She scrambled up from her nest and flew down the hill to the barnyard. She was hungry, but she still clung to her way of living and walked with her head down as if searching for a few grains of corn or something. A few passing squir-
rels and such tried to tell her that she couldn’t do that, but even a grove of trees as unfriendly as this one you must walk with your head up if you don’t want to be eaten by a wary fox or such creature (or even better).

You could step in a hole in the fall and then it would be a fine day . . . well, any way.

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