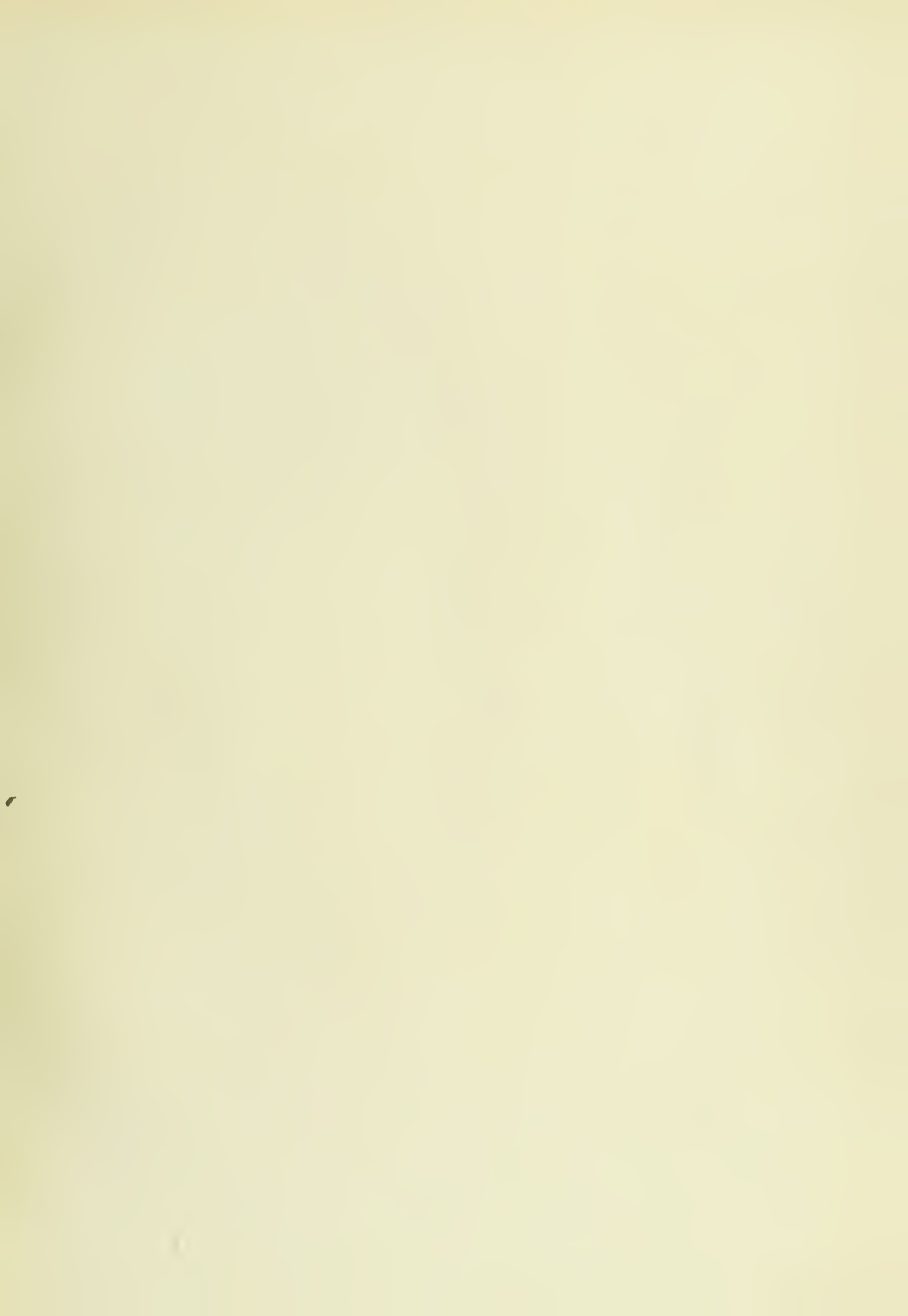


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# FOOTPRINTS



FOOTPRINTS

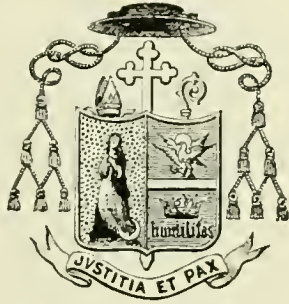
THE YEAR BOOK  
OF  
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN  
PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS  
VOLUME TWO

FOOTPRINTS

HEFFERNANDRESS  
SIXTEEN H. SPENCER  
MECHANIC STREET MASSACHUSETTS







To

The Right Reverend Charles E. McDonnell, D. D.

Bishop of Brooklyn

Founder and President

of

Saint Joseph's College For Women

The Class of 1921

Dedicates Its

Year Book

FOOTPRINTS



Happy hours, happy faces,  
Memories pure as breath of Spring  
Hover in and 'round these pages,  
Lingering joy and gladness bring.

Held entranced by Wisdom's magic,  
We have trysted at her shrine,  
Caught the glimmer of a beauty  
Springing from her soul divine.

Life in strains of music sounding  
Shared with us her happiest hours,  
Gave us—comrades on the highway,  
Hope to brighten all tomorrows.

Turn them tenderly and gently  
Though you see but printed page;  
They are Footprints left behind us  
With a love that knows not age.

MILDRED M. DUFFY, '21

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S



Right Reverend  
THOMAS EDWARD MOLLOY, D.D.  
Titular Bishop of Lerici

To the  
Class  
of  
1921

With sincere regard  
+ Thomas E. Molloy  
Titular Bishop of Lerici



The Right Reverend Thomas E. Molloy, D. D.

Our Teacher For Three Years

Our Guide and Counselor Always

FOOTPRINTS

The College  
and  
Its Faculty

FOOTPRINTS

S. J. C.







*President of the College*

THE RIGHT REV. CHARLES E. McDONNELL, D. D.  
Bishop of Brooklyn

*President of the Faculty*

THE RIGHT REV. THOMAS E. MOLLOY, D. D.  
Titular Bishop of Loria

*Officers of Administration*

THE SISTERS OF SAINT JOSEPH  
of Brooklyn

MOTHER MARY LOUIS  
*General Superior*

*Dean*

SISTER MARY CELESTINE

*Registrar*

SISTER MARY OF THE SACRED HEART

*Sister Mary Sacred Heart*  
*June 10, 1921.*



FOOTPRINTS



REV. WILLIAM T. DILLON

*Religion*

*Philosophy*

LANGUAGE



FOOTPRINTS

S.J.C.



SISTER MARIE DE LA SALLE, A. M.

*Latin*

*Greek*

SISTER AUGUSTINE MARIA, A. M.

*Composition*

*Essay*

*Survey of English Literature*  
*Methods of Teaching English in Secondary Schools*



A. I. DU PONT COLEMAN. A. M. (OXON.)

*Contemporaneous Literature*

*World's Masterpieces*

*Shakspeare*

**FOOTPRINTS**

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MISS ANGELA M. KEYES, LITT. D.

*American Literature*



DANIEL W. REDMOND, PH. D.

*Oral English*

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MISS EUNICE H. HANHART, A. M.

*French*

*Spanish*

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# H I S T O R Y

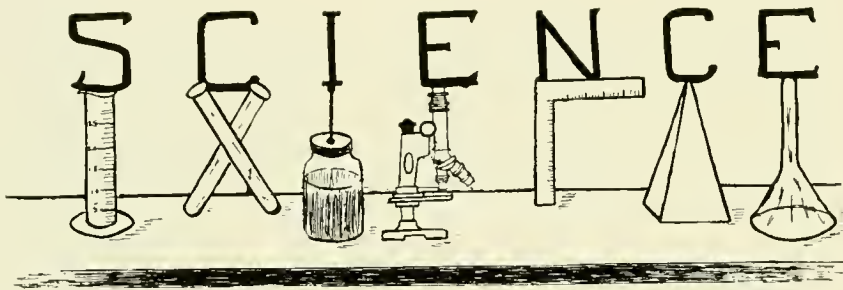


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MISS GEORGIANA P. McENTEE. A. M.

*History*



FOOTPRINTS



SISTER MARY CARMELA, A. M.

*Chemistry*

SISTER MARY ANGELICA, A. M.

*Biology*

*Political Science*

JOHN J. O'CONNOR, A. M.

*Physics*

*Astronomy*

*Mathematics*



REV. EDWARD L. CAREY. C. M.

*Mathematics*

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ABRAHAM LONDON, A. M.

*Elementary Methods*

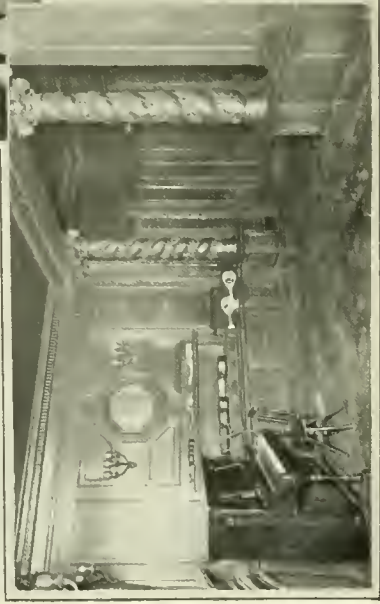
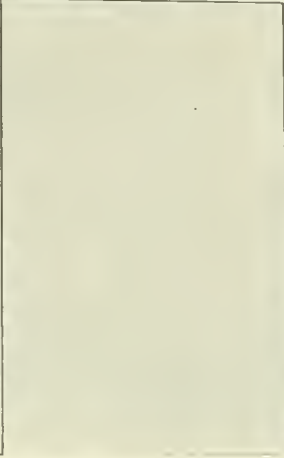
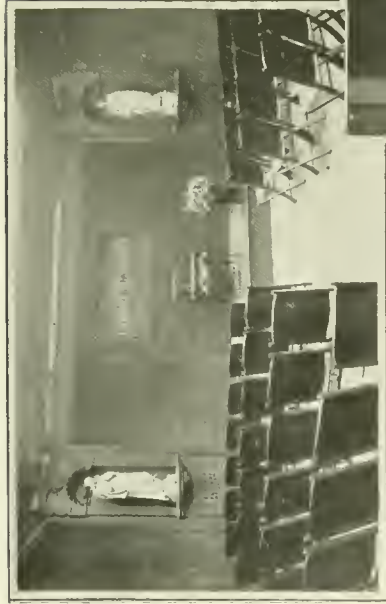
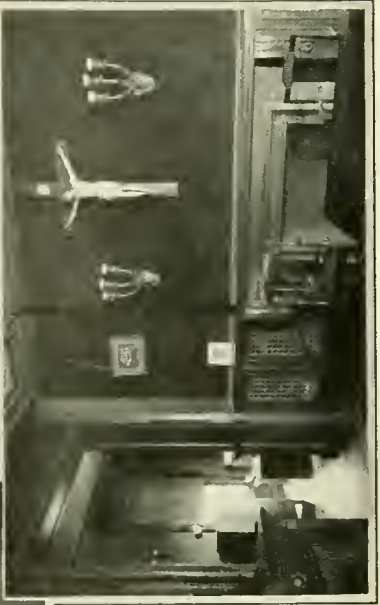
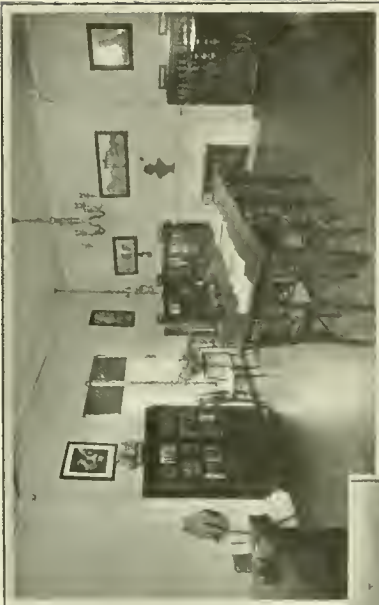
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MISS EDITH MURPHY, A. M.

*Logic*

*Psychology*



RECEPTION ROOMS AND LECTURE HALL







THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Behold her! majestic, formed in marble whiteness  
A thing of chiselled harmony so fair!  
Woman of the Ages! Mirror of all Brightness!  
So still, so radiant,—an embodied prayer.

Seeking we found in the resplendent height  
That out of golden sunset shadow looms  
An all-mothering spirit in the mote-filled glooms,  
Our Lady's heart, —boundless as the deep night.

Great love has carved the image in our thought—  
Imperishable vision—through life to stay  
Unchanging, pristinely pure, with beauty fraught.  
Until star-like she leads us to the Way.

E. B. H.

College



Annals

March 19, 1920—March 19, 1921

During the second week of June, 1920, St. Joseph's held its first commencement. To say that this longed-for event measured up to expectations would be inadequate. Its success was so complete that it set a standard to which future classes will not find it easy to attain. The impressiveness of the baccalaureate services, with Monsignor Coan officiating, in so perfect a setting as the gothic grandeur of Queen of All Saints Church; the effective presentation, on the night following, of *Iphigenia in Tauris*; the dignity of degree-night and the charm of Monsignor Flannery's address,—all these went to make St. Joseph's first commencement the success which all Brooklyn acclaimed it.

The only cloud in the joy and triumph of it all was the enforced absence of our Bishop, detained in Rome by the affairs of this great diocese. For it had been the long-cherished hope of his "twelve apostles" of the pioneer class to receive their degrees from the hands of the founder of the College, who had given St. Joseph's its being and had watched over its infancy with a father's care. In the Bishop's absence, the Right Reverend Vicar General Monsignor Joseph McNamee presided. His inspiring and scholarly address to the candidates for the degree will be memorable in the college annals.

The events of the week that followed,—the senior dance, the junior luncheon, the theater party, class day, the sophomore tea, field day, the freshman reception,—all showed that joyous spirit which comes upon the realization of having achieved something worth while. At the close of Commencement week, the graduates organized the Alumnae, with Marjorie D. Nolan as its first president.

It was during the summer that we received the news that Doctor Molloy had been appointed Bishop of Loria and auxiliary to Bishop McDonnell. Both Faculty and students were privileged to attend the Bishop's consecration on October third. Bishop Molloy's new duties forced him to give up his classes in philosophy, but he still continues to be president of the Faculty. The Right Reverend Bishop McDonnell appointed Father Dillon to supervise the courses in philosophy and apologetics. Other additions to the Faculty with the opening of the new year were Dr. Redmond for oral English, Miss McEntee for history, and Miss Clarke for music.





# FOOTPRINTS



### MAUREEN C. BINGHAM

"But I am constant as the northern star of  
whose true fixed and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament."

—Shakspeare.

Class Secretary	3
Treas. Dramatics	2
Valedictorian	4
Asso. Editor, Loria	4
Bus. Mgr., Footprints	4
Orchestra	2, 3, 1
U. A. Representative	4
Varsity Team	3, 1

Candidate for A. B. June, 1921

We will admit that to write about Maureen is not easy. Cardinal Newman has said that charm is elusive, and we certainly feel justified in taking Maureen as the living illustration of the statement. To know her is to be captivated by her charm. But it is a charm so unique and inexpressible, that words, no matter how well shaped, will still fail to grasp and hold it.

When you meet Maureen for the first time, you realize swiftly but clearly that she is very young, that she is alarmingly original, and that she is most emphatically herself. Knowing her well, you realize that not being given to idle words, she never talks unless she has something worth while to say, and that,—rarest of all rare things!—she never considers "I." For her, that pronoun simply does not exist. She sees everything in the symmetry of a true and just proportion. Indeed, the ruling passion of Maureen's life is derived from her keen sense of values. Her eyes see life steadily and see it whole, and this is one of the bigger things.

Did you ever know Maureen to cause a riot with the powers that be? Or did you ever see her seriously perturbed over a mere exam? Yet she always arrives with the letter of the first magnitude. The ways of the world and of B— are wonderful. But aside from her ability in school life, Maureen is perfectly capable of discussing the relative beauty of Batik blouses or the absolute beauty of the universe. Some day, we know, she will belong to the literati, then as the editor of "The Modern Germ," she will at last have come into her own.

But meanwhile simply be the Maureen we know now,—she who makes us laugh while thinking the large thoughts.





### AGNES E. BYRNE

They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts."

Literary Society	1, 2, 3, 4
President Literary Society	1
Sec. Cercle Molière	3
Glee Club	3, 4
Dramatic Club	1, 2
Sec. B. V. Sodality	3
Athletic Association	3, 4
Class Historian	4
Orchestra	2
Stella Maris Circle	4
U. A. Representative	3

Candidate for A. B. June, 1921

Looking in at a late afternoon class.—Methods, for example.—you will see a broad beam of yellow sunshine, several vacant front row chairs, maybe the professor, but certainly Agnes' dark head and red tie. She may be sympathetically listening to a neighbor's lamentation, or gazing forward intent on learning the ways and means of teaching "hard

words." or—execrable thought!—she may be passing a note. But no matter what she is doing, her vividness is impelling enough to demand special recognition.

Possessing an exquisite poetic and artistic taste joined to an all comprehending love for beauty, Agnes is by far one of the best littérateurs of '21. Who of us has not been strongly impressed by "The Need of the Hour" in the first copy of the now far famed *Loria*? No difficulties discourage her, her poise never deserts her, but she is self possessed and acts with forethought always. Besides this she is an earnest and thorough student.

But do not think that this lady is over serious. Many times, in the heat of basketball practice, a wild shriek has caused the "ref." to call time out. When we rushed to Agnes' assistance, it was to find that she was merely suffering from excitement.

One tribute paid to her is that "sweetness is characteristic of her every look, thought, and act, and so she will live in the hearts of all who love her."







## GRACE M. BYRNE

"For our gayer hours  
 She has a voice of gladness and a smile  
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
 Into our darker musings with a mild  
 And healing sympathy, that steals away their  
 sharpness  
 'Ere we are aware."

-Bryant

Class Vice-President	3
Varsity Basketball	2, 3, 4
Literary Society	1, 2, 3, 4
Cercle Molière	1, 2, 3, 4
Glee Club	3, 4
Dramatics	1, 2
Pres. Athletic Ass'n	4
B. V. Sodality	3
Orchestra	2, 3
Stella Maris Circle	4

Candidate for A. B. June, 1921

If Grace had not cast her lot with '21, it is safe to wager that she would be slowly (?) pacing the corridors in some hospital, ever ready to heed any cry indicative of physical, mental or moral

disability. The possibility of a career on the operatic stage vanished with the unique appearance of the Glee Club Quartet. And yet it is in neither of these roles that Grace would be most attractive.

A nurse, gentle and demure (and Grace certainly can be demure) is *per se* appealing. So also are ambitions along Gardenesque lines, but transcending both is the Grace we know. She is the electric current of '21.

Someone has aptly and truly called her "a joy forever." When you see her tearing into a class calling "O girls!" you know that in a few minutes the whole eighteen will be acting the part of "laughter holding both his sides." From the Sultan of Turkey to Creepy Moses, Grace can impersonate anybody,—and how—!

Although she hides her little secret under a stately build and majestic carriage, Grace is the youngest girl to receive her degree from S. J. C. And beyond her ability as a student we have found that hers is a very strong and tender spirit.

The class of '21 will ever hold her its standard bearer on the athletic field, where it was due in great measure to her efforts that our class was awarded the cup. What more can be said of Grace's pluck and grit than to mention the first Mt. St. Mary's game, where she remained in the game to the finish although she played on in spite of a sprained ankle.





## HELEN D. CAMPBELL

"Languor is not in your heart  
Weakness is not in your word,  
Weariness is not on your brow."  
—Matthew Arnold.

Class Vice-President	1
Class Treasurer	3, 4
Literary Society	1, 2, 3, 4
Glee Club	3, 4
Cercle Molière	1, 2
Class Basketball	3
Chairman Junior Luncheon	3
Dramatics	1, 2
Stella Maris Circle	1, 2

Candidate for A. B. June, 1921

We should have been a pitiable conglomeration, a veritable delicatessen, in fact anything but a class, if Miss Campbell had not graced our midst. For it was Helen who assorted us, our respective talents and personal properties (incidentally our moneys), so that we evolved from a heterogeneous mass to the well ordered, conventional class of 1921.

Helen's impelling motive is a mania for order and efficiency. She can collect anything from class dues to middy blouses. Her ability for getting things done quickly, thoroughly, and quietly is nothing short of marvelous. When "Loria" was to be launched into the stormy sea of literature Helen was given the honor of being its first business manager and to her eternal glory let it be known that the venture has been very successful.

Now we all know that it was Helen who first assumed another responsibility,—that of introducing into our erstwhile unsophisticated members pressed beavers and such veils! But like all the wonders of Nature, Helen's uniqueness evinces itself in many ways. If you happen to be working late, Helen will contrive in a very special way to make you happy. Imagine a very stormy night, life seems black, etc., your Muse has joined the ranks of all the other deserters! Suddenly you hear a clinking of teacups from adown the corridor. Then out of the shadows emerges Helen, carrying the ever refreshing Lipton's.

Somehow there is a certain sense of security which Helen brings with her everywhere. And it is this girl who can shoulder any responsibility,—the Helen who out of the fulness of her heart labored so tirelessly for St. Joseph's,—that '21 will never forget.





## HELEN C. CAULFIELD

"Loving and serving much  
 Moved to merriment at a passing jest."  
 —Kipling.

Class Secretary	4
Cercle Molière	1, 2, 3, 4
Literary Society	1, 2, 3, 4
B. V. Sodality	3
Stella Maris Circle	4
Athletic Association	2, 3, 4
Dramatics	1, 2

Candidate for A. B. June, 1921

"What is the most educated instrument?" Helen, we always meant to ask you if you culled that rare flower from,—"five a copy?" We shouldn't be surprised if it were original, because Helen has a kind of inventive genius that scorns imitation. Her incomparable ability to make jokes is something to be wondered at as much as is her ability to appreciate them. How often have we waited five, nay even ten, minutes, for Helen to recover from some subtle "prof. witticism!"

But if genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains, who shall say that Helen has not genius? Any work undertaken by her is bound to be done with unequalled thoroughness,—whether it be the printing, which she does so exquisitely, or any of the duties belonging to the position of class secretary.

Beyond her official capacity, Helen has often acted the part of good Samaritan to her hungry colleagues. Without her our numbers would have been considerably lessened because of the evil known as "between-class-malnutrition." Remember those olives!

Some people are always doing the little things that count so much. Helen does these little things but in a big, transforming way. Everybody felt the value of the thoughtfulness which prompted her to take notes for an absent classmate, just as everybody appreciated her almost superhuman endeavor to be present on Class Day.

It is this extraordinary ability to achieve where others would fail that is most characteristic of Helen. One of our professors did not hesitate to say that she would make one of the finest women in our class. Helen, knowing you as we do, we feel certain that your future will be as beautiful to know as these past four years have been.



# FOOTPRINTS



## HELEN A. D'ALBORA

"When she has passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

—Longfellow.

Class Treasurer	1
Literary Society	1, 2, 3, 4
Cercle Molière	1, 2, 3
B. V. Sodality	3
Stella Maris Circle	4
Advertising Manager Journal	4

Candidate for A. B. June, 1921

During the slow and difficult filtering, evaporating, and generating processes of a course in qualitative analysis, Helen's inmost secrets were revealed to us. Here we learned of her hitherto unexpressed desire for the object which to her is the most fascinating on earth—a red hat! Then here, too, her practical philosophy,—to meet the difficulties of each day calmly and deliberately,—was brought into play. A threatened explosion menaced our lives, experiments, and notes.

Immediately the rest of us vanished, but Helen, calm as ever, continued the gentle heating of her tube, humming meanwhile in tones sweet and low, that most appropriate lyric, "Till We Meet Again."

Helen's manner, . . . . ! If we were French, we should shrug our shoulders, look very enigmatic and breathe "Ah!" It isn't her fault that her eyes are wonderfully expressive. She simply cannot help it! And that halo of serenity surrounding her! Stately and quiet, Helen moves in the class with a unique and very modern kind of queenliness. Only twice in her whole career have we seen her ruffled. But there were extenuating circumstances!

Now you are going to be startled! Helen, the composite of various abilities comprehending everything from the making of filet lace to the dissection of a frog, has chosen her life work. Her ambition is the achievement of an M. D. Since Freshman, Helen's heart and soul have longed for the day when she should experience the supreme joy of saving life. It is one of the noblest of all missions. In it, Helen, you will strike all the high lights of the deeper greatness. Twenty-one is unutterably glad that you are of us.





### AGNITA V. DUFFY

"To see the world in a grain of sand,  
And a heaven in a wild flower."

—Wm. Blake.

President Orchestra	3, 4
Treasurer B. V. Sodality	3
Literary Society	3, 4
Glee Club	3, 4
Cercle Molière	3, 4
Athletic Association	3, 4
Mgr. Varsity Team	4
Chairman Senior Prom	4
Candidate for A. B. June, 1921	

In the beginning of Junior year, we heard that a new crusader had come to swell our ranks, and, of course, we began to speculate. But Mildred reassured us and said that the new girl could not be otherwise than likeable. Her name was Duffy! Indeed, before the end of the first semester, we found that in Agnita, '21 had a valuable asset.

You have often heard of those people who can do everything. You never believed one existed? Well, they do. Here she is! Agnita can sing, play the violin remarkably well, and she is incidentally also a pianist. At any tea, recital or reception, Agnita's services were so willingly given that it was a joy to ask her to play.

But we fear for Agnita. She will get into serious difficulty yet. Look out for the vegetable man,—he may be on your trail,—and the Telephone Company—even Aunt Jane herself! But you got the bad nickle from the lunchroom, didn't you, Agnita?

Agnita has a wonderful ability to manage and carry out anything. What could be more successful than the Senior Prom? As chairman of its committee, she proved most capable. The supper, dance orders, music, in fact everything, bore evidence of her care, interest and efforts.

Still, every one has her faults, and Agnita committed the unforgivable crime when she chose another college in which to begin the pursuit of the elusive A. B.





### MILDRED M. DUFFY

"Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,  
 Confirming, cleansing, making free,  
 Strong to consume small troubles, to com-  
 mend  
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts  
 leading to the end."

—Aubrey de Vere.

Class Vice-President	2
President Stella Maris Circle	4
Literary Society	1, 2, 3, 4
Glee Club	3, 4
Athletic Association	3, 4
Orchestra	4
Cercle Molière	1, 2
Associate Editor Footprints	3, 4
Candidate for A. B. June, 1921	

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

Miss Mildred Marie Rose O'Reilly  
 Duffy, '21's shining optimist!

To be an optimist is something, but to  
 be the optimist that Mildred is can only  
 be compared to the pearl of greatest  
 price. Never discouraged herself (imag-  
 ine Mildred dejected.) she can always

make the bright side most evident for us; and through these best of four  
 years she has taught '21 individually and collectively "to look for the silver lin-  
 ing." On the dreariest, grayest day of the year, Mildred will find a gleam of  
 sunshine. Her ideas on the sacredness of private property, promulgated with  
 much banshee wailing and many tears (Mildred, they once convinced an august  
 member of the faculty!) have certainly brightened our lives.

Never have we known of anything overwhelming enough to daunt Mildred.  
 If she should suddenly write, publish, and produce an original drama in blank  
 verse and even manage its publicity and act as usher on the night of its première,  
 we should register no surprise. Did she not  
 win the college song contest and carry away  
 the essay prize last spring?

Mildred playing basketball is remarkable,  
 but have you ever seen the same young lady  
 on a rainy day? She is combination of  
 Maureen, Grace, and half a dozen others. As  
 varied as her rainy day apparel are her  
 thoughts. She can convince you of anything  
 from the fact that the soul is a spiritual sub-  
 stance to the necessity of saving postage  
 stamps to buy Chinese babies.

In all '21 there is no such delightful mix-  
 ture of general obstreperousness and  
 "thoughts born of dreams divine." "No, Mil-  
 dred, there are none like you—none."





## EVA M. FLINN

"Far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her."

—Proverbs.

Literary Society	1, 2, 3, 4
Glee Club	3
Cercle Molière	1, 2
Athletic Association	3, 4
Dramatics	1, 2
B. V. Sodality	3
Stella Maris Circle	4

Candidate for A. B. June, 1921

Without Eva our class would be,—No! our imaginations are not infinite. What would happen to our high (?) and beautiful (!) arguments? Who would take "the other side" in debates ranging from the feasibility of having an evening dress made over, to the pros and cons of Occult Compensation,—of course not omitting vers libre? From the beginning her whole thought has been for the advancement of the College through the class.

For it she has sacrificed herself as nobly as often. And Eva has acted in various capacities,—from the position of a Petrarch in the Renaissance of Cupid to the position of editor-in-chief of *Loria* and FOOTPRINTS. She who assured *Loria's* existence will be an immortal in S. J. C.

After the millennium has come, who can tell but that future generations will be learning that Sonnet to Padraic Pearse? Oh, yes, Eva writes, and if there is anything that typifies her writing, it is a certain vivid streak born of her personality,—now jagged with impatience, now full and crowded with her thoughts. These thoughts are things born of high winds and calms, and she upholds them confident of their worth. To her the cause of Ireland is as luminous as it was to Lionel Johnson, and through her it has become as great a splendor to the rest of us. In many ways she is the Prometheus who snatched the living fire from Heaven which warmed our hearts and made us greater,—the essence of Eva's life seems to be to give to others. No matter what "the shadowy tomorrow" (remember "youth in Asia") may bring, we need fear but little if Eva is with us.





## ELEANOR B. HOWARD

"Laughing, and full of faith and free  
With youth resplendent."

—Belloc.

President Cercle Molière	3, 4
Literary Society	1, 2, 3, 4
Glee Club	3, 4
Dramatics	1, 2
B. V. Sodality	3
Sec'y Orchestra	3
Stella Maris Circle	4

Candidate for A. B. June, 1921

When you first meet Eleanor, her mere existence awakens an unselfish delight. Her naïveté captivates you, and as you see more of her, yes, even as you know her in all the intimacies of college life, the charm of this first acquaintance still remains.

When you have paced a lobby an hour at a temperature of 1000 degrees Cent. awaiting Eleanor to accompany you to the much anticipated Tagore-in-person

lecture, you simply cannot deliver your heated oration when she arrives. Really she is awfully sorry—lost in a book, she looked out of the train window to find she was in Canarsie instead of at the Academy of Music.

And Eleanor has courage. She does not hesitate to ask for a pink teacup just because it happens to appeal to her. She has also been known to make the request, "Please Mister, will you call your cat?"

But why dwell on little things when her character is so rich? Perhaps it is her own sensitiveness which causes Eleanor to shrink from the mere thought of causing unhappiness to others. She has a kindly feeling towards everybody, and in consequence has inspired many strong affections of which she is unconscious.

Eleanor has a decided genius—a genius for poetry. Her lines have not the completeness of a mediocre verse at its zenith. They seem rather the embryo of a great work, which will some day make St. Joseph's a literary shrine.

Her personality is intensely vivid, her—but we cannot attempt to describe her here,—we can merely agree with Tennyson when he says, "Who may express thee, Eleanor?"







### HELEN A. LIVELLARA

"Infinite riches in a little room."

Literary Society	1, 2, 3, 4
Glee Club	3, 4
Stella Maris Circle	4
Athletic Association	3, 4
Dramatics	1, 2
B. V. Sodality	3

Candidate for A. B. June, 1921

Can you imagine a name more suitable for Helen than Livy? She is petite, a lover of the old Romans, sometimes a little bellicose, but almost always just herself.

The facility with which Helen can learn classical languages is positively marvelous. Throughout the course she has been our leader in Latin and Greek. She simply delights in opposing obstacles: and in passing, we might say, that she often crowds two days' work into one. Despite the fact that Livy lost almost a year through illness, her scholastic work has

been truly remarkable.

Please don't think that all of her much crowded day's work is spent in unraveling abstruse questions. She is ever ready to help in any cause. Witness the demure Helen serving at teas—also the businesslike young woman supervising the difficult photographic work of FOOTPRINTS. Helen certainly is capable. To us she is synonymous with warm heartedness and sympathy. She fairly bubbles over with unique remarks, and not infrequently has sent the class into peals of laughter. Shall we ever forget "The stairs are not in use?" At that time, she really decided to "evaporate." But she is with us still, and we'll say that '21 is glad she didn't carry out that threat.





## RUTH E. McCORMACK

"Only that which is intrinsically rich enough  
Can afford to be unpretentious."

—de Tirefoot.

Class Secretary	2
Literary Society	1, 2, 3, 4
Glee Club	3, 4
Class Athletics	1
Dramatics	1, 2
Athletic Association	3, 4
B. V. Sodality	3
Cheer Leader	3
Stella Maris Circle	4

Candidate for A. B. June, 1921

Perhaps when one of us writes the Novel of the Century, Ruth will be immortalized in American fiction. Until then we will have to be satisfied with the ephemeral high lights of her personality, that are as bright as the sunshine glints on her hair.

She is quiet and gentle, but hers is a gentleness coupled with the strength of her convictions. With courage enough to

supply a person twice her height, Ruth cannot fear anything, but will hold her thoughts against the world when she thinks herself in the right. Before attaining the use of reason, Ruth, at one time or another, must have swallowed the rhyming dictionary. There is no other theory that will account for her ability to turn out humorous verses at the shortest possible notice. Another baffling trick! Ruth, will you ever teach us that becoming way of looking frightened? You know it has softened the adamant hearts of so many profs.

Speaking of art, Ruth has enjoyed the distinction of having poetry published in the first number of *Loria*. Besides the intrinsic worth of the poem, Ruth's effort was really invaluable, for if it had not come into being, it may safely be said that two of '21's members would have doubted the meaning of "toupee."

The future is to you, as to all of us, the white shining road that is insistently calling, Ruth, '21 knows that your "big adventure" will be a glorious one, for "we hold," too, "that character is destiny."





### MARIAN C. McKENNA

"As artless as the air, as candid as the skies."  
—Francis Thompson.

Class Secretary	1
President Athletic Ass'n	3
Literary Society	1, 2, 3, 4
Glee Club	3, 4
Cercle Molière	1, 2, 3
B. V. Sodality	3
Dramatics	1, 2
U. A. Representative	4
Varsity Team	3
Chrmn. Commencement Dance	1
Candidate for A. B. June, 1921	

We don't exactly indulge in psycho-analytical research, but still we feel that the Bard of Avon drew his inspiration for Puck from the Marian of Freshman days. Irrepressible and joyous as her own laughter, someone has called her the rarest combination of gentleness, thoughtfulness and mischief. Her joke was a life-saver (yes, she even made her own), her smile an antidote for any trouble.

Perched on a chair, in the act of "orating," Marian's ability to rave on about an infinity of nothings would do credit to any oral English teacher. The overwhelming mystery of our Freshman year was how Marian managed to pass her exams in spite of the fact that she had been chief instigator in almost every Freshman prank.

In Sophomore and Junior, she developed by a series of checks and balances to the Marian we know now. Sometimes, it seems that Marian is April incarnate,—that she, too, is "woven of tears and laughter." Lovely fairies must have fluttered about her in infancy, fairies who once inspired her to whisper, "If only I could live in a world of music!"

Most of us have known the Marian of endless generosity—she who forgets the smaller things and remembers only the big worthy thoughts; and probably none of us will ever forget the grand finale to the Mt. St. Mary's game. How, tired and hungry, some seventy-odd basketball enthusiasts returned to College to find ready one of the most appreciated treats in our remembrance. Of course, Marian was chairman of the committee.

In time, the Sanctum will be but a memory, but we know that we simply shall not be able to live again the "golden hours" without thinking of that bobbed head and those eleven year-old eyes.



# FOOTPRINTS



## LUCY V. MAGUIRE

"Who loves her best, they only knew  
The deeps they might not view."

—Lionel Johnson.

Literary Society	3, 4
Glee Club	3, 4
B. V. Sodality	3
Athletic Association	3, 4
Stella Maris Circle	4

Candidate for A. B. June, 1921

Did Wordsworth have a prototype of Lucy in mind when he wrote his lovely poems to the other Lucy? Surely the wistful sweetness of '21's Lucy is but the living, pulsing expression of the poetic conception of the author of *Intimations*. At any rate, we feel certain that had these two known each other, they would have been kindred spirits.

During the two years she has been with us, we have grown accustomed to the peacefully radiant smile of Lucy. Her presence is never obtrusive, her voice is

never heard in the din of classroom discussion, and yet we can always feel when Lucy is not around.

Did you ever stand next to Lucy at Glee Club? Do so, at the first opportunity. The sweet music of her voice will live long in your memories. We do not advise everyone to try standing next to this songbird at once. Our musical director does not approve of crowding. But once you have been initiated into the charms of this voice, you will reserve your place there every week. And we are sorry to say that this is perhaps the only way you may get acquainted with it, for Lucy is a very shy and modest candidate for operatic honors.

Through the coming years, we know Lucy, that you will not change but will always be '21's ideal of womanly sweetness, for

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness  
And all her paths are peace."





### FLORENCE C. NEWMAN

"To be a sweetness more desired than  
spring—  
To be an essence more enviring  
Than wine's drained cup.  
—That is the flower of womanhood."  
—Rossetti.

Class President	2
President Glee Club	4
Literary Society	1, 2, 3, 4
Dramatics	1, 2
U. A. Representative	3
Capt. Varsity Team	3, 4
Chairman Junior Prom	
Chairman Faculty Banquet	
Stella Maris Circle	4
Candidate for A B, June, 1921	

"Oh Miss Newman! don't make those eyes at me!" entreated —, but, on second thought, maybe we had better not say *who* entreated, but you will admit that a condition which would evoke such a comment from a member of the staid professorial staff, must be serious. Florence has a way of using the aforementioned

eyes, that is fatal to the discipline of any class. And when they are surmounted by a headdress à la Cleopatra, the hour is over,—that is, all excepting the bell.

Flo is versatility itself. Besides her optic ability, she owns a veritable storehouse of novel ideas. Many, many times the supply has been called upon to bring forth all those ingenious little things that add so much to the charm of our very unique parties and dances.

Now, someone has said that to a few mortals it is given to hold the golden mean in all things. No matter what the confusion, these favored few guard their sweetness and serenity always, and our Flo belongs to this little number. Flo, the ever cool and reserved, the master of any situation. Watch her on the basketball field! Did you ever see anyone drop the ball into the basket with her cool, almost impertinent nonchalance?

As for Florence's scholastic ability, Livy, Plautus, Terence, and our mutual friend Horace,—she has conquered them all. Need we say more? You will agree with us, that Flo is that splendid person,—an all round girl! '21 will never think of S. J. C. without thinking of Flo, and surely there is no finer tribute to greatness than remembrance.





### CATHERINE P. O'HALE

"It is faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at."

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Class Vice-President	4
Literary Society	1, 2, 3, 4
Glee Club	3, 4
Cercle Molière	1, 2, 3
Dramatics	1, 2
Stella Maris Circle	4
Athletic Association	3
B. V. Sodality	3

Candidate for A. B. June, 1921

Do not be surprised if in the fall, the world's latest historian brings out a book entitled "Miss O'Hale Sees It Through." Catherine would see anything through. It matters very little whether it be cards or law, for she possesses that rare quality of perseverance and stick-to-itiveness that makes all her undertakings splendidly successful. In class we often sit, in voiceless admiration at her ability to question

the professor and to argue her point to the bitter (?) end. Many are the times that Catherine has saved the less brilliant members of '21 from receiving a zero as the penalty for non-recitation. She herself very seldom needs any such accidental (of course) interposition to avert the aforementioned zero, for last year she carried off class honors for scholarship. But where does she find time to do her work so well, to serve in the varying capacities of teacher, librarian and secretary, to act as our local Galli-Curci to say nothing of her famous law course at Fordham? Very many results are expected from that law course—a successful jurist, a woman of great political influence, and,—well, perhaps we had better not say what else, but we might just mention in passing that Catherine has often appreciated the view afforded by the bridge, of twinkling fairyland, New York City at night.

Catherine, yours isn't a dual personality, it is one of numberless multiplicities. We know all the "O'Halleyes" comprised between the Catherine sweet and smiling of our dances and the Catherine who is perfectly at home in juvenile encyclopedic law books. She goes into everything with her whole might. Her energy, "rising from some hidden source," is without limits as is her entire loveliness.





### GRACE A. REYNOLDS

"Earth bears none that beholds the sun, so pure of record, so clothed in grace."

—Swinburne.

Class President	3, 4
Class Treasurer	2
Sec. Literary Society	3
Sec. U. A.	3
Pres. U. A.	4
Cercle Molière	1, 2
Athletic Association	3, 4
B. V. Sodality	3
Stella Maris Circle	4

Candidate for A. B. June, 1921

Noah Webster's only rival! Since Freshman, and we know not how long before, Grace has held adverse opinions on orthography with said lexicographer and has agreed to disagree with him.

As for the regular college curriculum, Grace never fails, and usually gets marks very near the rare A. But too sensible to be a grind and too level headed to be a genius, she does not often disturb the

class slumber with brilliant speeches. She does her studying more for the pleasure of it than for any commendation, seeming "to love the game beyond the prize." Perhaps this is why she is ever willing to sacrifice the frivolities of youth to the bliss of Institute Lectures. But Grace has her nonsensical moments. Indeed, as a connoisseur on giggling,—said position acquired through personal experience,—she yields place only to Mildred (etc.) Duffy. And whoever heard of a girl singing a song to herself? However, you all know that "the captain" was quite unconscious as she sat on the bannister piping away in "her childish treble."

Grace hates the limelight. In spite of this she has always been the center of politics in S. J. C. It began in Sophomore when she was elected guardian of the class coffers, and she was allowed to yield this only for the Junior and later the Senior class presidency. For her labors in these capacities, '21 owes a debt of gratitude, for it is to her keen vision and careful guidance that it owes much of its success.

We shall not prophesy for her future—her powers of organization may assert themselves in public life or her natural retirement may have its way. But, for the past, we may truly say that St. Joseph's has known no character more noble than Twenty-One's class president.



FOOTPRINTS



### CATHERINE A. SHANNON

"There is nothing like a sunny disposition on a cloudy day."

-- Bishop Molloy.

Treasurer Literary Society	2
Dramatics	1, 2
Glee Club	3, 4
Cercle Molière	1, 2, 3
B. V. Sodality	3
Varsity Team	3, 4
Director of Orchestra	4
Athletic Association	3, 4
Stella Maris Circle	4

What could be more conducive to the enjoyment of life than the possession of many interests? Catherine's interests are wide and varied as Fifth Avenue from Washington Square to Sixty-seventh Street.

Did you ever see Catherine perturbed? Nothing could ruffle her,—not even the forgetting of the date of our regularly recurring mid-year formalities. When a "prof" asks a cruel question and terrifies

us all by, "You ought to know that from your general information," '21 can always depend on Catherine to uphold the reputation of the class.

Now shift the scene to the athletic field. On the basketball team, Catherine's wonderful ability makes her one of S. J. C.'s most effective cup winners. Nothing short of remarkable is the ease and form with which she breaks the high jump record.

Catherine is one of those people to whom and about whom one could talk indefinitely. She can make the most difficult stranger feel perfectly at home, for hers is a charm that is universal. Those who know her best, know that she is as willing to help you with your tasks as to go bus-riding (as to while away your idle hours). She is filled with a love of life and with a generosity that ignores the pettiness of lesser minds. Does part of the secret of her happiness lie in the discovery that

"There's nothing worth the wear of winning  
But laughter and the love of friends"?







**FOOTPRINTS STAFF**

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*Literary Editor*—Eleanor B. Howard, '21; *Society Editor*—Mildred Duffy, '21; *Business Manager*—Maureen Bingham, '21;  
*Art Editor*—Rosamond Thompson, '23; *Athletics Editor*—Catherine Shannon, '21; *Asst. Business Manager*—Helen D. Alborn, '21; *Photographs*—Helen Livellara, '21  
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*Assistant Editor*—Grace R. Town, '22

**FOOTPRINTS**



# FOOTPRINTS

S.J.C.



# JUNIORS

"The time has come," the Juniors said,

"To think of many things,

Of teas, and hops, and basket ball,

And promenades, and rings."



# FOOTPRINTS

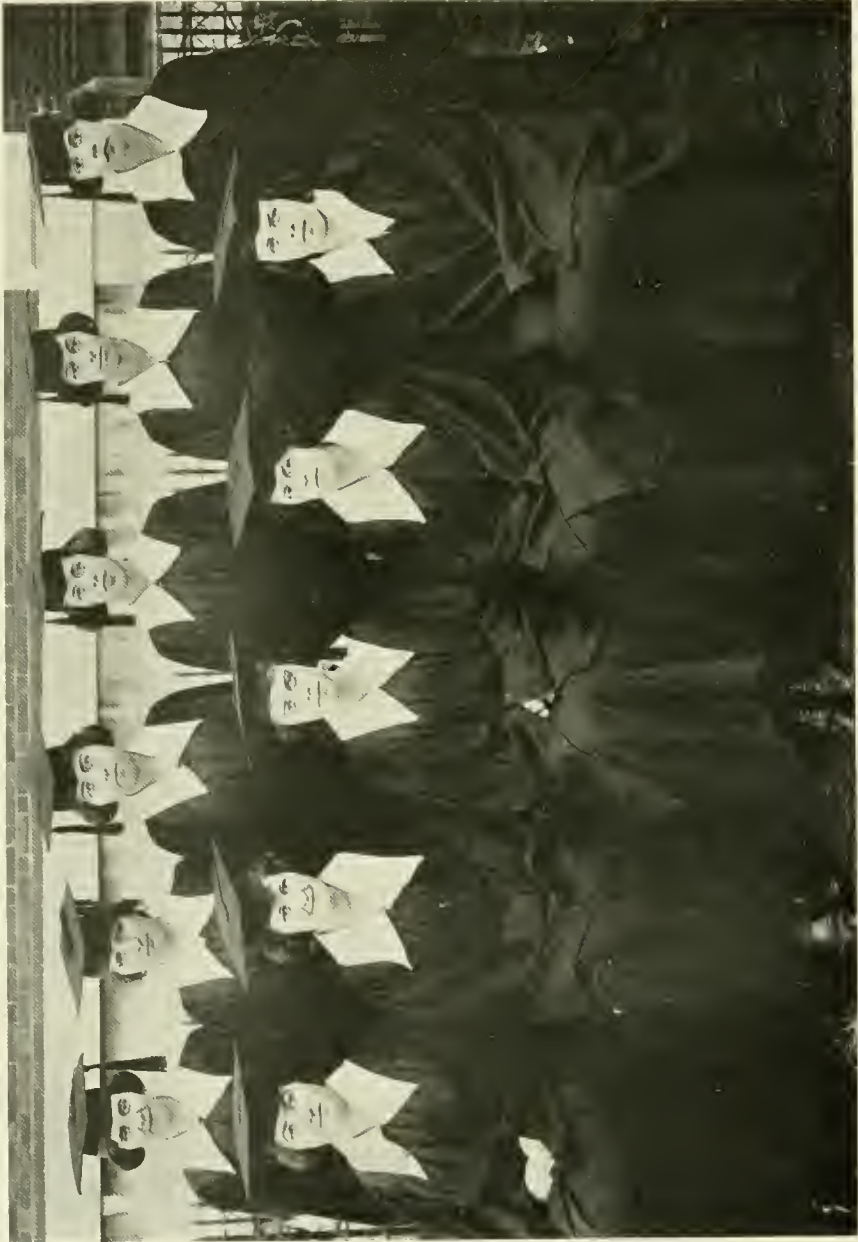




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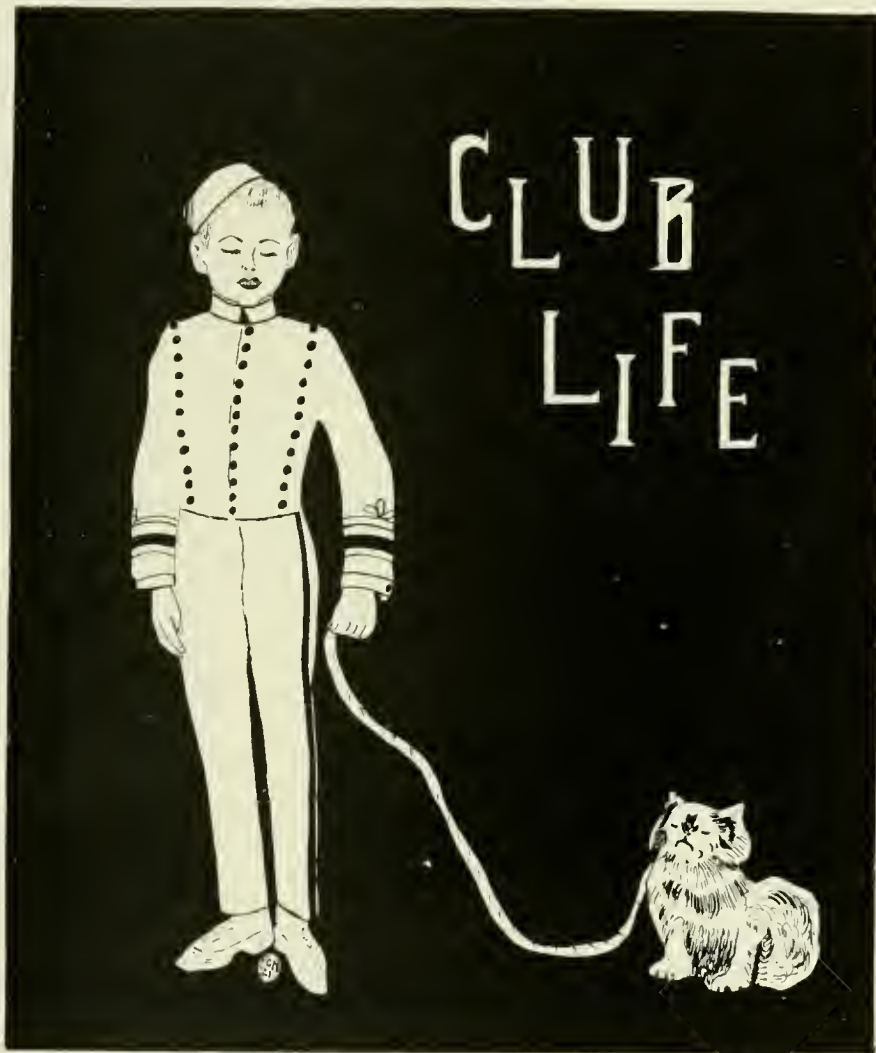
FOOTPRINTS





STUDENT COUNCIL—UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION





CLUB  
LIFE

## Stella Maris Circle



*President*—MILDRED M. DUFFY, '21

*Secretary*—DOROTHY J. WILLMAN, '23

*Treasurer*—GRACE R. TOBIN, '22

It was early last fall that we first became aware of a movement known as the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. The appeal to take an active part in the furthering of missionary endeavor aroused our interest and we decided to investigate. It took a couple of months to gather together information as to purposes, ways, means, etc., but on March seventeenth the new society was launched with almost every student enrolled. The members decided to place it under the patronage of our Blessed Mother, and in her honor named it the Stella Maris Circle. Our efforts are to be directed to foreign mission activities, not forgetting, however, the new mission sprung into being at our very doors,—the mission to colored Catholics in Brooklyn.

What may be accomplished in the future we cannot tell. Arrangements are under way to introduce the movement in all the high schools of the city.

## Guard of Honor of the Sacred Heart



The Guard of Honor organized last year meets in the lecture hall every first Friday. Rev. W. T. Dillon, of the Department of Religion and Philosophy, addresses the members with short practical talks on vital topics.

## Retreat



In the lull after examinations, we held our annual Retreat. Father Bonaventure C. P. conducted it, and there was much serious thinking done as a result of his helpful talks.

FOOTPRINTS



# A N T I G O N E

To present a Greek Tragedy effectively is a triumph which is not easily attained. And when the tragedy is Antigone, the finest of Sophocles' great dramas, the difficulty is increased proportionately.

However, with the dramatic talent so recently discovered in '21, the coach is confident that when the Opera House of the Academy of Music is opened to the friends of the college on the evening of June 13th, their interest will be more than rewarded. Miss Jane L. Stoll, the coach, has selected Grace Byrne, '21, to play the title role. She is supported by

ISMENE .....	AGNITA DUFFY, '21
CREON.....	HELEN CAMPBELL, '21
A SENTINEL.....	RUTH McCORMACK, '21
HAEMON.....	FLORENCE NEWMAN, '21
TEIRESIAS.....	CATHERINE O'HALE, '21
FIRST MESSENGER.....	ELEANOR HOWARD, '21
EURYDICE.....	MILDRED DUFFY, '21
SECOND MESSENGER.....	MARIAN McKENNA, '21
CHORUS OF THEBAN ELDERS	
MARIAN McKENNA, '21.	



LORIA STAFF—*Editor-in-Chief*: EVA M. FLINN, '21

*Associate Editors*: GRACE R. TOBIN, '22, MARGARET I. LENNON, '23, *Business Manager*: HELEN D. CAMPBELL, '21



## The Literary Society, 1920-1921

When a girl reaches young womanhood she regretfully lays aside many childhood's delights in order to embrace the very different ones of her new dignity. But often she relapses for an hour or so into earlier pleasures. So it was that in September the Literary Society planned to bring the story hour from among a pile of hidden treasures and fit it to the capability of a literary student. Since that time we have spent our meetings in the realms of the current short story. The purpose of the work is threefold. It aims to acquaint us with the best magazines, to show us the trend of the modern short story, and to make our literary meetings pleasant as well as instructive.

And while we have been reading of modern ladies and knights some of our members have breathed life into a fond hope. Nineteen hundred twenty-one was made an immortal year in the history of the college by the Literary Society through the first edition of *Loria*, our college magazine. The Literary Society is proud of its achievement in this regard, and deeply grateful to those who have edited the paper, contributed to its pages, and assisted its publication substantially or by loyal encouragement and faith in the work.

Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., who has been a steadfast friend to the society since its inception, opened our series of lectures this year by a talk on "History in Literature." February twenty-third was another day of special meaning to the Society. Miss Angela Keyes, Litt. D., of the English Department, entertained us by a talk on Keats the centenary of whose birth occurred that week. The Literary Society has not limited its field to English literature and, therefore, cannot overlook Dante in this the year of his six hundredth anniversary. Assisted by the Glee Club we have planned a festival which will take place on April fourteenth. The speaker of the afternoon will be Mr. Arthur Bennington. On the twelfth of May, Theodore Mavnard will talk to us at the last of our literary teas for this year. His subject will be the New Poetic Renaissance in England.

AGNES E. BYRNE, '21.



## Cercle Moliere



The "Cercle Molière" during the past year has successfully continued the efforts of the preceding three. True to the purposes for which it was established, it has endeavored to foster an interest in France, her literature and her ideals. The interest in the society has greatly increased so that it was necessary to extend the membership and the scope of its activities. The Cercle has also become affiliated with the National Federation of French clubs, in the Alliance Française.

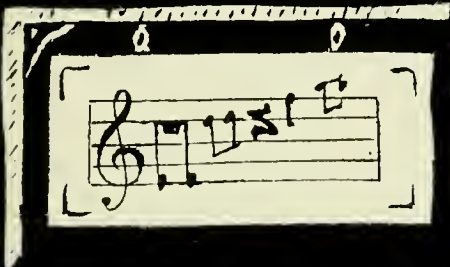
On February fourth the Cercle presented its most ambitious dramatic offering thus far. This was the famous "Esther" of Racine, which we staged before an encouragingly large and appreciative audience. The cast had spent long days in patient rehearsing, but their success was sufficient to compensate them fully for their time, while the chorus also distinguished itself by cleverly interpreting the exceedingly difficult music.

On March eleventh the first social meeting of the year was held. The members of the various classes provided entertainment in the form of charades and pantomimes, that were greatly enjoyed by the other students. Tea was then served, followed by the singing of French songs and games, and concluding with an informal dance. It is the earnest wish of the Cercle to have more of these informal meetings, which have always proved so pleasing to all.

The members have not forgotten the French war-orphans they adopted two years ago. Many letters expressing their gratitude have been received from them, acknowledging the assistance that they have received from St. Joseph's.

It is to be hoped that in the future the Cercle Molière may continue as it has in the past, so that it may help us to obtain the enjoyment and broadening influence that come from an intimate knowledge of another language and another people.

CHARLOTTE D. NOLAN, '23.





# FOOTPRINTS



## Glee Club and Orchestra



"Where music dwells  
Lingering, and wandering on as loath to die  
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
That they were born for immortality."

### GLEE CLUB

*President.* FLORENCE C. NEWMAN  
*Vice-President.* CATHERINE MCKENNA  
*Secretary.* CHARLOTTE NOLAN

### ORCHESTRA

*President.* AGNITA V. DUFFY  
*Vice-President.* MARION O'REILLY  
*Secretary.* GRACE TOBIN

Have you ever heard our Glee Club? No! That is a shame, for really, you know, it's a decided success. "Don't forget Glee this afternoon," heard every Tuesday, is never met as a threat or warning, but only as a friendly reminder of an hour's meeting of pleasureable moments.

The ideal work is that which is combined with pleasure, and surely under the leadership of Florence Newman, the Glee Club has established a fine spirit of *camaraderie* that will always be remembered.

The activities of the Glee Club have been so fruitful that it has now a very promising protégé in the College Orchestra. Once a week the lunch hour is charmed away by the soothing strains of maybe Berceuse from Jocelyn. Everyone admires Catherine Shannon's conducting, as she gallantly waves the baton to the time of Mildred's accompaniment.

The Glee club is in its infancy, but indeed it is a promising youngster, and judging by its lusty efforts during the past two years we may feel confident that its life will be long and vigorous.

AGNITA V. DUFFY, '21.

# Athletic Association



## OFFICERS

*President*  
*Secretary*

GRACE BYRNE, '21 *Coach*  
MARY SHERIDAN, '23 *Physical Training*  
*Cheer Leader* DOROTHY WILLMAN, '23

MISS TUNNY  
MISS JANTZER



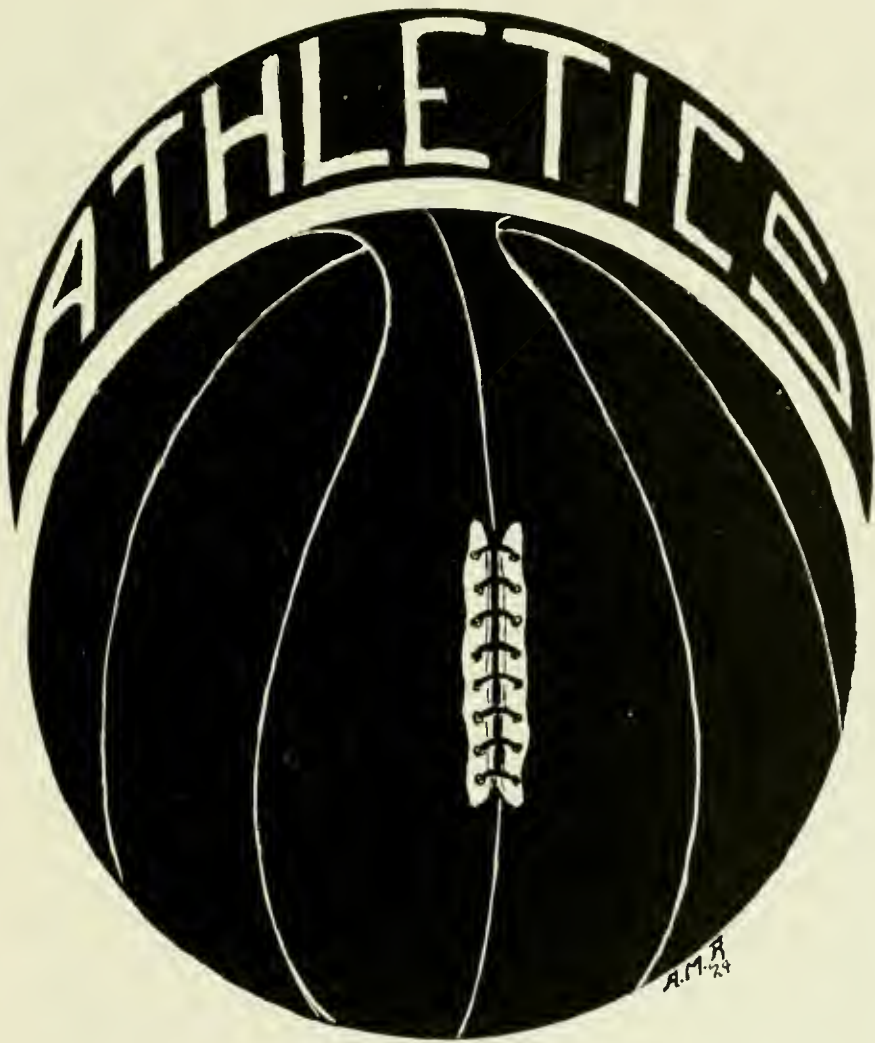
MISS EVELYN JANTZER  
PHYSICAL DIRECTOR



MISS MARY TUNNY  
ATHLETIC COACH

In fostering college spirit the Athletic Association has done a great deal. Games with outside colleges, inter-class struggles and the annual recurrence of Field Day have all helped materially in welding together the feeling of the various classes. Just at present action is being taken to hold the yearly athletic meet in April. Needless to say that it is of as absorbing interest to every class as are the basketball games in which we have all been greatly encouraged by the success of our teams. To Miss Tunny, our coach, is due a great deal of credit, for she has worked hard and faithfully to make our team what it is. Miss Jantzer, as physical training instructor, has assured St. Joseph's College a high standard of athletic form.

As this book goes to press only one interclass game has been played, Freshman vs. Senior, 12-14.





# FOOTPRINTS



### S. J. C. 'VARSITY TEAM

*Captain*.....FLORENCE NEWMAN, '21  
*Manager*.....AGNITA DUFFY, '21

*Right Forward* MARGARET LENNON, '23    *Side Center* CATHERINE SHANNON, '21  
*Left Forward* FLORENCE NEWMAN, '21    *Right Guard* MARGUERITE CONWAY, '24  
*Center* GRACE BYRNE, '21    *Left Guard* ALICE McGRANE  
*Substitutes*—MAUREEN BINGHAM, '21  
 ALICE RALEIGH, '24  
 ROSAMOND THOMPSON, '23

### 1921 INTERCOLLEGIATE GAMES

This year the Mt. St. Mary team has been our only opponent. Our first game on January 29, proved an easy victory for us. However, on journeying to Plainfield for the return game, we found them in better trim and after a keenly contested game we came home conquered. The decisive game will be played in the near future. We are looking forward to it with a great deal of interest.

Many teams which we had expected to meet either do not play intercollegiate games or already had their schedules filled. However, there is still a possibility of our playing Savage School of Physical Education

We cannot pass without mentioning the splendid spirit and untiring efforts of our manager, as well as the loyalty and unwavering sportsmanship of the members of the team.

### RESULTS OF GAMES

	Score
Jan. 22—S. J. C. vs. Mt. St. Mary's, at home.....	22-4
Mar. 10—S. J. C. vs. Mt. St. Mary's, Plainfield.....	20-22



# FOOTPRINTS

# MEET



## ATHLETIC MEET

St. John's College Oval, June, 1920

*Judge*

MR. PICCIANO

*Scorer*

MISS H. PLEMMONS

*Clerk of Course*

MISS M. PENTY

*Athletic Coach*

MISS MAY TUNNY

### *Order of Events*

#### *50 Yard Dash*

- 1 Margaret Lennon, '23
- 2 Catherine Shannon, '21
- 3 Grace Byrne, '21

#### *Running Broad Jump*

- 1 Grace Byrne, '21—11 ft. 3 in.
- 2 Ruth Kramer, '22—10 ft. 7 in.
- 3 Florence Newman, '21—10 ft. 5 in.

#### *Baseball Throw*

- 1 Dorothy Willman, '23—121 ft.
- 2 Rosamond Thompson, '23—111 ft.
- 3 Marian Clarke, '20—104 ft.

#### *Standing Broad Jump*

- 1 Grace Byrne, '21—6 ft. 3½ in.
- 2 Ruth Kramer, '22—6 ft. 4 in.
- 3 Margaret Lennon, '23—6 ft.

#### *Running High Jump*

- 1 Catherine Shannon, '21—4 ft. 3 in.
- 2 Florence Newman, '21—4 ft. 2 in.
- 3 Margaret Lennon, '23—4 ft. 1 in.

#### *Senior 50 Yard Dash*

- 1 Ethel Kellam
- 2 Adaline Canning

#### *Winning Relay Team*

Ruth Kramer, '22  
Florence Newman, '21

Catherine Shannon, '21  
Marian McKenna, '21

Grace Byrne, '21

SOCIAL



EVENTS

FOOTPRINTS

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## Senior Prom



There are certain experiences that come but once in a lifetime,—once, because there is no necessity of repeating them, they vibrate in the memory ever after. Such was our Senior Prom. Eagerly anticipated from the very beginning of our college days, it surpassed even our fondest hopes. 'Twas the dream of four years come true. Despite the shortage of trees, Santa was very generous with them, and because he liked our class colors he left mistletoe for all the nooks and corners. But the dance orders! Made of white leather, pentagonal shape like the seal of '21 and finished in her colors, green and white, they were the subject of delighted comment.

In verse the Seniors greeted their guests of the evening and bade them enjoy to the utmost the season's gayety. Something in the air that comes only at Christmas time made all partakers of its good will and carefree happiness. Everyone was merry but none more so than the Seniors themselves. Truly was it written:

"Twenty-one, your eyes are smiling,  
And the heart within you sings  
You who've trod the way together  
Know tonight the bliss of kings."

But it came to an end as even the fairest dreams must—or maybe we'd better say it passed from a state of being to a state of having been.

"For this night—a joy forever  
Time will echo through the years!"

### *Committee*

AGNITA V. DUFFY, *Chairman*

Grace M. Byrne

Eva M. Flinn

Helen D. Campbell

Ruth E. McCormack

Mildred M. Duffy

Marian C. McKenna

Florence C. Newman

## Junior Prom



Our Junior Class is a rather small and unassuming one, but when it comes to carrying out any project requiring initiative and energy, they cannot be surpassed. The Junior Prom held on the evening of January thirty-first at the St. George Hotel, proved a most memorable evening. For the first time in the short but eventful career of St. Joseph's, the affair was held outside the college. The ballroom of the Hotel St. George seemed to have been made for just such an occasion as this. Artistically decorated with pennants and banners and those striking colors of '23, crimson and gray, it was a fitting background for the celebration of that night of nights.

Once the musicians put fingers on their instruments you could not resist the strong call to "trip the light fantastic." Guests! Why, you could not count them! And everyone had such a delightful time; in fact, most of them avowed that they had never experienced more enjoyable and gladdening hours.

### *Committee*

GRACE R. TOBIN, <i>Honorary Chairman</i>	CATHERINE McKENNA, <i>Chairman</i>
RUTH KRAMER	MARION O'REILLY
VERONICA HANNON	MARIE McMURRAY

## Hallowe'en Dance



Most of us don't believe in witches, elves and fairies. And yet haven't you ever on Hallowe'en had the weird sensation that there might be such things after all? We almost believed that they existed on October twenty-ninth, the night of our Hallowe'en Dance. Days of preparation in dimming lights with all sorts of fantastic lanterns and shades, turned our halls into what seemed a hidden haunt and rendezvous for all the ethereal beings abroad that memorable night. A genuine spirit of mirth and jollity prevailed and for the time we were all transported to a veritable fairyland. The distribution of novelty hats and balloons proved a source of much amusement and pleasure.

But the crowning beauty of the evening's decorations was the huge witches' umbrella. Laden with streamers of every conceivable hue, it was a marvelous shower of colors, that seemed to frame a perfect evening. Through its network of tints and hues, the joyous couples danced till the sweet but, on an occasion like this unwelcome, strains of Home Sweet Home announced the hour of gladness at an end.

### *Committee*

AGNITA V. DUFFY, *Chairman*

ROSAMOND THOMPSON

CHRISTINE GIBSON

HELEN CAMPBELL

VERONICA HANNON

MARGARET LENNON

TERESA KEANE

IDA MAHER

FLORENCE NEWMAN

# Class History

1917-1918

" 'Tis education forms the common mind,  
And as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Have you ever spent any time in dreamland? If you have you may have some notion of the college life of the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-one, which has been one long and delightful dream time. Our notion of college had been absorbed from some envied story-book girl. We had each and every one "hitched our wagon to a star" and dreamed of wondrous days to come. Of course many of our illusions of necessity faded, and yet our experiences wove themselves into one lovely dream. The school was a veritable little doll's house with its tiny rooms, and our first class-president a really, truly fairy godmother.

The first absorbing occurrence in the life of a Freshman is initiation, and whenever we recall that occasion we wish we might be Freshies forever. We vied with one another in preparing becoming and unique costumes for the event. Grace Reynolds, disguised as an attractive knitting bag, took first prize.

As the days sped by we began to appreciate our position. With the class of '20 it was our privilege to build up St. Joseph's, and we felt encouraged, because, though only Freshmen, we were the majority in the college. There is but one thing more delightful than college life, and that is being a pioneer in the work. Ambitious to be worthy of our task, we labored earnestly, and in our pride at our discovered ability we almost overstepped the bounds of mere Freshmen. But it proved to be the old story of quarreling just for the pleasure of making up.

To make this dream life more perfect we lost all account of time. Any night on which we didn't stay at Catherine Harahan's house we returned home not by clock time, but when we had laughed ourselves sleepy. You may ask where we spent all this time, but a bare description of the rest room wouldn't half do it justice. Yet again, perhaps any room which held that leather couch could have become our retreat. True it is, however, that even that very popular couch was a hidden detail the morning Marian fainted for the first time since we had known her. Somehow or other she was dragged to the couch, where every girl hung over her speechless from fright. No air or aid could reach her through that sympathetic group. While the girls were all greatly concerned they didn't make the picture equal to that of reverend professor, who had been teaching the class when Marian had performed her little feat. His was an expression of amazed helplessness like one stunned. Who knows but we might have all fainted in sympathy, had not a nun come to apply first aid?

FOOTPRINTS



*"The Morning After"*



*"Just Freshies"*



S  
J  
C

1917

1918



*"The Prizewinner"*



*"Georgette"*



*"Four Years"*

To correspond with our banner of green and white, we chose March seventeenth for our class day, and while we shocked some members of the faculty and annoyed others, we did not find it difficult to laugh away the hours.

Eager to take part in everything which constituted college life, we joined all the clubs, and took part in every college activity, feeling all the while like youngsters "after school is out," scarcely knowing what to think of the great, wonderful fairyland which had opened its doors to us in September. Our dramatic talent first found expression in a little one-act comedy given by the French club. Florence Newman certainly told us some interesting things about "Ze phonograph," and Helen Campbell painted Paris most alluringly.

Since even dreams, however, sweet, are not everlasting, our first one ended in June, but this Freshman vision was a deep one, and the more we recall it the more vivid it grows.

1918-1919

"And he is oft the wisest man,  
Who is not wise at all."

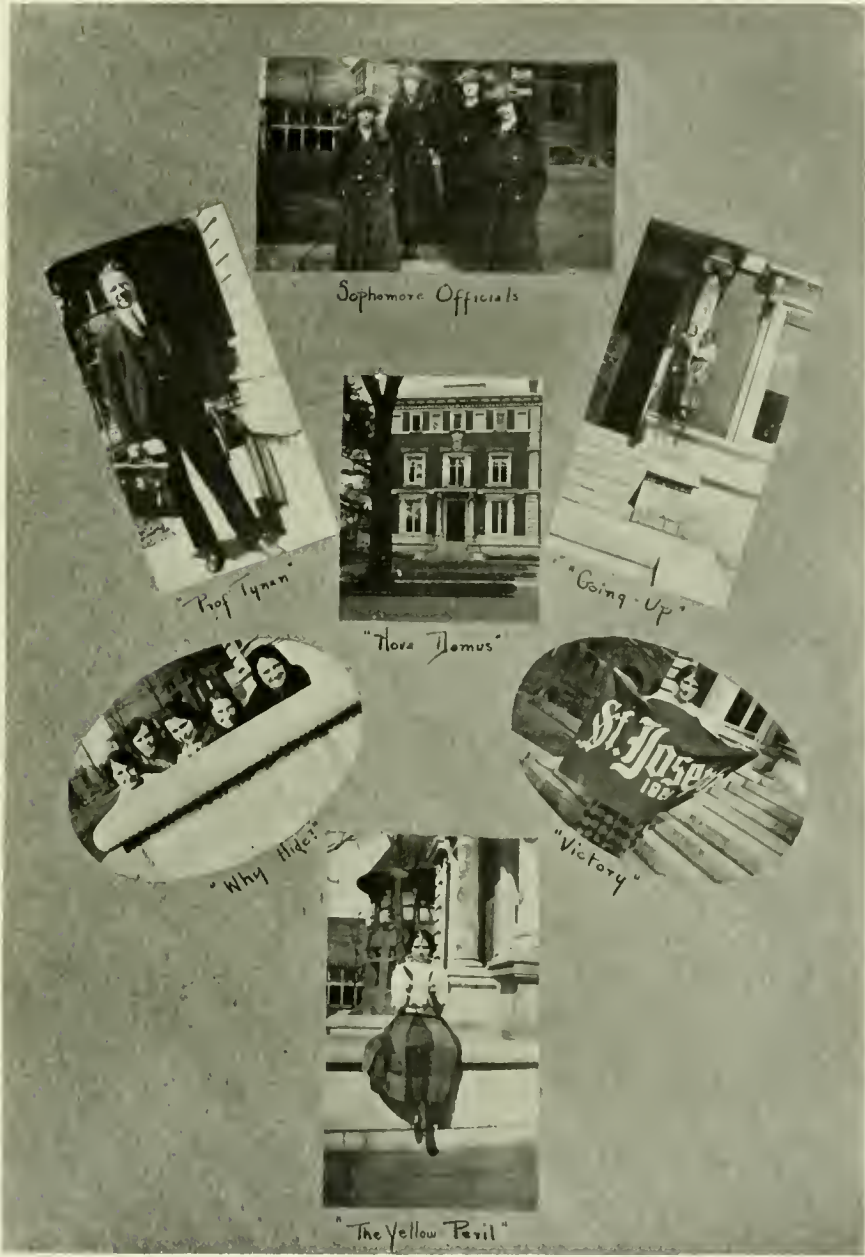
"*Ite missa est*"—and school life recommenced. We had expected that the dream side of college would disappear when we moved into our new building, but in this we had left no provision for the type of building it was to be. Fairyland had grown into a palace with tapestried walls, winding stairways, and beautifully carved woodwork. Why we even found an elevator, and a pretty one, too. There were endless nooks and corners to be explored and a great diversity of opinion as to the handsomest room. Just as we thought we had decided that the reception room was most superb, some one doubted if the red room wasn't richer and more colorful. Then, too, we enjoyed many a moment speculating about the former use of the rooms and their occupants, which speculation even went far enough to furnish material for essays, and we were grateful for such suggestions in the English department.

This year we lost two classmates. It was hard to give up Catherine Harahan, who had done so much to unite us, but she left us bravely and we could but follow her example. Catherine Scibilia, too, left a void in our ranks, yet we wouldn't sacrifice her health to the pleasure of her company.

Our faculty grew side by side in with the building. Especially did the course in the literature of contemporary writers attract us. There, too, we spent happy moments conjecturing about the superiorities of Edith Wharton, Alice Brown, Alfred Noyes, Father Tabb, and countless other literary leaders.

However, we were not so completely other-worldly that we neglected the practical side of this great experience, and so it is that with Catherine Shannon's substantial assistance, '21 won the banner for the greatest pecuniary aid to the United War Work Campaign cake sale held by the college.

FOOTPRINTS



Sophomore Officials

Prof Lyman

Going Up

Nova Domus

Why Hide?

Victory

The Yellow Peril

About this time we learned the truth of that beautiful teaching, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Our duty it was to put the class of '22 through the tests which entitle them to membership in S. J. C.: so after we had led our successors through the lower regions we closed the afternoon by a delightful social gathering.

You cannot blame the faculty for feeling that physically, mentally and morally, we needed some time for retreat in which to gather our thoughts and sober our hilarious spirits. Our retreat closed on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and to judge from the noise at breakfast that morning, one would imagine we had kept silence during three years instead of three hours and, for some, three minutes.

We cannot too often reiterate that this college life is a wonderful thing—why, it even taught us to look into the future without consulting a fortune teller. At Christmas we showed to the college a few of the members of 1921 in 1951. Helen Campbell, as the widow of the "late general," made the audience shake with laughter, and Catherine Shannon promised to be as irrepressible in the future as in the present.

The luxuriance of the scene of all our happiness readily became a very natural and accepted thing to us but it seemed to burst forth in all its glory on the night of our first winter dance. The soft lights shone with a steady beauty, illuminating the lovely walls and ceilings and reflecting radiant faces and gay images on the highly polished floors. Beauty pervaded every corner, and it is safe to assert that no other noble home of knowledge could be so readily transformed into a "salon" of sweetest charm. 'Twas as if a bud had become a rose.

March seventeenth found Erin's granddaughters whiling away another lovely class day in brightest spirits.

Enveloped in such activities as these we dramatized our dreams until the enchanting month of May had passed. With June came the meet, at which our girls held their own and carried off several medals. Our basketball team was especially fit. We closed the school year with a trip to Bear Mountain, from which place even a thunder storm couldn't chase us. The sail homeward in the soft twilight was a delight of delights.

1919—1920

"For Wisdom is Better than Rubies."

Sometime we wonder if there is anything so splendid as junior year at college. How full and rich it is! At last we were upper classmen, and yet we need not feel the responsibility which necessarily comes with senior year. Here we were introduced into the realms of philosophy and tried to distinguish between the instinctive, spontaneous, and intuitive acts of all beings. Non-beings, only a few of us ever grasped. September, 1919, brought to us seventeen staunch sisters. Best of all, our own numbers increased, for Agnita, Peggy, and Lucy gave us the

FOOTPRINTS





"Those Duffys"



"Ambition"



"The Sisters Byrne"



"The Wise Virgins"



"Over the Campus Wall"



"Aspirants for Baker's Degree"



"Dramatization"



"Good-looking Tipte"



"The Foolish Four"

experience of love at first sight. New Yorkers have a charm all their own. Peggy was cleverly characterized by one professor as the very "fruit of originality."

St. Joseph's, meanwhile, was growing with us and fast coming into its own. Four classes helped to give the place a real college atmosphere. We delved deeper into the founts of knowledge under the guidance of an increased faculty, while lectures by such notables as Agnes Repplier and Maurice Francis Egan became more frequent.

"*Verum ad Finem*" we considered to be the best translation into words of our class personality, and we pray to be as loyal as our motto would have us. Our class rings, which we like better every day, gave us some tangible hold on this same motto.

From our history and principles of education, we divined that education means the development of the whole man. Thus we went in strongly for sports. The Sophomores defeated us at basketball, but we just wouldn't let the Freshmen do so, and we tied. After our game with the latter, they invited us to one of the very best suppers we had ever eaten. It was served in their room, which felt as cozy as it looked pretty.

At Christmas we prepared our little play with the assistance of our sister class. If all children were like Harriet, it would be absolutely certain that a "Little Child Shall Lead Them." The Junior Prom made life bright for many a week. To quote one girl—"The triumphant march from the market dragging a Christmas tree in each hand is an event we shall long remember." Neither shall we soon forget our dismay when at the Prom in the height of our glory, one of the home-made Christmas tree stands lost its balance and tumbled down, an enormous, snowy mass, across the room, scattering the merry-makers in all directions.

The inter-class song contest brought out many things, but none so eminent as the distinction of being the poet class of S. J. C. This isn't the only time Mildred gave her very best to her class. Class Day found us gaily robed in green and white spreading our happiness in bursts of song.

Studies and sports, and now and then socials, occupied April and May. Commencement for '20 came with June. Nearly as well as St. Joseph's first graduates did we enjoy this week, sharing as we did in all its pleasures, without the pang of saying farewell to college days. Members of '21 were not among the least of the women of the Greek chorus, which so faithfully served the brave "Iphigenia," who gave her name to the Seniors' play.

After a class day of our own, on which we chose Grace Reynolds to continue as master of ceremonies during our last year, we prepared for Field Day. It was a glorious one, indeed, thanks to Grace Byrne, Florence Newman, Catherine Shannon and Marian McKenna, through whose efforts we won the coveted silver cup. Grace brought to us also the distinction of having a member of '21 the all-around champion. And the time had come to bid adieu to Junior year.

SENIOR  
YEAR



"Looking Back"



"The Pillar of Truth"



"Literati"

1920

1921



CAUGHT!



"Maiden Hunts"



'21 Forever!



"Our Hero"



"Ethicists"

1920-1921

"The fairest things have fleetest end,  
Their scent survives their close."

With the dawn of our Senior year our ambitions multiplied. What would we not fit into this our final year at St. Joseph's! Great was the event which opened it. On October third, we attended the consecration of Bishop Molloy. Though well we knew we had lost a kind and winning teacher, yet his glory is our desire, and after the little informal reception at which we entertained him, we realize that the new bishop is our old friend.

It was a keen disappointment to lose Georgette after enjoying her companionship for three years, but we are happy to feel that she is ever with us in spirit.

We relinquished our three years' class advisor and sincere friend to the interests of the college with a good grace, as we could command.

Hallowe'en

It tells its own story, for after this dance we learned many choice things within its hallowed walls.



BISHOP MOLLOY AFTER HIS CONSECRATION

Self-forgetting, tireless, with clear insight,  
You showed us life's pathway old but ever new ;  
In our chameleon changes, swift as light,  
From young despair to joy so high and true,  
You guided us to the sureness of right ;  
Our friend—the noblest name we give to you.

brought the first dance of our Senior year. We spent the night with the witches and fairies who entertained us gaily. Every Senior looked her best, and the evening was one of unalloyed pleasure. The dance orders of orange and black were made by the committee. Did you ever think that the name of a dance affected its enjoyment? If you didn't, why just dance over Owl's Prowl, or a Ghost Slide and you'll be convinced. Our good times are doubled this year, anyway, and you will know why if you visit the Senior sanctum.

FOOTPRINTS

All the while our studies held us as much as ever, but perhaps it is Ethics which will be longest remembered as a part of the year's curriculum.

December was accompanied by a return of our interests in theatricals. "All in An Evening" called into play the efforts of every Senior. The audience would certainly have grown impatient with Annabelle's two old maid aunts, had not these same ladies brought the hero upon the scene by their brusque hospitality. Even this, however, could not make us forgive that everlasting duet of theirs.

In the words of the graceful poem which distinguishes the Senior Prom dance orders is permanently expressed some of the happiness which was ours on December twenty-ninth. But the story of this event is not so briefly told. The girls set forth highly a few days preceding the Prom in quest of Christmas trees. They were justly confident as they began this mission, for Junior year had made many of them Christmas tree experts. But woe to their hopes! Not smiles, nor dollars, nor pleading, would produce a single tree. Still not for a moment did this disaster impede their efforts, and the Senior Prom decorations would not have discredited any artist. We danced, and supped, and danced again, amidst holly, and laurel, and mistletoe with carefree hearts and gayest smiles.

Since Seniors are not exempt in everything, we went through our January exams and are now on the last stretch of the road which leads to the A. B. Even our last retreat has come and gone.

When the Freshmen challenged us to a basketball game, we went forth not exactly self-confident but full of zest for the contest. Then without any regard for the general expectations, the Seniors scored another victory.

Class Day this year was perfect, from the planting of the ivy to the Bishop's tale about Sally. Its sweetest moments were spent at Mass in a body and reading or listening to the good wishes of the faculty and students. Perhaps every Senior pressed the green carnations sent to her by our loyal sisters of '23.

Over and above the good times in store for us, we can clearly see the day when St. Joseph's will send us forth. We shall not say farewell, for we know that we shall wander back to the spot of our college life oftener than "tongue can tell." So banishing all thought of parting, we are still dreaming of dances and teas. In fact, while the faculty banquet is ahead of us, we have time for few other thoughts. Moreover, working and planning for "Antigone" will keep every moment busy and happy until hours in St. Joseph's are only glorious memories.

AGNES E. BYRNE, '21

## Epicureanistic Imagery

(Apologies to all Vers Lebrettists,—native and otherwise).

O muse sing of the maidens  
Dejected, lifeless, careworn maidens  
Who weary scorn the blue bowl's joys  
Euthanasia, Plato, Froebel and Noyes!  
For they are hungry.

We walked down the broad Avenue  
Past white fronted houses  
Past shining limousines  
Where "in cushioned luxury" sit the rich;  
And to the crooked street we came.  
Through it the elevated stretches its dark skeleton!  
Troops of noisy children!  
Sharply clanging push cart bells!  
Shrieking vendors of rosy-cheeked apples!  
All rend the air with dissonance.  
Unheeding, oblivious, we pass on  
Till suddenly one calls a halt  
Out snaps a silent right-about-face!  
Into the glistening James we file  
Stepping on each well-cleaned tile  
Delicately and coolly deliberate.  
Having been refreshed, we pass out  
Minus a monetary trifle.

The golden disk was sinking,  
Despair darkened our eyes,  
Clapping filled our ears,  
When Hist! A Voice!  
"Let's hie us to the Frappé House  
And before the Coca-Colines and Canaries  
Cheer our joyless hearts!  
Nectar alone left one unsatisfied  
So anon she tripped,  
And sometimes skipped,  
And then she slipped  
Into the interior of a bakeshop  
And purchased a coffee-ring.  
(Does Aunt Jane sit in that white painted chair?)  
When the tree tops reached towards the sky of night  
We went down DeKalb where, in spirit,

A store stands apart from its fellows:  
Its walls are futuristic renditions of hysteria  
Its floors resting beneath the ceiling  
Its wares caninely termed by the plebs.

We are not of these.  
But sometimes at noon  
Expensive pickles, colorful cheeses  
Lure us! As do also fluffy charlottes  
And little tin pans holding numberless delights  
And crackers with poetic names.  
But we leave this resort  
Cast down and spiritless  
Because the portly proprietor  
Is strongly attached to our ducats.

Once the call of the Bohemians lured us far  
The I. R. T. conveyed us there  
To that smoke-blackened abode of "art"  
In trepidation (for the maidens feared).  
They gazed into shop windows,  
Batik blouses dyed painful orange  
They saw and yellow heads.  
Then on they moved—on the muddy cobbles  
That lead to the "transformed cellar" (Evangeline's appellation)  
Trembling down the well worn steps we fell;  
Through the red-curtained door we glided  
Into the subterranean refuge,  
That Nether-Olympus where the intelligensia met  
To discuss Phelps and Shelley, Karl Marx and Blackwells' island.  
Ah me! Jade earrings are expensive,—so are refreshments,  
The Green Garret beckoned to us then.  
Since the fall of Adam who has climbed such stairs?  
Dark, hollow grooved and twisted,  
Ending in a candle lighted attic room  
Cobwebby, shadowy attic room  
The poetic tone insinuated itself into our purses  
We paid twenty-five cents per cup for coffee!  
Out through the grimy window panes we gazed and saw,  
The square lighted by candescent pearls on black stems,  
Then we thought of home,—the Sanctum!  
The Sanctum with its wrap-draped settees!  
Our couch of infinite capacity and the never-littered table  
Ah verily, verily we longed for its glories,  
For the belated lunches and evening repasts,  
The fragrant Lipton's and golden-centered éclairs and the Planter's Peanuts.  
Then reminiscences crowded our minds:  
Of the reign of "S. E. cornered Gym."

The splendid reign of Mildred's genius.  
Of soups the damsel could distinguish  
Either of the two kinds!  
All this happened long before  
Vantine's Crystallized Ginger became our stronghold  
Before the sight of that metal box drove us desperate!  
Oh, the past,—what sadness!  
The present,—what distress!  
But the future loomed bright—we looked to "Child's"  
Sh! the accumulated pay of the pedagogues  
Might warrant,  
Oh delectable thought!  
The Automat!

ELEANOR B. HOWARD, '21.

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## Culled in College



Pick Your Own!

"I have an interesting bit for you this morning:—

"As it was in the beginning is now, and we hope it won't continue—the fact of the matter is, that that failow John Henry Stanislaus was washed in singing,—

"Good morning, good morning, good morning to you."

He had asked Sally Packamander: "Contramenteminseinialio?" which in our feeble language means, "Mind you, why don't you do that?" (As a matter of fact, he was only asking a rhetorical question.)

"Am I right? Absolutely. How many understand? Girlie, do you? No, you don't! Miss Mary Parthenia, you had better read that in the library and be sure to close the door on the outside! I never teach with the door open. Don't think that because you're a Senior you will get through!

"Bust up the routine!" suggested ———. "You will like toime! There are ladies in this car!"

"Oh Pish, Tush!" Several people were heard to murmur simultaneously, but an authoritative voice exclaimed, "We have only one person talk at a time here!"

Then the meeting for which I had given her permission, was brought to a close by the ringing of three bells, for I was not in it for what I was getting out of it, and the girls had not paid their orphan money. Anyway, two minutes more would have violated my feelings.

From the distance a sound wave wafts to our ears,

"Good Night Ladies."

MARIAN McKENNA, '21.

FOOTPRINTS



March 17, 1925



"Oh, here's Eva, late as usual! I suppose you were putting the finishing touches on your article for the 'Dublin Review.'"

Thus did Agnita address the late comer. Eva, ever on the trail for "copy" and anxious to hear the news immediately, disregarded the reflection on her punctuality and rushed into the group already assembled. The group? Why '21, of course, holding its annual reunion. Before leaving Alma Mater's halls they had resolved to keep the seventeenth of March their class day forever. And now, this fourth class day found them at Agnita's. She had just returned from a trip through the Philippines in time to entertain in her really, truly own home,—Agnita, twenty-one's first bride.

Eva had scarcely been ushered into their midst, when the tinkling of a bell caused them all to exclaim as in one voice, "Oh, who can it be?" Immediately after, Agnes Byrne, attired in a widow's array, quietly entered. As sweet and demure as ever, but a certain sadness shadowed her countenance. Oh! It was a pity! She had been the first of the jolly eighteen to encounter life's pathetic yet beautiful tragedy. On the very eve of her wedding, death had snatched away her loved one and now she must travel life's pathway alone, for Agnes could never love again. But, wasn't that widow's veil, gracefully trailing over her shoulders, becoming?

What a contrast! Mildred, still manifesting a fondness for color, was dressed in brightest hues. But these were in happy accord with the atmosphere of the quarters whence she had come. She was now established in Washington Mews. Her clever verses had won her fame in the outside world as well as in college.

Every few moments snatches of the conversations shed light on the doings of the different girls. "Oh, Marian! Really! When are you leaving?"

"Well, you see, it is a trip for school teachers and we sail the fifteenth of July. Our sojourn will be chiefly in Venice. Somehow or other Venice has always been attractive to me. And now, at last, I shall have an opportunity of seeing the gondoliers in action. But, Maureen, you're looking prosperous. How's the newspaper business?"

"Oh pretty good! I've signed a contract with *The Sun*. Undoubtedly you've seen 'Motes in the Sunbeam.' Well, that's my department. Rather difficult business, but when you consider the five thousand per annum it has its compensations."

Interruptions this time came in the form of an exclamation from Helen Livellara. Glancing out of the window, she shouted breathlessly, "Oh, Mother of Pearl!—an ambulance!" There was a sudden rush to the window,—perhaps a little excitement. But, contrary to their expectations the excitement proved pleasurable. Helen D'Albora in the garb of an interne, alighted from the machine and in a few minutes had joined her admiring classmates. "Oh, I'm so sorry to be late. But at the last minute a call came and I had to answer it."

Preliminary greetings over, once more the chatter commenced. Then sweet strains softly floated through the room. Everyone was speechless. Yes, Lucy had made her mark. As a recognized composer of Celtic music she delights the music lovers with her charming melodies.

Much laughter was provoked by Miss Campbell, who told humorous tales concerning the "Dorothea Tea Rooms." You have not heard of them? Why, they are all over the city. Because of them Helen had not only achieved financial success, but her fame for clever management had been spread broadcast.

At this point the maid entered and handed a box to Agnita. It was addressed to the class of Twenty-one, and bore the Shanghai postmark. "Oh, Grace Byrne! Just think! It is nearly two years since she went there as a lay missionary." Excitement seized all. Each one eagerly stood by waiting for the wrappings to be removed. This done, they found within little green and white packages,—seventeen in all. In just a few minutes the mystery was out. Little green shamrocks to which were attached two dainty cards told that Grace was about to take the big step. Surprised? Why no. That had been foreseen long ago.

"Oh, here's one for Catherine Shannon. I suppose Grace didn't know that she had already entered. Well, then we can send her the news. By the way, girls, I received a letter from Catherine yesterday, and she has sent each one of you a holy picture. In my hurry to catch the train, I forgot to bring them along; but I shall send them to you as soon as I go back."

Ruth, immediately after leaving S. J. C., had accepted an appointment in a high school in the northern part of the state. Now she is head of the English department there. Methinks, however, her stay here will not be of long duration. Really, there are too many traveling salesmen, nowadays.

On that day a person entering the room would have perceived a book lying open on the library table. Yes, someone had been reading, but evidently had not finished. Picking up the book he would have found it to be a volume of poems. Perhaps he would have been startled to learn that the author herself was in the same house,—Eleanor Howard. This was the second expression of her poetic genius. Just at that time it was attracting much attention from the literary critics. During the course of the afternoon Eleanor informed them that she was busily occupied in teaching street urchins the mazes of the French tongue,—that language which issued from her lips in such sweet and euphonious accents.

Twenty-one had placed her stamp in another kind of work; indeed, in a profession rarely entered by women. Photography! You never would have guessed it. But Helen Livellara, having been initiated into the business while a Senior, liked it so well that she adopted it as her life work. "Eight by twelve, sepia finish, smile more better, smile in your heart" these are but a few of the expressions which had become an important part of Helen's vocabulary. Her studio is exclusive. Perhaps that was the reason why the class of '25 of S. J. C. had arranged to have its year book pictures taken there.

Speaking of pictures, have you seen Helen Caulfield's latest contribution to the world of art? It was exhibited in the Freneau Gallery and excited much interest. For four years Helen studied in Paris where she became prominent for her "washes." She had now returned to the U. S. and her "floating in" had already commenced.

Had Christopher Morley written in 1925, it might be reasonably supposed that "The Little Bookshop" on Fifth Avenue had given him inspiration for his work. Here every day one might have seen a tall slender woman, simply attired, pass in and out behind the rows and rows of books. No, it was not a profiteering business. All Grace desires is a bare livelihood. She does not urge you to buy; she merely wishes you to

get a taste for good literature, to find pleasure in books,—in short, to make them your friends. That is her primary aim.

As for Florence, indeed she has achieved. No longer do we find her swinging between heaven and earth on the captain's ladder. For now she commands a well trained force which carries out her artistic ideas in interior decorating. What she considers the greatest recognition of her talent is a contract which she has just received. It is to convert the former building of St. Joseph's College into a suite of reception rooms for the Alumnae. Her last work was the re-decorating of Catherine O'Hale's new law offices.

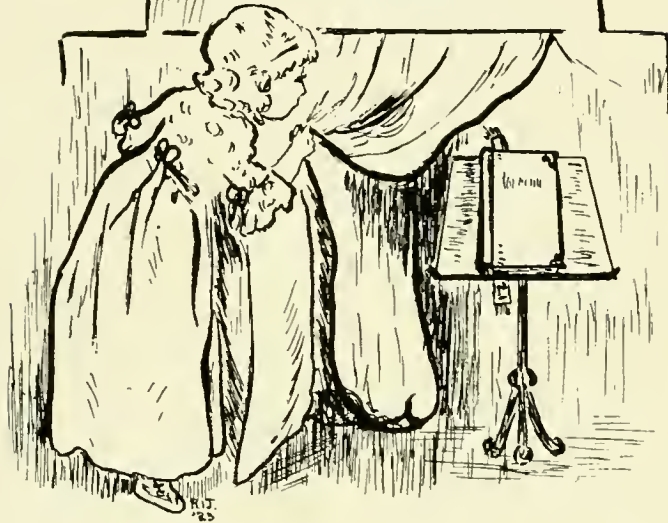
But even the seventeenth of March has an end. How all too quickly it has passed! Departure would have been delayed even longer had there not been the expectation of assembling soon again. So, as Helen feelingly sings, "Till We Meet Again."—Adieu.

FLORENCE C. NEWMAN,  
GRACE A. REYNOLDS.

"Verum ad Finem"

19  21

# EPILOGUE



Something like the Poet's longing  
As he gazed on Sirmio's shore  
Is the feeling that sweeps o'er us  
With the whisper, "Nevermore!"

Never more the hours of gladness  
Bounded by these blessed walls,  
Never more the joy of being  
Just together in these halls.

But forever more the vision  
Of the beautiful and good:  
And the seed that you have tended  
Flowered in noblest womanhood.

Gladly to Life's call we answer  
Strengthened by the thought of you.  
Alma Mater, fairest, truest,  
Twenty-one bids fond adieu.

MILDRED M. DUFFY, '21.

## Patronesses and Patrons



Mrs. John E. Baxter  
 Mrs. Christian Bonnet  
 Mrs. Agnes R. Byrne  
 Mrs. Laurence Byrne  
 Mrs. Peter Byrne  
 Mrs. Thomas F. Cahill  
 Mrs. William Caldwell  
 Miss Helen Campbell  
 Miss Adaline B. Canning  
 Mrs. Mary E. Cassidy  
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 Mrs. B. E. Gfroerer  
 Mrs. Edward J. Gleason  
 Mrs. Daniel Guinan  
 Mrs. G. A. Hall  
 Mrs. M. J. Hannon  
 Mrs. William J. Harahan  
 Mrs. Thomas J. Howard  
 Mrs. W. F. Huschle  
 Mrs. T. J. Keane  
 Mrs. Mortimer P. Keely  
 Miss Ethel M. Kellam

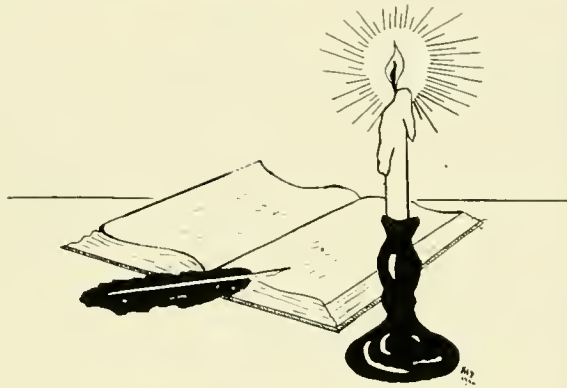
Mrs. William P. Kenneally  
 Mrs. Edward V. Killeen  
 Mrs. T. W. Kramer  
 Miss Mary I. Lennon  
 Mrs. George W. Loft  
 Mrs. John P. Lynch  
 Miss Marie McConnell  
 Mrs. E. F. McCormack  
 Miss Anna McDonald  
 Mrs. John McGrevy  
 Mrs. John McKenna  
 Mrs. Henry C. McLean  
 Mrs. G. McMurray  
 Mr. James L. Medler  
 Mrs. George F. Meehan  
 Mrs. Richard J. Meehan  
 Mrs. Frederica Merkert  
 Mrs. Ernest Munz  
 Mrs. Thomas J. Newman  
 Mrs. Charlotte D. Nolan  
 Miss Marjorie D. Nolan  
 Miss Florence E. Nolen  
 Mrs. John W. O'Connor  
 Mrs. Edward F. O'Neill

Mrs. John B. O'Reilly  
 Mrs. John J. O'Reilly  
 Mrs. Joseph Paino  
 Miss Helen R. Parks  
 Mrs. William Patton  
 Mrs. John Raleigh  
 Mrs. John J. Reynolds  
 Mrs. William N. Roach Jr.  
 Mrs. Henry A. Roberts  
 Miss Lillian Roche  
 Mrs. John H. Rogan, 2nd  
 Mrs. Armand J. Salmon  
 Mrs. George Schwarz  
 Mrs. Joseph A. Shea  
 Mrs. Robert J. Sheridan  
 Mrs. Simon Smith  
 Mrs. John L. Steinbugler  
 Mrs. William I. Thompson  
 Mrs. Richard Tobin  
 Miss Marie Uhlinger  
 Mrs. John Walters  
 Mrs. Charles R. Weiden  
 Mrs. John H. White  
 Miss Miriam K. Willman

## Directory of Students



Bingham, Maureen C. '21  
 Bonnet, Amy C. '23  
 Byrne, Agnes E. '21  
 Byrne, Grace M. '21  
 Cali, Sarina H. '22  
 Campbell, Helen D. '21  
 Cassidy, Cecile E. '23  
 Castellano, Concepta R. '24  
 Caulfield, Helen C. '21  
 Connolly, Agnes J. '23  
 Conway, Marguerite J. '24  
 Corcoran, Caroline C. '24  
 D'Albora, Helen A. '21  
 DeMuth, Loretta M. '24  
 Dolan, Teresa M. '24  
 Donaldson, Angela Z. '24  
 Duffy, Agnita V. '21  
 Duffy, Mildred M. '21  
 Dugan, Kathleen M. '24  
 Fearon, Rita '24  
 Flinn, Eva M. '21  
 Gallagher, Marion T. '24  
 Gfroerer, Lillian R. '24  
 Gleason, Ethel M. '24  
 Gibson, Christine A. '24  
 Hall, Isabel D. '22  
 Hannon, Veronica M. '22  
 Hayes, Mildred E. '24  
 Hearn, Viola M. '24  
 Howard, Eleanor B. '21  
 Huschle, Mary J. '22  
 Keane, Teresa E. '22  
 Keeley, Catherine M. '23  
 Kramer, Ruth M. '22  
 Lennon, Margaret I. '23  
 Livellara, Helen A. '21  
 Lynch, Catherine M. '23  
 Maguire, Lucy V. '21  
 McCormack, Ruth E. '21  
 McGrane, Alice '24



McGrevy, Hortense E. '23  
 McKenna, Catherine M. '22  
 McKenna, Marian '21  
 McMurray, Marie '22  
 Magnor, Agnes R. '24  
 Maher, Ida P. '24  
 Meehan, Margaret M. '24  
 Monahan, Ellen '22  
 Munz, Regina M. '24  
 Newman, Florence C. '21  
 Nolan, Charlotte D. '23  
 O'Connor, Ida L. '23  
 O'Dwyer, Irene A. '22  
 O'Hale, Catherine P. '21  
 O'Malley, Claire V. '24  
 O'Reilly, Marion E. '22  
 Raleigh, Alice M. '24  
 Reynolds, Grace A. '21  
 Repetti, Edith C. '24  
 Roberts, Gertrude U. '23  
 St. John, Mary E. '24  
 Shannon, Catherine A. '21  
 Sheridan, Mary L. '23  
 Sweeney, Anna J. '24  
 Teaken, Marion E. '24  
 Thompson, Kathleen A. '22  
 Thompson, Rosamond I. '23  
 Tobin, Grace R. '22  
 Walters, Ethel D. '24  
 Weiden, Roselyn J. '23  
 White, Margaret C. '23  
 Willman, Dorothy J. '23















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