

A Tribute To Coach Jim Faulk

James Joseph Faulk, (Col. USMCR Ret.),
COACH of St. Agnes Home and School for Boys,
Sparkill (Rockland County) New York

By: GERALD F MERNA

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“MR. EVERYTHING:” James Joseph Faulk, (Col. USMCR Ret.), COACH of St. Agnes Home and School for Boys, Sparkill (Rockland County) New York



ABSTRACT

Jim Faulk: Athletic Director, guidance counselor, social worker, disciplinarian, trainer, varsity and junior varsity coach for football, basketball, baseball, wrestling and golf. And...a World War II United States Marine

By: GERALD F MERNA

A TRIBUTE TO "MR. EVERYTHING" JAMES JOSEPH FAULK

(February 2, 1908 – June 19, 1985)

Coach/Athletic Director; Inspirational Leader; Mentor/Father Figure; and
Colonel, U.S. Marine Corps Reserve (Ret.),--and perhaps it's now time to formally add the title of:

"MR. HOUSE'S KID" OF ST. AGNES HOME AND SCHOOL FOR BOYS, SPARKILL, NY

(By Gerald F. Merna, St. Dominic's Convent 1942-1944; St. Agnes 1944-1946)

Faulk — Mr. Everything at St. Agnes

This is the second of a six-part series focusing on this year's six inductees into the Rockland County Sports Hall of Fame.

By JONATHAN GRAF
Special Correspondent

If records had been kept, former St. Agnes School athletic director James Faulk would have to be considered one of the winningest coaches in Rockland County history.

Joe Brill, a member of the Rockland Sports Hall of Fame screening committee and a player under Faulk, estimates that the coach's teams won an average of 50 games a year at the Sparill school. Multiply that figure by 24 years and the final figure is 1,200 career victories.

And for his accomplishments, Faulk, 70, will be inducted into the county's Sports Hall of Fame along with five other Rockland legends Saturday, April 15 at the Nanuet Holiday Inn, beginning at 7:30 p.m.

Faulk was Mr. Every-



Jim Faulk

thing at St. Agnes before he left in 1958 for Florida. His responsibilities included athletic director, guidance counselor, social worker, disciplinarian, trainer, and varsity and junior varsity coach for football, basketball, baseball, wrestling and golf. He also conducted a sports program for St.

Agnes alumni and coached several town teams as well.

When Faulk arrived in Rockland County in 1933, fresh out of the University of Alabama, he immediately worked towards enlarging the sports program at the school. He felt that a larger program was needed to encourage the players.

Faulk must also be given a lot of credit for the success of Tappan Zee (formerly Piermont) High School's football championship teams during the Nick Mottola years. Many of them played well enough to be chosen All Rockland. Some of those players include: Don and Ed Hennessey, Charlie Gorbea, Red Rooney, Ray Drake, Bob Favre, Bill Lehman, Steve Wellington, Bill Herbert, Ed Kelly, Joe Brill, Joe Almeida, Tom Hunt, Carlos, John and Guido Coriano, Frank Quisquad, and Angelo Figeroa.

Villanova University and the New York Military Academy offered Faulk a coaching position but he accepted a far less salary to remain with boys at St. Agnes.

ROCKLAND SPORTS HALL OF FAME

"I don't regret staying at St. Agnes," Faulk said from his home in Orlando, Fla. "I'd do it all over again if I could."

Faulk rose to the rank of colonel in the Marine Corps during World War II and while stationed at Guadalcanal conceived the idea of building a new gymnasium at St. Agnes. He wrote a monthly newsletter to the school and it was included in the school's service bulletin. More than 400 graduates responded and mailed in close to \$17,000. The gym was constructed several years after the war ended and has since been used by thousands of Rockland athletes.

Faulk said the boys he worked with were more important to him than any records he ever achieved. His well known motto was, "It

is better to build boys than to mend men."

Faulk's record of building men stands for itself. Two Notre Dame graduates and former sports greats at St. Agnes should be noted. Bob Mellspaugh ended his military career as a lieutenant colonel in the Army and was a prisoner of war during World War II and the Korean War. Jim Shea is a department head at Kings College in Wilkes Barre, Pa.

The Merna brothers are also credits to Faulk's leadership. Jerry Merna is deputy vice president of the U. S. Postal Service and is a retired Marine captain who saw action in Viet Nam. His brother, Jim, has had his deeds recorded in the Congressional Record at least eight times for his work around the Washington D.C. area for aiding Viet Nam

veterans in various hospitals.

Faulk said that former players visit him at the rate of three or four a month and he has nearly 80 of them on his Christmas list.

Although Faulk sold real estate when he moved to Florida in 1958, he soon went back to his first love — working with youngsters — and was appointed supervisor of counselors in the Orlando Juvenile Department.

Faulk couldn't stay out of sports either. For three years he worked as an inspector for Florida's Horse Racing Commission. Faulk presently holds positions in the admissions department of a dog track and Seminole Harness Raceway in Orlando.

Faulk also keeps busy by visiting the elderly sick of his church:

"I am happy with my life," Faulk said. "The Lord has really been good to me."

The Journal-News (Pg. 5B), Nyack, NY, Monday, March 27, 1978



Coach Faulk at his favorite sport

(Picture Courtesy of Robert Millsbaugh, St. AAA)



1940—Coach at St. Agnes

(Picture: Courtesy of Joe Wiska, STAAA)



Captain Jim Faulk, U.S.M.C.

(Picture Courtesy of Louis Reyes, STAAA)

Preface:

On September 27, 2006, David Feliciano, the founder and webmaster of the St. Agnes Alumni Association website (www.stagnesalumni.org/), sent an email to his Brother Peter, copying me. (Pete assists David on his website while Pete hosts another related Alumni website, (St. Agatha Home Kids, <http://stagathahome.org/>) saying, *“Our website (St, Agnes AA) only has a few Jim Faulk items (a plaque and a few photos). Coach Faulk played a major role in the development of so many boys as we grew into men. Our website should have more Coach Faulk items.*

I responded to both Brothers that same day saying, *“I have a few things I can forward to you in next few days.”* And I did. Justifiably not satisfied with getting “a few things,” David wrote me seven years later (August 26, 2013) saying, *“I was wondering if you might have a photo essay about Coach Faulk. I would like to include a tribute to Coach Faulk in our 10 Year Website Anniversary issue. If you don’t have a photo essay, then photos, news articles, emails, etc. about Coach Faulk would do. Hope you can help.*

I couldn’t agree more with the Feliciano Brothers that our website needs MUCH more about our esteemed Coach and Mentor, Jim Faulk, without whom there is little doubt there would even be a St. Agnes Alumni Website, or for that matter even the many St. Agnes Newsletters started in 1942. My response was “of course I’ll help”, and this “Tribute” is my contribution.

But I would be remiss if I didn’t point out that there is also a wealth of Coach Faulk data, albeit “scattered” about and “buried” in a lot of stories and articles with titles that may not make it all that well known, that our readers might want to explore. I selected a few of the major ones almost entirely devoted to Coach Faulk that should certainly be included in any “Tribute” to our Coach. In this regard, both Bernard Neville and Jim Merna contributed several well-written and informative articles that should never be lost.

Here are a couple of major stories (and I’m sure there are others) already on our Website with different “titles” but that include significant mention of Coach Faulk, items perhaps worthy of another (or perhaps a “first”) look:

- [St. Agnes Alumni Association's "Golden Jubilee" By GFM \(View & Download PDF Version - FileSize 2.8 MB\)](#)
- [Donald Francis Antonacci: "Houses Kid", Patriot, and Hero 1937 - 1990 \(By G.F. Merna, STAAA\)](#)

And there are also a wealth of on-line photo contributions by Joe Stanaitis, David and Pete Feliciano, John Antonacci, myself and others, which also include pictures of Coach.

With a relatively short deadline, I thought I’d contribute whatever “new” or “relatively unknown” data I have and, as mentioned above, combine it all and use this Tribute to more or less “collect” the more relevant pictures and articles about Coach in one place.

Due to some of the old collected articles/clippings not being “original,” copies, or too large to insert horizontally, or otherwise problematic, I’ve taken the time to enlarge them then “cut and paste” them where possible for easier reading.

Notwithstanding all of the above, there *are still insufficient* photos of Coach Faulk (at least available to me) to do justice to a “photo essay” so I decided the next best thing is to make this a “comprehensive summary” of any and all available photos and articles, stories, essays, etc. written about Coach throughout the years by many Alumni, the Media and others; that has been my attempt with this Tribute. Instead of *explaining* the “articles” it is much more appropriate to let them “speak for themselves” as they were written, eliminating unnecessary duplication and/interpretation. I also “borrowed” a few pictures from other web site stories where doing so would contribute to the overall “Tribute.” Since not everybody has seen them all, this is appropriate.

About Coach Faulk:

Let me tell you about another great coach -- one who I regarded as the best coach in America -- my high school coach at St. Agnes Home for Boys in Sparkill, New York, one of the two orphanages where I was raised.

His name was Jim Faulk, an inspirational leader unsurpassed. When he was inducted into the Rockland County Sports Hall of Fame in 1978, the program citation read: "Jim Faulk not only was the coach, he was 'Mr. Everything' at St. Agnes. He did it all. He was the athletic director, the guidance counsellor, the social worker, the disciplinarian, the trainer, the varsity and J.V. coach for all the sports, which included football, basketball, baseball, wrestling and golf. In his spare time he also ran a full sports program for the alumni. He even drove the school bus." In his acceptance speech, he said, "I made it only because of the gutsy kids I coached at St. Agnes." I know he said it because I was there.

Jim Faulk came to St. Agnes in 1933, fresh out of the University of Alabama. Through the years, he turned down lucrative offers from Villanova and other prestigious colleges to remain at a much lower salary with the orphan boys and kids from broken homes. He devoted his life to St. Agnes -- and to the Dominican nuns there -- helping needy youngsters advance through life.

He produced football teams so tough that few schools wanted to play him. One of the schools that accepted the challenge was St. Cecelia's High School in Englewood, New Jersey. Its young coach then, just out of Fordham, later went on to fame as head coach of the Green Bay Packers and the Washington Redskins -- Vince Lombardi.

Coach Faulk tried to set up a game with the New York Military Academy, an exclusive prep school for West Point. They only played us when our coach had them thinking we were a fancy prep school like them -- they thought we were St. Agnes Prep. Little did they know we were an orphanage with ragtag uniforms and sometimes borrowed equipment. Anyway, we established a relationship and ended up playing them for many years.

During World War II, Coach Faulk took a leave of absence from St. Agnes to join the Marines. He was a Captain in command of artillery units and saw extensive combat in the Pacific, including action at Guadalcanal. He remained in the Marine Corps Reserve in later life and retired as a full colonel.

He wrote many inspiring letters from his combat assignments during the war that were reprinted in a newsletter sent out by the nuns to St. Agnes men serving in the military around the globe. He always addressed his letters "To the Fightingest Boys in the World." In one of his letters, as he was aboard ship and waiting to go over the side, he wrote:

"There is absolutely no group of men in this wide world as loyal and devoted to its alma mater and to each other as you fighting boys from St. Agnes. No doubt, as you move from place to place in your travels to all continents and mingle with men from all states and nations, you must begin to appreciate more and more that spirit of St. Agnes -- the spirit that is so much a part of your daily lives.

"No one but a St. Agnes boy could understand that deep loyalty and respect you have for each other. Stick together in war as you did in peace. Let the Sisters back home know where you are and what you are doing. Whether a private or a captain, you all speak the same language; you all have the same ideals and you are all heroes in my book. The Sisters feel likewise. They are bursting with pride and joy over your accomplishments."

That's the type of man Coach Jim Faulk was -- always caring, inspiring, encouraging and motivating St. Agnes men to excel and achieve. And many St. Agnes graduates heard his message and followed in his footsteps. Let me mention some of them.

St. Agnes had as many as 600 kids fighting in World War II. Over 40 were killed, hundreds were wounded, and many were decorated for bravery. Guys like: Charlie Loesch, who lost his leg in the muddy mountains of sunny Italy. (His reaction: "when I get my artificial leg, everything will be just the same as when I had two genuine legs"); 1st Lt. A.J. Fabrizi, who completed 50 bombing missions over enemy territory with the 15th Air Force in Italy; Francis Mahon, who went back to Walter Reed Hospital for the third operation to save his eye; the mother of Bill Callahan wrote to let us know her son was a P.O.W. His address then was Stalag 17 B, Germany; Frank Napoli, paratrooper, won the Silver Star and the Purple Heart after major landings in Sicily and Salerno, Italy; Sam Torresse, who Coach Faulk wrote to and said, "I was sorry to hear about your wounds ... it will take more than a Nazi to flatten you"; Jim Nestor - Coach Faulk talked to other Marines

who were with him when he gave his life on a ridge in the Marianas “trying to prevent a breakthrough of fanatic, drunken Nips”; and Captain David Loeser, Army, killed in action in Luxembourg, the first St. Agnes kid to attain the rank of Captain.

I could go on and on, but as Coach Faulk said, these were gutsy kids, and true heroes they were. They were my legacy, they are yours, and they are America's.

Literally hundreds and hundreds of St. Agnes men, including two brothers and myself, joined the Marine Corps, inspired by the example set by Coach Faulk. I had two other brothers join the Navy. Coach Faulk was, in my opinion, probably the greatest unofficial recruiter the Marine Corps ever had.

Jim and his wife Betty were never blessed with children. We took care of that. Some of us named our children after him. My oldest son is named James Faulk Merna. Coach Faulk was very proud of his namesake and visited him with much pride when he was a midshipman at the U.S. Naval Academy. Our son graduated with the Class of 1987, is married with two children, and is a lawyer with the most prominent law firm in Atlanta.

Coach Faulk once told me in a letter, while I was in Korea during that war, “One character trait that I admired in all of you St. Agnes men -- you went out into the world with two strikes on you, and never expected to be embraced, gave your all for your country when it asked, and, now, most of you are raising families who can truly say -- my father came up the hard way.”

Now you can see why I said earlier that someone like Coach Faulk was the greatest coach that I have ever known. Our nation needs strong coaches like Coach Faulk, Coach Parry, and Ben Wright, because they are doing as much to build the character of our future leaders as any other group of men or women.

Above are excerpted remarks made by my Brother Jim Merna (St. Dominic's 1942-1946; St. Agnes 1946-1948) at the Elks Club Flag Day Obervance in Frederick, MD on June 10, 2001

About "Coach's Teams"



Many articles, words, terms and/or expressions have been used to describe the qualities of Coach Faulk, including such terms as: Coach/Athletic Director; Trainer/Athlete; Inspirational; Leader; Marine; Mentor; Friend/Father Figure; Social Worker; Disciplinarian; and even Journalist (for the many items he contributed to the St. Agnes Newsletter while a Marine Officer serving overseas in World War II), and other titles, depending on the experiences of the Nuns and Orphans and Abandoned Children of St. Agnes Home and School for Boys, proudly referring to themselves as "Houses' Kids."¹



St. Agnes Football Team, Unknown Year (Photos courtesy St. Agnes Alumni Web Site)



Quarterback David Feliciano



(Photo courtesy Greg Flotard (no. 9 in picture) and St. Agnes Alumni Web Site)

¹ The term "Houses' Kid" was a slang term appropriately adopted by the children who, through no fault of their own, were orphaned or abandoned by their parents and subsequently placed in the custody of the Dominican Nuns of St. Agnes Home and School for Boys (Sparkill, NY). There they were supervised, educated and housed mostly by Nuns, Coach Faulk and other Counselors for the duration of their "custody" that ranged from as little as a year to many years. Because most of the boys were housed in the top floor of perhaps the largest building shown in pictures herein, they referred to it as the "Attic," and more commonly, both affectionately and irreverently, referred to the building as "The House," which the Alumni use to this day with great pride and affection.

COMMUNITY VIEW

Tale of a football game and the winning St. Agnes Saints of Sparkill

BERNARD S. NEVILLE

The crow circled lazily in the afternoon sky, as the combatants waged war in the Hudson River Valley below. The team could still be discerned, even though it was now splattered with mud, grass and occasional blood stains. Ron Schneider, quarterback and team captain of the Saints, exhausted, bone weary and dripping wet, waited anxiously for the tight end, Calvin Ziegler, to deliver the play from the sidelines.

Jim Faulk, head coach at Saint Agnes in Sparkill, gazed out at the defenders for the last time at this moment in the latter half of the 1950s. Wearing a navy Windbreaker with mud-stained khakis, he checked his game notes once again. Looking at Ziegler with piercing, blue eyes, he said, "Tell Ron fake hand off, left side, pass."

Zig, with blond hair, a thin, lanky, 6-footer, put his helmet on as he ran toward the team huddle. Coach cast his eyes at the clock and realized that this would be the last play of the game.

Just hours before, the team had boarded an old, yellow bus.

Destination: the New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson. Bill Karris, better known as "Sarge," the assistant coach, said, "This is the kind of weather every coach and player loves . . . football weather." That morning, coach took Route 9W north.

In the sky above, a crow materialized and followed the bus to its destination, the home of the infamous Knights of Cornwall. The team captains assembled on the 50-yard line for the toss of the game coin. The Knights won and elected to receive. The Saints of Saint Agnes assembled their team and lined up for the kickoff, and they waited for the referee to start the game.

The whistle blew, and the ball was kicked deep, landing in the Knight's end zone. One of their receivers caught the ball, returning it to the 10-yard line. The receiver was met with the crunching sounds of leather and plastic, mixed with an assortment of legs and arms, in odd positions, followed with moans and groans. The referee's whistle blew and the combatants disentangled, when a flurry of blows were thrown by

individuals on both teams.

Whistles were still blowing, the referee and judges, now rushing in, pulling the players from the pile-up and putting both teams on notice. This opening salvo was a portend of things to come. The game progressed, as James Dunn, left guard, took his defensive position on the line of scrimmage. He observed the Knights as they broke huddle, making low, growling, animal sounds as they took their positions. The offensive guard opposite Dunn, his right hand in a fist, a scowl on his face, made a few grunts as he shifted into position. He sprung at Dunn the moment the ball was snapped, with arms, legs and elbows pumping madly.

Dunn hesitated until the last moment and shifted to his right as his opponent went barreling past him. He was now in the Knights' backfield, as he saw "Whitey" Hayward also move in the direction of the ball carrier. Dunn saw a purplish blur out of the corner of his eye coming toward him. He tried to move, but it was too late. Dunn was hit with a bone-crushing blow and was



sent hurtling to the ground.

Dazed and disorientated, he reached out desperately and clutched what he felt was an ankle and pulled sharply. The ball carrier, whose ankle he had grabbed, lost his balance and pitched head-first onto the grassy field. The referee blew his whistle, and coach saw that one his players was still on the ground. It was Dunn. He threw down his clipboard, running along the sidelines toward the line judge. "What the hell do you call that," cupping his hands, yelling, "Are you blind or something? That was an illegal block, where's the flag?" he asked as a red glow came over his face.

Grimaced in pain, Dunn was helped off the field by Whitey Hayward to the team's bench. The Knights continued their onslaught and scored the first touchdown of the game. On the preceding kickoff, Ed "Ricky" Rickenbacker ran the ball back all the way to the Knight's 30-yard line. Coach called a time out, whereupon Ron ran over to the sideline for the next play.

After conversing for a few mo-

ments, coach looked over the field. "Single wing to the right, and I want Ricky to carry the ball," he said. "I want you to observe how their linebackers are playing their positions."

The next play, Ricky took the ball on a hand-off, as planned, and scored a touchdown. It lifted the team's spirit, but also raised the ire of the Knights.

It was now the fourth quarter, and the score was 21-all. Both teams moved the ball up and down the field to no avail. No quarter was given or asked for in this win-or-lose contest. With just minutes to go, the sky darkened, clouds rolled in and it began to rain. One of the players remarked that there was a crow at the end of the field, sitting on the goal post. When some of the players looked in that direction, the crow was gone.

Coach checked the game clock and realized that this would be last play of the game. He turned his gaze back to the field and saw Ziegler, wide-end, in a three-point stance. "Thirty-one, forty-five, hut! hut! hut!" Ron called out. The ball was snapped, a fake hand-off, and

Ron headed toward the sidelines, where he was met by a wall of defensive players at the line of scrimmage and tackled.

The referee was now ready to blow his whistle. The Knights were now on their feet, arms raised, in anticipation of at least a tied game.

In the distance, a lone, lanky, blond-haired player, wearing the team colors of blue and gold, reached out with open arms, caught the ball and secured it in the crook of his arm.

Ziegler headed toward the end zone. Touchdown!

The players boarded the bus for the journey home. "Men, you played a great game," Coach Faulk said, as he pulled the door closed and started the engine. A warm smile came over his face. Just then a crow took flight from the roof of an old, yellow, school bus, heading toward the hazy twilight.

The writer was one of the boys at the old St. Agnes School in Sparkill and now lives in Queen's Village, N.Y.

Article by Bernard Neville, St. Agnes Alumni, Nyack-Journal (Unk. Date)



St. Agnes Alumni John Antonacci at West Point

COMMUNITY VIEW

Recalling Coach Jim Faulk, who inspired at St. Agnes

BERNARD S. NELVILLE ^{NEVILLE}

The cold, blustery winds swept across the parade grounds, sending fragments of ice crystals smashing into buildings and humans alike. Against the onslaught, our group of 70 students stomped our feet, rubbed our hands and whatever else to keep us warm. One could feel the warm rays of the sun just coming over the horizon.

"OK, let's go, arms' distance apart and start running in place," a strong voice bellowed out.

He moved effortlessly up and down the field. With piercing blue eyes, he did not suffer fools gladly. This was my first introduction to James Faulk, head coach at the old St. Agnes School that once was located in Sparkill.

It was now football season, and this was his favorite sport. Everybody suited up and played, regardless of how poorly one played or how good one thought he was.

Standing at a little under 6 feet, he let everyone know in no uncertain terms that there were no heroes here, only team players. At times, he stood in the middle of the playing field and demonstrated how a pass should be thrown or how a player was to block his opponent. He offered words of encouragement, and at the same time he could let you know what you were doing wrong, with a personal lesson.

"What the hell do you call that? An old lady could have done better," he would say as he sent a player flying with driving body block.

A 'sight to behold'

In his blue windbreaker, creased khaki pants and ever-present whistle around his neck, he was a sight to behold. Ubiquitous could have been the correct word for him. You would never know where he would show up next.

Alongside him, ever-present, was his faithful companion, "Lady." She was an aging bulldog with free run of the grounds.

Coach gave the appearance of being driven in his pursuit of producing winning football teams. But there was more to him than this hard exterior.

He was always there at Christmas time when most of the others had left for the holidays. Alumni members traveled near and far to attend midnight Mass at the chapel and to pay their respects to him and the Dominican Sisters of Sparkill.

On Christmas Day, there was turkey with all the trimmings and all the ice cream one could eat. Coach made sure there were presents aplenty, with the help

of Santa Claus and the Lion's Club.

Our marching band, with his assistance, paraded up Fifth Avenue every St. Patrick's Day, and also took first prize at the Irish feis at Fordham University as the best marching band.

In the summertime, we would hop aboard the old, yellow school bus and coach would take us to various destinations. One time it would be the Rockaways, where we would stop at St. John's to park the bus and then spend the day on the boardwalk or go swimming.

We always spent some time at Tallman Mountain State Park. After all, it was right in our backyard, within easy walking distance. And, no summer was ever complete without a visit to Bear Mountain, with its swimming pool, zoo and walking trails.

There was an occasion I'll always remember. It was the time we traveled to The U.S. Military Academy at West Point to see the New York Giants baseball team play the cadets. The plebes, first-year cadets, were given the task of recovering the foul balls that landed outside the fence. A few students picked up on this and decided to partake in this activity. They recovered some of the fouls and then played catch among themselves. Every time a cadet got near, the student would throw the ball to someone else. This went on for sometime until the cadets finally recovered all the baseballs, with coach interceding on their behalf.

After the game we were shown the museum and the grounds by an Army guide, with coach pointing out a poignant fact or two to students and all concerned.

Gone but not forgotten

Jim Faulk retired as St. Agnes athletic director in 1958, and the last time I recall seeing him and his wife Betty was at a reunion at the John M. Perry Post in 1975 in Sparkill.

Coach was inducted into the Rockland Sports Hall of Fame and written up in the Congressional Record. He's gone now but not forgotten. Even some alumni have named their first-born after him.

To Jim Faulk, head coach and athletic director, captain, USMC, in World War II, mentor, humanitarian and leader, may you rest in peace.

Your journey is now over, and by your example, you have shown us the way to go home.

The writer now lives in Queens Village, N.Y. If you wish to appear in Community View, send your article to the addresses listed in the box on this page.



Special photo by Tim Farrell

Hall of Fame Chairman Al Bogitsh (left) presents awards to 1978 inductees (from left) Jim Brown, Jim Faulk, Nick Mottola, Frank Dawson (accepting for Ira Shuttleworth), Jim Schnaars and Hale DeChelfin.

Apr 16/78

Rockland Hall of Fame inducts 6 at ceremony



Rockland County



Sports Hall of Fame

**5th ANNUAL
AWARD DINNER DANCE**

Saturday April 15, 1978 — 7:30 P.M.

HOLIDAY INN

Route 59 Nanuet, N.Y



By Bernard Neville, St. Agnes Alumni, The Journal-News, Nyack, NY

JAMES (JIM) FAULK

(COACH)

**“More Than Just a Coach”
St. Agnes School, Sparkill, N. Y.
1934 – 1958**

The general opinions about Jim Faulk’s teams was that they were so tough nobody wanted to play them. Jim tuned down a lucrative offer from Villanova University and accepted a far less salary to work with the orphans at St. Agnes. He was more than a coach. He was a “father figure” to all the boys at St. Agnes. He was a builder and leader of men as attested to the fact that he went from a private in the U.S. Marines to a major.

Jim not only was the coach, he was Mr. Everything at St. Agnes. He did it all. He was the Athletic Director, the guidance counselor, the social worker, the disciplinarian, the trainer, the varsity and J. V. coach for all the sports which included football, basketball, baseball, wrestling and golf. In his spare time he also ran a full sports program for the alumni. He even drove the school bus.

Records have not been kept so that it is impossible to give you an exact won-lost record. Research done by screening committee member Joe Brilli, reveals that in 1949, Jim’s record for all sports was 64 wins and 37 losses. In 1950 his record was 51 and 27 (football, basketball, baseball). We do not have the records for the other 24 years that Jim Faulk coached. It is estimated that Jim’s teams won an average of 50 games per year (total of all sports). Over his 26 years of coaching that comes to 1,300 victories. Since most coaches only work one or two sports, we doubt if any other coach in the history of Rockland County has as many wins or has devoted as much of his time in the development of athletes as has Jim Faulk.

Jim Faulk must be given a lot of credit for the success of Tappan Zee High School’s Football Championship Teams.

The athletes he sent to Nick Mottola were so tough and well trained that most of them made all-county. To name a few they were Don and Ed Hennessey, Charlie Gorbias, Red Rooney, Ray Drake, Bob Favre, Bill Lehman, Steve Wellington, Bill Herbert, Ed Kelly, Joe Brilli, Joe Almeida, Tom Hunt, Carlos, John and Guido Coriano, Frank Quisquad and Angelo Figeroa.

Jim Faulk not only cared for “his boys”, he helped others as well. When Bob Tierney, later an All-American at Princeton, was playing football at Pearl River H.S., the Pirates had copied the P.S.A.L. title. There wasn’t any money awards. Jim bought his football team over the hill and played them in a benefit game to raise money for a sweater fund. It was one of many times Jim has extended a neighborly hand to help other Rockland County Schools.

Jim conceived the idea of starting an alumni association to raise money for a new gymnasium St. Agnes. This while squatting on Guadalcanal. Jim would write a monthly letter to Sister Ignatia who would include it in the St. Agnes service bulletin. More than 400 graduates mailed money back and soon there was \$17,000 donated. The new gym has been used by thousands of Rockland County Athletes since its inception.

John Mercurio, your present Screening Committee Chairman, worked 3 years for Jim as a counselor. This is his testimony for Jim Faulk. John said, “I was extremely impressed by him. He had that “indescribable something.” He radiated confidence. He was tough and fair. He would kick your butt if you deserved it and you would love him afterward because you knew he did it to make you a man. You knew he cared. He is a great man, yes more than just a coach. When he is inducted into the Rockland County Hall of Fame, there will be 500 or more of his Alumni that will want to attend his induction.

Jim’s motto was, “*it is less costly to build boys than to mend men.*” And did he ever!

**Remarks in the Program of the Rockland County Sports Hall of Fame,
5th Annual Award Dinner Dance, Nanuet, NY, Saturday, April 15, 1978**

Jim Faulk — An inspirational leader

By JAMES E. MERNA

Even though Jim Faulk left St. Agnes and Rockland County in 1959 to move to Orlando, Fla., and more recently to Chambersburg, Pa., he was never forgotten by his friends in Rockland County.

In 1978, Jim and his wife Betty, to whom he was married for 43 years, attended a banquet at the Holiday Inn in Nanuet. Jim was inducted, along with five other sports figures, into the Rockland County Sports Hall of Fame.

The program citation read: "Jim not only was the coach, he was Mr. Everything at St. Agnes. He did it all. He was the athletic director, the guidance counselor, the social worker, the disciplinarian, the trainer, the varsity and J.V. coach for all the sports, which included football, basketball, baseball, wrestling and golf. In his spare time he also ran a full sports program for the alumni. He even drove the school bus."

Jim Faulk came to St. Agnes in 1933, fresh out of the University of Alabama. Through the years, he turned down lucrative offers from Villanova, the New York Military Academy and other prestigious institutions to remain at a much lower salary with the orphans at St. Agnes. He produced football teams so tough, many agree, that few schools wanted to play him. One of the schools that accepted the challenge was St. Cecelia's High School in Englewood, N.J. Its young coach then was Vince Lombardi, who later went on to fame as head coach of the Green Bay Packers and the Washington Redskins.

Jim established a relationship with New York Military Academy, playing them in a variety of sports for a number of years only after having them first believe that St. Agnes, like NYMA, was a fancy prep school. Well, a fancy prep school we were not. St. Agnes kids, for the most part, were orphans and the products of broken homes, primarily from New York City. Most of us were sent to St. Agnes under the auspices of New York Catholic Charities.

It was at St. Agnes where Jim dedicated his life to helping needy youngsters improve their lot in life. He always said that the boys he worked with were more important to him than any records he may have set. When he was elected to the Rockland County Sports Hall of Fame, he said in his acceptance speech, "I made it only because of the gutsy kids I coached at St. Agnes."

During World War II, Jim took a leave of absence from St. Agnes to join the Marines. As a Marine Corps officer, he saw extensive combat duty in the Pacific, including action at Guadalcanal. He remained in the Marine Corps Reserve in later life and retired as a full colonel.

He wrote many inspiring letters from his combat assignments during the war that were reprinted in a newsletter sent out by the nuns to St. Agnes men

serving in the military around the globe. In one of his letters, as he was aboard ship and waiting to go over the side, he wrote:

"There is absolutely no group of men in this wide

James E. Merna is public affairs officer of the U.S. Department of Energy and lives in Lanham, Md. In writing this tribute to the late Jim Faulk, he notes:

"Few people have made as big an impact on Rockland County—or on the youth of America—as Coach Jim Faulk did.

"We mourn the passing of a friend, and a peerless role model for the thousands of youngsters he inspired during the 26 years he worked at St. Agnes Home for Boys in Sparkill as coach, counselor, athletic director.

"Rockland County, the Dominican Sisters of Sparkill and St. Agnes alumni were enriched by his presence and will be poorer for his absence.

"Jim Faulk died on June 19 at 77 and was buried in a family plot at St. Dennis Cemetery in Ardmore, Pa., near the place the place of his birth, Villanova.

world as loyal and devoted to its alma mater and to each other as you fighting boys from St. Agnes. No doubt, as you move from place to place in your travels to all continents and mingle with men from all states and nations, you must begin to appreciate more and more that spirit of St. Agnes—the spirit that is so much part of your daily lives.

"No one but a St. Agnes boy could understand that deep loyalty and respect you have for each other. Stick together in war as you did in peace. Let the Sisters back home know where you are and what you are doing. Whether a private or a captain, you all speak the same language; you all have the same ideals and you are all heroes in my book. The Sisters feel likewise. They are bursting with pride and joy over your accomplishments."

That's the type of man Jim Faulk was—always inspiring, encouraging and motivating St. Agnes men to excel and achieve. And many St. Agnes graduates heard his message and followed in his footsteps. Many walk taller in life today because of Jim Faulk's effort and concern. He cared like nobody cared.

Literally hundreds and hundreds of St. Agnes men, including two brothers and myself, joined the Marine Corps, inspired by the example set by Coach Faulk. He was probably the greatest unofficial recruiter the Marine Corps ever had. Continually inspired by Coach Faulk, many St. Agnes graduates have gone on to achieve great success in life. Joe Rosen, widely known as "Mr. St. Agnes Alumni Association," reports we have more than our share of doctors, lawyers, priests, teachers, law enforcement officers, firefighters and

professionals in the crafts and trades.

Jim and his wife Betty were never blessed with children of their own. But that didn't bother us. Many St. Agnes men adopted the Faulks—and they adopted

"I recall with pride Jim's motto, 'It is less costly to build boys than to mend men.' And build boys he did!

"I first met Coach Faulk in 1946 when I went to St. Agnes at the age of 13, after having finished grammar school at St. Dominic's Home in Blauvelt. We remained in close touch with each other through the years, and as recently as three weeks prior to his death, when I received my last letter from him.

"With my brother Jerry, and Bob and Ann Millspaugh from Orlando, Fla. (both men also ex-St. Agnes 'house kids,' as we were called), we were at St. Dennis Cemetery with family and friends when Coach Faulk was laid to rest."

The St. Agnes Alumni Association is planning a memorial mass for Faulk at its annual picnic in Sparkill on Aug. 10. "There won't be a dry eye in the chapel then, you can be sure," James Merna says.

us, and our children, as part of one big, happy family.

Some of us, including myself, even named our children after Coach Faulk. My eldest son, James Faulk Merna, 21, is a midshipman second class at the U.S. Naval Academy and president of the Class of 1987. Coach Faulk was very proud of his namesake, and visited him at Annapolis.

Coach Faulk once told me in a letter, while I was in Korea during that war, "One character trait that I admired in all of you St. Agnes men—you went into the world with two strikes on you and not expected to be embraced, gave your all for your country when it asked, and, now, most of you are raising families who can truly say—my father came up the hard way."

The citizens of Rockland County honored Coach Faulk during his lifetime—and he had a deep abiding love for them as well. This was manifested to me a few years ago when I asked Coach Faulk to think or two that I might be able to use in speaking to the John M. Perry American Legion Post in Sparkill. He offered the following:

"The people from Piermont, Sparkill and St. Agnes represent what this America really stands for. Their loyalty was always unquestioned, their devotion 100 percent, and they proved to be the greatest fighters in the world. Proof of their courage and sacrifice is evident in the Sparkill Square on Memorial Day where so many crosses are on display. No other towns in Rockland County together gave so many of their youths for the cause of freedom in World War II."

This was Coach Jim Faulk—a giant among men, a stout patriot, God-loving, widely respected and emulated. We cherish his memory and share in the very personal grief of his loved ones. His personal example and lifetime of encouragement he inspired many to greatness.

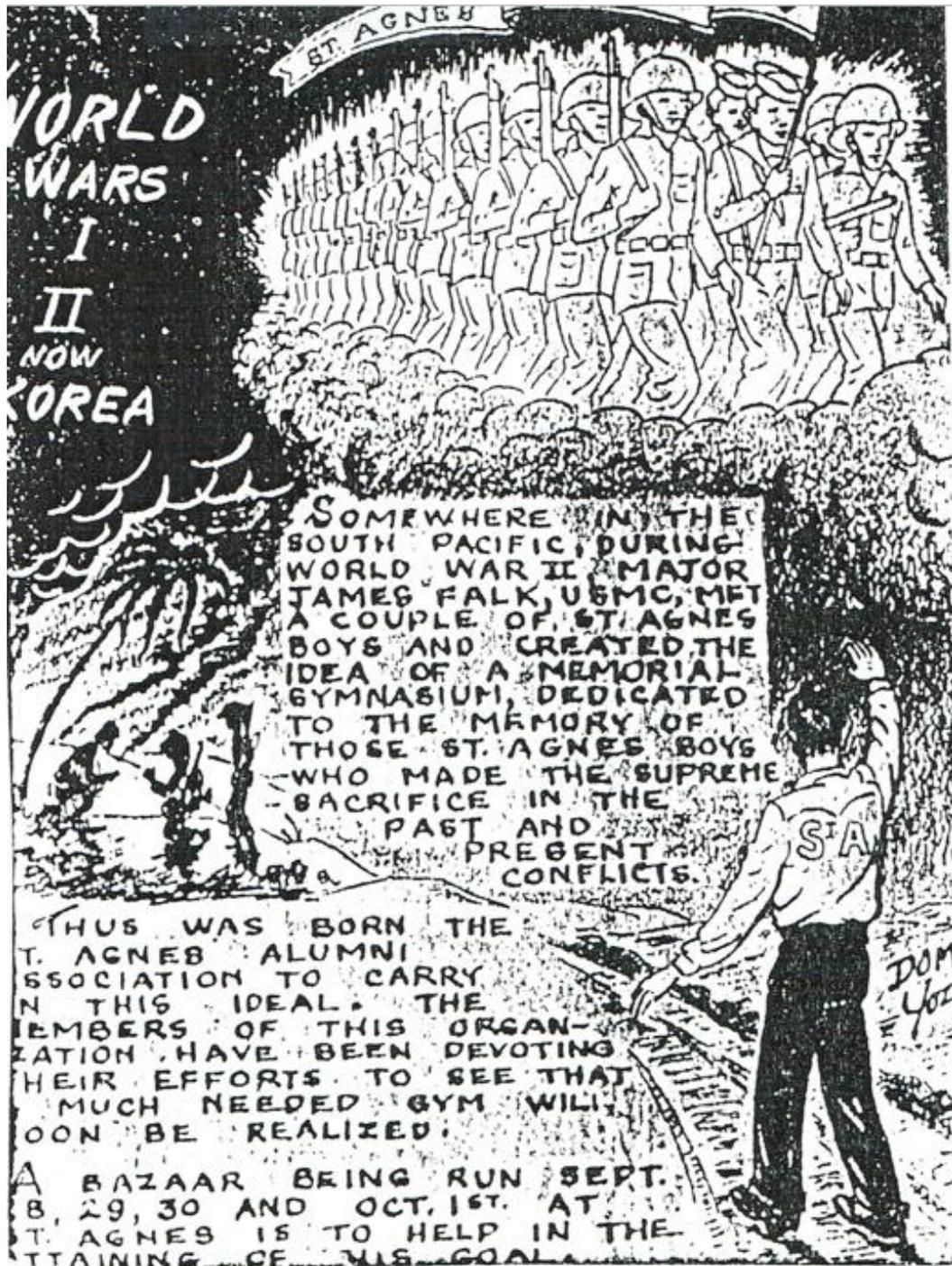
Rest in peace, Coach Jim Faulk.

Article by James E. Merna, St A, Viewpoints; Outlook, Pg. AA7, the Journal-News, (Nyack, NY), Sunday, July 21, 1985



St. Agnes Gymnasium:

During World War II, on the Island of New Caledonia, then Captain Jim Faulk, USMC, met with another St. Agnes Alumni, Carl Trezini, and together they conceived a plan to build a gymnasium for the boys at St. Agnes. It would be built with funds to be contributed by St. Agnes Alumni in Memory of those Alumni who paid with their lives serving their Country in WWII. That gymnasium was built in 1955.



Cover of First St. Agnes Alumni Newsletter. Artwork By Dom Yozzo, St. Agnes Alumni

To the fightingest boys in the world,
Wherever you may be.

My Dear Boys,

This has really been a happy day for me. The News Letter reached me early this afternoon and completely broke up whatever I had planned doing. I just walked to the top of the hill where I know for certain I would be able to devour every word of the Letter without any military interruptions. You will all admit that this second News Letter is tops. The Sisters, Fr. Nash, Mr. Sullivan, Sr. Ann Catherine did a marvelous job and in passing out thanks let's not forget the Editors John O'Sullivan and Henry Feldman. I'm sure you all must feel as I do. There aren't words or phrases at our humble disposal to justify our sentiments or our appreciation. As I sat on the hillside and read the different sentiments and expressions from Sisters and you boys, I was glad I was alone, as for some reason or other I got a bit moist around the eyes. I think the Sisters expressed themselves nobly when they said your loyalty has been far beyond anything they expected. And I know all of you who were quoted meant every word you uttered. I only wish I could forward some of the letters I receive from you boys back to the Editors of the News Letter. Thanks again for the beautiful letters that keep coming my way. All of you speak from the heart and I have the deepest faith in your abilities to accomplish any task that might confront you. I know as I write this letter there are a number of you battling for your very existence against an enemy that seemingly won't give up until his last man is dead. And yet with all your tribulations and inconveniences, you take time out to drop your Coach a few lines. What a thrill it is to me when I receive letters, cards and even presents from "the finest guys" from all over the world filled with greetings and best wishes - may I with bowed head say thanks to you all. Of course you will agree and I believe you all do understand that all I can do is answer in a blanket letter which I send back to the Good Sisters, who in turn print and send back again to you in all parts of the world. I'm sure you will all vouch for the joy and comfort that is provided us by the News Letter - not only does it keep us in touch with home and our friends, but they revived the spirit that makes men great; that enobles you all to do deeds beyond all human courage and power; the spirit of free men, fostered by the school where once you sat as youngsters and where you studied and played. Now you are carrying on for your school, your country and your loved ones in order that right may triumph and peace be with us all for generations to come. Let each and every one of us in receipt of the News Letter dedicate again our hearts, our minds and our bodies to the great task that still lies ahead. Since each News Letter will bring additional names of boys who are casualties, it is only fitting that we pledge anew so that they might not suffer in vain.

From somewhere in Sicily, Charlie Leeseh wrote to tell me how happy he was in being able to rest and sleep between clean, white sheets at Christmas time. Having lost a leg, he still was able to smile - in fact, to quote him again, he felt quite fortunate just being in a hospital. Fellows - that is symbolic of a St. Agnes boy in CAPITAL LETTERS. Have no fear, Charlie - as long as there are St. Agnes men you will have our undying gratitude for the sacrifice you made. To the others of you who have suffered wounds, may I offer my deepest sympathy and may I in turn do just a little for you who have done so much for us as well as those back home. Remember always what the good Sisters and Priests taught you - It is not given us to know the process by which certain of us are chosen for sacrifice while others remain. We can only rest our faith in the infinite wisdom of the Supreme Being who guides our destinies. And yet strange as it may seem, as I ponder over the names on the casualty list, it seems that the most worthy among us have been selected to wear the scars of battle.

And what of the future for those of us who are still in the fight? The war is not yet won; the enemy in both theatres will fight to the last man. Certainly he is meeting more than his match, but we still have an awful lot of fighting to do before we get back to St. Agnes.

Just a few minutes ago the Chaplain stopped in to inform me that ashes would be dispensed at 6:00 tomorrow morning. So here I am on the eve of Lent writing to my boys - the same boys I woke for many an Ash Wednesday back in Sparkill. By the time this letter gets back to Sparkill and then back to the four corners of the world, the joyful season of Easter will be at hand. I can assure you very well that for our loved ones back home, our friends at Sparkill, this Lent shall be a time of penance, prayer and zeal. There will be daily masses, frequent communions, hidden sacrifices all offered for St. Agnes men overseas. Remember, boys, that such love, such faith, such hope, must of very necessity be answered, reciprocated and manifested by a great spirit of faith on our part. Let us unite our Masses, our Communions, our sacrifices with the folks back home, with the never ceasing confidence in God, that by this union of prayer and faith we shall hasten the dawn of peace.

I just have to take time out here to congratulate Joe Vigiletti and Tom Yozzo on their happy and healthy additions. You both certainly have something to fight for now. ~~Too bad Carl Tizzini can't fly back to be Godfather.~~

It was really good news learning that Mr. Coleman joined up. You surely were more important at your airplane work, Ralph, but now that you are in, we feel more confident than ever that we just can't lose. You will be running across St. Agnes men - the Navy is chock full of them. Speaking of the Navy - what a job they are now doing in the Central Pacific. I'd like to bet that there will be sailors in Tokio before there are soldiers in Berlin.

Just one word about the Alumni Memorial Fund. If any of you have any suggestions, please forward them to me and I shall see that they are acted upon. There is no denying the truth of what this fund can accomplish. Let's all get behind it and do our individual bit. I know there are many of you who will seldom see a Paymaster - we will understand. Let your conscience always be your guide. When the lights go on again, we will all be amazed at the amount of money raised. And when that gymnasium and club house are dedicated, we will all be proud of our accomplishment. If we possess the desire and the will, we can complete any task.

I only wish I knew where I was going from here. Within a week we will board ships to be transported to an island near Bougainville - there we will board L.S.T's and partake in the next offensive of McArthur's. We are all ready and eager, and I am especially happy over the outcome of a drawing the Battery commanders had today. I will have the honor and privilege of taking the first battery of the 14th ashore - here's hoping I won't have to wade 500 yards with four 90 mm. guns. Naturally, I will need all the prayers that Sparkill can send heavenward. And do you know, fellows, I actually have so much faith and confidence in those prayers, I feel as though I can weather any kind of hostile fire. Anything we get ashore will have to last us thirty days, so if I'm a little late with the next News Letter, you will know the reason why. As I said before in a letter - "Have no fear for your Coach." I know full well the nature of the risk that is before me. I believe in the worth and righteousness of our course. That belief came to me very suddenly in an early evening at Munda. That righteousness has echoed itself in the mass of letters I receive from you boys. And yet beyond that lies the mission of making certain that those kids back home in Sparkill get a better start in this world than you did.

It is always indeed edifying when I read in your letters that you manage to spend some of your time with God. With so much confusion going on, I realize

It is always indeed gratifying when I read in your letters that you manage to spend some of your time with God. With so much confusion going on, I realize that it is a strain doing the things you would really enjoy doing. When the Priest is close to Camp take advantage of his presence. I know the chapels, particularly in this area aren't like Sparkill, but they are for the purpose of worship. Remember, an extra few minutes may pay dividends.

By all means, boys, don't let this war change you. You will all get home some day, and though the rigors and strain of battle may change your physical makeup, try always to keep your spiritual health as it was the day you left Sparkill. Never forget that your actions will always reflect back on your school, be proud of its traditions always. You are all ambassadors representing a religion, a school and a country - present your credentials like true sons of St. Agnes. And last but not least don't forget that your Coach thinks you are the grandest guys in the world - I'm proud of you all.

When you hear from me again, I'll be able to give you an idea of when this war with Tojo will end. Until then, happy hunting to you all and may God and His Blessed Mother guide you safely back to Sparkill.

Jim Faulk
Captain V.V.G.C.

P.S. Flash:

I just received a letter from Joe Vigiletti who claims there is a rumor around that I was wounded and back in California. No truth at all to the rumor. As I said previously, I'm feeling quite well and very eager to get going again. Following is an excerpt from Joe's letter "Thanks for starting the ball rolling, Jim, in regards to the Memorial Fund. The boys can really look forward to something concrete after this war. And what more fitting memorial to give to our boys who made the supreme sacrifice. That's what they'd have wanted and I'm behind you 100% for the fulfillment of your plan." The more letters I receive, Joe, the more confident I become as to the eventual success of the Fund.

Many thanks for your kindness; Joe, and please convey my best to Charlotte and the baby. You are a true and worthy son of St. Agnes. Good luck and may God bless you.

Jim Faulk

Keep praying, this next time is going to be tough and rough. Best to you.

Of the many letters Coach Faulk wrote from the South Pacific to "his Boys" this was by far one of the favorites. Jim Faulk would write these letters in longhand the Nuns (and their helpers) would type them to put in the "St. Agnes Newsletter" that went to Alumni around the world. (Excerpt from an actual Newsletter).



Summer 1945: St. Agnes Alumni in the military services at end of World War II: L. to R.: Frank Sutter, Merchant Marine; Matthew McSherry, Navy; (Coach) Major James Faulk, Marine Corps; Robert Millspaugh, Army; and Wellington, Navy (Photo courtesy of Bob Millspaugh, St. Agnes Alumnus) ²



Hail, hail, the "Gangs" all here, and we DID care! (Especially the Sisters "peeking out" the doors)

² Bob Millspaugh, now deceased, who furnished this picture, a life-long friend of Coach Faulk continuing into Coach Faulk's "final" retirement from St. Agnes and residing and working in Orlando, FL. Read Bob's inspiring letter re that relationship featured below in this Tribute

St. Agnes alumni will renew old ties

By Peter Krell
HISTORY EDITOR

Part II

St. Agnes alumni will be holding their annual picnic on August 10, at the American Legion grounds off Route 340 in Sparkill, from 1 to 7 p.m.

At least 75 alumni and family will converge from the New York Metropolitan area and adjoining states to enjoy the day. More importantly most will come to exchange news about friends and relatives. Editor Joseph A. Rosen will have volumes for his next newsletter.

Two alumni who became priests recently visited after absences of many years. Father Ed Figueroa, OMI, this year celebrated 31 years as a priest. He has spent 30 years as a missionary in Brazil, South America. His special interest is Comunidade, a home for orphaned and abandoned children in Recife.

The second well-known priest is Rev. Ray Masterson, who returned last March after heart surgery to his missionary post in South America.

Father Charles Jorn, who has served as a priest for 51 years, has been at St. Agnes continuously. Sister Ann Catherine has had equal long devoted service at St. Agnes.

In Albuquerque, New Mexico, Father Gregory Carroll served at Sangre de Cristo Catholic Community and Father Frank Butler at St. John Baptist Church in Montgomery, Alabama. Rev. Ronald Ciaravolo is observing 33 years as a priest.

Many St. Agnes alumni were great athletes, particularly in baseball and football. Joe Violetta is recalled as a baseball player with great potential.

Probably the most outstanding athlete was big Jim Faulk, who died in 1985. During the 1930's Faulk was a shortstop for the local semi-pro baseball team. He graduated from Villanova, where he played various sports.

After service with the U.S. Marines in WWII with rank of Captain, Faulk became athletic director and coach at St. Agnes. Faulk had been at St. Agnes since 1933, and was known as one of the most popular and respected athletic directors in Rockland.

During WWII Faulk met fellow alumni Master Sgt. Carl Trezini by accident on Guadalcanal. Later the two formulated and led the drive to construct a memorial gym at St. Agnes.

Thirty-two of the many St. Agnes alumni who

served in WWII paid the supreme sacrifice. Walter Zukoff died in Pearl Harbor in 1941. Two others died in Hawaii. **GEORGE C. MERNA**

Eight St. Agnes alumni died in the Pacific area, six in Germany, three in Africa, six in France. Between 1940 and 1943 seven alumni died in Korea.

Many St. Agnes alumni served as New York City policemen and firemen. Recently retired after many years service is Frank Bradicich of New York's finest.

Married 42 years, Philip Benson (Porcelli) still barbers at age 77 in West Islip, New York.

After 21 years with Western Union, Bernard Neville is working at a second career as male nurse.

Paul Fabrizi, organizer of the recent Tappan Zee Alumni Reunion, is a recent retiree from KLM Airlines. He has told the story how he got his job. His application boldly told of being graduated from Tappan Zee. The interviewer assumed this meant he was Dutch.

Rod Dayton (Bone) recently reported his nephew, Dr. Rodrigo Borja, has been president of Ecuador since 1988.

Roger Padro (Roglio Padro) is an AIDS prevention specialist with offices in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Joe Ficchi recently retired after a career as an electronics engineer.

Principal speaker at the 1941 Tappan Zee class reunion was Dr. Peter Lawton, math teacher at Tappan Zee High.

Alumni Nick Kelepis retired this past June, due to ill health, after many years as a teacher at Nanuet's Middle School.

Jim Shea, presently a professor at Kings College in Pennsylvania, previously was a religious brother for nine years. His served in New Orleans, Louisiana.

Many alumni lived for many years at St. Agnes with many brothers. There were five each Altomores, Vincent, Oryghyns (formerly of Spring Valley), and three each O'Rourke and Molerios. **FIVE MERNA'S ALSO!**

Two of the O'Rourke brothers are still alive, Peter and William (Beaver). The latter recently retired after many years with the Orangetown Highway Department.

John O'Rourke of Sparkill, deceased many years, was employed for many years at St. Agnes as the stationary engineer. A WWII veteran, John was most active in the American Legion and other county activities - including the 1976 Rockland County Bicentennial Commission.

Tom Dailey of Tappan, also a WW veteran, was a telephone company employee for many years. He also temporarily worked for the Motor Vehicle Bureau.

Joe Murray now resides in England and Marty Crowe in Anchorage, Alaska.

Scattered though they may be throughout the U.S. and the world, it all just goes to show St. Agnes alumni has done well over the years. They have been productive and contributing members of our society.

**NAMES ON
OUR LAND**



Coach Faulk, 1940 (Photo (L) courtesy of Joe Wiska, St. A Alumni



Former St. Agnes Home and School for Boys, Sparkill, NY



Memorial Plaque for Coach Faulk for lifetime dedication to St. Agnes



Memorial Plaque to Dominican Sisters of St. Agnes

THE COMMITTEE

Frank Asciolla
Joe Alfano
John Bohanan
Frank Bradicich
Thomas Fitzgerald
Mike Maltese
Oscar Molerio
Charles Montano
Joe Rosen
Frank Viglietta

St. Agnes Alumni Association

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SPARKILL, NEW YORK 10976

Edited by:
John Bohanan
& Joe Rosen

ST. AGNES TO BE TORN DOWN

It is our sad duty to inform you that St. Agnes School and Convent will be demolished in the early fall of this year. Present plans call for the razing of all buildings, except the chapel and gymnasium, around September 15th, to be replaced by senior citizen housing units.

The main building, nearly 100 years old, which housed the dormitories and nuns' quarters, has been vacant since the last boys departed over two years ago. Deterioration, plus the high cost of heating and maintenance were major factors in the decision to demolish it, together with the ancillary buildings, including the school. It has been reported that construction of the first housing units will begin shortly on the south field, below the lake.

We are informed that many objects from the old buildings are to be auctioned off, probably some time in August. If you are interested in attending the auction, please contact the Alumni for details.

REUNION PICNIC

The annual reunion picnic, possibly the last one we will be able to hold on the grounds of St. Agnes, is scheduled for Saturday, August 11th, beginning at 1 p.m. This will be a different type of picnic from those of previous years—it's **FREE!**

Due to the high cost of food, especially meat, we would have had to increase the cost of tickets substantially this year. This would have created a burden on many of our members, especially those with large families. Therefore, the committee suggests that all those attending bring their own food. This way everyone can afford to attend. The Alumni will provide free beer and soda.

Although some tables and chairs will be available, we suggest that you bring your own lounge chairs, tables and blankets. The location of the picnic will be at the gymnasium area. For those of you who haven't been back since the gym was built, it's on the site of the old "Fellow's" field, next to the school.

We strongly urge all members who can possibly make it to attend this year's picnic, since it will be the last chance to see St. Agnes as you remembered it. Be sure to bring your camera. Also, we would like anyone with a musical instrument to bring that along, too, for an evening sing-along.

We are aware that many of our members, especially those living in New York City do not have cars, so we have com-

plied several bus schedules for your convenience in attending the picnic. These schedules are for Saturday:

From the Port Authority Bus Terminal at 41st Street & 8th Avenue, you can get buses at the Manhattan Transit (Mohawk) Lines which leave at 10:15, 11:15 and 12 Noon for Sparkill. These buses return to New York from Sparkill at 3:07, 4:47, 5:47, 6:47 and 8:07.

Buses of the Red and Tan Lines (Rockland Coaches) leave the 175th Street Terminal in upper Manhattan at 10:40, 11:40 and 12:25 p.m.

There also are buses that come down from Poughkeepsie and Peekskill. Please call the bus lines in that area for schedules.

JUBILEE CELEBRATION

Big day at St. Agnes on Saturday, June 16th. Five nuns celebrated 60 years, and 11 celebrated 50 years service to God and His children. Among them were Sr. Antoinette and Sr. Victoire. Many of the Alumni attended a Concelebrated Mass held in the Convent Chapel, where the seeds of faith were implanted in our hearts by many of these Jubilarians.

ALUMNI NOTES

Don Dillon (Pearl River) recovering nicely after a recent operation. Congratulations to Joe Rosen, recently honored with a life membership for his service and dedication to the American Legion. Brother Frank Butler, S.J. (Xavier H.S., N.Y.C.), while visiting Washington, D.C. over the Easter holidays, was struck by a car which threw him about ten feet. Miraculously, no broken bones. However, he did suffer some bruises and torn ligaments.

Henry Farmer recovering at home in Gardena, Calif., after being mugged in Sacramento. Ronny Schneider (Rockland County) and Bernie Neville (New York City), employed by Western Union. Welcome back to Pat Rooney of Ridgefield Park, N.J., who spotted a member's Alumni jacket while shopping in Little Ferry, N.J., and returned to the fold.

Also, new members Manny and William Cardona of The Bronx. Greg Spero, now a bank executive in New York City,

discovered by Oscar Molerio's sister, is now on our mailing list. Attilio Comito has a floor repair business in Rockland County. Cornelius O'Neill moved from Jersey City to Inglewood, Calif. Congratulations to John Bohanan who became a grandfather for the first time in February.

Richie Irizarry now the proud owner of Tony's Lobster House in Sparkill. Tom Kelly, tending bar at Sullivan's in Tappan. Otto & Eppy Kopf still running the Mountain House in Sparkill send their regards to all members. All of the above establishments look forward to seeing returning alumni members and urge that you stop by any time you're in the area. You're sure to find another "House's Kid" or two, there also.

MEMBERSHIP

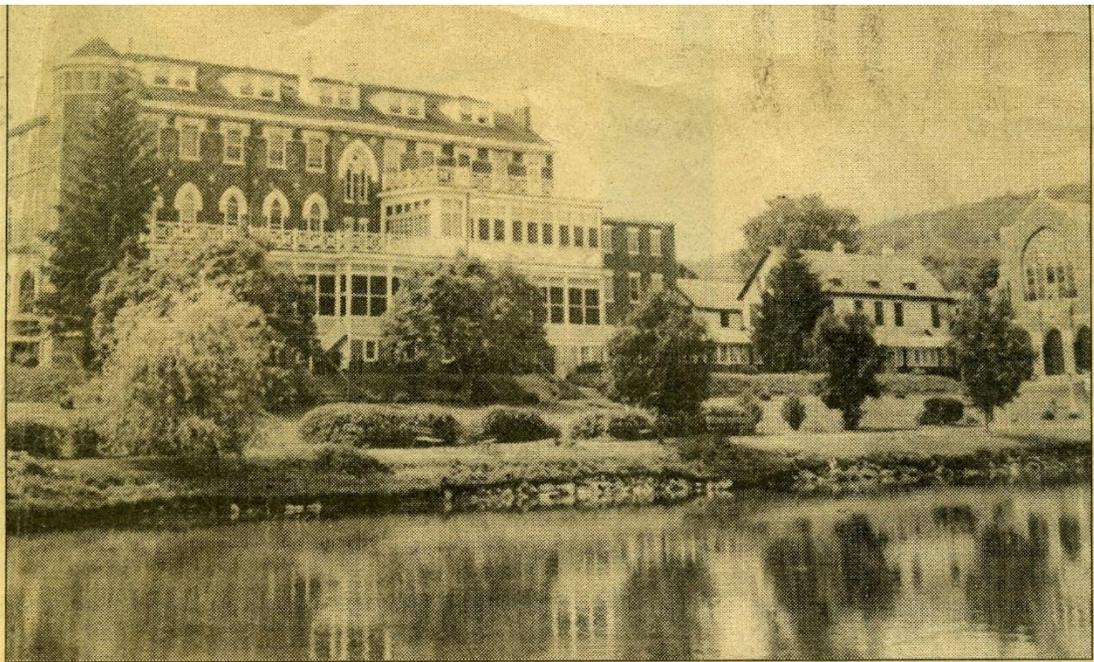
The Alumni is still accepting dues (\$3.00 per year). This is to help offset the cost of mailing the newsletter (\$80 per mailing) and other Alumni expenses, including donations, Mass offerings, floral tributes to departed nuns and members, etc.

In an effort to reduce our mailing expenses we request that those members whom we haven't heard from over the last five years please notify us if you still wish to receive the newsletter, otherwise we will remove them from the mailing list. This is **ONLY** for members who have not corresponded with us in one way or another, or have not attended any of our functions, over the last five years.

Alumni jackets are still available. They are blue with gold lettering in sizes S, M, L & XL. Price is \$19 (which includes postage). Be sure to indicate what name you desire on the jacket.

The Committee needs new members to help plan activities for the Alumni. If you can spare some time (we only meet 3 or 4 times a year), please contact us by mail or at the picnic. We will notify you of all committee meetings.

Reminder: This is **YOUR** Alumni! We have stayed together all these years. Let's continue to do so. And let's have a big turnout this year for our reunion picnic.



Peter Carr/The Journal News

Then and now

The Sparkill site where the St. Agnes Convent and Home for Boys stood in 1902, top, and the site as it is today, next to the Thorpe Senior Center.

Many alumni send various messages in letters or email about their “experiences” at St. Agnes; the great majority I’ve ever seen are very positive; a significant few had some negative comments. Of course I gauged them against my own experiences at St. Agnes. Representative of many of the positive messages is the following (excerpted) email dated October 9, 2005 from St. Agnes Alumni John Antonacci, a retired New York Police Department Detective, expressing his feelings to someone who made a negative comment about Coach Faulk. John sent the below reply, copying several Alumni (including this writer —other names were deleted for privacy):

----- Original Message -----

From: **JohnJ Antonacci**

To: (redacted)

Sent: Sunday, October 09, 2005 1:21 AM

Hello To All:

(Being at St. Agnes) was the hand dealt to us. We survived, have beautiful families, wives children, grand-children, (and) great grand-children. Art Kingsley (our Alumni President) is in his mid-eighties; he worked 25 years at West Point Military Academy and his wife Gloria worked at West Point for 36 years. The person who got them their jobs was Jim Faulk .

It was not easy for the Sisters or Jim Faulk to control 500 young men who were put together under one roof when none of us wanted to be there. Everyone rebelled in their own way.

Jim Faulk made sure everyone was assigned a job; the Nuns we worked for always gave us peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, or a piece of candy. The nuns gave us the best education possible—and we were not angels--we made mistakes and were punished for them. We walked 4 miles one way to the forty-foot hole to swim; we went tomato-picking, bean-picking, we caddied, went to Tallman Park on picnics, and had movies every Sunday. We all played sports--baseball, soccer, basketball, and hockey. Jim Faulk did all of this and if you screwed up you got your “you-know-what” kicked.

Jim Faulk was our protector; he took us to track meets at West Point, La Salle Military Academy, Bear Mountain Park, and Haverstraw. We are alive today because of Jim Faulk!

In Sister Marie’s band we traveled all over.

So Coach wanted us to win--he wanted us to be #1 and was tough on us; is that bad?

In closing I want to say thank you, Jim Faulk, for all you did for us. You had the toughest job in the Universe--making men out of House's Kids. God Bless you and may you rest in peace for a job well done. You were a father to us all. God Bless you all John A.



Mr. Robert E. Millspaugh
333 Cornwall Rd.
Winter Park, FL 32792

ORLANDO FL 328

22 OCT 05 PM 3 T



Lt Gerald F. Merna USMC Ret.
46386 Bluestem Court
Potomac Falls
VA 20165-6461



Coach's "Tomatoe Patch" Orlando, FL 1978



On the way to work from his Apartment, 1978

(Photos Courtesy of Bob Millspaugh)

Oct 21, 2005

Dear Jerry

Thank you for returning my photos and I want to especially thank you for the copy of your remarks at the St Agnes Alumni Anniversary banquet on August 24, 1996. It was most generous of you to send me such a wonderful publication.

Like you I treasure my memories of Coach Foulk particularly over the years I knew him here in the Orlando Area. He was instrumental in getting me a job with the State Department of Corrections as a parole and probation officer which I eventually retired from in 1988. As you know he was a devoted Catholic and was a daily communicant at St James Cathedral in Orlando often serving as altar server at the

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FAM Miss. He and his wife Betty visited me and my family at my home taking a great interest in the activities and pursuits of our children. He had that special gift of making you feel that you were the most important person he knew. I do remember meeting you at Coach's funeral and was glad we and your brother Jim were able to represent all the boys of St Agnes when he was put to rest.

James Faulk was a Christian gentleman and most certainly one of a kind - a gentle and caring man. I miss him as I know you do also.

Best regards.

Bob

Bob Millspaugh died several years ago. He can be seen in WWII pictures with Coach Faulk at the beginning of the Tribute, generously provided this writer with several pictures of Coach Faulk, including those shown above returned by me.

In
Remembrance

59. AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with
brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law.

COACH JAMES JOSEPH FAULK

M. Born February 2, 1908

* * * * *

Died June 19, 1985

Deep appreciation is expressed to the Dominican Sisters of Sparkill for making this a day to remember.

The Twenty-Third Psalm
The Lord is my shepard, I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green
pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: He leadeth
me in the paths of righteousness
for His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow
of death, I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me; thy rod and
thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies:
thou anointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy
shall follow me all
the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house
of the Lord for ever.

IN MEMORY OF
JAMES JOSEPH FAULK

BORN
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1908

DIED
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1985
Age of 77 years, 4 months, 17 days

SERVICE
CORPUS CHRISTI CHURCH
FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1985 — 8:30 P.M.

CLERGY OFFICIATING
VERY REV.
FATHER ANDREW P. MARINAK

INTERMENT
ST. DENNIS CEMETERY
Ardmore, Pa.
SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1985—12:00 P.M.

PALLBEARERS
Members of The Knights of Columbus
Chambersburg, Pa.

Until We Meet Again!



WHEN my last farewell has been bidden,
And my heart is heavy with sorrow,
And I march on down to the Army
Not knowing what will bring tomorrow;
Yet, if I am called on the Adjutant's Carpet
And get an assignment on high,
May it please the Captain to send me
Out where the St. Agnes Boys roll by.

There'll be Turco, Kubanic and Doran
And Ketchell, Kirby and Philip,
There'll be O'Donnell and Daly and Gordon
And Johnson still throwing that hip;
There'll be Hackett apitchin' 'em sixty,
Reguerio, Trazzine and "Mac";
There'll be Dusold, Keegan and Cummings
And Kilma never holding them back.

I'll not be alone when the shrapnel is falling,
There'll be boys from St. Agnes on all sides,
A-driving and whippin' 'emselves to a frazzle
In order to stem the enemy tide.
I'll pass up an office and title;
In any old trench I will lie,
If I can be there, when the shrapnel is falling,
Watching the St. Agnes Boys sail by.

Coach Faulk
St. Agnes School
July 2, 1942

