

HOMECOMING -- '69

by Dan Doran

Homecoming 1969 was a series of bright, speedy flashes as isolated moments merged into a stream of feelings and events to become a single, intense beam of light. The skit, starring Tim "Mike" Kelley, John "Jerry" Gaughan and company . . . the five beautiful queen candidates and their less endowed escorts . . . the final cheer and the rush to the parking lot. The light, and the feeling, started here. The parade, seven highly imaginative floats and 55 shiny convertibles, shattering the natural silence of the sunny fall afternoon, surging through St. Teresa's . . . Loretto . . . Sion. No accidents, no bad feelings, just an incredible line of cars, floats, and noise. Winding back into Rockhurst, and then home—the light was shining, and the feeling rising.

The game . . . the announcer's voice, crackling through the crisp October night air . . . "Rockhurst 7, Raytown South 0" at the end of the second quarter. Halftime . . . the five girls and their escorts standing on the impossibly green grass, under the lights of Dasta Stadium. Then came the disappointment of the fourth quarter, the frustration as the final seconds slipped away. The team's perfect record was spoiled by the one point, 7-8 loss, and the feeling slackened a little. But the light, although dim, was still there.

Saturday morning came, rainy, raunchy, windy and cold. Inside Rockhurst, like the calm at the eye of a hurricane, an elite corps of decorations technicians calmly constructed San Francisco, oblivious to both the weather outside and the last day tension that threatened them. Throughout slimy Saturday, the energy source of the light and the feeling gradually recharged itself.

Eight p.m. rolled up. All was in readiness; the decorations were strictly first class. Couples began to cross the bridge to San Francisco. The light was gaining in intensity. When the Broadway Clique began playing, the feeling became overpowering. The Clique didn't play music for the intellect; they played body music, a potent mixture of soul and jazz, and it got down into everyone. The Night in San Francisco passed rapidly, as the light grew brighter and the feeling rose higher. The climax came at



10 o'clock. An excited crowd of nearly 500 gathered around the platform where the queen would reign. The gym darkened, and the results of the earlier voting began to be announced. "The attendants of the 1969 Rockhurst Homecoming are Jan Whitaker, Sion, escorted by Bill Abboud; Marcia Wenski, Loretto, escorted by Phil Poppa; Dorcee Williams, Sion, escorted by John McManus." The tension rose after every announcement, the next one would determine the queen. "The first attendant is . . . Patty Crooks,

St. Teresa's escorted by Mark Kratochvil . . . The 1969 Homecoming Queen is Rosie Molinari of St. Teresa's Academy, escorted by Bob Giguere." The vibrations of happiness and excitement spread through the gym, and the light and the feeling of Homecoming had reached its peak.

Homecoming '69 is over now. The brief flash of light and the unique feeling it brought are gone. But the glow they left remains in mind, and will for some time to come.



TIM TRIPS TRUMAN

When I wake up on Saturday mornings I am usually in a very foul mood. And I remain in this mood until I pick up the paper and begin to recall the game from the night before. I dig through the butter and jelly and somehow manage to find the Sports section of the Kansas City Times. But as I read the article written about the game I begin to wonder what happened to my eyes during the game.

For some unknown reason I always seem to have missed a touchdown during the game. I glance at the statistics at the bottom of the article and sure enough Tim Williams has scored the touchdown I seemingly took as belonging to Hugh Barry, Mike Fagan, or Jim McNellis.

In the game against Truman Tim was at his best again, along with the rest of the Hawklets. But if my memory serves me right Hugh Barry made one of those touchdowns. I guess it doesn't matter as long as Rockhurst comes out on top. Against Truman, Rockhurst came out on top.

The field was muddy, it was cold, and it was wet. Rockhurst held up to its excellent record of defensive stamina shutting out the Patriots 14-0.

In the first quarter Terry Houlton picked off a pass, just like he had been telling everyone he would, he looked like he was gone to glory when a swift back from Truman caught him.

The quarter stopped but the Hawklets had just begun. Some excruciating blocking put Rockhurst on the scoreboard with a smashing sweep by Hugh Barry. The half ended with Rockhurst 7, Truman 0.

Truman came out after intermission fired up and ready to work but the toughest defense in the city held them to no more than a glance at the goal line.

Now Tim Williams could make his slashing run off tackle for six points. Mr. Davis rammed Tim against the Truman defense again and again. Tim seemed to relish the battery as he smashed the highly touted Independence team behind the blocking of Phil Poppa and Dave McCarthy.

Down in L. A.

by Greg Hayward

I'd heard a lot about Loretto Academy (both good and bad—including a few unprintable comments from some Rockhurst students with unpleasant memories.) But I still had many unanswered questions: How different is the curriculum from Rockhurst's? What difference does an all girl environment make? In addition, I've always wondered what it would be like to spend a day with four hundred gorgeous girls.

Therefore I decided to find out about Loretto for myself by arranging to attend their classes for a day. (The hardest part of this, by the way, was being excused by Rockhurst.) Almost all that was necessary for them was a phone call. The arrangements had been made. On October 16, 1969, I was to spend the entire day with the Loretto Student Body.

When I arrived at 8:15, my escort, Kathy Schmidt, was nowhere to be seen. Wandering down the halls and corridors aimlessly, I was repeatedly battered with the same questions over and over: "What are you doing here?"

"I'm spending the day at Loretto," I'd reply.

"Sure you are. No, really, why are you here?"

At this point of the conversation I usually started from the beginning, going into great detail, but always keep-

ing a straight face. I explained to them that I was either a student teacher, building inspector, or plainclothes policeman. Naturally they believed every word I told them.

Just when I was ready to retreat to the security of the Men's room, (By the way there is one.) Kathy found me. We went to check in with the principal, Sr. Sylvia. She told me not to be surprised by anything I saw and, for some strange reason, wished me luck.

First on the agenda was homeroom. This is completely different from the classes that we are used to. Here, an entire class meets in one of the large double classrooms and splits into groups of ten. Sitting on the floor in a circle, (The whole school is carpeted), we discussed some of the proposals made in Student Government. For example, should slacks be allowed on Civics day, a day scheduled once a month where the girls need not wear the familiar blue and grey uniforms. Also discussed was the idea of adding another monthly Civics day to the schedule. A vote was also taken, which would be brought to the next Student Government meeting.

The atmosphere at the school is ideal for the modular-type scheduling. The lockers, cafeteria, and gym are separated from the rest of the school by a long hallway. Even the classrooms are far enough apart that many of them

don't even have doors (" . . . an unnecessary expense," I was told).

Oftentimes the classrooms themselves aren't needed. Most of the classes are small enough (8 or 10 girls) to meet at one of the "seminar areas." These are groups of couches and chairs in the hall areas where discussions can be held or (Continued on Page 8)



Many of the classes at Loretto are held on an informal basis at one of the four seminar areas.

"NO MORE WAR"

by Randy Barron

In a movement that began as an isolated protest among few, then snowballed more and more rapidly into a statement of belief by many, interested Rockhurst students took two classes off October 15 to participate in the nationwide Vietnam Moratorium.

Largely through the efforts of Ed Byrne and Chip Campfield the participants secured approval from the faculty for this unprecedented departure from tradition. In an assembly held in the cafeteria each man had an opportunity to show his support by being present, and to hear speakers from the student body and faculty alike express their convictions.

Mr. Bishop provided a brief background on the war, and on the American right and duty to disagree with policies that you do not believe in. El Byrne read from a statement supporting the moratorium, and Dan Doran provided a reading on the pointlessness of the war. Father Curry expressed his admiration for the students' showing, and Bill Stackhouse summed up his feelings extremely well in a speech that reached every one in attendance.

To conclude the assembly, Mr. Growe, who had intended to summarize his impressions of the meeting, did so in an unexpected way as he was overcome at the pride he felt for the brotherhood and convictions shown by each man there.

In conclusion, whether or not those of us who participated were right, we gained something, we proved something, and the movement was not without effect on the Establishment, no matter what their claims.



Fr. Curry praises the more than 200 participants in the moratorium for their courage to take a stand.

Midnight Mass Returns

Midnight Mass entered its second year at Rockhurst this month and it seems to be just as popular as ever. Everyone seems to think it is worth the effort to attend for a number of reasons. The atmosphere at Midnight Mass is different than at regular Sunday Mass. While the average Sunday liturgy may appeal to adults, it very seldom answers any questions students might have. At Midnight Mass the liturgy is geared for the young, since the students themselves help develop it and are able to actively participate. It keeps in contact with today's world. Ideas which

are prevalent among youth come up at every Midnight Mass. In addition, the time of Midnight Mass makes it a fine way to end a date, and is often more convenient for those who attend.

Last year at Rockhurst, Midnight Mass seemed often hastily planned due to an apparent lack of organization. This year a committee, headed by Mike Nobrega, has been set up to help prepare the masses. Any person who is interested in working on the Mass should contact him. It is the students' mass, and a person will only get as much out of it as he puts in.

Speech Tourney

Despite the usual number of mistakes, like scheduling events for broom closets, the 19th annual Rockhurst Speech and Debate Tournament was a well-run success.

Neosho High School of southwestern Missouri took home the Sweepstakes and Debate trophies, thanks to outstanding performances by Marc Hurn, Carson Ellif, and Deborah Wilson. The team of Hurn and Ellif finished first in debate, Miss Wilson finished first in Dramatic Interpretation, and Hurn ranked #1 in Original Oratory. The William Chrisman team of Pinson and Shackelford was the runner-up in debate; Fort Osage won the second place sweepstakes trophy. Individuals with superlative rankings included Jean Grider of Raytown South, with a first place finish in Extemporaneous Speaking, and Bill Moore of Springfield Parkview, whose performance was the best in the Humorous Interpretation competition.

The N.F.L. members who ran the tournament under the supervision of Mr. Glenn Mueller, S.J., deserve congratulations for a great tournament, and a special thanks should go to all those who helped as timekeepers and judges.

note is *Someday (August 28, 1968)* a protest of the Chicago slaughter and of all violence. The Chicago Transit Authority at least on record, is one of the top rock-jazz aggregations in the country.

EARLY BIRD CAFE, The Serfs, Capitol SKAO 207

The Serfs are an evolution of the "soul band," a style of music that is common today in local bands such as the Broadway Clique, Spinning Wheel, and Flash and the Inmates. From Lawrence, Kansas, the Serfs show an interpretation that has matured and reached into the many forms of music. The credentials of the group are impressive; Organist-vocalist Mike Finnigan, along with horn man Freddy Smith, jammed with Jimi Hendrix on his *Electric Ladyland* album.

Guitarist Lane Tietgen writes the group's original material, which is excellent, and the standards on the album are a diversified mixture; they range from Dylan's *Like a Rolling Stone* to the Miles Davis jazz classic, *All Blue*, to the Winwood-Miller blockbuster, *I'm a Man*. This group does everything—very listenable country-rock in *Early Bird Cafe*, 20's dixieland in *Little Man*, which is a masterful cut on Mr. Clean *Suburban Machine*—

"Your life is full problems, little man
The Communists are everywhere,
You've just pulled out your first gray hair

Ever since the riots began . . ."
Finnigan's soulful blues singing highlights *Evil Days*, and an unusual rendition of *I'm a Man*, combining the Spencer Davis and Yardbirds hits, features the skilled vibe work of Richard Margolis. The final cut of the album, *Mechanical Man* is a satirical slap at the mindless country club set. The Serfs don't knock you off your feet with instrumental climaxes, but they've laid down an album that should be listened to.

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Reviews

by Dan Doran

CHICAGO TRANSIT AUTHORITY
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I first heard the Chicago Transit Authority on KCJC, the local underground FM station. Quite frankly, they blew my mind. So in my delayed reaction fashion, I purchased their LP about two months later. After careful listening, I reached a rather evident conclusion: the C.T.A. is one hell of a group. *Introduction* is the first cut on the album, and one of the heaviest. James Pankow's brass arrangements are fantastic in structure and inflection, Daniel Seraphine gets off some very tasty drum riffs, and the bass timing of Peter Cetera is more than adequate. The song is soul-jazz in style, and it gets it all together. On the flip side *Poem 58* says something totally new about psyche music, combining the mobile lead guitar of Terry Kath with faultless horn arrangements. On the third side of the two-record set, Chicago takes off. *South California Purples* takes a unique direction in blues, and once again Kath's guitar and Seraphine's Drums make the whole song. Stevie Winwood's *I'm a Man* is handled in the old rock n' roll, knock 'em on the floor tradition, and near the end of the number Kath and bass player Cetera get together on a short jam that leaves no doubts as to their instrumental competency. Also of

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Up 'n Coming

Nov. 7—Football: North Kansas
City (Parent's Nite) 8:00

Nov. 14—Football: De La Salle (at
Rockhurst—Their Game)

Nov. 15—Mixer and Hot Dog Roast
at Rockhurst

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Student Opinions

The Rockhurst 200

by Ed Byrne

It was strange and different. It was seemingly out of place and undoubtedly out of the ordinary. It was unique and truly a "first" in every sense of the word. It was as much of a joy to its participants as were those memorable events of 1688 for merry ol' England, or as was 1917 for those daring hammer and sickle wavers of Leningrad.

It certainly came as much of an utter shock to some RHS students and faculty members as did that falling blade in the Place de la Revolution to Louis XVI or Waterloo to Monsieur Le General Napoleon. It was, simply enough, unbelievable. It just couldn't have happened here. But yet it did. For the setting was 9301 State Line, the time Day, and the opening scene one which featured an entourage of some 200 Rockhurst High School students who, courageously, to be sure, stood up in the Old House of Conservatism and gave thumbs down and a defiant "No!" to present United States policy in Vietnam.

Proudly wearing their eye-catching black armbands, the "dissenters," with the fullest possible administrative cooperation, carried out their activities that Wednesday with a two-fold purpose in mind: first, of mourning for the nearly 40,000 American soldiers who have died in the Southeast Asian conflict, and secondly, as part of the nation-wide Vietnam Moratorium Movement, of requesting that the United States government immediately withdraw all of its troops from the ravaged, war-torn nation en masse.

But as a participant in the day's activities, I can honestly say that I feel our small observance of the Moratorium had far more significance from Rockhurst than simply being a form of low level (high school) political protest. In reality, it did nothing short of establishing a true precedent. For the first time, students who had a keen desire to voice their rather unpopularly held opinions on such a controversial topic acted in unison with an attentive considerate administration to produce a Moratorium theme that was truly a beneficial and worthwhile experience for all those involved. Furthermore, since at Rockhurst

less than 25% of the student body participated in the Vietnam Moratorium, the old maxim of "majority rule but minority right" was graphically reaffirmed. It should be noted, in addition, that the behavior and attitude of all those students who did not support the movement was generally quite commendable; very few of those who participated were openly criticized for their views, although, unfortunately there were some cries of "Stalinism" and "Communism" by misinformed, irresponsible persons. But all in all, however, the events of October 15 seemed to add up to one basic conclusion: a new era has dawned for the Rock, an era in which the right of free student expression and freedom of dissent will, hopefully, always be held with the highest regard and respect.

Specialization Hits The High School

by Dave Courtwright

In the not too distant past there existed a well-defined stereotype in America institutions of secondary education usually referred to as the "All-Round Hero."

He usually strutted around attired in a letter sweater, white socks, and two-tone shoes. This species was also distinguished by a hair cut something akin to that of a marine recruit's. Invariably, he dated the most attractive girl, was voted most likely to succeed, and was generally admired and respected by his companions.

But most important of all, he was involved in nearly every activity, i.e. he was exactly what his name implied.

Our hero was President of the N.F.L., co-captain of the football team, president of the Student Council, and head cheerleader for the basketball season. He was in short a very busy and successful man. (A very few embittered and jealous souls might maintain, however, that success wasn't the only thing our hero was full of, but these people were too few in number to make much difference.) He was the *sine qua non* for every status hungry high school in country, and, if by some earth-shaking misfortune a school did not have one, they were relegated to a kind of inter-scholastic limbo.

After the end of a fruitful academic school week, our man's schedule might run something like this:

Although exhausted from single-handedly winning a big speech meet that morning, he agrees to address a monster bonfire and pep rally that night before the big game. With barely concealed tears welling up in his baby-blue eyes, and using a near classic pep talk, he whips the adoring student body into sensuously responding with near animal like passion and frenzy. Holding himself aloft as a shining example, he urges his half-crazed audience on to sacrifice all, both physically and spiritually, for

(Continued on Page 8)

A Basketball Homecoming?

by Marc Hughes

The topic of conversation around school the last two weeks has been whether or not Rockhurst should have a Basketball Homecoming.

The idea first got started when a group of seniors, mainly basketball players, were talking in the Student Council room. Kevin Wall said he thought it was a good idea because it gives more girls a chance at representing Rockhurst. Don Rau also agreed because he said it would help to enliven the basketball season.

Right now, the only Homecoming Dance Rockhurst has is for football. What is the reason for this discrepancy? Do the football players deserve more than the basketball players? As far

EDITORIAL

Student Council Meetings: The Need for a Change

Last May a new constitution was adopted by the Student Council and approved by the Student Body. This change was good in that it established the Executive Board, a governmental structure which can function throughout the school year. Without this we wouldn't have had our summer mixer.

However we feel that this new constitution is just as lacking as the old one in that it makes no provisions for the running of Student Council meetings. At present, the meetings appear unorganized. They are long and boring. The discussions are much too long. In them many points are made not once, but several times. Confusion erupts when two or three people try to speak at once. It's easy to see how some members lose interest, leave early, or just work on something else during a meeting. Many times, faculty members try to influence decisions made at the meetings.

We feel that provisions should be made in the Student Council constitution concerning the procedure for meetings. This wouldn't have to be a major change, merely an addition to the present constitution. Here are a few suggestions for improvement:

There should be a stricter enforcement of Parliamentary Procedure. This would eliminate the present confusion; in addition the meetings would be more efficient and better organized. More could be accomplished in less time.

An agenda for each meeting should be typed before the meeting and a copy given to each Student Council member. This would give each member an idea as to what would be discussed at that meeting.

Discussions could be briefer if the same thing weren't said over and over. Members could make an effort to only bring up new ideas and state relevant points to avoid repetition.

Faculty members should make proposals and suggestions through the faculty moderators—Fr. Marchlewski or Mr. Salter. They are, in effect, the faculty representatives to the Student Council.

One end result of more organization would be a more efficient Student Council. This would . . . provide for a greater degree of unity between faculty and student, . . . give the student body a fuller understanding of democratic government, and improve the general well being of the school and its students." (From the Preamble, Rockhurst High Student Council Constitution).

There should be a definite procedure for running the meetings and the constitution should provide for this. While the above are only suggestions, urge the Student Council Members to find a solution.

DLS Week

Next week Rockhurst challenges De La Salle. It will be a big event. De La Salle wants the Jug. It's also their homecoming game. They'll be up for the game and out to win.

In addition to being our biggest game, the DLS game is also the climax to a very successful football season. And with the Jug at stake, we certainly don't want to lose.

Therefore plans are being made for a DLS Week. There will be activities similar to those of Ward Week. In addition buttons will be on sale. Become a part of it. This year's squad deserves your support.

My Royal Proclamation

by Bill Abboud

There exists an evil conspiracy which has arisen among the ranks of the so-called "eminent minds" of Rockhurst, the "intellectuals" or "literary types," and which is gaining in strength daily. That conspiracy is intended to wipe out those few traces of originality and individualism which remain at Rockhurst as remnants of the past. The design of the conspirators is to classify and program each student and assign him a place in a massive conglomerate which they call the "Rockhurst Student Body." Thus, with banner in hand and tongue in cheek, I hereby step out in rebellion against this wicked plot.

"And what is this destructive design?" you ask. "How do these perpetrators of human computerization plan to pro-

gram our minds?" Their method is simple. By subtly destroying the images we have of our high school "super heroes," they hope to mold each individual student into their concept of the "all-round Rockhurst man."

They begin by classifying all of us. Suddenly there no longer exists the high school student who enjoys an extra-curricular and takes part in it for recreation. Now, we are all either jocks, intellectuals, politicians, or dropouts. Furthermore, we are pitted against each other in a bitter struggle to wreck the unity of the school.

The second part of the scheme intends to smother individuals who dare to be different. The conspirators are attempting to make us all think, look, and act alike. We simply cannot have heroes who want to "digress." Nor can we allow the existence of politicians who have shady "gray eminences" behind them. Finally, we must do away with anyone who actually likes to sit with his friends during the lunch period.

The final result of this conspiracy, if it is successful, will be a united, automated mass of some eight hundred "Rockhurst men," who eat, think, and play as one.

But wait! Hear my cry! I, for one, refuse to submit. I will fight against this wicked plot to the bitter end. I reject all classifications as a politician or "gray eminence" and assume the title of "person." I shall continue to wage verbal warfare with intellectuals and jocks alike. In fact, as long as I am able to carry on the struggle, I will continue to disagree with everything whenever I have the chance. Finally, I intend to remain adamant in my strongest resolution: as I have been doing for the past year, I will continue to sit wherever my mood takes me during the lunch period, as long as that is by myself.

A Single Candle

by John McManus

Upon entering the chapel, a fellow student with armband handed me a white votive candle; I then took my place for the start of the Mass. With the lights extinguished, the two celebrants proceeded down the aisle lighting the candles of the solemn gathering as they move towards the altar. After delivering a profound Offertory prayer in remembrance of both the deceased American and Vietnamese soldiers, the lights were switched on and the Mass for the Dead continued. During the distribution of Communion I first noticed how few people had attended this Mass.

I thought it was very clearly presented to both faculty and students that this Mass for the Dead was the closing ceremony for the Moratorium day. I wondered why the attendance was so poor, yet over 200 students joined in the rest of the activities that same day. Could it be that these students failed to see the significance of the Mass? Or did those participants during school hours just have one prevalent thought in mind: "I'll miss a few classes."

I, in no way, deny the merit of the Moratorium, nor do I deny the right of a person to express his own opinion. Yet I fail to see how a minority group, upon demanding privileges, falls short in attending what should have been the climax to the whole day—the Mass for the Dead.

"One candle lit, is worth a hundred promised."



BILL ABOUD

THE MYSTERY

by John McManus

TIME: Third quarter of the football game.

PLACE: Student section of the Rockhurst bleachers.

Bill: Come on, let's go get a Coke.

Myself: I don't want a Coke, I want to watch the game.

Bill: That's not important, let's go get a Coke.

Myself: I don't want a Coke, you go get a Coke.

Bill: You don't want a Coke?

Myself: No.

Bill: Then why should I get a Coke?

Myself: Because you want a Coke.

Bill: Aha! So you really do want a Coke, you just want me to buy one so you can have some of mine. I knew it.

Myself: Look Bill, let's go get a Coke, I'm tired of talking about it.

Bill: That sounds like a good idea.

NEXT SCENE: We both bought Cokes, and now stand by the fence watching

the game.

Bill: How's your Coke?

Myself: Fine.

Bill: Now I wish I hadn't bought this Coke.

Myself: You mean to tell me you dragged me all way down here for nothing?

Bill: Well, you got your Coke, didn't you?

Myself: But I didn't want a Coke in the first place.

A normal conversation with Bill Abboud, the performer. In introducing you to Bill Abboud, the individualist; there is a very definite reason for using the word "individualist." His characteristics can't be classified, he has his own unique personality; a style that is all his own. Bill is a professional gambler; everything in life is a chance, a calculated risk.

Taking life as it comes, making the most of a situation, accomplishing the most with the least amount of work, all of these traits, at one time or another, are evident in Bill. Bill can be the classical traditionalist or the radical revolutionist. No one can out-guess him, or figure him out. If they do, he changes his personality. Bill is the eternal paradox, never conforming and always criticizing.

TOP OF THE ROCK

GAUGHANER

by Dave Beaven

Have you looked around lately and seen who's behind everything the Senior class does? Most of us wouldn't have to look, because we know John Gaughan is there. Even before school started, he was working on the paper drive, setting up contacts for special needs, meeting with the faculty on new privileges, and trying to work out ways to raise money for the Senior class. When John's not there, he makes sure that somebody is.

His main goal however is unity. Whether we like his nagging or not, we would have to admit that by giving more guys a chance to perform, he has started this year off as one of the best Senior classes in recent years. John has proven himself a good class president.



JOHN GAUGHAN

He does more than work for the Senior class, though. John is a member of the "new breed" of cheerleading, always the one remaining calm, even when his fellow members do not. As hobbies he enjoys weight lifting and especially gardening. He is truly a well rounded person.

But to go on is senseless. You can't get to know a person by reading about him. Instead, look around next time you're helping on a Rockhurst activity and you'll see him in action. Then you may get to know the real John Gaughan.

Neither Here Nor There . . .

IN MEMORIAM

by Marc Hughes

During the course of human events, it becomes necessary for certain individuals to leave Rockhurst for one reason or another. Since this appears to be the mourning season, I have compiled a list of victims of the Rockhurst system. In memoriam, I dedicate this article to: Mike Boyle, John Chisolm, Bob Smith, John Greco, Pat Thompson, Nick Carson, Joe Threat, Mike Holmes, Jay Keener, Mike Smith, Barney Burdick, Brian Collins.

Albert Quinley, James Horraine, Tom Damales, John Basgall, Pat Lowry, Charley Blagg, Tom Moreland, Bob Smith, Gregory Greenwood, Chris Brown, Eric Schonamen, Jim Ronald, Dave Payne, Kevin Rankin, Bill Holland, and Pete Mearing, the victims; wherever you are.

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE SURVIVORS!

Kim Manages

by Terry Fogarty

To most of the Seniors at Rockhurst High School, one figure is known to many as a "legend in his own time." His name is Kim Hein. Many freshmen and a few sophomores have seen him prancing down the stairs at school. They feel that he is their idol. When Kim goes by, many fellow students shudder at his awesome frame. Since the first pep rally, they all know what lies beneath his flashy clothes.

Kim has contributed to the school in many ways. He was the football manager Freshman year and has managed basketball since sophomore year, and has run cross country. Aside from his sporting activities, he has also helped on the Homecoming floats every year, helped clean up after many dances, was head of the great bonfire committee, a

member of the Big-brother: Little brother committee, was in the first skit of the year and has many trips to room 125 during his stay here at Rockhurst.

With a booming academic average of 74.6% thus far at Rockhurst, he is very well known by his teachers, for he constantly haggles them to add another point or two onto his grades. Even so, Kim still likes most of the teachers, and his favorite was Mr. Mike Peterson. I once asked Kim what he would do if he could live his years at the Rock over.

He replied, "I wouldn't change a darn thing!"

Although Kim is slightly underweight at 132 lbs. spread over a six foot frame you can still notice him because of his flashy clothes.

The Case of the Crazy Cat Slaughterer

Ed. Note: What you are about to read is true; no names, however have been used in order to protect the innocent.

Under the guiding light of the full moon an exotic blood-red Mustang came winding down calm, wet streets in Suburbia. Mission: To transport a hippie to his destination. Time: 12 Midnight Saturday night.

Slithering along the docile suburb streets our peaceful contentment was fulfilled when the radio blared out the first stanzas of Chopins Funeral march. All of a sudden the hippie-like passenger yelled out in a humanitarian voice; "Run it down, smash the feline." Instinctively I accelerated that big Ford while I steered it on its ruthless mission. At full power we bombed down that street in Suburbia with ruthless intentions. For a split second I looked eye to eye with my feline sacrifice to the lunar gods. At the last possible moment I slammed on the brakesecchh!

A change of heart? Mercy from a Bolshevik? Never, I merely wanted to smear its carcass all over the road with my Goodyear paws.

"Meowsoqcreeechhh!" Out of the corner of my eye I saw the mutilated cat fly by my window, dripping of entrails! A right and fitting sacrifice, however, I had no time to dwell on this glorious subject, for my Ford had swung out of control and was sliding down the streets burning my paws. I was thrust into the saving confines of my shoulder harness as the machine flipped around sliding backwards. At this point I heard the welcoming calls of a neighbor: "You gosh-darned (or something like that) long-haired catslaughtering punks." Not waiting to stay and talk I hauled out as fast as possible sparing no paws. My blood lust was over so when at two o'clock in the morning came, the police came to investigate a report of careless driving filed by a citizen, I was docile.

FEATURED FACULTY

Unsung Hero

by Ed Byrne

National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Tests, American College Tests, Parents' Confidential Statements, Scholastic Aptitude Tests, Personal Evaluation Forms, Student Mid-Term Scholastic Reports, etc., etc.—all of these, and a host of others besides, are, to say the least, familiar terms of one hardworking gentleman around Rockhurst High School: Fr. William Udick, S.J. Now in his 8th year as senior counselor and supervisor of all testing programs, freshman through senior year, at the Rock, Fr. Udick probably fills out more little square boxes and darkens more grid sheet circles in one school year than most of us do in a lifetime. In addition, he provides senior students with one of the "openest ears" in the school, ever ready and willing to listen to all of our "earth shaking" problems, whether they concern school or personal difficulties.

As senior counselor, Fr. Udick really has only one basic goal in mind: to aid all fourth year students in making a truly reasonable, sensible college choice, based on a firm realistic knowledge of the individual's capacity and abilities, limitations, desires, career plans, and similar pertinent information. Thus, in addition to filling out endless data in a myriad of paper forms, Fr. Udick must come to know each student in a very personal, private manner. This is all the more important here at Rockhurst, because the relationship established between student and counselor may very well be echoed in the final college recommendation that is, in our case, solely in the hands of Fr. Udick.

Naturally, any senior counselor must constantly keep abreast of new developments at the thousands of colleges and universities throughout the nation, large and small. Thus Fr. Udick recently spent a week touring some well known edu-



FR. UDICK

cational institutions in the eastern United States, including Harvard University, Boston College, and M. I. T. Since the best way of learning about any school is to actually go there, visit the campus, and speak with its students and faculty members, Fr. Udick, who realizes that this is an impossibility for the vast majority of students, was able to explore both technical details and the general "atmosphere" of these and other schools, and return with a "balanced appraisal" of them to offer to interested Rockhurst seniors. Naturally, this is of invaluable service to all our college-bound students. Without a doubt, Fr. Udick plays an indispensable role in that big step forward towards higher education that most of us will someday soon be taking.



"Aren't you glad there are two sexes"

Hot from the grapevine, we find the now look with the Jet Set is the Natural look, innovated by the exciting new designer Kim Hein. This attire consists of the briefest pair of skivvies you can find and all the muscle you can muster.

HOMECOMING '69 . . .



Two of the more familiar characters give their impression of those we have all grown to know and love.



The first place Junior float receives an enthusiastic reception during halftime of the homecoming game.



PATTY CROOKES



HOMECOMING QUEEN ROSIE MOLINARI



JAN WHITAKER



MARSHA WENSKI



DORCEE WILLIAMS

At STA . . .



Loretto . . .



and Sion . . .





Mike Fagan glides into the end zone for six points against Raytown South.

Monday, Monday

This year, unknown to many, has been as successful for the Junior-Varsity team as the Varsity. Every Monday the sophomores and juniors who make up the Junior-Varsity rush down to the fieldhouse and attempt to set themselves in a proper game attitude.

Among all this confusion Mr. Peterson and Mr. Jackson are shouting instructions and encouragement to the Monday gridders. Mr. Peterson took over the job of J.V. head coach. His success as Sophomore Basketball coach has carried over to a 4-0-1 record so far.

The J. V. opener against Southwest set a precedent for the next three games. Gary DeGiovanna plowed through water and mud for three touchdowns while the defense held the Junior Indians in their papoose for a 20-0 victory.

Next was William Chrisman's Bears; and that was what William Chrisman's score said-bare. The Hawklets triumphed by a score of 21-0. DeGiovanna again scored twice and allowed Kent Barr one touchdown. The defense was as strong as ever and remained unscored upon.

Against De La Salle DeGiovanna shared a little of the glory permitting Kevin Kennalley and Brian Sullivan one touchdown each while getting one himself. The tumbling Titans failed to score as the final second ticked away, the score was 20-0, Rockhurst once again victorious.

The defenses' unscored upon streak came to an end as Ward squeaked through two touchdowns, but that wasn't all that happened. Once again DeGiovanna, Kennalley, and Barr all scored leaving Ward behind 20-12.

The Junior-Varsity did not beat Miego, but they did tie them. A hard fought battle resulted in a 12-12 deadlock.

Although it does not appear on paper as such, the job is being well done by all involved. Starting on the J.V. offense are: Split-end, Kevin Kennalley; left-tackle, Rod Staponski; left-guard, Larry Burchett; center, Brian Meyers; right-

guard, Don Amerine; right-tackle, John McFarland; tight-end, Dan Kelly.

Running the ball is quarter-back Biff Carlew; right-half is Mike Phillips; left-half Kent Barrand; Full-back, Gary DeGiovanna.

On defense: right end, Brian Meyers; right-tackle, Pete Martin; middle-guard, Steve Klenklin, left-tackle, Steve Beaven; left-end, Dave Egan; left-middle-linebacker, Jim Schloegel; right-middle-linebacker, Lou Migliazzo; right corner linebacker, Kevin Kennalley; left corner linebacker, Kent Barr; left safety, Mike Phillips, right safety, Jerry Sinovic.

Cardinals Wing Hawklets

Few people realize how fine the Raytown South football team is. In addition to a much larger enrollment than Rockhurst, they have more money and materials to work with. Also they don't play a schedule anywhere as difficult as ours. These are excuses.

Although it was Homecoming, the team probably had trouble getting up for the game. After playing such teams as Southwest, Ward, and Miego it is difficult to get up just that one more time. But if it was excuses we needed we could keep looking till the end of the season. But Mr. Davis and the team don't want a bunch of petty excuses, they know they lost and they know what has to be done to prevent another heart-break.

Our only touchdown came on a tremendous run by Mike Fagan. He ran 28 yards untouched with perfect blocking for six points. George Bolts kicked and the score was 7-0.

In the fourth quarter a cry of joy was suddenly changed to a moan of sorrow as the referee unfortunately changed his decision giving the Cardinals a touchdown. Then the Cards threw a quick look-in for the two-point conversion and a 8-7 victory.

to score again. First a long pass to Tumberger and then a screen pass to Stockbauer for the score.

The future varsity ballplayers to look for will be: Chris Whitaker, who had 183 yards total offense in the Ward game. Sylvester Bustamonte, who has an unbelievable throwing arm and Brad Stockbauer, although injured most of the season helped the Frosh in every game he played in.



Freshman David Wiedeman pulls in a pass for six points during their game against Ward.

Sports Scene

Rockhurst turns Off Ruskin

This is an article taken directly out of the Kansas City Times, Saturday October 25, 1969. It is written by David Harrison, a member of the Star's sport-staff. It tells the story in an unbiased manner, therefore telling the story in a more interesting fashion.

Rockhurst defenders slipped a lasso around Rocky Bron and everyone else Ruskin threw at them and danced off with a 14-0 victory in a battle of rated high school football powers last night at Ruskin.

It was the first loss of the season for Ruskin, the Suburban Eight leader and rated sixth in the area by the Star. Rockhurst which suffered its first defeat last week, is rated fourth.

The Hawklets wasted no time in showing the crowd of 5,000 that they had no intention of repeating last week's loss. They used a demoralizing round attack to punch touchdowns across in the first and fourth quarters. And the Rockhurst defenders descended on Bron, the big-play scatback, and quarterback Stan Miller.

Steve DeCoursey's interception of a pass intended for Bron got Rockhurst rolling towards its first score. The off-tackle slants of Jim McNellis, Hugh Barry and Tim Williams wore down Ruskin's veteran line. A three yard sweep by McNellis got the touchdown. End Marty Kane, who along with tackle Phil Poppa did most of the trailblazing for the Hawklet runners, threw the block that enabled McNellis to outmaneuver two Ruskin defenders at the flag.

That is the way it stood until early in the fourth quarter. A short punt enabled Rockhurst to take over on the enemy 45. Tim Burnham's block sprung McNellis loose for a 23-yard scamper off right tackle.

Three plays later, McNellis got the touchdown on a 6-yard burst up the middle behind Poppa and guard Ron Estevez and fullback Mike Fagan.

But is was the inspired defense that stole the show, and Poppa and Kane were the ringleaders. Bron got just 22-yards on nine carries and caught five passes for 46. Miller was dumped for losses six times attempting to pass.

Others who did plenty of head-knocking for the Hawklets were tackle Dave McCarthy, linebacker Terry Houlton and defensive back Mike Coupe. Ruskin wound up with only 138 yards total offense.

Ruskin drove to the Rockhurst 4 in the second quarter but Poppa stacked up Gary Watkins on third-and-1, and Paul Niewrzal lowered the boom on Miller before he could get a fourth-down pass away.

The Eagles now 4-1-2, got to Rockhurst's 27 in the fourth quarter. But

Kane dumped Miller on third down. Bron tried a fake punt and ran on fourth down, but Poppa, the big tackle, outraced the speedster to the sideline and held him to a yard gain.

It was that kind of night for Bron and Ruskin.

Rockhurst -----7 0 0 7 — 14
Ruskin -----0 0 0 0 — 0

Rock—Jim McNellis 3 run (George Bolts kick)

Rock—Jim McNellis 6 run (George Bolts kick)

Crossed Country

by Joe McCarthy

This season, the Rockrunners started out with six veterans and around fourteen still-eager souls. The veterans included "Krazy Kraut" Brewer, J. "Jimmer" Joyce, B. Lopez, J. "C.C." McCarthy, and B. Spaniol, who had formed the core of last year's relatively successful team. The rookie racers included such brand names as T. Ruhl, S. Biersmith, P. Reidy, J. Karwoski, M. Kolarik, K. White, J. Hobson, J. Poland, J. Zitnik, R. McDonnell, J. Burnham, L. Bennett, P. Brun, C. Koehler, D. Lister, M. Tighe. It is interesting to note that Mr. Tuckness has encouraged several of these rookies in their venture at cross-country.

Mr. George Noll, an experienced C.C. coach formerly of St. Pius X, held the reins on this year's team. He was personally responsible for several innovations in practice techniques. Captains Phil Brewer and Joe McCarthy provided moral support for those harriers who couldn't bring their own. Ground support for the Hawks was provided by J. "Kimmer" Prather, "Doc" Sanders, and Tom Swift.

As for the season itself . . . The two-milers started out on the wrong foot September 27 at the Ray-South Invitational.

This meet was probably the toughest held this season, in the city, Kansas or Missouri. Rockhurst finished tenth out of thirteen schools competing. Rockhurst then suffered defeat at the hands of Lee's Summit plus a rather poor finish at a wet Ruskin Invitational. But between these two losses, the harried Harriers finally ran into some competition about their own speed. At the Miego Invitational, the varsity placed second behind a strong Miego squad, while the J.V. took first in its division. The other teams in the meet were Sumner, O'Hara, Pius X, and Rosedale. However, in the last meet before district, the winged warriors were unable to subdue Pius X in dual competition.

The district meet could be properly called anti-climatic as our guys placed tenth out of thirteen schools involved. Falling victim to the Rock in this meet were such powers as Knob Noster, Harrisonville, and St. John's.

Such was the cross-country story this year. As for next year, the Rock-runners appear capable of carrying on our fine C.C. tradition.

The shocking news from Loretto is that the girl's uniforms this year have been shortened to a scandalous three inches below the knees and their skin tight gray jacket is now worn over a see through wool blouse!

Frosh Whip Ward

This year Ward is out of luck where Rockhurst is concerned. The Varsity trounced them 12-0. The Junior-Varsity beat them 20-12. Now the Freshmen have added their own bit of Rock superiority.

Mr. Tuckness took the Frosh down to the field after an inspirational talk on viciousness. Soon Mr. Tuckness's eloquent speech paid off. Chriss Whitaker broke off tackle and ran 70 yards before being stopped just short of the goal line. He followed this up by scoring a touchdown.

Through a miscue on a Ward punt the Hawklets got trapped in their own end-zone for a safety.

In the second quarter Frosh quarter-back Sylvester Bustamonte threw a 60 yard pass to Bob Tumberger but failed to score. Bustamonte again leaned back and lofted another bomb, this time to Whitaker good for the score. The half ended 14-2 Rockhurst.

In the second half the Hawklets came out fired up and anxious to get their hands on any twister in sight. The defense tightened and the offense decided

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL

Freshman football: It sure was. For those who weren't doing anything on Saturday mornings or Thursdays after school, and had the nerve to be seen attending a Frosh football game you were probably quite pleased with what you saw. Those "scrawny" little Frosh who collected in the gym in early September suddenly had grown into a respectable sized squad of football players. The Rockhurst neophytes emerged with a winning record of 3-2.

The season? Yes, it opened on a bad note, with our little boys blue falling to O'Hara 12-0. But under the leadership of Kevin Cummings and Rocky Ruchdashel plus the defensive standard-bearer, Tom Owens, the Hawklets came back and balanced the score with a 19-6 romp over Southwest.

Miege became the only other tribe to humble our boys in an upsetting loss of 6-0. Mr. Tuckness has explained this game to many of his Health classes.

De La Salle bit the dirt of Parade Park. A bolting run off tackle put the Hawklets in the Victory column with a 6-0 defeat of the Titans.

Then came the Ward game, another of our arch-rivals. This time there were about 50 people in the stands instead of the usual 15. There were scattered apprehensions whispered here and there as the bullet arm quarterback, Sylvester Bustamonte and speedster Chris



Tim Burnham uses some illegal tactics to help Jim McNellis around the corner during the Raytown South game.

Whitaker and company ran onto the field. Any fears were soon lost as the freshmen gridders stomped Ward 22-2. Might mention that Ward was much larger than Rockhurst as is usually the case when Rockhurst plays.

Soon Mr. Davis will be thinking in terms of the following names: Whitaker, O'Laughlin, McNellis, Darby, Kennaly, Stockbauer, Tumberger, and Bustamonte.

Starting for the Frosh on offense:
S.E. L.T. L.G. C. R.G. R.T. R.E.
Q.B. W.B.
L.H. F.B.

SE Bob Tumberger
TL Marty O'Laughlin
LG George Bazin
C Jim Brosnahan
RG David Claar
RT Kevin Cummings
RE Rick Ruckdashel
GB Sylvester Bustamonte
WB Brad Stockbauer
FB Dennis Mohart
LH Chris Whitaker

Starting for the Freshman defense:

LE LT MG RT RE
LB LB LB
HB HB

LE Kevin Cummings
LT Marty O'Laughlin
MG Dennis Mohart
RT David Claar
RE Daniel Slickman
LB Tom Owens
LB Gregory Bolts
LB Pat McNellis
LB Bob Tumberger
HB Bernard Kennaly
HB Michael Darby

Intramural All-Stars

Even before the season began it was apparent that the intramural league had an extraordinary array of all-stars. To be sure there have been other greats on the field of Lunch-Time Gladiators. But 1969, with Kevin Wall, Steve Hughes, Dave Beaven, Mark Kratofil and others listed below, probably has the best crop of standouts in memory.

Both offensive and defensive teams were picked with Mrs. Kelly's Grubs, this years undefeated and unscored upon league champs, dominating the selections.

Five players were picked for both offensive and defensive units. Linemen going both ways are Dave Beaven and Leo Kallenberger. Selected as wide receivers and linebackers were Kevin Wall and George Donnelly. At running back and defensive back is Steve Hughes.

Offense

Linemen: Dave Beaven, John Gaughn, and Leo Kallenberger.

Tight End: Don Rau

Wide Receivers: Kevin Wall and George Donnelly

Running Back: Steve Hughes

Quarterback: Mark Kratofil, Ed Cotter, Jim McLaughlin

Defense

Linemen: Dave Beaven, Bill Graham, and Leo Kallenberger

Linebackers: Kevin Wall, George Donnelly

Defensive Backs: Steve Hughes and Tony DiGiovanni

UNWANTED SPORTS

Soon football will be over and Basketball will be thrown at us and we will be cheering again for Rockhurst. But the cheering will be only for the Varsity. Let's think about that before the season gets underway.

As a Sports Editor starving for stories covering all events I've found I am the only one around to write these stories. Writing the stories and attending the events I don't mind, it's what I see when I get there that bothers me.

At a Junior-Varsity game there will be 15 proud mothers and loudmouthed fathers and possibly 10-15 Rockhurst students there. The Junior Varsity represents the Junior and Sophomore classes on the football field. Why then out of two classes, totaling nearly 400, so few attend?

The same situation appears at the Freshmen games. There is another handful of dutiful students or those who have to wait around school. But the Freshmen haven't been caught up in the spirit of Rockhurst; but they should have been by now. Just the same, there remains no excuse for the poor attendance at the J.V. games.

Rather than continue criticizing, let me suggest something to all, including the Seniors.

TRUE school spirit, if there is such a thing, is measured at the Junior Varsity games, Freshmen games and minor sports such as Soccer and Wrestling.

Intramural: Frosh-Soph

In the Freshman division of Intramural football, homerooms 125 and 122 went right down to the last game to decide who would win the championship. The game was a tie, but it was enough for 125 to take the league by one point. The Frosh were mainly enthusiastic in their play and the season was a success.

The Sophs had a completely different championship team. Homeroom 211 dominated the league totally. They lost only one game to Homeroom 209 in the final seconds of the game.

The play-offs will be held next week and will prove to be interesting. Good luck to both teams involved.

Frosh	Soph
125 5-0-1	211 5-1-1
122 4-0-2	212 4-3-0
124b 2-3-1	210 3-1-1
107a 2-2-0	213 2-3-1
124a 2-3-2	209 2-2-2
107b 0-2-2	207 0-3-0
123 1-2-1	

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SPECIALIZATION

(Continued from Page 3)

the almighty alma mater. The next night he is elevated to a near Christ-like level as he leads his fired up team to a 42-0 romp over the school's arch rival, personally accounting for all six tallies and the extra points.

This species is now extinct. There are many reasons for this, but one, I think, stands out: In order to obtain true excellence, with today's demanding standards, a student cannot spread himself too thin, meaning that there simply isn't enough time for anyone to become an "all-round hero," even if he had all the necessary talents for these extracurriculars. For instance, when John Gaughen campaigned for Senior Class President, he had to promise not to go out for athletics, because if he did, he wouldn't have enough time to look out after the interests of the Senior Class.

At Rockhurst, this problem in obtaining excellence has resulted in three areas of specialization, (remember that we all want to reach a high plateau of distinction.) But before I present what I feel to be the major categories of extracurricular specialization, remember two things: (1) There are rare exceptions; some men excel in two (but never three) areas, and (2) There are subdivisions within these groups, e.g., football players are different from basketball players, although they are all athletes. So with these two qualifications in mind, here are the general areas into which a student at Rockhurst can choose to pour his time and talents:

Athletics: This field attracts those men with unusual desire, physical talents, and a great deal of time. Past and present Rockhurst teams have done an outstanding job in representing us in interscholastic athletic competition. The usual colloquial name for the members of this group is "jocks."

Intellectual Pursuits: This group of activities would include men whose talents lie in the area of speech, drama, journalism, etc. The record in this area has been outstanding, also. For instance, the Prep News has received national commendation. Contemporaries of the men in this group refer to them as "smart guys."

Student Government: This area would include all offices of the Student Council, plus the less clearly visible area of "gray eminences." Participants have reached a high level of skill here, just as in the other areas. Who would deny that Bill Abboud is a sharp political operator. The slang term for these people is "politicians" or "wheels."

It should be noted that some people fall into none of these categories, by virtue of the fact that they do not participate in extra-curriculars. They will be of no concern in this article, as, in the final analysis, what they do (or, more appropriately, don't do) doesn't mean much toward the success, reputation and unity of the school, anyway.

Now, I can finally come to my main point: Because of the end of the "all round hero" (who was, at least, a uni-respect for our fellow students. All of us,

at different times, are guilty of this. fying force) and the rise of extra-curricular specialization, Rockhurst has become separated into a number of divisive cliques.

"But Wait" you protest, "We've been told how great and united we are, so your imagined "cliques" don't really divide the school to any significant extent, after all."

Well, all I can say is that I wish this were true, but it's not. Personally, I think our "school unity," which our class leaders keep telling us about, is a myth. Don't believe me? Try looking around the cafeteria at lunch some day. What do you see? A number of mutually exclusive groups having nothing to do with one another.

Why? The most common excuse is, "I like to eat lunch with my friends, what's wrong with that?" Now, think carefully, what is implied here? By listing only members of his little coterie as his friends, he has indirectly asserted that others with different talents and interests are not worthy of his "friendship." What we have here is a lack of. So you can see that, despite all the rhetoric, we really are divided into cliques, and each clique can almost always be associated with one of my Hypothetical "areas of specialization."

What can we do about it? Well as I pointed out earlier, the problem is a lack of respect for our fellow students. The administration has a point when they say that respect is necessary to maintain an atmosphere of unity and cooperation between faculty and students. I think this applies to relations between students, also. We should, at least, give respect a try. After all, we have nothing to lose but mistrust and disunity.

FREE STUDY

by Jim Joyce

I think that this year's seniors should be given a chance to prove that they are responsible enough to use free study in an educationally profitable way. As it stands now, they are being judged by the actions of past senior classes. I think that it is unjust for the faculty to say that they will act like their predecessors. So far, the seniors have not shown themselves to be a rowdy or destructive group. They seem to care about Rockhurst. Last spring, as juniors, they held class meetings to plan the happenings of the next year.

Most of them want this year to be very successful, and they feel that free study would contribute to this. They feel that they could get more out of school if they were free to study all alone or in groups, depending on their preferences or the kind of work to be done. Some feel that free study would be a good preparation for all the free study time we will have in college. All of these are good reasons for bringing back free study, and they should be considered by the faculty.

If sometime in the future, free study hall is put on a trial basis and the seniors fail to use it properly, for the good of all concerned, we should probably go back to the order of the whole school so that a few may study in groups.

All I ask is that the faculty give the Senior Class of '70 a chance to make or break itself on this matter of free study.



The girls at Loretto are free to do nearly anything they want during unscheduled time.

Down in L.A.

(Continued from Page 1)

the girls can relax.

On the second floor, just above the "Resource Center" (Library) is an area reserved for quiet, absorbed study. There are also tape recording facilities.

The entire school is unusually quiet. Because students can do anything they want during their free time, (Hey, that's not a bad idea . . .) There is nearly always a great number of people roaming about the building. However, there is never any panic or chaos between the classes (No need to—there are no bells and attendance is never taken). Even the seminar areas, which are right in the hall, are not disturbed. Still, it seemed unusual to me not to hear any choice obscenities or to see people dashing down the hall.

All the classes I attended were typical of Loretto. Although the math class was extremely overcrowded, (about 15 girls) the others averaged about 10 students.

Math was an introduction to analysis. The teacher explained to me that all her classes were free—a student could do the work on her own and need not come to class. In fact, it appeared that many teachers permitted students to miss if they needed. Most of the math class was spent in group study. Five or six girls decided to sit in a group on the floor and do their homework. I decided to use one of the desks for a change.

"Comparative Religions," (a junior religion course) was a seminar. Here the class conducts its own discussion and the teacher stays out. (Another good idea.) The discussion centered around the Moratorium activities of the previous day.

One of the best classes I sat in on was "Black Studies," a history of the Negro,

especially in the U. S. Book reports were given on some literature of the Reconstruction period.

Economics class had just started in one of the seminar areas, when two senior girls snuck up from behind and grabbed me. Although I knew that I could break free from their evil clutches, my chances for an escape would have been small. (I'm positive now that they had all exits carefully guarded). Therefore I had no choice but to submit peacefully to their wishes. They took me up to a small cubicle in the independent study area upstairs. Here they confronted me with a loaded tape recorder demanding that I talk, but I refused. When they saw that they couldn't break me, they decided to change their tactics. They loosened my bonds, explaining that they needed a male voice for a tape they were making for English. They said that all they wanted was for me to read a paragraph they had on "The Silent Citizens." If I cooperated, they would release me without harm. After seven attempts I finally did it to their satisfaction. Finally, after being held prisoner for nearly thirty minutes, they released me with a warning not to report any of their actions to the authorities. (The above paragraph is completely true—except for the motives and methods involved.)

At 2:40 I attended a class meeting. (While waiting for it to begin, one girl thrust three plastic bags in my face. She said she wanted to show me her new tropical fish—no doubt piranha.) Afterwards we went to an assembly where Sr. Wolfgang, who had been visiting the school for the entire week, gave her impressions of Loretto.

At 3:20, when everyone was dismissed, I sprinted to my car. Locking all the doors, I wasted no time going back to the peace and security of Rockhurst.

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