

ROCKHURST STILL #1

The Story of the Team That Didn't
"Embarass" Kansas City Starts On Page 4

PREP NEWS

ROCKHURST HIGH SCHOOL

DECEMBER 18, 1969



The Rock Vendetta

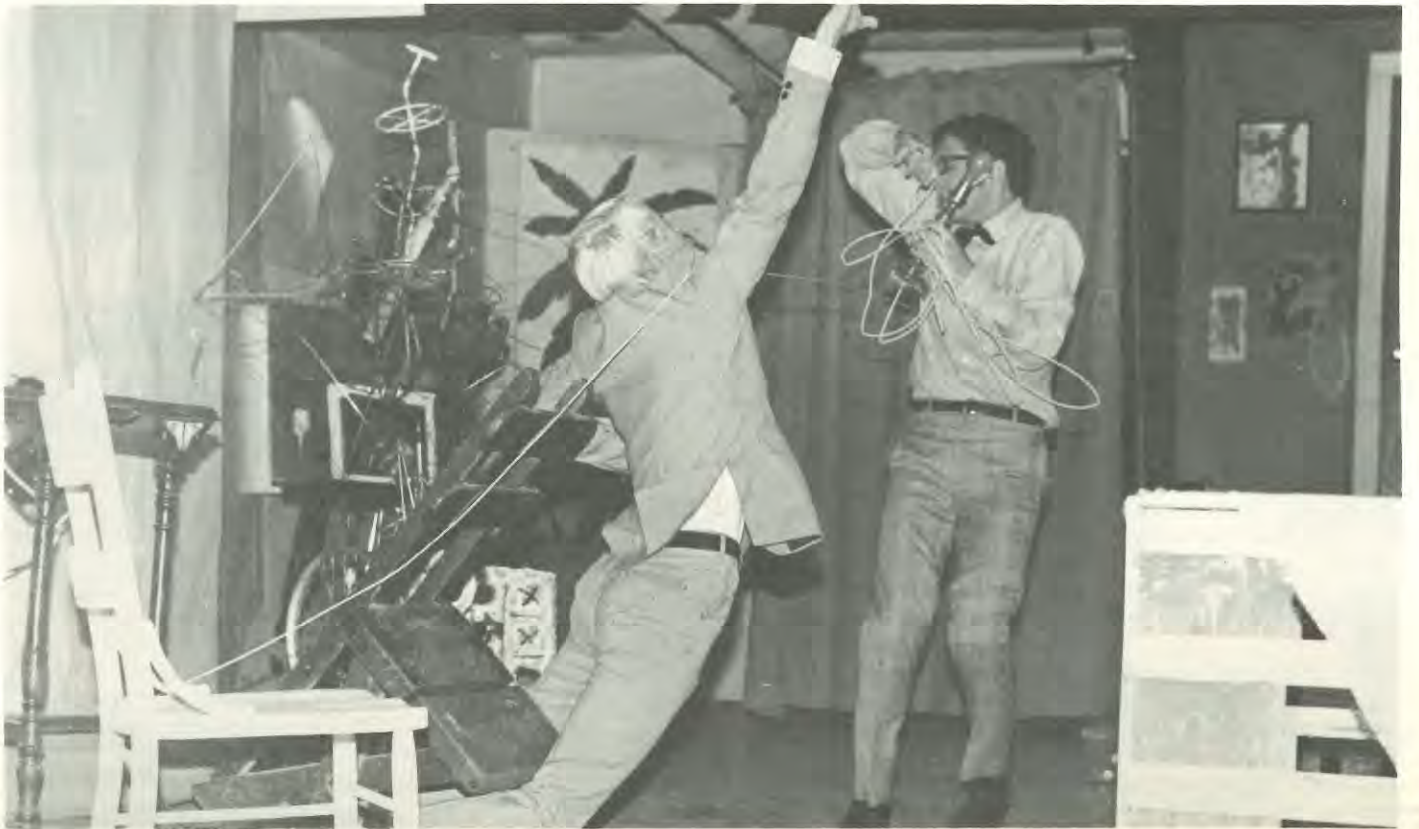
by Dan Welsh

In this year's pre-season basketball pep rally, Mr. Nickel compared his team this year to the football team, in that they were small, but had the needed desire and hustle and had put in many hours of hard work over the summer.

Going into the Raytown South game; they were the favorites after beating Paseo in their season's opener. The Hawklets were ready, though, and ended up running them off the court. They started off fast, gaining nearly a ten point lead before South finally scored.

The team was led in the early minutes by Mark Stipetich and Kevin Wall, who again gained the hot hand in the third quarter to put the game helplessly out of reach. Wall was the leading scorer with nineteen points. Much of the game was told in the rebounding and defense. Tom Bosilovac and Steve Hughes had excellent games, holding their big guns to sixteen points between them. Tom Bosilovac along with Don Rau and Frank Kongs did the job up front rebounding and starting the fast break.

This victory was a team victory also. When Kevin Wall got in foul trouble, Mark Kratofil was able to come off the



Brindsley (played by Kevin Wall) upsets Col. Melkett (Brad Shurmantine) in this scene from the Cuester's fall production; Black Comedy.

bench and keep the offense alive. Later in the game it was Frank Kongs who grabbed many rebounds and was still down court in time to score on the fast break.

After the game it appeared as though the basketball team had helped the school make a smooth transition from football to basketball and the Rock is looking forward to going to the state play-offs this time in St. Louis. How can they be stopped as long as they keep their heads shaved.

Black Comedy: Bright

by Dan Doran

Black Comedy, the Cuester's Fall Production, was not a poignant story of conflicting emotions blasted open by compelling injustice in human experience; it was not a scathing rebuke to the condition of the present art form and/or American society; it was not a happy musical rendition with ear-catching tunes and nifty dancesteps. **Black Comedy** was comic relief at its best, and those in attendance were thoroughly amused by the area's first showing of the British play.

The play centers around Brindsley Miller (Kevin Wall), a struggling young sculptor who has attempted to deceive a number of people in an effort to impress them and to better himself. For two months he has been involved with Carol Melkett (JoEllen Fischerkeller), a dizzy socialite who is at best a substitute for Clea (Maureen Davis), a not-so-old flame.

At the beginning of the play, fortune seems to be riding with Brindsley. An eccentric, stone-deaf German magnate, Bamberger (Paul Pierron) has taken an interest in his sculptures and has arranged for a showing at Brindsley's down-in-the-heels flat. To celebrate, Brindsley has invited Miss Melkett and her military, no-nonsense father, Col. Melkett, played by Brad Shurmantine, to his lodgings the same night he will show Bamberger his works. Brindsley and Carol also plan to ease the news of their engagement to the Colonel at this time. His flat is poorly furnished, but by a stroke of luck his neighbor (Harold Goringe (Steve Schopper), a prissy furniture dealer, is out of town and Brindsley has liberated his highly-prized antiques for the evening.

As the time for the Colonel's arrival on the big night draws near, all appears to be in readiness. Brindsley, although nervous, is fully prepared for the success of his life. Then disaster strikes. Clea phones, anxious to patch things up. Then

the electricity in his apartment goes out, leaving darkness and confusion. The Colonel arrives and blasts Brindsley for his incompetence. Another neighbor, Miss Furnival (Gail Grey), a doddering old spinster on a one-way nostalgia trip, invites herself in and reminisces. Harold comes back unexpectedly and drops in, unaware that his antiques are missing. The gropings of this motley crew in the darkness are hilarious, as drinks get to the wrong people and Miss Furnival gets stoned. The electricity man finally arrives, but in the darkness the guests mistake him for Bamberger, due to his German accent and his preposterous art critiques. Clea makes an appearance, fails to be placated by Brindsley and demands to know what's going on.

The roof begins to fall in on pitiable Brindsley. As Clea sarcastically reveals the truth about him, Brindsley is faced with the considerable wrath of the Melketts and Harold, the real Bamberger, falls through the trap door into the basement, and the electricity is suddenly restored. The play is ended—in chaos.

The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden, a familiar play by Thornton Wilder, is the story of a farm family's journey to the city on a mission of mercy. The play is somewhat impressionistic in style, and captures much of the spirit of the late Twenties and early Thirties in America.

Mr. Jerome Stark has done another fine job of directing, well coordinating the talents of the actors. The Stage Crew, under the supervision of Father Wallace, constructed the sets with their usual competency. The Lighting Crew, comprised of Mike Weaver, Paul Stott, and John DeGood, performed the many special lighting effects.

The Fall Rockhurst Stage Productions have proven the Cuester's are still one of the many Rockhurst activities that rank at the top in Kansas City and the state.

COMING TOGETHER

Editor's note: The moratorium in Washington, D. C. last month drew well over a quarter million people. Mr. Tobing, who taught here the past few years, was one of them. Here are his impressions of that November 15th in our nation's capitol.)

At 2:30 this morning came the end of an experience. When we had passed the three slightly ragged girls hitchhiking behind a "to Washington" sign, just on the outskirts of New York's courage or foolhardiness. After all, it was 6:30 on a cold Friday night. But if we had seen them on the way home, we would have given serious thought to trying to stuff them into the Volks. Despite all the peace signs that had been travelers, what was going on still wasn't exactly clear.

But it started to become clear as we boarded a bus the next morning for the center of town. The bus was crowded and quiet. The passengers were young. Buttons and arm bands were one dis-

play. Anticipatory wonder and excitement were the mood. As we crossed the Potomac and rolled on toward the center of government, the dominant phenomenon of the bright, clear, cold November 15 began to emerge: people—individuals—human beings—Americans—thinking, feeling, hoping animals. All moving, down the fan of Washington streets, in the same direction, toward a common goal.

Off the bus, we were swept along, still resonating to that common hushed feeling of anticipation at the something that was happening. Heads turned and quiet gasps came as street after street disgorged the same thick river of individuals. The presence of the "Mob" marshals began to be noticed as they channeled the flow with friendly competence. The few, superfluous policemen were friendly too. And this mood the crowd caught and spread. And then the Mall.

(Continued on Page 8)



FOOD and FOOTBALL

Every year following the football season the Athletic Association puts on a dinner for the football team. Since we had such a successful season, this year's dinner was something special. All the football players, managers, coaches, guests, and their families attended. The dinner was held at the Gold Buffet. The people who attended were well fed and well entertained by several speeches from the coaches, Fr. Kloster, S.J., and the team captains, Mike Coupe, Phil DeCoursey, Dan Henehan, Dave McCarthy, and Phil Poppa.

The captains were told to speak about the one thing that stood out foremost in their minds. Mike Coupe, the first speaker, said that he was most impressed by the spirit and drive of the players who didn't see much action, but toughed it out, especially the Seniors for this last year.

Phil DeCoursey remembered the unity within the squad. He remarked how no one was looked down upon because they were just sophomores or juniors. He felt that the unity in the squad was a big factor in their success.

Next, Dan Henehan was glad to be a part of the team because he got to know the fellows better. He said that you come to depend on the guy next to you to do the job, and he never had to worry.

Dave McCarthy said another contributing factor to this team's victory was the help from God. Dave explained how they said prayers before and after the game and this left you with a feeling of confidence.

Phil Poppa said that he just enjoyed the season as a whole. That it had been a great one. The respect which he had for the players and coaches was beyond his imagination at the beginning of the season.

Next on line, Mr. Davis spoke of what a great bunch of guys this group was and the pride which they built in him. Then he introduced the coaches' wives and thanked the people who have made some of the technical work this season run so smoothly. Everyone left with a lot of pride and a full belly.

The Pyramid Lives

New changes were involved in the selection of cheerleaders for the basketball season. Ten cheerleaders were chosen instead of the usual seven, and a new controversial method of picking the cheerleaders was initiated for this season. Over 50 petitions for a cheerleader position were presented; of these, twenty were selected and taken to the athletic staff and Brother Windmueller. The final ten were chosen by this staff.

The Cheerleaders for the 1970 basketball season are: Seniors—Dave Beaven, Jim Root, Steve Kelly, Dan Welsh, Mike Coupe, Marc Hughes, Mark Thornhill; Juniors—Bill Darby, Mike Fagan, Pete Martin.

NFL Rocks Oak Park

The Rockhurst N.F.L. chapter gave another top-notch performance at the Oak Park Tournament, December 5-6. Three from Rockhurst advanced to the finals in individual events: Paul Pierron in Humorous, Bill Abboud in Original Oratory, and Fred Duchardt in Extemporaneous. In addition, the Hawklet debate team of Randy Barron and Fred Duchardt advanced to the finals before losing in a very close, split decision.



Mr. Davis gives a few of his reflections on this season at the annual Football Banquet held this year at the Gold Buffet.

N D S News

Awareness has been the recent theme at N.D.S. November 20 and 21 were centered around discovery of the human condition in the form of discussions of youths sexuality, drugs, and self-identification. Sessions led by Rockhurst College students and noted experts in the various fields, furnished the vehicle to this end. The joyous filled days of November being passed and now almost forgotten, the populous of N.D.S. looks forward to the happenings of the Christmas tree, mistletoe month of December. To start things off, the Sion Singers, under the direction of Mrs. Dennihan, will appear Dec. 12 for their annual Christmas Concert. ALL ARE INVITED—No admission. The Singers have really had a tight schedule this semester; touring schools, Coke Parties, assemblies, Father's Club performances, plus the fact that their Concert is earlier this year. After experimenting with pre-yuletide semester exams last year, they were elevated from their trial basis to a full-fledged position in the N.D.S. academic

schedule. They will be held Dec. 15-19.

Dec. 19, the much anticipated date at Sion, is the Senior Class Sponsored, Christmas Dance. The fabulous "Morningstars" are contracted to play for this major event. The highlight of the evening will be the crowning of the 1970 "REINE de NOEL."

N.D.S. shares the pride of the Kansas City area in its representative to the Missouri Class AAAA Football finals—RHS. They were overcome on the scoreboard, but not in the spirit, determination and sportsmanship of the men.

Loretto Hot Line

As the end of the first semester draws closer and closer, preparations are being made for semester exams. The exams are to be taken sometime before the start of Christmas vacation (Dec. 19) at the teacher's discretion.

With semester exams also comes the fun of the holiday season. This year our Glee Club, as guest of the Plaza, will sing Christmas Carols December 15 in

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Phil Poppa . . . the 1970 winner of the Bukaty award.

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Up 'n Coming

- December 19, Friday—Basketball—PaseoHere
- December 20, Saturday—Basketball—SouthwestThere
- December 25, Thursday—Christmas Day
- January 1, Thursday—New Year's Day
- January 2, Friday—Basketball—Pem-DayHere
- January 3, Saturday—Basketball—CentralThere
- January 5, Monday—School resumes

the courtyard of Swanson's. The Glee Club will also participate in a program to be given December 17 from 8 to 9:30 p.m. This program features the upper school choral classes and play cuttings by the Drama Club. All are invited.

Some of you may remember the fabulous candy drive Loretto had around the first week of September. By vote the girls decided to use the \$6700 we earned toward the purchase of a video tape machine, recreational equipment, gym equipment, tape recorder, camera and strobe, and for a scholarship fund in the name of Sr. Kathleen Tighe, a former principal. Congratulations on the overall success of your football season and good luck in the coming basketball games, from All of Loretto.

Dissent--The Toy of the Rebel

by Bill Abboud

"People want to know who we are, and some think they know who we are. Some think we're a bunch of snot-nosed brats. It's difficult to say really who we are, or what we have . . ."

As James Simon Kunen has stated in his book, *The Strawberry Statement*, it is indeed difficult to say really who the many young rebels now crowding our college campuses and city streets are. However, I suggest to Kunen and all the rest like him that they expend the energy necessary to answer that all-important question. Perhaps, if they will take a day off from rioting, picketing, protesting, etc., they could sit down and discover what they really are. It is an interesting suggestion.

The leaders of the new "revolution" of American youth claim that they dislike, among other things, racism, poverty, and war. They would have us believe that they are sincerely trying to fight these three afflictions which make the United States "the scourge of the earth." The question we must ask, then, is what are these young rebels doing about those three evils? Are the means which they are using to combat racism, poverty, and war really effective, or are they actually more destructive than beneficial? The answer is that those means, which include rioting and law-breaking, are not only ineffective, but also detrimental to America. James Kunen and his followers are, in fact, making the very conditions which they want to abolish, worse.

For example, Mr. Kunen, who in one sentence shouts for peace and an end to all war, in his next sentence says to the government Establishment, which he professes to hate violently, "You're playing with fire, and fire burns, baby. I

tions to the evils which they vehemently declare must be abolished. James Kunen and his friends can tear down the principles of the United States, but they cannot replace them with anything better. In his book, Kunen opposes the Vietnam war but offers no reasonable way out of it. He rejects the draft but gives no practical alternative for it. He hates what America is, but presents no tangible model for what it should be. Finally, he says, "Since the First Republic of the United States is one hundred ninety-two years old and I am nineteen, I will give it one more chance." Thank you for your incredible generosity, Mr. Kunen, but I seriously doubt that the United States needs you to give it that chance. If you hate America so much, why don't you just leave it?

The inevitable answer to that last question sounds something like this: "I don't want to leave America. I want to stay and attempt to improve it. That's why I'm doing what I am doing."

That answer is a fine one, perhaps the only thing that saves the rebellion of our youth from total condemnation. Unfortunately, a noble cause is not quite enough. The end will never serve to justify the means. The means that James Kunen and others like him are using to change America are wrong. Certainly, there is no value to be found in rioting, violence, and destruction. America will never be made better by men who hate it. Only by looking at our country realistically, by considering its merits as well as its flaws, will we be able to find a way to better it.

In the end, as bad as this country is, with all its evils and abuses, it is still the greatest nation on the face of the earth. And in my opinion, that's not so bad after all.

Student Opinions

mean this. I mean it well. Hear me: you're going to get human or your stinking bodies are going up against the wall." This does not sound at all like the type of statement that would come from a rational man truly seeking peace. If Mr. Kunen believes he can achieve peace through hate and violence, then he is in serious trouble. The truth is that young rebels such as James Kunen will gain nothing by destroying what it has taken generations of Americans centuries to build. They will only spread turmoil throughout the United States.

If we further examine America's young rebels, we find that they call for an end to hatred and prejudice. They claim to eagerly accept "all people, and likewise respect their human rights, just because they are people." Yet at the same time, these young men carry in their hearts a bitter hatred of and prejudice against the upper class of our society and the "power structure" of our government. The respect and love which they claim to extend to all men, even Communists, they deny the President of our country. They label the men who comprise the government of the United States either "incredibly evil . . . stupid . . . or insane." It's ironical how they are unable to look upon our government as a group of ordinary men who make mistakes like all men do.

In spite of these flagrant contradictions in their thinking, the young rebels of America still claim to be working for the betterment of our country. This brings to mind an advertisement I read in an "underground newspaper" pleading for help for a young hippie couple who had just had a baby for whom they could provide no support. An incident such as this makes me ask, how can a couple bring a human life into a world like that? How can they pretend to be working for a better America when they will not even work for their own child?

I find all these problems disturbing, but none bothers me as much as this last one. Those young men who attack this country so violently have no solu-

EDITORIAL

Future Cheerleaders: A Fairer Way to Choose?

The following article was submitted by a large group of seniors for publication in the PREP NEWS:

WHY TRY HARDER?

Disappointing isn't the word for it. It could be called aggravation. This is what I experienced when I "went out" for basketball cheerleader. How does a person qualify for this? First, he almost has to be a football player; these people most usually get the job. Just tell me one thing: Why is it that a chosen few get all the glory around this school? Isn't it enough that they've been in the spotlight all football season?

Why is it that when certain people look at a name on a piece of paper they immediately "screen him out," most of the time not knowing what he really feels like down inside? Some of the least known people around this school have more spirit than most of the student body. Not only me, but many others feel this way. Why couldn't the names on the cheerleading list be voted on by everybody? It could very well be that the people chosen are not wanted by the rest of the students—no offense to any of them, because they are all my friends.

It's just that a few of us have been trying now for a long time and haven't gotten anywhere at all. Why can't this school, its faculty, give us a fair, decent chance. We're about to give up on you.

Each year there always seems to be people who are unhappy with the cheerleading choices that have been made. They are immediately labeled "disappointed" or "frustrated" and then ignored.

Funny thing, though, it always seems to be the same group. They're not athletes, yet they're the lifeblood of any game. Without them, no sports activity would be that exciting. They're the spectators. (Imagine a football or basketball game with only the athletes there.)

All these guys want is a chance—an equal chance. They feel that there is a certain amount of prejudice against them.

The decisions for this year have been made. In the future, however, new ideas for choosing should be considered.

Their suggestion is to have a general vote on the cheerleaders by the student body.

Another idea would be to put the names of all the qualified candidates into a hat and then choose seven or ten.

The important thing is to give everyone an equal opportunity. After all, that's what all the complaining is about in the first place.

Profile of a Quarterback

by Dan Welsh

I have wanted to be a quarterback over since grade school. Almost everyone I knew and ran around with wanted to be one too; I guess I just got a couple of lucky breaks at the right time. Grade school went fast and by the time that I was at Rockhurst I had almost given up the idea. My first days at Rockhurst were the hardest. Everyone seemed bigger and better than me and I became depressed as I was placed on the sixth team and as a fullback. One day I got a break, though. Coach Tuckness saw me throw and asked me if I could do it again. Luckily, I did and was immediately placed at the sixth team quarterback. The rest of the year was a real drag, as I only substituted when we were helplessly behind and he didn't want to get the starters hurt.

Sophomore year was next and my discouragement was similar. After three unbelievable days of practice I was the seventh team quarterback and had two sophomores ahead of me. I felt I was better than the other two and my break came while scrimmaging the freshmen. The coach was watching and afterwards told me that I was throwing good, and if I decided to learn my plays I could play some junior varsity. I finally did get in some and began to envision myself as a great high school quarterback.

Junior year was a disappointment. I had a bad attitude; I thought Coach Davis was babying Boylan and I swore to myself that I would never let him put a yellow jersey on me. I wasn't playing any varsity, so after a while I was sent down to play some junior varsity. I wasn't prepared down there either and didn't get the job done. One day I broke my leg in a game and junior year was over in a sense. After I broke my leg no one seemed really concerned about it

or acted as if it were really a loss to the team. This really ate at my guts. I could tell no one had any confidence in me for quarterback this year. People began saying the team wasn't going to be any good, and this just bothered me more.

A few of us got together toward the end of the year and decided we were going to be TOGETHER. We played football whenever we got the chance and decided we were really going to work over the summer and be ready by September 12. I lifted weights with Dave McCarthy all summer, missing only twice. For the first month after we were finished lifting he would play catch with me and we threw around fifty. Toward the end of the month I put up a tire in my back yard. I would stand around twenty-five yards away in our neighbor's yard and throw. The first couple of days I left the tire stationary, but then I had someone swing it. After a week or so I was throwing close to two two hundred balls a day. I didn't throw at all one time. I would throw a few before I left for work and then finished throwing before dark. I was so sick of people talking about what a passer Danny Boylan was; because I was determined to do better, no matter what anybody thought at the moment.

Summer practice started and I was ready. The whole team was ready and we really worked at changing peoples' mind about what kind of team we were going to have. The Blue-White game was a disaster. The second team won and people were coming up to me and asking if I was still going to start in the Southwest game, or if we were going to throw away this year. I was sick. Saturday I took out the tire and started throwing. It was a long week, but the Southwest game finally came through on three passes late in the game. People

were surprised at the team and even a little bit at me. The Chrisman game came and we got a couple of early breaks and put the game out of reach. People were beginning to gain confidence in the team, but little in me. I'll admit I didn't have much confidence in the team or myself the first two games, but something happened before the next game against Van Horn.

It was a good game the first half, but we ran away with it in the second half. It was amazing the next couple of days at the number of people who would come up to me and say "nice game," and that they knew I could do it all the time. I tried to be polite and smile, say "thanks," and walk on. Ward was my game. Just before we went onto the field I stayed behind to ask Coach Davis a question. Just as I was ready to run out onto the field, he said something that really knocked me over. You may not think it's much, but it was the first time anyone had said anything like that to me. He said, "Take your team, Big Dan, and run it." Like I said, it may not mean much to you, but it was all I needed. Nothing could have stopped me in that game. As I ran out on the field behind everyone else, there were tears in my eyes. I played that game and every game in my future for each and every football I threw, that stupid tire, every weight I lifted, and every hour of practice—all of it with the State Championship in the back of my mind.

Gone from this year's fashion scene is the Indian papoose look, fat bear chifon, cyclone crepe, moose velvet, bald helmeted eagle, and the loose titan up look. However, the bright new look is the blue and white hawk look draped over an enormous rock.



Mike Fagan glides through one of the many holes in the Central line. Dan Welsh looks on indifferently.



Dan Welsh sets to pass behind the fine blocking which he has received all year.

Hawklets Coast Into Finals

by Brian O'Malley

Using his backs like hammers, Rockhurst head coach, Al Davis, smashed the Central defense grinding out 230 net yards and 33 points to Central's 14. Hugh Barry, Mike Fagan, Jim McNellis and Tim Williams all blasted through gigantic holes in the Central line for Touchdowns.

Williams struck first over Center Paul Niewrzel (pronounced Ni-re-zel) and guard Tim Burnham. George Bolts kicked and already Rockhurst had 7 points.

While sending backs over Phil Poppa at tackle for six and seven yards, consistently, quarterback Dan Welsh turned around and handed off to Mike Fagan up the middle. Central defenders were left flat-footed as Fagan strode in for six points. Bolts converted his second P.A.T. and the quarter ended 14-0.

In the second quarter the defense played an important role. Rockhurst offense turned the ball over four times with a punt, two fumbles, and a pass interception. Meanwhile Hawklet defenders kept dropping the Blue Eagles quarterback, Oliver Allen, and managed to keep Central scoreless in the first half.

Following a frosty intermission the Hawklets took the ball with a strong wind at their backs. Paul Niewrzel soon scooped up a Central fumble jarred loose by Rusty Stauffer. With another step on the Central back and Paul would have been able to show his speed.

Back on defense Central once again tried to contain our running attack at the tackle spots. Noticing this Dan Welsh dropped back and unleashed a bullet through three Eagle defenders to Phil DeCoursey for another six points. Relying on a strong defense the Hawk-

lets took the ball again. Once down into Central territory, Jim McNellis scooted over for a touchdown. Rockhurst 26, Central 0.

As the fourth quarter began Rockhurst fans began thinking in terms of Columbia and Tiger stadium. But thoughts soon turned to worried concern as Central's Emmitt Edwards gathered in two long passes from quarterback Allen over tumbling Hawklets making it 26-14, and the Blue-Eagles began shattering hopes of some, not many, though.

Mike Fagan, linebacker, stubbed the Central assault with a key interception, returning it 32 yards to the 5 yard line. Hugh Barry blasted through for six points behind the blocking of Phil Poppa and Doug Hasty.

In a desperation attempt, Central inserted injured Clarence Dillingham (Honorable Mention Interscholastic League) into the lineup; but to no avail. A tremendous rush on first down was a sign of things to come. Dillingham barely got off the first play. On second down the highly touted quarterback dropped back to pass, but ferocious Terry Houlton nailed him for a three yard loss. On third down and 13 yards to go, one of the quickest tackles in the area, Phil Poppa, slammed into Dillingham, putting him out of the game. From then on the Hawklets just coasted in to the finals of the State Championship to meet McCluer.

All the Seniors are especially happy to see this team go to State. As Frosh we took a lot of noise off the other classes ahead of us, because we had a record of 0-5. But they had varsity records of 6-2-1, 5-4, and 4-2-2. We are the greatest, and baby you ain't seen nothing yet!

**"I've Never Been
Prouder of a Team..."**

Goodbye Columbia

by Brian J. O'Malley

Doug Hasty, Phil Poppa, Ron Estevez, Paul Niewrzel, Tim Burnham, Dave McCarthy, Dan Welsh, Phil DeCoursey, Steve DeCoursey, Terry Houlton, Hugh Barry, Mike Coupe, Pat Burger, Mark McDaniel, Rick Holland, John Klamman, Bernie Becker, George Donnelly, Ed Pate, Steve Dunn, Steve Kelly, Larry Karniski and Dan Henehan.

These names represent the people who have played the last and longest season of their four years' career in High School football. As Freshmen they were small, slow, and sloppy. Some of them were in their first year of organized football. They did not know each other well at the time, but were soon to learn to depend upon each other for advice and assistance.

Who would believe that this team, which went 0-5 as Freshmen, would turn out as one of the finest teams in Rockhurst history? The answer: They did. And that is one reason why they did as well as they did. They knew they could be a team as long as they stuck together and never quit getting up after they were knocked down.

They left Rockhurst on a Friday morning with a lot of hope and pride. They returned on a Saturday evening with hopes shattered and more pride than when they left. They knew that they played to the best of their ability and more important, they never gave up. With little time left in the game Mr. Davis was still thinking in terms of victory, probably because he knew this team wasn't out of the game until it had come to an end. But their memory

will live on with us.

Over 1,500 pride studded supporters went to Tiger stadium in Columbia to watch a Rockhurst team play. Rockhurst had a lot of support, but the team they played was something else. They were an excellent team, there is no doubt about it. McCluer is a school of 5,000 plus, which accentuates the valor of Rockhurst which has under 800 students.

The game started out looking like a punting battle, as neither team could move the ball well in the first quarter. In the second quarter Dan Welsh's passes

brought the Hawklets alive and they looked like we would score. As we got the first, first down in the game, Hawks offense became evident. Then we were cut short. McCluer took the ball and marched up field to score the first points in the first half towards a final victory.

The second half found a tough defense, physically and out-manned at every position, hold the McCluer offense three times before they could score from the one foot line. 14-0 and Rockhurst would have to start passing. A screen pass to Tim Williams and a perfectly laid pass in the arms of Hugh Barry

put us near the goal. Once again the cards were against us as a touchdown pass was blocked and we got called for delay of game. Rockhurst failed to score. Once again the defense had to go to work. Led by Phil Poppa the defense tried to contain the Comet attack. Suddenly Phil Poppa picked up a fumble and off on a foot race. He lost the race and Rockhurst failed to score. McCluer intercepted a pass and several plays later scored on a pass, ending the game at 21-0.

Rockhurst lost the game, but won the hearts of many.



Once again Dan Welsh is caught posing for the PREP NEWS camera before taking odds on this play.



DAN WELSH

How Dan Began

by Mike Coupe

This article begins after our last ball game of our junior year. We were all sitting around discussing this year's football team. As Coach Al Davis has said, we thought our defense would be tough but our offense was a question. Coming back we had only one player who had ever started a game on offense. But the position we were worried most about was QB. Things seemed to point right at Dan Welsh. He seemed the logical choice but because of a broken ankle he was unable to get valuable experience at the end of the season. We didn't know if he could come through.

We really had no reason to worry. Every night after school Dan would throw or play in games at Fireman's Field. Every night after work he would throw to whoever would catch. Finally on August 15 he was ready. He won the job of leading an offense branded the worst in 18 years at the Rock.

On September 13, Dan and this offense were ready for the first of their heroics. Rockhurst scored the first time we touched the football. We found ourselves behind 7-6 and with the ball on their 40 with 1:19 on the clock. After completing 3 long passes, Dan bulled over from the 1 giving the Rock a 13-7 win. But it was play like this all through the season by Dan and the offense he led to the great season they had.

TOP OF THE ROCK



PHIL POPPA

Italian Birdie

by Dave McCarthy

Who was that man walking the halls last spring with bushy sideburns. He appeared briefly in the Spring musical as Conrad Birdie, Number One Stud. But we really know him as Phil Poppa, Number One Stud. Since Freshman year, Phil has participated in football. He played basketball two years and was in track occasionally.

Phil was one of the few sophomores to letter in football. As a Senior he was elected captain and also named to the all-metro and all-state teams.

Don't get the idea that Phil is only a jock, for he is not. As a Soph. Phil was elected by his class to be vice-president of the class. As a junior he was in the Cuester's all the while maintaining A honors.

If this isn't enough information you can just trot down to 15th and Cleveland, go into the toy department and ask for the biggest Birdie they have.

been raved over, nor have I been a guest in his home, but I have played football for him for three years and run track for him for two years. And it's contact like this that one can really see the talent of the person under the letter "Coaching Staff 1."

The time and effort this man puts out for this team is numerous whether it be explaining plays or cussing the team out, but all of it is worth it. Because with a person at the helm like him, there's nothing you can do wrong by following. Did you ever think to yourself what it would be like to spend three, four, sometimes five hours extra a day to guide our 40 boys through drills around the track? Or what goes through his mind when the team is trailing and there is nothing he can do except explain and encourage? Or else how he feels to have have his team, the Rockhurst team No. 1?

And maybe I shouldn't have split up "his" and "Rockhurst" team because when you mention anything of his, you automatically mention something of Rockhurst. He has given his time and effort and 18 years of his life to the Rock and that's where his heart is.

And sincerely I think Rockhurst has given him plenty. Mainly the chance to motivate, to mold a bunch of guys into men, not just on the playing field, but off also. The chance to make, at least in the 1969-70 school term, Rockhurst No. 1. And nothing is wrong with that.

Great Pumpkin

by Larry Karniski

Tim Burnham at 5' 8" and 140 lbs. has made himself into a living legend at Rockhurst High School. He is seen daily in the cafeteria and around the halls humoring everyone with his mock fights but where he gained his fame was on the gridiron. Pumpkin, as he is called by his fellow teammates could be seen every Friday getting psyched-up for his upcoming battle on the football field. And rightly so, for he was usually outweighed by close to 100 lbs. by his weekly opponents (the thing is Tim usually came out on top.)

Stories have been told of Tim's valors at pep rallies, banquets and assemblies in front of students, parents, and teammates and with all this publicity you never hear Tim boasting of his deeds.

The amazing thing about the "Great Pumpkin" that has been brought out through the season was his ability to take these weekly poundings without being injured. This Spartan like living for the past four months has gained Tim the respect of students and elders alike. But is Tim going to quit now? Of course not. For the next four months Tim will be on the mats grappling for Coach Tuckness. Will this experience of being up against gladiators his own size confuse him, I doubt it. It'll probably just bring out the "Red" in him.



TIM BURNHAM

Rockhurst's Gain

by Terry Houlton

I think that everyone at Rockhurst has been impressed by Mr. Culver. He impresses people because he has a style all his own. What is this style of his? It's impossible to put into words because you couldn't possibly understand unless you have seen or felt it. This style is everything about the man; the clothes he wears, the things he says, the way he says it, and even the way he chews his tobacco.

The one thing that impresses me the most is his power of expression. I've never heard him yell, yet he had no reason to. When he spoke, everyone shut-up and listened. You listened because you knew it was important. Although he didn't shout he got his point across just the same. You knew if he was getting on you for something or if he was just telling you something.

Along with this power of speech is the power to make a believer out of you. He is the only coach who told his team that they ought to love practice. Love Summer practice? I couldn't then, but I'm a believer now. Another weird idea of his is you should enjoy practicing and smile all the time you are on the practice field. Can you imagine a group of guys smiling as they run the tires? It



RICK HOLLAND

Who's He?

by John Klamman

There's a cheer at the Rock that goes something like "who's he?" And I guess when you hear the name Rick Holland that's what your immediate reaction is bound to be, who's he. So I guess that before I do anything else I'd better introduce the little squirt to you. He was the captain of the suicide squad on the football team as he was about the only one on it who could count to 11, a necessary ability if one is to be captain because some of us were so stupid we sometimes forgot it was our turn to be in the ball game. Remember Phil?

Another thing a captain is good for is to remind you to bring all of your equipment with you, because some of us were so, so stupid that we forgot such things as mouthpieces, helmets, etc. Remember Phil?

Well Mr. Holland was the captain of the bench; our captain. His dedication was overwhelming. Often he could be seen standing in the field house hours after the game was over, checking his chargers to be sure we all had the splinters removed from our behinds. He would take time out from his other duties to be sure that we were all issued extra butt-pads. He also had to be sure we all were seated on the bench and in proper order during the ball game. Fine job Rick. But all of Rick's attributes, his fine leadership qualities, do not center around football.

He is also a very talented jack around as many of the honored faculty will agree. He is a member of the NLC, the National Honor Society and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

In a serious note Rick stands as an inspiration to many, if not all, of us. He has been down often, but he never quits; he has not been blessed with greatness, but he has made himself great, not as a result of his physical ability but more a result of the man which he has made himself to be, a man respected by all because he gives everything that he does everything that he has. Rick Holland is great.

happened. He could almost make you believe you could do anything in the world. If he told the team to run into a brick wall and that you could knock it down, you would see them running into a brick wall until they knocked it down. It sounds funny but it's all part of the mystical power of Mr. Culver.

One thing that he is famous for is his joke telling. He has a way of telling a joke, and at the same time, point out something; I should know this quite well as I was the topic of a great many of his jokes.

His clothing that I mentioned earlier is not the ordinary clothes, but the clothes that he wore on the practice field. The most noticeable of which would be his cap. You would have to see it to believe it.

Although I have mentioned a lot of things I feel about Mr. Culver, there are a lot of other feelings which just can't be put into words. These feelings are what make Mr. Culver the great man and coach that he is. You might say that great is a strong word, yet almost anyone on the team would agree.

To finish I would just like to say that De La Salle might have won the jug this year, but they lost a lot more in losing Mr. Culver. Their loss is Rockhurst's gain and will continue to be for a long time to come.

When I Was A Boy...

by Ed Pate

On the night of November 7 at about 9:45 p.m., the Dasta Memorial Stadium witnessed a massive throng of people haul a man off the field amidst ecstatic yelling and screaming following one of the best played football games of the 1969 season. The man raised in honor of a hard fought victory was Coach Al Davis. And he was smiling. Why? Because under his guidance Rockhurst could finally proclaim "We're No. 1."

During my four years at the Rock, I think that I can rightfully say Mr. Davis is one of the more influential figures of the faculty here and nothing is wrong with that. For the most part anyone coming to Rockhurst, finds in Mr. Davis, a health teacher, a physical education teacher, athletic director, and football coach, but the students themselves see not only a person with a great interest in athletics in general, but also an interest in making sure men emerge from Rockhurst. From the time the first Frosh witnesses "Dress Right" to the last time a Senior sings "Hail Blue and White" he would have to say that he has come in contact with Mr. Davis one time or another. And nothing is wrong with that. I've never eaten any of his wife's lemon meringue pie that has



COACH DAVIS



COACH CULVER



A greasy guard from Ray-South uses his tongue and thumb to try and stop clean-cut Frank Kongs from scoring.

Sports Scene

Rockhurst Harries Truman

by Jim Root

Rockhurst continued its winning ways December 6 against the Truman Patriots. The Rockhurst team was again outsized for the second game in a row, but it made up for it in speed and desire.

The first period was a real battle. Several of the Hawklet players looked like they were going to be in foul trouble early in the game. This being the case the Patriots managed to keep up with the Rock cagers 15-15 at the end of the

first quarter.

In the second period the Hawklets began to pull away. Don Rau took up the offensive slack produced by Kevin Wall's cold shooting. By intermission the Hawklets had a seven point lead.

The third period was all Rockhurst. The defense was exceptional. Steve Hughes made several key steals and Tom Bosilivac dominated the boards. Offensively Kevin Wall started finding the basket with increasing frequency. At this point the Patriots began to blow their cool and show their badness. But Frank "The Hawk" Kongs rose to the occasion and proved that hair doesn't make the man.

With a 23 point lead by the fourth quarter, Coach Nickel continued to substitute freely. By the end of the game all of the Rockhurst players had seen extensive action.

Truman, in an attempt to stop the high riding Hawklets, tried to sneak a sixth man defense into the game. However, the omni-intelligent officials noticed this illegal maneuver after being helped by the not too numerous Rockhurst supporters.

Some excellent play was turned in by several players: Bill Fagan was the key man of the fast breaks. Mark Stipitich was a standout in both the guard and forward positions. Mark Kratofil spelled at the guard position proved his worth to all that saw him play.

Name	FGA	FG	%	FTA	FT	%
Hughes	6	2	33%	0	0	0%
Wall	23	8	25%	6	3	50%
Rau	5	5	100%	10	8	80%
Fagan	2	2	100%	6	3	50%
Kongs	2	1	50%	4	1	25%
Kratofil	2	0	0%	0	0	0%
Bosilivac	6	4	66%	2	0	0%
Stiptich	3	3	100%	3	1	33%
McCaffrey	1	1	100%	2	2	100%
Stockb'r	0	0	0%	2	2	100%
Team	50	26	52%	33	20	69%



Steve "Hondo" Hughes uses Don Rau's elbow to score in the Ray-South game.

Soccer Kicks Off

by Barry Bumgarner

Patching up injuries and dressing up wounds after a soccer game can be quite painful physically and even more so mentally if you've just returned after having been handed the first loss since February 13, 1968. In such a way the fates were dealt to the Varsity soccer team by a surprising Pem-Day Varsity soccer team. Although this loss was not in actual league play, the Rockhurst kickers, headed by Mr. Stehno, will be trying to correct their strategy in time for their first Inter-State Soccer Federation game with Pem-Day.

The match with Pem-Day was only one contest of five for the Big Blue in the annual ISF Extravaganza (in which each match lasted twelve minutes). Rockhurst also met De La Salle, Savior of the World, Hogan, and Miede for the first time this year. Counterbalancing the loss to Pem-Day was a victory over Savior in a 1-0 duel. The remainder of the matches ended in non-scoring deadlocks.

In Rockhurst's twelve minute contest with Hogan, a rather strange thing occurred. After the Rockhurst goalie had scooped up the ball shot by the oncoming Hogan team, a misunderstanding took place. As a result, both benches were immediately emptied and each team met in the middle of the field to physically greet the other. After a few minutes of small talk (or pseudonym matching) the referees stepped in noticing that things were getting out of hand and both teams returned to their benches a little perturbed by the incident.

The purpose of the Extravaganza is to give each team in the league a chance

to get a look at the other teams, their strategy and their ability. This annual introductory meeting of the teams can be very helpful in preparing for future games. But often, as was the case this year, because they meet for only twelve minutes, the teams do not get sufficient chance to analyze the opponents' plan of attack.

The soccer team is confident that they can beat all the teams they have met this year and can make a repeat of last year's record.

One-for-One

by Steve DeCoursey

On December 5th the Junior Varsity revealed what type of team the Rockhurst student body can expect to watch if they come. The J.V. team is not overpowering, although the tallest player on the basketball floor is on the J.V., Micky McCaffrey. But Micky is not the strongest man on the floor, and because of this the team must rely on its fast break, a deliberate offense, plus a scrambling defense. On Friday, December 5th the J.V. Rockhurst Hawklets took on the visiting Raytown South Cardinals. The Hawks were a little tight and frightened. So it took them nearly two minutes to score after winning the tip at the start, but this did not hurt them too much since the Cardinals themselves did not score their first basket until we had scored. Scott Davis was the one who broke the ice by sinking a free throw after he was fouled going up for a basket. Davis made one of his two shots and as the guards on Ray-South were bringing the ball up court Greg Stockbauer snuck up and stole the pass coming in and laced it up for an easy basket. After this things settled down considerably, and the game turned into a see-saw battle between two equally matched teams.

Mick McCaffrey, Scott Davis, Jeff Grasser, Bob Ervin, and Greg Stockbauer did a fine job on defense and McCaffrey and Davis supplied most of the

scoring punch. They also held up nicely both on offensive and defensive boards. Both teams kept trading baskets and then the Raytown South Cardinals came up on the short end. The game ended Rockhurst 49, Ray-South 47.

The next night the J.V. traveled with the Varsity to the court of the Truman Patriots. Here again the Hawklets were in a see-saw game, only this time the Hawklets were the ones who slipped. There were many good plays by both teams and at many times the players of both teams looked like good varsity prospects for next year. Standouts for the Rock were McCaffrey, Scott Davis, and Bob Ervin. The Junior Varsity is playing fine ball and I'm sure they would appreciate it if more came to watch the games, and even cheer if they wish.

JUNIOR VARSITY STATISTICS

Name	FGA	FG	FTA	FT	PPG
Stockbauer	7	5	2	1	10
McCaffrey	18	5	4	4	13
Ervin	3	0	8	7	7
Davis	4	1	1	0	2
Kelly	2	1	0	0	2
Grasser	10	5	3	3	13
O'Flar.	2	1	1	0	2
Meyers	4	0	0	0	0
Rosen.	0	0	0	0	0
Coupe	0	0	0	0	0
Digiovan.	0	0	1	0	0
Moran	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	50	17	20	15	51



Kevin Wall snarls before shooting the ball and getting his hair cut.

A Splendid 50%

This is Rockhurst's second year on the wrestling mat. Many new faces appear along with the list of veterans. The first meet of the season was with Shawnee Mission Northwest, a rookie in the mat world.

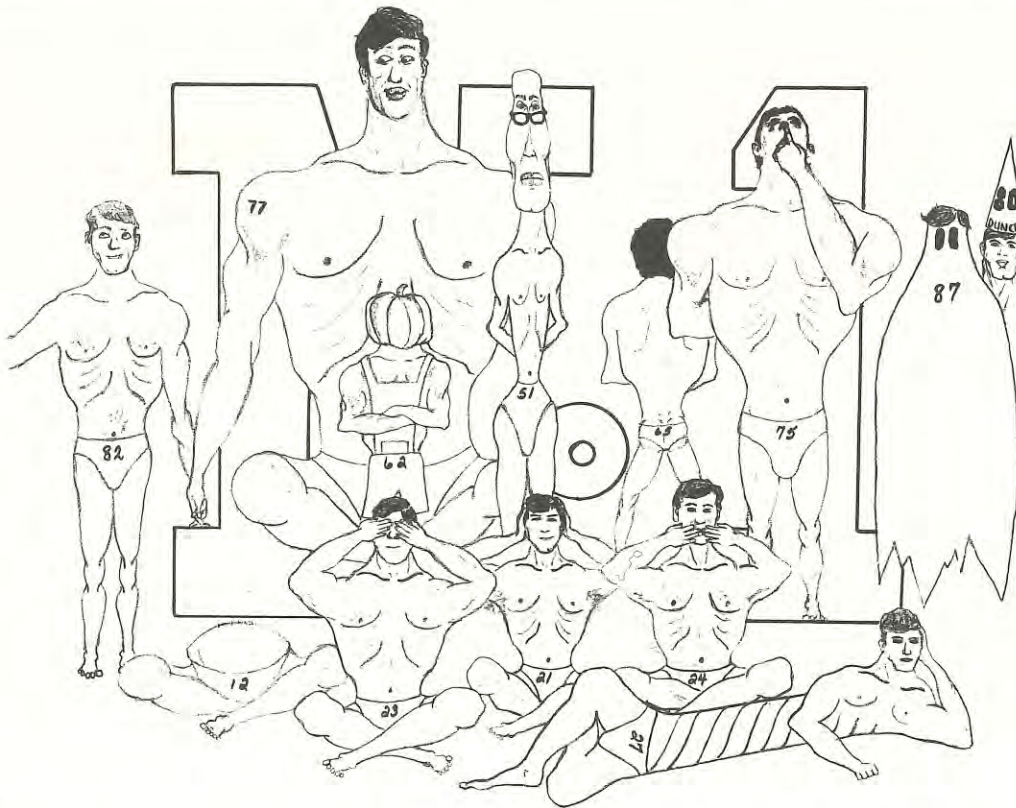
Rockhurst won both the Junior Varsity and Varsity meets. On the Varsity level Rockhurst was well represented by Mike Darby, Jack Burnham, Mark Nobrega, Don Amerine, Terry O'Rourke, Greg Orpin, Leo Kallenberger, John Campbell and Dave McCarthy.

The Hawks were on the road, but soon Ruskin came along. The Eagles are a well coached, experienced team which has been matured in the art of wrestling. Against Ruskin in the J.V. meet, Mike Raab lost a heart breaker. Mike had managed to grab a two point lead and was resisting a pin with time running out. The count came to one second left and Mike was pinned. One second was the difference between victory and defeat.

Raab's example is generally how the entire evening went. One bright point was Bob Daly smashing his opponent for a pin and 5 team points.

For the sake of the spectator I'll try and explain the point system briefly. But for the specific facts one should see Mr. Tuckness before the meet.

The team is given 5 points for a pin; 3 points for winning by points, and 2 points for a tie. By individual, points are given for take-downs, predicaments, near falls, riding time, reversals and escapes. If you can't keep track, another suggestion is to sit next to Mike Dobel during the match. He knows what the points are for, and how many, but rarely agrees with the referee.



Lazy Days

by Marty Haake

Rockhurst traveled to Pem-Day Tuesday night, December 9. In the Junior Varsity match Jim and Terry Aylward (known as the gruesome twosome) got the Rock 10 quick points. Jim, who wrestles in the 155 pound weight class, got a pin which was a result of a sterling move. Terry Aylward, 98 pounder, won because of a forfeit. Also winning because of forfeit, were Joe Kiernan and John Kawaski.

Bob Daly kept up the Rockhurst tradition by pinning a Raider after putting a splendid move on his opponent. Also Greg Orpin, 130 pounder, pinned a Raider which reflected his fine coaching from Mr. Tuckness with an excellent move. The final score in the J.V. meet was 30-28, Rockhurst on top.

The Varsity did not fare as well as the J.V. against the Pem-Day Raiders. George Sroor got Rockhurst 5 points by receiving a forfeit in the 107 class. Don Amerine, a returning Varsity letterman kept up his unbeaten string by winning on a decision. Don won the match 7-4 and his Pembroke Country Day opponent was third in the state last year.

The rest of the meet went towards

the Raiders side of things. The Raiders were probably the toughest team the Hawklets would be facing this year. Due to a miscue, Dave McCarthy, the heavy-weight of the Varsity, was unable to wrestle, but his probable victory would have made no big difference on the final outcome anyway.



Dave McCarthy smothers his opponent during the heavyweight match in the Northwest wrestling meet.

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IN MEMORIAM

The faculty and students of Rockhurst High School wish to express their prayerful sympathies to Mrs. Robert O'Brien on the occasion of her husband's death.

Coming Together

(Continued from Page 1)

Rounding the corners of the stately white government buildings, the rivers flowed into the sea. People. The dominant impression of the day. People. Speaking by their presence. People. Mostly young, but not all. People. Too many to experience. People. People.

The details are unimportant. We gaped and gasped. We walked around. We noted the signs and flags and banners. We slipped into the line of marchers behind the Yale Divinity School. We stood and talked and shared a communal tuna salad on whole wheat with a couple and their six-year-old son. We parted to let a lady with a baby carriage through. We waved the V for a photographer and cheered the black policeman with him who gave us the V back. We passed rumors and strained to hear the bull-horn announcements. We didn't get to march. Only about half of us. There were just too many.

And nobody minded. Just having too many was a kind of triumph, so we just turned and headed up the Mall toward the Washington Monument. People on the move. Slightly uphill, so that turning back over the crest at the monument showed that there were at least as many spread out on the vast lawn and hillside there.

Two hundred and fifty thousand people. Probably more. Beyond imagination. Two hundred and fifty thousand people generate something. And that is what is important, not the exact count.

We sat. We listened. We continued to think. How do you re-capture and cage in words the thoughts and feelings that arose in the psychic milieu of a quarter of a million people, touching. Try.

Feelings, reactions, motives were diverse. My own were. I tried to sort them out. Most probably didn't try, or couldn't. The feeling of belonging to something important, of being the action, of making international news, of being corporately noticed, of being part of the "biggest ever" was there. Very much like this, there was the Woodstock feeling of finding that so many others shared, more or less, the same feelings. Also noticeable was the excitement of flexing such a huge muscle in the face of daddy, or Daddy, or the silent majority establishment. The name-calling in the speeches and the juvenile reactions of some of the radical groups gave expression to this.

But the thing that made the greatest impression on me, the reason why I have to write this, was the overwhelming



sense of moral purpose that was radiated. For those hours, 99% of that mass of people really loved one another. And the world. Peace was possible. Brotherhood was possible. Sharing was possible. Good was possible. The future was possible. Possible because it existed right there.

The music didn't create it. The music just expressed it and let people share it. Like a quarter of a million people singing, "All we are saying, is give peace a chance." Like the same singing and dancing for ten minutes to "Let the sun shine in." When the cast of "Hair" led "This is the dawning . . ." it really was. Arlo Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Peter, Paul, and Mary, all the others, had the mood and passed it.

That gathering was the youth of America. It was young men seeing visions. Somehow, perhaps despite the society they have grown up in, perhaps despite the hypocrisy of a lot of what passes for religion or morality, perhaps because of good men, and good parents, somehow, they have kindled in themselves a vision of a real morality, a true humanism. As Mrs. Coretta King said, in the finest speech of the day, it is not a new vision. It appeared about 2000 years ago in the words "Love one another as I have loved you." I feel that it is, basically but not exclusively, the Christian vision.

And I ask myself how this re-birth came to be. And how it can spread. Through music? Through teaching? Through example? And I ask myself how I can help. So that peace will guide the planets and love will steer the stars.

It is likely that the politics of most of that crowd were confused, even naive. I suppose my own are. And I saw most of the colors of the political spectrum represented, all the way to the anarchists with their black flags. But the vast majority, though politically pluralistic and inexperienced, morally were agreed and certain. And that, I'll say it again, was the really important thing. May it spread. Not radicalism, but caring. Not necessarily demonstrations, but a strong moral sense. Maybe not long hair, but love.

Tom Tobin, S.J.
New York
Nov. 16, 1969

STA News

At St. Theresa's Academy everything is centering around Christmas and winter. The Seniors are presently participating in a candy drive to help pay for the chaperones of the Senior Ski trip. The STA Fathers Force is helping out the school by selling Christmas trees. They are on sale now on the campus, at 56th and Wyandotte.

Soon the glee club and Madrigals will be performing. On December 19 they will give a concert on Christmas carols for the school and guests. The concert will be in the school auditorium. They have also been invited to perform in the courtyard of Swanson's on the Country Club Plaza. The performance will be December 22.

The student council is considering a Christmas party for the school. The party will take place before we leave for Christmas vacation.

Plans are being made for the Senior Ski trip. Everyone is expecting a good time and hoping that no one gets any serious injuries. The bus leaves on Monday morning, January 5, and gets back on Friday evening the 9th.

Like the Rockhurst Can-Food drive, the Sodality has a food drive. Each homeroom is given a basket to fill and they are given a needy family to make someone's Christmas a little happier.

In STA basketball the Junior A and Sophomore B teams remain undefeated. With few games left it looks like the Junior A team is going to take the championship.

Finally all of us at St. Theresa's would like to wish all of you at Rockhurst a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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