

BILL: "AT WORST, - 11 MONTHS AWAY!"



RACK UP 6: Richie Skinner (with ball) slices through guard on power option to score against Bees in season's opener. Bayonne belted us 33-6.

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THE ST. PETER'S PREP NEWSLETTE



SNARES
AND
TRAPS

Musical Notes

"The band, it makes me jump," said little dirty-faced Andy as he kept in time to "It's a Peter's Team" by banging on the iron gate with a stick. "Yep, every year when school starts, I can't wait till the band begins practicing. I love to stand in the yard and listen to the band play."

From the looks of things Andy will hear some real music this year. In addition to a very experienced triumvirate of leaders, the Prep band also boasts the return of many veterans as well as a bumper crop of freshman recruits.

The band captain again this year is Ward Riani, who comes from a long line of musicians. Ward's father has his own band called "Ward Rains and his orchestra," and as early as the age of three, neighbors tell of Ward Jr. banging on his father's piano or hitting sticks on baby carriages, trying to play the latest hit songs.

That smart stepping, baton bouncing Junior in front of the band is none other than Doug Mault, who will take over the helm as Drum Major. Mault, like his namesake in the brewery, will surely add body and

flavor to the band.

Taking positions in the first rank of marching order are found trombone-toters Don Lech, Al Vidovich, and Bob Sommerlad, all old hands at the playing and marching game. Sax and bell players will man the second rank. These include Carl Mason, Dave Wagner, and Jim Reilly, who may put Tommy Dorsey to shame. The familiar faces of Frank Pomper, Al Gentile and Paul Magarelli, who have all been in the band since they started Prep, will fill in the third line. Drummers Tom Nash, Frank Ashe, and Bill Richardson will assume the task of keeping the band marching in time.

The triumvirate of moderators includes Mr. Guth, S.J., who will take over the reins as moderator and become the man responsible for the overall construction of the band; Mr. Enright, S.J. who, as assistant moderator, has the experience to produce a great band, once being a professional musician himself; and Mr. Vicedomini, who will teach the boys music, improve their style, and extract sweeter tones from them. It looks as if this will be a good year for Prep all the way.



HORN BLOWERS: Lau, Allecci, Vidovitch, Urciuoli, and Sommerlad.

New Dramatic Coach

"Art," said Aristotle, "is imitation." If this statement is accurate, then Prep will be spreading the welcome mat to a truly great artist, as the new dramatic coach. Bob Meyer has been rated in some circles as the Number One college actor on the Eastern seaboard. He has the ability to imitate almost anyone, and play any role.

Throughout his school life both at Prep and Holy Cross, from which he was graduated in 1953, Mr. Meyer has portrayed various roles. In his Sophomore year at Prep he played Paisan Guiseppi in "Brother Orchid," which was again put on last year by the Dramatic Society under the direction of Mr. Marr. In 1948 he was cast as Violet, a strange, mysterious, slightly demented woman suspected of being given to drink. Cast in this role he was given a chance to display his versatility in acting.

As a Senior he took the role of the old widow, Mrs. Malaprop. Said the December 17, '48 *Petroc*: "What can be said of the fine performance by Bob Meyer in the role of Mrs. Malaprop? Words fail us. In all fairness we must admit that his was the best performance. It was beyond the criticism of our pen. In future years if any Prepster is overcome by a whim to become a warped old widow, he will know how to act. Bob Meyer showed him how to act."

At any length, the last line of this quote will come to be. Though most of the present Prepsters did not see his adaptation of Mrs. Malaprop, he will surely show them how to act.

With Bob in the lineup as dramatic coach, the Prep Dramatic Society should enjoy one



Bob Meyer as Violet in The Tavern,
staged here in 1947.

of its best years, as Bob will be able to show Prep's would-be-actors how to play a part by acting it out himself. Mr. Marr, who passed away to his eternal reward last year, considered Bob the best actor he ever handled. Surely a smile will come to Mr. Marr's face when, looking down from heaven, he sees his star pupil succeeding him!

Bob's talents did not stop with acting. He was also an accomplished speaker. He was so well trained as a speaker that it hurt him in one contest. In the state finals of the American Legion Oratorical contest, Bob delivered "the most auspicious speech of an often decorated career" but, to the surprise of all, was placed second. After receiving four first place votes, the final woman judge gave him a fifth place vote "because he was too good to be a high school orator." Why? You figure it out. People have been wondering why since April 1949.

There will be no whys asked when Bob takes over dramatics at Prep, since all the questions will be "How?" And the answers will not be long in coming, for Bob's knowledge of the stage equals his ability. In Bob Meyer, the spirit of Mr. Marr carries on!

At present Mr. Meyer is studying for his M.A. at Fordham University on a Classical Fellowship.

COVER STORY There's more to these snares and traps than meets the eye. At least, to Tom Nash there is. He makes a habit of practicing on his porch. You can see now, how really interesting music can be. Oggling Tom are: Marie Maragni, seated on steps; Helen Matthews, post perching; and Ellen Alfieri, standing. A rather good catch, even for such elaborate equipment!

SENIOR SMOKER

Stalk Club. The huge oak doors rumbled open exposing the lavish furniture of the new senior room, situated on the west corner of Smog Street and Tobacco Road. Freshmen fainted; sophs gawked; and juniors sighed. The senior's paradise:—a palace of dreams where the spirit of comedy and camaraderie prevails, the brand new Stalk Club, so-called because "all we do'S TALK there." A miniature smudge pot adorns each table, while a debonair smudge pot, Mr. Herman Swillingsley defends the portals of this famous luncheon club. Mr. Swillingsley will introduce you to the Stalk Club's distinguished guests as they try to push their tables toward the camera.

There's Nick Molinari doodling on the bald head of his table companion Mr. Montague, of Montague, Montague, Montague, and Fink . . . Vic Maragni (enterprising soul that he is) is table-hopping in one last vain attempt to sell a five dollar tie clasp for only fifteen cents and two bus tickets . . . Pete D'Amico, that dilapidated football hero of other years, is at this moment persuading Mr. Robert Anderson, the noted radio technician, to go on a blind date with his sister Ginny. The two add up to a fine combo, Virginia Ham! . . . Mr. John Williams, the Russian delegate to Inner Mongolia, discusses the problems of interplanetary transportation with Mr. Franklin Scudder, who supplies his own motivation. There's a strange face; no, it's Joe Keller with an oxygen mask. High altitudes bother Joe; he's grown up over the summer . . . T. J. Foley describes his new girl to Robert Sommerlad. No one knows her name, but 'tis whispered her initials are G. O. G. Small wonder he is all agog! . . . Austin Conley, who lives where the population is densest, is discussing density with Mr. LuPardo, who has recently moved up a peg . . . Harlem Clothes king, Carmen Basile, is campaigning for new accounts in his business.

Red Mass

The school year officially opened Friday, Sept. 17 with the Mass of the Holy Ghost. The purpose of the annual Red Mass is to call upon the Spirit of Wisdom and Truth for His help in the coming school year. Father Rector officiated at the Solemn High Mass, and Father Thomas Murray, S.J. assisted as deacon. The subdeacon was Mr. Thomas Robinson, S.J.

Prep's Principal, Father Carr, preached the sermon, eloquently outlining St. Peter's goal for the coming year. He spoke of the Risen Christ and Peter, and of Christ's eternal legacy to Peter: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church." With these words Christ bestowed upon Peter the obligation of defending His Church against worldly assaults from without and against ignorance from within. Father Carr then showed the assembled students that their education at Prep should be the rock upon which they may build a good Christian life. He told them that if they trained their will now it would be easy for them to build a strong moral character upon it, a moral character modeled after Christ, one that would be able to withstand the tempest of life.

After Solemn Benediction, Father Rector made awards to last year's medal winners.



Tony Cabrera receives award.

Petreean Pie

A new Senior class has moved into Hogan Hall, and for Father Butler that means only one thing: it's time to plan the latest literary serving of the Big Book, the '55 *Petreean*. Production is moving ahead; already the Senior formal pictures are being taken.

That's only a piece of the pie, however. Much is yet to be started. The layout has not been planned, the theme of the Y-book hasn't been decided. Out of the potpourri of Seniors, Father Butler must choose his staff, his business manager, and his editor. The ingredients are there but the cooks haven't arrived.

To put out a Yearbook requires a hustling staff with good doses of imagination and spirit. It calls for a good plan and an attention-arresting layout. It also demands a great deal of money. Most of the other ingredients for the yearly portion of Prep Father Butler and his staff can provide, but when it comes to money, they need you!

"It will cost over \$5000 to publish the '55 *Petreean*," said Father Butler. "That's a lot of cash, but we've got to get it. The plan is this: this year we hope to drop the ads from the book, and use the extra pages for more pics. To do that we have to raise the money by getting more patrons. Patrons are worth five dollars apiece. There are a thousand boys in this school. By simple arithmetic that means that one patron from everybody will cover the cost of the Book. The question is, will everybody bring in a patron? If they do, we've got a Yearbook. If they don't, well . . ."

"The main responsibility, of course, rests with the Seniors. It's their book, and we've got to have their support before we can ask for help from the underclassmen. The patron drive is going on right now. The results will decide whether we have to run ads or whether we can have the extra picture. Remember, we need only one patron apiece, just one. Of course," Father Butler added, smiling, "We won't refuse extras!"

Let's put our fingers in the pie.



Did you ever think of how life would be, when the Junior Jitney gives way to the Junior Jet?

The time is 2:58. The place is somewhere over the Pacific. The Trans-Terrainian Airliner "Spirit of St. Peter" is soaring toward the rising sun. Its destinations are many well-known cities, which have their own peculiarities, particularly appropriate to the strange cargo of passengers. For example, in the first seat, brushing his curly locks with a Polident toothbrush, reclines Jeff Hermes, ladies' man, on his way to a meet a feminine thing of the Tokyo Lonely Hearts Club. Seated more toward the rear and gazing out into the blue, Tot O'Toole slumps on the other side of the plane. As any of his teachers can tell you, this vigilance is his usual occupation . . .

Suddenly, something or someone moving in the water catches his eye. It's the flash (or is it splash?) of the swimming team, Frank Iacobelli, out for a short practice swim of 1500 miles. Further back in this "taxi of the air" squats Kevin "No-Nicotine" Callaghan, star of the T-zone. He is on his way to India to procure some rich tobacco. Hiding behind a tremendous trunk in the baggage compartment, Phil Caroselli wears a pair of baby-blue pants . . . 9" pegs. His destination is uncertain. He is just trying to escape the aroused wrath of Fr. Murray. It seems that he was the only Prepster in ignorance of the new regulation.

Unexpectedly the plane lurches. Some mysterious attraction pulls it backward. It's heading back toward Prep. Caroselli faints; O'Toole's face drops; the other visages portray expressions which would send a shiver down anyone's spine.

Meanwhile, back at 144 Grand St., Fr. Murray pushes button after button on his secret boomerang radar set. "My duty, sir, is to keep them on the beam."

SOPHISTS

ODE BY OSWALD

In Brooklyn, ver our Dodgers fell,
Da boys, dey talk of Spooner.
No argument! So wad da . . . Well,
They should have got him sooner.

As the overloaded sightseeing bus squealed to a stop in the ghetto of lower Brooklyn, we hooked on our false beards, clapped on our skull-caps, and dashed for the door. It was Rosh Hashonah, the Jewish New Year, and we were on our way to the festivities.

A few minutes later, we spied a large crowd in front of Gus Susnjareski's Pawn Shop. Among the Yiddish cries we heard Solly Amabilowitz exclaim, "Nu, I was play-in-k football yesterday, unt vat you tink happened, hah? I got somebody's cleats in mine face, already. But I got da lest leff—I made off mit da cleats." "That's life," we observed sagaciously. Down the street trooped a procession of rabbis, chanting the Hebrew dirge, "Bumschki Defunctschki" in memory of the dead Dodgers. Behind them was Marty Walshberg, practicing his golf shots with a pretzel stick and matzoh ball. Then Izzy MacIsaacstein approached us with a giant pusheart. "Would you be interested in mine latest enterprising, filter-tipped, king-size chains for chain smokers? Iss poifect for using on da golf links." We politely refused. MacIsaacstein stepped backward, gesticulating indignantly. As usual, he went too far, and he tumbled into a huge vat of borscht. He tried to save himself, but it was no use. As he sank down into the maroon slime for the fifth and final time, we all took off our hats and paused for a minute of silent memorial. Someone in the crowd murmured appropriately, "Izzy come, Izzy go."

We were soon cheered, however, by the Semitic carousing around us, and we spent the rest of the night sipping Manishevitz and welcoming in 5713 with all our might.

Happy New Year!!

Hopeful Hams

What is that eerie sound that is being heard throughout Hogan Hall? No, don't worry, it's not Spacemen landing on the roof; it's just the crackling sound of the receiver escaping from the Radio Workroom. Yes, sir, there's a new activity in the making here at Prep, the Radio Workshop.

The Hams' Hideout is the pride, joy and creation of its moderator, Mr. Joseph McCaffery, and charter members Bob Roleke 4-A, Bob Anderson, 4-B and Dennis Kulvicki 2-E. These junior Marconis, who are at present practicing codes, are all, to date, without licenses but they are hopeful of earning them by November. They are also working for a transmitter so that they might contact other "hams," and expect to secure one by Christmas. The only sorrowful note is that membership in this elite group is by invitation only, based on proven ability!

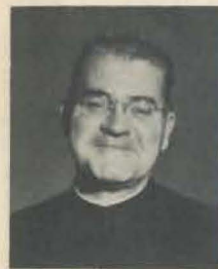
Council Comments

Student Council representatives, usually chosen early in September, will not be chosen this year until mid-October. In addition to this, Senior classes will not receive their usual quota of three delegates. Instead every class in the school will have one representative on the Council, and he will be their class president. As usual, the Student Council will be moderated by Father Butler, and it will function as it did before.

Besides giving representation on the re-modeled Student Council to the Junior and Sophomore classes, Father Butler plans to have representatives from each of the major activities. At any rate, we can't say that the newly designed Council isn't democratic!

In lieu of the regular Student Council, which won't convene until late October, a provisional Student Council has been organized. Leo Gellene is its Chairman pro tem. The provisional Council is already in business and has been moderating the rallies.

Class 4-A seems to have beaten everyone to the punch, and has already chosen its Student Council delegate, Ward Riani.



Fr. Thomas Duroso



Fr. Peter Hes



Mr. Edward Guth, S.J.



Mr. Henry Sedorovitch

Debate Data

The Mass of the Holy Ghost, Sept. 17, spotlighted the achievements of St. Peter's debaters and St. Peter's debate moderators.

The combined societies reaped thirty national forensic merits and eight tournament medals.

The Senior debate society, thanks to Mr. Robinson, S.J., placed second in the North Jersey eliminations, and fourth in the state finals.

The Collins debate society took both first and second places in the Jesuit Tournament. While participating in over 150 outside debates, the members of Collins racked up a winning record with all but one school.

Among the most notable of the awards were the medals for outstanding speaking in each year. The recipients were Tom Maresca 4-A, Joseph Momot 3-B, and Tony Arlotto 2-F.

Other members of Collins who captured awards are Brian Daley 2-F, Charles Glasshauser 2-F, Vincent Horn 2-D, Martin Walsh 2-F, Richard Fuchs 2-A, Paul Vinger 2-F, Robert O'Neill 2-B, Edward Griffith 2-G, Antonio Cabrera 2-E, Louis Della Torre 2-E, George Olszewski 2-F, Robert Harney 2-D and Louis Micca 2-C.

At this year's first meeting the Collins members picked their three top officers. They are Brian Daley, president; Charles Glasshauser, vice presiden; and Vincent Horn, secretary. All three are Sophomores and were members of last year's championship squad.

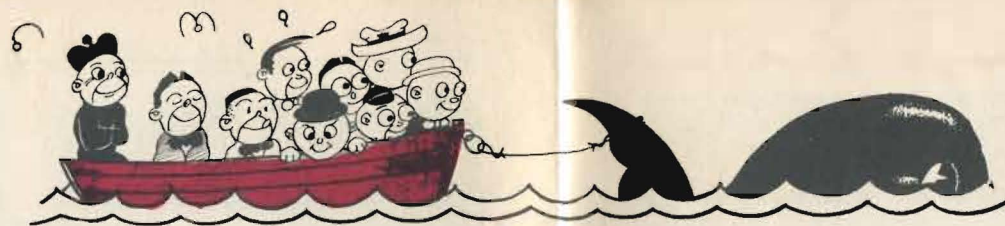
FROSH FOLK

Frosh Tea. Despite the wet and dreary weather of Sunday week, nine hundred or more freshmen and their parents kept a date with Fr. Carr and the faculty. Sighs of satisfaction were heard when parents viewed the freshly-painted walls and new desk chairs of the Freshman building. They all agreed that they didn't have classes like that when they were young. Fathers wheezed as they squeezed into the seats. "They're making these desks smaller than when we were boys."

Then they tramped through the puddles in the yard to the cafe. To quote a reliable source: "The teachers were lined up against the wall." The parents shot the questions, and (strange as it may seem at a teachers' meeting) were still on cordial terms with their sons at the afternoon's close! Don't be alarmed, folks; time will tell if Johnny has been a good boy!

There was only one anomaly to the afternoon. Fr. Carr spotted it early. "A tealess tea! What next?" he exclaimed. In vain did chef Ace Kennedy protest, "We could always put coffee beans in the tea bags if you want." Fr. Carr did not want. The frosh tea came off as scheduled, but with coffee, the rich man's beverage, as a substitute!

During the meeting, Fr. Malone, Rector, and Fr. Carr, Prep's Principal, made short but concise addresses of welcome. Fr. Carr believes that this was the greatest turnout of fathers for such an occasion.



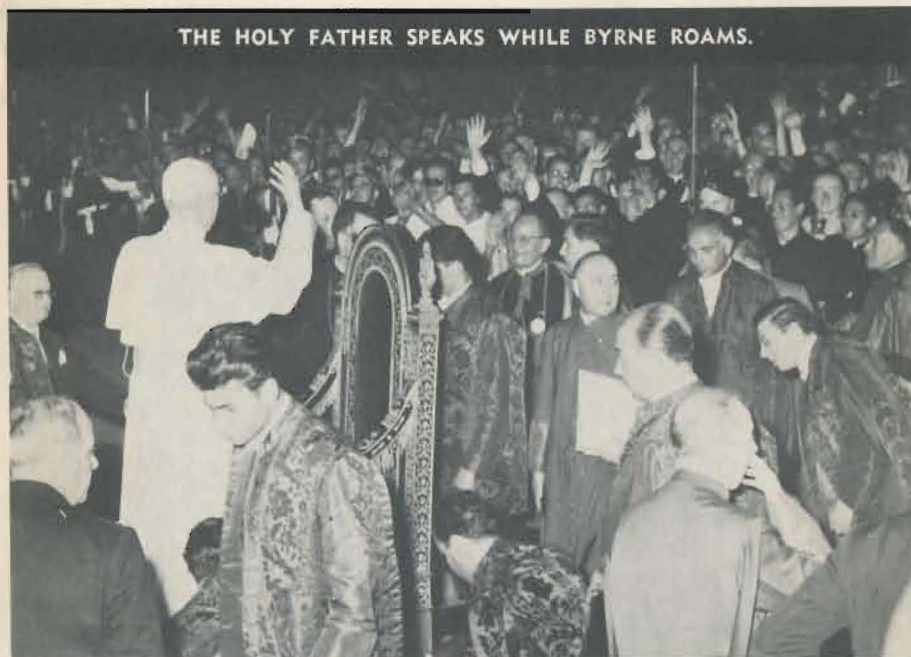
THE ARABIAN KNIGHT:—OR DOCTOR GOOMBOSH VISITS SPAIN.



GRANADA. What's that, a fair-skinned Moorish king reclining on the couch of kings? No! It's Mr. McNally, senior English teacher, taking time out in his summer tour of the Alhambra. The beautiful fortress of many Moorish kings, overlooking Granada. This

fine example of Moslem architecture commands a scenic view of the Sierra Nevadas. The citadel is modern in only one respect, the Alhambra Camera Shop (for visiting potentates), a stone's throw distant. The contraption on the pillow is a hookah.

THE HOLY FATHER SPEAKS WHILE BYRNE ROAMS.



ROME. The Holy Father delivers his Papal Blessing to a throng of pilgrims, participating in the Marian Year Pilgrimage. Prep's representative, Charlie Byrne (far right, with camera), received an invaluable education this summer touring Europe.

KILLARNEY. There's that son of the auld sod, Mr. McNally, at the Gap of Danloe in Kerry, making like a pogo stick on his shining mount, Bouncalong. Sure and begorrah if it isn't Denis Moriarty (with fedora, clay pipe and humility), guiding old Bouncalong by the nose.

BAYONNE 33 PREP 6

Rude Opening

You've heard of baptisms by blood. Last Sunday 7000 fans actually saw one as Julie Sroka's well-tuned Bayonne team applied the hot coals to the new-born Marauders and burned them crisp and brown, 33-6.

The defeat was not entirely unexpected as Bill was fielding a team that is the most inexperienced of any he has turned out here at Prep. Sophs and juniors are holding down the front line trench and manning the carrier posts for the main part. But Prep's hopes ran high when the first half found them trailing only 13-7, after rolling up 125 yards in 17 carries for an overall average of 7 yards per carry. Came the second half and the roof caved in as Bayonne's well-drilled eleven cashed in on every Marauder miscue to run up a score that does not really tell the whole story.

The clock was just past 2:30 when Joe Keller, Prep's game captain, lost the toss to Kowalski and Franconeri. Prep kicked off and Squeo booted to the Bee 17 yard line and Cancero, a great back for Bayonne all afternoon, hustled it back to the 36. On the second play from scrimmage Cancero steamed over guard on the single wing power play, found a wide hole and raced 38 yards to the Prep 31 where Squeo slammed him down. But the ease of the gain was ominous.



Skinner makes with an Irish Jig as unknown Bee readies for kill.

Cancero again hit over the same hole for 11 and Acinapura caught him on the Prep 11. The Prep line, swinging into an 8-3 pattern, stiffened and held for three downs. But on the fourth, Art Lane, rangy and fast, got a two yard spread on Squeo and took a pass into the flat for the score. Strydio made good the attempt and the Bees led 7-0, with the Bayonne cheering section in pandemonium.

Prep answered back smartly and quickly, to lay the foundations for all the hopes that Marauder fans are harboring for this club. Bayonne booted to the Marauder 17 and it was returned to the 27. Gellene smacked over guard on a quick opener for five and after the first of a day of incompleting passes, Gregory ripped up the middle on a fullback trap, M. Hurley springing him loose. Richie Skinner, Prep's classy soph halfback, slid off end for nine and repeated for eight more yards and a first down on the 40. The Marauder line was looking handsome at this point. Squeo's first down pass missed fire but Skinner came back for five and Gregory hurtled over the right side for 22 to the Bayonne 13. Skinner hit for three on a dive play and then on a power thrust to the right side, he cut back inside tackle and fought over for the score. Squeo's point attempt was wide. But so were the smiles of Prep fans. For few had expected such an authoritative land assault at this time of the year.



Squeo squints at camera after picking off Oiler pass in second quarter.

Following an exchange of interceptions, the Bees were off to the races again. Starting from the Prep 47, they drove in three plays to the 32 and then it happened. On a reverse over Prep's right side, Zicarelli caught Prep's end off balance and raced down to the 12 where he lateralled off to Kowalski who covered the remaining distance untouched. The point was wide, Bees 13, Prep 6.

They were saying in the pressbox at the half that this was the best opening game in many a year as action moved fast, tackling was crisp and play was in earnest. The failure of Prep's aerial game was the most disturbing notion during the hot-dog conversations. Doc Downfield summed up prevailing opinion, "If the Prep kids get a quick start in the second half, they might do it. But if Bayonne, look out for a runaway."

The veteran grid observer was never more observing. Prep took the opening kickoff and Voorhees really gave it the gun. For a moment it looked as if he might go all the way but a swinging scythe of an arm caught his head, jarred the ball loose and the Bees were in possession on the Prep 20. The Marauders held, forced an end zone punt and then that fumble again! Amabile, back to pass, was hit and the Bees recovered. They drove to the 9 for a first down and, with fourth and 2, Cancero hit the middle. No signal was given until the pileup opened.

Cancero was just across the line. Strydio was good with the point; Bayonne led, 20-6.

The Bees were now in thorough command and the Marauders could do nothing right. Following the exchange of kicks, Franconeri exploded around his left side on a T-quickie, thrown into the single wing sequence, and bit off 32 yards to the Prep 4. The Bees' flat pass to Lane made it 26-6 and after the turn of the quarter, two passes back-to-back added on the last Bee score.

In the dressing room after the game no one said a word for fifteen minutes. Then Bill spoke, "Tomorrow you'll see the movies and find out what you did wrong. Then you'll correct them."



Mgr. Bob Davies readies gear for battle.



Jim Mavroudis



Ray Miko

Testing Time

After six gruelling hours that first day of camp, Bill and his staff poured themselves dejectedly into their chairs. As Bill peeled off his sweat socks and stared at the others scattered about the room, his grim eyes seemed to say: "Is this what we have to work with? I wonder if they'll be ready in time?"

In the following days a happy smile would sometimes replace the somber frowns as the intra-squad scrimmages yielded to the interschool tests to complete the September workouts.

Prep started the scrimmage trail with a leadoff bout against Union Hill. The defense sprung a few leaks and Prep took it on the chin, 5-3. Said Bill, "You know it's going to happen but you still feel bad when it does. The big thing we lack on defense is experience." All too many were being faked out by the traps.

Amabile did a good job at quarterback, completing three passes for 59 yards and two TD's. Skinner, before he bruised a leg, latched onto Johnny's first toss for 24 yards and the first Prep tally. The Hiller offense pounded the Prep wall so consistently that one sideline critic asked, "I wonder if the Prep defense lost its sense of direction?"

The Peter's pass defense was rifled severely as the Hillers spanked Prep with 7 of 13 flips good for 89 precious yards. Once again Bill was groaning as Mott and Higgins at the halves and Amabile at safety let the

Union Hill backs sift through and by to pick up a pair of six-point heaves. Gregory was challenged that day by a flashy junior full-back, Bill Gargiles, who took one of Amabile's handoffs and flew fifty yards for the final Prep tally.

Two days later at the wind-swept, rain-soaked Annex, the scene was a little brighter despite the mud and cold. Some new faces appeared on the starting lineup. Bill Timney, exiled from the Union Hill fray for missing his blocks, stormed back to hound the Green and Gold of St. Michael's, U. C. "The 3-4 score doesn't tell the whole story," quotes Bill. "The real value lies in the amount of confidence and experience we picked."

The old master didn't want to risk re-injuring Skinner and hurried Charley Voorhees in at left half. All Charley did was hustle, impressing the shivering onlookers with his end sweeps and cross bucks through the line. Another switch, this time on the line, found Richie Kelly stalking around at the flank.

The secondary gleamed with new faces shining through the mist. Skinner at safety, Mott and, a surprise switch, Squeo at the halves. Keller and Gregory were still backing up the line as Bill tried out a 6-2-2-1 pass defense, reverting from the 5-2-2-2 umbrella he had used in the Union Hill match.

On Saturday, Sept. 18, Prep journeyed out to the green acres of Teaneck, with a terrific hunger pain in the pits of their stomachs. The Teaneck squad, working out of a slow T and single wing, pushed over for a fast score early in the first sequence. After that the day was Prep's as Gellene, Gregory and Skinner punctured the Highwaymen's line to set up an 8 to 1 verdict. But this time Prep's defense led the way. Acinapura had the sidelines jumping when he picked off a pass and raced 54 yards to start the Marauders moving. Piscal stole the ball only minutes later to repeat and Squeo sparked the last three scores with flips to Wagner, Farrell and Hampton.

Looking Ahead

Once again the hungry Snyder Tiger, eager for a long dreamed of victory over Prep, will be roaming Roosevelt Stadium in search of a fast meal, compounding cunning with strength in an effort to attain his goal.

This year's fray with the Greenville High School should be a repetition of past years. For many years back Prep has always wound up on the top end of a squeaker. This year a fast-improving Marauder squad will be faced with tough opposition. Snyder was hit hard by the graduation of line stalwarts but the Polito twins, 210 lb. swim champ, Jim Wasilewski, and 205 lb. Dick Wysocki are still around.

The Tiger air defense seems to be their "Achilles' Heel." For during the Union Hill scrimmage, the Snyder defenders would miss their man and a pass would be completed. This foretells an aerial attack on Sunday. It will be a tough game to win and an even tougher one to lose.

After the Snyder game Prep heads northward to rocky roads and Aquinas Institute, leaving Friday morning and making their headquarters at the Cadillac Hotel. This year the Little Irish seem to be in great shape and the Maroon and White will really be playing one of the better teams in the Eastern high school scholastic circles. Last year Aquinas was 3-3-1 and definitely a year away, as is the present Prep team. Now they expect to turn out a team that will match those of the spectacular postwar years when they had such greats as Jackie Lee, a regular guard at Notre Dame, Frank Verrichone, All-American tackle, Don Hollender, end for Army, and scores more. During those years their record was a very impressive 29-2-1.

The Aquinas squad, though lacking weight, make up for the loss with deadly speed and explosive power. Having a veteran team with plenty of depth, the Little Irish "hope to complete an undefeated season."

Prep expects to have its say about that.



Mgr. Lou Boudreau, Jim Brady and Coach Susce.

Ad For Our Side

Former Prep mound great Jim Brady, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marino and son Bobby, 2C, stepped off a train in Boston last month to be weeklong guests of the Red Sox, one of the many Major League clubs who seek Jim's talent. Bobby who stands 5' 2" and admits he "sort of likes tramping around with big ball clubs, having his breakfast in bed and viewing ball games from the private box of Mr. Tom Yawkey," reports that the Bean Town nine offered a whopping \$60,000 for Jim. This almost doubles the offer of \$37,000 made by the Phillies earlier in the summer.

During the morning Jim spent most of the time just loafing around the Kenmore Hotel where rooms were reserved for the party. At afternoon batting practice Brady was ordered to "throw straight," and as a result quite a few "gopher balls" bounced off the short left field fence. Bob states that when Jim finally let loose, he shaped up with the best of the Sox moundsmen, including veteran Mel Parnell.

The senior Mr. Brady wasn't phased at all by the big rewards offered for his son's services. To quote him, "It is my opinion that a good Catholic Education is worth far more than \$60,000. Therefore Jim will continue his studies at Notre Dame, which he's attending on a baseball scholarship."

SPORT BITS

Jays. As we went to press last Monday the 1954 edition of the Junior Marauders opened their season against Bayonne. The Jays boast a large squad of over fifty men, reaching from third-string varsity to the nucleus of last year's Freshman team. The more familiar faces among the mob include ends Serrani, Ring, Cassidy and Wagner; at the tackles, Crane and Bonanno; guards, Carr, Egan, Cook and MacIsaac with Bill Pflug at center. At the quarterback slot Miko and Guyet will be calling the signals. Halfbacks include Sharlow, Higgins and Jimmy Mavroudis while fullbacks Zasowski and Cogan fill out the picture. After Bayonne the Jays face: Snyder, Oct. 4; Demarest, Oct. 18; Ferris, Oct. 25; Lincoln, Nov. 1; Mt. St. Michael, Nov. 8; St. Michael's (U. C.), Nov. 15.

Frosh. A glance into the other corner of the well-worn Annex will see Don Ryan, who is ably assisted by Dick Piscal, going through light workouts with this year's Frosh Club. Both men have their hands full with about sixty eager Freshmen seeking berths. On Oct. 12, the same day Columbus discovered America, Don will try to discover some ballplayers in the opener against always dangerous St. Michael's of U. C. The following weeks will see the Frosh vie with Chaminade, Oct. 23 and Nov. 11; St. Cecilia, Oct. 30; Mt. St. Michael's, Nov. 20.

Intramural Track. Coach Kallman has set the date for his favorite project, the Intramural Track Meet. It will be held after school on Friday, October 8, in the school yard. The freshmen and sophomores in one division and the upper classmen (juniors and seniors to you) in the other. Realizing the apparent need for persuasion, the coach has promised that medals will be awarded to the winners of the various events. If further inducement is needed to bring out you bashful speedsters, there is the fact that six of last year's winners in the meet went on to win their letters with the track squad.

BRIEFETTES

They're Home. Prep came back from Europe when Fr. Purcell flew in Sunday week and Fr. Shalloe sailed up the harbor a few days later. If you want any tips on things continental, drop in.

Bug Biting? "What bug?" you ask. The Click and Shutter bug, of course. The enthusiasm of Fr. Redmond, Cam Club moderator, seems to have rubbed off on club members and the Kodak epidemic is agrowing. Anyone susceptible to the disease is welcome to try out. Fr. Redmond also announces a Frosh Amateur Night for sometime in November. Any Frosh long on talent and short in size should contact Fr. Redmond. "We develop negative personalities pronto," he says.

New Degree. Mr. Kennedy has been in charge of rallies since the distant day the British raced up Bunker Hill. Only recently did he receive an official title. Look in the catalogue and see . . . the official Assembly Master. His services in waking Autumn enthusiasm are well appreciated in this corner even if the jokes do date from 1775.

Boatmen. Fr. Purcell has named the crew to sail the Sodality three-master. Tony Arlotto turns the wheel, assisted by Ed Kearns and Dick Fuchs. Brian Daly keeps the log, Bill McDermott pedals the organ, Jim McGovern is sacristan. Pat Fitzpatrick and Dennis Kulvicki are in charge of the sick bay.

Yell-Men. The beat-up blacktop of Roosevelt Stadium rumbled to the rhythm of the crowd led by Prep's cheerleading squad. With a real yell-up job to their credit as a result of Fr. Halligan's tutelage, these bouncing bundles of noise are set to swing into action against Snyder's roar come Sunday. Good to see them in there pitching.

Getting Well. Reports from St. Vincent's hospital where Fr. Riordan is recovering from a serious summer operation inform us that the Dean of 4th Year Latin is well on his way toward regaining his health.

PRIDE
and
GLORY

Bob Hampton



The second issue of the *Petroc* finds as its Pride and Glory Bob Hampton, who could just as well have been the Busy Beadle for this issue, since it's his job to 'count the customers' in 4-E.

Bob attended Assumption grammar school before finding his way to the Prep. His scholastic accomplishments have been many and notable. During his stay here he has picked up more than a few honor cards, and during his Sophomore and Junior years he finished first in his class.

His brains, however, are not unaccompanied by brawn. In all the fields of sport open to Prepsters Bob has done remarkably well. In football season he can be found trotting around the gridiron, usually running from the left halfback's position, playing with such finesse that he will probably earn his football letter this season.

Football isn't his only talent either. When baseball season rolls around, Bob will be found behind the plate, putting to use his three years experience.

In the future Bob hopes to attend St. John's University and take up Pharmacy.

BUSY
BEADLES

Dennis Kulvicki

Dennis Kulvicki, who carries the beadle's burden in 2-E, is the recipient of our A.B. (Ardent Beadle) this week. Dennis, who hails from Sacred Heart Parish, is an active member of the Sodality, taps airwaves in the Radio Workroom and polishes lenses in the Camera Club.

The Way

Autumn is the hour of victory: in nature, in sports,—and in the kingdom of God.

Look at the apple tree; it is now, in full bloom; it is a tree in triumph. Listen to the crowds at the World Series; relive the joy of gridiron conquests; mark how the crowds always follow a winner. But don't forget the deep reason within us why we all enjoy the play that works but frown on the fumble and the fruitless tree. God made us to win the game of life and put within our souls the love of victory, the strength to conquer, the will to win—no matter what the size of the other fellow. In the kingdom of heaven or the cities of earth there is no place for the quitter.

In the great game of Life, Christ is the Victorious Warrior Who conquered sin on the Cross. He sacrificed everything in order to conquer sin in you. "Therefore God has exalted Him and given Him a name that is above every name."

Will you follow Him to victory over sin this year, no matter what the cost? Or will you quit?



"Even as Jonas was in the belly of the whale three days and three nights, so will the Son of Man be in the belly of the earth."

The Whale, therefore, is the earth; the Laughing Whale—the earth exulting in the resurrection of its Lord. Peter is the witness that Christ has risen; so, too, the men of St. Peter's.

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