



EIGHTH GRADE GRADUATION CLASS 1960

Bottom row: Carol Schultz, Shirley Jones.

Second row: Helen Garlich, Carol Rolf, Mary Ann Greis.

Top row: Billy Murry (partially hidden), Ron Neises, Bill Twehues, James Leopold, Ray Geiger, Ed Vogel, Bill Blenke.

REMEMBERING . . . SISTER PASCAL — *by Elmer Ruschman*

In August, 1943, I was home for 10 days before going overseas. Time was very valuable as I had the idea that I might never come back again. Among the last days of my furlough, I thought of visiting Sister Pascal, who was then living at St. Anne's Convent. As I rang the bell at the main entrance, a Nun answered and I asked if I could visit with Sister. She told me that Sister was too sick for any visitors. I was disappointed, and asked if I could talk to someone else and eventually went as high as Mother Celeste Marie. Mother Superior told me that Sister was very sick and wouldn't live long. I told her "I also might not live long, as I am on my way overseas and will never have a chance to see her again." She then told one of the Nuns, "Get her dressed and bring her down." We had quite a talk together, and she was so pleased that I spent part of the afternoon with her. Her health was very poor, and she sat in a wheelchair. It was probably the last visitor that she had, for she died shortly afterwards. As a young boy in school, she and I did not get along very well. I suppose that I was the worst student that she had, and it seemed she spanked me almost every day. However as I grew older, we became good friends for which I am forever grateful.

REMEMBERING . . . FAIR EXCHANGE — *by Elmer Ruschman*

In the middle 1930's, many of the parish men were hard working farmers and could not afford to throw anything away. Some enjoyed smoking cigars and many had their chewing tobacco, and as time for Mass was getting close, they would carefully place their tobacco on a ledge of the foundation. Some went around the corner to find a hiding spot, in the crotch of a nearby tree. When Mass was over they went to the same spot, picked up their leftovers, and again enjoyed their chew or smoke as they went happily on their way homeward. They would not have enjoyed it as much if they had known what happened while they were in church. It seems that one of our local boys watched them hide their goodies in the various places and switched all of them around, so they were chewing someone else's cuds, or smoking someone else's cigars.

This local man is no longer a member of our Parish, and I'm sure that if the older men knew he had done this to them, he might have left the parish sooner than he did.