







# Freshmen

In September, 1951, St. Francis College and its class of '55 were mutually introduced. During Orientation week, we the students met each other and the college heads, and soon learned to recognize those to be consulted—and those avoided. After receiving advice about “do’s and don’ts”, we started on our college career with the Mass of the Holy Ghost.

The first few days as we soon learned, were mere warm-ups. The lectures quickly progressed from simple fundamentals to compound complications. Sleeping hours declined with the Roman Empire, dreams were filled with mathematical and chemical equations, formaldehyde and hydrogen sulfide fumes clouded our minds. Under the able guidance of Brother Giles, we developed facile pens and keys to effective English (some also claimed foot callouses from running around the library). Biology students met their term companion, The Fetal Pig. Tony Toscaninni misplaced his after three weeks; the little animal never did return. Irish folklore was incorporated into a certain history section, in which everyone (from Chiang to Maddaloni) suddenly claimed Gaelic ancestry. The word got around that it was a prerequisite for passing.

Queer sounds were emitted from the language classes, as the halls resounded with the vowels and consonants of many tongues. The “Decca” room on the second floor gave rise to many artists; “The Oil Soiled The Doily” and “Earnest, the Urging Urchin” were standard hits.

Yes, as we began to spend more and more time in the educational atmosphere of our quiet library, the fact dawned on us—we were being educated. James Driscoll,

Patty Link and John Bals were mentioned on the Dean’s List for their academic achievements.

During the third week of school, the quaint custom of hazing took place. For a period of 5 days, sophomores became our deadliest enemies and beautiful red bows and caps our most becoming apparel. A little skirmish ended the hostilities; Butler Street still bears the traces. The hazing was officially ended at the Soph-Frosh Hop, and we were accepted as real Terriers.

Naturally, college life is more than just classroom procedures. The extra-curricular activities took our interests. With the coming of the basketball season, the freshman class was well represented on both Varsity and J.V. squads. Frank Dentico was an asset to the Varsity club with his hustling all-around play. Eliot Press and Jack Prenderville proved their fine ability with dependable, steadily—improving ball.

Jack Reynolds and “Sam” Hearn were stand-out J.V. stars. Minny Mineter and Gus “Jim Thorpe” Avena also played consistent, hustling ball.

The games at the armory gave us an opportunity to show our appreciation and loyalty to the team. Kevin Charles and his “Rockettes” supplied the cheer-leading, while Jerry Laudeto and his “Rhythm Boys” (including “Bass Drum” O’Connell) took care of the music (?). The N.Y.U., Fordham, and Iona games really left us hoarse. In all, the season was a success and we have a team to be proud of.

Besides basketball, we partook in the many other extra-curricular activities, such as the I.R.C., the Bowling Club, Baseball Squad, French Club, and Troupers. The intramural basketball tournament gave the amateurs a chance to show their wares. As the days became warmer, outdoor intramural activities were introduced by Brother Roger for our benefit.

Thus was spent our first year at St. Francis College.