

ST. JOSEPH'S - ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

www.saintjosephscollege.org

Spring 2021 Newsletter

*We honor the past; We celebrate the present;
We plan for the future.....TOGETHER.*

SAVE THE DATE

Alumni Day

As we go to press with this issue, there is no firm date for a next Alumni Day. Certainly it is possible that we will be able to gather in September or early October. The Board will discuss the matter at its next meeting in March and make a decision ("based on science"!) in its May meeting. Our next issue of this Newsletter will report further.

Day of Recollection – Video Available

The Day of Recollection on February 27th was a success. As some of you know, we used Zoom to hold a national webinar on Pope Francis' encyclical *Fratelli Tutti*. While few good things can be said about this pandemic, it did force us to go bigger, and as a result alums across the country and their spouses were able for the first time to participate. Given our success, it may not be the last time either. About 200 people participated. And it was free, thanks to the Alumni Board.

Our alum, Bishop Bob McElroy, gave an exquisite exegesis of the Pope's encyclical letter in general and the Parable of the Good Samaritan in particular. Sister Joan Chittister, OSB, explored at length the Pope's interest in the "common good" in an "examination of conscience" as the key for discerning the will of God. Then, while praising the encyclical highly, she also called it seriously incomplete because it does not call for an examination of the Church's conscience with respect to the inequality of women who constitute half of humanity. The "reviews" to the Day clearly show that women were thrilled to hear Joan.

We are pleased to offer you access to a video of that part of the Day which featured Bishop Bob and the reflections of Jim Purcell, Mary Claire Caron and Brian Cahill. We sadly cannot provide access to a video of Sister Joan's presentation because of contractual limitations. To access the video you do not need to use Zoom. You need only open your browser or search bar, and type in on the topic line the following: <https://tinyurl.com/stjoestpatalumni2021> hit "Enter" and it should begin.

Thanks to all who participated, especially Board member Sal Chavez (College '75) who was the moderator and helped design the Day. The IT expert for the Day was Larry Steinke, a colleague of Sal's at St. Francis High School. Thanks to Larry above all for dealing with the lack of tech skill of some of the octogenarians in the program!

Don Carroll

SPORTS AT ST. JOE'S

Each issue of this Newsletter recently has featured alums in some field of endeavor, e.g. the arts, refugee and immigration work, law enforcement, etc. In this issue we do not ignore soccer, but we seek to capture fond memories from baseball and basketball. There are so many alums whom we could have tapped to tell their stories. Hopefully, what follows will recall past glories (and glory's opposite!), and even quicken old competitive spirits.

BASKETBALL AT ST. JOE'S IN THE 1950s

By Dennis F. Moriarty, Rhet '56

Having played basketball in the CYO system for three years (1947-49) in some marginal courts (low ceiling at St. Monica's) did nothing to prepare me for basketball at St. Joe's.

The BARN at St. Joe's became my basketball home in 1950. It had two courts that looked like slightly oversized hallways. A shot from the corner would be a lay-up for Steph Curry today. The sidelines were wooden walls. The ball was in play off the sidewalls, similar to a handball court. The players bounced off the wall, as did the ball. Amazing that no one really got hurt.

Did it bother us? Not at all. Basketball junkies will play any place. To be honest, sports was my favorite activity at St. Joe's. It undoubtedly kept me there much longer than I should have stayed.

On Thursdays, I haphazardly "cleaned" my room, ran to get the key to the Barn from Fr. Canfield, and spent an hour shooting around before anyone showed up. I undoubtedly thought I had a future in basketball (more on that later).

We had a competitive intramural league in the Barn, not the least bit deterred by the inadequacies of the facility. We moved on to the state-of-the-art gym in the new wing in 1956. Not nearly as fond memories!

During the basketball season, one of the highlights was the game between the House teams of St. Joe's and St. Pat's. The best basketball players from each facility were pitted against each other. Firing a no-look pass from the top of the key through St. Pat's zone

defense to Jerry Horan (R'54) under the bucket for an easy lay-up is still emblazoned in my memory. Playing against John Cloherty (R54) in 1955 was impossible. He was a jumping jack that was impossible to block out under the basket. I don't remember who won most of the games, but I suspect it was St. Pat's.

Then, of course, there were the games played against the local high school teams during the Christmas break. We usually had three or four games scheduled – Sacred Heart, Serra, O'Dowd, Marin Catholic and others. That's where we learned how good we were, playing teams that were admittedly better than us.

One game stands out vividly in my mind – the one against O'Dowd. They had two superior players on their front line – George Gardner and Frank Sobrero. Both went on to play first team at Santa Clara. I drew the job of guarding Sobrero. He started popping shots from the corner (he never missed). I had to tighten up my defense on him. Result? He drove by me to the bucket like a freight train passing a bum. He probably scored 20 points. All right, maybe it was 30. (I always meant to ask Don Carroll, our sharp-shooting guard, why he never dropped back to give me some weak-side help while I was being exposed.) If I was thinking of leaving the seminary then to pursue my basketball career, I had a wakeup call at O'Dowd.

By the way, Sobrero's stats at Santa Clara: 80 games over three seasons with a 15.7 point average per game. Playing basketball at St. Joe's was a great learning experience for life.

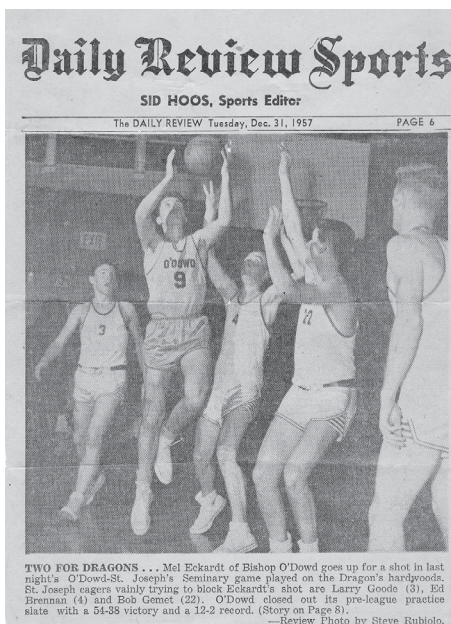
"Pick yourself up, dust yourself off, and start all over again." ■

BASKETBALL AT ST. JOE'S IN THE 1950s

By Don Carroll, Rhet '58

Basketball in my day was in "the Barn". There was no nice free-standing gym like later alums enjoyed. "Barn Ball", as we called it, was a shock to those of us b-ball freaks who had grown up on regular-sized courts in the City, whether blacktopped outdoor courts or in the gyms of a wealthier parish or public facility. It was really impossible to play full 5 on 5 games, especially as we grew older and taller. The results were badly bruised elbows, heads and tempers. But, God, did we compete!

It was Second High when I was invited to play on the College team which would play over Christmas vacation against Bay Area high schools such as Serra, O'Dowd, Riordan, Marin Catholic, St. Elizabeth, St. Vincent (Vallejo), etc. Practices in early December were my first time playing with the "Big Guys". And we had some big guys. I don't recall some of the names now, but they included Jerry Horan,



Omitting the O'Dowd player are, from L to R: Rev. Larry Goode, Ed Brennan, Bob Gemmet, and Don Carroll's left side, with the red hair.

Johnny Cox, John Cloherty, Jim Smith, Jim Kennedy, Tim Goode and Dennis Moriarty.

It was a magical experience, (almost) cementing forever my determination to be a priest if I could just be in this group! On one occasion, we were jammed into Horan's car, me in the middle of the front seat, going over the Golden Gate Bridge to Marin Catholic. Going over the Bridge, Horan put me in his lap. I steered all the way, and Jerry worked the pedals. It was my first experience driving. I would get into the Christmas games when the guys needed someone to hoist up a long shot, what today would be a three pointer, or to start shooting long jump shots to draw out the defense so the big guys could work inside. When I made some shot, these senior guys would warmly congratulate me. Can you imagine how glorious that was to a teenager in Second High?! I would have

accepted ordination right on the spot!. As the Big Guys graduated (with many going over to St. Pat's), I played these Christmas games and also the House games with my contemporaries. At 83 it is dangerous to try to recall all the names but they certainly included Dennis Moriarty, Jack McLaughlin, Greg Calegari, Joe Marcellin, Miles Riley, Ed Brennan, Larry Goode, Dick Kohles, Bob Gemmet, and Phil Avellar. (I apologize if I have left you out, dear reader.) We won, occasionally.

One year we had a real coach at the games, the late Bernie Schneider, Ed Brennan's cousin. Bernie went on to make quite a name for himself in sports at USF and in the Bay Area high school scene. One night we defeated St. Elizabeth; and the next night the St. Elizabeth coach brought his whole team up to O'Dowd to see if we could upset O'Dowd. We could not (although we led for a good part of the first half). That was a big game with O'Dowd being the best in the Bay Area and with two of their players going later to play and star at Santa Clara. O'Dowd games were special because all the faculty of priests (many of whom had been the Barn Ball heroes I mention above) came out in their cassocks to watch us (and, yes, there were a lot of girls too!) I recall leaving the locker room at O'Dowd after one game and trailing Dennis Moriarty. It was his last game ever before he went over to St. Pat's. I still remember him walking ahead of me with his sneakers dangling off his arm (we didn't have sports bags). I thought, "How can he give this up?! How will I ever be able to do so?" Well, of course I did too.

We had a new gym beneath the Chapel of the New Wing after 4th High. We could actually practice and play games 5 on 5. What a liberation that was for us gym rats. Phil Avellar somehow brought down one Thursday a former player with Bill Russell.

(It may have been Carl Bolt?) This fellow taught us the Reverse Action pattern offense that U.S.F. used. It helped, but Well, we needed a tad more than "Reverse Action".

Speaking of Bill Russell and USF, when I left St. Pat's and entered the USF School of Law, two of my new classmates were Bill Bush from S.I. who had been the 6th man on the Russell teams and Dave Lillevand, a real star from Alameda who had been the captain of the USF team that went to the final four in the year after Russell and K.C. Jones graduated. We played for years through law school and afterwards in a lawyers' league. Finally, I was getting to play with the Big Boys again. (I think that Moriarty played in this league too?) Anyhow, let's just say that the game had gotten a lot faster. And after dislocating an elbow in a scramble with Lillevand, and after having had to go into Federal Court the morning after in a sling in front of the irascible Judge Bill Sweigert without a tie (i.e. out of uniform!), I decided (with some urging from my wife) my playing days should end. (Actually, I had the inspiration to apologize to the Judge and to tell him that my injury was in a scramble with Lillevand. The Judge was a big USF alum; so he recognized Dave's name and just smiled and excused me. Telling him I was a St. Joe's alum would not have cut it.)

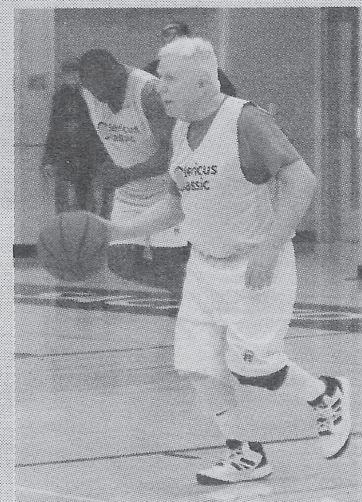
I played all the sports at St. Joe's but basketball was my favorite. They all kept me sane, but I am more grateful for all the guys, Big Guys and You Guys, for the camaraderie. ■



Back row, left to right: #10 Ed George R'52, # 2 John Savant R'50, # 9 Uncertain
Head between #9 and #8 Jack O'Hare R'49, #8 Bill Leiningner R'50,
Not visible Harry O'Donnell R'50
Front row, left to right: #1 Tony Maurovich R'49, #7 Phil Anderson R'51,
#3 Rich Bergen R'53, #5 Matt Ashe R'49, #4 Uncertain

SATURDAY, JAN. 18

CLERICUS CLASSIC: The now annual evening basketball game features priests of the archdiocese versus St. Patrick seminarians. Basketball rivalry, skills competitions, food and a \$1,000 raffle. Doors open at 6 p.m. Adults \$10, Children \$5. Third child and more free. Junipero Serra High School, 451 West 20th Ave., San Mateo. fallerc@sfarch.org.



Father Larry Goode

Father Larry Goode in action

BASKETBALL AT ST. JOE'S IN THE 1960s

A Personal Anchor and a Bridge to the World

By Bob King, H '69

Basketball in the 1960s-70s was the perfect sport for a 5'11" guard (I actually started at forward in my freshman year.) It was just starting to be an international sport, and when I traveled to other countries, I had an advantage in experience and skill. And Americans were still "cool" then, so basketball served as a natural bridge to other cultures.

However, I cannot speak of sports at St. Joe's without mentioning my overall experience. In truth, I felt the greatest passion for baseball, which I tended to be skilled at from the beginning. At St. Joe's, like Rich Bergen in an earlier article, I could only play intramural softball for the first two years, and I was pleased to participate as the only high school player (a sophomore) on the St. Joe's team that played against St. Patrick's. In my junior year, with the new interscholastic baseball team, I received an early lesson in the value of persistence and grit from our Coach, Gordon Lacey. I was pitching a no-hitter when I tired late in the game and asked to be taken out. Coach Lacey "encouraged" me (okay, *forced* me) to continue pitching, and the no hitter was secured on a game-ending double play—J. Bava (at third) to Brand to Ittig (1969ers all).

I loved flag football, too, as a Trojan. My baseball skills—throwing, catching, and running—transferred to football. My favorite memory is of a late win on the last few plays against the upstart sophomores (when I was a junior, and games were measured in number of plays, not in terms of a time clock). I remember throwing up a pass that only Harry Bird could come down with, sealing the win.

Basketball, however, was the sport throughout the years that would not let go. Despite my relative newness to the game (I didn't play on the first-string A team until 8th grade), I prospered because of the coaching of Ron Isola at Epiphany in San Francisco (later a highly successful coach at Riordan HS) and the steady hand of Coach O'Malley at St. Joe's. I loved the constant flow, in which every player was involved in every play. It was great to play on the varsity team in my junior and senior years, but my biggest thrill was when the juniors beat the seniors (admittedly we had many of the basketball stars: Paul

Calhoun, Harry Bird, and Gary Ittig).

I loved my basketball "career" at St. Joe's, and after graduation, it turned out that basketball and I were not yet finished with each other. At UC Berkeley, I was nowhere near good enough to make the team. (The starting guards for Cal were Phil Chenier, three-time NBA All Star, and Charley Johnson, who was instrumental in winning two NBA championships, one with Golden State and one with the Washington Bullets.) I did, however, get to play a lot of intramural and kept up with the game. (Claim to "fame": my intramural team beat the varsity football team's intramural team—with Steve Bartkowski as one of the players. Okay, but they were good at football, especially Bartkowski.)

In my junior year abroad, I went to France. (Side note—thanks to Fr. Lopes at St. Joe's for his unstinting generosity in tutoring a small number of us in the French language.) As a student in Bordeaux, I played on the university basketball team and got to travel around France with them, reaching the quarterfinals of the national university tournament. (College basketball in France was definitely not at the same level in the U.S., to understate it by quite a lot, especially back in the 1970s). Being on the team was not just exciting as a player, it also provided access—a passport

if you will—into French culture and afforded me an easy way to make friends in France. Basketball became, for me, a bridge to a foreign culture I was just learning about.

The story continued after graduation. Back at UC, I continued with intramural, with my skills intact. On graduating, I entered Peace Corps service in Morocco as a high school English teacher (my undergraduate major was linguistics). Since my large village was near a major city—Fez—I traveled there every weekend and played on the city team (*Maghreb Association Sportive*). Once again, while the basketball was a bit uneven (some of the courts we played on across Morocco were outdoor arenas with games played on concrete!), the cultural experience was priceless. I was accepted as a part of the team, and learned a great number of cultural traditions



Bob King on a jump shot

(one that has stuck with me was that walking with good friends usually entailed holding hands—men with men, women with women, but **never** men with women). Practicing, and later playing games, with the Moroccan men was transformative in terms of experiencing the culture and language.

Even in China when I went to visit my wife, who was one of the first English teachers right after the opening to Communist China, I was able to play. I remember that I was the tallest player there in the large provincial city of Kaifeng. (And Debra and I wound up getting married there!)

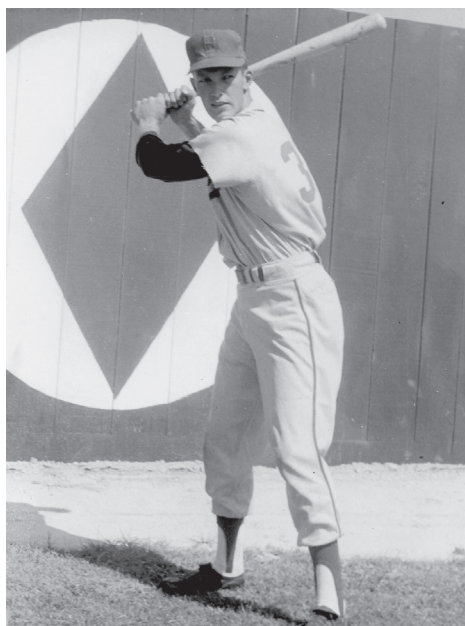
So, though baseball was my first and best passion, basketball was a sport that “traveled” much more effectively (though I did get to play softball occasionally on various embassy pick-up teams in Morocco and Romania). Through basketball, from my humble beginnings at Epiphany, to my great run at St. Joe’s, to my exhilarating experience in France, to my culturally profound exchange in Morocco, basketball has been part of my passport to other cultures. And though it was always grounded in the sport, basketball became, as baseball never did, a bridge to a world greater than sports. And it started in the best possible way at St. Joe’s. Go Bruins! ■

BASEBALL MEMORIES FOR “SENIOR” ALUMS

The recent death of the Rev. Bill Leininger (Rhet '50 and SPS '56) evoked memories from
Msgr. Jim Gaffey (Rhet '54 and SPS '60) that appeared in Semnet:

By Msgr. James P Gaffey, Rhet '54

Bill was one of the superhuman athletes at Mountain View and Menlo Park, superhuman because these men were game-changers whenever they slipped on cleats, spikes, or sneakers (the other was Rich Bergen). A virtual letterman in whatever sport he undertook, Bill was absolutely dominant on the soft- or hard-ball diamond where he flourished as the “House Team” pitcher. His peak performance occurred in the soft-ball games. Most fast pitch soft-ball pitchers in our time had two “go-to” pitches, a fast ball and a curve. The former is recorded at around 90 mph in men’s softball games, but there’s not a doubt in my mind that Bill’s speed sometimes came close to that. His curveball kept the batter honest. Once the batter adjusted to this lightning speed, Bill would sneak a breaking spinner just to keep the batter’s timing off. Normally this twofold portfolio and Bill’s control would be sufficient to beat any team that challenged him. I still recall that sense of gloom the visitors from CCC [Ed.’s note: “Cupertino Creek College” -this is Jim Gaffey’s preferred name for St. Joe’s.] felt as they watched him taking his pregame warmups – the odds were definitely stacked against us.



Rich Bergen, Rhet '53 at Fort Ord

But what separated Bill Leininger further from others who dared climb that mound was that he had tamed a third pitch. This was his “riser”, a phenomenon that’s hard to explain. The rise ball appears to follow an upward trajectory with a rapid backspin, and it can be thrown at speeds in excess of 70 mph. What kicks in is the so-called “Magnus effect”, a fluke of aerodynamics whereby a back-spinning sphere creates pockets of low and high pressure and is pushed from the area of high pressure to the layer of low pressure above [Ed.’s note: we delete the further explanation of the Magnus Effect, reserving it for possibly a future issue of this Newsletter on our Men In Science.] No matter what the physicists say, we had to contend with Bill’s rise ball in three games (’51-’53),

and I swear on my grave that Bill’s back-spinning projectile actually rose several inches. I even have a witness who once told me that as my bat was about to meet the ball, the latter suddenly “hopped” and flew into the catcher’s mitt. There were no mirages during those hard-fought games – just strikeouts.

[Ed.’s Note: thanks Jim. Bill now pitches in Heaven.] ■

RICH BERGEN, RHET '53

St. Joe’s Own Rich Bergen Was a “Natural” on the Diamond
Former standout shortstop played professional baseball in the 1950s

By Mike Sheehan, H '71

When 87-year-old Rich Bergen (R'1953) looks back on his professional baseball career, he sometimes thinks about what might have been. After all, when the Alameda, California native arrived at St. Joseph’s College seminary in fall 1948 – his

sophomore year - he already had extraordinary credentials.

As a high school freshman, Bergen had played shortstop on the varsity baseball team at St. Joseph’s in Alameda, where he made

all-county and received the Most Valuable Player award, an exceptional achievement. When a classmate told Bergen of plans to enter the seminary, the 15-year-old all-star decided to apply too.

“My cousin was a priest, and my mother was a devout Catholic who attended daily Mass,” Bergen says. “I wanted to see if I had a vocation to the priesthood, and spent the next five years in Mountain View, graduating with my Rhet class in 1953.”

During his time in the seminary, the gifted Trojan athlete was an outstanding intramural participant not only in baseball, but also played on the house basketball team against St. Patrick’s College.

“I’m a bit envious of the high school seminary athletes from the 1960s and 1970s who played interscholastic sports against other high schools” Bergen says. “I would have loved that opportunity.”

Once Bergen made the decision not to continue his seminary training, he began pursuit of his baseball dream by attending tryouts with professional teams.

“In reality, I should have gone on to a four-year college, possibly on a baseball scholarship, so pro scouts could have seen my ability.” Bergen cites the path taken by fellow Alameda athlete Andy Carey, who attended St. Mary’s College in Moraga before signing a \$50,000 contract with the New York Yankees.

“The scouts saw Andy play college ball, and it paid off for him with a successful major league career,” he says. “No one saw me play at St. Joe’s, but I have absolutely no hard feelings because those years helped me grow in my Catholic faith and gratitude toward God.”

The Road to the Pros

One tryout Bergen attended in Emeryville was with the Los Angeles Angels of the Pacific Coast League. The former seminarian’s outstanding hitting and fielding skills so impressed the team’s manager, Stan Hack – who had played professional baseball for the Chicago Cubs in the 1930s and early 1940s, earning recognition as the National League’s top third baseman – that “Smiling Stan,” as he was known, wanted to ink Bergen to a deal on the spot.

“I appreciated that very much, but told him I wanted to sign with a major league club.”

The 2020 inductee into the St. Joseph High School/College Sports Hall of Fame admits it probably turned out to be a mistake.

“The next year, Mr. Hack became manager of the Chicago Cubs.”

Soon after, however, Bergen signed with the St. Louis Browns organization, which relocated to Baltimore the following year and became the Orioles. After a short stint with the Lewiston (Idaho) Broncs during 1953, the slick-fielding shortstop had a good year

in 1954 playing for the Class A Pocatello (Idaho) Bannocks in the Western International League, a minor league baseball circuit informally known as the Willy loop, where Bergen hit .309 with nine home runs, six triples and 27 doubles.

“I played well for a rookie coming out of the seminary, especially since I had not had the benefit of quality coaching,” Bergen said. “Even during my freshman year at St. Joseph in Alameda, one of the brothers served as the team’s coach. He was a great guy, but really didn’t know much about baseball.”

Despite Bergen’s lack of formal instruction, the Orioles organization liked what they saw and offered him a new contract to play with the San Antonio Missions, a Double A club in the Texas League, for the 1955 season. Ready for the jump to a higher level, the 6-foot-1-inch, 180-pound athlete was looking forward to continued success. An off-season work injury changed that.

“Most players had jobs outside of baseball during that era to help make ends meet,” Bergen notes. “I was loading heavy cartons of ketchup at a Del Monte packing plant in San Leandro and felt my arm pop, like a rubber band snapped.”

To keep in shape, the up-and-coming star had been playing third base in a local semi-pro Sunday league. But when he tried throwing the baseball to first base before the next game, Bergen discovered he couldn’t even reach the pitcher’s mound.

Nevertheless, after getting married the following week, Bergen and his new bride immediately headed down to Baltimore’s Spring Training camp in Florida. Still unable to throw overhand, the third-year pro hoped his arm would improve with treatment. The trainers tried cortisone shots and a variety of other remedies over the next month. Nothing worked.

“They eventually figured out that I had torn my rotator cuff, but back then they didn’t know how to repair it. At only 21 years of age, I didn’t think I could play ball anymore, so the club granted my release and we returned to California.”

While contemplating what to do next, Bergen received a surprise phone call from Don Pries, manager of the Tri-City Braves, a Class B Northwest League team located in Washington state. An old friend from Alameda, Pries told Bergen the club needed a second baseman, and asked if he still could throw sidearm.

“I told him yes,” Bergen recalls. “My wife and I weren’t able to go on a honeymoon right after our wedding, so we took a trip to Washington instead. Well, I ended up having a good year with the Braves in 1955, hitting .280, and leading the league in fielding percentage.”

Yet his injured arm remained a problem. Although Bergen could turn the double play efficiently, he could not make overhand relay throws from the outfield to home plate. With no medical solution available, the star infielder could see the writing on the wall.

"In all humility, I had a very promising career, but it was short-lived," says Bergen, who totaled 290 hits in about 1,000 at bats in the minors. "I don't resent that because the five years I spent in the seminary provided a good foundation for me, and the entire experience made me appreciate God even more. Today, I'm still a faithful practicing Catholic.

"In fact, I believe God was looking out for me as a young man because I liked women," Bergen says with a laugh. "If I had gone through college or been a famous baseball star, I probably would have gotten into serious trouble."

Life After Baseball

With professional baseball no longer an option, Bergen needed to find a new career. His first corporate job after completing service in the Army involved buying transducers – a device that converts energy from one form to another – for the C141 airplane.

"I was a hard worker but earned only \$1.86 an hour, so I decided to study each day during my lunch hour to become a real estate agent. I sold a house while still on the job and made \$360. As a result, I moved into a new career."

Less than two years later, Bergen switched from residential to commercial real estate. He next went out on his own, developing small, high-end subdivisions and representing banks through his commercial brokerage.

"I'm a dealmaker with an independent streak," Bergen points

out. "I contracted with a major bank to acquire locations for new branches in several states. They told me 'go out, find what we want, buy it and we'll pay you a commission.'"

The long hours and hard work paid off when Bergen built his dream home, including a guest house, on four acres on a golf course in Rancho Santa Fe, California.

"It was a magnificent thing," he says.

After the annulment of his first marriage in 1992, Bergen has been remarried now for 27 years and lives in Arizona.

"We get along beautifully and are very happy together."

Still, gifted with so much natural baseball ability, Bergen can't help but ponder from time to time if having the guidance and expertise of experienced coaches as a teenager would have made a difference.

"I went into pro ball with almost no instruction, with nobody to tell me what to do and how to do it," Bergen says. "With good coaching, I might have gone far and played in the Major Leagues, or perhaps fallen flat on my face. I'll never know."

Regardless, Bergen sees his seminary experience as a blessing.

"I'm a firm believer that everything works out, and we have a lot of Divine intervention in our lives. I've had it in mine, and am still grateful today for the time I spent at St. Joseph's College." ■

THE BOYS OF SUMMER 1953-1957

By Jim Fitzgerald, Rhet '57

Jim was semi-pro baseball player at first base; first baseball coach for Archbishop Mitty High School; and retired superintendent of Schools for Santa Clara.

Baseball author, Roger Kahn, entitled his best selling book on the Brooklyn Dodgers of the 1950s, "The Boys of Summer". From 1953 to 1957, some of us at St. Joseph's and St. Patrick's created our own "Boys of Summer" experience. In 1953, members of the Rhet class of '57 then just finishing second high, played summer baseball games against St. Joseph's of Alameda and St. Mary's of Stockton. In 1954, we expanded our schedule and played St. Vincent's of Vallejo and St. Vincent's of Petaluma.

In the summer of 1955, we took our baseball experience to the semi-pro level. We added other classes from St. Joe's and St. Pat's to our roster, adopted the name, "San Francisco Orioles", procured uniforms, and became involved in the Northern California Semi-Pro Baseball Association.

For the next three summers, we played Sunday games all over Northern California: Mendocino, Sonoma, Napa, Marin, San Francisco, San Mateo, Santa Clara, Solano, Contra Costa, and Merced counties. Every Sunday morning, after finding an early Mass, we would pile into cars, arrive at our designated ballpark,

take batting and infield practice, and anxiously look forward to challenging and spirited games. They often were very spirited because in many towns this was the big Sunday afternoon event. Fans wanted to see a good game and were enthusiastic in cheering for their home team.

In the ensuing 60 plus years, whenever we run into a former Oriole teammate, we often reminisce about those summer Sundays-wonderful memories of being together, long car rides as we traveled to different towns and ballparks, and competing against players who often were more than twice our age. We remember mostly the fun times and the many laughs. Talking about laughs, many of us vividly remember a Sunday afternoon in Half Moon Bay. When our right fielder, Tony Cutone, entered the batter's box, the public address announcer loudly broadcasted, "Now batting for the San Francisco Orioles, right fielder, Tony Cut One." From that day on, Tony carried the nickname, Cut One.

We are so grateful that from 1953 to 1957, in our own little world, we were able to be "The Boys Of Summer".

The Boys of Summer 1953-1957

Ed Brennan R'58
 Pete Calegari R'52
 Brian Cahill R'60
 Tony Cutone R'57
 Con Doherty R'57
 Dick Elliot R'57
 Jack Elliot R'63
 Carl Von Emster R'57

Dan Fitzgerald R'61
 Jim Fitzgerald R'57
 Jim Gaffey R'54
 Larry Goode R'58
 Tim Goode R'55
 Gerry Gunderson R'57
 Joe Harrington R'60
 Dick Kohles R'59

Joe Marcellin R'57
 Dennis McQuaid R'59
 Jack McLaughlin R'57
 Mike McLaughlin R'61
 Dennis Moriarty R'56
 Tom Norton R'57
 Vern Simmons R'59
 Jim Tonna R'57
 Don Wixon R'58

THOUGHTS ON THE BOYS OF SUMMER 1953-1957

The Boys of Summer 1953-1957 has evoked further reminiscences from some of those boys who are still alive (and who can remember much of anything!).

Dennis McQuaid (Rhet '59) writes: I'll dredge up from my memory our famous Fort Bragg trip for games up there during Paul Bunyan Days. Six of us, including the McLaughlins, drove up there in Ed Brennan's '46 Ford with its '48 Merc engine in it (as I recall). We were so tight with three of us in the front seat that Ed, in the driver's seat, did the steering and I, in the middle, applied the gas and the brakes. The ride home, after badly losing a couple of games to these lumberjacks and having a wild Paul Bunyon night by seminary standards, was really adventurous because I didn't really know when to hit the brake and when to hit the gas on the winding road. We didn't know it then, but we so scared Jack McLaughlin that he swore off our team and never came to another game, claiming we were crazy."

[Ed.'s Note: Why would he think that?!]

Fr. Larry Goode, Rhet '58 & SPS '64, recalls that all the locals who turned out for these games in Fort Bragg cheered for the Orioles because the seminarians were the only ones in town who did not wear beards for Paul Bunyon Days. For some reason that made them popular.

Larry also has an important corrective to Jim Fitzgerald's main story (above) about the announcer over in Half Moon Bay introducing Tony Cutone as Tony Cut-One. Larry says that it was Jerry Gunderson (Rhet '57) who went to the PA operator before the game and told him how to pronounce "Cutone" with the result that when the PA announced Tony as a batter, Jerry was long gone but laughing in the dugout. Ah, those seminary pranks were always present!

Larry also has a great story about the late Dan Fitzgerald, a member of the Rhet Class of '61 who went on to become Head Basketball Coach and Athletic Director at Gonzaga. According to Larry, Dan (and Dick Kohles) were the two best pitchers.

In one game Dan was on the mound in the last inning with the Orioles up on the scoreboard by one run but with the tying and winning runners already on base. Dan calmly left the mound right in the middle of pitching to a batter and ambled over the foul line and went to the water faucet, had a drink of water and bent down to retie his shoelaces. He then returned to the mound and proceeded to get out the side and preserve the win.

[Ed.'s Note: Sort of Ruthian, don't you think?]

Not all of the memories we have received are Ruthian in nature. **Jim Gaffey** recalls "a terrible game we played with a team in St. Helena. We drove 90+ minutes from the City to that lovely town, filled with over-confidence; but the locals whacked the heck out of us. I remember the setting where we played as if it happened yesterday, a beautiful diamond right in the middle of that picturesque town. In those days, I wore glasses when I played, and during this game they fogged up continually to the degree that I couldn't see the pitches coming to the plate."

We'll give the last reminiscence of the Boys of Summer to **Brian Cahill**. "Wow, I have not thought about the Orioles in a long time. Jim [Fitzgerald] was our leader and manager. We played on weekends in Ukiah, Fort Bragg, Willits, and other places in Northern California. Sometimes the game was on the radio which was pretty cool.

One memory: we had finished a game in Healdsburg and went to the Russian River to take a swim. A couple of us looked up at the bridge crossing the river and thought it would be fun to jump off. I'm not sure who went with me, but we went up, looked at the no jumping signs and off we went. When we got out of the water, we were confronted by two sheriff's deputies and told that we would be cited unless we would agree to never come back to Healdsburg. I'm proud to say I have never been back to Healdsburg." ■

THE YEAR DAVID NEARLY SLEW GOLIATH

By Mike Sheehan, H' 71 Copyright 2003

Nearly 32 years have passed since tiny St. Joseph High School made its lone visit to the Central Coast Section (CCS) Regional Soccer Playoffs, but vivid images of that exceptional season — one that will never be repeated — still linger. Nestled in the Los Altos foothills overlooking Highway 280, the four-year Catholic seminary could muster a total enrollment of only 118 boys back then, due partly to a severe decline in vocations for the priesthood and partly to the strict discipline and academic standards enforced by the school. And although the archbishop finally closed the school's doors permanently in 1980, for one grand moment the St. Joseph soccer program could rank itself equal to the biggest and best in the CCS.

Throughout the regular season, St. Joseph had proved its worthiness for a playoff berth by defeating schools with up to 10 times or more as many students. Clad in blue and gold, the Bruins successfully challenged formidable Catholic opponents — including a lopsided win over Bellarmine, victories versus Serra and Sacred Heart, and a 2-1 stunner against West Catholic Athletic League (WCAL) champion St. Francis — as well as an impressive roster of public schools, such as Los Altos, Saratoga, Blackford, Willow Glen, Mt. Pleasant, Prospect, Mountain View and Dublin. Overall, the seminarians amassed 21 victories and netted 68 goals, while suffering only five losses.

Nevertheless, as an independent school with no league affiliation, St. Joseph could rightly be denied a playoff spot. Bruins athletic director and soccer coach Gordon Lacey took his case to the CCS board, but the prospect of post-season play still appeared bleak. Finally, with time running out, Coach Lacey's persistence helped persuade CCS officials to set up an elimination tournament among four independent schools — Pescadero, York of Monterey, Woodside Priory and St. Joseph — to decide who would capture a newly created "at-large" playoff berth.

A Blend of Skill and Desire

Heading into the tourney, St. Joseph was described in the local media as a "thinking" ball club that featured a solid mix of skill, hustle and desire. The flair was provided by a pair of confident halfbacks, co-captains Kevin O'Connor and Alfredo Montelongo, who often frustrated opponents with their nifty moves and crisp, accurate passes, and junior winger Paul Hagan, who excelled at one-on-one soccer. Goalkeeping duties were shared by seniors John Walsh and Sal Chavez, who displayed quick hands and fearless, kamikaze-like attitudes whenever they stepped into the net. Sweeper Paul Trevisan manned the rear defensive post, while center forward Mike

Sheehan provided much of the offensive scoring punch (12 goals, 13 assists in 24 games). Both players possessed outstanding speed and quickness well-suited to an aggressive style of play that emanated from a burning determination to win, no matter what the price.

One of the Bruins top athletes, John Cantillon — who handled center fullback with the efficiency of a well-made vacuum cleaner — contributed 18 goals, all as a result of either penalty shots or free kicks, often from 25-30 yards away. Powerfully built, Cantillon played in a calm, unworried style, yet consistently came through when the game was on the line. When the team needed a goal, it was "Moose," as John was fondly nicknamed, who often supplied it. Even as the goals and victories piled up, attempting to explain the reasons behind St. Joseph's success was difficult. The previous year the team won 17 games, and the 1970-1971 team looked forward to surpassing that mark. In fact, when asked by San Jose Mercury News sports reporter Jim Street how the Bruins had been able to accumulate so many victories against strong opponents, Coach Lacey could only reply, "I'm not sure why we've done so well in soccer. Most of the players come to St. Joseph with little or no experience."

Then just how did this tiny school manage to make such a big splash? Perhaps it was because everyone lived on campus and would often take advantage of free time, such as weekends, to kick the ball around, work on conditioning and improve their skills. Or maybe it resulted from a deep respect and unspoken confidence the players held in one another's abilities. Moreover, it seemed the team often drew strength from the obvious disdain certain opponents — particularly other Catholic schools — voiced toward playing against a "bunch of priests," and used that attitude to further fan an intense desire to succeed.

One thing for certain: the players believed in themselves and always expected to win. And of course, the St. Joseph line-up was almost perfectly typecast for a Catholic seminary team: four Irish kids provided most of the scoring and playmaking, while a fast, physical Italian anchored the defense. Regardless, the stage was set, and the team wanted to show it could compete with the best.

A Test of Wills

Needing two wins in the elimination tournament, the Bruins blanked Pescadero 1-0 on a Cantillon penalty kick, then routed Woodside 5-1 behind the scoring of Cantillon, Sheehan and Jim Farley to advance to the "real" playoffs. After weeks of

hoping for a chance to compete for a regional championship, the wish had come true.

What followed was a true test of stamina and will: three hard-fought games including a rematch, 10 overtime periods, and some intense, rugged soccer. In the quarterfinal match against Santa Clara Valley League champion Buchser High, St. Joseph faced its most bruising opponent of the season. As the sunny afternoon wore on, neither team was able to gain the upper hand due to the superb play of the goalkeepers and swarming defenders. During regulation time, Buchser was able to match a pair of goals by Cantillon — scored off free kicks, naturally — with two tallies of their own, but the score remained unchanged after four ferocious overtimes.

In accordance with high school rules of the day, St. Joseph advanced to the semifinal round by virtue of a 3-2 edge in corner kicks. The Bruins had faced their first CCS challenge and come away with a victory!

After the Buchser game, local newspapers started using phrases such as “Cinderella team” and “St. Joseph Saga Grows” to describe what they regarded as the team’s surprising success. Unfortunately, as with many Cinderellas, midnight finally struck for the Bruins during the semi-final match against St. Francis High School. After playing to a 0-0 tie in regulation, the teams battled through three scoreless overtime periods. In the fourth overtime, however, St. Francis hit two quick goals — one on a penalty kick — and the Bruins dream of a championship vanished. Deflated but unbowed, St. Joseph came back the following week to defeat Andrew Hill 2-1 in two overtimes at Spartan Stadium to capture the consolation champion trophy and a third-place finish in the CCS playoffs.

Despite the semifinal loss, the players who made up the 1970-1971 St. Joseph Bruins can look back with special pride on their 21-5-3 record. And even though David failed to tame Goliath on that occasion, he seemed to prove that good things sometimes do come in small packages. ■



1970-71 Central Coast Section (CCS) Soccer Consolation Champions (3rd Place)

Back row, L to R: John Mosunic (manager) H'71, Sal Chavez H'71, Paul Trevisan H'71, Charles Churchfield H'71, Kevin O'Connor H'71, John Cantillon H'71, Jim Farley H'72, Alfredo Montelongo H'72, Mike Sheehan H'71, Charlie Clifford H'72, John Walsh H'71

Front row, L to R: Coach Gordon Lacey, Mike Brown H'71, Joe Cirimele H'72, Dave Steacy H'72, Paul Hagan H'72, John Buhagiar H'72, Mike Gard H'71, Pat Bellomi (manager) H'71

John Ravnik, Rhet '59, Moves to Arkansas (Arkansas?!)

Our photographer, John Ravnik, whom we honored as the first recipient of the James P. Murphy Award is moving to Arkansas to live close to a daughter and her family. We might have a replacement in John's helper over the years, Bruce Begondy R'59. But it is a loss for us. John says he will return regularly to visit, especially around Alumni Day. Vaya con Dios!

Lost Alumni

This is a list of some Alumni with whom we have recently lost contact. If you have any information, please let Don Carroll, Mark Wandro, or Jim Harvey know.

1. Michael Walsh
2. Frank Matulich
3. Joseph Riva
4. Ronald Hall
5. Joseph Marcellin
6. Carl Catt
7. Rev. Lawrence Ryan
8. Ronald San Miguel
9. William Shaughnessy
10. Charles Pozzi
11. Paul Gerecke
12. Patrick O'Flaherty
13. Michael Renaghan
14. James Lowe
15. Paul Minta
16. Arthur Gordillo
17. Severon Bueschel
18. Donald Callaghan
19. George Filice
20. Richard Ormsby
21. David Valenzuela
22. Eric Ivary
23. Dr. Timothy Coughlin
24. Donald Doran
25. Michael Garcia
26. Rev. Donald Fraser
27. John Hyland
28. Daniel Cano
29. John Trainor

Future Newsletters

Please let us know if there are topics that you would like to have highlighted in future Newsletters. Topics may be a particular activity with which you have been involved or are interested in, or perhaps career or vocation experiences.

Jim Harvey ja_harvey@yahoo.com

In Memoriam

Names are associated with Rhet, College, or High School, and do not necessarily mean that the individual stayed in the seminary through that year. Each of these individuals will be remembered by name at the Board's annual Mass for Deceased Alum, and during the Mass on Alumni Day.

Peter R. Anderson	College 1969
Patrick Bellomi	College 1975
Msgr. Gerald J. Brady	Rhet 1953
Richard H. Brainard	Rhet 1944
Robert E. Ceremony	Rhet 1963
Michael J. Collins	Rhet 1953
Kenneth Crowe	Rhet 1960
Robert A. Isola	Rhet 1959
Rev. William Leininger	Rhet 1950
Msgr. Maurice ("Mickey") McCormick	Rhet 1953
James Nice, Maryknoll	Rhet 1963
Thomas L. O'Connor	Rhet 1960
John Petroni	Rhet 1952
Rev. Wilton Smith	Rhet 1952

Stay in the loop ...

Don't miss our colorful and informative newsletters, our Alumni Day information, and more. If you have moved recently please let us know: write us a note, send us a quick email, or contact us through our school's website. **If items we mailed to you bounced back to us, then we need to delete your mailing label from our file.** Don't let this happen to you!!!

Thank you!

Chuck Smith, R'60, Alumni Board Member
Email: CPSmith@garlic.com

Contact Information

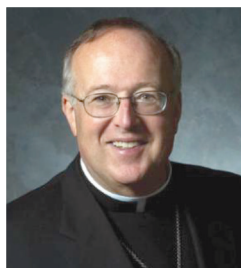
Please do contact us with any change of address, suggestions, alumni updates, opinions or concerns.

Don Carroll at donandmaryjocarroll@gmail.com or
Chuck Smith at CPSmith@garlic.com

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St. Patrick's College
Alumni Association**
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MENLO PARK, CA 94025

DAY OF RECOLLECTION by NATIONAL WEBINAR
was successfully held Online on Saturday, February 27, 2021

Thank You All Participants And Specially To Our Speakers



Most Rev. Robert W. McElroy (H'72)
Bishop of San Diego



Sister Joan Chittister, OSB