

Jim's a quiet, collar-ad type who spend most of his time in the bio. lab; lets his work speak for him. It must have spoken well for he is a Duns Scotus man. Spent his senior year trying to get personal insights into his fellow classmates' lives for his column in the school paper. Jim had a tough time as a playground director last summer controlling his charges but smilingly declares the experience to be valuable for the future.

A little black bag and a quiet unassuming gentleman entered our lives in our Junior year at St. Francis. A bit of sleuthing and it came to light that our quiet classmate was a Doctor of Medicine. The "Doc," as he is better known, has won the esteem of all his classmates for his spirit of cooperation in all the undertakings of his class. It can be truthfully said that the Class of '40 has been honored by his presence.



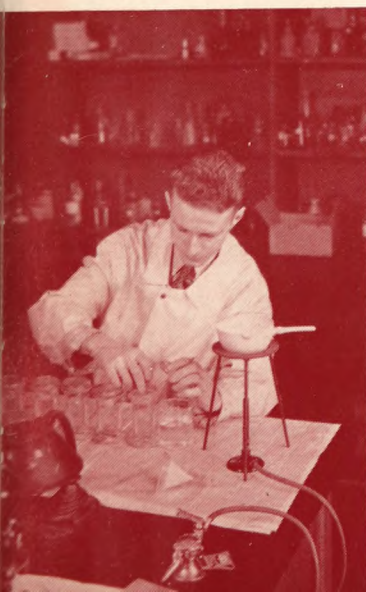
Brother Jerome, Dean, welcomes Frosh and tells what the well dressed Franciscan must wear.

Hal made his way to the College via a four year stay at St. Michael's Diocesan High School. Bespectacled and tall, he has generously given his time to collegiate activities. The factotum of the institution, Hal is an ardent devotee of the Religion Club, and a permanent fixture at the services held by the club. A major in classical languages, he claims he is safe when it comes to talking in his sleep — very few understand Latin and Greek.

"I guess that egg's about ready."

"I can't hear a thing."

"Wait'll a cop steps out."







Herb, Ed, and Gene appraise rings and contracts for the seniors

From the strains of a Beethoven symphony to the parabola of an economic graph, Pete can move with uncanny ease. A firm believer in the power and influence of art on life and at the same time an advocate of a "better business" cycle, the man from Brooklyn has quite a character. Pete is renowned for his calm and reticence. Pete has remained a good sport and a friend of the class. H. Von Ruppert will probably gain recognition as a follower of the Republican Party or as an international banker.

Four years ago a quiet, conservative fellow made the Freshman basketball team. Then the explosion came. "Dink" met "Gabby." Something like Krispies and cream (they pop). Suddenly everybody knew "Dink." His nickname became "Tuffy" and the combination of "Tuffy" and "Gabby" became inseparable. But Joe also was known for other things. A good science man, he could dash off any formula as quickly as he could run on a basketball court. "Speed" describes Joe in studies and in sports.

The Spanish heritage of Jack is easily discerned in his rapid fire speech which is only stopped by one thing — sleep. An excellent athlete, his diving prowess has been an important factor in the successful record of our natators. Ethics seems to be his only big worry in life while his ideal paradise is Manhattan Beach as viewed from his lifeguard's chair. His aspiration to teach has gradually abated since his practice teaching course.

"The crux of the question is this..."

"For a dry cell this looks awfully wet."

"Fine time to start conserving water!"

