1930

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The Firebrand

Sister Catherine Marie

THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE
OF SAN RAFAEL

MCMXXX

*To Mother Raymond,
on the occasion of
her silver jubilee,
we affectionately dedicate
our year book*

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THE FIREBRAND

<i>Editor</i>	ELIZABETH JEWELL
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<i>Assistant Editor</i> .	BETTY BARRY
<i>Art Editor</i>	CHARLINE ERWIN
<i>Business Manager</i> .	BERNICE BANNON
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MAE HEALY	CAROLYN SNYDER
I. TERESA HENSON	ELEANOR WILKINSON
KATHLEEN KAY

EDITORIAL

FEW things satisfy and inspire like real development in any work of which we are a part; for seeing the progress that has been made spurs people on to lend their strength for the accomplishment of even better things. Such inspiration we have in the Dominican College, a remarkable example of great progress in a short time. Only twelve years ago, in 1918, the College was in its early infancy. Meadowlands was the sole College building, and the student body met there in the library with a full attendance of fifteen. To us the difference between these early meetings and our assemblies of more than a hundred and fifty is amusing, but we owe much to experiments in student government, in college publications, and in social activities which grew out of those first small meetings.

We find that in 1923 the College had made definite progress in all its branches. The first *Firebrand* was published in that year and the editorial thus summarizes the work which had been accomplished:

"During the five years of its short existence,

Dominican College has done much towards establishing itself: its degree is recognized; student government is in force; 'traditions' have been and are being made. As one of its contributions to the 'traditions' of the college, the Class of nineteen twenty-three is publishing for the first time a college year book, *The Firebrand*. In it we hope to give some idea not only of what we are now doing, and have done within the last four years, but also of at least a few of our hopes and plans for the college in the future."

Today we look back with appreciation at the efforts and accomplishment of the earliest members of our student body, and we realize that the foundation laid in those years is the basis of our college today. But the responsibility of maintaining the standards set for us is ours; so also is the responsibility of constant further development. We are given every opportunity for progress, and we have only to appreciate and give in return our interest.

This year we feel that we have really made advancement — our student government is stronger, our social activities have been more varied and interesting, and we have taken the

first step toward establishing an honor society. To have had any share in the work of development is a source of gratification.

We have the satisfaction of watching our progress in the building of Guzman Hall that bears outward witness to our growth. We have long hoped for it, and we rejoice at the thought of a new academic building, where we may see art exhibitions in our own gallery, where student boards may meet undisturbed, where the library will be beautifully housed—and where we may gaze at the stars from our own observatory.

VIRGINIA BROWN

Major: MUSIC

Hockey Manager, '26
Executive Board, '28

Music Club
Delta Alpha Epsilon
French Club
Twelfth Night Club

VIRGINIA BROWN attracts attention at once because her high, rounded brow bespeaks intellect and her dark eyes are penetrating and humorous. Her carriage, too, is commanding. People who have learned that Virginia's attitude of unconcern and disinterest is only an appearance, have found that she is a most entertaining person, amusing and witty. And in the Senior play she surprised the whole school by the droll humor, and the art with which she brought out the tragi-comedy of her part.

Late at night before the last embers of the Edge Hill fire have quite lost their warmth, Virginia discloses the serious side of her character. Tired of reading, she arouses herself from a reverie to pronounce her ideas of life. And these ideas are thoroughly serious—even a little pessimistic. Her thoughts are original and they are likely to provoke a discussion among the lingerers by the fire. And somehow when the discussion is over for the night—they are never really finished—one feels that the time has been well spent. Virginia is essentially thoughtful.

ELIZABETH COLGAN

Major: Music

A. D. C. M.

Music Club

BETTY has black hair, gray eyes, and a small retroussé nose. She is quiet, and her voice and manner of speech are so gentle that one would never believe that she could use them in disagreement. She often does, however, for she is always ready to defend her friends and companions in their absence, and she emphatically disagrees with anyone who may speak evil of them.

Around school she seems a little blasé, and says herself that there is nothing at school to be excited about. But she is a happy person, and Meadowlanders often hear a gleeful giggle from her quarter, as she relates some amusing experience, or as she suddenly realizes the humor of a joke she may have heard a few hours before.

Betty's chief interest is music. She is expert with her 'cello and she can also compose pretty songs and melodies for the piano. Her favorite sport is baseball, but she had to stop playing because her 'cello instructor insisted that the bat was ruining her fingers.

She is persevering and careful in her studies, and her unassuming youthfulness makes her well liked by everyone.

MARIE CREEDON

Major: LATIN

Transferred from University of California, '29

MARIE CREEDON is of medium height and coloring, and her features are distinctly outlined. Her blue eyes are her most noticeable feature, partly because the rather heavy arched brows draw attention and also because the eyes are singularly expressive. She wears subdued colors and never indulges in startling clothes. Her room tells the story of her personality, for the colors are soft and quiet and the whole effect cheerful and comfortable. Order and quiet prevail there, except on rare occasions when Marie's hilarity gets the better of her more solemn nature.

Usually she is quiet and thoughtful, but her smile is a reliable index to her mood. When an examination is ominously near, she wears a preoccupied smile which serves as almost her only response to the chatter of her associates. Ordinarily her smile is contented, even happy, but it is never the sort of smile which invites intimacy; she is too reserved herself to expect others to share their secrets. Her comprehending glance at people makes conversation superfluous. She is satisfied with some remark which always shows her kindness.

ALICE DICELEY

Major: FRENCH

French Club
Delta Alpha Epsilon

HEAVY auburn hair, a fair, slightly freckled skin, and slenderness make Alice picturesque. Her eyes are a dull hazel, and her eyebrows, though a bit light, have pert twists which often express her independent nature. Her passion for all that is dainty shows her utter femininity, and fortunately frills become her.

The girls at Meadowlands often wonder how Alice can be so constantly diligent. Often she stays in her room for hours at a time studying carefully and thinking. The benefits derived from this she shows invariably when a philosophical question is brought up, for her mind is very logical and she takes a special interest in philosophical matters. She is often a bit stubborn in her views, however. Away from studies she is very friendly and jolly, and she makes an excellent companion on holiday outings since she appreciates the good in those with whom she happens to be and allows their peculiarities to pass unnoticed. Besides, her sense of humor, though boisterous at times, is genuine, and one feels all the better for a hearty laugh with Alice.

HELEN DUNNE

Major: SPANISH

Treasurer Class, '30
Student Affairs Board, '30

Spanish Club
Twelfth Night Club
Clogging Club

HELEN is Irish. She has a pink and white skin, black curly hair, and blue eyes that twinkle roguishly beneath black lashes. She is tall and slender, her face is a long oval, and her features are firm but delicate, while her slender feet and ankles seem almost too lady-like to clog as vivaciously as they do.

Her firm features bespeak her strength of character. She is gentle and considerate but she can be shrewd and witty. Systematic in thought and in action, she loses no precious time, and she has learned to concentrate, for when she is engaged in studying, in sewing, in checking uproarious house-mates, or in enjoying a picnic, she gives her entire heed to the particular matter in hand.

Helen has a bit of conceit, but often succeeds in justifying it, for she makes her opinions and decisions seem acceptable, and those who attempt to refute them are forced to admit, to themselves at least, that she is in the right, though her very air of self-esteem may tempt them to dispute this. On such occasions her eyes twinkle knowingly, and the controversy ends in a sham battle which she cleverly wages and wins by means of lively teasing remarks.

ESTHER EACHUS

Major: HISTORY

Secretary-Treasurer Class, '27, '29
Executive Board, '28, '30

Twelfth Night Club
Spanish Club
Delta Alpha Epsilon

THOSE of us who saw Esther Eachus play the part of Goldie in the Senior class production of *Rollo's Wild Oat*, will never forget how perfectly the role seemed to suit her. The pleasing voice, the indecisive gestures, the timid mannerisms—all these attributes of Goldie were familiar to us. But it would be no tribute to Esther's dramatic talent to carry the similarity further. Nor would we be doing her justice in the way of character analysis.

To begin with appearance, Esther's long tresses are not golden, but black, and in pleasing contrast to the large grey eyes which she uses so appealingly. Slender and unassuming, she has proved herself one of our best students. Moreover, she holds several executive offices, and wields her authority so competently as to belie any impression of helplessness. Nevertheless, when Eva Ferrario, her roommate, studies late at night, Esther is not above remarking that the light is very bright; and because Eva feels that she must protect her, the light is put out.

ENID EVERMAN

Major: ENGLISH

Assistant Business Manager,
The Meadowlark, '28, '29
The Meadowlark Staff, '30
Day Scholar Representative, '30

Psi Beta Lambda
French Club
Tumbling Club
Twelfth Night Club
Block "D" Society

ENID wears her chestnut hair in braids wound about her head. Her face is vivid because of the lively play of her features, and her eager, interested brown eyes. She is small in stature and has an elfin-like agility about her whole person.

Her predominant trait is a willingness to do things. Everyone knows how she has worked for the circuses, or how often she has obliged her friends by taking them to town in her 1923 Cleveland. She is never too busy either to stop and fondle friendly dogs that run up to her, attracted by her gentleness just as children are.

She is romantic and an idealist, sincerely concerned in the interests and trials of others. She longs to lead her friends aright, and to this effect she speaks strongly her own right principles.

She studies conscientiously, and with apparent enjoyment, and her teachers say she is an excellent listener.

She is full of admirations, and expresses them with enthusiasm, and she is interested in theories of beauty, as we remember from the Socratic Dialogue in last year's *Firebrand*.

EVA FERRARIO

Major: HISTORY

Vice-President Student Body, '30
Treasurer Student Body, '29
Vice-President Class, '30
Treasurer Class, '28
Executive Board, '29, '30
Student Affairs Board, '30

Delta Alpha Epsilon
Studio Art Club

EVA FERRARIO is tall, willowy and dark, with a fair promise of future magnificence. Despite this promise one cannot but regret the effect of years, and their concomitant disillusionment upon the perfect openness and the innocence of her face.

Eva's manner and her character are as open as her face. She is frankly (though perhaps not mainly), interested in "having a good time." One surmises that her interest has been sharpened by the solicitous restraining influence of relatives, and one also guesses that her first disillusionment will be as to the general fallaciousness of "good times."

Eva is an intelligent student, of satisfactory attainments. Her interests, however, are not in books nor in ideas—not in impersonal, abstract matters; when such matters are under discussion she has a far-away look in her eyes, a general expression of polite detachment.

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Major: HISTORY

Vice-President Student Body, '30
Treasurer Student Body, '29
Vice-President Class, '30
Treasurer Class, '28
Executive Board, '29, '30
Student Affairs Board, '30

Delta Alpha Epsilon
Studio Art Club

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EILEEN GRACE

Major: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Tennis Champion '30

Clogging Club

EILEEN is slender, rather tall, and almost a brunette. Her figure is especially good for the new styles which demand smooth fitting and high waist-line, and well aware of her good fortune in this, she has all her new clothes modeled after the fashions of this season of 1930. She is letting her hair grow, and although active in athletics, keeps the short ends sleek and in place with quantities of water.

The dreaminess of her eyes contradicts the alertness of her actions and her mind. It gives the impression of listlessness. But Eileen is far from listless. She is alert and observant, good in sports, and especially fond of dancing. She has character, enterprise, and self-confidence. Her wrath is readily roused, but this quality she emphatically disowns. She clings, though, often in the face of defeating argument, to her opinions, which she forms upon nearly everything that is happening. And she disdains to look at a newspaper, but keeps herself well posted on topics of current events by resorting to magazines.

Her wittiness always surprises people, and draws about her groups of fellow-students who are in the mood for fun.

KATHERINE HANLON

Major: SOCIAL SERVICE

President Student Body, '30
Secretary Student Body, '29
Class President, '28, '29
Executive Board, '29, '30
Student Affairs Board, '30
The Firebrand Staff, '29

Delta Alpha Epsilon
Psi Beta Lambda
French Club

KATHERINE HANLON is tall and very fair. She impresses one with her dignity; her businesslike manner stamps her as an executive, and her capability in this line bears out the promise of her manner. But although she accepts responsibility well, it does not weigh heavily upon her, and she is able to forget her official anxieties at the proper times. In any situation she coolly decides on a course of action, and spares no effort to attain an end which she believes is right, and she never lets personal likes or dislikes interfere with her decisions.

She is not always, however, the serious wielder of the gavel, for she finds pleasure in a variety of ways, social as well as intellectual. She enjoys parties and she likes to dance. She reads a great deal, but her main interest is in people. Her broad sympathies are evident from her choice of social service as her major.

MARY ROSALIE HASLETT

Major: HISTORY

Delta Alpha Epsilon
French Club

MARY ROSALIE is blonde, sufficiently tall, a little broad, and the very personification of ingenuous youth (this last, to her great chagrin; she has many friends older than herself, and it may be this circumstance which makes her impatient of the slow flight of time).

Mary Rosalie's most conspicuous quality is a certain fastidiousness (except occasionally in the matter of expletives). She loves good books—sufficiently to induce her to own many of them; she loves good music; she adores friends whom she sincerely judges to be the most “wonderful” persons in the world. It is conducive to humility to be among her friends: professionally and personally, collectively and individually, in her eyes, they are absolutely peerless.

Music and history are Mary Rosalie's predominant passions (can one have two of them?). At all times when she is “usefully” employed one may know that she is engaged in writing counterpoint, “doing” harmony or reading history.

ELIZABETH JEWELL

Major: ENGLISH

Executive Board, '29
Assistant Editor, *The Meadowlark*, '29
The Meadowlark Staff, '30
Editor, *The Firebrand*, '30

Psi Beta Lambda

ELIZABETH inclines her head to one side in hesitation as she stands on the Edge Hill steps. The sun shines on her golden hair, and her gray-green eyes glance seriously, first at her friends who are trying to persuade her to join them, and then at the copy of *Sartor Resartus* in her hand. There seems to be a conflict between the intellect and the will. However, before she lets her small self down to the next step, she smiles. Her friends have won. But that does not mean that she will not have prepared *Sartor Resartus* for her next English class. Though duty and pleasure seem opposed in Elizabeth, she manages to enjoy both.

As Editor-in-Chief of this *Firebrand*, she has induced people to write neither by sweet entreaties nor by angry bursts of command. It is her quiet determination and good sense which make her such an excellent manager. She confesses that she has a slight temper; she has also said that she can never do a thing to a finish, but in spite of this we know that she accomplishes much. And her pleasant manner charms us, so that if there are "missing links" in the chain of her procedure we have never discovered it.

HILDEGARDE KAUFHOLD

Major: LATIN, FRENCH

The Meadowlark Staff, '28, '29, '30
Literary Editor, The Firebrand, '30

French Club
German Club
Psi Beta Lambda
Tumbling Club

HILDEGARDE is always cheerful and ruddy, a twinkle in her deep set eyes and a smile on her full lips. She is naturally kind and confesses that she can never refuse a request even if granting it causes her inconvenience. She considers this trait a weakness. It is really not in her to drive or scold anyone. If someone has neglected to write her *Firebrand* article, Hildegard says softly to the delinquent, "Won't you please finish your article?" Then she goes off slowly to do her Latin or French, for Hildegard is never in a hurry. One wonders at her acquirements. But when one remembers that she studied Greek before she came to high school, it is not surprising to discover that she has majored in Latin and can speak French with ease. Perhaps her early training in Greek has made her dependable, but it has not taken away her delight in simple things.

She likes to look at people and think about them, but she does not discuss the results of her analysis unless she finds that another's opinion may need modification or denial. Then she tells what she has noticed, but refrains from drawing conclusions. One is never quite sure just how wise she is in her apparent simplicity.

MARY LOUISE MARLEY

Major: SPANISH

Spanish Club

MARY LOUISE is from Phoenix, Arizona, and the Arizona sun has made her long hair gold and glinting. She has serious blue eyes, prominent brows, and a fine, determined mouth; and she speaks with a low-pitched voice, slightly drawled.

It is agreed that she is critical in a logical way, and that her opinions are firmly fixed. Moreover, she seems to have acquired an abundance of knowledge, not so much by study as by a natural desire and capacity to learn many different things by observation and by reading books of her own choice. In class she impresses her teachers by her intelligent questions.

She likes to talk about Arizona; she is interested in the fashions; she likes horses, and she rides well. She has many friends and receives many letters and flowers; and I have heard that, except for occasional fits of belligerence, she is a charming person to live with, since she is not only lively, but sincere and considerate.

MARGARET MATHEWS

Major: HISTORY AND GERMAN

Delta Alpha Epsilon
German Club

MARGARET MATHEWS is a very feminine person; she has dark bobbed hair, and a characteristic, odd little way of tossing her head.

Her friends find her startling. She comes to profound conclusions through keen observation. This is undoubtedly surprising to all but the privileged few who know her well, for she is always quiet and aloof. But she delights her friends by her sense of humor and amazes them by her clear insight into character. In a discussion of a person she listens unobtrusively, but suddenly remarks on some significant point unnoticed by the rest of us. She is fair in her judgment of people and always generous and tolerant.

Margaret does show some indecision regarding her immediate and future plans, but her ideas and theories are firm. As one can easily see, she believes independence to be essential. Her friends value her highly, for they have discovered her wit, her depth of feeling, and her sincerity.

VERONICA McANDREWS

Major: ENGLISH

Psi Beta Lambda

THE first time I noticed Veronica was in Freshman English when her instructor, Miss Hamilton, asked her if she wouldn't try to write some poetry for the *Meadowlark*. I turned and looked at this girl who was clever enough to write poetry, and saw not a large, austere person as I had fancied, but a fair little girl with short-clipped hair, and wide, child-like eyes. She blushed at the attention called to her, and, with a shy twist of her shoulder, answered: "Well, I'll try," and murmured something about not being able to write poetry. But she had a poem in the next *Meadowlark*.

On continued acquaintance with Veronica, I found her reserved but not diffident. In a large company she is quiet and seems almost pre-occupied. But when she is with only two or three she chats in a most pleasing way, and shows a quiet humor as well as prudence and freedom from malice. She often becomes intensely interested, and then her eyes shine brightly. Her mood rather than continuity of purpose seems to control much of her procedure; but one may always depend upon her keen and steady interest in work that seems to her of real moment.

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ANNE MILISICH

Major: HISTORY

French Club
Twelfth Night Club
Delta Alpha Epsilon

IT IS only now and then that one has the pleasure of seeing anyone as delectable as Anne Milisich, for she possesses a warm, natural beauty which it is a pleasure to behold. The fact that some of her ancestors were Russians probably accounts for a certain exotic quality about her and also for the presence at times of dark, restless moods which, in the beautiful, are called temperament. I imagine that men, especially, are likely to find her uncertain and hard to please and also less coy than they might desire her. Enthusiastic by nature, she loves all lovely things from abstract ideas to clothes, and she dresses so smartly that the external details are usually elusive and one is conscious only of the harmonious whole. Never negative, she reacts more violently than philosophically to things which she believes unfair or undesirable. Thus she stayed in a state of continuous resentment during the epidemic of unannounced examinations on the campus last fall. Not being a prophet I cannot say what Life may hold in store for her, but be it this or that it should never be otherwise than interesting.

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BERNIDET MILLERICK

Major: HISTORY

President Student Affairs Board, '29
W. A. A. Board, '28

Delta Alpha Epsilon
Psi Beta Lambda

BERNIDET MILLERICK is tall, slender, invariably cheerful, and obliging, rarely disagreeing with propositions propounded by her associates, but eminently capable of doing so where a conviction is involved. She has the rare good fortune to strike the golden mean between the Emersonian extremes, being neither a "mush of concession" nor "a thorn in the side of her friends."

Bernidet's scholarship is conspicuous for its excellence. She acquires A's with positive nonchalance. However, she is not bookish; she is apparently more eager for personal, than for the vicarious experience to be had from books. But she is interested in ideas. In conversation, she acts as a catalytic agent; she never monopolizes the floor, but she does start the reaction, and she keeps it going.

JOSEPHINE MURRAY

Major: HISTORY

Secretary Student Body, '29, '30
Secretary-Treasurer W. A. A., '28, '29

Delta Alpha Epsilon
Twelfth Night Club

JOSEPHINE MURRAY is so quiet and unassuming that on first acquaintance one is not likely to guess her talents, but she is a member of the dramatics club, and the history club, and she has taken a prominent part in student government.

She is attractive looking, and her excellent taste in dress emphasizes her good appearance. Her gracefulness impresses us at once, and she does not disappoint us in the surmise that she dances well. One of her most charming traits is the gracious way she responds when she is asked to dance or clog for our entertainment.

She wisely balances study and recreation; and although she likes parties, she is never so engrossed in her own pleasure that she forgets to consider others. This thoughtfulness wins for Josephine many friends—she hardly realizes how many because she is so sensitive that she is often hurt without cause. She is always kind and generous to others, however, and treats everyone with equal friendliness.

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Secretary-Treasurer W. A. A., '28, '29

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EVELYNE ROSELLI

Major: ENGLISH

Psi Beta Lambda
French Club
Twelfth Night Club

VELYNE is short and slight, but very strong. Her firm tanned arms and her erect posture show this. Her chin and mouth are firm, and her fine brown eyes are alight alternately with sincerity, fun, and graciousness. From time to time she wears her black hair in an "embryonic pug," for she often has a desire to look tall and grown-up, and then she lets her hair grow. However, she need not fear to be thought insignificant, since she has poise and a lively personality. She takes a great interest in dramatics and practices all her roles on her friends. If her part in a class play is to be that of a flapper, she assumes for a time the air of a flapper, and so on. She puts her whole self into what ever she does.

She likes the out-doors, and spends a good part of her week-ends roaming the hills alone to gather wild-flowers. She likes dancing, but avoids formal social duties, and shudders at the very idea of balancing a tea cup, and brightly discussing the weather. Nevertheless, she enjoys discussions about more important matters, such as literature and politics, not so much for the sake of winning, as for the mere pleasure of arguing.

MAXINE SHEA

Major: HISTORY

Class President, '30
Song Leader, '27, '28, '29, '30
Head of Social Committee, '29
Student Affairs Board, '28, '29, '30
Meadowlark Staff, '28, '29, '30
W. A. A. Board, '28, '29

Psi Beta Lambda
French Club
Twelfth Night Club
Delta Alpha Epsilon
Tumbling Club

MAXINE SHEA is a blonde, of substantial proportions, of prepossessing mien and ingratiating manner—so ingratiating indeed, that she can often avert the consequences of the disapproval of her severest professors, in spite of what they consider their “better judgment.” For Maxine has a surplus of intelligence but a deficiency of diligence. The mention of her name calls up involuntarily the mental image of a yellow chariot departing for the metropolis—whereas it requires some effort at concentration to visualize Maxine occupied in the library for hours on end.

The shortest, most superficial acquaintance with Maxine reveals her vast humorousness, and her real social talent: her natural field of action is the drawing room. A closer acquaintance reveals deeper qualities. She is sensitive to high idealism, and apparently on the watch for it in persons and events. She has what is called “strength of character”: one cannot fancy her being led by others, and she has what is perhaps unfortunately the corollary of that sort of strength—a rather obvious contemptuousness of weakness or folly in less autonomous persons.

CAROLYN SNYDER

Major: MATHEMATICS

Transferred from University of Oregon, '29 Twelfth Night Club

CAROLYN SNYDER is a happy combination of childlike wonder and mature judgment. Her fresh complexion and the wide-awake expression of her blue eyes contribute most to the youthful quality of her personality. Sometimes she makes the most of these appealing features for purposes of her own. The grown-up side of Carolyn's character is more highly developed. The tone of her voice, the strain of her thoughts and the poise of her manner are conspicuously womanly.

The link between the two sides of Carolyn's character is eagerness. Her whole appearance suggests the eagerness of a child, but the same quality makes her mind mature. She is alert intellectually, and her observations are as keen as her actions are vigorous. She sometimes procrastinates—when a notebook for math is due, for instance, but her friends no longer worry about her predicament because they have discovered that when she starts to work, she covers ground quickly and thoroughly. Her enviable grades bear witness to this fact.

Carolyn's eagerness manifested itself as soon as she came to us last August. She was at once one of us—interested in all our activities, and ready to take her share of responsibility.

MARJORIE SPARGO

Major: FRENCH

French Club

MARJORIE is rather tall, and her hair which is really brown, looks golden, for it fluffs out on either side, and allows the light to fall brightly through it. Her straight nose, well formed mouth, and brave blue eyes give her a noble appearance. In manner she is quiet, and at times nonchalant, but very friendly. Because of her quietness her goings and comings are barely noticeable. One never finds her on the way, she is always there. She rarely talks about the progress of her school work, which might lead one to believe that she is not keenly interested in her studies. But she is a persevering student, for she always has her work well prepared. She defends her opinions in the face of many opponents, yet keeps cheerful withal.

This latter unruffled manner and her friendliness have made her a favorite with the B Street school children and their teachers, as well as with her round of friends, and she attracts new acquaintances by her charm. This really is a combination of willingness, cordiality, and a faculty for making one feel at home. I doubt whether a stranger on this campus could fall into better hands.

THE JUNIORS

THE Juniors are going to have a dinner in Forest Meadows," chant the Bobbies, Helen Cochran and Barbara Denehy, as they skip along towards the field.

"Well, no one would believe that you were Juniors to hear the racket you are making," remarks Mary McSweeney, as she tries in vain to squelch the unsquelchable pair.

"Don't waste your time trying to reprimand them. They're the type that never grows up," Amanda Whitthorne proclaims, in a knowing way.

"I sometimes wish that I were that way. If I could only hold off old age, but I feel it creeping on me—I tire easily and I—"

"Who cares?" Marie Rooney interrupts heartlessly, and shuts off Phyllis Fry's would-be oration on the warnings of old age. "I'll wager your old age won't hinder you from making a good sized dent in the food."

"And who has a better right—oh, look at that steak—oh! oh! oh!"

"It's just about time some of you arrived on the scene. Juanita, Lorraine and I have been here for hours. You'd think we three were paid to do the cooking," Dorothy Cochella exclaims reproachfully.

"Well, now let's see, Emily, you may take full charge of the coffee pot. Eleanor, Mae and Florence — I entrust my steaks to you. Joyce, you and Miriam and Margaret can give out the plates and the Misses Ferrario and Mahoney can—"

"And what would the fair Miss Kay like to do?" Rhea inquires ironically. "Or perhaps you're just a little tired after all your commands and—"

"Say, when are we going to eat?" Mabel beseeches. "I'm starved."

"Me, too," chimes in Lucile Minahan.

A dead silence ensues—broken only by an occasional oh! or ah! The steak disappears. The conversations start again. Incidents in the classrooms, and the newest doings of the newest freshmen provoke much hilarity, broken only by a poignant moment, in which Betty

Barry has climbed a tree, and is debating whether or not she should venture out on a rather slender limb. The limb is saved a sudden death by Betty's returning by the way she came.

"Now that Betty has relieved us from our nervous tension, let's play games."

"A good idea, Genevieve. Then I'll be able to work off some of the pounds that I have acquired in the last half hour."

"Christine, with apologies to Mr. Burton, I should deem that last statement truly a 'Birth or Wonder'," Bernice asserts. "I can certainly afford to relinquish a little of my excessive avoirdupois."

"I'm going to sit here by the fire. Outwardly I may appear otiose, but I am certainly revolving plans in my mind for my assistants to work out in the next *Meadowlark*."

"You come along, Ruth. I don't see how your roommate can resist this supreme chance to forget her dignity for once, and participate in the good old game of 'tap the finger'," Charline Erwin avers, as she hastens off to join the laughing, merry-making group.

This year, we see that, although the Juniors have acquired dignity with their standing as upper class students, they have lost none of their enthusiasm. The secret of their enthusiasm is that they hold together so well, and even though some may oppose a proposed plan, they gracefully concede.

VIRGINIA O'HARA, '31.

'TIS OF THE SOPHOMORES

A CHANTE-FABLE

(With apologies to Andrew Lang.)

Who would list to the good lay
Of the two who on a day
Climbed up to the Signadou
There a mighty work to do,
For they must write of that gay crew,
The merry Class of '32:
 'Tis so sweet.

So say they, speak they, tell they the tale:

How the Sophomores are so great and so marvelous and so goodly that never a day dawns but alway they do make new history on the campus in San Rafael. Fair the day and fair the hour that sees them there assembled, for they are a wondrous companie.

Here one chanteth:

Of that crowd so frank and fair,
Happy, laughing, debonair:
Of Denise who, in garb of green,
Leads in sport and things of state;
Of Helen Stein and Aimeé who
Together play full merrilie—

Helen, she of close-cropped hair,
Tall and dark, exceeding fair;
Aimeé small who pen doth wield,
Bringing honor to our shield;
Of Angela who with languorous grace
Danceth all about the place.

Then speak they, say they, tell they the tale:

Anne and Grace mount and ride into the wood.
Far into the forest they spur, and fleet are their
horses through the paths of it. Patsy, Gwen, and
Ruth O'Connor valiant are on field and court.
Angie, too, eludes the bravest in the game.

Here chanteth one:

Dorothy hath curls of gold
And is fair to look upon;
Jean is gay and bright of brow
Like white blossoms on a bough;
Mary Helen sings and plays;
Martha on the stage wins praise;
Katherine Fatjo in a smock
At the door of fame doth knock.

Here speak they, say they, tell they the tale:

These two oft are seen together—Frances tall
and fair, Agnes dark and blue-eyed. Virginia
Leonard, plaintively serious, worketh with a will.

Helen Harrington, black of hair, speaketh with a pleasing softness. In an open vehicle of uncertain hue Frances Frehe dasheth to and from the campus, giving rides to all and sundry.

Here chanteth one:

Sherry sweet of merry cheer,
With hair of gold and eyes as clear
As the water in a mere,
Nora and Virginia Cain,
Beth and Moira Daly
Tell of week-ends, beaux, and fun;
Forsooth they do sing gaily.

So speak they, say they, tell they the tale:

Dark-haired Elaine and Madelyn together sport with merry glee. Florence and Elsie part them never; and Katherine Fratessa laugheth much with her companions. Nancy Kathern, tall and dark, composeth verses gay and charming, while golden-voiced Willaine singeth airs old and new.

Here chanteth one:

Of Serena's Irish eyes
And the mirth of her replies;
Of Nama from a far-off isle,
Who sews the sunny hours to while;
Of Helen fair and Margaret dark,
Who each morn rise with the lark,
For to view in fields afar
Phoebus supersede the star.

Here speak they, say they, tell they the tale:

So this gay crew, the Sophomores, lived and
laughed and sang their joyous songs, bringing glad-
ness to all the College. And now full brightly do
they await that new dignity which draweth near,
when as stately Juniors they will curb their merry
spirits—but not for long.

So our tale is said and chanted,
And we have done.

SUE LYNCH, '32.

ELEANOR EATON, '32

CHARACTER OF THE FRESHMEN

WE ALWAYS look forward with great interest to seeing what the freshmen will be like, and we were not disappointed this year. The freshmen are a good class—vitally interested in anything and everything. They are not essentially athletic, but they make a good showing on the athletic field. They also number many intellectual lights in their midst, of whom they may well be proud. But it is neither in athletics nor scholastics that we will remember the freshmen. It is a certain quality about them—a quality which I once heard termed stick-to-it-ive-ness and which seems applicable to them—which is notable concerning them. It was this quality which led them to put on their great production, *La Boite a Joujoux* in spite of many difficulties. It was this quality which kept them from getting discouraged when they incurred their honorable debt and led them to seek instant means of paying off their debt, so that soon they were able “to look the whole world in the face, for they owed not any man.”

VIRGINIA O'HARA, '31.

A FRESHMAN NIGHTMARE

THE moon peeped coldly over the sill of the window at Meadowlands into the Assembly room. It saw the chairs in the front of the room in straight lines as usual, but twelve of those in the back had been moved up on the platform in lieu of a jury box. The desk was moved slightly to one side and near it stood a witness chair. On the other side of the desk stood two small tables and four chairs. It was an odd but fitting time to hold court. It was just before midnight, Friday the thirteenth, and the first time that the Meadowlands Assembly was ever the scene of a trial.

The door opened and with brisk step President Eileen, now Judge Hanifan, entered and took her place at the desk. She noted by her watch that she was several minutes early, and sadly drummed the desk with her fingers.

The moon glided behind a cloud and the room was left dimly lighted. The nervous drumming of the Judge's fingers ceased, and softly from the piano, half hidden by the jury chairs, came the strains of martial music. Then

came the steady sounds of marching and the grim ghosts of past law-breaking freshmen stepped past the Judge's desk. Girls who had cut classes were lined up behind those who had flunked exams, and farther down were those who often came late for class, neglected assignments and received many cinches. As the sounds of marching diminished, the strains of music changed softly to "Taps" and finally ceased. The moon came from behind the cloud and poured its cold white light full into the room.

The Judge started from her reverie as the Senior class filed in dignified manner into the room and took their places at the back, staring icily ahead with horrified countenances.

Just as they were settled in their places, the door opened noisily and the juniors bustled in, looking extremely interested, followed by the rather bewildered sophomores. The juniors settled themselves, drew out notebooks and pencils, and prepared to take notes as they nibbled graham crackers. The seniors threw crushing looks at the juniors, who finally became serious. The freshmen entered sadly and took the chairs nearest the platform. Then the

jury filed in, followed by the lawyers and witnesses, the court stenographers, the doctor, and other necessary objects. All this passed within a very few minutes, and just as the court was called to order with a sharp rap, two cars drove up before Meadowlands, driven by Grace O'Malley and Bruna Sartorio, and let out several late arrivals.

"The court will come to order." The cool voice of the Judge broke the silence.

A firm step was heard outside and Margaret Cassassa entered the room, followed closely by Caroline Sullivan, newly elected sheriff. They took their places near the Judge.

"What are the charges?"

"Not handing in History notes," was the reply of the girl who reluctantly took the part of prosecuting attorney.

The evidence for both sides was read by the hard moonlight, the witnesses gave their testimony, the court stenographers, Alice Garzoli and Louise Massa, clicked away at their typewriters, and the juniors scribbled notes.

At 12:15 the jury, composed of Elvira Rosasco, Betty Stevenson, Dorothy McAfee, Hos-

tilia Montgomery, Rosaria MacCauley, Harriet Lynch, Mary Barbara Lins, Jane Hefferman, Antoinette Schenone, Patricia Martin, Betty Sprague and Marion Fisher, all friends of the accused one, but stern in the face of duty, gave their decision:

"Guilty."

All was silence for a moment—then a loud sob broke from the lips of Evelyn Asher. Ethel Marie Duffy fainted and was carried from the room by Mary Friedenbach and Lillie Moore Watson. Nana Seeley giggled hysterically and Eleanor Martin became so nervous she dropped a hairpin.

Slowly, the Judge passed sentence:

"Two hours' study on Friday night, and three hours' study Saturday morning."

The lawyers gathered up their testimony and left the room. The seniors and sophomores left, followed hastily by the juniors. The jury filed out. The defendant was led from the court by her roommate, Bernice O'Connell, and Michaela Driscoll, followed by Genevieve Sanguinetti, who frantically administered smelling salts and spirits of ammonia.

Eileen, the Judge, alone remained in the Assembly room, nervously drumming the desk and listening to the sounds of marching feet, keeping time to the strains of martial music that issued from the piano half hidden by the improvised jury box. As the music changed slowly to "Taps" the moon glided behind a cloud, and Eileen sorrowfully left.

At one o'clock an extra edition of the *Meadowlark* came out, and on the front page in blaring type was the announcement:

FROSH CONVICTED;

FACES EXTRA STUDY

Then below in smaller type:

By Special Junior News Service

Meadowlands:

Miss Margaret Cassassa, freshman, was convicted at 12:15 this morning of failing to hand in History notes. The sentence passed was five hours' extra study in the library. It is thought that repeated appeals to the Dean by Miss Cassassa's friends will cause the sentence to be changed to three hours' study on Friday night only.

(Turn to next page for full details and pictures of the sensational trial.)

Sophomores on the lawns, steps and walks of all the houses, even Edge Hill, cried "EX-TRA!" as they sold huge bundles of newspapers. As one sophomore stood near Fanjeaux shouting, an alarm clock went off in one of the upper rooms.

Margaret Cassassa turned over in her bed, snatched the clock and stifled its hoarse ringing, remarking sleepily the while:

"What a nightmare to have! But that clock *would* go off just as I was about to buy a paper and see my name and picture on the front page. Guess I'd better get up and do my History notes, though, that reminds me."

FAMILY TREE

Politician, belle, and beau,
Rogue, and priest, and nun;
All are on my family tree,
All, too often, call on me;
An uncongenial company
To entertain.

Politician, belle, and beau,
Rogue, and priest, and nun;
Meet and speak, they quarrel too.
What can a poor descendant do
With such a wild, unfriendly crew
To entertain?

SUE LYNCH, '32.

(Printed in *First The Blade*, Volume III, 1930)

BIOGRAPHY AS A NEW AND FASCINATING ART

MAN'S curiosity as to his fellowman is not of recent development, but the new mode in biography has provided a strong stimulus. Our interest is doubtless a manifestation of the egomania which is constantly striving for expression. We like to compare ourselves with the brave, the illustrious, the endowed; we alone appreciate our latent powers, and in biography we find something that makes us feel we have done fairly well, and that under more favorable circumstances we should have done better. It pleases us also to discover that the great have foibles and frailties of their own. Our infirmities weigh less heavily upon us.

Those biographers who endeavor to pander to the vanity of the reader by belittling their subject under the guise of humanizing it belong to what has been classified as the "inferiority-complex school." Those who endeavor to explain character and events on a scientific basis are members of the "superiority-complex school." Methods of biography alter as the

mass mind alters, for the literature of any period reflects the mind of that period. And so today we face the problem of a scientific interest in biography which is hostile to, and in the end may prove destructive of, the literary interest.

With regard to the great historical characters of the past, contact is possible only through the medium of the written word, and is, in consequence, imperfect. To profitably extract gold from the findings is a delicate task, which depends upon artistic perception much more than upon scientific method. "Finding no one of the elements of a biographical truth to be strictly scientific," to quote André Maurios, himself one of the most prominent of modern biographers, "we are compelled to have recourse to a kind of psychological imaginativeness . . ."

The unquestioned leader of the psychological school of biographies is Lytton Strachey. In his method there is much less formal statement, much more informal framing of interpretations and drawing of inferences from scattered bits of record in word and deed. This is not an easy method, for the practitioner

must be so competely master of his subject as to be capable equally of analysis and synthesis. He must maintain a standpoint of detachment in order to interpret with understanding the lives of diverse characters, and to show each incident in its proper perspective as a necessary element of the whole. He exploits every means of securing vividness, but the brilliant images, the significant incidents, must not render the structure episodic. Rather, they must always be carefully co-ordinated.

No less a critic than Thomas Carlyle accords to the historical novels of Sir Walter Scott the credit of having first taught all men "that the bygone ages of the world were actually filled by living men, not by protocols, state papers, controversies and abstractions of men. Not abstractions were they, not diagrams and theorems; but men, in buff or other coats and breeches, with color in their cheeks, with passions in their stomach, and the idioms, features and vitalities of very men." It is interesting therefore to compare this novelist's treatment of historical characters with that of an exponent of the present mode in biography,

especially as the new biography expresses itself in the form of the novel. Paradoxically enough, the new biography produces the impression of reality because the principal actors create the illusion that they are fictional.

The biographer today, however, in employing the methods of fiction, does not produce works of fiction. He endeavors not to invent, but to re-create. The obvious difficulty here is to guard against the submergence of history in drama. When Mr. Strachey, in *Elizabeth and Essex*, recounts for pages the thoughts that pass through the queen's mind, we are getting pure fiction. He tells us that, angered with Essex, "with fixed resentment, as the long months dragged out, she nursed her wrath; she would make him suffer for his incompetence, his insolence, his disobedience; did he imagine that his charms were irresistible? She had had enough of them, and he would find that he had made a mistake." His method here is identical with that of Scott in *Kenilworth*, where the latter deals to considerable extent with the same figure. Under the influence of an impassioned address on the part of Leicester, "Elizabeth listened, as in a sort

of enchantment; her jealousy of power was lulled asleep; her resolution to foresake all social or domestic ties, and dedicate herself exclusively to the care of her people, began to be shaken, and once more the star of Dudley culminated in the court horizon." The deductions of both as to what passed through Elizabeth's mind always seem logical enough under the given circumstances, but they are, after all, no more than deductions. And we cannot accept as infallible, logic which is based on conjecture.

Scott writes in his introduction to *Kenilworth*: "I have endeavored to describe her (Elizabeth) at once a high-minded sovereign and a female of passionate feelings, hesitating between the sense of her rank and the duty she owed her subjects on the one hand, and on the other her attachment to a nobleman who, in external qualifications at least, amply merited her favor." The biographer, however, to maintain his trustworthiness as an historian, must be more circumspect. With a large mass of available material, selection is inevitable, and he must be careful not to build up his character in his mind, and then select only

those facts which fit in with his conception. Mr. Strachey has made his book a personal portrait rather than a large historical picture. But the portrait painter must be a man of integrity, and Mr. Strachey's taste for the picturesque sometimes runs away with him. For instance, he describes the end of Bacon: "an old man, shattered, alone, on Highgate Hill, stuffing a dead fowl with snow." This is true. But Mr. Strachey carefully omits to add that the old man was making a scientific experiment in the technique of cold-storage. Having sacrificed his rectitude and his intellectual principles to his advancement, Bacon died a martyr to science. Mr. Strachey prefers to insinuate that the gods punished him with the end of a Lear.

Scott compressed events and changed their order with a free hand, but for the purposes of his narrative such liberties are justified. In order to combine in one picture the gaiety, display and crimes of the Elizabethan age, it was really necessary to make the murder of Amy Robsart contemporary with Elizabeth's princely reception at Kenilworth in 1575, although it occurred fifteen years before. The main interest in the historical novel is purely

fictitious. Amy Robsart is the typical tragic heroine, and Leicester the conventional villain. The interest is thus distracted from the historical characters.

In some newspaper offices is employed a functionary called a "writer-up." His duty is to enrich the material of some matter-of-fact telegram with all kinds of picturesque detail, obtained solely by wealth of temperament. Both Scott and Strachey play this role. On the part of the novelist who is avowedly romancing this is in no wise objectionable. But the work of the biographer is considered erudite and authoritative. Mr. Harold Nicolson has said that "biography is distinguished from history as being the story of an individual, and from fiction as being truth." Certainly we are prone to accept the statements of the biographer as valid, and it is on this account that, while we cede to Mr. Strachey and his followers the glory and triumph due to the creators and masters of a new and fascinating art, we cannot accept them as infallible.

MARY ROSALIE HASLETT, '30.

DE QUINCEY'S PORTRAITS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES

ALMOST everyone knows Thomas De Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium Eater*, and, since the *English Mail Coach* is in a book of *Selected Essays for High School Students*, most of us before we came to college were acquainted with the "Vision of Sudden Death" and the "Dream Fugue." Although we had vaguely supposed that the author's activities had not stopped with these essays, the *Firebrand* staff were surprised to hear that De Quincey's portraits of his contemporaries might possibly be used as models for the senior sketches. We found these portraits, however, more entertaining than suitable as models for the sketches of *our* contemporaries, for De Quincey evidently never sacrificed his art to the feelings of his subject, and, indeed, he often shocked the good taste of his critics by his cruel truth to nature.

Here is a ludicrous anecdote of Coleridge, who, it seems, was near-sighted in his later years:

"Dining in a large party, one day, the mod-

est divine was suddenly shocked by perceiving some part of his habiliments, which we shall suppose to have been his waistcoat. . . . The stray portion of his supposed tunic was admonished of its errors by a forcible thrust into its proper home; but still another limbus persisted to emerge, or seemed to persist, and still another, until the learned gentleman absolutely perspired with the labor of re-establishing order. And, after all he saw with anguish that some arrears of snowy indecorum still remained to reduce into obedience." At that moment the hostess rose to lead away the ladies. It was then it became apparent that Coleridge had been "stowing away into the capacious receptacles of his own habiliments the snowy folds of a lady's gown, belonging to his next neighbor; and so voluminously, that a very small portion of it indeed remained for the lady's own use." The lady appeared yoked to the Vicar and could not move until "after certain operations upon his dress, and a continued refunding and rolling out of snowy mazes upon snowy mazes in quantities which, at length proved too much for the gravity of the company. The unhappy doctor in dire

perplexity continued still refunding with all his might until he had paid up the last arrears of his debt."

Although this anecdote greatly embarrassed his friend, De Quincey would not omit it. Friendship had no power to curb his pen; no more had indebtedness. William Wordsworth aided De Quincey financially and cared for the author's family. This is De Quincey's portrait of him:

"He was a tallish man in whom a sanguine or rather coarse complexion had of late years usurped the original bronze tint and finer skin. To begin with his figure, Wordsworth was, upon the whole, not a well made man. His legs were pointedly condemned by all male connoisseurs in legs that I have ever heard lecture upon that topic; not that they were bad in any way which would force itself upon your notice—there was no actual deformity about them; and undoubtedly they had been serviceable legs . . . but, useful as they have proved themselves, the Wordsworthian legs were certainly not ornamental; and it was really a pity, as I agreed with a lady in thinking, that he had not another pair for evening

parties—when no boots lend their friendly aid to masque our imperfections from the eye of female rigorists. A sculptor would certainly have disapproved of their contour. . . . Wordsworth was of a good height, just five feet ten, and not a slender man; the total effect of his person was always worst in a state of motion. Meantime his face was one that would have made amends for greater defects of figure; it was certainly the noblest for intellectual effects that in actual life I have ever seen or at least have consciously been led to notice.”

“Poor William,” someone said as we were reading, “what a pity it was that the baggy collegiate suit of today was not popular when he lived. Then he, like many a twentieth century gentleman, might have hidden his defective appendages.”

Truthful De Quincey! The disclosure of Wordsworth was not enough! He discusses the poet's wife and sister also from his own impartial point of view. De Quincey first quotes from the poet's description of Mrs. Wordsworth,

“‘She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam’d upon my sight;
A perfect woman, nobly plann’d
To warn, to comfort, to command;
And yet a spirit too, and bright
With something of an angel light.’”

Then he continues, “And I shall add to this abstract of her moral portrait, these few concluding traits of her appearance in a physical sense. She was tall: her figure was good—except that, for my taste, it was rather too slender, and so it always continued. In complexion she was fair; . . . ‘Her eyes’ the reader may already know ‘her eyes’

‘Like stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight, too, her dark brown hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.’

“But strange it is to tell that, in these eyes of vespertine gentleness, there was a considerable obliquity of vision.” He adds that “all faults, had they been ten times more and greater, would have been swallowed up . . . by that supreme expression of her features, to the intense unity of which every lineament in the fixed parts, and every undulation in the moving parts, or play of her countenance, concurred

—viz. a sunny benignity—a radiant gracefulness—such as in this world I never saw equalled or approached.”

The concentrated loveliness of this portrait would to our contemporaries be as nothing against the “considerable obliquity of vision.” And even the stoutest of us might shrink from the truths in the following sketch of Dorothy Wordsworth:

“Immediately behind her, moved a lady, much shorter, much slighter, and perhaps, in all other respects, as different from her in personal characteristics as could have been wished for the most effective contrast. ‘Her face was of Egyptian brown.’ Her eyes were not soft, . . . nor were they bold; but they were wild and startling, and hurried in their motion. Her manner was warm and ever ardent; her sensibilities seemed continually deep; and some subtle fire of impassioned intellect apparently burned within her, which being alternately pushed forward into a conscious expression . . . and then immediately checked . . . gave to her whole demeanor and to her conversation, an air of embarrassment and even of self conflict, that was sometimes distressing to wit-

ness. Even her very utterance and enunciation often, or rather generally, suffered in point of clearness and steadiness, from the agitation of her excessive organic sensibility, and perhaps, from some morbid irritability of the nerves. At times, the self-counteraction and self-baffling of her feelings caused her to stammer. . . . Yet we are her debtors for she it was who with Wordsworth walked through sylvan and mountain tracks and 'first couched his eye to the sense of beauty' . . . The greatest deductions from Miss Wordsworth's attractions . . . were the glancing quickness of her motions and other circumstances in her deportment, (such as her stooping attitude when walking), which gave an ungraceful, and even an unsexual character to her appearance when out of doors. But on the other hand, she was a person of very remarkable endowments intellectually; and in addition to the other services she rendered her brother, the exceeding sympathy always ready and always profound."

De Quincey was satisfied with nothing less than the whole truth—a questionable method. We agree with Professor Oliver Elton that De Quincey "cannot be denied to have shown

some want of feeling. Only a changeling would have described Dorothy Wordsworth so precisely just as she had once been, when she was alive to read the description. He ought to have regretted doing so; but can we regret that he did so?" And we may further reflect upon the words, "We have a more convincing picture from his hand than from any mere worshipper of the Wordsworth household."

CHARLINE D. ERWIN, '31.

THE CHIMAERA OF THE COLLEGE GIRL

IN the twelfth century Abelard taught Heloise with disastrous results, and since that time the inborn masculine prejudice against education for women has grown more and more malignant. Ruskin, only eighty years ago wrote that women should be trained in habits of accurate thought, but that their intellect was not capable of invention and was merely good for "sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision." In the same paper that estimable gentleman makes this statement: "A woman in any rank of life ought to know whatever her husband is likely to know but to know it in a different way—a man ought to know any language or science he learns thoroughly, while a woman ought to know the same language or science, only so far as may enable her to sympathize in her husband's pleasures, and in those of his best friends."

This is amusing to say the least—just how is one to know beforehand the subjects that one's husband is "likely to know"? Imagine the predicament of the girl who prepared to be the

helpmate of an architect, and eventually married an aspiring young bond salesman who knew not the subtleties of the Byzantine arch. Ruskin, however, goes further and says that woman needs but an elementary knowledge of her husband's favorite subjects of conversation. She is to be able to "sympathize in his pleasures," but never to differ from him. Life in the author's household may have been calm as a summer's day, but it must have been horribly boring, particularly for Mrs. Ruskin.

Ruskin was not the last to write about education for women. Indeed, it is almost impossible to pick up a magazine today without finding therein someone's opinion on the subject, usually beneath a title which, although invariably startling, is mild in comparison with the article itself. Everybody, apparently has something to say about the college girl. She has been discussed by everyone from university presidents to Yale undergraduates, and these last are about the only people who even faintly approve of her. Incidentally, that same faint approval might be cited as an argument in her defense.

The chief charge brought against the col-

lege girl is that her education not only causes her to become a bluestocking who quotes Plato to prove obscure points and disdains to descend to the usual feminine frivolities, but that by making her economically independent, it also makes her slightly contemptuous of mere man; wherefore she chooses a career rather than home and a husband. This state of affairs is deplored at great length, the problem of race suicide is tactfully brought up, and columns of complicated statistics are pointed to with horrified pride. But these statistical tables have their amusing points. The author of an article condemning the college woman usually places one immediately after his introduction, and then proceeds to intersperse his essay with neat little "See tables," finally triumphing in his conclusion with a sentence something like this: "Statistics show (see table) that graduates of Blank College average but two and three-fifths children per family." Fractional children flourish on the statistical chart, and the statistician subdivides with a gay abandon that would intrigue the most ingenious mathematician.

We rise in defense of the college woman.

We know that she is not a student to the exclusion of more frivolous pursuits, and that although she may spend hours in the library over History and Philosophy, she spends a good deal of time perusing "Vogue," and discussing the vagaries of fashion with her companions. Furthermore, we know from experience that the concentration and midnight oil she devotes to a term paper are as nothing in comparison with the concentration and gasoline expended in the search for a new spring hat. Above all we are very certain that she is anything but "contemptuous of mere man," for we have heard, nay, we have taken part in her post week-end conversations, and we know that they are largely on that subject.

SUE LYNCH, '32.

LIFE

Rising sun,
Sinking sun,
The day is done.

Rising moon,
Sinking moon,
All of this is gone too soon.

KATHLEEN KAY, '31

THE FIRES

THE Juniors were at practice for their play when the alarm was shouted: "Forest Meadows is on fire!"

Alexander with his army charged up the aisles. Campaspe and her lover, together with the philosophers, who lost all thought of dignity, followed the trail of the conqueror. As the *dramatis personæ* reached the glass doors of Angelico Hall, they saw the fire. "Not Forest Meadows," they sighed, relieved, as they looked straight ahead and across the street. There, some place behind the houses facing the avenue was the conflagration.

There was no moon that night and certainly a lurid spectacle was presented. The flames leapt up and battled against each other high above the tallest eucalytus trees. Murky black, orange and rose-colored smoke poured over the campus. An indescribable sound resulted from the cracklings of the burning house, the willow trees and the gum trees. Each crackling had a different tone and it seemed to me that the flames were playing a tune in their mirth. But they were almost immediately

stopped. The shrill, shrieking siren proclaimed the advent of the fire engines and their coming was verified by the loud, rapid clanging of the bells.

Engines raced and roared as they ran the water pumps. Pure white steam angrily hissed and rose into the black sky. Then automobiles and pedestrians arrived at the scene. In a short while there was a traffic jam. Men shouted at one another to get out of the way; children and dogs darted around the cars; confusion was everywhere. Suddenly there was a general gasp, then silence. The trees on the street had caught fire. Brighter and higher than ever were the flames as they spired through the branches. "The college!" was on the tip of every tongue.

Centuries seemed to pass and then, at last, water was turned on the trees. Gradually the flames yielded to the stream and simultaneously the fire in the rear seemed to submit. We knew then that Dominican College was safe, but firemen fought far into the night.

The eighteenth century prose class in Room 210 of Angelico Hall, had the best view of the second fire. Discussion had hardly begun when

the fire signal sounded. Two of us counted the whistles. Scarcely were we able to suppress our cry of "thirty-seven," for thirty-six is the fire number of the college. Then, before we were able to think, we heard the crisp noise of dry, burning branches. "Look!" someone cried, and we did. There, on the hill across from the school was the fire. An old barn and the trees around it were burning. Long before the fire engines arrived the eucalyptus trees that cover the tops of the southern hills around San Rafael had blazed. The flames seemed to run from tree to tree, so quickly did the fire spread. Then the wind changed its direction and the flames charged down the hill toward Palm Avenue. Men had been beating the flaming grass with wet sacks, but now they turned and ran.

Before this, the English instructor had kept us in class. "What good can you do?" she had asked; but this change of fire was too much. The class jumped up, uncertain whether to crowd to the windows or to rush down the stairs and outside.

"Perhaps," said our professor, "we could send some rugs for the men to use along with the sacks."

"I'll take them," volunteered Enid Everman, and then the excited class dismissed itself. A few of us went up on the next floor to see the fire at better advantage.

Again men desperately beat their sacks on the blazing grass. Untiringly, it seemed, they worked. And fruitlessly, too, because each time they neared the top of the hill a burning branch would fall and light another part of the grass. Then as they rushed to the new fire, the old one would start again.

The engines reached the hilltop. The firemen soaked the trees that had not flamed. Then they turned the water on the burning leaves. Engines at the bottom of the hill pumped water for those who sprayed the grove near the houses. Slowly the flames in the trees were extinguished and consequently fewer grass fires broke out. But suddenly, a new fire started. It spread down the hill like an avalanche. Each one of us held our breath, afraid to speak. Then we saw flames spreading up the hill. "Backfire," we shouted, and we cheered for the men who had checked the fire.

On the afternoon of the third fire we were in the art room. The sky had been getting

darker and darker, but all of us had been too busy to notice it. Someone suggested at about three o'clock that we turn on the light. Then we looked out the window. We were terrorized at what we saw. The sky looked as if it were hidden by layers of transparent colored matter. High above was a decayed looking green. Under this in spots, was a filthy yellow. Gray and black smoke rolled beneath the yellow, near the buildings. While we stared, Phyllis Fry came in. "Have you seen the terrible fire back of Fanjeaux?" she cried. And, sinking into a chair she continued: "I'm just sick with fright."

The girls from that house rushed from the room and I was not long in following. As I ran up the Meadowlands driveway, I first saw the conflagration. It was on the hills where the second fire had been, but further north.

I stopped, motionless. Never had I seen such a sight. All the trees beyond the Costigan home and the Edge Hill farm appeared to be burning. Great tongues of fire whipped up into the sky. There was a noise such as would be made by many men breaking kindling wood on their knees. Black smoke whirled up in

cone-shaped masses. Unchecked, the fire rushed southward.

I rushed to Meadowlands, where horrified girls were watching. "Don't leave the grounds," we were warned, but a few of us went to the street, and on up to Inspiration Point. At the crossroads we stopped. The fire had started in the canyon on the east side of the hills. It had been driven southward, toward town by the wind. Then it had crept up on the hilltop, where I had first seen it.

"They say it's going down," someone cried to us, but there was more smoke than there had been before. Firemen stood around, watching the flames. "Why don't they do something," we asked and, "They say they can't," was answered.

Then the wind changed direction again. The canyon trees flared in an instant. There, a block below us was a seething caldron of burning trees. Up the hill toward us, swept the fire. And none too soon, we turned, for in five seconds the flames had reached the road. Down toward Fanjeaux we ran. I looked back and saw that the fire had jumped the road and had caught the brushwood on the Signadou.

In a second, the eucalyptus trees and the stubble field behind Fanjeaux caught.

It was then that the firemen began to fight. Men and engines from San Rafael, Kentfield, San Anselmo, and Mill Valley were there. Exhausted, we finally reached the campus. Fervently we prayed that our buildings might be saved. Still the flames tore down the hill, resisting all efforts of the fighters. Then, the wind changed again, it died down and grew quiet. The field fire was extinguished, but the trees burned all night and the next day.

As we left Fanjeaux for Meadowlands we noticed the sky once more. It still looked as it had before, but the sun, like a ball of flame, shone dully through the haze, giving the whole atmosphere a ghostly appearance.

That evening the sunset was uncanny. The sultry air seemed pregnant with uncertainty. Not a bird or a cricket sounded. All was silent as slowly, more slowly, it seemed, than ever before, the orange red sphere sank behind black, smoke-capped mountains.

CHARLINE D. ERWIN, '31.

A STAR WALK

CARLYLE in his gruff way once asked, "Why did not somebody teach me the constellations, and make me at home in the starry heavens which are always overhead and which I don't half know to this day?" We shall have only ourselves to blame if we ever ask such a question, for the star parties this year have offered to all the opportunity of becoming "at home in the starry heavens." The enthusiasm of Miss Isabel O'Connor, our guide, is caught even by the would-be distinterested star-gazers. We walk under the stars, talk about them and point them out to one another. With the aid of a flashlight we resort to maps every now and then. We kindle with the beginner's joy in discovering for the first time the great mystery and order of the night sky. It is most fitting that these walks have found their greatest enthusiasts in the members of the Dante class, who, with Dante, suffered the denial of the heavenly roof during the long journey through Hell, who climbed with him the mount of Purgatory up toward the stars overhead, and who finally mounted with him through the

very midst of the stars to the highest heaven. To know the stars is to better know Dante and to better know most of the world's great poets, but even more than this, to know the stars is to experience one of the great joys of earth.

The most beautiful of these walks was early in spring on a moonless night. The air was warm, the sky dark and clear. We started out for Inspiration Point from the porch of Meadowlands, but glimpses of the heavens delayed us many times on our way there. We stopped outside the green room for a few moments for our first view of the sky. Our view to the north was cut off by a wing of the house; the south was only visible through willow and magnolia trees, but the whole western sky was open to us. Jupiter stood there, usurper of the west, a steady brilliance which made even the greatest stars of that part of the heavens dim in comparison. A cluster of six tiny stars, like a miniature dipper, could be seen just above the silhouette of a great pine, like a star of Bethlehem on the topmost branch of a Christmas tree. To our right, was Cassiopeia's Chair, as proudly beautiful as Cassiopeia herself was reputed to have been in the ancient mythologies.

After all the favorites of the western sky had been pointed out to us, we began our walk. Just as we made the turn in the path at the fishpool in the Edge Hill gardens, the great northern sky appeared to us, framed by the lacy outlines of the locust trees. The great dipper, familiar to all because it never sinks below our horizon, pointed out to us the insignificant and yet most important star of the northern hemisphere—Polaris, the North star, around which swing the little dipper and all the constellations of the circum-polar heaven. Winding between the Great and Little Bears was the tail of Draco, the dragon, a long, brilliant sweep of stars which gave only a suggestion of the rest of the constellation then hidden below the hills. Vega, the brightest star of the north, rose solitary, a trembling lantern of bluish white. A little to the east, set there as a crown to the whole northern heaven were the seven sparkling jewels of Corona.

We went up on the Edge Hill path and reached the road along the ridge of the hill. Here we stopped again, for above Fanjeaux in the hollow on our right stretched the wide expanse of southern sky. It was brilliantly

lighted by stars through which swept the Milky Way. Most brilliant of all was Orion whose shining belt called all eyes to admiration—

“Those three stars of the airy Giant’s zone
That glitter burnished by the frosty dark.”

Rivalling Orion was Hydra, which twisted and curved and sloped in a glorious sweep from head to tail, terrifying enough to keep all the constellations, wild beasts or hunters in their places forever. Then, though not as obvious as Orion or Hydra, but when pointed out, almost breath-taking in its glory, was a great hexagon formed of six of the brightest stars of the southern sky, among them red Aldebaran, yellow Capella, and blue Sirius, and in the center, like a hub to a great wheel, fiery red Betelgeuse, the shoulder of Orion. The highest star of the hexagon was Pollux, one of the twins of “Starry Gemini,” that

“hang like glorious crowns
Over Orion’s grave low down in the west.”

We continued along the road, discovering new stars, and with delight and pride, pointing them out to our companions until we arrived

at Inspiration Point. Here the eastern heaven was revealed for the first time. Around us were the black outlines of the trees desecrated by the recent fire. The stars gave just enough light to throw these blackened trees in a silhouetted relief against the sky. This weird landscape added to the exotic beauty of the night. Great open spaces could be seen through the branches of the trees, now bared of all foliage.

In the east lay the figure of the Virgin with a sheaf of wheat held in her hand. A little to the right was the Crow, which legend tells us is after the sheaf of wheat. Higher in the heavens Berenice was combing her long tresses, bejeweled with bright stars. And higher yet, almost directly overhead, was the magnificent constellation of Leo, who looks more like a scythe than a roaring lion.

But here at Inspiration Point the eye was not limited to the eastern sky alone. Indeed, we hardly noted the eastern sky because the sight of the whole at one time dissolved the boundaries of the heavens. We were moved by a sense of reverence and wonder. Here we stood as Dante once stood, as Homer stood, as

Copernicus, Kant, and Laplace, or as some ancient Egyptian or Hebrew or Arab stood, and looked at the same Heaven as did they. Earth has changed, people are different, places are different, language is different, even mountains have changed and seas have diminished or enlarged—only the heavens are the same. They seem to be the unifying power of the Universe, the canopy which covers time and space as if they were nothing. One experiences a thrill upon the realization that once having become acquainted with the skies no strange land can ever be utterly strange because the sky will always be “the loved familiar roof of home.” We need no telescopes; we need not know the magnitudes, the distances, the compositions of the stars. We need only to use our eyes on a clear night as the ancients did to feel the mystery and beauty of the heavens. Indeed, when we stand at Inspiration and look into the immensity of the silent heavens, we experience the feeling of Pascal when he exclaimed:

“Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m’effraie.”

ADA NISBET, '29.

A TRIOLET

Orion is so bold tonight
That Sirius is afraid of him.
You Pleiades keep out of sight,
Orion is so bold tonight.
Poor Draco's shivering from fright,
While Castor's clinging to his twin.
Orion is so bold tonight
That Sirius is afraid of him.

BETTY BARRY, '31.

THE MEADOWLANDS CHAPEL

THERE is a cheerful attractiveness about the Meadowlands Chapel. The room is plain; it has not, however, a cold austerity, but rather a warm simplicity. The walls are circular, dove-gray in color. Three long windows, white-curtained, light the room. Across from the windows, at the back of the chapel, is a tiled fireplace, and on the curved mantle shelf a small crucifix and two candles stand. Under the mantle lead-paned bookcases on each side of the tiling hold books of devotion. The single aisle, carpeted in green, leads between pine kneeling benches to the high white altar set in a straight alcove. At either side of the altar steps and a little in front of the altar stand alabaster vases kept filled with gracefully arranged flowers gathered from the Meadowlands garden, daffodils, roses, stock, or loveliest of all, apple blossoms or Japanese quince. On the altar two seven-branched candlesticks and four single ones, brass, quaint with twisted stems, stand in proper order. A small gold crucifix rests on the white tabernacle. The sanctuary lamp shines at the left of the altar. Black and white

prints of the Beuron Stations, hung in groups of three, form a frieze about the curving walls. The first and fourteenth stations, long, narrow panels, hang in the alcove on each side of the altar. On the narrow shelves of the kneeling benches lie little books that contain sets of stations by different writers. The way of the cross is a conspicuous devotion at Meadowlands. But compline and rosary are said in common every night, and it is in the few minutes after compline when the candles are still burning that the chapel is most lovely. The candles cast shadows that meet in a point above the small crucifix. The stations are within the sphere of light about the altar, and the white figures of Christ and His enemies and His friends stand out against the dark background as in relief. The rest of the room is in darkness except for the glow of the sanctuary lamp which lights one side and reveals the curving walls that suggest the eternity of God without beginning and without end.

One of us rises and puts out the candles. Most of the figures of the stations are now barely discernible in the dim light; but Christ lying in the sepulchre can be faintly seen, and

to the right the sorrowful Marys, while above them hovers an angel of hope. Only the sanctuary lamp lights the room, and as it shines on the white tabernacle reminds us of Christ's promise: "Lo, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

BETTY BARRY, '31.

THE EDGE HILL CHAPEL

A QUIET seclusion from the busy routine of college life is the chapel at Edge Hill. Although the room is rounded out to the left in four large windows, it has a "dim religious light" due to the darkness of the paneled woodwork, the beamed ceiling, the prie-dieus, and the carved walnut altar. The Stations of the Cross in low relief are delicately colored as also are the statues of the Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Lady which stand on dark pedestals at either side of the altar. As we draw closer to the altar, we are held in admiration, for here is truly a work of art.

The story of the altar is interesting not only on account of the great age of the piece and its history, but because it is an essential part of Edge Hill. Many years ago in Denmark the altar was brought into the family of Mr. George Albert Bech, who later became the first husband of Mrs. William Babcock, the original owner of Edge Hill. The altar had been taken from the sacristy of a Catholic church during the time of the Reformation, and stored for years in Europe disguised on ac-

counts of its great value, by coats of white-wash. It was brought to Edge Hill between 1870 and 1873. The writing on the altar is old Danish, a language that the Danes of the present day are unable to read. The whole altar is carved in minutest detail, and across the front are represented the Crucifixion, the Descent from the Cross, the Burial of Christ, and the Resurrection. The corners are finished by small, rounded pillars, and on these are curious angels' heads and other figures. Near the base of the altar in the front panel is a tiny key-hole, almost indiscernible, a clue to a hidden compartment which was used in olden days to hold the sacred vestments. The altar stands on a raised platform, and behind it is hung a cloth of gold tapestry.

The sun shines into the room both morning and afternoon, and at night the little vigil lamp keeps friendly watch with the darkness. It is then that the girls love it most, for the shadowy dimness that enshrouds the tabernacle seems to bring one closer to the Master, always waiting—ever imprisoned in His lonely sacrifice of love.

GRACE EHLINGER '32.

FANJEAUX CHAPEL

ONE'S first impression of the Fanjeaux Chapel is of an abundance of light and air, for six sets of windows line each side of the oblong room. The door of the chapel, which opens off of the long hall at Fanjeaux, faces the altar of eucalyptus-stained hardwood upheld by graceful pillars. The altar cloth, in its extreme plainness, accentuates the fine simplicity of the altar itself.

Color is not wanting. The delicate blues and browns of the draperies, the sanctuary carpet, and the tapestry which hangs behind the altar soften the severe lines of the room. Vases of Rookwood pottery of a harmonizing blue, alternate with brass candlesticks to make a balanced group on either side of the crucifix that rests just above the tabernacle. The flowers in these vases, always few and well-chosen, add a further touch of color by the russet, yellow, or rose of dahlias or tulips. A very tiny vase close to the tabernacle holds a single rose or perhaps a sprig of an early spring blossom. Sometimes the pillars on either side of the altar

hold small baskets of flowers, or at Easter time, pots of lilies.

Just as there is always a delicate restraint in the use of flowers there is also restraint in everything else in the chapel. The stations are only small wooden crosses, but these seem to be more in tune with the atmosphere of the whole than elaborate pictures would be. No need is felt for anything more. The presence of the tapestry, draperies, and vases is not so much decoration as a subtle suggestion of it. There is enough that one is not conscious of a lack of it, and not so much that one is conscious that it is there. The total effect is of a simplicity almost austere.

The Fanjeaux chapel is above all a place of private devotion, a place of solitary retreat after a day of petty vexations, a place where things may be talked over quietly with the Friend who is always there. Perhaps this is why at almost any time of evening one meets in the Fanjeaux halls solitary figures, veil in hand, on their way to the chapel at the end of the hall.

ADA NISBET, '29.

FROM THE CHAPEL TO FANJEAUX

PERSONAL experience has convinced me of the truth that the enjoyment of each day depends on the manner in which it is begun.

When I am lazy and miss Mass I start the day with a discontented feeling which gradually increases until by night I determine to make the next day different. I then ask a neighbor who owns an alarm clock to call me early the following morning.

Six fifteen A.M. seems to arrive when I have only just relaxed for the night. But once out of bed, dressed, and thoroughly awake, I feel glad to be alive and courageous enough to meet anything. Mass and Holy Communion strengthen good resolutions, and I make up my mind never again to be lazy.

After Mass I join my friends and, arm-in-arm, we leisurely walk toward Fanjeaux. Sometimes we hurry to breakfast, driven by hunger and the thought of work to be finished before classes. But on the way to Fanjeaux so many pleasures allure one, that, if I pause to enjoy them breakfast seems (for the moment) unimportant and vulgar in com-

parison with the fresh beauty of early morning.

As we emerge from the Main Building we tuck our prayer-books under our arms and carefully fold our veils, then we cross a cement court partly enclosed by the convent buildings. We walk up several steps between rows of pink and white hawthorn trees that bloom in April. The lavender and white wistaria also is in flower then, and we admire it as we pass through the olive grove around the arbor near the Lourdes Grotto. Here our cement walk gives way to a natural path beneath evergreen trees.

A little ahead a dark red wall confronts us, and we near a gate. When we open the gate a large iron weight which holds it shut swings out on a rope. I always expect it to swing too far and strike someone a blow on the head.

Outside the gate we walk in the middle of the road, which we seem to like better than the footpaths. In front of us we see a bend in the road, but before we turn it is unforgivable not to glance back at the scene behind. The creamy yellow of Angelico and the Spanish architecture of Cecilian Hall rise on oppo-

site sides of the road, but we see only a glimpse of each beyond the lines of locust and cottonwood trees that form an arch above. Sometimes I chance to see two white-robed nuns meet and stop for a moment just beneath the arch.

But I hesitate and look back only for an instant. Now I walk toward Fanjeaux, and make the turn in the road. Just beyond we cross a stream that flows under a rude wooden bridge. Mossy old picket fences enclose green, fresh-smelling fields on the left of the road. Beside the road on both left and right very tall elder trees stretch and spread and obscure the pale blue sky almost completely. The leaves of the trees shine fresh with dew or sometimes drip with wetness from an early April shower. And many birds sing at once above us.

Often I observe slanting beams of sunlight and moisture stretching up to the sky through the branches of the trees. I look up and verily await the appearance of something supernatural, because somewhere I have seen a representation of God the Father borne upon the clouds, from which just such radiant rays descended to earth.

At the end of the road are the stone pillars of the Edge Hill gate. At the fork of the road we turn toward Fanjeaux, and presently we seat ourselves at the breakfast table. I forget the walk for a while, but it has refreshed me for the day. Perhaps I should feel a little happier now had I begun all my days at San Rafael like this.

VERONICA McANDREWS.

STARS

I sit at night and watch the stars
The candles of the sky
They sparkle blue,
They sputter red,
They smile, then so do I.

KATHLEEN KAY, '31

FROM THE
GRANT TESTAMENT

Of Francois Villon

In the name of the most high Godhead,
And of His blessed Mother fair,
Without trespass may this be said
By me, more lean than empty air;
If I am free from fever's wear,
It is His grace Who forgives sin.
Of bitter loss and other care
I shall cease talking and begin.

First, my poor soul I do confer
Upon the blessed Trinity,
And ask that it be brought to Her,
The Mother of Divinity,
Beseeching the great charity
Of all the heavenly choirs nine
That this poor gift may carried be
Before the glorious throne Divine.

Item, my body is all I leave
To our old grandmother, the earth,
The worms will starve as there they weave,
For it has borne both strife and dearth;

May it be quickly given to Earth;
From her it came, to her it turns;
However far from home and hearth
All wander, someday each returns.

Item, to Guillaume de Villon,
My father, yea, and even more,
As kind as any mother known
Who rears with love the babe she bore;
He rescued me from many a war,
Which him did truly sore distress,
On bended knees I do implore
That I have left some happiness.

Item, grant that my poor mother
May greet at last our Lady Mary.
God knows for me and for no other
Many a burden had she to carry.
In no other fort may my body tarry,
In no other shelter my soul find rest
When misery comes to pain and harry,
Nor my mother, her soul be blest!

THE MEADOWLARK

FIVE years ago the Meadowlark put down the dripping pen that he held in his left claw. He grew conventional feathers and stepped with dignity into a circle where five pert flowers bloomed. The Meadowlark has never lost his poise and the flowers have never wilted. They have calmly watched the coming and going of editors and staffs. But the editors and the staffs have not been so calm.

This year the staff came to a tactful solution of the editorial problem. If the Meadowlark could lift the cover of one of this year's issues and look at the page headed "staff" he would be astounded by the new titles there. Not only would he see "Editor-in-chief," but under that (in smaller print) he would find a strange title, that of editor-of-the-month. This editor has the opportunity of taking care of the *Meadowlark* for one month with only the experienced hand of the editor-in-chief to guide her. All that is at first new and exciting and soon becomes tiresome is her task. She asks for contributions and corrects manuscripts with a zest that no one can feel more than

once. Even reading proofs and going down town to the printer several times a day can not become dull in a month. Each editor-of-the-month has boundless energy to use on her issue of the *Meadowlark*.

The editor-in-chief was rather skeptical about this plan and felt that her doubts were justified when the first monthly editor fell ill. The latter, however, recovered soon enough to have her edition come out on time, as she later remarked to the editor-in-chief, who had not always been so prompt.

As time went on, the editor saw the advantages of the new system. She began to enjoy her leisure and left all worries to her able assistants. During the first semester, when there had been only one editor, the appearance of the *Meadowlark* always brought out disheartening errors. Now no one could reproach her for careless proof-reading, which had more than once ruined splendid articles and brilliant poetry. The editor-in-chief could refer all complaints to the editor-of-the-month and accept all compliments with well-feigned indifference.

The *Meadowlark* is proud this year not only

of these new methods, but also of the voluntary contributions—so many that they have exceeded the capacity of the *Meadowlark*. The editors beam as they say that printing all the available material would have bankrupted them. The past editors of the *Meadowlark* used to dream of the time when contributions would be in excess, and they marvel that the time has come so soon.

But the time has come when the *Meadowlark* feeds and fattens on voluntary contributions, although some of the contributors wonder how their articles can be classed as voluntary when members of the staff have almost forced them to write. But the editors term all papers that are not done for class work voluntary and only three class papers have been printed this year. No doubt this Meadowlark would preen his angular feathers and raise his head still higher (for after all, the black circle surrounding him could not restrain him) if he were not proud and unwilling to show his emotions.

ELEANOR WILKINSON, '31.

clij.

Ingressus e in syon.

Alleluia.

e pa-ter do-mi-ni

Copied from Louis Enfantin's Chant Book by Marie Perney.

GREGORIAN CHANT

THE psalmist David played his harp and glorified God in poetic song. In the first three verses of the 33rd Psalm, and in the first two verses of the 66th, he expresses his wish that other worshippers be vigorous in their musical praise. He says in Psalm 33:

“Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous, for praise is comely for the upright.

Praise the Lord with harp; sing unto him with the psaltery, and an instrument of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song; play skillfully, with a loud noise.”

Psalm 66:

“Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands:

Sing forth the honor of his name: make his praise glorious.”

To follow this counsel of David is to make musical worship truly an offering. And the music most worthy of the application of this counsel is, it seems to me, Gregorian Chant. For, it is not only the antiquity of chant and the names of the great saints of the early

church connected with it which make chant deserving of cultivation, but also its prayerful qualities which show forth in a most touching manner if the chanting is done with skill and earnestness.

In Europe whole congregations sing Gregorian Chant. In fact, all Catholic worshippers there form choirs surprising in energy and expression. For, as children, Catholic Europeans learn Gregorian notation along with their reading and writing, and therefore they do not hesitate from lack of acquaintance with chant to sing in unison.

In America, on the other hand, there is hardly any congregational singing in the Catholic church, and its absence causes much of the value of mass worship to be lost. For, a multitude singing or chanting beautifully has power, since each creature in the multitude is directing his thought and energy to God's praise. A person listening from afar can almost perceive that power, emanating, as it were, from the mighty denseness of their energy, and rising to an external power. Therefore, it has become the purpose of all true music lovers, as well as of churches and con-

vents, to teach Gregorian Chant, to encourage it, and to make known its undeniable devotional qualities to all.

The Dominican College has this year introduced Gregorian Chant to its students with this purpose in mind, and also with the desire to teach them to chant correctly and wholeheartedly as King David advises. Indeed, Father Boyle, the chant instructor, lays great stress upon technique, and he makes his pupils form their words fully, with true Latin vowels, and exhorts them continually to sing well and loud, and with the proper cadence. Everyone chants now at Dominican College. And this year should be duly marked and chronicled as one in which Gregorian Chant has been grafted to the curriculum, and has caught the imagination of the school.

We can now realize how flexible chant is to the highest ideals of expression, with the even rise and fall of its crescendo and decrescendo, the correlation of its rhythm with the meaning of the words, and its flowing melodies. Moreover, chant is one of the foundations of the great classical music and therefore it should

find a place in the studies of all who wish to become finished musicians, or who wish to develop appreciation of music.

HILDEGARDE KAUFHOLD, '30.

THE CHANT BOOKS

AT THE time when Gregorian Chant was beginning to capture the enthusiasm of the college as a whole, we received the rarest gift that has ever been presented to our library — five ancient chant books sent to us by the Dominican Fathers in England. The President of the College has been heard to remark that the new library is being built around these books.

They include three antiphoners, one graduale, one psalter, and a book of collects, all of a size to amaze a modern. They are three feet long, two feet wide, and more than half a foot thick, bound in stiff dark leather fastened by big brass spikes and brass plates. It takes Herculean strength to lift them.

When you open their covers you will have an entirely new experience, that of contact with old manuscripts, for these books were made in the convent of San Domenico of Lucca about 1515 by Suor Euphrasia Burlamacchi, "who had been gifted by the Lord," writes the chronicler of the monastery, "with a fine intellect through which she perfected herself in

reading, singing, and especially in writing. "She wrote," he continues, "with her own hand and in large letters with very beautiful capitals and illuminations the books for chanting the divine office."

Although these books were made in the year 1515 the chant on their pages is exactly the same as that we use today. This thought brings with it a sense of stability which makes the way back to the early sixteenth century an easy journey. However, when you lift the cover you will be surprised by an odor of waxed parchment mingled with the mustiness of old books. That alone is enough to lift anyone completely out of the twentieth century and to place one in the quiet of the early sixteenth century Lucca convent. The yellowed parchment pages with their square black notes, hand-printing, red staff lines and multi-colored illuminations have a rhythm which modern printing, with its even print and monotonous coloring, can never produce.

With great skill, Suor Euphrasia has illuminated the capital letters with miniatures of saints, angels, and Biblical scenes. On the first page of one book there is a picture of the

Angel Gabriel, who seems to have caught the warring Michael's militant mien, although Suor Euphrasia says in a marginal note, "Give thanks to the sweet Angel Gabriel, who recommended this work, which exceeded the skill and force of the scribe. The aforesaid angel may be seen to have guarded these works from the innumerable perils that befall in writing." If you follow the markers of the books (which are as interesting as the books themselves, made of white leather strips woven into a solid leather ball), you will find several miniatures. There is one of the Holy Family with the Infant looking very much alive and with a lovely feeling and appreciation of the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph. The miniature of the Ascension is remarkable for its convincing detail and lack of stiffness. This may be said also of that of the Assumption. Suor Euphrasia has attained in both a genuine feeling of motion. There are several miniatures of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. A charming detail in that of Saint Peter is the golden key, which is larger than Saint Peter's head. Saint Cecilia and Saint Catherine are done with surprisingly exact detail and convincing tone, but the most remark-

able is that of the martyr with one sword through the top of his head and another through his shoulder. In spite of his pain, the martyr has a most benign expression.

The illuminations have retained all their brilliant colors, mediæval blues, purples, reds, and greens; the gold leaf seems almost too stiff and untarnished to have been applied over four hundred years ago.

Many of the illustrations, instead of portraying saints and angels, are fashioned of fantastic animals. A gorgeously colored peacock has a tail that swirls around in the shape of a capital G, and a serpent, which has two grinning devil heads, forms another letter. These devil heads are used in many of the illuminations, their grinning faces and distorted features like the gargoyles of the Gothic cathedral.

For a great part of her decorations Suor Euphrasia has used clusters of real-looking fruit, and there is an extremely feminine touch in her frequent use of flowers. Almost every curve of the capitals springs from or terminates in a spray of flowers. Even the lesser un-

illuminated capitals have a spray of leaves at each of the four corners.

The smaller letters are almost as fascinating as the miniatures because of their peculiar form and irregularities. However, the irregularities throughout the books indicate that a less skilled member of the community may have relieved Suor Euphrasia during this arduous task. This difference in workmanship is especially noticeable in the smaller letters. They were, it appears, intended to be square, but most of them have lost their right angles, although the sides are of equal length. This change in form is a pleasant contrast to the regular lines of the chant-staff and notes. Even the decorations of the letters, for the most part small dotted circles on the outside of the squares and small sprays at the corners, augment this contrast.

On very great feasts the Sisters in choir sing the Mass from Suor Euphrasia's books, in the chant that was old when she copied it so beautifully four hundred years ago. Such books are a striking example of the history and strength of the Gregorian chant.

ELEANOR WILKINSON, '31.

DRAMATICS

THE dramatics department of Dominican College reached its highest point of development and interest in the past year because of the variety and educational value of the plays selected, and the skill with which they were produced. Each class presented a play, each different in type.

The first play of the season was Lyly's *Campaspe*, which was given by the Juniors. This play had the same effect as an artist's opening. The audience was forced to an attentive and receptive mood which enabled it to appreciate more fully the beautiful lines and the clever acting. The story is of Alexander the Great, and his love for Campaspe who loved only the artist Apelles. The role of Alexander was played forcefully by Mary Ferrario. The petite stateliness of Genevieve Mendonse as Campaspe, and the poetic loveliness of Kathleen Kay as Apelles made them ideal lovers. The Greek philosophers in the play were a most interesting group. Eleanor Wilkinson, as Diogenes, was particularly impressive.

The tone of the Freshman play was in con-

trast to that of the Juniors. Their production of *La Boite a Joujoux*, a French doll play interpreted Debussy's music, and was carried out entirely in pantomime. The dolls came to life and the thread of plot which ran through the play was conveyed to the audience through rhythm, without a spoken word. Nana Seeley, the heroine of the doll kingdom, acted as if she had been a live doll all her life; at no time did she lose her character. This was the first production of the play outside of Paris and the light, artistic delicateness of it was refreshing. It was a finished production even to the atmosphere created by French peasants who with Provençal and Besançon carols sang their way merrily in to watch the performance.

With *Rollo's Wild Oat*, the audience could relax and enjoy a hearty laugh, for it was really most amusing to see Maxine Shea as Rollo, a modern young man who was striving to produce *Hamlet*, his one wild oat. Maxine, as usual, played her character well and with assurance. Esther Eachus, who played Ophelia for the ambitious Rollo, was alluring in her innocence, and she remained so throughout

the play. One of the most amusing roles was that of Houston, the butler who had been a Shakespearean actor in his youth, and who saved the day by stepping into the place of Rollo at the critical moment. Virginia Brown took this part. Another commendable actress was Bernidet Millerick, who played Lydis, Rollo's sister; she was vivacious in her role. Throughout the production one could see that the actors were enjoying themselves. This gave life to the humorousness of *Rollo's Wild Oat*, which was very light and modern in contrast to the more serious Elizabethan *Campaspe*; and although it was a trifle long, the audience enjoyed it to the end.

Show Boat was the offering of the Sophomores and although it could not be called a play, it was certainly a novel production. The small river boat which accommodated the entire college, and the show boat songs and costumes fired everybody with enthusiasm. Skits from the play *Show Boat* made entertainment during the afternoon.

Aucassin and Nicolette, a masque pageant, was the high point of the season. This twelfth century song-story had never been acted be-

fore, although it inspired the Frenchman Gretry of the late eighteenth century, and a German composer of the early nineteenth century to write lovely ballad melodies and folk songs. The present arrangement with its musical setting, which was played in Forest Meadows, is distinctly original. The School of Music and Miss Helen Maher, our director of dramatics, collaborated, and made it a finished and artistic production.

Tenth and twelfth century music was obtained from Dr. Jean Beck, head of the Department of Romance Languages in the University of Pennsylvania. He photographed the music from manuscripts in old museums and translated the songs into modern notation with scholarly commentary. The School of Music then skillfully combined the Troubadour music with selections from Debussy, Ravel and other modern composers. The harmonization of the Troubadour songs was done by the members of the counterpoint classes who also made the harp accompaniments. It is interesting to learn that music has had its cycle, and has now returned to the modal and contrapuntal style used in the early centuries.

The similarity between the ancient and the modern music as arranged for our production is so striking that it might all have been written in the same age, and the music selected fits the story and words so closely that one would think they had never been apart.

The lovely setting in Forest Meadows was most appropriate for the mediæcal pageant. The minstrels at the court of Biaucaire, the singers in the court of love and the Teller of the Tale—Maxine Shea—unfolded the narrative. Then the episodes following were acted and pantomimed. Throughout there runs the gentle story of Aucassin's love for Nicolette, which is brought out in the music by Debussy's *Maid of the Golden Hair*. But there is also in the old song story a subtle satire on woman's attempt to dominate man, and the age old moral that neither husband nor wife should dominate. Debussy's *Golliwog's Cake-walk* gives a humorous and almost "jazzy" interpretation of this satirical episode in the play. The success of the pageant is due mostly to Miss Maher and the School of Music, but much is to be said for the actors. Kathleen Kay as Aucassin was a convincing love-sick

hero and Nicolete, Nana Seeley, seemed worthy of all his adoration. The entire school took part, and the mob scenes, the mock battles on horseback, and the stunning costumes which were designed from mediæval fairy tales added to the colour of the production.

VIRGINIA BROWN, '30.

ATHLETICS

ALTHOUGH the W. A. A. is fundamentally an athletic organization, it has been this year the center of some of our most successful social activities. Through these events enthusiastic interest in the association has been aroused in the entire college. And the development of Forest Meadows has also done much to create enthusiasm. Three new tennis courts and a new hockey green made tennis and hockey more than usually attractive, while clear autumn nights afforded much opportunity for swimming. The swimming season ended in an impromptu meet. A rally ushered in a successful hockey season, in which the juniors were victorious; winners and losers alike enjoyed the beautiful new hockey green in Forest Meadows.

A new five-mile bridle path in the Meadows has attracted crop and saddle enthusiasts, and our horsewomen find much pleasure in beautiful paths that wind through the oaks and pines and across the creek. Hurdling, which has been introduced, made the horse show unusually attractive.

Because so many were interested in basketball this season, we were sorry that only six could play on a team. The juniors, winners of the series, received a large pennant, and a miniature one was given to each member of the all-star team.

Concentrated effort went into the practice for that all-important event, the circus, which was this year more than a circus; it was a splendid exhibition of the æsthetic as well as the athletic work that has been done in the physical education department. The performance opened with a kitchen symphony; then came dancers clogging and waltzing—fencers making vicious thrusts at one another—comic arias sung by opera stars—ballerinas pirouetting—tumblers, brave in new black and white costumes, climbing, rolling and diving—clowns mimicking—and girls parading in a fashion show.

This year the W. A. A. has purchased two life memberships at the Country Club, which allow any student of the college the privileges of the golf club. Another innovation was an intercollegiate play day held for the first time on the campus. Students from Stanford and

the University of California were our guests for an afternoon of tennis and swimming exhibitions by the champions. We hope that like play day programs will be continued and elaborated in the future.

GENEVIEVE MENDONSE, '31.

AMBITION

If I could only choose today
Just what I'd like to be,
I'd choose to be a lady-bug,
A cricket or a bee.

Now say that I chose lady-bug,
And started on a trip.
I'd visit all the fairies
Who dance and sing and skip.

I'd wear a speckled little dress
Of orange, black or green,
And when I saw folks coming
I'd crawl away unseen.

When I got tired of walking
I'd spread my wings and fly.
I'd smile at all the flowers
As I chanced to pass them by.

Now say that I chose cricket,
What fun I'd have at night;
I'd teeter on each blade of grass,
And croak with all my might.

In summer when the sun shone bright,
And the day was just new-born
I'd choose to be a honey-bee
And I'd rise to greet the morn.

I'd buzz around the flowers,
And I'd gather all the sweet.
And when I tired of working
I'd squat right down and sleep.

If I could only choose today
Just what I'd like to be,
I'd choose to be a lady-bug,
A cricket or a bee.

KATHLEEN KAY, '31.

THE ALUMNÆ RETREAT

AN ANNUAL retreat from Wednesday until Saturday in Holy Week has become one of the most important events of the alumnæ year. The time, so ideally suited to spiritual exercises, coincides with the Easter holiday of the college students and thus the retreatants are in possession of the entire campus and are assured perfect quiet. This year Father Joseph Stack, S.J., who is in charge of El Retiro San Inigo, the Jesuit retreat house, acted as Retreat Master. The alumnæ used the college dormitory, Fanjeaux, as their place of residence and walked through the gardens to the Edge Hill Chapel, where the conferences and other spiritual services were held. All who are familiar with the campus in spring know how perfect a setting it is for contemplation and for the recapturing of that peace which seems to have deserted the greater part of the external world. Involving as it does a return to the college, the retreat becomes also a kind of pilgrimage, and thus there is added to it a further meaning which has always been very dear to Catholic tradition.

In establishing the yearly retreat, the alumnae is acting in conformity with current Catholic thought, for it is evident that there is today a great and growing interest in organized retreats for the laity. This year the third National Laymen's Retreat conference was held at Detroit. In an article in the issue of *America* for January 25, 1930, telling about this conference, Father William T. Lonergan, S.J., says: "Statistics, though incomplete, showed that under the auspices of fifteen diocesan-clergy groups and thirteen Religious Orders, closed retreats had been conducted in forty-six cities of twenty-eight states, with a total attendance of 24,154 men." Moreover, His Holiness Pope Pius XI has recently published an Encyclical in which he made an earnest appeal for the spread of the retreat movement, pointing out the many benefits to be derived from retreats both by those who make them and by society in general. In this regard the Holy Father said in part: 'Pious retreats . . . compel a man to examine more diligently and intently into all that he has thought, said and done, they assist the human faculties in a marvelous manner so that the mind becomes

accustomed to weigh things maturely . . . The activities of human life are effectively conformed to the fixed standards of reason, and, lastly, the soul attains its native nobility'."

Of course the idea of the retreat itself is not a new thing in Catholic thought as, even in its present form, it has existed since the time of St. Ignatius Loyola, the Patron of all retreats; and the example of temporary withdrawal from the world for contemplation in silence and solitude was given by Christ Himself. Modern life, however, with its speed and noise has created an almost physical as well as spiritual need for places where repose is possible, and so we find non-Catholics as well as Catholics thinking of the retreat as a means of supplying this need. An example of this trend of thought appeared in an essay in the *Atlantic Monthly*, where the writer said: "It seems to me a great pity that there are no secular establishments where the distracted and harassed average man might go into retreat, as the Catholics do. If I had a fortune that I wished to use wisely, I would found such houses, and they should be free to those who knew how, or could learn how, to use them.

They would be situated, some of them, in cities, but high-walled and secret from the outside world. Others would be in the loneliest possible places — in the deserts, in the mountains, at vantage points where wide views of the landscape might be had. . . . Here men could throw off all care, and study to know themselves.”

The members of the Alumnæ Association have in the opportunity of attending the annual retreat a great privilege which others may well envy them. It is to be hoped that they will take advantage of this privilege and that they may some day come in such numbers that all possible accommodations will be filled.

MILDRED M. PRINCE.

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Miss Janet Blethen, Los Gatos
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