

The Aquinas

Scranton's University

The AQUINAS welcomes last week's announcement by University and community officials that the scheduled appearance of a well-known anthropologist on campus (see story page three) will be disrupted.

As one official observed, "The University of Scranton cannot ignore its geographic placement. It is in Scranton and it must be of Scranton."

We agree completely. It seems that lately the University has been trying to deny this pivotal fact and, we contend, that is why she has been encountering recent problems.

We applaud measures such as the definition of WUSV as a public service rather than a student activity, as steps in the right direction. This University must re-establish correct priorities and make it undeniably clear that it is the community, which first and always, takes precedence.

If this commandment is kept in mind, the

solution to such problems as speakers and parietals becomes quite simple. The University need only determine the consensus of the community and then act accordingly. In fact, The AQUINAS endorses the establishment of some official means of determining this consensus. Perhaps a battery of phones could be set up in the basement of St. Thomas Hall and manned by a staff of secretaries who would make random calls to selected local citizens to learn their feeling on a particular matter. This would enable the administration to act immediately and would be considerably more efficient than the present system of delaying decisions until the wishes of the community are known.

Such a measure, it seems to us, is important enough to warrant immediate implementation. This University cannot be expected to flounder for long under the burden of functioning independent of the Scranton community, of making its own decisions.

Gavigan and McGoff

The selection of John Gavigan as the next President of the University (see story page one) brings renewed hope for the development of Scranton into an example of enlightened education for the rest of the nation.

President-elect Gavigan ran on a progressive platform which included a 100% increase in salary for the faculty and a 50% decrease in tuition for students. He also promised seats on the Board of Trustees to the officers of Student Government, the Editorial Board of The AQUINAS, and class and club presidents.

Such a platform, obviously, is both sound and refreshing and promises to put the University into a classification it has never been in before.

We are also particularly impressed with the new President's first appointment. Tom McGoff, like his boss, brings to the administration a perspective which has been sorely lacking.

We hope, however, that the team of Gavigan and McGoff not only offers an impressive

list of innovations (see story) but has the foresight and wisdom to keep present policies like the releasing of announcements important to students during vacations, and the standard 10% annual tuition increase, which work so effectively to make the University a community based on trust and understanding.

To complete the renaissance begun by Gavigan's appointment, The AQUINAS recommends that two gentlemen well-known for their cleaning-up policies, William Harrington, present Bookstore Manager, and Dominic Conrad, be given serious and speedy consideration for the office of Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences.

We feel that the selection of John Gavigan as the next President is proof that the University of Scranton is not as bad as it seems.

The AQUINAS wholeheartedly agrees with Gavigan's campaign motto. We indeed feel that "We Could Do Worse."

ED MITCHELL

SBP Comment

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the student body for their great vote of confidence in me. To those that voted for me I promise a return to the policies of 1967 and a receptive ear. To the seven students that did not vote for me I promise a year of hell.

To fulfill these promises, I have been meeting regularly with my forty-five man cabinet since my return to Scranton, and we have come up with the following programs:

Hermione Gingold in concert May 30th in the John J. Long Center.

A lecture by Professor Irwin Corey on "The Thermolabile Microbe," September 3rd.

Homecoming Fortnight, October 18-31, culminating Halloween night with the Lennon Sisters in an eight hour stand-up, sit-down concert. The concert will be preceded by a dinner-dance at All Saints Hall, Dunmore, featuring Myron Florin on the accordion and Norma Zimmer on the vocals. Tickets for the dinner dance and concert are \$30, \$35, and \$40. Block tickets may be purchased for \$175.

These plans, of course, mark the beginning of the operation of our bilge pumps. We will overcome our list and the "U of S" ship should soon be righted.

TIM CURTIS

A Duty

Over the summer I had the very unhealthy but necessary job of helping turn my brother over to the FBI because of his Black Panther affiliation. I believe that it is the duty of every American citizen to insure peace and democracy in this country. And blood ties should not be a hangup in these endeavors. I like my brother, but I always knew that he was psychologically unstable, and therefore a threat to society. He never liked the words "Negro" and "colored," he thought a lot of Martin Luther King, and he called himself black. Still, during this period of his deviation he was quite harmless. But when his wife told me he was a Panther, I knew he had become a menace.

Of course, I couldn't believe it at first, my brother being a Panther. And here I was working at night for the Citizen Militia (a group of clear-thinking loyalists who go about periodically checking neighbors' roofs for subversive activities). So, I decided to leave my job early one morning just before dawn to check up on my kin.

By the time I got to my brother's, his house was totally neoned by the glow of a searchlight coming from atop the armored personnel carrier which was nesting in the middle of the street. The house was completely surrounded by armed patrolmen and agents. I walked over to the police chief and asked what was going on. He told me that they had caught a "so-and-so-pinko." Well, I summarily told him that that pinko was my so-and-so brother. He immediately turned and was about to zap me with chemical mace when he noticed the YAF button on the lapel of my sport coat, automatically classifying me as a rational being and a Negro.

I told the chief that I could probably get my brother to surrender much easier than they. In order to reach the front door, I had to break through the ring of armed patrolmen that surrounded the house. I stepped behind the guy standing directly in front of the doorway holding a bazooka. I wanted to get his attention so that he would move and let me by. So, I tapped him a couple of times on his helmet. However, he must've thought me to be his buddy signaling him that the weapon was loaded and ready to fire. I reason this because two seconds after I tapped him on the helmet he pulled the trigger, thereby blowing out the door as well as throwing out his back. I noticed that neither were well put together.

As the troops stormed into the house, I collared the police chief again, asking him what were they looking for. He said that he knew my brother had a cache of arms hidden in his basement. I told the chief

that this was highly improbable considering that my brother's house had no basement. But the chief was undaunted. He ordered one wave of men to pound the floor with axe handles in search of the hidden trap door leading to the secret basement of arms; and another force he sent upstairs also looking for the basement. The chief reasoned that since basements aren't usually kept upstairs, that could very well be a likely place for my pinko brother to put it.

Meanwhile, the FBI had bound and gagged my brother and were starting to ask him question. My brother gave no reply to any of the questions, not even an epithet. This the agents had figured on, considering he was a Panther. I had figured on that, too, considering he was gagged. But knowing my brother, he probably wouldn't have said the right things anyway.

As I was up on the roof looking for any subversive activities, I saw my sister-in-law escorted into a patrol car. I later discovered she had used horrible language at the police. She had been complaining about how the police had devastated her kitchen to the point where she wouldn't be able to roast the pig for tomorrow's dinner. Naturally, upon hearing the phrase "roast the pig," all of the law officers went into complete hysteria.

By late morning I figured that I had done all I could. My brother had been caught red-handed. They hadn't found the cache of arms yet anywhere (though they did find a few knives in the silverware), but I was sure it would turn up sooner or later. I felt sort of sad turning in my brother that way. But I throw him no bouquets. He was demented. And as you can see it's hard enough doing away with one brother. Just think if our entire country ever became as provocative as he.

LETTERS . . .

Editor of the AQUINAS

Dear Sir:

As the mother of a commuter student at the University I am quite upset to hear that you students are now demanding parietals. The first night that my John stays out later than 11:30 I warn you students that I will personally search every dorm room on your campus looking for him. On top of that, when I find out what hussie he has in the room with him she'll get a talking-to from me that they'll hear in Minooka.

You students better realize that just because some administrators and faculty are behind all your craziness, you can't count on all of us people in Scranton tolerating such goings-on at our school.

Sincerely,

Irritated mother



The Aquinas

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