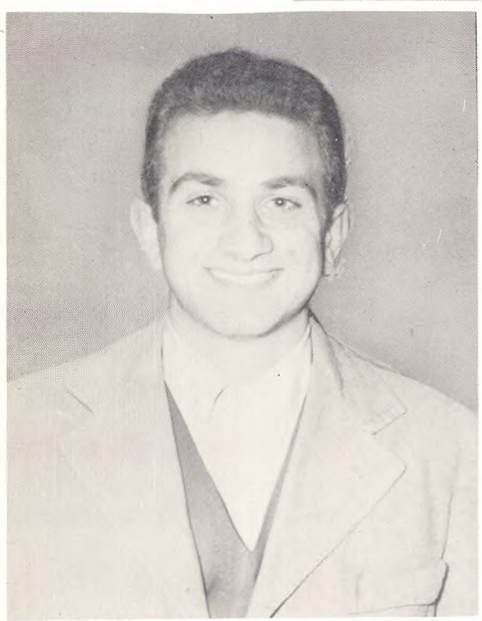


Class of 1956



PETER IMPERATOR
President

We are no longer freshmen. Our apprenticeship is over. It was a good one. We were hazed. In beanies red and blue, rolled up pants legs, and stringy scarlet cravats, we scraped, mopped and painted a certain unmentionable building for a week. The initiation culminated in the first college dance, the Soph-Frosh Hop.

We adapted ourselves. Though it took a while, we eventually came to realize that the clicking in the library was not caused by the radiators, that delicate stomachs and fetal pigs are incompatible, and that basketball is the true "national pastime."

We joined the activities. After casting ballots and electing as class President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer, Messrs. Imperator, McLeer, Marino, and Letteri respectively, we proceeded individually to cast about and select the team or club with the most personal appeal. And in the intramurals we did great, especially at track where we just missed top honors by two points.

Oh, yes! We also learned a few things.

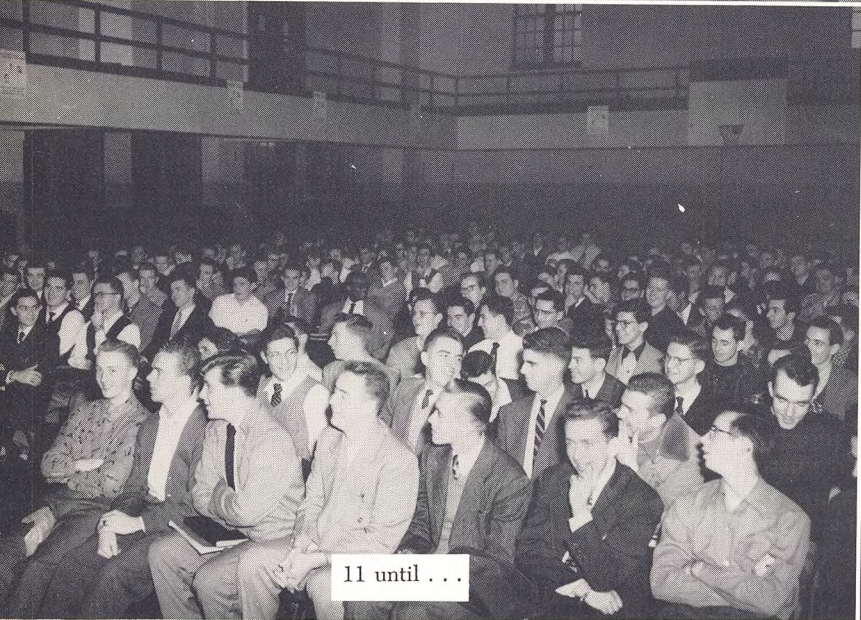




Nick's aesthetics . . .



Gripe session . . .



11 until . . .



Five minutes to bell time . . .



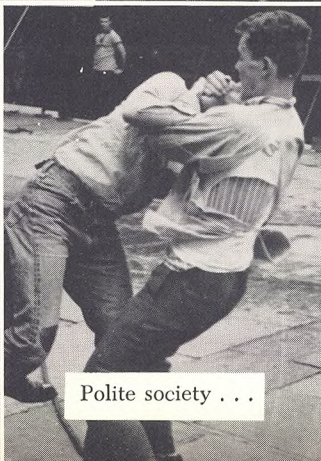
H E A V E . . .



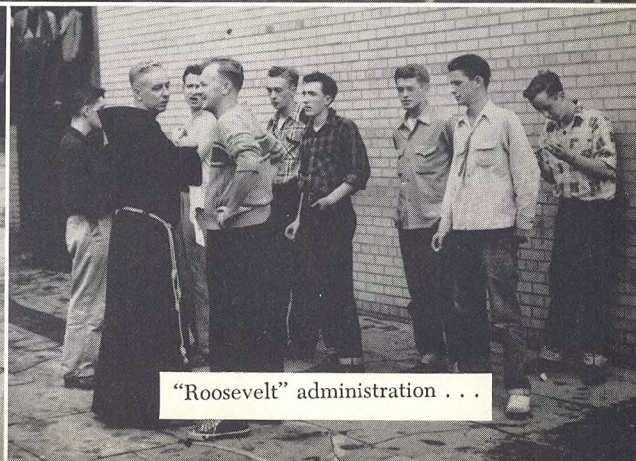
Little social group . . .



Go, men, go . . .



Polite society . . .



"Roosevelt" administration . . .