RapAround

JOAN M. SMITH, Editor

Twenty years have gone by since McQuaid's first graduating class and now the alumni sons are returning to their fathers' alma mater. Above are Charles Fitzpatrick (father, Mike, '58); Frederick Yazback (father, Anthony, '58); David Maloy (father, Thomas, '58); Christopher and James Brennan (father, James, '58).

Photo by Terrance J. Brennan

Second Generation at McQuaid

By JOAN M. SMITH

In 1958, Alaska became the 49th state, Cardinal Angelo Roncalli became Pope John XXIII, "beat" and "beatnik" described the beat generation, a popular song was "The Purple People Eater" . . . and McQuaid Jesuit High School graduated its first class.

McQuaid, in 1979, will celebrate 25 years and the school has come full circle. The first alumni sons are in the freshmen and sophomore classes.

"It's just great to see the alumni sons," smiled Father Richard Noonan, alumni director, who along with RapAround talked with a few of the celebrities. He had a great time matching them up with their fathers. He also kept busy straightening their ties for the photographer and as one freshman laughed, "They should be the long narrow kind." He referred to the ties worn in the 50's.

Any other differences between generations? "The haircuts," they all chorused as they scanned the '58 version of the Accolade. Other tidbits gleaned from the first yearbook — the McQuaid gridmen finished with a 5-2 season — the basketball team won 15, lost 3 — the Campion debaters, according to the Accolade, spent as much time worrying about billions of dollars as did the U.S. Senate and its appropriation committees. "Should foreign aid be substantially increased?" happened to be the National Topic for that year.

The Elmwood Avenue school and its activities are not unknown factors to freshmen students Charles Fitzpatrick, James and Chris Brennan, Frederick (Ricky) Yazback and sophomore David Maloy. In Charlie's case he attended eighth grade there and along with the others was kept acquainted with the McQuaid traditions through his father.

"We used to pull out the yearbook quite a bit," noted Charlie whose father, Michael, graduated in 1958. As a McQuaid student, Mike Fitzpatrick, was vice president of the senior class, a member of the sodality and played varsity baseball.

Charlie has jumped right into the activity — he's playing freshman football and says he'll be swimming varsity.

Also playing football are the Brennan twins, James and Chris who are graduates of St. Agnes grammar school, Avon. They said they had heard about McQuaid's great discipline from their father, James (class '58). He was a member of the student council, bowling team, played baseball and intramural sports.

Ricky Yazback, from St. Rita's, had always planned on attending McQuaid. He's enthused about the school spirit — a spirit started during his father's days at the school. There wasn't much Ricky's dad, Anthony ('58) wasn't involved in; he was a member of the sodality, athletic council, student council (served as vice president, two years) camera club and along with basketball managing duties found the time to play intramural sports and work on the Lance news staff.

Charles, James, Chris and Ricky will be members of the 25th graduating class in 1982. David Maloy has the honor along with classmates Jerold Hamza (father, Jerry, '59) and Raymond LeChase (father, Ray, '60) to be the first alumni sons to graduate. They'll be members of the 1981 graduating class.

Dave's father, Thomas ('58) was a member of the sodality, bowling team and played intramural sports.

Other alumni sons now attending McQuaid who will graduate in 1982 are: Dennis Foran (Charles '60), Nino Gagliano (Nino, Sr. '60), Terrence Garvey (James, '60), John Heisel (George, '59), Michael Murphy (E. Patrick '59), Todd Wisner (Donald, '59).

Before leaving, the boys informed RapAround that they were not the only ones with ties to those beginning years. According to them, Thomas Seymour, football coach; Giacomo Achille, History; Father James Malone, Religion, Latin; and Miss Esther Cleary, receptionist were around in the founding years and are still a part of the McQuaid community.

Speaking Out

By TINA LORSONG DeSales

When I was approached by our Courier-Journal representative in school and asked if I would write an article I thought, "Who me? What should I write about?" She suggested I write something on sports knowing I was fond of them.

With that idea in mind, I finished the school day, got into my goalie gear and headed for the soccer field. Our team had a home game against the Big Green of Naples, a first class team, but we knew if we concentrated and kept up our determination we could upset them and win the game. Unfortunately, the Big Green had other plans and won the game in the second overtime.

Even though we lost, everyone shouted with joy. You see, we played our very best and to us that is the real victory in life — to do your best at whatever you choose to do. That's all Christ wants us to try to be, the best possible person we can be.

As goalie, I watched the action continuously and I was proud to see my teammates play with such determination and hope. The desire we had to win erased any aches or pains that we suffered. I felt an electro-force among the girls on the team — we played as a team. Naples scored twice but we got those points back tying the game 2-2 and held them until the end of the game when it became evident that we would have to play two five-minute overtimes. We held them scoreless in the fourth quarter shot after shot on goal.

With three minutes left in the second overtime, Naples scored. I felt miserable; the rest of the team was down and out but only momentarily. Why should we let one goal completely obliterate all we had worked so hard for? Again, we mounted an attack to score but the gun was fired and we had lost. But did we really lose? I say no, we played like champions!

The greatest achievement that came out of that game was the fine sportsmanship of both teams. The girls from Naples were kind and friendly. Our team was friendly too and somewhat relieved that the "fight was over". That game will always carry a special remembrance in my mind though I can't pinpoint exactly why. Maybe it was the sportsmanship or the fact we played so determinedly, or both.