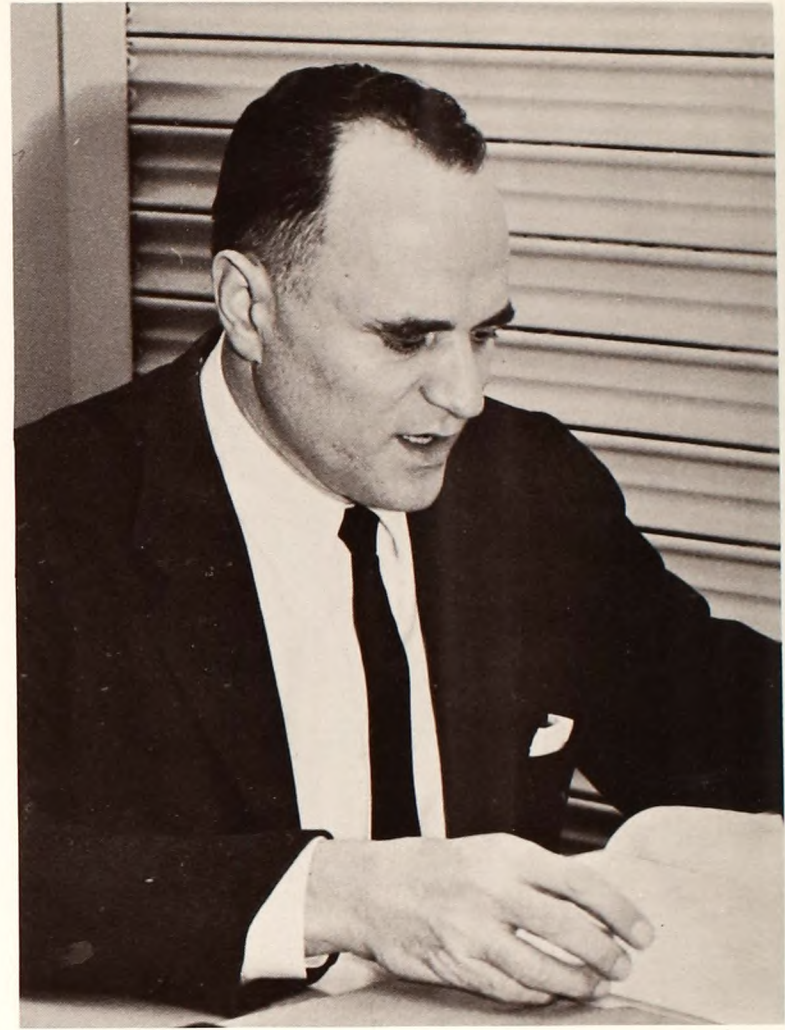


BROTHER ALPHONSUS, O.S.F.
Director of Student Activities



MR. JOSEPH B. CASTRONOVO
Director of the Evening Session

OCTOBER

*Their Political Symposium was in the last week
Screvane, Fino, and Javits came to speak.
A word of high praise should go to this club;
In decorum and choice they never did flub.
A crowd was present whenever they'd meet
And many's the time you'd fight for a seat.
You'd see empty seats if you'd read for the troupers,
All tried hard; there were no party poopers.
But something queer upset the cart;
The girls that read couldn't play their parts.
Lastly the Snapper returned with a pow
As many a guy took an unwanted bow.
November's the time for turkeys to die,
Of mid-term grades, of students to cry.
Events in the college weren't too varied
So the B.M.O.C.'s didn't look harried.
All the Editors went Miami way;
Did they work or did they play?
When they returned from this learning bout
They wouldn't say how they'd made out.*

*Senator Keating spoke one morn;
Being suave, there was little corn;
What he said contained much thought;
We hope it didn't go for nought.
The Communion breakfast of Phi Rho Pi,
Was attended by most every guy;
Their pious nature came through that day.
Why couldn't it always be that way?
A pious group was Saint Francis' Third Order,
Helping new members o'er the spiritual border.
Basketball games began in the yard,
The weather was cold, the pavement was hard;
We dodged parked cars while shooting hoops,
A hen has more room in a chicken coop.
Rifle intramurals were held on the road
And each of the shooters shot their load.
A carnival of bands was held at school;
Campus Tones ran it and played it cool.
They'd many bands, many saxaphones
The Campus Tones don't play alone.*



MR. PAUL J. DOLAN
Director of Admissions



BROTHER TIMOTHY, O.S.F.
Dean of Students

DECEMBER

Omega Delta, a pioneer group,
Being wary of a guy getting looped
Had a dance in the lounge where demon rum's banned;
We college age minors had cokes in our hands.
Big time Pi Alpha had their hotel dance,
Students and faculty alike did prance.
Spirits and cheer were all aflow
And many's the person who left with a glow.
This was the month that had three hops;
One was a hit, the others were flops;
Which one it was we won't say aloud,
But what kind of spirit draws a crowd?
Barleycorn's banned from our campus site;
McLaughlin and Lavin enjoy our plight.
A career conference, it was felt
Would answer the question, "How much gelt?"
If a material society we must be
The school'll always give aid to thee.
So the needed event finally began
And all went well according to plan.

December's the month of end term reports,
Of student excuses, of teacher retorts.
It's also the time for holiday cheer—
A sobering thought is an orphan's tear.
So Phi Rho and Science Club, like bees in a hive
Were gathering toys for their annual drive
Distributing them to the poor and the needy;
It was nice to see people who weren't being greedy.
As the overcut list went up on the wall
The new dean of men seemed twenty feet tall.
Brother Tim was the one to convince;
Ask any cutter, it was no cinch.
The old place is changing; pat excuses don't hold;
The office was getting more and more bold.
The state of the paper left all in a froth
As too many cooks spoiled the broth.
Its force of opinion was forcibly weak;
The Voice was hoarse—Could just about speak.
The basketball season began with a win,
Hunter the victim, with no next of kin.