



BROTHER URBAN, O.S.F., President of St. Francis College, and the Most Reverend Bishop of Brooklyn, Bryan J. McEntegart, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, at annual Alumni Dinner.

the year in review

by tom keller

*My job's to report the just passed year,
I'm what you'd call a backward seer.
To tell what went on about the school
A pen or a pencil is my single tool.
For this work I shan't seek the muse
Nor other spirits like old Irish booze.
Because I'm the kind that seeks aid for knowledge
I'll go no further than the doors of this college.
For humor and wit handled with guile
What could be better than to ask Brother Giles?
A serious note will pervade these refrains;
Please Brother Leon, make them safe and yet sane.*

*Whether you're alone or in a crowd
The enjoyment is better if you read this aloud.
So onward I go with this ponderous task;
Please view with compassion—that's all I ask.
September began with orientation;
Freshmen were told of their school's reputation.
The official version to them was presented
And the sophists thought it daft or demented.
Registration came next—speed was the goal;
That goal fell flat like pins when you bowl.
Then Sargent Shriver the Peace Corps' top
Spoke to teachers at the Prof Workshop.*

Two days in church made a winning retreat;
 For some those two days were quite a feat.
 This, the last year at the Butler corral,
 Had some people worried about morale.
 Students were mooning at an unheard rate;
 Loving Butler, they bemoaned their fate.
 But words were used in a better sense
 To get needed money for the Saint Francis pence;
 Remsen Street wasn't bought with nought
 And money to pay was eagerly sought.
 Students and Alumni were asked to give
 To help patch up our financial sieve.
 They were begged to donate what they could
 To give what they would as all students should.
 The final tally we'll never hear—
 We guess it was good; we're down there next year.
 The first day of class saw the new Dean of Men;
 We hoped he'd perform with some acumen
 For cuts were something to him very dear
 And those overcut had plenty to fear.
 Frank M. was the Council prexy this time;
 We'd give his last name but it just doesn't rhyme.
 Each one of you can spot him like that;
 He looks like LaGuardia without a hat.
 The Council'd be lively, not half dead,
 And those in the know would hear what they said.
 With Brother Alphonsus the students' man,
 We had a powerful faculty fan.
 With Frank at the helm and Brother to steer,
 The student body, they could cheer! !
 We won't list the leaders of the school;
 Most were quite sharp, some not too cool.
 In the first week Freshmen were hazed;
 Some overdid, and feelings were grazed.
 The Soph-Frosh hop was a real blast
 As hazing's ill feeling went into the past.
 They ponied, twisted, rocked and rolled
 Dancing the night till curfew tolled.
 The baseball team won their first game,
 Nevermore did they do the same;
 They tried so hard and gave their all
 But how can you practice with a rubber ball?
 October's the month of World Series Pools,
 Of fraternity dogging, of dogs who are fools.

The paddles are hung in frat houses with care
 In hope that some victims soon will be there.
 Phi Rho came first, ahead of the rest
 For hazing's the thing at which they are best.
 They brandished their bats high in the air;
 They use 'em so much they split into pairs.
 Omega Delta came next on the scene
 Last but not least—in numbers we mean.
 This is the frat like Kennedy's son,
 For both have existed in years only one.
 Lastly, Pi Alpha came out of their mold
 Wearing their sweaters of black and gold.
 Descending on all from fraternity house
 Dogging their pledges like cat and mouse.
 Does a fraternity pledge in order to cheer
 Chug-a-lug glasses of eggs and beer?
 Falsehood's cried; our frats have virtue;
 A dog knows well they'd never hurt you.
 Intramurals began in various sports
 Like bowling and volleyball and things of that sort.
 We took to the courts, played chess in the lounge;
 One thing was lacking—equipment to scrounge.
 The baseball team played their last game
 A trip to Siena their claim to fame.
 As was written before, they didn't do well
 But the fall is just practice—so what the hell.
 Yearbook group pictures were finally taken
 Amid much confusion and photographer hatin';
 For he's the guy who'd jostle and move
 Putting each group in his frame's little groove.
 Then, frosh class elections were held and won
 By a son of old Erin name Gregory Dunn.
 These frosh were learning the college way;
 In three more years, they'd hold sway.
 The feast of Saint Francis was a day given off;
 We took to that like a horse to a trough.
 When the Science Club had a fishing date,
 They'd little luck using beer as their bait;
 That's the bait seniors used as their lure
 To attract lowerclassmen, formerly pure,
 To visit their dance at St. Thomas Aquinas
 And observe the state of college highness.
 A more serious group was the I.R.C.
 Who invited speakers all wanted to see;