

The Class of '40

BEFORE the class of '40 departs it may leave a few outstanding records of scholastic achievement in the secret archives of the administration offices, but it is more than probable that it will be long remembered by the class of '41 for its pleasant thoughtfulness in conducting the hazing activities. Such incidents as the Freshman march up Butler Street, with all saluting in Hitler fashion as they passed the dictator Glynn who was at that moment being driven from a parlor floor window sill that had served as a makeshift reviewing stand; the pail of water that the kind woman on Court Street made use of to disperse the Freshman gathering; the chagrin of the Prep teachers when they were disturbed by the sweet flowing words of the dictator as he harangued the populace on the monastery grounds; the Freshman-Sophomore Hop, where hazing policies were dropped and lasting friendships were inaugurated — all will serve as reminders of the class of '40.

Its deeds, however, were not limited to tantalizing the newcomers. Throughout the school the varsity basketball team was known as the Soph aggregation, for no less than five of the players were second year men, Jim Naughton, Frank Hrbek, Joe Dzienkiewicz, Will Willis and Jerry O'Neill. It was the aggressive playing of these men that carried Saint Francis over some of the rough spots of a difficult schedule and near the end of the season this same type of play lead to the important triumph over Villanova. In the roster of the class is John Lynch, star of the swimming team and one of the finest back-strokers in the East.

The lads already have begun to look longingly to the leisurely life of Juniors where Freshmen are ignored and ladies adored — the Junior Prom is in the offing. The reports have it that that is the best year in collegiate existence. Well, we are ready for it.

AFTER the smoke of battle had cleared away and the scars of Freshman struggle had turned to Sophomore glory, only twelve surviving members of the former yearlings were found intact. Firmly convinced that what was lacking in quantity they could supply in quality, this greatly diminished but stout-hearted group resolved to carry on and to make their class an active one in all Franciscan enterprises.

As president, "Bud" Maher has been most successful in achieving the goal set at the beginning of the year. In all his efforts he was always ably assisted by the other class officers, Gerald Brennan and Joseph Ristuccia.

Sports and other extra-curricular activities provided the class with many opportunities of bringing forth its hidden talent. In basketball, Brennan is perhaps the best known class representative; in fact, he entertains hopes of being among the "first five" on the Varsity in the not too distant future. Although they finished in seventh place in the interclass tournament, the Sophomores can still hold their heads high because of the fine playing of Ristuccia, Maher, Giuliano, and O'Keefe.

The participation of the Sophomores in the college fraternities can be vouched for by anyone who has seen Maurice Ferris and Herman Michels running loose about the building. With gaudy red ribbons and dog biscuits around their necks, they looked much like fugitives from an insane asylum.

The recently-formed school orchestra found a willing worker and a good musician in Ed O'Keefe. Another energetic Sophomore, Harold Cox, as president of the Interracial Society represented St. Francis in intercollegiate conferences. With men such as these the Sophomore class is destined for much prominence in the future.



THE FRESHMEN