

# The Cathedralite

Vol. XXXIX

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No. 4

## ARCHBISHOP COOKE NAMED CARDINAL

Visits Prep to Bless New Chapel



On January 7, Archbishop Cooke, one of Cathedral's foremost benefactors, took time from his busy schedule to convey his blessings on our newly converted chapel. The Archbishop arrived early and the ceremony commenced immediately after his vesting. His excellency stopped for a short meditation in the auditorium before moving on the ceremony itself. He was lead to the chapel by a group of altar boys to his "Chair of Peter." The ceremony was reminiscent of pre-Conciliar days by its smell of incense and its sense of formalism. For those students who were forced to miss the blessing, they may be assured that it was beautiful and significantly reverent. The Archbishop, who had maintained a sternly pious appearance, let his joking manner burst through when he spoke to the students. It is literally amazing the manner in which Archbishop Cooke can put an audience at ease. He thanked Mr. James Kinlan for his welcoming address and praised Fr. Smith for completing the chapel as well as he did. The Archbishop soon broke down the last traces of formality by speaking of his Vietnam Christmas tour. He actually had the altar boys sitting casually in the rear as they listened to him.

It is difficult to try to identify what his Excellency does to our audience besides captivate it. His soothing laughter goes far beyond mere reassurance. He instills the type of security that a man facing a situation confidently instills. It isn't often that we speak to a man who is himself the cause for a rebirth of hope to those dispairing in hospitals. His total carriage emits that ray of selflessness so evident in an industrious follower of Christ. Bishop Cooke once more rededicated himself to the welfare of Cathedral. He must remember those days when he was an aspiring seminarian in Cathedral. He must re-

## ITALIAN FIESTA—SUCCESS AGAIN

In the past, the Italians have borne the brunt of many jokes concerning their country and culture, but one night a few weeks ago that all changed. Under the masterful direction of Fr. Valletona and Fred (spell that Ferdinando) Berardi, the Italian Club proved once again that the beauties of Italian food extend far beyond the realm of mere pizza.

The dinner itself was a masterpiece. The service was extremely competent, as the members of the Italian Club and those representing other sections of the "Mafia" managed to serve all of the students and faculty while the food was still hot. This was indeed an outstanding achievement.

Entertainment was provided by Dominick Mazzurco and his family, who are professional entertainers and musicians. Their music was so good that it even prompted the faculty, led by Mr. Scotti, to break into song. They were quickly joined by Frank Seery, whose jovial spirit carried on for the rest of the evening. Another pleasant surprise in the entertainment was the singing of Mr. Ralph Bova, a resident of Douglaston. He lent his fine voice to an aria from Puccini's opera *The Girl of the Golden West*, and a Neapolitan version of *Come Back to Sorrento*.

One of the evenings highlights was, of course, Mr. Imperio's annual denial of France and acceptance of Italy. He admitted such



Fred Berardi congratulates Mr. Imperio after another fine speech.

things as Italians are the salt of the earth and Italy is the heartbeat of Western Civilization, while France is its spirit and its soul. Even personal feelings and history were contained in the speech as he admitted that he is really Italian and is a good example of both French and Italian cultures. He even stood up for the "beloved Italian" by saying that the reluctance of the Italians to wage war is because they are too noble and too civilized. A roar of applause rose when Mr. Imperio finally sat down.

The drawing for the prizes was held and among the winners were: Jim Kinlan (twice), Stan Galazin (twice), Fred Berardi, Jack Petely, Vinny Ricci, Joe Renton, Lee Lytle, Fr. Smith, Bren McGrath, Bob Hyndman, and Joe Wagonhofer.

It is 5 P.M. Sunday, February 9. It is snowing heavily. Already the roads are covered. A bus loaded with skiers returning home idles at the hidden curb as the last pieces of luggage are packed away. Fr. Murphy valiantly tries to get everyone's attention and finally, as the echoes of that familiar "Listen up gents!" fades away, Father nods his approval to the person who voiced those words and begins to call out the attendance sheet. All are present and the bus driver then closes the door. In a puff of exhaust the bus moves. The tire chains grip the road. We are off!

So it was that fateful night as 35 students left Monticello, N. Y. for the return journey home. It had been a good ski trip, and as everyone settled back in his seat, the metal chains on the rear tires began their melodious click-clicking. To wile away the two hour drive, different students were engaging in various activities. Mike Connolly was marking down yardage in a game of "Pro Football." A group of freshmen were discussing their escapades over the previous weekend, and a large number of seniors were trying to read *The Coming of the French Revolution*. Suddenly the familiar clicking of the chains became unfamiliar as the right chain broke loose and with a thump fell off. A few minutes later the left rear chain followed suit, but shortly after this happened, the bus slowed down and came to a halt. In a

Each "Honorary Italian" left with a happy face and a full stomach. So, on February 5, the Italian Club, their mothers, and last year's alumni had accomplished what few people can do—turn jokes into plaudits by uniting all nationalities in a national feast.

—BILL BURKE

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# The Cathedralite

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Dear Mr. Marks,

I recently came upon a magazine article in which I found the answer to a question that has often puzzled me. That question was, What is a Seminarian? I felt that this article might aid others who have asked themselves this same question and have come up with no answer, or that it might relieve some of the discouragements which sometimes burden a minor seminarian. It reads:

"Seminarians are young people.

Sometimes ago a group of high school boys and girls came to a seminary and said they expected to find "a bunch of stuffed shirts" but they found "real . . . human . . . refreshing-to-be-with . . . deep-thinking young men."

They found that seminarians are

young Americans of today's generation with all its anxieties, pains and interests. They are asking the same questions and doing real hard thinking. Seminarians like the songs you do, the TV programs you do, and are eager for sports and perhaps not so anxious for Math.

Yet, they have a big driving ambition to give inspiration and help to the world. To this they are directing their whole world high school education and personal development.

They are outgoing and generous. They want to help. They are not selfish, not wanting things like a big bright car with gleaming chrome and tire-spinning-power! Oh, they enjoy such but would not put their life on them."

MICHAEL CONNOLLY

## ST. GREGORY'S

### WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE

Practice what you preach. Sound nice? A few months ago a large number of students from Cathedral thought it did. They volunteered to go over to nearby St. Gregory's grammar school and help the "underprivileged" children there. They would show Christian love in action; they would practice what they preached — Cathedral spirit and all that.

Most of the tutors saw themselves as missionaries, going to help the poor through teachings and through good example. Yet despite the good intentions of the Cathedral students and the apparent eagerness of the Saint Gregory students, the tutoring project, so far, is not coming off as smoothly and beneficially as was hoped. Why?

The tutors started out with a great amount of enthusiasm, but after the first couple of tutoring sessions, this enthusiasm has been spiraling downward. One of the main reasons for this has been the blatant lack of organization — there was no real leader. When the nuns at St. Gregory's wanted to get things started, they wanted to speak to the head of the tutors — most of the time there was none. The result was confusion. Each tutor had been assigned a pupil, yet some never saw their pupils again after their first session. Sessions were cancelled. Some sessions were announced at the last minute. Sometimes when all the tutors showed up, there were only a couple of pupils. Sometimes only a couple of tutors showed up when there seemed to be a million pupils.

The biggest reason the tutoring is failing however, is because the students were not trained for what they encountered. While teaching is one of the most rewarding things in life, it is also one of the most difficult. Many of the tutors, if not most, were unprepared. They could not really communicate with their pupil, and not only because of the language barrier. Many felt their teaching efforts were futile, for they didn't think they were really getting through to their students. They became frustrated and gave up tutoring.

Whatever the reason, the project is failing. An act of love has been transformed into a tedious chore.

Some may defend the tutoring

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## Editorial

At a recent school assembly, Fr. Peter Hughes, a Holy Ghost father who has spent over five years in Biafra, spoke about the acute problems of this small secessionist state. Following his talk a short film was shown before the student body. When the brief documentary was finished, a deep silence filled the auditorium. The silence prevailed throughout the school for the next twenty minutes during which time those who had watched the film began to ask themselves questions. Such questions as "How could such bitterness take place in our world?" or "Couldn't we or our government do something to stop the hostilities?"

The questions above were answered in part by an energetic drive of the Student Council. The drive focused its attention on two main areas. One was a plea to the schools to join with us in a letter campaign to Congress. The other was a fund raising drive. The response to the drive by all who were approached was enthusiastic and proved the concern for Biafra universal.

The drive must not end here. We cannot be complacent when others around us are dying of starvation. We must continue to impress upon our government and the U.N. our concern.

## STUDENTS SPEAK

Dear Mr. Marks,

Concerning the letter written by one Mr. Joseph Collins of 2A, and to use his own words, "I was really astonished by the article that appeared in the last *Cathedralite* concerning the Sophomore-Junior game"; let me take Mr. Collins' points one by one.

First, Mr. Collins says that the Sophomore running backs were thrown for only one loss. This may be true, I didn't count. But let us not get the impression that these same backs were responsible for gains. The fact is, their running game did not account for one substantial drive, not one.

This brings me to his second point. He said that the Sophomores' lone drive was a skillfully planned series of penalties "to force the Juniors into committing disastrous mistakes." This may well be, but the fact remain that the Sophomores could not mount a running attack, and that they gained their yardage by penalties. When a team has to resort to this it should give up the game. And neither were these penalties "disastrous." No great calam-

ities arose from this. The world did not stop; Van Courtlandt was not swallowed up; nor did Mr. Scotti swallow his whistle. They were merely able to retain possession of the ball for a few plays.

Finally, the reason Mr. Collins gives for conceding the game was because of lack of men (?) and equipment. It is common knowledge that football is played with 11 men and not 10, and any sane person plays with equipment. If the Sophomores are stupid enough to show up without equipment, then that's their problem, not mine. As athletic director of 3B, I was assured by Mr. Keenan of second year that there would be both enough men and equipment at the game. I think that when a team challenges another team, it should be prepared to play the game.

I'm sure Mr. Collins was only trying to do his job by writing the letter, but please look into these letters and see that they do not show a distorted truth.

Sincerely,

MICHAEL MORONEY, 3B

## CATECHETICS: SOMETHING NEW

Of the many varied experiences that a Junior passes through here at Cathedral, his newest is Catechetics. After being fully informed of the upcoming new subject by the administration, (we happened to see it on the new schedule), we marched expectantly up to the lecture room awaiting our doom. There our new teacher, Sister Geraldine, (a nun !?!), started her first class and established herself on a par with the high standards of our faculty by being twenty-minutes late. After getting over the initial shock, we settled down into our usual chaotic condition and proceeded to act like deaf-mutes as she tried to introduce us to the course.

Although many Juniors resented the idea of being taught by a nun and were indignant at the course, Catechetics does have definite advantages. As Sister Geraldine explained, far too many Christians only learn their religion and become tangled in trivial matters, clearly missing the truth of the message. This course is designed not only to help us understand the "kerygma" of the word, but if ever the situation arises, to be able to instruct small children in learning and preparing for First Communion.

Catechetics, although difficult, is a much needed course here at Cathedral if we are to obtain an understanding of our religion and to prepare as future Christians.

—THOMAS MARSHALL

## FR. MAYORAL HONORED AT GALA SPANISH NIGHT

Among the triumphs of Spanish culture, the evening of March 12, 1969 will rate as the greatest of them all. Organized and executed by the Spanish Club of Cathedral Prep, "La Fiesta Espanola" opened with the American and Spanish National Anthems played by Father Francis Anduaga on the accordian. After Father Smith said grace, a dinner consisting of fruit cocktail, chicken, rice and beans, salad, rolls, soda, Spanish custard, and coffee was served. A special word of thanks should be added here for the services of Mr. Anthony Cirebas and Mr. Anthony Petronio for preparing the main course. Without their culinary skills and the untiring help of Mrs. Donlon, the fiesta would not have been half the success that it was.

After the dinner, Mr. Leonard Imperio treated everyone to one of the most eloquent speeches ever presentd within the hallowed halls of the Prep. As he has so often done, Mr. Imperio changed his nationality for one night and emerged a full-blooded Spaniard. In his speech he praised Spanish culture as being the richest in heritage and staunchest in faith in the world. Ending with his own version of the "Hail Mary," Mr. Imperio received the thundering applause of those assembled as he slowly strolled back to his seat.

Following this was the presentation of a plaque by Robert Starr to Father Mayoral, commemorating his fiftieth year as a priest and his twenty-seventh year as a teacher here at Cathedral. As most honorary guests do, the "Grand Old Man" gave his speech of thanks and told of memories of former students, including a certain Raymond Smith.

Upon the completion of Father Mayoral's speech, "Los Fritos Banditos" gave their rendition of such songs as "Lo Mucho Que Te Queiero," "Guantanamera," and "La Bamba." With Bob Murray and Bill Burke on guitars and Armin Ruiz, Jim Donlon, and Paul Ville-

nave singing, the group proved to be one of the major attractions of the evening.

Next in line was Father Pinaga, accompanied by Father Francis Anduaga on the accordian, singing "El Pecador," "Granada," and "Valencia." Father Bacaicoa played guitar and gave a very enjoyable version of "La Jota Navana."

The main act of the evening entered at the end of Father Bacaicoa's song. Nine Flamenco dancers from the Tina Remirez Dance Studio gave performances that will never be forgotten. As Father Smith later mentioned, they gave all those watching the best example of Spanish culture they could have



### BISHOP COOKE

(Continued from Page One)

member his own need for a constant source of aid and security. The Archbishop moved on towards the conclusion of his talk and then presented the vestments he had brought as his gift to the school. Once again Bishop Cooke strained his schedule to shake hands and say a few words to each of the students. He hadn't forgotten his student days in the Prep because as he moved to an appointment with hospital patients, he pleasantly told the students to take the rest of the day off.

From continued contact with Archbishop Cooke we may make some basic judgments as to his character. We know him as a man who has chosen not to rule from his episcopal throne but to bring his episcopate to the people. We know him as the kind of person who would undertake to bring a mass of different peoples together to celebrate the Eucharist for racial peace. We know him as a servant of God who would spend an hour or two to make us feel a little closer to him and the church he represents. We know him as a man who would shake our hands as a brother and speak to us as a friend. His burden is the burden we should all strive to carry, for our burden is the mark of Christianity.

—ROBERT CONWAY

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system and say it isn't failing. They may say they are making gains. However, at the last tutoring session, when the St. Gregory children were given a choice of coming or not (earlier it had been mandatory), only a dozen out of an original fifty pupils showed up.

This can only be labeled failure, and a failure should not be continued. The tutoring program should either be improved or stopped.

—J. HARGROVE

received at the fiesta. Words cannot express our sincere gratitude to the dancers for their beautiful performances.

Then came the surprise of the evening — the recitation of a Spanish poem by Kevin O'Connor, now a freshman at Cathedral College in Douglaston. Father Smith later stated that he was surprised at Kevin's memorization of a Spanish poem and took partial credit for Mr. O'Connor's knowledge of the Spanish language.

The raffle for the two tickets to "Man of La Mancha" was won by Steve Leddy of second year. The other prizes were then raffled off, including a book on the Spanish heritage in the Americas, won by

our own beloved dean, Father Kavanagh.

Closing the evening was a speech by the rector praising the work of the Spanish Club and all those who in any way were connected with the evening. Then, Father Rea said grace and everyone left praising one of the best nights of their lives.

The next morning, Mrs. Perry and Robert Starr again received the praise of the entire student body and faculty. It was reported that Mr. Imperio plans to have his own French night thereby joining in the race with the Spanish and Italian clubs. Look out, Father Vallelonga! More competition is on the way!

—STEVEN HIGGINS



It's been a week or so  
Since I've seen you, Sketchy.  
There's a certain something  
Missing from the sidewalk.  
Friends stop to talk and  
I ache from their noise.  
But you never said a word.  
Was it my impatience or your  
Shame that kept you quiet?  
I miss your silence, Sketchy.  
I called you a poor soul  
But I now wonder.  
Was it you or me  
That was the poor soul?  
All that I have gained from  
My affluence is more affluence.  
Is it really worth it, Sketchy?  
You seemed ashamed of your  
Appearance and yet happy.  
While my happiness is in bits,  
Come back and show us all, Sketchy.  
Your happiness was whole.  
Is it you that is dead or  
Is it really me, Sketchy?  
It is times like these that  
I wish I'd spoken to you, Sketchy.  
You were always just the old  
Man I passed going to work.  
You were poorly dressed  
And wore a scruffy beard.  
Yes, you were poor in body  
And rich in spirit.  
It's been a week or so  
Since I've seen you, Sketchy.  
There's a certain something  
Missing from the sidewalk.  
You're gone from my life  
And I miss you.  
Come back and show me  
How to be a real person.

## BISHOP COOKE

(Continued from Page One)

matter of minutes traffic both in front and in back of the bus was backed up as far as the eye could see. This was our first stop and we stayed in this spot on God-knows-what road for about 45 minutes. Eventually we began moving—at about 5 mph. We had been on the road for about an hour and a half now and gone about 20 miles. Slowly we crept along. To make things more exciting, the rear half of the bus soon found itself being used as a mini post office as the windows were opened and messages thrown out to travellers next to the bus. After sitting around for seemingly endless hours, the bus, along with the rest of the traffic, was detoured off the road. It had been closed on account of snow (really?). Also about this time growls from hungry stomachs began to permeate the bus. Stopping to eat was not scheduled on the return trip but then neither was this blizzard. Trying to keep to the schedule, Fr. Murphy at first said there would be no stopping to eat. But after a half hour of listening to Fred Berardi tell of wonderful Italian dishes and after being subjected to Fred's imaginative "feeling" of spaghetti and mashed potatoes, Father at last gave in. Now the problem was to find a place to eat.

Another hour or so and 10 miles later, the Red Apple Rest loomed ahead. We pulled off the road and as we entered the parking lot, we could see about 12 other buses. Rushing inside, we could not weave in and out through the cafeteria line—mainly because there was no line. There was chaos! Ordering the rest of our bus load back into the bus, Fr. Murphy sanctioned 5 brave souls to reenter the inn and purchase the necessary foodstuffs. Obtaining 30 hamburgers, cokes, and a few other things, the 5 merchants brought the food back to the bus where it was quickly devoured.

Getting back on the road, we were soon again caught up in a traffic jam. However it was now about 10:30 P.M. and some of the people on the bus were sleeping, or trying to. The rear of the bus was "where the action was" and with the two side back windows wide open, a "stereo blizzard" was keeping spirits up. Whenever someone became thirsty (more and more frequently now), courageous Bob Hyndman would reach out the window and bring in "moisture." "Moisture" was in the form of frozen ice and snow, and even though it didn't last long in the heated bus, it was appreciated. It was still snowing out as we passed the Spring Valley exit of the parkway, and Joe Collins had to be restrained as he desperately called out for help to his mommy and daddy who were only a mile or so away in their warm home. The bus continued on!

As everyone knows, trying to keep up a conversation for 7 straight hours is very difficult and so by this time jokes were really flying. Also around this time, the Frank Seery Choral began their concert. Lead by Frank and backed up by anyone else who knew the words, songs were soon bombarding the bus, songs so old that only Mr.

Scotti recognized them. This, however, was great fun. Strangely, many students were asleep by this time (circa 11:15) but they were rudely awakened as the bus, leaving the main road onto a steep curving exit, skidded and slid into the curb. Cries of "abandon ship" were raised and everyone began to pile out of the tilting bus. Not everyone "chickened out" however, as about 7 students, led by that hardy Scandinavian sea-farer Hugh Lund remained behind. Chomping his cigar, Hugh held on, and in a few minutes, the bus driver skillfully backed the bus onto the parkway once more and took a slight 45 minutes detour. With everyone back on board, three cheers (and a few jeers) were given to the bus driver, to those who stayed on, and to the general health of all. Once more many students went to sleep, and as we continued south we passed through some town that had a building exactly like the Capitol Building. The white dome was all lit up, and it looked so much like the real one, that one sleepy student, on waking up at this point, saw the building and cried out, "On my God! We're in Washington!" Nice move kid.

After another hour or so, we crossed the bridge and as the clock chimed thrice we arrived at the Ford House. Waiting for us there was Fr. Kavanagh and Fr. Thompson who somehow managed to find room for 35 people to sleep. Where was the guardian of the Ford House, Fr. Lynch? He was in his room, peacefully snoring away. Finally, everyone was settled for the night, and with warnings to watch out for sleeping bodies on the floor, Fr. Kavanagh, Fr. Murphy, and Mr. Scotti left for the Faculty Residence to get some sleep for themselves. So ended the 10 hour bus trip, but remember, there's always next year!

—CHRIS NEHRBAUER

## SPRING COMES ALIVE

As we struggled valiantly over mountains of snow to reach our school which never closes, the season of life and growth called spring seemed dead forever. Yet here it is again, and once more those destined to suffer in academic purgatory yearn to return to nature. Mother Nature has cornered the market when it comes to longevity, and each year she returns to taunt the innocent schoolboy as he wrestles with periodic structure. She always wins, of course, and this explains the evident lack of interest that greets each determined teacher in his struggle for attention. Those who sit by the windows are especially difficult to reach. A student in a spring trance is even unaware of the killing glare faultlessly aimed from the front of the room. He will respond only after his name is bellowed with particular force, and then he is capable of one bewildered look and little else.

But the season of spring has its good effects. Although students drift into the occasional lapse mentioned above, their lucid moments also increase, and the depression caused by snow and cold vanishes. Classroom antics become more involved, and the open windows invite those with imagination to fill the air with flying objects. Physically, students feel a new vitality, and are spurred by the call of after-school freedom. Yes, spring is undoubtedly a period of regeneration and renewal; an amazingly live warrior that has slain the winter dragon. Nature is forever achieving a grand comeback. She is unable to be put down and invincible in her fidelity to the victims of winter. Each year these victims wait fearfully, wondering if new life is possible, and each year they are rescued.

How do we compare with the power of spring? Are we as real or as able to recover from defeat? It may seem odd to suggest such an idea, but we are called upon daily to show our strength and ability to back up our promises, whether we are aware of the situation or not. We are not challenged by a savage pagan or active heretic. We do not have to defend the faith against invaders. What we are required to do is apparently simple: we must make what we believe is our blueprint for life. Even so, we don't walk the streets proclaiming our creed. The only ones we can affect are those close to us and often overlooked in favor of far-away crusades. Are we a negative force in the lives of our relatives, friends, and nodding acquaintances? The question seems too obvious to need an answer, but maybe that is the problem. No bush or shrub, no matter how dwarfed by its neighbors, is overlooked when Nature returns after exile. No single person, no matter how casual an acquaintance, should be overlooked by us as we strive to improve our relations with others. We cannot convert a faceless enemy if we have failed to convert our next-door neighbor. We cannot save the world for God if we have not saved enough love for our own classmates.

But love itself, just like beauty, is meaningless as an abstraction. We can talk about spring when the temperature is low, but we cannot know spring until it comes. We can talk about our love for God, our love for the starving, our love for the needy—but talk is nothing. God is far away—we know He won't appear and ask us for anything concrete: at least we hope He won't. But our classmate who asks us a favor, the teacher who expects attention, the woman in the subway who is stand-

ing as we sit—these are close, so close that we escape their demands only by ignoring them. Evil is not a wandering spirit that inspires certain men to become demons. It is a refusal, a withdrawal, and it hides behind innocence. Can an unkind word from our justified mouths be evil, and can rudeness from a believer be reproachable? If we are sure that God would answer both questions as we ourselves would, then we know where we stand. On the other hand, to be on the losing side in the eternity game would be very disagreeable. Of course, we know the rules and the danger of breaking them, so we can't claim ignorance if we lose the game.

Spring is here, bright, cheerful, and ever-faithful. As it has risen from winter, we too should rise to a new awareness and use of our influence over others.

—DENIS CROTTY

## ISAAC SPEAKS

Just back from a rather extended vacation to Florida, Texas, and incidentally Cuba, when his plane was hijacked, our ace reporter Isaac Brickerstaff was most anxious to get back to work the *Cathedralite*. His latest assignment proved to be his most difficult.

Dateline: MIAMI

Upon returning from my vacation, I conducted a poll of the faculty members asking them to give us their favorite songs of all time. With most of the votes counted, they are:

Fr. Lynch—*Paperback Writer* (his students—*Daydream Believer*)Fr. Niebrzydowski—*Supercalifragilisticexpialadocious* song from *Mary Poppins*.Mr. Scotti—*I Get Around*, and around and around.Mr. Byrnes—tie score. During basketball practice, *In the* (Continued on Page Six)

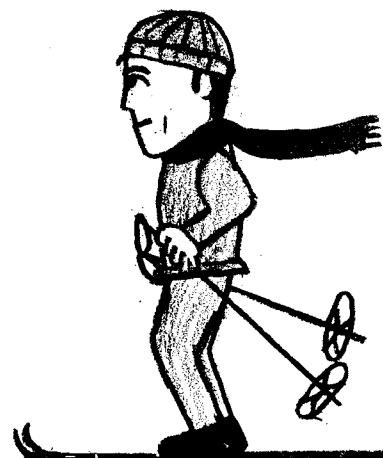
## SKI TRIP '69



Typical Cathedral skier.

With light spirits and not-to-be-used school books, 35 students left 87th Street and West End Ave. at 4:00 P.M. on Friday, Feb. 7. Their destination—Camp St. Joseph in Monticello, N.Y. Leaving the city in the hands of the Mayor, this garish group departed under ideal road conditions. With Fr. Thompson and Fr. Kavanagh traveling right behind, or so they were supposed to be, the bus, under the watchful eyes of Fr. Murphy and Mr. Scotti made its way to the Hot Shoppe Rest where the novice skiers showed the other people present their true abilities—they expertly slalomed in and out through the cafeteria line soon consuming their supper. Finally, arriving at St. Joseph's the entourage was broken up and shown to its quarters. With the Juniors and Sophomores staying in one house, the Seniors took the Freshmen under their wing and encamped in another palatial establishment. There was the usual mad scramble to pick out the good beds and the Seniors, well, a few—two Seniors having thought of this annual rush, again showed their ingenuity—merely evicted any Freshmen who had a better bed than they and took it over. This may not have been Christian but the Seniors did sleep well that night. Shortly after, the outdoor activities began and loud clamorings filled the still night air. Shouts of anticipation rose as Fr. "Worsley" Thompson brought up the puck in a hockey game on the lake; shouts of joy as curly Tom Bonhag bodychecked Fr. Thompson; shouts of pain as "Thompson's tutu" hit the ice. On the sledding path, Jim Hargrove got set for a quick run down. By the tree off the sledding path, Hargrove reset his teeth after unexpectedly meeting the tree. All was not painful, though, seeing that these misfortunes were few and not serious. A head check in the houses shortly afterwards showed that everyone still had theirs. It was now around 11:00 and over in the Junior's pad the 1st Annual Junior-Sophomore Wrestling Match was taking place. Mike Moroney and Pat Keenan proved their talent as they both emerged unbloody and in one piece. Surprisingly the Seniors and Freshmen actually went to sleep, although it was only for a few hours.

Saturday dawned bright and clear, and after a tasty breakfast, everyone boarded the shuttle bus to journey to the Big Vanilla. Events are difficult to relate here because it is a big place and when you are waiting on lift lines you don't see much. However, word of mouth has it that many first time skiers were doing quite well. Jack Goin and Carmine Lisotta picked up the sport very quickly, and of what I saw the next day, they were really bombing those slopes. After a crowded, yet fun-filled day, everyone again returned to the camp after we attended an early evening Mass and ate a hearty supper, we again took part in outdoor activities. This time, anyone who wanted could ride on a ski mobile over the placid lake. Returning to the houses around 10:15, many students went right to



sleep. Some students however were not yet ready for sleep. In the Senior section, a group of six assembled in Kenny Mark's room and over the protests of his tired roommate Jim Kinlan, held a lengthy bull session. Around 11:30, while the rest of the house slept, a white precipitate began to fall from the ethereal regions. By the next morning, seven inches of snow had fallen and the skies still showed no signs of relenting. Nevertheless, we ate a quick breakfast and immediately departed for another day of skiing at Holiday Mt.

Arriving at Holiday Mt., we took care of getting lift tickets and rentals and soon a group of skiers was ready to take the plunge down the mountain slopes. There were many falls owing to the ever increasing depth of the snow but soon all became adjusted to the new terrain and were skiing across, down, and through the fluffy stuff. Kevin Groarke was having his problems, though, as he lay in the snow after getting off the chairlift. He kept pointing at Cazzie Connolly and shouting "He pushed me! He pushed me!" Moe O'Donnell was playing it safe as he cautiously descended the slopes. Brian Wedick, on the other hand, was busy taking over John Timoney's title of chief schuss-

boomer as he went straight down the slope time and time again. Brian has taken over the title! (Any other challengers?)

If one were observant, he could also see Mr. Scotti, the able moderator of the Ski Club, attempting to become a "gelanderspringer" or in laymen's terms, one who jumps from moguls. This is an improvement over his feeble attempts of last year to ski over rocks. Attaining jumps of 10, 12, and 24 inches he soon progressed to the stage of being able to open his eyes as he went off the jumps. All too soon 2:00 rolled around and everyone, except Kevin Groarke, regrettfully boarded the bus for the return to St. Joe's and the city. After we attended Mass, the bus for New York unexpectedly showed up, an hour early. This was at 4:00 and at the same time Fr. Thompson was just arriving in snowed-in New York after a five hour (normally two hour) trip home.

After being given the order to board the bus, we all entered. Alas! Little did we know what the fates had in store for us. But that is another tale, an entirety in itself—the story of the 10 hour bus trip!

—CHRIS NEHRBAUER

## THE KING AND I

By STEVEN LEDDY

Recently I lost a substantial wager to the editor of this paper and as a result I had to journey into "Noman's Land" to interview Father Kavanagh. Arriving at my destination, I was coaxed into his office (at gun-point) and as I stood stiffly at attention in front of the giant dart-board, I began the interview.

Inter.: "May I ask you a few questions Father?"

Fr.: "That's one already Skippy."

Inter.: "Ha Ha! You certainly have a sharp wit!"

Fr.: "Yes, I know."

Inter.: "I see you're braiding a new bull whip. Do you really intend to use that on some student?"

Fr.: "Only in self defense."

Inter.: "Look Father, why don't you put down the darts and relax, and I'll ask you a few questions about the school."

Fr.: "I assure you that I'm neither uncomfortable nor hot in my robe or crown."

Inter.: "OK. Where were you assigned before coming to Cathedral Prep.?"

Fr.: "I had the good fortune of being the chaplain at Sing Sing Prison and at time I can't help but regret leaving a nicer class of people, but we must all make sacrifices."

Inter.: "I see, now what is your

opinion of the Ford House?"

Fr.: "Oh it's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there."

Inter.: "I detect a small joke there Father."

Fr.: "It was nothing really."

Inter.: "I know."

Fr.: "Mind if I smoke?"

Inter.: "Why, are you on fire? Ha Ha!"

Fr.: "I'll handle the jokes Clyde. By the way, these are "Crowd Pleasers" so prepare yourself for a treat."

Inter.: "I can hardly wait. Oh, is there any truth to the rumor that you were called by the Anti-Pollution Commission for Clean Air?"

Fr.: "Absolutely not! They sent me a telegram."

Inter.: "I'd like to continue with this interview Father, but I'm afraid your darts are coming too close. OW!"

Fr.: "Practice makes perfect."

Inter.: "It's been a pleasure talking to you Father, OW!"

Fr.: "I imagine it has."

I extended my hand to be shaken, but he misinterpreted the action as being an offer for it to be used as an ashtray. Dropping the burning ashes, and feeling like a porcupine, I dashed through the doorway; thus returning from my trip to the Twilight Zone.

# CANONS FINISH SEASON

## DUMP DELEHANTY AT GARDEN

On March 1, the 1969 Basketball Season came to an end at the Prep. It concluded with the championship game of The CPIT—a heartbreaking match in which Manhattan Prep was victorious. They won because they played a tough game and because of some tough breaks. Those breaks, such as bad calls by the refs, were very apparent to all those fans who came to view one of the few games. For both the team and the fans it was an agonizing loss. A game which put the season record at (10-12).

When track season was over and basketball had begun, things looked fairly good. Actually there was only one firm position in the starting line-up, and that belonged to Winnie Malpica, Capt. The other four spots were up for grabs. These vacancies were filled by Bob Conway, Capt., Jim Kinlan, Capt. Bill Burke, and John Dooley. Sitting on the bench was Mike Doherty, Paul Cipriani, Tom Marshall, Fred Reich, Tom Granger, and Steve Ryan.

After the starting positions were set, the season began. First there were convincing victories over Bedford Park, Lexington, and Augustinian. Then, the attendance which had been excellent, dropped considerably and continued that way for the rest of the season until the last few games. We lost to Brooklyn Academy and St. Francis, but rebounded strongly with consecutive and confident victories over Brooklyn Cathedral and Bedford Park. We lost to the undefeated team of Power after that. Following an unfortunate incident in midseason, the team with Joe Collins and Tom Jaskolka, brought up from the J.V., was forced to remodel itself and start anew. This did not come easy. What little could be accomplished was blotted out by lack of support. But there was still that desire to win engraved in the hearts of the remaining players.

Again we lost, this time to Brooklyn Academy, Columbia Grammar, and St. Francis. We then lost to Adelphi, beat Lexington with Lou Cobuzzi on the team, and then lost to Pius X and Power. So as you can see, the team found it difficult to come into its own and move as a unit.

Suddenly, things fell into the right places. We lost to Delehanty, beat Augustinian Academy, and beat Delehanty in the Garden. We lost a squeaker to Magnus, our arch rivals; beat Yeshiva, Brooklyn Cathedral, and then Manhattan.

There I sat, next to my locker, pondering what had become of the varsity. Bill Burke had come off two years of poor scoring to be one of the best shooters here at the Prep. John Dooley held Joe Genovese, a Manhattan CPIT all-star, to eight points just as he has done to all of our opponents' best players. He has become the core of the defense. Jim Kinlan, sitting a few lockers away, sweat pouring down his face, has become known as a hustler. He happens to be every-



Varsity players in action in Madison Square Garden.

where on the court. Wherever you saw the ball, there was Jim. Bob Conway became the best foul shooter on the team because he thought he was the worst on last year's team.

Then we have the one player on the team who did everything. He was the leading rebounder and scorer. He scored a total of 407 points this season. His name as you all know, is Winnie Malpica.

The varsity has come to work as a unit. It did so without help or encouragement from many of the students. When the help was there, we tried our best and we won. Sometimes we lost because of our own mistakes; many times because of lack of student support.

From this season, all students should learn a lot. They should sweat just as much as any player because they should be trying to win just as hard as he is for the school. Remember, this year might be over, but next year is still to come!

—STEVE RYAN

## J.V. WINDS UP 8-6

This year's Junior Varsity basketball team really did have the good year it was expected to have. From the beginning of the season, the team was confident of rolling over its opponents, and certainly did prove this throughout the year. The Junior Canons ended with eight wins against six defeats.

The opening game took place December 10 at Cardinal Hayes. Really up for this one, the team defeated Lexington High by a score of 60 to 40. Bob Smalley scored ten and Arty Eccleston nine to pace the attack. The team then travelled to Dunwoodie for their next game, against Manhattan, this time winning 57 to 44. Good shooting, strong rebounding and a fantastic zone press provided the means for victory.

The Canons next opponent was to be a strong Delehanty Club. However, a really superb performance by Tom Jaskolka brought the Canons their third straight victory. Jasko pumped in twenty points by making every shot he took, including the winning basket with one second left in the game. The score



Tom Testi fights for the ball.

had been 60 to 59 in favor of Delehanty, when Bob Murray was fouled. He connected on the foul shot, thus setting the stage for Jasko's winning basket.

Yeshiva was next in line to be conquered by the Canons. The J.V. easily rolled over this club, with Joe Collins and Tom Jaskolka hitting eighteen and seventeen points respectively. Once again Manhattan's J.V. had the chance to prove they could overcome the Canons. However, they just weren't good enough. Bob Murray popped in twenty points and Maurice O'Donnell sixteen to lead the scoring. The Junior Canons had now won 5 in a row and were out to make this our first undefeated season in quite a while.

However, the roof fell in when the team next played at Horace Mann. A twenty point deficit at halftime was a little too much to overcome, and the team lost 70 to 67. Tom Jaskolka's twenty-eight point along with fourteen by Bob Murray were just not enough.

The Canons did, however, bounce right back by clipping Columbia Grammar 62 to 59. Bob Murray once again continued to have a hot hand, throwing in twenty-seven points to lead the team. Most important in the final 5 seconds was

"Big" Bob Smalley controlling a tap play to Charlie Smith and Charlie scoring at the buzzer to insure victory.

After an eight point loss to St. Francis of Brooklyn, the Canons once again tore apart Lexington. Much of this was due to the fact that Charlie Smith scored twenty-seven points, Charlie really put on a fantastic shooting performance in this victory. Bob Murray also had eighteen and Wally Casey ten to help out in the scoring column.

The Canons lost their next two games to Delehanty and Pius X. Then the big game of the year took place at Albertus Magnus. The team trailed by one at the end of the first quarter but just seemed to lose its scoring touch as the game progressed. Although the team lost, Tom Testi turned in a good shooting performance with sixteen points.

The Canons lost another tough one when they played Adelphi. This game had to be the game of games, when the J.V. was really "robbed out" of another win.

However, the Canons couldn't let such a good season end on such a sour note. The team was out to run up a big score against Yeshiva in the final game of the year. This it did, by romping 68 to 42. Bob Murray ended a fantastic year by scoring eighteen points while the rest of the team contributed to the victory.

The J.V. Basketball team really showed the talent it had by good performances in all of its games. This season is definitely a foreshadowing of great variety seasons to come for the next couple of

### ISAAC SPEAKS

(Continued from Page Four)

*Midnight Hour.* In the driver's ed. car, *One Two Three Red Light.*

Fr. Rea—*Those Were the Days.*

Fr. Zoshak—*I Am A Rock.* No you're not, you're a Freshman and this is science not chemistry.

Fr. Murphy—*What's it All About, Alfie.* Doesn't anybody know?

Msgr. Dennen—*Ticket to Ride.*

Fr. Kavanagh—*Here Comes the Judge* (students in jug—*Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*).

Dr. Ziebranska—*Sounds of Silence* in the library.

—ISAAC BRICKERSTAFF, 4F