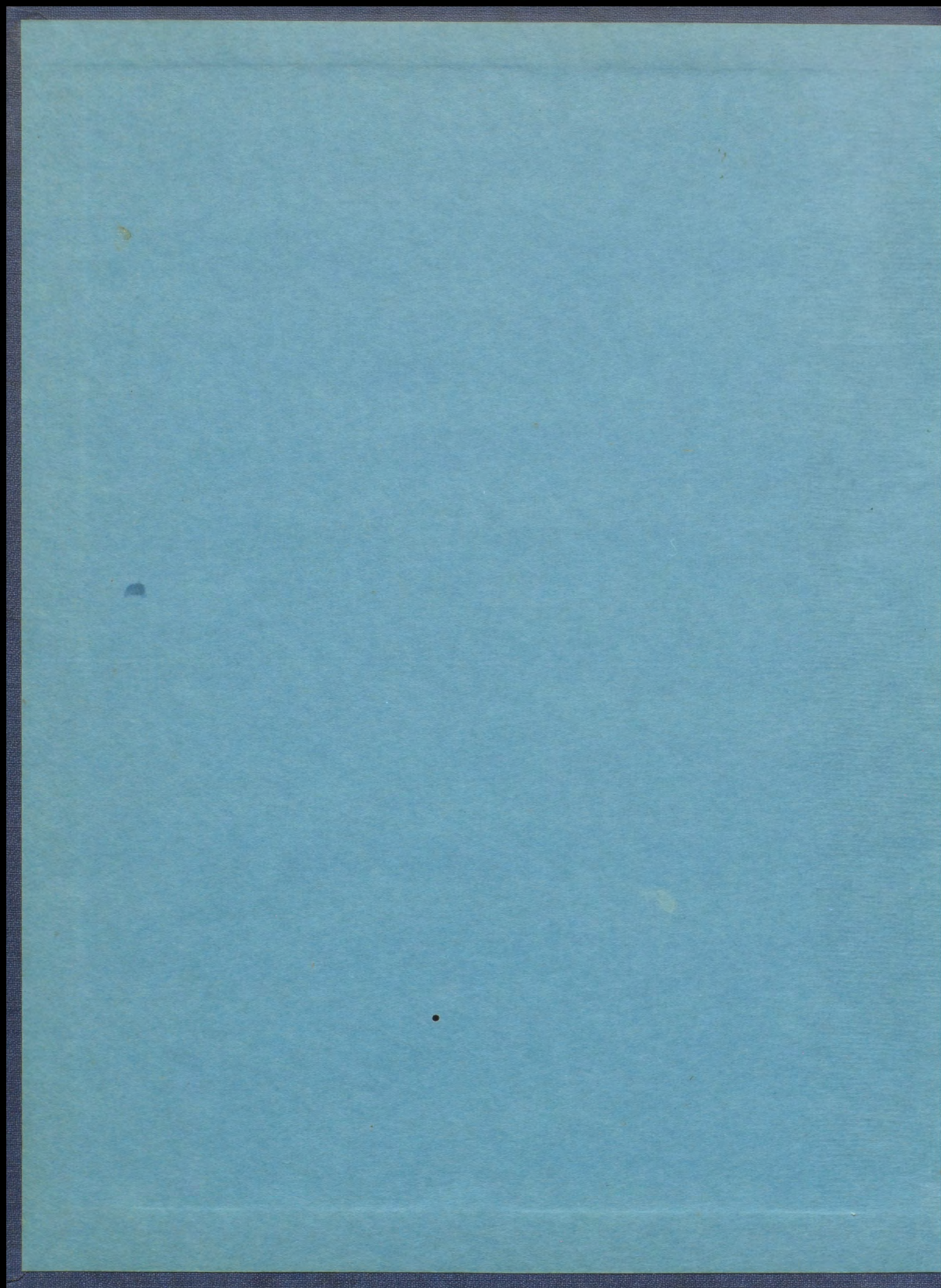
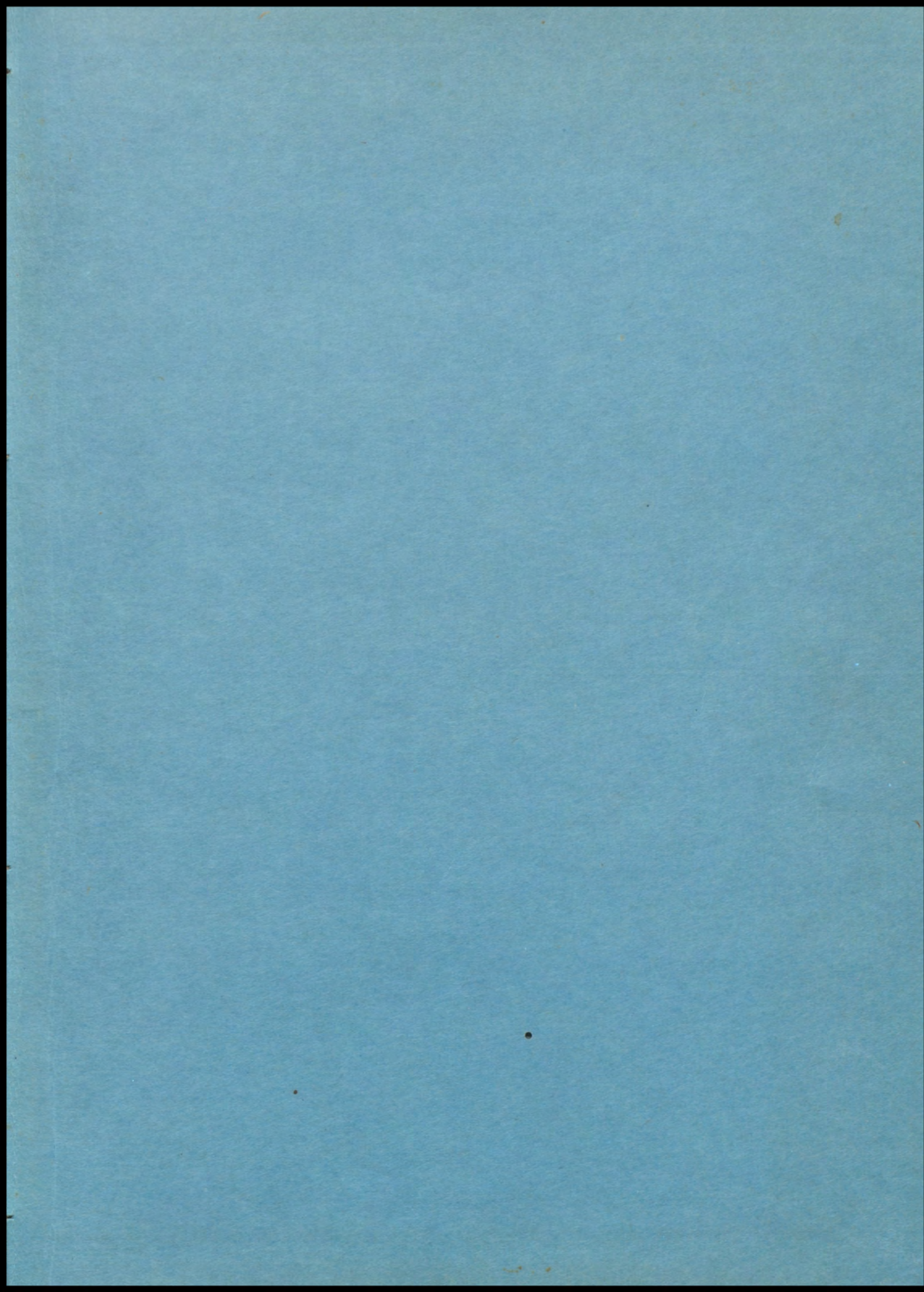


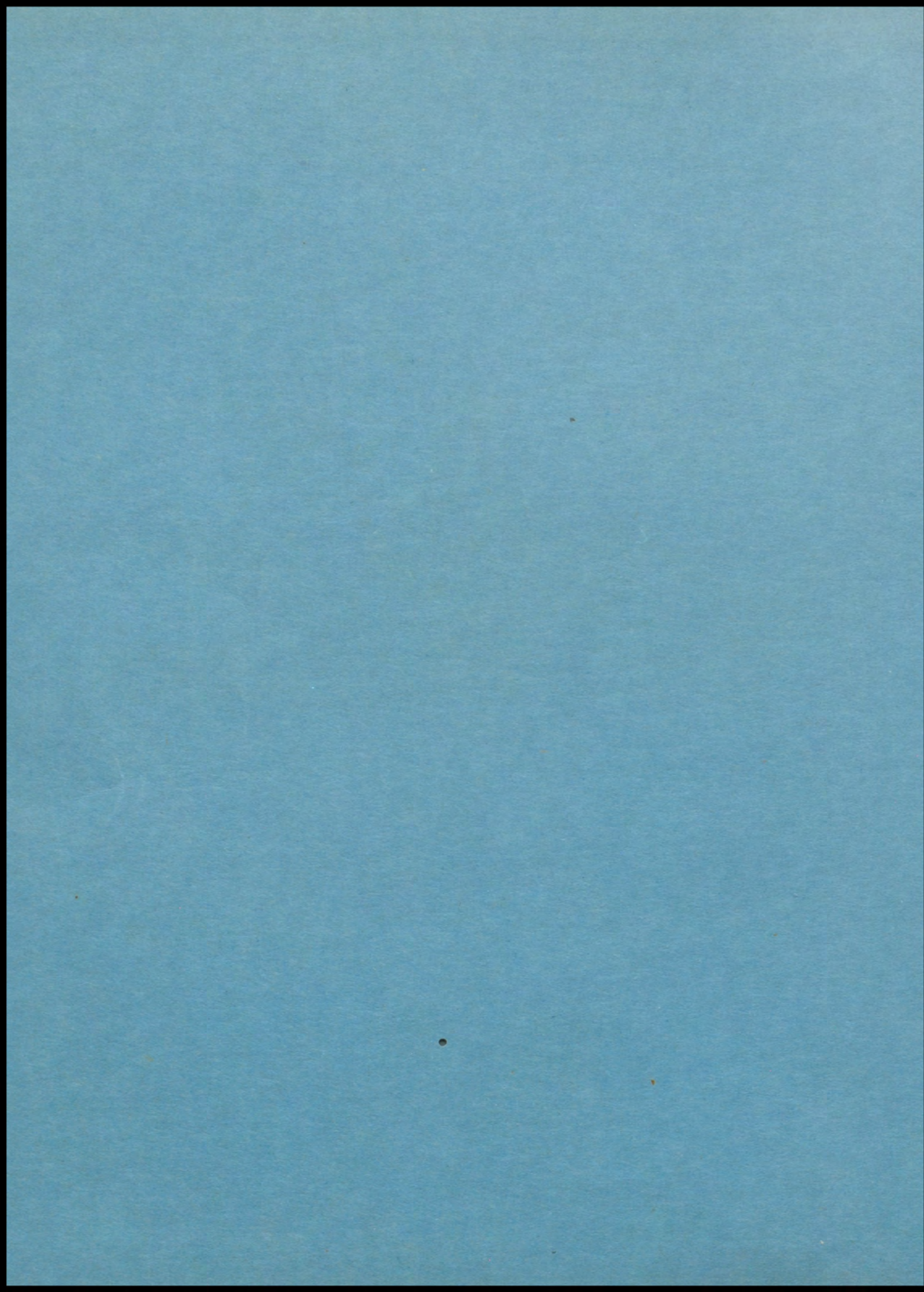
STELLA MARIS

1946

CONVENT OF MARY IMMACULATE
KEY WEST, FLORIDA







FOREWORD

Though the massive portals of our Alma Mater will have swung open for the seventy-eighth time to allow its youthful graduates to take their places among the women of the world, we, the class of 1946, are the first to attempt to represent our happy, busy days, and the life of a scholastic year in print. We hope that we have captured some of the spirit of our school, its work, its play, its activity, its aims, its interests and its accomplishments, so that you too can look with satisfaction upon our efforts.

THE EDITORS

DEDICATION

*To Sister Mary Roselina
our Superior, our Principal, our
teacher, who has guided and inspired
us for four memorable years at our
loved C.M.I., we, the Class of 1946,
affectionately dedicate this
Volume.*

THE FACULTY

Religion, English Sister Mary Roselina, M.A., Principal
Mathematics, Chemistry,
Latin, Physical Ed. Sister Imelda Marie, M.A.
Library, Latin, Commercial Sister M. Rose Eucharista, B.A.
Spanish, History, Biology Sister M. George Edmund, M.S.
Art Sister Monica Mary, B.A.
Music, Dramatics Sister Mary Elizabeth, B.M.

SCHOOL SONG

Down in Dixie, far at sea
Where the Gulf and Ocean meet
Lies a tropical coral Key,
Bathed in sunshine's droning heat,
'Mid its palms and crimson vines,
Flowers and Royal Poincianas grand,
You'll find a school, the fairest school
In our Southernmost Dixie land . . .
Dear C.M.I., You're the school I love the best,
Dear C.M.I., You're the pride of sunny Key West,
Dear C.M.I., Every girl in white and blue
Shall hold in sweetest memory
The hours she spent with you.
Dear C.M.I., with your banner in glory unfurled,
And the Holy Names, you will soar and cheer the world.
Dear C.M.I., To every girl in white and blue,
You'll be a rainbow, beautiful rainbow
Over life's stormy sea,
You'll be a haven of Peace,
Our Alma Mater, warm and true.

October 24, 1946, marked the completion of seventy-seven years of devoted service by the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary on the island of Key West.

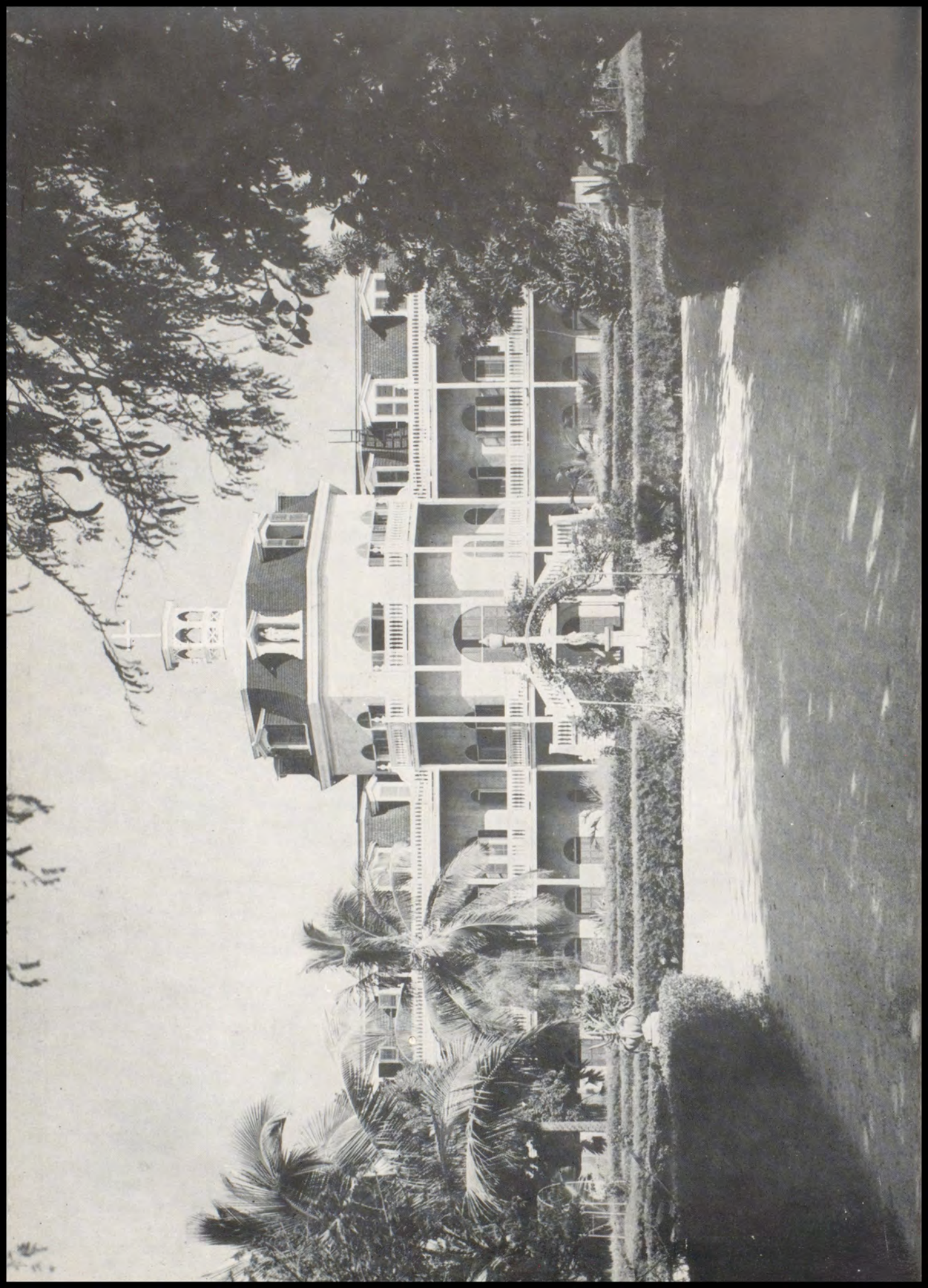
On October 15, 1868, five dauntless women left Montreal to undertake the work of education in a land far distant from their foundation. They arrived in Key West on the morning of October 24, and met with the greatest courtesy from the citizens of the little town. Immediately they set out to prepare for their work among the children, and on November 9, they opened their first school in the old barracks which had stood abandoned since the Civil War. It was through the kindness of Doctor Whitehurst and Captain Alderslade that this property became available to the Sisters. On the opening day twenty-six young ladies formed the nucleus of the present Academy.

On January 14, 1875, they broke ground for the new foundation where now stands the beautiful and stately structure of the Convent of Mary Immaculate. During the Spanish American War, the Superior of the Convent offered the Academy to the government for hospital purposes. The government accepted; the Sisters donned white aprons and acted as nurses. That they proved efficient in the emergency is attested by the fact that the soldiers and sailors took the trouble to write and thank the good Sisters for their kindly and sympathetic treatment.

After 1900 many improvements were made to meet the ever-growing educational demands. The Sisters of the Holy Names give a complete, well-rounded education to the young girls confided to their care. They stress, not only mental and physical training, but also, and above all, moral training—the development and strengthening of the will. Without this, there is no true education.

The curriculum has always kept pace with the times. The Academy is affiliated with the Southern Association of Colleges and offers courses from the kindergarten through Grade Twelve. The School of Music forms an integral part of the course of studies.

CATHERINE DELANY



ZETTA FRANCES CABRERA

"Sister"

*"Her generosity, her ease in conversation,
Her pleasant ways, and her dramatic ability
Make Zetta a welcome addition to every gathering."*

Entered C.M.I. in the kindergarten in 1933; Major, Latin; Science Club; Music Club 1, 2, 3; Debating Club; Latin Club; Choral Class 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball '43, Varsity Manager '45, '46; Editor-in-chief of Stella Maris, Class Play: "Snow White"; Valedictorian '46.



CATHERINE ANN DELANEY

"Cathie"

*"A carefree mind, a smile for all,
And a heart as great as she is tall."*

Entered C.M.I. from Gesu, 1945; Major, Social Studies; Apostolic Committee; Choral Class 4; Year Book, School Historian; Basketball Class Team '45; Class Play: Lady Guinivere.

ELEANOR CECILIA HENRIQUEZ "Nora"

*"A maid sedate and deep of thought,
Many a kind deed has she wrought."*

Entered C.M.I. from Key West High in 1942; Major, Latin; Sodality 4; Chairman of Eucharistic Committee; Debating Club; Choral Class 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club, 1, 2, 3; Art Manager for Stella Maris; Class Secretary '44; Class Secretary '45; Class Play: "The Huntsman"; Queen of the May '46.



VIRGINIA OTTILIE KELLY

"Kelly"

*A laughing face, 'just right' in size."
"A pretty maid with grave, green eyes,*

Entered C.M.I. from Key West High in 1942; Major, History; Science Club; Choral Class 1, 2, 3, 4; Assistant-circulating manager of Stella Maris; Basketball '42, '43, '44; Varsity Club '45; Volley Ball; Class Secretary '43; Class Play: Lady Christobel.



ELIZABETH JUNE KLING

"Betty"

*"Quiet and studious as she can be,
Generous and cheerful, our own Bette."*

Entered C.M.I. from Key West High in 1941; Major, Mathematics; Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Maid of Honor to May Queen '42, '43; Chairman of Apostolic Committee '44; PREFECT '45; Science Club; Choral Class 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 1, 2; Associate Editor of Stella Maris; Vice-President '44; Class Play: Lady Irmengarde.

NORMA RAMONA LYNCH

"Normita"

"Never too preoccupied to forget to be pleasant."

Entered C.M.I. from Gesu High, Miami, in 1944; Major, Mathematics; Sodality 3, 4; Apostolic Committee Chairman '44; Secretary '45; Choral Class 3, 4; Sports Reporter for Stella Maris; Basketball Varsity '44, '45; Softball, Volley ball; Tennis; Class President '45; Class Play: Sir Dandiprat Bombas.



BARBARA ANN McCRAW

"Bobbie"

*"Demure and gentle, sometimes shy;
Courageous and noble . . . 'To Do or to Die!'"*

Entered C.M.I. from Gaffney, S. C., in 1942; Major, Latin; Science Club; Latin Club; Debating Club; Choral Class 1, 2, 3, 4; Music Club; Chronicler for Stella Maris; Class President '42; Class President '43; Class Play: Prince Florimond. Salutatorian '46.



FRANCES ANN MORA

"Dolly"

*"Sparkling eyes, and full of pep,
At every art, she is adept."*

Entered C.M.I. from Key West High in 1944; Major, Mathematics; Sodality 4; Chairman of Our Lady's Committee '45; Science Club, Choral Class 3, 4; Sports Editor for Stella Maris; Basketball Varsity '44, '45; Vice President of Senior Class; Class Play: Lady Astolaine; All-State Forward '46; outstanding C.M.I. girl '46.

FAYE MARIE PARKER

"80"

*"A sunny nature, a true-blue heart,
Joy is her motto, Friendship, her art."*

Entered C.M.I. from Tavernier in 1945; Major, History; Choral Class 4; Advertising Manager for Stella Maris; Basketball '45, Tennis '45, Softball '45; Class Play: Lady Rosalys.



IRMA MARIE SANDS

Irma

*"She appears to be calm and serene,
But within her heart are depths unseen."*

Entered C.M.I. from Key West High in 1944; Major, History; Choral Class 3, 4; Volley ball; Assistant Art Manager for Stella Maris; Class Play: Lady Lynette.



LAURA JANE SMITH

"Alabama"

*"Her laughs, her jokes, her cheery smile
Brighten our school life, all the while."*

Entered C.M.I. from Opelika High, Alabama, in 1943; Major, Home Economics; Sodality 4; Chairman of Apostolic Committee '45; Choral Class 2, 3, 4; Circulation Manager for Stella Maris; Basketball '43, '44, Varsity '45; Volley ball, Soft ball, Tennis; Class Play: "The Witch."

MARINA LOIS SIKES

Marina

*"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."*

Entered C.M.I. from Key West High in 1945; Major, History; Sodality 4; Chairman of Our Lady's Committee '45; Science Club, Choral Class 4; Business Manager for Stella Maris; Volley ball; Class Play: Lady Ursula.



VIOLETTA ELA SOSIN

"Titi"

*"Not awed by rumor, not grave through pride,
nor gay through folly;*

*An equal mixture of good humor and sensible
melancholy."*

Entered C.M.I. in Kindergarten in 1933. Major, Latin; Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Apostolic Committee '42; Devotional Committee, '43; Chairman of Social Committee '45; Vice-PREFECT '45; Science Club; Choral Class 1, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club, 1, 2, 3; Sodality Reports for Stella Maris; Volley ball; Class Play: "The Pedler Woman"; Maid of Honor to the Queen of the May '46.



PATRICIA LOUISE STANCZAK

"Pat"

*"Worth, courage, honor, these, indeed,
Your sustenance and birthright are."*

Entered C.M.I. from Key West High in 1942; Major, Mathematics; Science Club; Debating Club; Choral Class 1, 2, 3; Treasurer '43; Class Treasurer '45; Assistant Editor of Stella Maris; Basketball '43, '44, '45; Volley ball; Tennis; Softball; Class Play: Queen Brangomar.

MEMORIES

ZETTA—Trying to stuff more books in her desk.

VIRGINIA—Crying and laughing at the same time.

DOLLY—The pride of the Basketball Varsity.

FAYE—Racking her brain over Geometry.

VIOLETTA—Fighting over the last bit of pudding in the dining room.

PAT—"The Sophisticate."

CATHERINE—Barely keeping awake in Chemistry.

MARINA—Struggling with exercises at Physical Education period.

JANE—Combing her "Auburn Locks."

BOBBIE—The teacher's delight—90's.

ELEANOR—Leading songs at lunch period.

BETTY—Attempting to keep order at Sodality meetings.

IRMA—Uses of the comma? ? ?

NORMA—"Girls, the bell has rung!"

PATRICIA STANCZAK

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



President, Norma Lynch, Secretary, Eleanor Henriquez, Treasurer, Patricia Stanczak, Vice-President, Frances Mora.



Campus by Moonlight.

Class History

By September, 1942, war clouds had burst in a torrential flood over Europe and Asia, dragging in with volcanic violence, our own country. Most of our homes were broken by the vacant chair of a loved father, an adored brother, or a distantly admired beau, gone to the fighting front. It was under conditions such as these that a group of nervous, excited youngsters, destined to become the class of '46, entered the portals of our Alma Mater, C.M.I.

Fresh from the gentle care of intermediate grade teachers, we feared an advent into a world of "grown-ups," where one elected subjects, and moved to the sound of a bell, in departmental work. Of those that were Freshmen, these few remain: Pat, Zetta, Betty, Violeta, Barbara, Virginia, and Eleanor.

Before many weeks had passed, our timidity disappeared to be replaced by a spirit of friendliness and good fellowship. Our friendship then begun, grew stronger as the weeks extended into months.

We were Freshmen, and as Freshmen will, we enjoyed play more than work; but then, much of our work was play of a sort for it carried with it the pleasure of novelty. Little did we dream that we were the objects of no small amount of fun. Our state of "greenness" was not prolonged, however, for our august upperclassmen gratuitously passed much invaluable information on to us. Respect, deference, and courtesy, we discovered, were due to others and exacted from us. The old game of life! Humility and a clearly defined knowledge of our exact "status quo" helped us to a rapid acclimation. We were soon burning incense before the shrine of Seniority.

Most of us were accepted as members of the Sodality of the Children of Mary, and we began to take an active part in the ranks of Our Lady.

A school picnic at Boca Chica climaxed a happy, happy year and for three short summer months we put aside our books to swim, to read, to dance, and to forget much we had struggled so hard to gain.

We returned to school gay of heart and light of foot, minus the green look, only to find that war had thinned our ranks. Many of our classmates had gone to various parts of the country with their soldier or sailor fathers, and now, new faces replaced the old ones. Among the new students was a shy little lassie all the way from O-pa-lak-a, Al-a-bam-ah! and it took our charming Jane almost five whole minutes of delicious drawl to tell us whence she came.

The year passed with incredible rapidity marked by many delightful events. One of these was the Maypole Dance in which the majority of us took part. Another, which was the crowning event of the year, was the Baccalaureate Breakfast at which we honored the Seniors and their mothers. For many days we had worked tirelessly trying to convert the Recreation Room to fit the occasion. Our efforts were duly rewarded, however, when we heard the pleasant comments of the Seniors and their gracious mothers. Now the Baccalaureate Breakfast has become a traditional part of graduation itself.

After a delightful vacation, how proud we were to have conferred upon us, the title "Juniors!" How pleased and eager we were to welcome the newcomers! Frances Mora, destined to become our star in the field of athletics; Norma Lynch, delighting us all with her English flavored "rahthers" and "I beg your pah-dons," and Irma Sands with her sweet, simple, good natured ways.

1944-45 marked the centenary of the Foundation of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. Our celebration in Key West was set for Feb. 28. Plans! rehearsals! costumes! dancing! singing! All these took up every spare moment. A play depicting the life history of Mother Mary Rose and the early days of the Community grew into an elaborate pageant. To our delight, His Excellency, Most Reverend Joseph P. Hurley, Bishop of St. Augustine; our Mother General, Mother Margaret of Cortona, with Mother Mary Eleanor were our guests of honor. Because the affair was such a huge success, we felt more than compensated for our weeks of busy preparation.

Our biggest problem was to raise sufficient funds for our outstanding social event—the Junior Senior Prom! There were never-ending candy sales, and unsuccessful endeavors to pop corn without burning both it and our lily white fingers.

At last the coveted ducats were locked in our safe, and the weeks dragged by until April when the longed-for night became a reality. "On Top o' the World" proved to be a memorable evening—one that shall live long in our minds as one of our happiest girlhood memories.

Seniors at last! That magic word! For the first time in our high school days we returned to classes in a world of peace. War clouds were clearing rapidly. We prayed as never before that they would disappear completely. Assuming the responsibilities of Seniority, we took on an air of seriousness unknown to us in previous years. New faces, but old friends joined our Senior ranks—Faye Parker, Marina Sikes, and Catherine Delany—all of whom had been C. M. I. in earlier years.

In order to obtain funds for "Senior Affairs," we sponsored a Bingo game. The results far exceeded our expectations. \$252 net!

We took charge of the assembly program when we presented an original skit. Long shall we remember the "Smash Hit" performance of our leading character, Jane, as Susie Jane Snuzzlefoots.

The last night in October found us draped in sheets and pillow cases, scurrying across the yard from an imaginary ghost; and after a few minutes of safety in the "Bee Hive" touching the parts of a "corpse" with trembling fingers, trying to eat doughnuts on strings and ending with sugar-coated faces. Yes, our last Halloween at C.M.I. shall be remembered ever as a happy, happy evening. Thank you, Juniors!

In accordance with a request from our Bishop, we joined the "canned goods for Europe" drive. Our little group of fourteen proudly added their 100 cans to the parish quota. In that as in everything, we have pledged to do our best.

Outstanding in the social events of our last year at C.M.I. was the Senior-Junior Banquet, held at Key West's new Villa del Mar. The place wore a festive air, the tables were gay with spring flowers, souvenirs, and "memories," but there was a tinge of sadness tugging gently at each Senior's heart strings; for this was the last formal gathering of Our Superior, our teachers, the Juniors, and us.

Graduation and all the joys that this day brings are yet to be ours—Our Graduation Mass—our Mother-daughter breakfast—the graduation itself (Oh! to hold that coveted parchment!)—and joy of joys, Our Senior Prom.

The year has passed rapidly. We have worked steadily, happily, and hopefully on this, our first edition of "Stella Maris." Even now, as it goes to print, we whisper a prayer: "God, bless our Stella Maris! God, bless all our work; God, bless all those who made our burden lighter."

And now before we disband forever, it is well to take one last survey of this class with a "Reputation." We are a very weighty class! We weigh 1,736 pounds, made of parcels ranging all the way from Betty's ninety-eight pounds, to Violetta Sosin's one hundred sixty-two. We are 75 feet and one-half inches tall, the shortest being five feet two inches, and the tallest five feet eleven inches. Our waist measure is nine yards and thirty-one and one half inches. We are two hundred and forty five years old: grave and reverend Seniors indeed!

ELEANOR HENRIQUEZ '46
IRMA SANDS '46
JANE SMITH '46

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF '46

We, the Class of 1946, being about to leave this Institution of learning and being in possession of a normal mind, memory and understanding, and a generous spirit, do publish this, our Last Will and Testament, thereby making void all former Wills and Testaments made by us here-to-for.

Item I: To the Faculty, we bequeath, as an incentive in directing future classes, the memory of this model Senior Class.

Item II: To the entire Student Body, we will all our virtues, good spirit and sportsmanship.

Item III: To the Class of '47, we leave our promptness in all our work connected with the Stella Maris, that you may profit by our experience.

Item IV: To the Class of '48, we leave our ability to keep silence during evolutions.

Item V: To the Class of '49, we leave a motto, learned by us through bitter experience: "The First Fifty Years Are the Hardest."

Item VI: To all future English IV Classes, we leave hand written, illuminated copies of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven."

Item VII: To each individual Junior, as follows:

To Barbara McLain, Zetta Frances Cabrera leaves the holes in her socks.

To Amelia Boza, Catherine Delany leaves her lofty height.

To Celeste Haines, Eleanor Henriquez leaves her jitterbugging technique.

To Rose Mary Smith, Virginia Kelley leaves her tears of joy.

To Lillian Perez, Betty Kling leaves her desire for a few more pounds.

To Nancy Reyes, Norma Lynch bequeaths her everlasting apologies.

To Mary Sarris, Barbara McCraw donates her dignity and conservativeness, with a piece of gum to chew when she gets tired.

To Georgina Pena, Frances Mora wills her athletic ability.

To Betty Appel, Faye Parker passes on her Happy-go-lucky attitude, and her exceptional ability to work Geometry.

To Helen Crusoe, Irma Sands leaves her tranquility in all situations.

To Eugenia Rivas' store of blushes, Marina Sikes adds her ample supply.

To Betty Lou Garing, Jane Smith wills her auburn locks.

To Betty Lou Garing, Violetta Sosin wills her ability to make eyes.

To Carmen Sanchez, Patricia Stanczak passes on her sophisticated airs.

On behalf of the Class of 1946, we do hereby sign and seal the above, as our Last Will and Testament.

BARBARA MCCRAW

IRMA SANDS

Senior Class Prophecy

After Virginia Kelly, encouraged by her "dentist friend," had taken up the profession of dentistry herself, she became so absorbed in wringing pain from her patients that she hurried gleefully to her work, seldom taking time to glance at a newspaper. But on this particular morning as she waited for her train in the subway, the excited cries of the lusty-lunged newsboy crying, "Extra! Extra! Last edition of the New York Times! Read all about STANCZAK, New York's first Woman Mayor!" renewed her interest in life. Trembling with emotion, she purchased a paper. So overjoyed was she at the triumph of her former schoolmate that she handed the boy a ten-dollar bill, and told the bewildered youngster to keep the change. She then stepped quickly into the train.

When she had finished reading the detailed account of the election, she settled down to enjoy the other items that might prove of interest to her. In one corner, a peculiar heading caught her eye: ALL HONG KONG ENTHUSIASTIC OVER NEW NAME OF CITY. Reading further, Virginia discovered that the Chinese, having been aroused by the origination of a new dish consisting of mashed peanuts, corn fritters and molasses, had decided to honor the young American inventress, NORMA LYNCH, by calling one of their most prosperous cities, LYNCHVILLE.

On the opposite side, in a very prominent place, was another heading: INTERNATIONAL SHORTHAND CONTEST, WON BY MISS JANE SMITH; MAKES UNPRECEDENTED RECORD of 350 words per minute. It stated further that already many prominent government officials had solicited her services as private secretary, but she had rejected them all to take a position as stenographer in the Supreme Court. "No one had ever dreamed that Jane possessed such potentialities when she took shorthand for those few months at the Convent," thought Virginia.

As she turned to the Sport Section, this item met her eyes: UNITED STATES SENDS TWO YOUNG WOMEN ATHLETES TO OLYMPIC MEET. "BETTY KLING having made a record of walking two hundred miles a day is almost certain to outdistance any European entry. CATHERINE DELANY, famous long-distance swimmer and former C. M. I. graduate, will, without doubt, take the cup," the article stated.

In the very next column, a famous Sports Editor praised the splendid work being done by MARINA SIKES, the newly elected Captain of the "Women's National Basketball Team." Virginia could scarcely suppress a chuckle as she read that one of the most valuable players on the team, and Marina's "right-hand man," is none other than VIOLETTA SOSIN. Just below this, an announcement of the Ringling Brothers' Circus captured her attention. Among the outstanding attractions, it said, was the graceful young trapeze dancer, Miss IRMA SANDS, who had made a record of daring jumps never before attempted by the most skilled trapeze artists.

In the lower corner was a large advertisement announcing the first appearance in New York at Carnegie Hall of BARBARA McCRAW, world-famous skater. Barbara was meant to be world-famous, of course, but Virginia had expected her to attain that fame by teaching and becoming a noted professor in the renowned South Carolina College. But no. Our quiet little Barbara had skated her way into the heart of the nation.

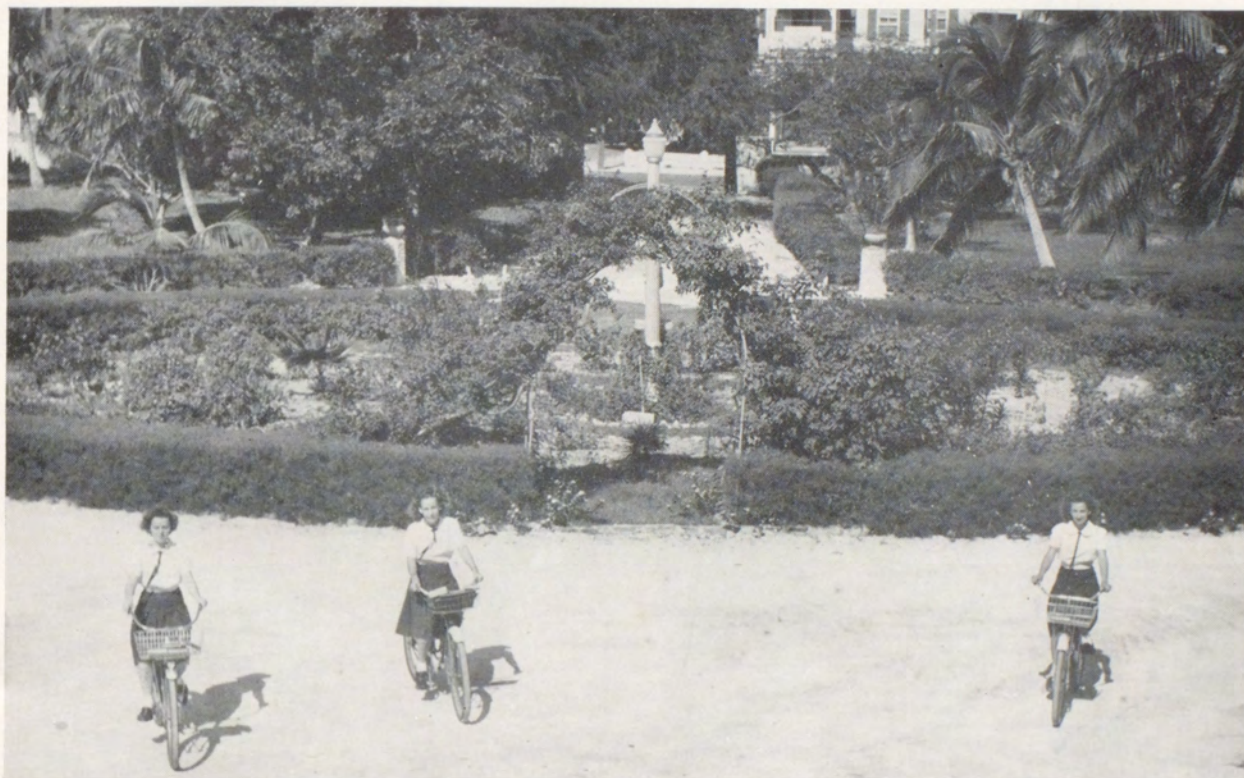
Next, she turned to the Society page which had become a most interesting feature since ELEANOR HENRIQUEZ had offered her services as Social Editor. Here another surprise awaited her. MISS ZETTA CABRERA had been hostess at a ball given the previous evening in honor of His Majesty, the King of Afghanistan, and tonight she was to be hostess to all the bachelor officers then in New York City. Virginia's green eyes glittered as she made up her mind to surprise her former friend and comrade and attend this ball, for what could Zetta do with so many stripes, brass buttons, and scrambled eggs, without assistance?

On the fashion page, Virginia smiled as she read that the French designer, Madame Pentagon, had engaged the services of the charming model, FAYE PARKER, to enhance the beauty of her exotic costumes. "When Faye isn't modeling," a footnote said, "she offers her services to all students who cannot understand the geometric intricacies of the triangle."

THE SCREEN HIT OF THE YEAR was the next headline to catch her eye. The "Broadway Hit," THE LADY LIKES LATIN, starring FRANCES MORA, was to be featured at the Globe Theatre. Dolly had taken to dramatics, the write-up said, shortly after graduation, and after a sensational run on Broadway, Hollywood had bought all rights.

At this moment, Virginia looked out of the window just in time to see that she was nearing her stop. As she made her way to her own modernly equipped office on the eighty-seventh floor of the Empire State Building, she felt a deep satisfaction in knowing that all her classmates of 1946 had won world-renown in such a short period of time.

CLASSES



JUNIORS



First Row: Helen Crusoe, Amelia Boza, Carmen Sanchez, Barbara MacLain, Nancy Reyes, Betty Lou Garing, Geraldine Alfonso, Betty Appel. **Second Row:** RoseMary Smith, Eugenia Rivas, Celeste Teresa Haines, Lillian Perez, Georgina Pena.

"EXCUSE US, MR. WINCHELL!"

Here is a rumor started by the Juniors themselves, about themselves: "Our Freshman Year was different, difficult and delightful." All in all, it was the beginning of four wonderful years!

Sideline: "As Sophomores, we were too busy learning Subjunctive Mood, untangling quadratics, learning our parts for the pageant and dissecting frogs" to know where the year disappeared.

Overheard: "The Junior Year is like a favorite race horse . . . It promises to be the best" Just a minute! The last year is the one we shall want to remember the longest . . . Reason and Proof (sounds like Geometry in the reverse!) will be given in the conclusion of this article which will appear in the next issue of our "STELLA MARIS." Signing off until then, is CELESTE TERESA HAINES.

CLASS OFFICERS



Class Officers: Lillian Perez, Georgina Pena, Eugenia Rivas, Betty Appel.

SOPHOMORES



First Row: Conchita Herrera, Mary Sarris, Zulema Demeritt, Netta Valdez, Mary Louise Saunders, Faye Bervaldi, Ida Soriano, Marie Nischo, Gwendolyn Sincore, Davie Printz, Carolyn Strunk. **Second Row:** Elsa Mora, Muriel Albury, Margaret Curry, Beverly Wallis, Linda Bowser, Birdie Lou Lowe, Mary Ann Matchett, Clara Alvarez, Norma Martinez, Leticia Castro.

LOG OF THE GOOD SHIP "SOPHOMORE"...

The good ship "Sophomore—Class of '45-'46 set sail, backed by a brisk wind, on the fifth of September, under the command of Sister George Edmund. Ida Soriana was elected executive of the vessel, while Mary Louise Saunders, Birdie Lou Lowe, and Elsie Mora filled the places of first, second, and third mate, respectively.

The voyage was expected to last about nine months, but the crew was well supplied with note-books, text-books, barrels of ink, and a hold practically bursting with pencils, erasers, and other needful items. Several boxes of asperin were added to the supplies, which the crew found quite helpful on numerous occasions, especially during the various storms of Latin and Geometry.

So off—o're the towering waves of the Sea of Knowledge the brave Sophomores sailed, their voices echoing back that old sea chanty:

"Fifteen text-books on a school-girl's desk . . . Yo-ho-bo . . . and a bottle of ink!"

By the end of September, the new crew was becoming restless. So, for diversion, plus a need for funds, this herd of intellectual but fashionable Sophomores decided to leave their books for a few days and concentrate on correct clothing.

On the thirty-first of October, Hallowe'en, the crew presented a Sophomore Show of fashion to the crews of their fellow ships.

CLASS OFFICERS



Kneeling: Ida Soriano, Mary Louise Saunders. **Standing:** Birdie Lou Lowe, Elsa Mora.

During the following months many activities were held aboard the staunch vessel. The crew held fancy candy sales for the missions, and late in December an assembly, in the form of a radio play was presented to their fellow ship-mates, who were also traveling on the great Sea.

The sophomores gave the annual Senior breakfast for their honorable ship-mates. A few days after this delightful social event, the ship came into port. The entire crew agreed, as they walked down the gang-plank and entered the village of Summer vacation, that the voyage had been most enjoyable and educational.

End of the Ship's Log

FRESHMEN



Reading from left to right in order: Magdalena Russell, June Hodge, Edith Knuck, Rae Jean Newbig, Estelle Delado, Dolores Solano, Laurette Roberts, Barbara Readdick, Sylvia Rivas, (front) Ida Haskins, (rear) Peggy Collins, Matilde Ramos, Dora Martinez, Mary Ann Albury, Patricia Martin, Beverly Arthur, Sara Rodriguez. On the steps: Isolena Casanova, Christina Sanchez, Martha Bouza, Sylvia Albury, Mary Walteson.

FRESHMEN:

On September 4, 1945, trembling with excitement and wonder at what this term held in store for us, poor little inexperienced Freshmen, we entered the portals of our loved C.M.I. We numbered twenty-two. Seeking to quench our "thirst for knowledge" we undertook the pursuit of all our studies with vigor and soon learned that all the terrors of Latin, Algebra, Ancient History and English were not imaginary.

We have had several successful projects . . . among them are candy sales, assembly programs, raffles for the missions. We are proud of our mission contribution.

The sport most loved by C.M.I. Freshmen is basketball. Several of our classmates tried and made the varsity, others had to be satisfied with the "Cubs" for this year and hope to make the Varsity next year. Two of the best players on the Varsity are Freshmen . . . Peggy Collins, Guard, and Martha Boza, Forward. In the intramurals, the Freshmen alone stand undefeated! Father Johnson's trophy adorns the Freshman room, girls!

Our aim is to bring honor to ourselves and our school, pleasure to our parents and satisfaction to our teachers. With this end in view, we close the first chapter of our high-school days.

MAGDALENA RUSSELL,

ESTELLE DELGADO,

DORA MARTINEZ.

CLASS OFFICERS



Magdalena Russel, Sara Rodriguez, Sylvia Rivas, Dora Martinez.

GRADE EIGHT



Left to Right, Bottom Row: Betty Fairfield, Gay Lou Barroso, Elsie Pack, Catherine Smith, Joyce Bradley, RoseMary Roberts. **Second Row:** Clara Dingal, Joanne Bethel, Isabel Avila, Joyce Park, Carmen Avila, Nelia Acevedo, Eleana Salinero. **Top Row:** Geraldine Sincore, Clara Alvarez, Norma Martinez, Leticia Castro.

GRADE SEVEN



Left to Right, Bottom Row: Betty Fairfield, Gay Lou Barroso, Elsie Pack, Catherine Smith, Ulysse Lancaster. **Second Row:** Betty June Higgs, Patricia Bethel, Betty Ann Russell, Diane Molina, Margaret Underwood, Diane Goldberg. **Top Row:** Thelma Russell, Judy Trevor, Mar-Clara Alvartz, Norma Martinez, Leticia Castro.

GRADE SIX



Kneeling: Edna Delpino, Jean Marie Myers, Nancy Sawyer. **Standing:** Martha Mora, Anita Bosselet, Joanne Logue, Joanne Haggerty, Vivian Gartenmayer, Letricia Garcia, Mizeida Freeman.

GRADE FIVE



Kneeling: Vita Barroso, Georgette Carrera, Donna Sawyer. **Sitting:** Sandra Gray, Audrey Wilson, Sylvia Taylor, Joyce Launder, Edwin Jo Ellis, Joanne Witto, Joan Blanding, Patricia Yates, Martha Perez, Edith Dominquez. **Standing:** Julie Stone, June Haun, Jennie Arango, Carol O'Callaghan, Ruth Haun, Joan Wood, Sylvia Knowles, Olga Martinez, Alvira Perez, Rachel Sanchez, Mary Ellen Kelly.

GRADE FOUR



Bottom Row: June Molina, Barbara Pritchard, Rita Gatti, Yvonne Dillinger, Dolores Libao. **Second Row:** Lorraine Warnock, Jacqueline Delaney, Cosetti Calleja, Sidney McCracken, Sylvia Alvarez, Betty Jo Tucker, Carolyn Hesse, Barbara Tweehaus, Eleanor Gato. **Top Row:** Virginia Knowles, Barbara Pinder, Celeste Cuervo, Juanita Bouza, Sheila Sweetnig, Dana Mae Knowles, Mary Placencia.

GRADE THREE



Left to Right: Rose Yates, Marie Rendueles, Joanne Atwell, Sallie May Tierney, Angela Adams, Gale Varela, Billie Arnold, Lourdes Diaz, Mary Alice Villa, Ruth Holsombach, Mary Jean Albury, Barbara Ladd, Mary Ann Sydenstricker, Yriada Riviero, Mary Dorothy Tierney, Mary Joan Albury, Myrna Lou Saunders, Mary Claudia Harris, Nancy Gay Jones, Sally Ann Spencer, Maida Castaneda, Dorothy Ann Leshner, Madeline Debarcee, Norma Machado, Audrey Rich-

GRADE TWO



First Row: Frances Saunders, Rose Marie Garcia, Nancy Chavez, Malvina Placencia, Joanne McKnight, Peggy Jordan, Carmen Hall. **Second Row:** Anne Zorsky, Lourdes Gonzales, Patricia Hall, Mary Sanchez, Peggy Brooks, Hilda Gonzalez. **Third Row:** Yvonne Moore, Celia Bezanilla, Delia Dearmas, Delores Knowles, Marcella Pinder, Sandra Johnson, Donna Rae Gomez.

GRADE ONE



First Row: Nancy Dillon, Yolanda Harris, Nancy Glanding, Elise Faraldo, Alicia Vargas, Barbara Bosselet, Melissa Stallings, Ilka Munz, Linda Brantley, Rachel Diaz, Annette Dion. **Second Row:** Shirley Hilgers, Martha Alcosta, Patricia Brennan, Cecilia Nicolan, Patricia Olds, Jean Castellano, Cecilia Lopez, Deanne Ecton, Jean Halfield, Mary Adams, Elisa Malgrat, Sonia Fernandez, Madaline Curry, Patricia Piodela, Haydea Lopez, Mary Brooks, Rebecca Dillon. **Third Row:** Veronica Johnson, Brenda Goar, Cecilia Cuervo, Dianne Morris, Sandra Carbonell.

SCENES AT C.M.I.



The Convent Chapel.



Senior Classroom.

At work in the library.

The Freshmen at study.

Our Alma Mater by moonlight.

SODALITY



SODALITY NEWS

Prefect Betty Kling speaking: Thursday afternoon . . . two thirty o'clock . . . calling all Sodalists! Yes, our regular weekly meeting is on Thursday afternoon. As everyone is on a Committee, each Sodalist feels too important to think of missing. Our Sodality works on the Committee System, so each girl feels she is doing her bit for our Blessed Mother, and something big for the C.M.I. Sodality. Under the direction of our Pastor, Father Joseph Johnson, S.J., and with the guidance of our Moderator, we try to live up to our motto: Ad Jesum Per Mariam. Now, the Committees shall speak for themselves:

Eleanor Henriquez reporting for the Eucharistic Committee:

Our Committee aims at a fuller knowledge of Christ, a more intimate understanding of the Mass, and a deeper devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Our first outstanding project was the Triduum for the Feast of Christ the King which we offered in union with all the Sodalists of the country for His Holiness, Pope Pius XII. We have encouraged and urged our Sodalists to practice mental prayer. Our Novena to prepare for the beautiful Feast of the Immaculate Conception was a big success, and every morning or evening found the Sodalists at the feet of our Eucharistic King. We are now planning our annual retreat and we are looking forward to three memorable days of peace and happiness.

THE EUCHARISTIC COMMITTEE



Kneeling: Conchita Herrera, Ida Haskins, Ida Soriano. **Standing:** Zulema Demeritt, Muriel Albury, Betty Kling, Eleanor Henriquez, Sylvia Rivas.

Marina Sikes reporting for Our Lady's Committee:

We, of our Committee, try to spread love and devotion to the Mother of God. For this purpose we had a "Living Rosary" during the month of

OUR LADY'S COMMITTEE



Left to Right: Edith Knuck, Frances Mora, Martha Bouza, Martha Sikes, Beverly Arthur, Birdie Lou Lowe, Carmen Sanchez.

October. Each Sodalist spent so many moments in Chapel saying the beads. At noon, the Sodality as a whole, gathered before the beautiful shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes in our yard, there to recite the five decades.

Once a month we recite the Office in common. Usually it is after Mass on our Communion Sunday. Our Committee bought new office books and we try to make the recitation of the Office a beautiful ceremony to honor our Heavenly Queen.

We launched a project by which we raised \$100 to help Father Lord build a building for Our Lady. We joined the "Century Club" by buying 100 cubic feet for the Mother of God.

Norma Lynch, speaking for the Apostolic Committee:

Chief among the apostolic works was the establishment of a parish nursery. Every Sunday,

several Sodalists gather at the parish hall where they play "nurse-maid" while busy parents attend Mass. We love this project, and we love our "babies" some of whom are beginning to recognize us. Many parents have congratulated us while they are glad to know that their little ones are being taken care of.

During the "Relief for War Sufferers" Drive, our Committee undertook the collecting of clothing and food. When the American Bishops asked for "Canned Food," it was we who engineered the collecting of 700 cans from our small C.M.I.

At Thanksgiving and at Christmas, holidays would be incomplete without something for God's poor "Old Folk." We visit the County Home and make the dear ones happy with gifts and goodies

THE APOSTOLIC COMMITTEE



THE APOSTOLIC COMMITTEE counting and sorting stamps prior to shipment to the missions. **Front Row:** Estelle Delgado, Matilde Ramos, Helen Crusoe, Dolores Solano, Christine Sanchez. **Second Row:** Rose Mary Smith, Norma Lynch, Jane Smith, Catherine Delany.

and entertainment. Neither have we forgotten the sailors at the Naval Hospital.

We have sponsored several projects to raise money for the foreign missions. We have also sent hundreds of thousands of stamps to the missions.

Violetta Sosin reporting for the Literary and Social Committee:

Our Committee seeks to spread Catholic Truth by distributing "Why?" pamphlets and other Catholic literature. We take care of the pamphlet rack and see that the pamphlets are replaced by new ones. During Book Week we had a project on "Catholic Authors."

We are also the Social Committee. We have sponsored several enjoyable items, chief among which was the fall picnic at Boca Chica. We keep

THE LITERARY AND SOCIAL COMMITTEE



The Literary and Social Committee displaying a set of new pamphlets they bought during Catholic Book Week. **Left to Right:** Netta Valdez, Violetta Sosin, Elsie Mora, Elizabeth Taylor, Georgina Pena, Amelia Boza. **Front:** Mary Louise Saunders.

in touch with our sick friends and visit those in the hospital. Just now we are planning a little skit for "Vocation Week."

We also see that the Legion of Decency List is put in a prominent place and we encourage our non-Catholic friends to abide by its decisions.

Betty Lou Garing representing the Poster Committee: It is our duty to keep up with the times with our posters. Every week at our Committee meeting, we study our Lady's Date Book to see what Feasts are commemorated. Two of us make a poster each week. Sometimes other Committees ask us to illustrate some project they are launching. We love to put our talents to work to honor Our Blessed Lady.

THE POSTER COMMITTEE



At Work on Posters. **Left to Right:** Isolena Casanova, Barbara Readdick, Sara Rodriguez, Dora Martinez and Betty Lou Garing.

THE PUBLICITY COMMITTEE



The Publicity Committee preparing the Sodalists' "News Sheet." Left to Right: Celeste Teresa Haines, Mary Ann Albury, Lillian Perez and Eugenia Rivas. Standing: Magdalena Russell, Sylvia Albury.

Lillian Perez speaking for Publicity Committee:

We aim to keep the Sodalists informed of the events in the Sodality and of those things happening in the school or in the parish. Our little "News Sheet" is one page only, but with time it will grow. We also send information to the Florida Catholic and to the Queen's Werk.

GLIMPSES OF OUR SODALISTS IN ACTION



No. 1—Returning to school on Communion Sunday. We march to and from the Church to insure order and devotion.



No. 2—A group of Sodalists reciting the Office after Mass on Communion Sunday. Each Sodalist has her assigned place, and if absent the place remains empty and the Sodalist recites her Office privately during the week.

No. 3—A group of Sodalists at the Grotto. They are reciting the beads together.



No. 4—A group of Sodalists building a pyramid of the canned goods they have collected for the "European Food Drive." Fun is mixed with work and a good time with business.

No. 5—A group of Sodalists enjoy a boatride at Boca Chica.

No. 6—A Child of Mary marries. Ex-Prefect Migdalia Solano is the bride.

CLUBS



THE SCIENCE CLUB

Our Science Club, affiliated with the SCIENCE CLUBS OF AMERICA, meets every fortnight.

At our first meetings which took place on the third floor gallery at the Convent, we learned of many of the constellations that mark our southern skies in late October. When clouds interfered now and then with our vision, our neighbors' windows claimed our attention, and it is needless to say that we found these equally, if not more attractive than the stars.

After several meetings of this kind, the members of the club split into two groups — Sister Imelda Marie, our teacher, taking charge of the chemists, and Sister George Edmund, Moderator of the Club, the "bug-hunters."

The chemists made soap . . . though it proved an expensive process with very little to show for so much work. They also tested various well-known products for phenolphthalein, and discovered the hidden ingredients in our cosmetics, tooth-paste, soaps, etc., which made us more hesitant about using them so freely.

The biology students have rounded up rare flora and leaves from the Florida Keys, and put them in press. These are being labeled and mounted at their meetings. One biology member spends her full club time feeding, or trying to feed, the Sophomore's pet turtle, and their even more inactive newt, both of which seem to be determined to stay on a starvation diet.

Now that our WINTER is over, we are looking forward to studying further about the stars, (and incidently, our neighbors' windows), when Doctor Bowser will bring over his telescope for our use.

CELESTE TERESA HAINES '47

•

DO IT CHEMICALLY

Girls, make practical use of your chemistry. Apply it to your classmates in this wise:

If she's dry and squeals about it	Lubricator
If she's inert and indifferent	Petrifier
If she wants to go home	Liter
If she would go farther	Conductor
If she acts rudely	Refiner
If she's volatile	Vaporizer
If she's brimful of knowledge	Absorber
If she's stubborn	Matter
If she's making trouble for you	Copper
If you think she is partial	Neutralizer
If she's over weight	Reducer
If she loves perfume	Saturator
If she's fickle	Concentrater
If she's growing careless in Religious matters	Converter
If she's hard to get along with	Replacer
If she's kind and affectionate	Presser
If she's adverse to soap and water	Purifier

LIFE IN THE CHEMISTRY "LAB"

Oh, life in the "Lab" is a frolic,

A careless life and free;

You live in the odor of H_2S

And the fumes of NH_3 .

Your hands are brown from acids,

And black with silver stains;

Your eyes are red, your back is stiff,

And full of rheumatic pains.

Mix up a cocktail of chromates,

Pour in a test-tube and boil;

Watch for a purple precipitate,

Drop in a strip of tin foil.

Evaporate five or six hours,

Stirring as much as you can;

Squint in the spectroscope at it,

Then try it all over again.

Mix up some chlorine with hydrogen,

Put in a nice sunny place,

Then gather your fugitive fingers

And pick out the glass from your face.

Take some AS_2N_3

Subject to the Arsenic test;

Take a good whiff of your product,

The coroner sees to the rest.

Oh, life in the "Lab" is idyllic,

Like that in the land of the blest,

With merely a dash of excitement

To give it the requisite zest.

Sing not of the glad out-door life,

Athletic honors to seek

They are folly and sin to the "Lab" girl

With sixty explosions a week.



PLANARIA

When I received twelve planaria, I thought that they were the oddest and queerest looking things that I had ever seen. I still do. They are the only species of Plathyhelminthes that are not parasites.

At first, my parents objected to my keeping them in my room until they found out that the planaria are only about one fourth of an inch long, and could not possibly hurt me.

They are very inexpensive "pets" as they require only one tiny piece of liver a week for all of them. The minute the food is put into the water they start to slide over to it. When they become filled, they move away in like manner.

Now, for the operations: The simplest one is to slit the "tail" up the center. If it is kept separated, it will grow two tails. So far, I have succeeded in having only one planaria grow two complete "tails." If any part of the body is cut off, it is certain to grow complete again. The head will grow a new body, and the body will grow a new head. The other day I performed a "major operation" on the pet that I call *Davie*. I cut a notch in the side of the head, and a slit down the stomach and tail. It has already grown two new tails, but the second head is not complete yet. However, it should be soon.

As I said, I started out with twelve planaria, and now I have from twenty-five to thirty-five of them. Any little tiny piece of them will grow a new body so it is very hard to kill them.

These little invertebrates have remarkable regenerative powers. Watching them as well as studying about them, has given me many hours of instructive pleasure.

CAROLYN STRUNK '48



Carolyn feeds her pet newt.

OUCH!



Biology students use the microscope.

Have you ever been deliberately jabbed with a needle for practically no reason at all? Well, there really was a reason, but we poor Biology students persuaded ourselves that there was none. It all happened in the cause of learning or so we were told.

One sunny afternoon, at the beginning of the Biology class, Sister George Edmund dragged out from the biology table a candle, some alcohol, a needle and some capillary tubes. Then she proceeded to tell us that each one would come forward, be pricked, catch the blood in a capillary tube, and time it until it clotted. Horrors!

"There's nothing to it," we kept telling ourselves, and then our teeth would chatter. The more we thought about it, the more frightened we became. The murderous-looking equipment laid out before us on the table didn't help much either. We decided that capillary tubes looked like something out of a medieval torture chamber.

The ordeal finally began with our brave teacher doing the deed. Judging by the squeals and the "ouches" one would have thought that we were being knifed instead of pricked. Then we timed the clotting and wrote the numbers down in our notebooks. We had proved that none of us had haemophilia! We were normal! Our blood clotted in exactly the same amount of time set down as the great world average in the Bureau of Standards. At last the bell rang, and we trudged home with our wounded hands held gingerly before us.

The next morning we crept into class with enormous bandages around our fingers, and expressions of pain on our faces to let our fellow students know that we had been martyrs to the cause of Science.

DAVIE PRINTZ '48.



A group of Biology students study specimens.

THE LATIN CLUB

Arma virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Laviniaque venit litora,
multum ille et terris jactatus et alto—”

Ever since the day when we first read these famous lines, we have reveled in our Latin. Aeneas incites our praise, Dido our sympathy, and little Ascanius our love.

Virgil has kept his main characters down to a few, just enough for us. Our class numbers only three, so we have an Aeneas in Zetta— (she talks and talks, an Ascanius in our Junior, Celeste Teresa; and I am fidelis Achates — when I can get a word in edgewise. We have a little Latin Club. It functions perfectly . . . *But* when we read . . .

Nec minus interea sociis ad litora mittit viginti
tauros magnorum horrentia centum terga suum,
pinquis centum cum matribus agnos, munera
laetitiamque die . . .

We could stand it no longer. If Dido, Aeneas and his faithful followers could feast . . . why couldn't we? Fidelis Achates brought the Nescafe, little Ascanius poured the “Bordens evaporated” and sweetened our beverage . . . and Aeneas drank with zest. We nearly forgot to mention that fidelis Achates washed the beakers.

Thus our fourth year Latin days will always be among our fondest school day memories. Never shall I see a can of Nescafe that it shall not bring to mind the lovely but unfortunate Dido's tragic love affair.

BARBARA McCRAW '46



The “Latin Club” enjoys a coffee party.



The Pan American Club.

THE PAN AMERICAN CLUB

Spanish is a "MUST" these days, and although most of us have heard or spoken the Spanish language since childhood, still learning the grammar and the literature of this beautiful language is a duty we enjoy. Just at present we are working on the Pan-American Essay Contest which gave us thousands of miles of imaginary travelling to do.

When the boats resume their line between Havana and our lovely Island City, we hope to make practical use of our Spanish language by a visit to the city of our dreams . . . Havana.



Students make frequent use of the library and its helps.



Library Science group.

MUSIC



MUSIC -- SAINT CECILIA'S CLUB

On the premises to the southeast of the Convent stands a low building now graying with age. Saint Cecilia's Hall, which served as a Mess Hall during the Spanish American War for the soldiers hospitalized at the Convent, is now the resort for all music lovers of C.M.I. Students can be seen at all hours of the day crossing the bridge connecting it with the main building going to and coming from lessons in piano, cello, violin, voice, theory, and choral, for music and its associate subjects form an integral part of the school curriculum.

Saint Cecilia's Club and the Choral Club are two organizations within the Music department. These organizations foster music appreciation by bringing to their members the best in the line of music and singing. Music lovers as well as musicians have membership, for beautiful music is a tradition at our Convent.

BARBARA McCRAW '46



DRAMATICS





Shakespeare's works may live forever, but the drama of our school days shall never die. For is not our life a great drama? Everything we do is a part on the "world's stage"—from little pretendings (when our homework is not done) to big pretendings with spotlights and an audience.

C.M.I. strives to give its pupils a well-rounded education, and such an education must include the poise, charm and expression that acting alone can give.

This year a series of assemblies on etiquette was arranged and on the Seniors' shoulders fell the doubtful honor of proving our mettle first. With social life so prominent in our lives, we chose **WHAT NOT TO DO ON A DATE**. Heads huddled together and pens scratched as the rough manuscript of our literary endeavors went into the actual production. It was truly realistic for every rehearsal brought new surprises and new dialogues.

The afternoon of the First of November, the finished product, **NOT THIS WAY, PLEASE**, was presented to the public. Everyone seemed to enjoy our program and our principal characters graced many a curtain call.

A tribute to the finer arts was also paid that afternoon with our Zetta Frances Cabrera as "Lady Macbeth" terrorizing even herself with cries of "Here's the smell of the blood still!" from the sleep-walking scene of **MACBETH**.

As a rolling stone gains momentum, so was set the pace for the other high school achievements in this field. Christmas brought a Yuletide assembly that brought the Spirit of the Season into the hearts of everyone. The Sophomores opened the eyes of all their talented abilities with their charming and touching radio program. **THE ART OF GIVING AT CHRISTMAS** was their second playlet . . . Many of our packages were rewrapped and more carefully addressed after that assembly.



Many of our packages were rewrapped and more carefully addressed after that assembly.

The Freshman Assembly . . . the first in their high school career . . . was superb. They presented a skit on vocations. A mother with four daughters, each taking a different path in life, was skillfully and ably portrayed to bring up discussions on vocations. Mr. O'Neill added a personal charm to this assembly by singing several selections for us.

The Juniors gave a very enlightening assembly on **INTRODUCTIONS**, after which they showed the picture **CHARM and PERSONALITY**.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

SNOW WHITE and the SEVEN DWARFS



And now, as this book goes to press, we are wrapped up in the major dramatic work of the year, the Senior Class Play. We are presenting that *Old*, yet ever *New*, fairy tale SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS.

Our dark-haired, black-eyed Zetta Frances takes the part of SNOW WHITE in the Play. The neglected princess is ordered to be put to death by her jealous step-mother, QUEEN BRANGAMAR, Patricia Stanczak. Finally, SNOW WHITE is saved from the curse of the wicked witch, Jane Smith, by PRINCE CHARMING, our tall, fair Barbara McCraw. Of course, it ends as all good fairy tales are supposed to end—the PRINCE AND THE PRINCESS marry and live happily ever after.

Rehearsing this delightful play is perhaps one of the most enjoyable events of our Senior Year. To everyone concerned in our play we say, "Thank you," and to Sister Mary Elizabeth, our deepest gratitude.

ZETTA FRANCES CABRERA '46

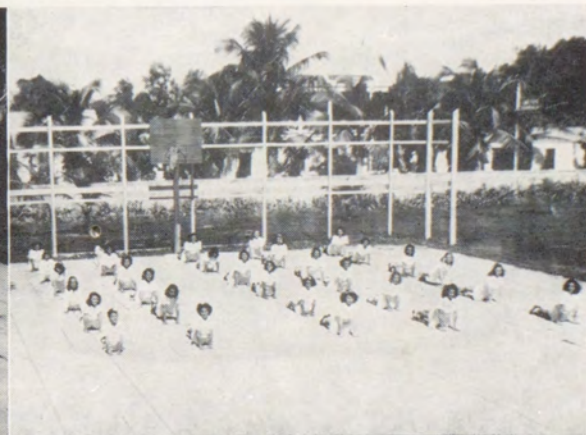


ATHLETICS



ATHLETICS

Calisthenics and sports hold a prominent place on the curriculum at C.M.I. The purpose and function of calisthenics is the development and maintenance of body health, good body mechanics, body suppleness and body control. C.M.I. girls learn that the body, kept in good condition, is the source of much happiness, but if allowed to degenerate, it will be the chief source of misery and inefficiency. With these thoughts in mind we go through our "physical tortures" each Friday with patience and courage, under the glaring heat of our tropical Key West sun. Some pictures snapped at intervals give you a glimpse of our classes.

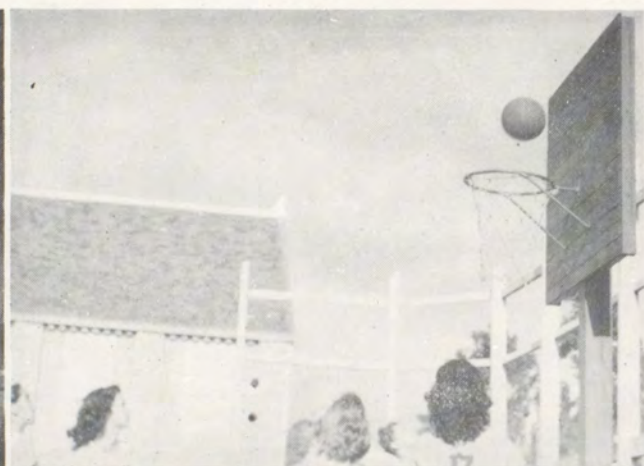


Among the games we enjoy most are the intramurals. Each class has its volleyball team and its basketball team. So far the Freshmen hold first place for the beautiful trophy that Father Johnson gave the school in memory of his mother. We, Seniors, have been defeated only once, but we have resolved to WIN THAT TROPHY . . . or . . . to let the Freshmen have it!!!

Now about our School Spirit. No one can say of us that our School Spirit "was weighed in the balance and found wanting," because every C.M.I. girl imbibes the School Spirit with her First Reader. She begins to realize then that her presence at all school functions is one of the most important duties of her life.

When a game is being played on an outside court, groups from every class can be seen going along the dusty road with smiles on their lips and prayers in their hearts. They enthusiastically greet their more fortunate companions who pass them on bicycles and in autos with the cry THREE CHEERS FOR C.M.I. WE'RE OUT TO WIN THE GAME!

It is this same School Spirit which animates the players and urges them to pray and fight for victory, not for themselves, but for the school they love so well.



The varsity attended the Catholic High School Florida State Tournament in Jacksonville, March 14, 15, 16, 17, and brought back three coveted honors—the trophy for Sportsmanship, the trophy for the Free Shot Contest and a medal for all State Forward. The pupils winning the individual honors are Althea Haskins and Frances Mora.

Volleyball, basketball, softball and tennis make up the sports of the scholastic year. We belong to the Florida State High School Athletic Association, the Florida Catholic High School Association, and the Key West City League.

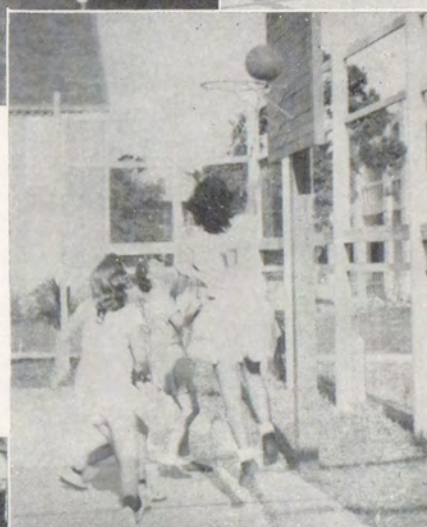
DOLLY MORA '46.



Tense moments.



Cheer Leaders: Carolyn Strunk,
Davie Printz, Faye Bervaldi



Varsity scores a goal.



Varsity vs. Cubs.





PRAYER OF THE SPORTSMAN

Dear Lord, in the battle that goes on in Life
 I ask but a field that is fair.
 A chance that is equal with all in the strife;
 A courage to do and to dare!
 And if I should win, let it be by the code
 With my faith and my honor held high.
 And if I should lose, let me stand by the road
 And cheer as the winners go by!
 And Lord, may my shouts be
 ungrudging and clear,
 A tribute that comes from the heart.
 And may I not cherish a snarl nor a sneer
 Nor lay any sniveling part.

Let me say, "There they ride
 on whom laurels bestowed
 Since they played the game better than I."
 Let me stand with a smile on the side of the road,
 And cheer as the winners go by!
 So grant me to conquer, if conquer I can
 By proving my worth in the fray.
 But teach me to lose like a regular man,
 And not like a craven, I pray.
 Let me take off my hat to the warrior strode
 To the victory, splendid and high;
 Yet teach me to stand by the side of the road
 And cheer as the winners go by.



Rhythm walking, marching and folk dances are a part of the athletic program. We usually enter the city contest, given by the recreation department of Key West, each spring. We shall probably dance our "specialty" THE MAY POLE DANCE again this May day. Here is a picture of a group of our Juniors and Seniors dancing on the Convent lawn.

SOCIALS - FUN - LEISURE



SENIOR-JUNIOR BANQUET

The SENIOR-JUNIOR BANQUET will ever find a cherished spot in our "Garden of Memories." The afternoon was perfect . . . a cloudless sky was a canopy of blue for our C.M.I. bus as, filled to capacity with happy C.M.I. Juniors and Seniors, it wended its way over the beautiful Roosevelt Boulevard that leads one into the very heart of the Keys . . . There we partook of a typical southern banquet . . . its main dish . . . "southern fried." Our dainty souvenirs, our floral decorations, the heart-touching toasts . . . all these made the evening one that we shall ever remember.

ELEANOR HENRIQUEZ



JUNIOR-SENIOR PROM

Long, long after that "C" in American History or that "A" in Geometry has been forgotten, there shall linger in our minds, certain memories that shall grow dearer as we look at them in retrospect. These are memories of good times, memories of fun and laughter, memories of "blunders made," memories of classes, memories of teachers, memories that shall not grow dim nor be effaced with time.

Outstanding among our social events was the JUNIOR-SENIOR PROM, an affair to which we looked forward for days and days, anticipating with thrilling eagerness the "Night of the twentieth!" The Cuban Club was a dream. Both Juniors and dance exceeded our fondest expectations . . . The Juniors were perfect hostesses; Mr. John Hayes O'Neill, a faultless "Master of Ceremonies"; the souvenirs, priceless; the pins and badges, adorable; the orchestra, wonderful; and the chaperons and guests, charming. It was a night that shall live forever and a day, in the minds and hearts of fourteen happy Seniors.

ZETTA CABRERA '46.



After the practice for
"The Grand March."

A popular corner at the Prom.





DOLLY AND JOHN LEAD THE "GRAND MARCH" AT THE PROM.



A STAGE FULL OF SENIORS

MEMORABLE EVENTS

Another evening we shall remember is the one spent with Seumas MacManus, famous Irish poet, humorist and shanachie, listening in enraptured silence to his tales of fairies, leprechauns and elfins.

Although the year has been full of memorable events, only a few are recorded on these pages, but each of these will recall many others. . . .



A few Seniors pose with
Seumas MacManus



The audience as C.M.I. scores a goal.



A visit in parlor.



A group of boarders enjoy an out-door
lunch.



The "Bee Hive" is alive with fun.



We group on the front steps to say,
"Happy Feast Day" to Mother Provincial.

We the members of the Senior Class of 1946 wish to express our sincere thanks to the many kind people who have cooperated with us, and who have helped us make this book a reality.

To: Sister Mary Roselina, Superior, who so readily gave us permission to undertake the arduous task of getting the annual into print, and for her kind understanding and encouragement always.

Sister Imelda Marie, our teacher, for helping us plan the book, for reading and correcting much of our material, and for "haunting" us until the last article was in the hands of the printer.

Sister Julia Patricia for the many hours she spent retyping and proof-reading our work.

Mr. John Hayes O'Neill for the beautiful work he has done with our pictures. Our year book would not be what it is were it not for Mr. O'Neill's personality behind our photos.

Our PATRONS and our ADVERTISERS who have helped us finance the Annual.

All the FACULTY of C.M.I. who so patiently gave us time during picture-taking periods.

Mr. Forbess, of the McMurray Printers for helping us arrange the matter and pages of our STELLA MARIS.

Our fellow High School students who have been almost as eager as we for our first publication to be a success.



John Hayes O'Neill

BITS OF FUN . . .

The girls were discussing a movie in the Senior room as their teacher entered the class:

Jane (coming up to Sister): Sister, isn't it all right to go to see *The Sign of the Cross*?"

Sister: "Certainly not. Consult the Legion of Decency List— It is on the bulletin board."

Jane: "What's it about, Sister "

Sister: It is a story that is supposed to have taken place during the time of Nero."

Jane: "Nearer? Gee, the only Nearer I ever heard of is Nearer My God to Thee!"

GEOMETRY CLASS

Sister (coming over to Faye's desk): "What's the matter, Faye? You seem to be having difficulty."

Faye: "I am, Sister. I can't do this problem. I've been working half an hour on it, and I can't circumscribe this triangle."

DID YOU EVER SEE?

Did you ever see—

A cow slip through the fence?

A horse fly in the store?

A board walk up the street?

A stone step by a door?

A mill race up the road?

A morning break the gloom?

A night fall on the lawn?

A clock run in the room?

A peanut stand on high?

Asardine box in town?

A bed spring at the gate?

An ink stand on the ground?

CHEMISTRY CLASS

Teacher (in Lab): "If this experiment explodes, we will all be blown through the roof. Now come closer so that you can follow me.

Teacher: "Who made the first nitride?

Violetta (just waking up): Paul Revere.

MIAMI or MIAMMER?

Little Brother: "Maudie, where is miammer?"

Maude: "Miami? Why, it is up above the Florida Keys, Buddy."

Little Brother: "No, no. I mean mi ammer that you hit the nails with.

They that know not, and know they know not—
They are FRESHMEN, teach them.

They that know not, and know not they know not—

They are SOPHOMORES, pity them.

They that know, and know not that they know—
They are JUNIORS, awaken them.

They that know, and know that they know—
They are SENIORS, follow them.

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