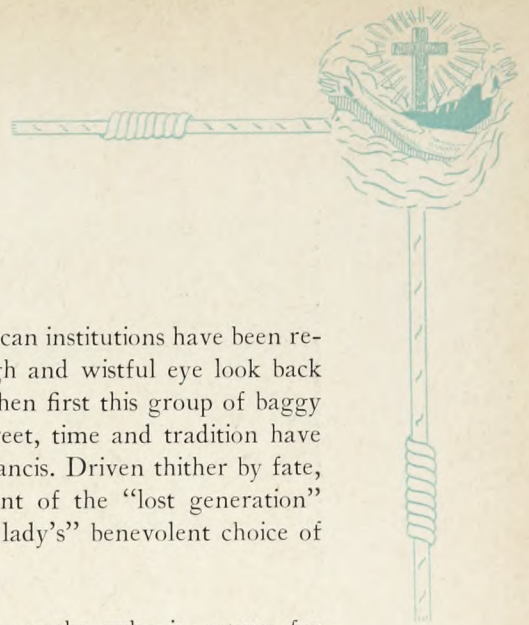


CLASS OF 1940





## Class of '40

Now that the peace and quiet so characteristic of Franciscan institutions have been restored, the Freshmen class may with a nostalgic sigh and wistful eye look back upon their first eventful year. Since that early morning when first this group of baggy pantalooned juveniles beat their weary path to Butler Street, time and tradition have left many indelible marks on the newest sons of old St. Francis. Driven thither by fate, depression, and the Smith Street trolley, this last remnant of the "lost generation" hid themselves to the registrar's lair to receive the "first lady's" benevolent choice of courses.

The word "hazing" held no fear for these callow youths, who in return for an honorarium received scarlet skull-drapes and similarly splurged ties to wear until "Death or the Rush doth us part." After a fortnight of hazing activities, which included the legalized filching of cigarettes, walking in the gutter, and lifting police stanchions overhead—the annual Rush reared its head above the "pestivities." Skinned noses, blackened orbs, pairs of air-conditioned pants fluttering bashfully from their owners' shafts, human carcasses dribbled on the hardwood floor—remorse, regret, relief . . . The youngsters were almost on the verge of packing their gladstones with hopes as disappointed as the bridesmaid in a Listerine ad.

But the lighter and jovial side overshadowed any distorted imagination of "hard traveling." Certain individuals began ere long to show themselves as standouts in different fields. Jim Naughton and Joe Dzienkiewicz paced the Frosh five to a most successful season, helped in no small measure by their comrades, George Silvia, Frank Hrbeck, Jerry O'Neill, et als. Joe Mahoney inaugurated his college life by receiving the highest honor the class could bestow—its presidency—and vindicated his classmates' choice by continued activity and interest in everything pertaining to their welfare. Mr. Miles' track quadruplets placed St. Francis' name among the leading Freshman relay teams in the East, giving rise to hopeful dreams for the future. Tom Booras' mermen were notably aided by Jack Escales and George Price who, in the meets in which they participated, garnered many a helpful point that meant victory, while Charlie Crosby, George Parry, and John Berbrich threaten to displace some of the present stars in future competition. Thus did the Freshman class lay claim to being the most athletically-minded class of recent times.

With all their tribulations, no one should ridicule this seemingly happy-go-lucky class of '40. No matter how you becloud the issue, upper classmen, you cannot deny that these lads contributed unselfishly to the college census.