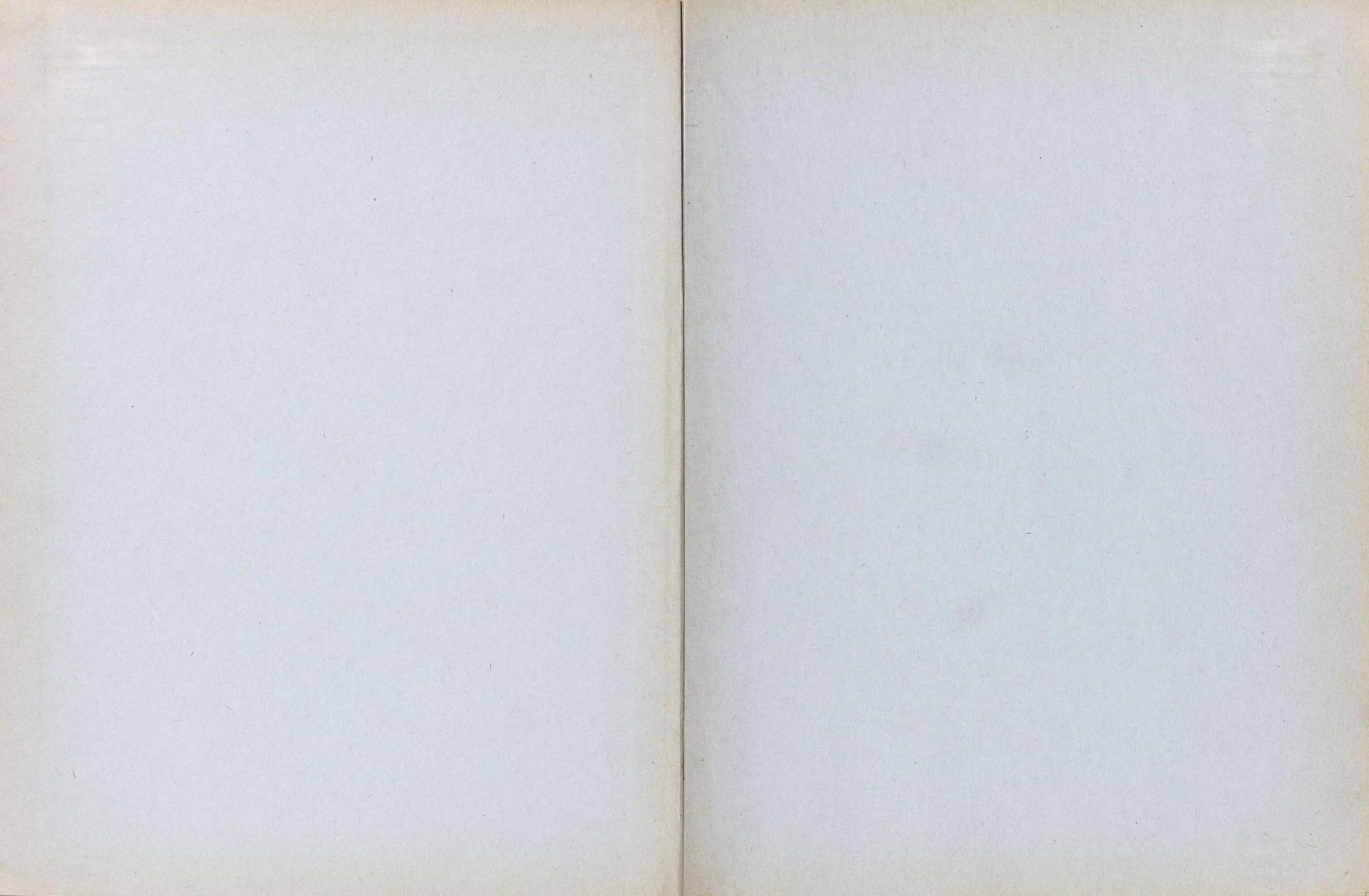




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: 1947 :



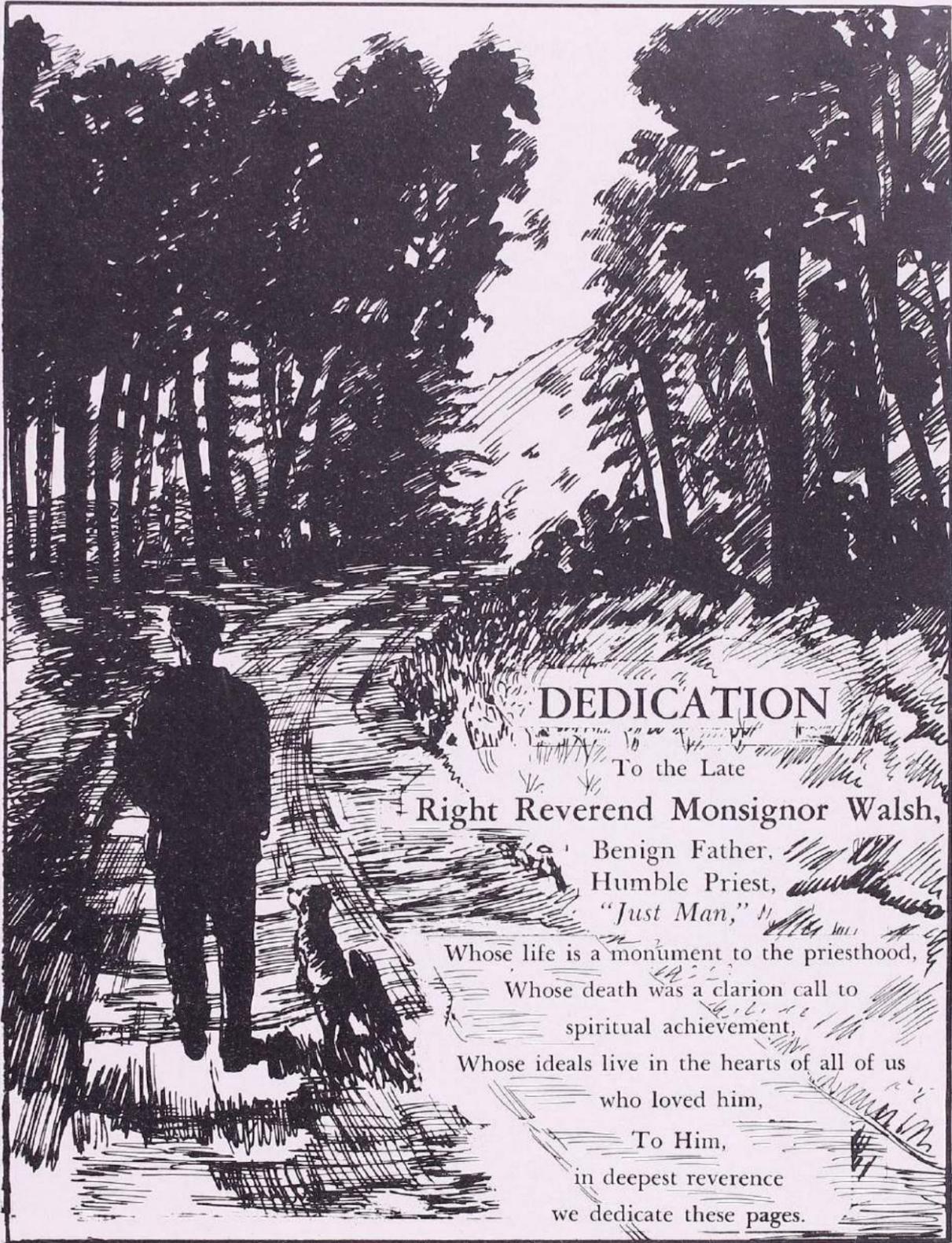


Statuette

1947

Volume 5

ST. PHILIP HIGH SCHOOL
Battle Creek, Michigan



DEDICATION

To the Late

Right Reverend Monsignor Walsh,

Benign Father,
Humble Priest,
"Just Man,"

Whose life is a monument to the priesthood,

Whose death was a clarion call to
spiritual achievement,

Whose ideals live in the hearts of all of us
who loved him,

To Him,
in deepest reverence
we dedicate these pages.

In Memoriam

Memorial Address in Honor of

Monsignor Walsh

given before the student body on
December 6, 1946

by *MIKE PAVLEKOVICH*

Since we last met here on the very happy occasion of Mother Teresa's visit a great sorrow has come to us. We have lost Monsignor Walsh, our Pastor, our father, our friend, and with his passing are changed so many things that we had come to look upon as unchanging and we have lost much that we had naively thought would always be ours.

A poet once said, looking forward to his end, "I shall not wholly die." Monsignor Walsh, in his utter self effacement would never have thought of giving voice to these words. Today we say it for him. "He shall not wholly die." He has left us a legacy so rich and so enduring that in our thoughts, in our hearts, in our prayers, he shall forever live.

He taught us, more by his example than by word, how to live. He walked before God in humility and lowliness, though he had much that would have made lesser men exalt themselves. He was devoted to duty, accepting from the hand of God and faithfully performing the task of each moment. He loved truth passionately and gentle though he was, he raised his voice vigorously and incessantly against the exponents of error.

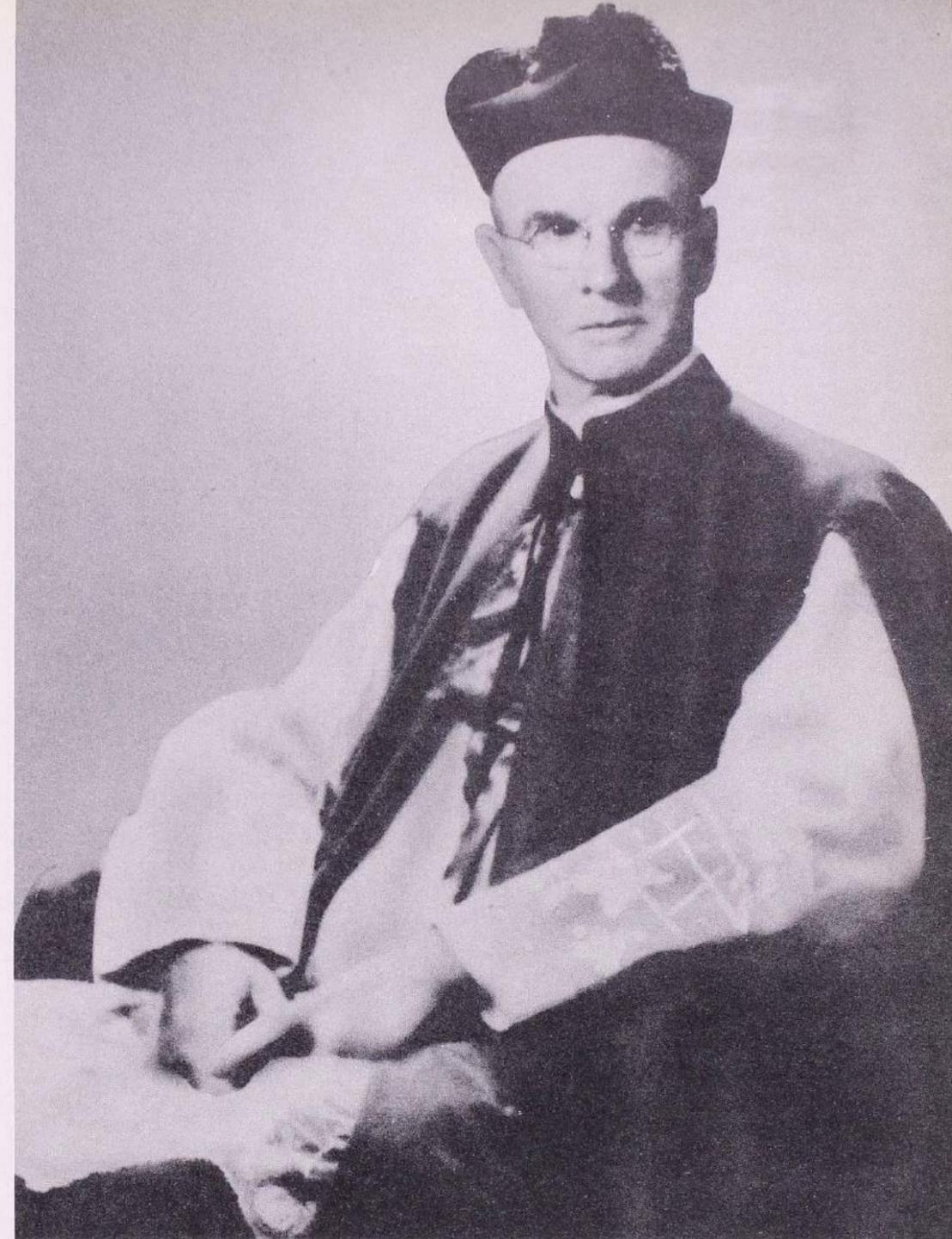
He taught us how to die; how to be ready and waiting for the Lord when He shall come. His last words were an appeal for a universal return to living according to fundamental truths; his last act, an act of charity. A record of his life would read like the Gospel pages—how could it be otherwise, for he was in deed and in truth an "Alter Christus."

We have a host of tiny memories to cherish of him; his gentle ways, his kindly smile, that certain gesture of his hand raised in friendly greeting. We do not mind recalling even those rare occasions when he was stern with us for we know it was the sternness of a loving father anxious for the well-being of his children. Indeed, he shall not wholly die.

We have much to console us during these first hard days of loss. From all sides voices have been raised in praise of his gracious, zealous life. His mourners are legion and are found in all ranks, among the poor and among the influential, among the civil leaders and religious leaders of all denominations. We join our voices with theirs to bless his memory.

However, we must not content ourselves with a tribute of praise. Monsignor talked little, but did much. We must follow him even in this. As Father Bush so aptly put it in his funeral sermon, if Monsignor could make a request of us now he would say "pray for me." We accept this as a sacred trust.

This Sunday all the students of St. Philip's will receive Holy Communion for the happy repose of the soul of our loved Monsignor. And not only on Sunday, but in all the days and years to come, we shall not forget. In the hearts of all the students and faculty of St. Philip's he shall never wholly die.



The Late Pastor
RT. REV. MSGR. M. WALSH

The
Late
Monsignor



As We
Knew Him



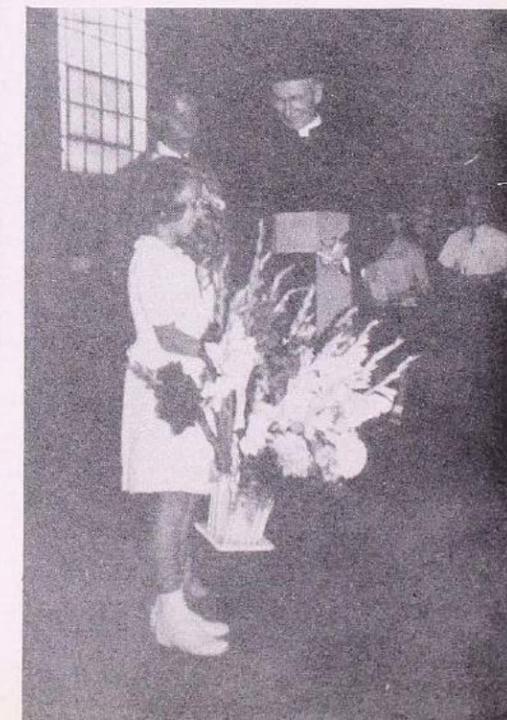


A Prize for Every Shot



“Alter
Christus”

Always



Welcome to Father Owens

given at a student assembly
January 10, 1947

by REX HOLLOWAY

*"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways"*

These impressive words of a great English bard, fill our minds and hearts today as we tender you a cordial welcome. We have been looking forward to this hour. Daydreams have hovered on the margin of our thoughts, but they have now given place to reality.

It is my privilege in behalf of the Faculty and Students of St. Philip School to extend to you friendship's sweetest message—"Welcome". Try as we may, ring out our greeting as we will, still our lips fail to measure the depth of the heart's feeling. There is something there, too rich, too sacred, it may be, to be clothed in words. However, we would have you know that each one of us from the shortest to the tallest, from the youngest to the oldest, extends to you a heart-felt welcome beyond the power of any earthly language to express.

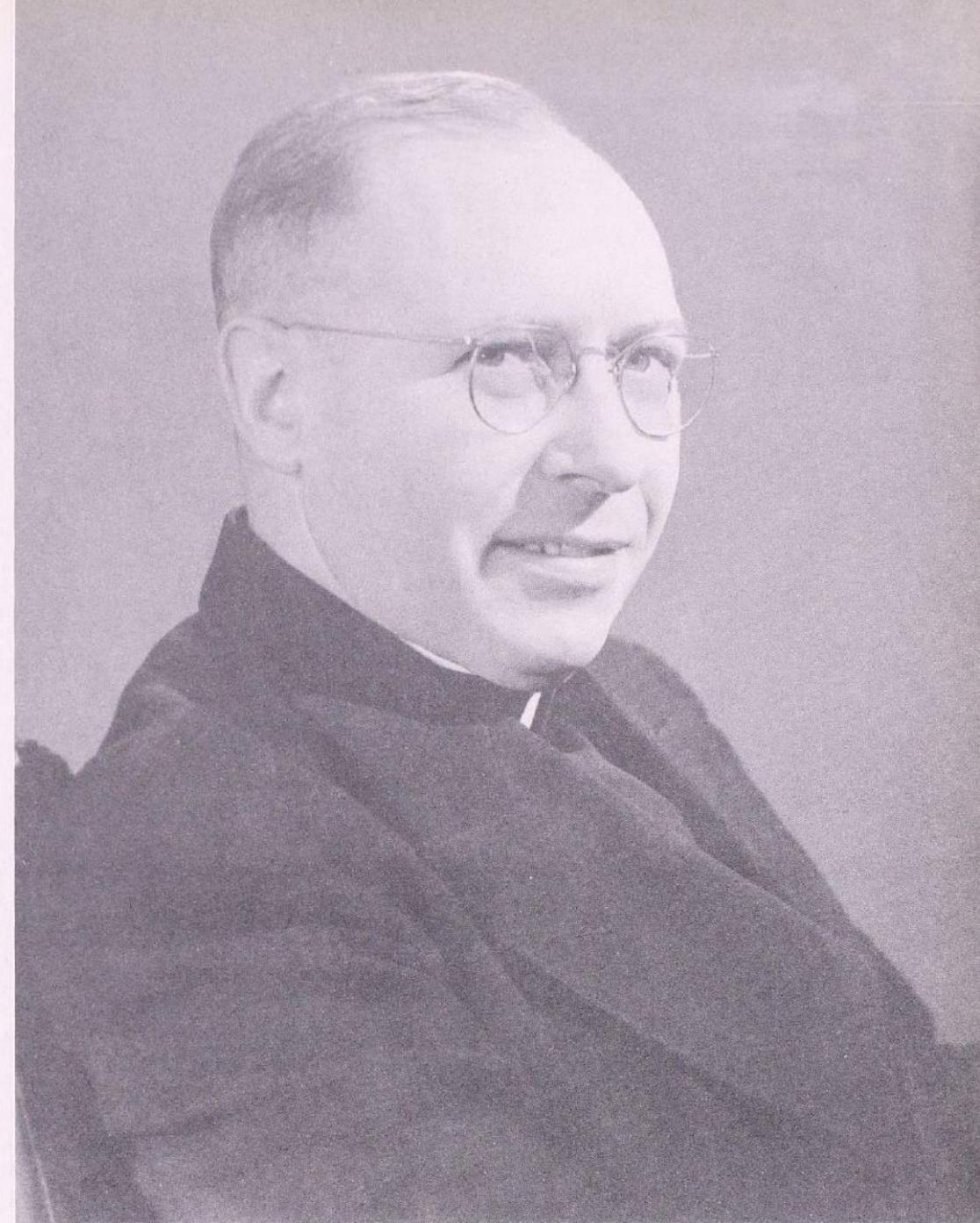
Battle Creek, St. Philip's, is our home, the core of our life. To us, it is the dearest spot on God's green earth. It is "Home Sweet Home," and we love it. As the old adage has it—"It is not the house that makes the home; but it is the people living in it." So—it may not be the physical properties of Battle Creek or of St. Philip's that has endeared this spot to us, but it is that indefinable something that keeps us holding high the red and white banner of St. Philip's. To make you love this place as we do, is the challenge we accept as we welcome you into our midst.

Glancing down the arches of Time, we see in you the friend of our childhood days, the friend of our maturing years, friend, too, when life shall ebb into eternity, ever constant and unswerving in the duty to which you have lately been appointed. As day follows day through the years and God grant that there are many of them, we shall see you bowed in adoration before the altar of the Great Morning Sacrifice there, in each Mememto, commending the souls of your parishioners to the Divine Victim of Calvary. Always will you be praying and working—and always for us.

What shall be our return? The only thing within our power to give—whole-hearted cooperation of such a nature as to make St. Philip's the best school, worthy of the best Pastor in all the world.

May you ever be rewarded by the knowledge that your every word and action will take root in the fertile soil of our hearts there to blossom into rich fruits of virtue.

We conclude our message of Welcome with the prayer that Jesus, the Eternal Priest, may keep you within the shelter of His Sacred Heart and that we, your children, may become your joy and consolation in time and eternity.



Our Pastor
REV. GERALD A. OWENS

We Present

Father Adolph Nadrach, priest, social worker, sportsman. As a priest, Father Nadrach has been an inspiration to us. His reverence in the sanctuary, his sincerity in the pulpit and his prodigality of his time toward all who come to him have taught us many never-to-be-forgotten lessons.

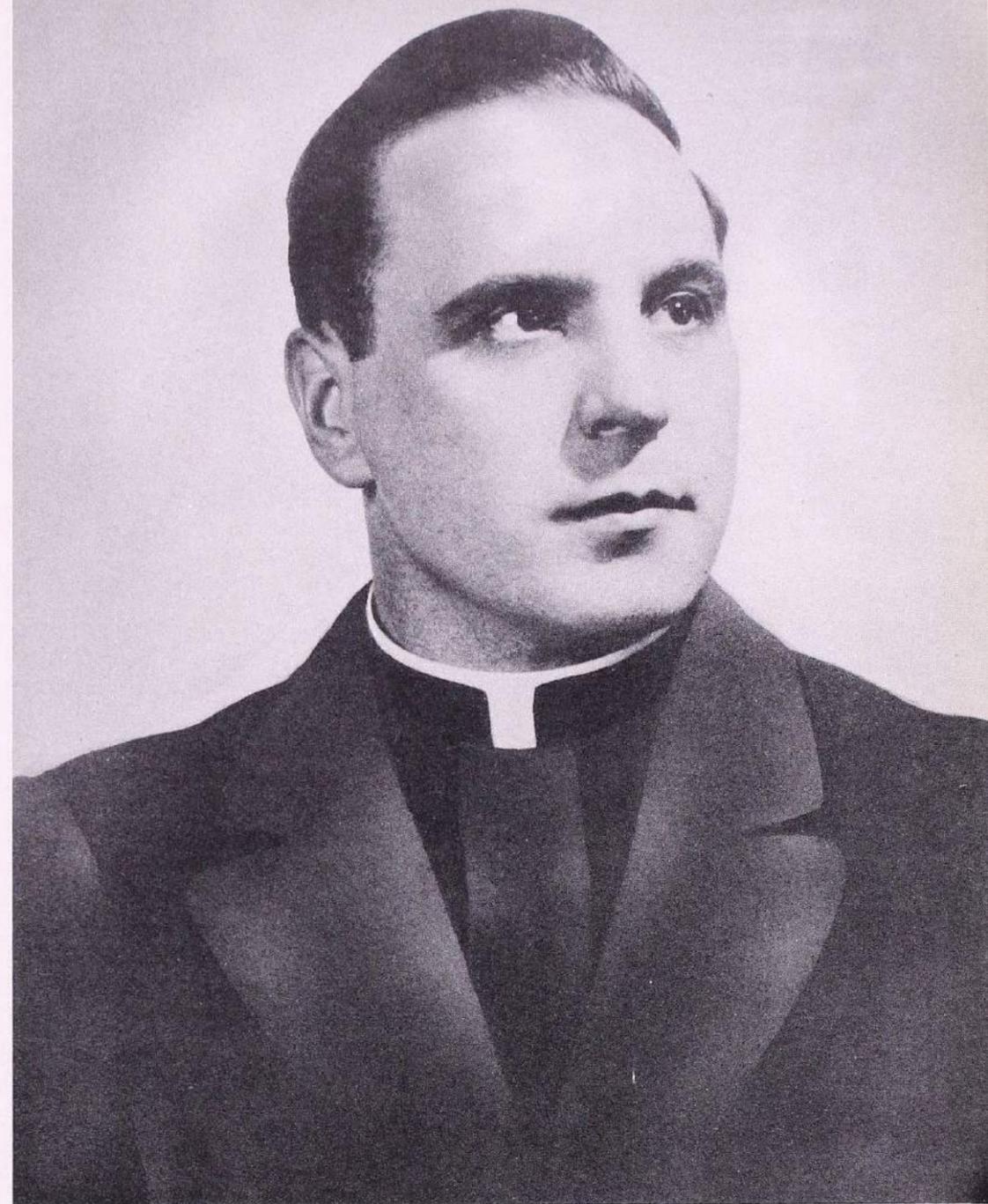
As all St. Philip knows, Father Nadrach's heart is not merely as big as himself, it is much, much bigger. His charity reaches out into the farthest corners of the parish, and beyond. We have no idea of the full extent of his kindnesses and service as he is too careful to keep them all unknown that they may remain unsung. However, sometimes little clues creep out, and in the resulting light, it can plainly be seen that the warp and woof of his life, apparently so prosaic, are really priceless, golden threads of charity.

To the students of St. Philip's, and their interests Father Nadrach has devoted himself unstintingly. An organized program of recreational activities is one of his pet projects and to his efforts we owe many of our jolly times.

St. Philip's Tigers are his special charges. He raises the funds for equipment, arranges the details of schedules and continuously looks out for the well being of the team. At every game he is to be found rooting for St. Philip's.

We could go on eulogizing indefinitely, but our purpose is not so much to praise as to thank. We want to express to Father Nadrach our deepest appreciation and gratitude. The years will never completely erase from our minds the heart-warming memory of a priestly priest, with a ready smile, a helping hand, and a heart like the Heart of Christ.

Tim Hogan



Our First Assistant
REV. ADOLPH NADRACH

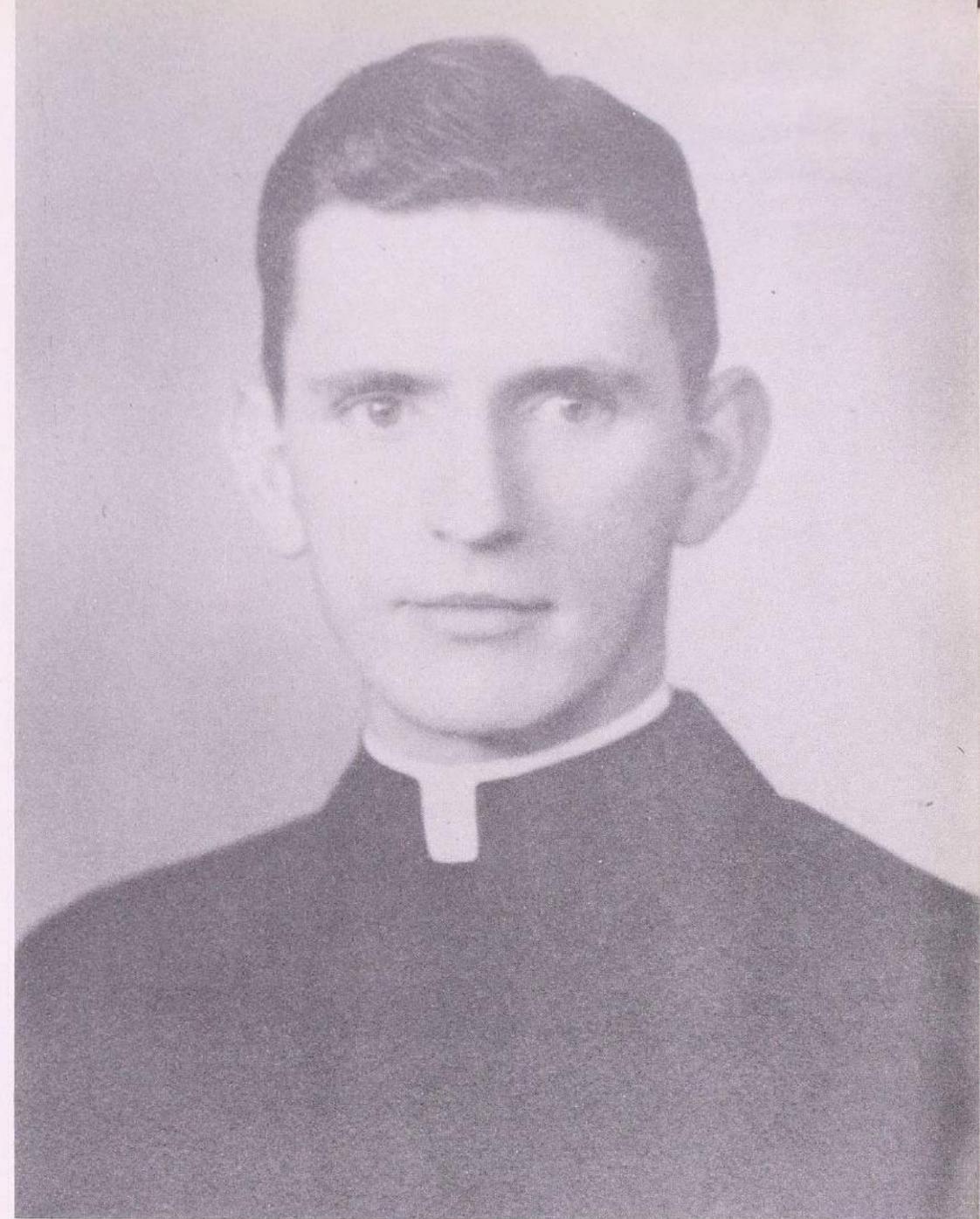
We Present

Father John Hamilton who may be seen every morning striding over from the rectory to the high school, his books under his arm. He is heading for his daily Religion classes, with the seniors and with the juniors.

During the past two years the privilege of having Father John Hamilton as a Religion teacher has been ours. He has staggered us with his profound knowledge, captivated us by his interesting discussions, amused us with his quiet wit, and charmed us with his Newmanlike quality of fitting the exact word to the occasion. But most of all he has inspired us to love our faith more dearly and practice it more faithfully.

We will always remember those two years with him as a pleasure and we hope Father Hamilton will remember them too, and for equally pleasant reasons, for, must we say it? Some of us are not always brilliant. And to our thank you we join a prayer that God may grant to his priestly life many long and fruitful years.

Barbara Chubinski



Our Second Assistant
REV. JOHN HAMILTON

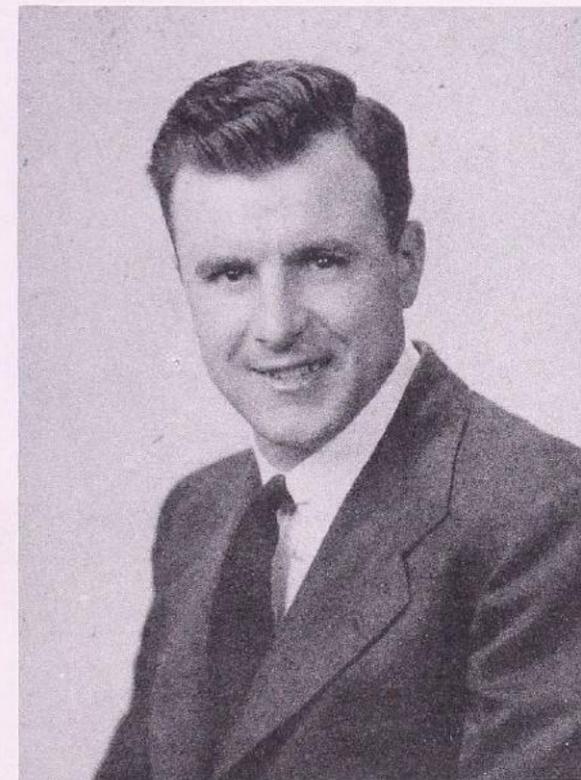
Faculty

MOTHER MARIE ELIZABETH	<i>Principal</i>
REV. J. HAMILTON	<i>Religion Instructor</i>
SISTER M. AMANDA	<i>Senior Home Room Counselor</i>
SISTER JANE PATRICIA	<i>Junior Home Room Counselor</i>
SISTER MARIE CELINE	<i>Sophomore Home Room Counselor</i>
SISTER M. SERAPHIA	<i>Sophomore Home Room Counselor</i>
SISTER MARIE DOLORINE	<i>Freshmen Home Room Counselor</i>
SISTER MARY KEVIN	<i>Class Teacher, Sodality Moderator</i>
SISTER M. MELANIE	<i>Music Directress</i>
REV. A. NADRACH	<i>Youth Co-Ordinator</i>
LT. JOHN L. CLEARY	<i>Football Coach</i>
FRANK WHALEN	<i>Basketball Coach</i>

LT. JOHN CLEARY



Our Coaches



FRANK WHALEN

St. Philip Church

The stone steps, sparkling in the sun, dazzle my eyes as I ascend them. I pull open the heavy door and find myself in the dim light of the cool, quiet vestibule. But I do not loiter here. Slipping through the swinging doors, I pause for a brief moment at the back of the beloved Church of my childhood. Multi-tinted light streams downward from the stained glass windows and glorifies the dark pews with little patterns of radiance. On my right and on my left are the sacred symbols of Christ's passion. A wave of loving compassion sweeps over me. Slowly I walk up the center aisle noting how the stately pillars lose themselves in the vaulted roof.

St. John Nepomucene and Mary Magdalen from their familiar places above the confessionals seem to smile down upon me. And now I am on my knees at the altar railing behind which dwells my King.

"Dear Lord," I whisper, "I'm a little lonely today. It's wonderful to be a senior and caught up in the graduating activities but its lonely too, this ending to so much that is so dear."

My eyes travel upward to the crucifix etched against the blue folds of the tapestry behind the altar. Ah! yes. He knows how it feels to be lonely. He too has suffered loneliness. I note the red sanctuary light as it burns its life away and it comforts me. Many things will change but this will never change. Always He will be here for me. I see the inscription on the baldachin "He who followeth me walketh not in darkness."

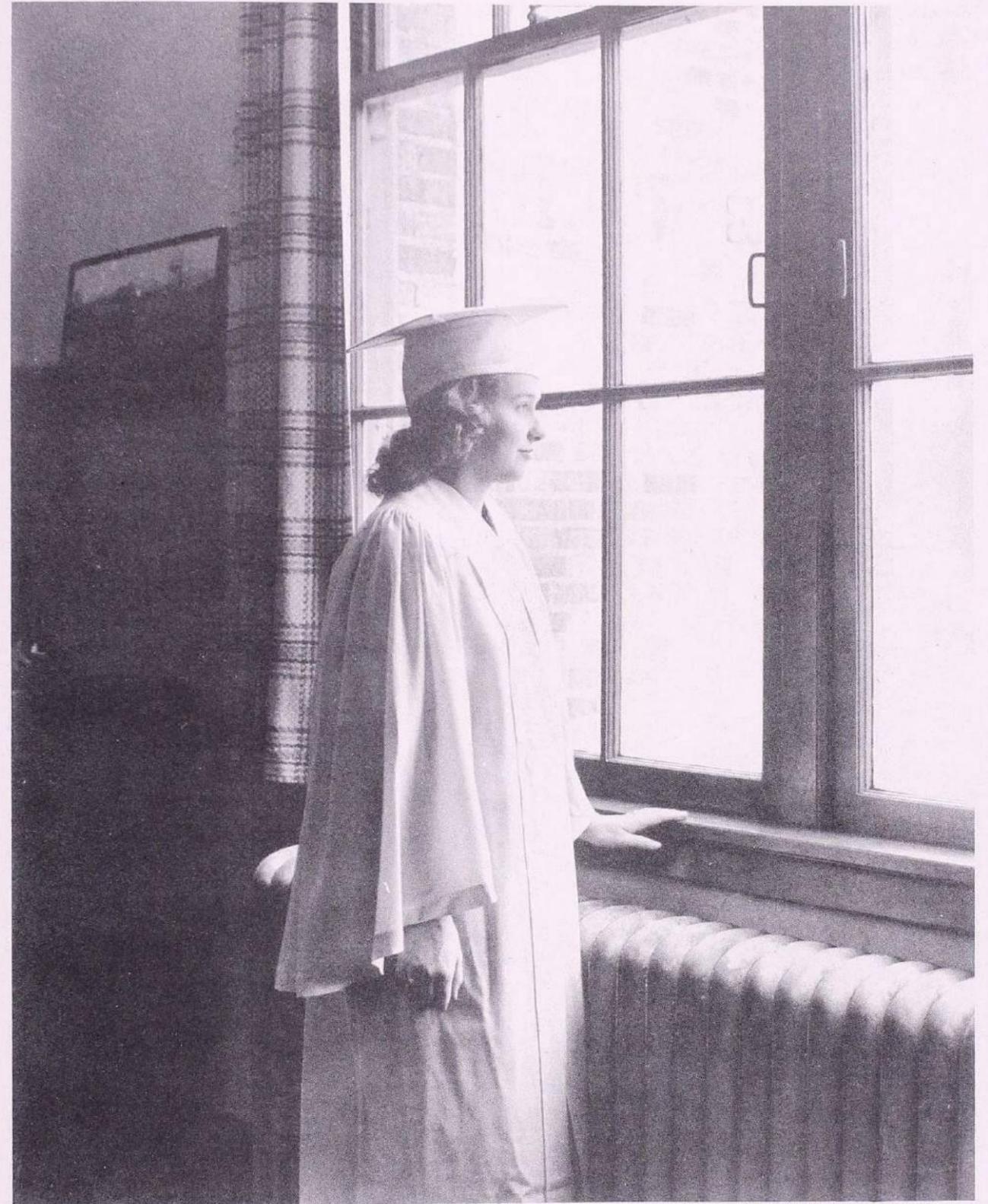
Glory be to thee, O God, who in this Church, raised to thy glory by Thy devoted people, dost forever abide to comfort and console us, to receive our loving homage, to dispense light and peace that by faithfully following thee we may not walk in darkness but may have the "light of life."

Evelyn Marie Squires



Tenderly,

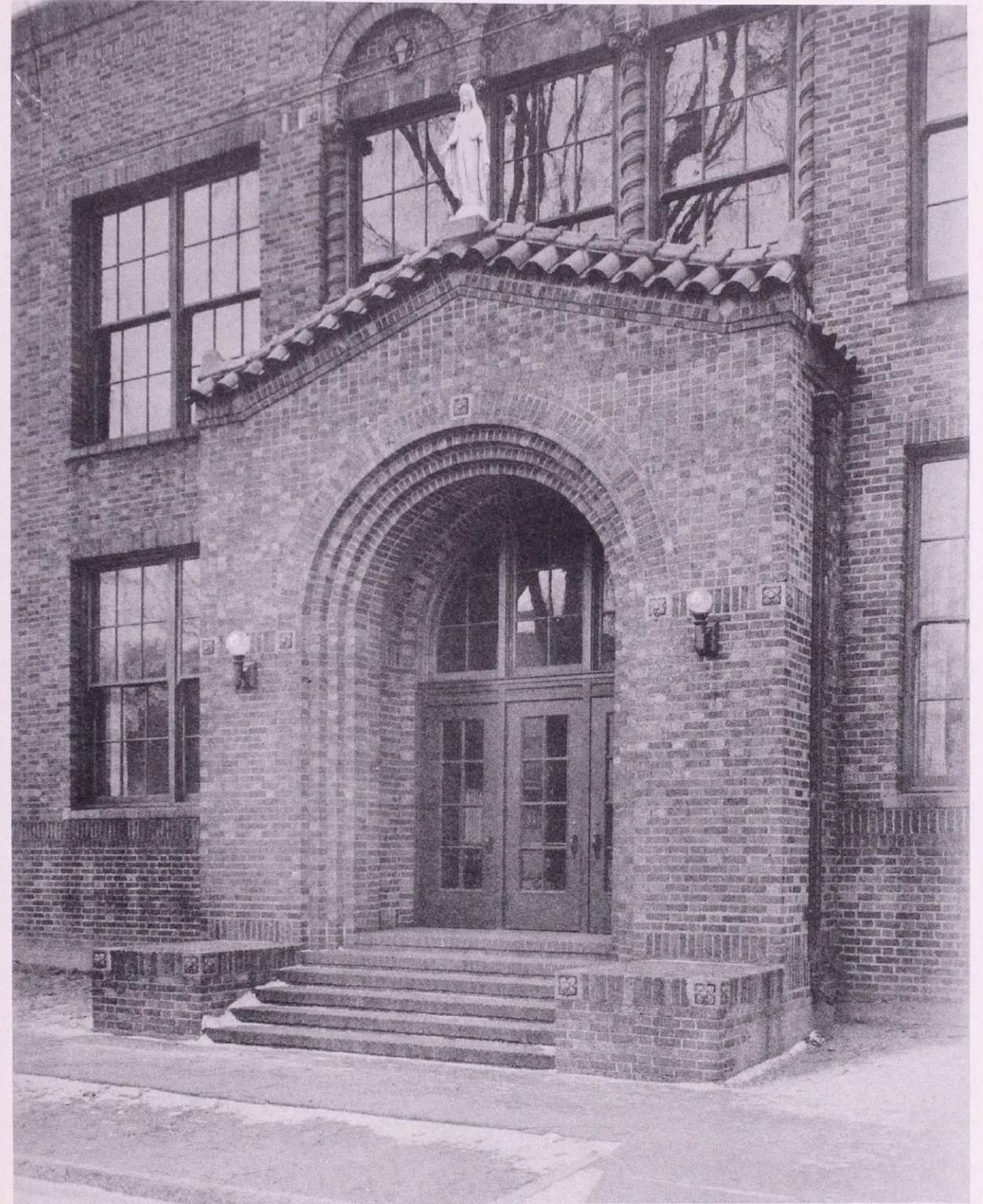
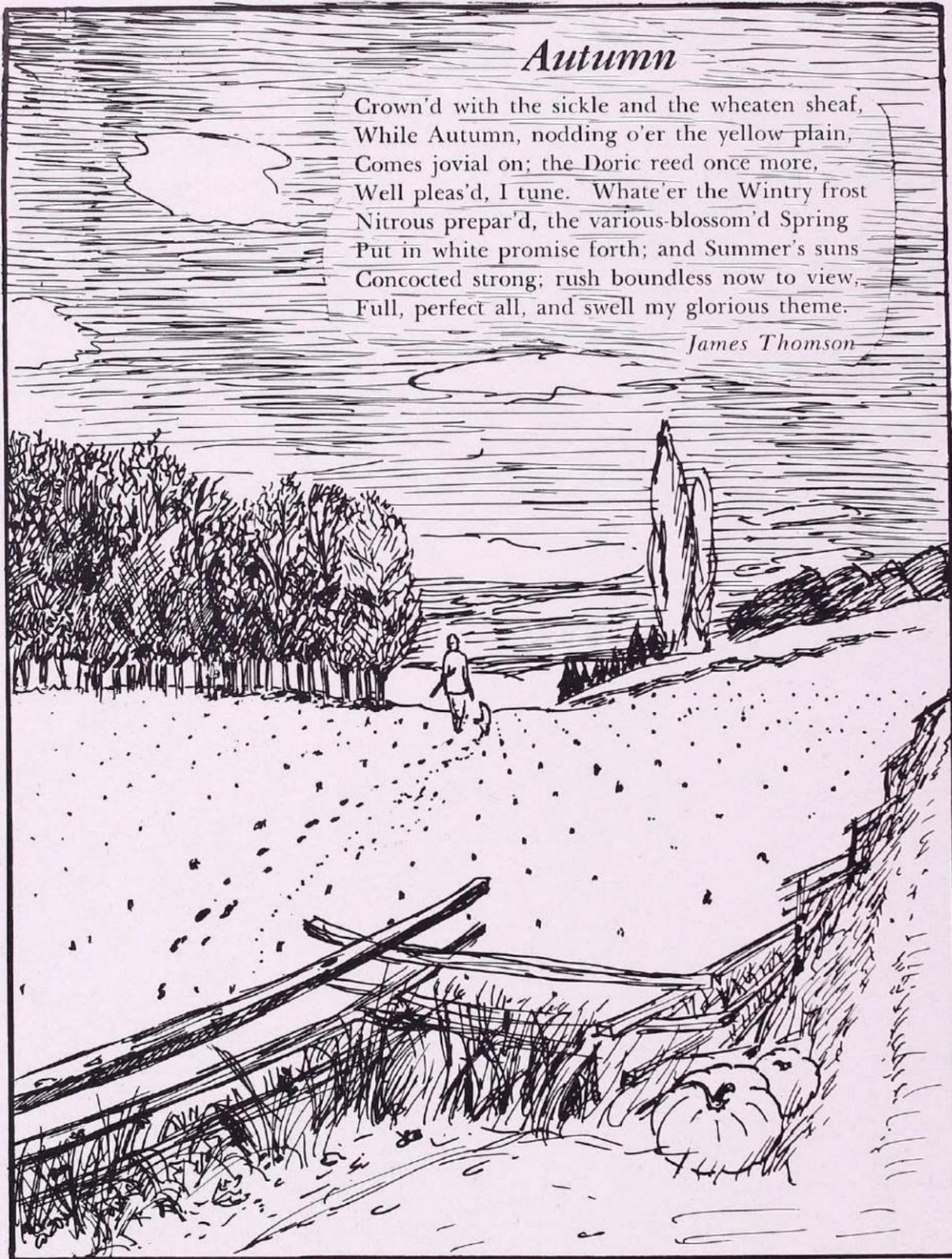
*Year that we have loved,
We count your days*



Autumn

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
Nitrous prepar'd, the various-blossom'd Spring
Put in white promise forth; and Summer's suns
Concocted strong; rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

James Thomson



School In The Fall



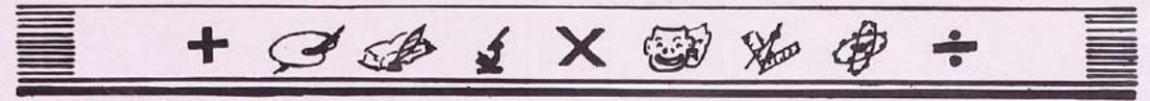
Fall Doings

The Lansing Diocesan schedule called for school opening in September but school unofficially opened on August 25 in Chicago, where about 25 eager St. Philip students were sent to catch up a little of that spiritual fire which is provided in such abundance by the Jesuits at the Summer School of Catholic Action. The lucky ones who attended were Betty Hayes, Bonnie Steinbacher, Vivian Karas, Marie Therese Swaim, Ann Emerick, Rita Prill, Patsy Ganka, Norma Wynn, Kitty O'Reilly, Mary Gordier, Betty Calhoun, Mary Catherine Kelly, Malcolm Jersey, Rex Holloway, Tim Hogan, Pat Marriott, James Flagg, Jo Ann Bauman, Alma McIntyre, Pat Kerr, and Tom Griffin.

It was a glorious week for them and their enthusiasm since they returned has made this a glorious year for our Sodality. Peppy meetings have been held twice monthly and a host of projects, spiritual and temporal have been carried out to a most successful completion. St. Philip's hopes to have a strong representation at every succeeding S. S. C. A.

★ ★ ★

On September 3rd, the portals of St. Philip School were flung open and many students crowded their way into her classrooms. Mother Marie Elizabeth was there to give us all a cordial welcome and to see us through another school year. This is her last year here as it is ours. We shall forever be grateful that it was our privilege to complete four years of high school under her wise and capable guidance. We are sorry that this privilege will be denied to those who come after us. New faces were discovered among the ranks of the students and among the faculty, since there were three new high school teachers who made their debut at St. Philip this year. Sister Amanda was still at her post in the 12th grade and she counted the 37 noses she was to keep to the grindstone as the Seniors filed into the room.



Upstairs the 40 Juniors were greeted by a new face as Sister Jane Patricia was 11th grade teacher this year. In 208, Sister Marie Celine met 24 students of the 10th grade, who were in the new building for the first time. Downstairs in 114, the other 26 members of the 10th grade met another new teacher, Sister Seraphia. Over in the old building, the faithful Sister Marie Dolorine met 50 young and frightened new Freshmen, looking forward to the trials and tribulations of high school. Sister Mary Kevin was a new class teacher and was found behind the desk in the library. After the first day of organization, the students "dug in" for the year.

★ ★ ★

The Juniors sponsored the annual Freshmen Initiation on October 17th in a different manner this year. It was held "A la hamburger" style due to the scarcity of hot dogs. Freshmen boys looked stunning in glamorous hats and ribbons, rouge and lipstick, though their short socks supported all too visibly by very masculine garters, destroyed their chances of being candidates for the "Best Dressed Woman of the Year." Freshmen girls were shorn of all glamour. The Social Hall was packed with the students of the high school and a rollicking time was had by all. Freshmen noses were sore for some time after from too constant rubbing on the floor and freshmen backs were stiff from too much and too profound salaaming at the upper classmen.

★ ★ ★

Book week November 3-9 saw a very interesting program held in the gymnasium which paid tribute to Catholic authors and their works. Many intriguing books were reported on by Marian Murray, Lola Chubinski, Mary Sieloff, Dorothy Mankowski, Mona





Sweeney, Mary Lou Ricketts, Mary Comstock and Marie Therese Swaim, and during the next few days the library was crowded with a rushing business.

★ ★ ★

The Senior's fall dance, "The Royal Hop," was held in the gymnasium on the night of November 8th and about 75 couples danced to the music of Bob Harrington's band for three wonderful hours. During the course of the evening it was announced that Mary Catherine Kelly was elected Queen of the "Royal Hop." Each penny given her was a vote. The "money votes" were used to buy Catholic Literature for the veterans at Percy Jones General Hospital. At 11:30, a Grand March gave the perfect finish to a grand evening.

★ ★ ★

November 10-16 was National Education Week and a program was held in the gymnasium during which James Flagg, Edward Degenhardt, Joseph McManus, Vivian Karas, Ann Emerick and Kathleen O'Reilly gave interesting talks on the necessity and benefits derived from a Christian Education. In the hurry and scurry of school life we frequently lose sight of the great ultimate goal of these preparatory years. Their inspiring talks clarified our perspective and gave us a needed drill on the great "whys" and "hows."

★ ★ ★

On Friday, November 15, before our traditional homecoming game with St. Augustine of Kalamazoo, the entire school participated in a "Pep Parade" in which gayly decorated floats told of the interest and cooperation of the Sisters and entire student body, and their hearty support of the team. The parade boosted the team's morale 100 per cent and it went in with the "to death or glory" spirit and defeated St. Augustine 20-13. In the



parade gala floats represented the different rooms and a prize was given the best float, which was the Junior boys' float. They had constructed a miniature football field on which St. Philip was scoring the winning touchdown.

★ ★ ★

Our first game of the 1946 season was against Lansing Resurrection whom the St. Philip eleven defeated 24-6, with Stan Fleece scoring three touchdowns and passing to Stan Keagle for the fourth touchdown of the game. There should have been another score since Mike Pavlekovich ran 65 yards for a touchdown, but it was called back because of a clipping penalty against St. Philip. It was in this game that Jerry Hudson, a sophomore, broke his ankle and initiated the crutches brigade.

★ ★ ★

On September 29th the great Jackson St. Mary's team came to Battle Creek to beat the Tigers 34-7. Fleece scored the only touchdown for St. Philip. The St. Mary's team gave us one of the worst beatings of the year. Bill Knowles was put out of action with the ligaments torn in both ankles.

★ ★ ★

St. Philip then moved to Ann Arbor to beat St. Thomas 37-32 after a very hectic game in which both teams scored freely with Stan Fleece, Stan Keagle and Mike Pavlekovich figuring in the six Tiger touchdowns. Jack Jakowski started his first game this year calling signals in Holloway's place, but in the second quarter Jakowski was carried off the field with the ligaments torn in his left foot and ankle.

★ ★ ★

Undefeated St. Mary's of Muskegon kept its record intact when it came to Battle Creek to outplay the Tigers and win in a 39-13





score. The St. Mary's team had a heavier line and more reserve power than the light St. Philip team. At the end of the third quarter, St. Mary's were ahead 25-0, but in the fourth quarter, Fleece passed to Keagle for the first touchdown and then he went over for the final marker after a 66 yard drive. This was October 11.

★ ★ ★

October 20th and St. Philip goes to Jackson to play St. John's and the game turned out to be another heart breaker with St. John's winning 40-19. Fleece scored one of the three touchdowns and he passed to Keagle for another. Keagle then caught a St. John's fumble and he went over for the third touchdown and that ended our scoring in that game.

★ ★ ★

Bellevue beat us for the first time in five years in a highly offensive battle ending in a 20-13 score. Stan Fleece scored the two St. Philip markers in the third quarter but the count was quickly knotted when Bellevue's quarter-back Carrigan carried the ball around the end for the tying touchdown. Early in the final period Bellevue put on its winning touchdown drive with Parke going across for the winning marker.

★ ★ ★

The Tigers finally clicked when they went to Flint to play St. Mary's where they scored five touchdowns and made five extra points. It was a wonderful day for ducks with the rain coming down in sheets and the field looking like an oversized mud pie but Fleece beat his way across for two touchdowns. Holloway passed to Keagle for two more and Bill Becoske, a sophomore, scored number five. Rex Holloway ran 34 yards for a touchdown only to have it called back for an offside penalty. Final score was 35-13.



GRAHAM



On November 10th Lansing St. Mary's came to Battle Creek to beat St. Philips 31-0 after a scoreless first half in which neither team did much but kick on 4th downs. But in the 2nd half St. Mary's put on a completely new team which played brilliantly, passing and running for five touchdowns and one extra point. This was the only game in which the Tigers did not make a score.

★ ★ ★

On November 17th St. Philip ended the football season with a 20-13 win over Kalamazoo St. Augustine's. Stan Fleece again was the Tiger's big battering ram. The bulky St. Philip fullback bullied his way to two touchdowns and received a pass from Rex Holloway for the other marker. Stan Keagle kicked two extra points but failed on the third. The points Fleece made in this game gave him a total of 87 and this made him number one in scoring in the city with Dale Cummings of Lakeview next with 77 and Stan Keagle next with 60. This was our fourth win over Kalamazoo St. Augustine's and the victory gave the Tigers possession of the Monsignor Hackett Trophy awarded this year for the first time.

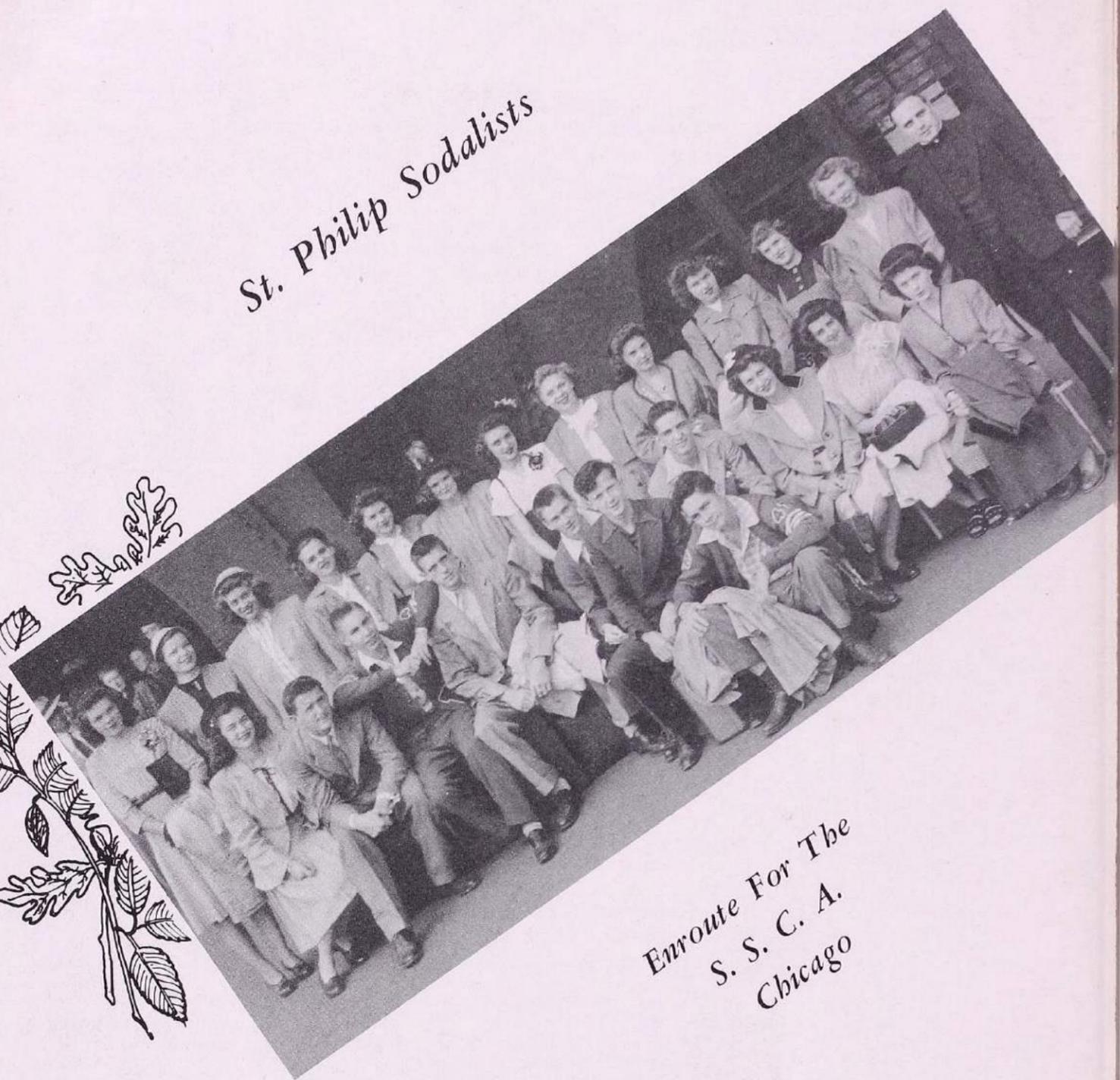
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And now, we must record the saddest event of our Senior year, the visit of the angel of death. On the morning of November 27, 1946, our beloved friend and Pastor, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Maurice Walsh, was called to his eternal reward as he was completing the funeral Mass of a close friend. "One does not know when death will come . . ." said Monsignor in his sermon and a few moments later he collapsed. Monsignor was a benevolent and vigilant pastor; he was our leader, our Father, our friend. His life was gracious and spotless; his death glorious. Monsignor Walsh has passed on from this earthly life into everlasting glory, but his memory will never be effaced from the minds of all of us who hold him dear.

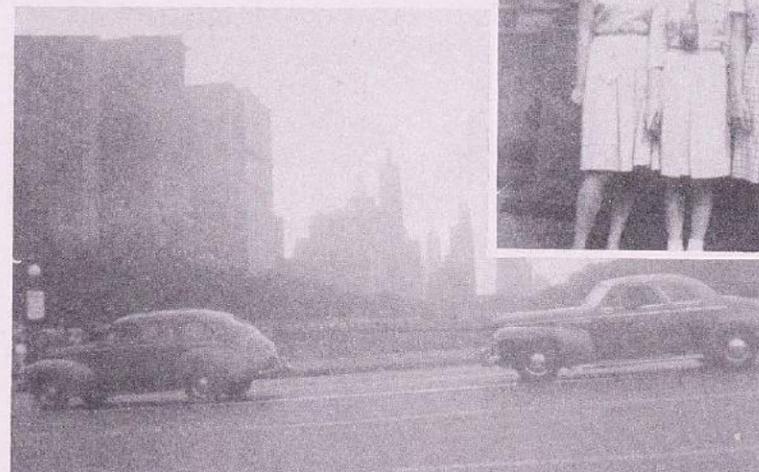
*Rex Holloway
Jim Griffin*



St. Philip Sodalists



*Enroute For The
S. S. C. A.
Chicago*



CHICAGO

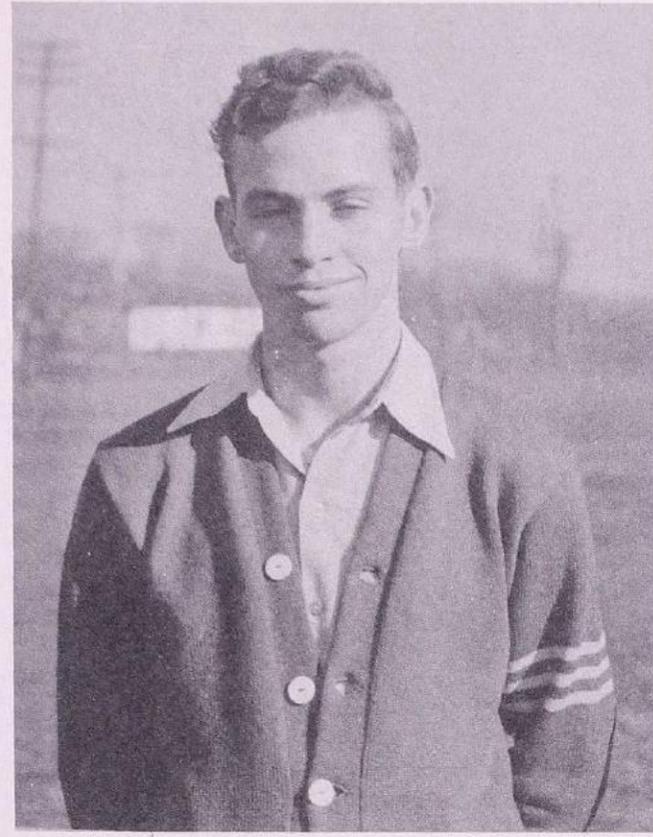
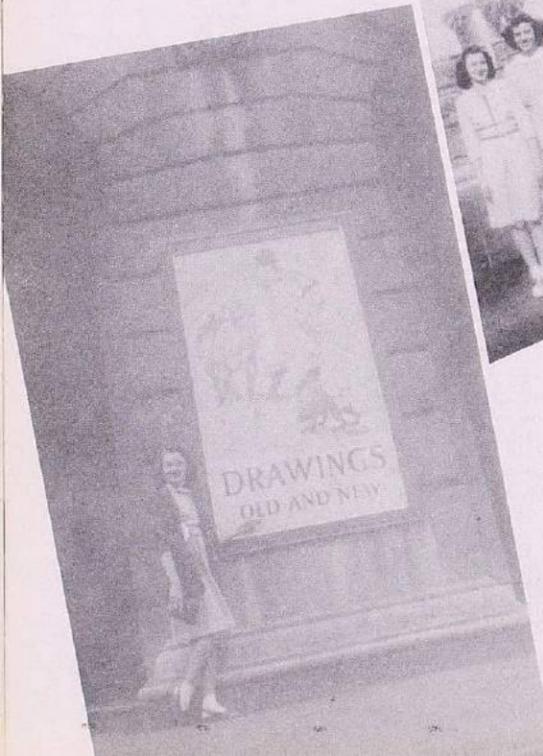


SUMMER SCHOOL OF CATHOLIC ACTION
MORRISON HOTEL - CHICAGO - AUGUST 16-31, 1946



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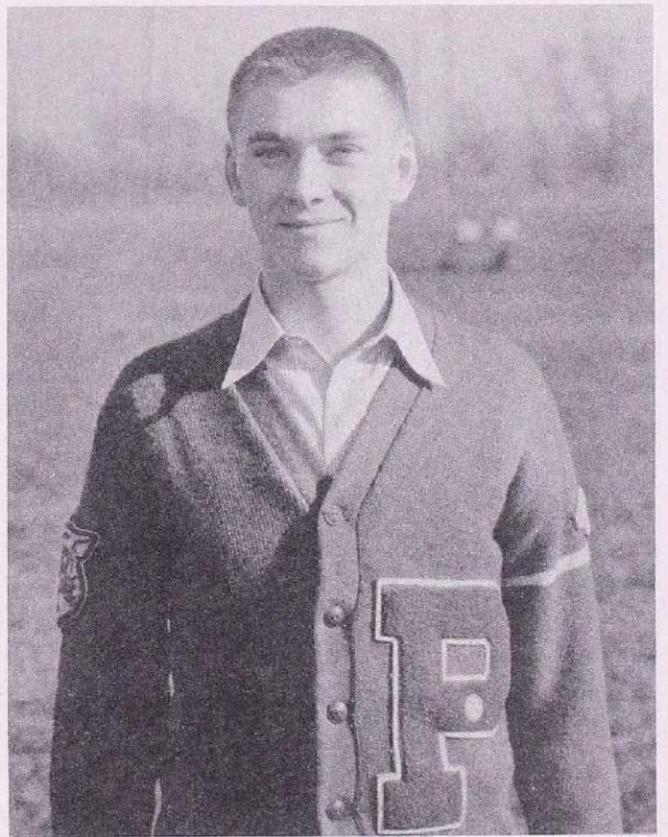
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JAMES GRIFFIN

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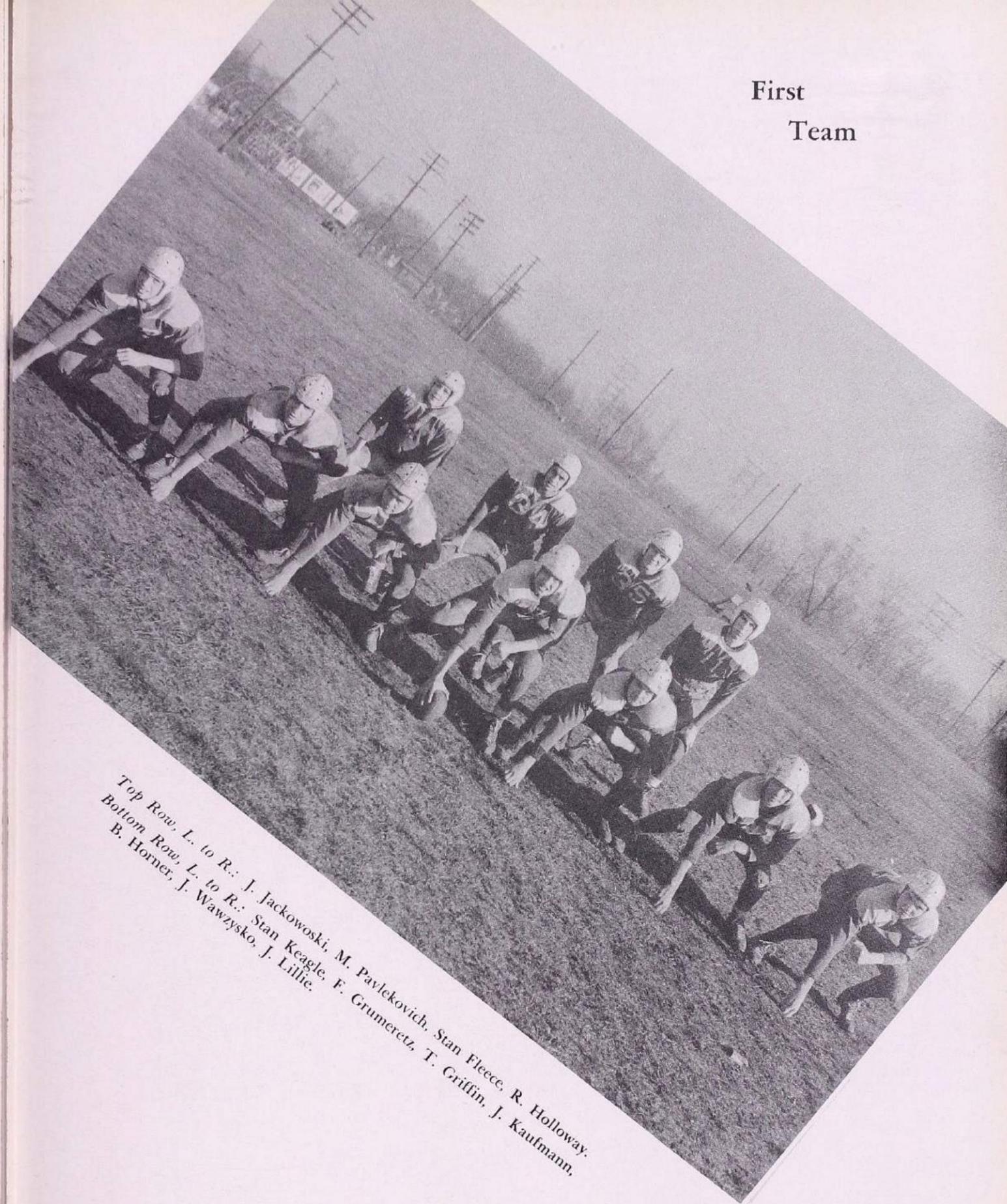


TIM HOGAN

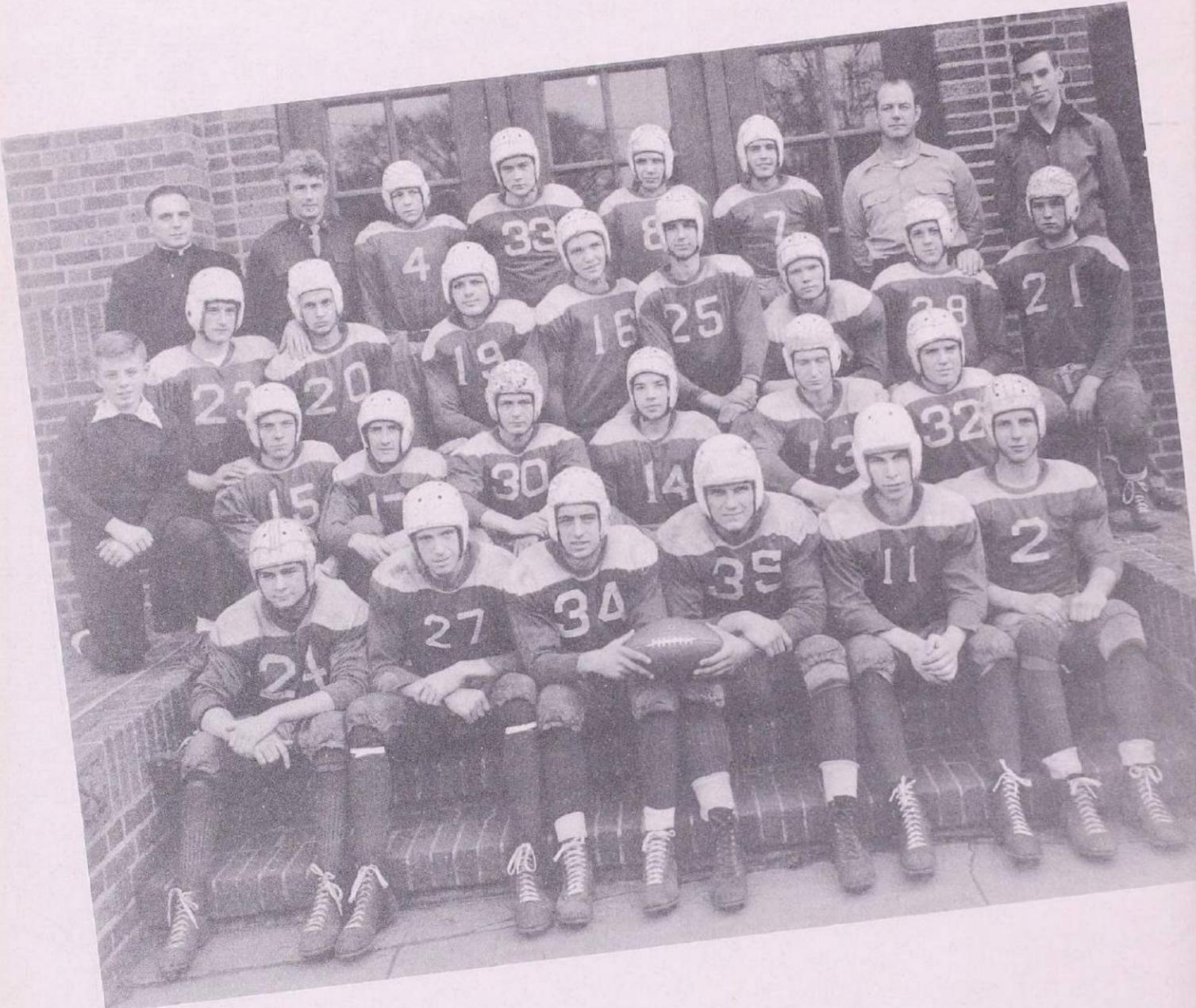


STANLEY KEAGLE, STANLEY FLEECE, MIKE PAVLEKOVICH

First
Team

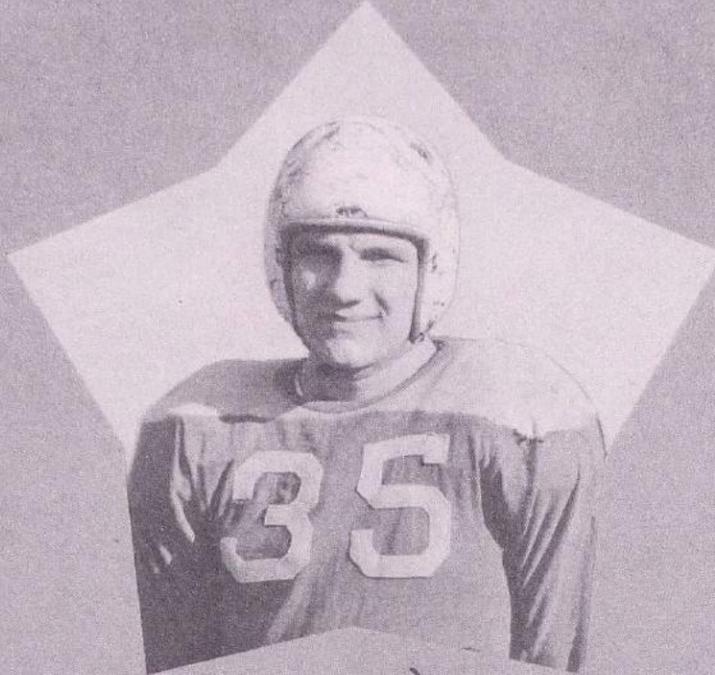


Top Row, L. to R.: J. Jackowski, M. Pavlekovich, Stan Fleece, R. Holloway.
Bottom Row, L. to R.: Stan Keagle, F. Grumeretz, T. Griffin, J. Kaufmann,
B. Horner, J. Wawzysko, J. Lillie.

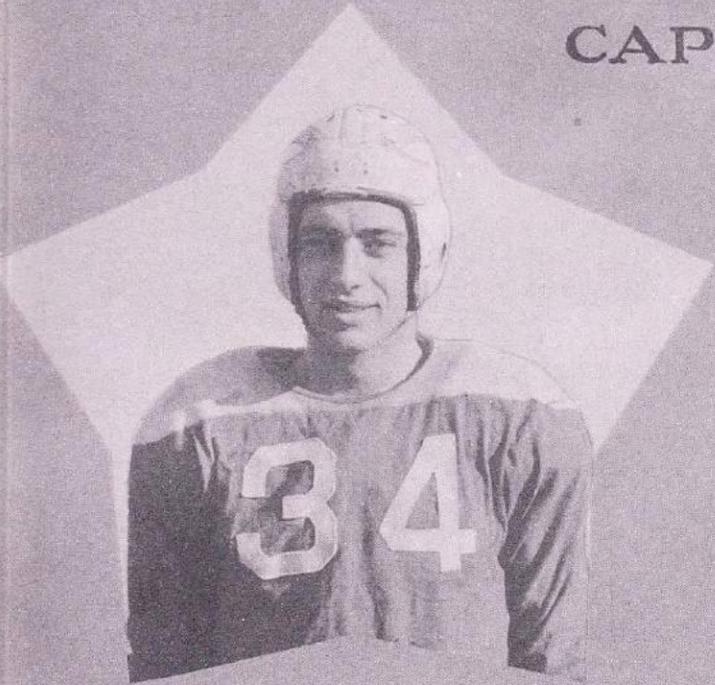


TIGERS

TIGER
STARS



Stan Fleece
CAPTAIN



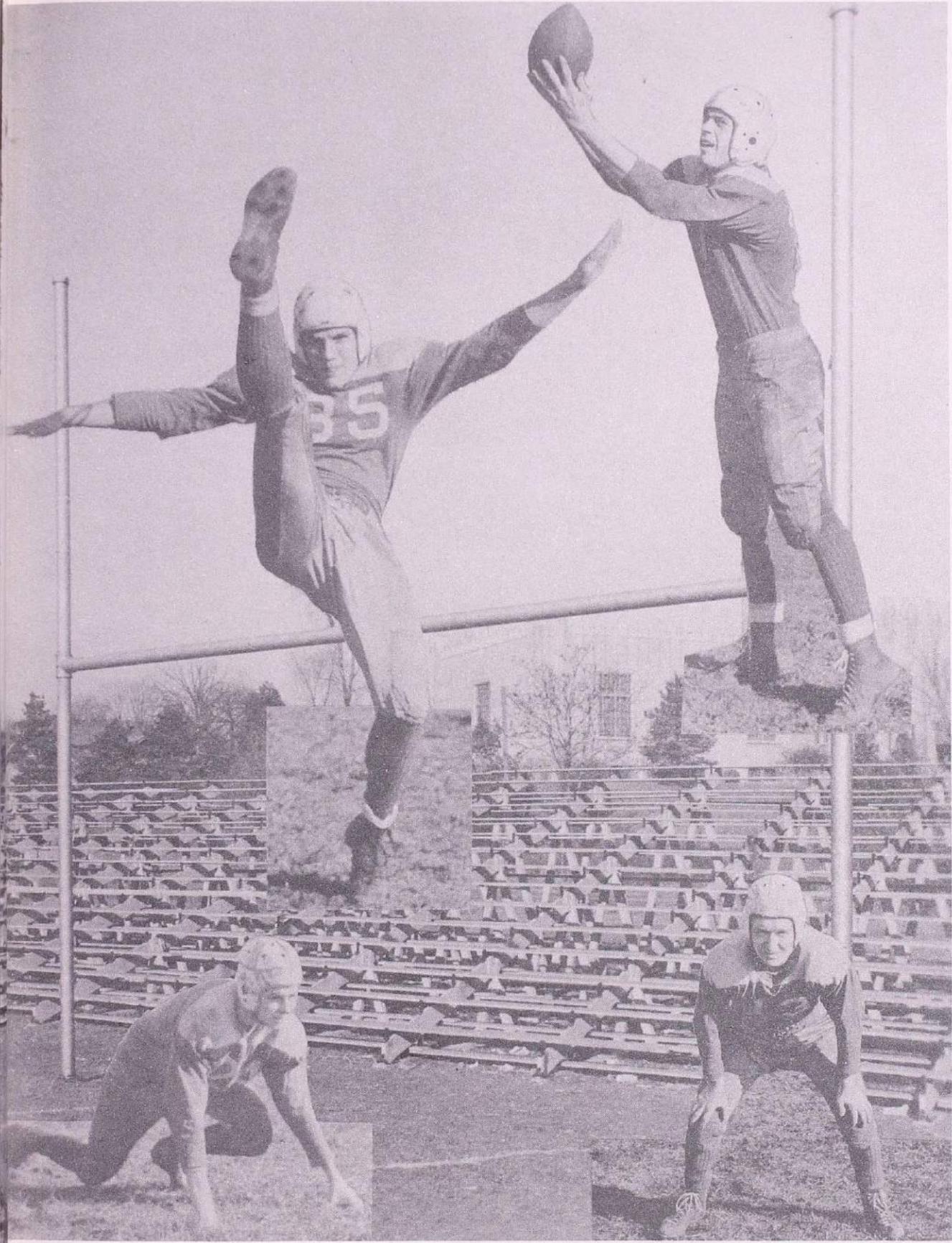
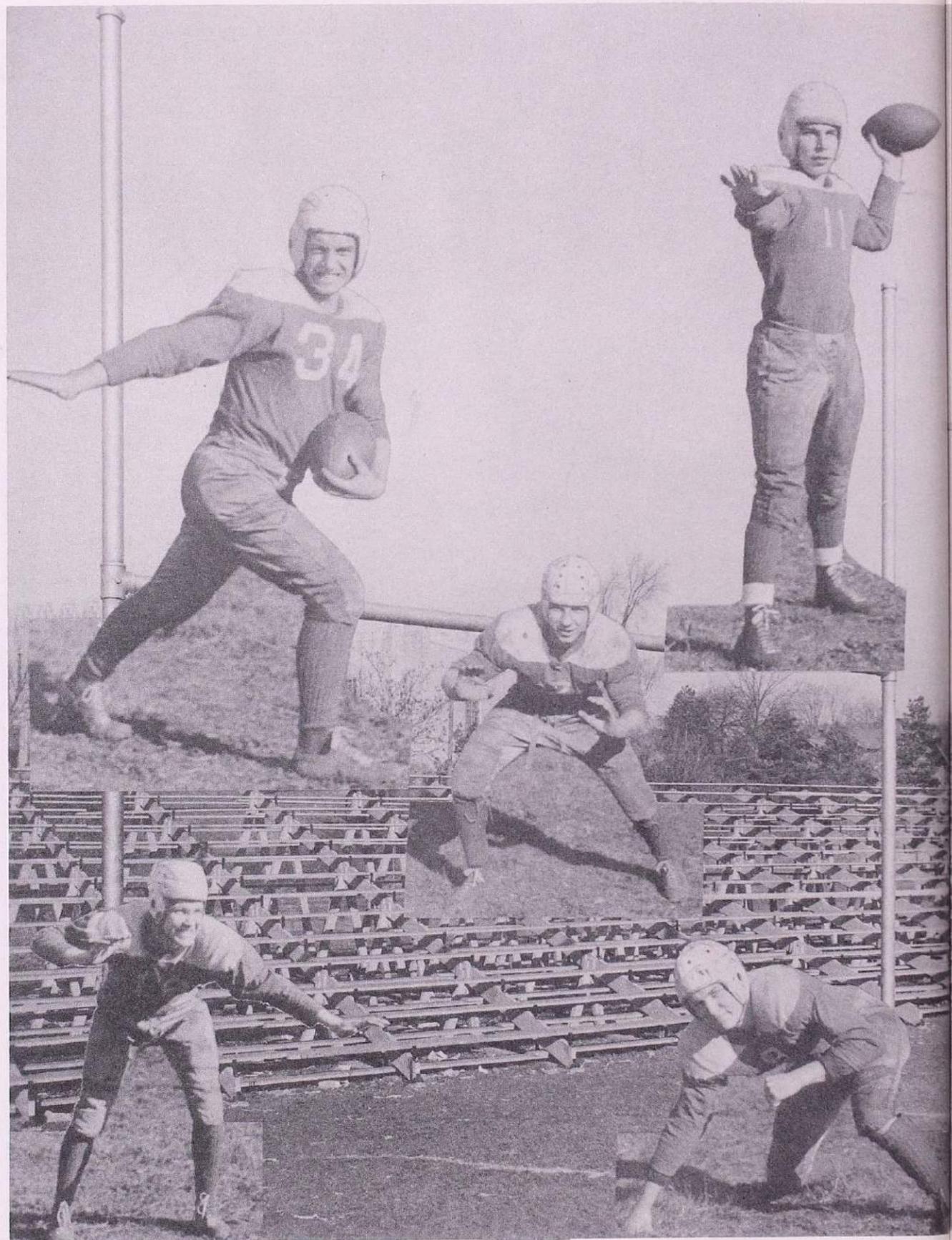
Mike Pavlekovich



Stan Keagle

CO-CAPTAINS

Tigers In Action

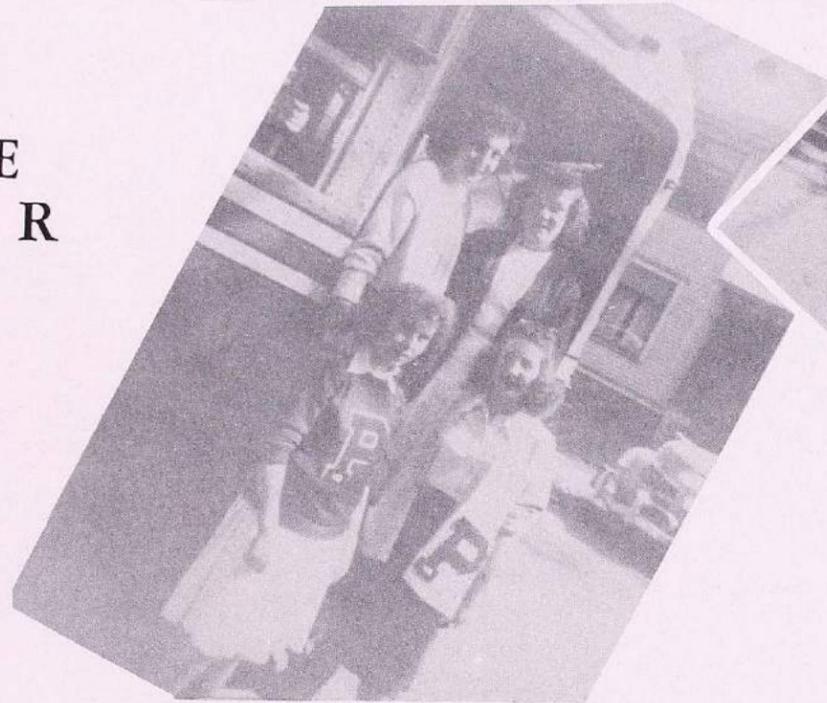




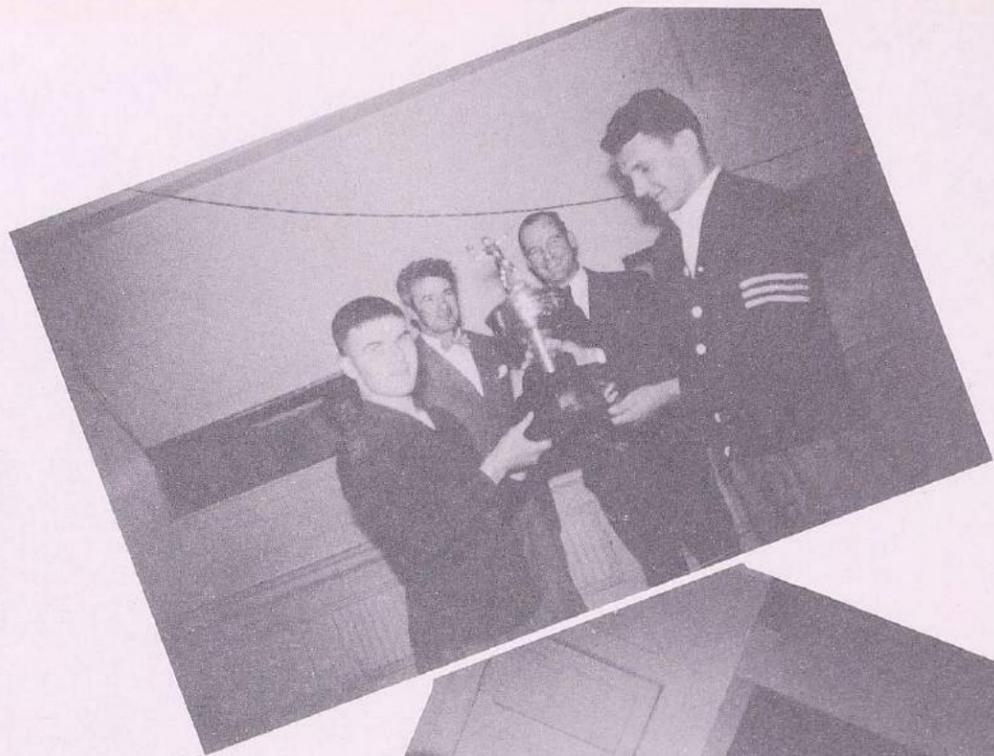
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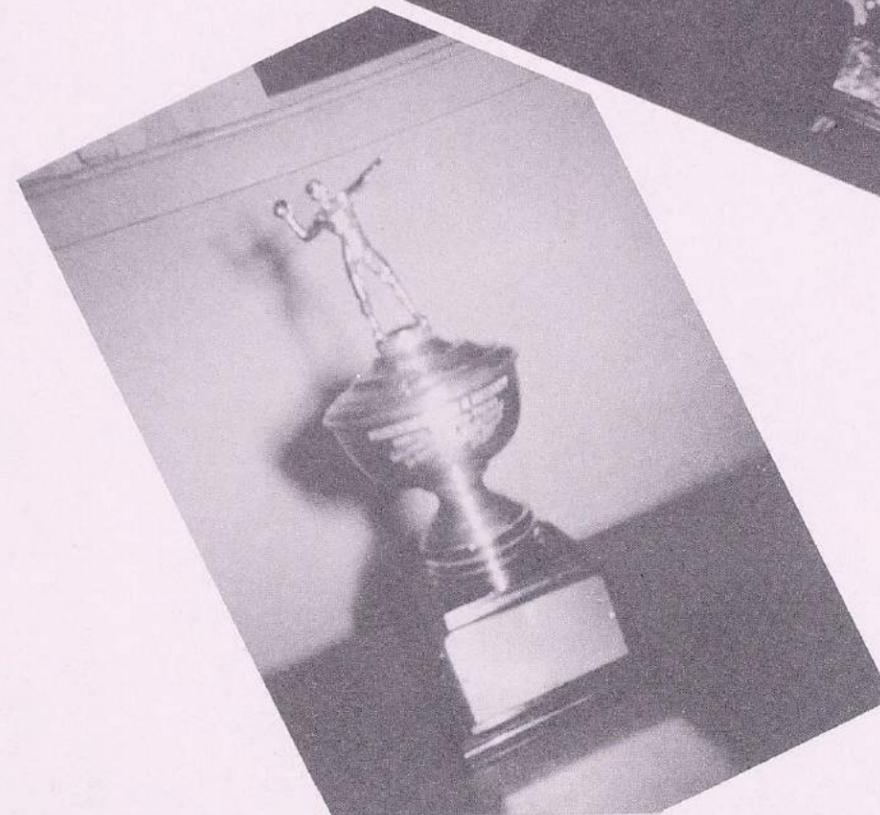
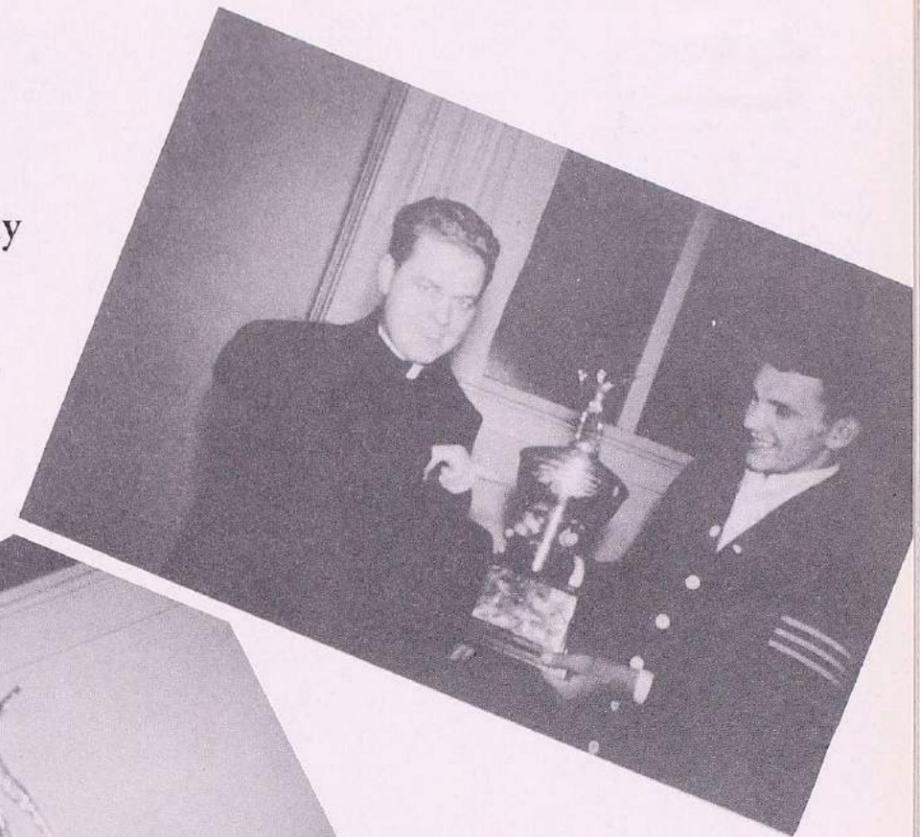
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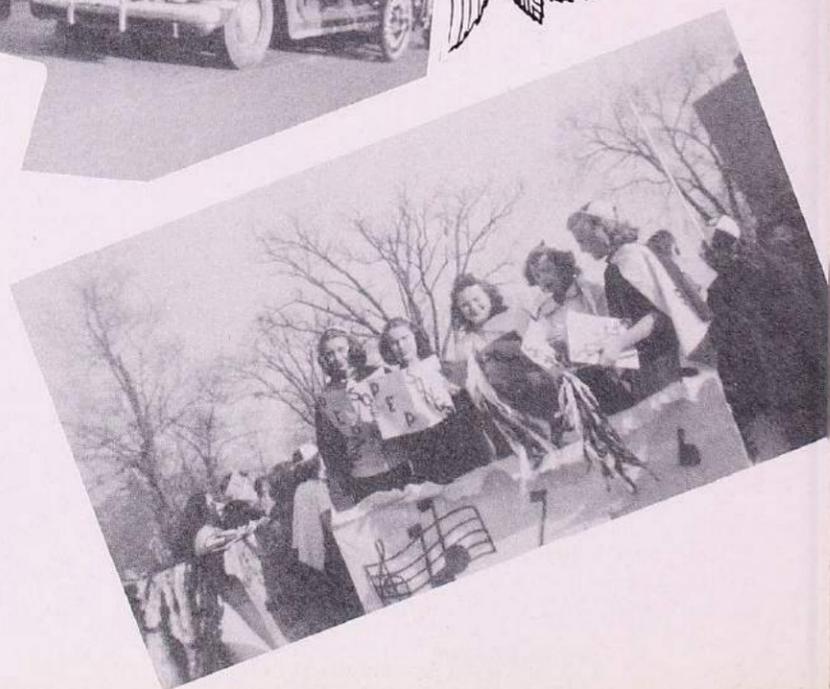
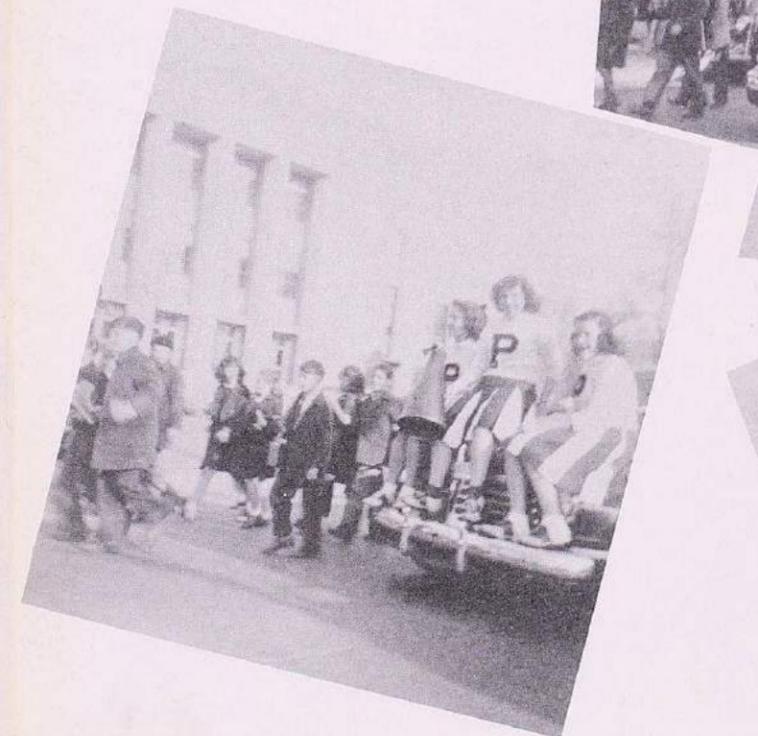
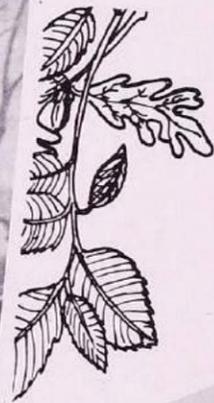
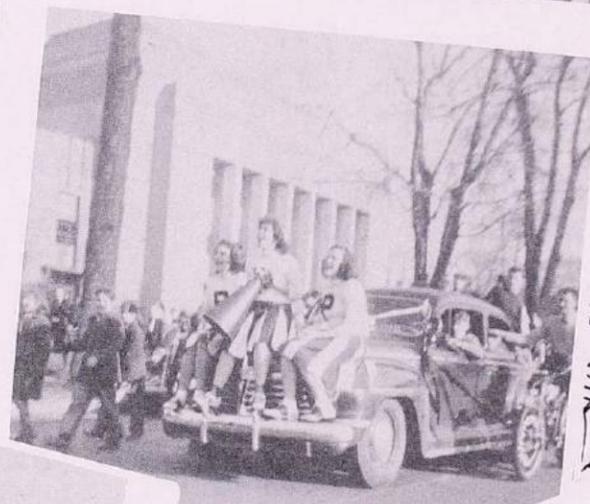


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St. Philip Tigers
Win The
Monsignor Hackett Trophy

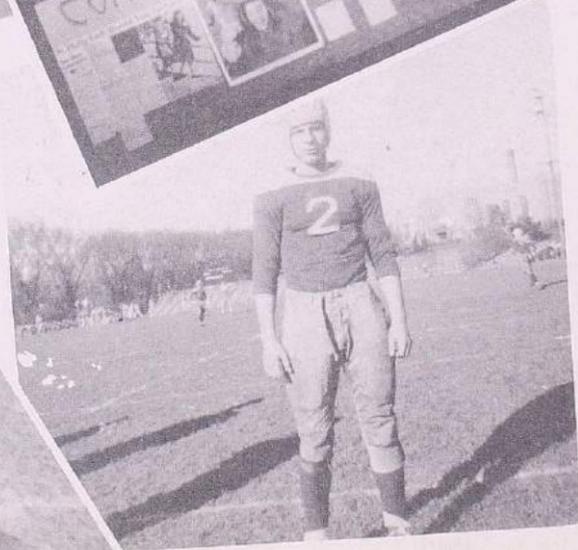




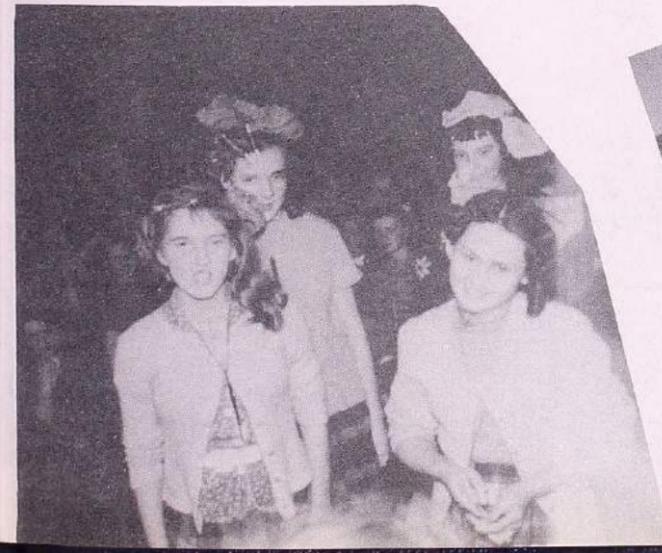
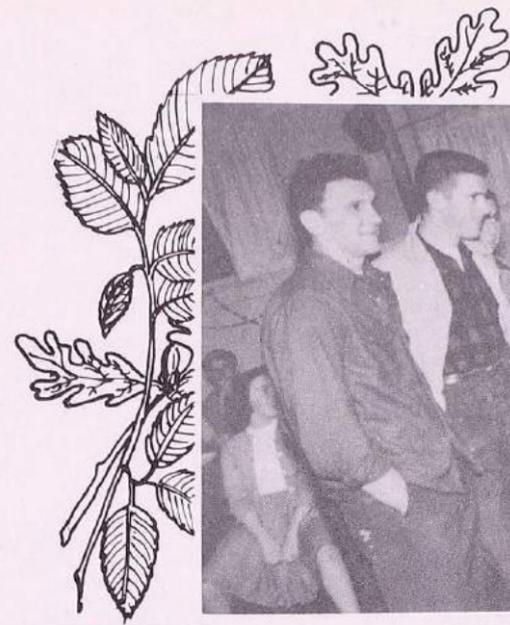
Pep
Parade



More
Football



Freshmen
Initiated



A Fellow's Best Girl

A young man in his late thirties, a tall and well built man, with eyes that told of love, hatred, sorrow and complete happiness in one short, beautiful story, had just lain down on his bed for a moment of rest after a tiresome afternoon on the football field. Those winsome eyes slowly closed and he crept into the boyhood paradise of his past.

It was a lazy summer afternoon and Johnny Edding was sitting quietly on the bank of a lake near the outskirts of town. He was thinking of his mother, a woman whom no other girl could replace. She had struggled through twelve years of hardships after her husband died, one month before their baby came. Johnny was born on her birthday so they had always celebrated together. She worked in an office downtown which caused her to spend many late hours there away from home and Johnny. Her boy was waiting outside whenever her work detained her, and they would walk home together, where supper was always ready. Each evening found them confidentially rehearsing the events of the day. Johnny loved his mother more than anyone else in the world. He always told her that no other girl would take her place.

The quiet expanse of the blue water beneath the fleecy white clouds was a perfect spot in which to dwell on these tender thoughts, but his dreaming mood was interrupted by the presence of a charming young girl whom he had never seen before.

"Hello," she said, "What are you doing?"

"Oh just sittin'," he stammered shyly.

"Do you mind if I sit and talk with you awhile?"

"Not at all," was the slow reply.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Johnny Edding, what's yours?"

"Jeanne McBay. How old are you?"

"I'll be twelve next week on the same day as my mother's birthday."

"Oh, that's nice," she said. "You must love your mother very much because she was the first person you mentioned."

They talked and talked until the sun was almost down when finally Jeanne realized that her own mother would be waiting for her. They said good-bye and promised to meet the next day.

That evening when Johnny was having supper with his mother,

he told her how he happened to meet Jeanne and how she was going to move to the lake every summer. His mother listened very quietly without saying a word.

All that winter and the following spring, Johnny looked forward to the time when he would see Jeanne at the lake. So it was for several summers after.

In the years that followed Mrs. Edding could see the fine young man her son would make. She watched him grow into a strong broad-shouldered athlete just like his father. He went out for every sport, but football was his favorite. She'd see him at night after practice, his face would be bruised and cut and she would beg him to be careful. She didn't like to see him play because she was in constant fear, but she knew that nothing could stop him, just as nothing could stop his father. She knew that some day he would go on and become a successful football coach for some professional team.

He was in his last year of high school now and Jeanne was going to the same school. She had moved from her old home town in the East. Johnny was still waiting for his mother after work at night and they would still have their evening talks.

Johnny and Jeanne had become fast friends. Then it happened. One day in the winter before their graduation, Jeanne became very ill with pneumonia and without scarcely a warning was gone. Everything seemed lost to Johnny, but now he knew that there was no one but his mother. He had always known no other person would take her place. He prayed that he would do the right thing and now his prayers would be answered.

Suddenly there was the faint, insistent ring of the telephone. No, it was the whistle of the postman leaving the mail. The young man, not realizing how long he had slept, darted off the bed and down to the mail box. He found the following letter:

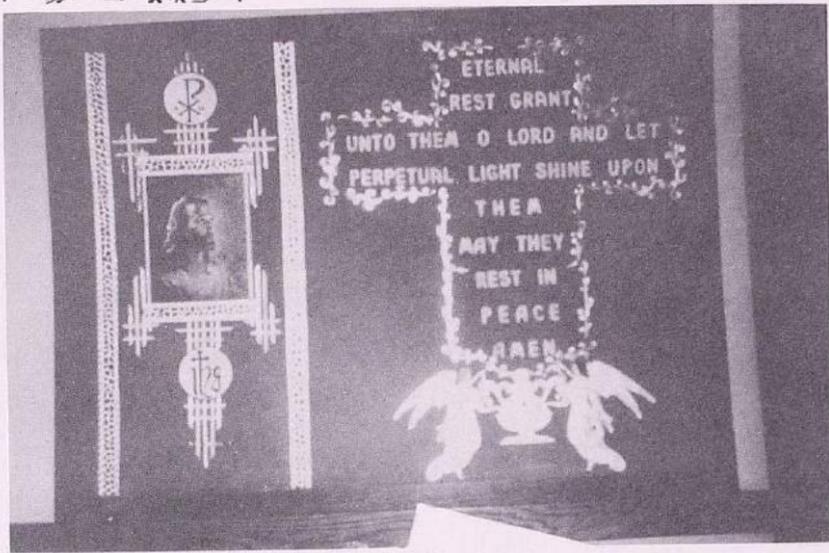
Rt. Reverend John Edding,

I have heard of your fine work in athletics, especially football. There is an opening for a coach in St. Joseph's Academy in Ohio. You will leave for there as soon as possible. It will be necessary for you to hire a housekeeper. I suggest your mother. The best of luck; I know you can handle the job.

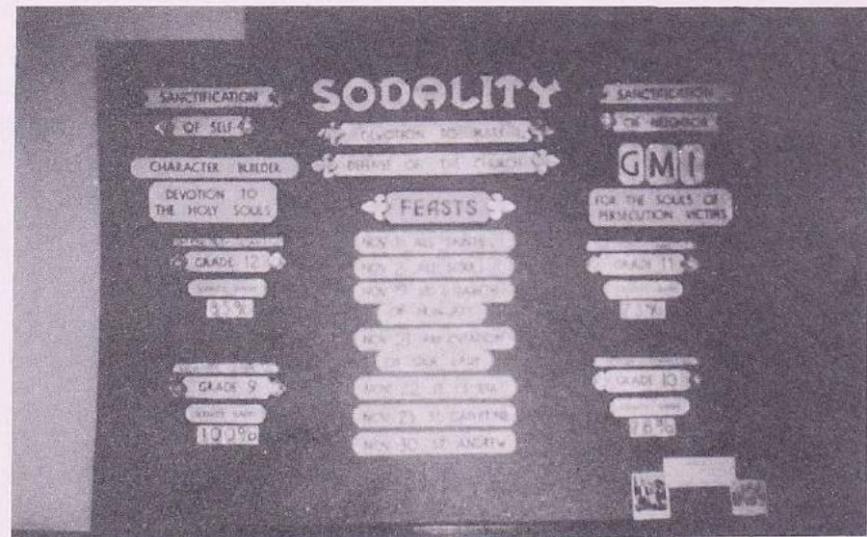
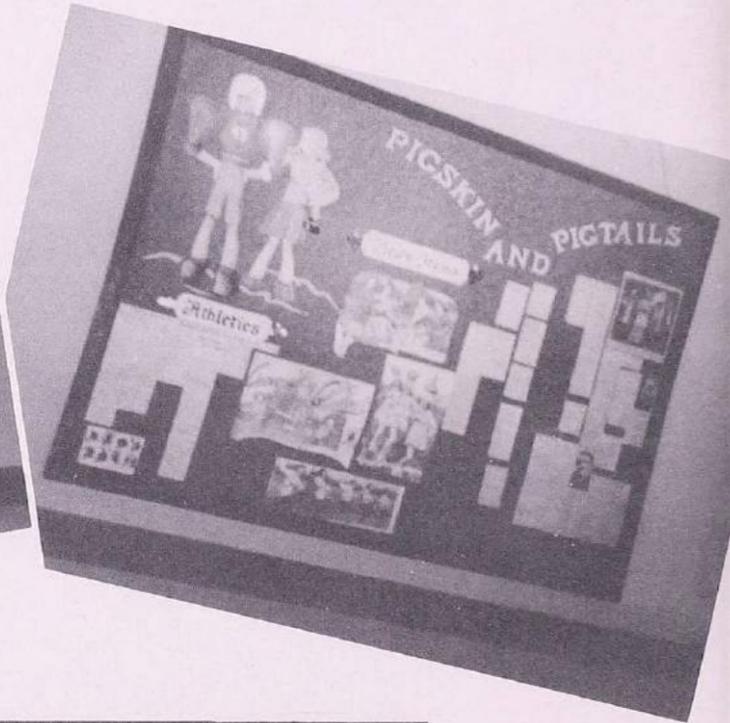
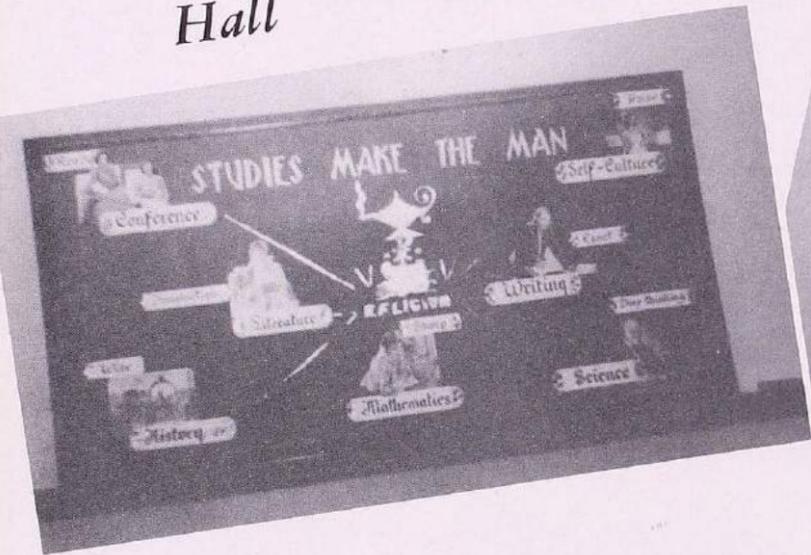
It was signed by the Bishop of the Diocese.

Father Edding could hardly believe his eyes. All this seemed too good to be true. He immediately sat down and wrote a letter to his best girl asking her to be his housekeeper at his new assignment.

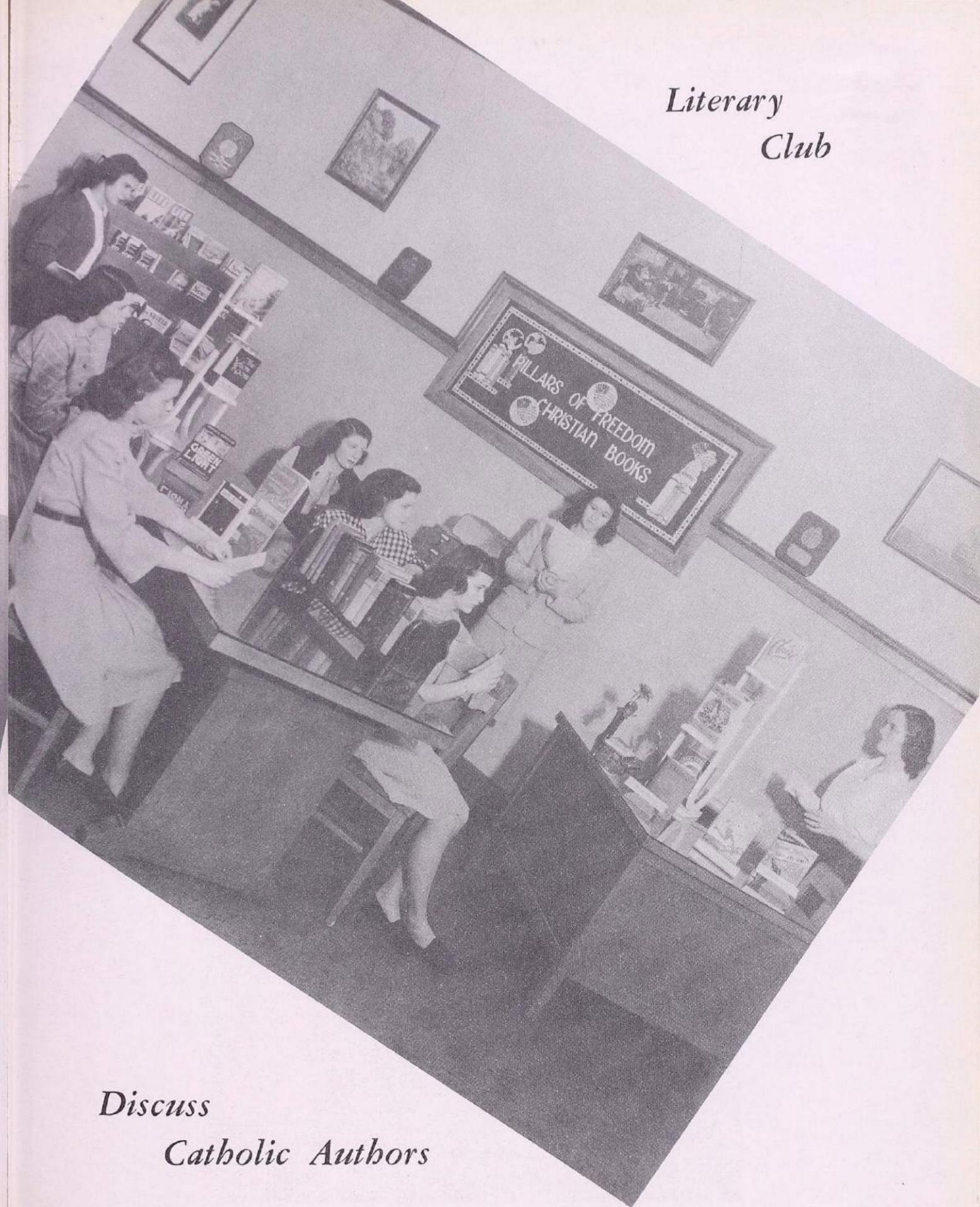
Bonnie Steinbacher



Seen in The Hall

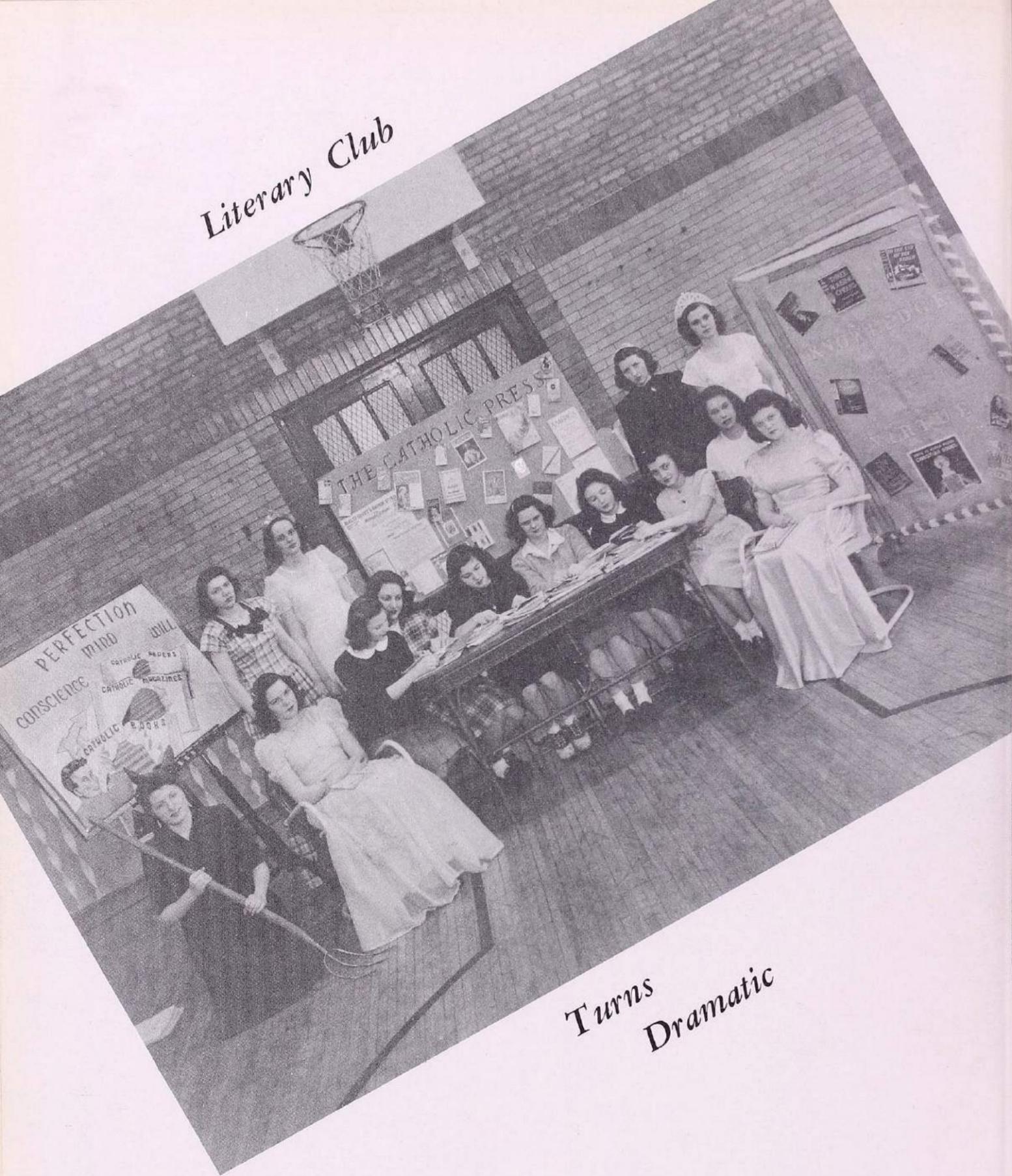


Literary Club



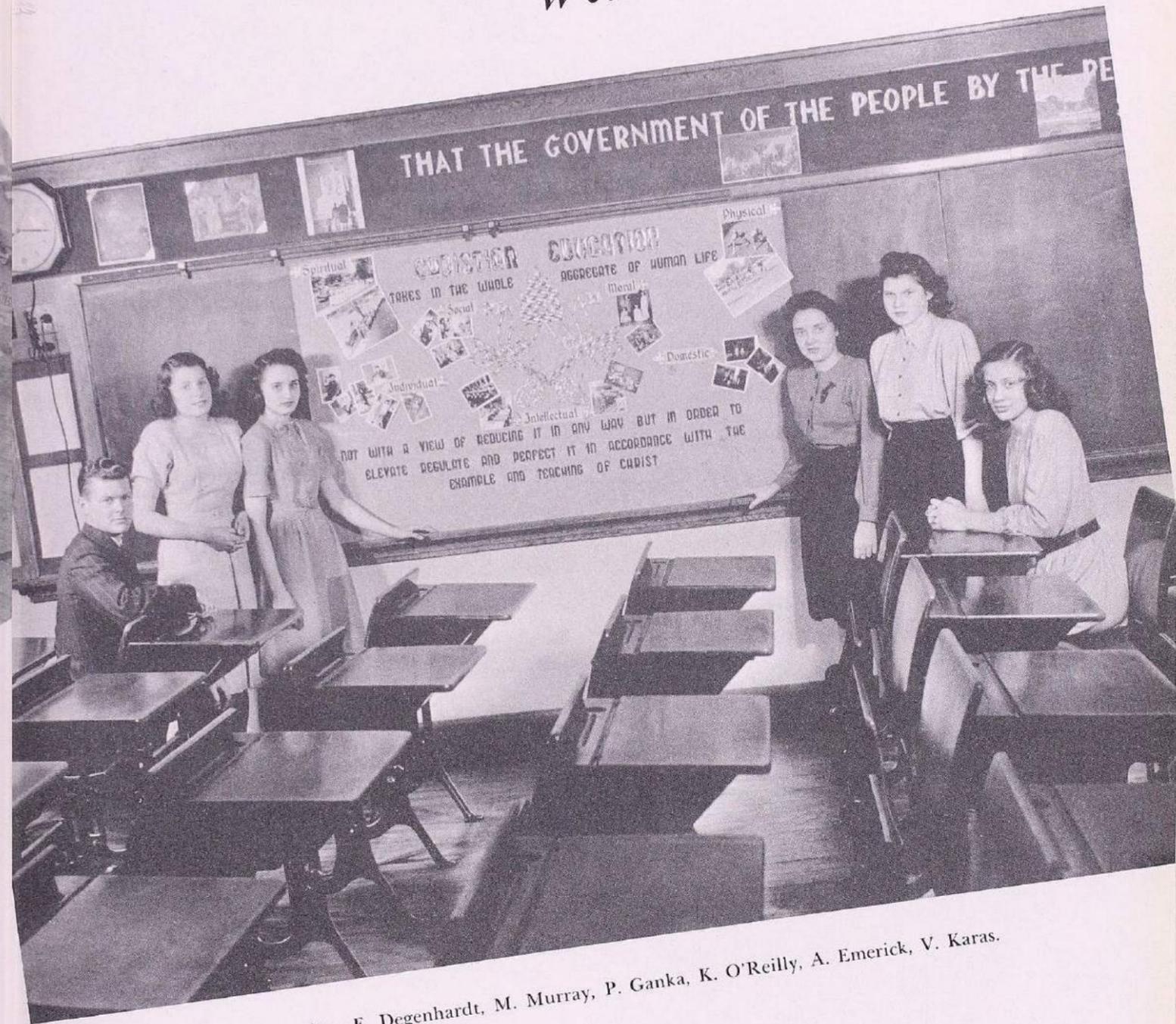
Discuss Catholic Authors

Literary Club



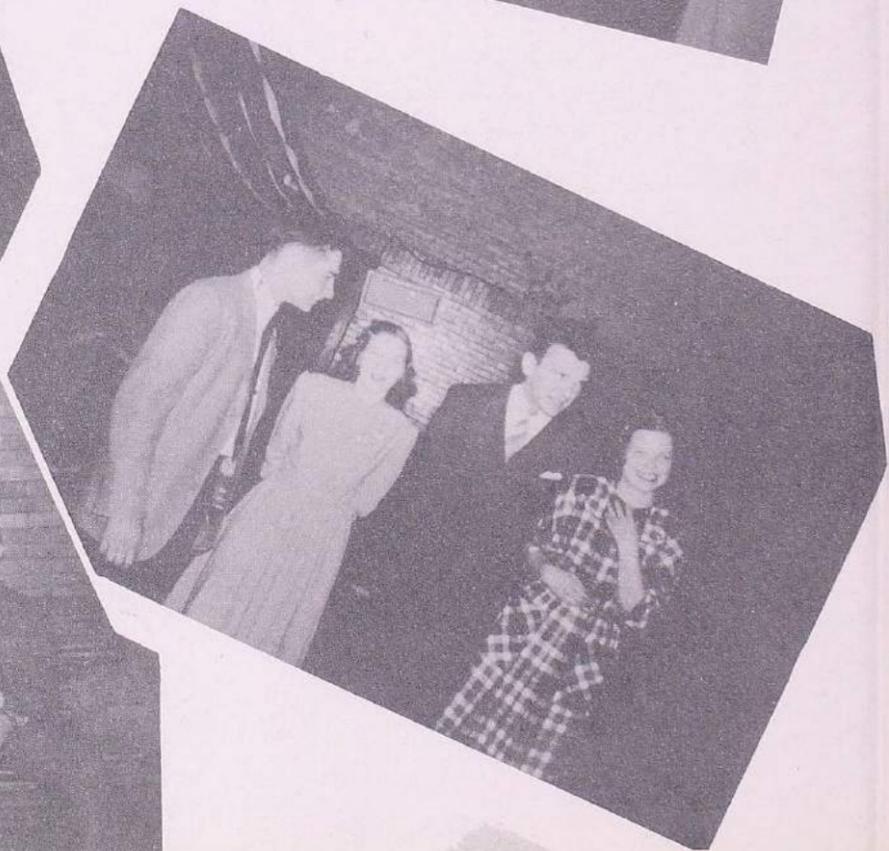
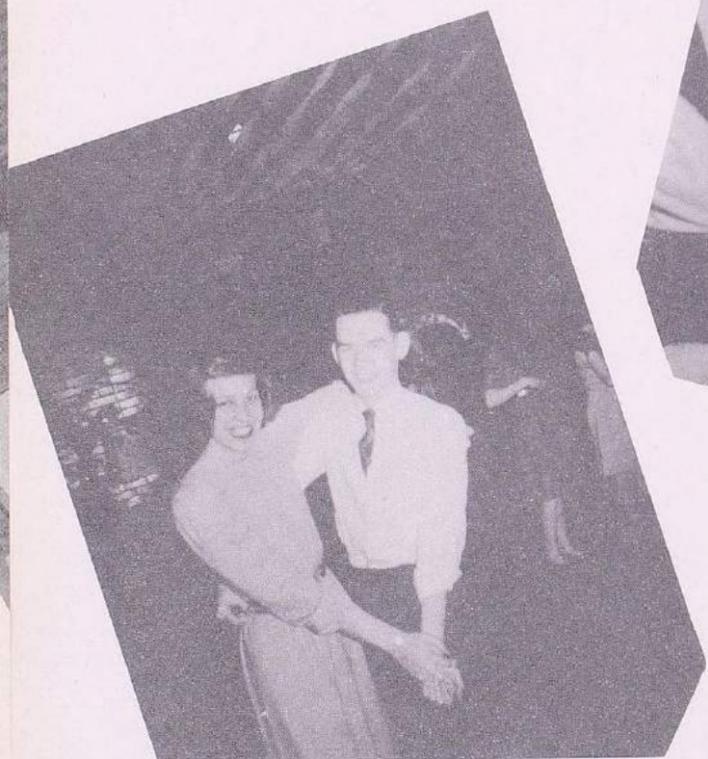
Turns
Dramatic

Observing
Catholic Education
Week



Left to Right: E. Degenhardt, M. Murray, P. Ganka, K. O'Reilly, A. Emerick, V. Karas.

The
Royal
Hop



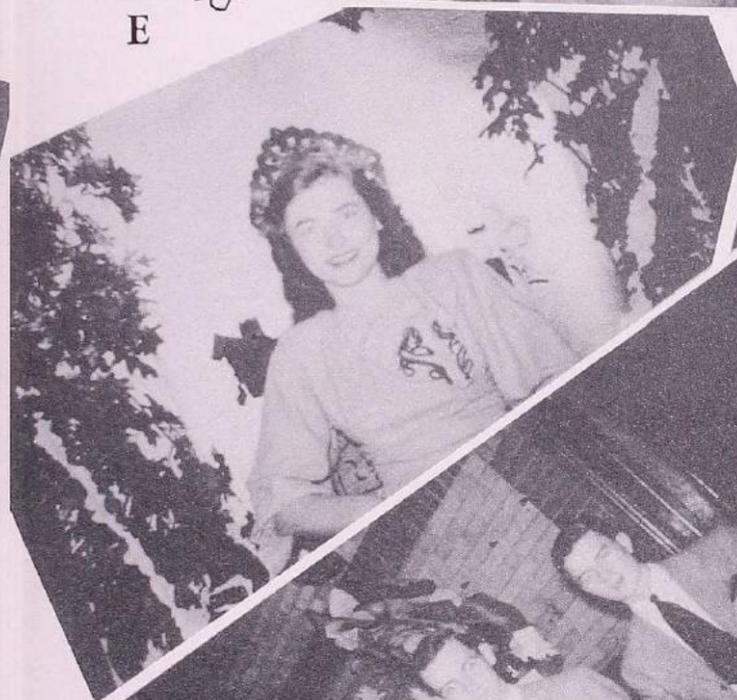
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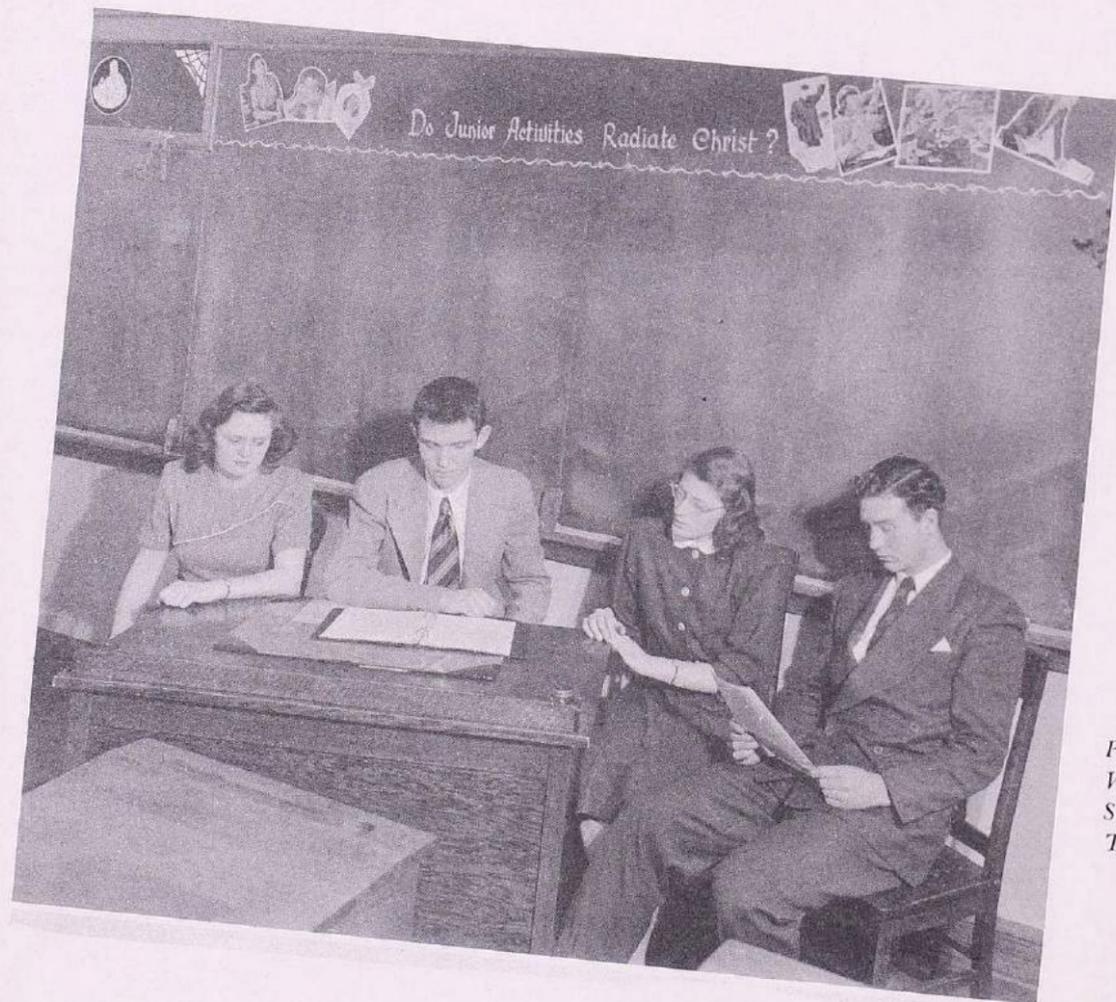
SENIORS

- President* R. HOLLOWAY
Vice-President B. STEINBACHER
Secretary B. CHUBINSKI
Treasurer T. GRIFFIN

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SOPHOMORES

- President* J. HUDSON
Vice-President N. GUBRY
Secretary C. SIMONDS
Treasurer J. BEESON



JUNIORS

- President* J. LILLIE
Vice-President M. MURRAY
Secretary R. PRILL
Treasurer G. ROSS

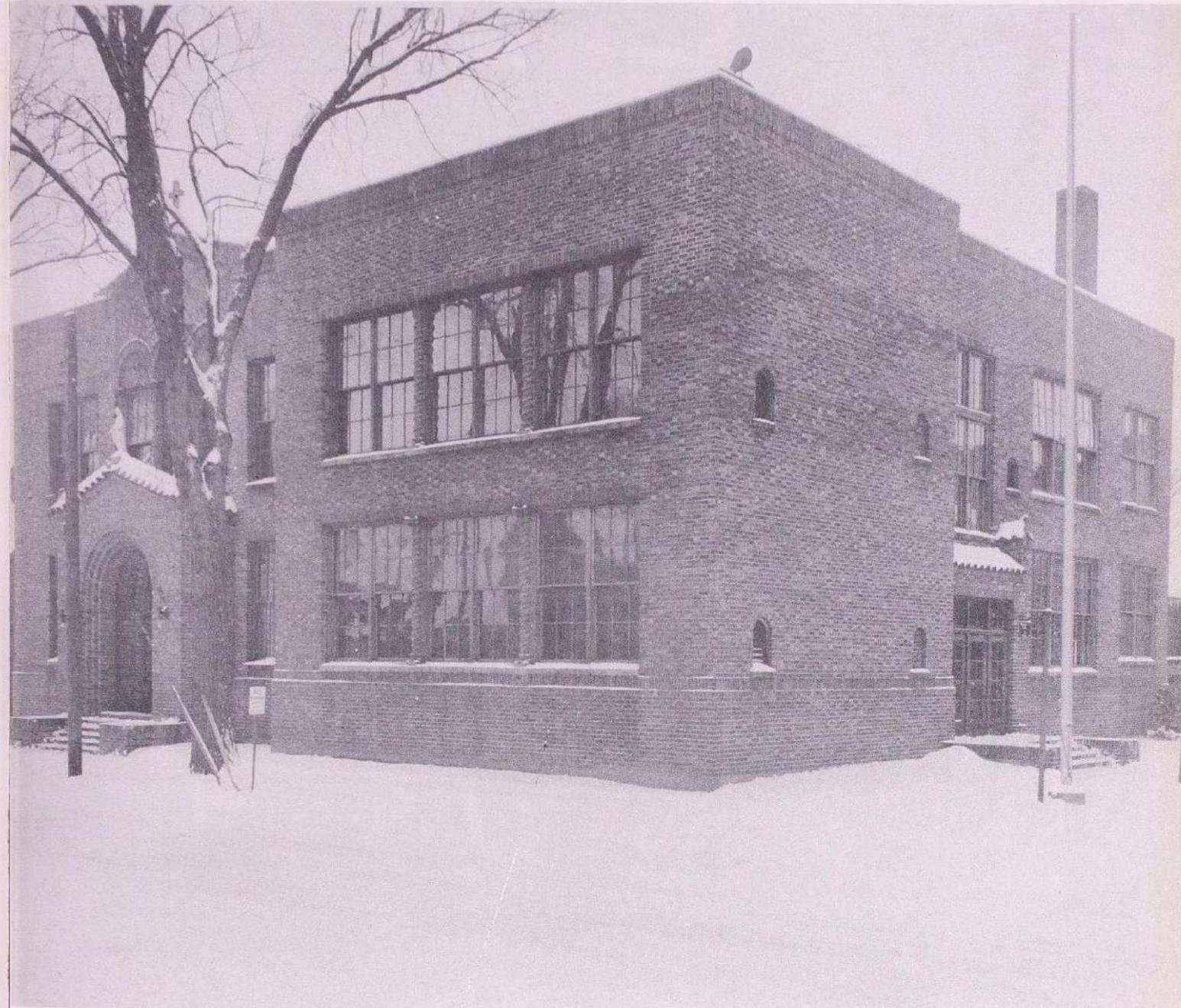
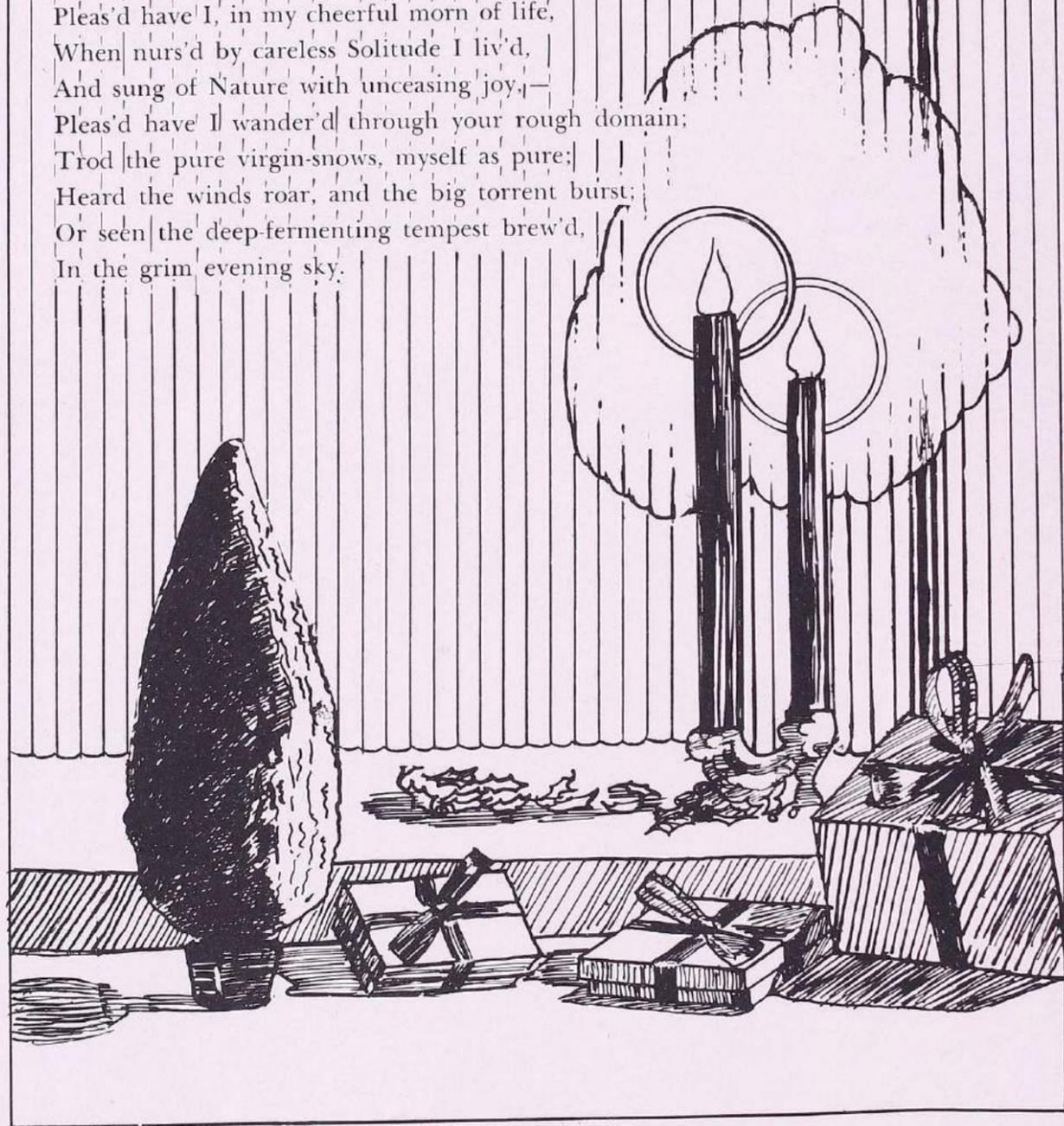
FRESHMEN

- President* E. MORRISON
Vice-President M. MEAD
Secretary H. SCHMITZER
Treasurer R. ZANETTI



Winter

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train —
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme;
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! With frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,—
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd,
In the grim evening sky.



School In Winter

The Winter Whirl

Striking new bulletin boards greeted our somewhat reluctant return from our Thanksgiving vacation. A colorful Bethlehem scene depicting golden winged angels singing over the Babe while the shepherds and Wise men mounted into view was displayed on the main bulletin board in the Hall. Medieval carolers sang to us from the Library board, while in Mothers office, modern little angels joined forces with the birds to sing of Christmas glee. We really began to catch the Christmas spirit.

★ ★ ★

We needed it too, because immediately the big Christmas drive for the missions was launched by the tenth grade, our very energetic mission unit of the Sodality, under the very capable and enthusiastic leadership of Tom Harris and Donna Loncaric. Clothing and toys were donated by all the high school grades and several huge boxes were packed, and shipped off to Father Henry for the children at his mission.

★ ★ ★

Our minds were diverted for a while from the anticipation of Christmas by the preparations for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception which we celebrated by a combination of Sodality Meeting and Program. After the general business was taken care of, Mike Pavlekovich gave a memorial address in honor of our lately deceased Pastor, Monsignor Walsh. Then James Galloway traced the dogma of the Immaculate Conception down through history for us and Joyce Thomas portrayed Our Lady's place in American History. Richard Zande conducted a quiz program on the Congregation of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart, while Mary Lou Ricketts delineated Our Lady's place in the modern world and Stan Fleece talked on one of his favorite themes, Our Lady and the Miraculous Medal. Our Sodality turned out 100% for Mass and Communion on December 8th.

A new drive opened the following week, when, due to Mother Teresa's desire to have I. H. M. schools undertake this project, we received the names of four girls, Polish refugees, whom we were to completely clothe and supply with Christmas presents, The 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 11th, grades undertook the work and five big cartons left St. Philip's around December 17th bound for Guardian Angel Orphanage, Detroit. A delightful correspondence has grown up between some of the Polish girls and our's at St. Philip's.

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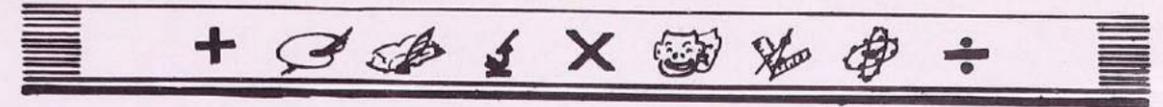
The week before Christmas the caroling season opened for St. Philip's glee club at Leila where our girls in their colorful capes and caps entertained in the Nurses' Lodge. Next they sang at the U. S. O. to an audience of two hundred who requested a return performance. Then came the traditional trip through Leila when the patients were enabled to forget for a moment their pain and to be caught up in the beautiful land of Christmas. Our Glee Club made their last public performance for the unfortunate inmates of the Veterans' Hospital at Fort Custer.

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As in other years the Seniors solicited the cooperation of the school in securing donations of food for the Christmas baskets. The senior girls had the joy of packing all the baskets and in proper time the senior boys delivered them.

★ ★ ★

On January 6th the Reverend Gerald A. Owens arrived in Battle Creek to take up his duties at St. Philip's. On Friday, January 10th, the whole school assembled in the gymnasium to welcome him formally to St. Philip's. Rex Holloway delivered the welcome address and the Glee Club, gowned in formals for the occasion, sang several numbers with eclat. The string ensemble made



its debut at this program and was greeted with loud applause. Father Owens responded graciously to the students, complimenting them heartily on their singing at Mass, and won all hearts by declaring the following Monday a free day. From that day to the present Fr. Owens has exhibited the keenest interest in the welfare of the school. Many improvements in the building have been completed and others are being planned. Not only about the properties of St. Philip's is Father Owens concerned, but his zeal extends to the spiritual, intellectual and physical well-being of every student. We regret the passing of Monsignor Walsh deeply, but are convinced that the choice of Father Owens as his successor was most felicitous and augurs only the greatest good to St. Philip's.

★ ★ ★

Basketball occupied much of our out-of-school time this winter. We tried valiantly to repeat our successes of former years but in vain. Definitely, it was an off year.

St. Philip started the season with three veterans from last year's squad. Captain-elect Rex Holloway, Stan Keagle and Stan Fleece. Expected to battle for remaining positions were reserves Tom Steinbacher, Joe Wawzysko and Tim Hogan, varsity forward, out last year with a knee injury. Frankie Whalen was coach of the "Tigers" for the fourth year.

The Bearcats of Central High had too much height and too much practice for the St. Philip five, and came out ahead 38-21. Because of the death of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Walsh practice was cancelled for nine days. This proved to be the deciding edge.

The Alumni of St. Philip came back and beat the Varsity 35-20. It was a close game until the third quarter when the Alumni pulled away and held to their previous lead. The Alumni had such former stars as Paul Bauman, Jim Atchley and Aldo Maddalena. Rex Holloway, Stan Fleece, and Stan Keagle starred for the Varsity.

In their first game St. Philip came out on the short end of a 53-40 score. St. Mary's jumped into a 15-0 first quarter lead, and were then outscored by the Tigers in the next three quarters,

but the damage was done. Stan Fleece and Stan Keagle were high point men for St. Philip with 15 and 10 points respectively.

The Tigers showed their true spirit when they downed the Irish from St. Thomas 24-22 in two overtimes. The lead changed hands several times and at the half St. Philip had a one point lead. St. Thomas knotted the score, and going into the second overtime, Stan Keagle took a tip off from Rex Holloway and made the winning basket. Rex Holloway led the tigers with seven points.

St. Philip made it two in a row in downing St. Augustine Irish 29-25. This game gave them a big edge in fighting for the Msgr. Walsh Trophy. St. Augustine was favored to hand the Tigers their sad conference loss, but instead were handed their first conference defeat. Stan Fleece and Stan Keagle led the Tigers with 8 points each. Tim Hogan and Tommy Steinbacher were outstanding on defense.

St. Philip journeyed to Jackson and were beaten by the St. John Gaels 32-27. The Tigers played sparkling ball, but fell behind in the third period and never caught up. Tim Hogan and Stan Keagle were outstanding on defense.

Everything went wrong and the Lansing St. Marys five came out ahead 28-17. The Tiger five just couldn't get started and from the beginning it was an off night. This was shown in the fact that they only got three fielders. The Tigers never gave up and played hard down to the final gun.

Suffering the loss of its two top scorers, Stan Fleece and Stan Keagle, St. Philip lost to Lansing Resurrection 48-35. St. Philip led at half time 17-16 and it looked as though they might win, but the height of Fleece and Keagle was really missed and Resurrection pulled ahead in the third quarter and stayed ahead. Dick Ell led the Tigers with ten points followed by Bill Becoske with 7.

St. Philip entertained Jackson St. Marys and lost 39-34. Using a makeshift line-up the Tigers stayed in the game until the third period, but then the height and experience of the Celts paid off and they gained a lead they never surrendered. Rex Holloway and Jim Lillie led St. Philip with 10 points each.

(Continued on Page 113)

A Study Hall Digression

It arrives at the point where the words on the page are positively insubordinate. They get right up and crawl all over. I follow them around as long as I can. My eyes cling to them as they expand and distort themselves. I still hang on as they go through a whole series of grotesque shapes till they settle down into the familiar outlines of people and buildings. Yet not so familiar, for the streets are Roman streets, and the people, Roman people. I am half consciously aware that something is very, very, wrong, but my mind refuses to work out an explanation and so I yield myself up to the apparently inevitable - - - - -

I find myself strolling along the busy streets of Rome, being not so gently but very forcefully jostled along in a milling crowd. Seeing a friendly face, I inquire as to the location of the Colosseum, but the toga'd gentleman merely shakes his head and shrugs his shoulders, then disappears from sight. It is only a matter of seconds when I find myself before the great colosseum. Don't let anyone tell you this is not the age of super travel. Somehow I manage to pinch myself between the massive gates and before I realize it, I find myself in a huge box-seat overlooking the arena.

Today is the big day thousands have waited for, because the chariots of many countries have assembled for what is promised to be the greatest race in the history of the world. For this reason many celebrities have gathered here. Oh! a man just stumbled down the stairs and he seems to have knocked himself out. Why it's Sir Walter Raleigh and he tripped over a tobacco-can! There's some commotion down at the other end of the stadium. Why it's a man with at least a hundred women around him. I might have known! It's Henry VIII of England who is taking his wives out for the afternoon.

My, but that man sitting next to me has a large nose. It's shaped like a ski-jump. He calls himself Bing Hope and he says he always comes out to see his horses run. The first contestant has just made his appearance driving his chariot out into the arena. The name written on the side of the chariot is "Seabiscuit" and it is driven by a fellow named "Jockey", from a country called "Santa Anita."

It is difficult for me to believe that a poor Roman boy, such as I, (or am I? I'm terribly confused) is actually witnessing this world famous spectacle. What's this? King Louis of France just drove into the spotlight in some noisy contraption called a Ford. My! but that Ford has eyes larger than an owl, only Louie doesn't call them eyes, he says they are some new fangled invention called head-lights.

All the contestants have made their appearance and are warming up their horses for the big race. The trumpeters are sounding their trumpets for the grand march. Two white elephants are entering the huge arena carrying "Anna and the King of Siam". There are many floats representing the different countries. For instance, one large float, pulled by a camel and carrying a pyramid, represents Egypt. Following these many floats is a huge carriage in which the great Caesar is riding. After traveling around the arena, Caesar too is deposited in a box-seat.

Now the signal for the great race is finally given; the steeds start off in grand form. "Seabiscuit" is out in front at the far turn, while "Man of War" and "Trigger" fight neck and neck for second place. They are nearly out of sight now, but I can see that the Ford is catching up from the rear. I hear the sound of hoofs and see a cloud of dust around the last turn. Forms are indistinguishable, but through the dusty haze a loud voice announces, "Ford by a bumper!"

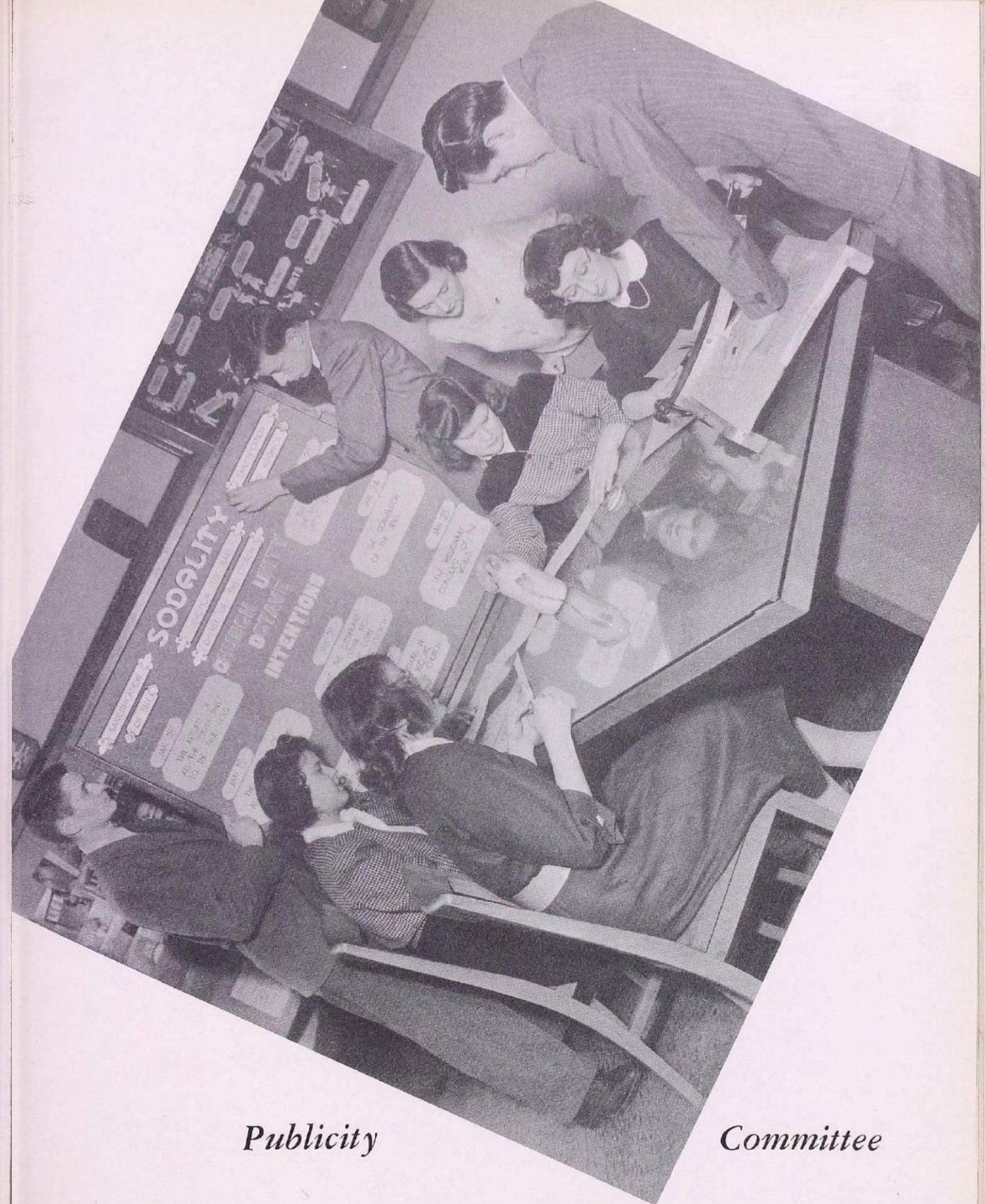
The first duel of the day is between Mark Anthony and some unknown fellow. The prize is Cleopatra. The crowd went wild as Mark Anthony quickly wins the battle and very effectively rids himself of a rival for the hand of Cleopatra.

These people here are certainly bloodthirsty! The more blood flows, the more they like it and the more they yell. What would Florence Nightingale say if she were here?

Above the din of the crowd I can hear my name being called. "Paging Gaius Flavius, paging Gaius Flavius." Heavens above! What's happening? Desks in the Colosseum? But where's the Colosseum? The voice continues, "Paging James Flav - - ." Flavius nothing! It's Flagg, James Flagg!" Sheepishly I watch the study hall slowly reassemble around me, then I look up into the cool, amused eyes of the teacher paging me.

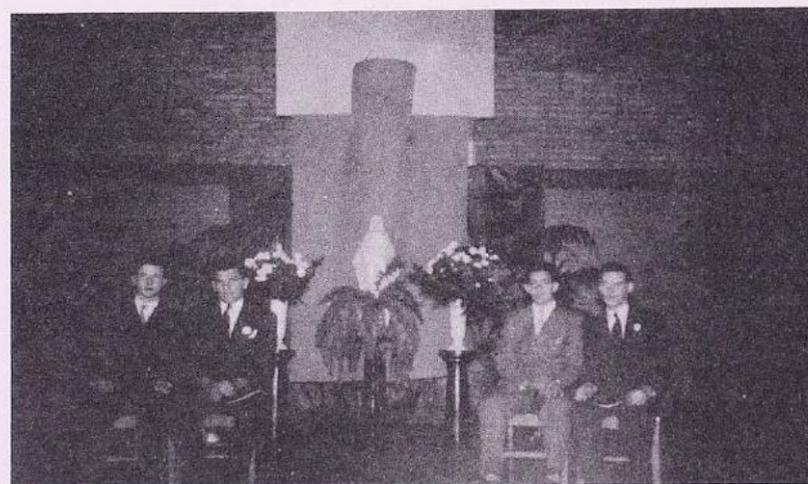
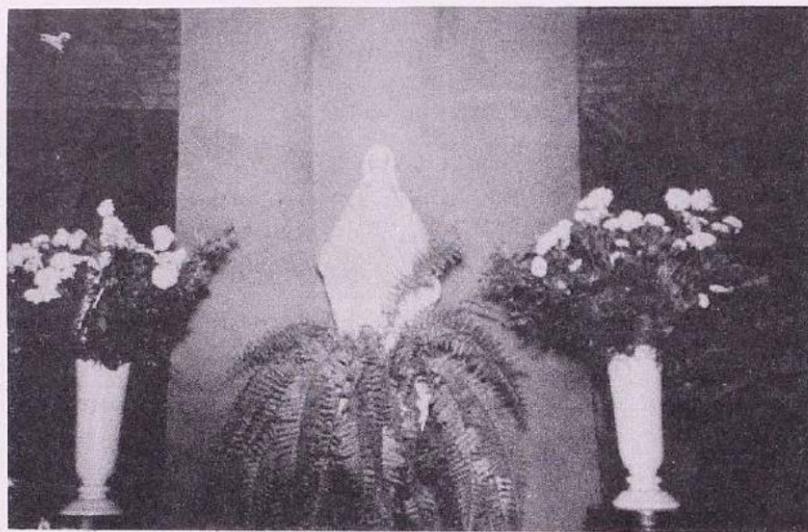
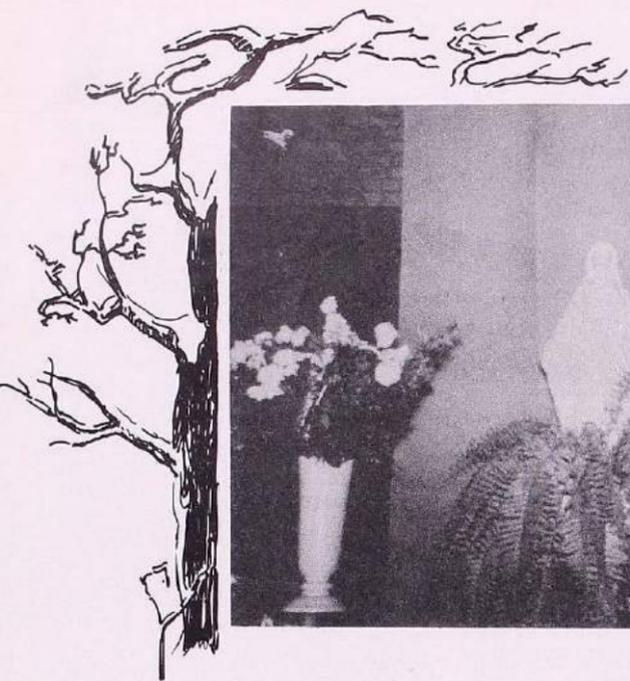
"Gosh", I mutter as I try to effect a very business-like nose dive into my Trig, "no more dropping in on Rome out of study periods for me. Too embarrassing. Yes sir! Far too embarrassing."

James Flagg



Publicity

Committee



Sodality
Honors Mary
Patroness
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Order In Blue

Suppose someone should ask you whether or not your school had a football team, and if so, how many games they had won this season, and supposing you were forced to answer that you didn't know. You would not impress your interrogator with your school spirit would you? It is even possible that you might come down a peg or two in your estimation. Well there are other things connected with school that are equally important and if we wish to impress people as intelligent students of St. Philip we ought to know them. If you don't think them important there is no lessening of their consequence there is simply something wrong with your thinking.

I should like to conduct a sort of quiz this afternoon on facts that functioning students ought to know about their school, more specifically about the Order of Sisters who teach in the school. Suppose someone should ask you, "What Order of Sisters teach you?" Would you, from the deep recesses of a fast blackening-out mind salvage a fleeting image of a blue habit and gulp, "The blue nuns." Your score is pretty low. They are Sisters, not nuns, and like families they travel under names not colors. Try again. "Immaculate Heart Sisters," you say. That's much better, but the hundred per cent correct answer is the Congregation of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Strange to say, before the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was proclaimed, they were called the Sisters of Divine Providence and wore a black habit instead of a blue one.

Now for the next. Motherhouses are pretty important places. They help to identify branches of Sisters. Where is the Motherhouse of our Sisters located? Well, I think we can all make a score on that. Yes, Monroe. The first Motherhouse was a tiny log cabin on the banks of the River Raisin. Here the first intrepid Sisters began to lead their religious life. The Sisters moved into several Motherhouses later, each successively larger than the last. Today the Motherhouse is a large and beautiful building set in spacious gardens. It is the annual scene of the happy homecoming of the Sisters in June.

Now for the next. Who founded the Congregation? The answer - Father Gillet, a missionary priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Father Gillet later became a Cistercian. About fifteen years ago the Sisters, after overcoming many obstacles, succeeded in bringing his body to this country. It lies in a memorial Chapel specially built for the remains, in the cemetery of the Sisters in Monroe.

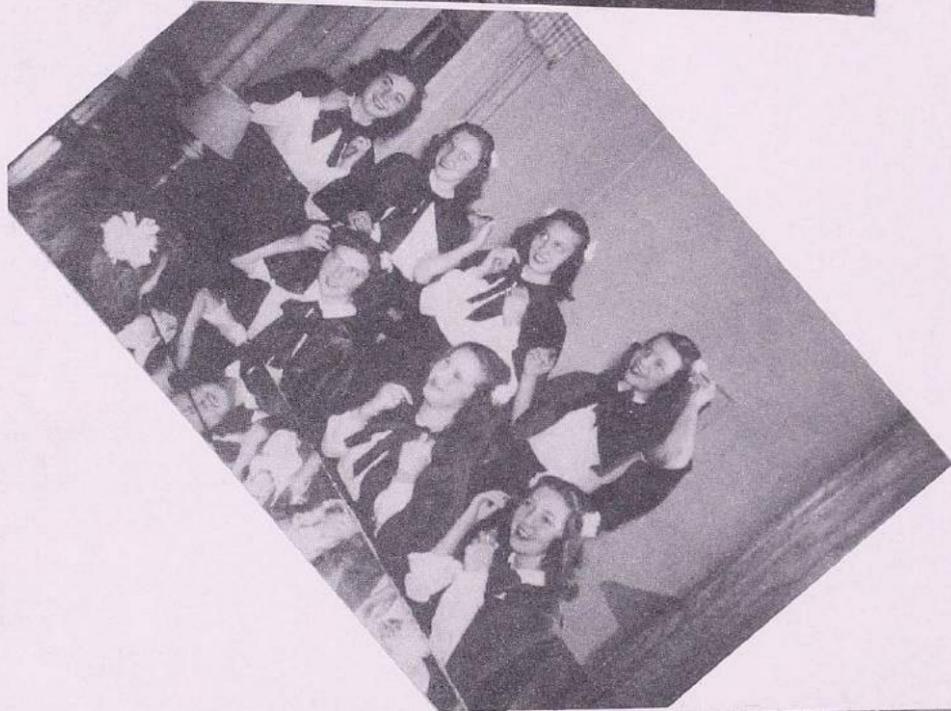
Can you answer this? What rule do the Sisters follow? We really wouldn't expect you to be up on Rules. Well, the Rule followed by the Sisters is the Rule of St. Alphonsus the same as that followed by the Redemptorist Fathers, but with modifications to suit their teaching vocation.

The next is easy. How old is the Congregation? Correct! 101 years. Last year the Sisters celebrated their Centennial. By a most happy coincidence, during the Centennial year the Pope instituted a new feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, to be celebrated on the 22nd of August. A new Mass for the feast has been inserted in the Missal.

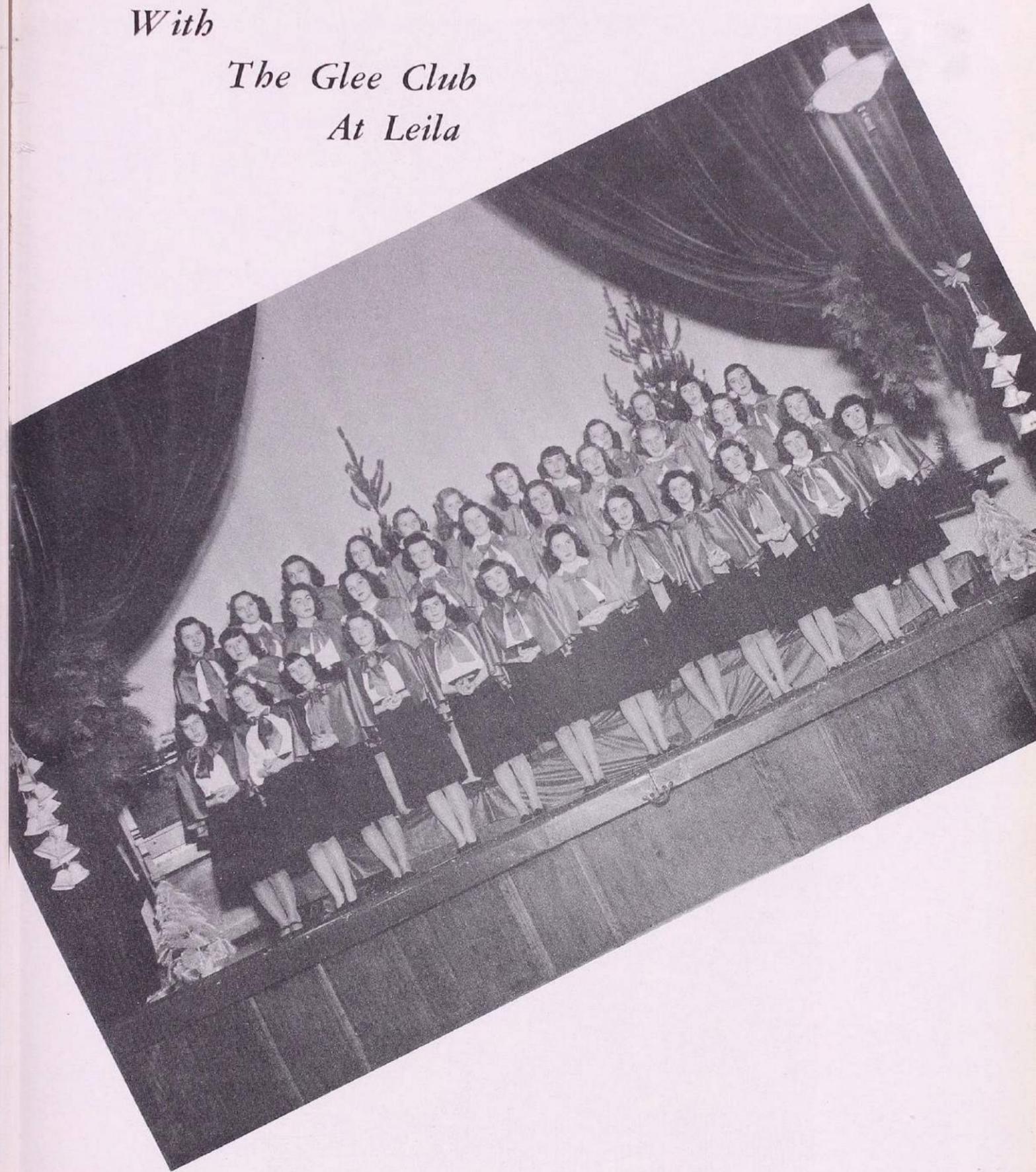
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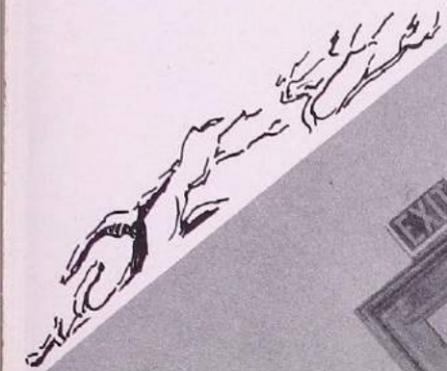
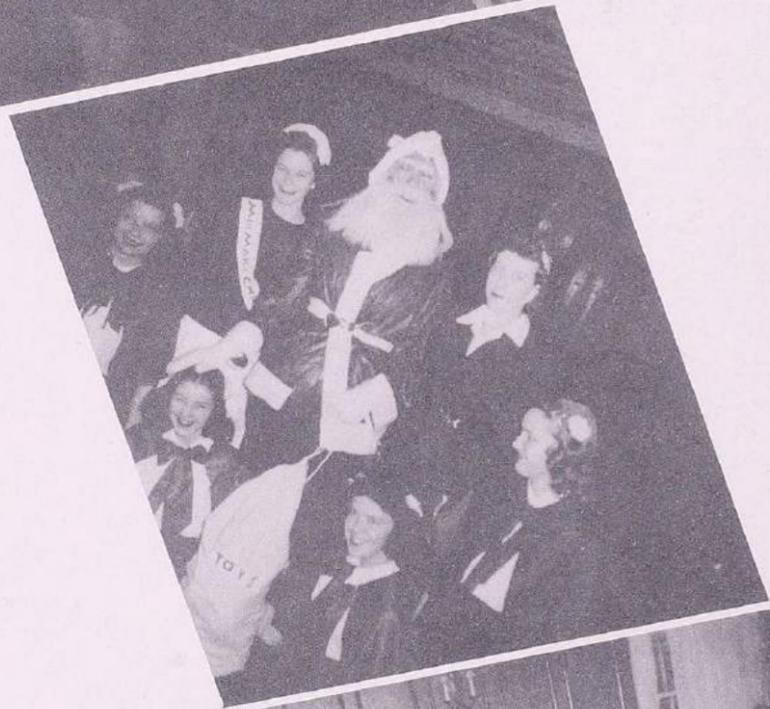


*Christmas Spirit
Invades Saint Philip's*



*With
The Glee Club
At Leila*

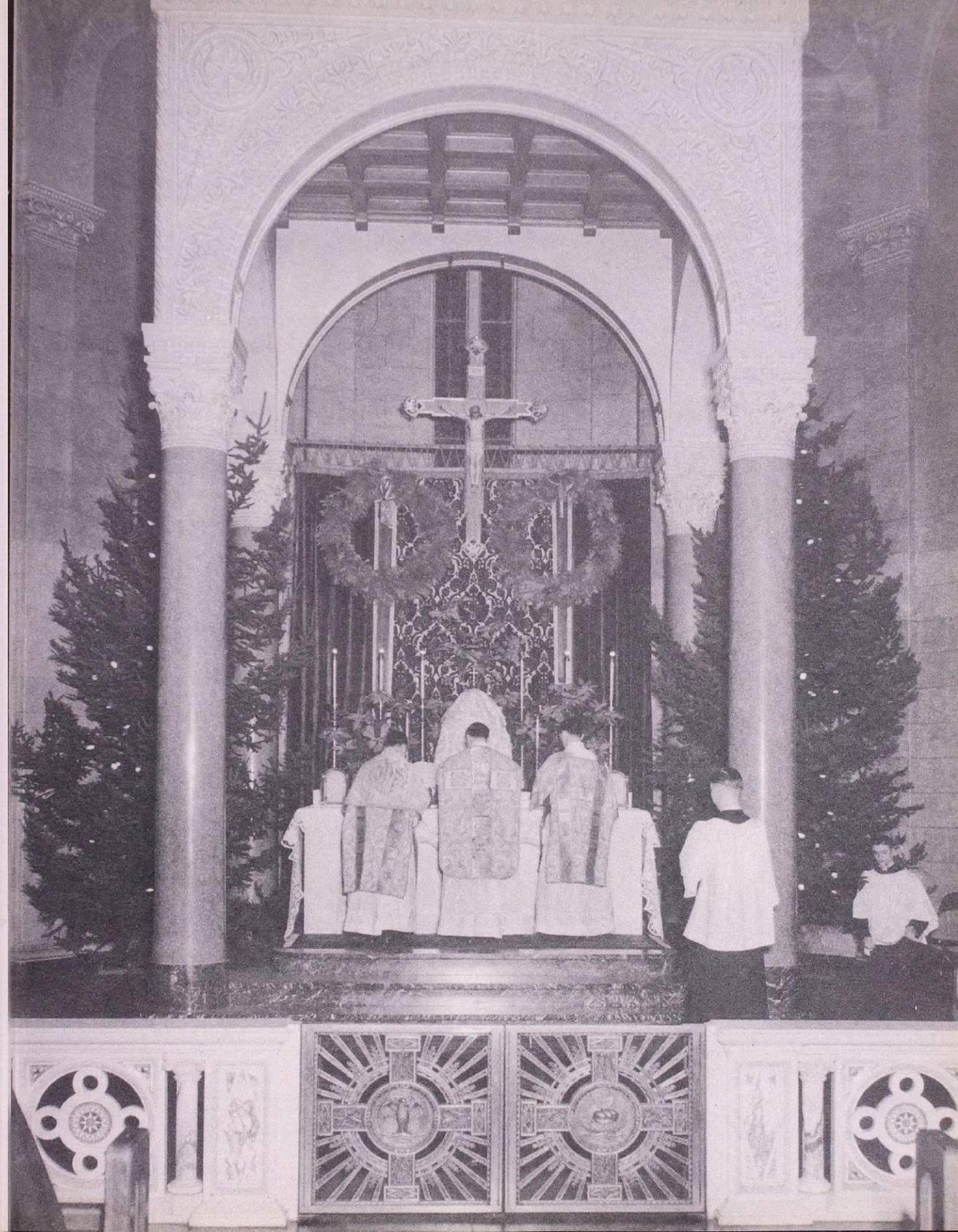




Christmas Night

Accept, Almighty Father,
These gifts of bread and wine,
Which now the priest is offering,
For us before Thy shrine;
But, soon the Word will make them
His Body and His Blood,
The sacrifice renewing,
Once offered on the rood.

With these, altho' unworthy,
Some offering we make,
But all we have, Thou gavest.
Then what Thou gavest, take;
Our heart, our soul, our senses,
We give through Mary's hands,
Who by the cross once standing,
Now by the altar stands.



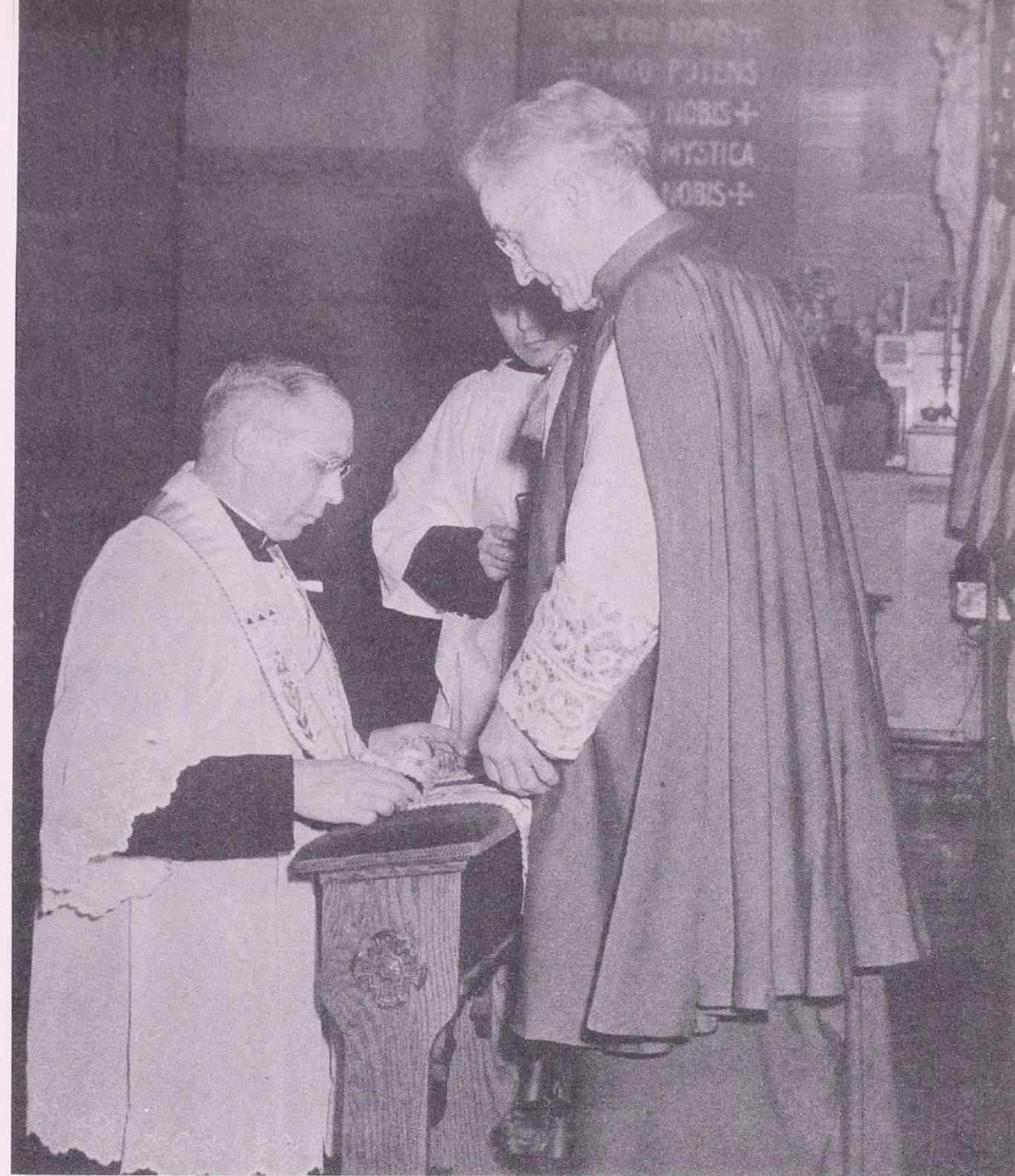
Red Letter Day In January

The investiture of the Rev. Fr. Gerald A. Owens as Pastor of the St. Philip Catholic church took place in the church Sunday, January 19th, before 700 persons of the laity and clergy, many of them from out-of-town.

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. John R. Hackett, vicar-general of the diocese of Lansing, dean of the Kalamazoo deanery, and pastor of the St. Augustine church of Kalamazoo, conducted the ceremony. As Father Owens knelt before the altar, Monsignor Hackett placed around his neck the stole, a long, narrow vestment which symbolizes the priestly powers. Father Owens was then presented with the keys to the tabernacle, designating him as the custodian of the Blessed Sacrament.

Monsignor Hackett was assisted by the Rev. Fathers John Hamilton and Adolph Nadrach, assistant priests of St. Philip church. Father Owens was the celebrant for the solemn benediction and was assisted by the Rev. Fr. Francis S. Bowen, pastor of Holy Angels church of Sturgis.

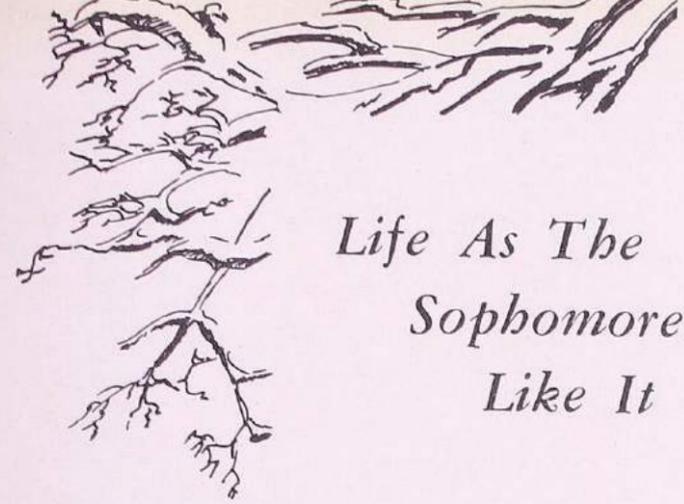
The service opened with the congregation singing "Come Holy Ghost." Thereafter, Monsignor Hackett read the letter of appointment. After the presentation of the stole and the keys to the tabernacle, both Monsignor Hackett and Father Owens spoke briefly.



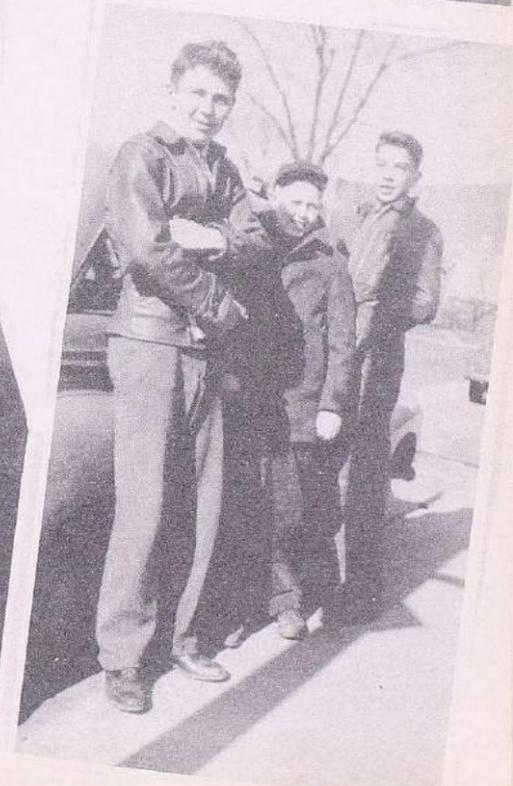
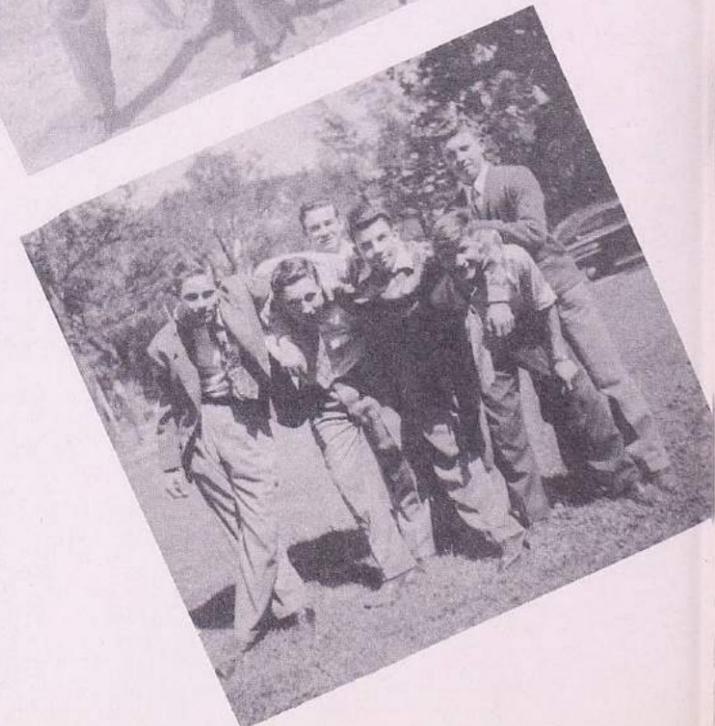
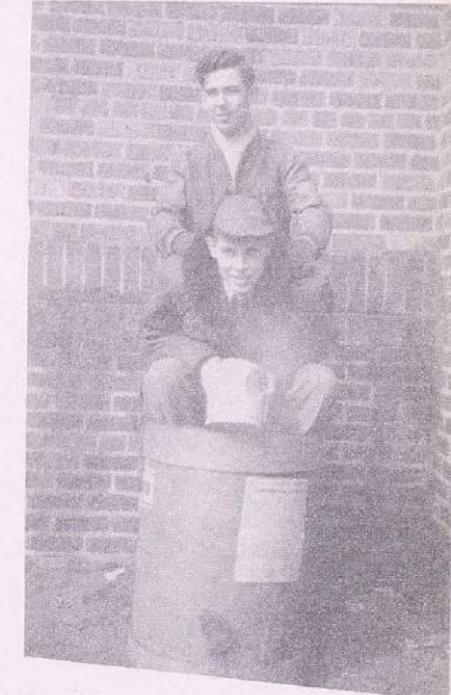
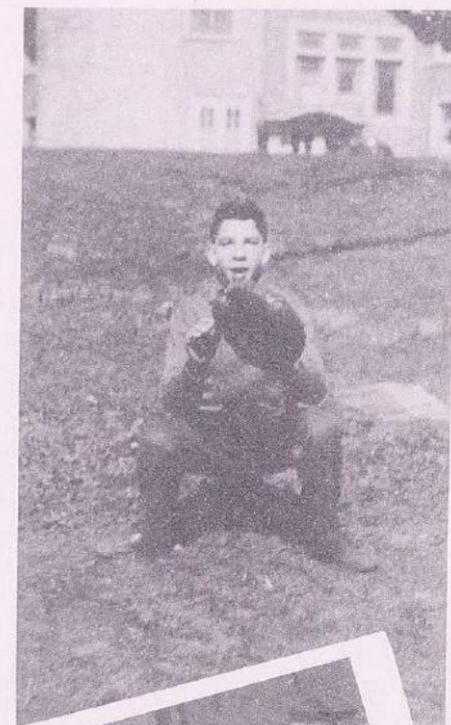
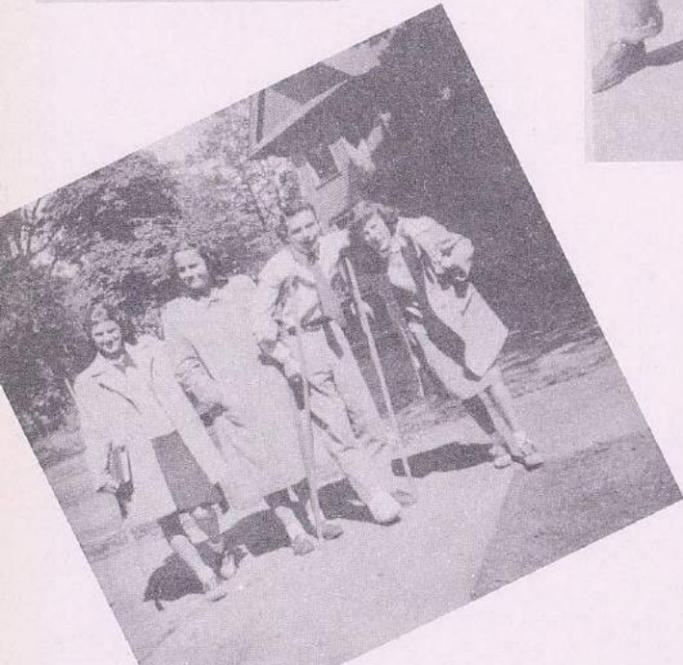
Installation of
Rev. Gerald A. Owens
AS PASTOR OF ST. PHILIP.

January 19, 1947

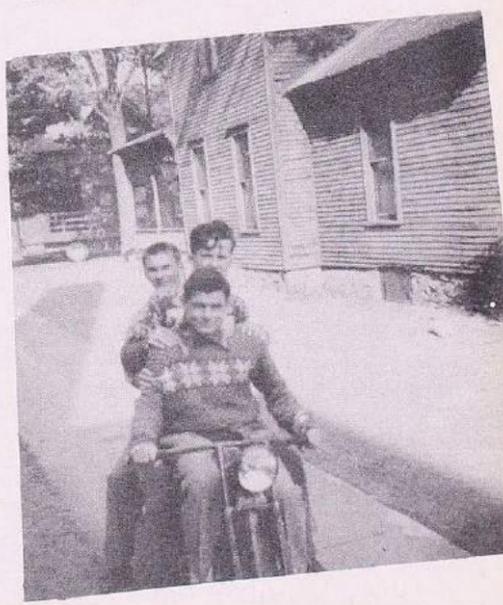
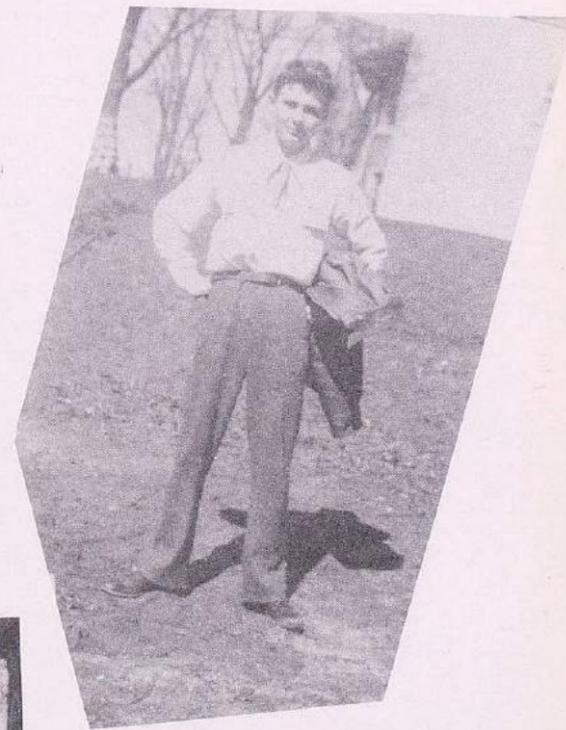
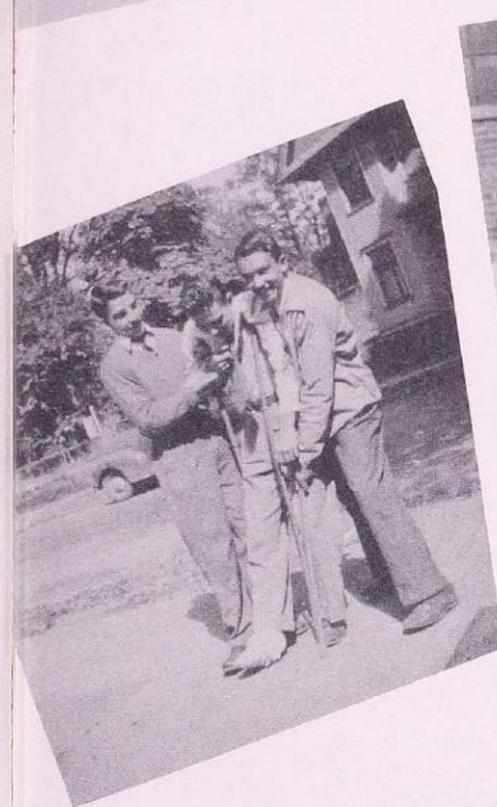
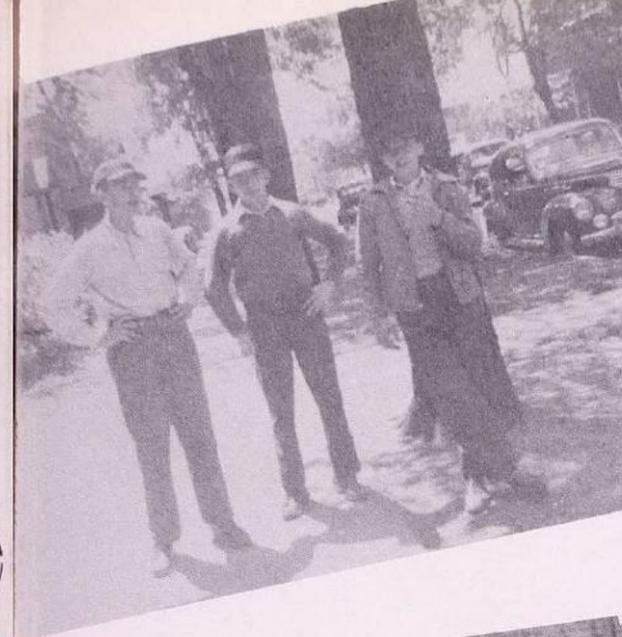
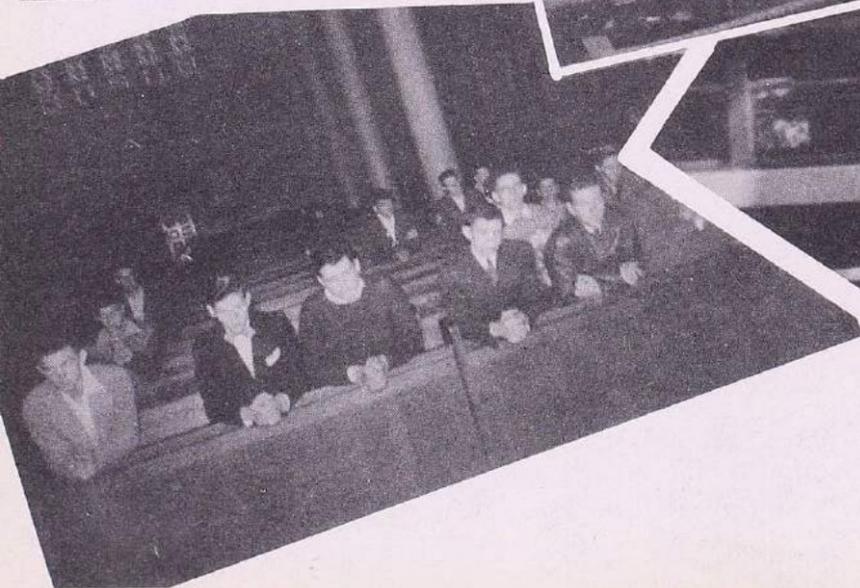
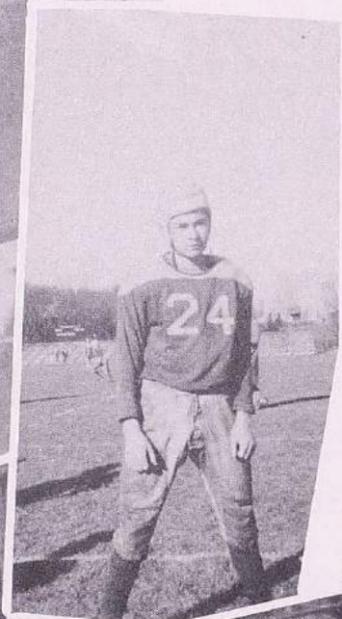
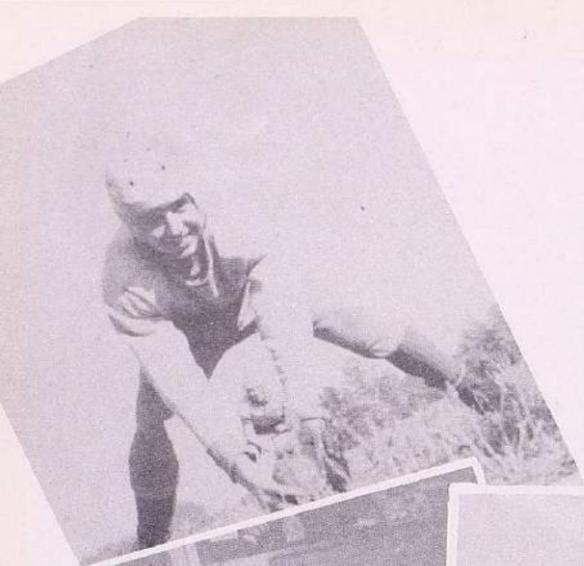
Msgr. Hackett officiating.



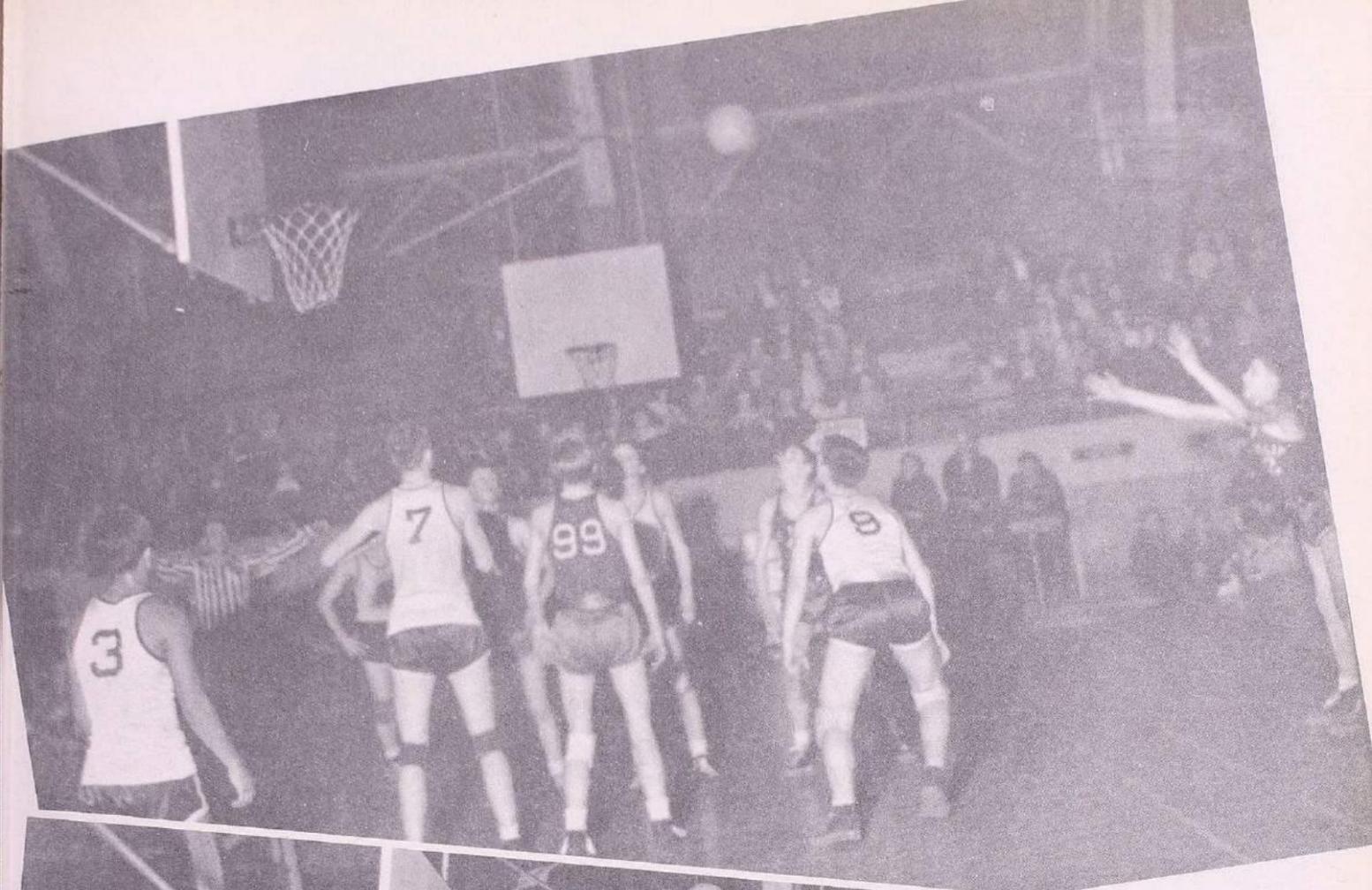
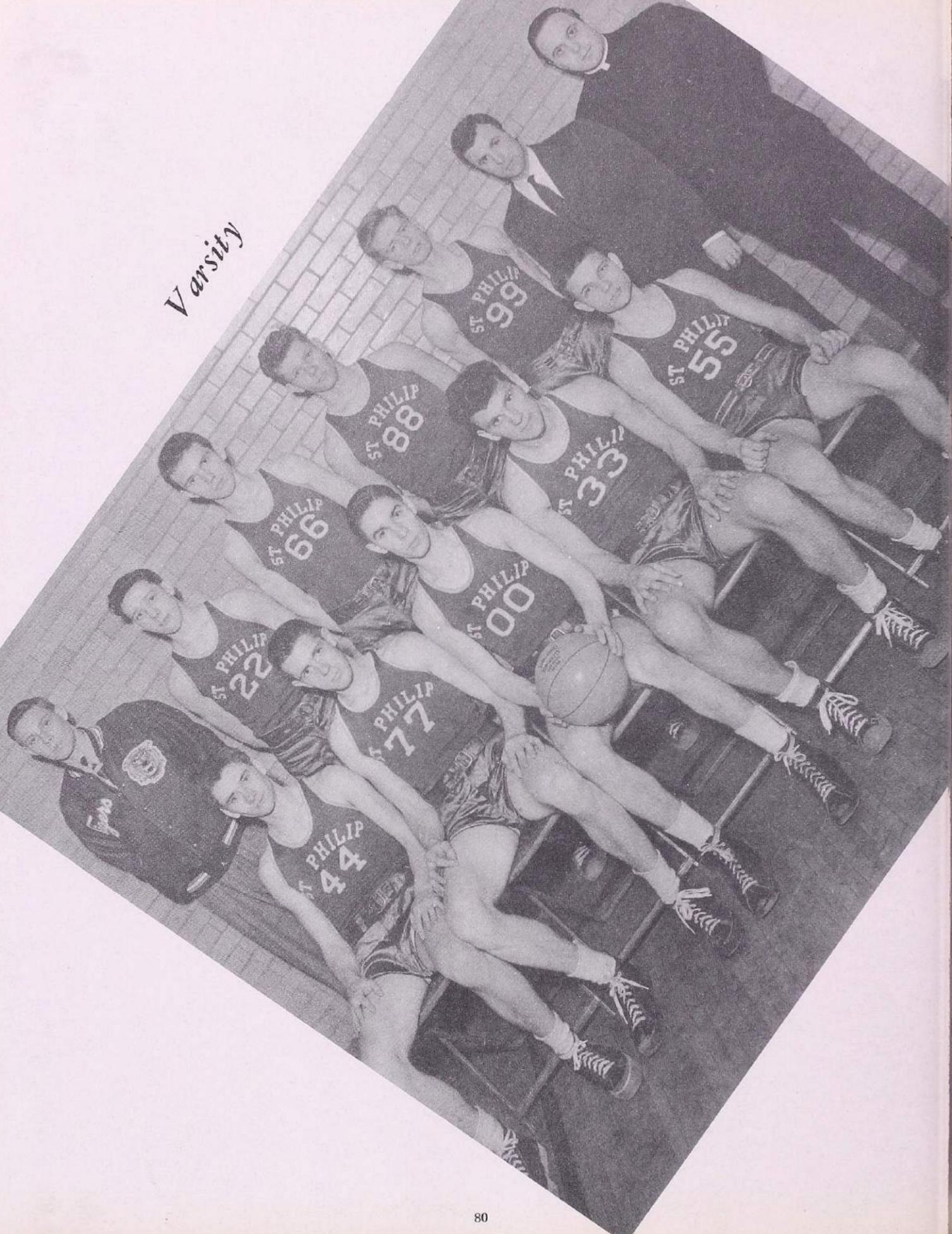
*Life As The
Sophomores
Like It*



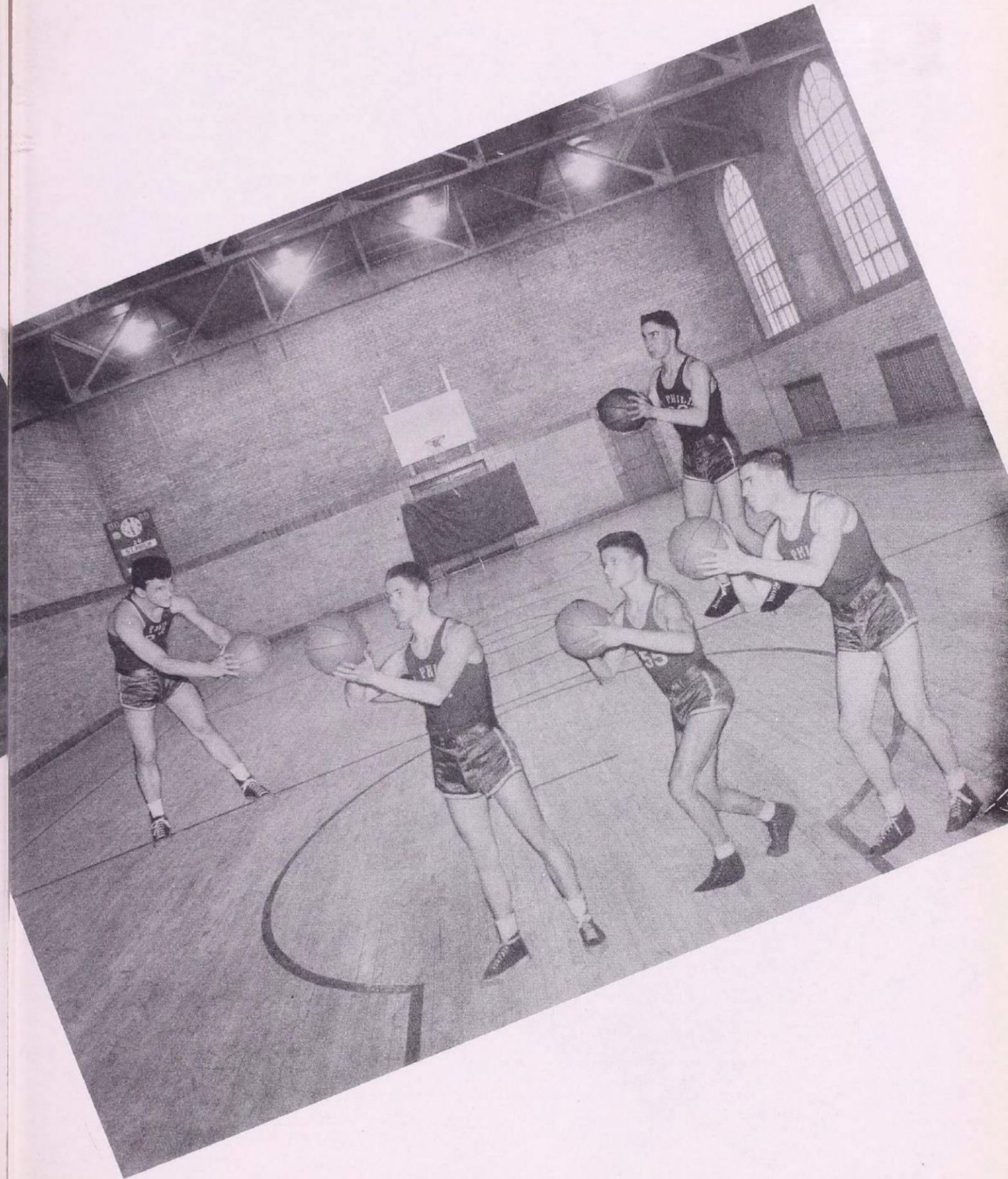
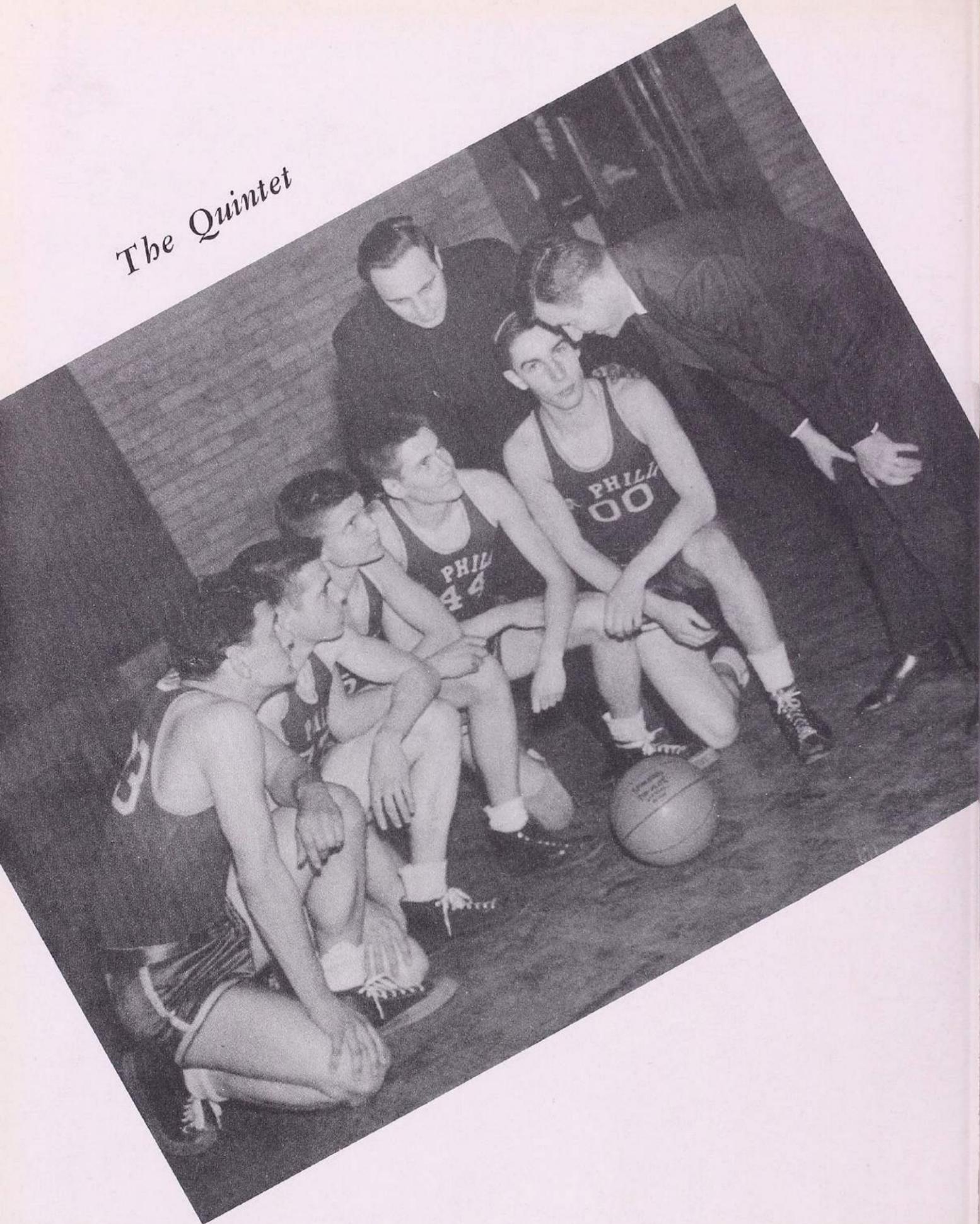
*Not
Exactly
Still Life*



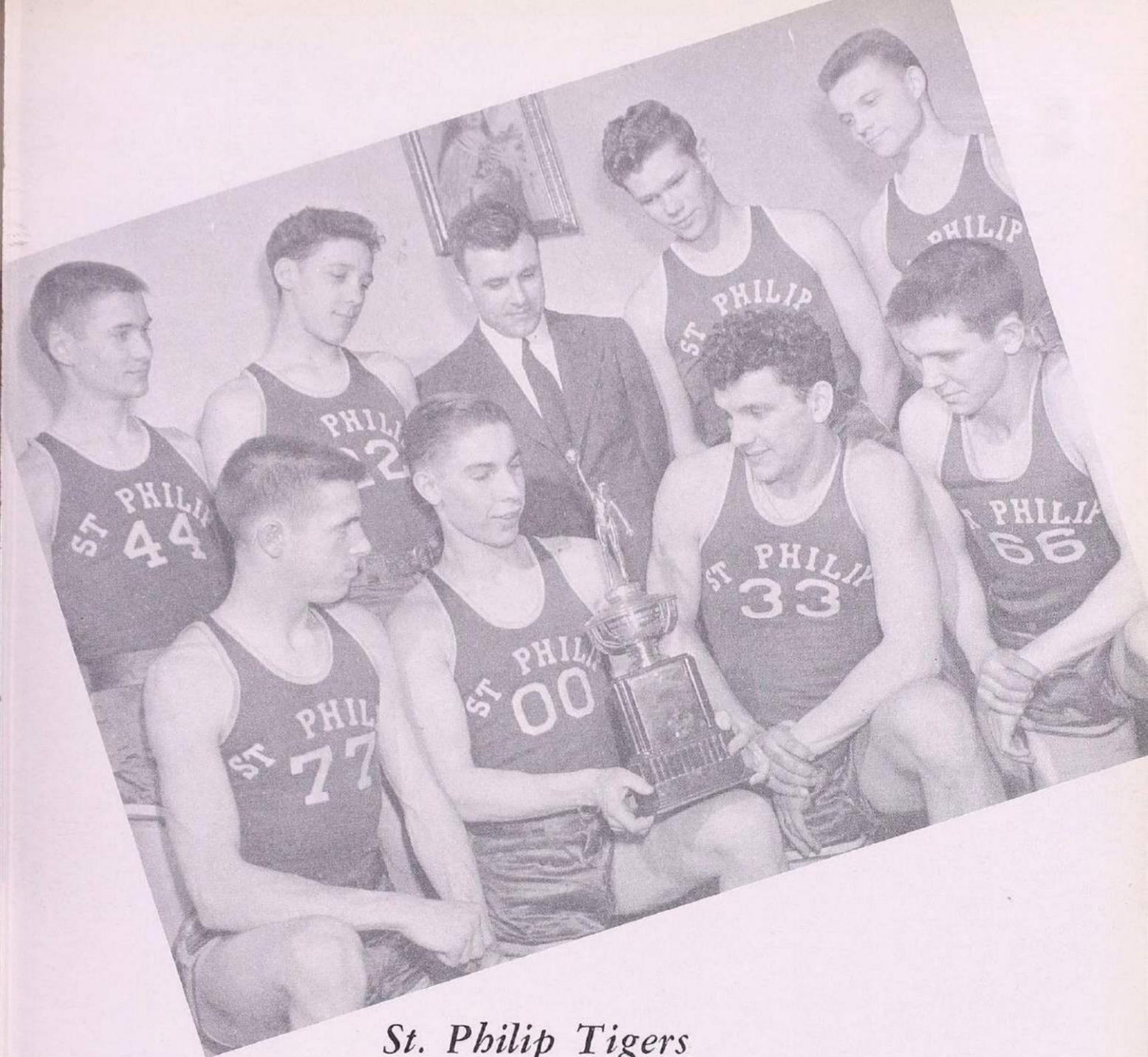
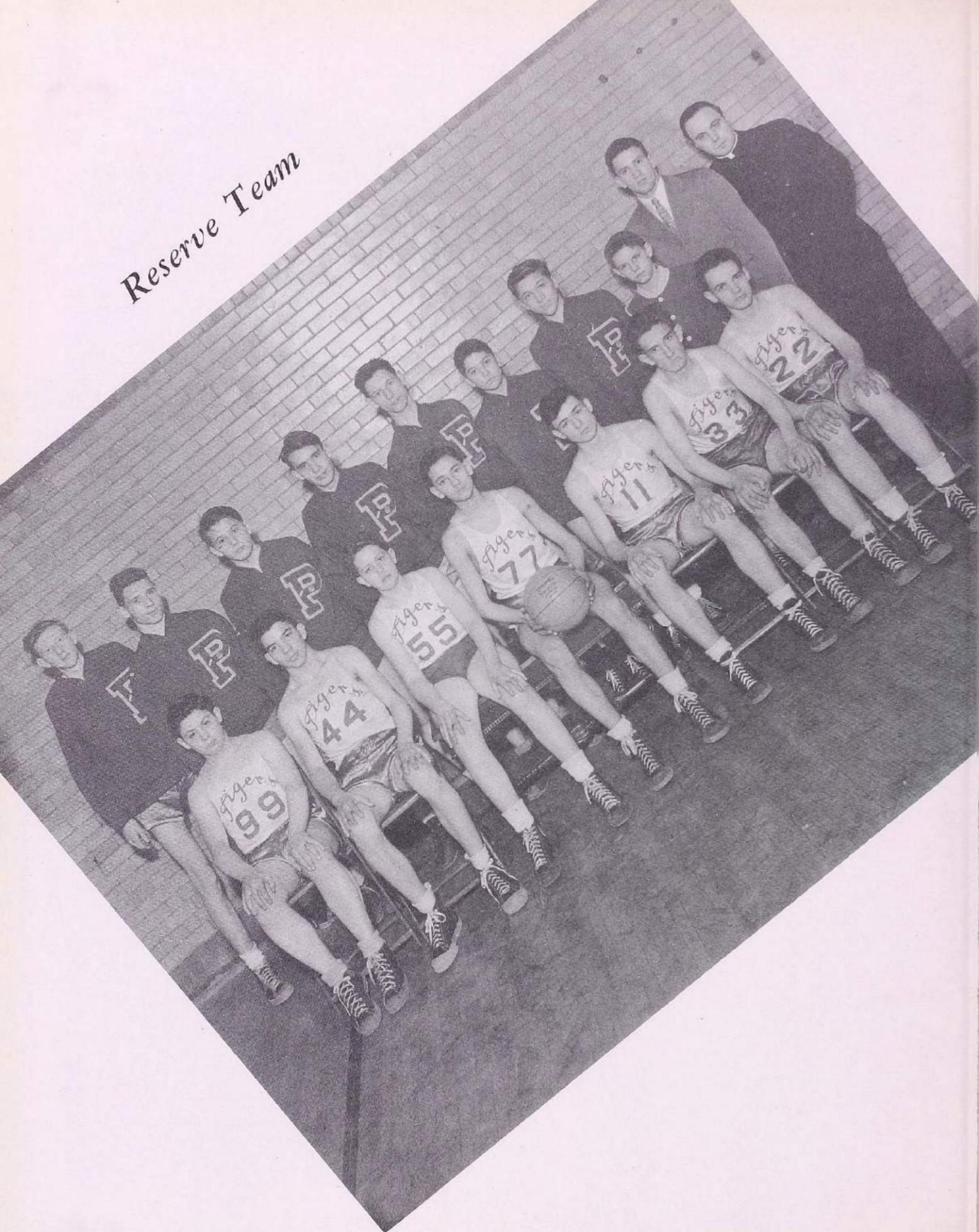
Varsity



The Quintet

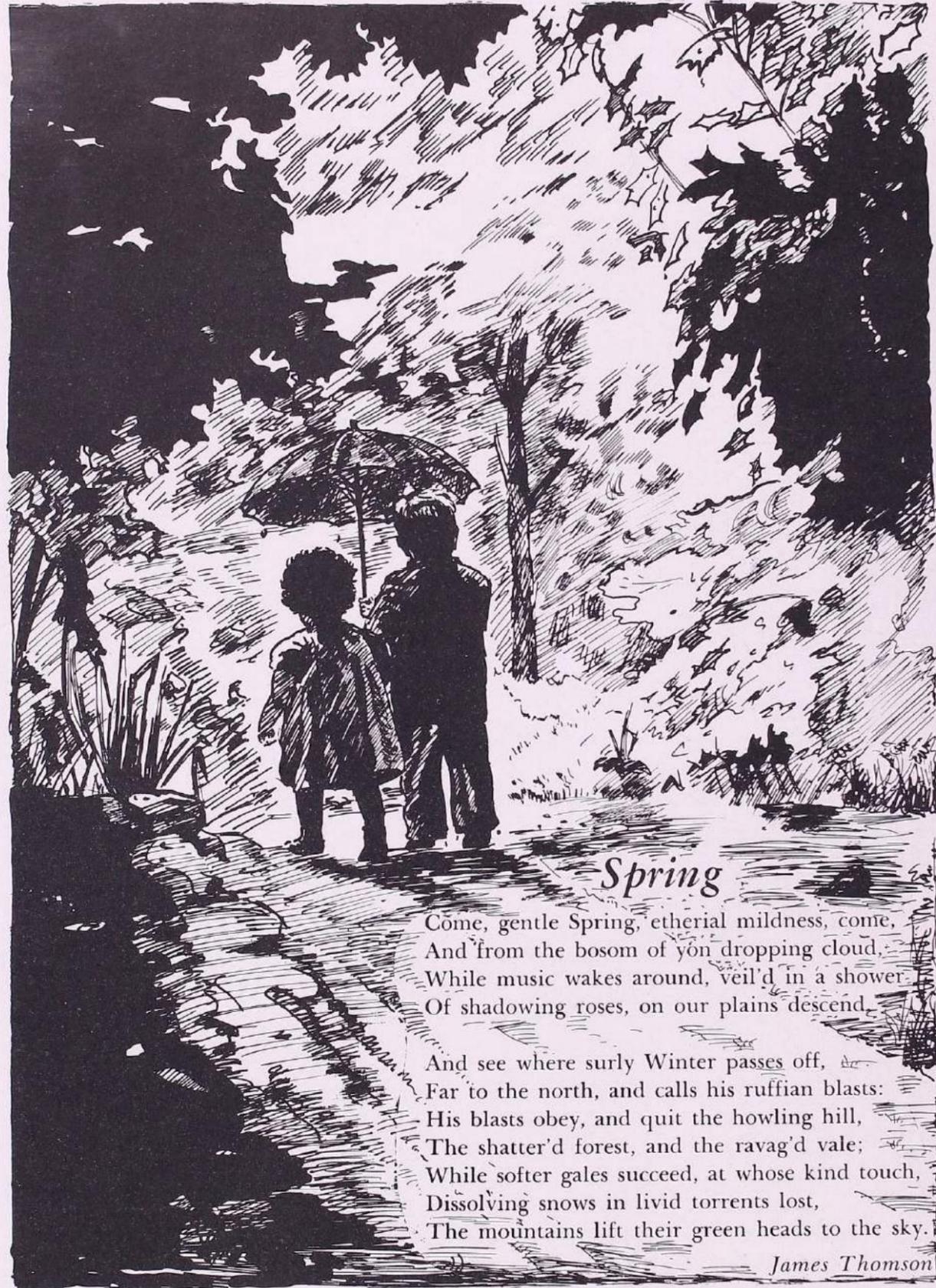


Reserve Team



*St. Philip Tigers
Win The
Monsignor Walsh Trophy*

Members of the St. Philip high school basketball team are admiring the Monsignor Walsh trophy, which was donated by the late Rt. Rev. Msgr. Maurice Walsh shortly before his death and goes to the winner of the annual cage series between St. Philip and Kalamazoo St. Augustine. The tigers scored a 26-24 win over the Irish at Kalamazoo Wednesday to gain the first leg on the trophy. Admiring the new trophy are: (front row) Stan Keagle, Capt. Rex Holloway, Stan Fleece and Jim Lillie. In the back row are: Tim Hogan, Bill Becoske, Coach Frank Whalen, Joe Wawzysko and Tom Steinbacher.

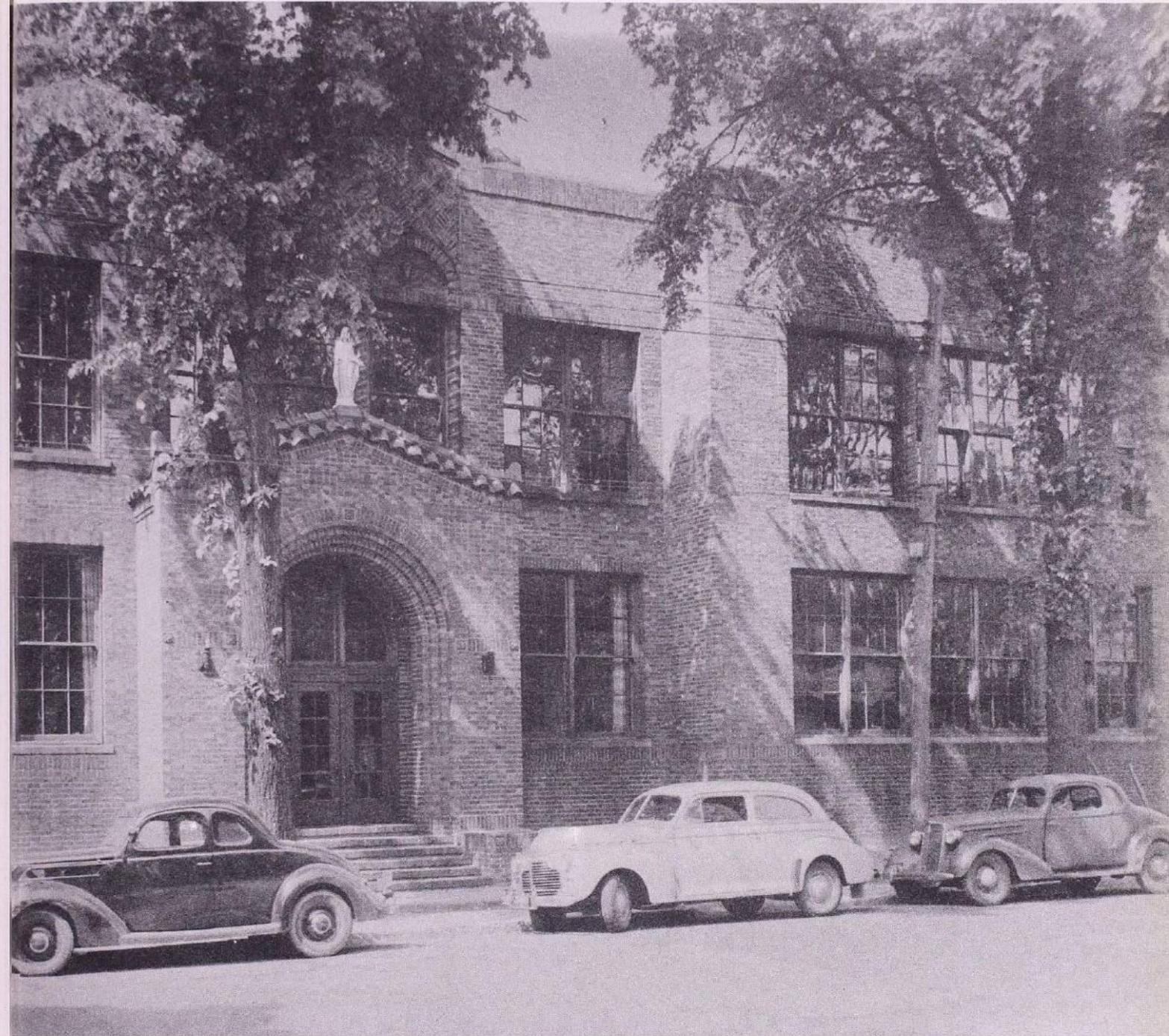


Spring

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

James Thomson



School In Spring

Spring Days

Spring fever? Don't mention the subject. St. Philip's is inoculated against it. You have your doubts? Well then let's make the rounds and see. What about a math class? Here we are at the lab where the Mathematics teacher initiates the Seniors into the mysteries of Trig.

Well this class seems to be another case of "mostly boys." Sister is valiantly endeavoring to tow a curly headed Senior through an intricate reasoning process. Success at last! His face relaxes. Gracious, it's Fleece! Evidently Trig. is nothing like football. The others are plugging away at their seats, their faces portraying the various stages of enlightenment from Stygian gloom to noon-day vision.

Sister is coming toward me. "Is this a very bright class, Sister?" I ask. She gives me a Mona Lisa smile. The bell cuts off further communication. I find myself in the corridor. Well, that class didn't have spring fever any way.

★ ★ ★

Let's look in at Sister's typing class. Doesn't it seem as though we have plunged into a sea of tiny clicking sounds? Everyone is busy; too engrossed to see us. Let's travel around a bit. Look here—

"You must first answer the question of just what you want most in life. Shall it be gain, fame, or power? Shall it be to render service? Shall it be to express and realize your inmost self through sacrifice as an artist?" —so poundeth out a mousey little Miss with a puckered brow.

This statement of a nice little blond is a little more meaningful—

"You must first answer the question of just what you want most in life. Shall it be gain, fame, or power? Shall it be to render service? Shall it be to express & realize your inmost self through sacrifice as an artist?"

What's that, Sister? These two are only beginning. Well, that explains everything. But look here—

"You must first answer the question of just what you want most in life. Shall it be gain, fame, or power? Shall it be to render service? Shall it be to express and realize your inmost self through sacrifice as an artist?" —This from a dark haired lass with sparkling eyes and strong hands solves the mystery.

Someone is taking out a shorthand book. I think that is my cue to retire. Typing is understandable to me, but I find that when confronted with shorthand, the gleam of intelligence rapidly fades from my eyes. As a visitor, I'd like to look as little like a moron as possible.

★ ★ ★

Birds are the things in biology these days. Have you seen the beautiful bird books the Sophomore biology class has made? No, then you ought to. Come to the lab. There they are over there on the bulletin board. Isn't C. Simond's a masterpiece? And look at J. Lesar's, L. Manerin's, C. Secord's and R. Zande's. Didn't they do a splendid job on their's. I'd like to steal one of them, wouldn't you.

Here comes the class. What's that? A quiz today. Heavens! I'm glad I'm just a visitor, exempt from quizzes. I'm afraid I've forgotten all I ever knew about birds.

"What interesting fact do you know about the Golden Plover?" I suppose its some kind of a beautiful golden color—What is the answer? "The longest non stop flight bird." "Name our beautiful red crested friend who winters with us." There's one I'm sure of—the red-headed woodpecker—No? "The Cardinal."

I think I shall beat a retreat before I develop an inferiority complex. Come let's see if we can find a room where my ignorance will not be so apparent.

Spring Days

And now for a little jaunt to the grade school building to visit the fifty Freshies. Here we are. Let's creep in quietly. Well, we could have stomped in without disturbing them in the least, because evidently this is a religion class and a big debate is on the floor. No one sees us. Let's go to the back.

The question is occasions of sin and to what extent must you carry your efforts to avoid them—ordinary efforts or extra ordinary efforts. Boys' voices predominate here. Romeo, Eddie, Albert, Tommy, Alfred debate points vigorously. The "ordinary efforts" are in the ascendancy at present, but wait, the "extraordinary efforts" are scoring heavily now. Time is flying. Sister appears to be about to take over and settle this. The door opens. Mother comes in. The battle opens with renewed fervor as each side tries to enlist Mother's support. What's that? Period is over. That point will have to be settled later I guess. Who ever said that St. Philip's has spring fever. The Freshie don't, that's certain.

The lab. again this time for Physics. Why that's Mother up there busily arranging some mysterious looking apparatus and explaining as she works.

Evidently Pat Marriott is determined not to miss anything because he has settled himself on a stool just about as close to the apparatus and Mother as anyone could get. He'd better watch out for his nose but then I guess he is adept at removing it to safety at the very last minute.

Everyone else, and they are mostly boys, is as interested as Pat. Just now Mother is saying, "The Wheatstone Bridge provides a rapid, accurate method of measuring a wide range of resistance". Rex, Jim Griffin, Stan Keagle and others project their heads out to more salient positions as Mother demonstrates. Tom Griffin's head gets right in my line of vision but I forgive him. Mother motions to the class to move up around the demonstration table and then she promptly disappears be-

hind a barrage of boys. I still hear her voice coming out quite clearly from apparently nowhere. "The bridge demonstrates the principle that if two points, in a divided circuit may be located at which the fall of potential is the same, then the bridge is balanced and the value of an unknown resistance may be determined by means of a proportion."

The boys are moving around the table scrutinizing the bridge. I can hear questions being asked and answered. Every once in a while Mother becomes visible through a break in the wall of "boys" but disappears again.

Now the class is seated once more getting pointers on how tomorrow's assignment must be worked out.

Jim Griffin is leaving to ring the bell. The class is over. I'm very interested and curious about that Wheatstone Bridge, as much as the Physics class, I think, so I'm going to stay after they are gone and view it myself at close range.

★ ★ ★

This is room 114. Let's go in. Evidently Sophomore English just began because Sister is reading in a low clear tone
"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
Since it is worthy care from thee;
Yet life I hold but idle breath
When love or honor's weighed with death."

My mind leaps back to my early teens when I thrilled to the beauty of Ellen, the nobility of Malcolm and the ruthlessness and daring of Roderick Dhu. Ah—look over there on the bulletin board. The class have illustrated scenes from this metric romance. Fair Ellen stands near Lady Margaret, in the island lodge; poor Blanch of Devan flutters her tatters in the highland wind. Over here Roderick and Fitz-James close in a deadly conflict, and there, sweet climax, the king delivers Malcolm up to Ellen as her prisoner for life.

Sister's voice moves on—



Spring Days

"The shaft just grazed Fitz-James' crest,
And thrilled in Blanche's faded breast—
Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need;
With heart, of fire, and foot of wind,
The fierce avenger is behind!"

No one stirs. All eyes are riveted up in front.

"A lock from Blanche's tresses fair
He blended with her bridegroom's hair;
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
And placed it on his bonnet—side:"

How wistful and sweet is this immortal tale.
How lovely to hear it again! Was there some
talk of taking it out of the English course?
Oh, no! Register my vote against it.

"And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled mountain and the stream.

The bell! Can I really have been here half
an hour and must I return to prosaic 1947.

★ ★ ★

Back to the lab. for economics. What's
this? Oh! The Juniors must be studying

Rerum Novarum and Quadragesimo Anno at present. A heated discussion is going on right now with the teacher acting as referee.

"Does capital have the ethical right to take profits beyond the amount commensurate with capital's investment?" "No!" "Yes!" The fortunes of the battle shift from side to side with the voices of Joe McManus and Malcolm Jersey very much in evidence. Finally, victory which has been steadily advancing in the same direction leaps the last barrier and crowns the "Cons."

Well, well, I'm glad I don't have to participate as I'm not sure how clear my ideas are on the subject. I'd better get that pamphlet I saw advertised in the "Queens Work" which gives the Catholic position on labor and the "isms."

That's the bell for exchange. Classes are over for the day. By the way, we set out to prove that St. Philip's was not suffering from spring fever, didn't we? I completely forgot that issue in my interest in the work being done, which is proof positive that my contention is correct.

Mary C. Kelly

Playing Producer

As I breezed into the Senior class room I noticed Jean Zerfas silhouetted against the window and immediately I thought of "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair." This set me thinking, and soon I was casting all my classmates in the whole gamut of roles. Doesn't Pat Marriott sing just like Frankie and Jim Galloway remind you of the great Paderewski?

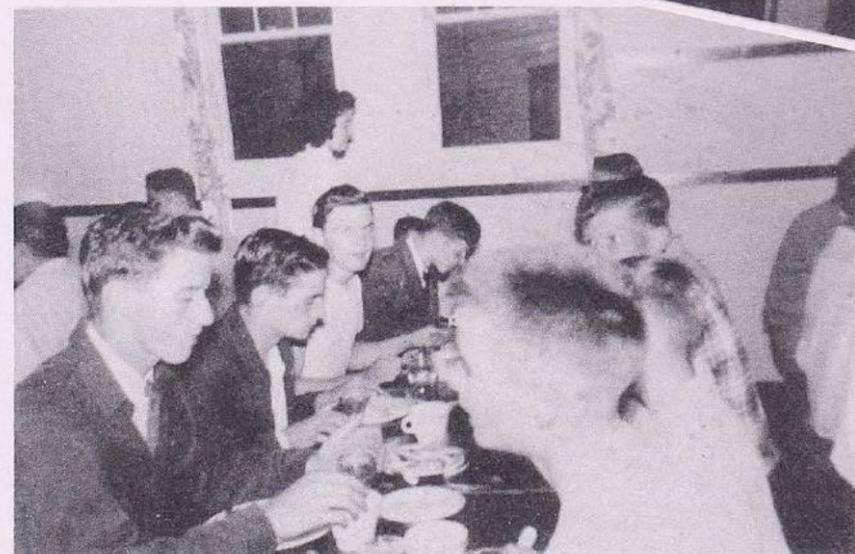
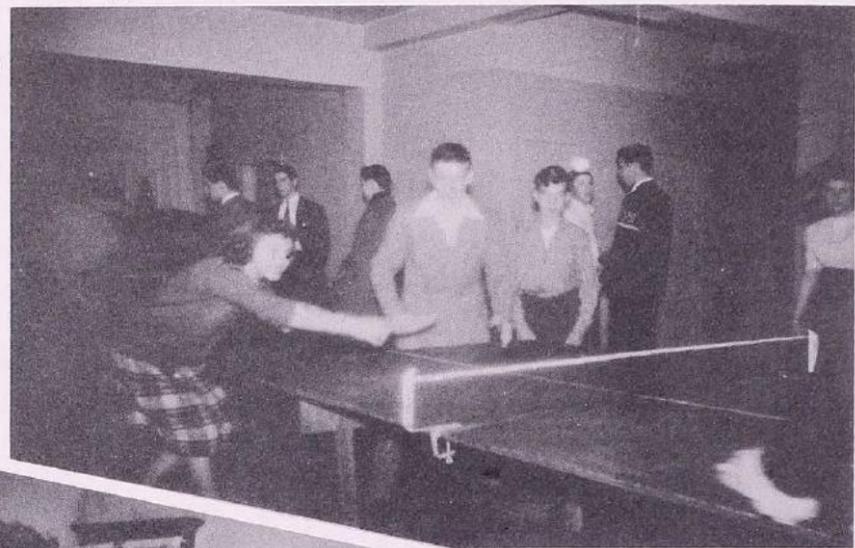
Some of the seniors remind me of famous men and women in history, for instance, Bonnie Steinbacher is my choice for Helen of Troy and Vivian Karas is my idea of Joan of Arc. Wouldn't Tom Griffin make a good Napoleon and Stanley Fleece a wonderful coach like Knute Rockne? I can just visualize Evelyn Squires as Betsy Ross sewing our first American flag together. And how about Tim Hogan as Teddy Roosevelt? Rex Holloway with his speeches reminds me of Abraham Lincoln, and Bernard Atchley makes a wonderful Brutus "the noblest Roman of them all." And how do you like Mary Catherine Kelly as Martha Washington? I think Virginia Moore would make a good Molly Pitcher with Mary Seiloff as Sister Kenny and Ann Emerick as Florence Nightingale. How about it? We mustn't forget Eugene Graham as Thomas Edison with his electricity or Ed Degenhardt as Pasteur a great man in the field of Science.

Now for our literary characters. First we have Winnifred Kelly with her big blue eyes as Alice in Wonderland, with Dorothy Otis and her bangs tagging along, as Raggedy Ann. I think Mike Pavlekovich, Bob Horner, and Frank Grumeretz are good as the three musketeers, and Peter Smith as Peter the Rabbit. I think Roberta Wech makes a good Little Red Riding Hood, Phyllis Lillie is our "Girl of the Limberlost", and Stanley Keagle a good Icabod Crane. Do you agree? Theresa Canciani is my version of Ellen, the Lady of the Lake and James Flagg is my King Arthur. Jim Griffin I would cast as Scrooge. Now how about Carl Fahndrich as Huckleberry Finn and Louis Newman as Pinocchio, as he is very quiet? Don't you think Jean McCauley makes a very good Queen of Scots? Last and littlest, but not least, wouldn't Tom Dilliner be a cute Tom Thumb? I hope my classmates won't take offense at my nonsense as I do love to tabulate people.

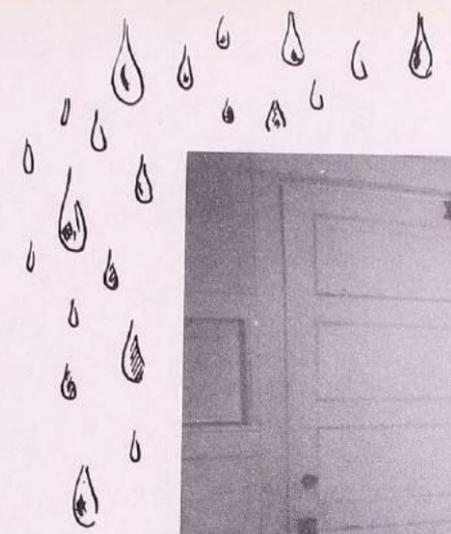
Barbara Chubinski
Dorothy Mankowski

Of course we'll put up with your nonsense girls, if you will put up with ours. We have found roles for you. Dorothy Mankowski we choose as Jo of "Little Women" and Barbara Chubinski we cast as Elaine the fair maid of Astolat.

The Senior Class

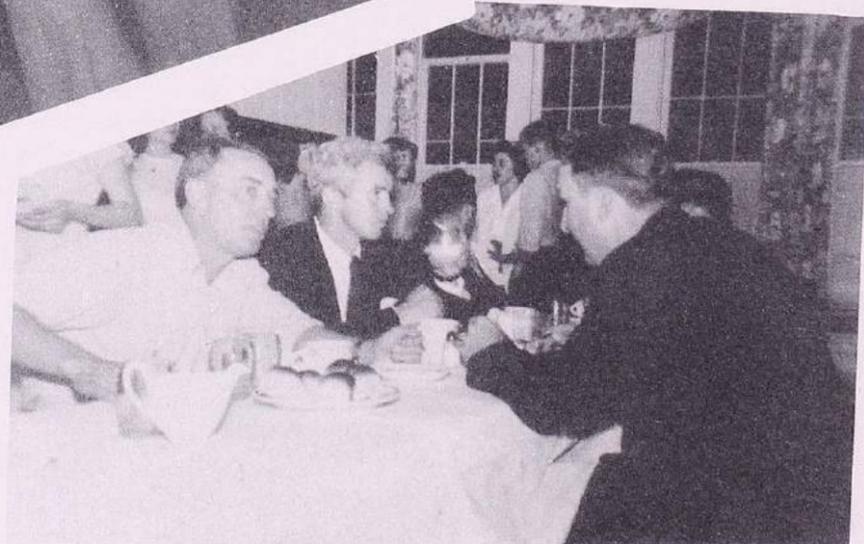
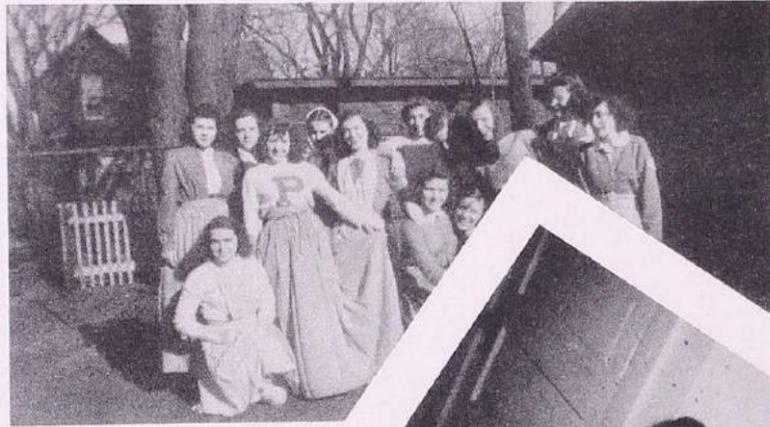


*Evenings
of Fun*

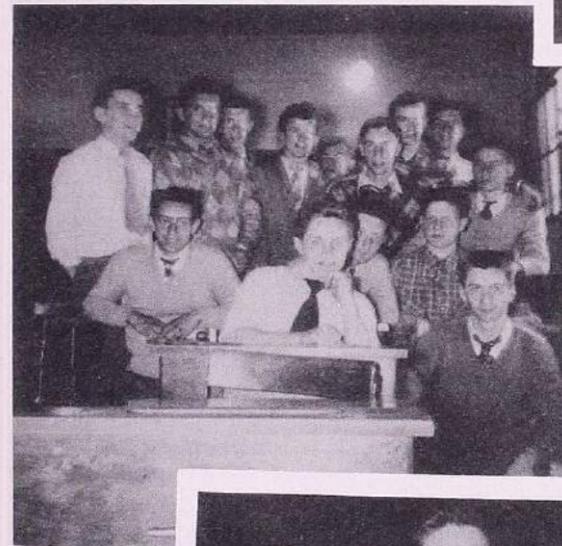


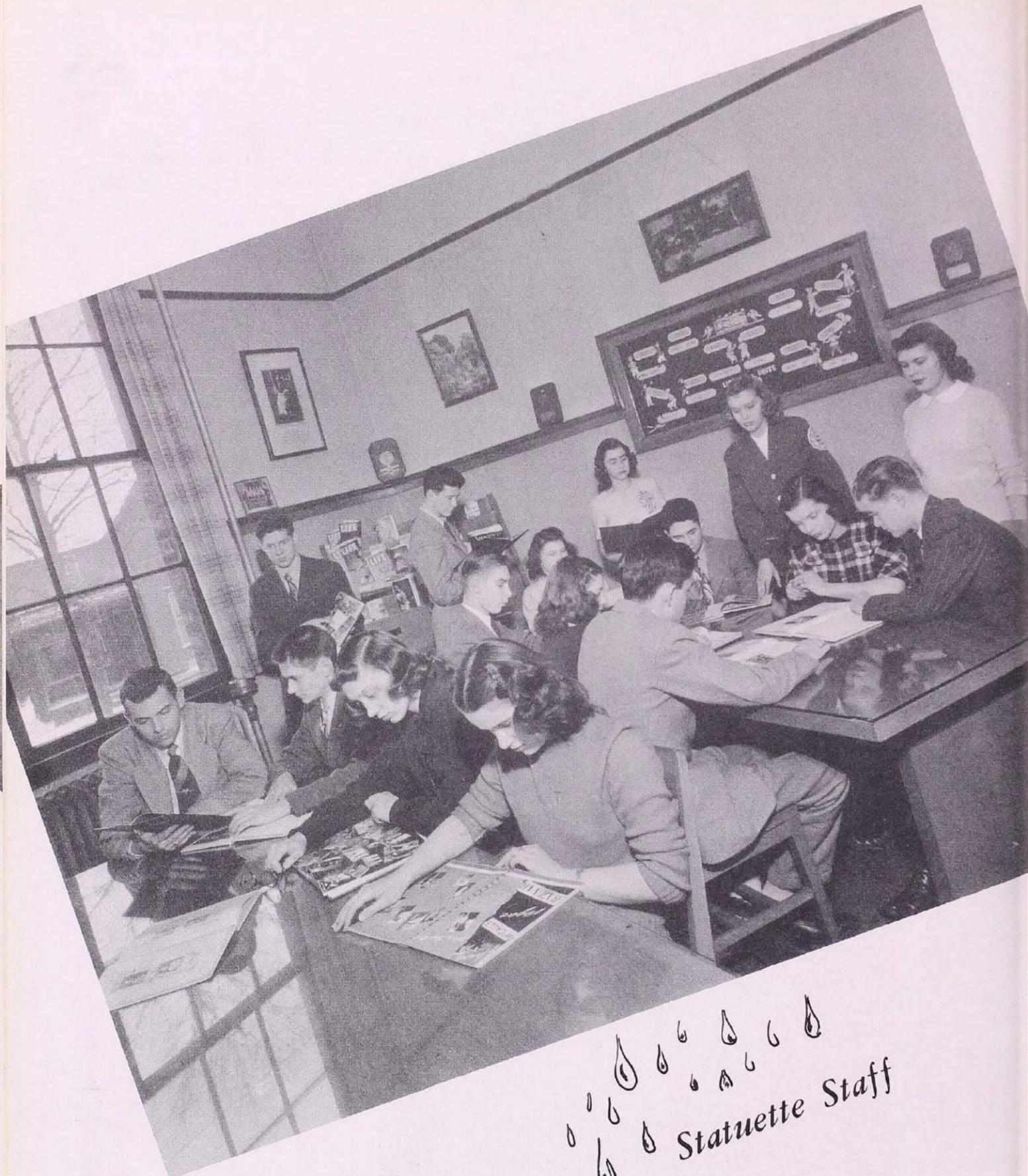
*In The
Social Hall*





*After
The Game
Is Over*



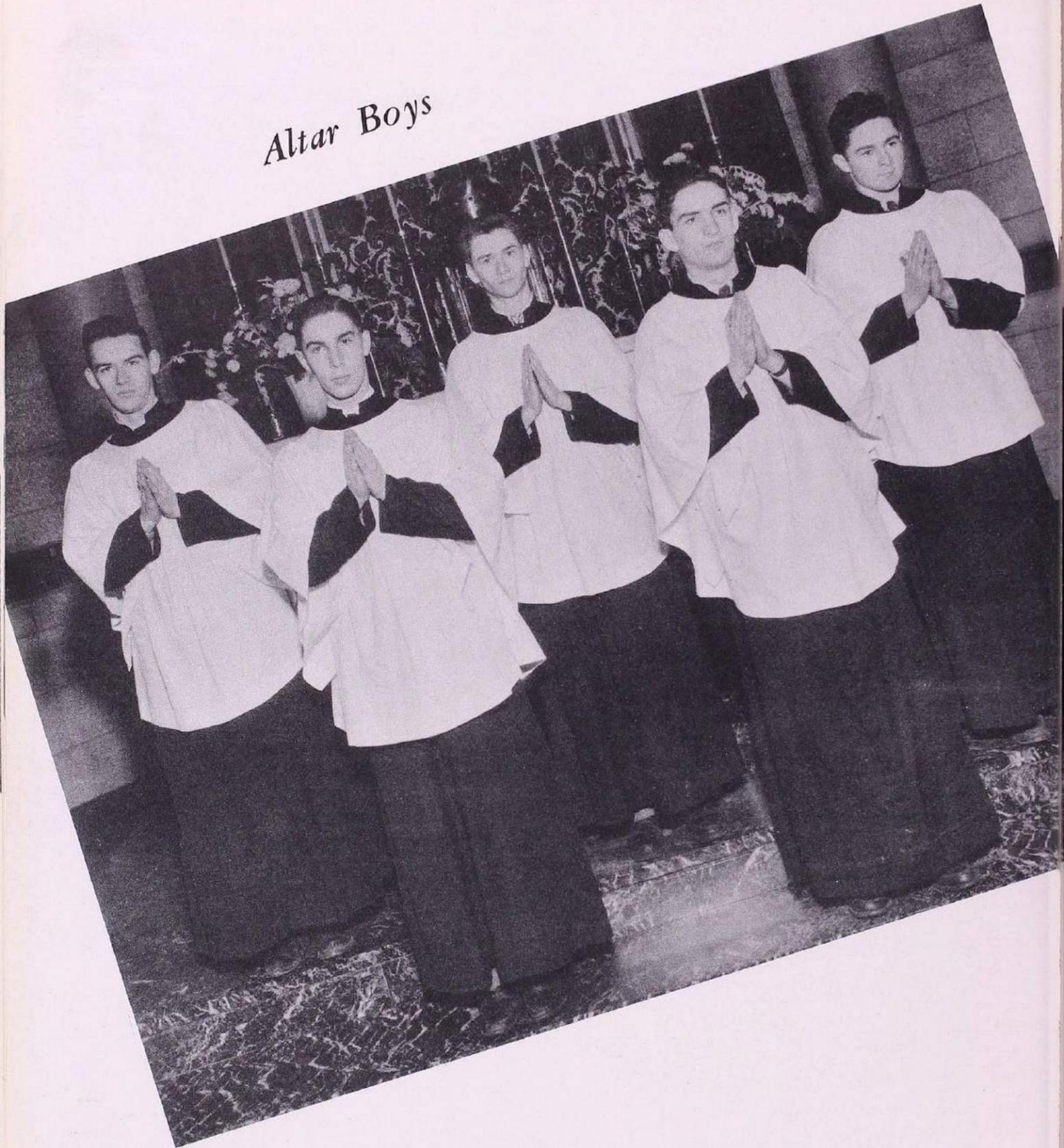


Statuette Staff

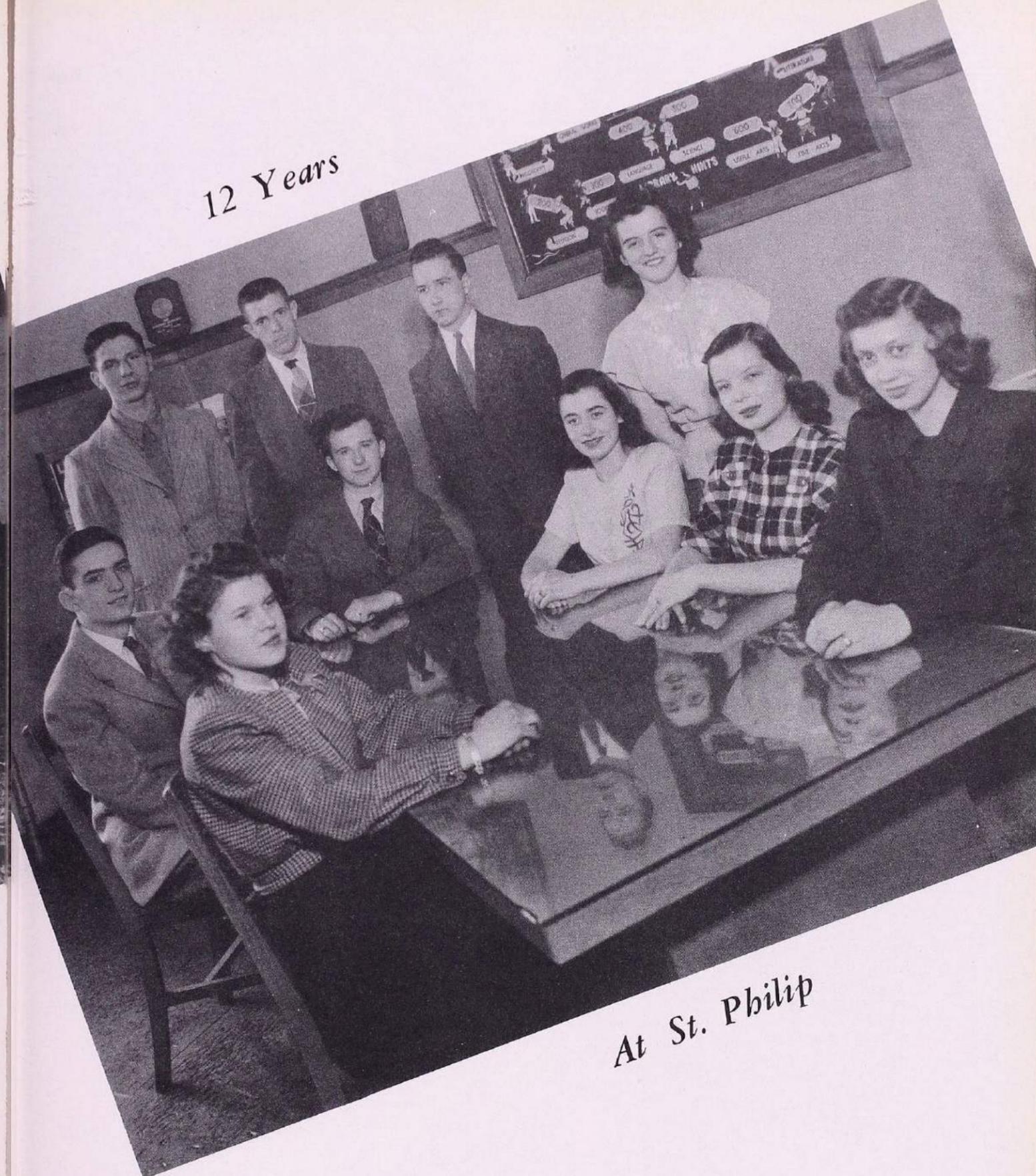


*Staff
At Work*

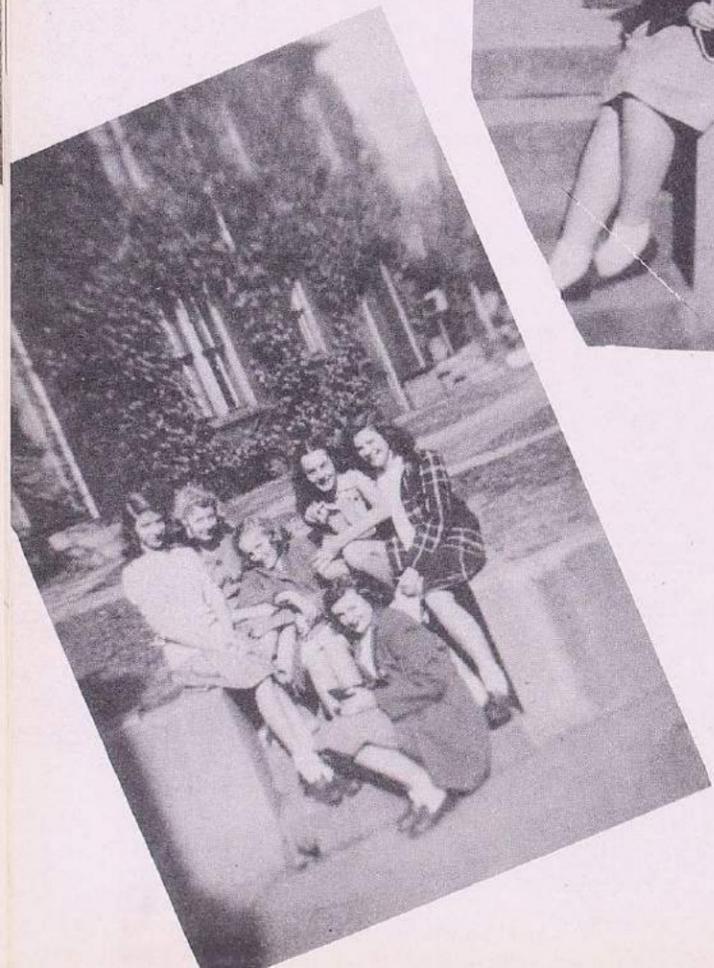
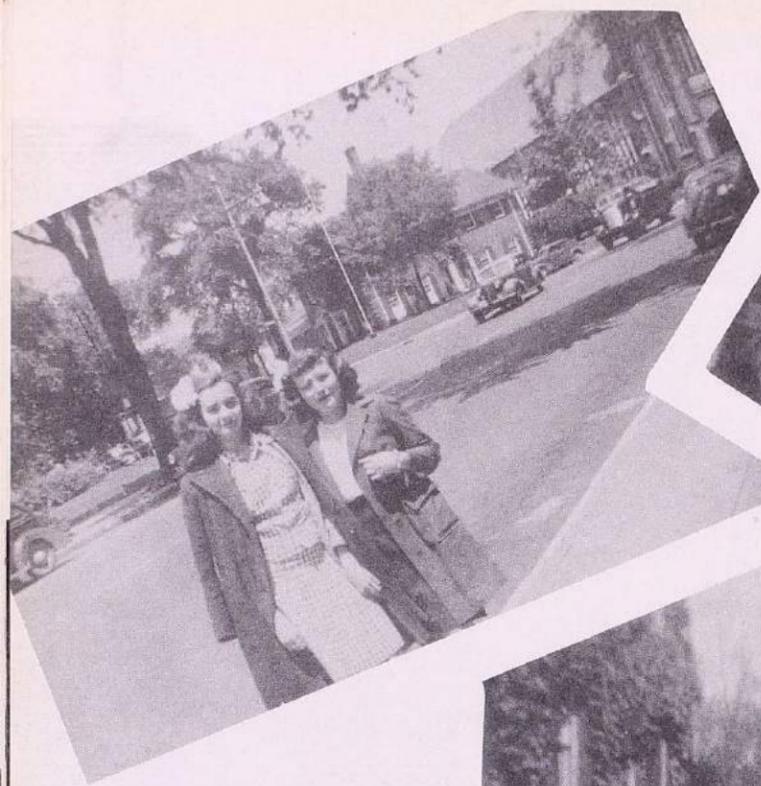
Altar Boys



12 Years

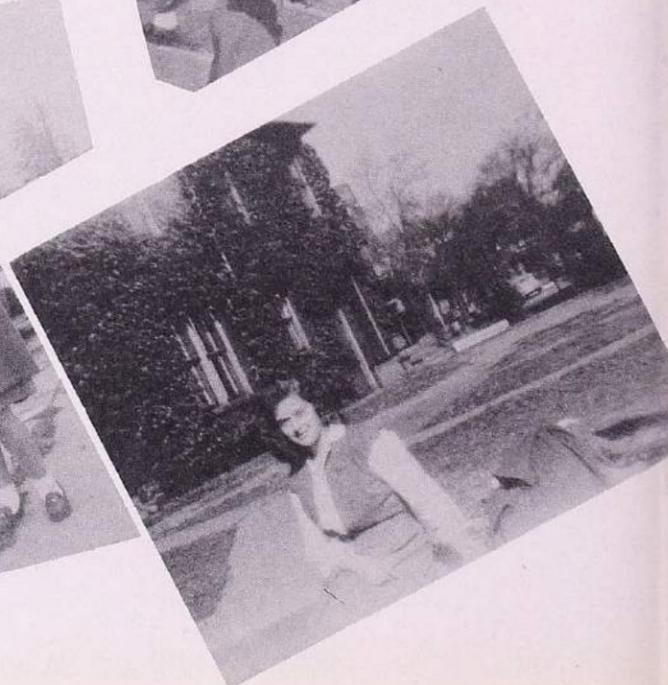
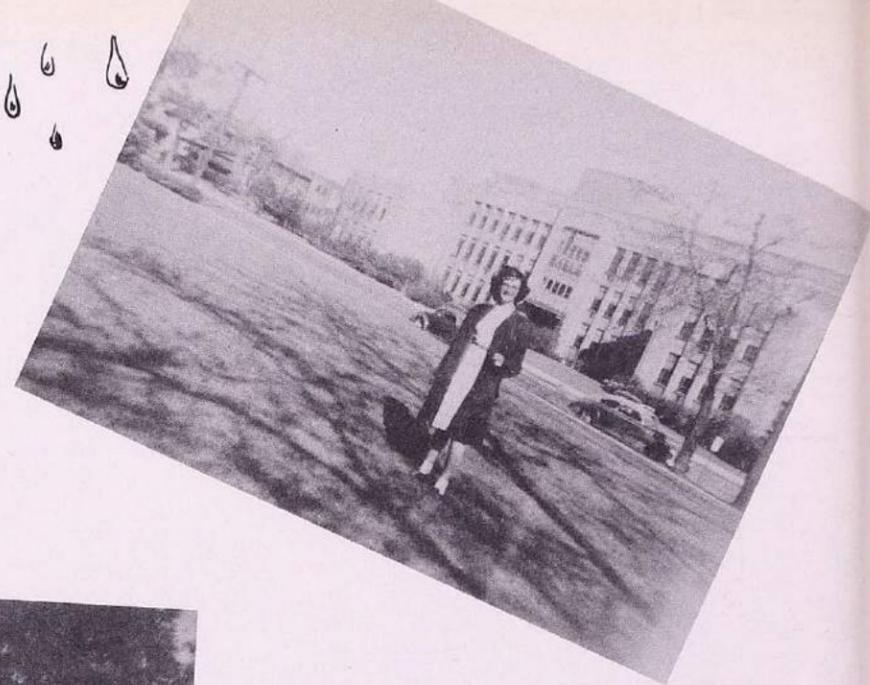


At St. Philip

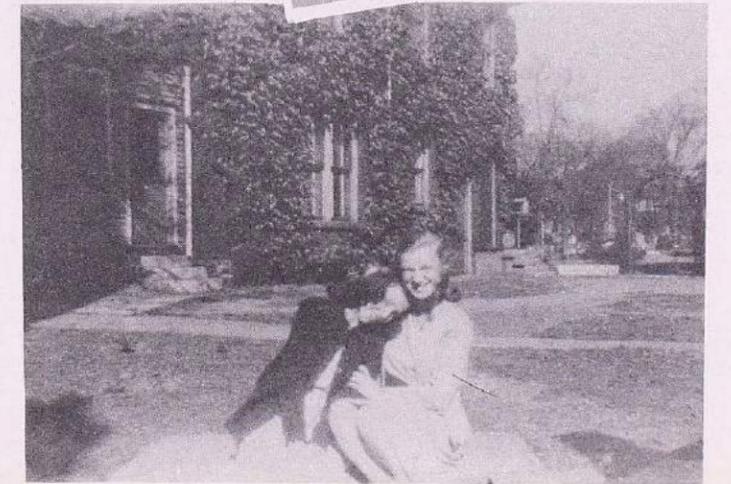
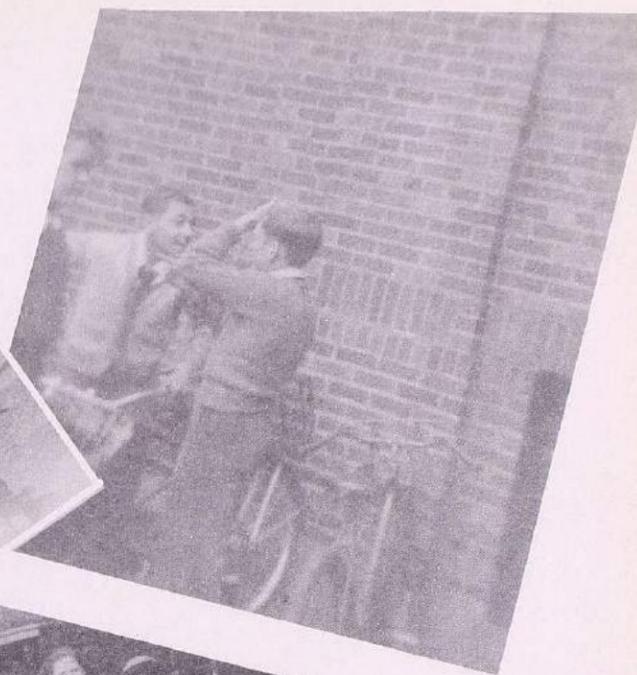


*Freshies
On The
Spot*





More Freshmen



Seniors



V. KARAS
T. DILLNER
J. McCAULEY
R. HOLLOWAY
P. LILLIE



S. KEAGLE
J. ZURFAS
M. PAVLEKOVICH
V. MOORE
P. SMITH



B. CHUBINSKI
P. MARRIOTT
T. CANCIANI
F. GRUMERTZ
M. C. KELLY



E. DEGENHARDT
D. MANKOWSKI
T. GRIFFIN
R. WECH
E. GRAHME



B. STEINBACHER
J. GRIFFIN
D. OTIS
R. HORNOR
M. SEILOFF



W. KELLY
J. GALLOWAY
A. EMERICK
S. FLEECE
E. SQUIRES
J. FLAGG

Juniors

P. KERR
A. KURZMAN
P. GANKA
E. WILSON
R. PRILL
J. LILLIE



M. JERSEY
B. HAYES
C. ROACH
J. BURKE
E. M. TREUSCH
J. JAKOWSKI



J. THOMAS
G. ROSS
K. O'REILLY
B. HERMAN
T. BOMBASSEI
V. VARGA



R. MOORE
B. CALHOUN
N. WINN
M. GORDIER
H. WESTRICK
M. METZ



A. McINTYRE
J. KEAGLE
R. GOLUBIC
N. GAETANO
J. McMANUS
M. SWEET



M. JERECK
T. STEINBACHER
M. T. SWAIM
J. BAUMAN
M. MURRAY
L. HAYCOOK



S. MEAD
E. BOONE
W. KNOWLES
J. WAWZYSKO



Sophomores



J. LESAR
C. SIMONDS
J. ODLUM
C. BARRY
D. LONCARIC
C. SECORD



J. STEVENS
P. KELLY
J. KOVACH
M. CALHOUN
R. LeBOEUF
D. SHEPARD



H. FINNEY
P. CHIMOT
J. KAUFFMAN
S. KING
V. McCAULEY
G. MADDALENA



J. THAYER
T. HARRIS
J. MURPHY
M. SWEENEY
L. HOSH
L. MANARIN
J. HUDON



J. PLATUSIC
H. WHEELER
R. COULOMBE
L. CHUBINSKI
C. GOLUBIC
M. HERZING
N. GUBRY



G. McINTYRE
W. BECOSKE
L. BONKE
G. OSBORN
F. MANGAN
A. O'CONNELL
J. BEESON



R. ZANDE
H. RENKES
R. ELL
M. CONROY
M. COULOMBE
J. SLOMA
M. A. CONROY

Freshmen



A. COYNE
C. FLETCHER
N. VALMASSOI
M. WENSAUER
M. MEAD
D. JAKOWSKI



A. GRUMERETZ
M. KLUKOWSKI
D. DYKSTRA
H. MANDARINO
J. GANKA
L. MOODY



J. ST. PIERRE
A. AUDETTE
A. PUFF
J. MARRIOTT
G. ALLEN
M. McCANN



T. CLAY
A. McKEON
J. SMITH
S. FITZGERALD
M. ATCHLEY
M. KNOWLES



J. AUDETTE
M. BARRY
P. FAHNDRICH
J. ROZELL
D. MULGREW
J. THOMAS
M. OSBORN



B. MYERS
R. ZANETTI
P. BEESON
M. COMSTOCK
M. RICKETTS
E. MORRISON
D. MROZOVICH



J. LEMM
J. HUDON
M. O'REILLY
J. BURGIE
B. OVERSMITH
M. LAIGE
G. ISMIRLE



BERNARD ATCHLEY
"Tch"

Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.



THERESA GANCLANI
"Terry"

There is a light within her eyes,
Like gleams of wandering fire-flies.

THOMAS DILLINER
"Half Pint"

The shortest, laugh we've ever heard -
Came from half-pint in a single word Ha.



BARBARA CHUBINSKI
"Barb"

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice our hearts beguile.

ANN EMERICK
"Annie"

She's a little girl with eyes of brown
And a smile that fairly lights the town.



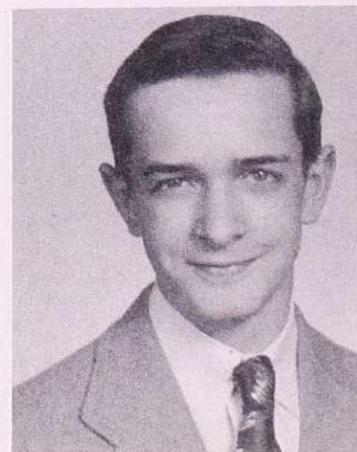
EDWARD DEGENHARDT
"Ed"

A pleasant smile, a sturdy mind,
A true blue guy, whose heart is kind.

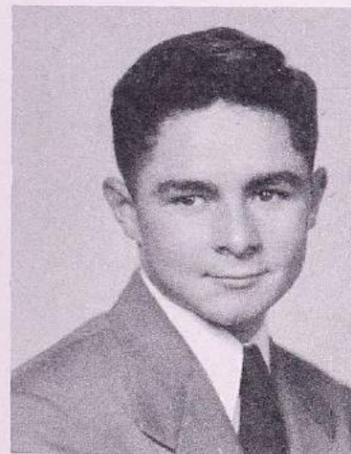
CARL FAHNDRICH
"Gus"

A welcome smile, a joke or two,
A thoughtful friend, both kind and true.

Who's Who
in the



Class
of '47



JAMES FLAGG
"Jim"

Whatever he did, was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please.

JAMES GRIFFIN
"Jim"

Happy I am, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me.

STANLEY FLEECE
"Stan"

Playing for victory, cheer on cheer
Thundered on his eager ear.

TOM GRIFFIN

His path upward, and prevail'd
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled.

JAMES GALLOWAY
"Jim"

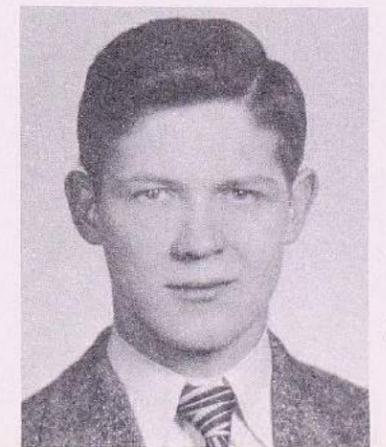
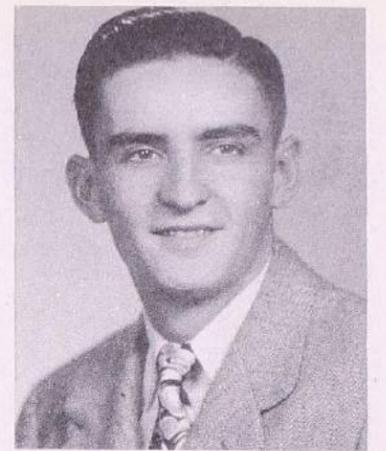
The twinkle in your Irish eyes
Reminded me of the pleasure gone by.

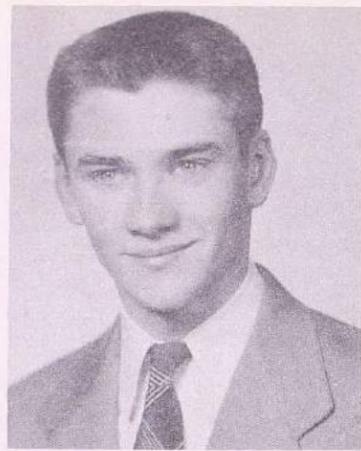
FRANK GRUMERETZ
"Sparkie"

And still they gazed, and still
The wonder grew
That one small head could carry
All he knew.

EUGENE GRAHAM
"Bones"

He mixed reason with pleasure
And wisdom with mirth.





TIMOTHY HOGAN
"Tim"

He dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

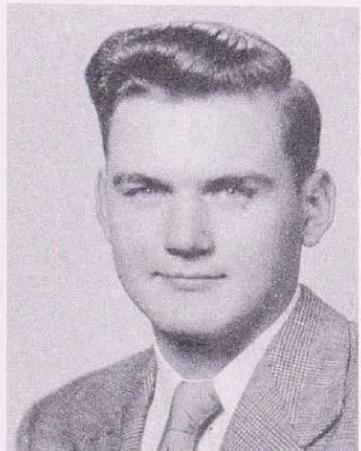


REX HOLLOWAY
"Doc"

A friend to truth in soul sincere
In action faithful and in honor clear.

STANLEY KEAGLE
"Stan"

Shall he always be youthful, and gay,
Till the last companion drops away.



ROBERT HORNER
"Bob"

He was a man, take him for all in all
I shall not look upon his like again.

MARY C. KELLY
"Mary Cath"

Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair.

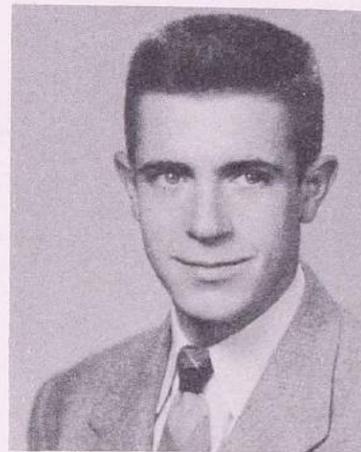


VIVIAN KARAS
"Carrots"

Her quiet ways, her thoughts supreme,
Are not complete without her dreams.

WINIFRED KELLY
"Winnie"

If to her share some female errors fall
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.



VIRGINIA MOORE
"Ginny"

Here's to one who will not pretend
But is and stays the steadfast friend.

DOROTHY MANKOWSKI
"Butch"

The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed
And ease of heart her every look conveyed.



LEWIS NEWMAN
"Louie"

A heart that's lined with purest gold
His smile, his humor, doth unfold.

PATRICK MARRIOTT
"Pat"

Hear him sing and tell a story,
Snap a joke, ignite a pun.



DOROTHY OTIS
"Dot"

A smile for all a greeting glad:
An amiable jolly way she had.

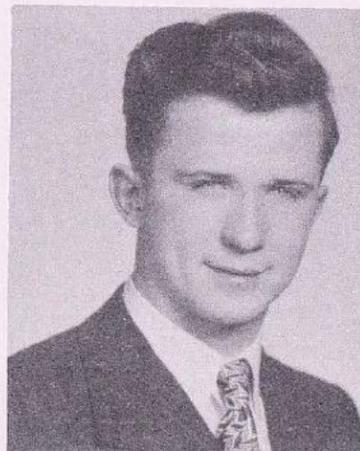
JEAN McCAULEY
"Mac"

Daintiest of manicures
What a cunning hand is yours.



PHYLLIS LILLIE
"Tuffy"

A gracious manner and a
Sweetness that attracts.





MICHAEL PAVLEKOVICH
"Mike"

A truer friend and a finer athlete
Is hard to find.



MARY SEILOFF
"Mary"

She started to sing as she tackled the thing
The thing that couldn't be done, and she did it.

BONNIE STEINBACHER
"Stein"

She'll brighten the day
With her laughter gay.



PETER SMITH
"Red"

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith.

ROBERTA WECH
"Bobbie"

Her eyes of brilliance are full to the brim
With mischief, fun, and plenty of vim.



EVELYN SQUIRES
"Evie"

A voice of gladness, a smile bright,
There's ne'er a one she'd ever slight.

JEAN ZERFAS

And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye.



The Winter Whirl

(Continued from Page 61)

With the return of Stan Fleece and Keagle, St. Philip surprised Resurrection and downed the Irish in a close game 23-22. St. Philip led at half time 12-9 and stretched this to 19-11 as the third period ended. But the Irish got hot and came within one point of tying it up. Tim Hogan led the Tigers with 6 points followed closely by Keagle, Fleece and sophomore Dick Ell with four each.

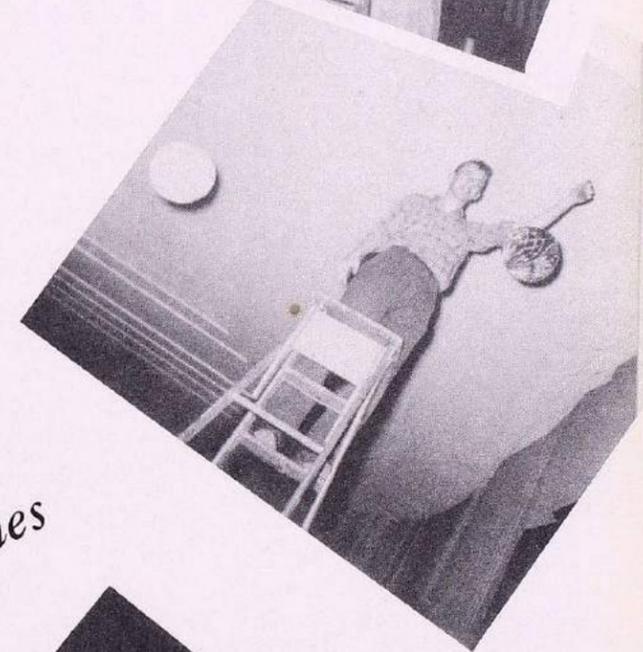
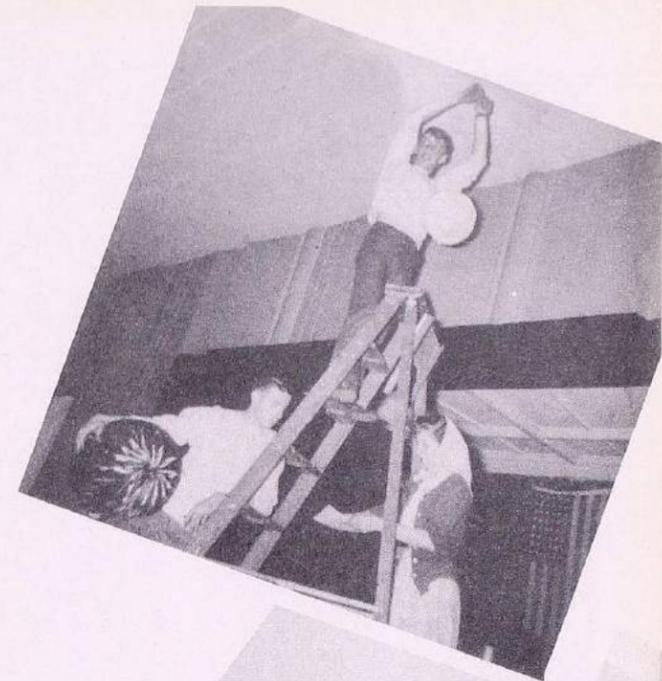
It was truly a great night for the Tigers as they out-scored and outplayed St. Augustine 26-24 to win the Msgr. Walsh Trophy. It was a close game all the way and the lead changed hands several times. Although the Tigers led most of the way St. Augustine was not to be outdone and stayed close behind. But in a wild fourth quarter St. Philip came out ahead as Dick Ell sank the winning basket. Capt. Rex Holloway led the Tigers with 14 points while Stan Keagle and Tim Hogan stood out on defense.

The Big Blues of Lansing St. Marys staved off a last period threat to win 36-34. It was an evenly matched game, but in the third period St. Mary's pulled ahead and clung to it until the final gun.

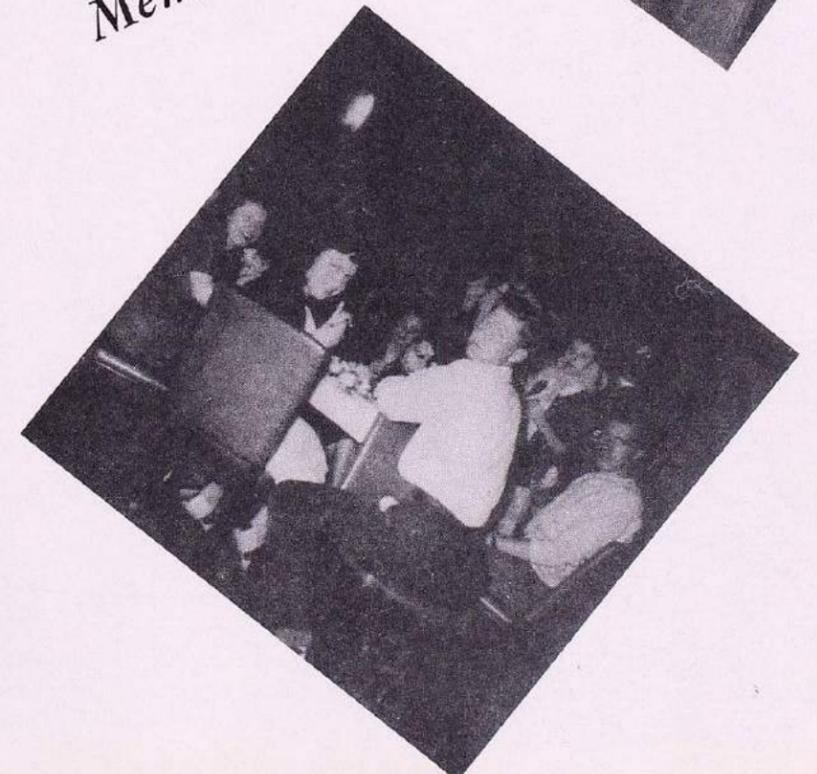
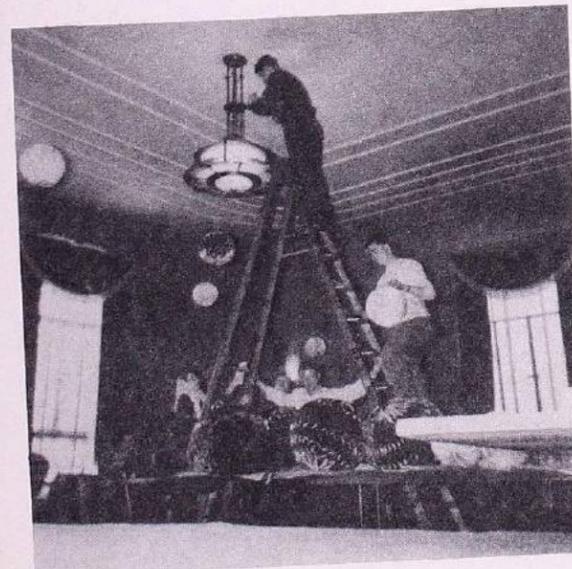
The St. John Gaels visited Battle Creek and defeated the St. Philip five 46-21. It looked like a close game from the start and at the end of the first quarter St. John's led 8-4. Then St. John's began to score freely and the Tigers never caught up.

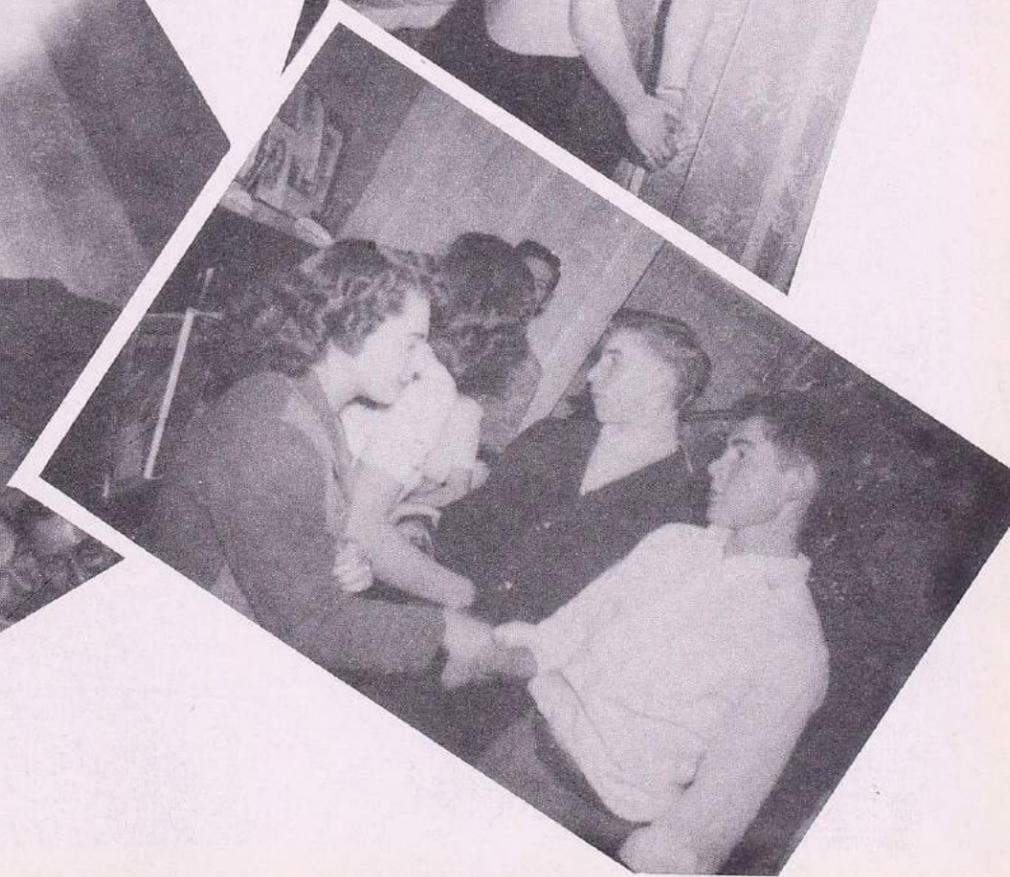
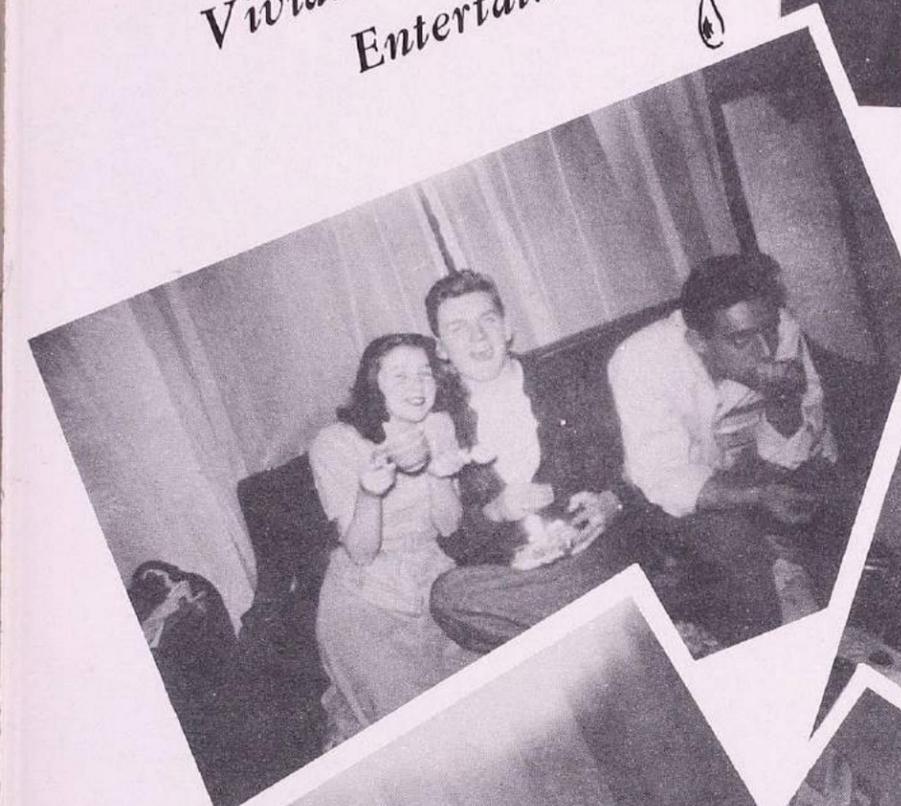
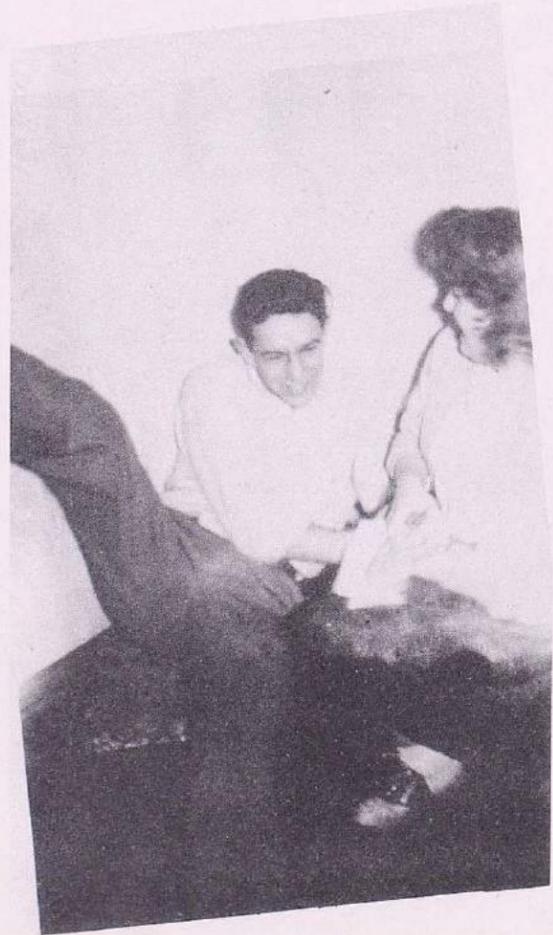
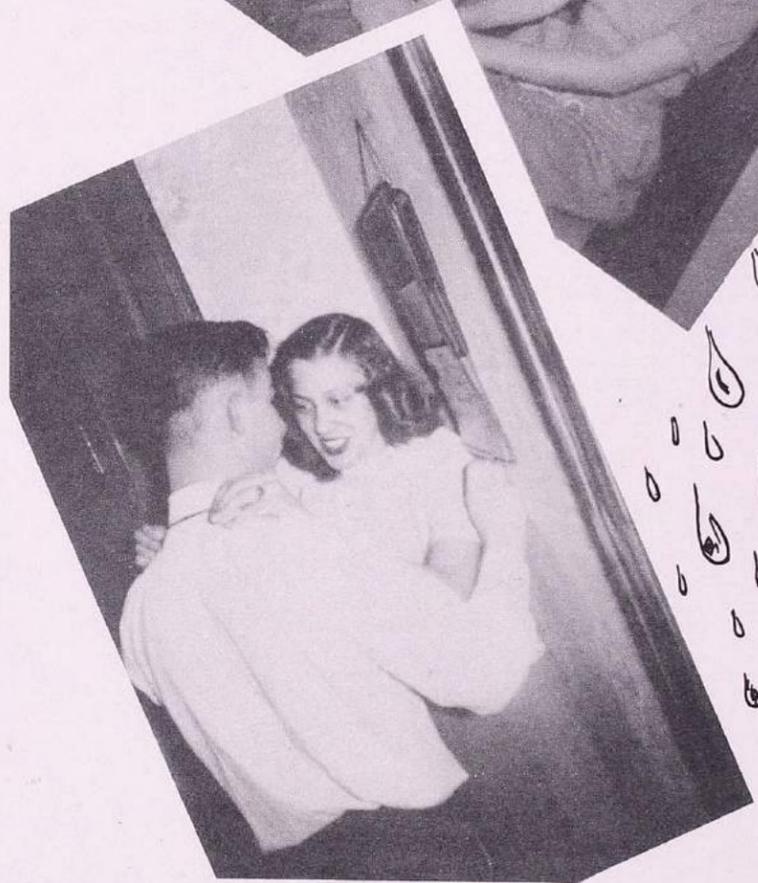
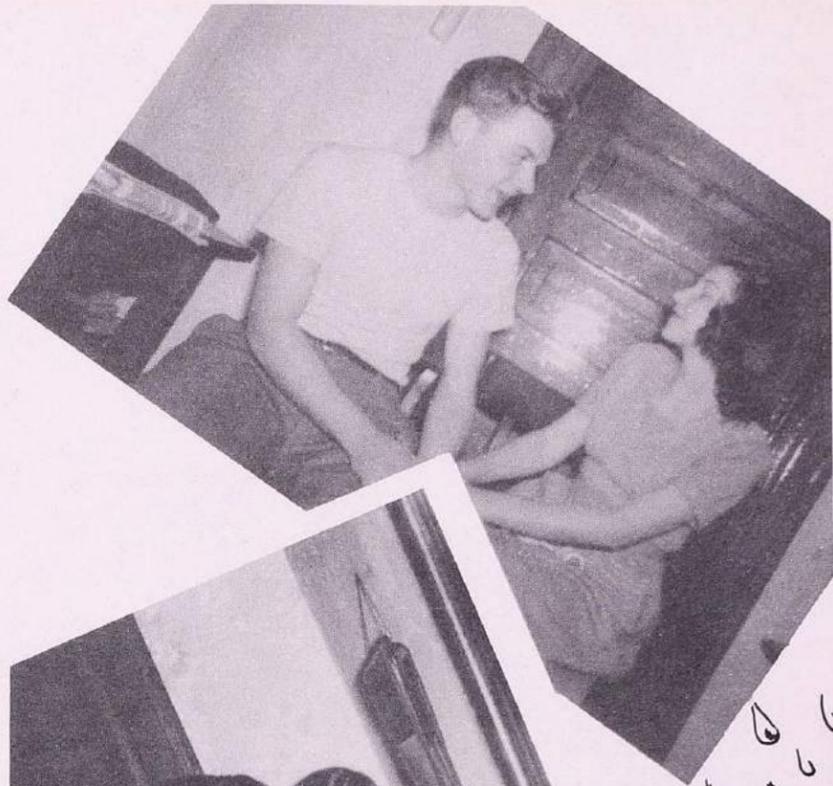
St. Philip will defend the District Championship on March 6, 7, 8. The district championship has come to St. Philip for seven straight years, and this they hope will be the eighth.

James Galloway
Pat. Marriott



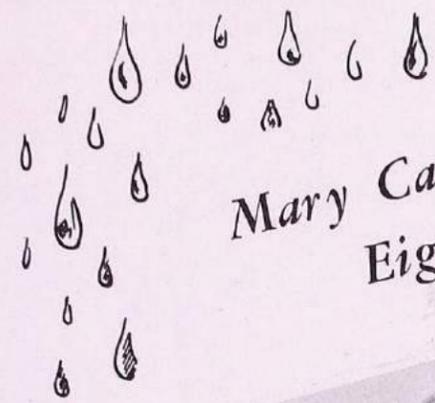
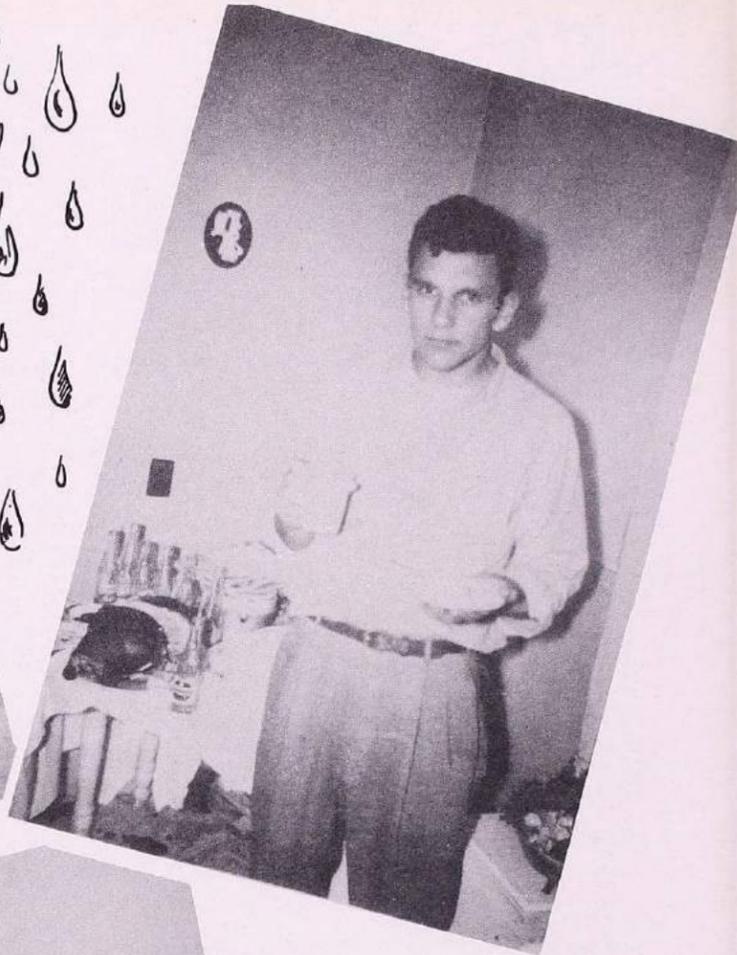
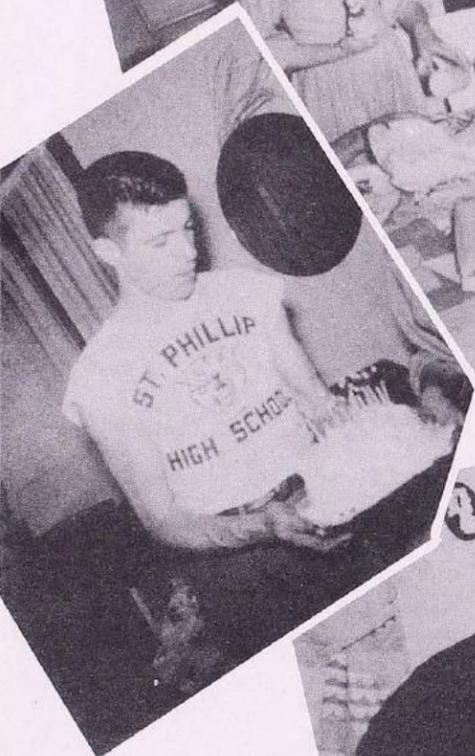
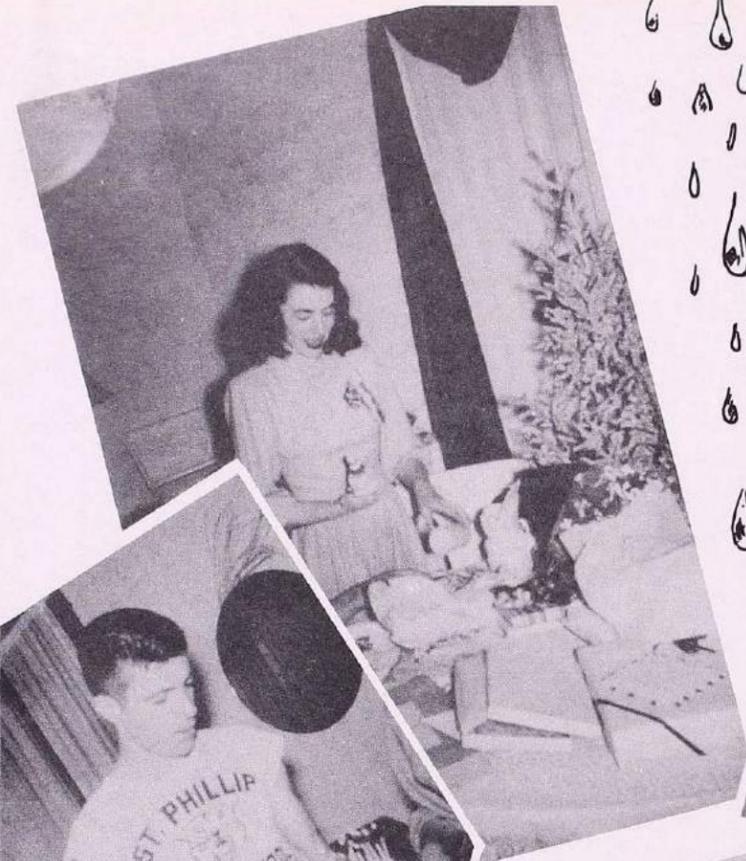
Memories



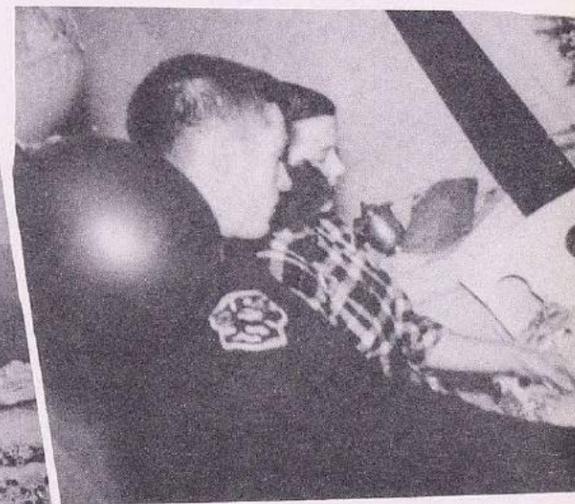


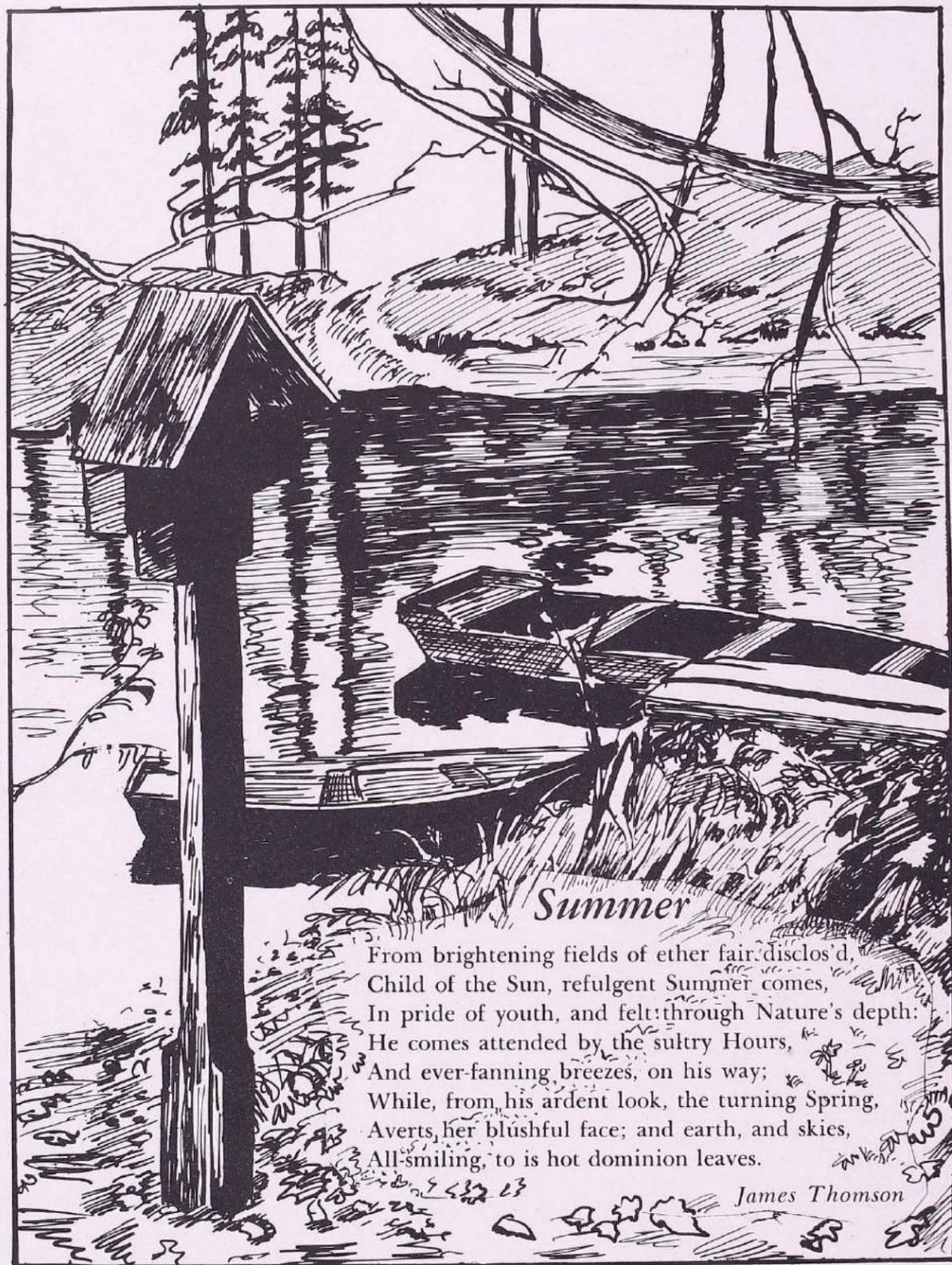
Vivian Entertains



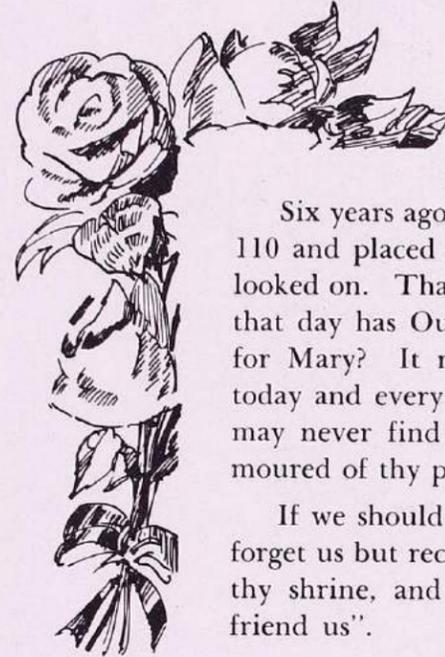
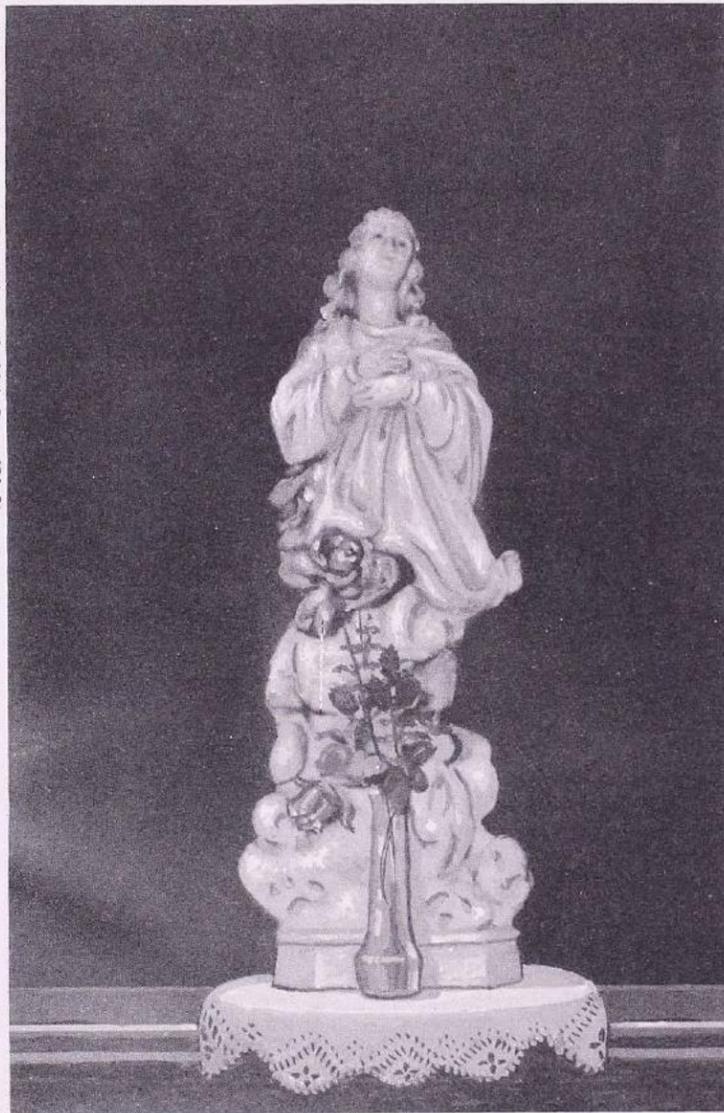


Mary Catherine Is Eighteen





School In Summer



A Rose For Mary

Six years ago a senior advanced to the statue of Our Lady in Room 110 and placed a rose at her feet while the Senior class in reverence looked on. That was the beginning of a lovely tradition. Never since that day has Our Lady lacked a rose. What does it mean, this rose for Mary? It means, "Lady Mary we love thee. We choose thee today and every day as our Queen and Mother. Protect us that evil may never find a place in our hearts. Make us always to be en-moured of thy purity, for only thus shall we remain pure.

If we should be so unfortunate some day as to forget thee, do not forget us but recall that once we thrilled to keep a fragrant rose before thy shrine, and in our darkest days of need, Mother of God, befriend us".

Theresa Canciani



In His Name We Go Forward

After much deliberation, we, the senior class of 1947, have chosen for our motto, "In His Name We Go Forward," which we planned to follow not only through our senior year but also in the days following our graduation.

It is an especially appropriate motto for these troubled days, for we are going out into a world ruled by pride, hate and greed; a world tormented by fear; a world that knows not God.

Perhaps we are very naive, but we have thought it all through in this way. Most of the evils of our times have been caused because the essential dignity of man, based on his possession of a priceless soul, has been forgotten, hence the wanton destruction of human life, the complete disregard of human rights. Now if the world's wrongs are to be righted, the dignity of the human soul as a work of God must be again realized. A beginning must be made somewhere. We are determined to do our small part toward making this beginning. Like the knights of old, "in His Name we will go forward," to follow the shining Grail of our Catholic convictions. And we are confident that as we go forward we shall, through the power of His Name, be enabled to point out the Grail to others, and perhaps as the years pass, our little troop will grow in numbers, joining other troops and other groups and in the united strength we may see in our own day this troubled world brought to the Peace of Christ.

Robert Horner



A Red Rose

We the class of '47 have chosen for our class flower, the queen of all flowers, the red rose. We know our choice reaches high but we make no apology, rather, we hope that it will be indicative of all future choices. As the rose is beautiful we hope always to choose the truly beautiful. As it is fragrant we hope to favor the good. As it has an enduring place in literature and history we will reach out for the true and the lasting. As it is a symbol of Mary under her beautiful title of Mystical Rose, we are determined that every decision and act of our lives will indicate that we have come to noble lineage, that we are Mary's children.

Robert Horner



Red and White

Red and white have been the school colors for many years now. We have sung for the red and white, cheered for the red and white and worn them constantly for the dear old school.

When the time came to choose our class colors it seemed nothing short of disloyalty to think in terms of anything else but the old familiar colors. And so they must be recorded as the colors of the class of '47.

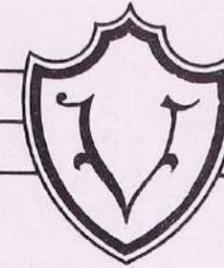
Red and white mean other things to us too.

White is symbolic of purity, purity of mind and purity of heart which expresses itself in reproachless conduct. St. Philip's has taught us to reverence and love purity of life and we are determined to be faithful to our school ideals.

Red signifies our Faith, our splendid, two-thousand year old heritage which we will carry as a brilliant torch into a spiritually darkened world. It also speaks of courage which we are well aware that we shall need, for the world of today in which we are shortly to take our places, is an old world, torn by godless forces and bereft of hope.

But we are not discouraged. Armed with all the spiritual weapons of our glorious Faith with which to do battle against evil, trained to live according to shining Catholic ideals we shall go forth. We shall carry our banner of red and white symbolic of all these aims forever in our hearts.

Robert Horner



Ave Atque Vale

After three years and more of camaraderie saying good-bye is not easy. We shall miss you on the field, in the gym, in the classrooms and in all the haunts and "hang-outs" so dear to the hearts of St. Philip students.

But we are happy for you because you have reached that goal toward which we also look. We are proud of you because you have done well all those things that seniors should do.

We congratulate you sincerely and heartily.

We shall climb into your places, and yet, strange paradox, your places will still remain, for each one of you has carved a niche in the records and annals of St. Philip's.

The well-wishes of the old school follow you into the world. Its stability will lend you security: its love will claim you. It will always be here to welcome you at any future day you wish to return.

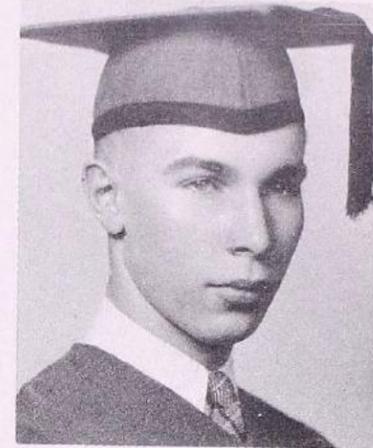
Farewell Class of '47 and "God be with you." Live your life well in the world of men that the eternity of God may receive you with rejoicing.

James Lillie



So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,
 And the high cause of Love's magnificence,
 And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names
 Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,
 And set them as a banner, that men may know,
 To dare the generations, burn, and blow
 Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming . . .
 These I have loved.

RUPERT BROOKE



HARRY REX
 HOLLOWAY

38 Latta St.
Scientific Course
 Class President '47
 Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
 Sodality Officer '45
 S. S. C. A. Convention '46
 Statuette Editor '47
 Banquet Committee '46
 Boy's Choir '44, '45, '46, '47
 Altar Boy '44, '45, '46, '47
 Glee Club '44
 Latin Club '44, '45
 Dramatics '47
 Honor Roll '44, '45, '46
 Football '45, '46, '47
 Basketball '44, '45, '46, '47
 Baseball '44, '45, '46, '47
 Golf '44, '45, '46, '47



CARL GUSTAV
 FAHNDRICH

75 Garrison Ave.
General Course
 Projection Club '43, '44
 German Club '44, '45, '46
 Radiocode '43, '44, '45, '46
 Sodality '46, '47
 Basketball '43, '44



PATRICK JAMES
 MARRIOTT

1185 E. Michigan Ave.
Scientific Course
 Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
 Sodality Chairman '47
 S. S. C. A. '46
 Sodality Treasurer '44
 Class President '45
 Banquet Committee '46
 Statuette Staff '47
 Student Council '45
 Glee Club '44
 Boy's Choir '44, '45, '46, '47
 Latin Club '44, '45
 Dramatics '47
 Baseball '44, '45, '46, '47
 Basketball '46



STANLEY KEAGLE

18 Arthur St.
Scientific Course
 Class Treasurer '45
 Banquet Committee '46
 Statuette Staff '47
 Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
 S. S. C. A. '46
 Glee Club '44
 Choir '44, '45, '46
 Latin Club '44, '45
 Football '45, '46, '47
 Basketball '44, '45, '46, '47
 Track '46, '47

G
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VIRGINIA MOORE
 Route 3, Box 430
General Course
 Glee Club '44, '45, '46, '47
 Bowling '47
 Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47



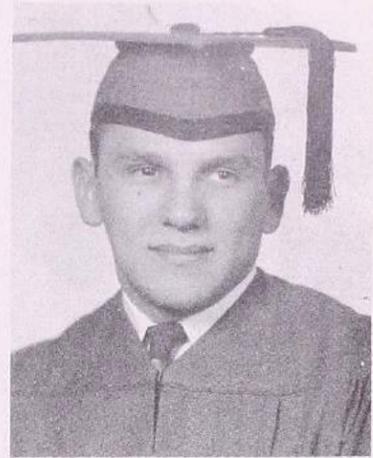
**ANN ALOYSE
 EMERICK**
 197 North Wabash Ave.
General Course
 Glee Club '44, '45, '46
 Choir '44, '46
 Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
 Latin Club '44, '45
 Operetta '45
 Girls Bowling League '47



DOROTHY OTIS
 39 Caine Street
General Course
 Glee Club '46, '47
 Choir '46, '47
 Banquet Committee '46
 Sodality '46, '47
 Girls Bowling Club '47



**BARBARA LEE
 CHUBINSKI**
 49 Lourin Ct.
Scientific Course
 Class Secretary '47
 Banquet Committee '46
 Statuette Staff '47
 Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
 Sodality Officer '46
 Glee Club '44, '45, '46, '47
 Choir '44, '45, '46, '47
 Latin Club '44, '45
 Banquet Committee '46
 Honor Roll '44, '45, '46
 Operetta '45
 Bowling '47



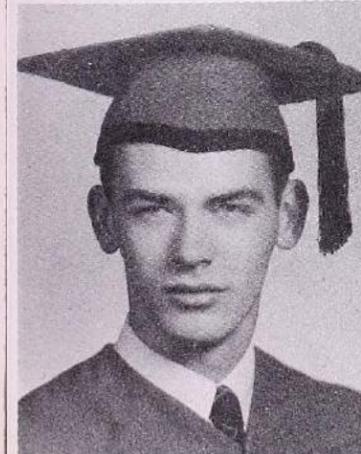
**STANLEY JOHN
 FLEECE**
 360 Riverside Dr.
Scientific Course
 Class Treasurer '46
 Banquet Committee '46
 Statuette Staff '47
 Latin Club '44, '45
 Glee Club '44
 Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
 Choir '44
 Football '44, '45, '46, '47
 Baseball '44, '45, '46, '47
 Basketball '44, '45, '46, '47
 Track '46, '47
 Golf '44, '45, '46, '47



ROBERT HORNER
 2323 S. W. Capital Ave.
Scientific Course
 Student Manager '46
 Social Chairman '46
 Latin Club '44, '45
 Statuette Staff '47
 Glee Club '44, '45, '46
 Football '46, '47
 Basketball '44, '45, '46
 Baseball '44, '45, '46, '47
 Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
 Choir '45, '46



**FRANK JOSEPH
 GRUMERETZ**
 91 Shepard St.
Scientific Course
 Statuette '47
 Glee Club '44
 Choir '44, '45, '46, '47
 Latin Club '44, '45
 Football '45, '46, '47



**ROLAND JAMES
 GALLOWAY**
 122 North Ave.
Latin Scientific Course
 Sodality Officer '45, '46
 Altar Boy '44, '45, '46, '47
 Latin Club '44, '45, '46, '47
 Choir '45, '46



MARY SEILOFF
 197 Roseneath Ave.
Latin-Scientific Course
 Banquet Committee '46
 Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
 Sodality Chairman '44
 Glee Club '44, '45, '46
 Choir '44, '45, '46
 Latin Club '44, '45, '46, '47



VIVIAN KARAS
 86 Clay Street
General Course
 Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
 S. S. C. A. '46
 Banquet Committee '46
 Statuette Staff '47
 Glee Club '44, '45, '46, '47
 Choir '44, '46, '47



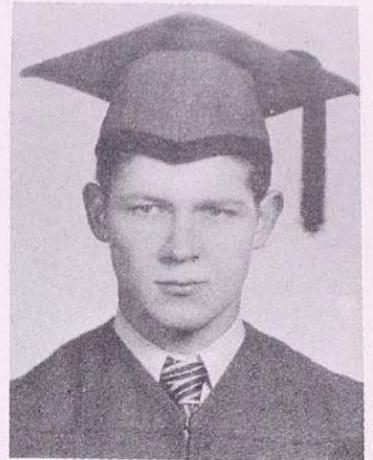
PHYLLIS LILLIE
 155 Cherry St.
General Course
 Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
 Glee Club '44, '45, '46
 Choir '44, '45, '46
 Latin Club '44, '45, '46
 Class Secretary '46
 Operetta '45



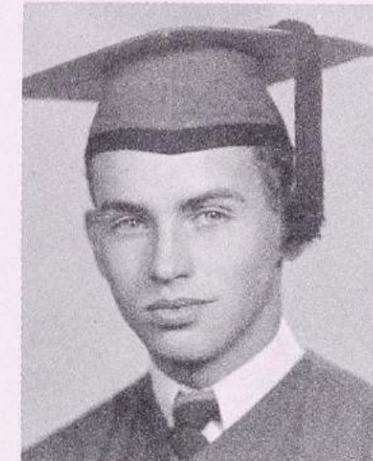
JEAN ZERFAS
 112 Cherry Street
Scientific Course
 Statuette Staff '47
 Sodality '47
 Cheer Leader '46
 Glee Club '44, '45, '46, '47
 Choir '47
 Band '45, '46
 Latin Club '47
 Dramatics '47
 Operetta '45, '46, '47
 Girls' Bowling League '47



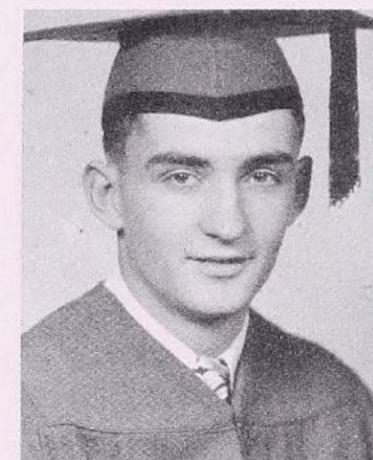
EDWARD FRANK DEGENHARDT
 389 Highland Ave.
Scientific Course
 Banquet Committee '46
 Statuette Staff '47
 Wolverine Boys State '46
 Class President '44
 Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
 Altar Boy '44, '45, '46
 Latin Club '44, '45
 Honor Roll '44, '45, '46
 Dramatics '47
 Football '44
 Baseball '45, '46, '47
 Basketball '44, '46



EUGENE GRAHAM
 14 Willow
Scientific Course
 Dance Committees '43, '44, '45
 '46
 Banquet Committee '46
 Statuette Photography '46, '47
 Sodality '45, '46
 Basketball '43, '44
 Baseball '44, '45
 Football '47



JAMES GRIFFIN
 59 Maple Terrace
Scientific Course
 Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
 Glee Club '44
 Basketball '45
 Football '45
 Banquet Committee '46
 Statuette Staff '47
 Latin Club '44, '45



JAMES FLAGG
 American Legion Hospital
Scientific Course
 Class Treasurer '44
 Wolverine Boys State '45
 Banquet Committee '46
 Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
 S. S. C. A. '46
 Altar Boy '44, '45, '46, '47
 Statuette Staff '47
 Latin Club '44, '45
 Dramatics '47
 Football '45
 Basketball '44



**EVELYN MARIE
SQUIRES**
167 South Ave.
General Course
Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
Banquet Committee '46
Statuette Staff '47
Cheer Leader '47
Vice President '46
Glee Club '44, '45, '46, '47
Choir '44, '45
Dramatics '47
Operetta '45
Latin Club '45, '46
C. D. A. '45, '46



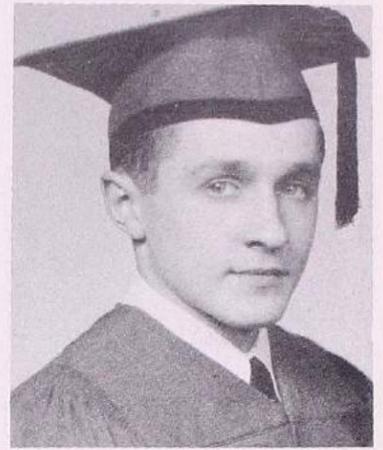
**BONNIE JEANNE
STEINBACHER**
45 W. Fountain St.
Scientific Course
Vice President '47
Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
S. S. C. A. '46
Banquet Committee '46
Statuette Staff '47
Dramatics '47
Operetta '45
Glee Club '44, '45, '46, '47
Choir '44, '45, '46, '47
C. D. A. '44



**ELINOR JEAN
McCAULEY**
56 Lathrop Avenue
General Course
Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
Banquet Committee '46
Glee Club '44, '45, '46, '47
Choir '44, '45, '46



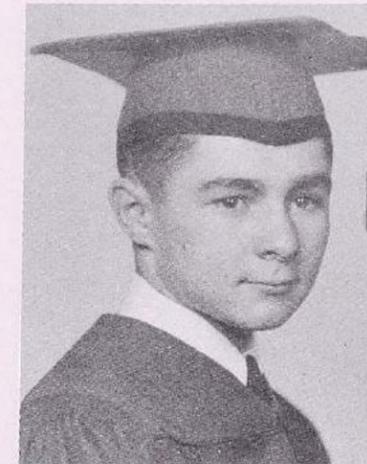
ROBERTA WECH
253 Cherry
General Course
Sodality '45, '46, '47
Banquet Committee '46
Choir '45
Operetta '46
Glee Club '45, '46
Fall Frolic '44



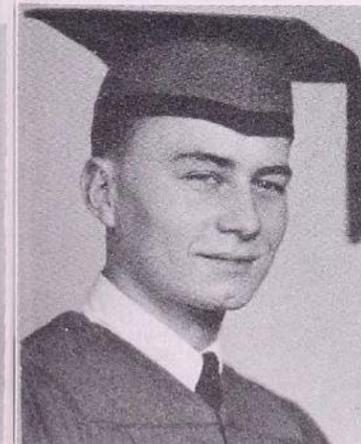
**ROBERT THOMAS
DILLINER**
307 N. Wattles Road
Scientific Course
Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
Banquet Committee '46
Statuette Staff '47
Latin Club '44, '45
Glee Club '44



**MICHAEL JOHN
PAVLEKOVICH**
129 Third Street
General Course
Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
Banquet Committee '46
Statuette Staff '47
Latin Club '45, '46, '47
Choir '45, '46, '47
Physical Education '44
Swimming '44
Track '44
Basketball '44
Football '44, '45, '46, '47
Baseball '44, '45, '46, '47



THOMAS GRIFFIN
298 Garfield
Scientific Course
Class Treasurer '47
Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
S. S. C. A. '46
Banquet Committee '46
Statuette Staff '47
Altar Boy '44, '45, '46, '47
Latin Club '44, '45
Dramatics '47
Football '44, '45, '46, '47
Basketball '45, '46, '47
Baseball '46, '47



**BERNARD LOUIS
ATCHLEY**
63 N. Wabash
Scientific Course
Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
Banquet Committee '46
Statuette Staff '47
Glee Club '44
Choir '44, '45
Latin Club '44, '45
Baseball '47



**MARY CATHERINE
KELLY**

400 Elm St.
Latin Scientific
Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
S. S. C. A. '46
Banquet Committee '46
Statuette Staff '47
Glee Club '44, '45, '46, '47
Choir '44, '45, '46, '47
Latin Club '44, '45, '46, '47
Sewing Club '45
Dramatics '47
Girls Bowling League '47



**DOROTHY JOAN
MANKOWSKI**

East Leroy
General Course
Vice-President '44, '45
Statuette Staff '47
Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
Sodality Officer '47
Glee Club '44, '45, '46,
Latin Club '44, '45, '46
Operetta '45
Girls Bowling League '47

THERESA CANCIANI

21 North Wood St.
General Course
Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
Statuette Staff '47
Banquet Committee '46
Operetta '45
Choir '44, '45, '46, '47
Latin Club '44, '45
Class Secretary '46
Student Council '45
Girls Bowling League '47
Glee Club '44, '45, '46, '47



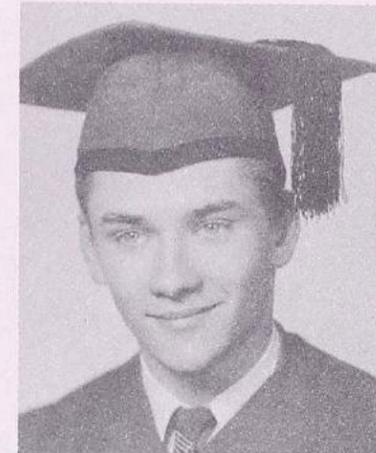
WINIFRED KELLY

48 So. Broad St.
General Course
Sodality '46, '47
Social Committee '46
Dramatics '47
Pan-American Club '45, '46
Spanish Club '46
Glee Club '46, '47



**ROBERT TIMOTHY
HOGAN**

181 North Ave.
Scientific Course
Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
Sodality Prefect '47
S. S. C. A. '46
Banquet Committee '46
Statuette Staff '47
Class President '46
Latin Club '44, '45
Honor Roll '44, '45, '46
Glee Club '44
Altar Boy '44, '45, '46, '47
Dramatics '47
Football '44, '45
Baseball '44, '45, '46
Basketball '44, '45, '47
Boys Choir '44, '45, '46, '47



**LOUIS EDWARD
NEWMAN**

277 W. Burnham St.
General Course
Banquet Committee '46
Statuette Staff '47
Glee Club '44
Sodality '44, '45, '46, '47
Altar Boy '43, '44, '45, '46
Choir '44
Latin Club '45, '46



PETER SMITH

625 Upton Ave.
Scientific Course
Sodality '45, '46, '47
Latin Club '45, '46
Football '46, '47
Baseball '46, '47
Basketball '45





Before Parting

June, 1947. For the past several years we have mentally clothed this date with an aureole of light. Now it is here and we find that some of the glamour has already gone and wistful thoughts struggle with the flawless joy we have so long anticipated.

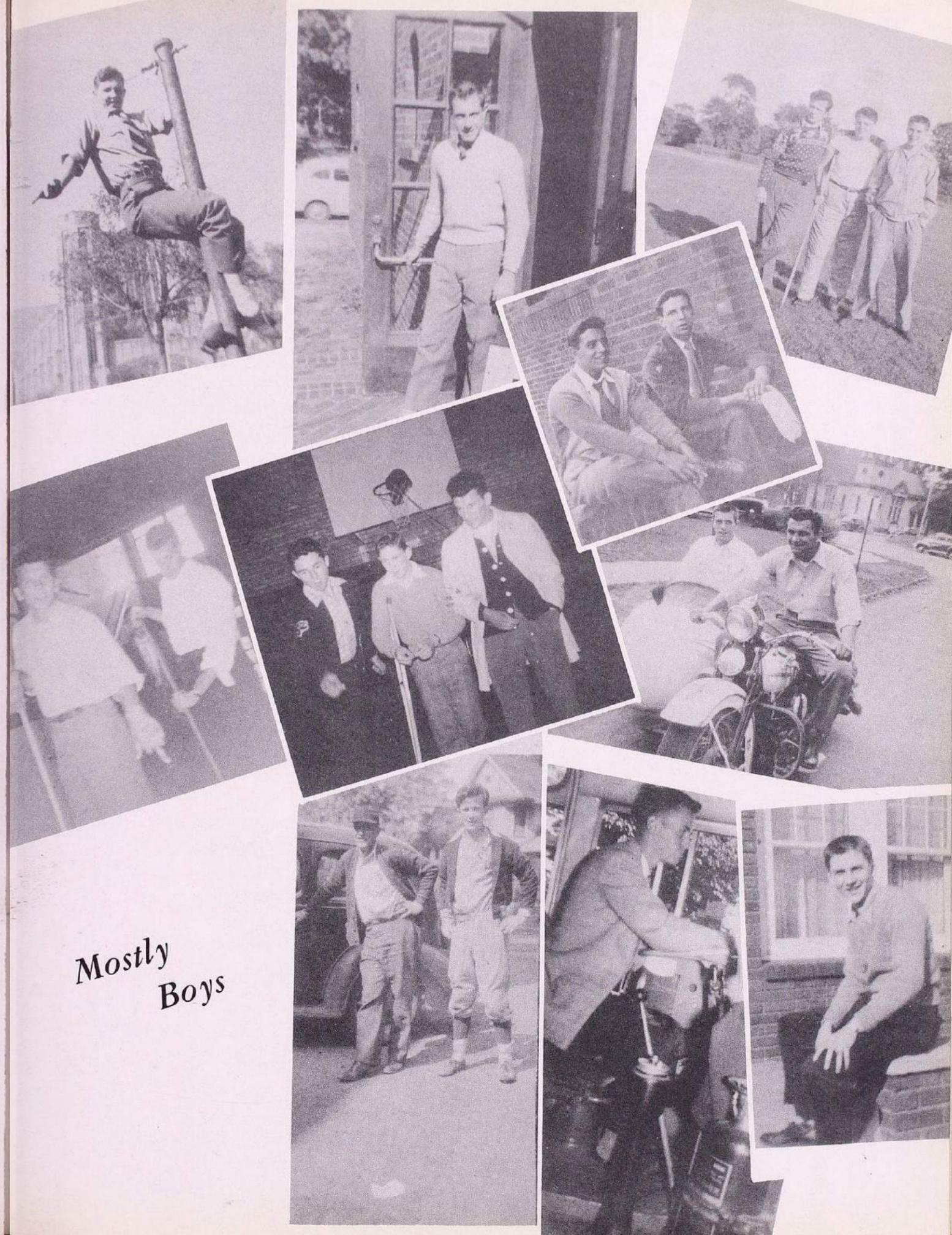
Our high school course is completed and we are now ready to go forth as the twenty-third graduating class of St. Philip's. In departing we pay tribute to the memory of our late Pastor, Monsignor Walsh, under whose benign pastorate our school days were lived, and to Rev. Father Owens, his worthy successor, under whose kindly interest they have been completed. To Father Nadrach and Father Hamilton we say a hearty thank you, and to the Sisters, who for twelve years have devoted themselves to our welfare, our gratitude is full and deep.

Our years at St. Philip's have imbued us with christian principles which will enable us to stand upon our own two feet and to fight for the things that we are worthy of the fighting.

We are resolved never to relinquish the ideals that St. Philip's has developed in us through the years. We are determined always to lead staunchly Catholic lives; to live in time but for eternity.

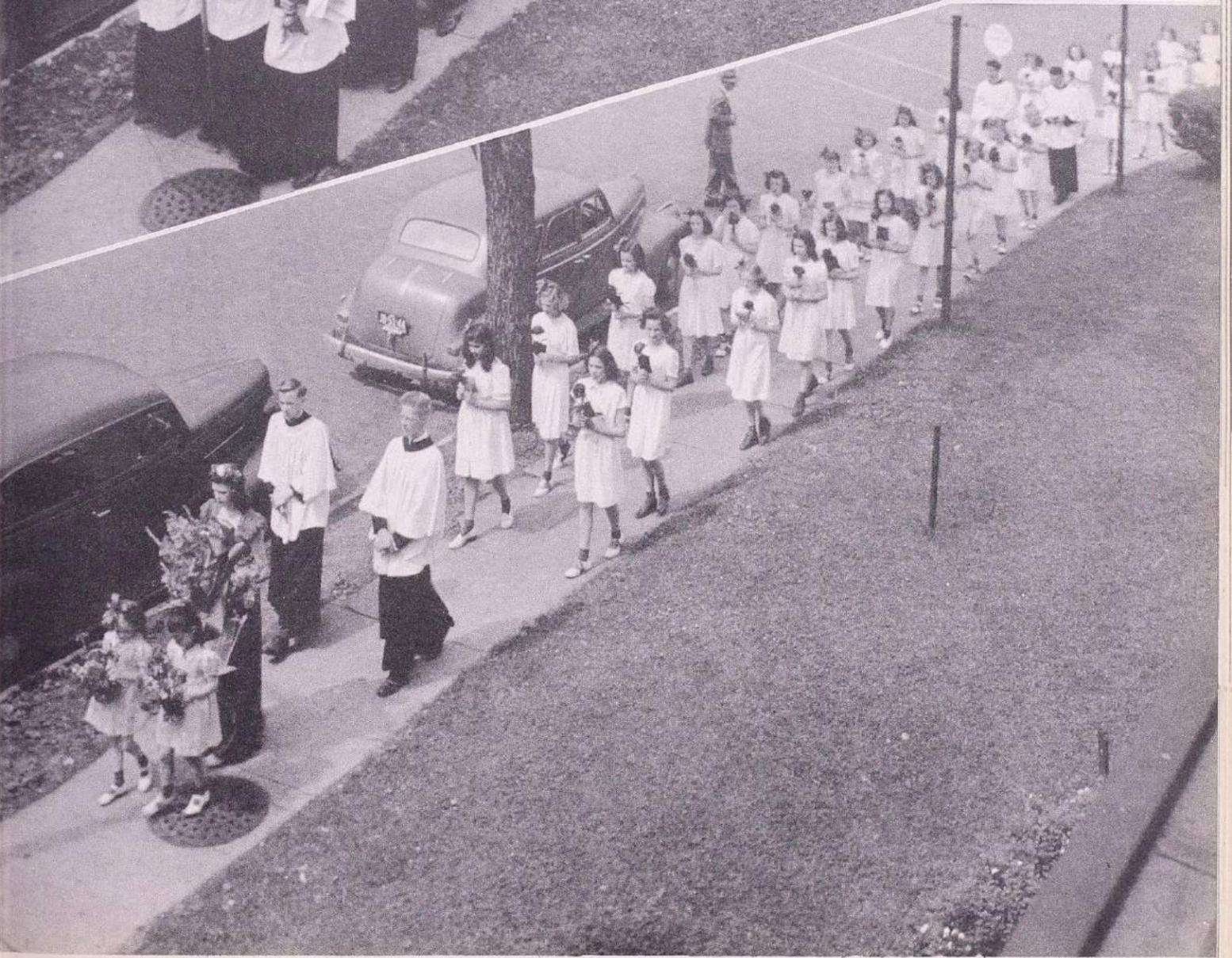
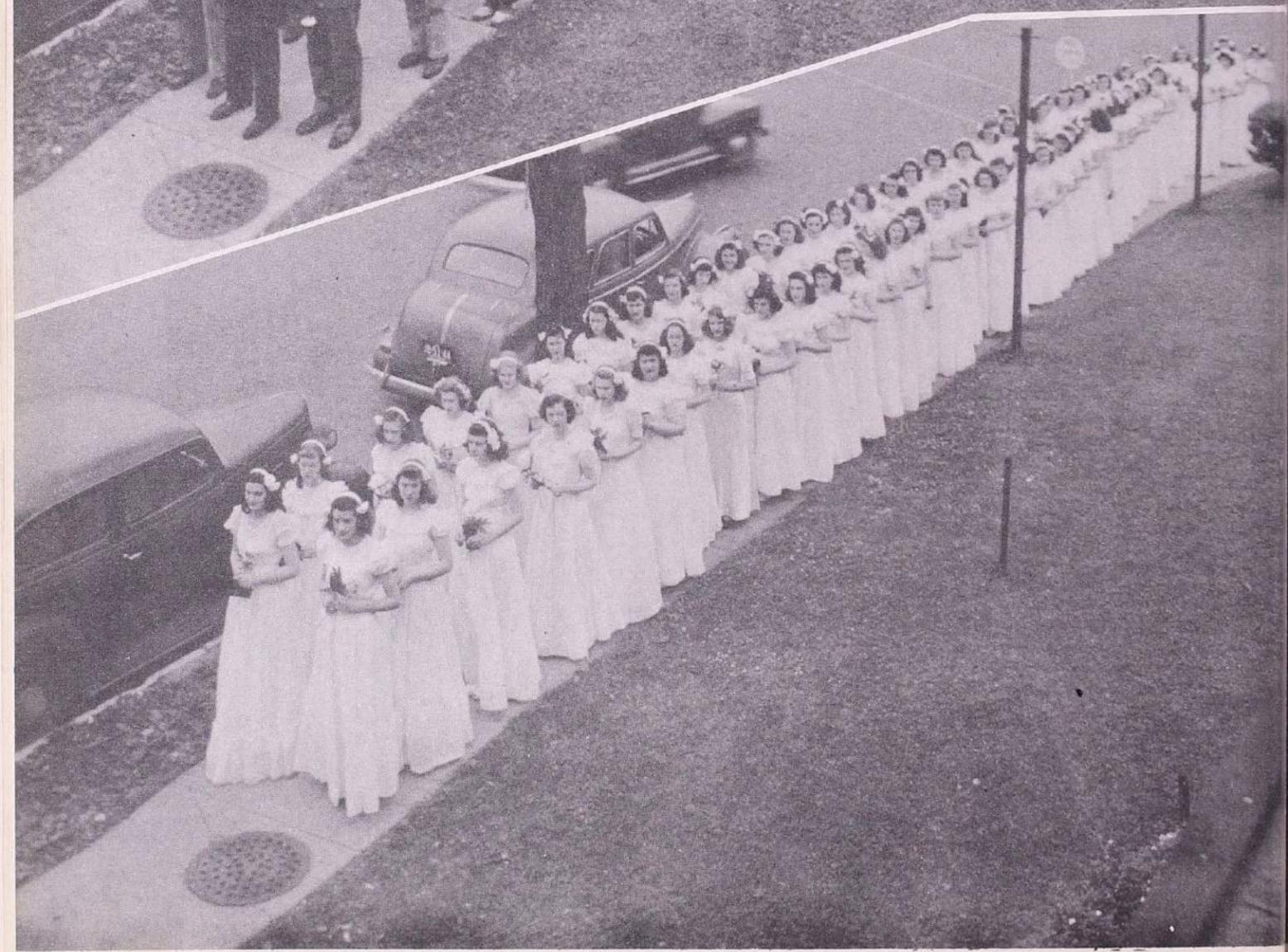
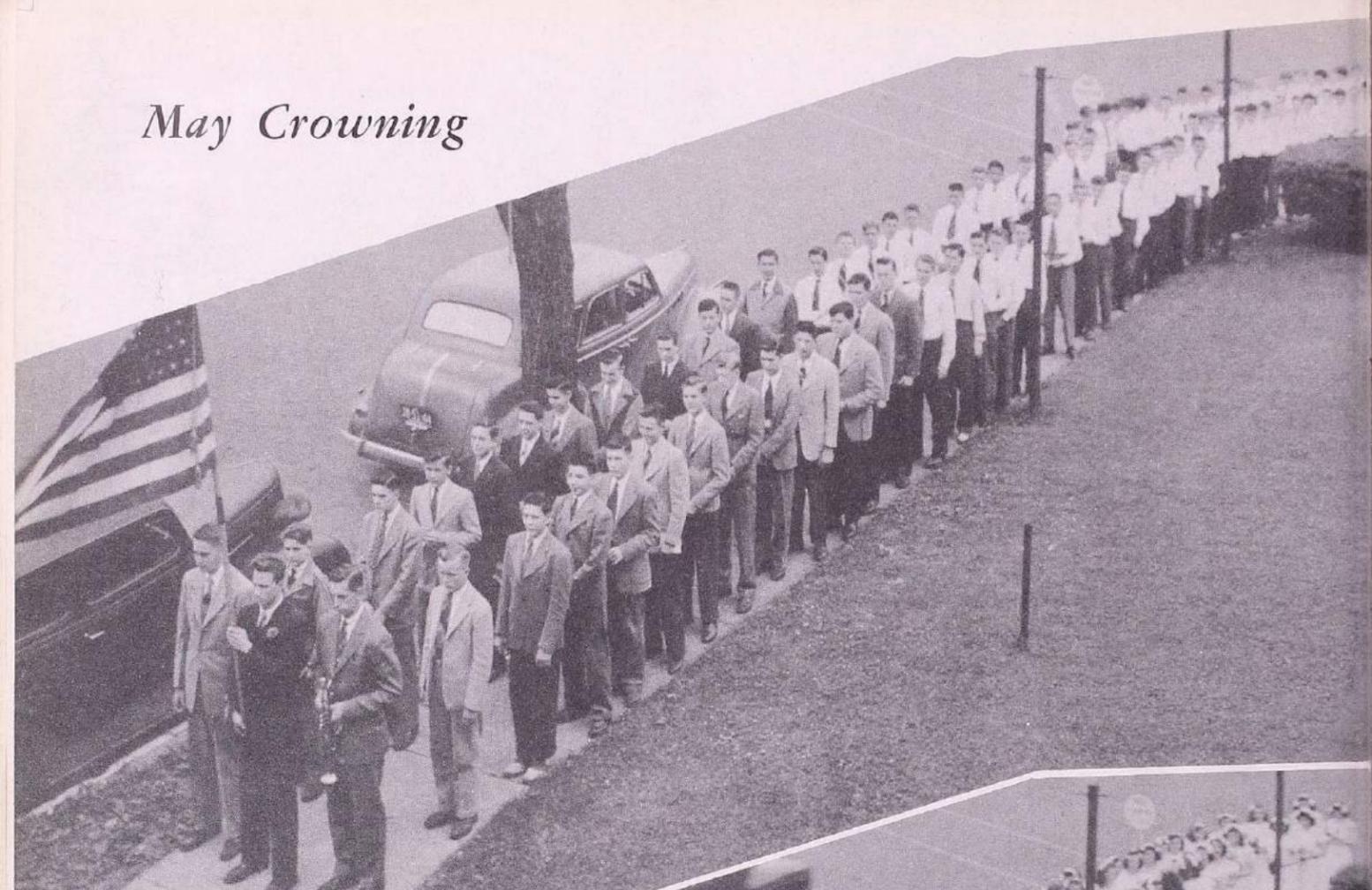
Dear old school, we will cherish happy and grateful memories of you. Always our hearts will love and be loyal to you; our lives will honor you. Farewell St. Philip's.

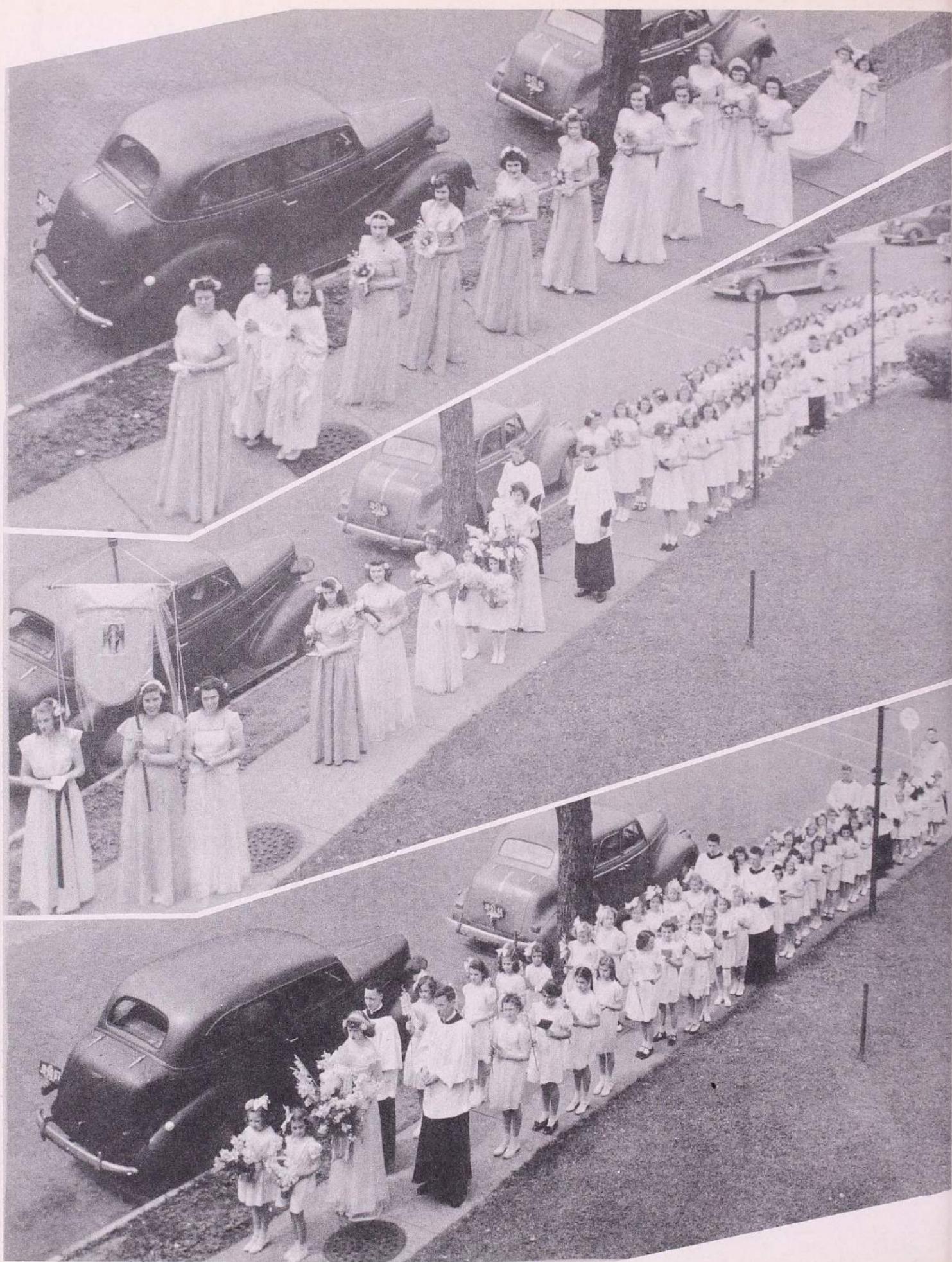
Rex Holloway



*Mostly
Boys*

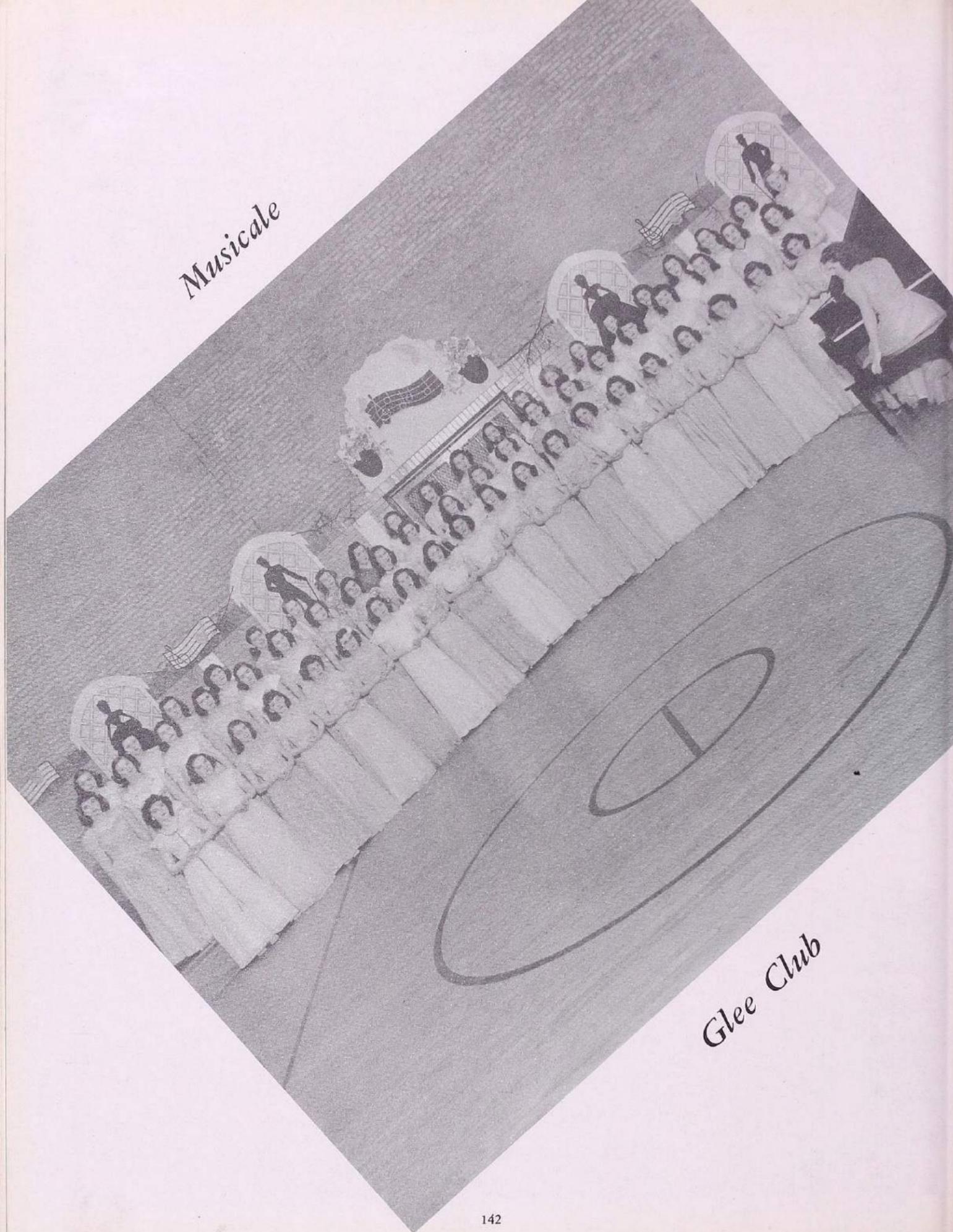
May Crowning





*O Mary,
We Crown Thee*

Musical



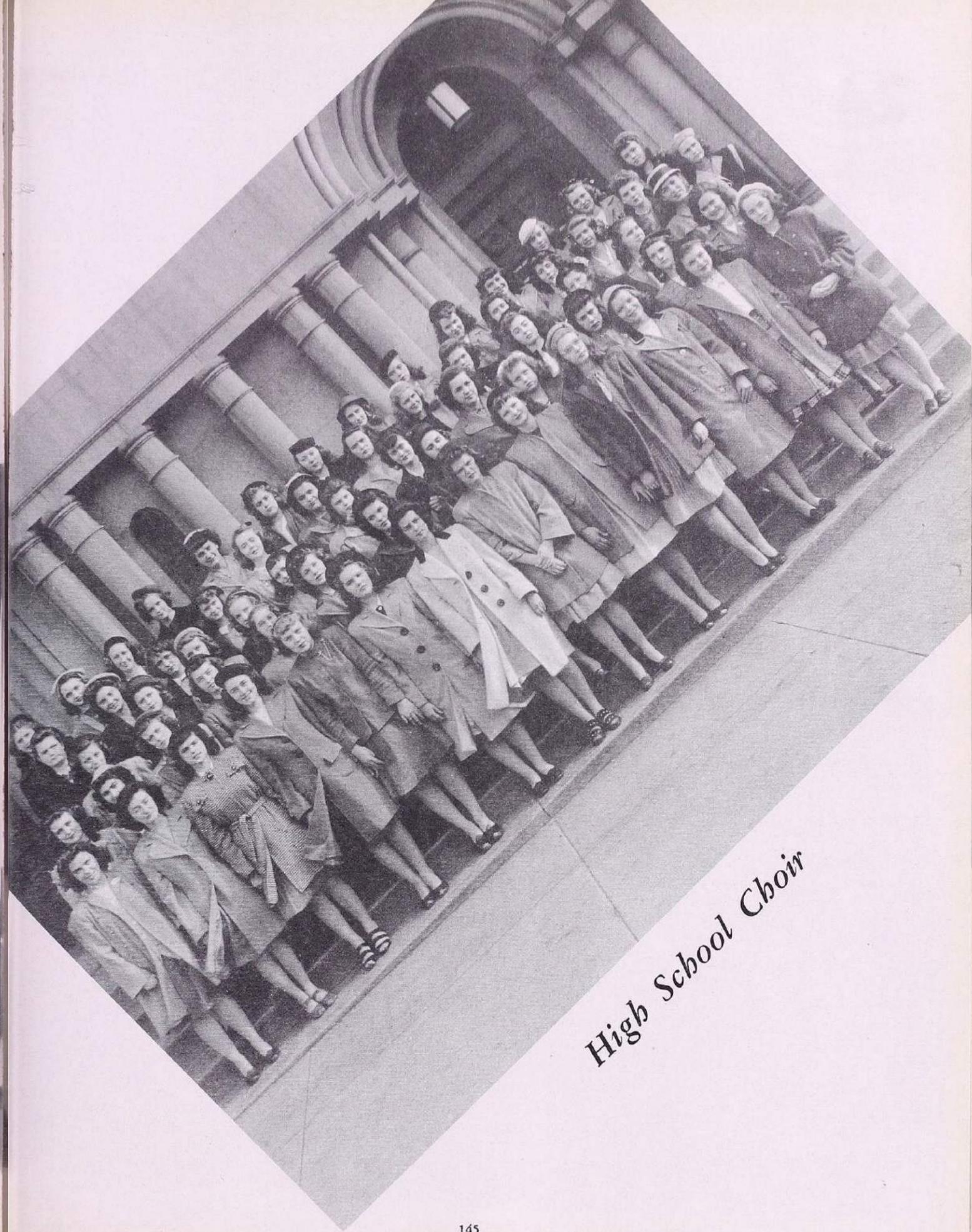
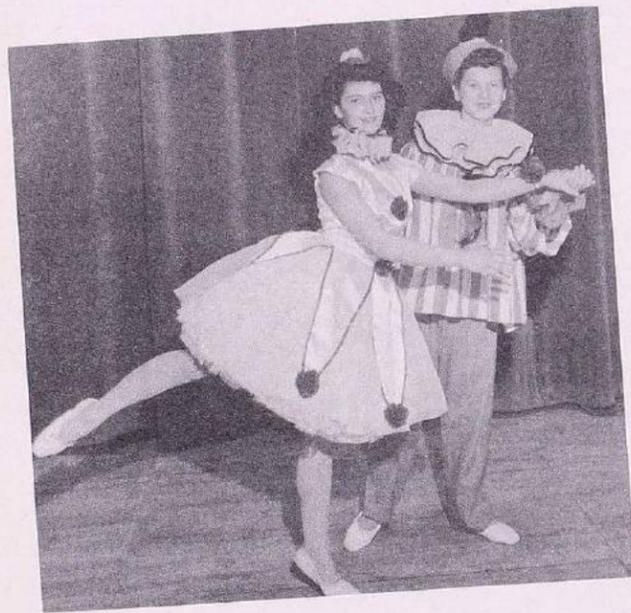
Glee Club



*The
Glee Club*

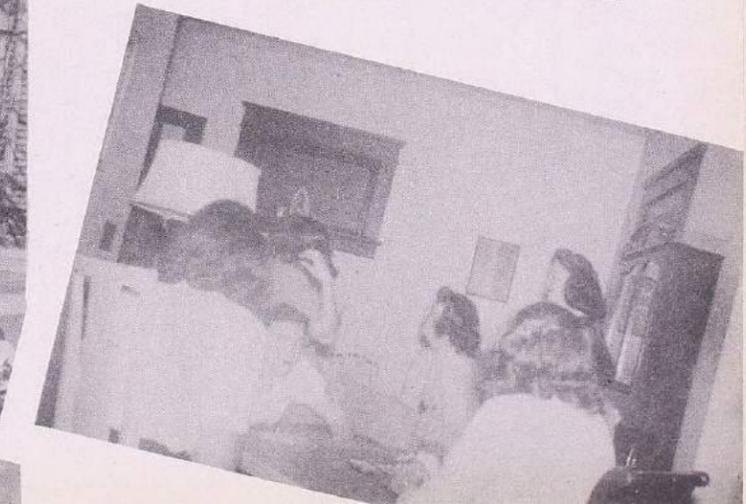
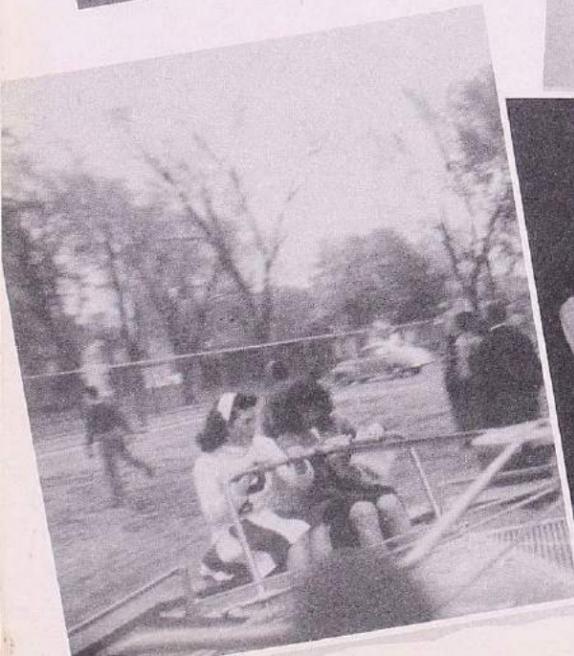
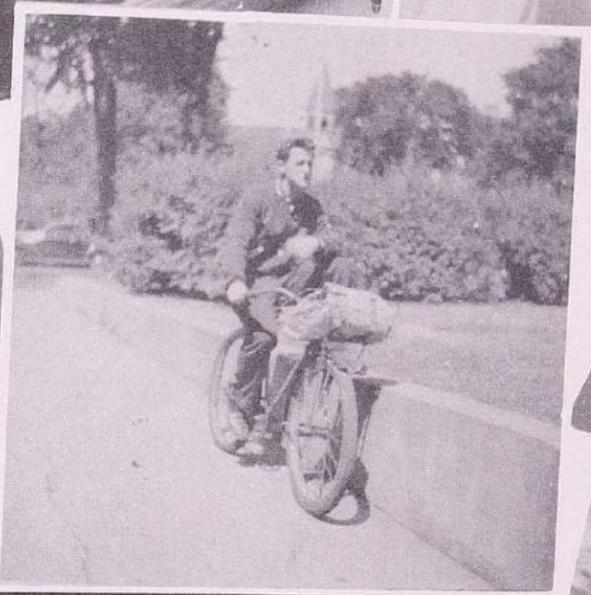
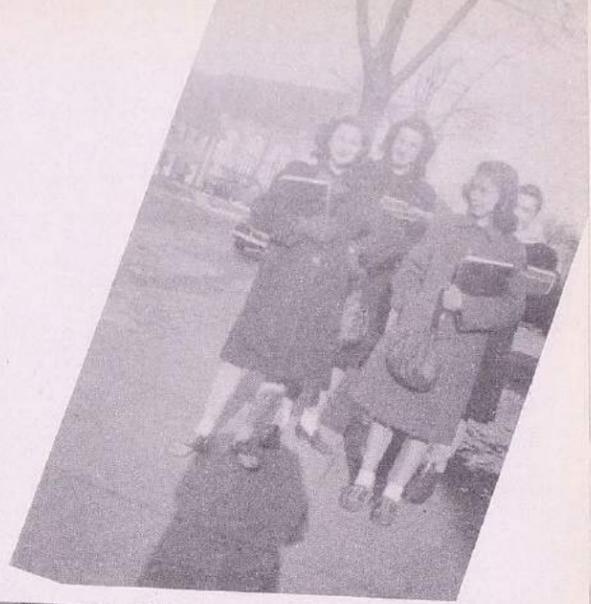


*In
"One
More
Girl"*



High School Choir

*The
Jolly
Juniors*





Class Will

We, the Senior Class of '47, of St. Philip High School, Battle Creek, being sound of body and reckless of mind, on this fifth day of June in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and forty-seven, do hereby declare this to be our Last Will and Testament.

To our new Pastor, Father Owens — we leave our sincerest wishes for a long and fruitful pastorate at St. Philip's and offer our services for any parish work he wishes to give us.

To the Faculty — we offer our heartfelt gratitude for their untiring efforts in inspiring, guiding, leading, pulling, pushing, (each Senior is requested to choose the correct word for his or her case) along the road to scholastic and spiritual achievement.

To the Juniors — we will our wonderful school spirit, exquisite manners, and other splendid qualities. We are quite confident that they will maintain the tradition of all Senior Classes on the eve of graduation, that of entertaining an exalted opinion of themselves.

To the Lower Classmen — we bequeath the splendid records of our many achievements, the aroma of our virtues and our unfailing nobility. You know, "Noblesse Oblige" and all that sort of thing.

To Roy Moore — Bernard Atchley leaves his speed and alertness, and the privilege of passing the attendance cards. That ought to get you to school on time "Peachy".

To Rita Prill — Theresa Canciani wills her gallery of baseball stars with the strict injunction that Hal Newhouser is to get a super-duper place of honor.

To Joyce Thomas — Barbara Chubinski, after agonies of indecision, at last agrees to give her "face that launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Illium".

To Malcolm Jersey — Rex Holloway leaves his honored position as Senior President. Wagers have already been made as to how long Malcolm could avoid impeachment.

To Betty Calhoun — Ann Emerick gladly bequeaths her time consuming job as Year Book typist.

To Joan Burke — we give Carl Fahndrich's ready-to-go (to bed) attitude. He is perfectly willing that Joan have it but just can't muster up the pep to bestow it in person.

To Carlo Contardo — Pat Marriott leaves his very convenient position as class chauffeur. You'd better start work on a new and original line of alibis. Pat used up just about everything.

To Matilda Jereck — Winifred Kelly leaves her five feet of little curves and billows. There won't be so much of you to get cold now, Matilda.

To Nancy Gaetano — Jean Zervas intrusts her enviable title of "1947's most photogenic senior".

To Patricia Kerr — Dorothy Otis leaves her thoughtfulness and boundless generosity.

To Bill Knowles — Robert Horner donates with his fervent blessing his very inconvenient girl shyness. Hope it doesn't cramp your style, Bill.

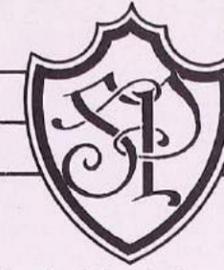
To Sally Mead — Dorothy Mankowski intrusts her very great weakness for chocolate sundaes. Hope you are as successful as Dorothy in remaining a sylph, Sally.

To James Lillie — Pat Marriott reluctantly donates his everlasting clowning and sparkling wit. *Must* this be perpetuated?

To Victoria Varga — Mary Seiloff wills her passionate love for books. Can you possibly imagine a bookworm Vicky?

To Joe McManus — Louis Newman leaves his well-groomed hair, his dapper clothes and best of all — his silence. Ah - - - relief at last.

To Norma Wynn — Virginia Moore bequeaths her almost professional tap dancing.



To Kathleen O'Reilly — Stanley Keagle leaves his aversion for redheads.

To Jo Ann Bauman — Roberta Wech relinquishes her record breaking absences.

To Tom Steinbacher — Mike Pavlekovich offers his wholehearted cooperation in all school affairs.

To Rose Galubic — Winifred Kelly gladly gives her morning-after-the-game hoarseness.

To Helen Westrick — goes Evelyn Squires nice, big, round "A" in religion, provided of course that Helen becomes as ardent a theologian as Evelyn is.

To Marie Therese Swaim — Pete Smith is more than happy to give his molasses-in-January recitations.

To Edward Wilson — Jim Griffin sorrowfully relinquishes his coveted privilege of making the whole school march to his tune.

To Mary Gordier — Ann Emerick with great relief wills her famous little brother Jimmie, and for consolation throws in also her long used and honored alibi, "I had to take care of my little brother."

To Joe Wawzysko — Frank Grumeretz wills his popularity with the fair sex. Won't next year be wonderful, Joe?

To Beverly Herman — Bonnie Steinbacher gives her spectacular red knee socks with the injunction to wear them with a red skirt on precisely the same day as her best friend wears hers.

To Larry Haycook — Tim Hogan leaves his brush haircut and trusts that the color will not detract from the style.

To Betty Hayes — Vivian Karas leaves her highly successful technique of always being busy doing nothing.

To Melvin Metz — Ed Degenhardt intrusts his million dollar permanent wave. Be sure to get the formula, Melvin.

To Clifford Roach — Thomas Dillner wills his title of "class shrimp"

To Ella Mae Treusch — Ann Emerick leaves her I-go-on-forever chatter with the hope that Ella Mae will persist in its use though men may come and men may go.

To Patsy Ganka — Jean McCauley wills her lovely Metropolitan voice. Will we be hearing from you, Patsy?

For Thomas Bombassei — James Galloway reluctantly parts with his far-famed cave man manners and bestows them with misgivings on friend Tom.

To Alma McIntyre — Jean Zervas leaves her dazzling all "A" record. Alcohol might preserve it, Alma.

To Emmie Boone — Mary Catherine Kelly cheerfully donates her almost-meeting-in-the-back smile.

To George Ross — Stanley Fleece bequeaths his insatiable desire to make speeches at school programs.

To Marian Murray — Bonnie Steinbacher leaves her "oh, so very soulful looks in a certain direction". Nice white elephant for you, Marian.

To Jerry Keagle — James Flagg, after a fierce struggle, reluctantly wills his spendthrift ways. Take 'em and hide 'em Jerry because James will be back for 'em.

To Margaret Sweet — Phyllis Lillie donates her charming dimples with the intent of making the sweet Margaret even sweeter.

To Andrew Kurzmann — Tom Griffin leaves his Skee-zix countenance and capers. Can St. Philip's take another?

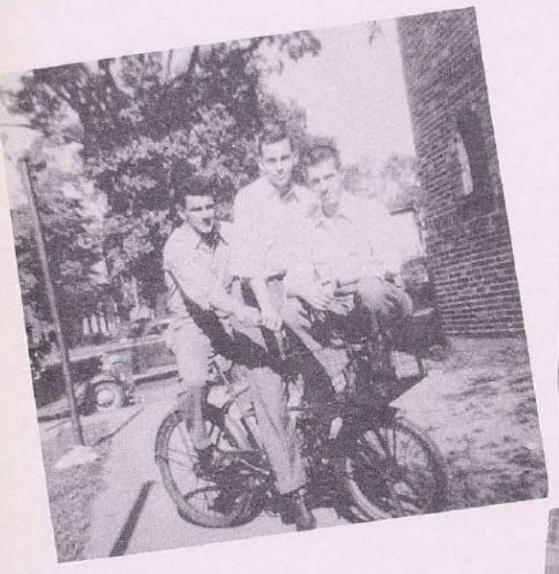
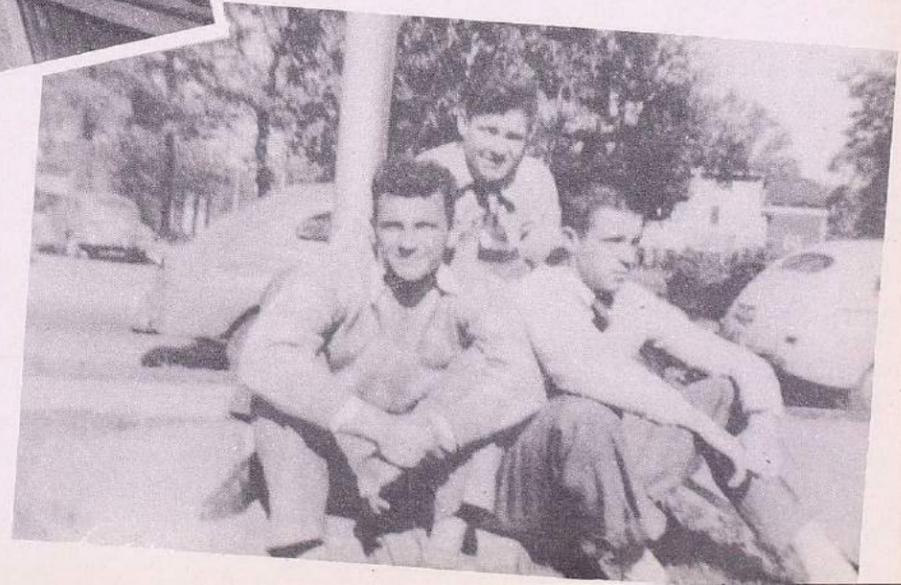
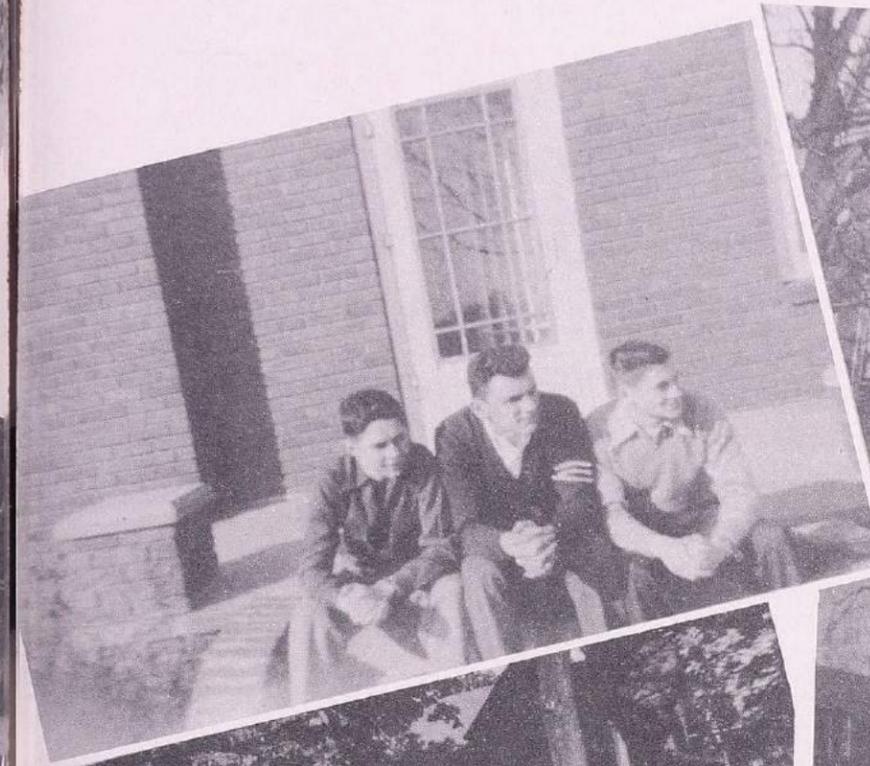
To any junior capable of filling it — Eugene Graham leaves his very responsible position of senior class photographer.

Therefore we, as the chosen representatives of the Class of '47 having relinquished our long cherished traits and foibles to the above named honored few, now sign, seal and deliver this Will to the archives of St. Philip School.

Signed Bonnie Steinbacher Vivian Karas

Witnesses — Jimmie Lawrence, Jacqueline Valuzzo, Eddie Baker, Joe Kaufman

*Last Days
At St. Philip's*





1957 Diary

JUNE 5, 1957

Ten years ago today I graduated from St. Philip High, which reminds me, that the class upon parting for the last time made a solemn promise to try to keep in touch with each other through the years to come. My being a sports agent has helped, but even I have not been able to keep in touch with everyone. This being our tenth anniversary I will see if an open route may be obtained.

JUNE 6, 1957

Today I arrived at the head office and asked to be made a free lance agent so that incidentally I might be enabled to go where I needed to contact my school chums. Since I have been in the company for some years, my request was granted. I start tomorrow.

JUNE 8, 1957

I knew that Pat Marriott our old High School "Ace", was pitching for the "Detroit Tigers", and as I was to take some orders for baseballs for next season, I decided that this would be my opportunity to contact Pat. I arrived in Detroit yesterday just in time to see him beat the "Indians" in a 2 to 0 game. Afterwards he took me to a restaurant owned by Louie Newman. Louie was hard at work on his accounts. He doesn't count on his fingers. He uses an adding machine. Pat told me where I could find some other class grads.

JUNE 10, 1957

Today I arrived in Chicago to see the head of the Bear Football team and to take an order for pigskins, but this being Sunday, I could not do any business. I thought I might call it off for a few hours and take in a fight at the "Chicago Fight Arena". Tom "Dyna-mite" Dillner was to oppose Pete "Crusher" Smith. Yes, our Tom and Pete. The fight was brutal and ended in a draw. Both were knocked out. Doc Holloway poured water over the unconscious pugilists. He told me where some of the other grads were to be found.

JUNE 14, 1957

Have been doing up Chicago. Today I made the Bear office where I saw Stan Keagle who is the Manager. Stan Fleece, triple threat of the ProLeagues, was there too, signing a contract for the fall season. I noticed that Fleece had trouble wielding the pen and he explained for forty-five minutes just how sore his finger was, and what trouble he was having with it. His wife snapped the cookie jar shut on it.

JUNE 16, 1957

Today I headed for New York and while enroute, I crossed the well known bridge built by the "Degenhardt Construction Co."

JUNE 18, 1957

I arrived in New York last night and went to our company's sub-office. I found that I was to go to the Maryknoll Golf Course to pick up an order for golf-balls. When I got there, what do you suppose I saw? None other than Tim Hogan, the prodigy of Ben Hogan, the Golfer, finishing another round of golf. He told me that the "All Sports", book which I wanted could be found in Virginia Moore's book store.

JUNE 19, 1957

Today I found the book shop and Virginia Moore was in. She was petite as ever. After getting me the book I wanted she pointed out two others, "Memories of a Successful Man" and "How I Did It", both by James Flagg.



Could it be "our Flagg?" It is. Well, well, good old Jim, a successful author at twenty-seven. Virginia told me that Evelyn Squires has plunged into Literature as a writer of childrens' stories. Her masterpiece to date is "Abba Dabba Woo Woo". Some class to that. She also asked me if I knew that the current glamour girl, Joy Dawn, now playing in the sensational M. G. M. production "Wynken, Blynken and Nod", is our Phyllis Lillie. I didn't. Well, well, you never know!

JUNE 21, 1957

Arrived in Brooklyn today and passed the Zervas Institute of Atomic Research. I had a few hours so I stopped in. We had a gala time rehearsing the good old days, and Jean told me that Vivian Karas and her Golden Maidens were to feature at Roberta Wech's ballroom tomorrow night. I promised Jean that I would stop in to visit the girls.

JUNE 23, 1957

It was ten o'clock when I arrived at the ballroom last night. Ann Emerick was singing something soulful about someone. I distinctly heard her sing "Tippy-Tippy-Tan, Tippy-Tippy-Tan". I met Winifred Kelly, after she finished her dancing number and she told me that Dorothy Otis and Jean McCauley had a beauty shop in the city and that Mary Sieloff ran the "Bronx Finishing School for Debutantes". I told her I wouldn't have time to see them.

JUNE 30, 1957

My next assignment takes me to California. I started this morning. After a few hours on the road I turned into a gas station and garage for gas. I found that the station in question was one of a chain owned by our old friend Robert Horner. I managed to get Bob's address and as the place was not too far off my route, I dropped in on him for an hour. He told me he'd been corresponding with "Big" Jim Griffin and his wife Louise Longpre who own a large ranch in Arizona, and that the Griffins' last letter carried the news that Jim "King" Galloway of the Northwest Mounties was visiting them at the ranch.

JULY 17, 1957

Have been in California for a week now and have twice succeeded in digging out Frank Grumeretz from under the piles of records of his vast Fruit business to dine and be gay. Among other things, he informed me that his cousin Dorothy Mankowski corresponds regularly and that she and Barbara Chubinski are still working at the Lakeview Dairy Bar, and that Theresa Canciani was at the City Food & Beverage Co. I told Frank I would look up the trio the next time I was in Battle Creek.

JULY 27, 1957

Yesterday found me in Battle Creek so I visited the old school. I heard a familiar voice bellowing in the gym. You guessed it. Tom Griffin was throwing the voice around. He is St. Philip's Coach and from the looks of things is having trouble. "Trophy" trouble. His Secretary Mary Catherine Kelly was straightening up his new office adjoining the gym. In the twelfth grade room I suffered a severe shock for there was Bonnie Steinbacher demure in blue habit and black veil propounding the glories of American History. Eugene Graham, who took over his father's "Electric Co." was over in the grade school working on the lighting.

JULY 30, 1957

After I have finished my business with the head of the Civic Recreation I am going to report back to the head office and ask for a vacation. Heaven knows I need it.

Mike Pavlekovich



Allow Us - - -

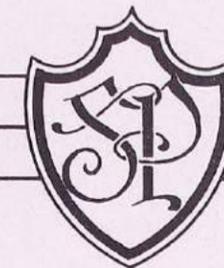
During these last days of our senior year when life is so exciting and happy, a disturbing thought keeps reoccurring to curb something of our joy. In fact it sometimes plunges us into the very depths of gloom. Shall we whisper our troubles? "What is St. Philip's going to do without us?" "How will she possibly survive?" "What will the under grads do without our guidance?" "Can the Juniors really fill our shoes?" We have serious doubts on every one of these points. However, let it never be said that we overlooked any obligation and so we will fulfill our very last, by bestowing from the treasures of our wisdom, some priceless words of advice to our hapless successors.

First with regard to Punctuality, none but the blindest could fail to notice that we were on time for every appointment, whether it concerned our social life or our school life. Eight o'clock every morning found the senior pews filled. Not one was ever late for Mass. (Well, maybe once in a while a few boys were, but of course they were delayed escorting frail little old ladies across the streets or performing equally charitable services.) When it came to assignments, we turned them in right on the dot, and often a day or two in advance. Several times we had our assignments turned down. Why? Because the sisters couldn't take care of assignments not yet due and they begged us to keep them for a while. (Oh well, perhaps once in a great while someone fell behind, but they had legitimate reasons.) Try anyway to come near our record.

Everyone with any sort of observatory powers has surely noticed our boys with their slick white shirts, and their suit coats. No senior boy was ever seen without a tie. They were! Why, how can you be so contradictory. Well, they must have loaned them to some lower classmen, who needed them to appear in programs or some other formality. As for the senior girls they never touched make-up. Be honest now, did you ever see a senior girl with lipstick, or rouge? Of course not. The idea is absurd. We never wore any jewelry either as it just seemed to be junk that was always getting in the way. And you've surely noted that we always wear hose and dress shoes. Saddle shoes! Horrors! The mere idea of a pair of saddles in the senior room is appalling. Try to imitate us in this.

Only the most cantankerous, could find anything wrong with the neatness and order of the senior room. Our window sills are dusted at least four times a day. Sister is always begging us to leave them alone as they are getting quite worn down from too constant rubbing. Our blackboards are positively gray from nightly washings. We all work too hard on the room but we just can't help it, that's our nature. Many a night Sister has become so distracted from all the bustling around with brooms, pails, dusters, etc, etc. that she has begged us to leave. On some occasions she has had to get positively stern to prevent us from breaking our backs with work. Did you ever see a spot of ink on the floor in 110? Ridiculous! Preposterous! No! And a thousand times no! We advise you to eat plenty of spinach during the summer as you'll need lots of muscles if you are going to keep up our record.

The Prom! Ah, the Prom! Don't you remember what a success *our* Prom

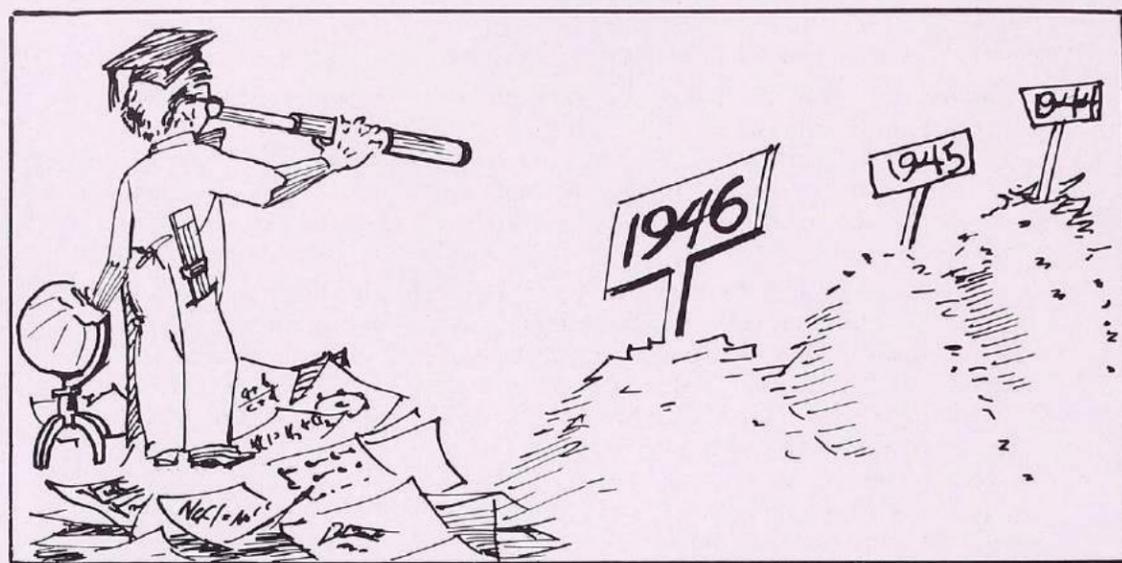


was? Wasn't the number of couples attending record breaking? Remember also how we carried out our theme? Of course we really shouldn't take too much credit for this as we are naturally gifted. We got brilliant ideas, and had the initiative and energy to carry them out. We hate to say this as it sounds a little on the boasting side, but everything indicates that we are the graduating class of '47 most likely to succeed. Start getting your ideas lined up now, for of course you'll have to work long and hard to have a Prom anything like ours.

When it comes to sports we could cry for you. What will you do without Fleece to carry the balls, and what will you do to replace Mike and Keagle. Of course we would never expect you to scratch up the record we did, but aim at it anyway. Dear me, I suppose our Trophy days are over.

And now, all joking aside, Juniors. It's been wonderful being seniors at St. Philip's. We have loved every minute of it and we're sorry to leave. We have done our best but we know that that best has seldom been flawless. However St. Philip's remained throughout a true "alma mater". To you who will climb into our places we wish the most successful of senior years. Out-climb and out-shine us if you will. For a goal we give you the stars.

Ann Emerick



Looking Back

Like many other great people we had our humble beginnings. Way back in September of '43 the halls and rooms of the high school looked terribly strange and awe-inspiring. Of course we were viewing them through the widened eyes of somewhat timid Freshmen. We were entering upon our last four years at St. Philip's and fear struggled with our hopes, and wariness with our anticipations.

We must have been very brilliant in those youthful days or were we just having beginners' luck, because we have no recollections of grotesque looking "F's" on our report cards or daily losing struggles with Latin and Math. We remember only gay events, the first being our Initiation Dance sponsored by the Juniors in October. Well, it was gay, looking back, at least for the Juniors, but we survived all the "ribbing" and "roasting" and lived to attend the Senior Dance in December and the Sophomore Dance in February. By April we had the courage to put on our own dance, the Freshman Frolic and it goes without saying that it was the best dance of the year not excluding the Senior Prom which followed close on its heels.

Some of us became active in athletics and it was at this time that Stan Fleece laid the foundations of his future greatness. Did we mention that Ed Degenhardt was Freshman Class President? Well, he was, and a good one too.

The fall of '44 witnessed our return to St. Philip's as Sophomores. Now, we ask you, is there any being who knows quite as much as a Sophomore? We didn't think so either in those days, and our dangerous knowledge landed us into a few pecks of trouble, but we were young and thick-skinned. Pat Marriott was elected our class president that year and carried his responsibilities valiantly as usual, or is "lightly" the word? Stan Fleece continued to grow in athletic prowess and was our star, but all the Sophomore boys made the Varsity team. We have vague recollections of assignments and exams so

we know we must have studied some, but we remember most vividly the Sophomore Heart Hop which we sponsored in February.

Came the fall of '45 and lo! we were Juniors and therefore charged with initiating the Freshmen, a task we had been anticipating for two years. We did the job up gloriously at Goguac Lake where we paddled the Freshmen, ducked them in the water, accepted their obsequious bows and salaams, jeered at their forced solos and orations and fed them wieners, cider, ice cream and candy.

The months before Christmas found us in the role of high-powered salesmen selling Christmas cards to finance the Junior-Senior Banquet. Just before the Christmas holidays we put on the Old Fashioned Dance in the Social Hall. Will we ever forget Stan Keagle in the square dance? We will not! Tim Hogan was Junior class president and Rex, Fleece, Keagle, Mike and Tom Griffin were making the headlines in football. That year we carried away the C. L. S. M. Trophy. Our Junior year was one of the busiest and happiest of our lives. In the latter part of May we were hosts to the Senior Class of '46 at the Junior-Senior Banquet held at the Hart Hotel. The decorations were in red and white the same as the school colors. Arnold Scapel furnished the music for the occasion.

As in past years the Juniors had the honor of escorting the Seniors up the aisle in church while they received their diplomas. With this event our Junior year ended.

Our senior year opened, for some of us anyway, at the S. S. C. A. in Chicago on August 24 and for all of us on September 3rd. We hardly dared to believe that we were actually Seniors until October when the acquisition of our class rings confirmed the fact.

Rex Holloway was elected Senior class President with Bonnie Steinbacher Vice-President, Barbara Chubinski Secretary, and Tom Griffin Treasurer. Tim Hogan was elected Sodality Prefect while Pat Marriott and Dorothy Mankowski were elected officers of the Catholic Truth Committee of the Sodality.

In the latter part of October we were hosts to the lower classmen at the "Royal Hop". Mary C. Kelly won the contest and the title of "Queen" of the dance.

The last days of '46 were saddened by the death of our loved Pastor, Monsignor Walsh. In January we greeted Rev. Gerald A. Owens, our new Pastor, who won our hearts by giving us a free day and who later made a lasting impression on us when he gave us our report cards for the first time.

We had a glorious evening at the Sophomores "Winter-Wonderland" in January and from then on, events came thick and fast. There was the Year Book to get out, and practice for the Glee Club Operetta. Football and basketball kept us busy too. Our football team won the Monsignor Hackett Trophy by defeating St. Augustines, Kalamazoo, and Stan Fleece made the grade as largest point football star in city athletics. We have been fitted with caps and gowns, had our photographs taken, written our will. Little remains now, but to bid a fond farewell to St. Philip's to which we owe these four wonderful years.

Tom Griffin



Concerning Blue

Twelve years, eight years, four years, one year, no number of years at St. Philip's is too great to dissipate the appreciation, no number too small to give an adequate portrayal of our Sisters in blue.

Have we needed extra help in Math, or a word of advice, or a bit of consolation there has always been a Sister to give it. Have we needed help in planning our activities, in decorating for our dances, in writing up our Year Book there have been many Sisters to give it.

Things securely possessed are usually taken for granted but when the time comes to relinquish them, suddenly their value is realized. So too with us.

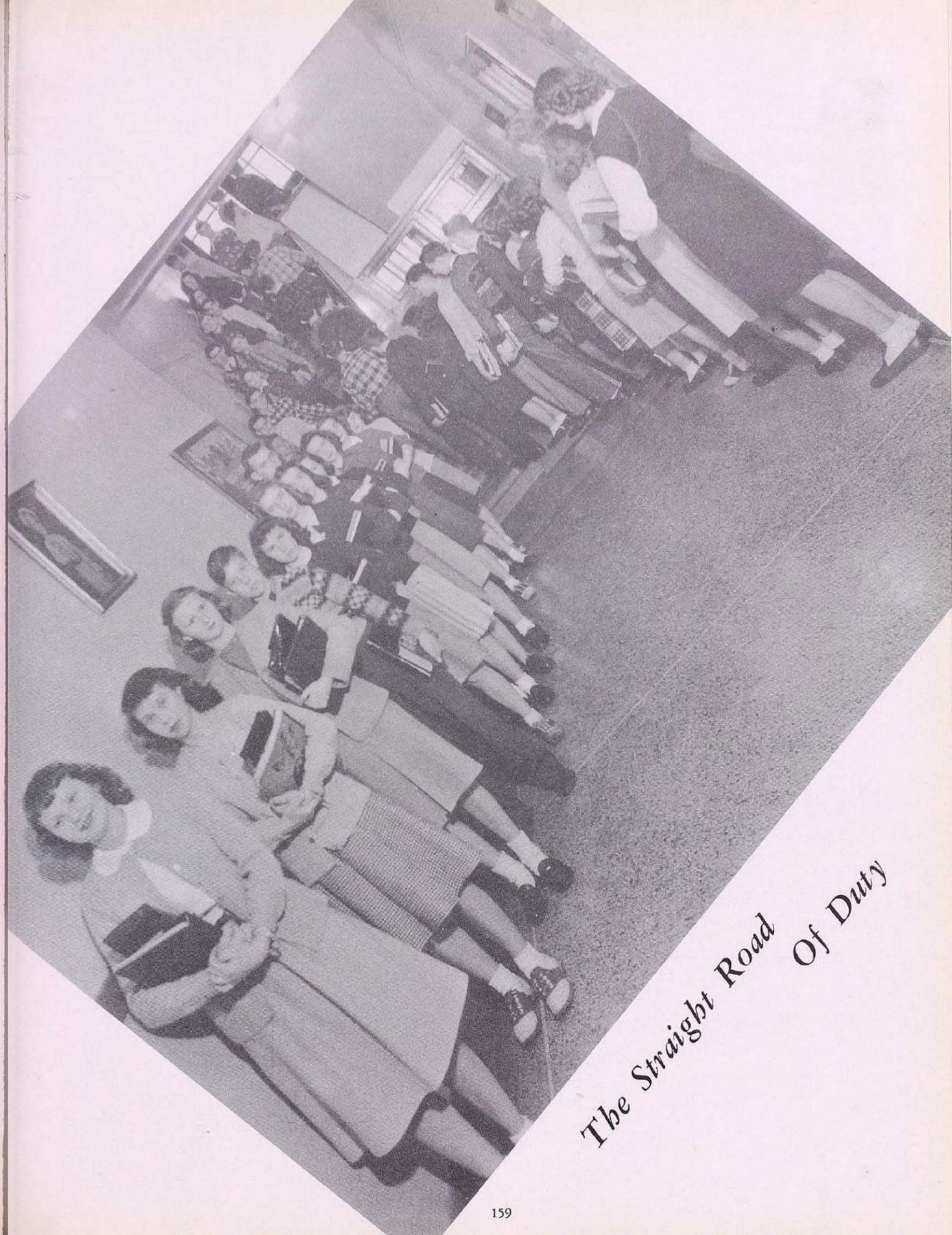
Except for occasional moments in our school lives we have taken our Sisters for granted, accepting all their services with scant acknowledgment. Of late when the imminence of graduation has matured our outlook we see things in a new light.

We see that behind the oiled clockwork pattern of our daily schedule lie hours of careful planning, that behind the immaculate and tastefully decorated classrooms and corridors lie hours of patient and tedious work after school, over weekends and during vacations. We realize that the ideals and principles that have been so painstakingly and constantly impressed upon us have been lived first in the consecrated lives of our teachers in blue.

To all of them we would express a thank you deep enough to contain all their devotedness to us, great enough to stretch back through all our years at St. Philip's.

To one of them in particular, to Mother Marie Elizabeth, we would like to offer our especial thanks. To her six years among us, six years of reproachless policies and firm adherence to principle, of prudence, of wisdom; six years of unstinted giving of her time, her talents, herself, we pay a loving and grateful tribute. And for those other things, those little human things, her charming wit, and dancing eyes, her bubbling laughter, that mock serious manner she slipped on and off, her sympathy, her unflinching kindness, we shall not soon forget her. Indeed, as long as we remember St. Philip's, she too, will be remembered.

Jean Zerfas



*The Straight Road
Of Duty*



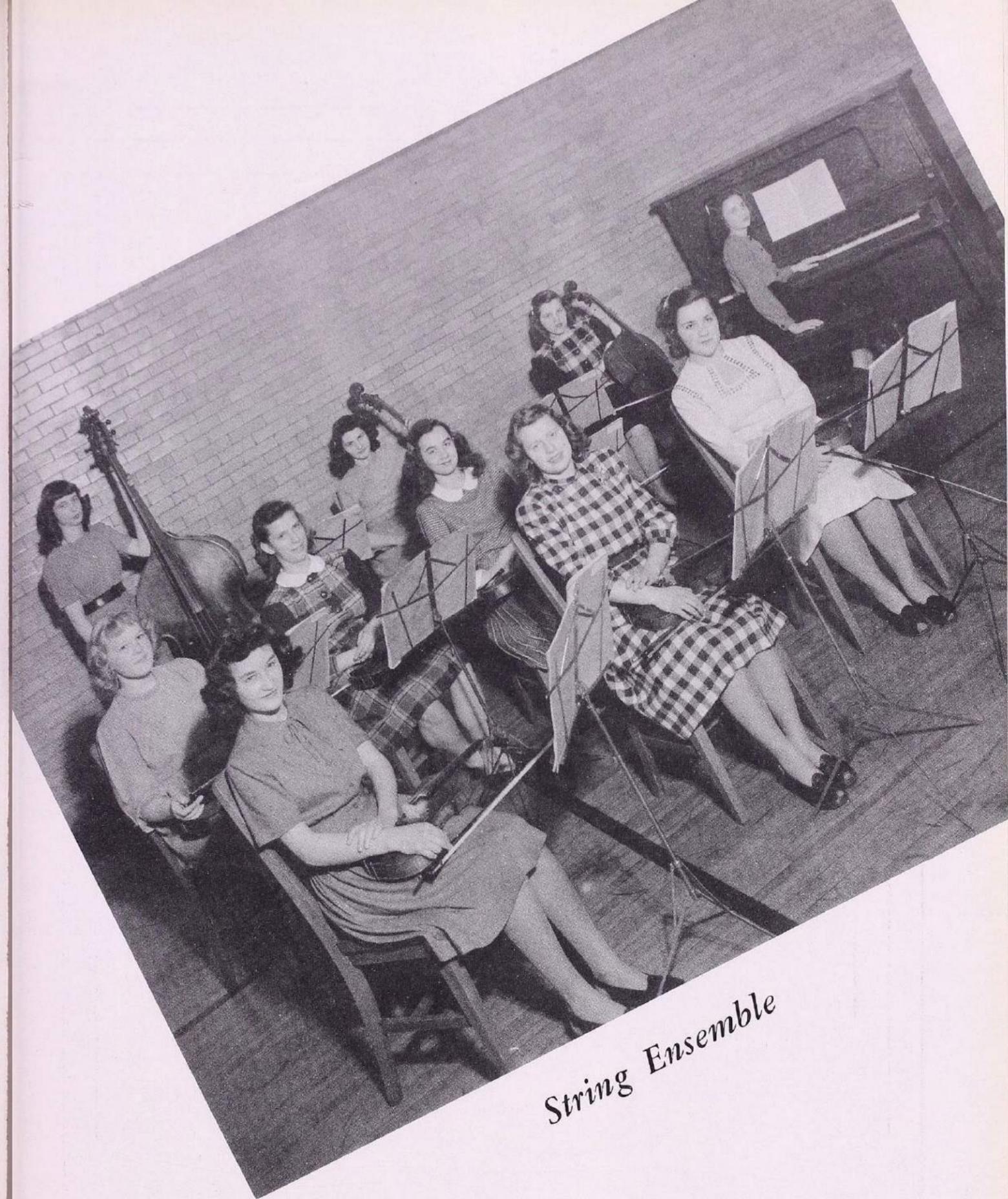
Tribute to the Alumni

The silver chimes of jubilee bells this June proclaim the twenty-fifth anniversary of the St. Philip Alumni, and we, the graduating class of this year, offer sincere congratulations to this very energetic body of young people.

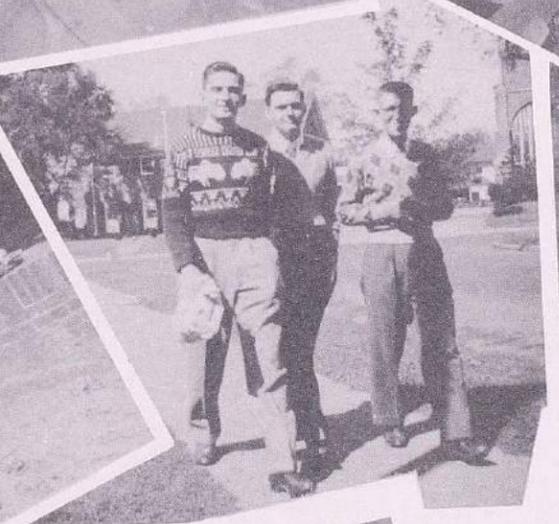
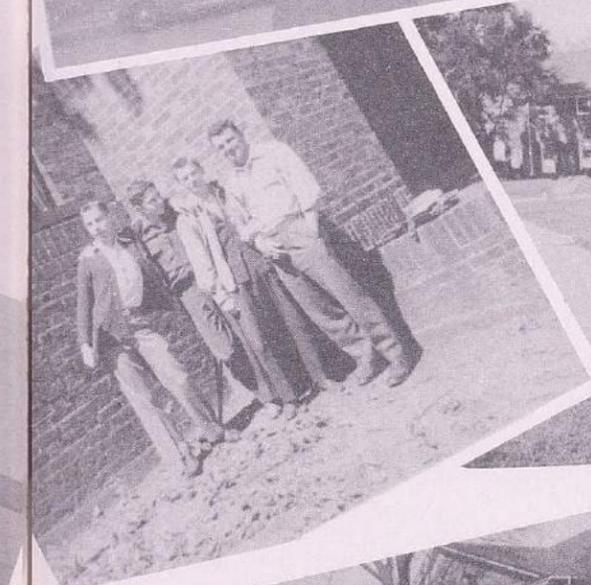
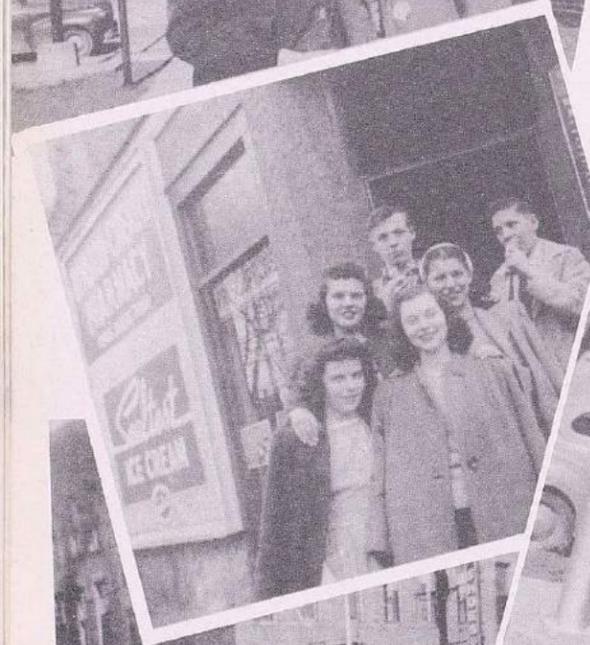
We have always felt close to our alumni because each year when a class graduates from the school it leaves behind some gift in its memory. We, the grades still in school, receive the benefits of these gifts, and thus we are always mindful of our alumni.

The activity of this association is increasing as the roll call grows and we look with pride at the growing list of alumni achievements. Being able to join this group is no small compensation for all we lose when we leave St. Philip. We hope that when we join the ranks we will be as interested and as loyal to St. Philip as the two hundred members who now compose the Alumni Association.

Jean Zerfas



String Ensemble

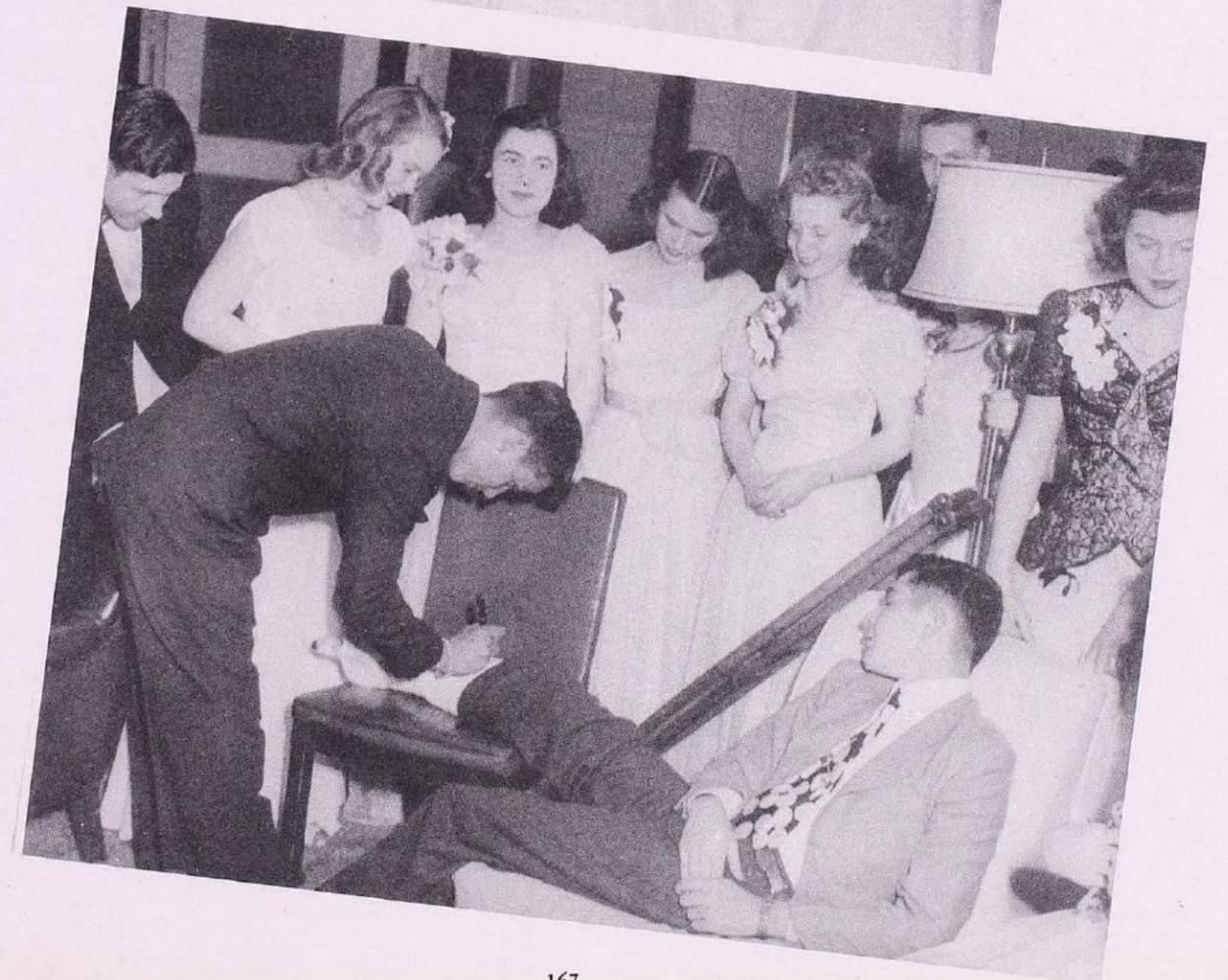


*Just Fooling
Around*



Junior-Senior Banquet





Order In Blue

(Continued from Page 65)

Now for the next. How many branches of the Congregation are there? That's right. Three in all. The Monroe branch which is the original, then the Philadelphian and Scranton branches. The last two branches have admitted a slight change in the form and color of their habits which are almost navy blue.

Were you to receive a letter from a Jesuit in all probability you would see as a caption the letters A. M. D. G. being the first letters of the Latin motto, "For the greater glory of God." Every Congregation has a similar letter heading. Were you to receive a letter from a Sister, Servant of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, it would be headed J. M. J. A. T. Do you know what this stands for? The first three letters are easy enough. J. M. J. stands for Jesus, Mary, Joseph, the great patrons of the Congregation. A. stands for Alphonsus the Saint whose rule the Sisters follow. T. stands for Teresa the great Saint of Avila to whom St. Alphonsus was extraordinarily devoted and who is one of the patrons of the Congregation.

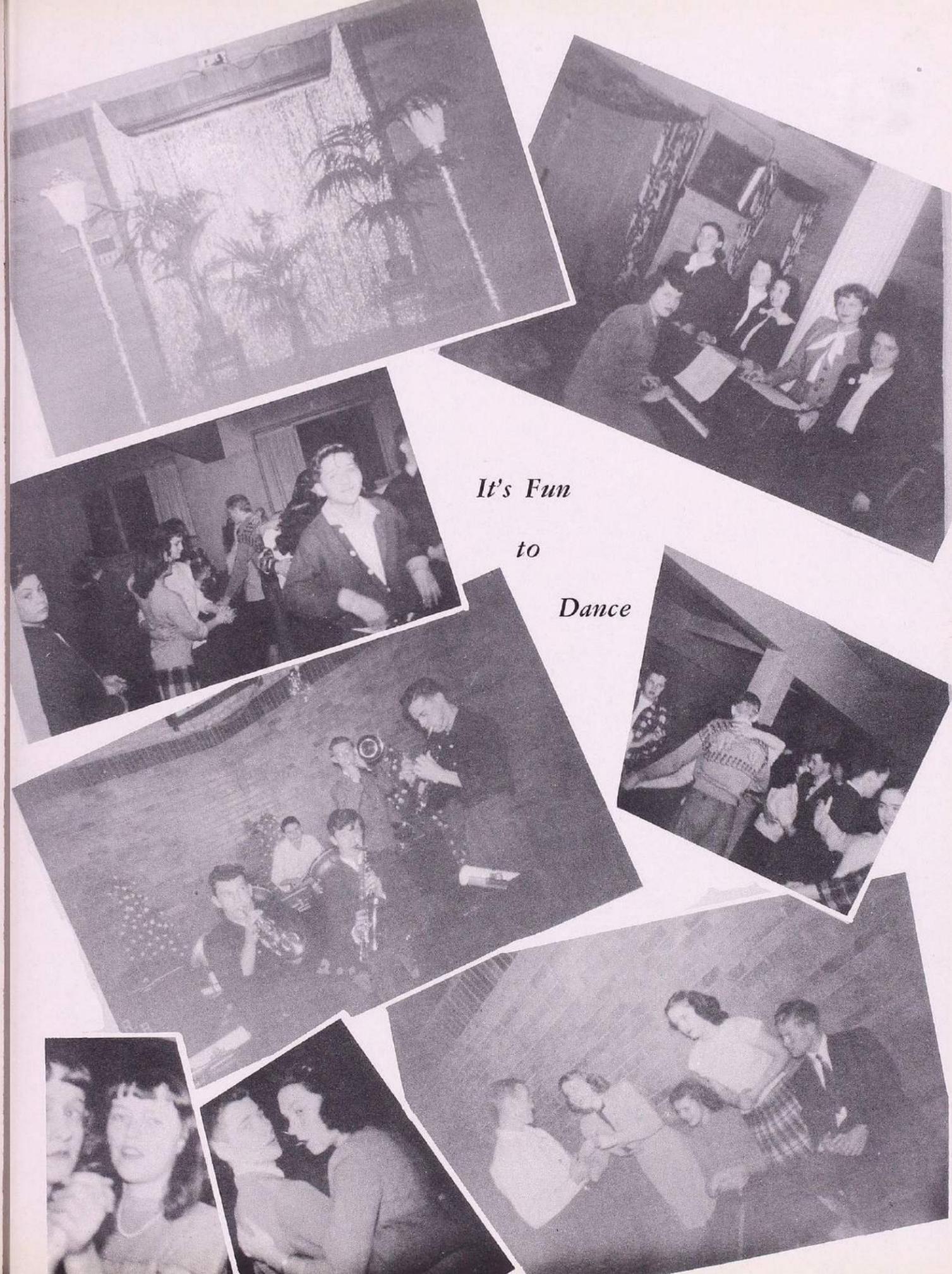
Do you know how many mission houses the Congregation has? The Monroe branch alone has some sixty-six. The Philadelphia and Scranton branches having many more. Recent years have seen the blue habit finding its way into South America and it is the cherished hope of the Sisters that someday every continent will be invaded by the blue.

Now here comes a real test of school spirit. When did St. Philip's school first open? I can see that few if any know. Listen. St. Philip's grade school opened in 1884 so there has been a St. Philip's for 62 years. However the high school was not founded till later. The Pastor of St. Philip when the school first opened was Rev. Richard Sadlier.

The next question should not be hard for you. When is the Patronal feast of the Sisters? Well, the patronal feast is December 8th, the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Next Sunday then is one of the great days in the calendar of our Sisters. Let us not forget them in our prayers and let our hearts re-echo their jubilant centennial hymn of prayer and praise.

Lift up your hearts, O daughters of St. Mary's,
Praise ye the love divine that called you here:
Echo the song celestial of our Sisters
Dwelling now in light, yet ever near.
Sing, for with them our song shall ever be:
Praise, love, thanksgiving, Our God to Thee!
All down the years, O Lord, with love unailing
Guiding, protecting, thou hast been our stay;
How shall we thank Thee for the grace Thou sendest
Blessing us anew from day to day.
True in our hearts, our song shall ever be:
Praise, love, thanksgiving, Our God to Thee!
Hear thou our prayer, O Virgin Queen of Heaven,
Mother of Him Who called us everyone.
O make us worthy of His pure espousals,
Make us like to Thee and Thy dear Son.
So shall our song like thine, O Mary, be:
Praise, love, thanksgiving, Our God to Thee!

Richard Zande

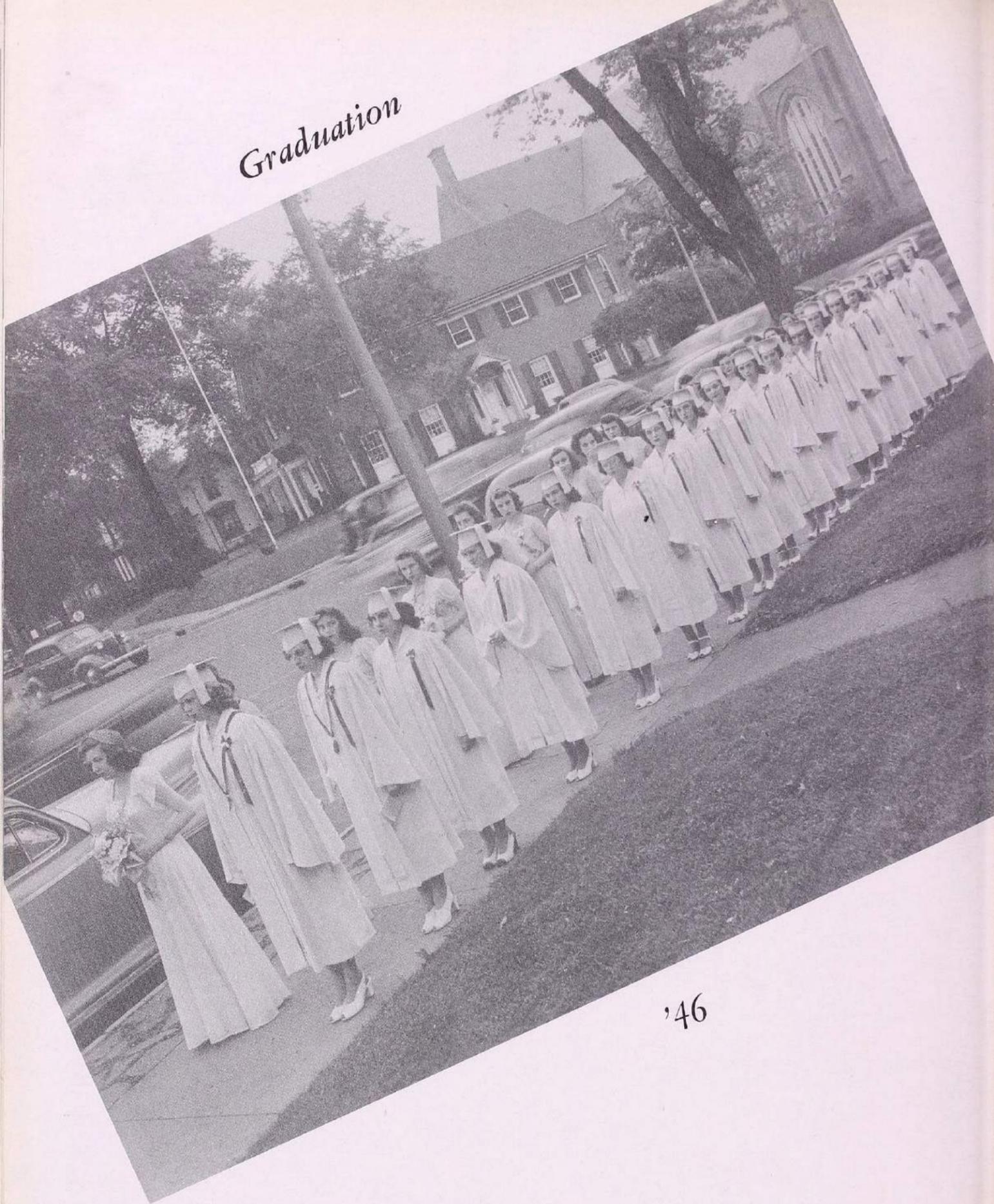


It's Fun

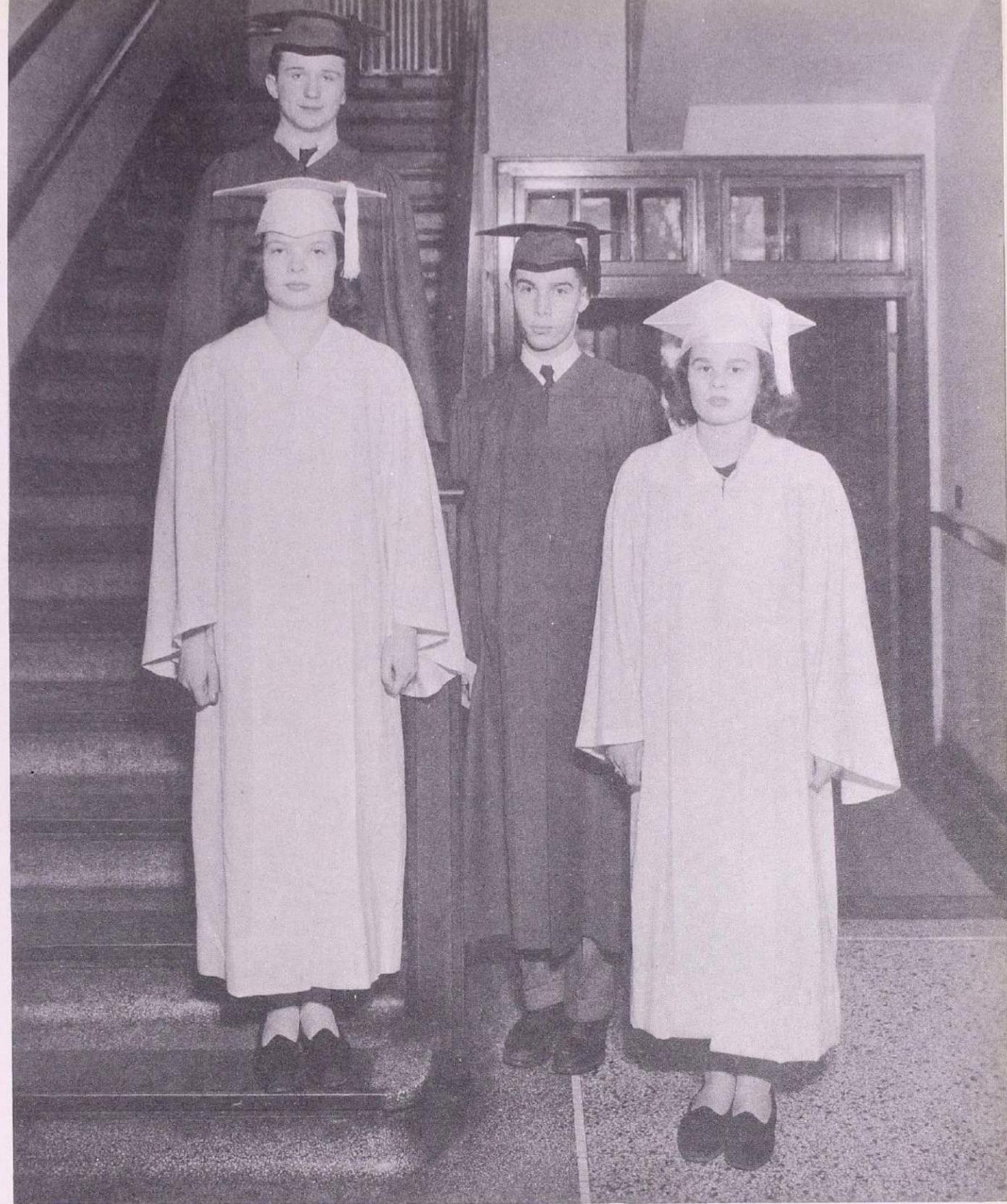
to

Dance

Graduation



'46



The Great Day



A Prayer of Youth

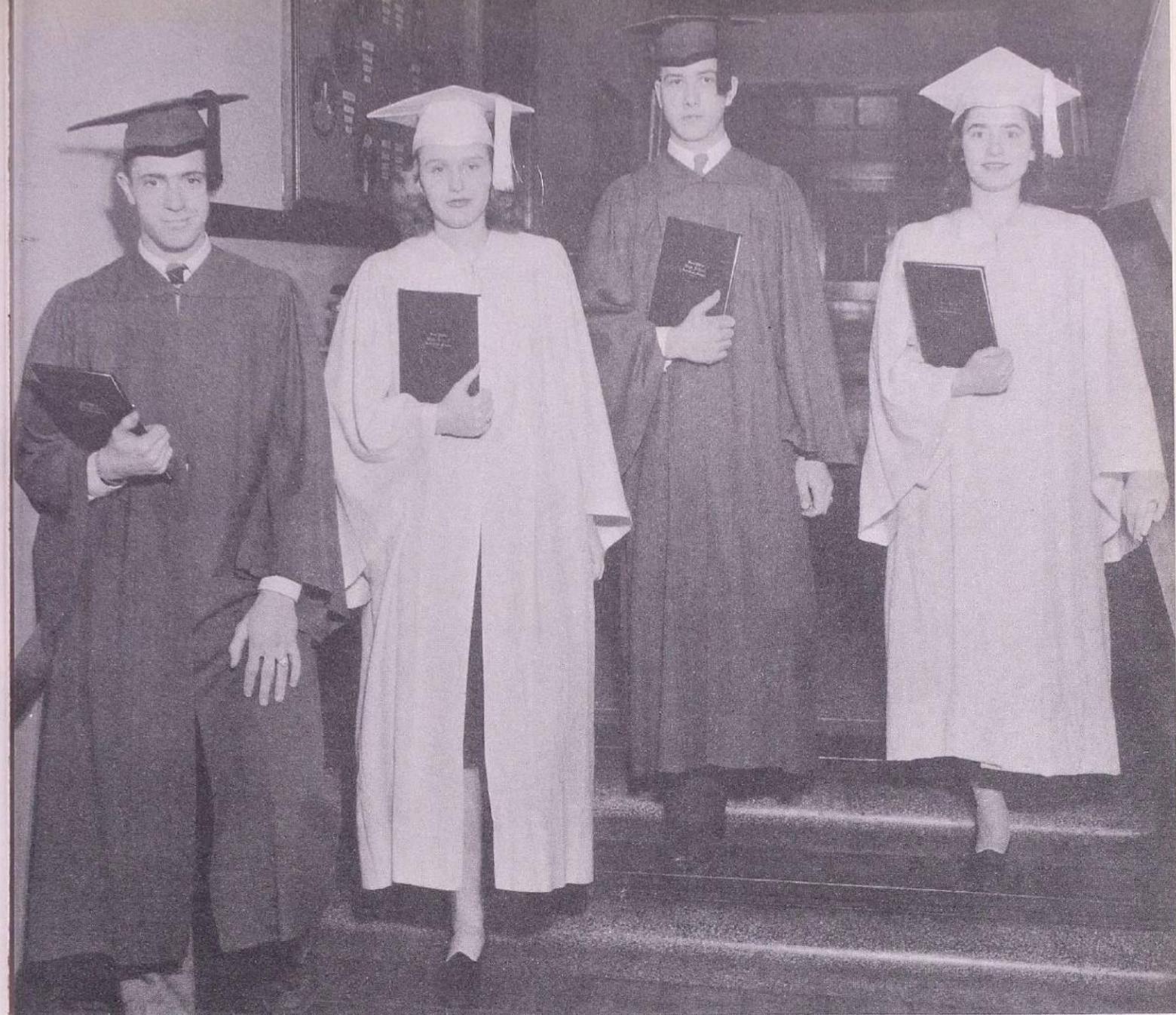
Make of our youth, O God, a holy thing, •
Let it not languish, die and naught avail;
Tend it, we pray Thee, in its blossoming,
Give it the beauty that can never fail.

Let us not pass in dreams of fantasy
The rich young morning, heeding not Thy call;
Then, at cold dusk, to waken suddenly
And, terror-stricken, watch the swift night fall.

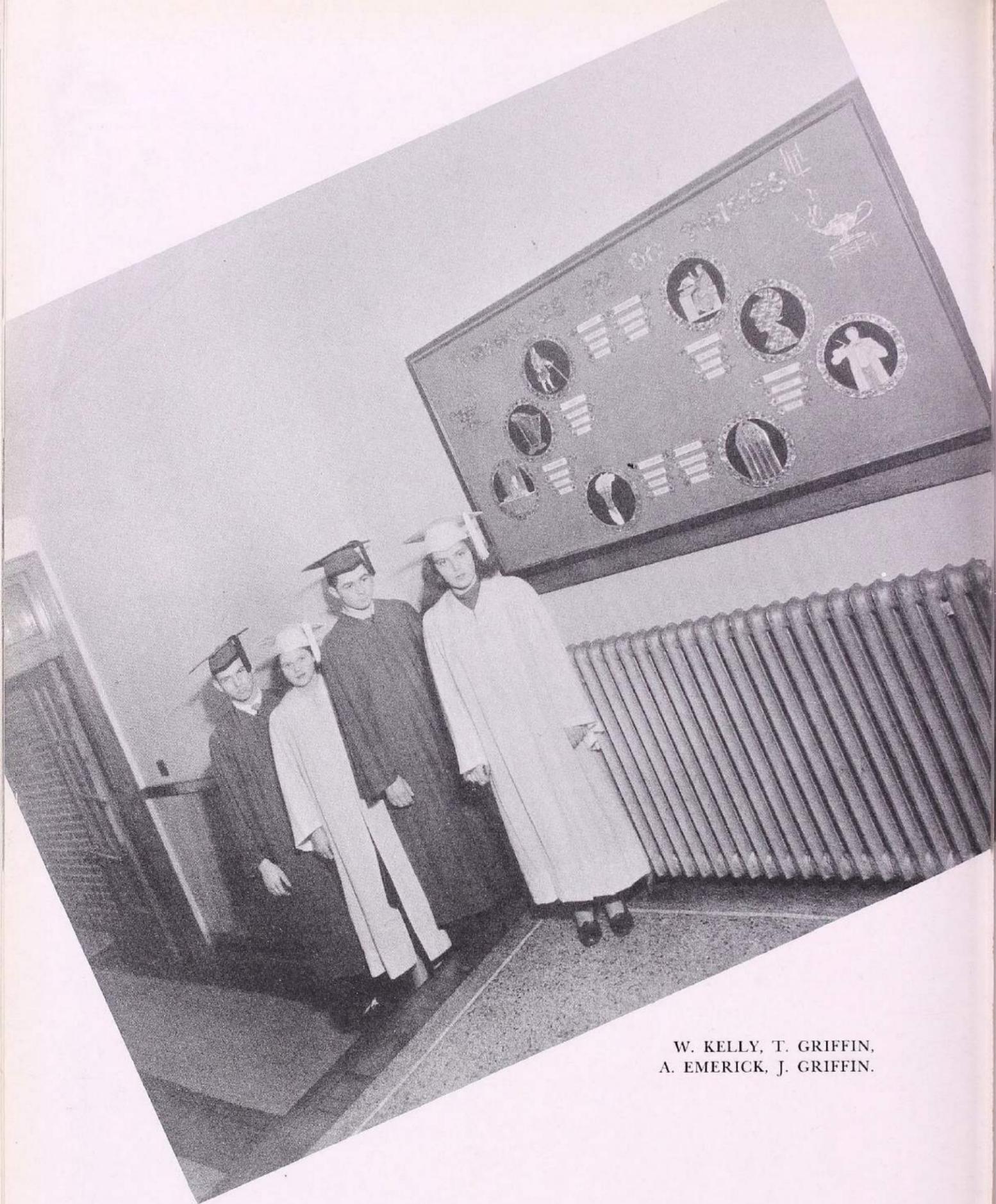
Thou Who didst give our manhood dignity,
Set our young hearts with ardor all aflame;
Make us true soldiers of Thy chivalry,
Loving Thy hallowed Standard and Thy Name.

Let us not waste Thy splendid gift, O King,
Or barter it for all the world's poor price;
Make of our youth, O God, a holy thing,
Make of our hearts, O Lord, Thy sacrifice.

Patrick O'Connor



*Eastward we turn and homeward, alone, remembering . . .
Year that we loved, year that we loved, the end is here!*



W. KELLY, T. GRIFFIN,
A. EMERICK, J. GRIFFIN.



Pet Peeves

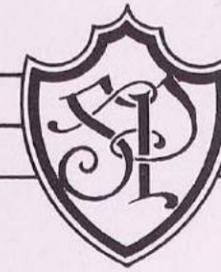
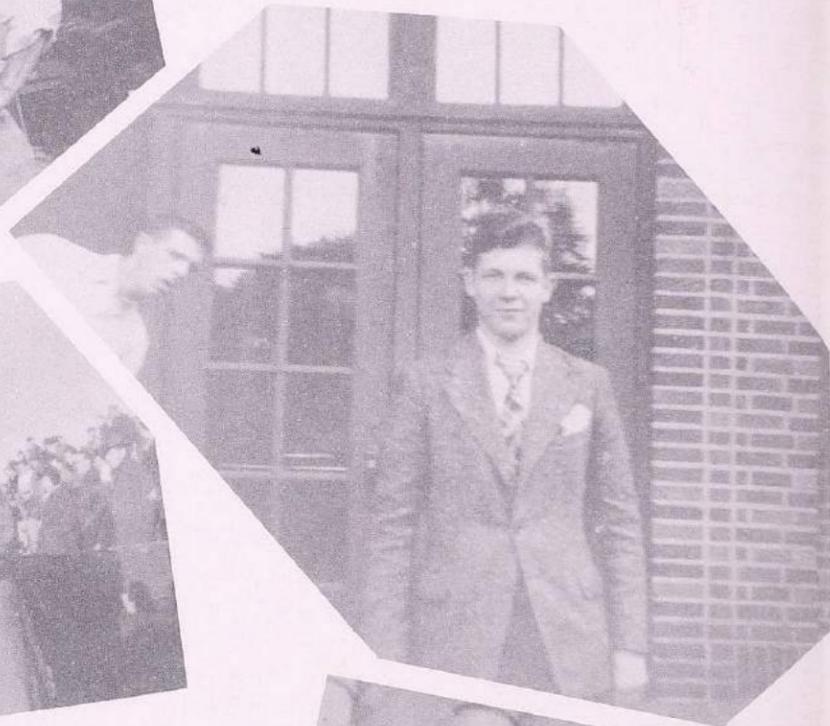
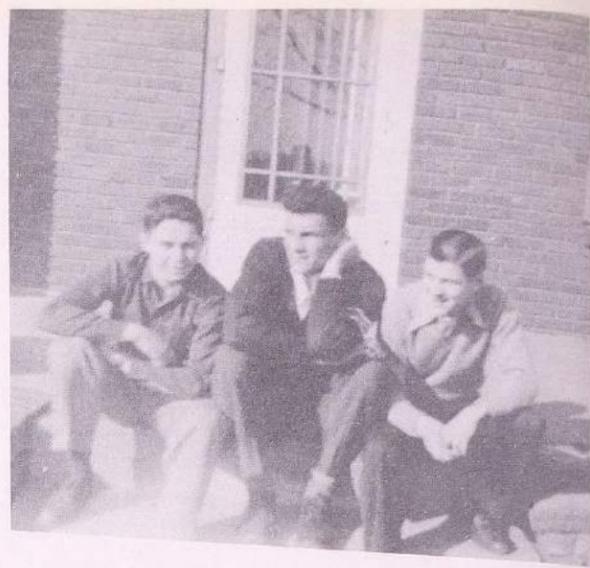
Bernard Atchley

Theresa Canciani
Barbara Chubinski
Edward Degenhardt
Tommy Dilliner
Ann Emerick
Carl Fahndrich
James Flagg
Stanley Fleece

James Galloway
Eugene Graham
James Griffin
Tom Griffin
Frank Grumeretz
Tim Hogan
Rex Holloway
Bob Horner
Vivian Karas
Stan Keagle
Mary C. Kelly
Winifred Kelly
Phyllis Lillie
Dorothy Mankowski
Patrick Marriott
Jean McCauley
Virginia Moore
Lævis Newman
Dorothy Otis
Mike Pavlekovich
Mary Seiloff
Pete Smith
Evelyn Squires
Bonnie Steinbacher
Roberta Wech
Jean Zerfas

Signs that say, "No Hunting or Fishing"
Bing Crosby
My sister
Homework
Females
"Jimmie"
Getting home early
Woman drivers
Gas-less cars (they won't believe it)
Friday afternoon
English homework
Slow trains
Women Ha Ha
Getting up mornings
Long wavy hair
Cantankerous referees
Monday mornings
Getting up to recite
Red Hair
Physics tests
A story started but never finished
Getting up early mornings
No mail today
Too much homework
The expression, "Oh shut up"
Typing
Getting up when I'm first called
Blond hair
Talking to certain persons
Mathematics
School
Dirty hair
Oral current events every Thursday
People saying, "Oh never mind"
People who are forever bragging about themselves

Seniors

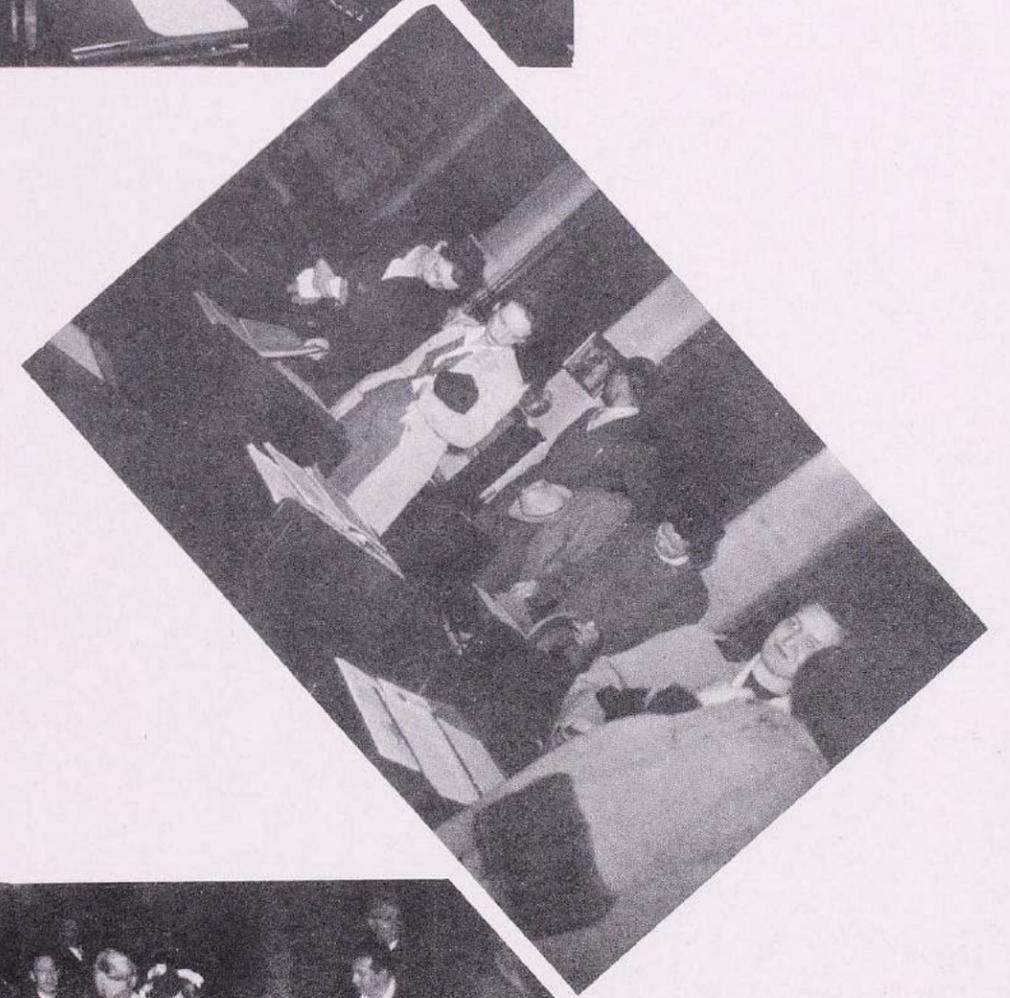
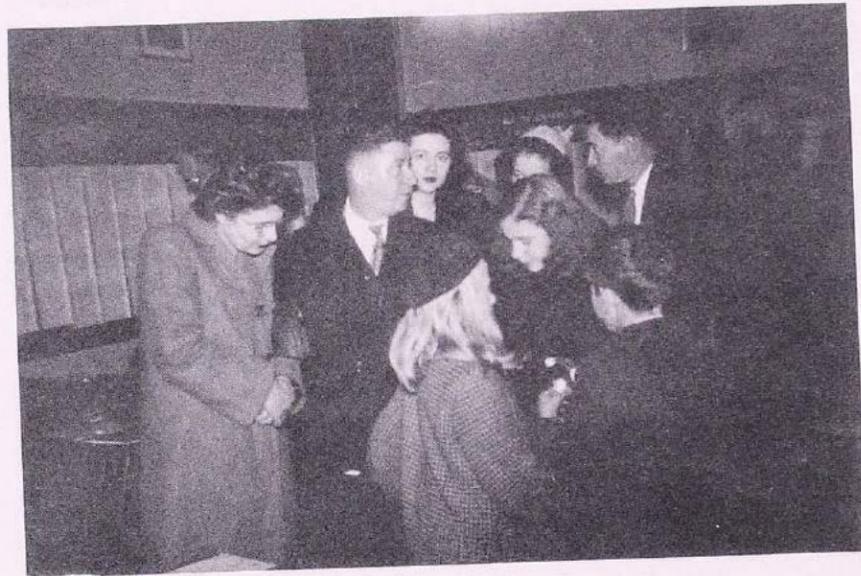
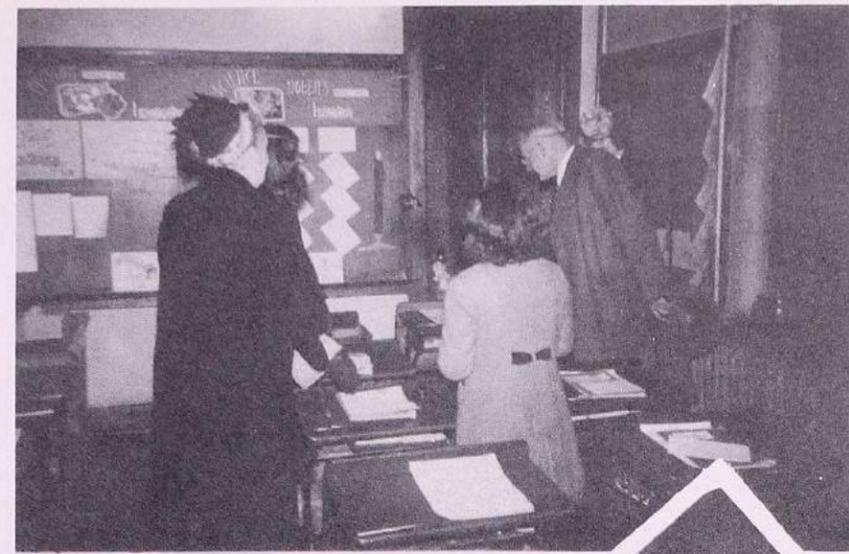


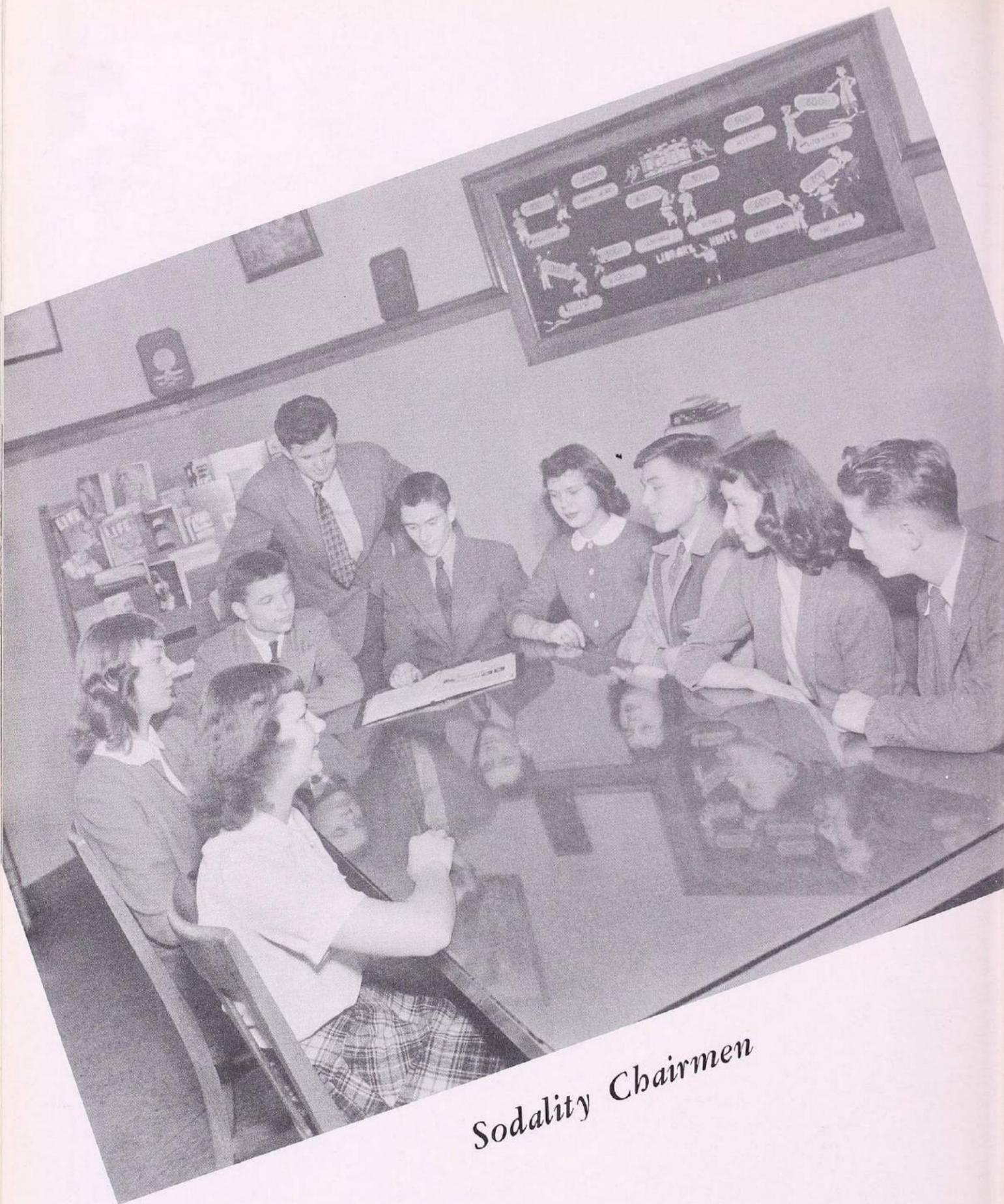
"Famous Sayings Of Less Famous People"

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------------|
| Bernard Atchley | "Ya Mein Fritz" |
| Theresa Canciani | "Could be" |
| Barbara Chubinski | "Honest" |
| Edward Degenhardt | "Well, I'll be" |
| Tom Dilliner | "What ya say kid" |
| Ann Emerick | "Oh! nuts" |
| Carl Fahndrich | "Good German" |
| James Flag | "That's right, no kidding" |
| Stanley Fleece | "You know" |
| James Galloway | "Say Kid" |
| Eugene Graham | "You talk like a fish" |
| James Griffin | "That's right" |
| Tom Griffin | "Wanna bet" |
| Frank Grumeretz | "Don't monkey around" |
| Tim Hogan | "Kool Aid and porridge" |
| Rex Holloway | "I guess so" |
| Bob Horner | "Ya" |
| Vivian Karas | "Oh! No kidding" |
| Stanley Keagle | "I'll say so" |
| Mary C. Kelly | "Really" |
| Winifred Kelly | "How can you tell" |
| Phyllis Lillie | "Who said so" |
| Dorothy Mankowski | "Oh! No you don't" |
| Pat Marriott | "Life's like that" |
| Jean McCauley | "Oh! Piffle diffle" |
| Virginia Moore | "You can say that again" |
| Louis Newman | "Gee! I don't know" |
| Dorothy Otis | "Do you think so" |
| Mike Pavlekovich | "Can't remember" |
| Mary Seiloff | "Gee! Whiz" |
| Pete Smith | "Lots Cheaper at Hall" |
| Evelyn Squires | "Oh! You're crazy" |
| Bonnie Steinbacher | "My shattered brain" |
| Roberta Wech | "Golly" |
| Jean Zervas | "Say it again" |

Dorothy Otis
Stanley Keagle

*Open House
In
The Grade School*





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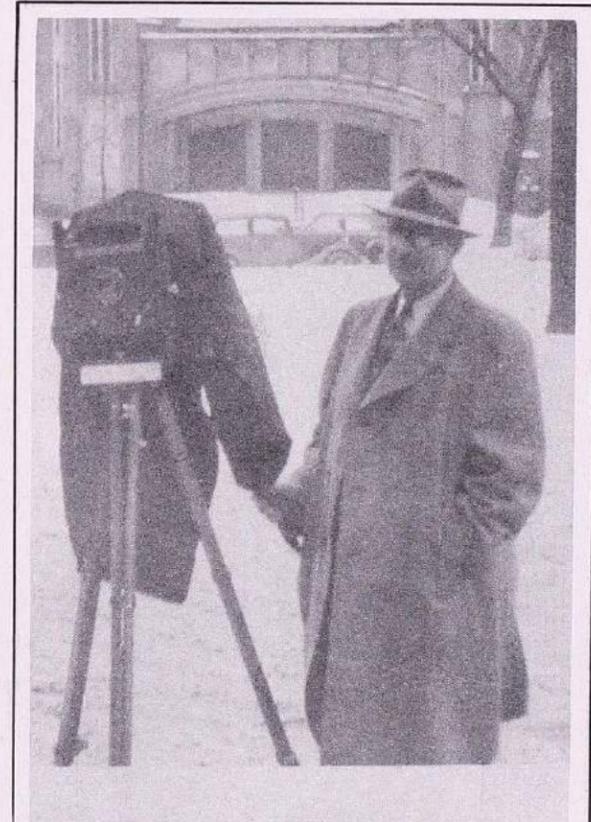
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PARTIES
and
GET-TOGETHERS
AT ST. PHILIPS

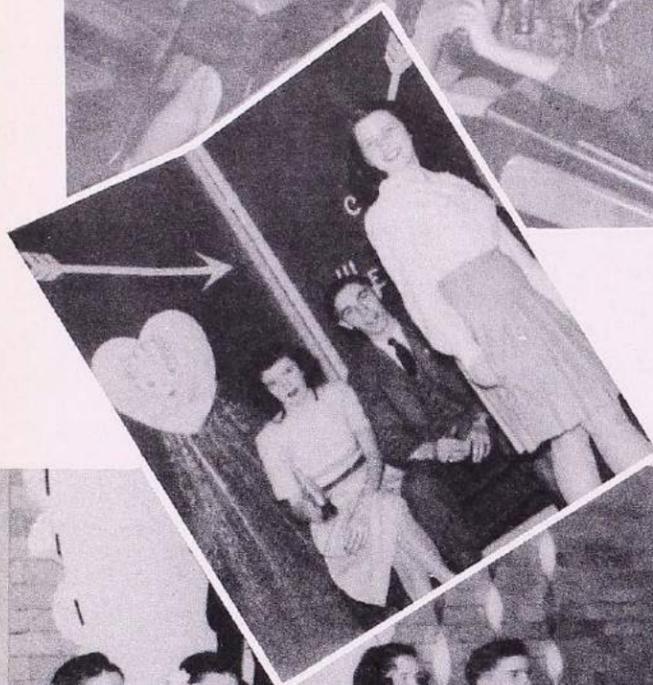
*Are Enjoyed Most
Where There Is*

“Coke”

From

Battle Creek Coco Cola
Co.

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Autographs

*Farewell To
Freshman
Days*

