





THE PILGRIMAGE

*'Tis Chaucer whom we seek to imitate,
Thus place with his great works a humble mate,
By writing down the legend of our class,
And all the deeds hereto that came to pass.*



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THE PROLOGUE

*So summer sonne-shine still undimmed is,
No frosty lippe of autumn's morning kis
Chill tendre bloomes althogh spring flours are floun
And summer's dayesyes will be gone anon.
A softness and a gentle haze of late,
A cry of the smale fowele for her mate
To wing their weye befor the clouds descende
And spreden gloom proclaiming summer's ende.*

*The season telleth us we must now wake
To sene the bekkoning road that we would take.
The duste of lazy days shake from oure shoos
And flaccid restlessness we now must loos.
Me thinketh that the pilgrimes al shal finde
Accoutraments for faire and for foul times.
Vestured therein with high insignia worn
Forth will we fare upon the morwe morn.*

*O Pilgrime waken, for the day is come
Oure journee to begin, oure race to runne,
Mountains to climben, deep ravines to trace
Hills of enchauntment and a quiete place.
From day to day oure journee now we wende
Stryving for that great goal at journees ende.
Pilgrimes from far and neer with devout hearts
Array youre selves for now oure journee starts.*



FRANCES O'BRIEN
*"We yildeth to hir jugement
 wel content."*



JEANNE CALEGARIS
*"And evermore she hadde
 gret renoun."*



AUDREY COREY
*"And never will she a
 traitour proveth."*



PATRICIA CONROY
*"Hir eyen stepe and rollinge
 in hir heed."*



ALICE BALDASSARI
*"Wel coude she sitte on hors,
 and faire ryde."*



MARY JANE RENSTROM
*"To drawen folk to heven by
 fairnesse, by good ensample,
 was hir bisnesse."*



LORRAINE CAZENAVE
*"Ful wel she sang the service
 divyne, entuned in hir
 nose ful semely."*





Heer we shal telleth to you, if we may
About four yeers that swiftly paste aweye,
And of al the maydes helden greet renoun,
For ther worth in sportes and ther wys thoghts known.
We journeyed to the halwe of our ambition,
Of frendschipes we made many on this mission.
Maydes joinne as on our pilgrimage we presse,
The more pilgrims the merier, I gesse.
Heer we telleth our werk and what we geyn,
This is my poynt, I speken short and pleyn.
So at myn owne cost leet me be your gyde,
Ye heare and ye juge, your thoghts do not hyde.
Whan we biganne to wende our mery wey,
Jane Dempsey shewed us the path for each dey.
Frances O'Brien helped biginne us streight
So our progresse and success would be greet.
Jane Renstrom reported on what we dide,
Mary Helen Cruise money from us bide.
By a bende in the roade, negre a smale lake
We pause; for our gyde Jane Renstrom we take.
For the reste of the trip she let the wey,
Al the pilgrims folow in greet array.
Frances O'Brien rydes ryte by her syde,
Thanne Jane Tovani moves up in her stryde
And helpe direct the route, the pilgrim's pryde,
Onwarde to our destination we ryde.
Dorothy Fitzgerald carried a loade,
She payed al we spenden by the roade.
Lorraine Davis kept records I ricall,
Of adventures that whylom dide bifalle.
And Frances thoghts in wryting dide expresse;
Elise Ryan wrote notes also, I gesse.
I prey that you al wil foryeve it me,
Not telling of al folk in thir degree,
And ye wil remember them none the less,
But evere honour them for worthinesse.



ELISE RYAN
*"Hir resons she spak
 ful solempnely."*



HELEN MOLINA
*"Discreet she was in
 answering alway."*



EVELYN BULOTTI
*"Of remedies of love she
 knew perchaunce."*



MARY HELEN CRUISE
*"And ever honoured for
 hir worthinesse."*



DORIS DEL CHIARO
*"Curteys she was, gentil,
 and servisable."*



PATRICIA CURLEY
*"And I seyde hir opinioun
 was goode."*



FLORENCE DWYER
*"Of studie took she most
 care and most hede."*



HELEN BREEN
*"But sikerly she badde a
 fair forbeed."*



THE LEGEND OF GOODE WOMEN

*As there I lay me down upon the ground
And let me dream, the while alle 'rourke
The foules singe, daysies dot the grene.
The sythe passes, and my thoughts do lene
Toward tyme that's past, and people gone before.
For wimmin four or five, or maybe more
Have places in the course of this legende.*

*For 'mongst our ranks a goodly few did stand
Who fame and glory gained throughout the land
Of bookes, pens, of lessons and of ink.
And ther are two, remembered well I think
By all of us.—Lorraine and Ann played parts
And played them well. Besides these in our hearts
Full many more we bear—them all insooth.*

*The student body chose Frances O'Brien
To be its graceful leader; strong and fine
She ruled with loosened rein. And we nine score,
Were happy in her sway. And yet still more
Officials were. A maiden called Lauret
A scholar was. The name, the bard, she'd get
By heart—And say them us full quick.*

*The muses, wooed by Gloria, Betty, Pat
Gave back to them a bounty large. And that
Is hertely not the finis of our prate.
The thing which men have called the "Third Estate"
Held Catharine and Virginia. T'was their lot
To write full many words, and "r"s to dot
Lest some bright eye should find therein a fault.*

*But what is this?—the bright light fades away.
I rest here still. The daysies that the day
Made red, have changed to colores drab, and I
Must wende toward my home. There is no lye
Among these lines. The dames herein arrayed
Were full of gude and honour as I seyde.
Erstwhile the day is done, the legende ends.*



FRANCES MALONEY
*"Eek therto she was a right
 mery one."*



BETTY CLARKE
*"And ever stedfaste
 and sedate."*



MARION JOYNER
*"Hir ringlet lokkes curled
 in a press."*



ELEANOR HUNT
*"In felawship wel conde she
 laughe and carpe."*



WANDA HARRISON
*"Bold of hir speche, and wys,
 and wel y-taught."*



DOROTHY FITZGERALD
*"A better felawe sholde
 men noght finde."*



GLORIA HOLSTEN
*"Alwey with modeste bearing
 and aray."*



KATHLEEN HAUGHEY
*"At table wel y-taught
 was she with-alle."*



CATHERINE HANRAHAN
*"She coude songes make and
 wel endyte."*



MARY MENDIETTA
*"And of hir port as meke
 as any mayde."*



JOSEPHINE MOLINA
*"Hir mouth ful smal, and
 ther-to softe and reed."*



LORRAINE DAVIS
*"Hir eyen twinkled in hir heed
 aright, as doon the sterres
 in the frosty night."*



LORRAINE DIEZ
*"She was a shepherde and
 no mercenarie."*



KATHLEEN OWENS
*"Why sholde she studie harde,
 and make hirselves wood."*



JULIA LAURET
*"Embrouded was she, as it
 were a mede, all ful of
 fresshe floures, whyte
 and rede."*





BETTY DE VRIES
*"Juste and daunce, drawe
 pictures wel and wryte."*



PATRICIA O'CONNOR
*"Singing she was, or
 floytinge, al the day."*



VIRGINIA MULVILLE
*"And Frensh she spak ful
 faire and fetisbly."*



ANN MAKELIM
*"Trouthe and honour, fredom
 and curteisye."*



NIKA KALININ
*"And al was conscience and
 tendre herte."*



ETHEL GOLDEN
*"She never yet no vileinye ne
 sayde in all hir lyf, un-to
 no maner wigbi."*



MARIQUITA TREAT
*"That of hir smyling was
 ful simple and coy."*



ABC OF THE BLESSED VIRGINE

*Al merciable and pitous art thou, O Quene
Before thy throne of floures, rede and whyte, we humbely bow.
Candle of hope you shine before our eyen
Diffusing radiance in this vale of tears.
Ever art thou constaunt, O Virgine, flour of al floures
Favoring those who praye to thee with graciousness.
Glorious, O Lady dere, thy name is helde aboven
Hevenly Quene we flee to thy tente for socour.
Immaculate Herte who tournes thy pitous brighte eyen upon us,
Kinges and princesse al acclaim thy might
Lamenting with thee the death of thy dere Sone.
Mystical rose, swete fragrance of the litany
Never wast thou lakking in humblesse.
O Mother of al men by gift of God
Preserve us wandering in this saddened world.
Questing and forlorn we raise our hopes to thee
Rejoysing then for thou hast herd our plee.
Surrounded by thy court of angels brighte
Tour of David thou wilt bringe us safe unto thy Sone.
Upon your mercy do we on erthe rely.
Virgine so noble of aparaile to thee we flee
Whan al our sinne doth weigh us down.
Xristus, who for man didst deye, hath given thee charge of men.
Your suffring, purity and strength doth lend us hope
Zion's fair daughter, we preye thee, pitee us. Amen.*



JANE DEMPSEY
*"No-where so busy a one as she
 ther was and yet she seemed
 busier than she was."*



ELYNORE YATES
*"She was a babbler and
 a hardy wit."*



CONSTANCE MCCORMICK
*"And she began alway with
 right mery chere."*



JANE TOVANI
*"And compaignable and
 revelous was she."*



LORRAINE McDERMOTT
*"And ferre hadde she riden,
 nerre one so ferre."*



MAY TOWNSEND
*"The nas no one no-where
 so vertuous."*



JUNE ORECK
*"Noght a word spak she more
 than was hir nede."*

TRETIS ON GOOD SENIORS

(With Apologies to Chaucer's Tretis on the Astrolabe)

READERS, ye futur Seniors, I have perceived wel by certeyne evidences thyn abillite to lerne the Tretis of the Seniors. Upon which, after mediacion, I purpose to teche thee a certain nombre of conclusiouns apertening to thise litel tretis. These conclusiouns divided in foure parties, wole I shew thee under ful esy rewles and naked wordes in English; for Latin ne canstow understonde. But consider wel, I am but an unskilful wryter of the labour of olde philosophers, and have it translated in myn English only for thyn doctrine; and with thisse words shal I now begin:

I The firste partie of this tretis shal rehearse the grette knowing of thy futur from thy owen friendes.

II The second partie shall continen the joustes and daunces and alle sprites carefree. How unsuppressen by rewles you shal dwelle with jollitye.

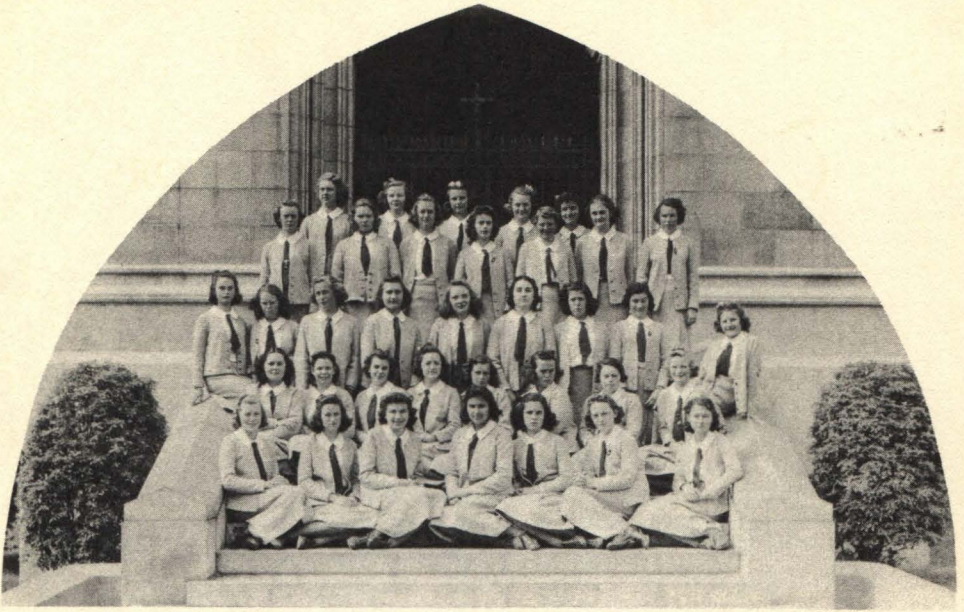
III The thridde partie shal bringe alle new founde importance: heigh renoun, at leaste amongst yourselvens.

IV The ferthe partie shal ben an introductorie and conclusion after the statuze of al able Seniors in which thou maist lerne a greet part of the general rewles of theorik shal tow finde tables of maners according the laste yeer; and tables of wel advice for alle, and other noteful thinges, yif god wol vouch-sauf mo than I behete.

Firste partie: Of different types ye do consiste, yit al aken en comradshippe. Let ech contribute his owen partie to maken youre classe stronge and whole. Ye have a oneness ye yourselvens ne canst defyne. Yit tis so grette a partie of ye that it endureth al, even the losse soon to be experiencen when ye must parte. Your classes has loyaltie, the grettest kinde, hiden neath carefree exterioures yet e'er present. To ye we strecche ferth oure friendly hande en comradshippe with kenrede wishes al.

Second Parite: Ye sterte en youre firste year brimming o'er with a stronde and plesinge jollitye. T'will grow I thinke, by leappes and boundes till soon, I seye with unconcealen amusement, youre rolleng stone o'dignitye will go ungatheren. Joustes will ye and maken mery songes. Scoffes and sterne remarks t'will bring none youre herty wit to taske. Olde hedden maist shake with undisguisen dismay, be happy al the lyf-longe day. Joy is youre, flourish with it. Ye art a grette classe, far above al long-nosen dignities, I guesse. Yit soon the long off day of age shal creep upon youre dreames. Obligaciouns shal be youre at laste, new and untried, face this worlde with pride.

Thridde partie: Farwel, farwel, o youthful joys, steadfastnesse of lyf lies aheadde. As yore ye parten laughter and songes, now tis ech otheres importance to admire. The thoughtes of lyf to come shal fill youre minde far oftner than afore, yet present pomposity shal plesse ye beste. The future shal be impressive as ye youreselvens, I smyle at suche paltry ideales now. Yet al alonge ye shal be forminge the pattren of alle good Seniors, which you one day will finde. Fine ideales in place of former wymes, I knowe, accept these days I loved so. Ferthe partie: Take heed ye who Seniors would be, to mynde thine maners wyth companye. Remember that to gain thy ende trouthe and honour goeth before al. Heigh position is youre now, guard it with worthy curteisye. Respect will come with age, I seye, but thyn must come thru earned care. Wel worthe the effort is this fine prestige, to ye it comes but once to staye. My welwyses ye hav, al new successors, attende my advise, I prey thee wel, tis al I leave yit grette indeed. With it ye wole conquer heights unknown and reach the state of Seniorhood. Accept thisse words, I seye again, tis my offering to tyme gone by.



Freshmen

In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle.



Sophomores

To liven in delyt was ever hir wont.



Juniors

Ful wel biloved and familiar were they.

THE EPILOGUE

*And so the journey cometh to an ende
Summers are waned, winters thrice descende,
Meanwhile the world is changed, in its place
Bright visions of fulfillment now we trace,
Fair flours of the journey for'ere do bloom
And silken threads of pale gold fill the loom
From which a tapestry the pilgrims weave,
Their journeys fair remembrance to retrieve.*

*Me thinketh that a goodly tale all told
Were left complete and t'would be vain and bold
Again to tell, in weary words embrace
A thing already done in truth and grace,
Fulfilled is the thought and the decree,
I trust that we have heard of each degree,
Thus onward will each pilgrim his way wende
T's thus that this whole tale comes to an ende.*

