

The Cathedralite

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No. 7

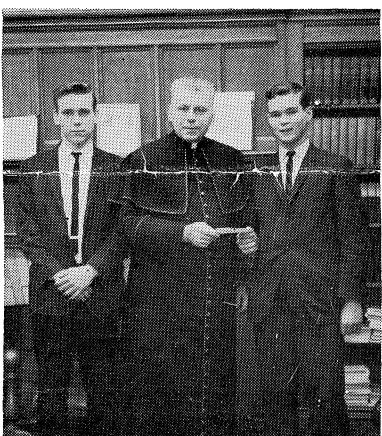
FACULTY TRIUMPHS

The Sixth Year Softball team put up a gallant fight, but were outlasted by a strong Faculty team in the Annual Sixth Year-Faculty battle.

Both teams waged a strong offense, especially the Faculty, boasting such heavy hitters as Father Zoshak, Father Murphy, and Mr. Poli. Father Nebesky, the lightning fast first baseman, and Father Lynch, with a hot glove at third, dominated the infield. The team sparks, Father Griffin and Msgr. Lynch rounded out the Faculty members, who were joined by "Jay Jay" O'Keefe, John Duffell, and Mike Gorman in the winning effort.

The game got off to a poor start. Starting pitcher, Mr. Poli couldn't have found home plate with radar. Team pilot, Father Carroll, lounging upon the greensward on the sidelines, sent Mr. Poli to shortstop to fill the gap between second and third, and put Father Griffin on the mound for

(Continued on Page Four)



Cleary, Msgr. Green, Marry

MSGR. GREEN HONORS LATIN SCHOLARS

Once again Cathedral College has given proof of its fine course in Latin. John Marry of Third Year and James Cleary of Second Year have received awards for their excellent showings in the annual Classical Latin Contest held at Bishop McLoughlin High School.

John, a resident of Holy Trinity Parish, Manhattan, had a sight translation of one of Cicero's letters as his exam. John, known among his friends for his quick wit and extensive vocabulary, said that he tackles a sight translation much as you would a jigsaw puzzle. He finds out the various relationships and then fits the pieces together.

Jim, from St. Bartholomew's Parish, Yonkers, had a sight translation taken from Caesar's Gallic Wars. Jim says that he has picked up many hints on "sights" from Fr. Griffin, an expert at picking out and translating "sights".

Msgr. Green pointed out the immense importance of Latin for seminarians with these words, "I hope that their success will serve to stimulate others to emulate their achievements."

STUDENT AWARD DINNERS

By PHILIP HILL and DENNIS KEANE

The evening of May 14 brought honor upon the great athletes of Cathedral College at the first annual athletic award dinner. The flickering candles on the plush tables decked out in traditional Cathedral blue gave an air of luxury to the inviting setting. Everyone joined Monsignor Green in "Grace Before Meals" then sat down to enjoy a savory dinner consisting of a bright, fresh-fruit compote, an entree of beef and barley soup, and a tangy, wine-red punch. The main dish was one suited to the best of occasions: succulent roast beef complemented with stuffed Idaho potatoes and French style string beans. The dinner was followed with a refreshing ice cream dessert and proved that Vernon had again outdone himself. After this culinary masterpiece, Monsignor Green introduced our celebrated guest speaker, Mr. Tommy Holmes, former Brave and Dodger baseball star and present director of the Journal American Sandlot Baseball program. Mr. Holmes gave us an inspiring talk on, "The Making of a Champion." He advised us to always aim at high goals, no matter what field we may enter. We were all well aware that we were listening to a man who was the epitome of such principles. We wish to thank Mr. Holmes sincerely for his thought provoking presentation. The inimitable Fr. Griffin followed Mr. Holmes on the podium with a few jokes(?), and the presentation of awards, novel key chains suspended from a miniature basketball, to the Prep and Varsity.

Subsequent to the presentations, we climbed the stairs to the auditorium where we viewed film clips of the 1962 World Series and the Notre Dame football season. The credit for the movies goes, with grateful appreciation, to Fr. Carroll, our moving picture technician.

On Wednesday, May 22, at 6:00 in the evening, the cafeteria or more properly, the dining hall, again enclosed a happy group of students and professors who were eagerly looking forward to the evening's activities. This, the second awards dinner, played host to the Bulletinarius, the *Cathedralite* and *Chimes* staffs, the Choir, class presidents, librarians, Forensic League, League of the Sacred Heart, Dramatics, Liturgical Society, Master of Ceremonies, Photography Club, Propagation of the Faith, Radio Club, and the Sacristans.

The setting and dinner were basically the same as those of the first award dinner but with certain delicious variations showing again Vernon's versatility in the kitchen. After dinner, Monsignor Green rose to the occasion with an apt talk in which he compared the few brave souls who won several great battles of history against great odds with the 73 stu-

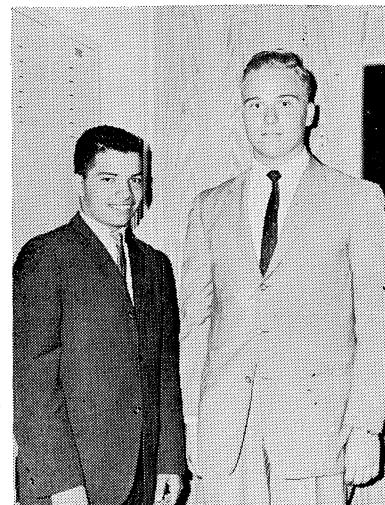
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ACCENTS ACCENT CONTEST

On Tuesday, May 14, speakers representing each high school class met on the Cathedral stage to compete in the annual Elocution contest. The contestants in both the Junior and Senior Divisions chose to recite various selections of narrative poetry.

The first speaker in the Senior Division, Mr. Andrew Torres of Third Year, related the tragic encounter of Abdul and Ivan two great warriors in *Abdul A-bul-bul Amir*. Next came Edward Solan of Third Year. In Alfred Noyes' *The Admiral's Ghost*, he told how Francis Drake came back as Lord Nelson to beat the French navy at Cape Trafalgar. In a stirring performance of Caroline Norton's *Bingen on the Rhine*, Philip McGovern of Fourth Year told of a dying soldier whose thoughts return to his home town. Then Kevin Robertson of Third Year gave a vivid example of the celebrated British character and determination that helped them survive the war, as found in Robert Nathan's *Dunkirk*. Using a Cockney accent that would do credit to any Londoner, Philip Hill of Fourth Year presented a moving portrayal of Rudyard Kipling's *Gunga Din*. Finally Robert Marli of Fourth Year told what happened to the people who refused to pay the piper in Robert Browning's *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*. Immediately after his speech, the Freshman class arose, as if in a trance, and followed Mr. Marli out of the auditorium. They haven't been heard of since.

In the Junior Division, the first speaker, Jose de Jesus of First Year, depicted the brave stand of Horatius in Robert Browning's *Horatius at the Bridge*. Next George Kovach of Second Year excited the audience with his recitation of Edgar Allan Poe's *The Raven*. Many people have died in the teeming slums of cities but Brian Baldwin of Second Year made one of these deaths live with his stirring performance of Will Carleton's *The Swamp of Death*. Next Emmett



Andrew Torres and Philip Hill, winners in senior division.

Horgan of First Year told of his search for a crematorium in Robert Services *The Cremation of Sam McGee*. Many men have gained fame playing our national pastime, but John Noonan of First Year told of one man who didn't in Edwin Thayer's *Casey at the Bat*. Last of all, Anthony O'Neill of Second Year gave "fiddlin" lessons with his "swinging" interpretation of Stephen Vincent Benet's *The Mountain Whippoorwill*.

All the speakers were excellent. But since there had to be a winner, the judges selected Philip Hill as the winner of the Senior Division, with Andrew Torres second. In the Junior Division they selected Anthony O'Neil the winner, with George Kovach second. Monsignor Lynch then thanked the judges, the speakers, the students, and finally Monsignor Green, for giving him the opportunity to preside over the contest.

The entire staff of *The Cathedralite* joins with Msgr. Lynch in congratulating the winners and all the speakers on their splendid showing.

DEBATE STILL DEBATED

By BRIAN O'CONNOR

On Thursday, May 9, the High School Department again witnessed the annual third-fourth year Debate Contest. In keeping with the past excellence of the High School, three top debaters of both third and fourth year stoutly defend their positions and debated the proposition which was of vital interest to the current school year. This year's debate topic was:

Resolved: That the United States should promote a Common Market for the Western Hemisphere. After a short introduction and definition of terms by the chairman, Brian O'Connor, the historic event commenced.

First, Kenneth Ackerman and Thomas Derivan, both of 3A, argued for the proposal because of the needs of Latin America and the advantages which they claim would follow; Christopher Thieke and John O'Keefe, both of 4A, stated that the affirmative had overstressed the need for action and that their plan was impractical. A lively questioning period followed, and then John Marry

and Denis Brennan delivered their respective rebuttals. The decision was two to one, in favor of Third Year.

Students React

"Three cheers for Third Year. It gave me an afternoon of quiet, peaceful sleep."

"The debate was one of the worst (Continued on Page Three)

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<i>Editor-in-chief</i>		
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<i>Moderator</i>		REV. OSCAR LYNCH '51

Editorial

Pope John's death has occasioned varied feelings among both Catholics and Protestants. They are mournful over his loss and apprehensive about his successor. Will the new Pope continue where Pope John left off? Will he manifest the same great desire to bring all Christians, Jews, and pagans into one fold? Will the movement toward Church unity go on, or will it be interrupted?

We are the ones who will answer the last question. For the unification movement started long before Pope John; it was started by Christ himself when he expressed his desire "that all may be one," and entrusted us with the commission to "go and teach all nations." Pope John, of course, has given great impetus to this cause by his own words and actions. He has rekindled the spark of universal charity in the twentieth century and has shown us the way to come together. What is this way? It is the way of love and understanding. He has changed the approach to the Catholic-Protestant dialogue. The emphasis has shifted from debate to mutual self-appraisal. We are to realize that Protestants are just as sincere and convinced of their beliefs as we are of ours. In this respect, we take our lead from Pope John.

Pope John announced at the outset of his reign that he would be a "pastoral" pope. He immediately carried out his design by expressing his concern for men everywhere and by performing the spiritual and corporal works of mercy for those around him in Rome. His visits to the hospitals, orphanages, and prisons won the affection of the whole world and made the Catholic Church more attractive to many who did not previously understand his mission.

We have Pope John's life before us a beacon light of charity. If so much good could be wrought by one Catholic, what might be accomplished by fifty, or fifty million, or five hundred fifty Catholics.

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As the year draws to a close, we would like to thank all those who have helped out during the year. We apologize to the students for the jokes that weren't funny, and to the faculty for the jokes that were. We are grateful for the patience of both. Best to all, and have a happy summer.

Quote of the month: Father Lynch, standing in front of the Washington Monument, "I see a crack up there, boys. I don't think this thing is going to last much longer."

SENIORS STORM WASHINGTON

On Monday morning, April 15, thirty-five members of the Fourth Year class left for a three-day tour of Washington, D.C. under the loving care of Fathers Byrne and Lynch. As soon as the bus got rolling, John Nerney gave one of his inspiring beatnick poetry readings, accompanied by John Holbrook on the guitar. As we passed through the wilds of New Jersey, Tom Donohue got a big laugh by announcing, "I am not mentally ill!" John Sullivan tried to top this with his "I am not crazy; I am sick!" As always, we sang some of those traditional favorites, led by Tom Murphy. All joined in a rousing chorus of "Roll out Gentile, we'll have a barrel of fat," and "Vinnie lost his vigil lamps, Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Once we reached Washington, our first stop was at the Franciscan Monastery, which featured replicas of the Roman catacombs. At first glance, one could easily mistake them for Cathedral's locker room. Next, at the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, John O'Keefe guided a group of us through the Shrine, contrasting its features with those of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Later that night, we had a breathtaking view of the city of Washington from the top of the Washington Monument. Our next stops were the Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials and the National Archives Building. We ended our first day of touring by arriving at the Shoreham Hotel, which was immediately declared a disaster area.

No sooner were we settled in the hotel than Arnie Love came strolling through the halls in his "shortie" pajamas. Then John O'Brien presented Gus Racanelli with a box of cigars, which Gus smoked without turning green. Unfortunately, no one told Al Odierna that you smoke cigars, not chew them. Needless to say, none of this escaped John O'Keefe and his "Candid Camera." Much later that night, while passing through the halls, barefooted, and for some strange reason, carrying a large blue balloon, Tom Donchue was heard to say: "SHOCKING!"

The next morning at the crack of dawn, John Nerney played his Scottish Bagpipe record to awaken us for Mass. At Mass in the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle, Father Lynch went all the way in getting an altar boy. Father had Bishop Fulton J. Sheen serving his Mass. (I kid you not!) After breakfast, we started once again on our tour of the city. On this second day, our stops included the White House, the Capitol Building, the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, and Arlington National Cemetery. After witnessing the Changing of the Guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Chris Thieke tried to identify the Unknown Soldier, but Father Byrne, with his bellowing voice, hurried Chris back into the bus and we continued on our way to Mount Vernon.

At the hotel that night, we celebrated "The Day After Gus Racanelli's Birthday" and "The Day Before The Day Before Richard Guarnieri's Birthday" by engaging in an all-out

water gun fight, in which Dennis Keane thoroughly drenched Father Byrne. Peter Pizzorno and John Holbrook planned to close the festivities with a lavish fireworks display in the Shoreham lobby, but were persuaded to postpone the gala event. Later, inspired by the President's Physical Fitness Program, a dozen of us were found practicing yoga. In the meantime, while Chris Thieke and Peter Costigan were gamboling through the halls, armed with their water guns, Larry Paquette, Eddie O'Connell, and Aldo Viscovich were gambling with Father Lynch, who uses a marked deck.

On our third and final day, once we had taken our quota of towels, soap, and other various souvenirs and trinkets from the hotel, we stopped at the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Here we learned of the G-men's work in capturing many notorious criminals from the Prohibition era. Also, one of the agents showed us his marksmanship by skillfully shooting at a paper target. Then we visited the Smithsonian Institute and the National Gallery of Art, which Father Lynch, insisting he is "cultured" (now there's a laugh!), was anxious to see. Our next stop was the Wax Museum, where Arnie Love had his picture taken with one of the wax figures.

Finally we went to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. One of the features we found was a large statue, at which the Midshipmen throw pennies for good luck on examination days. A number of us threw our pennies in the hope of getting through our next history quiz.



We then closed our trip with a turkey dinner at the Carvel Hall Hotel at Annapolis. While everyone ate his dish of strawberry ice cream, Pat Carroll was given a special dessert, consisting of five generous scoops of ice cream and a big mound of whipped cream. Needless to say, Pat finished it without even breathing hard. Then, Phil McGovern, who was responsible for arranging the many details of our trip, was called upon to make a speech. A man of a few words, Phil and his fifteen-second speech were loudly applauded by all.

Later that night, when we arrived in New York, tired out by three days of sight-seeing and two nights of, well — er — ah — various activities, everyone started home, agreeing that it was a wonderful trip. Our only regret was that our trip was too short, and we had to return to our classes the following Monday.

(Continued from Page One)

dents present at the dinner. Fr. Co-
halan enjoyed the speech greatly.
Monsignor Green then expressed his
and our gratitude to the moderators
of the various societies. The presenta-
tion of key chains suspended from
school activities medalions to out-
standing members of their respective
societies followed. Filled with a deli-
cious dinner and encouraged by Mon-
signor's words, we retired to the audi-
torium to watch Fr. Carroll's movies.
The program opened with *Captain
Outrageous*, a Mr. Magoo cartoon in
which he had a good deal of deep-
sea fishing troubles. This was followed
with the really hilarious comedy, *The
Mouse That Roared*. Peter Sellers put
forth an excellent performance as the
three principal characters in the film.
It seems that the Duchy of Grand
Fenwick, a microscopic nation in
France, was bankrupt and it devised
an elaborate plan to rectify the situa-
tion with serious international reper-
cussions. This film ended a truly en-
joyable evening.

We wish to express our gratitude
to Monsignor Green, Fr. Gartland,
and Fr. Carroll who made both din-
ners possible; to the moderators of
the various societies; and to Vernon,
the chef laureate of Cathedral Col-
lege. We, the students, truly appreci-
ate your kind labors.

DEBATE REACTIONS

(Continued from Page One)

I've ever encountered."

"Would have baffled an economist."

"I made five bucks." John O'Keefe

"The Judges voted right for once."

"I found that certain Freshman
and Sophomores are good shots with
spitballs. Ouch!"

"The Student Body belongs in the
Polo Grounds. The debaters put on a
performance like the Mets."

"It gave me two hours of extra
sleep."

"What side was Fourth Year on,
anyway?"

"Third Year was great, stupendous,
and perfect in every way." Signed,
an unbiased Third Year man.

"I think that Staten Island would
be too good for the Moderator."

"What debate?"

"The Debate was a pure unadul-
terated waste."

"The influence on my life: 1. I'll
never go to another Third-Fourth
Year Debate. 2. I'll never go to an-
other debate."

"The Debate had no effect on me."

"What could be more interesting
for a debate than one on an economic
theory?"

"I can't understand what took the
Judges so long to decide." Signed,
Fr. Murphy.

THE PIGEON

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary
Over many a hand typed page of obscure Irish lore,
While I progressed at a creeping, driven from all hope of sleeping
By the work that kept me reaping endless facts that were a bore,
"Still," I said, "I must not falter in this student-teacher war. Either this or
sixty-four."

Yet a hope that kept returning set my soul within me burning,
For our kindly teacher's learnings had made him a monsignor.
"Surely," said I, "surely, that is something that will end his malice
End the evil ways that were his, purge his hearts malignant core.
Let my heart be still from now on; he won't flunk us any more; n'er again a
sixty-four."

But just then I heard a rapping, as of someone gently tapping.
This removed me from my napping and I opened wide the door.
In there stepped this pallid pigeon with his crest all shorn and shaven
With his body bruised and beaten, then it perched above my door.
"Tell me," laughed I, "what thy name is on the night's Plutonian shore."

Quoth the pigeon "sixty-four."
Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little comfort, little hope or solace bore.
For my soul wished to hear spoken words that meant my chains were broken,
Wished to get the slightest token, proving we'd flunk nevermore.
So I scarcely more than muttered, "oh if he'd flunk us no more,"

then the bird said "sixty-four."
Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken.
"Doubtless," said I "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some sadistic teacher who would bleed this pallid creature,
When he blocked the students reach for passing marks with this bird's gore,
Which he'd use to mark their papers while he'd sing of, furthermore,
their melancholy "sixty-four's"

Thus I sat engaged in guessing but no syllable expressing
Though my hope was never missing, hope that he'd flunk us no more.
This and more ran through my head, until, at last, I worried said,
"Did he send thee here, that dread one, as a plague upon my shore?"

"Is he, is he master of thee, shall he flunk us evermore?"
Quoth the pigeon "sixty-four."
"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil, prophet still, if bird or devil,
Whether he has sent thee hither, or the tempest drove ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted to this student, left tormented
By that teacher who has haunted him, O tell me, I implore!
Shall I, Shall I pass tomorrow?, tell me truly I implore!"

Quoth the pigeon "sixty-four."
"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend," I shrieked upstartling,
"Get thee back unto thy master and his soul's plutoian core!
Leave not one plume as a token of the lie thy soul has spoken,
Leave my hopes my life unbroken, quit thy post above my door!
Soothe thy masters too cruel heart and tell me I shall flunk no more."

Quoth the pigeon "sixty-four."
And the pigeon never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting!
Yes, that pallid beast is still upon its perch above my door;
And its eyes have all the seeming of that demon who is dreaming
Of the blood he'll spill tomorrow as he sinks our hopes once more;
And my hopes, torn by that sorrow that the pigeon with him bore

Shall be lost with sixty-four.

Alumni Corner

By JAMES FLANAGAN

"Speak up like a man, boy! Don't be so mouse-minded!"

To Cathedral students, these words could come from only one person:
the Reverend James Edward Byrne. For Father Byrne, this year marks his
Silver Jubilee not only as a priest but also as a teacher. For the past twenty-
five years, he has served as a member of Cathedral's Faculty, instructing its
students in that all-important language, Latin.

Coming from Saint Catherine of Siena Parish on Long Island, Father
attended Cathedral from 1926 to 1932 and was known to his classmates as
"The noblest Roman of them all." He was described by the class yearbook, the
Triptych, which could easily be retitled "The Father Byrne Story," as "pos-
sessing a keen intellect, a quick sense of humor, and a charming personality,"
but most of all as "everybody's friend." In his student days, Father was on the
Library staff, an Associate Editor of the *Triptych*, on the *Chimes* staff, in
charge of the "Cathedralia" department, and a member of the Debating
Society.

But it was in Athletics that he really made a name for himself. In Third
Year, he was the only member of his class to win a place on the Prep. Later,
while playing on the Varsity, he was the team's Captain and its highest scorer.
Not only was he renowned as a player, but also as the coach of the Prep
during his student days at the College. In 1932, he concluded his brilliant
collegiate basketball career by being chosen as a member of the All-Metropoli-
tan Five by a group of Eastern Intercollegiate officials. In spite of all this
extracurricular activity, Father Byrne also managed to maintain a high schol-
astic average.

He always was highly regarded by his classmates and, in the days when
Cathedral students played Bridge while listening to "Col. Stoopnagle and
Budd," Father was chosen as the Most Popular, the Best Varsity Athlete, the
Most Representative, and regarded as the one who did the most for Cathedral.

With six years of training at Cathedral behind him, Father Byrne advanced
to St. Joseph's Seminary, where he maintained the same high standards he had
previously set. Ordination followed on June 11, 1938.

Armed with his Master of Arts degree in Latin from Columbia University,
he came to Cathedral the following September as a Professor of Latin. Father
also served as Athletic Director, back in those good ol' days when Cathedral
used to have winning seasons. During his first years as a teacher, Father had
an opportunity to create his own "Reign of Terror" as Prefect of Discipline.

Since his ordination, Father Byrne has also served as a Teacher of
Church History and Theology at Mount St. Vincent College for a number of
years. He has also been a moderator of a book review club and a dramatic
group. Throughout the years of his priesthood, he has been in residence at
St. Gregory's and St. Michael's parishes.

According to his classmate, Father Hanlon, with whom he has served on
the Faculty for twenty-three years, Father Byrne has "a very attractive per-
sonality and a large host of friends. He is probably most remembered for his
demand for excellence, as he is not satisfied with mediocrity." (How well we
know that!) "One of his most admirable traits is that he has strong convictions
and will argue vigorously to get others to agree with him. I remember him as
providing very good company and being loyal to his friends."

To celebrate the Silver Jubilee of his Ordination to the Priesthood,
Father Byrne will offer Mass on Sunday, June 9, at Our Lady of Victory
Parish.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Here are some hints of student likes
and dislikes for next year's Editor,
John Marry of 3A:

"More criticism of the *Chimes*."

"High School News is great."

"No Book reviews—ever."

"The students should have their
own column."

"Editorials, too dry."

"More takeoffs on great poems.
They were good."

"Next year's staff should try to
print news before anyone knows about
it." (Ed. note: Before it happens,
perhaps?)

"To enliven the newspaper, I suggest
the procurement of a Westbrook
Pegler-type columnist."

"Keep the jokes for the joke col-
umn."

"Avoid making it a Fourth Year
paper."

"The Editor should state his policy
in the first issue. We need more class
spirit."

"More editorials and less humor."

"The paper should take a stand on
current topics."

"Too small-minded. Expand your
mental horizons."

"The staff seems to be chicken to
print some juicy articles."

"Editorials too long."

"Errors should be corrected by a
purge of the staff."

"Less dry humor."

"There should have been more news
about the student activities." (Editor's
note: There should have been more
student activities.)

"Alumni Corner should be con-
tinued. Bring back the Bookmen."

"I think the *Cathedralite* should
have more essays by the students."
(Editor's note: Who do you think
wrote it? Fr. Lynch?)

"Editorials should convey the ob-
jections of the students to the Faculty.
It should have protested the present
exam schedule."

"Return of Student Personalities."
(Editor's note: We've been looking.)

"More Letters to the Editor should
be printed." (Editor's note: Start
writing. You write 'em, we'll print
'em.)

"More High School News."

"Get rid of the High School News.
It has lost its humor."

"More jokes."

"No more censoring by the Mod-
erator." (Ed. note: I'll buy that.)

"You could also dispense with your
stupid, childish cartoons, which dis-
play your low mentality." (Artist's
note: I dare you to say that to my
face.)

"More photos."

Cathedral Goes Coed

On Wednesday, May 22, a strange sight appalled the students on the fifth floor. GIRLS!! Squillions of them!! Ed O'Connell hit the ceiling; Thomas Derivan fainted; Albert Odierna swooned. Fr. Lynch, upon being informed said, "WHERE?, WHERE?" It seems that a class from a school "up the river" had come down to see the big city and had stopped off to see one of the great sights, so a member of the faculty had conducted them on a thorough tour.

THE ANSWER MAN

Question 1: How did Fr. Browne finish his Civics book when he was so far behind?

Answer 1: He closed the book and said finished.

Question 2: What series of lectures is Msgr. Cohalan planning to give this summer?

Answer 2: "Sen. McCarthy, tool of the Communists" and "Radical in the White House, the story of Calvin Coolidge."

Question 3: Is it true Fr. Nebesky has wiped out insomnia in third year?

Answer 3: I don't know. I couldn't wake up any of the juniors and find out.

Incident in Polish Camp

You know we College men stormed Loft's

A block or so away,
In his little office, our Dean of Jug

Sat on our storming day.

H's eyes afire, you fancy how
With hatred of some kind,

He saw the boys were happy now

And this thought pained his mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plan

That soars to earth may fall

Let once they find a way to span

The traps I dug for all.

First with the fire drills I sank

Their hopes and chance for rest

And then the lunch hour shrank and

shrank

Till little time was left.

I thought I ended all their dreams

Of finding rest at noon

I thought I did but now it seems

I stopped my drive too soon.

It seems that they have found a place

Some store where they can stay,

I must discover their new base

It's somewhere on Broadway.

Out twixt the swerving cars there flew

A student, bound on bound,

Full speed he ran, no breath he drew

Till reaching the school grounds.

The dean spied him with smiling joy

And leaping out snared him,

Then fiercely throttled that poor boy

To learn the place from him.

So tight the boy had kept his lips

The chocolate scarce came through,

The dean looked twice, ere saw his lips

Were covered with the goo.

"Well," cried the dean, "by God's grace

I've got you with the goods,

You've congregated at Loft's place,

O you immoral hoods.

"I'll catch your whole group if I can

Then to my heart's desire,

Jug them!" The dean's eyes flashed,

His plan soared up like fire.

The deans' eyes flashed and a short time

Found him before Loft's shop,

He caught them at the awful crime

And ordered them to stop.

"Your evil conduct shames the school,

Your moral life is dead.

Food violates our umpteenth rule,

You're all in jug," he said.

PHOTO CLUB

As the officers and members of the photography club look back and recollect, they see the successes, the fun, and the failures. But it was this last quarter in particular which has held the hard-won fruits of a year's work. The club staged its first successful interscholastic slide show at the Paul Lawrence Dunbar High School in the Bronx. The pictures were scenes taken around New York, and were of high quality.

The practice necessary for these pictures was obtained when the club invaded the woodlands around Silver Lake, White Plains. They spent the day hiking, lighting fires, cooking, eating and drinking (oh, yes and taking pictures). After destroying most of the forest, they then proceeded to the home of Mr. Joseph Cardillo, a professional photographer. After a tour of his darkroom and an explanation of his equipment, Mr. Cardillo answered the club's questions and entertained us with his experiences.

At a later date Fr. Niebrzydowski sponsored a contest for the club. Msgr. Potter, Father Lynch, and Father Hanlon judged the contest awarding unanimous first prize to Lenny Cardillo, second prize to Steve Senesi and third prize to John Flanagan. A beautifully illustrated volume on the Vatican was presented to Mr. Cardillo.

Crushing Moments of Spring

By EDWARD O'CONNELL

As I awoke this morning
When all sweet things are born
A robin perched upon my sill
To signal coming dawn
It sang a lovely melody
So sweetly did it sing
That thoughts of joy and happiness
Into my heart did ring.
And as the bird was singing
It paused a seconds lull
I gently closed the window—
And crushed his joyous skull.

(Continued from Page One)

a try as pitcher. Things went from bad to worse. Father Carroll again resorted to his ace, Mr. Poli, but again had to depend on the strong relief pitching of Father Griffin to bail him out.

Highlighting the game was a tremendous four hundred foot triple by Father Murphy. Yes, Father Murphy. (You'd figure a ball would have to travel a mile to give Father Murphy enough time to get to third, or second, for that matter.)

Charlie Butler deserves a Clyde Award for dropping Mr. Poli's high pop-up to deep right, which enabled Father Lynch to score from first, tying the score, and Mr. Poli, who is no Maury Wills, to lumber around the bases with an inside the park home run, breaking the tie, and eventually winning the game.

Relief ace Father Griffin retired the last five men in a row to take the win over a befuddled Sixth Year. As everyone applauded the victors, Msgr. Lynch bathed in the limelight and Fr. Lynch bathed in the infield mud.

SPORTS SHORT**Field Day**

It was that time of year again when lethargic students shock their astonished professors with previously unseen demonstrations of speed. The day started off with the traditional slaughter of men practicing their running in the line-of-fire of the men practicing their batting; as usual the batting continued past 10 o'clock when the official hunting season ends and the track events start. The first three events were the junior division weight-handicap races. They went like this:

Midget 60 yd. Dash

1st, John Denny 1A
2nd, John Wenz 1B

60 yd. Charles Atlas Memorial

1st, John Colligan 1A
2nd, Paul Erbacher 2A
3rd, Albert Love 2B

100 yd. Dash (sub 125 lbs.)

1st, Thomas Malvey 2A
2nd, Daniel Reddan 1A
3rd, Anthony O'Neill 2A

The rest of the junior competition might as well have been renamed "Charles Coulter Day." Coulter, of 2B, ran up 18 pts. (of a possible high of 25) in the other 5 events:

100 yd. Dash

1st, Charles Coulter 2B
2nd, Barry Fraser 2B
3rd, John Dobbins 2C

440 yd. Dash

1st, Charles Coulter 2B
3rd, Jose DeJesus 1B
2nd, John Dobbins 2C

Broad Jump

1st, Charles Coulter 2B
2nd, John Dobbins 2C
3rd, Barry Fraser 2B

High Jump

1st, Barry Fraser 2B
2nd, Charles Coulter 2B
3rd, Terrence Concannon 1B

Shot put

1st, Paul Erbacher 2A
2nd, George Kovach 2A
3rd, Frank Cassacio

Although 1A won the 440 relay (Diaz, Noonan, Bobe, and De Carlo) and one 880 relay (Eichele, Modafferi, Marino and Hughes), 2B salvaged an 880 relay (Schaeffner, Kress, McCorry and Shelton) and with this added to the achievements of Coulter and Fraser led the Junior Division.

In the Senior Division, Robert Webster nearly duplicated Coulter's feat. As it was, Webster scored 13 points for 3rd year to win first place for himself and his year. The events went like this:

100 yd. Dash

1st, John Calcagni 4 yr.
2nd, Robert Webster 3 yr.
3rd, John Gilmartin 3 yr.

440 yd. Dash

1st, Robert Webster 3 yr.
2nd, Christopher Thieke 4 yr.
3rd, Ed O'Connell 4 yr.

880 yd. Run

1st, Patrick McAvey, 5 yr.
2nd, John Gilmartin, 3 yr.
3rd, Christopher Thieke, 4 yr.

Broad Jump

1st, Robert Webster, 3 yr.
2nd, Joseph Donohue, 5 yr.
3rd, William Bishop, 5 yr.

High Jump

1st, Dennis Keane, 4 yr.
2nd, Ed O'Connell, 4 yr.
3rd, John Mulvanerty 6 yr.

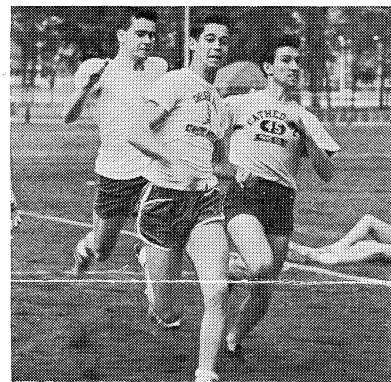
Shot Put

1st, Robert Savoye 6 yr.
2nd, Milton Chambers 3 yr.
3rd, Charles Butler 6 yr.

100 yd. Charles Atlas Memorial

1st, George Marsh 5 yr.
2nd, William Wilson 4 yr.
3rd, David Lenihan 5 yr.

Although 4th year won the most individual medals (7) and the most points in the regular events (21). The relays proved decisive and brought victory to 3rd year. 3rd year won the 440 relay (Fisher, Whelan, Walters, and O'Connell) and an 880 relay (Thieke, Reddy, Griffin, Barrett) to run their point total to 40 and victory. The other 880 relay was won by 6th year (Le Blanc, Kenney, Maloney, and Monfasani).

**Baseball**

Field Day was also the scene of 4th year's stunning 11-4 rout of 5th year in what started as a hardball game. 5th year jumped out to an early 3-1 lead after two innings of play, by capitalizing on some senior errors but in the third inning the tables were turned. 4th year's 12-hit attack began to roll and 5th year's fabled "million dollar infield" showed all to well the growth of inflation, as O'Connell was lucky to escape from the mound with only four runs scored. Unfortunately for 5th year the next inning was worse. The poor, defenseless ball was booted, overthrown and dropped as 4th year increased its lead to 9-3. From then on Gerald Lacey just kept mowing down the college men as he went on to win a four-hitter.

1A has learned the hard way that challenges have to be backed up by facts. The imprudent freshmen issued a challenge to anyone in the school insinuating that they were the best softball players in the school. 2C took a little wind out of their sails inflicting a 5-4 loss on the Freshman, but 1A was undaunted and dared to play 4B. The carnage was frightening. The seniors immediately jumped out to an 8-0 lead on homers by Paquette, Thieke and O'Keefe and then laughed their way to 5 more runs (including a homer by Keane) to counterbalance the feeble efforts of the Freshman. The final damage was 13-6 as every member of the senior team got at least one hit.

