



JUNIORS and SOPHOMORES

Blair Allen
 Russell Blake
 James Buchanan
 Charles Campbell
 Robert Capon
 Anthony Carotenuto
 John Casey
 Brother Casimir
 Henry Clyne
 Thomas Colgan
 John Cook
 Francis Costello
 Anthony Coyne
 Joseph Criscuoli
 Cyril Cunningham
 Francis Curry
 Charles De Silva
 Joseph Dolan
 Gilbert Eaton
 Stephen Ferraro
 Paul Fiore

Thomas Flynn
 Joseph Freiss
 Ralph Frevola
 William Gannon
 Alexander Greeley
 Joseph Jaccarino
 Gilbert Joyce
 Alexander Kelly
 John Korniewicz
 Gerard Langton
 Leo Lloyd
 Thomas Lowery
 James Lynch
 Joseph Mandina
 Vincent Mallen
 John Maloney
 Warren Mayers
 Arthur McKiernan
 Philip Mazzone
 Daniel McCarthy
 John McMorro

Emil Mele
 Donald Metz
 Thomas O'Brien
 William O'Keefe
 Edward Partenio
 Lennart Peterson
 Edmund Pfeifer
 Florian Pisarski
 Raymond Rau
 Richard Reid
 Edward Romano
 Gerard Romeo
 Robert Rossiter
 William Ryan
 Lawrence Schembri
 Arthur Suhren
 Nicholas Sussillo
 John Travers
 Arthur Waldman
 Henry Wall

THE JUNIORS AND SOPHOMORES

"Hey Frosh" . . . (Ooops, that's us) . . . "roll up them pants!!" — the words which greeted us as we began our college careers as Franciscans . . . our education began . . . the Borough Hall session with the Sophs . . . our dip in the "swimming pool" in the arbor . . . the "strip tease" act in the gym, which followed the Frosh-Soph basketball game — which was never played . . . the enjoyable evening had by all at the Soph-Frosh dance . . . the crayfish fights in the Bio Lab . . . Mr. Schwendeman's spelling tests . . . the approach of final exams . . . we learn the meaning of "burning the midnight oil" (only it burned till three and four A.M.) . . . the last mile as we walked down the corridor into the cold, uninviting gym . . . final reports and a sigh of relief — for some.

We are Frosh B, now . . . not awkward green-horns anymore . . . now feel as if we deserve the respect of the rest of the college . . . We remember Dec. 7, and are taking more courses and working a little harder . . . Mr. McNicholas, the speed demon of the lecture room, receives a commission as Ensign in the Navy . . . the ever-popular Doc Dwyer comes to replace him . . . "Doc" Mandina's imitation of Jimmy Cagney during Fr. Sutherland's religion class . . . Joe Bongiorno's version (s) of his automobile accident . . . The trip to Philly with the basketball team . . . the Glee Club concert at the Academy of Music . . . the victory over St. John's at the Garden . . . Commencement exercises at the Academy of Music.

Here we are, Sophs, with no Freshmen to haze (but wait until September) . . . the accelerated program has begun . . . we arise in the middle of the night, and grope our way towards our eight o'clock classes . . . Mr. Schwendeman decides to hold class in the student's room, so that he will have some one to teach . . . The summer course is successfully completed . . . we leave St. Francis for a much needed vacation. (Oh, yeah!)

At last, September has arrived . . . so have the Freshmen. Under the supervision of Leo Lloyd and Al Greeley a Freshman Hazing Committee is soon established . . . We function smoothly for about ten or fifteen minutes. Then, urged on by the Juniors and Seniors, seventy-eight timid, Lilliputian-like (???) Frosh overturn Musacchia's car — while "Mush" is still in it . . . Prudently, we refrain from violence, but engage in all-out effort to make the coming Soph-Frosh Hop the huge success that it eventually was.

We are Juniors now . . . much more dignified, and are beginning to doubt whether we really do it all . . . the Army, Navy, and Marines invade St. Francis . . . bewildered looks of Physics students . . . Steve Ferraro's historic remark: "But, Mr. Schwendeman, what good will Swinburne do me in a fox hole?" . . . and the latter's answer: "Best wishes for 1943" . . . Emil Mele goes weird in the Voice and wild on the basketball court . . . Jim Cunningham comes in to take one exam, and winds up taking three . . . Sad farewells to Tony "Carots" and Bob Capon . . .

We look forward with great pleasure to the coming years we may spend here at St. Francis or to the honor and glory we may bring to our Alma Mater on the far-flung battle-fronts of this great nation.