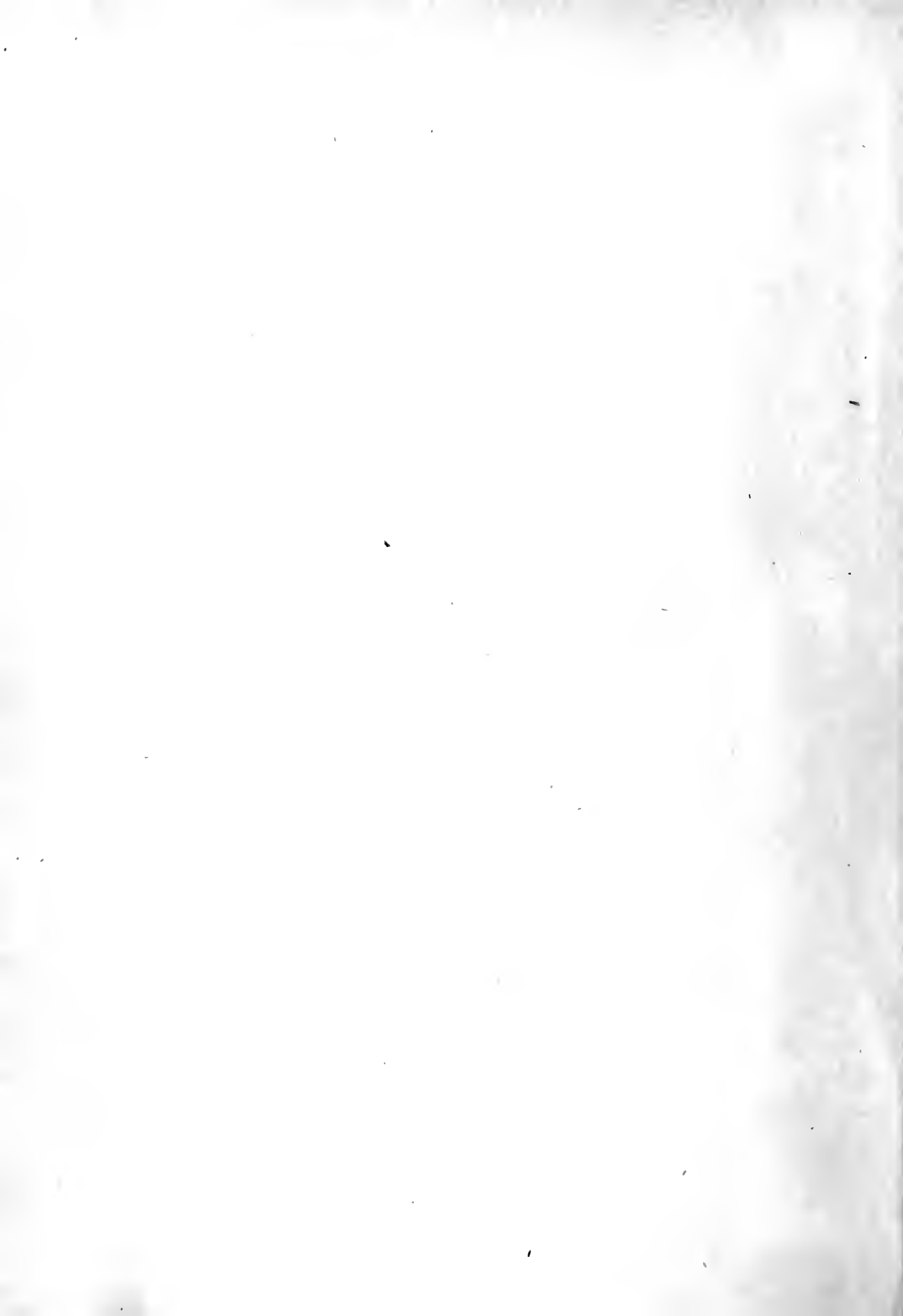


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Foreword

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot
Then youth's sweet joys renew,
And in our FOOTPRINTS live again,
These days of Twenty-two.*



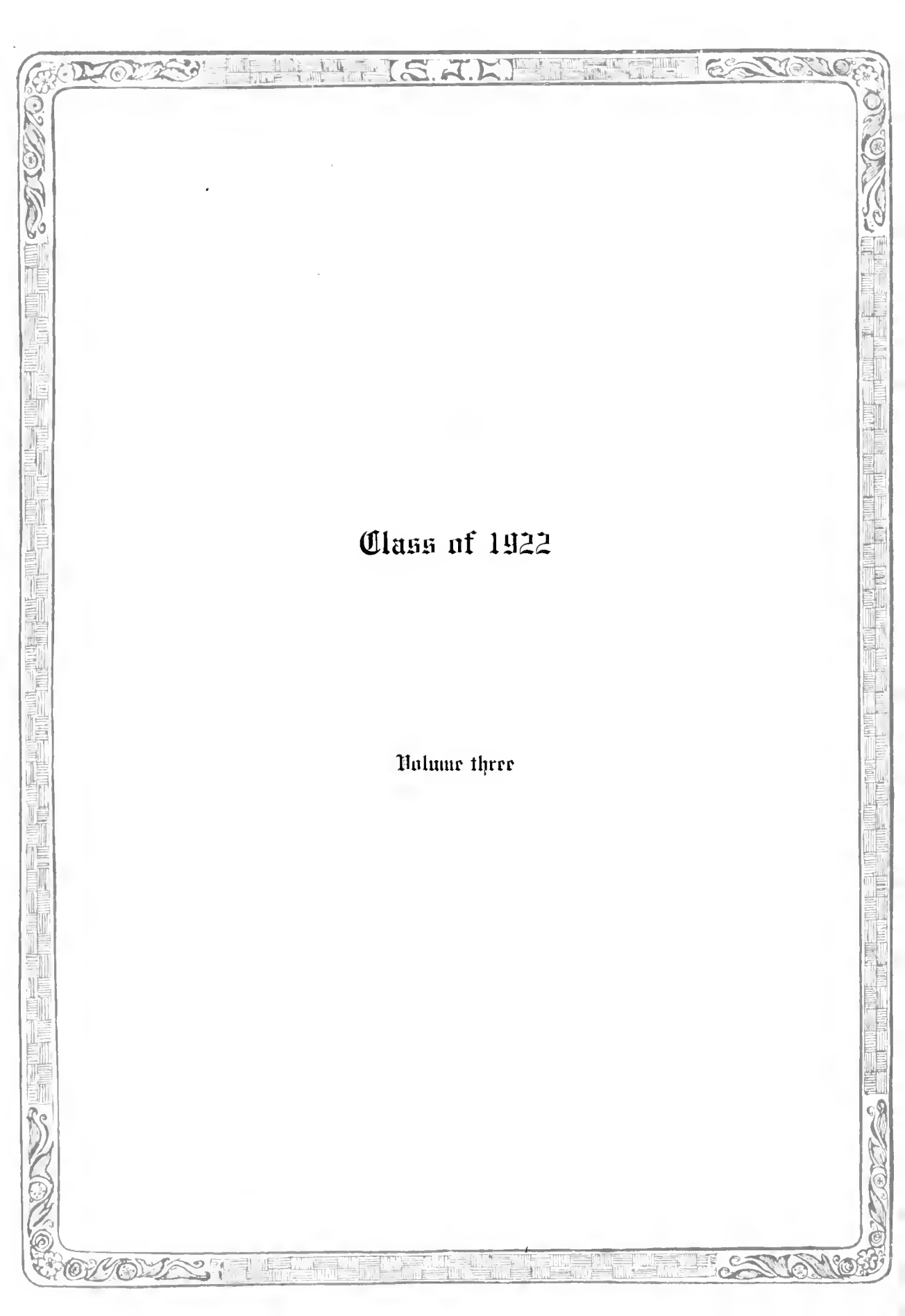
With cordial good wishes
to the Staff of the Year Book,
Thermon E. Newell



Footprints

published by

The Senior Class
Saint Joseph's College for Women
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Class of 1922

Volume three

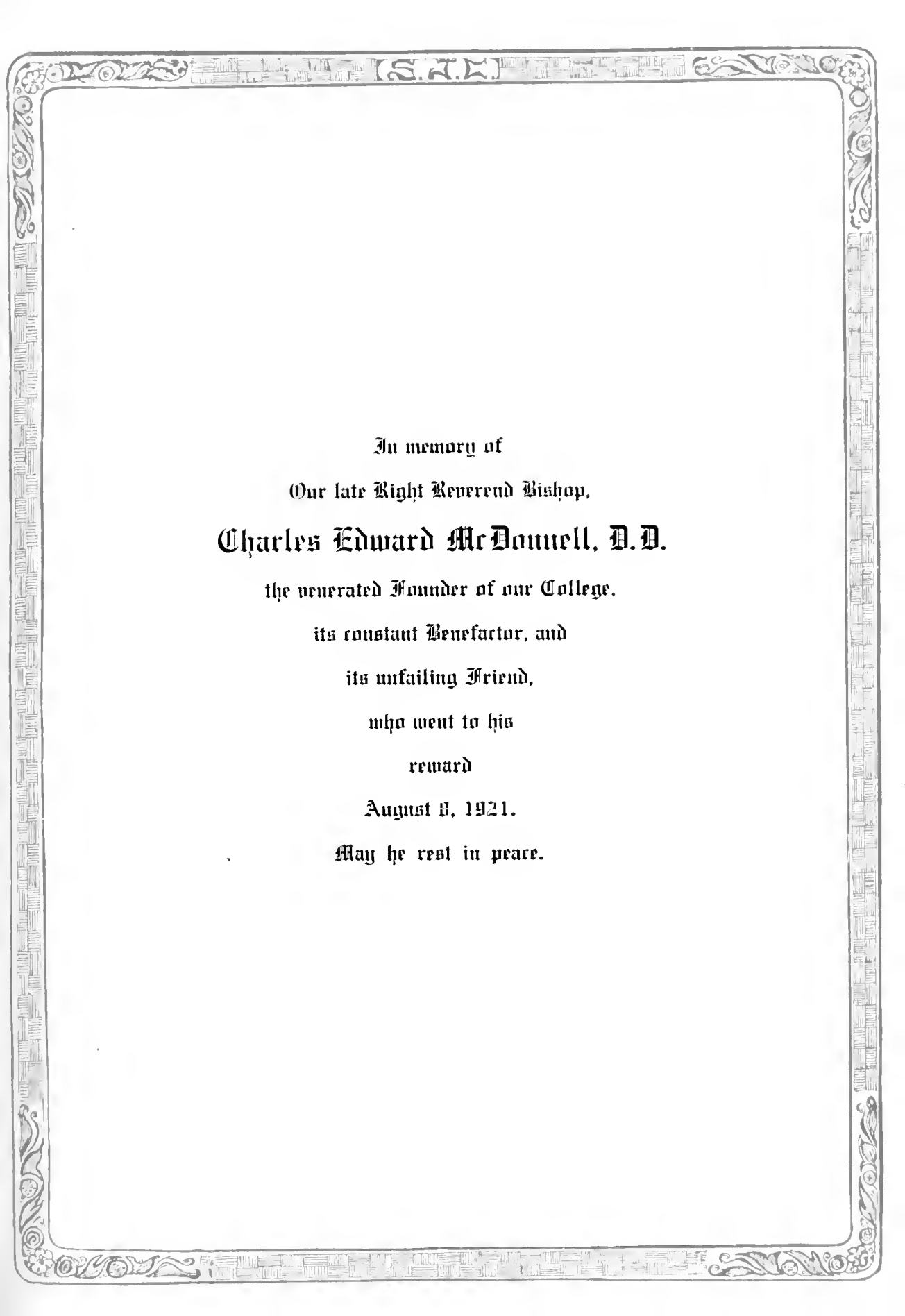


To our beloved
Right Reverend Bishop,
who through six years of inspiring and devoted leadership
has endeared himself to every student of
Saint Joseph's College,
we,
The Class of 1922,
affectionately dedicate our Year Book



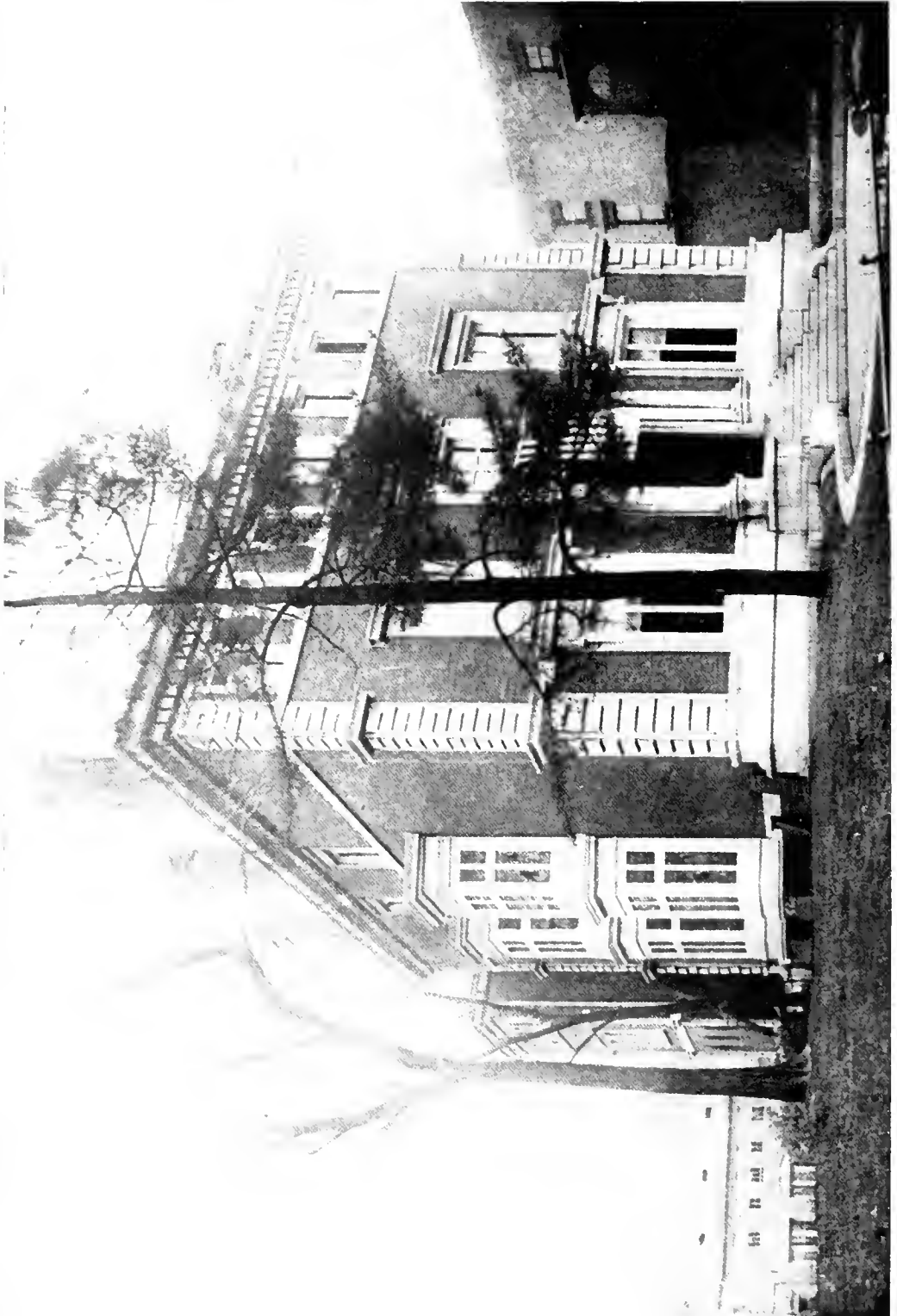
RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES EDWARD McDONNELL, D.D.

1851 1921



In memory of
Our late Right Reverend Bishop,
Charles Edward McDonnell, D.D.
the venerated Founder of our College,
its constant Benefactor, and
its unfailing Friend,
who went to his
reward
August 8, 1921.
May he rest in peace.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN



College



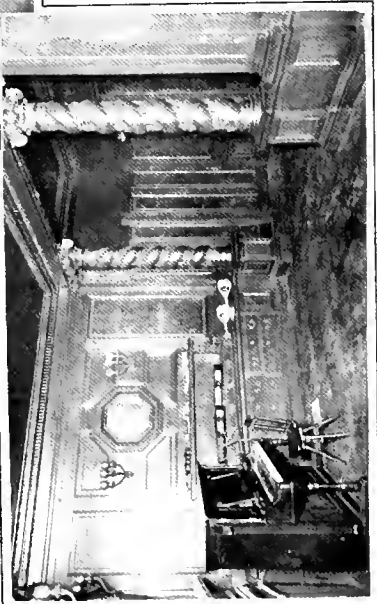
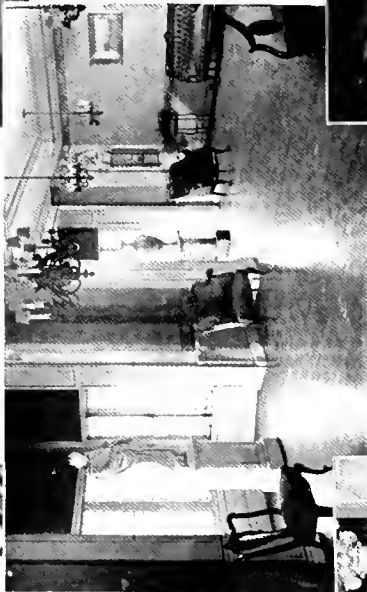
Annals

MARCH 19, 1921—MARCH 19, 1922

LIKE a cloud, the death of the founder of our College has cast a shadow over the events of the year. To the College it was not merely the loss of its founder, but the more intimate sorrow felt in the loss of its first friend. Our late Right Reverend Bishop conceived the idea of opening a college for the Catholic women of Brooklyn, and followed with a close personal interest its inception and development. Knowing that his duties as Bishop would distract the whole-hearted attention he wished to direct toward the College, he chose with clear and discriminating foresight, our present Right Reverend Bishop (then Doctor) Molloy to guide its progress. The strongest tribute of veneration we may ever hope to offer Bishop McDonnell's memory is in the observance of his ennobling principles. The monument of his inspiring ideals will as surely guide the College in years to come, as will the living memory we cherish of our founder, our benefactor, and our friend.

The grief of the entire city was turned to joy when Right Reverend Bishop Molloy was appointed to succeed the late Right Reverend Bishop as head of the diocese. Everyone felt that no one was better fitted to perpetuate the spirit of his venerated predecessor. The College, whose president Bishop Molloy had become, participated in the general rejoicing with a mingled sense of pride and happiness. For who could appreciate Bishop Molloy as we whose teacher and guide and friend he had been from the first year of the existence of the College?

In scholastic work the year has been marked by a revival of interest in the great Florentine, whose six hundredth anniversary has been universally commemorated. Stimulated by Mr. Arthur Bennington's illuminating and fascinating lecture, we found expression for the interest he kindled, in the writing of essays for the Dante college contest, which was open to all undergraduates of New York State. To the surprise and delight of the whole college, Amy Bonnet, '23, received second place, an Italian girl from Hunter being first, and a boy from C. C. N. Y., third. The Academy of St. Joseph at Brentwood was awarded all three high school prizes. Because pupils of the Sisters of St. Joseph had won four out of the six honors for the colleges and high schools of the State, the National Dante Committee has awarded the Community one of the coveted Dante Memorial Medals, presented by the Italian Government to those in various parts of Christendom who have been foremost in honoring the "central man of all the world."—C. McK. '22.



RECEPTION ROOMS, LECTURE HALL AND LIBRARY

Commencement Week

Nineteen Hundred Twenty-one

BACCALAUREATE SERMON - - - - - *The Rev. Francis X. Discoll, S.T.L.*

Sunday, June the Twelfth at Five P. M.

GENERAL COMMUNION

Monday, June the Thirteenth at Eight A. M.

PRESENTATION OF ANTIGONE

Monday, June the Thirteenth at Eight-thirty P. M.

A DAY IN THE WOODS - - - - - *Sophomores to Seniors*

Tuesday, June the Fourteenth at Ten-thirty A. M.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

Wednesday, June the Fifteenth at Three-thirty P. M.

DINNER—THEATRE PARTY

Wednesday, June the Fifteenth at Eight-thirty P. M.

JUNIOR LUNCHEON - - - - - *Hotel McAlpin*

Thursday, June the Sixteenth at One P. M.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES - - - - - *The Rt. Rev. Thomas E. Mollo, D.D.*

Thursday, June the Sixteenth at Eight-fifteen P. M.

SENIOR DANCE - - - - - *Crescent Club*

Friday, June the Seventeenth at Nine P. M.

ALUMNAE RECEPTION - - - - - *Hotel Commodore*

Saturday, June the Eighteenth at Three P. M.

UP THE HUDSON - - - - - *Freshmen to Seniors*

Monday, June the Twentieth

Conferring of Degrees

THE RIGHT REVEREND THOMAS E. MOLLOY, D.D.

Address to the Graduates

THE RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR E. W. McCARTY, LL.D.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on the following:

Maureen Catherine Bingham	Eva Mary Flinn
Agnes Elizabeth Byrne	Eleanor Mary Howard
Grace Marie Byrne	Helen Agatha Livellara
Helen Dorothea Campbell	Lucy Veronica Maguire
Helen Cecilia Caulfield	Ruth Elizabeth McCormack
Helen Anna D'Albora	Marian McKenna
Agnita Veronica Duffy	Florence Constantia Newman
Mildred Marie Duffy	Catherine Perpetua O'Hale

Grace Agnes Reynolds

Honors

Summa cum laude

Mildred Marie Duffy Catherine Perpetua O'Hale

Magna cum laude

Helen Agatha Livellara

Cum laude

Agnes Elizabeth Byrne Helen Cecilia Caulfield

Purses

<i>The Bishop McDonnell Purse for Religion</i>	- - - - -	Mildred Marie Duffy
<i>The Bishop Molloy Purse for General Excellence</i>	- - - - -	Mildred Marie Duffy
<i>For General Excellence</i>	- - - - -	Helen Cecilia Caulfield
<i>For Excellence in Classical Languages</i>	- - - - -	Helen Agatha Livellara
<i>For the Best Original Poem</i>	- - - - -	Eva Mary Flinn
<i>For General Excellence in Senior</i>	- - - - -	Mildred Marie Duffy
<i>For General Excellence in Junior</i>	- - - - -	Grace R. Tobin, '22
<i>For General Excellence in Sophomore</i>	- - - - -	Charlotte D. Nolan, '23
<i>For General Excellence in Freshman</i>	- - - - -	Caroline C. Corcoran, '24
<i>The Alliance Française Medal for Excellence in French</i>	- -	Eleanor Mary Howard



REV. EDWARD J. SWEENEY, A.M.

Scripture



Latin Greek

SISTER MARIE DE LA SALLE, A.M.

The Classical Literatures

The Church Fathers

English

SISTER AUGUSTINE MARIA, PH.D.

Composition Essay

Survey of English Literature

Methods of Teaching English in Secondary Schools



MISS ANGELA M. KEYES, LITT.D.

American Literature



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

Contemporaneous Literature

The World's Masterpieces

Shakespeare

The Victorian Poets



JOSEPH HEALY, A.M.

Oral English



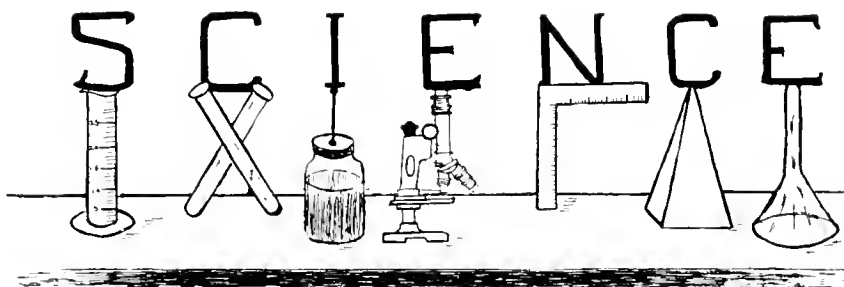
MISS ANTOINETTE PANTANO, A.M.

French



MISS JUANITA MOLINA, B.S.

Spanish



Chemistry

SISTER MARY CARMELA, A.M.

Biology

SISTER MARY ANGELICA, Ph.D.

Physics Mathematics

JOHN J. O'CONNOR, A.M.



HISTORY

MET



MISS GEORGIANA P. McENTEE, A.M.

History



GRS.25.



PHILIP R. V. CUROE, A.M.
History and Principles of Education



MISS EDITH MURPHY, A.M.

Logic Psychology



ABRAHAM LONDON, A.M.

Elementary Methods



MUSIC

Music is that elevated science which affects the passions by sounds. There are few who have not felt its charms and acknowledged its expressions to be intelligible to the heart. It is a language of delightful sensations, far more eloquent than words, it breathes to the ear the clearest intimations; it touches and gently agitates the agreeable and sublime passions, it wreaths us in melancholy and elevates us in joy, it dissolves and inflames; it melts us in tenderness and incites us to war. This science is truly congenial to the nature of man, for by its powerful charms the most discordant passions may be harmonized and brought into perfect unison; but it never sounds with such serene harmony as when employed in singing hymns of gratitude

to the
Creator of the Universe.



MISS JANE C. CLARKE, A.B.
History of Music *Harmony*



OUR GLORIOUS PATRON



St. Joseph

*Thou whom the Father of Wisdom
Trusted to guide His Son,
Teach us who seek after knowledge
That God and Truth are one.*

C. McK., '22



SENIOR CLASS

Excerpts from the Diary of a Senior

September 28, 1918.

Dear Diary: Isn't life queer? Now, a few years ago, would you have thought that there'd ever be a St. Joseph's College for Women, and that I'd be there? Well, there is such a college, and I am there. It's a lovely place—just big enough to thrill you, and yet not quite big enough to awe you. I am a Freshman, and there are ten others in my class. Everything seems so strange—being in a new school, meeting new friends, and hearing about programs, catalogues, "majors" and "minors." Honestly, Diary, it all makes me have the queerest feelings. Now can you explain why I should feel so shy and embarrassed when a prof calls on me, or a Junior deigns to notice me in the hall? Everything is just going around backwards. In high school, I felt quite grown up, but now it appears I'm considered a mere baby.

October 20, 1918.

Dear Diary: You say school is school? Well, college isn't. At least, it isn't the same as I've always known school. Why we have the loveliest teas and parties, and Diary!—they always come just at the right time—to keep your spirits up when you are beginning to feel that perhaps school is just plain school after all. Now, that's quite considerate, I think—having them at those times.

October 30, 1918.

Dear Diary: Do you know what "hazing" means? I didn't know either—that is, before it was done to me. All I knew was that it happened in every college, that the one it happened to was a Freshman, and that the Sophomores did it. Now, of course, I'm just telling this to you, Diary, so I don't mind saying it—really, hazing would put fear into the heart of the bravest "Freshie," and it behooves a Freshie around hazing time to show the proper respect for a Soph. Now please don't get the wrong impression, Diary. Sophs are quite all right. They more than made up for the Hallowe'en hazing by giving us a wonderful party.

November 1, 1918.

Dear Diary: We had a Hallowe'en Dance at the College last night, and I was there. Everything was so lovely—orange and black, witches, goblins, pumpkins, pretty dresses, soft lights and music. And, Diary! for once we weren't treated as Freshmen. Why even the Juniors exchanged dances. Now you know, Juniors never go to dances with boys, oh! no—they go with men. Oh yes, Diary, the dance was quite thrilling!

December 28, 1918.

Dear Diary: Don't you love everything about Christmas? Don't you love the way the spirit of it creeps right into your soul? I do, because it's that spirit which prompts each class to give a play at Christmas time for the Faculty and for the other classes. We acted "Mrs. Ruggles." It was very appropriate (all about a poor family getting ready for a Christmas dinner) and very, very funny. This reminds me, Diary, that I want to ask you about something. Marion O'Reilly took part in that play, and she was so funny (oh, she was meant to be), that all the others who were acting with her laughed right out. Now, Diary, was that very awful?



December 30, 1918.

Dear Diary: We had a Class theatre party. We went to see "Forever After," and it was so sad that (I'll just whisper this part to you) C. McK. cried; I almost did, myself, but, Diary, please don't tell anyone.

January 15, 1919.

Dear Diary: I feel so terribly sad and worried that I think it will be a long, long time before I shall feel like talking to you again. The cause of the sadness? Yes, Diary, you've guessed right. It's exam time.

April 4, 1919.

Dear Diary: Do you know what? We are going to have an athletic meet in June. There will be relays, and shot-put, and high jumps and everything! Doctor Molloy will donate a silver cup which will go to the Class scoring the highest number of points. Do you think we could win that cup? Wouldn't it be great if we could beat the Sophs? Oh! I'm so excited. Diary, do you think June will ever come?

May 20, 1919.

Dear Diary School wouldn't be half so bad if it weren't for exams. Can you see why they have them? I can't. It's just five whole days—and nights (one must cram sometime)—of agony. Diary, just at present I feel as though all the clouds were lined with lead.

June 12, 1919.

Dear Diary: It's June at last, and we've had the meet. And we WON! It was wonderful, and the way everybody cheered for us made me tingle all over. Imagine, we beat the Sophs! The last day of school is over. Of course, it's pleasant to look forward to three months' vacation, but still I hate the thoughts of not seeing the girls for so long. I never realized before how much I liked them. I suppose we never really appreciate friends until we feel that we miss them.

September 26, 1919.

Dear Diary: Where does time go to? Here it is September again and school time. Every one looks great after the vacation. Being a Sophomore gives one a very important feeling. I suppose it is because of the new duties and responsibilities we'll have. And we've eleven in our class now—Mary Huschle joined us, and I'm sure we're going to like her. Diary, something tells me we are going to have a glorious time this year, and when I look at the eighteen new Freshmen, and think of the hazing we'll give them—I'm just sure of that good time.

February 3, 1920.

Dear Diary: There is a very helpful custom observed at College. Every year we have a retreat. For three whole days you really wouldn't believe that we had any tongues. (We keep such "perfect" silence.) I guess we all need this spiritual side of College life; we aren't all angels—yet.

March 18, 1920.

Dear Diary: I want to write down part of a poem so I shall be sure not to forget it:

“Until at last one fateful night,
We wandered from the path of right,
Our good resolves, bucked by goats,
At last walked off with hats and coats.”

Do you know what it's all about? It means that we were good for so long that we just couldn't stand it any longer—it wasn't natural. Would I make it any clearer to you if I put it this way?—A prof; a stolen hat and coat; printed directions for finding; a volunteer searching party including —?; and a whole class of apparently innocent Sophs. It's a great stunt, Diary, when things begin to get monotonous. Remember once I told you I thought we were going to have a glorious year? Well, aren't we?

April 9, 1920.

Dear Diary: Do you like to hear good College songs? Then you should have been at the Song Contest to hear us sing. Now, Diary, I'm not conceited, but we must have been very good when we all thought so ourselves—it isn't very likely that we'd all come to the same conclusion if it were not true. And just to show you, Diary, what queer ideas some people have, what do you think of this—the judges of that contest didn't seem to think we were good at all. I still have my own opinion, though.

May 25, 1920.

Dear Diary: Things are very exciting around College these days. It's funny, now that I think of it, but I don't believe I ever told you that the College is new, and that there was no Senior Class when I was a Freshman. That accounts for the excitement. You see, we are preparing for the first graduation, for a Greek play (Iphigenia), and in addition, we are publishing a Year Book. Do you know that quotation from somewhere?

“Oh the world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we would all be as happy as kings?”

That's the way I feel now.

June 17, 1920.

Dear Diary: I'd love to be one of the Seniors for just a week—graduation week. Every class in the school gives them a picnic, or a party, or something. We gave them a banquet, and that was the formal ending of our Sophomore year. Diary, I like the girls in my class better than ever; I hope they'll all be back next term.

September 30, 1920.

Dear Diary: I had a glorious time during vacation, and I really hated to come back to College, but I've settled right into things, and now I don't mind it a bit. Our class isn't so small any more. We have two new girls added to our list—Ellen Monaghan and Marie McMurray. They live away up in the Bronx, and they used to go to New Rochelle. Now, there is something about them which puzzles me. How is it that they can always be early for class when they live so far away? We Brooklynites can't understand that.

October 26, 1920.

Dear Diary: Last year I used to hear the Juniors talking about philosophy, and I wondered what it was all about. I concluded that so long as Doctor Molloy taught it, it must be very interesting. Now, what do you think of this! They made him assistant Bishop to Bishop McDonnell and now he can't teach here any more. Do you know, that's one of the things I call the worst luck? Of course, I'm glad he's a Bishop, and all that—but they might have waited until after we had him for a teacher. We have no hard feelings, though, we gave him a reception to prove that.

December 20, 1920.

Dear Diary: Since September we've had the usual run of social affairs. Somehow, good times and Juniors just seem to go together—but you mustn't think for a minute that our College life is made up of only things of a social nature—it is not. And, you don't have to take my word for it either, you can consult any member of the Faculty, and get the facts first hand. Now that's making it pretty broad. (Diary, I hope you'll consult the right one—it isn't necessary to go to them all.)

February 5, 1921.

Dear Diary: Can you imagine any Junior year being complete without a Junior Prom? If you can, then you've a very wonderful imagination. We couldn't think of such a thing, so we made arrangements and had our Prom at the Hotel St. George on January thirty-first. This is the first dance that has ever been held outside the College, and it was one of the largest we've ever had. Did we have a good time? Now, that's a foolish question! (It's funny, Diary, how I remember lots of little incidents about that dance—and I'm not silly, sentimental or romantic either, but I've a memory, that's all.)

March 2, 1921.

Dear Diary: I love to dream—day-dream, I mean—that's what I'm doing now, because it's such a rainy day, that there isn't much else to do. I'm thinking about our class. I wonder if you really know what we are like. We are always in trouble; always doing things at the last minute; always just getting through—but strangely enough, we always manage to get there. Never worry, and never study—much—that's our spirit. It's this spirit of ours which seems to annoy the profs so, although I don't see why it should. They're always telling us how terrible we are—why, we never do a bit of work! (according to them—not ourselves). But you know, Diary, I don't really believe that they think we're as bad as they pretend. I am more inclined to believe that they rather like us. That shows my conceit, doesn't it? Oh, well, I've said it now, so I can't take it back. But I'm not so sure that Father Dillon wouldn't back me up on that statement. Oh! I'm so stupid, Diary never told you who he is. He has taken Dr. Molloy's place in teaching apologetics, philosophy and ethics.



April 16, 1921.

Dear Diary: The class of '21 and our class are the best of friends—now. I say “now,” because the friendship didn't always exist. Oh! we weren't enemies—I don't mean to imply that—we just didn't know each other—that's all. You see, we aren't sister classes, so that explains matters. Well, one afternoon, not very long ago, they invited us down to the “Sanctum” (that's their rest-room—you'd really have to see it to appreciate it). It was sort of a “get-together” affair, and in addition to drinking tea and eating cakes, we talked and talked, and talked. As a result, we “see ourselves as others see us.” I suppose, though, it's always better to know the truth.

June 18, 1921.

Dear Diary: Graduation is over—the second one in the history of the College—and the novelty of it hasn't worn off yet. It was on the same plan as last year—a whole week of events—a baccalaureate sermon, a Greek play, Commencement, a dance, and any number of parties. We gave the Seniors a luncheon at the McAlpin. I've just been thinking, Diary, they didn't announce any engagements at that luncheon. It seems strange—but maybe they're all shy, so we'll have to give them time. It's vacation time again!

October 3, 1921.

Dear Diary: During the summer, Bishop McDonnell died. He was the founder of our College, so naturally we feel pretty bad about his death. There was much speculation among Brooklynites as to who would be the next Bishop. They were silly, Diary, to waste all their time speculating, when anyone with half an ounce of brains should have known that the Auxiliary Bishop would be chosen. No one else stood a chance—we knew that all along. Today, we gave a reception in honor of the new Bishop. This starts the social events of our Senior Year—our last year. I don't like to think of the end, it makes me feel queer—sad, I guess—and the thoughts of going out into the world, and of really facing life, scare me.

December 18, 1921.

Dear Diary: I know all about perfume, charm, and the movies. I suppose you wonder where I learned it all? K. T. tells us in Oral English. By the way, we haven't Doctor Redmond for Oral English any more, we have a Mr. Healy. Diary, I want to ask you two questions: Would you like to see your future wife's face, for the first time, in the moon-light? and—do you like strawberries? These questions are apropos of nothing, of course. They just happened to come into my mind. So I thought I'd ask you about them.

February 28, 1922.

Dear Diary: Some Colleges don't have a Senior Prom. They're foolish, they don't know what they miss. We had ours at the Brooklyn College Club. The waltzes! Oh, they were wonderful! I like waltzes. Maybe that sounds rather pre-historic in an age of “flapperism,” but I don't care. I'd be willing to wager that 'way down deep in her heart every girl is old-fashioned. I am glad Veronica Hannon was chairman of the Prom, because if she weren't, maybe we should have had to fox-trot the whole night (not very romantic!), and we might not have had silver locket for favors. Diary, it might be very interesting to open a couple of those lockets some day.

March 10, 1922.

Dear Diary: Because of the increased number of students in the College (we now have about 81), it has become necessary for the Registrar to have a secretary. Now, about the capabilities of that secretary, any Senior can tell you. You know, it's no easy matter to type—say eight letters—exactly the same, without making a single mistake. They started this way—"We regret to inform," and they ended, "Very truly yours." What came in between, Diary, I leave to your imagination. But if you have a very hard time imagining, maybe one of the profs would be good enough to help you out. As a result of those letters, some people we know paid a social call to the College. Now that was nice, don't you think so?

March 17, 1922.

Dear Diary: There was a musicale at the College today. It was given under the auspices of the Glee Club, and the Orchestra. Everything about it was of an Irish nature—the songs, the dance, the recitations, the solos. The program ended with the singing of "You Can't Deny You're Irish." I wish anyone who has any pro-English tendencies, could have been there to hear that song. It would have done him a lot of good.

March 25, 1922.

Dear Diary: It's a good thing I don't have to talk to you when I want to tell you about something, because now I haven't any voice left—I'm hoarse from cheering. You see, today the "varsity" basketball team played against Mt. St. Mary's at Plainfield. We won, 16-14. The winning of the game, though, wasn't the only nice part of the day. The fun we had going up, and coming back!—the ferry! the train! singing! Ukeleles! There will be one more game before our basketball season closes, but that will not end our athletic activities. There is talk of another meet. I wonder how our luck will be this year? Here's hoping.

April 5, 1922.

Dear Diary: It seems funny that now it's our turn to prepare for graduation. Why, Freshman year seems only like yesterday! It's strange, somehow, I can't account for it all. Preparations are in full swing. We are rehearsing for the play. It is going to be quite different this year. The last two classes presented Greek plays, but ours will be an interpretation of Dante's "Purgatorio." I feel sure it will be a success. With Catherine McKenna as "Dante," it ought to be, goodness knows! We are going to give a banquet to the Faculty, either the end of this month, or the first week in May.

April 11, 1922.

Dear Diary: I don't think I ever told you about Grace Tobin. She has been sick—so sick, in fact, that she's been absent for a whole term. Now, that's my idea of hard luck—to go through for three and a half years, and then get sick, and not be able to get enough points for your degree. Not to get a degree! Aren't they tragic words! Why is June so long coming? The suspense is almost unbearable. Shall I receive an "A.B.," or will it be "clipped"? My decision wavers—but I live in hopes. Oh, Diary, what things would you tell if you could?—R. M. K., '22.



Sarina Cali

Literary Society	1, 2, 3
Secretary Honor Committee	
Stella Maris	4
Cercle Molière	1, 2, 3, 4
Athletic Association	1, 2, 3, 4

THE word that is most suggestive of Sarina is "sympathy". This means not only her compassion for those in need of help—that is only one phase of her many-sided character; it connotes also her ability to grasp an instructor's thought almost before he has expressed it, her readiness to see the other side of an argument as quickly as her own, her absolute justice in that she considers the motives of an act before she gives her opinion. It is, perhaps, this very reticence, this unwillingness to speak before she thinks, which has made her so respected and trusted a member of the student body.

The genius which Sarina has for making friends does not include only her own class. Everywhere in the College one finds the influence of her colorful, yet controlled personality. Nor is its effect merely transient, to be felt only so long as she is actually present; it will continue and increase through the girls whom she has made better for her friendship.

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





Isabel Hall

Cercle Molière	2, 3, 4
Glee Club	2, 3, 4
Literary Society	2, 3, 4
Stella Maris Circle	3, 4
Athletic Association	2, 3, 4

THE fact that Isabel is an only child might lead you to suspect that she is spoiled, but nothing could be farther from the truth. She is the personification of all that is charming, from the top of her head to the tip of her dainty shoes.

Dainty—that just describes her—dainty, shy, and lovable. Her quiet droll expressions gain flavor from her St. Louis accent, and her clever remarks are apt to recur to you at most inopportune times—for instance, in the subway, when your neighbors wonder what makes “Seager, Principles of Economics,” so amusing.

You may truthfully say that Isabel is the most generally liked girl in the class—indeed, who could dislike her? She is one of those happy mortals whose faults, if they have any, are so completely hidden that even intimacy does not reveal them.



Veronica Hauuou

President, Undergraduate Association	4
President, Glee Club	4
Class Treasurer	3
Advertising Manager, Journal	
Chairman, Senior Prom	



THERE is something usually lovable about the refreshing naturalness of Veronica. She is frank, delightfully so, and her simple manner lends an exotic charm to her personality. In her many moods, sometimes extremely happy, sometimes wistfully sad, Veronica never loses that touch of fascination which so captivates her friends.

She surely believes that song lightens labor. If you don't agree with us, listen outside the chemistry laboratory some afternoon—you've a rare treat in store for you if "Vee" is in there. In addition to her talent for singing, this petite maiden is skilled in the art of Terpsichore, and at Proms she holds court in that sweet, charming manner so characteristic of her.

It was, perhaps, because of her general favoritism that Veronica has been elected President of the Undergraduate Association, an office of no little honor and responsibility. Her direction of this association has been commendable.



Everyone knows what "Proms" mean in college life. Because of her skill and successful management of many college dances, the words "Proms" and Veronica have become almost synonymous.

With a personality so likable, it is not surprising that Veronica is such a popular girl at S. J. C.



Mary Buschle

Class Secretary	4
Business Manager of Footprints	4
Literary Society	2, 3, 4
Glee Club	2, 3, 4
Athletic Association	2, 3, 4



AN you conceive of a real human college girl expounding philosophical doctrines in Latin? Mary does, and it is this hobby of hers that makes our Latin class so decidedly interesting. Usually, the subjects we selected for themes were cats, Spring, or perfume, but Mary always appeared with some awe-inspiring theory—innate ideas, the immortality of the soul, or a discussion of Fichte.

But Mary is really just as fond of the gayer side of life as of philosophy, and we doubt whether she would take long to choose between a Prom and a treatise on pantheism. Yet it is in her simple unpretentious character that her chief charm lies. You always have a tendency to become intimate when you are with her. You trust her sincerity—you like her interest and sympathy—above all, you love her optimism. Not studious enough to be a grind, too sane to be negligent, with just enough seriousness and just enough humor—who could not like her?



Teresa Keane

Class Vice-President	1
Class Representative	2, 3, 4
Glee Club	3, 4
Stella Maris	3, 4
Literary Society	2, 3



IT IS in the rôle of friend that we find Teresa at her best. Always glad to help others, comforting in trouble, sharing joys, ever loyal, she embodies all that could be found in a true friend. Besides this, she is sunshine dispelling gloom, for Teresa possesses a "light heart with a merry nature," leaving an atmosphere of joy wherever she walks. Full of fun, always ready for mischief, she has made college life most enjoyable.

It is not only outside of class that this enjoyment is felt, for Teresa has that quality of making the profs wonder what question she is going to ask next, while the class hopes that her supply of questions will not run out.

Her freedom from affectation and her sincerity have made many friends for her. They who are so fortunate as to be among the number may consider themselves rich, for truly "A good friend is hard to find."





Ruth Kramer

Class President	1, 2
Class Treasurer	4
Art Editor, Footprints	4
Chairman Faculty Banquet	4
Manager Varsity Team	2



WHEN you think of Ruth there comes before your mind, not a static reproduction, but a living picture with a vivid personality. The variety of her moods, like an April day with its swift recurrences from sun to clouds, its cool invigorating air, and the freshness of its youth, lends a fascination to her manner.

Yet unreliable and warningless as her moods may be, Ruth's character is one of sureness and sincerity. With a fearlessness that comes from deep affection, Ruth would risk anything for a friend. May our class consider this a reason for her ready generosity?

Ruth shows a remarkable capability for work when once given the incentive. It is quite to her credit and to our good fortune that she has so often been chosen to head our social committees. Unselfish, impulsive, versatile, with an unswerving devotion to her principles, she is the very spirit of Twenty-two.



Catherine McKenna

Editor-in-Chief, Footprints	4
Class President	4
President Cercle Molière	4
Chairman Junior Prom	3
Vice-President Cercle Molière	3



THE unusually attractive personality of Catherine has made her a decided favorite at College. Hers is a personality with just enough seriousness to command respect and just enough nonchalance to be lovable.

With a mind profound and beautiful, ideals the highest—sometimes, apparently, too high—and her subtle loveliness of character, she possesses unfailing magnetism. But is Catherine always dignified and serious? Decidedly no. She has her moods of frivolity, moments when she captivates us with her amusing wit and humor. It is indeed interesting to contrast Catherine as she appeared in the rôle of the tragic French heroine in "Esther," with her impersonation of the ludicrous terrified cook in "A Little Mistake."

Twenty-two is fortunate in possessing Catherine for its president. With rare sympathy and keen foresight she has guided the class successfully in the most important year of its college career. Yet Catherine has never lost the charm of simplicity.



*"As the greatest only are
In simplicity sublime."*



Marie McMurray

Cercle Molière	3, 4
Glee Club	3, 4
Athletic Association	3, 4
Stella Maris	3, 4
Literary Society	3

WHEN we returned to College for Junior year, we found that our class was to have another member. Our tentatively friendly manner of the first few days, soon grew into open admiration for the sympathetic and fun-loving Marie. Tall, dignified, with glinting golden hair, she might impress you at first as haughty, but her saving sense of humor, her gift for saying just the appropriate thing at the right time, would soon change your opinion.

But underneath her gaiety there is a seriousness in Marie, shown in her strength of purpose when she believes a thing to be right. Twenty-two would have missed one of the pleasures of its senior year, if Marie had not joined its ranks.



Ellen Monaghan

Cercle Molière	3, 4
Glee Club	3, 4
Stella Maris	3, 4
U. A. Representative	4
Literary Society	3



POSSESSED of a keen active sense of humor, we find Ellen the best company. Her Irish wit refuses to allow her to take life too seriously, and she often assures us that "much study is a weariness." She has a funny little way of saying things, that is all her own, which adds greatly to her charm and attractiveness. The photographer caught Ellen in one of her rare moments of seriousness, but on most occasions she is light-hearted and gay as the gayest of us. Her generosity is unlimited—she is always ready to help anyone.

Early every morning Ellen travels from the Bronx on the subways, that never-failing craft which enables her to reach college, talk to her friends, do various odds and ends, and arrive at some class on time—exposing, however, two sad failings of the rest of us, an insatiable desire for sleep in the morning and a habit of taking a last chance.

Although outwardly Ellen seems very reserved and indifferent, in reality she is warm-hearted and lovable as anyone we know.

*"Acquaintance I would have, but when it depends,
Not on the number, but on the choice of friends."*





Irene O'Dwyer

Cercle Molière	1, 2, 3, 4
Literary Society	1, 2, 3
Orchestra	1, 2, 3
Athletic Association	1, 2, 3, 4
Stella Maris	4

HAVE you ever known a person whose very presence lends a mystic charm? If not, you should meet Irene. There is behind her gentle manner a strength that reaches one more surely and swiftly than words. While she is the very embodiment of womanly qualities, she disproves the current libel on her sex in that she speaks only when she has something worth while to say. If, in those rare hours snatched for conversation between strenuous class periods, Irene is absent (perhaps to purchase a peppermint, for which she has decided penchant), there is a general feeling of incompleteness. She takes with her that undercurrent of wit which is always a source of delight.

Perhaps her sense of humor comes from the deeper feeling of sympathy. Not satisfied with a mere cheery word, Irene always tries to dispel your trouble. This is the reason for her number of intimate friends, who never fail to find in her,

*"That best portion of a good man's life,
His little nameless unremembered acts of kindness and of love."*



Marion O'Reilly

Chairman, Honor Committee	4
Literary Editor, Footprints	4
Secretary, Orchestra	3, 4
Secretary Circle Molière	2, 4
Treasurer, Glee Club	2



MARION'S air of dauntlessness impresses you on first acquaintance. You realize that there is nothing in life which this self-reliant, fearless young person will not attempt and conquer. Her charming vivaciousness and vitality are very refreshing. When you have waited fifteen minutes for Marion to go to "Reid's," and finally in exasperation have sought the Sanctum, you will find her calmly arranging her hair while she carries on a steady stream of conversation with everyone within earshot. She will smile serenely at your evident disapproval and say, "Oh, I'm awfully sorry, but I had to fix my hair. It looked a sight!" Immediately your vexation will vanish (for she is irresistible). Walking along Clinton Avenue you listen to an inexhaustible fund of ideas and discover that Marion is exceedingly gay and nonchalant, with a delightful air of sophistication about her. Altogether, she is most annoying when most playful, most amusing when most serious, and most lovable when just herself.





Kathleen Thompson

Class Treasurer	2
Class Secretary	3
Literary Society	1
Treasurer, Literary Society	2
Secretary, Literary Society	3



YOU may not boast of being a nature lover, yet you cannot escape the lure of beautiful skies. So you must have noticed at sometime a streak of red across the clouds. Against the gray sky it looks not unlike our class banner. Yet it is really just a wisp of Kathleen's hair peeping out from behind a great cloud. Only because of their vividness do you see her locks because she seems to have chosen to sit on the highest cloud, very much aloof from the rest of us mortals. There, undisturbed and free, she fancies dreams that are woven so closely around herself that they have become a part of her—dreams that strengthen her ideals and lend a fanciful charm to her humor. If you are Kathleen's friend, you will like her for her intense sincerity and candor; if just her acquaintance, her genial manner and pleasing personality will attract you. But perhaps because of the ethereal atmosphere she breathes, Kathleen is quite unlike anyone you have met or even might meet. Life to her is a realization of her dreams—and when it is not, she makes it so.



Grace Tobin

Class Secretary	1, 2
Class President	3
Business Manager, Footprints	2
Assistant Editor, Loria	3
President of U. A.	4



GRACE possesses all the attractive qualities which her name signifies. She is always ready to give her whole-hearted enthusiasm to any cause, and has been instrumental in leading Twenty-two to great achievements. Her generous spirit and kind heart are two attributes that have made her beloved by all her classmates.

In social activities also, Grace has taken a prominent part. Teas, dances, and cake sales have claimed her attention, and she has shown her remarkable powers of organization when chairman of committees.

Grace has always been eminent in the college politics. She has held many offices and has proved herself a most capable leader. Her quiet and unassuming manner would never lead anyone to suspect that she possessed these unusual characteristics, but we who have known her through four years' companionship, have realized their worth.



Grace's serious illness since February has been one of the shadows of our Senior year. The sympathy of the whole class goes out to her. We hoped until the last minute that she would be able to return, but doctors are obdurate. We are glad that she is now on the road to recovery, even if she cannot be with us.



STUDENT COUNCIL

Undergraduate Association

President

VERONICA HANNON, '22

Secretary

CATHERINE KEELY, '23

Treasurer

MARY ST. JOHN, '24

Class Representatives

Teresa Keane, '22

Viola Hearn, '24

Ellen Monaghan, '22

Alice McGrane, '24

Margaret Lennon, '23

Dorothy Dempsey, '25

Mary Sheridan, '23

Muriel McCarthy, '25

UNTIL this year the Undergraduate Association had never extended its powers beyond those of a purely supervisory nature. It has, however, widened its scope, and now includes among its achievements the inauguration of the Honor System.

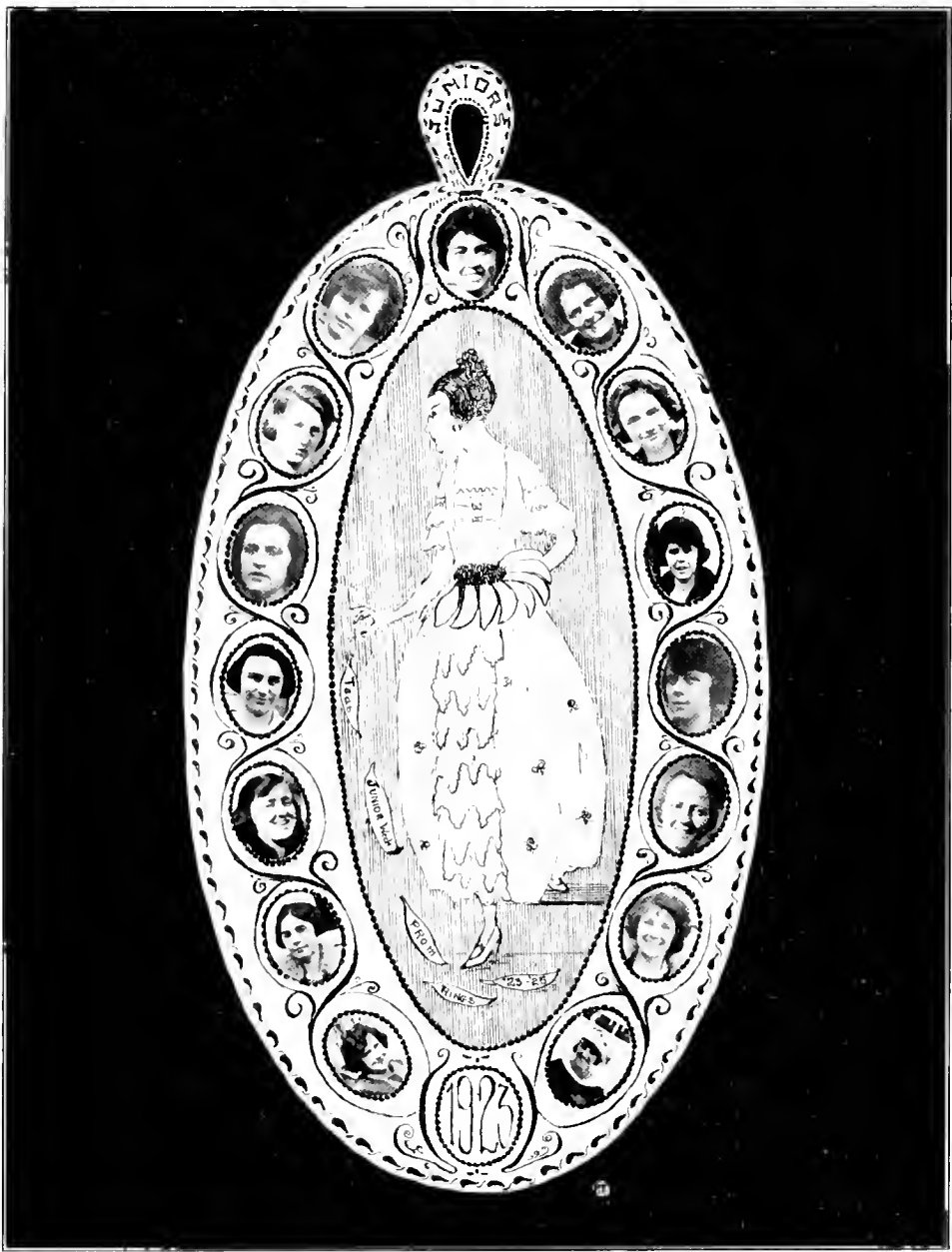
For some time the Association had received requests for the introduction of this system, but it was not until its endorsement by the Faculty that the student council seriously considered the idea. After the favorable vote of the student body, the following committee was selected:

Marion O'Reilly, '22, Chairman; Sarina Cali, '22, Secretary; Charlotte Nolan, '23; Kathleen Dugan, '24; Ethel Gleason, '24; Marion Aubert, '25; Cecilia Dolan, '25.

The Association extends its sympathy to its former president, Grace R. Tobin, '22, who resigned because of the serious illness that has kept her at home during the second semester.



JUNIOR CLASS





SOPHOMORE CLASS

1924

SVC

SOPHOMORE



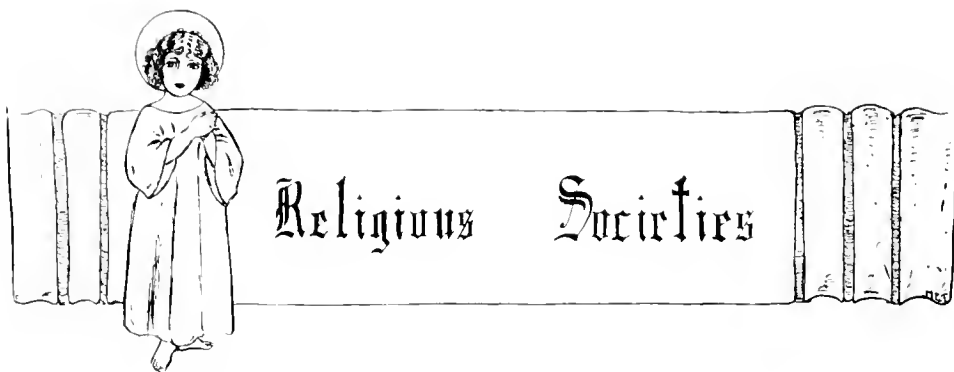


FRESHMAN CLASS



1925

Our Freshman days
are brightly hued
With Springtime day
dreams' roseate glow,
And with the spirit
we're imbued
Of bright Pietrette
and Pierrat. *on*



The Stella Maris Circle

President

DOROTHY J. WILLMANN, '23

Secretary

ANGELA J. DONALDSON, '24

Treasurer

MARION E. TEAKEN, '24

OUR annual public Mass inaugurated the mission work of the year. To this inspiring beginning was added the educational and social stimulus of a lecture and tea held on December fifth. The Reverend Francis J. Healy explained in his interesting and convincing way the object of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. His audience included the Stella Maris Circle and representatives from all the city high schools, Catholic and public. The lecture not only entertained all present, but aroused their zeal. As a result, circles have been in process of being organized ever since.

On February fourteenth, the same audience met again to hold a typical mission meeting, learning by actual observation of the activities necessary for the success of the work. The projects include not only the collecting of stamps, tin-foil, and ribbons, but also the setting aside of certain weeks for specific charitable works and the offering of the merit thus gained for the success of those who are in the field.

We are turning our attention at present to the foundation of a burse. To this end we are devoting the proceeds from the sale of cake and candy, from shoe-shining, hair-curling, and manicuring.

"Achievement," this year's slogan of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, connotes to us advancement of the material, educational, and spiritual interests of the missions.

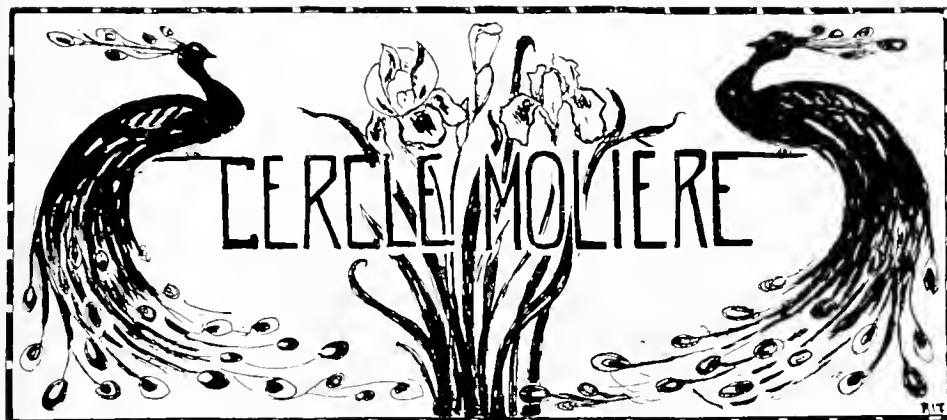


THE WE-KAN-DUITS
of the
STELLA MARIS CIRCLE



League of the Sacred Heart

THE College was established as a center of the League of the Sacred Heart, by the Rev. Paul L. Blakely, S.J., at the annual retreat in January. In connection with the League, the Apostleship of Study, also, was instituted. At meetings, which are held on the first Friday of each month, the Rev. W. T. Dillon, spiritual director, speaks on topics relative to the interests of the students.



The Cercle Moliere

President

CATHERINE MCKENNA, '22

Secretary

MARION O'REILLY, '22

THIS has been a year of French novels and French plays, and with this vogue came a renewed interest in the Cercle Molière. Its enlarged register, besides enabling the society to continue the progress notable last year, has offered opportunity for new activities.

The society has demanded from its members their best efforts. The tercentenary of Molière could not go unmarked by the Cercle which bears his name. A tea, at which we hope to interest any friends in the great genius of France, has been planned. Our visitors will be given glimpses into the life of this master of the comedy and some appreciation of his work in three sketches from his most famous play, "L'Avare."



S. J. C. ORCHESTRA

Orchestra

President

IDA L. O'CONNOR, '23

Secretary

MARION E. O'REILLY, '22

IF YOU are looking for anyone on Monday, during noon hour, you will probably find her at orchestra practice. Even if she is not especially talented, she may be a part of the group of students who linger delightedly just outside the auditorium, listening to the (sometimes) sweet notes from violins, banjo-mandolins, and the rest of the "strings." Attendance at practice is always enthusiastic, even if not as prompt as might be desired. Still, one must eat, and one must show interest in one's work by remaining after class for discussion.

The orchestra this year has progressed both in regard to numbers and to the program to be carried out. It has co-operated with the Glee Club at its public appearances, and has lent invaluable assistance to the other societies on the occasions of their numerous teas. Its advancement, under the same inspiring direction, seems assured.

The Glee Club

*"Sweet melodies heard carelessly,
But singing in the heart for years to come."*

President

VERONICA HANNON, '22

Vice-President

AGNES CONNOLLY, '23

Secretary

AGNES MAGNOR, '24



HIS year our Glee Club has grown from a promising infant to a lusty youngster. The enjoyable hour we have spent each Tuesday competing in vocal power is one of the happiest memories of the year. That earnest co-operation has been given to this activity was shown, not only at our musicales, but also at the college receptions and entertainments, where the Glee Club never failed to lend a pleasing addition to the program.

The first public affair of the season was the "Afternoon with Schubert." His life and the masterpieces of song and music which he composed, were presented so strikingly as to make one feel personally acquainted with this great man.

The Schubert Musicale was so undeniably a success that again the Club entertained. Joseph Haydn, the great musical genius of the eighteenth century, was the composer selected. The result was most encouraging, for the afternoon was as thoroughly enjoyed as its predecessor.

Then came the Irish Musicale, when a love for the Emerald Isle appeared in full glory, showing a sympathy that as one of the songs put it, "could not be denied." Glowing lights under green shades and floating banners made an appropriate setting for the sweet, tender music, now poignant with the memory of suffering, now gay with the voice of laughter. The melodies that never grow old were rendered in a charming manner and immediately touched the heart of the audience.

Oh yes, our Glee Club is a huge success, and we who have participated in its happy work know that it is an inseparable and unforgettable part of our college life.





VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM



MISS EVELYN JANTZER
Savage School for Physical
Training
DIRECTOR

The Athletic Association

Director—MISS JANTZER

Coach—MISS TUNNY

President—MARGARET LENNON, '23

Secretary—ALICE McGRANE, '24

Cheer Leader—DOROTHY WILLMAN, '23

INTEREST in Athletics has visibly increased this year as a result of the earnest effort of the Association to foster college spirit in sports. The whole-hearted support of the members has been manifest on all occasions, especially at the basketball games.

We are striving to develop further the Saint Joseph's Swimming and Skating Clubs, which, at present, are merely in their infancy. Plans, too, for the Annual Meet are now being formed. We hope to have this take place in May. Again the Athletic Association intends to come to the foreground on Mission Day, when it will take prominent part in Activities. We expect vigorous and exciting competition among the inter-class teams when their schedule is complete.

It is but one of the many proofs of Bishop Molloy's interest in us that, in the midst of his exacting duties, he has so kindly supplied our need for a new gymnasium.

We are greatly indebted to Miss Jantzer for her untiring efforts in directing our physical training, and to Miss Tunny for coaching the Varsity Team in Basketball.



MISS MARY TUNNY
Savage School for Physical
Training
BASKETBALL COACH

Basketball Varsity Team

Right Forward—MARGARET LENNON, '23 (Captain)

Left Forward—CECILIA DOLAN, '25

Center—RITA McCAFFERY, '25

Side Center—ANGELA DONALDSON, '24

Right Guard—ALICE McGRANE, '24

Left Guard—ROSAMOND THOMPSON, '23

Substitutes— { CATHERINE McKENNA, '22
ALICE RALEIGH, '24
MARY ST. JOHN, '24

Manager—MARY SHERIDAN, '23

1921—1922

This season we have played but two outside games. On December 20th, we journeyed to New York to play the Carroll Club. We found that our trip abroad was not as victorious as we had anticipated.

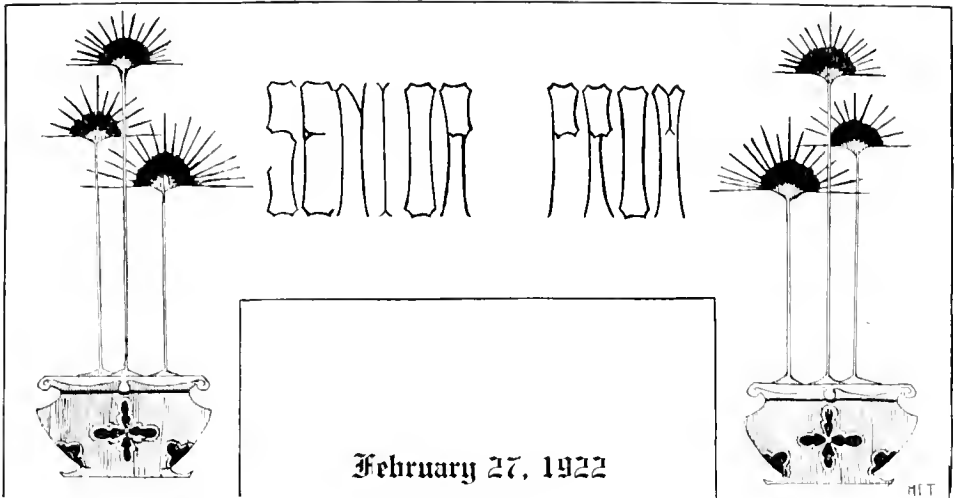
On March 25th, we played our old rival Mount Saint Mary, at Plainfield, N. J. It was an exciting, well-played, hard-fought game, and we found it a pleasure to play against a team which displayed such good sportsmanship. The score was 16—14 in our favor. Mount Saint Mary treated us royally, and the day was an enjoyable one for all. We are to arrange a return game in the very near future.

(S. A. L.)

SOCIAL EVENTS



GRS 35



February 27, 1922

at the

Brooklyn College Club

AS YOU walk along Clinton Street, you approach an unobtrusive doorway, fashioned in a quaint old style. You descend three worn steps to a dimly lighted hall. The low beamed ceiling, the dark halls, and the gleaming andirons recall memories of past generations. Yet the ballroom itself is a very keynote of modernity. The bright flames of the fireplace, the shining candle light, the vivid colors of the dancers' dresses—all these intensified the gaiety inspired by the music. And as the soft waltz rhythms of "Auf Wiedersehen" floated across the room, a circle of light surrounded the crimson and gray of "Twenty-two." The favors, attractive silver locket, will be a lasting reminder of the pleasure of the evening—our Senior Prom at the Brooklyn College Club.



October 28, 1921

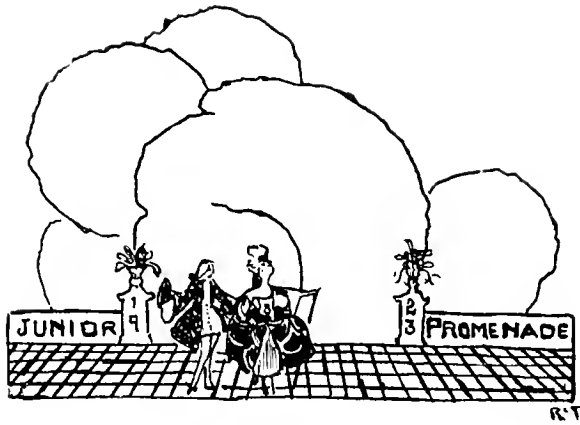
at the

Hotel St. George

HAVE you ever experienced the joyous and weird sensations of Hallowe'en? Yes? Then you must have attended one dance at the Saint George, on October twenty-eighth. It was a veritable wonderland of varicolored lights—with bright balloons and gay college banners floating everywhere.

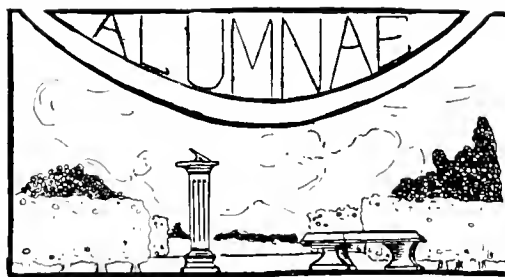
Then there was the "darkey" band, to whose strains happy couples danced blithely during the evening. And we must not forget the orange punch, which proved an attraction most refreshing. Everyone had a delightful time, and a bubbling spirit of joyous mirth and laughter prevailed.

But dreams do not last forever and, all too soon, the unwelcome strains of "Home Sweet Home" announced the end of a perfect evening. On reaching the world of reality again, we had only the orange and black dance orders to tell us that it was more than a glorious dream.



January 31, 1922
at the
Hotel St. George

THE Junior Prom of the class of 1923 was held on Tuesday, January thirty-first, at the Hotel St. George. The ballroom was a scene of delight, its many colors blending with the orange and black banner of the class. The dance orders proved the first of a series of surprises. In black leather, with the seal of the college, they were true souvenirs, to be retained not only as trifling remembrances, but for their utility as purses as well. The dances were dedicated to the Faculty, to the Alumnae, to the various classes and societies. At midnight, immediately after the Junior Promenade, hundreds of orange and black balloons were distributed, adding to the gaiety of a new charm. The pleasure was at its height, when the notes of the last waltz told us of the end. Then we realized that our happiest evening in Junior week was over.



RIST.

1920-1921

IT WAS Alumnae meeting night, and one of the members was in a reminiscent mood. Four years ago! How far away our last year at college seems. But do these four years make so very much difference in our lives? Then, our most serious responsibilities were exams; our most disheartening problems were concerned with conforming our school life to regulation; and our greatest aim was to keep the vision of the consummation before us, the harmonizing of all the monotonies of our days of work into a final song of life.

But now, when we go to Alumnae meetings, we find that more than half of Twenty and Twenty-one are still students. Why, the ghosts of past and future Quizzes, Reports, and Assignments just trail all the girls who are at Fordham—Marie Uhlinger, Helen Parks, Annunciata Scibilia, Florence Nolen, Maureen Bingham, Grace and Agnes Byrne, Florence Newman, Agnita Duffy, Eva Flinn, Grace Reynolds, Helen Caulfield, and Mildred Duffy.

Besides studying for an A.M., many of them teach in elementary schools. Ethel Kellam is at Holy Child Academy, New York, and Marie McConnell and Helen Caulfield teach here in Brooklyn.

Adaline Canning is in the English Department at Washington Irving High School, Grace Reynolds at Richmond Hill, Agnes Byrne at Bushwick, Ruth McCormick in Junior High, and Eleanor Howard in the French Department at St. Francis'.

May Moore, Amalia Simonetti, Helen D'Albora, and Catherine O'Hale are even more ambitious. Helen and Amalia are in medical school, and Catherine is studying law. May Moore is already beginning her work for the doctor's degree, having completed her A.M. last June at Fordham.

Eleanor Howard is at Teachers' College doing graduate work in French, and Helen Livellara in Columbia working for her Master's degree in Latin.

Marian McKenna is private secretary for her uncle, and Lucy Maguire is a librarian in New York. Marjorie Nolan and Helen Campbell also have found a business career more inviting than study.

Constance Doyle, Lillian Roche, and Anna McDonald are concerned with domestic rather than professional aims, and Marion Clarke is the first alumna to announce her engagement.



STAFF OF **Footprints**

Editor-in-Chief

CATHERINE MCKENNA, '22

Literary Editor

MARION O'REILLY, '22

Art Editor

RUTH KRAMER, '22

Business Managers

Mary Huschle, '22

Veronica Hannon, '22

Assistants

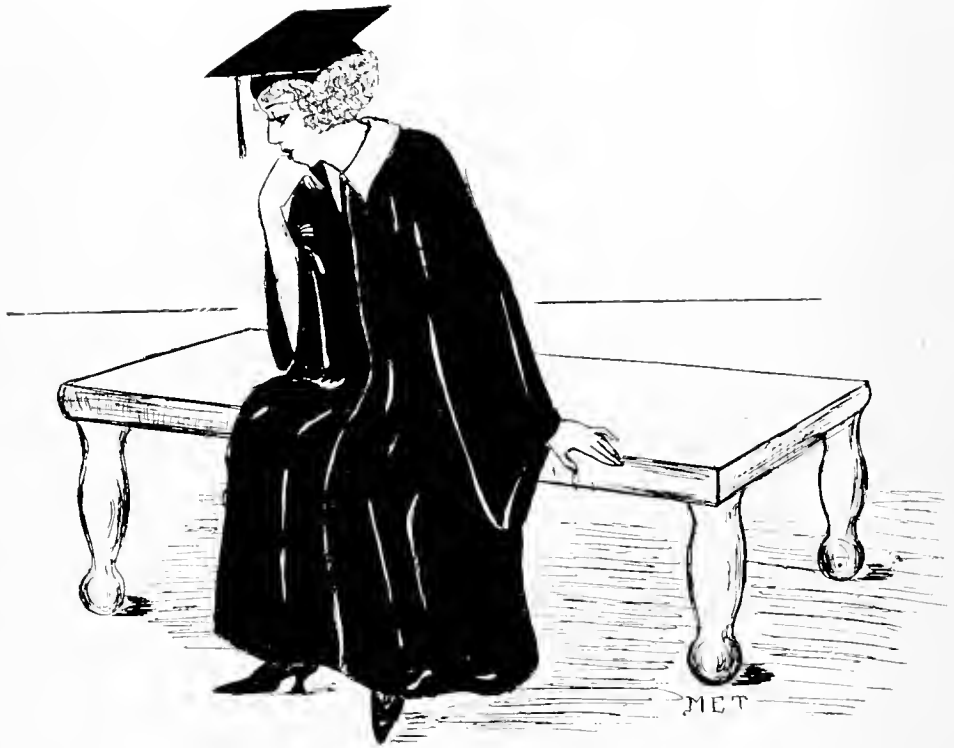
Teresa Keane, '22
 Margaret Lennon, '23
 Catherine Lynch, '23
 Mary St. John, '24
 Alice Raleigh, '24
 Emily O'Mara, '25

Irene O'Dwyer, '22
 Rosamond Thompson, '23
 Marion Teaken, '24
 Angela Donaldson, '24
 Genevieve Sheridan, '25
 Filomena Giorgio, '25

Muriel McCarthy, '25



"A Bit of Nonsense Now and Then" —



Somewhere in the future

We see ourselves this way—

I WAS assigned by the "Times" to visit a studio uptown for an interview with a prominent society woman, who was to sit for her portrait that morning. A pretty Japanese maid ushered me into a room that was a study in pale blues. The young artist was working on a little sketch. Her hair was bobbed, and she looked very attractive in her paint-daubed smock. When she turned to greet me, I recognized Ruth Kramer, a classmate at St. Joseph's.

"Ruth!" I exclaimed; "you, an artist! Tell me about yourself. It seems ages since we've met."

"But how did you happen to come?" Ruth inquired.

"I was sent by the 'Times' for an interview with a society woman who is to have a sitting here at ten."

"Oh, I'm so sorry—and so glad! She telephoned to cancel the appointment, but perhaps I can give you a letter that will get an interview if you want one. I know her secretary. But I'm so glad you're here. Of course, you'll stay for lunch. I have so many things to ask you and to tell you. I did rather expect Marion O'Reilly; but to be certain, I'll call her up—Vanderbilt 067—Yes—Miss O'Reilly, please—Oh, Marion?—Yes; Ruth. You're coming for lunch, aren't you? No? That's too bad. Good-bye. Marion says that she has two engagements that she simply cannot break. Isn't she the same old Marion?"

Ruth began at once, telling me with something of a smile that Catherine McKenna was teaching ethics in college. Although I had not known this, it was not a surprise. It was merely the fulfilment of a prophecy we had made on a certain April night in our Senior year.

"Irene is still 'in the city,'" said Ruth as if in answer to my unspoken thought, "but she will be back in Corona for Saturday night. Yes—giving a concert in the Fire House. The people have made an idol of her. I don't believe I ever saw anybody impersonate as cleverly as she does."

I was amazed when Ruth told me that Sarina and her husband had sailed for Italy two weeks before; I was relieved to hear that it was only for a visit.

"You must have heard about Teresa Keane. She is in the Brooklyn Hospital—yes, a trained nurse. Just like Teresa, isn't it?—still pouring oil on troubled waters."

I knew that Ruth had not yet heard of Ellen Monaghan's appointment on the Board of Education. Of course, we had rather expected this from the decidedly pedagogical tendencies she had shown in her extensive course with us.

"I closed up shop last Wednesday afternoon," Ruth said, because I was just burning with curiosity to see Veronica Hannon in her new musical comedy, 'Eileen.' The applause she got! After the play I met Mary Huschle, who had brought some of her pupils to see Veronica. Mary told me about the little shop Marie McMurray has opened on Fifth Avenue, where she designed all the costumes for 'Eileen.'"

I remembered all at once a letter in my purse. It was from Grace Tobin and I gave it to Ruth to read.

"In Florence!" exclaimed Ruth.

"Yes," I replied, "Grace is studying there. It would be pleasant if she and Sarina could meet while they are both in Italy."

"And that reminds me. Did you see that item in Sunday's Herald about Isabel Hall? She has been made president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, with headquarters in St. Louis."

And so we chatted on, until it seemed that the Spirit of Twenty-two was with us in the little studio. How I wished that I could spend the whole day with Ruth, but, remembering my assignment, I was about to remind her of the letter. But after all, did I need that interview now? Surely I had notes enough without it for my column in the Sunday edition.



But the Juniors call our life a song—

VERONICA HANNON—"Hark, Hark, the Lark!"

MARY HUSCHLE—"The Whichness of the Whatness."

RUTH KRAMER—"School House Blues."

MARIE McMURRAY—"Alice Blue Gown."

SARINA CALI—"Say It With Music."

GRACE TOBIN—"Dear Old Pal."

CATHERINE MCKENNA—"The Conversation Step."

ELLEN MONAGHAN—"Nobody's Darling."

IRENE O'DWYER—"Learn to Smile."

ISABEL HALL—"Sweet Lady."

MARION O'REILLY—"They Call It Dancing."

TERESA KEANE—"You Can't Deny You're Irish."

KATHLEEN THOMPSON—"The River of Dreams."

While the Sophs predict revolt against fate—

A. Thompson
A writer of scenarios
As everyone knows her name

Mr. Huschke
A district leader
A prima and totally
In the future of this charming
mead

Mr. Mc Murray —
A sough's rage to
Shuffle us yet.

J. Keene
A math teacher
Scolding pupils all day

S. C. L. Life
A Brilliant
As an ambassador's wife

E. Monaghan
An actress she'll make
And her acting will take

M. O'Reilly
When degree has been won
She will make a fine num.

G. Tobin
A fine actor of a late
Is to this young maiden's fate

Y. Hannon
A chemist's fame
Is her only aim

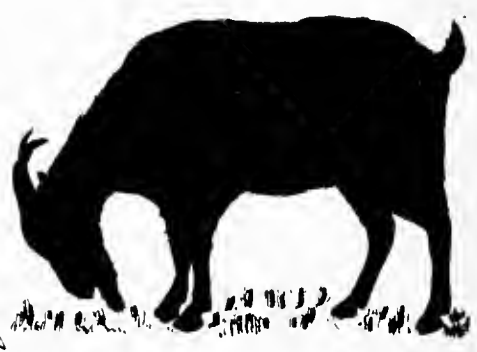
J. O'Dwyer
Quiet and Wes
Is this lawyer-to-be.

C. Mc. Hanna
A time we par seds to
for the girl never late.

J. Hall
She this is living is best
On a ranch war out west.

R. Kramer
A cook book for two
Is of interest to you.

Fate of 1922



(Here they are—our sister class)

THRU A LOOKING GLASS

19

24

AGNES	HOSTESS ON THE CAMPUS
ALICE	THE BUDDING JOURNALIST
ALICE	THE COMING ARTIST
ANGELA	OUR ARDENT MISSIONARY
GAROLINE	THE MIRACLE
CHRISTINE	OUR COMELY COMMUTER
CLAIRE	'MY WDR-R-R-RD' PARDON!
CONCEPTA	SCALE EXERCISES
ETHEL	THE DITTY "GUM UKE"
ETHEL	S.J.C.'S FIRST BRIDE
KATHLEEN	OUR ORACLE
LILLIAN	SOMETHING MISSING
LORETTA	THE BUG-OLOGIST
MARY	CAPTAIN OF THE GOOD SHIP '24
MARGURITE	SHE COMES UP SMILING
MARGRET	CROSS COUNTRY HIKER
MILDRED	WHATS IN A GIGGLE
REGINA	ST. JOHN'S LOYAL SUPPORTER
RITA	AT NINE OR AFTER
TERESA	THE LITTLE SONG BIRD
VIOLA	OUR PERFECT LADY

S.J.C.

C.R.C. '24

And the Freshmen say it with jingles:

I.

Irene, Irene, I've been thinking
Of how very nice 'twould be
If, when you are leaving college,
You'd bequeath your wit to me.

II.

Young Lochinvar has come out of the West,
He hails from St. Louis—Isabel's guest.
And since she drives with speed and vim,
There's a very good time in store for him.

III.

Marion's tresses, long and brown,
Require frequent dressing;
No sooner up than they are down!
She finds them most distressing.

IV.

Veronica Hannon wears high heels,
We often walk behind her
And say that if she wears low ones,
We'll never be able to find her.

V.

Our hearts leap up when we behold
Teresa strolling by;
For though she looks so innocent,
There's mischief in her eye.

VI.

Kathleen, some day we hope to see
Your castles in Spain come true;
And we'll watch your success when Dame Fortune has made
A scenario writer of you.

VII.

Along the hall Sarina comes
With quiet stately grace;
Her kind and gentle manner
Makes her welcome every place.

VIII.

As President of the Senior Class
We know you've done your part,
But Catherine, we'd like to commend you here
For your skill at Orpheus' art.

IX.

"Where are you going, Marie, fair maid?"
"Off to the druggist, sir," she said,
"To buy me some dye, to darken my hair,
I'm getting so tired of being so fair."

X.

A sudden rush and commotion!
And at first we're surprised, but then
We look in the hallway, to find that it's only
Impulsive Ruth Kramer in trouble again.

XI.

Ellen Monaghan, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay,
A train arrived, the whistle blew,
And away for the city, Ellen flew.

XII.

Grace Tobin rides upon a horse,
It seems to be her hobby;
When she goes by, the people cry,
"Now, doesn't she look nobby!"

XIII.

Mary, Mary, light and airy
How does your auto go?
"I kill the people right and left
And 'range them row on row."

Program of Follies of 1922

AS PRODUCED BY THE SENIOR CELEBRITES

(In the Minds of the Sophomores)

STAGE MANAGER—*Veronica Hannon*

LYRICS AND SONGS—*Kathleen Thompson*

Cast

SARINA CALI - - - - - *The Girl With the Million Dollar Smile*
CATHERINE MCKENNA - *Who Makes Short Work of Everything—Even Her Hair*
IRENE O'DWYER - - - - - *Queen of the Royal Castle*
ELLEN MONAGHAN - - - - - *The Girl from Nowhere*
MARION O'REILLY - - - - - *The Late Bird*
MARY HUSCHLE - - - - - *One Vast Substantial Smile*
RUTH KRAMER - - - - - *The Spirit of Twenty-two*
MARIE McMURRAY - - - - - *The Belle of the Bronx*
TERESA KEANE - - - - - *Huck Finn*

PLACE—*The Sanctum*

TIME—*Between Periods*

MUSICAL NUMBERS

OPENING CHORUS - - - - - *"Everybody Step" to the Tune of "Clap Clap"*
THE HESITATION - *Done at the Office Door—Creative Dance by the Entire Company*
"SAY IT WITH LATE SLIPS" - - - - - *To the Tune of "Sweet Lady"*
"UP IN THE CLOUDS" - - - - - *Sung by the Philosophers*
"THE THIRD BELL STAMPEDE" - - - - - *By the Whole Cast*

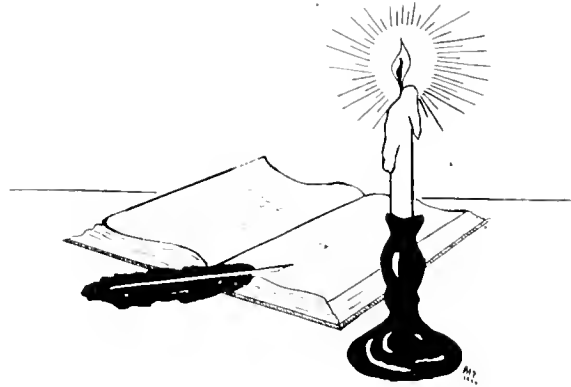
Gowns Designed by *Grace Tobin*

Music by *Isabel Hall*



Mrs. Benjamin E. Bampton
 Miss Maureen Bingham
 Mrs. Christian Bonnet
 Mrs. Francesco P. Cali
 Mrs. William Caldwell
 Miss Helen Campbell
 Miss Adaline Canning
 Miss Helen Canfield
 Miss Marion R. Clarke
 Mrs. John J. Connolly
 Mrs. James P. Conway
 Mrs. Andrew DeMuth
 Dr. Patrick A. Dilworth
 Mrs. Daniel Dolan
 Mrs. George Donaldson
 Miss Eva Flinn
 Mr. P. Francis Gleason
 Mrs. George Grainger
 Miss Mary H. Hall
 Mrs. George A. Hall
 Mrs. Michael J. Hannon
 Mrs. Thomas F. Harper
 Mrs. Frank T. Hearns
 Mrs. Francis A. Henning
 Miss Eleanor B. Howard
 Mrs. William F. Huschle
 Mrs. Timothy J. Keane
 Miss Ethel Kellam
 Mrs. Theodore W. Kramer
 Miss Mary Lennon
 Miss Helen Livellara
 Mrs. John P. Lynch
 Mrs. John Manning
 Miss Marie McConnell

Mrs. Joseph McGraue
 Mrs. John McGrevey
 Mrs. Felix McKenna
 Miss Marian McKenna
 Mrs. Gerald McMurray
 Mrs. Richard Meehan
 Mrs. John Monaghan
 Mrs. Ernest Munz
 Mrs. Thomas E. Murray
 Miss Florence Newman
 Mrs. Charlotte Nolan
 Miss Florence Nolen
 Miss Mary O'Dwyer
 Mrs. John W. O'Connor
 Mrs. Patrick O'Malley
 Mrs. John B. O'Reilly
 Mrs. John J. O'Reilly
 Miss Helena R. Parks
 Mrs. John Raleigh
 Miss Grace Reynolds
 Mrs. William A. Rick
 Miss Agnes C. Riley
 Mrs. Henry A. Roberts
 Mrs. Armand J. Salmon
 Mrs. George Schwarz
 Mrs. Patrick Shannon
 Mrs. P. J. Sherrie
 Mrs. David Simpson
 Mrs. John Thompson
 Mrs. William I. Thompson
 Miss Marie Uhlinger
 Mrs. John Walters
 Mrs. John H. White
 Miss Miriam Willmann

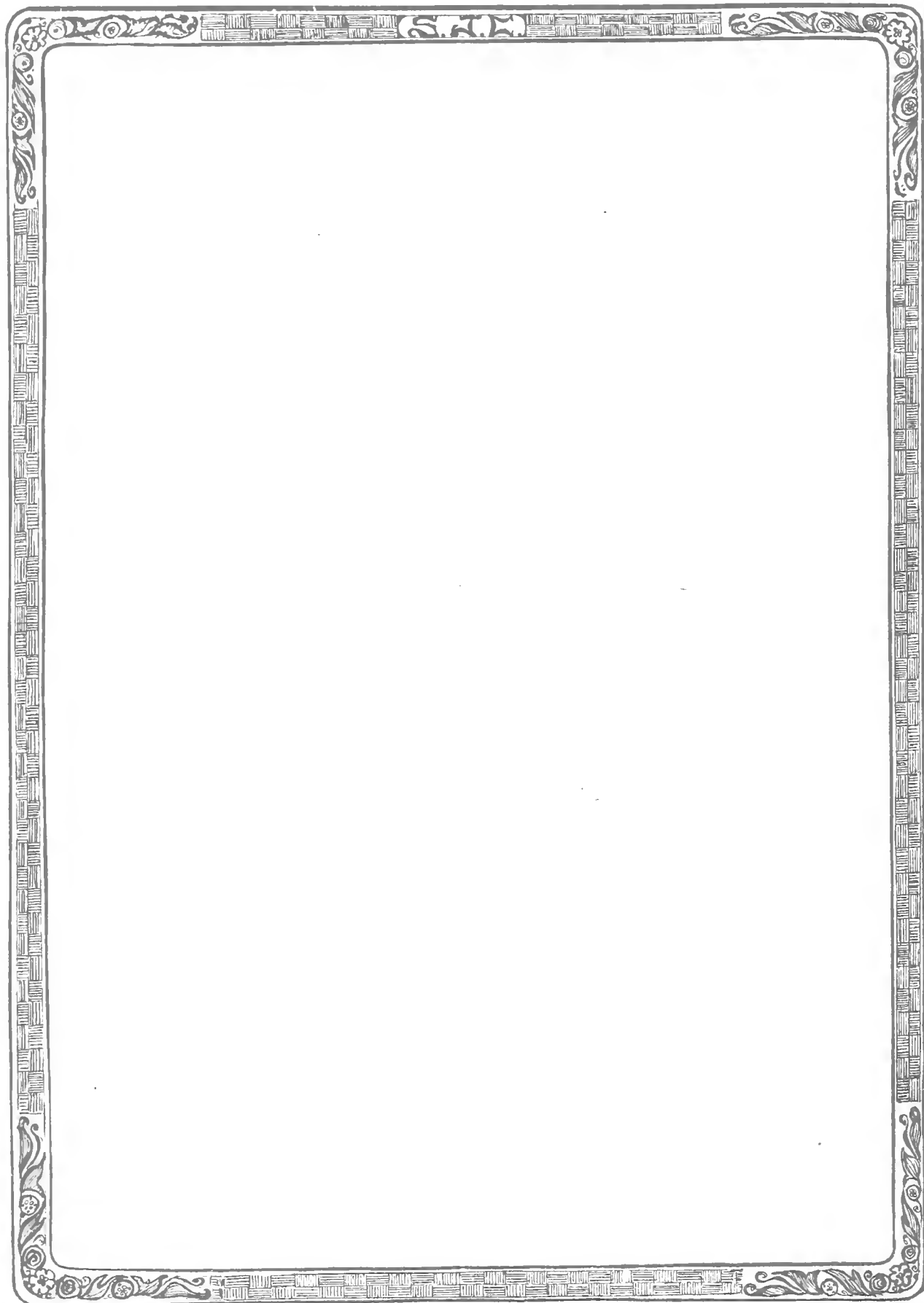


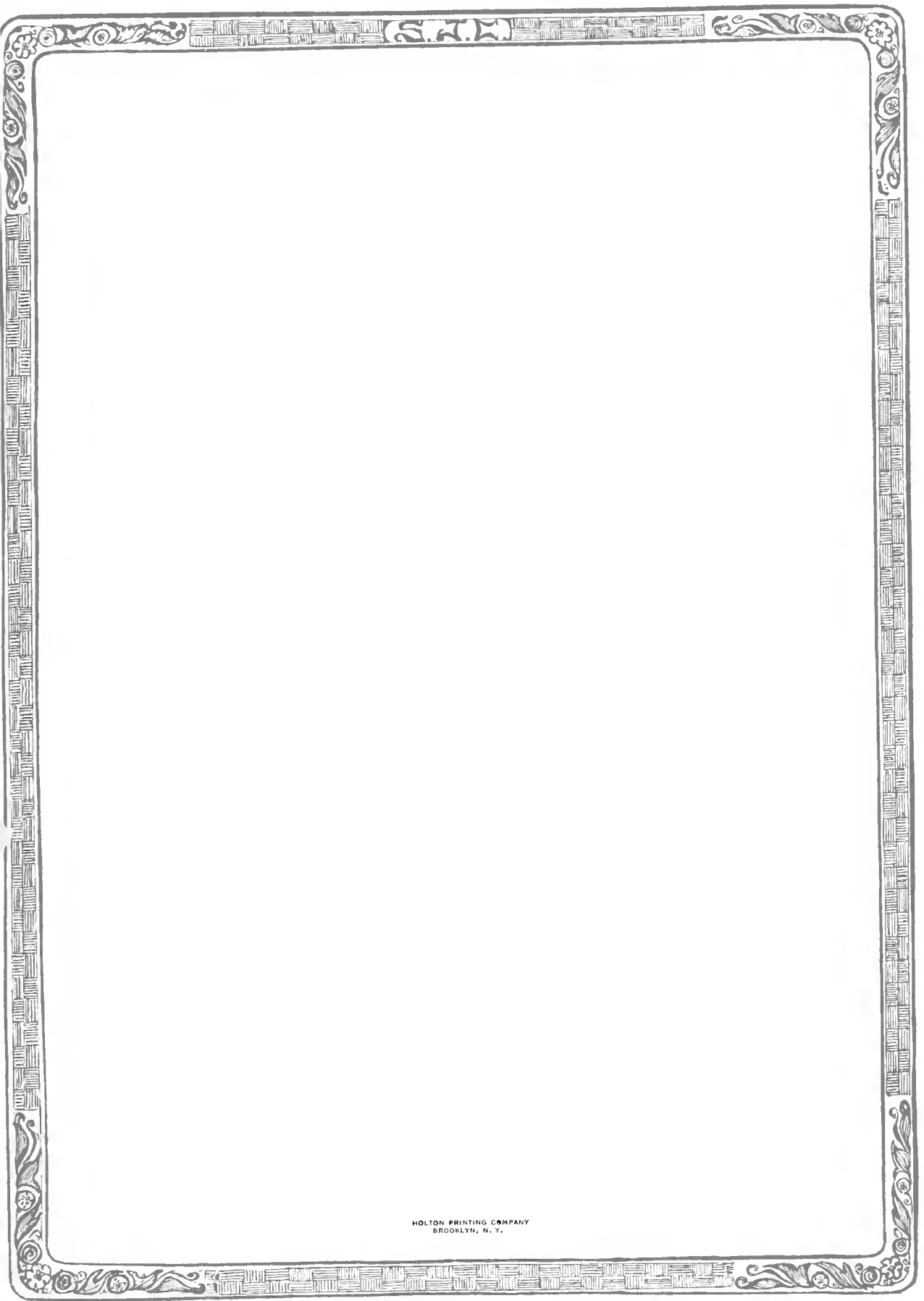
Directory of Students

- Aubert, Marion E., '25
 Bonnet, Amy C., '23
 Cali, Sarina H., '22
 Cassidy, Cecile E., '23
 Castellano, Concepta, '24
 Connolly, Agnes J., '23
 Conway, Marguerite L., '24
 Corcoran, Caroline C., '24
 Corry, Agnes, '25
 Corsiglia, Silvia M., '25
 DeMuth, Loretta M., '24
 Dempsey, Dorothy A., '25
 Dilworth, Gertrude M., '25
 Dolan, Cecilia M., '25
 Dolan, Maria Teresa, '24
 Donaldson, Angela Zita, '24
 Dugan, Kathleen M., '24
 Fearon, Rita A., '24
 Fox, Virginia A., '25
 Gfroerer, Lillian R., '24
 Gibson, Christine A., '24
 Giorgio, Filomena R., '25
 Gleason, Ethel M., '24
 Grainger, Alice A., '25
 Hall, Isabel D., '22
 Hamon, Veronica M., '22
 Harper, Elsa K., '25
 Hayes, Mildred E., '24
 Hearn, Agnes M., '25
 Hearn, Viola M., '24
 Huschle, Mary J., '22
 Keane, Teresa E., '22
 Keely, Catherine M., '23
 Kramer, Ruth M., '22
 Lavin, Ruth Isabel, '25
 Leddy, Alice G., '25
 Lennon, Margaret L., '23
 Lynch, Margaret M., '25
 Lynch, Catherine M., '23
 Magnor, Agnes R., '24
 Manning, Ellen, '25
 Meehan, Margaret M., '24
 Molesphini, Rosalind M., '25
 Monaghan, Ellen M., '22
 Munz, Regina M., '24
 McCaffrey, Rita T., '25
 McCarthy, Muriel M., '25
 McDonald, Anna M., '25
 McGrane, Alice M., '24
 McGrevy, Hortense E., '23
 McKenna, Catherine M., '22
 McLoughlin, Cecilia M., '25
 McMurray, Marie A., '22
 Nolan, Charlotte D., '23
 O'Brien, Grace M., '25
 O'Connor, Ida L., '23
 O'Dwyer, Irene A., '22
 O'Malley, Claire V., '24
 O'Mara, Emily E., '25
 O'Reilly, Marion E., '22
 Pattison, Agnes M., '25
 Raleigh, Alice M., '24
 Rick, Beatrice H., '25
 Roberts, Gertrude U., '23
 Roche, Margaret M., '25
 Roland, Agnes V., '25
 St. John, Mary E., '24
 Shannon, Catherine A., '22
 Sheridan, Genevieve R., '25
 Sheridan, Mary L., '23
 Sherrie, Ethel B., '25
 Simpson, Muriel L., '25
 Teaken, Marion E., '24
 Thompson, Kathleen A., '22
 Thompson, Rosamond L., '23
 Tobin, Grace R., '22
 Todd, Sarah A., '25
 Vitale, Mildred E., '25
 Walters, Ethel D., '24
 Weiden, Roselyn J., '24
 White, Margaret C., '23
 Willmann, Dorothy, J., '23

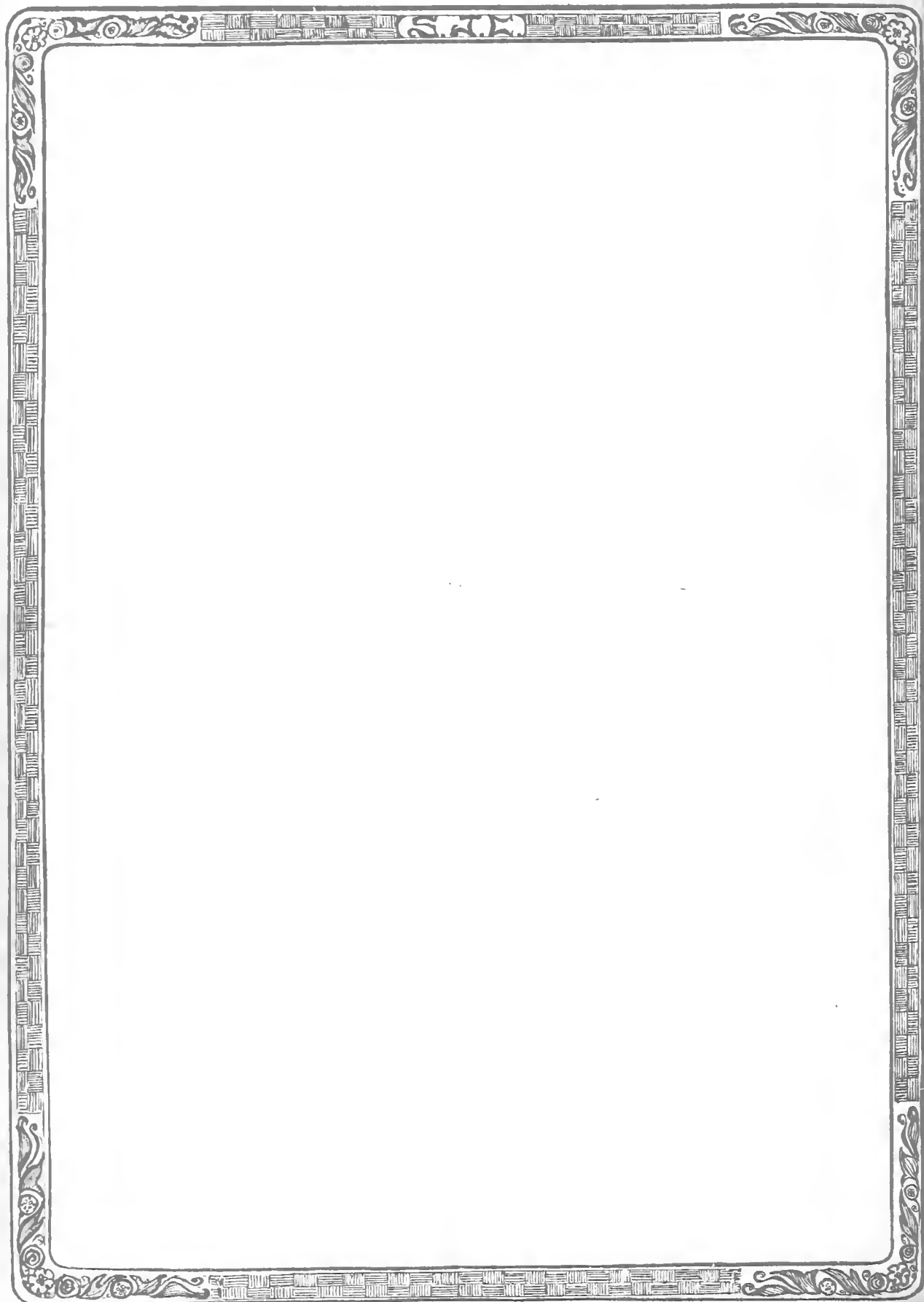


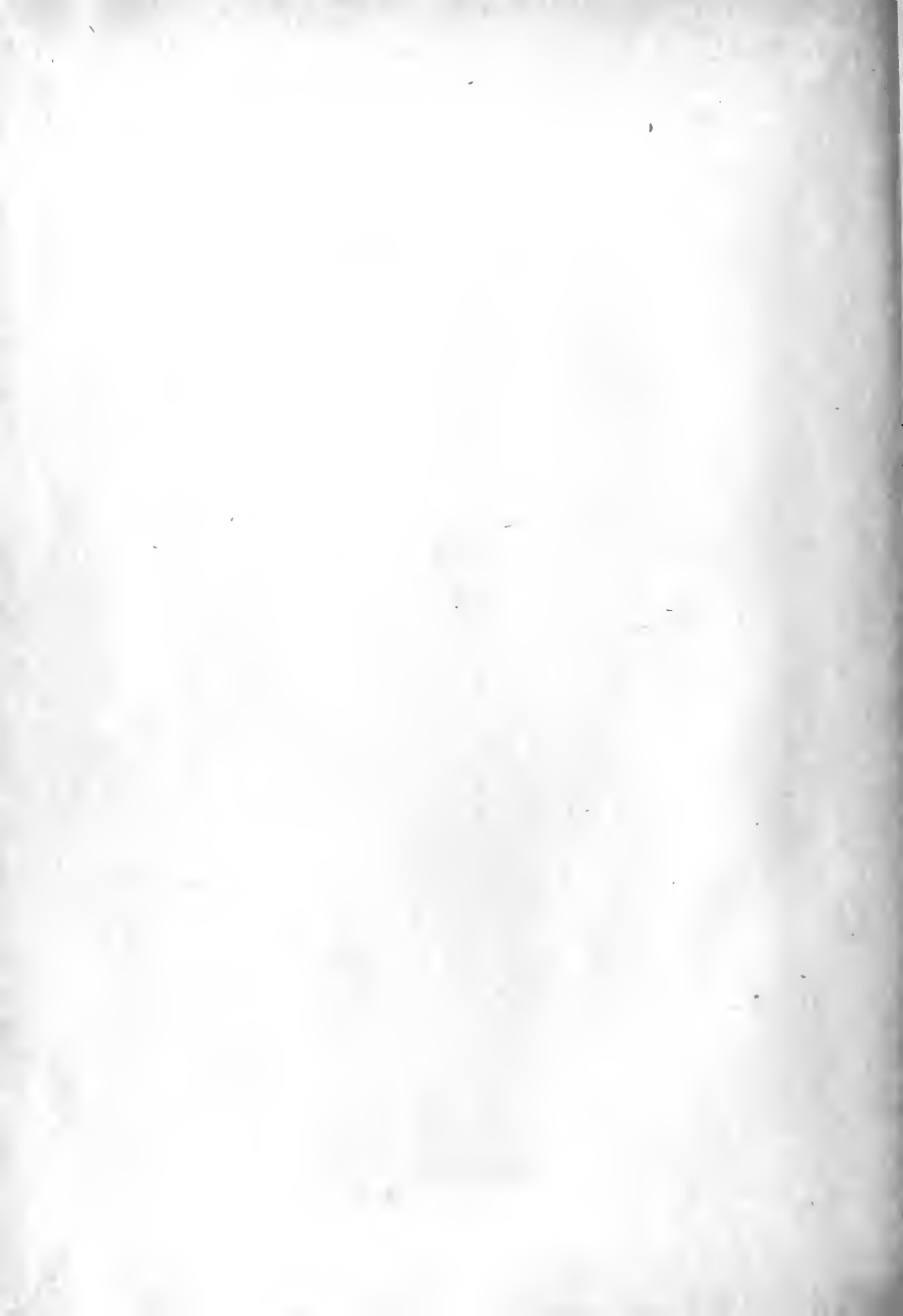
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