



## *'42 A Legend*

The Class of '42 ambled into Saint Francis College four years ago as a happy, carefree group of potential students and now four years have passed and that group has become a more serious, more responsible and a more purposeful body. We hope that the story of this metamorphosis is interesting and that we can convey what we feel and remember about those four years to you as vividly as it lives in us. Well, it's curtain-time, so on with the show!

### *Act One:*

So this is college. We stood in awe before the registrar and saw her look over our application. Then we filled out a "life history" in triplicate and had an interview with the Dean. "Why are you coming to college, young man?" That really stumped us. We stammered "— er — uh — I — er — want to be — er — educated — — er, sir." Boy, what a snappy comeback! Somehow we lived through that day of agony and our next test was with the Sophs. Skipping the unpleasant preliminaries, the Sophs bowed in defeat on Rush-day and all was forgiven at the hop that night. Then we knuckled down to serious study — of the other fellow's notes.

### *Act two:*

Egad, that summer was short. Oh well, now we can beat up the Freshmen. Oops, I spoke too soon. Foul! They have 'ringers.' "Natcherly we didn't win. We were outnumbered five to one." They'll see how wrong they were when they take Ethics. However our forgiving natures got the better of us and we hosted the Frosh that night in the Palestra. After the Rush that burning question, "What happened to the tug rope?" burned quite a hole in the class exchequer — and I do mean 'EX.' Now back to studies and other boring things. Doc Kenny unveils the first edition of his text.

### *Act three:*

Back in harness again after living on our Unemployment Insurance Checks all summer. Draft clouds hover over the College and the Student Room gang work out a solution for the world's problems. Yipes! Another edition. We revive long enough to plan the Junior Prom at the Hotel Pierre, a gala occasion for the Juniors and their friends. It was an outstanding success, meaning it had no deficit. We look down on the lower-classmen so we won't notice the Seniors who are looking down on us. We impress the Frosh by discussing Philosophical problems or by spouting a long Organic Chemistry formula we memorized.

### *Act four:*

Here we are on the last lap and no one is more surprised than we. Gee, it's great to be looked up to and respected for our learning, (it says here). The Draft gets closer and the class gets smaller. Defense industry booms and beckons to many while 'Uncle Sam requests the pleasure of our presence at an informal gathering on Governor's Island' or else. Dec. 7 arrives. More students enlist favoring the Air Corps. "Why Brother Jerome, do those rules apply to the Seniors too?"

This is a rather sketchy Class History but we feel it is adequate. To those to whom it really matters, the Class of '42, their days at St. Francis are more deeply remembered and remembered in greater detail and sharpness than any book is capable of conveying. It would lose too much in publication and that is why we present a typical day in the life of a St. Francis student on the following pages in place of the usual long-winded Class History.