

system was sketched on the board. It wasn't too long after that when we actually saw the system in action and the one-half academic credit penalties were presented to their proud owners.

Freshman "hazing week" was our first activity in college life at St. Francis. Who would have suspected that such an ordeal must be undertaken as a requirement for a Bachelor's degree? When we reported for classes with pants rolled up over our knees and the usual doses of lipstick and paddles were administered, we realized the great part it played in keeping the Sophs happy. The price we paid was well worth our time.

Before we caught our breaths after "hazing week", mid-term week rolled around and not long after that, a long Christmas recess and finals. As far as activities were concerned, we contributed our small bits here and there with our members taking part in Frosh basketball and track participation. Just as they were being introduced to college sports, others were supporting and taking part in other extra-curricular functions.

In the Fall of 1949, we returned to school and registered for such courses as Economics and Logic. Our main concern, of course, was the group of green Frosh who slipped quietly by us in the halls. Little did we realize that they were not as meek and green as they appeared. I say this, because if you remember back that far, that was the year that we Sophs were "hazed".



"The Great Freshman Revolt of '49" saw the Frosh pelting us with eggs and tomatoes which were meant for them. We made a quiet and gentlemanly retaliation by putting on one of the greatest Soph-Frosh Hops in St. Francis history.

In this same year, members of our class came to the fore in varsity sports. Others were taking lesser offices in the Third Order, the I. R. C., and the Vocation Club. This was the year of reckoning for the Sophs, because the whirl of school and social activities dizzily spun us quickly to the end of the year and a decision of what was to be our major field.

Registration in the Fall of '50 saw us stating a major and signing up for courses in the three and four hundred groups. Our vote in the Student Council finally carried some weight and a member of our class was chosen to the editorship of "The Voice". The same "dogs" who were put through the paces on "hell night" were now doing more than their share in promoting the activities of the Phi Rho Pi and the Pi Alpha.

I guess we could go on forever talking about what we did in the Mendel Club, the Arts Club, the Troupers, and the St. Bonaventure Philosophical Society, but now I'd like to add a strange twist to history and ask a question; "How did we manage to keep up with classes, all the activities, and still have so many of our class among the sages of the Duns Scotus Honor Society?"



