

Englewood

Class of 1917

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The sweet scented country air was beginning to steal its way through the open window of the speeding train and I knew I would soon be getting off. I hastily gathered my travelling accessories together and carefully closed my Memory Book of 1917 and placed them together in my travelling bag and as I yet had a few minutes to think my thoughts took giant wings and swiftly flew back to the past and soon I, in a thinking and living for a few minutes in the days of '17, at Loretto. Why! that is odd and how strange I never thought of that before. We were the class of '17 and just 17 of us in the class and the — as the train gave a sudden jerk and acted as the sun did for my giant wings seemed to melt as did the wings of Icarus. Soon I was sitting on a bench outside a little red station of a country town. A dark haired little girl approached me with a basket of large red roses, "Want you buy one, please". Certainly dear, I said as I handed her some money, "Oh! but that one is just 17 ^{as} petals there are just 17 petals you see I count them, — but again I was interrupted this time by the voice of the bus driver calling all aboard for "Gravelo Inn". So without more than a hasty good bye to my new acquaintance I clambered into the vehicle. It was not long however

before I reached the inn. I gave a little cry ^{in my} ~~in my~~ ^{in my} delight as I saw the beautiful grounds, ^{in my} ~~in my~~ ^{in my} I decided that I would hurry and explore what was to be my home for the coming two weeks. It was but a matter of a few seconds and I was ready so without ~~a~~ book and my latest purchase the rose, I began to stroll to the farthest corner of the lawn. After comfortably settling myself under a spacious tree I began to read but glancing at the rose which was beginning to wither, I picked it up but at the a velvety petal fluttered to the open page of the book. I picked it up and held it before me and suddenly I noticed that the petal was growing larger and larger and soon I saw in the center of the enlarged petal a small art store, the window of which was artistically decorated with pictures of hand painted violet bouquets, vases containing violet and in the center of the window was a carved box containing fern and the genuine blooming flower while a tall lady dressed in lavender was putting what she always called her famous finishing touches to a bowl filled with the same modest flower of the garden. No doubt you've already guessed it to be Margaret. Gradually it faded away and I quickly held up another bright red petal and

soon it had spread forth and I could see a far
 away land coming into view. There was a fair haired
 lady carefully laboring over many cures in an ancient
 library adorned with antique mummies and recent discov-
 eries of antiquity. I knew immediately it was our Evelyn
 in Egypt, the land of her dreams. ^{the next} petal pictured
 a restaurant bearing the name "Efforts"; I glanced
 up at the bright electric sign and read the names the
 "Meses Brennan and Sweeney". ^{for they} had selected the
 task of managing such a cafeteria. The next petal
 proved to reveal a large school room. The dark
 haired teacher was pointing to a sentence ^{written} on the
 blackboard. This was our Kathleen Macoursen and
 she alone selected the life of a French
 teacher nevertheless she was a brilliant
 instructress in this beautiful language in
 one of the most select boarding schools for
 girls as I judged from the name. ^{Again I may} slowly this picture
 faded away and soon the sixth petal was por-
 trayed another revelation. A large auditorium
 widened into view and ^{in less than a second} I
^{was} ~~was~~ gazing at a famous dancer gracefully
 gliding and pirouetting. You would almost believe
 it was Terpsichore herself as our Miss Catherine
 Barrie, her face flushed from excitement bowed at

the end of her third encore. ~~Slowly~~ the bright lights grew dimmer but as the next petal spread forth the same lights were again flashed on and there on the very stage as the curtain slowly rose I beheld an opera singer sending forth her gifted voice. Why, it was Irene Bailey. My but surprise will never cease. With the sounds of applause still ringing in my ears. I watched the next petal spread forth and reveal a choir of young lady people. The director was beating time to perfection. I suppose you all know this is Mae Mc Nichols, as beating time was always her hobby when at Loretto. As this petal slowly faded away the next one began to expand and soon in the midst of this ^{now} giant petal was the kitchen of a small cottage. A tea kettle was humming a tune as the owner, a neat, prim lady sat in a chair knitting. A stiff white ^{cap} ~~starch~~ covered her hair although two little curls escaped from their snowy covering and fell over each ear. No! you've guessed wrong it's, Claire Marie. I know you're all surprised for she always said she wouldn't be an old spinster but time only tells. The ninth petal revealed a large gymnasium. The teacher a small sized person and the ball she was holding seemed as big as herself, nevertheless

our Elizabeth was a specialist in the teachings of
 gymnastics. Gradually the large hall became
 invisible and soon in the next petal I could
 see a small shop bearing the name "Hairdressing".
 The door opened and a lady stepped forth. I immediately
 recognized Gladys as the one so skilled in the
 art of using the comb. When the picture faded away
 I held up another petal and soon this velvety
 particle of the rose widened until I could see
 one of Europe's trenches! There ministering to
 the wounded was Eileen Hearn, a red cross
 angel of mercy. The next petal had spread forth and
 a large assembly hall was visible. The audience was
 composed of women and on the center of the ^{platform} stage
 stood Marie Mc Hugo, one of the foremost of the ^{women}
 suffrage leaders. Just think Marie Mc Hugo an
 advocate of ^{suffrage} ~~suffrage~~. The next petal revealed a
 large ice skating rink. Lillian was a teacher of
 the latest dancing on ice. She was demonstrating
 on the center of the rink and just as the picture
 began to fade, I saw her fall but from the radiant
 smile on her ^{bright} ~~radiant~~ face, I knew she was not hurt.
 Lillian's talent proves what perseverance does. The
 next petal spread forth into a large musical conserva-
 tory and seated at the piano was Helene. She was

Considered one of the greatest musicians of the day. As
 the great baby grand piano vanished from sight and
 the last petal was opening forth. The sun was
 shining brightly on the scarlet petal and in the
 middle could be seen the little chapel of Loretto. I
 could see through the open door, a nun kneeling in
 the first pew. She was reciting the rosary with the
 greatest piety and devotion. A second glance assured
 me that the face was that of Lucy Shannan. As the
 sun cast its rays on the stained windows various
 colours were dancing on the white quimper and
 Lucy's face. As this sweet scene began to fade I
 could hear faintly the strains of the organ peeling forth
 the Ave Maria Loretto. In a moment all was gone
 save the stem of the rose and the scattered rose
 petals. I roused myself from my reverie and no
 doubt you are all glad it simply was a
 foolish day dream. Most of you are glad
 but for those who are sad, remember it
~~was~~ simply was a foolish day-dream.