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O SAVING VICTIM
THINE AID SUPPLY

*O saving Victim, opening wide
The gates of heaven to man below;
Our foes press on from every side;
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.*

THE beautiful words quoted are sung in Latin at Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and remind us to call on Jesus, true God and true Man, truly present on our altars under the appearance of bread, to aid us in our many necessities. Now as never before we are in great need of divine assistance. But there are times when Our Eucharistic Lord showers favors upon us even more abundantly and that is when we pay Him particular honor during the time of a Forty Hours' celebration.

Forty Hours' Devotion is the solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for forty consecutive hours, commemorating thereby the time during which the Body of Christ rested in the tomb. A solemn High Mass, followed by a procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, opens the devotion; and a procession and solemn Benediction brings it to a fitting close.

According to the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, this devotion was first instituted in Milan, Italy, in 1534 and later received the formal sanction of Pope Clement VIII, when on November 25, 1592, he stated; "We have determined to establish publicly in this Mother City of Rome an uninterrupted course of prayer in such ways that in the different churches on appointed days there will be observed the pious and salutary devotion of the Forty Hours in such an arrangement of churches and times that at every hour of the day and night the whole year round, the incense of prayer shall ascend without intermission before the face of the Lord."

In the United States we do not observe the Devotion as it was originally carried out in Rome in the sixteenth cen-

tury. Here this beautiful celebration extends over three days, usually Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, for the Blessed Sacrament is returned to the tabernacle each evening and re-exposed the following morning.

The Most Reverend John Nepomucene Neumann, fourth Bishop of Philadelphia, was the first American bishop to introduce the Forty Hours' Devotion into this country when he started it in his diocese in 1853, just fifteen years before our diocese of Harrisburg was canonically erected. At present there are in our diocese ninety-nine churches and chapels in which this Devotion is observed yearly by permission of the Bishop. Our own County of Lancaster, one of the fifteen in the Harrisburg Diocese, has one-seventh of this total number, for there are fourteen churches and chapels in which this special honor is shown to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

In the City of Lancaster St. Joseph's Hospital Chapel, on the Sunday within the octave of the Epiphany, is the first in the liturgical year to have the Forty Hours'. Then follow Sacred Heart Academy on the third Sunday after Epiphany; St. Mary's or the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, third Sunday after Easter; Sacred Heart of Jesus on Pentecost, the birthday of the Church; St. Joseph's, twelfth Sunday after Pentecost; St. Anthony's, sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost; and St. Anne's on the beautiful feast of Christ the King. In the county, the Devotion is observed at St. Joseph's Convent, Gethsemane; St. Peter's and Holy Trinity in Columbia; St. Peter's, Elizabethtown; Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Marietta; Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary Mission, Mount Joy; and St. Catherine's, Quarryville.

We Catholics of Lancaster City and County should then be very grateful for the many opportunities given us of paying homage to Our Eucharistic King and calling down God's special blessings on our homes, our country, and our Church.

CATHERINE STERBACK, '43

THE WORLD MUST RETURN TO CHRIST THE KING

JOSEPH GORMLEY, '43

ON all sides one hears today the important question: Why are the nations of the world at war? Authorities claim that the war has been brought about by various social, economic, and political upheavals. For the causes of these very upheavals, however, we must go deeper. Anti-Christian doctrines: greed, selfishness, pride, disregard of conscience, and a general moral decadence are the primary evils causing the war.

Why were not these evils checked? They were and are unchecked because man has renounced the supremacy of his divine Ruler, Christ the King. He has unhesitatingly disregarded the dictates of his Eternal King, Who commands us to be just, peaceful, merciful, charitable. He does not try seriously to select wise leaders. Instead he has chosen demagogues and sensationalists as leaders and has allowed these men to do his thinking for him. Ignoring the Commandments of his heavenly Leader, he accepts the evil precepts of those world leaders who say, "Be selfish, disregard the rights of others, take things by force if necessary, be ruthless, murder."

What can we do about it? This is a still more important question. When a doctor attempts to cure a disease, he tries to find the causes of the illness and remedies them. He does not heal the symptoms. That is what we must do. The people of the world, rich and poor alike, must go to the roots of the world disturbances, anti-Christian doctrines, and cure them. They must put away the dictators and anti-Christians and rededicate themselves to Christ the King. They must re-establish the Ten Commandments as their law. As nations and as individuals they must alter their sinful, wasteful lives. They must also remedy the effects (the war, social problems, and so forth) of their

moral evils. Elmer Davis, an American authority on world affairs, when speaking of the results of the destruction of civilization, said: "If we lose the next race" (race between education and world problems) "the next catastrophe will be a bigger and better catastrophe which might close this phase of the development of the human species, and compel such specimens of it as might survive to start all over again from the point we started from several thousand years ago."

We must heed this warning. We must obviate the possibility of another war by returning to divine leadership, obeying the Commandments of Christ the King, and practicing Christian charity; for if we do not, our civilization will be destroyed.

Americans We

Americans we of the land of the free
Are struggling and fighting for our liberty
To maintain the rights that made us a nation
Of free men secure in each occupation;
To guard and defend from complete dissolution,
The rights now embodied in our Constitution.

We rule ourselves in this part of the world;
'Pon our foes we're advancing with banners unfurled.
For guidance and vict'ry we pray to our God—
We want no dictator to rule with iron rod.
From priest and from people prayers heavenward wing,
Prayers of allegiance to our Lord, Christ the King.

ROSEMARY FLEAR, '43

War

Soldiers on the battlefield,
Trenches all around;
Wounded men, dying men,
Lying on the ground.
Planes battling in the air,
Ships fighting on the sea—
Peace-loving people we,
Now fighting to be free.

LOUISE HEMLER, '43

Letter

You who are young and pretty
And you middle-aged and gray,
Remember—he is hoping
To hear from you today.

Send him a card or a letter.
That postmark from his town
Will pucker his lips to a whistle
And erase a homesick frown.

JUNE ST. CLAIR, '43

'17 AND '42

ELIZABETH WILKINSON, '43

PRIVATE JIMMY BLAKE was pacing off the steps of his short walk on guard duty with soldierly precision. It was late at night and the lonely post in the rough, muddy terrain of the New Guinea battlefield wasn't exactly a soldier's dream, but Jimmy toed the mark just as if the general had been watching him. His gun rested on his shoulder at just the right angle, his helmet was set according to regulations, and his back was as straight as a ramrod.

Jimmy was thinking of the great generals of the last war, World War I, and wondering whether they had ever walked guard on "No Man's Land." He didn't think it was very likely because they had more important jobs to do than guard a bunch of sleeping doughboys from the dead of that lonely expanse between the frontline trenches.

All at once Jimmy stiffened. Was that the sound of footsteps on the rain-soaked ground?

"Halt! Who goes there?" he exclaimed.

"A friend," came the soft reply.

An elderly man with military bearing, wearing a very old uniform, came up to Jimmy.

"What is your business out here this late at night?" asked Jimmy in a friendlier tone, for he had recognized the uniform of his country even though it was an out-dated model.

"I was just walking along the line—thinking. You see, I couldn't rest. I guess it is those 'war nerves' the people used to talk about back home."

For some inexplicable reason, Jimmy wanted the old man to stay there and talk to him, so he started to ask the questions that had popped into his mind at the sight of his fellow soldier.

"I say," grinned Jimmy, "that's a pretty old uniform, isn't it? Quartermaster's supply must be running rather short or else the generals have a priority on uniforms."

"Yes, it is old—almost thirty years I've had this old badge of my country," replied the old man, as if he were reminiscing.

"Oh, so you were in the last war, too! Didn't they think you rated a new uniform?"

"I didn't ask for any, lad; I'm satisfied with this one."

"I see," said Jimmy, but his tone implied that he didn't see at all.

"I guess you're thinking I'm pretty old to be out here in 'No Man's Land,' aren't you?" questioned the old soldier.

"Well, I was wondering why you were just a private. Most older soldiers who are veterans are pretty high up in rank."

"I guess I just didn't have what it takes to be an officer. Anyway, I was always content to be just what I am—a gun-totin' Yank. Most young Americans seem to be like that—satisfied when they know they've done their job well. We did a good job back in '17, but I guess it wasn't done well enough; for you young lads are out here doing it over again for us. You won't be sorry for what you're doing, boy; we Americans have a lot to fight for. But, I don't have to be telling you these things. You know all about them, or you wouldn't be here standing guard tonight."

"Yes, sir, I know about them. I'm mighty proud that I was able to do something to keep America safe for my kid brother and everybody's kid sisters and brothers who will be there looking after things after we've gone on ahead."

"That's fine sentiment, lad," remarked the old man approvingly, "it's just about what those other boys thought back in '17; and I guess it's what lads will be thinking long after we're gone."

Jimmy was silent, for words have not yet been coined that will fill in the pause when our lips stop and our hearts start. As his mind came back to the present, Jimmy noticed that the old man was starting to move away.

"Where are you going?" called Jimmy.

"I think I'll keep on with my rounds," said the old soldier.

"What's your regiment? I'll look you up some time."

"I belong to every regiment, son. I guess you'd call me a mascot."

"But, what's your name?"

"I haven't a name, lad. I'm just called the 'Unknown Soldier.'"

With that the old man faded into the night and Jimmy gazed after him wondering whether he had really talked to someone or whether his imagination had been playing tricks on him. Well, he couldn't stop to find out. Those rookies behind him still had to be guarded.

FACTS AND REASON

EUGENE KEGEL, '43

I JUST can't make up my mind. Shall I choose the radio or the movies to write about? Indeed, I am in a vicious rut, for I can't put my finger on either one and say it is the better. Now, if this were chemistry, I could solve the problem in a scientific manner. That's it, that's just what I'll do, make my choice after studying out the matter.

Hmm—what was that our science instructor said about experimenting? I have it. First, perform the experiment; second, assemble and investigate the facts; third, check the accumulated data; finally, draw a conclusion. But can this procedure be applied to choosing a topic about which to write an essay?

Here we are; now, we have the two subjects, movies and radio. There's one nice thing about the radio, I can sit in my room and enjoy its peaceful strains with delightful comfort and isolation; on the other hand, I can go to almost any movie and live like a king amid the air-conditioned atmosphere of a good story that I don't have to even read, just watch.


It certainly is comforting, though, to hear Harry James and his sweet, smooth, melodious trumpet; or, the hilarious "Chamber of Music of Lower-Basin-Street." No matter how down and out I feel, Harry just picks me up and—oh, you know. Boy, I can just feel that Dixie-land "jive" of the Lower-Basin-Streeters. But then, too, there are movies that make me feel as if I could face anything. Take "Mrs. Miniver," for instance. When I came out of the theater after seeing that picture, I felt that I could just take Hitler - - - - -.

Remember, I can listen to the radio for information and profit as well as for enjoyment. There are the news broadcasts, advertising, quiz programs, etc. In the movies, you have the news shorts, scientific shorts, "March of Time," and the like.

Ah, at last, I think I have stumbled upon a factor that may weigh a little more heavily in favor of radio. It costs very little to tune in the radio, but the movies, well—. Still, I always feel that money spent for a good movie is well invested.

The time has come to draw a conclusion. I almost forgot that it is necessary to recheck before performing this all-important step. In the movie column we have pleasure, profit, information, and money. In the radio column we have pleasure, profit, information, and little expense. It seems as if this money business is the deciding factor. I'll write about radio.

Let me think. Radio is a—, a—. I think I'll just skip the whole thing and not write anything.



For You

When shadows fall at evening
And the stars come peeping shyly through,
I'll pause before my little shrine
And say a fervent prayer for you.

TERESA PAONE, '43

LEJARDIN AUX FLEURS - - -

JEANNE SULLENBERGER, '43

CLAIRE CONNOLY was nearing the end of her delightful visit in New York. She had spent the last three weeks with her Aunt Jeannette who lived in the Bronx. As a fitting conclusion to the trip, tomorrow they were to visit the largest department store in the world and as Mrs. Connoly's birthday was the following week, Claire was going to purchase a gift for her mother.

"Aunt Jeannette, what can I buy for Mother? I've saved ten dollars and I want it to be the nicest gift ever."

"I really don't know, dear. Wait until we go shopping and you'll see ever so many nice things."

All night Claire was awake in the excitement and anticipation for the morrow.

"I never in my life dreamed a store could be so immense," breathed Claire in astonishment as she stood looking up at the huge structure.

"Wait, wait until you've seen the inside. There are more departments than you could imagine. You'll find no better selection anywhere."

"Oh, look at the lovely jewelry! Isn't that pin cute? Mother never was very fond of jewelry though—Hm-m—what is that enticing odor? It smells just like our flower garden."

"It's coming from the perfume counter, Claire. Let's inquire about it."

"Oui, oui, Madame! That's our latest perfume called, 'Le Jardin aux Fleurs,' imported directly from Paris. It's very inexpensive, too—only ten dollars an ounce."

"Only ten dollars an ounce," Claire murmured. "It's exactly the amount I have saved for a gift. It seems like a lot of money but I know Mother would love it."

"I'll take it," Claire said trying to sound as casual as possible. "Will you wrap it as a gift, please?"

Claire spent the trip home on the train wondering whether or not Mother would like her gift. Perhaps she might be permitted to use it occasionally.

The two days before Mother's birthday were full of preparation because the Connolys always celebrated such occasions elaborately. Claire had little time to think about her gift.

"I suppose I'll open Father's gift first," said Mrs. Connoly. "He ordered it from New York. It's something special. Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed as she unwrapped it. "It's a bottle of 'Le Jardin aux Fleurs' perfume. It smells just like our garden."

HELP YOURSELF

JAMES NIGHTENGALE, '44

HAVE you ever been in a public cafeteria? It is an entirely new experience for the average person. In one of these institutions where bedlam and confusion reigns, people are not quite themselves.

You come in the door ready to eat anything that does not bite you first, but do you sit down comfortably at a table waiting for someone to take your order? Of course not. You join the line of forty or fifty people as hungry as you are. You move slowly along, shifting from one foot to the other, your happy feeling of anticipation changed to a "what's-the-use?" attitude. When you reach the water fountain, you are partially satisfied as you gulp down a couple of glasses of water.

Then you proceed slowly along, loading up heavily on all that you see. Everything looks better than what you've just passed. By the time you reach the cashier, you have accumulated quite a variety of food and are amazed and shocked at the bill. You pay it grumblingly and start away with your tray.

Are your troubles over? No, they've just begun. Now that you've purchased this load of eatables, you try to find

a place to eat it. You look out over the seething mass of people happily gorging themselves. You try to spot an empty table. After wandering around a while, you find one in an obscure corner facing the wall.

You happily sit down, unload your tray, and proceed to dispose of the food you have purchased. Now you are at peace with the world (you think). All goes well until a fellow customer splashes hot soup on you in his eager search for a table, or a foolish busboy drops a tray from the balcony onto your table with a resounding crash, or slaps a mopstick across your face on his way to clean up one of his mistakes. Usually after all these ordeals you are not in the mood to eat. You also find out that your eyes were bigger than your stomach as you see the pile of food that you can't eat.

You finally leave disgusted, fed up, and glad it's over. You wonder how anyone can eat in such a place every day in the week, and finally conclude that only the strong eat in cafeterias.

A SUMMER WELL SPENT

MARY TERESA GOLDBACH, '44

LAST summer, instead of spending my time in the usual care-free way, I decided to get my first real job. I applied to the Playground Association and secured a position which kept me busy eight weeks on the Street Showers. These showers are arranged for the children through the cooperation of the Water Department which converts eight fire hydrants in different sections of the city into large showers.

Every day, except Saturday and Sunday, from one o'clock to four o'clock three other girls and I attended the eight showers. Each girl took care of two showers a day, my showers being those at Rockland Street and Water Street. We were taken to our posts in the Water Department truck so that the workmen could open the hydrants and release

the showers. My job was to keep trucks and automobiles off the street where the shower was being given. I was expected, also, to separate quarreling boys before they would begin to battle. The latter duty gave me something to look forward to.

The first day the seventy-five children who attended were as "good as gold" and caused me no trouble. The second day there were more—many more. It looked to me like a thousand. I admit I was terrified, and I wondered as I stepped from the truck how I would be able to handle such a large number of children. My hopes rose, however, when I felt a friendly slap on the back and heard the children's warm greetings. The youngsters made me feel at ease even if they did almost break my back with their affectionate embraces.

Although the reception was warm, it was not long-lasting. Suddenly, I was wet from head to toe. They had turned the shower on me! It seems that while I was busy watching something else, a fight had begun and the boys had accidentally turned the shower in my direction. Needless to say, I was completely soaked.

After I had become accustomed to getting wet, I began to enjoy my work more each day. The children did so many funny things. A little problem like not having a bathing suit didn't worry the youngsters. They just went into the shower, clothes and all. One little girl surprised me by coming to the shower wearing a novel bathing cap, perched on her "Topsy" plaits. It was one of those red cellophane covers which are used to cover dishes placed in the icebox. I wondered whether her mother ever used it again.

Sometimes I was entrusted with the children's treasures. For example, one little boy gave me his precious pocket knife and two gun shells which he had found.

I enjoyed my summer occupation very much, for the work proved to be great fun. Furthermore, I feel that I made a useful contribution to the community.

SALVAGE

JOSEPH GORMLEY, '43

JIM FRAILEY, an inhabitant of a thriving city in Pennsylvania, had just finished his semi-annual cleaning of the Frailey cellar. Heaving the deep, satisfied sigh of relief that comes from weariness, Jim sat down on a cellar step and surveyed the work of an invigorating, crisp, bright autumn day. By cleaning this most important part of the home, Jim had executed his patriotic duty, for his country was now engaged in war. He had not only obeyed his air raid warden by ridding his basement of inflammable rubbish; he had secured some scrap for the scrap salvage campaign which had just begun. After he had finished smoking a cigarette, Jim carried the two baskets of scrap to the front pavement from which they would be taken by a salvage truck.

Soon after Jim had gone into the house, his wife Marge, a trim, pretty young woman, sang out from the kitchen, "Jim, did you get a receipt for the rent?"

"Yes, I have it here in my wallet. No, I think it's upstairs in my coat. I'll go up and get it while I'm thinking about it."

Silence reigned for several minutes. Then he called, "Marge, my wallet, with all my money and those papers from the office is gone!" Leaping down the stairs, he hurriedly searched the cellar. "Marge, it's gone!"

"Oh, it's probably around. Did you look through that junk out front?"

"No, I suppose that is where it is."

Jim rushed out and saw, to his dismay, a salvage truck loaded to the brim (his scrap being the brim) rumbling down the street.

"Marge, give me the keys to the garage and the car. I must follow that truck. My wallet's in with all the junk. Hurry!"

"They're in my pocketbook. I'll go up and get them."

"Don't keys ever fit locks when time is precious?" Jim muttered. "Ah, at last!" He scrambled into the car and streaked down the street in pursuit of the truck.

The "streaking" didn't last long, for he was halted by a guardian of the streets just when he had caught sight of the truck.

"Where ya goin', pal? Didja ever hear of speed limits? Don't gimme any back talk. Yeah, you was only doin' thirty-five. Think I was born yestiday? Lemme see your license and owner's card."

Luckily, Jim always carried these cards in the car. Jim could hear the dying sound of rolling wheels and see the huge back of the lumbering truck disappearing down the street. Glaring at the cop and grabbing the ticket, Jim tramped on the accelerator and chose the most promising direction.

"There it is!" His foot gradually increased its downward movement toward the floor. "What was that? A train whistle! A train is coming across Water Street. I can see the truck clearly now. I'm almost on top of him. He's on the other side of the tracks. I have to get there ahead of that train!"

"Hold it, buddy! Can't cha see? Can't cha see that train? It's guys like you which get people hurt. I oughta haul ya in." The cop finished this speech with a queer look in Jim's direction. "Say, buddy, you ain't sick, are ya?" This question was asked after the highway custodian had observed the crimson color of Mr. Frailey's face.

"No, I'm just fine," hissed our friend.

The train had disappeared, and a trace of bluish-white smoke blazed the trail of Mr. Frailey's small, black coupe.

"I know where that truck is going now. It's probably going to deposit that scrap at 'Scrap Mountain' at Duke and Chestnut Streets."

So, over to Chestnut Street roared Mr. Frailey. He arrived on the scene just in time—just in time for a traffic

jam. Those salvage trucks unloading, were causing the worst traffic jam in the history of traffic jamming. He could not even open his car doors to get to the salvage truck. All he could do was to sit and pray. Suddenly, he grew limp. The truck had finished its patriotic job, and now others had taken up the cause. His scrap was completely covered.

Finally the jam cleared and he could get to the scrap. Sick at heart, he crawled out of the automobile. "All gone! Five years of work, all gone! I'll be fired—my wife and I starving unless I find those papers."

Jim began a frantic search, a useless search. Who can find a needle in a haystack? Who can find a wallet in a scrap pile? Jim, however, refused to allow this pessimistic notion to enter his mind. He searched until nightfall.

"I can't understand it," he exclaimed as he slouched on the curb of the sidewalk with his head in his hands. "I can't understand it. This started out to be such a swell day. I had the cellar all cleaned up. I was satisfied. I was all ready for a good supper. And now what? Here I am practically out of a job. I've just lost seventy-five bucks. I have a ticket for speeding. And I've been insulted by nearly every cop in town. What did I do?"

"Jim! Jim! I found your wallet! It was on the cellar floor under the steps," Marge called as she drove up in a neighbor's car, waving his wallet furiously.



Parting

Farewell, my sweet, for we must part
Though doing so, will break my heart.
Our friendship's lasted sixteen years,
But I'll be brave and shed no tears.

I never dreamed I'd see the day
When we would go our separate way.
In this cruel world, you're sweet and pure.
I'll miss you, sugar, of that I'm sure.

JEAN DOMMEL, '43

FINIS

EDITH SCHWANKL, '43

CAL TURNER was lying in the trench, cold, dirty, wet, and miserable, watching bombs fall all about him. Overhead, hundreds of airplanes, in a cold, methodical fashion, were spitting spite and malice, dropping flares, and then going about their business of dropping tons of destruction. He had worked automatically for ages, it seemed to him, and then all of a sudden everything was silent. His ears pounding, and his body aching all over, he relaxed in the mud, flinching from the contact. Snowflakes began to fall, first one, then two, until they were coming drifting in blankets of soft down. A short way off, someone began strumming "Come all ye Faithful"; and he remembered it was Christmas Eve. His mind wandered back a year - - -

It was a beautiful room. In it a huge tree, reaching from floor to ceiling, blazed and sparkled with lights. Presents lay on several tables, beautiful gifts which spoke of money. His mother was there—beautiful mother, soft hair framing a sweet, exquisite face—walking softly about, making sure of all details.

He saw himself come into the room, kiss her dear face, then turn on the radio. Christmas carols filled the air. He could actually hear the love in the voices of the carolers as they sang. The clock in the hall struck twelve. Christmas! "Merry Christmas everyone, and a happy New Year." Then - - - - -

"She - ee ee ee, boom!" The earth trembled and spewed dirt and rocks, trembling as if in a mighty agony. Cal Turner twisted in pain, then relaxed, paralyzed - - - -

Again he was at home, but his eyes were a little glassy as he tried once again to see the scene. He thought he saw a brilliant light and looking up, saw the angels, beautiful miniatures on the tip of the Christmas tree. As he looked, they seemed to move and winging down were singing, "Oh, come all ye Faithful." Smiling a little, he tried to rise, but fell back and with a shudder, lay still.

For Church and Pope

JEANNE SULLENBERGER, '43

THE Catholic Church in Lancaster, through one of its members, has been signally honored, for Miss Alice Barry Reilly of Saint Mary's Parish was recently the recipient of the papal decoration, "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" (for Church and Pope). Miss Anna Dill Gamble of York and Mrs. Bernard Schmidt of Harrisburg also received similar decorations. This practice of decorating those, who in a general way, deserve well of the Pope on account of services rendered to the Church or its head was instituted by Pope Leo XIII on July 17, 1888. It was made permanent by him October, 1898.

Miss Reilly graciously granted me an interview on Saturday afternoon, October tenth. When I questioned her about the award, she stated that she had been notified of it the First Friday of July, but had only received the decoration September thirtieth. It was conferred at Harrisburg by His Excellency, the Most Reverend George L. Leech, DD., J.C.D.

Miss Reilly showed me the award—a beautiful, gold medal attached to a ribbon—white, with lines of red and gold. On one side is an image of Pope Leo XIII on a cross made octangular in form by fleur-de-lis fixed in the angles of the cross in a special manner. On the obverse side are the papal emblem in the center and in a circle surrounding it the motto, "Pro Deo et Pontifice" and comets on the other side of the branches of the cross—which with the fleur-de-lis form the coat of arms of the Pecci family.

When asked what services she had performed to merit this decoration, Miss Reilly modestly answered, "I sometimes wonder why I have received it. I feel that I was not worthy of it. However, I have always been interested in helping boys through the priesthood and in furthering Catholic education."

Miss Reilly is not the first of her family to be honored by

the Holy See, for her father, Mr. Richard Reilly (deceased) was made a Knight of Saint Gregory in 1918 by Pope Benedict XV. This is an honor conferred on Catholic laymen who have performed some great service for the Church.

I learned that Lancaster has always been the home of Miss Reilly, although she has spent much of her time travelling. At the Eucharistic Congress in Buenos Aires in 1934, she met the present Holy Father while he was still a Cardinal. Besides travelling in Rome and South America, Miss Reilly has visited Palestine, Egypt, and the Holy Land and has attended several Eucharistic Congresses.

"Have you ever had an audience with any of the Sovereign Pontiffs?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, I had an audience with Pope Pius X and later, seven or eight with His Holiness Pius XI."

Before the interview was concluded, I asked Miss Reilly whether she had a message for the girls of Catholic High School—particularly, the Seniors.

"Yes," she replied, "I would like to see more Catholic High School girls after graduation be active members of the Lancaster Circle of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae in which I have always taken an active interest. I would also like to have Catholic reading stimulated and can think of no better way than to have the girls become members of the Catholic Book Club."

As I came away from this stimulating interview, I could not help but express silently the desire that someday my admiration might change to imitation.



The Coming of Autumn

It was just the other morn
That the autumn time was born,
And I saw at break of dawn—
Autumn's here and summer's gone.

The earth has changed her summer dress,
Enhanced her beauty and finesse;
And the harvest moon looks down
On Autumn's rich embroidered gown.

MILDRED RITCHEY, '43

A LETTER ABOUT A CUB

948 Columbia Avenue
Lancaster, Pennsylvania
October 15, 1942

Dear Tilly,

You, no doubt, thought I had forgotten my promise to write to you about my summer vacation in New Cumberland. School, however, has kept me stepping so fast I could not write before. I hope it is not too late for you to enjoy this little experience I had.

Having been in New Cumberland exactly two days, I began to think the only living things in the place were the trees and flowers, but Red Carlton soon changed my mind. The interesting thing about him is his habit of buying the most unexpected things. You see, Red's parents are very wealthy and he gets just about everything he wants. I often wonder that he isn't more spoiled than he is.

One day as I was sitting on the porch reading, Red came running up the street, exercising his lungs the whole way by yelling, "Hey, I've got a Cub!" When he finally got his breath, he said that I just had to go home with him to get his car and drive out to see it.

"How long must he keep the bear away from his home? Where had he got it?" my mind was busy wondering as we half-ran, half-walked to his home. It wasn't until we were in the car that I let out a stream of questions.

"What color is the cub?"

"Red," was his reply.

Well, then I knew it wasn't a polar bear anyhow. It must be one of those reddish-brown ones. We drove on in silence for a while, and then he asked me whether I would like to take a ride.

"Oh, I think I'd be afraid to," I answered. Somehow or other, I just couldn't picture myself sitting on a bear.

"How old is it?" I asked.

"Practically new! I'm only its second owner. And

gee, it's in nifty condition." This was said enthusiastically and then as a sort of last plea, "Won't you take a ride?"

"No! I don't like wild animals."

Before astonished Red could answer, I saw it. There, right inside the gate of the airport, was not the cunning little bear I had expected, but a bright, red airplane—a Piper Cub.

That's all for now and write soon.

Love,

P.S. I took a ride.

KITTY

CATHERINE WENDEL, '44

Imagination

Over the hill the clouds race by
Playing tag in a blue, blue sky.
Some are fat men; others, thin,
And one old cloud has a double chin.

BETTY GRAVER, '43



Broken-Hearted

When I to the race track went,
(I never shall forget)
I put on "Broken-Hearted"
A fifty dollar bet.
The horse had fallen arches—
He lost; I was upset.
I bet on "Broken-Hearted" and
I'm broken-hearted yet.

GRACE BAILEY, '43



The Young Poet's Reactions

Have you ever seen the look that flits across a pupil's face
When his teacher utters softly with all her charm and grace,
"Class, your poem's due tomorrow. As you already know,
I'm looking for a Chaucer or a Shakespeare here below."

Her words are catastrophic and he feels the end is near,
For the pupil knows quite well no muse's voice he'll hear;
Yet he struggles all night bravely till he feels that with the morn
He's prepared to face the teacher and to bear his classmates' scorn.

WILLIAM TRAPNELL, '43

NEIGHBORHOOD SOCIALS

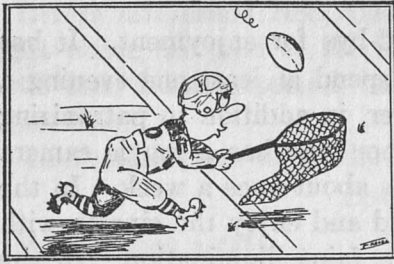
MARY FULGINITI, '43

MOVIES are the old stand-bys for enjoyment. It has become traditional to spend at least one evening a week at the movies. However, in addition to patronizing the local theaters, our neighbor who has a movie camera puts on a show for his friends about once a week. In the summer we sit out in the yard and enjoy the cinema with the stars and moon to give a faint illumination. In the winter, our good friend's cellar is converted into a miniature theater.

The films that are shown cannot be expected to be the latest pictures, but we are content to view the old-timers or the educational ones put out by the various industries or released by the Y. M. C. A. It is quite amusing to see the pictures of a few years ago in which the women wear long dresses and out-of-date hats. The rapid movements of the players, too, create a diverting scene. Then there are the worthwhile educational films, put out by the various corporations, which are a means of discovering the new wonders of science or a remedy for traditional superstitions. For instance one I saw was about alcohol, the good and bad uses of it. Another picture concerned the Diesel engine, showing each step in the making and the use of each part of the mechanism. There was also an interesting film produced by Greyhound Lines, a technicolor film depicting the places of interest in this magnificent country of ours.

When you are sitting among friends, the funny scenes are funnier and the pretty scenes more colorful. More pleasure is derived from pictures in which old faces are new to the younger generation. Love scenes are good and clean instead of the passionate reactions of modern films. Therefore, although I don't like missing the recent movies, featuring my favorite stars and bands, I like the neighborhood shows better.

... Gridiron Memories ...



Little Ethelbert, pictured here, catches his ball as easily as the Purple and Gold squad scored touchdowns this season. We shall long remember our Varsity's victories over Shillington, York Catholic, Ephrata, and Lititz High

Schools following the defeat at the hands of a strong, powerful Columbia High team in the first game of the season on September 11. Finding themselves again after the game with Columbia, played before 4,000 fans on the Rossmere gridiron, our 1942 pigskin warriors came through with such one-sided scores that they won for themselves the title of "Crushing Crusaders." Their never-say-die attitude has raised an otherwise mediocre squad to a place of prominence in the city and county football spotlight.

But there are other memories, too. Who will ever forget how our Alma Mater was transformed from an institution of learning into an old man's home? At least such was the impression a visitor may have got as he walked down the corridors and saw bruises, bandages, and crutches very much in evidence after that brutal game with Ephrata. The mental picture of the pre-game pep rally at which John Ritchey and Tony DeAngelis delivered "oratorical masterpieces" on the necessity and importance of cheers will bring a smile to the lips for many a day to come. Then there is the recollection of how Robert "Abe's Boy" Krimmel good-naturedly carried his newspaper "laurels" and won for himself the respect and friendship of the entire squad.

Memories such as these make a composite picture of the 1942 football season which we shall long cherish.

WILLIAM TRAPNELL, '43



THE BOOK OF CATHOLIC AUTHORS. By Walter Romig.
Walter Romig and Co.

This book is the first of a series of three and contains short biographies of sixty-one Catholic authors together with their portraits. These authors are writers in diversified fields of literature: poetry, novel, biography, essay, history. Among them you will find Sister M. Madeleva, C.S.C., president of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana, and also the president of the Catholic Poetry Society of America and the first Sister to have held that office; Margaret Yeo, whose biographies: *The Greatest of the Borgias*, *St. Charles Borromeo*, and *These Three Hearts* are delightful reading; and the Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S.J., editor of the *Queen's Work* for the last eighteen years and a friend of Catholic youth everywhere. This new and instructive volume is a worthwhile addition to the reference books in our library.

AILEEN HAMMEL, '44

* * * *

YOUNG MAC AT FORT VANCOUVER. By Mary Jane Carr.
Thomas Y. Crowell. 1940.

Here is a book which all boys—girls, too—would enjoy reading. It is the story of Donald MacDermott, half-Indian and half-Scotch, who by his father's will was sent to Fort Vancouver for an education. He had lived with his Indian mother most of his life, and was not used to the White Man's customs. The story hinges on the decision he must make between the White Man's life, and that of the Red Man. He has many interesting adventures, both at Fort Vancouver and among the Indians. This story is particularly recommended to freshmen and sophomores.

VINCENT TORTORA, '44

* * * *

STORMALONG. By Alan Villiers. Scribners. 1937.

This is the story of two boys, Stormalong and Hardcase, whose life ambition is to go around the world in a sailing vessel. Many times they have tried to stow away on a white-winged boat from Ipswich, England, their home town. Their attempts had proved unsuccessful until the day they piloted a large sailing vessel up the river. As a reward, Captain Villiers asked them whether they would like to sail on the "Joseph Conrad," his famed floating school for seamen, on her last voyage around the world.

From then on, the adventures of Stormalong and his pals are so exciting and realistic, one feels as if he is sailing around the world with them.

CHARLES FISHER, '44

* * * *

SUSIE STUART, M.D. By Caroline A. Chandler. Dodd Mead and Co. 1941.

Susie Stuart, M.D., is a career story which shows in a very clear and entertaining way the difficulties and satisfactions which await a would-be woman physician. Susie Stuart ends her high-school days as valedictorian of her class, undoubtedly not aware of the trials, romance, and indeed the pleasure of her future college years. She is an ordinary girl, faced with serious problems. Dr. Caroline A. Chandler, the author and a bright young bacteriologist at Johns Hopkins University, makes it clear that unless the urge or feeling is present in the individual, the life of a doctor cannot be satisfying. I would suggest this book to any junior or senior girl who is interested in medical science with confidence that she will gain much by reading it.

JANE RITCHEY, '44

* * * *

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. By Daniel Sargent. Bruce Publishing Co. 1941.

Daniel Sargent made another notable contribution to the cause of the Catholic Literary Revival in America (Brother George N. Shuster would say) when he published his biography of *Christopher Columbus*. In it he carefully and sympathetically traces the tragic life of this great man from his early boyhood, spent on the wharves of Genoa, on through the years when he tried to obtain men and ships for what seemed the foolhardy enterprise of a visionary, to his great victory and triumph, and finally to the heart-breaking disappointments which eventually caused his untimely death. In this biography the courage and fortitude of Christopher are faithfully and carefully depicted.

Among other books written by Mr. Sargent are *Katherine Tekakwitha* and *Our Land and Our Lady*, which are also in our library.

KENNETH BAILEY, '43



This is War

Save on gas, conserve the tires,
Turn out lights, bank the fires.
Learn First-aid and fire control,
Take a turn on bridge patrol.
Let's rise as one to do our share
For men on sea, on land, in air.

JOANNE BOULTON, '43

... Current Comment ...

None of us knows how long this war will last; but this we do know, that it is going to be a hard and cruel war—one of the hardest and cruelest in history.

A WORD TO THE YOUTH OF TODAY

But that is not surprising since men have begun to think that they can get along without God. We Catholics know better—this war is not going to be won by arms and man's military achievements alone but also by prayers—lots of them—and sacrifices. By rising early in the morning to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion, by reciting the rosary more often and more devoutly, by saying aspirations between classes and during recreation hours and by spending an hour of our free time in silence each day and offering all these acts as prayers for peace, we Catholic High School students can give the greatest help of all. Such acts would be recorded not only under prayer but also under sacrifice which makes prayer more acceptable to Almighty God.

We youth can help also in a material way. We can buy war savings stamps with the money that we would ordinarily use for unnecessary things. We can show our willingness to cooperate in the war effort by accepting the rationing of sugar, gas, rubber, and other commodities uncomplainingly, even gladly. Yes, prayer, sacrifice, and cooperation on the part of Catholic youth will help win the war.

ROSEMARY LUTZ, '44

* * * *

Thank God I am an American! This thought ought to be uppermost in our minds on Thanksgiving Day. We, living in this land of opportunities, often lose sight of the fact that we are perhaps the most fortunate people in the world. For in how few countries today do citizens enjoy the same freedoms as expressed in our Bill of Rights?

LET US ALL BE THANKFUL

We have many things to be thankful for this year, even though we shall have to do without a few things. Perhaps we won't have such a variety of pies this Thanksgiving (due to the sugar shortage). Maybe we will have raisin-less mince meat (they are supplying iron for the boys in the service, now). Mother and Dad won't linger over their second cup of coffee (it's becoming scarcer every day). Possibly the family won't take a drive in the country to while away the afternoon hours (a walk would be more beneficial anyway). These are comparatively small things to do without when we think of the great sacrifices our brothers and friends are making. They are giving their lives that their country might survive.

Let us all be thankful that on the one day a year set aside for this purpose, the people, forgetting their political differences, stand united behind their President willing to fight to preserve this nation which guarantees to us the simple rights God must have intended every individual to enjoy—so that we may preserve for future generations that same spirit which prompted the Pilgrims to offer their thanks over three hundred years ago.

JEAN SULLENBERGER, '43

* * * *

We all have a job on our hands. Uncle Sam is asking you to help your country by bringing in scrap metal and *more* scrap metal. Our war industries need tons of steel to build the strongest planes, tanks, guns, and ships in the world. Many of you probably have useless toys in the attic, old tools or other articles in the cellar, an old wagon or a rusty pipe in the back yard. Uncle Sam is a good man with whom to do business. He's willing to pay you for all these useless articles that are gathering dust in your attic, crowding the cellar, and disfiguring the back yard. Let's get busy. Everyone help!

EVELYN STROSSER, '44

NEWS REEL

BISHOP LEECH VISITS CATHOLIC HIGH

On Tuesday morning, October 13, the Most Reverend George L. Leech, D.D., J.C.D., Bishop of Harrisburg, honored Lancaster Catholic High with a brief visit. In his address to the faculty and student body he stressed the formation of character. Stating that the way to judge a person's character is to notice what he does in his leisure time, he said, "You are that which you do when you do what you please." His Excellency later quoted the proverb, "Show me your companions and I'll tell you what you are."

He urged us to read the right kind of books, travel with the right companions, attend the right kind of movies, and carry on the right kind of conversation. He reminded us that it is our mind that recognizes the right and our will that stands true to what is right. The Bishop concluded his inspiring address by telling us that each of us can become a champion for God if we have the courage to defend our self-respect and to stand up for the charity, decency, and purity of Christ.

* * * *

SCHOOL REOPENS SEPTEMBER 2

The total registration on September 1 was 451. At the present time it is 445. Several of the pupils who discontinued have secured jobs and one, George Horst of 3B, has enlisted in Uncle Sam's Navy. The seniors number 90; the juniors, 116; the sophomores, 104; and the freshmen, 135.

* * * *

CHANGES IN THE FACULTY

The students of Catholic High, upon their return to

school, were sorry to find that Sister M. Anna, O.S.F., and four other teachers had been transferred. Sister Anna's eleven years spent at Catholic High were signalized by long days of untiring, devoted service. Sister is now teaching at York Catholic High School. The four other faculty members who were also called to different fields of labor are Sister M. Benigna, R.S.M.; Sister M. Denise, R.S.M.; Sister M. Rita Edward, I.H.M.; and Sister M. Eucharetta, I.H.M. In their places we welcome Sister M. Erminelda, O.S.F.; Sister M. Lea, I.H.M.; Sister Marie Estelle, I.H.M.; Sister Miriam, R.S.M.; and Sister Miriam Joseph, R.S.M.

* * * *

STUDENT COUNCIL ACTIVITIES

Following the inauguration of the 1942-43 Student Council on Friday, September 11, plans for the school term became effective. This year, the Council has appointed several committees to manage the various activities and functions of the school. The War Bonds and Stamps Committee is functioning under Herbert Yost and the Social Committee under Alice Gardner. Already, the several dances sponsored by the Council have proved to be more than successful. The Educational and Publicity committees are acting under the direction of Dorothy Guito and Helen Leary, respectively.

* * * *

ALL OUT FOR VICTORY

Thursday is official War Stamp Day. Every Thursday morning before nine o'clock, an inspiring record (Arms for the Love of America) is played to awaken the students to the necessity of their purchasing stamps and bonds regularly. Stamps and bonds are sold at the "Victory Stand" in the main corridor. This year, our goal is \$3,000 to help meet the increasing need for war equipment. According to recent reports, returns are coming in rapidly.

* * * *

CLUBS ORGANIZED

Under the direction of the English department, a junior-senior dramatic club was organized on Friday, September 25.

Bernard Darrenkamp was elected chairman and Esther Souders, secretary. Radio scripts and one-act plays are being prepared for presentation some time in November. The sophomores, too, are beginning to show an enthusiastic interest in dramatics, and have already organized a dramatic club of their own with Francis Kirchner chairman and Jean Kipphorn, secretary. Even the freshmen are feeling the urge to appear before the public.

Other interesting clubs were also organized during the first few weeks in October. Among them are the Spiritual Club and Science, Biology, Junior History, French, P.O.D., Junior Public Speaking, Photography, and Mission Clubs. The students are looking forward to a term of interesting extra-curricular activities.

* . * * *

NEW COURSES INTRODUCED

The Home Economics Course is being followed with enthusiasm by the girls. During the first semester they are devoting their time to clothing and are being made conscious of the fact that to dress in good style does not mean expensive buying. In the near future, a branch of the nation-wide "4-H Club" will be organized to enable the students to use their knowledge of home economics in outside activities.

The Aeronautics Course is a big step forward for the boys. The majority of the fifteen members enrolled in the class hope to enter the Aviation Corps of the Armed Forces after graduation. At present, the class is making a study of the forms of both foreign and domestic planes. They will build model planes. Their enthusiasm has mounted since their visit to the local airport on Friday, October 2. Sister M. Ventura, their instructor, experienced the thrill of an airplane ride. The class plans to make several more trips to the local airports, for some first-hand experience.

ALICE GARDNER, '43



*Do this to your torso
this Fall—only more so*

PROVIDE your torso with lots of Arrow whites and solid colors this school year! Arrow Whites are the most popular shirts on *any* campus, and Arrow solid colors are finding more and more favor with the college man every semester.

All Arrows have the Sanforized label (Shrinkage less than 1%!) and all are cut to the famous "Mitoga" figure-fit. They have their buttons anchored on, too! \$2.25 up.

Visit us today for your back-to-school Arrows!



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Lancaster, Pa.

— A R R O W —

The Rosmarian

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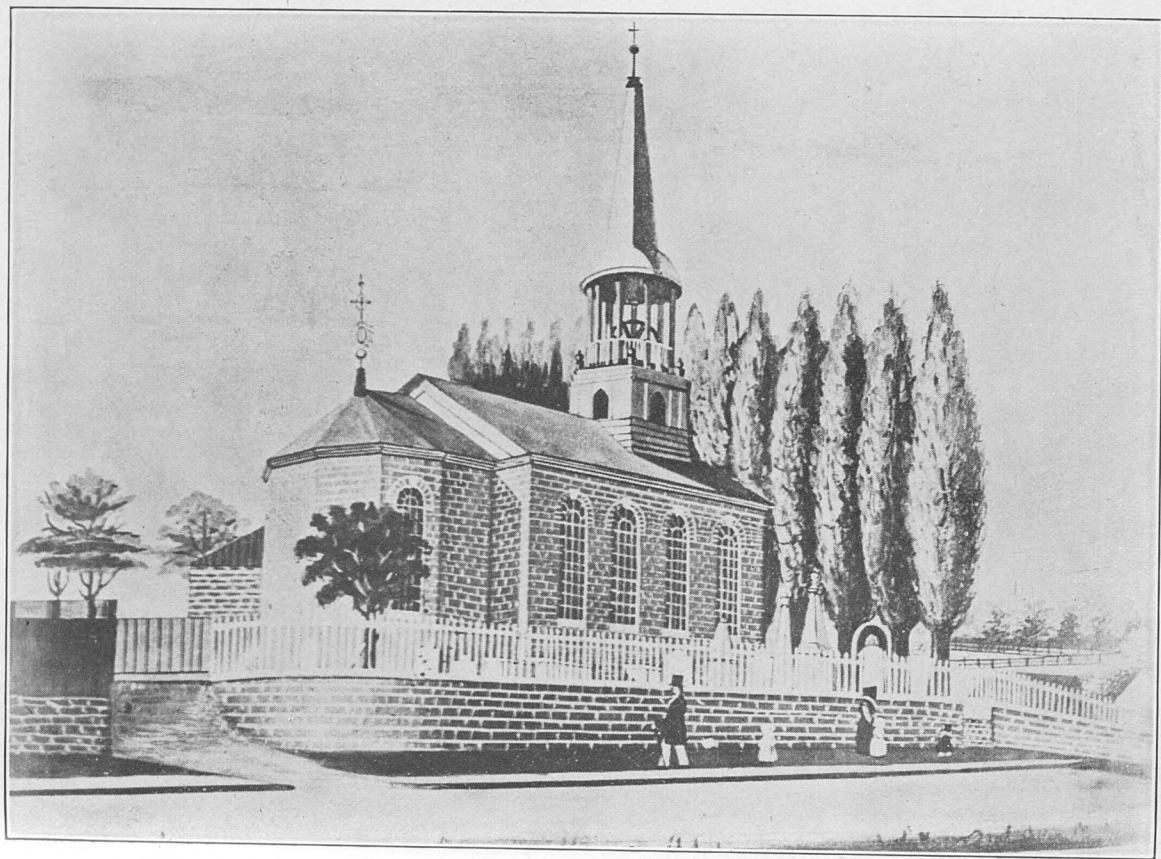
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Dedication

We dedicate this number of the ROSMARIAN
to the loyal parishioners
of St. Mary of the Assumption Church,
Lancaster, Pennsylvania,
the devoted Sisters of Mercy, and the zealous pastor,
the Very Reverend George W. Brown, V.F.,
who on November 24, 1942,
had the joy of celebrating the
two hundredth anniversary of the founding
of this cradle of Catholicity in Lancaster County,
and in commemoration
of the former pastors, religious, and parishioners
whose self-sacrificing efforts
have produced such abundant fruit.





THE STONE CHURCH ERECTED BY ST. MARY'S PARISHIONERS TO REPLACE THE
LOG CHAPEL DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1760

Courtesy of the Lancaster County Historical Society

ZEALOUS SHEPHERDS

EVELYN STROSSER, '44

DURING the two hundred years since the building of the first Catholic chapel in Lancaster, the parish now known as St. Mary of the Assumption, has had a notable array of zealous pastors who have furthered Catholicity and left their impress on the lives of their parishioners.

The first of these, Father William Wapeler, was a German Jesuit priest, who came here in 1742 and built a log chapel-house known as "The Mission of St. John Nepomucene." For some reason the name was later changed to "Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary." Mass was not celebrated every Sunday at St. Mary's because Father Wapeler had to minister to the spiritual needs of Catholics elsewhere. A missionary's life is filled with hardship and danger; the life of Father Wapeler was no exception. The tireless labors of this zealous pioneer priest brought back to the Church many lax Catholics and some who had left their religion entirely. Because of failing health, he had to abandon his work at St. Mary's after having served his congregation faithfully for seven years.

Father Wapeler was succeeded by Father Theodore Schneider in 1748, who was one of the best mathematicians of that time. Before he assumed the pastorship of St. Mary's, he had served as Rector Magnificus of Heidelberg University. He renounced this promise of fame to spend the rest of his life as an obscure missionary among the common German immigrants in Pennsylvania.

The year 1741 marked the beginning of his missionary activities in America. For two years he traveled through several counties in Eastern Pennsylvania. The Mission of St. Paul at Goshenhoppen in Berks County was founded by him. Father Schneider, like his predecessor, was another zealous priest. Cleverness in business, patience, and industry were a few of the attributes of this ardent missionary.

A Bavarian, the Reverend Ferdinand Farmer, S.J., became third pastor of St. Mary's Church. His original name was Andrew Steinmeyer. Usually the missionaries assumed a name, inasmuch as because of the Penal Laws then in operation in England and in most of her colonies, their real name might bring disaster to relatives and friends who had sheltered them. Father Farmer was a missionary in three states and became one of the most eminent priests in the colonies because of his zeal and toil in keeping the Catholic religion alive in the hearts of the people. Some time after his death, the body of Father Farmer was transferred to a new grave. Then it was discovered that the stole, the symbol of his priestly office, was preserved while the flesh and other vestments had decayed.

The Reverend James Pellentz, S.J., whose original name was Sittensperger, succeeded Father Farmer. On the night of December 15, 1760, the old log chapel perished by sacrilegious hands, having been set on fire by an incendiary. Men and women worked eagerly to build a new church of stone. The altar, according to an old custom, was erected to face the East where Christianity originated. It is of interest that the six candlesticks, once used on this altar, are now in the basement chapel of St. Anthony's Church. Although Father Pellentz remained only a few months in charge of the Lancaster Mission, he well deserves to be classed with the other pastors of St. Mary's as high in excellence and self-sacrifice. His death was caused when he contracted a fatal disease from the sick, whom he had attended.

After Father Pellentz's death in 1768, thirteen pastors followed in rather quick succession before the coming of Father John W. Beschter, S.J., in 1806. One of these was the Reverend Louis deBarth, who in 1808 became Vicar-General of the Diocese of Philadelphia. Father Beschter remained at St. Mary's until 1812. Two notable accomplishments of his priestly career were the founding of the first Catholic Church in Lebanon and his appointment as

president of Georgetown College. He was the first Jesuit to be pastor of St. Mary's since Father Geissler in 1786, and also the last, for after his time all the pastors have been members of the secular clergy.

To Father Bernard Keenan, the first priest ordained in the diocese of Philadelphia, goes the distinction of serving St. Mary's in the longest pastorate of its history, from 1823 to 1877. It was he who in 1852 built the brick church on the present site and who, after the destructive fire of 1867, used the walls left standing and built the present edifice. In 1871 he celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. Six years later this "grand old man of St. Mary's" died at the age of 98.

Another priest whose stay at St. Mary's covered many years was Dr. P. J. McCullough, D.D., P.R., who came to Lancaster first in 1881 as Father Hickey's assistant and remained as pastor from 1882 until his death in 1910. It was during his pastorate that St. Mary's Hall was erected. During the following two years the Reverend Dr. Henry G. Ganss served as pastor. As a boy he had attended St. Joseph's Parochial School. He composed many excellent works of music. One of his hymns, "Long Live the Pope," is often sung in our churches.

Father Ganss was succeeded by Father T. F. X. Dougherty in 1913 and the Very Reverend Thomas J. Crotty, P.R., in 1917 who served until his death in 1934, the third longest pastorate. It was Father Crotty who allowed the classes of Lancaster Catholic High School to be held in St. Mary's School from September 1928 until our present school at Rossmere was ready for occupancy in January 1929.

The year 1936 witnessed the coming of the Reverend George W. Brown to the pastorate of the church of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Like his zealous predecessors, Father Brown has maintained the traditions of Saint Mary's pioneer shepherds — those intrepid Jesuit missionaries, whose labors, after two hundred years, are still bearing fruit.

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER

LOUISE STORK, '43

IT took Alyce quite some time to gather the courage to open the letter which she had just received. The seal of St. Anne's Military Hospital, however, had somewhat prepared her for a shock.

After reading the first few sentences, she had to stop. Gary, her fiance, was blind . . . a burst of open machine-gun fire had caught him in the gun turret of his plane and something had happened to his optic nerve.

"I can't marry you, Alyce, I'm never coming back to Canada," read the letter. "I'm going to the United States where I'll support myself by writing. Neither to you nor to anyone else do I wish to be a burden" . . .

Alyce sat down and tried to control herself. It was just a year ago, she thought, that he had left to join the R. A. F. She remembered only too well how willing he was to fight in the service . . . And now he wasn't ever coming back.

An idea finally came to her. She found a pen and some paper and soon her trembling fingers began to write.

Two months later Alyce found herself standing on a railroad station platform in Montreal.

"Please, Blessed Mother," she implored, "help me. I know it was wrong to write a lie to him, but I'll explain everything to him later."

Just then the train zoomed into the station. Alyce braced herself for the shock, for a few minutes later she would see a sickening sight.

The train stopped with a sudden jerk and soon there alighted a nurse leading a tall, young man in uniform who had a black patch over both eyes.

Alyce ran to him and as Gary reached out, he touched her forehead. Why should she be so worried? She had written that there would be no scar, just a horrible discoloration.

That was the lie which she had written to him in her letter. The letter in which *she* had give up *him* because of the terrible burn on her forehead and right cheek caused by a non-existent explosion at the munitions plant.

Gary didn't say anything about the discoloration which he thought existed. He just said, "Don't worry, we'll get along, if we still have faith. Remember, I can write stories."

After they were married, he'd try to make her understand, thought Gary in his darkness. He couldn't tell her now that he was examined by a specialist after he had written the first letter. With care, he would be able to see in about a year. That was what the specialist had diagnosed. He'd explain later that her disfiguration didn't make any difference to him.

★ ★ ★

DATE THEFT

LOUISE HEMLER, '43

"IF anyone calls while I'm gone, take the message. Will you, Ginnie?" cried Nancy as she hurried down the stairs.

"Okay," answered Ginnie; but in her mind, a plan was forming. Nancy had had a "date" the Saturday night before with Jimmie Hilton, the new "smoothie" that had just moved to town. Ginnie, who was somewhat better-looking than Nancy, had made up her mind to win him from her sister.

Nancy was well-liked in Kingsdale. Kind and sweet, cheerful, full of fun,—these are the things Kingsdale people said of her. Ginnie was rather the opposite. Somewhat spoiled, she usually wanted her way with things. She was determined to steal the "date" Nancy was expecting with Jimmie.

As she picked up her books to study the next day's lessons, she began to think of what she would say when he called.

At last the phone rang.

"Miss Nancy Redmond, please," came a deep masculine voice.

"I'm sorry, but she isn't at home now," Ginnie replied in her most alluring voice. "She's gone to the city for the day."

"What a pity!" came the disappointed exclamation, "I *did* want to go to the game tonight!"

Ginnie's heart skipped a beat. "Couldn't I help you out?" she offered.

"Really?" was the quick response. "You really would?"

"Why, he's a 'push-over'," thought Ginnie. "I don't see why not," she replied sweetly. "I happen to be free tonight." The latter statement, she hoped, would imply that was usually dated up.

"I'd be terribly grateful to you, Miss-er-er—"

"Ginnie Redmond."

"Thank you, Miss Redmond. Could you be over at seven?"

"Over at seven?" she asked in astonishment. "Over where?"

"At my home, of course," in an equally astonished voice.

"Who-who is this?" gasped Ginnie.

"Why, I thought you knew. This is Dr. Rengood!"

Weakly Ginnie hung up the receiver. She had made the date and had to keep it—a date to take care of Dr. Rengood's children that evening. She had forgotten that Nancy took care of Dr. Rengood's children once in a while.



Chameleon?

The time was fine for sledding;

So up the hill went Fred.

The wind was very chilly;

It turned his skin quite red.

He took a running start, this lad.

Alas! 'tis sad but true;

It happened that he missed the sled

And now he's black and blue.

KITTY WENDEL, '44

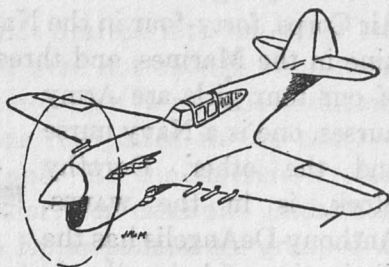
IN THE AIR - - *

ON LAND - -

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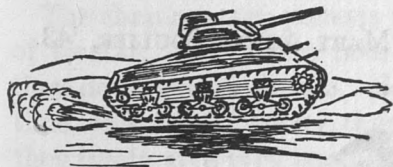
ON SEA

CHRISTMAS, nineteen hundred forty-two, brought a pleasant surprise to the boys and girls, former students of Lancaster Catholic High School, who are now in the service of our country, for each one received from the students Christmas greetings which informed him of his enrollment in two novenas of six hundred Masses each offered by the Capuchin Fathers. Cards were sent to one hundred eighty boys and girls (we knew there were others, but their addresses were not available) stationed throughout the country, on the high seas, or abroad.



Letters received from the boys expressed their appreciation of the students' gifts to them. May God continue to shower His blessings on them and bring them all home safe.

Catholic High is proud of her boys and girls who are now serving their country. The following are listed as officers: Lt. William J. Appel, A.A.C.; Second Lt. Joseph G. Ransing, U. S. A.; Second Lt. Herbert Kauffman, A. A. C.; Second Lt. Robert Keppel, U. S. A.; Second Lt. John J. Ruof, A. A. C.; Second Lt. John P. Trauger, U. S. A.; Second Lt. Amelia Nicklaus, A. M. C.; Second Lt. Elizabeth McGeary, A. M. C.; Ensign William J. Aukamp, U. S. N. R.; Ensign W. Roger Simpson, U. S. N. R.; Ensign John H. Frey, U. S. N. R.; Ensign Nona Hambright, N. M. C.;



Ensign William McCaughey, U. S. C. G. R.; and Second Lt. Francis Rineer, U. S. M. C.

We have tried to make an accurate check of all alumni and other former students now in the service but have experienced some difficulty. Some of the alumni, for instance, are no longer living in the city and have not kept the Alumni Association advised. According to the records we have available as we go to press, we have a total of 232 serving Uncle Sam.

Of the total number of our boys in the service, one hundred thirty-eight are in the Army, twenty-three in the Army Air Corps, forty-four in the Navy, eleven in Naval Aviation, nine in the Marines, and three in the Coast Guards. Two of our four girls are Army nurses, one is a Navy nurse and the other, Dorothy Stork, is in the WAVES. Anthony DeAngelis has the distinction of being the first senior to be drafted. James Devenney, another senior, enlisted in the Navy. Both of these boys completed their first semester and will receive their diplomas.



In addition to those already in active service, several former students are now in the Army, Navy, and Marine Reserves in the colleges and are awaiting their call to service in the near future if they have not already received it. Thomas Baxter is serving in the reserves at Villanova, Henry Frailey at Notre Dame, Paul Long at Mount St. Mary's, Edward Sheehy at St. Vincent's, Jerome Hergenrother, William Stengle, William Soulier, Richard Stork, and Charles Trapnell are in the Reserves at Franklin and Marshall.

MARY AGNES SOULIER, '43.



THE SERVICE MAN'S FRIEND

ROSEMARY LUTZ, '44

JUST recently a woman by the name of Clothilde Fairclough was invited by the club to which I belong, to speak to us about army chaplains. Her husband, an army chaplain in Honolulu, is located at Hickam Field, Pearl Harbor. I was so impressed and interested in her talk that I would like to review here a few of the important facts I learned.

First, army chaplains are not drafted into the army but volunteer. However, if there were not enough volunteers, there is a possibility that clergymen would be inducted. There are only three religions recognized in the army—Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant. All the different Protestant sects are grouped together; for example, Lutherans, Methodists, Evangelists, and Episcopalians are grouped as one religion.

The number of chaplains is determined by the number of men; there is a chaplain for about every twelve hundred. If there were twenty-four hundred Catholics, there would be two priests. The same goes with the Jewish soldiers and rabbis, but the various Protestant denominations are not so recognized.

The men in active duty wear a chain around their necks bearing the letter C, J, or P. This signifies whether the service man is a Catholic, a Jew, or a Protestant. The reason for this is, that if anything happens to a man, the chaplains will know which one of them is supposed to attend to him.

The chaplains are persons to whom a man can go in time of trouble. They help take the place of his parents, and they do it very well, too. Sometimes, in fact most of the time, they do it better than the parents themselves, for they really give very good advice and they are understanding and sympathetic.

The chaplain usually accompanies his regiment of men wherever they go. Although they don't have to, most of them prefer to go along with their men. In World War I, a chaplain used to be called "Holy Joe"; but the common name nowadays is "Chappie." The chaplains prefer the latter because they think it sounds more friendly and comradely.

Mrs. Fairclough told us that the chapels are very beautiful—that you can't tell the difference between a civilian church and an army chapel. When the soldiers attend church, there is no collection, but there is a box in the back of the church for anyone who desires to give something. Many of them do. In some places they have a chapel fund to which the men contribute something when they can. The money is saved. If any accidents occur or misfortune falls on a man's home or family and he hasn't money for the fare home, he can borrow from the fund and pay it back when he can.

My immediate thought after Mrs. Fairclough's speech was that the men in the service aren't neglected as some people seem to think and that when chaplains endanger their lives by accompanying their boys, there is no reason why the boys themselves should feel panicky. But the most important thought was—Why should a Catholic soldier ever die without the grace of God, for certainly his Church and government are seeing to it that his spiritual needs are being cared for.



Answer

Tell me why, O Muse, you fail me,
When you know this scene should live.
Is there not some thought deep hidden
In this snow scene, you can give?

I shall give you, patient poet,
Food for thought, for man below.
Tell him this: That God's own breath
Is the essence of the snow.

WILLIAM TRAPNELL, '43

THE PLOWING-----1742

1942-----THE REAPING

ON Friday, December 4, the junior history classes presented, in pageant form, the main events in the history of Saint Mary's Parish from 1742 to 1942. This assembly was in honor of the 200th anniversary of the founding of Saint Mary's Church and the establishment of Catholicity in Lancaster. The program was divided into four parts: The Plowing, the Sowing, the Tending, and the Reaping.

The opening tableau of "The Plowing" represented a Jesuit missionary preaching to the Indians in "Lancaster Town." The second scene showed Father Greaton, S.J., the first missionary to the settlers of Lancaster, addressing a small group of Catholics outside the home of Thomas Doyle, where Holy Mass is believed to have been celebrated for the first time.

Through the narrator we learned of the business transactions whereby Father Neale, S.J. bought Lots Nos. 235 and 236 for the purpose of building a chapel. The first tableau of "The Sowing" pictured Father Wapeler, S.J. accepting the deeds to the land from the owner, Mr. James Hamilton.

The new church, really only a log chapel, was called "The Log Chapel of St. John Nepomucene," but the name was later changed to "Church of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary." The narrator informed us that Father Wapeler, after becoming ill from the strain of the arduous life of a missionary, was obliged to return to Europe. A scene visualized the sick Jesuit bidding farewell to his parishioners in the year 1748.

In "The Tending" the narrator informed us that the log chapel was burned in 1760 by someone hostile to the Catholic faith. The parishioners, although staggered by this blow, resolved to build another church, one of stone. The women mixed the mortar while the men carried the stones from the fields. This stone chapel was used until 1854

when the brick church, erected by Father Keenan, was ready for occupancy. The tableau pictured Irish immigrants offering land and money for the new church to Father Keenan who, however, decided to build it beside the old one.

The parochial school at St. Mary's was established in 1872 and St. Mary's Academy for Girls, in 1879. The original school building was located on Queen Street. In the scene accompanying this narration, a Sister of Charity from Mt. St. Vincent-on-the-Hudson spoke to her class on the eve of the removal of the school from Queen Street to its present location.

In 1887 the Sisters of Charity from Madison, N. J. replaced the Sisters from Mt. St. Vincent in taking charge of St. Mary's School. In the ensuing scene one of the departing Sisters bade farewell to her charges and encouraged them to carry on their good work.

From 1897 until 1903 the Sisters of Notre Dame guided the young students of St. Mary's. Then obedience called them to other fields. The tableau represented a good Sister telling Father McCullough, the pastor, the news of the Sisters' departure.

In 1903 the Sisters of Mercy took over the apostolate of teaching and since then have been doing excellent work. The third part concluded with a Sister of Mercy expressing her hopes for the new apostolate.

The tableau of the fourth part, "The Reaping", was, to me, the most impressive. Around an altar were gathered all the characters, from the first Jesuit Fathers preaching to the Indians to the present Sisterhood at St. Mary's. They prayed for the continuation of the fruits of the apostolate at St. Mary's and for all future members of the oldest church in Lancaster County. The curtains closed upon the entire cast softly humming "Faith of Our Fathers."

A certain lasting impression was created by the costumes worn by the characters. This realistic touch will make the assembly linger long in my memory as being both educational and entertaining.

BETTY WILKINSON, '43

AN IMPORTANT LETTER

MARGARET DENGATE, '43



ONE beautiful day in May, Eddie Murphy was busy at his work as accountant at Becker's Chocolate Factory. But although he seemed to be very intent on his books, his mind was anywhere but on his work. He was thinking, as many others do, that he was not earning enough money, although this was his very first job. It would be wonderful, he thought, if he were earning about fifty dollars a week and were able to sit behind a desk and tell other people what to do. He would yell at other people just as his boss yelled at him.

"Eddie Murphy! Eddie Murphy!"

The second yell woke Eddie from his reverie.

"Yes?" answered Eddie.

"You're wanted on the telephone," shouted back the office boy.

"All right. Thank you," replied Eddie. "Now, who could be calling me?" he mused.

He strolled over to the phone and picked up the receiver.

"Hello."

"Hello, Eddie," said a familiar voice.

"Oh, hello, Mother, did you want me?"

"Yes, I just wanted to know if you would bring me a

dozen oranges on your way home this evening."

"Yes, certainly, Mother," replied Eddie.

"Oh, and Eddie," continued his mother, "there's a letter here for you. It looks as if it is important."

"An important letter for me?" questioned Eddie.

"Yes, but I don't know what's in it. Oh, I'll have to stop now. Somebody's at the front door. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

As he returned to his place Eddie remarked to Bill Dwight, who worked next to him, "There's an important-looking letter for me at home. I wonder what it could be."

"Maybe you're inheriting a fortune," ventured Bill. "Maybe a rich uncle died and left you some money."

"No, that couldn't be it, or Mother would have known about it and said something to me."

"Oh, someone's playing a joke on you."

"No," said Eddie, "I don't think anyone would do anything like that. Still, you can't tell. No, that couldn't be it. I wonder if it has anything to do with something I've done, but I don't think I have done anything wrong. I wonder—"

"Say, I think I have it!" he shouted, excitedly. "I bet it's my notice for a Civil Service job. I took a test last month and I haven't heard anything about it yet. That must be it! At last, I'll be earning more than chicken feed. Wait till Mother hears this. Won't she be glad?"

"But, how can you be sure of that?" questioned Bill.

"Oh, it can't be anything else. We've thought of everything, and that's the only one that makes sense."

"Well, it's okay with me, if you're satisfied," replied Bill. "What are you going to do now? Celebrate?"

Eddie had left his place and was dancing a jig in the middle of the floor.

"You better get back to work before the boss sees you," warned Bill.

"Yeah, I guess you're right."

So he went back to his desk and started poring over his

books. But soon, his mind was wandering again, and he was seeing himself down in Washington or Philadelphia, or wherever he was sent, joyfully doing his work. And on payday he would find in the mail a check for one-hundred and fifty dollars a month.

"Hey, Eddie!" shouted Bill.

And once again Eddie was brought back to earth with a jolt.

"You know, Bill," he began, "I've been thinking and I've decided—

"You've decided what, Murphy?" demanded a gruff voice.

Eddie whirled around to meet his boss face to face.

"I've been watching you, Murphy," went on the boss, "and if you don't get down to work, I'll have to fire you."

"Mr. Hare, you won't have to go to the trouble of firing me 'cause I've quit."

"You've what?" shouted Mr. Hare, unbelievably.

"I've quit—resigned, I got a better job to-day, and I don't see why I should go on slaving here any longer. So—I'm quitting."

"All right," said the boss, "since you've quit, you may as well go home. Your pay will be sent to you. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Mr. Hare."

And so, Eddie left the employ of Becker's Chocolate Factory. Since he had quit his job, he decided he had better get home and find out when he was supposed to report to work for his new job.

He took the steps of the porch two at a time and burst into the house.

"Where's that letter, Mother?" he called.

"On the table in the hall," answered Mrs. Murphy.

There it was. Eddie grabbed it and feverishly tore open the envelope. For a minute he couldn't believe his eyes, but there it was in black and white—his notice to report to the draft board the next day.

A PESSIMIST'S VIEW OF SCHOOL

CARLO MATO, '44

YES, everything happens to us students. It seems as though every "break" we get turns into a bad one. Regardless of how hard we try and how good we are, some unfortunate event always befalls us. Here are two good examples explaining my point.

Take, for instance, this threat of smallpox. None of us was responsible for it; yet it has had its effect on us. At first, we thought we would get a "break." Because it decreased our faculty, we figured it would reduce our studies. Yet fate (or maybe the proper authorities) stepped in and took over the situation very nicely. Now here's where things get bad. Instead of relaxing and reducing our studies, they tell us that we must accelerate them and put forth more effort. This "fate" also goes to the trouble of seeing to it that all classes will resume their studies with other teachers if necessary.

We are also bothered because of this *small* war that is being fought. At first we thought that we would get out of school at an early date without very much extra work. Yes, we shall get out of school sooner, but what a headache the getting out will give us in the process! More subjects will be crammed in, our schedules revised, and our subjects accelerated, in order that we complete our studies before schedule.

I expect that after such strenuous work we shall be ready for a sanitorium for a short rest and then hop into the service for a real rest. What a pleasant life ours will be!



Contrast

The snow fell in the country;

It also fell in town;

But there it quickly turned to slush,

A dirty, grayish brown.

The country snow was different;

It gave each bush and tree

A still, enchanting picture of

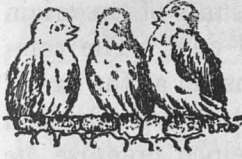
Unwritten poetry.

KITTY WENDEL, '44



COMPARING

NOTES



WARS have always produced songs—songs that are sung by people long after all thoughts of war have gone from their minds. While the songs of some wars are more inspirational than those of other wars, yet it has always been music that has kept up the people's morale in war time.

In the days of the American Revolution the British used the term "Yankee Doodle" to make fun of the Yankees—they sang it while the colonists sang their Psalms. When the British marched from Boston bound for Lexington to capture John Hancock and Samuel Adams, they kept step to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." But when the colonials routed the British at Concord, they immediately adopted the song as their own; and since then "Yankee Doodle" has been exclusively in the hands of the Americans.

During the War of 1812 the greatest song of all was written during the bombardment of Fort McHenry. How Francis Scott Key came to write "The Star-Spangled Banner," later chosen as our National Anthem, is a story familiar to every American. Its patriotic strains have always tugged at our heart strings; but during these critical days when the United States is fighting to preserve its ideals, it is dearer than ever.

Strange as it may seem, the Mexican War of 1846-'48 did not produce any such patriotic songs that were so typical of the previous wars. National feeling was evidently not so deeply stirred. It remained for the next—the Civil War—to create additional works to add to this already growing list of War Songs.

From the Civil War came "Dixie" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." "Dixie" was written and composed by a Northerner; and the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic" by Julia Ward Howe is said to be an old plantation melody. There are many accounts of the origin of "Dixie" but none have been proved true. The composer of "Dixie," Dan Emmet, was a minstrel at the age of 20. After traveling to New York, Boston, and England with the Virginia Minstrels which he helped organize, he returned to New York and joined Bryant's Minstrels. When the manager of the Bryant troupe told him he needed a song for the next day's show, Emmet wrote "Dixie." It was sung all over the country, and in spite of the efforts of the Northerners to save it for themselves, the South took it for itself. Yet, in spite of this fact, "Dixie" is more than a song just for one section of our country—it is "All American."

Paul Dresser's "The Blue and the Gray" was first copyrighted in 1890; but it did not become popular until the Spanish-American War, when several of the lines were changed.

World War I introduced us to one of the greatest American composers and patriots the United States has ever produced, George M. Cohan. We shall never forget Mr. Cohan's great contributions to American morale — "Over There" and "Grand Old Flag." In that same war our boys, fighting on foreign soil, were not unmindful of the folk at home and so we had the appealing "Keep the Home Fires Burning." "Tipperary" was another favorite. Many of the songs, popular during 1914-18, are being revived.

The songs composed so far in World War II lack the fineness and the spirit of the songs of the previous wars. Although there have been many, only a few deserve mention. Among those few are "The White Cliffs of Dover," "When the Lights Go on Again," and—some might try to add the latest—"Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition!"

AUDREY ANN BOWERS, '43



FOR National Book Week from November 15 to 22, our librarians prepared a display of a great variety of the worthwhile books to be found in the library of Catholic High School.

In the library proper, to the right as one entered the door, was a broadside by Clarence Day, which is worth quoting.

The World of Books
Is the most remarkable creation of man
Nothing else he builds ever lasts
Monuments fall
Nations perish
Civilizations grow old and die out
And after an era of darkness
New races build others
But in the World of Books are volumes
That have seen this happen again and again
And yet live on
Still young
Still as fresh as the day they were written
Still telling men's hearts
Of the hearts of men centuries dead.

I believe this quotation embodies what English teachers have long tried to instill into their students—books are life and if one loves life and is interested in it, he will love books and will want to read them.

To the left of the entrance was a display of prominent Catholic authors and thumbnail sketches of each. Among these was Dr. Edward L. Keyes, one of the founders of the *Commonweal*. He is a noted reviewer of biographies, medical books, and important novels. One of his articles pub-

lished in the *Commonweal*, "Shindelmeister," tells the story of a lovable German teacher. Another of these was Christopher Dawson, an English sociologist whose best known volume is *The Making of Europe*. He is Vice President of *Sword of the Spirit* and editor of the *Dublin Review*. A recent article in the *Commonweal* is "What About Heretics?"

The third author to catch my eye was Jerome Kerwin who is Dean of the Social Science Department of the University of Chicago and faculty adviser for the Catholic students there.

At the extreme left of the library was a display of books touching on various interesting subjects. While glancing over these I found a few which I decided to read in the near future. In Hobbies there was the "Aircraft Year Book for 1941" by Howard Mingos. In Biography I selected *Mad Anthony Wayne* by Thomas Boyd. Sister Miriam's *Woven of the Sky* was my choice for Poetry and *The Librettos of the Wagner Operas* caught my eye for Music.

The choice in drama fell to *Shining in the Darkness* by Francis X. Talbot, S.J. *Frontier Girl of Pennsylvania* should, I believe, increase my historical knowledge of my home state. In the Career department, I think *High Conquest* by James Ullman will complete my choice of books for the year.

In addition to the fine display in the library there was also an equally fine collection of books in the main corridor, which was labelled "For the thinking Catholic." They included *Paddy the Cope*, *St. Gemma Galgani*, *Our Lady of Guadalupe*, *God's Jester*, and a host of others.

In the last analysis, Book Week must surely have proved of great value to every boy and girl at Catholic High. It has brought to light, indeed, many of the fine books which make up our library.

BETTY WILKINSON, '43



PACK RAT, written by the Most Reverend Frances Clement Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma and founder of the Catholic Church Extension Society, is a book which deals with the present political and religious philosophies of the world.

It is rather difficult to describe the chief character because he is a pack rat which comes to life as a human being. He carries with him his ratlike characteristics and does quite well amongst the human beings of the world. He is sly and observant, two traits which help him in robbing and out-talking his enemies. He knows about everything in the world except religion. On this matter he tries to find out as much as he can. Such words as religion, God, soul "stump" him until their meanings are explained to him by several Catholic priests.

This book shows clearly the evil-doing of the German dictator and all those who are opposed to the Catholic faith, and it also explains Catholic doctrine. It shows, too, the qualities of different types of men whether good or bad. The author does this by describing the pack rat's associations with the other sneaky people of the world. The pack rat distinguishes these by their "ratty smell." Surely every adult Catholic would profit by reading *Pack Rat*.

JOHN RITCHEY, '43

* * * *

BIG DOC'S GIRL by Mary Medearis is a realistic story of a young girl my own age, who meets with many problems that girls my age find difficult to solve.

From this story I learned ways in which I can overcome difficulties and fulfill my obligations, and be happy in doing so. Love for one's family is enough to strive on. I know now that my parents, brother, and sisters must come before my own ambitions. A motto used by Big Doc's girl, Mary, was "Love the feeble and weak-minded, and love will come to you." I think this is very true.

FLORENCE BENTLEY, '43.

The *Fortune* Survey

JEANNE SULLENBERGER, '43

RECENTLY a survey was made by *Fortune* magazine. Its purpose was to discover what youth thinks about itself, its country, and its future. This survey was given to a cross section of America's youth of high school age; therefore, the results should give a rather fair idea of the opinions held by the 10,000,000 high school students in the United States. We have presented here the findings in regard to certain pertinent questions asked in the survey.

When asked for their opinion of the American form of government, 54% of those questioned said that our country is as near perfect as it can be and no important changes should be made in it. There are 39.6% that think our form of government worked well in the past but needs to be thoroughly revised to make it fit present-day needs. Of the rest, 4.1% think that democracy is no longer working well and sooner or later we shall have to get an entirely new form of government. The editors sought to explain this by the fact that youth is mostly libertarian and perfectionist, not even mildly revolutionist. It was also noted that seniors are about 5% more for its revision than the four classes taken together and that students in the West are likewise more for making changes in it by 6%.

Youth was also questioned about its attitude toward Swedes, Protestants, Negroes, Catholics, Jews, Irish and Chinese. "Are there any on this list you'd refuse to work on a job if they had an equal position to yours and worked side by side with you?" In answer to this 21.4% would not want to work with Negroes, 7% with Jews, 5% with Chinese, 5% with Catholics, and 6% with Protestants, Irish and Swedes, while with 69% it makes no difference with whom they work. Thus it appears that among the youth there is little race or religious prejudice—surprisingly less than that noted in adults. This can be accounted for by the cosmopolitan democracy of high school life or it may

come from the conviction in the equality of people. Let us hope that it is for the latter reason, although either one is quite pleasing.

When asked what virtues boys and girls expect in their spouses (after honesty and physical attractiveness) the boys voted first for a sense of humor with ambition, brains, thriftiness, courage, religious feeling and purity following close behind. The girls voted first for ambition, followed by a sense of humor, brains, courage, religious feeling, thriftiness and purity. What a shame that religious feeling and purity are given the back seat for a sense of humor, ambition and brains. If, as most authorities seem to agree, we are to construct a better world and establish lasting peace in the future, we must build our foundations on religion and live according to moral principles. The old proverb states, "He who ceases to pray ceases to prosper." Hartley Coleridge expresses the same idea in his poem:

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right . . .
Far is the time, remote from human sight
When war and discord on the earth shall cease,
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.

After this display of the great need for a revival of religion among youth it was somewhat cheering to note in the survey that 82% at least believe there is a God who rewards and punishes after death. The world cannot, however, be saved by faith alone, for faith is but the beacon in the window. St. James in his epistle says, "Faith without works is dead." We must prove our love for God; but how can we do this, when only 22% of our youth attend church two or three times monthly, 7.8% attend only monthly, 8.6% less than monthly and 5.1% not at all.

In replies to questions on war and peace it is impressive to find that youth is pessimistic in hoping for the establishment of at long last a peaceful world. It was also very surprising to discover that only 10% of the boys and girls elect

hedonistic escapism from the troubles that beset the adult world. It is abundantly clear, however, that American youth is overwhelmingly idealistic and earnest of purpose. This seems to show maturity of thought. There are 90% of students who feel that we should keep on fighting the war. When asked about what we are fighting for, the largest majority voted for liberty, freedom, democracy, American ideals, etc.

With such favorable results in most instances about such vital questions, it seems only right that we may look forward to a brighter future—a country inhabited by intelligent Americans—straight-thinking and conscious of their obligations.



Sacrifice

I charge across this beach today
Where my brave comrades silent lie.
Where hell's torn loose, where devils play,
I rush into this mad foray.
Why?

The tropic sky is gray with smothering smoke
And dense with countless shrieking shells.
The burning, blasting heat of summer's sun
Beats down with fury 'pon my bursting brain.
Why go I on?

Why go I on?
'Tis burning love for freedom's cause
That sends me racing 'cross this beach.
With no regret, I gladly give
My life that liberty may live.
For freedom's life, I die.

JOSEPH GORMLEY, '43



Faith

Faith is like glass; it easily shatters.
To keep it whole is really what matters.

ROSE ANNE COONAN, '43

... Current Comment ...

As a member of the Student Council this term, I have been in a position to observe its activities. Therefore, I

THE STUDENT COUNCIL PROVES ITS WORTH

know how really successful this organization, which now enjoys its second year of activity, has been. Projects never before attempted in Catholic High School have been inaugurated and successfully accomplished by the Student Council. The gifts presented to our school nurse and doctor are examples of the good work done by the organization. The Student Council sells war bonds and stamps; its members direct classes when teachers are absent; they supervise war activities (scrap collection, and so forth); they arrange and direct money-making activities for different causes. In short the Council has taken over many extra-curricular activities which had been handled by teachers before the Student Council was organized.

The Student Council has done much good both for teacher and for pupil. It has taken a great deal of work from the shoulders of the teacher, giving her more time to devote to a schedule full enough without any extra-curricular activities. On the other hand, it has given the students a share in responsibilities which will give them a great deal of experience useful in later life. Moreover, through the activities of the Student Council pupils make social contacts cherished throughout their lives. In addition, it has helped the students understand the teacher's point of view; and, above all, it has brought about greater cooperation between teacher and student.

JOSEPH GORMLEY, '43

* * * *

WE ARE GRATEFUL

When Mr. Edward J. Galbally, president of the Wickersham Printing Company, died on December 6, 1942, the ROSMARIAN lost a sincere friend and generous patron. It was with Mr.

Galbally's kind assistance that this school quarterly started courageously on its way ten years ago. Three years later he assisted Lancaster Catholic High School in a second journalistic venture when our school newspaper, the *Rambler*, made its appearance. We have not forgotten his manifold kindnesses, and we pray God to grant eternal rest to his soul.

JEANNE SULLENBERGER, '43

* * * *

Because of the present crisis, many changes are being made in our educational life. All the teachers remind us of the important part youth is to play.

WAR MAKES

Army life is persistently brought up

CHANGES

in lectures, conversations, etc. In-

stead of taking our courses as usual, military tactics are stressed. In our physics class, the airplane is being constantly used as an example in our problems. In math class, we are told that military authorities complain of the lack of mathematicians. Therefore, those parts of geometry and trigonometry that should prove useful in military operations, are carefully explained. Even in English class, Shakespeare takes second place to the war. In fact in all classes, the war plays a very important part.

Not only are our subjects being changed, somewhat, from cultural to practical bases, but our courses are also being "stepped up." Since some of the boys and girls are leaving in February, they will want to know a bit about "this" and "that" before they leave. Then, too, we'll have to cover this part of the course quickly if we want to get into that, and so it goes.

After we have gone through twelve years of school, we dream of walking up in our scholarly looking caps and gowns to obtain our coveted diplomas. However, the way things look now, with our fellow class-mates leaving at different times, we may have to receive our diplomas as our usual report cards are handed out. That seems dreadful, but this is war.

MARY FULGINITI, '43

NEWS REEL

HISTORY MADE AT C. H. S.

For the first time in the history of our school, we have had a change of schedule in the middle of the year. Because of the introduction of pre-induction courses, a new schedule had to be arranged which became effective Thursday, January 28. Thirteen of the senior boys are taking a course in radio at Stevens Trade School which necessitates their leaving here every day at 1:15. Several others seniors and all the junior boys have started a course in electricity being given by Sister Ventura. As we go to press, we hear that a home-nursing course is being arranged for the girls.

* * * *

ANNUAL RETREAT

Our annual retreat opened on Wednesday, January 20, with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered by the Reverend James McGuckin, S.M., and closed on Friday, January 22, with an inspiring sermon about our Blessed Lady given by the Reverend William Daly, S.M. Father McGuckin gave the conferences for the girls and Father Daly took care of the boys. The opportunity to make a spiritual inventory is always appreciated by the student body and this year was no exception. Holy Mass, reception of the sacraments, conferences by the zealous missionaries, and the other spiritual exercises of a retreat furnish us with the aids we need in order to face the difficulties which confront us.

* * * *

DRAMATIC CLUB HEARD OVER PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM

Initiating a new type of general assembly, 22 members of the Junior-Senior Dramatic Club broadcast an interesting

juvenile delinquency program on November 6, over our public address system. The program, enjoyed by the pupils seated in their home-rooms, had all the "trappings" of a regular radio broadcast: music, narrator, and sound effects. The script was furnished by the Educational Radio Script Exchange.

* * * *

QUIZ OPENS BOOK WEEK

Book Week at C.H.S. commenced with a "bang" at the assembly on November 13, when a book quiz program was given by the Library Club. Several students from every class in the school were asked to appear on the stage as contestants. When some of them, overcome by stage fright, were unable to answer the questions put to them, the mistress of ceremonies, Rosemary Flear, called upon volunteers from the enthusiastic audience.

This program served to arouse the interest of the students in many worth-while books the library contains, which heretofore had gone unrecognized, and prepared the ground for Book Week, November 15 to 21. The displays prepared by Sister M. Ernestine and the student librarians were both attractive and effective reminders to read good books.

* * * *

FRESHMEN SPEAK ON CATHOLIC EDUCATION

Ten members of the freshman class under the chairmanship of Charles Ritchey, presented a program prepared by Sister M. Mildred, for the general assembly on Friday, November 20. Its very well-developed theme was "Catholic Education in the United States."

* * * *

PAGEANT GIVEN BY JUNIORS

On Friday, December 4, the students from the junior class who belong to Sister Marie Estelle's History Seminar, presented a very attractive and interesting program in commemoration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of St. Mary's, Lancaster. The program was in the form of a modified pageant with a narrator for each

part. Outstanding as priests were James McManus, James Nightengale, Robert Koller, Charles Graver, and Charles Fisher. Girls, garbed in the religious habits of the Sisters of the various orders, whose members have been stationed at St. Mary's, added a realistic touch.

* * * *

SENIORS PRESENT "ALMOST EIGHTEEN"

After practicing for five weeks every afternoon after school and some evenings, the Senior Dramatic Club successfully presented "Almost Eighteen," a three-act comedy-drama, on the nights of December 9 and 10. Herbert Yost took the leading role of Edward Barry, a typical American boy who got in and out of a scrape; and Charlotte O'Brien played the part of his ideal, Ann Sherman. Bernard Darrenkamp was the hero's brusque yet sympathetic father; Betty Jane Griffin, his devoted mother; and Alice Gardner, his sophisticated sister. Joseph Gormley portrayed his uncle; and Audrey Bowers, a "high-brow" clubwoman. Other roles were played by Kathryn Hahn, William Trapnell, Mary Anne Wingender, Eugene Kegel, and Jeanne Sullenberger.

The fact that this comedy was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone who saw it was certainly reward in abundance to the cast and director, after the "cold feet" experienced before the performance. The cast presented a fountain pen to Sister M. Hildegard, the dramatics director, in appreciation of her untiring efforts.

* * * *

ASSEMBLY HONORS ATHLETES

The assembly program on Friday, December 18—after William Trapnell opened it by announcing that the Music Association, under the auspices of Mrs. Ruof, had presented an electric mixer to the Home Economics room—was devoted to the deserving football players and cheerleaders, who received the coveted Varsity "letter." When this momentous ceremony was over, the captain of the team, John Ritchey, presented Mr. Lawrence Berger, our athletic

director, with a beautiful traveling bag as a token of the appreciation this year's team has for the coach's hard work in molding it into such a fine, fighting organization.

Mr. Berger stated that what had seemed an unpromising team at the beginning of the year, turned out to be one of the finest ever to come from Catholic High. He also praised William Trapnell for his publicity work. Father Kane closed the assembly by congratulating both Mr. Berger and the players on their splendid achievements. Music for the occasion was furnished by the band.

* * * *

DRAMATIC CLUBS ASSIST LEPERS

Catholic High boys and girls left the school on December 23 with a pleasant memory of the Christmas program to keep with them through the holidays. The program, presented by the Junior-Senior and Sophomore Dramatic Clubs, consisted of three short plays. The first two, "For Lack of a Nail" and "Line Up for Victory," dealt with the achievement of victory in the war; and the last, "No Room at the Inn," struck the keynote of Christmas with a tale of the Babe of Bethlehem. Two beautiful tableaus, depicting the Nativity and the Adoration of the Magi, closed the program. The musical features were given by the orchestra and the freshman glee club. Following the custom, started in 1938, the proceeds of the silver offering were contributed to the "Leper Fund."

* * * *

CURRENT EVENTS QUIZ

Seniors won over the juniors, 19-17, in the long-awaited, but much dreaded, current events quiz program given for the junior-senior assembly on Friday, January 15. Charles Moser was score keeper; Ruth Gottselig and Eugene Resch, the judges; and Bernard Darrenkamp, the "running fire" master of ceremonies. Both the contestants and the audience seemed to enjoy the quiz thoroughly and showed a lively interest in current events.

CHARLOTTE O'BRIEN, '43

THROUGH THE BASKET

WHETHER or not the ball entering the basket was thrown by Bobby Krimmel is, of course, not certain, yet considering the number he has made so far, we are pretty safe in saying it was.

The team in general, despite the fact that their season was begun under a haze of uncertainty, got off to a hotly contested 19-18 win over East Hempfield High on December 22. Problems of restricted travel and heavier school curricula, while they had their silent effect, didn't affect the most important angle of the game — its outcome.

This first game was the beginning of a victory spurt which kept the lads in the victory column until January 19 when they suffered their first defeat at the hands of a capable Quarryville High five. However, when we consider that before this loss the team had already scored victories over the Alumni, Ephrata, and Lititz, the sting of defeat is a little less hard to take.

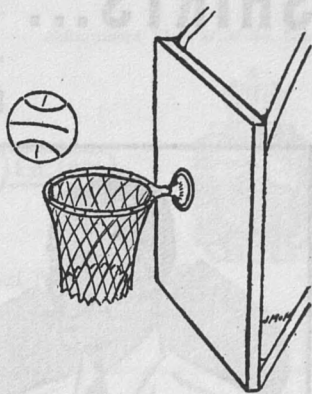
The five days from January 22-26 were rather dark ones for our basketball fans. Columbia, on Tuesday, the 26th, rubbed sand into the wounds which Manor High had inflicted on the previous Friday. But then followed victories over Manheim Township and Quarryville High teams a week later, which brightened the basketball outlook considerably.

Through victory and defeat, however, our team's spirit has remained unshaken; and no one is asking more.

WILLIAM TRAPNELL, '43

Nineteen Forty-three

PAGE THIRTY-FIVE



Talking of two
talked-of
SHIRTS...



WE'VE got the **ARROW DALE** — an extra-fine quality white broadcloth shirt with a longer-wearing, non-wilt, starchless collar ... \$2.75.

And the **ARROW GORDON** — a husky, durable oxford with a regular-height collar attached ... \$2.25.

And we've got them in your correct size and sleeve length!



Both are cut to the famous Arrow "Mitoga" figure-fit, both are Sanforized labelled, (fabric shrinkage less than 1%) and both have their buttons anchored on!

Come in and see them! Better yet, come in and buy them!

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28-30 East King Street
Lancaster, Pa.

ARROW

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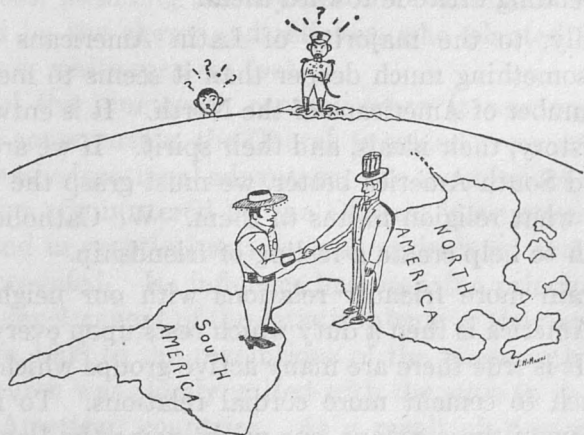
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We Need To Know Our Neighbor

KATHERINE KOHLMAIER, '43

IN this present world crisis we have endeavored to secure the support of the South American countries for the Allied cause. Yet time and time again we hear from the people of these same countries that we in the United States are lacking in complete understanding of them and are therefore not entitled to their wholehearted support. Not only is our understanding of them remiss, but as a whole people we are doing little to remedy the situation.



Although these Latin American countries have placed their faith in us to protect them against the Axis powers, there are still feelings of distrust on their part. These feelings are based on the following observations. First, our historical dealings for over a period of a hundred years have not been such as to inspire confidence. For example, the first Roosevelt's boast that he took Panama and was proud of it, and the landing and firing of guns on Vera Cruz, are two instances in the past that belie our friendly attitude. Although our State Department has made satisfactory explanations to the governments at large, the masses of people

do not quite understand nor feel they can place their confidence in us.

Secondly, the Latin Americans claim that the Americans do not fully appreciate their cultural heritage. Theirs is more truly a culture based on Europe—France, Italy, Germany, and particularly, Spain and Portugal, and it is, therefore, very different from ours. In the past the children of the wealthier families received their education in European schools. Naturally, they carry the ideals of that culture into the society and government of their country. This difference in source and outlook often creates a gap in relations which we fail to bridge. To them we appear not to appreciate their culture and often hurt them by assuming a condescending attitude toward them.

Thirdly, to the majority of Latin Americans religion means something much deeper than it seems to mean to a great number of Americans of the North. It is entwined in their history, their ideals, and their spirit. If we are to understand South America better, we must grasp the full import of what religion means to them. We Catholics could do much to help create a feeling of friendship.

To gain more friendly relations with our neighbors in South America is then a duty which rests upon every American. It is true there are many active groups which are doing much to cement more cordial relations. To mention just a few of these groups, one might name the Pan American Society, organized to work for friendlier political and economic relations among the Americas; the Sign Seminar Federation, founded by Immaculata College for the furtherance of spiritual Inter-Americanism; and the National Commission on Inter-American Action.

Many of us who cannot actively join such groups would like to do our part in helping to bring about a more friendly feeling. Here are several suggestions that might help us show our good will. We can study the Spanish language. Even a slight effort to learn Spanish would be a return compliment to a country interested in studying our language.

We can make a study of the art, music, geography, and customs of our neighbors with a view toward the better understanding of their culture. Finally, we can unite with them in prayers for peace, a peace based on the tenets of the Catholic religion which is such a vital part of their life.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN LATIN AMERICA

ALBERT RYAN, '44

THE dominant force in shaping Hispanic-American culture, from the earliest days of colonization to the present day, has been the Catholic Church. All important expeditions, including the voyages of Columbus, were accompanied by the clergy and religious who planted the Cross wherever white men set foot.

Until the nineteenth century when it was opposed by liberal governments, the Church provided every artistic impulse and educational advantage. In the missions and communities administered by the Church, instructions in religion and in practical arts such as agriculture and industry were provided. Its influence has been the principal factor in the development of the artistic talents of the native races.

From 1508 to the revolutions of the nineteenth century, the Church was closely united with the state in the various Latin-American countries. As a result of this union the Church benefited but at the same time suffered abuses.

Unfortunately, most of the higher officers of the Church were Spanish-born rather than men born in the colonies, of Spanish blood. Therefore most of the bishops, as loyal servants of the Spanish Crown, regarded the revolutionists almost as heretics; and some, when independence was achieved, even left their sees to return to their native country. It is easy to see the damage to the Church as a result of this. In addition there was, it appears, a reluctance to accept Indians for the priesthood in the colonial period. Fortunately this prejudice towards natives has now largely been eliminated.

In spite of the opposition to the revolutions by many of the hierarchy, hundreds of priest-patriots and several bishops supported the cause in the various countries. After independence from Spain had been achieved, there followed a gradual separation of Church from State in many of the Hispanic-American countries.

The liberal-party political movement through the Latin American countries from the early nineteenth on into the twentieth century produced a series of laws designed to level the Church. The Church, hampered by this series of laws framed by the so-called reformers, was unable to provide for her own normal advancement. The scarcity of priests to instruct the children resulted in a decrease of vocations to the priesthood and religious life so that the Church came to depend upon the importation of clergy and religious from Europe. War has now severed that lifeline of culture.

The greatest handicap of the Church in Ibero-America today is the scarcity of priests. Helping to compensate for this shortage is one of the most important ways in which the Catholics of the United States can cooperate with their fellow Catholics in Latin America. The United States has less than fifty percent as many Catholics as the Latin American countries, yet it has more than seven times the number of the clergy and religious of all these countries combined.

Answering the call of our Southern neighbors for bearers of Christianity are members of approximately six different orders of priests and eleven different orders of nuns. These Religious are establishing schools and colleges and are performing numerous other missionary works.



Snowflakes

Like pearls from heaven, the snowflakes fall,
Tossing and turning like a small child's ball.
Then softly alighting without a sound,
They make a white carpet upon the ground.

KATHRYN HAHN, '43

Lovely Lyrics

ELIZABETH WILKINSON, '43

NO high school education would be complete without the study of the English lyric poets of the nineteenth century who revolted against the restrictions of the classicists and restored romanticism to its rightful place in English literature. Their poetry expressed a revivifying interest in nature, man, and the supernatural.

Although the poems of Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and the other lyric poets of this time stir a responsive chord in me, my favorite is "Bobbie" Burns, the beloved lyricist of the Scottish people, who was among the poets of the late eighteenth century who paved the way for the "Romantic Revolt." He succeeded in capturing the beauty of nature and the feelings of the common folk in simple but lovely words. In the opinion of great poetry critics, Burns' poetry may not measure up to the standard set by Keats, Byron, and Shelley, but by the combination of all his own good qualities and the music of poetic diction, he has endeared himself to all lovers of simple, humorous poetry. An honest, proud, warm-hearted man, combining sound understanding with high passions and a vigorous imagination, he is one of the few poets who, alive to every emotion, excelled in humor and tenderness.

Burns wrote just one narrative in verse, "Tam o' Shanter", in which he reveals the ability to tell a story in a manner unsurpassed by anyone else. In this lovable, laughable tale about the folk and the countryside he knew best, he speaks of their superstitions and fears, their heartaches and joys. Another of his great poems is "The Cotter's Saturday Night", in which his knowledge of the common folk comes into play, for he tells of the simple pleasures enjoyed by a hard-working man (his own father) when he is freed from his labor on Saturday night.

Burns is distinguished for his songs. Some of his compositions, the true lyric poems, have come down to us, still

retaining the charm they held for the people of his day. In this age of swing and jazz, there comes a time when even the most fervent "jitter-bug" will halt to sing with tear-dimmed eyes that sweet song of friendship, "Auld Lang Syne." Equally beautiful, but perhaps not so well known, is another of his songs, "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton." Modern versions have been played and sung of his "Comin' thro' the Rye," but none of them are on a par with the original charm of the old favorite.

But it is in his love songs that he has no equal, no doubt because their language is so natural, so sincere. In "A Red, Red Rose" he sings

My luve is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June.

In "Jean" he writes charmingly of the affection he had for the girl who later became his wife. How heartfelt are these lines:

There's not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

Burns has been criticized for the use of the Scottish dialect in his poems—sometimes almost unintelligible to other than the people of Scotland. Be this as it may, none can take from Burns the prominent place he holds in the hearts of not only the Scotch, but also of every lover of simple, sincere poetry, for he is a poet of the heart rather than of the mind.

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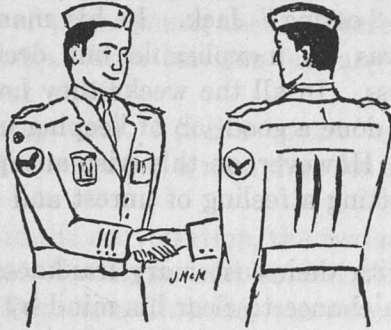
A Time for Everything

Goodbye, Winter! Hello, Spring
There's a time for everything—
Birds to sing and beasts to run,
Trees to blossom in the sun.
Children gaily greet fair Spring.
There's a time for everything.

MARGARET REINFRIED, '43

THERE IS AN ANSWER

AMY SCHWARZ, '43



“PARDON me, Soldier, could you tell me where the company recreation hall is located?” asked the rookie.

“I’ll do better than that. I’m going there right now; fall in and we’ll go together,” replied Private First Class Dennis Deene.

As the two soldiers made their way along the barracks-lined streets, they identified themselves in true army fashion.

“My name’s Jack Johnson,” explained the older of the two men. “You’ve probably guessed that I’m ‘brand new’ in the army.”

“Glad to know you. I’m Dennis Deene,” replied the other, “and I’ve been in the service for six months.”

By this time they had arrived at the hall, and shouts of “Hi, Denny!”, “How’s the future general?”, “Who’s your new buddy?” and similar expressions greeted the newcomers as Dennis introduced his new-found friend to other members of the company.

The two men saw more of each other in their free hours during the ensuing weeks. Between them, there developed a genuine friendship that is found only among men—and more especially among those who find themselves thrown

together in the many vast cities of men that have sprung up all over the nation.

One night toward the end of October, Denny and Jack met to spend the evening at a USO club in the near-by city of Midvale. Almost immediately, Denny sensed that something was "eating" Jack. In his manner, as in his conversation, was an inexplicable but decided tendency toward bitterness. In all the weeks they had known each other, each had done a good job of keeping up a "hale and hearty" front. However, on this crisp autumn night, Jack seemed to be letting a feeling of unrest and cynicism come to the surface.

In keeping with their customary frankness, Dennis gave the older man a chance to clear his mind by talking.

"What's eating you tonight, Jack?"

"Maybe it's just the fallen leaves and bleak mountain sides that have pulled my spirits below the water line; but when I look around here and then know what's going on back home, I get so fighting furious that I can't keep from thinking and saying what I actually feel about all of this."

"Well, it won't do you or anybody else a bit of good to let all that bottled up inside; so let's have it and we'll see what you think after we talk it over a bit."

"Try as I may, there's one word that is always haunting me—Why! Why am I here? Why do we have to sacrifice our homes, and our chance at a successful life and even our life itself to satisfy the insane ambitions of other men? Why in God's name, if there ever were such a Being, is one man or a few men allowed to completely destroy what has taken so long to build up? No matter where I turn, there's always that insurmountable why! I must fight, and I can't, feeling the way I do."

"I've never asked you much about your home, but would you mind telling me what you did before Selective Service?"

"In June of last year, I was graduated from State University, and in the fall I was admitted to the bar in my home town. Last winter I hung out my shingle, and a prominent

criminal lawyer in Canterville admitted me to his junior staff and then—drafted.”

“That’s the beginning of a real success story, Jack,” Dennis replied understandingly.

“But it isn’t that way only with me. It’s the same story with thousands of other young men. There just isn’t any sense to this set-up. How can you find any justification—any point to it at all?”

“Well, primarily, Jack, I find a ‘point’ to it all, as you call it, over and above what a man does for a career during his life.”

At this point in the conversation, the two made their way over to the Post Exchange and settled themselves in a corner booth. Dennis, a Catholic, was severely shaken by Jack’s unusual outburst. However, he knew he must help him if he could. “Can’t you find any answer in Religion, Jack?” he queried.

“Religion? Gads, I know there is no God, for if there were, He would not permit all this suffering.”

Dennis tried to explain to him that God allowed wars to punish men for their wicked deeds, and that they were destined from all eternity.

“Jack,” he questioned, “would you tell me something?”

“Sure,” replied the other.

“Well, then how do you, who are considered well-educated, explain the works of nature and the order of the universe? If you deny the existence of God, to what do you attribute these things?”

“Why, we all know that these things are the result of chance.”

Dennis, who was well informed in his religion, pressed him on the subject. “Do you say that a radio is the work of chance?”

“Of course not,” answered Jack. “Everyone knows that the radio is a delicate instrument and that it took years of work to perfect it.”

“If you took the radio apart and put all its parts in a revolving container, do you think it would ever chance to form a radio?” asked Dennis.

"N—no, I guess it wouldn't."

"Then you can see the foolishness of your statement that the universe, whose parts are more numerous and more complicated than a radio's, could have been the result of chance. It must have been created by a Supreme Being—in other words, God."

"I can see that, but—"

"Jack, did you ever go to church?"

"Yes, when I was small I attended Sunday School."

"Why don't you see the chaplain? I'm sure he could help you where I can't."

That night as Jack lay in bed, he pondered over Denny's remarks and resolved to see what a visit to the chaplain would reveal. The first opportunity he got, he went to the regular army chaplain's quarters. Reverend Ferguson could give him no satisfaction; and almost in desperation the next day he went to see Father Young, the Catholic chaplain. He entered the priest's quarters rather hesitatingly and was surprised with what ease he was made welcome.

"Captain, Dennis Deene referred me to you. I'm afraid I'm in a bit of a muddle, and he thinks you can help me."

"Dennis Deene? Oh, yes, I know the lad. He's a fine young man."

Jack then proceeded to tell the chaplain about himself and his desire for knowledge. Time passed quickly, and too soon Jack found himself outside; but he had promised to come back.

During the following weeks, Dennis saw very little of Jack. Several weeks later, Jack approached his friend and said, "Dennis, I've rather neglected you lately; but now I'd like to ask a favor of you."

"What is it, Jack?"

"I realize I haven't told you before, but I've been under Father Young's instructions for several weeks. Tomorrow I am to be baptized. Will you stand for me?"

"Of course," replied Dennis.

A few weeks after he had been received into the Church, Jack was again talking to his friend. "You know, Dennis,

I never realized how many problems can be solved by faith. I've changed my out-look on life, and I actually like the army. Why, I'm a changed man."

Dennis just looked at him and smiled knowingly.



TRY IT, GIRLS

ROSEMARY FLEAR, '43

ACCORDING to Webster, jewelry is something made of precious stones to adorn, deck, or bespangle. Since most girls, however, can't afford jewelry in the true sense of the term, costume jewelry is in vogue. Although this type of jewelry can be bought, many girls make their own for the unusual effects they can achieve.

Necklaces and bracelets can be put together very easily. Try stringing paper-shell almonds on a piece of green wool and alternating them with large green wooden beads. The finished product can be shellacked and goes very well with sweaters and skirts.

Small pine cones (collect them in the fall) may be wired to a shiny chain purchased in the Five and Ten. After the cones are wired on, try painting them different colors.

Black walnuts sawed into sections and then shellacked or varnished have many uses. I made a necklace of them and a bracelet and used them, also, for buttons. They can be strung on rawhide strips, too, to make a beautiful belt. The buttons lend a distinctive touch to a plain sports dress.

My favorite necklace is made of five peach stones carved into baskets. These are wired to a chain and varnished with rose nail polish. Little green leaves separate the stones. It takes a professional to do the carving; so amateurs, beware!

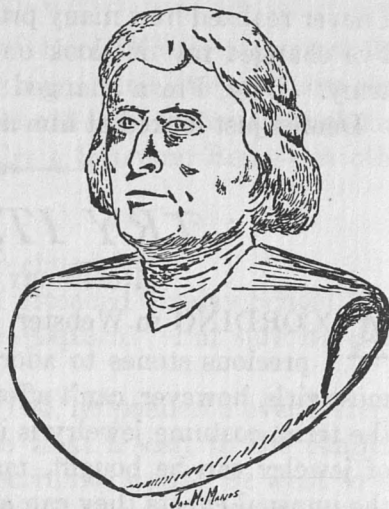
Clever pins and lapel gadgets can be made from seashells and pipe cleaners. Bits of wool, scraps of material, nail polish, cork or linoleum, and a little imagination will do wonders for you.

Come on, girls, make your own!

JEFFERSON

THE MAN

ON April thirteenth, we shall commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson, American statesman, gentleman, and scholar, who in 1743 was born at his parents' country estate, at Shadwell, in Virginia.



Our study of American history shows him mainly as a politician, the composer of the cherished Declaration of Independence, and the third president of the United States.

Few of us, however, think of him as a human being who like ourselves had joys, sorrows, triumphs, and disappointments. He is often pictured as a stern, serious individual. In reality he was kind and genial, and had a gay-at-the-right-moment, serious-at-the-right-moment attitude. In this article, I shall attempt to bring out some of his personal traits and characteristics which are not so well known to the average person.

Jefferson had much ingenuity, especially in regard to mechanical work. He invented many things, including a revolving dumb-waiter (to help in serving the dinner guests at his home), and a plow for use in the farm work on his plantation. Jefferson was well informed on up-to-date inventions, unique types of mechanical devices, and machines. He owned a factory that turned out bricks, a shop that manufactured nails, and a machine that spun and wove cloth.

The sciences interested him, especially medicine, chemistry, zoology, botany, and mathematics. It is probable that he did his best work in mathematics, for he was a very good

architect. He kept abreast of all scientific events and discoveries. The liberal arts, too, occupied a definite place in his life. Often he would rise hours before breakfast to practice on his violin. Many of the paintings in the art galleries of Paris were the objects of his study and observation. He owned a large personal library, which covered practically every phase of literature.

Jefferson's love of liberty was of the highest degree. He established the University of Virginia for the purpose of keeping alive in the minds of men the great value of liberty and the necessity of preserving it. He sincerely upheld the age-old declaration of the equality of man and he believed in the individual rights of man. Because he was an avowed hater of slavery, he did all in his power to hasten emancipation. Although he owned slaves, he saw to it personally that they were well-fed and given good shelter and clothes. They in return respected and loved him. He was so very tolerant that even his political enemies were many times his best social friends.

Although Jefferson's birthday is not given official national recognition, I sincerely believe that he is one of the greatest men in the history of the world, for his whole life was spent in giving his services to his country, and certainly to his fellow man. Moreover, his private life was as fine and praiseworthy as was his public life. His character and traits are such as to merit all the praise we can give them. Jefferson is a man whom we young Americans would do well to imitate.

FRANCIS WHALEN, '44



The Babbling Brook

The little brook just babbles away
And talks to itself the live-long day
With no one to answer or even know
If it's a song of joy or a tale of woe.

SHIRLEY HAMBRIGHT, '43

A PRE-WAR SPECTACLE

CHARLES REUS, '43

WHILE on a trip to Philadelphia a few years ago, some friends and I had a very enlightening experience. We had wandered about the city till we came to the Delaware River. There, docked at one of the wharves, was a large submarine on exhibition. The sub was open for sightseers like ourselves to examine inside and out. This particular sub had been in the First World War and because of its size, was no longer in use. We learned from the guide that Naval Conferences held after the war had put these subs out of action because they were larger than was allowed by the conferences. The Government then either sold or leased these ships to private citizens who in return received a recompense by charging admittance to sightseers.

The sub differed somewhat in appearance from our modern type because of the absence of the periscope, deck guns, and torpedo tubes. The Government had confiscated these parts to insure that they would not be used for illegal purposes.

Having gone this far, we agreed to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity and purchased a ticket. Quickly we climbed down the ladder to the interior of the craft. All about us, above and below, we saw long rows of pipes and innumerable gauges. Our guide took us through the battery room, engine room, and torpedo room. The sailors' quarters were none too large. He told us that the sailors who had used the sub during the war slept in hammocks placed wherever there was any space.

After our tour, we left the sub with the satisfaction of having gained an increase in knowledge. Travel affords us experiences which we cannot obtain through reading.



BLOOD PLASMA

JAMES MALONE, '44

EVER since the World War I, scientists have sought a suitable substitute for whole blood. Now the substitute has been found—blood plasma.

Blood plasma itself is a clear, colorless fluid—the liquid portion of the blood separated from its red and white corpuscles. To prepare the plasma, blood is withdrawn from the veins of the donor in the usual manner. The blood is placed in a bottle containing a solution of sodium citrate to prevent clotting and then stored in a refrigerator until ready for shipment in a portable refrigerator, especially designed for transportation by express to the processing laboratory. Not more than 24 hours must elapse between the taking of the blood from the donor and its arrival at the laboratory if the plasma is to be processed satisfactorily.

The first step is the actual separation of the blood cells from the plasma. The blood is placed in a large centrifuge which holds ten bottles. The bottles are rotated at 2500 revolutions per minute and from the effects of the centrifugal force the red and white corpuscles are driven to the bottom of the bottles while the liquid remains at the top, in the same manner as cream is separated from milk. Through a siphoning process, the plasma is drained into a large airtight bottle containing an equal amount of saline solution. It is then ready for storage on any shelf at ordinary room temperature.

Careful bacteriological tests are made to ascertain its sterility. Samples are mixed with beef broth concentrated, which then goes into the incubation room where any bacteria present may be detected by a microscopic examination after the mixture is allowed to stand for 24 hours. If the plasma proves to be uncontaminated, the amount of blood plasma obtained from one pint of blood is put into a special glass cylinder.

The plasma is then slowly rotated in a bath of dry-ice

solution, between 100° and 150° below zero, and rapidly freezes to the sides of the flask. It is kept frozen and is dehydrated by withdrawing most of the water in the form of vapor by using a new vacuum pump. The plasma is thus reduced to a light, cream-colored powder and the cylinder is flame-sealed to maintain the vacuum and to keep the contents sterile. Plasma is supplied by the laboratories to the Army and Navy in a package which also contains a bottle of sterile water. All that is necessary to make the plasma a good transfer agent is to mix it with the sterile water.

Blood plasma has already saved many lives both at home and in all theaters of war because its use eliminates the old necessity of matching blood. Then, too, it can be taken anywhere. Although thousands of persons have donated their blood, there is still much needed. Our American people will have to be more generous if the mounting number of war casualties are to be properly treated.



Plug Hglix

As we hear the radio,
(Why we listen I don't know)
Our education takes a bruise;
We must take Kreml with war news.
Where there's life, there's always hope!
With Philharmonic we get soap.
Fred Allen with his Texaco
Kids Benny every week or so.
The dance band programs that we get
Are financed by a cigarette.
McCarthy with his oaken smile
Sells coffee to us all the while.
The quiz kids who are very smart
With Alka-seltzer got their start.
Phil Baker never is a bore
His dollars go to "Sixty-four."
Inner Sanctum with its chills
Sells Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Ah, now, it's late; to bed we go;
We must turn off the radio.

JAMES NIGHTENGALE, '44

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

ALICE GARDNER, '43

“**Q**UIET! Sh-Sh! Please don't use the telephone, Sis! Mother, can't you use the electric sweeper tomorrow morning? Oh, Dad! I told you to use that medicine I gave you for your cough! Here it comes, everybody—listen!”

“Strike up and light up a Chesterfield. It's Chesterfield Time, with Fred Waring, Patsy Garrett, and over fifty Pennsylvanians.”

“Oooh—there goes the phone! It's for you, Sis, but please don't talk all night.”

No, that isn't a mad house. It's that way at our home every week day, at 7:00 P. M.. If anyone dares to make a sound, other than one of approval, I practically “jump down their throats.” Since I haven't, as yet, a radio of my own, I always depend on the family's “old faithful.”

If I hadn't at least some consideration for my parents, I would turn the radio on as soon as I get up in the morning. You see, I tried it a few times, but somehow I just don't have a desire to do it anymore—if you get what I mean. Poor Mother even dreads when Saturday comes. She often wonders how I can stand it—listening to recordings from morning 'till night. I suppose it just sort of makes me feel “in the groove.”

Although I do enjoy listening to Henry Aldrich and Baby Snooks, my favorites are Breakfast Club, Club Matinee, Luncheon with Lopez, and Hit Parade. Beyond a doubt, though, Chesterfield Time heads my list.

It is fifteen minutes of pleasure time all wrapped up and delivered over station WEAJ at 7:00 P.M., from Monday 'till Friday. The entire program is devoted to “hit” tunes chosen by soldiers, sailors, and airmen from various camps and bases. Patsy Garrett and Donna Day express the feelings of the boys in the camps at home and “over there” via songs. Fred Waring and his 'Sylvanians close the broadcast with a song of farewell.

Perhaps the main reason why I listen to the radio so much is to keep out of mischief. If we didn't have a radio, I'd probably be giving Mother and Dad gray hair before their time. But I really enjoy listening to it. Every teenster nowadays has "swing" and "jive" on his brain, and I'm no exception. Just listening to a "jive" tune on the radio makes me feel like "cutting a rug."

You may think that I couldn't possibly derive any profit from such musical programs, but I honestly do. I've always been interested in popular songs. Some are descriptive; some even inspiring. "Rose Ann of Charing Cross", one of my favorites and a newcomer among war-time songs, fills me with admiration for our "angels of mercy" who are giving their all that our boys might live to finish the fight so courageously begun. So, you see, I don't listen to the radio "just to keep up with the times."

Religious Aspects of the *Aeneid* And Its Author—Virgil

WILLIAM TRAPNELL, '43

LATIN scholars agree that Virgil was held in high esteem by the early Christian Fathers. Not only were teachers such as Saints Jerome and Augustine aware of his greatness (the latter of whom looked upon him as the finest and noblest of poets) but nearly all the clergy of the early centuries turned to him for literary relaxation. Some few admirers even went so far as to consider Virgil a saint because the belief arose that he had prophesied the advent of Christ in his fourth Eclogue.

Although not all of Virgil's works were written with the definite purpose of promoting religion; nevertheless, the background of the *Aeneid*, his greatest work, is largely religious.

That the inspiring motif of the *Aeneid* is patriotism is undeniable. Yet along with this motif there can be found

a strong religious sentiment which even the young student can recognize. Religion is in the *Aeneid* almost from beginning to end. Aeneas' mission was to bear the Trojan gods to Italy and toward this end he worked unceasingly, letting nothing deter him from his purpose. Knowing that he is ever dependent upon a "higher power," Aeneas' absorbing thought is to fulfill this "power's" will.

We must keep in mind that none of Virgil's books were intended to be a "first century catechism" and in none of them do we find pure religious doctrine nor an exact revelation of the author's true character. According to Professor Campbell in his *Harvard Lectures*, only a long acquaintance with his works will show clearly Virgil's great piety and religious sentiments. It is, to quote this Latin authority directly, "the incidental expressions, the half uttered thoughts, the sighs that escape him unaware" that show what his feelings about man's life and destiny are.

It is not likely, from what we have learned about him, that Virgil would have enjoyed life in the world today as we live it. Being kind of heart, he naturally had a great abhorrence of war. To him each fallen soldier represented a saddened home, a weeping wife, perhaps a fatherless infant. This type of sympathetic understanding shows that he must have felt as one who knows the miseries of men.

In conclusion, then, we might look back upon this immortal writer as the pagan in whom pre-Christian civilization reached its moral (and many think its literary) culmination. Considering the sensual and materialistic lives nearly everyone of his day led, Virgil, we might say, kept himself unspotted from the world. It was this feeling about him which probably gave rise to the legend that St. Paul on his journey to Rome stopped at his humble tomb near Naples and weeping over it sighed: "What a man I would have made thee, had I found thee living, O greatest of poets!"



TO THOSE INTERESTED IN DRAMATICS

BERNARD DARRENKAMP, '43

TO be an actor is not easy. A voice is not the only essential. Neither is a pretty or a handsome face so all important, as so many seem to think.

While sitting in the audience, have you ever stopped to consider what goes into the making of a successful play? Probably you never have, and therefore you fail to realize the factors which enter into its production. When you see a play on opening night, you see the polished product of hours of hard, fatiguing work on the part of the director and the cast. I'm going to attempt to explain it to you not only from my viewpoint but also from that of the many future student "actors" and "actresses" who will make their appearance on the stage of Catholic High School.

The actor must perfect his lines. This means not just memorizing them but getting expression and emotion into them. Expression can be best attained by the person who has command of the various voice inflections. These inflections are used to indicate a change in emotion; such as joy, sorrow, disappointment, anger, and excitement.

Another important requisite for an actor is the ability to make use of pantomime, a combination of both facial expression and actions. Emotion is often shown by the actor's facial expressions alone. A frown, for instance, may indicate anger or displeasure; a smile, joy or satisfaction. Actions are the natural gestures or movements which help so much to make clear certain points or ideas which are to be brought to the attention of the audience.

A good director, too, is a vital necessity. The director must be patient and yet hard. He has to be hard in order to get the actors into the spirit of the play and to interpret their roles.

All these requirements are necessary for the production of a good play.

May I add something related from personal experience? It is, "Do not look directly at the audience." Let them see your face, but you look over their heads; otherwise, the audience will appear as vicious animals or pre-historic monsters.

One more reminder, and this is in conclusion, don't ever complain about the part you receive. The director knows best what part you are best suited for; besides, complaining won't do you any good.

Now, don't be discouraged. Once you really get started, and are willing to work, it will not be so hard. The satisfaction that you will feel when you play your role successfully on the night of the actual performance will make up for the hard work which preceded it.



"When Soldiers Pray..."

No rumble here, no toil or care,
When soldiers bow their heads in prayer;
An isle of peace in a world of noise,
They fight as men—they pray as boys.

Distant, lonely, ill at heart,
It's peace they seek in this spot apart,
And peace they know is always there;
All Heaven listens to a soldier's prayer.

Sick and sore and far-afield
They search the skies for some sure shield.
And sweat and tears change dark to day;
The very winds hush, when soldiers pray.

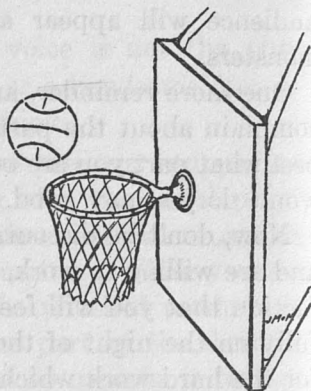
A pause in the midst of deadly toil
To meet their God on common soil . . .
And night itself is held at bay;
New dawns break, when soldiers pray.

PVT. EDWARD "PAT" GALLAGHER, '39



RETROSPECT

WITH our basketball season now a memory, a recapitulation here seems appropriate. Our Varsity, three of whom are seniors, had a fair taste of both victory and defeat. Eight wins, six losses is the 1943 basketball picture as painted by Robert Krimmel, '43; Phil Fittipaldi, '44; Larry Berger, Jr., '43; Charles Shreiner, '44; William Gregg, '44; and David Hutchinson, '43.



Columbia High School, a worthy opponent in any field of athletics, was the only team twice to down our squad. We defeated the Alumni, East Hempfield, Lititz, Manor, Ephrata, and Quarryville each once, and gained a double victory over Manheim Township High School.

The brightest spot in the basketball outlook was, perhaps, the outstanding record turned in by our up-and-coming J.V. team, their nine-game winning streak. On several occasions the J.V.'s attracted the fans' interest as much as the Varsity. Two defeats, one at the beginning and the other nearly at the close of the season, were the only two blots on their otherwise spotless tally-sheet.

We congratulate our athletes, however, not so much for the victories they gained as for the example of sportsmanship and fair play which they set.

WILLIAM TRAPNELL, '43



. . . Current Comment . . .

Easter—what does it mean to most of us? A time for wearing new outfits, for buying new hats, for picking spring flowers? Yes, it means all that; and yet it means something more, too. If we look deep into our hearts, we will find that it means a new birth of hope for the future, a new sense of joy in living, a new affection for life, and finally, a new love for God and His world.

**EASTER—
A TIME
FOR HOPE**

This Easter we may feel that we have nothing to look forward to, nothing to hope for except bloody battle, tears, and sacrifice. This is the picture of our material world, but the scene can be quite different in our spiritual world if we care to make it different. Our souls can be full of hope for success in our strivings toward our common goal—Heaven. Easter is the celebration of a great spiritual event—the Resurrection of Christ from the dead and a pledge of our resurrection at the Last Judgment.

Just as the arrival of the new life and beauty of spring is heralded by Easter, so let it announce the new life and hope existing in our souls.

BETTY WILKINSON, '43

Before 1735 freedom of the press in our country was greatly restricted and editors were allowed to tell the truth only if it coincided with the views of the colonial officers. Journalists were imprisoned for any defamatory matter appearing in newspapers; criticism of the government was prohibited.

**“KEEPER OF
THE FLAME”**

Then in 1735 John Peter Zenger, the New York printer, was placed on trial for libel. He had printed the truth, in his newspaper, about the injustice of the English governor, Cosby, in regard to Quakers' voting. Contrary to the belief of all the colonists that they all had the right to vote, Cosby had prohibited the votes of some people in favor of Mr. Morris, an upright man, whom he did not wish in office.

Through the efforts of his skillful lawyer, Andrew Hamilton, John Zenger was acquitted. This vindication is considered the first great triumph in America, for freedom of the press and for the liberty to print the truth. The Colonial press thus became the "keeper of the flame" of truth, then but a tiny spark.

When that addition to our Constitution, known as the Bill of Rights, was drawn up, the first amendment guaranteed freedom to the press; and its right to print the truth was assured. Then the once tiny spark burst into a healthy flame.

The press has always been, and is, a human influence, reaching out over all the nation to the old and young. Elderly people with tired, cloudy eyes, as well as youth with bright, alert eyes, daily scan their newspapers for the printed accounts of the activities both at home and abroad. These must be true accounts, for the American people are a frank and honest people. They expect the American press to give them the truth. He is an upright and honorable journalist who, ignoring political influence, writes truthfully.

Just as our strong Navy protects the vast shores of the United States, so the press, the "keeper of the flame" of truth, should protect us from subversive influences and everything that would destroy our rights as a free people. The citizens of the United States prize freedom of the press too highly to now sacrifice this privilege for lies and propaganda, even though we are at war. Truth is priceless; it should be fought for, guarded, and protected. Now, as never before, the American press must be the keeper of the flame of truth.

MARY TERESA GOLDBACH, '44



Editor's note: We are happy to announce that the Rosmarian received first place rating in its class (private secondary schools) in the Columbia Scholastic Press Association's nineteenth annual contest, in which 835 scholastic newspapers and magazines were entered.



THESE TWO HANDS. By E. J. Edwards, S.V.D.

This is the story of a young missionary priest in the Philippines who was a coward in every sense of the word. He would not give even the Last Sacraments of the Church to a dying leper for fear of contracting the disease. The leper died before another priest could reach her. In order that this young priest might overcome his cowardice by mingling with people of all types, he was sent by his superior to a fishing village on a distant island. The story of how he succeeded is one of the most interesting and fascinating stories which I have ever read. I would advise any student to read it for adventure extraordinary.

ROBERT KOLLER, '44

* * * *

I SAW THE FALL OF THE PHILIPPINES. By Carlos Romulo.

Carlos Romulo, Philippine newspaperman and one of General MacArthur's staff, shows graphically in this first-hand account the Japanese capture of Manila and Bataan. He vividly portrays the ghastly conditions endured by our soldiers and nurses, and depicts the sterling character of both General MacArthur and President Quezon of the Philippines. You will be impressed with the way the Filipinos supported the Americans; while the Orientals under British, French, and Dutch rule revolted and fell in with the Japs. You will see how the valiant "Filamerican" troops fight gloriously but vainly to the end, trying to hold back the Japanese tidal wave. The reading of this book will make you realize that this war is your business and not just a skirmish in a far-off corner of the world.

JAMES M. NIGHTENGALE, '44

* * * *

DOGSLED APOSTLES. By A. H. Savage.

Dogsled Apostles, though primarily a narrative of the work of Catholic missionaries in cold, bleak Alaska, gives also a vivid account of Eskimo life. The central character is the Most Reverend Joseph Raphael Crimont, S.J., who at 84 is the oldest bishop in point of years in the American hierarchy. This modern apostle is still active despite his years, his work being centered around Juneau.

Filled with human interest that will hold us spellbound until the end of the story, *Dogsled Apostles* has everything we want: truth, humor, and wit. I am sure no one who reads it can ever forget the self-sacrificing work that is being done by these great apostles of the North.

HELEN MARSHALL, '44

Nineteen Forty-three

PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN

THE CHINA THAT WAS. By L. J. Gallagher, S.J.

The China That Was, by L. J. Gallagher, S.J., tells us much about the government of China, the advancement of science, the liberal and mechanical arts, religious sects and their strange rites, and the dress and customs of the Chinese people nearly four centuries ago when the Jesuits established missions there in 1552. Many of these ancient customs, we are surprised to learn, are still adhered to as strictly as they were centuries ago.

This book will undoubtedly help to create a greater understanding of the Chinese republic and its people.

MARY A. SOULIER, '43



Youth and Age

"Spring's here—so laugh and shout with joy;
Be gay, Spring's here!" cried the little boy.
An old man answered, "How little you know,
For Winter's winds so chill still blow;
The whirling snowflakes screen the air
And trees of spring-time buds are bare."
"But down in the glen I heard with cheer
A robin sing."—"He's early this year."
"And beside my door as I hurried past
I saw the daffodils peeping at last.
And tho' King Winter rules, it appears,
I know Spring's here—throw away your fears."

ROSEMARY FLEAR, '43



A Thought on an April Day

While deep in thought one April day,
I seemed to see not far away
A time when I was very small
And nothing worried me at all.

Oh, time of joy it was for me
When in the distance I could see
A future filled with happiness
And never any bitterness.

You'd think from hearing all of this
That I no longer taste of bliss.
But that's not true. I'll have you know
That all is well; God loves me so.

MARJORIE FRANK, '44

NEWS REEL

DIAMOND JUBILEE OF DIOCESE

On Wednesday, March 17, the feast of St. Patrick, Patron of the Diocese of Harrisburg, the diamond jubilee of the erection of the diocese was officially opened. His Excellency, the Most Reverend George L. Leech, D.D., J.C.D., pontificated at a Solemn High Mass in the Cathedral of St. Patrick at Harrisburg; and throughout the diocese High Mass was celebrated in the parish churches. Schools were granted a holiday and all Catholics were urged to attend Mass and receive Holy Communion in thanksgiving for the blessings bestowed on the diocese.

* * * *

EDUCATORS VISIT OUR SCHOOL

Pupils and faculty had a stimulating experience on March 23 and 24 when nine educators, members of a committee of the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, visited our school. Father Kane informed the student body that the committee was very much impressed by our faculty, our student body, our school, and our equipment. The students are proud of the fine record they had a share in making.

* * * *

RALLY HERALDS BOND CAMPAIGN

On Thursday, March 18, at an impressive Bond Rally held in the auditorium, Joseph Borsellino, Chairman for the sale of War Bonds and Stamps at Catholic High, outlined the plan whereby each student was asked to solicit a bond within a fortnight. Father Kane then urged the students to cooperate as well in this campaign as they had in the magazine campaign. Corporal Donald Ziegler, U. S. A., an alumnus, spoke of the necessity of buying stamps and bonds to keep our soldiers equipped. Corporal Ziegler was at Pearl Harbor when the Japs attacked.

Mr. W. Hensel Brown, Chairman for the sale of War Bonds and Stamps in Lancaster, stressed the idea that the boys who are "fighting not their war, but ours" ask nothing in return but the support of the folks back home.

* * * *

SENIOR PROM

The big event of the year for the Senior Class, the traditional prom, was held at St. Anthony's Hall on Friday, March 5. The transportation difficulties encountered made it practically impossible to hold the dance in the high-school Gym, as had been the custom previously. The decorations followed a patriotic scheme and the music was furnished by Jake Oleweiler's orchestra.

* * * *

SUCCESSFUL MAGAZINE CAMPAIGN

The magazine subscription campaign, conducted by the Curtis Publishing Company and sponsored by the Student Council, this year exceeded all expectations. The net receipts were \$1,843.00, of which the school received \$684.36. The whole student body is to be congratulated, but particular mention must be made of the three high salesmen: Rose Marie Schaller, 1A; Gervase Delp, 1D; and Albert Warfel, 1C.

* * * *

HOME ECONOMICS TEA

The girls of the Home Economics Class were hostesses at a tea given on Sunday afternoon, February 21, for their mothers. The senior girls and their mothers were also invited to attend, as well as the members of the Music Association and the Catholic Woman's Club.

In the way of entertainment the girls offered a one-act play, "Hospitality," followed by a fashion show in which the girls modeled dresses made by them in class. Home Economics girls, who are members of the glee club, sang.

Immediately after the program, tea was attractively served in the cafeteria by the hostesses.

* * * *

INTERESTING ASSEMBLIES

On February 12, an assembly in the form of a one-act play and choral readings honored the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

Following the program an award of a jacket and a diamond-studded gold medal was given to John Ritchey, voted the outstanding football player of Lancaster County for 1942-1943. The award was presented by Mr. Myron Jones, Secretary of the All-Lancaster Association.

The February 26 assembly was devoted to the nursing profession. Following instructive addresses by student speakers, and a tableau of three Nursing Sisters, the film "No Greater Glory," was shown under the auspices of the Red Cross. In closing, Miss Feaster, Directress of Nurses Training at St. Joseph's Hospital, made a personal appeal for more student nurses.

On Friday, March 5, a Pan-American Assembly was held which featured short accounts of our relations with our neighbors to the south. The large flags loaned to us by Mr. F. Ferriter were an added attraction.

The little skits "Joan Makes a Sale" and "Wanted—a Stenographer," given by the seniors for a junior-senior assembly on March 24, showed the personal habits and attitudes which make for success or which interfere. Freshman and sophomore home-rooms carried out programs on courtesy.

* * * *

WHITE-COLLAR GIRLS

Because of the urgent need for stenographers and typists in the war crisis, Father Kane has permitted eighteen of the senior commercial students to accept part time positions at the Armstrong Cork Company and Lancaster Newspapers. The girls attend regular morning classes but leave the school in the afternoon for their respective positions.

* * * *

NEW STAFF

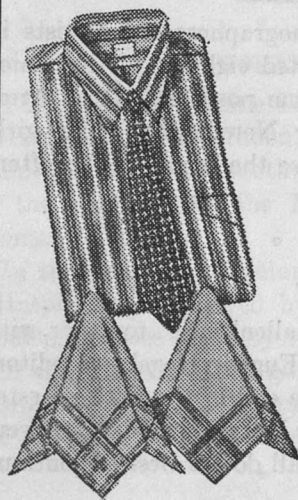
Because our former editor, Jeanne Sullenberger, together with the assistant editor, Joseph Gormley; Eugene Kegel, art editor; and several associate editors left at the end of the first semester to continue their education in college or Nurses Training, we were obliged to reorganize our staff. We shall do our best to continue the good work they started.

ELIZABETH WILKINSON, '43





Just one big, happy Arrow family!



A RROW combinations get along fine! No clashes between shirt and tie, no discord between tie and handkerchief. That's because Arrow combinations are designed with harmony as the object.

We've got lots of smart Arrow combinations. Come in and see them! Fancy shirts, with harmonizing tie and handkerchiefs. Shirts are Sanforized-labelled, ties are wrinkle-resistant and perfect-knotting, handkerchiefs are man-size—smart!

Come in and get yourself a big, happy Arrow family or two!

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— A R R O W —

The Rosmarian

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Lancaster, Pennsylvania

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Rosmarian Staff

1942 — 1943

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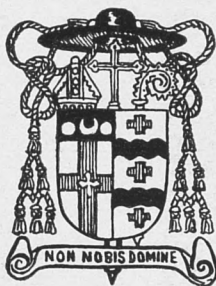
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Dedication



To

His Excellency

THE MOST REVEREND GEORGE L. LEECH, D.D., J.C.D.

Bishop of Harrisburg

In commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee

of the Diocese of Harrisburg

erected 1868 by *His Holiness, Pope Pius IX*

we, the Class of 1943

of Lancaster Catholic High School

respectfully dedicate

this Senior Jubilee Number of the ROSMARIAN

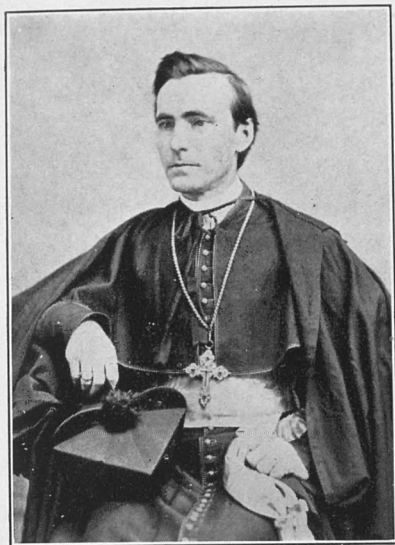
in appreciation of his fatherly, apostolic

zeal and in thanksgiving to God for the

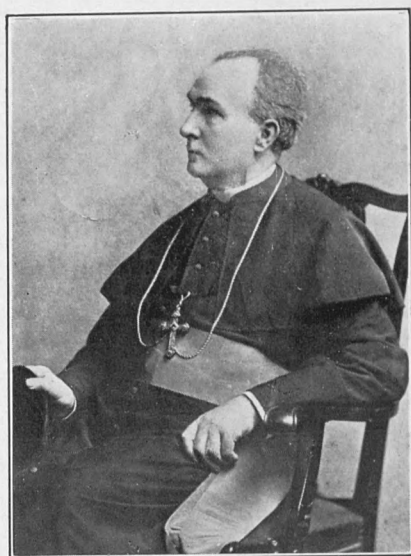
blessings He has bestowed

upon the Diocese of Harrisburg

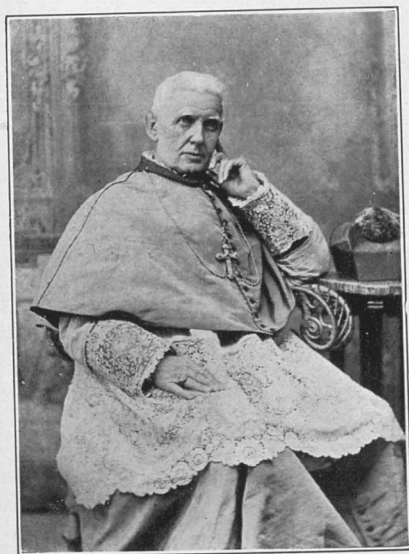




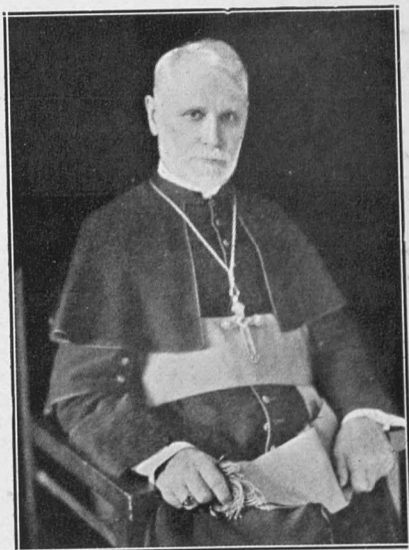
THE RIGHT REVEREND JEREMIAH F. SHANAHAN, D.D.
First Bishop of Harrisburg
July 12, 1868 — September 24, 1886



THE RIGHT REVEREND JOHN H. SHANAHAN, D.D.
Third Bishop of Harrisburg
May 1, 1899 — February 19, 1916



THE RIGHT REVEREND THOMAS MCGOVERN, D.D.
Second Bishop of Harrisburg
March 11, 1888 — July 25, 1898



THE MOST REVEREND PHILIP R. MCDEVITT, D.D.
Fourth Bishop of Harrisburg
September 21, 1916 — November 11, 1935



THE MOST REVEREND GEORGE L. LEECH, D.D., J.C.D.
Fifth Bishop of Harrisburg
Consecrated October 17, 1935

STEERING A TRUE COURSE

ELIZABETH WILKINSON, '43

BEHIND every achievement is some guiding hand, some motivating force that is in some way responsible for the step forward. Our Diocese of Harrisburg, which in its seventy-five years of existence, has made great strides both materially and spiritually, is an exemplification of this truth. Let us go back to the beginning of this Diocese and trace its progress through the administrations of its five Bishops, the guiding hands of seventy-five years of achievement.

The first pair of hands to steer the newly-launched Diocese were those of the Right Reverend Jeremiah F. Shanahan, D.D., who was consecrated Bishop of Harrisburg when he was but 34 years of age. His more than average intellectual ability which had followed him through a brilliant course at the seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia, and seven years as rector at the Glen Riddle Preparatory Seminary in Philadelphia stood him in good stead when he was appointed Bishop of the newly erected Diocese of Harrisburg on July 12, 1868. As a proof of his outstanding characteristic—his great zeal for religion—these statistics offer unbiased evidence. During his eighteen years as Bishop, the Catholic population increased from 25,000 to 35,000 and, consequently, more schools were built to house the increased percentage of Catholic students. To provide for the spiritual welfare of these 35,000 souls, the number of priests rose from 22 to 51. Bishop Shanahan was the motivating force, material and spiritual, behind the progress made by the struggling Diocese despite the often adverse winds of poverty and hostile discrimination.

BISHOP MCGOVERN TAKES THE HELM

When Bishop Shanahan left his Diocese on September 24, 1886, to reap the rewards of his good works, the position

of helmsman passed into the hands of the Right Reverend Thomas McGovern, D.D., rector of St. Joseph's Church, Danville, Pennsylvania, who took possession of his See on March 9, 1888. A better man could not have been chosen to guide the faltering course of the Diocese, for before his consecration, Bishop McGovern had labored for more than twenty-six years as a hard-working missionary during the pioneer days of the diocese and knew well its problems. Through the ten years of his administration, he worked zealously and untiringly toward one end—the internal consolidation of the diocesan parishes. With this objective in mind, he compiled an excellent code of laws based on the existing canons of the universal Church and the particular enactments for the United States by the Councils of Baltimore. These laws, with few alterations, are in use today. In addition to his executive ability, Bishop McGovern also displayed the religious zeal of his predecessor; and the erection of thirteen new churches—seven for the natives of Pennsylvania and six for the Slavic peoples immigrating to the Pennsylvania coal-fields—stands as a testimony to the fact. He steered his See faithfully until his death on July 25, 1898.

NEW CAPTAIN ASSUMES COMMAND

The following January the Log of the Diocese records that the wheel was transferred to the hands of the second Bishop Shanahan, the third Bishop of Harrisburg. The Reverend John W. Shanahan, rector of Our Mother of Sorrows Parish, Philadelphia, was in the prime of life, and had had vast experience in parochial and educational work, and was, without a doubt, a man of action. As the navigator of the Diocese, he recognized the fact that every ship must have a home port, so he saw to it that St. Patrick's Cathedral was erected in Harrisburg and that it became the center of activity for the whole Diocese. Another of his far-reaching projects was the establishment of the Sylvan Heights Home. This building had formerly been the residence of the bishops but was deemed too large a structure for their needs

and so was converted into this charitable organization for orphan girls. As a man, Bishop Shanahan was very quiet of manner and disliked ostentation. He possessed an exemplary but undemonstrative piety. After seventeen years of faithful devotion to duty, during which time he erected twenty-one entirely new parishes and two orphanages, he relinquished the wheel to answer the summons of the Great Judge.

FOURTH HELMSMAN

The fourth pair of hands were placed upon the helm on July 10, 1916. They belonged to Monsignor Philip R. McDevitt, who before his consecration, had been Superintendent of the Parochial Schools of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. Naturally enough, his interest and endeavors centered principally around the establishment of Catholic schools. It was, however, in the erection and organization of high schools that Bishop McDevitt is best remembered in this diocese. Our own Lancaster Catholic High School bears witness to the fruits of his labors in the field of secondary schools as do eight other high schools in the Diocese. On July 14, 1935, when Bishop McDevitt celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his ordination, attention was called to his intellectual and ecclesiastical leadership. Sister Mary Veronica McEntee, R.S.M., in her history, *The Sisters of Mercy of Harrisburg*, records of him:

Gentle, mild in conversation and possessed of great personal humility, he was at the same time firm and energetic in conviction. He was widely read, a thorough scholar, and in every situation he revealed himself to be the cultured gentleman. Everywhere he was an authority on the guidance of Catholic youth and untiring in advancement of scholarship and Christian morality.

On Armistice Day of 1935, God called the saintly Bishop to his eternal reward. His death was announced by the tolling of the Cathedral bell 77 times. Friends all over the country mourned the passing of this beloved Prelate.

MAN OF DESTINY

The last of our five helmsmen, but by no means the least, is our present beloved Bishop of Harrisburg, the Most Reverend George L. Leech, D.D., J.C.D. Monsignor Leech was consecrated Bishop on October 17, 1935, by Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, who just fifteen years earlier had ordained him priest before the same altar. He immediately assumed his duties as Auxiliary Bishop and pastor of St. Anthony's Parish, Lancaster. As Administrator he administered the affairs of the Diocese after the death of Bishop McDevitt until January 28, 1936, when he was enthroned as the fifth Bishop of the Harrisburg Diocese. In his address on that occasion he concluded by saying:

You and I, please God, shall write another page, and in the years ahead when your names and mine are only a memory, when men shall read the record of our day, may they find it a record of unyielding men of God who saw the world through the eyes of Christ, who saw in their fellowman the image of his Creator, and who lived only to bring the souls of men back to the God Who made them.

The objectives expressed in this brief but eloquent passage are being attained, for throughout the seven years of his untiring service in his See, he has proved himself to be a "man of God seeing the world through the eyes of Christ." In an effort to "bring the souls of men back to the God Who made them," he has promoted Catholic action through such organizations as the National Council of Catholic Women, the Holy Name Society, and the Boy Scouts of America. He has been especially mindful of the imperative needs for more priests to carry on Christ's work in this Diocese. Because of his endeavors, a great many deserving young men are now on the road to ordination. Peace and spiritual prosperity for his See are the goals he hopes to achieve and, please God, they will one day be reached.

His hands rest firmly on the wheel and he guides the Diocese on a steady course through turbulent seas. What storms lie ahead we cannot tell; but, God willing, we shall always be guided by such capable, priestly hands as those which have steered a true course from 1868 to 1943.



Benedicite

WILLIAM TRAPNELL, '43

ON my hike through California two summers ago, I decided that Sacramento County, California, was the most beautiful fifty-mile strip that I had ever seen. Arriving at the entrance to the high forest just as the eastern sky was beginning to awaken, we inhaled deep drafts of fresh, cool, upper mountain air perfumed by the clean scent of giant redwoods. A mountain stream just to the left of the winding road and at the base of a culvert, offered the passerby a refreshing drink of nature's finest thirst appeaser. To me the forest seemed to be a replica of Walt Disney's creation in *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Only half the fifty-mile strip, however, was covered by the forest.

Farther on, after we had left the big trees, we entered the upper extremity of the San Bernardino Valley, world famous for its abundant alfalfa harvests. By now the sun had just risen slightly above the snow-capped mountains. The sight was one to which only a poet could do justice. To our left were the fields of golden alfalfa which flowed and swayed under the early morning breeze blowing in from the Pacific. Later we saw the sea—blue, vast—its white caps breaking on the beach. Each new scene more beautiful than the last made me think of the greatness and goodness of God and I recalled the verse of the *Benedicite*: "All ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord; praise and exalt Him above all forever."

ONE-SIDED CONVERSATION

KENNETH BAILEY, '43

IN the distance could be heard the roaring of a high powered motor. Suddenly, around the corner, came a little blue coupe, its tires screaming in agony. As the driver straightened the car out, he saw a stop sign. He completely ignored it and kept on at his terrific pace. A squad car pulled out from behind a bill board and raced after the coupe. Soon the wailing siren caught the attention of the coupe's driver.

"Okay, buddy, pull over to the curb," called the cop as he motioned to the unknown speedster. "Where's the fire? Or do you own these highways? Who do you think you are?"

"I was——" started the driver.

"Never mind the excuse," angrily glowered the cop. "How many tires do you have hoarded in your closet? Think of our boys in the Pacific. They can't go gallivanting around whenever they feel like it. Every day some are killed. Even now the Army is short of gas and then you burn it up, along with your tires, by speeding. Let's see your gas ration book!" Slowly the driver resignedly handed over the book and then watched the cop as he exploded again.

"What, a 'C' book! And then you're speeding in spite of that? Hey, you went through a stop sign, too, didn't you? Man, have I got you! What's your name? Come on."

"My name," responded the red-faced motorist, "is Commissioner John J. James. I presume that you are the new replacement on our force. If you will please allow me to be on my way now, I'll be very grateful."

"Gosh," the officer grunted, as he stumbled into the squad car, "I was only doing my duty. He really was going to a fire."

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF PROGRESS 1868-1943

MARGARET GEGG, '43

THE Diocese of Harrisburg, when erected by His Holiness, Pope Pius IX, in 1868, covered an area of some 10,000 square miles and comprised eighteen counties: Adams, Centre, Clinton, Columbia, Cumberland, Dauphin, Franklin, Fulton, Juniata, Lancaster, Lebanon, Mifflin, Montour, Northumberland, Perry, Snyder, Union, and York in the state of Pennsylvania. The Catholic population was estimated at 25,000 souls. In all this territory there were only 22 priests, 40 churches, and 7 schools. The area of the Harrisburg Diocese, however, was reduced to 7,565 square miles when in 1901 the counties of Centre, Clinton, and Fulton were added to the newly formed Diocese of Altoona.

When the Most Reverend Philip R. McDevitt became Bishop in 1916, there were 74 parishes, and the number of schools had increased from 7 to 44. Two years later the Catholic population of the Diocese was listed at 85,000, a marvelous increase of 60,000 in the fifty golden years since 1868, and that year there were 190 converts to the True Faith. Splendid work was being done by 120 priests laboring zealously in this part of God's vineyard. The number of churches had nearly doubled, for there were 74 churches with resident priests, and 19 missions. Forty-four of these parishes had parochial schools with an attendance of 10,837 pupils.

DIFFICULT PROBLEMS OVERCOME

This amazing progress in the diocese, since its founding in 1868, had been achieved only by hard, persevering labor on the part of the bishops, priests, and religious, and with the cooperation of the laity. The bishops had to overcome many obstacles, but there were two especially difficult ones, as related by Monsignor M. M. Hassett, D.D., in a sermon

delivered in the Cathedral of Harrisburg on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee on September 29, 1918. The large groups of immigrants settling in Central Pennsylvania presented one grave problem; and the question of education, the other.

At the time the diocese was established, Irish and German immigrants composed the greater part of the Catholic population; however, in the Seventies, new and large groups of Slavic immigrants came from Europe seeking the opportunities that America offered. They were readily welcomed in Central Pennsylvania, where their manual strength was needed in the mining and steel industries. In 1918, the population was composed of twelve races: native-born Americans, Irish, Germans, Poles, Italians, Slovenians, Croatians, Slovaks, Roumanians from Hungary, Magyars, Lithuanians, and Ruthenians. It was, indeed, a difficult task to provide those immigrants with churches and schools, and priests who spoke their native tongue. Yet, this task was successfully accomplished, for by 1918 there were 20 flourishing foreign parishes.

The immigrants, coming from countries where the Church derived its maintenance from endowments dating back a thousand or more years, had to be persuaded that it was necessary to maintain Catholic schools, even though there were free public schools available. It was difficult to convince immigrants, who were mostly illiterate and who earned small wages, that conditions here in relation to Church support differed from those to which they had been accustomed in their native lands. Finally, however, after patient, persevering efforts on the part of the Bishops and priests, school were established and children were assured of an education based on Christian principles.

CONTINUED PROGRESS

The history of the last twenty-five years records continued progress. The Catholic population has grown to 97,677 souls, an increase of more than 12,000 in 25 years. Conver-

sions have become more numerous, for 410 converts were listed in 1942. The original 40 churches have increased to 82 with resident priests; and there are 23 missions, and 7 chapels. Parochial schools now number 63 with an attendance of 12,238 pupils; and there are 6 academies with 440 pupils, and 9 high schools with an enrollment of 2,284 pupils. The 1942 Directory also lists 117 diocesan priests, 17 priests from other dioceses, 40 priests of Religious Orders, 34 ecclesiastical students, and 804 Sisters representing 15 religious communities of women.

This year, as we celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of our diocese, we are grateful to God for its steady growth in things both spiritual and material; and we pray its heavenly patrons, the Blessed Mother and Saint Patrick, to continue their powerful patronage. In return, we pledge our wholehearted support to our beloved Bishop and clergy in their efforts to advance the work of Christ in the Diocese of Harrisburg.



Solitude

Never to hear a voice again,
The song of the birds, the buzz of the bees,
The whispering of the tall pine trees.
Left in a noiseless world—
Alone.

CHARLES REUS, '43



April

One minute April's gay and then she's meek
Anon the tears slide down her cheek.
Her sky-blue eyes are dimmed with snow;
Her hair disheveled by winds that blow.
Then through her frown peeks a sunny smile
As bedecking herself in latest style
In springtime skirt of velvety green
With dewdrops o'er spangled to give it a sheen,
She lures the jonquils goldenly gay,
To be heralds of Easter's holiday.

ROSEMARY FLEAR, '43

BREAKING A DATE

BETTY LEPTICH, 43

HELEN wearily lifted the receiver from the telephone. She was on a "spot." She had made two dates for Saturday night but did not know which one she wanted to keep. She had even said so to her friend, Edith.

"Personally, I don't want to go with either of them, but if that handsome Tom Brandt won't call me up between now and seven o'clock, I suppose I'll have to go with Jim—or shall it be Bob?"

Now at twenty minutes of seven, she dialed Tom Brandt's number, 3-2696, in hopes that he would ask her for a date.

"Hello, is that you, Tom?"

"Yes, this is me."

"Oh—I thought I'd call to see if you had my English paper. I can't find it anywhere. I know that you often take my homework papers, so—"

"I don't have your homework paper and I don't have time to talk to you now. Got a date at seven-thirty. So long."

"Why couldn't that date have been with me!" exclaimed Helen to Edith. "I suppose I'll wind up with Bob tonight after all, or maybe Jim."

Again she dialed a number; this time it was Jim's.

"I'm terribly sorry, Jim, but I have a splitting headache."

"Gee, that's too bad; I was all ready to come for you. Well, if you can't make it, you can't make it."

She sat very still for a few minutes. The telephone jangled and she jumped to her feet thinking it might be Tom. As she anxiously lifted the receiver, she almost shouted:

"Yes, hello! Helen Myers speaking!"

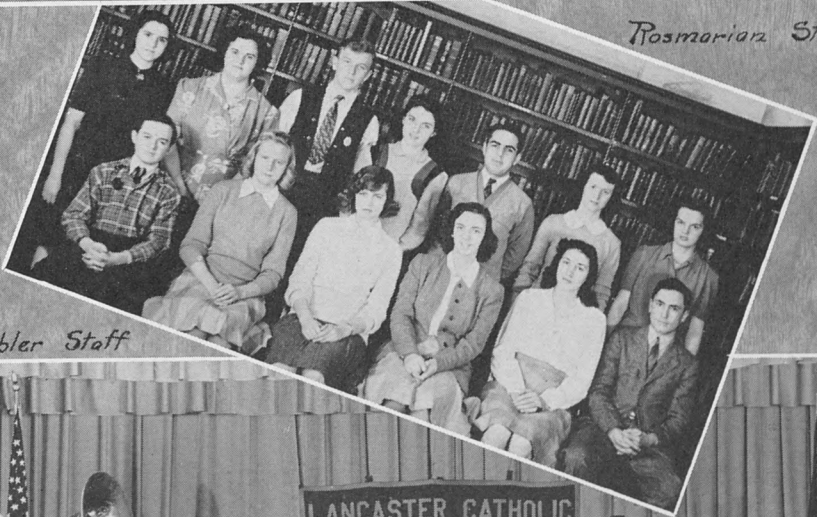
"Oh, is that you, Helen? I called you because I can't make it tonight. Sorry. I forgot that I had a club meeting tonight."

"Why, of all the mean tricks! This is a fine time to call me. You were supposed to have been here by now. Breaking a date at the last second! Don't ever talk to me again."

Bang!



Rosmarian Staff



Rambler Staff



- - **Diamond Jubilee Tribute** - -

Bishop Leech Speaks

TO BISHOP JEREMIAH SHANAHAN:

All hail to you who first this sheepfold built
Within the garden spot of all the world!
The torch of truth within your youthful hand,
You lighted fires of faith that, burning still,
Shine bright despite the blackout of men's hope,
Men's love in lands now torn with famine or with war.

TO BISHOP MCGOVERN:

The Churches, reared by you, still stand to bless
Your name, your zeal, your sacred memory;
And from their painted walls their windows, stained
With purple, rose, and gold, look down the saints
That urge us seek the grace to rival them,
To be as just, as Christlike, as were you.

TO BISHOP JOHN SHANAHAN:

The people that your sainted brother served
Were dear to you; so dear, you let no hour go by
Without a tryst with Him who lives alone
Behind a golden door to intercede
For all who live in pain, in doubt, in sin;
You pledged yourself no labor to refuse.
Like Francis, you were wed to Poverty,
And, like him, you left nothing when you died
But your fair name in gold across the sky.

TO BISHOP McDEVITT, BUILDER AND SCHOLAR:

Behind you and before, great schools arose,
And children came to hear of God's vast love
For them, of Mary's care; upon her arm

You leaned, and like her Son became, in ways
Your priests remember yet and try in vain,
Sometimes, to emulate. On mothers' lips,
In children's mouths, in reminiscent songs,
Your memory is like the star that stays
The long night out to greet the sudden sun.
And when discouragement brings sleepless nights,
And bitter tears begin to freely flow
At sight of God, forgotten in the world
He made to ease His loneliness, I turn
To where, as watchman of the night, you stood
To pass the hours, as beads upon a chain
In still reiterated silent prayer.
Wherever hands anointed by you rise,
Your name is wreathed in syllables God hears.
I would, like you, possess this gift of prayer
That keeps your great name burnished everywhere.

AS YOUR PRESENT BISHOP I PLAINLY SEE:

Unholy wars are waging in the air;
A sea of unbelief invades the lands,
And warns us quickly build high dykes of prayer,
And hold our Lady's beads in pleading hands.
The infidels are coming like a flood
To wage a total war on holiness;
Make void the conquest of the Precious Blood,
And win disciples by their worldliness.
Each now must march as soldier or crusader,
Unfurl a flag as freeman or as slave.
He will deny the Lady Faith or aid her,
Because the mission given him, God gave.
Then bishops must be generals everywhere
To lead the world to sacrifice and prayer.

SISTER MIRIAM, R. S. M.



Cast of ALMOST EIGHTEEN



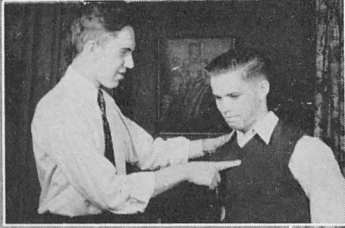
"Beatrice" and
"Margaret"



"Anne" and "Eddie"



"Tommie" and
"Sally"



"Dad" and "Eddie"

DRAMATICS
1942 - 1943



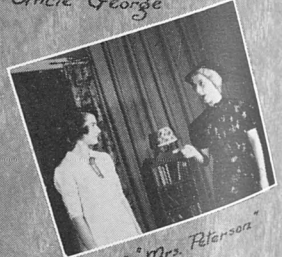
"Uncle George"



"Mrs. Jones" - "Mrs. O'Keefe"



Cast of HOSPITALITY



"Lily" and "Mrs. Peterson"



"Margot" and "Anne"



"Mamie" - "Mrs. Toban"
"Lady Clairmont"



"Mamie" - "Lady Clairmont"

... "On the Seas of Memories" ...

ROSEMARY FLEAR, '43

1939-1940

DO you remember that first terrifying day at Catholic High 'way back in 1939 ... the anxious moments spent looking for your homeroom ... the big street cars ... initiation—the witches and their "spell"—the ghosts and the tribunal—the pigtails and bright crepe paper bows—the block we had to walk in the rain ... our first Fridays ... our orange gym suits ... the screams when Sir Thomas More was beheaded in "The Greater Glory" ... our historic trip to the Franklin Institute and the Planetarium ... the buffalo head in 1C's homeroom ... John Werhel curling his hair ... the "thunder" for "The Upper Room" ... Rosemary Flear's fumigating onion ... our first pep meeting ... Eugene Kegel's prize-winning airplane "Miss Stratosphere" ... Youth Day question: How do you get out? ... Latin puzzle: Find the meaning of Cor Capiens Quaerit Doctrinam ... "Abou Ben Adhem" ... exams ... trying to get Senior autographs?

1940-1941

The first glimpse of the Lab ... the day Joe Gormley dropped his pipe after assuring Sister he didn't smoke ... Mary Fulginiti's quest for seed dispersals ... Margaret "sensation" Gegg ... 2A's pagan babies ... dedication of Delone Catholic High ... "Quality Street" and the curtained hat ... Guy Lanza in a blue corduroy bonnet at a football game ... John Doman and his book of Anderson's fairy tales ... the thrill of Mr. Arnold Lunn's visit to C. H. S. ... the acquisition of our patriotic hall emblem ... Jeanne Sullenberger's visit to the White House ... Catherine Sterback's bananas ... Herbert Yost's escort service, the "Sweetheart Swingaroos" ... Amy "sugar beets" Schwarz

... Joe Gormley and his prize-winning essays ... dissecting the crayfish ... the big decision as to which courses we should select ... Rose Anne Coonan's watch ... the poem: " Dis is Spring, de boid is on de wing. How absoid, de wings is on de boid! "

1941 - 1942

The enthusiasm when we made our respective courses ... the sound of the electric drill while we were in class ... the farewell to our friend, the buffalo ... Jean Dommel and her vegetables ... Marie Scheuchenzuber's "beatified" eggs ... Bob Krimmel's chewing gum remedy for a cold ... "Don't Take My Penny" with Jack Licht dressed like a girl, complete with long curls and silk stockings ... air raid drills ... our first magazine campaign ... our new drum majorettes—Rose Giandalia and Mary Kuster ... the enthusiasm of the boys to be "G-men" after the visit of the gentleman from the F. B. I. ... Youth Day with all its campaign speeches, banners, and competitive slogans ... the "victims" for the Sisters when they took their First Aid exams ... our victory garden farmers and farmerettes: Mildred Ritchey, John Brennan, Helen Kirchner, Richard Abel, and James Kauffman ... the odor of hydrogen sulphide ... the mouse in 3D ... our short (?) stories ... the excitement of the prom ... the girls in the gym making flowers ... the well and the park benches ... our Red Cross First Aid lessons ... stiff joints from cheer-leading?

1942 - 1943

The day the whole school went to see "The War Against Mrs. Hadley" ... our cheerleaders—Anna Nonn, Esther Souders, Louise Hemler, Grace Bailey and Teresa Dochat ... Home Nursing ... Nancy Kline's turbans ... Edith Schwankl's upsweep ... the breakdowns during a movie ... Mr. Burger's free tangerines ... the visit of C. H. S.'s representative at Pearl Harbor ... our eight nurses ... our three college men and women ... the new library desk ... our boys

in the service... the commercial class going to work... Teresa Paone's 10 o'clock sandwich... the new Home Ec room... the new Aeronautics class... the new ROSMARIAN cover... "Almost Eighteen"... "Beau Geste"... John Ritchey, our outstanding player... vaccinations because of the smallpox epidemic... Kenneth Bailey, the Cafeteria Comedian... John's ability to repair broken heels... the ROSMARIAN circus party... William Trapnell's portrayal of Winston Churchill... the anxiety with which we met the evaluation committee... the delightful Home Ec tea and its play... our class rings... posing at Miesse's... Mr. President:—... the measles epidemic... our 100 in shorthand and our 50 in typing... "The Eternal Gift"... Baccalaureate music with a special meaning now... memorizing our speeches for the speech contest... our May altars... cap and gown measurements... the fact that we are the diamond jubilee class... the visits of the Bishop... our last look at Catholic High as pupils?

May we always look back to these happy moments with delight, and in the years to come sail back "on the sea of memories to our Alma Mater, there to relive our carefree days at Catholic High.

The Rain

The rain
Comes pattering
Against the window pane
And dances merrily upon
The ground.

ADELINE BIGGS, '43

My Prayer

My lovely Mother, Queen of May,
To you I come with hope today.
I need your help, my Mother dear,
Commencement Day is, oh, so near.
Please help me ever on life's way,
And never let me from thee stray.
Yes, Mother, that's the prayer I'll say,
When I don cap and gown that day.

TERESA PAONE, '43

THE UNRELENTING STRUGGLE

WILLIAM TRAPNELL, '43

THE Unrelenting Struggle, the sequel of *Blood, Sweat, and Tears*, is a collection of all the public addresses and world wide radio broadcasts of Winston Churchill, Great Britain's Prime Minister. Although written to be given aloud, Mr. Churchill's speeches always seem to make interesting reading and are, besides being masterpieces of English prose, an excellent source for current war history.

Their author is a man who in himself is the best, or one of the best, possible representatives of England today. He is, indeed, "everyone's prime minister". He is aristocratic in that he is descended from one of England's most illustrious families. He is the commoner in that he has championed the cause of the common man against any kind of governmental rule by a single class. Throughout his many years of public life he has played a memorable part in England's military and political history. He has been in the public eye in some capacity or other for nearly half a century. This man, this great leader, though he possesses many personal minor vices such as choosing nothing but the best of everything and over-smoking is undeniably the bearer of a name which history will not soon forget.

Not only is a book of this type, as I stated above, a good way to get behind the curtain of propaganda to the facts of this war, but it also offers, for me a least, a means of increasing my vocabulary. Churchill has a tremendous reservoir of words and seems always to use the right one at the proper time. It is interesting, too, to see explained in great detail, so far as Mr. Churchill could explain to the House of Commons without disclosing any valuable military information, just why England took the actions she did and their results. Military strategy, superb English rhetoric, and the fight for life of a great world power will be a few of the topics we will be more familiar with as a reward for reading *The Unrelenting Struggle*.

MUSIC APPRECIATION IN THE UNITED STATES

CHARLOTTE O'BRIEN, '43

ANYONE who has seen the movie "One Day of War" which was made by 160 cameramen, thirty of whom lost their lives filming it, will recall one scene in which a pianist on a raised platform in the open air played for an audience of seriously intent soldiers while a plane roared ominously overhead. This was symbolic of the part music plays in a total war. However, the soldiers were Russian and as Russians are generally known to be great music lovers, perhaps we should discount them.

But here in the United States the increased interest in music other than the ever-popular swing and jive has been very noticeable. According to statistics, concert attendance is greater than ever before, radio listening to serious music has increased, and record sales would be at an all-time high if records were being made.

The greatest change has come about in the opera. Last spring the Metropolitan Opera Company was on the verge of disintegration because the managers were uncertain of the opera's success in wartime. However, they decided to take the chance and lowered top prices from \$7.70 to \$5.50. The result was that almost every performance was completely sold out; hundreds stood in line, and people who had never before been to an opera were there. The character of the audience had changed. The opera had become democratic.

Although no great new stars have been introduced, performances as a whole are better because of three fine conductors—Bruno Walter, Sir Thomas Beecham, and Cesare Soderò. Another noticeable change in the Metropolitan Opera is that it is composed almost entirely of American singers. This is not due solely to a patriotic spirit but to the fact that they are just plain good. Before the war we had to import our talent; after the war we shall export it.

The number of symphony orchestras in the U. S. has in-

creased in ten years from one hundred to three hundred. They, too, have relaxed their policies and a recent concert which the Philharmonic gave abroad a training ship in the Hudson included both Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" and "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

Toscanini, who plays to a vast radio audience every Sunday afternoon, not so very long ago celebrated the tenth anniversary of Hitler's rise to power with an Italian hymn of Verdi's. He changed the opening lines from "Italia patria mia" (Italy, my country) to "Italia tradita" (Italy betrayed).

Another phase of music which is rapidly becoming popularized is the ballet. Many persons are now eager enthusiasts who before scorned it as so much "high-brow cavorting." Also, up until the present, it was deemed almost essential that a ballet dancer adopt a foreign name before he could gain recognition. But today it is no longer considered detrimental to his profession for a dancer to openly declare himself a native of Oklahoma.

Europeans have long appreciated really fine music and the day is fast passing when a person was considered an intellectual snob if he stated a preference for classical music to jazz. All these indications are encouraging to a lover of the fine things in life, and they are significant of the fact that the nation as a whole is rapidly progressing from cultural adolescence to mature adulthood.



Lady of Good Counsel

O Mystical Rose from high Heaven sent
To guide little Jesus wherever He went,
Remember that none ever asked thee in vain
To comfort or ease his heart's desolate pain.

Oh, counsel us graduates in all that we do
And shield us from harm 'neath thy mantle blue
Till that happy day dawns when, life's victory won,
We come home to Heaven—to thee and Thy Son.

JOANNE BOULTON, '43

WHAT PRICE VICTORY

ALICE GARDNER, '43

HUGE silver wings silhouetted against the golden dawn, sped over high mountains and lazy valleys. It was the first week in December, 1942, and Johnny Doughboy was coming home for the first time since he had answered the call to arms.

"Fasten your safety belts," the stewardess warned, "we're getting ready to land."

The words rang in Johnny's ears—home at last. Would Mom and Dad be waiting? And what about Sis and little Tom, whom he hadn't seen for a year? Would Judy be glad to see him?

The great silver bird glided to earth and taxied across the landing field towards the hangars. His anxious eyes moved from one unfamiliar face to another. Then suddenly his eyes brightened as he saw Sally's red head pushing frantically through the crowd.

"There he is, Mums—over there! Johnny! Johnny!"

"Sis! Gee, honey you're just as beautiful as ever!"

"It's 'swell' having you home again, Johnny."

"Hi, Johnny!" hailed Tommy as he attempted a salute in real army fashion.

Mr. and Mrs. Doughboy pressed forward eagerly.

"Mums, old girl, you haven't changed a bit. Dad, you're looking great!"

Johnny took his mother in his arms and pressed his dad's hand, hard and firm.

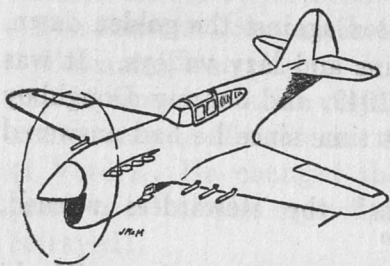
"What's everybody crying for?" pestered Tommy. "I wanna go home; I'm hungry. Johnny, carry me piggy back."

"Don't you do any such thing, Son," replied Mrs. Doughboy. "You're tired and you need some rest."

"Nonsense, Mums. I've got to keep in practice, you know. Hop on Tommy; here we go!"

After a hearty meal, the Doughboys retired to the living room. Then Tommy began asking all sorts of questions.

"Are Japs really yellow, Johnny? Were you scared of 'em? I'll betcha if I was in the army, I'd just shoot 'em down, one by one!"



"Hold on, Tom! You've been looking at too many funny books lately. It's high time you were in bed, anyhow, young man."

"Okay, Johnny, I'm goin'; but I still don't see why you came back all by yourself. Other soldiers bring pretty ladies with them. I know, 'cause one of Sally's boy friends..."

"Tommy! Little boys should be seen and not heard! You go right to bed now!"

"Okay, but you gotta promise to tell me a story tomorrow—about the Japs. Huh, Johnny?"

"I promise," laughed Johnny.

After Tom had been tucked securely into bed, Mrs. Doughboy noticed that Johnny seemed a bit uneasy. Reading his thoughts, she suggested that he go over to see Judy Carter, even though he had been home but a few hours. She knew how much Judy meant to him.

It seemed almost like an eternity until the door of the Carter residence finally opened. Judy was prettier than ever. Her jet-black hair fell in ringlets on her forehead, and her blue eyes were brighter than the stars.

"Johnny!" she cried. "Why didn't you tell me you were coming? Darling, you haven't any idea how good it is to see you!"

"Hello, Judy! Did you miss me, honey? I wanted to surprise you."

"Miss you? Do you know what it's like lying awake nights, hearing the drone of a plane interrupting the stillness

of the night, and wondering whether the one you love were safe, or fearing that, any day, he may be listed among the casualties? It's been a continuous nightmare, Johnny! I hope you won't have to stay away so long again. When must you go back?"

"Tomorrow," he answered dejectedly. "And honey, there's something I've got to tell you before I go. I didn't even mention it to Mums, but I won't be able to get any more furloughs for the duration."

"Oh, Johnny! Does that mean we won't see each other again until the war is over?"

"I'm afraid it does, Judy, but don't take it so hard. You know, you're not the only sweetheart who will be left behind."

"Yes, I guess you're right, Johnny; but it's going to be tough going without you."

"I know, honey; but just think how much sooner I'll be able to come back, if I pitch in and help to wipe the Axis off the earth!"

"You're wonderful, Johnny, I'll be waiting for you."

So, with a heavy heart, Johnny Doughboy bade good-bye to Mums, Dad, Sis, Tom, and Judy. Somehow they knew, especially Judy, that they would never lay eyes on Johnny again. It was she who broke the news to Johnny's family, a few months later, that their boy had been killed in action. Shortly before that last fateful flight, he had been presented with the Purple Heart. Yes, Johnny had "pitched in" and in a sense, too, he had won!



Gratitude

The birds
High in the sky
Fly happily about.
There is no war among the birds,
Thank God!

JUNE ST. CLAIR, '43

To Our Sons and Daughters

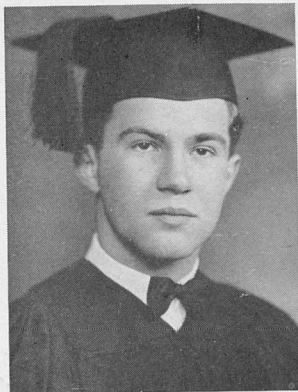
It seems but yesterday when you were small
 And now you're graduates—children tall
 Ready to work and ready to fight
 Ready to preserve democracy's light.
 You're not alone, so allay your fears;
 You have the love of God and your parents, dears.

YOUR DEVOTED PARENTS

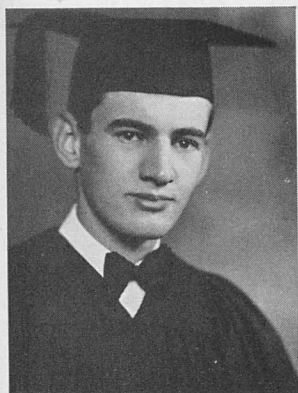
Mr. and Mrs. James Bailey	Mr. Frank Kimmel
Mr. C. Bentley	Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Kuntz
Mrs. C. Bentley	Mrs. M. Kuster
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence R. Berger	Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lanza
Mr. Henry Bielmeyer	Mrs. Catherine Leptich
Mrs. Henry Bielmeyer	Mr. and Mrs. Frank Madonna
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Biggs	Mr. and Mrs. Frank X. Markert
Mr. and Mrs. Fred. J. Boulton	Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martelli
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bowers	Mr. and Mrs. Charles Martin
Mrs. Anna Brennan	Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Martin
Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Celia	Mr. and Mrs. Carlo Mayo
Mr. and Mrs. John A. Coonan	Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McKinsey
Mrs. Mary Dengate	Mrs. Victoria Meisky
Mr. and Mrs. Christian Dochat	Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Nonn
Mr. John W. Doman	Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. O'Brien
Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Dommel	Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Paone
Mr. Albert J. Flear	Mr. Carl Rathsam
Mrs. Eleanor J. Flear	Mrs. Carl Rathsam
Mr. and Mrs. George Forberger	Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Reinfried
Mr. and Mrs. J. Fulginiti	Mr. and Mrs. William Reus
Mrs. F. J. Gammache	Mr. and Mrs. Jule Ritchey
Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Gardner	Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sabinash
Mr. and Mrs. James Giandalia	Mr. and Mrs. Bernard C. Schaller, Sr.
Mr. August H. Gegg	Mrs. Anna Scheuchenzuber
Mrs. August H. Gegg	Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schmalhofer
Mr. James J. Gormley	Mr. and Mrs. J. George Schwarz
Mrs. James J. Gormley	Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Segro
Mr. and Mrs. Otto Gottselig	Mr. and Mrs. Chester Souders
Mrs. Elizabeth Grassel	Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Soulier
Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Graver	Mr. John St. Clair, Sr.
Mr. and Mrs. John T. Griffin	Mr. and Mrs. Paul Steinbaecher
Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Grimm	Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Stephan
Mrs. Mary T. Hahn	Mr. Rudolph A. M. Sterback
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hambright	Mrs. Rudolph A. M. Sterback
Mr. and Mrs. John A. Hauck	Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stork
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hemler	Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Sullenberger
Mr. and Mrs. A. Hilbert	Mrs. Theresa Suter
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore J. Hirsch	Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Trapnell
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Hutchinson	Mr. and Mrs. John W. Werhel
Mr. and Mrs. Karl P. Kegel	Mr. John Wilkinson
Mr. and Mrs. Othmar C. Kirchner	Mrs. John Wilkinson
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kirchner	Mrs. E. J. Wingender
Mr. A. J. Kline	Mrs. Emma Yost
Mrs. A. J. Kline	Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ziegler
Mr. and Mrs. George P. Kohlmaier	
Mrs. Blanche E. Krimmel	

CLASS ROLL

Robert Francis Krimmel—NAVY
Scientific Course



Class President 4
Football — 2, 3, 4
Basketball — 1, 2, 3, 4

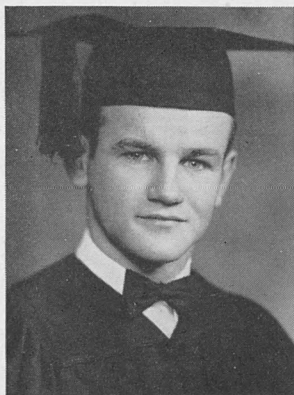


Eugene Paul Kegel
Scientific Course
Class Vice-President — 4
Art Editor Rosmarian — 3, 4
Dramatics — 4

Senior Class Officers 1942-1943



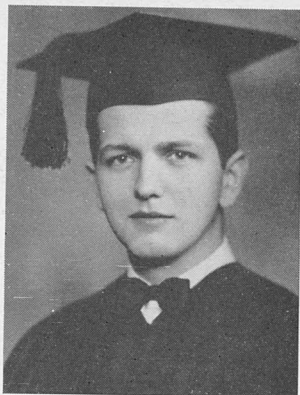
Shirley Anne Hambricht
Commercial Course
Class Secretary — 4
Glee Club — 1, 2, 3
Spiritual Club — 4



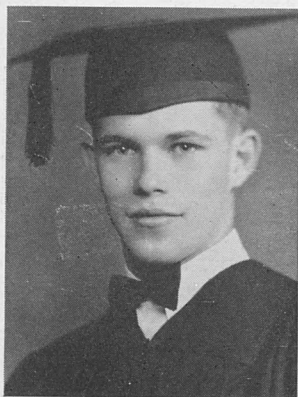
David James Hutchinson—NAVY
General Course
Class Treasurer — 4
Football — 1, 2, 3, 4
Basketball — 1, 2, 3, 4

William Francis Xavier Trapnell

Classical Course
President Student Council — 4
Winner K. of C. Award — 4



Football — 1, 2, 3
Rosmarian Staff — 3, 4
Dramatics — 2, 3, 4



Herbert Charles Yost

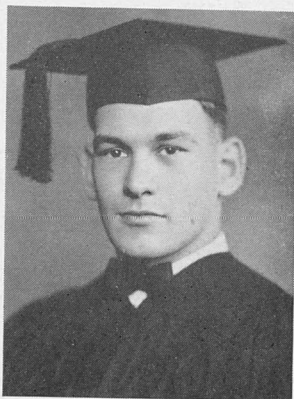
General Course
Vice-Pres. Student Council—4
Football — 1, 2, 3, 4
Dramatics — 2, 3, 4
Winner Speech Award — 4
Youth Day Official — 3

**Student
Council
Officers
1942-1943**



Jeanne Marie Boulton

Scientific Course
Student Council Sec'y. — 4
Rambler Staff — 3, 4
Dramatics — 3
Spiritual Club — 3, 4



John Severn Ritchey

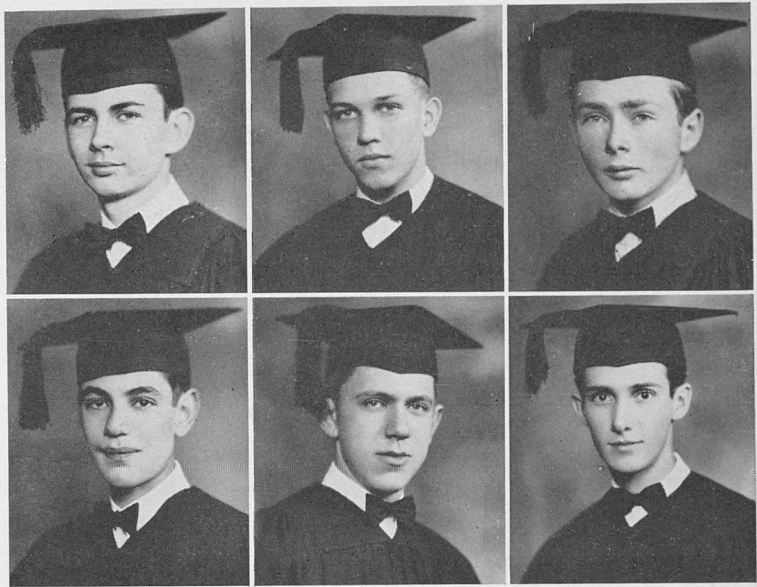
Scientific Course
Student Council Treasurer—4
Football — 1, 2, 3, 4
"All-Lancaster" Award—4

1

9

4

3



Kenneth Edward Bailey

General Course
Photography Club — 2, 3
Projector's Club — 3, 4

Lawrence Ralph Berger, Jr.

Scientific Course
Basketball — 2, 3, 4
Football — 2, 3, 4

John Joseph Brennan

General Course

Nicholas Samuel Celia, Jr.

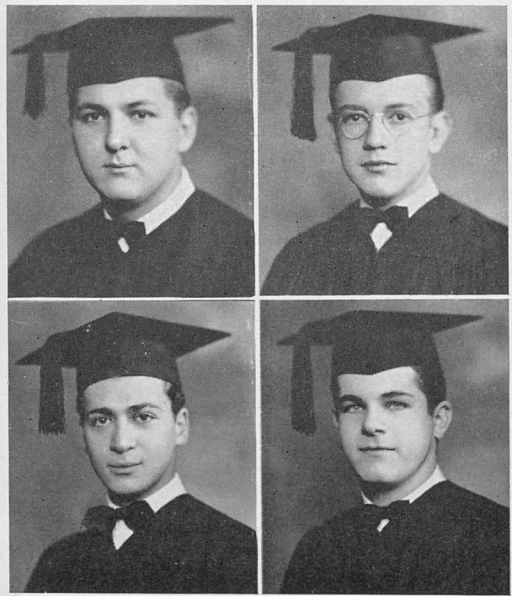
General Course
Band and Orchestra — 1, 2, 3

Bernard Francis Darrenkamp

Commercial Course

Jacques Anthony Gammache

General Course
Band and Orchestra — 1, 2, 3, 4
Class Representative — 3



John Henry Doman—ARMY

General Course
Football — 1, 2, 3
Basketball — 1, 2, 3

Jere Edward Kuntz

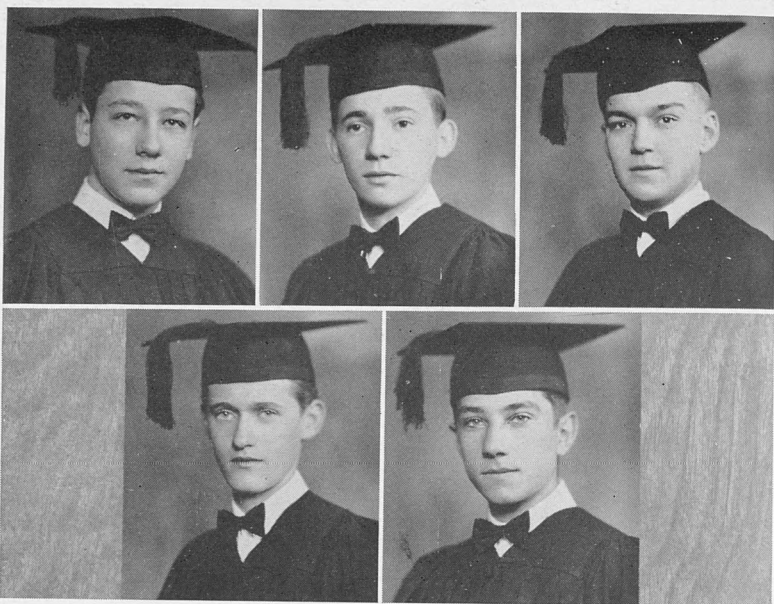
General Course
Band and Orchestra — 1, 2, 3
Class Representative — 4

Anthony Raymond Mayo

Scientific Course
Orchestra — 1, 2, 3
Projectors Club — 3, 4

Richard Henry Martin

General Course
Dramatics — 4



Donald Floyd Meisky

Scientific Course
 Football Manager — 3, 4
 Basketball Manager — 3, 4

Robert Charles Ochs

General Course
 Glee Club — 2

Charles William Reus

Scientific Course
 Spiritual Club — 4

Charles Milton Stephan

General Course
 Band and Orchestra — 1, 2, 3
 Homeroom Sec'y-Treas. — 3

John Wenzel Werhel, Jr.

General Course
 Band — 1, 2, 3, 4
 Rosmarian Staff — 4



Eugene Paul Kegel

Scientific Course
 Art Editor Rosmarian — 3, 4
 Dramatics — 4

Mary Lucy Fulginiti

Scientific Course
 Orchestra — 3, 4
 Spiritual Club — 3

Joseph James Gormley

Scientific Course
 Rosmarian Staff — 3, 4
 Dramatics — 2, 4

These three seniors left at the end of the first semester to enter college—the boys at Franklin and Marshall College and Mary Fulginiti at Millersville State Teachers College—and having successfully completed a semester's work, will receive their high school diplomas on June 1.

1

9

4

3



Grace Elizabeth Bailey

Commercial Course
Glee Club — 2
Cheerleader — 4

Florence Mae Bentley

Commercial Course
Glee Club — 2, 3
Rambler Staff — 4

Romaine Agnes Bielmyer

General Course
Spiritual Club — 3
Mission Club — 3

Adeline Mary Biggs

General Course
Spiritual Club — 3, 4
Glee Club — 1, 2, 3

Rose Anna Coonan

Commercial Course
Mission Rep. — 1, 2, 3, 4
Student Librarian — 1, 2, 3

Margaret Anne Dengate

Scientific Course
Rambler Staff — 3, 4
Spiritual Club — 3, 4

Rosemary Theresa Flear

Commercial Course
Student Librarian — 1, 2, 3, 4
Rosmarian Staff — 3, 4

Alice Teresa Gardner

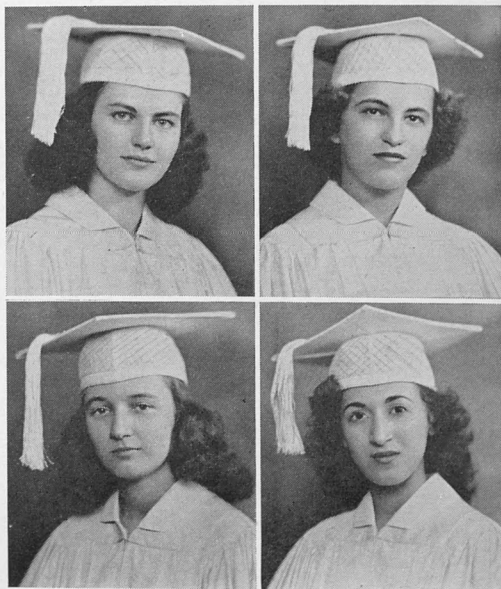
Commercial Course
Rosmarian Staff — 2, 3, 4
Dramatics — 4

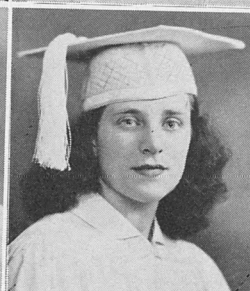
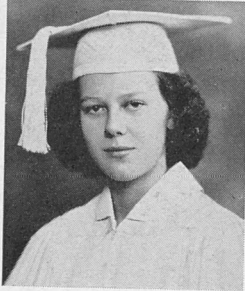
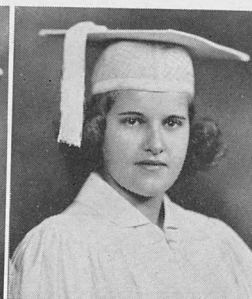
Mary Margaret Gegg

Commercial Course
Pres. of Spiritual Club — 4
Student Librarian — 3, 4

Rose Christina Giandalia

Scientific Course
Spiritual Club — 4
Drum Majorette — 4





Catherine Elizabeth Grassel
Commercial Course
Spiritual Club — 2, 3

Elizabeth Mae Graver
Commercial Course
Dramatics — 2, 4

Ruth Teresa Gottselig
General Course
Glee Club — 3, 4
Spiritual Club — 3, 4

Kathryn Mae Hahn
Commercial Course
Rosmarian Staff — 4
Dramatics — 4

Dolores Helen Hauck
General Course
Spiritual Club — 3, 4
Mission Club — 1, 2, 3

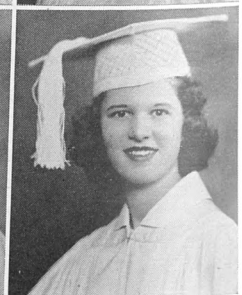
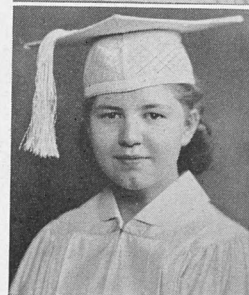
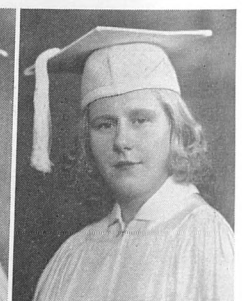
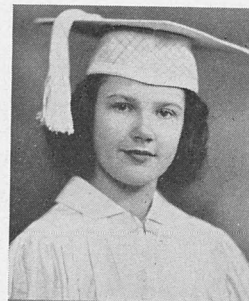
Regina Gladys Hilbert
General Course
Mission Club — 3

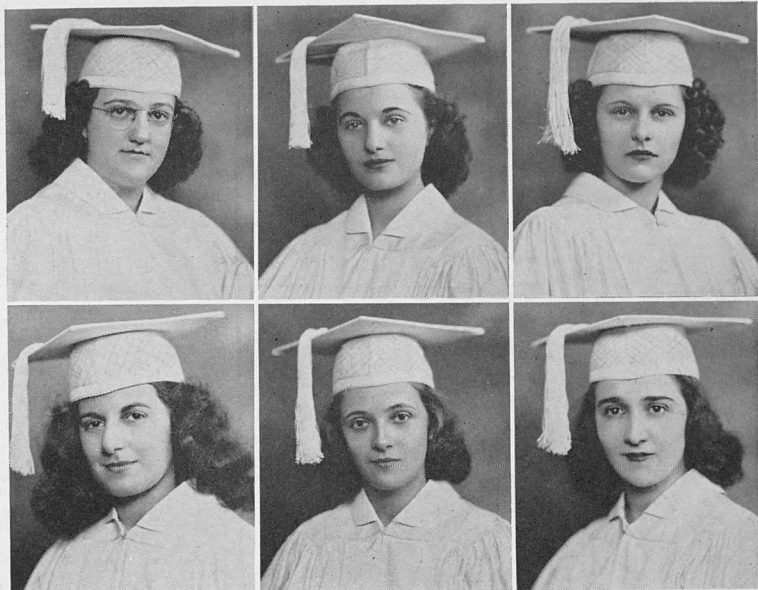
Jean Marie Hirsch
General Course
Spiritual Club — 3, 4

Helen Barbara Kirchner
Commercial Course
Rambler Staff — 4
Spiritual Club — 3, 4

Regina Rose Kirchner
Commercial Course
Homeroom Sec'y-Treas. — 4
Class Representative — 2

Nancy Jane Kline
General Course
Glee Club — 2
Dramatics — 4





Katherine Esther Kohlmaier

Scientific Course
 Sec'y of Spiritual Club — 4
 Mission Club Rep. — 4

Mary Magdalene Kuster

Scientific Course
 Dramatics — 4
 Drum Majorette — 4

Elizabeth Teresa Leptich

General Course
 Vice-Pres. Mission Club — 4
 Glee Club — 1, 2, 3

Mary Catherine Madonna

General Course
 Mission Club — 2, 3
 Student Librarian — 2

Gertrude June Markert

Scientific Course
 Spiritual Club — 3, 4
 Dramatics — 4

Elizabeth Emilia Martelli

General Course
 Dramatics — 2
 Mission Representative — 4



Lucille Gertrude Martin

General Course
 Spiritual Club — 3, 4
 Dramatics — 4

Mary Elizabeth McKinsey

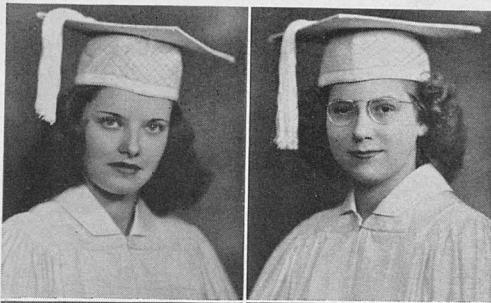
General Course
 Dramatics — 4
 Student Librarian — 2

Anna Marie Nonn

Commercial Course — 3
 Cheerleader — 4
 Glee Club — 3

Mary Charlotte O'Brien

Classical Course
 Dramatics — 4
 Rosmarian Staff — 3, 4

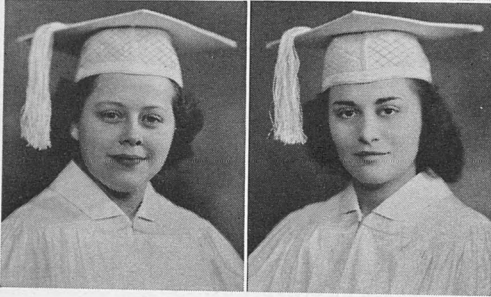


Regina Mary Dommel

Scientific Course
 Spiritual Club — 3
 Mission Club — 4

Audrey Anne Bowers

Scientific Course
 Rosmarian Staff — 3, 4
 Dramatics — 4



Elizabeth Jane Griffin

Scientific Course
 Rambler Editor — 3, 4
 Dramatics — 2, 4

Theresa Frances Dochat

Scientific Course
 Cheer Leader — 4
 Spiritual Club — 3, 4

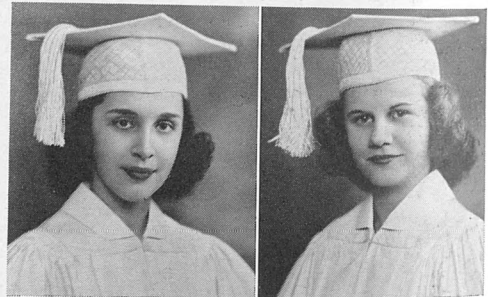
These eight senior girls who at the end of the first semester entered the Nurses' Training School at St. Joseph's Hospital, Lancaster, having successfully completed a semester's work, will receive their high school diplomas on June 1.

Mary Anne Wingender

Scientific Course
 Rambler Staff — 3, 4
 Dramatics — 3, 4

Louise Catherine Stork

Scientific Course
 Orchestra and Band — 2, 3, 4
 Class Treasurer — 3

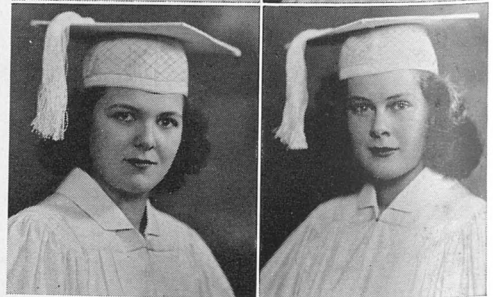


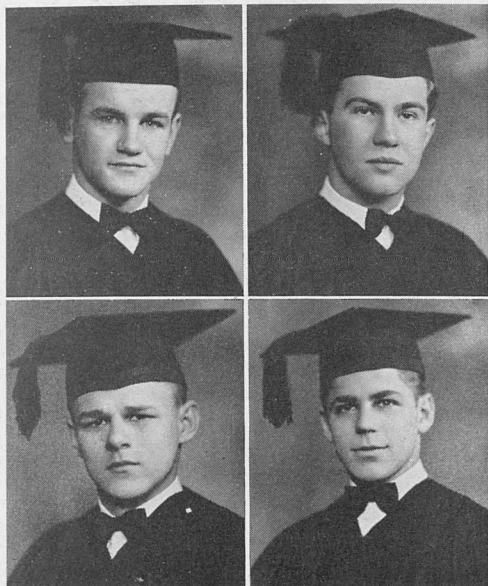
Jean Yvonne Sullenberger

Scientific Course
 Rosmarian Editor — 4
 Dramatics — 2, 4

Louise Catherine Hemler

Scientific Course
 Cheer Leader — 4
 Science Club — 3, 4





David James Hutchinson—NAVY

General Course
 Football — 1, 2, 3, 4
 Basketball — 1, 2, 3, 4

Robert Francis Krimmel—NAVY

Scientific Course
 Basketball — 1, 2, 3, 4
 Football — 2, 3, 4

Vincent Harry Parker—ARMY

General Course
 Football — 2, 3, 4
 Basketball — 2, 3, 4

Guy Charles Lanza—NAVY

General Course
 Football Manager — 3
 Basketball Manager — 3

These young men will be awarded their diplomas *in absentia* in accordance with the provisions of the instructions issued by the Department of Public Instruction on December 23, 1942.

Anthony Nino DeAngelis—ARMY

General Course
 Football — 1, 2, 3, 4
 Class Vice-President — 1

Richard Charles Grimm—ARMY

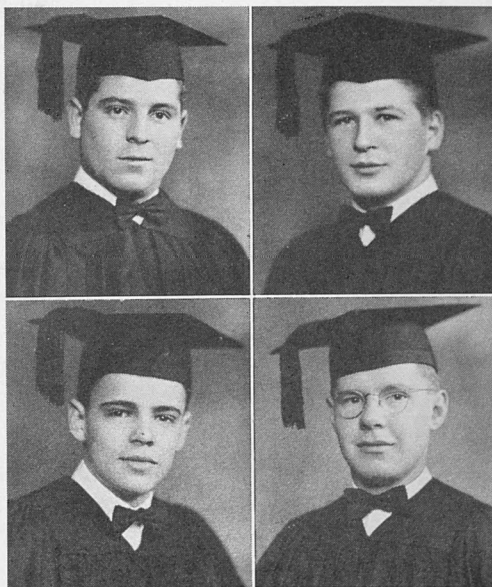
General Course
 Football — 1, 2, 3, 4

James Joseph Devenney—NAVY

General Course
 Rambler Staff — 4

Robert George Forberger—ARMY

Scientific Course
 Catholic Action Club — 2





Teresa Mary Paone

Commercial Course
Rambler Staff — 3
Spiritual Club — 4

Dorothy Pauline Rathsam

Commercial Course
Spiritual Club — 3, 4
Glee Club — 3

Margaret Cecelia Reinfried

Scientific Course
Spiritual Club — 3, 4
Vice-Pres. Spiritual Club — 4

Mildred Emilie Ritchey

Commercial Course
Rambler Staff — 3
Spiritual Club Rep. — 3

Dorothy Teresa Sabinash

Commercial Course
Rambler Staff — 4
Spiritual Club — 3, 4

Romaine Catherine Schaller

General Course
Mission Club — 1, 2, 3
Glee Club — 1, 2, 3

Marie Frances Scheuchenzuber

Commercial Course
Glee Club — 2, 3
Spiritual Club — 3, 4

Rose Martha Schmalhofer

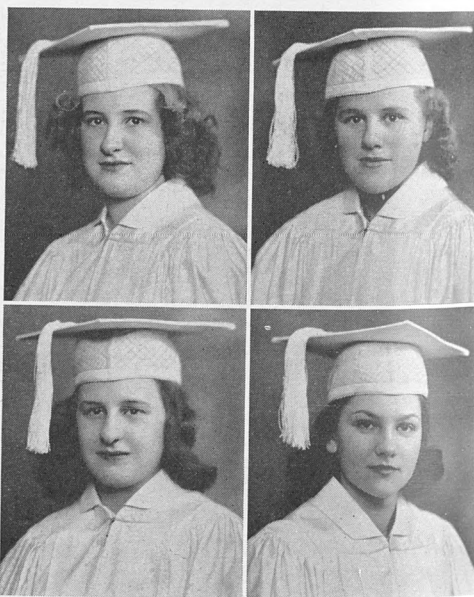
Commercial Course
Spiritual Club — 3, 4
Class Secretary — 1

Edwardine Florence Schmitt

General Course
Spiritual Club Rep. — 3

Edith Anne Schwankl

General Course
Rambler Staff — 2, 3, 4
Spiritual Club — 3, 4





Amelia Louise Schwarz

Commercial Course
Salutatorian
Rambler Staff — 4

Mary Agnes Segro

General Course
Mission Representative — 2
Dramatics — 2

Esther Frances Souders

Commercial Course
Cheerleader — 4
Sec'y-Dramatics Club — 4

Mary Agnes Soulier

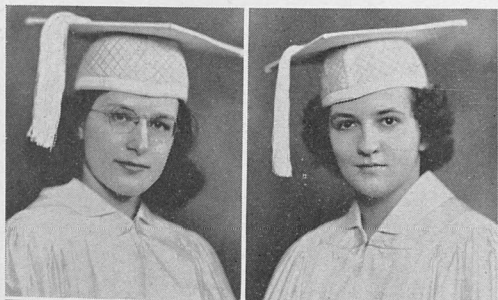
General Course
Rosmarian Staff — 2, 3, 4
Homeroom Sec'y-Treas. — 4

June Mary St. Clair

General Course
Spiritual Club — 3, 4
Homeroom Sec'y-Treas. — 4

Kathleen Mae Steinbaecher

Scientific Course
Spiritual Club — 3, 4



Catherine Louise Sterback

Commercial Course
Rosmarian Staff — 4
Mission Representative — 2, 3, 4

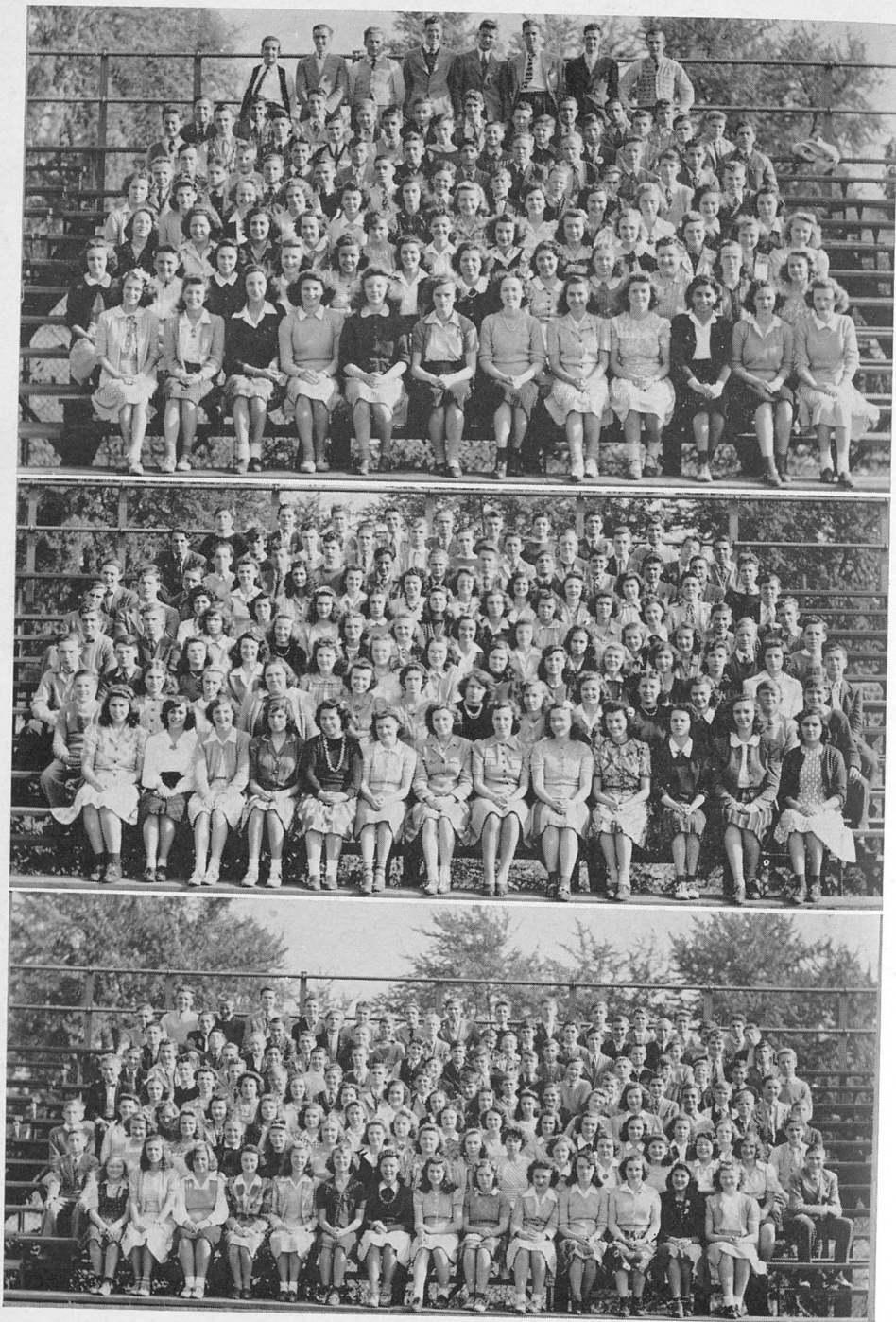
Elizabeth Jean Wilkinson

Commercial Course
Valedictorian
Rosmarian Editor — 4



Teresa Josephine Ziegler

General Course
Glee Club — 1, 2, 3
Rambler Staff — 3



SMILING SOPHOMORES — JOVIAL JUNIORS — FROLICSOME FRESHMEN

THE FACULTY



OUR PRINCIPAL
THE REVEREND ANTHONY F. KANE

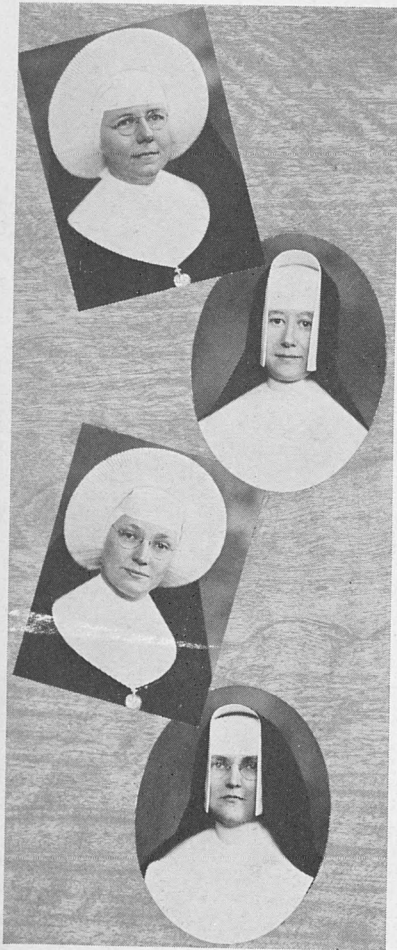


MR. LAWRENCE R. BERGER
Director of Athletics



MR. JACOB STEINBAECHER
*Director of the Orchestra
Leader of the Band*

FACULTY



Sister Mary
Mildred

Sister Mary
Blaise

Sister Mary
Hildegarde

Sister Mary
Teresa

Sister Marie
Paul

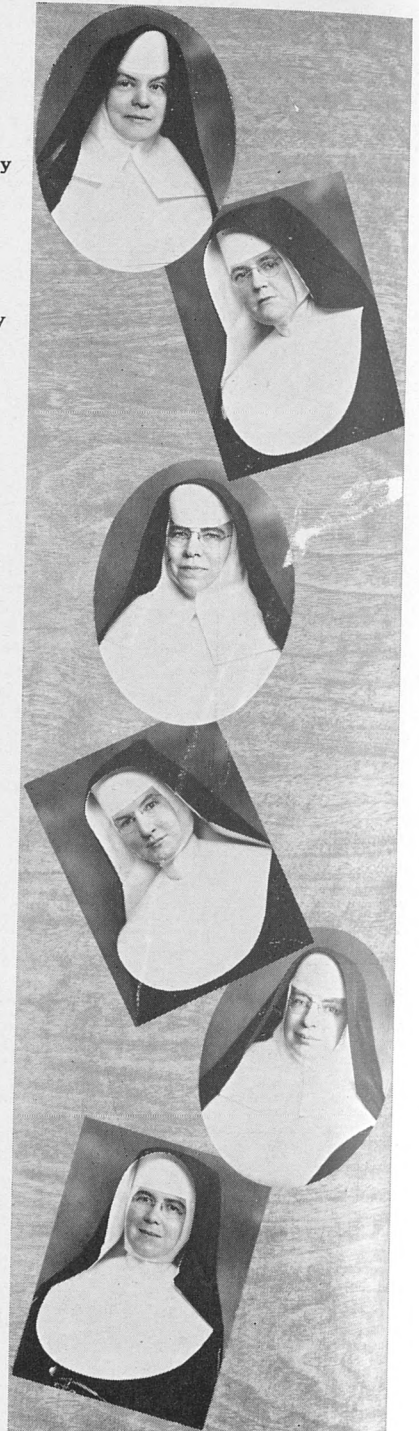
Sister Mary
Paula

Sister Mary
Ernestine

Sister Miriam
Joseph

Sister M. Saint
Joachim

Sister Mary
Theodulfa



1942-1943

Sister Mary
Ventura

Sister Mary
Vincent

Sister Marie
Estelle

Sister Mary
Adelinda

Sister Mary
Presentina

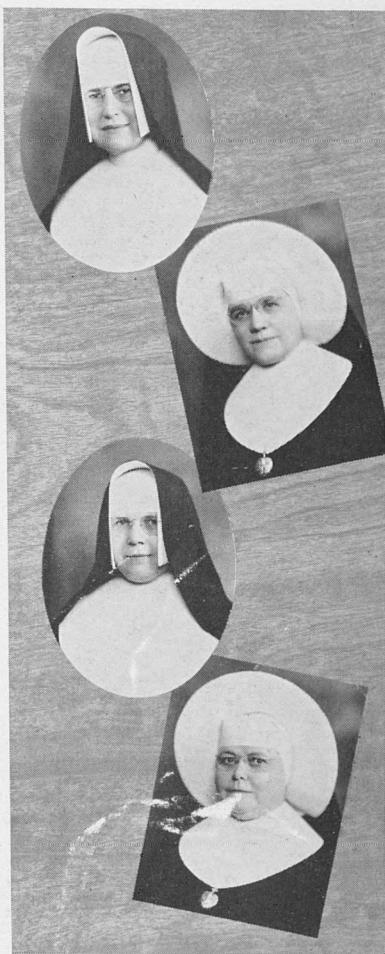
Sister Miriam

Sister Mary
Lea

Sister Mary
Erminelda

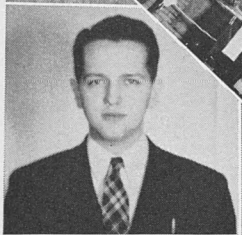
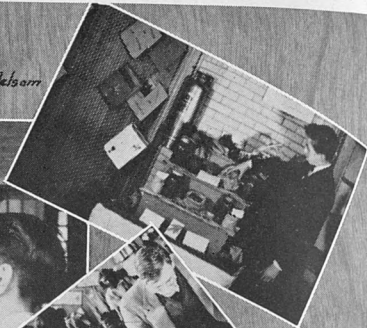
Sister M.
Elena Irene

Sister Mary
Madeline

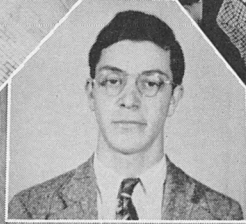


Freshman Hobby Show

Bishop chats with Chairman, Robert Nelson

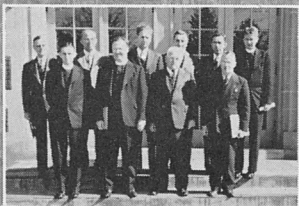


William Trapnell
75 Patrons



Joseph Borsellino - Board Chairman

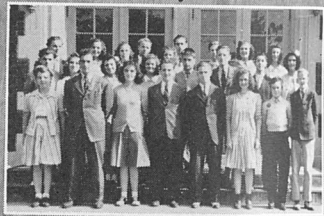
John Ritchey - Mt. Lancaster



Our Principal of Middle States
Association Committee



Signing them up.



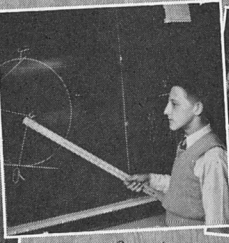
Student Council



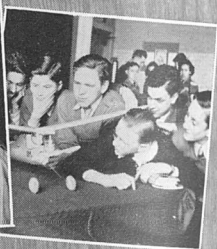
Budding Scientists



Radio drive



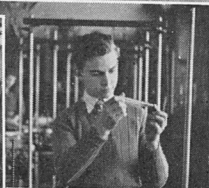
2A Mathematician



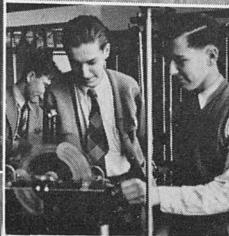
Future aviators



in Chemistry Lab.



Concentration



Interest in electricity



Perfumatics Class



. . . Current Comment . . .

Once again another class of boys and girls prepares to leave the seclusion of dear old Catholic High. They have been looking forward to the day when they would go out into the world and make a place for themselves and when they would need to spend no long hours preparing lessons. Now that the time has come, they are not so sure of themselves. Though many of them will not admit it, they loved the peace and security of their Alma Mater. Nor will they forget their principal and teachers who worked hard for them and were always willing to forgive and forget. Remember, seniors, in years to come Catholic High will always be your refuge—the faculty, your guidance.

CATHOLIC HIGH OUR REFUGE

ALICE GARDNER, '43

Amid the hurry and confusion of a busy world, we faithful children of Mary remember to pay special honor and tribute to the Mother of God and our Mother during the month of May, the month whose beauties reflect in some degree the beauty of our Queen. Truly is she called our mother, for never has she turned a deaf ear to the pleas of her children. It is with confidence then that we turn to her in our hour of need.

DEVOTION TO MARY

We have many favors to ask: favors for ourselves, our dear ones endangered by war, the faithless who have turned their back on God, the Poor Souls in Purgatory. But Our Holy Father has asked us to pray fervently to Mary this May for a still greater favor—the boon of peace for a world and its peoples tortured by a devastating war. Certainly our Blessed Mother looks with pity on the victims of this cruel war, and her heart is torn at the sight of so much suffering. Knowing well how powerful are the prayers of innocent souls, he has asked the children especially to pray for this intention. Their prayers are efficacious because their hearts are pure and pleasing in the sight of God and

His holy Mother. May we ever keep our hearts pure and our bodies chaste, so that we, too, shall find favor in the eyes of Jesus and His Immaculate Mother.

We seniors have spent our last May at Catholic High School, but the devotion to Our Lady, fostered there, we shall carry with us through life. May she ever protect us and guide us and keep us close to her Immaculate Heart!

ELIZABETH WILKINSON, '43

On May 18, the Very Reverend Joseph A. Schmidt, V.F., Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Carlisle, had the joy of celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. During this quarter of a century Father Schmidt has served in several official capacities, always manifesting great zeal and self-sacrifice in performing the work allotted him to do. As Executive Secretary of the Mission Board and Treasurer of Harrisburg Catholic High School, Father Schmidt has proved himself as versatile as he is efficient. Since his appointment as pastor of St. Patrick's, he is also serving as Dean of Cumberland and Franklin Counties.

**25 YEARS
OF
SERVICE**

The work, however, most dear to Father Schmidt's heart is, we believe, that of the Propagation of the Faith. As its Diocesan Director he was eminently successful, for his annual, personal appeals in behalf of the missions at home and abroad touched the hearts of the people who heard him and they responded generously.

Inasmuch as Father Schmidt is also the Treasurer of our Lancaster Catholic High School, we are especially indebted to him. As a token of our sincere appreciation and esteem, we presented him with a spiritual bouquet to mark the occasion of his silver jubilee, for certainly nothing could be more appropriate than these prayers and sacrifices offered to God, asking Him to continue showering His graces upon Father Schmidt and crowning his efforts with success.

HERBERT YOST, '43



GLENN CURTISS. By Alden Hatch. Julian Messner. 1942.

The story of this man of the air begins early in the nineteen hundreds when the name of Curtiss was known nowhere outside his own home town of Hammondsport, New York, where young Glenn Curtiss had a small factory in which he manufactured motorcycles. The motor on one of his machines drew the attention of Captain Baldwin, one of the foremost aviation enthusiasts of that day, who had Curtiss construct an engine for his balloon. It was this incident that started the founder of the now famous Curtiss-Wright Corporation on his sensational climb to fame. Today, Curtiss is turning out thousands of all types of planes, from bombers to trainers, and aiding greatly the efforts of the United Nations to win this war for freedom.

This biography is fast moving with much factual information but seasoned with the right amount of romance which keeps the story from becoming dry and dull. It should appeal to both boys and girls, for it is the story of American ingenuity and the opportunities with which we in America are blessed.

JAMES McMANUS, '44

* * * *

VOCATIONS FOR GIRLS. By Mary Rebecca Lingenfelter and Harry Dexter Kitson. Harcourt Brace and Co. 1939.

Vocations for Girls is a book I feel free to recommend to every young girl. No matter what occupation or career is being considered, this book, I'm sure, will prove valuable. Its authors' chief aim is to help modern young women to see the many and variable occupations open to them; to discover the characteristics necessary for the particular fields; to acquaint them with the steps they should take in preparation and the rewards they may expect.

Occupations of outstanding interest, such as nursing, teaching, and home economics are treated as well as those in which men would compete with women: advertising, writing, and arts. Statistics show the ratio between men and women now in a given occupation. Salary figures, also, are given considerable mention.

Any girl, whether her future career is already settled or whether she's looking for ideas, should read this book for vocational guidance.

JANE RITCHEY, '44

ROMPING THROUGH PHYSICS. By Otto Willi Gail. Albert
A. Knopf, Inc. 1941.

Romping through Physics is a book which, I believe, a freshman or sophomore who has not yet studied physics could use to great advantage. It would be a preparation for that very important subject which explains the principles behind the happenings which occur in everyday life, for it covers practically the entire course in physics and stresses the heating and cooling of liquids, centrifugal force, and the law of gravity. The author's purpose, I'm sure, is to enlighten his readers about certain facts which they ordinarily take for granted. Many diagrams help to clarify the explanations. The language, too, is simple and the style pleasing. Because many of the things it explains could be used in performing "magic" at a party or a small "get-together", *Romping through Physics* is recreational as well as instructive.

JOHN RITCHEY, '43

* * * *

HE'S IN THE AIR CORPS NOW. By Frederick P. Graham
and Harold W. Kilich. Robert McBride & Co. 1942.

Now that thousands of our young men each year are entering the Army or Navy to become pilots or to learn some other essential job in the Air Corps, this instructive book, *He's in the Air Corps Now*, should prove of great interest and value. It explains thoroughly the training which a man in any branch of the Air Corps goes through before he wins his wings. Although not commonly known, every man in the Army Air Corps has to earn his wings, whether he is to be a pilot, gunner, or radio officer. The boy who is thinking about joining either the Army or Navy Air Corps will find in this book the answers to all his questions.

EUGENE ESCHBACH, '44

* * * *

BEHAVE YOURSELF! By Betty Allen and Mitchell P. Briggs.
Lippincott, 1937.

This is the etiquette book for American Youth; for boys and girls in high school! It is written in our language, straight to the point and easily understood. *Behave Yourself* tells the reader frankly what to do and what not to do at parties, dances, and dinners; how to send and answer invitations. The authors answer some of those endless questions that high school students ask as they begin their social lives.

The book is delightfully illustrated with cartoons drawn by Fred Eisenzoph. Don't be self-conscious any longer. Read *Behave Yourself* and then follow directions!

MARY TERESA GOLDBACH, '44

NEWS REEL

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

His Excellency, the Most Reverend George L. Leech, D.D., J.C.D., will preside at the commencement exercises in the auditorium on Tuesday evening, June 1, and present diplomas to 87 graduates. Nine of these are boys who entered the Service during the second semester after having successfully completed the first semester's work. They will receive their diplomas *in absentia*. Numbered among the graduates are two boys and nine girls who left at the end of the first semester to enter institutions of higher learning and who, on the successful completion of the required work, will receive their high school diplomas in accordance with the regulations issued by the Department of Public Instruction.

The Reverend Harold E. Keller, Diocesan Superintendent of Schools, is scheduled to give the commencement address. The Valedictory and Salutatory will be delivered, respectively, by Miss Elizabeth Wilkinson and Miss Amelia Schwarz. William Trapnell will receive the K. of C. award given to the boy who has performed meritorious service.

* * * *

BACCALAUREATE MASS

Starting a new custom, the Baccalaureate exercises this year were held in the school auditorium on Friday morning, May 28, at nine o'clock. The main feature of the exercises was the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, offered by our Principal, the Reverend Anthony F. Kane, during which the graduates received Holy Communion. The Baccalaureate sermon was given by the Very Reverend George W. Brown, V. F., Pas-

tor of St. Mary's Church, Lancaster, and President of the School Board.

Present at the exercises were the parents of the graduates, the faculty, and the student body. Following the Mass, the graduates were the guests of Father Kane at a breakfast served in the cafeteria.

* * * *

OUR BISHOP PAYS US TWO VISITS

On Wednesday morning, May 19, we were especially honored to have His Excellency, the Most Reverend George L. Leech, D.D., J.C.D., present for our program commemorating the Diamond Jubilee of the Diocese of Harrisburg. At its conclusion, he told us how well pleased he was with the program and reminded us that twenty-five years from now we, the youth of today, will be the devoted priests, religious, and laity who will make up our Diocese. Our prayer is that God will spare our beloved Bishop and friend for the centenary.

Previously on April 6, our Bishop paid us a surprise visit and complimented us on the fine record we had made in the evaluation of our school by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

* * * *

DIAMOND JUBILEE OF DIOCESE COMMEMORATED

In commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee of the Diocese of Harrisburg, its history in pageant form was graphically presented at a special assembly on Wednesday, May 19. The program was divided into five parts: *Indecision*, *Confidence*, *Tribulation*, *Wisdom*, and *Exaltation*, each of which covered an episcopate. Each part opened with the reading by an angel of a Psalm which established the theme. Following the narration of the history of the particular episcopate, several scenes depicted important events.

The impressive program closed with a scene in which our present Bishop, His Excellency, George L. Leech, D.D., J.C.D., impersonated by Robert Boas, sees in vision the valiant pioneers of the past and looks forward with hope to the future.

WINS SPEECH AWARD

When offered an annual award of ten dollars by Mrs. John G. Warfel, Father Kane decided to use it to give impetus to public speaking. He inaugurated an annual speech contest for the seniors, the winner to receive the award.

Eight speakers were selected to compete in the semi-finals on Wednesday morning, May 12, when they delivered speeches on topics of their own choice. Of this number, the four having the highest scores: Charlotte O'Brien, Charles Stephan, William Trapnell, and Herbert Yost, competed in the finals, held on Monday morning, May 17, before the assembled faculty and student body.

The judges: the Reverend Thomas L. McEntee, the Reverend Rudolph Fuhr, and Mr. J. Hay Brown, declared the winner to be Herbert Yost, whose topic was "Our Heritage." He will receive the award at Commencement on June 1.

* * * *

STUDENT COUNCIL OFFICERS INSTALLED

The recently elected Student Council officers for 1943-1944 were installed at an impressive ceremony held in the auditorium on Friday morning, May 14. After a speech by William Trapnell, retiring president, the following new officers assumed office: Joseph Borsellino, president; Mary Teresa Goldbach, vice-president; Jane Ritchey, secretary; and William Gregg, treasurer. Father Kane in a brief address expressed his sincere gratitude and appreciation to the retiring officers and their faculty adviser for the splendid results achieved and stated that the student body were to be commended for the choice of officers for the coming year.

* * * *

MAY CELEBRATION

A beautiful celebration marked the general assembly held on Thursday, May 13, when the student body participated in the traditional ceremony of crowning the statue of the Blessed Mother of God. Betty Graver, attired in white satin, was the crown-bearer and was accompanied by a court

of six senior girls in blue gowns, chosen by the girls of the senior class.

Father Kane led the student body in the Act of Consecration and Father Biedenbach of St. Joseph's delivered an eloquent sermon in which he reminded us that our devotion to our Blessed Mother must be interior, constant, and disinterested. The student body sang the traditional, loved May hymns.



A VEIL OF DARKNESS

MARY KUSTER, '43

"YOU have twenty-four hours more to see. You have twenty-four hours more to see." Oh, if I could just get those words off my mind. Twenty-four hours. Twenty-four hours. I'll have to do a lot in those twenty-four hours. Some things that I'll remember.

First, I'll take a walk. Yes, that's it, a walk in the woods. I'd like to remember how the trees look when they are blooming; how the birds build their nests; how the sun forms a silver streak on the water. Then I'll lunch at the best place in town, watching the people come and go in their pretty spring colors. And, oh yes, I must see that movie in town. I always did like to see Betty Hutton's pictures. While I'm downtown, I'll go window shopping. Those cute little dresses in Logan's window caught my eye yesterday. I think I'll go in and look at them while—— while I can. Dinner at home with the family. I'd like to remember the look on the faces of everybody when the Grace is said, the faces Dad makes when he carves the meat, how little Julie will look—her face all dirty—after she's finished eating. This evening there'll be May devotions; I must attend them. The Church will look so beautiful—the many candles lighted for Benediction—the flowers on our Lady's altar—the Blessed Sacrament in the monstrance. Then there'll be darkness, the darkness that I have been fearing; but there'll also be light, the light of faith, hope, and love.

AN UNINTENTIONAL TRAITOR

HELEN V. LONG, '44

I WAS once a bright, shining electric iron. Having been given as a present to Mrs. Smith, I served five years of hard labor under her capable hands. I ironed Mr. Smith's fine shirts, Suzanne's playsuits, little Jimmie's overalls, and added the final touch to the dainty curtains that adorned the windows. I served my mistress faithfully, finding pleasure in my work. I believe someone has said, "The secret of success is joy in one's work."

One day Mrs. Smith accidentally dropped me. Alas, the electrician found the injury too serious to be repaired. Being useless, I was sold to Tony the Junkman. I lay for a long time in a heap with a lot of other metal articles. One day I overheard Tony telling a customer that he intended to sell his metal to the government which in turn would sell it to foreign countries. While waiting to be sold I made friends with an egg-beater, potato-masher, and an old-fashioned toaster all of whom shared the same plight. We became fast friends; however, we were all very sad at the prospect of leaving the United States.

At last the day of our departure arrived. We were shipped by train to San Francisco. From thence we were put aboard an ocean freighter. Destination: Tokyo. Those weeks at sea were tiresome and we were homesick, it being our first voyage. A few of our unprotected friends were rusted from the foggy, damp salt air. Finally, having reached our journey's end, we found life one grand confusion, for we couldn't understand a word these strange people were speaking. Oh, how we longed for the U. S. A.!

From the ship we were sent to a factory to be melted down and converted into something useful. What should it be? I was curious. After much agony and suffering I found myself changed into a dozen strong bolts. Now, for

another trip. This time not so far—just a few blocks to an airplane factory. Here we were used to fasten the door of the bomb trap. Now, why were all these bombers needed? Rows and rows of heavy bombers, and almost as many lighter ones.

Then December, 1941, came around. It was evident we were being prepared for a ride, but where? Mechanics hurried from one bomber to another for a last final touch to see if all was safe and ready.

December 7 dawned. Oh, I need not tell you. We sighted Pearl Harbor. Dear old United States, forgive me. I was not responsible for the terrible load of bombs that I let fall on those defenseless people.



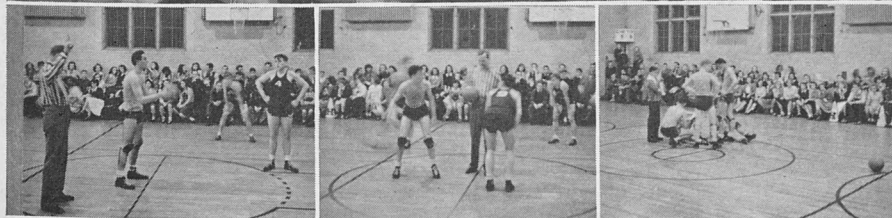
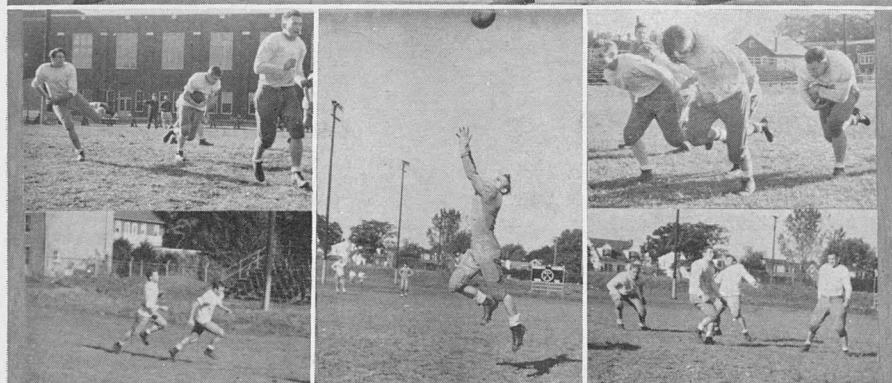
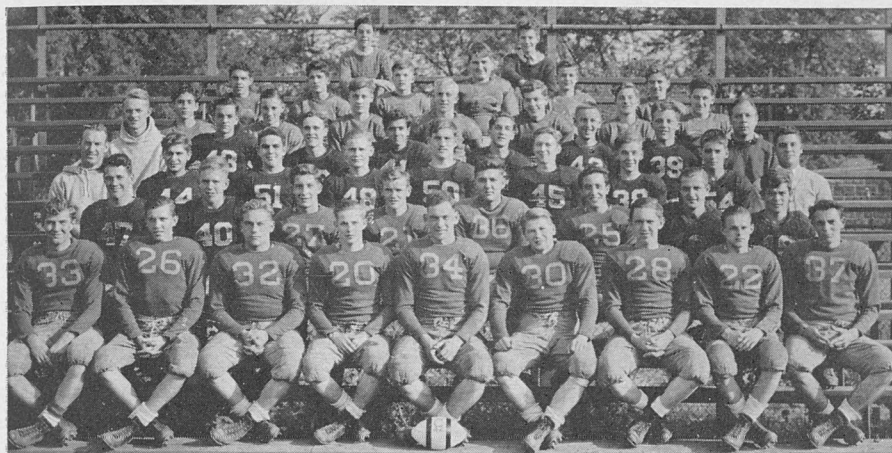
Appreciation

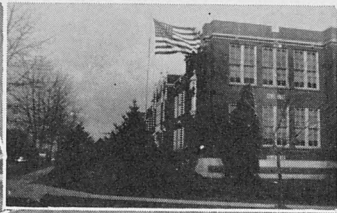


WILLIAM TRAPNELL, '43

AT the end of this scholastic year, the senior boys who carried the ball across the goal line and dribbled over a shiny floor toward the foes' basket leave the realm of high school sports to take sides in a much greater game. They are entering a match with life where the referee sometimes misses the fouls. By participating in high school competitions they have cultivated a feeling of true American honor and regard for the "other fellow" which will accompany them through life. Their willingness to carry on even in the face of defeat has endeared them to the people of Lancaster and surrounding towns as a team that could "take it."

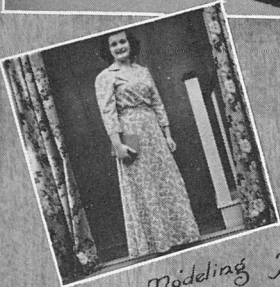
With them they carry the beacon of real sportsmanship that was handed to them by their "Boss", Coach Berger. The coach himself has said he will miss such players as Robert Krimmel, David Hutchinson, Lawrence Berger, Herbert Yost, Vincent Parker, and "All-Lancaster" John Ritchey. May they always come through carrying the ball.





At the Close of the Day

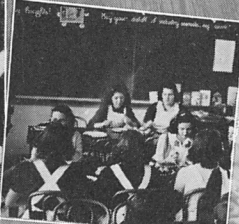
Winter scenes



Modeling "A stitch in time"

Teakettle Time

Hostesses of tea



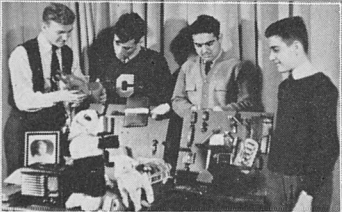
Bring on the dishes

Mattress almost ready

Here they are

Disappearing act

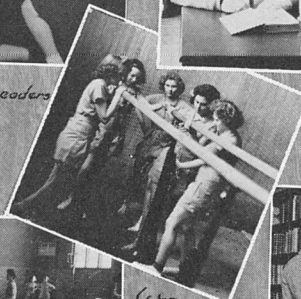
Peering at a tea



Inspecting Prizes after Magazine Campaign

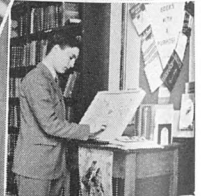
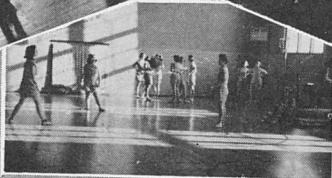
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Before the morning rush



Hard at it

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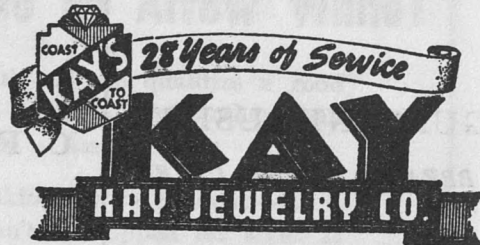
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