



EEEEK! OH NO!! HELP!!!

The Grade 6/7/8 Class Room in St Joseph Hall was next to the stage, with only a folding curtain wall separating the other half of the hall housing the Grade 3/4/5 class.

I am sure they must have heard the screams—not from the students—but from our teacher, Sister Albert Marie as she jumped from her chair to the top of her desk, black robes flowing in all directions—all because of the little mouse that ran from the stage toward her. Did we dare laugh? I honestly can't remember, maybe snickered behind our hands.

But that set the stage for our daredevil Grade 8 classmate who's dad owned a grocery store in the Woodlawn area. Of course they caught mice. Come April Fool's Day she put two dead mice in a nicely wrapped box and presented it to Sister. Those of us in the know held our breaths with trembling—not sure if it was to keep from laughing or fear of what was to come. Very luckily for us, Sister took it with a smile and great grace.

We, the Grade 8 class of 1950, were very fortunate to be schooled in the newly built St Joseph's School. Instead of sharing room with three grades, we only had Grade 7. We, the Grade 8 class, numbered five students, one boy and four girls. Willy Grumlick, Roberta McKee, Margaret Koenig, Marie Deering, and myself, Marie Gruber.

St. Joseph was very small in enrolment though we went from grade 1 to 8, but we were very big in spirit, being taught by the Sisters of Charity. We were a well rounded family. We older students took the younger children under our care in the playgrounds, playing games as we only had a set of three swings.

The fondest memories of all my 12 years of school are definitely the years spent at St Joseph's School and I attribute my Christian salvation to the school and the Sisters of Charity who taught us to be useful, fulfilled Christian adults.

Just in passing, 35 years after leaving St. Joseph, I was able to show my then Grade 7 son, where his mother sat when she was in grade 8.

Submitted by alumna

Marie Ross