

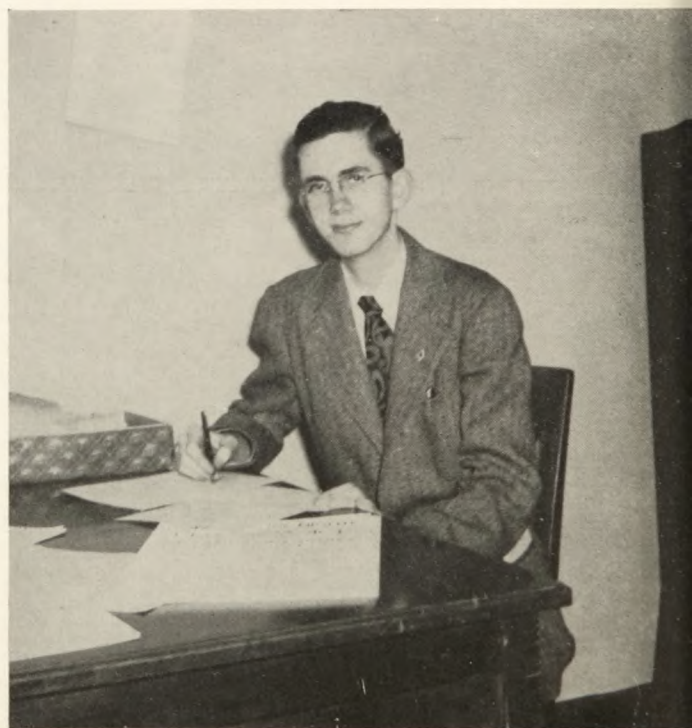


one, but nevertheless they attempted this huge task by making the paper as interesting and varied as was possible, so that no student would feel neglected or lost in the increasing number of activities. Rather "The Voice" wished to make each student a real Franciscan, a true and integral part of the College, and through its staff, has done its best in this direction.

In January, Charlie was graduated. With Charlie's departure, "The Voice" staff was revised and the former Editor's plans materializing, the office was painted and renovated. Room was also made for other organizations, including the C.W.V., N.F.C.C.S. and Student Council.

The Student Council, following the Constitution, nominated John Lynch as the new Editor. Associate Editors Bob Maher, Bill Fitzgerald, and Rog Egan also aided in formulating the paper's policy. Bill Burke became News Editor, Gerry McGrath was named Feature Editor, and Jim Brennan remained as Circulation Manager. Jim Balogh assumed the office of Business Manager. Other features were added; reporting club news, Collegiate and Intercollegiate activities, writing feature columns such as the "Franciscan of the Week" and "Speak Up."

At all times the editors and staff were mindful of their obligations in serving all the students' interests—wide and varied as they are. The editors understood full well they could not please every-





the franciscan

The editors and staff of every yearbook printed in these United States have tried to make their book the best one ever. How well they succeed is another story, but the year spent in preparation is always worth the effort. It's a lot of work, confusion, cussing, hurrying and some hysterics, but it's fun and a tremendous amount of satisfaction.

You all know the size of the Franciscan office. At one desk sits Don McCarty, pecking away with two fingers at the typewriter. "What's that guy's address? Maybe he'll send us ten bucks." Jimmy Cusack writing away at a pad of yellow scrap—"Who made that last basket against Copenhagen Poly Snuff?" And Harry Rose—"What can I draw about this guy? Who knows anything about that character, characters?" And Howie Prue—"Come on you guys, get on the ball. We gotta get this thing out, and I do mean out." Connie Gradilone walks in; "Just took a picture of the ——— Club. Those crums wouldn't stand still. Did Charlie Silva send in those negatives yet?" (See—well



organized, on the ball.) Prue scratches his head, "Hmmm—five bucks apiece—that's \$3,800. Fellas, we gotta make up a \$700 deficit. Now let's hustle up those ads. Twist their arms, cry on their shoulders, kiss their babies (under 16, I mean) but get that cash!"

Our first suggestion to next year's staff is that they get somebody who knows how to type. The two-finger system is an awful pain in the neck. But in spite of sitting up half the night typing, rushing back and forth from school to the pub-