

The Paduan

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA MINOR SEM. & PREP. SCHOOL

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WATKINS GLEN, N. Y.

FEBRUARY, 1967



THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING

by Paul Lesczynski

Although Padua lacks the hustle and bustle of big city schools where something new occurs every day, it does have something happening to make life here a little more interesting.

Here's the most recent scoop! On Saturday, Jan. 14, eight seniors went to Cornell University in Ithaca to take Achievement Tests. The tests were a series of two or three tests beginning at 1:30 P.M. with breaks in between. The students arrived back at Padua at 7:00 in the evening.

* * * * *

It seems that Father Eric's Junior English class is really paying off. Recently, Thomas Voroselo was given an honorable mention in **Practical English**, a weekly magazine for high school students, for spotting mistakes in grammar and spelling. Congratulations, Tom!

* * * * *

Thanks to Father Reynolds this year's skiing will be 100% better. Father refinished all the skis with new boot clamps and also waxed the skis. Now only if nature cooperated and sent us some snow they could be put to good use.

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Father Reynolds also started a woodshop course for those interest-

(Continued on page two)

COLLEGE BOUND SENIORS

The S.A.T. scores are in and most of the applications have been sent out. In a month or so, the seniors will be hearing from the colleges on their scholastic future.

These are the choices as they look at the moment:

Bartnikiwicz: University of Scranton

Bognacki: Manhattan College or St. John's University

Dabrowski: Niagara College or Ithaca College

Czajkowski: Cornell University or New York University

Franzese: Madison College or Landes College

Hetel: Rider College or Paterson State College

Kaczmarek: Penn State or General Electric

Krauss: Paterson State College or St. Peter's College

Serzan: St. Joseph's College or St. John Fisher College

Rembisz: Northeastern University or University of Connecticut

Prelich, D.: Paterson State College or Seton Hall

Mlynarski: Paterson State College or Seton Hall

Stanczyk: New York University or Ithaca College

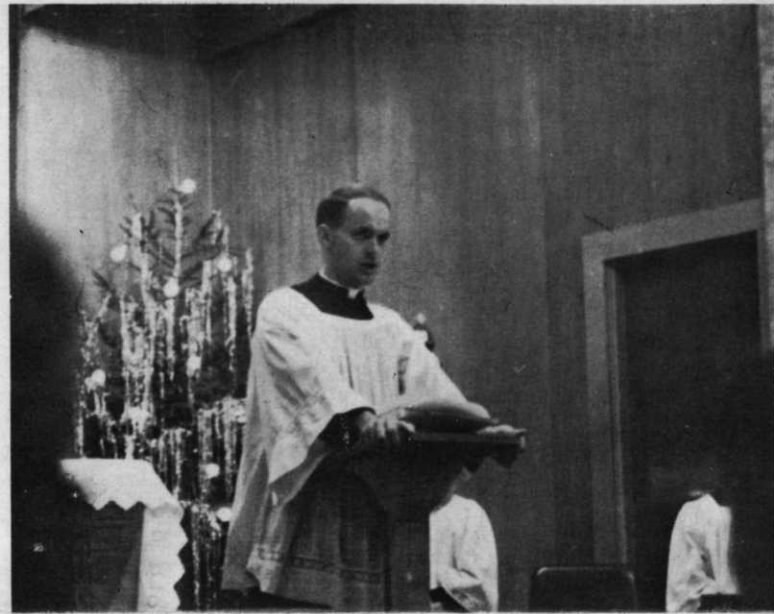
Wasek, Bob: Niagara College or Alliance College

Wasek, Rich: Paterson State College or Rutgers

Wojcik: Paterson State College or St. Peter's College

Zawoyski: Niagara or St. John's University

Before Tom Orczyk, our post-graduate, decided definitely on the brown robe and a breviary, he was accepted by the University of Dublin in Ireland.



Reverend John Gormley of Watkins Glen, conducted the first Day of Recollection for the student body on December 19th

FREEZE OUT — 1967 DAY OF RECOLLECTION

As the members of the Camper's Club climbed the hill to the gym to get their equipment ready, they were certain they had an interesting night before them — the snow falling around them seemed like a psychedellic experience. Because the dorms were closed, Father Ligouri was the victim of many far flung requests that evening. Wayne Wojcik was in desperate straights. He had to have his Chap Stick. Next, Roger Hetel, who ran down to school fully padded in several layers of clothes, decided he couldn't do without his red pillow. His wish was granted. Mike Macanka, in a futile attempt as a photographer, searched desperately for the cameras and the bulbs (after all, an experience like this had to be recorded for posterity).

After the blessing was given by Fr. Emil, he wittingly remarked about the well stocked condition of the campers and how they should rough it more (maybe by hunting their own food)! But alas, as the departure time neared, many not so well equipped boys ran to the dining hall to get their mess kits. At 8:00 P.M., the "Woodsmen" walked up to the campsites with teeth already chattering. As they neared the scoutcamp, each group took their food and equipment and split up. The juniors and seniors had little trouble starting a fire but the sophs and frosh needed help.

The night wore on with groups taking hikes until Zenon Ganziniec

(Continued on page two)

The annual retreat, usually held following the first semester exams, was not held this year. In its place, however, the administration introduced three separated "Days of Recollection"; with one being held after each quarterly exam.

The first day of Recollection, Dec. 19th, brought eager Paduans a new face, Father Gormley of Saint Mary's of the Lake R. C. Church, in Watkins Glen, who was asked to be our retreat master. As the day drew on, every Paduan observed silence and tried to recall the main topics of the talks of Father Gormley. He was quite informal in his talks, and he stressed the fact that we are all members of a new generation of Christians, and we should live up to these titles. The day was closed with a Mass which was offered for all the adolescents of the world.

The second day of Recollection was not unlike the first. Father Jude of Saint John's Minor Seminary, Montour Falls, was in charge of this day and it was beneficial to all involved. This time the day of Recollection was held on Jan. 25, and it was followed by the annual 13 Hours Devotion and a Mass of Concelebration.

IN MEMORIAM

We wish to inform the Padua Alumni of the death of WALTER SABOLEFSKI, 1962 Alumnus. He passed away on November 5, 1966. We ask your prayers for his soul. May he rest in peace!



Steve Widynski, Richard Prelich, Dennis Wojno, Stan Romelczyk, and William Porfido, distribute presents at the 1966 Christmas Party

AN OPINION

We've run into some difficulty here at school. There seems to be a clinging scent of superficiality and trivia in the air.

Why does the acquiring of any type of authority obligate the owner to try to ram it down everybody's throat? It seems that anybody with an ounce of weight around Padua can't bare to spend a minute without proving to someone that he has it. Can there really be such a battle for individuality in such a small school? And when is someone at Padua not in a group?

What **exactly** is the purpose of the prescribed ways of dress and actions here at school, or on the bus or at basketball games? The official reason is to preserve the reputation of the school. A haircut that isn't a brushcut, dress that is too casual, and so forth will definitely give many people a wrong impression of our school — definitely the **wrong** impression.

But aren't we students being trained to be the leaders of tomorrow? Aren't we supposed to learn to guide our lives by what is true, and to learn to disregard the illogical standards of the past? The standards that would judge a man because of his hair or dress or who his parents were or the color of his skin . . .

Lately, some students have been asked to leave Padua. They are not fit for life at the Prep. Only the disciplined can go to Padua. Then why must there be such strict

discipline? Padua is plainly for the cream of the crop who could never hurt the reputation of the school. (Just think what this would mean in writing: We're all here to further the reputation of the school, first of all; next, to learn all sorts of numbers and definitions; and an extra-plus, one can learn to be a **real** Christian in this crazy double-triple standard world we live in).

A last thought: Perhaps the ideas in this editorial are one-sided, but they do exist in the student body and they are worth considering. Whether they will be . . . only time will tell . . .

Since editorials about the school and faculty are presented in each **Paduan**, we as editors feel that the faculty should be able to reply to any article that they disagree with, or just offer their comments on these articles. We hope that they will make use of this invitation through the co-editors.

The editorials presented by the **Paduan** are the opinions of the **Paduan** Staff and not necessarily the opinions of the Student Body. They are written to be an aid to life at Padua and not just satirical items aimed at tearing down the faculty. It is our profound hope that the faculty and student body will respond and make the **Paduan** a true forum of expression by presenting both sides on issues.

R.H.W.

(Continued from page one)

ed. Mr. Chicone, a contractor from town, teaches the boys basics about carpentry every Wednesday from 1 to 3 P.M. So far there are about a dozen students attending this class but eventually more are expected to come.

* * * * *

The Very Reverend Dacian Bluma, O.F.M., Provincial of the Assumption Province, will visit Padua at the end of February.

* * * * *

Father Knute, Padua's own Glenn Miller, has originated a stage and dance band. The band is composed of a large sax, trumpet, and trombone section, and they are working on such selections as "Somewhere My Love", "Hard Day's Night", and "Embraceable You".

* * * * *

On Thursday, January 27, several members of the senior class took an English Regents Examination. This test was for credits toward a Regents diploma, and several others will take the tests in the near future.

WHAT IS LIFE

Life is a never ending hallway which stretches into vast limits of the human mind.

Life is not a truth, but rather a concept formed in the feeble minds of mortals.

Life is a concept which cannot be explained.

It is a concept which each person feels and experiences for himself as an individual.

Life is a continual, wonderful experience which every person feels in his own soul.

Life is filled with joys and wonderful things, but life has a darker side.

It is a series of stumbling blocks that every man faces.

When life ends, something happens within.

At the end of life there is nothing, nothing but a tremendous blank which the human mind cannot comprehend.

There is nothing but Eternal Silence. Eternal Silence for those who have no faith.

ALUMNI ADDRESSES WANTED

From time to time our ALUMNI move without leaving a forwarding address. If you know the address of any of the following Alumni, please write to PADUA, attention of the Registrar.

- Adamitis, John '53
- Bazyk, Francis '57
- Brozek, Edward '58
- Duchak, Stanley '58
- Jedziniak, Francis J. '54
- Kurina, Joseph '55
- Lapczynski, Stanley '56
- Lewis (Lewandowski), Eugene A. '53
- Lominac, Ernest A. '54
- McDonnell, Edward '55
- Michniewicz, Anthony '58
- Mikalauskas, John '59
- Opiola, Edward '56
- Ostaszewski, Chester '61
- Passon, Richard '57
- Perzanowski, Thaddeus '56
- Piniewski, Joseph '56
- Pinola, Harry S. '59
- Ryniak, Raymond '57
- Sobeck, George '53
- Sroka, Leonard '58
- Szanowski, Chester '58
- Zembrzuski, Anthony '60

(Continued from page one)

and Chris Twardzik got lost. They were finally forced to sleep at the freshman site. However, the morning wasn't so spicy. Everyone was freezing, but the sight of Mike Tyburczy running around his tent to warm up cheered everyone into action. Immediately fires sprang up and there was warm coffee waiting. After a hearty breakfast of bacon and eggs, the campers returned in time for 9:00 A.M. Mass. These were some of the many diverse comments about the evening:

Mike Tyburczy: I never want to see another January campout. Singer: We want our eggs next time. Z. Gansziniec: I thought scouts carried compasses not to get lost. Bog-nacki: Like they say, "Survival of the Fittest". Sheredy: My socks got frozen. Javaman Prelich: Prefer cave life any time. Kaczmarek: There should be more like it.

STAFF

- Co-Editors R. Wasek, R. Hetel
- Contributors — S. Czajkowski, R. Stanczyk, P. Lesczynski, J. Marosy, J. Opiola, T. Voroselo, P. Smith, T. Orczyk, J. Mlynarski, A. Kuklinski, D. Prelich
- Photographers W. Wojcik, C. Krauss, M. Macanka
- Circulation T. Voroselo, R. Nick, G. Dikun
- Moderator Rev. Eric Skalski, ofm.

MYSTERIOUS UFOs PLAGUE WATKINS GLEN, OR WATKINS GLEN BOTHERS UFO

Strange disc-shaped objects have been sighted in the Watkins Glen area. As a non partisan observer I was asked by the **Paduan** staff to interview some of the more trustworthy citizens who had made reports of seeing flying saucers.

When I asked Enud Gnome what he had seen, he gave me this account:

"Well, I was sitting down at the south end of the swamp taking my lunch break at about 3 o'clock in the morning when a strange bottle-cap shaped object landed within 20 feet of me. I didn't think much of it, I mean, Watkins is a pretty swinging town. I sorta figured it was from Dundee or somethin' like that. Well, all of a sudden, a little green man comes out and beats me up. I struggled to my feet and ran all the way to the Sheriff's office. When I told him my story, he was stunned. He told me to show him where it had happened. We both went back, and this time the little green fella beat up the Sheriff and I took off before he could have another chance at me."

"In the morning, from the Sheriff's hospital bed we called the Air Force Intelligence Agent, and he said not to worry because what we saw last night was only Venus."

Another citizen, Yakima Ganute, gave me his story:

"I saw the whole thing. I was coming out of a manhole, when a cigar-shaped object landed near me. I knew it wasn't a cigar, because it was too big. I just happened to have my camera, but I didn't have any film. But I took some pictures anyway. (He now showed me a picture postcard with the Statue of Liberty on it, entitled "Greetings from the Port of New York" and a Polish Christmas card). After I took the pictures I noticed a door on the ship opened and a little green man came out. I happened to have my shotgun with me at the time, I was hunting snipes. I fired both barrels at the little pecker and it knocked him down. Right off, he gets up and starts cussin' me in some kinda strange language, and then he chased me through the entire Watkins Glen sewer system until I got out at the sewer hole right in front of the Sheriff's station. I told him what happened and he kicked me right out of the office. Said he wasn't going to get bea: up by any little

green man again. (To us this is definite proof that these aliens are subversively taking over Watkins Glen politics).

The third and most shocking account was submitted by Elfaego Backa, a dairy farmer.

I saw the whole thin'. I weel neva forget that night. I was sitting on my porch een one of fog heaviest in history of town. All of a sudden eet happened. I didn't hear nothing, but I knew it was out there. I run out eento the fog, and I holler "Who ees there?" It sound like cows, but I knew it wasn't. I know it was a flying suscer. I knew eet was under my barn, so I burn't eet down. No spaceman ees going to take advantage of me."

These interviews and many others like them prove beyond a doubt what best can be described as:

Watkins Glen is a nice place to visit, but no Martian would want to live there.

by W.J.P.

FRESHMAN OPINIONS

Since the freshmen have been here at Padua for a whole semester, we thought it would be only fair for several of them to express their opinions about our school. At about 11:30 P. M. January 30th, they were told to make a few comments about Paduan life. The remarks are as follows:

Sadowski: "I don't like being awakened at this time of night to be asked stupid questions like these and I think that Wayne Wojcik is crazy".

Gomelia: "Padua is a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there".

Palka: "Those haircuts have to go".

Jaskulski, Cronin, Carney, Adamo and Zawadski all agreed that the food is terrible.

Bresky: "I don't like several juniors".

LeFrois and Vigorito both agreed that the bells and getting up in the morning are the worst part of life at the Prep.

Last, but surely not least, **Czarnecki and Orcechowski** gave their censored opinions that the conditions here are great.

A plea now arises from the freshman class, "Repair these conditions or else!"



Joe Wallace, Don Prelich, and Mike Tyburezy enjoy a Saturday afternoon of swimming at the Odessa pool

THE PHONE CALL

(Setting: Roger Hetel is sitting on an Oriental rug in an empty room painted red. A telephone sets opposite him on the rug).
(the phone rings)

Roger: "Shall I answer the phone?"

Chorus: "O restless spirit of Dionepus; let his soul ne'er wander through the Elepian Fields if he answers it!"

Roger: (to the ringing phone) "What have you in store for me, messenger of Lachesis?"

Chorus: "We beseech thee, Aphodite, cast upon him the sorrow of Agamemanon if he speaks to this deus ex machinus . . ."

Aphrodite: (to chorus) "Let him be, it is the will of man that shall triumph o'er the will of Zeus. But it is the will of Zeus that controls the will of man . . . Let him speak to his beloved Cassandra, whoever she may be."

Roger: (to the phone) "By Zeus how you torment me, wretch! Be damned! But I must answer!" (picks up phone, puts it to ear)— "They hung up!"

(Exeunt)

K.V.S.

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STUDENT ATTITUDES

Vandalism, thievery, post basketball skirmishes — certainly actions of this type have no place in a Catholic Prep school. Why then do they persist? The simple answer is, "it's all in the student's attitude". But what could cause such attitude of resentment is predomtions don't necessarily mean that the ones responsible are naturally bad or immoral, but simply that they take out their inner resentment in outward actions. At Padua, the attitude of resentment is predominant. Basically, students resent curbing of freedoms. To be sure, no one solution can be totally effective in solving this problem, but a very good means of eradicating resentment could be expressed in the ideal Padua. In this school the only mandatory function would be daily classes and a set time for lights out. Such things as meals, study halls, chapel services would be left to the discretion of the student. Of acute importance would be the constant availability of dormitory facilities which up to now are limited to a short time each day. Personally, it is my conviction that a more normal way of life, as described above would be the greatest means of creating a satisfied and healthy student attitude.

John P. Marosy

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FOR A.M.Z.

Edward McGoom was an inconspicuous man as most discoverers usually are; and he probably made his discovery by accident as most discoverers usually do. But this is where the similarity stops, for McGoom was an eight ball, out of place wherever he happened to be. His frizzled black hair with that central green streak, and those eyes, oh those eyes! That right eye that glowed with a yellow hue, it seemed so naked in its location without an eyebrow above it, while on the other side of his drawn face hidden under a dense outgrowth of green lay his flashing red one. At his birth, McGoom was an illegitimate son of a famous actress and a prominent political figure. The scandal of his birth haunted his early years. It was in those foggy years that McGoom first learned to play chess.

On August 9, 1989, McGoom entered his first chess tournament, the Watkins Glen-Odesa Open. As the tournament director announced the first round games, "Crusty-white, McGoom-black" a high shrill voice rose above the hanging cloud of smoke saying "McGoom". This was the first time he spoke, and he was to speak once more before his death.

He didn't win the tournament, in fact he never won a game. He lost them all in less than five moves. But this didn't discourage McGoom, he kept his courage up and traveled the country playing in every chess tournament possible. After five years his score was: Opponents 279, McGoom 0.

And so it went until that one dark day in December, when he made his earth shaking discovery of his opening. The exact facts of how it worked out or how it was discovered are not known, but I suppose it was of alien origin for such was the mind of its inventor.

He decided to use his new opening, which could be used by both white and black, in his first game of the Hoboken Chess Classic which featured a strong field of twenty masters. In his first game against Flaminski, McGoom used his opening. Suddenly, after the fifth move, Flaminski fell to the floor dead from a heart attack! Robert Visky, the collegiate champion, was McGoom's opponent in the second round. The stillness of the room was soon cut by the clatter of Visky, who was never sick a day of his life, falling into an epileptic fit. And so the tournament proceeded, McGoom win-

ning all of his games by default. The championship saw Biposy against McGoom. The titans clashed on a stage in a hall packed with observers. An hour after the start of play a newsreporter, who was to cover the story, walked into the hall. He stoop, shocked in his tracks. Everyone in it was turned to stone except Biposy, the lucky fellow, was raging insane.

And so McGoom proceeded toward the World Championship by winning all his games by default. On the eve of the match, the finest brains in the world gathered for a secret meeting at the house of William Kraigy, the world famous humanitarian. After hours of debate, they decided on a plan of action. Inviting McGoom over they led him to a darkened woods and shot him. Kraigy spoke as McGoom fell, "Poor soul, that McGoom".

"McGoom", shouted a shrill voice.

They unloaded the gun into McGoom's head, making sure that he was dead, and filled in the shallow grave.

His end was never publicized and his grave was never found; he died as scandalous as he was born.

And of his opening? Chess is a game of logic. Thirty-two pieces move on a board of sixty-four squares alternately colored dark and light. As they move they form patterns. Some of these patterns are pleasing to the logical mind of man and some are not. They show what man is capable of and what is beyond his reach. Now suppose someone discovers by accident a design or pattern on a chess board that is more than displeasing, an alien pattern that tells unspeakable things about the mind of the player, man in general, and the origin of the universe. Suppose no man can look at it and remain normal. Surely such a pattern must have been discovered by McGoom.

I wish the story will end here, but I fear it will not end for a long time. History has shown that discoveries cannot be unmade. Two months ago in Sayerville, N. J. a man was found turned to stone overlooking a chess board. In Baton Rouge, a grand master went raging mad while working on openings. And last week in San Francisco a woman studying chess, suddenly gave birth to twins, even though she wasn't pregnant at the time.

As for me I'm giving the game up!
Jack Opiola



"Coach" Lemak, a familiar sight on every Saturday morning, leaves after another gym session

THE WIND

A soft wind blows across the land with it, it brings hopes and dreams, death, agony, peace, war, love, hate, kindness and cruelty, It's forever changing. It can bring cold from the north or warmth from the south. The dust from the west and gentleness from the east. And death from anywhere. For this is the wind of life; it shapes peoples' lives without question without hesitation. It knows no discrimination, it cares for nothing, not even the cries of anguish from those who have lost people they love. The wind will blow no matter who dies.

T.I.O.

Fr. Cherubin, along with many freshmen took part in ecumenical services in several local churches. Catholic and Protestant clergymen took part in the services and various faiths were represented among those attending.

* * * * *

There probably will soon be a greater amount of student participation at Mass. Father Knute is preparing the student body for a Folk Mass, with the ordinary of the Mass being sung.

THE DELILA COMPLEX

or
("Hark, the Herald Scissors Snip")

Away and far past the yellow-risen heights
Sits a long-haired seeker.
Along comes a short-haired authority on hair
Who insists that an image will surge forth
If all seekers become like Samson—
After his meeting with Delila's shears.
But says the seeker, intensely,
Look what happened to Samson.
And says the authority, angrily,
That's what will happen to you,
Too, if you don't become a short-haired authority.

R.S.

SOMEWHERE

Leftout, Lonely
Drifting through time —
Not a part of anything —
Not close to anyone.
Yearning, Seeking
Searching for a goal —
Too aloof for friendship —
Loneliness leaves me cold.
Cringing, Retreating
Dying inside —
Tormented by the
Burdens of knowledge.
Sometime, Somehow
Storms turning to sunshine,
Discovery will come:
Somewhere, victory will be won.

A CRY IN THE DESERT

(Articles such as these have been one of the goals of this year's PADUAN — outspoken views whether for or against something. However, the reactions of the faculty to these articles makes the title of this one seem especially appropriate — it is like an unanswered "cry in the desert.")

"Everyone has his faults". This is a rather common expression . . . and undoubtedly it's true. But there are times when it seems that the students at Padua are more ready to acknowledge this than the faculty members are. It is quite often that a Paduan can be heard to say, "Sometimes I get along with X, and sometimes I don't." This itself is an indirect recognition that X has certain faults and the student gets along with him when the faults do not show and does not get along with X when they show.

The faculty at Padua, however, doesn't seem to realize that the students are only human and do have their faults. (Or, at most, they acknowledge it vocally without sincerity). They demand and expect perfection from us — without seeming to understand that perfection cannot be reached here at Padua, or anywhere else on earth.

This in itself might be excusable — except that the perfection demanded by the faculty is not true perfection.

Perfection is not "getting a short haircut". Perfection is not "putting a chair up in study hall". Perfection is not "coming to chapel on time".

It is not "presenting a good image of the school" or "collecting 'contraband' from town permissions". It is not "bowing and scraping to the faculty members just because they are priests, teachers, and older than the students"; (they should win the respect and admiration of their pupils on their own merits, not hide behind the facade of their Franciscan habits).

Perfection is not any one of these or a hundred other things. Nor is it a combination of any of these. Rather, it is something deeper, more meaningful. And it is not only positive; it has a negative side also. For perfection is also a lack of things — a lack, especially, of being concerned with trivia like the above.

What, in comparison to true perfection, could be more trivial than how one's hair is cut, or whether he

is tardy or punctual? Obviously, perfection is a loftier thing — and it is something that must be sought on an individual basis — without the stringent regulations and narrow-mindedness of others steering a person into deep-cut grooves and channels of thought and action from which he cannot escape.

This individual seeking of true perfection would be better aided by a broader and more liberal education — not only inside the classrooms, but also in the very way of life which is in existence here at Padua.

When the faculty reads in the Paduan that certain things are advocated by the students, they should be intelligent enough to realize that it is not only the physical surroundings that the students want changed — it is also a tiny, inner gleam of recognition on the students' part that they are being hampered too much in their search for perfection, and it is their way of trying to break out of the thought bonds which have been imposed on them.

The faculty should then attempt to encourage this spark of independence and nourish it into a flame so that when a boy graduates from Padua, he will be truly "educated" and ready to live an independent life, continuing his search for perfection. They should also attempt to re-orientate their own minds, keeping their purposes and goals in mind while at the same time becoming a little more broad minded and liberal.

R. Stanczyk

(A few days after this article was written, an article appeared in Sign magazine entitled, "No Bells at St. Mel's" by Richard Frisbie. Subtitled "A Chicago High School drops external regimentation to experiment with freedom", a few paragraphs of it are printed here in the hope that they will stir the policy makers to further investigate this area: 'He saw before him the mind of a child, and he refused to constrain it. To him, a school was the very antithesis of a barracks or a prison. It was a place of election, windswept living, where souls and bodies grow together for their flowering".

Biographer Henri Gheon in these words described the ideas of St. John Bosco and a neglected tradition in Catholic education that once again is receiving attention".

We sincerely hope that a little of this attention is filtered through to Padua . . . a start, at least would be for those who have a say in these matters to read the above-mentioned article . . .

DESIDERATUM

How long must I search for you,
Bright Ideal, elusive, so elusive to me?

Must I wander alone and empty through

Life's hard passage for eternity?

Inner chambers dark and lonely
Echo mournfully, echo scornfully
Of an ancient cry so wanely
Heard today. A cry that sounds
forlornly, forlornly.

Oh, wretched world so unresponsive!
How long must I endure my affliction?

Far and wide have I searched . . .
pensive,

Eager, mirthful, despairing, in swift
succession.

Oh, give me but a glimpse of that
coveted

Ideal to which my spirit is ever
drawn!

Give me but a drop of that which is
meted

Generously to those who have
sought and won.

La Saison d'Hiver

by Tom Voroselo

(with the assistance of

Fr. Leonard Stunek, O.F.M.)

Pendant les mois etincelants du janvier et fevrier nous pouvons prendre plaisir a toute beaute et couleur magnifique d'Hiver. Il est en cette saison froide que nous puissions participer en sports emouvants d'Hiver. Nous pouvons patiner, faire du ski, et aller en traineau. Ces sports sont possibles parce que le Dieu, Notre Bon Pourvoyeur, choisit cette apparemment morte-saison de l'annee dans la quelle il couvrit la terre avec une couverture de las neige luisante. Nous pouvons voir la beaute extraordinaire heritee par la nature quand les flocons molles de neige tombent doucement sur les coteaux majestueux. C'est vrai, l'hiver amene des incommodites, mais nous desinteressons de tout parce que nous sommes jennes au coeur. Pourquoi pas nous nous amusons?



SENIOR PROFILE

Since he came here four years ago Don Prelich has been both well liked by the students and respected by the Faculty. He has had the distinction of being Vice President once and President twice.

Don hails from Wallington, New Jersey, and in his four years at Padua has been consistently in the upper part of his class by maintaining a high scholastic average. He not only excels in studies but also in the field of sports. He was on J.V. basketball in his sophomore year and participated in soccer and gymnastics in his senior year. Don is also known as an avid Green Bay Packer and Robert Clemente fan.

Don is interested in entering the field of Mathematics in College and if he is as diligent as he was at Padua we are sure he will be a success in all that he does.

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FROM BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL

by Richard Wasek

What happened? Compared to last year's team, the Cascaders' record of 3 and 5 isn't very impressive. This year's team certainly lacks the necessary co-ordination and effort of a championship team. True, the team has been plagued with injuries; but even with a first string lineup, the Cascaders haven't been very impressive. In the second Odessa game it was most painful to watch during the first quarter when the team continually muffled easy tap-ins, which led to a big Odessa lead and another loss for Padua.

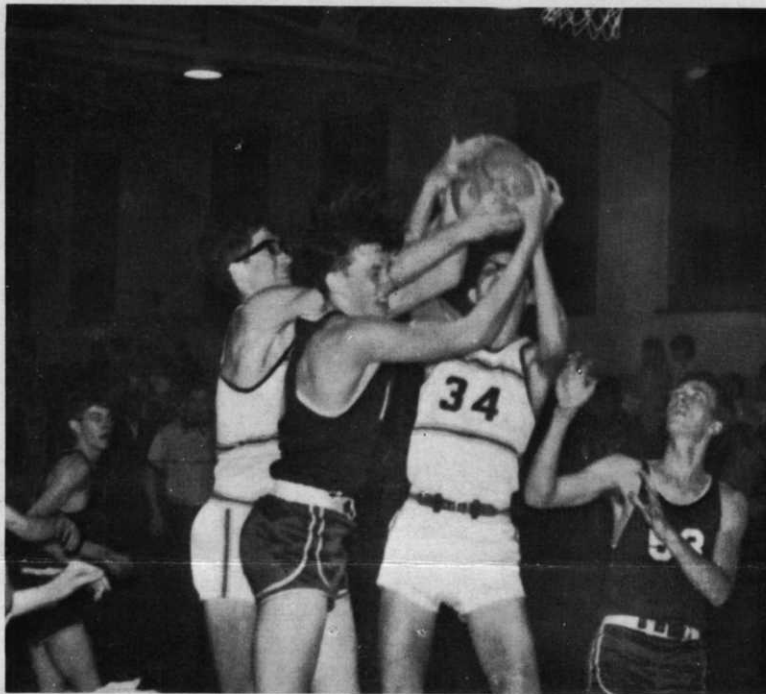
As the season progresses, the best possible finish for the team is third place. The game against Romulus will decide the probably third place winner. At the first match between Romulus and Padua, the Warriors beat the Cascaders by four points. At that time the Cascaders were minus their starting center, Steve Czajkowski. If the team can overcome its problems, it is very likely they will finish the year with a winning record.

As for the J.V.s, they sport a league record of 4 and 4. They have played good ball all season and can look for a good finish.

This year Father Emil plans to enter the gym team in competition with E.F.A. and Ithaca. The team is well rounded with many veterans from last year. Anthony Dabrowski is the captain of both the gym team and the cheerleaders. While on the subject of cheerleaders, what are they doing at games lately? If they became cheerleaders for the uniform why not join the marines? Back to the gym team, with its present members and Father Emil as coach, it should fair well in competition.

If anyone is interested in a volleyball team get in touch with me and perhaps a team can be organized.

Lately all Paduans have been engaged in some sort of physical fit-



Jack Opiola and Gus Kuklinski fight for the rebound during the Dundee game

ness test. First a Physical Fitness test and then a basketball skill test. The results are in and most Paduans should start going on 50 mile hikes. Speaking of hikes, why not have a track team? We have an able track coach in our midst, Father Knute, who coached track at St. Bonaventure, we understand, and his team fared well. The initial cost wouldn't be much and it would open a wider area of sports for Paduans.

PADUA VS. DUNDEE

From start to finish it was the Padua Varsity all the way. The first quarter got off to a slow start and it was Padua 9, Dundee 2, then the Cascaders lit up by scoring 18 points in the second quarter. This gave Padua a 27 to 15 point lead at the half. In the second half Padua again came alive and scored 31 points to Dundee's 18 points. The final score was Padua 58, Dundee 33. High scorer for Padua was Rich Stoklosa who had 22 points; followed by Jack Opiola with 11, and Witold Plucienkowski with 10.

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PADUA VS. TRUMANSBURG

In a tremendous first half battle, T-Burg managed to squeeze a 1 point lead on Padua, 22-21. In the third period, T-Burg set the pace, but Padua matched them shot for shot. As the buzzer ending the third quarter sounded, the scoreboard showed that T-Burg still remained a single point ahead of Padua 39-38. In the last quarter however, Padua, led by Rich Stoklosa's shooting, put the pressure on T-Burg and outscored them 25-9 to win going away, 63-47. Henry Karsh was high scorer for Padua with 16, followed by Rich Stoklosa and Steve Czajkowski with 14 and 12 points respectively. Witold Plucienkowski and John Opiola also helped with 8 points apiece.

PADUA VS. NOTRE DAME

Padua went down in defeat 68-67 in the most thrilling game of the season against the Irish of Notre Dame High. Padua took a two point lead in the first quarter on the strength of the eight points scored by Jack Opiola, but by the time the second period had ended, Notre Dame had caught up and taken a 35-29 lead. In the third and fourth quarter the lead changed hands several times as Richard Stoklosa connected for five field goals. With less than a minute left in the game, the score was tied 65-65. Notre Dame then converted for 2 points on a fast break and 1 point on a foul shot. Rich Stoklosa then put in two more points, but to no avail as the buzzer ended the game. Four of the Cascaders hit double figures as Rich Stoklosa led the team with 17 points followed by Jack Opiola with 16, Witold Plucienkowski with 12 and John Mlynarski with 10.

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