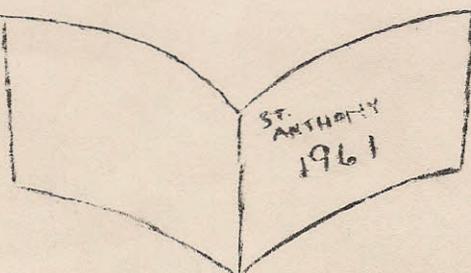
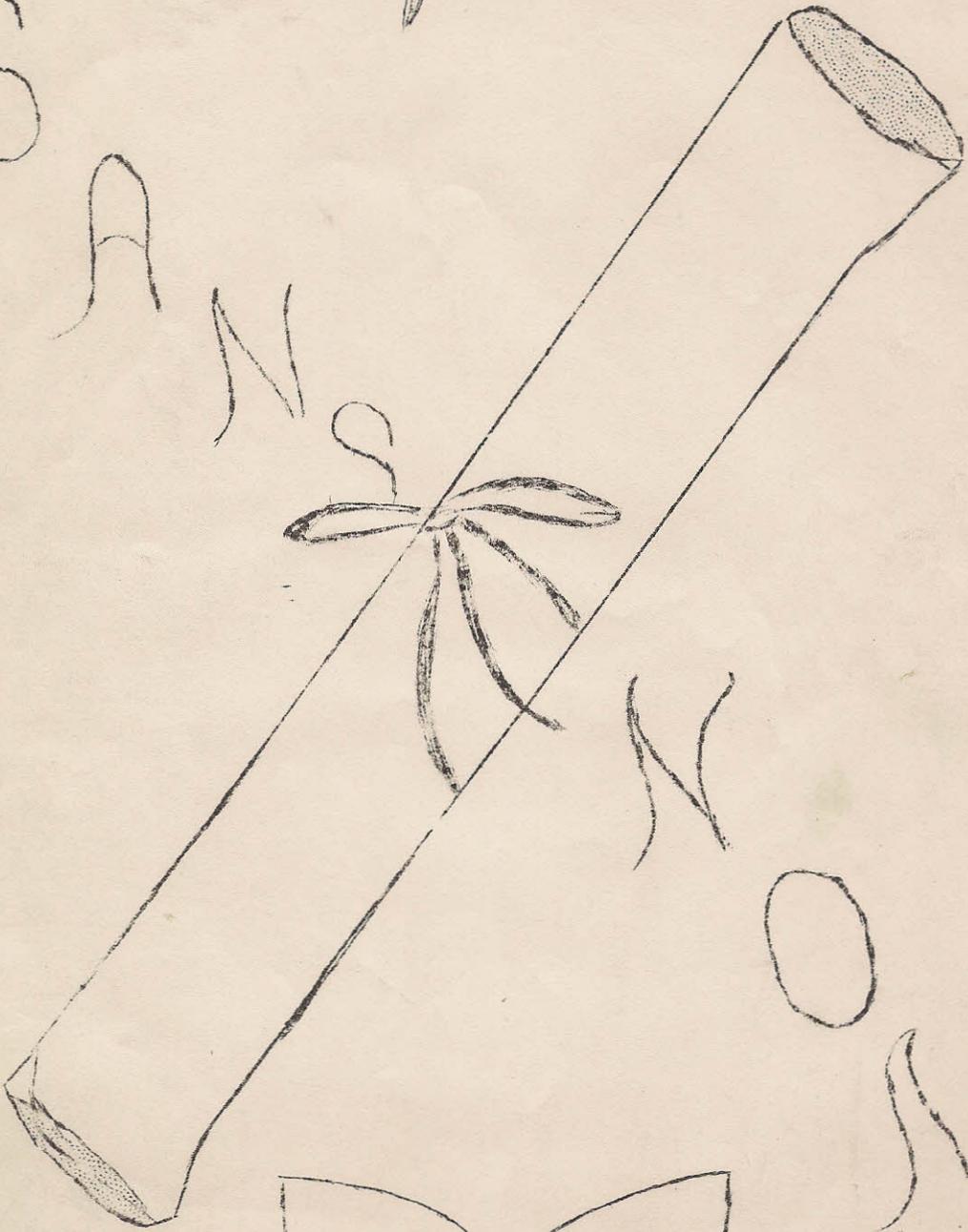


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Lorraine
Minne

... a note from the moderator

This final issue of Sans Nom for the '61 school year is something of an afterthought. A new staff was needed for next year if this publication was to continue. But the new staff would have no benefit of the experience of the present group without "seeing how it works."

Due to the rush of the last weeks of school, the faculty moderator of Sans Nom decided to put a bit of pressure on some of the students he knew. Consequently most of the flaws in this issue result from the lack of time.

FOLLOW ME

My Home lies at the end of life's short road. Angelic guards are stationed at the gate To usher in all members of My fold And cast below the ones who grieved too late.

This dusky road of life is trekked by man Who often falls on weakened humble knee. "Lift up your hearts, My weary friends,

Not go astray if you just follow Me. I see some blind among you. To you some healing love I long to share.

Poor, crippled men, do not despair. On crutches made of Faith and you'll get There.

You reach your destination safe and clean By keeping rules compiled by Guide Supreme.

Carolyn Harper

CATHOLIC COLLEGES

? VS. ?
NON-CATHOLIC COLLEGES

Should I or shouldn't I attend a non-Catholic college? That is the question probing the minds of many prospective college students. Attending schools where no teaching of Catholic doctrine is required is generally injurious to both faith and morals.

There are various reasons for it being harmful. In the first place, a student would not be receiving Catholic instruction at school, that is, a more complete instruction in faith. Also, to pass over religious truths in complete silence leads to the impression that knowledge of religion is of little importance. This can lead to much negligence and possible loss of faith. Another point to remember is that college teachers often have tremendous influence over their students, and if they are skeptics and atheists, there is grave danger to the Catholic student. Also, natural law forbids risking harm to one's faith unnecessarily. The Newman Clubs (clubs for Catholics attending non-Catholic colleges) are merely trying to make the best of a bad situation. The Holy See says that Newman Clubs on campus do not justify a Catholic going there if he can go to a Catholic institution.

If one can afford a Catholic college education, it is essential that he attend the Catholic college rather than a non-Catholic one. Even if it demands some work, our education in Christian faith and morals is so pertinent that we should not consider the offered opportunities of opposing colleges. Don't forget, it often happens that those who must work their way through school are better students and more appreciate of what they have.

Judy Winiemko

&
Barbara Borgula

THE "GREENE R" DAYS



Do you remember your first day of high school? You should. It was one of the most important days of your life. You couldn't find your homeroom and after asking an upperclassman, you couldn't find the elevator to get there. Soon one of the Sisters came to your rescue, though, and you got there safe and sound. The kids were all strange to you except for a few whom you knew from grade school, who suddenly seemed altogether different. After Mass that first day, you went through the schedule of your classes; and I might add that after looking at your books you wondered if you wanted to take these subjects after all. That was your first day and, boy, what a rough one!

At the time you felt as if you were alone in the world and didn't know where to turn. But as the days progressed, you began to have more and more confidence in yourself and soon were right at home in the halls of S.A.H. Fun and school then became inseparable. That was the beginning of the four greatest years of your life, even though it didn't seem that way at the time.

Freshman year probably went by faster than you realised it would. By the end of the year the entire class couldn't wait until the following September when you would be the "big" sophomores looking down at the "smaller" freshies. As sophs you felt powerful and mighty in the presence of the freshies. When the juniors and seniors came to school, however, you were soon put in your place and did

CYNTHIA WIKARSKI

not feel so "big" anymore. Sophomore year went by in a flash also, moving you up another notch to a junior.

As a junior you had a few more privileges than the underclassmen, such as the prom, getting your class ring, and junior ring day at Walled Lake. By this time you knew most everybody in your class and most of your best friends were your classmates. More get-togethers and more good times could well summarize that year. After the graduation of the seniors, you filled their empty shoes and made the entrance to your last year at St. Tony's.

Senior year most likely went by the fastest of them all. You again had the prom, but this time you were the guests of honor. Lansing was one of your field trips; you saw the government in action. Looking for a job also became one of the regular tasks of the year. What to do after graduation? Many will go on to college, some to serve "Uncle Sam", and the majority will begin earning their own living. Everyone will miss school, not so much the studying part of it, but the kids and all the good times. Finally there is graduation; the tears and joys all mixed together. Nobody will ever forget those four years, even those who claimed they hated every minute of it.

And so the seniors draw to a climax their year. All to part and go their own way, but in a way they will always be together knowing that each one of them is a part of the Class of '61.

THE COLOR OF GOD

Cory Vecino

The search for God never ends. Because of this search throughout history, mankind has portrayed Him in many guises, given Him many faces, pictured Him in myriad ways. And yet, since God is many things to many men, each of us sees Him differently. The Bible tells us that God made us to His own image, hence, it is not surprising that people have always seen Him as a member of their own particular race or nationality. Now, when we speak of race, we naturally think of color; and so it is that we come to our topic, "The Color of God."

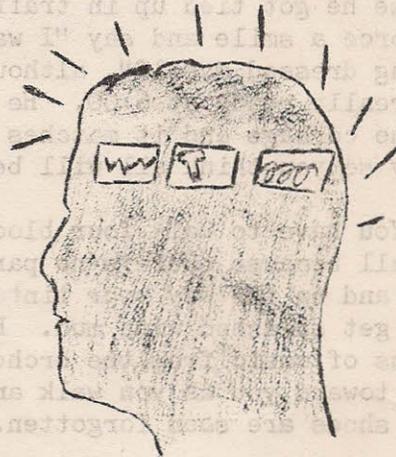
An article in a well-known magazine published the comments of some very popular names as to their color connection with God. Pat Boone chose white as the only color he could associate with God. "Like the color white, God is pure, absolute, total, supreme, and complete." Frankie Avalon chose red because as a child he remembers the large picture on the school wall depicting Christ in his red robes covered and drenched in blood. Famous actress Ann Blyth thought of God in the golden dawn, the gold of midday and the soft gold of evening.

A survey here at St. Anthony's showed white the most common color associated with God and for mainly the same reason: purity. Three senior girls feel that white gives the essence of supremacy which is, of course, God. Another person agreed with the girls, but also added the color gold to signify the regality or kingship of Christ. Nature lovers will associate God with the color green as the earth and nature God created for our enjoyment.

So as can be seen, God is many things and brings to mind many colors to all of us. Is there a particular color you associate with God?

The Empty Feeling

You get on the bus that morning and look around to see if anyone is on it. All the way downtown you pull your gloves off and on, absently staring out the window at nothing. When you arrive amid the tall buildings, you wonder where to go first. Your stomach has butterflies as you decide on one door and enter. Going to the desk marked "Information" you ask where the personnel office is. Your stomach goes down as the elevator lurches to a stop on the third floor. You follow the arrows and enter the door marked "Personnel Office". Taking a seat, you wait until your turn comes and in you march for your first interview. After taking the test and receiving the usual "We'll call you when we have something," you calmly and hopefully go on to the second company on your list.



After five such interviews, you go home to sit, and wait, and pray.

Janice

Roach

And

After...?

Carol Mobley

Four years ago a bunch of scared freshmen came to St. Anthony's. Most of those freshmen are now seniors here at St. Anthony's and leaders in school activities. It's strange how just four short years can change a person's whole life. The people we associate with, the things we do, the fun and excitement, the heartache and worry, all these go into making us better or worse in the eyes of God.

In a few more years we will forget most of the people we knew in high school and we will have new friends and different interests; but never will we be able to forget the good times we've had. Those wonderful retreats with Father Hunt, all the dances, and especially Mass and Communion which we were fortunate enough to attend so frequently together. Who can ever forget those senior Religion classes, and the genuine interest shown by the Priests who taught us.

Now that June 11th is close at hand, I feel as though I am on the threshold of a new life with the wonderful memory of an old one behind me. Although we have a sound Catholic education, and a strong belief in the teachings of God, it is not easy to be an intimate friend of God, for He requires great sacrifices of His friends. One can drift away from Him little by little until there is no longer that close union between oneself and his Redeemer. It would seem that I should draw a moral from this little reflection. But then, ... why don't you do it for yourself?

- CONCEIT

You can fall from the highest mountain
You can fall through the deepest sea,
But you haven't ever fallen
Until you have fallen in love with me.

Ann Gessner

SPRING

Spring is sprung
The grass is riz,
I wonder where the birdies is.

You say the birds are on the wing?
How absurd!
I thought the wings were on the bird!

*** Robert Daigle

Sue Fante's

Graduation day is a day of paradox. It begins and ends a life for a senior. The life that is ending is one that has been taken for granted, a life where practically everything was received, where others did the "looking after". The senior is now on the threshold of a new life, adulthood, yet still in the midst of adolescence. The new life, a life every senior must face, brings with it a challenge. It brings a new world of responsibilities. Some will face this challenge with a refreshing maturity; others will try to live only in the past.

Though it is fun to look through old scrap-books, it is the new frontier which exhilarates.

DAY

of

PARADOX

THE
REDEPTIVE MYSTERY
OF
CHRIST

God, the possessor of infinite knowledge, has sought the use of visible signs that we might better understand His mysteries. By means of outward, earthly occurrences or events, we can get a fuller idea of the meaning of His wondrous works. It is easier to have a clear knowledge of something when the ideas are presented as material or concrete, earthly things. By such visible manifestations, God presents the picture of Christ's Redemptive Mystery.

From the moment of creation, God knew that Adam and Eve would sin. He knew that this original sin would be passed on to all generations until the end of time. God knew that there was need for a Redeemer, one to bring salvation to mankind. Our Redemption was to come through Jesus Christ. It was His will to die for us which actually redeemed us from original sin. His sacrifice for us was a painful crucifixion and death. Christ's shedding of Blood was the visible manifestation of His will to redeem us. It is true that Christ redeemed us by an act of His will, but it is easier to see and believe when we can actually visualize a visible sign of His redemptive will. Christ's work of Redemption took the form of a sacrifice. This sacrifice was His death on the Cross. It was a perfect sacrifice, but it was not easy to see that this was our liberation from sin. Redemption by Christ was proven to us conclusively by His rising from the dead on the third day. On Easter He arose from the tomb, and ascended into Heaven. He remained on earth only so that people might see the risen Christ and believe that He truly rose from the dead. It was during this time that Christ appeared to the Apostles and other disciples to finish all

His earthly teachings. Although He arose into Heaven sometime on Easter Sunday, Christ used a visible sign, remaining on earth for forty days to ascend visibly before many viewers, so that we might better recognize the importance of this part of the mystery.

The Church was established by Christ on the Cross. It was visibly manifested on Pentecost, fifty days after Easter. Christ, by His death on The Cross, established His Church for everyone for all time. He majestically showed this establishment by gloriously ascending into Heaven to send the Holy Spirit. On Pentecost the Holy Spirit was sent to earth in the form of tongues of fire, visibly manifesting the establishment of the Church. The Holy Spirit will now always be present on earth by dwelling in the Church. We can understand that Christ established the Church when He died on the Cross, but it is easier to understand it by means of this visible manifestation. Again, God used this method of signs so that we might better understand this part of the great mystery of Redemption, the Church.

Man is so feeble in the presence of God that he can never comprehend His mysteries. But God, realizing this, gives us beautiful and meaningful signs to help us. We are so accustomed to these signs that they can easily be obscured to us by their very familiarity. Their significance, however, is part of God's plan for us, whether we recognize them or not.

Mary Jo Rollins

OH,

BUT

I T

Joanne Paval

You've bought just the right dress to bring out the color of your eyes and even got shoes to match. You spent hours on your hair that afternoon to fix it in the most becoming style. You've fussed about your nails, purse, gloves, and perfume. You've been frantic because your date might get the wrong color of corsage for you or it might rain and spoil the whole evening. All of this is a prelude to the big event----your senior prom.

He's supposed to pick you up at 6:30 but doesn't arrive until 7:00 because he got tied up in traffic. You force a smile and say "I was late getting dressed myself", although you were really ready at 6:00. He hands you the corsage and it matches perfectly so you think all will be well.

You have to walk four blocks to the hall because there's no parking space and on the way your tinted shoes get splashed with mud. However, strains of music from the orchestra float toward you as you walk and the muddy shoes are soon forgotten.

You greet your friends, take a few pictures, and finally your date leads you onto the dance floor before the last strains of music are played and the orchestra takes a break. During the break you and your date go up into the balcony with a few other couples. After climbing long winding stairs and crawling past ten other couples, you finally find a place to sit. Immediately the orchestra starts to play again so after a few minutes you begin your descent to the dance floor. This time you are able to com-

IT WAS LOVELY

plete two full dances before the music ends. Alas, between the band taking breaks, your going up to the balcony, and the taking of pictures, you and your date have the great fortune to dance seven full dances the whole evening.

Since you have reservations to eat at a lakeshore restaurant about forty miles away, you leave a little early so you can get there before the whole crowd does. Your date, luckily, had been there before and knew a route that was faster, although it was down a dimly lighted, dirt road. You're driving along, listening to the radio and watching the stars when suddenly there is a loud bang and the car swerves crazily. You guessed it; he has a blowout! He takes off his tuxedo jacket and hands it to you. "Don't worry. I'll have it fixed in a jiffy." His 'jiffy' stretches into a half hour but finally he's done. Once again you head for the restaurant with the hope that nothing else will go wrong. Luckily, you still reach the restaurant ahead of the crowd, and by now you really need the nourishment. Your order of seafood tastes out of this world but part of the credit could be due to your relief that you got there ahead of the twenty-five couples now waiting in line for a table.

Finally you're on the way home and your big evening is almost over. He pulls the car up the driveway, and walks you to the door to say good-night. As he turns and walks back to the car, a smile crosses your face and you think, 'the evening turned out wonderful in spite of everything.'

A DIPLOMA - THEN WHAT?

Sandra Fuciarelli

They tell you to enjoy your high school days because they're "the best days of your life." That's fine for the first three years, but then comes the big awakening. Someone once said it's a shame that youth is wasted on the young. What really is a shame is the wisdom and experience of old age cannot always be mixed with the youthful exuberance and zest for living of the younger generation. Some people can learn only by personal experience and do not benefit from what others tell them.

In senior year the big decision comes -- what to do after graduation. You can get opinions of what you should do from teachers, friends, and parents but only you know what you will do. A diploma -- then what? Should you go on to college, get a job, enter the convent, join the service, or what? And what about marriage? Are 18 year olds really too young to support a wife and family? This is also a time when you become more aware of the world you are going out into and of its problems. You find there is a little more to life than weiner roasts, hay-rides, and high school proms. You wonder about Cuba and what's going to happen to her people under Castro's leadership. Laos and Red China -- these names appear more and more in the papers. And always the "hammer and sickle" overshadow the world's future and you wonder if there is such a thing as a COLD war, and if there really can be peaceful coexistence. You read about the Eichmann trials and you wonder about man and what could possibly twist his mind so he could head the mass destruction of millions

of Jews. Then you think of Calvary and Bethlehem and wonder if it was all in vain. You pray for the President and other world leaders so there will never be an "On The Beach". And at times you think of other matters, lighter matters such as, should you wear your red or green dress to the party.

This is a year of decisions, big ones and little ones. And you are the only one who can make them. On what you decide depends the future of many people, many things, and your own salvation.

Sacred Footsteps

Oh how I wish to see the land
Where holy people lie,
To follow every saintly step
Where each one went to die.

To climb a hill and reach the top
And step upon the sod,
To see the place where Christ once died
And touch the face of God

Mary Hafeli

This space for your original
contribution to Sans Nom.

FUN?

Eager anticipation for a fun-filled day in the open air usually blots out all thoughts of work for one day. But, is this true?

Rising early in the morning to prepare a lunch to take along, isn't as easy as it sounds. Frying chicken can really be gruesome, especially if you forget and stick your hand in the hot grease instead of the chicken leg. Packing food in the basket so that everything fits is worse than working a crossword puzzle, and checking to see that nothing is left behind is like taking inventory in a department store.

When at long last you reach that desirable spot, you discover that nine hundred and ninety-nine other people had the same idea.

They tell you to enjoy your high school days because they're "the best days of your life." That's fine for the first three years, but then comes the big awakening. Someone once said it's a shame that youth is wasted on the young. What really is a shame is the wisdom and experience of old age cannot always be mixed with the youth-ful living of the younger generation. Some people can learn only by personal experience and do not benefit from what others tell them.

Marianne Zimmerman

In senior year the big decision comes. Scattering your lunch over the table, which took hours to find, usually brings many uninvited pests; and who needs a radio with all those insects strumming their tunes in your ear. Ah! Time for some relaxation and a little exercise. Oops! Bring out the first-aid kit--badmitton can be a rough game at times--anyone for water fights?

Dusk is slowly creeping in and that jaunt back to the city in bumper-to-bumper traffic is a picnic in itself.

Arriving home, you ask yourself just one little question, "Am I crazy or was it really worth it?" Well it does break the monotony of the week.

8

The
Girls
Speak

Betty
Burcz

Of all high school memories, for ten girls their most vivid ones will be those two years they spent as cheerleaders. It seems strange how a group of ten relatively unacquainted girls can get together and actually work as one unit in certain thoughts and actions and not as ten individual ones. But somehow, with the grace of God, the Senior squad of '61 has succeeded in doing just that.

Of course, it wasn't easy. Everyone had their own ideas, and each was given a chance to show what she had to offer; and then it had to be agreed upon as to which ones were the best. There was no room for hurt feelings for everyone worked towards one goal--the success of the squad in encouraging school spirit in sports.

So far I have made cheerleading seem like a hard and cold relationship. It is not that by any means. We combined our efforts to make the whole squad good -- yes -- but we also tried to make each girl better personality-wise, a better person for being with the rest of us. We helped each other to recognize our own faults, to improve these and add other good traits. This was all done in a feeling of true friendship.

So, as you can see, there was a lot of work, hard work; but it was all forgotten or covered up by the many wonderful times we girls shared together, both as a squad and as just good friends.

I felt this article would not be complete unless each girl was given a chance to express a little bit of what they feel regarding cheerleading and what it means to them.

Joan Cau simply states: "I'm really glad I made it because I never thought I'd really qualify." As to the advantages of being a cheerleader she adds, "You get to meet a lot of new kids from other schools. It makes you feel more like a player in the game than a spectator in the crowd." In concluding she said, "After looking back on the many embarrassing moments on the floor or on the field I can laugh now, but it certainly was no joke at the time!"

"One of the most thrilling experiences of being captain of the Cheerleaders is the warmth and participation of the crowd at a Pep Rally (especially when you're scared half to death)," states Barb Borgula whom the whole squad feels has been the best captain a group could possibly have had.

"Without the cooperation of the student body, we would never have been able to cheer the past two years," Barb also said. And she went on to say, "The one thing I will really remember the most is the fun and friendship the squad shared. Every single girl was wonderful to work with and each one proved a valued friend. Without each girls' cooperation, we never could have lasted these two wonderful years."

Cindy Shipan feels the time we spent practicing was the most fun. "The practices were nine-tenths of the fun. I didn't really think of it as work," she goes on, "because it was always so much fun." Her happy memory of a certain pep rally I'm sure is shared by all of us. "Becoming football heroes for a few minutes at the Homecoming Pep Rally was really quite an unforgettable experience, to say the least."

Other 'unforgetables' are recalled by Pat Sczempek. "It really pays off -- every hair you pulled out of your head wondering whether your sweater will be dry for the pep rally tomorrow, every panicky second you worry for fear your cuolotte won't

be back from the cleaners by Friday, every one of the dozen phone calls you make at quarter to seven trying to find a ride when you're due at Mt. Clemens at 7:00, every one of the rain drops that could be wrung out of sweaters, cuollottes, trench coat, shoes, hair, etc. at that one St. Paul's game (thank God we won it). They're all worth it when you consider the strong bond, that sisterly-like quality, that grows between you and the other members of the squad. I'm glad to have been a part of it all."

Marlene Rehdorf has a problem. "My present problem is what am I going to do with all my energy now that my cheering days are behind?" She asks for help. "How is all my cheerleading -- the yells, kicks, splits, etc. -- that I learned so well going to fit in with my future? If anyone knows, please let me know where I can qualify." Marlene also has a few serious comments. "Cheerleading is the ultimate means of gaining school participation. It took up all my extra time in junior and senior year but with no regrets for I loved it and am going to truly miss it. As a cheerleader, one can really feel the thrill of what a victory is and truly feel the genuine disappointment of a loss."

This feeling she has just mentioned is one which I myself feel very strongly on. It is hard to experience fully when you are only a spectator. As a cheerleader you feel as if you are right out on the football field or the basketball court with the players ready to give the needed block or defense. It is a feeling hard to explain. When a game is won you have a sort of pride because you hope that may be your cheering gave the team the needed push. As for a loss, your heart goes out to the team because you know how much it means to them.

Gloria Moebs expresses her feelings on this phase of cheerleading. "About the greatest thrill of cheering is the feeling that you maybe giving

some help to the players by leading the crowd and urging the team on with your cheers." She also agrees on the true bond of friendship that arises from cheerleading. "With a squad of ten girls about as close as sisters even the critisisms are taken as a part of true friendship because you know they are meant for your own good." She ends with, "Even though our cheering days have come to a close, we can face the future as close friends because the unity and loyalty built up in the past two years cannot be ended even with graduation."

"It was just terrific. No matter how big or how small the rewards were, all the hard practices were worth it. I just hate to see it all end!" These are the views of Dolores Rogalski and indirectly those of the whole squad.

The feeling of friendship is again expressed by Cindy Wikarski. "Cheerleading together with its trials and joys has brought the ten girls of the '61 squad closer together so that all of us can say we have nine sisters."

I see no reason to quote myself for everything I have thus far written or quoted expresses exactly how I feel. And as I have said before, it is hard to express in words how one feels about something you have become so attached to.

In closing I would like to quote our co-captain, Judy Winiemko, as she extends a word to the Junior squad who will soon fill our shoes as the Senior squad. "It just takes eight girls working together as one body to cultivate a spirit of unity throughout the whole school; and since you have already qualified as cheerleaders, we place 1962 in your hands'."

YEAH RED!

YEAH WHITE!

YEAH TEAM!

FIGHT! FIGHT!