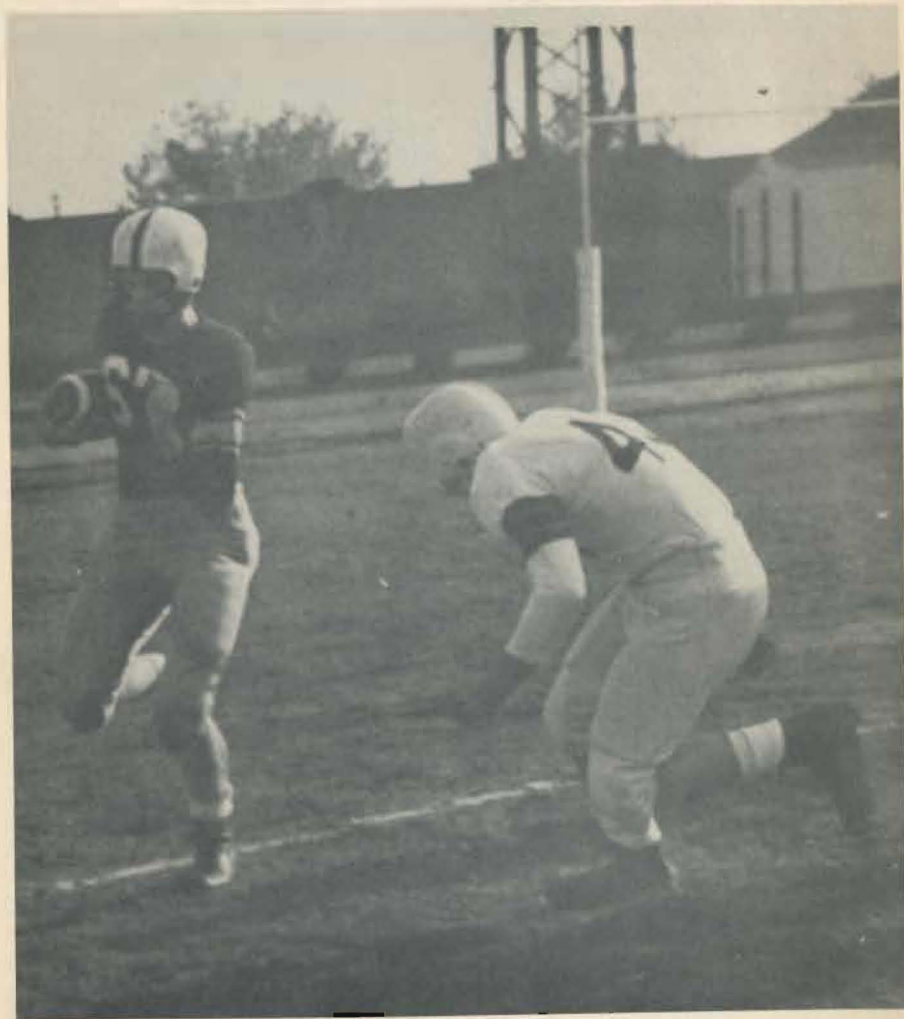


SLUGGISH, DULL, DRAB, DISASTROUS: 0-27



IN FOR THE KILL. Bill Paoloni, Mem's long range aerial gunner, sets sights on Bob Sharlow, just before bringing him to earth for four yard loss.

VOL 12, No. 4

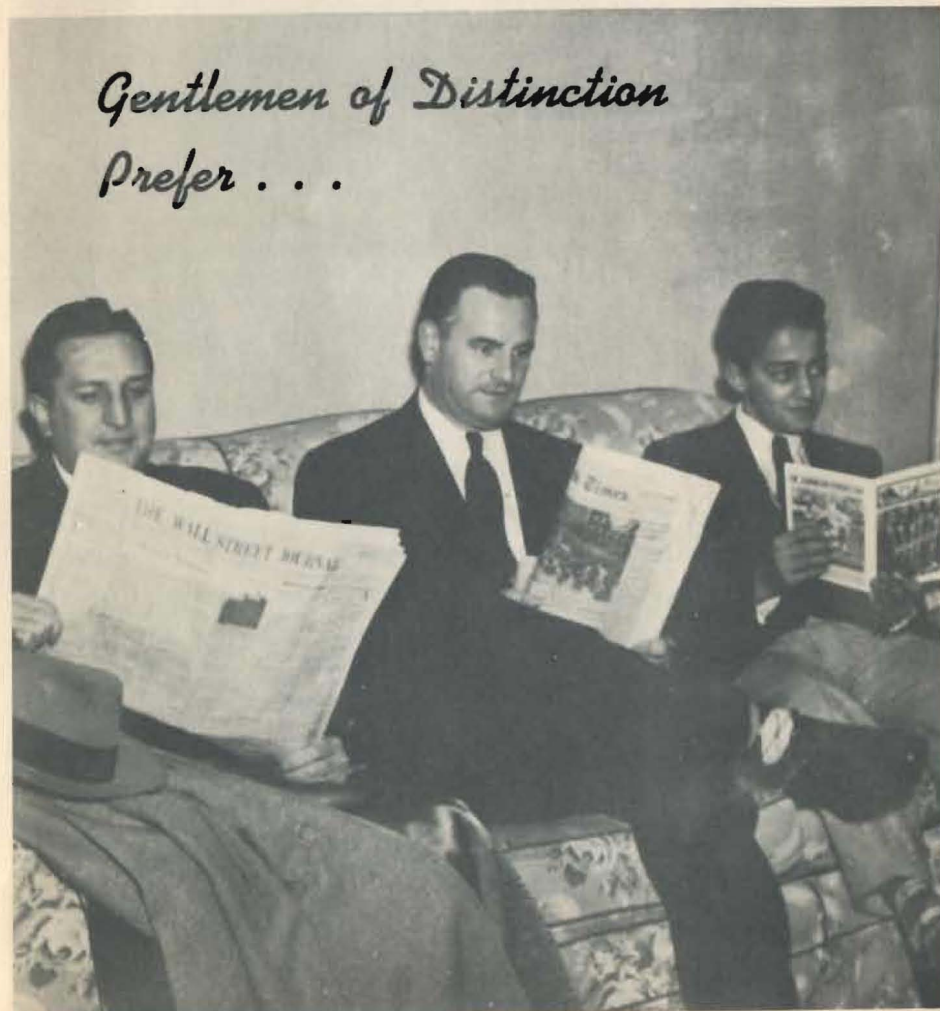
Donated by John Weting, '60

Friday, November 12, 1954



THE ST. PETER'S PREP NEWSLETTE

Gentlemen of Distinction Prefer . . .



Mag Movement

Prep students were caught last week in the undertow of New Jersey political forces. Anticipating the annual Springtime Raffle to raise funds for school repairs, many students received more than a mild surprise when they found that a subscription sales drive had been substituted. The reason, of course, was the new State Bingo-Raffles Law. Under its terms a person must be present at the raffle if he wishes to buy a chance, and therefore, Prep's annual Raffle Drive becomes, in the language of the law courts, a misdemeanor.

This law was backed by many South Jersey politicians, and although opposed by many Northern Jerseyites and the Catholic parishes and schools, was passed by the State Legislature, largely because of the self-righteous wrath of many bigoted pressure groups who, peering through thick and distorting bifocals and glaring down the length of their honest noses, saw vice and wickedness in housewives playing Bingo and Churches balancing their budgets with raffles and their like.

Nevertheless, right or wrong, the law is law and must be obeyed; and so, St. Peter's will sell magazines instead of raffle tickets.

The purpose of the Magazine Subscription Drive, just concluded, was to raise money for much needed repairs to St. Peter's property and buildings, such as were done on the Freshman Building. To this end it is hoped that each Prepster will have brought in twenty dollars in subscriptions, approximately seven thousand dollars in profit for the school.

The campaign was kicked off in the gym, where a representative of the Cromwell-Collier Publishing Company spoke to the student body and explained all the details to them. Class presidents were then supplied with the wherewithal of the drive, and they in turn have distributed the pamphlets, advertisements and subscription blanks to the individual Prepsters. Thus equipped, hordes of Prep men have been let loose to



Hail Holy Queen. On November 1, after His Holiness Pope Pius XII had crowned a revered painting of the Blessed Virgin and had declared Her Queen of Heaven and Earth, he announced May 31 as the day for honoring the Queenship of Mary. A week of Marian events was thus brought to a conclusion with this Papal Proclamation. We will now pay homage on a special day to the Queen Mother who has cherished our requests and anxieties down through the ages.

ring doorbells, pound the pavement and visit Aunt Mary in an attempt to earn money for the school.

The student salesmen have made what the poet would call a "heroic effort," but the difficulties have been many and formidable. Several high schools in the area had beaten Prep to the punch in this drive, having solicited subscriptions as many as four or five weeks before the Prep drive started.

Nonetheless, the amount of subscriptions sold was respectable, and reflected a sincere effort. The final amount raised by the drive was twelve thousand dollars, a good deal under the expected quota, but still a rewarding sum for St. Peter's. At the time this issue went to press, the individual totals had not yet been announced.

Retreat Record

"There are three types of Catholics: those who are really sincere, those who are half-baked, and those who are Catholics in name only." With these words Rev. Francis K. Drolet opened the Junior Retreat, Oct. 19-21. Father Drolet, who took time off from his duties as Regional Sodality Director to conduct the Retreat, used this theme to illustrate to the Juniors how they appeared in the eyes of God. Father condemned the half-baked Catholics as jelly fish who try to slither over both sides of the fence at the same time.

"God will be indifferent to you on judgment day," he said, "if you are indifferent to Him now." Father decried the purely nominal Catholics. "There are those Catholics," he said, "who come to Church three times: to be hatched, matched, and dispatched." Someone suggested a more modern version—to be dated, mated, and crated.

The general theme of the Sophomore Retreat, held the following week, was good confession and its necessity. Father Shalloe, the Retreat Master, brought out the fact that the longer you hide a sin the bigger it seems to become. Father emphasized the importance of having a regular confessor because he will become familiar with your faults and be able to help you better in correcting them.



Juniors at ease during retreat. But should there be ease instead of silence?

Clothes Drive

The crimson rays of the sun had long since faded when a station wagon pulled up at the Rectory door. A short fat figure, with a breadstick clenched between his teeth, emerged from the car. Tediously he waddled to the rear, and with a low grunt raised the panel door. A nearby street light revealed the wagon's contents, a dozen neatly packed cardboard boxes filled with mission-destined clothes. The light also disclosed the driver's identity, Nick Molinari.

From his candy-stuffed pocket he drew a whistle. One shrill call brought twenty eager Sophomore sodalists.

At that moment the Rectory door opened and a smiling Father Purcell appeared. His expression remained unchanged all through the proceedings. At the head of the Sophs was George Olzewski, chairman of the drive and Prefect of the Sodality, Tony Arlotto, both of 2-F.

This was the third day of the Clothes Appeal, which had started on Wednesday, November 3, and was to end a week later. The reason for it was to supply the Negro Mission of Christ the King in Louisiana with some of its material needs. In the process of the drive, the Soph Sodality frequently recalled Christ's word: "Amen, amen, I say to you, as long as you did this to the least of My brethren, you did it unto Me."

SENIOR SMOKER

Smoker Turns Smoke-Eater. Bill Macchi recently became the hero of 4-B. A few weeks ago, while taking his evening constitutional, Bill passed a rambling ranch house on 3rd St. belching forth clouds of thick black smoke. Being true to his race, he whirled around and began to run in the opposite direction. Suddenly the Irish (?) in him was aroused and he galloped back to the smoking house.

A little old lady was leaning out the window screaming at the top of her lungs, while a small tabby paced back and forth on the steaming window sill. Bill charged up the stairs and smashed through the door. He grabbed the old lady and tucked her under his arm. After he placed her gently on the sidewalk, she moaned, "Where's Priscilla?"

Macchi raced back up the stairs; groping his way into the smoke-filled bedroom, he rambled back and forth on the flaming floorboards. Finding the cradle empty, he began to crawl down the stairs very dejectedly, picking up a cat on the way down to the street. Upon reaching the fresh air he was about to apologize when the woman, snatching the cat from Bill's singed hands, screamed out, "Oh Priscilla baby, there you are. Are you all right?"

Uninteresting Items. Ray Struzynski, the Super-Coola Kid, has finally switched his brands. Montague slipped a few slightly stomped-on butts into the Coola can while Struzynski wasn't looking. Now he's a bottle baby, so he can be sure of its contents.

If you were in the Senior Room last Wednesday at noon, you might have thought that you were watching a rehearsal for "Beat the Clock." It was just Bouncing Bob Davis taking a lemon meringue shampoo the hard way. Luscious lemon syrup oozed down his chubby cheeks as he rocked to and fro on the slippery floor!



The stage crew tries out Mr. Spenalzo's window seat for size.

Play Penning

"No, no, not that way, Kennedy—watch me." Coach Bob Meyer's insistent phrase continuously echoed and reechoed throughout the void hall, as the dramatic society entered upon its second month of rehearsal for St. Peter's annual play, "Arsenic and Old Lace."

With the initial spade work completed, the cast has begun to grasp and convey the true characters of the play to the auditorium, vacant except for one lone reporter.

The biggest surprise has been Paul Gaynor's portrayal of Jonathan, the visiting nephew. Gaynor succeeds in disturbing the Victorian mood of the Brewster home even more than the charitable aunts whose sole desire in life is to remove people from their loneliness with spiked elderberry wine.

Originality is the keynote of the other vital element of a good show, the stage crew. With a combination of an old set and new ideas, the walls of the Brewster home are being adorned with a pleasing green wallpaper spotted with dogwood flowers. An old crate dug up from under the stage has been requisitioned as a window seat coffin for Mr. Hoskins and Mr. Spenalzo. And Teddy has been given a San Juan hill, all of three steps high. To quote the crew, "We know where we're going, and we'll get there before December 9th."

BRIEFETTES

Canonical Division. Since 1931, when St. Peter's College moved to the Boulevard, the Prep and the College have been actually distinct houses. They had, however, a common Rector, Father Walter Malone, S.J. On the feast of Christ the King, a new Rector was appointed at St. Peter's College in the person of Fr. James Shanahan, S.J., thereby canonically making the Prep and College distinct bodies. This means that the Prep will probably change its title and seal to Saint Peter's Preparatory School. If you intend to die soon, make sure your will specifically states "St. Peter's Prep."

Oratorical Declamation. The ever polite Brian Daly, sticking to his usual policy of "Ladies First," let himself be topped in an oratorical contest by a sweet young thing from St. Dominic's Academy. Seven schools competed in the contest held at Rutgers in Newark. The contest involved the recitation of a speech given by Herbert Hoover on Benjamin Franklin and his influence on American lives. Brian feels that this rule of etiquette should at times be broken.

Locker Cutup. Take a look in your locker tomorrow after school. Part of it may be missing. A new sewer system is being installed in lower Jersey City. If all goes according to present plans, it will cut off the six feet of the locker room that extend beneath the sidewalk.

Lance. A new magazine is being welcomed to the fold of publications received at the Petroc office. The Lance, published by the students of the new Jesuit High School in Rochester, is a first rate effort by a first rate school. Best wishes, Brother!

Parent-Teachers. On Election day the faculty of Prep had a field day, giving the parents subtle hints on their children. The annual meeting of the parents with the teachers was held in the school cafeteria and not even a soda was there to revive the parents when they heard the worst.

Office Tests. "Buckle down, Winsockey, buckle down." Office tests are on the way!



We Were There. Today the Junior Alibi Corporation of St. Peter's, through the facilities of the Petroc Television Network, takes you back to Mount Vernon in the year 1732. A dead Indian sprawls prostrate on the greensward of a palatial mansion. An irate father is scolding his son, who holds a smoking shotgun. "George Washington Wallace, did you shoot that redman out on our lawn?" "Yes, Dad, I cannot tell a lie. I shot down that Cherokee."

Now our scene switches to gay Patee in 1854. A richly upholstered carriage draws up to the entrance of a striking chateau. Rain is pouring onto the cobblestone road in torrents and bubbling puddles dot the way. As the door of a coach is opened by a lady's hand, a French Count flies down the stairway, spreads his cloak on the street, and two dainty feminine feet push it into the muddy puddle.

This would have been the scene the other night if Jersey City were Paris, if the time were one hundred years earlier, if the Montgomery bus were a coach, if Jimmy Mavroudis were a dashing French knight and if a certain cute lass of St. Al's were a French mademoiselle and not a check-girl. Poor Jimmy, having his eyes on a good looking miss at a St. Al's dance, told her he was a football player and she didn't believe it.

Finally our cameras take you to Appomattox Courthouse in 1865, where Robert E. Logan is surrendering the Confederate forces to Ulysses S. Gorney. As camera No. 4 closes in, General Gorney can be overheard: "You were putting up a good fight, Bob. Why did you quit?" General Logan's apologetic voice retorts, "Well, U. S., I found out that my Confederate money wasn't any good."

No doubt this show is like an accomplished undertaker, dressing up dead material.



Prep's Bandmen and cheerleaders in a sardine situation enroute to Stadium.

Melody Masters

They say a pretty girl is like a melody. If this is so, then Alumni, returning from various colleges for the weekend, were twice stunned. Besides the parcels of pulchritude that dotted the stands, the melodies of the Prep Band had every head turning and every eye aglow.

All Autumn long the spontaneous reaction of the crowds has been an amazing sight. As the Prep Music Makers march onto the field in perfect step, with their instruments polished to a high gloss, Ward Riani strutting proudly in front of their ranks, and Lou Klein and Vic Maragni glistening their sabers in the sunlight, people realize that the Prep Band is the real thing.

During the whole second half of the game

with Lincoln, the Melody-Masters labored over their instruments without rest. They tried to force the Lincoln Band into a "dark secluded place" with the rhythmic strains of "Hernando's Hideaway" and burst forth with "When the Saints Come Marching In" as Sharlow scooted over for the second of his two tallies.

The Band's increase in ability has been paralleled by its enormously expanded repertoire, which now numbers at least seven "pop" tunes, besides the regular band marches and school songs.

The vast improvement in the Prep Band has also been noticed by the officials of Fordham University, who have invited the Prep Band to entertain at the Villanova game, to be played at the Polo Grounds Nov. 27.



Fr. Redmond strummin'; John Trez hummin'.

Show Shaved

"What we need in these rallies is something new with a little dynamite in it," said Leo Gellene, the pro-tem prexy. Class 4-A volunteered to ignite the first of the senior-sponsored rallies.

The medium chosen was a TV theater of the air. Tom Maresca emceed and set the scene on a planet somewhere near Neptune, where the Saints of Heaven are engaged in the annual conflict with the Witches of Lincoln. The action takes place while Poor Old Abe (Lou Zircher) is imprisoned in jug, because he alone in heaven refuses to root for St. Peter's.

Of course no program goes on without a commercial, so John Kennedy (accidentally) splattered the curtain with shaving cream in a vain attempt to keep up with the Prep band, playing "Look Sharp" in its usual "B Sharp" manner.

The opening number featured the Prep band and its close-rhythm special, "When the Saints Come Marching in." The Saints in glory proved to be eleven white-headed, blackrobed frosh.

A brace of parodies followed. Johnny Trez warned the freshmen, "Don't you worry Fr. Murray with the fringe on the top." And "Frankie Boy" Gregory dirged in his true, blue baritone notes, "Poor Abe Is Daid."

The rally would have come to its rousing climax as they shaved Abe Lincoln with a

rusty razor blade if it had not been cut five minutes at the beginning by the extended cheers (jeers?), and three minutes at the end by an early bell.

If you want to memorize Trez's parody here it is:

When he takes you in with him at 3,
Sonny, here's the way it's gonna be.
You will sit behind a class of snow white
faces in the slickest jug you ever see.
Sophs and frosh and juniors better scurry,
When they run across Fr. Murray,
When they run across Fr. Murray, with the
fringe on top.

Watch that fringe and see its reaction,
When they drive him clear to distraction.
Noisy frosh will laugh at his action.
When he yells out, "Stop!"

The walls are pencilled and the desks are
brown,

The blackboard is genuine plaster,
With real linen curtains you can roll right
down,

And roll back up even faster.

Two grim eyebrows starin' and glarin',
Ain't no tougher jug they're declarin'.

"You can keep your jug," I'm a-swearin',
"But I'll never stop fightin' dat Fr. Murray
with the fringe on the top."

I can feel my eyes gettin' blurry,
When I'm printin' for Fr. Murray.

When I'm printin' for Fr. Murray, with the
fringe on top.

I can feel the day gettin' older,
Feel that bony hand on my shoulder.
It's so icy and it's gettin' colder.

And I go ka-plop.

My brain is swimmin' and I'm feelin' ill;
My memory's deader than lumber,

And just when I'm thinkin' all the world is
still,

His bark will break in through my slumber.

"Wake up, son, this is no place for sleepin'
Or a Sat'd'y date you'll be keepin'."

"Nol" you scream, and the gooseflesh is
creepin'.

As you shout, "I'll stop!"

Don't you worry Fr. Murray with the fringe
on the top.



MAG MERCURY MOVES MORE LIKE MOLASSES.



EXTRY! EXTRY! READ ALL ABOUT IT!



TALLEY-HO. Seniors Andrew Wright, Joe Cash, Joe DiAngelo, and Frank Scudder, all of 4B, inspect first returns on the Mag Subscription Drive. After a slow start, 4B ended the drive in a top position.

RALLY RAVINGS. The high-steppers shown in the upper photo kicked their heels at the Lincoln rally two weeks ago; and the Marauders in glory were represented by the much glorified and saintly Frosh below.

PREP 0 MEMORIAL 27

Defeat Without Honor

The autumn air was crisp, the Mems were crisper. The mud-turfed gridiron was slow and Prep was slower, as the 7,210 fans will attest who saw Prep soundly drubbed by a well-powered club from West New York, 27-0 last Sunday.

For Prep fans, accustomed to see the Marauders annually deport themselves with spirit and drive even during the years when the high-riding Mems beat them, this was a defeat without honor. Prep, looking careless and disorganized, dug its own grave with the wrong foot three times in succession on kickoff plays in the opening half and the Mems were quick to hammer shut the pinewood lid and lower the remains. Twice thereafter there were momentary hopes that the Marauders could dig their way out but each time the Mems would have none of it. An overpowering forward wall more than anything else was responsible for the totality of the defeat.

For all but two minutes of the first half Prep was contained within its own 25 yard line. Fred Netting's long kickoffs plus slipshod returning by the Prep deep man buried the pigskin on the 10, 19 and 17 yard lines respectively. Prep crossed midfield only once in the first half, on their lone drive which moved 75 yards to the Mem 20 before a fumble ended it.

Voorhees took the opening kickoff on his 10, stumbled on the slippery turf and Prep



Even the eye of the camera was blurred by Sunday's doings!

began in the hole. Amabile's fine fourth down punt drove the Mems back to their 38 but they sped 62 yards to score in eleven plays, Auriemma tallying on a 26 yard wingback reverse—the old favorite through the years. Simonovitch was true. 7-0.

Prep returned the next kickoff to the 19 but Gregory's fumble gave the Mems another chance from the 26. A pass interception put a momentary halt to the proceedings but the Mems struck fast after the turn of the quarter for their second score on a 56 yard pass play. Paoloni found Sigmund streaking down field; Skinner leaped for the interception but missed it and Sigmund caught the ball on the dead run, pulling away from two Marauders for the tally. Simonovitch's toe said "14-0."

Prep took the next kickoff to its 17, was slapped with a 15 yard penalty for holding, kicked short and was immediately threatened with another Mem score. The threat was verified when Tarallo smacked over from the eight, for a 20-0 halftime lead.

In the third quarter Prep braced and seemed more sure of itself. Gellene came in at right half and netted some seven yard gainers. Amabile found some success on the buttonhook pass to Gorney but the Prep could string no sequence of success. Meanwhile the Mems had powered to a fourth tally, highlighted by Sigmund's 30 yard drive over guard and a foolish use of Montague's hands that resulted in a 15 yard penalty. Parlarti belted over from the one for the score, 27-0.



A wall of white says "No" to Leo Gellene on sweep.

Operation Atonement

This Sunday the Marauders move across the river for their first visit to Metropolitan soil in over twenty years. Yes sir, it's Prep vs. Xavier in a renewal of the spirited rivalry that will find both teams seeking atonement for last week's whopping defeats.

The Kaydets this year boast a strong and honest club that can move the ball on land and in the air, with a definite liking for the long distance score. In halfbacks Joe and Chuck Greaney, Sal Perez and fullback Don Kissinger the Kaydets boast a good break-away threat that has netted them overwhelming victories over St. John's and Brooklyn Prep after they had shot from behind to nose out Cardinal Hayes in their season's opener, 20-13. Co-Captain Jim Hannigan quarterbacks the Winged-T attack and he is giving Xavier the best passing it has shown in the past ten years. Prime reason for the success of the Kaydets' overhead game is Bill McGee, a tall and solid end, who can hang onto anything thrown in his direction.

The lone defeats tagged on the Kaydets this year came with the compliments of St. Cecilia's, 19-6, and Iona, 37-20. Against the New Rochelle eleven who had already captured the Catholic Championship of New York, Xavier played much like Prep did last Sunday against Memorial. But they still

showed enough to Prep scouts to merit the label, "Dangerous."

Prep for its part is still licking its wounds from last Sunday's debacle at the hands of the Mems. The taste of blood, even their own, has built up the thirst for victory and Marauder fans can be sure that the Prep team will give a handsome account of itself.

It is an open secret that the coaching staff was highly displeased with the Maroon for its disorganized efforts last Sunday. Without taking any credit away from the Mems, they insist that Memorial was not much stronger than Aquinas. Prep figured to be a one-two TD underdog. But things unravelled pretty fast after the opening kickoff. And when the Memorial Tiger gets his claw in your sleeve, the best-knit plans undo!

Doc Downfield, County critic, ran into the Petroc sports staff as it was slinking off into last Sunday's welcome shadows. "I'm glad to see you disgusted," the old gent said, "because there ain't any fun in winning unless there is pain in losin'. But I keep my ear to the ground during pre-game practice and I says, 'They knew they could beat Lincoln and there was fire all around. But they probably figure in their hearts that they won't win this one. They didn't look like winners at one o'clock. And at 2:30 I knew they weren't.'"

There will be fire this weekend.

PREP 13 LINCOLN 13

Halloween Special

Trick or treat, an old Hallowe'en game, turned to trick and treat as Prep played both on the Lincoln Lion at Roosevelt Stadium. Prep tricked the Lion by knotting a loop in his tawny tail and treated the 4,461 fans to a bruising 13-13 tie.

Expecting a Lincoln run-away of the city championship bout, the spectators were surprised to see Prep stymie the rushes of Peace and DiNardo and jimmy the blocking of Spinnello and Lukachyk. Bill Cochrane's 5-3-3 defense checked the end sweeps of the fleet scatbacks and grudgingly yielded the quick openers through the line. The Prep offense took no back seat either, breaking away for scoring drives of 92 yards, featuring Bob Sharlow, and 89 yards, highlighted by Frank Gregory's sweeps.

The action, slow but sure during the first quarter, started to boil after DiNardo recovered Amabile's fumble on the Prep 25. Six plays later DiNardo bulled in behind Spinello and Lukachyk for the score from the one. The seventh point was added through the same channels, Prep actually pulling DiNardo over the line. 7-0.

Tentoni put Prep in a hole with his kickoff to the Marauder 8. With the stands echoing refrains of "Let's beat Lincoln, oley, oley!", Prep started the long trek upfield. Sharlow swept the flank for seven on a quick pitchout till Peace slammed him down on the 15. Hampton pile-drove for two and three yards. An Amabile-Gorney pass, sandwiched between Sharlow's nine and seven yard jaunts, netted 21. Bill Cochrane had spotted a weak link in the Lion pass defense behind Peace and Amabile was bombing that sector with flips to Gorney and Sharlow. One would draw Peace inside and the other cut outside to the vacant flat for the toss.

Sharlow then took a handoff and darted around end for four to the Lincoln 39 and cross-bucked for eleven to the Lion 28. Amabile faded back and flipped over Peace

on the one to Gorney, but Frank Bruno sped over to snatch it from his hands. This interception merely delayed the Prep, for Borden immediately pounced on DiNardo's fumble on the 15. After Amabile's quick passes to Gorney and Kelly had both fallen incomplete, Gorney gathered in an over-shoulder toss for twelve to the 3. First and goal! Sharlow skirted the right flank for the TD, shaking away from Bruno for the score. Squeo's PAT was wide and at the half Prep trailed 7-6.

The third quarter was a replay of the first. Lincoln made an early penetration to the Prep 36 before Lukachyk kicked out on the 6. A clipping penalty forced the Prep back to the one where Amabile punted out to the 31, returned to the 19. Peace bolted off tackle for seven to the 12. But on the next play Pinkett was belted hard by the left side of the Prep line and fumbled, Skinner recovering on the 11.

With one eye on the score and the other on the Lion goal, Frank Gregory began to roll. On but his second carry of the game, he ripped off seventeen around end, Kelly getting the block. Amabile, alternating between Sharlow and Gregory, pushed the pigskin up to the Lion 40. He then tried the air lanes and found Sharlow for thirteen to the 27. Sharlow and Gregory fought up to the 22 but a 15 yard ineligible-receiver penalty pushed the sphere back to the 36 where Prep was snared in a 4-20 hole. But not for long! Amabile spied Sharlow streaking down the sidelines and hit him going away for six points. Squeo this time was true and with 4 minutes left Prep led 13-7.

After Pflug's kickoff, Lincoln started slowly pounding out the yardage, bit by bit, from their own 37. The Marauders appeared to have them stopped, with 4th and 5 on the Prep 15, but Bruno swept wide, faked a run to draw in the defenses and suddenly fired a bullet to Peace in the end zone. For the all-important PAT, DiNardo took the hand-off and burst over the left side. Six Marauders met him on the one. Tie score!



Gregory dives over the line in 3rd quarter to set up score on Bulldog 6.

PREP 25 FERRIS 6

Airlanes Opened

Only a meager assembly of fans ventured out to Roosevelt Stadium Sunday, Oct. 24, to see a weaker Ferris eleven absorb a 25-6 pasting at the hands of Prep.

The brightest note of the Prep offense was Johnny Amabile, who, subbing for the injured Squeo, had himself a field day, completing six passes for 97 yards and a TD. This figure doesn't tell the whole story as four of his passes slipped through the hands of his straining receivers. Johnny's performance also gives evidence of that long-range scoring potential, which was so dominant a factor in former Prep clubs.

It was obvious that the Marauders didn't have their minds on the game in the first period, netting a menial 12 yards on the ground and nothing in the air while Ferris at one time drove to the Prep 13 before being temporarily halted. The Bulldogs, however, startled everyone by drawing first blood in the second period. Abicca did the honors, spearing Weatherbee's aerial as he crossed the goal-line to culminate a 61 yard drive. The conversion was wide. Ferris 6—Prep 0.

Skinner returned the kickoff sixteen yards to his own 39 and on the next play sliced through the middle for seven. Amabile

faded and found Hampton open for 25 yards and a first down on the Ferris 21. Hampton and Skinner picked up six on straight hand-offs, then Amabile threw to Skinner for nine. With fourth and five on the Ferris 16, Hampton sped down the sidelines and gathered in Amabile's pass going away, just a foot inside the end zone. The PAT pass made it 7-6, Prep.

Seconds after the following kickoff Gorney scooped up a Bulldog fumble to put Prep in position on the Ferris 26. Hampton banged off tackle for nine while Sharlow breezed around left end, driving hard to the Ferris six. After Sharlow plunged to the two, Hampton blasted over tackle for the score. Amabile's kick was low; Prep led 13-6 as time ran out.

Midway through the third stanza Amabile rifled a bullet down the sidelines to Hampton for 26 yards. Sharlow sped through a gaping hole up the middle for nineteen and a first down on the Bulldog 7. Gregory picked up one and Sharlow skirted end for the remaining six and the third Prep tally. Amabile failed to convert; Prep 19—Ferris 6.

A few plays later Mott recovered a fumble on the Prep 35 that set the stage for a 65 yard scoring drive, featuring 13 and 17 yard sprints by Sharlow, and climaxed by Amabile's plunge from the one foot line for the final Prep score.

THE SPORTING THING

It was a happy feeling to walk up Duncan Avenue—the Blue Lion was really blue!

"Where did you get that Gorney?" they all inquired. "He looked so poised while catching those passes." Funny thing about Ed, he can neither see without his glasses, nor hear without a hearing trumpet, yet it was he himself who remarked to Frank Gregory late in the first period that he was confident that he could fake out Peace. He did . . . Soph Richie Skinner may not already be the best safety man in the county but many testify he's close to it. Witness his tackle on Bobby Lisa who was heading goalward in a 7-6 Prep-Demarest situation. Ditto on Al Peace heading goalward with "T.D. Run" written all over him . . . Bill Cochrane is quietly content with John Montague's fast development as defensive end and his sparkling vigilance in keeping the Lion in his cage. Not a single man turned his end all day and those who tried were forced earthward or pushed inside . . . It was just a month ago that Bob Sharlowe started to show some of his slashing form against Snyder's Jay Vees. Bob really got going and drove for two touchdowns, then repeated against Demarest. Since then he has won, for the time being, the half back slot over Richie Skinner . . . **BEST PLAY OF THE WEEK DEPARTMENT** . . . The applause goes to Joe Keller for the magnificent block thrown at Hal Lukachyk. Joe Zucconi says, "It was the most malignant block I have ever seen."

If you ever want to see either next week's or next year's grid performers, just venture down to the annex on a Monday afternoon. This year's Midget Marauders are undefeated and have beaten Snyder, 15-0, Ferris, 48-6, Demarest, 42-0, and Lincoln, 22-12, in succession, with eye-catching finesse and explosive power. Higgins, Farrell and Wagner all have scored at least two touchdowns and may push an unsuspecting bench warmer off onto the ground at any time . . . That Kropke really moves . . .

HONOR ROLL

FIRST HONORS

Seniors. 4A: John Drake, Thomas Maresca, Nicholas Molinari, William Novak; 4B: Robert Johnson; 4C: Francis Compelli; 4D: Kenneth McBride, Walter O'Connor, Raymond Struzynski.

Juniors. 3A: Philip Caroselli, Gerald Lally; 3C: Joseph Kennedy; 3D: Robert Brozek, Joseph Piccolo.

Sophomores. 2A: Robert Fink, Leonard Korn; 2C: Philip Catanzaro, Paul McMenaman, Paul Mallon; 2F: Joseph Bloyder, Brian Daley, Charles Glaschauser, Henry Kolokowsky, John Verdon, Paul Vinger, Martin Walsh.

Freshmen. 1A: Edward Bradley, Francis Brzenk; 1B: Edmund Campbell, Francis Drummond; 1C: Richard Donovan, Robert Pipchick; 1D: Michael Bonifanti, Richard Gaven, Anthony Kowalski, Allan McCarthy, Francis Meola, Peter Norton, John Petrozzi, John Ragazzo; 1F: Robert Comizzoli; 1G: Thomas Finn; 1I: Christian Clemens, Richard McConville, John Slattery.

SECOND HONORS

Seniors. 4A: Edward Bolger, John Doran, Ward Riani, John Williams, Louis Zircher; 4B: Anthony Balestrieri, Victor Banko, Joseph DiAngelo, Robert Koeppe, Joseph Mikulka, Edward Reid, Anthony Rosone, Stanley Vernovage; 4C: William Cozine, Louis Klein, Alfred Rossi; 4D: Kenneth Fay, Leo Gellene, James Lepis; 4E: Robert Hampton, William Welsh.

Juniors. 3A: Michael Daly, Franklin Gregory, Joseph Keating, Francis McInerney, William Pfug, Francis Pomper, Patrick Smith, Stephen Swettis; 3B: Richard Barnitt, Joseph Burakevich, Robert Corbett, Victor Estevez, Paul Gaynor, Allen Norrell, John O'Brien, David Wagner; 3C: Michael Cocco, John Condran, William Connolly, Brian Moriarty, James Reilly, William Richardson, Edward Ulicki; 3D: Raymond Bate, John Suruda, Raymond Troiano, John Weglinski; 3E: John Coleman; 3F: Henry Quense, Robert Sharlow; 3G: Thomas Burke.

Sophomores. 2A: John Black, John Decker, William Garry, John Hogan, Anthony Santoro, James Sosnowski, William Spataro; 2B: William Barry, Donald Chmiel, Thomas Dwyer, Lawrence Floriani, Bernard Lutkavage, Robert O'Neill, John Shields, Luke Tansey, Joseph Unterkoffler, Edward Walsh, Paul Weeks; 2C: George Beatty, Dennis Calpin, Thomas Lydon, George Schadewald; 2F: Anthony Arlotto, Joseph Bongiovanni, Nicholas Cannarozzi, Martin Daly, Charles Farber, Lawrence Moser, Francis O'Brien, Robert Sinnott, Antonio Vergara, David Wright.

Freshmen. 1A: Lawrence Benson, Philip Campana, James Hoover, Charles Juelke, John Mascarin, Robert Stubin, Donald Wernoch, Albert Wiegand; 1B: Robert Rezzonico, William Sullivan; 1C: Robert Bennett, Conrad Donges, George Dwyer, Thaddeus Hartanowicz, Santo Lo Ricco, Wolodymyr Mohutshyi, Anthony Neusch; 1D: David Connolly, Michael Doherty, Harold Hurley, Ernst Just, Thomas O'Mara, William Schlip, William Shalhoub; 1E: James Beggans, John McHale, Thomas Lacey; 1F: James Heaney, Joseph Muskin, Brian Oak, Andrew Repka, Gary Wiley; 1G: James Albers, Henry Wefing; 1I: Francis Brown, John Ford, Alfred Paquin, Robert Provost.

PRIDE and GLORY

Frank O'Donnell



Meet Prep's hard-working lineman, Frank O'Donnell, who proudly bears the number 47 on his back. Frank is the strong, quiet type, and one of the silent factors in the success of the Prep eleven.

Frank, who hails from St. Vincent's parish in Bayonne, is an ardent archery fan. His usual place for practising is Lincoln Park; so, if you are ever in that area, beware of his gentle darts. If Frank isn't trying to shoot an apple off some neighbor's head, you will probably find him busily collecting his miniature soldiers, or practising for St. Vincent's C.Y.O. basketball team, which won the state championship last year.

A science honor student, Frank has done remarkably well, as his honor pins attest.

Frank is a strong member in school activities. He is enrolled in the German Club, and he also takes part in the prayers at the Holy Hour.

As for the future, Frank looks to the Navy either via an ROTC scholarship or an appointment to Annapolis.



BUSY BEADLES

John Coleman

The award for Busy Beadle of the week goes to John Coleman of 3-E, who hails from St. Aloysius Parish. Bob is a man of trust, for he banks the weekly dues of his classmates. As proof of his popularity, this honor student was elected president of his class in Freshman year.

The Way

Katey Didn't, God Did! In the middle ages there lived a wonderful woman, known to her neighbors as Kate, and since her death to all as St. Catherine of Genoa.

Catherine was much disturbed about souls in Hell. The Lord said to her one day in a vision, "Take charge, then, of any soul in Hell and see what you can do." She picked out a soul particularly black and pushed it right up to the throne of God. The soul screamed, "It is a torture worse than Hell for the unclean to be in the presence of the All-Pure God. Put me back in Hell."

Catherine then tried another solution. She put the soul in a state that was neither in heaven or in hell or on earth. "At least, he won't suffer as in Hell," she said, "and he won't be embarrassed as in Heaven." But once again the soul screamed out in agony, "Lord, what have I done to deserve to be put under the charge of this silly woman? Here I have no meaning; I am truly out of place. Send me back to Hell. For there I am an object of Divine anger. Here I have no relation to God."

The Halfway House that Katey didn't discover, God did when it was a question of helping another class of souls, those not corrupted by actual mortal sin but still not pure enough for admission into the majestic life of God. Such a midway spot is Purgatory where we are purified of the stains left by venial sin and the temporal punishment due to mortal sin. Catholic tradition suspects that a goodly portion of mankind must spend some time in being purified there.

November is the time to help the Poor Souls who are so deeply grateful for the least drop of refreshment given in their name. They shall be your friends, bread winners and grace-winners till you die, if you help them now. Have a heart for a fellow man in suffering. "Have mercy on me, at least you, my friends, for the hand of the Lord has touched me!"