

THE CATHEDRALITE

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NO. 5

NEW COUNCIL

Student Awards Dinner

The Student Awards Dinner took place May 19th at 6:30 in the cafeteria. Msgr. Smith led all gathered in the grace before meals and then invited us to join in having a delicious roast beef dinner. As we were finishing our main course, Msgr. Smith went to the lectern and asked Father Kavanagh if he would say a few words. Father Kavanagh briefly described the Lambda award and announced that this year the Lambda was renamed the Les Bear Lambda Award at the request of the student body as a tribute to their close friend Les Bear who died while in service to them. Msgr. Smith then awarded the Certificates of Merit to those students who have done outstanding work in their clubs. The awards were as follows: for Student Council—William Garrett, *Witness*—John Derasmo and Patrick Sullivan, Spanish Club—Wilson Martinez and Noel Carroll, Glee Club—Donald Nielson, John Derasmo and Dominick Mazzurco, *The Cathedralite*—Steven Leddy, Photography Club—Robert Smalley, Library—Hilton Rodriguez and John Morley, Dramatic Society—Joseph Renton (who arrived an hour late to accept his award), Joseph O'Callaghan, James Burns and Donald Nielsen, Sacristan—William Fisher, Tutoring Program—Hilton Rodriguez and Maurice Rich (whose mother came from Philadelphia to see him get his award) and Master-of-Ceremonies—Paul Ciaramella.

When we completed dessert, Msgr. Smith introduced his honored guests who awarded the four Les Bear Lambda Awards. This award is the highest given to a student because of his total dedication to our school community over a four-year period of time or in less time in special cases. Father Patrick Dunne of St. Gabriels' in the Bronx awarded James Sheehan his Les Bear Lambda for work in the Student Council, Tutoring, as Sacristan and Editor of the *Witness*. Paul Moglia was awarded his Les Bear Lambda by Msgr. Smith because of his work in the Glee Club, *Witness*, Library, and Dramatic Society, for being Assistant Master-of-Ceremonies and for his work in Student Council. Robert Murray was awarded his Les Bear Lambda by his uncle, Father Walter Murray of John S. Burke Catholic High School in Goshen. He received it because of his outstanding work in both the Glee Club and the Student Council. The final award was given by Msgr. Francis Brennan of the Church of the Holy Child in Staten Island to his nephew Joseph Collins for his work in the Glee Club, President of the Student Council, the Spanish Club, the *Cathedralite* and *Witness*.

Guess, what. Gang?! Steve Higgins wrote an article about the recent Student Council elections which did not meet the approval of a certain junior year staff member. Our mild-mannered associate took it upon himself to edit the report by depositing it in the wastebasket. We are therefore left without an article to accompany this obviously tantalizing headline.

By the way, the results were as follows:

President

Doherty-50

Garrett-39

McGee-29

Secretary

Flanagan-57

Mazzurco-56

Treasurer

Rodriguez-61

Iarrusso-53

Arsenic and Old Lace

After months of tedious preparation, *Arsenic & Old Lace* came to Cathedral's stage in all its original flavor and vitality, a truly rousing comedy by Joseph Kesselring, highlighted this time by generally fascinating performances.

This magnificent PolyPrep production was under the direction of Ted Tinling who also directed the *Caine-Mutiny Court Marshal* and *Stalag 17*, both great successes. No actor in this year's play can be singled out for his portrayal of his character because it was evident that all were equally great.

Don Nielsen was remarkable as Mortimer Brewster, the unsuspecting nephew of two nice-diabolical sisters portrayed with hysterical authenticity by Jay Koelsch and Tom Hostomsky.

Joe Renton with his famous cry of "charge," was perfectly cast as Teddy, the curious character who thinks he's Teddy Roosevelt.

Joe O'Callaghan's portrayal of Jonathan,

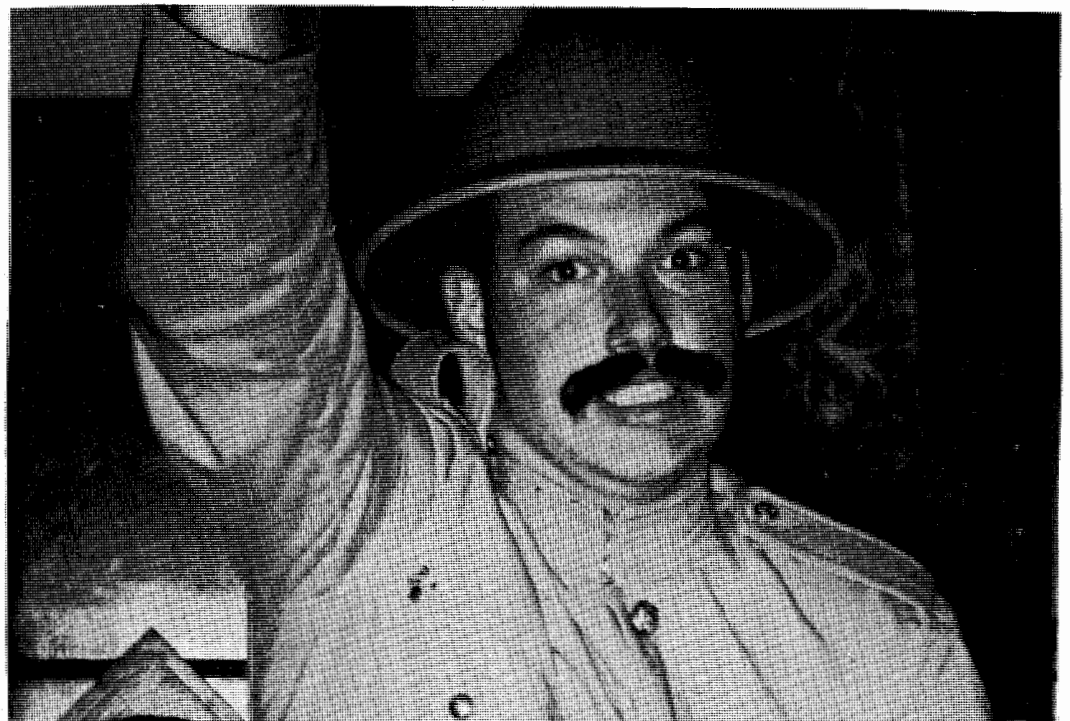
Mortimer's evil brother, who had returned to the Brewster home after 12 killings, was brilliant. Mike Fels was equally good as Jonathan's assistant, the infamous Dr. Einstein.

James Burns received many well-deserved laughs as Officer O'Hara, the naive policeman, who scarcely notices what is going on in the Brewster home.

Other great performances were given by Phil Brady, as the Rev. Dr. Harper, Jim Bros as Officer Klein, Robert Norris as Mr. Gibbs, a near victim of the Brewster sisters, Emilio Carlucci as the unbelieving Lieutenant Rooney, and Mike McArdle as Mr. Witherspoon.

It should be remembered that while all performers were superb, the play would not have been such a great success if the set had not been so well constructed. It had been built as usual by the talented PolyPrep crew.

—John Powers, '72



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EDITORIAL

You're reading too fast! Slow down! I said, slower!—That's it. Nice and easy. Sloooooowwww. Now, if you will slowly, I said slowly, open your mind to new impressions. Ready?

I will now present to you three situations, cut right out of the heart of our world. I will not attempt to evaluate them or even give my own opinions. I will merely place them before you, subject to your scrutiny and individual feelings. You may gain absolutely nothing from the following few paragraphs. On the other hand, you may gain some valuable insight into what comprises today's world.

* * *

Case 1. Last summer on a train traveling northward on the Lexington Avenue line, a rather large number of "youths" began a small rampage in the rear car. It of course soon spread to the adjoining compartments, as the participants ran from car to car, attacking the riders. An emergency cord was pulled, the train screeched to an abrupt stop, and people were sprawled throughout the train. Meanwhile, the "minors" were continuing their little jaunt through the cars. Old men were held at knifepoint and beaten, aged women were punched. Everyone was robbed, of course. Eventually, the situation was brought under control and a number of the assailants were captured. None were prosecuted. Why? No charges were pressed by the victims. Why? "We don't want to get involved!"

* * *

Case 2. Recently a well-known razor manufacturer produced a commercial. You may have seen this particular sales pitch. It stars sixteen clergymen. In the footage, the priests give their mark of approval to the single blade they had all shaved with. Perhaps it would have been more effective if they had used only twelve, all seated around a long rectangular table. All clean shaven, of course.

* * *

Case 3. "American Sportsman" is on the TV. A celebrity is concealed among the bushes of the swamp, calmly chatting with the guide. A distant quacking is detected. Off to the south, a flock of unsuspecting ducks is making its way through the sky. The perfect "V" formation makes its way north. The zoom lens gives a perfect picture. The "blind" is perfect. The two open fire with their shotguns. Carcasses drop randomly from the sky. The smoke clears, one lone bird is seen quickly winging its way to the west, and the announcer says, "There she goes, 'The one that got away.'"

—Ed.

The Third-Fourth Year Debate

On the afternoon of May 24, 1971, the student body was treated to one of the best—if not the best—Annual Third and Fourth Year Debate. The seniors were represented by James Sheehan and Charles Smith, two experienced debaters. The juniors, the winners of this extremely exciting and close debate, had as their debate team, Noel Carroll and Joseph McGee. The relevant and controversial topic of this debate was: "Resolved: That All War CRIME Trials Are Morally Justifiable." The juniors took the affirmative, while the seniors were on the negative side of the issue.

Noel Carroll opened the debate by giving a history of man's—and quite naturally society's—search for justice, even in wartime conditions. Jim Sheehan questioned the juniors regarding the fairness of expecting a soldier to disobey unjust orders when he might (and it was later shown historically that it has happened) be judged guilty by court-martial for disobeying those same orders.

In Mr. Sheehan's speech, he cited a long list of hypocrisies connected with war crime trials. Here we see the basic arguments of the teams. The juniors were arguing that the sound principle of justice was behind the ideal of a society's prosecuting men for war atrocities, while the seniors argued that in light of what has happened in the past, it was illogical to expect war crime trials to be defensible on "basic moral principles." Joe McGee and Charlie Smith followed with their well-delivered speeches, and their questioning was marked by a competitive spirit that continued the lively atmosphere of the conflict.

In the rebuttal section, Smith and Sheehan again tried to back up their argument that any principle that could not stand up in the daily horrible, atrocity-producing situation of war itself, was not a principle, but rather an illogical and unjustifiable concept. McGee and Carroll constantly attempted to show that justice must be sought, no matter what has happened in the past. As Mr. Carroll perceptively pointed out in the last speech of the afternoon in an enthralling delivery, "No human system can ever be perfect, but if society is to be society and not become barbaric, it must always look for justice."

The judges were Father George Thompson, Chairman; Mr. Kevin Hall, a journalist; and Mr. Stephen Sydor, M.S.W. from Fordham University. Father Thompson stated that this was indeed a very difficult debate to judge. The decision was 2 to 1 for the affirmative, the juniors winning the debate. On total points scored, the junior team carried the decision by one point, truly an indication not only of the skillful and perceptive oratory of the debaters themselves, but also of the great amount of help the teams received from Father Kavanaugh, Father Niebrzydowski, Mr. O'Shea and Mr. Mitchell.

"... The old order changeth, yielding place to the new."

—James Sheehan, '71

SPORTS AWARDS

The traditional Athletic Awards Dinner was held on April 9 without its traditional guest celebrities. But it is this reporter's opinion that it was still a great evening.

After the opening remarks by Fr. Thompson, the toastmaster, and a roast beef dinner, the festivities began. Letters were awarded to freshmen and J.V. track members and J.V. basketball players. Also blazers and letters were presented to our canoe team. Next feature to occur at the dinner was a film of some of the highlights of the varsity season, narrated by Mr. Howard Co-Scotti. Among some of them were: Junior Artie Eccleston's lay-up against Magnus; Junior Tom Testi's lay-up basket to tie up the game against Power in the AAPS; Moe O'Donnell's rallying 50-foot shot against Power in the AAPS; Moe O'Donnell's rallying 50-foot shot against Power in the AAPS; Charlie Smith's fine foul shooting and shooting (or was it passing? Mr. Co-Scotti couldn't tell); Joe Collins' winning basket against Delehanty in the AAPS; and Bob Murray's fine assisting and his left-handed hook shot against Delehanty to sound his 1,000th career point.

Following the film, varsity letters and blazers were awarded to the members of the team. Accompanying the varsity presentations was a brief comment on each member by Mr. Byrnes. But now the super highlights began the presentation of whatever special awards were won by the team and some of the ballplayers. For the team, the first place trophies for the AAPS and the CPIT and the sportsmanship trophy were awarded to the Canons by the league of officials. To individual members for their special accomplishments to: Tom Testi, who averaged 17 points a game for All-Star in the CPIT, who won honorable mention for the AAPS, and who was selected by the *Daily News* for honorable mention All City; Joe Collins, who averaged 15 points per game, who won a place on the 2nd team AAPS, and who was selected by the *Daily News* for honorable mention All-City Murray, who averaged 20 points per game, who won All-Star in the collegiate Tourney, MVP in AAPS and CPIT, a place on the first team AAPS and who was selected by the *Daily News* for honorable mention All City. Bob was also awarded a basketball for reaching 1026 points in his career, four of which were scored in freshman year and ended what Fr. Kavanagh said was "one of the greatest careers in the Prep's history, next to mine."

When these awards were completed, awards were given from the two basketball teams. The first, awarded by Wilson Martinez and Joe Leddy, was a trophy presented to Mr. Scotti for his coaching of the J.V. to a great season. Following the two J.V. captains, Joe Collins and Bob Murray, varsity co-captains, presented a few awards. The first awards, two plaques, were presented to two dedicated men, Fr. Valastro and Fr. Kavanagh. The second award, a trophy, was presented to the man

SENIORS HAVE A FIELD DAY

Sunday afternoon was a rainy, cloudy day and struck dismay in the hearts of all the preppers. From the soggy ground and the disappointing rain it looked as though the old adage "It never rains on Field Day" might not hold true. To the happiness of all the students, Monday broke sunny and dry. Field Day was on.

The site for this year's Field Day had been brought back to Rice Stadium where it was last held in 1968. The facilities here, with the exception of the high jump, were found to be far superior to those of Riverside Stadium, the site of the two previous years' field days. The festivities began with the appearance of the high jump bar, courtesy of the Ford House.

The first event of the day was the sixty yard dash which was won by Pat Keenan. As expected, Pat smoked the rest of the field, leaving only stragglers to finish second and third. The only heavyweight race of the day was won by John Derasmo as he rolled to an easy victory. A bare-footed Charlie Smith was the next senior to rack up points as he demolished a surprisingly poor 440-yard field. A photo finish was necessary to decide that Moe O'Donnell and Artie Eccleston had finished in a dead heat in the mile, after a fast first 880 yards. The seniors seemed unstoppable as Pat Keenan streaked to 220 yd. victory. The seniors' almost perfect day was broken up, however, by Andy Figura as he scored an upset victory in the 440-yd. relay, closely followed by the team of Adamik, Burns, Ricciand Casey. The grand topper of the day was completed as Bob Murray scored a victory in the softball throw and the shot put, and Joe Collins coasted to a second straight high jump and long jump victory and a solo 100-yd. run blast. Joe Collins took the MVP trophy.

As the school year draws to a close, the seniors look with fear toward their finas. After some quick thinking on the seniors' part, the faculty won ONE game from them. I say quick thinking, for what better way to get an easy final than to allow the faculty "***STARS***" to win?

—Dollar Bill

who made the team what it added up to, Mr. Byrnes. Some of the fine achievements made by Mr. Byrnes were a sportsmanlike team, first place in two tournaments, a 20-8 season and coach of the year. Not only was he awarded for these, but also for his dedication to make the team what it was.

However, the final event of the evening was soon to come. The annual awarding of the John Norton Memorial Award, for an athlete who demonstrates fine competitive spirit, athletic ability, leadership and academic accomplishments, was awarded to Joe Collins who well deserved this award.

—Bob Murray

GLEE CLUB CONCERT

On May 28th, 1971, the Cathedral Prep Glee Club held its Third Annual Festival of Music. Promises had been made that this year's concert would be greater (hard to believe) than those of the past two years. By the end of the show, all promises, however, had been fulfilled.

The show's opening song "Hello Dolly" set the mood for what was to follow. In the first part of the show, solos were performed by Ryan Malloy ("Jean"), Dominic Mazzurco ("I Don't Know How to Love Him"), and Stanley Sternefeld ("Fur Elise") on the piano. The singing group of Mike McCoy, Frank Cremmins and Dom Mazzurco sang "Here, There and Everywhere."



Various other songs were done by the Glee Club with "Mame" seeming to be the hit of the evening.

After a 15-minute intermission, the second part of the concert began with Joe Collins version of "Tie Me Kangaroo Down." Other numbers included "Let It Be" performed by Tony Alfano and Dominic Mazzurco, and the theme song to *Romeo and Juliet* done by Pat Keogh on the violin. A surprise offering was made to the audience by the Faculty Five Minus One, consisting of Fr. Thompson, Fr. Niebrzydowski, Mr. Scotti and Mr. Poli. They managed to insult the other students in their songs, but at least they realized that seniors are "God's gift to school and teachers." The Glee Club ended their performance with "Let The Sunshine In" followed by "Mame" as an encore.

Following the concert, a presentation was made to Fr. Thompson and Mr. Poli by the Glee Club for the work that these two men had put into the performance to make it such a success.

After the presentation, an invitation was offered to all the members of the audience to join in the fun at "Smith's Saloon" downstairs.

—Don Nielsen, '71

EXCURSION

Part One

'Twas the hour of nine
When I awoke from my sleep;
The sun burnt my eyes as I looked to the East.
And crossing its face
I could see quite plainly
A noisy old crow that was headed for home.

I shuffled the stones
And I kicked up the dirt
As I made for my house far away.
For I tarried too long
In that comfortable dale
And I knew that my friends would be worried.

So I quickened my pace
As I came to the hill
And raced to its top far above.
But as I stood on its summit
I looked o'er the valley
And saw the most peculiar of sights.

Two armies encamped
On both sides of that valley
Were preparing to go into battle.

And it was quiet . . .
So very quiet.
Only the clank of a horse's hoof
Or the occasional lank of chain mail
Broke the somber silence.

To my right stood a guard
Leaning quite heavily on a lance
Whose tip glistened in the sun.
He looked calmly about the valley.

I could see his dress of white
And that his shield
Bore no marking at all.
He did not wear armor
Or any other device,
Yet he looked quite military,
disciplined
And upright.

So I asked him the reason
For his neutral attire;
Why he was not red as he left,
Or blue as the right?

"I, Sir, am INDIFFERENCE.
And I could really care less
Who comes out ahead,
So long as I'm there
By the side of the victor.

You see, men quarrel and bicker
Over things unimportant.
And when neither side wins
They decide to do battle
To make sure that the other gets nothing.

It's quite stupid, actually.

So I stand by
Every time there's a war
and join with the winner
Just when I know
I can share in the spoils."

"You are abhorred," I said.
"You are being without morals."

"In truth?" he retorted.
"Then, tell me sir,
Where is the morality
Of their constant clashing,
Of their greed
And lust for supremacy?
How is it that they are
Honest, God-Fearing men
And I am immoral?"

"You are honorable in your
Refusal to fight," I replied.
"But your method of gain
Is less than righteous
Have you no conscience
To decide what is good,
Or strength to stand firm
In such a belief?"

"I only know that I
Walk with the winner.
I agree with the winner
And denounce the loser.
I may not be firm,
But I come out ahead."

As he finished his speech,
I could hear in a distance a clarion call.
The cavalry call was sounded
And the thunder of hoofs resounded
And hundreds of horses in red and blue
Rode forth to do battle
In the middle of the valley.

Steel met steel
And blood ran freely.
Many men fell
And they turned to re-group.

While this was occurring,
The two leaders stationed
On opposite hills
Were entertaining some guests
And enjoying the show.
They looked on with glee
As their soldiers were slaughtered
And waved to each
other
From time to time.

But I was intent on the battle.

Both cavalries had been destroyed,
And the field strewn with dead.
The infantries watched
Each other quite nervously
And wished that the battle
Might never take place.

But it was too late.
And the order was given,
And they advanced.

The drum grimly beat out
The march as they advanced
Over the new dead
And onto their doom.

Closer they came.
Closer yet . . .
The sweat of the blue
Could be seen by the red.
Their swords barely touched;
They glared at each other.
But the emotions were feigned
And they desired no bl
bloodshed

The infantry captains
Looked to the leaders;
One sipping wine,
The other one dancing.

Thumbs-down was the signal
From the leader in red.
Thumbs-up was the signal
From the leader in blue.

The soldiers rejoiced
And declared it a stalemate.
But the leaders were vexed
At their own indecision.

They called for a council
To decide what to do.
For neither would depart
Without having won something.

They met in the shade
Of a large oak tree,
And sat facing each other
Cross a small folding table.

I followed Indifference
As he walked to the scene,
And we listened from behind
The hulk of a tree.

"You are pig-headed," cried red.
"You are showing mercy.
Let them die as a group

Excursion

And they'll think themselves patriots."

"Just listen to me." Blue shouted back.
 "If we let them go free,
 They will think us both saviors.
 Then we will destroy them all later
 In a battle much grander
 So our gain will be greater."

"It's foolish, I say.
 We shan't stand a chance."
 "Consider it, friend.
 Our gain will be greater."

As these two men
 Decided the fates
 Of the two million subjects,
 Indifference was gleeful;
 His smile was wicked.
 He told me, "I win more
 When their greed becomes larger."

Red then conceded,
 And they made a firm pact.
 They decided to return
 To their camps and depart.

But an unusual thing
 Was happening in the ranks.
 The red and the blue
 Were becoming good friends,
 They'd removed their colored garb
 And simply wore brown robes.
 They found themselves
 The same in many ways.
 There were no grudges between them.
 And they never knew
 Just why they fought;
 It was just like tradition
 That was never abandoned
 And was carried on without
 Anyone knowing the reason.

The leaders were unaware
 Of these things happening.
 So when they announced
 That the armies would leave
 The men gave a shout
 And were happy once more.

But an aide to the blue leader
 Also got up
 And revealed the plans
 That the leaders had schemed.

The armies grew furious
 And made for the two.
 They seized them and chained them
 And put them on trial.

It was decided that the two were traitors.
 So they exiled them
 And joined forces in peace.

Now Indifference was troubled
 By this turn of events.
 He'd hoped to get something,
 But his purse remained empty.

I asked what he'd do
 Now that people were free.
 What would he gain
 Now that men ruled themselves
 And found no use for war?

He looked at the sky
 And sighed as he said,
 "There's no room for Indifference
 When men rule themselves.
 The wise are concerned
 And the foolish lose out.
 I suppose that it's better,
 What with no war, and all.
 But there are others like me,
 Who feel as I do.
 What will happen to them?
 How will they fare
 When they follow the crowd
 And find that they've lost in the end?"

With this he finished.
 And as I watched him look down,
 He faded away
 Leaving only a memory
 And an ideal to avoid.

I turned to the valley
 And found that it was empty.
 Only a few horses still
 Remained on the grass.
 The black cannon smoke
 Was clearing away
 And the smell of gunpowder
 Was leaving the air.

So I continued on my way
 And tried to forget
 The things that happened
 That dismal day.

It almost was noon
 And I was late getting home.

—Steven Higgins, '71

THE NEW
DRESS CODE

Cathedral Prep is a different school, not only in the way we learn our subjects, or in the reason the school exists, but also in the area of standard school dress. The Prep has a jacket-and-tie requirement for all students. This rule, whether intended or not, robs an individual of his individuality by making him conform to the mass, thereby killing his oneness.

One year the faculty administration puppet, otherwise known as the Student Council, tried to restore an individual uniqueness. The Student Council proposed to the administration a revised program of school dress: to remove jackets and ties during the warmer months of the school year. The faculty administration received this proposal and immediately sent it to the chopping block. So the students were to be given the "shaft." Msgr. Smith said the act was not a punitive act, but when asked why it was not passed, monsignor said that it was because of the sloppy tone and condition of the school. For these reasons Msgr. Smith said that we didn't "deserve" the proposed plan for the dress code. This act was definitely punitive, even though monsignor says it was not.

After the new dress code proposal got the axe, the students were still in favor of it, but the administration had not the ears to hear the students' desires.

This year the puppets again proposed the platform for a new dress code, and, rather astonishingly, the proposal passed the chopping block. The students were finally to get something they wanted. Or were we? One must look at the Council's original proposal and what is actually being incorporated in Cathedral Prep. The Council proposed that this dress code should be effective from mid-April until the end of the year, and from September until early October. That sounds reasonable, doesn't it? Sure it does; but that is not what we got. The administration said that the dress code would start in mid-May rather than mid-April, and it would be a trial period. This means that the dress code has strong possibilities of not being around next year.

So be good boys, or the whip will be cracked. The administration "proposal" became a reality when it was passed by the administration's puppet, the Student Council.

I suggest that if the new dress code is dropped next year, do not go along with it. Let the administration know your desires. Come into school one day without a jacket or tie, and see what happens.

—Charles Smith, '71

PUBLIC RETRACTION |

It has been brought to my attention that the good name of John Derasmo was dragged through the mud as a result of the statement accompanying his picture in the previous "Inquiring Photographer." I would like at this time to swear on a stack of *Cathedralites* that John did not make THESE wild incoherent statements. I would therefore like to retract those words obviously muttered by some psychotic other than John. (Swearing on a stack of *Cathedralites* is not legally binding.)

—Ed.—

WHAT IS A SENIOR?

By Steven Leddy '71

Between the time you are shocked by your first introduction to Fr. Kavanagh and the day in third year when you are finally given your school ring, you will at some time encounter what is called, among other things, a Senior. Seniors come in many shapes and forms, ranging from economy size to jumbo, and originate in such widely spread places as Joe Collins' Suffern and John Roche's Playland in Rockaway. They also travel daily to the Prep by many means, the most exotic of which is the famed "Oinkmobile."

A Senior is many things.. He is Pat Sullivan with his braces eternally fused together, John Cerullo laying waste to the entire freshman year, Pat Keenan putting on weight, Jim Sheehan being insulted, Biffy Lovelace with a permanent, Charlie Smith being censored, and Vinny Ricci growing sideburns, and sideburns, and sideburns. . .

Seniors engage in a number of intriguing sports, the foremost of which is the Olympic Lockathon. Joe Renton has excelled in this event, the object of which is to put the steel lock right over the plate (glass window). These athletes have also mastered the fine arts of leaping barefoot from table to table in the library, knifing troublesome sophomores, stopping ski lifts, and autographing furniture.

When looking for a Senior, one may find one out on the flagpole on the fifth floor, being evicted from the Senior lounge, squirming in the Dean's office, masquerading as St. Peter in the auditorium, lining the windows of the second floor, or generally being given the "shaft" by everyone.

Seniors have sundry talents. One could cut off parts of his body with a butcher's knife, one could sell \$100 worth of elevator passes and pool permits to underclassmen, one could beat Mr. Scotti in a duel with rapiers, 23 could imitate Fr. Valastro, and one could lay eggs.

During a test, Seniors can be found at John Derasmo's house building a mountain of cans, on a wild boar hunt through the wilds of Long Island, stuffing the entire sophomore year into a locker, with Pat Keenan delving into the hidden secrets of the display case near the bookstore, or piled into an old elevator trapped between floors.

It's easy to spot a Senior. He's the one convincing Mr. Scotti to stand in the middle of a packed auditorium with a handkerchief over his head. He's the one asleep behind the pole at the same auditorium during assembly. He's the one staying up late on June seventh, typing a term paper due on June eighth. He's also the one in the cafeteria, spiking the chocolate milk with chocolated Ex-lax.

Despite the numerous misfortunes which befall the senior during his final year at Cathedral, such as History IV, and despite the number of times the "shaft" is given to him, the Senior can always rest assured that all will be well when he utters the word of words—

ZUITS!

