



Sophomores

The college curriculum infrequently affords men of St. Francis time to meet as a class. But the yearbook photograph did afford one of those spasmodic, but enjoyable encounters. And aside from all the rollicking and ensuing conversation, there was abundant evidence that two years of college life had left its inevitable alterations.

Perhaps most noticeable was our numerical depletion, partly inevitable, partly not. There were a few new faces, not very many, but all heartily welcomed into the clan. Of course, there was the original hard core, just a bit harder maybe, because of hazing week, dogging, eight formal examinations and numerous other tantalizers and obligations. We have become well accustomed to college life, and particularly the type proffered here at St. Francis.

Each year, somehow or other, presents new thrills and unlocks the doors of a few more of life's paths, paths that themselves lead to other equally inviting experiences. Moreover, we have had a great deal of fun at other diversions, some of them, no doubt, at the expense of other unfortunate individuals. As freshmen, we took our lumps during hazing week, although events on that Friday somehow confused the issue as to who were really being hazed, the freshmen or sophomores. However, time has a refreshing way of rearranging situations, so that last September, we sophomores, whip in hand, meted out the official student greeting to incoming neophytes. Happily, for those frosh that is, enmity gradually yielded to gracious toleration and so the week culminated in the Soph-Frosh Hop. Significantly, this year's affair was a grand success, both socially and financially. The new group walked no longer in fear and trepidation, but tried and not found too wanting, they were admitted into the Franciscan fold. Peace once again reigned supreme in the halls of St. Francis and along the rubble strewn sidewalks of Butler Street.

We sophomores can review our two years at the college with a pride born of accomplishment. For if there is any verity in the statement, as undoubtedly there is, that any school is worth only what the students make it, then the stature of St. Francis could only have been enhanced by the contributions of the contemporary sophomore class. With the present small enrollment, each man assumes a more individually important role in college affairs. It is virtually impossible and very likely personally undesirable to enumerate the varied accomplishments of the entire class, for it has projected itself into every phase of college activities. Therefore, the relatively few published names must stand as representative of the entire group. Bob Minion has been our President for both terms. Presently Tom Lynch, Bernard Veney and Anthony Puglisi are administering the offices of Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer. We are represented on the Student Council by Ed Quigley, Mike Walsh and Mike Dempsey. We have jumping Jack Walsh and handy Hank Daubenschmidt along with George Searing currently starring on a clicking basketball squad. Hopping around at random, we present a veritable flurry of names penning for THE VOICE, among whom Don Pabst, Tom Vroman and Jim Toal are numbered. Maybe Bob Furey doesn't run the college yet, but he's in a club having some such tendencies. Along with many others, Aldo-Mazzarino keeps the Mendel Club buzzing, while Dick Dunn wields the Vice Presidency of the Third Order of Saint Francis. Sophomores are amply represented in the Vocation Club, for example, John Whelan, Joe Pfeiffer, Richard Schaefer, etc. This cursory glance, of necessity, only scratches the surface, for many of the aforementioned are members of several organization as are the other sophomores, unfortunately not recognized.

Aside from all these incidentals, sophomores also are scholastic minded. We are not given the appellation of "sophomore" undeservedly (sophomore—from the Greek, wise.) We, as a class, are proud of one another's scholarly and other abilities and, giving thanks where it is due, we, in the name of Our Lord, tender our sincere gratitude to the Franciscan Brothers and our profound sense of personal loyalty to St. Francis College.

