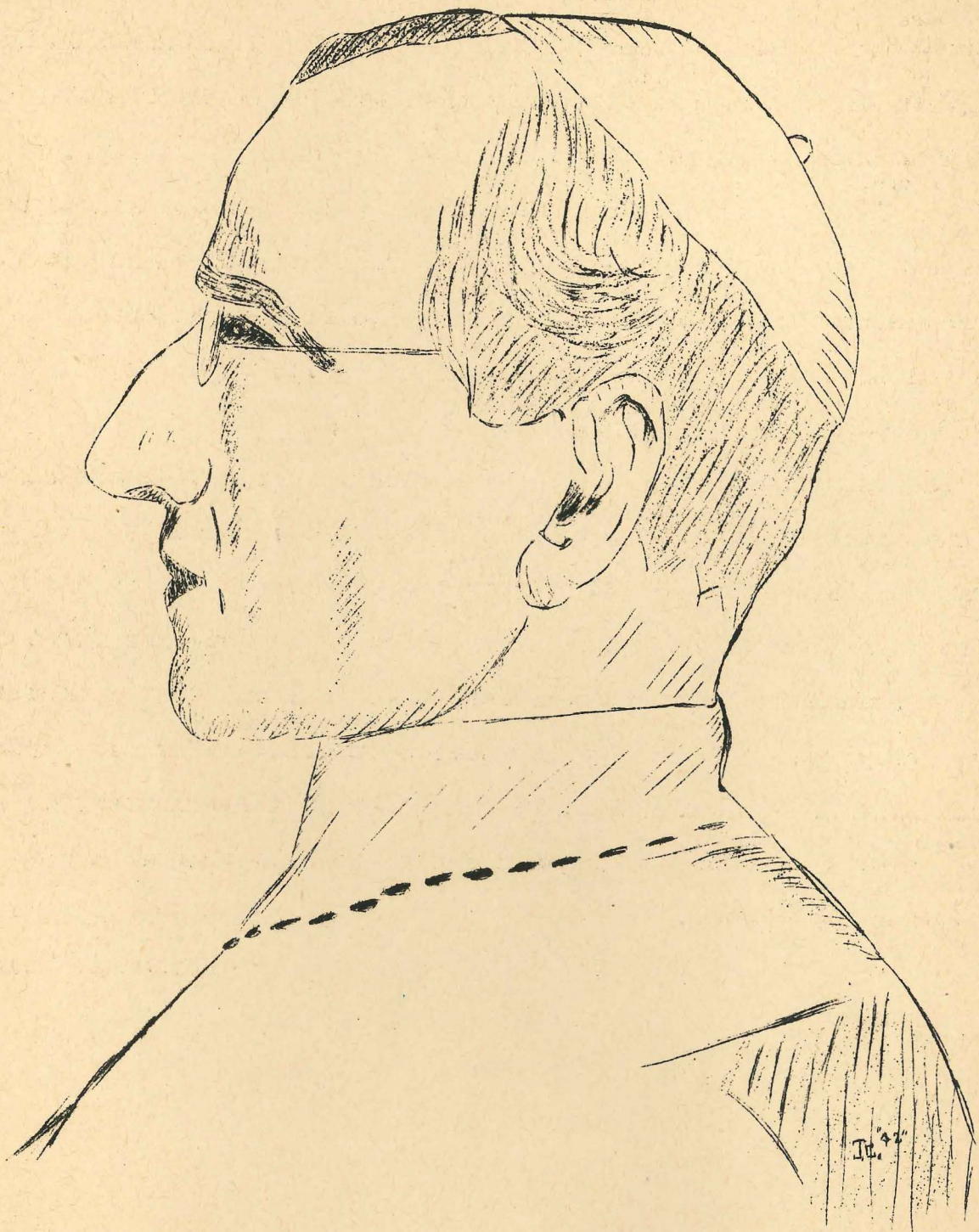


The
Spirit

OF

Holy Family

PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1942
HOLY FAMILY HIGH SCHOOL
ASHLAND, KENTUCKY



THE POPE'S JUBILEE YEAR

Twenty-five years a Bishop! Three years a Pope! Little did Eugenio Pacelli dream on his ordination day that someday he would be a Pope! His only thought then was to do the best he could as a priest and thank God everyday for his divine vocation. But because he was destined to be something far greater than a parish priest, he was elevated to the rank of bishop in 1917. Continually he rose. Then one day a dying man asked that his successor be Eugenio Pacelli. Thus, by divine permission Pius XII became Pope.

Because of his earnest desire for peace in a troubled world, Pacelli took the title of Pius. Always he has signified peace, so it is only natural that at times like these that he should desire for his celebration, prayers of the faithful from the whole universe for a speedy and just peace. The response has been immediate and most generous. Novenas, prayers, and sacrifices have been offered for his spiritual bouquet and for his intention. Therefore, it is the voluntary desire of all--whether in free or subjugated lands--to help to obtain what the Pope wishes for--peace.

Rosemarie Helfrich

IN THE END IS OUR BEGINNING

For twelve, and in some cases thirteen, years we Seniors have been going to class, doing homework, taking tests and, in general, going to school.

Every year we have impatiently sighed for June to come. Yet this year it is somehow different. In previous years we looked forward for our vacation, but always with the realization that September would come and we would be going to school again.

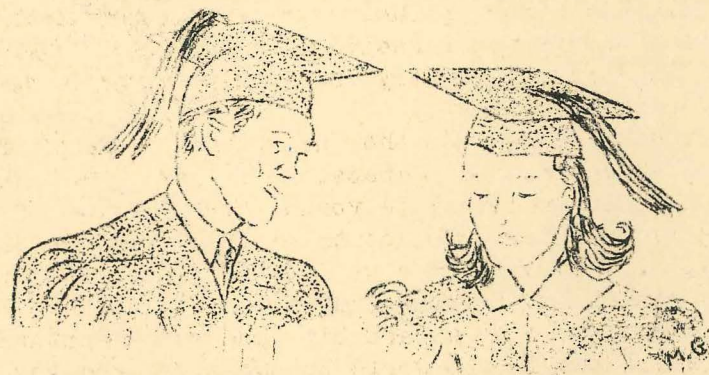
For twelve years we have been in training for the future. We have been coached in all available fields and now we have reached our goal. And yet, contrary to general thought, this is not the end but the beginning.

Like any complicated undertaking our entrance in the world require a period of training. To the best of the combined abilities of our parents, teachers, and pastor we have been prepared for new. "Now" is the reason for which we have been going to school most of our life. This--the beginning of our adult life.

We are beginning the most important part of our life. Now is the time when we must choose the occupation we are going to follow for the rest of our life. Now we will put to test all we have learned in our school years. This is especially a test of our religious training.

Let us not be a disappointment to any of those who have taught us all these years. Let us so start out and continue that we may be one in eternity as we have been one in our school life.

Darica Tierney '42



COURAGE IS WHAT WE NEED!

Courage, Seniors, your greatest task is ahead of you! Too true is this statement, but do we "grads" realize it? Out of school! Oh, how we have wished for so long to be able to say that. Shall we feel just that flippant next fall after spending in vain, weeks looking for a job--or sweating over college work? We shall wish to go back--every one of us. For, when we receive our diplomas we are really out. We must face the world--and that takes courage. Probably many of the boys will be drafted and destined for parts unknown. Will they not wish that they were freshmen--starting out?

These questions will confront us! "What shall I do?" Be an elevator boy, or a Ten Cent Store girl? Go ahead to college--where--how--what kind of course--doctor, teacher, lawyer, dietician, nurse? Or, shall I just loaf around???

Today, we need greater courage than ever on leaving school. For, our generation will be needed to help build up the country again after this war. Will that take courage? We doubt not.

Our twelve years of schooling have really been very easy for us--perhaps not in some courses, but we have always had our parents to confide in--to ask for anything we wished. After we're out--working or at college--we are more or less independent--must be capable of making decisions for ourselves.

Then, too, out in the world, we must keep up our religious practices. During our school days we have been under the careful guidance of the Sisters and our reverend pastor. But now we shall really prove what kind of Catholics we are--how strong our Faith is. This will prove what we have really carried over from school life into that life we begin on Commencement day.

I say again we need courage.

Betty Browne '42

LAUNCHING OUT INTO THE DEEP

We the Senior class are now on the verge of stepping into the world to do and accomplish things for ourselves.

This launching is going to be very sad for us because we know that the water out beyond is very deep.

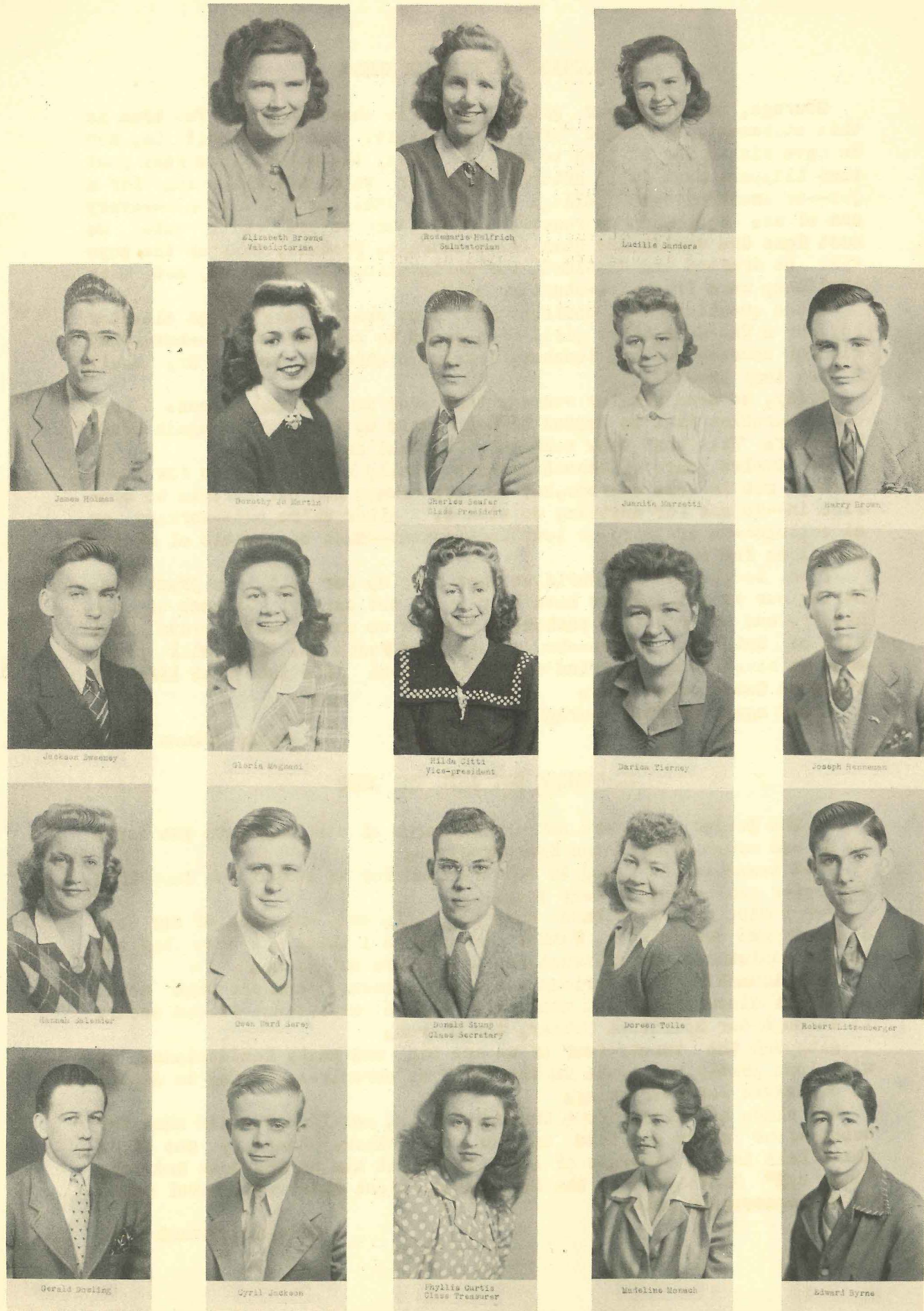
For twelve years we have had the help and guidance of our dear Sisters and our Pastor, Father Hanes, so I think we have had the proper assistance and instructions to venture out alone.

This launching is a serious subject to discuss and one that needs plenty of discussion. But when ever we need assistance we can secure it through our Spiritual Mother, the Church.

Although the twenty-four of us are big and husky Kentuckians, we will look pretty small out in the world by ourselves, having to depend on ourselves for everything.

Our class has always come through smiling and I am certain that the twenty-four of us can take care of each other. When any one of us shall fall in the struggle of life, let's pat him on the back and say, "Buck up!" Can't you see the electrical effect this will have? Saved by old schoolmate pals!

Madeline Monach '42



THE GRADUATES' A B C's

Again graduation comes around
 On all faces smiles are found
 But lest you forget the Class of '42
 We are leaving a remembrance to you.

A is for attractive, ambitious, and active
 This is Juanita Marzetti as sure as you live.

B is for bluster, brains, and beauty
 For this Phyllis Curtis is always on duty.

C is for cute, courteous, and clever
 Lucille Sanders fails us never.

D is for darling, demure, and dutiful
 Add to these, Betty Browne is beautiful.

E is for eager, earnest, and ever-true
 I now present Robert Litzemberger to you.

F is for friendly, funny, and flighty
 This is Gloria Magnani, the mighty.

G is for gabby, gifted, and gay.
 This suits Hannah Salender any old day.

H is for handsome, happy, and hearty
 Here's to Owen Serey, the life of the party.

I is for ingenious, imaginative, and ideal
 But with all this Catherine Samples is real.

J is for joyful, jittery, and jolly
 In Harry Brown there's not much folly.

K is for kind, knightly, and keen
 In Joseph Henneman this can easily be seen.

L is for likeable, lovely, and lean
 Dorothy Jo Martin is crowned the queen.

M is for manly, mild, and meek
 Of Charles Seufer we now speak.

N is for nice, nifty, and neat
 Rosemarie Helfrich just can't be beat.

O is for obese, original, and oratorical
 Cyril Jackson is also historical.

P is for pretty, petite, and polite
 Hilda Citti is certainly alright.

Q is for quiet, quaint, and quick-witted
To Darica Tierney this is best fitted.

R is for right, rough, and ready
Jackson Sweeney is our steady.

S is for stylish, sturdy, and sedate
Donald Stump is surely first rate.

T is for true, tactful, and tall
In this Ned Byrne leads them all.

U is for unique, united, and unruly
This is the class of '42, yours truly.

V is for virtuous, vigorous, and vivacious
This must be Doreen Tolle, my gracious.

W is for witty, willful, and wise
James Holmes surely takes the prize.

X is for XXIV graduates of '42
We're loyal, kind, and ever-true.

Y is for youthful, yielding, and yearning
Gerald Dowling sure is learning.

Z is for zippy, zestful, and zealous
And Madeline Monach is not a bit jealous.

I've tried to describe to you our class
If there are mistakes please let them pass,
Always remember the Class of '42
And we promise not to forget you.
Catherine Samples

THE FUTURE?

Are we destined for poverty, or are we destined for wealth?
Shall we be stricken with illness, or blessed with health?

Are we destined for infamy, or are we destined for fame?
Shall all the world despise us, or honor our name?

Are we destined for tragedy, or are we destined to laugh?
Shall business show us mercy, or bleed us with graft?

These questions are a sample of what the future will hold,
And only in the future will the answer unfold.

But unfold they must, and then may we view
The success of the Class of Forty-two.

Jimmy Holmes

REFLECTIONS

Today! We are a happy, joyous, "but a little bit worried", group of Seniors. That "little bit worried" phrase applies to the approach of test week. We are striving to keep up in our school work, and keep up with our "outside school activities." We have had one activity after another. First came "Almost Eighteen", "Sugar Registration", "The Prom", "Hearts and Blossoms", and "Forty Hours". It has been a tough schedule, but the Seniors of "42", will come through. Holy Family School days are fast coming to an end, but we are taking it calmly--as yet, no girls have been noticed sobbing in the halls, and Father has not broken down, with the thought of our leaving. It's a beautiful day outside. The sun is shining, the grass is green, leaves are thick, and not a breath of air is stirring. What a day to go swimming. But, alas, there are so few days left for us Seniors, that we smile and just pass on to class.

Tomorrow! What does tomorrow hold for the class of "42"? What has fate planned for the largest class that ever entered Holy Family, and stuck together for twelve years, to pass out those same doors with Father and the Sisters waving good-bye to us. Just to have some fun, I would like to make a little guess as to what the first, big step the boys of the Senior Class will take. I surmise, that on June 30, over half of the Senior boys will register for the draft. Maybe some will be inclined to enlist in the armed services of the good old U. S. A. There is not much one can write about the future. We cannot possibly tell just what is in store for us. All we can do is to pray for God's help and guidance--we shall surely need it. Good-bye classes of "43", "44", and "45". Please think of us in your spare time, and utter just a little aspiration, every now and then, for us.

Harry Brown

COURAGE, SENIORS

We who graduate in the year nineteen hundred forty-two, face the biggest task ever put upon the shoulders of a graduating class, in the history of the world.

After we are out of school a while, some of the boys will be called to the army, and may fight and die in the struggle, but, it will be for a great cause. And those who are not in the army will probably work in defense plants, to supply our fighting forces with the weapons to win this war.

The girls will no doubt work as canteen hostesses, in defense plants, or work in that great organization known as the Red Cross. Members of this organization do heroic work. Since conditions are as they are, we must have faith in this great government of ours. We must try to convince other people of our ideals and our way of living. We also will need to play an important part in the reconstruction of the world after the war.

To do this we need courage. We should pray to God to give us this courage and strength. So, when the time comes, we will carry on as we are expected to do.

Gerald Dowling

WHITHER BOUND

Twelve years of our school life have rolled by and today we are full-fledged Seniors, ready and willing to start out into a new life. At this time I have a few important statements to make regarding the future of the Senior Class of "42".

1. Lucille Sanders is leaving Ashland to become a doctor. Here's luck to you, Dr. Sanders.

2. Darica Tierney will take up nursing at Portsmouth, Ohio. God bless your charity work.

3. Those two dashing young athletes of the Senior Class-----Joe Henneman and Owen Ward Serey will go South this summer to become professional baseball players. Keep-em-flying boys and we'll be seeing you.

4. Doreen Tolle intends to go to Dayton to make some man happy in having an efficient secretary.

5. Rosemarie Helfrich will leave for College in September to take up Home Economics. The best of success, Rosie.

6. Here's a bit of interesting news. Many will grieve deeply to know that Gerald Dowing is leaving Ashland to take up work in Alaska. Cool place at least. We'll miss you Gerald.

7. Harry Brown, that tall handsome lad of the class of "42", will of course stay with the C & O Railroad until further notice. Come and purchase your tickets from him if you leave for a vacation.

8. Need I tell you of Donald Stump's plans for the future. Don belongs to the four S's---Stumps Super Shoe Service. Don't work too hard, Don.

9. Hannah Salendar that carefree lass will attend St. Joseph College to become a Physical Education Teacher. What grand opportunities await her pupils. Lucky kids!

10. Jimmy Holmes, the boy with a smile for everyone, intends to become a General----To quote his exact words, "I shall be a 'general nuisance'." Is he kidding?

11. Did you know that Betty Browne will leave for College to become a teacher of ??? Of course, you knew it all the time. Don't be too harsh, Betty.

12. That happy-go-lucky Phyllis Curtis wants to go to Chicago and study dramatics. Lucky girl.

13. Jackson Sweeney has a great future ahead of him--Basketball Instructor at the Y. M. C. A. Good Boy, Jack, we knew you had it in you.

14. Madeline Monach, Sophie to all her friends, intends to do stenographic work.

15. Robert Litzzenburger insists on being a jockey. He surely will make a good one---how about it, Bob?

16. Hilda Citti wants to be an Air-Hostess and will someday as soon as she works and saves in order to realize her ambition.

17. Another young lady determined to be a secretary is Juanita Marzetti. Do we doubt her success?

18. Gloria Magnani has a beautiful voice that will take her far, but first this sweet young lady will seek work and then take up singing as a career.

19. Charles Seufer, another athlete of the Senior Class will finish his education by attending V. P. I.---Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Good lick Charles, and we shall never forget you.

20. Some little bird told me of Ned Byrne's intentions to become a great scientise. Is that right, Ned?

21. Dorothy Jo Martin will attend college to continue her education. To the former "Campus Queen" we bid smooth sailing throughout your college career.

22. Catherine Samples also wishes to make some man happy by being a good secretary. And believe me, she sure will meet with success. How about that, Catherine?

23. Last, but not least, we have that good-looking blond-haired young man. I am speaking of Jack Cyril Jackson, who will continue his education by attending business school this summer.

These are the plans of the individuals. Is it possible that Uncle Sam may interfere?

Hilda Citti

COMMENCEMENT REFLECTIONS

Oh! those lucky kids! We sure shall be glad when we get finished. I doubt if I'll make it! Haven't we all had these thoughts run through our minds from the time we entered High School until the time, I should say, when we are about to get out?

Just what does Commencement mean to us? To me it is one of the saddest days in our educational era. Just think of leaving our old school pals, each one going his own way. Personally, I think it is a sad chapter in our lives.

Wonder what will be running through our minds commencement night? I can just imagine, when I walk down the aisle with the other twenty-three fellow classmates that different things such as, Oh! why did this day have to come? What am I going to do? Where am I going to work, if I work? Where shall I go to college, if I go? And a few more what's, where's, and when's will be running back and forth through my mind.

Now, let's look at the future. I have heard many remarks such as, I have never regreted a day being out since I graduated. Gee, I wish I were back in school etc. I think I shall more likely be saying the last remark. Some of us will no doubt, go to college and meet new friends, but none compared to our old Alma Mater class mates. Some will go to work and really like the work, but, deep down in their hearts will wish they were back at H.F.S. again.

So to the rest of you, Freshman, Sophmores, and Juniors, please take a tip from me. Don't say you will surely be glad when your time comes, because "You won't".

Hannah Salender

TODAY! TOMORROW?

Today we the Seniors of Holy Family are living a life of ease and comfort or at least comparatively so. We have no worries to wrinkle our brows, except, of course, the little matter of final tests and wondering whether we are really going to be graduates or not. But, all joking aside, we really and truly do not have great problems in comparison with the problems even last year's graduates are having to solve for themselves. By now they have learned to face the world and its problems with presence of mind. But it took time for them to learn how to face these problems just as it will take time for this year's graduating class to get accustomed to solving its problems without the assistance and guidance of their teachers. Yes, today we are happy, worry-less young men and women preparing to take another step up the ladder of life and fortune.

This is today; but, what will tomorrow bring? Already some of the boys are thinking of joining the armed forces to help our beloved nation win this war and thus preserve our American way of life. The others are looking for jobs of some sort before they make up their minds about joining the armed forces or until they are drafted, if the war lasts that long. A few are planning to carry on their studies by attending college this fall. This is a wise thing to do because our country needs and wants men with a higher education for its various armed divisions. The girls are planning to get jobs or go to college or perhaps start training to be nurses. Each student now faces the problem, which he must solve for himself--what shall I do after graduation? This, indeed, is a problem of considerable importance and needs much thought and careful study. Later there will be other problems to be faced of greater or less importance as the case may be. Thus, it is that today we breeze along carelessly but as for tomorrow ---well, who can tell?

Lucille Sanders

ALMOST EIGHTEEN

On April 29, the Senior Class of Holy Family High School, presented its annual Class Play and it was a grand success. The attendance was probably the best for years, the audience was most gracious, as shown by the laughter and applause accorded in appreciation of this comedy which was a great reward for the time spent by the cast and by those who helped by their direction and guidance.

It was an unusually long play but the interest was great and the audience was never once "bored," (at least so they said). The Seniors certainly outdid themselves in their parts. The individual performances of each and every member of the cast were highly commendable. The reaction of the audience was pleasing and encouraging to all of the teachers and members of the cast who worked so hard in the endeavor of putting on a good class play.

Since this is one of the red letter events of a Senior's life, we are both happy and proud about the success of our class play. We wish to thank Father Hanses and the Sisters for their help and encouragement to make us forget ourselves and for the time being live the characters whom we represented. That was the keynote to our success.

Owen Ward Serey

INVOCATION TO THE SACRED HEART

In this beautiful month of the Sacred Heart
Our class makes ready for life's big start,
For the rest of our lives though parted we be
Dear Sacred Heart keep us close to thee.

As we journey down through the years,
Sometimes in laughter, sometimes in tears
Whatever betide us there's no need for fears
For our smallest petition the Sacred Heart hears.

From H.F.S. our steps must soon turn away
So with grateful hearts as we leave let us say
For our pastor, our teachers, our classmates gay
One small prayer to the Sacred Heart each day.
Cyril Jackson

TO THE CLASS OF 1943

The class of "42"
Wants to leave with you
Our best wishes; and may we pray
That you will do as your teacher's say.

If you will do this I am sure you can say
That you did your lessons every day.
Your teachers know best as you shall see
When they have you working like a busy bee.

This small bit of advice
May not be received very nice
But if at the end you fail to come through
Please don't blame it on the Class of "42".
Jack Sweeney

Remember When Or How Could You Forget!

Once upon a time--twelve years ago to be exact--a school known as Holy Family was blessed with the enrollment of a big group of innocent little babies. Time marched on, but these sweet, little "brats" ran right after it finally managing to get where they are today--a smaller group of bigger babies--that Class of "42".

If we look into the future, we are troubled with war and strife; at present we are troubled with indigestion; so let us go into the past life--relive the untroubled life of the seniors. We enjoyed our happy hours at school as much as anyone ever had (which still doesn't prove much), but really we have some very pleasant memories--both of them--free days and vacations.

The first memory we shall revive is, as it should be, the first grade. Everyone knows what the primary room is like. It's the place you go to play with clay after you graduate from the sand pile, so there's no need in wasting our time there. Following closely upon our enrollment in school, we meet up with the Blue Ribbon Health Parades. Who can ever forget the pomp and splendor of those gigantic processions? How proudly we marched up and down the streets of our fair city well aware of our physical perfection, and then how proudly our parents carried us and our blistered feet home. However, we weren't perfect in everything, for we had our vices too. Gambling was one of them. It was just sort of in our sporting blood. Why often an entire life's savings, a whole fortune of marbles would be lost in one day. But just as long pants replaced knickers, the pool table and cue stick replaced the marble ring and dirty knuckles.

We seniors are socialites, but maybe you didn't know that we've always been in the social whirl. We have had our little social gatherings for many years now, but I doubt if we will ever forget the old ice cream and cake birthday parties with the Peter Pan Collars and ribboned pigtails, and I bet you still remember the bewilderment at that first party when the pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey was substituted by a mysterious game called "post office". You know though, it was a long time before the remarkable lads of our class ever gave up their noon-time hobby of tag. How well we recollect these visions of flying feet tearing around the little school building, politely shoving ice cream into the face of some unfortunate possessor of a Chilly Imp, as he ambled unsuspectingly out of Mrs. Dowling's Cafeteria. Ah, those were the happy days, but it was never the same after the girls began to curl their hair and to amputate those picture-frame bangs. Then suddenly we found ourselves eighth graders, the boss of the grades, and that naturally meant special privileges. In fact, practically every member of the class was now allowed a Coca Cola for lunch without having the written consent of his mother.

As we peruse through this history of the Seniors, we arrive at that chapter entitled "Freshmen". At last we had come into our heritage. We were high school students--you know what I mean--the girls put on silk stockings and the boys took off their stocking caps. That was the year of our first prom, and how often we heard that familiar question, "You goin' to the prom? And then that familiar answer, "I don't know; I don't like to dance." Next step sophomores and TRAGEDY, for news of Holy Family's rising, young athletic star swept the nation, and the name of this phantom of sportland, Jack Sweeney, created such fear that absolute abolishment of all athletics was demanded at Holy Family in order that other schools might have a chance. Our imitation of the

freshmen is another appropriate memory, for there was diplomacy back of that ceremony. We the seniors quietly foresaw the battles which were to be fought today, and so we decided to let you live in peace as long as possible. As a result, you still recognizable juniors are being bored this evening by senior chatter, instead of having the board applied by senior hands two years ago. Our Junior year found us trying to pull a fast one. The boys came back to school in September in disguise. However, after their crew haircuts grew out the nuns recognized them and failed them anyway.

In the course of strolling through memory lane like this, we have almost overlooked a small factor--that is if you can call 6' 1", 215 lbs. of priestly manliness small. Ceasing all kidding though, we haven't forgotten our pastor, and we never intend to. He was there when the curtain went up on our school life, and he is here for the last act. Anyone who could stick through such a corny, twelve-year performance as we put on deserves plenty of praise, but now--

Our wanderings are over and we're back once more
Very little the wiser than we were before:
But just listen a second or longer friend
To this special message the seniors send;
You "Remember Pearl Harbor", you bet you do
But don't forget us, the Class of "42".

Jimmy Holmes

OUR MAY CROWNING

We waited until May 31 for our May Crowning, because we wanted our Blessed Mother Mary to pay special attention to our efforts in her honor. We felt that by that time all the other of her devoted children would have paid her their tribute of praise and love.

The customary line-up for this beautiful ceremony was as follows:

The crossbearer, followed by small servers in white cassocks and surplices, led the procession. The majority of the school children, carrying bouquets of delicate flowers to offer to the Queen of May, were next in the line of march.

Three tiny, little girls then came in view. One, a Second Grade girl, a member of this year's First Communion class, had the honor of crowning our Blessed Mother. The other two were her attendants.

Last, but not least, in that procession, marched our Seniors of "42", in triple file.

All during the procession, appropriate hymns, sung by our sweet voiced children, filled the beautiful edifice of Holy Family Church.

The Seniors arranged themselves at the foot of the Virgin's shrine and pronounced in fervent accents of filial devotion an Act of Consecration in the name of the students of Holy Family School. After this act each Senior approached the altar of our Lady, Queen of the May and placed an American beauty rose in vases prepared for that purpose. This seemed so sweet, so reverend, so tender and childlike that a hush, as it were, pervaded the assembled congregation.

Then the Rev. Hugh Millican addressed the entire congregation in an inspiring sermon on the efficacy of the help of Mary.

The services closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the great church hymn, Holy God, We Praise Thy Name.

Donald Stump

CLASS WILL

We the Seniors of Holy Family School, being of sound mind do decree this our last will and testament here at the Henry Clay the thirteenth day of May in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and forty two:

Betty Browne....After great thought and consideration **has decided to leave** her talented driving to that speedster of the highway Neal Mulvaney.

Harry Brown....has left his golden tenor voice to Walter Foster, with the hope that he can do as well as he did. Harry says that it will require softness of voice and complete relaxation of the vocal cords.

Gerald Dowling....leaves his black comb to Jimmy Lemon, that he may take as good care of his locks.

Hilda Citti....wishes that she had some height so as to leave her brother about 4 ft. of it.

Unable to locate Joe Henneman, I believe I am safe, in stating, that Joe leaves his batting skill to Joe Curtis, who is now batting about 102.

Charles Seufer....has a Physical Culture Book which he would like to leave to Mario Citti, and hopes that he will put it to use. Like He Has.

Gloria Magnani....is worried. She can't decide to whom to leave her talented alto voice. I have suggested giving it to Betty Brown.

Bob Litzenberger....donates his skill of playing the pin ball machines to Ham Curtis.

Juanita Marzetti....intends to leave her acting ability to the one lucky young lady who will have the lead in the next senior class play. Her only hope is that she will do as well as she did.

Madeline Monach....bestows her quietness of voice and manners to any harsh voiced Junior who needs it.

Hannah Salendar....says Bobbie Sullivan has asked her for three and a half feet of her height, and her soprano voice. Sorry, Mary Jane Gute.

Dorothy Jo Martin....cheerfully vacates her place in Gallahers after school, with the hope that it will be respected, as a Senior has spent most of her spare time in it, to Patty Stock.

Phyllis Curtis....in all due respect asks to present her blonde hair to Sara Tierney, as Jack Jackson likes blondes.

Jack Sweeney....insists that he give Walter Foster his shorthand skill. Jack can produce thirteen words a minute now. He needs just 120 before graduating.

Owen Ward Serey....insists to leave his sweet and gentle disposition with the fairer sex with Jimmy Lemon.

James Holmes....offers his erect figure and technique with blondes to Ham Curtis, who needs it.

Donald Stump....freely gives his ability to drive a car with two hands, and I'm not kidding, to Joe Curtis, should he come into possession of one.

Lucille Sanders....wills her speed on the tennis courts to Barbara Burdiss.

Cyril Jackson....desires to leave his example of good behavior and studiousness to Peggy O'Rielly.

Rosemarie Helfrich....who handled the big sister role so cleverly, wills to Jean Bullock, her sportsmanship and love of out door life.

Doreen Tolle....transmits her every day smile to Mary Magdeline Weis.

Mary Catherine Samples....wills her ability to smile aloud to Susan Seufer.

Darica Tierney....gives over her quietness of voice and manners to any noisy Junior girl who needs it.

Ned Byrne....says that when he was a boy, this kind of foolishness was ruled out. So he is conferring his knack for ruling the home to Ed Lynch, that notable character of the Junior Class.

Signed by all members of the Senior Class

FRIVOLOUS GIRLS SEEK JOBS

There is nothing more beautiful or more pathetic than to see a young girl, fresh out of school looking for a job--or is there?

Abigail wakes up bright and early one morning--around ten o'clock! and says to herself, "I've had three months vacation. It is time now to get to work and show what I have learned at school--on second thought I had better just get to work."

After a hurried breakfast she starts off in her Sunday best to conquer the big, bad world. Going down the main streets she lingered over the cute, little frocks in the shop windows lovingly when Mabel Jones and two other girls came up beside her.

Usual greetings are exchanged, and then the girls find that they are all there for the same purpose--job-hunting.

"We'll need to be cool and calm, so suppose we stop in "Snood's" for a coke or sumpin?" All immediately agree. And it is there that Father Time finds them at 2 p. m., deeply engrossed in a dance someone is going to have.

Then Abigail remembers her mission, and after another hour of hasty good-bys, that all girls have experienced, she sets off again.

We now find her in the outer office of the Personnel Agent of a large firm, sitting in dread agony with twelve or more young girls.

Her thoughts run around in her brain like scared rabbits in a cage --"He'll probably ask me to type something for him and I'll simply go blank. I wish I could get over this being scared. Wonder if he has fangs? My, wouldn't he look funny? What in the world am I thinking of? I must be going crazy. If I ever get out of here alive, I'll talk Dad into sending me to College--and so on.

Finally just as her nerves are at the breaking point the door opens. A young lady stands in the doorway and says, "Sorry it is closing time. Come back tomorrow, please," in a genial voice and Abigail is safe for another day.

Gloria Magnani

THE END OF ONE LANE

Four years seemed like ages to most of us when we made the great step from the grades to high school. We thought that we had really accomplished something and as brilliant eighth graders were ready for the new work in our first year--Freshies. That's just where we were; Latin, Algebra, might as well have been Greek. How we wished that the books could be thrown away and forgotten forever. The year ended with some of the wind gone out of our sails. Sophs--but not quite so sure of ourselves. Yet, a bit more accustomed to high school routine we began to find social affairs more interesting. Athletics too took some of our leisure time and we were beginning to like high school. We slipped through the Sophomore year somewhat easy and then we were Juniors.

We found more to do; more studies; but, we still found time for our parties and the big event of the year, the prom. That affair all of us will always remember. We were then elevated to our Senior year, we still had so much to learn. This year even though we were supposed to know more than we did as Freshies we realized that we were not as brilliant as we thought we were when we began. We, most of us at least, really began to work at something that didn't seem so important in the past three years.

Now we have come to the end of that lane. Our next lane will be much longer and much harder to get to the end. But, if we follow the teachings of Holy Family School the past years, we shall also reach the end of the lane, in safety.

STEPPING OUT

This last week there has been a secret undercurrent of joy and happiness buzzing about school, but especially among the Seniors. Just a few more preliminaries such as exams and graduation and then all will be over. Then twenty-four Seniors will write "FINIS" on the last page as they close the memory book of their happy school days.

We feel ready now to meet the tasks of life before us. There will be disappointments and disillusionments, we know. But, we will prove ourselves good sports.

During our school days we have been guided by Father Hanses and the members of the faculty. Are we to have no guidance for our future life? No, we will be guided by the signposts of our religious teachings. Our faith! What a glorious heritage. As we wander along life's narrow ways, the Ten Commandments will guide us through dark pathways. There will be detours of course, but if we live up to that faith we will again find ourselves upon the smooth pavement traveling the road of life.

So remember Seniors! As you launch out into the deep, use your religion as a guide and you will anchor safely in the harbor of success--here and hereafter.

Juanita Marzetti

APPRECIATION

On a day in September, twelve years ago, there came to school certain members of the Class of 42. They were registered by Father Hanses. It was his third year at Holy Family and our first. He was present at the beginning and he is present at the end.

During our school career, he has always been ready to help us. He instructed us in our preparation for first Holy Communion; he heard our first Confession; and from his hands we received Our Blessed Lord for the first time.

All through the grades he was with us. How we enjoyed those visits he made to our room, even getting report cards wasn't, and isn't hard now, with Father giving them out. If we are good, he tells us and if we are bad--he tells us too.

Confirmation was the next on the schedule. What joy we felt at becoming "Soldiers of Christ". Father was there too, when we were confirmed. After this, the next big event was the graduation from the Eighth Grade. What a red letter for us when Father called our names to come up to get our diplomas.

We were eager, so eager, to enter high-school. How impatiently we awaited Friday morning, when Father came in to talk to us. We experienced our initiation, and we initiated the Freshmen, who are now high and mighty Juniors. Father was present at both of these events. When we were Juniors, we enjoyed our first Junior-Senior banquet, and the rest of the fun and laughter that goes with it. Father was there, and he was the guest of honor.

Many things have occurred, sad and joyful, since that first day and now we are at the beginning of another journey, far greater than the last one. Commencement is only the beginning for us, but as it is the end of this journey we wish to express our deep, sincere, heart-felt appreciation to Father Hanses, who has been the guiding hand, during the twelve years, that has finally led us to our goal--GRADUATION.

Owen Ward Serey

THE PROM

Oh, what a sight! The colors of America displayed in their full glory at the Junior Senior Prom. For days mysterious mutterings had kept the Juniors busy and the Seniors in suspense--but tonight all was reality. This was indeed worth waiting for. As one's gaze turned toward the dance floor what beautiful array of colors--red, blue, green, white, and yellow! All blending in beautiful harmony. This was the last time the Seniors were to attend a school dance. But, think of the joyous days that had been spent under the roof of Holy Family. When all the guests had arrived, the Junior Class President and the Senior Class President, who by happy coincidence were brother and sister, led the Grand March--alumni and students joining in to sing "Praise to Our Alma Mater". Even the spectators, among whom were many a proud parent, were touched by the festive airs of the "rug-cutting" dancers. After hours of dancing (really it wasn't over two) punch was a welcome beverage to the thirsty couples. However, like all good things the prom came to an end and amid joyous laughter couples began to leave the ballroom. As they departed, many a heart carried a prayer in it that such happiness and joyfulness would continue in the good old U.S.A.

Rosemaria Helfrich

THE FUTURE

Once I heard a Senior talking-----quote:
"Juniors! Sophomores! Freshmen! F. F. A. (Future Freshmen of America to you.)

Gosh! What a sorry lot of uneducated morons. And to think they must try to fill the spaces left vacant by the graduation of that class of twenty-four illustrious, studious, hardworking Seniors of the class of '42". When I think of the future of our noble Alma Mater, (sigh) tears fill my eyes. I fear that the noble reputation (ahem) which we have so painstakingly built up will go down with the setting sun when the world begins to realize who must try to fill our enviable places in the hall of fame. (pause-----sigh)*****unquote.

This was probably some noble Senior thinking of a noble class.-----
No doubt about it; for 'twas I who was conversing with me. (blush)

But now, enough of these gruesome and totally unpleasant thoughts. Now to something far more pleasant, such as Saturdays-----

"And what is so rare as a day in June,
(June 19th, to be exact)

Then, if ever, (will) come perfect days."

Ned Byrne

"UNITED WE STAND; DIVIDED WE FALL."

We, the class of 1942, selected this motto, since it is our state motto. It gives us an example to be united in our classes and our school activities. We are united--as a class. We have a strong sense of loyalty, respect and obedience. Our intelligence is our mainstay. As Seniors we should have acquired a degree of responsibility, a sense of leadership. This does not mean that we are superior to others; but it is for us to set a good example and by our actions, to show others when they are right or wrong.

When we, the Seniors, leave Holy Family School, where we have spent the best twelve years of our life, our union is broken and we separate to work in different fields. We have been through many activities while together--work, study, and play; and it is too bad that we have to break up this delightful association now. But, when we separate as a class, to go out to make a place for ourselves in this world, we become united with our countrymen who will soon need us to help defend our great country and make it stand forever in everlasting peace.

There is one bond that will hold us together through life and we should never forget about it, wherever we might go; that is the bond of religion. In order that we may lead good lives, keep our faith, and reach our heavenly goal, we should keep the Ten Commandments of God and the Commandments of the Church. Our faith is strong and it shall never be defeated, as long as we are strong enough to fight for it.

So, to my fellow Seniors -- May God bless you, watch over you, and protect you, through the joys, hardships or sorrows that your life as head of you may bring.

Joe Henneman

ALL AMERICAN

Fred Heinz was commonly known as "the foreigner" by practically everyone in East Winchester High. He was by no means the only student there from a foreign country but, somehow, the nickname just seemed to fit him.

Fred was about five feet ten inches tall and was rather heavily built. His coal black hair and dark eyes gave a first impression of handsomeness, yet, on closer observation, the haunted look on his face made him seem positively ugly.

On this particular day Fred was being called "foreigner" more than ever, for a patriotic rally had been held in the gym, the evening before, and Fred was the only person in the whole school who had not been there. Someone asked him where he had been but such a frightened look came over his face that his questioner left without an answer. Someone said he had seen Fred in the company of a well-dressed, important looking man, the night before, walking towards the business district. Someone else had seen him in another part of town, at the same time, with a shabbily dressed man. Everyone was talking and wondering where Fred had been. Come to think of it, he had never been to any of their rallies or parties or anything before. One of the Senior boys got the idea of forming a committee to follow Fred some night and see what he was up to. Who knows, he might be some kind of a spy or something, and they owed it to their school to do something about it.

They set the day for the following Friday and agreed to meet in the empty drug store directly across the street from Fred's house and wait until he should come out.

"It looks like we picked one of his stay-at-home days," Joe Blanton remarked, after the boys had been standing behind some old packing boxes for quite a while.

But just then the door across the street opened and Fred emerged from the shadows and hurried down the street. At the corner he stopped and looked around, apparently waiting for some one. Just then a slight man in a dark suit met him and they walked off together.

"Well, don't just stand there you dopes! Hurry! Follow them. But, for Pete's sake don't let them know they're being followed, keep in the shadows." Sam Fleming said in a frightened stage whisper.

But they already knew they were being followed, at least Fred did. For at that very moment he was saying to himself. "Why don't those crazy kids mind their own business. I can't let them get involved in this. Mr. Goeren mus'nt find out they're back there or someone's liable to get hurt. I've just got to throw them off the tract." While all this was going on in his mind, Fred's expression never changed and he continued walking along with Mr. Goeren. Fred had seen the boys sneak into the old drugstore an hour before but there was nothing he could do but go on according to plans. He knew the kids at school were becoming more and more suspicious of him but there was nothing he could do but take their taunts and offer it for the poor souls.

"Now's my chance." Fred said to himself. And silently and swiftly he grabbed his companion's arm and fled with him up the dark alley they had been about to pass. It had all happened so quickly that the boys, looking in vain, thought that the sidewalk must have swallowed the two men. The boys diligently searched all around but finding no trace of the two they returned to their homes, discouraged but more than ever certain that Fred Heinz was up to something and still determined to find out what.

In the meanwhile, Fred was trying to explain his strange behavior to his a-bit-shaken-up companion. "I don't think we ought to take any chances in being followed, now that our plans are almost completed," he was saying. When they had reached the Winchester Dry Goods building the short man produced a key ring and proceeded to unlock the door to one of the stairways leading to the upstairs offices. They proceeded in silence up the stairs, until they came to a small room with the light streaming from under the door. A tall man met them at the top of the stairs and, recognizing them, ushered them to the lighted room.

Fred blinked his eyes to get accustomed to the light and then began to look around the small room. About a dozen men, all with serious, almost sinister, expressions on their faces, and all very well dressed sat or stood around the walls, talking in low voices. The air was thick with smoke from cigars and cigarettes and there were no windows in the room.

"Everyone is present now so the meeting will begin." This voice came, as a sharp command from a small, wizened old man seated at the desk in the center of the room. Every man seemed to come to attention at the sound of the man's voice and his pale blue eyes glistened at this acknowledgment of his authority.

"This meeting has been called tonight to make sure that everyone knows exactly what he is to do at the appointed hour tomorrow. Each one of you has a special mission to fulfill for our Fatherland. If anyone fails in his particular work he will be severely punished." Fred, standing in a corner unnoticed by the others, shuddered as he listened to the raspy voice of the old man. "If everyone does his part, every vital industry in Winchester will be ruined beyond repair by tomorrow at this time. If there are no questions you are to leave now. We will meet again tomorrow at this time to estimate the value of the work we have done, make the report of it and to plan our next move."

After this last speech, the small man rose, stalked out of the room and disappeared into the night, leaving the others to do likewise.

When Fred reached home that night he found a tall, soft voiced man waiting for him on his front porch. "I didn't knock because I didn't think you would be home yet and I know your mother didn't know anything about this business." The man said, as soon as Fred came up the steps.

"I'm glad you didn't wake Mom." Fred answered in a whisper. "And I've got all the information you need, only you'd better hurry and make those arrests before the twelve o'clock shift comes on at the steel plant. Now I think I'll go in and get some sleep--you know I haven't been getting much lately, what with going to school in the daytime and being a would-be saboteur at night," Fred laughed and bidding his friend good luck went into the house.

The next day the sinister-looking men of the dingy looking office were quietly taken to the nearest jail to wait for trial. No mention was made of the high-school boy who had caused their arrest and saved the Winchester industries. Mention of him would have endangered his life too much.

Accompany Fred to school that morning was the soft voiced man who had met him on his porch to get the information Fred had, the night before.

"Well, it's been great working with you, Fred, but now that we've got everything straightened out here, I've got to be getting back to Washington," the gentleman said, shaking hands with Fred just as they reached the school gate.

"Hey fellows! Here comes the Foreigner," someone shouted from the school yard.

The two standing at the gate heard the taunt. Fred just smiled and said to himself, "I will show them I'm an American now. Now that this business is all over with I can really act like one."

The man with Fred, with an angry expression on his face muttered, "Oh, if they only knew." With that the two parted--the one to go to school and try to act like an American from now on--the other to go back to his job in Washington and tell his friends of the great American he had been privileged to work with.

Darica Tierney

AUTOGRAPHS