

A Few Random Memories from Rod Harsh:

Over the years, my memories of Catholic school became a real comedy routine.

Those include my wearing my Dad's wedding tux (cumber-bun, top hat, cane etc.) to First Friday mass in the Gym because I forgot a tie and had to go home to change into a suit. When I got back to school, everyone was seated waiting for the priest to enter. "Ace" stopped me at the gym door and stated, "Rod, You look great, but I think you over-did it just a little". I said, "Yes sister, but I figure that since I was wearing slacks and a sport shirt instead of a suit, then God would really be impressed if I wore a tux!" Just then, someone yelled "Hey...it's Ma and Pa Penguin" just as the priest was coming in!

I also remember adding time to the timer when it was left on my desk so Emily could tend to the candy counter. "My....you all did so much better this time!"

I remember whistling thru the crack in the closet wall where Sister Emily sold the candy. She wore two hearing aids, and would freak at any high pitched sounds. I tricked some freshmen to walk into the candy room when they heard me whistle!

I remember imitating President Kennedy, so a pep rally was built around a "visit" from the President. You may have been one of my "secret service men". I was taking questions from the bleachers when Sister Mary Kent raised her hand and I asked her to "Uh..Please Stand"!

One day before class, I wrote "50 mile hike next weekend" on the blackboard. As the boys filtered in they commented that this was a great idea, but not enough notice. We ended-up doing two annual hikes to Pierce City. I had a bugle and was playing it once we got out of town. Woke the farmers up early.

On day, I looked out the window and saw a goat in the yard, so I ran down the stairs and led her inside with his rope. As soon as she hit the linoleum floor, she took off, slipping and sliding down the corridor creating havoc!

When I saw the nuns opening our lockers looking for dirty magazines, etc.....I decided to put a full water balloon on the top shelf and carefully closed the door. One of the nuns later opened the locker and the balloon hit the floor and soaked her up to her knees! Boy did I catch heck for that!

I do remember dropping a water balloon from the chemistry room into Father Krudwig's Thunderbird when he had the top down and was parked in the alley.

Guess who occasionally would unplug the clock at lunchtime by the Gym door so the bell would not sound!

I also enjoyed banging the board erasers over Sister Rose Marie's desk....but the thumbtack in the chair was reserved for Sister Mary DePaul who had a great sense of humor! NOT!

The big one was when I collected beer cans from our 'beer busts', and put them into trunks at my parents home. Later, several of us had to take all the canned food that was donated by our parents for "Mercy Day"....an annual event in the Gym to 'surprise' the nuns for all their hard work. I decided to make a big pyramid of beer cans behind the stage curtain, with the food cans behind the second curtain. When all the students and parents were seated, Father Krudwig (I think), announced the big 'surprise' for the nuns, and the first curtain was opened. Once the laughter subsided, the second curtain was opened! Priceless....and most likely the reason the nuns suggested I attend public school.

A couple more that I just thought of:

I wore braces at McAuley during my sophomore year, and had to use tiny round rubber bands. One day in class I shot one at the blackboard off the eraser end of a pencil. I was amazed at the velocity, so I began firing off a few whenever sister Rose Marie was writing on the blackboard (they made a little ping when they hit the blackboard). Soon, other classmates with braces started shooting at one-another using their ample supply of rubber bands, and we began sharing with other students. The nuns were oblivious to this, even when one took a 'hit', but I remember overhearing two nuns talking in the hall. One was handing a few rubber bands to 'Rosey', saying "Sister, I do not know what these things are...but the janitor says they are all-over the building!"

The other memory was when we were in 'study hall' in the music room in the convent. A few nuns would go up and down the stairs from time to time....making a tap-tap sound on the stairs. Ms. Bush was the lay teacher for our class that day, and we all were about to fall asleep when I heard a nun coming down the stairs. I heard tap, tap, then a flurry of tap-tap-tappings and the bell rope being pulled loudly (the bell was to tell a sister of a phone call). We looked up to see a sister rolling end-over-end down the stairs grasping at the bell rope. She landed spread-eagled on the floor. We were all in shock, but Ms. Bush ran to her aid and found that she was fine, no injury at all! I swear....those nuns were 'tough as nails'!

Lots more I'm sure, but those were good times.

Rod Harsh