

in February to play Miami on St. Patrick's Day. Who will ever forget the rally that took us through the streets of downtown Brooklyn to St. John's and back to Borough Hall. If they didn't know we were on Remsen Street before, they knew it now!

During all this excitement, we had moved to Remsen Street and the change brought a tightening of collar buttons and ties and the wearing of jackets. There was more room, new desks and suits and ties almost looked good. We no longer suffered from claustrophobia in the library and deep back pains from the seats in class but a little bit of Butler Street remained in all of us as a happy memory.

As we reached the half-point in our college careers, it all seemed to have gone too fast. In the time left, we would learn even more about ourselves and our potentials as we began studies in our major fields and plotted our careers and our futures.

Hootenanny! This was the word that greeted our ears at the first class meeting of the junior year. Class President Pete Clark announced that if sufficient interest was found the 'Highwaymen' would give a concert at the Flushing Armory early in December sponsored by the Junior Class. Preparations began as committees were formed and the project became the pet of many members of the class—unfortunately, not enough members. The evening was a good time had by all, but the support of the sponsoring class left something to be desired.

As we entered study in our major fields, we made new friends and acquaintances who shared an interest in this same area of study. The topics of our 'bull sessions' often took on a more serious glow as we discussed the bomb and basketball, biology and the Berlin Wall.



Returning after a pleasant spring weekend in April, the news that none of us want to hear—that of the loss of a classmate—pierced our ears. Mike Maquire had been killed on that pleasant weekend in an automobile accident. We were now less of a class, and the loss was more than just one person—part of a unit was now lost forever.

April and May saw many important elections. It was now our turn at being 'Number One' and we had to prepare for the task before we began our last college summer. Senior year was straight ahead.

We had really made it. That big ring on our fingers really did mean something now, we were seniors and that last year was upon us. Milk and honey was found not to be the menu of this, our last year at the College. The news of projects, comprehensives and theses filled the air only to be followed by the news of a prom, senior week and other festivities—after the projects, comprehensives and theses. What a dog's life!

If you are now reading this great 'opus' and chuckling it is assumed that these obstacles so generously provided over the past three years and nine months have been successfully overcome and that June fifth and Commencement cannot come too soon. If you aren't chuckling at the thought of these obstacles because they are not entirely past, fear not—your day will come!

We were freshmen not so very long ago and that year 1965 seemed so far, far away. It has come so very fast and some of us wonder just where the time has gone, but it has gone and we must go. To those who will follow us, we wish the best of luck and happiness in the Franciscan spirit we have grown to love.