

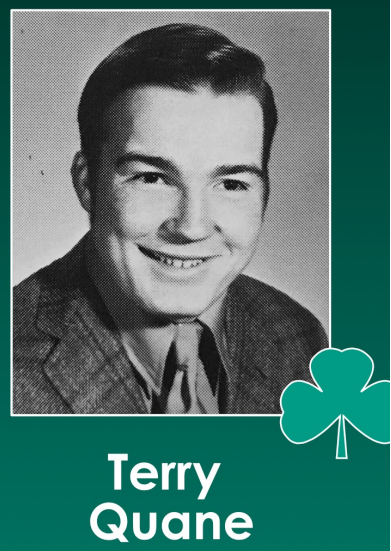
Memories

Terry Quane Memories

My memories of playing football for St. Pat's are all good (except of course for the triple sessions in August. We all were allowed one mouthful of water to drink after each session. But hey, they gave us salt pills). We did not know what to expect our freshman year. I was told in eighth grade to try out for the backfield because the lineman would be too big. I am sure Nick, Gary, etc. breathed a sigh of relief when I went out for a lineman position.

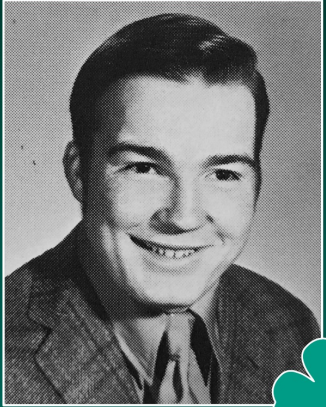
Memories/reflections from 50 years ago are suspect so I ask for your understanding if I make a mistake or two along the way. I remember:

- Coach Buscar telling us if we had to 'puke' to do it by the fence and not on the field



Memories

Terry Quane Memories Continued



Terry
Quane



- Our 7:30am meeting at school before our freshman games
- Pounding St. Joe's in our first game which allowed us to realize we had a pretty good team
- Holding practice in the parking lot before the Marist game, which would decide the Freshman Championship, because our field was a quagmire
- For the same reason having to walk to Steinmetz in full pads
- After Coach Bauer berated us for bad language ("F" this and "F" that), he too often heard while we were going into the locker room one of the guys saying in a low voice, "Ah F' you Bauer"



Memories

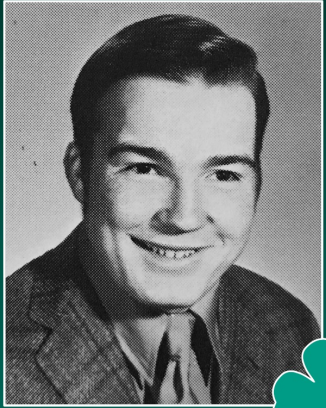
Terry Quane Memories Continued

- Coach Scannell suffering a broken hand showing us how to play quarterback one practice
- Kohn, Sumo, Duff, Buscar et. al. leaving us too soon

It was fun to play football at Pat's. It was my privilege to play with a core group of guys who came from many parts of the city to form a great team. I will wear my HOF Shirt with pride and as a reminder of the friends I made along the way.

Terry Quane

PS: No one asked me but I think the next individual who should be selected for the HOF is John Marsden. He was a four year starter, and the toughest guy I ever faced on the field.



Terry
Quane

