

LOOKING BACK

We entered the College as an era ended, yet we were part of it for a time. The years at Butler Street were fast coming to an end as the news of the 'downtown center' at Remsen Street was made known to us during that hectic orientation program. If orientation was to be the pace of things to come, we'd just never make it for four years!

The sophomores were so very cooperative and attentive in their efforts to see that the new boys got the 'most' out of that glorious hazing period. The hats with that special red feather made us so easily identifiable—just like a turkey shoot. The happy night of September twenty-second and the Soph-Frosh hop brought all that to a happy ending. We were now equals.

Credits, indexes, quality points all became part of a strange new vocabulary that we had to assimilate just to carry on a conversation! Our first grades made the meaning of these words only too clear to us. A raft of new subjects with newer titles became part of our daily lingo. (Who could forget Psychology of Life Adjustment?) Biology, theology and sociology all became part of a daily routine. Accounting became the nemesis of every business student. Who would ever think that adding a few simple numbers could be so difficult?

Above all this, however, we became a class. Friendships began and three hundred bodies became a unit. We were freshmen and proud of it.

Returning from Christmas vacation and part-time employment with the Post Office Department, we found it possible to survive our first finals and oh, did that quality point index mean something now!

Spring came and we began to look outward as the Voice, the

Franciscan and the various divisional organizations began to realize that these new guys had something to contribute. Nine months in existence and a still growing organization, we found that we had qualified and were sophomores.

We returned for our final six months at Butler Street paying nine dollars more a credit and waiting for the 'big move' downtown. Doing our best to uphold the tradition of freshmen hazing as any good *Franciscan* should, we found that the two-week delay in the scheduling of the Soph-Frosh Hop did now allow for an extended period of hazing but just a delay for our anxious little dancing feet.

Our second 'run through the mill' started with a bang as sophs Bill Ryan and Ed Cremin made important contributions to the good fortunes of the Terrier baseball team.

We held a dance early in November—but why bring up bad memories.

On November twenty-sixth, the *Voice* noted simply 'Terriers vs. Hunter, December 1, 69th Regiment Armory'. As the old saying goes—this was the start of something big! The 'Year of the Terrier' was off and running. There would be few stops along the way as the way the Terriers played the type of ball that led the nation in field-goal percentage and gave us a reputation as one of the finest teams in the East. The talk began in January as the Villanova Wildcats fell prey to the slick Terrier defense in the first of a long series of upsets. One point was the slim margin of defeat against the NCAA-bound Redmen. Despite this great showing, we found the Terriers nearly twenty point 'underdogs' to the strong Fordham Rams. The score failed to bear out the feelings of the press as the Rams went down 59-46. The letters 'N I T' became a common chant and the dream came true as we were chosen late