

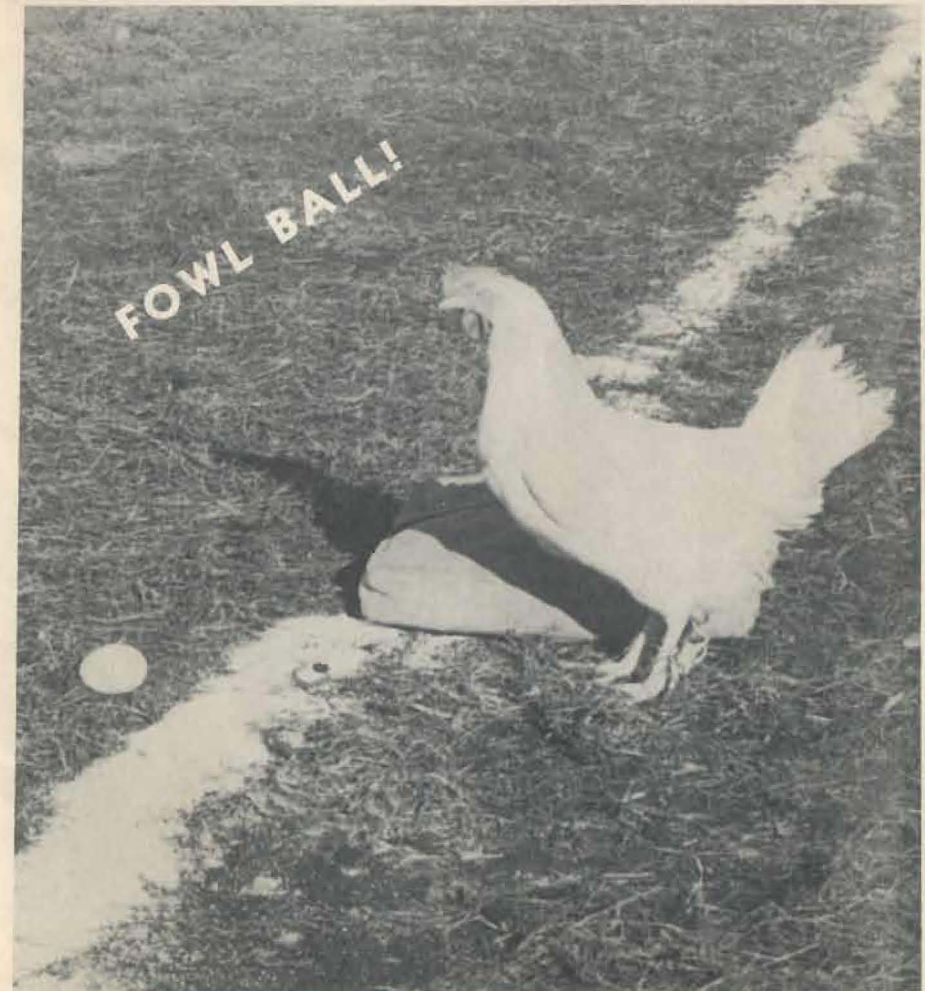
BAT AND BALL BUSINESS OPENS FRIDAY



ALL-STAR BOARDER. George Richvalski who dominated the boards in the second half, has the boarding-house reach on this play.



THE ST. PETER'S PREP NEWSETTE



Tops in Pops

Not since the heyday of Glen Miller has music so sweet been heard in the Jersey City area. A musical force more luring than "rock n' roll" has entered the field of St. Peter's Prep. For, on Friday night, April 20, Grand and Warren will present its second annual Pops Concert.

This musical extravaganza, which last year crammed the gym with 1400 eager fans, promises to be equally spectacular this season. In addition to the Prep Band, which handled this fete so successfully last spring, the Glee Club will offer its harmonious accomplishments to the hoi polloi. These contingents are brewing up a blend of vocal and instrumental music-making that will send the coldest of listeners to Cloud No. 9.

Said Mr. Seuffert as he twirled his platinum-plated baton, "The crew intends to reach a happy medium by playing a collection of numbers, ranging from the sweet and mellow strains of modern swing to the haunting refrain of bellowing classics. All tastes will be catered to and no one will go home sad."

Here's a line on the Band's program which a tuneless lark whispered in the Petroc's ear. "Springtime Festival" will be the mood setting piece. Some of the other pieces that will delight the ear are "Buglers' Holiday" with a scorching trumpet supplying the melody, "Autumn Leaves," the tune now sweeping the country, "Green Sleeve" and "Music in the Air." The highlights of the concert band's performance will be solos by the band's virtuosos, Bob McCarthy, the "Satchmo" of Prep, and Al Vido-vitch, and a medley of Dixieland by a souped-up combo. Rumor comes from the gym that even the nets are swaying to the syncopated beat.

Meanwhile from the depths of Prep's Senior Room wends the wistful melody of the Glee Club. "Dem bones, dem bones, dem dry bones . . . Now hear the word of the Lord." The men with the golden ton-

sils are holding a rehearsal. "Let's make those half-notes a little more distinct," advises an authoritative voice. That's Mr. Robert Bohn, a professional quartet singer, the instructor of the Glee Club. Now Mr. Guth, S.J., is speaking. "Men, in less than two weeks the Pop Concert is coming up. We have the talent and ability to wow the audience. 'Dry Bones,' 'Winter Song,' 'Autumn Leaves,' and 'Schneider's Band' are the tunes to do it. So, let's get to it."

All is in preparation. Only 800 tickets will be sold at \$1.50 a throw and a dance will follow the hour-and-a-half music show. So, go, cat, go!

Living Endowment

"Do you recognize the boy in this picture?" This is a question with which every Prep alumnus will be shortly confronted. Looking him in the eye will be his own unshaven image as a Prep senior. Surely the picture will serve to stir up many old memories and Fr. Shalloe is hoping that it will rekindle a spark of Prep spirit.

The pressing need for more classroom space and a new cafeteria has moved Fr. Shalloe to form a Living Endowment Fund. Thus, each alumnus will be given an opportunity to lend his financial support to his Alma Mater. In the post Easter mail, each Prep grad will receive his own Endowment Fund card. Designed by Joseph P. Curtin, "44," it is handsomely done in maroon and white and emblazoned with the school seal. Inside is the yearbook picture of the alumnus and a place to record his membership. A plastic cover encloses the card and it is hoped that it will soon be the pride of every loyal Prep man. The alumni will be divided into five year groups and each group will make an annual contribution on a different month. Thus a Living Endowment.

In a recent letter, Fr. Rector spoke of the grand spirit of his fellow Prep alumni; and in the Living Endowment is found a concrete way of expressing that spirit.

Communion Breakfast

"You do not know a man merely by memorizing dates and learning the historical facts of his life. You must seize upon the spirit that breathes in his soul."

Thus guest speaker Fr. Raymond J. Anable keynoted the Prep Communion Breakfast on Palm Sunday, March 25. In his inspiring talk on "St. Ignatius—The Master's teacher," he clearly illustrated the fire of love that burned in St. Ignatius's soul. This same spirit was the motivating force in bringing the Prep boys and their fathers to the Communion rail for the reception of the Body and Blood of Christ. As father and son strengthened their purely natural union by the infusion of this Divine Life, a successful morning was assured, even before the Breakfast began.

But Fr. Smith did not fail in his department. From the opening Invocation to the closing Thanksgiving, the Breakfast showed the welcome touch of good management in every phase of its production. At the conclusion of the Mass, the boys and their fathers were speedily arranged in a motorcade, which stretched far along Henderson Street to the Holland Tunnel entrance. Directed by Jersey City's famed police escort, the motorcade wound its way across the Skyway to the Essex House in record time, disregarding such minor obstructions as stop signs and red lights. When all coats and

hats had been checked and everyone was seated in the banquet hall, the proceedings began with an A-for-effort rendition of the National Anthem by John Trez and Thomas Wotanowski. Fr. Shalloe gave the invocation, and then the assemblage was treated to a hearty breakfast of grapefruit, ham and eggs, minute potatoes, and Danish pastry, with plenty of coffee and rolls for everyone.

Joseph Keating, the genial master of ceremonies for the day, fluently and precisely introduced the guests seated at the dais. Fr. John Murray appeared "sine Panatella." The first speaker on the program was John O'Mara, the representative of the students. He eloquently expressed the enormous debt owed by each Prep boy to his own father. Honorable Edward O'Mara who spoke on behalf of the fathers, related the great sense of pride in his son that characterizes the father of a St. Peter's boy. He also paid tribute to the Jesuit teachers for instilling in their students "a certain tranquility of spirit" which always remains with them.

The highlight of the program was provided by Fr. Anable's lengthy discourse on St. Ignatius and his great love of God, which reflects itself in his guiding principle, "AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM." A few words in closing by Fr. Morris and the Benediction by Fr. Meagher concluded a most enjoyable and rewarding morning.



Dais and dignitaries at annual Father-Sons Communion Breakfast.



GUTTERALS for die GUTTERSNIPEs. German Commandant DeVries voices booming commands

Side Row Review

"Stalag 17" was a success. Anyone can tell you that. Ask the judges, or Fr. Carr. Ask Mr. Colby, the director; ask Mr. Meisse, the head worrier; ask Ed Griffith, the business manager. Better yet, ask the audience what they thought of "Stalag 17;" they seemed to enjoy it more than anybody.

They'll tell you, first of all, that the set was the most convincing in years. Of course we all know that the old G. S. auditorium is just naturally equipped to play a prison camp. But be that as it may, the pocked walls and plank floor did provide the perfect atmosphere.

Then undoubtedly the audience will tell you about the cast. No one missed his cue; no one mumbled; the line in general were so well executed that very few were murdered. Aside from an occasional tendency toward speed, timing was satisfactory too. But more important, the impression of a "play" was gone: characterization was on all sides so sincerely and effectively accomplished that the actors became the char-

acters themselves. In short, everyone fitted his part like the second-act longjohns.

First prize in the cast went to John Hogan for his dynamic interpretation of the unsavory Sefton. The usually mild Mr. Hogan developed a peculiarly malignant sneer especially for the performance and used it to great advantage. Add to this a couple of wild eyes, a throaty growl, and talent, and you know why our John is decorated with gold.

Bob Porowski won second rating with his clever and clownish Stosh; general opinion had Bob top funny-man of the night. Contention for third was so hot the judges declared it a tie; half the medal went to Jonathan Mangum, alias the crafty Price, while "Hoffy," manipulated by Terry Kennedy, took the other half. Needless to say, they both deserved a whole one.

All the rest of the cast was noteworthy too. Dennis Kulvicki played the stupid and pliable S.S. Guard, and played it most convincingly. Paul De Vries was exquisitely German as the Captain; Joe Kennedy, as the

wooden Corporal Schultz, was properly "unpopular;" Moritz Bergmeyer gave the part of the Geneva Man such polish it really became a gem; and gnome-like Bill Van Gieson pantomimed the Second Guard with the florid pomp that only a Dutchman can give.

On the American side, the stars bloomed just as bright. Senior Dan Algie touched Dunbar, one of the few straight roles, with a strange headlong heroism. George Wallace gave a boisterous workout to "Animal," a shaggy character with a Jackie Gleason sense of humor. And then there was Marko, a message-running, klaxon-voiced buffoon, performed with gusto by gusty Anthony Arlotto; Mr. Arlotto's gleaming smile was one of the bright spots of the evening.

The Freshmen were in there pitching, too. John Murphy was silently forceful as Duke; Robert Kibbler played Reed with honesty and clarity; Bill Horan, as Joey, played the harmonica, and drove us crazy with it too. And Bob Alderman, in his rendition of Herb Gordon, rocked the house with his dynamite entrance in the famous bathtub scene.



LONG FACES and LONGJOHNS. The Senior Room was never like this.

Hot Tip

We have a hot tip for Mr. John V. Kenny. It seems that this renown politician is looking for recruits for the New Jersey delegation to the Democratic Convention. After listening to the first round of the Annual Prep Debate Tourney it is obvious that there are a number of participants that could sell the Democrats Margaret Truman as nominee.

The talents of the debators are turned, however, to the question of Federal aid to education. The sparks are flying so fast in the heated debates that the United States Senate would be put to shame. The winners in the first round are 4B's Bonanno and Higgins (junior and senior division) and Manna-DePhillips of 1H (sophomore and freshman division).

In the second round, beginning April 9, the emphasis will again be on weight of the arguments. This includes analysis of the proposition and evidence and argument for and against it. The ultimate winners will be awarded \$10 prizes and a chance to collect more cash in challenge debates.

Spelling Bee

It could have been the Caucus Room of the Senate Office Building prepared for a McCarthy hearing. In front was a microphone, to the right a desk with three judges, to the left another desk with a prosecutor perched and poised. But it was only the Prep gym made ready for the Spelling Bee. A crowd of parents, hushed together as flakes of snow drifted past the windows, showed in their spellbound faces the effects of the recent bout between themselves, their sons, and Mr. Noah Webster.

At 2:22 the gym doors opened and in marched tight-lipped Mr. McKenna followed by 122 eighth graders. Each wore a large number card; each was a runner in this mental marathon. After the boys took their seats in the last five rows of the gym, Father Morris, the Rector, and Father Carr each gave a short talk. Then the contest began. Mr. Kennedy took charge of adjusting the microphone for each boy, while Father Butler acted as a general supervisor of the affair. Miss Sybilla Farrell, the pronouncer, gave the first word, "hotel," and Robert Dee, Number I, spelled it correctly. The race was on! The first mistake was made by Richard Milds, Number 51, and Mr. Kennedy from the depths of his anatomy drew forth the reply which was to become famous during the afternoon: "So.....rry, Son!"

Tension mounted as at the end of the first round only four boys were eliminated. Parents were sitting on the edges of their seats and Father Murray, the prefect, was heard to say "It's terrible, we'll be here 'til midnight." So it progressed until at the end of the fourth round fifty seven boys were out of the running. A short intermission followed and then the bee rebuzzed. Now, however, the objective was to cut down the numbers with small delay. Four syllable words began to fly and the contestants began to drop like rain. Five more rounds were needed to knock out the strong ones who remained.



Finally after a grueling afternoon the field was narrowed down to two contestants, Michael Nevine, Number 82, of St. Joseph's in Roselle and Thomas Davis, Number 100, of St. Nicholas' in Jersey City. Davis inserted an extra "r" in "corollary" and Nevine corrected it but managed to leave the second "u" out of "Ukulele," which he was required to spell in order to win. Words were flashed back and forth and the crowd hung onto each letter as it was pronounced. Davis got tripped up on "ecstasy;" Nevine spelled it right, hit on "writhe" and walked off with the championship and a full scholarship to Prep. Davis received a half-scholarship and certificates of Merit were awarded to the other boys.

Scholarship Sortie

Saturday, March 10, saw the advance of fifteen hundred grammar-school knights to the jousting field of Prep in search for the Holy Grail — a full four year scholarship. Three hours later, after the grueling tournament of minds, the banners of St. Vincent and St. Nicholas waved in triumph. Peter Lavitola of St. Nick's proved champion of the day. Thomas Egan and Alcide Mann, both of St. Vincents captured the other free rides.

G. U. Jog

"Against the foe," cried the four knights as they rode out of the Prep yard on their rented blue charger. These gentlemen of the round table were the St. Peter's debating team heading out for a joust down Washington way at the Georgetown field. The date was March 2, and the knights were negatives Anthony Arlotto, and Charlie Glashausser, and affirmatives Marty Walsh and Brian Daley.

The following morning, after a crab dinner, and a sleepless night at the Roger Smith Hotel, they traveled to Georgetown for four gruelling rounds of debating.

"We have reached a crisis in our history," sadly commented Daley, as he began the first round against Fordham Prep. Although the atom bomb and Federal aid to Education, the debate topic, are not even remotely related, Daley, ever for "Cosmic Implications" made them completely dependent on each other. The judge was impressed. Our affirmatives met Xavier next, and nobody, including the judge, could understand their nebulous plan for distributing funds. In the third round, St. Joe's of Baltimore called upon Walsh to wake up and listen to their plan which was fallacious anyway. Last of all was a battle of wits against Brooklyn Prep. These gentlemen had been trained in excellent debating and fine cockney accents by the famous Mr. Daly, S.J., formerly a ragged Petrean Editor in high school days here. BP won.

Our negatives drew first blood from the knights of Georgetown Prep. Then, against Archbishop Carroll of Baltimore, Glashausser impassionately cried, "My worthy opponents don't know what they're talking about." As a matter of fact, they didn't. The opposition in the third round, Boston College High School, admitted that the case presented by Arlotto was infallible. The judge did not think so. Brooks School of Massachussets, whose leading debater is the renowned Bartle Bull, was quartered in the last joust of the day.

At the day's tallying, our knights decided that they had won seven out of eight debates. Unfortunately, though, the judges did not agree with them, and gave an even split to St. Peter's.

Woman's World

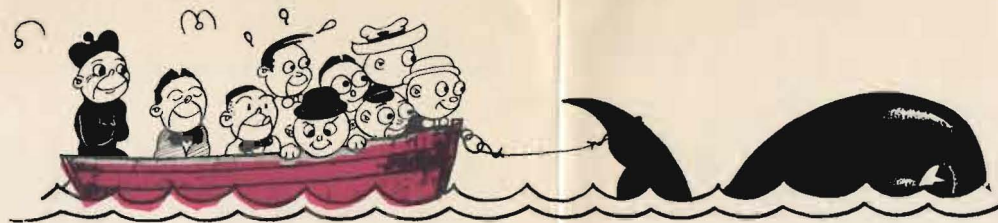
The State of Virginia is in mourning. The "Bonnie Blue Flag" drops at half-mast. The Old Dominion's exile by fate, Joe Keating, succumbed to overwhelming odds last March 22. But his beloved State may rest assured that her son went down fighting in the Hearst Oratorical Contest.

The scene of this latest Southern defeat was St. Dominic's Academy and to add to the ignomy of it all, the conqueror was a girl! Thus the trophy famine in Prep's oratorical circle continued for another year and again the cry arose, "Wait till next year."

The topic was John Adams and this alone was assurance of a fiery speech by Colonel Keating. It seems that Mr. Adams was a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee and an abolitionist, to boot. Perhaps this explains the reference to Adams' decline into a shell of bitterness. "He became a bitter old man, cynical of his associates, a man feared and sometimes hated." Perhaps also this did not sit well with the judges. At any rate, Keating went down to defeat while the exclamation of Mr. Dwyer resounded, "We wuz robbed."

The Prep's version of the Constitution as interpreted by Dick Fuchs was also jolted in that fateful week of March. For on the 21st, in the tri-county contest for the American Legion Oratorical trophy the Prep suffered another setback. Once again the victor was feminine, this time she hailed from Teaneck High. After a prepared speech of eight minutes, the contestants were asked to deliver a five minute extemporaneous talk on the 16th amendment. Dick was thought to be far ahead on the basis of the prepared speeches by a majority of the observers. At the end once again the nod was given to Prep's representative but the judges must have missed the nod. The winner was declared to be the speaker from Bergen county.

LIFE IS



GRAND AT WARREN

PRIDE and GLORY



For this issue's entry in the files of P&G the PETROC humbly doffs its dignity and devotes the column to the "man from downstairs" Joe Piccolo, the Yearbook man. Joe is one of those fellows who you can't help but like. Industry and affability would be his two main traits. This stalwart of 4E has won by his hard work not only a place in the top twentieth of his year but also the foremost perch in the editorial birdcage of the Petrean. Says Mr. Piccolo with a sigh when queried about the 1956 edition of the leather-bound. "For the talent and experience that ekes out an existence in our office we are turning out a remarkable work. Unfortunately I didn't have the foresight to join the Petroc and gain the necessary literary excellence and experience for the task at hand. However for rush-up, pushed-together work the 1956 Petrean will be a masterpiece."



BUSY BEADLES

4E seems to hold the center of the stage this edition as Bill Connolly emerges as "busy beadle." Bill is a lad who has really matured in Senior year. Although he is very active in Prep circles his favorite pastime is reaping honor cards. Some people claim, however, that Mr. Connolly's chief claim to fame is that he has relatives in Ridgewood.

Moseyin' McGuire

It's a book we've been readin' these past two weeks—THE LAST HURRAH, if you please. It's a grand story about a politician up around Boston and his last campaign. You'll find in it everybody you know in Jersey City and, if you look around the Senior Room, you'll find a Derby-hatful of fellows who could have been in it if they were twenty years younger and had spent the intervening years in politics.

First there's Charlie Hennessey. The only thing the man does is run for political office every year! Charlie is a scholar of parts, but there are too many parts and none of them connected. Some might think he's a trifle looney and beside himself but he gives such grand talks on the street-corners with his sound truck and all those modern things. It's a solo but hectic life he leads as a happy recluse, with a freezer full of horse-meat, a cadre of hounds and a tape recorder. He does a bit of a jig, twirls his dacron cap and records his speeches.

Knocko Miniham, unpopular and unimportant, does nothing but die, but his wake shows us something of the old days. Now the corpse wasn't on ice, with the water dripping into pans, but Knocko's body was laid out in one of those plush and pillowy affairs that some "thoughtful" undertaker picked out. The Mayor cut the price to \$35 under threats. Sill the wake brought back the old days; there was a solid foot of ham on the kitchen table; ten piles of Swiss cheese with white bread and rye and even olives! Knocko never had it so good . . . And neither will you, if you don't read the LAST HURRAH.

Candid Quotes

Do you think that the Dodgers' coming to Jersey City will be accompanied by prosperity and good feeling?



a beaut! Within a half hour we had the two apartments brawling in the court.

Mark White, florist. I don't believe so. That Brooklyn team is too vulgar for my appetite. Their fielding is obnoxious, batting only passable, and tactics are appalling. To capsule my opinion, they repulse me.



Hank Quense, fish market owner. You bet! We sure caught a whopper when we got the Dodgers. I was arguing with a friend of mine over at the Fulton Market and holy mackerel, he sure didn't go for the idea of Reese and Co. scaling the old Hudson. "Halibut a punch in the mouth!" said I!

Ray Leonard, truck driver. Accompanied by good feeling? Are you kidding? Why, just last night my pop had a fight with the old guy across the alley. What



To capsule my opinion,

Dr. Algie Answers:

ANNA MARIA ALSPAGHETTI WRITES: "I have a compound fracture. My arm is divided in two, germs are multiplying rapidly, and, in addition, my fingers are becoming paralyzed, which subtracts from my maneuverability. What should I do?"

A. "Look, I'm a doctor, not a mathematician."

YOGART BERRY ASKS: "With the season coming up, I want to get in shape. Like most catchers I'm a little overweight. What should I do about this?"

A. "Fear not. Although you're faced with a big problem, your troubles are mostly behind you."

CONSTANCE EGAN INQUIRES: "The night of the Seton Hall-St. Peter's game my arms were heavy. Although I'm usually pretty deadly, I couldn't shoot to save myself. Can you explain this?"

A. "Simple. The basket should have been bigger, about three feet in diameter."

Horrorscope



R. Troiano. You will hold a very important position in later years. You will have many people under you. You will mow the lawn in the city cemetery. **J. Herold.** We know your scholarly ambitions. Fear not. The fates have destined you to occupy the chair of applied electricity in a public institution . . . the electric chair. **E. Kearns.** You will take a trip around the world this year. Next year you will go to some other place.

STATE TOURNEY

Irish Not Up

After a week's lay-off following the unbelievable Memorial game, St. Peter's settled down to play the much buffeted St. Michael's (U. C.) quintet in the opening round of the State Tourney, Wednesday, March 6. But, as it was, they didn't settle down until a final spurt in the closing minutes carried the Prep from what looked like a close game to a 72-56 rout. Throughout the struggle the effects of the week's lay-off showed visibly in the sloppy ball handling, hectic running and forced off-shooting.

As an added attraction to the game, Mike Pedone finally reached the one thousand point mark at the beginning of the third quarter. This was about the most exciting part of the contest. Needing just fifteen points to top the mark, Mike hit fourteen points in the first half and broke the barrier with Prep's first basket of the second half. The fans started yelling for the refs to stop the game and "give Mike the ball," but the refs would have none of it.

The game started slowly, so much so that it took the Prep almost four minutes to get five points. Pedone started off the scoring with a rebound of Crotty's missed charity heave and McDonald upped it to 4-0 with a long one-handed push. Brooks' two penalty tosses and Mannix's long set, sandwiched around Crotty's foul shot, made it 5-4 at the four minute mark. With St. Peter's leading 9-8, Halligan's Hoopsters went off on a tear which outscored the opposition, 10-3. Pedone had six points during this spurge, as Prep led at the quarter, 19-11.

This lead was short lived, however, as an inspired St. Michael's team almost took the game away. After raising the lead to ten points (21-11) via a McDonald jumper, the Prep could not buy a basket while the Saints were breezing along fine. But quick deuces by Blaney and Pedone just before the half, helped the Prep to a slim 33-29 lead.

At the start of the half a Green and White jump shot cut the lead to 2 but baskets by

Pedone, McDonald and Blaney sandwiched around Langone's jump, hiked the lead to six, 39-33. Long pops by Mannix and Langone again cut into the lead but these were matched by Crotty's drive and flitting steal. For the next few minutes the teams traded baskets, McDonald's two foul shots giving Prep a nine point lead at the quarter, 56-47.

It took three minutes at the start of the fourth quarter to get a basket, but it was finally accomplished by Pedone. Five straight points by Leon cut the lead to six and kept St. Michael's in the ball game, as the Prep attack momentarily stalled. Time out was called and a full court press put into operation. It worked as Prep made a shambles of the game with brilliant steals and fast breaks to sew up the ball game, 72-56.

Pirates Plundered

With plenty of gun powder left over from the hard fought battle with St. Michael's, the Marauders tacked on all sail as they headed for Essex County and the "State Catholic A" second-round tiff with Seton Hall. Pre-game scuttlebutt gave the Pony Pirates a better than even chance of upsetting the apple cart, but the Marauders cut loose with a murderous first period bombardment that almost blew the Pirates out of the water. Prep had the weather gage and was breezing along with an eleven point lead early in the second period before Seton Hall abandoned their ineffective man to man defense for a zone. From there the Pirates leveled off but the damage was irreparable, and the Marauders swung home with an 80-76 win and the North Jersey Banner flying from the mast head.

It was the first quarter of first quarters as far as this season went. The fast break crackled and everything Prep threw up went in. The shooting was so good that when a Marauder shot erred, a startled fan commented "He missed!"

The Pirates grabbed an early lead at 4-2, then at 6-4, but from there they fought an uphill battle as time after time Prep out-



Pedone soft-pushes jump 'gainst Seton Hall.

rebounded their taller foes and came thundering downcourt for the fast deuce. The Marauders opened a 29-18 cushion before the buzzer.

The fusilade continued into the second canto as the Marauders fired with fabulous accuracy. But Seton began forging back. At the 2:00 mark Richvalski swished a jump, making it 41-31. Then Dunnion rang up a chippy, Farrell scored a brace of fouls; Masterson curled in a deuce and Dunnion again broke through with a lay-up before Richvalski rang the intermission buzzer with another jump.

The tremendous pace continued in the second half and Seton Hall mounted a furious counter-attack. With Masterson stabbing at the middle with an infallible jump shot and Dunnion bombing away, the Pirates pulled to within 63-58 before the third period bell.

Midway thru the fourth canto, with the Maroon comfortably in front, 74-64, things began poppin'. Masterson poured in with a jump, O'Brien and Farrell added foul shots and Dunnion chimed in with a jump to put the Pirates within grabbing distance, 74-71. Crotty came back with a twisting drive but O'Brien had a loud three-point reply. With the count 76-73 and two minutes left the Marauders slowed things down and Mr. Crotty took charge. After a little cute time-killing ball handling, John wormed down the slot for a half-believable deuce and moments later put the clamps on from the foul line 80-73. The Pirates spent the last seconds on the charity stripe and brought the final score to 80-76.

This was a beautifully played game, in the tradition of the torrid North Jersey jousts of Seton Hall and Prep. For the Marauders, paced by John Crotty who whirled away for 29 points, this was the high point of a team-effort victory.

Champs' Way

Using their exceptional speed to the utmost, the Marauders downed their namesake from New Brunswick 65-48 as they captured an unprecedented sixth straight Catholic A title. The Cardinals from South Jersey managed to stay close for 3 periods but like many of the fans they were snowed under by an avalanche of white. The one that really made the Prep offense click was 6-4 George Richvalsky who commanded absolute control of the boards in the final half.

The early pace was extremely slow as both squads were having a hard time in getting good shots. The Cardinals' inability to score consistently could be traced to the good defensive work of Crotty on Bill Conery, who like John received "All State Honors." New Brunswick surged ahead with three minutes remaining in the half 19-18, as Art Criss began to find the mark. Big George wiped this edge out with a couple of pretty rebounds and Prep led

26-23, as the buzzer ended a sloppy 16 minutes of basketball.

Mike Pedone opened the second half with a jump shot but Criss and Connery matched him to narrow the Prep lead to one at 28-27. Crotty's deuce and Rich's foul opened it up slightly but the Big Red forged in front on a six-point splurge. Criss drove in from the left and Connery followed with two twisting layups from the right, 33-31. At this juncture the Maroon and White signalled for a time out and the brief respite worked wonders. Coach Halligan decided it was time to get down to business and so he ordered the famed Petrean Press. Within a jiffy the complexion of the game was changed completely. Halted by the Prep front men, Crotty, Pedone and McDonald,

the Cardinals couldn't get the ball past mid-court. It was steal and go for the rest of the game and the victory run was done in familiar terms.

Richvalsky knotted the score with his turn around jump and Pedone gave Prep the lead with two fouls. After an exchange of baskets, the Marauders clung to their two point lead as the third quarter came to a close, 39-37.

Early in the final session Crotty began to drive and pick up fouls. The death knell was sounded when McDonald came up with a picture steal which was converted into a 4 point play. As Mac was dropping in the chippie, Cone fouled Crotty under the basket. John, cool as ever, hit on both tries, 44-37. From there on it was a breeze!



Blaney snatches loose ball and starts looking in blizzard final at Princeton.

ESCIT

Their Day

Newport, R.I., the scene of many a Marauder triumph in bygone post-season E.S.C.I.T. competition, this time caught the usually blistering Prep five cold. They succumbed in the opening round to a solid All-Hallows High ball club of New York City, 67-57.

Red-hot from its most recent stunning victories in the New Jersey Catholic "A" Tournament, the Maroon roared into Newport eager for the kill. Although seeded a somewhat insulting No. 5 in a field of eight teams, Prep bid fair to upset the ESCIT appletart and capture the crown for the third time; a feat which would have given St. Peter's permanent possession of the trophy. But there was one condition attached to the victory hopes, it turned out to be contrary to fact. If Prep were to be successful in this endeavor, that entire stalwart five which had already piled up some five other coveted titles, had to remain on the floor. But that bugaboo which has given more coaches ulcers than all the mustard in creation, the shrilling whistle, dealt the Marauders their most devastating bad break of the season.

Pitted against fourth-seeded All Hallows, the Petreans found themselves unable to gun with their accustomed deadly marksmanship throughout the first half. And strange to say, Prep was even outscrapped. Once Joe Flannigan, the New Yorkers' battling strong boy, canned a brace of fouls, All Hallows jumped into a 6-4 advantage which it never relinquished. With diminutive Tom Featherstone cleverly directing the Kingsmen attack, and Steppe and Flannigan sweeping the backboards clean, the Bronx bulge increased to six markers, 20-14 at the quarter.

Within 90 seconds of the second stanza the bulge had been doubled. Prep switched into a pressing defense, the old standby, and rocketed up to a 28-23 tally, trailing by five. But the fouls were beginning to

mount, so the Maroon went into a zone — only the second time this season. Featherstone fed effectively against it to amass a 36-26 cushion at the half.

At the start of the third quarter, the Maroon returned to their original man-to-man stratagem, with Crotty tied on to Steppe. As usual John was more than effective, but the ref's whistle began to puncture Prep's poise. Late in the period Crotty was put in double jeopardy by a fourth call but this danger, instead of putting the damper on the team, seemed to have just the opposite effect. Trailing 44-35, Coach Halligan ordered the full-court press and the Maroon offense caught fire. McDonald found Pedone on the end of a lightning fast-break, Blaney converted twice, 44-39. With Pedone and Crotty ganging up on Featherstone, the ball was spirited away to McDonald and a quick-break chippie. Next Crotty followed with one of those "see-it-to-believe-it" drives, hiking Prep to within one point at 44-43. Then at the height of the blitz with twenty seconds left in the quarter, Crotty fouled out. To be perfectly frank, it was a "bum" call. But Prep in its day has profited by such, so we chalk it up as one of those things.

In the fourth quarter Richvalski narrowed the deficit again to a single point when he converted a brace of fouls in the opening minute. But that was the closest that Prep was to come to snatching the lead. It was 58-53, All Hallows at the 4 minute mark. Then after Pedone's bullet-like jump matched a Featherstone drive, All Hallows hit for five quick points to ice it.

The following day in the Desolation Bracket, Prep lost to Manhattan Prep, 75-72. But no one seemed too much concerned.

So the season was wrapped up. If the tone of the last issue was somber, still the victory packet was a worthwhile and weighty one. The '56 Marauders go down into the books as one of Prep's really fine teams, coached in the finest traditions of Grand Street by Jerry Halligan who certainly made his mark in a few short months.

BASEBALL

Hopeful

It sneaked up on us while we were waiting by the telephone for the basketball backlog. Baseball, we mean. The Marauders have been out west at the Annex, working out between blizzards and will open—with the forecaster's approval—against St. Aloysius on Friday the 13th. In the hectic rush for the opening date, Coach Cochrane hasn't tightened all the nuts on this year's machine. Early reports, however, are optimistic. Bill expresses confidence in the infield which he thinks the best in a long while.

At first base two juniors, Vin Brennan and Ed Barrone, are in line for the job. Both played there last season, with Brennan starting off strong, then slumping toward the end. Barrone is also an outfield possibility.

The Keystone post is also up in the air. Johnny Amabile and Bobby Marino are both after the job and both are good fielders. Amabile has the edge in experience but had a bad year at bat last year, while Marino is a pest at the plate.

Sopho Don Malega has the shortstop job sewed up. Malega has the look of a major league prospect, with a steady glove and a good arm. As a frosh he led the team with a fat ".344". Freshman Phil Mardorelli is by no means out of the picture and can be used as a utility man or a regular outfielder.

The hot corner is a little hotter with Skinner and Richvalski battling for the nod. Richvalski swings the better stick but Skinner walloped a few last season. Either one could move to the outfield and both will be in the starting lineup somewhere.

Behind the plate senior Chris Shiereck will do most of the signal calling while on the mound Hannon and Blaney will man the front line with Moriarty and Struzinski in the bullpen. The pitching presents most of the problems which Bill hopes can be solved with time and experience and sunshine.

Sophs Meloa, Hanlon, and Wiegand may start an argument for Shiereck's job.

Aside from Farrell who seems permanently planted in centerfield the outfield presents indefinite possibilities. Almost any of the embattled infielders could be moved into any field.

The picture altogether is brightly vague and after the deck is shuffled sufficiently the Marauders will make a strong bid for the County Crown. Opening effort is scheduled for Friday at Lincoln Park with St. Al's furnishing the opposition.



Kudos. Ezra Nolan presents MVP trophy to John Crotty on occasion of Hudson County All Star game. Crotty earned a major portion of season end laurels, most prominent of which was his selection on All State—All Class first team, the fourth Prep player to be so honored in the last 25 years. Previous winners: Ben Geraghty 1929, George Saxenmeyer 1930, and George Waddleton 1953.

BRIEFETTES

Mighty Mite. This year's mite box drive was a tremendous success. Statistics prove that we have netted over one-hundred dollars more than last year. The small blizzard and the two holidays which resulted can be blamed for our not reaching the three-thousand quota. The total sum of \$2813.33 will no doubt enable the Prep missionaries to bring Christ to a multitude of souls in the mid-Pacific islands. Highest class in the school at the close of the drive was 3-D with their generous donation of \$306.16; second place went to 4-F with \$255.02; third place to 2-C with \$229.57.

First Hurrah. If in the near future, while passing through the halls, you come upon a throng gathered about a fellow shouting far-fetched promises, it won't be Senator Kefauver. Most likely it will be one of the eager vote-seeking candidates for the approaching Student Council elections. Buff up your campaign buttons. The Primaries are scheduled for early in May. The voting machines will be rolled in later in the same month.

Mother's Club. The annual drawing of the Prep Mother's Club takes place on May 4th. The returns will then be emptied into the fund organized for the benefit and improvement of St. Peter's. After the festivities on that First Friday night, three lucky Prep boosters will journey homeward from the gym with new found treasures, represented by a Silver Blue Mink Stole, a portable typewriter and a console television. At present, the returns from the book-a-week plan are not up to expectations. But Fr. Meagher is confident of the response of the Prep men, now that the mite boxes, Communion Breakfast and Easter clothes have been finished with.

The First. All hats are tipped to senior John Weglinski for his emerging as the first man of the class of '56 to win a competitive scholarship. John was awarded his grant by the Ford Employees' Council.

THE WAY

Alive! The Easter Mass and modern history begin with the same words, "I have arisen and am still with thee." The risen Christ is alive and working among us,—here in America, over there in Europe, hidden but really active, the Secret Agent whom Satan, sin and death could not contain. "Behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

Remember that He was crucified on the charge that He was an outlaw, a perverter of the public peace. He was buried and the sepulcher was sealed with the stamp of Rome, in effect saying, "This man is dead; let him stay dead." Satan sneered and counted his gain, thirty peaces of silver and ruling authority over the ways and nations of men. So he thought. Then lightening struck. With the drums of thunder beating reveille at dawn, Christ arose in glory and Satan's world-power collapsed.

Christ can be an outlaw in each man's life or he can be the risen King. Each of us has a law of life that he makes for himself. We have settled habits, customs, all that we mean when we say, "My way of doing things." Shall it be Satan's way that outlaws Christ. Or shall it be Christ's way that over powers Satan, sin and death?



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MINNOWS. Neil O'Keefe, '59; John Korn, '59; William Whittman, '58.