

THE CAMPANILE

MOUNT SAINT JOSEPH ACADEMY

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Class of 2014 says goodbye



Shaun White crashes prom

By Katie Wolper '14

Mount's official news post from May 2 tells the whole story. "Over a month ago, Carly Monzo '14 created a video asking two-time Olympic gold medalist, Shaun White, to her senior prom. Tonight, to Carly's surprise, Shaun White arrived at the Whitmarsh Valley Country Club around 9:30 p.m. to accept her invitation to the Prom."

White and his band, Bad Things, crashed Senior Prom and made it an unforgettable night for everyone in attendance.

Tweets, Instagram photos, videos and an abundance of selfies instantly hit the web, and in a whirlwind of Internet frenzy, Mount's own Carly Monzo found herself in the spotlight. The Mount's newest celebrity gave *The Campanile* an exclusive interview.

When asked why she made her GoProM video asking White to prom, Monzo's answer was simple. "Why did I do it? Because I love him!"

Many fateful signs directed Monzo to create the "promposal" video. "I decided to watch the movie *Fired Up!* and the love interests are named Carly and Shawn," said Monzo of one of her favorite movies.

Monzo's ingenious use of a GoPro Hero 2 camera to film her video gave her increased visibility to White and his representatives. GoPro sponsors White, so Monzo, in a stroke of promotional genius, reached out to the camera company and shared the

tweets, they cooperated with White in pulling off the surprise.

The benefits of using a GoPro camera reached far beyond simply getting White's attention. "GoPro is sending me two new cameras, and Brendan [Bilotta, Monzo's date] gets one of them."



Senior Carly Monzo dances with her date, Shaun White.

video with them. "I've seen all of [White's] videos on YouTube and all his interviews and I know that he's sponsored by them because he uses that camera to post all these little videos." Though GoPro didn't respond to Monzo's

Monzo has handled her newfound fame well. Social media outlets and traditional media sources have given her the platform to tell her unforgettable story. Scores of White fans tweeted at Monzo about how lucky

she was, and her follower count soared.

"I don't really mind it, to be honest. The more the merrier," said Monzo of the social media attention.

Local news stations and radio stations including 6abc, FOX 29, More FM and WMMR talked with Monzo in the exciting days after prom. Monzo said the stations contacted her. "It's so funny that some of these news stations are the ones I [originally] reached out to. They didn't want to help me before, but now they're saying, 'What's the story?'"

Online, the buzz about prom was even bigger. Online news giant *The Huffington Post* picked up Monzo's story, as did SportsCenter. Truly, Mount Senior Prom went viral.

In a behind-the-scenes video released in the week following prom, Shaun White shared his excitement and nervousness about attending his first prom. After the successful surprise, White said, "We did it. It was the best day of my life. Thank you, Carly. You're the best!"

On behalf of the Class of 2014, *The Campanile* extends its gratitude to Carly Monzo. Thank you for making our senior prom unforgettable!



To the Class of 2014:

We watch you go
 Unbound by bulging backpacks
 Unfettered by cleats, oars, sticks, balls--
 And we can't help recalling
 Little women, shiny, polished, pleated
 Who tumbled onto the loading dock
 From buses yellow and full
 And looked around for classrooms
 Where we would read you stories
 Of soldiers and creatures and chemical compounds,
 Of lovers and wounded warriors,
 Of numbers and equations,
 Of artists and their hands,
 Of God and His words and His promise.
 On starry nights we stood in lines
 Admiring you in your glittering gowns
 And some days laughed as you, in purple tutus,
 Asked questions none could answer but you.
 Those evenings when you sang, or played music,
 Or became someone else onstage,
 We sometimes wept—a little,
 Because you were beautiful
 And we will miss you.

Dr. Bonnie Balcer

"I am so confused"
 Works hard without the glory
 Spreading elfish joy



Warrior Princess
 Bursts of brilliant energy
 Hide a gentle heart



Finds her voice early
 Internalized life's lessons
 Never "box of shame"



Distance disappears
 Deemed less against the moments
 Which define a path



Slightness of her form
 Belies a stalwart conscience
 Coupled with great love



Elegance and grace
 From her cool pen flows romance
 Royalty defined



Observant seedling
 Sends deep roots into the soil
 Blossoms touch the sky



No longer "frozen"
 Calm force behind her sisters
 Claims her rightful place



"Vis for Vosbo"
 That is good enough for me
 And our future world



Remembers footsteps
 Yet knows to walk the other
 Writes authentic verse

Ms. Bernadette Leonard

An Ode to The Campanile

Sitting in my swivel chair
 I twist, I turn, I rise, I fall
 But most of all, I watch, I listen.
 Juniors, laughing and working
 Sophomores, quiet and observing
 I remember that time I watched from the corner
 Upperclassmen in these swivel chairs,
 They clicked, they typed, they calculated
 With something like magic
 They conquered the realms of InDesign and
 PhotoShop.
 "Work like beasts!" I hear them still
 The warmth of the chair, I feel them here
 Those Mounties, last year,
 Who swiveled in these special chairs.
 Megan, Sarah, Casey, Lauren, and Puppy
 From September to April
 They were my mentors
 "This picture goes here, that article goes there."
 By May they left me
 And Katie and Haley and Emily and Fitz
 To the row of chairs where we now sit.
 With pictures and printers, pens and push pins
 Newspapers, broadsheets, blogs, and twitter.
 Christmas came and so did Krampus
 Minions to Ms. Leonard as Elves are to Santa
 We joke, we laugh, we sing, we dance
 This office, our workshop
 The newspapers, our toys.
 In an empty office, I swivel alone
 Pictures of Prom adorn the walls
 Memories of mischief transcend the halls.
 Years of college and the unknown
 What to do when the minions are gone?
 The chairs will still swivel
 And the office will buzz,
 But how will I?

Elizabeth McKernan '14

By Olivia Fitzpatrick '14

I often wonder. If Eve had never eaten the forbidden fruit, and Adam had never followed suit, would we still be living in Eden today? What would this Eden be like? Would we lead lives of luxury, and know nothing but pleasure, goodness and love? Would we know who Abraham Lincoln was or Winston Churchill? What about Susan B. Anthony, or the founding women of the Sisters of St. Joseph? Or would they have been forgotten soon after their deaths, remembered only by the few who knew them best as a witty Kentucky lawyer, a bigmouth from Parliament, an outspoken New Englander, or kind French peasants, respectively?

The truth is: these heroes rose to greatness and are universally remembered due to the evil which exists in our world. Eden would have no place for slavery, for Nazism, for sexism, or for poverty, therefore no place for these towering figures either. I note these extraordinary examples not to justify evil or to assert that it is predestined, but rather to remind an extraordinary class of Founders as we go forward in life that we should not be afraid or overwhelmed by challenges, for good can always prevail so long as someone brave is willing to pursue it. Eve did eat the fruit, and Adam did follow suit, and our world is not perfect. So I ask today: What are we, the class of 2014, going to do about it?

Fortunately for us, we have spent four years in an Eden of sorts called Mount Saint Joseph Academy. I'm not saying that the Mount is perfect. After all, it's not uncommon to be growled at in the hallway for walking slowly, to cut in the lunch line if Sundae bar is on the menu, or to be eaten alive by a test or quiz, although against Mount policy, up to four times per day. Yet, certain ideals are embraced at the Mount that sometimes are ignored or discredited in the real world. For instance, inner beauty is of the utmost importance. If you are willing to share your intellect, your humor or your kindness, we at The Mount are almost always willing to excuse your makeup-less face, badly executed ponytail, and predominantly destroyed loafers. In a world where appearance often trumps morality, and materialism prevails as a religion in and of itself, let us remember the untainted beauty we saw in each other even on our worst days at the Mount. Let us view all those we meet by this same standard which judges a person by the character he or she exhibits.

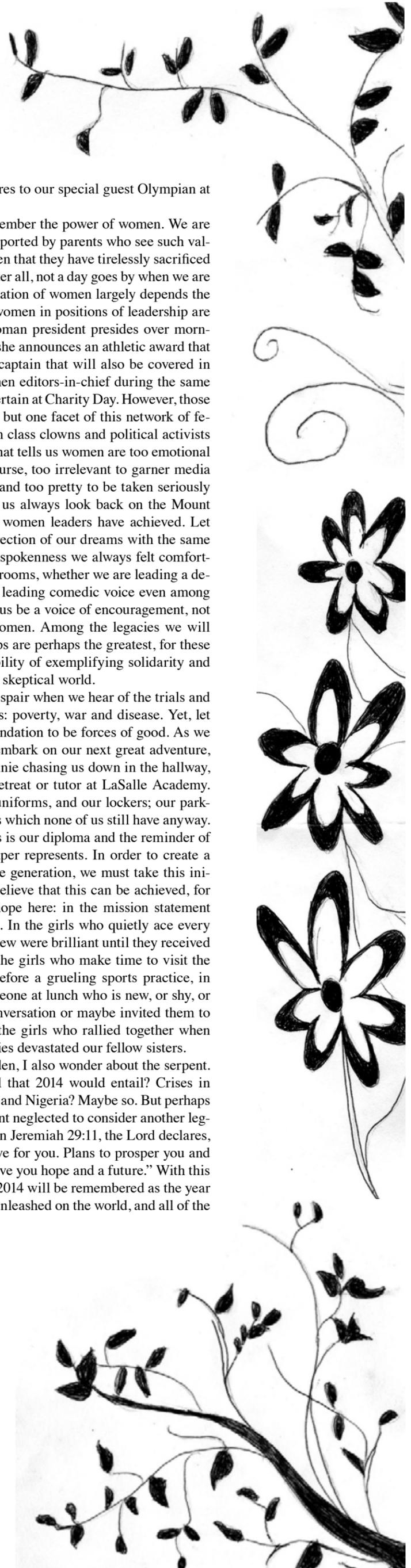
Remembering our emphasis on inner beauty, let us not forget also the sense of diversity that has always been accepted and encouraged at our little Eden. What makes the Mount so great is that crew girls can sing at Charity Day, the science and math whizzes can write stories for the *Muse*, the Athletic Association can hang out with Acadram and girls in the Musical can also build robots for Firebirds. Most importantly, each and every one of us, regardless of our interests or expertise, has been called to serve the dear neighbor, whether through community service corps, service trips or the undocumented, unseen good works of daily life. In a world that expects us to conform to stereotypes, let us never fear to stay true to our passions, however eclectic, and to most importantly, think for ourselves. No one has the right to say you can't be a mother who works, an intellectual who prays, a feminist who is pro-life, a chemical engineer who writes poetry or a banker who is committed to service. We are Mounties. We were never meant to be average, and surprising people is our specialty, from our championship basketball team

to our two perfect SAT scores to our special guest Olympian at the senior prom.

Lastly, let us always remember the power of women. We are so blessed to have been supported by parents who see such value in the education of women that they have tirelessly sacrificed to send us to the Mount. After all, not a day goes by when we are not reminded, "on the education of women largely depends the future of society." For us, women in positions of leadership are the absolute norm. Our woman president presides over morning announcements where she announces an athletic award that will be given to a woman captain that will also be covered in the *Campanile* by the women editors-in-chief during the same week women hosts will entertain at Charity Day. However, those with official titles make up but one facet of this network of female leaders. Our very own class clowns and political activists are all women. In a world that tells us women are too emotional to dominate political discourse, too irrelevant to garner media attention through athletics and too pretty to be taken seriously in the corporate world, let us always look back on the Mount and all of the success our women leaders have achieved. Let us go confidently in the direction of our dreams with the same spirit of excellence and outspokenness we always felt comfortable expressing in our classrooms, whether we are leading a debate on ethics or being the leading comedic voice even among men. Most importantly, let us be a voice of encouragement, not criticism, for our fellow women. Among the legacies we will leave, our lasting friendships are perhaps the greatest, for these friendships have the possibility of exemplifying solidarity and support among women in a skeptical world.

It is easy to doubt and despair when we hear of the trials and tribulations our world faces: poverty, war and disease. Yet, let us utilize our Christian foundation to be forces of good. As we leave our little Eden, and embark on our next great adventure, there will be no Sister Joannie chasing us down in the hallway, encouraging us to lead a retreat or tutor at LaSalle Academy. We will leave behind our uniforms, and our lockers; our parking spots and our name tags which none of us still have anyway. No, all we will take with us is our diploma and the reminder of the legacy that piece of paper represents. In order to create a more just world for a future generation, we must take this initiative ourselves. I firmly believe that this can be achieved, for I have seen glimmers of hope here: in the mission statement and in the girls who live it. In the girls who quietly ace every test – the ones you never knew were brilliant until they received a high honor or award, in the girls who make time to visit the retired nuns at the Villa before a grueling sports practice, in the girls who included someone at lunch who is new, or shy, or just unique, in a simple conversation or maybe invited them to pre-prom pictures, and in the girls who rallied together when personal and family tragedies devastated our fellow sisters.

When I wonder about Eden, I also wonder about the serpent. Did he gleefully foresee all that 2014 would entail? Crises in Ukraine, atrocities in Syria and Nigeria? Maybe so. But perhaps this seemingly clever serpent neglected to consider another legacy 2014 would leave. For in Jeremiah 29:11, the Lord declares, "For I know the plans I have for you. Plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future." With this promise in mind, I believe 2014 will be remembered as the year our class of Mounties was unleashed on the world, and all of the good we put forth.



WE ARE F14WLESS



Class of 2014: Laced in a sisterhood

By Kerri Dunn '14

"During your next four years here, you will form a bond with your fellow Mounties that will be unlike any other." I still remember hearing these words spoken at an assembly at the very beginning of my Mount career. Sure, I thought, something along those lines was probably said at most private, Catholic all-girls schools in the area. I never doubted that I was going to form strong bonds with my classmates, but I never imagined that the sisterhood I eventually experienced could ever be so amazing.

Coming to the Mount as the only student from my grade school, I was certainly apprehensive about finding my niche. The thought of high school itself was already intimidating, and adding the extra component of not knowing anyone amped up the intimidation factor. However, once I dove headfirst into my first year here, I quickly calmed down. Mount was welcoming, open and friendly. The Mount helped me make the smooth transition from grade school into high school.

Freshman year was a whirlwind of new experiences. We

all remember the somewhat awkward first encounters at the Freshman Tea, the initial glimpse of Mount tradition in our first trek to the Motherhouse on Founders' Day and the hope that your name was not among those of the unfortunate souls called up to perform onstage on Charity Day. The seniors' Halloween costumes seemed outlandish and a "groundhog schedule" was a mystery. Our freshman class began our initial bonding at retreat by "lacing our legacy," suffering through the Mount Mile, and attempting to solve the pressing problem of stringing Mr. Curry's *Odyssey*-esque bow. Familiar faces were recognized in the hallway, and everyone began to identify with our grade specifically.

The transition from freshman year to sophomore year brought about change. We felt comfort-

able in our new school and our grade's bond grew stronger. No longer the newbies, we sophomores felt at ease in our Mount skin. Sweet 16s were all the rage. We were beginning to feel "too cool" for mixers. Our sophomore retreat gave us an opportunity to

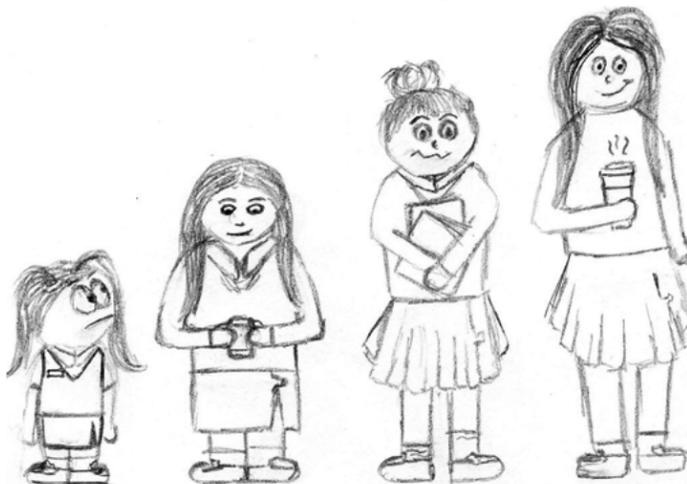
a part of the greater Mount legacy and tradition when we received our class rings. We bonded over the stress of lengthy studying and preparation for the SATs. The question of which pilgrim from Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales* each girl was assigned was a hot

topic. Our junior class united to support our fellow Mounties in tough times and celebrated our fellow Mounties' successes in sports and college recruitments. The anticipation leading up to Junior Prom gave way to an amazing Alice-in-Wonderland themed night.

Finally, senior year was upon us.

Many girls in our grade held this year on a pedestal, the pinnacle of our high school career. Senior year brought along its perks and its "rule the school" attitude. No longer the small fish, our grade became closer than ever. So many memorable events happened this

past year that its hard to summarize them all. From field trips to Halloween to the first time we could yell the "seniors" chant, this year certainly lived up to our high expectations. We could argue that we had the most memorable Senior Prom in the history of the Mount (shout out to Carly Monzo and Shaun White). By now, each girl in our grade has found her coveted niche that she so dreamed of in freshman year. We have formed a mutual bond resulting from sharing unforgettable memories over the past four years together. We have all survived the stress of college applications and decisions. Now, with AP exams over and graduation looming in the very near future, our grade is trying to cherish what little time we have left at the Mount. The Mount has shaped each girl in our grade, guiding her along her own high school journey and helping her to find herself along the way. Although the girls in our grade will soon travel down their own paths on their journey to college, we will forever be laced together by the Purple, White, and Gold. We have left our legacy.



know each girl's unique story a little more in depth.

By junior year, our grade knew each other very well. We had all had classes with a variety of people and we had a general respect for one another. The sweet victory of being upperclassmen was finally upon us. Our grade became

Embrace the moment

By Christina Vosbikian '14

Now that it's time for me to leave Mount's hallowed halls, I'd like to claim that I'm a lot wiser than I was when I first emerged from the back seat of my mom's car and stepped onto the loading dock. Like the rest of my fellow soon-to-be graduates, I've learned a lot during these past four years. While the Class of 2014 certainly has a lot of growing up and learning left to do in college and beyond, there are definite pieces of advice a departing Mountie is fit to share about each stepping-stone to graduation.

Freshman Year: Everyone will be obsessed with everything and everyone, and it's okay. Freshman year was like jumping into a pool—an awesome pool with cool toys and a big slide, but a pool that neither you nor your fellow-divers (stick with me on this metaphor) were familiar with. It was inevitable that, as freshmen faced with a myriad of new friends, activities and classes, we were excited, loud and curious. This was the very beginning of our process of self-discovery, and I don't think any of us regret our cheesiness (except perhaps a few circa-2010 Founders Day selfies).

Sophomore Year: Embrace your cheesiness. The second year of high school brings with it the temptation to be "over it." This was the year we all succumbed to the classically-teenaged delusion that we knew everything there was to know and were, therefore, virtually infallible. Keep

in mind that there is still a lot to learn; none of us were or ever will be "too cool for school." Most Mounties eventually get over sophomore-syndrome without too much damage. We all eventually realized that we were a lot less cool than we thought, but that this "un-coolness" is fine. We're in high school; any pretense at coolness will inevitably be shattered by tripping over our loafers, stuttering to a boy we like or trying to pull off rainbow sequins at Soph Hop.

Junior Year: Breathe. This year was admittedly stressful. Between SATs, APs and beginning to brace yourself for the college process, junior year can get ridiculously overwhelming. Know that everybody gets through it. Everything has a way of working out for itself; the end of junior year brings with it perspective. That A- no longer seems like the end of the world (trust me). As intensely stressful as junior year is, it's just as intensely fun. Spend as much time with your friends as you can. Try new things. Keep exploring. Start being comfortable enough with yourself that you can decide who you really are and who you want to be.

Senior Year: Seeing as I'm not officially done with my senior year, I can only speak from my experiences thus far. All the clichés people have told me have been true. Senior year has flown by. I did, in fact, get into college. The colleges that rejected me are not only woefully misguided (kidding...) but also ones that

weren't meant for me. In general, this year has been so, so amazing. I'm probably going to cry my eyes out at graduation, even though I'm definitely ready for college. It's bittersweet. We've all become so comfortable with being ourselves these last four years in our second home, the Mount. The relationships we've built are truly those of sisterhood. It's sad to leave, but it's part of life, and we are all more than prepared.

Something I've been thinking about a lot lately is how we've all transformed so much since freshman year. From lovably obnoxious frosh to sassy sophs to just-barely-staying afloat juniors, where has the time gone? Looking around at each and every one of us seasoned seniors, it's clear that the Mount and all of our high school experiences have profoundly changed us. Personally, I've met life-long friends, learned not to sweat the small stuff, and recognized that the simplest things make all the difference.

Class of 2014, my friends and sisters, it has been such an honor to get to know each and every one of you. We've shared so many memories, ones that will last all of us forever. We are going to go on to such amazing things. All clichés, but all so true. Spes messis, ladies. We did it!

Mount's memory lane

By Haley Gleeson '14

Our time at Mount is finally coming to a close. After a whirlwind four years of high school, we made it.

I remember before I started high school, my parents told me I would make memories in high school I would never forget. Little did I know how true that would be.

The memories that we made at Mount are endless, but here is my own version of the top ten countdown of unforgettable memories of our Mount career:

10. **BYOD Day.** Who could forget the day in the spring of our junior year that initiated the iPad revolution at Mount. Twitter definitely could feel the love that day from Mounties ready to spread #BYOD day joy.

9. **Term Break.** There are probably a few girls in our grade that could admit to coming to the Mount solely because of the week off in January that we Mounties treasure. Now, a week-long term break will be just a distant memory for future Mounties.

8. **Power Outage 2014.** After the lights went off, Mounties had to spend their day practicing their wilderness explorer skills by trekking through the darkness and surviving without computers.

7. **Mr. Foell's mutated chicken.** How could anyone forget the day that we all saw a mutated chicken running around the halls of the science wing? I mean I guess you never know what you'll find around here.

6. **Dr. Caviston's rumored leg amputation.** The email heard 'round the world. After the slight confusion that rocked the Mount, thankfully things were cleared up and both of our beloved principal's legs remained intact.

5. **Swedish Fish Fire 2011.** Mr. Alfonsi sent the school into a state of panic and caused a near meltdown of his classroom from the mere work of a Swedish fish, KClO₃ and a Bunsen burner—a remarkable feat. The man is truly a legend.

4. **Dr. Caviston's poem.** Who other than our very own principal could create such a masterpiece to deliver the snow day news. The real question is who can deliver it better: Dr. Caviston or the senior class's own Anna Harvey?

3. **Mr. Curry swims to school.** Mr. Curry and his motorcycle versus a flood on his way to school. A legendary matchup that could only end one way: Mr. Curry spending the rest of the school day looking like he just swam the English Channel.

2. **Shaun White takes prom.** Thanks to Carly we all now have the best story to tell people we meet at college. I still don't think that any of us (especially Carly) have gotten over it. Let's just say Carly rocks for letting us have an unforgettable prom.

1. **WE F14WLESS.** For me at least, the best memory of all is spending everyday with my flawless sisters. I love every one of you, and we will forever be the best class to walk the halls of the Mount.

The *Allure* of lifestyles

By Melissa Mooney '14

Every time we start a new issue of *The Campanile*, my dad asks me if I'm going to write something a little more "substantial" this time. One of my co-editors did a moving piece on the conflict in Syria. Couldn't I write something like that? Something a little less... fluffy?

I could write something like that. But I choose not to. I like my lifestyles page. I love that I have the freedom to write in my own voice. That's why I love magazines; I love the way the editors comment on life in a fresh way that gives the reader a glimpse into the author's life. I especially love when words are fast and snappy and clever, and you can't find that in the business section of the *Inquirer*.

Take the October edition of *Allure*, for example. Every issue of *Allure* includes a personal essay by the editor. My favorite so far is an essay about a mother and daughter that, on the surface, appears to be about fashion. But it really shares the story of a mother who worries she is instilling the wrong values in her daughter. She wonders when a passion for style crosses the line into materialism. I think stories like that *are* substantial.

And, okay, maybe my com-

mentary on my inexplicable attraction to jumpsuits isn't an especially deep read, but it's what I like to write about. I like writ-

hats and self-tanner. Sure, I could write an article about the government shutdown, but the fashionably inept need me.

to clutter my leisure time with White House statements or arguments about health care.

So I'm going to renew my subscription to *Allure*, and not just because I love free perfume samples. (Why pay \$200 for a bottle of Chanel No. 5 when you can rub pieces of scented cardboard on your pressure points?)

I'm going to keep writing my "fluff" because it's what I love. It's very important that somebody keeps us updated on the state of the American economy, but that somebody is not going to be me. I'll be enlightening you on the proper way to wear leggings (Not. As. Pants.) or enumerating the many ways you can enjoy pumpkin spice in your diet. I want people to turn to my writing when they want to be entertained, or when they need a little mood-booster in the form of a light-hearted review of the newest social media platforms. I want my readers to get to the end of an article and feel as though they understand a little piece of the person who wrote it.



ing lifestyles because it combines my appreciation for pretty things and my compulsive need to give unsolicited advice about Easter

It isn't as if I don't *care* about current events. I do. It's just that reading and writing are fun for me, and I don't really want

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Show your school pride even when it's raining with this custom college umbrella.

Jersey girls don't pump gas

By Julia Shinkle '14

Dear Pennsylvanians:

Ever since freshman year, my place of residence has seemed to be a topic of great interest among all of you. It is actually quite amusing to see the looks of disbelief and shock on people's faces when I tell them that my home state isn't PA. I have spent my time on *The Campanile* interviewing other people, but for my final piece I am leaving you an interview of myself. I have compiled a list of the best questions I have received over the last four years regarding my address, and I hope to enlighten everyone about the great state of New Jersey.

Wait. You mean you actually live in New Jersey?

I could buy a new car to replace my minivan if I had a dollar for every time I have been asked this exact question. Yes, I promise I am not making this up. I actually live in New Jersey.

So do you live on the beach?

No. Contrary to popular belief, there is more to New Jersey than what is seen on *Jersey Shore*.

How long does it take you to get to school everyday? Like a couple hours?

Let's not forget Pennsylvania and New Jersey are separated by a river, not a solar system. Offi-

Do the gas stations in New Jersey really have attendants who pump the gas for you?

Jersey Girls Don't Pump Gas. Enough said.

-New Jersey is the world leader in blueberry production.

-The light bulb and the motion picture were both invented in New Jersey, and everyone who lost power this winter knows just how necessary these creations are.

-Thought the Statue of Liberty was in New York? You are wrong. This iconic figure is actually located within the state boundary of New Jersey.

-The first college football game ever was played in New Jersey (Rutgers vs. Princeton in 1889).

-New Jersey is home to the largest boardwalk in the world.

-Still aren't convinced? Just ask Bruce Springsteen, Whitney Houston, Ice-T, Meryl Streep, Shaquille O'Neil, Albert Einstein or Frank Sinatra. All of these famous Garden

State natives will tell you: New Jersey is a wonderful place to live.



cially, the route from my house to Mount is 41 minutes, but I can usually book it here in 35 minutes or less.

Why would you even want to live in New Jersey?

-New Jersey has the most diners in the world (we are actually called the "Diner Capital of the World").

Campanile Seniors of 2014 sign off on four years

By Katie Wolper '14

Each of us found a special place in the Mount. Some girls chose a cluster of wicker rockers in Fontbonne, some chose a certain table in the cafeteria and still others chose a stretch of hallway outside a friend's locker. I chose the *Campanile* office.

At any given time in a tiny room attached to room 102, a group of students is huddled around computer screens, debating the placement of commas and choosing the most visually appealing layout for a page. Before school, during lunch and after school, this small group of writers and editors can be found talking candidly about serious world

issues and discussing the best angles from which to present Mount news.

Among us are fashionistas, future politicians, athletes and, above all, amazing writers. The combined talents of the *Campanile* staff are stunning. I am grateful for the laughter we have shared in the *Campanile* office. I feel so privileged to have had the opportunity to discuss important issues with my peers in a sophisticated way. However, to call the women of the *Campanile* simply "peers" is a gross understatement; these women are my friends.

So now, I pay tribute to my co-editors and writers in the best way I know how. Thank you for challenging my ways of thinking, calling me to be a leader and giving me

the chance to thrive in such a genuine and intensely creative environment. Above all, thank you for being yourselves and allowing me to be myself with you. Together, we pushed the boundaries of possibility and put out issues longer than we thought possible. We expanded to new platforms (Twitter! Blogspot!).

Finally, I'd like to thank you, Class of 2014, for being faithful readers of *The Campanile*. Without your athletic feats, service endeavors and other accomplishments, our jobs would be difficult. You make it easy to feature such a diverse and passionate student body in each issue.

Katie Wolper

Emily Ryan

Elizabeth
McKernan



Kerri Dunn

Haley
Gleeson

Olivia
Fitzpatrick

Melissa Mooney

Christina
Vosbikian

Julia Shinkle

Caroline Zakrzewski

To future Campanilers: Pen your legacy

By Emily Ryan '14

After 2½ wonderful years on *The Campanile*, it's time to pass the metaphorical torch to the rising seniors. I have witnessed the dedication and talent of my younger peers on the staff, and I have complete confidence in their capabilities and the future of *The Campanile*. But I must admit that I'm reluctant to leave it all behind.

The people, the memories, the laughs and (soon) the tears have not only impacted my Mount experience, but also become an integral part of who I am. To all future Campanilers, here's some advice to help you make the most of your short, but meaningful, time on the newspaper:

Crooked buffers are a crime punishable by death.

Not really, but they're super annoying. Buffers are one of the

many aspects of InDesign that will make you question why you skipped lunch to work on layout. However, because of the difficulty they pose, successfully completing buffers will give you incomparable pride. Know that you will face challenges during your time on the newspaper, whether they concern editing, writing or layout. Learn from your mistakes, but more importantly, remember to celebrate your successes.

The Campanile is a legacy—find your own place in it.

Last year, I wasn't ready for the editors-in-chief and copy editor to leave. Throughout the year, I had established close relationships with those who taught me almost everything I know about *The Campanile*. But when they left, I taught myself everything that previously had been left to their expertise.

I still hear Casey's voice when I'm looking for oxford commas, but I was able to find my own place and knowledge, which I am all too happy to share with my fellow Campanilers. However, an important part of *The Campanile* legacy is and always will be remembering that the best thing you can share with each other is friendship.

Because of the 2013 leaders, I knew how to work with current Campanilers, and, hopefully, I have influenced my younger peers for the better. Eventually, it will be your turn to take over the paper. Lead by example, ensuring that each new group is ready to continue the legacy.

Appreciate your time on The Campanile.

When Ms. Leonard asked whether I'd be interested in joining in *The Campanile*, I was hesi-

tant. I knew nothing about journalism or the school newspaper, and I didn't know whether I was cut out for it. My sister, a Mount senior at the time, pushed me to join, and I haven't looked backed since.

Working on and writing for *The Campanile* has given me a confidence in my abilities that I never expected, and for that I am grateful. More importantly, however, I discovered a new family. I cannot recall a time in which I went to the office and did not laugh.

Whether we are discussing creative article ideas, suggesting witty titles, watching funny YouTube videos or taking a BuzzFeed quiz to find out which minion from *Despicable Me* best matches our respective personalities, there's always something humorous going on in the office.

I didn't know how much *The Campanile* meant to me until I re-

alized I was going to have to give it up. I am excited, nervous and ready to continue on to college next year, but I will always take what I learned from the newspaper with me. Basically, you can take the Mountie out of *The Campanile* office, but you can never take *The Campanile* out of the Mountie.

In the end, every lunch skipped and extra hour spent after school are more than worth it. After a couple college essays, countless memories and better friends than I ever could have hoped for, I can genuinely say that *The Campanile* has been the most important part of my high school experience. My hope for future Campanilers is that you find a new home in the small, but cozy, office and a new family in your fellow journalists—I know I did.