





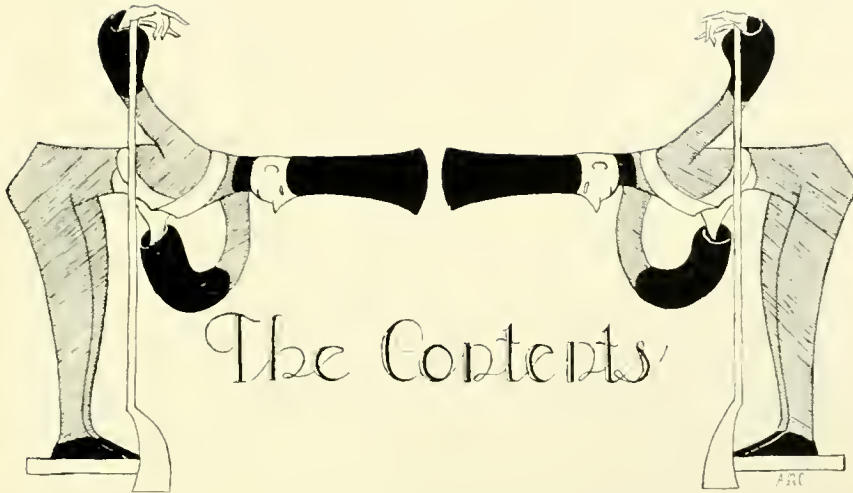




The Year Book
of
Saint Joseph's College for Women
Brooklyn, New York

Published by
The Senior Class

Volume Six
1925



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ST. JOSEPH

Foreword

Each year the graduating class adds another chapter to the College history, with the publication of FOOTPRINTS. To portray the memorable events of the year interestingly and in a manner worthy of the College; to interpret and intensify the spirit of Alma Mater; to foster her best traditions; to preserve a record of the noblest things, the sweetest things and the funniest things in our undergraduate life—this is the purpose of the 1925 FOOTPRINTS. If it retain after many seasons' passing some communicable spark of the enthusiasm of these years or inspire a return to their inconsequent spirit and unflinching optimism, it will have proved its claim to a place in our library, and in our hearts.

A. M. C., '25.



With cordial good wishes
to the Staff of the Year Book,
+ Thomas E. Molloy



To our dear
Right Reverend Bishop,
the President of our College,
we, the Class of Nineteen Twenty-five
dedicate this Year Book
as an expression
of gratitude



THE COLLEGE

College Song

O thou guardian fair of the days of our youth,
Like a mother so fond and so true
You have sheltered us, guided our footsteps aright
And sweet hope you've awakened anew.
As the burst of a sunrise on waters disturbed
You have scattered sweet, comforting rays,
And with infinite tenderness, patience and care
You have led us past troublesome ways.

All round us in mists of pure dazzling white,
You have blended a spectrum of love;
You lent friendship and pleasure, joy, hope and advice,
And assurance, with clear skies above.
And it seems that the sun on your walls shone more fair—
Even clouds could not lessen its light:
For that symbol of good 'midst your bowers found mate,
And shed lustre in bliss at the sight.

True to God, to our neighbor, to self and to you,
Your fond daughters we ever will be;
And our thoughts and our hopes, like sweet incense, will rise
To give honor and blessing to thee.
We shall pray that the future may lovingly lay
All its choicest of gifts at your feet:
And that "*Ite ad Joseph*" in letters of gold
Will blaze forth when in heaven we meet.

MILDRED DUFFY, '21.



Extensive additions to the campus that came with the year 1921 have found in 1925 their full justification. The new building, considered so spacious by the hundred-odd students of a year ago, is daily taxed to its capacity for the convenience of a number that now exceeds two hundred. Our increased registration is probably the most obvious determinant of the year's chronicle. It has directed an internal growth as well as a steady expansion of influence and prestige in the outward contacts of our college.

The International Federation of Catholic Alumnae has continued to devote much of its effort in Brooklyn to the general and material advancement of St. Joseph's. The highly successful course of lectures which its members conducted through the assistance of noted speakers, has been devoted, in its financial aspect, to this purpose. A word of appreciation within these annual pages is the least recognition the Federation can receive; yet its work is an important incident in the story of our early development, as it will be in the annals of our ultimate success.

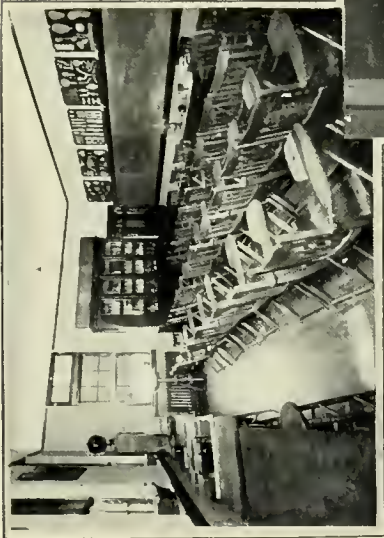
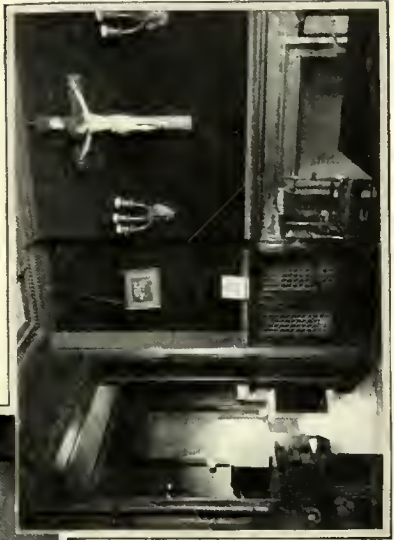
On the campus, we note with pleasure the appointment of Sister M. Philomene as Superioress of the community constituted by the Sister-members of the faculty and the addition of Sister Dolores Maria to the department of science. Dr. Cyril Goddard has conducted the course in Formal Logic during the second semester, and Señora Raffelli at present holds the professorship of Spanish. The regretted temporary absence of Mr. A. I. du Pont Coleman from the English staff has resulted in the installation of a substitute professor, Mr. George N. Shuster.

The student body has manifested a decided increase in the scope and intensity of its activities. Greater interest in the various clubs is the happy result of the impetus they have felt both in independent pursuits and in co-operative arrangements with the Undergraduate Association. The present large membership of the association has made possible a strict demarcation of the lines separating the various societies from one another in members and interests. Consequently each has been able to fulfill its purpose in a more representative manner, and to demand greater regularity in the arrangement of programs and meetings.

The most significant mark of progress in student activity during the year is the extension of the Honor System's application to include points of conduct formerly directed by considerations less stringent than honor. It indicates a heightened conception of honor's place in ordinary living, and an approach to the consistency of the truly honorable in the application of honor to little things.

Our chronicle is somewhat lacking in incident; it records our growing up to the stature appointed for us in 1924. But our physical growth is not the blind development of natural causes; it is the outward sign of mental and spiritual progress. We feel the march of this progress to be at once swift and steady, giving us ample opportunity to greet with joy what is new, and to part appreciatively, sympathetically, with what is passing.

A. M. C., '25.





In the Chapel

Dim, glory-circled chapel: I would gaze
 Upon thy altar decked with beauteous flowers,
 Not in the hazy light of dawning hours,
Nor in the gorgeous pomp of midday's blaze:
But at the welcome close of weary days
 When the spent sun's last beams in slanting showers
 Pour over thee the glory of their powers
Such spirit-thrilling gleams, as stay always
 In memory. At such a time, methinks
 There breathes from out thine aisles and voiceless pews
 A promise of contentment, and this sinks
Upon a tired scholar's heart, as dew
 Falls on the sleepy rosebud, waking it
 To flood the air with fragrance exquisite.

M. E. V., '25.

PRESIDENT
THE RIGHT REVEREND THOMAS E. MOLLOY, D.D.
Bishop of Brooklyn

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THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH
of Brooklyn

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Methods of Teaching English in Secondary Schools



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MISS ANTOINETTE PANTANO, A.M.

French

Señora Esther Raffalli
Spanish





MISS GEORGIANA P. McENTEE, A.M.

Church History

Mediaeval History

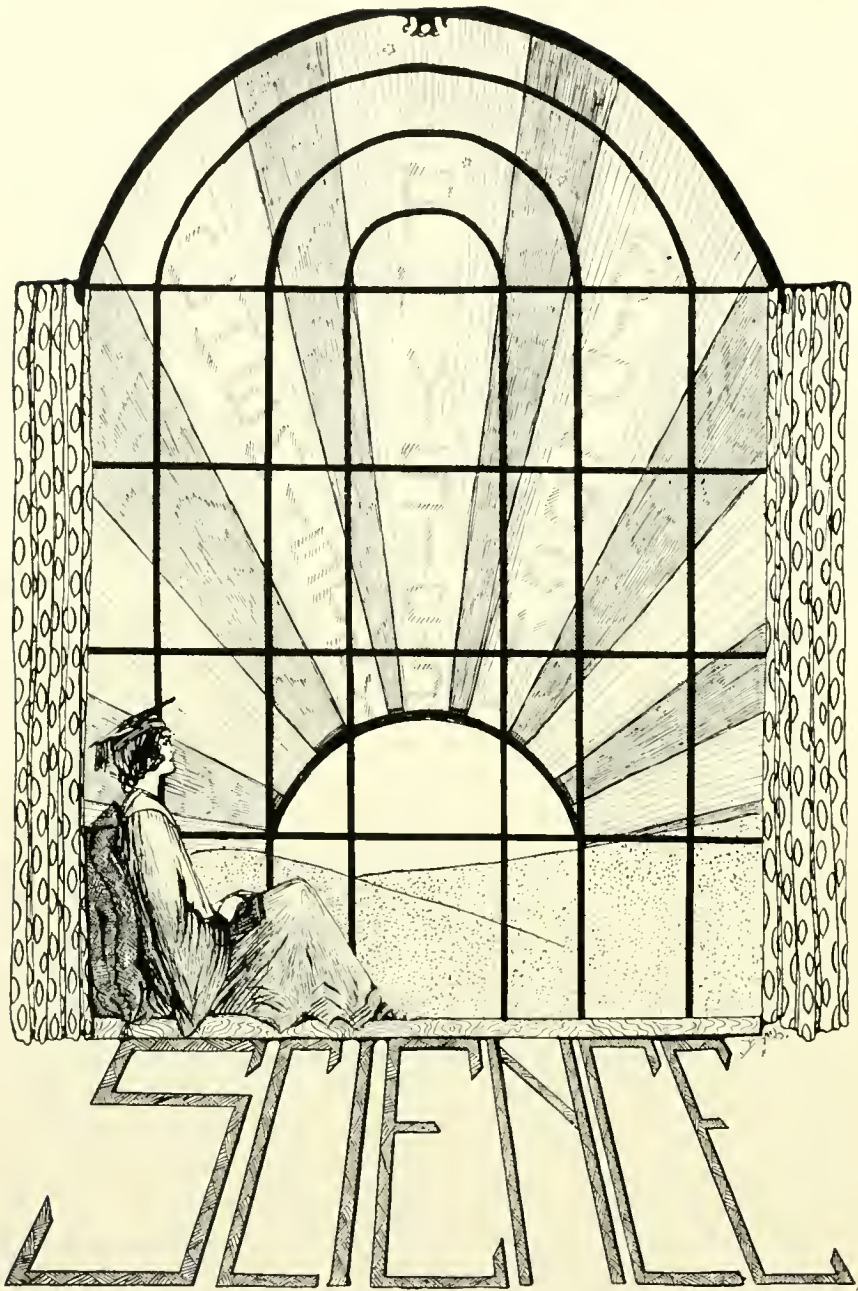
Political Science



MISS MARIE O'DONNELL

European History

American History



Chemistry
SISTER MARY CARMELA, A.M.

Mathematics
SISTER MARY ANGELICA, P.H.D.

Biology
SISTER DOLORES MARIA, A.M.





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



MRS. MARY McDONALD, Ph.D.
Elementary Methods

ASSISTANT INSTRUCTORS
IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PEDAGOGY

Theory of Music

PAUL MARTIN, JR.

Methods of Teaching Art in Elementary Schools

MISS MARY E. FOX

Physical Training

MISS ETHEL WALSH

Pedagogy of Sewing

MISS MABEL DAVIDSON

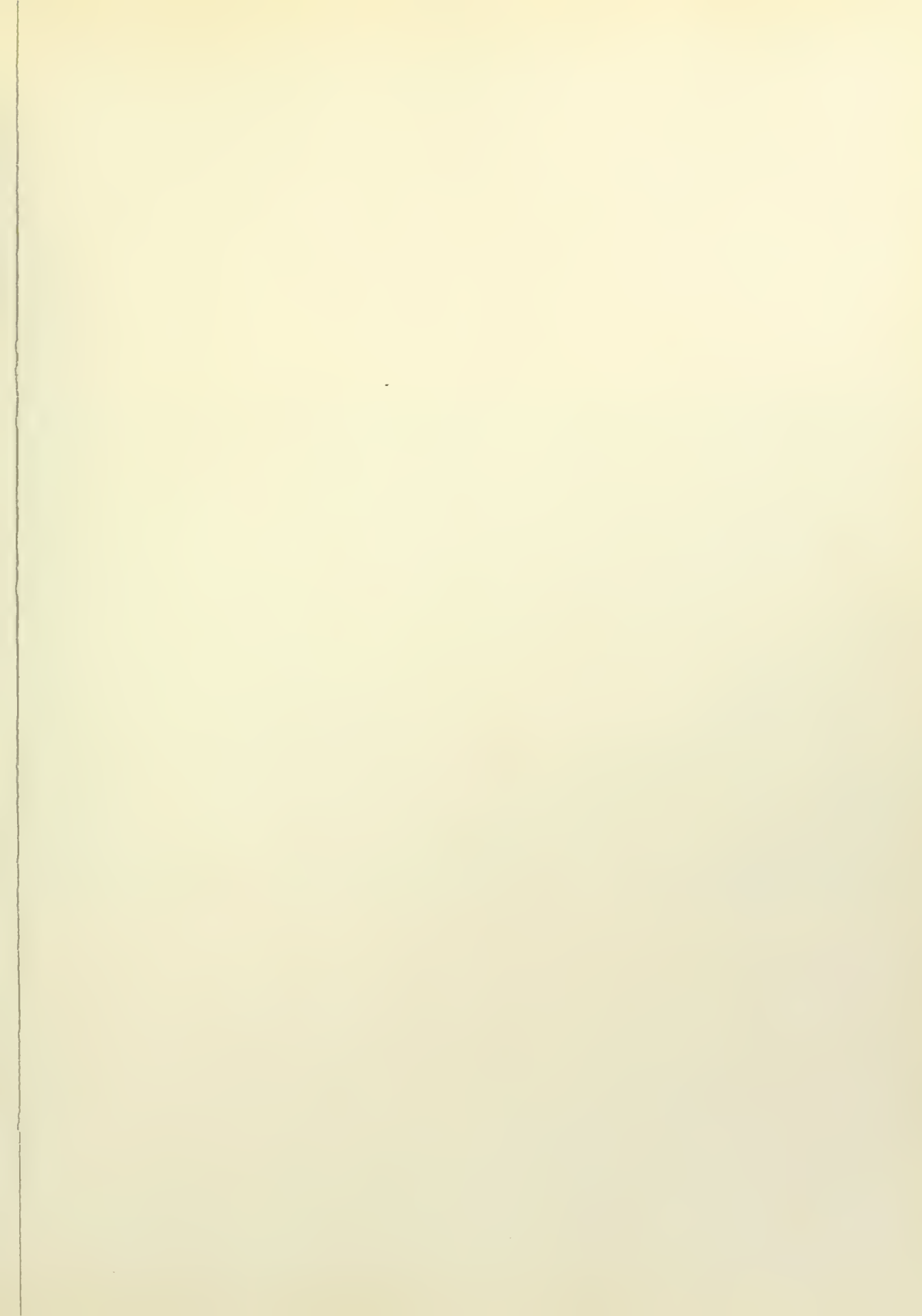
QUONDAM PROFESSORS OF '25

MISS BALAREZO

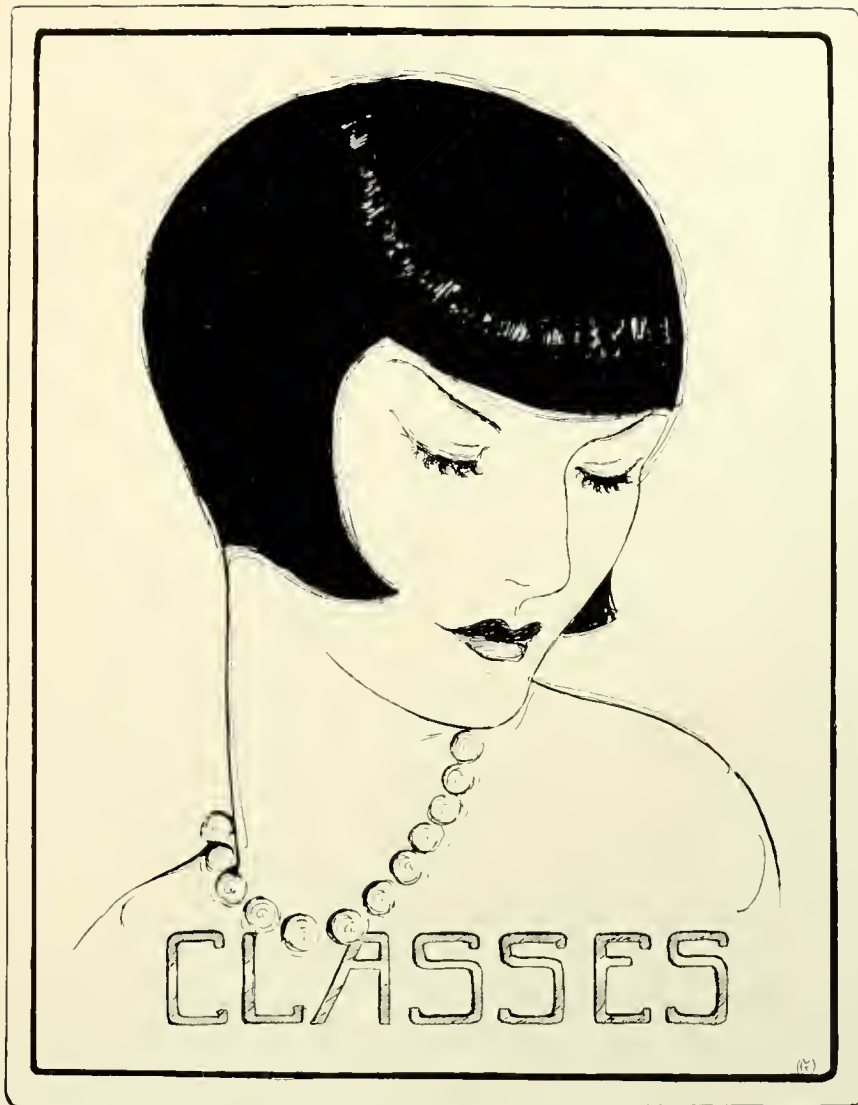
MISS MUHLFELD

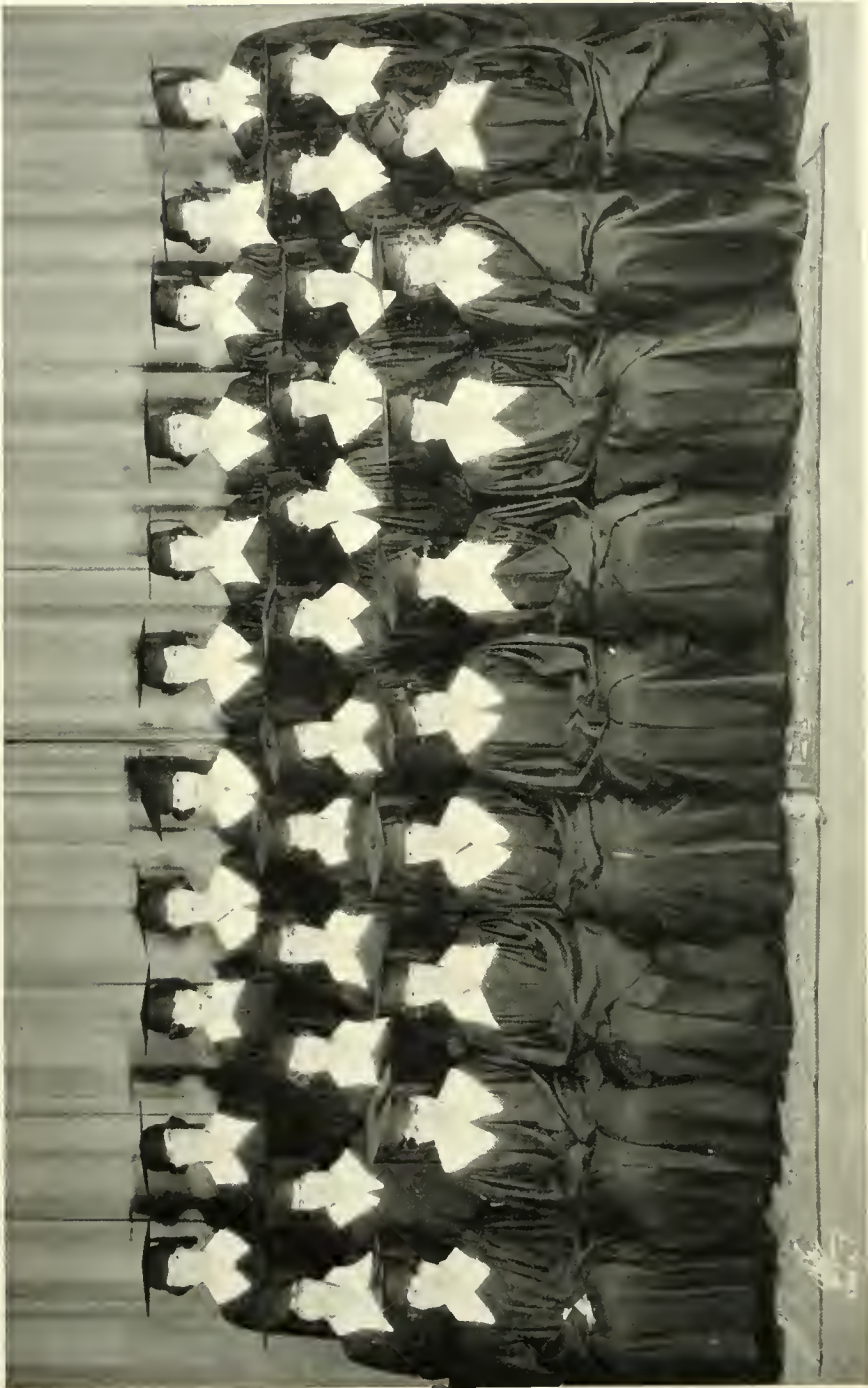
MR. HEALY

MISS MOLINO









CLASS OF 1925





Officers of the Class of 1925

SENIOR YEAR

President Emily F. O'Mara
Secretary Agnes M. Corry

Vice-President Ruth Lavin
Treasurer Rita McCaffrey

JUNIOR YEAR

President Emily F. O'Mara
Secretary Agnes M. Corry

Vice-President Ruth Lavin
Treasurer Rita McCaffrey

SOPHOMORE YEAR

President Emily F. O'Mara
Secretary Muriel B. McCarthy

Vice-President Cecilia McLoughlin
Treasurer Virginia A. Fox

FRESHMAN YEAR

President Emily F. O'Mara
Secretary Agnes M. Hearn

Vice-President Cecilia McLoughlin
Treasurer Muriel B. McCarthy

MARION E. AUBERT



St. Joseph's College chose wisely and well when it made Marion Aubert chairman of the Honor System Committee. Because she is sincere and has a high ideal of honor, she is admirably suited to this most exacting position. Her duties have been fulfilled in a faithful way that glorifies the trust placed in her.

But perhaps even more delightful than her tact and idealism is her perfect naturalness at all times. Marion has a simplicity of manner that is charming, and which, allied to her good sense and judgment, has won for her the unstinted admiration not only of her classmates but of the whole college. It may truly be said of her, "Those about her from her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

However, for the future, we do not picture Marion extending her Committee experience to reforming political organizations, but rather as extending her social experience; for a college prom is yet to be where Marion is not among those present.

*"How brilliant and
mirthful the light
in her eyes.*

*Like a star glanc-
ing out from the
blue of the sky."*





"Oh! keep still! Don't be breaking the continuity. Now, go ahead Agnes. I'm dying to hear the end."

"Well, the point is just this—"

The blue-grey eyes light up with mischief and excitement: one of her famous happy thoughts is about to be broadcast—within limits. How often we want to break down these limits when the light fades, and we hear Agnes's "No, not now—I'll see you later." The reward of waiting is usually a clever witticism or a new light on a much discussed College question. For, possessing a keen, analytical mind, she does not lack that spontaneity usually attributed only to the impetuous. Her fine college spirit is enhanced by this characteristic ardor.

Agnes's executive ability and literary talents, developed in two years' apprenticeship on the Loria Board, have won for her an enviable position as Editor-in-Chief



of FOOTPRINTS. Her well-worn Secretary's quill is another evidence of her reputation for reliability. Agnes can always be depended upon; whatever she promises, whether it be party decorations or a striking poster, is ready on time.

But with all her steadiness and reliability she will keep us waiting for her at the Strand. Whence and why? It is a question '25 has never been able to answer.

*"Do you not know
I am a woman?
When I think I
must speak."*

"Sweet, say on."

SYLVIA M. CORSIGLIA



To Sylvia belong the grace, the emotional fire, and the gift of musical expression that are the proud heritage of those who boast Italian ancestry. She has also that delightful desire to please which is typical of the warm southern nature.

At all of our parties, Sylvia has played for us, not only the modern jazz tunes, of which she knows an infinite number, but also the more lovely airs of France and Italy. When she tires of playing, for her mood changes before we have had half enough, she dances those old Spanish waltzes which range in tempo from the stately measure of the grandee to the staccato tapping of high heels with clicking of castanets.

But come into our class and you will see another Sylvia—a thoroughly business-like student giving her attentive interest to every lecture and taking copious notes in the neatest and most perfect notebook we have ever seen. How we envy Sylvia's

*"Dear creature!
you'd swear
When her delicate
feet in the dance
twinkle round
That her steps are
of light, that her
home is the air,
And she only "par
complaisance"
touches the
ground."*

circumspection, in time of
"exams!"

We cannot predict Sylvia's future, but we do know that wherever she does, she will always have time, or make time, to enjoy and help others to enjoy the warm beauty which she finds everywhere in life.





Washington Heights is a long way off, but Dorothy eventually reaches St. Joseph's all in one piece. Experience has taught her that time, tide, and the third bell wait for no student.

Dorothy, who, by the way, is '25's Sappho, has found cross-word puzzles of great assistance in composing sonnets. After one has found a two-letter word meaning a ten-toed turtle with bristly eyebrows, one must experience little difficulty in finding a rhyme for "love."

With puzzles and poetry, Dorothy's time has been fairly well taken up, but she can always make time for a little trip down to Annapolis or for a dance at the Park Lane. She has even been known to desert the Muse to haunt a certain confectioner's shop which will some day take its place with Will's Coffee House and the Mermaid Tavern as a rendezvous of the famous. But, of course, before one can write real



poetry one "must see life steadily and see it whole," and Dorothy, being very young, has not yet reached that lofty height.

In addition to being poetical, Dorothy is also a musician. Whenever somebody was wanted to make the piano talk or jazz without notes, Dorothy was immediately summoned. She never tired, and she knows everything from Lohengrin to the latest musical comedy chorus.

*"All my possessions
for one moment
of time."*



Gertrude Mary Dilworth. That name is written in a large, flowing hand on every book, pamphlet, and magazine which its owner possesses. If the expert chirographer can tell a person's character from her handwriting, the veriest tyro in the science could tell at a glance that Gertrude's most prominent characteristic is generosity. She is willing to help whenever she is needed, no matter how many of her own affairs happen to be clamoring for her attention.

We girls of '25 know how helpful Gertrude can be. If there was ever any work going on round the college—decorating, cooking, studying, or entertaining—she was in the thick of it. And who could desire a better nurse than Gertrude? When anyone became ill, Gertrude was always there to see that she didn't fall downstairs and to get anything that was necessary to her comfort. There are limits, however, even to generosity, and "Pat" sometimes exceeded them. She has been known

*"O. Woman! in our
hours of ease,*

*Uncertain, coy and
hard to please*

*When pain and an-
guish wring the
brow,*

*A ministering angel
thou!"*

to buy seven fountain pens in one semester! (That's official).

And there are other things in which she indulges too. She was an enthusiastic supporter of every dance and social event during her college career. Her popularity is due in a large measure to her easy accessibility, her ready tact, and her desire to put everyone at ease.





It is Judgment Day, with only two minutes to go, before heaven's portals are closed with an angelic slam. Above the din of the clamoring multitude that lines the celestial walls, a weary, pleading voice is heard. "Cele, will you please hurry?" But she is too engrossed in arguing with some track fan the relative merits of Paavo Nurmi and the last earthly champion; and besides there'll be time enough to explain to St. Peter, who, being human like the rest of us, certainly won't be immune to a flashing smile and Irish eyes. Yes, 'twas ever thus with Cele. Who would ever take the winner of countless track events and the efficient forward of S. J. C.'s Varsity to be a straggler in other matters?

Under Cecilia's management as President, the Athletic Association, has had an extremely successful year—in fact, the most successful in its history. Owing to her progressive policy, baseball, hockey, and especially basketball have been placed



on a much firmer and broader basis than ever before.

However, Cecilia does not confine her sportsmanship and executive ability only to the field of athletics, for she has found ample opportunity to show her practical idealism in her daily association with us.

*"What good sport is
out . . . today?"*

VIRGINIA A. FOX



The song-writer who extolled the "Sunshine of Virginia" must have had in mind Virginia, our own sweet singer. No Pollyanna is our "Virgie," but rather one whose charming personality puts everyone at ease in her presence. She has a degree of poise unusual in one so young, especially in this day and age when gushing spontaneity is the thing, and quietude is at such a premium. So great is the effect of this characteristic that, to the casual observer, Virginia seems cold and aloof. It is only her intimate friends who know the warm-hearted sympathy and understanding which her reserved manner conceals.

This poise, together with a clear voice and a good dramatic sense has made her a prominent figure in all our plays. As Hermia in "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Ferdinand in "The Tempest," not to mention the humorous Bartley Fallon in "Spreading the News," she did much to contribute to the success of those productions.



Virginia has one characteristic, which "profs" find admirable, but which her classmates sometimes find maddening. She is that person who always has everything done at the time it should be done. If "Procrastination is the thief of time" he never got any from Virginia Fox.

*"A perfect woman,
nobly planned*

*To warn, to com-
fort and com-
mand."*



The quiet and delightful companionship of "Phil" has been one of the joys of the class of '25. Always rather shy and almost too retiring, she has nevertheless won the lasting friendship of her classmates by her very calmness. "Phil" is a good listener, a rare quality in these days of lady politicians. She has the gift of understanding silence, which has made her the sharer of many confidences.

Looking at her, one is apt to imagine that she is very serious and solemn, but she really has a most keen sense of humor, the kind that keeps one chuckling inwardly for days after.

As a student, "Phil" has always stood among the first, especially in the Romance languages, which are her favorite subjects.

She is also a philosopher—not one of the text-book variety—but a real philosopher who has learned to look for the bright side of things, however dismal they



may at first appear. This gift of quietly making the best of things has made a Phil a most amiable companion. One who has had the privilege of enjoying her sincere companionship may well say of her — "Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

*"Hers is a spirit
deep and crystal-
clear:
Calmly beneath her
earnest face it
lies.
Free without bold-
ness, meek with-
out a fear,
Quicker to look
than speak its
sympathies."*

ALICE A. GRAINGER



Can you not see the mischief lurking behind Alice's eyes? Even in her most serious moments you always feel that she will presently laugh and that weighty problems will then soon be forgotten.

Social engagements never had to give way to educational demands. Alice was a prominent attendant at every dance given by the College during her career, thereby upholding the best traditions of social spirit in our college. But oh! the morning after! When you have dragged yourself out of your downy bed after about four hours of sleep and find yourself in class with a "prof" who insists upon asking questions and receiving answers, you begin to feel the force of the expressive phrase, "When a feller needs a friend."

However, Alice always managed to scrape up some sort of answer gleaned from other nights when, there being no dances on hand, she did study. And the skies were once more serene.

*"A pair of eyes,
Whose teasing is
most pleasing."*

We should have to stretch our imagination to the breaking point to be able to see Alice before a class of youngsters, teaching them the three R's. Happily, however, she saved us that possible injury by complacently announcing that her ambitions go no farther than being a model housewife.





To those of us who, entangled in a whirl of collegiate activities, occasionally become flurried or excited, "Kay" is at once an inspiration and a torment. In the midst of all confusion, we find her serenely unruffled. To imagine her in a "ticklish" situation is impossible; to imagine her roused to anger is ridiculous. A naturally sweet disposition coupled with a positive art in gliding over the unpleasant, has produced this state of perfect and enduring equanimity. The latter constituent is a key to a characteristic of "Kay's" but little known—she possesses a surprising amount of common sense. It crops out most unexpectedly in everything from a pow-wow about a party to a philosophical discussion.

In like manner do her interesting little side-remarks on people and things appear. For "Kay," though calm, is far from lifeless. Her steady support of all our social events is in keeping with the true social spirit of S. J. C., and she is a welcome



guest at any party. Whenever the girls are gathered together in the senetum for a chat, there is no one more interested than "Kay." In her spare moments from many hours of class and study, no one responds more quickly than she to a suggestion for luncheon, theatre, or tea. Truly, a pleasant spirited lady, with "little of the melancholy element in her" is Catherine Hannon.

"Good humor is the health of the soul."



Though a true daughter of Helen for beauty, Elsa would never have stirred up the strife that the fair Greek caused. On the contrary, being one of those girls who love to wander in the paths of peace and pour oil on troubled waters, she would have assured Paris that she really did love Menelaus, and that he had better eat the Apple of Discord himself, thus settling the question of award among the three goddesses.

But Elsa has ambitions. She passionately desires to be useful and intellectual as well as ornamental, and thus, during our four years of association with her we have watched her climb assiduously through the various higher branches of the tree of knowledge. And her not-too-arduous labor has been amply rewarded, for she rests for the nonce on one of the intermediate twigs marked, "Rest here; next branch, M. A."

*"Was this the face
that launched a
thousand ships
And fired the top-
less towers of
Ilion?"*

Elsa just loved to experiment. She studied all the modern languages "in order," as she said very reasonably, "to find out which one I like." And, now, gentle reader, our Elsa talks French like a native of Paris—Kentucky.

Seriously though, Elsa really has consumed and digested a great deal of variegated knowledge which she will find useful.



AGNES M HEARNS



"Funny how good I feel!" This statement was not uttered after Retreat as one might, at first glance, suppose. Rather, Agnes is known to have made loud mention of this physical disposition between a recent illness and a slightly more recent week-end trip to a Post on the west bank of the Hudson.

When anyone asks, "Who is that girl with the vivacious face and bright dancing eyes?" we know immediately that our U. A. vice-president is meant. Her eyes truly do dance and her sweet smile is ever present. Her name might well be Agnes Merry Hearn, for to the present Agnes's motto has been, "The most utterly lost of all days is that in which we have not once laughed."

On any Monday morning after an exciting week-end, a casual passerby hearing a series of delightful shrieks issuing from the Sanctum ought to know that Agnes and the "Wrecking Crew" are comparing notes.



No, our Agnes did not spend all her collegiate career rushing to dances, and, on Committee, to the Park Lane. The greater part of her time was taken up in the process known poetically as "drinking from the Pierian Spring." In fact, Agnes approached her studies with almost as much enthusiasm as she did her dances, and she did equally well in both.

*"Eyes with the same
blue witchery as
those of Psyche."*



"Oh, wait'll I tell you. The funniest thing happened yesterday." How often has the lunchroom echoed to these words of Ruth's and then re-echoed with peals of laughter at the "funniest thing?" This seems to be one of the outstanding characteristics of Ruth, to laugh and make laugh, both with second-hand anecdotes and her own, self-admittedly subtle witticisms, which of course, are as subtle as the shine on a baby's face. But this is not all. Often with all the glibness of an orator, a Ruthian tirade is launched against the injustice of the world in general and that of some "prof" in particular, whose wrath has descended upon her in the form of a lowly "C." Then indeed do the patrons of our dining-hall realize that Ruth was "born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world was wrong."

For the serious side of Ruth we may look to the missionary unit, where she holds sway as President of Stella Maris Circle. Here her "platform personality" is keenly

*"A comrade blithe
and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh
out loud and free
And let her fancy
frolic play."*

felt, and no small credit is due her for the success of the 1921 Mission Day. Indeed, we are assured of the success of this year's same event, with Ruth at the helm.

As class Vice-President during the last two years, Ruth's popularity and ability have been recognized, for it is not only to her intimate friends that she justifies her quotation.



MARGARET M. LYNCH



An eighteenth century beau would have been delighted with Margaret's fragility—and more than one twentieth century beau is charmed with her intelligence.

Margaret is an enigma. Even those who have been most closely associated with her are surprised to discover how little they really understand. She has so many personalities, each entirely different from all the others. No one can be more energetic than Margaret when she sees an opportunity to be of assistance at our parties. Yet no one is more languorous than she on occasions. Margaret has enough of the gift of laughter to make her a very good fellow at every party, tea, dance or theatre party. She has also had enough sorrow to give her a truly understanding sympathy with anyone in distress.

In scholastic affairs, Margaret has interested herself chiefly in literature, especially in the French, although her work in English is more widely known.



Margaret is the girl who greets a classmate's frantic "Did you write that English paper?" a half hour before class with a comforting smile and the calm response: "No, we'll do it now." Nor are we surprised to hear the "prof" comment: "A very good piece of writing—it shows originality and a good deal of careful thought."

*"Build on and make
thy castles high
and fair.*

*Rising and reaching
upward to the
skies."*

ELLEN L. MANNING



"Ask Ellen" is the answer to any question put to a puzzled member of '25, be that question on any subject from how to make the percolator "perk" to those "ninth-part-of-a-hair distinctions" in philosophy. She has a quiet efficiency which has made her an excellent chairman for '25's parties, an office the responsibilities of which she has cheerfully assumed many, many times.

Very quiet, and shy to the extent that even a class recitation holds terrors, Ellen has yet found courage enough, when she saw an opportunity to be of service to her class or school, to address the entire student body in General Assembly. Truly, greater love hath no man.

It was also, perhaps her devotion to the ideal of service that has made her so concerned with mission work, a field in which she has worked hard for four years. The Class showed their appreciation of her zeal by electing her Senior Chairman for 1925 Mission Day.

In her scholastic activities, Ellen has chosen to devote herself chiefly to philosophy, a wise choice in one so quiet and contemplative.

*"Though deep, yet
clear, though
gentle yet not
dull.*

*Strong without
rage, without o'er
flowing full."*





Rita is an athlete with a sense of fairness unsurpassable. Her playing in the various fields of sport has afforded her ample opportunity to show the possession of this virtue, in its fullness. This and her great ability, accompanied by a modest opinion of self, has won for her the love and esteem of her companions.

Rita captained the Varsity during the most successful season of its career. For her this task was a pleasure, but honor in a more prosaic form was bestowed upon her in election, for two consecutive years, to the office of class treasurer. It is in this capacity that she uses her humor to the greatest advantage. Her classmates have no apprehension at her coming, even though her purpose is to relieve them of part of their allowance. There are other instances which display her keen sense of humor, class entertainments for one. Who, that has seen it, will ever forget her burlesque of those immortal lovers, "Romeo and Juliet?"



For her good sportsmanship, quiet helpfulness, and fun-loving nature, Rita will always be a most welcome member at future reunions of '25.

"This sport, well carried, will be chronicled."

MURIEL M. McCARTHY



A flash of a pair of sparkling eyes, a fluttering of dimples, and a vision of shining red lips parting to show perfect teeth. Now you have met Miss McCarthy.

How demure she looks. But do you remember black, ugly, deep-voiced Caliban in "The Tempest?" That was our Muriel of the sweet voice and dancing eyes. This young lady is a character actress who has shown remarkable ability in all of the college plays.

The Glee Club is honored in her with a charming president. Muriel's lovely soprano voice, as well as her executive ability and enthusiastic interest in the Glee Club, have won for her this enviable position. In her capacity as President, Muriel has often been called upon to act as hostess at various social affairs, a rôle which she fills with an ease and grace which are among her greatest claims to the affection and admiration of every member of '25.

*"There was a soft
and pensive grace,*

*A cast of thought
upon her face,*

*That suited well the
forehead high,*

*The eye-lash dark,
and down cast
eye."*





We do not know just what Anna's pet ambition is, but we do know that whatever it is she will attain it. Anna is one of those girls who never fuss, never create any stir, and yet manage to perform a prodigious amount of work without seeming to spend any great amount of energy.

As Managing Editor of *Loria* she has kept things running smoothly, with none of the hubbub usual to the proverbial busy editor. Likewise, as a member of the Attendance Committee, she has fulfilled her duties with the same quiet, cheerful efficiency. In both capacities she has won the admiration of the entire college.

Although Anna has majored in English, it is hardly possible that she will be a "schoolmarm" for long. She has too much executive ability to spend much time teaching that the verb "to be" never takes an object. It is much more probable that



we shall find her in the not far distant future ensconced in the editor's chair of some new and extremely successful magazine.

*"Her face, the book
of praises, where
is read
Nothing but curious
pleasures, as from
thence
Sorrow were ever
daz'd, and testy
wrath
Could never be her
mild companion."*



Mary is one of those who by their enthusiastic activity have "put '25 on the map." In dramatics we have applauded her in such roles as Op o' Me Thumb as well as in those of lovely Shakespearean heroines. In *Loria* we also find Mary's work well represented, for as one of the editors she has done much to make it a true exponent of excellent writing. Her untiring efforts as Literary Editor of 1925 FOOTPRINTS have been essential to its success. But who can forget Mary as class chairman for 1924 Mission Day and as advertising manager of both our Proms? Her stirring talks helped create widespread enthusiasm for these occasions.

When Mary studies we do not know, for in her free periods at college she does everything but study. The same may be said of most of her nights, because in Mary's decalogue there is but one unpardonable sin—to miss a social event. Yet, she is well informed and this together with her attractive manner makes her

"Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm."

a delightful conversationalist. Intimacy reveals the "pal" always interested in everything and willing to try anything, the gracious hostess, and the ever sympathetic friend. Mary's outstanding trait is her vivacity, which finds expression in her own high college spirit and desire to inspire enthusiasm and loyalty in others.



CECILIA M. McLOUGHLIN



The passing of Emerson did not cause a dearth of adorers in the temple of Beauty. We have a few of his kindred spirits among us, one of whom is Cecilia McLoughlin. She is great of heart and mind, and she appreciates the beautiful in everything. Cecilia has a keen intellect that keeps her ahead in her studies, and the success of the affairs given under the auspices of the Undergraduate Association has been due in no small degree to the indefatigable energy of this, its president.

Besides this, our Celia has displayed great dramatic talent in the various plays produced during her college career. Who could forget her portrayal of Ariel in "The Tempest," of Pierrot in "The Maker of Dreams," of Peter in "The Neighbors," and—crowning achievement—of the delightful Rosalind in "As you Like It?"

A possessor of wonderful ideals, is our Celia. If you doubt our statement listen to her sometime when she is "holding forth" about that brave soul, Cyrano de



Bergerac. But there! We fear that the gentle reader will say, "Surely such a girl is not of this earth!" Indeed she is! She is not by any means free from those small human defects for which rather than despite which we love our friends. Celia does not make friends easily or lightly, but when she does "vow a friendship she will perform it to the last article."

*"Tell them, sweet,
if eyes were
made for seeing
Then beauty is its
own excuse for
being."*



"Miss Molefene!" "Molesphini, please," says Rosalind wearily for the forty-thousandth time, and wonders why people are so stupid about so simple a matter. While people may have some difficulty about remembering her name, they never experience any in remembering this girl of the soft voice and luminous glance. She is one of those charming people who leave an impression as lasting as it is delightful.

At all our parties Rosalind fills a place peculiarly her own. She is always just where she is most needed, always ready with assistance and with those little touches of finesse and originality which give the parties with which she is connected a distinctly individual and attractive air. In the main, however, "Lindo" prefers to use her diversified talents in friendship's cause. A friend could tell of a supremely sympathetic Rosalind who forgets every personal care in devoting an ingenious

mind to the solution of a hundred "minor tragedies" of her dependent friends.

Because she is individual, Rosalind is an un-failing delight to those within her "charmed circle." The passing crowd sees only her nature's sweetness and not its intensity, but the world in growing used to the fact that the inaccessible things are often the most cherished.

*"From the East to
Western Ind
None so fair as
Rosalind."*



GRACE M O'BRIEN



Our Grace is an accomplished dancer and we expect, some day in the near future, to hear of her joining the Denishawn Troupe. But that is in the future, and here we are concerned rather with the past. Grace has been a popular figure in all our college social activities. No Hallowe'en Dance, Junior or Senior Prom, or Spring Dance would be completely successful without her charming presence. Grace is just bubbling over with enthusiasm about everything social from a class party to a West Point Hop.

But please do not think that "the O'Brien Girl" is only a social butterfly. Not so! She is also an earnest and thorough student, and even a Senior Prom could not make her "flunk" in Ethics on "the morning after."

In addition to playing side-center on '25's basket-ball team, she has held many positions on various committees during her career, not the least of which was an



editorship of our '25 FOOTPRINTS. She has given much of her time and thought to this last responsible office and her manifest success in the work was well-earned.

It is almost surprising to find that this sprightly elf-like creature has an unexpected talent for being in the right place at the right time, just when her help is needed.

"There was a star danced, and under that I was born."

EMILY F. O'MARA



A girl of extremely charming personality is our President—Emily O'Mara. Her sympathetic understanding makes her the refuge of all those who are in trouble, whether it be the class as a whole or as individuals. She is quick to see both sides of a question and to make others see "the other fellow's" side.

In college dramatics, Emily has been one of our leading actors. We say "actors" advisedly, for Emily has been doomed to play man-parts all through her college career, as witness her triumphs as Antonio in "The Tempest," as Peter Steele in "The Dust of the Road," and as the love-lorn Orlando in "As You Like It." But it was not only as a villain or a lover that she has displayed her talents. Full often has she kept the whole class in gales of laughter with her wonderful gift of mimicry. A member of our faculty has been heard to remark that the Pope himself would not be safe from Emily.

*"Write me as one
who loves his fel-
low-man."*

Her eager desire to be of service has had adequate outlet in her Mission activities, which have ranged from selling candy to conducting blind girls to the St. Regis cenacle. Whenever we were in a last extremity with something that absolutely must be done, we went to Emily, certain that the deed was practically accomplished even though she herself was probably "up to her eyes."



AGNES M PATTISON



Agnes Pattison is that rare girl who knows how to say the right thing at exactly the right moment. And she understands that even rarer art of saying nothing at the right time. However her opinions on people and things are always worth hearing and she can support them with logical arguments.

Agnes has been a member of the Honor System Committee all during her college career, and was Secretary of the Committee during her last year. Her duties in this capacity were performed conscientiously and well, and her efforts in support of the System have contributed in a large measure to its success.

But let us not give the impression that Agnes ever went through her college course Sphinx-like and emitting at intervals oracular comments. Not at all! She has been a "regular" person, most useful when a party was "in the making." When some seventy people are waiting for sandwiches, somebody must act as human cutting machine, and Agnes is usually "IT."



If Agnes has one fault, it is the very human one of being totally unable to see any virtues in one whom she thoroughly dislikes. She is, however, very tolerant of the follies and foibles of her classmates and most sympathetic to anyone in trouble.

"Whose mind profaned by no unhallowed guest

Culls from the crowd the purest and the best."

BEATRICE H. RICK



Whatever other fame Beatrice may achieve, she will always be known as the girl with the magnificent hair. Truly, "Bea" has been given more than her share of a woman's crowning glory. Its rippling loveliness has added beauty to many of our Commencement plays. "But "Bea" is not on the stage merely in the rôle of a pretty "prop;" she has real acting ability. Who will ever forget when, in the rôle of the inimitable Miss Abel, she kept her audience in gales of laughter? Overcoming her usual reticence, she has discovered the secret of perfectly natural activity and of "getting her lines over" to a terrifyingly large audience, with a simplicity and ease which would do credit to a more experienced actress. This dramatic ability, however, has not prevented her from carrying a program consisting of everything from science to Greek, leaving enough mental energy for the successful pursuit of her beloved literature courses, as well as editorial work for *Loria*.

*"Stands a maiden
on the morrow
Musing by the
wave-beat strand,
Half in hope and
half in sorrow
Tracing thoughts
upon the sand."*

Her imaginative and observational powers, her sympathy, and her love for the "wide open spaces," have given her material, although it is now in a somewhat imperfect state, for future famous short stories. Let me tell you a secret — Her sole ambition is to be a short story writer.





"Thank God for Year Books!" says Margaret. "for it's the only time and place in which I can appear formally as Margaret Mary Roche." Yes, gentle reader, it is the only time and place, because usually she is affectionately known as just "the Roche." And it is an evidence of her entire good nature that she makes no objection. Not that Margaret allows herself to be "stepped on" by all and sundry. On the contrary! But among her friends she is always happy, and she has a certain dry humor which is a constant source of delight.

One phase of Margaret's philosophy is the despair of "profs" and friends alike. It is a misquotation of an old proverb, to wit: "Never do today what can be done just as well tomorrow." But this one fault may easily be overlooked since it seldom brings her to disaster, and is hardly noticeable among so many good qualities.

"The Roche knows all about practical housewifely affairs. Whenever a party or



tea is proposed, everyone has ease of mind when she is assured that Margaret is in the kitchen. She has ever been the unseen hand behind the chocolate pot.

And have you heard Margaret's latest Southern accent acquired after forty-eight hours in "Ball-ti-moh"?

*"Tis Margaret
knows just when
and where*

*To laugh, to cry, to
sing.*

*With you, with me,
or anyone*

*Who happens to be
there."*



It is by no means an idle dream that makes us hope to hear Agnes named among the authors of the not too far distant future. For, apart from her literary ability—of which her work as official book reviewer of *Loria* has given worthy proof—she has a breadth of vision and a human understanding which give her a touch of true power. Sincere and frank in her views, she has individual ideas and opinions which are well worth seeking out.

But Agnes would not be true to her Celtic nature had she no warmer lights in her make-up. She is essentially affectionate, has a keen appreciation of the beautiful, and is bountifully endowed with the "saving grace." Did we say that somewhere, tucked away among her softer qualities, is a little hint of stubbornness? Once in a while it creeps out unbidden and then Agnes "rails against all the first-born of Egypt;" happily however, it is used more often to a good purpose, when her

*"Who loves no
knowledge? Who
shall rail*

*Against her beauty?
May she mix*

*With men and prosper.
Who shall
fix her pillars?
Let her work pre-
vail."*

sense of justice or of the fitness of things has been outraged.

It is by no means disparaging to say that Agnes is not a girl who "makes friends everywhere." A far greater tribute to her sterling character is the fact that upon those whom she selects, she bestows the gift of her friendship with a depth and intimacy which must outlast the short span of college days.



GENEVIEVE R. SHERIDAN



Why, if it isn't Genevieve Sheridan! But where is her famous smile? Oh! we forgot this is a Year Book and one must be serious at least for a little while, when one is graduating from College. We miss Genevieve's smile so much because it is such an integral part of our mental picture of '25's class comedienne. Who will ever forget Genevieve in "Wild Nell, The Pet of the Plains?" She has a keen appreciation for the humorous side of every situation, and she could keep the class convulsed with laughter till they cried for mercy. ❧

But one does not go through College just entertaining and being amused. There is serious work to be done, and Genevieve usually did her share. She has very decided opinions on most topics and has never hesitated to voice and defend them when occasion demanded. Genevieve has always had at least the courage of her convictions.



Did we say that Genevieve is an artist? Oh! yes! It was but fitting that '25 should crown her four years of generous work on successive year books with the office of Art Editor of 1925 FOOTPRINTS.

But above all things Genevieve is gracefully tactful, and we are glad to voice our gratitude for the many times that her apt remarks smoothed over what threatened to be a small fracas.

*One hour of joy
dispels the cares
and sufferings of
a thousand years."*

ETHEL B. SHERRIE



One glance at the exquisite oval of Ethel's face and one look into the depths of her eyes constitutes explanation for that famous remark, "Why, Miss Sherrie, you look as if you and Poetry would be twin sisters." However, the "prof's" penetration did not go far enough. It is Music rather than Poetry that is Ethel's "twin sister." Ethel's violin selections have been an eagerly greeted part of practically every entertainment at St. Joseph's. How proud '25 is to claim this girl of the lovely presences and the melodious bow. The kindness and discrimination shown in her inviting various artists who furnish us with so many delightful afternoons has intensified our pride in her. It will be difficult to fill Ethel's dual rôle of gifted violinist and capable president in the Violin and Mandolin Club.

An all round good athlete, Ethel has given us the benefit of her interest in sports, as manager of Varsity basketball team. As such she has a large following of en-

*"Certain stars shot
madly from their
spheres*

*To hear the sea-
maid's music."*

thusiastic supporters. This is not strange, because they are sure to find our team free from worry, thanks to Ethel's forethought regarding the business arrangements; and all the way to and from the game have they not the benefit of Ethel's jolly comradeship and sparkling humor?

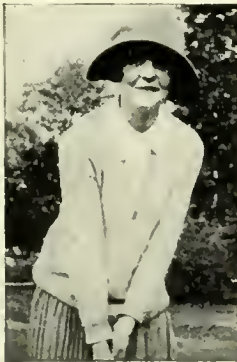




So complete has been '25's confidence in Muriel's ingenuity and good taste that they have come to feel that if she is chairman, the success of any dance is as certain as the arrival of Judgment Day. She has fixed their trust by her admirable business management of FOOTPRINTS.

But do not think that Muriel spent all her time and brain-power in the realms of finance. *Absit se!* Some of both had to be used in the consumption and assimilation of philosophy, history, etc. And she used them to good advantage. Without being a book-worm, Muriel always managed to "get by" with a little time left for the aforementioned frolics.

And the funniest coincidences were always happening to Muriel! Every time she arrived, she had a curious tale to tell that sent her friends into gales of laughter. Who has not heard how contemptuous of money she is, as shown by the classic



incident of the \$20 bill? No, gentle reader, we aren't going to tell the story. It's too long and besides it's a class secret. But the best part of all is that Muriel has a keen appreciation of jokes.—even at her own expense. Her tales were always told with a merry twinkle in her eyes and a smile upon her lips.

*"Ever a friend
whose thoughts
were truly labor
To recompense
your love."*

SALLY A. TODD



We have been informed by one of Sally's very dearest friends that the last line of the verse below is not applicable. In fact, she worries about everything. All we can say is that if she does she conceals it passing well, and presents to the world at large a decidedly cheerful front. The only solution we can offer is that, in her moments of depression, she must run away to hide until her smile returns.

Sally is most active in sports. She played on the Varsity Basketball Team in her Freshman and Junior Years and on the Class Team in her Junior and Senior Years. As a forward she was the terror of the under classes in the recent inter-class games.

And Sally does love to dance. Has anyone ever missed her at any College Dance? We do not think so.

Though Sally has been successful in her college career, her mind is not entirely taken up with Ethics, Philosophy, French, History, *et al.* She is rather more inter-

*"I have ease and I
have health
And I have spirits
light as air:
And more than wis-
dom, more than
wealth—
A merry heart that
laughs at care."*

ested in the problem of being a hostess. We should not say "problem" exactly, for Sally is "to the manner born" — refined and charmingly hospitable, with a firm foundation in a thorough knowledge of the gentle art of taking care of the "inner man."



MILDRED E. VITALE



If you will pardon the expression, "pep" is the one word in (or is it not yet quite in?) the English language which expresses Mildred's personality. She is quick in arriving at conclusions, quick to express them, and quick to defend them from any possible attack. Her speech always comes in short, snappy sentences given added clearness by the use of little birdlike gestures peculiar to her.

In her studies Mildred is one of our stars. Many of us do not realize how fluent is her diction and how wide her range of vocabulary in both Spanish and French. But this is not strange for neither did we know until recently that she is a poet. The recognition of this gift, though belated because of her own modesty, has been of a high order—a place in FOOTPRINTS. The artistic sphere of Mildred's ability, however, could not be obscured, because it has been manifested in numberless posters that have bedecked our College walls. We all shared her joy when she was

awarded the prize for the best Senior Prom poster.

Do not think that Mildred has kept her activities entirely up on a pedestal. She has been a permanent and useful member of every "Food Committee" in the history of '25, a position not unimportant in bringing about the success of collegiate affairs.



*"Therefore be
merry coz; since
sudden sorrow*

*Serves to say thus,
'Some good thing
comes tomorrow'."*



Memories of '25

Memories, like moonlight, are the reflection of brighter rays from objects no longer seen. Of necessity illusive and unreal, they are nevertheless the most enduring heritage of college days. With the sheepskin in our hands,—the distant goal of four years ago,—we have only memories to deaden the dull regret of separation from things we have loved. They bring back to us not only the events of these years, but also the underlying current of buoyancy, enthusiasm and unfailing optimism, of which these were but the outward manifestation. In a word, they bring back the spirit that made college life possible. It is not strange then, that, if asked the most cherished thing we had garnered from our days in St. Joseph's, '25 would answer—"Memories."

"those deep memories which seem
The very fountain of the stream,
The early unforgotten things
To which the spirit ever clings
And feels throughout all change to be
The seal of her identity."

First of all memories, in time and in degree of affection, will ever be our contact with '23. Which of us will ever forget the first day, the day on which we met them? Twenty bewildered Freshmen—the few attempted groups eyeing one another furtively, the lone stragglers trying to look at ease; the first collegiate enthusiasm slightly marred by the intricacies of unfamiliar yellow slips and hitherto undreamed of "conflicts" and a dash of exquisite misery added by the sight of the jolly camaraderie existing among the "old timers" all around us. Through our tears, however, we registered a somewhat dogged determination to "make ourselves to home." How this was to be done was rather vague but the question was soon settled. At the ringing of the noon bell, there was an inrush of Juniors, and we were escorted post haste to the subterranean regions. Through the artistry of '23 these had been transformed into a cheery setting for the Welcome Luncheon. The personal recollection of that noon hour is quite drowned in the memory of chaotic babble, new faces, introductory greetings, sparkling anecdotes that drifted across the old laundry, kind "pointers" on college ways and college days, tales of Proms, parties, "profs." points and teas. But at the bottom of the jolly din, we discovered girls who we knew would be helpful advisers and counselors just as they were sports—we discovered our ideal class. Their president, in a few sincere and spirited words, voiced '23's welcome to their little sisters, and at the conclusion of the luncheon we felt that we were at last real college girls,—that we belonged to St. Joseph's.

If anything were needed to assure us of this, and more particularly to assure us that we were FRESHMEN, the events of the next six weeks would have done so. With a grim intensity of purpose and a fiendishly perfect power of execution, '24 set about the laudable task of inculcating those collegiate niceties, that deferential respect, that should typify the genus Freshmen—and then some more. To aid in this, all the resources of our building, with special emphasis on the attic, were called into service, to say nothing of the original "talent" that was commandeered for the noon-



day recitals in the drawing room. The stern voice of Teresa Dolan as she ordered us to "grab the dead man's eye" or "feel the corpse's hand" even now evokes a shudder.

The installation of our Right Reverend President as Bishop of Brooklyn was an event we were all proud to attend. In fact, we have always pitied a little the later classes, who were not so fortunate as to be S. J. Clerics at that momentous time. The reception to Bishop Molloy on October third, at which we were individually presented to him, was the first of a series of annual

Bishop's days at which he has honored us by a visit.

With the aroma of the homely onion of hazing days still clinging to us, we arrived in goodly numbers at the Halloween Dance, anxious for our first glimpse of a St. Joseph's "production." Close upon this successful social function came a less elaborate but truly auspicious occasion in our class history. It was '25's party to '23, at which was presented for the first time what will no doubt be our finest contribution to world literature—our pantomimic extravaganza, "Wild Nell, the Pet of the Plains," or "Her Finale Sacrifice." Accorded an enthusiastic reception at the first, it has achieved a popularity undimmed by even such later hits as the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet, the burlesque of Il Purgatorio, the "speechless speeches," the ventriloquist act, the Village Chestnut Tree or the bedroom scene from Othello. It is our boast that since its introduction by Genevieve Sheridan, every member of '25 has mastered every part.

About the end of October we became conscious of a peculiar tendency on the part of the distributors of knowledge to present us with lists of questions in their respective intellectual fields. The answers to these were to be written by us in dainty little blue books. This strange habit of the dispensers of our "flunks" and points annoyed us considerably for a while. With the passage of time, however, without letting it interfere in any way with our real college career, we developed a certain canniness in regard to it and eventually even a cheery nonchalance in the very face of indulging it. Verily time heals all wounds!

We wonder whether even the old man with the scythe can ever quell the laughter still lurking in the corridors from the daily between-period presentations of the R. Thompson-M. Sheridan troupe. But we were not limited to the more profane type of work for on one occasion, a member of '25 joined with one of this troupe in something of a religious revival known as the Simpson Memorial Church parade. We regret to say, however, that this truly admirable venture was curtailed by a "clap-clap" from the office window and the cry of "Chorus" from the Drawing Room.

The chorus of Il Purgatorio—its rehearsals mingled with the St. Patrick's Day Musicales, the thrill of our first Class Day, and our athletic endeavors for the meet. These were careless, unstudied joys, connected in our mind with Freshman year, just as firmly as "I want free life and I want free air" and Mr. O'Connor's classes. Meanwhile, we tried hard to help make '22's Commencement Play a success, for under our awe of '22, we really liked this scholarly and serious Senior Class. Our expression of this feeling by the party at which we entertained them could not show how sorry we were to lose them. We hid a few tears on their Commencement Night and sought '23 to bid her a tender au revoir, comforted in the thought that we should have her comradeship for another year and enjoy the fruition of our early admiration.

"Friendship is no plant of hasty growth
Tho' planted in esteem's deep fixed soul,
The gradual culture of kind intercourse."
Must bring it to perfection."







We burst into Sophomore Year with none of the timidity that characterized our arrival Freshman Year. Programs and conflicts were dispatched with the facility of long practice. These details being settled, we turned to the more serious business of appraising the Freshmen. Numbers great. Quality-um-um. We detected something like an intellectual disdain of the time honored notions relative to the social status of Freshmen. Lest any such falacious theory should pervert the "Young Idea," '25, with that big-hearted spirit so peculiarly typical of Sophomore Classes, took the swarming hordes in hand. May we say that we found them true-blue foes and quite worthy of the hours we spent trying to hatch new tricks and new tortures to try on them?

Coincident with these strenuous endeavors came Bishop's Day, and the first annual U. A. reception to incoming Freshmen, on both of which occasions we temporarily suspended hostilities with '26. The following months disclosed several parties, '23 to '25, '25 to '26, both overflowing with the usual merriment. We were represented at the Christmas Entertainment, and a goodly number of us appeared at the Senior Prom of our Sister Class. Our attendance was in thorough agreement with a sentiment we have ever cultivated:

"Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted;
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time."

The presence of "William" as general factotum at the Prom was of course an added attraction to this delightful evening. William, our knight charmer, inseparably linked with famous words of consolation.

We pass over that week in January, which comes with such morbid regularity every year, as being of too painful a nature for the chronicler to relate. Suffice to say that we emerged from its gloom with sufficient animation to enter wholeheartedly into the festivities of '21's Junior Week. Alas for Cupid's golden arrows that *would* disturb the equilibrium of the favors so carefully prepared for our party to the Juniors.

Classes, parties, chatter, class games, Mark Strand, confabs in the old third floor left, troubles with the faculty, teas and musicales made up the uneven tenor of our days. The routine was broken by the inevitable succession of Class Days in May. On May 17th, posters all over the building, the white gowns with their touches of green, the table with its attractive green and white favors, the May-pole raised aloft from our stump (*O tempora! O mores!* that ever destroyed that stump) told our world that this was '25's Class Day.

The Meet, preparations for Midsummer's Night's Dream, a crowding in of parties, exams, and the balmy days, all reminded us of June and we thought with Omar - "The Bird of Time has but a little way to flutter—and the Bird is on the wing." It was our last opportunity to give honor to '23 and express in some way the high place they held in our hearts. Our debt to them was intensified by our being permitted to serve at the tea following their Class Day Exercises. Consequently, it was with more than the ordinary enthusiasm that we prepared for our theatre party in their honor - to see Dew Drop Inn. Commencement Night the poignancy of parting came home to us. We wished the joy of receiving the degree could come to those we loved without bringing that little choke of loneliness to us. The turning of the tassels told us that '23 was gone and that we had reached a goal—the glory of upper classmanship. So with one backward glance to yesterday and one forward to tomorrow we said goodbye for the summer.







"Ah, memories of sweet summer eves
 Of moonlit wave and willowy way
 Of stars and flowers and dewy leaves,
 And smiles and tones more dear than they"

Having escaped the ravages of a summer, hectic enough to forecast a glorious Junior Year, we arrived back "bright and early" (you see, it wasn't for class), to greet the Freshmen. At the Welcome Luncheon, we assured '27 of our support and assistance in any of their undertakings. Moreover, we tried to convey a little of the joy we felt at having with us at S. J. C. the little sisters, about whom we had so long conjectured. The friendly spirit initiated on this first day was fixed at the party given by '25 shortly before Thanksgiving. The comfortable surroundings of the Art Gallery, the soft candle light from the miniature barnyard table, the impromptu entertainment of '25, and the co-operation of '27 did much to add to the value of the occasion as a creator of the proper spirit between the sister classes.

In receiving '27 into the U. A., '25 also took part. In fact, '25 has consistently taken an active part in student activities as a whole. Our musicians are appreciated at any tea, party or celebration; our dramatic talent is ever willing and capable when called upon. The rise of our Varsity to a reputable position in the intercollegiate athletic field is in no small measure due to '25's individual stars. St. Joseph's missionary and charitable enterprises are always sure of assistance from the generous '25-ers. But perhaps it is in the social sphere that we have particularly shone, and for this reason Junior Year offered unique opportunities for our capabilities.

But that '25's character is by no means one-sided was proved very early in Junior Year, by the growth in industry and virtue that kept pace with our social achievements. Whether or not this arose from the reading of Dubray (page 352), has not been conclusively determined, but the fact remains that we were true devotees of virtue. To be more specific, one might say '25 almost specialized in one virtue,— the noble virtue of patriotism. This patriotism was expressed in their self-abnegating interest in the men from "down at Crabtown on the bay," and in the "Gentlemen by Act of Congress." That "virtue is never popular" is indeed ridiculous; this virtue has not only spread but grown in intensity throughout Junior and Senior years. Of such strong moral fibre are the girls made!

The culmination of our social activities was of course Junior Week. That the Prom was an affair of such brilliance did not appreciably diminish the joy of the rest of the week—the dinner from '23 at the Clarendon, our reception to the College (the very last to be held in the dignified setting of the gold room) made pleasant by the friendly spirit of the faculty and student guests. The party from '27 had the added attraction of novelty, for it was the first to take place in the new building. Which of us shall ever forget our class theatre party — the sparkling animation of all the girls; the presence of the prince of good sports, Miss McEntee, as chaperone; the delicate beauty of the play so in keeping with the spirit of Junior Week, our visit "back stage" to the



genial Mr. Carillo; our famous walk down Broadway and its incidental blocking of the traffic, our advance to Child's, our immediate withdrawal, the onrush to Drake's, the ensuing few hours of enchanting reminiscences of the past four days, "homeward bound," the mad rush to locate the lights of the "West Virginia" as we journeyed over the bridge, and the sweet *me camarva tu* echoing in our dreams?

The charm of Mary Hay and the hospitable courtesy of '26 ever serve to mind us of the Sophomore matinee; and the memory of '24's Mah Jongg fête, pressed into the same day, is an enviable one.

If a broad touch of humor were needed to round out a perfect week, surely the game of forfeits and the "whispering wires" of Prospect 4696 the evening of the Junior Tea, provided it. Oh, shades of red gardenia and the Park Plaza.

While the spell of Junior Week was still upon us, the opening of the Chapel and new building occurred. This indeed marked the coming of a new order. We experienced a sensation of discovery almost equal to that of Freshman days. After all, it did make a difference to find that our college drawing room had become a Convent Parlor, and that our familiar presence was slightly *de trop* after a certain hour. However, we soon accommodated ourselves to the new trend (even to the new rugs) and proceeded to make the best of things.

The respite Lent usually brings was broken by the preparations for our Class Day, which was held immediately after Easter vacation. The singing of the songs to the classes and the receiving of the various expressions of good-fellowship from them, the orgy of green and white, the party with its mirth-provoking favors, all were conducive to a riot of fun. With enthusiastic planning for our Class Booth for Mission Day, (May twenty-fourth) the various recitals and teas, the rehearsals for "The Tempest," in which '25 played several of the most important and difficult roles, the season pressed on. May with its spring loveliness warned that partings were imminent. Only then did we realize how much three years of association had attached us to '24, our erstwhile enemies. Our preparations for the luncheon we tendered them at the Biltmore during Commencement Week were made with a certain sadness. The singing of the college and class songs and the impromptu entertainment all lent local color to the daintiness of the luncheon. With reluctance we left for the home borough at four forty-five. This parting celebration served to intensify our constant opinion that '24 were good friends and good sports as they had been the best of enemies.

We realized that with their Commencement we became Seniors and that only one year of S. J. C. remained to us.



"Hour after hour departs,
Recklessly flying,
The golden time of our hearts,
Is fast a-dying:
O, how soon it will have faded;
Joy droops, with forehead shaded;
And memory starts."

Jealous of every moment of our last Collegiate year, we burst into St. Joseph's the morning of September twentieth, rapturously greeted one another after what seemed an eternity of separation,



compared sunburn and freckles, prepared ourselves for a brilliant and spirited year and settled down to enjoy the usual "Senior Privileges."

This was by no means a purely static condition of dignity, for the success of the U. A. reception and of the Hallowe'en Dance was due in no small degree to '25's efforts. Our social accomplishments received flattering recognition in an invitation for twelve of our number to act as program



girls at the Silver Jubilee Meeting of the International Catholic Truth Society on November eleventh at the Waldorf, and as ushers at the first "Federation" lecture of the season, on December nineteenth at the St. George.

"Twenty-five" was particularly happy that the realization of one of S. J. C.'s most cherished ambitions should have been fulfilled in our Senior Year—the publication of a regular, quarterly, printed, college magazine. For this reason our representatives on the "Loria" staff have been particularly enthusiastic and hardworking.

Of the party of '23 at the Elk's Club on the evening of December twentieth, we have a most jolly memory. The inspiring play and kind expressions of goodwill from the faculty made our last Christmas at St. Joseph's a very lovely one.

The Christmas vacation itself was most memorable, numbering as it did, the Senior Prom among its attractions—a dance that by its union of elegance and *chic* was indeed worthily representative of Alma Mater. The charm of the evening of December thirtieth will long remain with us—the beauty of the ballrooms, the friendliness of the gathering and the enchantment of the music.

"And music too—dear music! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream."

Exams brought us back with a horrible jolt from the delights of the Prom's aftermath. We really became interested in them for a while, as our intellectual activity of the preceding three years was not of such a nature as to leave us totally unscathed. Some little matters, such as our last chance at English 11, developed a passing nervousness that we had thought quite non-existent. We were saved from the danger of succumbing to it however by the invitation to attend '26's reception and also '26's Junior Prom. "To be guests of honor" at a Junior Prom! That moment we knew what it meant to be Seniors. Needless to say we kept this "date" *en masse*, and unanimously voted it a great success. We in turn entertained our Prom hostesses at a jolly little party in the college.

The usual lull ensuing after the hectic life of Junior Week was interrupted by the hazing of the February Freshmen. Since this was the last class with whom we were to come into direct contact and since fate decreed our newly adopted sisters of February



'28 to be the erasers of the high school graduates' self-esteem, we were anxious that it should be performed with skill. Nevertheless by a mighty effort, we kept the outward neutrality decreed by the "powers that be." That our moral support was appreciated, however, was evinced by the invitation for the Seniors to attend the party after the hazing. This was indeed an innovation, and we thoroughly enjoyed



the pleasant evening in company with such staunch supporters of '25 as February '28 and '29

The last five months pressed on, freighted with literary teas, interclass and Varsity basketball games, musicales, preparations for "As You Like It," (the Senior play) and Mission Day. Seldom did we leave the building before night-fall, so anxious were we to crowd all the possible fun into the last span of our college career. What secrets our sanctum could tell —of intimate class parties, the visits of an occasional alumna or of an "outside" guest, of discussions, arguments, plans and dreams. Oh little "holy of holies" you meant much to us.

And Class Day all the "pep" of four years seemed to burst forth with glorious momentum on April twenty-second. Our last Class Day! It told us that Commencement was near and that the goal line which four years ago seemed such an unattainable place, was almost reached. We performed even the every-day things a little sadly, for there was the consciousness of things done for the last time. Annoyances or troubles seemed to diminish and disappear. We felt only the happiness of tried friendships and of precious memories. Memories! They are what make St. Joseph's "ours." They are at once the cause of our present joy and the pledge of our future loyalty. Despite other experiences and new associations that '25 may meet, we know that these old memories, fraught with such rich and tender meaning, will be most beautiful and most lasting.

"Old memories as new-come phantoms rise
 And join the shadowy mists in airy dance
 And follow with them the plains' expanse
 Then from my sight, as if by sea winds blown
 The mists depart, the memories dance alone."

M. C. McG., '25



The Senior Sanctum

Cleopatra in all her glory was not so happy as we Seniors of S. J. C., the day we were informed that a room had been given us for a Sanctum. What though it had once been the professors' dining room and was now bare of all decorations and furniture? Even this fact was desirable, for it meant that we were at liberty to plan it as we wished, using the green so dear to '25 as a dominant note in the color scheme.

The very day we received this most delightful and exciting news from Father Dillon, we descended to the lower realms of the college to inspect our new treasure with an eye to usefulness. We were so well versed in the art of interior decorating that its aspects presented no difficulties. Even the U. A. china closet, became a valuable asset through our ingenious arrangements.

Oh! didn't we enjoy working for that room—despite the fact that we spattered ourselves with the paint which was supposed to be covering the furniture! Fate must have been with us, Emily Grace, and I, who had begun our daubing before we learned that this furniture was for the use of the Literary Society, while thinking in good faith, that it belonged to the Senior Class. What a terrible moment! We found, however, that all claims would be waived if we agreed to lend it to the Literary Society for their plays. A deep sigh of relief—and we painted on diligently.

Did I tell you how lucky we were to be presented with the comfortable benches that used to line the walls at Harry Freye's? We could never have accommodated the class without them; our wild dreams of making window seats, I'm afraid, would have remained dreams.

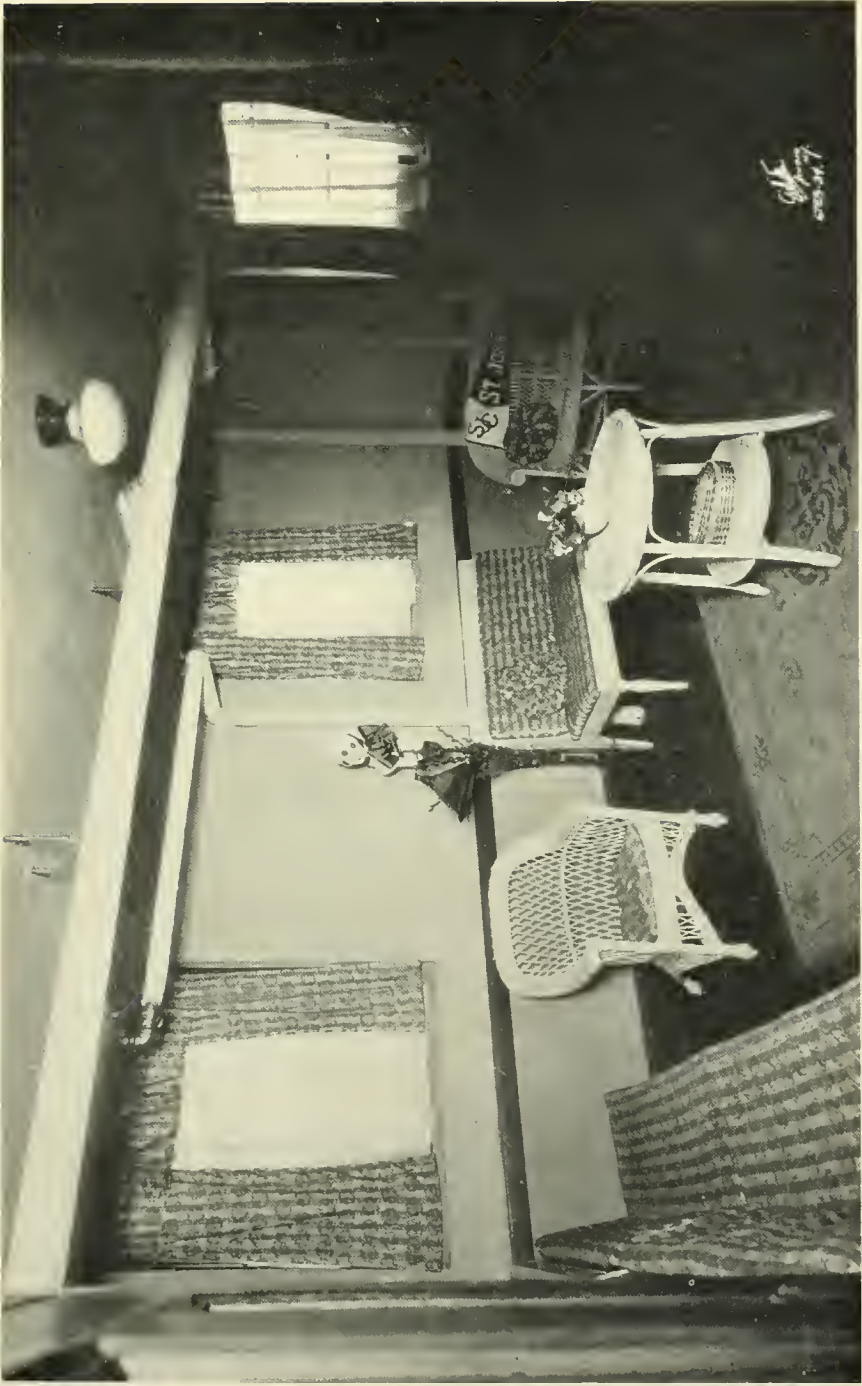
But not yet being a Senior, and never having had a long lost Sanctum returned to you, and not having spent hours of labor trying to fix it up, you can't even imagine how great was our appreciation and joy at Father Dillon's donation for the Sanctum. It was so heartening to receive his help and to realize that he, a member of the faculty, was interested in our attempts to make the Sanctum the refuge it had always been to Seniors, and the spurring dream of attainment which it had always meant to underclassmen.

On the first Friday in the new semester—just one week from the day that we had become possessors of this haven of bliss—we entertained our first guest, Margaret Lennon of our beloved sister class, and Sister Carmela, our co-helper. And oh, what a thrill it gave us on that same afternoon to draw the last stitch in the cushions which had taken such an eternity to cover!

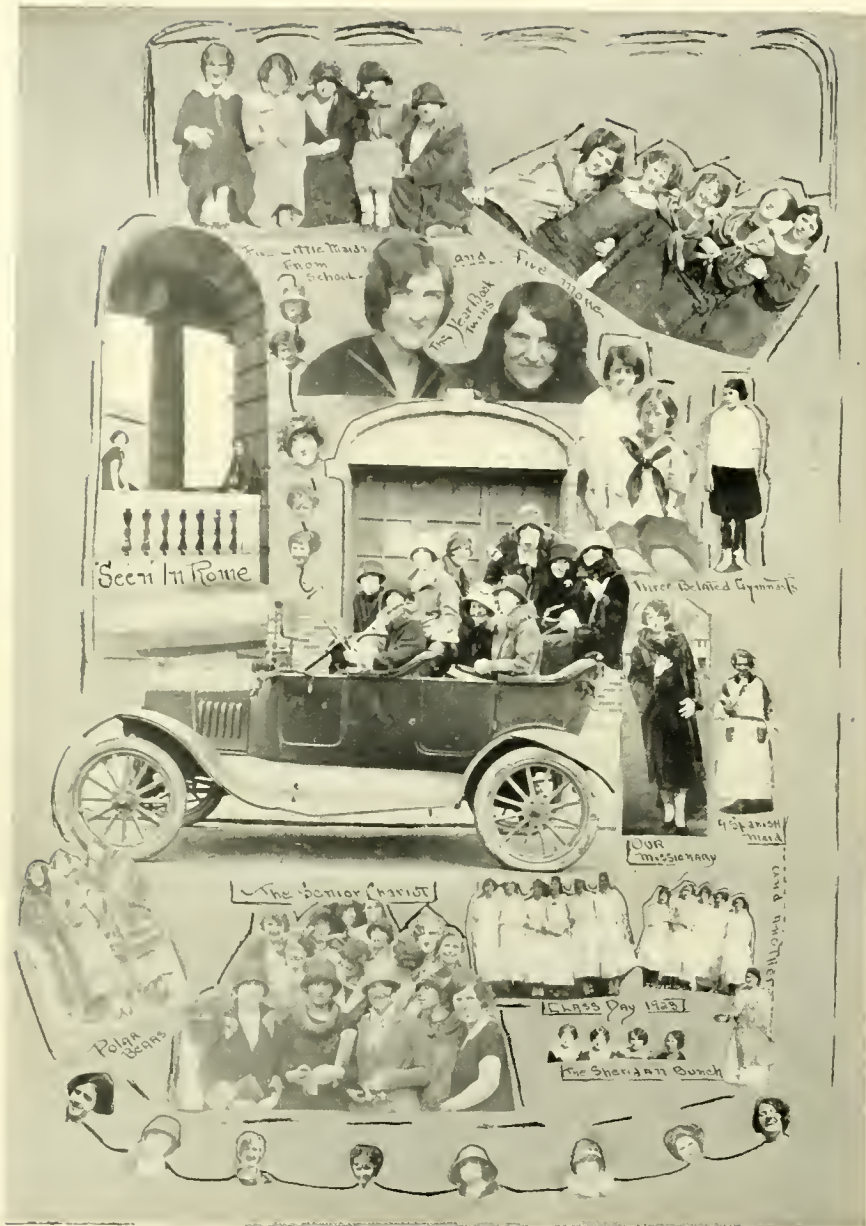
Isn't it queer at times how big things go unnoticed while a small detail will attract all the attention? That was what happened in the Sanctum. Everyone who came in or "peeped in" admired the general appearance of the room, and "Bozo" sitting astride the arm of the lamp, and then exclaimed, "What a lovely bowl on the table! However did you get it to match the room so perfectly?" Because we could not be sophisticated and keep it a secret, we smiled proudly and explained that it had once been a common, ordinary fish-bowl, but having been painted on the inside with the same kind of paint used on the furniture, it had become a treasured piece of "luster-ware."

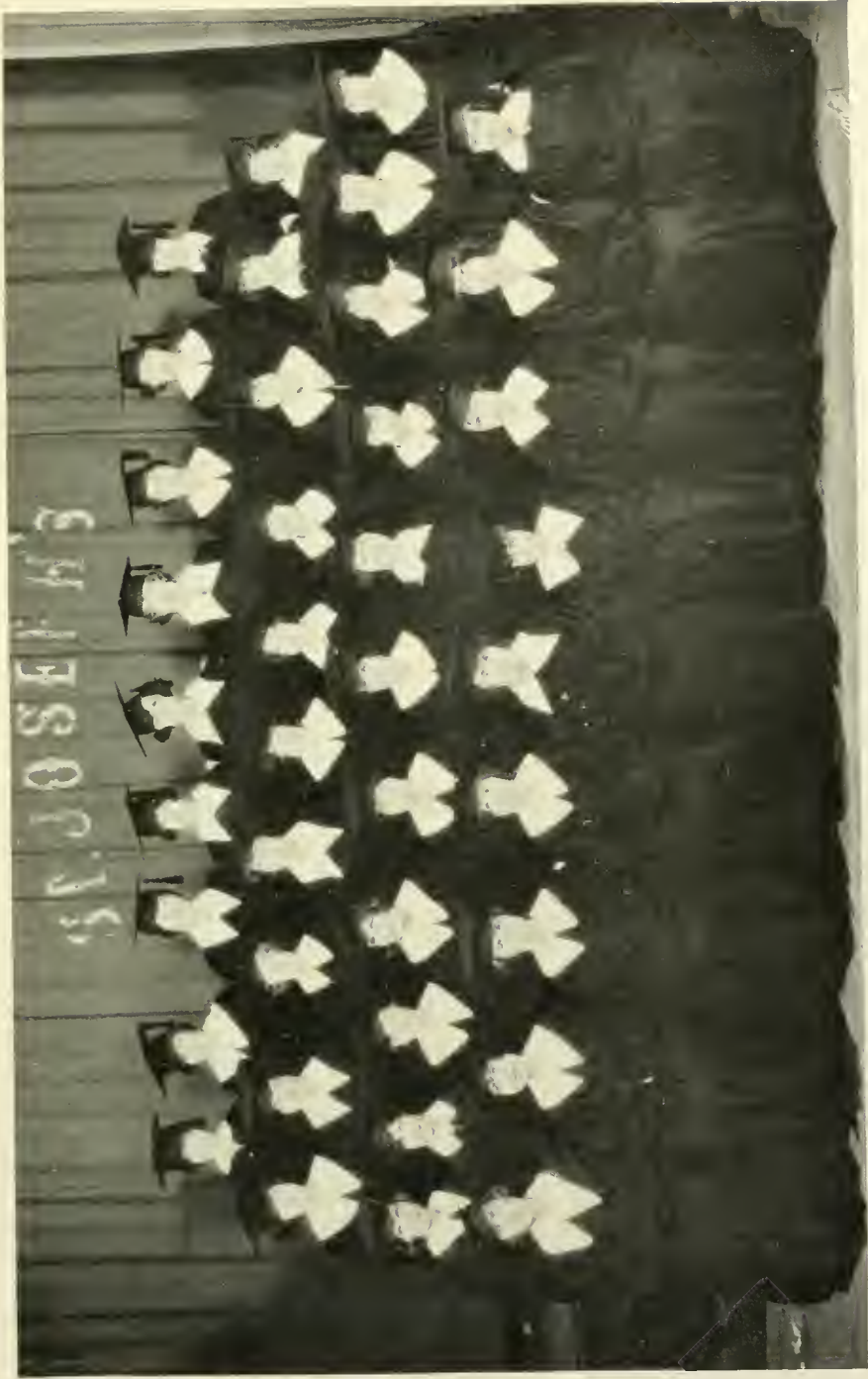
But if I tell you any more details I shall be disclosing all of our professional secrets, and that would "spoil everything," as Mildred said the night that she helped us to paint, putting E. O'M., G. O'B., G. M. D., and M. E. V., under the cushions on all the benches for posterity to read.

G. M. D., '25.



THE SANCTUM





THE JUNIOR CLASS



Junior Class History

"Remember, a good, crisp write-up, nothing old; something 'peppy' and distinctive." Thus cheerily spoke the Literary Editor, and the poor unfortunate "Society Editor" sighed wearily. "How," she pondered, "Is one to produce something new and distinctive, when not possessed of creative genius; how may one recount such a myriad of events without making them seem like a veritable chronology?" Her brows contracted in thought, but suddenly her countenance cleared her friends! Of course they would help her. For what other purpose did one have friends?

To the first she went in all confidence. "Why, of course, I'll help you; that is easy," was the smiling, encouraging rejoinder. "Just make it a society page, with the Junior Class the sole contributors thereto—." The "Reporter's" face fell; she had had the same idea herself, but it had not seemed like good material—the voice went on, "For instance, you could have for your first article,

JUNIOR CLASS ENTERTAINS FRESHMEN AT INFORMAL LUNCHEON

The Junior Class tendered a hearty welcome to its younger sisters, the Class of Twenty-eight, on September the eighteenth, at the Saint Joseph's Grill. This little unofficial reception, so thoroughly enjoyed by both '26 and '28, was a distinct aid in breaking down barriers, promoting interclass friendship, and placing the "Débutantes" entirely at ease in their new surroundings.

There was a very short informal entertainment, provided by the hostesses, after which a dainty luncheon was served. The Grill was gaily decorated in gold and white, the college colors, and the guests danced to music furnished by Miss Mabel Barton.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE HAS JUNIOR WEEK

Class of '26 Entertained at Suppers and Theaters

Triumphant Week Closed with Junior Prom

When at last the long-awaited Junior Week was ushered in on February ninth, the happy '26's rushed hither and thither, hardly knowing just what they were doing, and anxious only for six o'clock to arrive, when they would all assemble at Giolito's for their class dinner.

And a most delightful banquet it was, to which Miss McEntee and the girls gathered on that memorable evening. Merry voices were heard to the accompaniment of the Italian string orchestra; course rapidly succeeded course, until it ended all too quickly, as pleasant things always do, and it was time to repair to the theater for the performance of "Rose Marie."

In all that audience, there was perhaps no one as enthusiastic as those same Juniors, laughing and chatting gaily, waiting for the curtain to rise. Their first disappointment, and indeed the only one of the entire week, occurred when Miss Ellis' inability to appear was announced. But even this disappointment was short-lived when Charlotte Massy took her place so superbly that the onlookers were incredulous as to the possibility of Miss Ellis' superiority. "The Indian Love Call" still rings in Junior ears, and "Rose Marie" herself added the last drop to the already brimming cup, by inviting the classmates to visit her after the performance. It was indeed, "The End of a Perfect Day."

Tuesday, the tenth, the Class tendered a reception to the entire college. A short program, consisting of both humorous and musical numbers, preceded the supper, which was served at about half past five, and at which both guests and hostesses enjoyed a most tempting repast, prepared under the skilful direction of that well-known chef, Margaret Johnston. In the evening the rôles were reversed when '26 were the guests of '27 at the delightful musical comedy, "Topsy and Eva."

Wednesday came, and brought with it the Senior supper, the *première*, formal opening of the Grill. It was a decided social success in the opinion of all, and hostesses and guests alike did ample justice to the appetizing menu. After dinner, the Seniors entertained with a number of humorous skits which made the audience laugh heartily, and caused them to be most thankful that the *première* occurred during Junior Week.

At the appointed hour Friday the thirteenth dawned. It was a day of great rejoicing, but with it also a slight shadow of regret, for it was the beginning—a happy beginning. 'Tis true — but none the less, the beginning of the end. We would conclude with the Prom, whose tale is told in other columns, the story of Junior Week, and of Junior Year. The remaining events of the semester will bring their share of importance and happiness, but none, we like to think, will be to '26, so significant, or quite so charming as the "Prom."

G. M. C., '26.

Junior Week Program

FEBRUARY NINTH TO THIRTEENTH

MONDAY, FEBRUARY NINTH

MASS AND GENERAL COMMUNION
JUNIOR SUPPER, THEATRE PARTY

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY TENTH

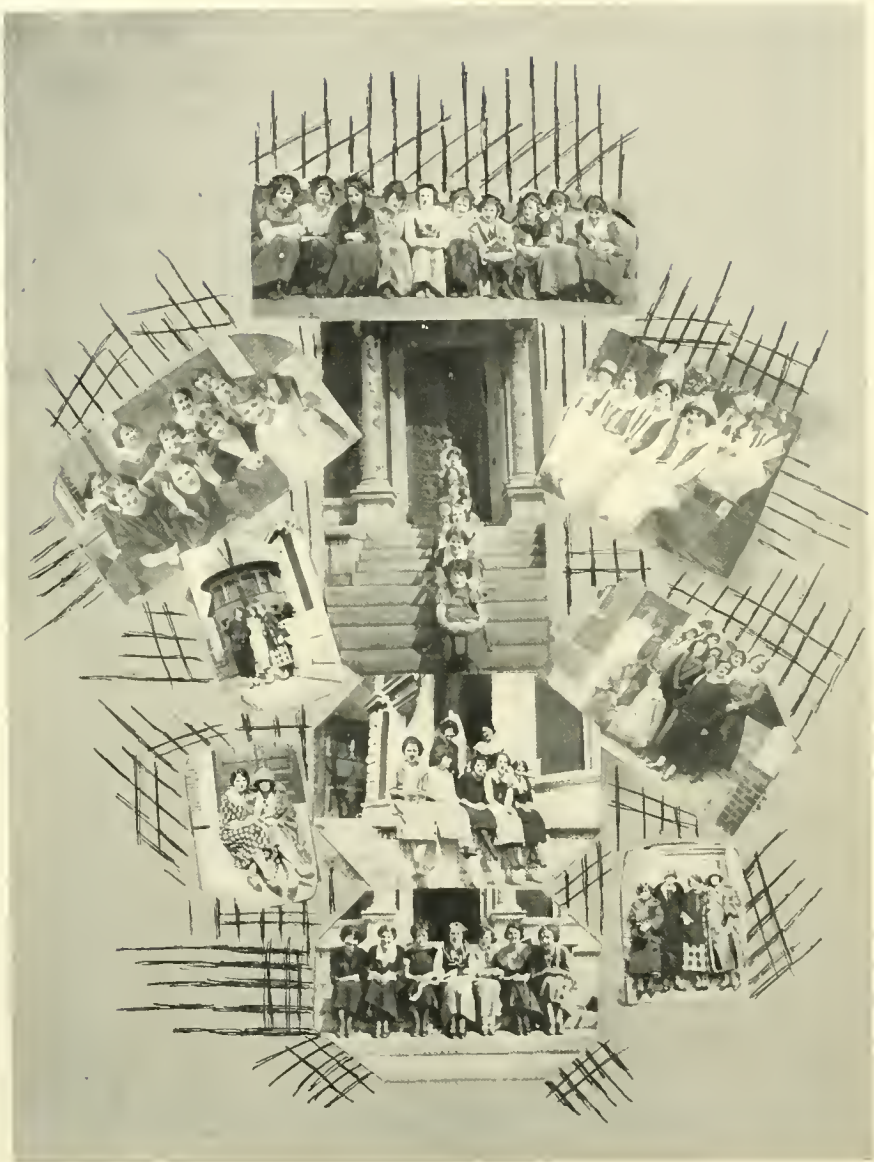
RECEPTION TO THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS
SOPHOMORE THEATRE PARTY

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY ELEVENTH

SENIOR SUPPER PARTY

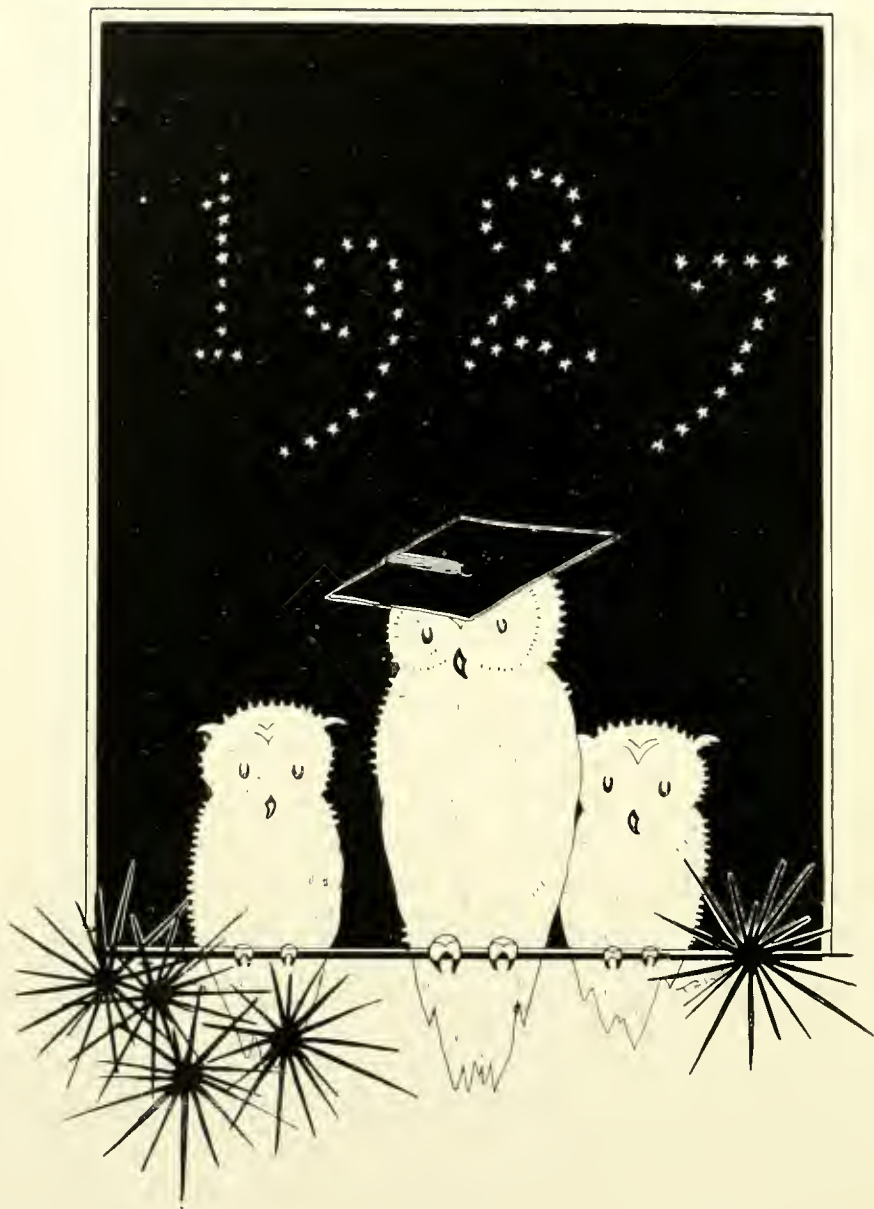
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

JUNIOR PROMENADE
Hotel Waldorf Astoria





THE SOPHOMORE CLASS



Alice in Sophomore Land

When Alice made her far-famed journey through Wonderland, she had no idea of its momentous consequences. Just as she left the Mad Tea Party, thoroughly disgusted with the rudeness of the Hatter and the March Hare, she noticed a little door leading from the forest. She thought this very curious, but since she was on an adventurous trip, she opened the door and suddenly found herself in a new country. She paused and suddenly remembered that the place looked vaguely familiar. Where was she? Oh, now she knew! This was Saint Joseph's College. Why of course, she remembered everything. The next thing to be done was to look up those old friends of hers. Where were those Freshmen, that jolly class of '27?

Ah, there was one of them, now. Alice promptly called her, but they had not been talking long before she discovered that something was the matter. Gone was the rough-and-tumble spirit of her former chum. Alice wondered what the trouble was, but when she saw the supercilious glance the girl bestowed on another, memories stirred within her. That was just the way the Sophs had looked upon '27.

"Are you still Freshmen?" Alice asked.

"Why, Alice, of course we're not. What made you think we were? We're Sophomores. Don't you remember that we . . ."

But the rest was lost in the air. The girls had seen Alice and were crowding about her to find out where she had been all summer long. She told them that she had been trying to convince the Mock Turtle that college was a very good place indeed. He had gone to school at the bottom of the sea, and really he hadn't learned very much from the classical master.

The girls were talking busily when a group of Freshmen passed by. Instantly, they were seized and made to entertain the Sophs.

Hazing continued until the day set to mark its demise. Of course, it was worse than ever that day, but nevertheless there was a Sophomore-Freshman party that showed the Freshmen that the Sophs really liked them, after all.

Of course, the next event all looked forward to was the Hallowe'en Dance. Everyone was so pretty, so graceful and so friendly, that Alice was sure even the stupid old Mock Turtle would think college a wonderful place, could he be present at the dance.

All through the semester, the various societies gave charming teas. The U. A., the Literary Society, the Music Clubs, all were represented. Alice never missed an event, for who could tell when the Duchess would again shower pepper over all things? And then, she'd have to tend that hateful little baby, again.

After Christmas had become a thing of the past, everyone seemed on the *qui vive*. All were waiting in anxious expectancy for the Senior Prom. Surely the class who did everything so well would offer something unusual on the night of their biggest event. When the night of the Prom came, Alice thought she had never seen anything so beautiful as the ballroom of the Park Lane. When she told Humpty-Dumpty about it afterwards, he was really sorry he couldn't have gone. But, of course, he was on the wrong side of the door.

Then, soon after came Junior Week. To the Sophs, the crowning event was a theatre party which they gave the Juniors. "Topsy and Eva" proved to be a charming means of uniting the two classes. The evident enjoyment of the Juniors amply repaid the hostess class for all trouble. And then the Prom! The girls talked about it in superlatives. Alice was sorry that she couldn't have gone, but the Queen of Hearts had ordered everyone to be beheaded, and consequently there was no one to play croquet with her but Alice herself.

The Staff
of
Footprints

S. J. C.

1925



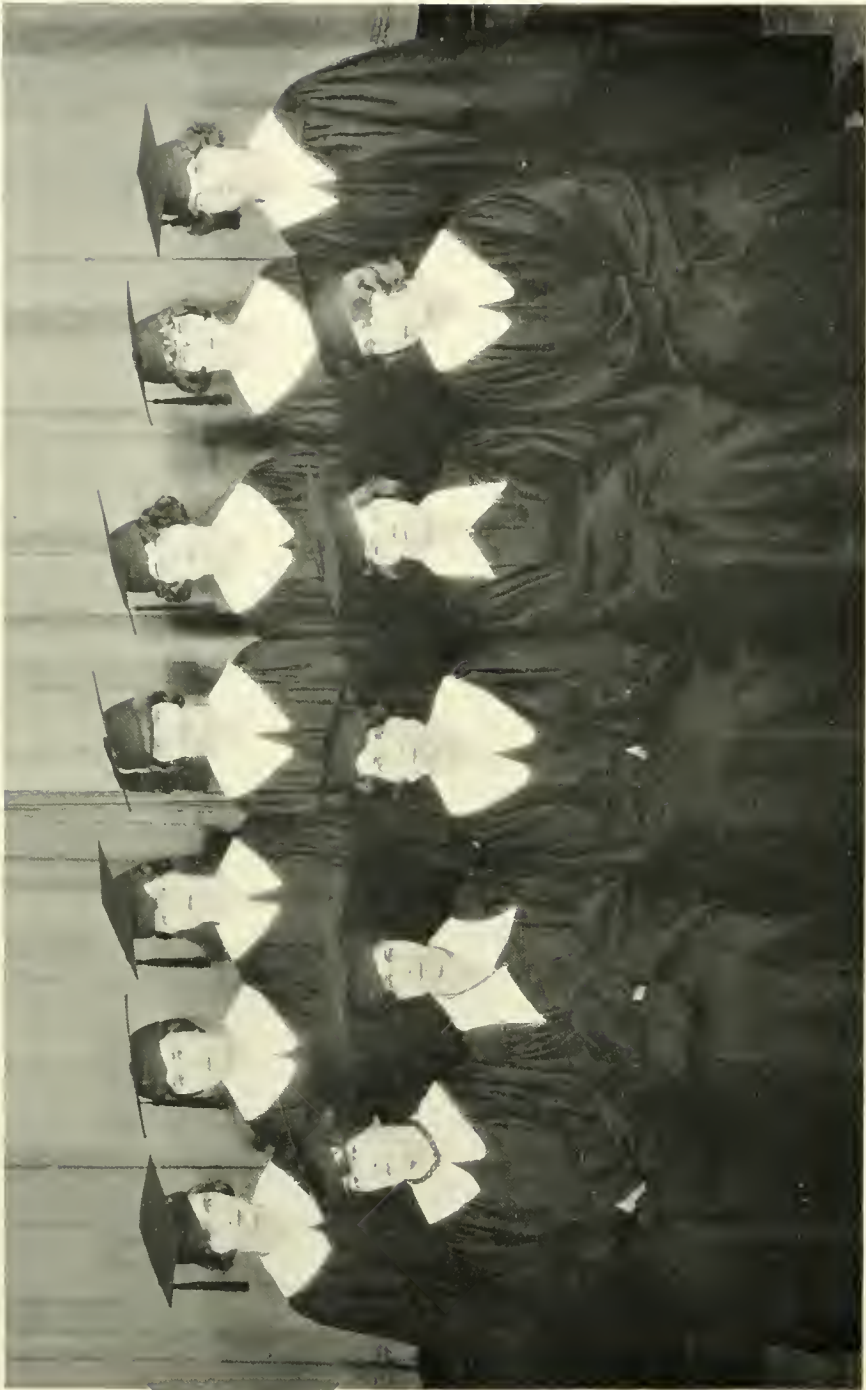
But what all the Sophs were thinking about a short time after the Prom, was their tea. At last, the day arrived and on Shrove Tuesday, they presented "An Afternoon with Tennyson." The affair was, as they had wished, most artistic. The recital itself, the tea, the decorations, especially the dignified appearance of the stage, had a finish that would do credit to more experienced entertainers. Everyone assured them that the afternoon was a social, as well as an artistic success.

And then one day, the calamity occurred. Alice had to leave Wonderland for the Every-day World. Bitterly, she mourned her loss as she realized that she would never know how Sophomore Class Day would turn out, how successful the other teas would be, or how the long-planned Sophomore play would result. But nevertheless, as she came back to the world of realities, she found that she clutched a key, a golden key. She carefully put it away for she thought she might later find some use for it. It was labelled "Friendship," and Alice knew it was the only key that would open the doors of the happy home of learning, known as St. Joseph's College. M. S., '27.



TENNYSON'S "DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN" PRESENTED BY CLASS OF '27





CLASS OF 1928 A

Lower Sophomore Chronicle

A coincidence has occurred and history again repeats itself. Another pioneer class, like the pioneer class of '20, has started to travel the road to success. In truth we are pioneers, for we are the first January class. Being twelve in number may we not be christened "The Knights of the Round Table," as twelve of the memorable class of '20 were christened the "Twelve Apostles?"

St. Joseph's College—a goal attained, another chapter of school life begun! We poor Freshies, true children of January, the father of newness, strayed aimlessly around the college, feeling akin to prisoners in an ancient castle. The many unfamiliar faces, the unknown code of college secrets, the thought that we were mere babies, were all terrific blows to high school sophistication. Yet everywhere the strains of the popular song "Linger Awhile" vibrated in our ears, and we began to feel at home.

Gradually we became accustomed to favorite sayings and learned pet topics of interest to Upper Classmen. We were beginning to be initiated into college life. We learned of teas, recitals, lectures,—then of proms. The 1925 Junior Reception took place during our first week. Fascinated '23 conceived a lasting admiration for '25. What fortunate foresight—what a timely sowing of the seeds of future happiness!

Next the Upper Freshman hazing brought us together, since we were united against a common foe. Good sportsmanship and sincere liking for our companion class were the results of the long to be remembered hazing day. Then the election of our class president and the organization of the class made us realize that we were essentially a part of the college life. The spring term passed speedily, event following event, including a class day which will be the subject of future reminiscences. Exams we took philosophically, commencement we viewed with great wonderment. Summer intervened and then the new term began. As the autumn leaves fell, a veritable harvest spirit reigned in the college. All was joyful, and Christmas was rapidly approaching. For a Christmas present our "Beloved '25" adopted us. No longer were we "All Alone."

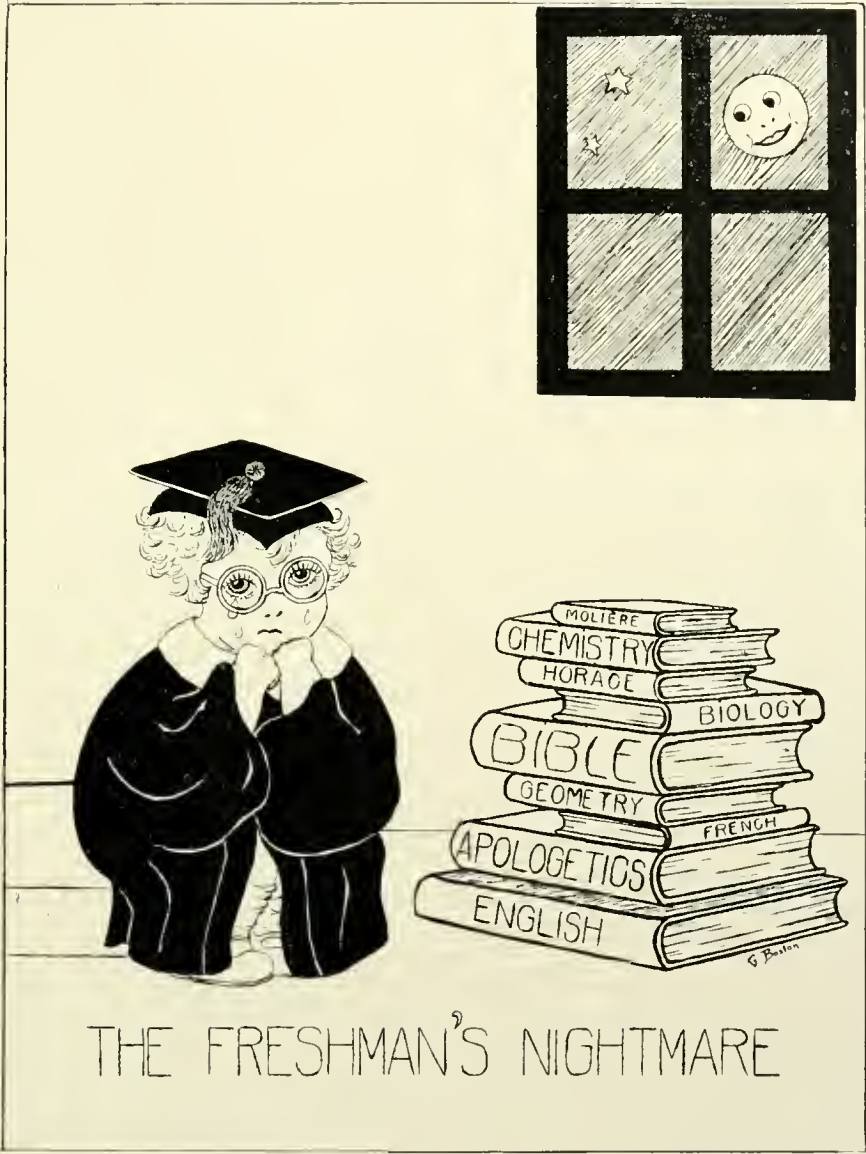
No longer freshmen but "wise men," how we could look with disdain on anything freshmanlike—how we could assume the prerogatives of the elder and more learned! Revenge is sweet, and so was the hazing of the '29 January class. We hazed and we taught the freshmen their Eight Beatitudes. Presumption indeed is it for the freshmen to come to college without knowing them. But freshmen are presumptuous beings anyway.

What a difference it makes when one plays first fiddle instead of second in an orchestra. Now our view of college changed. We were sophomores,—recognized and even consulted a bit. Lent came, then class days, preparations for the play and Commencement. Yet everything was so different from what it had been during freshmen year. Perhaps the difference was wrought by our superiority.

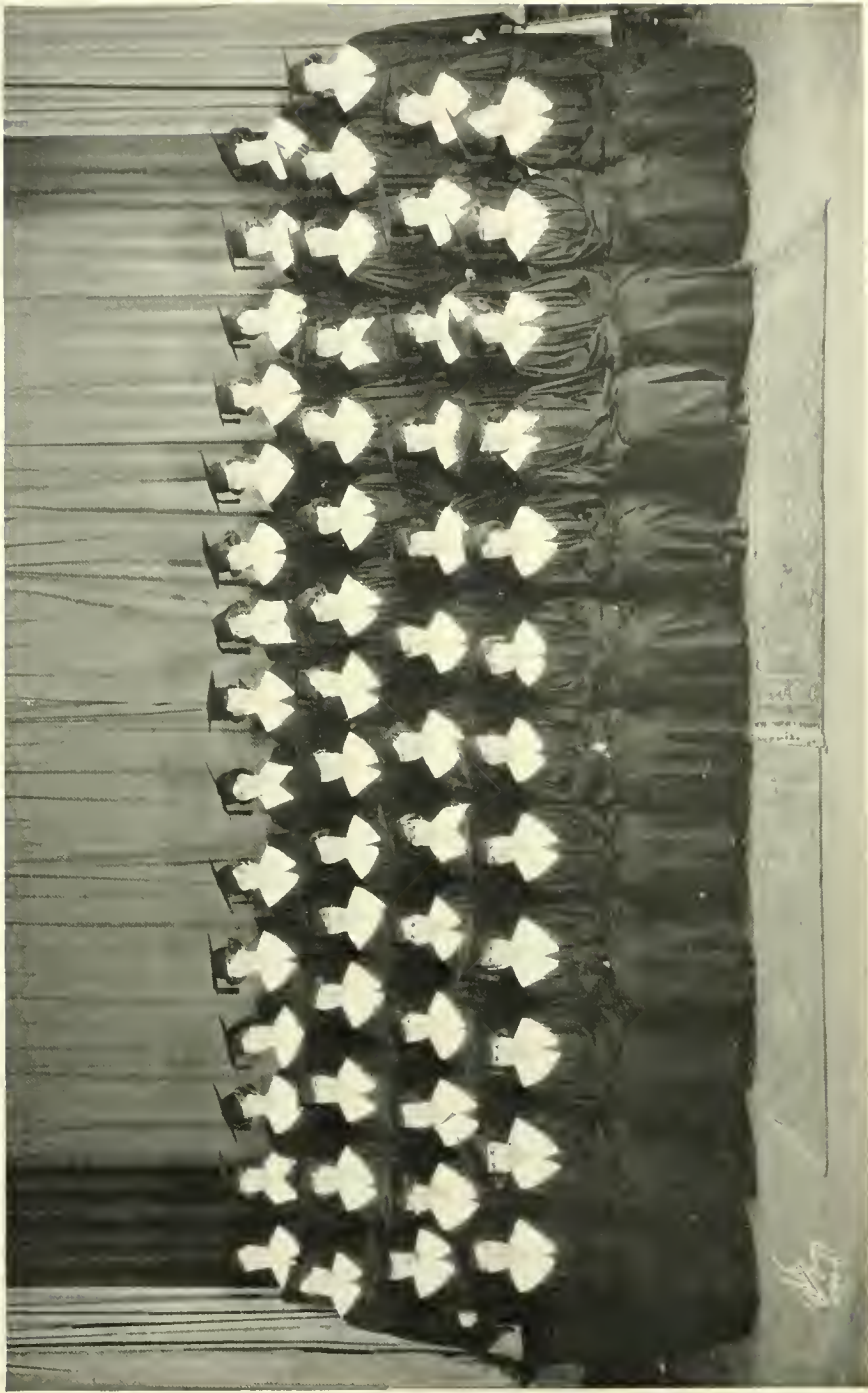
As up life's ladder man ascends
And looks not back, fearing to falter,
He knows not that he ever lends
The eternal gods, fresh cause for laughter.

E. R. B., '28





THE FRESHMAN'S NIGHTMARE



THE CLASS OF 1928 B

History of the Class of 1923

Believing wisdom the zenith of human perfection and St. Joseph's the heart of wisdom, we, the Class of 1923, assembled for the first time, all with one aim, one desire, one motive and one end, the perfection of ourselves with the aid of each other, under the guidance of Alma Mater. With such an undivided alliance of purpose we could not long remain strangers. While we were awed by the cordial welcome tendered us the very first day of our collegiate career and captivated by the genial attitude of our sister class, there arose among us a spirit of friendship, growing into love. How grateful each timid Freshman felt to the Juniors, who so kindly lessened our awkward sensations on that first day; for what freshman does not seem rather unnecessary and insignificant on her first day at college?

Two weeks passed before we selected a leader for our already organized members: and we displayed excellent judgment by electing Clarissa Kern to be our president. We are all equally confident that had our period of friendship been a matter of years rather than weeks, we could not have selected any one more capable to guide us. We further showed keen apperception in the choice of the other class officers: Agnes Kelly, vice-president; Helen O'Reilly, secretary; and Irene Leahy, treasurer. In one of our first class meetings we committed a Freshman *faux pas* by choosing blue and white as our class colors. Upon realizing the significance of our blunder, that we had usurped the colors of a College Society, we changed to the more distinctive combination of crimson and black.

The horrors of hazing week passed without a casualty, our numbers proving too powerful for the Sophs. The hazing served as an additional link in forging chains of friendships among us, and we all realized that "public calamity is a mighty leveller." It culminated in a perfectly delightful party given by the Sophomores in our honor. Having learned by careful observation how such parties were conducted, we undertook in November to act as hostesses to our sister class. Thanks to the competent committee in charge, our first social event was, by the acclamation of all, a success.

A few very charitable members of the class, upon the suggestion of our class adviser, undertook an errand of mercy during the Christmas holidays. These girls went to St. John's Hospital, Long Island City, to entertain and amuse the poor children confined there. Besides the abundance of cheer which they bore with them, they had provided gifts and Christmas stockings filled with toys for each child. On Christmas Eve we held a theater party to see "Rose Marie." The date being rather inconvenient, the affair was not so well attended as we should have liked.

Our class is proud of its contribution to the athletic interests of the College in the persons of Rhoda Magnor and Kathryn E. Wilson, who displayed their talents on the basketball court during the past season. The athletics have done much to help foster in our hearts true college spirit.

We feel that, having completed our Freshman Year, we are now, all of us, "stamped with the image of the King" and it is our cherished duty to continue in the fulfilment of our aims. Continuing, we are destined to break all records in the annals of dear St. Joseph's and to "sky-write" our fame on the horizon of her delightful history.

E. J. McL. '23.

Upper Freshman Poem

In the Alley of the Freshman,
In the College of St. Joseph's,
Lived some girls, some merry girls,
Peppier still than high explosives,
About this class and of its fate,
I to you will now relate,
No one excels us at any rate,
We, the class of '28.

If a Horace class you visit,
(Try it sometime, do not miss it!)
You will see some forty girls,
Some with straight hair, some with
 curls,
Some of the former, some of the latter,
Read, translate, laugh and chatter,
Sister's "pets" we are you know,
When we are still, but seldom so.

Then to "chem" we bravely trot,
A quiz to-day? Please tell me not!
For when I mixed those things last
 week,
Almost through—I heard a creak!
Before my dazzled eyes I saw,
The terrible mixture on the floor!
Spoiled the needed result, you see,
That's why there is no quiz for me.

Poly class we like the best,
Full of ginger, pep and zest,
But if our turn is coming near,
We pray that we the bell may hear,
Two or three hundred—a horde we
 make
We're a terrible mob to keep awake
All this is true beyond a doubt,
If you don't believe it, try it out.

English sages are we all,
Ever anxious for a call,
Thinking, knowing what to say,
About the lecture yesterday,
With the sandman many go,
Far away from Burns or Poe,
Till their names are calmly read,
"Wake up, wake up, you sleepy head."

Spanish, too, does hold a thrill,
And many labor with mind and will,
For those who come a bit too late,
From the prof, they get the gate,
A beautiful soul, a beautiful face,
But here this saying is out of place,
For a strict Señora, we have, you see,
Who gives you a smile, and hands you
 a "D." M. J. K., '28.





THE CLASS OF 1929



FRESHMAN

A Candy-Box Review

Did you hear about it? No? We should say, did you hear about us, but the "it" is what caused the commotion. Well, "it" is a box of candy decorated artistically by us young freshmen and representing our short, incomplete history. The excitement was caused when we sent it to the college with the inscription "Men are remembered by what they do." We knew you would be curious and open it immediately. Realizing also, that according to the dictates of your appetites you might wish to determine the quality of the contents, we inserted notes in the various kinds of candy. The idea was simply to have you read before you ate. In this mystic "it" were bonbons, chocolates, hard candy, peppermints, caramels and other things, and just as many cards. On the first we had written:

Bonbons here of every hue
Whispering violet, melting blue
Verily, all seemed to be
Gay lassies in Prom's Memory.

On the second, with the chocolates, was written:

Dark chocolates quite forbidding—cold
Recall Soph hazers, trying, bold,
But like the cream within this wall,
We found them not so bad at all.

A hard confection next confronting us, we had inscribed:

Hard work 'most killed us when we came
We racked our brains and took the blame;
And here rock candy tells the tale
How from hard knocks we weep and wail.

Alongside these were the peppermints we spoke of, and, with all the pep and perhaps a bit of pepper lying within our power of expression, we scrolled:

Fresh peppermints, much snap, more pep
Reflect our athletes and their rep:
If nothing else can make you sprint
Try our girls or peppermint!

Now Class Day! This day marks for us the turning point in our young career. Previous to this memorable occasion we were obliged to traverse the beaten path of our elders and act as the Romans when in Rome. On this great day we were allowed, (we shall let you judge if we were able) to deviate from the great highway of "what is done" and show you our own talents, ideas and ingenuity. But we must not forget about this candy box of ours. In this case the candy was caramel. On the card was:

Caramels next, luscious bites,
Dainty bits and great delights,
The taste lasts, they stick and stay
As the memory of our great Class Day.

Here we have a card without a piece of candy. Nobody took the candy because it never was there. Indeed we could not find one sweet enough and so we simply inscribed this card to those whom we have known so short a time and with whom we will have little opportunity to become better acquainted:

We've barely said hello, 'tis true
And yet we've found in you
The goal for which we all will strive
You are to us true womanhood, you class of '25. D. H., '29.





THE STAFF OF FOOTPRINTS

The Staff of Footprints

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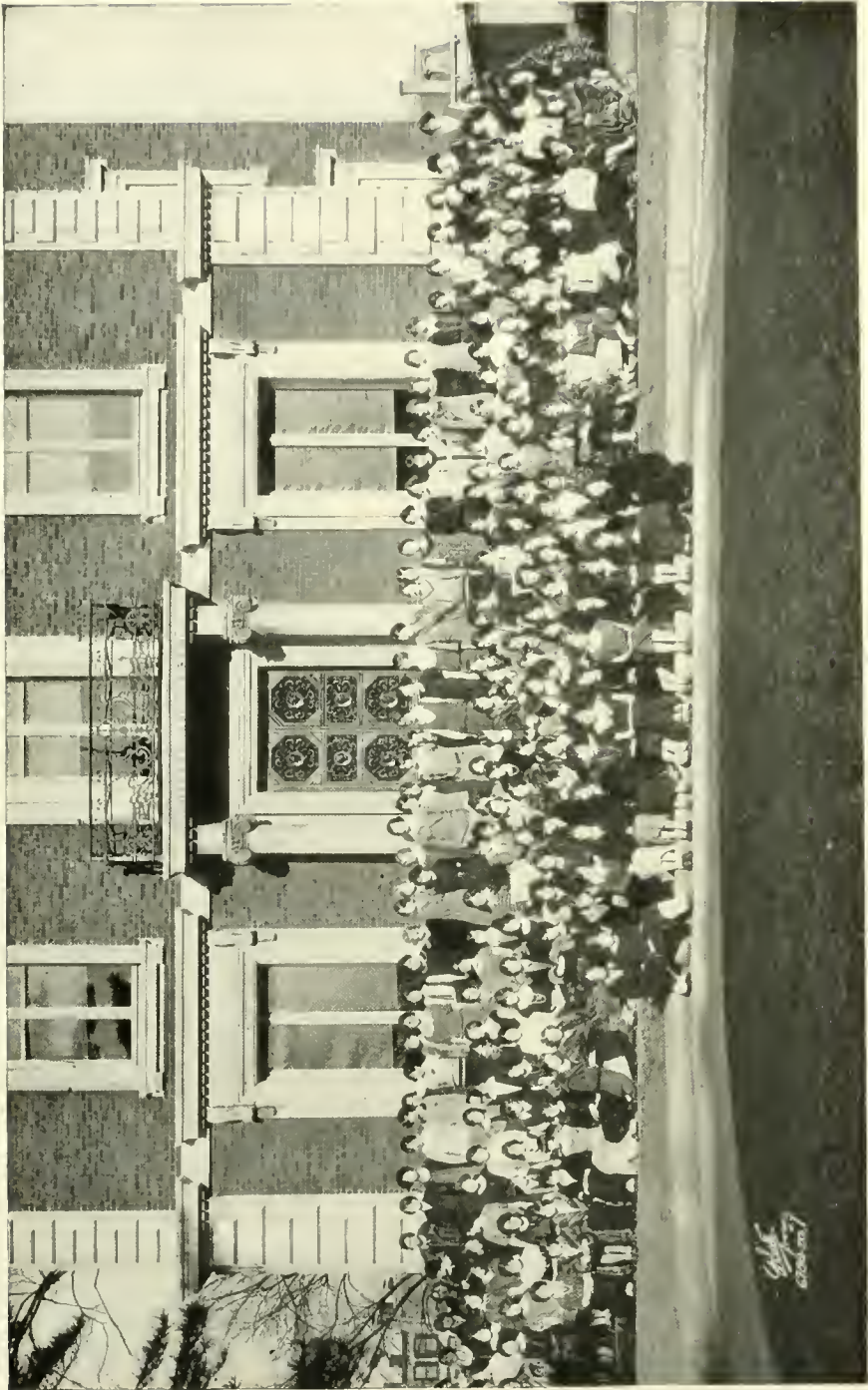
Muriel Leland Simpson

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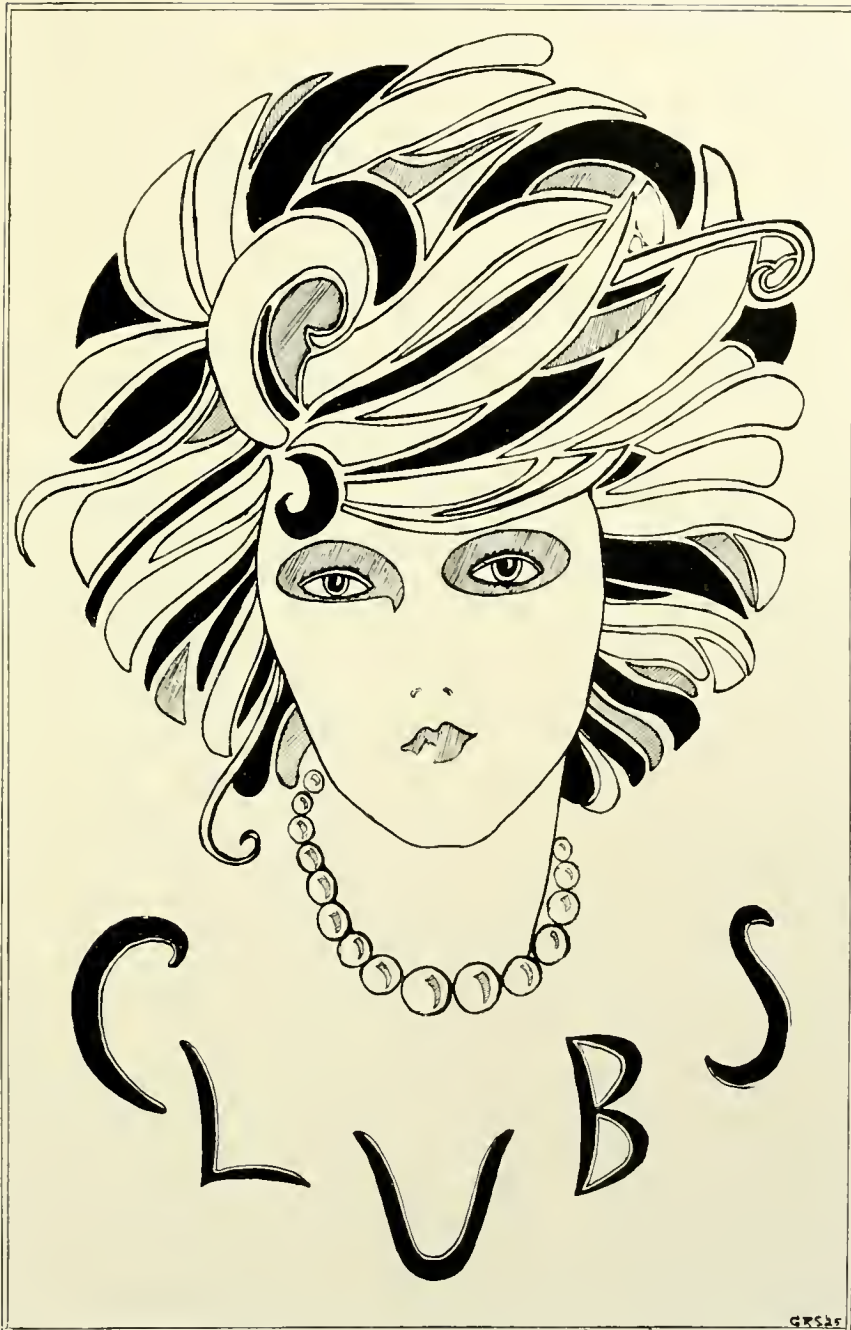
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Agnes V. Roland, '25.

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THE UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION



The Undergraduate Association

President—Cecilia McLoughlin, '25
Vice-President—Agnes M. Hearns, '25
Secretary—Margaret Johnston, '26
Treasurer—Louise C. McGough, '27

U. A. COUNCILLORS

Emily F. O'Mara, '25	Muriel L. Simpson, '25
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OUR AIM

In its practical purpose of uniting and directing college societies, the Undergraduate Association has always been guided by the broad principles and ideals embodied in the conception of true college spirit. Working through the concrete media of social and business meetings, it seeks to encourage true culture and to foster those vital sentiments of honor and love for Alma Mater which cannot be gained adequately in the classroom. The Spirit of HONOR is the working motto of the U. A. Under its inspiration, the Undergraduates pledge themselves to give to S. J. C. the very truest and best that is in them, and to preserve her good name, at all times, from tarnish.

THE SOCIAL YEAR

1924-1925 has been a season little short of brilliant in the annals of the Undergraduate Association. With the lively co-operation of the many clubs united under its name, receptions, lectures, concerts, etc., have been so judiciously planned as to provide an unbroken schedule of varied social activities throughout the year.

The only disappointment we experienced occurred at the beginning of the season when Bishop Molloy's sad bereavement prevented his spending October 3rd with us, and necessitated the cancelling of our annual celebration of "College Day." The misfortune was felt keenly by all of us, and only the Bishop's kind message to us compensated, in some measure, for his absence.

The social season, therefore, was not really opened until a few days later when the student body tendered a reception to the Freshman class. Our president struck the keynote of S. J. C.'s student life, in her address of welcome, by explaining the aim and purpose of the Undergraduate Association, and by exhorting the newcomers to live up to that college spirit in which our traditions and ideals are embodied. After their official presentation to the officers of the U. A. the Fresh-



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

men were entertained more informally by their fellow members and were given intimate glimpses into club life and history.

On October 29th the annual Fall Dance, under Agnes Hearn's expert management, was able to boast the largest attendance thus far. The Laurel Room of the Hotel Astor was crowded to capacity, and from everyone there radiated that care-free merriment so in keeping with the spirit of Hallowe'en.

Several weeks later a joint lecture and song recital made our November meeting very attractive. Miss Blanche Dillon gave an informal treatment of the subject "Woman To-day." The second part of the program was rendered by Father Lawrence Bracken whose admirable baritone voice was made all the more enjoyable by his choice of popular favorites with a decided leaning toward Irish Folk Songs.

Our Christmas entertainment on December 22nd was held for the first time in the evening. The large and representative audience—composed of the Faculty, Alumnae, guests of the Senior Class, and the entire student body—showed a very gratifying appreciation of the evening's program. According to custom the U. A. was assisted on this occasion by the Music Clubs, and by the Literary Society whose members presented two one-act plays: "The Neighbors" and "Dust of the Road."

In January, the U. A., as "college hostess," ever ready to welcome newcomers and to put them at their ease, had occasion to tender a little surprise reception to our new superioress. In keeping with Sister Philomene's own modest disposition, the affair was purposely made very simple and informal, the chief aim being to express to her our good wishes, and to have, ourselves, an opportunity of being presented to her.

One of the most brilliant affairs of the year was an imposing recital given by "The Philharmonic Group" on March 1th. The trio of musicians consisting of Carl Schlegel of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Dorsey Whittington and Charles King, executed a program of extraordinary charm. The distinguished baritone sang two groups of songs in his powerful style, sympathetically accompanied by Charles King. Mr. Whittington played a group of piano selections ranging from Liszt to Debussy and Grainger, all rendered with musicianly feeling and superb technique.

Late in March Father Bracken gave a second recital, this time accompanied by his boy-soloists. The latter sang exceptionally well and proved themselves worthy of appearing with such an artist as Father Bracken.

With a delightful Spring Dance at the Hotel Park Lane, and a splendid dramatic recital of "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the college in May, the Undergraduate Association of 1924-1925 successfully terminated its activities and completed another significant chapter in the history of S. J. C.



HONOR SYSTEM COMMITTEE

COMMITTEE

Chairman—Marion E. Aubert, '25

Secretary—Agnes Pattison, '25

Agnes E. Dalv, '26

Cecilia Trunz, '27

Mary Aghamalian, '28

Irene V. Lent, '26

Josephine M. Weiden, '27

Anne Schrage, '28

The Honor System

"Life's but a word, a shadow, a melting dream
 Compar'd to essential and eternal honor."

It was the truth of these century-old lines, touching the chords of idealism and practical justice at St. Joseph's that resulted in the establishment of the Honor System in March, 1922. With the Commencement of the Class of '25 the initial period of our finest and most fundamental college tradition draws to a close. Surely it is an important event—this completion of the first span of its existence—and one fraught with satisfaction, gratitude and aspirations. Our words are inadequate to convey the student body's gratitude to Father Dillon, the Faculty Adviser for the first three years. He not only helped us through the perilous difficulties and misunderstandings of its inauguration, but by his justice, kindness, patience, unremitting service and wise suggestions, insured effective administration. To our faculty representative, we are also indebted for her whole-

hearted support. She has further enabled us to justify the confidence the Faculty placed in us when they permitted this venture in student government.

To Agnes Pattison and Marion Aubert, the worthy representatives of the Class of '25—the last class of the original four whose efforts brought the Honor System into being, the present student body voices its congratulations and appreciation of that action. It is most auspicious that while their class is still an element of undergraduate life, the first step in the extension of the Honor System should have occurred. We hope that this step is indicative of still further progress and that future undergraduate bodies will so live up to the animus that actuated '22-'25 as to extend the spirit of honor to every phase of college life.

That this cannot be accompanied without great effort and possibly some trouble is to be admitted. It follows from the very definition of the word.

“Honor is
Virtue's allowed ascent: honor that clasps
All perfect justice in her arms; that craves
No more respect than that she gives; that does
Nothing but what she'll suffer.”

But is what she gives not worth the “suffering?” Honor is the hope, as it should be the keynote, of St. Joseph's. It gives character, value to our college. Honor makes our sheepskin more than a mere bauble, or a talisman to pecuniary success. It makes our degree a token of real attainment. By the furtherance of the spirit of Honor, a real and intrinsic value, a richer meaning is attached to even the most inconspicuous collegiate activity. The tiniest of our endeavors is made worth while, for honor is the guarantee of college spirit in its very best sense.

Not only will it give St. Joseph's high rank in the list of educational institutions, not only will it give to *our* college the distinctive and enviable flavor that everyone of her true daughters should wish her to possess, but it will penetrate to the soul of each student. The vision of the girl who comes to St. Joseph's devoid of true appreciation of values will be clarified, the weak girl will be strengthened by the pervading atmosphere of honor, the noble-minded girl will find opportunity and assistance in the development of her highest ideals. In such an environment the “base grov'ling souls” that “ne'er know true honor's worth, but weigh it out in mercenary scales,” will give way to the very finest in womanhood. Then and then only will St. Joseph's have realized her purpose, the development of the true Catholic woman.

The old words, “I am a Roman Citizen” were not only a proud boast, but a protection. So, with the realization of our ideals of honor, “I am a St. Joseph's graduate” will be not only our personal joy, our happy boast, but a guarantee to society, our Nation and our Church. For the Honor as the throbbing impulse of our college, that proud boast will be synonymous with the vigor of intellect, clearness of vision, refinement of taste, delicacy of manner, and fineness of sensibility that typify the truly honorable person. Then will St. Joseph's have fulfilled her destiny. She will have given something worth while to the world, for an honorable person

“is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor on the ocean's calm;
But when it rages, and the wind blows high,
She cuts her way with skill and majesty.”

M. C. McG., '25.



STUDENT COMMITTEE ON ATTENDANCE

Chairman—Mary C. McGinnis, '25

Secretary—Anna M. McDonald, '25

Genevieve D'Albora, '26

Irene V. Lent, '26

Rosemary McDermott, '27

Helen Reynolds, '27

Emma R. Bergen, '28

Marie O'Shea, '28

Helen E. Allen, '28

Agnes V. Comerford, '28

Student Committee on Attendance

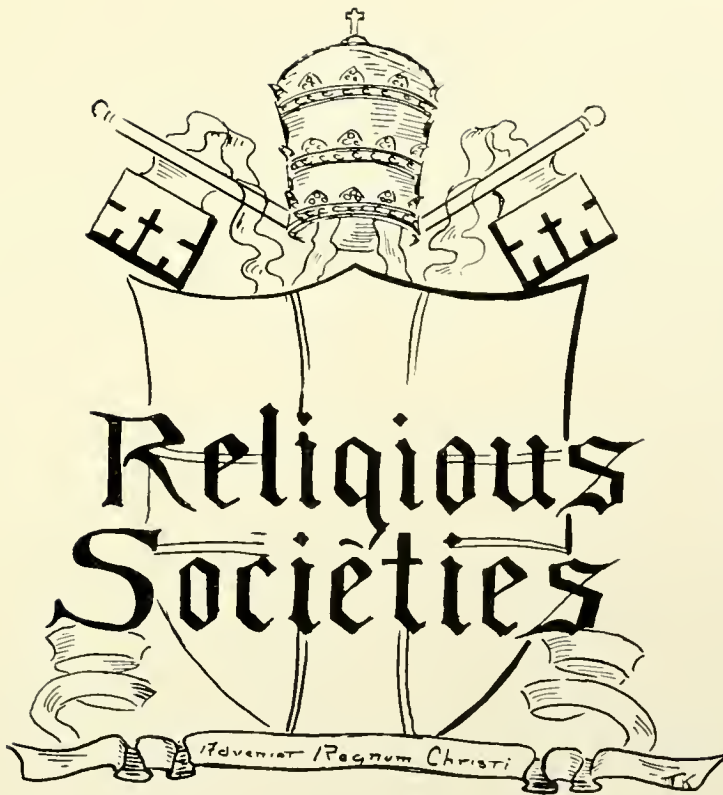
The Committee on Attendance was organized in the college as an experiment. The object of this trial was to discover the extent to which self-government is possible in St. Joseph's College. Naturally there was some doubt as to the efficiency which such a committee would exhibit, but after two years trial this doubt has been effaced, and the advancement towards the higher ideal of self-government is manifest.

In its actual working, the committee serves as a board of appeals for those students wishing to offer a legitimate excuse for an excess of the number of absences allowed in each course. The members of the committee, in their role of classmates to the students who appeal cases, can understand those difficulties which arise to cause latenesses and absences.

It must be remembered that the Attendance Committee has fulfilled the object for which it was formed. The *savoir faire* of its presiding officer, Mary McGinnis, has greatly facilitated the workings of the committee. Her leadership, based on keen judgment and intelligent action has insured the earnest co-operation of its members. They have dealt fairly and justly with the student who has been "over-cut." Regardless of personal predilections and prejudices the committee has recognized each time what penalty or pardon was the just one to impose. This statement is authoritative. The faculty has expressed its pleasure at the rulings the committee has made, and has accepted practically all of those rulings, which are in each case entirely subject to its acceptance or rejection.

This fact proves that the students are approaching to those ideals which will be the traditions of our college, and the standards which will be held sacred by future daughters of the institution.

I. V. L., '26.





LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART

President—Ellen L. Manning
Secretary—Margaret Howard

The League of the Sacred Heart

Men have always banded themselves into indomitable leagues and so withstood all kinds of stress, as the earliest annals show. Long after the storming of Troy or the white crosses in Flanders will have lost their vivid significance, men will continue to ally themselves for a glorious cause which will lift the burden from the oppressed.

The League of the Sacred Heart is almost as old as the Church, but it owes its present place in the hearts of the Catholics to Blessed Margaret Mary. This saint is renowned for her devotion to the Sacred Heart, and it is through her that Jesus wished the devotion to be revived when He said, "Behold the Heart which has so loved men, that It spared nothing, even to exhausting and consuming Itself, in order to testify Its love."

His Heart is always overflowing with love for us, it is always ready to forgive, to overlook our whimsical frailties, and to receive us again regardless of the many rebuffs of which His delicately sensitive Heart is the recipient.

To help carry out Christ's command, we, the students of S. J. C. have organized a branch of this League. We are conscious of our limitations, yet we are unafraid because we know that if a group of men banded together could thwart earthly power, we can triumph over evil with the aid of Him who made us.

M. J. H., '26.

Stella Maris Circle

Last year's Mission Day was one of the most prominent events in the annals of our College. To it we are gratefully indebted for the stimulation of this year's genuinely enthusiastic missionary spirit. Holy Mass, celebrated on September twelfth in our new Chapel, opened the program. In addition to this inspiring beginning, there were two impressive and enlightening lectures. Father Murphy, Director of the Propagation of the Faith, aroused much latent zeal by a vigorous talk on "Foreign Missions;" Father Quinn of St. Peter's Church for Negroes appealed to us profoundly on the subject of "Home Missions"—saying that true "Charity beginneth at home," but we must not suffer it to perish there.

From every class, as well as our loyal and zealous Alumnae, we received earnest and energetic support. It was through this unity of interest, co-operation and good will that our efforts fructified. Contributions from every Class resulted in a very entertaining and delightful social program. For the financial success, we had attractively decorated booths which represented the various mission fields. The "Wigwam" of the Alumnae was the unique scene of "Mystery" packages; the Seniors had charge of "Sweets" in the midst of Chinese decorations; the Juniors held a Cake Sale in their picturesque "Negro Log-Cabin;" the Sophomores served tea in the "College Tea-Room;" the Upper Freshmen had miscellaneous articles surrounded with Japanese splendor, while the Lower Freshmen sold fancy novelties from an attractive "Oceanican" booth. Is it any wonder that our proceeds amounted to \$500? This was forwarded to the Propagation of the Faith for the Bishop Molloy Burse. Such success has made us determined to swell our earnings even more this year, and with the assistance and co-operation promised, we hope to go "over the top" again. Other little ways of assisting missions have been: passing mite boxes, a "beauty parlor" and the collection of stamps, tinfoil and ties. The spiritual phase of our enterprise found expression in the many prayers pledged by Crusaders.

At a solemn ceremonial the Freshmen were formally initiated into the Circle, and we renewed our pledge to the Standard of our King and Commander, beneath whose protecting arms we fight this Holy War—"to fight for thee, to suffer for thee, to conquer for thee, to win the world for thee." Miss Dorothy Willmann, '23, Field Secretary, C. S. M. C., and Secretary of the Medical Mission Board for Brooklyn, gave an inspirational Mission talk, emphasizing the fact that seemingly small works done at home are of inestimable value in the conquest of the world for missions.

As we look forward to our chief activity, Mission Day of 1925, which is to be held shortly after Easter, we feel confident of able assistance from our many enthusiasts. With the staunch support for which we are indebted to the "Shield" and to our College Missionary Movement, our "Day" is bound to be another victory. Let us remember the three kinds of help which we can contribute to Missions—prayer, personal service and financial assistance. We can see why effective co-operation to fulfill the sublime designs of the Missions, necessitates such a society as the Stella Maris Circle, having for its noble purpose the extension of God's kingdom on earth through the zeal of faithful co-workers proclaiming, "The Sacred Heart for the world! The World for the Sacred Heart."

M. C. R., '26.



THE WE-KAN-DUITS



The Literary Society

A robust and genuine enthusiasm for furthering the social spirit is the keynote of the endeavors of our Literary Society. It is regrettable that its more mature years should have been passed in comparative quietude when during its infancy it had enjoyed so assured a position in the social foreground of College life. The past year has marked its renaissance however. It rose re-awakened and socially poised.

There is a longing for companionship in the human heart. Realizing this, the society provided for social afternoons whereby the College found a new social bond between itself and its well-wishers. Without the gratuitous and indispensable services of the Dramatic Club, so ably directed by Miss Gertrude Walsh, their first literary socials would have been impossible. Cognizant of the appreciation of these all too brief performances, yet not wishing to impose upon the kindness of the Club, it was deemed advisable to vary the form of entertainment. We were particularly fortunate in securing Dr. Kinsman, whose lecture on "Three American Story Tellers" was altogether charming. His fund of knowledge on the subject he treated was interspersed with an admirable and sparkling native wit. Later in the season a kindly fate made possible Mr. Shuster's lecture. It is unfortunate that to so few of the students is permitted the pleasure of attending his regular courses. It was our good fortune to introduce to the student body and its guests a most distinguished contemporary lyricist and prosateur. Mr. Shuster's lecture on "The greatest American Prose Writer" was delivered in that personal sympathetic style so peculiarly his own. With eager expectation we await another literary treat.

At each lecture, the President of the Literary Society pours tea for our guests, who sit conversing gaily on the trivialities which follow so naturally at tea time. An air of social grace hovers round the scene, gay sallies fly back and forth twixt hostesses and guests. So it seems that the revival of the Literary Society has been a most helpful factor in raising the social standard by uniting literature with convivial arts.

M. M. L., '25.



THE LITERARY SOCIETY



Dramatics



AGNES J. CONNOLLY, '23
Director of the Dramatic Club

The newest and most vital note in the art of the United States today is struck by that arch-foe of all things inartistic—the Little Theatre. The very name, Little Theatre, is filled with significance. It at once calls to mind an intimate stage and auditorium, where players and audience can be brought into close accord; a theatre where the repertory system prevails.

Little Theatres are established from love of drama. The workers are all drawn together by the same impulse, they are artists or potential artists in the craft of acting, of playwriting, of stage decorating or stage management. Above all, the Little Theatre is the field wherein the seeds of experimentation are sown. In fact, experimentation is the Little Theatre's *raison d'être*. It is a dramatic laboratory in the true sense of the word.

Our college offers particular evidence of this truth. To attempt to stage plays with girls who have not received sufficient histrionic training is a momentous task. It is gigantic when it is realized that we must

accomplish it in conjunction with the demands of our school work.

Following the example of our professional *confrères*, we have employed the one-act play as our medium of expression. The one-act play makes a special appeal to both actors and audience because, being short, it requires less sustained characterization than a longer play. Once a year, we depart from this custom. At Commencement, we usually stage a Shakespearian play.

In planning the programs, we vary them to stimulate interest. A repertory of short plays gives the players a chance to appear in several parts. In this way, their artistic ability is developed from every angle, and they do not become identified with one type of part.

Emulating the sponsors of the Little Theatre movement, we paralleled our selection of plays to the plan advanced by them. As a result, our offerings include plays of widely different dramatic composition. Poetry, grim realism, and humor find each a place in our programs. The mystic play, the romantic play, and the play with or without a purpose can all find space on our boards.

Believing that "humor is the noblest gift of man," we staged, before the Christmas holidays, Zona Gale's little play, "The Neighbors." The success of this production can be measured when it is realized that lines in the play have become bywords to us. Yet behind the good-nature of the hard-worked Mis' Abel and the ludicrous trials of Peter lay a moral that rendered the play most appro-



THE DRAMATIC CLUB

priate for the gift-season. I am sure that every one who saw the play was convinced that the unfailling recipe for true happiness was the knowledge that "it is better to give than to receive."

Together with "The Neighbors" we produced "Dust of the Road." The elusive mystical quality of this play was in sharp contrast with the homely mirth of the former one. Its appeal to the imagination was in no small part due to the exquisite feeling with which the members of the cast interpreted their rôles. The most casual observer must have had his fancy enkindled by this unusual and unconventional idea of the deicide.

Again, we attacked the problem of artistic interpretations from a new angle. This time we portrayed as Heywood Brown calls it, "a slice of life." In "Op-o-me-Thumb," we have the picture of a human being's endless quest of romance, and what she fervently believed will follow, happiness. Despite the glowing dreams of the poor little laundry worker, the play's abrupt termination justifies its claim to rank as one of the dramas whose forte is realism. However far poor little "Op-o-me-Thumb's" thoughts were from the work-a-day London world, the audience could not deny that the plot has its tragic counterpart in everyday affairs. On such a basis, therefore, it was a part of our program of training to produce a play of this type.

The dramatic year closed with the presentation of "As You Like It." With the staging of this comedy, the goal which our ambition determined for us was reached. The members of the cast interpreted their rôles with a finesse of detail that was the outgrowth of their time and energy to insure a production of the highest standards.

"Time and tide wait for no man." And the time has arrived when some of the girls who have figured most prominently in dramatics, must stand aside. The college days of the Class of Twenty-five are over, the memory of them to be revived only by the pages of this book. To these girls we give our pledge to "carry on" their work. The foundation they labored so earnestly to lay we will raise to unassailable heights. The spirit they inculcated cannot but influence those who follow. Their endeavors shall be rewarded when they see the Dramatic Workshop of St. Joseph's College the best in the city.

Our work in dramatics has been inspired by the acting-ideal of the Little Theatre—that is, to produce every play with a fine ensemble that shall worthily express the idea the author wishes to convey. From the staging of "The Tempest" in June of last year to "As You Like It," we believe we have advanced perceptibly toward the realization of this ideal.

L. C. McG., '27.



THE TEMPEST---JUNE 1924



One Act Plays Presented

"THE NEIGHBORS"

Mrs. Abel	Beatrice H. Riek, '25
Grandma	Agnes V. Roland, '25
Ezra	Mabel Barton, '26
Peter	Cecilia McLoughlin, '25
Inez	Genevieve M. Carter, '26
Mrs. Trot	Margaret Johnston, '26
Mrs. Moran	Mary Greene, '26
Mrs. Ellsworth	Mary C. McGinnis, '25

"DUST OF THE ROAD"

Prudence Steele	Agnes M. Corry, '25
Peter Steele	Emily F. O'Mara, '25
An Old Man	Margaret Howard, '26
The Tramp	Margaret M. Lynch, '25

"OP-O'-ME THUMB"

Madame Didier	Eileen McLoughlin, '27
Clem (Mrs.) Galloway	Bernadette Dolan, '27
Rose Jordan	E. Irene Lavin, '27
Celeste	Mary Cherry, '27
Amanda Afflick	Mary C. McGinnis, '25
Horace Greensmith	Mary Stack, '27

"JOINT OWNERS IN SPAIN"

Mrs. Mitchell	Eileen McLoughlin, '27
Mrs. Fullerton	Bernadette Dolan, '27
Mrs. Dyer	Beatrice H. Riek, '25
Mrs. Blair	Margaret M. Roche, '25
(In Rehearsal)	

"THE ROMANCERS"

Sylvette	Mary T. Cherry, '27
Pereimet	Cecilia McLoughlin, '25
Straforel	Louise C. McLoughlin, '27
Bergamin	Anna Schrage, '28
Pasquinot	Emily F. O'Mara, '25
(In Rehearsal)	



"DUST OF THE ROAD"

The Tempest

(Presented June 9th, 1921, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ALONZO, King of Naples	Eileen Murray,	'26
SEBASTIAN, his brother	Kathleen Dugan,	'24
PROSPERO, rightful Duke of Milan	Claire O'Malley,	'24
ANTONIO, his brother, a usurper	Emily O'Mara,	'25
FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples	Virginia Fox,	'25
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor	Ethel Gleason,	'24
ADRIAN and 1 Lords	} Beatrice Rick	'25
FRANCISCO 1		} Irene Lent,
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave	Muriel McCarthy,	'25
TRINCULO, a jester	Grace O'Brien,	'25
STEPHANO, the king's butler	Marguerite Conway,	'24
MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero	Mary McGinnis,	'25
ARIEL, an airy spirit	Cecilia McLoughlin,	'25
IRIS	Maryon Kister,	'26
CERES	Agnes Daly,	'26
JUNO	Regina Munz,	'24
Attendants to JUNO	} Eileen McLoughlin,	'27
		} Alice Harrigan,

Nymphs.—Marion Teaken, Caroline Corcoran, Sally Todd, Ethel Sherrie, Mildred Vitale, Margaret Normile, Katherine Normile, Anna Campion, Rosemary McDermott, Margaret O'Reilly, Mary Cherry, Esther Fording.

Reapers.—Rita McCaffery, May Dannenhoffer, Mary Lynch, Rose Stuart, Irene Lavin, Louise McGough, Virginia Laundry, Miriam Cleary, Helen Reynolds, Clare Pleines, Madeline Wahl, Josephine Weiden.

Demons.—Bernadette Dolan, Dorothy Downs, Alice Gallagher, Gertrud Gerety, Virginia Nathan, Mary O'Meara, Eulalia Rowan, Estelle Stawiarski.

Shapes.—Margaret Keenan, Violet Farrell, Cecilia Trunz.

As You Like It

(Presented May 18th, 1925, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE RIGHTFUL DUKE, living in banishment.		
DUKE FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions	Anne Schrage, '28
AMIENS	lords attending on the banished Duke	Dorothy Dempsey, '25
JAQUES		Louise McGough, '27
LE BEAU	courtiers attending on Duke Frederick	Mary Cherry, '27
EUSTACE		Muriel Simpson, '25
LOUIS		Rosalind Molesphini, '25
OLIVER	sons of Sir Roland de Boys	Virginia Fox, '25
JAQUES		Mabel Barton, '26
ORLANDO		Emily O'Mara, '25
ADAM	servants to Oliver	Beatrice Rick, '25
DENNIS		Ruth Lavin, '25
TOUCHSTONE, a clown		Muriel McCarthy, '25
CORIN	shepherds	Agnes Roland, '25
SILVIUS		Margaret Johnston, '26
CHARLES, wrestler to Duke Frederick		Dorothy Matthews, '27
WILLIAM, a country fellow in love with Audrey		Grace O'Brien '25
ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke		Cecilia McLoughlin, '25
CELIA, daughter to Duke Frederick		Mary McGinnis, '25
PHOEBE, a shepherdess		Gertrude Dilworth, '25
AUDREY, a country wench		Genevieve Carter, '26
HYMEN, goddess of marriage		Loretta Dempsey, '27
Ladies-in-waiting		Margaret Roche, '25 Anna McDonald, '25

Foresters.—Alice Grainger, Catharine Hannon, Elsa Harper, Agnes Hearn, Irene Lavin, Eileen McLoughlin, Genevieve Sheridan, Sally Todd.

Nymphs.—Ethel Sherrie, Dorothy Harding, Katherine Normile, Margaret Normile, Esther Fording, Norine Gillen, Ruth Pierce, Louise Rowland.



STAFF OF LORIA



Staff of *Loria*

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Margaret Crowley, '26

Dorothy Dempsey, '25

Cecilia McLoughlin, '25

Agnes V. Roland, '25

Gertrude M. Cowley, '26

Bernadette Garvey, '26

Mary E. McDonnell, '26

"Great works are performed not by strength but by perseverance." Upon this principle the members of the Class of '21 determined to realize their long cherished hope of establishing a college magazine. When we consider the small registration, the insufficient funds and the innumerable other difficulties which they had to face, we cannot but marvel at their courage in attempting such a great task. Under the leadership of Miss Eva Flinn, they labored earnestly to produce a magazine which would rank high among the mighty army of college publications. Their unquenchable spirit and strong determination have spurred us on to continue the work they so resolutely began. They showed that Saint Joseph's could have a magazine in harmony with the high standards that the College has always maintained. It has remained our task to make such a magazine a permanent college institution.

In pursuance of this work we have fortunately received most helpful assistance. To our President, the Right Reverend Thomas E. Molloy, whose interest and encouragement has made *Loria's* present form possible, we owe a deep debt of gratitude. The wholehearted support and co-operation of the student body have been in no small measure responsible for the magazine's improved condition. The College as a whole, has in this as in all other scholastic activities, manifested that fine spirit of loyalty so necessary to the accomplishment of this undertaking. The Class of '25 has in a special manner contributed to the success of *Loria*. With persevering faith its members have endeavored to bring the magazine to a state of perfection. By their sincere and praiseworthy efforts we may proudly declare they have greatly furthered *Loria's* noble aims.

This unity which is found in the promoters of *Loria*, has become a function of the journal itself. It is a bond which united the students more closely to one

another. It is essentially an altruistic magazine, an organ for the interchange of college opinion. Here we may market our ideas and views in exchange for better understanding and more intimate relationship in the student body.

Besides acting as a unifying agent in Saint Joseph's, *Loria* serves another purpose. It makes the College better known and hence better appreciated. Through its exchange bureau and countless other channels, people are becoming acquainted with it. "Literature is as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth." This truth, enunciated by our old Puritan friend, is the basis of *Loria*, and we are sparing nothing to make her truly representative of St. Joseph's College.

Our pioneer journalists, realizing the need for a strong, pertinent motto, chose wisely and deliberately, "*Litterae Oblectamen Remaneant in Aeternum.*" With this as a lode star to direct our course, we are striving to produce a magazine that will merit success. We are ambitious to develop in *Loria* that quality which will withstand the onslaughts of the years; that which will enable it to pass the test against which all good literature must be proof—the test of time. It must be not a magazine of the hour, but of the years. Of its spirit may we be able to say that it shall

"resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

B. M. G., '26.

Eventide

The purple veils of twilight's afterglow
Fall softly o'er the sunset's harmonies,
And woodland whispers echo, faint and low,
The music of the small birds' melodies,
Then flickering shadows through the moonlight steal,
Like phantom druids trailing robes of night
Through vistaed forest paths, where elves conceal
Their sprightly pleasures from the mortal's sight,
High in the cobalt heavens shines a star,
A sentinel of the silv'ry road that winds
Across the hills to fabled lands afar,
And through the drifting clouds the moon mist shines,
And silhouettes a gypsy on the skies,
The still light of a far quest in his eyes.

(Reprinted from *Loria*)

D. D., '25.





VIOLIN AND MANDOLIN CLUB

Violin and Mandolin Club

President—Ethel B. Sherrie

From earliest times, men have always sought some escape from reality, into a world of ideal beauty which should still their eternal dissatisfaction with the imperfections and inconsistencies of life. This dream has saved them when all else failed. It is noblest when in imagination it transcends the limitations of the known and enters the realm of the unknown. Music, obeying the laws of life and dealing with that greater part of man's being which lies hidden beneath his acts and his thoughts, is the one perfect medium for this dream of humanity. All those partaking in this dream agree with Swinburne in that

“Music, sister of sunrise and herald of life to be,

Smiled as dawn on the spirit of man, and the thrall was free.”

As an art, music was born of the unconscious attempt to express what was strongly felt. The first signs by which mind communicated with the mind were musical echoes or imitations of melodious sounds in nature. Music outgrew this elementary stage, however, as soon as the human soul learned the possibilities of purely spiritual expressions. For music is essentially spiritual, voicing man's ideals and aspirations, his deepest feelings and his unutterable yearnings. At times, the musical treats at St. Joseph's resemble these monuments in being a simple offering to God of that rich gift for which

“At last divine Cecilia came,

Inventress of the vocal frame.”

Bach expressed St. Joseph's ideals concerning the real purpose of this art when he wrote, “it is to minister solely to the honor of God and refreshment of the spirit, whereof, if one take not heed, it is no proper music but devilish din and discord.” Realizing that infidelity has no hymnology, St. Joseph's collegians with their sincere belief in God, are wonderfully competent to understand and appreciate the highest order of music.

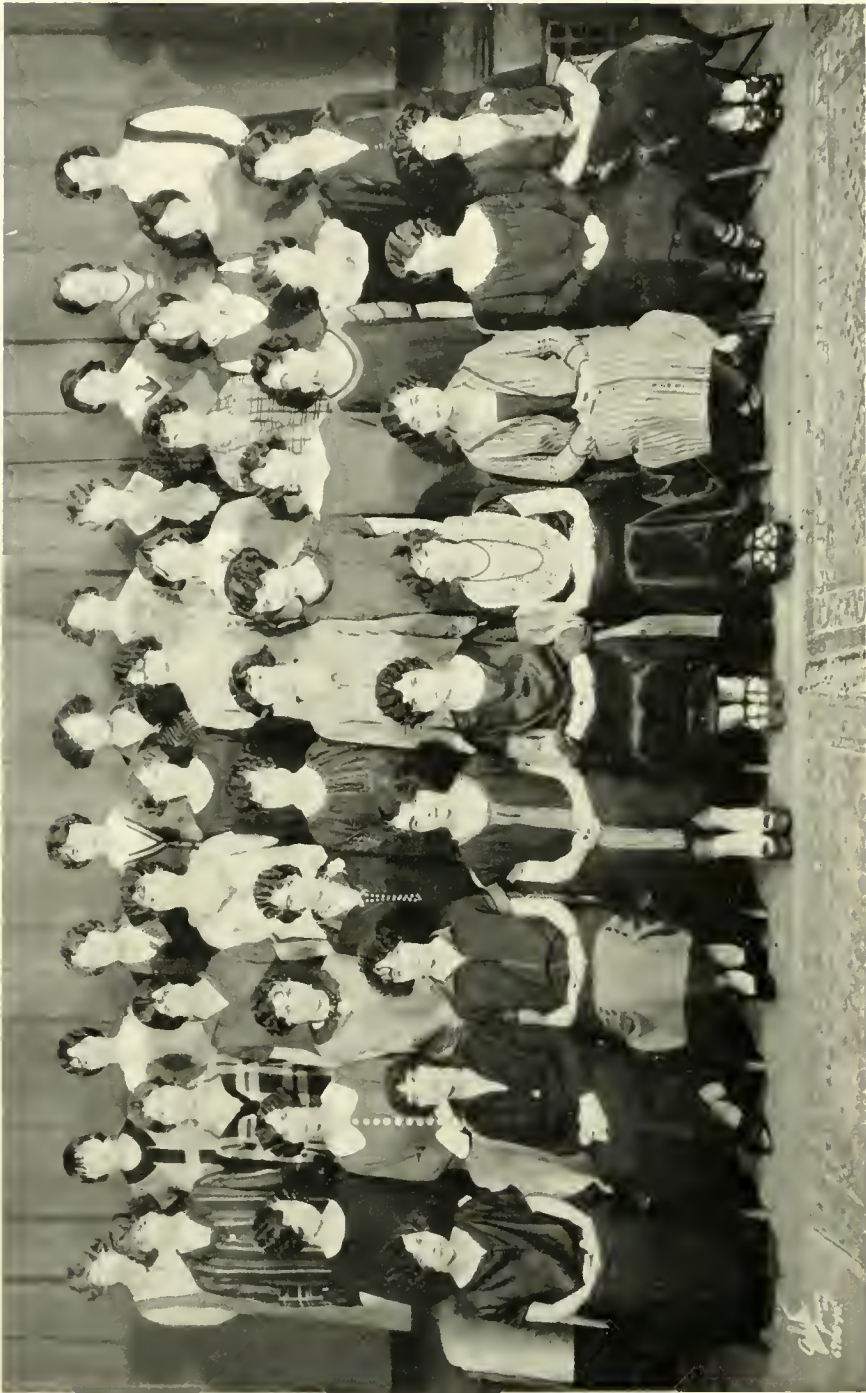
Always willing to assist any striving for the ideal, the Violin and Mandolin Club, under the presidency of Ethel Sherrie, has consistently presented to us the very best in music. For mere succession of euphonious sounds only wafts one helplessly hither and thither on a vaguely surging sea of sound, an unresisting prey to the composer's every whim. But in true music we find the life-giving draught that arouses all the nobler faculties to action.

Music is not a draught to intoxicate the listener, an anodyne to bring mere momentary forgetfulness of the day's cares and troubles, nor a sense-killing potion to waft him lazily into luxurious dreams of a Mahomet's Paradise. It lifts him to the edge of that invisible realm of thought, feeling and aspiration for which he yearns unfliningly.

“O music of sphere-descended maid

Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid.”

B. H. R., '25.



THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club

President—Muriel B. McCarthy

Secretary—Marcitta Rockefeller

“Music touches every key of memory and stirs all the hidden springs of sorrow and joy. We love it for what it makes us forget, and for what it makes us remember.” There is nothing so effectual for revealing the hidden treasure of our hearts.

Our College Glee Club has provided us with these pleasures on many occasions. During the past year, chiefly through the able direction of Muriel B. McCarthy, it has become one of the most active societies in the College. In particular we shall remember Miss Bernadette Carey’s recital as one of our pleasantest memories of college social life.

The increase in membership and the marked success of all its undertakings are proofs that the Glee Club has become one of the leading interests of the College.

D. D., '25.



In Memoriam

MISS MILDRED CALHOUN

who died May 24, 1925

As our director she manifested the qualities of true leadership: a spirit of generous self-sacrifice, sincerity heightened by refinement, genuine sympathy and understanding, ability to put herself in her opponent's place with a rare sense of humor; making her a real sportswoman and a safe guide.

To win honestly, generously and sympathetically was her motto in victory; to lose humbly and laughingly, her balm in defeat.

To all she gave herself with the fullness of a truly loyal heart.

May she rest in peace!



Athletic Association

President—Cecilia M. Dolan

Secretary—Agnes V. McShane

The Athletic Association is glad to report that this year has been the most successful in the sport life of the college from every point of view.

Intercollegiate and intramural basketball games are the chief events to be remembered. But what memories! Our after-the-games teas are mirrors reflecting the vivid colors of the resisting teams and groups of students chattering and laughing over the events of the afternoon.

Rightfully may we be acclaimed a coming college, for, after the manner of bigger institutions of education, we were happily enabled to present our worthy squad with the sweaters—white for clean playing, adorned with a gold and white letter symbolizing their dear Alma Mater, for whom they had fought so valiantly.

But who could have fought more valiantly than the individual classes? At the first game, which took place between the Juniors and the Freshmen, the spectators became so excited as to interfere with the well known time-horn. While the time-keepers blew, the spectators literally screeched, and the players continued to play until the referee threw up her hands and shouted, "That's all there is; there isn't any more." The score was 23-13 in favor of the Freshmen. The other games proved equally exciting, with the Freshmen carrying the laurels every time.

A note of appreciation is due Cecilia Dolan, our President, whose steady perseverance added so much to the athletic activities. Her lively interest in the sport world made her an enthusiastic president, and her own personal characteristics have made her loved by every one.

With the close of the basketball season and with the approach of spring, our minds turned to outdoor baseball and hockey. Both these sports were introduced this year, our former activities being restricted to basketball and indoor baseball. Probably we shall be able to add these sports to our intercollegiate program next year, if we may judge by the keen enthusiasm of the girls.

E. B. S., '25.

Athletic Meet, 1924

May 31, 1924

As one passes St. John's field he hears from within the walls the re-echoing of merry cheers. What festival is it? What is the cause of the enthusiastic outburst? Upon inquiring you find that it is the St. Joseph's College annual athletic meet, and the ringing voices are those of the triumphant Sophomores upon the victory of their class relay team. Great reason have they to rejoice, for '26 can boast of no small number of capable athletes. Their rare ability is unmistakably portrayed by their piling up thirty-two out of the possible fifty-two points, thus claiming by their championship for two consecutive years, perpetual possession of the Bishop Molloy Cup.

But sportsmanship can never be tested without defeat, and the other classes anxiously grasp the opportunity to practice so noble a virtue.

After three hours of victories, cheers and defeats have passed, the spectators, dejected or enthusiastic, are seen in the distance leaving the field. But one remains a moment to note the winners of the

50 YARD DASH

1. A. McShane, '26
2. K. Kilgallen, '26
3. M. Lynch, '26

Time: 8 seconds

RUNNING HIGH JUMP

1. Mary Lynch, '26, 3' 10"
2. K. Kilgallen, '26, 3' 9½"
3. R. Fearon, '24, 3' 9"

CLASS RELAY (240 yds.)

1. Sophomores, '26
2. Seniors, '24
3. Juniors, '25

Time: 29 seconds

BASEBALL THROW

1. Rita McCaffrey, '25, 132'
2. M. Conway, '26, 112'
3. M. Normile, '27, 99' 3"

BASKETBALL THROW

1. M. Lynch, 58'
2. C. Dolan, 55'
3. M. Conway, 51'

C. D., '25.



VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM

Varsity Team

Ask any S. J. C. "fan" a five-letter word characterizing the basketball season of 1924-1925. She would answer without the slightest hesitation. "Great." And so it was. The final records which our score-book shows are seven "wins," three "losses" and one "tie" in our eleven games. Our losses, however, represent defeat by only two colleges, Hunter and Manhattanville.

S. J. C. has attained a notable place in sport annals. The support "through thick and thin" manifested by the student body is a credit to Alma Mater. The "scrub team," too, must not go unmentioned. Were it not for the loyal co-operation of our "scrub," we of the Varsity could not have been so successful. Well may our College be proud of the spirit shown by its "undergrads."

The games scheduled for the season were by no means easy ones. Our Alumnæ, St. Elizabeth's, Georgian Court, Hunter, New Rochelle Alumnæ, Manhattanville and New York University found places in our list of games, which lasted from December 6th until March 21st. The first half of the season was devoted to "home games," the second half to games away from home.

Our season was formally opened on December 6th, when our Varsity had a game with former B.A.'s of S. J. C. The team made a neat appearance arrayed in white sweaters with gold "J's." The pace set by our "Six" proved too fast for our Alumnæ. Though the B.A.'s fought gamely, the Varsity gained its first victory of the season, the final score being 37-18. This was the first leaf in our "laurel-wreath." It was a good omen, and we set out to continue the success of this good beginning.

On the following Saturday, St. Elizabeth's Varsity traveled from Convent Station to our court. The "Blue and Gold" fell before our "Gold and White." Again we proved our speed and accuracy by rolling up a score of 12 to St. Elizabeth's 21. The game was from the beginning a clear-cut victory for us. No one feared at any time in the game that Alma Mater's basketball honors were in danger.

Two victories, then a defeat, is the way our record goes. Our colors fell, on January 10th before those of Hunter. The squad of sixteen, on Hunter's side, inflicted upon our squad of nine its first loss. At final recording, the score-book showed a tally of 20 on our side to Hunter's 46.

But though defeat dampened our spirits somewhat, it could not entirely take away our optimism. The biggest score of the season was rolled up by us when we tackled New York University's representatives. Since we had heard that N. Y. U. was invincible in sports, the first whistle of the game caused us no little fear. But we were not to be held down. For the third time in our four games, we were victorious. Our lightning passes and clear-cut playing proved the undoing of our opponents. Though they fought hard, changing the positions of guards to centers, forwards to guards and so on, they were unable to gain any more than 13 points against our 45.

New Rochelle Alumnæ was our next opponent. Again fortune was on our side. Though New Rochelle's girls attempted to break our winning streak, we prevented them from doing so. The goals they made could not come up to ours, and we won again, this time by a score of 46 to New Rochelle's 26.

Our next two games were the ones in which we suffered defeat a second and third time. The games with Hunter and Manhattanville, the first away, the second at home, were losses for us. Hunter took the game from us with less of a score than she had taken our first defeat, the final count this time being 40-23. Manhattanville's "Six" got the lead on us in the first half, and though the final



score was 37-23, it shows that, while we were practically overwhelmed in the first half, we rallied in the second half and held their forwards to but nine points.

Our days for traveling had arrived. On February 28th, one could have seen our Squad, Coach, Cheer Leaders and supporters, "embarking" for the trip to New Rochelle for our return game. That traveling has no ill effects on our players is evidenced by the fact that our forwards, with the necessary assistance from the other members of the squad, tallied 35 points between them, whereas New Rochelle was able to account for but 23.

Georgian Court's representatives were to be met next. Even after the long journey down to Lakewood, our players failed to show lack of "pep." Though the court was very much larger than the one we have played on, our squad "made itself at home" and took the game by a score of 25 to Georgian Court's 13.

Our first "tie" in three years was forthcoming. On March 14th, on St. Elizabeth's Court, our team faced a much stronger squad than we had previously met. The score swayed first to our side, then to theirs, until at final summing up, neither side had won. The game had ended in a tie—an odd situation for us.

The game with Georgian Court on the following Saturday concluded our season. Georgian Court's team arrived in Brooklyn to attempt to break even. Although they had a squad of twelve, against our eight, we entered the game with undaunted spirits. We were out to end up our season with victory. We were out to win this game in which our "Captain Center" and a forward were to make

their last appearance as Varsity players.

For lack of adjectives and for fear of lessening the honor due to the squad, I shall merely state the result of the game—43 points on our side, 17 on Georgian Court's. Those who saw the game cannot but remember what an excellent game our girls played—a game so speedy, clear and accurate that Georgian Court's hope of "breaking even" faded after the first half.

Thus ended the most successful basketball season in our College history. Basketball for 1924-1925 is now only a memory—but it is a pleasant one.

Most of the credit for our success must go to our Coach, Miss Calhoun. Without her able coaching and kindly "backing up," our Varsity could not have been successful. Our manager, too, deserves a vote of thanks which we are not loath to give. To the team itself—to the "streaks" of forwards whose "unfailing eye" was the instrument of our success, who played marvelously all season; to centers without whose speed we should have been handicapped, to guards whose sterling defense proved a bulwark to us—to all our squad, to our manager and especially to our Coach, the lasting gratitude of Alma Mater is extended through the Least of Them—

A. McS., '26



CHEER LEADERS

An Appreciation



C. DOLAN

Could S. J. C. athletes erect a "Hall of Fame," at least three names from Twenty-five would find places in its records. To the three Seniors connected with our Varsity Basketball, we have nothing to offer but grateful applause. Now it is the privilege (and it is a great one) of one of the lower classmen to express the sincere appreciation we feel to the them.

Cecilia Dolan's very "life" is basketball. From the time back in '21 when she was subjected to the "rigorous rules" of the Sophs, she "followed up" the sport. That she has made her mark is manifest. As a forward, she has known no peer in our basketball annals. Quick, accurate, clear-headed, that describes "Cele" in a game. As an all-round sport, Cele cannot be excelled. S. J. C.'s Varsity loses a valuable asset when she ranks

no more as a member of our "A. A."—Cele, Varsity forward, President of our Athletic Association—and a "gem" in our crown of glory in the athletic world.

Rita McCaffrey, pivot and captain of our "big six," needs no introduction to S. J. C. undergrads. She has been among those who have made history for our efforts in basketball. Rita has jumped against centers from various colleges, and though sometimes outjumped, she has never been outplayed by any of them. Rita made her "début" in '21 when, as a "Plebe" she (oh! so luckily for S. J. C.) applied as a candidate for the central position on our Varsity. It is to her indomitable spirit and keen sense of sporting honor that our



R. MCCAFFREY

Varsity owes much of its success. Yes, we could not have gotten along so well had Rita made her B. A. in any other institution than S. J. C.

Remember when we used to sing, "S. J. C. has six little Freshmen, etc."? Well, S. J. C. in Ethel Sherrie has "some little manager"—for the team which defends its honor in basketball. It was she who so capably arranged our 1924-25 schedule, it was she who fixed up our "berths" when we were traveling for honors, and in general, it was she who was an important factor in making this past season such a memorable one in our athletic history. Verily, we should have missed Ethel had she gone in exclusively for music or something else instead of basketball. A. McS., '26.



E. SHERRIE

CLASS TEAMS



1925



1926



1927



1928



1924—CUP WINNERS—1926

The Girl Scouts

A training course for leaders of any sort whatever must presumably be a serious affair. Scout work has opened a new field where even leadership is a game and ideals are attained at play. "The genius of the scout movement is that it has just as much in it for the leaders as for the Scouts themselves," and in playing the new game, aspiring captains have acquired the background necessary for guiding younger girls in developing practical community virtues and a sane, healthy conception of life in general.

In September, under the enthusiastic direction of Miss Anne Roos, the Juniors were initiated into the ways of scouting. The class hours, organized as troop meetings afforded new knowledge and unbounded enjoyment. The scout work, taught through practical games, has opened up new possibilities for most of us. As prospective captains, the class has learned how to develop the "fair-and-square, play-the-game sort of girl." Health, homemaking and citizenship are the three great aims of scouting, all accomplished through work, play and helpful fellowship.

Enthusiasm has been the keynote of the work in the course, and it has carried this class beyond the meeting, out into active scouting. Many have applied for troops and are impatiently waiting to join the ranks of St. Joseph captains, at present a representative group.

Miss Agnes Lawlor has conducted the course for the second semester. Her direction is marked by the same interest and appreciation of the child-spirit that animated her predecessor. Our Scouts could have no better inspiration.

Since "no man liveth in himself," the new leaders, friends to all, look forward to playing the Scout game with girls who must be worthy of a creed which reads in part, "Nothing mean or false is worthy of us, and nothing fine or brave is impossible for us with God's help."

A. E. D., '26.

The
Royal
Year





From A Memory Box

The Hallowe'en Dance

There is a certain day in every autumn when all the world is a blaze of glory. Tall, stately trees have discarded their conventional green and donned rich red and golden brown garments that stand out in striking contrast against the sky. In the gardens, only chrysanthemums, catching the brilliant sunlight, add color to their darkening foliage. Golden pumpkins and yellow cornstalks in the brown fields again remind us of the season. The whole country seems a huge multi-hued bouquet. But as the sun slowly sinks, a shiver seems to run through the placid atmosphere. Perhaps you think it only the wind, but those who watch carefully, sometimes catch glimpses of misty shadows crossing the newly-risen moon. No, indeed, these are not merely shadows of trees stirred by the evening breeze, but the Spirits of Hallowe'en—witches, ghosts and goblins.

Each year on this very night, when the moon is high, S. J. C.'s Hallowe'en Dance is the scene of their pranks and antics. Of course, even goblins are improved by time and practice, and this year their artfulness seemed to have reached its climax. As each couple arrived at the Hotel Astor, a sprightly little witch flew down on her broomstick, and with that trusty tool soon swept all the cares of the day into the cavern called "Past" from which they can never emerge.

When the music started, the guests were welcomed to the Laurel Room by grinning Jack O'Lanterns, who winked signals to waiting goblins. The duty of these tiny folk was to see that everyone had the best time possible—a duty well performed, if one may judge from the enthusiasm of the gathering. One of the special devices of our mystic friends was the favors they left—images of themselves and a variety of whistles and hats, which added to the gaiety pervading the evening.

Pleasant backward glances at this dance have not been limited to the usual two or three days. Even after the passing of months, as often as our reminiscences turn to the good times of the year, someone is sure to mention enthusiastically the Hallowe'en Dance.

A. M. H., '25.



THE SENIOR PROMENADE

The Senior Prom

Senior Prom has come and gone. Even now the caravan of the past, which it lately joined, is graying in the distance. It belongs now, not to vitalizing hope, but to reminiscence. Yet, in planning this prom, the Seniors seriously "hitched their wagon to a star." They bound their hopes to the star of an ideal of success, and their hearts, risen with its brightness, are loath to lose its glow. That the light does not linger as the evening star, but rather flashes with the passing splendor of the meteor, is the common regret of proms and other delightful things. The pleasantest exercise remaining after several months' return to normalcy, is to consider calmly the successfulness of our event and its causes.

It is a fact, and the gracious testimony of all who attended, that the prom was a success—an assured, unquestioned success. Many factors contributed to this happy result, not the least among them the charming company of friends of '25 within and without the college. The Class of '25 is deeply appreciative of their support and is happy that the prom itself offered such a fitting means of showing its gratitude.

Why did people enjoy themselves at the Senior Prom? What magic invokes the spirit that plays about a successful college dance? The right assemblage, the right environment, the right ordering of arrangements, a world of care and judgment and enthusiasm to secure the success of a few hours—these constitute the "magic" that produces the charm, the indicative "atmosphere" of a prom. If any one factor may be said to have outweighed the others that made for success, it was the sincere enthusiasm of the Senior Class in general, and of the individual members of the committee. To any undergraduate besides a Senior, it seems platitudinous to insist on the realization that the Senior Prom, apart from its intrinsic importance in the social order of college life, is invested with all the appeal of finality. To the Senior, it is the last supreme hours of the "prom girl," a phenomenon of the undergraduate world, which for her is gradually narrowing to an inevitable term. Sentimentalism, perhaps, but a potent factor in the making of proms. If willing and eager class interest is a factor of importance in conducting a class dance, what shall we say of the actual planning and accomplishment, duties which a class bestows on a chairman and her committee in the manner of gift-giving? The committee might well maintain the thesis that a prom is supported, not by interest and loyalty, but by brains and unwearying feet. Muriel Simpson knows from experience how to "run" a prom. That she consented to accept the confidence and burdens of the class in this matter reflects with equal favor on their judgment and her generosity. Senior Class President, Emily O'Mara, was Honorary Chairman of the Committee, whose members were: Muriel Simpson, Chairman, Gettrude Dilworth, Agnes Hearn, Muriel McCarthy, Mary McGinnis, Rosalind Molesphini, Grace O'Brien and Genevieve Sheridan. Their work was most willing and effective, and the incidents of the evening that resulted are well known—the elegant simplicity and unpretentiousness of the Park Lane, in every architectural and social detail so seasoned and free from vulgar intrusion of newness; the attractive orders and favors; music of exquisite tone and rhythm; the lovely dignity and grace of the promenade. A dainty supper in the Tapestry Room, and then in the ballroom Marie Antoinette, dancing until—a delightfully witching hour before the dawn: came at last the reluctant strains of "Good Night, Ladies!" The guests of the class showed in word and glance their appreciation of a most pleasurable evening. The Seniors, who remained to listen to those half-unwelcome strains, read in one another's faces a story half real, half of fairyland—but this was the end of the chapter.

A. M. C., '25.



THE SENIOR PROM SUPPER

Senior Prom Committee Luncheon

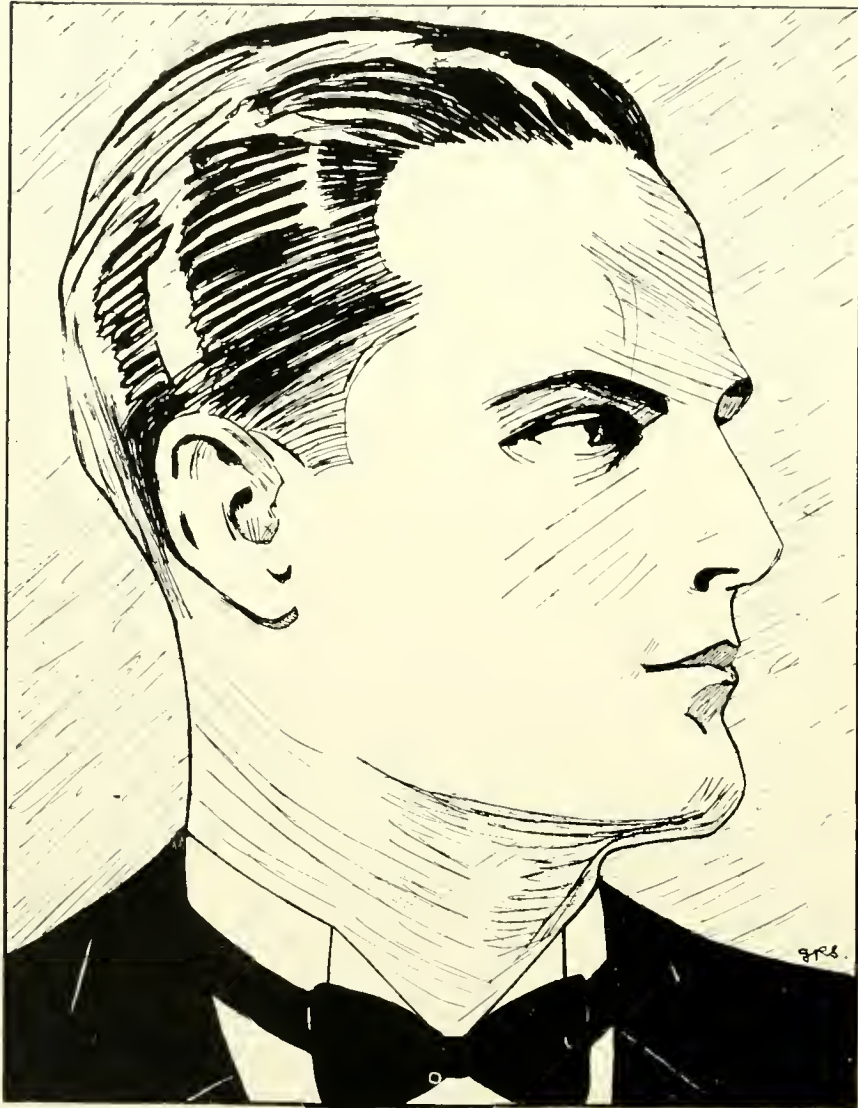
The participation in even a mere attempt at a worthwhile college enterprise is not only a privilege, but a source of real joy to every spirited girl. When, however, that endeavor reaches such a realization as to reflect honor on S. J. C., her cup of joy receives an added savor of justifiable pride. But, when finally that effort is recalled in the light of retrospect, it assumes an even richer and fuller meaning. Consequently, one may readily imagine the pleasure with which, on Saturday, January 9th, the committee of the Senior Prom revisited the scene of their labors and triumphs. The occasion was a luncheon given in their honor at the Park Lane by Mr. Charles Wilson, Manager of that hotel. By one-thirty the lobby revealed the entire committee assembled: Emily F. O'Mara, Honorary Chairman; Muriel L. Simpson, Chairman; Gertrude M. Dilworth, Agnes M. Hearn, Muriel B. McCarthy, Mary C. McGinnis, Rosalind M. Molesphini, Grace M. O'Brien and Genevieve R. Sheridan. After a most cordial welcome from Mr. Wilson, who had made careful and kindly preparations for their coming, they were escorted to their table, which was laid in the center of the Tapestry Room. Luncheon, as planned by Mr. Wilson, in no way followed Pliny's precept: "Their best and most wholesome feeding is upon one dish and no more, and the same plaine and simple." Rather would it call forth Craffuts' outburst:

"Oh dainty and delicious!
Food for the gods! Ambrosia for Alpicus!
Worthy to thrill the soul of sea-born Venus,
Or titillate the palate of Silenus."

The music of the very fine orchestra was most enjoyable, the more so since several of '25's particular favorites, such as MacDowell's "Witches' Dance" were rendered. But mindful that "discourse is the sweeter banquet" and that "conversation is the music of the mind," conversation was not neglected for either the pleasure of the palate or the satisfaction of the aesthetic sentiment.

Every detail of the Prom was animatedly discussed. The beauties of the Tapestry Room, which the demands of committee work had not enabled them to enjoy minutely on the thirtieth, were now rapturously extolled; the charm of the luncheon music was but a reminder of the Prom music; the walking of every luncheon party across the floor was a signal for a discussion of the walk of the promenade itself. Their last promenade—the very last. This thought proved a talisman opening the chest of precious memories garnered from four happy years. Parties, dances, proms,—escapades, larks, teas,—basketball, yearbooks, *Loria* and plays—class days, entertainments and hazings,— they all tumbled forth wrapped in the soft, alluring golden haze of the past. And if at times a slight shadow fell on this glimmering pile at the thought of leaving S. J. C., who could blame the girls? What if the gay repartee and sparkling wit were dimmed for a moment at this thought? After all, "the perfection of conversation is not to play a regular sonata, but, like the Aeolian harp, to wait the inspiration of the passing breeze." And if that breeze were a trifle sorrow-laden, may they be excused a tear? The more so since, with regret of the past so swiftly flown, there was mingled ambition for the future. Much of college life was still left for them—much was to be done. But for a few hours they rested in the isle of happy fulfillment. That this happiness was so complete was not a little due to the firm realization that they had in spirit the company and sympathetic comradeship not only of every member of '25, but of every girl in St. Joseph's.

M. C. McG., '25.





The Junior Prom

That:

"The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

is literally adopted by the Class of 1926. From the very first moment we entered the halls of S. J. C. and submitted to the "doings and biddings" of the Sophs, we scarcely felt the years roll by. Now, we are in the class to which we have all looked forward—we have our treasured rings, we have had our first "Prom," and we have proved our optimism by rejecting the ancient theory that "13" is unlucky. For us, it is a most lucky and memorable number. It signifies our Junior Prom—Friday, the thirteenth of February. We have defied unlucky Friday with its unlucky "13"—and held our Prom on a "hoodoo day."

I remember how excited we Juniors were during all the preparations. The whispered conferences of the committee, such echoes as "Waldorf," "Whiteman," "blue and gold," "silver," reached the ears of the other Juniors whose support was so loyal. The untiring efforts of our "Prom" chairman, Kathryn Kilgallen, our posters under the supervision of Kathryn Fisher, and the gratifying support of Seniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen filled us with assurance that the Prom would fulfill our greatest desires.

When finally Friday the thirteenth came, many surprises were awaiting us. "Blue and gold," which had been heard in whispers, materialized into dance-orders, decorated with our mascot and class colors, and the "silver" vanities delighted us no less than the silver cigarette cases pleased our escorts. But the loveliest surprise came from our Sister-Class. Each Junior received just before the Promenade, a beautiful old-fashioned corsage bouquet. Such kindly thought on the part of the Freshmen did not go unsung, and we Juniors are preserving our bouquets as a tribute to their thoughtfulness.

Who can fitly describe the Promenade of the Class of 1926? Words are inadequate, but it will always hold a place in the memory and heart of every Junior.

Dancing to the music of Whiteman's orchestra, each Junior looking her best, passed the time so quickly that not one of the dancers was willing to go home when the delightful strains finally stopped. The night had come and gone, we had held our Prom, and we would never again hold a Junior dance of our own.

But we now have the Senior Prom to look forward to, and who will say that we shall not have as charming a Prom in '26 as we had in '25?

For P — stands for Pleasure, the acme of bliss
R — stands for Rev'ries resulting from this
O — means we staged it just for Old-times' sake
M — means the Memories we wouldn't forsake.

A. McS., '26.

The Spring Dance

The social activities of the College, having been suspended during the season of Lent, received a new impetus on the night of April twenty-ninth, when the Undergraduate Association held its spring dance in the Marie Antoinette ballroom of the Park Lane.

For many days before, the sentiment of all seemed reserved in regard to the affair, but the whole-hearted response of the undergraduates on that night showed that the reserve had been merely expectancy held on tip-toe. The twenty-ninth arrived, and although a typical spring night had been promised, the weather man upset things a trifle and sent us a chilly east wind supported by a little rain later in the evening. This, however, was of no concern, for, within all was gay with glitter, life and action with not a hint of the condition in the outside world.

The committee, consisting of Cecilia McLoughlin, honorary chairman, Muriel Simpson, chairman, Emily O'Mara, Agnes Daly, Eileen McLoughlin, Clarissa Kern and Margaret Harnett, felt fully repaid for its efforts for it was evident that the evening held not a dull moment.

M. L. S., '25.



Commencement Week

SUNDAY, JUNE THE FOURTEENTH

General Communion

St. Joseph's Chapel—Nine A. M.

Baccalaureate Sermon

Reverend William F. McGinnis, S.T.D.

Church of St. Thomas Aquinas—Four P. M.

MONDAY, JUNE THE FIFTEENTH

Sophomore Theatre Party

Longacre Theatre—Eight-fifteen P. M.

TUESDAY, JUNE THE SIXTEENTH

Class Day Exercises

The College Auditorium—Three-thirty P. M.

Supper—Lower Sophomores

The College—Six-thirty P. M.

Theatre Party

Eight-fifteen P. M.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE THE SEVENTEENTH

Junior Luncheon

The Hotel Bossert—One P. M.

Conferring of Degrees

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

Bishop of Brooklyn

Baccalaureate Address

The Very Rev. Monsignor John L. Belford, D.D.

The Academy of Music—Eight-fifteen P. M.

THURSDAY, JUNE THE EIGHTEENTH

Freshman Frolic

FRIDAY, JUNE THE NINETEENTH

Lower Freshman—Bridge Tea

At the College—Two P. M.

Senior Dance

Hotel Plaza—Nine P. M.

SATURDAY, JUNE THE TWENTIETH

Alumnæ Luncheon

The Hotel Commodore—One-thirty P. M.

SUNDAY, JUNE THE TWENTY-FIRST

Tea—Class of 1923

The Waldorf Astoria—Four P. M.





“Bozo”

My Story as Told by "Bozo"

"Every dog has his day" is a sadder reality than you folks who are supposed to be human, realize. It is the reason for my present dejection; my day has come and gone with the graduation of the Class of '25. Of what use is the rest of my life to me, except to ponder over the good times I have heard about and experienced with this dear class?

My place with them has been unique and different from that of most mascots in that I myself have been with the girls only since their Junior Year.

You see, at the end of their Freshman year, '25 decided to adopt a mascot. But they didn't set out to find one until early in their Sophomore Year. They traveled downtown and purchased four little white puppies, with green collars, whom they christened "Senior," "Junior," "Sophomore" and "Freshman." These four little pets, perched in regular succession on the mantelpiece on the top floor front, attracted my attention.

However, this happy little group was soon broken up because one day in the second semester, a learned man, accompanied by his little daughter, came to the college to deliver a lecture. The little girl was shown the pets of the Class of '25 by her kind hostesses who also let her play with one of them. She had become so attached to young Sophomore, for it was he, that she took him home with her. And so, '25 was deprived of its own namesake.

Then came their Class Day in Junior Year—and with it my arrival into the Class as a present to them from their own dear little sister class '27, for whom I have always retained the greatest affection.

If I was at all inclined to be conceited, my royal reception by '25 would have made me so, for they immediately named me "Bozo" and adopted me as their mascot. Since then, my love for them has increased with every moment.

Perhaps, one of my funniest experiences of that year, occurred in a classroom one day, when a prof, whom I had never seen before objected to my presence, saying "that anything so silly looking had no place where intellectual paths were being pursued." The girls were most loyal to me and seemed quite upset by her attitude. But I realized that the lady did not reckon with my harmlessness and the true psychology of the situation. Anyway, I was taken down from my position as overseer, and I never sat as a spectator in that same class again.

The school year ended before I could realize it, and I was suddenly carried off to a strange home. Being with our class president, however, I cared not where I was taken.

After several months of rest, we returned to college. At first, I couldn't understand the dreadful fuss '25 was making about not having some place which they called a sanctum; but I have since realized.

For a few months, I was too sad to think of anything much except my isolation in a dark closet. I had been almost overcome with the fear that the girls had forgotten me, when I was taken out to appear on a poster for their Senior Prom. My spirits rose accordingly.

Then came the most blissful day of my existence after my seeming exile—'25 had obtained the much talked of sanctum and I was immediately esconced in it.

The joy which has been mine as master of the sanctum, is too great, and too deep to relate to anyone—it is surpassed only by the grief which fills me at the thought of parting with my beloved friends.

But "time and tide wait for no man," so surely they will not wait for any dog; therefore, I must bid adieu to them.

With all the love which fills my doggish heart, I bid farewell to my dear class and wish them all the happiness and success it is possible for human creatures to attain.

G. M. D., '25.

Do you remember:

Our tree stump—last resting place of our late lamented frog?

Our former "spacious campus and athletic field?"

The days when we scratched the parlor furniture?

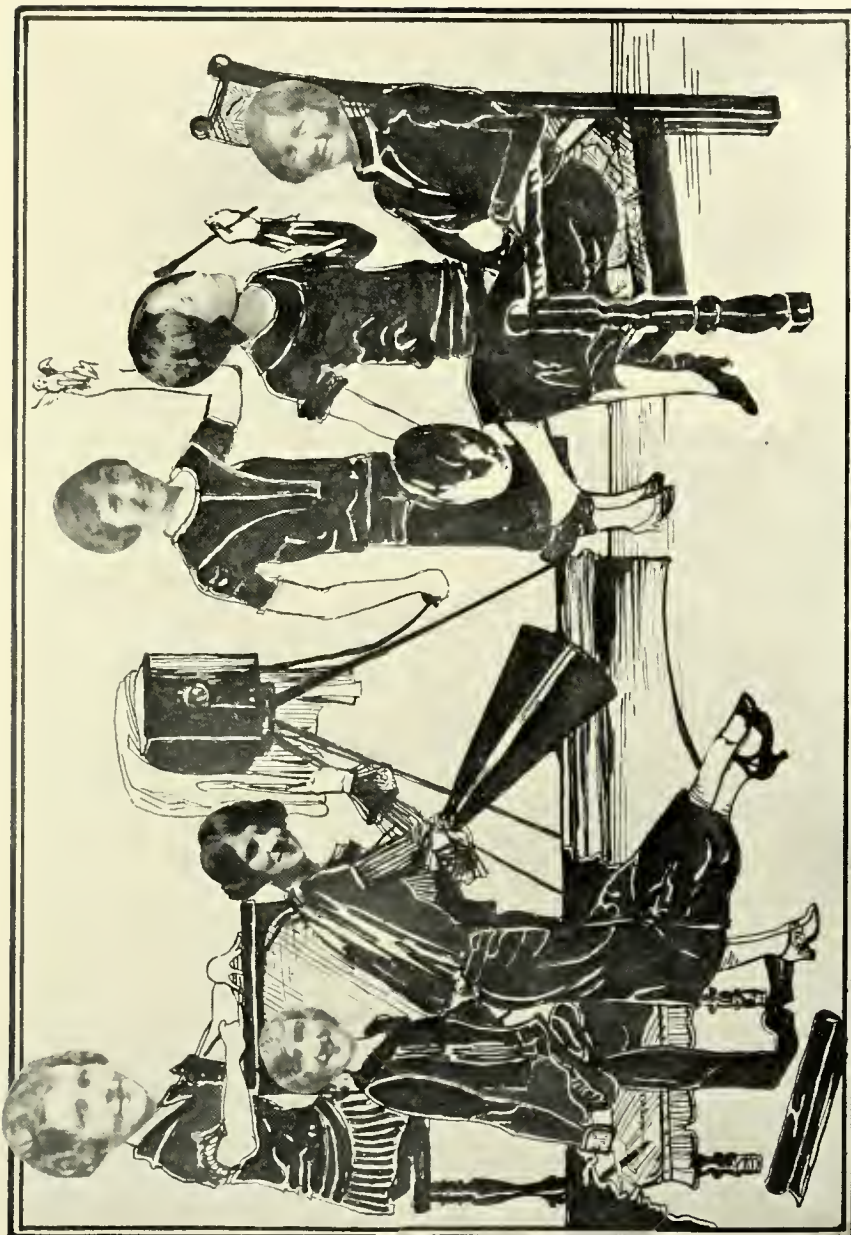
The legend of the secret treasure, hidden now where stands our Chapel?

When seniors were forbidden to bob their hair?

When seniors were privileged to use the front door?

When seniors were privileged to use the front stairs?

College—the home of the mascot?



THE FOOTPRINTS STUDIO

"Classmates"

Marion Aubert	"Sense and Sensibility"
Agnes Corry	"The College Woman"
Sylvia Corsiglia	"The Scholar Gypsy"
Dorothy Dempsey	"The Maker of Dreams"
Gertrude Dilworth	"Smilin' Thru"
Cecilia Dolan	"Fried and True"
Virginia Fox	"Foursquare"
Philomena Giorgio	"Still Water"
Alice Grainger	"Butterfly"
Catharine Hannon	"The Return of the Native"
Elsa Harper	"Glimpses of the Moon"
Agnes Hearn	"A Lady of Quality"
Ruth Lavin	"The Little Missionary"
Margaret Lynch	"Oh, Doctor!"
Rita McCaffery	"Captains Courageous"
Muriel McCarthy	"Lass o' Laughter"
Anna McDonald	"The Aeneid"
Mary McGinnis	"The Literary Digest"
Cecilia McLoughlin	"Peter Pan"
Ellen Manning	"Altar Boys' Mamel"
Rosalind Molesphini	"Rose of the World"
Grace O'Brien	"The Little French Girl"
Emily O'Mara	"Our Mutual Friend"
Agnes Pattison	"Strictly Business"
Beatrice Rick	"My Lady Beatrice"
Margaret Roche	"Peg O' My Heart"
Agnes Roland	"The Bookman"
Genevieve Sheridan	"The Great Impersonation"
Ethel Sherrie	"The Master Violin"
Muriel Simpson	"A Person of Some Importance"
Sally Todd	"Peck's Bad Boy"
Mildred Vitale	"So Big"

Scissors and Paste



U. S. A. Gets Nobel Prize.
 Prominent Woman Writer Awarded Prize for 1930
 Miss Mary C. McGinnis of New York has been awarded the Nobel Prize for 1930 in recognition of her work as a novelist and essayist.

Society.
 Miss Emily O'Mara, President of St. Joseph's College Alumnae, returned to-day on the S. S. Empress of Russia from the Mediterranean Cruise.

Brooklyn C. S. M. C. Units Lead.
 National Secretary makes Announcement
 According to an announcement made yesterday by Miss Ruth Law, national secretary of the C. S. M. C., Brooklyn units lead.

Miss Todd Returned.
 Dearest Father's Reunion of Town.
 Miss Todd, who had been visiting in the city, returned to her home in the city.

U. S. Going Five Points.
 Miss Dolan Seizes of Olympic Games To-Day
 Miss Dolan, who is competing in the 100 yard race, is expected to win.

Premier Danseuse of Metropolitan.
 Refuses to be Interviewed
 Miss Grace O'Brien, premier danseuse of the Metropolitan Opera Company, refused to be interviewed yesterday.

Society Notes.
 Miss Rosalind Melchior, who is a member of the Women's Welfare League, was the guest of honor at the luncheon given at the City Club.

Exclusive for Room Opened on Park Avenue.
 Patronized by Society Matrons and
 Miss Ellen Manning has recently opened an exclusive room on Park Avenue. The room is patronized by society matrons and is a favorite resort for the elite.

Miss Sheridan Exhibitor at Anderson Galleries.
 Postures and Landscapes on Exhibition
 Miss Sheridan, who is a well-known artist, is exhibiting her latest work at the Anderson Galleries.

Times Book Review Section.
 EDITOR
 THE SANCTUM
 This is another novel of personality from the pen of the very popular fiction writer, Agnes Corry.

WHO'S WHO 1930.
 The Who's Who for 1930 has been compiled by Miss Catherine Hammon. It is much more complete than recent editions.
Society Activities.
 Miss Margaret Boche was hostess at a lovely tea at the Biltmore Hotel this afternoon in honor of Miss Agnes Parker, the playwright.

Music.
 A delightful recital was given last Tuesday afternoon by Miss Virginia Fox at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York.

Woman Receives Fellowship.
 Miss Giorgio Named by Trustees of Columbia
 The chair of romance languages at this University will be occupied by Miss Giorgio, L. L. D.

St. Joseph's Alumnae Dinner Dance.
 The Alumnae of St. Joseph's College announce a dinner dance to be given at Sherry's on December thirtieth. Miss Muriel Simpson is chairman of the arrangements.

Youngest Bank President a Woman.
 Miss Aubert of Clinton Bank has Honor
 The distinction of being the youngest Bank President in the United States may be claimed by Miss Ma Aubert.

New Member at Artist Colony.
 Another New Yorker Joins Ranks
 Miss Mildred Vanie is the newest member of the exclusive Bohemian artist colony in Berlin.

Scout Course Offered in Flatbush High.
 Will be Open to Seniors and Juniors.
 Miss Beatrice Rick, who has charge of the activities in Flatbush High School, announces that all interested students will be permitted to take the Scout course.

Trio of Artists at Benefit Recital.
 St. Joseph's College Building Fund Increased.
 A trio of well-known artists entertained at a brilliant recital given in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel last Wednesday. The group of popular artists consisted of Miss Dorothy Demaree, the Roosevelt Society, Marie McCarty, concert-pianist, Miss Opea Company and Miss Ethel Sheridan, a concert-violinist.

Smith Loses Coach.
 Well-known Coach Goes to Vaasser.
 Miss Rita McCaffrey, one of the best known basketball coaches of the East, has severed connections with Smith College.

ANNUAL SUMMER CRUISE.
 around the MEDITERRANEAN on the S. S. Tuconcia of Cunard Line Under direction of Miss Sylvia Coraeglia Master of Modern Languages THOMAS COOK & SON New York

Principal of P. S. 245 Named.
 Board of Superintendent's Chooses Local Woman.
 Miss Anna McDonald, formerly Head of Department at the P. S. 270, was named principal of P. S. 245 at the weekly meeting of the Board of Superintendents.

BMD 37

It Pays to Advertise

Mary McGinnis	"More than a Million Words"
Emily O'Mara	"Fit for a King"
Sally Todd	"Full of Firecrackers"
Muriel Simpson	"Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion"
Ethel Sherrie	"Music Hath Charms"
Grace O'Brien	"Full o' Pep"
Cecilia Dolan	"Strength and Skill Combined"
Muriel McCarthy	"Set the Music Free"
Mildred Vitale	"Answer to Every Question"
Dorothy Dempsey	"Learn in Ten Lessons"
Gertrude Dilworth	"Double Action"
Rosalind Molesplini	"Bright and Cheerful"
Elsa Harper	"Skin you Love to Touch"
Marion Aubert	"Satisfaction and Reliability"
Sylvia Corsiglia	"Her Crowning Glory"
Ruth Lavin	"Good to the Last Drop"
Catharine Hannon	"My-ty-Fine"
Alice Grainger	"Ever Ready"
Agnes Hearns	"As Sweet as Love Songs"
Filomena Giorgio	"Endless Miles of Silence"
Anna McDonald	"Say Anna"
Agnes Pattison	"Join our Library"
Ellen Manning	"The Voice with the Smile Wins"
Genevieve Sheridan	"Learn to Draw"
Cecilia McLoughlin	"Delicious and Refreshing"
Agnes Corry	"Duz It"
Margaret Roche	"Whiz! Bang!"
Beatrice Rick	"Rules the Waves"
Margaret Lynch	"Never say dye, say Rit"
Agnes Roland	"Eventually, Why Not Now?"
Virginia Fox	"Clear as a Bell"
Rita McCaffrey	"Champion"

The Bulletin

Well, Will Rogers has his "Illiterate Digest," so we thought we'd take a pattern after the College Bulletin and let you in on a few things. In pronouncing Bulletin we don't know whether the accent is on the first or the third syllable. The only difference between us and the Bulletin is that the Bulletin tells you about the College equipment while we tell you about the people who inhabit the College. Of course the girls live European plan, eating at Freye's. Well St. Joseph's does teach the girls an awful lot they wouldn't learn any place else. There are also a great many understudies of statesmen, scholars, actresses, and so forth, who will leave us this June (we hope by the front door).

Now, a few months ago everyone was talking about William Jennings Bryan. We don't like to boast but we do think that a great many of our girls could talk that gentleman out of countenance and if Mary McGinnis's talks were in volumes, they'd make "Orationes Ciceronia" look like pocket editions.

St. Joseph's can cheer lustily for Nurmi for we're sure of prowess of Celia Dolan. We have another Cecilia, too, Cecilia McLoughlin. My! we hate to think the end of the world is no near, but what else can one think when he or she sees a human being doing spirit acts in all the plays and fairy dances besides? Everybody thought the phonograph was a wonderful invention. Then some man invented the radio. St. Joseph's College never saw the need of getting one, because they didn't want to keep the students nights and besides, they have Mildred Vitale.

There's a theory that all poets live in garrets and obscurity, but we couldn't imagine Dorothy Dempsey's doing just that. We hope she'll be made first Poet Laureate of the United States. Now Emily O'Mara doesn't seem to have as much trouble running things as most presidents do. It's a remarkable feat to keep thirty-odd pleased. Of course Emily's accomplished. She's a ventriloquist and can mimic all sorts of men and animals and even birds.

There's quite a literary group in the class of '25—talks in coffee shops and everything. If any newspaper needs a new staff '25 could provide one. Agnes Corry could edit the "More Truth than Poetry" column and Agnes Roland could write up Book Reviews, though she'd better not say much against Fanny Hurst's novels. Agnes Patison could take "The Rhyming Optimist" column. In case there is need for additional reporters, especially for dances, St. Joseph's girls would help out, to say nothing of the many friends of the College. In regard to the pictures in the paper, Genevieve Sheridan can draw them. Oh! we forgot—Muriel Simpson can be general manager and canvass for "ads." Some of the St. Joseph's girls are really musical—outside of singing "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," we mean. Maybe Virginia Fox, Muriel McCarthy, Ethel Sherrie and Dorothy Dempsey will organize a new Philharmonic Group when the present one goes abroad to display American talent.

In case the President does much more entertaining he'll need another reception committee. We'd give Catherine Hannon, Agnes Hearn, and Rosalind Molesphini. Every time anyone goes into the office, she illustrates the Dentist's sign, "Keep Smiling." We guess Margaret Roche saw a lot of those signs for she's always smiling. "Hick" and Rick rhyme, maybe that's why Beatrice always gets a Mrs. Abel part on the stage. But Beatrice is quite citified as we found out when we saw her dodge a regular subway rush on the College Campus.

Some people come later, others come early, "Big Ben" for sale. We think Anna McDonald bought one during her first year of college and at the same time put the time two hours ahead of Daylight Saving. Now Elsa Harper hangs a pullman sign in her room nights. The sign reads, "Quiet is requested for the benefit of those who have retired." Consequently her family lets her oversleep.

Ruth Lavin thinks charity begins abroad—"hence, mite boxes, much missionary zeal and always we-kan-duet." Ellen Manning speaks volumes, another sign of the proverbial Irish talkativeness. The price of smelling salts fluctuates with the increase or decrease in the number of fainters. To reduce her high expense of living Margaret Lynch had better buy a large supply, now that the market is low. Yet we have to consider; the greater our expenses, the less our income tax.

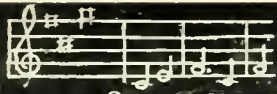
When the end of the world comes round, (some, people, especially one Long Islander, seems to think it near), Marian Aubert can help out. She's had a great deal of experience in judging people, since she has been chairman of the Honor System.

We'd like to give you some leading questions of the day. Unlike most leading questions these are now-debatable. Is Rita McCaffrey the subject of "O'Captain, my Captain?" Has Filomena Giorgio bobbed her hair? Will Alice Grainger enter the convent? Is Sally Todd ever around when her friends wildly call "Sally?" Does Sylvia Corsiglia ever have any time to spare? The questions do, of course, mark the general foolishness of women's consistency, as one "prof" would say. But with inconsistency quite inconsistent with the male sex, the said "prof" has always maintained in effect that questions are at least a sign of dawning intelligence.

E. R. B., '28.

'29 Characterizes '25

Emily O'Mara's	personality
Agnes Hearn's	animation
Gertrude Dilworth's	pep
Cecilia McLoughlin's	persuasive vocal charms
Rosalind Molesphini's	simplicity of manner
Virginia Fox's	self possession
Cecilia Dolan's	enthusiasm for sports
Muriel Simpson's	appealing nature
Alice Grainger's	charm
Sylvia Corsiglia's	smiles
Elsa Harper's	graciousness
Catharine Hannon's	kindness
Margaret Lynch's	mental agility
Grace O'Brien's	"here and there-ness"
Mildred Vitale's	frankness
Filomena Giorgio's	calm serenity
Mary McGinnis's	"get to it'ivness"
Ellen Manning's	steadiness
Agnes Corry's	farsightedness
Genevieve Sheridan's	graceful poise
Muriel McCarthy's	social grace
Rita McCaffrey's	brains
Sally Todd's	popularity
Ethel Sherrie's	casual manner
Dorothy Dempsey's	poetic muse
Marion Aubert's	conscientiousness
Agnes Roland's	critical mind
Beatrice Rick's	perseverance
Ruth Lavin's	generosity
Margaret Roche's	common sense
Anna McDonald's	punctuality
Agnes Pattison's	wit
And lo!	The Ideal Senior



Stand Navy to the



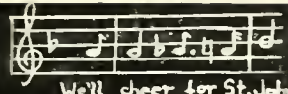
Bancroft Hall, USNA



Just tea for two



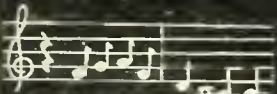
Hotel Baltimore



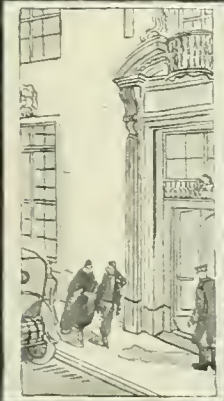
We'll cheer for St. Johns



St. John's College



Strolling down the lane with you



The Park Lane



Hail, men of Fordham hail



Fordham Law



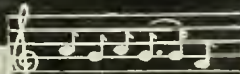
OUR CAMPUS



After the ball is ov-er



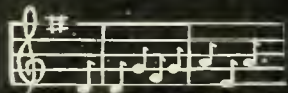
"An eating place of—"



Me and the boy friend



Hotel Bossert



Well, say good-bye, say-bye away



Cullum Hall, USMA



Serial Lights

CLASS of 1925 : : : : GOOD SPORTS

Marion Aubert	The Mind Reader
Agnes Corry	The Student Princess
Sylvia Corsiglia	The Question Mark
Dorothy Dempsey	The Interesting Conversationalist
Gertrude Dilworth	The Perfect Hostess
Cecilia Dolan	The Forward Pass
Virginia Fox	The Graceful Dancer
Filomena Giorgio	The Silent Partner
Alice Grainger	The Subscriber to "College Humor"
Catharine Hannon	The Smoothest Disposition
Elsa Harper	"The Perfect Lady"
Agnes Hearn	The Class Exclamation Point
Ruth Lavin	<i>La Petite Française</i>
Margaret Lynch	The Class Coquette
Ellen Manning	The Ex-Cook
Rita McCaffrey	The Extortionist
Muriel McCarthy	Miss Dimples
Anna McDonald	The Toastmistress
Mary McGinnis	The Press Agent
Cecilia McLoughlin	The Actress
Rosalind Molesphini	The Constant Companion
Grace O'Brien	Miss Versatility
Emily O'Mara	The Class Entertainer
Agnes Pattison	The Class Student
Beatrice Rick	The Class Giggler
Margaret Roche	The Class Cook
Agnes Roland	The Class Literary Critic
Genevieve Sheridan	The Originator of "Wild Nell"
Ethel Sherrie	The Radio Broadcaster
Muriel Simpson	The Business Head
Sally Todd	The Class Advertisement for Vogue
Mildred Vitale	The Artistic Temperament

AS WE SEE THEM



The Valley of Content
 White Cargo
 Ladies of the Evening
 Silence
 The Firebrand
 The Dark Angel
 Quarantine
 White Collars
 Night Hawk
 Exiles
 She Had to Know
 Runnin' Wild
 Puzzles of 1925
 Little Clay Cart

Old English
 Artists and Models

Mrs. Partridge Presents

Desire Under the Elms

The Show-Off
 The Grab Bag
 Is Zat So?
 The Guardsman
 Processional
 Be Yourself!

The Way of the World
 In the Next Room
 The Best People

Badges
 Dif'rent

They Knew What They Wanted
 What Price Glory
 The Lost World
 Lady, Be Good

Friday afternoons in Freye's.
 Not much around since the "pledge."
 Senior Prom Committee.
 During retreat?
 to lethargic collegians—*Loria!*
 Our registrar—ask the invalids, they know.
 Third floor back.
 for academic dress. Try to find them.
 sh-h-h! Too numerous to mention.
 Many of us when the official classes were posted.
 The girl who mixed H_2 , SO_1 and $KClO_3$.
 After a Cardinal, too!
 And a "prof" sanctioned it. (Mercier).
 The Senior Chariot known by the vulgar as the
 Oklahoma Ford.
 "manor on the board, please, Miss Roche."
 Find those posed for Genevieve's posters. Line
 forms at—
 "Mr. Tilly of Columbia University, on Stand-
 ard Speech."
 becomes "Under the Village Chestnut Tree" at
 '25's parties.
 The Senior (?) stairs.
 The Lunch Room Counter.
 "Now, our girls over at college—"
 Mr. McHugh.
 Up the back stairs at 9:02 A. M.
 "Now, I've wasted three and a half years, but
 this semester I'm going—"
 Down to the Strand.
 If you want to be ahead of the game—"
 Quoted by some individuals who do not attend
 college dances—tra-la-la.
 of the League—five cents, please!
 The "rare aves" that come to college for undi-
 luted knowledge.
 The Sanctum.
 The paint bill for the Sanctum furniture.
 The S. J. C. of Senior privileges.
 'Most any of us, 'most any time.

M. C. McG., '25.

From Our "Chestnut" Tree



"Under a spreading chestnut tree---"

Out of the mouths of babes:

The ensemble to Mr. O'Connor:

"Je vous aime, je vous adore
Que voulez-vous de plus encore?"

Grace: "I don't know, Father, — but Muriel does!"

Ellen: "What more could a rational mind demand?"

Rita: "Romeo, my Romeo, I must by the bed go."

Genevieve: "The Bogus Film Co.—"

Beatrice: "I want free life and I want free air."

Ensemble: "Mary, give us the one about 'Flesh is flesh, air is air, and the woman ain't a fish!'"

And the fool said in his heart:

"There is no respect in these Freshmen. Let them kiss the seal and learn submission to Sophs."

"I know it, but I can't say it. Start me, please."

"Who cares what the Athenian youth did at the age of ——?"

"Sister, don't you think Horace's philosophy could be applied to the present Irish question?"

"I'm late because there was a block on the DeKalb Avenue cars."

From the heights of "upper-class" we saw clearly:

The truth about "the stick bent in the water."

That the best teachers cultivate idiosyncrasies.

That you cannot judge the book by the cover in our Library.

The abomination of narcissus and chocolate candy.

The Wisdom of Seniors has discovered:

The value of the Scriptures.

How to outline a volume in twenty-five pages.

The truth of a quotation they inscribed in the Emerson Calendar: "Hitch your wagon to a star."



'25 TEN YEARS AGO —MORE OR LESS



'25 TEN YEARS AGO —MORE OR LESS

MURDER WILL OUT, OR THE CURIOUS EFFECT OF FEAR ON HUMAN SPEECH
Said Muriel Simpson on entering the office to secure a late slip: "Sister, may I have a lipstick?"

* * *

Good wishes from the faculty: "The Seniors may pass out."

* * *

ODE—ON HAVING HER HAIR BOBBED

To think that we shall never see
Our Aggie as she used to be,
For when her raving locks are shorn
Will she or won't she be forlorn?

The question is a burning one
Aggie needs aid—who will come?
Who will decide for m'ladye faire—
Will she or won't she bob her hair?

EPILOGUE

Now that Aggie's locks are shorn
She's really not at all forlorn;
I'm sure that you'll agree with me,
They're nicer than they used to be.

—"Femmes' Number," *The Pointer*, September 1924.
R. M. M., '25

* * *

Shocking confession in Apologetics class—Muriel McCarthy: "I spend all my time on the men."

* * *

This brief dialogue shows the disastrous effect of program difficulties on Seniors during their last Semester.

Beatrice: "I'm full till four every day."

Dorothy: "Why I have mine straight from nine till three."

FAMOUS COLLECTORS

On the DeKalb Avenue cars: "Fares in the box, please, Madame; you can't tell me that child's not over six."

Ruth Lavin does it with song: "We'll chatter with the angels early in the morning; hope you'll join the band." Refrain: "Put a nickel in the box and you'll be saved."

Mary McGinnis uses persuasive eloquence: "Just *one* penny in the mite box every Friday. Um-um you're big-hearted." And then again:

"Girls, there are a few of you who haven't found those coins. Now, if you recall, we once held a prom, etc, etc."

Rita McCaffrey, our treasurer, questions eternally—"Anything for me to-day? Yes? No?"

Muriel Simpson repeats grimly—"No bids will be paid for at the door. Did you bring your patroness's money?"

Sally Todd collects a team. "Will you surely come to practice, now? Don't forget."

The Biology students: Collectors of frogs, etc.

Of all might Whitman sing: "I fling my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world." But then, where would we be, barring jail, without them? Moreover observe that only the first of the list retains a portion of what he collects. Of the last group it maybe said: "To the victor belongs the spoils."

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR

- 1922 Ukeleles. The Flapper. Excuses for lateness.
1923 Earrings. "Main Street." "Knickers." "The Village." The Fruit Song.
1924 To bob or not to bob. Do you play Mah Jong? Skirts short or long.
1925 Crosswords. Bridge. Walter Hampden. The Sanctum.

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

PLACE: <i>The Library</i>	TIME: <i>Any Time</i>
America	The Pointer
Truth	Cosmopolitan
The Bible	College Humor

ODE TO ————

O Thou elixir of life
So thick and muddy,
Diggéd not by shrewish wife,
But tongues of school girls ruddy.

Supporter of our slaving youth,
Dispeller of the Blues;
The exercise of tongues so couth,
In search of ——— news.

Thou art the best of all our friends,
O Thou beloved ———
And trusty "arm" to better ends
When we with Scandal flirt.

A. M. H., '25.

THE WRECKING CREW

May I introduce the wrecking crew?
Finest in the world,
They'll retail all the news to you—
The wrecking crew.

They've the sharpest noses to pursue:
They're seldom foiled.
Long weary hours have they toiled—
The wrecking crew.

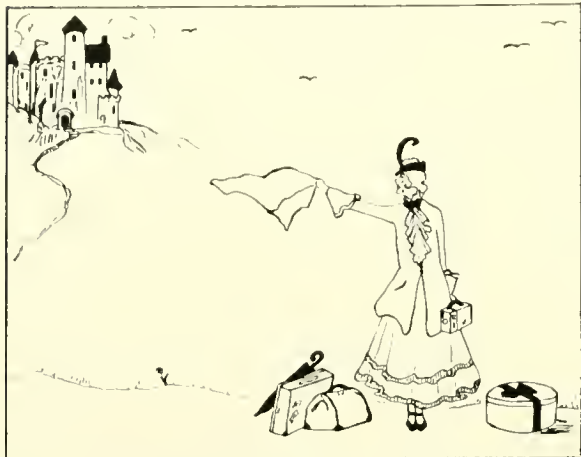
The brightest "rep" they'll surely break,
Given little time,
They'll give you news but get more back—
The wrecking crew.

* * *

The reign of twenty-five "has been."
The Queen is dead.
Twenty-six will rule instead.
Long live the Queen!

R. M. M., '25.

WILD



Lady Vere de Vere, the English heiress, leaves her ancestral home for America.



She meets Handsome Harry, the King of the Cowboys. Wild Nell sees the meeting. She trembles with jealousy.



Lady Vere de Vere strolls across the plains. The Indians seize her.



They seat her upon their horse and carry her away. Harry and Wild Nell start in pursuit.

WELL



They go up the river in canoes. The white men gain, but they strike a snag.



The Indian medicine woman sits by her campfire waiting for the braves to bring home the bacon.



The brave rescuers arrive in the nick of time. One bullet does for them all.



Wild Nell unites the lovers and makes the final sacrifice.

Songs of '25

I want to be a college girl
Um—And a little bit more,
I want to be of S. J. C.
Um—And a little bit more,
I want to be of '25,
Couldn't wish for more,
Then I'd have everything I want
Um—And a little bit
Um—And a little bit more.

Twenty-five will never die, never die, never die,
Twenty-five will never die, they'll just pass out.

O Sister Class

Come out and play with me
And bring your dollies three
And climb our apple tree,
Swim in our rain barrel
Slide down our cellar door
And be the best of friends—
For evermore

TO TWENTY-FOUR

(O Promise Me)

Oh Senior Class we've loved you through the years
When you have led us in this college sphere
In these the happiest years that we shall know
We hope our kindred spirit will more strongly grow
Until on life's pathway toward the setting sun,
We leave the brightness, our journey done—
Till fades rose glow to silver on the western shore
Will linger love for '21.

TO THE JUNIORS

(Fellows)

We have played with the Freshmen a short while
We've been with the Sophs a year more
With the Juniors we've spent all of three years
And truly we wish it were four,
We've had lots of good times together
Your parties always are fun
We wish you success
With your work and your class
Until your sheepskins are won.

The College Calendar

SEPTEMBER

- 19 Grand reunion accompanied by the usual first glimpse at the Freshmen and the distribution of the yellow slip.
- 22 Welcome Luncheon from Juniors to Freshmen.
- 26 Yellow slips still growing strong. "Hardy Annuals!"
A Freshman rises to fame in General Assembly: "I have no pencil!" Dear, dear!
Elections for societies. Better late than . . .
- 29 Election of Senior Prom Chairman--Muriel L. Simpson.

OCTOBER

- 1 The Prom Committee begins making the rounds.
- 2 Funereal gloom all-pervading. The Bishop will not be able to come tomorrow.
- 3 A certain car, breathing of the great open spaces of Oklahoma, makes its first appearance at "245" O dignified Seniors!
- 8 Freshmen begin to feel at home--usurp the lone comfortable chair in the Students' Room.
- 15 Park Lane is selected by '25 to be the scene of their social ambitions.
- 16 Convocation in Albany. Father Dillon departs, leaving, however, the usual legacy of tests.
- 18 Annual Convention of the I. F. C. A. Bernadette Dolan, '27, brings honor to S. J. C.
- 20 *Three Days'* hazing starts. O shades of bygone days!
- 22 Public hazing and Sophomore Party to Freshmen.
- 23 World becomes uninterestingly peaceful again.
- 29 Hallowe'en Dance.
- 30 Customary aftermath in Freye's.

NOVEMBER

- 11 Representatives of '25 "program girls" at Silver Jubilee of I. C. T. S.
- 13 First Literary Society Tea.
- 15 *Loria* is issued.
- 20 Party tendered '23 by '25 at the Brooklyn Elk's Club.
- 24 Alumnæ Dance at the Plaza.
- 25 Exodus to Balti-mah equalled only by the number of "Christian Brothers" that start on their first week-end party.

DECEMBER

- 1 The usual "day o' rest" to recover from the ravages of vacationtide.
- 6 Alumnæ-Varsity game.
- 11 Literary Society Tea. Dr. Kinsman addresses us.
- 13 St. Elizabeth-St. Joseph Game.
- 19 "Last call" for Senior Prom reservations.
Representatives of '25 "usher" at I. F. C. A. lecture, Hotel St. George.
- 22 Christmas Entertainment.
- 29 They count the shekels and heave a sigh of relief at the last Senior Prom Committee meeting.
- 30 Senior Prom.

JANUARY

- 8 Musical Clubs' Tea. Miss Bernadette Carey artiste.
- 10 Luncheon tendered Senior Prom Committee at the Park Lane; Hunter-St. Joseph game.
- 15 Reception to Sister Philomene.
- 16 Extension of the Honor System decided upon. Election of staff of FOOTPRINTS.
- 19 The semi-annual horrors begin.
- 21 Still going hot and heavy.
- 23 Our dying gasp--we expire. The last straw--Mr. Freye removes the dear old benches.
- 26 Retreat commences.
- 29 It ends.
Seniors receive good news from Father Dillon--S. J. C. "flies high" at concert of the Diocesan Choristers.

- 30 The Seniors come into their own, and paint and draperies fly.
- 31 New Rochelle Alumnae-St. Joseph game. Mr. Freye gives "25 'ye benches," the perfect finish to the sanctum.

FEBRUARY

- 2 The "babies" of '29 arrive.
Found one intelligent girl while the "general program" is read out.
- 7 First guests in Sanctum. Alumnae-Varsity game.
- 9 Twenty-six inaugurates its Junior Week.
- 13 *The* night arrives. Junior Prom at the Waldorf.
- 14 Hunter-St. Joseph game.
- 16 *Loria* off the press.
- 19 Literary Society Tea—Mr. Shuster on C. W. Stoddard.
- 24 Mr. Heffernan and FOOTPRINTS Staff *en tete a tete*.
Twenty-seven's "An Afternoon with Tennyson."
- 28 New Rochelle Alumnae-St. Joseph game.

MARCH

- 2 First of interclass game. Freshmen-Junior.
- 4 Concert of the Philharmonic group.
- 6 New York U.-St. Joseph game.
- 7 Georgian Court-St. Joseph game.
- 9 Senior-Soph game.
- 11 Pictures for FOOTPRINTS taken.
- 12 White's still "on deck," and S. J. C. still trying to look "a little happy now--
that's fine!"
- 14 St. Elizabeth-St. Joseph game.
- 15 "Yearbook goes to press." Mental reservations.
- 16 Senior-Freshmen game.
- 18 Elections for speakers at Senior Class Day.
- 21 Georgian Court-St. Joseph game.
- 23 Elections of Chairman for Senior Week events.
- 27 Great quantities of black coffee and "mid-nite" oil consumed.
- 28 "Conditions"—their death-like pall broken only by the hunting scene staged in
the Philosophy Room. Poor 'ittle mouse!
- 30 Sophomore-Freshman game.
- 31 Patronesses "go over the top" and the shock causes our business manager to fall
most undignifiedly and uncomfortably down the front stairs.

APRIL

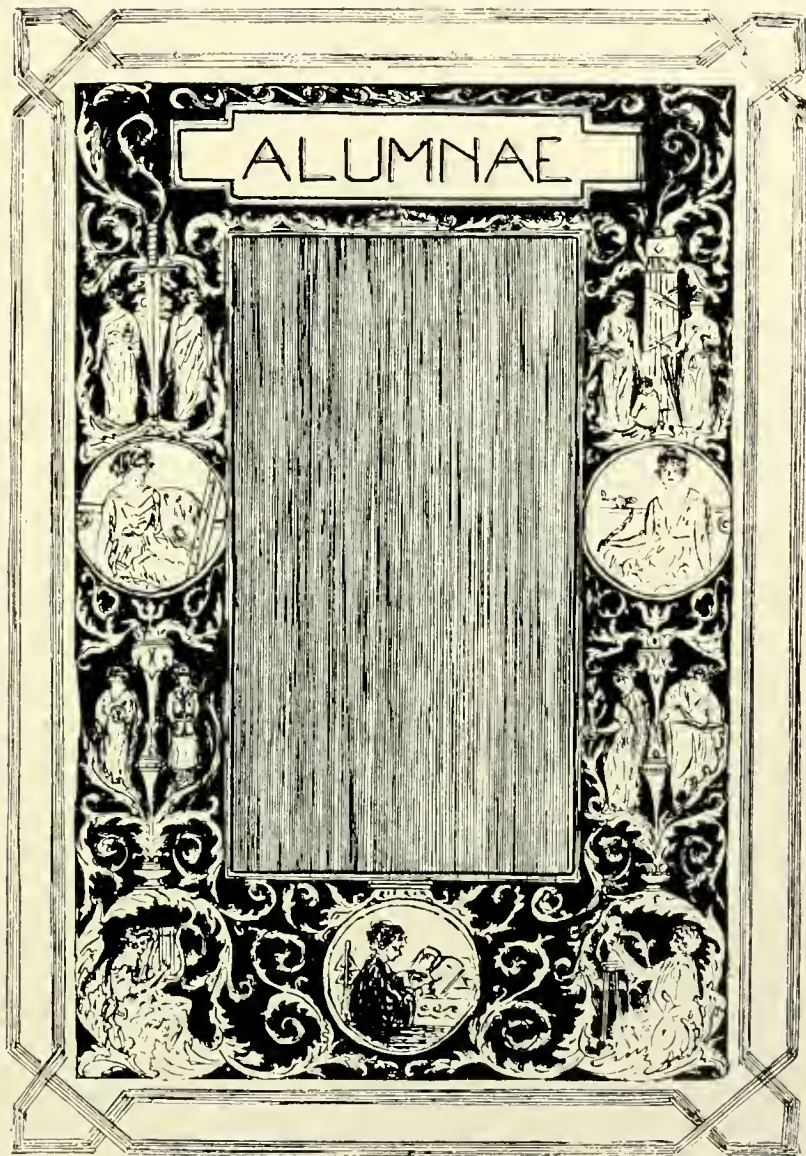
- 1 Yearbook still going to press.
- 2 The U. A. presents Father Bracken and three of his boy soloists.
- 3 Senior-Junior game.
- 6 Varsity-Freshman game.
- 8 We're off for vacation.
- 15 We return to recuperate.
- 21 Mr. Charles A. Thompson in "Cyrano de Bergerac."
- 22 Twenty-five's last Class Day.
- 29 Spring Dance at the Park Lane.
- 30 The inevitable conference "over the frappés."

MAY

- 6 Musical Clubs entertain us. Miss Marie Lambert, artiste.
- 11 Juniors' Class Day.
- 16 Sophomore's Class Day.
Dress rehearsal.
- 18 "As You Like It."—Academy of Music.
- 26 Lower Sophomore's Class Day.
- 28 And finally the Freshmen's.
- 29 "Op o' Me Thumb" presented.

JUNE

- 1 Mental orgy starts.
Breathing space for tired minds.
- 14 Commencement Week—Ah-h-h!





MRS. FLORENCE NOLEN PLANT
President of the Alumnae

The Alumnae Annuals

It is through FOOTPRINTS that the Alumnae records its history. With each edition another chapter is put down and culminated. In this issue the fifth section of its written story is contained.

We cannot help experiencing a sensation of genuine satisfaction when we peruse the account of our steady steps of progress. Of course we are not unusual in any way. We just manage to keep an even pace whereby we find ourselves a few steps upward and onward toward achievement and attainment. The appreciable alertness, unstinting support and constant co-operation of the body as a whole make this possible. Through the leadership of Mrs. Florence Nolen Plant this year has been a fruitful one. Acknowledgment of her untiring and unselfish work ought here to be made. She has organized a practical and purposeful program and has admirably seen to its complete execution.

The succession of events has been carefully thought out and so planned as not to become monotonous and at the same time uninteresting. The carrying out of the program has entailed work by various committees.

The Alumnae year was opened with the dance which was held as usual, Thanksgiving week at the Hotel Plaza. On that occasion we have to confess to a "bit of romancing." For a few moments we became retrospective. Our feeling was expressed by Byron: "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined." With that atmosphere about us we relived our own "Proms." We reviewed those moments which have now passed and for that reason we all loved the Alumnae Dance. Congratulations are due the chairman, Ethel Kellam, '20. It is a yearly reminder of those happy and unforgettable events.

Closely following that was the basketball game of December 5. On that day the former athletes came to the fore and vied with the Varsity for top place. Naturally the once keen edges were somewhat dull from lack of use and our fate was to not reach our goal of conquerers. But many manifestations of the old sharpness were sensed now and again. We live in hopes. That is always true. For we do want an athletic nucleus. With an increase of membership perhaps this will be born. Then actual, definite and determining work may be done.

The suggestion was projected that, if each class would work independently, perhaps we could achieve more than heretofore. This was received kindly and immediately acted upon by the various classes. Since, as in all organizations, we are not exempt from monetary entanglements, we thought that a finance raising scheme would not be unacceptable, so the classes have in various ways increased the treasury considerably, at the same time promoting sociability among their members. Card parties proved a most lucrative enterprise and they simply swamped everyone.

The Lenten period brought forth our Annual Communion Breakfast on March 22nd. Mass was celebrated in the College Chapel by our Rt. Rev. Bishop assisted by Mons. Kelty and Father Dillon. To have these old friends with us again was indeed both an honor and a pleasure. At the suggestion of our President and under her leadership, an Alumnae Choir added to the impressiveness of the occasion. The Misses Lemmon, Kellam, Connolly, O'Connor, Campbell, Byrne, Dolan, Roberts, O'Hale, Duffy, McCormell and Nolen made up the choir. Florence Nolen-Plant played the organ. During Holy Communion Marie McConnell sang very feelingly "Come to Jesus."

The Breakfast followed at the Hotel St. George, and here we might give to Miss White and her committee the credit due them for so efficiently and effectively arranging the Breakfast. The Dragon Room was used for the occasion. The Alumnae banner hung in all its glory back of the guest table. Jonquils and lilies were the decorations, and these together with the smilax were beautifully banked across the front of the guest table. Each of the other tables was decorated with a center bouquet and the whole was indeed a very lovely setting for our annual event.

We regretted very much the inability of our Bishop to be present at the Breakfast—likewise Mons. Kelly and Father Dillon. Our guests for the morning were: Father Le Buffe, S.J., of the Social Service School of Fordham University; Professor George Shuster of the College Faculty, former Dean of Literature in University of Notre Dame, Indiana; and Mrs. Thomas E. McGoldrick, Regent of Brooklyn Circle. Father Le Buffe gave us a very interesting and appealing talk on Social Service and the extreme need for educated Catholic women who would enter this work of the Church. Higher education and the insistence on graduate work for the college graduate was the theme of Mr. Shuster's message. Mrs. McGoldrick was to have talked to us about the motion picture work as a phase of Federation activities, but to our deep regret, she was prevented from being with us through illness. Once more this all important event of our Alumnae year drew to a close, but with it we realized the fulfillment of a precedent, the importance of which increases year by year as we grow in numbers and become more and more a representative Catholic organization.

All the events of the year are equally important, but it seems that unusually so is the new interest manifested in dramatics. This year marked our initial performance as an Alumnae. In all modesty, we decided on our first attempt to undertake something unpretentious, and so on April 20th we presented in the College Auditorium the "Playgoers" by Arthur Pinero and "Thursday Evening" by Christopher Morley; two one-act plays. Encouraged by the success of this presentation we hope to make this innovation an annual event.

On the 16th of May our Annual Card Party for funds for the Perpetual Scholarship established by the Alumnae in 1920 was in the Willow Gallery of the Hotel St. George. Miss Lennon was chairman of the affair and we spent a delightful afternoon with our members and their friends.

And of course, our year will close with our Annual Luncheon to the graduates in June at the Hotel Commodore. Miss Uhlinger is in charge. The Class of '25 will bring to us thirty-two new members who are filled with enthusiasm. With this reception of '25 a new era is marked. Some may regard it as an unimportant one but to us it is significant of strength. It is an augmentation of our ranks. The dénouement is, "We have worked, we have experienced, we have tried, we hope to achieve."

And now our chronicles would not be complete without mention of our individual achievements. First we must note the entrance into religion of Agnes Byrne, '21, now of the order of the Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart and Rosamond Thompson, '23, better known to us as "Bob," who received the habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph on March 22. She will be known as Sister Marie Thérèse. And while these have chosen to serve by their prayers and good works the spiritual ills of mankind, Amalia Simonetti, '20, has elected to alleviate the physical suffering and has successfully won her M.D. from Woman's Medical College of

Philadelphia. She is now serving as Chief House Surgeon in Mary Immaculate Hospital, Jamaica. Ere our year closes, Mary Huschle, '22, and Agnita Duffy, '21, will have completed their course in Fordham Law School.

The Alumnae announce with pleasure the marriage of Theresa Dolan, '21, to Mr. Howard Sweet Jantan on April 16th; of our honored President, Florence E. Nolen, '20, to Mr. William J. Plant on May 30th; and of Rita Fearon, '21, to Mr. George Bryan on June 10th.

In closing our chronicle we wish to express to the Undergraduate Association of our Alma Mater our appreciation for the many delightful hours we have spent in their company this year. Their cordial invitations to share in the various activities at College have kept us in close touch with our Alma Mater, and this is a feature it has been our particular desire to develop.

In Memoriam

The Alumnae announce with deep regret the death of Maureen Bingham Brady, '21, on April 29th.



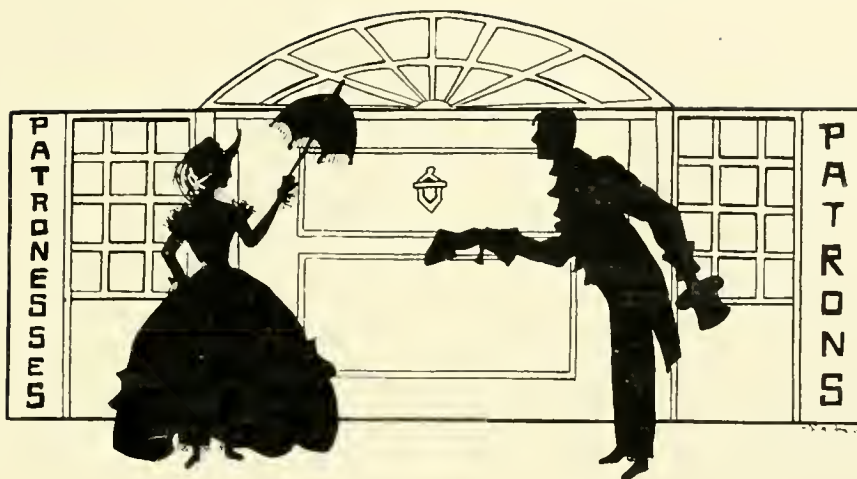
Vale

Our happy-visioning eyes see, in array,
The splendors of the shining road ahead,
All life was but a prelude to this day,
But though we go, we leave our hearts instead.

Thy high word spoken, beautifully gleams
Upon our pathway like a shining star,
To turn the world's high platitudes to dreams,
Till, as the Kings, we home us from afar.

Dear Alma Mater—dawn, with new desire,
And Life's sweet lute has summoned us away,
We go—and with uplifted hearts aspire!
To seek the Light of Love! Vale! Vale!

D. D., '25.



Mrs. Harent G. Aghamalian
 Mrs. James W. Allen
 Msgr. Alfonso Arcese
 Rev. Leo A. Arcese
 Mrs. Charles W. Aubert
 Miss Helen Caulfield
 Mrs. John Callan
 Mrs. Michael J. Campion
 Miss Concepta Castellano
 Mrs. Edward A. Cherry
 Mrs. James N. Cleary
 Mrs. William E. Cleary
 Mrs. James Comerford
 Miss Agnes Connolly
 Mrs. Henry W. Connors
 Mrs. Isabella Corsiglia
 Mrs. John B. Corsiglia
 Mrs. Thomas S. Corry
 Mrs. Cornelius O'C. Cowley
 Miss Anna B. Craig
 Mrs. William J. Crowley
 Miss Elizabeth Cunningham
 Rev. John W. Curran
 Miss Vera C. Daly
 Mrs. Julia Dannenhoffer
 Mr. Joseph P. Day
 Mrs. Peter Dehler
 Mrs. Joseph E. Dempsey
 Mrs. Patrick A. Dilworth
 Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny
 Mrs. John B. Dolan
 Mrs. John J. Dolan
 Mrs. P. H. Dolan

Mrs. George E. Donelon
 Msgr. Peter Donohue
 Mrs. Frank J. Dotzler
 Mrs. John J. Doyle
 Mrs. James J. Duffy
 Miss Kathleen Dugan
 Mrs. Lillie W. Dunn
 Mrs. Frank W. Eckels
 Miss Mary Enright
 Mr. Martin Fay
 Mrs. Edward A. Fisher
 Miss Florence Freye
 Mrs. Joseph A. Foppiani
 Miss Alice Garvey
 Mrs. Alice Gallagher
 Mrs. Anthony R. Giorgio
 Mrs. George V. Grainger
 Mrs. James Griffiths
 Mrs. Charles A. Gorman
 Mrs. Michael J. Hannon
 Mrs. M. Joseph Harding
 Mrs. Thomas F. Harper
 Mrs. William Harrigan
 Mrs. Charles V. Hearns
 Mrs. James J. Heffernan
 Mrs. William P. Hennessy
 Mrs. Frederick Hertel
 Mr. William J. Hoffman
 Mrs. Thomas J. Howard
 Mrs. Charles S. Hunt
 Mrs. Howard S. Janton
 Mr. John L. Johnston
 Mrs. Traugott F. Keller

Mrs. Mortimer Keely
Mrs. Francis Kelley
Mrs. John T. Kelly
Mrs. Anna H. F. Kennedy
Mrs. Peter A. Kern
Mr. Joseph Knapp
Mrs. Theodore W. Kramer
Mrs. James Lamoureux
Mrs. Hugh Lavery
Mrs. Luke J. Lavin
Mrs. Frederick Laudry
Mrs. Irene G. Lent
Mrs. John P. Lynch
Miss Mary J. Lynch
Mrs. Reginald Loughran
Msgr. Francis Ludeke
Rev. Frederick M. Lund
Mrs. Joseph Magrath
Mrs. Richard Maguire
Mrs. John F. Manning
Mrs. Phillip V. Manning
Mrs. Anthony Manniello
Mrs. Joseph G. Matthews
Mrs. Charles B. Molesphini
Mrs. Michael J. Murphy
Mrs. Ernst J. Munz
Mrs. John J. Murphy
Mrs. Hanna F. Mullady
Mrs. James E. McCaffrey
Mrs. Michael McCaffrey
Mrs. William M. McCarthy
Mrs. Mary A. McCauley
Hon. Edward C. McDonald
Mrs. Joseph F. McDonnell
Rev. John McEnerney
Mrs. Thomas J. McGinnis
Miss Alice McGrane
Miss Hortense McGrevey
Mrs. Thomas McGoldrick
Mrs. John McGough
Mrs. Valentine J. McLoughlin
Mrs. Joseph McMahon
Miss Mary E. McNulty
Mrs. David A. McShane
Mrs. James F. Nathan

Miss Mary Nolan
Mrs. John T. Normile
Rev. Thomas A. Nummey
Mrs. Austin A. O'Brien
Mrs. James J. O'Brien
Miss Ida L. O'Connor
Mrs. Joseph O'Donoghue
Mrs. John J. O'Mara
Mrs. John J. A. O'Reilly
Mrs. Daniel B. O'Shea
Mrs. William G. Pattison
Rev. Thomas J. Quinn
Mrs. John H. Reardon
Miss Grace Reynolds
Mrs. William A. Rick
Mrs. John D. Roche
Mrs. George N. Rowland
Mr. Thomas F. Roland
Mr. Walter Rouse
Mrs. Maude C. Rowan
Dr. Armand J. Salmon
Mrs. Joseph Savino
Mrs. Carl Schlegel
Mrs. Rose Schrauth
Mr. John Sheridan
Mrs. Robert J. Sheridan
Mrs. Patrick J. Sherrie
Rev. John I. Smith
Mrs. William J. Stack
Mrs. Walter Stawiarski
Mr. James C. Stewart
Mrs. Christian J. Straub
Mr. Francis F. Sullivan
Mr. John A. Sullivan
Mrs. William I. Thompson
Mrs. Joseph F. Todd
Mrs. Maximilian Trunz
Mrs. Anthony Vitale
Mrs. Thomas P. Walsh
Miss Roselyn J. Weiden
Hon. John W. Whalen
Miss Dorothy J. Willmann
Mrs. William E. Wilson
Mrs. Harry T. Woods

The College Directory

Adams, Alice V.	8577—112th Street, Richmond Hill
Aghamalian, Mary V.	222 Lincoln Road
Allen, Helen E.	Brighton Heights, Staten Island
Aubert, Marion E.	13013 Hillside Ave., Richmond Hill
Barton, Mabel J.	460—59th Street
Bergen, Emma R.	3872 Bedford Avenue
Berry, Gertrude I.	140—82nd Street
Bird, Mary M.	452 West 22nd Street, N. Y. C.
Bonnard, Lucie C.	246 Jamaica Avenue
Boston, Genevieve M.	514 Bergen Street
Bourke, Katherine E.	667 Park Place
Burgen, Eileen	920 Lincoln Place
Callahan, Helen G.	763 8th Avenue, N. Y. C.
Callan, Mary P.	405 Middleneck Rd., Great Neck, N. Y.
Campion, Anna M.	1953 82nd Street
Carter, Genevieve M.	1751 West 10th Street, Brooklyn
Cherry, Mary F.	216 St. James Place
Cleary, Miriam P.	221 East 17th Street
Colburne, Loretta C.	419 Clinton Avenue
Comerford, Agnes V.	135 East 35th Street
Cormier, Eugenie J.	1647 East 12th Street
Corrigan, Elizabeth	103 2nd Place
Corry, Agnes M.	167 Quincy Street
Corsiglia, Sylvia M.	282 President Street
Crowley, Margaret M.	862 Lafayette Avenue
Cowley, Gertrude M.	241 Denton Avenue, Lynbrook
Cunningham, Mary	1837 95th Street
D'Albora, Genevieve A.	52 94th Street
Daly, Agnes E.	307 State Street, Flushing, N. Y.
Daly, Rose O.	33 Brewster Street, Stapleton, S. I.
Dannenhoffer, May B.	8820 Crestwood Ave., Hollis, N. Y.
Dehler, Mary F.	8712 97th Street, Richmond Hill
Dempsey, Dorothy A.	968 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. C.
Dempsey, Loretta M.	968 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. C.
Devereaux, Dorothy	2 Islington Place, Jamaica
Dilworth, Gertrude M.	8938 116th Street
Dolan, Bernadette	654 Manhattan Avenue
Dolan, Cecilia M.	302 Meeker Avenue
Dolan, Eleanor M.	184 Winthrop Street
Donelon, Dorothy	1683 East 22nd Street
Dotzler, Evelyn C.	242 East 3rd Street
Downs, Dorothy V.	169 3rd Street, Mineola, N. Y.
Doyle, Margaret	1059 East 2nd Street
Duffy, Catherine V.	45 Randall Ave., Rockville Ctr., N. Y.
Dumenjou, Therese	216 West 56th Street
Dunn, Mildred E.	8 Van Siclen Avenue
Eckels, Barbara E.	167—01 Highland Avenue, Jamaica
Fagan, Loretta F.	Smithtown Branch, S. I., N. Y.
Farrell, Jeanette M.	221 Baltic Street

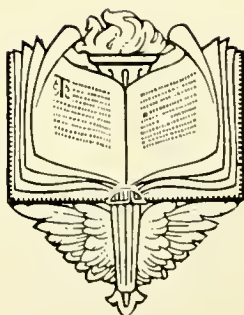
Farrell, Violet J.	612—7th Avenue
Fisher, Kathryn E.	357 Tichener Avenue, S. Orange, N. Y.
Foppiani, Evelyn M.	12 Meyers Ave., Winfield, S. L., N. Y.
Fording, Esther A.	966 55th Street
Foster, Myrtle F.	135 Lincoln Road
Fox, Marion M.	15 Prospect Park West
Fox, Virginia A.	6915—5th Avenue
Gallagher, Alice C.	904 Lincoln Place
Garvey, Bernadette M.	90 Downing Street
Gerety, Gertrude A.	Bayport, N. Y.
Gillan, Norrine	175 New York Avenue, Jamaica
Gillan, Regina D.	175 New York Avenue, Jamaica
Giorgio, Filomena R.	3913—33th Street, Woodhaven, L. I.
Glasson, Marie E.	39 Chauncey Street
Graham, Dorothy V.	98 Lafayette Avenue
Grainger, Alice A.	3201 Colonial Road
Greene, Mary S.	537 Hillside Avenue, Jamaica
Griffiths, Helen A.	356 Union Street
Hallahan, Mary E.	223 Manhattan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
Halloran, Alice L.	61 Tompkins St., Stapleton, S. L., N. Y.
Hand, Dorothy A.	Cutchogue, L. I., N. Y.
Hannon, Catharine T.	1213 Dean Street
Harding, Dorothy	160 Crown Street
Harnett, Margaret M.	665 East 19th Street
Harrigan, Alice	31 Tredwell Ave., Lynbrook, N. Y.
Harrison, Helen M.	110 Pulaski Street
Harper, Elsa K.	177 Fenimore Street
Hearns, Agnes M.	15 Madison Street
Hebron, Elizabeth B.	230—3rd Avenue, Astoria
Hennessy, Blanche	2707 Newkirk Avenue
Hertel, Marjorie I.	137 Grand Avenue, Astoria
Hilt, Marie	307 East 3th Street
Hoffman, Teresa G.	3576—37th Street, Woodhaven, N. Y.
Hogan, Beatrice P.	5911—15th Avenue
Holien, Sarah A.	112 Academy Street, Astoria
Howard, Margaret J.	210 Rugby Road
Howard, Mary B.	210 Rugby Road
Hundemann, Grace	26 Caroline St., West Brighton, S. L.
Hunt, Ruth A.	11 Robertson Road, Lynbrook, L. I.
Irwin, Catherine F.	391 East 13th Street
Johnston, Margaret F.	1164 New York Avenue
Kane, Mary J.	353 New York Avenue
Keenan, Margaret E.	513—12th Street
Keller, Mary J.	1561 East 12th Street
Kelley, Marie F.	1519 Union Street
Kelly, Agnes K.	1239 Brooklyn Avenue
Kelly, Margaret F.	13 Madison Street
Kelly, Mary E.	1239 Brooklyn Avenue
Kemp, Mary A.	520—8th Street
Kenny, Helen E.	15 Wilson St., S. Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.
Kern, Clarissa E.	329 Rugby Road
Kilgallen, Helen R.	661—59th Street

Kilgallen, Katherine T.	141—43rd Street
Laudry, Virginia	135 Essex Street
Lavery, Katherine A.	705 Avenue S
Lavin, E. Irene	12 Willet Street, Jamaica
Lavin, Ruth I.	12 Willet Street, Jamaica
Leahy, Irene C.	12008—95th Ave., Morris Park, L. I.
Leavy, Doris C.	368—60th Street
Lewis, Grace E.	673 Putnam Avenue
Lent, Irene V.	3 Pierce Avenue, Richmond Hill
Loughlin, Gertrude A.	Baldwin, Long Island, N. Y.
Lueke, Mary A.	1355 Park Place
Ludder, Alite C.	1138 Bushwick Avenue
Lynch, Margaret M.	264 Garfield Place
Lynch, Mary J.	11 Johnson Street
McCaffrey, Rita T.	581 Carlton Avenue
McCarthy, Muriel B.	522—8th Street
McCauley, Margaret	528—58th Street
McCormick, Edna M.	127 St. John's Place
McDermott, Rosemary D.	309 Sterling Place
McDonald, Anna M.	210 Albany Avenue
McDonnell, Mary E.	1211 Herkimer Street
McGinnis, Mary G.	131—74th Street
McGough, Louis C.	229 Hudson Street
McKeon, Julia F.	1379 East 19th Street
McLoughlin, Cecilia M.	1185 East 12th Street
McLoughlin, Eileen A.	1185 East 12th Street
McLoughlin, Eileen J.	361—1st Street
McMahon, Irene L.	308 St. James Place
McNamara, Mary E.	1278 East 35th Street
McNulty, Margaret M.	126 Herkimer Street
McShane, Agnes V.	687 Madison Street
Magnor, Rhoda M.	7806 Ridge Boulevard
Magrath, May I.	1322 Dean Street
Manniello, Helen E.	1941 East 13th Street
Manning, Ellen	273 Ocean Parkway
Manning, Mary	8023 Ridge Boulevard, Woodhaven, L. I.
Manning, Teresa	9725—80th Street
Matthews, Dorothea A.	130 South 22nd Street, Flushing, N. Y.
Meehan, Mary Rose	553 First Street
Middlecamp, Mary V.	Westbury, L. I., N. Y.
Mirabella, Mary L.	212 Carroll Street
Molesphini, Rosalind M.	587—16th Street
Mullady, Mary C.	1551 Pacific Street
Murphy, Dorothea	8513—120th Street, Richmond Hill
Murphy, Gertrude M.	416—48th Street
Murray, Eileen R.	882 Park Place
Murray, Mary B.	882 Park Place
Nathan, Virginia	1 Martense Court
Nixon, Veronica C.	2675 Kenmore Place
Normile, Margaret	314—8th Avenue
Normile, Katherine	314—8th Avenue
O'Brien, Grace	1758 East 14th Street

O'Brien, Virginia	19 Berkeley Place
O'Connor, Agnes M.	176 Beach 123rd St., Rockaway Park
O'Mara, Emily F.	9 Palmetto Street
O'Meara, Mary E.	96 Decatur Street
O'Reilly, Helen	105 Union Street
O'Reilly, Margaret C.	105 Union Street
O'Shea, Marie I.	571 Madison Street
Packert, Marion	202 Prospect Place
Pattison, Agnes M.	1166 Pacific Street
Peppard, Regina M.	168 A 16th Street
Perkins, Ethel M.	539—3rd Street
Phillips, Agnes A.	129 S. Oxford Street
Pierce, Ruth C.	214 Penn Street
Pleines, Claire C.	1115 Lorraine Avenue, Brooklyn
Pleines, Emily M.	1115 Lorraine Avenue, Brooklyn
Quinn, Catherine E.	679—61st Street
Reardon, Frances	129—39th Street
Reardon, Gladys K.	8824 Bay 9th Street
Reynolds, Constance	231 Park Place
Reynolds, Helen	1420 Nostrand Avenue
Rick, Beatrice H.	755 Monroe Street
Rick, Constance W.	755 Monroe Street
Roche, Margaret M.	8725—114th Street, Richmond Hill
Rockefeller, Elva	102 Maple Avenue, Patchogue, L. I.
Rockefeller, Marietta	102 Maple Avenue, Patchogue, L. I.
Roland, Agnes V.	1001 Lorimer Street
Rowan, E.	89 Lefferts Place
Rowland, Louise C.	47 Fuller Place
Savino, Marie	214 Carroll Street
Schlegel, Gabrielle M.	128 Greene Avenue
Schneider, Anna M.	2016 Himrod Street
Schrage, Anna C.	232 Amherst Avenue, Jamaica
Sheehan, Marie G.	50 Colonial Avenue, Forest Hills
Sheridan, Genevieve R.	112—8th Street
Sherrie, Ethel B.	742—2nd Avenue, N. Y.
Simpson, Muriel L.	84 Sterling Place
Smith, Frances L.	794 Hancock Street
Stack, Mary M.	1457 East 12th Street
Stanton, Eleanor C.	16 Turner Place
Stawiarski, Estelle L.	174—4th Street
Stephen, Christiania V.	Lenox Hills, Farmingdale, N. Y.
Stewart, Helen M.	2441 Ocean Ave., Far Rockaway, L. I.
Straub, Helen S.	8618—110th Street, Richmond Hill
Stuart, Rose C.	430 Jefferson Avenue
Sullivan, Margaret M.	559—59th Street
Sweek, Jane A.	9538—115th Street, Richmond Hill
Thompson, Dorothy B.	103 Quiney Street
Todd, Sally A.	402 Sterling Place
Trunz, Cecilia A.	283 Highland Boulevard, Brooklyn
Vitale, Mildred E.	919 Bedford Avenue
Walsh, Dorothy M.	312 Clinton Street
Walsh, Kathryn V.	8006 Fort Hamilton Parkway

Walsh, Mary A.
Walsh, Virginia A.
Waters, Kathryn I.
Weiden, Helen L.
Weiden, Josephine M.
Wilson, Katherine E.
Winkler, Frances R.
Woods, Elinor A.

510—60th Street
1432 East 10th Street
959 St. John's Place
803 Willoughby Avenue
187 Crown Street
123 Clermont Avenue
1873 East 22nd Street
46 Rutland Road



The Alumna Directory

- Miss Amy C. Bonnet
Miss Agnes Byrne
 (Sister St. Geraldine)
Miss Grace Byrne
Miss Helen Campbell
Miss Adaline Canning
Miss Cecile E. Cassidy
Miss Concepta R. Castellano
Miss Helen Caulfield
Miss Agnes J. Connolly
Miss Caroline C. Corcoran
Miss Helen D'Albora
Mrs. Anna McDonald Dannemiller
 (Mrs. Edward)
Mrs. Theresa Dolan Jantan
Miss Angela Z. Donaldson
Miss Constance Doyle
Mrs. Marion McKenna Doyle
 (Mrs. Palmer)
Miss Agnita V. Duffy
Miss Mildred Duffy
 (Sister Consuela Marie)
Miss Kathleen M. Dugan
Mrs. Rita Fearon Bryan
 (Mrs. George)
Miss Evangeline Flinn
 (Sister M. St. Francis of Assisi)
Miss Christine A. Gibson
Miss Ethel M. Gleason
Miss Isabel D. Hall
Miss Veronia M. Hannon
Miss Mildred E. Hayes
Miss Viola M. Hearn
Miss Eleanor B. Howard
Miss Mary J. Henschle
Miss Teresa V. Keane
Miss Catherine M. Keely
Miss Ethel M. Kellam
Miss Ruth M. Kramer
Miss Margaret I. Lennon
Miss Helen A. Livellara
- 302 Warren Street
D'Youville College, Buffalo, N. Y.
- 935 Lincoln Place
187 Washington Park
212—3th Street
2318—82nd Street
271 Washington Avenue
119 Rutland Road
371 Adelphi Street
222 East 31st Street
52—9th Street
- 107 New York Avenue
Richmond Hill, N. Y.
153—6th Street
1036 Hollywood Ave., Far Rockaway
- 119 Grant Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
113 South Portland Avenue
- St. Elizabeth's Convent, Cornwella, Pa.
122 Bay 22nd Street
- 363 Grand Avenue
Convent of the Good Shepherd
Peekskill, N. Y.
- Nanuet, Rockland Co., N. Y.
9123 St. Charles Court, Woodhaven
473 Washington Avenue
898 Belmont Avenue
1 Miller Place, Baldwin, N. Y.
201 Hancock Street
210 Rugby Road
241 Hillside Ave., Jamaica
57 Van Buren Street
2016 East 19th Street
3712 Fort Hamilton Parkway
624 Sixth Street
121 Brooklyn Avenue
119 Patchen Avenue

Miss Catherine M. Lynch	44 Johnson Street
Miss Lucy V. Maguire	135 East 30th Street, N. Y. C.
Miss Marie McConnell	925 Putnam Avenue
Miss Ruth C. McCormack	323 Lincoln Road
Miss Alice M. McGrane	326 Bainbridge Street
Miss Hortense E. McGrevy	13 Roanoke Ave., Far Rockaway, L. I.
Miss Catherine McKenna	1431 Avenue G.
Mrs. Marion Clarke McManus (Mrs. John)	311 Lincoln Place
Miss Marie A. McMurray	3069 Villa Ave., Fordham, N. Y.
Miss Margaret M. Meehan	553 First Street
Miss Ellen Monaghan	1648 Weeks Avenue, Bronx
Miss Mary A. Moore	401 East 118th Street, N. Y. C.
Miss Regina A. Munz	801 Willoughby Avenue
Miss Florence C. Newman	277 Carroll Street
Miss Charlotte D. Nolan	286 Sterling Place
Miss Marjorie Nolan	1030 Ditmas Avenue
Mrs. Florence Nolan Plant (Mrs. William J.)	St. Albans, N. Y.
Miss Ida L. O'Connor	982 Sterling Place
Miss Irene A. O'Dwyer	473 Washington Avenue
Miss Catherine P. O'Hale	222 Walworth Street
Miss Claire V. O'Malley	635 West 17th Street, N. Y. C.
Miss Marion E. O'Reilly	105 Union Street
Miss Margaret F. Ormonde	1253 Rogers Avenue
Miss Helen R. Parks	1039 Prospect Place
Miss Grace A. Reynolds	1120 Nostrand Avenue
Miss Gertrude U. Roberts	674 Ridge Boulevard
Mrs. Sarina Cali Rocca (Mrs. Pietro)	1100 Ocean Avenue
Miss Lillian W. Roche	1210 John St., Far Rockaway
Miss Annunciata Scibilia	1140—55th Street
Miss Catherine A. Shammon	135 Madison Street
Miss Mary L. Sheridan	442—8th Street
Miss Amalia J. Simonetti, M.D.	Mary Immaculate Hospital, Jamaica, N. Y.
Miss Mary E. St. John	1329 East 10th Street
Miss Marion E. Teaken	1567—56th Street
Miss Kathleen A. Thompson	149 Willow Street
Miss Rosamond I. Thompson (Sister Marie Thérèse)	St. Joseph's Convent, Brentwood, N. Y.
Miss Marie Uhlinger	71 Forest Parkway
Miss Roselyn J. Weiden	803 Willoughby Avenue
Miss Margaret C. White	255 Stuyvestant Avenue
Miss Dorothy J. Willmann	877 Park Place

Acknowledgement

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