



up the thread of our narrative, which, prior to this was just so many bits of silk, torn asunder by forces beyond our control, but once again united and woven together after many disjointed years. Our Senior Year opened in September 1946 with the traditional "Mass of the Holy Ghost" in St. Paul's Church. Not only did the school year open but also our eyes—wide open—at the sight of the gigantic size of the Freshman Class—about 350 strong they were—the largest in the history of the College. We anxiously waited to see what kind of hazing would take place; much to our disappointment none did. The disappointment we felt when the hazing failed to come off was replaced with a spirit of optimism when the Soph-Frosh Smoker and the resultant Soph-Frosh Hop proved to be huge social successes. We were sure that Franciscan Spirit was still a reality embodied in our lower classmen.

As for ourselves, we were faced with the prospect, in most cases, of assum-



ing extra heavy schedules, which meant many long hours both in and out of class. Our main interest was to complete our college courses which had begun many years ago and fit ourselves for the task of finding our respective places in life. Those of us who finished our courses in February were fortunate in that we completed them under the war-time regulations which had suspended comprehensive exams. We left the other half of the Class our condolences, for they had the honor of being the first class to be re-subjected to that pre-war form of mental torment.

On the lighter side of school life, we anxiously awaited the opening of the basketball season, confident that "our" team was the best in the land. Father "Moose" McCormack had told us that at the Pep Rally just before the first game. Although the official records may not bear out that statement, the boys certainly provided us with thrills galore in and out of the Garden.

Sketchy as this history may be, the richest part of it lies in our individual hearts. Each of us has his own personal "class history", as seen through his own eyes. It would seem to profane those sacred thoughts to attempt to capture them in the written word, and so we leave them unmolested and inviolable.

