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# THE YEARBOOK

## NEWTON COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART

### CLASS OF 1950

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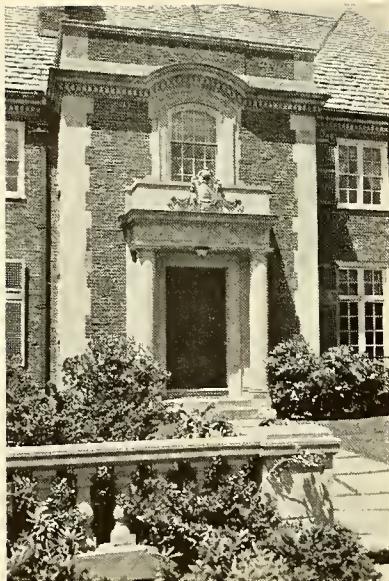
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*Wide World Photo*

OUR TWO DEAR FATHERS IN CHRIST  
HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII AND HIS EXCELLENCY ARCHBISHOP RICHARD J. CUSHING  
TO WHOM WE PLEDGE OUR LOYALTY THIS HOLY YEAR AND FOREVER



*From the shining heights of Newton,  
Echoing down the sloping hills,  
Our loyal song will last through ages  
long,  
Happy voices rise together.  
Year by year in volume gaining,  
Day by day a fairer praise sent up-  
ward,  
While we are new heights attaining  
Down through our Newton days.*

—Words by MIRIAM HAYES, '50







BARAT HOUSE



ST. MARY'S UP THERE



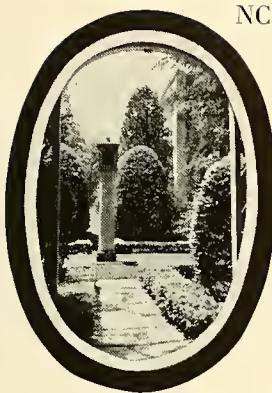
STUART HOUSE



HARDEY HOUSE

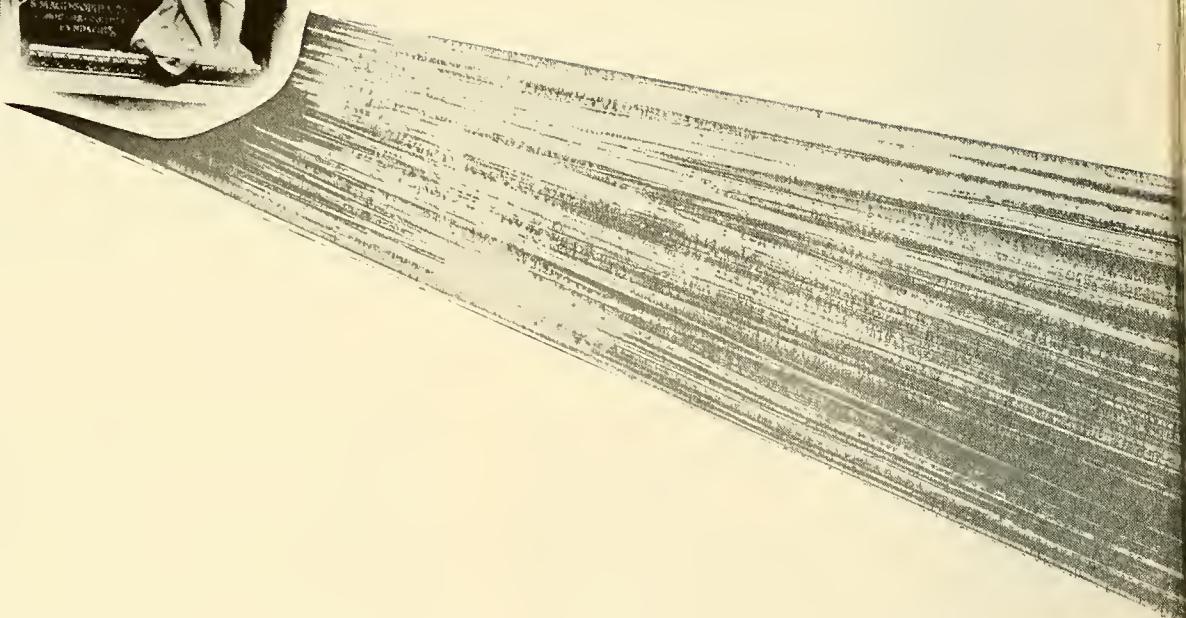


DUCHESNE HOUSE



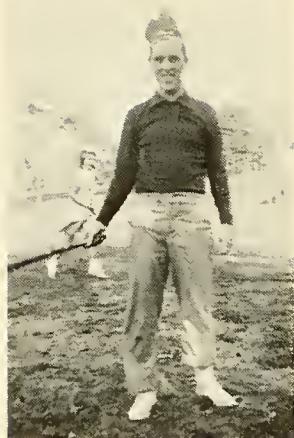
NCE upon a time there was an empty house on Centre Street.

The driveway was long and bare. The shutters were closed, and everything was quiet, when one fine day in the middle of September strange things began to happen. Cars filled the driveway; trunks filled the front hall; and voices were heard in the long quiet rooms. There was tea in the breakfast room, books in the bar, and "grown-ups" (six of them) in the nursery. There was hockey on the golf course. People paddled their feet in the fountain, under Cupid's adorned nose! In all things the old gave way to the new. Life filled a long-dead thing. The Holy Ghost was called down upon the house, and Newton College had begun.



From the very beginning the Spirit of the Sacred Heart was with us, and made us ever grateful for the loving plans that had fashioned that fast-growing family. So, when it came time for us to write our Yearbook, our first thought was to thank the Society that had watched over our college days with so much love.





But we have more than the Society to be grateful to; for there are two camps in our faculty, the Religious and what might be called "the irReligious", including a goodly smattering of priests, who mingled youth and authority in a happy mixture and became as much of our life in play as in study. The faculty even beat us in basketball; and while we loved and laughed at their striped shirts on the hockey field, we never ceased to respect their knowledge and their kindness. They were never mere professors to us, but real people, interested and concerned, who never forgot that we ourselves were more than students.

Only three of them have been with us since the beginning, that faraway day when



Caesar encamped on the second floor of Barat, Tartarin hunted lions in the Big Snake Pit, and St. John wrote his gospel on our only blackboard. Our happiness that they stayed with us has been equalled only by the joy of seeing others join them year by year: others to make explosions in the Lab. and fill blackboards with equations; others to explain the fall of the Roman empire, give us the gift of tongues, and teach us the secret of poetry; and last, but by no means least, the "metaphysician of the twentieth century."

We are grateful indeed for all they taught us in the classroom, but even more for all they taught us by just being themselves.



We were a "motley crew"—the forty of us. There was every species of Proper Bostonian, the correct leavening of improper New Yorkers, a Mexican, a Colombian, and one rebel—but she slept most of that year. There were both wise and foolish virgins; but we all soon learned that oil or no oil, the supply was cut off at ten.

We were quite pleased with ourselves and felt very self-sufficient until, in Sophomore Year, we saw what fun it was to have another class around. We taught the Freshmen to carry chairs, to beat us in basketball, and to "lift" ice-cream from the pantry.

By Junior Year we were somewhat on our dignity—until we tried to manoeuvre in caps and gowns. We had a Freshman Class to protect and we could assume a matriarchal attitude during hazing, to cover up our envy.

When we reached the Senior Class, we suddenly felt very strange. Here we were about to graduate. What had happened to those four years? Nobody knew. So we decided to look more closely, to see what we were like and what we had done.





MARY-ELIZABETH BLAZO

B.A.

Malden High School,  
Malden, Mass.

Missions 3, 4.  
Catholic Action 3.

*"She looked a little wistfully,  
Then went her sunshine way."*



"Yes, please?" If you ever hear these words spoken in a high treble, if you ever hear the uneven shuffling of feet pursuing you down the corridor, turning you will discover the remarkably melancholy cocker spaniel eyes, the Raggedy-Anne countenance of Mary-Liz, the female edition of Little Boy Blue. A philosopher of common sense, a student of human relations, her good-natured attitude towards life makes Mary a source of refreshment. She is not studious in anything. She knits, works, and enjoys life with a naturalness which is the distinguishing mark of her personality. Nothing ever upsets her, and she brings to the nervous and rushed a serenity that is unfeigned and a humor that is largely unconscious.





ELIZABETH BRADLEY

B.A.

Mount Alvernia Academy.  
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3.  
Magazine 3, 4.  
A.A. 1 (Treas.), 2, 3, 4 (V. Pres.)  
Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Basketball 1, 2, 3.

*"This is wisdom, to be strong,  
This is virtue, to be gay."*

Betty's red hair has often been the bane of her existence. Whenever she was up to some mischief it was her red hair that gave her away. She is little and full of life, and loves to tear down the hockey field with a stick held high above her shoulders. In the Smoker she is always ready for a "quick hand of bridge" before class, and she enjoys every joke to the full, even—and especially—when it is on herself. Shall we ever understand how so capable a person forgot that morning exam? But of course there could have been other things on her mind. . . . She is always excited about something, and is one of the few Seniors who comes to a Monday morning class bright and cheerful after a busy weekend. Energy is her keynote, and she will surely get from life all the enjoyment that she brings to its living.



FLORENCE MARIE  
CANNING

B.A.

St. Francis Xavier Academy,  
Providence, R. I.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Dramatics 1 (V. Pres.), 2, 3, 4  
(Pres.).  
Catholic Action 2, 4.  
Freshman Forum.  
Basketball 3.

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



Flo is the President of the Dramatic Club and it's all because of her red hair. If you are born with that delightful ornament, a ready-made reputation awaits you. Flo answers the requirements more than adequately with her tallness, and quickness and even her green eyes. Living up to a universal reputation prepared her for the role of an actress. In *Christmas in the Village Square* she adlibbed with all the ease and wit of a Talullah. In *H.M.S. Pinafore* Flo takes on the character of "plump and pleasing" Buttercup, and puts to use her not-too-latent flirtatious ability. But Flo embroiders upon the red-head legend with her own personality. Her mischievousness expresses itself in adding a witty touch to a local joke, and explodes in the "Fletcher Act", a routine known to all of Barat. Her strength is in her overwhelming amiability which reaches out and warms everyone.





HILDA CAREY E. de M.  
B.A.

Winsor School, Boston, Mass.

Glee Club 1, 2 (Pres.), 3, 4 (V.  
Pres.).

Dramatics 1.  
Missions 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Inter-racial 3, 4.  
Choir 1, 2, 3, 4.  
*Switchboard* 3, 4.  
Yearbook Board 4.  
Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4 (Capt.).  
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.

*"I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my  
hand."*

Have you ever seen fifty-five Libers propelled along the tunnel by an invisible force? Have you ever seen three pedestals and six boxes being carried at the same time by the same person? If you can make your way to the other side of the obstruction there you will find Hilda, furiously refusing any attempt at help. This ferocious energy can also send a hockey ball half-way down the field, make a basket from the other side of the center line, and hold a solo second against the entire Glee Club. Her attachments are just as strong, her friendships just as permanent. And if there's anything that typifies Hilda it's "We Can Do It"—for she is the "Battle-maiden", and her strength and power is all turned towards good.



LYDIA CASAVANT

B.A.

Walnut Hill School,  
Natick, Mass.

Dramatics 3, 4.  
IRC 3, 4.  
Missions 3.  
Magazine 3.

*"All comely quality!  
All gentleness and hospitality!  
All courtesy and merriment!"*



People are Lydia's main interest. Her talent in dealing with the old and the young may be due to the sociology and psychology courses which she defends against all comers, or it may be due to that natural instinct which makes her an able camper and a good scout. She has a Charlie Chaplin sense of humor, the earnestness of a Federal Court judge, and the practical sense of an economic potentate. You may see her re-enacting the old-time movies, engrossed in a social problem, or rummaging through the stacks for a thick history book. Yet she is never too busy to amuse or to be amused, and never too frivolous to learn. She is a real person whose interests are as wide as her generosity.





CLAIRE T. DEBLOIS

B.A.

Jeanne d'Arc Academy,  
Milton, Mass.

Glee Club 3.  
Dramatics 1, 2.  
Inter-racial 4.  
Missions 1.  
Catholic Action 1.  
French Club 3, 4 (Pres.).  
Magazine 2, 3, 4.  
Yearbook Board 4.  
Social Committee 1, 2.  
Class Secretary 1, 2.

*"What delightful hosts are they—  
Life and love."*

Whether it's in the midst of the "ape act" or in the middle of another party, Claire has well earned the reputation of keeping us all laughing. "Dare me?" Little encouragement is required to stimulate the flow of wit and humor. Her athletic ability consists in the impersonation of Faculty members on the hockey field or in the gym; remember? But she also has a more serious side exemplified in scholastic diligence, French Club leadership, and musical achievements—instrumental, that is. We hope she has good luck raising little redheads. She should; for sympathy, and charm, and sincerity are in her every action.



ANN ROGERS  
DEVEREUX E. de M.

B.A.

Convent of the Sacred Heart,  
Washington, D. C.

Glee Club 1, 2, 4.  
Dramatics 1, 4.  
IRC 2, 4.  
Missions 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 3, 4 (V.  
Pres.).  
Freshman Forum.  
Choir 1, 2.  
Magazine 3.  
Hockey 1, 2.  
Basketball 1, 2.

*"Eternal sunshine settles on her  
head."*



The weather is always cold to Annie, and even constant naps seem few and far between; but in spite of soporific tendencies, the call of the Confederacy rouses her to instant action. She has more faith than anyone we know—she even believes that the South will rise again; and if Robert E. Lee wasn't a Jesuit it's not Annie's fault! She is a paradox, but not a disturbing one. She never worries about things because they will always turn out right for her—and she sees to it that they will turn out right for others. The impression is one of a sunflower turned anywhere there is laughter.





CATHERINE MARIE  
DOYLE E. de M.

B.A.

Country Day School of the  
Sacred Heart, Newton, Mass.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3.  
Missions 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 3, 4.  
NFCCS 1.  
Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4 (Capt.).  
Social Committee 3, 4.  
Class President 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Student Gov't 1, 2, 3, 4 (Pres.).

*"A good heart, Kate, is the sun  
and the moon."*

Four years ago we asked Kate to lead us in our new endeavor, for she seemed to be the spirit of Newton and we wanted Newton to have the spirit of Kate. Our choice only goes to show the great wisdom of the first graduating class! Kate's heart is loving, her ways strong and unassuming; her smile is for all, and her laughter—not exactly of the bell-like quality—ever-ready to spring forth. She has never had a chance to enjoy the delights of wickedness, because she spends her time getting the rest of us out of trouble. She has, however, managed to cling to the spirit of our first year here by always tutoring the Freshmen in Logic. And this is typical of Kate, who must have been born on a Friday; for "Friday's child is loving and giving."



MARY ELIZABETH  
ENGLERT E. de M.

B.A.

Convent of the Sacred Heart,  
Kenwood, Albany, N. Y.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.  
IRC 2, 3, 4.  
Missions 1, 2, 3, 4 (Pres.).  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Inter-racial 3.  
Freshman Forum.  
Choir 1, 2.  
Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Student Government 1.

*"And you moved among these  
mysteries,  
Absorbed, and smiling, and sure."*



There is, on earth, a race of men, hard and cruel. These are known as the legend-breakers. Gleefully we join this company, eager to expose the smallest of the Englerts. Legend tells of Mary Liz characterized by scientific qualities of placidity, stability, and prudence; but have they seen her in the Smoker? The scientist disappears in the Smoker. The scientist disappears in the haze. Is there placidity in ousting a certain unnamed person from that fiery hole? Is there stability in a five-no-trump bid? Is there prudence in an 8:30 dash to the signing-in book? Have you seen a small mountain of blankets erupt at 12:30 A.M. urging us in nn-scientific tones, and we paraphrase, to lower our voices? Have you heard her *Twelfth Street Rag* or seen the routine of *The Gay Desperado*? Have you noticed how she handles those big blue eyes? When you know those things, replace the myth of the practical scientist with the reality of Mary Liz, whose "every inch is packed with DYNAMITE!"





NORMA ROSE FALON

B.A.

Academy of Notre Dame,  
Roxbury, Mass.

Missions 1, 2.  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 3.

*"Serene will be her days and bright,  
And happy will her nature be."*

Something is always happening to Norma, but unless she appeared on crutches you would never know it. She shows an apparent indifference to care and worry, for no matter how many times calamity falls, she is always able to shrug it off. Her favorite accessory is a telephone, without which she would be lost, for Norma is completely gregarious by nature. This social instinct extends only perforce to the Lab., where she mixes elements as she would people at a party. She is full of wild tales of hilarious experiences which she takes great pleasure in telling. She takes pleasure in most things, but chiefly in giving pleasure to others.



JOANNE FRANCES FLYNN

B.A.

Gardner High School,  
Gardner, Mass.

Glee Club 1, 2 (V. Pres.), 3, 4  
(Pres.).

Catholic Action 2, 3, 4.

French Club 3, 4.

Freshman Forum.

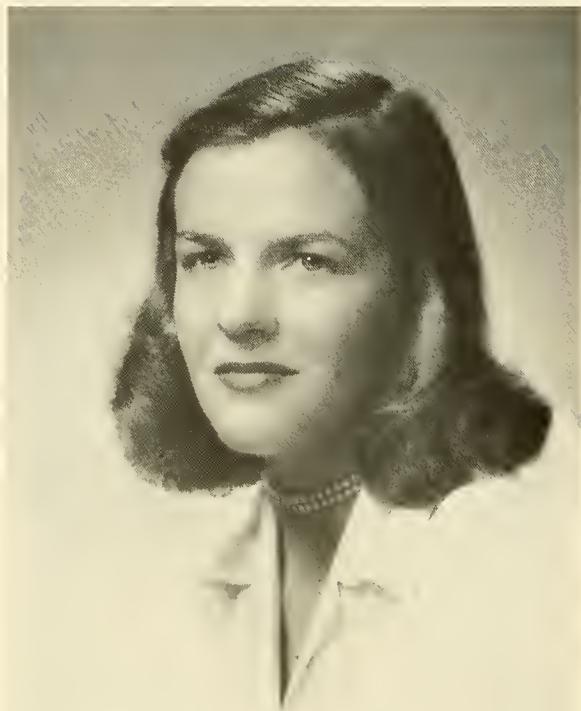
Girl Scouts 1 (Ass't Leader).

*"Who mixed reason with pleasure,  
And wisdom with mirth."*



A promising candidate for Girl Scout activities, Jodie is unyielding in her ambition to organize. She has the ability to meet problems with a whimsical manner, and never loses her inherent calm . . . "well, hardly ever." No matter how often Jodie repeats one of her many yarns, (and she does), there is always the suggestion of stifled laughter in her voice, as if everything somehow had humor in it. She can listen to others, too, with a friendly air and a contagious smile; for, above all, Jodie is everybody's friend.





JANE GALLAGHER

B.A.

Boston Academy of Notre Dame, Boston, Mass.

Glee Club 2, 3, 4.  
Dramatics 1.  
Missions 1, 2.  
Catholic Action 1, 2.  
Freshman Forum.  
Magazine 3.  
Hockey 1.  
Basketball 1.

*"A heart as sound and free  
As in the whole world thou canst  
find."*

If you hear a voice going up and down the scale on your name, you stop and listen, knowing it to be Jane winsomely calling you. Turning, you see her with a big smile on her face, her saucy blue eyes laughing, and it is hard not to smile back. Jane is one of the most optimistic optimists we know, in a quiet yet infectious way. This, and a carefree nonchalance have been a stepping-stone to many a passing grade when exam tremors beset so many of us. "Potentially" varsity material, Jane's athletic endeavors are more than often outdone by a hasty, well-played hand of bridge between classes in the Smoker. Yet her nonchalance does not mean unconcern, for Jane is really interested in people, and happy in their happiness.



IRENE RAPHAEL  
GOOD E. de M.

B.A.

Country Day School of the  
Sacred Heart, Newton, Mass.

Glee Club 1 (Treas.), 2, 3.

Missions 1, 2, 3, 4.

Catholic Action 1, 2, 3, 4.

Freshman Forum.

Choir 1.

Magazine 3.

NFCCS 3.

Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4.

Basketball 1, 2, 3.

*"A mind at peace with all below."*



We have among us a student who is partly good. The rest of her, for some reason, is Muffy. The whole of her is often tired, tired in the midst of classes; and that intense and studious air of concentration is best achieved with closed eyes. Muffy has two habits, going to Sacred Heart and not eating—a *non sequitur*? She has a strong will, however, and forces herself to go home almost every night of the week. That same strength of will keeps her face deadly serious while she makes those devastating remarks which no one can resist; nor can we resist her generous hospitality, for to all of us Muffy has been everlastingly steady and strong, and so very kind.





SHEILA HAGGERTY  
E. de M.

B.A.

Convent of the Sacred Heart,  
New York, N. Y.

Glee Club 1 (Sec'y), 2, 3, 4.  
IRC 3 (Pres.), 4.  
Inter-racial 4.  
Missions 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Freshman Forum.  
Yearbook Board 4.  
Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.  
A.A. 1, 2, 3, 4 (Pres.).

*"All her excellencies stand in her  
so quietly as if they had stolen  
upon her without her knowledge."*

Sheila has a quality that is hard to put down on paper, or to convey to anyone who has not met her—something whimsical and pixieish, knowing, yet altogether guileless. Her infectious laughter, her sudden shynesses, her continually lost glasses, endeared her to us at once: but it was only gradually that we came to appreciate the depth of her childlike air. Her very real interest in current events made her an indispensable orator for the IRC; her athletic skills made her the pride of the team in every game; her original pen has created essays that delighted us. There is something cool and fresh and feminine about Sheila, an elusive quality that is as hard to catch as a sunbeam, a fanciful quietness that charms and holds us, all the lovelier for its intangibility, the more entrancing for its promise.



AGNES RUTLEDGE  
HANFORD

B.A.

Convent of the Sacred Heart.  
New York, N. Y.

Glee Club 4.  
Dramatics 1 (Sec'y), 2 (V. Pres.).  
IRC 2, 3, 4 (Pres.).  
Catholic Action 1.  
French Club 3.  
Freshman Forum.  
Yearbook Board 4.  
Social Committee 1, 2, 3.

*"She will bring thee, all together,  
All delights of summer weather."*



Now here is a charmer—Long Island sparkle, flavored with just a bit of Boston. In fact, Agnes is a truly cosmopolitan person; a touch of South of the Border accompanied by *Lady of Spain*. Agnes is perennially on the Dean's List, yet never bookish. Her poise and ease are ever present, whether in leading the IRC or at a Tea Dance. And speaking of Tea Dances, what is the feminine of Casanova? She invariably returns from a V.L.P. with the enthusiastic comment: "We really had a marvellous time!" Optimism is her keynote; and with this optimism, Agnes will fashion her own future.





MIRIAM HAYES E. de M.  
B.A.

Convent of the Sacred Heart,  
New York, N. Y.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Dramatics 1 (Treas.), 2 (Sec'y). 3,  
4 (V. Pres.).  
IRC 2, 3, 4.  
Inter-racial 3, 4.  
Missions 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Freshman Forum.  
Choir 1.  
Magazine 2, 3, 4 (Editor-in-Chief).  
Yearbook Board 4.  
Hockey 1, 2, 3.  
Basketball 1.

*"I saw the mystic vision flow  
And live in men and woods and  
streams,  
Until I could no longer know  
The dream of life from my own  
dreams."*

In an atmosphere of wild horses and cowboys or in one of brain-stretching philosophers Mimi is equally at home. One minute you might find her composing another of her hypnotic poems (if she is not racing to beat her extended dead-line with a term-paper), and the next you might find her telling the story of the week to some unsuspecting Freshman. Whether you are looking for some wizard idea with which to astound a professor, or the best way to write a petition to the Dean, Mimi is the one to ask. No one will forget Mimi's troubles with her glasses, or her all-night vigils before exams—and her relief at getting 96 instead of a flunk! And what about Christopher and Lochinvar and the fire-escape in Freshman Year? There's nothing Mimi can't do, good or bad; and whatever it is she writes a poem about it. Her capabilities have compelled our admiration as her friendliness and sincerity have won our love.



MARY HICKEY E. de M.

B.A.

Jeanne d'Arc Academy,  
Milton, Mass.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Inter-racial 3, 4 (V. Pres.).  
Missions 1, 2 (Sec'y), 3, 4 (V.  
Pres.).  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Choir 3.  
Magazine 2.  
Hockey 2.  
Year Book Board 4.

*"Those who dream by day are far  
more cognizant of things than  
those who dream by night."*



Hickey is an enigma. She rarely makes class and when she does she has forgotten her books. She loves to sing if she can remember the tune, loves to walk in the rain if she can find her shoes; and above all she loves the College. We hope she will always remember the address! Mary drives a car to the detriment of the pedestrian, plastered with signs giving evidence of a mother's faith in the rest of humanity. Though Mary is unorganized, her absent-mindedness comes from a heart completely unconcerned with the fluff of life and interested only in the stuff it is made of. She is unconcerned with Hickey only because she is never absent-minded about other people and never unconcerned with their problems.





REGINA MARIE HOWE

B.A.

Woodward School,  
Quincy, Mass.

Freshman Forum.  
Yearbook Board 4.

*"True beauty lies in deep retreats."*

If you ever wandered over to the laboratory on an afternoon and looked in, you would see a demure blond busily mixing up a lethal brew of noxious chemicals. She would smile serenely and say a quiet "hello" while her cauldron fumed and bubbled menacingly. In Reggie there seems to be no conflict between her own gentle calmness and the tremendous force of the chemicals with which she works. She is not only serene in herself, but she gives that serenity to others. She never gets annoyed and is the perfect mediator for any argument, with her "Don't get excited" and her dry sense of humor. Possibly because she is not always blurting it out, she has within her a wealth of gentle wisdom.



MARY LOU JULIAN

B.A.

Mt. Trinity Academy,  
Watertown, Mass.

Magazine 2, 3.  
Yearbook Board 4.

*"A heart whose softness harmonized the whole."*



Quietly Mary Lou came to us and quietly she has made her influence felt among us, for she is a ready friend. She has a capable hand with test-tube and scalpel—but who wants to perform an autopsy on a rabbit? Mary Lou is happy anywhere, but especially driving around at the wheel of her big, blue Buick, with the back seat all filled up. Yet her driving belies her steadiness and tranquility; and her outward calm belies her quick humor and love of a joke. Standing on her feet in the Lab. all day never destroys her cheerfulness; and sights and sounds which would conquer us leave her undisturbed. Of all of us it is truest of Mary Lou, that "still water runs deep."





MARY KING

B.A.

Girls' Latin School,  
Boston, Mass.

Glee Club 3, 4.

IRC 3, 4.

Inter-racial 4.

Missions 3, 4.

Catholic Action 3, 4.

NFCCS 3, 4.

*"I am coasumed with a slow fire,  
For righteousness is my desire."*

"Now listen kids. . . ." And we do, because Mary has something she wants to get across. It gets. When Mary came in Junior Year, she really came, she saw, she conquered. We have been gladly succumbing ever since, because Mary will see anything through to the finish. Yet in seeing a thing through, she also sees through it, and can take the curse off any calamity by her marvellous mimicry. Mary is tremendously enthusiastic and sees all things as possible, even keeping Hickey's shoes on. To say that she is unselfish is an understatement. In fact, to say anything good about Mary is an understatement because she really embodies the spirit of the Sacred Heart.



CLAIRE KIRK E. de M.

B.A.

Country Day School of the  
Sacred Heart, Newton, Mass.

Glee Club 1, 2.  
IRC 2.  
Inter-racial 4.  
Missions 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 3, 4 (Pres.).  
Freshman Forum.

*"No coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world's storm-  
troubled sphere."*



It is absolutely impossible for Kirkie to make an announcement in Assembly without putting the whole College in hysterics. This is not because she is light or off-hand; at any moment of the day she is likely to drag you into a corner to ask you to pray for an intention, very special, very secret, and always for someone else. Kirkie has the interests of the whole world at heart, and by the whole world we mean the Whole World. She loves to be teased about anything and everything—in fact, she actually enjoys blushing. It is a happy thing that she is the head of Catholic Action, for she is really Catholic and full of action.





MARY KYNE

Roslindale High School,  
Boston, Mass.

IRC 2, 3, 4.  
Dramatics 1.  
Missions 1, 2, 3.  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 3.  
Freshman Forum.  
Yearbook Board 4.

*"Afoot and lighthearted, I take to  
the open road,  
Healthy, free, the world before  
me."*

A bright smile and a cheery greeting typify Mary even in times of dire distress. Happy-go-lucky and a complete extrovert, she derives the utmost pleasure from everything she does. Mary carries her own soap-box, for she is always ready to expound her ideas on anything and everything to the bitter end, against irrefutable arguments and all comers. Her interests are varied, chief among them is her vital interest in people, which we were not long in discovering, for Mary loves to do things for everybody. At any moment you are liable to see her whizzing out of the driveway, taking all sorts of people in every direction. It is this generosity which characterizes Mary in all things, for she really loves to give.



MARY CLAIRE LABONTÉ

B.A.

Convent of the Sacred Heart,  
Noroton, Conn.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Dramatics 1, 2.  
IRC 2, 3.  
Choir 1, 2, 3, 4.  
*Switchboard* 4.  
Yearbook Board 4.  
Hockey 1, 3.  
Basketball 1, 3.  
Freshman Forum.

*"A youth to whom was given so  
much of earth, so much of heaven."*



"Week of February 14-21. Chic LaBonté, ten hours."

"But Chic's not here. She's gone to Oklahoma!"

For Chic seems to alternate between a string of three weeks' campuses and trips half-way across the globe. She is interested in everything and can ably support both sides of a discussion at the same time. This broadness of mind is only outdone by her greatness of heart. In fact, Chic is so generous that she outdoes even herself. But there is one little detail about Chic that we cannot overlook—that every Monday morning she goes on a diet and every Monday afternoon she goes out to Brigham's. However, we never find this inconsistency in important things. For Chic can really philosophize in the Smoker in the midst of the wildest confusion. She may rush around, but she is never rushed, for she has that sure serenity that comes from truth.





MARY LOU McGOWAN  
E. de M.

B.A.

Country Day School of the  
Sacred Heart, Newton, Mass.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.  
IRC 2, 3 (V. Pres.).  
Missions 1, 2, 3.  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 3.  
Freshman Forum.  
Basketball 1.

*"The secret of success is constancy  
of purpose."*

Mary Lou has instigated a host of traditions at Newton; and her hard work and businesslike efficiency have helped to make Parents' Weekend and Freshman Welcoming smashingly successful. We are certain of her completion of any task she undertakes. Although studies come first with Mary Lou, her rigid schedule includes time for relaxation. She is one of the foundation stones of the Smoker, an ardent movie fan, and a connoisseur of good cooking. She shares with Hélène the honor of attaining the first three weeks' campus; but shares with herself alone the foresight which made her begin her thesis in Freshman Year. History is her *forte*, and her memory for names and dates leaves us gasping. However, there is one field to which her likes do not extend: the hockey field, and one method of transportation she does not relish: shankesmare; but her cheers are loyal at games. Mary Lou herself is a completely loyal person who at every opportunity is ready to cheer for Newton.



MARY ELEANOR  
McMANUS

B.A.

Newton High School,  
Newton, Mass.

Dramatics 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Magazine 2.  
Missions 1, 2, 3.  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Yearbook Board 4 (Art Editor).

*"All nature wears one universal  
grin."*



The first thing that strikes you about Mary is her amazing mine of information. She knows something about everything; but the theatre is her real love. She knows all about it, and is eager to act herself. In fact, she loves to do any and everything, but most of all to help; and her enjoyment of life is as deep as her generosity. If you look at the pages of Mary's notebook, you will know right away that she is artistic too. . . . that is, in case you missed the bulletin board with numerous posters all done by her. Though she loves to sing, she can't carry a tune, but in her own words she "can still whistle." This is Mary's whole spirit: to make the best of everything that comes, both for herself and all about her.





JOAN ELAINE MITCHELL  
B.A.

Brimmer-May School,  
Boston, Mass.

Glee Club 1, 2.  
Dramatics 1.  
IRC 2, 3, 4.  
Missions 1, 2, 3.  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 4.  
French Club 3, 4.  
Freshman Forum (Treas.).

*"How happy is she born and taught  
Whose armor is her honest  
thought."*

When Joan came to Newton, she came very quietly, but we were not long in discovering that there was much she could do. Her skill in managing languages and big Buicks is probably more widely known than her skill in managing professors and skis, but she is equally adept at them all. An affable manner, an infectious laugh, dogmatic decisions (expressed by an emphatic "very true" or a final "definitely not"), and a resigned *C'est la vie* are all part of her personality. Yet *C'est la vie* implies no dislike of life, for serious or gay, alone or in a crowd, Joan enjoys life however she finds it.



MARY C. PUTNAM E. de M.

B.A.

Convent of the Sacred Heart,  
Kenwood, Albany, N. Y.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Dramatics 1, 2, 3, 4.  
IRC 2, 3.  
Inter-racial 3, 4 (Pres.).  
Missions 1, 2 (V. Pres.), 3, 4.  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Freshman Forum.  
Choir 1, 2, 3, 4.  
*Switchboard* 3, 4.  
Magazine 2, 3, 4.  
Yearbook Board 4 (Ed.-in-Chief).  
Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Basketball 1, 2, 3 (Capt.), 4.  
Social Committee 1.

*"I have heard the song of a fairy  
bird in a tree,  
And the peace that is not in the  
world has flown to me."*



Polly is a legend of joy. The tale of her accomplishments astounds us and we fall back in awe, and let's face it—envy. After observing the flash of countless needles, we have come to the conclusion that she both clothes and adorns her entire family. Professionally she is as indispensable as its stage to the Dramatic Association. It is through her acting that the motive of "Put" is made clear; for she acts on the stage as she does in life, through joy. It is the joy of a child, simple, strong, and sweet; but it is womanly, for it is tempered by thought and worked through wisdom. Her joy is such a part of her that whatever she touches turns to loveliness.





ELENA ANN RUGGIERO  
E. de M.

B.A.

Country Day School of the  
Sacred Heart, Newton, Mass.

Glee Club 1, 2 (V. Pres.), 3, 4.  
IRC 2.  
Inter-racial 3.  
Missions 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Freshman Forum.  
Magazine 3.  
Yearbook Board 4 (Bus., Mgr.).  
NFCCS 2, 3.  
Hockey 1.  
Basketball 1, 2.  
Social Committee 1, 2, 4.  
Class Secretary 3, 4.

*"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate."*

What happens to our philosophical mind during philosophy class? Or, worse still, to the class theologian during theology class? Elena has a deep thought for every occasion, and a ready answer to every why; but she also has a strange, or not so strange, allergy to the confining walls of the classroom and finds the drone of the professor's voice a perfect background for planning "a party in the room tonight," or for counting the days and seconds until vacation. During the day she may be found pouring over the *Summa* and working out her own explanation of the mystery of the Trinity. In theology class the quest for truth gives way to a more creative bent; and new patterns for silver or some other vital things occupy her time. Elena is one of those rare combinations of lightness and depth. Always seriously thoughtful, yet never too busy for a good time, we find her tranquility a joy and her company a delight.



CONSTANCE RYAN

B.A.

Boston Academy of Notre  
Dame, Boston, Mass.

Magazine 3.  
Yearbook Board 4.  
Social Committee 3, 4.

*"Laughter learnt of friends; and  
gentleness,  
In hearts at peace."*



Connie combines a natural desire for fun with an acquired enthusiasm for learning, especially around January and May. She always appreciates a night out during the week, whether for bridge or bigger things, and is an expert at making Tea Dances run smoothly, as well as enjoying them herself. Although she never smokes, Connie, heralded by her "What's the scoop?", makes frequent trips to the Smoker, full of genuine interest in what is going on. One of Newton's favorite chauffeurs, she still is never rushed or in a hurry to go places, for with her calm kindness she makes wherever she is a resting place.





MARY LOUISE SCHULTZ  
E. de M.

B.A.

Jeremiah E. Burke High School  
for Girls, Dorchester, Mass.

IRC 2, 3.  
Missions 1, 2, 3.  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 3.  
Freshman Forum (Sec'y).  
Student Government 2, 3, 4.  
Class Vice President 2, 3, 4.

*"Let gentleness my strong enforcement be."*

One of the things that Schultzie must have gotten from the Waves was a great knowledge of mechanics, for she pilots a rattling car through Milton winters with amazing dexterity. At Newton she displays the same practical serenity in dealing with people that she shows when her car refuses to start on a cold morning, or, once started, stalls in front of an onrushing trolley. She is quiet, but her influence, one of generosity and straightness, is strongly felt. Yet she never takes herself seriously or wants others to do so. She never claims her rights, but she meets her responsibilities quietly and wholeheartedly, helping us in many ways we hardly realize, but for which we will always be grateful.



HELÈNE SWEENEY E. de M.

B.A.

Convent of the Sacred Heart,  
Noroton, Conn.

IRC 2.

Freshman Forum.  
Magazine 2, 3, 4.  
Yearbook Board 4.  
NSA 2, 3, 4.  
Hockey 1, 2.  
Basketball 1, 2.  
Social Committee 1, 2, 3, 4 (Chair-  
man).  
Class Treasurer 1, 2, 3, 4.

*"It takes life to love life."*



Helène is unique at Newton; in fact, we're sure she is the most unique person on the Eastern Seaboard: she can talk at breakfast. She can even talk *before* breakfast; and what's more, it is an interesting conversation! They say one gets out of a thing what one brings to it, and Helène brings such enthusiasm to everything that it overflows onto us even at 8:00 in the morning. It may be the latest NSA project, the most "terrific" buy at Filene's, or her newest method of raising the money she always obtains for the countless committees of which she is the treasurer. We feel sure Helène will never have time to write a book of her experiences, but someone should—not because they are particularly unusual or breathtaking—but because they are supremely entertaining; just like Helène who, anything but trivial herself, does not believe that anything is a triviality, and who would never admit that someone is just "an ordinary guy"—would you, Helène?





GERTRUDE WALSH

B.A.

Sacred Heart High School,  
Newton Centre, Mass.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Missions 1.

Catholic Action 1.

Magazine 2.

*"Your heart is as kind as your  
young eyes."*

When we first met Trudy we thought her a very quiet sort of person, but that idea went up in smoke, all too literally, because we really discovered Trudy in the Smoker. She has a sense of humor which goes with her quietude. In fact, they pair well together and are useful for stealthily dropping an ice-cube down someone's back. Trudy's neat appearance is never altered by a gym class, but you should see her tousled state after an exciting Canasta game. Though travelling on a basketball court has never impressed her, Trudy loves to go places and see things. She is kind to everybody and in turn, she is everybody's darling. Who could resist that smile?



PATRICIA ANN WALSH  
E. de M.

B.A.

Academy of Notre Dame.  
Roxbury, Mass.

Glee Club 3, 4.  
IRC 3, 4 (V. Pres.).  
Inter-racial 3.  
Missions 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Catholic Action 1, 2, 3, 4.  
French Club 3, 4.  
Yearbook Board 4.

*"As there is sense in truth and  
truth in virtue."*



A cloud of dust, a flash of light, the 10 o'clock bell, and in runs Pat, who has never been seen when not rushing around to catch up on a fantastic amount of work. Leisurely at heart, she enjoys nothing more than an all-night chat, but beneath her unruffled calm she is forever scheming a new constructive adventure. Perhaps it is her mathematical precision that makes her such a capable executive. She is, however, more than this, for she possesses that rare gift of genuine interest in everyone and everything, forever eager to lend a kind word, a helping hand, or even her mother's silver tea set. Her quick smile, her spontaneous retorts, her firmness of convictions, and her friendly charm make her wonderful to be with anytime; but before you realize it, she has dashed off to something else—"Kids, I've got so much to do!"





MARY ANN WHITE

B.A.

Convent of the Sacred Heart,  
New York, N. Y.

Dramatics 1, 2.  
IRC 2 (Pres.).  
Freshman Forum (Pres.).  
NFCCS 1, 2.  
Hockey 1, 2, 4.  
Basketball 1, 2, 4.

*"Each change of many-colored life  
she drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then  
imagined new."*

When you know Mary Anne, one of the things you will remember about her is her handwriting. It is large handwriting, not more than five words to a page, and it seems to symbolize Mary Anne herself; for Mary, when she does things, does them in a big way. One can always hear her laugh above the rest. Her smile is wider, her wit keener, her antics funnier. Even her argyle socks seem to be bigger than those knitted by other adoring females. In a bridge game she always has the greatest score, and in a discussion the greatest number of listeners; and when Mary is excited you would think the world was coming to an end. Quite naturally Mary Anne is very proud of that big city from which she hails—New York! Her carefree ways almost belie her depth and quick intelligence; but if you are observant you can catch a glimpse of the othersideness in her eyes. In looking, they seem to penetrate beyond the surface into the entirety of things both great and small.











#### JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Left to right: M. McCarthy, M. Jani, M. O'Hagan,  
M. Tynan.

The Class of '51 were the first people who ever gave us any competition. When they waltzed into the first Tea Dance with the New Look, we thought they were the most glamorous people we had ever seen. We took revenge in hazing. We ruined their hair-dos with pigtails and their dignity by making them propose to the postman. The only trouble was that by the next Tea Dance they had snapped back into shape and were just as glamorous as ever. We have them to thank, too, for the fact that half of us were marooned in Joe's for the winter of the great snow. They ruined our athletic record and made everything less exclusive, and, sin of sins, they occupied all those chairs in the Smoker. But in spite of these enormous drawbacks, the Class of '51 had a few good points—twenty-nine, to be exact. They were witty and kind and full of spirit; and they showed us, as no others could have done, that really good things become better the more they are shared.



## JUNIOR CLASS

First row, left to right: A. M. Sullivan, M. Mahoney, E. Cortelli,  
C. Casey, M. Squatrito.  
Second row, left to right: F. Maher, B. Lauredo, M. Pasarell, H.  
Hannon, L. Perez, E. Watson.  
Third row, left to right: M. Jani, E. Englert, A. Whelan.  
Fourth row, left to right: P. Canning, S. Smith, M. Wessling, M.  
McCarthy.  
Fifth row, left to right: A. Wellings, B. Siu, M. O'Hagan, A.  
Elcock, J. Gonzalez.  
Sixth row, left to right: M. Tynan, C. Rogers, J. Lyons, C. Rice,  
T. McGrath.



#### SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

Left to right: H. Jani, A. Reardon, R. O'Connell,  
J. Welch.

The Class of '52 were a new experience—a sister class. They were the biggest class we'd ever seen and their talents were as numerous as they themselves. They swelled the Glee Club, and did Gilbert and Sullivan up proud. They had a terrific chorus line, to say nothing of McNamara's Band. We stood aghast to watch them tackle two terms of Logic in one year—and come out alive. Logically enough, they knew how to make a good time too—especially on the occasion of one particular Boston Tea Party. There was in the beginning a certain shyness and quiet about them, but as soon as a hapless insect visited a certain radiator, we discovered their true characteristic—and the word is certainly not "silent". With '52 came required science for Sophomores, and they made those marvellous discoveries that Izaac Walton invented the Law of Gravity, that Samuel Gompers was a world-famous geologist, and wonder of wonders, that you could quite easily draw your own eye with the aid of a microscope. But if they were always making discoveries, so were we—and very soon we found out how nice they were to have around.



## SOPHOMORE CLASS

First row, left to right: M. Dealy, P. Mulhern, G. Lavedan, J. Connelly, M. Heanue; Second row, left to right: C. O'Neil, J. Shields, K. Chiapetta, M. Russell, B. Kelly; Third row, left to right: J. Paquin, B. Conlon, P. A. Dolan, M. B. O'Shea; Fourth row, left to right: J. Yawman, S. Hurley, B. Cassidy, M. McManus; Fifth row, left to right: M. Okuley, J. Crowley, C. Kilby, M. Cronin; Sixth row, left to right: B. Cameron, G. de Vitry, J. Welch, H. Jani; Seventh row, left to right: R. O'Connell, P. Heenan, A. Reardon, J. Kenney; Eighth row, left to right: N. O'Meara, P. R. Denny, M. Higgins, D. Spalthoff, K. A. Keogh; Ninth row, left to right: A. Fisher, M. Zahn, A. O'Connell, A. Eliot, G. Pitts.



#### FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

Left to right: N. Hurley, S. L. Whelan, G. Conley, M. C. Dwyer.

As soon as we met the Class of '53, we began to be sorry that we had only one year to spend with them. Everything seemed so bright when they were around. It was like having children in the house—but so much more, for they were the ones who seemed to be watching out for us, carrying chairs, seeing that things were neat, showing us really happy service. But it wasn't just all work either—though whatever the Freshmen did they did in a big way. What about the wonderful circus complete with organ-grinder and candy apples? What about that basketball game which was played off for *eight* extra quarters? What about that astounding plan of studies which they seemed to take with such calm? They even knew how to get fifteen people in one car. We could pass off our defects and inabilities on the fact that we're old ladies now; we've outgrown all that; but it's really not the case. The Freshmen were just plain wonderful.



## FRESHMAN CLASS

First row, left to right: A. Fulton, C. Craig, J. Thurber, M. J. Glennon, A. Streeter; Second row, left to right: A. Higgins, J. Murphy, B. Bergen, B. Gould; Third row, left to right: L. Lynch, B. Chabot, M. Atkinson, D. Dienhart; Fourth row, left to right: D. Laredo, N. Hurley, E. Dealy, V. Bueno; Fifth row, left to right: F. Mannix, P. Callahan, M. Kidney, C. Loumiet; Sixth row, left to right: N. Dolan, J. Hartford, P. Carroll, P. Madden; Seventh row, left to right: J. Falla, E. Murphy, A. Dillon, E. Kidwell, N. Lane; Eighth row, left to right: C. Beltran, M. Petzold, M. A. Bowen, G. Conley; Ninth row, left to right: A. M. Clausen, C. Hickey, A. White, P. Leonard, T. Lara; Tenth row, left to right: M. Casavant, A. A. O'Brien, A. Berry; Eleventh row, left to right: M. Rovira, B. Powell, S. L. Whelan, G. Fisher, M. C. Dwyer.

In our first year at college, there was nobody in the class who wasn't President of something. Every club could have used the same Roll Book, for all of us were in everything—singing, speaking, acting, depending on the day of the week. Even now that Newton is four times as big, we still find ourselves in a good many clubs. Part of this is due to versatility, part of it to ambition, and most of it to interest. That first year was nerve-wracking at times, when nobody could remember just what practice she was supposed to be at and when. We would have given anything for the gift of bilocation or for thirty hours in a day; but if someone had asked us to give up anything we would have refused most emphatically, for in spite of the frenzy, it was marvellous fun!







First row, left to right: B. Siu, B. Powell, G. Conley, H. Hannon,  
P. Leonard, M. Hayes, A. Elecock.  
Second row, left to right: A. White, M. C. Dwyer, A. Devereux, E.  
Ruggiero, P. Putnam, J. Lyons, A. Whelan, M. O'Hagan.  
Third row, left to right: P. Walsh, M. Hickey, M. Pasarell, S.  
Haggerty, M. Jani, P. Canning, J. Gonzalez, M. L. McGowan,  
C. Doyle, M. Schultz, L. Perez.  
Fourth row, left to right: A. Fulton, C. O'Neill, M. Dealy, E. Dealy,  
F. Mannix, S. Hurley, A. Dillon, M. Mahoney, C. Kirk, M.  
E. Englert.

## CHILDREN OF MARY

The greatest thing a Catholic College can give is not so much learning as love. That is why we are particularly indebted to Newton which has given us—in the Sodality of the Children of Mary—a rule of love. St. Madeleine Sophie in her strength and wisdom wrote thus to us:

“ . . . to preach by your example, to encourage the weak, to bring back the strayed sheep, even to save souls from falling into hell, and indeed to win them to the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and His Immaculate Mother. This is your vocation, the one aim of your Congregation. I am not afraid to call it an apostolate, for you must be apostles.”



First row, left to right: A. Reardon, M. O'Hagan, C. Doyle, M. Schultz, G. Conley.

Second row, left to right: H. Jani, N. Hurley, M. Jani.

## STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Student Government, like all strong things, is founded on service. It is goodly service, for it is the service of the best in the college. The work of the officers has been to weld many different people into one student body, to make us conscious of our duty towards each other and towards Newton. The Student Government officers bore the brunt of our petitions and our claims, and took the blame for our faults and our failings. They were constantly cheerful and understanding, and they taught us, above all, that government is not so much rule as responsibility.



Left to right: M. C. Dwyer, C. Doyle, M. McCarthy, R. O'Connell, J. Welch, H. Sweeney, E. Ruggiero, H. Hannon, M. Tynan, S. L. Whelan.

## SOCIAL COMMITTEE

The least part of the Social Committee's job was to give us social censures—though there were times when that seemed the biggest part of all. What they really did for us was to make a roaring success of every dance and party, to see that things ran smoothly, and to rush around, serving and smiling while we had a wonderful time. They knew how to produce a stag-line at a moment's notice. They were always looking for ways to give us fun. The best praise we can give them is to say that it really was fun. "We had a terrific time!"

## CATHOLIC ACTION      MISSION SOCIETY INTERRACIAL CLUB

In all these groups we have had the call of service beyond ourselves. The Missions have given us a kinship with those working for Christ in faraway places. Catholic Action has helped us to work for Him right here at college. Interracial has done a little of both. Through each club we have discovered that working for others was fun, whether "working" meant making decorations for a Mission Party, jerking sodas at St. E's, or taking children from Blessed Sacrament on a picnic. It made us very happy to find ourselves among the laborers in the vineyard.



CATHOLIC ACTION

First row, left to right: E. Cortelli, P. Leonard, G. de Vitry, G. Conley, H. Hannon, M. Mahoney, A. Whelan.  
Second row, left to right: M. C. Dwyer, A. White, B. Siu, A. Devereux, C. Kirk, B. Cassidy, J. Lyons, M. Hayes, M. O'Hagan, C. Hickey.



INTER-RACIAL CLUB OFFICERS

Left to right: M. Hickey, P. Putnam, M. Jani.

Third row, left to right: M. Jani, S. Haggerty, M. Hickey, M. Kidney, J. Mitchell, M. McManus, P. Putnam, A. Dillon, L. Perez, J. Gonzalez, F. Mannix, P. Canning, P. Walsh, M. King, C. Doyle.

Fourth row, left to right: A. Fulton, M. J. Glennon, C. Craig, E. Ruggiero, E. Dealy, A. Hanford, C. Casey, J. Thurber, N. Hurley, M. E. Englert, M. Squatrito.



MISSION ASSOCIATION

First row, left to right: C. Craig, A. Devereux, M. Hickey, M. E. Englert, C. Kirk, M. J. Glennon, C. O'Neill.

Second row, left to right: B. Siu, C. Doyle, P. Putnam, M. Hayes, P. Walsh, M. King.

Third row, left to right: A. A. O'Brien, S. Haggerty, F. Mannix, B. Cassidy, C. Hickey, E. Ruggiero.



First row, left to right: A. White, A. A. O'Brien, A. Reardon, K. A. Keogh, A. O'Connell, P. Walsh, P. Leonard.

Second row, left to right: B. Cassidy, J. Gonzalez, M. C. Dwyer, L. Perez, E. Englert, J. Flynn, C. DeBleis, G. de Vitry.

Third row, left to right: M. Heanue, E. Cortelli, J. Mitchell, C. Loumiet, M. J. Glennon, C. Craig, E. Kidwell, B. Chabot, C. Kilby.

## FRENCH CLUB

We usually associate with the French an interest in good food; but in the French Club at Newton there is much more of an interest in good thinking. Like the French, the Club is alive and active, sponsoring lectures, learning Christmas carols, visiting the consul, and holding animated meetings on its own. The Club has shown several films on France, and besides its activities within the college, it has established contact with the French Center in Boston. But the Club does not exist merely for its own improvement, for throughout the winter the members sent packages to the Sacred Heart Convent in Grenoble, showing very clearly that the French Club loves the people of France as well as their language.



### DRAMATIC CLUB

First row, left to right: C. Rogers, C. Rice, A. Elcock, M. McManus, K. A. Keogh, A. O'Connell, M. Hayes, F. Canning.

Second row, left to right: G. Pitts, A. Wellings, M. Tynan, M. Zahn, L. Casavant, M. Okuley, E. Englert, J. Yawman, A. Reardon, J. Hannon.

Third row, left to right: G. Lavedan, J. Paquin, C. O'Neill, M. Dealy, B. Cassidy, J. Crowley, A. Devereux, M. B. O'Shea, J. Shields, M. McCarthy, P. Putnam.

### DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

When Shakespeare said, "All the world's a stage", he had no conception of what it was like to give a play on top of a table with ends that might break at any crucial moment; or what it was like to have human footlights imprisoned in boxes. Now, though we still make costumes out of cast-off curtains and mosaics out of burlap bags, our beginnings seem almost unbelievable. Yet our beginnings were ambitious too. We tried our hand at Auden's *For The Time Being*, and had the NSA raving about us. We did *Iphigenia In Tauris*, which was a huge success, with only a few casualties from thumb-tacks among the bare-footed maidens. This year, to crown it all, we have done what every man would say was impossible: we tamed the Shrew!

IPHEGENIA  
IN  
TAURIS



SEVEN  
SORROWS  
OF MARY



TAMING OF  
THE SHREW





## CHRISTMAS CONCERT

Newton and Providence College





GLEE CLUB OFFICERS

Left to right: A. O'Connell, J. Flynn, H. Carey, C. Rice.

## GLEE CLUB

From small beginnings in the Barat parlor and under the stairs, the Glee Club has come the long way to a full-scale production in the Playhouse. If anyone had told us when we were Freshmen that in three years we would be putting on Gilbert and Sullivan operettas and giving a Christmas concert with Providence College, we would have been aghast. But we did it—and have even bigger plans for next year. How it all happened we can't quite say; any more than we can explain why people love to sing. But it was not love of music alone which brought us from six music books to a chorus of sixty. Some of it was work, and some of it was worry, but most of it was pure unselfishness.



IRC OFFICERS

Left to right: M. Dealy, P. Walsh, A. Hanford, E. Englert.

## IRC AND FRESHMAN FORUM

When the IRC began, it was, like all our clubs that first year, composed of Freshmen alone. So the real beginning of the IRC was Freshman Forum—a wonderful institution that taught us to speak on anything from cats to high-heeled shoes, and most of all to think on our feet. It turned our minds toward serious problems and current issues, and gave us enough aplomb to debate even with our parents. It sent us to other colleges and brought others with their views to ours. This year, a far cry from those first small speeches, the IRC sponsored a symposium on the Atomic Bomb which attracted hearers from all over Boston, and brought speakers from Washington and New York. Perhaps its most important achievement was to teach us to share our ideas with others, to argue well, but always to be willing to learn.

FRESHMAN  
FORUM



FORUM  
OFFICERS



I R C





#### *WHEAT AND COCKLE STAFF*

First row, left to right: C. DeBlois, M. Hayes, P. Putnam, H. Sweeney.

Second row, left to right: B. Siu, P. Canning, M. Hickey.

### YEARBOOK BOARD AND MAGAZINE STAFF

These are the people with perpetual writers' cramp and typewriters' thumbnails. They have reduced the last-minute rush to an art, and are used to all-night sessions —well, practically all night. Yet somehow the "mag" always manages to come out. And the Yearbook is here too. At least, we hope you're not just reading a figment of your imaginations.



#### *YEARBOOK BOARD*

First row, left to right: R. Howe, C. DeBlois, M. McManus, P. Putnam, M. Hayes, E. Ruggiero, A. Hanford.

Second row, left to right: M. L. Julian, M. Hickey, M. LaBonté, S. Haggerty, C. Ryan. *Absent*, M. Kyne.



A.A. OFFICERS

Left to right: E. Bradley, M. Pasarell, S. Haggerty, C. O'Neill.

## ATHLETICS

If there's one thing which causes us to swell with pride, it's our hockey record. Not only have we never been beaten, but we've never even been scored upon. Harvard tried hard to ruin us, but they crumbled under our pulverizing attack.

Our basketball didn't fare so well. We got off to a flying start by holding Radcliffe to a mere 44 points, while our forwards rolled up the tremendous score of 6. Hearing this, Harvard took heart, and it was only by extremely unorthodox methods that they managed to score the one winning point. Most of our contests, however, have been with Regis, our arch-rival of four years' standing.

But the greatest attractions of the athletic seasons are the Faculty-Student games,



#### HOCKEY TEAM

First row, left to right: J. Hartford, P. Putnam, M. E. Englert, P. McClellan, G. Lavedan, I. Good, A. Fulton, E. Bradley, C. O'Neill, E. Englert.

Second row, left to right: J. Paquin, M. Pasarell, M. Jani, K. A. Keogh, H. Jani, H. Carey, M. O'Hagan, M. A. Bowen, G. Pitts, H. Hannon, M. LeBonté, S. Haggerty.

which provoke amazing ingenuity on both sides. If they managed to out-hit us in baseball, we ran them all over the field in hockey. In basketball the score stands even, in spite of the diverting attempts of the Faculty cheering section.

Next year, hang on! *You* may have the horse-and-buggy, but *Newton's* got the team.



#### BASKETBALL TEAM

First row, left to right: E. Bradley, M. E. Englert, P. Putnam, G. Lavedan, H. Hannon, J. Second row, left to right: C. O'Neill, S. Haggerty, M. Tynan, A. O'Connell, A. Reardon, M. O'Hagan, M. LaBonté, H. Carey, P. Canning.





## CLASS HISTORY



There is a wonderful institution in American legal history which forbids *ex post facto* laws. And, let us say now, we took all possible advantage of it. Since no mention of fire-escapes was made in the catalogue, Mimi presumed that they were a logical method of communication. Since no shop hours were posted and we wouldn't dream of disturbing Heléne, the "big six" kept up a marvellous trade by themselves from midnight on.

But there was one rule whose existence we could not deny, and soon we were sending sympathy cards and small tokens of remembrance to Mary Lou and Heléne all because of a harmless snake. This was the year of the cold smoker, the mysterious fire-alarm, and a passionate rendition of *Siboney* at our first concert. Everything was first that year—the first house-warming when the bathtub overflowed and the Count appeared at the wrongest possible time; the first Tea Dance when Mother Keyes asked a shocked young gentleman to dance; those first meditations when small voices reading by a small flashlight gave the fastest three points we'd ever heard.

There were other things too. We got our first real Chapel. Father Leonard gave us our first introduction to the Liturgy and a weekly bath at the Asperges. Mother Grant introduced us to the horrors of the masons and the



grimy coal pits. But the most remarkable memory of that whole year was the night before the last metaphysics test, when we all got a weekend campus for the harmless diversion of singing out the window and serenading Mother Harrigan. That was the night of the most famous entrance line ever uttered:

"Presenting Miss Tulia Latore!"

"Allo, folks."

Sophomore Year was the year of the magnificent expansion. We got Mother Cavanagh as a new Dean, and before the year was up she had her own theme song. Hammers sounded all day long, for Stuart was in the making. The garage was baptized Duchesne; but in spite of the efforts of Father Stapleton it never really got the faith. It was too full of rakes and hoes and



watering cans. St. Joe's was brought into the fold, and everyone who lived there felt the cold; for that was the winter of the Great Snow, when we had to allow a half an hour to "walk" to





the college and when half of us lost our V.L.P.'s on one night when the weather was particularly uncooperative.

That was the year of "Quiet May", of a small "tea" party in St. Joe's with Mother Walsh, of Princess Elizabeth's wedding when we all huddled on the Common at five o'clock in the morning, and of the "Dolly Sisters", whose act, alas, was split when Connie went off engaged.

We had a wedding that year too; and Pat and Don came back here to repeat their vows in the Chapel. Early that spring, however, our ardor was somewhat dampened by the enforced absence of four of our liveliest members. Our masterpiece for that year was Parents' Weekend, when Jane Sweeney beat us all in spelling, and our fathers had a wonderful barbershop quartet. We went home after the dance with the strangest feeling. Half of our college days were gone.



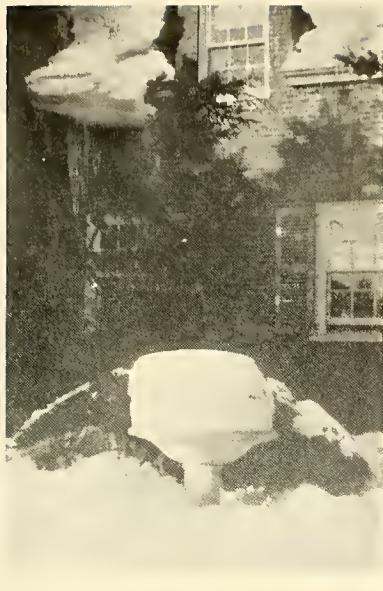


The first day back in Junior Year gave us a big charge, financially as well as emotionally. We got our rings

and our caps and gowns. However, that supposed Junior dignity was a far cry from *The Colored Ladies Political Club*, when Annie stopped the show with a moving rendition of modern dance.

That was the year when we climbed up and down the Porphyrean Tree, made solo grand opera in the tunnel, and created the wildest confusion at the switchboard. Wary and Chic got the creative urge, and in one day gave their room a coat of paint which it took three weeks to scrape off. But we all had a hand at decorating when the first Junior Weekend came, and Jane produced an amorous masterpiece on the stage curtain. There was somewhat of cleaning up to do, too—and





who will forget the Assembly on Oakie's lobster pots?

The faculty grew along with the Col-

lege. Mother White breezed in, and we also welcomed the "best dressed man in town." Claire and Joe brought another engagement ring into the class. But she wasn't the only one who was happily distracted, for summer had come again. We had a foretaste of it when our parents came. Supposedly we were the entertainers, but the Tree Warden and his "tub-thumper" kept us laughing all that weekend.

Senior Year redoubled the engagements. There was Elena and Veto, and Betty and Joe. For some reason everybody began to look at Brides' Books—not because there was so much time, but because it was so near the end and perhaps another beginning. We were deserted on all sides. Mother Egan left us; and gone were those desperate



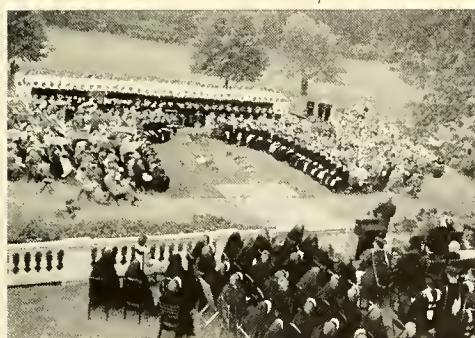


Library notices. Mother White departed in a burst of glory for Rome. But Mother Holahan, with her Brink's loot, stayed on as the "front door dragon."

All sorts of dreams began to come true. We got Hardey House and Harriman's, and 3:30's every night. But every silver lining seemed to have its cloud. There were theses, and comprehensives, and Graduate Records with peculiar paragraphs and undecipherable figures. The work seemed impossible, but maybe we weren't paying any attention; for with the planting of the first tree, we suddenly realized that *we* were about to graduate!



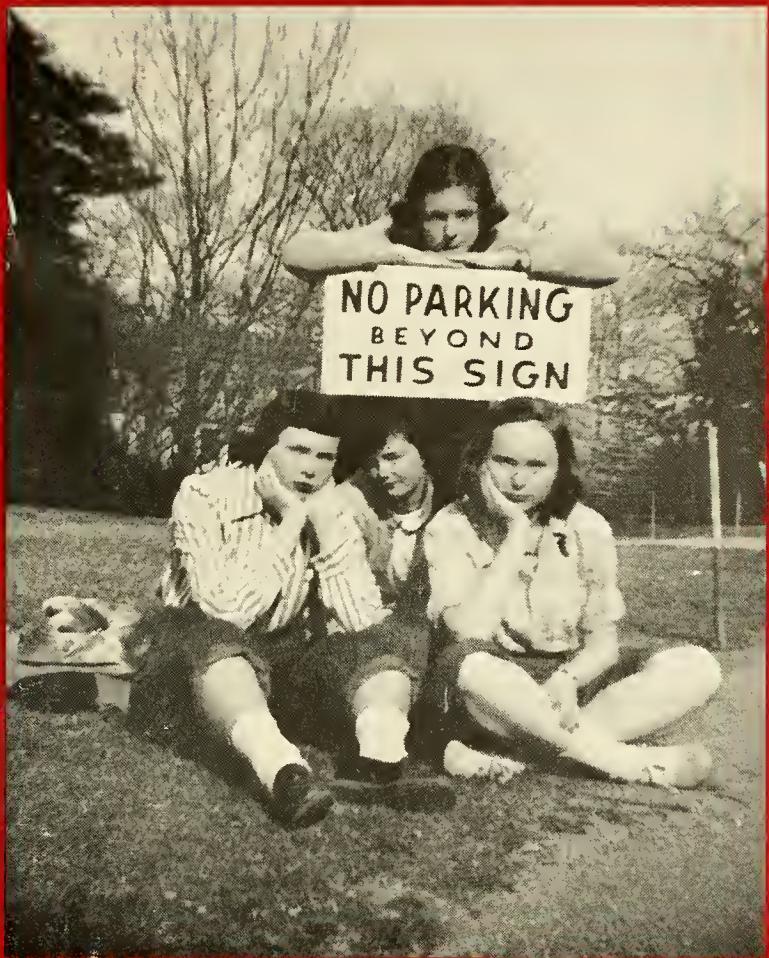
# GRADUATION





GRADUATION







## BEFORE AND AFTER



1946



1950



ALWAYS



## DANCING





OUR CLASS BABY



CLAIRE

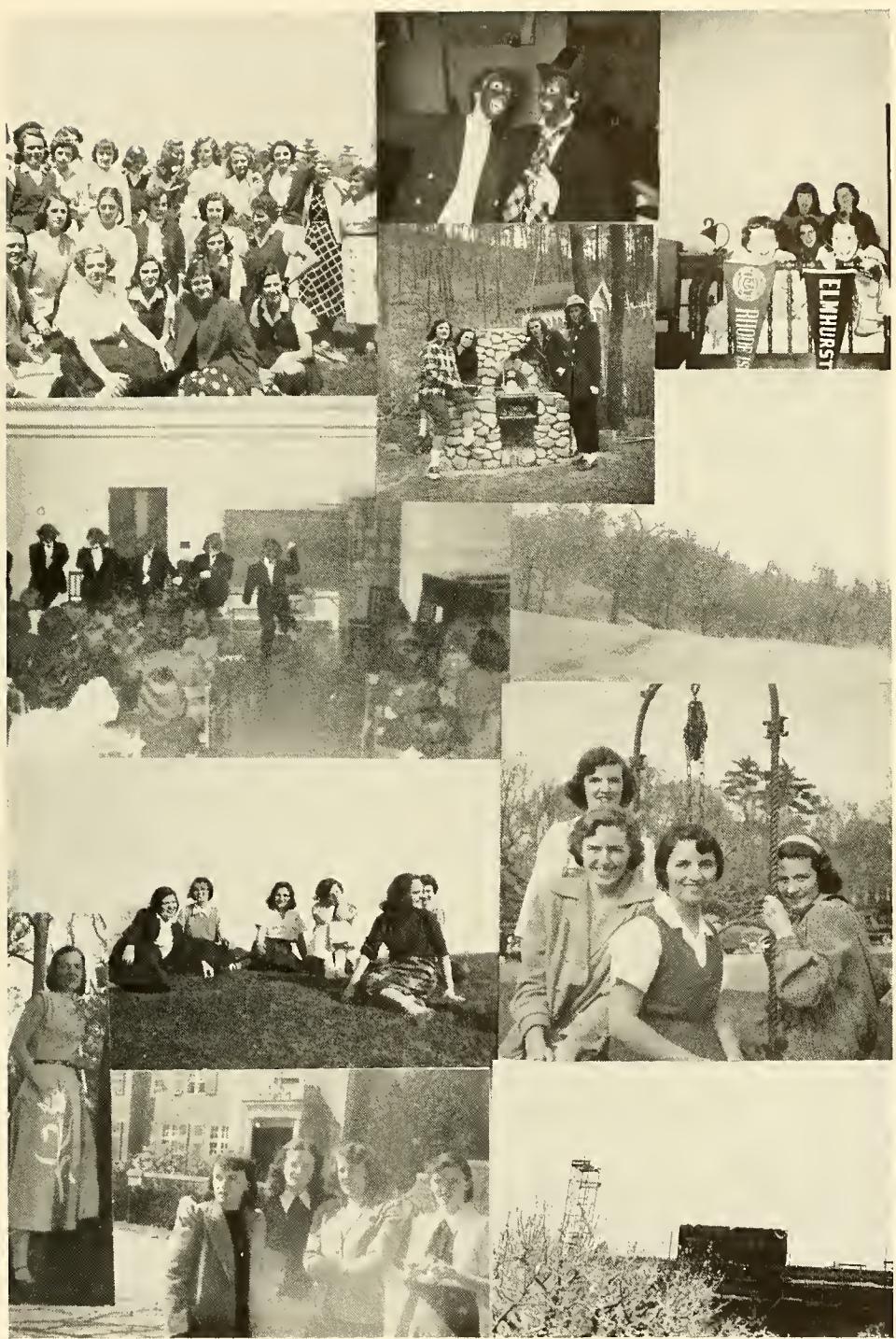
## QUOTABLE QUOTES

The coke machine's sold out.  
You ARE a dumb bunny!  
Please pray for a very big intention.  
You didn't sign in for dinner, DEAR.  
I give up, Miss Bones, what IS the answer?  
Funny peculiar, not funny haha.  
Kids, will you please shut up?  
Where is your wedding garment?  
But it's a mystery. . . .  
If you'd only keep your coats down in your lockers and your gym suits in the Day Hops Room.  
You've been on the line for five minutes.  
Is the mail in yet?  
Is the mail over yet?  
Is the mail out yet?  
Did I get a letter?  
Kids, will you please shut up?  
But, Mother, if we only had some ash trays for the Smoker!  
Has anybody got two nickels for a dime?  
What's for lunch? . . . Let's go to Kel's.  
This hurts me more than it hurts you, BUT. . . .  
Are we having gym in the Quonset or in the Lounge?  
Hum, and get the frog out of your voices.  
Kids, will you please shut up?  
Aristotle says that the sphere is the most perfect figure. . . .  
Mother, I'm not washing, I'm painting pictures.  
Please stop singing in the tunnel.  
But I was here at 6:15, I just didn't sign in.  
The entrance to Barat is forbidden by windows as well as by doors.  
I'm going on a diet tomorrow.  
Oh, Mother, you don't call THIS messy. . . .  
For crying tears in a large size bucket!  
I've been here all DAY.  
Got it at Filene's for \$2.99!

Kids, WILL you please shut up?  
When's Benediction?  
It's not civilized to pour candle wax on the plants.  
IN NOMINE.  
Newton Corner Library just phoned.  
No parking around the circle.  
The following have social censures. . . .  
Kids, will you PLEASE shut up?  
Let's get out of the reading room so we can study.  
GOODBYE, Philip. Next time buy an Adams hat.  
SOMEBODY has to wait.  
It isn't in the handbook.  
There'll be a short meeting of the New Yorkers. . . .  
Has anybody got a cigarette?  
See you around the base.  
If I get a phone call, Jeanne, I'll be . . . (surprised).  
All boots should be left on the porch.  
Have you paid your library dues?  
Of course the day hops are expected for breakfast.  
There'll be a major quiz on Tuesday and a minor test on Wednesday.  
Little flowers, turn your faces towards the SUN.  
The campuses for this week are . . . .  
KIDS, WILL YOU PLEASE SHUT UP?

Thank You.













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