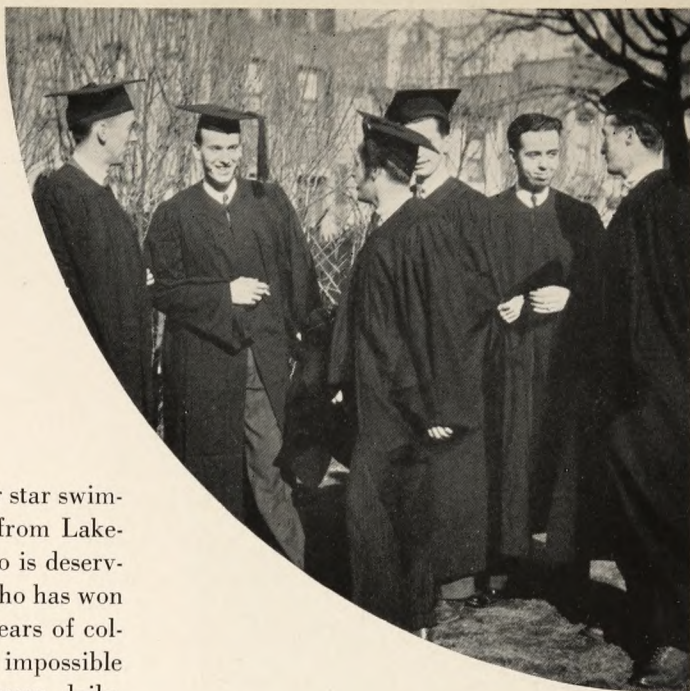


Frank and a history book always went hand in hand. This chubby red-head was a terror in the inter-class games, holding off opposing teams single-handed. His costume at the Senior Barn Dance was so perfect that hay began to sprout from behind his ears. Frank did a swell job collecting ads for the business staff of the year book. His genial personality has made him welcome at every function of the college.

It appears to be quite appropriate that our star swimmer of the past four years should hail from Lakewood, New Jersey. Charlie is one boy who is deserving of the respect of his classmates, and who has won the admiration of all. Throughout four years of college he has engaged himself in the almost impossible task of working evenings, attending classes daily, practicing swimming, and maintaining his scholastic standing. Truly he has set his mark at St. Francis.

This slim, dark-haired sonneteer from the reaches of Bay Ridge will always be remembered by us for his quiet and unobtrusive manner. During his four years here John has done well all those things in which he engaged. His smiling face and his happy-go-lucky disposition have been the main reasons for the high place of esteem that Johnny has attained in the hearts of his classmates.



Baccalaureate services lift the curtain on a week of festivities. The boys talk over the program.

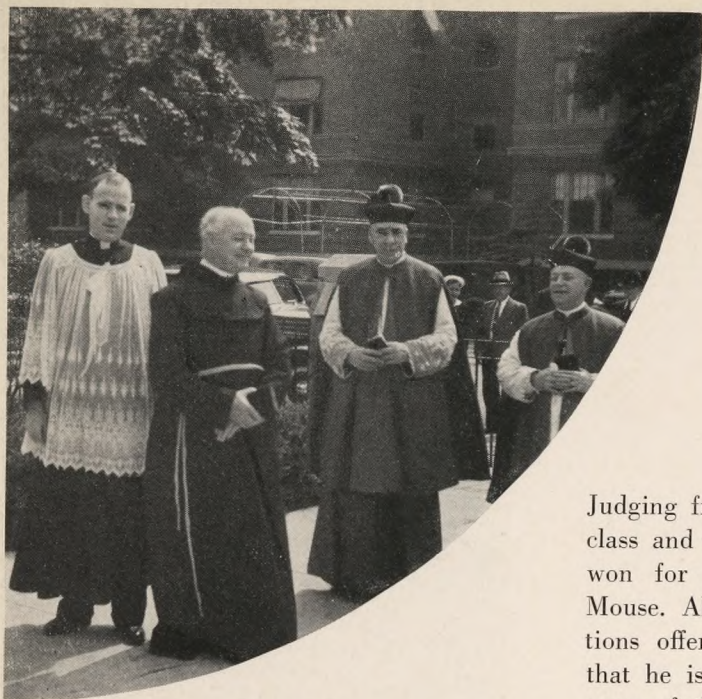
over the seven jewelled hills, beyond the seventh falls, etc."

"What was that Edison invented?"

"Hey, copy boy! Run up the corner and get me an aspirin."







Brother Columba, Father McLees, Msgr. Connelly, and Msgr. Reilly follow Baccalaureate procession in preparation for Commencement.

The Phys-Chem Lab. would indeed be a dull place had Sid not returned to us from Brooklyn College to resume his studies here. Casting tiny reflections of his wit about him, he rouses his three fellow classmen to laughter and subsequent distraction. But as he is humorous, so too he is serious. At present he superintends the accumulation of varied pharmaceutical data which he intends to employ in his future drug enterprises.

Judging from the noiseless way he came into our class and his silent existence ever since, Stad has won for himself the undisputed title of Class Mouse. Although there have been some explanations offered for Jerry's reticence, including one that he is doing undercover work for the F.B.I., none of these have been substantiated. The only conclusion left is that he believes in being quiet until there is really something to say.

When you think of Jim, you think of class basketball. For Jim was always the one to lead his team when it came to those inter-class tournaments. A quiet fellow—you never knew Jim was around, till somebody got down to brass tacks, then Jim was always the fellow to give you the facts. A fine Latin scholar, Jim was never at a loss for words when someone wanted a Latin quotation.

"That's funny, this stuff is turning green."

"Hey Bill, going to eat?"

"All Gaul is divided into three parts."

