

## Memories from Jim Napier:

In order to graduate we had to take at least one “practical arts” (typing or shorthand) class. The teacher who taught these classes was Sr. Emily. Sr. Emily wore a hearing aid and we all thought it was just the funniest thing to move our lips as though we were talking but make no sounds. After just a few minutes she would go into the hall to either adjust her hearing aid or change the batteries. Of course, when she returned we would talk extra loud to see what her reaction would be then. Since I sat next to the chalk board with all Sr. Emily’s short hand lessons for her next class, we would put extra “curly ques”, dashes, periods and other punctuation marks in the middle of the lesson. Somehow, she found out that I did some of that, so I had an opportunity to check out the furnishings in Sr. Mary Aquinas’ (Ace’s) office. Ace had a difficult time keeping a smile from her lips, but while I was being chastised for the extra marks on the chalk board, Ace also told me that I should discourage my classmates from playing hearing aid tricks on Sr. Emily. Ace seemed to know everything that was going on.

During our senior year, Sr. boys had PE with freshman boys. On the last PE day before graduation, we seniors thought it would be great fun to throw water balloons at the freshman while they were getting dressed. Senior boys dressed in the “home team” dressing room while the freshman dressed in the visiting team locker room. We were having great fun doing this after the class was done, the coach was nowhere around. As I was transiting the gym floor, with no shirt and an arm full of balloons, Ace came in and caught me. I was told to go back to the dressing room, get rid of the balloons, get dressed and meet her in her office. I knew I was in big trouble, but I did realize how much. On the way to Ace’s office I ran into my dad in the hall in his Marine Corps dress blue uniform as this was the day he came to the school to talk to seniors about joining the Corps after graduation. Discretion being the better part of valor, I told my dad what I had done before Ace had the chance to do so. When she came out of her office to see where I was and saw me talking to my dad she smiled and said to my dad, “I guess James has told you what he has been up to?” What do you think we should do about this infraction?

My dad, being a very smart man, told her that he would defer to her good judgment and would agree to anything she had in mind. I got to sit in Ace's office during my dad's presentation contemplating my sins and possible punishment. As it turned out missing his presentation was my punishment.