

Brother Anthony—founder of first Mendel Society in the U. S. . . . went to Ireland for a vacation . . . war prolongs vacation . . . frosh still waiting to meet him. Wilfred J. Badgley—youngest layman on the faculty . . . lost ulcers, received M.A. . . . undecided as to what to trade for his Ph.D. . . . friend of the frosh.

Rev. Otto V. Beck—felt “Blitzkrieg” and returned to St. Francis . . . widely traveled . . . threatens exams but procrastinates . . . motto “kindness should motivate everyone’s life.”

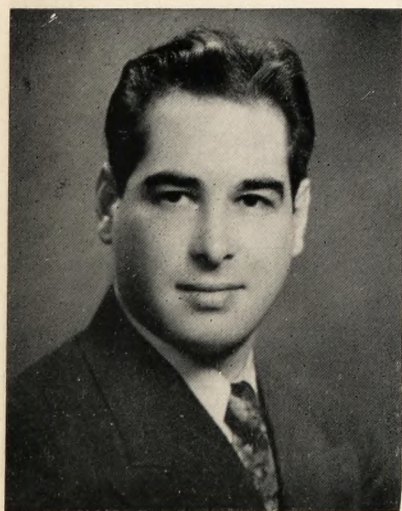
Francis J. Carway—“Bon jour,” regardless of weather or time of day . . . Faculty Club president . . . seen at all dances with his sister . . . connoisseur extraordinaire.

Brother Christopher—tries to reconcile ping-pong championship with solution of social problems . . . peace ambassador from “Bahston.” . . . is proof that a prof is more than a textbook wired for sound.

Bernard Cioffari—Scientific encyclopedia “condenzzed” . . . affirms axiom that all good things come in small packages . . . wrote a textbook . . . tries to sell it . . . “stop foolingaround with the proper fungtion.”

Rev. Thomas I. Conerty—time and Conerty wait for no man . . . “three lines from the bottom of the page” . . . “kernl eofthe problem is . . .” “take some questions” . . . “you can choose any twenty out of twenty-one” . . . “The meat is in the margin” . . . “in a nutshell.”

Edwin F. Corlis—handsomest prof . . . always smiling . . . warns against mistaking a lumberjack zipper for a chute ring . . . “no lecture, I left my notes home.”



EDWIN F. CORLIS, PH.D.  
*Professor of Biology*





Francis A. Delaney—mustache—“hair” today—gone tomorrow . . . “in the realm of” . . . “see me in the dark room” . . . “did anyone see my ‘boy’ ” . . . ardent devotee of terpsichorean art.

Marcel E. Droz—little man who’s seldom here . . . proctors exams expertly . . . week-end guest . . . freshmen think he’s a ringer . . . part-time custodian of the Chem lab.

Brother Edmund—Cagney’s double . . . walking champ of the monastery . . . “got us coming and going” (in 1936 and in 1940) . . . “Mister Deewgan” . . . “keep the chairs in place” . . . “cross your t’s”

Miss Betty Lou Farwell—never heard of Tommy Riggs . . . “let’s have a little quiet” . . . good librarian . . . buried in research . . . still looking for Austin Murphy, class of ’38.

Rev. John J. Fleming—“see?” . . . “what do you think, doctor?” . . . supports the teams . . . “confer Ristuccia on medical questions” . . . good athlete . . . reflects Pfeifer in “cum fundamento in re” . . . carries more books with him than a parnassus on wheels.

Louis J. Gregory—“take the sanitation exam—I’ll give you the dirt on it” . . . a home man . . . “I helped build the 8th Avenue system” . . . goes hunting, but winds up buying venison steak . . . “visit the ‘bible’ towns” . . . “buy domestic wines, goreign wines are spiked.”

Frederick J. Kenny—“hold that question till next year” . . . “keep those sinks clean” . . . “don’t contaminate the stopper” . . . “did you read my new book?” . . . sit down striker.

John C. LeClair—“there’s a very good article in ‘America’ this issue . . . I wrote it, ask me if you don’t believe me.” . . . “have that report postmarked by midnight or save it for posterity” . . . “come up and get your note books as you stagger out.”



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