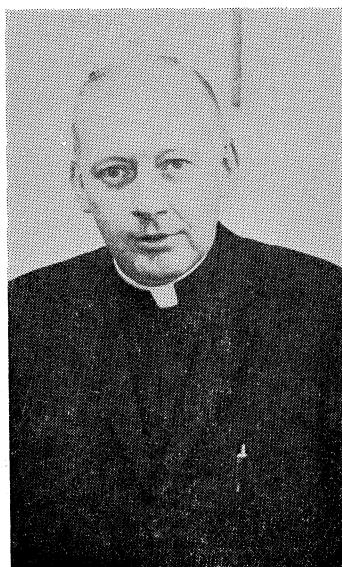


The Cathedralite

Vol. XX

New York, N. Y., February, 1963

No. 4



RETURN OF THE NATIVE

After an absence of a year and a half, Father Rea has returned to Cathedral as professor of modern British literature for the college freshman.

Father Rea first came to Cathedral in 1942, immediately following his ordination. From then until 1961, he served as an English teacher for both the high school and college departments. He then went to Incarnation Parish in Washington Heights, where he is now residing. There, he is the moderator of the League of the Sacred Heart and the Catholic Family Movement. As if this were not enough to keep him occupied, Father also teaches English at New Rochelle College for girls.

In having Father Rea on its faculty, Cathedral has every right to feel proud. Last year Father was appointed contributing editor to the Catholic Poetry Society of America. Father is also the chaplain of this well known and widely respected organization.

In summing up Father's opinion of Cathedral, we quote his own words: "I think Cathedral is without a doubt the best school in the Archdiocese, and it's just great being back."

MAJOR CHANGE IN SCHEDULE

As Cathedral students returned for the second semester on Jan. 21, they found themselves confronted by the most important change in Cathedral's schedule since Saturday classes were moved to Thursday. From now on Cathedral students will attend one of the two daily Masses celebrated late in the morning at the school itself. The major effect has been that all Cathedral students can receive Holy Communion daily at a common Mass. There has also been a major revamping in the times of the classes to facilitate this change.

300,000 VOLTS JOLTS CATHEDRAL

On Tuesday, January 29, the student body attended a lecture on nuclear energy, given by Miss Mary A. Rossman, an exhibit manager from the Oakridge Laboratories at Oakridge, Tennessee.

Miss Rossman fascinated the students of Cathedral with her demonstration, making use of her electrical charts, her radiation lamp, her scale model of a nuclear reactor, and her atom smasher. She also enlisted the aid of some of the more ambitious younger members of the house.

Bob Harris drinking in three hundred thousand volts from an atom smasher was so shocked that his hair stood on end. Some say that he was practicing for a "greasy kid stuff" commercial; others say that he was just plain scared. Charles Coulter, Irving Gigliotti, and John Davis eagerly caught the whiffle balls thrown out into the audience by Miss Rossman; however, they lost some of their exuberance when the geiger counter disclosed that one of the balls was radioactive. Peter Notch wandered up to the stage and told her that he was suffering from fatigue. But an atomic cocktail revealed that he was wrong. He only had an underactive thyroid and an overactive arm.

In a special lecture given afterwards in the lecture room, Miss Rossman answered the questions of the students of 4A and 1A. She explained the new developments in the field of anti-radiation pills, and the effects they had on mice. The pill, the ATP pill, made them immune to ten times the lethal dose of radiation, and presumably, it would do the same for humans. Unfortunately, the pill poisoned the rats, and they all died within an hour. Oh well! Back to the old drawing board.

Miss Rossman taught at Bayridge High School in Brooklyn before she went to Oakridge to take courses in training for her present job. She holds a bachelor's degree in Biology and a master's in Zoology.

When asked her opinion on women astronauts, she replied "I'm all for it, as long as it's not me. Women should be in all such fields." Commenting on the purpose of her exhibition, she stated, "By lectures such as these, we are trying to dispel the ungrounded fears of the public concerning nuclear research." She revealed her true purpose in coming to Cathedral, however, when she said, "At last I have my chance to get back at all those parish priests who preach, and preach..."

Father Wilkinson reflected the general sentiment of the student body in these words: "If our preaching were as effective as Miss Rossman's lecturing, the devil would be out of business."

Gaudemus Brings Laughter to Cathedral

The CATHEDRALITE would like to extend its congratulations to the Class of '63 for its splendid presentation of "Landscape with Figures," this year's Gaudeamus. The performance excelled in the lighting effects, the fine scenery, and the picturesque costumes. We have never before viewed such a fine representation of accessories enhancing the whole production, as this year's Gaudeamus.

The members of the Sixth Year class also rendered noteworthy performances. Prominent for their excellent portrayals were John Duffell, as j.p. GRYFFINus, whose attention to the minute details of his role did much to enliven the play; Vincent McGee, who adopted the mannerisms and speech modulation of the diabolical FLOcharon with marvelous success; Paul Le Blanc, whose resemblance to MAGNUS FRATER is even noticeable in real life; and Carl Locatelli, who played a dual role as DENOpolaris, and a female character whose introduction was a refreshing innovation.

The play was put on with the same vigor and vitality as demonstrated in previous Gaudeamuses. The new fixtures on and about the stage also effected a more confidently presented play. Everything, from stage direction to acting, lent its particular quality to bring about the play's unique excellence.

However, as in most productions, the Gaudeamus did have some faults. The subject matter, although a splen-

did adaptation of a classical theme, had its shortcomings. I felt as though I was watching a satire on Dante's *Inferno* that never came off. The title itself leaves one in the dark as to the subject matter. "Landscape with Figures" doesn't give definite information on the topic of the play.

Also a little distasteful was the labored humor which was evident in some instances. If, over the years, an individual has been fortunate enough or clever enough not to have acquired any foibles which may be caricatured, no writer should resort to an outlandish or silly portrayal just for the sake of having a portrayal (e.g. the "flea" dialogue). Surely, the writer of a Gaudeamus has a vast field from which to choose some eccentricities of his subjects which are not only readily identified but which are also able to provoke laughter for their seeming oddity.

As observed above, the faults are more than compensated for in the overall picture. But by pointing out these shortcomings, we hope that the succeeding years will produce plays even more deserving of the name "Gaudeamus." Monsignor Lynch said it was an excellent production and that it would be a sad day if this tradition ever left Cathedral. Father Cohalan expressed innocent wonder: "I can never understand where they get the material for these delightful productions." Father Griffin put it in a word: "Good, heh, heh." And a fine production it was this year.



Seniors Paul LeBlanc and John Duffell in the roles they made famous.

The Cathedralite

Published by the Students of Cathedral College High School
555 WEST END AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Vol. XX

FEBRUARY, 1963

No. 4

Editor-in-chief

JOHN HOLBROOK '63

Assistant Editors

GERALD LACEY '63

JOHN NERNEY '63

Sports Editor

LAWRENCE PAQUETTE '63

Art Editor

ROBERT MARLI '63

Business Manager

BRIAN O'CONNOR '63

Circulation Manager

DENIS BRENNAN '63

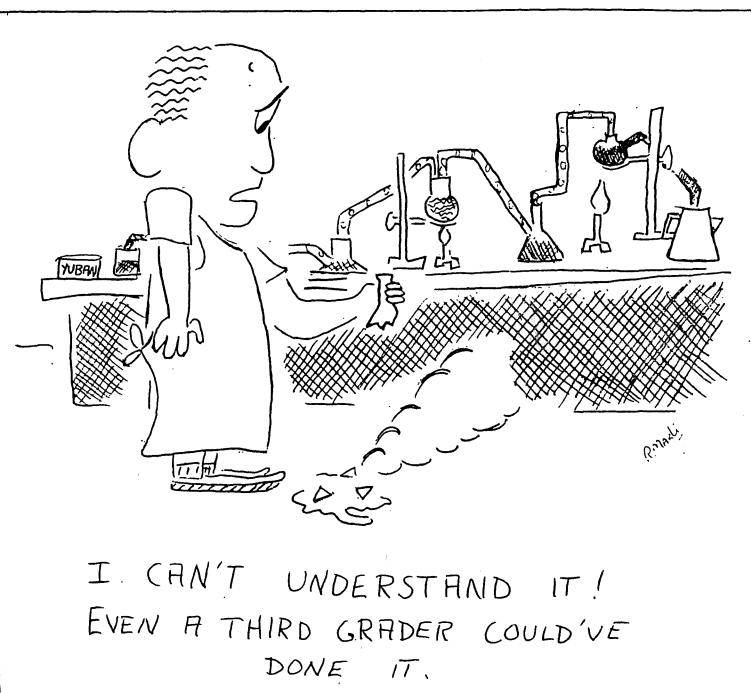
Columnists

JAMES FLANAGAN '63
EDWARD O'CONNELL

Reporters

CHRISTOPHER THEIKE '63
EDWARD SOLAN '64
RICHARD HOERNING '65
JOHN O'KEEFE '63
HAROLD HOCHSTEIN '63
REV. OSCAR LYNCH '51

Moderator



Editorial

We cannot praise too highly the recent changes made in the schedule, making possible a community Mass. For most of those living in the city, it has made attendance at Mass more convenient; for most of those in Westchester it has made Mass possible. It is only unfortunate that these changes were not made earlier.

A new low has settled upon the cold war. No longer do the Viet Cong guerrillas shoot down our helicopters; no longer do Macmillan and DeGaulle spit insults across the channel at each other—at least as far as New Yorkers are concerned. Nowadays the New York subway rider stares with expressionless eyes at the row of expressionless eyes staring back at him. The newspaper strike is on. Deprived of their camouflage by the strike, commuters have formed new friendships and developed a new sociability heretofore foreign to them.

Since nothing human is perfect, this strike has brought about several bad effects. Street sweepers are complaining that they are being put out of work for lack of newspapers to sweep. Music lovers lament that music has disappeared from the radio before a plethora of newscasts. Closer to home, Cathedral students have been shuffling about the school, brooding over their separation from the adventurous world of Dick Tracy. (Those from Staten Island still have their funnies: news of the strike hasn't reached the Island yet.)

Back in the old days of fiery Fiorello LaGuardia, during New York's last big newspaper strike, the "Little Flower" rose to the occasion by vividly animating the funnies on the radio to the kiddies of New York. Recently, all eyes have turned anxiously toward Gracie Mansion for a return performance. None was forthcoming.

How Bob Wagner could pass up such a ripe juicy chance to make political hay is beyond us. It would top kissing ten thousand babies, and be less trouble at that.

And Mr. Wagner's means of communication are much better. He could use the city's sound trucks. He could even do Fiorello one better and act out the scenes on television.

However, since Bob Wagner did not accept the challenge, we think that the fatherly Dean of Discipline should have stepped forward as the friend of the student and read the funnies daily over the P.A. system. But Father Niebr has't much time left to act. For fearsome Bob Wagner has lept into the fray, after fifty days of careful planning on the sidelines. The strike surely has breathed its last sigh.

In the past two months, we have been stopped in the halls and on the streets by dozens of people, all clamoring to know why we have not treated New York to a daily edition. They keep telling us that all the other cheap tabloids are doing it. Now we can reveal the facts.

The strike engulfed us too. In a wild cat walkout, Father Lynch, representing the Teacher's Guild, demanded that we cease writing slanderous, libelous articles against the faculty. He also sought better quality articles, maintaining that if he continued to write the whole paper, his name alone should appear in the letterhead. The staff was holding out for retirement pensions, sick pay, and a renovation of the seventh floor lounge. The stubbornness and heated feelings aroused on both sides soon deadlocked the secret bargaining sessions, held after school in the procurator's office.

Since Father Gartland would appropriate no more money, Father Niebrzydowsky, the next best thing to a Secretary of Labor, was called in to arbitrate. Under the threat of a one hour injunction at 301, the members of the CATHEDRALITE staff signed a new contract. Thus we can now return to a waiting public with a short, concise summary of the news at large.

HIGH SCHOOL NEWS

By JOHN NERNEY

Now that the exams are over, it's back to the same old routine—sleeping in class . . . The new motto on the varsity basketball team is "Be cool." One of the 4B students started it . . . French students were going to unite and track down the skunk that was giving off strange odors in French class. The hunt was called off when they learned that it was only Father Carroll using up his after shave lotion that he got for Christmas. Now the French students enter class with clothes pins on their noses . . . Mister Tavani was heard to have said that anyone can play basketball. I'm sure that the members of the basketball teams would disagree with this . . . Father Niebrzydowski swears that he has never read 1984 . . . Father Nebesky was shocked at third year's new math definitions: triangle—a square who didn't make it; difference between two squares: Bach and Beethoven; table of squares—dinner at a classical composers' convention . . . Father Murphy is going to attend night classes given by Father Cohalan. The subject—How to prepare a test . . . Father Niebrzydowski who was awarded his merit badge in firemanship is tied with Father Griffin in that department. However he is trying to go one up on Father Griffin by getting his merit badge as an air raid warden . . . I predict that half the school will die of starvation due to the new lunch schedule . . . Third year confidential to Father Cohalan: Okay, so it was in the book . . . The slogan of the year is "A cleaner cafeteria is up to Father Niebrzydowski" . . . Many of the students are sorry to hear that there will be no more morning prayers to skip.

All those who ripped their pants on the edges of the new tables in the cafeteria will be happy to learn that Mister Poli has taken up sewing . . . Chemistry class, try as it may, has not yet found a way to blow up the school and still prove it was an accident . . . Is it true that Third Year doesn't want a "maybe" column on its next Religion test . . . Word has it that there was actually a rooter at the last

Cathedral game. Must be some kind of nut . . . Mister Poli in a lecture on ancient architecture gave Cathedral as one example . . . Is it true that George Orwell's next book *Room 401* is based on the penal system at Cathedral . . . Father Lynch, who used to wear zoot suits in his younger days, had this to say when he found out he was not on the new best dressed list: "I thought my Jesuit cassock and my multi-colored socks would revolutionize the wardrobe of every parish priest."

THE BOOKMEN

THE FOURTH REICH. Student Handbook, by Father Niebrzydowski, Domesday Press, 24 pp.

An epoch, seven years in the making, was in its final hours. The Era of Good Feeling was at an end. The young Hotspur of the Revolution of '62 had already ushered in a reign of terror more awesome than any that had seared the pages of human history.

Thus the *Cathedral Handbook* centers about a tale of woe, relating in mournful tones the tragic downfall of a race once proud and dominant, portraying the fateful demise of the First Student Republic. It goes on to tell of the rise of a new colossus, an empire set on pillars of torture and fear, a new sphinx, as it were, built on the waste of paper airplanes and lost jug slips.

The mastermind of this diabolical tyranny is the author himself. His dream, now in print, has become the student's nightmare. It is the blueprint and foundation of an empire that holds the student in an inescapable vise. Indirectly, but effectively, the author has made a sweeping condemnation of all the inclinations in students that are natural and undignified. As we read along, half expectantly we looked for a clause that would provide a last minute exoneration of the students on the grounds of weakened human nature; but alas it never came. Perhaps this flaw might be corrected in a revision that will hopefully be made in the near future.

(Continued from Page Three)

Alumni Corner

By JAMES FLANAGAN

His classmates called him "Big Joe." But the Very Reverend Monsignor Joseph T. V. Snee calls himself "an extraordinary ordinary person." However, when we consider all the fields of work in which he has been active, it becomes evident that Monsignor's life has been a most interesting one.

Monsignor Snee was born on August 17, 1916, in Annunciation Parish in upper Manhattan. Having attended the parish elementary school, he started on the road to the priesthood by entering Cathedral in September of 1930, where he served as Head Librarian and was a member of the editorial staff of both the *CATHEDRALITE* and the *CHIMES*. As a speaker in the annual Junior and Senior Debates, he was a member of the winning teams both years; as an actor, he starred with Eugene McNulty (better known as Dennis Day) in the College production of "Big-Hearted Herbert." Following six years of study at Dunwoodie, he was ordained on May 30, 1942, and first assigned as an assistant in St. Gabriel's Parish in Riverdale.

Then, in 1945, Cardinal Spellman appointed Monsignor Snee to the office of Spiritual Director at Cathedral College. In addition to teaching twenty-five Religion classes per week, giving conferences, and hearing confessions, Monsignor "served as a spiritual guide for the seminarians, helping them to advance in the spiritual life and to make the decisions relative to their vocations." One of his accomplishments was that, under his guidance as Spiritual Director, the College once had the highest per capita contribution to the missions of all the schools and colleges in the diocese. Also, realizing the need for living quarters for students living far from the College, he was influential in acquiring the Bishop Ford Residence.

After eight years of service at Cathedral, in November of 1953, Monsignor Snee then became Assistant Vicar for Religious in the Archdiocese of New York. Attached to this eloquent title are a number of important duties. In his own words, "We care for the spiritual and temporal welfare of nine thousand Sisters and Brothers in 535 religious houses. These must be 'visited' once every five years, in accordance with Canon Law. Among other things, our work consists in appointing confessors and granting the necessary faculties for retreats and other spiritual exercises."

Having received his Masters Degree in Speech and Dramatics from Columbia University, Monsignor Snee then began his studies for his doctorate at New York University. "Here I specialized in developing new techniques in the field of speech therapy. I was particularly interested in laryngectomized speech—a method developed for persons who have lost their larynx, usually because of cancer." While engaged in these projects, Monsignor was stationed in St. Andrew's Parish from 1953 to 1959, where he served for a time as an acting Chaplain at the City Prison, the famous "Tombs."

In view of his diligent service to the priesthood, on October 13, 1959, His Holiness, Pope John, raised him to the rank of Papal Chamberlain. This was followed by a transfer to St. Elizabeth's Parish in Washington Heights, where he now makes his residence, offering Mass and serving as a confessor and spiritual guide for numerous parishioners.

In the course of his many years in the service of Christ, Monsignor has frequently "taken to the air" to communicate with the Catholics in New York. He has done many television and radio series, including a number of appearances on the "Catholic Hour." Renowned as a preacher, Monsignor has also given numerous retreats for seminarians and lay people.

Since Monsignor Snee is a former spiritual director, I asked him what advice he could give to the seminarians of Cathedral College. After a moment of thought, he replied, "Develop a sense of moral responsibility; perform all your duties, spiritual and scholastic, with a supernatural motive. Give it everything you've got, and the satisfaction that will ensue will make you a happy seminarian."

In closing, we can see that one of Monsignor Snee's chief priestly characteristics is the ability to serve in many varied positions. It is this versatility, together with a strict sense of devotion to duty, which makes his ministry so effective and inspiring.

THE BOOKMEN

(Continued from Page Two)

Another weakness of the book is that it reflects the bias of the author in many places. Everything seems to favor the position of the Teachers. The harsh rules seem to apply only to the students. Thus Father has failed to shine the light of objectivity into the depths of the student-faculty question.

Nevertheless, for a book with so high a potential for dullness and one with such glaring faults, it has curiously proved a pleasant surprise. The main reason is that it is artistically wrought, being constructed in a most orderly fashion and illuminated by clear style and brilliant aphorisms. It is a

most readable work and virtually flies along—cut the window and down West End Avenue upon a petulant gust of wind. Now if the author, an angry young man who does something about it, can mellow his technical mastery by a magnanimity of subject matter, we may just look forward with eagerness to his forthcoming forays into the field of literary endeavor.

Summing up this new book in one word, we can only say it is "Blood-curdling." Once you open this book, you cannot easily lay it aside—because if you do, you are DETENTIONED!

JOHN HOLBROOK and JOHN NERNEY

A SERMON IN STONES

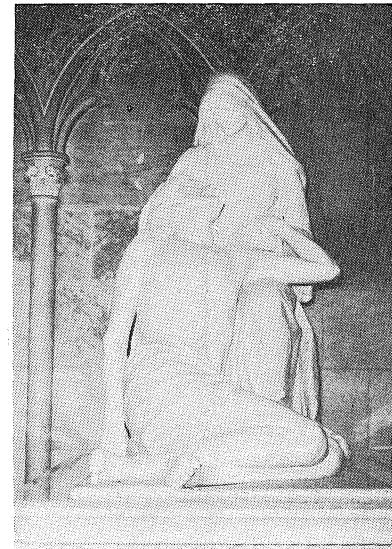
Next to St. Peter's Basilica in Rome, perhaps the best-known church in the world is Saint Patrick's Cathedral, the seat of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York. No doubt, such world-wide fame is due primarily to its location in the center of the greatest city in the world, but the Cathedral has an importance of its own and a history that ranges back over a hundred years. In a sense, its finest days were its earliest ones, when Catholics were challenged and had to fight for their faith. At the old Cathedral down in Mott Street, Archbishop Hughes instructed James Renwick to draw up plans for the construction of a new Cathedral to be built up in the country, on a little knoll just west of Saint John's Church.

Of the thousands who viewed the laying of the cornerstone on a hot summer afternoon in 1858, some were well-to-do and made sizable contributions, but the majority were poor and it was mainly their pennies that built the Cathedral. On May 25, 1879, the Cathedral, complete except for the spires, was dedicated to Almighty God, the Immaculate Virgin Mary, and to its special patron, Saint Patrick. The 330 foot spires were completed nine years later. The Lady Chapel was added between 1901 and 1906. In 1911, the Cathedral was free from debt and was solemnly consecrated by Archbishop Farley. The choir loft, chancel organ, baptistry, throne, the new floors, and the screen that presently surrounds the sanctuary were introduced during the episcopate of Cardinal Hayes. The main altar is a comparatively new one, erected and consecrated on May 9, 1942.

For visitors, there are several points of special interest within this Gothic structure. Television broadcasts of Midnight Mass on Christmas have made the Pietà on the Epistle side just behind the main altar a familiar statue. Each day sightseers crane their necks and squint their eyes to catch sight of the red hats hanging from the ceiling high up above the sanctuary. These belonged to the former archbishops of New York who were cardinals, whose bodies lie in the crypt beneath the sanctuary. By the time a man graduates from Cathedral College, the choir stalls in the sanctuary have become very familiar to him; each Sunday and feast day the students of Cathedral College assist the choir of Saint Patrick's in singing Solemn Mass and Vespers. Visitors are delighted by the magnificent Rose Window that lets in soft red and blue lights above the choir loft. Observers who enter by the main doors are often startled by a life-like wax statue of Pope Pius XII encased in a glass container. This came as a gift to Cardinal Spellman just a few years ago shortly after the death of Pope Pius. The high bronze doors of the Fifth Avenue entrance are another impressive feature of relatively recent date.

But the Cathedral is more than a venerable edifice. It is a parish and has regular parish lines. Territorially, it is one of the largest parishes in New York City, extending north to Fifty-ninth Street, east to Third Avenue, west to Seventh Avenue, and tapering off in a T shape to Forty-second Street in the south. Most of the buildings in its confines are places of business or public buildings. Included among them are such well-known buildings as Rockefeller Center, the Waldorf Astoria, the Plaza Hotel, Carnegie Hall, the New York Athletic Club, Saint Bartholomew's Church, Random House, and the Museum of Modern Art.

Despite the few residents in the parish, the Cathedral and the rectory are beehives of activity. Dozens of people come to the rectory each day



for all sorts of reasons: to ask for an alms, to receive instructions in the Faith, to arrange for a marriage, to talk over some personal problem, or just "to buy a Mass card." Each day, scores attend Mass there, go to confession, receive Holy Communion, listen to the preaching if there is a sermon. Each day, hundreds drop in for a moment just to take a look or to say a prayer. There are also sick calls; the priests visit a small hospital on Fifty-seventh Street regularly and are called frequently to give the last rites to many who collapse and die in this congested area.

The Cathedral has a couple of adjuncts—St. Patrick's Information Center on Fifth Street east of Madison Avenue and the Chapel of Saints Faith, Hope, and Charity on Fifty-ninth Street and Park Avenue. At the Information Center, classes in Catholicism are conducted by two priests of the Cathedral staff, and at the Chapel full parochial service is given by two others.

The Cathedral can seat almost 3000 people and can hold about 5000. It is filled to capacity many times during the year, notably on Christmas Eve for the Midnight Mass, at the eight o'clock Mass on the Sundays when the Policemen and Firemen have their Communion Breakfasts, at the lunch hour on Ash Wednesday and on Holy Days that occur in the middle of the week.

These are but a few superficial details about our historic Cathedral. Much more might be told and any priest who has been stationed at Saint Patrick's can spend hours relating the experiences he has had there. It is only fitting that a student of Cathedral College should be familiar with the history and the workings of Saint Patrick's Cathedral. For while the relationship between our school and the Cathedral is now hardly any more than a nominal one, the origins of our school are tightly bound up with the Cathedral. Obviously, we derive our name from it. The College was once

(Continued on Page Four)



January 24, 1963

To the Editor:

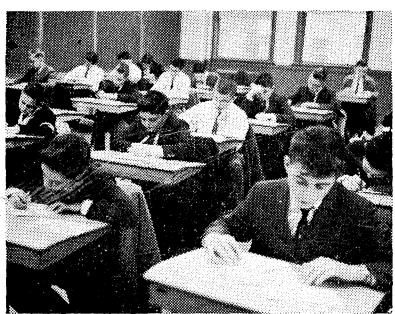
It is common knowledge that, at the very least, we shall have fifteen minutes early warning in the event of a nuclear attack. Since there is no really effective system of shelters in the United States at the present time, this period of warning makes no difference regarding the survival of the average New Yorker. It makes even less difference to a student at Cathedral College. Having taken part in many fire drills, we realize what it would be like to empty a school or even to cram the students into the halls.

Even if it were possible to pack the students into the halls in three seconds and to discipline them against panic, we still think it foolish to drill at all. One A-bomb leveled Hiroshima. Imagine the destruction that would be wreaked by ten fifty-megaton bombs dropped on this city. No structure of brick and stone on Manhattan Island is going to withstand this tremendous force. None of those huddled in the halls of such a building shall survive.

These are the facts. In view of them, we strongly urge the Administration of Cathedral College to drop the inane system of air-raid drills. They merely waste student time, for they shall never be effective, nor shall they succeed in duping the students with a dangerous sense of false security.

We realize that the Board of Education requires these drills, but the Board is not infallible. When rules as ridiculous as this one are established, they should be cordially ignored.

THE CLASS OF III B

**Entrance Examination**

On a dreary, wet February 2, Cathedral College was brightened by the presence of 202 enthusiastic boys from the length and breadth of the Archdiocese. They had come to take the examination for admittance to Cathedral College. The examination lasted for three hours, from 9:30 until 12:30. It consisted of an academic promise test and a 150-word essay. The performance of the boys in this exam, together with a consideration of their achievement in various tests taken in grammar school, will enable the committee for admissions to determine whether or not the applicants are capable of doing satisfactorily the work expected of them in high school. The boys will be notified of the results by the end of February.

Dear Editor:

When you realize that Cathedral sends more players to its games than it does spectators, I think you must agree that something is lacking in the way of school spirit. So I would like to propose a contest to revive student interest in the basketball team. The students could make suggestions for a nickname for the team, something that the team never received for some reason or other; then the players could select the best one. Perhaps the winner might be rewarded by some free tickets to our next Garden game against Bklyn. Cath. where he could hear the nickname he picked begin its illustrious career; or then on the other hand, he might receive something he'd want.

MICHAEL GRIFFIN, 3A

P.S. Perhaps letterboxes could be set up on the landings between floors where students could hand in their suggestions and other impudent articles.

SOME SUGGESTIONS:

The Cathedral Pews . . . The Cathedral River Boys . . . The Letterbox Five . . . Knights of the Nile . . . Knights of Cathedral (K. of C.) . . . Golden Gophers . . . The Cathedral Gargoyles . . . The Cathedral Spires . . . The Cathedral Muckrakers . . . The Cathedral Chameleons . . . The West End Bombers . . . The Cathedral Martyrs . . . The Cathedral Chimps . . . The Abominations of Desolation . . . The Dimmedsiddles . . . The Pharaoh's Boys . . . The Chosen People . . . The Nairobi Quintet . . . The Bolsheviks . . . Big Brother's Boys . . . Fr. Griffin's Gazelles . . . Cathedral Clydes.

A SERMON IN STONES*(continued from page 3)*

the Cathedral school. Before our location was changed to its present site in 1941, the College was situated just across the street from the Cathedral rectory on Fifty-first Street and Madison Avenue, on the corner now occupied by a Schrafft's restaurant. The students had daily access to the Cathedral. They served Mass there each day, and sang at Solemn Mass and Vespers on Sundays and Holy Days.

Times change, and with the times, so also do places, circumstances, and customs. In the process, our former lively contact with Saint Patrick's has vanished. However, in as much as the Cathedral is the mother church of New York and the scene of the annual ordinations to the priesthood for which our efforts here are the remote preparation, there remains a spiritual bond between Saint Patrick's and our school. And this alone is reason enough for us to have a special regard for and even devotion to the chief church of our Archdiocese.

SPORTS

By LAURENCE PAQUETTE

Now in the middle of the basketball season, Cathedral has played 15 games (including scrimmages), has won 5 and lost 10. The team is going to try to amend its ways and finish out the season with a more respectable record.

Cathedral's first meeting with St. Agnes this year proved to be disastrous. Unaccustomed to the small gym, Cathedral was trounced 67-49. High scorers were Dennis Keane and Mike Griffin with 14, followed by Larry Paquette with 10.

St. Raymond's, whom the Prep intends to whip next time, won a squeaker by a score of 70-63. Mike Griffin and Eddie O'Connell both fouled out in the fourth quarter but the big guy from third year still managed to pump in 25 points. Stevie Thieke, who really showed his true colors, and Dennis Keane both netted 10.

On December 18, the Prep lost another one in true form to Manhattan, 59-38. No one scored in double figures.

The Prep, playing the wildcats from Tolentine, lost a heartbreaker, 45-39. Playing a close game all the way, Cathedral fell apart in the closing seconds of the game as Tolentine scored two quick baskets to put the game on ice. Eddie O'Connell hit for 12, followed by "Stretch" Griffin with 11 and court general Dennis Keane with 10.

The Prep, which earlier in the year lost to St. Pius 57-38, startled everyone, including themselves, by toppling St. Pius by a score of 65-63. With less than a minute left to play, Dennis Keane, as cool as ice, hit two foul shots on a one and one situation to put the game out of reach. If he had missed, the game would have gone into overtime. Eddie O'Connell dumped in 23 points, while Big Mike "The Kid" Griffin, jumping like a kangaroo, scratched up 16 markers. Dennis Keane, who did everything but fly, netted 13. The victory was a real team effort; even Phil McGovern scored. If the Prep had played as well as this all season, the won-lost column might have been more consoling.

Although the Prep scored 64 points in its next game, it was not enough to turn the tide as Sacred Heart demolished Cathedral 88-64. However, Dennis Manning showed his stuff by scoring 16, along with Dennis Keane who hit for 17, and "The Kid" from Third Year who hit 19.

Missing Eddie O'Connell, who hurt his ankle at the beginning of the third quarter, the Prep was back to its same old tricks when it lost to Iona 74-45. In an unevenly matched game, Mike Griffin scored 11, followed by Dennis Keane who scored 10 and Dennis Manning and Eddie O'Connell who both scored 8.

On January 28, the Prep met a fired up team from Bishop Dubois. This was by far the team's best effort to date. Cathedral came from behind to go on to a 15-14 lead at the end of the first quarter. We maintained a five to ten point lead from then until the end of the game, winning by a score of 74-62. The "Eternal Kid," Mike Griffin, turned in his best performance of the season, scoring a total of 31 points. Eddie O'Connell got 20, and Dennis Manning got 18. In the backcourt, Dennis Keane and John Reidy scored little but helped out with many assists. Sparked by their victory over Dubois, the Cathedral basketballers ran herd over Yeshivah on January 30. Next evening they added another victory to their winning streak by defeating Saint Raymond's. Mike Griffin was again the big scorer in these games. Although they lost to Saint Agnes in Madison Square Garden on February 2, the team played well.

Announcement: The intramural basketball season will open soon after the completion of the work being done on the gym. The class of 4A has already challenged 3B, and the class of 4B has issued a challenge to any class in the high school.

Requiem for Happydale*(This article appeared in THE NEW YORK TIMES, April 2, 1963.)*

A fire raged through the halls of Happydale Sanitarium at 555 Dead End Avenue yesterday when a faculty smoking-contest, held in the Chemistry Lab to celebrate the elevation of Fr. Potter to Monsignor, got out of hand when all the cigarettes proved to be loaded. The situation was complicated when Fr. Niebrzydowski mistook the Air Raid Drill alarm for the Fire Bell. Identification was easy since each student was found in front of his locker, with the exception of several of the smaller students who were found within their lockers. Fr. Murphy was found trapped in a narrow doorway.

The ingenious students of Third Year under the leadership of their defense ministers constructed a bomb shelter with their all powerful Ben-

nett's Latin Grammars and saved themselves from the flames. Fr. Co-halan shouted, "Reference Books and Red Pencils first," put plan 705A into action, and moved the entire Reference Section of the Library to the safety of the Faculty BOMB SHELTER, unfortunately excluding the rest of the faculty.

After the fire only a few recognizable items were found: one Cicero trot marked "J.E.B.," one pair of socks—one white, one black—marked "O.V.L.," one bomb-proof, acid-proof, fire-proof, suggestion-proof, 86%-proof, letterbox; and Fr. Zoshak who was wandering up and down the avenue, wondering how to explain the sudden loss of his first job.

In the meantime, Fr. Browne, who had pulled up in a slightly worn out Rambler after the fire, immediately appointed a Stryker's Bay Committee to have new housing erected on the site.