

FRANCIS XAVIER PROUT

Bachelor of Arts

JAMAICA HIGH SCHOOL

BELYING his red hair, Frank is not a fiery individual. To the contrary he is a staid fellow who acts as a sort of foil for his ebullient colleague, Bill Rynne. Frank could be found on the handball courts any Friday afternoon trying to knock "bottom bricks" out of the reach of Father Conerty and Brother Edmund. Other times would discover him in the heat of discussions among members of To Kalon K'Agathon or of the Study Club. Frank invariably answered the call for class basketball candidates, his claim to fame being that he was captain in his Freshman year. Incidentally, that team lost but one game and that to the Senior B huskies.

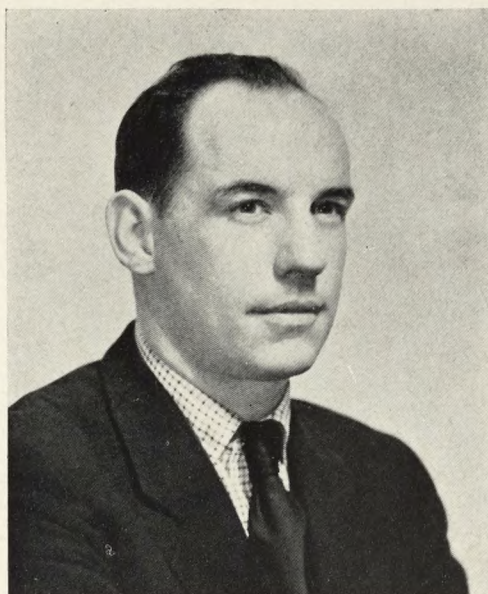
As a sidelight it must be mentioned that Frank's "Luckies" were near and dear to him—and to the rest of the class, it seems. Another sidelight might be given—his forte is philosophy, whether it be the philosophy of a cross-word puzzle or the difference between essence and existence. Recalling to mind the occasion when Frank and Hal Kolenski sustained a debate with the religion prof for an entire forty-five minute period, we wonder if the air out on the Island does not give this suburbanite his argumentative bent.

To Kalon K'Agathon, 3, 4; Class Basketball, capt., 1, Class Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Aristotle Biological Associates, 1; Sodality, 1, 2, 3 (Study Club, 4).





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"O^H, Ma, that man's here."

Clear the conversation channels: here comes chesty Joe, the man who can envision nothing but success for things St. Francis. His suave, perfect diction, which constitutes his foremost asset, has been displayed both in Public Speaking and in History where Joe could speak on any subject and present a logical argument in an engaging, forceful manner. Don't debate anything you really want to believe with Joe, for he can argue inexhaustibly.

To conjure up a picture of him, think of a stalwart young giant fighting madly on the football field and couple this with an ideal student temperament. Last but not least, mention must be made of that familiar briar stem which ever adorns his smiling countenance.

Joe is the salesman type, one who could sell the "Daily Worker" to J. Pierpont Morgan. Despite his assertion that he intends to teach History and our belief that he would make good at it, we rather think that with his aplomb and self-assurance he seems destined to be a politician of the Farley class or a captain of industry.



*Varsity Football, 3; Class Basketball, 3, 4;
History Club, 3, 4; Pi Alpha; Sodality, 3, 4.*