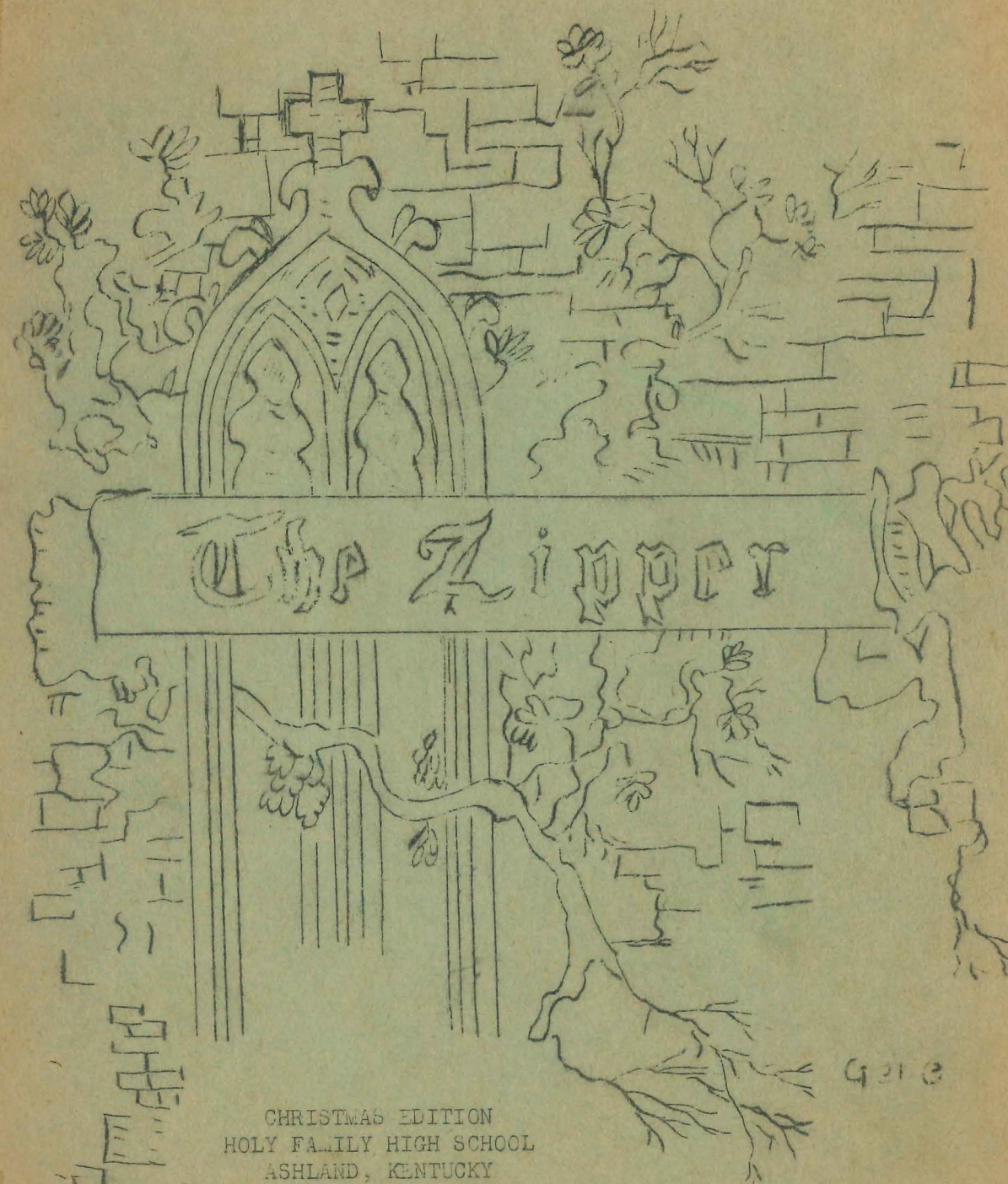


Owen Ward Sevey



CHRISTMAS EDITION
HOLY FAMILY HIGH SCHOOL
ASHLAND, KENTUCKY

9310



May the Giver of Gifts
Both old and new
Give the best of Gifts
Today to you

His Love
His Grace



His Peace
His Blessing

CHRISTMAS OBSERVED AT HOLY FAMILY

The great feast of Christmas, the birthday of Christ, our Savior is observed with much reverence and devotion here at Holy Family. A few weeks previous to this great occasion the class rooms are decorated and cribs erected. The last day before vacation a Christmas program is enjoyed after which each child receives a gift from Father Hanses.

On Christmas Eve as the midnight hour approaches the church is crowded with worshippers awaiting the first Christmas Mass. All is quiet except for the soft and beautiful strains of Silent Night. The white-clad altar boys slowly take their places in the sanctuary. They are followed by the twelve senior servers and Father Hanses. The midnight Mass begins.

At seven-thirty the church is again brilliantly lighted and children's voices sing of Jesus birth in the beautiful hymns of "Silent Night" "Sleep Holy Babe", "Soft and Sweet," "Dear Little One," and "O Dear Little Children."

Again at ten o'clock the church is filled while the third Mass is celebrated. The high school choir sings at this time and renders their homage to the Babe of Bethlehem. This year they will sing the Saint Lawrence Mass, with "Adeste Fidelis", the Offertory hymn, "Emmanuel" and "'Twas the Birthday of a King" will be the processional and recessional hymns.

THREE FRESHMEN PLAN TRIPS

Betty Brown will visit her cousin in Detroit, Michigan. Wilford Mahaney will spend the holidays in Jacksonville, Florida, Atlanta, Georgia, and return home for the beginning of school, January 3. William Weinfurtner is spending a few days with his uncle and aunt at Scott Depot, West Virginia.

THE SENIOR CLASS PLAY

Think how absolutely priceless two solid hours of continuous laughter would be. If you want a sure cure for the blues, if you want to forget your cares, your debts, well be sure to witness the performance of "The Tin Hero," to be presented at the Ashland High School Auditorium on February 1, by the Holy Family Senior Class. Plays of this type are supposed to be funny but "The Tin Hero" upsets all precedent by being ten times as funny as the average farce comedy.

Imagine a fond and adoring mother who exaggerates everything pertaining to her son, Douglas, a timid and shy young man. He has been forced to unwarranted and unwanted prominence. He saved a young French girl from drowning while he was swimming in France, but he cannot swim. When he returns he has to live up to his mother's "fibbing". How he does it and what the outcome is forms one of the funniest plots used in comedy. You'll roar; you'll scream; you will be weak from laughing. So don't miss it. Remember February 1.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Douglas Goodyear...Dante Marzetti
Mrs. Blanche Goodyear...M. C. Beacom
Grace Goodyear...Geraldine Tierney
Virginia Ferguson...Rita A. Hyman
Baxter Warner...Michael Dowling
Mrs. Baxter Warner...Adrienne Monach
"Bunny" Wheeler...Joe Manley
Annette Coverdale...Patricia O'Brien
Victoria Esmond...Mary M. Hamper
Mlle. Claudette Bordoni...Martha Stock
"Spike" Ryder...Eugene Gleason
Bob Crosley...Pete Gute

And The word Was Made Flesh,
And Dwelt Among Us,
Full Of Grace And Truth.
St. John I-IV

SOCIETY

Juniors Give Thanksgiving Dance.

One of the outstanding events of the Thanksgiving vacation was a dance given by the Junior Class in the Senior Study. This room and the Commercial Room were attractively decorated for the occasion with blue and white streamers. The dance started at 7:30. After an hour-and-a-half of delightful dancing, refreshments were served. Throughout the dance there was a variation in partners by the girl's and boy's tag dances.

Music Club Is Organized.

Within the last few weeks, the boy's and girl's Glee Clubs have been organized under the supervision of Sister Edward.

In the Girl's Glee Club, Adrienne Monach was elected President, Peggy Best, Treasurer, Marie Monach and Helen Louise O'Reilly, Directors and Patricia Stock and Hannah Salendar, Assistants.

In the Boy's Glee Club, Eugene Gleason has been appointed President Howard Stump, Treasurer, Pete Gute and Harry Brown, Directors and John Houlehan and Eugene Curtis, assistants.

Miss Dorothy Chisholm spent her Thanksgiving holidays in Richmond, Virginia.

Miss Mary Margaret Hamper entertained her aunt from Canton, Ohio during the Thanksgiving vacation.

Officers Of The Press Club

The following officers were elected at the last meeting of the Press Club: Rita Anne Hyman, President, Peggy Best, Vice-President, and Mary Jane Sullivan, Secretary-Treasurer.

Martha Stock '40

BIRTHDAYS IN DECEMBER

After looking over the records of all the pupils enrolled in Holy Family, we find there are a number whose birthday occur in December. In the High School we find that Mary M. Hamper is the only Senior and that the Juniors are represented by Helen Hart. There are two Sophomores, Gerald Dowling and Hannah Salendar and two Freshmen, Sara Tierney and Patricia Stock.

In the grades are twelve lucky pupils, lucky because they shall receive two sets of presents this month. They are: Christina Seuffer, Harriet Houlehan, Alfred Marzetti, Alice Ann Daniels, George Serey, Paul Weis, Francis King, William Brislin, Rosemarie Brislin, Gloria D'Amico, Dolores Hoff and Carol Brown.

We wish all a Merry Christmas and a Happy Birthday, but our heartiest Christmas and birthday greetings go to little (Christmas) Carol Brown, who was born on December 25, 1933. On interviewing Carol we find that she is in the second grade and is seven years old. She said she likes her name very much, because it goes good with Christmas. Carol said, "I like my birthday on Christmas because little Jesus was born on Christmas too."

Michael Dowling '40

INFANT JESUS

Far far away
There lay an Infant in the hay.
The camels were lying down,
The sheep were on the ground.
Wise men came from far away
To see where the little Infant lay.

Alfred Curtis VI

HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT

As the plane came down the runway an extraordinarily pretty stewardess in a snappy looking uniform came along the aisle to snap the safety belts were used on the take-off. The seasoned passengers, those who have ridden before, fastened their own. A middle class little lady in the seat in front of Jeanne, clutched the arm of her fat, bald-headed husband as the plane left the ground. The five year old child, sitting beside his uniformed nurse, squealed joyfully; and the white haired lady in front of Jeanne smiled and said:

"Isn't it exciting? It sort of takes my breath. I never did care to fly. I always told Charlie here that I really would not mind flying if I could keep one foot on the ground."

Jeanne smiled at her: "I'm used to flying," she said softly, "but it always takes my breath. It's miraculous, don't you think?"

"Sort of like rushing in where angels fear to tread", said the old lady. "It seems to me against nature because if God wanted us to fly. He would have given us wings. But Charlie insisted we go by plane. We are going to New York to spend Christmas with our oldest daughter."

"Oh, how nice", exclaimed Jeanne.

"Your face certainly looks familiar," the elderly lady added, "have I seen you somewhere before? Now this is my husband, Mr. Rushmore, ah, Miss ----Miss-----"

Jeanne thought she saw the red-headed football player across the aisle grin, and thinking he recognized her, she said:

"Mrs. Simpson," and the red-head's jaw dropped.

"I am going East to New Jersey to spend Christmas with my daughter, who is attending St. Mary's Academy. She is under the care of my sister who is a nun."

"You look so much like this actress, oh, Jeanne Lenoir," said Mr. Rushmore, "You have heard of her no doubt? What is it they call her--I believe it's "America's Darling".

Jeanne's face flushed but she calmly replied: "Yes I have heard of her."

"Where is your husband, Mrs. Simpson!" said the old lady, thoughtfully.

"Oh! we are separated." Jeanne said lightly, "He thought I should stay at home and keep house when I am a-ah I mean, I have a business of my own."

Evidently the old lady did not like this idea for she turned to the window and admired the snow covered mountain peaks that jutted up below them. Soon the plane began to descend. They were landing at Salt Lake City. A new plane and crew were out on the runway when lunch was over. Jeanne spent her time dodging reporters. She detested them when she was traveling but they were her publicity when she was at work back in Hollywood. She had a suspicion that the lean young man with the twinkly eyes that was constantly chatting with the football player, was a reporter. So she kept away from him too.

Soon they were off again and were told that they would run into bad weather. This did not bother Jeanne because she was thinking of Dick, her husband who was a small town banker and they would soon fly over that town. She thought of Joan and planned to make her Christmas a happy one. She thought of the new contract. What a success she was!

The stewardess just then entered the cabin. She looked preturbed but tried to be calm. They would have to land because the ice on the wing was getting heavy. She advised them to fasten their safety-belts. The plane

hit the ground with a thump and skidding along, half buried itself in the snow.

"I would suggest that every one remain in the plane while I look around," said the pilot.

The stewardess brought in coffee for the adults and chocolate for the child. Some time later the pilot came back and the passengers learned that S.O.S. signals were being sent. Everyone tried to be cheerful, but Jeanne who was now taking care of the little boy because his nurse was hysterical, shuttered at the thought of their not being rescued. She could see the head lines, "Beautiful Film Actress Found Dead In Plane Disaster."

The stewardess urged them to sleep while the cabin was warm. It was zero weather outside and so it would be inside if anything happened to the motor. Jeanne laid her head back but could not sleep. She thought of Joan at school, how she would press her face against the window and wait for her mother to come and spend Christmas with her. She was facing death. She thought of all her money and popularity. What a fool she had been by not listening to Dick and her sister Rose. When she left Dick she remembered her sister said: "I'll pray for you, Jeanne," then she looked at the plain crucifix in the little white convent room and burst into tears. She knew now how right Sister Rose was. How she wished to see Dick.

She felt the chill on the boy's leg and took off her fur coat and wrapped it around him. She brushed away the tears from her cheek before they fell on the child's face. She thought back and tried to recall how long it had been since she had prayed. She wondered if she could pray now. Aghast at what her introspection

showed her, she made the Sign of the Cross.

The man across the aisle, whom she had taken for a reporter handed her a rosary and quickly remarked.

"Here maybe this will help."

"How nice of you," she said, "I am so glad you are a Catholic too. Tell me, aren't you afraid? Would't death be terrible out here? I-I can't stand the thought of it."

"I am not afraid," he said bravely, "Nor should you be. Say your rosary, my child, and if you need me I'll be here."

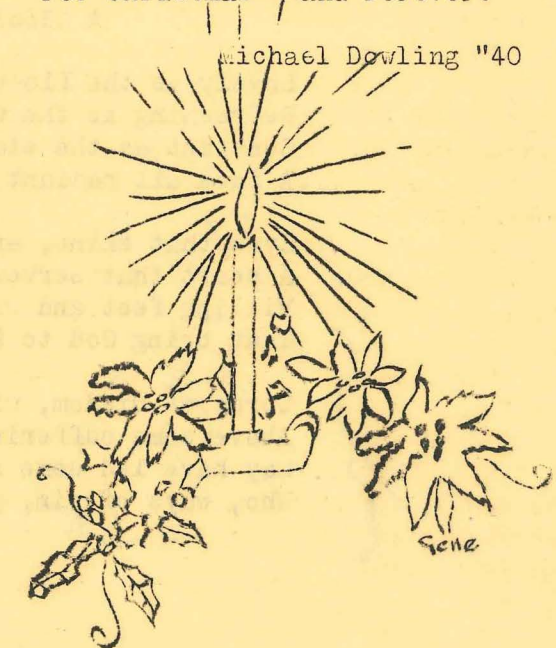
Not until then did Jeanne see his Roman collar. She muttered, "A Priest, God has sent me a priest."

The roar of motors was heard. The rescue planes had at last sighted the distressed plane and were circling to land. A crowd of reporters, shouting, inquired for Miss Lenoir, but Mrs. Simpson looked beyond the crowd and into the gray worried eyes of an anxious man who was pushing his way through them to the plane.

"Dick," she cried. "Dick,-----darling, take me home for Christmas."

With a sob in his throat he took "America's Darling" in his arms and said.

"For Christmas--and forever."





H.F. SENIORS AS WE KNOW THEM



Eugene Gleason is "Gene" to all his friends. He is the tallest member of the Senior Class. He was born near Germantown, Kentucky in 1921. His interests are many and varied. He has been active in basketball, football, and tract during his four years in High School. In him, are the possibilities we have sensed of a great artist for he is the proud possessor of a deep bass voice, which has merited recognition in the choir and also of the Glee Club of which he is now President.

Gene's likes are many and his dislikes are few. His most favored enjoyment is the riding and grooming of horses. Gene has no real dislikes but he does not possess a great love for turnips.

Rita Anne Hyman, the most talented musician in Holy Family Senior class, was born in Ashland, seventeen years ago. She started her schooling here, and from the very first, she showed great skill as a pianist. One of the greatest high lights in her life was her graduation in piano while only a Junior in High School. Rita has also established her skill as a choir organist. After graduation she hopes to further her study in music. She has a strong will to succeed and usually accomplishes whatever she sets out to do. One of her favorite pastimes is the study of the lives and works of the great composers. In her mind Chopin is the greatest. Rita also likes pork chops, knitting, dancing, and music concerts. Unlike most people, Rita has a great many dislikes. The most prominent is sauer kraut.

Mary Margaret Hamper, an auburn haired, vivacious Senior, was born in Welleston, Ohio. "Red" is true to type and is always lively and full of fun. She has always taken an active part in extra-curricular activities. In her Sophomore year she represented our school in the district humorous reading contest and won first place. This gave her a chance to go to Lexington and take part in the State Contest at which she won third place. Mary Margaret has been a cheer-leader for the last three year, and this fall grieved at the elimination of inter-scholastic sports. This young lady is always "on the go." She delights in dancing. Her only dislikes are conceited people and milk.

Joseph Manley, that hurricane of this year's graduating class, is a true native of Ashland. He was born here about eighteen years ago. Joe loves to play basketball, football, and softball, but his favorite pastime is a good hot game of baseball. With good reason, Joe is rather proud of his voice. He has represented his school in music contests ever since he entered high school. This year he has the privilege of singing with the Male Choir at Mid-night Mass. We find that Joe has a preference for blondes and red heads. He has no particular dislikes.

BLACKOUT

Black lights
Black nights
Planes above
Those we love.

CHRISTMAS IN OLD DIXIE

When I was a small child, all the family went to my grandmother's house for Christmas. We arrived a week before the holiday because the preparations were the most fun.

Grandfather brought in evergreens to decorate the large den; and a husky negro cut down and brought in the large yule log to be lit on Christmas Eve. The youngest child lit the log, and since it was no ordinary occasion, tapers were used to light it. The log must burn for twelve days. At the end of that time only ashes must be left or bad luck would fly down the chimney.

Presents were given on Christmas Eve and everyone received gifts, even the negroes.

Grandmother surprised us all with a dance on Christmas Night. The rooms were decorated and the dance continued until midnight. After that, everyone went to bed, thinking of their wonderful Christmas at Grandmother's. Patty Stock "43"

CHRISTMAS CANDLE

The Christmas Candle is one of the richest religious symbols. The Church uses light to symbolize the Lord, the lamp of heaven and the light of the world. From the time of the ancient Jews and pagans, candles were used in their rituals and early Christians followed their custom.

The Christmas Candle is like the star which led the shepherds to the stable. Its flickering flame seems to invite us to the Heart of Christ. Let us put Christmas Candles in our window where the candle's may say, "O Lord Jesus Christ, the true light, who enlighteneth every man coming into the world, pour forth thy blessing on these people so that they may be freed from the blindness of every vice."

Martha Stock "40"

I WISH

I wish I were the twinkling star
That lit the wisemen's way,
To see the new-born Blessed Babe
On that first Christmas Day.

I'd like to be the crib so crude
That holds the tiny King.
Or else a radiant angel pure
And glories to Him sing.

But I'm content to be just "me"
And praise Him here on earth
And know the story of my King--
The beauty of His birth.

Larica Tierney "42"

A PERFECT PICTURE

Little Lord Jesus lay in His crib,
Upon the golden, stable straw.
Beside Him knelt His mother fair----
In this scene there is no flaw.

Joe Henneman '42

THE GIFTS

When Christ was born in Bethlehem, there came three wise men from the East, saying, "We have seen His star in the East, and are come to adore Him."

After traveling from far-away lands, the wise men saw the Star over the stable where the child lay. Entering, they knelt down and adored Him.

Opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts; gold, myrrh, and frankincense. Since these were too large for Him to hold, they handed the gifts to His mother; she tenderly laid them at His feet.

Dear Mother, take our hearts,
we pray,

And give them to your child to-day!

Patty Stock "43"

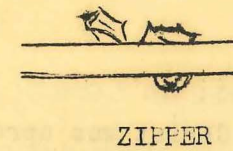
A FRIEND DEPARTED

On the morning of November 24, the students of Holy Family were deeply grieved upon hearing of the death of a beloved friend, Jack Snyder, who had passed away the night before. His death leaves a lasting impression upon the minds of his many friends, for all remember the wonderful personality that gained for him wide popularity and made every acquaintance his friend. Jack was a boy who spoke kindly of all with whom he came in contact and highly of his many intimate friends.

A member of the class of '37, he took an active part in school activities. His splendid tenor voice was given generously in singing the praises of God at High Mass and at evening Benediction.

We could go on at length praising his fine qualities, but instead we will stop now and offer up a prayer for our dear friend, Jack. "May his soul rest in Peace," and may the remembrance of his beautiful life be an inspiration to our stumbling feet, and his sudden death serve as a warning to us to follow his example and be prepared always.

F. Gute '40

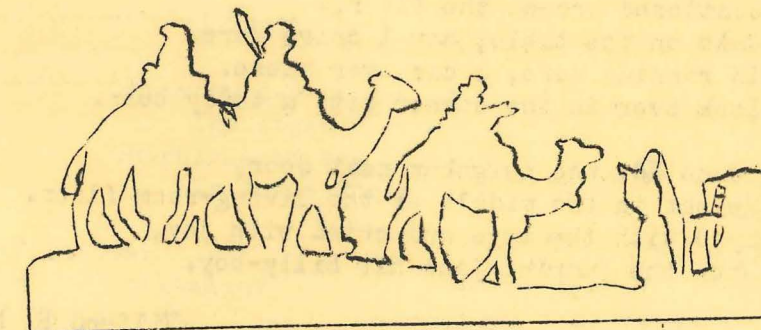


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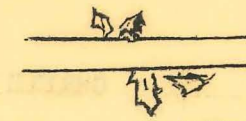
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To our readers, friends, in fact, to the whole world the Zipper Staff extends hearty wishes for a joyous Christmas and a happy, useful New Year. May the tiny hands of the Son of God be raised to bless you as you kneel before His lowly crib and may His gracious smile cheer you each day of the New Year.



EDITORIALS



SEMESTER TESTS

Semester Tests are rolling down the old calendar again. What will they be like this time? They remind me of meeting a football team you've heard nothing about. They come tearing past the thirty-five and all at once they are upon you. You make contact and one by one you count the tests. Either they have downed you or you have downed them. Let's get prepared, students, for one of the biggest and toughest teams we are to meet this year. Come on students, we can beat them.

Joseph Manley '40'

RESOLUTIONS

To those of the student body who are trying to make up their mind as to what they will resolve for the coming year, here are several suggestions; silence in the halls and the classes would be appreciated by fellow students. Several weeks ago the faculty members voiced their sentiments on this matter. Resolve to have your own pens, pencils and paper and your classmates can accomplish more in a shorter time. A few should resolve to be on time for church and for school. Why could we not receive Communion once a week? Start the New Year right with a few resolutions that you will keep. M. Dowling '40

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

No season of the year brings a time so filled with ancient traditions as that of Christmas. In every land the day is observed with practices that originated centuries ago.

The singing of carols dates back to the early days when the harper, seated before the castle fire place, sang the story of Christmas. This practice reached the height of its popularity in the fifteenth century. Then bands of carolers went from door to door and often were bidden to come inside for food and warmth. There they sang again the pleasing tunes.

The use of evergreens on festive occasions originated in pagan Rome and the custom was introduced into England by the conquering legions of Caesar. Christians adopted it and during the Christmas season decked their homes with laurel, holly and mistletoe. An old custom in England was to send a sprig of holly from neighbor to neighbor as a symbol of good will and good wishes.

The spirit of Christ was spread about in the countries of old by means of gift-giving at Christmas, just as it is today. But those early gifts had a meaning: a lamp meant that the giver wished that light might attend the recipient during the coming year. Honey signified sweetness, etc. It was the duty of the rich landowners to share their wealth at this season and to see that there was plenty in each home.

The northern countries of Europe still keep the custom of feeding the birds on Christmas Eve. Tall platforms are erected and sheaves of grain are placed upon them.

The people of Spain put out hay for the asses and horses on Christmas Eve in memory of the beasts at the stable of Bethlehem.

We see from this that when we celebrate Christmas today as we do, we are just bringing these many ancient customs to life again.

Geraldine Tierney '40

CHRISTMAS

Christmas without a tree,
Is not Christmas to me.
A nice big tree covered with lights,
Looks very beautiful, on holiday nights.

Toys scattered around the floor,
Cake on the table, how I crave more.
A train running here, a car over there.
Look over in the corner sits a teddy bear.

Along came Ed, the neighbor next door,
He sat in the middle of the living-room floor.
He played with the toys and cried with joy,
When the jumping jack hit Billy-boy.

Wilford B. Mahaney '43

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

The modern world knows Christmas with little left of its original Christian meaning. To the children of this world, it is merely a feast which brings Santa Claus and presents. Their highest conception is to gladden the hearts of friends by gifts and good wishes. They send expensive Christmas greetings to friends and relatives, but their Christmas cards confer anything but the impression of a Christian Christmas.

In the midst of a world which has forgotten the real meaning of Christmas, let us remember that the original and foremost idea of Christmas is to celebrate the great mystery of the Incarnation. On this day, the second Person of the blessed Trinity, having taken human flesh was born of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Precious, indeed, are the moments when we receive Holy Communion on Christmas Day so that He may come into our hearts to be united with us. To receive Jesus within us and to adore the new-born King is the truest joy of Christmas.

Let all of us go to Confession and Holy Communion on Christmas Day, so that the Infant King can erect a throne in our hearts and reign there supreme.

Martha Stock '40

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

The snow lay on the ground,
The stars shone overhead,
Shepherds on the hillside
To Jesus Christ were led.

On that first glad Christmas
Kings journeyed o'er the sands
To adore the Christ Child
And bring gifts from their lands

We too should think of Christ
And of his praises sing
For everything we have
We owe to Him, our King.

Geraldine Tierney

THE DIAMOND RING

Joseph Chase gazed longingly into the window of the jewelry store. His eyes wandered over the sparkling diamonds as he rummaged through his overcoat pockets for his bill fold. He drew out his worn pocket book and anxiously counted the new, green, crisp bills. They felt delightful. He had drawn them from the bank just that very morning.

It certainly seemed like an awfully lot of money to pay for such a little ring. But he stopped and considered the importance of the one to whom he was giving it. Then, his face lighted up and the look of worry was replaced by a cheerful grin.

She was so gentle and kind. She had shown such great love for him, it was only right that he should show his gratitude and return that tender love. Is there anything too costly for one we love? She was the only person in the world that meant anything to him now.

Anyway, his mother had never had a real, genuine diamond ring, therefore he would surprise her with just such a lovely present this Christmas.

Mary Margaret Hamper

THE THREE CHRISTMAS MASSES

"The Catholic faith recognizes three substances in Jesus Christ," says Innocent III, "the divinity, the flesh, and the soul." The Scriptures speak of the three births of the Son of God: His divine births in the bosom of His father, His birth according to the flesh of the Virgin Mary; and his spiritual birth in our souls.

The mystery of these three births is represented to us by which the three Masses are said on Christmas.

To express these impenetrable mysteries of His birth in the bosom of His father the first Mass is said at midnight.

In the temporal birth of the Saviour, that is His birth as man His divinity is partly concealed and partly revealed. This birth is commemorated at the Mass at dawn, the second Mass.

His spiritual birth in our souls is fully known. This birth is represented by the Mass during the day, the third Mass.

Now that we know the meaning of the Christmas Masses, let us adore with the Angels at the First Mass, the divine infant at the second Mass and let us adore with the shepherds at the third Mass.

Mary Katharine Beacom '40

LET'S PUT CHRIST INTO CHRISTMAS.

Christmas cards come each day
Some from near and some away.
Most are witty and unrefined
And not in one, do Christ we find.

The cards that mean the most to me
Are Christmas scenes of Christ to see.
On each verse God's grace is bid
And wishes of happiness are not hid.

Martha Stock '40

CHRISTMAS CRIB

It was in the year 1223 when St. Francis called for the assistance of his brother monks and bade them to help him prepare a suitable spot in the woods for a manger filled with straw, while he sought an ox and an ass to come and warm with their breath the poor crib waiting to receive the Holy Child. A Solemn Mass was celebrated on the crib itself. This was the first crib and from it grew the custom of placing in the Church at Christmas time a representation of the crib at Bethlehem. As time went on, the shepherds were added and even the three Kings, until now the touching scene is set before our eyes in every detail, that seeing, we may better understand Jesus's great love for us. When you enter any home at Christmas you almost always find this beautiful image of the crib under the tree or in some other prominent place. In the White House at Washington, the crib is placed in the Blue Room and visitors seeing it mentally reverence and adore the Babe of Bethlehem.

Let us put a crib in our home this year and let the purpose for which this most beautiful custom was instituted be fervently established in our hearts.

Martha Stock '40

WHEN IT'S JUST ONE WEEK TO CHRISTMAS

When it's just one week to Christmas,
The house is always clean
And the windows white, and the chairs upright,
And the floors are like a dream.
And it's, "Hustle here," and "Hustle there,"
And, "See who's at the door."
And you never see a bit of dirt or paper on the floor.

You're always ready to help your ma,
When there comes a time of need.
And it's, "Let me wash the dishes,
And give the bird its feed."
And when your pa comes in from work,
The chair that is so big,
Is sitting near the fireplace, and his slippers full of heat.
And his pipe and pouch are ready,
And are placed right near his seat.
And it's, "Rest your weary bones awhile,
Before it's time to eat."

But I guess it's just their nature,
And it make's me laugh to think
Of how they change their naughty ways
When it's just one week to Christmas.

Harriet Houlehan VIII

BIRTH OF A KING

His clothes are all torn
Not fit to be worn
By the King of earth and sky
His bed is of hay
And yet there He lay
While the angels sing on high.

Gloria Magnani '42

I ASK

O Lamb of God, Christmas Child
King of peace, Babe so mild
Bring to me, Oh King of Kings
That which the herald angel sings
Adored by all and worshipped most
Thy Sacred Body, the holy Host.

James Holmes '42

"HIGHLIGHTS OF THE GRIDIRON"

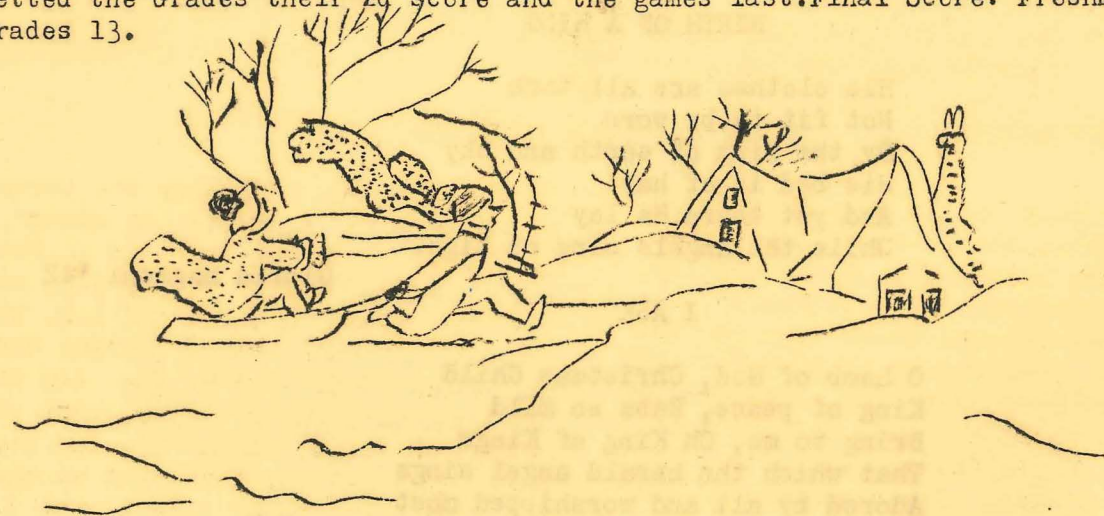
The Grades were beaten by the Freshmen Tuesday November 28 to the tune of 32 to 13.

In the first quarter after long runs by J.Curtis, E.Curtis and J.Lemon, Walter Foster dashed over his own left guard to score the first touchdown of the ball game. The try for extra point failed when the pass from Lemon to E. Curtis was knocked down. Long dashes by J.Lemon again put the ball in scoring position before the game was 5 minutes old. Fading back, Lemon threw a long pass to Sweeney, who carried it over for the next touchdown. Joe Curtis caught a pass for the extra point. The quarter ended with the ball in the possession of the grades. Score: Freshmen 13; Grades 0.

In the second quarter while the ball was in the Grades possession, J. Manley faded back, heaved a long pass to G.Serey, and the Grades had their first score. The try for extra point was good. The somewhat astonished and bewildered Freshmen, filled with fight, at having the grades score on them, brought the ball down to the 1-foot line, but the grades held them back for 4 downs. Not being able to move the ball out of the danger zone, the grades kicked, and Foster caught the ball, swerved around end, and ran 30 yards for the 3d Freshmen score. The try for extra point was no good. The quarter ended with the ball in the possession of the Freshmen. Score: Freshmen 19; Grades 7.

In the third quarter the Freshmen kicked off to the Grades, but a fumble by King and recovery by J. Houlehan gave the Freshmen the ball. As the end of the quarter was nearing, Joe Curtis, fleet footed halfback of the Freshmen, caught a pass from J. Lemon to score. The try for extra point was good when E. Curtis caught a pass from J. Curtis.

In the fourth quarter: This quarter started off with a bang, as J. Curtis heaved a long pass to B. Weinfurtner for another. The try for extra-point was no good. As the game came to a close, the constant driving of O. Serey netted the Grades their 2d score and the games last. Final Score: Freshmen 32; Grades 13.



MERRY CHRISTMAS

"HIGHLIGHTS OF THE GRIDIRON"

HOLY FAMILY & ALUMNI

In a thrill packed game that provided beautifully executed blocking and passing together with an occasional long run, the Holy Family "Fighting Irish" and the Alumni played to a 7 to 7 deadlock for two hours on Thanksgiving Day here on the schoolgrounds.

The former students at Holy Family were the first to score when B. Henneman, running back of last year's team, cut around his own left end and behind beautiful blocking, tore off 25 yards and crossed the pay off line standing up. The try for extra point was good when Nicholson faded back and threw a long pass to C. Kelley.

The "Fighting Irish" from Holy Family were not to be outdone. In the middle of the second quarter, Gene Gleason, star end of last year's eleven caught a long pass from Mike Dowling, evaded two would-be tacklers and ran across the goal line. The game had to be held up for a few minutes while the referees cleared the now jubilant fans off the field. The try for extra point was good when Gleason again proved his worth, catching a pass near the end zone, and crossing the goal unmolested.

The game was a thriller from beginning to end. Jack Mulvaney, Mike Dowling, Dante Marzetti, and Joe Manley formed a quartet that was hard to stop. On the line, Henneman, Sweeney, Seuffer, N. Mulvaney, G. Serey, G. Dowling, and Gay played brilliantly. For the Alumni, Nicholson, Dressel, Burdiss and Henneman were the backfield aces. On the line, Purtell, Hager, B. Serey, P. Cheap, B. Gleason, Catini and Kelley did their individual parts.



CATHOLICS ON THE HARDWOOD

The Holy Family boys have started an All-catholic basketball team. Under the leadership of Bob Kelley, the former coach of Holy Family, the boys have entered their team in the Y.M.C.A. independent league. Of this group we have some outstanding players such as, Louis Weinfurtner, Junior, Frank "Tony" Weinfurtner and Junior O'Mara. Other members of the squad are George Nicholson, Charles Kelley, Walter Weinfurtner, Mike Dowling, and Dante Marzetti all of Holy Family's last year team. Joe Manley is also on the sidelines to assist them when necessary. This is a sociable bunch of boys and they know their basketball. Already they show

creditable team work. They won their first game in a thrilling manner, but, they won. At the end of the first quarter the score was 6-6, at the end of the half it was 8-8, at the end of the third quarter the score was 16-8, and at the end of the game they had won by a score of 30-10. By this score you can see they improved as they went along. You can see them play at the Y. M.C.A. for a nickle and the games are always posted in the paper. Come and cheer them on to victory over future foes of the Hardwood.

Joe Manley '40

MARY'S REWARD

It was the night before Christmas.

Mary, a little poor girl and her rich friend, Julia, were trudging through the snow to Midnight Mass.

As they were coming out of church, a little boy dressed in rags came up to Julia and asked for a penny. As rich as she was she refused the poor boy a penny. But Mary, who had about five pennies which she had meant to buy some candy with gave them to him. Then she went home with a light heart.

On Christmas Day Mary seemed extra happy and gay. The reason why she did not know. But Julia in her fine home with many presents and gifts felt gloomy and unhappy. The reason she did not know but realized it, I think, before the day was over. This just goes to show that Mary was rewarded much more than two-fold for even such a small sum, because she was very poor.

But Julia, who could have given and did not was punished.

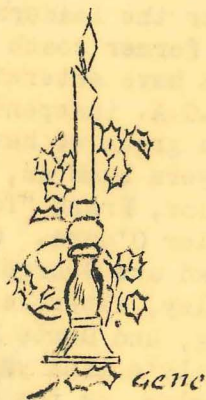
You see, the little boy in rags was Jesus, in disguise.

Rose Mary Lumley VIII

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

It was on one cold Christmas night
When a star shed all its light
On a small stable in Bethlehem
To be the guide and light for the wise men,
And when they entered the stable and all
There they saw Jesus laying in his stall.
A bright light glowed around his head
As the small King lay in his stable bed
The sheperds came from far and wide
To see the Infant Jesus in cover hide.
Now this child could be born a King
But instead He was born to hear the
Message that the angels sing.

Ramon Gay VIII



IF THE SHOE FITS DON'T WEAR IT

To many people now days, time means a whole lot. We have to have time to do everything. When we get up in the morning, we don't even have time to eat, much less say our morning prayers. Then we have to hurry to work in time so we won't lose a job but of course we wouldn't have time to go to Mass. Then we work fast all morning to get our work finished, but when noon comes all we do is eat. We wouldn't think of saying the prayers before meals. We work all afternoon, but after work we wouldn't have time to make a visit. We have to hurry home to get cleaned up for the evening and have a good time, but Benediction doesn't mean anything. After we have a good time all evening, we come home and go to bed. We just don't have time to say our night prayers for we might lose out on some good sleep.

Now that Christmas is near, let us turn our thoughts to God and the purpose for which He put us here. Then let us employ more of our precious time for prayer, good works and going to Mass more often.

George Serey VIII

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

A poor, ragged girl walked the streets. I supposed she was lost and asked her.

She was a small girl with big brown eyes and brown hair. I guess she was five at the most. "Lost from where" she said as her big brown eyes popped.

I was bewildered and took her small, cold hand in mine and asked her where she lived.

"Ninth avenue and fifth street" came the reply.

Every one knew where ninth avenue and fifth street was. This poor child lived in the slums. Keeping my thoughts to myself I took her by the hand and led her to what she called her "ome."

I was met by a tall lady with a very bright smile who asked me to come in and get warm.

I did and I was just inside the door when two other children came in sight.

I saw a Christmas tree but it was bare.

The woman excused herself for she had to get coal from the barn for the fire.

While she was gone the children and I wrote letters to Santa Claus.

Louise, the girl I found, wanted a doll, Dick a boat, and the baby just sat and stared.

Then the woman came back, when she saw what we were doing there was a look of despair in her eyes, then she told me----

"The children have high hopes but I'm afraid they will not be fulfilled. You see my husband was killed in the building of our bridge last year and ever since we have been living on a small income which the city pays to us, so I'm afraid there won't be any Christmas for us". There she stopped and tears of sorrow filled her eyes.

I had \$12.50 with me, that I had saved but I knew she would not accept charity for there was a proud look in her eyes.

So when I got up to leave she thanked me again and I walked home light-hearted because I had left my purse on purpose and I knew they could not return it for they didn't know who I was.

I kept my secret to myself and I know no one had a better Christmas than I had.

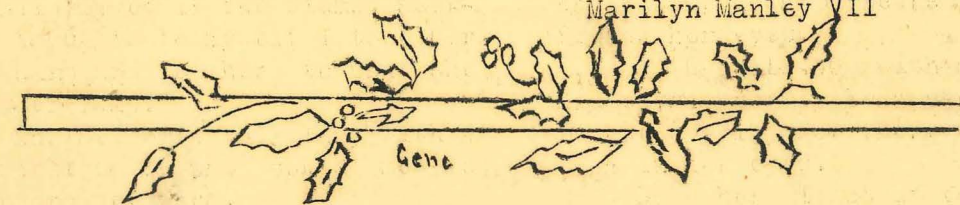
Ruth Hart VIII

Christmas

I heard the angels singing above
I heard them say the Lord is born
And the Holy Ghost in the shape of a Dove
Said come and see our Lord this morn.

And Oh! it was a beautiful scene
And to hear the Angels sing
I knew it was just a dream
Because I couldn't see such a beautiful scene.

Marilyn Manley VII



CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE NORTH POLE

Presented by Grades I and II
Assisted by Grades III and IV

December 22

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Santa Claus-----*Owen Ward Seery*
Joe Henneman
Dolls-----Mary Jane Sassin, Mary Eleanor Mahaney,
Joan Petry, Virginia Peebles, Patricia,
Tolle, Bonnie Nunley, Rosemarie Bris-
lin.
Soldiers-----William Healy, Jackie McGuire, Jackie
Farrell, Nicholas Abler.
Jumping Jack-----Robert Poole
Tom Tom Doll-----Gorman Brohard
Mary Mary Doll-----Helen Cunningham
Simple Simon-----Paul Henneman
Jack Horner-----Clyde Blair
Miss Muffet-----Mary J. O'Neal
Old Woman In The Shoe-----Margaret Lang
Bo Peep-----Patricia Gleason
Little Boy Blue-----David Whitson
Girl-----Sue Nunley
Boy-----Frank Fugeman
Angels-----Joan Rice, Joan Fitzsimmons
Patricia Lynch, Carol Brown
Patricia Kelley.

Synopsis

On Christmas Eve Santa finds that he hasn't room enough in his sleigh to take all his toys, and many are left at the North Pole. After expressing their disappointment to old Santa the toys decide to have a party for a boy and girl from the earth. The children tell the toys about the Christ Child and **Angels** bring the Infant Babe to the toy shop and the toys learn the true Christmas Story.

HELP OTHERS

It was on Christmas Eve that a poor man stood in front of a show case and looked at some toys. Driven by a temptation he took one of the toys. It happened that the manager of the store was watching him. He summoned the police. The policeman feeling sorry for the poor man asked first that they hear his story. The man told of a cripple daughter at home who had written to Santa asking for a toy. He said he didn't want to steal but that he had no money or no job. One kindly man from out of the crowd who had children of his own paid the manager for the toy. He did this because he said he knew how his children would feel if they woke up to find no toys on Christmas Day. He then spoke to his boss about getting the man a job. He succeeded and the poor man thanked him. He said he had never had a happier Christmas and the charitable man said he hadn't either.

Betty Whitson VIII

CHRISTMAS

December 25th, the birthday of Jesus is known as Christmas. This word is formed by the two words Christ and Mass meaning the mass of Christ. This name forms Our Lord's birthday and was chosen because the most important celebration on that day has been and should be the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. In every Mass Jesus comes to us on the altar as He once came to us in the stable at Bethlehem. Imagine yourself as being present on the first Christmas night in that poor stable at Bethlehem. It was a wretched place, that served poorly as a shelter for the ox and the ass, where the Son of God, and Master of all things was born.

Carl McGuire VIII

TED'S CHRISTMAS

Ted was window shopping down town. He saw a good sled that he wanted. So when Ted went home he started hinting, to his mother and father, but they were very poor and told him they couldn't get it because three dollars was too much. Ted was angry. He went outside and slammed the door as loudly as he could.

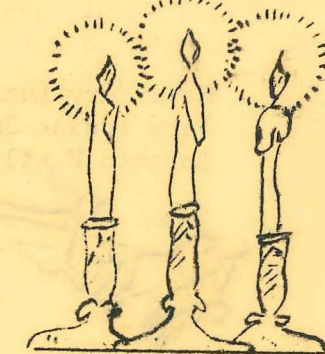
A week had passed and it was the night before Christmas and Ted was out. Ted saw somebody picking on a smaller boy. Ted chased them away. The boy appeared to be very rich and Ted took him home and his parents thanked him and gave him a five dollar bill. Ted was as happy as could be. He started right toward the toy shop but on his way he saw a pair of gloves his mother always wanted, for \$2.75. Then he had \$2.75 left and he went to the tobacco store and got his dad a pipe that cost \$2.20. Then he got a soda and walked home and said:

"Oh, Well, It was fun while it lasted." And then he went to bed.

The next morning he woke up his Father and Mother and gave them the presents and walked away. His Mother stopped him and took him down stairs and opened the door. There was the same sled. The sled was shinning like a gem. He thanked them and said,

"A good deed done is a good deed returned."

Robert Foster VIII



THE TIN SOLDIER

A soldier I stand so straight and tall,
I wonder if anyone thinks at all,
That sometimes I would like to play
Instead of standing on a shelf all day.

I am made of tin and am painted red;
I am very brave and my name is Ned,
But I get tired like anyone would
To play! To play! How I wish I could.

But I will stay on the shelf today
And try my best to be happy and gay,
And I will not think of wanting to play
For Tomorrow! Tomorrow! is Christmas day.

I might be sold to a mechanical boy
Who has no pity for a little toy,
But don't let me with my troubles annoy
For I am only a Christmas toy.

Genevieve Gilligan VIII

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

Christ came one cold winter night,
And in a manger, snow covered white;
All around Him gathered, some sheep,
And breathed on Him to make Him sleep.

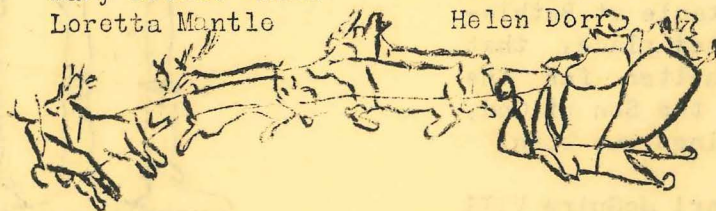
Up in the sky there shown,
A bright star that was not known,
Until three wise men led the way,
To our Lord, who in the manger lay.

By their prophecies, their books show,
How they came to know,
That this big star led to the Infant,
Who was guarded by angels every instant.

John Robinson VIII

HONOR ROLL

Rose Mary Lumley	Genevieve Gilligan
Mary Louise Smith	Christina Seuffer
Loretta Mantle	Helen Dorr



MY CHRISTMAS DEED

As I ran in the house I was met
by a chair here, table there and all
the furniture piled together. As I
stood for a moment and then it came
to me, mother was house cleaning for
the Christmas holidays. As usual
there was Julia helping her. She was
a woman about forty years of age who
had two children. Julia's husband
had died several years ago so she
had started working, as the oldest
child Jimmie could care for David
who was six years old. I ask Julia
what her boys wanted for Christmas.
She told me she had their toys all
picked out and paid for and was go-
ing to try to have a chicken dinner
for them.

I told her about our school
giving a turkey and five dollars to
the one who sells the most Christ-
mas seals. I knew I could easily do
it.

I decided to take a walk and my
steps seemed to take me closer and
closer to Julia's house. Her two
boys were playing in the yard. I
told them about the Christmas seals
and that I could not go to sell them
but would give them a list of names
and they could tell the people I
sent them.

It was the night before Christ-
mas and the winner was to be announc-
ed. Julia was leaving the house
and I told her that I was afraid and
wondered if she would walk over to
the school with me. As we drew near
the school, out came Jimmy and David
with their load and on it the turkey
and Jimmy waving the five dollars.
Julia was so happy she couldn't talk.
When I saw the three my Christmas
spirit was aroused, and to think,
that I had done a good deed made
my Christmas more happy than ever.

Loretta Ann Mantle

THE WISH OF A DOLL

A little doll sat on her corner
of the shelf. She was half-hidden by
a large, expensive doll but she did
not care. She was happy there. Her
name was Janet.

She said, "I wish, oh! I wish I
will go to a sweet, little girl. I
hope she is not rich, for rich girls
have so many dolls that they do not
care about our feelings.

But along came a rich girl. Janet
ot looked as ugly as she could, but
the girl said to the clerk, "I'll
take all the dolls on this shelf. Janet
et was one of these.

In the car the rich girl said,
"I wish father would get the dolls."

When Janet got to the rich
girl's home, she was put in a basket
with a few other toys and a lot of
food. Janet understood now. She was to
go to a poor family. The rich girl
had only bought the dolls because
her father had made her do it.

On Christmas morning Janet
found herself in a poor family's
house. The little girl that came in
was just as Janet had dreamed of
Janet's wish had come true.

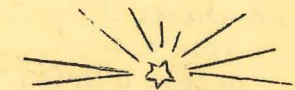
Helen Dorr

CHRIST'S BIRTH

Christmas is the time to cheer
Because it comes but once a year.
When Christ came upon this earth
Then the three wise men heard of his
birth.

They followed all through the night
The star that shown so bright.

Raymond Brislin



OBEDIENCE

"I want to invite Lucille to my Christmas party," said Mary. "She's seen everywhere and has pretty clothes and I don't see why mother won't let me invite her. I think I'll just invite her anyway."

"Now don't try to disobey mother," said her brother James.

"But we won't have any fun if Lucille isn't here."

"I know you wouldn't feel good if you disobeyed mother," said James.

"I know I wouldn't but I wish I were grown up so I could have my way."

"Well look at me I am grown up er--a--pretty far, and do I have my way? And look at Dad he wanted to go fishing but some important business came up at the office and he didn't go fishing," said James.

"After all everyone has to obey and do it cheerfully," said Mary, "From now on I will obey promptly."

Marilyn Manley VII

NOT TO CHEAT

"I don't know my lesson in history," said Ann, I guess I will have to cheat if I want to pass my history."

"Oh, why don't you take your books home at night instead of playing," said Janet, "It will do you good and you won't have to cheat."

"That's the way to talk," said Janet.

The next day came along and we had our test. Ann had the highest mark in the class.

"Thanks to you, Janet for telling me not to cheat," she said. "From now on I will not cheat."

Helena O'Brien VII

UNSELFISHNESS

The five Williams were waiting anxiously for their mother and dad to get ready that they might see their Christmas gifts.

As Bob was looking out of the window, he saw an old lady slip on the walk and fall. He hurried outside as the old lady was getting up. She was unhurt and was starting on.

Bob got out the car and took her home because it was so slippery.

Mother and Dad opened the door and instead of the others rushing in as they were expected, the children sat down and said, "We shall wait for Bob."

Dorothy Purtell VII

CHARITY OF SPEECH

Ann sat down in her chair very hard. Her sister asked if her meeting was interesting.

"It started out to be all right but then it turned into a scalping party." Alice's cousins were here from the East for a Christmas visit. They had been gone about a week. We were making fun of them, laughing about their Eastern accent. Guess who was walking by the door. Alice's brother Bobby. He heard every word we said."

"But did his hearing it make the conversation any more charitable?" Ann's sister asked.

"No of course not," confessed Ann. "It was just what we deserved."

She said she would not be uncharitable and talk of others again. My New Year's resolution is, "I will speak charitable of others."

Betty Lehr
Grade VII

HONOR

"Well, how do you like your new job?" asked Lawrence across the supper table.

"Oh fine," his brother Ray answered. "All I have to do is work from four to six every day after school, and from 7.30 on, on Saturdays; drive a million cars, more or less, put tickets on them; make change; back them out again; push those that won't start and make it snappy."

"Is that all?", asked Lawrence.

"About all," said Ray, "except that the boss told me that people don't appreciate having their fenders scratched."

"Yes, they're funny that way," said Lawrence.

"One of the cars was in crooked and I made a long scratch on a brand new car next to it when I backed out."

"Did the man find out?" asked Lawrence.

"Yes, but he thought Buck Evans did it. I told him that I did it."

"What did he do?"

He said that he was glad that I was man enough to admit it and drove off without another word.

"Character, my boy is more precious than rubies," said Lawrence.

Everybody should be honorable. A boy that is honorable will succeed in life.

Glenn Dooley VII

TO TRY HARDER

"Father Miller at mass Sunday," Kay remarked, "said, 'Our Lord is looking down from the cross and is asking each one of us to try harder.'"

"I'm going to show Him I will." Helen murmured.

I guess it won't be so hard after all. It will please God if we try to do our work for Him.

Virginia Samples

GENEROSITY

"There's Marilyn Manly sitting on the side walk," said Alice. "Let's not stop."

"But why not?" her father asked her.

"She will want to go with us," Alice said, and then we cannot go shopping by ourselves. "But her father had already stopped."

"Oh, I'm so glad you came along," said Marilyn, as she got into the car beside Alice in the back seat. "I was going to call you up Alice. Aunt Lucile sent us a basket of nuts, candy, and fruit for Christmas, from Florida. I told Mother it would remind you of home to eat them! I'll be over with some of the nuts and candy this evening if you'll be home. Only don't eat too many of them. They will make you homesick and then you will want to go back to Florida."

"How good and kind you are, to ask me over to eat some of the nuts and fruit, Marilyn!" said Alice.

Her father was pleased at his daughter, he noticed that her cheeks were a deep, deep red.

I will be generous in all my dealings with others from now on.

Regina O'Brien

PATIENCE

Knock! Knock! The door opened and in came Mr. Smith, the grocer. He was very wet for it was raining.

"Morning", said Tim.

"Morning", said Mr. Smith. "It is wet enough for ducks today."

After he left, Rosemary, Tim's sister came into the kitchen and Tim said, "I knew he would say that. Can't he ever say anything else on a rainy day?"

Rosemary said, "Have patience. Baby Jesus had patience. It is near Christmas, so why don't you try to have patience. Pray to Baby Jesus and ask Him to help you." A. Poole.

THE CHRISTMAS CRIB

John and Mary were a little boy and girl. John was seven and Mary was six.

It was near Christmas and they were all excited. They went up town and saw many things they wanted.

John wanted a bow and arrow set a firetruck and a click gun.

Mary wanted a doll set, and a pair of skates.

They went up on the hill when they came back and took turns going down the hill on the sled they got last Christmas.

When they came home for dinner they were talking about going to bed early and what they wanted from Santa Claus.

They could not hardly go to bed nor close their eyes but after while they were soon sound asleep.

Next morning they jumped out of bed and got dressed as fast as they could, and ran down stairs.

To their surprise they found all the presents that they had wanted.

But over in the corner there was something more beautiful than all. "The Christmas Crib". There was Christ in the Crib. Mary was kneeling beside Him. Joseph was there too. The three kings brought rich gifts and the shepherds were there from the hilltop.

Billy Gillespie V

THE CHILD JESUS

Once upon a time there were two people. One's name was Mary, and the other Joseph. Can you guess what happened? They went to a stable in Bethlehem. At twelve o'clock a Baby was born to them in a manger of straw. That Baby was Jesus, Himself. And when He was thirty-three years old, He died on the cross for our sins.

Helen Weis V

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

It was four days before Christmas. John Farrell was on his way to town to buy some Christmas presents. John had fifty cents for shopping. He saw a bottle of perfume for two dollars and fifty cents. He thought he would like to get it for his mother. He sighed and thought he only had fifty cents. He was so unhappy that he went home. That night he wanted that perfume. He decided that night he would steal it tomorrow. So next day he went downtown and into the store. He reached out and grabbed the perfume and walked out. That night he went to Benediction. He thought everybody was looking through him and saw how he had sinned. That night he was very downcast. He decided that he would take the perfume back. That morning Uncle Tom came to his house. His uncle asked John if he was going to town. He said yes. His uncle drove him downtown. He then said to John, "John, here is three dollars for Christmas shopping." John immediately ran into the store, paid for the perfume and walked out. That Christmas was a happy one for John and his mother both.

James Jackson VI

SANTA

Why my dear,
Lockie here!
Here comes Santa,
With his reindeer.

Helen Weis V



CHRISTMAS EVE IN BETHLEHEM

One night on Christmas Eve about nineteen hundred years ago a little baby was born in a stable.

While some shepherds were watching their sheep an angel came and told them to come with him.

They were a little frightened at first, but the angel bade them not to be afraid.

Before they went they took a gift.

When they came they saw Saint Joseph and the Blessed Virgin kneeling by.

In the crib they saw a little child. They gave their gifts to him.

Meanwhile, three men from the East saw a star in the sky. They started to follow it but they didn't know where it was taking them but they kept on following it till they came to the stable. They saw Saint Joseph and the Blessed Virgin and the Christ Child. They brought gifts and then they knelt down to adore.

Don Dooley V

CHRISTMAS

Christmas comes but once a year,
Children are full of fun and cheer.
Under the tree are many things,
Which dear old Santa brings.

John Henneman Grade VI

CHRISTMAS

T'was Christmas morn
When Christ was born.
It was such a joyful sight
To Mary and Joseph's delight.

They were turned from hotels away
So they had to go to a stable to stay.
There the Infant Jesus lay
On a bed of hay.

JESUS IS BORN IN BETHLEHEM

One night two people went through the gates of Bethlehem. They were Mary and Joseph. Mary was riding a donkey which Joseph led. They came to Bethlehem because the ruler of the country wanted to see how many people he had. Everybody came there.

They tried to get a room for the night, but everywhere they went the answer was always no. At last a boy told them about an old cave in the hill.

About a half hour later some shepherds saw a big bright star. They had studied stars for years, but they never saw a star like this one.

An Angel also appeared to them and told them to come with him. They followed and at last they saw the cave. They went in and there was Mary with the little Child Jesus in her arms. Joseph was piling up straw for Jesus to lay on.

David Malloy Grade V

CHRISTMAS EVE

It was the night before Christmas,
And what do you think?
I was so excited I couldn't sleep a wink.
I kept on thinking of the fun in store.
And couldn't think of anything more.

David Malloy Grade V

Joann Wuerdeman VI

FIFTH GRADE

In Geography review the following fifth grade pupils had perfect scores

William Stump
Helen Weis
Virginia Hager
David Molley
Don Dooley
Alice Daniel
Betty Fugeman
Robert Sullivan
Jack Powell

In Catechism review the following stood up with perfect scores.

Charlene Robison
Robert Bennett
Betty Fugeman
Virginia Hager
Michael Brown
William Gillespie
Robert Sullivan
Terrance Mulvaney
Kitty Ann Sassin
Jack Powell
Rosemary Monach
David Malloy
Don Dooley
William Stump
Alice Daniel
Rosemary Lang
Helen Weis

CHRISTMAS DAY

On Christmas day Jesus was born. That is why we have Christmas. We get nice things on Christmas, but there are some who do not receive anything.

There was once a boy who wanted something, but he said, "I will let someone else have it instead."

Christmas bells are ringing,
The snow is falling fast,
The rich are happy
The poor are hungry
They beg from door to door,
But God in heaven above is watching,
The heavens are shining,
Jesus was born in a stable.

Betty Ann Fugeman V

SIXTH GRADE

Jo Ann Mullady
James Jackson
Rosemary Mayberry
Patty King
Jack Henneman
Betty Gillespie
Harry Farrell
Bernadine Stump
Martha Caproni
Paul Weis
George Jervis
Joseph O'Brien
James Petry
Vera Caproni
Richard Jones
William Brislen
Alfred Curtis
Joann Wuerdeman

The following pupils had perfect scores in Geography in the sixth grade.

Jo Ann Mullady
Betty Gillespie
Patty King
George Jervis
Leo Lang
Paul Weis
James Jackson
Joseph O'Brien
Rosemary Mayberry
Harry Farrell

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

It was Christmas night
The wise men saw a sight.
A bright Star
In the sky from afar.
It led them to the manager
Where Joseph kept Mary and Jesus
out of danger.

Jo Ann Mullady VI

EIGHTH GRADE ORGANIZE MISSION CLUB

Thursday afternoon the eight grade held a meeting to form a missionary club. The officers elected are, President--George Serey---Secretary-Genevieve Gilligan and Treasurer, Roberta Sullivan.

SANTA CLAUS

Santa Claus is a merry man
He brings toys to children
He brings toys to me and Nan
He fills the stockings too.

Dolls and sleds and other things
Dear old Santa Claus brings
When the moon is yellow
Down comes this jolly fellow.

Robert Gossett IV

BETHLEHEM

Its lights are dim
Its streets are bare
The stars shining everywhere.

William Meyers IV

CHRISTMAS

Christmas comes but once a year
With its happiness and cheer
Brings the children lots of toys
And with the toys, a lot of joys.

Henry Petry III

THE SHEPHERDS

The many shepherds saw the star
In the heavens from afar
They journeyed to a stable bare
And saw the Christ Child lying there.

Marcella Gleason IV

MY CHRISTMAS DREAM

One night when I went to sleep
I dreamed I was in toyland and visited Santa Claus. He was at his desk seeing what the children wanted. I asked him if I could and I saw a train, footballs, baseballs, cowboy suits and other good things. Santa had little men working for him. He said I had to go home and promise I would not tell what I saw.

Gene Petry IV

A CHRISTMAS STORY

On the night before Christmas I had a beautiful thought. I thought I was at the crib of our Lord. There was Mary, Joseph, and our beautiful Baby Jesus. I was thinking a beautiful baby like Christ should be born in a silver palace instead of an old stable. I guess that's why He looked so sad. I saw some angels. They were watching Our Lord as he slept peacefully in his crib. Then I saw rich Kings in their robes from the lands far away. They were carrying rich things. One had frankincense. The second had myrrh and the last one had gold. There were also some shepherds. These thoughts made me very happy.

Joan Teubert IV

The Selfish Woman

One evening some children were playing. It was near Christmas. Suddenly there was a knock. The children ran to the door. And they started to let them in but at that minute their mother came in and said, "Don't let them in. Let them go celebrate their own Christmas." And she slammed the door in their faces. It was a poor woman and a man. The little children felt sad. The childrer's mother did not have a nice Christmas.

One evening later their mother heard that a Saviour was born in a little barn. Then she was very sorry she did not let the poor people in. For she had heard that they were Mary and Joseph who had knocked at her door and the child's name was Jesus.

Betty Joe Nunley III

A CHRISTMAS STORY

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Jim. He was a little boy six years old. It was the day before Christmas and he wanted his mother to tell him a story. So she told him a story about Christmas. So here is what she told him.

One day a little boy was born. They named him Joe. Joe began to grow. Finally his birthday came when he was six years old he was having a cake. The time for his dinner finally came and he ate some cake.

The next day was Christmas. He went to bed that night and the next morning he got up very early. He had a cowboy suit, a football, some clothes, candy, books, and games. He was very happy. As he looked at his toys he never thought of anything but the baby Jesus. He thought he would do something hard. So he never played with his toys that day. He waited and just thought of Jesus, and spent most of his time before the crib.

Betty Ann Dooley IV

GRADE III AND IV
HONOR ROLL IN DEPARTMENT

Joseph Blaire Michael Healy
Betty Dooley John Murer
Martha Farrell Henry Petrey
James Stock



A MERRY CHRISTMAS

A is for Annunciation of the Holy Child.

J. A. Browne

M is for Mary his mother so mild.

Cecil Blair

E is for Elizabeth her cousin so fair.

R is for the rough road Mary followed there.

George Lumley

R is for Redeemer who now was so near.

Herbert Ryan

Y is for that blessed and happy year.

Billy Joe Meyers

C is for Christ so sweet and so fair.

H is for heaven for he came from there.

Barbara Nunley

R is for room--there was none where told.

Joyce Fugeman

I is for infant, he was born in the cold.

Martha Farrell

S is for shepherds on the hillside a far.

John Lynch

T is for three kings who followed the star.

Bernard Malloy

M is for masses which on Christmas are said.

Betty Dooley

A is for altar on which they are read.

John Murer

S is for Saviour who came for us all.

Johnny Joe Howard

READING RACE GRADE I

In spite of the fact that we expect the boys to be more adapted to driving and keeping cars in repair, they proved to be deficient or careless drivers in the Second Grade race in reading. The girls won by a distance of twenty miles. During the past six weeks the girls have worked hard and have overcome many of the difficulties in the process of becoming

efficient readers. The first Grade took a lively interest in this race and all were well satisfied when the winning title went to the girls.

Joan Petry, Virginia Peebles, Patricia Gleason, Mary Eleanor Mahaney, and Patricia Lynch, have had perfect reading lessons each day during the last six weeks.

HONOR ROLL

The following are on the Honor Roll for the past six weeks:

First Grade: Mary Eleanor Mahaney, Mary Jean O'Neal, Joan Petry,

and Virginia Peebles.

Second Grade: Frank Fugeman, Joan Fitzsimmons, Patricia Kelley, Sue Nunley, and Joan Rice.

LETTER TO THE INFANT JESUS

Dear Infant Jesus,

We want to tell you how much we love you. We love you because you left your home in heaven and became a little baby for us. We are trying to be real good so we can offer you

our hearts for your Crib on Christmas morning. Keep us good so that we may always love you.

Your little boys and girls.

