

Recorder

Vol. XXXVIII No. 1 St. Joseph's Seminary, Grand Rapids, Michigan

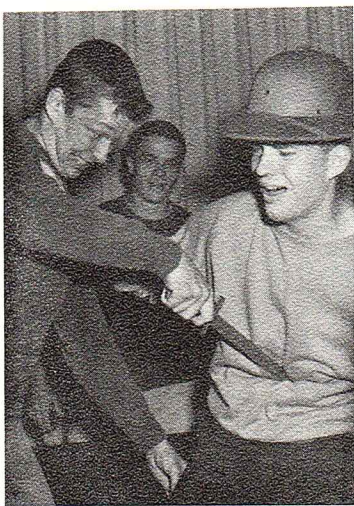
Khufu Fills Hollow E'en

A CRITIC'S VIEW OF
THE HALLOWEEN PLAY

"A Message from Khufu," the Halloween play this year, is not a classic play. It will not survive the test of time. The play itself was written in 1929 (A.D.) for a one-act play contest in New Orleans. It took first place then. But already it has lost some of its shine. In fact, it has an old crusty spirit about it.

PLOT

The story unfolds in the Valley of the Kings in Egypt. Pride and Greed are the focal points of the plot. A professor of archeology and his three handymen discover the resting place of the Pharaoh Khufu. All enter the tomb; only one comes out. What happens in between is the story of the play.



J. Ksiazkiewicz looks on in horror as W. Gebhard drives a vicious stab into M. Gardiner.

If this production is well received and successfully entertains us, we can give most of the credit to the actors and directors. Among the personnel of the production there are three neophytes: the director, Charles Fischer, and two of the four players, Albert Grabinski and William Gebhard. Michael Gardiner and Joseph Ksiazkiewicz, "veteran actors,"

(continued on page 4)

Diocese Plans For Visitors

The hours from 2 to 5 p.m. Sunday, October 27, will be busy ones in our Catholic parishes. The reason for the activity is the Diocesan Open House which is expected to draw 200,000 to 300,000 non-Catholics.

The Recorder interviewed priests, Catholic laymen involved in the program, and non-Catholic ministers to get their reactions and anticipations of the event.

A lay worker from Blessed Sacrament Parish in Grand Rapids called it an excellent idea and a demonstration of the ecumenical spirit. He was impressed by the great co-operation of all parishes and their willingness to do any job to make the day a success.

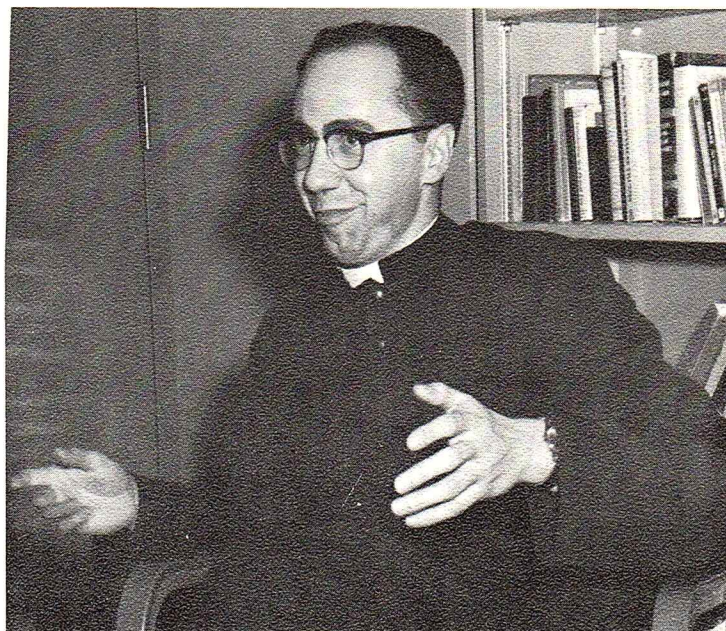
PLAN OF ACTION

There is a general plan that the parishes follow, but each parish is presented in its very own personality. Husband and wife teams greet the visitors and conduct them on a tour of the buildings. Specially trained parishioners, stationed at the baptistry, confessionals, sanctuary, and sacristy, answer the questions of the guests. Schools, rectories, and convents are also open to visitors.

NON-CATHOLIC VIEWS

When we asked Rev. John Miller of the Second Congregational Church in Grand Rapids his reaction, he called it a great thing and said, "You know, this wouldn't happen 50 years ago, and 50 years from now you won't hear of it either, because it will be so common." He said there is much enthusiasm among his people and estimates a good number will visit the Catholic parishes.

The pastor of Knapp Ave. Reformed Church, Rev. David Mack, doubted that many from his church will go and said "there was not a great deal of enthusiasm." He said that he did not react greatly himself but appreciated the invitation. Reverend Mack prefers invitations to religious services on both sides as an exchange of worship experiences.



The Recorder camera catches Fr. Ancona between syllables in an animated conversation with his sixth class discussion group. (Article continued on p.3, column 1)

Sem Enrolls Two 'Faculty Firsties'

Fr. Ancona, Mr. Wisz Join Faculty

Fr. Gaspar F. Ancona, ordained last June, entered St. Joseph's Seminary for a second time this September, this time as a member of the faculty.

Fr. Niedzwiecki, who had taught at the Seminary for three years, was transferred during the summer and is now the pastor of St. Joseph's Parish in White Cloud. Father had been an assistant at St. Francis Xavier Parish in Grand Rapids and had taught three classes here in the afternoon.

Student Interest Leaps Fence

Seminarians at St. Joe's caught flat-footed? Not on your life! "Sweep out those dusty imaginations," has said Pope Paul. "Our poor world needs young Catholics with nimble minds and penetrating ideas." And with youthful enthusiasm we are rising to the challenge - a challenge that is really Christ's.

The early months of the '63-'64 school year have witnessed the dawning of a new outlook here at St. Joe's. In seminary conversations, such subjects as the Mass, the Council, and the significance of seminary life are increasingly being discussed. And this spirit of probing, questioning, and examining is beginning to manifest itself in many ways. The students have discovered that religion and speech classes provide ideal forums for discussion. And lively debate is becoming the rule rather than the exception at SCAS meet-

Back in the days of the younger giants, Fr. Ancona studied for six years here at St. Joseph's, busy-ing himself with such tasks as being the president of SCAS and the editor of the Recorder. After graduating in 1956, he traveled to Bas-selin College in Washington for three years of philosophy and later studied theology at St. John's Provincial Seminary where he graduated first in his class (alphabetically, that is). Father was ordained in St. Andrew's Cathedral June 1, 1963.

Already Fr. Ancona seems to have a rather full schedule, teaching first year Latin, English, and Speech, third year English and Public Speech, and fourth year Religion. Aside from his teaching, Father has assumed the position of Moderator of the Recorder.

Fr. Ancona has quickly become very popular with the younger and older students alike. His small study on the end of the north infirmary corridor and his room on the third floor of St. Henry's have been the scenes of many visits.

Father also has formed two discussion groups with the fifth and six classes. In the classroom Father has shown a proficiency in the art of keeping his pupils busy.

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EDITORIAL Views

Council Spirit Before Our Eyes

Practically everybody who reads or is at least aware of what is happening in the Church today, knows there is a new spirit of ecumenism and brotherhood growing.

Most of us read about it in our papers and nodding sagely remark to ourselves, "That's a good idea; I'm all for it." Ever since our late, beloved Pope John called for a General Council and opened the doors to all our separated brethren this ecumenical spirit has been before our minds.

True, it has been before our minds, but are there any evidences before our eyes? As of last Sunday, the answer is a happy yes! Until that time we read about the Church's desire for better understanding between us and our separated brothers, but Last Sunday's Diocesan Open House was a visual, down-to-earth example of the spirit of the Second Vatican Council. It is something we might imagine Pope John thinking up.

The best part about it was, that it was not just a nice thought, a wish or a blueprint on hard paper. No, it involved people, the only ingredients we can ever hope to use in the recipe for unity.

The Pastors sent personal invitations to all the Protestant clergymen in their area. Our people invited their non-Catholic friends to come and see their parish. One of the lay workers we interviewed said, "It isn't our aim to convert, but to dispel strange ideas and to make friends."

Yet we cannot sigh deeply and imagine the picture to be completely rosy. This evidence of our good will is only a beginning and there remains much spade work to be done. It is true a large number of our non-Catholic neighbors looked on the event with much enthusiasm and interest and called it a fine move, yet at the same time an equally large number of them took the position of Reverend Mack and displayed a certain coldness and unwillingness to participate.

The old barriers are not all knocked down yet. As Catholics we must do everything we can to level the blockades and remove the old hostilities. We must work with a love in our hearts, the same love that burned in the heart of the Good Shepherd. If we do this, some day there will be one Fold and one Shepherd.

Recorder Scores All Catholic Rating



Excuse us for blowing our own horn, but we are proud to announce that last year's issues of the Recorder took the highest Catholic School Press rating. Congratulations to Walter Derylo and his staff for their award-winning efforts.

IN MANU DEI SUNT



Remember also, Lord, your servants and handmaids, who have gone before us marked with the sign of faith and who sleep the sleep of peace:

The mother of Mark Motz, who passed away on June 28 and his grandfather, who passed away on June 29.

Ronald Schinderle's grandfather, who passed away on September 25.

The grandmother of William Block, who passed away on September 7.

To them, Lord, and to all who rest in Christ we pray that you grant a place of refreshment, light, and peace. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Recorder Staff

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'I Have a Dream...'

"I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.'

"I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and sons of the former slave-owners will be able to sit at the table of brotherhood."

Of all the words spoken and sung in the March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom, none stirred the 210,000 marchers quite as much as Martin Luther King Jr.'s counsels of urgency and hopes, excerpts of which are quoted above. His words, and even more, the silent eloquence of the presence in Washington of 210,000 petitioners, black and white, bore testimony to the patience and urgency of the Negro revolt. In a sense, the March on Washington was the ultimate petition of the Negro for equality in our democracy.

Equality, though, is an intangible thing. To the Negro it is the opportunity to work where his skill and desire allows him. It is the opportunity to live in freedom in the neighborhood of his choice. It is the basic right to be respected as a human being regardless of the color of his skin.

Most whites agree that these demands of our fellow human beings are just. Indeed, anyone who calls himself a Christian can hardly take any other view. But when it comes to action, a response is strangely lacking. Sadly enough, it is felt by many that one of the great voids has been made by the Catholic Church's absence in the field of the colored apostolate. In an interview, one of the staff members of the Grand Rapids Times, said that had the Church started its crusade thirty years ago, conditions would be better for persecuted man the world over. He said, however, that for the Church to start now seemed like it was trying to hop on the goodwill bandwagon.

There can be no denying that we as Catholics have been greatly lacking in the field. However, it must also be noted that many priests throughout the U.S. have carried on an unheralded apostolate among the colored.

But where does all this leave us? In the school year of 1943, here at St. Joseph's, a lone voice was already making itself heard in the form of an oration entitled, "The Seminary, Hope of the Negro." To what extent this hope can be realized depends on us, on each individual. We cannot afford to turn our backs and rest easy behind St. Joseph's sheltering walls. The face of Christ is challenging us in the multiple form of thousands of black faces resolutely set on obtaining their God-given rights. How will I answer the challenge?

Notice Anything?

We hope you noticed our new type. This year the Recorder has acquired an IBM electric machine with Heritage type face. We think it will make our paper neater and easier for you to read.

What's the Message?

An essential approach to the essential business of teaching Christ - this is kerygma, the message. It is the same classic form of spreading the Good News of salvation used by St. Peter in converting the pagan Cornelius and by St. Paul in converting the whole Hellenistic world.

Our seminary religion teachers use kerygma, nothing more than the biblical Greek equivalent of modern catechetics, to bring out for us the great positive joys of Christianity: that the sacraments are the sources of divine life and God's gift to us in the Faith and that the commandments are directives that lead to Christian life.

The broad theme of senior high school religion classes shows just how modern catechetics draws out these central truths to teach us about God's call to our new life in Christ and to prepare us to pray what we believe in the liturgy of the Church.

To start, Fr. Ancona led us to see, through highlights of Old and New Testaments, that we, the Christian people, are today's Chosen Race. Just as God personally intervened in history to redeem His people, He personally intervenes in our lives through the sacraments and the commandments to bring us divine life. A prime example of this is the biblical prefigure of Baptism, the Exodus of the Jewish people from slavery to the Promised Land. This biblical presentation shows us that the liturgy of the word, which is the Bible, completes the liturgy of sacrifice, which is Holy Mass.

And in this way we hope to gain a fuller understanding of the whole message, or kerygma, of Christianity. With a joyful and dynamic religious education, we shall, then, witness to Christ through our priestly vocation.

James Hanink
4th High

Profs (continued)

It seems that some of his students have complained that during classes "Father mimics us students too much." Teamed with Fr. Rose, Fr. Ancona has become the terror of the handball courts, usually leaving the poor student opponents gasping for breath.

Mr. Joseph Wisz has joined the Seminary Staff to teach the physics course for the college department.

Mr. Wisz brings with him to St. Joseph's an impressive educational record. He has studied at Aquinas College, Tufts College (near Boston), Purdue University, Harvard University, and Michigan State University. He has received a bachelor's and master's degree in education, a bachelor's degree in science, and is now working for a Ph.D.



Mr. Wisz explains a problem to Richard Galant.

Mr. Wisz is unmarried and lives here in Grand Rapids. He is a member of the faculty at East High School where he teaches physics and chemistry.

It is known that Mr. Wisz enjoys playing bridge, does some hunting and fishing, and likes a good Navy-Michigan football game. He also plays on East High's fabulous(?) faculty basketball team.

Teaching the college physics course here at the Seminary has probably proved to be a little baffling for Mr. Wisz. To implant the laws of physics in twenty-four minds, whose mathematical powers have for several years been neglected, is about as easy as teaching aesthetic dancing to kangaroos. But with some effort and much patience, he has been doing a fine job of bringing the "wisz kids" out of the labyrinth of ignorance.

All in Color!

De Colores! In itself it is just a Spanish phrase, meaning "of colors," or better, "all in color." But to many people throughout the world it is much more than this; it is the outward expression of the fact that they have made a Cursillo. It reminds them that they are a part of one of Christianity's fastest growing movements.

Interview

As part of his research into the Cursillo Movement, Dave Hooper, II College, interviewed Fr. Andrew Chrusciel ('57). Fr. Chrusciel has been active in the Mexican Apostolate and is a friend of the priest who gave the second Cursillo in the U.S.

Students Show New Interests

(Continued from page 1)

ings. But the most marked indication of these awakening interests is evidenced in the growing popularity of seminary discussion clubs. Four such groups are already well under way, the largest and best established being among the members of the fourth class. For an hour each week, this group discusses Church liturgy, its meaning, and its significance for the seminarian. Under the able direction of Father Rose, their faculty moderator, they analyze as a text Of Sacraments and Sacrifice, and from it extract points for debate. More recently, both the fifth and sixth classes have organized two other groups, for which Father Ancona is moderator. And more groups are in the making.

It is hoped that a spirit such as is evidenced in these groups will give birth to the active apostolic zeal of tomorrow - the zeal that will win the world for Christ.

Otto Laments Rigors of War

Isn't it the mournful truth? The world is just seething on the brink of all-out war. Why just the other day, I was minding my own business (as usual) and I was almost killed. Some unknown Frenchman nearly ran me down with his newly acquired tank (made in Plymouth). That wasn't the half of it though. As I jumped to one side, an Irishman was prepared to "clobber" me with his new smobile.

Needless to say, I arrived at my room in St. Henry's shaking like a leaf. There I was confronted with the war of the books. So I called a truce, and assumed a BAJKTI YOGA position.

This is a good way to think. I started to consider the different battles I have witnessed in the last few months. There was the battle of forcing my lazy body back to the seminary after vacation. Some days following I was a part of a losing cause as the new first classmen totally routed the seniors along the banks of the Plaster River. Oh, the ignominy of defeat!

I was afterwards safe for a time. But I could still hear the guns of other battles thundering in the distance. One such battle, consisting mostly in guerilla tactics, invoked the wrath of the great powers (the powers that be) and an armistice was quickly enforced. Kind of vague, wouldn't you say?

Gentle peace reigned for a few short weeks, except for insignificant skirmishes, which were well taken care of by the Dean of the Security Council.

Otto

The Cursillo (pronounced Cur-see-yo) is an extremely new movement in the Church. A Spanish Bishop, Juan Hervás, began it in 1949, only fourteen years ago. Since then it has spread rapidly through Europe, South America, and now Mexico and our own United States. Many people look to it as the primary instrument of renewal in the Church today.

The full name of the Cursillo is the Cursillo de Cristianidad, which is Spanish for a short course in Christianity. At first glance it appears to be like a Retreat, but in reality it is much more. One very notable difference is that a person may and should make many Retreats during his lifetime, but a Cursillo is meant to be a once-in-a-lifetime experience. The Cursillistas (Cur-see-yis-tas, those who make a Cursillo) do set themselves apart from the world for a few days, as is done in a Retreat, but the similarity stops there.

TYPICAL CURSILLO

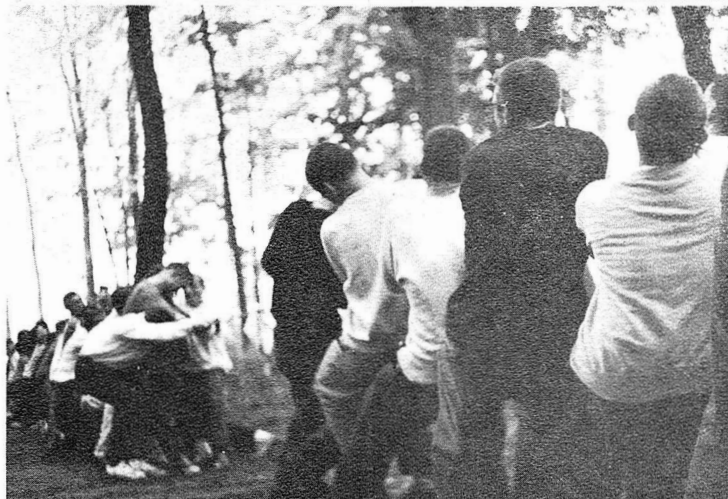
Every Cursillo begins on a Thursday evening and lasts till Sunday evening. The Cursillistas usually are all men, though occasionally a Cursillo for women is held. A Retreat-like silence is kept the first evening; after that, however, there is no silence required. Discussion, singing, jokes, even skits are encouraged. The "meat" of the Cursillo is five meditations and fifteen conferences. A priest gives the meditations and five of the conferences; the other ten conferences are given by laymen who have had special training for the job.

One striking aspect of the Cursillo is its use of the emotions, particularly in group singing. But the Cursillo is not simply an emotional experience; it is sound doctrine presented in such a way that it sticks. And it isn't mere emotionalism that accomplishes this; it is the sharp realization that these people get of what Christianity and the Mystical Body really mean.

FOLLOW-UP PHASE

Of great importance is the follow-up phase of the Cursillo. Small groups of Cursillistas, four or five of them, meet often, even weekly, for the purpose of maintaining and even increasing the good effects of their Cursillo.

De Colores! — All in Color! To the Cursillistas it signifies their life in grace, and this is indeed bright, shiny, and attractive — all in color.



Muscles bulge and the rope strains as firsties and sixthies team up into A and B divisions for a tug-of-war match along the banks of Plaster Creek.

Firsties Hut-Hut Home From Hike



On the first Saturday of the freshmen's stay, we had the opportunity of going on a picnic to Plaster Creek. The hike down gave us some undesired exercise. "It was the most tiring trip I have ever been on," said Mike Zbojnowicz. By the time we got there we were tired but curious.

Potato chips, cookies, and orange drink were served along with the traditional hot dogs and fixings.

Everyone felt that there was an insufficient amount of orange drink, but I doubt that any amount could have quenched our undying thirst.

A group of Firsties got up enough courage and, while the rest of us were cheering them on, threw their prefect into that none-too-clean water. I don't want to embarrass John Reardon by mentioning his name.

The trip back was even more exhausting than the one to Plaster Creek. The next day we felt muscles we didn't even know we had.

PLENTY OF GAMES

The sports consisted mainly of four events: "Capture the Flag," the prune race, the water balloon contest, and tug-of-war.

I think most of us enjoyed searching for the flag. Some had the pleasure of a swim, while B. Gebhard was plagued by itchweed. Those willing victims for the prune race must have liked dirty prunes an awful lot, judging from the way they devoured them. Fr. Ancona, who "participated" in the water balloon contest, unfortunately got the "wet end" of the deal. And finally, a tug-of-war, first class (winners) vs. pros and prefects, ended the picnic.

The whole day was, however, an outstanding success: the surprise swim of that prefect and Fr. Ancona's meeting with that modern John the Baptist.

Lawrence Lemanski
Stephen Terrien
1st High

Who Do You Think You Are? You Are Tremendous!

This little question was one of the more astonishing truths which we rediscovered about ourselves in this year's retreat given by Fr. Meloche from Oxley, Ontario, Canada. Father wanted us to center our retreat about the Mass. And with this as our main consideration, we soon discovered what it means to prepare for and to offer the Mass properly - that we need be mature and capable of love before we can understand and love Jesus Christ in the Mass.

How to be a "Yes-Man" to God, the tremendous fact of ourselves, and how to be a good Love-Maker formed some of the matter in our conferences. How to receive a priceless gift, admire it, and without clutching it to oneself, return it to God - this is what forms and increases our love-making capacity.

"Kick me out of me!", a little prayer taken from one of Father's discussions best indicates what was our intention in making the retreat.

Needless to say we are unable to be thankful enough to Father - but perhaps we might make that reply which we all wished to make in that last conference but were not "rebels" enough to make: "Et cum spiritu tuo! Fr. Meloche!"

Peter Mestre
II College

450,000 Pills Later Sister Still Has Patients

The pill factory, our infirmary, is capably run by Sr. Christopher, a registered nurse. Sister and her staff, four students, take care of all our ills.

Sister Christopher has been serving the seminarians here since 1936. She has worked diligently and vigilantly through many an epidemic. In '36, Sister's first year here, the seminary was hit with a Scarlet Fever epidemic. In '44 and '57 the Asian flu swept the institution. In '44 there were so many fellows in bed that the classrooms were made part of the infirmary, and finally the entire dorms were used. Still Sister took care of them, treating them for the sicknesses, giving them meals, and always coming through with that wonderful smile.

Many of the priests of our diocese and also those of Lansing and Saginaw dioceses owe their good health to her. In fact, Fr. Beahan and Fr. Albert Bernott practically owe their lives to her. When Fr. Beahan and Fr. Bernott were here, they both had been seriously sick - so sick they had to be anointed. Yet with the help of Sr. Christopher they came through full of vim and vigor.

Although Sister keeps her youth remarkably well, the seminarians here no doubt want to offer her any consideration and assistance they can, if only to insure that they will have an energetic Sister Christopher around for a long time to come.

David Downer
3rd High



Sister Christopher ministers to one of her past patients.

It Won't Be Plane to See



The plane's lights exposed the prefect walking and the innocents in bed. The monster thrashed its propellers overhead, right overhead so it sounded, and echoed its roar in all the pajamas lying in junior dormitory. When all the windows had stopped quivering, the prefect brashly comforted: "Don't worry, boys; it was one of ours."

Opportunities for this kind of humor, expressed or merely thought, will soon be curtailed. For, come November 4th, the Kent County Airport, a neighbor of ours for many years, will be abandoned. No more will class be interrupted nor sleepers in dorm or elsewhere be disturbed by a seemingly errant airliner. No more will seminarians dream nightmares of planes landing out in front or in the playing field or in the dormitory. No more, because the planes will circle a new airport far away from here. The planes that have offered us diversion and sometimes distraction will be gone. And if you should hear one roaring close after November 4, better jump for shelter - it probably won't be "one of ours."

Halloween Play

(Continued from page 1)

complete the cast. Nor must we forget Donald Heydens in the handing out of glory or blame--whatever it will be--Don who is the assistant director. They have a challenge before them, quite a challenge. As of about a week before the actual production, when this article was written, the play was just beginning to mold itself into the resemblance of a drama. It is up to the sleepy director and his temperamental and somewhat unruly party of four to put real life before the audience play night or merely to go through the motions.

Odds 'n Ends

The students would like to express their thanks for some new items. The seniors now listen to music on Father Guzikowski's recently donated stereo hi-fi. Out! Out! Fuzzy tape. Both houses have the latest styled collapsing ping-pong tables. Also selections from the tv series Biography are being billed regularly here in St. Joe's auditorium.

Recorder Conducts Postal Interviews

Summer Came: Alumni Picked Grapes

This is a rather odd summer occupation for seminarians, picking grapes. But the phrase connotes the intended idea. We might have used stomped grapes, or weeded grapevines, or something similar. The purpose of the phrase is to connote the idea that many of the Alumni worked the past summer in the parabolic vineyard of Christ. Their work took them out of themselves; it was work with other people. This field of endeavor demanded much giving of self, but in return it gave opulent rewards. It was work not primarily for money; it was for Christ and for other people. They picked in many different types of vineyards; they picked several varieties of grapes. The following "Grape" articles will describe the varieties.

Vineless Grapes

"A job is a job. At least that's what we thought till this summer:" Pete Cwik and Norm Siegel describing how their attitude changed when last summer they found out what it means to be personally involved in their work.

Their "work" was helping out the sisters at St. John's home, here in Grand Rapids, a couple of nights a week where the vineless grapes are found. The sisters were "very gracious," and "put everything at our disposal."

"The children's most basic need is to be respected and loved," they found. These kids are even "hungrier for affection than most children their age" because of their sad family backgrounds. This need of the youngsters made Norm and Pete think "in terms of 'our' instead of 'my.' My time, my money and my interests became something to share with others." The kids, they also discovered, were more interested in seeing how well Pete and Norm lived their religion, than how well they knew it. They wanted to see "if our interest in them (Christian Love) was on the level."

Norm and Pete, "mounting" their "soapbox," said they were convinced that seminarians should keep in mind the possibility of personal involvement, in their choice, if they have any, of summer work. In a masterful understatement they said, "Summertime can mean a little more than just taking a rest and making money."

Olive Drab Grapes

This variety is more commonly known as Boy Scout camp work. Quite a few alumni worked in this field. Bob Stasker was involved in a camp near Traverse City and indeed held three weighty positions. His titles read Program Director, Catholic Chaplain, Scoutcraft Director. As Program Director he saw to the smooth running of every phase of camp life, from eating to swimming. This brought

him in contact with adults as well as kids and furnished insights into a wide spectrum of personalities. As Chaplain he met with the Catholics among the Scout population, lead the rosary, and made arrangements for Mass and confession. He tells us it also provided opportunities for entering ecumenical discussion with the Protestant Chaplain and Protestant staff members. The scoutcraft position led him to the scouts themselves. Bob Lesinski and Paul Milanowski worked at the same camp as Provisional Scoutmasters, responsible for the direct care of twenty-five to thirty scouts.

Mike Danner and Dave Gemeund braved the outdoor life of scouting at more southerly camps.

Mix snakes, skunks, Indian lore and boys, and you have an idea of the work ahead of a person who "picks this kind of grapes."

Chili Grapes (beans, to most people)

Gene Alvesteffer's work on the Mexican apostolate was brief but important. For two weeks he familiarized "Larry Christensen with the territory and all the work" he had been doing for the past few summers so there would be no picking time lost.

Gene spent the rest of his summer - eleven weeks - in Mexico. There, he picked scholarly grapes (sometimes called raisins because they're so dry) for the first six weeks at the Universidad de Mejico. His exams at the end of the period covered such subjects as a General History of Mexico, a Comparative history of Mexico and the U.S., Mexican literature, Mexican Art, and Mexican Folklore. All the work, naturally in Espanol. (Lou Gula and Duane Davis also collected raisins in Mexico, but at another institution.)

Pete Garcia was stationed at St. Bartholomew rectory in Newaygo and earned his rewards - picked his chili beans - in that area. His trip, during the first couple weeks of the summer, to Pecos, Texas, "The Home of the World's first Rodeo," was a "great experience," but the "best experience" was his reward-reaping in Newaygo. "Fr. Ed Orloski," Pete relates, "sure taught me a lot," but the Mexican priest, Padre Jesus Covarrubias was the greatest bean-picker ever, and a really "holy and devoted man." (Pete asks for prayers for Father Covarrubias, whose financial status needs a lot of raising.)

Pedro made it a point, in his letter, to distinguish between migrants, U.S. citizens, who follow the harvest season, family and all, around the country, and Braceros, who under government contract, come up from Mexico, without their families, to work on the fruit crop.

Scholarly Grapes

Among the various summer occupations which our Alumni were engaged in, going to school, of all things must be mentioned. As if they didn't get enough during---. If we would like to decry the work, we cannot decry the valor of those who did it. A group, quite sizeable, attended a six week session at the University of Detroit. They studied English and Education. All had rather heavy hours and became, no doubt, exhausted. But being on such a campus as they were, they had a very good opportunity to associate with students of all kinds. This was most interesting and educational. Larry Spitzley, Roger Dunigan, Fred Kawka, Dale LaBrie, Norm Droski, Al Langlois, and Frank Maitner are the "they" to whom we refer. Jan Vesbit, a former organizer of ours, had the rare distinction to spend six weeks at the Catholic University in Washington D.C. There he pursued Harmony, Choral Conducting, and Organ. That is, these were his subjects.

Dennis Wasco took a hurry-up French Course at Aquinas College. He had a valid reason--he was going to Belgium for theology.

Dark Grapes

This species is found around the new but most challenging work at the Catholic Information Center in Muskegon Heights. By intent, the Center is located in the Negro district; its purpose is acquainting Negroes with the Catholic Church, converting where possible.

Ray Hanslits and George Fekete and Frank Maitner began their summer work by going door to door through the area, telling the people about the Center, and inviting them to come to the activities.

In the middle of the summer a Bible School was begun for children between the ages of six and thirteen years. Most of the children, divided into three age groups for class, were Negro and non-Catholic. The original attendance of seventy-five children would vary from class to class throughout the summer. Altogether contact was made with about 150 children. The school was held three times a week from 10:30 to 12:00 o'clock. In the afternoons George and Ray walked throughout the area. This time they talked to anyone they happened on, inviting adults to the center and reminding them and children of the class. Ray also was fortunate enough to attend a NCAA meeting. It was held in a Baptist church no less.

Kerygmatic Grapes

That's the kind of grapes you get teaching "God" to people. The now Rev. Mr. Thomas Thompson and the still just Mr. Lawrence Spitzley spent the first two weeks of last summer teaching - altogether about one hundred children from six to thirteen years. The work, at St. Mary's Parish in Morrice, was a supplement to the CCD course given the children throughout the school year. It included a daily class in "doctrine" strictly so called, a "three-dimensional project" period and a final class for work on public liturgy.

The text used in the Doctrine class, The Exodus - A Story of a Journey, was prepared specifically for work of this kind by men at St. John's Seminary in Plymouth.

A play in the project class depicting the Exodus themes was prepared by the older children, while ceramic work was done by the small fry. The older children went on a trip at the end of the course, the boys to St. John's in Plymouth, and the girls to Nazareth College in Kalamazoo. The little ones stayed behind to play host at a picnic to the children and teachers from the Methodist Bible-school down the street, including the minister and his wife.

Tom's reaction to the whole "great experience" was that it was a "concrete proof" of the Church's need for an "active laity, a laity of leaders." Cooperation between parishioners and pastor, he says, was the key to the success of this work.

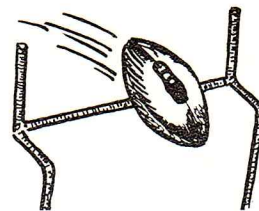
Sour Grapes

There aren't any sour grapes in this kind of work.

The Alumni editors didn't have any sour grapes either. This was because our alumni in the major seminaries responded so generously. Thank you, Alumni.



SPORTS



IMPRESSIONS OF A CLERGY GAME

Student Coach Tells Story of 26-19 Victory

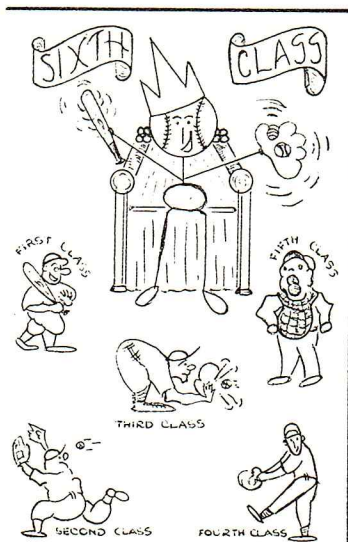
Sixth Class Softball King

Defense and pitching, both vital assets for any winning softball team, were brilliantly shown in the 4th-6th class championship game. The hopes of the challenging 4th class rested on the strong pitching arm of Al Grabinski, while the 6th class relied on their usual strong defense and Dave Hooper's smooth pitching style.

The champion 6th class tallied three runs early in the game on a walk, error, and singles by Mike Hogan and Jim Van Wert. Later Jim Hammond brought the 4th to life with a two-run single. In the fourth inning John Bagladi's single brought home two more. But the 6th class came right back with a run in the bottom of the fourth to tie the score at 4-4.

DEFENSES SHINE

Then the defense took over. The centerfielders, Tom Cassleman of the 6th class and Hammond of the 4th, shared defensive honors. First Cassleman threw home a perfect strike to nab Bill Gebhard trying to score from third. Hammond's fielding gem was a beautiful



Softball Sovereigns of Semdom

ful running catch on Pete Mestre's sinking liner. Both plays saved runs.

The game was finally decided in the bottom of the seventh. With the speedy Joe Ksiazkiewicz on first, Dave Miller hit a line drive to right which skipped by the fielders, permitting Ksiazkiewicz to score the winning run. The 6th class had a 5-4 victory, and for the second straight year reigned as Softball Sovereigns of Semdom.

I stood there on the sideline as the two teams lined up for the big kickoff. Seven priests were on one team, seven seminarians on the other. I was for the seminarians. I had to be; I was their coach.

Our boys started off so well that I started thinking of taking on the Packers next. The first time we got the ball we went all the way with QB Hogan passing to Pete Mestre for the touchdown. But then that Clergy team came to life. On a fourth-and-ten gamble, a double pass that went from Fr. Theis to Fr. Adams to Fr. Barnes got them six points. We just finished smiling and saying that it was nice of us to let them score when Fr. Theis tossed a pass about a mile and a half downfield which Fr. Chrusciel neatly pulled in. 13-6, their favor.

DESPAIR!

You don't know what a feeling of discouragement I had when I saw this well-drilled team of mine being beaten by these sacerdotal sharpies who play together only once a year. I was just about to commit suicide when a Hogan-to-Fischer pass got us another TD, and I decided against such a drastic step. It was a 13-13 ball game at half.

Flopping down on the grass and watching Homecoming Queen John Reardon parade around on a well-decorated army truck must have done something for my boys, because they sure came on strong in

the 2nd half. That Hogan-to-Fischer combination worked again, this time for 28 yards and a touchdown. And then just a half-dozen plays later, Hogan completed his fourth TD toss of the day, this one to halfback Al Grabinski. We were now ahead 26-13 and I was starting to breathe easier.



Rooters cheered madly for both Students and Clergy.

That last quarter, though, was enough to give anyone gray hairs. A Fr. Theis to Fr. Lomasiewicz touchdown pass put them right back in the game, 26-19. A successful onside kick gave them the ball again, with one final chance to tie the score. They came pretty close, too, but an apparent TD was called back for an illegal motion penalty. Then our defense held, and our offense ran out the clock. We had won.

Would anyone like to coach a Student team next October? The job is open.

Reds on Rampage

It may be a new year in competition for the All-Sports trophy, but it's all the same for the Reds. Last year they downed the Blues by an impressive 212-130 score. This year, apparently out to do even better, they have already moved off to a 54-0 lead.

September 28 was the big day, as the colors clashed in all three divisions. The pre-game "word" was that it would be a dark day for the Reds, since the Blues were highly favored in the Seniors and Juniors and given a slight edge in the Intermediates. Eighteen points in the trophy race rested on each game.

The roof began to cave in at about 2:30 in the afternoon, the time when the Junior Reds comple-

ted a 2-1 upset of their Blue counterparts. The secret of the success was the nifty pitching of Elmer Bunek and a good solid defense. Eighteen points for the Reds.

Within twenty minutes the Intermediate game was also ended, again with the Reds victorious. This time the score was 9-5, with Red Dave Downer and Mark Motz leading the offensive attack. Thirty-six points for the Reds.

Only the Senior game remained. Here it took eight innings to do it, but the Reds again came out on top. Clutch hitting by John Bagladi and Joe Ksiazkiewicz helped Al Grabinski to get the win, a hard-earned 9-7 triumph. Fifty-four points for the Reds. Quite a start in their bid for the '63 championship.



The Clergy offensive unit relaxing during halftime. Note the smiles on their faces; the score was tied 13-13 at the time.