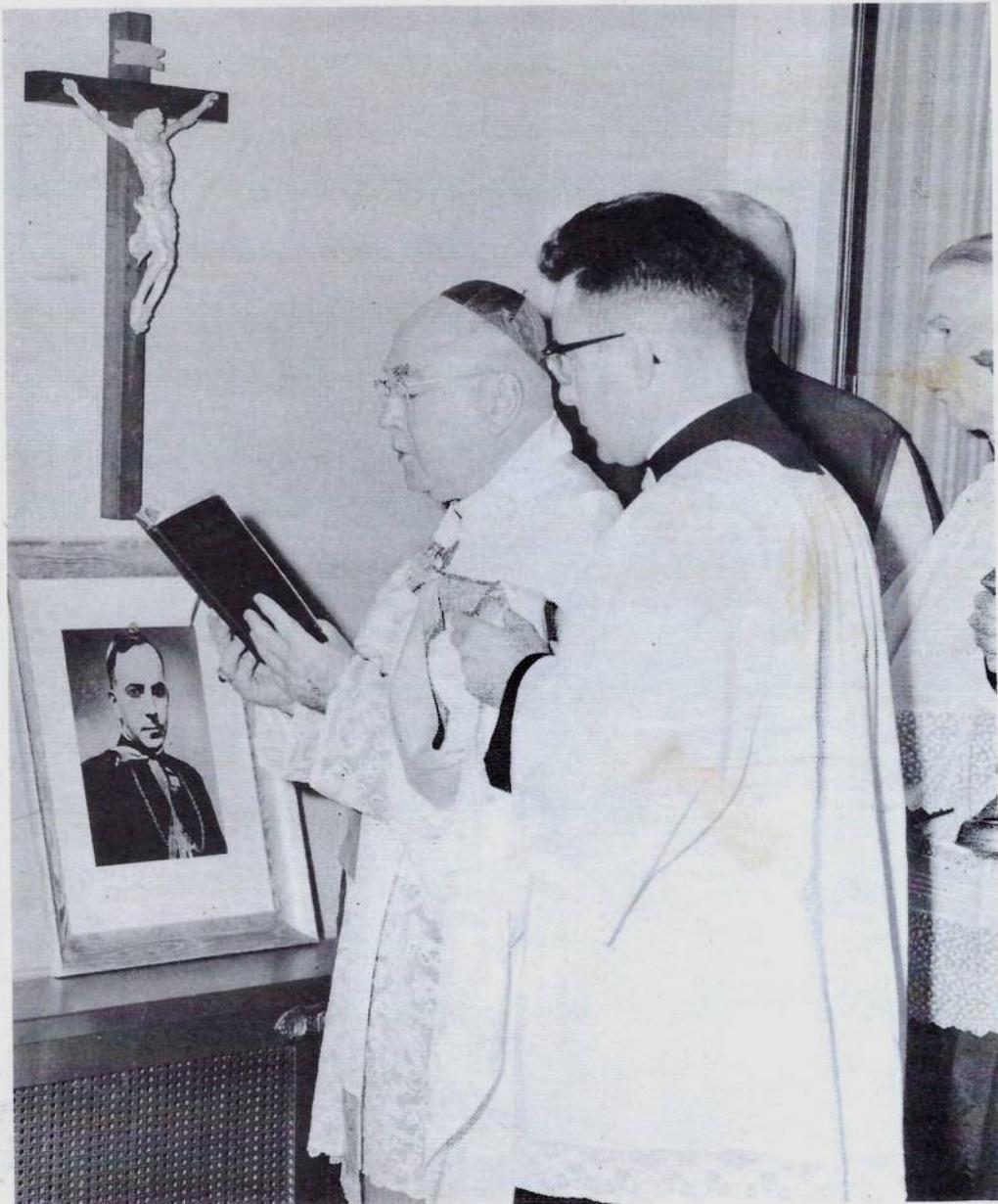


The Cathedralite

June, 1959



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THE FORD HOUSE - WHY?
Leonard O'Connor

With the development, in recent years, of the outlying districts of the Archdiocese, our Cardinal has been faced with a new and serious problem, a problem whose solution directly concerns each of us at Cathedral. Realizing that these districts possessed a greater vocation potential than they were producing, he set himself to the task of attracting these men to college.

The prime factor which kept these boys from Cathedral was their inability to find living accommodations in the city. Only a comparative few submitted to the rigors of commuting, and of these not all were able to maintain the grades necessary to remain at the College. Those who could not find accommodations and who were unable to commute relinquished, at least for the time being, their hopes of serving in the Archdiocese. The Cardinal and his advisers considered this a great loss, not only because of the enormous need for priests in the rapidly growing archdiocese, but even more because many who wished to come here could not do so. It seemed, therefore, that the only solution lay in providing living accommodations for as many of these as possible.

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THE FORD HOUSE - WHY?
(continued)

After much deliberation, plans were made for such a residence. Finally, with many and diverse difficulties overcome, The Bishop Ford Memorial Residence, in February of this year, opened its doors to fifteen candidates for the priesthood. Cardinal Spellman, as well as the administrative staff at Cathedral College, sincerely believe that this is the solution to the problem. Those at the Ford House certainly believe that it is so in their case.

The House affords each of us opportunities which we never realized while commuting. Among the most important of these is the extra time available for study and recreation, two of the principal divisions of the seminary day. The atmosphere is most conducive to the cultivation of proper study habits and the extra hour of outdoor recreation sharpens the mind and alleviates some of the drudgery of "keeping the nose to the grindstone." It is needless to mention the value of extra hours of healthful sleep. The seven o'clock rising bell is by far a more pleasant sound than the train whistle on the five-thirty from Four-Corners or where ever. While these are important considerations, the house offers other opportunities which are even more important.

Greatest of all the new-found opportunities is that for spiritual development. On account of early hours and long distances many of us were forced to forego the advantages of daily Mass and Communion, a serious loss in even the strongest of vocations.

Now, with the college so near, these things take their proper place in our lives. Meditations and visits to the Blessed Sacrament were of necessity short and few in number. Now a few moments spent in quiet meditation before the Blessed Sacrament are easy to realize. And though the forms of our prayers have not changed, we find in them greater consolation and obtain from them more grace now that we can more easily understand and appreciate them.

This is the role of the Ford House in Cathedral College life today. As for the future we can only hope and pray daily that it will continue to serve its purpose of attracting more students to the College and of making their daily routine easier to handle. More students at Cathedral will likely mean more priests to serve Our Lord and minister to the people of this Archdiocese. What greater achievement than this could anyone wish?

On behalf of all the resident students, the writer would like to express, to all those who have been instrumental in making the Ford House a reality, their heartfelt appreciation and gratitude.

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INSIDE CATHEDRAL TODAY

James C. Maloney

The red brick edifice that etches its silhouette against the smiling blue sky over West End Avenue at 87th Street in an unimposing facade, which houses hundreds of eager young men of different backgrounds and abilities, united in the bond of their common interest--their desire to attain the goal of the priesthood.

The purpose of Cathedral College is simple and direct--to prepare young men for entrance into major seminary. Thus, it is the first step on the arduous journey to the diocesan priesthood. We have often heard Cathedral compared to West Point; in the opinion of the writer, this analogy is not completely valid. Cathedral College is rather a training or seed-ground in which young men study ordinary high school subjects, while qualified priest-teachers help them to decide whether or not they have been given a vocation. Cathedral College does not make vocations; rather, it helps young men to ascertain them, to nurture them, and, by a solemn duty, to preserve them.

Just as Cathedral College must aid those who it believes have been called to the priesthood, so it must advise those who, in its considered opinion, may not have been blessed with such a vocation. Many young men enter Cathedral College with an inclination to the priesthood of Jesus Christ, and, after reflection and prayer discover that it is nothing more. When these men leave Cathedral with clear consciences for other fields of endeavor to which they feel they have been called, it should be a surprise to no one. It is altogether right and proper that they do this.

If there be any one criterion by which to measure the life of a seminarian, it may be to ask himself, before he begins anything, "Will it in any way hinder my vocation?" If the answer is affirmative, he is on his own. In fact, most of the time in Cathedral, the seminarian is on his own. Aside from morning prayers and afternoon rosary and Benediction, the conduct of the spiritual life is left to the choice of the individual seminarian. So, it is in Cathedral, perhaps even more than in Dunwoodie, that his spiritual life is nurtured and strengthened.

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INSIDE CATHEDRAL TODAY
(Continued)

If one were to state the most common fault of the student in Cathedral, it might well be his tendency to self-pity. Constant complaining and continual "playing the martyr" are the overt indications of such a condition, and it seems to spring from a basic lack of generosity. The curriculum of the College is no more difficult than that of Fordham or any other accredited high school. Moreover, spiritual duties must never be considered a burden to a seminarian, rather they are the very source of his stamina.

Certainly, twelve years-six in the minor - "sem", - six in the major - may seem like a long time, and in fact they are. But the days and weeks will pass by far more quickly than one can now imagine. And, finally, the preparation will be at an end. One will then look back on the first day he entered the seminary. He will be prostrate before the altar of God, and then he will understand, for the first time really what St. John Vianney, the Cure d' Ars, meant when he said: "One kneels in the consciousness of his nothingness, and rises a priest forever."

The supreme test of the true worth of Cathedral College is an examination of its accomplishments, for it is only from them that we can conclude whether Cathedral College has achieved its "desideratum" or intended object. And what are its accomplishments? Nothing but the products of its existence - the thousands of young men it has instructed and inspired; and the mute testimony of Cathedral's graduates - the diocesan priests, the missionaries at home and abroad, the groups of religious, and the active, faithful laity - this is far more eloquent than any panegyric spoken by even her most avowed disciple.

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Section from R. Ryan's Washington Memos

On the morning of our second day, the hotel was invaded by what seemed like thousands of little girls from the Emily Duckenson School for Children Who Should Never Have Been Born. They no sooner became settled (on our floor naturally) when they lost Carol. I don't believe anyone of us ever saw this child (I presume it was a child), but she strikes me as a rather tragic figure. It often brought tears to our eyes to hear some little girl crying outside our rooms (usually early in the morning) "Carol! Is Carol in there? Carol!" Pathetic really, but after a while it began to grate on the nerves. Toward the end of our stay, I came to a final conclusion: That there was no such person as Carol, and that the little girls were all a bit retarded.

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DEMENTIA
(Life at Cathedral)

By William Mason and Francis Clarke

Another year has run its course and for the Fourth year class it has been an unusually busy nine months. Besides a highly successful trip to Washington during the Easter vacation, we are now looking forward to still another treat - a boat ride to Rye Beach, and just to make it extra-special super fun, Father Griffin has invited Brooklyn Cathedral along. Just how lucky can one class get!

In the classroom, too, a good time was had by all, with the usual good-natured banter, wholesome recreation, and acid blindings. Father Fleming gave us an introduction to mysticism; but Frank Clarke, who needs no introduction, assured us that Father was strictly from Squares' Ville. We learned from Father Potter that just about everything is poisonous and smells like rotten eggs.

Speaking of rotten eggs, Father James Lynch will receive a gold-plated Rotten Egg inscribed with the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, for his outstanding contributions as an instructor of youth, brilliant humorist, super-athlete, devastating satirist, and sophisticated song stylist. This award will be presented by Dementia along with the following:

To Mr. Martin Clancy of Third Year, a box of gold stars; for being unanimously voted most popular student by the faculty.

To Messrs. Perry and Slowey of Third Year, a basket of fruit for making the most original contributions to the American Way of Life in the past year.

To Mr. Alfred Vent, the greatest conductor since Toscanini, a pair of solid gold handcuffs.

To Mr. Matt Murray of Second Year, a punch in the nose from everyone he beat out at Field Day. (See Sport's page)

To Mr. Richard Walsh of Fourth Year, a golden record for his rendition of that immortal song, "I Won't Dance. Don't Ask Me!", when he was asked to do just that, on our showboat escapade up the Hudson. (Incidentally, Father Griffin, the keenest advocate of the gala affair, didn't seem too anxious to offer his talents, either.)

An award from the American Society for the Propagation of the Star-Spangled Banner goes to the Cathedral Radio Club for patriotism above and beyond the call of duty.

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All kidding aside, we feel it would be horrible to end the year without some sound advice. Here it is:

Father Lynch, in emulating the closed couplet of Pope, gave this sound counsel:

"Do all your work and have humility
And perchance someday you'll be like me."

Father Murphy, reacting to Third Year's nuclear test in religion class:

"Gentlemen! One more time!"
(A word to the wise is sufficient)

Father Dennen, warned by his doctor to stop smoking that pipe, (lip cancer, you know) kindly passed on this advice to Fourth Year and everyone immediately promised, in fourteen languages, never again to touch a pipe. (Cigarette stocks, you may be surprised to learn, rose sharply the next day.)

We leave you now with these immortal words,
"Canis qui cannat non est."

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What may yet prove to be the greatest archeological discovery of the century is a Latin manuscript dating from the fourth century A.D., but apparently written in a style more characteristic of an earlier age. The exact meaning of the text was at first enigmatic and even such a noted Latinist as Father Dennen, Professor Emeritus of Ancient Languages at the Universitas Vergilia in Naples, was stumped as to its meaning and translation. The puzzle was ultimately solved, however, by that internationally famous inventor of new languages, Father Deno, who explained the key to the translation in one of his newer invented languages and consequently that key was not understood by anyone not even, as some delcare, by Father Deno himself.

For all those avidly interested in the noble Latin tongue, we have persuaded Father Deno to release to the world at least the translation in English.

But first here is the original text:

Osibili si ergo fortibus in ero.
O nobili demis trux.
Sewatis enim?

Causendux!

Translation appears on page 9

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SPORTS

Walt Healy

FIELD DAY

Field Day dawned sunny and humid, just as that great forecaster Father Griffin ("It never rains on Field Day") had predicted. Everyone went home with a tan and, just incidentally, with assorted aches and pains acquired during the course of the afternoon. It was a thoroughly enjoyable day!

Here, for your edification, are the highlights in Track and Baseball.

Senior Division

		<u>TRACK</u>	<u>Time</u>
100 yds.	1) George Thompson - 5th 2) Gerard O'Shea - 5th 3) Martin Flanagan - 4th		10.6
220 yds.	1) George Thompson - 5th 2) Gerard O'Shea - 5th 3) Thomas Dunne - 5th		24.6
440 yds.	1) Thomas Dunne - 5th 2) Paul Schellhammer - 6th 3) Arthur McCann - 3rd		61.0
	440 yd. Relay - 5th 1) George Thompson 2) Thomas Reynolds 3) Gerard O'Shea 4) Thomas Dunne		51.4 sec.

FIELD

		<u>Distance</u>
Shot-put	1) Paul Schellhammer -- 6th 2) Thomas Mulvanerty -- 6th 3) Daniel Mahoney -- 4th	38'4" 36'0" 34'9"
Broad-jump	1) Damien Vallelonga -- 6th 2) Paul Schellhammer -- 6th 3) William Toth -- 5th	16'10" 16'5" 16'4"
High-jump	1) James Manning -- 3rd 2) Frank Clark -- 4th 3) Arthur McCann -- 3rd	5'2" 5'2" 4'11"

In the competition for the Senior Division Trophy, Paul Schellhammer of sixth year nosed out George Thompson of fifth

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SPORTS
(Continued)

by one point. Paul had eleven while George scored ten. In class scoring, Fifth Year overwhelmed all opposition by amassing twenty-eight points. They far out-shone Sixth Year who placed second with a respectable fourteen points.

Junior Division

TRACK

		<u>Time</u>
60 Yds.	1) Matt Murray - 2B 2) Vincent Ramos - 2A 3) James Barry - 2A	6.3
100 Yds.	1) Matt Murray - 2B 2) Vincent Ramos - 2A 3) James Barry - 2A	10.6
440 Yds.	1) Matt Murray - 2B 2) Daniel O'Connell - 2A 3) Victor Caleo - 2B	62.1

FIELD

		<u>Distance</u>
Shot-put	1) Robert Smith - 2B 2) Vincent Ramos - 2A 3) Matt Murray - 2B	32' 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ " 31' 6 " 31' 5 "
Broad-jump	1) Matt Murray - 2B 2) Vincent Ramos - 2A 3) Thomas Kearse - 1C	16' 1 " 15' 5 " 15' 5 "
High-jump	1) Matt Murray - 2B 2) John Mulvanerty - 2B 3) John Pape - 2A	4' 9" 4' 8" 4' 7"

Matthew Murray won five of six events and took third in the Shot-put to score a spectacular twenty-six points. He easily beat Vincent Ramos, who placed second with ten points. 2B, cashing in on Murray's triumphs, coasted to victory in class competition, scoring a total of thirty-five points. 2A, with twenty-three points, was second.

BASEBALL

There were two games on Field Day: the annual classic between the Faculty and Sixth Year, and a battle between Third and Second Year.

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BASEBALL
(continued)

Faculty-Senior

The Faculty showed form reminiscent of former years, but lost as Sixth Year squeaked out a 5 to 4 victory. Fr. Lynch, Fr. Gartland, Fr. Browne, Fr. Murphy, and Fr. Griffin spearheaded the Faculty attack, but seemed to fade in the closing innings. Jacobs, although admonished not to use his fast ball by Fr. Griffin, continued to use it and finally wore the venerable teachers out. John and Joe Grange, Bob Swift, and Bernie O'Connor also contributed to the Senior cause.

Third-Second

A valiant Second Year team suffered defeat as Third Year routed them 6 to 2. Up until the third inning, the pitcher, Daly, had held the Juniors in check. In the third, however, Third Year started to belt the ball and scored two runs to tie up the game. Subsequently, they scored two in both the fifth and sixth innings to wrap it up. Outstanding players for the Juniors were Brinkman, Holland, Cauly, Manning, Marsek, and Douthit. The Sophomores boasted of Dorsey, Kenny, Wertz, McShane, McDonald, Pape, DeLia, and Finucane.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We would like to commend all the competitors and the winners. We would also like to thank the members of the Faculty who facilitated the operation of the events. We feel that the fine results obtained from the use of loudspeakers by members of the Third Year "Ham" Club should merit their permanent use at all Field Days.

Translation from page 6

(To retain the poetic flavor, the passage has been translated into colloquial English)

Oh, see Billy! See 'er go. Forty buses in a row!
Oh, no Billy! Dem is trucks.
See what's in 'em
Cows and ducks!

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RANDOM RUMORS! ROUND THE ROOMS

J.C.M.

Senior Spotlights

Richie, (aliases Van, Tom Tall,) Kunzig sings in a quartet (called the Rebels) and is available for weddings, birthdays and bar mitzvahs. Rich is also writing his auto-biography called, "The Misunderstood Years-Vol.1."

Bob Ryan - England's ambassador to C.C. - is starting a Judy Garland fan club (why not include Ingrid Bergman?)

Bill Mason - a liberal on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a conservative on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and a Communist on Sunday - is starting a Salvador Dali, modern art-appreciation class.

Junior Jottings

What with "trotting" through Latin and pacing through English, third year has been pretty dull this semester. The only important occurrence in the last couple of months is 3B's preparations for sending Treasurer, George Brucker to Geneva as a typical example of usury. In conclusion, Fourth Year writes off the juniors as suitable successors to themselves.

Sophomore Sidelights

Second Year's actions in recent weeks have been true indications of their name; they have been acting like "wise fools." We would like to congratulate the four members of 2A, who have been unanimously chosen "least likely to succeed." They are: Farrell (Biudo) Carew, Tim (Slippery) McShane, Billy (Bird-Dog) Tyler and Chuck (Little Ceasar) Kelly; honorable mention was given to the Cretan.

The Countess Dombronski award is annually given to promising young male vocalists; this year being an exception it goes to:

Richie Novak with affection

(We think your head needs some correction.)

To the second year French class: If you want to be very irritating to Father Carroll, whistle a few Cole Porter songs in his class.

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Freshman Footnotes:

What with writing five-page compositions and pages upon pages of "discipline," First Year has been comparatively quiet. We hear Kevin Murphy is going to Geneva as a typical example of Inflation. Is Rickie Bell the Bilko of 1A?

To Ken Comeford: Tell us about Jimmie Sullivan.

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Without the assistance of Bob Dowling - 2A (a physical wreck) and Vin McBee - 2B (mental wreck) the above couldn't be written by this complete wreck.

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Although the year was torn with
strife and woe
We have endured the battle, slain
the foe;
And so we say, "Good-Bye!", to all
our friends
And with the faculty we make amends;
They say: "Enjoy your freedom, students
dear,
We'll see you next September, right
back here."

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Phenomenal Photogenic Phantasmagoria—J.C.M.

FR. "PHYSICAL" LYNCH ADVISES



You Must Be Humble, Boys!

TEEN-AGE HOODS STORM NATION'S CAPITOL



Picketing Federal Building.
Two hired ex-pugs are at left.

FR. POTTER



MIKE HARKIN (IN P.J.'s)



As he was caught
in a police raid



Here they are staging a sit-down strike in front of Lincoln Memorial: Jimmie Hoffa is seen standing, left background. Vicious-looking hoods in foreground are Teamster racketeers.

Our Hero

(Can Fr. really do
the cha-cha?)

FOURTH YEAR VISITS GREAT STONE FACE



(Petrified Moose Head)

FR. (SORE-ARMED) BYRNE
PROVES YOU CAN'T TEACH AN



OLD DOG NEW TRICKS.
(NOTHING PERSONAL)

3 MEMBERS OF



Anemics Anonymous

FIELD DAY HONORS COPPED BY:



Geo. Thompson—5th Yr.
(edging O'Shay)



And Matt (Marvelous)
Murray—2B