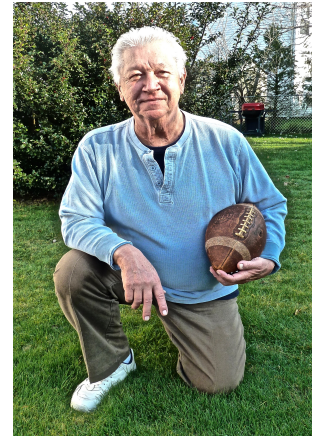
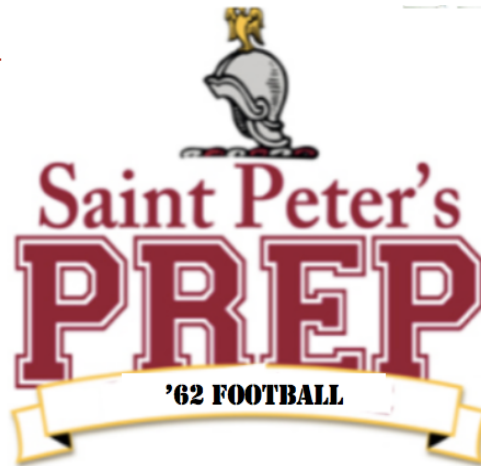




daniel f. murphy
130 Park Avenue Hoboken

This week's Special Guest
Color Commentator

Football Monday * Memories *



Editor-in-Chief

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Tony Mendolla
Play by Play Analyst

* Danny Murphy *

Memories of the Prep - Demarest game are still lucid and clear in this old man's brain. My memories come from a fan's perspective and not, I am sorry to say, from a player's point of view.

Having grown up in Hoboken, I was taught to dislike or even more appropriately to hate St. Peter's Prep, especially Prep's football team. Most of my friends from grammar school went to Demarest (soon to become Hoboken High School). I even went there for six months since my eighth grade class graduated in January. It was my goal to stay in Demarest but my mother had other plans. Thank God for mothers. (Continued, p. 2)

Still seeking
memories and
comments from
all Classmates.

Send them to
our Editor-in-
Chief.

This Week:
Players'
memories of
football camp!



Front Row: Jack Kutney, Ed Gorski, Denny Barrett, Phil Bozzelli, Lenny Franco, Bruce Zeman, Len Grieco, John Fallon, Bob McKenna, Howie Griffiths, Frank Esposito, Greg Hrebeniak, Vin DeBari, Russ Snyder. Second Row: Gene Torpey, Bernie Moore, Pat Wallace, Frank Koserowski, Jim Stokes, Chris Mortenson, Pete Sack, Paul McGovern, Ed Lewis, Len Mrozak, Tom Floriani, Bob Gorman, Fred Eckert, Joe DiGeronimo, Charlie Catrillo. Third Row: Jack O'Dea, Mike Agresta, Tony Mendolla, Brian Flaherty, Gene Harding, Joe Sack, John Crowe, Ed Corrigan, Mike Meloney, Bill O'Day, Richy Morgan, Manager Ed Devlin. Fourth Row: Bob Zakhar, Tony Genovese, Marty Clancy, John Pappas, Paul Hering, Tom Street, Al Shabet, Joe Parkes, Ed Vroom, Paul Lempa, Marty Shanahan, Dave McConville, Joe Armbruster.

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*** Danny Murphy * (continued)**

If you lived in Hoboken there were 3 games that could make or break your season.... St Michael's, Memorial and the hated St. Peter's Prep. I can't recall ever seeing Prep lose to Demarest and I had been going to those games from the time I was a fourth grader.

Now however, it was 1961 and I was an outcast at the courts (basketball) where I hung out. My friends would start verbally abusing me as that late October Prep - Demarest game approached. By this time I was a proud Prepster and staunch defender of my guys...Mendolla, Crowe, O'Dea, O'Day, Zakhar and the rest of the "maroon marauders".

As the game approached, I was severely out numbered and disliked by some for stealing a beautiful Demarest cheerleader who eventually became my wife.

The night before the game the Demarest kids were celebrating their pre-game victory.... this was their year to finally defeat the despised Prep. My cheerleader girlfriend invited me to a party that Saturday night. Needless to say I was the only Prepster at the party and I quickly realized that I was to be the target of all the anti-Prep sentiment that evening. Wine, beer, scotch, rye you name it and it was flowing, that is until the parents of the kid hosting the event came home a day earlier than expected. By this time I was feeling ill. I guess it was bad ice. My girlfriend took me to the Town Lunch, a famous Hoboken eatery, and tried to make me feel better by making me drink hot coffee. Eventually she got me home around 1 AM. I sneaked in and made it to bed.

The next day was the day....I had been bragging to my Demarest buddies that they were going to get destroyed and my guy Bob Zakhar was going to have a great day and would probably kick 5 maybe 6 extra points.

It was cold, wet and even my cheerleader girlfriend and her cohorts were in their winter uniforms. The field looked like it was the recipient of a mud slide. This however did not stop the Prep football machine. Mendolla ran wild, O'Dea completed several important passes, Zakhar, Genevese, Agresta, Stokes and the rest of the linemen both offense and defense looked more like the '58 team than the '61 team. The final score, if I remember correctly, was Prep 30 - Demarest 0. The only minor, and I do mean minor, set back was the fact that Prep scored 30 points.... 5 TDs and no PATs. Yes, my guy Bobby Z missed 5 PATs. None of which were his fault. The 3 or 4 inches of mud prevented him from even having a chance.

In closing you might ask why bring up the missed PATs.... The reason is because my Demarest buddies were all hanging out that Sunday night by the courts and when I arrived to revel in the victory....they had nothing to say about the 30 - 0 loss... but they reminded me about 100 times that my buddy Zakhar missed 5 extra points. One guy, Gus LaMacia, who played opposite Bobby on both offense and defense that day said, "The hell with the 5 missed PATs, Murphy's guy, Zakhar, was the best player he had faced in his 3 years playing for Demarest." I went home that night one very proud Prepster.

**An insider look at the Zakhar
video recording studio.**



**A few of the 16mm films in the
Zakhar/Mendolla Library.**



Yesterday's gone.....but the memories linger on....

Memories of Prep Football Camp in 1961

**** From the Guys Who Were There ****



Here's where it
all took place



Side/Rear of Oakland Military Academy - Formerly Calderwood Manor

"The academy kept horses stabled there.

We'd wander by and pet their noses. They seemed nice and calm."



Zakhar



O'Dea

"One evening after practice, before dinner, my friend and quarterback, Jack O'Dea convinced me that they were gentle enough for a ride.

I, Sancho, lineman, would never question QB Don Quixote."

"We mounted, bareback, and these docile beasts led us to the porch where the coaches were sitting.

The coaches were not amused."



Cochrane & Gargiulo



Boyle & Kelly hired to clean up

RECOLLECTIONS OF TONY MENDOLLA



Here are a few things that I can remember from the senior camp.

1. As usual we scrimmaged Englewood at Englewood but this year we went there from Oakland. The bus ride was really wild because the driver was really a cowboy behind the wheel. Sometimes I think back about it and wonder how we got there and back without any incidents. It seemed like he just turned the bus loose and come what may. He was a real nut. By the way the driver was a former Prep graduate and a now retired NBA referee, Jack Nies. It was an unbelievable ride.

I also think that this was the scrimmage that we lost Jack Kutney for the year with a broken leg. We really could have used him that year.

2. There was a swimming pool next to the practice field but it was strictly off limits to the members of the team. We were at the camp for 3 years and never were allowed to use it because the coaches believed it would hinder the training we were going through (I guess). It was so hot that senior year that the coaches broke down and let the entire team use the pool one afternoon after practice. We were surprised but really happy because it cooled us off.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MIKE AGRESTA



The thing I remember the most is Coach Dick Flanagan wandering thru the dorm rooms every morning singing " Oh what a beautiful morning" and I think he used to carry a stick.

As a senior I remember losing 13 pounds, I think on the first day. Oakland was the hottest place on Earth.

I also remember we weren't allowed to drink water. Some of us used to stick a lemon in our helmets.

What was in the bug juice? I have no recollection if the food was good or bad.

We scrimmaged River Dell High in their first year of football, and I think Bill Parcells might have been on that team.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOE PARKES



I have a recollection that we scrimmaged DePaul at camp, that it might have been their first year of football, and that we totally dominated them.

Not as clear so not so sure: but we scrimmaged Englewood at Englewood, and I think it was on the way home from camp? Jack Nies, Prep '55, drove the bus. He spent c. 30 years as an NBA ref. I think Kutney broke his leg in that scrimmage.

Also remember Jack O'Dea and I meeting two girls and going for a walk with them and getting back a few minutes late for a skull session with Cochrane. He harumphed but we did not get laps.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN KUTNEY



Panther Juice - Even though it was late summer or early fall in the mountains of New Jersey at football camp, it still was hot and humid. Our early morning sessions emphasized fitness with a lot of running and hitting the sleds. Of course we had to have our equipment on to get used to it and for sled work which made it even more uncomfortable. If you weren't totally covered in sweat by the end of the morning session you were "goldbricking".

So here comes lunch and this curious looking juice in large pitchers was sitting on the table. One taste of it and you were addicted. It definitely quenched the massive thirst built up from the morning session. It became locally called "Panther Juice" at our table. Actually it was called "Panther Piss" because it was yellowish and as educated jocks we liked alliterations.

So as the next morning session was coming to a close all one could think of was "Panther juice", "Panther Juice",..., "Panther Juice". This juice or some variant of it became known as Gator Aid since the Florida football program used the same type of thirst quencher.

Next week more memories of that Demarest Game with more pics, video clips and expert player analysis of important plays.



A Hoboken Yearbook - "Once a Red Wing Always a Red Wing"

