

representatives, our hazing charman, and our social chairman were chosen as well.

A particularly memorable experience was the induction of some of us into Phi Rho Pi or Pi Alpha after the preliminary period of dogging was over. Everyone involved took part in this with a gusto worthy of any college fraternity. During the dogging we showed the freshmen that what we had given them we could take as well.

Equally prominent on the school social calendar was the Father-Son Smoker, which gave us sophomores, in addition to the rest of the student body, a chance to bring our fathers to our school on a very social but informal occasion. It also gave us an opportunity to see the Praetor of Phi Rho Pi lose in a wrestling match to our Student Council President because the Praetor's pants fell off. What's more important is that while having a good time we knew that the monastery fund was benefiting from our support of the affair.

This, in brief, is the way we have spent our second year at Saint Francis.





We, the Freshmen of St. Francis College, are composed of the graduates of many high schools throughout the city. Our first impression of college life was, "high school was never like this." Our very first week we were made to feel at home; we were hazed. We were put through all sorts of indignities and never had a moment's peace as long as a Sophomore was about. Whatever pride or self-esteem we had was reduced to nil before the week was over. The upperclassmen delicately termed it "the separation of the men from the boys". To us it was misery. We were doused with sweet smelling perfume, marked about the face with lipstick, pelted with flour and hardest of all to bear, made to carry the books of the upperclassmen. Many of us will treasure the beanies we had to wear during hazing week. If we derived anything from wearing

Class of 1954

