

KALLMAN KARRIERS HURDLE SPRING FOES.



Top: Charlie Trainor takes hurdles in Lincoln Park warm-up session.
Bottom: That's Walt Connolly taking the baton from John Kip.

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THE ST. PETER'S PREP NEWSLETTE



DOUBLE TAKE!



Sam Piscal



Marty Walsh



Dick Fuchs

Poll Call

Frank Gregory is a thing of the past. At least, he will be in a month or so. You may have forgotten this, and you may regret it, but you can't do anything about it. For Frank belongs to '56; where the year goes, Frank goes too; and the year is almost gone. Whether we like it or not, it's time for a change, a new administration.

Father Carr, in his infinite wisdom, has realized this and has provided for a fresh election of Student Council president come next week. Hudson County, in its unquestionable wisdom, has realized it too, and has promised to fork over the voting machines. And the Juniors have realized it, and have come up with three of the most popular candidates you could want: Dick Fuchs, Sam Piscal, and Marty Walsh.

Of course, this didn't all happen overnight. It's been discussed for months, in classroom asides and locker-room yells and jug-room whispers, prophesied about everywhere from cracker-barrel to crystal ball, worried about, novenaed for.

And last week the Juniors made their first selection, in a wide-open primary. Every Junior was eligible, class barriers were disregarded; a spot on the ticket would go to the men with a popular plurality. The result was much easier than Father Carr or Father Butler had hoped for: three men and only three held a clear majority; together they had swept the polls. A quick check with Principal and Prefect, a quick O.K. from the Student Council, and the results

were announced officially: it was Dick, Marty, and Sam, or it was no one.

Then there were the campaigns. With a "hem" and a few acidities, Father Butler fired the proverbial starting gun last Monday, and the race was on. The proverb, "In the spring, a young man's fancy . . ." was proved during the subsequent week, with three men making the fanciest and most fantastic promises you ever heard. There were speeches and black-slappings, smiles and cigarettes, rallies and orations and glibly-worded blurbs. And there was a lot of worrying, too.

It's all over now. The campaign posters are down, and lining some nearby ashcan. The voting itself is all that remains, and that's next Monday and Tuesday. But it's the voting, your voting, that's the most important part. And the choice won't be easy.

If it's the strong and silent type you like, your choice will no doubt be big Sam Piscal, our 200-pound tackle and two-year honor man; he's the most serious of the trio and a quiet but steady worker. Or if you're looking for the suave yet honest diplomat, Marty Walsh is the man for you. Marty is a fast thinker, too, with three years' debating experience and an upper berth in the Greek course. The third man, Dick Fuchs, is the fireball of the group, with flaring eyes, a husky voice, and a passionate power over words. Dick's electric personality seems to find a fine outlet in current student politics, and you can be sure he has plenty of connections.

Senior Prom

Prom night usually begins with Peter Senior on his knees, humming "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life at Last I've Found You." The "you" in this case is not his girl but a pair of cuff-links borrowed from his uncle Jim. There Peter is,—half under the bed, dilligently searching for them. On the soles of his shoes are printed the initials, "McC, S.J." (Everyone knows that Father McCusker is noted for putting indelible impressions on soles). Note the very elegant looking white socks (39c—Counter 5—Woolworth's). The suit is a perfect fit too, and he got it courtesy of Allegro's (\$8.50 worth of courtesy, that it). Now off to pick up the lucky girl!

With as much dignity as is fitting for the occasion, he stumbles down the stairs and there stands mother. "Doesn't my baby look cute," she smiles and Peter's complexion shifts to a deep scarlet. With as little exchange of words as possible, he's out the door. Free at last! At this opportune moment some little "street urchin" of the neighborhood comes swaggering along, looks Peter up and down and says: "What a waste of good money!" Nosey Rosie across the street looks out of her window and sighs to herself, "Ah if only I were young again!" (Again? Nosey, you never were!)

At last Peter hops into his rented car—but wait! Where are her flowers? Back he goes into the house to begin the same procedure all over again. He couldn't forget those flowers; after all, they cost him a near fortune. They look really beautiful—set in their orchid-tinted box, tied with a big bow, and neatly covered with transparent plastic, (My Florist—SLIPPER Orchid Corsage—\$6.50). And now he's off again. Up, up, and away!

Within minutes he's at Ellen's house (the name has been changed to protect the innocent). He walks up to the door and rings the bell. Little sister lets him in and passes some casual remark to start off their friendship such as, "Boy, What a pig." She shows

him into the living room and suddenly, a blinding flash! Forget it. It's just Dad fooling with his Baby Brownie. He loves to take candid shots. After a wait of about twenty minutes the gentle maiden at last graces the scene. Peter now rises and hands her the flowers saying: "I hope you like them; they cost me six-fifty." To drop a gentle hint, some aunt or uncle will say to the parents, "Don't they make a fine couple." At this signal the "fine couple" quietly make their exit.

About an hour later they are driving up a hill with the lights of the Chanticleer gleaming against the dark sky. As they reach the entrance, the emblazoned doorman swings open the car door and Peter and Ellen get out and go within.

No sooner are they seated when along comes one of those girls selling "The most darling little dolls you ever saw" for only three dollars. She holds one up. Peter looks and groans. The little doll is sitting on a pillow, with a stand-out skirt and all lace trimming. Peter tries to say "It's the perfect thing for your room." But before he can reach for his wallet she emphatically says, "No thank you."

At last the "Sweet Mystery of Life" is found: A girl who knows when to say NO.

Seniordom comes into grace and glory at the Prom next Friday night. What do you think she'll say?

Cover Story. It isn't every year the Prep has twins. The class of '56 is a happy exception: it's blessed with the Andrews brothers. Since they're here, the practical old Whale just couldn't resist using them for his last cover; the only problem was finding a female duo to go with them. After scrambling through libraries of little black books, we came up with a real find: Holy Rosary Academy's Blaine twins. The one on the left with Joe is named Lorraine, and that's Claudette with Bernie. Perfect matches?

Unchained Melody

The puddles from the afternoon down-pour were slowly evaporating; the moon glistened through the scattered wrack of clouds; the sidewalk in front of the Prep gym was clustered with milling throngs of Prep men, their dates, relatives, and friends. It was Friday, the 20th of April, the night of the Annual Spring Concert.

Inside the red-brick building the curtains closed off the stage and the crowd was making itself comfortable. Then at 8:17 the lights dimmed, the full house quieted down in hushed expectation, and the curtains glided to the wings. The show was on!

Dick Fuchs, the M.C. of the night, promptly walked up to the mike. With an amazing amount of suavity and showmanship, Mr. Fuchs welcomed the audience and gave them an inkling of what was to come. For some reason or other, there was a flavoring of John Ringling North. Perhaps it was the frequent flow of polysyllabic superlatives.

Amid a thunderous round of applause, Mr. Robert Seuffert, the impresario of the band strutted front and center. After some introductory remarks, the maestro raised his baton, tapped it against his music stand, and melody was finally unchained. Combining protocol and patriotism, the band first played "The Star Spangled Banner." A few more comments and the Spanish-American syncopated staccatto of "Springtime Festival" filled the gym.

With each number the concert drew closer to excellence but somehow it never reached the soaring pinnacle of the '55 extravaganza. The trombone solo of Al Vidovich showed the prodigious skill of this promising musician. Bob McCarthy's "Grand Russian Fantasia" caused the audience to gape at the ease with which he skimmed through the intricate bars. Originality and a touch of humor were added by Tony Alessi and his massive tuba. A tip of the chapeau to Messrs. Vidovitch, McCarthy and Alessi.

Then there followed the smashing success



of the night, the Grand and Warren Glee Club. With a perfection of pitch and harmony almost incredible for the cramped practice time these lads have had, Mr. Bohn's boys mesmerized the throng. Sporting what might be termed a professional personality, Mr. Bohn entranced the folks and the glee club chased away all worries with their nostalgic melodies. Exceptionally well-done were "Unchained Melody" and "Winter Song." Congratulations are in order for Mr. Robert Bohn for his remarkable skill and adeptness.

With the Glee Club acting as a musical panacea, the audience settled down for the rest of the night. Tom Wotanowski played "Cumana" with the polish of a top-flight pianist. Next in succession was a rendition of Dixieland, worked on by the band themselves, which unfortunately turned into old-fashioned slapstick. The Prep aggregation rose close to the acme of musicianship, however, with "Music in the Air." Mrs. Seuffert with her cornet rendition of "Flight of the Bumblebee" was the guest attraction of the night. For a few minutes the Memorial Gym took on the aspect of Carnegie Hall.



The finale of the show was a combined effort of glee club and band in "the Battle Hymn of the Republic." Through the courtesy of the Dance Band a lively dance ensued.

It was the following Sunday, however, that Mr. Seuffert and his crew reached their peak. The Prep Band was putting on a performance for the seminarians at Shrub Oak, New York, the Jesuits' House for philosophy. The "philosophers" could find no flaw in the musical presentation and there was no ceasing to their praises of the inimitable Mr. Seuffert.

So, with the Shrub Oak Show, the '56 edition of the Peter's Band finished the year in crowning achievement.

Card Tricks

Ma was in her glory last Friday night, May 4th. A perfumed assemblage of over 1200 happy mothers graced the gym for the annual Prep Mothers' Club card party, governed and directed by the energetic Fr. Meagher. A steady buzz permeated the air, as bids were made or finesse missed; joy jumped handsprings when the winners were

picked out of the spinning bird cage.

The prizes were well worth the wait. The first prize, a silver mink stole, was awarded to Dan Campbell of East Orange and by him to his girl. Joseph Cerula won for the family the second prize, a Philco Television Console "that works only on weekends and summer days." E. Schuele garnered third prize, a Royal Quiet Deluxe portable typewriter that Junior can use to type his weekend compositions.

The high spirits of the evening were engineered by Mr. Donald Lacey, the emcee, and Mr. Fred Kropke, the assistant emcee. Two thousand dollars in ads and "Friends of the Prep" donations, presented by the infant advertising committee, hopped the spirit higher.

The chance book drive, with a mad frenzy during the last week, topped last year's total, the whole evening netting a whopping \$13,000 take. Last Friday the prizes for top sales were distributed to the deserving Preppers. The winner of the \$100 award was Don Chmiel, 3D. "Yonnie" Jamba, 4D, garnered the \$75 second prize and Larry Tuzzo, 1A took home the \$50.

The Altar of God

The eternal call of Christ for self-sacrificing men to carry on his mission and lead ignorant souls to the knowledge of the true faith has been heeded by seven alumni of the Prep and one former teacher. The long years of work, study, and prayer they have undergone in preparation for the sacred Priesthood will be culminated this year in the glorious rite of ordination.

Rev. Joseph P. Hofmann, S.J., was graduated from Xavier High School, but upon completion of his philosophical studies he saw the light and came over to Prep to teach mathematics for three years. Cardinal Spellman will ordain him in the Fordham University chapel on June 16.

Father Joseph A. Dorgan, S.J., graduated from both St. Peter's grammar school and high school. He will continue this tradition by celebrating his first Solemn Mass in St. Peter's Church on June 17.

Also from Jersey City is Rev. John F. Doherty, S.J., graduated from the Prep in the fruitful class of 1943. Six years of his training were spent in the Philippine Islands, studying philosophy and teaching the humanities. St. Michael's in Jersey City will be the scene of his first Solemn Mass on June 17.

Fr. Edward T. Dunn, S.J., Prep '43, spent his regency at Regis, teaching and moderating the Dramatics Society. Father Dunn comes from Orange and he will celebrate his first Mass there in St. John's Church.

Rev. John F. Lowe, S.J., is another Prepper from the '43 class who heard the call of Christ beckoning him to the Jesuits. He taught the Junior Class at Xavier and also coached the rifle team there.

The holy city of Bayonne claims Fr. Terence McVeigh as a native son. After his graduation Fr. McVeigh showed his true loyalty by returning here to teach in 1947. He will celebrate his first Mass in St. Andrew's Church in Bayonne.

Matthew Torpey, who graduated from St.



Mr. Hofmann, S.J. to be ordained in June.

Peter's Prep and College, becomes Fr. Gilbert, O.C.S.O., on June 9. The Trappist monastery in Gethsemane, Kentucky will be the scene of his ordination. Although he will not be allowed to return home for his first Mass, a Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving will be offered in his home parish, St. Paul's, on June 16.

The lone Prep graduate becoming a secular priest this year is Fr. Edward F. Kavin, from the class of 1948. Fr. Kavin is currently completing his studies at the Immaculate Conception Seminary in Darlington, and will be ordained on May 26 in Sacred Heart Cathedral.

Done

"If it were done when 'tis done . . ." Such are the sad words which resound daily from the office of the Petrean. It has been done. They say it has been done well. We can only wait and see. For the Petrean this is a period of watchful waiting.

But at the risk of being optimistic, we must admit that rumor has it that this year's Y-Book will be the best thing to come out of the Petrean office since the exit of Father Butler. Usually reliable sources report that the cover is, by some mischance, a stroke of creative genius. But to further inquiries the tight-lipped Petrean men merely invoke the Fifth Amendment. So, all we can do is hope.

First Papers

The latest and most scholarly publication to come out of St. Peter's is "The Harvest," product of Mr. McKenna's Tillers. As is stated in its preface, the magazine contains "literary essays written . . . so that the Tiller might express through his own personality some appreciation of 'Greek Wisdom.'" The papers were done after two and a half months of survey reading and ready discussion of the great epic poems and plays of "the glory that was Greece." For various reasons, "The Harvest" is a limited edition: each Tiller will receive one, each faculty member and Jesuit houses. There will be a copy available in every Prep classroom.

The magazine opens with Brian Daley's superb discussion of Homeric Theology. Brian clearly shows Homer's searching for the true character of the divinity, and concludes: "This is every man's mission in life: to come to a knowledge of his God." The cruel personalities of King Agamemnon and his wife Clytemnestra are well analyzed in the paper by John Hogan.

Kenneth Smith delved into the strange character of Creon, an unfortunate fellow

who became involved in the intricacies of incest, suicide, and civil war. The secret of good writing, simplicity, is expertly handled by Joe Bloyder who claims that it is the reason for Homer's popularity. The irony involved in the prophecy of Cassandra and Teiresias is the topic of Lew Williams' fine paper. Hank Kolokowsky takes care of a more pleasant subject, "Homeric Treatment of Women," in which he deals with Homer's inspiring portraits of women.

Nick Cannarozzi makes a thoughtful study of the Prometheus myth and Jesus in his work entitled "Christ Before Christ." The lone senior among juniors, Joe Keating, deals with Hector and considers this great and favored character in the light of the present-day definition of heroism.

"Yes, 'The Harvest' should prove interesting reading, for it represents in intangible form the idea that the great pieces of literature have something to offer to every age group. When the magazine has been fully circulated, we feel confident that all the hats in the province will be tipped to Mr. Thomas McKenna, S.J., who has pioneered this truly worthwhile project.



Classy Choristers relax while Mr. Timney's quartet harmonizes.



PRIDE and GLORY

Jerry Lally, the beardless boy-wonder of 4D, has snuck into the final column of the '56 P&G's. Jerry, who hails from the "Mile-Square" City, is a man with a generous soul, Irish wit, and good brains. Though he is oftentimes chained to a typewriter in the Petroc office, he has been the stalwart of his class's intramural teams and the Hoboken Y. After four years of chucking jokes, Lally has yet to score . . . in school or on the dance floor. Meanwhile he confines his romance to the French Club.

Says Fr. George G. Butler, "In the name of all that's green in Jersey City, this lad, Lally, possesses an adeptness in opening and closing windows that is surpassed by none."

But, all kidding aside, Mr. Lally has set his sights for the field of law. Notre Dame will be privileged with this happy prodigy for the next four years. He ambitions to hobby in Irish history.



BUSY BEADLES

Bob Blihar, 2E's busy beadle, is this issue's nominee. Bob is the lanky,



light-haired lad who manages the basketball team. He is now battling with the umlauts and diphthongs of German in the Science Course. Mr. Blihar dreams of the day when he'll be 6'6" and the star of the Marauder five.

Moseyin' McGuire

Put the sheepskin on your shoulders, son,
And throw the books away;
The four years' strife is finally won;
It's graduation day!
Think back on old Antonio,
And ruffled Will Shakespeare;
"It wearies me, it wearies you."
It wearied us Frosh year.
Those Algebraic formulae,
(X equals nine to three.)
When school like X proved everyday
The unknown quantity!
Ah! That was the year the Mems got beat,
A leap year custom strong;
The minstrel was a magic treat,
The Mikado was a song!
As sassy Sophs, we had our Gaul,
And found some other angles;
We met our lovelies in the Fall
And slipped around in spangles.
Et tu Brutel became the cry,
We met old Will again;
To compasses we said good-bye,
Soph boys were Junior men.
Trig took us on a tangent tour.
Bienvenu to French!
We learned our Cicero, We're sure,
And warmed the vars'ty bench.
We thrilled to "Ars'nic and Old Lace,"
Slide rule with Mister Guth;
We ran a student Council race,
And jammed the voting booth.
The Prom did murder sleep-but good,
Like Cawdor's noble thane;
But we'll survive 'till Birnam wood
Shall come to Dunsinane!

Candid Quotes

What do you think Prep needs most for the future?



R. Von Thaden: Most of all we need a new Senior Room. I would like the lounge to have tile floors, modern wrought iron furniture, glass-top tables, pastel walls,

and indirect lighting. Environment has its effects, psychologists say

P. Catanzaro: The passing mark should be lowered to 33 as I have been informed is done in the British system. With the way things are here, five points difference in average could put one senior a hundred places behind another. If our present system must be, do away with Senior ratings.



J. Whelan: I rep should completely abolish the office of the Prefect of Discipline. Father Murray can find something else to do. The presence of a Prefect has become an irritant instead of an aid now that the students are so well behaved. His very presence causes tension and dyspepsia.

Dr. Algie Answers:

MARTIN ROACH WRITES: I saw Bob McLaughlin the other day and noticed how thin he was. Why, to look at him, one would think there was a famine in America.

A. "To look at you, Mr. Roach, one would think you were the cause of it."

STRETCH NOVAK ASKS: If the world is spherical and keeps spinning around, why is it that people don't fall off?

A. "This is a mistaken idea. People do fall off. In the springtime young men are often seen walking on clouds."

MR. V. J. KENNEDY ASKS: I am often mistaken for the ex-king of Egypt. What should I do?

A. "Go see a Cairoptractor (This joke Sphinx)."

ANONYMOUS QUIRIES: Doctor, please understand that I mean no harm by this question. I am merely curious. Why is your nose always scarlet colored?

A. "When the Lord asked me what kind of a nose I wanted, I thought He said "rose." So, I asked Him for a big red one."

Horrorscope



T. Lacey: Critical illness is seen in your future. You will be at Death's doorway. We all hope the doctor pulls you through. **F. Borkowski:** You are the type who could marry anyone you please. The trouble is you don't please anyone. **W. Keane:** Don't worry about your studies. You have a sharp mind. You will always be a keane boy.

TRACK

Gifted Go!

After setting a blistering pace over the indoor maple tracks throughout their successful '55 winter campaign, the winged-footed Maroon thinclads now appear ready to rip up the spring cinders with even greater bursts of blinding speed. Although a slightly confused Mother Nature certainly ran wild during the snowy month of March and the first few weeks of April, determined Coach Kallman cleverly managed to work in a brief tune-up season between the blizzards.

In spite of this bitterly cold weather, the Marauder speedsters whipped so quickly into brilliant form, that, in their initial encounter, they easily outlegged the inferior St. Michael's (J.C.) and Dickinson cinder-men. In the 100 yard sprint, Prep's senior dash-king, John Kip, bolted away from the rest of the field and then followed up this victory by capturing a fast 220 as well. Another talented 4th year man, Charlie Trainor, flew home with the hurdle crown and fast-stepping Walt Connolly, aided by lanky Bob Augelli, took the half-mile in excellent time. After the pigskin flashes, Messrs. Sharlow, Wagner, and Voorhees had made a clean sweep of the 440 yard run, Prep held a dominating bulge. With Ed Bradley crashing through in the mile and promising Frosh Karhar and Delia, literally churning the cinders, the Maroon and White wound up a highly rewarding April 17th.

Over the April 21st weekend, Prep's classy mile relay crew, composed of seniors Voorhees, Sharlow, Connolly, and Wagner traveled across the state to Bridgeton, N. J. for the annual Bridgeton Relays. Although failing to cop top prize, the Maurauder sprinters still showed well, as they scampered home third, behind the powerful Overbrook and West Catholic entries.

The windy afternoon of April 24th saw the Marauder gymnasts take on the challenging Snyder and Dickinson aggregations in the second of the weekly triangular battles.



Ed Letinski on a broad jump.

Again the Rams from "The Hill" offered little resistance, but the roaring Tiger kept the Prepsters on their toes. Brilliant Johnny Kip once more displayed his fine talents as he left the throng lagging in the 100. Next, shifty Charlie Voorhees, with Wagner and Sharlow breathing down his back, copped a snappy 440; Kip again racked up additional first place markers via the 220 yard dash. Dependable Walter Connolly, receiving fine support from fleet John Letinski, sped in with his second straight half-mile triumph. When Forrester, Drummond & Co. pulled down the few needed points in the mile relay, the Marauder trackmen had No. 2 in the bag.

While methodically combating their foes, one by one, the Petreans are fixing their sights on their big test in June—the State Catholic Meet. Since St. Peter's indoor squad grabbed possession of the coveted relay trophy this past winter, Prep finds itself situated in the distinguished slot of the defending champion in this field.

PREP 11 ST. JOE'S 3

Opening Win

The St. Peter's baseball team, paced by Ed Borrone, swept to an easy 11-3 victory over St. Joseph's of W.N.Y. in the 56 inaugural. The Marauders combined a solid hitting attack with the splendid 3 hit pitching of Jim Hannan to start the year on the right foot. Braddock took the loss for the West New Yorkers.

It was Hannan's single which broke up a hitless duel in the bottom of the third that ignited the fire under the Prep muscle men. Braddock retired the next two batters but Richvalsky kept things alive with a sharp single to center. Brennan sent Hannan across home plate with a long double and Skinner made it 3-0 with a single to left. Ed Borrone's booming double plated Skinner with the final tally of the inning as the next man, Farrell, went down on strikes.

St. Joe's got one back in the top of the fourth on a walk to Krone, a steal of second and a bingle by Garguilo. Things remained "status quo" until Prep burst forth for 5 in the home half of the fifth. Amabile got things started with a left field single and Brennan, Skinner, and Farrell followed his example to make the score 6-1. Holiday's boot of Schiereck's easy grounder allowed Skinner to score. Hannan's single got another run across and Schiereck tallied on Haliday's second error. Prep scored their last run in the sixth as Skinner reached first on an error and scored easily on Borrone's second long double. St. Joe's pushed across two meaningless runs in the top of the seventh to make the final bookkeeping 11-3.

Hannan turned out to be the big surprise of the day as he mowed down 13 visitors on strikes en route to his fine win. Jim has finally come into his own after spending all last year as O'Connor's understudy. Opportunity knocked when O'Connor was forced to leave and Hannan is not letting it slip.

St. Joseph's	000	100	2-3
St. Peter's	004	052	x-11

ST. BENEDICT'S 5 PREP 4

Squeaker

St. Benedict's field was the sight of a tight pitchers duel between George Blaney and B. Crosby in mid-April. In a nine inning encounter that saw both pitchers throw shutball except for one inning, Bing sang the better tune and Prep dropped a one run decision, 5-4.

St. Peter's did all its scoring in the 3rd. Blaney worked Crosby for a walk with one away. Melega followed with a single and Crosby's error put Amabile aboard. A base knock plus a steal by Richvalsky, coupled with Brennan's single, brought home the "bacon" in 4 slices. The action was then given back to the pitchers as Crosby pitched hitless ball up to the 7th. Blaney had given up six safeties but no tallies until the seventh.

Brennan slapped Prep's fourth and last hit of the game in the seventh. But Blaney, who had led off with a walk, was thrown out trying to score from second.

The bottom of the frame was Blaney's downfall. St. Bee's registered 5 markers to erase their 4 run deficit. Benedict's Bannon led off with a single. Blaney retired Klemm



Melega takes cut in opener.

on a pop. Another single set the stage for the clean-up hitter, Brogan. Brogan delivered another single on which Skinner erred. Crosby then helped himself with a base knock. Another Benedictine popped up to shortstop, and Blaney appeared safe. However, George walked Nazeretta and Rear's single, plus Barrone's throwing error, sent St. Benedict's into the lead 5-4.

"Three up, -three down" was the story of the eighth for both sides. The Petreans could do nothing in the final frame to alter the 5-4 score.

St. Peters 0 0 3 0 0 1 0 0-4 4
St. Benedicts 0 0 0 0 0 0 5 0 x-5 11

ST. PETER'S 10 FERRIS 3

Walkaway

The Marauders made their league debut Wednesday, April 25 against the Ferris Bulldog. They romped home on the front edge of a 10-3 score led by Rich Skinner and Jim Hannan. In copping his second straight decision, the lanky righthander allowed only a pair of singles. Nine walks kept him in constant trouble but his ten strikeouts more than made up for this flaw.

The Marauders did not wait long to strike as they tallied 3 runs in the opening frame. After two were out, Richvalsky walked, Brennan and Skinner smacked back to back triples and Hannan chimed in with a bingle. They got two more in the third on a single by Richvalsky, another triple by Skinner and a single by that hitting pitcher, Hannan.

Hannan lost his shut out in the bottom of the fourth when Mastrolia singled and Kilinski walked. They both moved up on an infield out and scored on Cifaretto's bloop single. Things remained quiet for a few innings until Prep blasted loose for 5 in the final canto. Melega opened the inning with a clean single and Wright walked. Successive singles by Brennan, Skinner, Hannan and Amabile accounted for the five markers.

St. Peter's 3 0 2 0 0 0 5-10
Ferris 0 0 0 2 0 0 1-3

GRID NOTE. That open blotch on the Prep grid schedule for next autumn has finally been covered, Fr. Snyder announced last week. Camden Catholic, the perennial pride of South Jersey, will come up to face the Marauders at Roosevelt Stadium, Sunday, October 7. That adds up to nine straight engagements at the Boo Park for the Prep eleven. Now that the track and rail have been removed, only the problem of the raised pitcher's mound remains to worry Bill.

SNYDER 11 PREP 1

Walked Over

Under a clear spring sky, frequented by cool breezes, St. Peter's met Snyder. As April bid adieu to '56, the Petreans were shortly making the same goodbye to first place. In a game that dragged on for two and a half hours, the Tigers ripped Prep 11-1, merrily pounding Jim Hannan, whom Coach Cochrane had called upon to check the Tigers. The shoe was on the other foot as Snyder checked the Prep's attack with pitcher Bob Naugle. The Maurader nemesis yielded but six safeties.

The game was settled in the first inning when Hannan had to face 7 batters before retiring one. Two errors aided the rally in which 4 Tigers dented the plate. The Orange and Black accepted another unearned run in the second to pull away 5-0.

Meanwhile the Petreans were completely silent until the third when Ed Borrone smacked the first Prep hit, a line single over second. Ed got as far as third and was stranded. Prep's lone tally of the afternoon came in the fourth. Richvalsky walked, Brennan forced "Rich" and scored on successive singles by Hannan and Amabile.

Snyder added insult to injury with 4 in the sixth to close out the scoring and a bleak afternoon for Prepsters.

Snyder 4 1 0 2 0 4 0 11
St. Peters 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1

PREP 5 ST. AL'S 3

Low Hitter

After a loss to Stevens Tech Jayvees in a postponed exhibition tilt, Prep got back on the winning ways when George Blaney and Art Moriarty combined to set down the West Siders, 5-3, at High School Field last Saturday morning.

Save for an annoying third inning when a throwing error opened the door to a trio of Aloysian runs, "Good George" had smart stuff until he got one out in the sixth frame. Then a brace of singles and a walk to Ernst filled the sacks, and got Coach Cochrane waving to the bullpen. In strode Moriarty and the "Redtop" was right for the occasion. He got Leary on a fly to center and Corbalis was caught looking to end the frame.

It was Melega's throwing error and Stryzinski's outfield miscue that opened the door for St. Al's three runs but Prep had picked up two on an error in the second and went ahead in the third when Amabile, Richvalski and Skinner singled. The Marauders added insurance in the fourth when Melaga's Texas leaguer to right delivered Blaney who had gotten on via an infield error and stolen second.

St. Al's 003 000 0-3 4 2
Prep 022 100 x-5 5 3



Coach Franny Maloney and Prep J. V. bench wonder about a change of pitchers.

YEAR'S REVIEW

"Dapper Dan" Dwyer

"Pain is the essence of production," that's what the letter said. How it got to me, high and dry in the midst of the flood-ravaged Poconos is best explained by the motto of the United States Post Office Department, with the words "nor raging waters" added. Contained in the brown manila envelope was a short yet pointed pep talk urging an end to the study of horizontal engineering and a devout concentration on loftier thoughts, namely football. Also included were the pre-season jargon, the uncipherable tangle of statistics, names, commentary and conditional clauses which filter down from the training camp.

The summer was over and off we went through the works of Messers Roget and Webster in thoughtful search for the adjective that burns and the verb that bites.

Coach Cochrane predicted a strong defense and he called it with swami sagacity. In the opener the Marauder linemen stuck their tongues out at Sroka's Indian sign and poor Julie's boys didn't have enough wampum to buy a fresh hex.

Road trips have always been bad news around these parts too. Prep laughed off a second jinx in as many weeks by drubbing

Camden Catholic, 13-0. But all was not roses as the Irish took a shillelagh to a few of the boys and the injury list gave cause for alarm.

The Prep 40 yard stripe remained inviolate until Snyder's Moore broke through, but that was the Tiger's only scratch. Demarest and Lincoln went down and the Marauders helped Ferris hold the title of "County Doormat."

Then came Memorial. The omens were with us this year. For once we weren't the complete underdog and the boys had been up for this one since early August. Bill called his team a stronger club than both the '48 and '52 teams. The starved sports pages of the local newspapers finally had something to shout about. The superlatives flew. It was the game of the century; Conn against Louis all over again . . . Brother, there was mourning on Grand Street that night. As for the game itself, we borrow the motto of one "Old Man Mose," "Ask us no questions, and we'll tell you no lies." We'll never forget Paul DeVries leaving the chapel in his lumbering shuffle. It wasn't funny but he looked like a cherubic tomcat sorrowing over the loss of his pet Siamese across the street.

Xavier was out to rub salt in the wound but the Cadets weren't big enough to stop the rebounding Marauders.

Thanksgiving day wasn't the battle it usually is but Squeo got a trophy to go with his turkey dinner. Prep fans had no digestive disorders.

Basketball came in, always, on the run. Roy Leenig with his poker face and sharp ties, had dropped the Maroon mantle for the matured Violet of Holy Cross. The anxiety at Roy's departure quickly turned to confidence when Prep met Jerry Halligan.

The Ol' Whale turned a blasé air when he dubbed the ex-Leenig-men Halligan's Hooligans but the "hooliganism" proved an apt word for their antics. Pedone, Crotty, McDonald, Blaney and Richvalski were the

starting five. Perspiration was the prime ingredient in Coach Halligan's brew and he conjured up an explosive three lane break that came down like a tidal wave on the county opposition.

The Marauders dropped one early to their perennial rival, Trenton Catholic. It seemed a disheartening blow so early in the season, but it took the pressure off and the Marauders bounced back and taught Hudson County how to run. An "off-and-on" Ferris club zoned them in one night, but the second loss of the season didn't upset the banner drive.

After annexing the City and J. T. ribbons with little ado, Crotty swiped Prep the County crown and broke Memorial's heart with his now historic last second heave. The crying towels littered the streets all the way back to West New York.

Crotty was at his finest and Pedone and Richvalski never sharper as the Marauders stunned Seton Hall into submission with a 29 point first period in the state tourney semi-final. A tasteless win over St. Michael's had preceded, then down to New Brunswick for the finale.

We skidded and slid our way down and arrived at half time, disheveled and wet, but the atmosphere of the gym soon dried things off. Prep forced their namesakes to come out of their vacuum-packed zone. Man-to-man, the six-foot saints were left at the mercy of the elements while the Marauders journeyed home with the warm knowledge of their sixth straight Catholic "A" title.

The Brunswick papers had tabbed the boys "Magicians" but after losing two at Newport, less glowing appellations were heard mumbled around Hogan Hall.

A clairvoyant sports scribe even went so far as to sound taps for the end of the great Prep basketball era. Needless to say we don't agree but from now on predictions are out of order since we are about to retire to a section of the stands (about thirty rows away from Franklin Delano Gregory) and view proceedings with silent objectivity.

Chess Club

Outside the sun was shining bright, inside the lancetips of the knights cast faint shadows of arrows on the field of play, as ten serious-minded chessplayers met in the library to compete in the Fordham Prep-St. Peter's match play. Heads were bowed, players sat pondering, while the chess clocks ticked and only Father Jaschko's "Shush" broke the silence when one of the two spectators spoke in a loud whisper.

This was only the second time Prep set up the pieces as their previous encounter against Brooklyn Prep had proven highly successful.

With Prep's captain unavailable, Prep sat down with Dave Stevens at first board, Bob Harney at second, Joe Muskin at third, Carl Stetz at fourth, and Joe Stevens at fifth.

Stevens drew a rough partner who had the unteachable knack of good over-all board sight to see the plan of attack emerging out of the movement of pieces. Whatever errors were committed were of such a nature that a capture could not be contemplated without a serious lose of pieces or position. This game worked itself out into stalmate proportions before a tie was called after four hours.

Bob Harney played second board and chose black. After countering an unorthodox opening, he broke away from an early defensive position to establish strong knight control at midfield and, by swinging his bishop around on the flanks, he was able to win in 64 moves.

Joe Muskin, secretary of the Chess Club, chose white and slowly tore down the opposition defense. He made the mate by a skillful forking of his Bishop and Queen in the forty-sixth move.

Because of a shaky opening, Carl Stetz narrowly missed victory and went down to an honorable defeat.

The other Stevens, by an extremely skillful use of his knights and by keeping his opponent in almost constant check, wrapped up his man in a tense forty-eighth move.

BRIEFETTES

Something New: There has been a lot of noise on Grand Street in recent years, but Father Carr has added new bark — 16 spry sycamore trees to be exact, planted just a fortnight ago. Even though these shapely twigs won't have blossomed until the freshmen get back from Korea, no doubt they will shade future Prep students from the glaring rays of the sun during third and fourth periods.

Another more recent addition to the Prep is the renovation of Father Carr's private chambers. Here where many heads have fallen, a new face-lifting job is underway. It promises to be real spiffy. We hope it won't be too spanky!

Junior Jig: Wake up there, junior! You're dreaming about the Junior Hop again. That was two weeks ago, on April 27. Don Lepore left his bandstand at 12 that night, but you're still on a cloud. Surely the decorations by Mr. Sampson and his boys were not that lavish. After all, your strawberry blonde is back at St. Al's, and you're here at St. Peter's, studying pythagorean relationships . . .

Here: Well, well, well, at long last Literama has made an appearance on the Prep scene. And, we must say, it is a fine appearance, containing a wide variety of subjects, each freshly written. Our own favorite is Frosh Larry Levine's lilting lyric, "The Magic of Love." You'll want to memorize it. We are especially proud of our own Dr. Algie who stopped answering letters long enough to write a subtly humorous satire on his favorite pastime, Ballet.

Radiogram: Flash. Radio club picks new top brass for the coming year. At chief microphone sits Bill McDermott, 3-C, the new topkick. Right next to him second in command is Ed Strugala, 3-D. Taking down official matters is the secretary, Bill Savage, 2-H. Handling the instructional shorts and arranging future radio connections will be Bill Keane, 3-D.