

Pi Alpha

THE activities of the fraternity may be placed under two different though somewhat related headings: Paddles, and Purposes. The first is perhaps the more interesting, while the second is the more important.

What paddles have to do with a fraternity should be fairly obvious to any layman who has even heard a poor pledgee stutter and stammer the day before his initiation into some Greek-lettered brotherhood. The poor fellow is first of all approached by a very stern brother, who asks him if he desires to become a member of the particular fraternity. The lad, having heard the merits of the group, says "yes," and the brother hands to him his required attire and variegated groceries for the coming night. All is well so far.

The hour having come, the pledgee betakes himself to the newly furnished fraternity house where husky brothers await his coming with joy and fear for the newcomer's immediate future. Then entering, the lad is greeted in a most pharisaical fashion; and having been searched for concealed weapons, he is subjected, among other things to the patented paddle process.

Thus is our first activity consummated. We now come to the purpose of the fraternity. First of all, the desire is to bind together a group of students, who, by concerted effort, may bring some little glory to the name of St. Francis College. No one can claim that all the geniuses are in this fraternity or all the morons in that. It would be an unjust and absurd statement. In both of the frats that exist here in St. Francis, there are groups of fellows who desire to help the college and spread its name, if possible, by their deeds. And if this purpose is to be accomplished, sincere and earnest cooperation, such as has been evident in the past, is necessary.

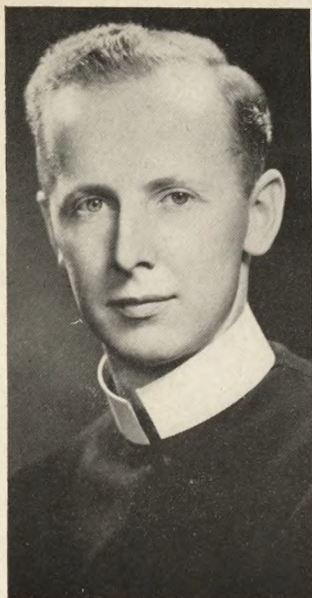
Secondly, the fraternity exists to provide the members with the recreation and relaxation that is a necessary part of college life. And in accordance with this purpose, Pi Alpha after it had succeeded in furnishing its new house on Warren Street, filled this need very well. The parties, stag and otherwise, helped to enliven days and nights when the boys were either recuperating from the drudgery of examinations, or preparing for the aforesaid drudgery. Credit must be given to Neil Condron for his fine work as Archon, and to the other officers who were never failing in real brotherliness.

Kelly, Fater, Gallagher, Keegan, McNamara, Burke, Pinne, Voit, Esau.

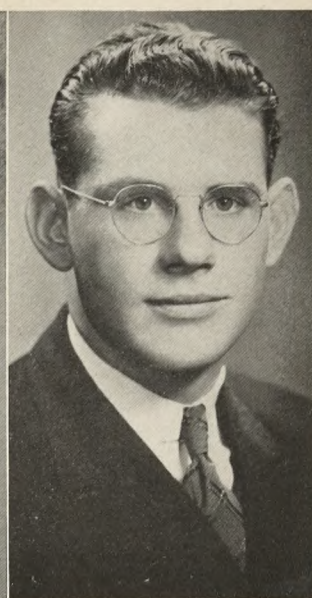
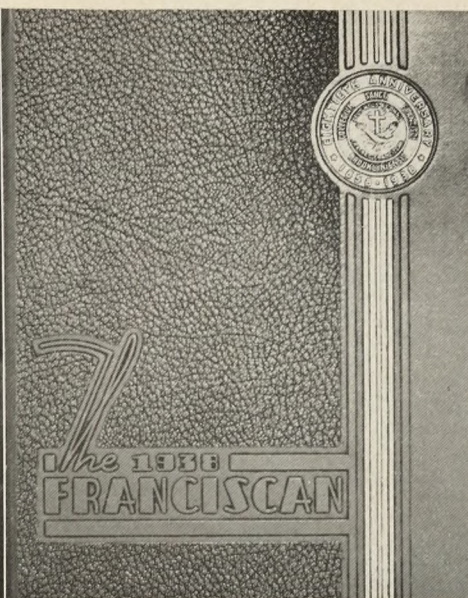
Bohan, Sheehan, Holmes, Aragona, Connors, Brennan, Carroll, Barry, Lennon, Reilly.

Gleason, Buckley, Deegan, Moffatt, Gorman, Archon Condron, Murphy, Pugliese, Minogue, Mahoney, Wielert.





Brother Leo, O.S.F.
Moderator



John Schlereth
Editor

And amidst all this excitement, in the far corner of the room sat a little boy who was even then quite unaware of the frowns of fate and the devious turn his destiny would soon take. For he was not thinking of yearbooks and advertisements, but of Latin writers and Greek poets, and of how that evening he could play with his electric trains to his heart's content. Then he was a stalwart young man with a cheerful countenance and a winning smile; today he is a broken old man with a cynical laugh and a heavy heart. For on that memorable May day that little boy was chosen editor of THE 1938 FRANCISCAN!!!! (Intermission. Smoking in the lobby only.)

But the little boy — let us call him John — either because of his great courage or his entire lack of foresight was not fazed in the least by this turn of affairs. The next day having dawned, he set about choosing other members for his venture into unknown lands. First a photography editor was chosen, a sprightly young man in the prime of life whom Dame Rumour had as being the ghost writer for Dale Carnegie. And so often did this youngster pay visits to Radio City in compliance with his duty that he is supposed to have struck up a lasting friendship with Snow White and all the Seven Dwarfs. But these bi-daily trips were only one part of his many necessary functions: he had to hire ghosts to haunt the houses of members of the class in order that they might relent and condescend to have their pretty faces photographed. And from the response at the beginning of the year, it seemed as if many of these ghosts were either inexperienced or non-union. But the work went on.

Other editors and managers were chosen, and these too had their troubles. Advertisements had to be gotten, and at times such abuse was heaped upon the innocent shoulders of the would-be ad-snarers that some have resolved to join the French Foreign Legion and forget. Some of the stories which these poor pawns of destiny brought back from their experiences might seem funny and humourous to some, but only to those with a very warped sense of the ridiculous.

Then, too, articles had to be written and candid camera shots taken and innumerable other major and minor tragedies taken care of. But soon out of the veritable chaos came a yearbook, a lovely little volume bound in red and trimmed with gold — the book which you are now holding in your hands, petite reader. And though the work has undoubtedly taken its toll in more ways than one, we are willing to forget all our efforts and mark our misfortunes to experience, if only your sensitive soul is the least bit touched and your aesthetic sense satisfied.