

*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.