

THE AUGUSTINIAN

“Over 750 served”

Issue 2

October-November 2010

Saint Augustine High School

The Beautifully British Brother Barney



Photo Credit: Bobby Reedholm



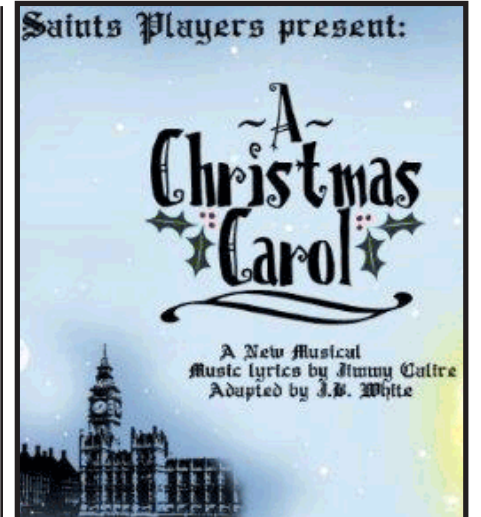
By Michael Ebeling ('11)
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
and Paul Williams ('11)
VIEWPOINTS EDITOR

He entered the room and sat down. There was a unique humbleness in his composure that belied the sort of command he held over the attention of his audience. Relaxed, yet poised, he began the account of his life rather matter-of-factly, from his days shooting Kalashnikov rifles (AK-47's) in the dunes of Pakistan to the precarious journey he once took of flying from Ulan Bator to Osaka. An apparent globetrotter, he's lived everywhere from Tokyo to Scotland, Pakistan to his native Worcester, England. But, who exactly is this Brother Barnaby Johns, whom many of us first noticed adding a jazzy saxophone to the mix during mass? We intended to find out.

“Everything sort of came down to [working in] California,” he explained. “I spoke with Fr. Sanders, and he told me I could either go to [the Augustinian school at] Ojai, or Saints, but that I could do much more at Saints.”

Since arriving here, he's mostly worked behind the scenes: subbing for teachers, practicing with the 32nd Street Jazz Band, and organizing the World Youth Day trip in August (a trip he describes with high praise; he hopes many Saintsmen will join him.) Yet, his presence at Saints is undeniable as his black robe is seen floating from classroom to classroom throughout the school day. He's involved himself in many of the Saints peripherals, intramurals and such. An avid sportsman, he's played a few tennis games out on the courts at Morley field with the Saints team and goes surfing with Deacon Hardick on occasion. In case you were interested in “hanging ten” with him, though,

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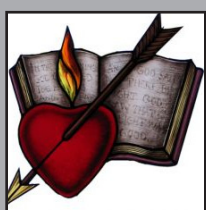
Thursday, Nov. 11, 7 p.m.
Friday, Nov. 13, 2 & 7 p.m.
Saturday, Nov. 14, 2 p.m.
@Coronado High School

Most of us know the story of Scrooge in the classic Charles Dickens story, *A Christmas Carol*, but it took the vision of 70's rocker Jimmy Calire to turn it into a musical! The Saints Players proudly present, for the first time since it's premier, *A Christmas Carol: The Musical!* This musical features the classic Dickens story with all of it's humbug and good cheer. Nick Hessling ('13) headlines as Scrooge in this brand new play along with the versatile Irish Giron ('12) as Marley, the Ghost of Christmas Present and Old Joe, Kristian Castaneda ('13) as Fred, Michael Cali ('13) as the Narrator and Mr. Fezziwig, Cole Rougas ('13) as Bob Cratchit, Mike Rougas ('14) as Young man Scrooge and Andrew Leyva ('13) as Topper. These Saintsmen are accompanied by an orchestra highlighted by Alberto Serrano ('14) on violin and Tom Davies ('12) on piano. So why not see this wonderful new musical for yourself? 🎭

—By Michael Cali

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By Mark Wolford ('13)
STAFF WRITER

We all recognize Homecoming. The music, the dates, the dress—all of these and more are huge factors in our Homecoming. But the Homecoming we know today is a distant relative of the dances held in the 40s and 50s. In many regards, the dance has changed as much as the campus itself.

Looking back into the 40s, you will see an entirely different Saints campus. The student body is a quarter of its modern size, priests teach every class, and the only buildings we would recognize are the chapel, monastery, and Vasey Hall. In the midst of World War II, many things were rationed, and many simple needs couldn't be met. But the school remained focused on the students. It even strived in giving its young men the chance to forget themselves and the war for a night.

The sheer number of dances they held back in the day was impressive in itself: about one per month.

“We had so many dances, my folks proposed to just buy a tux instead of renting one repeatedly,” said Fr. Neeley, class of '45.

During their time on the dance floor, students would listen to swing jazz and dance the jitterbug in

near-unison. Not unlike today, the dancers would sometimes form a circle to give couples a chance to impress the crowd. Another aspect of those times was the use of dance cards, a tradition in which guys would sign each other's cards when they wanted to dance with their dates for a song. Most Saintsmen wore a regular suit and tie; some would go even go out of their way and rent a tux. But

only the truly brave would wear a “Zoot Suit”. Complete with a hat (and feather), a massive coat, and pants you can pull up to your chest, this is the uniform for any serious dancer. The ladies would wear colorful, striking dresses. You had to be of a certain grade to go to scheduled dances, much like our own Prom and its counterpart, Morp. For ex-

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Saints Homecoming dance in 1944. My, how times have changed...

Teacher Feature: Mr. Weber, Renaissance Man



By Brian Maloy ('11)
STAFF WRITER

It was during my sophomore year that I walked into Mr. Weber's classroom for the first time. When I entered his room, I had no idea that I was actually going to read the entire English Anthology book that I had been lugging around all day, act out the scenes from Beowulf, and memorize Shakespeare's Sonnet 29, nor did I know much about Mr. Weber. But as the year progressed, I grew to know him: his sense of humor, his stories about college and his tales of the Navy. A year after my sophomore year I ventured back into his room, once again to hear his wisdom. After talking with him for about 45 or so minutes, I began to see that everybody has a story. This is his.

Long before Mr. Weber taught at Saints, he was born in Cincinnati. After his birth, he lived and was raised in a small, bucolic town that was close to Loveland, Ohio. He acted in high school and eventually attended the University of Notre Dame on a Navy ROTC scholarship. After graduating with degrees in Physics and English he was commissioned as an officer in the submarine force, where he served on three different nuclear submarines. His favorite assignment was to the USS Benjamin Franklin (SSBN640), where he worked as Navigator and Operations Officer. Besides talking about arranging a port visit in Barbados, he didn't elaborate on his naval experience because many of the things he did are still top secret and therefore he said, "I'd have to kill you if I told you." He taught at Saints for a year in 1998-1999 before attending seminary school.



A true jack-of-all-trades, Mr. Weber is great at curling, calculating, and composing.

Photo Credit: Bobby Reedholm

After discovering that the priesthood was not for him, he was hired as a full time substitute at OLP. On Thanksgiving of that year, Father John Sanders died, leaving open a teaching position for which Mr. Weber was hired. Since being hired, Mr. Weber has taught Religion, AP Physics, English IV, English III, and Honors English II, which he created. I asked him which class was his favorite to teach.

"I have a passion for both [English and physics]. If I had to choose between the two, don't take my physics!"

I was able to go watch Mr. Weber sing in

his choir during the 2008 Christmas holidays and I could easily compare him to Andrea Bocelli. He not only sings but also is one of the founders the Curling Club in San Diego and is actually quite good at it. Although his team has made the playoffs, he still says he can improve considerably. He enjoys cooking, reading and watching T.V. as well. His favorite movie is Casablanca, which he encourages every Saintsman to watch. If he had an actor play him in his movie, it would be Chris Farley. He would say Jack Black, but he would just be stealing the idea from Mr. Christian da Luz. I

asked him what he would do for fun if he were stranded on an island.

"I would hope it would be a tropical island instead of the straights of Magellan. I would probably pass time by reading the Bible, Star of the Unborn, and the Complete Works of Shakespeare."

Mr. Weber has a place in his heart for Saints that is stronger and more substantial than any other I have seen. His favorite Saints tradition is the weekly Mass because "[w]e are reminded of who we are and what we are about by being able to share the Eucharist." Throughout our interview he constantly reminded me that every student, teacher, and faculty member mean the world to him.

"Have no doubt that I love every Saintsman. Even though I may get flustered, I will always love the Saints atmosphere, a community centered on family and I feel blessed to be here."

Mr. Weber's care for his students and fellow staff does not go unreciprocated. Students around campus shared that they have been blessed to be able to have Mr. Weber.

"He offers a new perspective to literature, and even though we read stories written in the 1950's, they are as interesting and exciting to me as Homecoming will be this weekend," said Andrew Angulo.

Teachers also feel as though their Saints experience as staff members would be incomplete without Mr. Weber.

"Although I work with students all day," said Mrs. MacVay, "it is my interactions with other teachers, especially Mr. Weber, that help make the 6 A.M. trip to school bearable."

Spots on Campus No Saintsman Has Gone Before

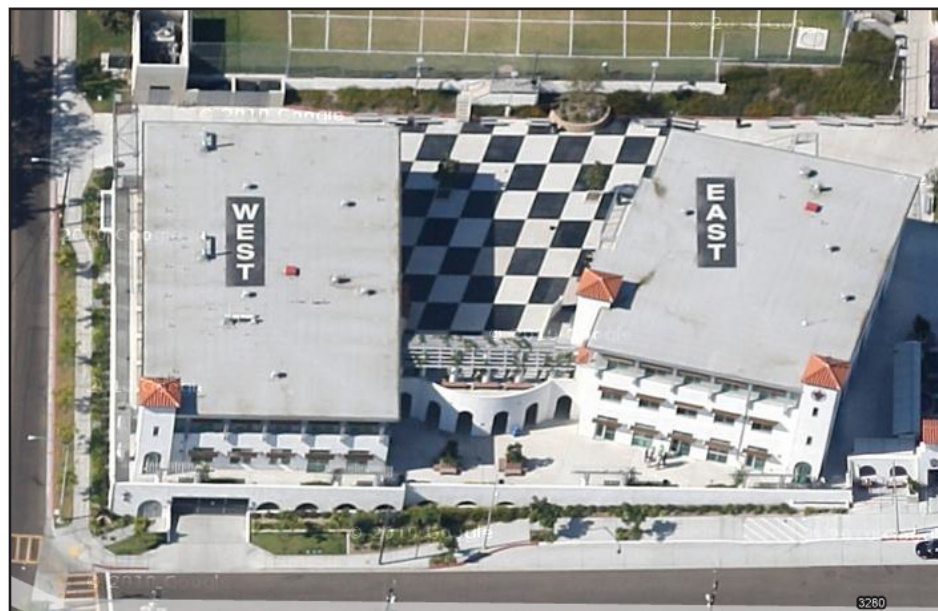


By Cole Schenewerk ('13)
STAFF WRITER

Have you ever wondered where those mysterious doors lead? What is that tall door in the corner of Mr. Bernens's room? What is that second door in Miss Bayer's office? The Augustinian gained exclusive access to these remote locations on campus and exposed their secrets.

In Mr. Bernens's room, there is a thin, tall door that goes nearly to the ceiling. It is always locked, and Mr. Bernens is one of the few who has the key. What does he keep behind this door? Is it a secret torture chamber where he punishes actors who forget their lines? Could it contain a secret passage? In fact, when the school was first built, Mr. Bernens was told that he was not to put anything in it and that it was not for him to use. Sometimes, when the room was quiet, you could hear the sound of dripping and running water emanating from the closet. So what is the school hiding?

I asked Mr. Bernens to see the inside of the closet. As he turned the key in the lock, I trembled with anticipation. He opened the door and showed me what lay inside. It was only a drain. Last year, Mr. Bernens was finally given permission to use the closet for his own purposes. He has since put some boxes in the closet and a few rolls of paper. Since he suspects that the pipe drains condensation from the air conditioning units on the roof,



The rooftops of Villanova and Mendel Halls as shown by Google Earth. Note the words "WEST" and "EAST" printed on the top. No joke!

the items touching the floor are ones that will not be harmed by a little water. Mr. Bernens's closet isn't all that exciting.

Ever wondered where the second door in Miss Bayer's office leads? We all know that the door on the left leads to Mr. O'Beirne's office. Yet even fewer have seen what lies behind the door on the right. Where does it lead? What lies behind it?

If you spend much time in the guidance center, you know that one of the doors leads to a conference room, with big, comfy office chairs and a long table. There is a set of double doors that connects the conference room to the rest of the guidance center, but on the opposite end of the room there is another door, one that is almost never opened. Where does it lead? You guessed it—Miss Bayer's office. In fact, there is a small room between them, which also contains a bathroom.

There is a non-

descript door in the middle of a hallway on the first floor of Mendel Hall. It looks just like any other door in the hallway, but what lies behind it is anything but normal. Every computer nerd on campus drools before this door, for it is the entrance to Coach Ozdowski's domain. The front serves a simple office. The wall-to-wall desks are cluttered with papers and a laptop here and there, but it is what lies in the back that is truly spectacular. There is the school's nerve center, a giant mainframe, with dozens of blue network cables sprouting from its side. Humming quietly, it serves up dozens of terabytes of data to computers all over the school.

Have you ever looked up Saints on Google Earth? If so, you know that Villanova and Mendel Halls have the words "WEST" and "EAST" painted on the roof. Is there a reason for this? Of course there is. The words serve to identify the buildings in case of a disaster. If the police or fire department ever needed to identify the buildings in an emergency, they can easily refer to them as the west building or the east building.

So now you know where those mysterious doors lead, but just because you know where they go doesn't mean you are allowed to go there. So don't try to walk from the conference center into Miss Bayer's office, because there are some places not meant for students' eyes.

► Blast From Past

Continued from Page 1

ample, one dance event was called the "Halo Hop," but it was only accessible to seniors. But Sir remarks, "As it is today, there were opportunities for all students to participate."

With the 50s came Elvis, Ricky Nelson, and Johnny Cash. Music swung to a fast beat as rock 'n roll and the blues moved the masses. Such songs as "The Twist" and "Hand Jive" were played while students danced The Stroll and The Bop (the 50s' equivalent of the "dougie").

America and the rest of the world was re-viving after the effects of World War II, and fashions and hair styles became more and more individualized and manicured. You wouldn't be surprised to see guys come onto the dance floor of the gym with hair meticulously shaped in waves or even combed back over their heads—Fr. Neeley recalls this memorable hairstyle being called a "sham." For the ladies, it was standard to have their hair styled in perfect curls and flips.

The dances, though, was minimally decorated compared with the dances today, with only a few streamers and balloons. However, the amount of work that went into our dances was much more extensive and coordinated in the past.

"It was the Juniors who planned the dance back then" said Deacon Hardick ('57).

The music played was always performed by a live band, usually made up of Saintsman.

In addition to the dance, the other events surrounding Homecoming were also widely celebrated. The attendance for away games has always been high in Saints' history, but the Homecoming game was the favorite of most of the students. The rally in which the Homecoming Queen would be crowned was also very popular. However, there were both boy and girl cheerleaders instead of only girls.

Another major difference concerns freshmen beanies and Homecoming. Back then they had to wear their beanies for the entire football season, which meant their heads would have been covered during the Homecoming dance as well.

The Homecoming dance certainly has undergone significant changes over the course of Saints history. Who knows? Maybe in 50 years, someone will write an article about the way we do dances today.



Did you ever wonder where that mysterious door in Student Services leads? Photo Credit: Mr. Vladimir Bachynsky

Saints Trends: Vans vs. Nikes

By David Lloyd ('13)
STAFF WRITER

The average person will go through dozens of pairs of shoes during their lifetime. With so many brands available, it seems obvious that any large group of people can be observed wearing a variety of different shoes. We Saintsmen, however, are not like the average person, which can be seen simply by staring at everyone's feet, at which point you soon realize that our choice of shoe is very, let's say, limited. When walking around campus it's easy to see that our feet are dominated by two brands, Vans and Nike. While there might be perfectly good reasons to wear both, what we really want to know is which one is superior, and which brand better exudes sheer awesomeness.

To start off, let's look at Vans. Despite their simple design and minimal advertising (compared to Nike), these shoes have

been one of the most popular brands in the country, and have been the dominant footwear at Saints for the last few years. The question, though, is why? To find out, I asked Alex Swider, a loyal (obsessed?) Vans fan who has been wearing them for 9 years.

"They're more fashionable, first of all," Alex proudly said, "and I think they're easier to get on and off than other shoes." As a Vans-wearer myself I have to agree with Alex, as I continue to wear them because they are lightweight, simple, and the canvas material they are made of makes them very comfortable. For many people like Alex it's the huge selection of different colors and designs that make Vans the most appealing option; really, who else can give you a pair of shoes with koi fish on them? Answer: no one.

Nike, however, has been successful despite this stiff competition, as many saintsman wear Nikes all the time. One of the primary reasons that these shoes are so popular at Saints is because many students are athletes, and flimsy Vans are simply unable to fulfill their athletic needs. To perform at "Tom Hart level," one needs the strength and support provided by a pair of Nike cleats or running shoes. As a work-



SEE Vans vs. Nikes, pg 8

Behind the Wheel with Mr. Cudal

By Stephen Grosse ('13)
STAFF WRITER

Amid a sea of Ford Explorers and Honda Civics in the staff parking lot, one car stands out. It is none other than Mr. Cudal's Mercedes-Benz C 230, more commonly recognized as the silver bullet peeling out of the teachers' parking area. Not only does this luxury sedan have good looks, it gets the job done, too, with its 192 horsepower engine.

Owning a Mercedes is all about image, and this car certainly has it. This sleek, four-door sedan has high society written all over it. The chrome trim and grill add to the luxury sedan look and of course the un-

forgettable Mercedes-Benz symbol hood ornament.

Mr. Cudal doesn't let just anyone keep this car shining; he washes and waxes it himself. His hard work has paid off, though. He was making his usual visit to a luxurious hotel in Palm Springs and handed his keys to the valet driver. Hotels will usually put the inferior cars (minivans, SUV's, you fill in the blank) in the back of the valet parking lot and leave the spaces in front for the "Rolls" and "Lambos". But when Mr. Cudal came out of the hotel he was surprised to see his very own Mercedes parked in the front of the lot! This wasn't the first time that his car was recognized for its beauty. It won "Best in Show" at a student-led car show right here at Saints.

Why a Mercedes-Benz C 230? Mr. Cudal told me it was the car's safety, reliability, engineering, looks, responsiveness and sound system that won him over and led him to the fast and beautiful C 230. 🍷



Photo Credit: Bobby Reedholm

ASB UPDATE

By Reilly Marin ('11)
CAMPUS LIFE EDITOR

The ASB is as good as you make it: communicate with us!

It's easy to write about the ASB and praise the work we do as an organization. We are organized, focused, and creative when it comes to making your Saints experience unique and unforgettable. However, your ASB faces a great issue far beyond the walls of Room 105, and it exists in the mindset of every Saintsman. One of ASB's great issues is YOU.

ASB means Associated Student Body, a representative form of government for the students and by the students. The relationship between Joe Saintsman and each ASB officer is critical. Joe Saintsman is supposed to talk to his officers or homeroom representative, voicing his concerns and ideas for new and exciting initiatives on campus. I know that every Saintsman has thought of at least one thing that Saints could do to make our school and extra-curricular events more fun and interesting. Take advantage of your school's representative government and talk to your officers. We can't properly serve you, Joe Saintsman, if you never communicate your ideas to us.

You may be thinking, "So what if I tell them a great idea. They're not going to do anything about it!" Well, the faculty and staff at Saints has beat you to the punch. Teachers were frustrated with morning announcements, since they were too long and difficult to hear. We invited them in for a roundtable discussion, and we discussed the issues and listened to their concerns. From this single roundtable discussion the video announcements were born. The initiative of the Saints faculty and staff to better our school resulted in those ever-hilarious and entertaining video announcements. They have grown to match and exceed the quality of Cathedral's highly funded CCTV. Just imagine what your ideas for Saints could lead to!

"Well, I don't really know about anything that we need to fix or change at Saints. I have no reason to talk to the ASB officers

SEE ASB UPDATE, pg 8

Saintsman of the Issue: Halo Joe

By Michael Ebeling ('11)
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
and Paul Williams ('11)
VIEWPOINTS EDITOR

This issue's Saintsman is one of the best men to pass through the hallowed halls of Villanova and Mendel. He exhibits qualities such as perseverance, honesty, charity, love, wisdom, integrity, Unitas, hope, change, cleverness, Veritas, courage, tenacity, viscosity, cohesiveness, real-life skills, dashing good looks, Augustinian values, moderate physicality, a non-flagrant hairstyle, loyalty, promptness, visceralness, unscrupulousness, wry wit, cellular superiority, light seasoning, basil garnish, good humour, and Caritas. He can bench press a solid weight of 34 kilograms and makes a mean peach cobbler.

Growing up was, for our Saintsman, a difficult affair. Born in 1957, he grew up in an affluent subsection of Pacific Beach, the son of a struggling motivational poster creator and her husband, a homemaker named Sue. At the age of five, he was abandoned in favor of a state of the art 8-track tape player, and raised by local tribes of philosophical vagabonds. They decided he was to be their leader, as he wore on his eye a mystical birthmark. They named him

"Joe," after hearing a well known song from the heydays of the 1960s, this of course being "Down in the Boondocks," by Billy Joe Royal.

Joe considers these times to be some of his darkest, though there was a silver lining in it all. He always had his loving caretaker, Charlie "Big Lip" Nettman, who as one of the chief vagabonds set forth to ensure Joe had the best schooling available. However, he declined to make an on-record statement due to his apparent death in 1998 at the hands of Kevin Costner. His last words were, according to sources, "This guy was in Dances with Wolves?!" At this point, his biological mother reclaimed him as her son after a change of heart brought about by her recent conversion to Aqua Buddhism. They moved to Normal Heights, which they found "hardly normal" after a run-in with the then-six year old Jorge Garcia ('11).

His mother recalls him as "the greatest child I've ever had, though his large head made his birth a real [unprintable]." While attending Saints, Joe studied all the typical classes: metaphysics in the morning, political ethnocentrism in the Congo in the mid-morning, and ceramics after lunch. He was also lucky enough to remember taking a now forgotten subject known as "Acting Masterclass and General Etiquette with Charlie Sheen." After graduating Saints,

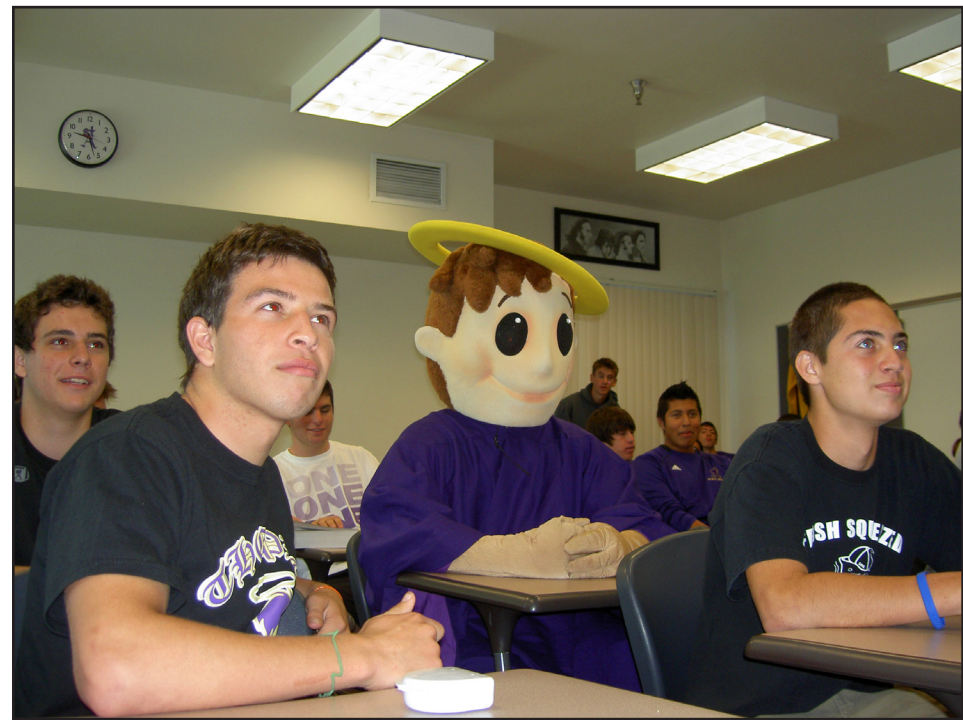
he was accepted at Stanford University as a janitor, where he demonstrated his prowess at chess by beating thirty professors simultaneously, and later became a dockworker in Mission Bay. He played a bit part in the 1987 flop "Ishtar", and was rumored to have punched Dustin Hoffman in the nose when he viewed a final print of the film. This was one of the several movie appearances he made beginning in the 1980s and his "career" continued into the 1990s. These were mostly small parts in B-movies, although he did provide the voice of Jack Sprat in the 2001 made-for-television animated version of "Ishtar" and filmed scenes that were left on the cutting room floor for the 2003 cult hit "The Room" with Tommy Wiseau. He was an SNL cast member for one season in 2002 as a transitional "look-alike" replacement for Will Ferrell.

Halo Joe met his wife Shirlena on a Carnival Cruise to Mazatlan in 2004. They reportedly met at the buffet line, where Joe mistook Shirlena's pinky finger for a sausage and pierced it with a fork. They were instantly smitten. While Joe managed to lose over ten thousand dollars at the ship's casino, he walked away with the ultimate prize: the ship's safe, which was said to have contained over six million dollars. Joe and Shirlena wed in 2005 and spent their honeymoon in Myanmar (formerly Burma).

On September 18, 2010, in Santa Barbara, California, Halo Joe and his wife faced burglary charges. They were reported as living in a guest house without permission from the owner. They claimed that they had owned the property since the 1990s, although a representative of the property owner had called the sheriff's department and produced documents that showed the house as being sold to the current owner in 2007.

Halo Joe never actually graduated from Saints due to his tumultuous past. He has returned to Saints, however, to earn his G.E.D., and has gotten a tuition break by serving as the school mascot. Joe is grateful for the opportunity.

"Mr. Cudal and I were friends back in the 70's at Saints," said Halo Joe, "and I am grateful that as assistant principal he was able to pull some strings to make graduation at Saints possible—even if only as an honorary graduate." 🍷



Halo Joe is an extraordinary individual, but you wouldn't know it by looking at him. Photo Credit: Bobby Reedholm

► Br. Barney

Continued from Page 1

he warns he's "not very good."

All in all, it seems Brother Barney's made the transition to San Diego quite smoothly.

"I'd never been to California before," Br. Barney said. "I'd been to the East Coast and to Wisconsin, but never California. It's quite different from Wisconsin."

As I'm sure many immigrants to our beloved state will attest, there's always a bit of culture shock for anyone who's never been to the Golden State before.

"You do say 'like' a lot here," he remarked on our foreign, West Coast lexicon, and yes, "You [Americans] do have an accent."

He adds though that he was "surprised by how friendly people in San Diego were," and that he's grown to admire our way of humor.

The road to being an Augustinian was anything but ordinary for a man who wasn't even born Catholic. He attended a boarding school in Worcester, England, and at the age of 16 decided to convert to Roman Catholicism. He cites his friends and John Henry Cardinal Newman as his major influences on this decision.

He went on to study history at Anglia University in Cambridge. Upon graduating, he moved to Pakistan and later Tokyo to teach English. It was in the latter of these cities that he unknowingly taught at the same school as our very own Father Alvin, though the two never met. He later returned to England where he worked in a hospital, comforting patients who were paralyzed from the mouth down.

"They would speak by blinking," he said, "once for A, twice for B, and so on and so forth. Eventually they'd get quite good at it."

Though he enjoyed this work, in 2004 he started his pre-novitiate for the Augustinian Order at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland. He continued his novitiate (meditation before taking vows) in Wisconsin, then two years in London studying philosophy and another two years in Rome studying theology. In the future, he even plans to attain a Master's Degree in Biblical theology in Rome.

"Yes, that is quite a lot of school, I suppose," Brother Barney chuckled.

Though Brother Barney is certainly a man forever on the move, this year he seems quite content to remain at Saints.

To get a much more personal sense of Brother Barney and his worldview, we asked him all the usual questions:

Michael Ebeling: Which of the Augustinians gets picked on the most by the others?

Brother Barney: We share all things in common, including getting picked on.

M.E.: Would you consider yourself:

- A. a member of the European Union
- B. A resident of the United Kingdom
- C. A Briton

D. A subject of her Royal Highness

Queen Elizabeth II, daughter of King George V of the great British Empire

E. A nihilist, thereby negating any meaning to the above labels

F. None of the Above

Br. Barney: A, B, C, & D.

M.E.: What exactly were you doing in Pakistan with an AK-47?

Br. Barney: It was in the largely tribal (lawless) North West Frontier Province which these days is most probably one of the most dangerous places on the planet to be. There was a menu of what you could do. \$5 to fire off a Kalashnikov, \$30 to fire a bazooka, and \$50 to blow up a cow with said bazooka. I only had \$5.

M.E.: Do British people make fun of American accents as well?

Br. Barney: Not so much. More imitation, which is of course the sincerest form of flattery.

M.E.: The Beatles or the Rolling Stones?

Br. Barney: Beatles. The Stones make me feel nauseous.

M.E.: Is "good British food" an oxymoron?

Brother Barney: Obviously, I'm not going to dignify that with a response.

M.E.: There's a burning bus, and there's a Manchester United fan on it, but there's another burning bus, and there's a Chelsea fan on it. Which one would you save?

Br. Barney: My first reaction is to run to help the Chelsea fan, but on further reflection the Chelsea fan by his very nature has reached the highest stages of virtue, and can pass to the next life a happy man. The Man U fan is clearly a tortured soul however, and still in need of some serious help, so I may be willing to offer assistance. But then again probably not. 🍷

Service Opportunities

Remember: All students need to have completed 5 service hours by December 1st!

• **UKRAINIAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN LA MESA**—Saturday, November 13th. Mr. Bachynsky's parish is preparing for its 50th anniversary. Service consists of clean-up and odd jobs from 10AM-2PM. 4400 Palm Ave, La Mesa, 91941. Contact Mr. Bachynsky.

• **HOGAR INFANTIL ORPHANAGE TRIP!!** Saturday, November 13th.

For those of you who have dreamt of spending a Saturday with Fr. Kirk and the children down at Hogar Infantil in Tijuana, your dream can now become a reality! Permission slips are now available in the Campus Ministry office for our November visit to the Orphanage. Students making the journey will earn 8 precious service hours and have a great time as well. We'll depart campus next Saturday 11/13 at 8AM and return by 4. Seats are limited so act now!

• **RIVALS WITH HEART – THURSDAY AND FRIDAY THIS WEEK**

Our annual canned food drive has arrived. All collected food will be donated to St. Vincent DePaul Village. Since we have Friday off this week, students faculty and staff are asked to bring canned food items to campus on Thursday. Members of the Interact Club along with Campus Ministry Home-room Reps will be available to collect your donation. The homeroom in each grade level that collects the most food will receive a pizza party! Food donations can also be brought to the Sasints/Cathedral game on Friday evening at Mesa College.

• **MCKINLEY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL**

McKinley Elementary School is looking for a few good Saintsman for a yearlong service opportunity. The school would like to find 10 students who would be willing to commit to volunteering for 1 – 1.5 hours after school one day per week for the rest of the school year. Saintsman who decide to take on this assignment will have the opportunity to bond with the kids they're assigned to work with, and they will make a big difference in the lives of the McKinley kids. This assignment will fulfill your service requirement for the year at one site. Please see Fr. Kirk in Campus Ministry for more information. We hope to have volunteers selected by the end of November.

• **ST. PATRICK'S TUTORING**

After-school tutors needed for St. Patrick's Grade School. Tutor grades K-8 in general subjects, 1-2 afternoons a week from 3:15 to 5:30 P.M. ANYONE can tutor! See John in campus ministry for more details.



Brother Barney invites you to join him and other Saintsman as they travel to Madrid for World Youth Day 2011. See Brother Barney for details on what promises to be an enlightening experience for all.

Neil's Deal: The IRC Club



By Neil Rens ('12)
STAFF WRITER

With the opportunity to join a multitude of clubs, many Saintsman were overwhelmed at the recent Club Day. Some clubs touted titles like the "Pizza Club" and the "Filipino-American Club." Undoubtedly, these clubs represent appealing options for spending time with friends. However, a few, like the IRC, comprise of international groups that aid the global community. What can compare to perpetually and positively changing the life of a displaced person? Many deem this a burden. Yet, how can we, who have so much, not be willing to sacrifice a small piece of our lives to better the lives of others? Just watch the thought-provoking video on the IRC website and try to comprehend the injustices in this world. But then one realizes, "I can help." Obviously, the IRC sends a powerful message.

What is the IRC? After all, it sounds like some government agency like the CIA, NSA, IRS, or even FDA.

"Founded by Albert Einstein, IRC stands for International Rescue Committee," says Andrew Vazquez ('11), a frequent IRC volunteer long before the activity became a club at Saints. "It's an international organization that makes sure newly arrived refugees receive a furnished home, help with rent, healthcare, nutritious and affordable food, English language classes, help building jobs, computer & financial literacy skills, education for their children, social services and community support, and legal services toward residency & citizenship."

Well sure, this long list sounds ambitious and noble, but is it really effective?

Many clubs become defunct and lose

sight of their initial goals. Andrew explains that this does not happen with the IRC. Its international status and constant need where destruction is rampant (especially natural disasters) ensure that members always have an opportunity to truly make an impact through their work.

"They step off the plane with next to nothing but their dignity, hope and determination," Andrew said. "In San Diego and many other regional offices across the country, the IRC helps them rebuild their lives. For the fiscal year of 2010 the International Rescue Committee resettled 17,255 refugees. Our San Diego office resettled 1,050 refugees!"

This past summer, Andrew spent countless hours learning about the refugees and the IRC in an ambassador program with fellow Saintman Zachary Blodgett ('12), Sebastian Revels ('11), Carlos Soto ('11), Kevin Yim ('11), Brock Crecy ('13) and Carlo Ruiz ('13).

SEE **IRC Club**, pg 8



Chaplain's Corner

Pope Benedict on SS. Augustine and Monica



By Fr. Bob Gavotto O.S.A

In an address, Pope Benedict XVI reflects on St. Augustine and St. Monica:

Dear brothers and sisters,

In each of our lives there are persons who are very dear to us, to whom we feel particularly close. Some are already in the embrace of God; others continue to share the journey of life with us: they are our parents, relatives, teachers, people for whom we have done some good, or who have done good to us; persons upon whom we know we can depend. It is important, though, to also have "companions for the journey" in the course of our Christian life. I am thinking of a Spiritual Director, a confessor, people with whom it is possible to share one's faith experience. But I am thinking also of the Virgin Mary and the saints. Everyone should have some saint as a friend, someone to feel near to through prayer and intercession, but also to imitate. I would like to invite you, therefore, to get to know the saints more intimately, beginning with the one whose name you bear, reading his or her life story and writings. Be assured that they will become good guides in loving the Lord more, and valid support for your human and Christian growth.

As you know, I too am bound in a special way to several saints: among them, in addition to Saint Joseph and San Benedict whose names I bear, and others as well, there is Saint Augustine, whom I have had the great gift to come to know, in a manner of speaking, close-up, through study and prayer, and who has become a good "companion for the journey" in my life and ministry. I would like to underscore once again an important aspect of his human and Christian experience, timely even

in our day in which it seems that relativism is paradoxically the "truth" which must guide one's thoughts, choices and behavior.

Saint Augustine is a man who never lived superficially; the thirst, the restless and continual searching for the Truth, is one of the basic characteristics of his life; not, however, that "pseudo-truth" which is incapable of giving lasting peace to one's heart, but that Truth which gives meaning to existence and is "the place" in which the heart finds serenity and joy. We know that his journey was not easy: he thought he would find the Truth in prestige, in his career, in possessions, in the voices which promised him immediate happiness; he made mistakes, he encountered sadness, he confronted failure, but he never stopped, he was never satisfied with what gave him only a hint of light; he learned to look deep within himself and he remembered, as he writes in the Confessions, that that Light, that God whom he sought with his strength, was closer to him than he was to himself, that he was always near to him, that he had never abandoned him, that he was waiting to be able to enter definitively into his life (cf. III, 6, 11; X, 27, 38). As I said commenting on the recent film about his life, Saint Augustine understood, in his restless searching, that it was not he who had found the Truth, but Truth itself, which is God, which had pursued and followed him (cf. L'Osservatore Romano, Thursday, 4 September 2009, p. 8). Romano Guardini, commenting on a passage in the third chapter of the Confessions says: Saint Augustine understood that God is the "glory which brings us to our knees, the drink which satisfies our thirst, the treasure which makes

SEE **Chaplain's Corner**, pg 8

Saint Augustine Kicker Boots His Way into History



By Michael Gehlken,
Thursday, November 4, 2010

Before the kick, Seamus McMorrow heard encouragement on the sideline from his coaches and teammates. He felt butterflies as he lined up for the attempt from the 47-yard line. He had doubts as the

Back in North Park, on a quiet weekday afternoon on the St. Augustine campus, McMorrow rewinds the memory.

"I've always dreamed of that," McMorrow said during the school's lunch break. "I've always dreamed of a game winner or the longest kick. I guess I accomplished it, or tied it. It was

Without the encouragement from his coaches and teammates, McMorrow says, that kick never happens.

Saints coach Richard Sanchez called McMorrow's attitude one of his strengths.

"He's a character," Sanchez said. "He keeps things light. One of the coaches can be getting everyone fired up about it, and he'll crack a joke after it that keeps everyone loose. That's what he does."

McMorrow, who also plays cornerback, is working to improve his grades as he targets a Division I scholarship. He has a 3.4 grade-point average this semester, up from his cumulative GPA which hovers at around 2.9 to 3.0.

"If I don't get that up," McMorrow said, "then I might as well erase that kick."

McMorrow, a Blossom Valley resident, believes he can get better on the field, too.

A lifelong soccer player who recently chose to focus on football, McMorrow has homed in on academics and football every Sunday at Lance Ortega's College Prep Kicking Academy. He said the program has helped him tremendously.

But every now and again, when it gets quiet, McMorrow will remember the kick. He'll talk about it with his mother or sister, or he'll sit at the computer and laugh as his father rewinds online video of the record-tying field goal.

After a few unsuccessful attempts, Jerry McMorrow finally freezes the frame at the precise moment the brown ball barely clears the crossbar.

One more yard, and he is the sole owner of the record.

"I don't think it would have (gone in from 59 yards)," Seamus McMorrow said, and he began to smile. "Who knows? Maybe next time."

This article was reprinted with permission from the San Diego Union Tribune.



St. Augustine junior Seamus McMorrow kicked a 58-yard field goal, tying the San Diego Section record. Photo Credit: Sandy Huffaker

ball jumped off his right foot. He saw hesitation from the two referees before they made their signal.

Then, hysteria. McMorrow was consumed by complete hysteria.

On the windless Friday night of Oct. 22, the St. Augustine High junior drove a 58-yard field goal inches over the crossbar at the Southwestern College field, tying the record for longest kick in San Diego Section history.

McMorrow, 16, hugged his holder after the kick while his teammates sprinted toward midfield to greet him as the crowd roared in applause.

always my dream to do something like that."

Things became a little out of the surreal since the referees raised their arms.

McMorrow followed his kick, which came at the close of the first half in a 48-27 win over Scripps Ranch, with a 61-yard touchdown run on a fourth quarter fake punt. Then last Friday, he converted a 51-yard field goal with room to spare against Lincoln.

KUSI's "Prep Pigskin Report" announced afterward he'd been voted Player of the Week for his Scripps Ranch performance.

McMorrow has been taking it all in while not losing sight of what is important.

Where'd My Lucky Underwear Go?



By Luis Miranda ('13)
STAFF WRITER

Many of our Saintsmen have worn something or done something peculiar to bring themselves good luck. Whether it's wearing special underwear or performing the haka, each person has their own routine before a game. It doesn't matter if their ritual itself is scientifically ineffective—what matters is that it is of psychological comfort to that person.

For instance, the players of the Varsity football team all eat together at school before their match so they can get focused and talk about their game plan. Then they go pray in front of the statue of St. Augustine. (But don't get confused—I'm not claiming that prayer is good luck.) They are asking for God's help, and by the mere act of doing so, it helps them to focus, and it makes them feel protected.

Superstar Saints quarterback Evan Crower ('12) has his own lucky charm: power bracelets. Since he wears so many of them, one would think that he might remove some of them because of discomfort, but he assures us that he won't.

"They bring me balance and power, each one of them, so I wear them all," Evan said.

Austin Shives ('12) plays varsity baseball, and he has his own ritual.

"When I open a new ball, I leave the plastic that covered the ball in my back pocket so I feel that I have control over the ball when I play the game," Austin said.

Tyler Hofstee ('13), who also plays varsity basketball said, "I do the same [pre-game] routine every time so I don't change the way I play."

We should not judge others if they might have an odd practice because most everyone has their own superstitions, and those who say they do not are probably lying. Maybe they don't win every game despite the charm, but one thing's for sure—it helps them feel like winners before each game. 🍀

San Diego Chargers Continue to Disappoint



Robert Baughman ('13)
STAFF WRITER

The San Diego Chargers haven't lived up to the expectations of fans with their 4 – 5 start this season. We've lost almost all of our road games with a 1-4 record and lost to the New England Patriots at home. Other than that the Chargers have managed to beat the Arizona Cardinals, the Jacksonville Jaguars, and the Tennessee Titans at home. They have been plagued by multiple problems, special teams, injuries, turnovers, and defense to name a few. Despite even their recent 33 – 25 win at home against the Tennessee Titans, it still seems the Chargers are off their game.

The first and biggest issue is the Chargers special teams. With a total of 4 blocked punts and a blocked field goal, San Diego is setting itself up for failure most of the time. Within the first few minutes of the Oakland game, the Raiders were up by 12 as a result of field goal blocks. The Chargers also allow the most yards off of kick returns in the NFL. These things combined give the opponent an immediate advantage over the Chargers. The Chargers have also lost important contributors on their special teams roster like Kassim Osgood.

The Chargers also have suffered a number of limiting injuries this season. Towards the beginning of the season we were missing key players like Marcus McNeill. Now they're missing their key receivers, Malcom Floyd and Legedu Naanee, as well as their kicker Nate Kaeding and linebackers Brandon Siler and Larry English. Star tight end Antonio Gates also has a small toe injury and will be out until the next game.

In addition to these main issues, the chargers have also turned the ball over in a number of other ways, mainly intercep-

tions and fumbles. Philip Rivers has thrown 7 interceptions and the offense has lost a whopping 13 possessions through fumbles. The total of 20 turnovers is an unacceptable number for this chargers offense.

When you see a team giving up too many points, the first people you look to are the defense. Now the Chargers defense may be ranked #1 in the league, which is true for the most part. One thing on defense, however, still stands out: deep pass plays. Our defense has given up too many big plays this season and we've taken a hit as a result. If our corners and safeties can play the passing game a bit tighter, our defense would be near unstoppable.

Many fans tend to point their finger at Chargers head coach Norv Turner. Turner however, is an excellent pair with our star quarterback, Philip Rivers. Turner has no lack of experience holding many jobs in the NFL, most recently as offensive coordinator for the San Francisco 49ers. He plays a very explosive offense focused on ground attack and a quick deep pass for big gains. This offensive system fits perfectly with Rivers' style.

Next week is a much needed "bye" for the Chargers. Hopefully they can get their act together and rest some of our injured players. The following week however, we face the feared Indianapolis Colts. If our team

can limit the turnovers and get our special teams worked out we shouldn't have a problem with them. In fact, Rivers just broke the all-time record for passing yards, previously held by Dan Fouts, with a total of 2,649 yards. This is concrete evidence that the Chargers are capable of churning out points as long as we are able to eliminate the turnovers. Head coach Turner is surely confident that we will win when he said, "I honestly thought [Tennessee] was the best team we've played to this point. They're the most complete team. It makes this win that much more special to me. I loved the resiliency of our football team. This team has great character. They believe in what we're doing." 🍀

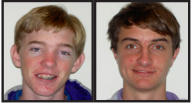


This pumpkin mysteriously appeared in the faculty lounge on Oct. 31st. According to legend, it possesses strange powers, giving good luck to any basketball player who carries it around during the game.



Chargers' Coach Norv Turner has got some 'splaning to do...

Bill Brammer Talks to the Society of Saints Scholars about His Success in Organic Farming



By Alec Payne ('12)
and Neil Rens ('12)
STAFF WRITERS

Bill Brammer's tall figure towered over the fifty members of the Society of Saints Scholars. The group, which attends seminars quarterly, listened intently as Mr. Brammer recounted the story of his farming career. However, agriculture was not always his passion. He was both a talented golfer and baseball player when he was in high school and envisioned himself as becoming a professional athlete. Mr. Brammer even went to college on a scholarship for golf. However, unforeseeable events left an indelible mark on his destiny. In 1977, he bought 20 acres in modern-day 4S Ranch and attempted to farm organically on his newly created Be Wise Ranch before almost anyone else tried to "go organic" in San Diego County. Motivated by the book, "Silent Spring," by Rachel Carson, Mr. Brammer aimed to avoid the harmful effects of pesticides, particularly DDT, on the environment.

One of the first people to explore the new field of organic agriculture, Mr. Brammer and many of his contemporaries had to rely on trial-and-error to determine the best production techniques. In fact, in his very first season, deer ate all of his nectarines and peaches. After that catastrophe, he moved on to growing avocados, citrus trees, and tomatoes. By growing a diverse array of crops, Mr. Brammer hoped to always have produce to sell. He explained that even though heat can ruin a crop of tomatoes, that same heat can benefit other crops. Additionally, one bug may only attack one field, saving his other crops. These strategies enabled Mr. Brammer's business

to thrive and provide food for thousands of people around San Diego County. Through his unique marketing models, his ranch prospered.

He originally set up his farm to depend on profits directly from wholesale, but in the '90s he pioneered the use of the Community Supported Agriculture (CSA) system. This enabled him to sell his freshest produce directly off his farms to people for wholesale prices. Ultimately, it allowed for a steady stream of income and now accounts for 30% of Mr. Brammer's profits. It has since become widely popular and has expanded from 200 consumers to almost 3000. Be Wise Ranch also sells produce to major chain stores, including Trader Joe's, which makes up 50% of Bill Brammer's revenues. Wholesale comprises the remaining 20% of the ranch's earnings. Similar to the diversified crops, Mr. Brammer's unique synthesis of business models has kept his farm going for over 30 years. Despite the decades of experience that he has garnered, he still runs into unpredictable problems in farming. For example, in the middle of September, he lost one-third of his tomato crop due to the scorching heat. He even lost a major chunk of his lands in the devastating fires of 2007, but he was still able to bounce back. Regardless of economic swings, people will always require a source for food. Consequently, Be Wise Ranch has endured the recent recession and continues to grow.

Over the past decades, the public's attitude towards "organic" has evolved significantly. When Mr. Brammer started Be Wise, universities didn't encourage organic farms because their funding was provided by chemical companies. These companies

found profit by selling their pesticides and herbicides to conventional farmers. Now, however, bio-tech companies have shifted their focus from conventional agriculture to organic farming and renewable energy. This trend has accompanied a change in society's views of Mr. Brammer's style of farming. Organic produce was once seen as a part of the 'hippie' lifestyle, but now it is all the rage and is currently a staple in most people's diets. The California Certified Organic Farmers (CCOF) paved the way for the acceptance of organic farming. As president of the organization from 1990 to 1995, Mr. Brammer succeeded in passing legislation that standardized organic farming. Finally, after over thirty years, the 'hippie' style of farming has grabbed 20% of the market share in San Diego County, thanks in part to the contributions of Mr. Brammer.

New grocery stores and farmer's markets, inspired by the organic movement, have opened throughout the world. The international company Fresh and Easy, originally a British grocery store, has opened at locations all over the United States. Buying at primarily organic markets like Fresh and Easy benefits both the consumers and the farmers. Although organic foods typically cost a little more than other foods, they possess a higher quality. Workers must implement tedious procedures that do not involve pesticides to nurse the plants, but the final product has endured a fuller growing process



and is more nutritional. In turn, the organic planters have less exposure to harmful herbicides and pesticides.

As the seminar came to a close at the Society of Saints Scholars meeting, He offered Saints-men some insightful advice based on his experiences. "Whatever you do, be passionate about it," he claims. Mr. Brammer himself attempted other fields, yet he has succeeded the most in his fields in 4S Ranch. Finally, the entrepreneur advised the budding scholars to be stubborn and pursue their dreams. With these ideas in mind, the young Saints-men might soon be able to dive into an ever-changing society and have a positive impact on the world, just like Bill Brammer. 🍌

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What If the Pledge Were Optional?



By Thomas Davies ('12)
STAFF WRITER

How much does the pledge of allegiance mean to you when you say it in the morning? Is it something you have to do, or is it something you want to do? What if every morning you were told you didn't have to say the Pledge. Would you say it then?

This topic was brought to my attention when a student, also attending High Tech High Chula Vista, did not know the words to the Pledge of Allegiance. When asked to open a community service organization's meeting with the Pledge, she recited the first line, paused, and stated that she didn't know the rest because her school does not say it in the morning or at any point of the day.

That's been the case in an increasing number of schools around San Diego County. Principles and class teachers are choosing to drop the Pledge of Allegiance in order to maximize learning time in the morning hours. However, parents and students in some schools have been speaking out about their school's decision.

Students in Poway Unified School District are now openly given the option to sit down during the pledge. For example, announcement reader Mason Brown would say something to the effect of: "If you would like to sit down during the pledge, do so now" and then follow with the Pledge. This controversial decision left a lot of parents angry, as most felt that saying this almost made it sound like sitting down was encouraged.

This debate is on-going. The new school year has been marked by hot debate (mostly by parents of children in elementary schools). However, other parents feel that this policy is completely acceptable. Referring to free speech, they feel that no child should be forced to recite anything at anytime, even if it's a pledge to one's own nation.

However, in some San Diego County high schools, the pledge has been dropped

all together. In these instances, it is the teacher's decision to make his or her class recite the Pledge. For instance, High Tech High in Chula Vista does not, and has not ever required that the Pledge be said in class. When I asked an ASB class officer Max Gastelum ('11) at High Tech High how he felt about the absence of the pledge, he said that he never really noticed. I also contacted High Tech High (a charter school) about when, why, and how this decision was made. They declined to comment.

I think that the matter is not one of religious debate (as with the phrase "under God"), but a patriotic one. Does our right to free speech mean that we have the right to decline reciting the pledge? Does our national call to patriotism mean that we should be required to pledge our allegiance because we are citizens?

So this brings the topic to a point: does the Pledge of Allegiance even matter? The Pledge itself was composed in 1894, and the controversial phrase "under God" was added in 1954. Is this relic of loyalty even relevant? Would you care if the Pledge of Allegiance were not recited in the morning?

The Pledge of Allegiance is our own personal declaration of patriotism. I support it because it reminds us that not only are we free, but we are also members of a proud republic. Removing the Pledge from our schedule would deprive us of that moment to say "thanks" to America every every school morning. 🍌



Haunted Houses Reviewed



By Sebastian Alberdi ('13)
STAFF WRITER

Disclaimer: The writer of this article is scared very easily. If you visited the Haunted Trails/Haunted Hotel and were not scared, then congratulations, you are much braver than me.

October in San Diego is never complete without a visit to at least one of the various "haunted" attractions scattered around the town. Luckily, I had the delightfully horrific opportunity to visit both the Haunted Trail and the Haunted Hotel.

On October 23rd, I had finally decided to face my fears and go to the Haunted Trails for the first time. I decided that since I was already there I would buy the full package that included the Maze along with the trail. After my friends and I bought our tickets we got into line. By this point I was questioning why I had paid to be scared, but I was ok, because the terror hadn't started yet; we were only in line, nothing scary there right? WRONG! As soon as I had thought this though, masked, disfigured figures started to make their way through the lines, growling and grunting at the people. Needless to say I was terrified, and having nowhere to run, I knocked into various other people in line in my attempt to escape the monsters. My display of cowardice didn't make me too popular.

After about a thirty minute wait (which I was told wasn't bad for a Saturday) we were admitted into the maze. The maze should be seen as simply a warm-up because it wasn't too scary. In it there is only one actual room where you can pick which door to go through—some just led to dead ends. The highlight of the maze was probably the mask room, where the masks suddenly come off the



walls and follow your group. After a creepy last room with clowns and balloons, my group and I ran out of the maze laughing and screaming like a bunch of hooligans.

Next, we were escorted into a crypt-like room where a "devil" explained the rules to us. Basically, don't touch the actors and you won't get touched. The rooms in the trail range from funny (Hillbilly Zombies, The Annoying Clown) to really creepy (The Cult Room, Freddy's School Bus, Hellraiser). However the biggest shock is definitely the chainsaw wielding maniac at the end of the trails. I practically lost it at this point and seeing the exit, I ran out screaming bloody murder, leaving my friends behind to get scared (killed?). I was definitely not expecting to go to any more Haunted "Places" after the trails; however fate had a different plan.

On October 28th, I was literally dragged into the Haunted Hotel. I was actually really scared about the entering it. Unlike the Trail, in the Haunted Hotel you have nowhere to run but forward (or be escorted to an exit). After I had my tickets bought for me (V.I.P by the way), I had decided that I simply could NOT continue. I went into the basement of the "hotel" where nothing scary was waiting for me except for a

SEE **Haunted Houses**, pg 8

Tap Water Just As Good as Bottled?



By Evan Suda ('13)
STAFF WRITER

You're at your friend's house when suddenly you feel a burst of thirst. You ask your friend for some water, so he sighs and walks into the kitchen, out of sight. You hear the delightful sound of water rushing into one glass, and then another. He hands you the glass, but something feels wrong: the water is room temperature. You hesitate because you realize what you are about to drink is tap water, a fact your friend confirms. So you close your eyes and guzzle it down, hating every second of it.

Now, you know that tap water is not actually going to kill you, but it does have a particularly distinctive taste that many people do not enjoy after being accustomed to crisp, clean, and refreshing "mountain spring" water. However, are the particles in the water that give it that funny taste bad for you?

In an experiment by NBC News, reporters took samples of water from five different well known water distribution companies, as well as a sample taken from a random water fountain in the middle of a park in New York City, and sent them to a lab where they were tested for bacteria and other viruses. These tests came back showing that the tap water from the fountain was just as safe to drink as the water from major companies like Arrowhead and Dasani. According to one report, this same test has been conducted numerous times by hundreds of different scientists, and all results have concluded that tap water is just as safe as bottled water in most municipalities. If you consider the outrageously expensive prices of some bottled

waters like Figi, then tap water could actually be considered safer because it isn't attacking your wallet.

When I asked around campus, I learned that most people find taste of tap water rather repulsive.

"I hate tap water. It's so gross," said Jerry Provencher ('13). "Whenever I have to drink it at someone's house, I feel like I'm drinking water that had feet in it."

Jack Leech ('13) said, "If I had kids, I would never make them drink tap water. I'm afraid it's gonna kill me. I'd make them drink milk every time they get thirsty if I didn't have any good water to give them."

Though myths abound regarding the safety of tap water, it would seem harder to dispute its drinkability, its taste. Or is it? To find out, I conducted an experiment.

For the experiment I took four identical water bottles, removed the identifying label, and filled them with different kinds of water. The first bottle was filled with Kirkland Premium Drinking Water, which is a cheap Costco brand. The second bottle I filled with purified water from my refrigerator. The third bottle contained good old fashioned tap water. The final bottle contained a very expensive brand of water called Function, which is purified by superheating the water, collecting the steam, allowing the steam to turn back into water, and then pumping the water with electrolytes that are designed to help you when you exercise. I had seven of my classmates taste the water and rate their flavor from 1 to 4, with 1 being the best and 4 being the worst. I also had them guess which was the tap water. The most popular water was the

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purified water that came straight from my fridge. The second most popular water was the Function water followed closely by the Kirkland. Scoring in last place was tap water.

While tasting, each tester gave me a play by play of what they thought of each one. Here are a few of their remarks. Jerry Provencher ('13) commented on the one he presumed to be tap water, but was actually Kirkland, saying, "Yuck! Yeah this one is what I mean when I say 'tastes like feet.'"

Robert Baughman said that his assumed tap water (actually Function) was "definitely the tap water. It's crunchy." Scott Szafranski, who was spot on with his guess on the tap water, stated "This [Function] water tastes beautiful. Can I have some more?" With all this being said, you don't have to worry about drinking tap water and dying, you just have to be careful and realize that there will eventually be a day that you're handed a cup that you are not going to want to drink.

Out the seven tested, five of the participants rated purified water as the best tasting. The water with the worst rating was tap, closely followed by Kirkland. Function water had mid-range results, with only two outlier scores of 1 and 4, respectively.

After being told the results of the taste test, many of the participants were shocked to find that what they believed to be tap water was actually bottled water. Here is what Jerry Provencher had to say when he found out that the expensive Function wasn't what he considered to be the best tasting: "I think there's no point in wasting money on expensive water when tap water tastes better." Jack Leech was just a sur-

SEE Tap Water, pg 8



10 Things to Love About the Block Schedule

10) Teachers can get away with wearing the same clothes two days in a row.

9) Homework from Tuesday means you'll do it in homeroom.

8) You have more time in homeroom to think of some really, um, creative intramural team name.

7) LET'S SAY YOU HAVE AN ARTS CLASS...FOR 85 MINUTES. IMAGINE THE POSSIBILITIES.

6) YOU CAN SPEND 70 MINUTES STARING AT ONE MATH PROBLEM AND THE OTHER 15 WORRYING ABOUT HOW YOU FAILED IT.

5) You have 85 minutes to think about why lunch is still only 40 minutes.

4) FOR ONCE YOU CAN FINISH A MOVIE IN TWO CLASS PERIODS, OR SLEEP FOR 170 MINUTES.

3) You can have a "5 minute break" for ten minutes.

2) In science class, you can do labs without worrying about running out of time....fun!

1) It gives you plenty of time to think of a pointless top ten list for the newspaper.

Politicians Gone Wild in 2010



By Michael Ebeling ('11)
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

If ever there were a perfect metaphor for elections, it would probably be the circus. Coming in every couple of years, a tent of soaring rhetoric, political pandering, and ridiculous gimmicks and signs makes its way to every street corner, website, and TV channel, save for QVC. The 2010 elections were no exception—on the contrary, they will quite possibly go down as an unprecedented amount of political absurdity.

And now, a recap of the *must-see* 2010 campaign videos on youtube (type bold words below as keywords):

Phil Davison—or rather PHIL DAVISON. He was once a candidate for the office of county treasurer in Stark County, Ohio. Now that he's lost, however, the next logical step for this man would be the seminary, because nothing says you're going to hell better than a crazed man shouting it from a mock podium. For those of you who have yet to see this, though, make sure the volume is maximized, as the phlegm of his throat and the laughing audience aren't picked up at low volumes. Any lesser man would have difficulty maintaining such a high volume for even 5 minutes, however Davison has a masters in communication. Obviously, such qualifications are necessary when shouting in public, especially when running for office.

Funniest moment: "DRASTIC TIMES REQUIRE WHAT?! (Points aggressively at audience member) THAT'S RIGHT, DRASTIC MEASURES, WHO SAID THAT?! THANK YOU!"—Phil Davison

"**The rent is too damn high.**" Not to be outdone, Jimmy "The-rent-is-too-damn-high" McMillan ran for the governorship of New York against an all-star cast consisting of an escort-service Madame, a former Black Panther, and Andrew Cuomo. McMillan quickly took center stage in the debate, proclaiming that the "rent is too damn high." This was the platform, naturally, of the Rent Is Too Damn High party, of which he appears to also be chairman. No one in the room can keep a straight face as McMillan appears in all seriousness explaining why all problems seem to boil down to the rent being too DAMN high.

Funniest moment: "As a karate expert, I will not talk about anyone up here. [There are] children who can't afford to live anywhere, and once again, why?! You said it,

the rent it too damn high!" Other funniest moment: everything else this man has done, especially growing a beard.

"**Why??"** by **Jon Conway for Senate**—In an ugly Senate battle in Kentucky, Jack Conway attempted to smear his opponent, Rand Paul. The basics tell us there are three effective smears: patriotism, religion, and occasionally that they were born in Kenya. Conway chose religion. The ensuing viral video was a television spot claiming, chronologically, that Rand Paul 1) isn't Christian, 2) openly mocked Christianity, 3) tied a woman down and 4) told said woman his god was (dramatic pause)...Aqua Buddha. Somehow, the accusation didn't stick, as Conway eventually lost, but the video is still on Youtube as a testament to his failed campaign.

Funniest moment: Conway makes Aqua Buddha mainstream.

These were but a few of the highlights of an unusually ridiculous campaign for candidates that did everything from shooting the Cap and Trade bill with a rifle (Keyword: **Joe Manchin**) to reenacting some childhood fantasy of being a Republican cowboy/Agriculture Commissioner (Keyword: **Dale Peterson**). Perhaps the biggest surprise this election season was Vice President Joe Biden, who somehow managed to keep his mouth foot-free.

Of course, there are many that lament the degree to which politics have become a circus sideshow. But as long as there are politics and idiots running for office, we may as well sit back and have a few laughs. 🍷



Jimmy McMillan when he ran for governor of New York as founder of the political party "The Rent Is Too Damn High." Watch it on YouTube. What a riot!

Letter to the Editor



**From the desk of
George W. Bush**

Dear Mr. Chief of the
Editors,

I'd like to congratulate you on a mighty fine first issue of the Augustinian. I was at my ranch in Crawford when Laura came in and gave it to me as my daily reading assignment with my coloring waters. Then I started to panic because Condi wasn't there to brief me on my assignment, and I knew for sure I wouldn't get one of them C things for "correct" on my reading materials. So I did this trick I learned in the white house and I looked at the pictures and pretend to know what I was doing. I really loved the one of chef bachynsky, he reminds me of that guy on the spaghetti package I have every Thursday. Mighty fine treat those Sphagettios, I like em with a side of Tacos and maybe even a pretzel or three. Anyways, like I was saying I love the pictures.

However, I do have one issue up which I must take with your finely woven publication. I tried to use one of them tablifed computers, the one with the peach on the back. I couldn't get the damn thing to work. So I called Condi over, and she said "George, that's a window." And apparently it was, but

that's only the second time that's ever happened to me.

And finally someone out there was listening to me about focusing on the gooder side of the news. If I said it once, I said it during hurricane Katrina, let's focus on the good stories, like how, I checked my estimizations, most of New Orleanians didn't die. That's a proven fact. And you know what they say about facts, there uh, uh, intermittent. And I love this good news.com—it's the best website ever since Myspace.com (add me at www.whdecider/myspace.com).

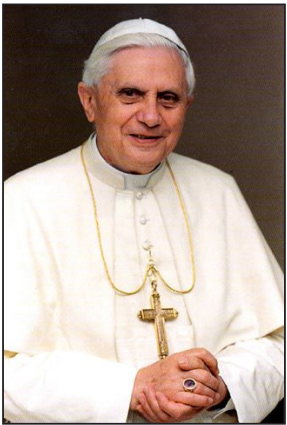
I also love this Chief Johnston guy, he looks like one of them constipatables from my favorite show-Walker Texas Ranger. I'd imagine he's the big decider at your school. He looks like a very unscrupulous kinda guy, someone I'd like to give a hand shake and have a beer with. Which reminds me, I hope Ms. Arn doesn't try to correctify my grammar, she scares me more than that time Dick Cheney woke me up without his makeup on. Like I was sayin, though, you're doin a heck of a job.

Sincerely,
W.

P.S. I also like how you used my name in the same sentence as "intelligent" and "eloquent."

► Chaplain's Corner

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us happy, [... he had] the peaceful certainty of one who finally understood, but also the blessed condition of love which knows: This is everything and It is enough for me" (Pensatori religiosi, Brescia 2001, p. 177).

In Book Nine of the Confessions, our saint recounts a conversation with his mother, Saint Monica, whose memory we celebrate on Friday, the day after tomorrow. It is a very beautiful scene. He and his mother are at Ostia, in a hotel, and from their window they see the sky and the sea, and they transcend sky and sea, and for a moment they touch the heart of God in the silence of his creatures. Here there is a basic certainty in the journey toward the Truth: creatures must be silent if the silence in which

God can speak is to enter in. This is true also in our day: at times there seems to be a certain fear of silence, of recollection, of considering one's actions, of the profound meaning of one's life. Often it is preferable to live only the passing moment, deceiving oneself that it will bring lasting happiness; it is preferable to live with superficiality without thinking, because it seems easier. There is a fear of searching for the Truth or perhaps a fear that Truth will find us, will grab hold of us and change our life, as happened for Saint Augustine.

Dear brothers and sisters, I would like to say to all of you, even to those who are experiencing a moment of difficulty in their faith journey, to those who share only slightly the life of the Church or who live "as though God did not exist", to not be afraid of the Truth, to never interrupt the journey toward it, to never cease searching for the profound truth about oneself and things with the interior eye of the heart. God will not fail to give Light to see his Warmth, to feel in one's heart that he loves us and that he desires to be loved.

May the intercession of the Virgin Mary, Saint Augustine and Saint Monica accompany us on this journey. 🍷

— Pope Benedict XVI

► ASB UPDATE

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or homeroom representatives." Fortunately for you, each and every ASB officer is implementing a leadership project on campus this semester. All of our projects, whether it be new class posters or lunchtime water bottle sales, will be great opportunities for every Saintsman to voice their opinion and make positive changes to our school.

Freshmen, you now have full representation in ASB. Contact Jack Downey, Nick Camarata, Mike McRoskey, or Rocky Beas, and tell them what you want done for the freshman class.

The ASB can only be as great as the student body allows it to be. By sharing your ideas, providing criticism and comments, and showing initiative to better our school, we can work together to make our Saints experience great. Come join us at a meeting and tell us what you think. We meet Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings at 7 a.m. in Room 105.

Remember: we are there to serve *YOU*, so voice your concerns and ideas to *your* ASB. 🍷

► IRC Club

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However, none of the lectures or seminars compared to actually interacting with victims of natural disasters.

"They are people just like us, not so far off and distant as people often think," Andrew said. "Some are smart, some are caring, some are shy, some are outgoing, most love soccer. They are hard-working, and they appreciate every gift, every meal, every glass of clean water, and they thank God, or Allah, or whoever they worship for every minute of every day."

Members of the club have access to a myriad of enlightening service opportunities. One of the primary goals is to provide tutors for refugees at nearby Crawford High School.

"Here Saintsman will tutor in a reading, writing, or arithmetic class first block, and second block assist in special classes such as music, engineering, hip hop dance, French, Japanese, and many others," Andrew excitedly revealed.

Not only do members meet and aid refugees, but they also have the chance to learn new subjects.

Other members can visit New Roots

Community Farm. Tended by refugees from Somalia, Cambodia, Burma, Uganda, Congo, Kenya, Mexico, Vietnam and Guatemala, the farm is 2.3 acres and allows refugees to participate in sustenance farming as well as earn a salary.

"The main goal of the farm is to provide greater access to fresh and healthy food and vegetables for refugees that can either be used for food or sold to the community to help the refugees economically," Andrew said. "Here Saintsman can get their hands dirty and shovel dirt, plant vegetables, water plants, right alongside the refugees who are directly supported by the farm."

But these are just some for the options for IRC participants. Other opportunities include setting up apartments and much more. Mr. Vasquez invites all to take a look.

"Come see what the Saints Community and Club IRC has planned to help refugees this coming school year."

The meetings are held on a weekly basis, typically in Ms. Allen's room. For more information about the IRC and its mission, talk to Andrew, or Club President Sebastian Revels about joining this unique and powerful organization. 🍷

► Haunted Houses

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dead bride. Fortunately, the line at the Hotel does not have monsters running through it.

After a reasonable 20 minute wait, we were escorted into an elevator. I laughed a bit because of how cheesy the elevator music was, but this facade quickly crumbled when the lightning flashed and the music turned ominous. When the elevator doors opened to the hotel, no one wanted to exit; that is, not until monsters suddenly boarded the elevator from behind and scared everyone out.

We passed through several rooms, some of which stood out more than others. The Nursery showed zombie babies getting smashed against windows while a creepy zombie mom screams about her poor babies. The Subway room actually moves

under your feet, and it's filled with mannequins intermixed with live actors who scream at you as you pass by. The Hotel also had a rather humorous Alice in Wonderland room with a cross-dressing Drag Queen of Hearts, who started off chanting "Tea Time" in a high-pitched voice that slowly lowered into a creepy demonic sounded tone. The climax for the Hotel was also a chainsaw wielding maniac who chased you up a bunch of stairs. Luckily, he skipped me this time and went for some other kid behind me.

Overall, I'd say the local haunted attractions I visited are indeed worth the money despite being a bit pricey. So next year, if you want to make some good memories and have a lot of fun around Halloween, you should consider the Haunted Hotel and Haunted Trails. 🍷

► Tap Water

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prised when I told him that he had failed the taste test. After a moment of pondering he said "Yeah... I guess It makes sense cause I always drink purified water from my fridge at home. So I mean that's probably why I liked it most. It also just tastes crisper than the other waters. Robert Boughman replied with "I think the tap water we drink is better than the expensive stuff. Plus electrolytes are overrated; there was no need to inject them into the water. It just made it taste murky."

The results were more surprising than I had originally thought. Less than half of the tasters were able to correctly identify the tap water from any of the other bottled waters. In fact, the same number of people presumed the Kirkland bottled water to be tap water.

The results show that although many people detest the mere thought of drinking tap water, they are often unable to distinguishing it from bottled water—in a blind taste test. 🍷

► Vans vs. Nikes

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out shoe, Nike shoes are without a doubt superior to Vans, but how does it stack up to Vans' huge variety of different styles?

"You can go online to customize them," says Ronnie Zappardino.

And indeed, upon checking the Nike site I found something called NikeiD. This gives shoppers the ability to select whatever shoe they want and then completely customize its colors, making for some very cool designs. Plus, if you need some inspiration, the designs of all previously created shoes are available online for your viewing pleasure.

So now is the time of reckoning: which shoe, Vans or Nike, is the best? Looking at all of this, it's hard to decide on one truly superior shoe, so I'm going to make a bit of a compromise. When it comes to casual footwear and simple comfort, the winner has to be Vans with their simple styles and low-key design. Nike, however, dominates when it comes to support and customization, giving us the shoe we need to get the job done while looking sweet at the same time. 🍷

LIFE AT SAINTS

BY MR. VLADIMIR BACHYNSKY
ART BY JACOB WHISPELL

NOVEMBER 2010

