

FOOTPRINTS

1934 FOOTPRINTS



RIGHT REVEREND THOMAS E. MOLLOY, D.D.
Bishop of Brooklyn
PRESIDENT OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

1934 FOOTPRINTS

Issue of Loria

SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

245-253 Clinton Avenue

BROOKLYN

NEW YORK

TO SISTER MARY LORENZO

*who, having taught us the beauty of earthly things,
brought us, awed and silent,
to an understanding that is forgiveness,
we, her class, dedicate this issue of*

FOOTPRINTS

RUTH GALLAGHER

OUR CLASS PRESIDENT—1931

*Her spirit lives and may she be remembered
for boundless giving of love and self.*



FOOTPRINTS STAFF

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DOROTHY KILCOIN	MARTHE QUINOTTE
MARGARET ZEGERS	

VALEDICTORY

THIS sun-streaked sky will soon be blotted out by the night into which we fly. Our eyes, accustomed to the brilliance of a dying sun, have now to know the quiet, far-away lamps of the dark. A sadder illumination. That is what it means to say Good-bye. It is a thought tinged with a wonder for a glorious future, a fear for inevitable failures, and an eagerness to know what has been words until now. Will the night be as beautiful as is the fading day? At first we shall be blinded, but soon there will be the patient discovery of all life's lights in the new-found dark.

It is not hard to part. Parting is mixed with hope and knowledge of a greater meeting and a deeper understanding. When the gate has echoed its last click, we will then begin really to know, and see, and feel the things which have come into our hearts these last four years. It is life only which will make us understand at last the mistakes of history, the ideals of religion, the patterns of philosophy and the beauty of literature. College has made the book of life more readable, but it is for us to follow in the words which we read. Just as we do not know the beauty of the flower when we plant the seed, so we cannot begin to realize the marvelous fruit which shall be reaped from the seeds sown here. We know already though that in the darkest of our hearts fear is fleeing from us because of a great hope which was born here. There is a humility in that holy of holies because of the great ones we have known in these happy years. There is a feeling of pride too, because we have within us the breath of honor and love and faith which will grow great with time, we pray. The thoughtless happiness of youth now says we have profited here in happiness, and friends, and brilliant hope, but as each new experience calls for a greater will and a deeper knowledge of life's values then shall we be surprised to find the strong beauty which was planted in a forgotten spring. With life ahead and the realization that college has made life more living, this parting cannot be sad.

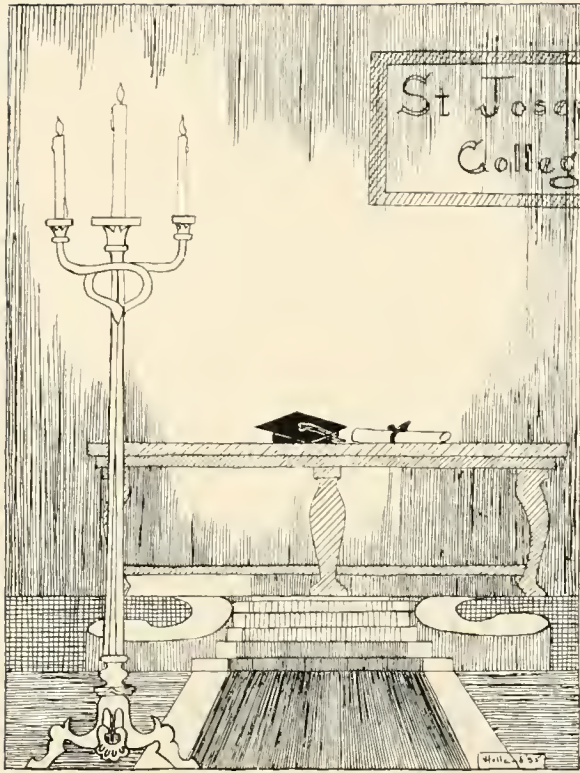
The last kiss of the child who leaves her mother to become a child of God is not truly sad. There is for the young nun a peaceful happiness which will make her love for her dear ones greater because of separation. The petaled prayers of hers will fall night after night for the absent and a strong light will brighten her soul.

And death, the only real Good-bye, is the most wondrous of all. The parting one is assured of a glorious reunion, a reunion which will be all perfect. Soon, soon, he will know the stirring beauty of those whose souls he loved. In God's heart he shall love them more fully. Thus each separation whispers of something more beautiful in the future because of the past. The sister knows her dear ones now through prayer. The dying man will soon invade the very souls of those he leaves.

Now that we too are saying our first Good-bye, we realize that in the future we shall possess an appreciation of this grandeur to a much fuller extent than we do now. In the tear-stained moments which will be ours, a wavering sanctuary flame will be another chapel candle. A "Tantum Ergo" will live again in young voices and the loveliness which crept in, unheeded, so long ago, will soothe and make strong.

There will be other young faces turned towards a glorious dawn and then we shall know more surely the happiness which was once ours. We shall know, then at last, by what pain we came by the beauty. So we shall not say Good-bye, for we shall see all this again in life's sublimest moments.

MARTHE QUINOTTE.



SENIORS



DOLORES ANSBRO

Class President '33
Class Vice-President '31

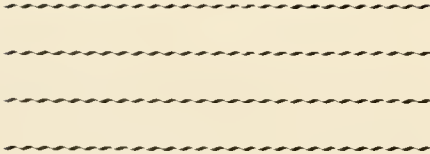
*"Tho' I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit."*

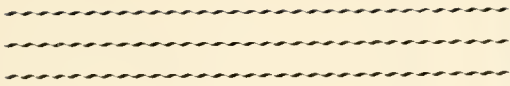


COLLETTE ANTHONY

Dramatic Society
Glee Club

*"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind."*





MARIE BAIOCCHI

French Club
Social Service

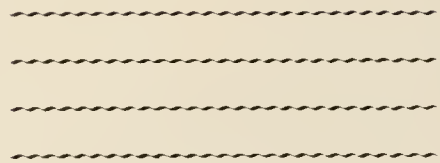
*"Blessed are the little for they shall
become no smaller."*



MARGARET BIER

Mercier Circle
Dramatic Society

*"For next to being a great poet is the
power of understanding one."*





AGNES BROWN

Chairman of Point System Committee '34

Chairman of Mock Class Day '34

"A dry jest, sir, I have them at my fingers' end."



DOROTHY BURGEN

Class Vice-President '32, '33, '34

Basketball

*"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."*



ANNE CONNELLY

Dramatic Society
Basketball

*"He's armed without that's innocent
within."*



CATHERINE COOKE

Religion Committee
Glee Club

*"The gentle mind by gentle deeds is
known;
For a man by nothing is so well be-
trayed
As by his manners."*





JOSEPHINE COREY

Dramatic Society
Rifle Squad

*"Up! Up! my friend, and quit your
books,
Or surely you'll grow double!
Up! Up! my friend, and clear your
looks!
Why all this toil and trouble?"*



GERALDINE COUGHLIN

Captain Senior Basketball Team
Rifle Squad

*"Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair,
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair."*



MARY CULLEN

Point System Committee
Glee Club

*"I love tranquil solitude
And such society
As is quiet, wise and good."*



DOROTHY DEMPSEY

Class President '34
Chairman of Mercier Circle

*"To those who know thee not, no
words can paint!
And those who know thee, know all
words are faint!"*





MARIE DERMODY

Glee Club
Committee for Advancement of Cul-
ture

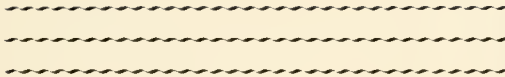
*"Trip it lightly as you go
On the light fantastic toe."*



ROSE DESANCTIS

Glee Club
Athletic Association

*"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget
them all."*



MARY DIRIG

Class Treasurer '34
Mercier Circle

*"For strong souls
Live like fire-beated suns; to spend
their strength
In furthest striving action."*

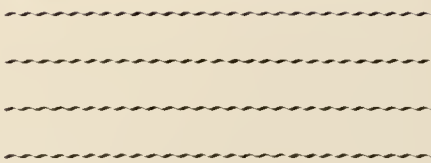


RITA DOHERTY

Committee for Advancement of Cul-
ture

Athletic Association

*"'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a
strange tongue
By female lips and eyes."*





MARY DOYLE

Loria Board
Editor of Footprints

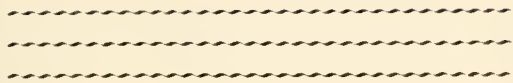
*"And force them, though it was in
spite
Of Nature and their stars, to write."*



LYDIA FADROWSKY

Chairman of Junior Prom '32
Chairman of Fall Dance '33

*"Her air, her manners, all who saw
admired;
Courteous though coy, and gentle,
though retired."*



LOUISE FALLON

Rifle Squad
Senior Week Committee

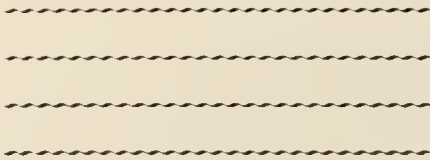
*"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."*



MARIE FLANNIGAN

Chairman of Senior Week
Junior Prom Committee

*"Take, O boatman, twice thy fee—
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me."*





KATHLEEN FLYNN

Chairman Senior-Junior Luncheon

'33

Chairman Christmas Party '33

*"She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing."*



MARY ALICE FOGARTY

Dramatic Society

Senior Week Committee

*"We were very tired, we were very
merry,
We had gone up and down all night
on the ferry."*



ELVERA GILLESPIE

President Psychology Club '34
Glee Club

*"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise."*



JANE GORMAN

Loria Board
Glee Club

*"Let knowledge grow from more to
more."*





RITA GRIFFITH

Field Day Committee '33

Basketball Manager '34

*"Playful blushes that seem nought
But luminous escapes of thought."*

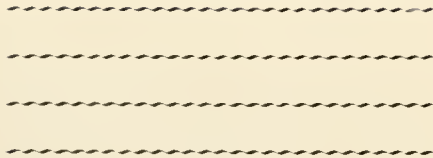


DOROTHY HALLAHAN

Advisory Committee

Senior Week Committee

*"It's a snug little island,
A right little, tight little island."*





FLORENCE HANRAHAN

Religion Committee
President of Press Club '34

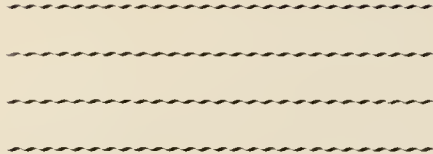
*"Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like
me?"*



MARGARET HARRINGTON

Varsity Basketball '30, '31, '32, '33
Treas. of Athletic Association '30

*"The youth who hopes the Olympic
prize to gain,
All arts must try, and every toil sus-
tain."*





DOROTHY HARRISON

President of Glee Club '34
Chairman of Junior Class Day

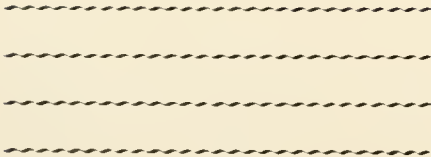
*"A graceful and pleasing figure
Is a perpetual letter of recommenda-
tion."*



MARY HARRON

Glee Club
Business Manager Footprints

*"Of all those arts in which the wise
excel
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing
well."*





KATHLEEN HOGAN

Rifle Squad
Dramatic Society

*"The best armour is to keep out of gun
shot."*



MURIEL HOTTENROTH

Chairman of Junior Week '33
Secretary of Honor System Commit-
tee '32

*"Those graceful acts
Those thousand decencies that daily
flow
From all her words and actions."*





GRETTA HUGHES

Glee Club
Dramatic Society

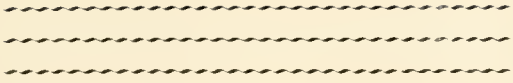
"The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure, and pleasure my business."



MARGARET IMPELLIZZERI

Glee Club
French Club

*"To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in, and
To lend a hand."*



MODESTA INTONDI

Glee Club
Vice-President French Club '34

*"All musical people seem to be happy;
It is to them the engrossing pursuit."*

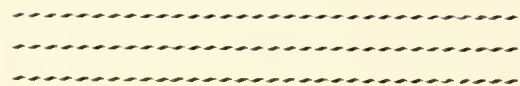


CHRISTINE KAVANAGH

Vice-President of U. A. '34
Secretary of Religion Committee '34

*"A poem's life and death dependeth
still
Not on the poet's wits, but reader's
will."*





DOROTHY KELLY

Rifle Squad

*"Asking Europe to disarm is like asking
a man in Chicago to give up his life
insurance."*

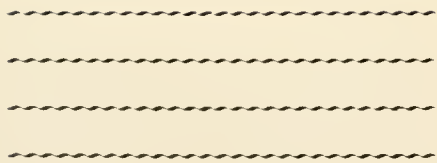


VIVIENNE KELLY

Rifle Squad

Debating

*"He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled and analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest
side;
On either which he would dispute
Confute, change hands, and still con-
fute."*





MURIEL KIERNAN

Athletic Association
Social Service

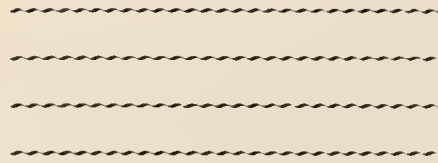
*"Calm, cool and proper, but bright
humor underneath."*



DOROTHY KILCOIN

President of French Club '34
Loria Board

*"Look, then, into thine heart and
write."*





MILDRED KUHN

Chairman of Social Service
Glee Club

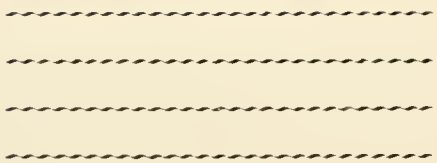
*"Good Americans when they die go to
Paris."*

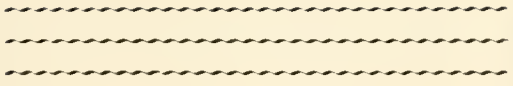


ELEANOR LAGATTUTA

Class President '32
Chairman of Alumnae Day '33

"Whose words, all ears took captive."





MARGARET LANGAN

Dramatic Society
Basketball

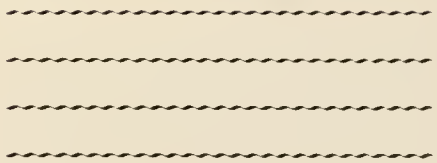
*"Heart on her lips, and soul within her
eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her
skies."*



GINA LATORRACA

Rifle Squad
French Club

*"So work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled king-
dom."*





CATHERINE LAVELLE

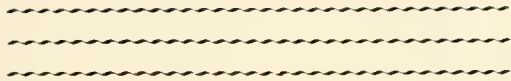
Glee Club
Basketball

*"He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar
and give direction."*

MARIE LILLY

Athletic Association
Hockey Manager '34

*"Her stature tall—I bate a dumpy
woman!"*



ANGELA MAZZOLI

Glee Club
Dramatic Society

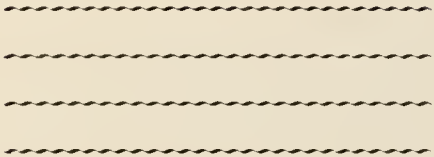
*"My heart has grown rich with the
passing of years,
I have less need now than when I was
young
To share myself with every comer,
Or shape my thoughts into words with
my tongue."*



MARJORIE McCORMICK

Glee Club
Senior Week Committee

*"Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize."*





ELEANOR McDONALD

Glee Club
French Club

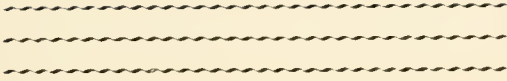
*"That same face of yours looks like the
title page of a whole volume of
roguey."*



FRANCES MCGOVERN

Chairman of Parents' Day Commit-
tee '33
Secretary of Attendance Committee '33

*"Experience joined with common sense
To mortals is a providence."*



MARY McLERNON

Secretary of French Club '34
Dramatic Society

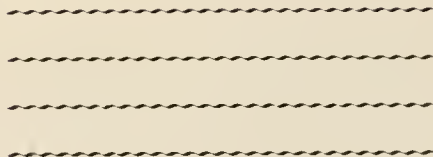
*"A merry heart doeth good like a
medicine."*

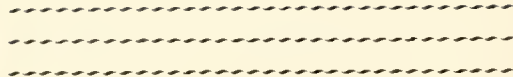


MURIEL MORAN

Chairman of Attendance Committee '34
Glee Club

*"The absent are never without fault
Nor the present without excuse."*





EUCHARIA MULLIGAN

Pres. of Athletic Association '32, '33

Class Treasurer '32, '33

"There is something in that voice that reaches

The innermost recesses of my spirit."

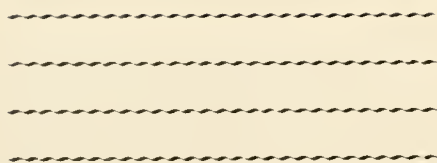


CATHERINE MURPHY

Basketball

Dramatic Society

"Persistent people begin their success where others end in failure."





DOROTHY NEALIS

Athletic Association
Dramatic Society

"Agreement exists in disagreement."



MARIE NORTON

Glee Club
Athletic Association

*"It doth appear you are a worthy
judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound."*





ROSE O'BRIEN

President of Dramatic Society '34
Rec. Sec. of Speakers' Committee '34

*"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely
players."*



MARY O'CONNOR

Dramatic Society
Rifle Squad

"A smile is the whisper of a laugh."



MARY O'DONNELL

U. A. Councilor '31
Dramatic Society

*"If you have built castles in the air,
your work need not be lost. That is
where they should be. Now put
foundations under them."*



ALICE O'REILLY

U. A. Councilor '31, '32, '33
President of U. A. '34

*"Yet I shall temper Justice with mercy,
as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease."*





JOSEPHINE PISANI

Secretary of U. A. '33
President of Speakers' Society '34

*"For even though vanquished she could
argue still."*



MARGARET POWELL

Editor of Handbook
Senior Week Committee

*"The fairest garden in her looks
And in her mind the wisest books."*



DOROTHY PYNE

Senior Prom Committee
Dramatic Society

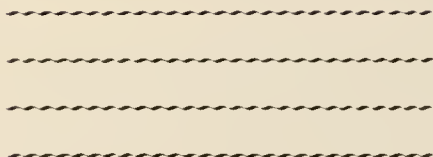
*"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in
woman."*



ADELE QUIGLEY

Junior Week Committee
Senior Week Committee

*"With thee conversing I forget all time
All seasons and their change, all please
alike."*





MARTHE QUINOTTE

Chairman of Religion Committee '34
Loria Board

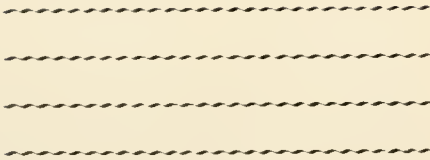
*"O, I see the crescent promise of my
spirit bath not set;
Ancient founts of inspiration well
through all my fancy yet."*



KATHERINE REILLY

Glee Club
Senior Prom Committee

*"Fire in her eyes,
And twilight on her warm dark-wav-
ing hair."*





HELEN RUANE

Social Service
Glee Club

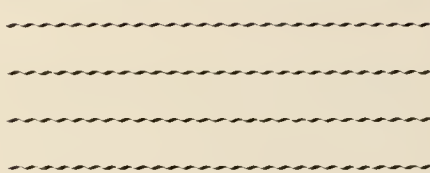
*"A lover of books, but a reader of man,
No cynic and no charlatan,
Who never defers and never demands
But, smiling, takes the world in her
hands."*



ADA SCULLY

Chairman of Senior Prom
Sophomore Basketball Team

*"Too late I stayed. Forgive the crime.
Unbeeded flew the hours."*





GERMAINE SEXTON

Class Secretary '32, '33, '34
Vice President of Dramatic Society '34

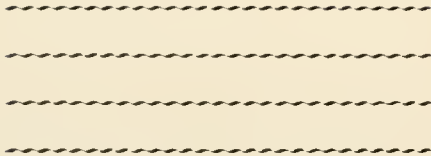
*"Life is a jest, and all things show it.
I thought so once, but now I know it."*

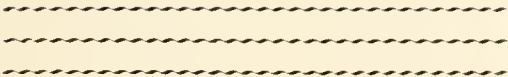


MADELINE SINISCALCHI

French Club
Social Service

*"When I was one and twenty
I heard a wise man say:
Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away."*





MARGARET STEWART

Chairman of Honor System Committee '34

Dramatic Society

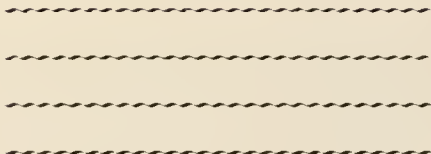
"She carried our honor safe."



KATHRYN SULLIVAN

Senior Week Committee
Captain of Rifle Squad '34

*"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."*





SUSAN SWANTON

President of History Club '34
Loria Board

*"When the leaves in summer time their
color dare not show;
Till that day, please God, I'll stick to
the wearin' o' the green."*

ELLEN WEINFURT

Glee Club
Basketball

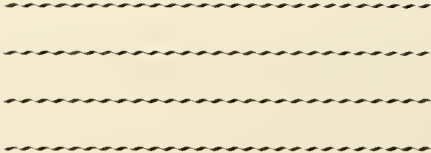
*"Ready to speak if need arise,
Willing to be silent otherwise."*



MARGARET ZEGERS

Glee Club
Dramatic Society

*"The finest compliment that can be
paid to a woman of sense is to ad-
dress her as such."*





SENIOR CLASS

President

DOROTHY DEMPSEY

Vice-President

DOROTHY BURGEN

Secretary

L. GERMAINE SEXTON

Treasurer

MARY DIRIG

IN THE THIRD WEEK of September, 1930, our mothers took us to the "Kollege Korner" of Loesers' and bought us a very collegiate-looking tweed suit, a still more collegiate-looking but very uncomfortable pair of brogue oxfords, a shiny leather notebook, and a new fountain pen and pencil set. Provided with these, we started triumphantly to college that first morning with a song on our lips and hope in our eyes, assured of success. We felt that we could not be anything but successful with that new leather notebook and those new shoes. You see, we were very young—then. At first all went well. The Junior Class gave us a luncheon which we have never since forgotten; the kindness of Eleanor Hennessy and all our Junior sisters makes it memorable.

After that came disaster. We had come into the clutches of the Sophomore Class

and were left to face the enemy alone and unaided. Gone were our new tweed suits and our new shoes. In their place we wore blankets for skirts, the tops to our fathers' pajamas for blouses, burlap bags for shoes, bathing caps for hats, and motormen's gauntlets for gloves. We also carried our books in scrubbing pails. The effect was extremely dainty!

Added to this came other miseries. We were home-sick for high school. We had lost our new fountain pens and used up all the paper in our new notebooks. We had come to realize our complete unimportance in life. Besides that mid-term examinations had come, and for the first time in our lives we saw blue books. (We have seen many of them since.)

The Christmas holidays were preceded by a party in which Santa Claus gave us all presents. We thought it was very nice of him even if we did buy the presents ourselves. It seemed only a few days until we found it was the end of our first semester in college—and we were no longer the newest Freshmen. Very soon we were practising for Commencement, and the first year of our college lives was completed.

It is at this time that a sorrow came to our class which made all the other sorrows seem trivial. Ruth Gallagher, our Freshman President, died in June of that first year; but we still feel that she has traveled through the four years with us in spirit, and that she will always remain in our hearts as a member of the class of 1934.

The Sophomore year started very differently from the Freshman. We were puffed up with our own importance and we decided to do to the Freshmen what had been done to us. By what logic we came to this conclusion, we do not yet know. Scholastically we had become Sophomoric (as one of our teachers calls it) and we thought we were Freuds and Aristotles because we were taking Psychology and History of Education. No problem baffled us. Nothing was too difficult for our Sophomore minds.

The Spring term brought "Ho Ho Horn," the Glee Club show. The French play that year was "Le Barbier de Seville," which is remembered chiefly for its beautiful if shaky balcony. Our Sophomore year was brought to an eventful climax by the charming Commencement Dance to which the Seniors very kindly invited us.

Receiving our Freshman Sisters in our Junior year made us feel very important. The next thrill was getting our rings. We wore our friends out making them say over and over again how beautiful they were and how different they were from any other college rings. In December came the long awaited Junior Prom, of which Lydia Fadrowsky was chairman. We still wear our bracelets, received as favors, in remembrance of a very happy evening. Junior Week, under the chairmanship of Muriel Hottenroth, was another reason why our Junior year is such a happy memory. We especially remember the party given by the Sophomores at which we had all the ice cream we wanted. That June we changed the tassels of our caps to a point directly over our left eyes (a very annoying place for a tassel, incidentally), and as the new Senior Class waited for what our last year would bring.

This last year has passed in an incredibly short time. The thing we remembered most in the Fall term, of course, was the Senior Prom; it was the first dance we had had at a hotel, so we decided that it put the last touch on what we like to call our sophistication. The Spring term was a hectic combination of Ethics classes, pupil teaching and preparations for Commencement. The stress of this was lightened, however, by our dramatic productions and the excellent work of our basketball team. (Not that we want to boast, but we beat Mt. St. Vincent twice this year.) We have spent the rest of the term wondering if we would be lucky enough to be selling pencil sharpeners in Woolworth's or sweeping floors in A. & S.'s next year.

When we look back over our four years, we find almost everything different from what we had expected. But we feel that in spite of all the times we failed in the great things we wanted to do and be, we can end our class history with the same song on our lips and hope in our eyes with which we began it. Because of those very failures, we leave St. Joseph's with perhaps a little wiser song and a little different kind of hope, to make more history for the class of 1934.

DOROTHY KILCOIN '34.

CLASS WILL

WE, the class of '34, being of sound and disposing mind and memory do make, publish and declare this to be our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all Wills by us at any time heretofore made.

First: We direct our executrices hereinafter named to pay our just debts and other expenses as soon after our passing as may be practicable.

Second: We give and bequeath to Father Dillon our remarkable grasp of Roman Law and our novel interpretations of it. Also our splendid record as a class of stupendous, far-seeing individuals.

Third: To Sister Mary John we give and bequeath an automatic gadget which will turn out the lights as soon as everyone has left the locker room.

To the faculty as a whole we give and bequeath our fervent hope that all other classes will have as interesting and comprehensive an approach to thought questions as we have used.

To our History professors we give and bequeath our facility in reading and assimilating "documentary evidence."

To our English professors we give and bequeath not only our entertaining and readable themes, but also our unique reactions to long Victorian novels.

To our Mathematics professors we gratefully give and bequeath our insurmountable difficulty in distinguishing the velocity of a falling body from that of a rising body.

To the French department we give and bequeath the prayerful hope that another class will yield as much comedy relief to the French play.

To our Religion professors we give and bequeath a manual of blank pages as our recommendation for a text-book.

To the Science department we give and bequeath the hope that another class will yield a more lasting appreciation of the importance of science in the vocation of stenography.

To the Education department we give and bequeath all the lesson plans which we failed to turn in on time, together with our comprehensive knowledge of the subject we intend to teach.

To the Registrar we cheerfully give and bequeath all our interests in Plans "A," "B," and "Z" together with our well planned programs, and also a fervent prayer of Thanksgiving that we may no longer quake at mention of them.

To the Library we give and bequeath for what it is worth our invention of a robot who will detect all girls trying to "sneak in" late books.

To Dr. Trunz we give and bequeath as an everlasting token of our regard, our suggestive pronunciation of "ich."

To Miss Oliva we give and bequeath our unqualified promise to entertain her profusely at our future proms.

To Mr. *Kilcoyne* we give a Senior's classic question, to be reverently laid in his memory book: "How can the book say there are more deaths among the poor than among the wealthy, when we know that everybody dies?"

To Mr. *Van Ormer* we give and bequeath for future reference a bound copy of the sayings of Woodworth, Cubberly and Thorndyke.

To *Father Fitzgibbon* we give back the categories of Kant, with many thanks, for we could not use them.

Fourth: To the Juniors we give and bequeath an earnest exhortation to fill our shoes effectively but not to stretch the toes.

Fifth: To the Sophomores, our dear sisters, we give and bequeath an example of diligent attention to duty unmarred by any frivolity, together with our love.

Sixth: To the Freshmen we give and bequeath the caution that it would be advisable to imitate our alert and military entrance to "G. A."

Seventh: To the entire Student Body we give all the money we have paid for late library books: also our books and gym suits confined to the pound these many years.

Eighth: We hereby nominate, constitute and appoint our sister class to be executrices under this Our last Will and Testament with the same full power to sell, lease, transfer or convey any real property of which we may be seized or possessed as we might exercise were we here and personally acting.

In Witness Whereof, We have hereunto set our hand and affixed our seal this fifth day of June, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-four.

Class of '34

Signed, Sealed, Published and Declared by class of '34, the testators, as and for their last Will and Testament, to the presence of us who, at their request, and in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names:

1. THREE LITTLE PIGS

Address: Any radio.

2. BIG BAD WOLF

Address: Ditto.

M. HARRON



HAZING A LA CLASS OF '34

RAW and untried though we were when we entered, we had heard of the dreadful hazing to which we would be subjected on entrance. Imagine then our delight, when we were not only royally entertained by the Juniors but apparently tolerated by all other classes. Our joy was short-lived.

Came Friday "G. A." and a terrifying letter delivered with proper intonations by the Soph president. We quaked, shuddered and giggled when she announced in sepulchral tones that she would meet us "immediately after G. A." She came, robed in her black and stately gown, and read a series of directions which left us breathless. Appropriate punishments she intimated would be meted out to those who failed in them. They read somewhat as follows:

1. Bring a man's pajama coat as a blouse.
2. A blanket for a skirt.
3. A green bathing cap and a yard of yellow ribbon.
4. A whiskbroom attached by a rope to a hot-water bottle.
5. A green and yellow towel as a scarf, and a clothes-line belt.
6. Two potato bags trimmed with green ribbon.
7. Lunch for at least two.
8. Last, and crowning indignity, a scrubbing pail for books. We were to appear, if I remember rightly, at eight o'clock Monday morning.

Fulton Street and Woolworth's were alive on Saturday afternoon with the frantic members of the class of '34. Some of us dared to buy toy whiskbrooms and hot-water bottles instead of life-sized ones (and were thoroughly punished later, of course). The problem of obtaining a green and yellow towel was horribly perplexing. Some solved it by purchasing face cloths and sewing them together; others made a very poor job of dyeing white ones, but everyone found some solution.

On Monday morning, Clinton Avenue must have been startled, to say the least, to see streams of girls from every part of Brooklyn, Long Island and Manhattan pass down its hallowed walks loaded with ill-disguised scrubbing pails. Some, indeed, brought beer pails which were even more suggestive. I do not think anyone will forget the tiny can Anne Connolly carried, which looked lost without its obviously appropriate "pint."

As we dressed in our atrocious costumes, we were hounded by Sophs with severe and humorless faces. If we dared laugh, as, of course, we had to, at the unorthodox pictures we presented, we were silenced in a moment. Having

dressed, we were marched, a ragged and fantastic group, through lines of grinning girls, to the cafeteria. There we were presented with placards bearing our hazing names—delightful ones like “Apple Blossom,” “Ophelia Pulse,” “Carrie McCann” were given respectively to Dot Burgen, Lorrie Ansbros, and Agnes Brown. We were then led before a group of “artists” who liberally spattered our clean and wholesome faces with lipstick and arranged our hair by tearing holes in the caps, drawing the hair through and tying it with ribbons. Consequently, from the neck up we looked like devils and from the neck down like—well, I would rather not say.

Thereafter at every free hour, including lunch, we were kept in the cafeteria to entertain the Sophs and all others desiring to attend. Two tables were placed along the wall to serve as a stage. At these, Margaret Stewart, “Rash,” was seated to act as pianist. This she did with gusto and charm, despite the fact that not one musical note smote our listening ears. At various times—in fact so often that we knew her by no other name—Lydia Fadrowsky rendered in a serious and earnest tone, “Go Home and Tell Your Mother.” Her intent expression was delightfully enhanced by her lipstick, streaked cheeks and “good looking” outfit. Another girl was ordered to sing the “Kiss Waltz,” but only using “whiffle—whiffle—whiffle——” as words. Try the effect yourself. Mary Friel, a tiny thing, was labelled “The Fearful Seven” and interpreted “I Wonder What’s Become of Sally,” at every opportunity. Margaret Merrill, as “Athlete’s foot,” gave a touching talk on how the dread disease kept her out of the Daisy Chain.

Perhaps the most amusing “Act” was the “Chant of the Jungle.” Please remember that during all these ridiculous antics, every smile of ours was greeted with a curt, “Wipe that grin off your face, Freshie.” In the “Chant” I especially remember Rose Keegan crawling along the floor, between chairs and under tables, as a snake. Punishment consisted of one of three things:

1. Kneeling face to the wall.
2. Having a pail placed on our heads (It was here and in the 3rd that the beer pails were inadequate).
3. Being forced to sit in a pail, frequently with disastrous and ludicrous results.

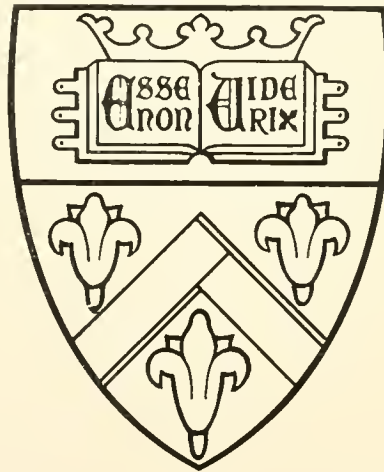
I nearly forgot the Theme of the entire proceedings. A song, it was, to be sung with a “kindergartenish” rhythm and accompanied by a deep salaaming effect. The song I give you boldly without any extenuating explanation.

*“We are the Class of ’34
Our heads are as an oak door
All the geniuses must be
In the Class of ’33.*

On the last day we were forced to bring hard-boiled eggs which we were ordered to "lay" in the most conspicuous places in the school, to the accompaniments of a raucous cackle. Finally, we were blindfolded and led through the corridors, filled with gaping girls, to the auditorium's stage and again made to entertain. The last of the entertainment was the end of these seemingly endless days. Conceive then our disgust when, after days of cruel and inhuman treatment, the Sophs dared to "cheer for the Freshmen—because they are so fine."

Hazing, that jumble of giggles and punishment, beer pails and hot-water bottles, ribbons and gunny sacks, salaams and egg-layings, will remain clear in our memories, long after Latin and Greek and Math have fled into the unknown and unremembered.

M. HARRON





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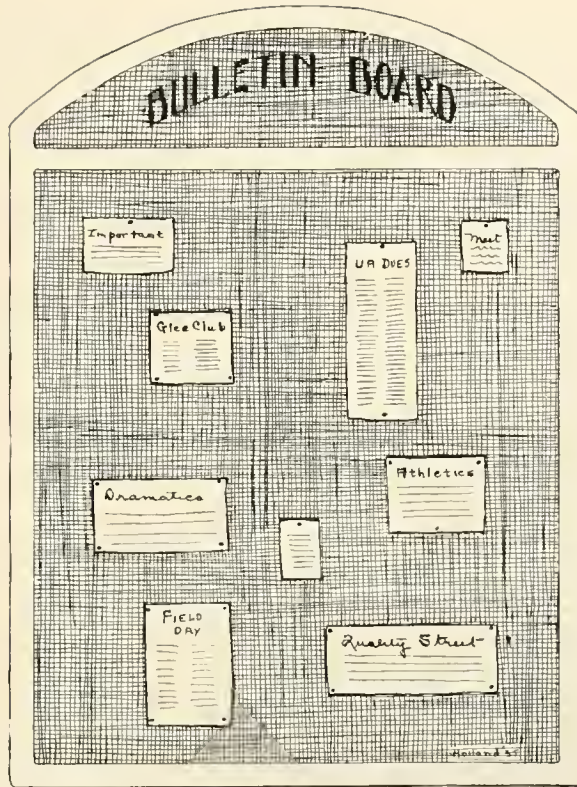
SOPHOMORE CLASS





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PRESENTATION, *Quality Street*,
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LITERARY

THE POETRY OF THE TEMPEST
"DID YOU HEAR?"
HONORÉ DAUMIER
"TEA, AS USUAL"
"A SLEEP AND A FORGETTING"

Kathleen Sheehan, '35
Dorothy Kilcoin, '34
Marthe Quinotte, '34
Dorothy Dempsey, '34
Mary Doyle, '34

THE POETRY OF THE TEMPEST

IN *The Tempest*, Shakespeare reaches the zenith of unrivalled poetic expression with his strange power of imagery, his mastery of all the tones of emotion and his exquisite touches upon the shores of infinity. Those individual characteristics that had made his former plays masterpieces were held, as if in solution, by this alchemist-poet until his production of *The Tempest* when he crystallized them into one emanation of great light. Not only do the lines sing themselves into our consciousness but even the story is "divine madness." It is the work of one who creates and does not copy; of one who is an idealist, not a realist. For the fullest interpretation of the intricacies of this delightful, disarming story, the poet pleads for the application of all our intellectual powers. He begs us to cast aside the enchaining bond of the literal word and exist in the plenitude of pure thought. He says:

*"Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
Let your indulgence set me free."*

Essentially, he is not a man of experience; he is a man of inspiration pleading for understanding. We must take upon ourselves the faith of a little child and play make-believe with Ariel, but we must be wise enough to discern, beneath this gayness, the clear, swift-flowing current of a mighty theme.

With the artist's sensitive insight, he divines innumerable comparisons. His prolific mind is forever seeking to present his subject to a rarer light. The very essence of things shines through his words, as sun-colored pebbles shine through clear water. Miranda's eye-lashes are "fringed curtains," grief that draws pain and age upon a face is "beauty's canker," modesty is the peerless Miranda's "dower." "Deeper than e'er plummet sounded" his perception goes far into the very depths of similitude and in the realm of delicate relationships he reigns supreme. The advice and comfort Prospero gives to Ferdinand is crowned by this loftiest of concepts:

*"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."*

The music of *The Tempest* is as deeply imbedded into its substance as are the utterances of its characters. Music forms a suitable background for the magic and airiness of its theme, for even as other plays need forceful words, so this play needs subtle music. Its action is set to music and its songs advance the story. The very nature of the ideal life of "the isle full of noises, sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not" demands a setting that can be expressed in the freedom of singing. Ariel, a thing of beauty, invisibly flying and

singing, invites Ferdinand to come into the yellow sands and silently kiss the wild waves. All of his songs throb to the dancing rhythm of his restless spirit. He is the embodiment of music—the substance that seems to live in the notes and causes them to vibrate on the air. One can almost see him dance as he sings:

*"Foot it featly, here and there;
And sweet sprites, the burthen bear";*

the very beat of dancing pulsates in the lines. As the messenger of Prospero, he is the connecting link between this master of magic and the outside world. He explains the voyagers' miraculously preserved appearance, even after their fearful experience in the sea, to intensify the ever-growing impression of Prospero's strangeness:

*"Those are pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."*

When Prospero is about to set Ariel free, Ariel bursts forth into a song of gladness:

*"Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."*

Here in a few short phrases is joyous motion and the unrestrained merriment of a dance. There are two who are the antithesis of Ariel—the substantial Stephano and the earthly Caliban. Stephano introduces himself with a rough, sea-going ditty and the elemental monster sets in motion the beat to be found in savage, wild chanting:

*"'Ban, 'Ban Cacaliban
Has a new master:—get a new man."*

The loftiest expressions of the play are in poetry; these earthly creatures speak in prose. In this play Shakespeare studied his characters minutely and placed upon their lips the musical utterances that would best express them.

The beauty of much of the poetry lies in its great suggestive power rather than in any expressed concept. From this inexhaustible source of fancy we are able to take away diverse and delightful images from a single statement. Ariel's little song "Where the bee sucks," is a complete autobiography in a short space. We see Ariel as a skyey altogether creature, seeking sustenance at the blossoming line tree of the bee, couching in a flower or sailing on a bat's wing at night-fall, forever untouchable, eternally free. He is a pure spirit, the personification of intellect, every-winged, never to leave the sky. Again, from the prosaic

conversation of the ship-wrecked men, we glimpse Prospero's magic. Gonzalo says: "Our garments—hold their freshness—being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water." Surely this is not a natural occurrence and from so few words we build a complete mental picture of this island's magic. When Prospero frees Ferdinand and gives Miranda to him, he says: "I have given you a third of mine own life." Prospero regards himself, his dead wife and his daughter, Miranda, as a complete unit. He himself does not exist as an entity; he is a part of the other two. To take away any part is to lessen the perfection of the whole. Thus Shakespeare, with the power of condensation so necessary to the artist, discloses vast realms of thought in careful, concise phrases.

Shakespeare, the recording angel of all time, strangely mingles laughter and tears. *Sunt lacrimae rerum*. But on the very ledge of sorrow, he plants a hope. When the ship is foundering, Gonzalo says of a sailor: "Methinks he has no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows." This is a brave touch of humor. And the play itself lingers between gladness and despair. The bard sublime can so mix his ingredients that the result savors of truth. To quote Hazlitt: "His plays are expressions of passions—not descriptions of them."

The world's greatest poetry has in it a quality that links it with the divine and "like to the lark at the break of day arising" it soars as if on wings. It is that—its upward flight—that causes men to reach after it and yearn for its pure beauty of perfection. The poets of the ages ask men to look beyond the earth and see the stars and surely this, their message, is as important as their manner of singing. The author of *The Tempest* is a great poet and he, too, has a message beautifully interwoven in phantasy.

Prospero is the embodiment of intellectual things. He is portrayed as some high personage possessing great power and in the very beginning we learn of its cause:

*"Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom."*

Opposed to him is Caliban, the sensual creature, whom he conquers and makes his servant. Delicate Ariel is as the desire for knowledge enticing the earth-born to the inner shrine. And Miranda, "the wonder," is the reward of effort—the silver bride of him admitted. When Ferdinand first sees Miranda, he wishes to take her unto himself to possess her completely and forever. But Miranda is not an ordinary bride or why should Prospero impose such harsh measures for access upon Ferdinand? He says:

*"This swift business
I must uneasy make lest too light winning
Make the prize light."*

So Ferdinand does Prospero's bidding and reflects:

*"The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And makes my labours pleasures."*

It is significant that we see Ferdinand, the favored one, in the sacred cell of Prospero whereas the rest of the voyagers are merely invited to it. But Stephano and his friends can never enter the *sanctum sanctorum* because they are the earthborn who do not try to touch the sky. Without any effort, Stephano wants the sweet isle "where I shall have my music for nothing." And thus we have the perfect climax: the initiate tested and received, the peerless prize favorably bestowed.

The Tempest presents the unfolding of an epic theme—the struggle and achievement of a creature striving for his ideal. The sensual lower passions are suppressed and the lamp of pure intellect shines unobstructed. Shakespeare's story is as old as the world is old. There is embodied in most of the religions of the world a creature's thirst for perfection and his struggle to attain it. This theme, then, places before us the end and answer to all living—the leading of a soul from darkness into light. With it the poetry of Shakespeare reaches its heights.

KATHLEEN SHEEHAN, '35



"DID YOU HEAR?"

I FIRST MET Johnny last summer at our fraternity boathouse. He used to hire canoes there sometimes. That day there was only one canoe left. First we were going to toss a coin for it, but he suggested we take our day's trip together. Though I had reason to regret it, I cannot help admitting that it was one of the pleasantest days I have ever spent. He told me he was twenty-six, though I had thought he looked much younger. He said that he had been around the world five times as a cabin boy, that he had a twin brother, that he had been arrested seven times, that he had won the tennis championship at some tournament in Paris, that his father, who had died a few months before, had been one of the Morgan partners, that he had had a book of poems published (by the way, he offered to give me an autographed copy), that he owned several dog kennels in different parts of New York State, and a hundred other things that I have since forgotten. He told me all this so vividly and in such a frank way, telling me both good and bad incidents in his life, that it never occurred to me to doubt him.

It was not until I innocently happened to mention Johnny's twin brother to some of the boys at the boathouse, that I realized I had been taken for a ride. My fraternity brothers rocked with laughter. It was quite some minutes before one of them had recovered sufficiently to say, "Johnny is at it again. So it's a twin brother now. Well, he certainly has imagination enough for himself and somebody else. Don't you know that Johnny is the only child in the world his dear mama and dad have?"

"His dad?" I demanded incredulously. "He told me his father was dead." They all began to roar again, so I gathered that his worthy sire was very much alive. I did not press the point any further, but I began to have more than vague suspicions about that autographed copy of his poems that I was to receive. Oddly enough, though, I did not hold it against him for having made me an object of ridicule to my fraternity. That was one of Johnny's miraculous qualities, to make himself liked, to stay being liked, in spite of everything. I became very friendly with him and we went on many canoe trips together all summer.

At first he was a continuous source of amusement to me because he always kept me guessing. I never knew whether what he was telling me was true, or merely a creation of his vivid imagination. By the time he finished telling some of his stories, I could see that he really believed them himself. Sometimes, however, he involved himself and me, also, in most embarrassing predicaments.

Johnny started all his tales with a very enthusiastic, "Did you hear?" Then I knew that he forgot he was Johnny and had become anybody from Napoleon's descendant to Lindbergh's long-lost brother. It was a funny complex he had, because he was nearly always caught; but that didn't seem to bother him in the least. And yet he had graduated with honors from college that year and had even won a fellowship which he had refused. I found this out from somebody else. He would never be bothered telling me a thing like that because it

had really happened. He circulated wild stories about me which made me unable to recognize myself. Strange to say, the stories he told about other people, and me especially, were always flattering. His parents were continually embarrassed when friends congratulated them on their son's winning the swimming or the chess championship. He had the police on his trail for months for a false report of burglary that he had given.

One day, reality came to Johnny. He had been going around with some girl named Eileen for a couple of months. He had given her an even more exciting history of himself than he had given me. He had stopped being Lindbergh's brother and had become everything from an Arctic explorer to a Russian exile. Then, just for the sake of being dramatic and telling a good story, he asked her to marry him and bought her an engagement ring—which I paid for, incidentally. He had no more intention of marrying her than he ever had of telling the truth. The day was drawing near for the wedding which he had planned in one of his moments of exhilaration!

He came to me frantically one morning at about half-past six and demanded that I help him. I wasn't any too sympathetic, I guess, because I was getting a little bit tired of his scrapes. Besides that, I was very sleepy. So I suggested that he just leave town for a while and leave Eileen a note saying he was dead or something like that. He was highly indignant! He was surprised that I would suggest that he do such an untruthful thing. He couldn't understand at all why I laughed. My next suggestion was that he marry Eileen. But he informed me that he had pawned the engagement ring which he had taken from her to have adjusted. Besides that, I could see that he had no intention of marrying anybody. My resistance was worn down by this time, so I agreed to try to help him. It seemed that whatever happened I was to leave Eileen with "a good impression and a tender memory."

I got the engagement ring out of the pawn shop and went to see her that night. I explained to her, in as tactful a way as possible, that Johnny had been a little untruthful about his age to her in order that he might win her more easily, and that being only twenty, he could not marry without his parents' consent which they would not give. Eileen did not interrupt me while I was speaking, but when I had finished she said very quietly, "Yes, I know he's been lying to me ever since I first saw him. I guessed it weeks ago." So I gave her back the engagement ring, but the speech I was supposed to have made about the tender memory stuck in my throat. I was spared the trouble though, because to my utter amazement, as I was leaving she said, "I'll always remember Johnny; he was a swell kid."

Although I was thoroughly disgusted with being Johnny's go-between, I met him at the club late that night to tell him what had happened. His relief was so great that it was almost funny. We stood together looking at the river out the boathouse window for a while. Then he said, "I'll never, never tell another lie or make up another story again."

I congratulated him and told him how glad I was. A crowd of the boys came in then and I got separated from him. A little while later I went out on the dock to look at my canoe, and I heard Johnny saying to a newcomer at the club, "Did you hear how I——?"

DOROTHY KILCOIN, '34



THE THIRD CLASS CARRIAGE

Courtesy of METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

HONORÉ DAUMIER

“IL FAUT ÊTRE DE SON TEMPS” is a phrase which eminently characterizes the man Daumier and his work. He turned his back deliberately upon the Lorraine landscape and lifted more than an eyebrow at the pseudo-classic painters of his day. With the loud sounds of a trumpet he proclaimed the coming of an age of realism and impressionism. Possessing the keenness of a transition poet who has sifted the good from the past and has a prophetic touch of what is to come, Daumier made himself great. His unfailing interest was the intimate study of human nature. He too realized that “the proper study of mankind is man.” Fortunately he had both the courage and the ability to see the stupidity under the polished surface of the human and to reveal true nature,

sometimes with the most devastating results. He watches a man and his wife drinking soup in the sweetest of harmonies. A crooked smile illuminates his face and then almost laughing aloud he takes up his pen and immortalizes the homely scene forever. He is like a child who, after long hours of diligent search, has come upon a lovely shell. Daumier, after long hours of patient watch, has come upon the naked soul. With the sweeping lines of a fevered pencil he exaggerates, hoping that the glaring light will show the fault so great that we will feel the futility of our stupid ambitions. No one escapes. The noble lady who believes herself another Sappho is cruelly exposed by this Molière of line—the professional smile of two rival lawyers who congratulate each other speaks of much that is far beneath the surface. In the stolid picture a French peasant and his wife, fat and aproned souls, smile with the proudness of nouveau riche upon their land so near Paris.

With the strength of a great symbolist he lays utterly bare the false values and the hypocrisy of the middle class. In a clever etching of an audience at a concert he shows lorgnetted women greedily taking in dress details. Pitilessly, he depicts successful business men nodding, ears closed to the music. Certainly no audience, however bad, was so completely inattentive. But he shows himself truly, as the French poet Baudelaire said of him, "a lemon tyrannical." He shows the greed of the bourgeois; he lays bare the falsity of fat politicians and the intolerance of the government. He believes the bourgeois to be so typical of the human race that even his goddesses wear bourgeois heads.

Daumier's portraiture displays, as never before, the poverty of spirit and the vices of the mind. His caricature is formidable but it is without malice. He stings his subjects, as the master flogs the schoolboy, hoping fondly that this means will justify the end. The energy with which he paints the evil proves the beauty of his soul. It is with the high idealism of the new reformers that he youthfully sweeps all before him. Each piece of work is polished until it is like a shining bit of fire. He is sincere in his criticism of the evil of politics but he still has faith in the beauty of maternity.

His *Third Class Carriage* is wonderful in its humanity. The roundness of the infants unconscious yet of their sordid surroundings, the stupid naïveté of their fat mothers and the struggle and tiredness in their fathers are Daumier's message to the Paris public. "Here, I will shock you out of your smugness." And he did. All is addressed to the Frenchman for Daumier knows him perfectly and is hopefully confident of his own influence over him. He avoids with care that which will not appeal to the French public. His daily contributions to the *Nouvelles Littéraires* were acclaimed loudly. The flail was stinging but they delighted in it. His long finger pointed at the "Blue Stockings," did much towards the eventual disappearance of those hypocrites. There is in him, however, an independence which is typical of the moderns. He refuses to be chic. He avoids what is expected of him and delights in shocking. His humor is involuntary and escapes almost without his knowing it.

In his knowledge of his age, his ridicule and his hope for it, this Michael Angelo of caricature truly was "de son temps."

MARTHE QUINOTTE, '34

TEA, AS USUAL

GRANDMOTHER, MRS. PHILIP ROY GRANTLEY. Aristocratic, white-haired, proud of family, 70, walks with aid of silver-headed cane, dressed in black silk dress with lace collar.

PHILIP ROY GRANTLEY IV—her grandson, twenty-two, refined-looking, energetic.

PRISCILLA GRANTLEY—pretty, earnest, idealistic, twenty, dressed in a smart yet somber afternoon dress.

HOBBS—elderly, reserved butler.

ANNI MEREDITH—about 70, small, inclined to stoutness, sweet, old-fashioned small black hat on head, light summer black coat, carries her knitting in a large black bag.

TIM: *between three and four of an afternoon in the early part of June. At the beginning of the play the sun seems to be shining outside, if one may judge from the light showing behind the draperies on the window. As the play progresses, the light gradually changes from the rosy shade to a somber gray so that the room is almost dusk.*

As the curtain rises, Mrs. Grantley is sitting in the wing chair and Miss Meredith is sitting in the chair on the right of the audience. Miss Meredith is knitting placidly. Both are silent—the silence of perfect understanding between two old friends.

MISS MEREDITH: I saw the children this morning, Alice. Philip has grown to be a fine man, hasn't he? And Priscilla is charming.

MRS. GRANTLEY (*smiles contentedly*): They're everything one could expect, Anne. I've tried so hard to give them everything a Grantley should have.

MISS MEREDITH (*stops knitting for a minute and looks up*): I know, Alice. And it hasn't been easy, has it?

MRS. GRANTLEY: Oh, but it's been worth everything, Anne. They're all I have left, you know.

MISS MEREDITH: You should be so proud, Alice.

MRS. GRANTLEY: I'm happy, Anne, that God has spared me to see them develop into such fine Grantleys.

MISS MEREDITH: They'll be going to Europe?

MRS. GRANTLEY: Yes.

MISS MEREDITH (*looking at her sympathetically*): How can you do that?

MRS. GRANTLEY: Oh, I'll manage somehow.

MISS MEREDITH: Alice, don't you think you ought to tell Philip and Priscilla about the state of your finances? They're grown up now, you know, and are ready for responsibility. They could give so much assistance.

MRS. GRANTLEY: I know, Anne, but they must have this year in Europe. I must give them a well rounded education. They must go to Europe and enjoy the culture there without any financial worries. This I feel is part of my very duty to them.

MISS MEREDITH: I didn't think you'd tell them. Well, I admire you, Alice, but I think you're doing the wrong thing.

MRS. GRANTLEY: Perhaps so, Anne,—but it seems right to me.

(*Clock strikes 3:30*)

MISS MEREDITH: Oh, my, half-past three already—I must be going. (*Rises, goes over, and kisses Mrs. Grantley on the forehead.*) Do what you think best, dear. But I do wish you'd change your mind.

MRS. GRANTLEY: Thank you for your interest, Anne, but I know I'm doing what's right. (*Rings the bell on the table on her left hand; Hobbes appears.*) Miss Meredith is leaving, Hobbes.

MISS MEREDITH: Good-bye, Alice.

MRS. GRANTLEY: Good-bye, Anne.

(*Hobbes and Miss Meredith leave by the rear right exit. Mrs. Grantley sits in her chair, thinking and smiling a little for a minute, then gets up slowly and walks with the aid of a cane through the door on the left. A second later, Priscilla appears in the door at the*

right backstage and looks anxiously about the room. She looks back into the hall and then walks thoughtfully across the room and sits down on the couch. She leans forward and stares at the floor. Her pretty face is set in thoughtful determined lines.)

PHILIP: What's up, Sis? Hobbes said you had something important to say to me, though what important thing you could dig up in this dead place is beyond me.

PRISCILLA: Sit down, Phil. *(He sinks into the chair on the left.)* I want to talk to you—about this dead place.

PHIL: Well, what about it? I'm sticking to it for a year as you made me promise after graduation. But I'm telling you, it's not making me love these ancestral halls a speck more.

PRISCILLA: Philip, I release you from that promise.

PHIL *(sitting up straight)*: You release me? Why, Cilla, why the sudden change?

PRISCILLA: It's not sudden, Phil. I've been thinking about it ever since I went to college. Little by little I've come to realize what an aimless sheltered life we've been leading under Grandmother's guidance according to Grantley traditions. There are so many worth-while things to be done outside and we won't even know about them if we continue this existence. It's reached the point where I just can't stand it any longer. I've had a job offered me at the clinic and I'm accepting it.

PHIL: Why, Cilla, you know I've been dying to break away. I tried to make you realize that last year.

PRISCILLA: I know. But I couldn't quite realize then the truth of what you were saying. This last year at the college, watching people meet real problems and surmount them, seeing girls working their way successfully, has brought home to me how impossible this routine is.

PHIL *(enthusiastically)*: Good girl, Cilla, I've been planning ever since you had me make that fool promise just what I'd do when I was free. I'm heading for New York to try my luck at newspaper work—to live a life that's full of excitement and thrills and real hard work. *(More seriously.)* But when will we tell Grandmother?

PRISCILLA: I've planned to do it this afternoon. Then we can make the 5:30 train out of here. *(Gets up as she talks and walks back and forth across front of stage. Phil watches her sympathetically.)* I can't spend another day in this house—up at seven, breakfast at eight, lunch at one, tea at 4:15, dinner at seven, retire at ten, card parties, visits, bazaars, everything as usual, the same old thing day in and day out, year in and year out. I can't stand it any longer. *(Buries her head in her arms.)*

PHIL *(rises and puts his arm around her)*: Take it easy, sis. *(Leads her to sofa and sits on arm of it himself. His hand still rests on her shoulder.)* We'd better go lightly with Grandmother. After all, her routine and family ideals mean everything to her. *(Clock chimes four o'clock.)* Pull yourself together. Grandmother will be here any minute. *(Priscilla, sitting on the edge of the couch, tries to compose herself. As Grandmother appears at the door Phil rises, goes to her, and assists her to the winged chair. She thrusts the footstool aside with her cane before she sits down.)*

GRANDMOTHER: Good afternoon, dears. Rather cool weather for this time of year, isn't it. *(After getting settled notices Priscilla.)* What's the matter, Priscilla? You look rather pale. Did you go for your walk this afternoon, dear?

PRISCILLA *(in restrained tone)*: Yes, Grandmother, I walked to the village and back.

GRANDMOTHER: And a very pleasant walk that is. Many a time I've walked it on just such a day. Often with your late Grandfather, God rest his soul. *(Turns toward portrait over the fireplace. Sighs. Then turns back.)* And you, Philip, did you visit the rectory as I asked you?

PHIL: Yes, Grandmother. The new rector says he will be glad to comply with your request.

GRANDMOTHER: A fine man, Mr. Crothers. He is so grateful for suggestions as to how the church has always been managed. But then the Grantleys would never tolerate an upstart. *(She settles back comfortably.)* And now, before tea is served, I want to discuss with both of you plans for the coming year. Now that Priscilla has been graduated from

college both of you will, of course, make the tour of Europe. When would you suggest starting, Priscilla? I suggest the end of June. You know, of course, that all Grantleys always start for Europe the end of June.

PRISCILLA (*calmly and earnestly*): I'm sorry, Grandmother. I'm not going.

GRANDMOTHER (*leaning forward and looking anxiously at her*): Not going? Why, Priscilla, dear, what is the matter? Are you ill? Perhaps you've been working too hard.

PHIL: No, Grandmother, she isn't ill. I'm not going either. We wanted to tell you as gently as possible. We're cutting loose from the Grantley traditions. We're going out on our own.

GRANDMOTHER: Why, children, children. (*Looking from one to the other in a puzzled way.*) I don't understand—not going to Europe? Why, every Grantley has gone to Europe after graduation—your father, your uncles, your grandfather. (*Face brightens.*) You're joking, you young people are trying to tease me. (*Looks hopefully from one to the other.*)

(*Phil stares at the floor. Priscilla goes over to her Grandmother, sits on the footstool and takes her hand.*)

PRISCILLA: No, Grandmother, we're not teasing. We've never been more serious. Philip and I are of a new generation. We're young and we're energetic—we want to do something worth while—not follow the same pattern of past generations.

PHIL: Yes, Grandmother. We want to be individuals, not replicas of every Grantley that has ever lived. We want to make a name for ourselves.

GRANDMOTHER (*bewildered*): Go out into the world? Working like a common laborer? To make a name? No, I'm afraid I don't understand. (*Looks at them pleadingly.*) Don't the traditions of the family mean anything to you?

PRISCILLA: Yes, Grandmother, but not as a working plan for life. We want to work out our futures independently.

GRANDMOTHER (*unbelievingly*): But go out into the world—forsake the home that has sheltered you?

PHIL: Yes, Grandmother, that will have to be a part of it. Perhaps some day, when we've earned the right, we'll come back again. But it will be different then. We may not have so perfect a life but, at least, it will be of our own making.

PRISCILLA: Try and look at it that way, Grandmother. I must pack. (*Kisses Grandmother on forehead and hurries out.*)

PHIL: And I must too. We're leaving this afternoon. (*Picks up his Grandmother's hand, which has been resting on the arm of the chair, and kisses it.*) You're a grand lady, Grandmother. Some day you will know that we've done the right thing. (*He goes out.*)

HOBBS (*appears in door and advances halfway down stage*): Will you have your tea now, Madam? (*Mrs. Grantley is staring straight ahead. Hobbs advances nearer, gives a little cough, and then says, slightly louder*): Will you have your tea now, Madam?

MRS. GRANTLEY (*in an empty tone, still staring*): Yes, Hobbes, tea, as usual.

DOROTHY DEMPSEY, '34.

"A SLEEP AND A FORGETTING"

I LIVED here a long time. I left the place years ago. And it looks the same now as it did then. Only cities change. The little town nestles into the earth and partakes of its warmth. But cities sprawl like a long-legged boy in a chair.

My town is the same. So let us turn back the years, the long years. . . .

I am eight, and I am big for my age. I live in the brown house next to the church. The house is brown with age, and the paint is scaling in curling rolls from the sides. And inside, the wall-paper is colored yellow, like cheese. That is important, remember that. It is all the same color because it is the cheapest that Mr. Barnes, the store-keeper, sells and my father couldn't afford any other color. And even then Mr. Barnes told my father that it was a special rate, just because he was an old customer of his. My father wagged his head as he always did, and said he would buy it. I know, because I was there. When my father brought the wall-paper home and showed it to my mother she cried. She said it was horrible, and couldn't stand looking at it. My father twisted his hands and looked down at her crying over the back of a chair. When he spoke I was frightened and ran into the next room. His voice sounded as if he had been hurt and wounded in his heart. I don't remember what happened when I came in the kitchen afterwards, because I had forgotten about the wall-paper. Whenever I went in the dining-room I always saw the picture of General Grant staring at me. And that made me think of war. Then I used to get out my battered soldiers that I got for Christmas the year before last, and play war. So, when I came into the kitchen the next time, I had forgotten all about it. And the next day the yellow wall-paper was being put on the walls by my father.

My father can do anything. He is a carpenter by trade, but he can paint when there isn't any carpenter work, or lay a stone wall, or cultivate a garden, or work in a potato field. He is a handy man. That is what they call him in the town. Once my mother spoke sharply to my father for letting himself be called that. She said that it was derogatory to his character. He shrugged his shoulders as he always did, and looked at the floor. And I saw my mother's lips tremble and work, and tears came in her eyes. My father saw the tears too, and he put his hand on her arm, and smiled. My mother looked down a moment and when she raised her eyes she smiled through her tears, but the smile was blurred and twisted.

My mother is like that. She cries often. It doesn't take much to make her cry. She is little in body, too, and sometimes she shakes when she is crying. When she presses me to herself, as she often does, I can tell how thin she is. She isn't fat like Mrs. Bayne, who lives next door, or Mrs. Ferrell, the judge's wife. But I wouldn't want to be clasped to their breasts. They would smother me.

I have just come home from school. I haven't gone into the house yet. The sun is warm, and the trees float on the breeze, and so I am staying outside. And yes, I am afraid to go inside. My mother can read my eyes, she would see what had happened. I talked back to the teacher; and she had to punish me. She sent me to the back of the room and had me look out the window. I couldn't move either, and I had to stay there for an hour and a half. My mother can tell when something is wrong, and I am afraid to go inside. If I stay outside perhaps she won't see me, and she may go away later, or my father will go in and I will follow him.

She is looking out the window and I cannot move away, because I see her. Now she sees me and taps on the window for me to come in. I nod my head and walk very slowly, oh, so slowly, toward the brown door.

As I go in the kitchen door, I keep my head down, and now I have tripped over the rug near the door. I look up, and my mother is turning around. Why hadn't I taken

care? Now she will surely know. My mother is speaking to me: "Please pick your feet up when you come in the house, Edward." And she is about to turn her eyes back to the pan of potatoes when she sees my glance, full of hope and shame. Now I look into the corner of the room and my face grows red as fire.

My mother stares at me, and when I raise my eyes I look into her face below mine. She kneels, clutching my body to her own, pressing me to her thinness. Suddenly I see how thin her wrist is, and the sleeves of her dress hang loose about her arms. She seeks my eyes with questions. I cannot look away.

"What has happened, Edward? What did you do?"

"I talked back to Miss Glenn, mother." I speak firmly, but I look at the checkered linoleum floor. I can feel her hands tighten over my arms quickly when I say that.

"Talked back! Why, Miss Glenn told me you were the quietest boy in the whole room and the most well-behaved. That's not like you, at all."

Somehow my tongue is caught in my jaws, and I cannot answer. I feel a flood of hot blood go to my head. At last I find my voice. "It wasn't my fault, mother. Miss Glenn said I was talking to Mary Ferrell, and I wasn't, wasn't, wasn't at all. . . ." My words stumble over each other, and now I feel the pressure of her hand, and I stop abruptly. I speak more slowly. "Miss Glenn couldn't see because her back was to our row. I wasn't talking to Mary; it was Georgie Starr and Ben Thomas that sit in the next row to us. And I told Miss Glenn that we hadn't talked. She asked who it was then, and I wouldn't tell her, and she sent me to the back of the room to stand for over an hour alone." Now my mother is standing, and she passes her hand over her face, and I think she sways as she stands. But no, now she is straight and smiles on me.

"You were right, Edward. Never admit you are wrong when you aren't. That is cowardly. Do as you please—that is the only brave thing, and admit you did the things you really did do. But never those that you didn't. I wish I had done as I pleased. . . ." My mother had been talking, but I hadn't understood what she said. For, while she was talking, I had seen one of my battered soldiers lying under the black and shiny stove. I had been playing with them last night beside the stove when Mrs. Bayne came in, and in the torrent of talk and excitement that she always cast around her, I must have forgotten that soldier. And he was the captain.

Then in the midst of what she is saying, my mother coughs. The spasm seems to grip her vitals, and, as she shakes under the effect, it sounds hollow and deep. She grasps the edge of the table to steady herself, and bends quivering over its top. I catch her dress, and speak to her.

"What's the matter, mother? Can't you stop coughing?" But she does not answer, and I grow afraid. Again I pluck at her dress. And in the midst of that dreadful wheezing and gasping, I scream, "Mother! Mother!" She cannot hear me, for she does not turn toward me. I begin to tremble and suddenly I start crying. I bury my head in the folds of her dress and cry.

Her hand feels my tears, and now the spasm gradually stops. She is speaking to me: "Go get Mrs. Bayne, get Mrs. Bayne." I look at her face, and her eyes bulge. I forget my tears and I run into the yard where I see Mrs. Bayne raking her garden. . . .

The doctor says my mother is very sick. I must not make any noise or do anything to annoy my mother. Her face is white and drawn, and a red spot lingers in her cheek. Mrs. Bayne helps her with her work. She quivers when she talks; and if she talks too long to any one, she coughs, a horrid cough that wells up from her throat like it did that last week. And sometimes a smear of blood stains her lips.

My father is home, for as I come into the house I can see him in the kitchen getting supper. He can cook or do anything. They call him a handy man in the town. Now he sees me and calls cheerfully, "Hello, Edward, how long have you been home?" He knows how long I have been home, but he always asks me just the same. And I answer, as I always do, "Ever since school, father." I go into the kitchen and watch him peel the potatoes. He speaks to me.

"How is mother, Edward?" He does not look up from the potatoes, but I see the knife stop cutting for a second. I suddenly see, too, how lined his face is. I do not know

how to answer, but at last I say to him, "I guess she's the same." He does not look up. Now I see the gray in his hair as he bends over his work. I do not remember the gray hairs there before. And again I feel that hardness in my throat.

I have never forgotten my father the night that my mother had the terrible spell of coughing. When he came home from working at Ferrell's and found the doctor and Mrs. Bayne laboring over my mother, and I alone in the kitchen lying upon the floor, he was like a man who had lost his mind. He rushed upstairs, and the doctor had to force him from my mother. Then he came down where I was lying upon the floor and stumbled over me. I cried out in pain, and commenced to sob, as I had been doing before he came home, but he did not hear me, and walked into the half dark outside. And there I cried and rolled on the hard, slippery linoleum until Mrs. Bayne came downstairs and gathered me into her wide bosom. My father did not come back until I had gone to sleep, and I did not see him again until morning. Then he took me in his hands, and brought my head to his body so that I could hear his heart beating, and he pressed me to him, and then he rumbled my hair, and tossed me in the air. He smiled at me, and he said, "Did the Indians catch you last night, Edward?" I shook my head, for I did not know what he meant, and then I saw he was not listening to me. He was looking at me, but he did not see me, and his eyes showed grim and hard. I lowered my eyes, and suddenly I could not stay in the room longer, and I ran out of the kitchen into the dewy grass and breaking sunlight.

Now I wait beside him while he gets supper for me and mother and himself. He goes swiftly from table to stove and he moves lightly from covered pan to the steaming kettle. I stand near the kettle and the hot steam wreathes around my face, and soon I move away, for a heat comes to my head and my eyes swim and my cheeks break in sweat. Now and then my father smiles at me, a smile that crinkles in his eyes and gathers in the corners of his mouth. A quick joy is in me when he smiles like that. When my mother smiles it is sad and her eyes tell of something deep that I cannot understand. Before she became sick, her smile was like feeling velvet or hearing the sudden song of a bird, breaking forth in the midst of silence, such as I once heard on a warm shining day last summer while I was playing in the fields beside Mr. Noble's barn in vacation time. Now, when she smiles I cannot feel her smile.

I wish it were summer again. In the summer my mother will be well, and my father will not have gray hairs among the black for me to see when he bends toward me. And in summer I do not think cold, dark thoughts that frighten all joyous ones from my mind.

My father goes out carrying a tray. He is taking supper to my mother upstairs. Now I sit on the broken chair beside the warm stove, and look on the shiny surface of its top. I cannot but think of summer, and then sometimes I think of my mother's hand plucking at the books, and then I think of her thin wrist and her eyes. . . . So I remain, and at last my father comes into the kitchen. He does not look at me, and I see that his eyes are shiny, and his hands move about his lap when he sits down near the little, rickety table. I speak to him.

"What is the matter, father?"

He does not hear. He does not look around. He sits there silent, and his head is upon his chest, looking, looking at his shifting hands. I look at his hands and I see a splash of blood on one of them. I am frightened.

"What is the matter, father? What is that on your hands?"

Now he hears me. He turns toward me quickly and hides his hands from me. He says, "There is nothing on my hands, son." But he sees I still do not stop seeking his hands with my eyes, and then he says, "Oh, do you mean the blood? I cut myself with my knife this morning." He shows me his hands for a moment, but I do not see any cut, only a splotch of blood on the back of his hand. And he goes to wash it off at the sink. I do not say more, for I am thinking of the lead soldiers I had seen in Mr. Barnes' store. All bright in crimson and blue paint they are, and they each carry bravely a brown twig-like musket, and their captain a silver sword. I had seen them this morning while going to school, and my head was full of their brightness the whole morning. If they were mine, I would use them as my own soldiers and the old, battered veterans as

the enemy. How many maneuvers and flankings might I make with the two armies. Ambushes and bloody battles fill my mind as I sit opposite my father eating supper.

After supper I bring out my old troop and divide them into two armies. I never favor either side, and at the end neither army can claim a victory. Over and over my armies fight their war. Move one lone man here. Now let him steal close to the enemy and deliver a sudden blow. But he fails, and he dies and is removed from the scene of battle. Now the main body of one army marches to the left of the other, and lunges in a flanking movement at the thin, wavy line of the enemy army. But neither can conquer, and I soon weary and I sit with my soldiers scattered about me, and my eyes cast over with slow tides of sleep. My father, coming downstairs, finds me nodding, and he takes me by the hand and leads me to bed. At the head of the stair I can see my mother in the white bed. I go to her and I lean over her and she puts her arms around my shoulders, and she kisses me. Her lips are dry. I look at her and her face is yellow and dry. It looks as if there were no more blood in it. I look again, and it seems to me that her face takes on the color of the yellow wall-paper behind her.

In my room I undress quickly and get in the wide bed. I sleep with my father ever since my mother has been sick. At first I cannot sleep, and thoughts of startling and brilliant acts on my part go through my head, like commanding a huge army of maybe even a thousand men and defeating another great army advancing toward us with flashing flags and sudden colors. I dream of my brave deeds. In the combat and after the battle I order my men to retreat to give the enemy a chance to recover for the great conflict the next day. And at last I go to sleep.

Several times I awake and each time my father is not beside me. And each time I sleep again. And then I wake at the sound of voices in the hall and footsteps ring outside the door. They come to me in a blur. I can catch only sounds. Then I cannot hear them again, and soon sleep veils me.

And now I sit up abruptly in bed, and I am wide-awake, and, for some reason, afraid. Outside of the black, unseen door only an arm's length from me, I hear little noises. Sounds that I cannot recognize, and which only frighten me the more. Sharp, running tremors swiftly creep over me. Now I scream, "Father! Father!" The tears stream down my face, and I jerk in a fit of fright.

The door is thrown open beside me all at once. My father comes in. In the light of the hall I see his face, and in the second of the flash it seems that it is twisted and coiled into a knot. But I see it for only a second, and when he speaks his voice is soft and low and kind.

"What is the matter, son? What on earth have you been doing?"

As soon as he says that, I know that I have been foolish, and I am ashamed and I immediately stop crying. I try to think quickly of an excuse. But I cannot for a moment. Mad thoughts whip and whirl through my mind. And the tiny tremors go less and less over me. My father leans over me. I feel his breath. He lays his hand on my head and strokes away the drying tears. Now he sits on the bed.

"Why, what was the trouble, Edward?" His voice is low and restrained and kindly. My words loose themselves. . . .

They tell me my mother is dead. Mrs. Bayne says so, and I know she is not playing with me as she used to do, because her eyes look sober and sad. They seem to tell me something, and sometimes I cry just at their look. They look at me like my mother did. Mrs. Bayne won't let me go to school and I wander in the house from room to room. I have not seen my father since that night when my mother died. I didn't know she had died until the morning.

What does it mean when someone dies? I cannot understand. Mrs. Bayne says that I won't see my mother for a long time, and then suddenly, when I die, I will meet her. Why is that? I wish to see her now. I can remember her light-colored hair, but I want to feel it. I can recall her dry, yellow face, but I wish to touch it. Her dry, yellow face. . . .

I am sitting in the corner of the dining-room, sitting close to the two hard walls. A vast restlessness excites me. I am not restless in my body, but I think all of the time

of mother. I have cried, and Mrs. Bayne has soothed me in her arms. Now I cannot cry, but thoughts leap and jump through my head, and my eyes burn and throb. Always do I think of her yellow, sere face. Yellow as the wall beside me. And now suddenly, calmly, tears roll down in the dirty streaks on my face upon my hands. Tears stream quietly, and I do not cry aloud or seek to brush them away. My hands are scorched with the tears, and I draw them back. Now they cease as quickly as they came. And I sit motionless, but my mind is racing with images and thoughts, and slippery, wispy words. I have wandered from room to room, from downstairs to upstairs, and I cannot find my mother anywhere. I can see the white bed, but she is not upon it. I can brush aside the curtains before her closet, and touch her weary, hanging clothes, but I cannot feel her body inside them.

Mrs. Bayne is in the kitchen. She has stayed with me all of the time. And I have not seen my father since that night. But I do not think of him, and Mrs. Bayne does not speak of him to me. Now I find that I have been looking at General Grant, who looks at every one who comes in the room. And yet he stares at me now, and I feel his look follow me as I turn my head. He does not move, and he knows what I am doing. Wonderful General Grant!

I arise from the corner and go to the window. The sky is gray and hazy, and the bare, brown sod and fields look gloomy and bedraggled. The sun is hidden by a shield of haze, and its light is frozen and sodden. A gray sky can't be taken in your hands like a blue sky; it slips out from between your fingers. Even as I watch, little flakes come slowly down through the gloom and fall on the bare ground. Gradually the flakes grow larger, and now a quickening flood of them rush to the earth. I always remember when I see snow falling the pillow that I threw one morning across the room and which burst into a thousand little feathers floating to the floor. Even now I grin a little as I recall my mother when she saw the room and the pillow.

The snow slowly sprinkles its white cover over all. Now I see a figure coming up the road. It is bareheaded and it seems to sway and turn . . . It comes up to our yard. And now it enters the yard and comes toward the door. It is my father! The snow has spattered his head and his shoulders, for he is now wearing a coat, and I can see his worn and haggard face as he goes around the house to the kitchen door. I rush out to the kitchen. Mrs. Bayne sits by the stove, dozing.

"Father's coming, Mrs. Bayne!" She starts upright and stares at me. And then my father comes in the door. I rush to him. He looks at me dully, and then he says, "Hello, Edward," and I draw back and look at him. For he speaks thickly and his face is spotted with mud and snow. He leans over me, and his breath is bitter. Then Mrs. Bayne speaks.

"Go in the other room, Edward." I don't wish to go and I stay watching my father and she takes me by the hand and leads me into the next room. She pulls the box of my soldiers from under the sofa and says, "Here, play with these for a while." And she leaves me with them and closes the door between us. But I gaze at the toys and I see how battered and tiny they are. Little leaden things! I cannot any longer play with soldiers for something deep in me twists. I take them in my hands and scatter them all over the carpet. There they lie, and they are dead forever.

Then, as I lie upon the floor, my head buried in my arms, I hear dull tones that slip through the door. I get up and listen at the door. They are talking, the both of them in hard, loud voices. I can hear Mrs. Bayne say, "And what about Edward? What will become of him?" And my father replies in a thick, twisted tongue, "He can go to school." Just that, "He can go to school." Mrs. Bayne speaks again and her voice is sharp but I am not listening.

I have not thought of school. But I have stayed home enough. I remember the old reader that I had, and its stories of flowers and birds. My mother used to listen to me read every evening. She used to nod while I read and tell me tales that I liked even better than those in the book. I rub my hands in my eyes. It is so short a time. She used to hear me read each evening. . . . The next lesson in the reader is about King Solomon.

The next lesson in the reader is about King Solomon and the bee. . . .

MARY DOYCE, '34.

STUDENT DIRECTORY

Alamo, Beatrice	1343 77th St.	Conran, Virginia	196 Midwood St.
Allen, Catherine	839 Hart St.	Cook, Grace	3553 91st St., Jackson Hts., L. I.
Allen, Jane	6063 59th Drive, Maspeth, L. I.	Cooke, Catherine	1053 79th St.
Aloisio, Vita	1711 West 11th St.	Cooke, Marie	1024 83rd St.
Amar, Renee	351 Maple St.	Coppo, Annetta M.	1716 West 10th St.
Andersen, Isabelle	435 76th St.	Corey, Josephine	211 Bard Ave., Livingston, S. I.
Anderson, Arlene	1044 Last 39th St.	Coughlin, Geraldine C.	650 59th St.
Ansbro, Dolores	254 85th St.	Crofton, Miriam, 830 East Chester St., Long Beach, L. I.	
Anthony, Collette	13 Chestnut St.	Cronin, Catherine	12 Merton Ave., Rockville Centre, L. I.
Aubry, Jeanne	431 136 St., Belle Harbor, L. I.	Cronin, Edna	1430 East 24th St.
Audioun, Yvonne	89-24 164th St., Jamaica, L. I.	Cullen, Mary	1066 48th St.
Baiocchi, Marie C.	203 Hunterdon St., Newark, N. J.	Datri, Gilda	182 Bay 13th St.
Baiocchi, Rose B.	203 Hunterdon St., Newark, N. J.	Davy, Rosemary	235 Hooper St.
Beatty, Virginia P.	49 Sterling St.	Deghucé, Dorothy	188 Fenimore St.
Bender, Elizabeth	99-77 211th Place, Bellaire, L. I.	Delaney, Mary E., 104-75 110th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.	
Bennett, Frances	853 East 18th St.	Delay, Dorothy	34 Raymond Ave., Rockville Centre, L. I.
Bennett, Ruth	1070 East 5th St.	Dempsey, Dorothy	524 131st St., Belle Harbor, L. I.
Bier, Margaret	8548 88th St., Woodhaven, L. I.	Denelfo, Carol	9032 214 Pl., Queens Village, L. I.
Billies, Marian	1665 East Ninth St.	Dermody, Charlotte	65-96 58th Ave., Maspeth, L. I.
Billington, Emily	Box 515, East Islip, L. I.	Dermody, Helen	631 Sterling Place
Bird, Vivian	272 West Lena Ave., Freeport, L. I.	Dermody, Marie	65-96 58th Ave., Maspeth, L. I.
Blaber, Marie	472 50th St.	De Sanctis, Rose	117 West 11th St., N. Y. C.
Braithwaite, Miriam	109 Dean St.	Devlin, Doris Marie	183 Midwood St.
Brennan, Claire	1022 East 38th St.	Devlin, Elizabeth	183 Midwood St.
Brennan, Edna R.	190 East 31st St.	Dirig, Mary C.	Hancock, N. Y.
Brennan, Eileen	478 Prospect Place	Discepolo, Carmen	4916 Surf Ave., Sea Gate
Brown, Agnes H.	681 East 46th St.	Doherty, Anna	104-76 112 St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
Browne, Helen A.	1441 East 8th St.	Doherty, Rita	70 Van Sielen Ave.
Bruce, Edythe	754 East 23rd St.	Dolan, Ann Dorothy	75 North Henry St.
Buckley, Grace	521 East 9th St.	Donohue, Annamae, 80-05 101 Ave., Ozone Park, L. I.	
Burgen, Dorothy	1286 Carroll St.	Donovan, Rita	1867 West 4th St.
Burke, Rosemary	101-10 Egan Ave., Howard Beach, L. I.	Dooley, Agnes R.	726A Jefferson Ave.
Caggiano, Amelia	1072 49th St.	Dorney, Abigail	139 78th St.
Cahill, Cathleen	386 Decatur St.	Dorney, Beatrice	139 78th St.
Callahan, Grace	7602 Seventh Ave.	Dorsey, Julia	129 Clinton Ave.
Callahan, Margaret	614 10th St.	Downing, Margaret M.	137 Sterling St.
Campbell, Mary, 104-42 93rd Ave., Richmond Hill, L. I.		Doyle, Katherine	85 Hawthorne St.
Campbell, Rita, 104-42 93rd Ave., Richmond Hill, L. I.		Doyle, Mary	1553 72nd St.
Campion, Muriel	1953 82nd St.	Drude, Marion	109-50 196th St., Hollis, L. I.
Cardow, Janet	65 South Village Ave., Rockville Centre, L. I.	Duffy, Dorothy	Apt. 32, 135 Prospect Park, West
Carrano, Susan	6 Newington Ave., Hartford, Conn.	Dunn, Vivian	225 Beach 136th St., Belle Harbor, L. I.
Carter, Elizabeth	294 DeKalb Ave.	Easson, Dorothy	78 Surrey Common, Lynbrook, L. I.
Cary, Virginia	230 Atlantic Ave., Lynbrook, L. I.	Eckhoff, Elizabeth F.	762 St. Marks Ave.
Cavagnaro, Marie, 85-29 109th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.		Eckhoff, Maria Barbara	105-18 88th St., Ozone Park, L. I.
Cavaliere, Carmel	28 Coles St.	English, Margaret	860 East 17th St.
Chambers, Ethel	104-48 37 Drive, Corona, L. I.	Enright, Alice Marion	1125 Park Pl.
Clancy, Marie	63-44 Bunnecke Court, Ridgewood	Fadowsky, Lydia	29 Valentine St., Glen Cove, L. I.
Clark, Madeleine	1808 Avenue O	Fallon, Louise	534 Mansfield Pl.
Coates, Eleanor	98 Dean St.	Famulari, Mary	1334 69th St.
Coffey, Anne	8314 3rd Ave.	Fanning, Genevieve	20 Westminister Rd.
Coffey, Blanche	123 St. Marks Ave.	Fanning, Kathleen	654 79th St.
Collins, Helen	5101 94th St., Elmhurst, L. I.		
Connelly, Anne	471 8th St.		

Farley, Catherine 7 Pulaski St.
Farley, Marie, 109-29 115th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
Farrell, Isabel 139 North Centre Ave., Rockville Centre, L. I.
Farrington, Helen 262 East 34th St.
Favor, Rita 523 72nd St.
Fay, Harriet Ann 120 East 122nd St., N. Y. C.
Fay, Margaret Anne 927 East 38th St.
Ferrick, Dorothy 51-01 44th St., Woodside, L. I.
Filan, Mary 147B West End Ave., Manhattan Beach
Finn, Cecilia 191 East 17th St.
Fitzsimons, Ethel 192 Weirfield St.
Fitzsimmons, Josephine, 107-57 127th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
Flannery, Grace 515 85th St.
Flannigan, Marie 27 Brownell St., Stapleton, S. I.
Flynn, Evelyn 60-66 60th Ave., Maspeth, L. I.
Flynn, Kathleen Church St., Kings Park, L. I.
Fogarty, Mary 686 Richmond Terrace, New Brighton, S. I.
Foley, Katherine E. 55 Grant Ave.
Gasber, Frieda 16 Vandervoort Pl.
Gavin, Edna 109-05 113th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
George, Virginia 110 Bay 13th St.
Geraci, Marie 245 Quentin Rd.
Gillespie, Elvera 40 Wisconsin St., Long Beach, L. I.
Gilroy, Eileen 7025 Perry Terrace
Ging, Veronica 1021 East 29th St.
Goerlitz, Sylvia 131 Foxhurst Rd., Oceanside, L. I.
Gorman, Jane B. 1284 Dean St.
Grace, Margaret, 116-02 91st Ave., Richmond Hill, L. I.
Grady, Eileen 263 Dover St., Manhattan Beach
Graves, Elaine 7506 Colonial Rd.
Greegan, Cecilia Ann 1677 Union St.
Griffin, Catherine 148-15 87th Rd., Jamaica, L. I.
Griffin, Jeannette 3218 86th St., Jackson Hgts., L. I.
Griffin, Marguerite 296 Windsor Pl.
Griffith, Rita 7918 11th Ave.
Grogan, Dorothy 425 Ave. P.
Gutleber, Theresa J., 9310 101st Ave., Ozone Park, L. I.
Haegele, Ruth 8722 90th St., Woodhaven, L. I.
Hagan, Alice 26 Smith Ave., Bayshore, L. I.
Hagan, Evelyn 11 Montague Terrace
Haigney, Kathleen 9402 Ridge Blvd.
Hallahan, Dorothy, 52 Purcell St., West Brighton, S. I.
Hanrahan, Florence 8911 182nd St., Jamaica, L. I.
Harrington, Margaret 122 Hendrix St.
Harrington Marion 106 19th Blvd., Seaside, Rockaway Beach, L. I.
Harrison, Dorothy 410 Pulaski St.
Harron, Mary 305 Lafayette Ave.
Hayes, Helen 306 West 15th St., N. Y. C.
Hearne, Elizabeth 461 Seventh St.
Heffernan, Kathryn 85-37 109th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
Hennessy, Anna Marie 362 85th St.
Hennessy, Helene 2707 Newkirk Ave.
Hession, Isabelle A. 211 Lefferts Ave.
Higgins, Helen F. 982 Bedford Ave.
Hines, Alice M. 11 Church St., Great Neck, L. I.
Hoey, Margaret M. 1304 Ditmas Ave.
Hoffmann, Loretta 341 11th St.
Hogan, Catherine 1488 East 13th St.
Hogan, Kathleen 135 Eastern Parkway
Hogue, Josephine 7101 Fourth Ave.
Holland, Kathleen 191-21 114 Ave., St. Albans, L. I.
Holland, Virginia 58 Westminister Rd.
Hottenroth, Muriel 1215 East 22nd St.
Hubert, Louise 213 East 66th St., N. Y. C.
Hughes, Gretta 184 Maple St.
Humann, Catherine 106 Reid Ave.
Humann, Elizabeth 106 Reid Ave.
Humphreys, Marie 360 East 31st St.
Humphreys, Virginia 275 Clinton Ave.
Impellizzeri, Margaret 250 Melrose St.
Intondi, Modesta 94 Quincy St.
Ivers, Eleanor 150-27 19th Ave., Whitestone, L. I.
Jacob, Victorian 563 72nd St.
Johnstone, Edna 3511 Avenue D.
Jones, Ann Centre Island, Bayville, L. I.
Kast, Corinne 87-19 Union Turnpike, Glendale
Kavanagh, Christine 128 Hancock St.
Keane, Grace 115-45 116th St., Ozone Park, L. I.
Keegan, Rose 30 Vanderbilt Ave., Floral Park, L. I.
Keenan, Lillian 591 5th St.
Keenan, Rosemary, 85-35 105th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
Kelly, Dorothy 312 Sycamore Ave., Merrick, L. I.
Kelly, Genevieve 312 Sycamore Ave., Merrick, L. I.
Kelly, Ruth 823 Jefferson Ave.
Kelly, Virginia 233A Clinton St.
Kelly, Vivienne 85-38 168th Pl., Jamaica, L. I.
Kemp, Florence 189 8th Ave.
Kennedy, Agnes 2815 West 1st St.
Kennedy, Eleanor 504 7th St.
Kennedy, Margaret 36 Greene Ave.
Kenny, Dorothy 92-63 215 Pl., Queens Village, L. I.
Kiernan, Muriel 2050 Bay Ridge Parkway
Kiernan, Rita 2050 Bay Ridge Parkway
Kilcoin, Dorothy 938 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. C.
Kissane, Mary 42-33 Ithaca St., Elmhurst, L. I.
Kuhn, Mildred, 2520 Maclay Ave., Westchester, N. Y.
Lacey, Helen 774 East 35th St.
Lagattuta, Eleanor 349 Cornelia St.
Langan, Elizabeth 513 16th St.
Langan, Margaret 513 16th St.
Larkin, Madeline 333 74th St.
Latorraca, Gina 672 59th St.
Latorraca, Theresa 2336 Second Ave., N. Y. C.
Laux, Margaret 13 Howard Place
Lavelle, Catherine 2422 Lyvere St., Bronx
Lavin, Mary 159-18 89th Ave., Jamaica, L. I.
Lilly, Edith 624 Bay Ridge Parkway
Lilly, Marie 624 Bay Ridge Parkway
Loftus, Catherine 516 61st St.

Lopez, Loretta 535 East 28th St.
Lynam, Kathleen 2173 65th St.

Mackay, Rita 85-02 104th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
MacGillivray, Margaret 130-13 116th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.

Magenheimer, Ruth 111-36 200th St., Hollis, L. I.
Maguire, Dorothy, 89-32 118th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
Mahoney, Regina 1332 Park Pl.
Main, Margaret 6147 Wetherole St., Rego Park, Elmhurst, L. I.
Manfuedonia, Rosalyn 107 Brooklyn Ave.
Mangiardi, Theresa 103-25 123rd St., Richmond Hill, L. I.

Mantino, Rose 60 Broadway, Kingston, N. Y.
Markert, Louise, 6136 Palmetto St., Ridgewood, L. I.
Marshall, Mary 928 77th St.
Matthias, Margaret 18 Sterling Pl.
May, Catherine 1067 70th St.
Mazzoli, Angelina 14-21 148th St., Whitestone, L. I.
McAniff, Anita 930 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. C.
McCaffery, Margaret 441 43rd St.
McCausland, Evelyn 462 13th St.
McClancy, Frances 6405 Fresh Pond Rd., Ridgewood
McCormick, Marjorie 8 Stephen's Court
McDonald, Eleanor 8701 Shore Rd.
McDonald, Mary 1003 Franklin Ave.
McGovern, Frances 37-34 60th St., Woodside, L. I.
McGrath, Elizabeth 241 86th St.
McGrath, Mary 825 Foster Ave.
McGuire, Anne 148 Midwood St.
McGuire, Norine 82 Prospect Park, Southwest
McIlduff, Margaret 563 East 4th St.
McKeough, Marjorie 53-11 92nd St., Elmhurst, N. Y.
McLernon, Mary 86-38 90th St., Woodhaven, L. I.
McLoughlin, Adelaide 848 President St.
McLoughlin, Jane 404 Fourth St.
McLoughlin, Mary 404 Fourth St.
McMahon, Margaret 32 Gifford Ave., Jersey City
McMahon, Muriel 20 Revere Pl.
McManus, Mary 588 Morgan Ave.
McNevin, Geraldine 537 East 17th St.
McPartland, Doris 1569 East 34th St.
McQuillen, Ruth 174 80th St.
Meade, Helen 2937 Far Rockaway Blvd., Far Rockaway, L. I.

Meany, Regina 3204 Farragut Rd.
Meehan, Mary 58 91st St.
Melvin, Rita 139-35 228th St., Laurelton, L. I.
Michel, Mary 314 East 26th St.
Milligan, Eleanor 17 Howard Pl.
Monahan, Mary, 24 Woods Pl., Rockville Centre, L. I.
Moore, Dorothy 514 Hancock St.
Moore, Vesta Windham, Greene County, N. Y.
Moran, Muriel 2099 Maple St.
Morgan, Katherine, 86-04 89th Ave., Woodhaven, L. I.
Moroney, Bernadette 136 Senator St.
Morris, Janet 600 East 21st St.
Morris, Rita 600 East 21st St.
Muir, Margaret 784 President St.
Mulligan, Eucharist 72 77th St.
Mulrenan, Marguerite 439A Monroe St.

Mulvaney, Anne, 109-44 117th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
Munter, Sonya 1713 Beverly Rd.
Murphy, Catherine 194 Norman Ave.
Murray, Ann 2073 East 28th St.
Musante, Marion 899 New York Ave.

Naughton, Genevieve 714 46th St.
Nealis, Dorothy 627 Delamere Pl.
Nelson, Kathryn 850 St. Mark's Ave.
Neufeld, Gertrude 53-08 90th St., Elmhurst, L. I.
Neumann, Ruth 87-45 86th St., Woodhaven, L. I.
Noonan, Madeline 8205 Grenfell Ave., Kew Gardens, L. I.

Norton, Marie, 220-17 92nd Ave., Queens Village, L. I.
Norton, Virginia 20 Sterling Pl.

O'Brien, Rose 23 Stuyvesant Ave.
O'Connell, Josephine 6 Alice Court
O'Connell, Mary 1849 Troy Ave.
O'Connor, Helen 533 9th St.
O'Connor, Mary 80 Norman Ave.
O'Donnell, Mary 514 10th St.
O'Halloran, Elizabeth 7 Clifton Pl.
O'Leary, Mary 134 Pacific St.
Oliver, Marie 27 Clifton Pl.
Oliveri, Frances 201 Allen St., N. Y. C.
Olmstead, Rita 47-06 49th St., Woodside, L. I.
O'Neill, Dorothea 750 Ocean Ave.
O'Regan, Marie 46 Wilson St., Lynbrook, L. I.
O'Reilly, Alice, 86-34 105th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
O'Reilly, Rose Marie 86-34 105th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.

O'Rourke, Dorothea 2122 East 19th St.
Ostermann, Marie 329 Fulton St., Westbury, L. I.

Pansini, Gilda, R. F. D. 1 Mohawk Farm, Wantagh, L. I.
Parker, Marjorie 77 New York Ave.
Passaretti, Mary 1150 Belmont Ave.
Penner, Marie 80-44 88th Ave., Woodhaven, L. I.
Pinter, Mary 197 South Broadway, Lindenhurst, L. I.
Pisani, Josephine 2 Oliver St., N. Y. C.
Plunket, Agnes 295 St. John's Pl.
Porpora, Madeline 918 Bay Ridge Parkway
Powell, Margaret 1724 East 24th St.
Pyne, Dolores 335 East 32nd St.
Pyne, Dorothy 466 16th St.

Quigley, Adele 248 Garfield Pl.
Quinn, M. Clare 80 Vanderbilt Ave.
Quinn, Mary 1656 East 38th St.
Quinn, Winifred 100-14 202nd St., Hollis, L. I.
Quinotte, Marthe 431 West 121st St., N. Y. C.

Rafferty, Agnes 205-18 111th Rd., Hollis, L. I.
Reilly, Catherine 366 Lafayette Ave.
Reilly, Helen 85-44 54th Ave., Elmhurst, L. I.
Reilly, Katherine 30 Apollo St.
Reynolds, Rita 2525 Delamere Pl.
Rice, Catherine 236 New York Ave.
Riepe, Wilhelmina 174 Montrose Ave.
Rieth, Margaret 84-39 85th Dr., Woodhaven, L. I.

Rincones, Carmen	506 8th Ave.	Sullivan, Marguerite,	33-17 82nd St., Jackson Heights, L. I.
Robertson, Isabelle	1271 East 23rd St.	Sullivan, Nora	528 92nd St.
Robinson, Annette	197-06 89th Ave., Hollis, L. I.	Sullivan, Rosalie	48-22 92nd St., Elmhurst, L. I.
Rogers, Marion	137-47 South Gate Ave., Springfield Gardens, L. I.	Swanton, Susan	491 Vanderbilt Ave., Stapleton, S. I.
Roth, Vera	793 Willoughby Ave.	Sylvester, Margherita	1118 East 14th St.
Ruane, Clare	91-40 112th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.	Tedesco, Gilda	180 72nd St.
Ruane, Helen	91-40 112th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.	Thom, Margaret	55-31 66th St., Maspeth, L. I.
Russo, Grace	12-26 73rd St.	Tierney, Anne	5 Schoen Pl., Baldwin, L. I.
Sarosy, Ethel	144-28 87th Rd., Jamaica, L. I.	Tobin, Dorothy	225 Parkside Ave.
Sawyer, Helen	62 Monroe St.	Trimble, Audrey	865 East 15th St.
Scannell, Anne	544 9th St.	Trimborn, Elvie	99-44 211th Pl., Bellaire Park, L. I.
Scannell, Margaret	544 9th St.	Twigg, Mary	1330 Union St.
Scarpati, Rachel	7101 Narrows Ave.	Tyler, Isabel	998 Sterling Pl.
Schinkel, Anne	1644 Putnam Ave.	Urguhart, Mary,	159-11 98th St., Howard Beach, L. I.
Schratwieser, Mary	15 First St., Lynbrook, L. I.	Uzmann, Dorothy	734 Willoughby Ave.
Schwarz, Helen	6910 7th Ave.	Vaughan, Frances	1470 East 10th St.
Scudder, Frances	9408 Springfield Blvd., Queens Village, L. I.	Walsh, Genevieve	1131 Carroll St.
Scully, Ada	256 Gates Ave.	Walsh, Marie	8006 Fort Hamilton Parkway
Seitz, Anne	293 Fenimore St.	Walsh, Mary	800 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.
Sexton, Germaine	298 Windsor Pl.	Ward, Lydia	533 Garfield Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
Sexton, Maureen	298 Windsor Pl.	Waters, Kathryn	51-29 35th St., L. I. City
Shea, Margaret	37-52 89th St.	Watt, Lillian,	126-11 144th St., South Ozone Park, L. I.
Sheehan, Kathleen	130 93rd St.	Weinfurt, Ellen,	15 Mount Ave., Rockville Centre, L. I.
Sheehan, Miriam	79 Sherman St.	White, Catherine	81 Clinton Ave.
Sheehy, Margaret	17 Foxall St.	Wiest, Mary	1737 West 10th St.
Sheerin, Eunice	9320 Ridge Blvd.	Wills, Catherine	708 Ocean Ave.
Shelvin, Rita	92-09 51st Ave., Elmhurst, L. I.	Wood, Rita	101-14 222nd St., Queens Village, L. I.
Shortall, Elizabeth,	35 Silver Lake Rd., St. George, S. I.	Wright, Genevieve	8540 Somerset Rd., Jamaica Estates, L. I.
Siniscalchi, Madeline	439 Union Ave., Westbury, L. I.	Young, Frances	150 68th St.
Sommer, Dorothea	111 Harmon St.	Young, Margaret	41-78 Forley St., Elmhurst, L. I.
Soyka, Veronica	184 Huron St.	Zangle, Elizabeth	1529 Brooklyn Ave.
Staiger, Rita	88-31 88th St., Woodhaven, L. I.	Zegers, Margaret	458 16th St.
Stewart, Florence	260 76th St.		
Stewart, Margaret	1371 Union St.		
Sullivan, Genevieve	Apartment B41, 196 Clinton Ave.		
Sullivan, Kathryn	90-40 55th Ave., Elmhurst, L. I.		
Sullivan, Margaret	426 Sterling Pl.		

ALUMNAE DIRECTORY

- Adams, Alice 1618 Jefferson Ave.
 Allen, Helen, 46 Haven Esplanade, New Brighton, S. I.
 Ansbros, Kathryn 254 85th St.
 Archipoli, Genevieve (Mrs. Bertram Kelly) 319 Lenimore St.
 Aubert, Marion (Mrs. Thomas McDonald) 148-25 88th Ave., Jamaica, L. I.
- Bachert, Catherine, 8050 89th Ave., Woodhaven, L. I.
 Baltes, Marion 405 Nassau Ave., Inwood, L. I.
 Bannon, Margaret 154 Underhill Ave.
 Barrett, Eleanor 350 85th St.
 Barthen, Helen 149 South Kingman Rd., So. Orange, N. J.
 Barton, Christine 161 Garfield Pl.
 Bartun, Mabel (Mrs. E. T. O'Shea) 38 Mansfield Rd., Babylon, L. I.
 Becker, Catherine P. 168 Amity St.
 Bennett, Helen 622 61st St.
 Bergen, Emma 3872 Bedford Ave.
 Bernard, Mary 283 Winthrop St.
 Berry, Gertrude (Mrs. Thomas Sherman) 7119 Shore Rd.
 Bett, Catherine 854 52nd St.
 Bird, Dorothy 34-37 80th St., Jackson Heights, L. I.
 Bird, Mary 34-37 80th St., Jackson Heights, L. I.
 Bishop, Kathleen (Mrs. Gilbert McGilfarry) 452 43rd St.
 Bogan, Mildred 4714 Avenue O
 Bolton, Mary 2 Willow St.
 Bonnet, Amy 388 Park Pl.
 Bopp, Rita 82-64 110th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
 Boston, Genevieve (Mrs. G. Slavin) 65 Hillcrest Rd., West Caldwell, N. J.
 Bourke, Collette 667 Park Pl.
 Bourke, Katherine 667 Park Pl.
 Bradley, Helen Kings Park, L. I.
 Brennan, Laura 2471 Ocean Ave.
 Brennan, Marion 190 East 31st St.
 Brennan, Rita Marie 425 68th St.
 Brown, Rose 207 East 87th St., N. Y. C.
 Byrne, Grace (Mrs. Harry Hill) 105 Lincoln Rd.
- Cali, Sarina (Mrs. Petro Rocca) 507 East 5th St.
 Callahan, Helen (Mrs. John Brink) 333 Central Park West, N. Y. C.
 Campbell, Helen D. 80 Winthrop St.
 Champion, Anna (Mrs. Edward Semple) 1953 82nd St.
 Canning, Adaline B. 212 8th Ave.
 Carrington, Catherine 263 East 32nd St.
 Carroll, Catherine 624 76th St.
 Carter, Genevieve 1755 West 10th St.
 Cassidy, Cecile 2322 82nd St.
 Castellano, Concepta Sorrento, Napoli, Italy
 Caulfield, Helen 939 Sterling Pl.
 Cherry, Mary (Mrs. Robert Newbegin) 216 St. James Pl.
 Clancy, Eleanor 1743 Norman St.
- Clark, Margaret (Mrs. John McManus) 1597 East 43rd St.
 Clark, Margaret, 257 127th St., Rockaway Beach, L. I.
 Cleary, Miriam 221 East 17th St., N. Y. C.
 Coddington, Josephine (Mrs. Howard Hamilton) Locust Valley, L. I.
 Cogan, Regina 521 Bedford Ave.
 Colborne, Loretta 536 East 29th St.
 Comerford, Agnes 135 East 35th St.
 Connolly, Agnes (Mrs. George Monaghan) 119-14 198th St., St. Albans, L. I.
 Conway, Margaret 367 Grant Ave.
 Cooke, Ursula Box 104, Kansas City Drive, La Feria, Texas
 Cooney, Margaret 470 East 29th St.
 Corcoran, Caroline 3204 Avenue I.
 Cormier, Eugenie (Mrs. Fred Ahders) Valley Cottage, N. Y.
- Corrigan, Elizabeth 103 2nd Pl.
 Corry, Agnes 167 Quincy St.
 Corsiglia, Sylvia 282 President St.
 Cosgrove, Margaret 315 Lincoln Pl.
 Costarino, Irene 238 Highland Blvd.
 Coughlan, Agnes (Mrs. Jos. Diogaurdi) 9 Walnut Rd., Glen Cove, L. I.
 Coughlan, Catherine 9 Walnut Rd., Glen Cove, L. I.
 Coughlan, Helen 9 Walnut Rd., Glen Cove, L. I.
 Cox, Eileen 152 Midwood St.
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 Creegan, Geraldine Box 203, Centerport, L. I.
 Cronin, Mary 1430 Mansfield Pl.
 Crowley, Margaret ('26) 862 Lafayette Ave.
 Crowley, Margaret ('30), 45 So. 23rd St., Flushing, L. I.
 Crowley, Sarah 1186 Troy Ave.
 Culligan, Rose 110-06 95th Ave., Woodhaven, L. I.
 Cunningham, Elizabeth 237 Baltic St.
 Cunningham, Marie (Mrs. Lawrence Saverese) 8414 Beverly Road
 Cunningham, Mary 35-30 93rd St., Jackson Heights, L. I.
 Curran, Helen 67 Morton St.
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 D'Albora, Helen 52 94th St.
 Dalton, Mary (Mrs. Aloysi Oberle) 348 4th St.
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 Dempsey, Loretta 327 Eastern Parkway
 Dennen, Rita 82 Clermont Ave.
 Desjardins, Nora Foresport, N. Y.
 Dettling, Irene 253 Hopper St.

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 DeVoe, Therese (Mrs. John Creem), 440 East 22nd St.
 Dieckert, Frances 8942 208th St., Bellaire Park, L. I.
 Dilworth, Gertrude (Mrs. John Rossworn)
 7720 Austin St., Forest Hills, L. I.
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 Dolan, Bernadette 580 7th St.
 Dolan, Cecelia (Mrs. J. Sullivan)
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 Dolan, Eleanor (Mrs. Cyril Reardon), 221 Linden Blvd.
 Dolan, Mary
 130 East Lincoln Ave., Valley Stream, L. I.
 Dolan, M. Theresa (Mrs. Howard Janton)
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 Donaldson, Angela 528 4th St.
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 Washington, D. C.
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 Donohue, Mildred 120 East 19th St.
 Dorney, Margaretta 139 78th St.
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 1002 Foster Ave.
 Doyle, Marguerite 75 Vanderbilt Ave.
 Doyle, Virgile 468 82nd St.
 Driscoll, Kathryn 464 54th St.
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 Elberfeld, Marion
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 Farrell, Jeannette 221 Baltic St.
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 Foley, Marie 270 Marcy Ave.
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 Fournier, Laura 1384 Troy Ave.
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 Gegan, Elizabeth 1448 East 8th St.
 Gerety, Gertrude 957 East 37th St.
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 Griffiths, Helen 611 Argyle Rd.
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 Hart, Grace 311 16th St.

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 Hennessy, Mary 162 Elderts Lane
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 Holien, Sarah 142 Academy St., Astoria, L. I.
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McKeon, Julia 1379 East 19th St.
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O'Connor, Helen 533 9th St.
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O'Donnell, Helen 104 Adelphi St.
O'Donnell, Margaret 514 10th St.
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