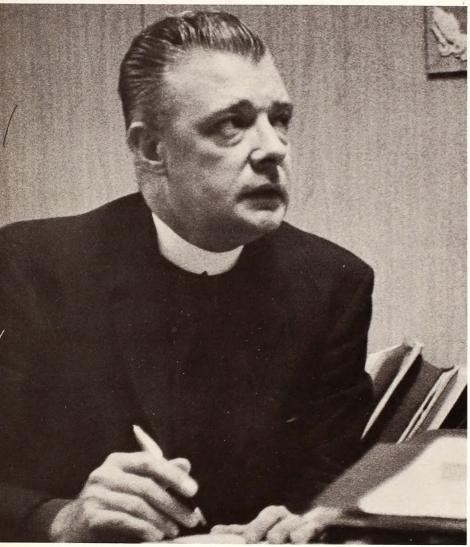
We started hard at a new term of work; Profs poured it on, thought we were Hercs. Before we started we had to be sure— Could overwork cause mental rupture? Accounting interns returned from their jobs Wet from the tears of employers' sobs, Sorry to lose these able workers,



BROTHER PHILIP, O.S.F. Vice President of Development

Well aware they were not shirkers.

It wasn't easy, we are guessin'

To make up all their missing lessons.

The Press Club, stressing worded ties

Had a convention at St. Joe's High

For High School students who'd like to rate.

Why, some Press Clubbers even got dates!

Stag were the Glee Clubs' famous singers—

Strong voiced men, no high pitched ringers.

They sang with Molloy one afternoon

And all the members were in tune.

They practice all year without a pause; Mr. Fiorenza rates the applause. A list went up for volunteers For people who knew how to steer, To serve as ushers with good sense At the new Madonna Residence. The list was filled with many names But writer and person weren't always the same. The basketball team continued their games; The problem of height was still the same. Niagara, Duquesne and Holy Cross Were too big, causing many a loss. N.Y.U. and Seton Hall Were other teams that were too tall. We threw a scare into a few; Almost put them into a stew. At these losses, don't shed a tear; Like the Dodgers, wait till next year. March is the month when spring arrives, Flowers bloom and pigeons dive; It's also the month of mid-term exams Driving a few to overnight crams. Our school paper had new leaders: We hoped that they would not be bleeders, For if they were they'd surely suffer— Hit from all sides the Voice is a buffer And sensitive fellows don't just sigh; No, they break right down and cry. No crying was done on the feast of St. Pat Smiling and laughing we wore green hats. That day of the Irish came bright and clear And on that day they have no peer. The Celts of St. Francis strutted and swayed But some Leprechaun moved the camera away: Those little people meant us not to be seen Instead came Mayor Wagner onto the screen. It didn't stop us from finishing Nor were our spirits diminishing. Pi Alpha's Communion 'fest Had alumni as honored guests. All were rich, not spiritually poor— There'd been no party the night before. Baseball practice began anew As round the field the horsehide flew. Many more players were seen this spring

Deciding to give the team a fling. Prospects were good for a winning season; Those who deny should be shot for treason. A championship was in sight But to achieve it we'd have to fight. The Water Polo team, after practicing all year Had a club that opponents feared; Proved their merits in a doubleheader Winning both, few can do better. They're our chief hope, goes the story To bring St. Francis athletic glory. April begins with a day for fools As amateur jokers resemble ghouls. It ends around the Easter feast, A day bringing people spiritual peace. My editor says to end this stint "Duh, hey uh, we'ze goin' tuh print." So from now on we project the future, We'll sew it up-a pen is my suture April sees more frat dogging As pledges go for mental flogging. Each of the groups tries its best Attempting to outdo the rest. One group of course will be the winner-The one whose dogs end up the thinner. Spring intramurals came at hand So raise the flag and beat the band. Our outdoor arena is somewhere to star Instead of a place to park your car. With dogs and athletes running round You can't be sure your health is sound; So join a team or join a frat Whichever pleases—but get in the act. If you join a team it can be said You get your credit for Health Ed. May is the month of final tests And on their results our fate rests. Baseball and Water Polo end for the year, Something that causes very few tears. Because this month is projection Here are some athletic selections. Both the teams went undefeated! Stand up and cheer, don't stay seated. If you think that's going a bit too far How about every player making all star?

The graduate records prove a pain
As most seniors think them insane.
They're a necessary evil for recognition—
This is what comes of position.
May's the last month we report on
Though to June we've given thought on.
The prom and picnic are main events,



BROTHER ROGER, O.S.F. Treasurer-Business Manager

Thank heaven they don't come in Lent;
Not that anything wrong occurs
But such goings on might be thought slurs.
Another event affecting our fate
Is when the seniors graduate.
We're the last to leave Butler Street,
We'll miss the walk from tradition's seat.
As old Saint Francis fades into the sun,
Thanks for the learning and thanks for the fun,
Thanks to the teachers who gave us knowledge—
We'll lose a lot when we leave this college.