

The Blow

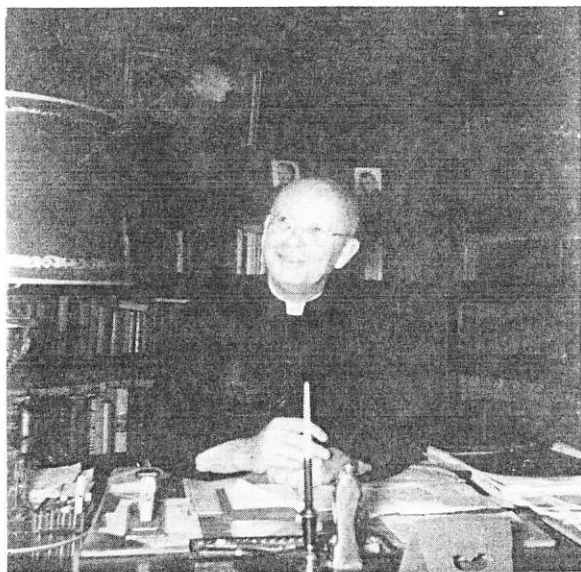
Vol. VIII

June 10, 1953

No. XIV

THE SEPTEMBER AFFAIR

We all know that as things stand right now at the end of the year, we are quite overcrowded. If we are overcrowded now, what will happen next year? I was anxious to find out the answer to that question, too; so, I asked Father Rock what could be done to remedy the situation. I found that there is nothing much that can be done until the new wing is built.



Father Rock

Of the two hundred and twenty-eight prospective priests who took the entrance examination, we have room for only eighty. Even admitting this relatively small number would mean, with the present large classes, that there will be very nearly three hundred students here at the beginning of next year. That is absolute capacity, with the present facilities; we will be very crowded.

If, then, such large numbers continue to apply for entrance, as there is every indication that they will, we must build the new wing soon. But what about the new wing? I learned that it will cost over two million dollars. (The whole present building cost only two and a half million.) And—this is the hitch—it will take around twenty-two months to build. That means that, even if work is started this summer, it will not be ready until the beginning of 1955. The first class to enjoy it for a full year would, then, be the Class of '56, the present third high. But who can say definitely that construction will start this summer? When the new wing is built, though, it will have one hundred and fifty-seven student rooms. That is not too

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VACATION

... that may be the better able to serve Thee." This well-known phrase from night prayers also supplies the principal purpose of our summer vacation. This may sound paradoxical, for it would appear that, during the summer, the seminarian would become, if anything, just a little separated from God. Yet, if the seminarian is sincere, he can profit much by the rest and rest afforded by the vacation.

There is no question about the benefit derived from the summer rest. The seminarian may work harder than physically than he does at the College. He probably does not get as much sleep at home as he does here, either. But—and this is the important thing—he is relieved of the mental strain of studies. A young man's body can take a great amount of strain, but his mind can take only so much, and that's all. For nearly nine full months of school, his mind is worked, sometimes hard, sometimes not so hard, but, nevertheless, worked. Naturally, then, there is no doubt that, come the middle of June, it is more than ready for a well-deserved rest. And most seminarians definitely take advantage of this provided rest. This is the way it should be, for, during the summer, the mind should be relaxed and rested as much as possible. If this is done properly, it will air itself, as it were, and gradually regain its strength, so that, when the student returns to the books fully refreshed, he will be able to apply himself with renewed effort to his work.

A more important benefit of the summer vacation is that the seminarian sees himself as he really is and is thus given an opportunity to improve himself. During the school year, living here shut off from the world in a religious atmosphere, the seminarian might tend to overestimate his virtues and his ability to cope with various temptations. In the summertime, however, when there is no fixed rule binding or anyone watching over him, he is given the chance to prove whether he is really as good and as strong as he thinks he is. Usually he finds out that he isn't. This is helpful, however, for if he is really anxious to improve

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HIGH SOCIETY

By ARTHUR STRANGE

ANOTHER school year at an end! Tomorrow in chapel, after completing half of the twelve-year course to the priesthood, our Rhetoric Class will graduate. And at that same time tomorrow, each of us will also take a step forward—a step which will bring us closer to our goal. Congratulations!

AFTER the solemn services, however, the once awe-struck assembly will become a turbulent throng. The stairways will be swarmed . . . The elevator cables will strain . . . Boxes and packages will fall . . . Brothers and sisters will be misplaced . . . Elbows will be elbowing; toes will be trodden on . . . Everybody will be smiling . . . A thousand horns will be honking.

A MULTITUDE of automobiles will drive away, some never to return. Yet, as each Rhet is driven away, I know he'll be thinking about the College . . . about the thrill of just being a Rhet . . . about his table . . . about his boys . . . about the "Rhet room" . . . about poet chemistry . . . about his privilege to serve at the main altar and to wait on the profs . . . about the three recent High Society events—the Mission Carnival, the visit with the sisters, the class walk. These things will be in their minds.

AND what about the other students? They'll be reminiscing, too. They'll be remembering when Eddie got his rattle . . . the first weeks with the sixth-Latiners . . . when Bergen, Sarubbi and Levenberg were the most popular Blow subjects . . . when High Society was really high. They'll be remembering the little incidents that made the year the great year it was. And it was a great year—so great you kinda hate to let it slip by. You grab at it, but you miss. All that remains are memories—and these, these will always be.

Excuse the interruption, but before I go on, I want to thank the many who have made writing High Society such a lot of fun. Now back to reminiscing until the sight of home brings the seminarian back to reality. But must all thoughts of College life stop here?

AT HOME in the beautiful city of San Francisco (or at least near there), when you see the already legendary fog settling down upon the city like a soft veil, think again—think again about the year just gone by, and when you do, remember High Society.

THE UNSUSPECTED

By DAVID PETTINGILL

Chapter the Sixth.

Eric sat at his desk fumbling with the small family emblem. If this motto, "No One Harms Me With Impunity," were true, he would not remain the unsuspected for long. It was agony for Eric to sit there thinking of what he had done to Audrey and Henry, how he had snuffed out their lives. But he was most sorely grieved at what he had done to Maria, his faithful secretary. He could still see her face twisted with pain as he strangled her.

As he thought about his miserable deeds, he buried his head in his hands and cried, "Why, why did I do such foolish things? If only I had never met Henry, this would have never happened! I could have been sitting on top of the world right now. But Henry, the fool, he had to break into my laboratory; he had to know my experiments. Yes, he deserved to die; all this is his fault—his fault—HIS fault."

When he said this, he threw his head back and laughed wildly. "They can't do anything to me. It's Henry's fault. He's dead; he's paid for his crime. Yes, he has paid for his crime." He stared blankly out of the window. "I can be the unsuspected. No one will ever know what happened. Yes—that's it—I'll be the unsuspected—ha-ha-ha."

Eric waited a few moments. His conscience kept reminding him of what he had done. Then as he stood up and walked to the door, he muttered, "The unsuspected—that's it—I'll be the unsuspected. No one will ever suspect me of anything—no one—the unsuspected—ha-ha-ha." He closed the door behind him.

* * * * *

"That's the story of the unsuspected. And this is Claude Anderson once more. I hope you enjoyed the story. Don't be too hard on Eric; after all, he does deserve some sympathy. Doesn't he?"

Claude Anderson's voice was tense, and his eyes nervously searched the studio for some unseen spectator. "I—I—I think Eric was merely a poor, misguided man. Yes, misguided. Pity him, pity him—"

Claude saw a man in a blue uniform outside the glass. Once again he repeated in a voice filled with emotion, "Pity him—Now, I suppose—you would like to—to—to know—who the unsuspected is. Well—er—I am." He screamed, "There, now you know! I did it. Ha, ha, ha." Beads of perspiration rolled down his cheeks. The script fell from his hand.

To the man in the blue uniform approaching him, Claude whispered, "A minute, officer?" Then he spoke into the microphone again, "Do pity me."

Both he and the man in the blue uniform walked out of the room. The bewildered organist played the closing eerie strains of music.

The announcer said in a shaky voice, "Good-night."

The organist played the final chord. And the little red light blinked—OFF THE AIR.

THE SNOOP

By ROBERT QUIGLEY

ACADEMY AWARDS: Best movie: *The Wax House*—Fauss; Best novel: *Cyrano de Bergerac*—C. Miller; Best song: "Beer Barrel Polka"—Hicks. SCENE OF THE MONTH: Pasquale Sarubbi, the organ grinder, and his assistant, "Bo Bo" Distefano, entertaining the kiddies. First high—upper classmen's delight; second high—a decrease just a mite; third high—the year that's just right; fourth high—getting far in the flight; poet year—in studies a plight; rhet year—the end of the flight. WASTEBASKET: It will be a great relief to the faculty if Distefano's and Gillard's brothers, who are smaller than Jer and Greg, come down next year. They can both sit in the same desk and can both sit in high-chairs in the refectory. THINGS THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN IN '52-'53: Gerry Murphy didn't show his patriotism by taking a paint shower. Tom Roche didn't go to choir practice. We didn't have hot dogs on Alumni Day. We didn't beat Saint Pat's in softball or baseball. We didn't have four days for Thanksgiving vacation. We didn't have any surprise holidays. We didn't have only four movies. Hugo Peterson didn't catch poison oak. We didn't have an ex-army officer in the student body. We didn't have rain for 75 days throughout January, February and March—too bad the good weather didn't last. THINGS YOU'LL NEVER HEAR HERE AGAIN: Al Bolding's deep slashes. Dick Hecht's bellowing laughs. Dick Conlon's friendly screeching. Kev Ryan's lovely singing. Mal Costa's comical imitations. Pablo Mondoy and Larry Enomoto's uke duet. Thor Christensen's sodality chanting. THINGS YOU'LL NEVER SEE HERE AGAIN: Spike Hanley's polar bear coat. Ugi Fontan's eye-straining ties. Don Cefalu's stocky build. Mike Collins—the red-haired ape. Al Wingell's tireless work at the Grotto. Andy Anderson's happy grins. Rich Bergen's tractor driving. Dick Long's campus work. Lad Dwyer's limp. Ned Barker's radio work. Chas Holmes' table fun. Manu Lucero's pranks. Paul Gorman's shoes. Jack Elliott's candid camera shots. Jack Gordon's blushing face. Gerry Murphy's expert handball games. Phil Conway's open palm. Rolly Juarez's saucer ears. John Hester's artistic work on the altar. Gerry Brady's comical gait. Mike McCormick's housemaid knees.

A WORD OF THANKS

With this, the last issue of the *Blow*, it is only appropriate that we should close up shop by thanking all those who have helped in any way with the *Blow*.

First of all, we'd like to thank Father Canfield, our moderator, who devoted much of his free time to supervising each *Blow* and to compiling and typing the news.

Next, I'd like to thank our assistant editor, Tom Dowling; all three of our humor editors, Bob Quigley, Art Strange, and Mike Keating; our sports editor, Gerald Nurre, and his assistants, Ed O'Brien, Pete Kovacevich, Ted Freitas, and Dan Von Krakau; our typists, Ed Andre and Jim Monahan; and also our production staff, John Fuselier, Dave Pettingill, and Ed Murray; Bill Sousa, who supplied many of our crossword puzzles; Mal Costa, Spike Hanley, Phil Conway, and all the others who devoted some time and effort to put out this year's *Blow*.

We have all worked hard to make the Class of '56's *Blow* a good *Blow*. Whether we succeeded or not, we feel that we did put out a fairly creditable *Blow*, but we may be just a little prejudiced. We had our ups and downs, with, we hope, more ups and downs. Of course, we didn't please everybody, but then, who can? At any rate, we are finished and are handing over the reins to our successors, to whom we wish good luck in carrying on the *Blow*. It was fun, and we hope that you enjoyed the *Blow*. George Crespin, Editor.

THE BLOW

The Official Organ of Third High

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HERE AND THERE

By MICHAEL KEATING

Last Will and Testament of the Class of '53:

To all Bears, large or small, **Andy Anderson** leaves the memory of a terrific captain and an invincible mail boy.

"**Little Al**" **Bolding** leaves his chic blue sweat pants to anyone who is brave enough to wear them.

Ned Barker leaves to posterity the magnificent condition of the grotto.

Rich Bergen leaves his post as the unclaimed laundry king to any Rhet who desires to enrich his store of sweatsocks and "B.O." shirts.

Jerry Brady leaves his paternal instinct to any future Rhet who cares to use it.

Don, "the Sultan", **Cefalu** leaves his Indian headdress for future "Big Chiefs".

"**Thorny**" **Christensen** leaves our kindergarten for the higher things of life. Goodbye, Children!

Mike Collins leaves his beloved Trojan bone and his loving Trojan peanuts to Dom Sarubbi.

"**Dinky**" **Conlon** leaves the athletic field of St. Joseph's with his characteristic remark, "I'll get him next time."

"**Filly**" **Conway** leaves the Mission Society and its new policy to function as best it can without his effective generalship.

Mal Costa leaves his highly polished shoes and good-natured sneer to our present M.C., Jim Gafey.

"**Laddie**" **Dwyer** leaves the study-hall radio and third high's classical music to any lover of fine music desiring same.

"**Larry**" **Enomoto** leaves to St. Joe's a uke and a pineapple, both to be used for the further glory of the Hawaiian Islands.

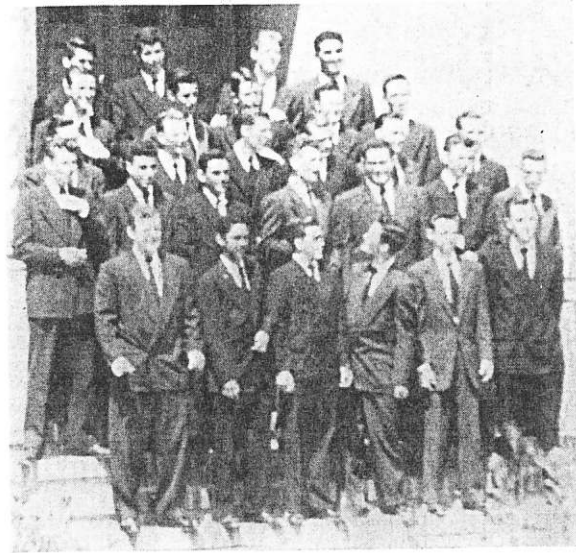
Jack Elliott leaves us the aged phrase, "Won't someone please return that sprinkler?"

"**Oogie**" **Fontana** leaves the memory of a strict table-head and a fond user of Grandma's Lye Soap Hair Fertilizer.

Jack Gordon leaves "Calculus in 1000 Difficult Lessons" to any other eager Einstein.

Paul Gorman leaves the memory of a "hep" cat with a "hot" banjo and a guy who is real "George".

Spike Hanley leaves the thousands of bare egg platters he has emptied since the chicken, or was it the egg, was created.



The Rhetoric Class of '53

"**Dickie**" **Hecht** leaves the memory of his sumptuous chapel floral arrangements to St. Joe's Hall of Fame.

John Hester leaves the library with a few thousand dollars of the money he has chiseled from unsuspecting third high.

"**Chas-Bo**" **Holmes** leaves his "little league" basketball prodigies for all the world to admire.

"**Ollor**" **Juarez** leaves his guitar to any up-and-coming Les Paul.

"**Dickie**" **Long** leaves a greatly improved campus to testify to his invincible skill with "the green thumb."

"**Manu**" **Lucero** leaves his headmarks on the soccer goalpost to show future seminarians that you can't keep a good head down.

Mickey McCormick leaves his "natural" Southern accent to any other ham actor who still believes in the glory of the "Old South".

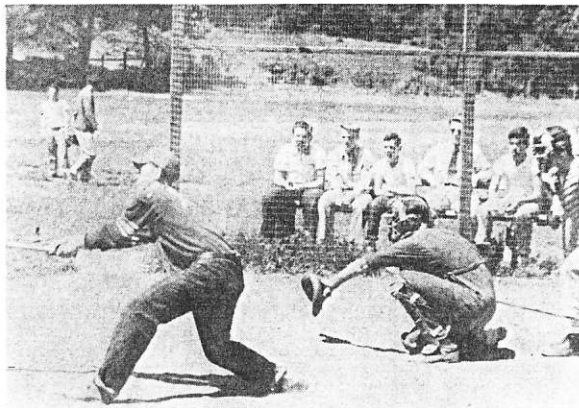
Pab Mondoy leaves his flashing smile to brighten up our darker days.

Jerry Murphy leaves one pair of worn handball gloves to ardent handballers everywhere.

Kevin Ryan leaves (darn it) his voice, which, though effective in the choir, terrified the peaceful "boys" down in the shower room.

Al Wingell leaves two orphaned sixth-Latiners, who, it seems, will have a hard time getting along without "Uncle Al".

SPORTS



It's a hit!

A year's review: It's hard to believe, but another year is just about over, and with it ends also our sports year. Every part of the season offered lots of action and good playing. I noticed this year, too, that more students participated in sports. Some whom I had never before seen playing sports went down and played with their teams. The captains and coaches were one of the main reasons for this. They encouraged students who had never before tried out for a team and were also very good about seeing to it that everyone got a chance to play. Now, let's look at it from the scoring standpoint. First was softball. The Ramblers edged out the Indians by three quarters of a point for a first place; the Trojans were third, and the Bears, first. Then came soccer. This time, the Indians came out on top, ahead of the second-place Bears by two and a half points; the Ramblers and Trojans tied for third. This put the Indians ahead three and three-eighths points for the year. The other teams came in in this order: Bears, Ramblers, and Trojans. Basketball followed soccer, with the Trojans coming out first, Ramblers second, Indians third, and Bears last. The Ramblers took track, three points ahead of the second-place Trojans. The Bears were third, and the Indians last. The Trojans were then three points ahead of the Ramblers; the Indians were third, the Bears last. And then baseball. Since baseball isn't over at this writing, I can't really tell you who is going to come out on top. The Trojans are doing pretty well, though; by now, I think that they are well out in front of everyone else. The Ramblers look pretty good in swimming, but it's going to take an awful lot to overtake the Trojans now. Well, I guess that sums it up pretty well. So long from the sports department.

Gerald Nurre.

SENIOR REVIEW

Near the end of the year, it's always pleasant to look back on things we have enjoyed during the year. Let's look back, then, on the events in this year's senior league. In softball, the Indians took first place, with the Bears, Trojans, and Ramblers finishing in that order. In soccer, the Bears had a sensational team and easily took first, the Ramblers came up to take second place, the Indians dropped to third, and the Trojans finish last. In basketball, the Trojans caught fire and grabbed first place, with the Bears taking second, and the Indians and Ramblers tying for last. The Trojans were still holding on to first place at the end of track season, with the Ramblers, Bears and Indians trailing in that order. No one can tell what the outcome of the remaining sports, baseball and swimming, will be. Who knows what will happen in a league that has been as close and exciting as this year's senior league?

Edward O'Brien.

JUNIOR REVIEW

Another year of sports in the junior division goes down in Saint Joseph's annals. Let's look back and see how each team did. Since it would be hard to figure out just what team did best, we might use the following system: since there are four places to be taken in each sport, we can give the number of points which each team deserves according to the place it took. Then, if the Indians had taken first place in every sport (6 sports), they would have six points; if they had taken second in all, twelve; and so on. According to this system, the Trojans came out on top with a terrific nine-point job. Next, the Ramblers, with ten. The Bears are next, with twenty; and last, the Indians, with twenty-one. Here's who took first in each sport: In softball, the Ramblers; in soccer, the Trojans; in basketball, the Trojans; in track, the Ramblers; in baseball, the Trojans; in swimming, the Ramblers. The places for the whole year again: Trojans, Ramblers, Bears, Indians.

Peter Kovacevich.

FRESHMAN REVIEW

Though there were many upsets in the freshman division this year, there was not a single upset which was a decisive one. In almost every sport, each team took the place in the standings that everyone had expected. The team that piled up the most points was the Ramblers, who, the whole year long, took nothing less than a second place. Next in line came the Trojans, who had firsts and seconds all year, except for a third place in soccer. The Indians, in almost every sport, won a third-place spot. The Bears consistently throughout the whole year fought for and won always a fourth place. With the material they had, they could do no better. The only rivalry in this division was that between the Ramblers and Trojans the whole year, with the Ramblers finally coming out on top. All in all, it was not an exciting year, but it was hard-fought. The final outcome was: Ramblers, first; Trojans, second; Indians, third; and Bears, fourth.

Walter Freitas.

PEANUT REVIEW

With only a few games of baseball and the swimming meet remaining, the rampaging peanut leagues are almost at a close. Four sports were competed in by each team so far this year—softball, soccer, basketball, and track. Let's look back to these sports and see how each team in this "red hot" league has fared during the year. In softball, the Ramblers and Indians fought bitterly for the lead but finished in a deadlock, with four wins and two losses. The Bears and the Trojans came in third and fourth, respectively. Then came soccer. This time, the Indians had to fight hard to keep slightly ahead of the Bears, who were followed closely by the Trojans and the Ramblers. The long, grinding season of "Hoop" ball was next. In this sport, the Bears easily conquered with their oversized monsters of the court. The Trojans and Injuns tied for second, while the Ramblers again hit the last spot. The Bears went on to take the league in track. Second came the Ramblers, with the Trojans third, and the Indians last. After track, the clubs started practice for baseball. And so far it looks like another Bear first, with the Ramblers, Trojans, and Indians right behind them. Now let's look ahead to swimming. I predict the teams will finish in this order: Bears, Ramblers, Indians, Trojans. That takes care of the peanut league. Now, on to the freshman loop!

Daniel Von Krakau.

Continuations.

THE SEPTEMBER AFFAIR

many less than the present building contains. There will also be six classrooms, some music-practice and hobby rooms, and, of course, attached to it will be the new and much-needed chapel.

The situation, then, is getting worse and worse. We must turn down more and more prospective priests every year. At the College itself, we are seriously overcrowded. The new wing, when it is built, should accommodate us amply and comfortably for a number of years. Let's hope that it is built soon.

Thomas Dowling.

VACATION

himself, he will make good use of the results of this test and, either during the vacation or when he returns in September, work on the points that he is really deficient in.

Summer vacation is a time of repairing. Through the rest from studies, we give our mind sufficient time to relax and prepare itself for the coming year by picking up new strength and energy. Through the opportunity given us really to see ourselves, we are able, if we wish, to go over rough spots and try to smooth them out in order to be "better able to serve Him".

George Crespin.



NEW RHET COURSE

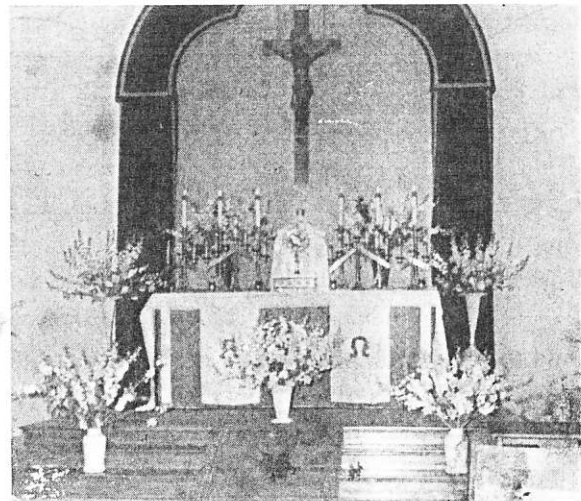
Father Rock has announced that next year's rhetoricians will take a course of introductory philosophy in place of the present history of philosophy course.

Credits for Photographs

- Mission Society Father Rock
- James Carrig Adoro Te devote
- Edward Morikawa It's a Hit and
The Rhetoric Class of '53

The Blow Staff

wishes to thank sincerely our Moderator, Fr. Canfield—and also Miss Marie Dillon, David Pettin-gill's Aunt, the generous donor of this issue.



"Adoro Te devote . . ."