

strained. Already the sadness has lessened, and, for some, the memory of Paul is a thing of the past. This loss of a friend, who would have been a Salutatorian, brought the first real touch of sorrow and loss to many of us. Yet, time went on. Noticing the growing pressures we had to grow in maturity. The thought of college perplexes the unsure and fear of the future presents a challenge that we had to face as men. Along with the approaching future, the Seniors had undertaken another great project. As a Senior Class Play we chose "West Side Story" and began to prepare for six months of practice. The basketball team was also hard at work. Under the talented hand of Mote Hils, they blazed a trail of triumph which is unparalleled in the history of C.C.H. Being the first team to bring home a regional trophy, they set their sights on the long awaited state tournament. Choked up with emotion, we watched helplessly as a last second basket snatched the title from the finger tips of the best team in the state.

In Louisville, our presence had been felt and we were proud to be Covington Catholic Colonels. Drawing the year to a close, the Seniors presented "West Side Story". We again made our presence felt as Father Mac skillfully produced the best play this area has ever known. An air of sadness and finality hung over the Seniors as the last performances marked another accomplishment they will fondly embrace.

Now, graduation is upon us. We have met and left behind many wonderful and stimulating facets of a high school career. These moments are lost forever. Looking back on these four years, we only hope they have not been abused. Around the corner lies a future in whatever manner we desire. With age comes maturity and an unending obligation to fashion our talents in the most acceptable form. Leaning on past laurels can only spell our ultimate failure.

Yes, our future holds no place for illusions. For us, intricate decisions must be made; decisions which will be looked upon either with pride or sorrow. Our memories, whether filled with dejection or jubilation, will never vanish with time. As we grasp our diplomas, let us realize the future we face which looms so pertinent to our goal as Christians. We owe our future to the teachers and parents who have struggled through these poignant times with us.

In parting, I would like to extend a hand and a note of thanks to all those who have made these four years possible; and, above all, enjoyable. Last of all, good-bye to a great group of guys, and--I hope, friends.

Thank you!

Gary Menne '67