

Tall, dark, and handsome, Barry is the one fellow in St. Francis who will answer to the names Pete, Joe, John, or Jack. By popular acclaim, he is and always will be Pete to his classmates. His favorite diversion — travel — has carried him to a number of widely separated points on the North American continent. Although he has been known to attend practically every college dance during his stay here, no one can remember his having the same date twice.

There's no mistaking Ed; his touch of diplomacy monopolizes his positive personality. As talkative and persuasive as Baby Snooks, Ed is quite a business man, believing that the first requisite to living is an economics book. A nifty dresser otherwise, he likes himself best in tails and never missed the opportunity to attend a college formal. Ed spent his summers setting 'em up at Coney. Only time remains between him and success.



Registration; courses, schedules become a part of life again.

His stocky frame and curly hair are Stu's two outstanding physical characteristics. During his stay at St. Francis he has avidly devoured the scholastic curriculum as well as Boston cream pie at the College Bakery. Cheerful and happy-go-lucky, Stu is best renowned for his axiomatic "more steam, Jackson," which is often brought into play in the classrooms. His background as a longshoreman is easily discerned on the basketball court during intramurals.

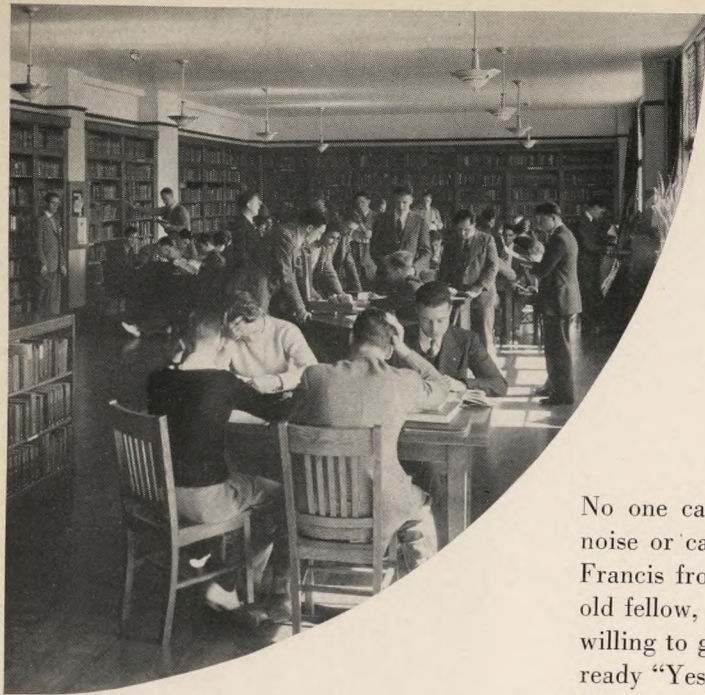
"Hey, Oscar, sit up and beg."

"Who's got the clipper I left here?"

"Little more steam down there, Jackson."







Assignments; English, Latin, Philosophy papers force the boys to the books.

Newton and Descartes are not alone in their genius. A senior competitor has stepped into the race within the past four years in the person of John Burke. His philosophical and calm attitude towards life has proved that John has the stuff of "a man." We like to think of John as the man with the voice, as the man who sees the worst and convinces everyone that it's leading to the best. It is foolish to bet against his future success.

No one can honestly accuse Herb of making any noise or causing any trouble. Since he came to St. Francis from far off Queens, he has been the same old fellow, a good sport, and a hard worker always willing to give a hand. That *Voice* deadline and his ready "Yes, Chief" put many a wrinkle in his brow. We are certain that the "thin man" will continue to live his quiet, conscientious life after he is the authority on New York libraries. Happy sailing, Herb.

The next time the Federal Constitution is amended or a new field is opened in Journalism, you can look for a fellow called Dan Burns behind it. For between guiding the destiny of an embryonic Student Council and changing the *Voice* to a newspaper form, Dan has been quite busy these past four years. But Dan is not all business; his Cum Grano Salis has accorded him the distinction of the best humorist to make a deadline.

"Leaning on the ole top rail."

"You owe a nickel on that book."

"I wonder if it'll explode."

