CARMEN. VIGLUCCI Slot Man

It's that "back-to-school" time of the year and as the air begins edging into autumnal crispness it also assumes a breath of nostalgia.

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Who can spot the fleeting frown over the summer-dirty face of a little boy as he is reminded of the school days ahead without feeling a twinge of discomfiture himself? Or, on the other hand, who can be in the presence of a little girl anticipating the reopening without sensing some of her excitement?

Going back about 30 years the school I attended was staffed by the Sisters of Charity and, pardon the expression, they were tough!

I can remember each teacher and three decades haven't mellowed them a bit in my mind's

Leadoff batter was Sister Winifred. Tall and serious, she presumedly had the job of breaking us in correctly. Her first grade was run like a boot camp, with a time and place for every necessary activity - and that phrase is expressly chosen. She brooked no disobedience but also managed to pass along some encouragement, but only when warranted.

The sense of humor she didn't use seemed to be added to our second-grade teacher's own, thus doubling Sister Jo-sepha's supply. Old even then, she also had taught my mother, and regulated her subjects with straight-out love as the law. We tried harder for her.

My personal favorite, though, was Sister Mary Magdalene of the third grade. Young, saucy and pretty (we weren't supposed to be noticing), she ruled with an iron fist — and that cliche is too close to the truth to be avoided.

Third graders can be an obstreperous bunch, their language begins to tend to saltiness, their wings beg for spreading, and behaving comes with extreme difficulty, But Sister Mary Magdalene had some choice remedies for these maladies, although she may have been guilty of a bit of overkill. But she came to my randmother's wake and I still fancy seeing something of a tear in her eye when she hugged me there.

Sister Claire, the cleanup hitter (fourth grade), was something of a carbon copy of Sister Winifred. A menacing scar on her face got half of her job done and her excellent teaching ability finished the task.

As Sister Josepha provided surcease following Sister Winifred, so Sister Domenica came right after Sister Claire, She was so kindly that a friend and I even took to walking her home — until some neighborhand hood pals spotted us, putting an end to such tomfoolery. I think she understood.

The sixth grade and Sister Alice—probably the best teach-

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er of them all. But she was even a better fighter and made probably every boy in the class cry "Uncle!" during the year.
Only Ziggy B. (who was 16) ever had the temerity to fight back—and did he get it!

In the seventh grade, we had Miss Carey, our first lay teachmingly until one wintry day the school burned down.

From all this collectively three things are evident — we learned a lot about life as well as arithmetic, things were never dull, and if your school is ever to burn down someday, it is best to be well-drilled as to regulations. No one was even injured.

School Closed; Teachers Stay

Five of the six School Sisters of Notre Dame who taught at St. Joseph's Business High School will continue to work in this area, according to Father Albert J. Riesner, C.SS.R., of the Franklin St. parish.

Sisters Johanna, Evelyn and Vincenta will take 62 girls through their senior year in classrooms at St. Monica's. The sisters will live with members of their community who teach at Bishop Kearney High School.

Sisters Julia and Romana will run a CCD program in St. Leo's parish, Hilton, and will live at the St. Joseph Sisters' convent in St. John the Evangelist parish, Spencerport.

The business school building in downtown Rochester was put up for sale last June.

NEWS DEADLINE

A reminder that Courier-Journal news deadline is noon Thursday for the following Wednesday's newspaper.

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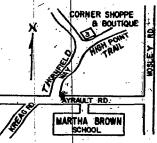


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