

LIKE 3 YR. CIDER, STRONG AND HEADY!



TACKLING TERRORS: That's the senior quartet of terrifying tackles that will start ripping gaps in enemy forward walls: Frank Piscal (81), Larry Floriani (53), Bill McNamara (51) and Pat Downes (79).

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THE ST. PETER'S PREP NEWSLETTER



MOOD & REASON

ADMINISTRATION

Meet Marty

Election season is over. Over as far as important elections are concerned, anyway. For Prep has named the new President of its Student Council, and his name is Marty Walsh. As smoke-filled rooms begin to clear, and campaign mud settles again to oblivion, you can see his stoic figure rising from the pedestrian murk of Junior year to shoulder the burdensome mantle the student body has prepared for him. You can see him, that is, if you want to bother looking, but it really isn't necessary. After all, the result of last spring's politicking is common knowledge by now.

Anyone who saw Marty's face as he staggered from the Principal's office at 3:42 P.M. last May 15 needed no further explanation as to the election's outcome. And the school was officially enlightened next morning. It was Walsh, and by a margin big enough to draw pictures in!

The campaign had been a hard one, and an expensive one. There were public debates, hotter than the combined result of Beaudevin, St. Dom's and Federal Aid to Education; there were whispering campaigns that would have made Walter Winchell blush; there were coercions a la Frank Hague, persuasions a la Fuller Brush Man, promises and qualifications and more promises; and as an examination of your coat pocket will reveal, there were printed throw-aways worth a week of mite-boxes.

For one man at least, it was worth it. That man, of course, is Marty Walsh, a slim, blond, modest Senior who can claim no more for himself than six varsity activities and a three-year average of 93. He's

COVER STORY. Autumn and senior year are the seasons of mists and moods. Just back from his summer vacation, Jack Balchunas's heart was full of heaviness. But now take a look at the merry twinkle in his eye and its cause, the name on the book!

WHAT THEY SAY

HARRY TRUMAN SAYS:

"On separate occasions in the past, Gallup, Kaltenborn, and I have made notorious mistakes. This time we are in conspicuous agreement behind Martin W. Walsh."

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT SAYS:

"Don't pay any attention to us old fools, fading in the sunset of our years (Hee-hee!). We need young ones, like Mr. Walsh (he-he!). And there's no need to fear a false front — remember my smile and be brave (titter)."

HERBERT HOOVER SAYS:

"In many of my previous farewell addresses I warned you against the interference of government in private life. I am confident that Mr. Walsh will be sufficiently inert to preserve your liberties."

SEN. KEFAUVER SAYS:

"Mah wahfe, Nancy, and ah have always found there's no need to mistrust a polecat — he just can't deceive you. Neither can Martin Walsh."

GOV. CLEMENT SAYS:

"How long, O America, how long will you delay in unbuttoning the vest of bloated bureaucracy and removing the diamond stickpin from the cravat of corporate accumulation? In Martin Walsh you have a bold unbuttoner!"

SENIOR ROMANO SAYS:

"Meesta chahman, Porrito Reeco, having polled her daligation een cocus, casts tree naggateeve votes for hees favoritt son — Meesta Welsh."

a native of Jersey City, it's true — St. Michael's parish, to be exact — but all his other qualifications are favorable. He's an expert on the cha-cha and pizza and Irish stew, an authority on the Greek phalanx and the Balkan situation, a connoisseur of everything from girls to stickball. Marty's not the talkative type, but he's a clear thinker and utterly sincere; what's more, his determination strongly resembles Gibraltar once he reaches a decision, which looks good for Prep, since he decided long ago to give this year one glorious run for its money.

Now don't be too quick to envy the Hon. Mr. Walsh — the presidency is not so rosy a job as you might suspect. Besides the daily duty of reciting the morning prayers and mispronouncing the monthly intention,

besides the weekly duty of gaveling down the Student Council, there are countless little tasks and responsibilities to contend with. For instance, if Harry Truman happens by, the President is the one that must shake his hand; likewise for Grace Kelly and the Prince. If some unknown Prepster carves his initials into Fr. Carr's new desk, the President must make the first apology. At Christmas time, the President must be on hand at the Prefect's office with a gaily wrapped box of Coronas. He must be ready and willing to give his autograph at all times. In case of fire or enemy attack, he must be the first to reach safety. And of course there are always rallies . . .

But don't get the impression Mr. Walsh's new job is all work, either; it has its moments of glory, too. He gets a front seat at Friday Mass, for example, and a pocketful of jug credits, and five extra words under his yearbook picture. He is allowed to stamp his Presidential coat-of-arms on all test papers, and must be chastised by his teachers with only the greatest respect. Best of all, the Hon. Marty is the first recipient of one

of those new school blazers — it's a fancy maroon jacket with a Prep seal over the heart and special memory-proof zipper compartment for storing away old campaign promises.

And what has President Walsh to say about all this? The following, reprinted in its entirety, is the text of his acceptance speech, delivered last June 15, which nobody heard because the loudspeakers were all turned off:

"Friends and fellow Prepsters: It is not without some tinge of emotion that I come before you today, to receive upon my humble shoulder the accolade you have so indulgently accorded me. It is only through your simple trust in me that I have ascended to this post of honor, and I am grateful beyond words to you for every shady vote. For my part, I promise to fulfill this sacred trust, to vindicate the policies of my illustrious predecessors, and to proceed blindly forward, guided only by principle and Prefect, with this as my motto always: 'Aut sint primi aut non sint!' ('Be the best or bust!') Let's make it the best!



PROUD PREXY: Hon. Martin Walsh beams behind the swept-wing desk of Fr. Carr.

New Faces

The summer sun was hot, no classes were in progress, and the jug room was empty, so the school decided to put on a new play to enliven the unnatural peaceful atmosphere, "New Faces Of '57" was decided on as the title, and Fr. Carr was prevailed upon to produce and direct the epic. A cast was procured from such obscure places as Woodstock, Maryland; Plattsburg, New York; the Philippines; and the St. Peter's Prep Rectory. Not until June will the critics render their decision as to whether the show was a hit or a flop. Personally, we are sure they will like it.

For the "New Faces Of '57" are the Prep teachers who will be seen here for this year for the first time. While you were resting so comfortably on the sandy shores of Asbury Park, enjoying the burning rays of Old Sol, numerous changes were being effected in the ranks of the Prep faculty. No longer will the magic baton of Mr. Feeney, who did such a remarkable job in the restoration of the Prep Band, be found directing the school's aspiring musicians. In his stead are Mr. McGowan, S.J., and Mr. Becker, S.J., who will inherit the duties of moderator and asst. moderator, respectively. Mr. Becker will also lead the juniors of 3G and 3E in their journey to ancient Rome to learn about Cicero and the strange language of that strange man. In his spare

time he will teach third year English and History 3, and direct the Freshman Sodality. Mr. McGowan will spend his time encouraging the sophs to endure all pains in their neverending struggle for knowledge.

Two other Jesuit newcomers to St. Peter's are Mr. Pugliese and Mr. Rohr. Mr. Pugliese, (pronounced Pull-yay-zee), will take over the departing Mr. Egan's duties in third year, while coaching the Beaudevin debaters and doing some cartwheels with the cheerleaders. Mr. Rohr, who comes to the Prep after two years in the Philippines, will teach second year Geometry and History 2. He will also mix Hypo for the Camera Club and pace the newly established Press Club.

Several changes also have been announced in the duties of the Prep Fathers. Fr. Riordan, dean of Province Latin Teachers, returns to teaching after an absence of several years to discuss Virgil with the seniors and emote on the merits of the Ratio Studiorum. Fr. Hart S.J., comes to St. Peter's from Brooklyn Prep, and he will guide the sophs through Caesar's Gallic Wars. Father, rather, Doctor Abbott, will instruct the Frosh in Health, an entirely new course at Prep.

New laymen include Mr. Brower and Mr. Faeth. Junior Math students will be interested in Mr. Brower who will solve equations and compute the area of any trapezoid for his puzzled pupils in 3C, 3E, 3G and 3H.



Fr. Hart, S.J.



Mr. Pugliese, S.J.



Mr. McGowan, S.J.



Mr. Becker, S.J.

Mr. Faeth's job is to make German seem almost as easy as Greek. But we're sure that the Juniors under his charge will find "ein, zwei, drei" even easier than "alpha, beta, gamma."

Seniors should not be too surprised to find points taken off for spelling and misuse of grammar on history tests, for two erstwhile English teachers, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Wall will do double duty and lecture on Napoleon, Victoria, etc.

Mr. Parisi is back from Holland and will resume the position he had prior to last year. His fellow exchangee under the Fulbright Plan, Mr. Scheffer, has gone back to his native Netherlands; we trust with a favorable impression of American schools and students.

Off to Woodstock to continue their studies for the priesthood are Mr. Sampson, S.J. and Mr. Feeney, S.J. Mr. Sampson labored long and hard in teaching his students French and Latin. His extracurricular activities included long hours spent in the Camera Club, the French Club, and the Dance Committee.

The faithful departed of the lay faculty include Mr. Irving and Mr. McGinn. Mr. Irving passed his bar exams during the summer, found himself a blushing bride, and left St. Peter's for the full-time practice of law. Mr. McGinn has left his history classes to make some history himself.

"... Ah, take one consideration with another, our faculty is quite a splendid one."

Le Jour de Gloire

They make a habit of doing things right up at St. Peter's College, and last year's commencement was certainly no exception. While other colleges were heaping honors on front-page intellectuals who were degreed to the gills already, St. Peter's set its honorary sights down where they weren't expected — and where they were deserved, for a change.

The Roosevelt Stadium spotlight this year was set on nine teachers from the various Jesuit high schools in the New York



Mr. O'Sullivan baccalaureates at Stadium.

province. Each of them was awarded an honorary Ph. D. in Education; each was selected for his length of service and his integrity and success in the classroom. And who from the Prep do you think best fits that bill? You guessed it: that truffle-throated, shamrock-hearted linguist extraordinaire, Monsieur Clement O'Sullivan. Only now it's Doctor O'Sullivan.

After receiving his long-awaited sheepskin, our professeur arose to face a task that was a testimonial more eloquent than scroll, the delivery of the graduation address. He spoke of the trials of teaching and its rewards; he spoke of professions in general; and he outlined the principles for a Catholic graduate to follow, no matter what his profession. When the doctor finished, the stadium deafeningly showed it had gotten the message.

Dr. O'Sullivan's diploma is inscribed, "for thirty years of outstanding service as a Catholic layman and teacher." Those of us who have studied under his baton know that these words are more than honorary; they have been earned by thirty years of hard labor. We know, too, that his reward is more than a mere title, more than a daily denarius; his reward is the sight of the vineyard.

Bow Geste

In Merrie England during the reign of Richard the First, such an archery tournament would have stirred the national temper. Royalty and court would have come forward to give their congratulations and approval. For the winner: the firm hand of the king on his shoulder and the sweet smile of the queen: "fecisti rem." As the winner galloped off the field on his black charger, gentle damsels would have peeked out from within their striped pavilions and blushed like Yorkshire apples. In the evening many a keg of mellow English ale would have been drained as stout yeomen raised their tankards to the sky and drank in his honor. Today such an event does not even merit two lines in the Jersey Journal. Thus has civilization corrupted the regal game of archery!

Yet all is not lost. A number of individuals have formed clubs and set about upholding the traditions of "Robin Hood and His Merrie Men." One of these clubs is the Hudson County Archers, located in Lincoln Park, Jersey City. They no longer wear suits of "lincoln green" though some do persist in hitting the Lincoln "green" rather than the target. On the whole, however, modern archers are experts in an ancient art. They far outclass Robin Hood in quality of equipment but they will need more than superior equipment to perform the feats told of "the old master" himself. In a modern bow, wood and fiberglass are laminated together and the tips are recurved in the direction opposite to that in which the bow is drawn. This design adds tremendous speed to the arrow (it flies at about 250 ft. per sec.) and was unknown to Robin Hood although the ancient Greeks and Turks had discovered it. The arrow may be made of wood, aluminum or glass and is usually fletched with turkey feathers, although plastic vanes may be used.

Some archers use bowsights although the majority who shoot a 28 target field course in the woods prefer to shoot without



Sir Lawrence Edward Moser.

them, since every target is set at a different distance and the sight must be adjusted for every change in position. Hunting is very popular and everything from squirrel to deer has been taken. Though many have come back empty-handed, in the past few years the HCA's have taken quite a few deer in New Jersey and New York. Howard Hill, an archer from California, is the only man alive who has killed an elephant with a bow, and without using poisoned arrows. So you see, you can do almost anything!

On August 26th the HCA's held their annual club championship. Prep sent a representative, Senior Knight, Sir Lawrence Moser. Moser managed to place himself third in the final tally, racking up a large 789 points.

And so bow in hand, and all a-quiver, Sir Lawrence rides off into the future in search of more victories. Come Monday, in the Senior Room all strong Seniors will raise their "orange ale" in the good knight's honor.

June Rides

The past June saw some 218 Seniors reach their goal after a four year uphill climb to graduation. The customary large number received their tickets for a free ride into the future.

Francis McInerney and Richard Barnitt snared full scholarships to St. Peter's, while Tom Hogan hopped across the Hudson to Fordham. Joe Piccolo, well-known for his work on the "Petrean", went upstate to LeMoyne College. Joe Kennedy, Petroc's own, copped a GM scholarship and chose Manhattan College, declining a previously won scholarship to the same school. Bill Pflug, the bicycle man, captured the Kinkead Scholarship to St. Peter's and will be joined by Bill Richardson who was awarded the Kiwanis of Jersey City Scholarship. Ray Troiano also chose the popular Peter's College under the Greer Institution Scholarship.

In the athletic corner, fullback John Squeo, and tackle Mike Hurley, accepted offers from Boston College and will be putting their talents to good use. Bob Crane, another tackle, has gone west to Detroit University. John Crotty, well remembered for his finishing touch to the Memorial game, has gone to work for Holy Cross. Mike Pedone was grabbed by St. John's and in future years we hope to be seeing him on channel 11. Jim McDonald, the hustler of the team, really got the urge to travel and set out for Seattle, Washington—quite a trip. James Hannon accepted the lone baseball scholarship to Notre Dame.

Dan Algie, the famous doctor, received one of the "fifteen year scholarships" offered by the Society of Jesus and is now at the novitiate at Plattsburg, New York. Entering with "The Doctor" are Charlie Beirne, the switchboard man, Hal Ridley, Bob McCarthy, George Wallace, Ron Mitzen, Bob Gmuer, John Suruda, and Vic Estevez. They are in the novitiates at Plattsburg and Poughkeepsie. Charles DeFuccio, Richard Hallinan and Edward Paradine are studying at Seton Hall Divinity School in preparation for the diocesan priesthood.

HONOR ROLL 1955-1956

JUNIOR YEAR

Silver Medal

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| 3A Carl Stetz | 3D John Black |
| 3B Brian Daley* | 3G Henry Judy |
| Charles Glashauser* | |

Bronze Medal

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| 3A Francis Temkiewicz | 3D John Hogan |
| 3B John Verdon | 3G Bernard Langan |

Religion Medal

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| 3A Carl Stetz | 3D Robert Fink |
| 3B Anthony Arlotto | 3F Bruce Batali |
| 3C William McDermott | 3G Bernard Langan |

SOPHOMORE YEAR

Silver Medal

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 2A Gregory Machler | 2D Francis Brzenk |
| 2B Henry Geier | 2E Anthony Kowalski |
| 2C John Delistovich | 2F Robert Comizzoli |
| 2H Anthony Rizzi | |

Bronze Medal

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| 2A Francis Brady | 2E Wolodymyr Mohutshy* |
| 2B Joseph Anstett | Brian Oak* |
| 2D John McHale | 2F William Sullivan |
| 2H Andrew Repka | |

Religion Medal

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 2A Francis Brady* | 2D Francis Brzenk |
| Gregory Machler* | 2E William Keenan |
| 2B Henry Geier | 2F James Beggans |
| 2C John Szeigis | 2G Joseph Coca |
| 2H Thomas Garrity | |

FRESHMAN YEAR

Silver Medal

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1A William Glanzmann | 1F Cornelius O'Keefe* |
| 1B James Lantry | Joseph Pavlitschko* |
| 1C Dennis McCort | 1G Robert Hummell |
| 1D Francis Donato | 1H Joseph Moscinski |
| 1E Martin Feeney | 1I Raymond Kunz |

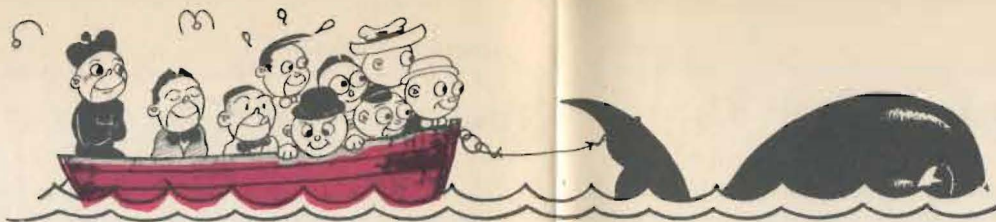
Bronze Medal

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| 1A Robert Modarelli | 1E Dennis Walsh |
| 1B John Dow | 1F George Salaway |
| 1C Robert Duda | 1G John Fahy |
| 1D Douglas Buffington | 1H Roger LaGratta |
| 1I Joseph Contreras | |

Religion Medal

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1A Dennis McDonald | 1E Edward Alberque |
| 1B Gorge Staub | 1F Cornelius O'Keefe |
| 1C John Reilly | 1G John Fahy |
| 1D Francis Donato* | 1H Joseph Moscinski |
| Christopher Lane* 1I Raymond Kunz | |

*Ex Aequo



PRIDE AND GLORY



Pat Fitzpatrick, the smiling redhead from 4-F and the bookstore counter, is chosen for the first P&G because he's packed with the spirit of Prep which makes for a fine senior. Paunchy Pat is the third and last of the famous Fitzpatrick clan from County Cork to come to Prep. Each has left more than his shillalah mark. Fitz is a jack-of-all-trades who can be found at school making himself useful, whether it be at 2 A.M. in July or 6 P.M. in December. During this past summer he pasted 4000 photos on cards for the alumni drive.

All Saints Parish, where he serves Mass regularly, proudly claims him as one of her favorite sons. When Mrs. Noonan is off, you can hear Pat's mellow voice at the switchboard where he's working his way through high school. At the moment his plan for the future is unknown.



BUSY BEADLE

Dave Wright, 4-D, a tall lad from St. Al's, gets the Petroc's first nod for "beadling." Dave had a place on the Jayvee basketball team last year and hopes to move up to the big five now. While struggling through the Greek course, he aspires to an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Briefettes

Late Matinee: The times have changed and we change with them. Now that the state has extended daylight saving time, Prep has extended the school day for the Seniors. Since most of them are taking Physics in the afternoon, they will stay in the laboratories until they have finished their duties.

Eye Appeal: All shades of the past have faded from the ways of Hogan Hall through the magic of the Pittsburgh paintbrush. Subtle tints of dusted rose, cascade blue, and island green make one think he's back in the eighth grade. Now all we need are paper cows jumping over paper moons on the window-panes. Rumor has it that such paper cutouts will be the new jug assignment for cutups who dare to lay grimy partitions.

Stairwell: Someone had an ax to grind during the summer and took it to the "Sagmore" stairway. To put it bluntly they've increased the footery outside the Senior foodery which makes for better foolery. Well the "Sagmore" stairway won't sag any more, so watch yourself when you try to go up to the school hall.

Local Setting: To add a little snob-appeal to his thermatorium Fr. Smith, S.J. has decided to serve exotic dishes in authentic settings. The First week's menu will include: crepe suzette, served in a flaming paper plate; goulash, served on a Hungarian shepherd's coat. To drink, a choice of: foot-crushed wine served in a genuine Italian boot, or udderly fresh desert milk served in a hollow New Mexico cactus.

Candid Quotes

Do you really believe that Republicans eat their young alive?



James McGovern, Democrat: Perish the thought! Scorpions don't eat their children; as soon as the egg is hatched, they eat their parents. The

Democrats are the parents of all social progress; the Republicans steal the progress and kill the Democrats. For example, with fangs bared, they cried, "Margaret Truman sings flat!"

John McGovern, Republican: Nonsense! . . . Ego amo Ikum, et tu quoque likum. Omnes puellae adorum — omnes praeter Eleanoram. And



who says Ella's a puella? But let me say this: Youth is the one food the Republican party needs. The youth today is the fodder of the future.



Mike Powanda, Independent: No comment. All the pigs are grunting and groaning no matter what party's in power, and there's not a scent

left in the Secaucus bank. My chlorophyll vote goes to Henry Krajewski whose motto is "A house is not a home without a pig."

Signor Antonio Says

A WORRIED MOTHER WRITES: I want my son to graduate school with honors, so he can go to college and enjoy the finer things in life. However, while he's doing his homework, often he sneaks into the living room for "the last of the ninth." What can I do about this?

A. "Shame on you, madam, for trying to hinder your son's cultural desires. The last movement of Beethoven's ninth symphony is one of the most sublime pieces of music ever written. Your son is already enjoying the **FINEST** things in life. I advise that the next time he sneaks in for "the last of the ninth," **YOU** sneak in with him and listen to the chorus soar into the heavens with the verse "Seid Umschlungen Millionen!"

ELVIS PRESLEY WRITES: I get so excited when I sing that I'm worried about losing my hair.

A. "First learn how to sing, and then with barren dome, naked feet, and Deborah Kerr you can dance like Yul Brynner."

Horrorscope



GISONDI: Someday you will be twice as smart as Einstein. The whole world will acknowledge you as Professor Zweistein. **BODNER:** There's a big future for you in watch parts. You will own a gigantic "second hand" store. **CATANZARO:** The stars say that you will live in an expensive house on Park Avenue. Then the owners will find out and have you arrested.



HB. Rich Skinner 5' 11" 195



FB. Paul Guyet 5' 10" 160



HB. Al Antonucci 5' 10" 158



QB. John Amabile 5' 8" 160

FOOTBALL PREVIEW

Early Line

Drag your body from that wonderful warm sand, brother. Sprint down to that churning green sea and take a last quick dip in the thrashing surf. No more will 1956 see the lazy hours and the wiggling trout caught in mountain streams. Autumn is streaking in like a craving cat on the kill. Latin and football are helmeted and geared.

We hopped into our classy green DeSoto a week ago and sailed a merry way out past Smithtown, Long Island, to the Lake Grove School, the maulin' Marauder training base, where hope is always high, and enthusiasm this year particularly infectious. We arrived toward the close of the morning workout and the first fellow to spy us was creaky old "Doc" Downfield, Hudson County's Granny Rice. He was nibbling on an early autumn apple and his wrinkled face was wreathed in smiles.

"Juicy, lads; that's what I say, and you can quote me. There's not a worm in the apple orchard or a worry in the camp. It should be Bill Cochrane's best Marching and Shouting Association since the young fella' took over a dozen years ago. Oh, I know you miss some good boys, that Squeo person, the big tackle named Mike, and Crane, and the good end, and the Greeks. But you got the core back, experienced and eager. You got an apple basket of sophomores who have caught old Doc's fancy already. All in all, there's a tasty tang in the orchard and the club is full of flavor. You can quote me, son."

Old "Doc" has never been allergic to being quoted. But his insistence in going out on the apple limb so early is a heartening sign. Those who know the old gent say that he's "a huncher." And the hunch the "Doc" is riding is the election year pattern. As all loyal Prep patrons know, it's not the GOP nor even the Dems who snatch the coveted prize in Election year. Witness 1948: Prep 26, Memorial 19. Witness 1952: Prep 13, Memorial 6. Witness 1956. Witness Head Coach Bill Cochrane's optimistic word: "We should win half our games. We'll probably be stronger offensively than last year but the defensive unit has us thinking." Says Mr. Zucconi, line coach, "If we win only half our games, I'm taking over as head coach!" That is incentive enough for an all winning slate.

Take an honest squint at the forward wall that should prove equal to the task of springing the backs loose. At end, three seasoned operators return, Mike Ring, Jim Kozmor and John Cassidy. Ring is a good all-around end who can play both ways. Sidelined for the opening sessions because of a pulled shoulder muscle, Mike is straining at the leash to

nailed down the offensive post that he commanded so well last season. Reason for the strain is the return of Cassidy to the fine form he showed as a soph. "Best looking end in the camp," is Bill's observation. On the right side, Junior Jim Kozmor, a lightweight, was a pass-sensation last autumn, and should be one of the best receivers seen on the Stadium turf this year. Mark as a real comer soph Barry Tyne who has a lot to learn but still more to learn it with. Eddie Barrone is expected to see service on defense, together with John Sirotnak. Two juniors will work with Tyne on the jayvee, Bill Sadlack and Jack Conway.

The tackles are the heavies in every offense. Returning for the third year as regular, senior Frank Piscal is a good bet to reap All-State honors this November. Burly, big and frequently brilliant, "Fran" should anchor the offense. Bill hopes to play him at middle guard in the stiff 5-man defensive line. Piscal likes to roam, is fond of hitting the center and hurrying the passer. "If he takes over for us out there, we'll be all right," says Bill.

His running mate is still an open question, with no less than nine tackles in consideration. At press time, Pat Downes and Bill McNamara, rough and tumble 200 lb. Irishers, seemed to have the edge. Floriani is fast but did not meet Coach Flanagan's high standards the first week. Circle for the future, if not later this year, soph "Rich" Gronda, who packs quite a wallop. Bill Turnier is rated a year away and will do Jayvee chores, with Jack Wertz and John Spadora, both sophs. "We'll watch them all closely," says Dick Flanagan, "the one who wants it most will get it."

If Prep's slashing ground game is to match the success of the '55 season, the reason has to be the same, — a pair of scrapping, strong-blocking guards. As two of the more gifted guardsmen return, there is every reason to expect equal success. Pete MacIsaac is the first name that comes to mind. A stalwart in leading the offensive charge last Fall, Pete is a real rock-em and sock-em ball player who will see double-barrelled duty this year. "He gives you everything you want," says Bill. Beside him, the Mediterranean Irishman, wild Bill Serrani is learning the offensive chores. Serrani was middle guard last year and did a good job. He only needs confidence to become a really effective blocker. "You get confidence by using the shoulder," mused Mr. Zucconi, equally Mediterranean and equally Irish. A third senior, George Shadewald is very much in the picture and figured for much offensive action. He is the blocker Bill has been looking for, though slow in starting off this season. Backing up the senior trio, junior Frank Meolo and soph Joe Contreras have been quite impressive. Both are solid stumps and should be seen in the defense when Bill



E. Mike Ring 5' 11" 155



E. "Hop" Cassidy 6' 1" 172



G. Pete MacIsaac 5' 10" 165



G. Bill Serrani 5' 10½" 175



HB. John Kropke 5' 9½" 152



FB. Ed Farrell 6' 189

switches to a 6 man line. Junior "Richie" Cosgrove, Al Weigand, and soph John Cozzi will do the strong work in the middle for the Jays.

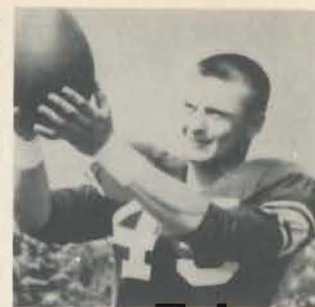
Center is the problem post this year. The strongest contender, junior *Richie Alderman*, tore his face and strained his back in a battle with fish this summer, and was crossed off the camp list. That left seniors *Lou Cappadona*, *Kev Collins*, junior *Les Lewandowski*, and soph *John Dow* vying for the berth. The argument became more heated with the addition of junior *Frank Brzenk* to the center corps and Brzenk jumped into first spot after the opening scrimmages. Brzenk, strong and solid, has really grown agile and could become a very effective middleman. He is fast, too, and is the dark horse of the whole line. "Red" Cappadona has done the job with the Jays for two years, his blocking needs sharpening, but there's every reason to believe he'll be ready in time. Collins is a bit shy on experience, but long on Irish Moxie. Lewandowski and Dow will divvy up the duties for the Jaybirds and are already listed as bright spots for '57. "If we have to punt," says Bill, "we won't bring in Piscall!"

Behind the line, the marks are all exclamation points. The effervescent, enthusiastic, energetic and erratic *John Amabile* is slapping his hips for another turn at handling the magic and sparking the air attack. A three year veteran

at the post, Amabile is rated a fine signal caller when he executes the options. the older he gets, the more options he employs. John is a solid blocker, strong defensive halfback, good punter and first class faker. There is no reason why his passing should not approach the TD throws of the Schwarze era. He loves the game and has got to win. "You don't ask for more," says Bill Garguilo, Prep's new backfield mentor. Come Nov. 4, it will be La Pizza for all on Brunswick Street, if Amabile engineers the expected Prep win.

Half the reason of Amabile's success is *Skinner*. "With Richie in the backfield, even my grandfather would look good," admits Amabile. Skinner is all ball-player. Weighing in at 195, strong, speedy and versatile, Skinner hits like a sea-sled and keeps on moving ahead, five yards a clip. You have to pack the defense tight to stop him, and then end sweeps set in. On defense, Skinner will again be at double safety. He's a vicious tackle, strong punter and easily the best back seen around Prep since Hyatt. He's a fullback and halfback rolled into one. Watch 65 go in '56!

At left-half, the battle is a three-way scramble between *Al Antonucci*, *Johnny Kropke* and soph *Phil Martorelli*. Antonucci was early spotted by Hyatt as being the best young runner on the squad last year. He skids along with good leg drive and sees an opening in a flash. He is the best bet



E. Jim Kozmor 5' 9" 155



C. Frank Brzenk 5' 11" 187



FIRST ROW: Contreras, Kozmor, Modarelli, Hanlon, Martorelli, Mgr. DeSevo, Wirtz, Meola, Conroy, Filoramo, Brown. SECOND ROW: Antonucci, Cozzi, Savage, Campbell, Rogers, Kology, Collins, Shadewald, McNamara, Spodara. THIRD ROW: Ring, Guyet, Amabile, Serrani, Sirotnak, Cappadona, Ricciardi,



Montone, O'Connell, Floriani, Lewandowski. FOURTH ROW: Piscall, Wiley, Skinner, MacIsaac, Kropke, Weygand, Borrone, Brzenk, Alderman, Cosgrove. FIFTH ROW: Tyne, Rettino, Gronda, Slakie, Farrell, Cassidy, Downes, Turnier, Dow, Sadlack.



C. "Red" Cappadona 5' 11" 185



HB. Jack Savage 5' 10" 155



G. George Schadewald 6' 185



FB. Bill Kology 6' 170

for a breakaway long score the squad possesses. Kropke is another good speedster, at his best in the open, but he needs room to run in. His blocking weakness will hurt his chances of holding a regular berth. Get to know the soph Martorelli in a hurry. He's a real prospect, born to play the game. Bill likes the thought of him out on the flanker. "They can't jam us too much with that fellow out there, else they'll have trouble," Bill says. Whoever finally wins out in the race, will really earn it.

At fullback, it looks like a carbon copy of the Squeo switch again this year. Camp sessions were not three days old before Paul Guyet had been moved into the fullback post and there will be trouble in dislodging "The Goot." Guyet is the squad's best blocker, and is rated a smart runner. On defense, he teamed with Skinner in the double safety last year and is game-experienced. If "The Goot" comes through in Squeo's style, they'll be humming in the orangeade all autumn long.

Fighting Guyet is "Easy Ed" Farrell, who has understudied since soph days, and figures this is his year to show and shine. So far Farrell has just fallen short, but easily could catch fire, with one good game under him. He figures importantly in the defensive plans. Also in contention are junior Bob Hanlon, seniors Bill Kology and Tom Rogers and soph Lou Rettino. Join them with halfbacks, Jack Savage, Artie Brown, Jay Campbell, Tom Ricciardi, Art Montone, Garry Wile and Morry O'Connell and you get an idea of the depth of the Marauder attacking platoon. Rounding out the corps are the Jay quarterbacks, Bob Filoramo and Bob Modarelli.

The makeup of the defensive platoon will not be definitely moulded until next week. "We want to use some new faces," says Bill, "that's the only way they learn the ball game." Major problem is to find the big fellows for the tackles slots on the five man line. "We'd like to anchor it around Piscal as middle guard," the Master explained; "We can always use the offensive guards at end. Backing up chores should fall on husky Ed Farrell's shoulders and another still to emerge from the pack. MacIsaac, Guyet and Amabile are all possibilities, though tentatively booked for duty elsewhere.

The schedule finds Prep booked for nine tests, all at the newly resodded Roosevelt Stadium: Sunday, Sept. 23 St. Cecilia's; Sunday, Sept. 20 Snyder; Sunday, Oct. 7, Camden Catholic; Friday night, Oct. 12 Bayonne; Sunday Oct. 21 Demarest; Sunday Oct. 28 Lincoln; Sunday, Nov. 4 Memorial; Monday, Nov. 12 Xavier; Thursday, Nov. 22 Dickinson.



E. Ed Barrone 6' 2" 183



C. Kev Collins 5' 10½" 172



QB. Art Brown 5' 7" 145

Alumni Club

Again this year the First Friday Club has prepared a schedule featuring well known speakers and experts in various fields. The club meets on Thursday before each first Friday to give the members a chance to hear a good speech, have a good meal, and get to confession. As usual, Seniors are invited for the usual donation.

However, something new has been added. Because the club members themselves have requested it, an Alumni Dinner will be held on Monday, November 17. The dinner will be sort of a pre-game Dickinson rally and will fill the slot left open by the Sports Dinner.

The schedule of speakers follows:

October 4 — Fr. Shalloe, S.J., "You are Saving Souls."

November 1 — Fr. Faulkner, S.J., "St. Peter's Puerto Ricans."

December 6 — Fr. Devine, '42, "The Church and Youth."

January 3 — Fr. McCusker, S.J., '38. "The Cana Apostolate."

January 31 — Fr. Coffey, S.J., '20. "It takes a Miracle to Prove a Miracle."

February 28 — Fr. Wood, S.J., Illustrated Lecture: "The Missionary Work of Father William Walter, S.J."

April 4 — Fr. Klocke, S.J., Director of the Xavier Library for the Blind.

May 2 — Fr. Drolet, S.J., "Mental Prayer."

Photo Staff

The darkroom staff is in full swing again and looks quite good this year. Dennis Kulvicki and Vincent Horn, two superflashmen, are holding the fort upstairs and are ably assisted by Bob Selinske, a Sophomore. At present, the two pro-fotogs are training a staff which will really set the ball rolling.

The new moderator of the group is Mr. Rohr, S.J., who has already taught for two years in the Philippine Islands where he specialized in oriental photography. You will see him at the games either up on the roof with "Big Bertha," the club's giant Graflex, or prowling about the field directing the operations of Kulvicki and Horn. Mr. Rohr's rich experience in the photography field will prove a valuable asset to the staff and officers of the group.



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

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

Editors: Daley, Glashauser, Moser, Arlotto, Verdon (sports).