



Class of 1953

That two years have passed since we took our first steps as Franciscan collegians seems almost incredible.

However, it would seem far less incredible were we to examine those years more closely, for much has been crammed into them. Our freshman year, during which we tolerated a hodge-podge of the over-bearing sophomores, helpful juniors, and awe-inspiring seniors, merely helped us get into the swing of things.

We can be proud that one of our classmates, Joseph Caccavo, deservedly became photographic editor of the Franciscan and that Don Raymond was made news editor of the Voice. Our class led off the social season





with the first dance of the school year, our traditional Soph-Frosh Hop. We greeted the Christmas vacation with a rousing smoker. In sports we have been well represented by Vernon Stokes, who was consistently high-scorer on the basketball team. The Sophomore class could never be accused of indifference to Franciscan activity during the past two years.

However, Saint Francis has given us much more than we have given her. We can remember hazing the freshmen and the way they begrudgingly cooperated. We can also remember how we inculcated them with the Franciscan spirit of humility and instilled within them a taste for that ancient rivalry between Saint Francis and Saint John's. We can remember the Soph-Frosh Hop and the sportsmanlike manner in which the freshmen forgave us for all of the ignominy heaped upon their shoulders during the week.

We can remember the cramming and worrying for exams amid the helter-skelter rush to keep active in school functions. We can remember the "middle-of-the-night" eight A.M. classes and the "night-owl" six to eight P.M. labs. However, even these few inconveniences, which must of necessity accompany college life, are pleasant when viewed in retrospect.

We also had our elections. Jim Mallaghan, our