

MERRY CHRISTMAS!



HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The Blow

By Seminarians For Seminarians

BLOW STAFF

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The Pirates by Brian Cahill

I'm supposed to write an article on the Christmas team. I guess I was picked to write the article because I'm the coach. Well, that's not much of a reason, because all I do is pump up the balls and look for Dan Holland on Thursday afternoons. Nevertheless, I'll try to give you a Sports Illustrated-type coverage of our 1959 club.

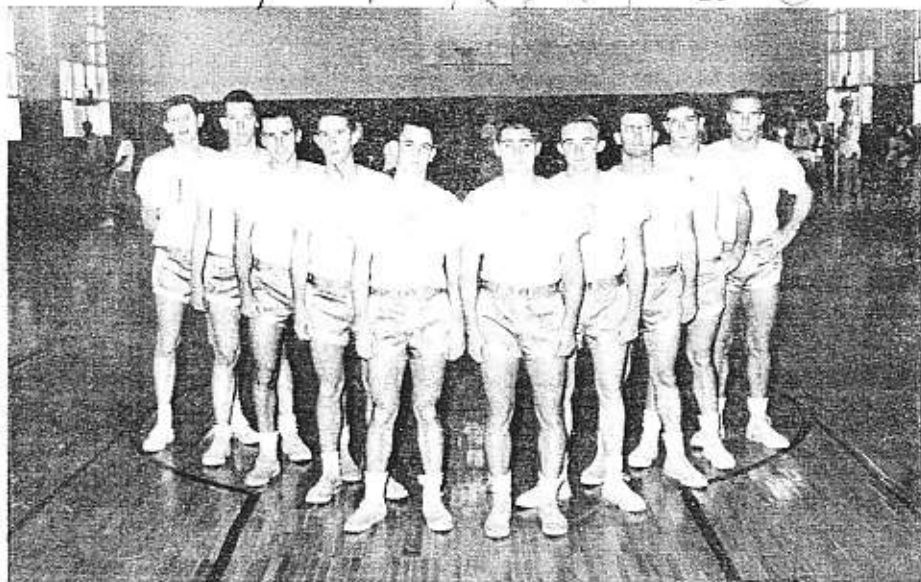
Some of you may be wondering: "Who's that guy in the gym every Sunday afternoon?" His name is Gene Gonzalez and he is more or less our unofficial coach. He's down here strictly on a voluntary basis, and if we have any success this year, a large part will be due to him.

The J.V.'s coached by Den O'Brien have plenty of individual talent, and if they learn to work together, they should do pretty well. Jack Connelly leads a strong contingent of guards followed by Jim Hayes and Gerry Gutierrez. Newcomers are Dud Coneely and Bill Isetta. The forward posts are manned by Rich Goringe, Chuck Welch, and another newcomer, Charley Connelly. The loss of John Dresser leaves a big gap in the front line. At center Paul Laveroni is a tremendous defensive ballplayer but still lacks an adequate shooting eye. Replacing Dresser is big Gil Loescher, a Sixth-Latiner, who goes with either hand and shows plenty of promise for future years. Well, that's the club. If Connelly, Goringe and Welch score often enough, and Laveroni can control the boards, the Pirate J.V.'s should have a successful season.

I think the Varsity is the best it's been in the last couple of years. The guard position is very strong. Phil Avellar, from St. Vincent's in Vallejo is a tremendous playmaker and a deadly shooter. Mike McNamara is the Bob Cousy of the team and can hit from anywhere on the court. Jim Purcell, an S.I. boy, and Jim Mehlfield are both hustlers and very good shots. At forward we have a tremendous scorer in Joe Harrington, a five year veteran on this club. Dennis O'Brien, subing for Phil Brady is developing into a very good rebounder. Mike McLoughlin is a great hustler and gets his share of rebounds. Keep your eye on this kid, Cahill. He's going to go a long(?) way. At center we have the mainstay of the club, Dan Holland. Dan has always been a terrific rebounder and an adequate scorer, but this year he has developed into a deadly shooter. Behind him is John Egenhoff, a product of Serra High and a rugged board man. That's the club. We have good shooters and we work the ball well. Our rebounding is adequate but we lack depth. If we don't tire or foul, we should do well.

In the past year there has always been a good turnout at the games. I hope the same can be said for this year. It helps a lot to have someone yelling for you instead of at you. We play Serra, St. Elizabeth's, and Bishop O'Dowd, and we scrimmage Bellarmine. Let's have a great turnout.

PIRATES



VARSITY

From Left to right: Dan Holland, Phil Brady, Joe Harrington, Mike McNamara, Jim Furcell, Phil Avellar, Jim Melhfeld, Mike McLougBlin, Brian Cahill, John Egenolf (Missing: Den O'Brien)



J.
V.

From Left to Right: Paul Laveroni, Dick Gorringe, Chuch Coneely, Ger Guitierrez, Dud Coneely, Bill Isetta, Jack Coneely, Jim Hayes, Chuck Walsh, J. Collins (Missing: Gil Loescher)

P.S. Bellarmine Scrimages: Dec. 14, 2:00 at Santa Clara University
+ Dec. 29, 2:00 at Bellarmine

LOW NOON

BY

JOHN RILEY

It was a drab, humid day in the little town of Showdown. The two horses in front of McGuire's Blacksmith Shop basked lazily in the bright sun. The day was just like all the other days in Showdown, a little out of the way town in the middle of Arizona. Yes, it was a very ordinary day until the calm, sleepy dust was disturbed by the slow trotting of four horses. It was obvious that the four horses had been on a long journey because of their tired and dusty appearance. The men too were very worn and dusty from their long ride.

On the far left rode a tall, thin, stearn-faced man with sharp pointed features. He was clothed all in black except for his two ivory-handled guns. He was a dangerous looking fellow and there seemed to be an air of roughness about him which said "Beware". This was Bat Gorringe.

Next to him was a short blonde-haired character. His features were very flat. His nose seemed to be much, much too small for his very large face; and his mouth seemed much, much too large. He looked as if he was somewhat wise and that his large mouth had gotten him into a lot of scrapes. This was Blackjack Connolly.

Next to him was a very young boy. Except for his mustache, his features were very immature and thin. He looked as if he was trying to act older than he really was. But looking at the handle of his gun anyone could tell this was no joke. On it were carved twelve notches. This was Folliard the Kid.

On the farthest side was a tall two-hundred and seventy-five pound weakling. He was a rather awkward figure in his heavy sheepskin coat. His stark, stolid face showed no expression whatsoever except for a very slight sparkle of life in his deep sunken eyes. This was Ox Laveroni.

They rode slowly down the street, their searching eyes looking into every corner of the town. As they rode, people began to come to the windows of their homes of business establishments wondering just who these men were. They rode past Beltrano's Fruit Market, Panzica's Butcher Shop, and the Gold Mine Saloon. Each person in the little town began to watch these strangers. Isola, the grocery man watched them ride by. Clo, the old Negro slave, watched them with his big white eyes. Even today, old lady Ringrose, long suspected of being a bit touched, watched them ride by. Finally they reached their destination, the sheriff's office.

"Sheriff, are you in there," Bat Gorringe said sarcastically. "Sheriff, are you home," he shouted again.

"Nope, there ain't nobody in here but us chickens," a voice from inside replied.

"Come on out here you," the Kid said harshly. The door of the office opened and out limped a dumb looking character with sleepy eyes.

"Hi, my name's Chester," the character said. "Chester Dresser. The sheriff ain't in just now. He's done gone out o' town. Is there somethin I can do for ya'?"

"No," the blonde headed, bigmouthed, wise guy said indignantly. "Just tell him that Blackjack, Bat, the Kid, and Ox are waiting for him over at the Gold Mine Saloon. Tell him the guys he thought he sent out for life are out to get him. Understand?"

"Yes sir, I sure will tell him right away."

About an hour later the sheriff of Showdown came riding in. He sat tall in the saddle. His face was ruddy and freckled by the sun. He wore a black suit, a white shirt, and a black string tie. He wasn't too pretty a sight because of his broken and battered nose, which looked like it had gotten in a revolving door. This was the sheriff of Showdown. This was the man who had cleaned up the lawless town of Showdown. This was the man who had driven out all the tin horn gamblers, all the robbers and thieves. In other words this was the man who had made Showdown into a clean, honest, upstanding, respectable, dead, lousy, rotten little hole in the middle of nowhere. Yes this was the man they couldn't kill. This was Broken Nose Wyatt McClure.

He rode straight to his office but before he had a chance to get off his horse Chester came running out.

"Mister Broken Nose, there was some men here a askin' for you. They looked like pretty tough hombres. They said to tell you that Bat Ox, the Kid and Blackjack would be a waitin' in the Gold Mine Saloon.

"Well, Chester," said the sheriff in his deep, masculine, courageous voice, "They finally came back. You'd better give me my guns. I'll be needin' 'em."

The tall man removed his coat from his shoulders and strapped on his guns. Slowly he began to walk toward the Gold Mine Saloon.

Meanwhile the four men were in the Gold Mine Saloon. Blackjack stood at the bar drinking whiskey. Bat sat at the table trying to teach Ox Laveroni how to play solitaire. Folliard the Kid walked aimlessly about the room spinning the barrel of his gun. These four sat waiting for revenge or death.

Suddenly they heard the heavy boots hit sidewalk on the street outside. "Clod-Clod-Clod" went the boots as they approached the saloon. "Scink-Scink-Scink" went the rhythmic beat of the spurs. The kid stopped moving and listened to the spurs. The two men at the table stood up and began to check their guns. Blackjack remained in his position at the bar not phased by the sudden events. "Clod-Clod-Clod" as he came closer. "Scink-Scink-Scink" as he approached the door. Could it be that this was death approaching them? "Clod-Scin-Clod-Scink." He had finally reached the door.

"Bat, Ox, Kid, Blackjack," Broken Nose said in a muffled voice. "I've come to take you in. You're wanted men and I've got to do my job."

"Okay, McClure," Bat said, "Suppose you come through that door and take us in."

"Duh, yeah, McClure come on in," the big oaf named Ox laughed.

"All right, then" McClure shouted, "You're gonna' force me to come in shootin'".

"Okay, come in," Blackjack said somberly.

"Are you sure you guys don't want to give up?" McClure asked a little less boldly.

"We're sure", the Kid replies.

"Listen, I'm really gonna have to come in then."

"Come ahead," Ox muttered.

Suddenly courageous Broken Nose Wyatt McClure came crashing through the door with two guns and a shotgun in his hand and a small pistol locked between his teeth all shooting at the same time.

"Bang, Bang, Bang," shots were thrown back and forth, "Bang-Bang-Crash-Bang-Thud-Bang." Everybody was shooting. The smoke lifted on a gruesome scene. The walls and floor looked like swiss cheese. There was blood all over the floor. As the smoke cleared a little more, one dead, mangled, bloody mess which closely resembled a body lay on the floor.

"Well, that's the last time he will kill anyone," Blackjack laughed sarcastically.

"Come on, let's get out of here," Bat said.

Then, after Connelly took one last drink, they mounted their horses and rode out of the quiet little town of Showdown leaving the man who couldn't be killed, Broken Nose Wyatt McClure, dead on the floor of the GoldMine Saloon.

THE END

Quotes

by Riley and Ringrose

One sixth latiner to another, "Gee that chapel door sounds sharp when you slam it."

Pat Cloherty to Bob Fouts Jr., "Hey Fouts. How about a free ticket?"

One second high to another, "Yes, but even big wheels have to stop rolling sometime."

Gary Galli to Dan Onorato, "Say Dan, what's a greaser?"

Stokems to Skell, "Why do people say that I have a big nose?"

Iggy Panzeca to Nick Beltrano, "I keep trying to tell you, that snake wasn't real."

Shask to Sheaff, "Sheaff, got a match?"

One seminarian to another, "Who were those great Marin boys who sang on Halloween night?"

One second high to another, "When do we elect a new class president?"

One third high to another, "Dresser sure is a good faker, isn't he?"

One fourth high man to another, "I'm worried about Egginoff. He doesn't seem to be eating enough lately."

One fourth high man to J.J.F. Sullivan, "What's it like to be a referee, J.J.F.?"

Brian Cahill to a proff, "But Father Poggi said we could borrow his car!"

A Poet to a Rhet, "The house play is going to be a real gasser isn't it?"

The Only Good Christian is a Dead Christian

The only true religion in the world today is Judaism. The only way to heaven is Judaism. The only hope of the world is Judaism. I firmly believe in what I have written above. This may seem strange to you because you think of the Jews as being non-religious misers who hate the whole world. We don't hate the world, the world obviously hates us. Everybody is against the Jews. This may be proven by looking back in history. Ever since the beginning of the world the Jews have been oppressed. In the time of the Egyptian's dynasties the Jews were very much persecuted. Even today Egypt tries to rule the Jews. Even during the Second World War the Jews received the worst end of things. Millions and millions of Jews were put into concentration camps where they were left to starve or die of exposure.

Judaism must be the true religion because it was the first. So many people have been led away from Judaism because of false prophets. Take this Christ for instance. Millions of people have been led away from Judaism because of him. It is obvious that he is a fraud. Can you imagine the utter nerve of him, a mere carpenter's son, saying that he is the Son of the omnipotent God. Christ may have been a good man, but he certainly was an outstanding imposter. He was not the saviour as he said. He was merely a man trying to capitalize on the beliefs of the Jews. It is utter madness for anyone to truly believe in this mere Nazarene. Why he wasn't even rich.

No, my friends, the Messiah is yet to come. One day you will realize this and know what fools you have been. Some day when Israel is ruling the world and the Messiah is at Israel's head you will see the ignorance of your folly. Soon, very soon, the Messiah will arise and compel you to worship the only God. Soon, very soon, the superior race of the Jews will be completely dominant. Then you will see; then you will see.

by John Riley
(Jacob Wineberg)

P.S. The views expressed above are not necessarily those of the author.

My Most Embarrassing Experience at Saint Joseph's College

My most embarrassing experience came on my first mornig at Saint Joseph's College.

Not being used to getting up at five to six in the morning I was pretty well asleep when the bell rang. I was in a dazed mood, when about a half a minute later the excitator came to my door and shouted, "Benedicamus Domino." Still in bed when he knocked, I didn't know what to do, so I just laid there. When he kept knocking on my door I decided I had better do something.

I got out of bed, walked to the door, opened it, and asked in a sleepy voice, "What do you want?" He looked at me for a couple of seconds, shook his head in disgust and walked away.

I didn't know what he had wanted until that afternoon when I was told to answer "Deo Gratias." I bet he thought I was pretty stupid, and I don't blame him.

by Peter Higgins