

PREP BATS ALL SET TO SWING TODAY!



DRESSED TO KILL. Brennan, Marino, Martorelli and Melega, Prep's starting infield, prepare to meet opposing hurlers.

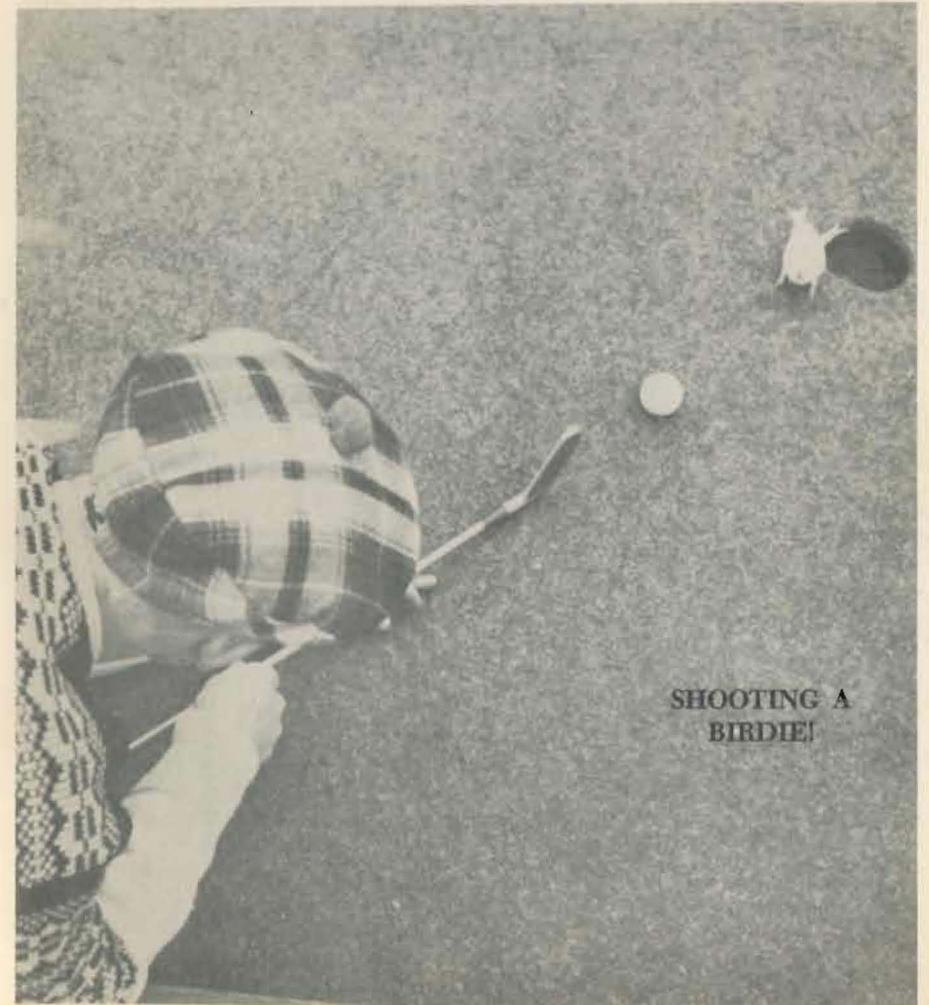
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THE ST. PETER'S PREP NEWSLETTE



**SHOOTING A
BIRDIE!**



HAPPY DAIS. Bishop O'Gara (center) and other notables hack chickens contentedly.

A Martyr Speaks

The morning sun had scarcely peeked through the windows of St. Peter's Rectory Sunday Week, when already one determined soul was about his work. There was a jaunty air of the man of the world in his stride; there was the sparkle of the man with a mission in his eyes. It was Father Smith enroute to an extra-special Communion Breakfast. Our chief culinary expert had long since taste-tested the best in breakfasts offered by the leading hotels. And, true to his renown as the "Duncan Hines" of St. Peter's, Father Smith had chosen a meal that sounded good and tasted even better — Rissole potatoes and roast chicken. Everyone who attended the Twenty-first Annual Communion Breakfast can attest to that.

The "mark of Smith" was stamped on the preliminaries; it was indelibly printed on every bite of chicken and potato; it had to be echoed in every word of the speakers. For Father Smith managed every detail of the Communion Breakfast with his own "mark of distinction". Two genial Jessels he handpicked from the senior classrooms. He found Mark White eager to be host at so fine a function; Mark's introductory words

were also fine. Robert Guterl was eager too. For he had the honorable task of defending the much-maligned Prep boy against his whipwielding father. Actually, Robert and his father, Mr. Gerard Guterl, forgot their differences and praised St. Peter's — and Mr. Guterl is principal of Snyder!

Certainly the highlight of the morning was the stirring talk by Bishop O'Gara, C.P., an exile from his See in China. An impressive figure as he rose to speak, the Bishop began by stressing the value of common things such as the Communion Breakfast, as it is startlingly discovered when we no longer have them; how much worse then must be the deprivation of one's entire religious privileges! He emphasized the fact that the Communists possess a zeal much like that befitting the true Christian, but twisted and warped to bring them toward their infamous goal. The sufferings of other members of the Church should waken in us a solid sympathy and fire our own zeal. Chinese Catholics are famous for patience; for they know that some bitterness must be mingled with the sweet. "They remember that Our Founder was a Crucified Saviour and wore a crown of thorns!"

As the Bishop closed, the thorn marks on his own brow were quite evident to all!

Spring Song

Melody is a strong sign of spring. The birds use it as proof that they and we and the earth are all alive after the long winter (cf. front cover). At the Prep, too, little songsters are audible, shaking off a sluggish season in warm rehearsal rooms to blossom energetically forth, complete with new lapel pins and Mr. Bohn, on every branch of local bus and subway lines.

They call themselves a glee club, and gleeful they ought to be, when nourished on success that's no mere chicken-feed. Two weeks ago, for instance, they harmonized three numbers in the Catholic High School glee club contest at Regis and scored 81 out of a possible 85 points to qualify for the May finals in New York's Town Hall. This seems especially notable when you realize the Prep ensemble was by far the smallest among the seven schools represented.

Then, on the following Sunday, our cafeteria chorale was shepherded in Red and Tan to Loyola Seminary at Shrub Oak, N. Y., where they whiled half an afternoon serenading a delighted group of Jesuit philosophers. The trip had the combined purpose of practice, of showing off Prep vocal chords and Mr. Bohn's new choral arrangement of Sibe-

lius' "Finlandia", and of keeping the hermit scholars posted on America's latest cultural achievements: "The Banana Boat Song", etc. For inspiration they threw in an old Christmas hymn, "Hodie Christus Natus Est", a left-over from the Regis contest. All in all, it was a well-rounded program, a living tribute to Jesuit education; and it was well done, too.

Sharing the Shrub Oak Sunday double bill — and sharing it in a rather leonine way — was the Prep band, another flock whose melodic return is as sure a proof of spring as the swallows of Capistrano, and now almost as famous. They had first broken a winter of laborious hibernation with an appearance in a New York veterans' hospital two weeks ago, and now moved upstate with the glee club in search of healthier applause. Needless to say, Shrub Oak provided plenty of boughs.

The following Wednesday, Mr. McGowan and his men headed for Town Hall, N. Y., to amaze the judges in the semifinal round of a Catholic High School band contest. The program was short and pretentious: selections from the "King and I" and a special arrangement of the "William Tell Overture" with everything but Tonto and his Kemosabe.



HIGH GLEE. Clossey (pouring), Rooney, Jacobi, Dondero, and Bonifanti relax at break.

Critic's Corner

As the tattered dusty curtain of the G.S. Auditorium dropped to the stage once more, it was evident from the roar of applause that Prep's players had again scored a hit. As the curtain rose for the final bows, the cast filed across the creaking boards of Chumley's Rest. With a final flourish Harvey took his "lead" spot in the center; and so it was over for another year. Certainly, one does not have to apologize for "Harvey"!

Jonathan Mangum with his sterling interpretation of the somewhat "eccentric" Elwood P. Dowd copped the first place medal. A veteran from "Stalag 17", he acted a difficult role with precision, making the presence of Harvey seem almost credible (He wasn't really there, was he?). In a very real sense, the show was Mangum.

Second in the judges' lineup was Paul Guyet, a veteran footballer but newcomer to the Prep stage, who handled his father's part (Victor Dowd) with the poise of Fr. Murray when presiding over a Saturday Jug Session. With Paul as Victor, Tom Karaty (Morton Dowd) handled well his "typical Prep boy" role.



Gavin glares at Guyet.



Karaty and Mangum exchange.

Dr. Chumley, played by Allan McCarthy, was given a splendid make-up job which served only to augment the skill with which the part was enacted. As the head of a slightly mixed up rest home, it was surprising that he kept track of his part at all. A well deserved third place medal was unanimously awarded by the judges.

Perhaps the biggest surprise of the evening was Louis Della Torre whose performance of Marvin Wilson, the keeper of the Sanatorium, was enacted with such polish and vitality that the impression of acting seemed to disappear completely. Richard Gavin was outstanding in the fact that he played two entirely different roles and did each convincingly. John Hogan, an old trooper from last year's production, put aside the snarling bitterness which characterized his last role and became a smiling sympathetic psychiatrist with a house full of patients. Bob Kibbler portrayed the desk assistant, Bob Kelly, and even managed to keep a straight face while Della Torre dragged Guyet across the rear of the stage. Phil Chumley was portrayed well by Dennis Kulvicki. Judge Gaffney, a crochety old man superbly played by John Murphy, was given a spouting salute from the Petroc Whale as "the best of the lot behind Mangum."

A People's Prayer

On the long road to success, one encounters many obstacles. To Dick Fuchs, 4E this meant conquering all the competition and copping the City, County, Tri-County and the State Titles in the annual American Legion Oratorical Contest. However Dick did not quite reach the top, as he fell by the wayside in the State Finals.

As the basketball team was avenging the football team's loss to Memorial that glorious night of February 25, Dick's forceful and powerful voice echoed through the halls of Quinn Memorial Post 52 in Jersey City. The city title was at stake. Dick clearly outclassed the speakers from Dickinson and St. Aloysius by corralling two firsts and one third to be declared the winner. For his fine showing, Dick received a cup from the city's Posts.

Piercing the stillness that hung around the McKenzie Post 34 on that quiet and peaceful Friday night, March 8, the vociferations of one crying in the desert were reiterated again. Confronted with the stiffest competition in the County, Dick strolled off with two firsts and one second. The county



Fuchs eyes Legion prospects.

presented Dick a medal and a \$25 Savings Bond, along with the right to represent Hudson County in the Tri-County Finals to be held on March 15.

The Tri-County tiara was of special interest to Dick. For in this round last year Dick had lost a heart-breaker to a girl from Teaneck High in Bergen County and he was out to avenge that loss. This year the little lass from Teaneck was not as lucky as her predecessor had been. Dick easily won over her and the representative from Passaic by collecting four firsts and one second and a \$50 Savings Bond.

On March 22, Dick, a picture of a composed orator, headed towards Trenton and the State Finals. Each speaker had to give a ten to twelve minute prepared speech on the Constitution and then talk four to six minutes extemporaneously on either an amendment or an article of the Constitution. The topic chosen for Trenton was the first Article on the election of Congressmen.

The decision of the night showed that the judges from South Jersey favor the style of South Jersey which is simple and plain. Since Dick used the highly dramatic style of the North, it was not unexpected that he placed fourth in the State Finals.

For Fuchs it was a rewarding test.



BACKSTAGE BREATHER. Members of the stage crew relax among the apparatus.



Fr. Holland in his Pacific white.

Truk Driver

"The success of the missions" has been the closing words of our morning prayers during the past few weeks, and this is a worthy cause indeed.

Fr. Holland, who just returned from Truk, can well attest to that fact, since he has seen what our generosity has done so far and is dreaming of what continued help can do.

At the start of his two year visit at Likiep in the Marshalls, Father was confronted with numerous setbacks. The terrorizing H-bomb tests headed off the list, and the sound carried over the 190 miles of water separating Likiep and Enwietok, the scene of the blasting. During the succeeding tests, the corrugated roofing and sides of the church were shaken apart, and during those months there was a marked increase of attendance at church functions—all of them.

Field trips had to be made to the neighboring atolls, which were former Japanese radio stations and air bases. Every available material that could be salvaged was taken from the islands to help in his construction program. And by the end of his visit, Father had built a school and a dormitory for the natives, who could now be taught by the Maryknoll Sisters. So through driving determination and Christ-like charity, Father

had overcome enormous odds, and had started to sprinkle the water of baptism along the road to conversion.

Since he had completed this task so ably, Father was given a try at Truk, 1,500 miles away. Here he was faced with still more difficulties, and learning a new language was the most stubborn obstacle to hurdle. This work, along with the job of building a convent, school and of completing a church, filled the next two years. But because of a successful charity drive and the effort of the mite box, Father was able to bring in a group of Spanish Sisters to catechize and educate one of every five youngsters, who at the outset didn't even know their prayers.

For the last six months he was engaged in teaching at the Jesuit High School on another island in the Truk atolls. Father says that scholastically it doesn't rate with Prep, but before long it will!

March Assemblies

Top Trendex rating in the marking field goes this time to the Sophomores. By a mere .6% they overtook the indomitable Freshmen. Translated into more concrete figures, the chart shows that the Sophs came out in front by 14 first honor cards. The total number of honors for all years added up to 418.

At the Junior assembly Mr. McGowen and the rhythmic Prep Band provided entrance and exit tunes as well as the National Anthem. In authentic Calypso beat the Glee Club rendered "Banana Boat Song."

The theme of both assemblies was the mission work of the New York Jesuits. To the underclassmen Fr. DeLaCosta, S.J., known as the "Fulton Sheen" of the Philippine archipelago, explained the practical application of our daily mite box offerings. At the Senior assembly Fr. Wood, S.J., Mission Procurator, showed slides depicting Fr. Walter, former Prep Prefect of Discipline, in his great work on Truk and the other islands of the Caroline mission field.

No. 92

Shafts of sunlight lit the gym as Prep prepared to open its doors for the annual Spelling Bee on March 17. It was almost time for action and the spectator gallery was nearly full. Anxious parents, armed with pocket Websters, were ready to cheer on little Johnny through thick and thin.

The doors opened and a scholastic walked in, followed by 135 scholarship hopefuls each wearing a large number card. The contestants were seated, final changes were made, and this mental championship bout was ready to begin.

Miss Sybilla Farrell, a veteran of the Bee, stepped to the mike, gave the first word and Number 1 spelled it correctly. Words were flashed back and forth without any mishaps but finally the inevitable happened, the first casualty of the afternoon. From the depths, Mr. Kennedy, whose duty it was to give the meaning of the words

and their use in a sentence, uttered the cry which has become synonymous with the Spelling Bee, "Sorry, son." Before the afternoon was out this cry was heard 133 more times. After the first four rounds a recess was called and a sigh of relief arose from the arena.

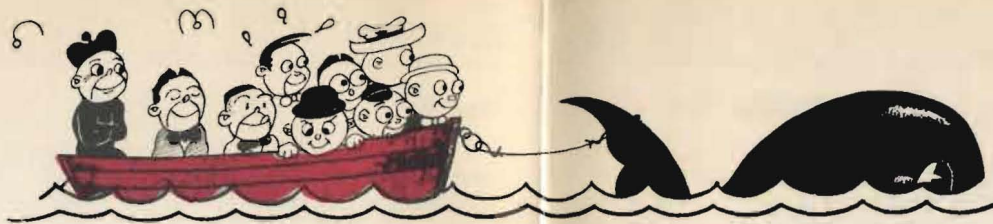
After order was called the real elimination round began. Now the words were chosen from the deep dark corners of Mr. Webster's all-time best-seller. Four and five syllable words flew from mike to mike. The pace quickened. No punches were pulled. Boys caught with their guards down began to drop fast.

At last the preliminaries were over and the main bout started. Two boys were left, No. 90 Thomas Hart (St. Joseph's, J.C.) and No. 92 Thaddeus Pasioka (St. Joseph's, Passaic.) After several scrimmages Hart was tripped up by "pharisaical", Pasioka spelled it right and hit on "nuptial" to walk off with the championship and scholarship.



HARDWOOD HEARTTHROBS. Last February 22, after a season of basketballs, the gym floor settled down again to dancing. Pictured above are Don Chmiel (left), Margie O'Donnell, Catherine Wallace, Dan Materna, Claire Kacprowicz, and Hank Kolokowsky. The smiles, of course, are sincere.

LIFE IS



GRAND AT WARREN

PRIDE AND GLORY



Dave "six-pointer" Wright of 4D, a Johnny - come - lately into the round of basketball stardom, is saluted in this issue by the PETROC WHALE.

Wright is rarely wrong. He works best when the pressure is on, as his fourth quarter antics attest. Not content with gliding through American Antiquities (Homer's Odyssey), Dave is also taking Math at night. Come this July, Wright will be "Anchors Aweigh" for Annapolis where he has received his appointment.

Dave is right smart on the dance floor, besides in the classroom where he ranks 21st among the Senior Room Set. He always has a witty word for Mr. Kennedy and is a popular a piece as can be found in the Senior Files.

If the Prep nine wins on a late inning pinch-hit, it will probably be Wright! He's that sort of fellow!



BUSY BEADLE

Artie Brown of 4A, a St. Nicholas' representative at Prep, is an assistant Editor on the Petrean. As Captain Sergestus, Artie steers the ship Centaur through Book Five of Virgil's Aeneid in Fr. McCusker's Latin Class and to quote Father, "Artie is the neatest dresser in the school". He eyes St. Peter's College.

Cold Cuts

With the appearance of the new Communion regulations, you can expect a change soon in our daily order. Fr. Shalloe and the front office are trying to work out a way for Prepsters to take advantage of the great opportunities now offered for more frequent Communion—perhaps Mass during lunch period . . . Speaking of lunch, you'll find a lot less of us eating it nowadays, ever since that edict emerged banning books from the cafeteria . . . After driving piles of us to distraction, the hammering on Grand Street has at last buried every pile in the asphalt. Ah silence, so helpful to concentration! Now you can hear neighbor Willie without an ear-trumpet.

Don't tell Fr. Murray, but there's a tube strike going on, and it isn't much help to harried commuters. If it becomes permanent, Fr. Carr plans to rent pup-tents on the roof for a nominal nightly fee. One benefit so far: it's done wonders for late check . . . Mite-box totals so far are fairly good, but of course there are exceptions. Last week 3F backed into the idiot periphery with a worse-than-nothing total of 78 cents. 3A, on the other hand, turned in \$67.00 the same week; you see, they always aim at a very large goal: Mr. Illy . . .

A few weeks ago, as might be expected, the PETROC trounced the PETREAN, 58-46, in the annual basketball grudge match. Since then, only silence from downstairs . . . Penance is a wonderful thing. Just look at Mr. Kennedy. Lenten fasting has lost him 20 pounds so far, and his "Stylish Stouts" will button once again . . .

Candid Quotes

IN SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF ???



Hank Kolokowski: Heros! I don't mean the ordinary muscular idols of most fellows, I mean those extraordinary undigestable sandwiches. Every Spring when all nature is coming to life, that's when my appetite comes alive. I need a loaf of bread as long as my arm just stuffed with all the "ami" meats, and swimming in garlic.



George Olszewski: Boats! When everyone else is floating in the clouds and day-dreaming, that's when I start floating, too. But I just lie back in a boat and dream about sailing in a forty foot yacht. But then the water swishing around my feet pulls me back down from the clouds—you see, my six foot rowboat leaks.



Don Lieschman: Hayfever! I hate Spring. Just about the same time that the birds start to flutter about the trees, and when the flowers start to break out in their blanket of petals, that's when that con-founded allergy begins. Achool!

Signor Antonio Says

VINCENT MURRAY WRITES: I recently bought a new wardrobe, but my friends are complaining that the clothes are too loud. Can I do anything about this?

A. Well, you can always buy a new muffler.

ANTHONY SANTORO ASKS: A teacher has told me that my manners are becoming. What do you think?

A. They may be coming, but most of them are a little late.

MICHAEL HEALY WRITES: I don't know why people call me a tightwad. When the mite box is passed around, I'm always the first one with my hand in my pocket.

A. Yeah, and you keep it there till the danger's over.

JUDY TUBB REQUESTS: Although I've tried various seniors, I can't seem to get private transportation home. Since you have lots of "pull" around here would you please get me the desired lift.

A. Am I a plastic surgeon?

Horrorscope



HAYES: You will put Betty Crocker out of business with your fine mixes for pound cake, angel cake and stomach ache. SHALHOUB: You will be a promising young man; always promising, but never paying. CUNNINGHAM: Your life will be spent running between two banks; you will operate a tug on the Hudson River.

BASEBALL

"Good Hit"

Down on the grassy plains of Montgomery Annex, eager prospects for the coming baseball season are still being sorted by Coach Bill Cochran. The team in April does not seem as strong as last year's club but a quick glance at the roster gives plenty of ground for optimism. The squad is decorated with a number of returning veterans but there is a lack of depth on the bench.

The eyes and hopes of Prep look to George Blaney, the talented man on the mound, for a good season. George has fine control and speed; furthermore his ever improving curve and slider will be annoying to the opposition. A trio of Juniors named Kretzer, McLaughlin and Szeigis, are bound to help the staff. Kretzer, a righty, has a curve that bends like a banana, while McLaughlin and Szeigis can really smoke 'em in there.

Vin Brennan, returning for his third year, will once more take the job as first-sacker of the team. Bill speaks highly of him and no wonder! Stocky Vin is extremely dangerous at the plate, especially in the clutch. He is better than average in the field and is always hustling.

At second base Bob Marino seems to have pinned down the job. Bob, who was beaten out by John Amabile last year, is a very slick fielder and clever base runner. Little Bob has a great eye and as a result very often gets on base. The job of playing the pivot seems to be made for him as he jumps and twists about pretty gracefully.

Another veteran returns for his third year at shortstop this season. No, he isn't a senior, although he has been playing like one since freshman year when he put stars in Coach Cochran's eyes. Melega without a doubt is the spark plug of the team and the one that makes it click. Due to his fine eye, Don has given many a pitcher a rough time.

The power man of the infield is Phil Martorelli who seems to be everywhere in the

BASEBALL SCHEDULE 1957

April		
12	Stevens Tech J.V.	away
15	Ferris	home
20	St. Benedict's	away
23	St. Aloysius	away
26	St. Michael's (J.C.)	away
29	Snyder	home
30	St. Aloysius	home
May		
3	Emerson	away
6	Lincoln	home
8	Bayonne	home
13	Bayonne	home
15	Ferris	away
16	St. Michael's (J.C.)	home
21	Snyder	away
23	Lincoln	away
24	Dickinson	away
29	St. Cecilia's (Englewood)	home
June		
3	Dickinson	home

sports picture. Phil is a natural hitter and can really make that ball travel. Day by day his arm is getting to resemble that of a rifle. The best part about Phil is the fact that he will be around two more years. Before leaving the infield take a look at the catching department. Heading the list of this year's receivers is 3B's Frank Meola. Chunky Frank is a competent man behind the plate and handles himself well at the plate. Frank has plenty of competition from soph Johnny Massaro and junior Al Wiegand, both trying desperately to overtake him.

Richie Skinner whose power has left its marks on the fence deep in centerfield, tops the outfielders. Richie is gifted with a strong throwing arm which may be the reason why he is doing a little pitching. Give "Rich" an inside pitch and watch it sail!

Accompanying Skinner in the field is big Ed Borrone, another lumber man. Ed can powder the ball but has to polish up his fielding. Ed could easily be called the best power hitter on the team and will bolster the attack greatly.

Rounding out the outfield is an unknown soph, Bob Feldman, who recently has stolen the job from Farrell, the expected starter. Feldman surprised all with his heavy bat and fielding finesse.

CHESS

Castled Kings

When last September appeared on the calendar and Chess season drew near, Father Jaschko S.J., hurriedly dusted off his Chess pieces and assembled his prized group of Chess fanatics. At least twice each week the club gathered around the boards and picked up some useful tips on the "game of kings". Besides learning the piece play, the pawn pushers developed the ability to coordinate the functions of rook, knight, bishop and queen to present a unified attack. Under the watchful eyes of Father Jaschko S.J., and Carl Stetz, their president, they mastered the art of defense against traditional openings. Equipped with good insight into the possibilities and problems caused by king's and queen's gambits and other effective moves, the knights of the chess board decided to checkmate some opponents. Although no one expected the novice club to grab any honors, the team assured themselves that they could win.

The only thing left to do was to try. So, they entered competition in the County

tournament. The Marauders' first contender was Snyder whom they met with a steady hand and crowned themselves victors by trouncing their foe, 5-0. Next Fr. Jaschko's jaunty men clashed with Memorial and turned a quiet Saturday afternoon into a smashing victory. For Prep again took the laurels with a 4-1 win. Weehawken was selected as victim number three and bowed to Prep 4-1.

After knocking off Steven's 5-0, Prep made headlines by slashing Demarest's Red Wings, defending County Champs, 3-1, thereby snatching the County Crown. Thus, in their first try in the tournament, Prep's Chess Club shot to the top of the list to startle the county. For the season thus far the Marauders have tallied a record of 21 wins in 25 matches.

At first and second boards Joe and Dave Stevens have come out of the tourney with but one loss apiece. Bill Proskow and Bob Harney, manning third and fourth boards, have a clean slate while team captain and anchor man, Jim Scholland, at third has tied one and has triumphed in the rest.



Fr. Rector gives county cup to chessmen Harney, Stetz, Proskow, Stevens and Scholland.

STATE TOURNEY

Trouble with Trenton

State Tournament time has always put a hair-raising climax to the Jersey hardwood season. Tingling upsets have been the order of the day. This year was no exception and if it had not been for some fourth quarter maple magic, Prep's County Kings would have been derailed in the first round of play.

Expecting to roll over the inexperienced crew from St. Mike's, the Marauder power machine spluttered. The Michaelians, sparked by freshman Danny Waddleton, just off the bench, pumped in point after point against the big guns of Prep. With Waddleton working everywhere — hooking, jumping and swishing those long sets — Prep's machine walked off the court at the half on the wrong end of the 30-23 score.

The third period began with a Blaney special, a jump from the outside. Langone bounced back and slipped in a hook but fabulous George cashed in three jumpers in a row, bringing Prep to within three markers of the Union Cityite's 34 points. For the rest of the canto Prep and the Irish matched points as Loturco squared off against Waddleton, Manix and Tagiabue in the scoring department. McKenna sank a last minute foul shot to make the score 43-41, St. Michael's,

Waddleton twirled in a hook shot to get things rolling in the final period. Now Prep had its last chance and took it. Duffy racked with a pusher and moments later Dave Wright accomplished the same. Blaney's two markers on a foul and Melega's lay-up tied it up at 49-49. Prep fandom went wild. After an exchange of several field goals, Duffy drifted in, faded to the left, looked for Turk, saw him bottled up, and took careful aim. Down she went, putting Prep ahead 54-53. Wright added two on a magician pass from Blaney. George then tossed in two charity shots for good measure and the Marauders tacked up a hectic 58-55 victory.

In an almost carbon copied game of their



"Turk" jump-shots over two Michaelians.

previous engagement with St. Cecilia's, the Marauders took a squeaker from the Englewood Saints, 70-63. Again it was senior Dave Wright who came in during the last period to score five points and upset the visitors with his sparkling defense. Dave continually stole the ball and set up his teammates for easy chippies. The one real difference between this contest and the last one was the emergence of Bill Kretzer. Bill was sent in to help under the boards and quickly responded with three rebounds and four markers.

At the outset of the game Prep took the lead and worked the ball well the whole first half. After the brief respite the fired up Cecilians scored over the wilting Prep five. As the fourth period approached the Saints, sparked by O'Dea and Natale, held a slight lead. Then coach Halligan went to his magic hat and pulled out another victory. It was the full court press that did the trick.

After the game, Cecilia's Frank Tarrant was heard saying, "Wright has the fastest pair of hands that I have seen this year and that Kretzer is some hustler!"

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE 1957

Sun. Sept. 29—Snyder	away
Sun. Oct. 6—St. Cecilia's	home
Sat. Oct. 12—Bayonne	(N)home
Sun. Oct. 20—Demarest	home
Sun. Oct. 27—Seton Hall	home
Sun. Nov. 3—Lincoln	away
Sun. Nov. 10—Memorial	home
Sun. Nov. 17—Xavier	home
Thurs. Nov. 28—Dickinson	away

All games will be played at Roosevelt Stadium, J. C.

Friday night, March 15, saw a tired spiritless Prep Five roll onto the huge Princeton floor only to be blasted to a stunning defeat by the tall Trenton gunners. For the first time in the last ten years the Prepsters looked really bad as only George Blaney appeared to be in the same class as the Southerners. The key to the defeat was the totally pitiful rebounding of the Prepsters, as big George Dempsey completely dominated the boards and consistently scored on easy tap-ins.

At the outset Prep appeared to have a chance as they rippled the cords from all angles. Fighting hard they matched the Blue basket for basket and with three minutes gone in the second quarter were down only two, 14-12. Then the overpowering Trenton Catholic height began to tell as they swept the boards and reeled off thirteen straight points with Prep hardly getting a rebound. But the annoying part of the situation was that Melega and Messarro were holding the two Trenton stars Symonski and Petrosky to only a basket apiece through the entire half.

After the respite Prep vainly tried to go into a full court press but since they were not able to score they could never get started. Throughout the second half Prep was completely helpless as the powerful Trenton five rolled up the score till it reached atomic proportions 74-47.

WASHINGTON TOURNEY

One Big Win

After being blasted off in appropriate style during the Thursday, March 21 morning recess with a rousing rally staged by spirited student supporters, New Jersey's ambassador to this Nation's Capitol, Ole Peter Panther, scrambled South to the rambling verdant campus of the University of Maryland and the 1957 Scholastic Invitation Tournament. With the fourth Edition of Hardwood Heaven ready to roll, Tourney directors could truly swell their chests in pride over the fabulous field of eight electrifying cage quintets, which they had lured Washington way for the Casey competition.

To the deep dissatisfaction of all Prepdom, WASCIT's first round slate matched the maroon Marauders with powerful Northeast Catholic (City Champs of Philly) in a 5:30 P.M. fray. The favored foe posed no problem but game time did mean that most Petrean backers would miss this opening battle; for U. of M. lies a solid four and one half hours from Peter's door.

When the Whale wagon finally rolled up to the colossal Cole Field House, site of the 1957 WASCIT, the scoreboard clock showed Prep commanding a 10-4 margin with just 2:50 left in the initial period. Immediately All State Selection George Blaney greeted the Marauder lovers with his classic jump, upping the bulge to 12-4. But then a smart sharpshooting senior, Joe Zawicki by name, spat fire and zipped the boys of Brotherly Love in tight once more, 12-10, at the quarter buzzer.

The second stanza started with a rush as tall and troublesome Larry Sarafinas tagged home on a jarring jumper. In reply Joe Loturco snapped the Marauders to krisp action, crackling a shoulder drive, then popping a charity toss clean. Melega poured on the milk, Blaney the sugar and the Maroon maplers moved out by seven, 19-12. Again murderous Mr. Zawicki soared to a boil,

this time running off an eight point tear. In the interim, Blaney joined forces with scrapping senior, Davey Wright, to check the Philly fire three markers distant, 23-20.

When Willie Kretzer exploded a jump, Sarafinas slipped loose underneath and dunked a chip, sending the Catholic "5" into half time huddle, down 25-22.

After the tap, easy-going Ken Duffy traded soft circle jumps with Rotz. Massaro meshed a 30 footer, but N.C.'s star gunner, Tom Samulewicz followed suit, 29-26, Prep. Then Blaney blitzed for three quick scores. Stab; bomb; daredevil drive! When Johnny Massaro bolted free with a fire house bucket, the Petrean advantage leaped to 37-27. Strongboy Dave Wright canned a brace of fouls and "Turk" took a marvelous Melega feed to widen the gap, 41-27. North Catholic cashed in a pair of bullet breaks, but Massaro again connected outside and the sharpeyed Loturco spun off the pivot. Third period accounting found the Marauders resting on a 45-34 cushion.

During the final canto, Halligan's hoopsters employed the New York quick break to perfection. Time and again Melega, Massaro and Blaney picked off errant passes, and the Marauders notched a fast two. So the opener ended with Zanowski icing the cake, 63-50.

As a reward for their crushing conquest of Northeast Catholic, Saturday evening Prep's hardwooders locked jaws with St. Francis Prep (Brooklyn), New York's Catholic King and proud possessor of the much-publicized 6'6" giant, Tommy Stith. For three periods did the hustling forces of Jerry Halligan give the Flatbush five a real run for its money, but the final frame found the Maroon too long on fouls committed, too short on free throws connected. So Peter's, though turning in a fine effort, bowed out in the semi-finals on the short end of a 62-48 decision.

Throughout the first quarter mammoth

Mr. Stith drove the Marauder defense nuts while pumping in 12 of the 26 tallies he amassed during the night. With towering Tommy leading a wicked break, the Terriers matched an opening of Loturco, Blaney foul-lane jump shots, 4-4. Stith zeroed a corner push, Joe came right back over the big boy and Blaney's burst through the middle in response to a Brucia bomb brought the score to 8-all. Nip and tuck the battle raged with each club connecting free and fast until deadly Tom powdered a terrifically long jump home at 0:01 to forge St. Francis ahead, 18-16.

Following the quarter blow the tilt remained as close as ever, but the fantastic gunning did drop off a bit on both sides of the ledger. Joe Loturco, without a doubt playing one of the greatest games of his illustrious career, knotted the count at 18-18. Now the scoring pattern dittoed the preceding period but this time Massaro met the bell with a jump, 27-26, St. Francis still in front.

To open the second half a 5'11" substitute, Mike Murphy, teamed with Stith to roll the Terriers away, 31-26. But as Turk turned on the steam, the maroon pounded hot on Brooklyn heels to draw within 1 point, 39-40 at 0:30. Amazingly, Stith stopped the buzzer a second time via another jumper from left field, 42-39.

In the closing canto the measure of triumph for the Terriers proved to be Jim Brucia's accurate jump shooting from the free throw region. With Prep defenders sinking on Stith, Jim just popped in four vital buckets to head St. Francis for the finals, 62-48.

Sunday afternoon the Marauders hunted the Purple Eagles of Gonzaga in search of third place profits. Prep rifles were not in tip-top shape but the Petrean aces produced far better play than the 59-70 reversal would indicate. Even so we were trailing only by 3, 62-59, when Blaney left on fouls at 3:24 and Turk followed seconds later.

Capitol Tour

High noon, Friday, March 22, 4-D started the flow of Prep's loyal fans to College Park, Maryland and the K. of C. Invitation Tourney. Fr. Carr granted 4-D special permission to leave at lunch because two thirds of the 4D enthusiasts planned to make the trip. And by 3:30 the rest of the sport followers were burning rubber on the Jersey Turnpike. Mr. Heavey S.J. drove the Beggans' station wagon with a car full of Petroc's Junior writers.

Most of the early starters rolled through the three states in time to cheer the team on to victory in the first game. Luggage was unloaded and weary bones were rested at Stewart's Motel on the outskirts of Washington. The first night was spent reclining on the Stewart's feather beds. Sleeping order found two to a bed, one on a cot, one in the bathtub—and the last night three on the floor.

Bright and early Saturday, bleary-eyed travelers drove to the University of Maryland's non-sectarian chapel where Fr. Shalloe celebrated Mass. After Mass Prepsters enjoyed Southern hospitality at Maryland's famous Hot Shoppes, where they stored away victuals for the long day ahead. . . . The football minded spent the afternoon watching an intra-squad scrimmage at the University of Maryland while the rest descended on the Nation's Capitol to take in its many points of interest. Visited were the Jefferson Memorial, White House, Capitol Building, Washington Monument and other famous landmarks. . . . One of Petroc's chubbier seniors who dared to climb the Washington Monument discovered a new way to shed his excess poundage. Crossing the Potomac, the sightseers ventured to Mount Vernon, and then to Arlington National Cemetery to see the changing of the guard. . . .

Now all cars turned towards Cole Field House and the semi-final round of the play. The University Gym was the Maryland

version of Madison Square Garden, seating 14,000. The court is one the Prepsters will remember for time to come, with its spacious playing area illuminated brightly by a modern indirect lighting system, and set in an orbit of carnival colored seats. . . . After a heart breaking game the sullen Prep men retired to the Motel to engage in more enjoyable activity. . . . Early to bed (early in the morning, that is) and early to rise, was the rule of the stay. . . . As the rooster crowed Sunday morning, Prep's vagabonds awoke light-hearted and eager for excitement. . . . "Off to Woodstock"—(for lunch and a visit to some old scholastic teachers of former years) was the cry of a group of seniors; while others decided to finish the tour of Washington, visiting the catacombs at the Franciscan Monastery.

At 2:00 P.M. all gathered at the field house for the game with Gonzaga High. After this contest the depressed men of Prep raised their mourning bodies and left Cole Field House for the last time. . . . some for home after the game while others remained another evening. Those who stayed behind ended the trip either by taking in a movie, riding through Washington at night or chewing the rag at the motel. . . . Monday morning everyone was anxious to leave except a few who drove around the countryside for one last look. The ride home was slower, all eyes taking in more of the scenery. The last group of weary travelers arrived at Jersey City in the late afternoon. All in all, it was a wonderful trip, and everyone is hoping for another next year.

COVER STORY. This first page photo took real expedition. First the PETROC wagon with the whale at the wheel headed out West Orange way to the Essex County Country Club. The bird, his wings cellophaned, behaved, but soph cameraman Outwater didn't. Next trip we settled for Lincoln Park's miniature golf course. It took several minutes for Beauregard the parakeet to come into focus, but birdy Beggans and his putter waited patiently. The result you see — two birds, no birdie!