

MEMORY LANE

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We all have our own personal memories of our past years in this school to keep and share. Our "Memory Lane" staff dug deep into their memory books and came up with the following experiences. All the people who have been at Holy Trinity only one or two years will enjoy this and, perhaps, will compare it to their previous years.

The FIRST GRADE was the first year we weren't called "Kindergarten babies" and were we glad! If you had Miss Polisi, you couldn't forget her talks about the spanking machine up in the principal's office. And, if we weren't good, the men in the white jackets would come and get us. It was Sister Marie Daniel who taught us to appreciate the use of a library by helping us construct one of cut-out pictures and by helping us learn to read. This was the year the teachers taught us all our First Holy Communion prayers and, as we walked up the aisle with our small hands folded, we looked like little angels instead of devils.

In SECOND GRADE we were past the stage of being proud of being out of Kindergarten, and now we could boss the first-graders around. Sister Theresa Michael spent her first, and last, year at Trinity with us. She was a lovely young nun but when she left, we had single-handedly aged her about ten years. Sister was known for getting excited when we did the wrong homework. Mrs. Howard had her famous "Spelling Bees" every Friday, with ice cream for a reward. One thing we had in the Second Grade was the split sessions system that we liked.

During our journey through H.T.S., we encountered Mrs. O'Connor in THIRD GRADE. That was an unforgettable year. Mrs. O'Connor's multiplication clock was tough, and the punish lessons were worse. But, of course, there were our puppet shows and the silver dollar rewards. Then there was Mrs. Fletcher. We are sure her drawing lessons and her scot-free nights without homework will not soon be forgotten. Because neither of them are here at the present, we will not be able to catch their shocked expressions when they learn we made it.

The next year found us in the FOURTH GRADE with Sister Agnes Benedict and Mrs. Barth. LA will never forget the artistic ability of Sister Agnes, which would always be noticed on the classroom walls. And handwriting! Even though Sister tried desperately to teach her "Peaches and Cream" to write decently, we still can't. Mrs. Barth's pupils always enjoyed nice treats - for instance, those salt water taffy afternoons. Remember those maps of New Jersey in the geography books? Our state was in bad shape that year.