





Josephine Brady—

"She doeth little kindnesses which
most leave undone or despise."



Dorothy Burke—

"For she was just the quiet kind
Whose nature never varies."



Loyola Burke—

"Always ready to do and dare—
An inventive brain, and passing fair."



Josephine Coyle—

"Sweet promptings unto kindest
deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book."



Cecelia Early—

"Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a
fact."



Gertrude Estell—

"Her ways are sweet."

Helen Fitzgerald—

"Her eyes are homes of silent
prayer."

Alice Gallagher—

"Zealous yet modest, patient of toil,
serene amidst alarms, peaceful,
loyal, loving, pure."

Margaret Harris—

"On her lips there played a smile."

Eleanor McEwen—

"Well known—well loved."

Helen Nold—

"And all her looks a calm discloses
Of innocence and truth."

Eunice Palm—

"Gentle of speech; beneficent of
mind."





Margaret Phillips—

"And welcome wheresoe'er she went,
A calm and gracious element."

Katherine Small—

"Merry as the day is long."

Marion Van Velzer—

"A full, rich nature free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just."

Josephine Welch—

"Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare."

Senior Class Officers

President.....	M. Van Velzer
Vice President.....	K. Small
Secretary.....	C. Early
Treasurer.....	A. Gallagher
Society.....	G. Estell
Athletics.....	L. Burke

The Alumnae Medal for 1926 will be awarded to
Alice Gallagher

Senior Class History

How time changes! If each of the Seniors of '26 could say "Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight, make me a Freshman again, just for to-night", and if these combined appeals to Father Time caused the heart of that hoary autocrat to soften, so that he gracefully **did** as requested, what a shock some of the Saint Josephites would get in seeing the high, mighty and all powerful (I speak in the language of the Freshmen), Seniors of to-day, appear as small, insignificant "infants" in plaid gingham, half-socks, and braids or curls, waiting on September 10, 1922, behind St. Joseph's gate, like a bunch of scared rabbits, each hoping for someone taller than herself to go in first, so that she could hide behind her! Well, such, if memory plays me not false, we were on that, to us, memorable morning.

After the first day or two, however, there were faint glimmerings of the sunlight of easy self-possession, until "Initiation",—the Freshman's idea of the "Reign of Terror",—was announced. At first a low muttering of "Not coming" was heard from the lips of a few hardy ones, but these indications of rebellion were soon quenched by the Sophs who warned us, one and all, of the awful fate awaiting her who did not come on the appointed night. We all came, meek as lambs, and "took our medicine."

We were not long to stay meek, however, for we soon learned to favor the upper classes with a quiet gaze of conscious superiority, when Josephine Coyle, one of us, calmly took the third prize in the Knights of Columbus Essay Contest. Modesty forbids my recording any additional proofs of our superiority.

Time's flight is proverbially swift with busy people, so, soon, it seemed—our Freshmen year drew to its close, and we were introduced to Commencement night, with its smiles, tears, flowers, and farewells.

September saw us back again, bigger, better Sophomores than the school had ever before known: (many of us with our braids bobbed and shingled). Now we were elevated to the position of tormentors of the Freshmen. We viewed them indeed, secretly, with pitying eyes. Had we ever looked like that? Nay, away with the thought!

We soon gave the Freshmen their initiation party, and as the Class of '25 had done to us in our infancy, so did we to these. In this scholastic year, being old and experienced, we did a little bit of everything: we helped in the Hi-Jinx, and gave cake and pie sales like professionals. We earned our share of honors, too; we had two medals brought home to us, one for Religion by Dorothy Burke, and another for Music by Margaret Harris.

This year passed quickly like the previous one, and soon we found ourselves Juniors, far above the petty trials of Freshmen and Sophomores, and not yet up to the Seniors' worries. There was only one blot on a perfect year—Cicero! But as 'life is what we make it', we soon decided that there was no use worrying over a poor old fossil who has been dead over two thousand years; so I, for one, let him sink back into his grave where he belongs. This year we won the greatest victory ever won by any S. J. A. class within our memory, namely, the State Home Lighting Contest Essay Prize brought to us by Gertrude Estell, who received it in our auditorium from Mayor Elkus. To say that we were proud of

Gertrude is putting it mildly. So closed this year of Chemistry, Cicero, some other topics, prizes, and dances (which we did not give).

September of 1925 introduced us to our Senior year. We have come, we have seen, we have conquered—(?) We are now THE SENIORS. Eleanor McEwen we elected Student Body President; Elizabeth Kelly, Class President. We have given a successful card party, managed, (assisted by an efficient staff of Commercialites), the Year-book, and in our spare time have shown the lower classes that they cannot look at the queen, save with proper respect.

But now our time in Saint Joseph's is growing short. Soon we must leave, never to come back in uniform. O how we hate to give over the school to other marauding hordes who may not treat it as tenderly as we have done,—we who were always models in lady-like deportment and all student virtues. So it is with tearful eyes we say farewell to S. J. A. Loth are we to say adieu to our beloved teachers,—well beloved in spite of any evidence to the contrary. If we didn't always strew your pedagogic path with thornless roses, dear Sisters, believe us the spirit was willing though the will was (sometimes) weak. "Friend of Mine" says each of us to each of you, "Quede con Dios."

Josephine Welch, '26.



Graduation Evening

A moon-lit **summer evening**—
 Perfume from flowers **breathing**—
 Girl-hearts **excited beating**
 On **graduation evening**.

Sweet music **softly stealing**—
 Young voices **gayly pealing**—
 Soft garments **whitely gleaming**
 On **graduation evening**.

Their honors, maids **receiving**,
 Proud parents **fond perceiving**—
 Young hearts **elate, yet grieving**
 On **graduation evening**.

Their **farewell, longing, breathing**,
 Upon the quiet **evening**,
 Regrets their **echoes leaving**
 On **graduation evening**.

—Dorothy Burke, '26.

Class Prophecy, 1926

Outside, raindrops sizzled, sozzled,
While the firelight's smouldering heap
Kept me musing, a most dreaming
On the borderland of sleep.

Soon I saw the Fates a-weaving
Destinies for one and all.
Timid, I drew near to Clotho
With strange pleading, I recall.

"May'nt I lift the mystic curtain
From this shadow-land of Hope—
See the future of my classmates,—
Pass along some rosy dope?"

But she only shrugged her shoulders
Saying plainly, "Nay, not so."
Then I turned me to Atropus
Rather wistfully, I know.

"Child," she said, "most human pleasure
Comes from Expectation's glow.
Could one fathom Fate's full measure,
Naught would reck he how he'd go.

"Blending sunshine with the shadow
Life is given a varied hue;
But careers are ever hidden,
All the details kept from view."

Seeing then my disappointment,
Next she handed me a roll,—
On it each name, and appended
Just a phrase. I took the scroll.

How this peep into the future
Thrilled, yet tantalized a bit!
Eunice Palm, a prima donna,
Josephine Coyle, newspaper wit.

Eleanor McEwen, famed musician,
Catherine Small, artist (on La Fleure);
Josephine Welch, a well-known author;
Alice Gallagher, M. D.-ing for the poor.

Private secretary to the Mayor,
Margaret Phillips held full sway;
Helen Fitzgerald, in our Convent,
Mother Superior at S. J. A.

Loyola Burke, social-service orator,
Helen Nold, a white-clad nurse,
Dorothy Burke, a High School teacher,
Gertrude Estell writing verse.

Margaret Harris, with a life job,
Minist'ring to husband dear;
Josephine Brady, likewise engrossed,
Held that home was woman's sphere.

Cecelia Early, as a lawyer,
Offered legal aid galore;
Marion Van Velzer, orphanage matron,
Mothered children by the score.

Then I stirred me from my reverie,
All the flickering shadows gone;
E'en the Fates had stopped their weaving,—
I'd waked up, and then 'twas dawn.

Marion Van Velzer, '26.



Class Will

We, the class of '26 of St. Joseph Academy, of the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California, United States of America, being of graduating age, of sound and disposing mind, and free from the influence of anyone whatsoever, do hereby bestow all our best love and worldly possessions on the following beneficiaries:

To the Faculty, knowing that nothing however great that we could will them would supply the void we leave, or take our place with them, we hereby declare that we will attribute to them all the success we may gain in our earthly career.

To the Principal, a quartet of eyes, one of which will look north, one south, one east, and one west, by which she will be enabled to view the diligent labors of all her worthy pupils at once.

To our Religion teacher, we give half of the superabundant supply of obedience she well knows we all possess.

To our Mathematics teacher, all the "incorrect answers that are of no avail" so that she may tie them to a rock and drop them into the ocean where they will bother her no more.

To our Latin teacher, we will a complete set of Victrola records containing Orations against Catiline, given in our very own voices, so that when we are gone far, far away, she may again have the exquisite pleasure of listening to a rendition of Cicero such as we alone could translate and enunciate.

To our English teacher, all our old "America" covers so that she may paper the library with them.

To our History teacher, we give all the noisy banging books that she may put a muffler on them, and so enjoy the peace of silence.

To our Science teacher, we will one of our dearest possessions, a certain little black-framed magnifying mirror that dwells in the science room.

To our Spanish teacher, we gladly and freely give all our superfluous idioms, that she may pass them on to the next class, for never will they have the ability to learn them that we have shown.

To our Singing teacher, we will all the hours she kept us after school; these, we hope, will haunt her so that she may lose the habit of drilling Caruso-like Seniors to desperation.

Individually, we thus distribute our personal accomplishments:

I, Josephine Brady, will my curly locks to Elsie Carmody and Phyllis Howard.

I, Dorothy Burke, will my ability for blushing when chidden, to Mary Mitchell. (She needs it.)

I, Loyola Burke, will my powers of convincing argumentation to Alice Connelly.

I, Josephine Coyle, will my Irish grin which has worked such wonders to Helen Hiltenbrandt; having this, I know she will never have to explain any action.

I, Cecelia Early, will all my bluffings to Martha Dromey.

I, Gertrude Estell, will my superfluous weight to Nellie Fabris.

I, Helen Fitzgerald, will my expert method of getting out of scrapes to Beata Hobrecht.

I, Alice Gallagher, will all my deportment credits to the class of '27. (There's enough for all.)

I, Margaret Harris, will my good record for daily attendance to Josephine Whelan.

I, Eleanor McEwen, will my virtue of promptness to Flora McKenzie.

I, Helen Nold, will my tomboyish antics to Katherine Jane Mooers.

I, Eunice Palm, will my ingenuous smile to Margaret Williams.

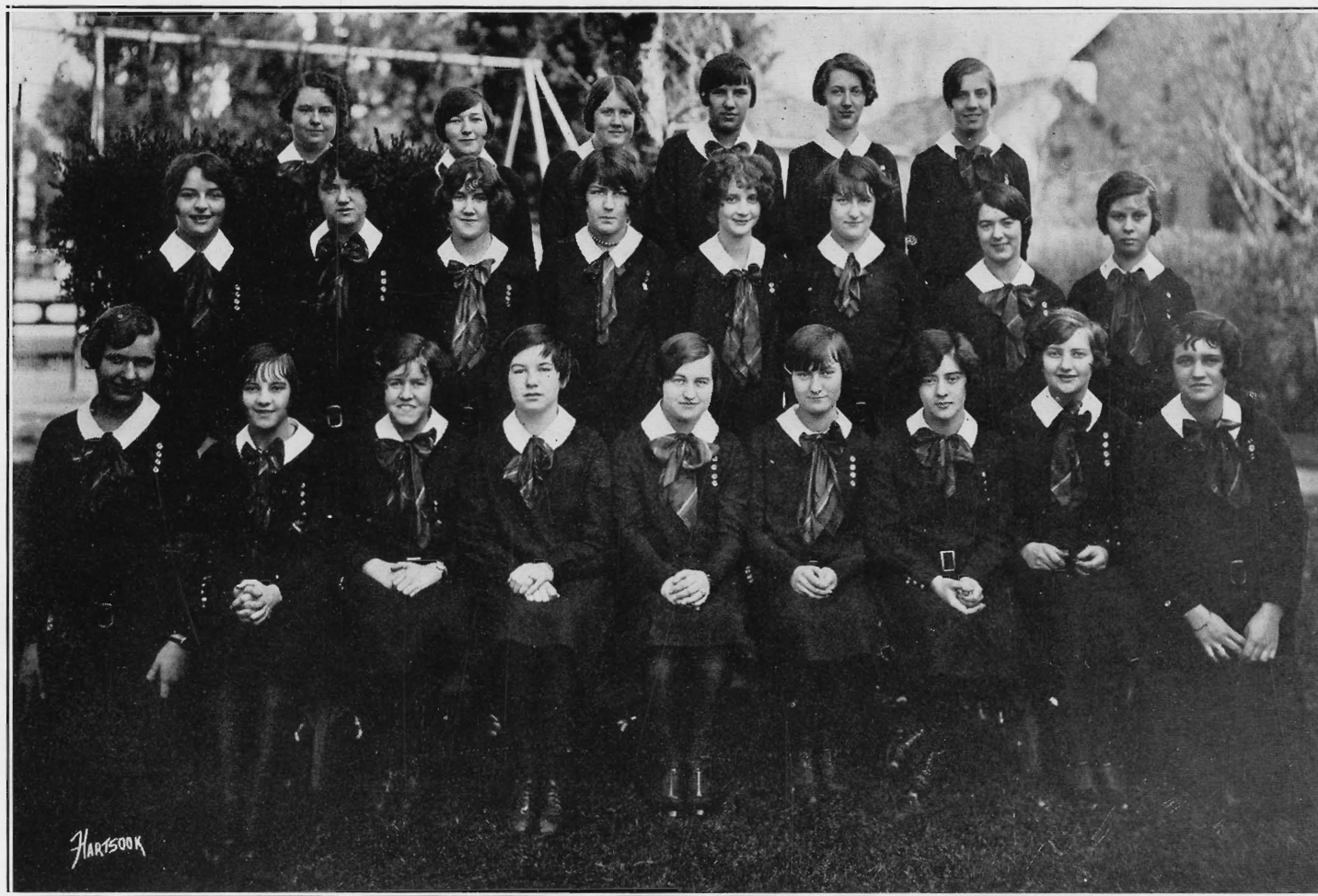
I, Margaret Phillips, will my noisy way of talking and laughing to Frances Morrisroe.

I, Catherine Small, will my recipe for making excuses to Margaret Fitzgerald, Agnes Hanna, and Virginia Nealis.

I, Marion Van Velzer, will my Spanish accent to June Carr.

I, Josephine Welch, will my Wednesday, "Good-morning", to anyone hardy enough to come in and get it.

Josephine Welch, '26.



Class of 1927