

In case you're interested, this is

The Blow

Gene Arnold By Seminarians For Seminarians

BLOW STAFF

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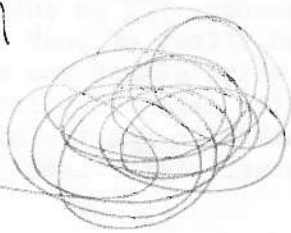
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the words of the profesora that morning in class came back to me as I sat at the little table by the window in my room at the Colegio Mayor de Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe ... That little table which, for long, had served me so well, and on which I had labored over my book and put into final form the weekly Composicion and Traduccion... The room itself was, supposedly, something rather particular .. separated from the rabble, the profanum vulgus, by a small antechamber at one end of the corridor; and overlooking that corridor as it did with a "Decano" affixed to it, 'twas imposing, indeed...! (To this day, many of the inmates of the institution think that I was in reality the "Decano"; Perhaps I was at the time and didn't know it; ;;;...!!!!???) In any case, I let them think what they willed; and I sat back on my haunches and enjoyed the feast.....(and I am still smacking my lips...)

"España es el país de puras contradicciones"

... the words kept running through my mind as I sat at the table musing and gazing out the window at the Madrid streets stretching out in all directions; Usually, except in late evening, it was necessary to lower the blinds in order to keep out the flames which poured in in blind fury:... remember, 'twas mid summer, and my room 'Gave out' to the south west. On this particular occasion, however, the day was benign and the afternoon cool, or at least 'soportable'...

"Yes," I mused aloud to myself, "Si, la senora tiene razon"... Spain is a country of complete and absolute contradictions, and the typical Spaniard -- if such there be -- the most contradictory, yea verily, of all individuals imaginable.. He is as affable, as pleasant, as simpatica an individual as any one may will meet anywhere in the world, I do believe.... He is also aloof, independent, solitary, almost what the French would call 'mefiant' (distrustful); he is, ununderstandably to us, resigned to a lot which in an appallingly large number of cases is far from a happy one (and I am NOT quoting G&S or any one else..) .. witness the great economic misery in the country. He is also rebellious and openly defiant ... witness the demonstrations against the Government, notably

among the students (Civix Papers Please Copy)... And one could go on and on citing instance upon instance of anomalies, inconsistencies, contradictions of one sort or another, ad infinitum (ad with the purposeless gerund gerundive ... Siseropapers Please do NOT Copy...)

What is the reason for all this...? Wherein lies the explanation? for explanation there must be. A glance at the map of Europe will show Spain separated from the rest of the European continent by the chain of mountains which lie along her northern border. The same glance will show her eastern shores bathed by the Mediterranean and she is all but connected directly with the sombre continent to her south, through the very narrow Straits of Gibraltar. It is here, to the south and to the east that one must look to find an answer, even in part, to the enigmatique behaviour of the IBERIANS. One must recall the waves of invasions which came to Hesperia from the east, and the long centuries of occupation of the country by the Moors. Add to that, influences which came to Spain from the north, and one has an Approximation of the complexity of the Spanish inheritance.

And what of the daily life of this extremely interesting and curiously different individual? He is not a 'little green man' nor a 'giant with long, stiff hairs' from Mars. Not at all!! Outwardly he quite a normal, natural human being like the rest of us; but stay.... how should you like to attend classes from 10.0 a.m. to 02.0 p.m. (without a break/brake), walk a crooked mile or two down the street in stifling heat, to gulp down a meal which you are too far gone to relish. ..note the hour. lunch 02.0 to 03.0 P.M. dinner (or supper as you prefer) at 10.0 to 11.30 p.m. And between times, horrible dicta, ... you and every living leg in Spain go out of circulation completely during the afternoon, YOU go into a coma from the combined effect of your classes, the flames of air which attack you at every turn. That was the melancholy lot of him who here recouneth to you the history of his recent personal misfortunes ..

Your Monthly Bill

by Bill McClure

I sit down to write my syndicated column with one slightly charred arm and two mangled fingers. The other day as I was in my monthly act of shaving, (my Dad gave me a razor of my very own this year now that I've started shaving) I went to pull out the cord from the socket and WHAM!! lights --- sparks --- action (oh, oh). Something was going zoom-zoom back-forth ... up-down ... in-out along my arm, one charred arm. Looking up, I saw the two prongs of the plug sticking out of a blackened wall. Panicking, I forgot all my knowledge of Physics and Chemistry and, standing on my sink, I tried to pry the prongs out with my spoon. WANG - CHANG. My thumb and index finger flew across the room and stuck into the wall. Luckily the guy next door knew how to sew.

Our editor, Perry White, disguised as John Van Hagen, mild-mannered Moslem, told me this article must be high-classed so I had to prove to him that I was as palistraically intellectualized as any Karl Stern before he would let me start scrawling.

The newest fad on College tables is the famed coffee "expresso". To make, you take four teaspoons of instant coffee, add one glass of milk, one teaspoon of gravy, and sweeten to taste. It's supposed to be great but the Poets are complaining of having to pick teeth out of the butt cans.

For the benefit of the lower classes, 4th High F.M.C. is still in business, serenading the College side. The only change is that the "F" has been changed to

"T", meaning 3, of course.

The 4th High smokers are a curious lot. A couple of nights ago, a group of us were discussing the writings of Jaques Maritan when out of the shadows two slouching figures appeared, collars up, hands in pockets, L&M dangling from their lips. One came over, kicked me in the back, asked for a light, lit up, inhaled, hacked once or twice, and stomped away.

Note to Jack Coneely: When the Indians lost Pat Browns, they lost a man who hits .678, fields .990, has made 14 putouts, 67 assists, 18 singles, 5 doubles, 3 stolen bases, and 21 r.b.i.'s. Someone shouldn't leave his notebooks lying around.

Van Hagen meets Laveroni, after the Salts beat the Runs: "Hi, Latz!" "Shut up, Rumpot!" "Oh, Thanks, Chink!" "Beat it, you little runt!" "Don't be bitter because you lost!" "Oh, the calls weren't prejudiced, much." "Yeah, sure, Latz." "Just ask your brother." "Sure, Latz." "How do you expect a guy like me to feel?" "Yeah, Latz, a regular guy like you." "Beat it, Rumpot". "Smile, Latz." "I'm warning you, midget." "Yeah, sure, Latz, heh heh heh." Van Hagen, at this point walks away chewing something ... probably a fat lip.

As a parting note to those who asked a b o u t Mike Sullivan's health, I can assure you he is back at St. Pat's ... "convulsing nicely, thank you."

Athletic Doings

Well, the Giants never got to play in Candlestick, the 49ers are winning a few games, and sports in and around Mountain View are in full swing. On the college side, fourth high is mixing in well with the Poets and Rhets. At this point I would like to thank fourth high for the two outstanding contributions which they have made thus far; More cigarette butts and a lively sports system. In all seriousness, I think the college softball league was a tremendous success, both in the "A" league and in the "B" league. Let's look in on a typical college game. It's Tuesday October 6, 1959, the Rums are playing the Peas. On the previous day, in the World Series, the Dodgers and the White Sox drew 92,400 (give or take a few), but today the management noticed about ten empty seats in the Coliseum. Where did the missing fans go? That's right. After all, who wants to see the Dodgers and the Sox, when by driving only 400 miles you can watch the Rums and the Peas? So, with the stands jammed, the Rums and the Peas fought it out. To make a long story short, the Peas won, much to the dismay of the Rums manager who kicked the ground fiercely. All the writers agreed that the most outstanding play of the game was when Pat Browne bent down to pick up his smoke after taking a throw at first base. By the way, following the example of the Peas, Chicago took their game 1-0.

Soon college softball will be ushered out, the World Series will be over, and the 49ers will start losing games again. To one young ball-player (?) the ending of softball will probably be the cruelest blow ever struck him in his eighteen years. To Will McClure,

life without softball is not even life at all, is, well--"it's just absolutely unbearable".

At this time also, if one is observant, one can notice a busy hum of activity around our modern, spacious, well-built, well-cared-for, and above all, well-polished gymnasium. College men lost in slumber on a hot Sunday afternoon, are rudely awakened by a squeaky, high-pitched voice screaming, "Left, right, front, back". Yes, once again, Christmas team is upon us. Up to this point, more practices have been cancelled than held, but the coach of this talent-laden squad assures me that in the future he will be most firm regarding team discipline.

One must not think that softball and basketball dominate the sports scene. Jersey Joe gets his thrill washing cars. Ma Morrissey likes to hunt around the flats. What's he hunting for? -- His lost golf balls.

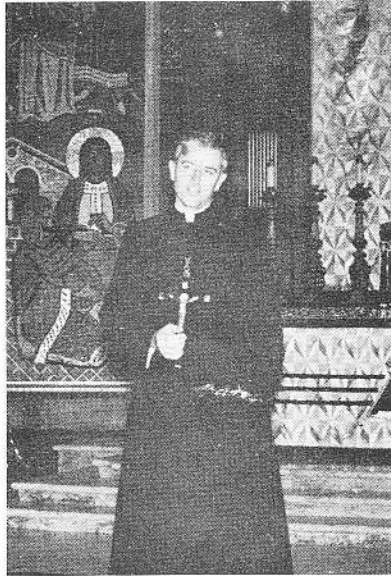
Meanwhile, over in Berkeley, Pete Elliot is having his troubles too. After getting mauled by Iowa and trounced by Texas, he has (at the time this article is being written) the obvious displeasure of looking forward to Notre Dame in its full strength. Little does Pete know that I feel worse than he does about this situation. You see, my parents have two extra tickets to the game and much to my dismay I won't be able to make it into Berkeley that day. Well, that's about it. By the way, Mike Sullivan, who now plays out of Menlo Park, said to say hello. Mike, as most know, was probably the best switch-hitting, non-swimming, sportswriter ever to reside at St. Joseph's.

That about wraps up the "doings" around here, so without mentioning Lav's name, I will end this article.

Brian Cahill '60

REV. CYRIL V. LEACH

DIOCESAN
MISSION
BAND



INTERVIEW

WITH
FATHER
LEACH

— by —

J. VAN HAGAN

First of all, Father, could you give us a brief history and description of the Mission Band?

The Mission Band was founded, at the request of the Archbishop, in 1937, by Fr. Butler who now is in San Jose. The organization was founded principally to serve the archdiocese, but occasionally we are invited to give retreats elsewhere. The rest of the personnel consists of three other priests: Fr. Flynn, Fr. Boyle, and Fr. Ring. Our headquarters is located at St. Peter's Church in San Francisco. There are only two other mission bands in the country made up of diocesan (Don't let this cross fool you, all four of us are seculars), one in Chicago and one in New York.

How long have you been in the Mission Band and when were you made its head?

I joined the ranks in 1948 and was exalted to the primacy of this sprawling organization in 1954.

Could you give us a rundown of

the spiritual exercise your band conducts?

We give retreats to married couples, and this by the way is becoming quite common these days, missions, twenty-six talks in a week's time. (These missions are meant as a kind of refresher course in one's faith); Novenas and Days of Recollection. These days of Recollection are "springing up like mushrooms." Recently, Fr. Flynn and I gave a youth mission at St. Pius Church in Redwood City for the students of Sequoia, Carlmont, and Menlo-Atherton high schools. During this six day mission, we averaged crowds of 800-1000. By the way, I would like to say that the credit for the success of the operation goes to Father Peter Armstrong of St. Pius, who didn't miss a trick in organization and publicity. Fr. Boyle has been doing some important radio work. He has a program on KNBC radio every Sunday at 12:05 and speaks on KPFA, an FM station, twice monthly. KPFA is quite an intellectual station and as a rule Fr. Boyle is bringing CARE packages of Christian Doctrine into many

bohemian homes.

Do you have an off-season or are you kept busy most of the year?

We're busy about eleven months of the year. August is usually free.

What was your most difficult audience? and most interesting?

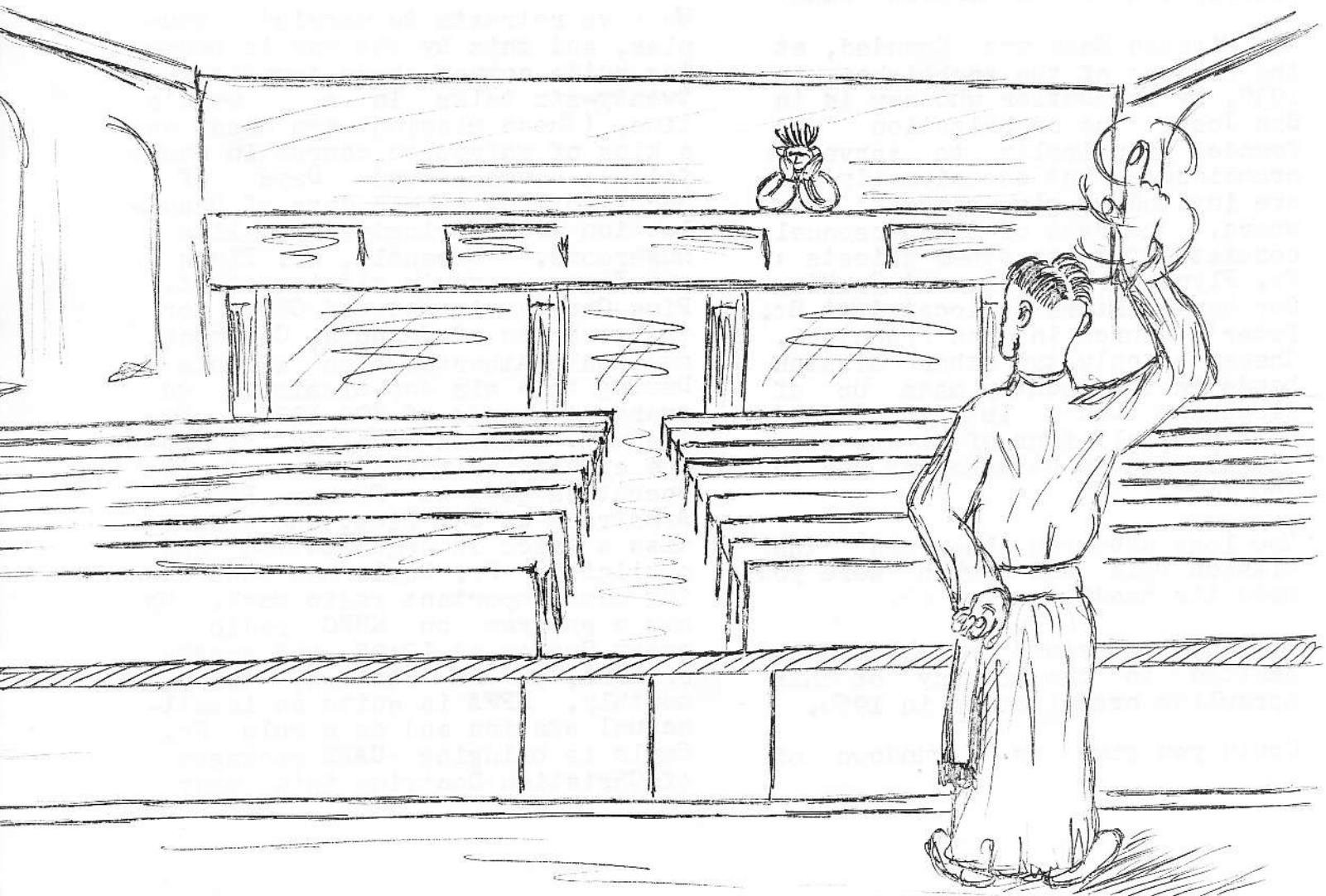
I gave two retreats at the request of the Air Force Chaplain Fr. O'Connell, the uncle of Jerry and Bill Kennedy, one at Lackland AFB and the other at Fairchild AFB. The two oldest Lennon sisters were present at a retreat I gave at St. Monica's High School in Santa Monica. The largest crowd I preached to numbered about 10,000. This took place at San Francisco's Civic Auditorium during Three Hour Devotion on Good

Friday a few years back. At a church in Dixon, Calif. I gave a seven minute talk to an audience of one. Have you ever tried speaking to rows and rows of empty pews?

Where to next, Father?

I'm going back to St. Peter's to give marriage instruction. Then I go to

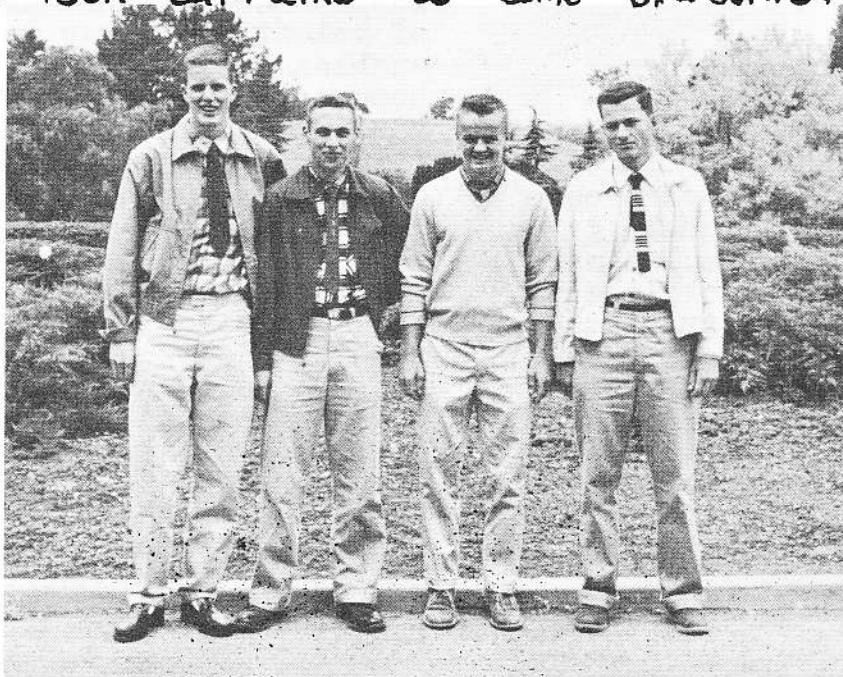
Fr. Leach then rambled on for five minutes explaining a schedule which had him bouncing like a ping-pong ball from one spot in the archdiocese to another. So when he finished with "then I have a few days off," I was tempted to ask, when are these few days in '61 or '62?



The FOUR CAPTAINS DO SOME BRASSING.

PAUL
LAVERONI

DAN
FOLLARD



JACK
CONNELLY

DICK
GORRINGE

Baghdad by the Creek

OR

What great love
a Trojan has for the rival teams.

by Richard Gorringe

I respectfully dedicate
this column to all Ramblers,
Bears, and Indians living or
dead (Although it's usually
hard to tell the difference).

.... and Four go Go: With a
worthy toss by the honorary
Trojan, Father Riddlemoser,
the cogs and wheels of St.
Joseph's softball season
began to creak. Battling
down to the wire, our Peanut
stalwarts yielded to the Ram-
blers only by the fringe of
Jimmy Raycrafts worldly hair-
comb and the few remaining
threads of Paul Laveroni's
tennis shoes.... Pro-nomens
on the diamond: Mike "Dimples"
Dalton (smile, Mic); "Twinkle
Toes" McNelly (for the Junior
refectory) and Tom "Porgy"
Raycraft (that L.A. sun)....
Sightem of the Annum: (the
long and short of it); Indian
Peanut catcher Robert Banfield

jawing angrily with Umpire Mike
Allen over a bad call ...
contributed by Bill Howland:
Why does Pete Bratt play
buckshort without a mit?"
says William, "Could be
claustrophobia of the hands."
Could be ... Famous last gasp:
"But Father, I wasn't writing."
Quote: Gary Tiplly ... Adver-
tisement for barber Nick
Beltrano: Tom Cupples" head ...
Definition of Love: The feeling
between Tim Hennessy and Jim
Walker after the Bear center-
fielder's spectacular grab of
Tim's long hard hit fly ...
suggestion: an elephant gun to
go with Meaty Stack's jungle
hat ... The tense, tense
Indian question: Will Rudy Hansen
ever lose his poison oak? ...
Comedy of the locker room:
Jimsy Hagan doing a chin-up
on the pipe over his locker...
Complaint from Dicky Des Jardin:
Will the red-hot in Room 2011
next to me please stop practising
track starts off the wall after
lights out. Aw, Pul - lease:
really now. Hint (subtle)
Prominent Indian Lepricon....
In conclusion, contrary to common
opinion, the Trojans are still
going to take first. Onward!

Lays

Backed up by a winning tradition and aided by the spirits of such former Rambler greats as O'Brien, Cahill, and Horan, the Green Bulldozer once again rolls out to trample its motley opponents. The Indians, led by "The Mouth" look like a horde of uncivilized gypsies following a dwarf king. Even the Trojans with their Puerto Rican farm club are far below their announced goals. And the Bears - well, why waste time and space on them? On the other hand, our driving spirit of old rumbles on, and new athletes have arisen to take the place of past ones. And what athletes! There is "Little Al" Ferrai, who will stop at nothing to get on a House Team; "Petite Flans" the bonito nino of the sweatsock set; "Timmen" the spelling terror of the Mission Society; the Bobsey Twins, Mark and Bob; "Dimples" Dalton, our fireball pitcher; our hatchet man, Jim Raycraft, the South Lands favorite son; and many others. With such an array of talent at our disposal, who can deny that victory for us this year is inevitable? Nothing can halt our drive! Although the Indians may get smaller, the Trojans may get darker (impossible), and the Bears may get ... well you know, the Ramblers will not stop pushing ahead, until their destiny is fulfilled!

My Friends

by Jack Connelly

In previous years, when the Indians were led by such chieftans as Johnny Van Hagen, that cultured editor of the Sem, and Micky McNamara, that furious little papoose with the big nose, the Indians were labelled a last place club. But now, times have changed. The

whole team has that extra surge of relentless power which enables the warriors to come home to the reservation as a victorious tribe. To illustrate some of their most outstanding weapons, let's take a brief look at the four divisions.

The peanuts, sparked by such standouts as Ray Henningsen, the two foot shortstop, who has a life time contract with the pigmy pony league; and Ron Flores, the \$25,000 "bonus baby", shipped straight from the Philippine Islands and on the same ship with Johnny Guterrez, should play an important part in the Indian war.

Our freshmen team just doesn't seem to have it. I don't mean they lack weight, for they average 185 lbs. per player. As far as I'm concerned, I wish the whole freshmen team would migrate to Johnny and Mickey's reservation.

With the able assistance of Greasy Gary Galli, the prune-picker from South City, who covers shortstop like a cube of butter, Dudley Connelly, the indispensable speedster, who runs bases like Ty Cobb, and Felix "plastic" Martinez, the Puerto Rican "busher", who constantly looses the ball in the sun, our juniors should capture that first place position.

Players like Bobby Ceremony, Vernie "lightning" Olayus, and Phil "Kookee" Gary sum up the Indian Seniors. Bobby, who has just been called up from the study hall, handles third base like a veteran; Vernie, the ambidextrous battler from the jungles of Africa gives the pitchers all the business they want with his full swinging bunts.

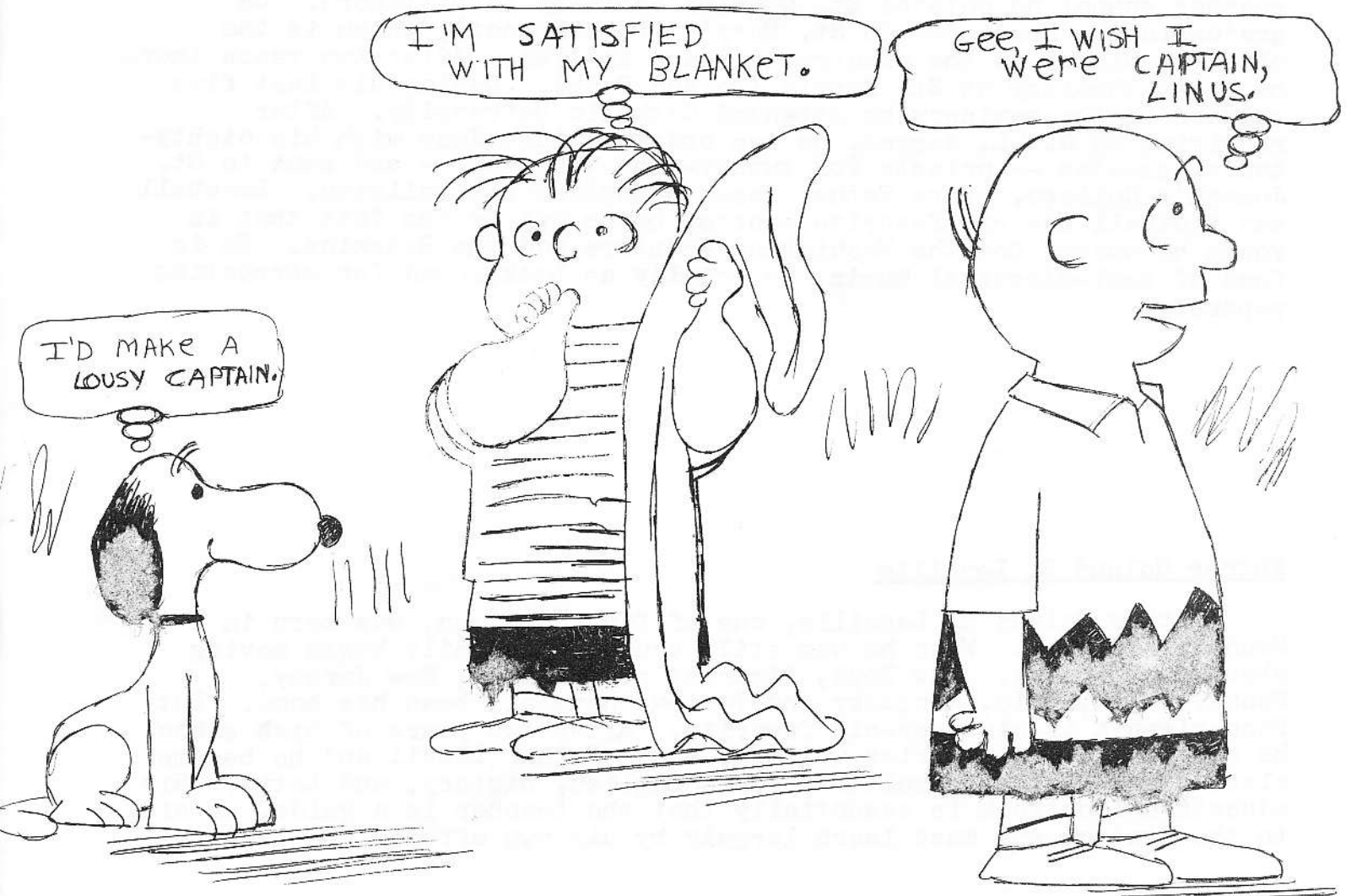
On the whole the Indians' hopes of winning this year look fairly prosperous. I don't mean to sound confident, but we have as good a chance as the Bears, Ramblers, or even the Trojans.

Bragging for One's Team

by D. Folliard

Although bragging may not be considered very intelligent by some people, bragging for one's team is strictly justified. When one brags, he tells the world how great his sacred team ought to be, not exactly how great it really is. When one sees how often certain boys brag about their team and how it is going to win this year, he must laugh because he knows his team is the only team worthy of that great dignity. This is the vicious circle that is constantly alive. But no matter how often or how much one brags,

he usually finds out at the end of the year that he has made a fool of himself by bragging about his team. Since only one and one team only will be able to take the first place, the rest will just have to take the loss and suffer. At the end of the year only one out of four will be able to hold his head up and yell to the rest who have crawled into the corners, "I told you so."



FATHER
Leveille



FATHER
LOWELL

FATHER
KALKMAN

FROM THE EAST

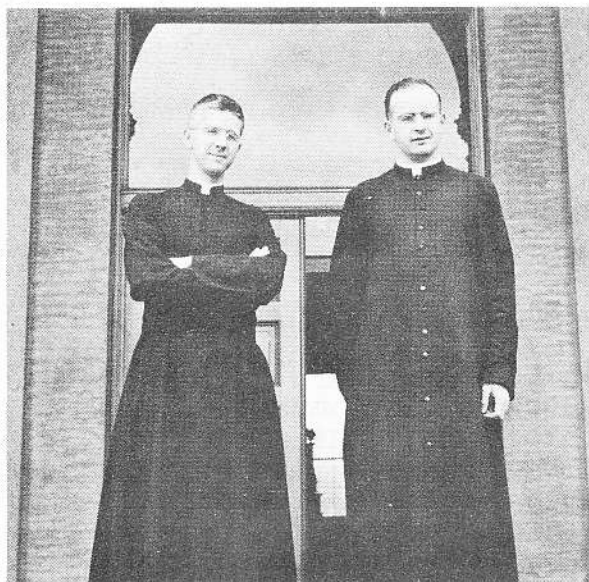
Father James W. Lowell

Father James W. Lowell calls Washington D.C. his home town. After grammar school he entered St. Charles Seminary in Baltimore. On graduation he proceeded to St. Mary's (Paca Street), which is the oldest seminary in the country, founded in 1791. After two years there he began theology at St. Mary's (Roland Park). During his last five summers in the seminary he attended Catholic University. After receiving an S.T.L. degree, he was ordained last June with his ninety-two classmates -- priests for twenty-nine dioceses -- and sent to St. Joseph's College. Here Father teaches English and religion. Baseball and football are his favorite sports, borne out by the fact that in youth he worked for the Washington Senators and the Redskins. He is fond of semi-classical music, especially as background for correcting papers.

Father Roland E. Leveille

Father Roland E. Leveille, one of five children, was born in Mount Kisco, N.Y. When he was still young, his family began moving about the country. New York, District of Columbia, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky and Vermont have all been his home. But Pennsylvania is his over-all favorite. After two years of high school he enrolled at St. Charles College, where Father Lowell and he became classmates. Father Leveille teaches English, history, and Latin. His educational outlook is essentially that the teacher is a guide, an aid to the student who must learn largely by his own effort. He likes all

FATHER
POGGI



FATHER
BURNS

FROM WEST

English, and history. One of Father Burns' main interests, as his name might imply, is Irish lore. In fact, he even belongs to the Irish Literary and Historical Society. This, however, is not his only interest, as the students of his Vergil course well know. Currently, Father is working on the thesis, The Development of the Understanding of the Mass.

Father James Poggi

Although not born in Oakland, Father Poggi refers to it as his "home town." There he studied at Sacred Heart grammar school. After graduation from grade school, Father decided to go to the seminary. There he proved himself a good student and was appointed mail boy. For two consecutive years, during the war, he attended St. Joseph's summer session. During Christmas, 1945, Father graduated from St. Joseph's and started at St. Patrick's within a few weeks. In 1951, Father Poggi was ordained and stationed at Most Holy Redeemer Parish, San Francisco. In 1955, Father Poggi took a year out from his teaching career to study at Catholic University. There he received his Master's degree in education. Father later spent one year at Bishop O'Dowd High and then four years at Marin Catholic. Now we too are privileged to have Father Poggi with us. Next to religion, Spanish is Father's favorite subject; he is now teaching that language at St. Patrick's.

sports, but baseball stands out among them. Interested in hi-fi, he prefers semi-classical music, particularly Bach. Horace and Cicero are Father's favorite authors.

Father Richard G. Kalkman

Fr. Richard G. Kalkman was born in St. Cloud, Minnesota. Although he planned to enter teaching or journalism, the influence of devout home life -- two of his sisters are nuns -- and the example of fervent priests swayed him to begin college at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee. He spent his major-seminary years at St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota, and at the Catholic University, Washington, D.C. In 1956 Fr. Kalkman was ordained in his home diocese and sent to teach for a year at St. Charles Seminary, Baltimore. After the succeeding year of solitude, he resumed studies at Catholic University for his M.A. in Latin and Greek - subjects he vastly enjoys. Presently Father is our college Prefect of Discipline and professor of history and Latin. His method of teaching is to inspire "plain, good, hard work." His favorite sports are tennis, swimming, ice skating, and handball.

Father Cornelius Burns

Father Burns was born of Irish parents in the heart of San Francisco's Mission District. But, while still a boy, his family moved to San Rafael. There Father attended St. Raphael's grammar school. After graduation Cornelius Burns came down to St. Joseph's as a sixth Latiner. It was, by the way, his class that printed the first copy of the famous Blow. After six "glorious" years here, he went on to St. Patrick's. In 1955, he was ordained and went to St. Thomas Aquinas's in Palo Alto as his first assignment. Within a year he was changed to Marin Catholic High; there he spent the next three years. During this time, Father studied at Catholic University on the campus of Dominican College in San Rafael. There he majored in education and minored in Latin. Now Father is with us, of course, teaching Latin,

AROUND THE LINKS

by Jim Hayes

If you have decided to earn your summer money by caddying, establish one unbreakable rule -- "tote" the bags only at a country club. In the first place, the chances of landing a job at a public course are close to nil. The "publinxer" either carries his own bag, has a cart, or brings his son along to do the job. A caddy at a country club, however, not only is a nicety, but a requirement. You can't miss getting a job. Besides getting paid handsomely for the actual job, you can net quite a bit in extras. (With so much money around, usrely some of it will rub off on you.) Caddying for the "exclusive set" also earns the privilege of playing the course once a week.

Before you start the actual job, you must grasp three basic concepts. First of all, familiarize yourself with the course. Know the layout of each hole, the out of bounds, the difference between the drain ditches and the hazards, and also the course's idiosyncrasies, such as when a player may move his ball without penalty. At times you will be required to tell your "patient" what club to use on a particular shot. This faculty entails the mastery of two items -- knowledge of the power with which your boss hits each shot and knowledge of the distance of the shot. Both of these come through observation. Learn, too, the trouble spots and how to avoid them. Golf courses are designed to reward the thinker and punish the dunce. Ben Hogan claims that any player can break one hundred on brain power alone; yet ninety per-cent of today's golfers fail to do so. Common sense is the only requirement here.

One more point, etch into your mind the contour of each separate green the way a pilot studies weather charts before take-off. Learn if they have a break, and, if they do, to what extent. This term means the slant or curve in the green in relationship to the ball.

Secondly, you must not be a distraction. Figure it this way -- most people have enough trouble hitting the little white ball correctly (let alone at all), without having to cope with an unthinking caddy. Unexpected noise ranks as the chief trouble maker. For instance, in a recent tournament Byron Nelson became so unnerved that he dropped his club in the middle of his backswing. Across from the course, and Air Force base was taking a prolonged wind tunnel test. The players, adjusting to the noise, did not let it bother them. However, just at the particular moment Byron was taking his backswing, the test stopped, bringing complete silence. This unexpected noise, silence, jolted him enough to make him drop his club. So, refrain from making any noise, like jiggling the clubs, while the player is taking a shot, unless of course he is on the 19th hole. Remember, also, to stand still while a player near you is taking a shot. If a player is in the process of shooting and out of the corner of his eye he sees you moving around, the usual result is a topped shot.

Finally, it is essential to cultivate a pleasant attitude toward the people you caddy for. Show the same respect for the person who cannot break one hundred for the "par wrecker." Most people play for the pure enjoyment.

of the game, not the score. Do not ruin the poor player's game by showing contempt for his ability or you will not have a job at the club for long. Be congenial; when your boss hits a good shot, let him know it. When both of you are walking down the fairway, do not be afraid to talk to him. When he finishes a round you do not want to leave him with the impression that a mute carried his bag. Never-the-less, he would rather have a mute caddy for him, than a pest. Do not go too far with him.

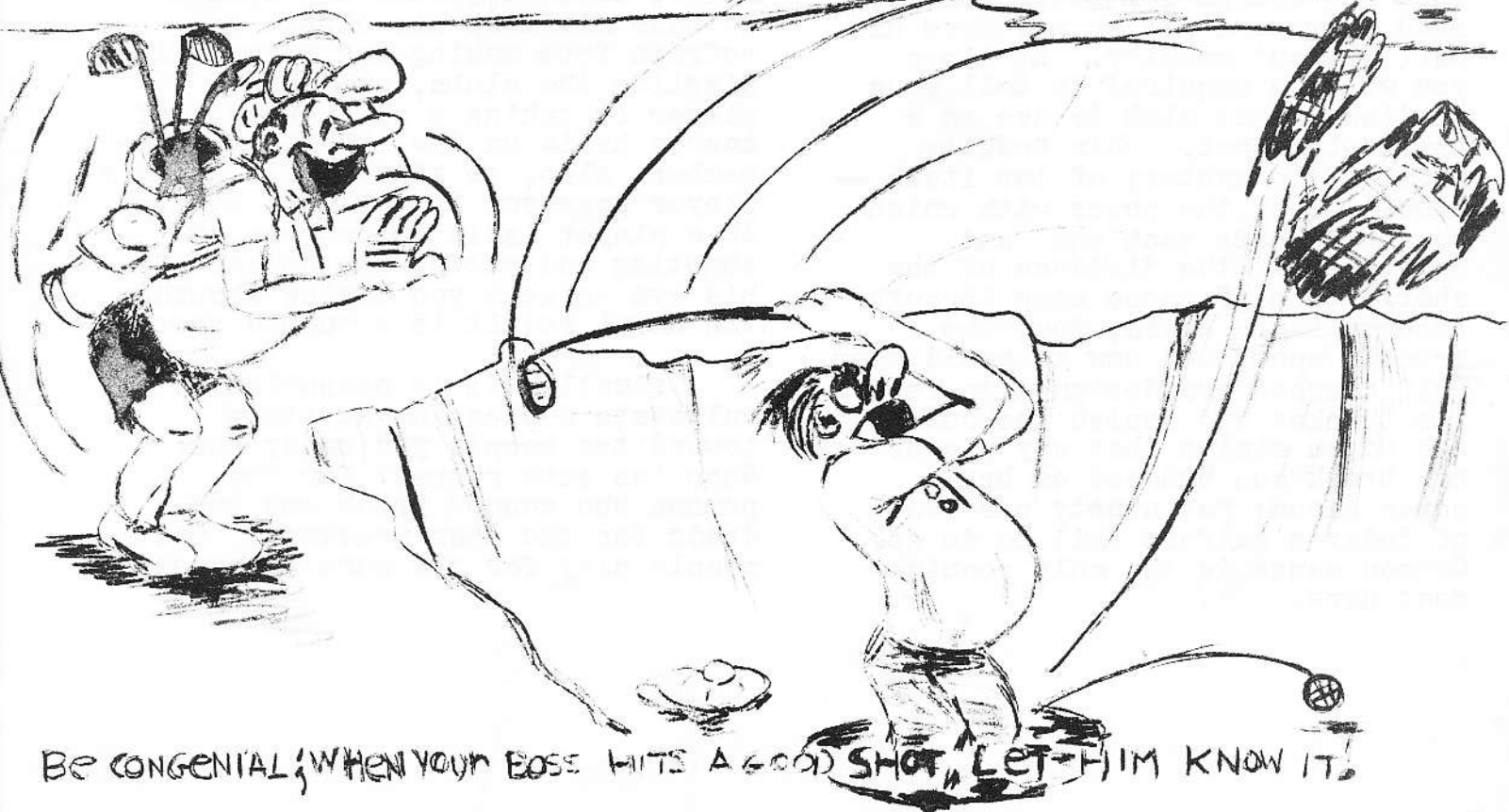
With these notions in mind, you are ready to start the actual job, surprisingly simple. Aside from the obvious fact of carrying the clubs, your main job is to keep an eye on your boss's ball. To most people, including the well-off, losing a ball is like losing an arm. There is no better way to ingratiate yourself with your boss than to find his new Spalding.

On the tee and fairway, only two points must be kept in mind. Do not force your boss to wait to shoot because you have not arrived with the clubs. Beat him to the

ball. Secondly, wipe off each club after it has been used.

The green, though more involved need not cause you any headaches. While other players putt, stay off the green and keep quiet. When your boss is about to putt, ask him if he wants the pin (flag) in or out. Then, do accordingly. However, do not be thrown if he tells you to attend it. This simply means to keep the flag in the cup until he has stroked the putt, and, while the putt is approaching, to pull the pin out. You are required by golf etiquette not to stand in the intended line of any putt. Etiquette also requires you to keep your shadow out of this line while a player is putting. People expect their courtesies, so watch yourself.

Well, that is all there is to caddying. Just use your head and you cannot go wrong. The job is far from difficult, as you see, and it can be quite enjoyable. Who knows, you might caddy for an archbishop and end up a monsignor.



BE CONGENIAL; WHEN YOUR BOSS HITS A GOOD SHOT, LET HIM KNOW IT.