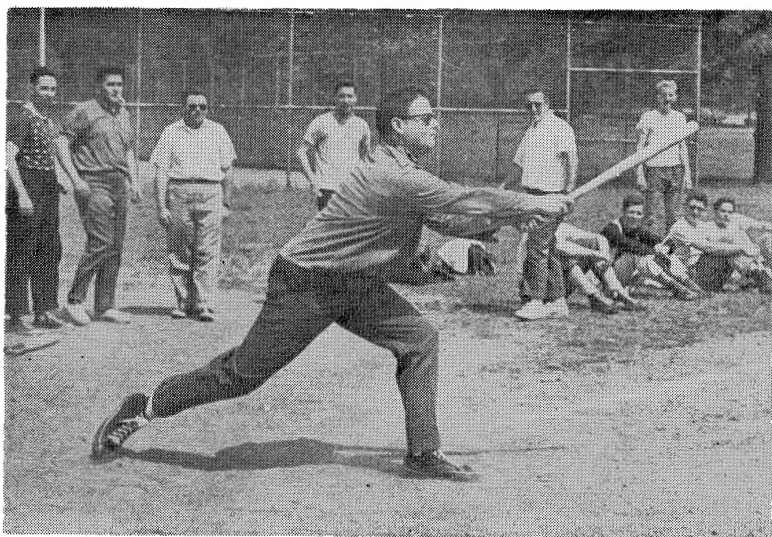


The Cathedralite

Vol. XIX

New York, N. Y., May-June, 1962

No. 4



Field Day

Who won on field day? Well, Fourth Year literally ran away with the Senior Division. Paced by Jimmy Finn, who won three gold medals, the seniors amassed 42 points, more than three times as many as any other year in its division. Pat McAvey won another gold medal for Fourth Year with a beautiful 880 yd. run. Who won the Charles Atlas Memorial? Why, Dennis Norman (of Fourth Year, of course). After viewing the race, run on a fast track, the officials (?) decided to designate the winners as Win, Place, Show, rather than 1st, 2nd, 3rd. Oh yes, there were others. Jim Butkis of Fifth Year, after playing around with a 16 lb. shot, heaved a 12 lb. shot a hearty 53'1". Third Year's Dennis Keane managed, with the help of a rope crossbar (???) to make a six-foot high jump.

In the Junior Division, three men were standouts. Cyril Rodriguez, Ken Cevoli, and Ed Cevoli found themselves engaged in a tight battle for individual point honors. Rodriguez (with 2 gold medals) scored eleven points to nip the Cevoli brothers and win the individual trophy.

After all the events were over, the faculty trudged over to the softball field (stolen from Second Year, no less) to play a game against Sixth Year. Fr. Wilkinson, the Faculty pitcher, got off to a fast start and allowed only two runs in the first inning. In the late innings, however, he looked like nothing more than a tired Dizzy Dean. For a while it appeared as if the Faculty might break the game open with their solid bench. Fr. Carroll, a rookie brought up from the Louvain Little League, made his debut. But alas, the Faculty fell 9-8. (How they got eight runs is still a mystery!)

BRENNAN, TORRES WIN CONTEST

On Tuesday, May 15, the Annual High School Elocution Contest took place. In both the Junior and Senior Divisions, the contestants recited passages from outstanding novels.

In the Junior Division, with Thomas Flynn as Chairman, first place was won by Second Year's Andrew Torres for his forceful and highly-expressive recitation of "The Chariot Race" from *Ben Hur*. George Kovach of First Year took second place with his excellent narration of "Chicken at the Carmody's" from the Pulitzer Prize winning novel, *The Edge of Sadness*, by Edwin O'Connor. Adam Michaele and William Lewis of First Year rendered selections from *Captains Courageous* and *Quo Vadis*, respectively. Second Year's Michael Falci gave a recitation from *The Caine Mutiny*, and his fellow Sophomore, Thomas Derivan, ended the Junior Division contest with a selection from *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Kenneth Ackerman of Second Year and

Lawrence Keane of First Year served as alternates.

After a brief intermission, Chairman Joseph Nisa opened the Senior Division of the Elocution Contest. In keen competition, Denis Brennan of Third Year took top place with his stirring rendition of "The Priest's Speech from the Hatch" from *On the Waterfront*. Fourth Year's David Lenihan won second place with his realistic and expressive delivery of "Willie Stark's 'Hick' Speech" from the novel *All the King's Men*. For Fourth Year, Robert Panek gave a selection from *The Caine Mutiny*, and Robert Poveromo one from *Gone With the Wind*. Third Year's Robert Leslie delivered a selection from *The Last Hurrah*, and Philip Hill, also of Third Year, gave a narration from *The Red Badge of Courage*. Alternates in the Senior Division were Joseph Hester of Fourth Year and Peter Pizzorno of Third Year.

Father Walter F. Kenny, S.T.D., a Canonical Consultant of the Archdiocesan Tribunal, gave the decision of the judges, who included Father John P. Carway of Our Lady of Victory Parish and Father Kevin J. Mc Niff of St. Joseph's Parish, both in the Bronx.

HOLBROOK SUCCEEDS NAGLE AS EDITOR

The editor of the '62-'63 *Cathedralite* will be John Holbrook, the present treasurer of 3B, a man of slight stature but impressive mental capacity and imagination. John is an honor student and one of the few who refrains from telling the world about it. We are indeed fortunate that John could find time from among his heavy burdens of carrying every class meeting practically single-handed and adding interest to Religion class by engaging in debates with the professor over fine points of moral theology. Mr. Holbrook has made numerous contributions to *The Cathedralite* during this year. We asked Mr. Holbrook for a statement concerning the general tempo of future *Cathedralites*. He stood solidly behind the policies of Joseph Nagle when he said, "Who says a school newspaper has to be dull?" We feel confident that Mr. Holbrook will carry on in the best traditions of the publication and the school.

Assisting Mr. Holbrook in his endeavors to maintain an interesting and light newspaper accurately representing the activities and feelings of the student body will be Gerald Lacey and Vincent Dempsey, presently of 3A and 3B respectively. They succeed two very able seniors, Joseph Hester and Kevin Murphy.

Mr. Lacey has been responsible for the 3rd year reports contained in the "High School News" department of the '61-'62 *Cathedralite*. He has also assisted in the general arrangement of articles appearing in *The Cathedralite*.

Mr. Dempsey has also written for *The Cathedralite* in the capacity of a critic.

So, in the coming school year we can expect a school publication which, hopefully, will be of as fine a quality as the present publication. The staff will be experienced, intelligent, and eager to make a vital contribution to the spirit of the school through articles concerning school activities and articles of humor.

The present editorial staff wishes to extend to Mr. Holbrook the best of luck in all his endeavors next year.

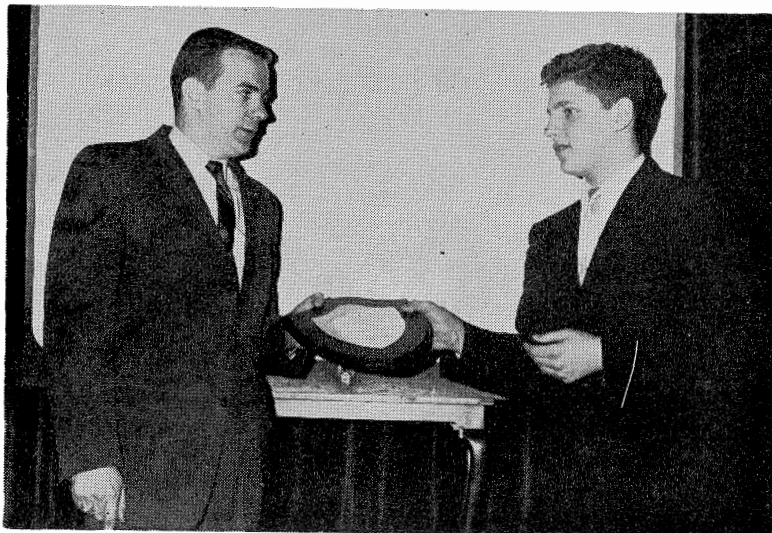
Mr. De Paoli Honored

On Tuesday evening, May 1, class 2B presented a plaque to Mr. Michael De Paoli, our physical education teacher, in recognition of his excellent year of service in Cathedral. Mr. Raymond La Manna, class president, did the honors. He praised the altogether astonished Mr. De Paoli as an inspiring aid to the school's basketball teams throughout the year. He also expressed the sorrow of all Second Year at his departure this June. Then, he gave Mr. De Paoli probably the highest honor that can be accorded a member of the faculty! "During the past year, you have become by far, the most popular member of the faculty." Second Year roared at these words.

Mr. De Paoli was born in Katonah, New York, and attended St. Mary's School in that city. After being graduated from St. Mary's he decided to become a teacher of physical education. So he went to Manhattan College in New York, to earn his degree. While at Manhattan, he worked at various other high schools in New York to gain more experience. In June, 1961, he was graduated from Manhattan and in September of that year he came to Cathedral. In the College, he has been not only a good teacher, but also an important asset in assisting the members of the various basketball teams, especially the freshmen and the J. V. Since Mr. De Paoli is a layman, he can more easily communicate with a boy who is in trouble. And he has done this on many occasions.

Besides being a teacher, Mr. De Paoli is also a family man. He has a charming wife and a young son who hopes to follow in his father's footsteps. This September, Mr. De Paoli will begin teaching Physical Education at Carmel High School in New York.

Sorrowfully, all of us at Cathedral say good-bye to a wonderful man and wish him the best of luck in all his future undertakings.



Editorial

Sumer is icumen in again, and it's time once more to . . .

What's the matter, kid? . . . Oh, that. No, it's not a misspelling. It's one of those Middle English lyrics we were supposed to memorize this year. It's the "Cuckoo Song," — the famous "Song," as the books say.

As I was saying, we have come to that time of the year when we must offer our apologies, our thanks, and . . .

Yes, famous! . . . Well, if you haven't, it only shows how ignorant you are.

Our first apology is for not keeping a promise we made last November to publish six issues of **The Cathedralite** this year. We would like to be able to say that the reason we had only four issues was that we were seeking quality rather than quantity. But to tell the truth, the reason is the negligence of the editorial staff. We must admit we have been almost as negligent in this matter as we have been in our studies . . .

No, I can't sing it for you. I don't know the melody. I think it goes to the tune of "Greensleeves" or the "London-derry Air" or something like that . . . No, it doesn't go to the air of the "Whiffenpoof Song." Go away, kid. I'm busy.

We do not apologize for the headline **Veterum Sapientia** that appeared in the last issue. It was the printer's mistake, not ours. A fourth year student would never have . . .

Listen, if I recite it once, will you stop bothering me and go away? . . . All right. (Ahem),

Sumer is icumen in

Lhude sing cuccu!

Groweth sed and bloweth med

And springth the wude nu.

Sing cuccu! . . .

uh . . . Awe bleteth after lomb,

Lhoute after . . .

How should I know what it means; we only had to memorize it. Now scram!

As I was saying, we want to thank those who *did* work diligently to make the paper interesting and attractive. We think it is time that Kevin Murphy be given credit for writing "Dear Biddy" and "The Trading Post". Thanks also to Father Lynch, our moderator, for letting Kevin get away with so much and for being so patient and indulgent with us all year. We want to . . .

Are you still here? What? . . . Certainly it's more famous than the "Whiffenpoof Song." People will be reciting the "Cuckoo Song" long after the "Whiffenpoof Song" has passed into oblivion. Please leave me alone.

We offer a special word of thanks to our subscriber and promise him a place in the "Alumni Corner" next year. Above all, we thank the school for providing us with this opportunity for expression and for shouldering the bulk of the expense.

We want to thank all of our friends for encouraging us and also our enemies, if we have any, for spurring us on. For any success we have achieved was done no more out of a desire to please than out of spite. But we hope there are no hard feelings.

Now that summer is here, we can relax and look leisurely back over the past year. We can admit now that the teachers were right. We could have applied ourselves more to work and less to the TV set. We could have finished reading Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*. We could have memorized the famous "Cuckoo Song," melody and all. Now, we'll have to do it all during the summer.

We are a year nearer to the priesthood. If those ahead pass as quickly at those behind us have, we have little time to waste in our preparation. A happy and profitable summer to all. May the vacation not make us forget our vacation. We hope our friends, and our enemies too, if we have any, will safeguard their vacations over the summer and that we will be back here together in September.

Let's see, now. How does it go . . . Sumer is icumen in, Lhude sing cuccu . . . I wonder how famous that thing really is.

HIGH SCHOOL NEWS

By THOMAS P. TURLEY

The big news lately has been Fr. Griffin's crackdown on the High School. Although the freshmen, who have been growing more and more rambunctious in the past weeks, took this as a matter of course; Fourth Year was shaken to its foundations when his dire footsteps resounded through its hallowed halls (note the alliteration) . . . In Third Year — Fr. Carroll finished the book with a bang (for the first time in three years) — Fr. Murphy reached the end of his book with a question — and Fr. Brown finished the book . . . Tom McGrath of Fourth Year should be given an "Oscar" for his window ledge scene just prior to the Third Quarter exams . . . Does Third Year's Bill Lewis really have the best throwing arm in Spanish Class? . . . In July, Fourth Year's Joe Hester is going to be shipped up the river for a long stretch at the "Big House S.J." We'll all miss you Joe! . . . Second Year would like to use this column to thank Mr. Poli for his tireless assistance in making their class night a success . . . For crimes of a capital nature, Fourth Year's Washington Committee has been sentenced to a three week stay at the Ebbitt Hotel . . . At one class meeting, the Seniors entrusted their funds to Richie Fedor. Cut me in Rich!!! . . . At Joe Nisa's coronation as Fourth Years Emperor last May 2, the Crown Prince, Dave Lenihan, was awarded a Roosevelt dime suspended from a green and gold pendent for his tireless efforts to keep awake in a certain somebody's class . . . An epidemic of "debate-itis" has hit Third Year . . . Fr. Dennen is convinced that John Jenik is a pinko . . . Upon the cessation of the elaborate welcome the High School received at Dunwoodie, Fr. Cohalan is alleged to have remarked, "All this for me?" . . . Both third and Fourth Years are finding, to their dismay, that Fr. Lynch is no longer his old lovable self lately; and even Fr. Carroll has turned a deaf ear to their pleas for mercy. I wonder if Fr. Cohalan has gotten to them somehow . . .

I would like to take this opportunity and space (we ran out of news), to thank the various class

INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER

By J. DENNIS NORMAN

QUESTION:

What is your advice to this year's graduates of the high school division here at Cathedral College?

WHERE ASKED

The halls of Cathedral College.

ANSWERS

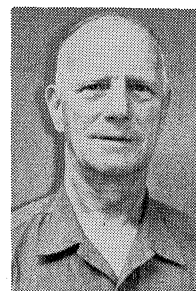
Mary Noonan:



"No matter which of life's paths you choose, remember the value of a good education."

Andy Smith:

"Continue to work hard and always put your trust in Our Lord. May your life have more ups and less downs than my elevator."



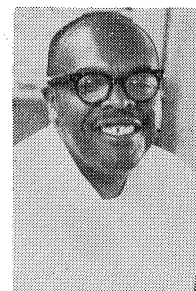
Kitty Schuler:



"We pass through this world but once and may it be a better one for having you in it."

Vernon Curtis:

"Continue to move onward and upward, and may God bless you to continue to prepare yourselves for His work. Yield not to temptation."



reporters and typists, without whose help this column would not have been possible, and our moderator, Rev. Oscar Lynch, whose ample censoring has saved us from expulsion innumerable times during the past year.

THE TRADING POST

The Annual Faculty-Student Awards, 1962: for:

Father Hanlon, a new cat

Father Potter, a box of band-aids

Father Griffin, a copy of "59 Ways to Say No"

Uncle O, a reputation

Uncle Donald P., a bouquet of stinkweed

Michael Griffin, a new pair of legs

Dave Lenihan, a golden bull

Aldo V., a license to fight

Father Byrne, some Greek fire

Joe Nisa, a new title

Pat Dunne, Mickey Mantle's big toenail

Father Niebryzdowski, a new middle name besides Stanislausiewicz

Poetry of the Month

To err is Human

To forgive, Divine

But to forget is Uncle O.

THIRD YEAR WINS ANNUAL DEBATE

As always, most students and teachers of the High School Department expected an exciting and enjoyable Third-Fourth Year Debate. We are happy to report that they were not disappointed. This year's presentation on May 9, at 1:15 P.M., was as interesting and informative as any that have preceded it. Every one of the speakers demonstrated an obvious, workable knowledge of the topic. The presentations, on the whole, were quite convincing. The rebuttalists, especially, expostulated with a practiced precision which left an obvious impression on the audience. Even the chairman (it seems) had drunk the heavy wine of articulation. This he certainly proved as he announced, in resounding tones, the topic for the day: "Resolved: That labor organizations should be under the jurisdiction of anti-trust legislation." Without further ado, the speakers were introduced: Denis Brennan and John Nerney of Third Year, with Francis Bia as cross-examiner and rebuttalist. Paul Dinter and David Lenihan of Fourth Year, with Joseph Nisa handling the rebuttaling chores.

Mr. Brennan struck the keynote for the affirmative when he explained that the only way to achieve the common good is by competition, and that anti-trust laws, by forbidding monopoly and restraint of trade, were established to protect this principle.

Mr. Nerney stayed with his partner's train of thought by affirming that "Labor organizations are now possessed with monopoly power," and giving, as his proof, the increase in union membership from 3 million in 1935 to 17½ million at the present time.

On the other hand, Mr. Dinter of fourth year, in a forceful, vigorous speech, strongly pointed out the non-monopolistic structure of organized labor.

Arguing in the same vein, his partner, Mr. Lenihan, stated: "We have laws on the statutes right now which can protect the public from any harm arising from a labor dispute" (e.g. the Taft-Hartley Act).

After a short intermission, the weary battlers remounted the stage, armed to the teeth for the question period, but the rapid-fire exchanges between Mr. Bia and Mr. Nisa (expressive enough as they were) only fore-shadowed the fireworks set off in the subsequent rebuttals. Each reviewed about eight different arguments in his talk. When it was over, one thing was certain: we had just witnessed two real pros in action. After all this, the decision was strictly a "pick 'em" affair.

The judges apparently thought along the same lines. This year, they were the Rev. William Bradley, assistant pastor of Holy Name Church — Manhattan, Rev. James Gorman, assistant pastor of St. Bernard's — Manhattan, and Rev. Donald Panella, Professor of Sacred Scripture at Dunwoodie.

Father Panella, speaking for the other two, stated that he was most impressed with the talent and logic shown by the debaters. He explained that this was due, in great measure, to the students themselves, but also to the faculty — for instilling a desire to learn in every one of us, and for guiding our budding careers with properly applied discipline (a special thanks in this regard to Father Griffin). He also emphatically pointed out that the debate itself was one of the finest he had seen. But since a decision had to be reached, it was decided, on the basis of "mature deliberation," to award the victory to Third Year. Once again, Father congratulated both sides, and then reminded the audience of an important fact: that the decision, of course, did not detract from the fine showing made by Fourth Year.

Lastly, Father Wilkinson echoed everyone's sentiments as he praised the debaters and the chairman (Stephen Kolnik, '62), expressed his gratitude to the judges for taking time out from their busy schedules and thanked Father Lynch (the Fourth Year moderator) and Father Smith (the Third Year moderator). He also expressed his appreciation for Msgr. McMahon's substantial contribution.

To these above words of praise, **The Cathedralite** wishes to add its own Congratulations to all concerned for a first-rate presentation!

Edmund Guertin

Alumni Corner

By STEPHEN KOLNIK



The backbone of the Archdioceses is the parish priest. Most of us who will be ordained will be stationed in parishes. It is the curate's responsibility to tend to the religious needs of his parishoners and to assist the pastor in the administration of his parish. For the final issue of this year's **Cathedralite**, we have selected one such priest, the Rev. Edward McCorry.

Born in St. Anselm's parish in 1929, Father McCorry attended its grammar school but lived in St. Raymond's parish. In 1947, Edward McCorry was graduated from Cardinal Hayes High School. He entered Cathedral in the fall of that year.

At the College, Father was president of the Debating Society and also Bulletinarius. Sports interested him but he had to work after school and could not participate in them. He did, however, manage to attend some of the basketball games. Father looked fondly back on the experiments he worked on as Father Linder's assistant. He values highly the friendships contracted with both the faculty and student body while at the College.

Upon graduation in 1949, he went to Dunwoodie where he completed his preparation for the priesthood and was ordained six years later at St. Patrick's Cathedral. He was then sent to Washington, D.C., to study Spanish.

In late summer of that year, he was stationed at St. Francis de Sales parish, Manhattan. The Spanish skills he had recently acquired helped him with the Puerto Ricans of the parish. The parish itself is a "melting pot" of various nationalities, among them, Puerto Ricans, Negroes, Italians, Irish, Germans, and some Hungarians. It contains, perhaps, what is the "worst" block in the city, West 100th St., between First and Second Avenues. There were five murders in that neighborhood last year and it is the center of dope traffic for lower east Harlem. Bishop Fearn, the Rector of Dunwoodie during Father McCorry's days there, is pastor of this parish. Quite a rough assignment for a newly ordained priest!

However, Father handled it very well indeed. He even made the newspapers for his capture of two thieves. One evening, after hearing confession for some time, Father saw two men in the sacristy. He went up there to check and found one emptying the safe, the other rifling the sacristy drawers. They submitted without a struggle and Father ended up a hero. He chuckled at the *Daily News* describing him as a six foot, two hundred pounder, when actually, Father is mite smaller and a good twenty-five pounds lighter. But such is journalism.

Father was next assigned to St. Bartholomew's in Yonkers, where he now resides. Although a graduate of Cardinal Hayes, Father takes more pleasure sending boys to Cathedral than sending them to his Alma Mater. He says it is a great delight for any priest to start a boy on the path to the priesthood. Four of his former altar boys will enter Cathedral next fall.

For the fulfillment of their vocations, Father advises the boys at Cathedral to cultivate their friendships with their fellow students at the College and to restrict them with others. He feels this is a great protection and a fine inspiration for one's vocation. What with the boys here united in quest of a common goal, they will have more fun together anyway.

We at the College can only offer a word of thanks, coupled with our prayers, to Father McCorry and all his fellow curates who have offered their lives to Christ as we here at Cathedral hope some day to do.

Poetry of the Month

THE MIRACLE

By MARK SCHLOSSBERG '64

The spring rains fall upon the trees
In sighing melody.
A rainbow rides upon the breeze
Inviting reverie.
In spring profoundest thoughts are born
Inspired by the birth
Of beauty, coming in the morn
To bring new joy to earth.

* * *

A FLOWER

By KENNETH ACKERMAN '64

The rains of April fall to earth
And soak the soft brown sod.
The sun of April helps the birth
Of little seed in pod.
With drink from rain and warmth from sun
And food from soft brown turf,
When all of April's work is done,
A flower spurts to earth.

TO SPEAK ALOUD

By JAMES GRIFFIN '64

When I was young and used to play
My mother said to me,
"Dear son, be careful what you say
For soon you're going to see
Perched in the trees against the sky
A tiny yellow bird
That causes lots of trouble by
Repeating what he's heard."

* * *

A WAVE ACROSS A PORT

By RICHARD DETKO '64

A wave sets out to cross the bay;
An off-white gull surveys
And snatches up its well-earned prey,
Result of patient ways.
The wave imparts the sea's salt kiss
To tankers bound for France,
To cruisers seeking Haiti's bliss,
Or even tugs, perchance.

BEST SELLERS

Fiction

"C.I.A. The Inside Story" . . . by Fr. Cohalan

Non-Fiction

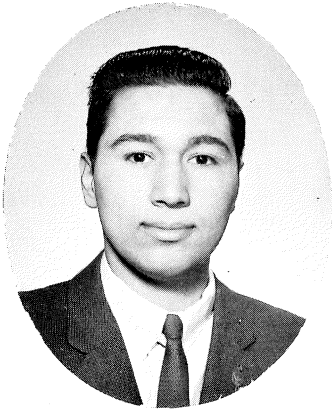
"My Life in Court" . . by J. Nisa

Top Movies

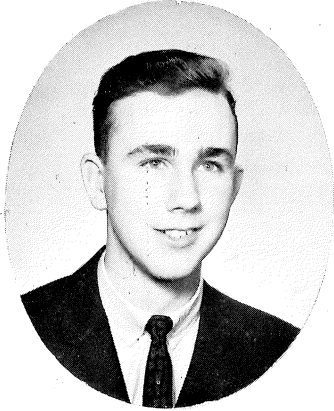
"The Intruder" — starring Fr. Griffin
"The Counterfeit Traitor" — starring J. Hester
"Experiment in Terror" — starring Fr. Potter
"The Miracle Worker" — starring Fr. Murphy

Hit Records

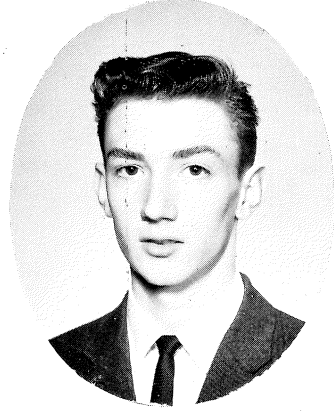
"O! You Beautiful Doll" — by Fr. Lynch
"Mashed Potato Time" — by Vernon
"Arrivederci Fedor" — by Fr. Dennen
"I Get Misty" — by Fr. Cohalan
"I'm Mister Blue" — by Msgr. McMahon



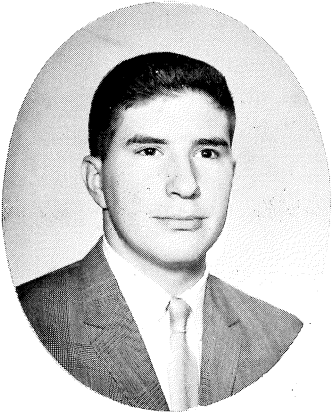
Joseph P. Nisa



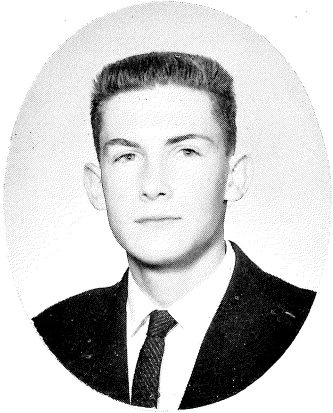
Joseph P. Nagle



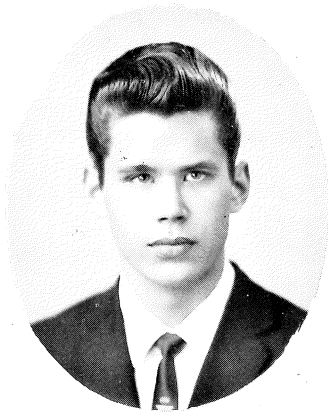
Thomas P. Turley



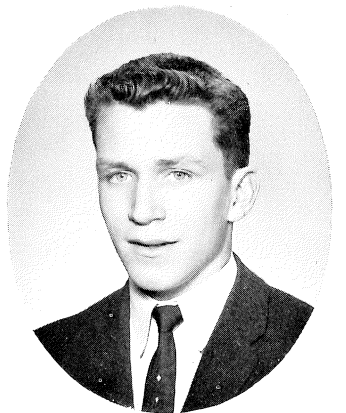
Paul E. Dinter



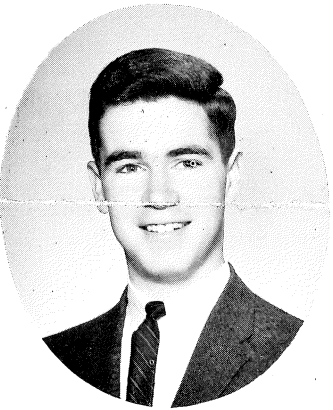
Patrick J. Dunne



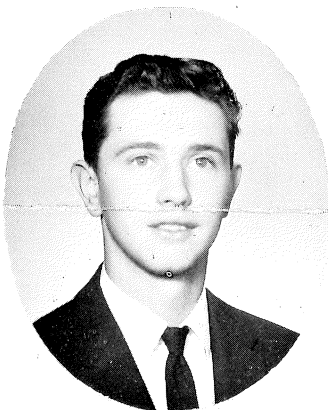
Richard M. Fedor



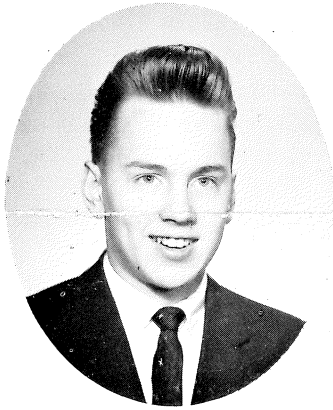
James P. Finn



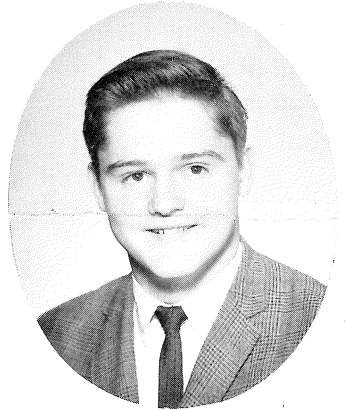
Thomas P. Kearse



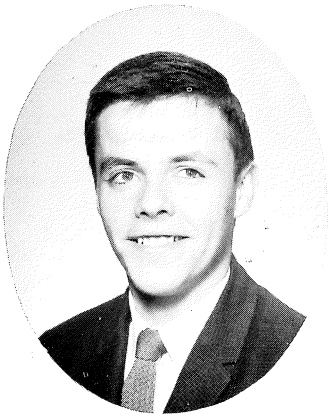
George R. Kelly



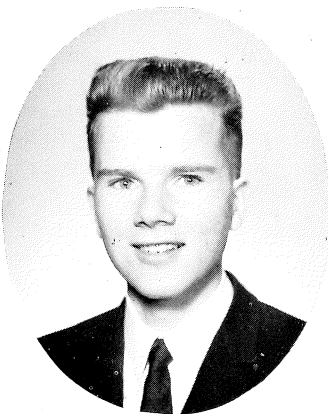
Stephen P. Kolnik



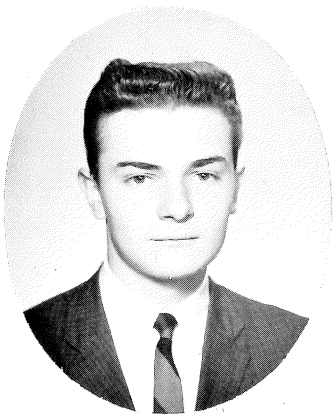
David A. Lenihan



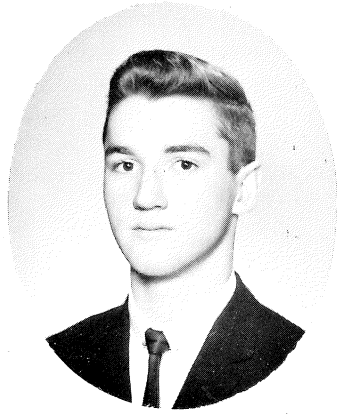
Thomas F. McGrath



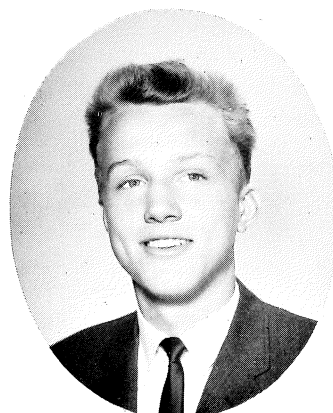
Kevin P. Meara



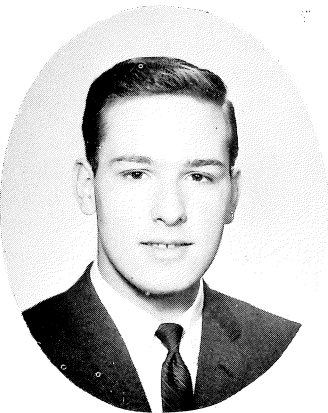
Edward J. Morrison



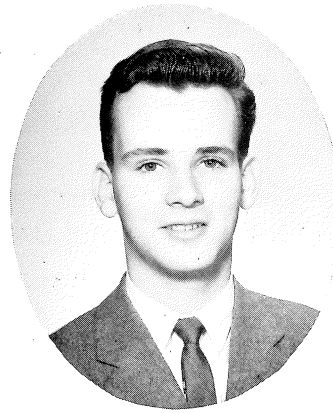
Kevin J. Murphy



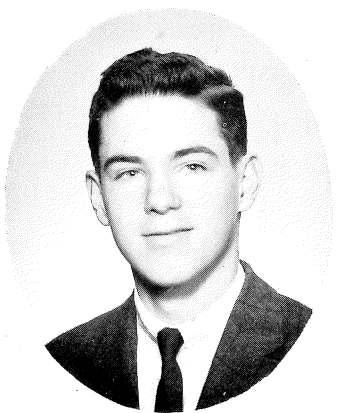
Edward T. Peters



Robert J. Poveromo



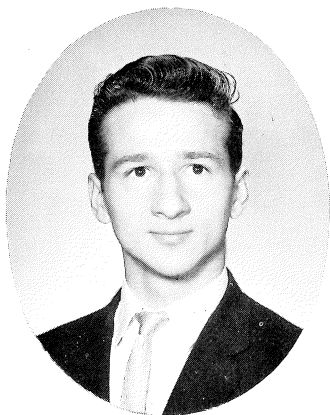
William J. Quinn



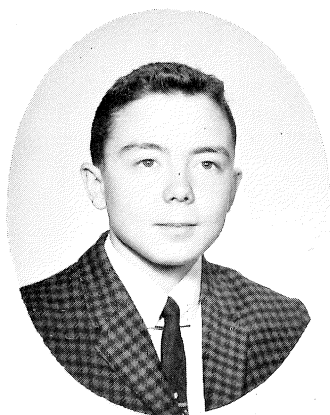
Matthew T. Reynolds

ass

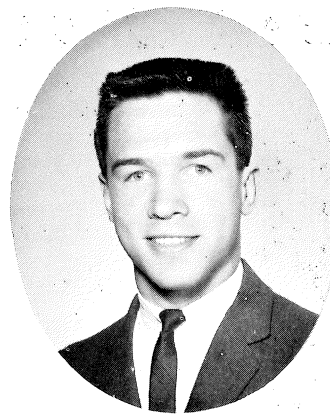
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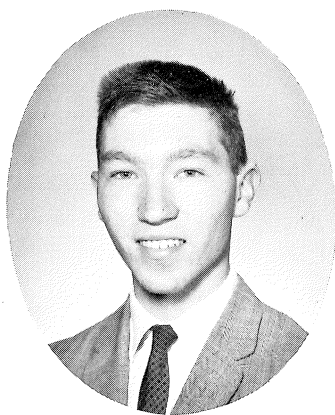
Joseph P. Bartko



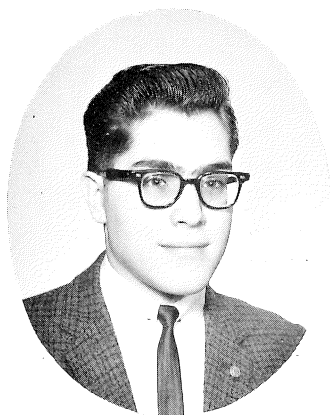
William E. Bishop



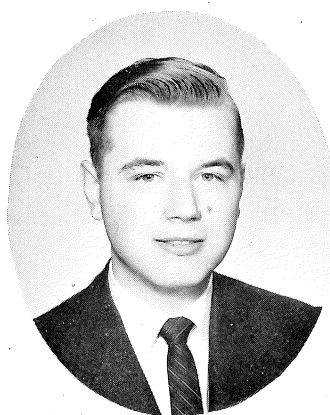
Kenneth J. Comerford



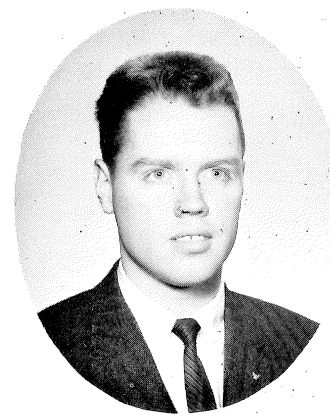
Joseph T. Forbes



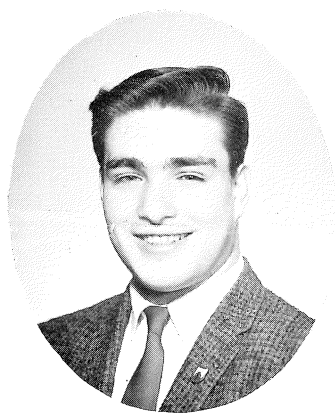
Edmund J. Guertin



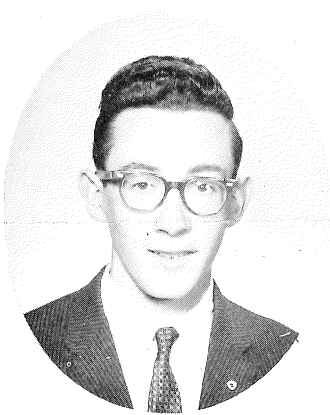
Joseph J. Hester



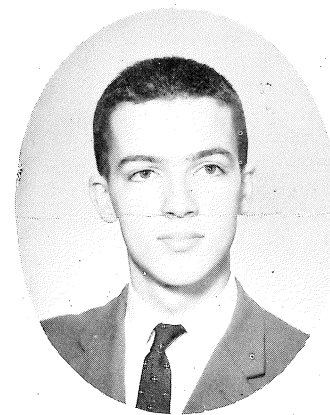
John J. Jenik



Robert C. Marsalisi



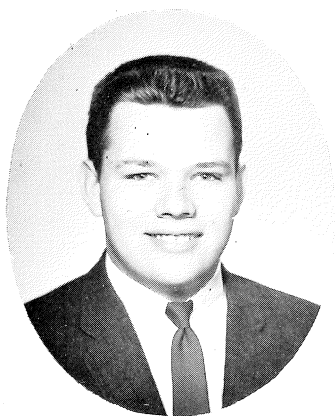
Patrick J. McAvey



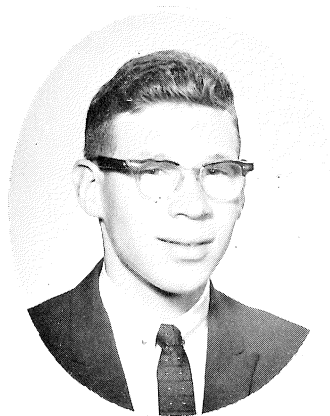
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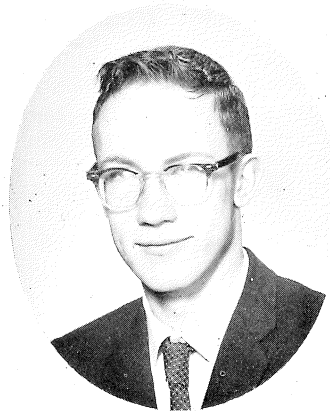
John D. McGrath



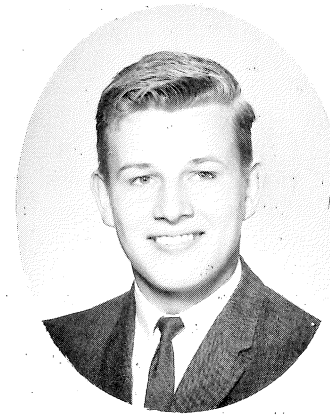
J. Dennis Norman



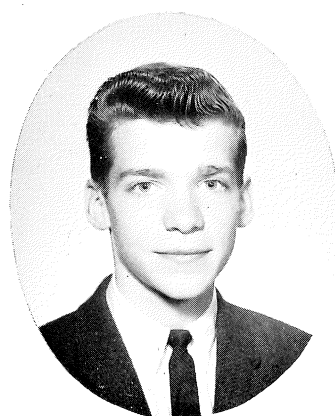
Thomas J. O'Connell



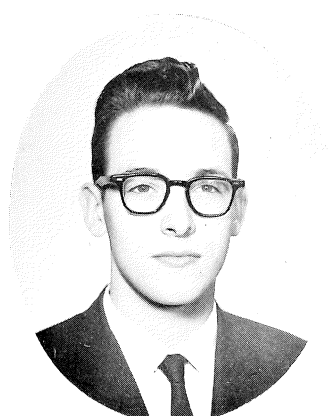
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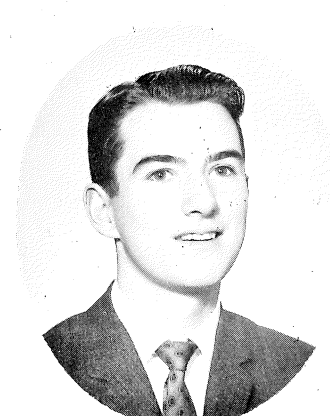
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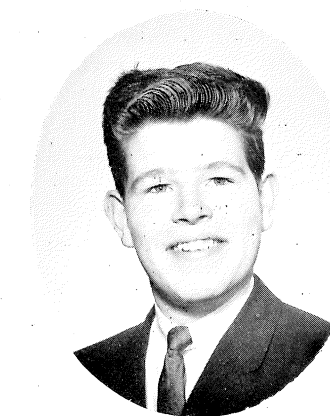
William M. Rooney



Robert W. Smith

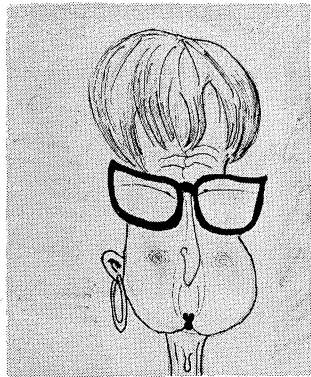


James P. Sullivan



Thomas J. Turley

DEAR BIDDY



DEAR BIDDY,

I have been having some difficulty lately in my Latin class. Although I am *THE* master of doubletalk, I have recently found myself explaining things clearly. How can I recover my knack of never giving a straight answer?

PERPLEXUS

DEAR PERPLEXUS,

Well . . . hmm . . . yes . . .

DEAR BIDDY,

I really don't know how to express my gratitude. In my first year here, I have been made Moderator of that wonderful class, *FOURTH YEAR*, Censor-in-Chief of *The Cathedralite*, co-captain of the

varsity pool team, and manager of Aldo V. And now, to crown it all, I have been voted the coveted M.V.P. (Most Valuable Prof.) award for 1962. How can I possibly show my thanks?

UNCLE O

DEAR UNCLE O,

Well, do the best you can; or try postponing another quiz.

DEAR BIDDY,

An emergency has arisen. My pet roach, with which I correct my history quizzes, has been stricken with a severe attack of gout and exams are next week. Please, help!!

F. D. C.

Dear F. D. C.,

Father Hanlon may be able to help; if not, try the Ebbitt Hotel.

DEAR BIDDY,

We're sick and tired of seeing our names plastered all over the chemistry blackboard. What can we do?

ETHEL, ESTHER, AND THE GIRLS

DEAR ETHEL, ESTHER, AND THE GIRLS,

Cultivate new friendships! Meet some new carbons!

CONFIDENTIAL TO FIFTH YEAR:

No, I think you'll come up with a great *Gaudeamus*. In fact, after viewing your Easter play, I can almost guarantee it.

OPEN LETTER to all the Wonderful Boys of *FOURTH YEAR*:

In years to come, remember your wonderful high school days.

Remember Uncle O,

Remember me . . . sob . . . sob . . .

And if you ever need money,

Remember Uncle O.

BIDDY

SIXTH YEAR ELOCUION CONTEST PRESENTED

It is always a pleasure for us of the High School Department when the Sixth Year Public Speaking Contest is held. This year was no exception when on May 14, 1962 that contest took place. It is a credit to our English Department and to the men themselves when we hear such finely written speeches delivered in an eloquent, polished style.

Every speaker held the attention of the audience, the first main point in public speaking, and spoke with a conviction so evident that we ourselves could feel it. This is the mark of an accomplished speaker and in the contest today we had six of them.

Mr. James C. McGarry, one of the finalists, gave a very tender and moving speech about "Alfred E. Smith, the Man and His Dream." Well developed throughout, it gave to us an inside look at a great man.

Mr. Edward J. Finn, the eventual winner, spoke very competently and effectively on Cardinal Newman and "Thread to Truth". Outlining the steps of his conversion and subsequent success in finding it, Mr. Finn did a memorable job.

Mr. John R. Kelly, another finalist spoke on St. Charles Barron, Apostle of the Reformation, a sub-

ject very near to us of Cathedral College. Showing the abuses that had crept into the Church, Mr. Kelly then showed the right way to solve them with reform and not revolution. It was a very edifying speech.

Mr. Patrick P. McCahill, a finalist, spoke on a very unusual topic in this contest. His speech "Path to Glory" was about Matthias, the "thirteenth" Apostle and using the little information known from Scripture, Mr. McCahill wrote a correct and informative speech about this virtually obscure man.

Mr. Paul E. Martin, the second place winner, spoke on the Great Apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul, "The Soldier of the Cross". This speech on the Great Apostle was well-written and well delivered and is a credit to Mr. Martin.

Mr. John P. Meier, our last speaker, also spoke on a topic very near to all seminarians. It involved the question of Christian social teaching and Christianity's fight with Communism. Mr. Meier pointed out how Fr. Von Kepler, a German priest and "Herald of the Modern Church" was one of the most important men involved in this question and upon whose ideals Pope Leo XIII's *Rerum Novarum* was based. It was a fine job.

The Committee of Judges consisting of Fr. John J. Barry of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fr. Edward J. McCorry of St. Bartholomew's Parish, and Fr. Francis P. Gorman of St. Rose of Lima Parish all had a job that was not to be envied. Only after long deliberation did they arrive at their decision. When they announced the winner of the Gold Medal it was the fruition of many months of planning and preparation and indeed a memorable pleasure for us all.

Reflection at the Fourth

By THOMAS F. McGRATH

Herbs and frogs and worms galore

Always something new in store

Something alive whether great or slight

To give fleet footed Freshmen a fright.

He began to speak. "Mensa, mensae, mensae, mensam . . ." "What's he saying?" we asked each other, and had a good laugh. Soon he gave us our first quiz, then he had a good laugh. We cried. Such was our initiation into the study of noble Latin. Now, after four years, we have learned much. Now we laugh up our sleeve.

Speaking of sleeves, who can resist a reminiscent sigh upon recalling that well-tailored sleeve jutting in the door, the sleeve that terminated with the five outstretched fingers of Father Gartland, signifying for us how many pages the punish lesson was to be.

Our first meal in the cafeteria . . . delicious of course, but who could eat anything after a feast of beer bottle caps and mashed potatoes? Even a man with an iron-clad constitution felt like a spaceman after that, and saw little "ones" in front of his eyes for the rest of the day.

Ours was a creative class. One day, someone was experimenting with one of Father Hanlon's microscopes, and he discovered the gym. No Nobel prizes, but where would humanity be without such a scientific breakthrough?

I remember, I remember, once a wintry bleak December,

Without giving us enough time to cram

He gave us the matter for the English exam.

Second Year. Mr. Blue crossed our tracks at this point, and for months afterwards we sported suits made of old sacks and amused ourselves by sending fifty dollar bills aloft in balloons of many colors.

As if English and Latin weren't enough, we ventured to take upon our bowed shoulders yet another language. "Nostros no estamos bien, padre, non ci sentiamo bene, padre, como tali vous?"

We witnessed the triumphs of Alexander, we lauded the Pan Romano. We cheered the Gothic invasions, we wept at the Reformation. But the most memorable moment of history was left unrecorded: the day Edward Peters reached over the head of Father Darby and retrieved the paper Father was holding behind his back. An afterthought: May the ghosts of the Middle Ages haunt all who turned in their report on that trip to the Cloisters which practically nobody made. An after-after thought: May the ghosts haunt those that did.

Fo Fum Fy Fee:

Six foot six in his stocking feet

If you didn't do the work, your blood he'll spill,

If Caesar didn't get you, then Cicero will.

The sun shone every day in Third Year. Sunshine played off the bright pearly smiles of the student body and blinded everybody who had not the good fortune to be Juniors that year. We advanced in age and wisdom . . . perhaps not in a perfectly equal ratio of the two, but we advanced. We were still divided into two classes, but relations were good; we waved to one another across the corridor; we exchanged friendly greetings and syntax-quiz answers; there was a bond. We gave Father Griffen flowers. A token of esteem? A peace offering? But who would venture to plumb Junior spontaneity-springtime motive? On the other hand, we nearly drowned him in Oakland pool.

Amazing, is it not, how brazen people get when they get used to a place? In third year our boys, with sadistic disregard for Father Potter's genteel nature, strung up an eraser with a thread that appeared invisible to the unsuspecting. When Father reached for it, the impious Matt Reynolds pulled the string; the eraser came alive snapped from the teacher, and the teacher set a standing broad jump world's record which still stands. Student-faculty relations grew more strained when our angel-headed hipsters tape recorded a blistering discourse of Father Browne's. Father arrived at the radio station just in time to prevent a business deal between Billy Bishop and the station president, the results of which transaction would have been catastrophic. We raised the white flag, called a truce, made friends and began plotting again. We closed third year at Rye Beach, sun burned and happy . . . September a million years away.

Boys may come, boys may go

But ever resisting tide's ebb and flo',

With a big red pencil his warrior's staff

We'll cut them down on sixty-four an a half.

. . . A group of students somersaulted down the front steps of Cathedral College and unfolded on the sidewalk of West End Avenue. After a few moments, they began to pick themselves up, dusting off their jackets and removing broken collar pins. Tired, but happily congratulating one another, they limped behind their long afternoon shadows toward a Broadway coffee shop. They had just finished what they felt to be a four year ride in a washing machine.

At last the classes were combined in one. Old friends gamboled with old friends, others expressed surprise upon seeing students in their class they had never seen before. Joseph Nisa was crowned Emperor of Fourth Year. He has ruled with a regal and beneficent hand. Joseph Nagle edited *The Cathedralite*, and Fourth Year struck back at the world for all its imagined injustices. The end is near. Summer again beckons, we run to the open pastures, the echoes in the high school fade and die, the lonely shadows darken the halls, the dust slowly settles. The dull vacant stare of the windows watches the street, waiting for September again.

STUDENT AWARD DINNER HELD

On Wednesday evening, May 16, at 6:00 P.M., Cathedral's cafeteria was converted into a banquet hall and a theatre for the Annual Student Award Dinner. The dinner is held for those students who have participated in one or more of the College's activities. These activities include Bulletinarius, *The Cathedralite*, *The Chimes*, Choir, class presidents, Dramatics, Forensic League, Glee Club, League of the Sacred Heart, librarians, Liturgical Society, Master of Ceremonies, Musicales, Photography Club, Prep Basketball, Propagation of the Faith, Radio Club, Sacristans, and Varsity Basketball. Among the teachers present were Father Murphy, moderator of the Liturgical Society, Father Fleming, religious director for the College, Father Lynch, moderator of the Forensic League and *The Cathedralite*, Father Hanlon, moderator of the Photography Club, Father Carroll, moderator of school dramatics, Father Niebryzdowski, moderator of the Musicales, Mister De Paoli, instructor of physical education and director of many of the sport activities at the College. Also present were Monsignor Kovach, Monsignor Lynch, Father Wilkinson, and Father Griffin and, of course, Fr. Gartland.

On tables decked with flowers and illuminated with candles, a dinner, worthy of the Waldorf Astoria, was served. The meal started with an appetizer of chilled tomato juice, continued with fresh country vegetable soup and tossed salad, and went on to a main course of prime top sirloin of beef au jus augmented with stuffed baked Idaho potatoes and French style string beans. The finale was a sumptuous ice cream cake roll drenched in strawberries. After this gastronomical delight was completed, Monsignor gave a short talk in which he paid a fitting and glowing tribute to Mister De Paoli for his dedicated and ceaseless work at the College. When Monsignor had finished, he called on the class presidents to come up and get the many Activities Certificates and "Letters" for the members of their class who were present at the dinner. It may be noted that fourth year's president, Mister Joseph Nisa, received the loudest and longest ovation from the twenty-one members of Fourth Year present. After a short interval the movie projector was set up, the light were turned out and, thanks to Father Carroll, who provided the entertainment, the students and priests saw a most entertaining mystery-comedy preceded by a colorful cartoon. The title of the latter was "How Now Boing Boing," the story of a little boy who could say nothing but boing, boing! The main feature was *Father Brown, Detective* starring Academy Award Winning Alec Guinness as the detective-priest created by A. K. Chesterton and Peter Finch as a most evasive and gentlemanly thief named Flambeau. The motion picture culminated an enjoyable evening well worth remembering and certainly greatly appreciated by those students who were privileged to attend it.

Quinn's Quips

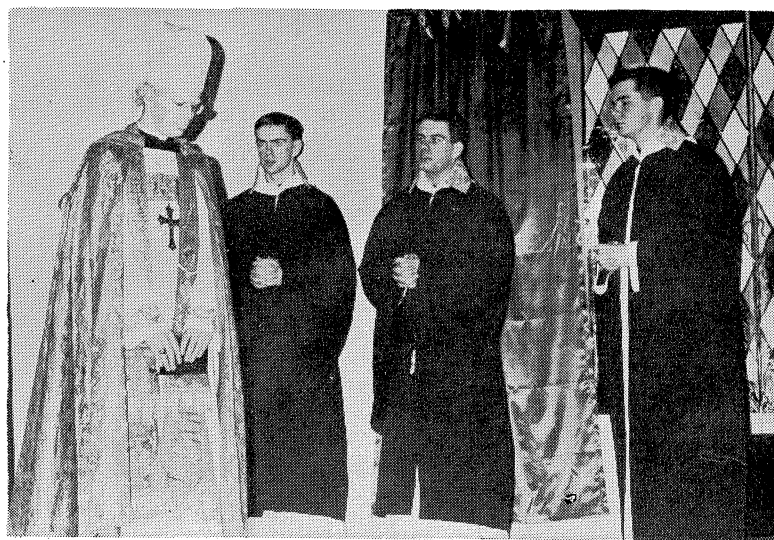
By WILLIAM QUINN

First of all, I apologize to my readers for not devoting my entire column to the frosh basketball tournament. But I feel that since the entire student body, in their interest for this and all other sports events, has already sought and obtained all possible information regarding this tournament, I would only bore them by repeating what they all know . . . On Spy Wednesday, the high school baseball team, comprised of students of Third and Fourth Years, was battered by the team of St. Pius X by a score I dare not utter . . . A certain Latin teacher at Bishop Stepinac High School informed me that Butkis of Sixth Year puts the shot over fifty feet because they used to feed him bricks up there . . .

The Freshman and J. V. basketball teams, their coaches, and Father Griffin want to thank the managers of these teams for their faithful work during the season. If you have any information as to their identity or whereabouts, please contact Father Griffin . . . Lack of interest in the track team may result in its demobilization next year . . . Guess what battling P. E. teacher is returning next year . . . Some may believe that the faculty do not engage in sports during the summer.

We all thank M. DePaoli for everything he has done, and we wish him the best of everything in his new position. He has been an admired and devoted teacher, and will be sorely missed at Cathedral . . . Sincere thanks are in order also for Fathers Griffin and Nebesky for their work with the basketball teams. We hope next year their victories will be doubled.

A strange thing happened at the basketball game between the Faculty and Fourth Year. Father Griffin refereed for a quarter and in that space of time called twenty-three fouls against Fourth Year. Despite this blatant travesty of justice, Fourth Year scored fifty points, as the scorekeepers from Third Year will certify. No matter what anyone says to the contrary, we . . . uh . . . Fourth Year won. If anyone is interested — and you must be if you've read this far — a team of Joe McCarthy, Tom O'Connell, and Bob Marsalisi won Fourth Year's basket-



MURDER !!

The College Department's production of "Murder in the Cathedral" was on the whole, a disappointing one. Any criticism of the play must, of course, take into consideration the brief period of time which the actors were allowed to prepare an intelligent interpretation of an admittedly difficult presentation. The fact however remains that the performance of many of the actors was far below standard.

For example, someone had neglected to inform one of the tempters that his tempting was designed to be heard by the audience as well as by Becket. A few members of the cast who portrayed comparatively minor characters had greater difficulty in recalling their appointed lines than did the leads. One, it is rumored, utilized his hat as a script-holder, out of desperation.

The most ill-handled aspect of the overall presentation was the so-called "chorus". Perhaps I am mistaken, and if so, I welcome correction, but I have always con-

tended that a chorus should maintain some semblance of unity. Perhaps too, I will sound harsh when I say that, in my opinion, one would have to venture far to secure two such ill-matched, or more precisely, opposite chorus members.

But now, for a look at the bright side. John Stenerson, in the lead role as Becket, gave, I feel, a very fine performance as a man tormented by his temptations of ambition. His treatment of the role served to create a fine impression of emotional conflict. Also an extremely fine portrayal was that of John Fanning, the First Tempter. Mr. Fanning fairly oozed diabolic enticement and self-assurance; a very convincing demon indeed.

As for the production staff, they are beyond reproach. The direction was good. None of the sets or properties fell apart. The lighting was very good considering the added difficulty presented by processions through the audience and the pillars etc., which play havoc with a spotlight.

Had some of the players done as well in their area as the production crew did in its, "Murder in the Cathedral" might not have come to be known as just that.

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ball tournament; second place was taken by Tom Kearse, Tom McGrath, and Bill Quinn. Now you know why I mentioned it . . .

The Prep has lost a few games because Matt Reynolds, one of its managers, wasn't keeping score . . . Last issue, I promised to say a few words about the Freshmen team: They will be next year's J.V. . . .

Open letter to my successor: I extend to you my sincere sympathy. For that is all the sympathy you will get. Not only that, but you will have to endure many rebuffs. The class athletic managers like to keep the class athletic activities a secret. They will studiously avoid you and clam up when they see you coming. Whatever you do, don't be a conformist. It gets a bit boring reading how a team lost seventeen games. Break precedent: write a sports column people will want to read.

If I have angered anyone in my column this year, it wasn't my idea. Father Byrne told me that if this column was to be interesting, it has to make people angry and want to punch me in the nose, or else it wouldn't be any good. So think twice before you sock me; I have friends.