

# Class of '39

## JUNIOR B

EDWARD MURPHY .....	President
THOMAS RANDAZZO .....	Vice-President
MATTHEW LYNCH .....	Secretary
ALBERT SCHELLENBERG .....	Treasurer
JOHN ESAU .....	Scribe

## JUNIOR A

JOSEPH LENNON .....	President
FRANK ROLAND .....	Vice-President
JOHN BARRY .....	Secretary

Happiness Ahead



**B**Y tradition, college social life is generally supposed to find its climax in a successful Junior Prom; and if there ever was any doubt about the truth of this popular notion, the present Junior class must have dispelled it once and for all on that memorable Friday evening of February 8th. Hotel Victoria, with its main ballroom transformed into a soft-colored, bejewelled mellowness; the inimitable Harry Arnold with his velvety syncopation; dancing couples, a hundred and fifty of them, with brilliantly-colored light beams gently playing on their happy countenances — all blended harmoniously to effect the most enjoyable social event of the college year.

Escorting the Juniors into this delightful night of festivities was Al Schellenberg, Junior Prom Chairman. Aided by a general committee consisting of John Murphy, John Esau, Thomas Randazzo, Matthew Lynch, and Robert Sammon, Al has spared no effort to make the 1938 Prom outstanding in student memories, and that he and his committee succeeded in their purpose all who attended the affair will eagerly testify.

But social affairs alone did not engage the attention of the Juniors during the year. Equally successful were they in scholastic achievement, club activity, and athletic endeavor.

Four members of the class entered the intellectual hallow of Duns Scotus. The honor society installed John and Edward Murphy, Al Schellenberg, and John Esau. The *Voice*, with John Esau as associate editor and Denis O'Brien as circulation manager, enlisted the talents of John Baiardi, Edward and John Murphy, Harry Zimmer, Matthew Lynch, and Thomas Randazzo. In the Oratorical Finals Carl Dengel speaking on "Red Clouds over the



Red, White, and Blue," Gerard Minogue on "Subsistent Wage," and John Esau on "The Future of Labor" represented the Juniors and upheld their honor and prestige.

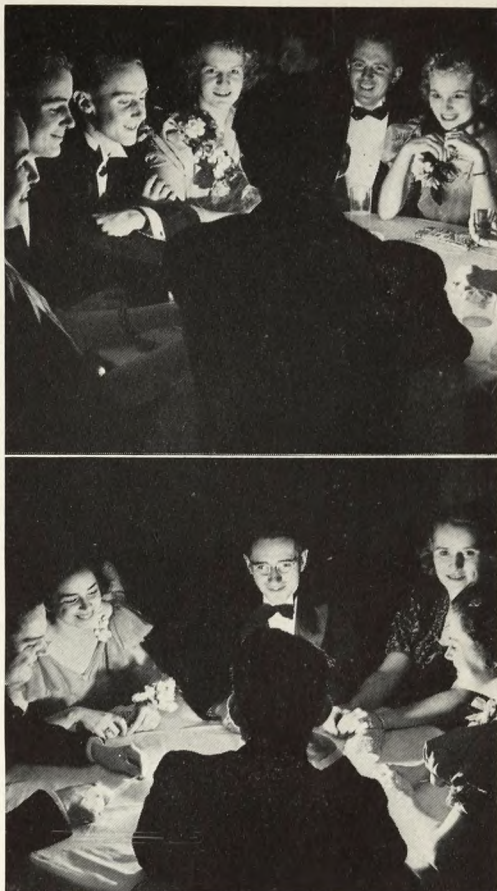
John Baiardi, properly indicated as a budding Toscanini, took unto himself the instrumental finesse of Denis O'Brien, violinist, and formed a school ensemble. The successful conductor then called upon the lyric talents of Edward and John Murphy, Matthew Lynch, and Alfred Marcoux to found a college Glee Club. John Murphy assisted as club treasurer.

Active in all religious societies and functions were Harry Zimmer, Denis O'Brien, Edmund Aherne, Eugene Kerley, and Vincent Carey. George Rudkin officiated as president of the Indicator Chemistry Club, while Edward Murphy assumed the secretaryship of the Student Council. Junior Class members also played an active part in such intercollegiate activities as the National Federation of Catholic College Students and the Catholic Press Association.

In athletic achievement the Junior B basketeers reached the semi-finals of the interclass tournaments with a well-groomed combination of Edward and Jack Murphy, Matthew Lynch, Albert Marcoux, John Puleo, Thomas Randazzo, George Rudkin, Al Schellenberg, and George Albano. Ernest Vohs, a member of the varsity, coached the successful outfit.

In the scientific clubs, in the intellectual organizations, and in the little unsung assistances the class aided with:

"If it were done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."



The Witching Hour

**A**MIDST the ethereal turmoil of intense intellectuality that effervesces in the too near vicinity of this 82nd precinct is the youngster section of the Class of '40. In the mad race to attain an education at the hands of the excellent Franciscans, this particular branch of the Junior Class has maintained a nip and tuck position at the front with its step brothers.

Admittedly among the strangest things that happen at college is the way lads pass from one grade to another, mysterious, unbelievable, incongruous, but yet a stark reality. Here, with two and a half years under its belt, the class finds itself slightly battle-scarred, punch drunk with gorging itself at the fountains of knowledge. Who would believe that the crowd was once a bewildered and too ignorant conglomeration of youthful hope and expectation? Then some happy Fate waved its hand and the class found itself luminously inscribed in the hall of sophomoric wonder. Now it is in its third year offering no explanation.

As time marches on it soon begins to pace madly and then the Junior A's will find themselves in the parade of polished erudite Seniors. But ere that time comes, they will have proven themselves fit to wear the crown of intellectual manhood.