



Archbishop Dearden stresses a point on collegiality.

Participants exchange views and opinions during a discussion session.

Collegians Convene At Sacred Heart

As the spring sunshine blossomed into a beautiful day on May 1, twenty-two college men and one priest, Fr. LeBlanc, boarded four vehicles of varying vintage. Bubbling with excitement, these young men headed East to Detroit to attend the first Interseminary Conference sponsored by Sacred Heart Seminary.

Students Warmed by Mexican Hospitality

On Easter Sunday morning, fifteen seminarians from the third, fourth and fifth classes traveled to Fennville, Fr. Leo Rosloniec's Mexican mission. When we arrived there, we were lucky to have Fr. Leo to show us where his chapel was. The Odd Fellows hall where Father celebrates Mass is unpretentious and can easily be overlooked. Those who were so unlucky as not to arrive with Fr. Leo walked past the hall several times without seeing it.

Father has erected an altar in the hall for Mass facing the people. Also, he has made the liturgical changes in his Spanish Masses. He has a commentator and a lector. The Gloria, Creed, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei as well as the Entrance, Offertory and Communion hymns are sung in Spanish. The Our Father, Lord I Am Not Worthy, and Body of Christ prayers are also in Spanish. All of this was very praiseworthy, but the devotion of the people was even more inspiring. All of the people really joined in the singing and responses. When it came time for Communion we all gathered around the altar in a semi-circle and received Our Lord standing.

After Mass, we split up into groups of three or four and went to several different homes to enjoy a delicious dinner and to speak Spanish. Late in the afternoon, after we had filled ourselves with tacos and Spanish music and culture, we had

The conference was a meeting of college, philosophy, and theology students from fifteen diocesan and religious seminaries in Michigan, Ohio, and Illinois. Radiating from the Conference's theme "Sharing Today to Shape Tomorrow," Father John Hardon, S.J., spoke on ecumenism. Archbishop John Dearden, S.T.D., explained collegiality, and Mr. David Callahan of Commonweal fame viewed the laity in today's Church.

Following each of the first two speakers, the six hundred participating seminarians broke up into over fifty discussion cells to review the talk and compare ideas, but most importantly to plant and nourish new friendships.

In addition to the discussion cells each participant enrolled in one of seven workshops conducted in the afternoon. These dealt with such topics as "The Priest in the Inner-City," "The Plastic Priest," and "The Changing Role of the Missionary," to name just three.

The high point of the day was the late afternoon Mass which caught everyone at his peak of enthusiasm and friendship. Due to the graciousness of Monsignor Moran and Monsignor Canfield, rector of Sacred Heart, our delegation was allowed to spend the night at Sacred Heart, and return Sunday morning. (For student reaction to the Conference see page 8.)

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to bid our generous hosts **adios**. It took very little urging on their part to get us to promise to return **muy pronto**.

# Recorder

Vol. 39 ('64-'65) No. 4 St. Joseph's Seminary, Grand Rapids, Michigan

## Going Scientific On A Swinging Safari

On April 7, the sophomore and junior classes rose before the sun, at five-thirty to be exact. The mists of sleep were quickly dispersed and their place was taken by an air of quiet excitement. Soon we all assembled in the senior chapel, and, after morning prayers and meditation in private, we participated in Mass facing us, celebrated by Fr. Rose. Since the altar was set up in the back of the chapel, and the pews faced the other way, we all gathered around the altar. With this, there was a sense of close unity permeating the entire Mass. After a substantial breakfast, we loaded plenty of food into two waiting Greyhound buses. And without any ado, the buses rolled away.

## Survey Probes Lay Patterns

*In collaboration with Msgr. Moran and Fr. Bissot, the following report on a survey of our lay alumni was compiled:*

It is a recognized fact that close to three-fourths of all students entering St. Joseph's Seminary do not continue their preparation for the priesthood. Many young men, after honestly evaluating the priestly vocation, have left the seminary to follow other occupations. The faculty wishes to make concrete its interest in these former students.

This past winter a questionnaire was composed by the seminary for our lay alumni. The rector mailed some 260 questionnaires to all the men who had completed a minimum of four years in the seminary during our entire 55 year history.

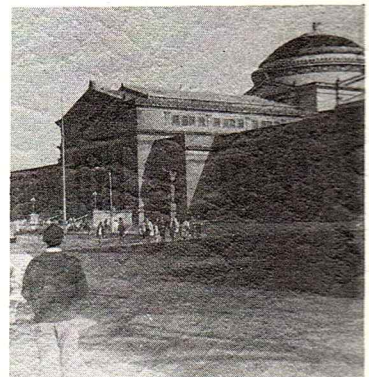
The objectives of this query were several. The rector and faculty wanted to discover whether the specialized curriculum of the seminary has helped or hindered the alumni. Was any educational injustice committed which forced the alumni to enter only certain limited fields of activity? In the area of adjustment problems, the faculty was concerned with the nature, severity and permanence of these problems. The question also arose of why a student discontinues his seminary course. Have the lay alumni benefitted from the seminary's effort to develop character, initiative and personal responsibility as part of its priestly training? Has the seminary influenced these former students to a responsible lay-Catholic life?

Fr. Robert Bissot handled the compilation and summation of the results. 148 completed questionnaires were returned. In evaluating the survey he noted that most of the report's conclusions were based on the subjective evaluations by former students. Another factor to be recognized is the absence of a control

(Continued on Page 3, Column 1)

The reason for this change in the ordinary methodical seminary life was our long awaited field trip to the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry. The trip was suggested to the faculty last fall by a few students; and the faculty approved. The rest of us were informed of it some time before Christmas. We greeted the trip with a great "surge" of enthusiasm, partly because a portion of the cost would be absorbed by the seminary.

The main part of our preparation



Students approaching the main entrance to the Museum.

for the trip took the form of a preview of the Museum. A committee took the literature sent us and from it told us what were the major exhibits of interest to us, relating to our studies, and where to find them in the Museum. They also provided us with a floor plan of that enormous building. Armed with our foreknowledge and floor plans, we were ready to face the maze of corridors, booths, buttons and telephones.

May I now take this opportunity, on behalf of the sophomore and junior classes to thank Fathers Rose and Bissot and the entire faculty, without whose aid this field trip would not have been possible.



# Welcome Back, Lay Alumni!

Something very big began to happen on the night of Friday, April 30, 1965. Four of St. Joseph's Seminary's lay alumni returned to their old alma mater, invited by the Recorder for the express purpose of initiating an alumni-student dialog.

The Recorder idea is in line with a growing if belated interest in certainly the largest group of Seminary alumni. Our faculty's recent study has shown that three-fourths of all our alumni are, in fact, lay alumni. Everyone realizes that these former students have at least as much to teach us as our ordained alumni, and the 30th of April Movement should see a very exciting future.

What happened that night that has stirred up so much enthusiasm among the evening's participants? No one fired any cannons or led any charges and even oratory was kept at a minimum. Certainly there were the anecdotes of times and professors gone by and a few joshing references to local personalities well-known to all. But we went much deeper and saw much more. We talked with alumni from different "eras" with different outlooks on the seminarian and we learned about them and about ourselves. We would like to share our experience with you in this alumni section.



Mr. Wencel Milanowski puzzles over a tough RECORDER question.

Mr. Wencel Milanowski is an old friend (and classmate) of Msgrs. Shaw and Martin. Mr. Milanowski is a lawyer and had some interesting things to say on the responsibilities of the Catholic lawyer especially in the realms of divorce and delinquency. He spent four years at St. Joseph's and graduated from our high-school department. Later he attended Junior College here in Grand Rapids, the University of Michigan, and the University of Detroit, where he took his degree in law. His son, The Rev. Mr. Paul Milanowski, will be ordained this June and has made his father a very proud man. Time and again during our session Mr. Milanowski spoke with evident delight of his early days here, showing us a sparkling sense of humor. Who says the seminary makes people dull?

Coming from the "days of the giants," Mr. Milanowski registered some valid complaints against the soft life of the modern seminary and brought up the question of the continued high rate of boys leaving a seminary well-equipped along recreational lines and certainly a more livable one than in the "old days."

Mr. Ray Kalinowski was a student here from 1943-1949 and President of SCAS in his sixth year. After graduation he was assigned to philosophy in Montreal, although he remained there only a short time. During the Korean War he served in the Air Force and with the close of the war he took a job in the Grand Rapids Post Office and used his earnings to send himself to Aquinas College. Currently in the banking profession, he put in a few "plugs" for Union Bank, his place of employment.

Mr. Kalinowski showed himself a strong supporter of seminary discipline, at least as he experienced it during his years here. He stated that seminary discipline had been a valuable asset to him in military service and while completing his education.

Mr. Fred Platte was a student here from 1945-1949 and graduated from our high school division. After leaving the seminary, he enlisted in the Navy. While in the service he learned the trade of an electrical technician. He gained his B.A. degree from Aquinas College in social work which led him to spend three months in a penitentiary in the role of a sociologist, and he went on to do graduate work at Notre Dame where he received his M.A. degree. He is currently serving as a juvenile parole officer. This work has led naturally to the development of a keen interest in our current social problems, especially poverty and race and the interrelation of the two.

Mr. Monroe Sullivan, a former member of Fr. Ancona's class, graduated from St. Joseph's in 1956 and from St. Mary's, Baltimore. He completed his education at Loyla University. His major interests are also in the field of sociology. Two years, 1962-64, he spent working in the law enforcement field, especially in situations arising from racial tension in the city of Chicago. Currently he is an executive member of the Catholic Interracial Council centered in Chicago. Mr. Sullivan was something of an embodiment of the oft praised New Breed and had hardly introduced the group into a frank and exciting conversation on Negro and Caucasian responsibility in the crusade for human rights.

The discussion began with the

role of the Catholic and the Christian in our day's crusade for freedom. The old arguments about the Negro "good behavior" and conformity to middle class standards were given a second look. Some thorough refutations of these bromides and a partial explanation of lower class mores were brought forth by the alumni especially trained in sociology. Mr. Milanowski and Mr. Kalinowski were helpful in illustrating



Alumnus Ray Kalinowski emphasizes a discussion point.

the day-by-day problems that economic segregation has caused and the cultural and moral friction they bring in their wake.

From the field of human rights we moved to a discussion of the seminarian and his relationship to the "world." Some of the students showed concern with the lack of social ability among minor seminarians. Others questioned the alumni about the development of maturity and realism. Alumni opinions were varied and forthright. Mr. Kalinowski and Mr. Milanowski felt that by and large the present "enclosed" system was not too far removed from the everyday realities but seemed in favor of some "loosening up." Mr. Kalinowski gave a bit of personal support to the married priesthood. Mr. Platte felt that the minor seminary was faced with a serious handicap in that young boys might easily fail to develop completely normal family relationships because of being away from home during the early teens. This, of course, is a debated point. Mr. Sullivan was very strong in his support of more contact with society through apostolic action. He saw in such involvement in social action a definite aid in the development of a broad maturity.

There is much more to be said about the dialogue experience and the Alumni Editors feel that it can be more fully expressed by a sampling of the staff opinions. We offer a collection of impressions from the juniors and seniors on the first night of the 30th of April Movement.

I was at once impressed with their willingness to care to even come back to St. Joe's to talk with us. The meeting helped provide us

with a broader view of this seminary. It was like having the long history and traditions of the place come and visit us and tell us that a new seminary doesn't spring up after every six years. The system we are now under has been formed from past experience.

It seems that the older a person gets and the longer he is away from the seminary, the less he really knows and understands about the present situation. There is a natural difference between generations which must be taken into account when discussing and the ideas of one generation cannot dominate and overrule those of another without seeing the full picture, which can come about only through dialogue.

I appreciate all of the interest they have in us, and although I don't know the exact reason for having such discussion, I would like to see more with such laymen, priests, and Serra members. They get a better picture of us, and we get a better picture of our position in the world.

Donald Garthe



The camera catches Mr. Fred Platte in a reflective moment.

I think that the idea of interviewing certain members of the "lay alumni" of Saint Joseph's Seminary is an excellent one. By speaking with these men the seminarians are able to learn and understand much of what the layman thinks pro and con concerning the education of a priest. On the other hand, these interviews, so to speak, give the participating laymen a chance to take a look inside the modern seminary, thus giving them greater insight into seminary education during the time of change. From this close association of the present day seminarians and the laymen arises a better understanding between the two groups by combining the voice of experience with the voice of youth.

Carl Shangraw

The personality factor seemed to be the highlight of the whole discussion with our alumni. The personality of a conservative, liberal, and middle-of-the-road believer

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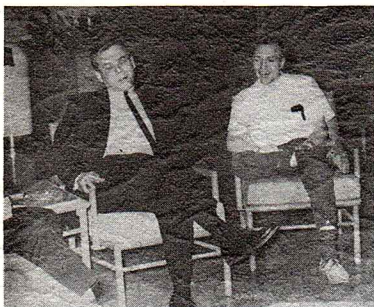


STAFF IMPRESSIONS OF  
OUR DIALOGUE WITH  
OUR LAY ALUMNI

(Continued from Page 2, Column 4)

could be detected in the cross-section of individuals. As each man expressed his views concerning the questions asked in the dialogue, these different traits were quite outstanding. Perhaps, the various time periods when these men were in school here had a bearing on their beliefs. Even the mellowing of time could be a factor. Nevertheless, whatever the influences, the interview showed that our lay alumni held viewpoints very similar to those of their classmates who are ordained.

Richard Galant



Mr. Monroe Sullivan shatters editor Jim Hammond with a sly observation.

I waited for our interview of our alumni with some apprehension. I expected to see a group of formidable and remote individuals. Instead I met a group of friendly, talkative men. They were very firm in their convictions. So much so that there were definite clashes of opinion during the discussion. They all had interesting anecdotes to relate about their seminary days. One even commented that some of the happiest days of his life were spent here.

Steve Terrien

Survey Probes  
Lay Patterns

(Continued from Page 1, Column 2)

group which would provide a measured comparison of result.

The report states that our lay alumni do not seem to be limited to any particular occupation after leaving the seminary but are involved in a wide range of activities. But, as predicted, only a very noticeably small percentage of these alumni were in technical research. A great number felt that the seminary curriculum is deficient in mathematics and the sciences. Most of our lay alumni went on to receive a higher education. Well over a third can be expected to receive a masters degree and up to 20% can be predicted to earn a doctorate.

The results showed that 59% of the respondents understandably ex-

perienced some adjustment problems after they left the seminary. Only a few of the alumni failed to conquer them, the report states. Their present occupations, their academic successes, their organizational activities, their sensible criticism of the seminary, and their religious and family lives all show this. No single factor, however, appears to cause these adjustment problems.

The foremost cause for students leaving the seminary appears to be the simple but vague statement, "I changed my mind." A further challenge is to determine more precisely what factors caused this change of mind.

80% of the former seminarians considered the seminary as having had a generally beneficial and positive influence on their lives. Only 5% said that it had no beneficial and positive influence. In response to the question of what hindrance did the seminary have, no answer received more than 18%. In fact, 32% said that the seminary presented no hindrance to personal development. 50% of the respondents gave the development of personal Christian commitment as the seminary's greatest contribution.

The idea of forming some sort of lay alumni group was brought up in the questionnaire. 63% of the former students were interested in such a group to actively cooperate with the priest alumni in the work of the Church and to give general assistance to the seminary.

The report notes that 78% of the respondents have been or were active in religious and/or civic organizations. 45% of these alumni had assumed leadership roles.

The results of this report should be of significant value to the faculty. According to this study, it is indicated that the seminary has not been a failure in the past in the education of those who left the seminary. Nevertheless the study pointed out areas where improvements could be made. As a result of the questionnaire, such areas as better student-faculty relations, a more adequate counselling program, better prepared teachers with a background in a particular subject, and accreditation of the seminary are seen as strong suggestions for greater consideration.

Neither rain, nor hail, nor sleet, nor snow shall keep us from our appointed deadline ... BUT the human elements sometimes rain a terrible blow on our schedule!

However, since we have never been ones to offer excuses for our tardiness, we won't start now.

CHRISTIANITY  
& RADICALISM

Allow me, first, to define the terms. Christianity is the worshipping family of the followers of Jesus who witness for the Redeemer before mankind. Radicalism is that uncompromising position men take in whatever field because of a firm belief in a set of principles.

My thesis is simply that today Christianity is a radical, revolutionary force. Very bluntly, my message is that Christians should understand that they are radicals and must live like radicals.

We number only 20% of the peoples of the world. Proportionately we are fewer each day. With one or two exceptions, there are no longer any Christian countries. Committed Christians are a tiny minority. We live in a post-Christian age.

The disappearance of Christian influence gives birth to a nightmare world. Nations arm for self-destruction. In the rotting West, Christians foot the bill. On a personal level, sex has become a toy. On a global level, belief in a personal God and an objective morality is no longer taken for granted. And everywhere as never before the poor get poorer and the "Christian" West gets richer.

We are a people of peace but we cannot accept such an environment. As individuals we must engage the environment in a relevant, radical confrontation. Since we are individuals the confrontation will take different forms. But it must take form. Speaking sociologically, the following forms seem imperative; a visible, organized protest against the preparation for nuclear war; a radical attack on poverty shown visibly by the humility of our churches; an increased commitment to the Civil Rights Crusade; a determined legal and financial attack on pornography; an increased reliance on Christian activist cells; a constant reappraisal of the social face of changeable Church structures.

What I propose are external forms of Christian witness. We know that there can be no witness without faith and love. These are from God. These we decide on as individuals. We must say yes.

James Hanink  
I College

## Yea God!

Remember the last time you put on a new shirt, cracked open a new book, or listened to the pressure leak gloriously from a fresh, new can of tennis balls? Really fun, wasn't it?

Christ said he'd make all things new and he did it! That's why I think we Christians should be pretty excited with life, especially during this Easter season.

Christ has risen! He's made the whole world new and we are living in it. Life can get downright enjoyable, you know it? It's a big, new, wonderful world we live in! Christ is everywhere. All we have to do is look around with a little bit of faith. Wouldn't you rather hop out of the sack thinking that you were going to meet Christ many times during the day, than dragging yourself to the sink wondering why you didn't end it all long ago? Think how easy it would become to meet people and make new friends, if, instead of wondering whether you were creating the right impression, you were to start looking at each new person as Christ - in the flesh!

But these encounters aren't limited just to people either. Christ made everything new. We can meet him in a refreshing cigarette, a pan of dish-water, or even a Latin dictionary.

Let's start experiencing!

Dave Hanley  
I College

## THE LIVELY ONES

Published five times annually by the students of St. Joseph's Seminary

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It's one thing to stare blankly at a television screen as row on row of marching faces flash into the picture tube, as placards demanding "Freedom Now" bounce up and down before the camera; it's quite another thing to step into line beside a Negro day-worker, carry one of those banners with him, join him in a chorus or two of "We Shall Overcome."

On March 14th, fourteen of us seminarians, accompanied by Fr. Ancona, joined students, professors, professional men and women, "blue collar" workers and Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish clergymen in a massive demonstration protesting voter discrimination in Selma and the brutal death of Rev. James Reeb.

Our purpose in marching? Those who organized the two-hour-long affair did so in the hope of arousing the conscience of America, of urging action by the federal government against those who - under the guise of promoting law and order - use brutality and terror tactics to suppress the freedom of the Negro. We marched to protest, too, discrimination of a subtler and less flagrant type found right here in Grand Rapids, housing restrictions in particular.

In recent years, so it seems, the pornography question has made the headlines, been the subject of innumerable speeches, and raised eyebrows in all classes of society. And yet, pornography sales still seem to be increasing, with no end in sight. But what is pornography? Where do we draw the line between realism and smut? What can we do to stop the spread of indecent literature?

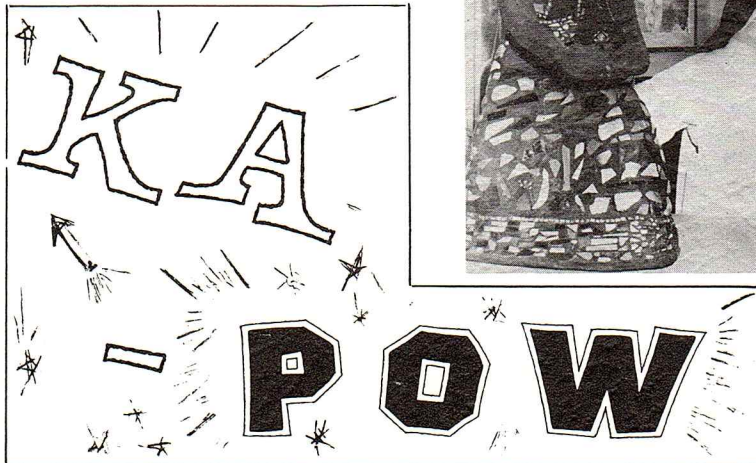
These questions were recently brought up in Third Year English class, and to answer them, the class sent a three-man delegation - James Marfia, Dennis Morrow, and Stephen Mysliwiec - to interview Dr. Bernard, professor of literature at Aquinas College.

The interview, which took place on April 7, was most interesting. When asked where one might draw the line between good literature and obscene material, Dr. Bernard explained that good literature has a universal appeal: it examines the characters of the men portrayed. Pornography, on the other hand, appeals to the reader through arousal of what Dr. Bernard termed his "prurient interests." He made it clear, however, that to be true pornography, this atmosphere must be present throughout the whole book or story, not just in a few parts. If a book makes no attempt to analyze the personalities of the characters, but relies solely on sex appeal, it is not good literature - it is pornography.

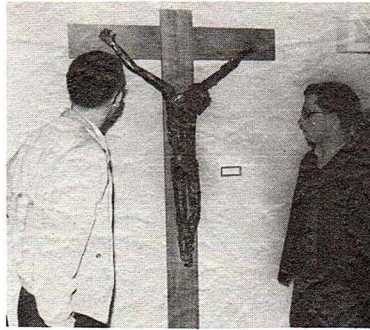
As for a solution for the problem of smut, we must accentuate not the presence of pornography, but the presence of good literature. And we must not merely encourage others to read good literature, we must set the example by reading it ourselves. The sooner each person starts his own campaign for good reading, the sooner the flood of pornography will recede.

James Marfia  
Dennis Morrow  
Stephen Mysliwiec

What did we accomplish in that two hour march? All that singing, all that walking, all those speeches couldn't bring back to life Rev. Reeb; I doubt whether they made much of an impression in Washington or have had their intended effect of Wallacian "democracy". But we did prove to ourselves and to others that we are not afraid to stand up and be counted in the struggle for human dignity for all our brothers. We did show that we - as seminarians - will not stand on the sidelines or only sit before the television set.



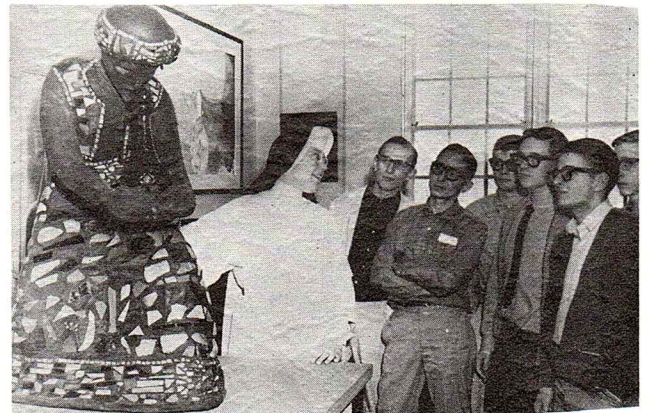
Recently a group of avid, young art enthusiasts, i.e., the Recorder staff, was treated - and I mean treated! - to a tour of the Aquinas Art Show by Sister Mary Lois, also an avid young enthusiast and, incidentally, the head of the Aquinas Art Department. I spoof you not when I say that in



her fresh, uninhibited presence the whole exhibit came alive for us in a very special way. We spent well over an hour drooling over her students' accomplishments.

Our mouths were still watering when a few days later we visited the beautiful Christian Art Show staged by Rev. and Mrs. Roy Schroeder of Peace Lutheran Church in Sparta. We were amazed to see that God's "good news" could be made so relevant and meaningful with such unpretentious materials as tin cans, sand, and even beer bottles.

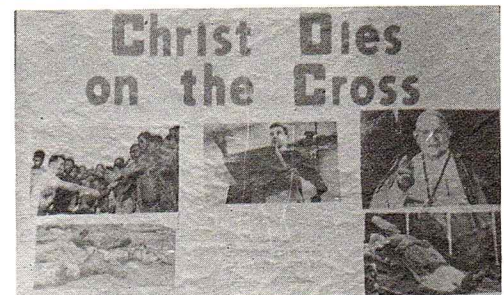
I think it's a shame that we have to travel to art exhibits to see and experience sacred art. But let's face it, true sacred art is about as luxurious to the modern Christian as books were to his medieval counterpart. These exhibits helped us to realize that we can and should learn to experience Christ as humans with all five senses; and unless we want to grow up with a perverted image of Christ, we should stop considering sacred art a luxury and start insisting on it!



short prayer on the particular Station with its lesson and application for us in our daily living. The result intended by the popular prayers and pictures is a deeper realization of Christ suffering and Christian living together today right in our midst. We need only open our eyes.

Any frequenter of the halls here at St. Joe's during Lent could hardly have not noticed a new addition to the Junior House bulletin board, for there was depicted a series of the Stations of the Cross. But what made these Stations unusual was

Two posters were placed on the board each week during the Lenten period for our attention and meditation. Wednesdays and Saturdays were utilized by Dave Toeller, Steve Mysliwiec, Tony Foster, and whomever they could grab, for skimming through hundreds of mag-



the fact that the usual picture of Christ did not appear in any one of them. These were Stations of present-day Christs living and suffering in the world today to show us that Christ, though risen, is still here with us and continually saving us.

Below each picture was written a

azines for the pictures suitable for each "pop" art Station. The ideas and work involved not only gave us a very fine presentation of the Stations but also showed us that with a little awareness and effort Christianity can become very much alive for all of us.



## Inside Look On Sports Set-up

Recently our Sports staff turned themselves into a small detective squad and questioned Fr. LeBlanc, St. Joe's athletic director, about his big organization. Our aim was to dig up clues about this program's future and some of the basic ideas behind its operation.

One of the early questions fired at Father was why we have sports activity here in the Seminary. Father gave two reasons for this. First, it was Father's feeling that young adolescents need to build up their bodies. The young man's strong and co-ordinated constitution must be built up during these developing years of his life. This is the principal reason in making our Junior Housers participate in the physical fitness exercises twice a week. Secondly, Father pointed out that taking part in games is necessary for a youngster's social being.

The problem of refereeing ball games was asked next. There always seems to be an abundance of refs to choose from; however, the breadth of refereeing knowledge is a crime too many of us commit. Father told us that the availability of up-to-date rule books on all of the major sports would be beneficial. He also said that he was pondering the idea of hiring qualified officials for some of our more important games, e.g., inter-seminary games. One of the interviewers asked whether he was in favor of having qualified officials come in and explain the techniques and rules of officiation to some of our Sem refs. Father liked this suggestion and said that something could be worked out.

The Senior House has debated for some time over the question of more separation in their sports program from the Junior House. Father was asked if he had any tips on this matter. Father began by stating that there seemed to be a difference in the manner of competition between older and younger boys. "The older fellows," he said, "play hard during the game but do not re-live their heroics on the battlefield quite so vividly as their younger counterparts. Furthermore, the younger boys have more energy and should compete in games more to use it up."

This would mean that although the Seniors would not have to play as often, they should not stop playing altogether. This policy might tend to make them too lazy. Also, the Seniors should not try to divorce themselves totally from playing with the Juniors, for sports are a means of pulling the whole House together. Inter-seminary games, student-clergy games, and Field Day are all examples of string-tying.

The last thing stressed by Father was the need for personal initiative in sports. The seminary here is blessed with a spacious gym to give everyone ample opportunities to develop his skills in this field. Baseball and football fields are plentiful. Group sports, however, could impair a person's own development if overemphasized. More individual games as track, handball, and tennis should be tried by all. ... Then the subject of track took the spotlight. Father told the interrogators that the students would be more interested in this sport if the track area were improved and the boys had some coaching. Also, he liked the idea of having more than one general track meet a year.

As we left Room 215 in the Main Building that night, several ideas became evident to our interrogating staff. The reward for our endeavor was the knowledge that in the future more will be done for the students' interest by the athletic organization.

## Fourth Class House Champs On 2nd Try

It was the Fourth Year all the way this year, as they climaxed their remarkable high school basketball career by winning the 1965 school championship. It came as a fitting reward not only to the team members who had come so close to winning it in their Junior year, but also to the fine team that has led the High School in its victories this year.

The Second Year took the early

lead in this year's tournament by upsetting the Third Year 48-37 and then beating the First Year 43-33 behind Elmer Bunek's 50 points for both games. The Fourth Year entered the race here by trouncing the Second Year 57-38 with the help of Ron Schinderle's 16 points.

The Fourth Year then wrapped it all up with a close 45-41 victory over I College, despite Bill Gebhard's fine 17-point performance.



Bob Swart and John Cole really stretch for that ball.

## Last-Second Basket Gives St. Joe's 47-46 Win Over St. Paul's

St. Joseph's gymnasium was the site of the second annual St. Joe's-St. Paul's basketball game. Last year our team traveled to St. Paul's and were defeated in a close game; so this year they went out seeking revenge on their home court.

Fr. LeBlanc, the owner of the club, gave the boys a pep-talk in the locker room before the game which helped bolster up our confidence.

The first quarter was a tense one. Both teams were trying hard for that psychological "first-quarter lead". When the buzzer sounded ending the first quarter, St. Joe's had a slight lead of 13-5.

In the second quarter St. Paul's suddenly came alive and began sinking baskets from all over the court. Our five managed to do fairly well for themselves, too, but were outscored 19-14.

In the third quarter, scoring settled down just a bit, but St. Paul's kept right on sinking them. This was a big quarter for our boys because last year it was in the third quarter that they lost the game. They fought hard but were still unable to outscore St. Paul's. And so at the end of the third quarter it was St. Paul's 38 - St. Joe's 37.

The tension and excitement were high when the fourth quarter started and it was blood and guts right down to the wire. Both teams played excellent ball. With only thirty-five seconds remaining in the game, St.

Paul's had a one point lead. They missed a field goal attempt and our boys got the rebound and a chance to pull it out of the fire - and they did, as Elmer Bunek stood at the top of the key and arched in a beautiful set shot. Pandemonium broke loose. St. Paul's failed to score and the final score was St. Joe's 47 - St. Paul's 46.

Bob Byrne led the scoring for St. Paul's with 20 and Elmer Bunek was



St. Paul's Tom Kerbawy goes high with a jump shot.

tops for St. Joe's with 19.

### St. Paul's Scoring:

|                    |    |
|--------------------|----|
| Bob Byrne          | 20 |
| Jan Van Vlaenderen | 9  |
| Tom Kerbawy        | 7  |
| Dave Potts         | 7  |
| Bob Gohm           | 3  |

### St. Joe's Scoring:

|                |    |
|----------------|----|
| Elmer Bunek    | 19 |
| Tom Drinan     | 9  |
| Randy Cirner   | 8  |
| Tom Korson     | 6  |
| Ron Schinderle | 5  |

## St. Joe's Takes All In St. Augustine Victory

A perfect seasonal record, another trophy for the showcase, and proof of its basketball prowess set the stakes for St. Joe's last outside game at a high price. But St. Joe's lost none of these things. They came out fighting and never stopped battling until they walked off the floor with a 65-41 win over St. Augustine's. "Hot" shooting hands were the key to this victory. Proof of this can be shown in John Cole's six for eight from the floor. Both he and Tom Drinan ended up with 13 points. Mark Motz was St. Joe's top scorer with 14 tallies.

It was not until the second half that the Flames from Holland adjusted better and played steadier ball. George Mampreian was their top point-man with 19.

St. Augustine's late start and St. Joe's fire power proved to be the margin of victory in St. Joe's 65-41 win.

When all was finished, St. Joe's had won more than this game. They had won a perfect seasonal record, two trophies, and proof of its bas-

ketball superiority over Sts. Augustine's and Paul's.

## KINGS OF THE BLACKBALL

Who's king of the handball courts? Steve Mysliwicz and Tom Korson. They not only won for themselves this year's handball tournament, but also, being Third Year men, snatched the school championship from the usual College victors.

Steve and Tom were three-time winners in the tournament. Easily winning their own Intermediate division, they slashed the Junior champs, Jim Nelson and Mike Jandernoa, 21-4 and 16-1.

The final match with College handballers Tom Kibildis and Bob Swart was a defeat-turned-victory for the High School pair. After dropping the first game 21-11, Steve and Tom went on to post 21-5 and 21-7 wins over their stunned opponents.

That victory could last four years!



## "My Lord Calls Me, He Calls Me by the Thunder" \*

On the morning of Saturday, March 20, a small group met here in St. Thomas auditorium. Some of us felt that we must go to Selma, Alabama, because there were people there who were suffering. By the time of our departure the next morning, the size of the group had grown to ten - nine laymen and myself.

We left Ann Arbor about 8:30 in the morning, and after driving all day and night, arrived in Selma the next morning at almost exactly 8:30. We drove to St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church - the Negro Catholic parish in the city - and there Mr. John Butler, of the Chicago Catholic Interracial Council, directed us to go immediately to Brown's A.M.E. Chapel - the church on Sylvan Street which was, and is, the center of the Freedom Movement in Selma.

It has been one week since Black Sunday in Selma - the Sunday on which Sheriff Jim Clark issued the order which sent a phalanx of troopers armed with clubs, whips and gas into a group of 1500 men, women, and children. For the past five days, troopers and marchers had stood facing each other at a barricade a few hundred feet from the doors of Brown's Church, as the tension in the city and in the nation mounted. During the night, as we traveled toward Selma, the radio announced that an attempt would be made the next day to march to the Dallas County Courthouse, in Selma's downtown district. This was the situation that met us on our arrival at Brown's Church.

We went immediately to the parsonage, next door to the church, to register our presence; the parsonage was and is the headquarters for the civil rights movement in Selma. We indicated that five of us would be in need of sleeping quarters, and were told to come back in a few hours. Meanwhile, we were informed, the clergy were meeting in the Baptist church at the opposite end of the block from Brown's Chapel, as the priests, ministers and nuns were to lead the attempted march to the courthouse.

By the time we reached the Baptist church, walking away from the end of the block in which the State Police, sheriffs and city police were gathering, the clergy were coming out of the church and lining up, five abreast, in the street. We joined them immediately, and were given hasty instructions: to walk with arms interlocked with the person next to you and to try to hold onto one another, even if we were attacked with clubs and whips. There were about 400 of us; I watched the many nuns, some of them in the first line of the march, and wondered if they were as frightened as I was. After some delay, we began to walk the length of that dusty, unpaved street in silence. I could think only of those people who had walked it a week before, people who fell in behind us, some of them wearing bandages, bandaged heads and arms and legs and faces, people who silently, wordlessly, were joining us to march again.

At the end of the block we were ordered to halt, and through the lines ahead of me, I could see what only appeared to be a sea of blue helmets, the blue helmets of the deputies of Sheriff Clark. They filled the street ahead of us, those in front standing with folded arms, legs astride, billy clubs hanging from their belts. We listened as Captain Wilson Baker, Selma's director of Public Safety, ordered us to disperse, and spokesmen for the marchers replied that we would not disperse; if we could not march, then we would remain where we were.

It was then that I experienced what was an emotionally overpowering moment, one of many that would come before I left Selma. Rev. Reeb had died four days before; a victim of a brutal clubbing by four Selma residents. As we stood in the dust of that Selma street, the hot sun on our heads, facing the men who had a week before turned a peaceful march of American citizens into a blood bath, as we stood there surrounded by people who, for the past four months had suffered brutality that defied our very comprehension, we began to sing.

The first song was a hymn for Rev. Reeb, one that was familiar to everyone. It was sung softly, and very, very slowly and, it seemed to me, from the very heart of each of the thousand or more who now joined us:

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus,  
Steal away, steal away home; I ain't got long to stay here;  
My Lord calls me,  
He calls me by the thunder,  
The trumpet sounds within my soul,  
I ain't got long to stay here.

I saw many people, most of them northerners, with tears streaming down their faces.

Then began a series of freedom songs, songs which spoke of the very

soul of the freedom movement. They spoke of hope and they spoke of a longing for freedom so deep that no one of us, who take our freedom so much for granted, will ever understand. They spoke of determination. And most of all, incredibly, they spoke of love.

This is a point which needs much explanation, for if any of us hopes to understand the heart of the civil rights movement in the South, we must understand it in terms of the love which the Negro has for the white man.

During our week in Selma, it became clear that the Negro is not going to hate, for he is utterly aware of the fact that the day he allows himself to hate, on that day he has sunk to the level of those who are crucifying him. He is aware of something too many of us overlook - that unreasoning, blind hatred is more blinding, more confining, more oppressive to the man who hates than the strongest jail in the world. In this sense, the Negro in the South knows that he is free, and that his oppressors are in chains.

I first became aware of the depth of this conviction as I stood in the dust of Sylvan Street, among men wearing yesterday's bandages, among mothers who had seen their children beaten, among children who had watched and cried at the sight of parents being clubbed down in the street and heard them sing with utter sincerity, "We love Sheriff Clark, but we shall not be moved."

The most immediate impression was that created by the sense of community that existed among the Negroes of the city. There existed warmth, a charity that the daily influx of thousands of visitors from outside the state could not diminish. Each person arriving to assist in the Freedom Movement was asked to register at Brown's Church. If he were staying overnight, he was assigned to a home in the Negro ghetto to live. He was welcomed with a gratitude that was terribly humbling. I was stopped in the street by an old man who asked where I was from; when I told him, he took my hand and said "God bless you for coming so far to help us." I was to hear that phrase over and over again.

Money was useless in Selma. It was not safe to go outside of the Negro area and the hospitality of the Negroes was not given for money. People simply opened their homes to us; homes which were often empty because their occupants were working in the church basements to prepare the food that was always available. There was great activity, but never was there panic. Never was a person too busy to greet you with great kindness,

never too busy to answer a question that you knew might have been asked a hundred times before, but always to answer it as though you had asked it for the first time.

I remember an incident from that first day that was a sign of what would follow. We had driven all night, and were tired and unshaven. We did not want to leave the area of Brown's Church to go to the house to which we had been assigned. One of our group asked a passer-by where we



Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.  
addresses the country from  
Montgomery via TV.

might find a cup of coffee. He took us to his home, one in the series of housing units which faced on Sylvan Street. He brought us in, made sure we were comfortable, made coffee, insisted that we wash up and shave there. All of this on meeting us for the first time. He pointed out that the door was unlocked - at any time in the future that we wanted anything to feel free to help ourselves. Multiply this spirit times the thousands of Negro families in Selma, Alabama. I had the feeling that we had entered a new world, a world based on a charity that was complete and unreserved.

Of the ten of us who had left Ann Arbor, five had to start back the night of the day we arrived. The remaining five of us were told that we would stay at an apartment; the apartment (as we later learned) was that of a widow, Mrs. Dubose, who worked each day from two in the afternoon until 7:00 the following morning.

Our first meeting with Mrs. Dubose was the morning following our first night in her home. She arrived about 7:30 with an armload of groceries. Before we could thank her for her kindness in opening her home to us, she was making the rounds to shake our hands, at the same time blessing God for his goodness in sending us to Selma. She cooked a huge breakfast for us, as she did each morning following, and answered our questions as she worked. It was from her that I learned more about the problems of Selma and its brutality.



Here was a lady describing Black Sunday in real terms, in terms of her friends, relatives, neighbors. She described the terror as the possemen, the patrolmen, waded into the marchers on March 7, the screams of the people falling under the clubs of troopers, the nausea and horror and blindness produced by the gas bombs, the chaos as the possemen on horseback trampled over fallen marchers to strike with their bull whips. She told of the pursuit of the marchers block after block - the distance, perhaps, of the intersection of Division and Kingsley to here - with the clubs and whips and horses. She told of a neighbor only a few doors from where we were sitting who made it to his home. A tear gas bomb was thrown through an open window; a mounted trooper was waiting for him at the back door as he ran blinded from his home and there beat him to the ground with a club.



Mr. Ralph Bunche speaks to the Montgomery marchers.

And Mrs. Dubose told of the terror of the months before Black Sunday. The arrests (more than 2,000 men, women and children had been jailed by Sheriff Clark in the previous two months), the brutality, the deaths.

She told of the day Sheriff Clark herded almost 300 children, some of them very small children, three miles down the highway out of town. There he left them with some of the smallest children crying hysterically, to find their way home alone.

She told of the death of Jimmy Lee Jackson, a young man from Marion, a small town about 20 miles from Selma. Jimmy was attending a rally in Church one night in Marion two months ago. Suddenly the lights went out. As the people stumbled out into the dark, the state police and white citizens were waiting for them with clubs. Jimmy Jackson tried to help his mother by a state trooper. He was shot in the stomach twice, with a shotgun. There were powder burns; the gun had been held at closest range.

The local white doctor had told the troopers that he could not help Jimmy; his nurse wasn't with him and he couldn't do anything without his nurse. The troopers took Jimmy to the hospital in Selma - Good Samaritan Hospital. Selma was twenty miles away. The examining doctor said later that the wounds had been inflicted at least two hours before Jimmy arrived at the Good Samaritan Hospital. In spite of this, Jimmy lived long enough to tell what happened.

A curious thing happened on my second day in Selma. I had just returned to Brown's Church and was standing on the sidewalk when I heard the wail of ambulances. One came slowly up the street and stopped a few feet away from me. A SNCC worker ran to talk to the driver and then turned quickly to me. She asked if the nuns who were in the area from Detroit and Kansas City were nurses. I said they were; I had met them earlier. "Get them," she ordered. "The police are using clubs and whips to break up a march in Montgomery" (I had been in Montgomery only that morning; it was, of course, fifty miles from Selma.) I felt sick to my stomach at the realization of what was happening at that very moment only fifty miles from where I was, hurrying into Brown's Church to find the nuns.

They were listening to a talk on the Civil Rights Movement by Rev. C. T. Vivian, an aide of Martin Luther King and head of the Alabama Project. I whispered my message to them and they hurried out of church and into the waiting ambulances. I wandered back into church to listen to Mr. Vivian's talk.

About fifteen minutes later he was interrupted by a Negro businessman who whispered to him for a moment. Then the man introduced himself to us as a local undertaker. He said that he had just talked to a Negro undertaker in Montgomery by telephone. The man had told him that the wounded were lying in the street in Montgomery. The ambulances from Selma had been stopped and were not allowed to proceed into the city. Moreover, the Montgomery undertaker said that the police there would not allow even the ambulances from Montgomery to come to the wounded. The people, he said, were lying bleeding in the street, without help.

The sheer horror I felt at that moment would be impossible to describe. A woman behind me said softly "Oh, God." And then Mr. Vivian, a soft spoken, distinguished man, looked at us with eyes snapping. "I hope all you white people noticed that there was not a shocked look on the face of any Negro here. Horror, maybe, but certainly not surprise." He was right.

He described the night in Marion a few weeks before when they tried to

send hearses from Selma to Marion to pick up the injured, again lying in the streets untended; Al Lingo, chief of the State Police, had informed them: "Try to come in here and you'll get what the rest got; and I'll dump your bodies in the river."

And still the Negro sings "We'll walk hand in hand," "Black and white together" and "We will live in peace ... someday." What has given the Negro in the South the power and strength to avoid violence and retaliation of incomprehensible brutality and abuse?

I think the answer lay primarily in the fact that the Freedom Movement in the South, under the direction of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference headed by Dr. King, is primarily a religious movement. The Negro sees the horror of racial hatred as the symptom of a society that is sick, the symptom of a society in which men can be exploited and used. Not just Negroes, but white men as well. And they envision a society based on truly Christian principles, in which men are accepted and treated as persons, not things. To put it another way, the Negro does not want civil rights, nor even equal treatment. He sees the need for a total change of values in society based on Christian love and personalism. It is this society that is the goal of the Freedom Movement; it is this vision that leads men and women and children to risk injury and even death without retaliation.

Non-violence is not a method in the South; it is a way of life. The Negro does not want to be treated like a person if others have to be physically forced to treat him like one. Physical force does not change hearts, it does not bring any real change to society. The Negro in the South knows that our life in America can be redeemed only through love, and love does not allow for physical force.

This would be an interesting theory at best, were it not for the fact that thousands upon thousands of persons are presenting their bodies as a living witness to this ideal; to the vision of an America in which men love one another as brothers. These people, from the leaders of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference to the five year old youngsters who have only begun to understand, believe that the sufferings they have endured, and the suffering that most certainly faces them in the future, is redemptive suffering, and that from their suffering, yes, and from their deaths, will come a resurrection in American society and culture; a new and glorious society based on the Fatherhood of God and the dignity of man.

People have asked me more times than I care to remember, "Why did you go to Selma?" After many, many hours of asking myself the same question, I confess that I just do not know. Perhaps the hint of an answer lies in something Dr. Martin Luther King wrote from jail in Birmingham, Alabama almost two years ago. This letter, which I believe is one of the most beautiful pieces of writing I have ever read, was written in answer to eight Alabama clergymen, including a Roman Catholic bishop who had signed a letter protesting the Negro demonstrations in their states. Toward the end of his reply to these clergymen, Dr. King turns his thoughts to the Church in Alabama, and his disappointment in it. I ask your permission to quote from that letter:

"In spite of my shattered dreams of the past, I came to Birmingham with the hope that the white religious leadership of this community would see the justice of our cause, and with deep moral concern, serve as the channel through which our just grievances would get to the power structure. I had hoped that each of you would understand .. In deep disappointment, I have wept over the laxity of the Church. But be assured that my tears have been tears of love. There can be no deep disappointment where there is not deep love. Yes, I love the Church; I love her sacred walls. How could I do otherwise? I am in the rather unique position of being the son, the grandson and the great grandson of preachers. Yes, I see the Church as the body of Christ. But, oh! How we have blemished and scarred that body through social neglect and fear of being nonconformists."

There, perhaps, is part of the answer. Perhaps another part lies in the words from the book of Ecclesiastes:

"I turned myself to other things; and I saw the oppressions that are done under the sun, and the tears of the innocent. And they had no comfort; and they were not able to resist their violence, being destitute of help from any."

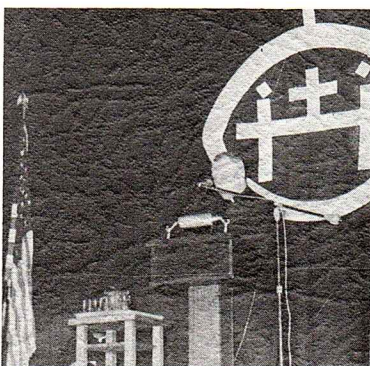
\* *Fr. Patrick Jackson*

Fr. Patrick Jackson, author of this moving account, is a dynamic young priest of the Archdiocese of Detroit. Many of our priest-alumni know him as a friend and classmate from their Sacred Heart and St. John's days. A former Editor of the GOTHIC in his college years, Fr. Jackson is presently assigned to St. Thomas the Apostle Parish in Ann Arbor. The RECORDER learned of Father's trip to Selma at the time of the crisis there and invited him to write a personal account of those days for our readers.



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ecumenical  
fulfillment.Seminarians  
receive  
Mr. Callahan's  
ideas on the  
layman's  
position.

On returning from their excursion to Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry and to the Inter-Seminary Conference at Detroit, travelers were bubbling over with exciting tales and deep impressions. Some of this vivaciousness bubbled over into the Recorder. As a result, this page is devoted solely to passing on to you some of the experiences and impressions received by our students on the move. The first three have to do with the

## "Sharing Today To Shape Tomorrow"

To say that I was only favorably impressed with the Inter-Seminary Conference is indeed an understatement; the impression was overwhelming, especially regarding the contact made with other seminarians. The timidity and reserve first began to be replaced by a more warmhearted and inquiring response inside the small discussion groups, and from then on the atmosphere changed considerably. Throughout most of the day I noted classmates of mine in discussions with other seminarians. In my own personal experience I had a number of enlightening conversations with seminarians four and five years older than myself. Age was no barrier. After discussion meetings or conferences, in the corridors or in

line before the refectory, friends were made and views exchanged. If there had been no other highlight in the conference, the personal contact alone, I think, would have made our attendance more than worthwhile.

Frank Marfia  
I College

The trip to the Conference was a rewarding one for me. Sure, I got away from sem routine for a few hours and had a pleasant Sunday drive. But, more important, I learned a great deal, not only from the conference and discussions, but also from the many fellows I met there. I found out, to a degree, what was going on in other seminaries; I exchanged opinions with the other

fellows, thereby picking up more ideas. And I found in the example shown me at Sacred Heart, what SEMINARY SPIRIT ought to be like. Everyone, especially the Sacred Heart men, would go out of his way to introduce himself, show you around, start a discussion ... it made me feel rather guilty for not being as outgoing at first. I sincerely hope that we incorporate this great sem spirit here at St. Joe's.

Michael Murphy  
I College

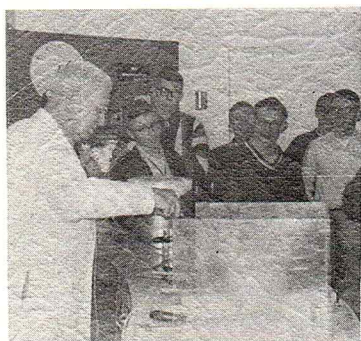
For me the conference held at Sacred Heart was a "spiritual shot in the arm." It was a reawakening, the end of a five year sleep, and a tremendous experience. Seminary

life had become dull through routine, but this was my fault, for I had let myself, through the years, fall into the empty complacent slot. But one short weekend in Detroit has changed all that. By talking, listening, and discussing problems of the modern Church with other seminarians, I could just feel the enthusiasm generated there and the awareness of the rapidly approaching priesthood. No longer did the priesthood seem so far off, no longer was the priesthood just beyond the horizon. Now the priesthood was beginning to dawn upon me, now the priesthood was beginning to shed its light upon me, now the priesthood was moving into focus for me.

Gerald Stein  
I College



When I first saw the museum, I was impressed most by its massive stature. Although I had been there before, I never realized how large

Travelers huddle around  
chemistry demonstration.

the building actually was until I tried walking around the outside of it for the purpose of taking pictures.

Once inside the museum proper, I found myself in an endless tangle of hallways, telephones, and push-buttons. The many exhibits enclosed within were very interesting and informative as well as colorful and often humorous. I was quite amazed at the number of clever commercials seemingly hidden under this form. Thanks to Fathers Rose and Bissot, I was able to see nearly every major section of this illimitable maze without getting lost.

Carl Shangraw  
II High

Fr. Rose and company take in an  
exhibit of automotive advancement.

Like everyone who went to the Museum for the first time, I didn't really believe those who said, "You just can't see it all in one day." I just knew I could do it!

Now it was lunch time and I had not seen nearly as much as I thought I would. But I decided to make sure none of the food went to waste.

Well, time to go. So off I went. "Man, those submariners must've had guts to go below in this thing..."



"Look at that cloud chamber..." "Sir, could you tell me where the coal mine is?"

I left with my mouth still wide open and didn't close it till I bit into those hamburgers on the way back.

No, I didn't see everything. I'll be back again sometime, though.

Mike Muskiewicz  
III High

