



Class of '41

WIDE-EYED, mouth agape, and heart aflutter, a group of innocuous-looking youngsters entered the hallowed halls of St. Francis. Trying to be nonchalant with all the gaucherie of their teens, they soon were initiated into the presence of their professors to await their pearls of wisdom. But yet others had survived these ordeals, so with hopeful hearts these novices in the nuances of collegiate endeavor awaited the carefree aspect that comes with the attaining of sophomore maturity. Where was that vaunted happy-go-lucky atmosphere so insidiously portrayed in the cinematic college? Alas, with the awakening into reality, the Class of '41 came to realize that passing grades depended on performance.

From the great day when Vinnie Kenny bet Mike Cafarella that he had a Trig problem correct, to the occasion when Ferris became so courageous that he refused a sophomore a cigarette, the Frosh found themselves advancing in age and wisdom, despite the evidence of their report cards. How apt it seemed when our class president first addressed us as "Fellow Sufferers." What pains of anguish went through our youthful hearts when the first results of our exams were made known. What sentiments of pride of manhood motivated us when first we dared vacate a room when a professor was ten minutes late. But the acme of perfection seems to have been reached when John Donnelly let a period go past without proposing a puzzler to his professor.

Alas no longer are we youthful nor innocent in the ways of college. Today we are a man.

