

A GREAT TEAM - 1 POINT SHY OF BEST!



"HOPPY" HOLIDAY. Jack (Hopalong) Cassidy latches on to long Amabile toss to set up third scoring sequence.

VOL. 14, No. 4

Donated by John Wefing, '60

November 30, 1956



THE ST. PETER'S PREP NEWSLETTE



College Day

Next Sunday afternoon our revered principal is summoning a General Council in our own Prep gym. The clarion call has been blasted forth to all Senior hierarchy and whatever Junior lower-archy is interested: mark the date with a string around your thumb and a fat red "X" on the calendar, cancel your date with Miss Inspiration, and be here, with parents if possible, at two o'clock sharp.

The subject for these upperclass diplomats is a broad and urgent one, namely the college of their future. Here, for discussion purposes, will be representatives of the country's top Catholic colleges and universities, laden to the lids with brochures, catalogues, application blanks, and persuasion, each ready to tell everything worth telling about his college and every reason in the world why a man should go there. And they'll answer questions, too — questions on scholarships, room, board, girls, and anything else that might trouble a Prepster's mind.

Everybody and his parents will make the smoke-filled rounds from college to college, from queue to queue, and pick up as many facts and folders as he can hold. The whole operation should be over by five o'clock, says Father Carr — by that time everyone should be hoarse, if nothing else.

Father Shalloe definitely expects this annual College Day council to be a big success. "Successful how?" you may ask. Successful in that every Prep graduate-to-be will now realize our Catholic colleges have everything to offer that the others do, and much, much more: Catholicism. Successful in assuring that no future alumnus, by secularizing his college career, misses the point of St. Peter's Prep: that our faith is our most necessary science and our most priceless treasure.

However, expectations or no, this success depends fundamentally on one factor — attendance. And attendance depends on you. Hence success's recipe: "Come!" You won't regret it.

Our Deepest Sympathy. The entire faculty and student body of the Prep offers its sincerest condolences to Father Carr on the sudden death of his mother. Mass cards from each class, sent to Father Carr in time for the funeral on Nov. 17, expressed this sorrow in a concrete way.

Alumni Dinner

On Saturday night November 17, 350 Prep alumni jammed the main dining room of the Hotel Plaza for Prep's first annual Alumni Dinner and pre-Dickinson game fiesta. After Father Shalloe said grace, the alumni sat down and with knife and fork in hand eagerly attacked the roast sirloin of beef.

When the last bit of food was digested, the alumni leaned back and listened attentively as Mr. Joseph Flesey, '22, the Toastmaster, presented the speakers. These were distinguished graduates of Prep who had many an interesting tale to tell about life at Grand street for the past four decades. Mr. William A. O'Brien was first on the agenda, speaking for the class of 1916. He recounted details of the "good old days" at Prep. Father Paul Guterl, S.J., world traveller and author of the coming best seller "Penthouse Pastor," vividly described the daily chalkfights in the '26 Peter's classroom. The representative of '36, Mr. Frank O'Neill, followed with some amusing anecdotes about life at Prep when Mulry hall was being built. Mr. Robert Kelly, '46, closed out the program of alumni speakers and pulled a few legs in the closing.

Although Mr. Cochrane was the main attraction, his time had to be cut short due the length of the other talks. Bill reviewed the successes of the present season and had nothing but well-deserved praise for the members of the squad.

Our Rector, Father Morris, S.J., ended proceeding on a thankful note with the grace after meals. The spirit of Prep was in the air that night — the alumni will be talking about it for many moons.



Gary Wiley, Turkey-Trot boss, stormed by Juniors eager for Hop fix.

Hep Steps

Under the guidance of our new president, Martin Walsh, a new system of socials was started. Under the heat of the recent elections, President Walsh decided that Prep students needed cooling off and as it turned out this was the last social of this year under the traditional Democratic reign of Jersey City. The occasion was just perfect. As the last minute campaign speeches were being delivered, Prep students rocked and rolled, waltzed and mamboed to the tunes of Father Murray's tape recorder in the first annual "Pepsi and Pelvis" Dance.

The evening was just right and the doors were open at 7:30. The evening started off well and because of this sudden success two door prizes were awarded and the lucky recipients were the two "Miss Maidens of the Ball". A Lindy Dance topped off the evening's festivities and Dennis Wagner and his

lovely date, Elaine Mulholland, rolled off with the prize rag doll—a fitting award for a ragtime artist.

After finishing off the two drumsticks of the traditional Thanksgiving Turkey, and finding a flower for Susie, a stogie for Pop, and \$5.00 in their pockets, Prep's ironmen were off to the annual Gridiron Hop. Between four and five hundred people showed up for this affair.

As usual the Prep coaches were on hand to receive the 10:30 praise and thanks that was due to them. For their fine work they each received a fifth from the team and a full round of applause from the house. Dan Pietruska, the football manager, emmcee'd.

The fine music that was supplied by the Velvetones, commandeered by Joe Odulak, a senior, and Joe Russoniello, a soph, had the holiday crowd bunny-hopping in high glee. An unusual thing happened that evening when Prep men turned down the opportunity to have some dance contests. This action of the Prep boys caught the committee and, for that matter, the entire gathering by surprise, and, as a result, the two beautiful door prizes were put away until the next dance.

COVER STORY: How to open a report card envelope is graphically demonstrated here by Senior Tom Rogers. First it's caution, then relief, then the truth — and how it hurts! Finally comes the remedy: Good Jude will save the situation — plus a little extra study on the side.

Classnights

With a hesitating anxiety, we stroll back from the sunny beaches into our stuffy classrooms. And from the opening day of filling out application cards until the last day of the year, what is it that the classes are always fighting for? It's the supervised use of our gymnasium on a carefully designated evening sometime during the school year.

Classnights are the first things you ask for and the last things you get. As soon as the news of a holiday leaks out, class presidents with fangs bared and red pencils in hand dash to Father Carr's office to make their plea.

You've heard of Scarface, the ruthless mugger — well, meet Scarface, the ruthlessly mugged. It's the gym calendar in the principal's office. Fresh wounds are opened every day, as the presidents make their bids by viciously circling a hopeful date, and carving their initials within. And as the weeks roll by, the pencil lines grow thin and soon disappear into the scars of memories.

Menu and money are the first concern. Who wants what and how does he want it? That is what our problems boil down to and everyone agrees to ham sandwiches, except the hard-time boys in the back row. They can't decide whether they want mustard on

the peanut butter sandwiches or not. So much for our stomachs, now for our pockets. After hours of quibbling, a definite amount is reached, and the deadline for it, too. So everyone decides to scrape together the required sum, two days before the big night. These difficulties are usually settled with a few class meetings at the expense of an unsuspecting teacher.

With the minor distractions out of the way, the night draws near, and the final preparations are under way. The problem of finding a moderator is really no problem at all. There are some "old faithfuls" who can always find time to drop around. There's Mr. McKenna, a man with a good hook, Mr. Heavey deadly from the outside, and of course Mr. Dwyer. One night he was shooting baskets with a medicine ball and wondering what was wrong!

The day everyone has been waiting for finally arrives, and half of the crowd doesn't show up because they forgot about it. It's just like the Olympic games, only they're all being played at once. Basketball games on all the courts, weight-lifting on one side, medicine balls on the other, and over all this flies the pigskin, and through it all run the football players.



Babies Kropke, Catanzaro, and McGovern celebrate "Philly's" birthday — 1941.

Library Social

On November 15th, twelve eager underclassmen who had devoted their time and effort to the Prep library, headed for their first social of the year. They were greeted by Sister Alice James and the St. Al's girls and then informed that a door prize would be given. The lucky number, six, was held by Stephen Safka, 3-F. A number dance was held and everyone became acquainted. A balloon dance brought many a laugh and saw couple Number 10, Claire Kacprowicz and Thomas Coyle, win. To point up the book aspect of the day, a pantomime quiz on book titles was held and Susan Machin and John Ford copped the prizes in this field. The best dancers of the day, Mary Kane and Edward Ciliberti, won quite an unusual prize, a gallon of cider. The serving of refreshments by the girls brought to close the glad day.

Altar Boys

On November 25, the Sunday before the Feast of St. John Berchmans, some thirty candidates climaxed a rigid six weeks course in the serving of low Mass. The rigidity of the course was evidenced by the drop in numbers from fifty to thirty and the teachers can testify that they learned as much as the boys. The applicants who survived the course were awarded probationary membership in the St. John Berchman's Altar Boy Society.

At a special ceremony in the Upper Church, the candidates were formally admitted to the society and awarded certificates by Father Morris, S.J., the Rector.

With hair combed and faces beaming, the new boys recited in unison the Litany of St. John Berchman's pledging themselves to the ideals which are expected from altar boys. Father Morris gave a brief congratulatory sermon and the ceremony concluded with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The parents of the proud recipients who came to the church attended a splendid social held afterwards in the meeting room. All partook of the usual "refreshments".

Back at the Shack: Off to a good start, the Radio Club has tapped its way to three more licenses since September. With this addition the group has rung up a total of nine. Mr. McCaffrey who expects high things of the club is confident that ten or more licenses will be added by the term's end if the splendid attendance is continued. Among the most promising pupils is Jim Ackerman, 2-B, who took his test and is now eagerly awaiting the results.

Poster Club

If the word MAD were tacked up on a door in Prep, it would surely be on the door of the Poster Club. Their domicile, on the fourth floor of the Freshman Building, is piled high with Mad comics and musty magazines. These works of literature serve as the source of inspiration for the Prep "Left Bankers" who work far into the night thinking up their weird creations.

Peter Panther, a persuasive little fellow, made his debut at the school last year, when Mr. T. Disney Meisse, S.J. was in need of a symbol for his artists to develop. Peter is now an accepted member of the student body as the posters distributed around the school will attest. To speed up distribution and insure better coverage, the posters have not been done in polychrome this year. Instead, they have been rexographed in purple ink on a white background and have been copiously posted around the corridors.

Best poster of the year to date was the one drawn for the Camden Catholic game, utilizing a map of Ireland as the face of an Irish player, and captioned: "You can't win on looks alone!" In another, Maximilian Mem was riding Peter Panther to the game. The second sheet showed the sequel: "They came back from the ride with the Tiger inside, and a SMILE on the puss of the PANTHER".

These are some examples of the magnificent work the club is doing this year. Let's keep the brushes moving!



Sailors Gibney, Iaquinto, Tagliareni, McDermott, and Musto prep for Frosh Night.

Frosh Fun

Some people will never learn. The Freshman Class is the case in point. On Dec. 7 they are staging their 2nd annual Freshman Night. Not that we mind if the frosh hold a show of their own, you understand, but you would think they would keep it within reasonable proportion. On one night they plan to bring the backwoods of Kentucky, the Korean battlefield, and a mortally wounded submarine to the stage of the Grammar School. Impossible? No, not to this imaginative cast of freshmen whose "moms and dads will be in the audience".

The lineup for the evening includes two one act plays and a trio of speeches, with



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WHALERS: Ed Griffith '57, Roy Plasse, '58, Kenneth Smith '57, James Beggans '58, Dennis Bier '58, Robert Comizzoli '58, Conrad Donges '58, Richard Donovan '58, Edward Ellis '58, John Ford '58, Philip Gibbons '58, John Petrozzi '58, William Wittman '58, John Korn '59, Cornelius O'Keefe '59.



Hillbilly Gene Galvin helps revenuer Stan O'Konsky to the door.

a few words of introduction by master of ceremonies Francis Meo, 1A. A tense drama entitled "The Hulk" relates how six submariners reacted when faced with the realization that one of their number had to die to save his comrades. Anthony Musto 1H, Dennis Blum, 1C, Raymond Gibney 1H, Richard Iaquinto 1A, and Charles Tagliareni 1B, have been well cast as the ill-fated sailors. The wild hills of Kentucky provide the "still" background needed for the riotous comedy called "Home Brew". Stanley O'Konsky 1G, plays a liquor-tax collector who combines the inimitable characteristics of Gov. Clements, "Marryin' Sam", and Bert Piel. Eugene Galvin 1E becomes a drawling hillbilly who has a quite natural resentment of prying liquor revenuers.

The contest to determine Prep's finest Frosh speakers was decided with the selection of George Pappas 1F, Edward Egan 1C, and the aforementioned Stanley O'Konsky 1G. Come next Friday night, each will receive a golden opportunity to prove to mother that he CAN speak English.

Mr. Dwyer's experienced tutelage has worked wonders with his green cast of would-be Thespians. His submarine-like stature and his voice, deep as the Kentucky valleys, supply the "something extra" needed to keep the Freshmen on their toes.

Rally-Ho!

Every hour of defeat has its hour of glory. The Memorial game's glory-hour, unfortunately, came not on Sunday, Nov. 4, but on Friday, Nov. 2, when the Student Council staged what Father Carr called "the first really good rally I've seen since I've been at St. Peter's." In other other words, he enjoyed it; and so did the student body.

After a hasty lunch, President Walsh took the stairway stand only to introduce the afternoon's inspiring central figure, velvet-voiced, silk-scarfed Poet Paul (McMenaman), the Senior Room's answer to Edgar Guest. Paul immediately launched a fiery attack on the Mems:

"The win streak stands at thirty-five;

Vivid hope is now alive.

But all good things must come to nix —

You never shall see thirty-six!"

And the Prep partisans roared agreement.

Next the horn-rimmed figure of Father Carr crossed the scene, portrayed by Brian Daley. After announcing a la Gilbert & Sullivan that he was "the principal of Peter's Prep", Brian proceeded to snarl Carrishly through a series of statistics on the I.Q. of the Prep line.

What is a rally without Father Murray, "a personage of strong cigars and powers"? This rally evaded the question by sending John Hogan on next in biretta and Corona; John roared off his perfectual "little list" of those "who never would be missed" — and biliously and masterfully disappeared in clouds of greenish smoke.

Richie Skinner was then called up and presented with a life-size portrait of his one and only, brand new except for a brief turn as a Ballantine ad. Richie blushed and left, and Marty Walsh then serenaded "Amorous Amabile" in the guise of a smitten St. Dom's-ite. A few more noble lines from Poet Paul, and the rally's final spot was turned to ex-football father, Mr. Thomas Hurley of the class of '27, who summed it all up with an eloquent appeal to the present from the past.



Poet Paul McMenaman ponders.

BRIEFFETTES

E.L.P. At last the plan that was whispered last year has blossomed forth into the world of reality. Our newest organization, the Excellence for Leadership Program, is under the gentle but firm guiding hand of that scholastic-of-all-trades, Mr. Halligan. The E.L.P. is a pure honor society with no meetings and no activities except to be leaders in the life at St. Peter's.

Calling All Copy. The big manila envelope, marked "Copy", was nailed last week on the door of the Mulry Hall office belonging to Literama, Prep's magazine for its budding men of the plume. Mr. McKenna, the moderator, has left all decisions about format to his crew of pensive editors, bleary-eyed writers, and long fingered typists and illustrators. However, good copy is needed, and all St. Peter's men are urged to kick something in to the cause.

Movement. Things are really popping within the Beaudevin debating society. On November 17 five juniors journeyed north to Englewood to participate in a discussion tournament at Dwight Morrow, and a week from tomorrow four seniors will trek to Philadelphia for the first debating joust of the year.

LIFE IS



GRAND AT WARREN

PRIDE AND GLORY



The Laughing Whale this issue blubs a toast to that ever-smiling senior of 4D, Paul Guyet. Paul who hails from Ridgewood is that illustrious safety man on our football team, labelled for life with the number "66". "A man of all positions" according to the authoritative Hudson Dispatch, Guyet also did a turn on the Frosh basketball team, but since then has confined his play to the gridiron and history class.

"The Goot", as he is known to fellow travellers of Route 17, radiates class. A sportsman in the true sense of the word, Paul is a daily communicant at the Crusader Mass. He took honors in his first two years here and missed them by a fraction last year. Guyet hopes to follow his brother to Holy Cross where he plans to major in Pre-Med and marry in money.



BUSY BEADLE

Joseph Anstett 3G's bustling beadle is this issue's nominee. A

local boy, he rides the red bus, proudly flashing his 1st and 2nd year honor pins. Because of his steady progress, Joe has qualified for the new German program and really digs his Deutsch. "Jungle Jim", as he's called by his classmates, plans to teach.

Cold Cuts

Start shaving those sideburns, men; Father Carr is hopelessly opposed to all Elvis evils. And don't try suing to keep them, either, as one Midwesterner did — the courts here are as loaded as the Prefect's cigar . . . Since Halloween's the night of witches, our Student Council decided it was the ideal time to decide which night was which on our social calendar, and invited the councils of the neighboring girls' schools for a pow-wow. But Father Smith's buffet supper was so good they spent the whole time goblin . . . Anyone interested in romping through calculus extracurricularly should consult Mr. Guth; his meter stick's loaded and he's physic-ally raring to go . . .

If you feel a camera lens staring down your neck, don't stare back — it's just Operation Busybody, gathering candid clowns for the 1957 Petrean . . . Army, tighten your defenses! A brigade of Prep Seniors, led by President Walsh himself, are storming West Point. Main obstacle before entrance: a deadly barrage of tests . . . You'd never know it to read the PETROC, but we've had a new track coach since September; he's Bill Sharlow, brother of last year's halfback and half-miler, Bob.

That lady's diamond watch on Mr. McGowan's wrist is not a bribe from a desperate mother, as was rumored; claiming he won it at cards, he wears it to demonstrate his prowess at band-istry . . . Mr. Faeth isn't doling out those 3,000-word composition on Egyptian architecture as punishment — but he's writing a book on the subject and is desperate for material. However, if you don't do it he'll demand to see your mummy.

Candid Quotes

Father Jaschko, Alpine skier, wants to know: would Prep like to start a ski club?



Tom Ricciardi: Yes! Skiing is a cool and exciting sport. My uncle has been jumping for years and says that it's top recreation. It really takes courage to shoot down

the mountainside at 40 per, suddenly swerve to avoid a tree and continue scooting down the slope.

John Campbell: You bet! During the Christmas holidays the skiing enthusiasts could pile into a station wagon, and head up to New York State for the best week of their lives. Mass in the Lodge, morning on the slope, and dinner off the mantelpiece! It shouldn't cost too much for the boys.



John Sirotnak: Sure thing! There are at least 15 or 20 fellows who would be willing to get away from the city on weekends. A skiing club is what we need,

and the clean fresh mountain air would more than make up for the bumps. All we need is a good coach and Father Jaschko looks like the right man.

Signor Antonio Says

MR. ZUCCONI WRITES: Recently I have been plagued by phone calls from the Associated Press and find difficulty in commenting. What should I do?

A. Take Fr. Snyder's foot out of your mouth.

TOM GREENE ASKS: I have been reading all of Dr. Peale's books. Can you recommend something better for a good liver?

A. Try Carter's Pills.

JOHN WRIGHT QUERIES: Is Bufferin really faster than Aspirin?

A. I don't give out racing information.

BRUCE BATALI WRITES: My grandmother won't let me keep rabbits in the kitchen because she says they make noise. Please inform her.

A. Sorry, she's right! My book says that rabbits eat carrots and bark.

VINCENT MILITELLO QUIZZES: I'm worried because I'm losing weight. What's to be done?

A. Put your other foot on the scale.

Horrorscope



IMHOFF: Unless you resolve to get rid of the cold feet, the stars say that you will do a slow burn in the crematorium. MARINO: You must avoid the college co-eds who pretend to seek an M.S. but are really seeking an MRS. DONATO: Life will be very good to you. It will grant you the reduced subscription rate for the mentally ill, as Time marches on!

BASKETBALL PREVIEW

Height, Hope and Hijinks

You're right, young man; unpack those worn-out old sneakers and hide away the cleats. It's basketball season at Grand and Warren once more. There's a fresh coat of green paint on the gym doors and that symbolizes hope. "We must have lots of it this year", says Coach Jerry Halligan; "you know they emptied the barrel on us at graduation and it's almost a complete turnover. We have some height this year for a change and they've been moving the ball pretty well. We can score, but the defense is just north of being dismal. That's where the "hijinks" has to come in. We'll have to improvise early until man-for-man play improves. The first games will be rough but we ought to come around. Prep fans, though, have to be patient. Tell them that!"

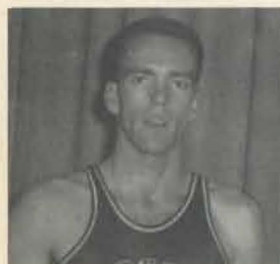
Consider it told. Well, who's who? Capable George Blaney, lone starter returning, looks to be the main cog in the victory wheel this year. A standout on defense, George now has a never-miss jump, lightening fast drive and goodly set. He'll worry the others; and that should open the way for Ken Duffy, 6'3", who moves with finesse out of the other corner. On his shoulders will fall a large chunk of rebounding duties. Ken thwarts the opposition with a bullet-like jumper and a tantalizing drive. He needs flame and fire; if he ignites, watch out! Fitting in between Blaney and "the Duff", husky Joe Loturco is a snug bug. His sizable frame will carry the strongest share of rebounding duties and mass the "under-board" points. The key is Joe's country and from here his shots rarely miss. In every sense, the "Turk" is pivotal to Prep prosperity. Working behind him is junior Pete Norton, probably the most improved player on the squad. If Pete hits the promise of Frosh year, then hope will yield to County possession. But no one is talking title now.



George Blaney



Joe Loturco



Ken Duffy



Frank Ruocco



John Kennedy



Pete Norton



Dave Wright

DECEMBER

Fri., 7	St. Al's	A
Fri., 14	Regis	H
Tues., 18	St. Mike's (J.C.)	A
Fri., 21	Dickinson	A

JANUARY

Fri., 4	Lincoln	H
Sun., 6	Snyder	H
Thurs., 10	J. T. Semi	A
Sat., 12	J. T. Finals	A
Fri., 18	Bayonne	H

JANUARY

Tues., 22	Lincoln	A
Fri., 25	Snyder	A
Sun., 27	Ferris	A

FEBRUARY

Fri., 1	Dickinson	H
Tues., 5	Bayonne	A
Sat., 9	St. Mike's (J.C.)	H
Mon., 11	Ferris	H
Fri., 15	St. Al's	H
Sun., 17	St. Cecilia's	H

The back court general mantle will fall on the shoulders of Junior Don Melega and senior Frank Messaro. Melega, Jayvee mainstay last year, will Jimmy McDonald the attack and should not fail in the task, to which he brings improved ball handling, flashy drive and a newly-found set shot. Don has great spirit and desire. Beside him, Frank Messaro can really dazzle you and the defense with tricky passing and fancy dribbling. He is long on defense too. Ron Cherep, out of the yard league, is a senior sharpie whom Coach Halligan figures will help a lot. He has a pesky jumper and is really pushing for a starting slot.

The bench is deep but inexperienced. Seniors Ed Walsh, Dave Wright and Frank Ruocco have hustle and drive. Juniors Jack Kennedy and Randy Orlowski are marked as comers. But the real potential seems lodged in sophomore year where Charlie Zanoski, John Messaro and Dennis Dailey spearhead what should be a whale of a Jayvee team. "We'll keep them down there so they can get the experience" says Jerry Halligan, "but they still are pushing for regular varsity play". Interesting!

Interesting? That should be the dominant note on a season that starts off against St. Al's crackerjack five next Friday night at the West Side gym.



Frank Messaro



Don Melega



Ron Cherep



John Messaro



Randy Orlowski



Eddie Walsh



Charlie Zanoski

MEMORIAL 7 PREP 6

Ouch!

A frenzied throng of some 19,000 tense nail-biting spectators, shoehorned into every nook and cranny of Roosevelt Stadium, witnessed one of the great grid clashes of the decade when the Mems rolled down from West New York and escaped unhalting in their bid for 36 straight — but by a toe, 7-6.

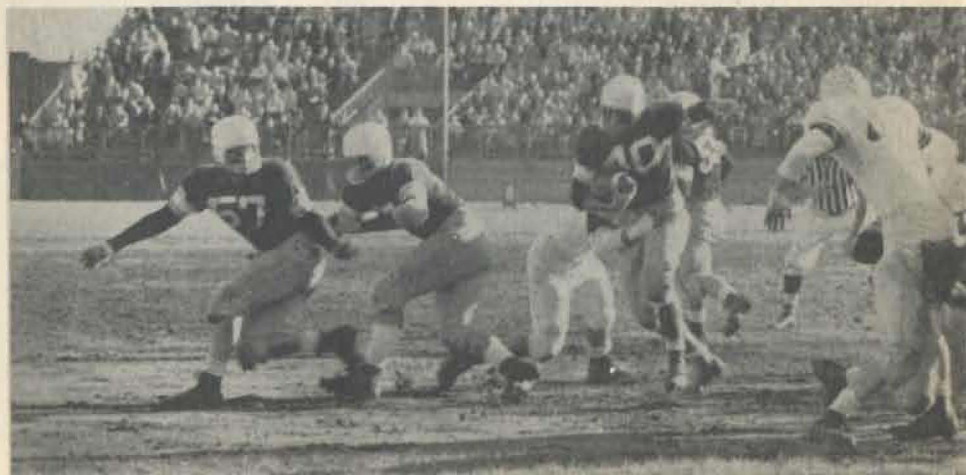
Action and heart-jump started early when Martorelli gathered in Doleschal's booming kick deep on his own 15 and blasted up the midway. Three savage blocks cut down oncoming Mems and out of the pack came Phil, stumbling, squirting clear, sliding and fighting to stay up until two Mems finally collared him on the Mem 21. Prep fandom went wild. After Kropke and Farrell had tried the traps for only 1 yd., Amabile faded to fire. As he spotted Mike Ring in the endzone, John seemed to slip and pitched a mite high. Ring jumped, snared the sphere to complete a picture play . . . but all in vain. The "ref" claimed Mike came down outside the scoring zone. Then Ed Farrell tried an aerial but Rocky Menta picked it off on the Tiger 10.

Immediately Coviello's crew applied the

pressure. Walt Doleschal ripped inside tackle twice for 15 but a brace of 5 yd. penalties set Memorial back to its 15 yd. line Simunovich slammed up to his 23 and Doleschal garnered 11 at the two guard slots. Now DiSavino gambled. With a 4th and 1 situation, he sent Doleschal into the middle. But the Marauders held fast and took possession on the Mems' 34, to launch their scoring drive.

Kropke cashed a tackle check worth 9, then wiggled to a first down on the enemy 24. When the "Mems" were spotted holding, the oval rested on the 10. After two line slants netted nothing, Prep spurned the pass and sent Skinner skirting end. Blasted by three tacklers at the 5, "Rich" lowered the shoulder and smashed to the 1 foot line. Amabile wedged to pay dirt, but the point attempted jammed, 6-0.

Into the second stanza Prep held the lead, and when Kropke broke loose over tackle for a good gainer, things were looking up. But a bobble got them looking down in a hurry, as the Mems recovered on Prep's 45. In seven shots the Tiger had struck, as Doleschal bulled to TD pastures from the 3. Mr. D. then calmly split the uprights, surging Coviello Inc. to the fore, 7-6.



Kropke breaks away from Dehling for 10 yards. MacIsaac and Skinner eye outside linebacker

PREP 13 XAVIER 6
Kaydet K.O.

Late in the third stanza, the Petrean bandwagon began to roll from the Maroon 29. Skinner tearing over tackle, streaked for 24 big ones. Kropke tacked on 15 more to move the sticks to Mems' 32. After Kropke and Rich notched 5, Fate dealt a cruel 3rd down blow. Agressive Amabile flipped out wide; Mem standout wingman, Dehling shattered Kropke, and the pigskin flew loose. Memerial bail!

Within moments the Marauders marched again. On 3rd down DiSavino heaved a spiral deep, but Paul Guyet speared it and, showing some slick stepping, whipped the oval up to Prep's 47. Kropke crashed the hole for 3, then the "Bogota Brahma," Martorelli snorted to a 1st down at the Mem 43. Next Phil crackled on a 14 yd. sizzler, what drive! Here the West New Yorkers proved their salt. With 3rd and 4 Amabile called on Martorelli. Though the soph smacked in hard, that White wall stood unshaken. Fourth down found brilliant Amabile, rushed to the teeth, trying to pass. Somehow John uncorked the agate. The Mems intercepted, and wisely DiSavino ran out the clock. A tough defeat . . . but what a ball game!

Eleven marching men of war from Manhattan attempted to storm Roosevelt Stadium Nov. 11 but the Prep prevailed. The New Yorkers were primed and ready to go for their own "Memorial game". Battling the Petreans in the same spirited way that the Marauders had fought Memorial, the Kaydets proved themselves a solid team. The Marauders seemed to lack something, something they had plenty of in the Mem tilt; but in the clutch Prep made the big play every time and proved sufficient — sufficient by just seven points, 13-6.

As usual the Prep captains, Al Antonucci and Larry Floriani, won the toss and the ball. Latching onto McKenna's kick at the 14, Phil Martorelli, the Whiz-kid, twisted and turned to the 40, fumbled, but as 3,000 spectators sprang to their feet, Frank Brzenk covered the ball. Xavier's defense fell into a 5-2 pattern, with the linebackers straddling the tackle slots — Prep's gridiron path to victory. But nothing fazed the twin tackle smashers, Skinner and Kropke, on this march as they plowed through the Kaydet line. Kropke crashed tackle on the



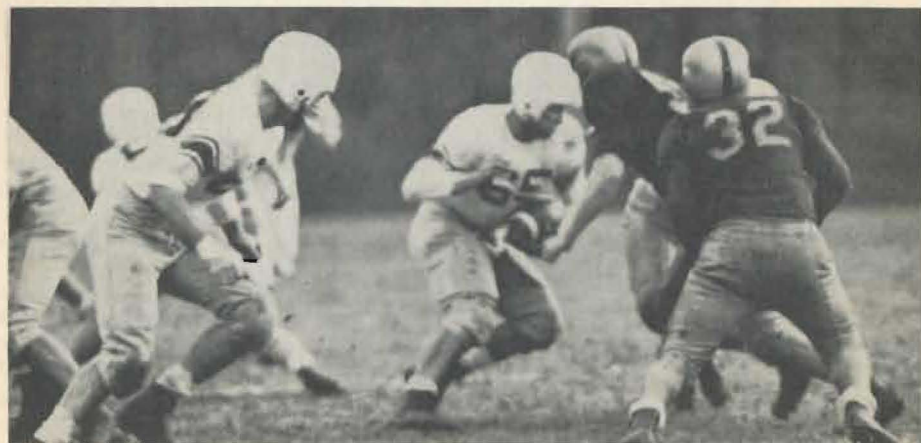
not shown. Ring and Piscal double team Mem tackle as Schadowald head for Simunovich (25).

opener for 5, and two plays later Skinner broke loose for 14 and a 1st down on the Xavier 37. Amabile's first down pass was intercepted by Stone but on the next play Cassidy recovered Stone's fumble on the Xavier 22. The Marauders hammered out a first down and then, with 4th and goal on the 5, Amabile tossed sharply to Ed Barrone in the end zone. Meola's kick rivalled his girth — wide, 6-0.

Xavier snapped back smartly and drove to the Prep 30 where Serrani recovered. But the savvy of the Xavier charge said that this was going to be a ball game. Through the rest of the half, there was plenty of tingle but no scoring. Breaks broke in both directions. A referee's error took a first down away from Prep on Xavier's 34 and made it 4th and 3. Prep didn't make it, and Xavier took over to drive all the way to a "1st and Goal" situation on the Prep 5. But on the next play Kropke and Cassidy broke through to drop Greaney on the 19 and the Kaydet attack fizzled. Later in the period, Greaney intercepted Amabile's pass and, flanked by blockers, was off to TD town. But Cosgrove, flat on the ground, saved the day when he tripped the Cadet carrier, and the half ended, 6-0, Prep.

The second half was edge-of-seat, on-your-feet time. Meola rammed his foot into the ball and sent it spiralling to the Xavier 10 where Joe Greaney flipped it under his arm and scampered 26 yards. With gaping holes ripped in the Prep line, Greaney and Stone had no trouble moving the ball 74 yards to paydirt. It was Stone who finally rambled 19 yards and registered the 6 points, P.A.T.? N.G. It was all tied up, 6-6.

Snatching Amabile's fumble, the soldiers began to march downfield. But due to Johnny Amabile's quick thinking and persuasive manner Xavier was penalized 30 yards — clipping and coaching from the bench. With second down and 31 to go, the Manhattan playcaller passed — to Amabile. Johnny intercepted, picked up a bone-crush-block from Cassidy, and zoomed 50 yards to a touchdown. Meola blooped it through for the point, 13-6. Amabile's steal fired up the Prep line and for the rest of the game Xavier had to struggle for inches. Late in the final canto Kropke plowed over on a 24 yd. cutback but the play was nullified by clipping. Ed Farrell proved that he can run the ball just as well as he powered to a first down on the Xavier 3 as the game ended.



Skinner, angling up middle, stopped by Stone (32) and Flanagan.

PREP 39 DICKINSON 14 Turkey Treat

As a complacent crowd of some 9,000 chilled pigskin enthusiasts numbly looked on, a sharp Maroon Marauder soundly trounced traditional Turkey Day rival, Dickinson, by a 39-14 count. When Petrean game captains Cassidy and Amabile betted wisely on the flip, Peter's nailed down a perfect slate in the Coin Toss League.

Flashy Phil Martorelli gathered in the Rams' boot and streaked back 20 yds. to the Petrean 30. After Johnny Kropke started the Marauders marching with a 3 yd. tackle jolt, Ed Farrell, destined to blast the enemy middle for a trio of touchdowns, belted to the Ram 36. That set the stage for Skinner. Romping over left tackle, Rich cut back through Piscal's land, wiggled loose, and tight-roped the sidelines to Dickinson's 22. Now Johnny Amabile stole the spotlight. Making like a Graham, John completed a honey to Kozmor wide-open on the 5. "Gentleman Jim" waltzed across and Meola annexed the PAT, 7-0.

In just three scrimmage plays Prep had struck gold again. Gresham's 9 yd. kickoff return put the Hilltoppers in business on their own 34. Work-horse Parisi pounded tackle to gobble up a sizable gain, but a savage Prepster, jarring the sphere free, hushed Dickinson cheers. With catlike quickness Paul Guyet pounced on the bounding pigskin. First down Peter's on the 37! Skinner rent a 7 yd. hole in the Dickinson defense, then slipped clear to snare a soft Amabile TD pitch. Once more did Meola connect, 14-0.

With the commencement of the second stanza, the Marauders drove from their 34 to payoff No. 3. When Skinner smartly trapped guard for a dozen, Amabile fired far downfield to Jack Cassidy who, sailing high, made a circus catch on the Ram 18. Skinner chomped off 11 markers via 127 and Farrell followed with a 3 yard center shot, placing the oval on the 4. After Skinner slammed to Score-town, Meola missed.

With the half drawing to a rapid close, Petreans stormed still again. Grabbing possession at midfield, the Marauders sprung

THE '56 OFF-TACKLE PLAY

	Called	Gained	Ave.
St. Cecilia's	22	156	7
Snyder	14	64	4
Camden	39	179	6
Bayonne	36	158	4
Demarest	16	101	6
Lincoln	19	67	3
Memorial	18	88	5
Xavier	8	38	4
Dickinson	15	91	6
	178	942	5

Antonucci on a trap to Dickinson 30, then Al shot the gap for an additional 8. Martorelli followed with 6 and Farrell chipped in a half-dozen for a 1st-goal at the 10. On second down Big Ed drove the distance, 26-0, at intermission.

The third canto found Prep knocking early. On the first sequence, Guyet hawked another Parisi fumble, handing Peter's ownership at the Hilltoppers' 41. After Farrell crushed out 5, Cassidy turned in his second tremendous grab of the holiday, advancing the ball to Ram's 8 yd. stripe as he caught the ball with a tumble turn. Kropke took the turkey to the 2, Farrell smacked over. Meola meshed, 33-0.

Within minutes Dick Skinner brought Prep rooters to their frozen feet when he intercepted a Gruccio aerial on the Ram 40 and darted all the way with the help of a Ring block. Sorry, it was called clipping and the score nullified! It was Prep's ball on the Ram 32. Really hungry now, Ed Farrell hammered up the middle, belted a brace of Rams and wound up with the plum pudding in the end zone. Meola didn't supply the sauce, 39-0 and at the quarter.

The Marauders were back for more shortly after and drove down to the Ram 4. But here an Amabile handoff to Montone misfired, the ball popped loose and Vincenti scooped it up and dashed 96 yds. to paydirt. Gruccio converted, 39-7. Late in the period the Rams marched 85 yds against the bench and Gruccio himself piled over from the 2.

At game's end Johnny Amabile was chosen as the Outstanding Player of the day and received the Tommy Meyer's Trophy. Amabile was the heart and head of a great Prep Team.