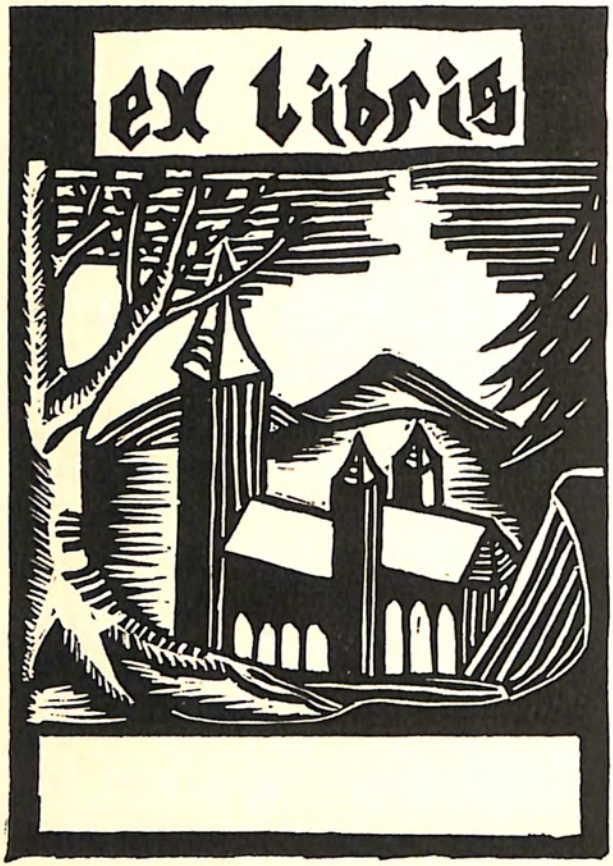
1940

1940 Firebrand

Dominican University of California Archives

The Firebrand



THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL

MCMXL

DEDICATION

The Senior Class of 1940 dedicates this book to Father Blank, who with patience, energy, and humor has striven to make us conscious of the power for good in every human soul, and whom we shall ever remember as our counsellor and friend.

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EDITORIAL

"NOTHING which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality—no language they have spoken, nor oracle beside which they have hushed their voices, no dream which has once been entertained by actual human minds, nothing about which they have ever been passionate, or expended time and zeal." This belief, Walter Pater says, is the essence of humanism, and humanism is the essence of the course in the Humanities given in the College.

For the past three years on the campus we have been hearing about the Humanities. During the first year the group in this course was small and much talk centered about these girls who were once said by an outsider to be "distinguished by frowns of worry, intellectual excitement, and armfuls of books." Yet, even then, many regretted not having had the opportunity of becoming so distinguished.

Last year the sophomores went on and another small group of freshmen followed in their footsteps. In May the sophomores gave a symposium in which they discussed the high points of medieval civilizations and the freshmen gave a program on "Impres-

sionism in Music and Art, and Symbolism in Literature." An experiment had justified itself.

By now the Humanities courses have ceased to be an experiment and have become fully accepted for nearly all the students of the lower division. Those not in the Humanities are now the exception. The intellectual excitement of the first year has increased, the frowns of worry have been replaced by the light of enjoyment, and not only does one see armfuls of books from the library, but growing rows on private bookshelves.

We are often asked what is meant by the Humanities. The term in some places is still used as it was during the Renaissance to describe the work of the classic writers, "the more human literature." With us it includes definitely, so far, a study of ancient civilization and of the culture of the Middle Ages and an introduction to the Renaissance, and so it may be broadly defined as "the study of the efforts of men, embracing their thought, their art and literature in their attempts at a meaning of life."

Today the Humanities course which has come to mean an appraisal of ancient, medieval and modern culture from an historical, philosophical, literary, and artistic point of view has been incorporated in the curricula of many universities and colleges. Pro-

fessor T. M. Greene, of Princeton University, who has been making a survey of Humanities courses throughout the country, says that one of the necessary qualities to be truly human is the capacity of laying hold of that which contributes beautifully and effectively to human life; the achievement of the values that men in all ages have regarded as intrinsically good—Truth, Beauty, Goodness, and Holiness. All activities which are means to these ends and values, he says, are humanistic. Like other thinkers and educators today he advocates the study of the Humanities as one leading toward a fuller education and a fuller life.

We who believe in the Humanities, believe in this idea. As students of the Humanities we have the advantage of an integrated study which not only enriches learning but also life. We get a perspective of causes and effects; for example, we grasp not merely the immediate causes of a war and its direct results, but also a people's thinking and the expression of this thought in music and in literature, in architecture and government. Trends in philosophy become more understandable to us when we know the political events which in many cases caused them and the educational and philosophical changes and even historical events which result from them. We learn of

interesting relationships between one art and another; for example, the weaving polyphonic music of the Flemish school means more to us when we understand the character of the weaving of Flemish tapestries.

We do not just study history in one class and literature in another, but we see how literature grows out of history and we see history made through the influence of literature, and we study man as he acts and thinks and as he expresses himself artistically. We do not just go through the motions of going to classes, taking notes and examinations and receiving grades, but rather pursue a study as an evolution of life with all its fascinating vicissitudes; and in our small classes we have interesting discussions. We follow our particular enthusiasm in the writing of papers, some of which are represented in this book.

The professors of the University of Chicago state that their course in the Humanities advocates no program of reform, no prediction of the future nor does it add to anyone's economic efficiency, but they hope that the "study of the achievements of the past in thought and expression may contribute to a better understanding of contemporary life."

MARY PATRICIA BANNAN

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY

President Class '40
President W. A. A. '39
Secretary-Treasurer W. A. A. '40
W. A. A. Board '38
Vice-President Class '37, '38
Executive Phi Beta Mu '40
Firebrand Staff
French Club
I. R. C.
Debate Club
Block "D"

PATRICIA BANNAN was born in San Francisco and has always lived in the same house. She has nine brothers and sisters around whose lives hers is built. Pat is the fourth of her sisters to have attended Dominican, and like them she has contributed much to the scholastic and social life of the school.

She has a gentle voice and a rich sense of humor. The latter is displayed in the clever lyrics she writes to popular tunes and in her entertaining letters. She has a sincere interest in history and is collecting a history library.

Her classmates have good knowledge of the Bannan hospitality, in San Francisco and on the Russian River, where Pat spends her summers swimming and canoeing.

BETTY BRISBOIS

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

President Student Affairs Board '40
Treasurer Student Body '39
President Class Sodality '37, '38
Vice-President Anne Hathaways '40
Meadowlark Staff '39, '40
Gamma Sigma
Executive Board
French Club
I. R. C.
Social Committee

ALTHOUGH born in the state of New York, "Breeb" lived in Kalamazoo, Michigan, until she was six years old. Since then she has lived in Stockton, where she was educated entirely in Dominican schools, with the exception of three years at Notre Dame at Belmont.

The lower class students rely on "Breeb's" ready sympathy; a healthy curiosity keeps her alert to people and things, while a retentive memory stores them away for future use. Her acute powers of observation enable her to give a detailed account of any happening, be it a dance, a class discussion or an experience in practice teaching.

"Breeb" is naturally frank but can be extremely diplomatic; and her firm determination has enabled her to hold her course regardless of any opposition.

MARY CRANE

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Sacramento Junior College '38

President French Club '40
W. A. A. Board '40
Secretary Anne Hathaways '40
Secretary Junior Sodality '39
Social Committee
Schola Cantorum
Block "D"
Las Modernistas
I. R. C.
Pi Delta Phi

TWO YEARS ago, to come here as a junior, Mary crossed the same bay that Portola discovered with her ever-so-great grandfather, Ortega. When she was very young her family moved to a large ranch in Courtland in the Sacramento Valley where she learned to count in Japanese and Chinese and to sing Oriental lullabies. That experience seems to have begun her love for languages and for music.

She is neither the remote-eyed nor passionate type of pianist but one who can play Chopin at a recital, "Madelon" at the French Club, "The Irish Washerwoman" for the dancing class and a Bach chorale on the organ.

Other than listening to operas on Saturdays, Mary has no definite hobbies unless it is that she laughs at almost anything. Mary may come back for a fifth year for a teaching credential, but if it weren't for the war she'd be at the Sorbonne.

JANE ABBOTT CRAWFORD

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: MUSIC

Transferred from San Francisco State College '37

Editor Firebrand '39
President Day Scholars '40
Executive Board '40
Schola Cantorum
Debate Club
German Club
Drama Club
I. R. C.

ANOTHER native daughter, "Jane Abbott" was born in Berkeley, has lived in the East Bay and San Francisco and, for the last ten years, in Marin County. After four years as a day student in the Dominican Convent High School, and a year at San Francisco State College, she became one of our non-resident students particularly active in the life of the campus. She has to be forcibly held from doing too many things.

She spent some time in Gloucester, Massachusetts, a sojourn which left a deep impression upon her writing. Jane has a spark of genius, an exuberance, and a vigor in her work. As a junior she edited the *Firebrand,* and the first issue of the *Meadowlark,* and in 1939 some of her verse appeared in *First the Blade.*

She loves law, advertising, debating, music and dancing, and makes her own clothes.

PATSY CRUDEN

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

President, Sophomore Class
Freshman Advisor
Executive Board '39, '40
Vice-President Student Body '40
Student Affairs Board '40

Firebrand Staff '38, '40

Social Committee '38
French Club
I. R. C.
Phi Beta Mu

A GLANCE into Patsy Cruden's corner room revealing a huge Mickey Mouse and her rag dolls, would never lead one to believe that she is the capable Vice-President of the Student Body, last year's Freshman Advisor, and an ardent social worker. On Saturday mornings she supplements her courses in sociology by assisting at the "Little Children's Aid."

Patsy lived in Walla Walla for ten years before she returned to San Francisco, her birthplace. She came here from Saint Rose Academy. A prominent figure in many of the college activities, Patsy enters into things whole-heartedly whether they be academic or social. She is lively, she loves speed and therefore skiing. Her dimples, her exuberant nature and the very quality of her voice make one happy to know her.

MARY ELIZABETH CUSHING

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: SCIENCE

Secretary-Treasurer Class '39
Phi Beta Mu

Science Club
Las Modernistas

MARY and Martha Cushing are twins and were inseparable until two years ago when Martha married. There are seven in the Cushing family and Mary's devotion doesn't stop with Martha. We know that once she sat through three moving pictures to see her brother in a newsreel.

Mary seems always to have been a traveler. She was born in Chicago, went to grammar school and high school there and in Nashville, Tennessee, and as a child circled the United States with her family. In 1937 the Cushings made an auto trip through Europe, but Mary isn't very conversational about her trips. Her report of last summer's tour was made in the P. S. of a letter: "Returned on the Queen Mary."

She is calm, notably independent, and very often just a little late. That calm will be an important asset if she follows her present inclination to be a nurse.

ELEANORE EGAN

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from College of Saint Teresa, Winona, Minnesota, '39

Phi Beta Mu
I. R. C.

Mummers
Ann Hathaway Players

ELEANORE came to us as a new senior from the College of Saint Teresa in Winona, Minnesota. She was born in Minneapolis, but has spent most of her life in Chicago. Only last summer she came to California and attended the summer session here.

We have begun to call her "Spech", the nickname given her because she was special for her father, now that she has become one of us and no longer misses quite so sadly the life she left at Winona. Her brown and white room is pleasant and homelike. On a book case filled with recipes and volumes on the drama, rest knickknacks of all sorts in company with dolls and stuffed animals, cosmopolitan creatures that represent most nations of the world.

Of many and diverse moods, she likes the excitement of taking part in activities and she is generous in helping others whenever she can.

TALLULAH GIBB

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY

President, French Club '39
Vice-President Las Modernistas '40
President, I. R. C. '40
Editor, *Firebrand* '40
W. A. A. Board '40

Gamma Sigma
Pi Delta Phi
Sigma Delta Pi

"TALLULAH" is an Indian word meaning "sunlight" which reminds us of her birthplace and early school days on the tropical islands of Oahu and Maui. There, as one of four Anglo-Saxons in a school of some seven hundred, Orientals, Asiatics and Polynesians, she first became interested in languages and international relations.

After coming to California and finishing high school at Los Gatos, she visited the Orient and the Philippines for a year.

The most distinctive of Tallulah's many interesting characteristics are her short-stepped, brisk walk, her consideration, tact, and conscientious capability.

MARIE HARRIS

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH, PHILOSOPHY

Transferred from Sacramento Junior College '38

Chairman Debate Club '40
Secretary I. R. C. '40

Gamma Sigma
Las Modernistas

UPON Marie's wall hangs a blue and white flag of the United States Geological Survey. As she is a daughter of a member of the Department of the Interior, she has had an opportunity to see almost every corner of the country. She was born in Asheville, North Carolina, and before she found a permanent home in Sacramento she had attended thirty-seven schools in twelve states. It is understandable, then, that three of her interests are travel, current events, and stamp collecting.

To say that Marie has a "heart of gold," is to give an almost literal description of her generosity, not only with her notes, her interest in your problems, but also with her companionship. She isn't, however, as generous to herself, because she never spares a moment for rest, but is constantly exercising a truly brilliant mind and satisfying an earnest search for knowledge.

HENRIETTA HILLEFELD

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: GERMAN

Transferred from University of California '38

W. A. A. Board '39
House Mother, Fanjeaux '39

I. R. C.
President Riding Club '39

LAUGHING and gay Henrietta came to us from Berkeley in her Junior year. Always cheerful, she seems to possess an amazing quality of enjoying everything and of being interested in everyone. She is a good listener and a good talker. One always remembers her kind consideration and graciousness, qualities that she united with zeal and capability as House Mother of Fanjeaux. We shall never forget her laughing rebellion against term papers and German translations, which she always attacked with vigor after recovering from the first shock of facing them. Henrietta was an enthusiastic week-ender in the city and a great one for snow trips.

JEANNE KENNEDY

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from San Francisco College for Women '38

President Junior Sodality '39
President Senior Sodality '40

Phi Beta Mu
I. R. C.
French Club

JUST before Jeanne came to us from Lone Mountain she took a trip through the canal. And now, as soon as she is graduated, she is going to South America. In the interim she has proved an ardent San Rafaelite except on weekends—these she spends at home in the city, or on an occasional jaunt to Los Angeles.

At first her by-word was "confusion," but soon she found this did not extend to her executive ability. Responsibility is stimulating to Jeanne. There is nothing she loves better than to manage a Sodality Drive or to arrange a tea or bridge and dancing engagements. She likes good-looking clothes and on the campus as in the city she always dresses well.

JOAN KIERNAN

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Secretary-Treasurer Class '40
Phi Beta Mu
French Club
Schola Cantorum
Student Affairs Board
Drama Club

JOAN was born in San Francisco and there she grew up. She spent one summer in the house in San Rafael across the street from the Meadowlands gates and decided then to come here to college. In her sophomore year she went to Lone Mountain, and to our approval returned as a junior. She likes opera and entertains us with arias, one of her favorites being "Connais tu le pays." She likes pastel colors and one detects a sincerely affectionate tone when she sings about her "Sweet Little Alice-Blue Gown."

Much as she enjoys social life, she is deeply serious and very religious. She loves children and plans to do medical social work, spending the part of her summer vacations when she is not at Hawaii or Tahoe helping in a clinic in San Francisco.

PATRICIA LAKE

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: SCIENCE

Transferred from Fresno State College

Graduation, December 1939

President Phi Beta Mu '39 I. R. C.

A PAGE out of Vogue—this is Pat Lake. She assembles her wardrobe with meticulous attention to the most minute accessory, a tiny blue crystal watch.

Novelties have been an obsession with Pat. Anything new and different commands her attention, from watches to plays. The Book of the Month Club, the latest fashion magazines, new plays and concerts have kept her well informed.

She was born in San Francisco and then moved to New York before settling down to a leisurely country life in Fresno. Her schooling has been a little involved. Her first year at San Rafael was interrupted by several months abroad. After a year at Fresno Junior College, she returned here. Through the power of extra classes and correspondence courses, the bane of her existence, Pat was prepared for graduation in three and one-half years.

FRANCES MUSSO

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: FRENCH

President Albertus Magnus
President Gamma Sigma
President Pi Delta Phi
Student Affairs Board
Executive Board
W. A. A. Board

French Club
Drama Club
Debate Club
I. R. C.
Schola Cantorum
Block "D"

A TRIP to Italy at the impressionable age of nine influenced the future life of Frances Musso. She lifts her voice in song, not with the thought of the girls beside her, but as a member of the great choir of voices she heard in the eternal city. That "voce alta" you hear in the *Schola Cantorum* is the voice of Frances. She loves the *Schola* because she enjoys singing and to her anything with a Latin name is irresistible.

Like most Latins, Frances loves to talk. She has a gift for story telling which she uses best to illustrate points in an argument. Social reform is her pet subject, and unlucky is the opponent, who does not know that waiting for Frances to run out of words or breath is futility itself.

Frances' family find her as charming as the rest of the world. She spends every week-end at her San Anselmo home. Her family may not know it but her brother at Stanford is her favorite relative.

Dominican is truly her second home, for, with the exception of that "viaggio in Italia," she has spent her entire school life here.

FRANCES MUSSO

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: FRENCH

President Albertus Magnus
President Gamma Sigma
President Pi Delta Phi
Student Affairs Board
Executive Board
W. A. A. Board

French Club
Drama Club
Debate Club
I. R. C.
Schola Cantorum
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MILDRED O'BRIEN

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Marin Junior College '38

Las Modernistas
French Club

W. A. A.

EXCEPT for an interval when she attended Saint Brigid's High School in San Francisco, "Millie" has been educated in Marin County. From Marin Junior College she transferred here in 1938.

Always interested and rarely reticent she has probably never attended a lecture without asking a question or two. She has a passion for meeting celebrities and has had occasion to speak with many.

One of her ambitions is to have a salon where masterpieces in all fields of art may be inspired. Once she wanted to be a prima donna but now gives vent to her ambition by belonging to three Marin choral groups.

MARY QUINN

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from University of California '38

California Student Teachers Association

Drama Club

French Club

MARY'S blue eyes sparkle as she greets a friend or makes a witty remark. In fact, her bright sayings come forth with such ease, many of us are unconscious of them at the moment they are spoken.

Mary is a San Francisco girl and is one of the Senior group who attended Sacred Heart Convent. She is genuinely interested in education. She takes delight in her teaching and prepares her work with such care that she practices nursery rhymes as if they were Bach fugues.

Mary's chief characteristic is that she can take things as they come. She enters gladly into every college activity; everything she does is marked with a spirit of tranquil enthusiasm.

JUNE RAWLINGS

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: FRENCH

Secretary Class '37
Secretary French Club '39
Secretary Gamma Sigma '39
W. A. A. Board '39, '40
Firebrand '37, '38, '39, '40
Meadowlark '37, '38, '39, '40

Pi Delta Phi
Vice-President California Student Teachers Association
President Anne Hathaway Players '40

JUNE RAWLINGS is from Boise, Idaho, where she did all her preparatory school work. For the last four years she has been one of the indispensables in the college plays. Her voice, crisp, yet soft and well-modulated, and her talent for acting, have enabled her to carry with equal ease such roles as Jacques in *As You Like It* and Newman's Gerontius.

Art is her prime love and her greatest talent. In her work and in her leanings she is distinctly a modern; Gainsborough and the "Sanity in Art Movement" are her chief aversions.

She is also a good musician and carries her academic program with honor. There is something piquant about her personality and she is very charming.

SUZANNE SEIL

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Head of House Regulations '40
House Council '40
Executive Board '40
Vice-President W. A. A.
Block "D"

Debate Club
I. R. C.
French Club
Social Committee '37, '40

SUE, the youngest member of her class, has mature poise. In carefully chosen, well-cut tailored clothes, she is one of the best dressed girls on the campus.

Since her earliest convent days in Walla Walla, Sue has loved outdoor activity. She is an ardent devotee of golf, which she best likes to play with her father, swimming and skiing. Peculiar to "Susie" are her thank you notes, which are often limericks.

She has a clever way of managing younger people, which she attributes to her knowledge of psychology. Freshmen have been known to stand in awe of her. She has worked hard to gain social privileges for the Student Body, because she believes that happy girls make better students.

ANNE SMITH

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from University of Washington '38

President Student Body
President Class '39
President Las Modernistas
Secretary Las Modernistas

Gamma Sigma
I. R. C.
Schola Cantorum
Sigma Delta Pi

THREE years ago Anne came to San Rafael from Washington where she lives in the little town of Mount Vernon on the Skagit River in Skagit Valley. After attending the University of Washington for a year she went on an extended tour of the United States with a stop-over in Mexico, where she enriched her growing interest in Spanish.

Anne came here as a sophomore, bringing with her a Kappa key and many Spanish courses. She is a girl whom the Spanish would call "muy simpatica", because of her contagious laugh and the "hello, everybody" look in her shining eyes. She plans her future around her Spanish, either as a translator or as an English teacher in Latin America.

KATHERINE SULLIVAN

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

Transferred from University of California '39

Phi Beta Mu

W. A. A. Board

KAY'S "I'm from Marysville" is definitely a statement of proud acknowledgment. Her fourteen years of education in Marysville were followed by six months at the University of California. In the second semester of our junior year, Kay joined us. Since then she has been an integral part of our class.

She is extremely good-natured towards friends and acquaintances alike, genuinely anxious to help wherever she can. Her hearty chortle and husky voice are infectious. Kay loves life and people and allows very little unpleasantness to ruffle her even temperament. People who don't know her well might never suspect the depth of her character and her philosophical outlook.

She enters wholly into anything that interests her; she is an enthusiastic supporter of all activities that sound like fun—a week-end at Capitola, a snow trip, a rodeo, a good joke.

KATHERINE TRACY

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY, ENGLISH

Transferred from San Mateo Junior College

Phi Beta Mu
I. R. C.

Social Committee

KATHERINE is a diminutive brunette who appears even smaller beside her tall roommate.

She attended Burlingame High School and the San Mateo Junior College. She is quiet but a capable teaser. She humorously says that she believes in only the first part of the old adage, "Early to bed and early to rise," but we know that week-ends, with dances and Carmel trips, are excepted.

Always interested in all school activities, she supports them heartily, preferably as a spectator.

Her gentle kindliness makes her liked by the whole school.

RUTH ELIZABETH WEIS

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

President Class '37
Vice-Presdient Class '39, '40
Vice-President German Club '39
Social Chairman '40
Treasurer German Club '38
W. A. A. Board '39, '40

I. R. C.
French Club
German Club '38, '39
Block "D"

BETTE is a typical San Franciscan. She lives on a hill that overlooks the Golden Gate. She dresses impeccably, always well-groomed, and bears herself with her chin high. She attended grammar school at St. Vincent de Paul and high school at the Academy of the Sacred Heart, where she earned many honor ribbons.

After a trans-continental trip, Bette came to San Rafael and was elected president of her class her first year. She became a librarian during the summer and Social Hostess during her Senior year. Her executive abilities were put to further action in her post as business manager of the *Firebrand.*

EPILOGUE

"A good play needs no epilogue, yet . . . good plays prove the better by help of good epilogues."—*Shakespeare.*

Why epilogize now? Four full years at Dominican need no send-off to improve them. Sentimentality, however, is a quality that must be humored as a necessary evil, especially among seniors about to be graduated. We hereby exercise our right to be sentimental; and we hope part justice may be done to what we consider our "good play" and that the four years may not be considered lessened by an epilogue.

There has been nothing spectacular about our college career. We entered as the usual naïve freshmen, wide-eyed at the privilege of being incorporated into real college life; we "knew it all" as tolerant sophomores, and managed to get into more innocent trouble than any other class of our size (witness the purchase of "Confusion," a 1925 red and robin-egg blue Star, which car could reasonably hold five people but on occasion carried all twelve owners) ; as juniors, busy with deciding majors and minors, our interests widened to include fevered discussions on philosophy, careers, and the possibility of an equal combina-

tion of educational and social life (witness the inauguration of the annual Junior Prom); and throughout our senior year we strove hard to prove to the world at large that we were the best class ever graduated from Dominican College, through our part in the reform of privileges, our general enthusiasms, and our attempts at correct leadership and example.

Our numbers include musicians, artists and dramatists; a few students in the true sense of the word; interest in athletics—either active or as spectator—is almost general. But the one characteristic of our very diversified group, and one that made us unique as a class, is that of self-appreciation. The idea that we are rather special and that we like ourselves has been a good thing, since it bound us into a closer unit, and helped us enjoy our life together; it helped us attain those ends successfully which we thought most important.

That each of us is better for having been here is true; we hope that we may leave the college bettered for our enrollment here.

PAT BANNAN '40

THE JUNIOR CLASS

WE JUNIORS are a group of college women rather than college girls. In general, we consider April First just another day on the calendar and

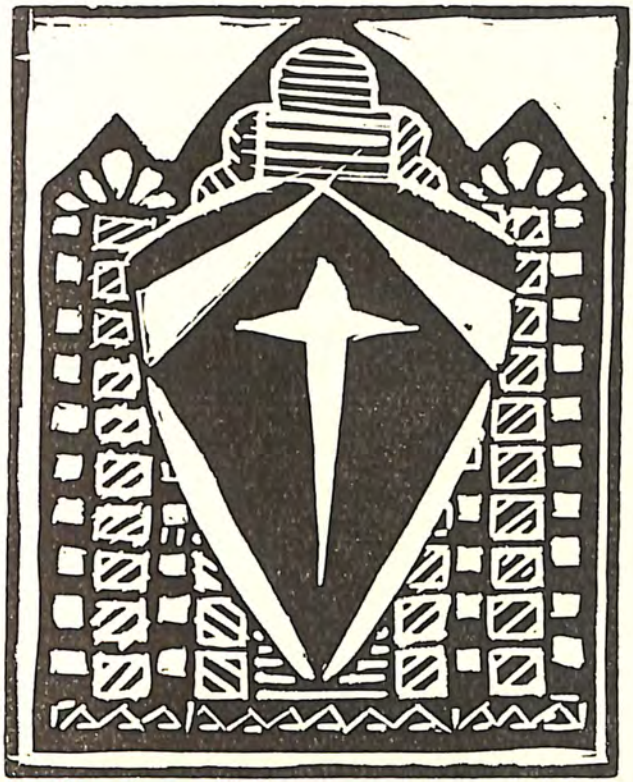
are content to let the Sophomores be the enthusiastic Josephines of the campus.

We are always well represented and represent the college well in its social affairs. It was one of us whom the Sisters chose to accompany our Student Body President to visit various secondary schools to speak with their Seniors of the advantages to be found here in college. Scholastically, we have had fewer "cinches" than any other class, and more than a third of us have attained membership in the Honor Society this year.

We look forward to our dances; the Junior Prom was one of the most successful entertainments of the year, and you seldom find more than four of us here on week-ends. But we take our studies seriously; higher education is at present the greatest aim of our lives. Over half of us are Education majors; our English, French, and Music majors are preparing to be able to teach, and our Spanish major has the Diplomatic Service in mind for her future.

As to extra-curricular activities, the editor of the *Meadowlark* is a junior and several more of us are on her staff. There are more contributions accepted for the *Meadowlark* and the *Firebrand* from our class than from any other. We have always had a share in the success of dramatic productions and W. A. A. activities.

That we believe the Dominican College of San Rafael to be the most fitting place for our education is illustrated by the fact that one of us left after her Freshman year to attend a northern university. After one year she returned to us and plans to stay. We have an intelligent loyalty to our school and we want to give it all that we can.



SOPHOMORES

"TRUTH without fear"—that's our motto. We certainly have the truth, and not the fear. Our truth is a free truth, unbiased and unafraid. When we

do or say anything, we never worry about the consequences. It has even been remarked that we rush in where angels fear to tread; that we succeed with all the odds against us is due perhaps to our "esprit de corps."

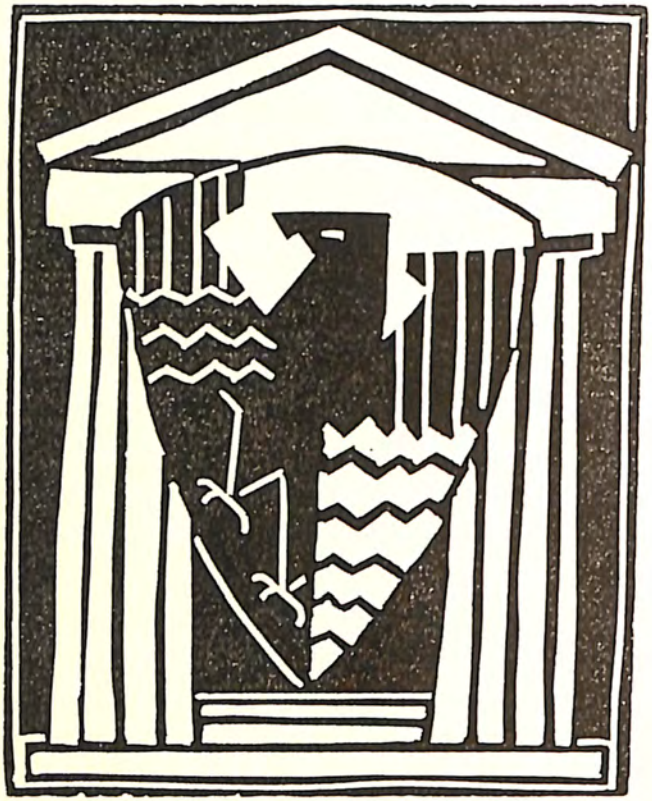
Take the time our team won the hockey tournament with Virginia Laning, Edith Bicknell and Jeanne Bradley lending their support. Despite hard opposition we were undaunted and came through to set the standard for the athletic season.

Then there was the time we tried to start a new tradition during initiation. The upper classes were enthusiastic at first but when the digging of the "big D" by the freshmen seemed to be too strenuous a task, we were the only ones who lacked the fear of opposition and saw that our commands were obeyed.

We numbered well among the other beauties of the school at our recent fashion show managed by Lorraine Warnke and our fashion show is conspicuous in the late Friday afternoon English class. That class is filled with the gay spirit of the going-away side of life, but those left behind fear no lack of entertainment. We can always amuse ourselves. Besides our jolly parties on the campus we have had merry week-ends at Bolinas, once even the day scholars and the most ardent week-enders joined in.

We are a spirited class. We ask for justice and we ourselves always try to be just. We like our school and fear never keeps us from upholding its truth.

PADDY COLE '42
MARY CHAMBERS '42



THE FRESHMEN

IT HAS occurred to us that the interesting thing for a class sketch is not in the narration of events as such, but in a picture of the development of its

members personally and as a group, a development which results from increased education.

The situation is this: a group of individuals, each from a different environment, assemble to live together under a new influence which is to modify personalities through association with one another and in group activities. Out of these influences comes a new group of individuals.

In the light of this idea we may study our freshman class.

Early in our first semester we showed ourselves in a whole as individuals. We displayed our talents, as the custom is, in an entertainment for the other classes. Our performance of "A Night in a Dormitory" showed the Freshman class unmodified as yet. Germaine Merello and Mary Jo Bailey danced as they had been taught. All of us sang and gave skits, in one Naomi Finch who looked like Bo Peep, leaped lightly up and down a ladder. Everything we did came out of our lives at home and in our high schools.

Because we proved ourselves promising freshmen and because it is the custom, on the Friday evening nearest to Saint Raphael's Day, we were recognized as responsible members of the student body and presented with a shield and a motto of our own; but we

had not then proved our responsibility; nor had we yet become a group with a new personality.

Next we required an investigation of the individuals who made the other groups around us. We knew that our best way to investigate was to give a party. So a party we gave to the whole school. We requested not only the presence of the other classes, but also a revelation of their talent, for each student was invited to come dressed as a popular song.

As the year went on we changed and developed through the varying influences of the campus, in class, our companionship with one another, and with the older students, in the responsibilities of governing our class and taking care of our freshman house. In April came the crowning proof of our development of 1940 when, for the first time in the history of the college, the student government in its entirety was turned over to the freshman class. For one week we were rulers. Freshmen presided over the Student Affairs Board, Frances De Lateur served as president and the other student body officers were Helen McLaughlin, Jane Randolph and Margaret Hurley. To the entire Freshman Class, senior privileges were granted. We were given every possible chance to prove our ability.

And so we believe that we have proved our theory that education is a process of development and we also believe that the freshmen as a class and as individuals have developed properly according to this theory.

MARY FRANCES BOUQUET '43

WE ALWAYS COME THROUGH

WHERE are Kay and Kay? Kay O'Day and Kay Riordan? Do they have the bike? We're ready to start . . . Where are they!" As the call was passed down the members of the cast of the Gay Nineties show who stood mobbed on the narrow backstage gym steps, Floradora girls, whose dainty parasols unconsciously and dangerously impeded their proggress, gaily dressed gypsies shaking their tambourines,

dapper mustachioed men-about-town, black-faced minstrels, and restless baseball players, the two Kays, the veil of one's pink old-fashioned hat getting in her eyes and the other's slick gentleman's costume making it easier for her to move, bumbled their way through with the rickety two-seater bike that we had rented downtown and prayed would hold up at least until the "Bicycle Built for Two" number was over.

Everyone was finally in her place and we began to haul up the old canvas curtain. Of course it didn't roll up right; it never does. The audience laughed heartily and for a moment it looked as though the curtain had stolen the show from the first scene, "The Sidewalks of New York." But when Phyllis, the newsboy with a black eye, and Mary Castro, the street cleaner, began their clog dance and Mary Chambers and Betty Lou began their promenade, the curtain was forgotten. Mary's trick boutonnière that lighted up and off was one of the cleverest props in the entire show.

The skipping rope and dice-throwing gamins, Frances Van Tiger, Margaret Moore, Mary Ellen Petrich, and the buck-toothed, hunch-backed little tough, Baby Lyle, always came out strong on the line " . . . me and Mamie O'Rourke" and grinned at hop-

scotching Mary O'Rourke. The "Eastside, Westside," faded into "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do" with Mary Crane getting more out of the ancient piano than it had ever been capable of in its best days.

Kate O'Day rode in alone on the tandem and went through the motions of calling for "Daisy" Riordan. Their mounting and riding off the stage will never be forgotten. Then the ball players drifted in, led by Jane Hulbert, and the "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" number was in full swing. Virginia Laning, the pitcher, had a pantomimed "wind-up" that was wonderful to behold. Jeanne Bradley, the umpire, called strikes and balls against a batter who wasn't there; Edith Bicknell had made a quick trip downtown that hadn't been quick enough. But the scene went well, and its climax was reached when Paddy Cole, "Lucille," with the white veil around her big hat almost hiding her face, rose from among the other ball game spectators, Kay Heisel, Betty Mills, Kay Tracy and Pat Kelly, to join her "beau," Kay Maloy, in his "Merry Oldsmobile" of two Meadowlands Assembly room chairs. Their business of getting the "car" started was supposed to be the finale of the first act. But backstage, we were so enthralled with the performance that no one thought of lowering the

curtain. When it was tardily remembered, it came down with a whoosh and a crash to the great delight of the audience.

The second act was to be set as a Gay Nineties café, with our two couples, Kay and Kay and Paddy and Kay, dining at tables on either side of the stage, watching the other scenes as acts in a floor show. After the madness of clearing away the bleachers from the ball game scene, setting up the tables and chairs, which no one seemed to know where to find, making sure the melodrama properties were all behind the inner curtain, and wondering if the extra light that Pat Gibson and Mary Anna Gallagher had spent all afternoon in raising to the top beam in the ceiling would hold, the curtain was raised again. It had lost none of its popularity with the audience.

Joan Kiernan and Mary Cushing, in blue evening gowns, were singing "Two Little Girls in Blue" in between being waltzed around by Bette Weis and Mary Quinn, two positively handsome gentlemen in rented dress suits. Then Joan sang "In My Sweet Little Alice-Blue Gown" while Marjorie and Lois Virgil, Marge Leyva, and Bobbie Fanoe, the white-aproned, black-mustachioed waiters, scurried about serving the two couples imaginary food and drink from real dishes and pitchers.

Then the black-faced minstrels, Naomi Finch, Peggy Tschumy, and Elise Ryan went through their routine of dead but not buried jokes under the head minstrel man, Pat Gibson. Their skit wound up with a dance by Gerry Merello and Evelyn Bullotti while Pat crooned "The Swanee River." During this performance the audience was unrestrained in its reception of the jokes, and the waiters retired in a corner to discuss in whispers the possibility of the show be-

ing over by eight-thirty, so they would be in time for their dates.

Before the waiters could arrive at a decision, the gypsies of the "Italian Street Song" burst mightily upon the stage, shaking their tambourines and caroling "Boom, Boom Aye!" Many of the costumes in this act were very original. Lorraine Warnke carried a baseball bat. Virginia Blabon, the star, had a sore throat, but sang beautifully even with the competition her chorus—Mildred O'Brien, Eleanor Egan, Florence Wang, Alice Jane Sanford, Edith Reed, Catherine Irwin, Jane Sheldon, and "Millie" O'Brien —gave her with their tambourines and gay gypsy dances. There were many original arrangements there, too.

The next act was the loveliest thing of the evening, Helene Thompson and Mary Jo Bailey dancing the "Pink Lady." Then from the sublime to the ridiculous the Melodrama opened with grey-bearded Colonel Mulberry, suh, Mary Frances Degnan, accepting a julep proffered by his cotton-topped, black-faced butler, Rastus, Frances Ruth McCarthy, and demanding the presence of his daughter, Crimson, to help him find a solution to pay off the mortgage to the villain, Rassendale. Crimson, the lovely heroine,

was Mary Louise Decker, and her talent for acting was a surprise to many of us. Dustly Silks, the hero, might have been able to pay the mortgage by racing his horse, Franklin, against the villain's mare, as he had done twice before, but he was afraid that Franklin would not run a third time. Just as Dustly after long delay had declared his love for Crimson, and the little sister Dorabelle departed in loud tears the villain stalked in threatening to foreclose unless Crimson became his bride. In a grand climax, Dorabelle rushed in, crying as she clasped the villain's knees, "You shall not break mah sistah Crimson's heart. Ah'll marry you mahself."

The hero of the Melodrama, Caroline Gibb, when she arrived with her be-ribboned straw hat set on top of her bun of hair, received an ovation that was second only to the hisses and boos awarded the villain, Tallulah Gibb, and of course that given the curtain.

At the close of the Melodrama, the Men-About-Town, Anne Smith, Frances Musso, and Betty Brisbois with June Rawlings, swept in and joined Mary Crane at the piano and rendered "Down by the Old Mill Stream" and "Sweet Genevieve" before the waiters could get rid of them.

Then Luella Faustini, escorted by Beau Brummel

Babbie Podmore, and supported by a chorus of lovely girls, including Margery Bessac, Adah Cottman, Gerry Gallagher, Elsie Victorin, Margaret Hurley, Mary Sherman, Frances O'Brien, Helen McLaughlin, Mary Bouquet, Ruth Agius, Anne Raines, and Virginia Ringer, sang "I'm Falling in Love With Someone." The Floradora girls and their escorts were assembling backstage during Luella's number, and one of them needed Babbie's hat. Babbie and Luella were still walking off the stage when it was snatched from her head.

There was a great deal of confusion back stage, and the Floradoras couldn't seem to catch up with each other in time to make their entrance. With splendid presence of mind, Mary Crane, who had been playing steadily throughout the play, played a polka and the two couples got up and danced. They were the hit of the show. When, out of breath with laughter and the dancing, Kay and Kay and Paddy and Kay resumed their seats, Mary started the overture for the Floradora scene. June Stricker, Kay MacNamara, Mary Ellen McCarthy, Betsy Bennett, Mary O'Gara, and Genevieve Ward were the Floradora girls; their old-fashioned dresses, their big hats and little parasols made a lovely picture. Their gentlemen escorts were

Marilyn Branscheid, Babbie Podmore, Pat Barrett, Rose Scarafoni, Frances Goich, and Marion Murray. They did their routine to "Tell Me Pretty Maiden" and the audience was delighted, especially when Rose flirted with Paddy, who giggled at his attentions, much to the annoyance of Kay Maloy.

At the conclusion of their song, the Floradoras stepped back to form the background for Leone Steele's singing of "By the Sea." Leone was sweet as

the coy little bathing beauty in the red-checked bloomer bathing costume, and Marie Harris was marvelous as the flashily-dressed, high-collared, cane-swinging object of her affections. "By the Sea" was the most popular song in the show, and you may still hear groups of us singing it on the Campus.

The two couples were then assisted to depart by the eager waiters singing "Good-night, Ladies." When the couples had left, the waiters turned and sang it to the audience. This time the curtain was punctually banged down and took its last bow of the evening.

JULIET DYCKMAN '41

MUSIC NOTES

THE Conservatory of Music has had several important additions to its faculty this year, notably Dr. Giulio Silva, internationally known author, composer and Maestro of the Royal Academy of Saint Cecilia, Rome; Lilias MacKinnon, celebrated Scottish pianist and author, and Amelia Faustini of New York, originator of the Work Shop Recital Movement.

The music course of the Humanities department has been augmented by several lectures on "Architecture and Music" by Charles Cooper. The College Choral, under the direction of Dr. Silva, has been the outstanding feature of the year's work. Its attainment of professional recognition enabled the Conservatory to plan the Mozart Festival which was given on May 17th, 18th and 19th. The Festival was a combination of professional and school programs.

The Dominican College has been honored by the gift of the Coolidge String Quartet through the generosity of Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. The Quartet will give an all-Beethoven Cycle in a series of six concerts during the Summer Session.

DRAMA

UNDER the direction of Mrs. Gail Potter, our first performance, as is customary, was given on Shield Night. We offered "The Masque of Miranda," a short episode taken from Shakespeare's "The Tempest," and a Chinese play, "The Thrice-promised Bride." We had presented portions of Shakespeare's works many times before, but the Chinese play was an innovation. In order to get some of the feeling of its charm, Mrs. Potter arranged for the cast, and anyone else who was interested, to have dinner at a Chinese restaurant in San Francisco's Chinatown, and then to attend a Chinese theatre. It was an amazing and a delightful experience. After the theatre, we visited a Chinese gentleman's home to see some beautiful Oriental costumes and were served tea and rice-cakes. Needless to say, we set to work inspired to learn our roles the "Chinese way." The performance was received with enjoyment and there was talk of persenting "The Thrice-promised Bride" a second time.

It was under Mrs. Potter's sponsorship that we organized our two drama clubs, the "Mummers" and the "Anne Hathaway Players." The Mummers plan to present five one-act plays, "The Valiant," "The

Finger of God," "The Minuet," "Poor Aubrey," and "Dust of the Road," while the Anne Hathaway Players will offer readings of Maxwell Anderson's "High Tor" and Thornton Wilder's "Our Town."

Palm Sunday, we presented Cardinal Newman's "The Dream of Gerontius," with a cast that included nearly every girl in the College. The Choral's prelude of Liturgical Chant and its part in the actual production greatly added to and heightened the effect of the play.

Interest in the dramatic clubs, in individual practice, in the staging of plays has been notable this year.

This is principally due to Mrs. Potter, who has not only directed our scheduled plays, but who has been the driving force behind the organization of our two clubs, her suggestions giving them their names. She has, besides arranging our visit to Chinatown, procured tickets for a large number of us to see the professional plays that have been in San Francisco, as Maurice Evans in "Hamlet" and Alexander Woolcott in "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

CLUB ACTIVITIES

This year the dream of having language tables at dinner came true. It began with the upper-division language students, but now even the beginners have been trying, one night each week, to go through the entire dinner-table conversation without slipping back into pure English (pure English is distinguished by the Dominican linguist from "Frenchified, Spanishized or Germanesque English" such as "Pleasch pasch die kartoffeln wenn sie willen unt der salt unt peppear").

Even though some critics have been commenting that the formal dining room is being turned into an arm-waving international settlement, the spirit of the language tables has been carried from the dining room. Now not only every clever raconteuse intersperses her conversation with newly acquired foreign idioms, but also most successful club gatherings, except those of the erudite I. R. C., have centered around the distribution and consumption of food.

At a dinner at the Sea Spray Inn the Albertus Magnus club held its first gathering in the fall. *Las Modernistas* had their annual initiation with red carnations and candlelight, and a sombrero tray for the serving of *hors d'oeuvres*. At a similar initiation cere-

mony *Les Enfants Sans Souci* pinned on their new members little tricolors of France. The German Club has had many meetings, and under its new president, June Stricker, has practiced faithfully melodies for a *Liederbund.*

Songs and conversations in French, Spanish, and German flourish at all the meetings, as the members plan welfare work for European War Orphans.

The honor societies, Gamma Sigma, Mu of Pi Delta Phi and Epsilon of Sigma Delta Pi, have been active; Gamma Sigma welcomed its new members at a tea, and, in May, held its annual banquet. The neophytes of Sigma Delta Pi attended the initiation banquet at Berkeley and ended the year by a Pan-American Day at Benincasa, attended by many distinguished guests. Pi Delta Phi had several meetings, a dinner in honor of Miss Olga Norstrom, the national president, at Fanjeaux, and an initiation banquet at Benincasa. Representatives attended the national convention at the San Francisco College for Women.

Two pleasant new developments this year have been the Tuesday afternoon teas and the Friday evening talks on current events, held in the white and green rooms at Meadowlands.

A guest of honor generally speaks at tea, stimulat-

ing interest and conversation on subjects so varied as sociology, period furniture, aviation, art and literature. On Friday evening, Dr. Foley gives a resumé of world events for the week and the assembled groups then converse with her on the topics of most vital interest.

TIME FOR REFLECTION

THIS year, of course, has been different. Why? First, perhaps, because we were launching into a new decade—a decade so skillfully and completely heralded over the air-waves by comparisons with the past, and prophecies for the future. Perhaps because presidential years assume momentous proportions. Perhaps because our generation sees and tries to understand, for the first time, a world suddenly at war. In any supposition, long before New Year's Day arrived with the new decade, events occurred which have wrought irrevocable change in our lives.

Last fall, the celebration of the Jubilee year of our Dominican Sisters began the march of changes. The completion of the new novitiate, Santa Sabina, the many activities and programs dedicated to the Sisters' years of accomplishment bore the authentic stamp of permanence and stability. Yet simultaneous with our peaceful rejoicing, joy almost tangible, the European world catapulted precariously through days of nightmare. And we ponder on the truth that security is built upon the occasions of insecurity.

A great heat wave came in October. Pessimists predicted "an earthquake by tomorrow." Optimists mentioned bombs and blackouts, declaring "Well, what's

a little heat, soon there will be days and days of rain." But the rains didn't come so soon, and when the pleasant days at the Fair ended we regretted to see Treasure Island left to its hot solitude.

Novelty in social activity came with our entertainment of St. Mary's College at a picnic in Forest Meadows, outdoor games and informal dancing. Impromptu singing at the barbecue pit, indirect lighting for the nocturnal ping-pong players in Fanjeaux's court, a lazy interchange of dancing, bridge, and repartee lingered into unique memories.

Even the caroling was different, for this Christmas we included the new novitiate in our round of neighborhood visits. The student body, lighted candles in hand, sang "Silent Night" to the novices grouped on the steps of their new convent, and like angels they looked in their white veils as they answered, "Angels we have heard your voices."

A very early Ash Wednesday brought Retreat and a Lent that opened with sunny days. The temper of hope and self-denial prepared our spirits for an early and windless Easter and a Palm Sunday on St. Patrick's Day.

After Easter vacation, we had to say goodbye to Father Blank because he was elected Provincial—but

along with our reluctance and sorrow to see him go, we felt a certain pride in sharing in his honor.

No one had believed the rumors of the new San Rafael Highway, and the proposed subdivision of the old hotel grounds. No. Such desecration of our haunts could never be! But both materialized. Gone forever would be the walks through the old palms and lilac bushes, the expeditions through uneven piles of brick to the artificial cave where a bear was reputed once held captive. And when the late rains finally arrived and fell so furiously upon us we secretly hoped to see the projects abandoned in their rivers of mud. Today, wrath of rain-drops and conservatives (or rebels) conquered, new roads crisscross the hill of old Hotel Rafael, house foundations rear their raw walls where yellow sour grass blossoms and mock orange bushes once grew unchallenged, but well-plucked.

Another new idea manifested itself with the W. A. A. circus no longer a circus, but a complete Gay Nineties revue with Floradora girls and a bicycle built for two. Echoes of the old-time tunes still drift in snatches where lollers benefit from leisure and sunshine and find time for "Lazy Daisy," "Oh the Beautiful Sea," and "In My Merry Oldsmobile," reminiscences.

Even the gardens have had a different air this year. The flowering peach—pink as valentines—seem lacier, daintier than ever before, the roses brighter and sweeter, the great-doubled stock thicker and more fragrant, the Chinese magnolia more delicate and desirable. And the wisteria! Huge clusters of purple and white covering the summer house with two layers—one of flowers and perfume and one of insects as gluttonous for the honey as we for the mere sight and breath of the blossoms. As for the famous hawthorne—its only difference lay in the fact that, more than ever, it forced an artist's conception of perfection in color and balance—clouds of mingled pink and white framed in green lawn, green foliage, topped by blue sky.

In one respect only this year failed to be "different." And that is that we hate, just as intensely as with its predecessors, to see it go.

JANE ABBOTT CRAWFORD '40

THE DOGS AT DOMINICAN

ANY DESCRIPTION of the dogs that play on the Dominican campus must begin and end with Michael. The others are visitors, but Michael is

already a campus tradition. He is the sleek, beautiful setter who follows the President about in an ecstacy of contentment. Well-bred and discreet of bearing, he is a product of his environment. Sure of himself and his place in the scheme of things, he goes his way with poise and dignity. He even attends our teas and Emily Post could find no flaw in his deportment. The girls think he belongs to them and do their best to spoil him. He accepts their blandishments with gentlemanly tolerance. He even pauses, and appears to enjoy their pretty chatter. But lifted ears and focused eyes show that his real attention is elsewhere. A group of nuns appear at the door of a nearby building. Uniforms conceal individuality—to us, but not to Michael. The eyes of loyalty are keen. With a pace calculated to conceal his anxiety to be off, Michael goes to his owner's side. He has no tricks. Michael is not that kind of a dog. He is as genuine as the sun in which he loves to bask, and as natural as the breezes that drop perfumed petals on his delighted head as he takes his daily walk with Sister.

Jerry comes on our campus because he loves Michael. He leaps with joy at sight of him, and almost twists himself into knots trying to express his affection. Michael is polite, but his cool brown eyes

are a bit quizzical. Jerry's frenzy of motion must be somewhat amazing to Michael, who can stare at a closed door for hours, or lie motionless during those tiresome interludes when someone stops Sister when she should be walking with him. Jerry delights in the fact that some people mistake him for Michael. He shows his delight by leaping and pawing. These very acts unmask him. When you see him with that smug look on his face, someone has just called him Michael. Encouraged by such flattery, he has been known to stop bounding about and to actually try to imitate his idol. The result is about as effective as a calf posing for a red deer.

Pumpkin is the cuddly little dog, bright of eye and curly of hair, who spends his days at Meadowlands. His approach is flattering until you know it is the same for all the girls. The moment he sights you at a distance, he dashes forward as fast as his short little legs can go. His mouth opens gleefully; his little tail almost wags itself off. You instinctively pat Pumpkin but not on the head—please! He has his code and one important code is that the back is for pats, not the head. Pumpkin may know his code, but he has not studied his type. He overestimates his length of leg and underestimates his weight and comes down in a

clumsy sprawl that almost breaks his neck. He waits for the pat and cry of sympathy, then launches himself upward again with the same result.

In theory, all good dogs, like all good people, go to bed at a reasonable hour and sleep the sleep of the just. Perhaps this is true of the bundle of energy called Jerry, or the bundle of affection known as Pumpkin. We do not know, but we have no evidence to the contrary. But Michael, the pet and pride of Dominican! Even the fragrance of our campus cannot conceal the fact that many of his nights are spent chasing that pretty, but odoriferous little animal, called by scientists *mephitis mephitica*. Of course, all "proper dogs" chase cats, but someone should tell Michael that the little animal he chases is not a pretty kitty.

MARION MURRAY


F.W.

LETTRES DE MON MOULIN

IN "Lettres de Mon Moulin" we meet Daudet as he comes into the enchantment of the old mill, where twenty little cottontails sit in a circle "en train de se chauffer les pattes à un rayon de lune." The cottontails vanish at the approach of man. But another tenant of the mill, a wise old owl, does not move. He is a philosopher. He concedes a point of convention by shaking the dust from his wings, but he makes it evident that he intends to stay. A mill is for millers and for twenty years he has believed "la race des meuniers était éteinte." What is the use of being a philosopher if one cannot ignore disagreeable facts?

In a style as natural as the rosemary and moss of the old mill, Daudet takes us with him into the beauty and simplicity of Provence. His style has infinite charm, a kindly humor, a gaiety and ease of expression that makes him a delightful teller of tales. The sounds and sights of the country, the fragrance of vine and blossoming flora, the color and radiance of living things, the homely joys of simple folk—all these fill him with delight. With a felicity of word and phrase he shows his "petit coin parfumé et chaud."

Daudet is a master of detail. We see "les vieux beliers le corne en avant, l'air sauvage, les mules à pompons rouges," the burly shepherds, the dogs "avec des langues jusqu'à terre" and the peacocks gleaming gold and green "du haut leur perchoir."

There is no striving for effect with Daudet. Calm, excitement, anger, mirth—he produces them by a happy choice of detail and a natural gift of expression. With what vividness he pictures the approach of "les terribles bêtes," the fight to save the farm and the horrible havoc, in "Les Sauterelles." This vivid, impressionistic style gives life and naturalness to all the stories in "Lettres de Mon Moulin"—the delightful "Le Chèvre de M. Seguin," the ironic "Les Vieux," the clever "La Mule du Pape," . . . "qui garde sept ans son coup de pied" and the slyly amusing "L'Elixir du Révérend Père Gaucher."

"J'ai la tête bourée d'impressions et de souvenirs," writes Daudet, after his first week in the old mill. These impressions take life and form in his stories. He catches the gaiety and warmth of Provence and her people. He does for his readers what the sheep did for the people on the farm. "On dirait que chaque mouton a rapporté dans sa laine, avec un parfum d'Alpes sauvages, un peu cet air vif des montagnes qui grise et qui fait danser."

MARION MURRAY '42

LONGEVITY

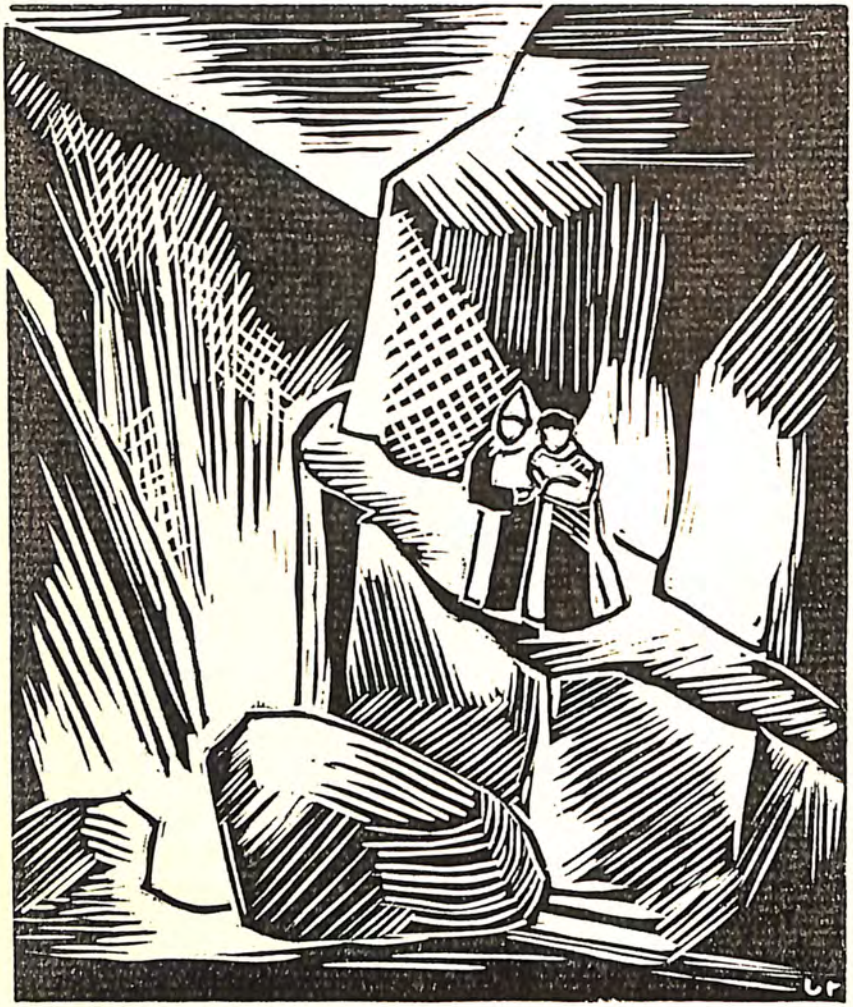
LI-HUE-CHUE

LI-LI, best known as Li-Hue-Chue, was the last king of the Tang dynasty (about the eighth century A.D.). Although he failed to be a good king, he was one of the greatest poets China ever produced. He loved music, art, and literature, but paid little attention to politics and left his power and responsibility to his officers. Finally he was captured by Chun-Hung-Woo, the first king of the Sung Dynasty, who took him far away from his native land and imprisoned him in Kangshi. His poetry may be divided into two distinct stages: first, that before his capture, when he lived in a very comfortable, beautiful, sublime palace, without any notion of hardship or sorrow, so that his poetry is also joyful and rich; second, that of his capture, when he had lost his kingdom, lived a prisoner, and transformed all his sorrow into his poems. The poems written in his captivity are by far

the greatest; whosoever reads them cannot help but feel deeply his intense sorrow. The following is one of the most moving.

When will the spring flowers and autumn moon come
to an end?
How much can one recall of his past?
Last night the East Wind blew again gently through
my window.
I cannot bear to think about my native land in a
bright silver moonlight!
The carved buildings and marble palace should still
be there.
Only my face has changed—
Why ask me how much sorrow have I—
It is as deep and vast as the waters of the Yangtze—
flowing towards the east.

FLORENCE KA-CHING WANG



DANTE AND THE ARTIST

IF the sur-realist Dali were to make a series of his fantastic drawings to illustrate the *Commedia* of Dante, many Dante students might be indignant. Dali would undoubtedly not see the poet's work as it has been seen before. With deep tones, striking highlights, minute detail achieved with daring use of perspective and dimension, he would not visualize the poem primarily as the subconscious workings of the poet's mind. He would not see the *Divine Comedy* as simply a journey through a strange land, but he would be enrapt in the poet's conception of sin, of suffering, of eternal beauty.

He would conceive the most illustrated and most pictorial of Dante's works, *The Inferno,* as more grotesque and more horrible than it has ever before been visualized by any plastic artist. Would Dante himself recoil at the sight of Dali's extraordinary conception of *The Inferno*?

The very dramatic canto, the ninth of *The Inferno,* would give scope to a sur-realist. The furies, the filth, the delivering angel, these, would have greater significance to him than their mere physical appearance which has so impressed most illustrators. They would have the greater spiritual significance intended by Dante.

For centuries men have been illustrating Dante's world. Most of them have been inspired by the underlying object of the poet's attempt. Many of them have attempted to picture this meaning. All have known that the *Paradiso* is a canticle of love, that *The Inferno* is a view of sin, a study of hate, of intense characters, of black air heightened by flames, and a hurricane which "never rests, but carries along the spirits with its rapine." But this is not simply a literal description of externals. Rather, it is the use of externals to suggest the spiritual. And herein lies the problem of the illustrator to be spiritual and universal, yet concrete and detailed.

Whatever their actual aim, the early illustrators of Dante appear to have been primarily concrete. Their problem was to illuminate a manuscript. They did not approach the *Commedia* as a book which was differant from many other books which they so beautifully embellished. They belonged to an age which put gargoyles on its cathedrals and laughed heartily when watching the pranks of a devil in a morality play. And this spirit is reflected in their work. The examples of their art which we have are mostly on miniature scale. In general fashion, they drew crosscuts of Dante's Universe. In one of the diagrams of

the *Inferno* the different circles are pictured, cut by paths. There is a curious type of humor to the figures shown; some of the sinners wear labels, those in the rivers often wear hats, and the demons who prod them always grin delightedly.

Botticelli, the first great artist who illustrated the *Commedia,* used many of the devices of the fourteenth century illuminators. But Botticelli's illustrations are no longer mere illuminations. In his large, spatial pen drawings we feel his groping to show the deeper meaning of the *Comedy.* On parchment, he made drawings for each canto. Most of them are black or brown pen sketches, a few are shaded and three are partially colored. Although many of them seem incomplete, yet, as Jefferson Fletcher says, "Botticelli makes visible as no other, the form and fashion of Dante's imagining."

From the primitives, Botticelli took the plan of successive action in one individual picture. Dante and Virgil are shown repeatedly in each drawing as they progress in the narrative. In the last canto of the *Inferno,* Satan is portrayed in full length, a huge ferocious beast. Yet Dante and Virgil are calmly climbing and tumbling down his hairy sides. Particularly naïve is the illustration for the *Paradiso,* Canto III, where

Dante's turning his head is represented by showing him with two heads, one facing forward, the other backward.

Botticelli's pictures are less impressive for the *Pasadiso* than for the *Inferno*; his gentle and mystic strokes seem most effective in the grim and grotesque realism of the Dantesque Hell.

A matter of great speculation is Michelangelo's interpretation of the *Commedia*. A profound student of Dante, this great artist drew on the margins of his book, as he read. But what he drew we shall never know, for this precious volume was lost on a sunken ship. A plaque from a bas relief representing the death of Count Ugolino and his sons which inspired a great interest in Dante in eighteenth century England was long attributed to Michelangelo.

Of all the English illustrations the most distinguished are the statuesque pen-drawings of the sculptor, John Flaxman, who was inspired by the legend of Michelangelo's lost drawings. Their chief merit is in their classical dignity and simplicity, conspicuous in the figures of Dante and Virgil. Flaxman adds to an emphasis of physique an interest in cloud effects. His use of line seems far more appropriate in the rather sweet portrayal of Dante before Beatrice in the *Paradiso* than in many scenes of the *Inferno*.

That he held "visionary conversations" with Dante was the claim of Flaxman's successor, William Blake, in whose painting there is unmistakable striving after the underlying meaning of Dante. He tries, like Dante, to make sin as ugly as it really is; his special attraction is to the abnormal and horrible in his choice of subjects. Sixty-eight of his ninety-eight subjects are taken from the *Inferno* and most of them have repulsive or weird elements. The monsters, Charon, Minos and others, and Malacoda and his crew of demons seem to have been favorites with the artist, for he made several designs of them all.

"The three beasts of the first canto of the *Inferno,*" according to Paget Toynbee, "are appointed in kaleidoscopic colors, the leopard being variegated crimson and blue. Yet the wonderful imagings of Blake, with all their extravagances and eccentricities, come more near to realizing the creations of Dante than the classical refinements of Flaxman, which, though generally attractive by their grace and beauty of design, are too frigid and unconvincing."

Nineteenth century France gave the best known illustrator of Dante, Gustave Doré. His pictures show on a large scale, fine tumultous groupings. Space, rhythm, contrast of light and shadow combine to

give a most powerful, most complete, though not fully Dantesque interpretation. They suggest the vast scale of Hell and the pictures such as those of the Giants, of Charon, and of Satan are unforgettable.

If our present age has not contributed an illustrator of Dante to equal those of the past centuries, there is undoubtedly being laid a foundation from which should emerge a superior artist. One will arise who will perhaps grasp more of Dante's meaning, who will do something new with the possibilities of the rich material that Dante offers. The freshness and originality of a new approach should be enhanced by the sur-realistic technique. For the *Commedia* is dramatic, striking and fundamentally spiritual. Some of us would like to see Dali's interpretation of Dante.

MARY O'GARA '41

LIFE

A vial
Of essence rare,—
Blent rapture and despair,—
Poised on edge a-tip to break
Or spill.

A. BELTRAN IRWIN SHONE

THE GREEK THEATRE

THE first Greek theatre was nothing more than a circle at the bottom of a hill. The hillside served as seats for the audience, and just outside the circle, where the chorus danced, there was erected an altar for sacrifice to the god Dionysius. Wooden seats came to be built, but in 499 B.C., at one of Aeschylus' early plays, the flimsy structure collapsed and out of this accident came the stone theatre. Later the seats were made of marble, and thrones for the Elders and the Statesmen lined one-half the choral circle; on the other half had been built a platform for the acting. The auditorium, the chorus and the stage now made of the theatre a unified and graceful whole. The Romans built a barricade around the chorus to protect the audience from anything that might be thrown around during the performance, or to keep the specators dry when the chorus was flooded for mimic sea-fights or such.

A Dionysian dramatic festival was an elaborate and a gay celebration. It opened with a great procession

of richly dressed people. Demosthenes had a golden crown and an embroidered mantle made for one such occasion, and his purple robes so enhanced the beauty of Alcibiades that men and women are said to have become excited when he appeared.

The procession set out from the temple of Dionysius with his image, proceeded to the market place where the chorus sang and danced before the statues of the twelve gods, then went outside the city for the sacrificing of animals. The remainder of the day was spent in feasting and merriment. When night came, the procession formed again and returned to Athens with torches. The sacred image of Dionysius was not restored to the temple but set up in the chorus of the theatre so that the god might also enjoy the plays. In later times, the crowd usually dispersed to their homes at night, but in earlier centuries the theatre was free to anybody, and many sought good seats the night before. Because of this, and of the ensuing fights, and the complaints that so many foreigners took possession of the best places,

tickets for two obols were sold beforehand. Small leaden coins stamped with some theatrical symbol were the tickets. These could be easily restamped and used again for another performance. Tickets made of ivory and bone have also been found. When poor men complained of not being able to afford the entrance price, the state, wishing all to participate in the festivals, provided a "theoric fund" out of which the poor could buy tickets.

During a play the theatre presented a lively picture. The greater part of the audience was dressed in white, but many wore brown, yellow, red and other rich colors. The Greek sun is often warm and, as Athenians usually went bareheaded, small awnings were sometimes put up for protection from the sun, and also as shelter to women from the peering eyes of the crowds, and to save honored guests the embarrassment of finding squashed figs dripping down their heads.

The Greek audience was informal and none too polite, but it must be remembered that the plays went on for three days. People cheered themselves with food; they would whistle their favorite tunes, and if displeased, hiss the actors. Persistent actors would find olives, figs or stones hurled at them. One

second-rate musician borrowed stone to build a house, promising to pay it back with the stones thrown at his next performance.

The audience, however, did not always hiss; they even got impatient with any spectator who seemed, out of stupidity or superiority, to lack interest. A Greek play was really a great spectacle. There was little scenery, but there was the beauty of costume, the dancing, and the frieze-like poses of the chorus against the lower wall of the stage. There were also interesting mechanical devices, such as the great crane that brought characters out of the sky and carried them away to the gods. There were the rich and graceful costumes of the tragic actors and the figures and masks of the comic players, exaggerated, yet not out of all reality. It is said that when *The Clouds* was given, Socrates stood up so that the crowd could see and recognize the comic actor's likeness to himself. The artisans refused to make a mask of Cleophon because of the vengeance he might take when he saw himself in caricature.

Because of the masks, the actors were forced to depend on gesture, and on perfectly controlled voice. In a theatre that held twenty or thirty thousand people, the movements of the body said much to the man who sat in the last row, where a facial twist would have meant nothing to him.

Much of the Greek technique, planning, stage business and so forth is used today. We hardly realize how much of the Greek is incorporated in our modern plays. And there are audiences today not unlike the Greeks.

The world changes, but only in its accidents. Fundamentally, the same ideas recur all through the ages, but it was the Greeks who first grasped and expressed the ideas of the theatre in a beautiful and artistic manner.

EDITH REED '43

OLYMPIAS AND ASPASIA

FOREMOST of all names of women in the history of Greece and Macedon are those of Olympias and Aspasia. One was the ambitious, almost barbaric wife of Philip and mother of Alexander; the other was the most brilliant and cultured woman of classic times and the chief source of inspiration to Pericles. The two women were similar in that they wielded much influence over the great men with whom their lives were associated. So different, however, were their characters and personal careers that a comparison of their lives shows few similarities.

Olympias was the daughter of Neoptolemus, King of Epirus, who traced his lineage back to Neoptolemus, son of Achilles. Aspasia was the daughter of one Axiochus; she was born and reared in Miletus where she was carefully trained in rhetoric, music, and the fine arts. Aspasia went to Athens at the age of twenty. In going to that city, she followed the example of other teachers who found in Athens the most profitable field for the exercise of their talents. When she met Pericles, he was already married to a relation; the marriage tie, however, sat lightly on the Athenians. Pericles and his wife parted by mutual consent, and he gave her to another man. Shortly afterwards

he took Aspasia to his home where the two lived together until Pericles' death. Although little is known of the early life of Olympias, we know that she was very young when she met Philip. The two are said to have fallen in love while they were being initiated into some religious mysteries in Samothrace.

In the married life of Olympias and in that of Aspasia we find a striking contrast. The union of Olympias and Philip was never a happy one—both were of too decided individuality to blend well. After the birth of Alexander, however, Olympias devoted all of her time to the raising of her young son. As Alexander grew up, his mother's jealousy for his rights was intensified by jealousy for her own. Philip's numerous infidelities and marriages caused an estrangement between him and Olympias that was far reaching in its consequences. Although she left her husband when he married Cleopatra, she returned to be instrumental in his murder. The union between Aspasia and Pericles was as calm as that of the Macedodians was stormy. Though Aspasia's marriage had not the sanction of the state, her union with Pericles was beautiful in that complete harmony of thought was contained therein. That Pericles was passionately devoted to Aspasia is certain. The only occasion on

which he was ever known to break through his Olympian calm was when Aspasia's life was in danger. At her trial for heresy he wept as he asked the jury not to strike so heavy a blow at himself as her death would bring. Again, the words on the lips of the dying statesman clearly illustrate his devotion to his wife: "Athens has intrusted her greatness and Aspasia her happiness to me." "She lived in loyal devotion to her friend and husband, and although the mocking spirits at Athens eagerly sought out every blemish which could be discovered in the life of Pericles, yet no calumny was ever able to vilify this union or to blacken its memory."

Of the influence of Olympias and Aspasia, much can be said. Each woman played a dominant part in the life of a great man, but the power which the two exercised was essentially different. Olympias' influence was more noticeably felt by Alexander than by Philip. The love which existed between the two was one which only a mother experiences for her son, a son for his mother. While Alexander was in Persia, Olympias was constantly bickering with Antipater, the general who had been left in power at Macedon. Upon the reception of many letters of complaint written by Antipater against Olympias, Alexander

merely remarked that one tear from his mother's eye moved him more than a thousand letters such as Antipater had written. Nor was this the only way in which she affected him; from Olympias he inherited his barbaric emotions which manifested themselves in various rash deeds such as the slaying of his dearest friend, Clitus. On the other hand, again we have the wholly different influence of Aspasia on Pericles. Plutarch tells us that Pericles was first drawn to her not by her beauty or perfection of feature but through her intellectual charm, a rare possession among Greek women. Without exaggerating the evils of the Greek women's position, it is clear that men of highest culture in Athens did not and could not find intellectual companionship in the citizen women of Athens. Aspasia's influence on Pericles, therefore, was due largely to intellectual sympathies; but of her political influence over him there is said to be no evidence. At one time he was charged with having proposed to the assembly the war against the Samians from favor to the Milesians upon the entreaty of Aspasia. It is generally believed, however, that in his political measures Pericles took his cue from no one.

But the influence of Olympias was felt by others than Alexander, and that of Aspasia by others than

Pericles. The wife of the Athenian statesman formed, in the home of her husband, a circle which was enriched by the presence of the most eminent citizens of Athens. Socrates, Phidias, and Alcibiades were known to frequent this salon. Prominent men brought their wives to listen to Aspasia so that they, through association with her, could become better educated and live a fuller life. She was apparently dissatisfied with the position of women in Athens, and through her effort to change it Aspasia became the originator of the first movement for the emancipation of women. Olympias too became active in public affairs; she exercised queenly power throughout Alexander's rule. While her son was in Persia, she seized the reins of government in Macedon for a short while. During this time her influence was felt by all those who opposed her. "Olympias did not confirm her vengeance on a few, but made herself so odious that her great prestige could only delay her murderers and make them hesitate."

Never were two women less alike in character than were Olympias and Aspasia. In the former we see an ambitious, energetic, aggressive woman, truly semi-barbarous in her emotions and devotion to weird religious rites. With a good husband she might have

been a good woman. A redeeming quality in Olympias' character, however, was her intense love for her son, Alexander, and his wife and child. The strong will and bravery of Olympias manifested themselves when, in her last days, she did everything to maintain the rights of Roxane and her son against Cassander even though it meant certain death for herself. In Aspasia we see a highly cultured woman who possessed charming faculties which enabled her to captivate the greatest statesmen and give philosophers occasion to speak about her. Her charm lay in her wisdom, vivacity, and sweetness of utterance. The fact that Aspasia was a friend of Socrates is a strong tribute to her intellect. "The irregularity of her position, the eminence of Pericles and her influence over him made Aspasia the natural mark for the arrows of Pericles' political opponents"; however, not even their slanders could deface the true character of Aspasia.

Just as the sun produces great luminous shafts which influence all within their focus, so too each woman radiated a sort of power which had far-reaching effects. Of Aspasia's influence over Pericles, Mitchell Carroll says: "Had his life not been blessed with union with hers, had his temperament not been sweetened by her companionship, had his policy not

been moulded partly by her counsel and wisdom, had his taste not been made so subtle and refined by communion with her artistic temperament, Athens would not have been embellished by the works of art which have made that city the unapproachable ruler in the domain of the spirit." The influence which Olympias wielded was equally important in the history of Macedon. "She died," says Mahaffy, "a splendid old savage queen, devoting all her energies to the protection of her grandson, but encumbered with perplexities, with varying fashions, with cross purposes in policy which no woman that ever lived could have overcome." "In death, as in life," writes Mitchell Carroll, "she showed herself every inch a queen; in spite of her temper and bloodthirstiness, she deserves a high place in the history of womanhood because of her untiring devotion to her son and to his helpless widow and child against the machinations of cruel and powerful men."

FRANCES DE LATEUR '43

OFFERING

To you I dedicate this moment . . .
When memories
Like crystal fragments hang suspended
In prismic splendor of reflected glory,
Casting brief patterns against
    the darkened walls of Time;
And you, . . . slowly you come,
    down the long lane . . .
With hands outstretched, and your brief smile
That almost hides the tears that say
"My dear, my dear,
These are not tears; just crystal fragments
Collected through the years" . . .
Let all immensity be caught in this our moment
Lest from my clumsy fingers fall
The fragile beauty by this moment wrought.

BARBARA LYLE '42

ONCE UPON A TIME

ONCE upon a time there was a nobleman and his wife who lived in a great castle at the foot of a high mountain. The family coffers were filled with gold and silver, the best horses stood in the castle stables; they had two fine sons and a beautiful little daughter. Yet for all this, they were not perfectly happy and this was because God had not answered their prayers.

"It really is too bad," said the nobleman to his wife one evening as they made themselves ready for chapel, "here we have prayed day in and day out, year in and year out, for a son who would be so good and holy that he would grow up to be a saint; and what does God send us but one lad who quarrels with his sister, and another who robs the eggs from the birds that nest upon the mountain."

"To be sure, it is a shame," said the wife, "but we mustn't complain, for they are really better lads than most, and who knows but if we keep on praying God will one day hear our prayer and send us just such a holy son as we desire."

And so indeed it turned out, for before the year was out another son was born to them.

At the christening, the village folk say, a star from

heaven came and stood upon his forehead; and as the lad grew, so good and sweet tempered was he that all in the castle loved him: the nurse and the serving maids, and Boots, the gardener, and even the cook, who was often very cross, could find nothing for which to scold him.

Only the lad's tutors were discontented, for you must know that the lad was as clever as he was holy, so that by the time he was seven he know more than the tutors and more than the nobleman, his father; and even his mother could think of no more prayers to have him set to heart.

"Mercy on us," said the mother, "this will never do; the lad will grow idle and idleness never begot a holy man, much less a saint."

"Well," said the husband, "I hate to part with the lad, but I fear we must send him off to his uncle, the Arch-priest of Gumiel; he is a very learned man."

"Yes," said the wife, "and his goodness is known throughout the kingdom."

So off the lad went the very next morning, with the coachman, to his uncle, the Arch-priest of Gumiel.

"Good day, lad," said the uncle, as he opened the great door, "what, pray, may I do for you?"

"Please, sir," said the lad, "I am your nephew, Mas-

ter Dominic of Guzmán, and I should like to know how to be holy, for they tell me that is the only way to the Kingdom of God."

"Alas," sighed the uncle, "if only you had asked me how to grow rich or famous. That I could have taught you in a wink of your eye; but how to be holy, alas, that is very difficult, very difficult indeed."

"But, sir," pleaded the lad, "I shall try the very best I can."

"Well, then," answered the uncle, "so shall I; the angels can do no more."

In Dominic went and day by day he learned the lessons that were put to him, and day by day he grew holier and wiser until finally a day came when his uncle, the Arch-priest of Gumiel, came to him with great tears running down the lines of his face.

"Why uncle," said Dominic, "what makes you weep?"

"Alas, my lad," said the uncle, "for the last seven days and seven nights I have thought and thought, and though I can think of many more things that you don't know, yet can I think of nothing more that I can teach you."

"What must I do then, uncle? For, happen what may, I must come to the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Then," said the uncle, "you must go straightway to the most wicked city in the kingdom, and there you must study and there you must remain until you have learned a lesson that only God can teach you."

So off Dominic went the very next morning, to the most wicked city in the kingdom. It was a good ways off, but finally he came to the great gate. His heart beat fast; he made a great sign of the cross and through the gate he went.

And what do you think he saw? Why, a most beautiful city with great streets lined with beautiful blossomed trees and great church steeples and all sorts of shops with strange things from distant lands. Having lived most of his life with his uncle, these things filled Dominic with surprise and pleasure. In fact, so delighted was he that for a great many days he never saw the wickedness that went on right under his nose.

Dominic was beginning to think, "I do believe my uncle is mistaken." But, just as he was about to utter these words, he heard a voice in his ear, "Seek evil and ye shall find it; look for the bad and ye shall see it." "Why, to be sure," said Dominic, "how stupid of me not to have thought of that before."

And so he opened his eyes wide and walked again through the city and now he saw ugliness and sorrow;

although the taverns were filled with students who drank and sang, no one had a happy face. And he came upon the poor and the sick. Dominic's heart grew sad. No longer could he study; he gave away all his money and sold his clothes and when there was nothing else, he sold his books that he might have money to feed the poor.

"Alas," said Dominic, "now I shall never learn that lesson, for I have sold my books; I fear I shall never come to the Kingdom of God."

So back he went to his uncle.

"Uncle," he said, "I shall never grow holy; I have no books; why, uncle, there are people who are starving and people who don't know about God. I think I must teach them."

"By my troth," said the Arch-priest of Gumiel, "you have not learned your lesson well, but such teaching will make you holy. First you must become a priest and store up so much holiness and goodness that you will have plenty to give to others."

So off Dominic went again, and soon the fame of his holiness spread throughout the land.

Now one day the Bishop, who had been asked by the king to go on a very special mission to the north country, asked the holy Dominic to go with him, and go he did.

They had not gone far when they came to the country of the Albigensians, where all the children wept, and the merchants quarreled and no church bells rang, and no flowers bedecked the statues of Our Lady.

"What's this," said Dominic, "is not this God's country?"

"Once upon a time it was," said the Bishop, "but these many days the devil has been at work. He has convinced all these fine people that God is wicked, that good is evil and evil, good."

"And has no one been brave enough to fight the devil?" said Dominic.

"Goodness gracious, yes," said the Bishop, "but the Holy Father has sent his best men to fight them, and, alas! they seem to have been powerless."

"I suppose I could do no better," said Dominic.

"I suppose not," said the Bishop. "You've had no experience. Why don't you try your might with the Tartars first? They believe in nothing at all and are very hard fellows, they say."

So off Dominic went to Rome to ask the permission of the Holy Father, the Pope.

"Well," said the Pope, after Dominic had made his very best bow, "what do you seek?"

"Please, Your Holiness," said Dominic, "I should like to convert the Tartars and make them holy and pleasing to our Lord."

"And what weapons will you use?" The Pope looked at him sharply.

"Why," said Dominic, "the word of truth, the breastplate of love and the armor of faith."

Now the Pope, who was a wonderfully wise old man, saw in one instant that Dominic was just the person for him.

"I shall send you, my son, into the country of the Albigensians, but I warn you my best men have failed."

Dominic did not look one bit dismayed. Instead, he asked for the Papal blessing, and then off he went.

It was a long way, but finally he came to the country where all the children wept and the merchants quarreled and no church bells rang.

A sorry sight it was indeed. But, instead of weeping, Dominic began to sing; he strode through the towns singing gayly and as loud as ever he could.

And do you know that his voice was so musical that the merchants stopped quarreling and the children stopped crying just to listen to him? They followed him to the great market place and there he

stopped singing and told them all about the good God and His Son, Jesus Christ, and he talked so sweetly and wisely (some say it was the Blessed Mother whispering in his ear) that all the people believed and the church bells rang again and the children laughed.

Now it was just at this time that the devil awoke from his nap to see how things were going. For you must know that he is really a very lazy fellow; he only sows the seeds of wickedness and sleeps while they grow. Well, when the devil heard of the church bells ringing and saw the turn of affairs, you may be sure he was upset. He called for his three henchmen.

"What!" he said. "Can't you fellows get rid of this upstart?"

"Why, to be sure," said the first, "I will make short work of him; I know where he prays at night; I will crush him beneath a great stone."

And the second said, "And if that fails, I know the path he takes home from his night vigils, and I know three of the nicest villains who would be glad to slaughter him for me."

And the third, who was rather a stupid fellow, said, "And what shall I do?"

"Oh, there will be no need of you," said the others;

"but if, perchance, just show your face and he will die of fright."

The next night it happened just as the first devil had said. Dominic came and knelt in prayer before the High Altar and all the while the devil sat high upon the rafter balancing a great black stone. No sooner was Dominic deep in prayer than the devil rose up and hurled the great stone right at Dominic's head; but do you know that just as it got to Dominic, his guardian angel, to whom he had prayed every morning and night, gave an extra beat of his wing and the rock swerved to one side and fell harmlessly upon the church floor and there it stands to this very day.

The next night it was the second devil's turn. Now again, it fell out just as he said. Dominic was walking home in the dead of night. Out from the darkest clump of trees sprang three villains ready to slay him.

And, can you believe it, Dominic was delighted. "Please, sirs," he said, "will you oblige me by cutting me up piece by piece, for the more I can suffer for Our Lord the nearer I shall be to Him in Heaven."

"Odds bodkins!" said the villains, "never yet have we done any man's pleasure. Certainly we shall not commence with you." And off they took themselves.

And now it was the third devil's turn and he was, indeed, a particularly ugly devil and you must know that the least ugly devil in hell would be enough to make anyone less of a saint than Dominic take to his heels. This night Dominic stood in the pulpit of the church; he was in the midst of a very elegant sermon upon the Holy Ghost when, upon the bell rope that hung down from the roof of the church, there appeared the ugliest creature he had ever imagined. It filled him with such horror that he stopped speaking; the people turned and looked and commenced to flee. Then Dominic smiled and make a great sign of the Cross right in that devil's face. And do you know that devil grew purple with rage and in one wink of an eye he ran up that bell rope and out into the black night, and, for all that is known, he may be running yet.

At least you may be sure that he never returned to awake the great devil to tell him that he had failed. So the great devil went on sleeping and Dominic went on preaching and winning souls for God. But a strange thing happened: the more Dominic did, the more he wanted to do, and the more souls he won for God the more he wanted to win, till, finally, he grew sad thinking of the great world and of all those

who had never so much as heard of Jesus Christ that he began to weep as he went a-singing. Day and night he prayed to the Blessed Lady to send him some help, so help him she did. One night, as he knelt in prayer, he saw a lady so beautiful that he knew it could be no one else than the Blessed Mother herself. She held out a pair of little beads to him and said, "Dominic, my son, take these beads; when the time comes you will know how to use them; with them half of your work shall be done."

As Dominic was about to make a very beautiful speech of thanks, she disappeared.

He looked down at the beads in his hand and up into Heaven he began to pray, "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with Thee. Blessed art Thou amongst women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus."

Then Dominic arose and took the beads and gathered the holiest women and taught them how to teach little ones the truth and he gathered together from all parts of the land men brave and holy as himself and he sent them out unto all the corners of the world to teach the truth and to win souls for God, and when his work was done, Dominic went to the Kingdom of Heaven, to God and all his Holy Saints and Angels

and there he is to this very day, and if you pray to him, he might even make you good and holy, which would, perhaps, be the most wonderful thing of all.

S. M. N.

THE GREAT LITURGICAL PRAYER OF THE CHURCH

THE Divine Office is a work "wrought by the hands of men, but those men were Saints and their work was wrought under the guidance of the Holy Ghost. The framing of the Ritual may have been the work of human hands, but the materials of which it is composed are the words of the Spirit of God." Psalms, antiphons, hymns and canticles are interwoven and united to form the great liturgical prayer of the Church.

The creature is put in perfect harmony with his Creator, when through the Divine Office he renders joyously adoration, praise, thanksgiving, and reparation to his God. In return, he receives from those inspired words the lessons needed to lead him to a deep and firm understanding of the true spirit of Christ.

As in the Mass, the Divine Office renews and makes the Christian live again the life and Mysteries of his Redeemer; it is, as one writer says, "The extended Mass of the Catechumens spread over the entire day." This explains why we find so much similarity between the Mass and the Office. While the Office makes the Christian live again the life of Christ, it at the same time unites him surely and firmly with his fel-

low members in the Mystical Body and makes him grow in the mind and spirit of the Divine Head of the Body.

For the origin of the Divine Office we must go back as far as the Synagogue service of the Jews. As the Mass of the Catechumens gradually developed from and took the place of the Synagogue services, the Office developed with it. In the Synagogue, the Jews gathered together to recite psalms and prayers and read portions from the Sacred Scripture. The Christians extended this by vigil services in preparation for great feasts. During the vigils they retained their framework of the Synagogue service, but because their vigils lasted all night they required that more psalms should be recited and more extracts from Sacred Scripture read. As the vigil services became more frequent and were kept for more and more feasts the celebration which at first was only a drawn-out Mass of the Catechumens was gradually divided and the divisions became Vespers, Matins and Lauds. From the long-established custom of prayers during the day at the third, sixth, and ninth hours, Terce, Sext and None took their names.

The original order of recitation of the Office was altered as time went on in monasteries where preach-

ing and teaching were done, the monks found it difficult to say Office at midnight and were permitted to anticipate these hours by reciting them on the preceding evening.

Of all the hours, Vespers most directly prepares the Christian for the Sacrifice of the Mass, since it was at Vesper time that Christ instituted the Holy Eucharist. Many of the psalms are actually Eucharistic songs and generally Messianic in character. At Vespers the Christian looks back over the past day and, remembering all the redeeming graces he has received, makes through this prayer his fervent "Deo gratias." This thought of thanksgiving reaches its climax in the Magnificat. Through this canticle of the Virgin of Virgins, the Christian, using the very words of Mary, magnifies the Lord, for this day again God "hath regarded the humility of his servant" and "hath done great things" to him.

Compline, the night prayer of the Church, has a beautiful symbolism. In night, the Church has ever seen the symbol of evil, for darkness is the mantle of the devil. With the close of day and coming of night, the Christian turns his thoughts to rest; first to that repose of sleep, then to the thought of the eternity which ends life here below.

Another day of redemption is over, and the Christian says in the words of the saintly Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." After a prayer for protection from God and His angels, the "Salve Regina" is sung and under the care of the Virgin Mother, "the soul may go to rest in full confidence, no matter whether his awakening will be in this world or in the next."

S. M. G. '40

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