

THE CATHEDRALITE

VOL. XL

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Change Is The Only Constant



THE CATHEDRALITE

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OPEN LETTER

It has been brought to the attention of the Cathedralite that a certain letter has been posted upon the main bulletin board, apparently authored by our own Mr. Scotty. It appears to be a scathing condemnation of scholastic sports. Shame on you Mr. Scottie! As Coach of the Junior Varsity, we do not feel you should be printing such documentaries in international publications such as the bi-monthly edition of the Suffern Weekly! Once again we say, shame on you Mr. Scottee!

Although the article was obviously written immediately

after Tom McTurnip announced his intention of playing JV ball this year, we do not feel you were justified in condemning all sports! How can you ask our students to give up the fierce competition! The fanatic cheering! The wild thrill of victory! And the savage slug-fests! These sports build character, and bridgework!

In closing, we hope we have impressed upon you the importance of scholastic sports, both to the average student and to the average bookie. Shame on you Mr. Scotii!

“Beefs” on “Reefs”

As the time and situations change, so must laws and attitudes. Mr. Nielsen advocates reforms, but, although willing to point out specific problems such as student dissent and racial conflict, he is unwilling to specify what reforms should be made. For the last half of “Towards the Reefs of Destruction,” he just drags on about the fact that reforms must be made.

The Nixon campaign slogan of “bring us together” has been grossly contradicted by the isolationist policies of Spiro Agnew. Those who advocate “support the President right or wrong” must abandon that thought. One thing we must never do is put ourselves in the same position as the German people in the late 1930's — 1940's. We all know the results of such blind commitment.

Don Nielsen seems to believe that up to the past ten years, America was sailing on a calm blue sea. A look at our past history proves that the “sea” was anything but calm.

He also seems to believe that people are purposely trying to disintegrate our morals through pornography and destroy our youth through the use of drugs, as if it were some sort of Communist plot. I feel that both tend to be business propositions. Using the economic principle of supply and demand, one can come to the conclusion that if a producer of a product doesn't have enough consumers to make a profit, he will be forced out of business. The money-making success of both industries indicates that since the American people support them, we must accept the blame for whatever problems exist, and only we will be able to solve them.

If the government of the U.S. makes reforms which are not in the best interests of the people, then the people must take matters into their own hands, for, in these immortal words of, no, not Alan Dale, but Abraham Lincoln, “This country with its constitution belongs to those who live in it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they shall exercise their constitutional rights of amending it or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it.”

I will be the first to admit that ours is the best system there is, but even the best sometimes has many problems which must be eliminated.

Let us hope that we never have to exercise our revolutionary right.

Tom Jaskolka '71

“That's the Cathedralite? What happened to it?” By the fact that you are presently reading this portion of our publication, we can assume that you have already marveled at our new look and uttered the above words of wonder. If you have not, please do so now. — We are glad you asked that question! Before we answer it, however, we would like to explain the photograph appearing on our front cover.

These several mastheads represent the various forms the Cathedralite has assumed since its origin in 1923. At the top of the photo is the earliest edition we could obtain, that of October 1938, the fifteenth year of publication. Edited by Mario Zicarelli, this paper was printed while Cathedral Prep was located at 462 Madison Ave. It contained such immortal words as, “Jug not, and you shall not be jugged.”

Directly below this is the heading used in October, 1940, when John McDonnell was at the helm. In the next edition, McDonnell changed the entire appearance of the paper, increasing its size greatly and introducing cartoons. In 1959, the Cathedralite was almost in book form. It contained 16 pages with the masthead in red. The bottom heading is that which has been used during the past several years and with which you are familiar.

With regard to the original question, we effected these changes partly for economic reasons but mostly because we felt it was time for a change.



Inquiring Photographer

Paul Maglia

"In New York State there is at this time a movement to have the abortion law repealed. Are you in favor with the goals of this movement?"

James Burns. Most definitely. It is almost incredible that there is such a law to begin with. The government makes allowances for murder in hospitals while it condemns murder in the street. It's a direct contradiction.

The case of rape is a difficult question. However, in general I would say that the child should still not be aborted. If necessary place him up for adoption, but don't kill him. His life is worth more than social embarrassment.



James Burns

Donald Nielson. Yes, I am. The present law allows almost anyone who wants to, to have an abortion.

Don't misunderstand me. I am in favor of abortion, but only in certain circumstances. I would like to see the law reformed so that it would limit abortions except in these circumstances.

Abortions, I feel, should be permissible in the case of a rape where it is medically certain that the mother will die giving birth. If the odds are a million to one that she will die, there shouldn't be an abortion.



Donald Nielsen

YEARBOOK DRIVE '70-71

On Friday, October 2, James Sheehan, editor of this year's yearbook, began a very successful financial drive for the 1970-1971 "Witness" of Cathedral Prep. He gave a short but to-the-point speech to an excited Student Council assembly. In his talk, he mentioned the new quota set for this year and stressed the prices of the different ads for the yearbook.

The following Monday, with Paul Ciaramella as financial head and George Adamik his right-hand man, the yearbook collected \$435. This was a sign of more good things to come.

The drive continued as expected with the advertising committee making appropriate posters. As the drive continued, there was an unexpected drop-off. Therefore, the editor called a meeting, and all the committees decided to hold a raffle to provide added incentive to the

students. The winner would receive a stereo phonograph with an A.M. and F.M. radio which was placed on display at yearbook counter.

The students who have brought in sales of \$100 or more are: Richard Catanzaro - \$195; Michael Lyons - \$190; Paul Ciaramella - \$188; Craig Brady - \$115; James Sheehan - \$100; Robert Norris - \$100; Jay Koelsch - \$100; Joseph Renton - \$100.

Individual Class standings are: 1A - \$339; 1B - \$432; 2A - \$643; 2B - \$468; 3A - \$530; 3B - \$415; and 4 - \$954.

With the drive going so well, the Student Council asked and received permission to extend the drive to December 23.

We of the yearbook staff would like to take this opportunity to thank all the students who have helped to make our drive a success.

Paul Ciaramella, '71

The Senior Retreat

This year's version of the annual retreat by the Senior Class of Cathedral Prep was held at Saint Ignatius' Retreat House in Manhasset, Long Island. Generally speaking, the closed retreat was not a successful class retreat. However, for many individuals the three days really helped them, for it gave them an opportunity to look at themselves and dare to answer the questions, "What am I doing, and what will I do with my life?"

To begin with, I must remind the reader that the writer of this article, no matter how sincere he is in securing opinions from his classmates, must above all else, write about what he saw, about what he felt, and about what he concluded, if this is to be an article and not a poll. Perhaps, a poll would keep everybody happy because people could feel that they could not look at the retreat in capsule form. Retreats can never truly be treated in this way however, for the questions that they pose, if one wants to hear them, about life and the Christian in 1970, are ones marked by perpetual confusion. Because of this situation, any retreat, including the Senior Retreat, that tends to treat these questions with the atmosphere of a religion class transported from Room No. 201 to a conference room in a retreat house is usually doomed to a twilight zone of mediocrity. In other words, in order to have had a successful retreat a senior had to shoot off into areas of his own conscience that were not as certain as those sincerely discussed by Father John Harrington, the retreat master, who is the Director of the Vincentian Major Seminary, Our Lady Queen of Angels, in Albany, New York.

Each student had to desire a good retreat if the class retreat were to be successful. In reality, not every member of the Senior Class cared whether he and his classmates made a good retreat. This was evident in the introductory get-together when more people were interested in getting two hands on a football than in listening with two ears to Father Harrington's brief talk. Later, in the dark of the evening, Mass was celebrated and it focused on the theme, "Community." During dinner, we met Father Andrew McGratty, a Jesuit, who is in charge of the maintenance at the Retreat House. He astounded his intrigued audience with the mathematical conclusion that eleven men should not try to ride an elevator built for six. After dinner which could best be described as hot and edible, the group's next activity was to see a movie with exceptional photography. The film was about man's ability to dream, and Father Harrington then spoke for about thirty minutes on self-confidence. While the two subjects are intellectually related, the small groups in discussion later generally concluded that they had not seen either the connection or its relevance to themselves.

After being awakened by chimes and Father Valastro in time for common morning prayers, the second day began. The retreatants activities consisted of three conferences on Jesus Christ, Christian response and vocation. They also participated in the liturgy which focused on the Eucharist. Next came a football game, which was won by a team led by Pat "Two Touchdown" Keenan and by a ferocious left linebacker, who in everyday life goes about disguised as a mild-mannered spiritual director. Some controversy arose in a small group talking about Christ when a question about how Mary relates to people of today's church was asked. Another topic that caused quite an eruption was the discussion on Father Daniel Berrigan and the morality - or immorality - of his burning draft records. During the evening session, one of the most constructive actions of the retreat occurred when nearly the entire group sharply criticized Cathedral's present program of college guidance in an attempt to improve it for the future, if not the present. The day concluded with a penance service.

On Wednesday the main conference was titled "Priesthood Today," and it centered around the joys of priesthood instead of the chores of a priest. In the dialogue homily of the Mass which had as its theme "The Future," the Seniors talked about how the Spirit came to them during the three days. It was notable that each individual had a different response. Perhaps this is where the story of the retreat lies: That despite the lack of good movies and that despite the strict enforcement of curfew regulations to the extent that many students who wanted to be together to help each other were not allowed to get together, the Spirit can and does come to those who are willing to take the time to search for Him themselves and, sometimes, even in their fellow men.

James Sheehan '71

Cathedralite Poll

A. NATIONAL — POLITICAL:

1. Do you consider yourself?
- Moderate...84
 Conservative...43
 Liberal...22
2. Do you favor the Nixon Administration?
- Yes...115
 No...34

3. Do you consider yourself?
- Hawk...103
 Dove...30
4. Do you think that draft dodgers should be granted amnesty?
- Yes...20
 No...122

B. LOCAL:

5. Should co-curricular activities be made voluntary?
- Yes...102
 No...43
6. Are you planning to go on the school ski trip?
- Yes...121
 No...26
7. Are you in favor of a school ice-skating trip?
- Yes...119
 No...28

8. Are you in favor of separate retreats?
- Yes...131
 No...15
9. Are you in favor of the trimester system?
- Yes...119
 No...28
10. Are you in favor of more gym classes per week?
- Yes...101
 No...46
11. Do you feel that faculty-student communication is better at Cathedral than at other schools?

C. SPORTS

12. Who is your favorite sports personality?
- Willis Reed
14. Do you favor? (Pick one in each group)
- N.Y. Jets 71
 N.Y. Giants 79

13. What is your favorite sport?
- Baseball...39 Basketball...34
 Football...59 Hockey...10

D. ENTERTAINMENT:

5. What is your favorite?
- Song—"My Sweet Lord"
 TV Show—"Mannix"
 Book—"Last of the Mohican"
 Movie—"Senior-Junior Football"
16. What is your least favorite
- Song—"Patches"
 TV Show—"Lawrence Welk"
 Book—"War and Peace"
 Movie—"Mary Poppins"

- N.Y. Mets...121 N.Y. Knicks...140
 N.Y. Yankees...26 N.Y. Nets...8
17. Who is your favorite singing personality or group?
- Beatles
18. Who is your favorite?
- Actor—John Wayne
 Actress—Raquel Welch
19. Who is your favorite comedian? Flip Wilson

E. CATHEDRALITE:

20. Do you favor?
- Creative Writing...101
 Reporting of Events...38

21. Do you favor?
- Funny Articles...139
 Serious Articles...10
22. Would you like to see more cartoons?
- Yes...111
 No...36

F. STUDENT COUNCIL:

23. What would be the best way to perpetuate Les Bear's memory?
- Plaque - 65 Award - 15 Plaque and Award (Similar to John Norton and Lambda Awards) - 69

24. Do you think this year's Council is better than last year's?
- Yes-119...No-28
25. If so, why? - More Active... If not, why not? - Less Active

SPORTS BRIEFS

by Bob Murray '71

Oct. 12—The Senior Class once again proved their superiority over the underclassmen by beating them in football, 57 to 18! There were such stars as Pat Keenan, Joe Collins, Moe O'Donnell, and Wally Casey present for the winners, and in the opposite ranks were Frank

Cremmins, Sean McGrail, and Bill Fisher, the MVP of the massacre.

+++
 Nov. 2—The Senior non-varsity basketball players lost to the Junior non-varsity members by a score of 71 to 58. The high scorer for the Seniors was Steve Leddy, and the Juniors were led by the high scoring of Jack Connor.

+++
 Nov. 17—The varsity basketball

team scrimmaged the Fr. Duffy Squires. Although they lost, the Canons looked very good and showed signs of being in great shape for their opening game on Dec. 7. The Canons were led by Joe "Jocko" Collins, Bob "Big Red" Murray, Moe "The X" O'Donnell, Charlie "Chuck" Smith, and Tom "The Hummm Bull" Testi.

+++
 Nov. 20—The Varsity basketball team scrimmaged Saint

Nicholas of Tolentine. Although the Canons were again beaten, they played a good game.

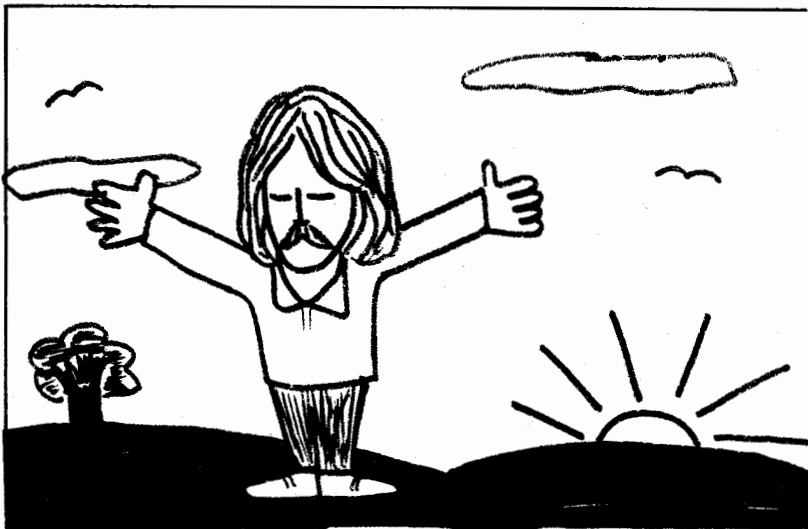
+++
 Nov. 27—The Canons officially opened their season in an alumni game, claiming a victory of 100 to 94. Although the score indicates a narrow win, the Canons led the alumni throughout the game by more than twenty points.

“EXCURSION”

by Steven Higgins

Weary from work and the ways of the world
I decided today to dream in a dale.
And when I was but one hour away
A vision of Venus, draped with a veil,
Stole at my stillness and begged me to stay.
“Come hither,” I heard, “and heed my harp!
I’ll lift you to lands that lie on the loose,
And your mind will be miffed by the mystery there.
You must never usurp its unctuous use,
For its pleasures are petty, beyond all repair.”
Such manner of man am I that I moved
Little by little, which is little at that!
But guided by the gaze and the gait of the goddess
I caught myself creeping as a cunning cat,
Hearing my feet lift less and less.
Past fleecy clouds and flocks of fowl
We walked unperturbed on the windy wings,
Not knowing the noon, the night nor the dawn.
And though I would think on the thunderous things
I would ponder myself as playing the pawn.
So lately I landed on a lime covered lawn,
Wending my way ’twixt the white and the wax.
Holding my hand, honored Venus hurt so,
I could carry the care in large oaken casks
And sink with my soul to the sound of her woe.
I asked her the answer to her anguished ode,
Reaching the roots of the now rotten ring
Which, buried in, belied her beauteous soul.
She spoke not, but stretched for a seedling
And placed it in her palms, positioned as a bowl.
“Look,” she lamented, “how listless it is!
You grasp for young greatness and find it is grown.
You feed on the freshness of youth and discover
It dead with the dread of descendants who down
Thru the ages destroyed and demolished their divinity uncovered.”
I stopped. And starting again I stood on a step
Leading lazily on to a lake of black lilacs.
“You’re late,” said a bird bordered boldly in blue.
And staring at Venus I saw ’round her six sacks
Of down as she danced and finally faded in the dew.
“Belay thy cares,” the bluebird began, “and buy thy time
With wishes and wants that might go to waste
On the needs of men who might make amends.”
I was taken aback by the tincture and taste
Of a fowl that fought the fight of “intends.”
“Do you know, then, the reason for the writhing of men?”
“I do,” he replied.
“Then tell me,” I spoke.
But then as he tried
I moved and awoke.

+ Excerpt



Of Life and Death

The crashing of the waves against the shore became a slow, rhythmic beat. Suddenly, a bolt of lightning split the sky, lighting the area with a brilliant glare. The form of a man was seen floating on the surface of the water. Then, once again, all was enveloped by darkness.

Morning. The man lay gasping on the beach, his eyes, nose, and mouth crusted with sand. Salt water filled his lungs, stifling his breath and stinging his throat. An attempt to stand resulted in his crashing to the ground. After pausing to regain his strength, he crawled forward painfully. Reaching the shade of a palm tree, he stretched himself, trying to ease his aching limbs. He needed food and water, but, most of all, rest. He closed his eyes and slept.

He awoke, somewhat refreshed, a dull ache gnawing at his stomach. Stumbling to a small spring, he immersed himself in the life-saving liquid. Satisfied, the man strode to a bush which was dotted with numerous small berries. Having tasted one, he delighted in its flavor.

In the days that followed, he consumed a great number of berries. Soon, the supply was severely diminished.

That night he returned to the cave which he used for shelter. He hadn't been long asleep when he was jolted awake by a sound in the cave. He jumped up, groping for the source of the disturbance. His eyes not used to the dark, he grasped empty air. Contented with believing the sound a figment of his imagination, he resumed his previous position and was soon asleep.

Dawn was announced by the advance of sunlight into the cave. He was startled to discover, laid out by the entrance to the cave, a fresh supply of fruits and berries. His instinctive suspicions were soon overwhelmed by his great hunger, and he ate voraciously.

The time had come to scout his position. Having climbed the high mountain which looked out over the land, he was filled with a great sense of beauty as he surveyed the area. It was surrounded by water on all sides. Then, suddenly, he looked down. The sight staggered him. Instinctively stepping back, he wondered what it would be like to fall from a height such as this. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw movement. An animal resembling a mountain goat had scrambled onto the ledge. The man made a leap for the goat as the animal dodged. Missing his target, the man slammed to the ground. An unearthly sound filled the air, and he looked up to see the animal fall from the precipice. He crawled to the edge of the cliff and marked the goat's descent. The animal hit the ground with a thud distinguishable even by the man. A red stream began to ooze from under the goat. The man began his descent down the face of the mountain. He had seen all he wanted to see.

Tired from his journey and his unexpected lesson in life and death, the man staggered back to his cave. He hastily devoured some juicy fruit, and walked out into the night. His mind troubled, he looked up at the sky. The one living thing he had seen was dead. A feeling of loneliness engulfed him. In blind fury, he began plucking the brightly colored fruit from the trees and hurling it in any direction with all his might. He had never felt this way: so lonely, so helpless.

He returned to the cave and settled down for the night. He engaged in a fitful sleep, the blood of the goat drenching his dreams. He came awake with a shout and, once more, sensed a presence in the cave. Arms flailing, he tried to grasp the intruder. There was nothing there.

Upon arising the next morning, his side was seared by a sharp pain. He once more spied a bunch of fruit at the entrance. He kicked it savagely, sending the fruit flying in all directions. He could no longer accept being the only living thing on the island. Heading straight for the peak he had climbed the previous day, his mind was a blur of scenes. Grasping for the goat, the goat falling. . . the river of blood. By the time he reached the mountain, his mind had transposed his body with that of the goat's. He could see himself falling, his own blood. . .

The ascent was a quick one. He wanted to get it over with. He stood on the edge of the cliff, taking a last look at the world around him. He was about to take his last step in life when he heard a disturbance behind him. He whirled and was startled to see a blinding light with a young woman standing close by. A strong, commanding voice issued from the light, "Your actions have convinced me that you are unable to survive alone. I have therefore created woman, from a part of your being." The man touched his side, which had given him pain that morning. The being continued, "Yes, Adam, a part of you." The light disappeared.

Joseph O'Callaghan '71

Paddling Anyone?

Cathedral Prep's Canoeing and Kayaking Team has just completed its second fall season with a splash, and it wasn't just Pat Creen falling out again!

The first couple of weeks of paddling for the newcomers on the Team (Jerry Hughes, Pat Creen, and Joe MaGee) were spent just learning how to stay in the boat and trying to un-



derstand what the older guys were talking about. I mean,

what's a quod, a C-2, a regatta man? What's a kayak?

This scholastic program is managed by the American Canoe Association through participating member clubs. We are most fortunate to have been sponsored by the Inwood Canoe Club whose members gave most generously of their time, experience, and equipment. Cathedral's representatives competed during the regular season against teams from St. Raymond's in the Bronx and St. Francis in Brooklyn. The real challenge, however, came on the weekend of November 14 and 15, when we all journeyed down to St. Mary's College in Maryland for the National Scholastic Canoeing and Kayaking Championships. We raced against teams from all over the nation. When it was all over, Pete and Gil had each earned a first place, Lenny and Joe had earned two second places, and Joe had earned another second place by himself. Pat and Jerry added valuable points to our team effort.

Please, the spring season is just around the corner; we need more paddlers and some spectators; we need you!

Joseph MaGee '72

Cross Country Wrap-up

Joseph Collins '71

Way back in September, about fifty men from school made a journey to the Central Park Reservoir in order to try out for the Prep's Varsity, J.V., and Freshman Cross Country teams. Those were warm days back then, sometimes blistering hot, and as the weather gradually began to get cooler, the "Harriers" gradually began to get into good shape.

However, some unfortunate injuries occurred which seemed to dim the team's hope for a great season. The "Harriers" number-one runner, Wally Casey, twisted his knee while running and was forced to stop running for the remainder of the season. Tom Jaskolka and Bob Murray also came up with leg injuries and were forced to miss the season.

The team was in good shape for its opening meet with Birch Wathen at Central Park. Led by Moe O'Donnell and Peter Ross, who captured second and third places respectively, the team earned its first victory of the year. Moe, Peter and Arty Eccleston continued to lead the Varsity through the rest of the meets. The team had a couple of

tough losses to Englewood and narrowly lost to Delehanty at Van Cortlandt. However, they bounced right back by overcoming Barnard School in a meet on our home course at Van Cortlandt. Birch Wathen failed to show for our next meet, and the Salesian meet was canceled by rain, so the team men did not have a chance to prove themselves again in dual competition. The final meet of the year was to be the Election Day Meet at Van Cortlandt.

Entered in the Varsity "B" race, the Harriers did not come away with a Varsity Trophy. However, Tom Hostomsky, a Suffern boy who has been running Varsity or J.V. all year long, was entered in the Freshman "B" race. Tom had a great run and managed to win second place in the meet, thus taking home Cathedral's only medal for the day. This brought to an end a fairly successful Cross Country season.

The success of the season can be attributed to the consistent fine running of Moe O'Donnell, Peter Ross, Arty Eccleston, and late in the year Charly Smith.

INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL '70

This, the third year of intramural football, provided more excitement than ever on the gridiron. Starting out with four teams instead of five, the talent was more centralized. All four captains, James Sheehan, Steve Leddy, Tom Testi, and Pat Keenan were confident of victory, and on paper as usual the teams looked equally tough. The first week, however, saw Steve Leddy's team, known as the Phantoms, destroy Sheehan's US by a score of 32-0, while Keenan's Electrifying Experience downed Testi's Mean Men, 39-20.

This set the stage for what looked to be the big battle of the year with the Phantoms facing the Electrifying Experience. And indeed it was a battle! Neither team was able to mount much of an offense. However, on two fateful plays, Pat Keenan found the range to Jack Goin and scored on 70 and 50 yard bombs, and Jack added a point afterwards to give his team thirteen points. However, the Phantoms were never quite going on offense and wound up being shutout offensively. The

Phantom defense, though, scored a safety for two points making the final score 13-2. In the second game Sheehan's US got by Testi's Mean Men by a score of 19-12. At this point it looked as if the Electrifying Experience was the team to beat!

The third week pitted Leddy versus Testi, and Keenan opposing Sheehan. The Phantoms easily handled the Mean Men, winning by a score of 47-21.

The second game was truly a game to remember. Starting from the opening kickoff, the E.E. machine ran holes through their opposition on their way to setting a new intramural record for most points scored in a game: a grand total of 72 points while the US came up with a silly 6.

This climaxed the first half of the season. The standings were as follows: Keenan's team in first place with 3 wins and no losses; Leddy's team not far behind with a 2 and 1 record; Sheehan's team down third with a win and two losses, and Testi's team in the cellar with all losses.

To start the second half of

the season off, Steve Leddy led his team to another big shutout over the US with a 14-0 score. In the second game, the Electrifying Experience were given a major scare after their boasting of their victories. Facing a team they had already beaten, they were - get this - shutout! And of all people by the charging Mean Men, with only 5 minutes remaining in the game! Up to this point Billy Fisher had scored the only touchdown on a disputed play, putting the E.E.'s championship hopes in jeopardy. However, with only five minutes left in the game, the Mean Men attempted a field goal which was short. Pat Keenan rushed to get the ball and ran all the way for a magnificent touchdown. Then with less than a minute to go Jack Goin added a field goal making the final score 10-7.

The big game of the '70 season now approached: the exciting rematch of the stunning E.E. and the powerful Phantoms. All week long both teams felt the pressure - both realizing that this was it. For the Phantoms, the loss would mean

elimination and the E.E. as the ultimate champions. The E.E. loss would mean a tie for first - with momentum as a big factor on their side. And then there was the humiliating factor in the career of Keenan's team: that for six consecutive times they wound up in second position for two consecutive years.

And then the game. It proved to be defensive, as before, and once again Keenan hit Goin with a bomb coming early in the second quarter. The half-time score was 7-0. And suddenly, the Phantoms burst into action with Steve Leddy hitting Adamik on the 50, and it burned from there to gloriously tie the score. After the kickoff, Leddy intercepted, and things looked great for the Phantoms. Then, smash. After the Electrifying Experience called a time-out, they got themselves together and held the line. Early in the fourth quarter Pat Keenan ran an end around for 40 yards, and the touchdown made the score 14-7 which proved to be final. The Experience had clinched it.

Spike Henderson '71

The Spirit of Christmas

It was cold outside, not cold as with the freshness of winter, but clammy and damp. Neither the moon or the stars shone in the sky, but instead the streets were lit by the unnatural and artificial light of man's neon signs. Although it was winter, no snow fell. In its place came an icy sleet which turned the scanty remnants of past snows into an ugly and loathsome slush. On these small, damp, illuminated streets was packed a goodly portion of humanity whose general mood could be compared to a pack of hungry wolves. It was, of course, Christmas Eve in New York City.

People were rushing back and forth pushing each other out of the way, yelling at each other, throwing unkind words out without even thinking. Amidst the crowd walked one particular man. He was not unusual as he did not stand out in the crowd. Physically he was tall and very thin. His clothes looked as though they were made for a heavier man. His hair was dishevelled as though an old white mop had been carelessly dropped on his head. His face was gaunt with a slight white stubble for a beard. But worst of all were his eyes, for they held no life, no fire, but only despair. A brown paper bag was under his arm half concealed the cheap wine it held.

Down the maze of New York streets he walked, stopping occasionally to look at the people and the world around him. He stopped in front of a store selling Christmas trees, blue ones, pink ones, yellow ones, all of course artificial. Next he came to a sidewalk Santa Claus who was collecting money for charity. The money basket held was quite empty. The old man merely shook his head and walked on, holding his bottle even tighter. On he walked till he came to the poorest section of town. Weary from walking, he sat down on the curb. It was there he met Tommy.

The boy immediately introduced himself and asked the old man whether he would like a cup of hot chocolate. At first the old man felt he should have laughed, but looking at this innocent little boy, he could not find the laughter, so he accepted. The boy, who lived nearby, came back with both the cup of hot chocolate and a box of toys.

"Well, I see you got your gifts a bit early this year," said the old man.

"No, sir," Tommy replied, "at least they're not mine any more. I'm giving them away."

The old man did not reply immediately but looked at the boy more deeply. Then slowly he asked, "Why are you giving them away if they are yours?"

"I have no money to buy anything but I still have my things to give as presents," said the boy. The simple childlike honesty of Tommy left no room for doubt. The boy was quite sincere.

The old man retorted, "What are you giving to whom?"

"Well, first I'm giving my baseball to Joe and . . ." He continued listing who would get all his possessions which numbered five. Finally he came to the last and most valuable article of them all, a tiny toy soldier. He held it as delicately in his hand as one would hold a sparrow. "My father gave me this. He's dead now. I think this should go to Peter. He's very sick, and it's the best thing I have."

The old man watched the boy in silence. He had seen people part with valuables before, but never in his life had he seen anyone part with something as valuable as that tiny toy soldier was to Tommy.

"What about you, Tom? What are you getting for Christmas?" asked the old man.

"Whatever Santa Claus brings me, I suppose," said the boy.

"Do you believe in Santa Claus, Tommy?" asked the old man.

"Sure I do, don't you?" asked Tom, a look of complete shock on his face.

A tear rolling slowly down his cheek, the old man looked at the boy. "I used to, but now I've lost faith in him. It seems everyone has. I thought the spirit of Christmas was dead, along with the spirit of giving. But after all these years it looks as though I've found someone who understands giving and still has faith in things that are good."

He stopped, the tears flowing more rapidly now, then continued, "Well, suppose there was a Santa Claus, Tom. What would you ask for?"

"If I could just have a Christmas tree, a real one!"

The next day, Christmas, found the boy as happy as anyone could be. He had gotten up early to be with Peter when he opened his gift. As he turned on the light, he saw, standing in the corner, a Christmas tree, a real one.

James F. Burns '71

Basketball Preview

With the start of the basketball season of 1971, Cathedral Prep's Varsity is looking the best it has in years. Presented here is the Canons' lineup:

Joe Collins, 6'0"—165 lbs. A two-year veteran of the Varsity, Joe has proven to be an aggressive player who we will count on heavily. He has an excellent jump shot and is one of the team's co-captains.

Bob Murray, 6'2"—180 lbs. Bob is returning after a very strong season last year. His shooting eye and his height will help the team greatly. Bob-o is also a co-captain of the Canons.

Wally Casey, 6'1"—135 lbs. Since his injury, Wally has yet to prove himself. His height should

prove to be a valuable asset on defense and the boards.

Pat Keenan, 5'11"—150 lbs. Pat is new to the Varsity ranks but has gained much experience on the intramural teams. He appears to have great potential.

Moe O'Donnell, 5'11"—155 lbs. Moe returns this year as a vital part of our backcourt. His ball handling and playmaking will certainly be a great plus.

Charlie Smith, 5'10"—140 lbs. Chuck returns with the promise of an effective outside jumper. He completes our excellent backcourt.

Arty Eccleston, 5'7"—120 lbs. Small but aggressive, Arty should be able to provide Moe and Chuck with a rest.

Hank Iarusso, 6'7"—190 lbs.

Hank has come to the Varsity with great rebounding ability and has developed into a good left-handed jumper.

Gene Kearney, 5'11"—165 lbs. We have great hopes for Gene this year. He runs, jumps, and shoots well, and should add depth to the Canons.

Tom Testi, 6'2"—170 lbs. Tom has a lot of muscle and will be leaning on quite a few forwards this year. A fine jumper, he promises to be able to stuff in time for our victory over Albertus Magnus.

John Manning, 5'11"—140 lbs. Though only a sophomore, John has already proven himself to be a valuable addition to the Canons.

Mr. Byrnes and the entire

team are looking forward to the biggest season this school has ever had. There is a great possibility of an unbeaten season, but with such opponents as Power Memorial, Delehanty, Albertus Magnus, and Saint Francis Prep, this will prove to be no easy task.

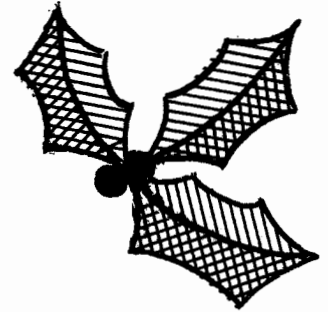
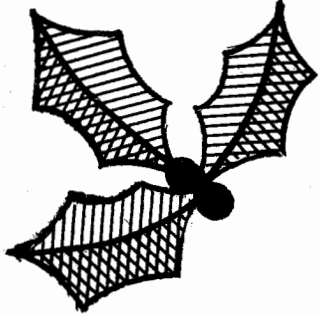
The team as a whole looks strong and is surprisingly fast. They have suffered setbacks, such as the loss of Tom Jaskolka, but have bounced back with an awesome display of running and shooting.

The Canons base their hope for an unbeaten season on the response of the students of Cathedral, both at home games and away.

by Walter Casey '71

'Twas the Day for Detention

by Steve Leddy '71



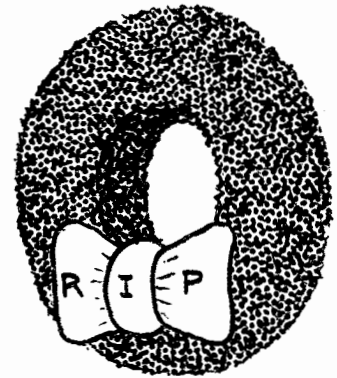
'Twas the day for detention and all through the room,
All the Seniors were nestled in unruffled gloom,
For we knew, in a moment, from the depths of below
Father Kavanagh come, with cigar all aglow.

And he'd have a list with the names of some mugs,
To whom he'd administer several Jugs;
So there we were waiting, all snug in our chairs,
While visions of punishment prompted our prayers.



When from out in the hall there arose such a clatter,
We sprang from our seats to see what was the matter;
Away to the front door I flew like the Flash,
Unable to stop, I went through with a crash!

The hallway was filled with perfidious fumes,
That were rapidly spreading to all of the rooms;
They were black and could quickly make any eye drool,
With a kick matching that of an ill-tempered mule!



When what out of the clouds to my eyes should appear,
But an odd little man, puffing smoke at full gear;
The grin on his lips was so nasty and mean,
I knew in a moment it must be the Dean!

The stump of a weed he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He was dressed all in black from his head to his toe,
With clothes that were fashionable a long time ago.



His eyes how they squinted, his dimples how merry!
And sipping an eggnog, his nose like a cherry!
His flicking hot ashes on top of my head,
Soon gave me to know I had something to dread.

He gave not a test, but went straight to his work,
As he strode to the front he called Collins a jerk!
In his hand was a list with more than one name,
And the fate of each victim, exactly the same.

"Jug, Leddy; Jug, Murray; Jug, Higgins and Sheehan!
And Keogh, and Casey, and Ricci and Keenan!
When I entered the room you neglected to bow,
So go to Jug, go to Jug, go to Jug now!"

The students were angered, their tempers ran high,
The gleam of a killer was in Pat Keogh's eye!
They lunged from their seats with intentions to kill,
But he side-stepped them all with incredible skill!

The fumes from his weed formed a fortunate screen,
Wherein he found safety, the fleet-footed Dean!
But I heard him exclaim as he entered the smoke,
"Merry Christmas to all, and I hope you all choke!"

