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The Pioneer

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10-7-1960

## The Pioneer 1960 volume 2 number 2

Associated Students, University of San Diego

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## Invisible Hare Quiet, Steals 'Harvey' Spotlight

Elwood Dowd introduced his friend "Harvey" to a first-night audience in the College for Men's Little Ring Theatre last evening. The invisible rabbit very nearly stole the show by not uttering an audible word.

At a rehearsal four days before opening night the old theatrical dictum that if the rehearsal is bad the show will be great was in use. The preview revealed the basic flaw: the performers had not sensed the spirit of the play.

Rev. Leo F. Lanphier, director of the Masquers, struggled valiantly and, at times, vainly to instruct the actors that "Harvey" was a "wild comedy."

As Dowd, Dennis Halloran had his moments of excellence but as a whole the personality split between juvenility and the intended ageless naivete of the lead.

Paulette Santos as Veta Louise Simmons, Dowd's sister and "Harvey's" enemy, was a bit too continually strident and assertive for the ditheriness of her part. Third act scenes, where near-hysteria was called for, gave Veta Louise the chance to redeem the role and Miss Santos was equal to the task.

Glory Mullen as Dowd's niece and Barbara Jordan as a nurse were good in less demanding roles. The romance between the nurse and a young psychiatrist, played woodenly and forgetfully by Herb Sullivan, was never real, however.

Bert Degheri shouted his way through his lines as William Chumley, M.D. with considerable verve and vigor. The bluster was gradually exhausting but effective in later scenes. Three standouts in minor roles were Al Zuniga, Milcha Sanchez and Liz Korander.

Phil Burch, Grantt Richardson and Penny Nutting were adequate, more than adequate and adequate, respectively, as stock characters.

At the end of the practice session Fr. Lanphier predicted that with hard work the rough spots could be worked out and the usual Masquers good presentation would result. Last night's audience probably confirmed his prophecy; Fr. Lanphier is usually right.

## Girls Ask Guys To Date Dance Saturday Night

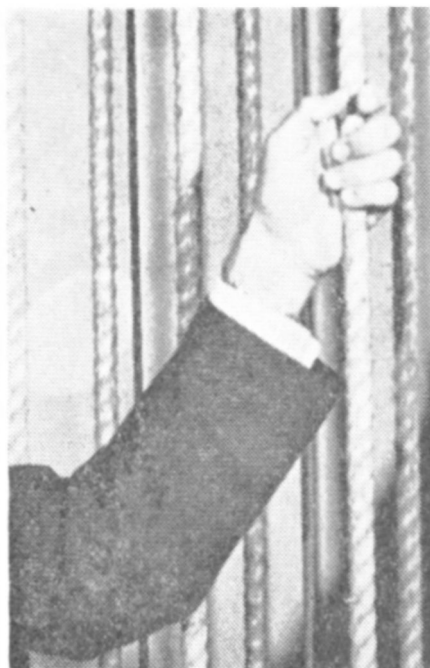
The falling autumn leaves that students from the East have only in memory, will lend color to this season's first date dance. Saturday, October 8, will see the Palm Patio of the Women's College transformed under the picturesque theme Les Melodies de l'Automne.

It should be quite colorful with the girls in their fall finery. From nine to one they will dance to the music of Paul Ravino, who will be playing such familiar melodies as "Autumn Leaves" and "September Song." As a new twist to the traditional autumn theme for dances held in the fall, the Junior Class is adding a touch of Paris.

In case you have difficulty picturing the College for Women in such a autumnal atmosphere, just contact the date bureau and they will be glad to fix you up and you can then see it for yourself.

Contributing to the success of this annual function has been the Publicity Committee, which is under the direction of Jane Wolcott. Committee members Judy Turley and Diane Hartman have done their best to make everyone aware of this coming event.

The Junior Class is a little biased, but they promise that this will be the best dance of the year.



Mr. Van Vleck:  
New Curtain Raiser

## Van Vleck Heads C. W. Histrionics As Year Opens

B. R. Van Vleck is the new head of the CW Drama Department.

Van Vleck is not only a very capable and experienced drama coach, but one whose vigor and foresight can only be a great asset to Alcala.

"The Annunciation" will be given on the President's Day. It will be repeated, with the added feature of "Our Lady of Guadalupe," on Oct. 21 at 8 p.m. and on Oct. 23 at 3 p.m.

"I Remember Mama" will be presented by a cast of both CW and CM students on Nov. 11 at 8 p.m. and on Nov. 13 at 3 p.m.

The annual Christmas Pageant, one of the high points of the year, will be offered this year on Dec. 11 at 3 p.m. "Everyman" will be given on Feb. 10 at 8 p.m. and on Feb. 12 at 3 p.m.

A new feature, "The Variety Show," utilizing the talents of the entire college, will take place Feb. 14 at 8 p.m. On March 19 at 8 p.m., "An Evening of Music" will be presented.

Talent from SDCM will be seen again in the May 25 and May 27 productions of William Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

"It is my happy privilege to work again in theatre here," Van Vleck said, "as my past experiences have proved to be so satisfactory."

## Fashion Show Planned Oct. 15 By Alcala Guild

The May Co.'s first fashion show in San Diego will be presented by USD's Alcala Guild on Saturday, Oct. 15, at 12:30 p.m. at a luncheon given in the Alcala Theatre. "Haut Mode de Paris" has been chosen as the theme.

The Alcala Guild was organized in November, 1959. The group consists of mothers and wives of the students of the College for Men, and the wives of the faculty. The purpose of the Guild is to promote interest in the University and to support its program. Mrs. Daniel K. Kerr is the current president. The Very Rev. Russell Wilson, president of the College for Men, is the moderator.

Designers featured in the show will include Christian Dior, Sally Victor, John Fredrics, Irene, Larry Aldrich, Adel Simpson and many others.

Although the patroness list is now closed tickets may still be obtained from Mrs. Philip Nacozy, JU-3-4619, and Mrs. Albert Nottoli, JU-3-4571.

Proceeds will be donated to the College for Men.

## Tijuana Orphans: Work Day Project For USD Students

Casa de Cuna, the Catholic orphanage in Tijuana, will be the USD work day project this Sunday.

The work day begins with 9:00 Mass at the Immaculata. After Mass, a car caravan will leave for the border.

## Seminary Boosts Student Register Over Last Year

This year the Seminary Department of the University of San Diego recorded an enrollment of 100 students, an increase of 10 over last year's 90.

Immaculate Heart Seminary, the major seminary for the Diocese of San Diego, has 72 students, 46 of whom are theologians and 26 philosophers. Saint Francis Minor Seminary has 28 students enrolled in either first or second college.

The student body is cosmopolitan in origin. Four students were born in Ireland; one in Scotland; two in Canada; one in Malta; one, a Hungarian native, took part in his country's revolt against the Communists.

Several of the seminarians are converts to the Faith. One was an Episcopalian minister and Navy chaplain at the time of his conversion.

The Most Reverend Bishop addressed the assembled student bodies of both seminaries on Sept. 21. After welcoming back the seminarians from summer vacation, His Excellency went on to tell the students what is expected of them scholastically, liturgically, and spiritually.

Ned Wilson will head the delegation which is open to all students. A large basket has been placed in the Lark as a receptacle for donations.

Casa de Cuna is run by 10 Sisters of the Sacred Heart. There are 110 children at the orphanage, ages ranging from one day to nine years. They often go to bed hungry.

Few rewards equal the sayings of the children as they look up with large liquid eyes and say, "Gracias. Como te llamas? Quieres ver como juego beisbol?"

They are happy, but at the same time in their little minds they are grateful. The only way they can say "thank you" is to ask you to play baseball with them. That is the only fun they have.

The saddest part is the departure. There is a lump in the throat. One would like to take the whole bunch of those wonderful kids back home but that is impossible.

But inside, you carry the warm feeling that you helped them. They might have a little more food on account of you.

They might get some more milk, at least for a few days.

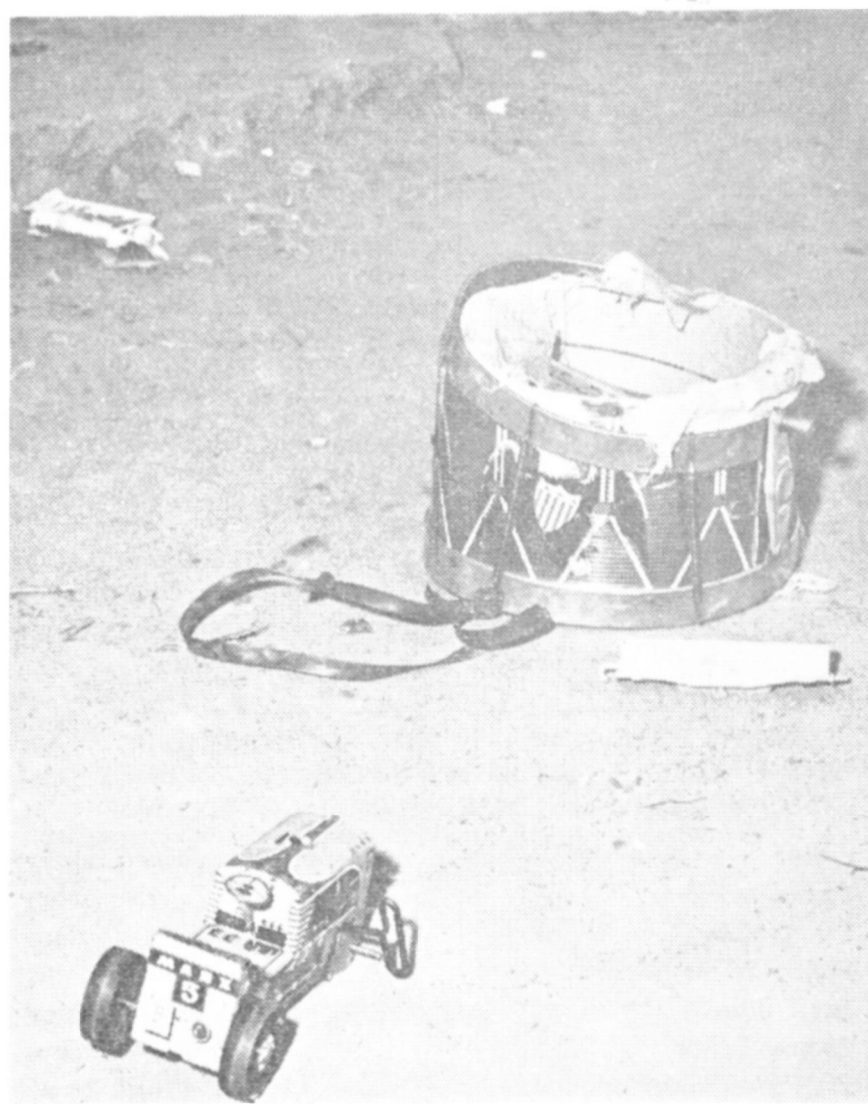
If you are human you will never forget those brightly lit faces, as you handed them a piece of candy, as long as you live.

Those who go to Casa de Cuna will always carry one thing in their minds, the memory of the poor orphans.

Especially as you leave them and they are all sadly saying, "Adios."



**HAPPINESS** — Dennis Halloran (right) falls into the clutches of male nurse Phil Burch to be led away into temporary confinement in a loony bin. Halloran, as Elwood P. Dowd, has a friend who is more than six feet tall, invisible and a pooka (rabbit). The friend and the rest of the cast continue their presentation of the comedy through Sunday, Oct. 9.



**THEIRS** — A battered drum and a broken toy tractor lying in a trash-filled playground symbolize the good that can be done by the USD work day trip this Sunday to the Casa de Cuna in Tijuana. The photograph was taken by PIONEER Staff Photographer Chuck Boyd at the orphanage.



## Spirit Situation

Editorials can be useful to their readers from the standpoint of praise in as many instances as from the practice of criticism.

USD deserves to be praised for the way it started the school year. The long hoped-for togetherness arrived. There was spirit. There were many new faces.

Spirit is a thing that can't be shoved down the throats of people. Spirit has to be wanted and sought.

At USD there are many people who want spirit but few people who are seeking it. USD is slowly fading back to what it was last year — a few large buildings on top of a hill. Nobody wants to think it's happening, but it is.

The core of a school is lost when there is no spirit. A few people cannot instill spirit into many. The greater number is bound to win, and it looks as if the greater number prefer to go to school and nothing more.

If this is the reason, there should not be any complaints about spirit. Spirit is not a little bird that lands on a college and suddenly the place is full of ebullient cries.

Anyone who wants to complain about the spirit situation should complain to himself. It is the student's fault there is none because the students are the spirit. Student attitudes, works, merits, and love for a school, all go into making spirit.

Many students are not putting out anything, but always expect to have plenty of gas. In the case of USD, it is time. Somebody has to give the time and work to help make spirit. And somebody is not just a few students but most of the students.

When the majority of a school are freshmen, the majority of the spirit should come from this group.

And the freshmen have done more than their share in contributing to the spirit at USD. The upperclassmen, however, are the ones the freshmen look to for example. When a freshman sees over and over again the lackadaisical upperclassman, he soon will begin to follow the group.

That is what is happening here. The new blood came into the school, straining to go. The upperclassmen were their same old tired selves. The freshmen figured that is the way college people act; so they are slowly beginning to fall into the line of thinking of their examples, the upperclassmen.

This could go on and on every year and USD would one day be a famous school, the college without spirit — just buildings, students, books, and teachers.

The upperclassmen are no better than the freshmen. They have been going to college a little longer, but this doesn't automatically make them superior.

Freshmen have ideas and thoughts the same as upperclassmen. We should listen to them and not be afraid to use some of their ideas. They will one day be the leaders of USD; so give them a chance. They are able to talk and think. So try talking to them. You might learn something.

## The Soapbox

By CHUCK WILLIAMS

I finished a manuscript the other day, so I trotted off to the Publishers. I always like to go to the Publishers. It's so interesting. Here is where the nourishment that will feed America's mind is chosen and dispensed, you know. Like that's a little esoteric, but it always gets me, the grandness of it all. Take this day I was telling you about.

I'd just gotten there and in comes this old blind guy. The agent says, "what's your name, buddy?" to which the oldest replies, "John, sir, John Milton." "Whattaya got there? Novel?" "Well, rather; you see, it's an epic."

"A what-ic?" "An epic, sir." "Oh, I see. Well, what's it called?"

"Paradise Lost. It's all about Satan and the fall from..."

"Wait a minute, buddy, wait a minute. Are you off your nut, comin' in here with junk like that? Satan, for Bennet's sake!"

"Please sir, it has merit. If you'll just listen, I'm sure..."

"Merit Who wants merit? Will it sell? That's what I'm interested in. Is it up to the public taste? Is it

what people want? Has it got any sex in it?"

"Well, sir, the subject is delicately broached, as it should..."

"Delicately broached! Man, who are you? You got to scream it, you got to ladle it out. You'll never amount to anything as a writer unless you get a set of values. Now! How about violence?"

"Well, I do have this rather interesting section devoted to the war between the angels; you see, Satan and his followers..."

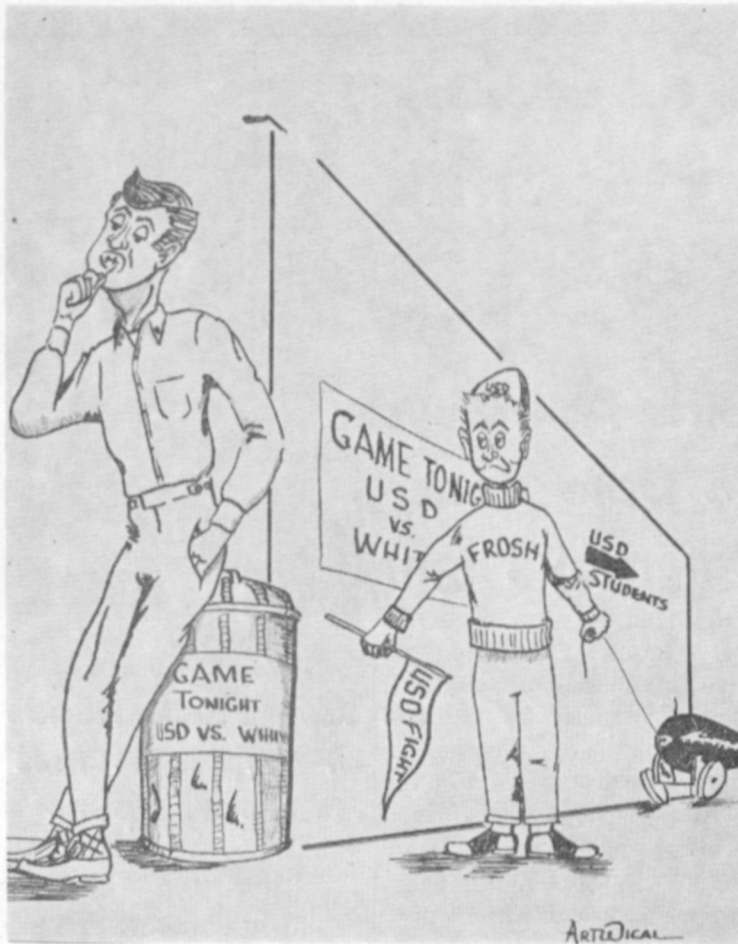
"Hold it; this might have something. You got a lot of blood, and guns and teeth being bashed in and like that, with maybe a knife fight or two?"

"Well, sir, angels don't bleed, and..."

"Would you get out of here and

(Continued on page 4)

## Upperclassmen Example



## DEAR SIR

### Freshman Fugue

Before writing a lengthy, dull and criticizing letter let me assure you that this is not one.

When I first entered the College for Women as a freshman a number of problems confronted me.

First, I was very well-known: nobody had ever heard of my name. Second, the college surroundings were very familiar; I managed to get lost among the palms. Third, and most important, the problem of studies loomed. The courses were difficult (but enjoyable), the books interesting; to my surprise I discovered I didn't know how to read.

Truly, the atmosphere was most warm and welcome. The activities were enjoyable, although not unforgettable. I'm eagerly looking forward to the rest of my freshman year.

Yours & C.,  
VISNJA ARTUKOVIC

### The Missing Link?

What is missing here? As I sit amidst the crowd of students in Balboa Stadium, I ask myself this question.

Before me lies a field on which 11 men are grappling desperately to retain their slim hold on victory. This lead represents a spark of hope in a previously darkened world. Around me the crowd erupts into a state of mass hysteria. It is a veritable bedlam. The spark flickers, only to diminish into oblivion.

Why, I ask myself, did it die? Surely there was enough enthusiasm. Then it hits me. Where is the fight song led by a rousing band? My eyes search the stadium expectantly, but futilely. I will not find one here. There is no one who realizes the effect a band has on a team. Sure the team can hear the people in the stands yelling and screaming, but even in organized cheers there is something lacking. There is no emotional appeal. An appeal only music can make.

This situation does not result from the absence of talent. I cannot believe that an institution of this size is entirely devoid of musicians. There have been attempts to alleviate this situation, but they have all met with the same fate, the determined resistance of the musicians to cooperate. They lack the drive that is necessary to take

the first step. The same drive that separates the leaders from the followers.

They seem content with this existence. If they would only realize the amount of good they could accomplish, if they were to use a little initiative. That same energy with which they cheer, if channelled through an instrument, would be sensational.

Yet they refuse to seize the opportunity when it is presented to them. An opportunity, which if acted upon, would establish an integral part of college life that would live on long after they had become alumni. Perhaps somewhere in the future there lies a group of people who will recognize this need and remedy it. But as for now, we must accept this lackadaisical attitude and the void which results. NO PEP BAND!!!!

Yours & C.,  
HOWARD JONES

### The Space Age

I am sitting here in the new Pioneer office. I figure this office is one of the biggest in the world. I also wonder if the San Diego Union could equal it — in space, that is.

When the Pioneer was born it had a room to live in that was about 6 by 12; now it has half of the entire second floor of the library. That's progress.

I have just shouted down the room for help in getting this issue to press. My echo was the only answer. There are a couple of thousand books on the floor to muffle the noise, though.

Now if we could just get some would-be journalists up here to occupy the space.

Yours & C.,  
JERRY MARCUS

### Rally 'Round!

The social council or whoever planned the luncheon-rally held at the Lark September 29th really chalked up one. The idea was a tremendous one. But instead of leaving it with just that one rally, I hope that we can expand it into a tradition. It would rouse more enthusiasm for home games as well as the ones out of town.

I know that similar rallies held before each football game for the rest of the season would have lots of support from the girls.

Yours & C.,  
PENNY NUTTING

## Signs of Our Times

By CAL TRASK

If you can recall a series of films built around The Hardy Family you're probably older than you'd like to admit. This particular series was born in 1939, practically pre-historic.

Although I'd be reluctant to enshrine anything as good simply because of age, the Hardys definitely were entertaining persons who made for good, wholesome (unless those adjectives have gone out of fashion) relaxation.

Their secret was down-to-earth reality. You could "identify" with them, as the psychologists would say. Parting with the price of admission was not painful when one could view a youthful Mickey Rooney having a heart-to-heart, man-to-man talk with his father, Lewis Stone. My! To have a father like that!

Fay Holden was a wonderful mother, believing and trusting and gentle; Cecilia Parker was the older sister, pleasantly dominating the younger Mickey; Sara Haden as the spinster Aunt Millie was a neat balance for high-spirited Rooney. Again, what a family!

The reason for all this meandering in a somewhat maudlin past is, frankly, dismay. Dismay that the American film is becoming more and more "sick."

I was lured into one of the local art theaters recently to watch the unrelenting of an American "art" film. This was supposed to be unique; Europe has been the primary purveyor of this genre heretofore. If this grim interpretation of the theatrical motion picture has to continue, it would be better if the Europeans maintained their monopoly.

Mentioning the name of the American "first" would give it more attention than it deserves even in this column. And yet, in all justice, it must be admitted that the film is only a logical extension of the current trend on the Hollywood scene as a whole.

There is that in human nature which sometimes makes the repulsive perversely attractive. But Hollywood cannot be absolved for deliberately pandering to that streak.

Now some would object that the trend is aimed at reproducing the real in "reality," whatever that means. Others would say that it is legitimate for an art medium to portray extremes—symbolism and all that.

Perhaps the former group may have seen cannibalism "down south" somewhere. If they have they'd better report to the local gendarmes. It's against the law even in South Carolina.

As for symbolism nobody could validly claim that it is genuinely entertaining except for the "few." But then, quite a number nestle themselves in that coterie. If they want to stretch and strain to see representative beauty in abnormality and call it entertainment, okey-dokey. But please, fellas, leave us ordinary ones out of it. Don't use your influence to get Tarzan a complex, huh?

There used to be a terrible word thrown around for application to advocates of film entertainment of the type I'm plumping for: "escapists." Now that really is a term of opprobrium. I had the idea that entertainment was supposed to divert, not to pervert. Guess I was wrong there; at least according to the yardstick in current vogue.

But you can't say that Hollywood has lost its sense of humor. A press release from the cinema city announced last week the coming production of the life of Sigmund Freud. Jean Paul Sartre is going to do the script, Marlon Brando will be Freud and Marilyn Monroe will appear as Freud's patient-sweetheart. This is realism?

Andy Hardy, won't you PLEASE come home? Or Henry Aldrich, maybe?

## THE PIONEER

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# SPORTS . . . . .

## In Slow Motion

By Bob Keith

The first intercollegiate football game was a simple affair. Princeton and Rutgers each sent 25 men out on the field to see which team would score six goals. No one bothered to time the game. Rutgers was the first to score the six goals, was named the winner and treated to beer by Princeton.

Football is now the most complex of sports. Everything is measured, timed, weighed, classified and computed. The game must be played with a ball whose long axis measures 11 to 11.25 inches, its short axis 6.73 to 6.85 inches. Its weight must be between 14 and 15 ounces. The field must be 360 feet long and 160 feet wide. The grass covering the field must be between 1.38 and 1.73 inches high.

The clock has come to be the most important instrument in a football game. Nobody cares who made the winning play of the game as long as he knows what time it happened.

Each significant fact of Friday night's game with New Mexico Western College and the University of San Diego in Balboa Stadium was recorded.

If in the future someone wishes to know what time the Pioneer student body sang Happy Birthday to Coach Mike Pecarovich all we will have to do is consult the pregame statistics of the September 23, 1960 game to find out that it was at 8:03 p.m.

The records also show that with 4:21 remaining in the first quarter the College for Men Vice-President, Rev. Winham D. Spain, was refused admittance of the press box. After a conference with university officials, it was decided that Father Spain be allowed to enter the press box to call his secretary. It was vital to school spirit that he receive information about his expectant basset, Tami.

As the tension mounted in the closing minutes of the first quarter it was noted by one of the statisticians that Dean Irving W. Parker requested permission to suit up for the game. With 43 seconds remaining in the quarter, his request was denied for not following the proper methods.

During half-time the University of San Diego was named by reporters in the press box as the team having the best entertainment on the west coast. They said it had been a close race between USD and San Diego Junior Col-

lege but that the interpretive dance performed by four College for Women students was the reason for USD's being honored.

Whenever Dan Bodle wants to tell about his first collegiate reception he can have the record book right with him to prove everything he says. At 03:51 of the second quarter Dan set a Pioneer record by scoring a touchdown on the first pass thrown him in a collegiate game.

Few players will forget their gridiron days. Football is a sport that will not let them forget. Everything anyone has done on the field, and sometimes off, is recorded, classified and averaged. There's no absolution in football. Once you've done it, there will be a permanent record that you cannot escape. Date, time, place, hour and minute will always be there to remind you of the time when you were the culprit.

## USD Planning First Victory Against Azusa

The University of San Diego football team takes a time out this weekend and will use the open date to review films of its three games. It is expected that Coach Mike Pecarovich will work mainly on the defensive unit.

The Pioneers next game will be on October 15, when they meet the Azusa College Sentinels at Westgate Park.

Azusa lost their first two games but got on the winning column last week with a 14-0 victory over Southern Calif. College, also an opponent of the Pioneers.

Coach Charlie Kimes of the Sentinels will bring 14 returning lettermen to Westgate Park from a team that finished first in their conference last year.

Quarterback Jan Chapman and fullback Jim DeSantis lead in the statistics released this week.

Chapman, 1959 mid-bracket all-American quarterback, has completed 28 of 59 passes attempted for 271 yards and two touchdowns. Chapman is expected to break the school record for pass completions per season that he set in 1958. The record is 54.

Chapman is also currently eighth rated in NCAA small college national punting. Jan has punted 18 times for 772 yards and a 42.7 average.

DeSantis, an outstanding performer in USD's first three games, leads in individual rushing with 141 net yards in 33 carries for a 4.21 yards per carry average. Jim, in addition, has caught four of Chapman's passes for 30 yards.



**TRAPPED** — Jim DeSantis (35) faces a potential New Mexico tackler who translated potency into act as the Pioneers went down for their second defeat in Balboa Stadium. USD blockers in background could have been helpful. Photo by Roger Row.

### USD FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Oct. 15	Azusa	(H)
Oct. 22	So. Calif. Col.	(H)
Oct. 29	MCRD	(H)
Nov. 5	San Francisco	(A)
Nov. 12	Pepperdine	(A)
Nov. 19	Cal Poly (Pomona)	(H)
Nov. 26	Arizona State	(H)

All Home Games at Westgate Park. Game Time 8:00 p.m.

## Freshman Duffer Writes to Editor

Dear Mr. Sports Editor:

Is it true that if there is anyone that wishes to play golf they may do so providing they have their own golf clubs, except if you are only going to use the driving range and then you can borrow one club from the man at the Mission Valley Country Club where the golf classes, which is headed by Reverend John B. Bremner, who is also Director of Public Information at the University of San Diego College for Men, meets every Tuesday, and pay the fifteen dollar fee for the use of the Mission Valley Country Club Course and instruction by one of the two pros who are there to give instruction in golf to those who wish to learn the game or to those who already know how to play golf or who are already proficient enough at the game to join a golf team which is rumored to be formed here at the College for Men Campus of the University of San Diego and who also wish to get a 1/2 unit of physical education, which, by the way, is required by the State of California, in order to graduate from institutions of higher learning unless you are a veteran of the Armed Forces of the United States or nations friendly to the United States, or who are over the age of twenty-five years and who have not already fulfilled the requirement of the two years of physical education units?

Yours & C.,  
CONFUSED

(Yes, — Ed.)

# Post Mortem

## Part II

The New Mexico Western Mustangs gave no birthday present to Mike Pecarovich. Instead they raced to their first victory of the season.

Mustang fullback, Juan Vasquez, devastated the Pioneer line for 95 yards in 18 carries and one touchdown.

Twice in the first half the Pioneers went ahead but each time the Mustangs overcame the deficit.

Guard Al Zuniga turned in a sensational defensive performance to win the honor of "Lineman of the Week." Zuniga made 13 tackles in the game. Freshman tackle Pat Long also was outstanding on defense. Pat won a starting assignment for the Humboldt game.

Halfback Joe Gray gave a noteworthy performance on offense with 26 and 12-yard touchdown runs. Joe was named "Back of the Week" by the Pioneer staff.

Quarterback Jan Chapman completed nine of 17 passes for 100 yards and one touchdown. The touchdown pass was to freshman end Dan Bodle. It was Bodle's first collegiate pass reception.

## Part III

There is no shame in the Pioneer's 20-0 loss to the Humboldt State Lumberjacks. The team should be proud of the good showing they made in Eureka. The student body is.

USD twice drove deep into Hum-

boldt territory, once to the eight and once to the 19, but were turned away each time by the Lumberjack's bigger line.

Humboldt, ranked eighth in the nation, scored once in each of the first three periods. Their first score came with 2:33 left in the first quarter when wingback Cecil Stephens bolted through center for two yards to culminate a 92 yard drive in 16 plays.

Quarterback Fred Whitmire and end Drew Roberts combined for Humboldt's two other touchdowns as the Pioneer pass defense failed once again. The touchdown passes were for seven and 36 yards.

The Pioneer line, led by captain Wayne Bourque and linebacker Al Zuniga, trapped Humboldt's backs for 62 yards in losses. Bourque was named "Lineman of the Week" by the Pioneer representative at the game. Also outstanding on defense was Bob Hughes.

Jan Chapman, no longer relying on radar, completed 11 of 21 passes attempted for 83 yards. Chapman, in regaining his form of the past two seasons, was named "Back of the Week." The Pioneer running game was hampered by a muddy field.

A lot of credit is due Mike Pecarovich and his staff for the outstanding physical shape which the Pioneers are in. In the first three games there have been no serious injuries, a sign that the weeks of hard drill haven't been wasted.

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Fr. John B. Bremner

## President Picks Representative For Three Aids

The Very Rev. Russell Wilson, CM president, has named Rev. John B. Bremner, assistant to the president, as campus representative for three scholarship foundations open to qualified CM students.

Seniors who plan to enter graduate work in September, 1961, to prepare for a college teaching career are invited to apply to the Danforth Foundation. Liberal cash grants from \$1500 to \$2000 and more are available in addition to tuition grants.

The San Diego Branch of the English Speaking Union has made available a \$1000 scholarship for summer study at a British university. Senior and graduate students, preferably with humanities and social science majors, can qualify for the award. Application must be made before October 21.

The Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation is accepting applications for its 1000 annual grants. Each recipient is awarded a \$1500 stipend for living expenses plus full tuition and family allowances. The deadline for applying is October 31. Only college seniors are eligible.

Under the conditions of each of the foundations, applicants must be nominated by the campus representative. Interested seniors should contact, in this instance, Fr. Bremner.

## Chaplain's Talk Stresses Faith

A talk by Rev. Leonard Brugman, CM chaplain, key-noted the agenda of September 27's ASB meeting in More Hall.

Primarily designed to familiarize new members of the student body with the location and function of the chaplain's office, Father Brugman's impromptu speech outlined the general policy of his job.

"I want you to be honest with yourself and with God." The former Ohio University chaplain also announced that if any CM students for some reason have not received the sacrament of Confirmation, they should contact him so that arrangements may be made.

ASB President Jan Chapman then turned the podium over to Vice-president Chuck Williams who sketched information concerning USD Work Day at the Tijuana Orphanage.

## El Toreo

Por BEN FLORES

Los rayos del sol caían intensamente sobre los aficionados de la plaza. Para ellos ésta no era significativa. Toda la atención estaba en la pequeña figura que se enfrentaba a un monstruo feroz. De repente, el hombre valiente con gracia y valor dirige su espada hacia el toro. Aplausos y gritos llenan de pronto la amplia arena. Una vez más el público contempla emocionado el impulso y la pasión del hombre para enfrentarse con la muerte para salir una vez más vencedor. Otra corrida de toros había pasado a la historia.

Sin duda hay personas que muchas veces tuvieron la gran fortuna de ver una corrida de toros. Sin embargo, la mayoría de esas personas no tienen la menor idea del origen de tal espectáculo. No hay duda que uno puede mejor apreciar el arte de corridas de toros si sabemos su origen y significado. Es por eso que tomamos esta oportunidad para ofrecer a nuestros lectores un bosquejo de la historia de la tauromaquia.

Es muy interesante ver como se originó este espectáculo tan fascinador. Aunque España es considerada como "La Cuna del Toreo," el origen en sí empezó en Roma. Ahí, Juliano César introdujo en sus diversiones el combate entre un hombre y un toro. El objeto era que el hombre tratara de brincar a la espalda del toro y tumbarlo, algo similar a "bulldogging." Después, los Moros de Andalucía modificaron esta diversión agregándole gracia y forma toreando a caballo. Luego, se desarrolló este deporte por medio de el entrenamiento de toros solo para torear y el uso del equipo con que ahora se ejecuta.

En el siguiente artículo veremos la fascinante e interesante desarrollo de este arte.

Hasta entonces, Adios amigos, les dice Beto.

## Pioneer People

Gurrola made a good friend at Humboldt... When did Halloran start sucking his thumb... What junior doesn't know his 10 commandments... Lange and Gisler must love the Honey Bucket, seen there eight times in the last week...

Baran is teaching his young son the fundamentals of basketball... Who is the Bishop's gardener, Marcus... Ask Mrs. Peck's son...

Freshman beanie bit is so popular the frosh want to wear them all year... isn't that right, Bledsoe...

What happened to the weiners at the last picnic, girls... Who is raising a chicken in their apartment, Boyd... Canwell likes crashing dances...

Is there really a typewriter that you operate with your feet in the admissions office, Walsh... New Pioneer office is so large that two reporters are still lost... What's this about some rabbit coming to USD, Degheri... Aids likes lights... Williams gets a chance to see his wife on Sundays... Joos picks good places to run out of gas...

Gunning still insists that he can drink a can of beer... Does O'Leary really want to be a judge... Tami is doing fine thanks to her many mid-wives... CW lunch bags looked pretty in the Lark... A CW Junior proved that food wasn't the only thing she could get at the Handy Pantry... Car caravan lacked cars... Busy bridge, especially after eleven o'clock... Hunyady likes little puppets... Who is Cal Trask... Van Boom has a job... Shea wants to major in Theology... Are the CW freshmen still composing spirited songs...

Tavasci is always smiling... Whatever happened to Santana, Chapman... Is Elson really a Marine... Galasso seen strolling by the Mill late Saturday night... Who were all the strange faces at the CW dance... Who is the little brother that was sat on by his big sister... What CM Freshman sent a CM girl a dozen roses...

Frosh Day tomorrow... Be careful, there are a lot of them... Gerken has reformed, says who... Thanksgiving is coming... Who raises turkeys... Everything from A to Z in the USA is our next game...

Who lost 17 undershirts... Schneider likes ham spread on houses... Ask Walker who keeps falling asleep in Methodology... What happened to Scheurman's beard...



## The Soapbox (Cont.)

quit bugging me. Me, who gave the world "Peyton Place," Mickey Spillane, and some of the best in modern literature, me you approach with this drivel, me you try to get laughed out of the publishing game. You're worse than that William what's-his-name that was in here the other day trying to unload some weird play on me about Julius Caesar, no less, whoever he was. You guys think you can get by without writing any trash; you're trying to upset the works, but you won't make it, cause you'll never sell. No one would read that kookie jazz you come on with; you're trying to put everybody on. Now get out of here!"

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## Football Players Display Sentiments After Game

They were just a bunch of kids who looked like men. They were college football players. They were sad and their young faces were streamed with lines of dirty sweat. Their faces looked grim and wrinkled. They had lost a football game. A game they all thought they would win.

A beat-up football shoe that still had a new look to it was scrunched into a corner. The laces had been torn hurriedly apart and they lay strewn on the cold dressing room floor.

Nothing else was around the shoe. It was probably thrown in a puff of anger.

The shoe depicted the feelings of the University of San Diego football team.

Mike Pecarovich, the coach, tried to bolster the members of the team with a chin-up attitude. He failed. It didn't take a psychologist to read the feelings that were in his heart.

One of the large tackles sat half-dressed on the trainer's table. Sweat ran in little criss crosses along the lines in his neck. He stared down at his taped ankles. His eyes were moist and he was very still. It was a Friday night. A night when most young men are in gay spirits. But he was sad.

The tackle was blaming himself for the loss. He should have made more tackles. He should have recovered a fumble. Those are the thoughts this sad athlete was mulling in his mind.

The silent dressing room made everything seem even sadder. Nobody said anything.

The freshmen were quiet because they were afraid that they would say the wrong thing and cause one of the veterans to take a poke at them. The veterans were silent because there was nothing to say. They had lost. Their coach told them they had lost. The fans told them. And New Mexico Western told them. There was nothing further to say.

A junior half-back stood staring at his locker. He punched it. He punched it again. Two small dents appeared in the metal. The player massaged the knuckles of his right hand and sat down.

The loudest noise in the locker room was the splash of the showers.

Tape, jock-straps, jerseys, helmets, hip pads and the other nec-

essary items from the game called football were thrown all over the room.

A small boy, who was too young to understand the feelings of the players, made the sting of defeat smart all the more when he said to one of the star backs, "Could I have yer autograph?"

The players had one more worry. They let down their little fans.

Two hundred feet away there was unmitigated joy. New Mexico Western had won their first game of the season. They had experienced the sickening taste of defeat in their first two games. But now it was time for rejoicing.

They had played a hard good game. They knew the meaning of sportsmanship. When Joe Gray of USD had to be helped off the field, the New Mexico team came over to shake his hand. They knew that Gray had turned in a top performance.

And they wanted to tell Gray; so that he would know that they knew it.

The New Mexico players joked and yelled with one another. Their friends and relatives would be happy. Their little fans back home would be proud. New Mexico's trip to California was well worth it, thought their coach.

A big fullback, with the dark olive skin of a Mexican and the muscles of a bull, was sitting on a table.

He was beating out a happy little rhythm with his fingertips. It was a much different rhythm from the one the USD player beat out on the locker.

Winning is great, they thought. But losing is greater in one way. A man learns more from losing than from winning.

He learns his mistakes. And great is the man who knows his mistakes and tries to conquer them.

The USD team did their best, but paying your debts is what counts.

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