

A Trip through Alma Mater

Leaving the library by the north door and advancing down the long, narrow corridor, past the recreation room of the resident students and past the primary department, we come to the broader hall of the new school wing. There in the corner stand the same statue of Our Lady of Grace which formerly stood in the old St. Mary's school. It is marred now and impaired with age, it is true, but sweetly suggestive of early days, and beautiful still.

Along this hall which Mary guards we shall pass from room to room. First Grade, Second Grade, Third Grade, Fourth Grade, Fifth Grade, Sixth-how speedily "our passing" is completed. Speedily, in spite of the fact that we linger ponderingly, reminiscently, wistfully perhaps, at the long rows of little seats, gradually growing greater as we advance from grade to grade. Which of these seats, in the far off times, were mine? Which my mother's? Which my father's? Which my little brother's and sister's? Perhaps you, dear tourist, may ask such questions as these. God bless the lives of those who here in these very seats have sat, are sitting, and in the years to come will sit, to learn the lessons of Faith, Hope and Love. In these very rooms, plan though they be, hearts are being trained, characters are being molded, lives are being shaped. God bless the sacred work!

Come, let us ascend to the rooms above-Seventh and Eighth Grades, Study Hall, Fourth Year Class Room, Science Room and Commercial Department. Again we look and think, and say, "God bless the work!" The world needs, as it has always needed, women of sterling worth, Catholic women who are, in very truth, the glory of Holy Church; women who have learned "to put on Christ" and who go out into the world spreading the good odor of virtue-of priceless purity. If we who have it leave the sacred precincts of St. Joseph High School did not carry away with us ideals of such noble womanhood, we have lost the greatest good our school held out to us; for not knowledge alone makes life worthwhile, but "Knowledge with Virtue United."

Let us pass on. Where? Eastward, down High School hall; then, to the left, through the Commercial Room; and on through the departments of the resident students, to the front hall and stair opposite the chapel. Down three steps let us descent, gently open the brown, wooden, double door, and slip inside. Kneel, for we are in the very heart of the old school; or rather, we are in the one spot of the old school where throbs the great

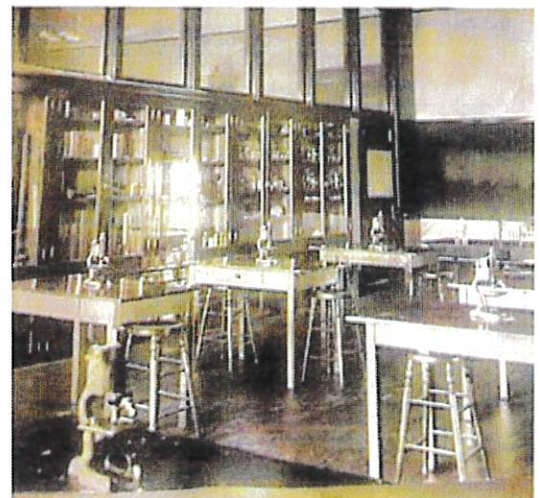
Heart of the Divince Master and Teacher-of Him Who alone, out of the number of those devoted teachers who laid the foundation of our dear Alma Mater, has remained uninterruptedly for fifty golden years living and laboring still for the welfare of St. Joseph's children. Dear little chapel, to attempt to describe you is beyond my power. We feel your charm, but fail in words adequate to express it.



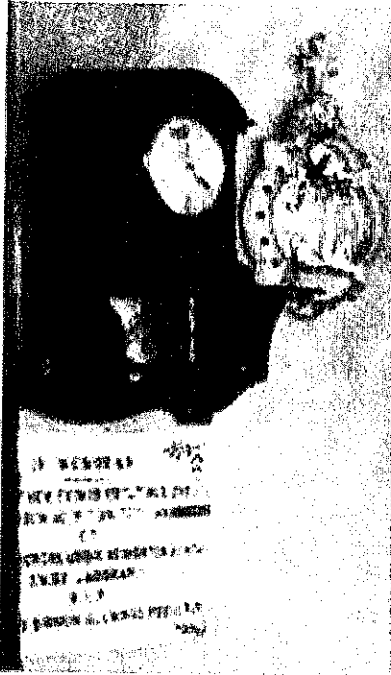
SENIOR CLASS ROOM



THE STUDY HALL



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The colored windows, through which streams the late afternoon sun, are testimonials to Academy benefactors. "Knights of Columbus", Sacred Heart League, to the Memory of Rev. Joseph Costa, O.C", "Catholic Women Foresters", "St. Joseph Alumnae", "P.T.A.", "Class '28", "In Memory of Mrs. Anna King", "In Memory of Mrs. Rose E. Green", -all these bespeak the generosity of our people. "The shrine of Our Lady of Providence on the left, and that of the Little Flower on right, entitle Class '27 and Mrs. Anna Green, respectively to daily remembrance; while the clock in the Sister's section of the chapel bears a Memory Tag of Class of '26. Beneath the clock and inserted in the wall, is a small stone slab, a tribute of love from the Alumnae, to the memory of Sister Mary Matthew, who "founded the Academy in the year 1879, and who labored here zealously until her death in 1908. Requiescat in pace!"

There are two exits from the chapel; one, on the south side, opening into the Convent apartment; the other, in the rear, leading to the east stairs and the Academy Street entrance, a view of which was promised you at the completion of the tour.

The rear door is the one by which we shall leave. Here we are. Notice the stairs by which we descend. How much wider, lightere, less steep, and more modern they are in every respect, than the "antiques" of the Knox Street entrance. We reach the first floor: beside the Divine Child. Truly, our patron has been a faithful protector through the years, and it is fitting that, as we turn to catch one parting glimpse of the interior of Alma Mater, we should pause, step back, and lay at his feet a little bouquet-our

pledges and our tribute of loyal love to him and, through him, to our cherished school, for Dear Ama Mater, we still love thee, and we always shall.



Gertrude Malley.