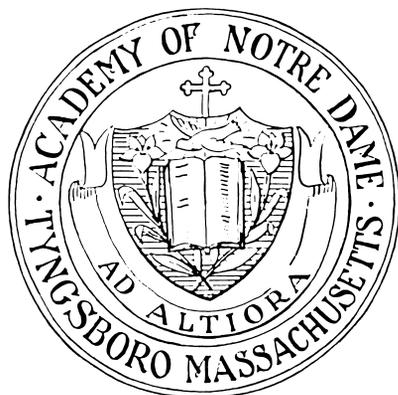


Exultet
1944



Exultet

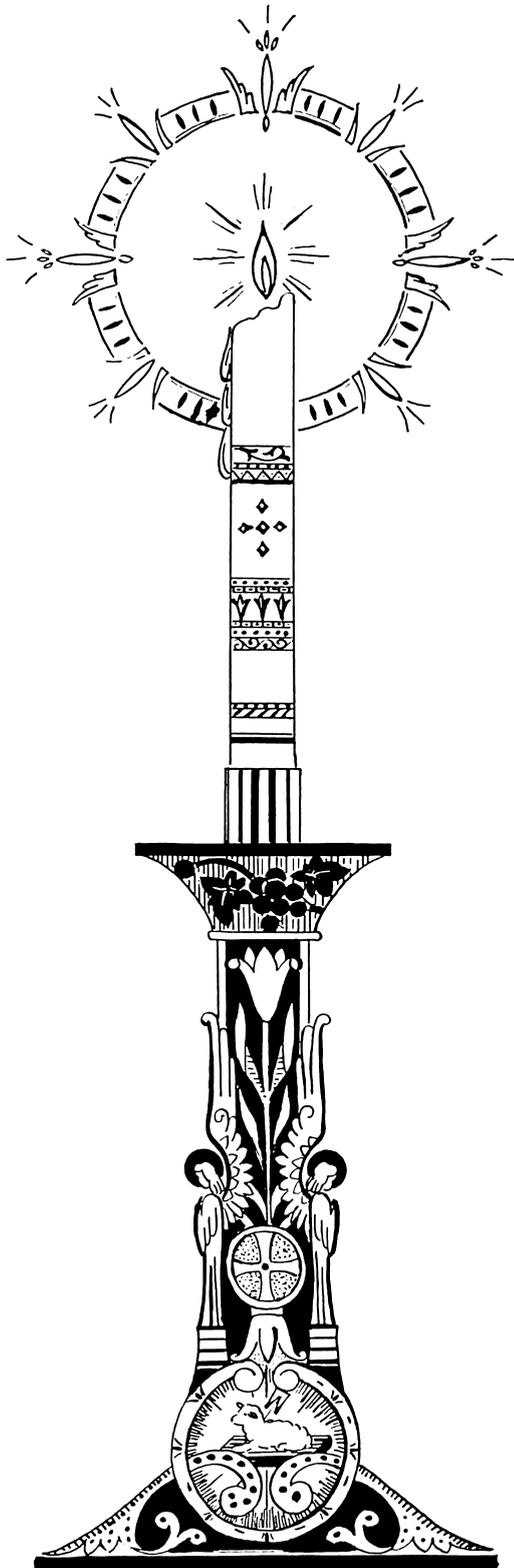
1944

ACADEMY OF NOTRE DAME
TYNGSBORO, MASSACHUSETTS



Where the pine trees spread more refreshingly their heavy branches;
Where the sky wears its loveliest hue of blue;
Where the campus rings with joyous shouts and laughter;
Where through the long halls linger silent prayers;
Where peace and happiness reign over all;
Where truth and justice are taught always;
Where is this hallowed spot—this true Utopia?
It is beautiful Tyngsboro—Our loved *Notre Dame*.

PATRICIA DESMOND



Exultet

“Let the angelic choirs of heaven now rejoice!
Let the divine mysteries also rejoice!
Let the trumpet of salvation salute the victory
of so great a King!”

“Lumen Christi—Deo Gratias.” Thrice in the dramatic procession on Holy Saturday, the deacon chants these impressive words as the acolyte illumines the triple candle indicating that our belief in the Holy Trinity is given to us by the Light of Christ. This newborn fire then sets aglow the Paschal Candle, symbolic of Christ, the Light of the World. In the beautiful and thrilling words of the Exultet, the Church invites the heavenly hosts to proclaim the Resurrection of our eternal King, Jesus, the Victor over Death and Hell.

So, too, in each of our lives, the knowledge of Jesus has been imparted little by little, until the whole temple of body and soul has been illumined. Baptism gave us the light of Faith, Hope, and Charity, while the other sacraments intensified that light to assist us against the fiery darts of Satan and pour upon us the radiance of Heavenly grace. The second light—Catholic Education—enlightened our minds to seek the Way, the Truth, and the Life that leads to Eternal Life. The third light—Catholic Home Life—the light of Catholic Action, showed us that the practice of Catholic principles is not only compatible with happiness but renders home life a veritable foretaste of Heaven.

Today, we, the graduates of Notre Dame, stand each with her triple candle, prepared to light her paschal candle, which our Alma Mater bids us to hold aloft whence it will shed forth its radiance guiding the footsteps of countless souls to the Beatific Vision where we hope to chant eternally *EXULTET*.

LEA MARIE GENDREAU, *Editor*

DEDICATION

To Mary, our Lady of Tyngsboro
who has been to us
“Spiritual Vessel, Seat of Wisdom, and Cause of our Joy,”
and who will ever be
“Our Life, our Sweetness, and our Hope”
we humbly dedicate
our first volume of **Exultet**



Our Lady of Gynsboro

Ad Altiora

Lift up thine eyes unto the heavens
And gravely for a moment see,
With purpose firm while courage leavens,
The banner which thy guide shall be.

Ad Altiora!

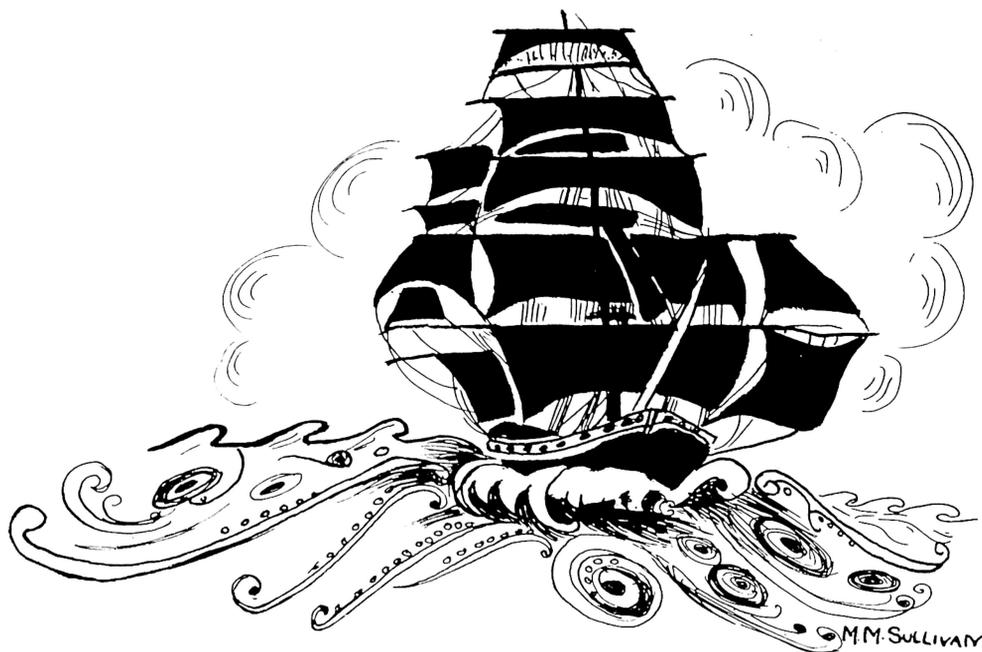
Then turn thy vessel towards the sea
From harbor sheltered and apart
We leave although reluctantly,
This maxim etched upon each heart.

Ad Altiora!

Deep Faith will be our compass sure,
The rudder strong is Charity
White sails of Hope will long endure
Our goal we see with clarity.

Ad Altiora!

KATHLEEN DULLIGAN





Blessed Mother Julia's smiling countenance welcomed us as Freshmen, encouraged us as Sophomores, counseled us as Juniors, and inspired us as Seniors. Under her gentle guidance, our devoted Principal and Teachers endeavored to implant in our hearts that womanly tenderness and virile courage which should mature into filial love and steadfast loyalty to God and Country.

MARY O'CONNOR

My Treasure Chest of Memories

My treasure chest of memories
Is brimming full of gold;
Not with jewels bright and new
But friendships that are old.

Friendships that were made at school
In cherished Tyngsboro
They ripen with the passing years
And keep my heart aglow.

The pages of this book unfold
Smiling faces ever dear;
To have them locked within my heart
Will keep them always near.

RITA KANE



Our President's Message

What is the challenge of '44?
To reach for a star and evermore
Climb higher and higher until at last
Within our hands we hold it fast.

And when you ask of '44
"Who has taught you thus to soar?"
The answer comes all clear and calm,
"We learned that lesson at Notre Dame."



JEAN McPADDEN, *President*

JEAN McPADDEN
40 Victoria Street, Lowell

*"Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes
Soft as the clime and sunny as the skies."*

Intellectual, efficient, tactful leader.

Auburn hair, pretty smile, lovely to look at,

Jolly to laugh with, firm to depend upon—

Our Class President—"Jean."

LEA MARIE GENDREAU
538 Andover Street, Lowell

*"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."*

Constant, sympathetic.
A ready smile and gay dark eyes.
Gracious, self-composed manner
Marks a natural leader.
"Lea"—our Sodality Prefect.



HELEN GILBRIDE
276 Parkview Avenue, Lowell

*"There was ever laughter in thy heart,
And music in that laughter."*

Effervescent gayety,
Laughing hazel eyes
Add to her vibrant charm.
Partial to chemicals.
A brilliant conversationalist.
"Lula"—our Vice-President.

Luck to a fellow dorm-mate
Lula
✓



JACQUELINE ENO
780 Andover Street, Lowell

"A friend in need, is a friend indeed."

Blonde,
Soft spoken,
Well informed on isolated facts
As well as modern trends,
Capable enumerator of
Class minutes.
"Jacquie"—Our Class Secretary.

RITA IRENE BRADY
193 Stone Street, Clinton

*"You hear that girl laughing—you say she's
all fun,
But the angels laugh too at the good she has
done."*

Original wit,
Kept classes in high spirits,
Sufficient tact and wisdom.
Unusual talent for making and—
Keeping friends.
Class Treasurer and President
Of Resident Pupils.



*Grand Waltham
August, 1944
Left Waltham March, 1946*

*Mary
May 1945*

LOUISE CAWLEY
330 Nesmith Street, Lowell

*"In that she never studied to be fair,
Her virtues were so rare."*

Tall aristocratic appearance,
Poised, gracious,
Dance enthusiast,
Master of many intricate steps.
Sense of humor
Lent gayety to many conversations.
Our gay "Louise."



EILEEN COLLINS
27 Wachusett Avenue, Lawrence

*"Full of gentle kindness
Her looks and language are."*

Petite, dark-haired girl
Quiet, reserved manner in class
Contrasted with her pep and vigor
On Basketball court—Capable Captain.
Loyal and sincere,
Well-worth knowing
"Mickey."

Success and all that comes with it.

Maire -
Good Luck and
Success
Always, "Jessy"



PATRICIA DESMOND
Lancaster Road, Shirley

"None but herself can be her parallel."

Patron of sports,
Special affection for quadrupeds,
A magnetic personality,
Dark hair and eyes
Complete her vivacity.
Our dynamic "Pat."

FRANCES DOHERTY
24 Webber Street, Lowell

*"True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun."*

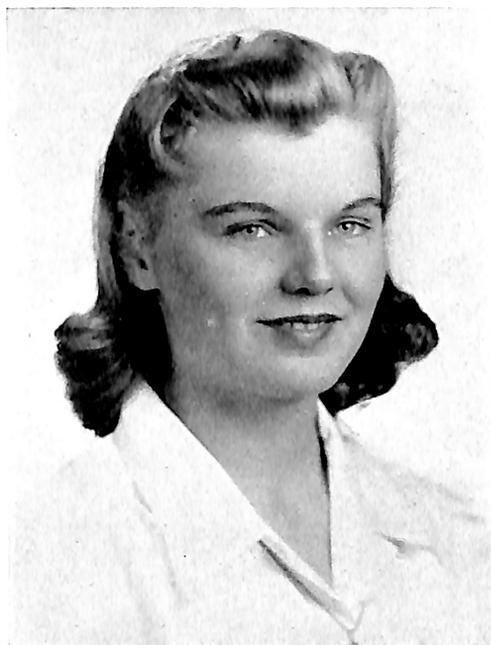
Nonchalant and carefree,
Her sociable, pleasant manner
A marked contrast to her
Auburn colored locks.
Gives her frank opinion
Without hesitation.
"Franny."



KATHLEEN DULLIGAN
40 Saratoga Street, Lowell

*"Where did you get your eyes so blue
Out of the skies as you came through?"*

The dreamer—
Pleasing combination of
Light hair and blue eyes.
She's what she is,
Nothing better could be said.
A girl, a student, a friend,
A good sport—"Kay."



MARIETTE GIROUX
263 Fourth Avenue, Lowell

*"A bearer of hope unto you and me
Sunshine, what gift has the world like thee?"*

Infectious mirth,
A sunny disposition,
Plays and works with equal vigor,
Enthusiastic over everything.
Gay and carefree
"Marie."



MARGARET KANE
70 Richards Street, Lowell

*"For truth has such a face and such a mien
As to be loved needs only to be seen."*

Energetic in execution
Loyal and likable,
Petite and cheerful,
Prime interest is Latin and
More and more Latin.
Our little "Peggy."

*Catered Waltham -
August, 1915*

RITA KANE
37 Unsworth Street, Lowell

*"Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling place."*

"Merry" is the word.
A flair for writing,
Possessor of a pleasant
Convincing voice,
Debating ability,
Added spice to many classes—
"Rita."



LOUISE KENNEDY

72 Riverneck Road, East Chelmsford

*"Singing she wrought and her merry glee
The mocking-bird echoed from his tree."*

Sweet and sincere manner,
Difficulty with books between classes
Afforded us much laughter.
Her brilliant voice added
Charm to many programs.
Sought no praise for her efforts.
Our "Louise."



JANE KIRWIN

833 Lawrence Street, Lowell

*"Ob, Lady, nobility is thine
And thy form is a reflection of thy nature."*

Bright, sunny smile—
Noiseless member of our class,
Her voice suits her smile,
Shy and sweet.
Firm in her convictions—
"Jane."

*Marie -
always remember
me*



ANNE MADDEN
20 Greenfield Street, Lowell

*"Her time is forever
Everywhere, her place."*

Fun-loving yet dependable—
Originator of "WANDS,"
Dexterity displayed in gym,
Always ready to lend
A helping hand, that's
Our "Anne."

*Miss Joan
& give me a hand
I've about 1000*

CECILE MANSEAU

12138 Biscayne Blvd., Miami 38, Fla.

%o Miami's Biscayne Blvd.
"Contentment rosy, dimpled maid

Thou fairest daughter of the skies."

Happy-go-lucky,
Carefree and gay.
Nothing troubled Cecile for long,
Her beautiful voice
Charmed us at all times.
"Cecile."



VIRGINIA McDONOUGH
14 Highland Street, Lowell

*"A youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven."*

Idealistic
Obliging and sincere,
The air of a dreamer,
Yet practical-minded,
Everyone's friend.
"Ginny."



IRENE MORIN
600 Haverhill Street, Lawrence

*"Talking comes by nature,
Silence by Wisdom."*

Shy and mild,
Sincere and true,
Persevering in overcoming difficulties,
A typical Suzanna.
"Irene."

*"The best of luck in the coming
years"*

Irene



MARTHA MORRIS
62 Burt Street, Lowell

*"Her voice was ever soft
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman"*

Persistent, tranquil
Essence of femininity.
Usually quiet
Loquacious on occasions.
"Martha," the dainty, the obliging.

MARY O'CONNOR
376 High Street, Lowell

*"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit, a man, simplicity, a child."*

Perseverance
Open to conviction,
Sense of humor,
Natural wit equipping her
To scale any heights.
Ways of pleasantness,
Paths of peace, that's the
"Mary" we'll remember.

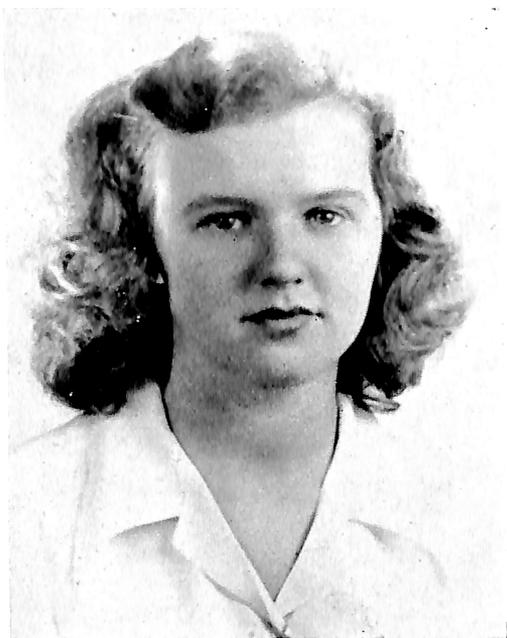


PHYLLIS STARR

8217 Panola, New Orleans, Louisiana

*"Loathing pretence, she did with cheerful will,
While others talked of, while their hands were
still."*

A Southern air, a happy smile,
A delightful Southern accent,
Swifter with the pen than
With the tongue,
Dauntless in the face of obstacles,
Last but not least to complete our
Class—"Phyllis."



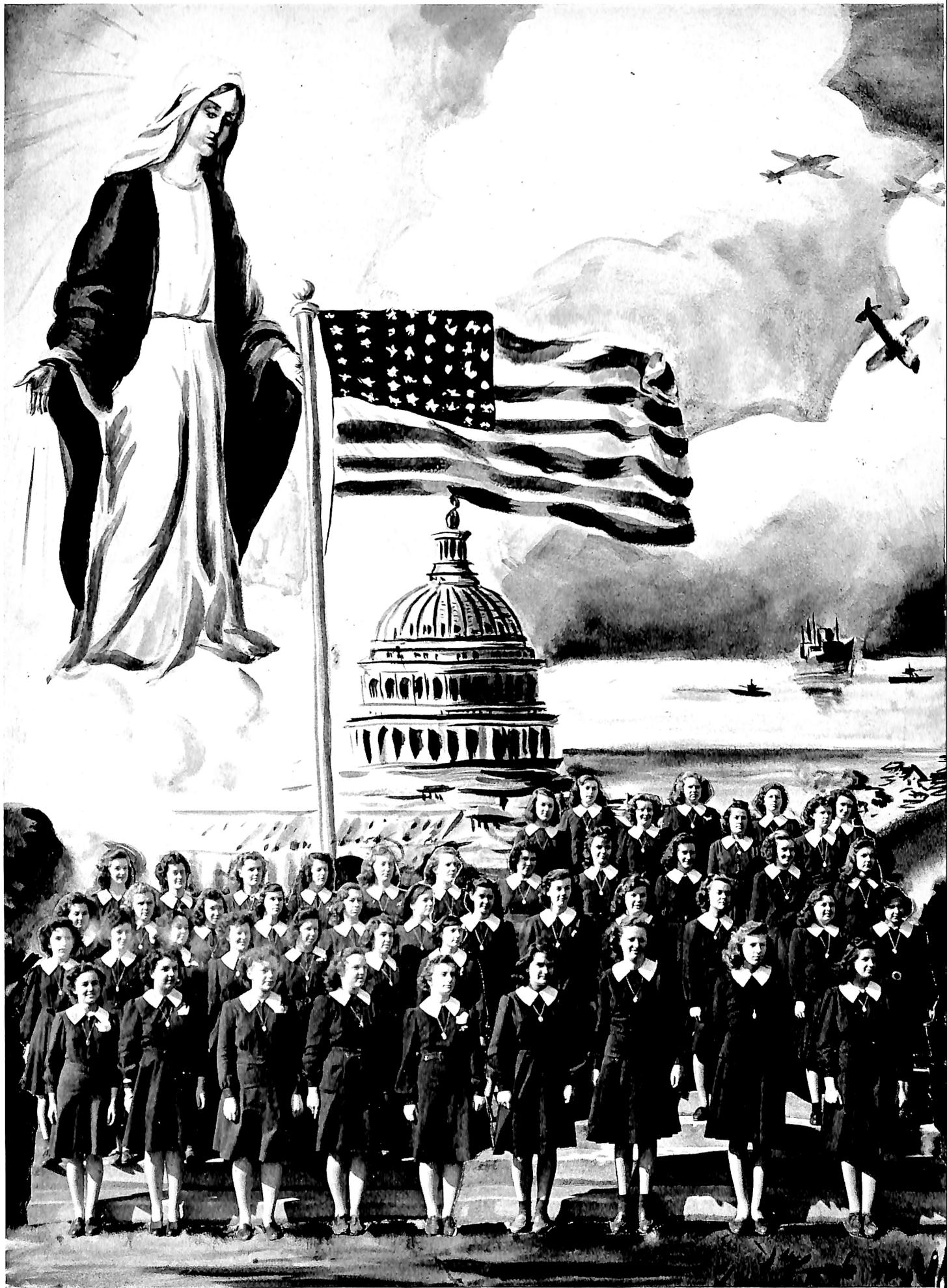
MARGARET SULLIVAN

144 Nesmith Street, Lowell

*"The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face."*

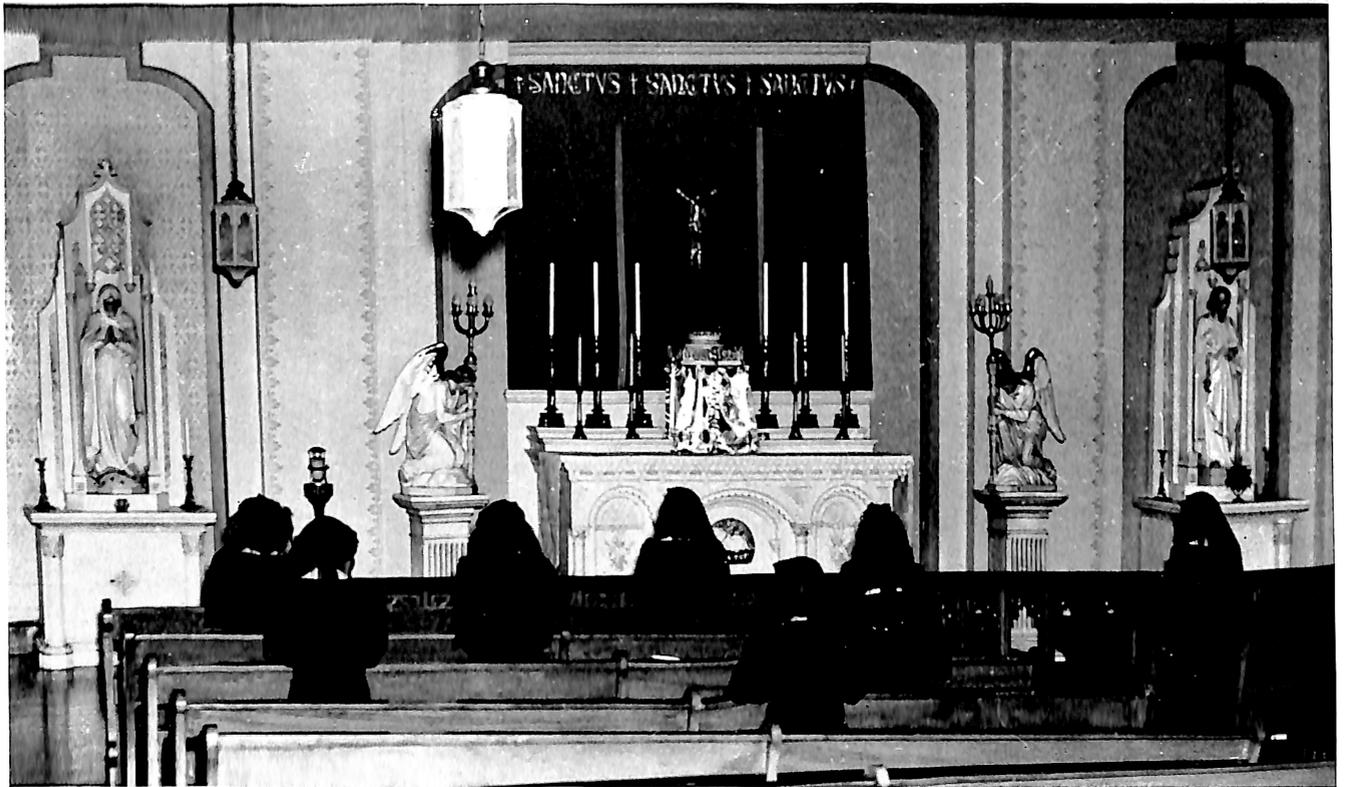
Admirable persistency,
Ready to tease,
Stimulating air of frankness,
Generous nature,
Staunch supporter of school activities,
Sincere and friendly
"Peggy."

M. GIROUX, R. KANE, V. McDONOUGH



*Beneath your protection
O Queen of our Land
For God and for Country
united we stand*





Oft I had sought for a place to pray,
And to my quest came a calm surcease
When I chanced to find at break of day—
Joy supreme in this haven of peace.

Day after day I came to adore
Here where I felt so close to God—
Here where my soul could swiftly soar
Up to the throne of my King and Lord.

Now I must leave this peaceful life,
But not alone in the stormy night;
Nor unprepared for the winter's strife,
But strong in the strength of the God of Might.

PHYLLIS STARR

Our Sodality

Throughout our four years at Notre Dame, the guiding light of our spiritual life has been our Sodality, "The Children of Mary." Through this Sodality, we, the graduates of Notre Dame Academy, feel that each one of us has, in some particular way, been brought closer to "Jesus Through Mary." Long after the conventional Religion lessons have been forgotten, the scenes witnessed and the instructions heard at our monthly Sodality meetings will remain with us. Nor shall we forget the imposing and inspiring ceremony during which the candidates were received into the Sodality.

The twenty-first day of November each year, saw a group of anxious girls eager to be consecrated to Mary. Clothed in white to represent their purity and innocence, they begged humbly to be admitted. Before the altar of Our Blessed Lady, they consecrated themselves to the Mother of God. Each year, as we older girls watched the new members returning from the altar, we distinctly remembered our own Consecration Day; and each in her heart renewed her resolutions to be faithful to Mary and to the cause of the Sodality, that of spreading Catholic Action.

During our last year at Tyngsboro, we assumed the role of directors of the Sodality. With Father Andrew Carey as our Spiritual Director and Lea Gendreau as our Prefect, we hope that we have helped a little in fostering the cause of Catholic Action. According to the saying "A Sad Saint is a Sorry Saint" we strove to cheerfully perform our duties in the Sodality.

It is our fervent belief that the Blessed Virgin was pleased with the Senior "Rosary Pageant" and Meditations; the

instructive lectures on Catholic Action given by members of the Junior Class; the interesting and inspiring presentation of "Bernadette of Lourdes" by the Sophomores; the beautiful presentation of "Living Pictures of Famous Madonnas" by the students of the First Year A; and the impressive life of Blessed Mother Julia presented by the members of the First Year B. We also hope that the Spiritual Bouquets, which the members of the Sodality sent to their loved ones in the Armed Services at Christmas, benefited their absent ones and we pray earnestly that Mary will keep them under her protective, blue mantle. To crown a year, filled with attempts to travel close beside Mary, we had the majestic and devotional May procession in which every student paid homage to the Mother of God.

With mingled sentiments of joy and sadness, we entered upon our last Retreat on February 15, 1944; joy, for another opportunity to devote some time alone to Christ and His Blessed Mother; sadness for it was our last Retreat together here at Tyngsboro. During this Retreat, the Retreat Master explicitly explained our Sodality motto, "Do we dare to be different." Must we follow the easy path of the world or shall we have the courage and will power to remain close to Jesus regardless of public opinion?

It is our ardent desire that our schoolmates who will assume the responsibilities of the Sodality next year will earnestly promote and ardently cherish its cause, so that all the Students of Notre Dame may become true Apostles of Catholic Action leading countless souls to Jesus through Mary.

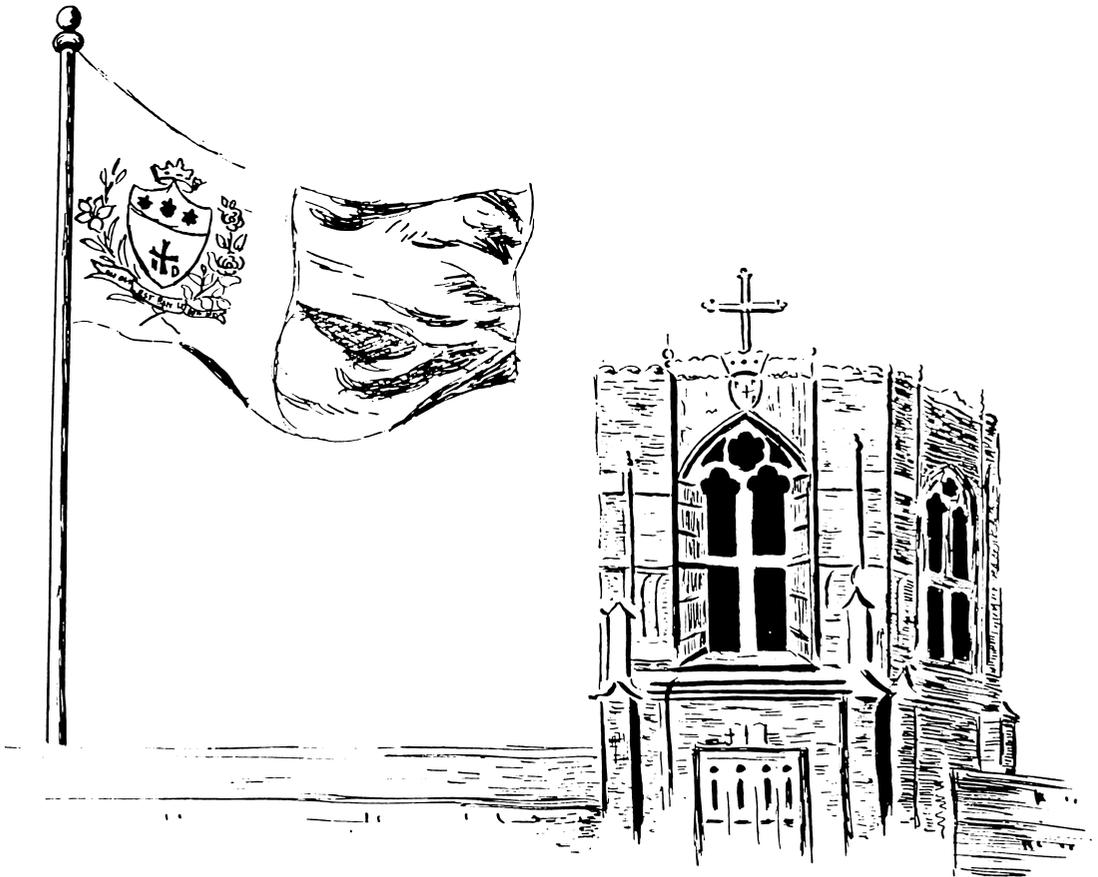
MARGARET KANE

Class Song

O Notre Dame of you we sing
We cherish you, guide of our youth,
With trusting love to you we cling
Lead us in ways of truth!
Steadfast and true
Loyal to God and to you
Today we stand firm, enrolled
Neath banner blue and gold.

The day has come when we must leave
Imbued with faith and strength of soul
To your strong teachings ever we'll cleave
Till we have reached our goal
Faithful and true
Led by the gold and the blue
Onward we go, this our aim
To honor Notre Dame.

JACQUELINE ENO



Classes

By lake and by pines, to the building we go
Our chariot, the Tyngsboro bus,
We're happy and bright and our hearts
overflow
With joy, to begin the day's rush.

Into her homeroom goes each little lass
A full day of work to begin
We study and pray, each one in her class
A Notre Dame training to win.

CECILE MANSEAU

RELIGION was not only a required subject, it permeated the very atmosphere of all our classes. We lived and breathed the Spirit of Christ and His Blessed Mother as daily the wisdom and omnipotence of God became more manifest. As Freshmen we learned to know more clearly God the Father in all the glory of His creation. As Sophomores we aspired to love more ardently God the Son, Who became Man, died on the Cross for us and is ever with us in His Sacramental Presence. As Juniors, through the study of St. Luke's Gospel, we endeavored to follow more closely in the footsteps of Christ Who went about doing good. As Seniors we became members of the Mystical Body of Christ and aware of our responsibility to cooperate



with the Holy Ghost in our personal sanctification and in the sanctification of others. Lest we become hesitant and bewildered by this sense of responsibility we have been counseled to place our hands in the hand of our Blessed Mother and to face life with dauntless hope born of living faith and universal charity.

LEA MARIE GENDREAU

HISTORY—In our History Courses we developed a world viewpoint, coordinated the history of England and the United States with the rest of the world and established a European background for American History. We found that the Birth of Christ is the central event of all history and that His Church has played an important role in shaping the Nations. While paying due attention to political and military developments in American History, we placed special emphasis on the economic and social aspects which enabled us to acquire a clearer understanding of the present day problems. Our History Course has been a success, we have developed tolerant and conservative thought, loyalty to our Church and our Country, honesty and moral courage grounded on fundamental Christian ideals. MARTHA MORRIS



ENGLISH—"All or nothing at all" was certainly the theme song of every Senior of 1944 for we were taught to enter into the study of English with all our hearts or not at all. It was not difficult to become enthusiastic over such authors as Chesterton, Belloc, Meynell, Tynan, Poe, Hawthorne, Dickenson, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Newman and Thompson. We not only increased our knowledge of these writers and their lives in our English classes, but also gained a fund of information and a fuller appreciation of beauty, truth and good style. Thus, each and every member of the class made considerable progress in her own style and composition since her modest beginning as a freshman. An illustrious few have even distinguished themselves by having their themes published in *Academy Angles*, our school newspaper.

Let us hope that in the future the class of '44 will gain the success that will bespeak the excellence of their training in English and American Literature.

LOUISE CAWLEY



LATIN—Our Latin course has been designed to give us an appreciation of the literature of Ancient Rome and its influence on modern culture. As the mother of the Romance Languages, it has facilitated our study of French; it has aided in increasing our vocabulary through a wider knowledge of words of Latin derivation; but chiefly it has engendered in us a deeper love and more intelligent participation in the liturgy and hymns of the Church.

MARGARET KANE

FRENCH—The cultural influence of French was experienced for the first time in the Sophomore Year. During the next three years we grew familiar first with the innumerable rules and then with the exceptions to them, followed by the eventful day when we had developed enough ability in our Senior Year to present the long to be remembered play "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge." We have read important classics which have brought their own particular type of pleasure and satisfaction, and we have come to appreciate the fact that our feet have been set upon another path which leads to additional knowledge and culture.

KATHLEEN DULLIGAN



MATHEMATICS—Discipline and Mental Alertness, the crying needs of our war-torn age, find a satisfactory fulfillment in the Mathematics course at Notre Dame Academy. As a result of our work in Algebra and Geometry, we have learned to think logically and systematically; we have become convinced that mathematical principles can be, and are applied to incidents in daily life; and we have established the essential basis necessary for further work in this and other Sciences.

FRANCES DOHERTY

CHEMISTRY—Our Mathematics course of the first and second years was supplanted by Chemistry in the third year. Although it was only a preparatory course, we became acquainted with the authentic body of fact and theory which constitutes this Science, and we acquired the foundation necessary for more advanced work. Our experiments with the acids, bases, and salts were to some of us the stimulant which awakened scientific tendencies and pointed the way to greater scientific accomplishments.

PATRICIA DESMOND



BIOLOGY—As Seniors we were introduced to Biology, that particular Science which more than any other, made us realize the creative power of God. Botany, Zoology, and Physiology were skillfully interwoven in our course, and problems of evolution and heredity were conservatively but accurately discussed. The marvelous structures found in cells, plants, and animals held us spellbound as we viewed them under the microscope, while the study of the human body has left us with a clearer understanding and deeper appreciation of the Omnipotence and Providence of God.

JANE KIRWIN





SECRETARIAL COURSE—The very fewness of numbers in the secretarial course has made for our competency and our ultimate success. In addition to a thorough and closely supervised study of the fundamental business subjects, we have found in the pleasant atmosphere of the commercial room a miniature office. Here we have rivalled our older sisters of the business world, even to the pressure under which we have worked, whether it was in typing or assembling the school paper, preparing or addressing mail, tabulating schedules, or setting up the school files. We look forward to meeting with the success that has characterized the courage, the courtesy, and the competency of former graduates of NOTRE DAME, TYNGSBORO.

LOUISE KENNEDY

SPECIAL COURSES—"A friend in need is a friend indeed." This sincere praise is

gratefully bestowed upon the Sisters who devote their time wholeheartedly to the intellectual needs of individual students. Special classes usually consist of one, two, or three students each of whom is given personal attention. Students who have natural ability but who have been retarded because of absence find these courses both enjoyable and profitable. Newly arrived students who are confused by our high standard of education, also benefit by the invaluable aid derived from these classes. The development of the students' individual talents, under the able direction of experienced and understanding members of the teaching staff, is characteristic of Notre Dame, Tynsgboro. The devoted "Special Teachers" are gratefully appreciated by those whom they have taught and are considered by the entire student body as, "Friends Indeed."

LEA MARIE GENDREAU

STUDIO—Working in the Studio is always interesting. Perspective, still life drawing, design, and portrait work are some of the mysteries explored and conquered by the masters in embryo. Those of us who go to the studio because we like to make beautiful things develop skill, taste and the ability to form correct artistic judgments. All sorts of interesting things, sketching, painting, clay modelling, silk screen printing, block printing, china painting, and innumerable craft projects tempt our eager hands.

We have learned that Art in the Catholic School provides us with a cultural background through an appreciation of the

great masterpieces of painting, architecture and sculpture done in the days when art was the handmaid of religion and high ideals produced inspired work.

The laws of design and theory of color do not always make us designers but help us in later life to select well designed homes choose appropriate furniture, pictures that are distinctive, clothes that are tasteful. Thus by knowing how to surround ourselves with beautiful objects made by man and by being led to appreciate the beauty of Creation, we shall come to realize more and more with the years the beauty that is God.

MARGARET SULLIVAN





MUSIC—From the familiar music rooms around the corner, float disconnected strains of Chopin, Bach, and Haydn, mingled with the unmelodic sounds of scales in double-thirds and the arpeggios. Here in our up-to-date music department, pupils acquire both mechanism and expression in their playing, and promising voices are properly developed. Regular choral practice prepares the entire student body to render selections which lend distinction and beauty to every program. The music appreciation course has been arranged to familiarize everyone with the best-known symphonies, operas, folk songs, and the various instruments of the symphony orchestra. We leave Notre Dame not only with a knowledge and appreciation of music, but also with a love for the noble and beautiful, and a desire to constantly seek them in the world about us.

JACQUELINE ENO





SENIOR PLAY

"MAIDS READY MADE"

CAST

Foster Girls—Lea Gendreau, Jacqueline Eno, Helen Gilbride, Jean McPadden
Miss Charity Foster—Patricia Desmond
Teachers—Louise Cawley, Martha Morris
Students—Mary O'Connor, Rita Brady, Cecile Manseau, Jane Kirwin, Frances Doherty, Rita Kane, Margaret Kane, Mariette Giroux, Virginia McDonough
Social Climbers—Anne Madden, Margaret Sullivan
Neighbors—Kathleen Dulligan, Louise Kennedy, Phyllis Starr, Eileen Collins, Irene Morin

CHORUSES

Victory Polka
Paper Dolls
I'm Coming Back to Boston
Don't Worry

Juniors
 Sophomores
 Freshmen A
 Freshmen B





Victory Activities

Missionary Sisters of Notre Dame who have returned home after a long detention in a Japanese Concentration Camp spurred our patriotism by their glowing accounts of all that Uncle Sam and the Red Cross did to provide for them on board the *Gripsholm*.

Needlework motivated by patriotism took on a new aspect. Under skillful supervision, we cross-stitched pillows, embroidered colorful luncheon sets, made cutwork tablecloths, worked scatter rugs, wove tapestries, and executed needlepoint. As a war time service we knitted sweaters and socks.

Art Students aided the Red Cross by making favors for the Public Relations Banquet and by designing Menu Covers and Carol Covers for the wounded and disabled soldiers in hospitals.

WANDS—Willing Assistants of Notre Dame aided in solving the shortage of help problem occasioned by the War. Congratulations to Captain Anne Madden!

Sports—Basketball, tennis, coasting, skating and skiing aided in keeping us fit.

School Spirit Competition caused intensive rivalry between the classes. As the *EXULTET* goes to press, the *Seniors* express good wishes to their worthy rivals, but sincerely hope that the Class of 1944 wins the Cup.



Class History

The blue sky smiled, the young sap raced through the trees, the birds poured out their souls in song, the breeze was warm and caressing, the tiny green buds were joyous at their birth. Spring! the same beautiful heart-stirring spring that comes every year to Tyngsboro. Spring was the same—we were different. This was 1944, the year of our graduation—where had the four years gone?

Freshmen: A little fearful of the new regime, a little apprehensive at the appearance of so many new girls, a little proud of being in high school, a little wondrous and excited at the miracles of learning being unfolded to us, a little awe-stricken and serious at being admitted to the Sodality, a little thrilled at being in "Anne of Green Gables" and actually singing at graduation. Time quelled the fear and apprehension but augmented the pride, the wonder and the thrill.

Sophomores! Just imagine! The circles in a geometry book were no longer just drawings and soon we were lost in the maze of French grammar. Time moved slowly and then one fatal day we awoke to find ourselves at war. The simple words Pearl Harbor and December 7, 1941 sent our boys to camps and overseas. Names that once graced a dance program now blurred themselves on a casualty list. This was war! The fear and anxiety of wartime were allayed by the magic of music and laughter of "The Wishing Well" staged by our sister class—the graduates of '42.

Juniors! really upperclassmen. We studied Chemistry, lived to tell the tale and (we add with pride) the chem lab still stands. We translated Cicero who blissfully unaware of the tortures we were enduring proclaimed unceasingly from the Roman rostra. We continued French, learning not

rules, but their exceptions. We wore hearts on our heads not on our sleeves in "Remember the Day." That year, the war really struck home; the draft age was lowered to eighteen, gas, food and clothing were strongly rationed and taxed. Convoy after convoy crossed the seas to bring the fighting "Yanks," our brothers and friends, to foreign shores. Our prayers redoubled as we thought of our boys deep in the swamp-infested jungles of the Solomons or in the frozen waste-lands of Attu. We were transported from our court of sorrow and war at graduation when we all sang heartily and thought "Next year, we'll be the ones."

Seniors! Graduates at last! New worlds to conquer! We had a gay time at a perfect Hallowe'en party. Our greatest desire was a yearbook. Out of a hazy abstract dream, time, assiduity and perseverance brought forth our brain-child EXULTET. To help along the cause we wrote, directed, produced and starred in a minstrel show. We worked at our sodality and offered to Mary the fruits of our labor. During Christmas week, we welcomed to Tyngsboro, our heroic, missionary sisters released from a Japanese internment camp and sent home on the *Gripsholm*. Their very presence edified us and the telling of their sufferings and privations burned in our hearts even greater love and gratitude for our Notre Dame sisters in America. We rehearsed for our play "Maids Ready Made" and prayed for its success. We had an inspiring retreat and suddenly found ourselves thinking long serious thoughts about next year and the life it would unfold. But within us we feel that when next spring comes there'll be an emptiness in our hearts that only Tyngsboro and Notre Dame can fill.

HELEN GILBRIDE

Class Will

We, the Graduates, after all our exams still sane, and under no compulsion, leave our final will and testament in the year 1944, from Notre Dame Academy, Tyngsboro, Massachusetts.

To dear Sister Superior and the Sisters, our gratitude and loyalty.

To the Juniors, our pioneer spirit that brought forth EXULTET.

To the Sophomores, our lucidity in Geometry.

To the Freshmen, our versatility.

To the building, our pictures and echoes.

To the studio, copies of our masterpieces for the admiration and imitation of our successors.

To the senior classroom, "The Cup."

To the music rooms, records of our vocal and instrumental selections worthy of emulation.

To the stairs, our straight lines.

To the refectory our promptness.

To the dormitory our perfume.

To the busses our candy papers.

To the study hall our clouds.

To the minims their beds to be made.

To the locker room all the brownies.

These benefactors leave reluctantly their prize possessions to the worthy:—

Irene Morin leaves us sure that still waters run deep.

Mary O'Connor leaves well suited "for the future."

Rita Brady leaves Tyngsboro much quieter.

Margaret Kane leaves us very glad we met her.

Anne Madden leaves her surplus knitting to the army.

Martha Morris leaves calmly as usual.

Phyllis Starr leaves at her leisure.

Rita Kane leaves short but sweet.

Louise Cawley leaves her dramatic ability to the Juniors.

Kathleen Dulligan leaves always in a hurry, but never in haste.

Cecile Manseau leaves us to conjecture.

Frances Doherty leaves us her comments on anything and everything.

Eileen Collins leaves her glasses for some admiring Freshman.

Lea Gendreau leaves to start a brilliant career.

Margaret Sullivan leaves tranquilly.

Helen Gilbride leaves one Chemistry lab for another.

Virginia McDonough leaves still thinking life is a wonderful thing.

Mariette Giroux leaves for a Nurse's Aide Group.

Jane Kirwin leaves her charming disposition.

Jean McPadden leaves her presidential chair to a worthy heir.

We leave this in the hands of the O.P.A. and hope for the best.

Respectfully,

RITA BRADY,

Business Manager

Class Prophecy

Onward marches Father Time
Unhurried pace, with gait sublime,
We peer into his crystal ball,
To see our classmates one and all.

Merry and gay as the Queen of the May
Rita always victor in the fray
President of Boarders and Treasurer too
She'll be Morgenthau in '62.'

Louise our quiet, graceful one,
Is teaching school, and oh what fun!
To little boys and little girls
She teaches dance, the art of whirls.

Eileen, our gentle, colleen small
Is organist—now, don't you fall—
In New York's great cathedral, grand,
She is the best one in the land.

Pat with flowing, raven tresses
Has given up her evening dresses
She likes her riding breeches best
Corraling horses 'way out West.

Frances Doherty achieved her ambition
The one for which she was always wishin'
She daily reports the current events,
She's the best of correspondents.

Kathleen, our blond, with soft, blue eyes
Has all the interns full of sighs.
For at St. John's—now don't you laugh—
Miss Dulligan leads as Chief of Staff.

In 1950 a Lowell "deb"
Was happily caught in the marriage web.
She now enjoys true marital bliss,
Too bad for them, who Jackie missed!

All Hail! First Lady of the Land
She who now walks hand in hand
With all the President's relations dear
Poised and gracious still, our Lea.

Lula Gilbride attained great fame
As noted physician, way out in Michigan,
She found the solution to all evolution,
Her theory created world-wide revolution.

"Marie" with happy, winning smile
Quite soon a poor man did beguile.
And now she's busy as a bee
Caring for her children three.

Margaret Kane, a little lass,
Always did like Latin class.
And now she stirs up enmity,
Teaching Latin at Trinity.

Rita enjoyed discussion the best
Football came next, as you have guessed.
It's not surprising that she should be
The first known woman referee.

Miss Kennedy graces the society set
As Operatic star of the Met,
Louise attained her longed-for goal,
To sing for the world, not just for Lowell.

Our Jane has traveled far and wide
Her photographer husband at her side.
They settle in Waban, when days are slack,
We're always glad to welcome them back.

Cecile, once a guileless soul
Has since achieved her sought-for goal.
It's now considered of fashionable note
Miss Manseau's verses freely to quote.

Anne our tall, vivacious blond,
Once Directress of the "Wand,"
Used brains and limbs and forged ahead
And now she teaches "Physical Ed."

Irene, timid, quiet, and shy
Has greatly changed since days gone by.
She is the life of social times
With wit and fun and merry rhymes.

"Duchess" was her true nickname.
It gained for Martha international fame.
She is the Duchess Baranova
The protegee of Pavlova.

Jean our well-loved president
To social work her talents lent,
Successful Jean, we now do hail,
Jean—our Florence Nightingale.

Who is that knocking at our door?
Commander's wife of the Marine Corps?
What would she want in Lowell here?
Look again, it's Virginia dear!

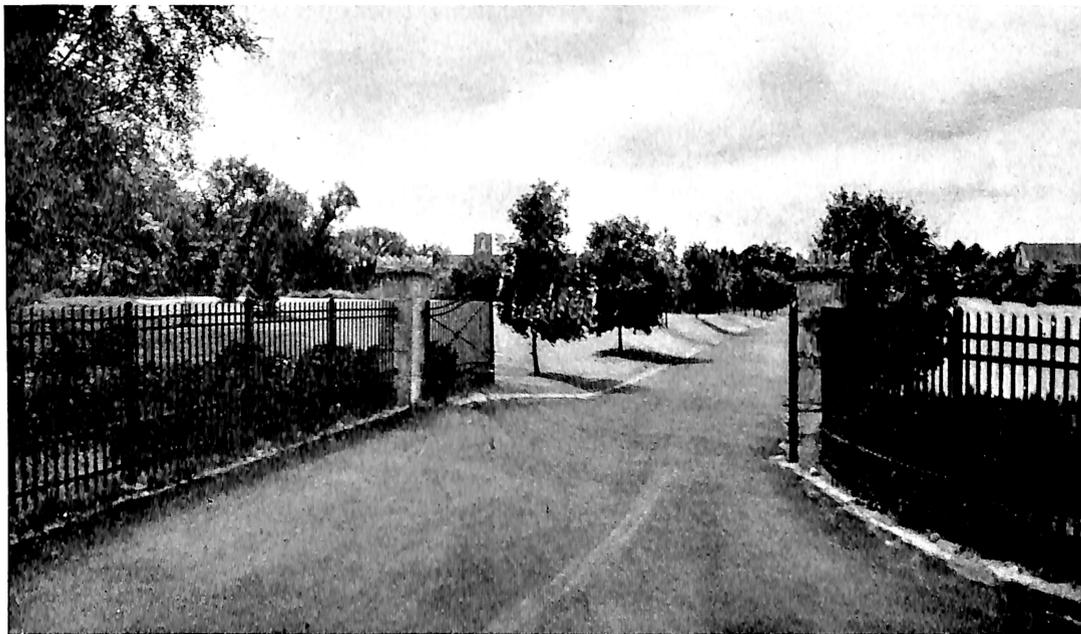
Mary, quiet and demure,
Had in view but one allure
On radio's hour a wit we see,
Rated one of the "Big Three."

At Tulane she studied law,
The bar she passed. Phyllis, hurrah!
To Washington she went, with hope,
Her wits 'gainst clever men to cope.

Peggy, deft with paint and brush
Through chemistry and college rushed
She's not a chemist like . . . Draper,
Cartoonist she is, for the Sunday paper.

LEA MARIE GENDREAU, *Editor*

Farewell, Tyngsboro!



"A happy memory is perhaps in this life more real than happiness itself."

Acknowledgments

The EXULTET Staff is most grateful to all who assisted in the production of this book:

Mr. Harold Johnson of the Andover Press

Mr. George H. Wood of Marion Studio

The class of 1944 expresses its gratitude to the EXULTET Staff:

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*"The friends who are the very best
Are those who stand the friendship test."*

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Constance Hubert
Martha A. Regan

God Bless You!

Best wishes
Elaine McGarry

Friend in Need
Fall on me!
Blimey Pete!

Always remembered
and will say
at N.S.A.
I'm Bessie

To a grand under class man
Good luck in your Junior year

Joan '75

To the new nurse
with the '45
"Surge"

To a swell sophomore, Laurie!
Pat Brady

Elaine O'Leary '75

To a swell kid - never forget
the good times of 900's sophomore
year at the
Krossic & Papabaro -
Good Luck

Love
"Sherry"

Anne L. Campbell

"Mickey" Keller

Mary Abbott

Dorothy Lucy

"Jimmy" Baugue

Dorothy Powers

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