



The RECORD

MARIST COLLEGE

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April 22, 1964

INVOCATION

Invocation of the Chaplain of the College, The Reverend James A. Driscoll, O. P., at the Inaugural Ceremonies for the Student Government, April 15, 1964.

O Almighty and Everlasting God, Creator and Master of the Universe, direct our minds and hearts today as we begin anew the great task that lies before us.

Endowed as we are with precious gifts of intellect and will to know and to love you and relate all things to you, let us set about our work by imploring your divine protection and inspiration at the beginning of our labors.

Many are the challenges, great may be the difficulties. But let our endeavors to develop the true sense of a Christian community on this campus be implemented by our own personal development in the virtues of Christian manhood. Through our efforts and your holy grace may we develop a vibrant strength and intense loyalty to our ideals consistent with our dedication to the service of others. May the goals which we seek be unselfish and in perfect harmony with the objectives of the college, "to develop the whole man, the truly educated man, the Christian man.

To this great task we dedicate ourselves today. We ask for your divine assistance that we may not fail. We ask for your blessing on our work that what is begun today may be completed in accordance with your holy will. Amen.



Reverend Father Driscoll delivers the Invocation in front of Our Lady Seat of Wisdom Chapel.

New Student Government Inaugurated



Justice William Trenor administers the Declaration of Intention to Student Government President Thomas Heffernan in front of Our Lady Seat of Wisdom Chapel.

Bro. Linus:

One More Step In The Evolutionary Process

by Peter Maronge

Inaugurations for the new Student Government were held after a Mass of the Holy Spirit on April 15, 1964. Father Driscoll, who had offered the Mass, opened the ceremonies with an invocation to the Holy Spirit to guide the new officers along the right path. Then Brother Linus Foy, the President of the College, approached the rostrum to speak about the Student Government as a body. A speech, that had tones of warning, was delivered to the twenty or so brave students in attendance. Brother Linus reviewed the last Council and said that it was one more step in the evolutionary process, a process which has not yet reached its omega point. He congratulated the last Council for its updating and revision of the Constitution and for its ability to weather the stormy parts of its term of office.

He then switched to the very impres-

sive group of incoming officers asking them to continue to help student life at Marist grow. It was at this point that he issued his warning. Speaking about responsible, reasonable, complaints as well as actions, he made it clear to this reporter, that unreasonable requests for money, or irresponsible "complaints" would not be taken with a smile. Officers, duly elected by the student body, should be mature enough, to recognize that the college does have a certain limit to the funds it can distribute. Marist does not have the coffers of Rome. It is up to these officers to "create a good climate of diverse yet responsible opinion" and in this way aid the college in its struggle for recognition and maturity.

Immediately following his speech Brother Linus issued the Declaration

Cont. on p. 7



The RECORD

Editor: Gerry Marmion
 Co-Editor: George E. Hallam
 Asst. Editor: Peter Maronge
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Letters to the Editor

CHEERS FOR THE SOPHOMORE BROTHERS' PRODUCTION OF "ADVISE AND CONSENT"!

The selection of the play was in itself a most excellent one; the case was consistently good; the direction was brisk and imaginative; the setting - triptych style - enabled the action of the drama to move at a fast pace from the opening lines of act one through the closing curtains of the final scene.

Most rewarding to this viewer was the fact that the play itself (faithfully reflected in this production) stirs up a host of unanswered, perhaps unanswerable, questions about the "sub-machinations" of our national politics.

Our thanks to the Sophomore Brothers for the obvious investment of talent and time which resulted in the superior performance of last Saturday evening.

M. Eileen Connolly Drennen
 Department of History

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE RECORD ON "THE PILL"

This letter is written not from the stance of a Grand Inquisitor nor indeed with the ire of carping criticism. The article entitled "The Pill at Vassar" was written in a facile informative style insofar as it went. What concerns the present writer is that it did not go far enough. The article is both factual as to what happened at Vassar and theologically reflective as to the significance of what happened at that distinguished center of learning. From a Catholic viewpoint in the experience of this writer it should have been more extensively and intensively theologically reflective.

This I humbly submit in view of the widespread controversy regarding the progestins which has now reached international horizons. I have in mind the misstatements of what the Dutch episcopacy pronounced on this basic problem, which have been corrected and the very singular opinion of a Belgian theologian in support of the pills for birth regulation in what he terms objectively valid reasons for avoiding conception.

It should be brought to the attention of Catholics that in 1958 Pope Pius XII strongly condemned the use of pills for contraceptive purposes as "gravely sinful and Catholics who intend to use them must be refused absolution and are ineligible to receive the Holy Eucharist." Any method used to frustrate the generative powers of the conjugal act is absolutely wrong and a violation of the principles involved in the Church's teaching on marriage. The renowned Moralist Father Connell teaches that progesterone is a direct frustration. The Jesuit moralist Father Lynch of

Cont. on p. 7

Recently, Senator Fulbright criticized what might be called the foreign policy fixism of the United States. He accused us of failing to adjust past policies to present conditions. Everything has to be either black or white (no pun intended) before we act. We are unwilling to compromise or to change. Thus, there can be neither peace nor progress. Now, this problem, it seems to us is not confined to government alone. Rather, it is a national disease, a disease which can be traced back to the time that "yellow journalism" made its initial impact upon American culture. However, before we treat the symptoms of the problem, it is perhaps advisable to illuminate the problem itself by using the following example. A man commits a murder and pleads guilty. Now, the Behaviorist faction in society would say that because of ignorance, environmental influences, personality factors and other provocative factors, this man had to respond by committing murder; he should be isolated, educated, rehabilitated and returned to society. On the other hand, the "lex talionis", or executioner-element in society would prescribe death on the basis that this is the only way to prevent recurrences and maintain order in society. This latter black or white group is that which characterizes the majority of people in modern American society. This is the life or death executioner-mentality which reflects itself in our conformity to the letter rather than the spirit of the law. It is this easy answer, national attitude which is reflected in such an instance as the Goldwater percentage in the Wisconsin primary!

As we said earlier, this disease, which now plagues the American mind has its chief causal factor in "yellow journalism". Since that time, the molders of the public conscience, our materialistic-minded media of communication, have either ignored or worsened the problem. Today radio sells records, television sells Hazel, and the newspaper with the largest national circulation sells pictures. Any attempt by the media to sell ideas or educate the national conscience is soon forgotten. Even the dramatized sociology of television's East Side/West Side was labelled 'arty.' Now, I am not saying that we should not damn DeGaulles "de jure" recognition of Red China as did the courageous editors of that previously mentioned picture-journal. I am saying that the public should be expected to understand why.

How, then, can we correct these conditions? How can we help the people to see not only the black and white, but the gray also? Relativism, the attitude most compatible with our pluralistic society, should not be monopolized by the intellectuals. If we, as a people are to progress then all should see the gray. The answer, then, is Peyres answer--education. And yet it cannot be the education that we underwent, (there has to be something wrong with the education of our society, when today Northern Senators are receiving letters on the racial problem, 70% of which letters favor racial segregation!) It must be an improved action-oriented education, an education that encourages moral involvement, fosters post-graduate thinking, and trains the people to remember that they are our foreign policy, trains them to remember that they are the government.

Advise and Consent Dormitory Style

Two students, upon hearing that their room was to be used over the Easter vacation, decided to post a list of regulations in regard to the proper use of the room. The following are the Ten Commandments and what the students found upon their return.

To Choney & Chimmey,

By way of preface, may I note that the Ten Commandments of Room 407 are more difficult to observe than the Ten Originals.

Thanks for the use of your facilities during the Retreat. Now, since the bus will not depart for another half hour, you might be interested in how the 407 Decalogue was followed during your absence.

1. Feed alligator in top drawer - takes raw hamburger meat 3 times per weekem - also fond of human flesh - Be Careful.

R1. Allie has nothing to beef about-- fed raw hamburgers twice a week. Your suggestion of three times per weekem was much too much. Lent you know! Now, however, continue with usual diet as prescribed.

2. Do not slam door - tendency for top bookshelf to collapse.

R2. Sure enough! Top bookshelf does drop when you slam the door.

3. Do not look under pictures on bulletin board.

R3. This was a tough one! I might have failed here. Fortunately, you have no way of finding out. Be careful; this could be a break-up!

4. If heat fails to come up, kick radiator 3 times - Landlord sometimes forgets to send heat up.

R4. Had long talk with the Landlord. He got all steamed up about the situation, but he relented. Only two kicks needed now and the "heats on."

5. If you are a light sleeper, do not be afraid of headlights bearing down on you in middle of night.

R5. No Problem! I'm a heavy sleeper, tossing in at 185 lbs.

6. Wave red lantern (found in 2nd drawer) 4 times if train insists on tooting as it passes by.

R6. "Toots" Shor is noisy!

7. Keep screens and windows closed inasmuch as low flying birds frequent area.

R7. Spring has sprung
The grass has ris

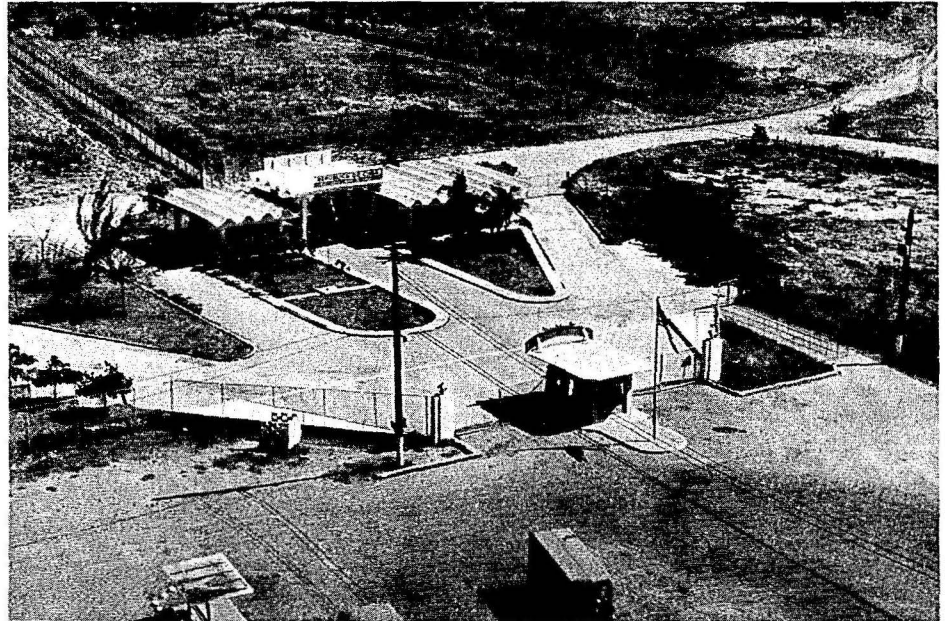
I wonder where
The birdies is?

They passed the screen test and are presently heading west. Bye, Bye, Birdie!

Cont. on p. 5

Terry Sees Castro's No

by R. Terry Robarge



(Official U. S. Navy Photograph) The large building (background), formerly a Cuban bank, provides shelter from the sun for four Cuban Militiamen armed with machine guns who keep a daily vigil on U. S. Marines (in the smaller building) at the Northwest Gate of the Naval Base at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. The truck in the foreground holds television cameras to watch for troublemakers as the daily Cuban workers pass in and out of the gate. The cameras would be used to testify to the world where the responsibility for any incidents would be placed.

On February 6, 1964 the once heavily traveled Caribbean paradise of Cuba, again became the latest international "cold war hot spot". It was on this day that the island's dictator, Fidel Castro, announced that the water to the United States Naval Base at Guantanamo Bay would be cut off unless 36 Cuban fishermen caught fishing in Florida waters were released. Only about four hours by plane from Marist College campus, Democracy and Communism were facing each other with renewed hate.

It was only last week that I had the opportunity to visit this particular world focal point and especially the base's Northwest Gate where American Marines and Cuban Militiamen face each other separated only by a fence, "the latest Iron Curtain". (Only this time) the evidence of a philosophy determined to dominate the world is in our own hemisphere. At the Northwest Gate to the base, two alert but seemingly unconcerned Marines stood and explained the situation to me. The Marines ignored the four Cuban militiamen who stood with machine guns less than 50 yards away. The Cubans were located in a former bank building built by their government to enable Cuban workers from the base to change their American earned dollars into Cuban money. Many

workers have reported that up to 90 percent of their earnings from the base are taken by the Castro government.

Each morning more than 900 Cuban workers pass through the Northwest Gate to the base. Prior to President Johnson's order to cut the base work force (which resulted from the water crisis) more than 2,500 Cuban men and women commuted daily from their homes. Many workers lived in Guantanamo City, about 40 miles from the base, and as far as Santiago, 70 miles away. The majority of the workers were good workers and were loyal and devoted to the United States. When the "cutback" order came, the troublemakers and then the slackers were dismissed. Unfortunately it was also necessary to dismiss many of the better employees.

Many times in recent weeks as groups of employees who had been dismissed were about to leave through the gate they shook the hands of their former employers and with tears running down their cheeks lifted their few possessions on their backs and sadly trudged down the dusty road. Some stopped to wave goodbye again and shouted back that they would return to their jobs someday.

Because of the harassment of Cuban militiamen, about 200 workers

Cont. on p. 7

The Wine of Affirmation Good Guys -- Or No

by Br. Paul Furlong

Looking to all the world like successful ambassadors (a few pounds (♠) heavier and a few locks less, perhaps), England's four shaggy Liverpudlians are once again on the soil of their "sceptr'd isle". But still resonant in the ears of American youth (and all those young at heart!) is the sound of their 'solid god' avowal: "Love you?" "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!"

This trebled affirmative seems to leave little doubt in the matter. If nothing else (and I'm sure I'm overlooking something...) the Beatle creed has left us with a positive approach to the business of lovin! An American, I suppose, would be inclined rather to say: "Yeah, honey, I love yuh... sure. What I mean is, you're okay... you know?" Of course, this satisfies the blushing belle, and at the same time, leaves the sweating beau plenty of uncommitted breathing space. That is, he hasn't really compromised his freedom, and reserves all rights to change his mind.

Actually, it is not my intention, in this brief essay, to discuss the vagaries of the present-day love ethic, or even to comment on 20th century moral confusions. What follows will, however, take shape around the implied attitude in the remark of the young suitor. I will attempt to do a little intellectual spade work in several fallow campus fields.

I can imagine some nervous squirming already at the mere mention of the word "intellectual". Intellect, it seems, has become a bad word. It is a commonplace today that the alleged intellectual student, whether on an elementary, secondary, or college level, is regarded with raised-eyebrow suspicion as some sort of freak. It is usually the 'fella' who is never kept after school, or the one to whom all the teachers give their attention, or perhaps it is the Brother who's pocketed all the A's. This is a common, but quite fallacious, notion of intellectuality. The student who pulls in the good marks has learned his lessons well, and has, upon examination, given the teacher what he wants. But this is not really what constitutes an intellectual. No more than we consider the bearded "beat" poet cozied up in his Coffee House booth to be an intellectual. And, if I may hazard another category, no more than we think (or should think) of the scholar-pedant who, in the *KTZ Quarterly*, writes (in his best "official" jargon) a 20-page article on "The Multiple Uses of Camel Hair Among The Nomads Of The Fertile Crescent," as being an intellectual.

Such evidences of "brain power at work", although having some measur-

able value, fall far short of any claim to full-blossomed intellectuality. Because we have been schooled to shy away from any overt rationalism in our thinking, the case against the Intellect has been strong. We have preferred to leave the difficult task of intellectual work to the few "anarchists" that may be around. Yet, striking as it may seem, we are all part of an intellectual tradition, a tradition whose gnarled story has seen division within its own house, and witnessed mutilation at the hands of those infamous purveyors of public opinion. But to be aware of the enemies of intellect, is to be aware of what intellect is meant to be.

The intellect serves as the great channel of communication. As Jacques Barzun remarks, the Intellect is like a "wireless" that permits the mind to jump over connectives and communicate truth. Its sublime purpose is to amplify the force of what we might call truth by giving it recognition and suitable embodiment. But we run the risk of sterility and useless accumulation of data unless we can aptly activate what "intelligence" offers us in some meaningful way. Intellect, then, stands apart from the larger realm of mind or intelligence as a personal ability to effectively translate knowledge. And an "intellectual" is one who has the skill of responding quickly to states of knowledge and of articulating their worth in some expressive fashion.

This interpretation seemingly transcends those conceivable traces of Intellect (good marks, poetry, 20-page article), and opens-up new avenues of exploration and discovery. But the process is not an easy one. It requires effort and much hard work. And the earnest man (who, incidentally, is just as interested as anyone else in whatever it is we define as happiness) is willing to exert the needed energy and fecundate his potentialities. This endeavor of the human spirit, moreover, is mottled with reversals and advances that at once confuse and delight the person. At that time when it appears we have found a sure foundation upon which to construct a knowledgeable framework, "how whole groundwork cracks", as Pascal says, "and the earth beneath our feet opens to abysses."

But an interesting thing to remark here, apropos of this and in line with a motif we find in Martin Buber's ideology as expressed by one of his disciples, Maurice Freedman, is the notion that "there is no thing, relation, or event in the world that does not reveal an abyss when it is known, and all thinking threatens to shatter the stability of the thinker. He who lives his life in genuine, realizes that knowledge

by William Townshend

The complications of life find expression in the tossing sea of political campaigns. The shock treatment, the mouth - to - mouth ejaculations and heavenly promises assume Ralaudio-scopic expressions in the brine-filled political sea. Yet only one man wins and he embodies the force of American politics -- the force of moral principle.

On the level of college campaigning, although the sophistication of the National campaign is absent, the subtleties are visible and the techniques very much the same. There is the shock treatment where suddenly bushels of printed matter appear with the intent of flabbergasting? the electorate. There is the singing of the praises and merits, in an almost religious tone of each worthy candidate. There is the promise of the good to come if one or the other is elected. Remarkably, the absence of any one of these sounds the trumpet of Jericho upon the transgressor.

But, there is one more important requirement, a very necessary attribute. The man who is to serve you must be a good guy and, consequently, the myth of the American political system arises -- the myth of the single equation between the "good guy" and the force of moral principle. For if a candidate is a good "guy" and deserves a chance, the immediate presumptor is he should receive the chance and the office. (The past record of his worth-ability can always be substantiated, in truth or half-truth.) Soon the entire campaign effort becomes one to impress the "good guy" trait upon the electorate by means of the usual campaign techniques. In the end, this trait rules the electorate, as the expressions of a candidate's past record are sha-

Cont. on p. 7

must perpetually begin anew, perpetually risk all; and therefore "his truth is not a having but a becoming."

This business of thinking-- that ceaseless stress to affirm our intellectual attributes upon states or reality-- must, then, be an activity of the entire person. Here is where Intellect cannot act in isolation, but must rather be part of all those powers at one's command (knowledge, emotion, love, interest, joy, eagerness) which are called upon in the response of "thought". As Father Stuhlmueller indicates, speaking about the Hebrew people of the Bible, thought for them was an "experiential contact of the whole person with a real fact." And so it is, or should be, with us. Frequently, there is the danger of separating thought from feeling, and of not recognizing the keen relation between intellect and affect. If, during

Cont. on p. 6

What is Spring Weekend?

by F. J. McCormack

Spring Weekend is happiness and a ticket is security, but like sex in marriage there is more to it.

Friday night the Theater Guild presents "A Hatful of Rain," a shocking, realistic, drama, concerning the terrors of a dope addict and his family. The theatergoer will have an opportunity to relax and appreciate this traumatic experience in its full import at an after-theater party.

There is more to it. Saturday, the gala President's Regatta will take place on university lake (the river). Drexel Tech, Trinity, C.W. Post, and Iona, will compete with the Marist Crew.

After the race, the dorms will serve as a haven from the hot tropical sun. (so make your bed)

Following a relaxing afternoon, everyone will be just in the mood for stepping out. Frosh and Soph are to dine and dance in the cafeteria, while upperclassmen in dinner jackets report to Norrie Point Inn.

Tropical heat being with us again on Sunday, clams, steaks, corn, ad infinitum will be served at poolside.

Sunday night, "parting is such sweet sorrow." after room check the spring weekend of 1964 will officially close.

But, what is over? A romantic interlude with the "special" girl? Yes, this and more, the work of a select few has been brought to fruition. These people, volunteers, have given freely of their time and sweat, in the fulfillment of your year long dream... a successful weekend. They know, when it is over, the triumph of success or the disappointment of failure.

There is more to the marriage of your twenty dollars and that ticket than the security of a good time. It is a vote of confidence to the people who worked so hard. You are telling them that you are behind them and willing to do your part to make their dream of success a reality.

They have worked hard for you. Do your share. Support Spring Weekend.

Announcement

Walter Allen, Visiting Professor of English at Vassar College, will lecture at Marist on Wednesday, April 22, in Adrian Lounge at 8:15. His topic will be "English and American Literature; A View from the Mid-Atlantic." Dr. Allen, a prominent critic and novelist, is also the author of The English Novel and the just released The Modern Novel. It will prove to be an interesting lecture.

His Memory Lingers On

by William Driscoll

The day was April 5, 1964, the sky was dark in the pre-dusk New York--- an ominous foreboding of things to come. Suddenly a bulletin came over the radio: "General of the Army Douglas MacArthur died at 2:37 P.M. this afternoon after a month long illness".

A tear couldn't help but swell in this reporter's eye as I heard the announcer, in a somber, staid voice review the past life of one of the most revered men ever to walk the face of the earth.

The attitude wasn't one of sudden shock, like the atmosphere that so characterized the Kennedy death, nor was it one of profound sadness that all of us found ourselves in, during the few weeks following it. It was more, one of deep reverence, almost to the point of awe at the thought of one ending his life so fittingly--he just faded away.

If one is to discuss the contributions of Douglas MacArthur he should look at them through the perspective of his philosophy of life--duty, honor and country (the motto of West Point). But apart from the trite idioms that usually accompany the death of a national figure all these overused praises gain some semblance of truth when used about Douglas MacArthur. He was in all senses of the word a patriot, whether wading ashore to establish a beachhead at Bataan or making a speech at the

1952 Republican convention.

Aside from all this fame and fortune he received, he somehow succeeded in remaining above everyone else. Thus, because of egoistic tendencies, he had an aloof attitude toward capitol-hill politics. MacArthur, nevertheless, was something of a God-like figure to all Americans; he seemed like a character out of a nineteenth century novel or a Greek tragedy. MacArthur had the type of personality which either attracted hero-worshippers or arch-rivals. Maybe this is good; perhaps this is where his greatness was; perhaps this is what gave him the courage to take the bold, daring steps he so often took, while an army officer.

His death, though, is too near at hand, to categorically say what his role in history will be--we are all to caught in this to say what his effect was on America and the world. We can only say how he effected us, and he effected all Americans deeply. I think, former President Herbert Hoover expressed it much better than I ever could: "He was one of the world's outstanding military commanders. He was also a statesman for peace. The world is a finer place for his having lived in it and for the standards of courage and character he set. Truly, his watchword was: Duty, honor, country. He was a great man, a great general and a great patriot."

ADVISE & CONSENT Cont.

8. Wear rubber shoes when turning lights "on & off" (lost 2 room-mates already!)

R8. Losing two livewires must have been a shocking experience. Why don't you try re-volt-ing?

9. Do Not Touch candy on bulletin board.

R9. This was another tough one! Was strongly tempted to touch the candy "just for licks" - but, as you can see; one more victory for our side.

10. Jump softly into bed - the bedbugs have been very friendly to us this year.

R10. Now, I realize what you meant. Cheer up; you won't be bugged by this problem if you maintain the statuo quo; shift, however, to a non sequitur and they'll put the bite on you. Certainly a thought to chew on!

There you have it! Eight for me with two even - winner by a decisive decision.

Incidentally, I'm one of those fortunate ones who never get distracted. Nevertheless, since someday my number might come up, doe you think you

could possibly get a hold of a small holy picture or statue or something-inexpensive, of course-so that when the next Retreat comes around, I'll be prepared to recollect my thoughts in seconds flat, should the need arise? There must have been one around here which I could have easily "appropriated," but wince you've made me so Commandment-minded, I decided to walk the straight and narrow. Anyway, I'm sure that you would prefer to rely on the old Finish ed proverb, "I'd rather do it myself!"

They're putting a bus in my ear about the buzz. Time to depart.

Good luck with the final exams and have a pleasant summer.

Bro. Kevin Dominic, F. M. S.,
B. S., M. A., S. P. Q. R., Q. E. D.

Sincerely,

Chonney & Chimney

Please sign Register before leaving!

X *[Handwritten Signature]*

AFFIRMATION Cont.,

our school years, we have accompanied the mere "telling" of the teacher with an attitude of passive listening, then any desire for active emotional involvement has emerged stillborn. On this score, we can all at one time or another utter "mea culpa".

The learning process is, indeed, an endless task, and one that deserves our untiring vigilance and endorsement. But the real joy and gratification in all of this centers around the awareness that our learning is a deeply personal thing. To know in a personal sense demands multi-viewing. (In this connection, I am reminded of Henri Peyre's use of the term "horizontal" unfolding which he felt was indigenous to a genuinely lived existence.) Implicit in this viewpoint is the desire to seek out the mysteries of the universe, to become aware of other vantage points, to nurture back to life that marvelous sense of wonderment that was so much a part of our childhood, and which seems to have been cast off somewhere along the way to "adulthood." In a sense, I suppose it would not be too embarrassing to intelligently think of our "adult" position somewhat in terms of what Father Stuhlmüller calls "mature childhood". In our sophisticated way we so often analyze all the beauty (and even all the ugliness) out of things, and dutifully fall back on pre-digested, tailor-made experience. If we recall, Christ urged his followers to "become as little children", for it is in this attitude *sicut parvuli* that paradisaical joy is best experienced.

There is the tendency among us today, it seems, to hesitate before the unknown; to recall our powers in the preservation of what we call dignity or righteousness. We "editorialize" our experience and bask in the security of "containment". We suffer from what Jacques Barzun has called a "digest complex", which cultivates a love of ease in intellectual matters. The digest anticipates collective judgment and ferrets out what will be distasteful and objectionable. The residue that leaks out, very often, is hardly worth passing on. And midst this anxiety for brevity (or a kind of "just-the-facts-m'am" mentality) we find today's reversion to the formula, the "technique", the cliché, as adequate modes of thought. But are we being just to ourselves when we rest satisfied with passing off mere repetition as true thought?

In discussing the "Modern Theme" Ortega y Gasset reminds his readers that each generation finds itself in the position of asking whether or not it can remain content with the values, ideas and institutions of the former generation, when these very same values may possibly have little relationship with current exigencies. Each generation chooses whether it will adhere entirely

Cont. on p. 8

Marist Has Little Visitors



(Journal Photo) Thomas Troland and Robert Hackett, two participants in the Horizons Unlimited Program instruct pupils in art appreciation.

by Robert Hackett

In conjunction with the Horizons Unlimited program of cultural and academic enrichment, thirty students from Violet Avenue Elementary School visited Marist on Tuesday, April fourteenth. This is the first school from the Hyde Park district to be included into the Program, and only Marist students will be tutoring in this school. Such a stipulation will enable us to concentrate our activity, and help us eliminate many problems, such as transportation, which previously hampered our work.

This was the first meeting of the students and tutors; its purpose was not only to acquaint these students with each other, but also to familiarize them with the college.

On arrival the students were separated into small groups to be given a tour of the campus. At four o'clock, all returned to the Large lecture Hall to be entertained by the New Eastern Trio.

The Chaperones who were on hand were impressed by Marist's own Trio, and Mr. Gittleman, the principle, expressed the hope of having them soon come to the Violet Avenue School.

After the concert the students and tutors were photographed at various places on their tour. Many then visited the Student Lounge where an art class was in progress. Much interest was

enkindled by this class as it mirrored in the photo shown above where two tutors attempt to explain the painting to a few of the interested youngsters. Following this, it was time for the students to bid farewell to Marist as a completely successful day drew to a close. A letter was later received from Mr. Gittleman expressing his gratitude.

On Thursday, April 16 the tutors will visit Violet Avenue school for a short meeting with the faculty. The purpose of this meeting is to explain to the volunteers the special problems of these youngsters in order that the tutor will be able to ascertain how he will best be able to help the child. The program began on Tuesday, April 14. There are seventy-five children who wish to participate in the Program, however, we were able to supply only 20 tutors.

Many of these students have been unable to enter this program and wish to include them, but to do so we need a great many more tutors. Should anyone be interested in joining the Program they can see Bob Hackett in Leo 213. It is guaranteed that anyone who wishes to be included in this rewarding project, will be tutoring within a week after his entrance into the program.

INAUGURATION Cont.

of Intent to the Chief Justice of the Court of the Student Government, Mr. William Treanor, and the Associate Justice, Mr. Joseph Cavano. Mr. Cavano then issued the Declaration of Intent to the non-executive members of the Student Government. Mr. Thomas Heffernan and Mr. Paul Mahar were inaugurated by Mr. Treanor after which President Heffernan spoke. He called for unity of all under the new Government, reminding those present to remember that the past, helps to make a better future. He said that this was to be an era of movement, and an era of success and above all an era of 'good feeling'. The speech itself rung familiar bells in this reporter's ear and one of our faculty members said, "It sounds like Lincoln's Gettysburg Address."

Mr. Morrissey, Master of Ceremonies, thanked the handful who did show up for the ceremonies and ended the Inauguration of 1964.

TERRY SEES CASTRO 3 NO Cont.



Sign on Gitmo, showing the water condition after Castro decided to turn it off.

chose to exile themselves to the base. U.S. personnel and Cuban exiles have joined together in a great bond of comradeship to live in this isolated American community of 10,000 inhabitants. Both have become one working force, operating and using the base's public utilities, police and fire departments, a hospital, churches, religious and civic organizations.

Each and every Cuban sadly looks down, what is probably the most meaningful four miles of road, toward the Northwest Gate and each admits he is waiting for the day he can go back to his home without fear. Each one of them is torn in his heart. He loves democracy and his fellow Americans but he also loves his home.. He remembers his old friends and the relative he has not seen for a long time.

The Cuban at "Gitmo" wonders if the American really knows the heart-break he feels. Day by day, he feels

GOOD GUYS Cont.

dowed by its figure. Perhaps, this is an appropriate measure of worth, who can tell? --Yet, past and present history points to men who were never "good guys" and possessed the force of moral principle and action to a greater degree than any "good guy". Any Christ figure is a prime expression of this man.

In time, the restraining force of the good man's concern for his image overrides his concern for the force of moral principle. Take a look at the power this concern for the "image" possesses as exemplified in the actions of elected officials. See them squander their beliefs to the great god of the good man image in an effort to spread the greatest goodness over the greatest possible area. They dare not to transgress the path of their image demands that they follow. It is all well and fine as long as the force of moral principle follows their aspirations to retain and better this good guy image; but human events often transgress the road their image follows and it is more likely their image will triumph to the now crumpled walls of moral force--the only force for which America contends.

So, as the college campaigns are ended or nearly ended, reflect upon the elected elite and make sure they are not mere "good guys" but men who will act in the light of this force of moral principle for there is nothing else which America so loves.

Campus Corner

by James Sullivan

It is now official, the Council of the Student Government coupled with its various sections and sub-sections has a larger enrollment than the entire Marist College Campus.

Overheard in a dingy, smoke-filled cabaret: "You guys will eat your hats when I show up with that ___ on April 5th." Word has it that this same person made a bundle betting against himself. It's a real shame the Judiciary wasn't able to get hold of some powdered wigs for the inauguration ceremonies.

Congratulations to the Soph Student Brothers for an excellent job done in Advise and Consent.

Hatful of Rain has really shaped up in the last two weeks, and promises to be one of the best shows ever played by the Theatre Guild. The men working on the stage to get it in shape for next Wednesday's Dress Rehearsal deserve a heck of a lot of credit and a heck of a lot of sleep.

Spring Weekend tickets have not been going as well as expected. It's been a long time since we've had one; let's support it.

We haven't heard from our esteemed competitors, the Radical Press, and the Re-Record. As a result, just to show what nice guys we of the Record are, the entire staff wishes them congratulations on a job not so well done; it was a real nice try guys.

LETTERS TO EDITOR Cont.

Weston College explains that the idea of substituting the pill for rhythm is totally invalid and impossible to reconcile with accepted theological principles. This is also the opinion of Father Ford, an eminent moralist at Catholic University.

In summary the progestins may be used for 1) the curing of disease, 2) the prevention of miscarriage, 3) the promotion of fertility, 4) the regulation of the ovulation in the menstrual cycle, if it is conscientiously judged that an effect can be produced.

The pills may not be used 1) in order to prevent conception, 2) as a means of inducing directly intended sterility or abortion, 3) or when there is no longer reasonable hope for curing disease or promoting regularity of ovulation.

This letter is not written in the vein of any suppression of open discussion on what is indeed a complex issue. Rather it is written in the spirit of freedom of discussion in the hope that in its publication in The Record the common Catholic teaching will be brought to the attention of the students of Marist College.

Kenneth F. Dougherty, S. A.

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more and more certain that they do know and will do anything in their power to help him and his family to happiness.

To every Cuban I met, they described Northwest Gate as "a gate to poverty, to fear and to a world of Castro madness".

AFFIRMATION Cont.

to the structure set up by the previous generation, or whether it will effect the creative genius inherent in its own members. We might say, in these terms, that every generation has its own special vocation, its own "historical mission", as Gasset calls it, "It has an organic capacity for certain deeply-rooted directions of thought."

Along what roadways these directions of thought might lead us is another question. Yet, it is not really important whether we are led to a four-lane expressway or to a well-worn cowpath. At least a range of possibilities has been explored, and out of the experience, we who have gone through it, can better assess the worth of both the "new" and the "old".

Assuredly, the path is beset with risks--risks, perhaps, of reversal, of personal hurt of costly effort. To tread the wine press means to be smeared with the juice of the grapes. But where in life are we free from the "danger" of risk? The next step you take may twist your ankle; you may fall down the next flight of stairs; you might light the filter end of your cigarette; and so on and on. Your guess is as good as mine what myriad types of insanity would accrue from such a "banana-peel mental-

ity".

If we believe, with Chardin, de Nouy, Julian Huxley, and others, that our universe is continually surging forward--biologically, cosmically, scientifically--then, unless we wish to lag behind our own destiny, we must fabricate individual and collective orientation toward future cosmology and science. (Henri Peyre, paraphrasing the thought of Malraux on this point, urged that we continue to forge our own dreams.) Thought is man's most fluid possession. And, to again borrow from Ortega y Gasset, "on what men are beginning to think today depends how they will live in the market-places tomorrow."

It is my feeling that the Doctor of Philosophy, the Master of Arts, The Bachelor of what-have-you, do not have a monopoly on Intellect. An all-generous God, it seems, has planted in each man ample potential for development. Indeed, we are stewards as the Gospel tells us, but our capacity for receiving additional talents grows with each successful rendering of accounts. If we have assiduously compounded interest on our initial allotment, what is to prevent us from becoming millionaires with the assets of experience?

Athletic Department Where Were You ?

by John Barry

In each of the last two years, there has been an attempt made to organize an intercollegiate baseball team here at Marist. Both of these endeavors were doomed to failure before they could even get off the ground. Why? It is the same old story, lack of support! In an unusual reversal, however, it was not the students who lacked the foundation for the budding activity; this year alone some 40 students turned out for the trials. Our tremendous Athletic Department, noted of late for its efficiency, accuracy and desire to expand, has failed in each instance to support a student activity - yet they cry for the student support!

Last year all of the equipment that was provided for the team came from money given by the Class of '66. The extent of the team's schedule consisted of games against the Student Brothers club and members of the student body. Even the team manager was a student.

This year no one has, as of yet, provided any new funds to purchase the bare necessities, balls and bats, for the still budding baseball team. The team's manager, active in many student activities, besides being a floor proctor in the dorm, was forced to leave the team because of pressing graduation assignments. These are the reasons for the failure of our so-called baseball team this year. Will the same excuse be presented in 1965 or will a new one be emitted to take its place? Athletic Department and instructors beware: remember apathy doesn't just run in the student body; it is a two way street. The faculty can have it, too; this crawling disease isn't restricted to those sitting in front of you in class. Wouldn't a good way to foster school spirit be to show some yourselves? Instead of complaining, why not do something about it? What do you stand to lose by trying?



Doctor Goldman stands beside the trophies to be awarded at the Presidents Regatta this coming Saturday. Let's all be there to support our team and show them we know their rowing for us.



Peter Lordi and unidentified New Paltz student seem to be enjoying themselves after they took a little dip when their sailboat tipped this past Saturday on the Hudson in a meet with New Paltz.

