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Medical Schools Accept Forty-one Seniors

Forty-one students and alumni of St. Joseph's College have already been accepted to medical, osteopathic and dental colleges in September according to the latest count released by Dr. Carroll B. Nash, Chairman of the Biology Department. The largest number will enter Jefferson Medical College and consists of the following fourteen students: J. Colcher (Class of '63), D. Comperatore, R. DeHoratius, R. Flanigan (Class of '60), A. Francescone, L. Hoffman, J. Kane, J. Kestner, O. Lukasewycz, M. Marone, W. Mullin, T. Skowronski, F. Walchak, and A. Zolnay. The second greatest number consists of the seven students entering Philadelphia College of Osteopathy — B. Fox, N. Kopman, W. McGrath, A. Rook (Class of '62), L. Rondini, W. Smiley, and P. Wallner. Temple University Medical College will receive the following five students: J. DeSantis (Class of '62), J. Deviney, R. Filosa, J. Lee, and A. Wilson (Class of '63). The University of Pennsylvania Medical College will be attended by M. Dougherty, F. Furia and S. Shea. Entering Hahnemann Medical College are P. Domson, R. Savarese and R. Vasallo (Class of '62). New York Medical College will receive R. Hurley (Class of '62) and V. Oronzi. The University of Pennsylvania Dental College has accepted H. Flanigan (Class of '61)

and W. Graboyes. Creighton University Medical College will be attended by J. Walker, Georgetown University Medical College by P. Greipp, University of Maryland Medical College by M. Deegan, Loyola University Medical College by J. Kremper, and University of Southern California Medical College by D. Abrams.

Michael J. Dougherty and Frederick A. Furia, senior students at St. Joseph's College, each have been granted a full-tuition medical school scholarship by the Pennsylvania Medical Society. Both of these scholarships will cover the four-year tuition charges of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine and they have a value of at least \$5,600 each. Of the four scholarships granted by the Pennsylvania Medical Society for 1964, two went to the above students and, of the 16 such scholarships awarded in the past, four have been won by students of St. Joseph's College.

Peace Corps Still Open To Seniors

Graduating seniors still have an opportunity to get into Peace Corps summer training programs, according to Father Gannon, campus Peace Corps Liaison, but it will take some fast action.

Interested seniors can get a Peace Corps Volunteer Questionnaire from their post office or their Peace Corps Liaison Officer. The Questionnaire should be completed and mailed to the Director of Recruiting, Peace Corps, Washington, D. C. 20525 as soon as possible.

Fr. Gannon reports that 35 students at St. Joe's have applied to the Peace Corps since school opened last fall. Nine former students are now serving.

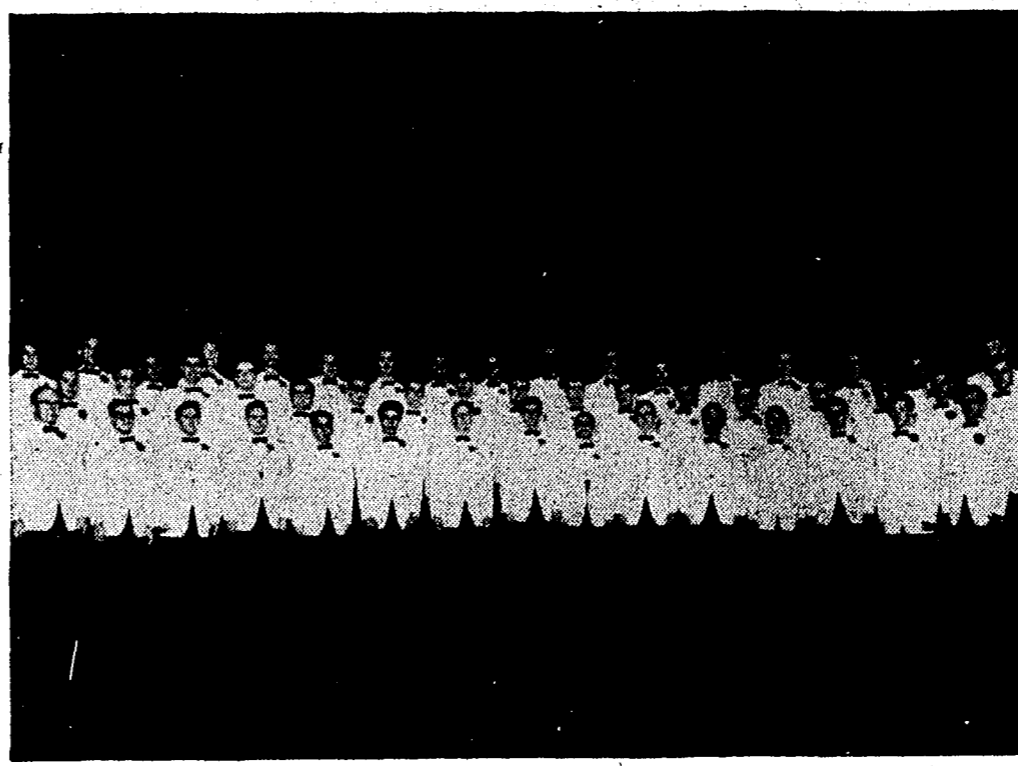
More June grads have applied this year than in the three previous years since the Peace Corps was established, but opportunities are also greater than ever. More than 5,000 applicants will be selected for summer training.

Too many students think they need professional or technical training before Peace Corps service. Others have the false impression that they must be fluent in a foreign language. Professionally trained people are needed, and those who can speak a foreign language are in demand, but the majority of Peace Corps Volunteers are liberal arts graduates who spoke only English before they got into the Peace Corps.

The need for Volunteers who can teach English, science and mathematics is much greater than the Peace Corps can supply. There are thousands of opportunities for liberal arts graduates to teach in secondary schools and hundreds of openings in colleges and universities in Africa, Asia and Latin America.

For those who would prefer a non-teaching assignment, there are opportunities in community action programs, especially in Latin America. These jobs are less structured and offer unlimited opportunities for the exercise of leadership ability, imagination, ingenuity and personal relationships, in helping people help themselves. There is still time to apply for the assignment of service abroad as a Peace Corps Volunteer and interested students should make that application now.

Glee Club Gives Mother's Day Concert



Additional Grants To Seniors

Jim Bergman—\$1800—Connecticut College (Experimental Psychology); \$1400 — North Carolina State College (Industrial Psychology); Penn State; Univ. of Vermont; Ohio Univ.

William McDevitt — Temple Univ. (M.B.A.)

John J. Archambault, Physics, to U. of Md., assist. \$2200. Admitted also to Pittsburgh, Penn State, & Penn.

James T. Bergman, Psychology, to N. Carolina State College, assist., \$1300. Admitted also to Connecticut College, asst. \$1800 & Penn State, Vermont & Ohio.

John Binstead, English, to St. Joseph's E.D. for Education.

Walter Birbeck, English, to Penn for Amer. Civilization. Admitted also to Brown, N.Y.U., Notre Dame with \$1600 fellowship plus tuition.

John Breslin, Physics, to Lehigh, assist., \$2200, admitted also to Penn, Pittsburgh, Boston Coll. with \$2200 assist., & Delaware with assist. of \$2200.

James J. Carroll, Accounting, to Temple E.D. for Marketing.

George Cody, Psychology, to Villanova.

Hugh J. Colihan, Physics, to Penn as employee of AEC & the U.

Gerald A. Connolly, Jr., Speech & Drama, to Temple, \$2200 assist., also admitted to Catholic U.

Terence M. Corcoran, Physics, to Notre Dame, assist. of \$2100 & tuition. Also admitted to U. of Ariz. & Lehigh.

William J. Dougherty, Biology, to Villanova.

John J. Dugan, Jr., I.L.A.S., Penn for Political Science (International Relations). Also admitted to Georgetown.

Thomas Van Figenshu, Drama, Yale.

Louis P. Falino, I.L.A.S., to St. Louis U. for Spanish & Latin American studies, \$2700 fellowship. Also admitted to Georgetown with \$1000 service scholarship.

Henry G. Gordon, Math, to Fordham in June with teaching fellowship of \$1500; also admitted to Purdue, Virginia & Syracuse.

Norman Greenberg, Economics, to Penn's Wharton School for Marketing.

John B. Iannetta, Jr., Accounting, to Temple Law School.

William A. Kunberger, Math, to Penn with teaching fellowship of \$2400. Also admitted to N.Y.C., Penn State, U. Va., Purdue with \$2200 assist., Bryn Mawr with \$1400 assist., and to Maryland.

John Lehman, Jr., admitted to U. of P. Wharton, scholarship of \$1500 for International Business or Dickinson School of Law with a scholarship of \$1500.

Philip J. Maggitti, English, St. Joseph's Grad. School of Education.

Joseph P. Monaghan, Jr., Physics, De Pauw U. with \$3150 assist. & U. Va. with \$3200 assist. Also admitted to U. of Washington.

Daniel J. Murphy, English Lit., Penna. Academy of Fine Arts for a Master's in Fine Arts.

John J. McCreech, Political Science, Villanova Law School.

Paul J. McGarvey, Jr., English, to Villanova; also accepted by Temple.

Frank McKeaney, Physics, to Brown, assist. of \$3550; also accepted by Penn, Syracuse, Maryland & Notre Dame with assist. of \$3300.

Joseph F. McNally, Physics, Maryland, assist. of \$2400. Also admitted to Illinois, assist. of \$2200; Pittsburgh with assist. of \$2850; & Worcester Polytech with \$2200 fellowship.

Valentine Omolo-Opere, Economics, U. of Marseille, France, full scholarship. Also grants to U. of Montreal & McGill U. He will spend the summer working & studying in Montreal before his departure for France.

Michael O'Hara Peale, Jr., Political Science, to Temple Law School; also admitted to Villanova Law School.

Thaddeus C. Racykowski, English, to Catholic U. Law School; also admitted to St. John's U. & Maryland.

Charles M. Richter, Electronic Physics, to Pittsburgh, \$2850 assist. plus a NASA fellowship of \$2900. Also admitted to Georgetown.

Edward D. Smith, English, to Purdue, assist. of \$2500 & tuition. Also admitted to Notre Dame with \$1010 scholarship; to U. of Wisc. with \$700 scholarship; & Universities of Chicago, Detroit & Southern Ill.

Edward T. Toton, Physics, Maryland, assist. of \$2400; also admitted to Syracuse, assist. of \$2400; Brandeis, assist. of \$2400; Stevens Institute & MIT.

Louis E. Vignola, Political Science, to Temple Law School. Also admitted to Fordham & Villanova Law Schools.

Joseph K. Waweru, Economics, assist. to Washington U. in St. Louis; also accepted by U. of Stockholm, Sweden.

Thomas Wilson, Physics, will attend M.I.T. He also received assistantships to Harvard & Cornell; an N.S.F. grant of \$10,000 and an AEC grant of \$5000, and Cornell has tendered a \$1500 fellowship, all in Physics.

Stan Winsko, Jr., Psychology, to Villanova, assist. of \$1800 in Experimental Psychology, plus full tuition & fees.

Arthur R. D'Amato, Biology, to Miami U., Fla., for Marine Biology, with \$1750 assistantship.

Villiger Captures Debate Tournament

Villiger ended its 1963-64 season at the Debating Association of Pennsylvania Colleges' annual championship tournament on April 2, 3, and 4. By defeating Kings College 9-1 in the final round, Villiger retained its state champion status for the second consecutive year. During the year, Villiger entered twenty-two varsity tournaments. At these tournaments, Villiger finished fourth or better twelve times. Specifically, there were four first place awards, two seconds, two thirds, and four fourths. In the same twenty-two tournaments, Villiger members won eleven individual speaker awards. Dennis Suplee led with six first place trophies; Dave Drueding received two awards; and Jeff Jenemann, Norm Muhlbaier and Joe Wenk each received one.

Invaluable contributions were made in the form organization leadership and experienced debating ability by the three seniors—Dave Drueding, Jeff Jenemann and Dennis Suplee. The Society was led internally by Jeff as President, Dave as Vice President and Den as Novice Director. During the season, there was never a tournament won, and scarcely an individual debate won, in which the three seniors were not directly responsible. Although Villiger does have experienced and capable underclassmen, the Society will surely regret the graduation of its seniors.

Villiger hopes for next year must center around the three remaining Greaton Scholarship winners. These three and one other sophomore will also form the administrative nucleus for Villiger next year. Norm Muhlbaier, '65 is the newly elected President and will be assisted by the remainder of the new administration — Joe Wenk as Vice President, Wayne Barrett as Secretary and Ed Golderer as Novice Director. Among these four, Wayne Barrett stands out as one of the most capable and certainly the most colorful member of the Society. Wayne's interpretive dances, political maneuvers and native debating ability have installed him as a vital member of the Society. Seriously, Wayne did prove of valuable assistance to Villiger by participating in more varsity intercollegiate debates than any other freshman in the history of Villiger.

Tournament debating is not the only Villiger function. Annually, Villiger produces an international debate. This year, Jeff Jenemann and Dennis Suplee defeated The University College of Dublin, Ireland on the topic, "Resolved: That The Future Of Africa Is Black." Also, on Wednesday, April 20, Villiger will face Temple University in the final round of the championship debate series being televised over WHYY Channel 12. Villiger participated in three audience debates this year; twice for Holy Name Clubs and one for the student body of Penn Charter High School. A vital interest was maintained in high school debating both by hosting an invitational debate tournament for high schools over a seven-state area, and by the private action of various members of the Society acting as coaches and advisors of area high schools. Finally, Villiger hosted its annual invitational tournament for colleges from an eight-state area in keeping with the traditions of the Society.

Statue of Patron Sought for Campus

Mrs. Bessie E. Snyder, our female mail clerk, has been granted special permission by Father Maloney to begin raising funds for the purpose of erecting a statue to St. Joseph the Worker on the campus.

Mrs. Snyder, an employee of St. Joseph's College for 10½ years, has instituted this drive in thanksgiving for the many special favors that she has been granted, and seeks the support of the students, faculty and staff of St. Joseph's. She has already raised \$40 of the \$600 which is the estimated cost of the project.

The drive will be conducted from the mailroom, where any contributions may be made, and any information obtained. Mrs. Snyder fervently hopes for the total support of the College, both day and evening divisions, since, at this time, there is no outdoor statue of St. Joseph on the campus of St. Joseph's College.

Class of '64 Joins Ranks Of Great Men

This June, our present Senior class will join the distinguished ranks of great men, who bear the title, "educated by the Jesuits." Here is a partial list of famous Jesuit alumni:

Authors, Voltaire, James Joyce, and Moliere. Philosophers, Martin Heidegger, Pascal, and Descartes. Men of the entertainment world, Bob Newhart, Cyril Ritchard, and Alfred Hitchcock. Historian, Will Durant. Composers, Rameau and Gluck. Distinguished statesmen, François Robespierre, Joe McCarthy, and Fidel Castro.

Reflections On Student Government

by Frank Hazel, '64

In my four years at St. Joseph's, I have had the pleasure of watching, and being a part of a great transition in Student Government. When I first entered the Physics Amphitheatre I was greatly impressed with the idea of student government. The men on Council were all seated in their appropriate places and then we as freshmen were introduced to the body. It was a great thrill for me to take my seat in that body which was to play such a very important and vital part in my life at St. Joe's. My sense of awe, however, slowly disappeared. Nothing important seemed to be happening. Everyone talked a great deal, but there was no real issue to talk about, no new activity which we had to sponsor. Student Council did not seem to know its real purpose, nor did the Student Body know what Student Council was. The same men got elected every year because no one particularly cared.

In my Sophomore year things got noticeably better. There was new life and a sense of really belonging. This was my first year as a class president, and therefore my first opportunity to understand the great potential which an organization of this type possesses. Our class had a fine year because for the first time in quite a while good, interested, and active men were elected. Student Council formed new committees: lectures, movies, social, and many others. Everyone felt that now we have a foundation and a start.

In Junior year there was a great deal of activity within the body itself, but this activity got no further than the Physics Amphitheatre. As I implied before,

one of the reasons for the rather apathetic behavior of Student Council was the lack of interest on the part of the student body. This was changed in March 1963. For the first time real issues were put before the student body by the candidates for the Presidency. The student body got a chance to see and know the men who aspired to the office of President of the Student Body.

The campaigning was vigorous and original. The vote was heavy. At about 4:30 on a Thursday afternoon the contest was over. That, however, was all that was over. The interest and I think the respect gained for Student Council had just been born. It must be nurtured for the good of St. Joseph's College.

This past year has been a rewarding one for me and the Student Council. We have found new blood, interest and vitality as can be noticed by the active campaigns for the class offices. It seems that now the Student Body is interested, now they care. In my opinion a great deal of the credit for this revitalization is due to the senior class. I do not just mean the officers, but the class in general. I have had the opportunity to know and work with this class for four happy years, and their life and interest is a source of pleasure to many people. When the Class of '64 entered St. Joseph's College we were asked by our Moderator to make St. Joseph's College a better place for us having been here. Upon graduation, if I might speak for the seniors, may I say that I think we have made St. Joseph's College a better place, and thank her for what she has helped make us.

Askance

Academe Über Alles

John Lehman, Jr., '64

I have heard it said often by students and faculty of larger and more "liberal" institutions that the Jesuit system of education as taught at St. Joseph's College is quite efficient and highly sanitary, but its grinding doctrinaire approach absolutely crushes intellectual curiosity, completely smothering the individual. Further, this dreadfully authoritarian system is geared not toward excellence, but toward the consensus; inexorably molding its product to the blessed mediocre. Eccentricity is simply not brooked. While granting such a one, certain of his points, I would insist that he was largely wide of the mark, and I would then invite him to investigate St. Joe's with me.

Simian Type Students

No individualism? no eccentricity? no excellence? A tour of the campus would immediately destroy this canard. "A great number of Simian types among the students," he might say. "Perhaps," I would reply, "the standards have been set a trifle low in the past, but this has been corrected and even now a large number of outstanding individuals manage to flourish here." I would point out to him scholars and exegeses of high gifts, moral uplifters who are raging furnaces of Christian endeavor, and Roués of a style and grace to be matched nowhere in Christendom, as well as Lotharios of a truly Levantine calibre. We have students singularly endowed with talent in the arts and crafts. In short, I would show him that St. Joe's produces individuals, though limited in number, who are the match and better of those older Ivy-covered schools.

"How then are these wonders produced?" he would ask. "Clearly the aim of the curriculum is not excellence, rather it seems to be the propagation of Rotary, K. of C. and the Holy Name. Show me next your faculty and administration." I would show him Science teachers exploring relativity absolutely, Theology teachers fairly dripping with Ecumenical juices, and philosophy teachers constructing square circles with fierce Christian shouts. "Many of these men," he might remark, "should be out digging graves or running for office." Worse, and more incredible still, he would be sure to notice that these were the very same who disdained the students, being available only through appointment. I would be quick to point out to him however that several of the ornaments of our faculty are not only brilliant and educated, but accessible as well.

Poor Administrators

"I would judge by the atrocious gerrymandering of the integrity of your campus that the College has suffered from some poor administrators." To this I would reply that we have had and will have certain administrators whose individual abilities would be taxed beyond their limits by an average kindergarten; nevertheless, like democracies, colleges seem to thrive under such.

Upon leaving the President's Lounge, this investigator might be moved to remark, "Judging from the usurers, railway looters and

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LITERARY NEWS

New Excerpt of 'Pilgrim's Progress' Unearthed

Passing all but unnoticed in the sixth pound of last Sunday's *New York Times* was an announcement that excavators of the Bedford jail in Bedfordshire, England, have uncovered what is reputed to be an unpublished extract from John Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Portions of the manuscript, produced by Bunyan in 1675 while in residence in Bedford jail, are reprinted below. Certain modifications have been made for twentieth-century readers.

"Having passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Christian came to a great and marvellous city unlike anything he had seen in a lifetime of traveling, with buildings that pricked the heavens (Genesis xi:4), and with stalls on the street which led to underground, trails. He saw several of the stalls marked 'Down Town.'

"As Christian walked the streets of Down Town, he chanced to pass by a lusty tavern, where men of all classes were bibbing, some upon the chairs, and some upon the floor (Psalms lxix:12). Yea, and the sign on the tavern's door read, 'Negroes Not Served Here—Bigots Only.' Which the words he understood, but of the meaning he was in doubt.

"But being a man studious to save his soul, and the day being Sunday, he departed from these jolly men and searched for the nearest house of God; he came to one in a region heavy with opulence, and it was billed as the Church of the Whited Sepulchre (Matthew xxiii:27). After Christian walked the temple's flowered path and past the [pickets], he entered the sanctuary and listened with rapture to the minister's moving plea for a new motor vehicle. . . .

Further Adventures

"Christian, accompanying Mr. Worldly Businessman and his wife homeward from the church, passed an abandoned street on which an acquaintance of Mr. Worldly Businessman was attacking a maiden with a formidable pointy cudgel (Isaiah xxxvi:12).

"BUSI.: 'Good day to you, sir. May I point out that you, in your enthusiasm, are mindlessly breaking an Edict of Our Blessed Lord?'

"ACQU.: 'Prithee, Respected sir, what Edict may that be?'

"BUSI.: 'We are instructed never to perform manual labour on the Sabbath.' (Exodus xx:4.)

"MAID.: The maiden emitted a muffled scream.

"BUSI.: 'And to keep the Lord's Day quiet, Young Lady.'

"MAID.: The maiden's wails died 'down, as soon did she, in fact, and the party progressed to the beauteous home of Mr. Worldly Businessman.

"The athletic, nubile children were occupied when the group arrived, for they were clasping and undulating upon a chandelier which hung from the dining room ceiling, and which imitated the motion of a pendulum, and which was removed from the ceiling by

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The Students of St. Joseph's College wish to extend their profound sympathy to the family of RALPH RUGNETTA Requiescat in Pace

Faculty Comments: On the Class of 1964

This Senior class is the first St. Joseph's class I've had any kind of job to do with, since 1955.

My contacts, inside and outside of class, have shown me something unique: a group of defined individuals, who are still reasonable, somewhat, and maybe even quite fervent, and seemingly immune from the common blight of bright, defined individuals: they are not at all Sartrean starers. They don't see through things; they see things.

They may fizzle later, when ten-year statistics are in. Since anybody is really as good a prophet as anybody else (unless there is the miracle called "prophecy" present), I'll predict they'll stand out even at that time.

The unanswered question is this: why is this class, this group, such a clear "this" despite the expected cross-section that's never that different?

E. GANNON, S.J.

The reputation of the class of '64 has been established on the basis of their response to the admonition given by St. James in his epistle, "Estote factores verbi et non auditores tantum." The leaders of this class have not merely been creative in the production of ideas, but with the courage of their convictions, have converted their ideas into reality at the sacrifice of much time and effort.

The many academic awards which they have garnered, in quality and number, the highest in our history, should be harbingers of what they will accomplish in their chosen fields. The extent to which they are willing to become personally involved in the critical issues that face our nation and our culture, will ultimately determine the value of their education and the reputation of St. Joseph's College.

G. BEICHL, Professor of Chemistry

I should like to extend my best wishes and appreciation to the Senior Marketing majors for their participation in our Workshop on Business Ethics conducted last November. Their hard work and cooperation was a significant contribution to the success of the Workshop.

I want to register my sincere hope for a successful career and a fruitful life to each of the members of this group and to the entire class of '64. May God guide their journey.

DANIEL N. DELUCCA, Assistant Professor of Marketing

Reflecting on the Class of '64, I look forward to saying, "Yes, I knew all those famous men during their student days at St. Joseph's College." And I will say it with pride.

Besides exploiting in the proper directions their God-given talents, they follow a ruthless quest for truth and justice, show an intolerance for sham and hypocrisy, and simultaneously spend themselves bountifully to smooth the path for future sons of St. Joe's. Perhaps we will be blessed with the return of many of these boys as future faculty. And, meantime, may they find a moment to let the Graduate Studies Office know where and how they are.

ELIZABETH C. MCMANUS, Secretary, Graduate Studies Office

The Jesuit Fathers have had you for four years, the Alumni Association from now on. We wait with wild expectations!

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Although the description of our times has been referred to as "the age of anxiety," it is in reality an era of relatively more anxiety than other times in our history (and, I am sure there are some who would even debate this contention)—anxiety being inherent in living and "coping" with human requirement. There have been significant changes in the vocational world because of our tremendous progress in technology but, it seems to me, knowledge, hard work, perseverance, and self-honesty will always be characteristics which contribute crucially to vocational success, no matter in what "age" we live. Good luck, class of '64.

I. RALPH HYATT, Department of Psychology

As with grapes, so it is with collegians: there are vintage years, and '64 will long be remembered by connoisseurs of the local Jesuit vineyards. Antic, talented, high-volted, multicolored of personality, they will make alumni history.

—DR. BELL

Senior Baccalaureate, Commencement Set

The glorious exit of the Class of '64 will begin with a Baccalaureate Mass on Saturday,

June 6 at 10:30 a.m. Rev. Herbert Baum, S.J., Class of '39 and Professor of Philosophy at St. Joseph's, will be the celebrant of the Mass. The sermon will be delivered by Rev. Neil Gargan, S.J., Superior at Georgetown University. Senior academic awards will also be presented at this time.

The conferring of degrees will take place at 6:00 p.m. on Sunday, June 7, with Very Rev. William F. Maloney, S.J., President presiding. Most Rev. John Graham, Auxiliary Bishop of Phila-

delphia will address the graduates.

Four honorary degrees are to be conferred at the commencement: Bishop Graham, Doctor of Letters; Mr. Lee S. Bickmore, President of the National Biscuit Company and a member of the Board of Governors of the Academy of Food Marketing, Doctor of Commercial Science; Mr. Anthony Murphy, '19, Resident Partner of Reynolds & Co. and a member of the Board of Lay Trustees, Doctor of Laws; and Mr. Alan Kirby, Chairman of the Board of the Allegheny Corp., Doctor of Laws.

(Continued from Cols. 1 and 2)

mountebanks that St. Joe's has honored with LL.D.'s it would seem that it is as much money oriented as the less ethereal institutions of higher learning?" Here at last my point will have been made, for he is reduced now to petty caviling. In triumph I would lay my case to rest. "Of course," I would say, "St. Joe's is subject to the malaises and pettifoggery afflicting all such institutions; but the reason why our alumni is disproportionately represented in the highest fields of attainment is that they have learned to work within the discipline of a framework without allowing the framework to contain them."

This, I will tell him, is what I have learned and what will sustain me until the carnal excesses of my youth have fetched me and I am no more.

America And St. Lucia

by Burton Mathew Louisy, '65

Burton Louisy, a Senior Political Science major, is a native of the West Indies. In the following article, he describes his homeland and states his impressions of the life of a foreign college student in America.

I am in the midst of civilization. Indeed it is true that my period of studies at St. Joseph's College is now nearing an end. Thus it becomes fitting and appropriate that now I can reflect, compare and contrast St. Lucia's hopes and fears, its ways of life with those of civilized America.

Like Helen of Troy

St. Lucia is a delectable island in the Caribbean—it is the Helen of the West Indies. Like Helen of Troy, a most beautiful woman who was the cause of the launching of a thousand ships, St. Lucia, an adorable land, was endeared by both England and France for more than a century. Both nations, England and France, again like Greece and Troy, fought ferociously to possess this Pearl of Great Price; even an English Duke died there in battles to possess it for the motherland. At last the British won this small Utopia, bringing into it the blessings of civilization.

So what then could be my quest now in America? Why should I leave an island about which our Bishop once proclaimed, "A veil of sanctity hangs over St. Lucia." The British could be said to have planted a seed of Democracy and Christianity in the island and expect that the natives there shall forever after be custodians of that tree of freedom and love for all men. The natives must nurture, cultivate and give it all the necessary fertilization for it to grow and spread that God's peace on earth may reign in the hearts of its inhabitants. This is a task for educated men, men of responsibility, resolute in Christian ideals, full of dignity and integrity—men on whom all can depend.

English Ruined Island

The evils of the first rapacious Englishmen, farmers for more than a century, exported to England all the raw materials obtained from the island, spent the money in Britain educating their children and bought stocks in the English Market. Such unconcern left the island rampant with poverty, void of educational institutions, suffering from an acute dearth of roads, hospitals, doctors and teachers that are the essential elements for the survival of a destitute people.

The island is two hundred and thirty-three square miles, with a population of about one hundred thousand. Illiteracy is about seventy per cent, a thought which can break the heart of any St. Lucian, even to chill his blood. The French left their mark by giving everyone a means of communicating with each other in a broken French dialect called a patois. This is the principal means of communication: a mixed blessing, everyone living in two worlds on the island. It is more remarkable with the children; their parents with limited education speak to them, train them in Creole; but those children attend the schools where English is the only spoken word. They think in Creole and endeavour to translate its meanings in all they do and say into English. The native teachers seem to be blessed with special gifts from the Holy Spirit. Their tasks are innumerable: they must teach English, Health Education, Christianity and respect for civil authority to these children who are always so eager to learn of foreign lands, of great men who

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FROM THIS ANGLE

The United States and World Power

by Anthony James Joes, '65

So accustomed are we to being immersed in international affairs—Vietnam, Cuba, The U.N. and so on—that it is easy to forget that such foreign involvement is quite a revolutionary experience for this country. The United States did not begin to occupy a permanent position on the big-power stage until Pearl Harbor, when military attack finally convinced her that she was in the world and could not escape it. America has made some serious tactical errors since then, as in the Budapest Rising of 1956 or the Bay of Pigs in 1961. Yet, considering her relative lack of experience and the handicaps of trying to apply copybook maxims to modern power realities, the United States has responded extraordinarily well to the challenges of the post-war era.

Embarrassing Episode

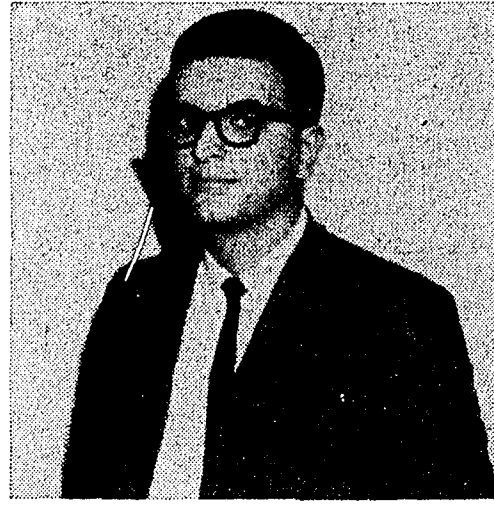
The United States first put all its chips on the world table by entering the First World War. The real reason for our involvement was that a Western Europe dominated by a single military power would be contrary to America's vital interests. Wilson, however, told the American people perhaps the most grotesque fairytale in their history: by fighting a war, they would end war! Thus, at the end of that most tragic of conflicts, having discovered that lo! the world had not turned into a paradise, Americans picked up their chips and went home to splendid isolation. This embarrassing episode in our history ended with the disgraceful fiasco over the League of Nations, in which Wilson and the Republican leadership played equally childish, shameful roles.

Harding and Coolidge knew little and cared less about foreign affairs, and Hoover spent his White House years trying to talk the country out of the Depression. Roosevelt's first two terms were almost exclusively concerned with the domestic crisis, but there was a glimmer of things to come in the Presidential election of 1940, when foreign policy was the major issue for the first time in a generation.

As the end of the Second World War approached, Americans, determined not to repeat the blunders of 1919-1920, were ready to do their share in a post-war world. Suddenly Roosevelt was dead, and at this most critical juncture in our history, who should be in the White House but a machine politician from Kansas City! Without any formal education to speak of, with a lackluster Senatorial career behind him, Harry Truman inherited the burdens of the Presidency in the Atomic Age and, miraculously, not only was able to bear them but did a truly creditable job of it. The amount of history which was telescoped into Truman's term of office is staggering: the dropping of the Bomb, victory over the Axis, the break with Moscow, the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, Point Four, NATO, the Korean War. Harry Truman will be treated in the grand manner by future historians: the man who saved Western Europe and committed America to her responsibilities.

Korean Action Unpopular

The Korean intervention was Truman's most unpopular action;



the American people, though learning fast, had not yet learned to understand limited war for limited purposes. The war cost Adlai Stevenson the Presidential election of 1952, depriving America of what might have been truly brilliant leadership in foreign affairs.

The Eisenhower Administration was not brilliant, but the United States managed to get through its eight years without suffering any really irreparable damage. Considering Eisenhower's appalling lack of qualifications for the Presidency, his foreign policy record is actually not too bad, thanks mainly to the skill and experience of John Foster Dulles. He did, however, allow naive economic theories to limit the scope of American foreign policy, and consequently the world position of the United States in 1960 was considerably less secure than in 1953.

John Kennedy brought intellectual vigor and dash to foreign policy-making. Despite his blunder in not committing U. S. air power to the Cuban invasion of 1961, he soon proved himself at least the equal of the other world leaders. He refashioned American military might to a more realistic and flexible posture, and managed to perform the extraordinary feat of challenging the Russians to a Cuban showdown while at the same time convincing them that to live permanently at peace with the United States might well be to their advantage.

In this Presidential election year, the voice of the past is heard loud in the land, a voice calling foolishly for quick "solutions" and "victory" in foreign problems, as if man will ever escape problems in this Vale of Tears. Many will listen to this fatal siren song, and thus 1964 will be a year of momentous decision: will America choose to attempt an impossible retreat to earlier, more tranquil times and mores (while at the same time achieving "victory over Communism," whatever that is), or will she continue to advance, resolutely, along the path marked out for her?

UNDERGRADUATES

May Purchase

The 1964 "Greatonian"

on May 25, 1964

in Room 7, Campion

Price: \$10.00

Angry Young Man

"I can connect nothing with nothing"

—Eliot

by William McLaughlin, '64

I have no Swan Song, no great Final Message To Impart. I have, in short, nothing to say. There are some of you who will immediately declare with gratifying ignorance and typical smugness that I never did have much to say anyway, and so no great loss. Well taken. When someone has Nothing to say and speaks this Nothing to a Huge student Emptiness he has achieved a great final Irony (or perhaps only a Paradox) which should please all alike. I have communicated Nothing to Nothing, and such a waste of time as has been involved need cry to heaven for vengeance. I will weep with you. And so, in place of my usual column, the editors have decided to make better use of the space with a rather lengthy advertisement for an upcoming college social event. I have bowed gracefully. Adieu!

ST JUSEF'S COLLEGE

presents

NEW ATTRACTIONS! GIANT STUDENT FUN!

Unusual Victims!

It is with unbounded enthusiasm that the administration, in joint cooperation with an unprecedentedly unanimous student body, invites one and all to participate in certain

Bloody Massacres

which are to take place within the week, and which promise to offer unrestricted opportunities for student frustration relief. Included in the

Murderous Slaughters

will be the perennial favorite of selected Christians throwing

Lions

to other selected Christians in the course of which action it is most generally agreed that the beasts, ferocious enough themselves, shall be roundly beaten, killed and with exemplary Christian charity, well-roasted, carved and passed about in pieces for the crowd's consumption. This is to ensure the general safety of all in attendance, especially our younger brethren; for it will be remembered that just last year a particularly unpleasant incident of crowd hunger caused a

Small Child To Be Eaten

when an unduly fierce beast refused to be killed and eaten. This year we have ensured success by picking the very strongest young Christians available, the college athletes, to perform the

Mauling Of The Lions

Should it happen that with such expert hands at work, the goodly supply of lions on hand should be too promptly disposed of, the administration, in an unprecedented concession to student demands, has given permission for certain

Intellectuals To Be Burned In Oil

We have been assured that only those "intellectuals" who have exhibited marked intellectual ability without at the same time maintaining over the past few years a Quality Point Index of above 3.00 shall be so abused. It is generally agreed that such people are often subversive, critical and unchristianly zealous in their attitudes of Charity, Mercy, Understanding, Liberalism and General Concern For Mankind and the Truth. It has been rumored that many of these same people have recently come out against our projected

Carnival Of Blood

It seems they have expressed some concern for the animals to be used (wait until they discover their own large part in our fun!), something about Nature and God's Own Creatures, all of which is obviously subversive and downright pagan sentimentality. So please do come and watch the blood run red. There is an added

Special Attraction

which promises to please certain members of the administration the most. That is, a general

Book Burning Spree

will be held just before the burning of the intellectuals, with books of modern drama and fiction among those chiefly desired in ashes for their salacious and

Obscene

treatment of the human condition. After these general festivities there will be a large group of

African Dancers

to watch and enjoy; after which boxes for the purchasing of

Pagan Babies

will be passed about.



THE HAWK

BI-WEEKLY STUDENT PUBLICATION OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

54th St. and City Line Ave., Phila. 31, Pa.

Subscription rate: \$2.00 per year

EDITORIAL

Summa Contra Gentiles

This issue, our last of the year, almost didn't appear. Thanks to the efforts of a few leading students, and the understanding of Fr. Maloney, we were granted the extra funds necessary for publication. Now, many of the HAWK's critics would have preferred the premature end to our publishing schedule, and so, just to add insult to an injury that must rankle considerably already, we wish to take this opportunity to answer some of the charges these critics have leveled at us. Our replies, we might add, are as gratuitous as their criticisms.

First, we will discuss those criticisms directed against us by a prominent member of the administration, whose identity we withhold for the simple reason that the remarks ascribed to him, in the form presented here, are based on second-hand knowledge. We do know, however, that his opinion of the HAWK is a negative one: he has said as much to individual editors on several occasions.

Two of his remarks were reported to us as follows: "The HAWK is a snide and sophomoric scandal sheet"; and "the HAWK is written by the most immature persons on campus." We will answer only the latter remark, and in so doing, we think, make comment on the other unnecessary. Our answer is this: we do not think it very mature of our critic, who is supposed to be educated, to hurl damning epithets at us in private. A more mature, to say nothing of a more gentlemanly, approach, would be to make use of our letters column, and state rationally, calmly, and openly his difference of opinion. **If it is we who displease you, it is we who should know about it, and know about it first-hand, not second-hand.**

Damning epithets hurled in private seem to be the specialty of this individual; he condemned Giraudoux's *Tiger at the Gates* for being too "sexy." Now, this is a perfect example of missing the line for the letters, if ever there was one. **Giraudoux's tragedy, the Cap and Bells' production of which rated first page coverage by this newspaper, is a very important play by a very important modern dramatist; any one whose only comment (known to us) about it is that it is "too sexy" is, in our opinion, afflicted by a curious kind of moral myopia—note that we say "moral myopia"; we don't want to be accused of coming out for immorality.**

But enough of this trivia; we'll answer the rest of our critics by a list of our accomplishments. For the past two years, this newspaper has run an art exhibit, each time successfully. Our issue devoted to the memory of our late President Kennedy was an unqualified success, judging by the approximately ten thousand copies that had to be printed. We ran an intercollegiate press meet this year, at which we were the only newspaper not bothered by a curtailment of free thought. At that press meet, we established an intercollegiate news service, thereby making a real contribution toward the goal of greater intercommunication between area colleges.

And let us add some testimonials just for spice. The President of a neighboring college has said: "We admire the maturity of exchange and variety of opinion that we read in the HAWK. When I start reading the HAWK, I look for news about Jesuits, but I finish by reading the whole thing." And Fr. Joseph Burke, of Loyola College, asked: "The HAWK is so interesting, will you send me a copy? At Loyola College, we discuss it." Pretty good, for a "sophomoric scandal sheet."

So, we've made our contribution to the school's image too, in light of which we bid St. Joseph's a fond farewell. **All in all, it's a good school; we hope it stays that way.**

—F.R.W.

The Hawk is the Student Publication of St. Joseph's College. No article of opinion reflects an official view; all articles, whether signed or unsigned, are the views of those who write them. Any official statement from the Administration of the College will be so designated.

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We wonder if:

1. There will ever be comprehensive exams and theses for Seniors.
2. Any class will ever match the achievement of the Class of 1964.

We're happy that:

1. The Glee Club did such a fine job on Mother's Day.
2. The Yearbook will be here this year.

We're amazed that:

1. The last issue of the paper finally came out.
2. We never did fix that "I" in "Coachlight."

LETTERS . . .

To the Editor:

I have sat on Student Council at St. Joseph's for the last four years. I have enjoyed my stay and have discovered in that body a vitality, eagerness and responsibility found in a few student organizations.

Examples of this vitality, eagerness and responsibility may be seen in the development of a lecture series, the organization of a symposium program and the inception of a movie series.

The potential of the 1963-64 Council to improve the college for the student was the greatest of any council in recent years. Unfortunately that potential was never fully realized. It was stifled.

This stifling has been the result of a new policy toward Student Council on the part of the Administration—one of "Unenlightened Meddling." This suppression of the Student Council is attested to both by the number of innocuous bills passed by Council which have failed to receive Administration approval and the atmosphere that now prevails in the Council's deliberation. (Big Brother is watching you.)

Examples of this stifling are not difficult to find. On one occasion Council was refused permission to invite Vance Packard to the campus because a member of the Administration didn't like him (academic freedom?) and besides, "He only has one best seller."

Twice this year Council was turned down in an effort to spend its own money. In other years money bills were not approved but these bills proposed the expenditure of Administration funds, not Council money.

It is generally conceded (the Administration, of course, excepted) that Student Council should be more than a paper organization, that it should have real power and the ability to exercise that power as long as it does so with responsibility. No instance of irresponsibility by Council comes to mind.

The obvious response to this is that we are here as guests of the Jesuit order. But we are paying guests and intelligent guests and (yes!) mature guests.

The proper course for the Administration is to (Continued on Page 6, Col. 3)

LITERARY NEWS

(Continued from Page 3, Col 3) the weight of its attendants. (Genesis xix:36.)

"BUSI.: 'I wish the natural instincts of my progeny not to be suppressed. I wish my children to have all that I did not, which includes a warped childhood.

"Christian remained with the family only to sup, in a remote crevice of the tumbled dining room (Matthew vii:21); but then he removed himself from the home of Mr. Worldly Businessman, and set journeying to yet another marvellous city. . . ."

. . . copied by hand, from the words of Reverend J. Bunian, by his devoted servant and cellmate, R. Carless."

FACULTY GUEST COLUMN

Our faculty guest this issue is Mr. James T. McDonough, whose arrival at St. Joseph's was contemporaneous with the Hurricane Class of 1964. We hope the ideas he expresses here will outlive us all at St. Joseph's.

Christ, Ignatius, and Lenin

by James T. McDonough

Christ, Ignatius, and Lenin each knew the secret of the true revolutionary. All three of them realized that a select handful accomplish more than a large body of the lukewarm. Christ narrowed down the 72 to 12. Ignatius restricted full membership in his Society to a handful. Lenin, even when the Party was in desperate straits, purged away until only the sharpest core remained. When the Jesuits entered education, they intended only to train the elite, the few who would, in turn, change the world. For Ignatius, this meant training princes and leading aristocrats-to-be. Who are the princes of today? They are above all the originators. They include the technocrats, the researchers, the chiefs of communications and industry and government. We find them in *Who's Who?* In one sense, a small team of engineers at the University of Pennsylvania did more in a half decade to advance the world of mathematics by developing the first electronic computer than did a thousand arithmetic teachers and ten thousand bank clerks laboring all their lives humbly at their appointed tasks.

The Need to Act

One Jonas Salk has saved more lives and prevented more suffering than a hundred general practitioners. One vice-president of a giant company holds the security, prosperity, and welfare of more families in his hands than ten thousand honest hard-working shopkeepers and small businessmen. One TV network director enriches—or helps stultify—the lives of more people with one decision on one prime-time series than Shakespeare reached with all his plays through all his life and the next three centuries to boot! In short, those who originate, or make decisions of policy, act more decisively to bring Christ—or Lenin—to a starving world than middle-management and everyday members of the professions.

We are used to theological speculation about the nature of the Mystical Body of Christ, but do we stop to think of its concrete application in our everyday lives? In down-to-earth terms, the Mystical Body means nothing less than that Christ of Nazareth, the historic Christ, is gone from this world never to return until those troubled days when this world itself shall soon be gone. Now there's only us. Christ has no hands to feed the poor but ours, no feet to visit them but ours, no tongue to offer them His love in place of the dialectic of Marx, His warmth where the chill commune now provides a second-best, but ours. And despite the great lie with which democracy misunderstood deludes us, one thousand of us in key posts will make more difference than the other millions of Catholics put together. There must always be the tiny mustard seed to start things off. So too, a few small cells have meant more to the development of the Communist Party than its millions of nominal members.

Such was the revolutionary spirit of the early Jesuits. Such our militant heritage and goal. How do we, St. Joseph's College, in Philadelphia, in the twentieth

century, measure up to it? Our alumni have included an aid to the White House and the Chief Psychiatrist of the Peace Corps. Perfect. But are we aiming at this sort of graduate, or do we merely have the good luck of an occasional maverick? Are our resources and methods geared to turning out originators, researchers, questioners, over-turners, top-managers, decision-makers, original thinkers, Christ's hands to re-weave the very fabric of society? Admittedly, no school can graduate all big successes. Admittedly, no society needs all heads and no hands. For sure, the select few remain impotent without the millions to act out their ideas and decisions.

Greatness Unmeasurable!

Doubtless, too, the potential for greatness is not measurable so precisely. Lincoln would likely have scored poorly on college boards, and surely Harvard has graduated more than one Phi Beta Kappa who then drifted his precious life away. But are we taking the steps towards forming the graduate who will question the present form of the universe, and when he leaves it leave it with the unique imprint of his hands, the special spirit of his dreams? Are we even trying?

Often I feel that we Catholics, especially those of us in Catholic schools, aim too low. Do we dream at most of a secure niche in one of the standard professions or middle management? Do we tend to assume fatalistically, that key posts go automatically and always to Vance Packard's WASPs (White Anglo-Saxon Protestants)? Do we then limit our goals and our preparation and enter upon a vicious cycle? Had he started here, would our most shining star, so dearly lost us last November, have even hoped of rising to the top?

Dreams Are Necessary

Of course we need to fill the rank and file of the professions. Of course we should thank God for the much greater blessing this quite new chance to climb half-way up affords us than our fathers and grandfathers had. But might not some of us dream of writing the textbook, not only teaching it; formulating a basis for international law, not only practicing in the local courts; starting an industry, not merely joining one?

And such a chance lies before us! Think of our Institute of Latin American Studies and the Academy of Food Marketing sending to the shirtless ones of Latin America even one graduate a year, a graduate determined to multiply again the loaves and the fishes because we have helped him grasp compassion for the multitude, and able to do so because we gave him the technology. Think of our Modern Language Department and Foreign Student Program working hand-in-hand with the Peace Corps. Think of the many interdepartmental projects that could help train us for some special task beyond the province of one neatly pigeon-holed career. God bless our graduates already in the Peace Corps, our teachers in foreign

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 4)

VIEW FROM THE RIGHT

APATHY: Moral Disease Or National Policy

by Joseph E. Whalen, '65

"We too protest" blared a full page advertisement in a New York newspaper signed by a dozen members of the Protestant and Jewish clergy during the relentless propaganda assault on the Diem Regime last summer. Since then a report by the United Nations Fact Finding Mission to South Vietnam (which the U.N. Secretary General fought to suppress) has reaffirmed the truth that these charges were false.

Last week Ngo Dinh Cao was shot to death by a firing squad and those same clergy were silent. In fact, the church, nation and everyone concerned in this last act of perfidy by our government was strangely silent. Our Ambassador hardly landed in Vietnam last summer when he immediately recognized the good guys — the Buddhists wore white—so he gave sanctuary to the Buddhist leader Tri Quang (the mastermind of the Buddhist protest movement) in the American Embassy for three months until the coup d'etat (Lodge was alleged to have been informed about it two days in advance by the junta). Ngo Dinh Cao, dressed in black, was denied refuge in the American Embassy at Hue. Instead he was flown by an American plane four hundred miles to Saigon and handed over to the same military junta that had shot his brothers.

Conduct of Lodge Cited

Of the guilt or innocence of Ngo Dinh Cao we are not concerned, but what is a matter of concern for us in the light of the presidential elections is the conduct of that luckless politician Henry Cabot Lodge as Ambassador to Vietnam. It is a paradox that a United States Ambassador from a country widely depicted as the defender and champion of freedom, militant anti-communist leader of the West, policeman of the world, should start the ball rolling against a dauntless anti-communist leader like Diem who after nine years finally seemed to have victory in sight. As the saying goes, "Neither Communism nor Capitalism must win if Socialism is to succeed and that is what Neutralism is all about."

Although our government has always found it difficult in imposing moral judgements on regimes which serve our interests it seems puzzling that only Christian dictators enjoying our support have run afoul of American moral judgment: Syngman Rhee, Chiang Kai Shek and now the Diems. Sukarno of Indonesia and Nehru of India can't do anything wrong.

U. S. Policy Is Inconsistent

Unfortunately, when the higher morality manifests itself in the United States government attitudes, a Communist dictator almost always follows in nations once aligned with us. The most devastating cases were China with its seven hundred million people and Cuba ninety miles from our shore. Oddly enough, we never recognize agrarian reformers like Mao Tse Tung and Fidel Castro until they announce they are Marxist-Leninist Communist; then of course it is too late. But we recognize right off the bat the repressive dictatorships of Trujillo, Baptista, Rhee and the Nhu family in Vietnam.

When the United Nations was

formed, its purpose, we were told, was that it would be "an international organization which could provide procedures and channels for argument and discussion; no government would need to go to war to attain a national objective. Were any nation ever to commit aggression all other nations would combine against the aggressor." This is how we got involved in worrying about our image abroad. Right now we are engaged in a constitutional crisis which may tear our country apart and the arguments advanced for passing dangerous legislation as a conscious concession to illegal mob violence is: what will nations abroad think?

World Opinion Does Not Exist

World opinion as a moral force is for the birds. There is no such thing and if there were the U.N. could not express it. Instead the U.N. has become a forum for hypocrisy in diplomacy, but the U.N. has elevated it to the level of sanctity.

The attacks on Portugal and South Africa rest on the charges that their policies are threatening international peace; of all things they are doing, that certainly is not one of them.

Nkrumah of Ghana sends the council a message he will be satisfied with nothing less than immediate independence of Portugal's African colonies — he is **apathetic** about the Congolese killing white missionaries.

India reacts to Portuguese imprisoning Goans, but were **impervious** to the Russians killing Hungarians, and Red Chinese killing South Koreans.

Americans react to the extermination of Jews but **not** to the extermination of the Watusis by the Bahutus.

Jews are still wrangling over Pope Pius' splendid efforts in their behalf, yet are **apathetic** about the genocide of the Tibetans by Red Chinese.

Minding Own Business

The "mind-your-own-business" attitude is despised among individuals, chucked by sociologists, but glorified as pragmatic national policy among nations.

The United States, the policeman of the world, never concerns itself about the nature of governments with which it deals or how they treat their citizens, so apathy as a moral disease or a national policy, is a line hard to find.

If there is such a thing as world opinion, public opinion, or even U. S. opinion, where is it now when our government can by its silence condone the murder of the four Diem brothers who gave their lives for a cause to which we are supposed to be committed.

Where is public opinion when our government can be trading with the enemy on one hand and using our boys as cannon fodder fighting the same enemy on the other? Where is public opinion when we are losing the battle against socialism by our own government aiding and abetting it nationally and internationally in every way possible? Where is public opinion when our government declares war on poverty instead of the real issue — Communism?

LETTERS

(Continued from Page 5, Col. 3)

ministration to take is a change from "Unenlightened Meddling" to its former policy of "Enlightened Moderation," which gives freedom and intervenes only when demanded by discretion and taste. This policy currently prevails in some of our more excellent extra-curricular activities.

Dante Renzulli
President, Class of '64

To the Editor:

I find it rather distasteful to both read and hear the word BOYS used in directives from the administration and also at times from professors. According to Webster "boy" is defined as "a male child from birth to the age of physical maturity" and for that reason the usage is absolutely absurd and always out of place.

Bill Muller, '65

To the Editor:

I have just finished reading the April 30 issue of the HAWK. After reading Mr. John Higgins' Sports scene column, I was first of all shocked at his ignorance, then indignant at his supercilious attitude. In fourteen lines he did his best to criticize St. Joe's tennis team. As a member of the team I feel obligated to return the compliments. I'll admit that we are not the greatest tennis team in the MAC, but that doesn't give Mr. Higgins the right to ridicule a team about which he doesn't seem to know too much. If the quality of the tennis team equalled the knowledge of our "Sports Editor" concerning the team, then we could all justly criticize the team. Just to keep the record straight on April 30 (the date of the article) the team had only finished four matches. Mr. Higgins had erred, I believe, in saying that we had lost eight straight (a good trick with only four matches played). Next, the interested Mr. Higgins infers that last year the team finished without a victory. It wouldn't take too much effort for our Sports Editor to find out that our team finished with a 3-6 record, not good, but better than 0-9. It would be interesting to note that in the two previous years St. Joe finished with two 6-6 records. Finally, if Mr. Higgins were acquainted with tennis, he would undoubtedly know that in the MAC and almost all of the colleges in the country there are only nine decisions and not ten, so, as a result we could not possibly have beaten PMC 9-1. For the record it was 9-0. At first I thought this may have been a typographical error, but on second thought I'm sure the omniscient Mr. Higgins wouldn't let that happen.

Before I put down my poison pen, I would like to mention two more errors in Sports scene concerning the baseball team. "The two fine wins over Drexel and La Salle" never took place. By April 30, the baseball team had not played Drexel. We also happened to lose 3-2 in twelve innings to La Salle.

I don't really cherish pointing out the deficiencies of our Sports Editor's column, but I know he doesn't enjoy pointing out the deficiencies of the tennis team either. So, I guess we're even. One of Mr. Higgins' lines, slightly

In Praise Of The Markmongers

by Daniel J. Murphy, '64

Over the past four years I've been exposed to many interesting groups of people which seemed at first to be unique to the St. Joseph's environment. However, contact with the students of other institutions has revealed that they too are aware of the same phenomena on their campuses. One of the most fascinating of these groups is the Markmongers — a rather strange lot, one which I've selected to describe and praise. They are found everywhere. However, every now and then they can be seen together in the cafeteria, residence halls, lavatories and laboratories. What are they? Your guess is as good as mine; they exhibit some of the qualities in common with other men, but at the same time other essential ones seem to be missing, namely, creative thought and coherent language. It should be noted that these imperfections can be overlooked since their more noble qualities lie in a different mode of being, so to speak. Since, as a being is, so it acts, perhaps a description of their activity will convey in some way what they are as well as their laudable position.



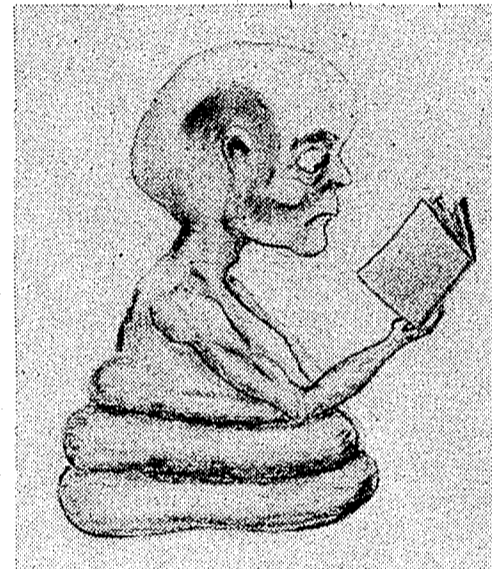
simple; the "mark" ideal is supplanted by the "money" ideal. The basic moral principles behind the "pursuit" will, however, remain the same: cheat when possible, create possibilities where there are none, associate only with those of your own caste, respect women, universalize the best dirty jokes, excel in all theology classes and never miss Mass on Sunday.

Their language is an interesting feature. Have you ever heard the call of the wild Markmonger: "Doyagotdanextest" — responses: yehnotyet. Their more articulate members: Father, What's goin to be on nex Wenzday's test. The latter remark is usually addressed to a professor when he is in the middle of a very important sentence. These statements are the only ones which are reasonably coherent—Ah! What mystery.

Perhaps one of the most interesting groups in the college is a sect closely akin to the Markmongers. They are less intelligent, but in many instances surpass their superiors—the Memorizers. Every year, thousands of these noble creatures emerge from the colleges of our land to find their categorical slots; they thus maintain the status quo in various social positions as business executives, teachers, clerks, librarians, scientists, and yes, even doctors (more are needed here).

They are easy to recognize. They do little more than sit and memorize. When they speak, they speak in categories. They place everything in categories; love, laughter, war, and English majors. I praise them for this. Oh, to be so young and in possession of so much truth; to pull an arm and have the truth emerge from some hidden labyrinthine memory cell colored with a beautiful categorical form. Some of our best notetakers are Memorizers. Praise, Praise, Praise.

Markmongers, Memorizers, I envy you. You are artists of the highest quality. Save the world!



First of all, the sum total of their energies seem to be devoted to the pursuit of those strange entities known as "marks." Yes, those abstract beings of measurement which the psychologists of our age have colored with an air of religiosity. All other activity is intentionally subordinated to the "pursuit." This includes such areas as character development, morality, brotherly love and generosity, etc.

Their "adapted" moral code is rather interesting. Like the finches on the islands in the south Pacific, it changes according to the environmental situation. For this, I grant praise. It will permit them to be quite successful in a society which glorifies such individualistic characteristic (first, look out for yourself, etc.). They will find the transition from the scholastic world to world of reality rather

altered, would read "the date of April 30, 1964 will long be remembered in the annals of the HAWK as the day on which the Sports Editor began his losing streak by downing a strong (?) St. Joe squad by the overwhelming record of three errors."

John S. Grady, '66

To the Editor:

In the last issue of the HAWK there appeared under the misleading heading "News Item" an article which I presume was an effort at humorous fiction. Perhaps it is unfair to ask why it was written or to cast aspersions on the originality of the author.

Prescinding from these considerations, there still remains a serious violation of good journalism. In writing about the Admissions Office accepting an applicant who did not exist, fictitious remarks were printed as direct quotations attributed to Dr. Ramsay and Fr. Moore. This was bad taste, unethical, and requires an apology.

In Domino,

(REV.) JAMES W. MOORE, S.J.
Assistant Dean for Admissions

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We apologize for the misuse of your name and Dr. Ramsay's name. We cannot, however, apologize for the content of the article.

A Letter To Cousin Philip

Dear Cousin Philip:

Next year you will enter our little collegium in Overbrook as a freshman. Since I shall not be here to guide you through those first few difficult months, and since your Hawk Brother will probably be of no help to you whatsoever, I have decided to write down some free advice for you on the necessary steps towards a successful collegiate career.

I—It is most important that you give the teacher a great impression of yourself. Walk into class with a tennis racket under one arm and a thick volume of Greek poetry under the other. When listening to a lecture, always keep your eyes on the instructor and appear as if you are relishing every golden word that forms on his lips. Pester him with questions after class and tell him your emotional problems. Disagree strenuously with his theories, even though you couldn't care less about the issue. He may be impressed by your aggressiveness and give you an A. On the other hand, he may consider your forwardness thoroughly repulsive but you will still get the A. Nothing is more flattering to a teacher, than a seemingly earnest, interested student.

Verb. Sat. Sap.

II—At parties, meals in the cafeteria, or any sort of polite gathering, be able to discuss superficially all of the following topics: New Criticism, Old Criticism, Romanesque Architecture, *Formgeschichte*, civil rights, civil disobedience, and the backwardness of the parish clergy. In bars, or when under the influence of alcohol, one discusses truth, religion, sex, and local scandal. It is extremely bad form to mention teachers, tests, and marks. To sum this all up, dear cousin, the secret of literate conversation in college is to discourse profoundly upon subjects about which you know practically nothing. A little learning may be a dangerous thing, but it will be the fruit of your liberal education.

III—When in the company of your peers, Philip, never use those four-lettered words indiscriminately. If, however, you feel one coming on, then make sure that a little-known polysyllabic word occurs within the same sentence, even though it may be totally out of context. Know the difference between extricate, extirpate, and execrate. Never split an infinitive, or say "ain't." A judicious use of the word "damn" is acceptable, but never use euphemistic equivalents for vulgar expressions. Smile tolerantly when your friends misuse a word, and constantly drop obscure names. The college-educated gentleman is expected to know the vague use of words but not their meaning. He must be able to discuss authors he has never read and philosophers he cannot understand. His language must seem educated without really being erudite. He must have a superficial knowledge of many things, and yet cautiously avoid profundity.

Clothes Make the Man

IV—I must warn you, dear cousin, that only those who dress properly will be admitted into the best collegiate circles. Sartorial perfection or the strong, virile look will unquestionably make you detested on campus. Today, the accepted collegiate image combines a sort of boyish charm with a carefully studied casualness. The tweedy, pipe-puffing look is definitely out, unless, of course, you don't wear socks or underclothes with the tweed. Be casual but not sloppy, affect cuteness but don't overdo it, and appear boyish without being childish. To put it bluntly, dear cousin, one is expected to make the most of one's late adolescent vigour.

V—Before you enter college, Philip, you should know some of the standard ritual connected with liquor. You should drink excessively in freshman year, quite excessively in sophomore year, and after that look with utmost disdain on the gargle. Immoderate drinking is really unnecessary, as long as you can pretend drunkenness convincingly. Like picketing, protests, and atheism, excessive drinking is an accepted social convention in college, and should not be taken seriously. It is just another stage we pass through in this dreadful process called growing up.

VI—Finally, Philip, I feel that I have an ethical obligation to warn you of a few pernicious activities on campus which will lead you to certain debauchery and perdition. One should not join the Glee Club unless one has a strong liver. The Young Democrats are communist sympathizers and the Conservative Club is composed of neofascists. The newspaper staff is in open heresy and the Rugby team is a pit of unspeakable vices. Never be seen with a member of the Cap and Bells, or bring Mumsey to one of their uncensored plays. Run for office, have friends on the basketball team, have enemies on Student Council, and let everyone know that you are a bright young man. Keep these few precepts in thy memory and your collegiate career will be a smashing success.

Given on this eighth day of May in the year of grace, nineteen hundred and sixty-four.

Your cousin,

THOM DAY, '64

Spanish Club Elects Officers

On Monday, May 11, the Spanish Club held elections for next year's officers. Those voted in were William Dotterer, Pres.; Kenneth Stengel, V.P. and Joseph Tozzi, Secretary. They are replacing Joseph Paulino, Paul Wyatt, William Cotener and Eugene Dillmore, all of whom are

graduating in June. It was these four men who, in 1962, founded the club, under the direction of Senorita Lena Ruiz, and built it into one of the most active organizations on campus, with an extensive lecture series and inaugurated the highly successful "Pan-American Month" program.

THE EMPEROR OF THE WOSERS

by M. A. Novelli, '64

POINT OF ORDER (Talbot-DeAntonio)

"The late Joseph R. McCarthy, a United States Senator from Wisconsin, was in many ways the most gifted demagogue ever bred on these shores. No bolder seditionist ever moved among us—nor any politician with a surer, swifter access to the dark places of the American mind."

RICHARD H. ROVERE,
Senator Joe McCarthy

To most of us on the undergraduate level the Army-McCarthy Hearings can be at best only vague memories. For thirty-five days in the spring and summer of 1954, for five and a half hours a day a collection of weary and wearisome men strained and shouted and accused each other before a numbed audience of over twenty million. How many of us in those adolescent days could be aware that the hearings were prefiguring the downfall of the greatest demagogue in American history. Now through the heroic efforts of two astute students of American history, Daniel Talbot and Emile DeAntonio, the tumultuous mass of kinescope film has been edited down to a 97-minute documentary of compelling power. For those of us too young to have appreciated the spectacle of the Senate slipping into anarchy it is an instructive lesson in the necessity of vigilance in a democratic society.

The Stars Shine Bright

In a terse foreword to the film Talbot and DeAntonio name the players and the game they are playing. Before a senate subcommittee chaired by Senator Karl Mundt and including Senators Stuart Symington, John McClellan and Everett Dirksen the opposing forces prepared for battle. McCarthy, aided and abetted by his "associates" Roy Cohn and G. David Schine, accused the Army of holding the then drafted Schine as a hostage in order to force McCarthy to abandon his investigations of "subversives" in the Army. On the other side, the Army, represented by Secretary of the Army Robert Stevens and counseled by Joseph Welch, charged McCarthy and the members of his committee had used "improper" methods in attempting to obtain preferential treatment for Schine as a draftee.

At first the opponents spar and feel out each other's strengths. Then with direct suddenness there is tumult, shouting, chaos and absurdity. McCarthy introduces a letter from J. Edgar Hoover which he claims some loyal (sic) American stole out of secret files to deliver to him. Hoover sends a message denouncing the letter as a forgery. McCarthy insists it is real. A photo showing Secretary Stevens and Schine together proves to have been cropped of the other people in the picture. Caught in these falsehoods McCarthy doesn't even pause for breath but plunges blithely on accusing and re-accusing with wild abandon.

Après Le Deluge

In the four years prior to these hearings McCarthy had ridden high and wide over the Constitution, over truth, over morality. His power to befuddle the public,

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 2)

French With Tears

Thomas J. Donahue, '64

The French have always been proud of something, usually whatever they considered peculiarly French. (They consider sexual prowess something peculiarly French.) Their pride has extended even to their lovely language—*la belle langue*—which they feel they must protect from all invading forces and above all that terribly crass language, English.

Parlez-vous Français?

Every Frenchman, if you have ever spoken to any Frenchmen, considers himself an expert on his language and will be glad to correct your French at the slightest provocation. However, in some of his weaker moments he may speak a language called *Franglais* (a mixture of French and English which is an extremely useful type of jargon to any French-speaking person living in this modern world). The purists consider this an outrage! One of their members, Prof. René Etiemble, has even written a book entitled, appropriately enough, *Parlez-vous Français?* He proposes that every Frenchman should respect the purity of their language and should immediately cleanse their language of any of those horrible anglicisms for which, by the way, the French language does not have a substitute. Such a proposition is insane and what is more horribly precious. Prof. Etiemble need only observe the attempts of the *Immortals*, l'Académie Française, during the last three hundred years to see that his thin volume will not protect *la belle langue* "from the subversive activity" of English-speaking people to destroy his already well-worn language.

Conversation without French

English-speaking peoples have never pounded their monetary-minded heads against linguistic walls about borrowings from other languages but rather they have borrowed freely and without scruples from French ever since the Middle Ages. Cocktail conversation would be horribly gross without a few recent

borrowings—a political or historical diatribe would lose its power without a few borrowings, but restaurant menus could certainly do without them. There isn't a truck driver in the U.S. who doesn't enter a Howard Johnson Restaurant without "fear and trembling." The slightest mistake can turn a midnight snack into seven huge bowls of potatoes au gratin or a Salisbury steak into a lowly cheeseburger. Thus, we Americans go on living our ordinary lives under that Gallic-imported sword called English. What devastation it has wrought upon our lives! What shame if we should confuse *detente* with *entente*! But being tight-lipped people we humbly accept this invasion of our linguistic privacy. Ooh, la, la, the French people should worry?

Englench Presents Problems

I imagine the proper thing to do in this situation would be to write a slim volume entitled *Do You Speak Englench?* But since we have been borrowing since the 11th century such a project would be a ridiculous task. It would reduce our language to its bare Anglo-Saxon bones. We couldn't even use such common words as *table*; we would be forced to use *board*. Can you imagine what psychology would be in pure English? *Mind-lore*, I imagine. Try to speak pure English sometime and you will find that you may be reduced to a protracted silence. Americans, buck up! We'll live through our struggle but the French will have to close *les snack-bars* and stop eating *les hamburgers*. All we have to do is to continue eating our seven heaping bowls of potatoes au gratin.

Two Reviews And A Lament

by Richard Corliss, '65

A joke so old and so poor that it probably wants repeating here, concerns a quiz show whose first prize was a week's stay in Philadelphia, and whose second prize was two weeks.

This inverse, and perverse, proportion, may easily be applied to the exhibition of foreign and independent motion pictures: a second-rate film might survive two weeks in a Philadelphia cinema; a first-rate film, one week; and a masterpiece may never see the light of a projector. For despite the professed proliferation of specialty films and the widening audience for such fare, the Philadelphia cineaste often finds himself taking an hour's ride toward a suburban theatre just east of Harrisburg, or surreptitiously darting into an "art" (read: "fast-buck") theatre.

A list of recent fine films not shown in Philadelphia would bore anyone who doesn't care about movies, and would break the heart of anyone who does; so I'll merely mention Alain Resnais' *Muriel*, Michaelangelo Antonioni's *Le Amiche*, Jean Renoir's *The Elusive Corporal*, Satyajit Ray's *The Magic Room*, Leopoldo Torre-Nielson's *Hand in the Trap* and Jean Cocteau's *Testament of Orpheus*. It took Antonioni's *Eclipse* eighteen months to travel from New York City to the suburban Lansdowne Classic Cinema (where it played for a week), and Jerzy Kawalerowicz's remarkable *Mother Joan of the Angels* the same time to reach

the YMHA (where it played for a night).

Yet those who decry the movie scene's vast wasteland (half-vast, actually) must be prepared to patronize good films when they do arrive. Three of the year's very finest offerings (Ingmar Bergman's *Winter Light*, Harold Pinter's *The Guest* and Ermanno Olmi's *The Fiancés*) have proved the gloomiest of failures. The *dévoit* must be possessed of a missionary zeal to keep good films trickling into Philadelphia.

"The Connection"

Shirley Clarke's *The Connection*, filmed from Jack Gelber's anti-drama of drug addicts in a New York pad, was made in 1961, first exhibited here a year ago by a chain of exploitation houses on a double feature with a nudist picture, and has now received a reprieve at the Wayne Avenue Playhouse. *The Connection* is the prime example of the New American Cinema, and quite the best U.S. movie shown here last year. Yet it was shown in Philadelphia only because of the cause celebre arising from the film's use of the word *sh*t* in reference to heroin. Scatology aside, *The Connection* is mem-

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CONGRATULATIONS
TO OUR MAC
CHAMPIONSHIP
GOLF TEAM

SPORTS

SUPPORT
THE HAWKS
IN
1964-65



SPORTSCENE

by John J. Higgins, '64

As we come down the homestretch and can see the finish line looming large and clear and smell the scent of the roses in the winner's circle, I have a feeling of reminiscence. My four-year stay at St. Joe's has been the most rewarding experience of my life and I hope that a great many of my comrades feel likewise.

You will find that the sports section for this, our graduation issue, contains a brief history, or sketch, of the men who have made our sports program successful. We hope that these will bring back happy memories, not only to the athletes who participated, but also to the spectators who shared in the excitement.

Apology

In this, my final column, I would like to say just a few words that, to me, seem important. First, there is the matter of the incorrect scores and records that I wrote about the tennis team in my last column. I didn't mean this section to be as critical as it sounded and hope that they will accept my apology, because I would hate to play them a match.

Golf

The golf team of St. Joe's has, for the second consecutive year, brought the MAC championship to the College. Led by Bob Toner, who came in first, and John Day, a third-place finisher, and coached by Father Geib, this squad is the only MAC champion on Hawk Hill this year. I certainly hope that this will be the beginning of a long skein of championships for the Hawks.

Crew

The defeat of the Hawk crew at the Dad Vail Regatta was indeed a sorrowful one for the Hawks. Their 6-1 record is the best record ever compiled by a crew in the college's history and we hope that next year we will find the Dad Vail Trophy where it belongs—in our trophy case.

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Soccer

The soccer team will be losing four seniors all of whom have been with the team for three varsity years. Dick Lanahan, goalie, Lee Gianinni, right full-back, Jim McKeon, right half-back, and Joe Walls, center half-back, will be sorely missed by coach Jack Dunn who will have to remold his defense for the oncoming season from a fine freshman team and returning lettermen. With the entire forward line returning plus the addition of a few promising newcomers the scoring potential of the team will be the highest ever.

Perhaps one of the greatest contributions of the graduating seniors was the traditional spirit which was exemplified both during practice and in the actual playing of the game. As long as there was time remaining our "Hawks would never die." This is precisely what will be needed next season and with the able guidance of the newly-elected co-captains, Frank Plescha and Bill Kogut, we hope to retain it.

Basketball

To some, the stench of a damp equipment room is one to be avoided. To others the hollowness of an empty sports arena is something to be seen only by the workers who keep it clean. Many feel a set of diagrammed plays on the locker room blackboard are but dry intricacies of a game to be viewed only by the participants.

If you are one of the participants you disagree with all these people. The gladiators of the college basketball wars look forward to the dampness of the equipment room because it means their wars will soon begin. The hollowness of the arena is a silent testimonial that they will soon be engaged in the sport they love and the hollowness will evaporate into a throng that will soon be thrilled by the same excitement that fills the players.

If you play b-ball at St. Joseph's College the thrill is even more vivid and the fun's even more avid. There is good reason for both the players and fans at St. Joe's to be thrilled from the first whistle of the season to the last buzzer; this is evidenced by the records that the teams compile.

We are now going to look at a segment of St. Joseph's basketball history. This is an attempt to condense the past three years into as many paragraphs.

Wake Forest was pressing, Bones was a-painting and a-yellin' and the Hawks were getting their first taste of upset juice. It tasted good and the undermanned Hawks beat a powerful Wake squad led by Len Chappell. Larry Hofmann taught Big Len how to board and the Hawks were building a reputation as "giant-killers." We finished 18-10 that year while beating Temple twice and ending up in College Park. Down South two of the "Giants" brought their records even with the Hawks as we lost to N.Y.U. and Wake.

The Hawks weren't hit too hard by graduation and expectations were at a fever pitch the next season. The '62-'63 season will go down as the greatest in the history of the school. A young, hungry squad faced one of the toughest schedules seen in Philadelphia since the Arizin-Schaffer era at Villanova. Hawk hopes were somewhat dimmed before Christmas as the Demon Deacons crushed the Hawks

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by Brian McCormick, '66

In this final issue, the Bronze Beam envelopes a man who does "double duty" on Hawk Hill, Mr. William J. Leonard. Mr. Leonard is coach of the Hawk tennis team, and, from a scholastic viewpoint, is a very capable member of the Economics Department. He came to St. Joseph's as a teacher in 1957, and was named mentor of the tennis team in 1960. The team has improved every year since his taking over as coach (except last year), but it is hard, as Mr. Leonard pointed out, to initiate interest in tennis and develop a strong perennial power at any commuting city college (e.g., St. Joseph's).

Mr. Leonard was a graduate of Allentown Catholic in 1948, and started playing tennis a couple of years later. He has played in tournaments in previous years in the Allentown area. He attended St. Joseph's from 1950 to 1953; after a lapse of three years, he returned and received his B.S. degree in 1956 from St. Joseph's; he then received his Master's degree from Notre Dame in 1959. He completed his course work for a Ph.D. at the University of Pennsylvania and passed his comprehensive exams in April, 1963. He is now doing his dissertation and hopes for his degree this year. Mr. Leonard is married and has a son 20 months old.

So, before the Beam sets in the West (sic), I would like it to shine bright not only on Mr. Leonard—a fine educator and able coach—but also again on all the coaches here at the College and viewed in this column. Let's hope they are with us for a good while.

BASKETBALL

(Continued from Page 8, Cols. 4 and 5)

to the tune of Dixie. The Hawks then had the dubious distinction of being the first Phila. team to lose in three overtimes. Penn played their best game and a half and the Hawks were 5-2. But that was before Christmas. With the emergence of Steve Courtin as one of the finest jump shooters the Big Five has ever seen, the rejuvenated Hawks went on to win the Quaker City Tourney and end up with a 23-5 record. This season sparkles with big wins and outstanding undivided play. If we were to pick the biggest victory of this season we would have to ask the people closest to the scene. We did just that.

John Tiller—"I would have to say the Princeton game—this was the opening game of the NCAA regionals and we offset a great effort by a great player (Bill Bradley)." John neglected to say that he was the deciding factor in this game. His wing span baffled the entire Princeton team as he stole passes and blocked shots in the style of Bill Russell.

Larry Hofmann—"I would pick the La Salle game. Everyone played well. La Salle rebounded as well as any team we've faced and we outbounded them." Larry could only pick a game we won on a team effort. He continually sacrificed himself and would rather set a pick or grab a rebound than score. Anyone else would be tempted to pick their best individual game but Larry was recently awarded the "Spirit Award" and that must be indicative of something.

Steve Courtin—"I would have to say the Bowling Green game was the best. We played perfect ball for forty minutes and the game was climaxed by Jim Boyle's last second shot. This game was the springboard of the whole season." It was also the springboard of Steve's illustrious career. With the Bowling Green game Steve gained confidence which was manifested in a feather-touch jump shot which was to win many games for the Hawks.

Jim Boyle—"There were so many good ones it's hard to say. West Virginia was a great one. Yes, West Virginia. In this game we had everything—rebounding, great shooting, team play—also we offset a superb effort by a true All-American, Rod Thorn."

All in all it was a great year and we were proud even in defeat. Our season ended against Duke. A strong team even for Duke, led by Mullins, Heyman and Buckley, they ended our season only two games shy of a national championship.

Our last year we struggled to a 5-5 record at Christmas and came on strong to close with an 18-10 record. Highlights of this season were the Villanova, Temple, Providence, Miami, and oddly enough the Bradley game. Big V was the sweetest game we played in three years. The Hawks out-everythinged the Cats and paved their way to the NIT. The same week we beat an NCAA-bound Providence team and were reminded of our soph year when we beat Wake and Xavier in the same week. These were two great games played with the spirit found only on Hawk Hill but they were only setting the stage for the Hawks' brightest light in three years. We were now in the NIT and facing a powerful Hurricane team from Miami. The Hawks were flying high and literally could not lose! They blitzed the boys from the South and gained the right to meet Bradley. Bradley and Drake were both M.V.C. entries. Bradley proved the stronger of the two and could have been the strongest in the country. The Hawks lost in a photo finish but we ended our three-year stay with pride and the spirit that is typical of Hawk Hill.

Next year we will miss the stench of the equipment room, we'll miss the diagrammed plays and we will be among those who fill the empty stadiums to get our thrills from watching. But we will have something—we will know the loyalty, the spirit, the camaraderie that exists only in competition. These things stay long after seasons end and make leaving Hawk Hill just a little easier.

SPORTSCENE

(Continued from Page 8, Cols. 1 and 2)

Ralph the Barber

The unexpected death of everyone's friend, Ralph (the Barber) Rugnetta, last Saturday was indeed a shock to this columnist. He was a true friend and a loyal supporter of all activities at St. Joe's. He was an avid sports fan and in particular, a staunch follower of our basketball fortunes for many years. It is with deep regret that I express my profound sorrow at his passing.

Thanks

Finally, I would like to thank all of the members of my staff and my fellow editors, for all of the help and assistance that they have rendered to me during the year. Also this writer believes that no

Sailing

by Al Tegler, '64 and
Norm Kopman, '64

Since the class of '64 penetrated the sailing team as Freshmen in the fall of 1960, the team has once again received the prestige that it deserves as a sport here on campus. In the fall of '60 we found, upon joining the team, a club that was in debt, boatless, and just about dropped both as a minor sport here at St. Joe's and as a member of MAISA (Middle Atlantic Intercollegiate Sailing Association). With Fr. Geib as our capable moderator, and the tenacious spirit of the class of '64 as our guiding light, the sailing team has once again begun to flourish as an active sport here on Hawk Hill.

In our Freshman year, upon discovering the disorganization of the club, the members of the class of '64 got together and decided to do something about the situation. This rebirth of the club was first exemplified by having four of the members of our class win varsity letters in their Freshman year. They were Stan Novak, Al Tegler, Frank Walchak and Norm Kopman.

In the elections held that year Al Tegler was elected commodore of the club for the 61-62 season. The first problems to be met were finance and reorganization of the team. Through much hard work and generous labor on the part of the members of the club a debt of



over \$250.00 was removed. A new membership drive was also initiated which produced many favorable results and other fine men such as Pete Lynch, Bill Scott, Greg Deutsch, and Bill Gargiulo who came to the assistance of the team. Out of our fleet of two broken and run down boats, one very good boat was rescued and after the election of Frank Walchak as commodore and Norm Kopman as vice-commodore for the 62-63 season the team boat was moved to a private boat house on the Schuylkill River behind Penn Valley. Here the old members practiced and the new members were initiated into the thrill of sailing.

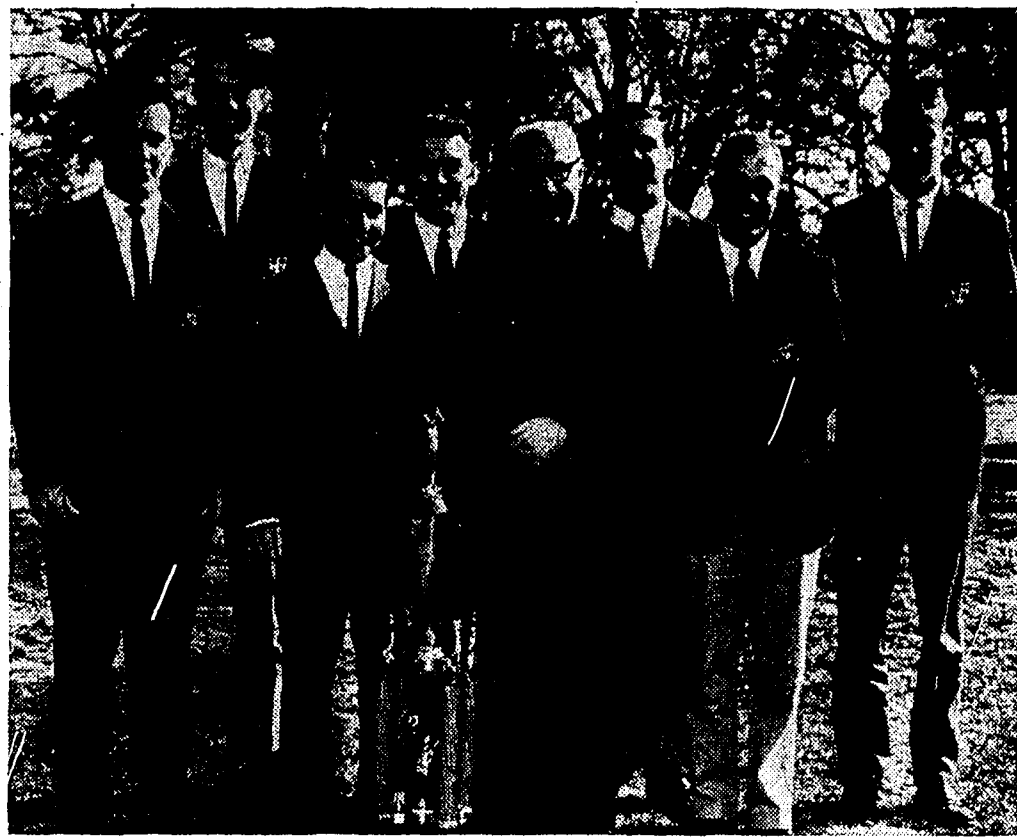
In the fall of '62 the team competed in MAISA regattas, but because of a lack of funds the club voluntarily suspended its membership from the sailing association in the spring and fall of 1962. This gave us the time to concentrate on one thing, money. Under the leadership of Frank in our Junior year and Norm in our senior year the club now is completely free of debt.

In the spring of '63 the club rejoined MAISA and renewed its sailing schedule.

At the end of our junior year the elections were held for the 63-64 season and once again the leadership of the team was given to the class of '64. Norman won the position of commodore and Bill Scott of vice-commodore by

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 5)

moderator could be more conscientious, helpful or loyal than ours, Fr. Gannon, and I hope that he continues his policy of "enlightened censorship" for many years to come. Also, Bill Whelan, our News Service Director, and his secretary, Pat Maguire, deserve a special note of thanks because they were most persevering in putting up with my last-minute requests. I hope that my successor who will be named tonight will derive as much pleasure from this job as I have.



M. A. C. Golf Champs 1963-64

Golf Team

MAC Champs

The Hawks won the M.A.C. Golf Championship for the second straight year at Susquehanna Valley Country Club in Sunbury on Monday, May 11. This was a repeat of the team's victory at Oak Terrace Country Club last year. Last year was the first St. Joseph's triumph in the Championships and it was not the last nor will this year's win be the last.

The groundwork for these victories began in 1962 when four sophomores appeared on the scene, and three of them were to form the nucleus of the championship teams of 1963 and 1964. These were John Ramsbottom, our Captain of the 1964 team, John Day, and Bob Toner. The fourth sophomore in 1962 was Chuck Bradley, who like members of all good teams, contributed his valuable share, working hard, playing hard, and pushing others to play better. Chuck didn't get very many headlines, but he played for the team, and the team is what counts.

John Ramsbottom, the iron man from Lancaster, Pa., got his regular starting berth in 1962, and never missed a match. For John, a thing called nerves never existed, and if they did, they never showed. This man has a club in his bag called a putter, and that putter reeked such havoc on opposing players they walked off the final green dazed and with shaking heads. A small example was last year in the MAC Championship. John was out in the last threesome, and it was windy and getting cold. As they approached the last green, people stood around watching intently. John's ball lay about 45 feet from the cup, it was uphill and had a break to the right. He quickly looked at the line of the putt, set himself and stroked it firmly, and you never saw a prettier sight in your life as that ball disappeared into the hole to put the finishing touch on a fine 74 and the championship.

The second John, the Irish Politician, from Torresdale, is John Day. Now here is a competitor that you are lucky to have on a team. John is the best driver and long iron player on the team, and has the best savvy to boot. He was a champ before he came to St. Joseph's, in the Catholic League, and he leaves here a champ and he himself is the best reason we can find that makes him a champ. He is one of the

quiet, retiring types, that walks off the tee like he's going to a fire, and he'll wish you luck and then proceed to beat your brains out methodically. He thinks out the game and plays darn close to the way he thinks. He doesn't leave many putts short, but he doesn't knock them like he does with that driver of his.

The third sophomore in 1962 who joined the team was Bob Toner from Rolling Green in Springfield. The team called him the "one iron" as he was a little on the slight side, but it didn't hurt too much. The first two years, Bob's opponents figured they had a chance as soon as he got on the green, because as often as not he'd three putt and this was his major woe. His personality was not the sternest, but he played to win, and he did.

The Juniors this year were Tommy Lallone and Billy Knott, and without them there would be a lot less wins and two less championships. Tommy is from Manoa, and was part of last year's championship team at Oak Terrace and our second best scorer for us there. Tommy, a very fine chipper and putter, was always delighted to hit his drives, as he put it, "Almost out there with the big boys." Billy Knott from Baltimore, is one of those people, who has a great swing and a good future in golf, and he helped the team tremendously during the season and especially at the Championship. Billy was not the best there, but he played better than most, and he beat many fine players and this is what makes a team and that's how a team wins.

The next player we'd like to mention is Bob Fritz, also from Lancaster. (That must be a hot golf town.) Bob made his entrance about the 3rd match of the season and he played very well and contributed greatly to the team. He clearly made his influence felt, and he will be a strong point in next year's team. He hits a nice long ball and he can look forward to good things in golf.

The team's record over the last year reads like this: 1963—12 wins and 1 loss, and this year 11 wins and 1 loss; 23-1, undefeated and untied in MAC competition and won two consecutive MAC Championships. B.T. '64

*On ne donne
rien si liberelement
que ses conseils.*

—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

Crew

On Saturday, May 2, St. Joseph's varsity crew conquered both La Salle and Drexel to regain the Bergen Trophy, emblematic of the city championship. Getting off to a slower start than usual, the Hawks still had a solid lead by Strawberry Mansion Bridge which they stretched out to a final margin of two lengths over Drexel, with La Salle trailing behind. The frosh Hawks were not so fortunate, losing to both La Salle and Drexel after a hard fought first 1000 meters.

A week later, after decisive victories in both heat and semi-finals, the varsity got off to its worst start of the season in the finals of the

SANTA LUCIA

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lived in the past, the rise and fall of nations.

Higher Education Needed

The pre-eminent need now in the island is for higher education—a kind of education that will prepare all by giving them the skills, the attitudes of mind, the knowledge which is of paramount importance to helping one to live a full and useful life. Students from American colleges with their knowledge of Mathematics and English could change the face of our land into a productive society. The Caribbean has always played a dynamic role in history and most assuredly it behooves the well-informed American student to answer the call and stem the tide of untruth there, thus preventing those islands from becoming the springboard of agitation, atheism and annihilation.

God Bless America. The United States of America is certainly engulfed with obnoxious problems which are also lessons to be learned by the foreign student. Because I am deeply concerned with removing the mote in my eye which is the miseries in my land, the situation in the U. S. hardly bears on my mind. The prayer of every man of good-will is that America should quickly solve its social problems that it may rightfully assume its leading role in both home and foreign lands.

The social life of a foreign student in America can often be miserable, reaching sometimes as low as the dregs of despondency and despair. But the families who treat us so majestically at their homes pull us up again. We hope that one day they will visit us in our native habitat because pleasant moments spent in their homes are sweet and indelible.

* * *

Home, Sweet Home: St. Lucia always beckons its students to return to the Helen of the West. It is enthusiastic in its welcome to any visitor. Its warm sunshine of 75 or 80 degrees, tempered with cooling sea breezes all year round will quiet the most restless soul. I will most certainly have a very responsible position on my return home because of the education I acquired at St. Joe's. This gives me the confidence that I will do something constructive for my people. My pursuit and expounding of logic and philosophy with students at home shall cause us to love more, resolve confidently and rise in great heights in charity, peace and harmony.

Thank God that I was permitted to attend St. Joseph's: may He bless every teacher and every friend who made my stay here one of great benefit.

Dad Vail Regatta. Trailing dark-horse Georgetown by two lengths coming under the trolley bridge, the Hawks' stretch drive fell short by about three-quarters of a length, and Georgetown carried the day, although St. Joseph's did manage to defeat previously unbeaten Marietta and take a solid second place. The Hawk freshmen did not qualify for the finals in their event, finishing fourth in a tough heat on Friday.

This year sees the end of the collegiate careers of eight seniors: Mike Carroll, who was forced to quit because of illness a few weeks before Dad Vail; Chuck La-Lumera, the "married man" coxswain; Sean Shea, the very fine stroke; Walt Birbeck, the co-captain and "editor of this rag"; Ed Klein, the tough, lanky future priest; Phil Greipp, the quiet man renowned for his stoicism; Bill Penmartz, the biggest of the Hawk oarsmen; and John Gercke, the hard-working, devoted other co-captain. Back next year are three varsity oarsmen in Mike Thistle, Pot Doherty and Doug Fierro, as well as a swarm of freshmen and several other upperclassmen who could well form another fine eight for Coach Joe Toland.

POINT OF ORDER

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to crush his enemies, to dream up new absurdities had made the entire Senate as well as the White House wary of opposing him. It was with quiet strength and great ability that a Boston gentleman named Joseph Welch brought the great seditionist down. With patience and humor Welch tears McCarthy and Cohn and their fabrications to shreds. In a desperate move McCarthy attacks an associate of Welch who had no relation to the hearings. In a voice embittered at such lowness Welch denounces McCarthy to the applause of the spectators.

These hearings were important and decisive for several reasons. First by concentrating McCarthy's attention for several months they kept him from creating havoc among government agencies which needed all their strength to deal with the pressing world problems in the post-Korean war era. Second they exposed McCarthy as the fraud that he was before a huge television audience. Third it forced the senators on the subcommittee to oppose him for his scabrous personality soon turned itself to attacking these gentlemen as well as the Army. When the hearings were finished so was McCarthy. On December 2, 1954 the Senate voted 67-22 to condemn him on two counts for actions which "tended to bring the Senate into dishonor and disrepute, to obstruct the constitutional processes of the Senate and to impair its dignity . . ."

Perhaps the most fitting comment on that whole looney era comes at the end of the film. After a bitter exchange between McCarthy and Stuart Symington, the hearings adjourn for lunch. As the room empties McCarthy remains seated, screaming a defense of himself and his staff to a slowly departing group of unheeding people. It is a scene both pathetic and absurd, which is about a suitable description as possible for those five dreadful years.

Rugby

After three years of battling, the Rugby team compiled its best record this year with impressive wins over Penn State, Lehigh, U. of P., Drew and Villanova. Graduating this year will be three of the most consistent scrummers at St. Joe's: fullback Jerry Kratzer, playing coach Pat Temple-West and captain Hugh O'Neill, but with a solid core of sophomores to rely on, the existence and quality of the Rugby Club seems guaranteed at St. Joe's.

Tennis

In the last four years, St. Joseph's tennis team has produced, perhaps, the best player in its history in Tom Hanlon. After playing under crushing pressure for two years, he has become the team sage this year. Whatever Tom has won (he's well over .500), he worked harder than most in doing it.

Rich Tengler, another stalwart senior, is coming on like wildfire after only two years of serious tennis. Playing under a continuous heavy load, Rich has been hampered badly this year by an injured forearm, but even so, he will be missed in 1965.

A LAMENT

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orable for its outrageous and nearly always pertinent handling of the camera. This is the movie's "plot": a film-maker visits a junkie's pad to make a documentary about drug addiction; his camera records the addicts' aimlessness and apathy while waiting for their "connection" (contact) to arrive with the stuff; the connection distributes the heroin to all, including the director; and as the drug affects him, his camera begins to fall out of focus.

The cast, including Warren Finnerty, Carl Lee, Jerome Raphael and Garry Goodrow, is uniformly superb; but the film is a success because it is both experimental and involving.

"The Cool World"

Miss Clarke's second feature-length film, *The Cool World*, was made last year and, after only a year's search for a distributor, has opened in New York to some excellent (and some mediocre) reviews. No theatre presently plans to import it to Philadelphia.

The Cool World falls short before *The Connection's* stature, because what was valid in the latter (the jerky camera movement) seems amateurish in the former, a Portrait of a Negro as a Young Punk. To find room at the top of his Harlem gang, 15-year-old Duke Custis steals, lies, sells junk and, in an intramural rumble, kills another boy—all to hear the rest of the gang sing the paean: "There go Duke Custis. Man, he cool."

As a documentary of Harlem's life and hard times, *The Cool World* is excellent; as a drama that tumbles shamelessly into melodrama, it is at times profoundly embarrassing. Still, the film is certainly worth a trip to our city. It may make it, if only because *The Cool World* makes frequent reference to the aforementioned excremental term. It is a pity that Shirley Clarke's reputation is being built, not on her ability as a creator, but on a pile of merde.

* * *

I sadly note that by the time these notes reach print, *The Connection* will have left the Wayne Avenue Playhouse for another year, or much more, in film limbo.

Track

Mike Wynne—one of this year's tri-captains, well deserves the honor. Mike managed to carry a heavy academic load as a Biology major and sail to victory many times for S.J.C. on the cinder lanes.

Jerry O'Connell—another sharer in the triple, is a Political Science major. His scorching feats on the track are well known here at school. Jerry brought the team from last place to first in this year's Mile Relay, one of the most coveted prizes the Penn Relays offer.

Rich Kaniewski—"ski-bird" as his friends know him, is the third member of this famous trio. As a Marketing Major Rich has managed to bring home almost as many laurels as he does on the track.

Tom Cubbin—has been a four-year man on the cinder trails and recently emerged from his half mile status to a "hawk-Don Bragg." These accomplishments along with his spear throwing ability have carried S.J.C. over many a tight spot.

Mike James—can be seen hopping over that striped bar in the high jump pit. Mike holds the school's record, 6'3 7/8", recently set in this year's MAC championships.

Ed Ulmer—is the biggest little man on Campus. Hailing from Cardinal Dougherty High, Ed brought with him a whole reserve of determination and guts which served as an example to all his teammates. Ed could be seen burning up the hills and cinders both morning and afternoon.

Joe Rively—Joe's accomplishments as a quarter miler and track man are equally matched by his accomplishments in school politics and his membership in Crimson Key.

Frank O'Neill—Frank's helping hand and pleasing personality were well appreciated by his teammates during his tenure at S.J.C.

Art Lynch—"The horse" is a four-year member of the cross country and track teams and active on campus. Art was a constant scorer in his four years as a cross country runner.

FACULTY GUEST

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exchange programs, our true revolutionaries.

When I was at Columbia, I met an agnostic girl from a wealthy family. She used to spend each summer working with extremely impoverished Indians on a reservation in our Southwest. I asked her why. She pointed out how stupid and hollow and boring a selfish life becomes in words I shall never forget: "The important thing is never to settle down comfortably in Teaneck." (Substitute the Main Line, or West Chester, or Beverly Hills.) When I think of the heat and the filth and the danger and the disapproval of her genteel neighbors and the hostility of those exploiting the Indians, I can recall no more ringing sermon preached in church than this one simple sentence from an agnostic! How often I have failed, how far I have failed to abide by this sermon.

Let us search our souls, let us be sure that if a leader lies within us we would not choke him out in order to be comfortable in Teaneck. Let us never fear to try for the very top, the new, the daring, the challenge without security, the uncharted sea. Only if we never dream beyond the routine, can we be sure we will never make it. Let us not only pray that through us the Spirit may make the face of the earth anew. Let us mean it.

Czar's Column

by Ed. McAndrew, '64

On the eve of one of the more memorable events in the history of the Class of 1964, namely graduation, this writer would like to deviate from the usual procedure of facts and figures concerning activities and inject some highlights of past performances rendered.

One of the biggest disappointments year in and year out was the inability of the fabled Chinese Bandits to capture a league title. Led by such stalwarts as Reggie DeCarlo, Ed Klein, Jim Cofer, et al., they could not proceed to exert their potential on other squads. This inability to win eventually led to their downfall and subsequent disbandment. A tip-of-the-hat is in order for the members of the Chinese Bandits who, like the Light Brigade, won fame and legendary existence through their misfortunes.

The Best Sportsmanship award must go to the Fabulous Faculty Firehouse Five. Though short on talent and long on hustle, they best exemplified what the purpose of intramural athletics is here at St. Joe. For the uninformed this unpredictable group had a starting array which really ran. Many times they really ran, but where they ran to was another question. Frosh Coach Jack McKinney taught his pupils hustle and desire on the floor and like a good Christian showed this by means of good example, much to the irritation of Mr. "C", who had to replace the broken window. Dr. Ramsay showed his capable leadership, but personally, this writer thinks he prefers his coaching chores a little more.

The Loyalty Award has to go to a dedicated group of senior athletes. In many ways, these men are as storied as the Chinese Bandits. Playing under the name of Bowanah A.C., men such as Jim Hagan, Len Cooke, Lou Troilo played in every intramural activity. Although they never had the potential to go all the way, they never were rated a pushover.

These are just some of the highlights which stood out. However, this writer would like to thank all athletes of all classes for their splendid cooperation and sportsmanship in the particular activities. All participants can be sure of a place in the tradition which is a big part of the extra-curricular activities here at St. Joseph. This article is not meant to contain nostalgia, but for some I am certain it will. Most of all, I hope that the reading of this article will bring back many fond memories.

Good luck and continued success to everyone in whatever endeavors they may choose to undertake is the wish of this writer and those of the athletic department.

SAILING

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an overwhelming majority. Due to our financial success of the previous year the club purchased another boat (Firefly); also we are now able to store our boats, at our own expense, with the other Philadelphia area schools on the Schuylkill River.

The procuring of financial security by our class has enabled the club to turn its attention to the quality of its membership. We now have two skippers who during the summer months are among the best Moth class sailors on the Jersey coast. So with the legacy of monetary stability which the class of '64 has left with the team, St. Joe's can now look forward to not only a sailing team, but one which can bring back trophies.