



C L A S S   O F   1 9 5 3



In later years our college days will serve us as a period fraught with fond memories. It may seem a trifle early for us to have memories, but then our freshman year has been a memorable one. Already we of the Freshman class can recognize some of the experiences which we will remember after we have left these hallowed halls.

We will remember orientation week, our first activity as freshmen, with its Franciscan-spirited, forty-five minute informal talks delivered by Joe Wielert. We will remember how bewildering the next few weeks were, and how hard the sophomores worked to put us in a state of fear over the impending hazing. We will remember how finally the hazing came and would have passed quite uneventfully had we not decided on the last day to give the sophomores a little of what they had given us. We will remember how we marched to Saint John's and raucously sang to them, getting the first tinges of that ancient rivalry in our blood. We will remember the Soph-Frosh Hop, intended to be an opportunity for us to forgive the sophomores, but which in reality had to work the other way around for the disillusioned Sophs. We will remember our first contact with the Alumni Association, and how we were impressed by the list of accomplishments of former Saint Francis men, as well as by their offer to us of any help we might require. We will remember the first game of the season and how the enthusiastic Franciscan spirit made every one of us stand up and tingle with the excitement of the season's first victory. And finally we will remember that it was a freshman's girl who won the Sweet-heart contest over all the other entries made by the rest of the student body.

These will we remember, and it is in these memories that we will feel justly proud not only of our school but also of our contribution to our school in our freshman year.

RALPH L. GENTILE

