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The Pioneer

USD Student Newspapers

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2-15-1961

## The Pioneer 1961 volume 2 number 7

Associated Students, University of San Diego

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### Digital USD Citation

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## USD International Club Rapidly Forges Ahead

A new version of the International Relations Club is being formed on campus this semester. The constitution has been written and submitted to the Student Councils for approval.

Rev. Paul Louis, moderator, voiced his enthusiasm for the club. "CW and CM students alike will find much of interest in furthering the clubs idea of bettering social and intellectual relations between foreign and American students on campus," Father Louis said.

Present plans call for a varied program of activities including a dance, picnic and a series of foreign movies. Assistance is planned for club members having difficulty with a language.

Meetings are scheduled for every other Wednesday at 7:00 p.m. in the CW's Room 32.

Posters are planned for both colleges and the Lark Cafeteria to publicize the club and its programs.

On Wednesday, Feb. 8, officers were elected. Ben Flores was chosen president; Margarita Zelaya, vice-president; Lolita Raventos, secretary-treasurer; Jose Cachuela, historian; Philip Arce, representative to the ASB legislature.

During the election of officers, the question of whether the officers should be from the CM or the CW came up. It was decided to make the club truly international, have the president male, vice-president female.

It was suggested a man should be president because of the hard work; and a woman should be vice-president because of that office's duties. They would include forming committees, planning socials, picnics and all facets of a growing campus organization.

"All are welcome and all will surely find some benefit in the meetings," Father Louis said.

## General Hickman, Army J. A. G., Ret., Joins Law Faculty

Again the School of Law has acted to procure only the best for its students.

During the beginning of this year the retired Judge Advocate General of the United States Army accepted the offer of teaching at the Law School. General George Hickman's retirement from the Army ended a long but fruitful 34 years.

After graduating from his hometown high school in Madisonville, Ky., General Hickman entered West Point Academy. "Once I had fulfilled my duties at the Academy," General Hickman said, "I was not certain that I wanted to make the service my career until the government offered to send me to study law, my prime interest."

Harvard University was the selected school. There General Hickman completed his studies and received his degree in law. The Army saw to it that his talents were used in important matters.

After a period of time General Hickman served for four and a half years under a Judge Advocate General. Thereafter General Hickman became the Judge Advocate General, an office which he held four years until his retirement this past December.

General Hickman became more relaxed and occasionally puffed on his big cigar as he spoke about his family. When asked what important person he had met in his life he replied, "My wife, of course." Three daughters make up the remainder of the Hickman family.

"This campus is one of the most beautiful that I have seen," General Hickman said softly as he looked out the window, "and as for the Law School, I am extremely pleased with it."



Mrs. Sophie Dryden

## The Other Side: Know the Staff

Chances are that when the telephone rings in the CM admissions office a dulcet voice will answer. The soft sibillance belongs to one of the students' favorites: Mrs. Sophie Dryden. But she's better known as just "Sophie."

It's a rare moment when Sophie's calm demeanor disappears. Usually she answers every query, fulfills every request and volunteers aid for any problem with a quiet cheeriness. Only persistent obstinacy can pique her.

After the departure of Miss Anita Velasquez for graduate studies, Sophie became the "Jill of all trades" of the admissions office. She brought tranquility and order when chaos could have resulted from the sudden population explosion in the Men's College.

Sophie's stay at USD began in the fall of 1957. But she was no recent immigrant to California. A "small town girl" from Michigan, Sophie had lived for several years in San Diego.

Although Sophie has no official title in the administrative sense, her worth and loyalty are heartily appreciated by the much-beset Dean of Admissions, Irving W. Parker.

However, when queried as to how she does her work so well, Sophie replied that it is all due to her "dumbness, naivete and gullibility."

This deprecatory attitude toward herself reflects none of the qualities which she lists. Rather, that supreme virtue of humility comes shining through. A few more similar "dumb" Doras, "naive" Nellies and "gullible" Gerties like Sophie would help a lot at USD.

## HELP!

Would-be journalists can now fulfill their ambitions to work on a newspaper staff. THE PIONEER has revised its staff and schedule for a more efficient operation.

Beginning Monday, Feb. 28, a staff desk will be located in the Lark to receive inquiries and applications for positions on the school paper.

THE PIONEER can be only as good as its contributors are faithful and persevering.

Again — help?

## '61 Men's Retreat Inaugurates Lent Today in Chapel

BY FRANK PONCE

Today is Ash Wednesday. For some this signifies that the Lenten season has started. For others, it may only mean that today is the day after Mardi Gras.

But for the College for Men this signifies the first day of the Annual Retreat.

## Faculty Recruiters To Depart for L. A.

Six CM faculty members will inaugurate Lent by embarking upon a student recruiting visit to the Los Angeles area high schools today, Feb. 15.

Lay faculty delegates are Irving W. Parker, dean of admissions; Mike Pecarovich, head football coach; Bob Sexton, assistant moderator of athletics. The Revs. J. Walshe Murray, athletic moderator; I. B. Eagen and Joseph M. Williams, staff members, will represent the priest faculty.

The recruiting program was organized last year in an effort to make all divisions of USD better known in Southern California. It is set up to contact all schools, public and private, in the San Diego area. In other regions, Catholic schools receive primary attention.

Dean Parker has been designated to continue his recruiting activities in San Diego, Imperial and Riverside counties. Almost every week Dean Parker and a priest representative visit a local high school.

Rev. William D. Spain, CM administrative vice-president, is in charge of recruiting Catholic schools in San Bernardino county.

The entire program is under the supervision of Rev. John B. Bremner, assistant to the president of the CM.

The Rev. Thomas C. Donlan, O.P., a Dominican priest, author and educator, will conduct retreat conferences today, Thursday and Friday in the Immaculate Chapel.

All students, Catholic and non-Catholic, must attend the retreat services.

Special lectures will be given to non-Catholic students not wishing to attend Catholic services, the Rev. Leonard J. Brugman, chaplain, said.

Retreat time is a temporary asylum from the world, a seclusion.

It is a withdrawal from what is difficult: life itself, the world and especially ourselves.

Retreat exercises begin at 9 a.m. and continue until 2:30 p.m.

During this time students will attend conferences, recite the rosary and stations of the cross, and, if they wish, confer personally with Father Donlan.

Mass will be offered daily during the retreat at 11:55 a.m. Confessions will be heard during Mass.

Protocol during retreats advocates silence. Silence stimulates serious thinking, an important objective in a retreat.

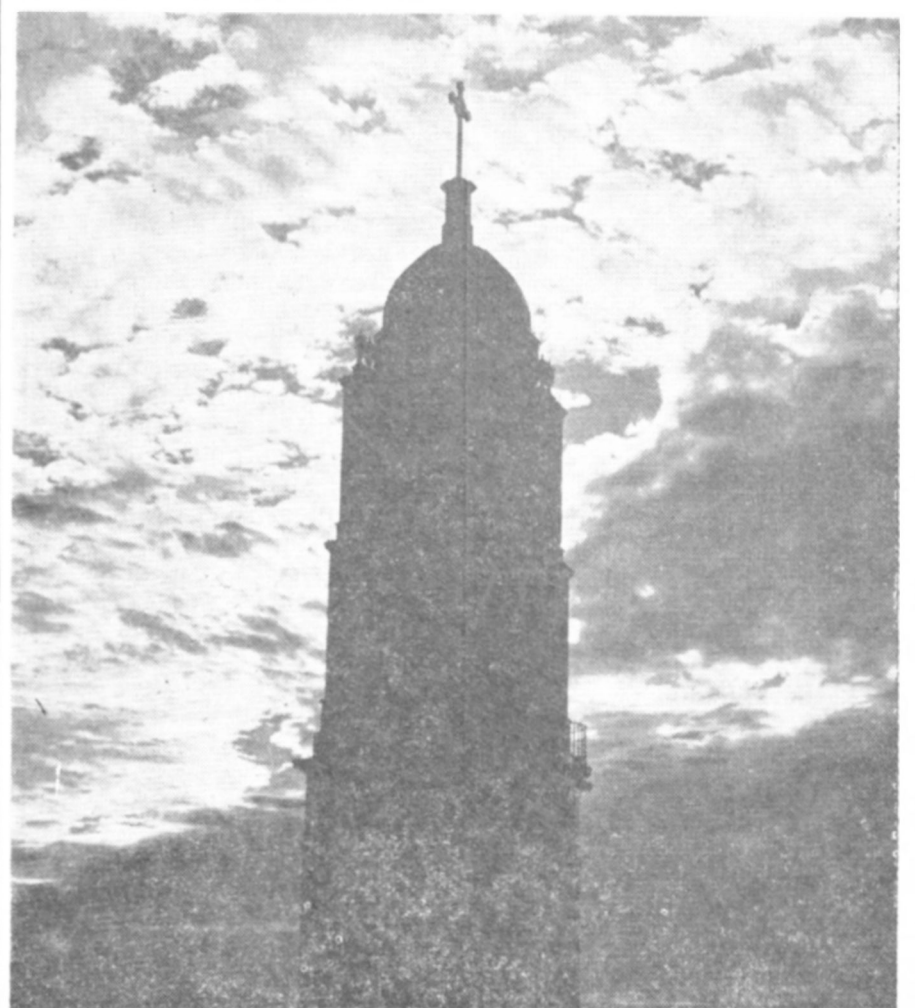
Students should conscientiously adhere to the program of the retreat as contained in the special bulletin distributed by the chaplain.

A retreat won't bring miracles; they seldom do.

But perhaps it can rekindle a cinder to a glowing ember.



FANCY — Bill Kugler, Sue Scarpulo, Maureen Peck and Steve Lawrence wait for service from the chef at the elegant Women's College dinner-dance held Feb. 5.



CITADEL — The Immaculate's tower stands out against a late afternoon sky in this contrast photo by staff photographer Chuck Boyd.



# Lent And You

Lent, the most solemn season of the Church year, begins today. All the big celebrations and parties should have come to an abrupt end. We are preparing for the commemoration of the climax of Christ's life on earth, His crucifixion, death, and resurrection.

The Most Reverend Charles F. Buddy, Bishop of San Diego, has extended a dispensation from the Lenten fast to University students and faculties. Although given this dispensation, we should neither overlook the other obligations of Lent nor must we necessarily take advantage of this privilege.

Lent is a very serious time. When you take into account the fact that Christ died for OUR sins and for the sins of future generations, and that this season is the commemoration of His death, Lent should hold a much deeper meaning.

The rest of the year, we may have overlooked Christ. In this season, let's concentrate on what we can do for Him; not for our spiritual benefits only, but as appreciation of all the benefits that we have received.

This was the biggest sacrifice in time. Let's give our biggest sacrifice, which is incomparable to God's, but it's the best we can do. Fasting, receiving Holy Communion, saying the Rosary, and giving extra time for prayer are among the most generous things we can do.

## The Soapbox

BY CHUCK WILLIAMS

JOE MCCARTHY, PART II

Joe smiles when he recalls his toss into the cactus, off the horns of the young novillo.

"It hurt," he says, "but it could have been worse; I could have been gored." And the smile disappears.

This of the goring is serious business. And Joe McCarthy knows it is a definite part of the business of Pepe Centurion

"Sure, it will come. I know it. The horns come to the best. Manolete, Arruza, Joselito II, Litre; none escaped," Joe continues in a voice that is low, calm, sincere. "If one has the 'Wishes,' he will be as steady and sure with the bull after a goring as he was before.

Many a fledgling torero has had his courage pour into the sand with the blood of his first goring. Then he is through. It is normal to fear before one enters the ring; it is death to fear, once you are there."

To everyday Americans, all of this talk of death and sacrifice might seem pretty unreal. But Joe has already given much to the world of the bulls.

"It has cost me the girl I wanted to marry, probably the person closest to me since mom died. But, you can't blame her. What can I offer her? My money is all gone. It, and the stocks and bonds all went to finance my trips to Mexico. I have to drive miles, into the mountains, down dusty roads, anywhere I can get a fight I have to eat and pay all my bills in the City, which is where I am most of the time.

It takes money and time; so much time. She asked me to give it up. I couldn't. So . . ."

Once Joe gets into this mood, relaxes and lights up, one can learn about sacrifice. As the smoke rises you watch his dreams curl upward with it. You look at the huge golden medal of La Virgen de la Macarena that shines at his throat, and offer a little prayer that she will help him.

"So, it cost my girl, and all my money; and more. I stopped my education. I have no other career, because I only come back to the states to earn money to go back to Mexico. This doesn't exactly put me in line for President of any company."

But Joe has been here too many months this time. Money is not so easy to get in San Diego, now. He has worked and saved, but the novillero season has started, and he is still here. Each night he goes out and runs. He jumps rope. He stays in perfect shape. But he is bitter and disappointed, when he considers the present, and the recent past.

"I was to have fought in Tijuana this summer, but it didn't work

out. My whole family is down on me; they've been against it from the start. And now these other guys are pouring out of the woodwork and going down playing with the cows in the border rings. The papers give them publicity for getting into the ring. They are called novilleros; I was called that only after I got into the Union, and I had to prove myself over three years to make that I'd love a mano a mano with one of these guys . . ."

A man who dedicates all he has to a dream, for three years, and has his effort shunted to the shadows by cheaply won publicity, has a right to be a little bitter. These moods are rare with Joe. He prefers to talk of the future.

"I think I will go to Spain in May. Arruza made it there, before he could hit in Mexico, and he has connections that could help me.

Also, there is less politics, and an American is more of a rarity; especially a purist, a follower of the Manolete tradition of classicism, which is all I have ever considered being."

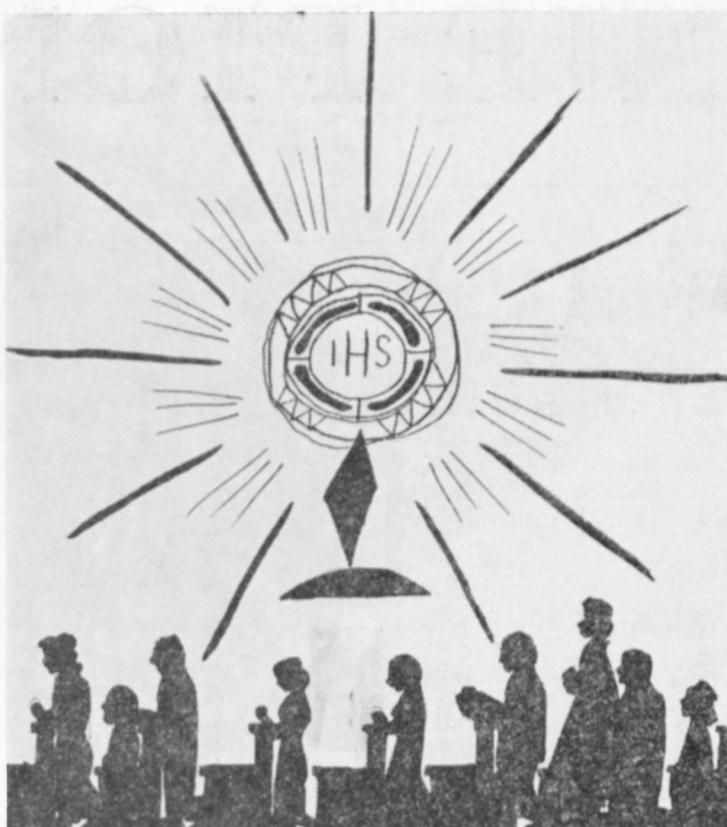
Now the light is in his eyes.

"Once I make it over there, I'll send for Montez, and he can join me, and play the big cigar-smoking manager's role for the Spaniards. I love that old guy. He got gored, you know, just before I left last spring. Old Montez, man, with his gut hanging out.

He was watching me work a calf and I did one of his pet passes with the muleta. He didn't like it, so he came out, took the muleta and said, 'eh, Pepe, you watch Montez.' These calves can turn on a dime, and their horns are like needles. Montez brought her through, beautifully, but she wheeled quickly, and he took a bad one in the leg. No matter how well you know the bulls, the gorings come. Anyway, we had to get him from the rancho to Mexico City. It's a long drive, and we had to keep the wound clean. So, I poured a half bottle of tequila in it. Montez practically swallowed his cigar, grabbed my arm and said, 'Pepe, you pour any more on Montez' leg, you get some in Montez' belly first.' Yeah, he's a mess. He'd sure eat it up, being a big manager in Spain. He has the wishes for that."

And Joe McCarthy sits, smoking, quietly pondering the future of Pepe Centurion. It is a hard, bloody road one walks to stand as a Matador de Toros in the sands of the Plaza.

Suerte, Torero.



## The Jazz Scene

By JIM FLEMING

Darker than darkness was the misty haze that chaperoned the wavering opening. My feet moved slowly toward it with hesitating steps.

Silence blanketed the atmosphere outside the opening and from within sounds of melting ice being swirled around a scotch-filled glass were lyrical to my impressionable ears.

I quietly penetrated the opening and with desperately anxious eyes found a seat in a corner of the dimly lighted room, unable to distinguish the figures sitting at the bar and scattered places about it.

Becoming accustomed to the darkness, my eyes detected the somewhat weird extravagances of art hanging on the walls. I tried for uncountable moments to understand it, but failed. I ordered a beer from the waitress who was wiping off my table and peering at me with questioning eyes.

The beer tasted bitter, but the after-effects were pleasing. I glanced about the room, trying to find the answers to questions my mind was asking: "Where am I? What's happening?"

My senses quickened, excitement gripped me, I turned and saw a distorted, faceless figure pass through the opening that I had come through. I noticed the figure had an object pressed securely under its limb.

The figure, without noticing or seeming to care about what was taking place in the room, disappeared in the corner to the left of the opening. Moments passed and other figures entered the room and disappeared in the same direction as the first.

A murmur of familiar word patterns rose from the group of distorted figures and, together in spontaneous unity, they made a strange music with their objects. The music had a mesmerizing effect on me and the others in the room.

Swaying, clapping and stomping noises rang about the room to the driving force of it. The once lifeless room awakened into a world of profound dignity.

The opening to the room no longer appeared wavering. The mystery of the room faded with each note of the strange, movingly poignant music. I could see plainly about the room; the bar was filled with attentive persons. There were others about the room equally as attentive as those at the bar. Some standing, others leaning against the walls, and some snapping their fingers to the beat of the music.

The art on the walls seemed meaningfully to manifest the musical atmosphere. The men I once thought to be distorted were members of Dizzy Gillespie's combo.

Diz stood off to the side of the group taking a solo, improvising on "Night in Tunisia." My mind no longer searched and pleaded for the answer to what was happening, my eyes no longer circled the room in wonder. My ears listened, my mind liked. I knew — yes, I knew — I was a part of the scene, the jazz scene.

## Signs of Our Times

By CAL TRASK

If you haven't started drinking brandy before breakfast for amusement, you might listen to Elaine May and Mike Nichols instead. They're just about the most delicious lampooners going nowadays. But they haven't gotten around to dentists yet.

You've got this little problem with your left bicuspid. Not a big problem, not a big bicuspid—but you know it's there. So you have to see someone in the bicuspid trade.

Consultation with friends reveals that they all have their own individual favorites among the denture diggers. And each and everyone guarantees that his choice is painless. Well, let's face it: the first question always asked is "Does he hurt?"

So, after endless coin-flipping, you make your selection and appear in the good doctor's office. A very posh set-up it is, too. The receptionist is transfixed by a glittering smile. She's a living example of the excellence of her boss' craft. You don't know then that they're all capped, those 32 ivories.

When the usual half hour's wait ends, a door opens and a nurse appears to announce that, "The doctor will see you now." Too late to run.

All dentists, all dentists' offices and all dentists' chairs look, smell and feel alike, in that order. This one is a young fellow; you think maybe you're his first customer. You think that he'd be less calloused, but you also think maybe he bribed his way through dental college the way you bribed your way through trigonometry.

However, after the usual banter — which sounds dangerously hollow — you open on command to expose your bilious bicuspid. And he promptly drops his pick and recoils in horror. This is strange because you know that you brushed your teeth just before coming.

When he recovers his composure, it's apparent that you have lost yours. Could it be cancer of the teeth? But no, it's just that your problem is unique; he's never seen one quite like it. The fact that he won't commit himself to a diagnosis encourages the suspicion that he doesn't know what it is.

A little white card is thrust into your hand. Embossed thereon is the name and address of another dentist, a periodontal surgeon. Surgeon? So you leave the establishment with the smile-glazed receptionist tinkling a bell and chanting, "Unclean." But, you still don't know what's wrong with your bicuspid.

The next office is even more posh. However, the atmosphere is not less ominous. This receptionist, who differs not from the last, receives you as though she were about to administer the last rites. It seems that receptionist number one has been busy clueing in everybody in town about your problem.

Feeling undeserving of all this notoriety, you allow yourself to be thrust into the chair. This one is equipped with a vibrator attachment, but it still feels the same. Then, HE appears.

Here is the grand high lama of the industry, the real professional. Confidence flows through the room. Doctor is here. But, you're still impervious.

A look-see, a hmmm or two and he assures you that you really do have only a small problem. It will only involve two hours, three hundred dollars and knives. They are such little knives, however, that only a coward would quail. This is the moment of truth. So, you join the club. You're terrified.

After it's over you tell yourself it wasn't so bad. Even that nurse with the midjet vacuum cleaner whooshing up your blood as the knives did their work, even she can be forgiven.

Anybody need a dentist? Now, I know this fellow who's terrific—

## THE PIONEER

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR  
BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN  
DIEGO, ALCALA PARK, SAN DIEGO 10, CALIFORNIA.

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## SPORTS . . . . .

. . . . . In Slow Motion  
BY JOE HILDRETH

A decade ago the word javelina was relatively unknown but today it is associated with one of America's most popular sports, hunting.

The 40 to 65 pound member of the peccary family is by no means the handsomest animal that roams the Southwest. Its physical appearance resembles a pig.

The ten day season for this species of big game has just been completed. Many Southern California sportsmen make the long trek to southern Arizona's Tucson Mountains to try their luck.

No stranger nor more challenging game animal than this tusked, hoglike creature inhabits the North American continent. They are gregarious beasts that roam in packs. If you are fortunate enough to spot one alone, chances are there are more nearby that are camouflaged in the rock and cactus. It is possible to walk right past one and not recognize it because of their natural coloring.

The animals feed off the prickly pears, roots and other plants of the desert. A good sign of javelina is freshly turned ground, as they spend most of their time digging for food.

Javelina often stay close together. If they are disturbed they will run about a quarter of a mile and then hide out. In cold weather they bunch up in caves to keep warm. This is also true early in the morning.

Experienced hunters say that javelinas are easily confused. It is a wise practice to do your shooting and then call for your companions. The loud noise often forces the animal to freeze in his tracks.

They have bad eyesight and poor hearing, but they have an excellent sense of smell. It is best to keep the wind in your face if possible. These pigs are extremely fast runners and tend to scare the hunter when they begin to flee.

A popular fantasy is that a javelina will attack a human being. This is not true. He is as afraid of you as you are of him. They have been known to attack when they are wounded. They have sharp hooves and long tusks which would probably do a great deal of damage. It is a good idea to be extremely careful when approaching a javelina that has been knocked down.

To hunt these beasts you almost have to have a jeep. The rough and sandy terrain is impassable to anything but a four-wheel drive vehicle.

I would not recommend this type of hunting to the beginner as it is sometimes unrewarding as my experience has proved.

## Campus Sports Strike Sparks In Intramurals

The need for more extra curricular athletic activities was clearly shown last semester and the University of San Diego met the challenge.

The student body got together and formed an intramural sports group under the supervision of Bob Sexton. A committee of five students was elected by the different organizations on campus. The group consists of John Calise, senior; Dennis Hart, junior; Hank Acquarelli and Andre Fortier, sophomores; and Jerry Wagner, freshman. John Calise was appointed to head the group.

The intramural games are sometimes held before or at halftime during regularly scheduled athletic events. Varsity players are not eligible to participate in the sport which they regularly engage in at USD.

The scoring is based on a five point system. The winner of a regularly scheduled game receives five points. One team may challenge another apart from the regular schedule too. These games are worth three points each.

Any student may participate in these events or a group of students may get up a team. It is free and John Calise assures that all are welcome.

## Mike Morrow Returns Again

Baseball season is just around the corner and the University of San Diego will again be depending on the experience of Mike Morrow to lead them to victory.

At 62, Mike is a veteran of 35 years of coaching and has earned a position as one of the giants in the production of big-league caliber players. More than 60 former Morrow coached baseball players have successfully entered professional baseball. Currently two of Mike's products are holding their own in the big time: Jack Harshman, Chicago White Sox; and Solly Hemus, manager of the St. Louis Cardinals.

Mike began his brilliant career at the University of California. In 1921, one month before his graduation, he helped to win the Pacific Coast Conference baseball championship for the Golden Bears. That same year the collegiate group toured Japan for nearly two months playing before turn-away crowds, against Japanese teams. It was at that time that Mike, a pitcher, tossed the first no-hit, no-run game in the history of Japanese collegiate baseball.

Mike Morrow is a permanent baseball fixture in the San Diego, area. Though only in his third year as baseball coach at USD, the local baseball colony is pulling for Mike to continue building boys into men, men into baseball players, and baseball players into top notch professionals.

## Speech Contest

The CW's second annual Oratorical Contest will be held on the evening of March 6 in the More Hall.

There will be six finalists competing for a \$100 scholarship prize for first place. ASB trophies will be awarded for first, second and third places.

Topics for the original orations will be of local, national or international interest. No talk shall exceed eight minutes. Preliminaries will be held Feb. 27 in Room 311, Hall of Science, at 3:00 p.m.

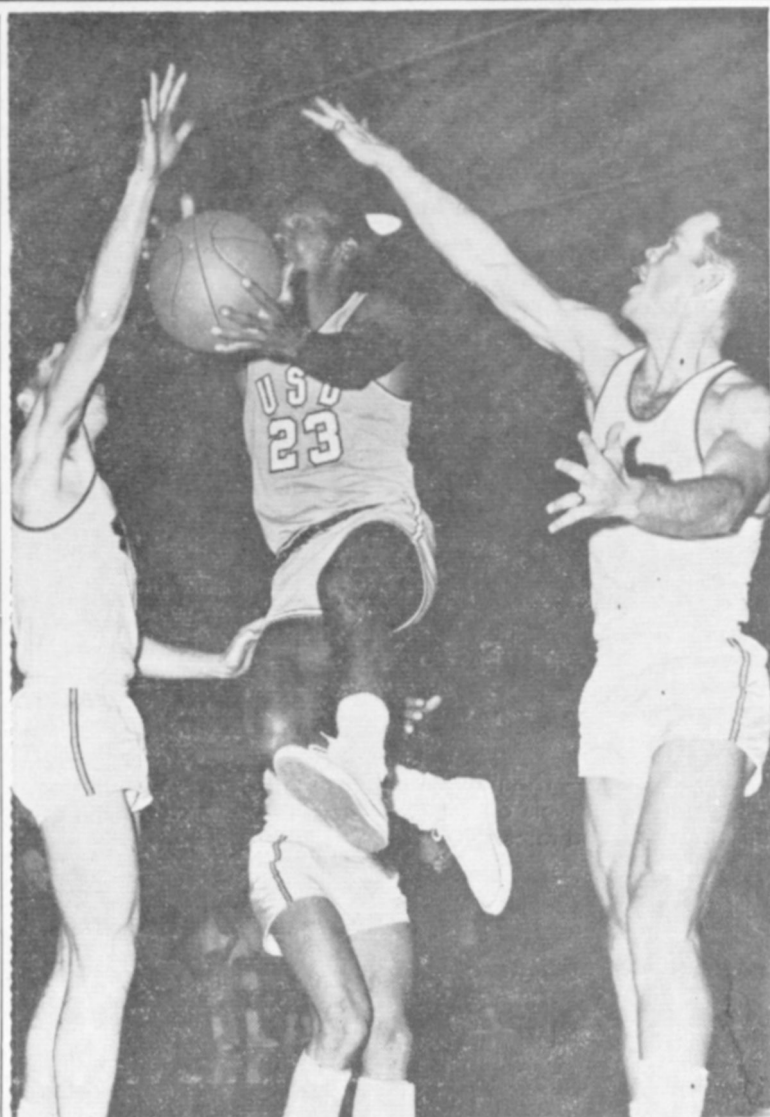
Rev. Leo F. Lanphier, CM instructor, will moderate the event. L. J. Dalton, '62, will serve as host-chairman for the evening finals.

Maurice and Carolyn's

## HANDY PANTRY

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**TWO MORE** — John Robbins (23) goes under a bridge to score two points in the NTC game. Later, four points decided the outcome.

## Pioneer Basketball Has Great Tardy Turnabout

USD's on-again, off-again basketball squad captured four of its last five games, bringing its season record to a respectable 10-12.

The Pioneers have won eight of their 10 games since the turn of the new year. A two-day stand in Las Vegas netted the Pioneers one victory and one defeat.

They defeated Nevada Southern University in a nip and tuck battle, 71-66 in a game that saw the lead change hands seven times in the second half. USD earlier defeated the Nevada school, 66-64. Russ Cravens scored 29 to lead the scoring.

A Nellis Air Force team squeezed by USD, 59-58, in a closely contested game. Jim Fleming had 16 points.

USD notched a close win over a tough Naval Training Center team in overtime, 70-66, in the Sailors' gym.

The Pioneers, paced by Fleming and Cravens, avenged a previous and embarrassing 73-67 loss to the Sailors in the Holiday Tournament.

At the end of regulation play, the game was tied at 60-60. USD trailed by as much as 14 points at one time.

Free throws made the difference, however, as Tony Caputo and Cravens put the game out of reach with their freethrows in overtime.

Guard Jim Fleming hit for 21 points and Cravens made 17.

Fleming leads individual scoring for the Pioneers with a 19.4 average. Cravens is next with an 18.5 average.

## Baseball Team Sees Bright Season Ahead

Three of the 22 candidates who reported for the opening session of varsity baseball practice have been cut from the squad by head coach Mike Morrow.

The 19 squad members include seven lettermen. The lettermen are Tom Goddard, pitcher-outfielder; Terry Lorenz, pitcher-outfielder; Dick Wilbur, second baseman-pitcher; Tim Leyden, outfielder; Jim Fiorenza, shortstop; John Holliday, outfielder; and Dave Melton, outfielder.

At least two newcomers appear destined for starting assignments. They are first baseman Guy Selleck and catcher Wayne Ferris. Selleck, a freshman, is a varsity football letterman. Ferris, who comes to USD from Pius X High, in Downey, is at transfer from Long Beach City College.

Three new pitchers, right-handers Denny Shields and Mike Heminger plus lefthander Terry Stalard, should join Goddard in giving USD its strongest pitching staff since the opening season of baseball in 1958.

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**RUGBY** — A rugged game, even with pads. Kneeling: Gray Elliott, Wally Joos and Mike Gurrola. Standing, Bobby Keyes, Ed Cedarberg, C. G. Walker and Chuck Williams.

## Rugged USD Rugby Ruggers Rout Rivals in Rough Rows

"All right, chaps, let's have a go at it. It's time for a bit of rugger again, you know."

And so it is. Once more the time is here for the bashing of bodies and hoisting of tankards, all in the name of gentlemanly sport and good fellowship. The increasingly popular sport of rugger is at hand.

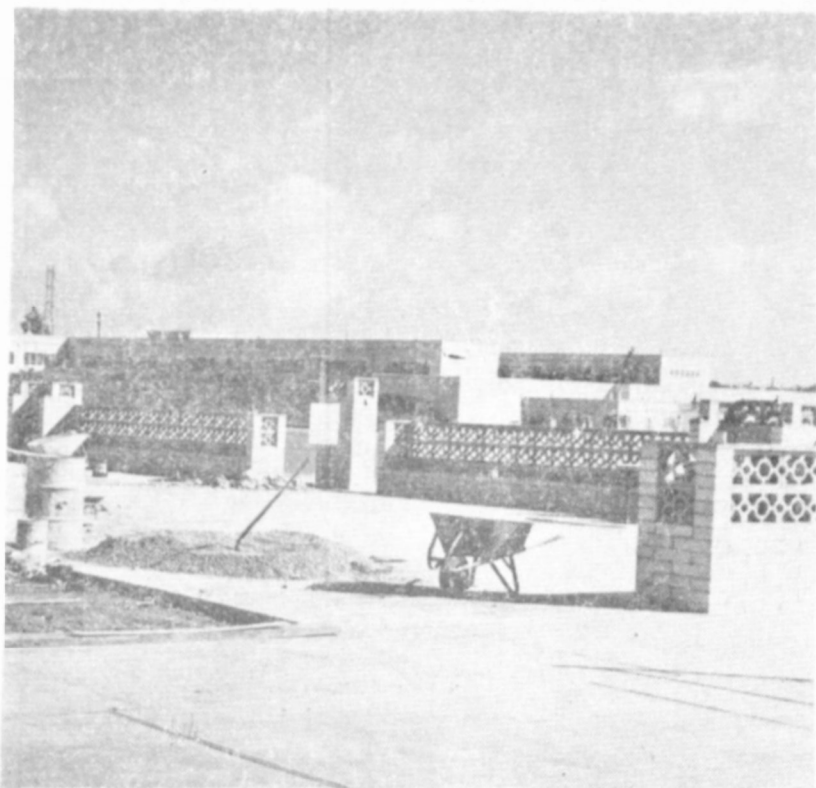
As usual, a number of USD lads are engaged in the game, representing San Diego Town. This team is in the semi-pro division of the Southern California Rugby Union, and last year, with a nucleus of USD gridders, finished second.

Each year it seems there are a few converts to the game. This year the new faces are Bobby Keyes and Gray Elliott. Holdovers from last year are Wally Joos and Mike Gurrola, along with three-year veterans C. G. Walker, Chuck Williams and Ed Cedarberg.

The team has been practicing for over a month, now, and in the recent Rugby Carnival, looked impressive against a very good UCLA team.

Beginning the 18th of February there will be a game in San Diego every Saturday, featuring either S. D. State, at Aztec Bowl, or the Town team at MCRD. Watch your paper. And if you like contact sports, come on out and watch the boys bash on. It's ruddy good fun.





**COMING SOON** — The new barbeque pit that is being built for use by all the schools on campus. Soon it will be the scene of outside dances and fetes.

## Bishop Buddy Donates Barbeque Dance-Patio For Social Functions

Less than three weeks from now students from all schools on campus will be able to use four new barbecue pits constructed at the rear of More Hall.

His Excellency, the Most Reverend Bishop, has donated this new facility to add to USD's social life. Also, the Bishop helped to design the pits in conjunction with Mr. Rod Gonzales, chief maintenance man.

Built of concrete block and red brick, the pits will serve as a center for a variety of outdoor activities.

The tile flooring was manufactured on campus in the wooden shop east of the library building. Guaranteed to stand up against the elements, the tile will furnish a danceable surface. Grass has been sowed in part of the area to further enhance the beauty potential.

When asked about the new addition, Rev. William D. Spain, CM administrative vice-president, commented, "This should add a great deal to campus spirit. Get-togethers here will encourage more students to recreate at their scholastic home."

Father Spain, recently appointed director of the Lark Cafeteria, also promised the continuance of good hearty meals from the expert hands of Chef Jim Thompson.

## Registration Ends Without Confusion

Although a few stragglers are still coming in, the majority of students weathered the mid-year stress of registration and started classes two weeks ago.

Registration for spring semester maneuvered with a few changes from the fall, was held Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 27 and 28.

The entire procedure went "much smoother" this semester than before, according to the Dean of Admissions, Irving Parker.

This semester saw the beginning of pre-registration which was indeed a tremendous help in assisting the entire staff as well as students.

Registration totals reveal the following: 435 students, plus 50 seminarians compose the CM student body.

ASB cards may be picked up at the finance office for those students that have not already done so.

## Apt. Residents Elect Officers: Boarder Police

A government of the boarders, by the boarders and for the boarders has been established in the apartments.

After two-and-a-half years, the administration has given the students an opportunity to prove that they can govern and discipline themselves.

Hank Acquarelli, at the close of the first semester was elected president of the boarders and Frank Ponce vice-president. Ben Flores and Mike McDevitt round out the executive cabinet.

With the cooperation of the office of the Dean of Students, a boarders' court has been organized which will review cases of boarder infractions.

Richard Hitt, John Peck and James Gunning are the judges. Their job will be to handle all minor offenses that would otherwise be under the jurisdiction of Rev. J. Walshe Murray, dean of students. This court was founded specifically for the boarders' welfare.

No longer will it be necessary to campus students who have committed minor offenses along with those who have broken major regulations.

Each Saturday morning, those students who were found guilty by the courts, will work around the apartments and contribute their efforts to cleaning the apartment area.

This idea was tossed around for several days and finally decided upon by Father Murray and the officers.

Instead of spending an idle evening on a weekend and perhaps missing some social event, their time will be spent bettering the apartments.

The officers were quite pleased with this idea because it gave the students some authority and responsibility which they should, as college students, possess.

It would seem that the apartments have come into their own.

### Thoughts of a Married Man In The Lark

Horn-rimmed, beardless, vacillating youth,  
Fresh from a world they knew.  
(Of Mother, Father, Sister,  
Now they call us "Mister.")  
Here they sit at the restaurant tables  
From nine till four p.m.,  
(The 'Lark' was open at eight,  
But youngsters get up late.)  
We're not listed as a co-ed school  
Men go to class with men  
(But there's a Women's College,  
It's called 'Instant Knowledge'!)  
So females sit with beardless males  
Drinking their coffee black,  
(Truthfully their real delight's  
To cop tonight's invite).  
And so it goes through the endless time  
Woman in search of mate,  
(It's hard to mix to careers,  
Choose only one my dears).  
Bill Borden, '61

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## A Boyd's Eye View

By **CHUNKY CHARLIE**

THE PIONEER is starting the second semester with a new column, this one. It will replace the one known before as Pioneer People. The idea will remain the same, spreading dirt. I had to warn the editors though, I'm a photographer, not a writer.

There's a new gadget on the market that may make its appearance on our campus. It attaches to your speedometer and registers two miles traveled when you've only driven .6 of a mile. Neat.

Since the Women's College continues sponsoring dances, hops, and proms, one begins to wonder whether they are getting a kickback from the florists or the bands.

Freshmen are mumbling about having to write a diary . . . haven't they ever read a "confessions" novel and thought they could do better. Now's their chance. Ask some of the upperclassmen.

Many of us were concerned when the Knolls was closed. The guys in the Goshen Street apartments worried about losing all the furniture they had hoarded. The ex-Knolls men worried about the loss of prestige.

I understand the Cracker Jack Company wants a posed picture of the entire student body, assembled eating Cracker Jacks. About the promotional value I don't know, but it should at least be a noisy picture.

A notice on the bulletin board caught my attention. It advertised that, for a fee, a person would type term papers and dissertations. I thought twice about trusting the person; he had misspelled his title. He spelled it "TYPEIST."

As soon as the elevator is installed in the Arts and Science building, attention will swing to the problem of an escalator for the slope from the apartments to the school. A bridge was suggested but discarded, because it was feared that at finals time someone would jump off.

I'm not pessimistic, but while you're waiting for the elevator-escalator, start thinking about the Easter vacation. Many students will remain on campus studying, of course, but the rest of us will be taking off.

## Masquers Prepare Two Presentations

"THE BETRAYAL," by Rev. Geoffrey Nevil Dowcett, O.M.I., will be given its fifth annual production this year with two performances, one will be given on Passion Sunday, March 19, in USD's outdoor theatre, and the traditional presentation at the Organ Pavilion in Balboa Park on Palm Sunday afternoon.

A cast of 125 promises an inspirational production. Alumnus John J. Bowman will again assist Rev. Leo F. Lanphier in the direction of the drama.

A very bright, colorful collegiate romp through the rickety twenties will be presented by the College for Men Masquers for their fourth annual spring musical comedy, THE GIRL FROM JAZZTOWN, U.S.A. Father Leo Lanphier has completed the script and a cast has already been set for this event which has become one of USD's most popular traditions.

The gaiety that marked GIRL FROM MONTANA and GIRL FROM HISPANIOLA will once again sparkle across the footlights of More Hall, April 14, 15 and 16.

## ASB to Award Franklin Honor To Top Senior

The CM Student Council has instituted a new award to be given each year to the outstanding member of the Senior Class. The recipient will be chosen by the administration.

The award is to be perpetual, and will be called the Charles E. Franklin Memorial Award in memory of Charlie Franklin, who drowned two years ago.

He was the type of USD man that this award is intended to honor. He gave himself unstintingly to school activities, and gave that little extra in all that he did.

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