

TAKE STATE; SWITCH TO CALVERT!



STATE CHAMPS. Prep, which faces Calvert Hall in Washington tonight, proved themselves against Trenton Catholic. Above, Pedone scores.



THE ST. PETER'S PREP NEWSLETTE



SPRING ON GRAND STREET

KEVIN

Communion Breakfast

As the Essex House elevator slid to the ground floor, the crowded interior echoed satisfied murmurs. "That," said someone, "was a right good breakfast!"

The Breakfast referred to was, of course, the Nineteenth Annual Father-Son Communion Breakfast, held last Sunday at the Essex House in Newark. Under the management of Father Smith, the 900 attending enjoyed a breakfast of chilled grapefruit and hot coffee, followed by greedily downed scrambled eggs and minute potatoes. As the piles of empty dishes grew higher and the tone of the morning even friendlier, Tony Rosone, M.C., called the throng to attention.

He reminded them of the purpose of their gathering, of the first great Communion Breakfast at which another Peter had been present. Blase Mullen, speaking as a Prep student and as a representative of all sons, furthered the friendly, informal feeling of the morning. He spoke of the companionship that exists between a father and his son, of the closeness that is evidenced at the dinner table, in the choice of clothes and sports, at such occasions as this morning, and most important of all, at the Communion rail, when side by side son and father receive the Gift of Divine Love.

John Mullen, Sr. stepped forth and voiced a father's enthusiasm at watching his son's physical, mental and moral growth, at the ability to share in his troubles and joys.

Father Toth, S.J., the last speaker of the day, recounted some of his experiences with the Communists in Romania, and concluded with an earnest plea for prayer, and most of all for Catholic Action.

COVER STORY. Spring, as it must to all the earth, came to Grand Street last week. Little growing things—and some big ones, as on our cover—began to sprout on the window-sills of the neighboring apartments. Wrapped up in the joy of spring and the task at hand, Sophs Catanzaro and Farrell aid the growing things to the consternation of the sweet young thing, Peggy Shaw, who seems to have little affection for April showers.

Entrance Exams

On Saturday, March 12, Public Service buses lumbered down the narrow streets of Jersey City, bulging with noisy crowds of young'uns. More than 1400 eager eighth-graders converged on the Prep for the annual entrance exam. Cars lined up for blocks; the Mulry Hall entrance looked like a hack stand outside Grand Central Station. Mother gave Junior a good-luck kiss; father shook his hand vigorously. So, with his mind packed with fractions and grammar, Junior was off on his own.

The exam came off without any mishaps other than intellectual ones, though Father Murray was occupied most of the time chasing trembling grade-schoolers from forbidden territories. (Oh, the frustration of it all, not being able to jug one of them!)

Midway through the exam, it was noted that jaws were beginning to sag. Many applicants seemed "not so sure" of their answers as they glanced sideways at their neighbors' papers. Faces relaxed again as the telepathy that is present at all exams assured one and all that no one had finished the last Math problem.

Saturday, the number 963 was twice a cause of joy. In the field of man vs. money (the numbers game, to the uninitiated vulgar) 963 was drawn as a winner. In the field of boys and brains, Joseph J. Contreras of St. Nick's, Jersey City was the proud possessor of registration number 963. And proud he might be too, because he tied for top one among the 4 scholarship winners. The other three champions were: John D. Dow, St. Aloysius, Caldwell; John F. Fahy, St. John's, Bergenfield, and Gregory Burke, St. Paul the Apostle, Irvington.

By 2 o'clock the Prep again looked like a school should on Saturday — empty. The janitor shuffled around the yard, picking up candy wrappers, pencils and composition paper — remnants of the onslaught. Only the teachers were working, each one marking 5000 questions on a sunny Saturday afternoon. Which is as it should be!



Bonanno beams, Logan, Kelly, Herold agree: 3C is the "mission-minded mostest." The 172.74 represents 3C's mid-Lent total.

Moloch and Me

Moloch, the money-counting machine in the Treasurer's Office, whirls madly every Tuesday afternoon. The beaming Freshman who totes the mite-box treasure from the Sodality Offices, looks on with mouth ajar. The numbered dials on the tabulator spin wildly. This is the center of the bustling activity caused by the Lenten Mission Drive.

Meanwhile, out in the vast expanse of the South Pacific, a small body of Jesuits labor under hampering hardships and handicaps. On the island of Truk, for example, the College-Seminary buildings are without electricity. This means that the work of the students and aspirants to the priesthood must be curtailed by nightfall. The water supply is lax. Primitive means are put into effect to collect the rain water. The orphanage on the island, where forty girls live simple yet God-led existence, needs funds to provide for these unfortunates.

In reaction, all Grand and Warren has made sacrifices and has dived into wallets and change pockets. Starting slowly, the fiscal fund quickly gained momentum. At the end of the third week, with twelve hundred dollars collected, this soul saving

work was soaring towards its goal. Inspired with missionary zeal, classes 3-C and 3-A, in "friendly" rivalry, are battling it out for leadership. Messrs Illy and Kennedy, applying the spurs and setting the example, have contributed a dollar for every five or ten dollars dropped in by the classes, a most charitable act on a teacher's salary. On one occasion Mr. Illy matched a ten dollar bill given by one of his Schüler. Behind the banners of these illustrious teachers, these two classes have amassed the grand sum of over three hundred dollars. In the third week alone, with 3A evoking a competitive spark, 3-C doled out the whopping amount of \$104.

But all everywhere are not as active. Self-love is synonymous with Sophomore year. Lollipop-licking, thumb-sucking, the Sophs recline self-centered on their well-nourished carcasses, as the empty mite-box passes by. No heed do they take of the poor plight of the missions. Sacrificing beyond endurance, the whole of Second Year has handed in the magnificent, monstrous wealth, \$53 or just about one-half of 3-C's total for one week! The Freshmen also are a little behind standard.



Joe Keating, Hearst Speaker.

The Lore of Lee

A lone tired figure strode up and down the aisle of a dimly lit Hogan Hall classroom with a couple of crumpled papers in his hand. The only sound was the strains of Dixie, echoing through the deserted hallways. It was obvious that the whistling figure was trying to memorize the contents of those papers. At a closer look, the figure takes the form of Joe Keating, and the papers the wrinkled remains of his Hearst speech, which he has been tediously preparing for many weeks.

Under the tutelage of Father McCusker, Keating is preparing to represent St. Peter's next week in the annual Hearst Oratorical Contest, in which Prep has distinguished itself over the many years.

Keating was born in Richmond, Va., and lived there for about six years before he deserted the cause and migrated North. Being that he is a native Southerner, and a true believer that the South will rise again, Joe is without doubt the most qualified person in Prep to talk on this year's subject, Robert E. Lee. In his deep, flowery Southern tones, Joe tells why Lee joined the Southern forces and turned his back upon the North. He relates an occasion when Lee, as he was walking across a muddy field, turned around to see his son, following in his footsteps and imitating him. Lee then and there decided to make his footsteps worth following.

In his speech, Keating does not attempt

to immortalize Lee as a military leader, but rather as a man; as a father. This can best be shown in the closing lines of his speech: "Were God to grant me the gift of one talent, to set before the world this truly great but humble man, I should still cast the statue in heroic proportions. Not, however, with saber flashing to the sky from a great charger, but seated on his aging white horse, "Traveler," a smiling child riding behind him, as they both jounce happily down the road into history."

Radio Rovers

Did you say you're having trouble tuning in Martin Bloch? Well then, you can blame it on Prep's hams. They've been wandering all over the airwaves making nationwide contacts. The eager hams have reached upper New York State, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island.

The club has come a long way since its inception in September. The membership stands at 40, however there is still room for any aspiring electronics student. There are nine licensed novice hams: Anderson, 4-B; Roleke, 4-A; Black, 3-E; Mangan, 3-C; Huebner, 3-D; Wagner, 3-B; McDermott, 2-E; Keane, and Savage, 1-G.

Black, McDermott and Anderson have home transmitters, and have made frequent contacts with each other. On their own time, one day Black, Keane and McDermott even made contact with some sweet young things. You could hear the heartbeats over the airways.

At present there are two transmitters and two receivers up in the radio shack. Mr. McCaffery is looking forward to more power and radio telephone transmission in the near future. And what radio tale would be complete without a code message? Here's one that's bound to confuse you no matter which way you read it: KN2KRE DEKN2-KOS RRR-OK-OM-UR RST IS 599-FB-PSE QSL-CU AGN BEST 73's AND DX-SK KN2KRE-KN2KOS.



LATIN LEGIONNAIRES: Sophs Cullum, Fogacci, Lombardi, Gisondi and Collins form an "acies." The shields they display were taken in combat from rival Legions in second year.

Desilite, Milites!

If you ever happen to be in the library during the first period, don't be surprised if you hear the rumble of chariot wheels and your nose is nicked by a passing spear. It's only a couple of sophomore legions hacking each other to bits in a ferocious battle of nerves, wits and shaky memory. These bloody skirmishes, known to the more delicate as "concertationes," are the product of a conspiracy among the tribunes to instill a raging thirst for Latin in the ranks of second year.

To begin with, every legion from 2-A down to 2-H has drawn up its own standard. Each is a classic example of Roman heraldry and each is graced with an appropriate Latin motto, such as 2-G's stirring "Lupi Insatiabiles Devorantes Scientiam" (Insatiable Wolves, Devouring Knowledge).

From there the procedure is simple. A legion sends a long-winded Latin challenge to the legion down the hall; the challenge is gallantly accepted; the "milites" cram like little beavers for a few weeks; and finally, the battle is held.

The trembling troopers face each other,

armed only with vocabularies. Ruthless tribunes in cassocks and gowns hurl verbal darts at them, such as, "What is the Latin word for rowboat?" Each legionnaire has a chance to defend himself by giving the answer; if he can't, he's dead, with an arrow quivering in his intellectual heart. When the last valiant Roman on either side sinks to his death in the muck and mire of the battlefield, the opposing legion has won the day and takes home the spoils of war; namely, the other side's standard.

The object of the campaign is to line your wall with captured shields. To date, the XIII Legion (2-G) has the largest collection, numbering 2; but they intend, blood-thirsty rogues, to take all the rest. And there's no room for cowardice and cold feet, either, for any legion that declines a challenge automatically forfeits its standard.

Though these "concertationes" may sound like Sister Ubaldus' fourth grade spelling bees, they're really much more lethal. For woe to any soldier caught off-guard, who doesn't know the Latin word for "knitting-needle;" he'll know it by the next "concertatio" if his commander has to spend all day Saturday making sure!

SENIOR SMOKER

Slick Trick. Vic Maragni, disheartened by the stack of traffic tickets piled neatly in the glove compartment of his red and white Olds convertible, has devised an ingenious and proven method of avoiding speeding tickets. On a recent trip to the sandy beach of Avon, while rambling along at an impressive rate of 65 m.p.h. in a 40 mile zone, Vic spied a state trooper tailing him. Instead of slowing down, Vic increased his velocity to 80, and after a short distance had been traversed, pulled into a gas station and headed for the Men's Room. Returning to his car, he found the trooper, ticket book in hand. With a slight grin, Vic remarked, "I bet you didn't think I could make it."

Dog's Tale. Frank O'Donnell's girl friend, Lulu, wins dog show at Madison Square Garden.

Draw One! Andy, the non-homogenized, Matthews has become a confirmed milk hater ever since retreat, when meal-time meant two pitchers of milk literally poured down his throat by Lou Blywick. At a recent class night fiesta, culminated at Liss', everyone bought "Maddy" a brimming glass of Grade A. The poor fellow could only protest, "Aw, come on guys, I just don't like the sight of cows!"

Paper Man. Stosh Latoz went around attempting to salvage all possible copies of the last *Petroc*. He had quite a mailing list to receive the Pride and Glory column.

"Gads". Frank Evans' hair is graying faster every day. The reason? Yearbook difficulties and Father Butler's continual "Gads, I'll never last the year."

Tough Brake. Jim Lepis flunked his driver's test on a hydramatic shift. Jim can never tell his right from his left foot anyway, so it was to be expected that he would continually brake the car with his left foot. He did!

College Board Bulletin

"Does 'traverse' mean to 'wonder' or to 'wander'?" Is 'euphemistic' the opposite of 'blatant'?" Thus muttering and mumbling, Johnny Senior two weeks ago girded himself with his Webster's and his Thesaurus, and set out to meet the test—the test supplied by the College Entrance Examination Board, that is.

On Saturday, March 12, Prep Seniors and those from various other schools in this area assembled and fought their way through the tough three hour program. The results of these tests will speed many a Senior on his way to the college of his choice, though for a few the tests may be more of a Waterloo than a Marathon.

Divided into six subtests of one-half hour each, the Exams probe the extent or limits of a person's actual knowledge. Normally three of the subsections are English, or verbal, tests, while the other three are Math. In the March series, however, a fourth English section was innovated, at the expense of one of the Math tests. All of the questions are presented in multiple choice style, and the scoring in the tests is on a percentile basis, ranging from approximately 200, through an average of 500-600, to a maximum of 800. These exams are requisites for admission to most colleges, and form the basis for the scholarship grants. Besides the regular endowed scholarships which each college presents, one hundred General Motors Scholarships are also awarded according to the outcome of the exams. These may be applied to any college, for any course, and range in value from \$200 to \$2000.

Collins Rumblings

The Collins Debate Society has initiated the Silver Medal Tournament, with the debaters exchanging arguments about the national topic: Free Trade. Operated under the direction of Mr. Robinson, S.J., the tournament will decide the best affirmative and negative team of the Collins Debate

Society. Each of the glib winners will receive a silver medal while the runners up on each side will receive a bronze one.

At the half way mark Clashauer and Bennett are leading the negative, with Walsh and Barrett pacing the affirmative side. Since the race is only at half way mark, there are no real barriers to keep the other debaters from winning the prize.

Tune Time

Hours after darkness enveloped the slate grey sky, all types of music could be heard pouring out of the half-lit hall, everything from Dixieland to the harmonies of our much improved glee club.

"What's up, you ask?" Well, listen to Mr. Enright explain.

"We've been rehearsing now for many weeks. At the concert we're going to prove that we haven't been wasting time. The date of the Spring Musicales is April 22. Now picture the way it's going to be. The time draws near. A hush falls over the crowd. The house lights dim. The velvet curtains glide silently apart, revealing the Prep Band, instruments glittering in the glare of the spotlights. Rat-a-tat-tat!"

"We expect to play some 'pop' tunes, like 'Malaguena,' 'Crazy Otto,' and 'Drag-net.' Naturally we'll feature some of the old standbys, such as 'Stars and Stripes Forever,' 'Slaughter on Tenth Avenue' and the 'Star Spangled Banner.' If we get these under control, we'll include 'Blue Tango,' 'Phantom Regiment,' 'Beyond the Blue Horizon' and the 'Light Cavalry Overture!'"

All the near-by Jesuit and the never-too-near girls' school have been invited to attend the big event, which will be the acme of this year's great band's accomplishments. The Prep students are expected to turn out in force to show their appreciation for the great job done by this band.

If you show up at the gym at 8:15, the 22nd of April, you'll catch the first note and the last, which will be followed by dancing. The price? One dollar. The value? A thousand.



Hindu Horror. Riding the Hudson Tubes one day last week, I picked up a recent issue of *Life Magazine*. The first article to catch my attention was one about transmigration of souls in the Hindu Religion. Mike Daly inquired, "Do they have Tubes in India too?" "No, Dimdome," I replied, it's transmigration, not transportation! A Hindu believes that when he dies, his soul moves into the body of another man or animal" . . . We fell a-musing . . .

My companion and I were on the banks of the Ganges River, in the heart of India. My companion was Mahatma Daly. I am a distant cousin of Ali Kahn, Garbage Kahn. The High Priests were dipping the Mothers' new born babes into the rivers for the sacred washings. A huge Hippopotamus wallowed from the mud into the water. "That's Yogo Balasso, long since transmigrated" remarked Mahatma . . . When we saw a slimy reptile crawl from the rocks, we recognized a familiar figure, Joe Momot . . . Something slimy was on my back. I cried in horror. Daly put his hand on my shoulder. "Garbage," he said, "that's Jim Egan, turned bookworm" . . . Wise old owl "Medals" McGrath bustled overhead . . . Then from the brush an elephant thundered. "Zounds, if it didn't resemble Ed Gorney . . . Ostrich Bob O'Donnell ran into the shrubbery.

Sweet Piolets. Paul "Spook Conway finally made the "B" team. He thinks that a magician, when he gets a pilot's license, becomes a flying sorcerer.

News Flash!! Terrible Tom Higgins takes 17 year old division of Golden Mittens Tournament.

Jean Valjean. Can anyone tell Nick Servas what happened to Jean Valjean? He lost his French Reader in the middle of the tale and has been going mad attempting to discover the climax.

LIFE IS



GRAND AT
WARREN



Father-Son Communion Breakfast,
March 20, 1955.

ST. PETER'S ELIMINATES DE LA SALLE FIVE

Jerry Sullivan, a former Newport resident, scored 18 points as he paced St. Peter's College High School of New Jersey to a 48-42 victory that eliminated De La Salle Academy from the Twelfth Annual Eastern States Catholic Invitation Basketball tournament before 1100 at De La Salle last night.

St. Peter's proved to be the best team in the

PREP GIVES CALVERT BOUNCE

ST. PETER'S (75)	CALVERT HALL (55)
Clune, lf 6 2 14	Scannell, lf 1 4 6
Bergin, f 1 0 2	Pistorio, rf 1 0 2
Doherty, rf 6 5 17	Gebhardt, f 0 0 0
Fitz'ick, rf 2 0 4	Walters, i 6 1 13
Sullivan, c 4 3 11	Ruth, c 2 1 5
Rockford, c 1 0 2	Carroll, lf 5 4 14
Finn, lf 0 3 3	Scott, rg 4 5 13
Richard, g 1 0 2	Spiefel, g 1 0 2
Markey, rg 7 4 18	
Hladik, f 1 0 2	
Totals 29 17 75	Totals 20 15 55

Referee — H. Asher, V. Farrell.
Time — 8-minute periods.

REGIS WINS OVER ST. PETER'S

Earl Markey, aided by J. Sullivan, Doherty and Finn almost pushed St. Peter's to the golden gate with a terrific thrust, which hit its high when the challengers cut their deficit to 41-39 with 90 seconds left.

B. Sullivan saved the champs from a perilous position by intercepting a floor length pass, directed to Markey, in the final minutes.

terrific impression here a year ago, was mainly due to the masterful strategies of Coach Roy Leenig. But not too much credit can be heaped upon the individually proud shoulders of each and every one of the Hudson County champions.

The Prepsters simply had what was required to win. They faced the tallest high school team on the Eastern Seaboard, a team that put three starters above 6' 4" and another at 6' 2" on the floor against a pair of six footers and three mighty mites from the Skeeter State.

Tom Gola, a 6' 6" forward who won all-tournament honors here last year, ran wild in the first half to rack up nine baskets in 16 throws and he showed 21 of LaSalle's 25 half-time tallies, but Leenig came up with 5 second half defensive setups that completely checked Gola from the floor and the big fellow try as he did in the second half added only two markers in the final sixteen minutes of torrid action.

Credit Leenig with the strategy but credit Don Finn with the job. Imagine little Finn, at 5' 9", giving up nine inches in size but nil in grit and defensive ability.

Yet it took more than mere defensive prowess to halt the 23 game run of the Explorers. The points had to be there as well.

In this department, John Hladik, Jack Clune and Pete Fitzpatrick, each took a hand. It was Hladik, however, who proved the big surprise in as much as he was making his first start since the Seton Hall game in which he suffered a hand injury.

Tying the game for the last time at 35-35 with a free throw that went 'round and 'round the rim twice before falling through. Hladik came on to pump home a left hook that "iced"

TAKE ESCIT TITLE

A resourceful, alert, and aggressive St. Peter's High School Basketball team from Jersey City swept to the championship of the 14th annual Eastern States Catholic Invitation Tournament at Newport, R.I., Saturday night with a 68, to 57 victory over the 2-platoon forces of Camden Catholic High School at the De La Salle Academy Gymnasium.

And what an impressive victory it was! As usual, the ever-impressive trio of George Waddleton, Jerry Vada and Tom Burke scored heavily and performed brilliantly throughout. And, as is his particular habit, big Pat Feenan exercised complete mastery of the defensive backboard along with Waddleton. Bob Jones, who overcame a nervous stomach to turn in the best performance of his cage career, was a marvel of mechanical precision, directing the upcourt surges of his mates.

KEEP CROWN

George Waddleton's 31-point performance—the most vivid individual performance is Eastern States Catholic Tournament competition—blazed St. Peter's Prep of Jersey City to a 61-55 win over All Hallows High of New York City Saturday night at De La Salle Academy in the ESCIT final.

In capturing their second successive title, St. Peter's fine competitors trailed at the periods, 19-13, 31-27 and 48-45, before Waddleton's great playing swept them to victory.

All in all, Newporters saw high school basketball at its best Saturday when the champion St. Peter's team overcame a good All Hallows

NEWPORT, R. I., March 15. A New Jersey State regulation, operative this year for the first time, will prevent St. Peter's crack five from returning to this city in quest of their third consecutive ESCIT title.

NEWPORT, R. I., March 26. (AP) — St. Peter's Prep won the consolation final this morning by defeating St. Lucy's of Syracuse 54-49.

WASCIT

Washington Wanderings

Since 1949, 'long about the middle of March, St. Peter's has found itself winding its way up to Newport, R. I. for the annual ESCIT tournament. This year, however, Prep shatters the old tradition and heads south for the WASCIT, the Washington Catholic Invitation Tournament. The switch should be a welcome change for loyal Prep fandom who, although they reveled in the excitement and tensions of the big playoff at the basketball-frenzied town, had to cope with the annual problems of space and living conditions. This year the University of Maryland offers its spacious court and comfortable quarters for the teams while motels await the fans.

Eight teams, St. Peter's, Calvert-Hall of Baltimore, St. Ann's of New York, Charleston Catholic, West Catholic of Philadelphia, St. John's and Gonzaga of Washington, and Benedictine High of Richmond, are currently bivouacing at Maryland's football fieldhouse before the big tournament gets under way at 5:30 this afternoon. Four games are scheduled for the day, with Prep holding down the feature at 9:30 tonight against Calvert-Hill.

Prep is always an outstanding tournament team. Most of their success can be attributed to the rigid discipline and supple defense which characterizes their tourney play. Lots of sleep, that's the answer! Three games in three nights can back-break any squad. Prep's multi-patterned defenses which caused Calvert's coach Joe Mellen-dick to declare in '49, "You don't learn to play ball until you play those Metropolitan teams," have thus far been able to handle any type of offense, including the inveterate problem of height. This year's Five, with discipline, defense and shooting power, will undoubtedly give a A-1 account of their prowess at Washington.

STUN LA SALLE IN AMAZING UPS

NEWPORT, R. I., Mar. 23. St. Peter's Prep of Jersey City, N. J., stunned a capacity crowd of 1,200 howling fans from this city this afternoon by outfighting, outlasting and outscoring top-seeded LaSalle College High School of Philadelphia, 40-38, at the De LaSalle Academy Gymnasium.

The spilling of the hitherto undefeated LaSalle contingent, a veteran array which made a

REGIS STOPS ST. PETER'S

A mobile zone defense stood out for Regis as it toppled St. Peter's in a low scoring semi-final duel between two fire-hearted clubs. St. Peter's had only sixty shots from the floor, only twelve of which punctured the strings. However, Regis allowed few setups. The Raiders themselves took only 38 shots the whole night, and hit on 13.

CATHOLIC STATE

Dons Drubbed

Rusty after a two week lay-off from regular season play, the Marauders donned their silver-gray sweatsuits in defense of the state Catholic title which has been a private possession of Prep since 1949 to the present, the only loss coming in '50 at the hands of Trenton Catholic. Don Bosco Prep of Ramsey, comparatively unknown in these parts, fell by the wayside 62-52 in the opening round.

Prep looked considerably small from where we sat but Jack Nies and Joe Keller did a praiseworthy job in neutralizing the Don's height advantage. Aside from the height factor, the Ramsey boys hadn't much to offer in the way of opposition. In fact, this was the club the Marauders would have handled in 30 point fashion. The smoothness they had displayed at times during the season was nowhere to be seen: passes were sloppy and frequently errant and many fast-breaks failed to materialize. In general Prep kicked the pill around like a first class soccer club.

John Crotty and Mike Pedone are both cracker-jack ballplayers, a statement to which most anybody will testify. But . . . their combined value is far less than their combined abilities. They react to one another something like the contrasting poles of a magnet. This stuck out like a sore thumb more than once in the Don Bosco game. On the other hand, in the St. Michael's fray, they pulled a stunt nothing short of spectacular: Mike deflected a ball with one hand, then reached over the sideline with the other and slapped it down to Crotty for a layup. Next year when Crotty and Pedone will definitely be the "big guns" in Prep's lineup, such team work is a definite "must" if we are to walk off with all the marbles.

All in all, the Bosco game was a pretty sloppy affair. The high spot came in the early minutes of the second quarter when



Nies cracks Dons' defense for deuce.

the Marauders threw up a full-court press and reeled off twelve straight points, which rattled the Dons badly and afforded the Marauders the needed momentum to carry them off to the 62-52 victory.

Irish Iced

Prep journeyed to Weehawken to battle the Irish of Union City on the second leg of the Catholic Crown. The Michaellean five surprised their two previous foes and almost turned the tables on us before bowing 50-45.

Mike Pedone returned to his 20 point standard, curling 20 markers through the nets to pace the Marauder squad. The Prep defense played its usual strong game, holding 6' 8" Jack Dolan to 14 points, and limiting the towering Irish to a minimum of rebounds. Pedone, in particular, was little short of sensational with his pressing tactics. "Faster hands than Waddleton," commented Roy.

The Maroon offense lurked in the shadows as Prep hit a year's low of but 50 points. The Marauders were particularly

poor from the charity stripe, hitting only 14 of 26 and 3 of 12 in the first half.

St. Michael's jumped off to a 4-0 lead on Dolan's brace of fouls and Cordilone's jump. Pedone answered that with a chippie and Nies, wheeling and dealing around Dolan, dropped a deuce through the net. One of 5 from the foul line cost Prep dearly as the Irish rolled away to a 13-7 quarter spread. The Marauders answered back smartly in the second canto easing into the lead 21-17 at the buzzer.

Basket for basket characterized the third session for the early moments, at least until Pedone and Crotty jumped into an all court press and so badly rattled the Irish that constant stealing and resulting layups vaulted Prep into the fore by ten, 39-29.

Dolan and Bansavage pegged 6 points thru the cords at the start of the final eight minutes to edge the Unionites closer, 39-35. Pedone, Nies and Keller each had incurred four personal fouls and the Marauder state of affairs gleamed pretty dim. Nies and Crowley finished up the scoring for Prep as they maintained their five point bulge to the end, 50-45.



Camera stops wild action in TC game.

The Way of Champions

Thoroughbreds are born with it. You see it in the chestnut stallion straining at his reins, high-strung, tense, nostrils dilated, pawin' the turf, rarin' to go. You saw it again last Friday at the Elizabeth Armory when a gallant Prep club, crackling with confidence, poise and cocky control, wrote their names high on the list of State Champions with a pulsing 84-73 win over Trenton Catholic's clever quintet.

Gone were the scatterbrain sorties of the Don Bosco game; forgotten was the slow, dull play that marked much of the Michael's tilt and caused the Trenton papers to write "St. Peter's isn't very much this year." Friday was the title run and the thoroughbreds smelled the roses. The entire team hammered home an astonishing effort but particular emphasis must be focused on the individual clutch prowess of John Crotty who kicked in 11 of 12 from the charity line in the last ten minutes. Co-Captains Nies and Crowley set up the controls and kept the ball game in possession when Trenton was threatening to drive us apart. Mike Pedone lashed out with an 8 point first quarter to answer the Blues' opening challenge. Keller was strong, and Jim MacDonald, who spelled him in the first canto, Pedone in the second and Crowley in the fourth, sparkled. Mac had a lot to do with the win.

Trenton broke away lightnin' fast in the initial period, with Bob Pietrowski (No. 3) pumping from all directions with a soft jump shot that hit at a 75% clip. After four minutes of play, the score ran TC 22, Prep 12. Figure that! Trenton couldn't miss, but they couldn't shake the Marauders who found the large court ideal for their in-driving. Within the next six minutes Prep outscored Trenton 17-7 as Nies, Pedone, Crotty and Crowley chipped, pushed, drove and jumped with rapid fire sureness. Jim MacDonald came in for Keller to help out with the speed and at 5:23 of the second canto Nies, wheelin' and dealin' out of the pivot, spun in a beauty that tied the score

for the first time at 29 all. A seven point splurge towards the end of the period sent Prep into the dressing room with a 42-38 edge.

It was evident as the third quarter opened that the dead heat would run right into the last three minutes. With Nies, Keller and Crowley saddled with four personals apiece, the Marauders had to move with caution. Trenton found no solution to Crotty to prevent him from driving under except to foul him and John was crisp on the line. At 4:40 of the fourth frame, Keller jumped nicely for a 67-66 lead. Prep checked the next Trenton drive, took possession and went into the deep freeze. At 2:58 Nies forced a foul from Kopp for a 72-68 lead. At 0:57 it was 75-73. Then the dike burst as Prep ran wild for nine straight points and the State championship!

BASEBALL

Split Bats

Now that spring is in the air, Coaches Bill Cochrane and Joe Zucconi must once again travel south to their famous pre-season camp, the Montgomery Annex. The Petrean Nine inaugurates the current campaign against St. Al's Easter Monday at the Jersey City High School Field, and ends about two months later against Bayonne. Besides the usual "home and home" series with the county opponents, Father Miller has also scheduled single games with St. Benedict's, Apr. 23; St. Michael's, Union City, Apr. 28 and Eastern Military Academy, Apr. 30, all road games. Bill Cochrane would like to get another independent tilt for Apr. 14.

Gone from last year's squad are the likes of "Diamond" Jim Brady, the best southpaw to come out of Prep, his three year battery mate Dan Robeson, first sacker John Donnelly, and practically the entire outfield corps. The big pitching burden will fall on soph Jim O'Connor, who, after recovering from an injury in the early part of last season, became the team's most reliable pitcher when Jim Brady was forced

to play first on account of arm trouble. The only other returning pitcher is junior Joe Stuzynski, another right-handed slinger. The remaining pitching spots are up for grabs.

Behind the bat, Senior Bob Hampton, sometimes referred to as "the Charlie Silvera of Prep," finally gets his big chance after being Robeson's sub for the past few years. The inner defense should cause no worry with "Rich" Skinner at third, Joe Alfano, the shortstop, "Rabbit" Klinck at second, and Dick Kelly at first. All except Kelly were regulars at one time or another the previous year. John Squeo promises to be the slugger of the team for the next two years while patrolling his outfield post. Squeo is the only one with any varsity experience at all in the outer gardens. Pitching and the outfield seem to be the best spots for the new hopefuls to make their bids.

If this year's team is to jell, Coach Cochrane will have to find a large number of good ball players in his rookie camp. With two outfielders of Squeo's ability, and two more pitchers, the squad might be able to drop the inglorious mantle of a county also-ran. The offense will be built around the power-hitting of Squeo and Skinner and the place hitting of Alfano and Klinck. The infield is the fastest in years and may turn out to be the tightest. Alfano and Klinck compose the best D.P. combination since "Jim" Devaney was separated from Dave Markey in the switch to first, three years ago. The big question mark is, of course, the outfield. If Bill comes up with the answer Dickinson and Lincoln, the co-favorites will be in for a big surprise in the race for Snyder's crown.

The full schedule follows: Apr. 11, St. Aloysius; 14, Open; 18, Dickinson; 23, St. Benedict's; 25, St. Michael's, J. C.; 28, St. Michael's, U. C.; 30, Eastern Military Academy; May 2, Lincoln; 6, Bayonne; 9, Snyder; 12, Lincoln; 13, St. Michael's, J. C.; 16, Ferris; 20, St. Aloysius; 24, Snyder; 27, Dickinson; June 1, Ferris; 6, Bayonne.

PRIDE and GLORY

Ken Fay



For some years now the Prep has enjoyed the proud privilege of having the initials of those happy-go-lucky Fay brothers scratched upon its desks. Older brother, Jim, graduated in '52, taking with him two honor pins, one football scholarship, and one blonde romance. The honor pins have long since disappeared; Fordham has dropped football, and the blonde has turned brunette. Now Ken comes into focus in the role of assistant business (?) manager of the Petrean, assuming his position with the popularity and lackadaisicality common to all Fays.

Ken claims he was sometimes kept busy till eight at night with his job. (Says Fr. Butler, chewing on his spectacles, "Gads!") Usually he is carefully piling up the basketball pictures for the yearbook. Ken calls it a photographic mountain range, which is Fayese for "montage." At other times he may be seen jotting down the names of patrons, or counting out the long green!

There's another Fay in the future. Gads!



BUSY BEADLES

Bill Garry

This month's Busy Beadle honors 2-A's Bill Garry. Besides delivering the Jersey Journal after school, Bill is an active member of the Radio Club and the Sodality. Of his subjects he finds Math the most interesting, and he hopes to follow through after graduation in the engineering field.

The Way

Lady, Arise

*"With everything that pretty is,
My Lady Sweet, Arise!"*

It was today in Galilee two thousand springs ago, that the Angelus was first recited by Gabriel and the Girl, "The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary, and She conceived of the Holy Ghost."

Behold the handmaid of the Lord and see what great things can happen when One God and one Girl unite in total love. Because the Girl was willing to give Herself to God "with whole mind, whole heart, whole will and all her strength," God gave Himself to Her. His Son by nature is conceived Her Son according to the flesh. Totally given to God, the Girl is forever the Handmaid of the Father, the Mother of the Son and the Spouse of the Holy Spirit.

In Christ, God and the Girl live together. Through Christ, God and the Girl work together, in human hearts and human homes. Their work is purity, peace and everlasting life. They do it well, too.

Yesterday a man said, "It's hard to find God." The answer is simple: Get to know the Girl.



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