

Ed. by Chris Bubb

"CLOSE THE STREET"

On Oct. 16, one of the most unfortunate events occurred on the grounds of the University. It was something that no matter what year you are, it is a very real problem. A student, while crossing the infamous Linden St. raceway, was hit by a car. This is not the first such incident in the past years to occur here. For many years the Student Body has attempted to have Linden Street closed in view of like happenings. All such efforts have proved fruitless, as the city, state and citizens of Scranton have voiced opposition to the closing. Maybe now is the time the students tried again.

The need to have the street closed to traffic was seen many years ago. The students even then saw that their lives were put on the line every time they traversed the concrete jungle. Having guards there suppresses the flow to a degree, but does not eliminate the temptation of the driver that just HAS TO GET THROUGH from coming very close to injuring someone. This morning, a damp and wet as it was, proved to be the exception. Jim was lucky. He wasn't hit too seriously, but getting hit at all is the case here, not the severity of the accident. The next time might prove itself in something even more tragic than this incident.

Who is at fault? We all are. Everyone of us that at one time or another have voiced our grievances about the cars. The ones who collected money on Linden Street during the past Dance Marathons know what it is like to have a wild driver in the evening hours to come speeding up the hill and have to literally jump out of the way of the car, only to see the driver frown, thinking to himself, "Damn, I almost got him." Sure it might sound funny and MAYBE an exaggeration, but if you really think about it, the truth isn't far off. It's time the entire populace of the University Community thinks a little more. Maybe the next time, (God forbid) the victim won't be so lucky as to walk out of the hospital a few hours after it, with only a couple cuts and bruises. Maybe the next time it will happen to you or someone you know.

But that is not the point. The point is that it should not happen again. LINDEN STREET SHOULD BE CLOSED!

The city of Scranton now has the next move. The Board of Trustees has already allocated money to secure the proper safety apparatus for the extra capacity on Mulberry Street. It is possible for the Board of Trustees to put pressure in the necessary circles to have the situation re-examined. We ask them to do so. Numerous studies have been undertaken in the past if references are needed. The students want to be heard. This is the time and the place. Trustee Day is coming up on Nov. 23. Tell them that you're behind them. Let them know the situation if they don't already. Show them how bad it is. Show them you care.

Our purpose is the safety for the future students here at the University. This safety must be guaranteed. We must take the necessary safety steps. NOW.

castles in the air

i have seen the sunrise, the dawning
of the day
with rainbows glowing brightly, o'er
the bed in which i lay
i have heard your smile, through the
pain inside my mind
your touch is silent comfort, as you
lay here by my side
but then i ask you why, each day
should be so long
and so you answer clearly, each day
should be a song
of simply balanced rhythms, and
rhymes which harmonize
and it was at that moment, when you
made me realize
the fool i've blindly been, for sailing
on the sea
without a ship to captain, or eyes
to plainly see
the seagull floating easily, and those
castles in the air
and those lazy days of summer,
when i seemed always there
i'd love you for your sunshine, and
i'd like you for my wife
to be my blue skies, my blue eyes,
for the rest of my life
jerry grasso

**CHANGE THE
JOKE AND
BEAT THE YOKE**

by Dr. Louis D. Mitchell

(Dedicated to Dr. Mary Anne McCarthy who, during her full flights of fun, never dreams of bathing in running streams. She leans, like that tilting and tintured flower named after the sun, toward that celestial source of light and energy -- if Apollo does not govern over both or all of these things.)

Nostalgia, that area where dreams and realities meet and sullenly smile at the present, may not be after all as reviewed a fine mirror of past truths. Yet, nostalgia taken at least at one of its several levels is a yearning in part for a world portrayed in legend. In spite of Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women* some of the very best legends are jokes, and some of the best jokes are bar room jokes. Somehow the genre, consisting of braggardocio and black-slapping, peal forth from local folks who live uncomplicated lives. They meet in the saloon, the site of their type of town meeting, where long and short tales are spun, carded, and cut - tales of "I can do better than you." Jokes about sex and weight-lifting quality are not least among the verbal triumphs. Word pictures - colored by time and bias - why Jackie Robinson was or was not the best second baseman ever to play (even sometimes in spite of his race) rise into one's most engaging imationation.

Just recently, September 16, 1974, to be exact, a genuine bar room joke was played. Harry Bailey was not about to act as judge, of course, nor was the joke to be performed or told at the Tabard Inn. In fact, it all started at Fergusson's Bar near fifty-fifth Street and Eighth Avenue in New York City. The saloon's dim lights added their flickerings to the long train of illumination that

unrhythmically blink and fade up and down eternal Eighth Avenue which, like so few streets on earth, never hears "the curfew that tolls the knell of parting day." The most minor chord of the symphonic happening was that by the time the joke's consequence had jostled into the following day, it had lost the comforting qualities of that form of entertainment we call a joke. In fact, it had sadly shed itself of those elements which cling delightfully to the edges of play and fun, both of which are preparatory and therefore innocent.

Unfortunately the risible joke eventually became a modern complicated situation. Americans just do not seem to demand happy endings any more - they used to in old movies and westerns which Europeans and Africans presently escape into - but the country does have a craving for finished stories. Perhaps we all have been deceived, dizzied, and conned into a kind of chronic disbelief. We shall recover, perhaps, since memories are short and our natural bent for, and love of happiness are still lurking beneath the surface of our present taut-skinned dilemma. Vestiges of Calvinism - still entertained - are our ever sure defense. Recovery will take time, in spite of that quality's apparent thievery, along with a huge measure of hard work for our nation to overcome the disgust and suspicion that presently engulf us all. Meanwhile, there is no

need to despair, for free societies - if we remain just that - make much noise during repairs and alterations. Constituents of such bruised societies eventually learn to joke over again.

The lusty heroes of the joke about which I write were Mr. Lloyd and Mr. O'Hara. These two gentlemen stood side by side as bar room companions are apt to do, talking about swimming. Between and during drinks Lloyd from Canada boldly asserted that he had once swum the Channel, like so many other artisans of that aquatic cult. O'Hara from Scranton, similar to so many others given an apt Canterbury-Tale-like situation (not to be outdone) claimed with cocksure dignity that he was "a pretty good swimmer, too." So, as drinking companions bent upon bettering their proud words with deeds are prone to do under such testy weight the two animated gentlemen decided "to put their money where their mouths were."

They took a taxi over to the broad and shimmering Hudson River. They stripped and started to swim the wide distance toward the Scylla and Charybdis of New Jersey. They made it, of course. Lloyd, swimming *en papillon* (any type of crawl would have been stifling in those murky, foul waters), touched shore and swam back to the un-Capri-like Island of Manhattan. O'Hara shook

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In Their Opinion...

by Joseph P. O'Malley and Karen L. Pennington

A unique experiment has been carried to a successful conclusion by Mr. John R. Gavigan, Director of Student Personnel. Beginning with the foresight to look into the possibility of off-campus housing, our Student Personnel Office has carried out an idea which could save the University hundreds, if not thousands of dollars.

The concept took on a positive form a few years ago when the University began attracting a larger student body than ever before. At this time, a decision had to be made whether to build another dormitory, or to seek a better alternative. Dormitories tend to very expensive, and off-campus seemed an almost preposterous idea. It was an experiment at best, for there are many variables involved.

Would the cost factor be worth it? Could adequate housing be found, and if so, in what condition? In answer to the former question, primarily all students living in off-campus houses seem to be very happy in their new living quarters. In surroundings such as these, there appear to be many more possibilities for privacy. There also seems to be a greater level of maturity abounding from these homes, which we're sure everyone would agree is a great asset to any college student soon to enter the "hard, cruel world".

Not only are the students happy, but many U. of S. officials could not be more pleased. While these houses have been bought and renovated for student occupancy, it would not be at all difficult to rent or sell these apartments and homes to private individuals if enrollment should suddenly drop. To keep an empty dormitory on hand is not only bad for

morale, but would also have a spiraling downward effect on the financial success that the University is currently experiencing.

In answer to our latter question, that of the possibilities of finding adequate housing facilities, it seems that almost without exception an excellent job has been accomplished without anyone "selling their soul to the devil". As a perfect example, just about everyone knows the remarkable exteriors and interiors of both the Red and White Houses. Obtained in 1973, purchase price, estimated renovations and furnishings only comes to a combined price of \$52,000. For what the University obtained, someone sure made an excellent bargain!

Other questions may pop into one's mind, such as: How do the students feel about being separated from others living in the dormitories? And, how would the neighbors accept a group of students living on their block? Answers to these, and numerous other queries have been answered in the past year by remarkably affirmative responses. The complaints from neighbors are basically the same ones you hear from next door in the dorms; as for being segregated from those on the main campus, it isn't as far as it seems once you've traveled it four times a day for a couple of weeks!

Congratulations to Mr. Gavigan, Mr. Morton, and all others involved in the establishment of off-campus houses. Not only has the University benefitted by this understanding of existing conditions, but students lodged in off-campus houses, may appreciate facilities similar to a home environment.

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