

# Marymount



MARYMOUNT COLLEGE, BOCA RATON, FLORIDA

NEWSLETTER/SPRING 1971

## 7th ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

On May 15, 1971 Marymount College conferred Associate in Art degrees and Certificates of Art on 152 graduates. Archbishop Coleman F. Carroll of Miami was the principal celebrant at the Baccalaureate Mass in the morning, with Rev. Gerard Fagan, president of Marymount, and Rev. Paul Manning, pastor of St. Joan of Arc Parish as con-celebrants.

The Commencement exercises began at three o'clock when the academic procession filed into Founder's Hall auditorium. Reverend Thomas Hoare, C.M., Rector of St. Vincent de Paul Seminary delivered the Invocation; Janna Howard sang "The Lord's Prayer"; Teresa Bynum acted as Class Salutatorian; Father Fagan welcomed graduates, parents, and guests and read a letter to the graduates from President Nixon. Dr. Roger H. Miller, Vice-President for Administrative Affairs at Florida Atlantic University delivered the major address; Dr. Justin Steurer, Academic Dean, presented the candidates; and diplomas were conferred by Mr. Milton F. Lewis, Chairman of the Board of Trustees.



TERESA BYNUM  
Class Salutatorian



SHARON MACRI  
Highest Ranking - Liberal  
Arts Curriculum



NANCY HEWITT  
"Archbishop Coleman  
Carroll Medal"



MARY BETH POSEN  
Highest Average -  
Business Curriculum



JEMETTE SARSON  
"President's Gold Medal"



MABEL ANDREWS  
Ford Foundation  
Scholarship



Reverend Gerard Fagan has announced the appointment of Mrs. Phyllis Michelfelder as Director of Development effective August 1971. Mrs. Michelfelder has served as Director of Development and Information Services for Finch College since 1969, and has held administrative posts at the University of New Hampshire, Rutgers University, Barnard College, Columbia University and Bennington College. She served in 1959-61 as associate director of Independent College Funds of America.

Mr. Robert F. McCabe, an investment banker from Boca Raton, has been elected Chairman of the Board of Regents of Marymount College. Mr. McCabe is with S.D. Lunt and Company and was formerly public relations and business development officer for the Boca Raton National Bank. A graduate of Syracuse University, he is a national director of the Syracuse University Alumni Organization and president of the Syracuse University Club of Fort Lauderdale.

# Marymount's New President

*"Let's face it, private education is a luxury item. When the economy is sound, private colleges thrive. If the private college is to survive it needs an economic transfusion."*

—The Rev. Gerard Fagan

The following is a reprint from the April 20, 1971 issue of the Palm Beach Post:

By Sandra Wesley  
Post Staff Writer

The Reverend Gerard Fagan leaned back in his chair and swiveled towards the draped window of his office overlooking the Marymount College campus.

"The cost of living, paying more money to faculty, rising tuition rates, all of this means private colleges are being placed beyond the reach of so many students," he said.

Father Fagan is the new president of Marymount College in Boca Raton, a private college which has come face to face with the rising cost of living and has been trying to do something about its own financial circumstances. He is also a Jesuit priest, "the only Jesuit president of a non-Jesuit institution," he said. "But other than that, there is nothing unique about my circumstances."

Circumstances have made him head of a two-year college, traditionally run by Roman Catholic nuns, which has an enrollment of 400 women and 18 men. Father Fagan is concerned with the current plight of private colleges. "By private, I mean not just Catholic or church-related colleges, but also privately endowed ones like Harvard and Yale. Harvard and Yale are having their financial troubles too," he chuckled. "I wish I had that kind of trouble."

Then he became serious. "Private institutions are as American as apple pie to coin a corny phrase. They existed before colonial times," he said, mentioning Georgetown University. "They're thoroughly American; they're fulfilling a very important role in the development of citizens in a democratic society. The right to attend the school or college

of your choice is guaranteed by the Constitution. Placing any impediment in the exercise of that right is a denial of the right. For example, people who send their children to a private elementary school are being doubly taxed because they pay not only tuition for their child's education in the private school but also taxes for the public schools."

He believes the solution is government aid to the private school or aid to the parents.

"Without assistance from federal government, private education is in grave danger."

Father Fagan termed the situation of small private colleges critical.

"A number of factors threaten the existence of the private college. There's the rising cost of living, which means we have to pay our faculties more money, which in turn could mean raising our tuitions. Another major factor is the rapid growth of state, tax-supported universities."

He said tax-supported universities do perform an essential service by providing quality education to a broad spectrum of the population. "If they didn't exist, I don't know where these people would go for their education," he said. "I wouldn't like to see only private education. But the tax-supported universities are putting the squeeze on the private school. For one thing, they can pay higher salaries and offer more fringe benefits. Thus, they can attract more faculty members. Stock market reversals mean parents are less able to pay for their youngster's education in a private college, and benefactors and alumni are less able to contribute gifts. Let's face it, private education is a luxury item. When the economy is sound, private colleges thrive. If the private college is to survive it needs an economic transfusion."

At Marymount College, Father Fagan is trying to do what he can to provide that transfusion. "We're not immune to financial problems here," he says with a wry smile.

Marymount College is only a little more than eight years old and during those years buildings have sprouted up on campus which have created a nucleus of debts which make the small college's situation more tenuous than Harvard or Yale. Father Fagan's solution to the financial woes of the small college is to operate within a tight budget and at the same time try to build up the enrollment for next year. He admits the major concern of the college is meeting the obligations and debts it has incurred.

"All those buildings cost money," he said. "If we didn't have an accumulated debt we'd be doing beautifully." His solution, like the solution of most private colleges, lies in a recruitment program to increase student enrollment.

"I haven't worked as hard or as intensively in my life as I've worked since I came here five months ago," he said. "I've been trying to make a prudent evaluation of the college. I've been doing my homework, but just getting to know the faculty and students takes time."

Father Fagan came to Marymount five months ago from Fordham University, a four-year Jesuit institution with an enrollment of 13,000. At Fordham he was assistant to the president, and he served as student personnel director in charge of counseling and psychological services. He says the transition from the huge institution to a small one was a pleasant one.

"The small institution increases my possibility of getting to know everyone. I've come to know many of the students, but unfortunately I've been taken up with other facets of my responsibilities so I haven't been able to spend as much time with the students as I'd like. Being here has been a very happy experience. I'm getting closer to what education is all about, the exchanging of ideas."

Father Fagan believes there's a definite place in education for the fundamental basis of Christian morality. "We'll hold to the traditional Christian values here but at the same time be broadminded enough to adjust to change according to the needs of students."

"I intend to stay in Boca Raton this summer," he said, "and really enjoy the climate, the town, the people. I want to walk on the beach do some fishing . . ."

Then he turned serious again: "We have a nice bunch of young people here. I feel deeply obligated to overextend myself . . . to make Marymount a good place for them."



# CAMPUS NEWS

Marymount's tennis team retains its State Championship title after a decisive victory in the Florida Junior College tournament in Miami on April 2 and 3. Coach Peachy Kellmeyer's team racked up a total of 14 points against 9 points for its closest rival, Miami Dade North.

From March 29 through April 1 the college observed a "Week of Challenge", involving guest lecturers, open classes, group discussions, and a Career Day. Panels on "The Realities of Marriage and Childcare", the "Search for Identity", "Drug Abuse and Alcoholism", were directed by experts in these fields. Representatives from various professions and businesses spoke with interested students about future careers. The program culminated in a lecture by Susan B. Anthony on the topic: "Woman - Past and Present".

Two Marymount professors recently delivered major addresses at meetings off-campus. Dr. Justin Steurer, Academic Dean, appeared as guest lecturer in the Humanities series at Virginia Interment College in Bristol, Va. on March 15. His topic was "Looking at the World from a Christian Viewpoint". Dr. Jules Belford of the philosophy department delivered a paper at the 63rd annual meeting of the Southern Society for Philosophy and Psychology in Athens, Ga. on April 19. Dr. Belford spoke on "A Physicalistic Approach to the Problem of Other Minds".

The Guild, Marymount's drama club, has had a busy season. On March 18 and 19 they presented three one-act plays. "Riders to the Sea" was directed by drama instructor Mickey McNelis. The other plays, "Fumed Oak" and "Save Me a Place at Forest Lawn", were student directed by sophomores Dorothy Ford and Teresa Bynum. The major production of the year was "Sweet Charity" on May 5, 6, 7, and 8. Freshman Chrissy Bonanno captivated the audience with her dramatic, singing, and dancing ability in the role of Charity. Other featured players were Debbi Agganis, Cathy Becker, Bob Calder, Drew Eaton, Wade Gross, Eileen Garcia, Susie McKinstry, and John Wright. Miss McNelis directed the performance; Mrs. Dawn Wright handled the choreography, and Mr. Robert Bagdon took charge of the musical direction.



Five graduates of the Class of '71 have completed their course of study in Radiologic Technology at Bethesda Hospital in a co-operative program between the hospital and the college. Pictured are Pat Seifert, Nancy Comstock, Carmen Poll and Mary Lou Brett with Mr. Pearce, program director. (Debbie Schamback missed the picture.)

Marymount's Swim Marathon took place this Spring with the usual high level of enthusiasm and participation. The Patton Hall team took the coveted trophy by being first to reach fifty miles in continuous laps. Coach Karen D'Antonio praised both the swimmers and the "fans" at poolside for their spirit and stamina!

# "JUST A LITTLE LOVE"

by

ROGER H. MILLER

*Vice-President, Administrative Affairs  
Florida Atlantic University*

father President, Mr. Lewis, Distinguished Guests, members of the faculty and administration, lovely and charming and handsome graduates, devoted and proud parents, and dear friends all of Marymount College:

What I ask of you for the next few minutes is that you are with me some private thoughts about some private and public problems.

Sometimes we can reduce a problem as to size, intensity, and persistence by learning and realizing that it is common andorrisome to others.

Those of you graduating today, and tradition and convention dictates that it is you to whom I should principally speak, each has a complex of private and personal anxieties.

Each of you at this signal point in your progress is and must be concerned with questions of greater or lesser terror and lesser or greater promise which might be summed up as what is ahead? Will I succeed? Will I be happy? Will I meet Prince Charming? Will I marry? Will I have children? Do I love what it takes? Will life take what I have?

It is likely that each of you is lonely at least at times and more fearful of the future than you would admit even to your best friend. But while you may be lonely you are not alone. What you feel and what you fear are simply part of what we can term the human condition. I assure you that there are those older than yourselves who are sometimes bewitched, bothered and bewildered — sometimes uncertain not only of the future, but of the present, lonely in outlook and fearful of the future — but let us drop our guard and share our thoughts.

So that you can't miss the message, let me tell you in so many words that those of us over 30, who pause long enough to do so, can vividly recall the same fearings and feelings that go bump in your nights now.

The other evening to please my wife I took her to see "Love Story". Candidly, I had a secret desire to see it because the media had got through to me that the movie would go on and on until a few die-hards, like myself, had gotten out of our cocoons and come to see it. Then we could thereafter be untempted by anything other than "Freak-out on Dope Street" or "Night of the Worm People".

Those of you in my age bracket will know instantly what I meant when I said to my wife, upon wading out of the theater through six inches of Kleenex and the chorus of teenage girls outdoing one another in sinus-clearing sobs, "that was an up-dated Dark Victory and Camille."



The point is simply that there is nothing new. It is highly unlikely that there can be anything new — in human inter-relations.

Would you like me to review "Love Story". I shall do so to make my point.

Oliver, rich, to the manner born, criminally handsome, Protestant, admirable athlete, meets Jennifer, poor, with a pizza for a coat of arms, Catholic, beautiful, great shape and a dirty mouth. She taunts him and haunts him and pretends she doesn't care. Oliver counters with a dare to put it all together in his room. The only antic as antique as Oliver's approach is Jennifer's response. They travel together to confront Oliver's Daddy Warbucks. Mutually turned off they visit Jenny's father where they put down the church and incidentally God. Shades of Robert Taylor and Greta Garbo.

But there's more. Oliver makes Order of the COIF in his limited spare time while Jenny is working in the library stacks, graduates and accepts a position with New York's number one law firm, moves into a \$700 per month apartment. Life is almost beautiful when Jenny develops lightning leukemia and staggers to her death bed where she looses off the rest of her scatological vocabulary, gets Oliver to agree to a Catholic funeral and dies.

What do you say about a 25 year old girl who has no place to go when she dies?

Well the point is the story isn't new. It isn't even life. It isn't even love.

Let's leave Oliver and Jennifer and talk about you and real life and real love.

Life is going on this moment for more than three billion people. Everyday just now about 150,000 more babies are born than the total of old and young dying on the same day. God only knows what the net daily increase would be by now had mankind not managed to kill, by violence, mainly war, about 60 million males in the last two centuries. What might it be if daily an estimated 80,000 Indians, Pakistani, South Asians and various others did not die of starvation and famine-caused diseases. This is life.

If things go on until you graduates are my age — and if they

on't go on but are stopped by a cataclysmic stroke of madness, we have no theme — there will be two living people for every one of us alive today. This staggering prospect is inevitable even though the incidence of famine, plague, and road scale violence will predictably increase and destroy at least a million lives each year until the calendar reads Year of Our Lord 2000 — after which it will pick up speed and lead out of control. This is life. Real life.

It is too much to expect to comprehend fully what I have just said. It is quite beyond mental acceptance, but we can try. Unless we who are fortunate enough to have been exposed to advanced education stretch our minds to take in our appreciation of where we are and where we are headed there is but a hurried and horrendous chapter or two to finish the story of mankind on earth.

Let us apply ourselves to a few facts. It now appears that man, in recognizable form has been stumbling around this cosmically trivial planet for no more than 20,000 years. After 19,500 of those years there were about as many humans on the entire earth as now live in Tokyo. After 9,800 of those years there were about as many humans on the entire earth as now live in China. Much of modern science — mainly sanitation, antiseptics and medicine has had the effect of causing this life force to rocket upward and onward.

We see evidences of this booming, bursting human increase in the startling changes in natural resources and land use here and abroad. Without belaboring the much played popular topic of pollution let us clearly perceive in its unpleasantness a direct product of soaring and unplanned and unplanned for population increase. This is life. Real life.

What can you do about over population and its consequent exhaustion and pollution of our natural resources and environment? How can you be expected to or expect to change the world?

That brings us to you and love, real love. You will have anticipated that almost nothing has been so often, so steadily, so profoundly, so superficially, spiritually, mundanely, so loftily, so lowly, so rightly, and so wrongly considered, contemplated, pondered, debated, dued, sung, acted, thought over, fought over, as love. But once more into the breach dear Horace. We must, we should, we will benefit ourselves, others and our world by learning and teaching real love.

With respect for your intelligence we need to identify and define what love is and what it is not. Perhaps, first of all we need to recognize that love is. God save me from a world without it.

Love is giving. It is a giving with a whole heart with no thought of return or reward other than a warm and wonderful feeling in our mind and soul. It is a giving of self in terms of time, effort, sacrifices or whatever one has that can better the life of another. Love is never demanding.

The authorities on the subject of love are so nearly innumerable that high courage or rigid selectivity is called for before wading into the bottomless bibliography.

St. Paul, that peripatetic purveyor of the word, wrote in a letter to the Corinthians one of the most noted and known descriptions of love.

Translated many times and finally in my own version, he said, "Though I have the eloquence of the Greeks and the voice of an angel, and have not love, what I say means no more than beating a brass gong or ringing a bell. And though I know all things past, present, and to come and I understand the mysteries of life, the entire knowledge of science, and though I have faith sufficient to move mountains and have not love, I am nothing. And though I give all my worldly goods to be sold to feed the poor and though I surrender my body to be burned rather than forsake a conscientious conviction it profits me not at all. Love is patient and kind, never envious nor jealous. Love is never boastful nor puffed-up. Love is never rude nor selfish. It takes no offense. It stores no resentment. Love takes no joy in sin, but only joy in truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things and endures all things. Love never fails."

You see, you are the most advanced layer of humanity in the whole history of the world. You have become the highest hope of mankind through force of time and the efforts of yourself, your teachers, friends, and parents and all those who have gone before you.

You are the pinnacle of the human pyramid. Living at some as yet undetermined point of the temporal continuum in a world which today has both bushmen and spacemen. It is the very most natural of thoughts and emotions in those who have given you birth and given you knowledge to look to you as the new hope, the best hope of our age.

It seems to me that we are all embarked on the same journey with more and more passengers getting on at every stop. All of us with a single and identical destination. Though we terminate our journey at different points all of us arrive finally at the same place. Then should we not while we travel in this world, make the trip more bearable, more pleasurable for everyone including ourselves, by respecting and regarding our fellow travelers. By making room where there is room to be made. By not dirtying and not wasting the only world we have. By sharing bread with those who have not enough. By showing some concern for the weak and the sick, the young and the old, the blind and the lame.

Love is not indulgence. Love is trust. The Great Teacher himself gave us but two principal laws, and they are to love God and to love our neighbor. If we could but observe, obey and follow the Master in these two commandments, the problems and perplexities, the agonies and the anxieties which loom so large would become small indeed and we would become bigger in the process. By all means at all times think on and live by these commandments. Do what you can to replace violence and vulgarity with concern and courtesy.

It is my hope, it is the hope of your teachers, it is the hope of your parents, that you Marymount graduates are persons who can better provide the essential and most often missing ingredient in modern civilized life — just a little love.

## A FRANK APPEAL TO OUR FRIENDS

The following is an abridgement of a leaflet written by Francis C. Pray for the American Alumni Council:

### The Magic of the Small Gift

"There is a world of power and helpfulness in Big Gifts. But there is a special magic in small gifts when they have a special meaning for the giver.

Big gifts are the key to attainment of distinction of the private college, but these institutions would be poorer in spirit as well as in means without the outpouring of small gifts which represent a sort of magic all their own.

Someone once asked: "How big should my gift be to be significant?" A wise administrator replied: "Big enough to be significant to you, the donor." No other measure has validity. In the best sense, there are no "small" gifts, but only gifts which are regarded as being small or large by the donor.

If there is hesitation about making a small gift because there is a feeling that the gift is lost in the larger sums given by others, remember that in the building every brick bears an equal load. The gift which buys a single brick is as significant in the completion of that building as the major gift which buys an entire wing, because every brick is needed!

The "small" gift may supply the equivalent of a week's board, the books required for a chemistry course, or dinner on a Tuesday night. To the boy or girl eating dinner provided through that gift, the small gift may mean just the difference. Help to a student is expressed in support for a room, individual meals day after day, learning materials, tuition and fees, and these things have to be paid for in real dollars, day by day, meal by meal, book by book.

The gifts to a college which contribute most meaningfully to the success of the institution are those which represent and are accompanied by the donor's warm regard and concern for its welfare. Give whatever you give with pride. Gratitude for your support is not measured by the size of the gift but truly by its significance as measured by you."

Marymount College needs your help. And we are turning to those who have helped to bring this college into being by their generous support and asking them to save and strengthen it now. We need your contributions; we need your concern and good will; and we are not ashamed to tell you how much we need them NOW. The college is yours as much as ours. Please re-read the article on page two for a clear idea of our financial crisis, and then please do what you can to help keep Marymount going. We think it is worth the effort; please show us you think so too.



**MARYMOUNT COLLEGE**  
Boca Raton, Florida 33432

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