1931

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The Firebrand

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THE FIREBRAND

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THE FIREBRAND

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RUTH RHODES

Art Editor CHARLINE D. ERWIN

Business Manager BERNICE BANNAN

Business Staff LILLIAN KING
SERENA MCCARTHY
HELEN THORNTON

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BETTY GARLAND
KATHLEEN KAY
GENEVIEVE MENDONSE

LUCILLE MINAHAN
VIRGINIA O'HARA
MILDRED M. PRINCE
EILEEN RYAN
HELEN SULLIVAN
YVONNE WERNETTE

EDITORIAL

OUR COLLEGE this year has gained an honor which opens to us a door to privileges that we highly prize. The Dominican College of San Rafael has become a member of the American Association of University Women, an association that has for its aim the development of women's education and of professional opportunities for women. In 1926 we were placed on the list of colleges approved by the American Association of Universities, the highest recognition that could be given our scholastic standing; yet a recognition which left closed certain opportunities open to us only through membership in the American Association of University Women. Our graduates through this latter recognition are now eligible to admission into the association. Such membership gives opportunities of meeting distinguished university women, and of belonging to the most distinguished university clubs in America and Europe. It makes one eligible for the graduate fellowships offered by the association.

It opens to college women wider spheres of influence in the intellectual world.

Our achievement in winning such distinction is very great. Our founders have worked against many odds, their only endowment the lives of the women who labored together with them in the common aim of building a college that would give all the blessings of Catholic education and also enable their students to meet the graduates of the foremost secular institutions on equal ground. We cannot be too grateful to Mother Louis, our first president, and to her successor. We must recognize that to their clarity of mind and force of will guided by the light of prayer, we owe the privilege of attending a college that gives us high scholastic standards and privileges in the secular world, while it opens to us the splendid heritage intellectual and spiritual of the Catholic faith.

EDITORIAL

THE RELIGIOUS practices of Dominican College unify the students and influence them more than any other aspect of college life. When the students put on warm mittens and coats to go out and sing carols the night before they leave for the Christmas holidays, this spirit glows in the faces that red candles light up during the carolling and this spirit makes everyone wish with pleasure and eagerness during the Autumn for the time when we go strolling about from house to house singing lustily. The leaders may be several phrases ahead of those at the end of the line, but everyone thinks for the moment that this music is even lovelier than the Gregorian chant which we do with so much practice and precision. And yet we find the fullest sense of joy and beauty in the liturgical beauty of Gregorian chant, which is truly the glory of the college.

Delight in simple religious demonstration characterizes the true spirit of Dominican College, although the emphasis may seem to be on

academic subjects. The Dominican ideal is a thorough academic education guided by religion. Father Gillet, in his address last December, said that the soul should be cultivated as carefully as the mind. Every day we should seek to be nearer to our ideal, according to the Master General, and Dominican College provides daily opportunity.

Some of the students find this opportunity in daily Mass. And strangely enough those who do not neglect going to Mass daily are usually those who never go to class without carefully prepared assignments. Many of the students come together to say evening prayers in their house chapel, and evening Rosary always brings most of the girls away from recreation or study to religious contemplation.

The religious side of Dominican College does not obtrude itself upon our notice, but it is none the less a strong influence. Everyone in the college, even though she may not speak of it, respects and enjoys all the religious practices on the campus. We may grumble about returning early on Rosary Sunday, but we are all in the procession at the appoint-

ed time (and not only because of the penalty for absence) and all feel a certain quietness and peace after the procession is over. Conversation at the dinner table is never jollier than it is after a celebration or ceremony of this kind.

And all this is as it should be. True education results from the training of all the faculties. At Dominican College the soul expands as the mind does. And the mind's development should accomplish growth of the soul. Education without religion, or religion without education could never accomplish the work of combined education and religion. Together they should produce an educated person with a philosophical detachment and serenity. Although none of us can attain perfect happiness, we should be able to find in education and religion the thing that is nearest to happiness—peace.

WANDA ALWARD
Major: HISTORY

French Club
Delta Alpha Epsilon

NO ONE in the upper-division history classes could fail to know Wanda Alward. She says her enthusiasm for history has enabled her to acquire facts with ease. Surely she always knows the answer to every question concerning history whether it is in an examination or the purely rhetorical type to which usually the teacher alone knows the answer. Her ability, however, is not limited to her major subject. All of her teachers consider her intelligent. She is successful in everything about which she is enthusiastic, and Wanda's enthusiasms are not few. Neither are they limited to the intellectual. She is a whole-hearted tennis player and is decidedly interested in developing her muscles and acquiring a dark coat of tan.

She is also an interested teacher and spends a great part of her time preparing for her high school history classes. Perhaps it is her poise, interest, and patience, together with her wide knowledge that make her classes successful and interesting.

BERNICE BANNAN

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Secretary-Treasurer of Class '31
Business Manager of *The Firebrand* '30, '31
Executive Board '30
W. A. A. Board '30

Sociology Club
Art Club
Tumbling Club

BERNICE BANNAN is an active social service worker with promise of greater activity to come. She is genuinely concerned with her work and yet is not entirely absorbed in it because of her unusual philosophical detachment, which enables her to be amused by her own part in her work and by the humor of all situations. This attitude necessarily spares her many difficulties.

She dislikes having the word "industrious" applied to her but she has worked hard and has shown capability in whatever office she has filled—and they have not been few or of small responsibility.

Her detachment makes her amusing and keeps her from being influenced by enthusiasms. The usual feminine ones are conspicuously absent. She never notices another's clothing and can never describe any of her own clothes although she is always well-dressed. She is seldom moved by poetry or art and, until recently, scoffed at her companions' "aesthetic thrills."

Her one enthusiasm is her family. She never tires of talking about them and admires them all with unusual frankness and pride in their characters, appearance, or achievements.

BETTY BARRY

Major: ENGLISH

President of Student Body '31

Assistant Editor of *The Firebrand* '30, '31

The Meadowlark Staff '31

Albertus Magnus Club

Delta Alpha Epsilon

Psi Beta Lambda

BETTY BARRY's friends reproach her for attacking her tasks too seriously. She has long been goaded to assume the philosophical attitude that most of us assume to stifle conscience. But thinking of her, we wonder if our attitude is really the more profitable.

She has worked carefully in everything and has never thought she needed to vary the monotony by cutting classes. Every task she undertakes she does with a vigor and determination almost discouraging to her less endowed class-mates. She is the joy of editors for she writes and rewrites with becoming humility.

As president of the student body she has given herself utterly to the college, concerned even with the little difficulties and criticisms that accompany such a position.

But she is by no means prim and faultless. She is dignified without being stiff. She enjoys sports and excels in them. (She once climbed trees, but she does so no longer because of her position.) Her sense of humor and her gift as a raconteur delight everyone.

Her loyalty to her friends and her unselfish eagerness to help others make her a real friend.

ELEANOR BEALES

Major: SOCIOLOGY

W. A. A. Board '30, '31
Executive Board '31
Albertus Magnus Club
Art Club

Block "D" Society
Little Theatre Workshop
Sociology Club

WE HAVE come to think that there would be no fun at our picnics without Eleanor Beales and her car, only pleasure seekers worn out from tramping miles with the oranges, the coffee, the steaks, and the buns. No one would have time for the afternoon tea that three o'clock classes depend on if Eleanor did not take us down-town. However, Eleanor herself, does not depend on a car. She is a hiker of no mean order, and has never been guilty of driving on a week-end hike as some of us have been known to do.

No one is more fitted for social welfare. We can well imagine how successful she will be, because only to look at her ruddy brown cheeks and crinkly gold brown hair gives the comforting assurance that makes one feel that our difficulties will soon be at an end and that after all worry is not worth while.

HELEN COCHRAN
Major: Music

W. A. A. Board '30
Student Affairs Committee '30, '31
Music Club

TALL, slim Helen Cochran is gracious to everyone. One likes to remember the kindness of her forget-me-not blue eyes and the serene broadness of her brow, very white under her curling black hair.

She has been active for two years on the Students' Affairs Board, a most difficult and trying position, but no one ever complains of her unfairness. Evidently she is just, as well as kind. She rarely argues with mere acquaintances, for she feels that such arguing is neither tactful nor worth while; but she is never swayed by public opinion.

It is hard to think of her without her companion, Barbara Denehy. For four years these two have been "inseparable" friends known to the campus as "The Bobbies." They have also become reckoned among our chief musicians.

BARBARA DENEHY
Major: MUSIC

Music Club

BARBARA DENEHY is a brunette of medium height. She has brown eyes whose friendly expression is not destroyed by her deep frown. Her nose is small and tilted, and her chin is firm, but not stubborn.

She is distinguished by her unfailing good humor, and the new students find in her a kind friend and one whose amiability they never cease to wonder at. She is sensitive to an extreme, but she tries to cover her sensitive feeling by a perpetually gay mood. Her gaiety, however, does not interfere with her work. She is a busy music student, and now that she has begun to teach she spends much of her time thinking out theories of teaching, which she applies vigorously to her classes.

She has a large group of friends who find her jolly, generous, and always kind.

BERNARDINE DIEBELS
Major: ENGLISH

BERNARDINE DIEBELS has green eyes, dark hair, and full red lips. She is an English major and is exceedingly well read and well grounded in her work; however, she often makes superficial remarks merely to stimulate conversation and arouse her companions. At times she tries to belittle her knowledge by preceding each statement with an embarrassed laugh; yet sometimes, too, she is actually aggressive in insisting upon the validity of her opinions and ideas. She spends most of her time in reading and in practicing, for she is greatly interested in music. With her particular friends she is a good conversationalist and is often amusing when she airs her cynical views about life, which she tries to make us believe is the way she really feels.

EMILY EHLINGER

Major: MUSIC

Chairman of Social Committee '31
Twelfth Night
Music Club

EMILY EHLINGER is the tall blonde who has graciously performed her duties as hostess of all our social activities this year. Very quietly and unhurriedly she plans a tea, a dinner, or a dance. It is difficult to imagine her excited about any occasion, regardless of its importance.

Successful as Emily is in entertaining, and much as she apparently likes to entertain, she is shy and, by preference, much alone. She reaches out to make many happier, but her deep affections are few. She likes to walk alone and to be alone. She seems to have in her a strain of the contemplative, and yet, in spite of this or perhaps because of it, all Fanjeaux go to her in their troubles. She has the sure touch that can heal or help another in any grief.

CHARLINE D. ERWIN

Majors: ART, ENGLISH

Art Editor of <i>The Firebrand</i> '29, '30, '31	Pi Epsilon Nu
<i>The Meadowlark</i> Staff '31	Art Club
Vice-President of Class '29	Little Theatre Workshop
W. A. A. Board '29, '30, '31	Tumbling Club

CHARLINE D. ERWIN is pre-eminent-ly an art student. She tries to correlate all her various classes with her art; and any term paper, whether for Philosophy or Spenser is sure to have in it some reference to her major interest. She is an energetic worker and a determined one. If a charcoal drawing does not suit her, she erases and reworks it until it appears to her satisfactory, before she goes on to new fields.

Charline is frank, and at times has been accused of being tactless; but she tells others what she thinks of them and expects the same honesty and straight-forwardness in return. She has many acquaintances, but she is slow to form friendships. She selects her friends carefully, but once she has made her choice she expects it to be lasting. Her circle of acquaintances is large and she is so sympathetic that almost every troubled girl goes to Charline to talk over her offences and and grievances.

PHYLLIS FRY

Majors: ART, SPANISH

Chairman of Social Committee '30
Spanish Club
Little Theatre Workshop

PHYLLIS FRY distinguished herself last year when she had charge of our parties and organized our suppers. We shall long remember her graciousness on every occasion.

Phyllis spends much time in the art room. Of course she does frequent other classes but with rather a worried air. Such abstractions may be ascribed to preoccupation with drawings that she has in mind. She has proved in her teaching that a troubled countenance only goes to show how much one is in earnest.

Phyllis' frown is contradicted by her almost upsetting sense of humor when she is with her friends. Her reserve is then replaced by very successful attempts to amuse. However she keeps this part of her nature for her intimate friends, who are always eager to tell what an amusing companion Phyllis can be.

GLADYS FUNKE
Major: HISTORY

The Meadowlark Staff '29, '30
Delta Alpha Epsilon

GLADYS FUNKE is a brunette with classic features. She has a well-formed head emphasized by her simply dressed, long brown hair. Her eyes are brown and her complexion is olive. She carries herself well and dresses simply and effectively.

She is intelligent and writes boldly, but as yet she has not the patience to perfect her first impressions which are often immature. She is interested in literature, particularly biography. She reads critically and can easily assemble facts. She is always interested in the opinions of her friends. She listens to them eagerly and argues often, but never vehemently.

She is never self-conscious. She is calm and undisturbed in trying circumstances. With poise and detachment she does all her tasks in a leisurely way.

FLORENCE GARATTI
Major: HISTORY

Delta Alpha Epsilon

FLORENCE GARATTI is tall and dark and purposeful looking. We see her mostly in dark clothes, quiet like herself, but now and then she appears in flowered party dresses that bespeak an interest in the doings of the week-end world. She is generally quiet and easy to live with, tolerant of her companions' weaknesses and given to remembering that if we are offended today, we ourselves are likely to offend tomorrow. When she speaks she generally has something pleasant or humorous to remark; but she never speaks out of time. She concerns herself wisely with the business of the moment, and so lives, apparently, in a state of enviable tranquillity.

MAE HEALY

Major: MATHEMATICS

The Meadowlark Staff '29, '30, '31

The Firebrand '30, '31

Psi Beta Lambda

MAE HEALY is the black haired, smiling day-scholar who writes "Adam Scofflaw" and the "Campus Cat" for the *Meadowlark* each month.

For over two years under the title of Adam she has amused all of us with her accounts of college life and its activities. She is not only a writer but also a Mathematics major, exceedingly proficient in all her classes. She acquires A's with facility but not with nonchalance. Before any examination she disturbs herself and her friends by insisting that she is unprepared, and one is never quite sure whether this is the customary pose or, for once, the real thing. Yet we can all be sure that she has never bluffed in an examination or passed on anything but sound knowledge.

Mae actually believes that she lacks ability to do things well, but she has a very high opinion of the worth of her friends. She helps them in any and all ways possible, and when a stranger is so rash as to attack them in her presence he feels the weight of her displeasure. This devotion of hers is an Irish characteristic that is decidedly not out of place in a blue-eyed, black haired girl named Healy.

IVY TERESA HENSON
Major: FRENCH

Psi Beta Lambda
French Club
Clogging Club

IVY TERESA HENSON is very British indeed; typically so, physically, morally, and mentally. She is tall, blonde, and blue-eyed, erect and vigorous. She is not tenacious of her "accent," and some American modifications have blurred it, but it is still noticeable. She has the British carefulness about "doing the right thing" without wondering why (as American youth is prone to do); "the right thing" is a compelling phrase (it is hardly an idea), and a completely "sufficient reason."

It is not always, nor often, a high recommendation to have it said that everybody likes one. In Miss Henson's case, however, the unusual occurs; everybody likes her, and it is a recommendation because everybody knows why: in her case "doing the right thing" seems to include doing what is kind, sincere and unselfish.

Patriotism is Miss Henson's ruling passion. Her solicitous tenderness for the British Empire has caused her to all but weep over a random (and most inexpert) assertion of its apparent frangibility.

LORRAINE JOSEPHS
Major: HISTORY

Delta Alpha Epsilon
French Club
Tumbling Club

LORRAINE JOSEPHS has the distinction of being the smallest Senior in the class of 1931 and also of being one of the most industrious. She has a definite sense of what she should do. She knows how to urge the casual student with a kindly inquiry that never fails to stir an indifferent worker to greater effort. She is particularly at home with children. They like her pleasant, encouraging manner. It assures them that she is interested and assures any discriminating person that Lorraine will be a successful and well-liked teacher.

MABEL LOUNIBOS
Major: HISTORY

Vice-President of Class '28
Delta Alpha Epsilon

MABEL LOUNIBOS has black hair and blue eyes and an Irish light-heartedness, but lest we be misled about her nationality she daily reminds us that she is French. She is quick-witted and carefree almost to the point of laziness. She is enthusiastic about everything but she is never carried away by new ideas; she never gets religious streaks nor does she go on moral revolts. She reads widely to improve herself. She is very much interested in people, and has the knack of becoming friendly with everyone. Although she often startles people with radical statements she does this more to provoke discussion than from any strong belief in them. However with an appreciative audience, she can carry these ideas to ridiculous lengths in the hope of being convincing or at least amusing.

Mabel has the disposition to be recklessly and gloriously happy had not her convent training taught her to be ever alert for an opportunity to build character.

KATHLEEN KAY
Majors: ART, ENGLISH

The Firebrand Art Staff '30, '31
Art Club
Twelfth Night

THE POWER of the vitality erringly ascribed to youth in general shows itself clearly in Kathleen Kay. Her verve prompts decided opinions on all questions and creates in her a healthy curiosity and eagerness to challenge the statements of others whether they are faculty or students.

Her vitality makes her enthusiastic about her work, particularly her art work, and makes her eager to develop her vocal gift. This enthusiasm makes her successful in dramatic productions and helps her to maintain an air of calm assurance.

Her pointed face, her alert brown eyes, very red lips, and slender pointed nose, and her brown wavy hair with its red tints proclaim the elan which everyone feels to be her greatest charm.

MARGARET MAHONEY
***Majors:* HISTORY, SOCIOLOGY**

Student Affairs Committee '29
Delta Alpha Epsilon
Spanish Club

MARGARET MAHONEY is a quiet, unassuming girl, always ready to nod a kind greeting to everyone, yet never becoming intimate with anyone. She is a good student, but is quite willing to desert the quiet solitude of the library to join friends who are going to the latest picture in the village or over the hill to play golf.

Few people are so fortunate as to know Margaret well enough to appreciate her sense of humor. But she often smiles or chuckles to herself at a secret something she has seen or heard, and this is very often disconcerting, because one finds oneself laughing with her without knowing the reason for her mirth.

She is also quite sarcastic, but never wishes to hurt her friends by her sarcasm. She is a good listener, but when her opinion is asked, her judgment is frank and unbiased.

She is Irish, and the skin crinkles around her bright eyes when one reminds her of her ancestry.

EDYTHE MCKNIGHT
Major: Music

Music Club
French Club
Madrigal Club

EDYTHE McKNIGHT is a tall, slender blonde, aristocratic in her manner and very dignified, but a gay companion and a gracious one.

She has been successful in all her classes and particularly in her major subject, music. Her talent is not limited to one field. She is a successful pianist, and she sings with style; in addition she has been recognized as an unusually good teacher.

Her aristocratic air never deserts her, whether she is the lovely and tastefully dressed young singer or an industrious teacher hurrying off to her class. She even lends distinction to that most plebeian of creatures, the Ford.

MARY MCSWEENEY

Major: HISTORY

W. A. A. Board '29
Vice-President of Class '29
President of Class '30
President of Student Affairs Committee '31

French Club
Delta Alpha Epsilon
Clogging Club
Tumbling Club

MARY MCSWEENEY has been an able President of the Students' Affairs Board, whose duty it is to remonstrate with culprits and to enforce penalties. But she frankly admits that she dislikes her position and that it is only her sense of duty that keeps her from resigning. She is an excellent student and a good companion. The head of the History department considers her one of her very satisfactory students, and her classmates are never tired of enjoying her "inherited sense of humor." She takes an active part in all campus activities; she is an important member of the Schola Cantorum; and no Senior will forget how she nobly played basketball, and played well, for the depleted Senior team, when she was very much out of practice and had even been excused from gymnasium.

GENEVIEVE MENDONSE

Major: MUSIC

W. A. A. Board '29
President of W. A. A. '30
The Firebrand Staff '31
Tumbling Club

Twelfth Night
Music Club
Madrigal Club

GENEVIEVE MENDONSE is a vivacious brunette of small stature. Her lively brown eyes and dark eye-brows, which she has been sensible enough to leave rather heavy (although smooth and well-shaped), are complemented by her black hair drawn simply back into a low knot.

Genevieve's interest is divided between the aesthetic and the athletic. She swims, and plays tennis and hockey, and she presided over the W. A. A. in one of its most flourishing years. She has always been a successful dancer and she is a musician as well, an essential member of any dramatic production, a newly discovered poet and an enthusiastic observer of natural beauty. Her latest achievement is the singing of madrigals.

Genevieve is sensitive to blame as well as to beauty. She ignores the praise of friends but never forgets a criticism, no matter how tactfully or jokingly suggested. Yet she is not proud. In spite of this long list of accomplishments she sincerely deplores (in confidence) her lack of intellectual qualities and for this reason fails to realize to a great degree her capabilities.

VIRGINIA O'HARA

Major: ENGLISH

Executive Board '29

Freshman Advisor '29

The Meadowlark Staff '29, '30

Editor of *The Meadowlark* '31

The Firebrand Staff '28, '29, '30, '31

Psi Beta Lambda

Clogging Club

French Club

Cercle d'Esclime

VIRGINIA O'HARA is a gregarious individual. Her conversation usually makes the best part of any entertainment. She has a sense of humor and a pleasant frankness. Yet one wonders what her views on life really are.

She is an engaging person because she is so lighthearted. She has an effervescent personality that stimulates and makes one feel young and happy.

However, she is not wholly frivolous. In all her revelry she manages to get work done. It is easy for her to do things and she takes chances because of her quickness. She has a flair for writing (as she was told in her freshman year) and her flair carried her through many examinations when she had a minimum of factual knowledge. Yet, she is energetic, especially at enjoying herself, and every once in a while she greatly enjoys her work.

She has an outspoken, enthusiastic pride in her family. The casual observer sees merely the procession of her passing fancies, but she is constant in her affection for a few people whom she will defend at any risk.

CHRISTINE O'TOOLE

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Secretary-Treasurer of Class '30
President of Class '31
Sociology Club

CHRISTINE O'TOOLE is an amiable companion, for, although she is quite sensitive, she seldom loses her good humor. She is a hostess skilled in the art of entertaining, and conversation with her is always agreeable and easy.

She changes her mind quickly and often, a habit which, although it may be termed instability, never prevents her from accomplishing a purpose.

She is interested in modern literature, especially modern poetry. She reads because she enjoys reading and not because she wants to impress her companions with superficial comment. She takes the same quiet interest in her social service work and even spends part of her week-ends working out a case.

Christine always dresses simply and becomingly. Her one passion in the way of dress is for bracelets of the costume jewelry type. She owns bracelets of all sizes and colors, and can never resist the temptation to add a new one to her ample collection.

ANNE RAVIOLA
Major: Music

Music Club

ANNE RAVIOLA is very quiet and very elusive. She cling devotedly to one or two friends and slips away from the rest of us almost like a shadow. It surprises one to meet her standing on tiptoe in the road near the post office, her chin uplifted, as she smilingly says, "Isn't the sunshine lovely today?"; or perhaps to come into the living room on rare occasions and find her listening to the radio. "It's Betty's concert. Isn't it wonderful?" she exclaims—and she is alight with enthusiasm; but as soon as the concert is over she seems to vanish away. She concentrates her energy on her studies, especially her music. Difficulties to be overcome only seem to urge her on. Her room is always in perfect order and her work always perfectly prepared. Her rare touch at the organ or piano makes one feel her ardor for the beautiful and the restrained intensity of her character.

RUTH RHODES

Major: LATIN

The Meadowlark Staff '30, '31
Assistant Editor of The Firebrand '31
Delta Alpha Epsilon

French Club
Cercle d'Escrime
Clogging Club

RUTH RHODES' face is an unerring indication of her character. Her two outstanding traits show in her eyes and mouth. Her eyes, deep set, well shaped, and hazel in color, may be classed (by those who profess themselves skilled in reading faces) as spiritual. Her mouth, which is narrow and supple, is decidedly mundane. The mundane in Ruth, however, does not mean the usual all-absorbing interest in the material, but it shows itself in an enthusiasm for sports, especially hockey and tap-dancing, and a natural interest in clothes and amusements.

A streak of stubbornness (of which she is quite proud) is perhaps only an indication of her stability and ability to carry out any intention. She has always had the reputation of being dependable. No matter how disagreeable or troublesome any task she may have to do, she does it unassumingly and well. Perhaps her fine mind makes tasks that are disagreeable to others, pleasant and easy for her.

This tenacity together with a kindliness and lively though quiet temperament shows that the two sides of her character are admirably balanced.

MARIE ROONEY

Majors: ART, SPANISH

Executive Board '31
The Firebrand Staff '30
Art Club

Spanish Club
Little Theatre Workshop
Block "D" Society

MARIE ROONEY is tall, blonde and Irish. Her blue eyes shaded by dark lashes reflect a rollicking humor, and her generous mouth sets itself in firm lines when she is upholding her Celtic principles of right and wrong. Her inherited characteristics make her an excellent companion and a valuable member of any board; for she enjoys a good time and takes part in it whole-heartedly, and her strict sense of duty keeps her impartial and unswayed by public opinion. She is absolutely straight-forward; when questioned she says exactly what she thinks with no qualms about the feelings of others, but she does not hurt people unnecessarily or volunteer unwanted advice. This characteristic of hers is linked with a certain childishness and a shyness (a quiet friendliness) that attracts children and holds firmly to friendships once made.

DORIS SHAW
Major: HISTORY

Delta Alpha Epsilon
Spanish Club

DORIS SHAW is the student par excellence. Her examinations, her recitations, her term papers are graded with one mark—A. She works with a quiet certainty but quiet as she is, she could never be called shy or retiring.

She is essentially free from affectation. She states her views and, regardless of the subject, never needs to obtrude her personality to conceal mental discrepancies as many others do.

She seems to be unusually free from driving emotions; she is wholesome, humorous, and decidedly likeable.

HELEN TRAINOR
Major: SOCIOLOGY

Sociology Club

BILLIE TRAINOR is as natural and frank as she is kind and generous. She is always "busy and solicitous about many things" and she has the envied quality of liking to do the right thing. She is on her feet without a backward glance at her bed when the first bell rings, and when she has work to do lovely weather never tempts her. However, study never makes her neglect the feminine essentials. There is always a tall stack of nicely laundered handkerchiefs in a certain corner of her bureau drawer and she always has exactly the right shade of darning cotton among her possessions.

Away from pressing responsibilities she is pleasantly carefree. At social affairs she is distinguished by her becoming clothes and her undisguised enjoyment. Her good humor and her amusement at other people's idiosyncrasies make her a pleasant companion. And it is delightful to see how greatly concerned she is about her well-being. She has never been convinced about the safety of trains, she thinks ferry boats are always in danger of sinking and she becomes thoroughly alarmed at earthquake weather.

JUANITA URANGA
Major: SPANISH

Spanish Club
Biology Club
Delta Alpha Epsilon

JUANITA URANGA's name tells that she is of the Basque race, attractive to everyone because of its remoteness and mystery. Juanita is attractive but there is nothing of remoteness and mystery about her. She is kindly and sincere, frank but never intolerant. She likes to make people comfortable and she has many friends. She is surprisingly mature in her judgments; but she very frequently surprises. She is continually showing new veins of interest and new capabilities.

She never seems to be bothered by her academic work; instead she finds it a source of enjoyment. She has put most of her energy into the study of Spanish. She is conscientious in getting ready for her practice classes, and she is an enthusiastic president of the Spanish club, one of the liveliest institutions on the campus.

GERTRUDE WARNE
Major: SOCIOLOGY

French Club
Sociology Club

GERTRUDE WARNE first impresses by her aristocratic appearance and her pleasant but reserved manner. One likes her shyness, not realizing that as she so quietly listens she is analyzing and forming conclusions, and that, later, to a close friend, she will give a startling, true estimate of her new acquaintance's character. She has force beneath her shyness; she knows definitely what she wants and is a little disappointed at not finding it. She aims at something too nearly like perfection—in friends, in people, in almost everything. Perhaps it is to cover her disappointment that she plunges into a flurry of doings, writing many letters, going many places, and meeting new people.

She dislikes philosophy and serious reading because they make her think. Thinking upsets her mental equilibrium; it makes her wonder if all the things she fills her life with mean anything. She prefers to have her sense of humor stimulated rather than her thoughts. It is with difficulty that one draws her into serious conversation; yet when one is successful, Gertrude shows herself frank, clear-minded, and stimulating.

AMANDA WHITTHORNE

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Treasurer of Student Body '30
Vice-President of Student Body '31
Biology Club

Sociology Club
Block "D" Society

AMANDA WHITTHORNE is perhaps the most serious student in the Senior class. If she has a term paper to write over the week-end, she does as much as she can on Friday and Saturday, then returns early Sunday and continues her work, and nothing distracts her until the paper is finished.

She shows the same reliability in everything she does, whether it is working out a case for her social service work or practising a step for tap-dancing. Consequently she has distinguished herself both in academic and athletic work.

She is sensitive and energetic, sympathetic and generous. Lately her interests have widened and she reaches out to more people. She is the sort of person that matures with deepening charm.

ELEANOR WILKINSON

Major: LATIN

Editor of *The Meadowlark* '30
Editor of *The Firebrand* '31
The Meadowlark Staff '31
Delta Alpha Epsilon

Psi Beta Lambda
Cercle d'Esclime
French Club
Twelfth Night

LEANOR WILKINSON is among our "intelligentsia," and few lower classmen dare to speak familiarly to her.

Her classmates find her, however, entertaining when she wishes to unbend, and her witty remarks enliven any conversation. For one of the college "intelligentsia" she is often away from classes. However, she is rightly considered a good student, for she uses well her fine mind and her undoubted critical power. This power, combined with an ability to do things when she wishes, makes her critical of the accomplishments of others.

Few of us really know her for she is generally indifferent to all who are not of particular interest to her. The college thinks of her as the Editor of *The Firebrand*, a position which she holds with poise and nonchalance. All of the faculty are aware of her existence, a fact that speaks well for her mature mind; and many spend serious moments endeavoring to improve her character; but she claims to be a philosopher and accepts all criticism and all suggestions with reservations. And the most human thing about her is that she believes that she possesses the qualities her betters have these many years been attempting to develop.

THE JUNIORS

THE JUNIOR CLASS, on the whole, seems to be composed of several entirely different groups, which, for the most part, are sufficient in themselves. However, in any class activity they all unite into one naively loyal congregation. On such an occasion each of us enjoys this sudden comradeship and magnanimous disregard of self. Each of us feels particularly noble in realizing that, for the time being, we, individually, are subordinated to the interests of our class as a whole. Accordingly time and energy are generously sacrificed. This is especially so when we sing our class song. We do not like to sing particularly and we always get stage-fright and become embarrassed at the last minute. But some reliable Junior timidly starts the melody. Gradually the volume swells and at the end we are all loyally singing. We sit down, proud to think that we have helped save the honor of the class.

No one takes us very seriously now—the Freshmen look upon us as tender-hearted sis-

ters. But wait until next year! Our class is not composed of particularly brilliant students, but I do not think any one of us is attending college just because it is the thing to do. We have not made an astounding record in athletics, although a few of our classmates have maintained a constant interest in sports. For the most part we prefer our games of bridge and our Rudy Vallee hours on the radio to practice for hockey and basketball. There are very few actresses among us but because of our noble loyalty to our class we have managed to improve our dramatic status this year. We have just a normal class but we really do enjoy being loyal to it.

"Ex Fide Fortis" is our class motto and we certainly must have strength, because we rarely worry about anything. Usually we are quite complacent but once in awhile something annoys us. We become very hurt and discuss our injuries among ourselves. But we never have quite enough assurance to complain publicly.

Most of us entered College together and have watched a class of forty students dwindle

to one of twenty. We now have a maternal feeling toward our class and, although a graduating class of twenty does not sound very imposing, we hate to think of increasing our number at the risk of destroying that friendly atmosphere of the cluster of loyal groups.

DENISE D. DONLON, '32.

THE SOPHOMORES

THE SOPHOMORES are a quiet, self-contained class; quite devoid of the arrogance usually ascribed to Sophomores in general. (Perhaps their sensational appearance in the trial scene of "A Freshman Nightmare" for the *Firebrand* last year subdued their spirit.) Whatever the cause may be, this year they are quietly industrious. They number among themselves some of the finest minds of the college, and all of them are capable students. They are sincerely interested in all that they do, but not exuberantly so. They are good members of the Student Body, and lend support with passive cooperation. They rarely voice any protests against the existing government. The only two Sophomores that ever dared to rebel openly in House Meeting were quickly overcome by the higher authorities.

Some of the Sophomores have taken an active part in sports; their class was represented on the All Star Hockey Team, and they were tied for the Basketball trophy. Last year

they impressed us by the splendid production of *Boite a Jouxjoux* and later, by the energy with which they paid the debt incurred by this play. This year they entertained us with two plays of an entirely different character, *Yesterday*, and *The Hour Glass*. The ease with which they produced all three plays shows an ability to do things when they wish to exert themselves, and a quiet loyalty that seems to characterize them.

THE FRESHMEN

IN NOVEMBER, after only three weeks' practice, the Freshmen gave a presentation of *Antigone*, so well done that it amazed and delighted the whole college. This accomplishment illustrates the spirit of the class. *Antigone* is difficult. Older college classes had shied away from attempting it, but the Freshmen really wanted to do it. They will do only that which is the best and they put the whole of their very considerable energy into whatever they do.

As soon as they had presented *Antigone* their energy sought a new outlet. Finally they found one. For several months they had been writing essays for the course in English Composition. They had such fun writing these essays and such fun hearing them read in class that they thought perhaps they could do something more than just write for class. And so the Freshmen decided to publish a paper. This paper took form in *The Rambler, a Freshman Periodical of Observation and Opinion*. They write, design, mimeograph and

hand-paint every edition themselves. They always have great pleasure in putting out their paper.

When Freshmen are seen going about the Campus smeared with Printer's Ink and brightened with various shades of paints, the rest of the College knows it is Rambler Time. A Rambler printed at the finest press could not mean nearly as much to any Freshman as the individually made copies. The Freshmen delight to crowd into the small mimeograph room, ink the machine and run their copies. If the machine goes wrong, they fix it; if the first stencil does not take, they make another; nothing can stop them once their Rambler is in the making. They cover the long table in the Art Room with the covers still wet with the paint they have given them. Painting week means fun to them. The fun which goes with this hard work is a perfect illustration of the spirit and zest with which they attack all of their undertakings.

The Freshmen thoroughly enjoy college. They try to do everything, whether it be work or play, with such a spirit that they get the

most fun out of it. The Freshmen are justly proud of their first year's achievements and are anxious to lend their hearty support to all future tasks "that will make history for their college."

HELEN M. SULLIVAN.

A TREE AND THE MOON

That slim, black arch of tree stands boldly out
Against the blueness of the August night,
As if it were an etching from some book
Of old fantastic fairy tales and myths.

Its black lace leaves droop down across the moon,
A great gold boat sailing behind the tree,
Which now is clearly, sharply cut in twain
By one black bough that arches o'er the gold.

BETTY GARLAND, '34.

THE MEADOWLARK HOUSE

THE MEADOWLARK HOUSE was once the most interesting institution on the campus. It was pervaded by an air of mystery. Many were the suppositions formerly made by newcomers to the campus as to the purpose of this little, brown, shingled dwelling, with its vine-covered roof and its great, old pine tree standing guard beside it. Some thought that the house was most likely a play house for the children of the family which formerly owned Meadowlands. Others thought that it was merely a store room, for, glancing in, they could see the stacks of papers and books which comprised the library. Still others thought that it was just the bell house, for, before Guzman Hall came into existence, the college bell—summoner to and dismitter from classes—sounded regularly outside this seemingly innocent-looking, little building.

The real history of the Meadowlark house, as a part of Dominican College, is this. In the first years of the College, this house, remained idle. But when Theodore Maynard, the poet,

became an instructor here, he was granted this place as a retreat in which to compose poetry, a suitable retreat because of its peaceful solitude and its romantic setting. When Professor Maynard moved away, the house was again idle for a time, but it was finally granted to the staff of *The Meadowlark*. Here the literati of the college would gather to discuss the material for *Meadowlarks* and *Firebrands*; here they would literally "tear to pieces" their manuscript, trying to make their printed books models of perfect English. Here it was that one often saw clippings hanging from the bamboo covered walls. These clippings were censored articles. Here, the *Meadowlark* and *Firebrand* staffs, and the English Club often gathered for discussion and tea. Passers-by would cast envious eyes into this sacred abode. They could see its glass folding doors and its cretonne-curtained windows, but they could not see its ancient *Firebrands* and *Meadowlarks*, the pictures and papers that overflowed the rude and rickety magazine rack, the wicker furniture, and the bare patches that showed the places on the walls from which the bam-

boo had departed. Above the door, on the outside, was a small but impressive sign, in Greek, meaning "Ye Think Shop," a most appropriate name, when one considers the use that was made of this house.

Now, the Meadowlark House—we who knew it and loved it will always call it by that name—is no longer a refuge for our literati; it is no longer entered only by a select few. Its setting is the same as ever. Except for one significant detail its exterior is the same even to the charred shingles on the south side. The words "Ye Think Shop" have been taken down from above the door. The house has changed inside. It has lost its air of mystery. Every collegian knows it as the post office. The doors are open to all, and I venture to say there is not a girl who does not enter here at least once a day. The interior is utterly desecrated by the bronze-colored mail boxes. The outside, behind the house, has an added attraction in the form of an oilcloth-covered palanquin, a challenging vehicle (its body made of an ancient wheel barrow) which bears our

packages from the Administration Building to the—post office.

The *Meadowlark* staff has retreated to an academic room in an academic building. Meetings are no longer informal; they are purely business affairs. No one would consider having tea in such a room in Guzman Hall. The room is quite ordinary looking; it has a commonplace brown seminar table and brown chairs and two typewriters. But we have a mark of distinction in our book cases. The book cases are made of a highly polished redwood, and they have Doric columns. Here all our *Firebrands*, *Meadowlarks* and exchanges are neatly stacked. The other notable ornament in our quarters is a lovely etching of a bridge in Nuremberg, which was given to us—the first and only gift that the *Meadowlark* has ever received—by a former staff member, Sue Lynch, who is now studying in France at the College Montmorency.

We are thankful to the Administration for giving us a room in Guzman Hall and we should most likely have felt slighted if we had not been deemed worthy of a room there;

but we cannot forget the pleasant times we used to have in the solitude of our Meadow-lark house, a home and an exclusive retreat for thought.

VIRGINIA O'HARA, '31.

TO AN EARLY BLOSSOMED PLUM TREE

Pale spring stood silent on a grassy hill
And wept for winter-ruined trees below,
Impatient for the time when she could show
The daphne sweet, and yellow daffodil.
Her eager arms were filled with buds of green;
She gathered grasses, slender supple shields,
And yearned to scatter them among the fields,
To clothe the bleakness with a joyous sheen.
But winter, jealous guardian of the land,
Forbade another to usurp his reign,
And clutched his frosty wand with icy hand.
Spring slipped unnoticed down a hidden lane
And touched one tree; glum winter missed gay
spring
That stolen moment at her blossoming.

E. E. S.

MOTHER LOUIS

IN THE reception room of the Administration Building there is a portrait of a beautiful nun, the face so strong and sweet that it never fails to elicit comment among visitors. But the sisters who knew Mother Louis throughout her long and beautiful life, feel that the portrait does her scant justice. They realize that the Dominican Community of San Rafael has grown and prospered because of the vision and patience and wisdom of Mother Louis. They recollect, with admiration, her foresight in planning and her skill in carrying out her plans. They remember her unfailing kindness of spirit and her loving sympathy, her tranquillity tempered by a sense of humor, her just decisions in matters of moment. They recall the interest and understanding with which she shared the problems of each member of her community, often aware of such problems before being told of them, so genuine was her devotion to the welfare of her

sisters and so penetrating her affection. Her death on March the sixth, came during the sixty-first year of her service in the Dominican Order.

As Catherine O'Donnell, she was born in New York on the twenty-second of February, 1852, the daughter of John and Mary Brooke Man O'Donnell. She was only two years old when her parents brought her to California. In May, 1868, she entered the Dominican Novitiate, then at St. Catherine's Convent in Benicia; and in 1870, she was professed Sister Mary Louis.

In August, 1887, after seventeen years of teaching, Sister Louis was elected provincial at St. Catherine's Convent. Two years later she founded the Dominican Convent in San Rafael to serve as an academy and boarding school. Schools like this had been established by the Order in Monterey and in Benicia, but none was as large as this imposing wooden building with two flights of wide stairs leading to the front door.

Mother Louis' friends stared at this spacious building; they had not her trust. "How will

she ever fill it?" they asked. For the school had then less than twenty pupils. But Mother Louis was not disturbed by their doubts. She looked with vision into the future, and went on with her plans. First she was determined to build up a high school and to have it accredited by the State and the University of California. And from the beginning she looked forward to founding a college. With that in mind she had the school chartered as a college in 1890.

Many of her pupils followed Mother Louis to San Rafael when she opened the new school and transferred the Mother House from Benicia to San Rafael. With the aid of a good teaching staff, the school grew in knowledge and reputation. The huge wooden structure became too small, and a wing, St. Thomas Hall, was added. More property was purchased; other buildings were erected. When the higher and the lower school became firmly established, a college was started. During the past year a three-story concrete academic building, Guzman Hall, has been added, and there is an enrollment of two hundred students

in the college. Just a few weeks after Mother Louis' death, the college was admitted into the American Association of University Women; Dominican College now stands among the foremost colleges in the country, a living memorial to the far-seeing nun who first conceived the idea of founding a Dominican College in San Rafael.

Silent and unassuming, Mother Louis watched the convent grow. With untiring enthusiasm she saw new buildings used and welcomed new members into her community. She realized that there were great talents under her command and willingly gave them power to fulfill the work she had planned. In her the community found the ideal of a deeply religious personality. The sixty-one years of her life as a nun were an example of zeal, devotion, and self-sacrifice. "In her was the wisdom, the love, and the strength of the Vision of Christ, which the religious for centuries have striven to learn." And her spirit is reflected by the community of teachers who carry on her work.

MAE HEALY, '31.

SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST

JOHAN THE BAPTIST stands in a unique position in our religion. He forms the transition between the Old and the New Testaments. He begins the new gospel of love and tenderness, yet he possesses the sternness and severity that characterize the Old Testament. John typifies the best of the old law but his role is to introduce the new. He comes at the end of the long line of Hebrew prophets, as the last of those men who for centuries kept alive for the Hebrew nation God's gift to them, the heritage of a pure religion and faith in the Messiah. He is the last and greatest of the prophets; the greatest because of his broader outlook and his clearer vision of the "Orient from on high."

Even the greatest of the earlier prophets concerned themselves in part with the glory of Israel; to them the Hebrews were the chosen people; most of them believed that all other nations were excluded from their divine heritage. Isaia, the most spiritual of the Old

Testament prophets, was interested in the material welfare of his country. "He was perhaps too narrowly a patriot." God to him was still the God who ruled solely for the benefit of the Hebrews. To the chosen people the prophets preached repentance and emphasized the glory that would be Israel's if she would repent of her misdeeds; the "Anointed of God," they proclaimed, would come to rule "and all nations of the earth would come to pay homage in Jerusalem." But these older prophets held themselves and were held by the Hebrews as interpreters of the wishes of God, and they stood as examples of righteousness before the people.

It is to such a place that John the Baptist succeeds. He, too, preaches repentance as the earlier prophets had done, but his idea of the Messiah is greater and nobler. John is a spiritual teacher; not a patriot. He speaks of no material conqueror when he points out to the Jews—"Behold the Lamb of God, behold him who taketh away the sins of the world." He differs from the older prophets, too, in his conception of his relation to God. He feels

himself as one dedicate, an instrument of the Almighty, but he considers his identity unimportant, hiding it under allegorical language: "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight the way of the Lord."

John's appearance fitted his mission as a prophet. He was an ascetic, a hermit from the desert; and when he appeared on the banks of the Jordan preaching "the baptism of penance unto the remission of sins," he was clothed in "camel's hair and a girdle about his loins; and he ate locusts and wild honey." As John's way of living was hard and stern, so his character was strong and uncompromising. The older prophets had preached with fire and eloquence to arouse a degenerate people; John, too, thundered at the Pharisees and Sadducees who consider their lineage a claim to salvation. He cried out to them, "Ye brood of vipers, who hath shewed you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth therefore fruit worthy of penance. And think not to say within yourselves, 'We have Abraham for our

father'. For I tell you that God is able of these stones to raise up children to Abraham."

To those who came to him seeking salvation John gave sound, practical advice. To the people who asked him saying, "'What then shall we do?' He answering, said to them: 'He that hath two coats, let him give to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do in like manner.' And the publicans also came to be baptized, and said to him: 'Master, what shall we do?' But he said to them: 'Do nothing more than that which is appointed you.' And the soldiers also asked him saying: 'And what shall we do?' And he said to them: 'Do violence to no man; neither calumniate any man; and be content with your pay'." But for those living in sin John had no patience, neither was he a respecter of persons. He publicly reproves Herod, the tetrarch, for living with Herodias, his brother's wife, and for "all the evils Herod had done." This fearlessness is one of John's links with the Old Testament; John reproves Herod as Amos, a simple shepherd from Judah, hundreds of years before had dared to

rebuke the corrupt lords for their riotous feasts in the temple at Beth-El.

John the Baptist is one of the greatest of the Biblical characters. He stirs our imagination because he prepared the way for our redemption. In spite of repeated hardships John performed his work, but he did so not in the manner of the ancient prophets, but in an entirely new way—with complete submersion of his own personality. And this new manner is the sign of a new day, a sign that portends the evolution from the old of the Hebrews to the new of Christ, in which one loses oneself in Christ to find one's own soul.

John is alone in his position between the Old and the New Testaments. He possesses the sternness and severity of the old Hebrew prophets, and thus in comparison with Christ he is much less lovable and gentle. Yet he compels our admiration as he stands at the height of his manhood, alone before the world preaching his stern doctrine of repentance.

In a vivid flash of imagination, William Drummond paints thus the prophet whose

personality and whose power seem born of
desert solitudes:

"The last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than man and
mild.

His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd;
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.
There he burst forth; All ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!"

BETTY BARRY, '31.

THE LIGHT OF ENGLAND*

*"Sweetly the light
Shines from the solitary peak at Edaston."*

SOMEONE has said that Newman's conversion was like the light of a sky rocket, bursting into a shower of stars that attracted the attention of the whole world. Today the light of these stars is still visible, glowing steadily brighter as Bishops of the Church of England seriously consider bringing back their fold to the church of their fathers. Oxford is again the center of world-wide theological discussion as to whether Protestantism shall return to Catholicism. If such a wonder should come to pass in our generation, we should know that in a large measure, most of the credit would be due to Cardinal Newman. The fact that such an accomplishment might be attributed to the conversion and work of one individual, or, in other words, that such an achievement might be the outcome of one person's life and efforts, leads us to consider the reasons of New-

*Pope Leo XIII called Newman "The Light of England."

man's conversion, as well as the wherefore of such a power in one human being to bring about such a miracle.

Many claim that purely natural causes tended to bring Newman back to the church from "which he once turned away with dread." They maintain that Newman's and hundreds of other distinguished Angelicans' conversions during the reign of Victoria were the outcome of the political and religious conditions of the time and country. Yet, we are treating of a movement which concerns human souls—therefore, is it not plausible to consider that supernatural causes also may have been involved?

Let us first consider the natural causes. To begin with—religion, like politics, art, literature, industrialism, usually goes through a cycle, and religion at the beginning of Victoria's reign was at its lowest ebb. Half a century before her ascent to the throne society, art, religion, education, amusements were earthy. Long wars had demoralized England, and the prevailing note of the nation was materialism. The triumph of agriculture and of manufac-

turing industries did not bring higher ideals and a finer national life. We see the skepticism reflected in Pope's "Essay on Man" and defended by Shaftsbury openly championed by Hume and Gibbon. Much of the literature of the time was deistical. The Renaissance had fairly swept away the later scholasticism and with it much of the constructive philosophy and spiritual mould of the Middle Ages. The Protestant Reformation, in its open revolt against the authority of the Catholic Church, had inaugurated a slow revolution in which all religious pretensions were to be involved. The Bible as a substitute for the living voice of the Church and the State religion as a substitute for Catholicism might stand for a while; but the very mentality that brought them into life as substitutes could not logically rest content with them. Individual interpretations of the Scriptures split Protestantism into a great number of conflicting sects. Corrupt deistical literature of France was circulated in England. English writers who went to France returned to poison their countrymen with Voltaire's criticisms of ecclesiastical organization and

theology, his attacks on the Church, Christianity, the Bible and revelation.

The tendency turned toward pantheism and materialism. And so it was, that in England the logical development of deism ended in the skepticism of Hume. The time was ripe for such philosophy. As in France philosophy came to its lowest in the materialism of La Mettrie and Holbach, so in England it rested in the philosophy of Hume, Locke and Hobbes. Every noble ideal was laid in the dust. The government encouraged neither the arts, nor literature. Such men as Johnson were starving in London. Suddenly a great thing happened—newspapers sprang into existence, and Junius took the opportunity to fight for Christianity. By his vitriolic pen, he lashed the follies and pretensions of his age. Burke did his part in Parliament. Sheridan through the drama, contributed his share by revealing to England her shams and hypocrisies, by shaming her with the truth about her materialism. Finally John Wesley, with warm religious enthusiasm, revived the dying flame of Christianity among

the masses with sermons and hymns. These things were the means of the beginning of a reaction, a reaction which led to the birth of Revolution and Romanticism. This reaction witnessed the execution of the King and Queen of France, the abolition of feudal privileges and the establishment of a government based in theory on the rights of man; the establishment of the Act of Emancipation. The middle class grasped their opportunities. With Victoria's ascent to the throne, the old order began to give place to a new one. Religious, social and industrial reforms were carried out, to the advantage of all classes. Remarkable science, invention, art and literature took place. Poets and prose writers varied in their aims and moods the kaleidoscopic modern life of England. Just as in all great literary epochs, criticism aroused men to a merciless analysis of theology and philosophy and an eager groping for truth. Thus it was that Oxford, one of the greatest centers of learning of the world, produced men of piety, sincerity, wisdom and zeal for the truths of right living. Three of them, Newman,

Keble, and Pusey, began writing the so-called "Tracts" for the Times and founded the Tractarian Movement which consisted mainly of an effort to revive Catholic doctrine and dogma in the Church of England in order to armor her against the liberalism of the day. They began to fear for the life of their church in the attacks and inroads of Erastianism. There had been a Revolution in France. In England the great Reform Agitation was going on, and the Whigs had come into power. The vital question was how to keep the Anglican Church from being liberalized. Of this Newman says—

"The evangelical party itself, with their late successes seemed to have lost that simplicity and unworldliness which I admired so much in Milner and Scott . . . I thought the Evangelicals played into the hands of the Liberals. With the Establishment divided and threatened, thus ignorant of its true strength, I compared that fresh vigorous Power of which I was reading in the first centuries. In her triumphant zeal on behalf of that Primeval mystery, to which I had had so great a devotion from my youth, I recognized the movement of my Spiritual Mother. The self-conquest of her Ascetics, the patience of her Martyrs, the irresist-

ible determination of her Bishops, the joyous swing of her advance, both exalted and abashed me. I said to myself, "Look on this picture and on that," . . . I thought that if Liberalism once got a footing within her, it was sure of the victory of the event."

Keble's solicitation for his church was so keen as to inspire him to preach his famous sermon on "National Apostacy," which really marked the beginning of the "Oxford Movement" in which the Tracts created such lively discussion. Then Newman in Tract 90 claimed that the Articles of the Anglican Faith did not oppose Catholic teaching. A conflagration ensued. All the world was astounded at what he and other Anglicans such as Froude, were saying. The result was that the Movement came under the ban, but its flame had aroused Protestants to a thorough investigation of the teachings, background and history of their church. Many learned Anglican divines, among whom was Newman, and many lay people became Catholics.

These were some of the natural influences of the age in which Newman was born. In his "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," Newman mentions other natural causes which led to his

conversion. With keen lucidity and exquisite style he explains how he came to learn certain truths from his Protestant friends. He tells of many external suggestions of accidents in which his opinions had their rise and development from within; of books, such as Walter Scott's "Waverly Novels" which led him to a love of the mediaeval fathers whose teachings he read with awe and admiration; of Thomas Scott's histories and writings, which first planted in his mind "that fundamental truth of religion"; of Keble's "Christian Year," which Newman says—

"woke up in the hearts of thousands new music, the music of a school long unknown in England. Nor can I pretend to analyze, in my own instance, the effect of religious teaching so deep, so pure, so beautiful. I have never till now tried to do so; yet I think I am not wrong in saying, that the two main intellectual truths which it brought home to me, were the same two, which I had learned from Butler, though recast in the creative mind of my new master. The first of these was what may be called in a large sense of the word, the Sacramental system; that is, the doctrine that material phenomena are both the "Types and the instruments of real things unseen,"—a doctrine, which embraces

in its fulness, not only what Anglicans, as well as Catholics believe about Sacraments properly so called, but also the article of the Communion of Saints, and likewise the Mysteries of the faith."

Of the supernatural reasons, Newman only gives us a hint now and then. For instance, he says in one place in his history of his religious opinions that he "felt he was ordained to lead a life of celibacy." His paragraph reads as follows—

"I am obliged to mention, though I do it with great reluctance, another deep imagination, which at this time, . . . *took possession of me*,—there can be no mistake about the fact; viz., that it would be the will of God that I should lead a single life. This anticipation, which has held its ground almost continuously ever since,—with the break of a month now and a month then, up to 1829, and after that date without any breaks at all,—*was that my calling in life would require such a sacrifice as celibacy involved*; as, for instance, missionary work, etc."

Early in his youth, as well as during the rest of his life he spoke of having "certain strong convictions"—, and "that he had a work to do for England." Again, he speaks of having "experienced an extreme astonish-

ment" when he discovered certain truths about his religion, and "of seeing dogma spontaneously, as if my eyes were suddenly opened." In a letter, at the time of his ministerial office in the English Church, he says—

"I cannot explain it to you, that I am encompassed with responsibilities so great and so various as utterly to overcome me unless I have mercy from *Him who, all through my life, has sustained and guided me*, and to whom I can now submit myself, though men of all parties are thinking evil of me."

Another unnatural fact which seems more the guidance of the supernatural is Newman's "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," his chief work at Maryvale—a blow which peculiarly anticipated and parried the thrust of Darwinism against Christianity.

It seems as if his conversion to the Church which brought such "peace and contentment" was an answer to the good life and prayers of one whose whole aim was to do that which God desired of him. His life of austerity at Littlemore proved his sincerity. Here he and his followers had withdrawn to do penance and to study. Something of their piety can

be realized from the primitive fashion in which their house was furnished with only the barest necessities. They even denied themselves the comfort of a housekeeper—Newman himself answering the door, as callers have testified. During Lent they had nothing to eat each day till five, and their only meal was salt fish. His disciples were "keenly religious men, with true concern for their souls as the first matter of all." Some remained firm in Anglicanism, others became Catholics, while still others went over to Liberalism. Why was it that they did not all become Catholics? Every Catholic who practices his religion with sincerity feels that he is fortunate to be a Catholic; he knows that the possession of his faith is a great privilege. Every convert to the Catholic Church feels the same. He believes that the grace of God made him a Catholic and keeps him so. Therefore it must be that God does not confer the same grace on everyone.

It is the claim of modern psychology that conversions are due to the sudden uprush into consciousness of subliminal activities set unconsciously in operation by intense, persistent

longings for a change to a better, more spiritual life, but this theory has its limitations since it entirely eliminates the grace of God working in men's hearts. It would sound more plausible if it could account for the indecision of such distinguished Anglicans who remained in a church whose inconsistencies they deplored—the brilliant Pusey, the learned Liddon, who asserted that they did not come over to the Catholic church because they felt they could do more good by remaining in the Church of England, and so catholicize her. The intellectual Whateley, the poetic Keble, the eminent and much loved Hurrell Froude, and a host of others were all apparently sincere, earnest, eager in their searchings for truth, honest in their beliefs of the teachings of the church of their fathers, all sharing in the same advantages of the age, of Oxford, and other matters which had a great influence on Newman; yet they were not numbered among the converted.

Neither does this modern psychological theory explain such a conversion as St. Paul's for instance. He, a rabid hater of Christi-

anity, suddenly turned into one of its most ardent champions—a result that was the very antithesis of his previous consciousness, beliefs and aspirations. That the vision of Christ was real is proven by the knowledge which was given to St. Paul, fitting him to blaze the trail as one of Christ's apostles.

As we are men and not angels, we cannot explain the supernatural, nor the workings of God's grace in men's souls, but Protestants as well as Catholics believe in the efficacy of prayer and in God's grace. We believe that God gives men the grace to give up everything for His sake, even as Newman gave up position, home, friends, old associates, and all on earth that was dear to him, "much that he loved and prized and could have retained, but that he loved honestly better than name and truth, better than dear friends" . . . as he relates in his Preface to his *Apologia*.

Eighty-six years have passed since Newman's conversion aroused the consternation of the world, and each year his thoughts and beliefs are becoming better known and admired, as though God had chosen him at a time when

the world could be most impressed and when the times were ready for revelations in religion. It is possible that God saw in his servant a weapon for the defence of the church which was established by His own Son. It is reasonable to believe that God saw fit to bestow His grace upon Newman, not only because Newman merited it for himself, but that many Anglicans were deserving of enlightenment and that it was a means of enlightenment to thousands everywhere—even as God bestowed grace upon St. Augustine, St. Thomas, Blessed Albert and a host of others whose works did so much to spread the true teachings of the Catholic Church to hundreds of thousands of her children.

As our minds are finite, doubtless the supernatural will be an enigma to us as long as this life lasts. It is hard for us to conceive of the fact that the light from the star Antares in the constellation of Scorpio comes to us from the enormous distance of three hundred and eighty light-years; it is no wonder that the supernatural causes of effects are beyond our comprehension, but we do know that nat-

ural causes of themselves do not produce miracles such as the overthrowing of heresies and the conversions of whole nations back to the religion of Christ.

We are not expected to understand, but to believe as Our Lord said, "Blessed are those who believe and have not seen"; "Ask and you shall receive"; "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Newman evidently was rewarded for his belief and prayer, and his confidence in God's grace. In his *Apologia* he states—

"The personality of God is the most difficult of all to believe, . . . yet to those whom God *blesses with special grace*, it is a belief which comes to us with greatest power."

S. M. L.

FATHER GILLET

AN EVENT especially marked in our college calendar this year was the visit of Father Gillet. We looked forward to it with natural pleasure in the promise of meeting a great personage, the Most Reverend Martin S. Gillet, O. P., LL. D., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and Master General of the Dominican Order of Friars Preachers. We felt a wave of sympathetic understanding as we greeted him for we know that he is interested in higher education for women.

Father Gillet is a native of Meuse, a small village of France. He joined the Dominican Order at Flavigny Monastery in France in 1895. From 1905 to 1914 he taught at Louvain University and at the Catholic Institute of Paris, where he was a professor of moral theology. In addition to his teaching, he organized groups for the education of young women, for he realizes thoroughly the currents and needs of the time.

During the war he was a chaplain and a stretcher bearer as well, and he wears the red rosette on his white robe, a sign that the French government has awarded him the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Father Gillet is famous as an orator and as a scholar, and he has shown in his activities the true relation of learning to religion. He has written for the people, simply and directly, articles of faith and of educational nature, particularly for the youth of France. "La Revue des Jeunes," "Religion et Pédagogie," "L'Eglise et la Famille," "La Doctrine de Vie," and "L'Education du Caractere" are among his writings. He has awakened his countrymen to an appreciation of the power of the stage. The revival of interest in the Provencal religious plays is largely due to him; in Paris, he organized the Catholic Actors' Guild, and in 1927, he established the Catholic Union of the theater of which there are eight hundred members in Paris alone.

To us, as college women, Pere Gillet gave great encouragement. Though women have not the mental faculties to become philoso-

phers, they have, Pere Gillet thinks, faculties for as great achievements in their particular fields as men have in theirs. For woman's privilege it is to bring to the world of common life, steadfast adherence to ideals and thus make for an enrichment of life greater than that possible from any other source.

Pere Gillet honored us by staying overnight and saying mass for us. And in addition to the inspiration of his wisdom, he has left with us the memory of a kindly, gentle priest who talked to us in our houses and commended the beauty of our campus as he walked through our grounds.

THE BRIDGE BY ANGELICO

IF YOU have ever crossed the bridge that spans the creek between the lower Meadowlands garden and Angelico Hall, on a moon-lit spring night, and looked upstream, you have, most certainly, experienced one of the most exquisite sensations of beauty. There, myriads of single-petaled roses—white roses with golden hearts—translucently glow in the moonlight, massed in bold relief against their faintly silvered dark leaves. The roses grow luxuriantly along the ravine and clamber down the left bank, completely covering it, even across the narrow creek.

Angelico Hall phosphoresces fantastically; against its walls, are blackly silhouetted plum trees, with shy, tentative branches, rising above the rose growth.

On the opposite bank young eucalyptus branches, lacily leaved against the sky, grow straight from the tall old stumps, and obstruct a view of the garden. The vines beneath seem to be thrown into darker shadow

by contrast with the silver-tipped leaves of the trees.

The creek winds itself away to be lost to sight beyond tall eucalyptus, moulded into spire-like grandeur by the moonlight.

Only a frog's croak breaks into the spell of white, black, and silver.

THE MEADOWS NEAR THE FALLS

A QUIET STREET, trees shaded, hiding from clear view lovely homes and spacious lawns, invites one to escape the midday sun. Leaving behind the leaf-patterned streets and gardens, one comes to a rustic fence and stile at the end of the pavement. The greenness invites one beyond the stile through the cypress trees where a well-trodden path, worn brown, dusty, against cool grasses, wends its way across a level open place and then away under the trees opposite.

Beyond the shade of the trees and past the quaintly rounded bay tree, a small flat valley of green subtly unfolds itself from the top of the low hill guarded by a dead pine, in the

northeast; then it spreads away from sight behind the oak trees.

At the eastern edge of the valley, oak and bay trees—old and outspreading—seem to hold back from the perfect levelness the slowly rising land, thickly covered with the impenetrable greenness of the trees, leaving only a space for the winding path. A slender spire of eucalyptus trees in the distance rises startlingly above the rounded tops of the other trees.

The even sweep of green, broken only by a brown ribbon of path, drops abruptly away in one place at the foot of the southern hills into a dry creek bed. On the left side of the chasm young bay trees, conical in shape, grow up the side of the hill, contrasted here and there by gray-branched buck-eye trees that send forth pale tapers of buds about to burst into bloom among five-pointed leaves. The growth of similar trees, only larger, on the right side, grows up the hill, banks the chasm, and merges into the older growth of newly leaved oaks; and the red-barked, white-blossomed madrones then sweep up over the brow

of the hill in a tapestry of greens. The ever present eucalyptus trees act as a foil, against the intense blue sky in the west, to the more rounded, greener trees.

The monotonous drone of locusts and the chirping of grasshoppers adds to the sense of utter relaxation and warmth of noonday.

THE PLUM TREES AT THE SIGNADOU

ONLY A FEW of us, unfortunately have ever seen the breath-taking beauty of the plum trees in fragile bloom at the Signadou. Those of us who have discovered them, have come to enjoy the loveliness most at sunset hour, with its merging colors, its calm.

We walk slowly toward the spot along an old driveway, now a grassy path, up the short rise through the oaks to the hidden exquisiteness of the two long rows of blossoming plums.

The trees have been planted on the level top of the hill and are carefully trained on trellises in open fan-shapes. Traceries of white

blossoms extend the length of a hundred paces or so, and the lines of the dark branches through the embroidery of the petals accentuate their fresh whiteness. An early evening breeze stirs the petals and we are surrounded by a most delicate but sweet fragrance. Iridescent pink and lavender tints of reflected sunset are in the eastern sky.

As the evening descends, the bay below, glimpsed through plumey pine and eucalyptus trees, deepens to softly glowing lapis lazuli. Jewels of light increase about the bay, and, as we walk back under the trees, now black against a velvet sky, we carry away an experience of rare beauty.

THE BAY TREES IN FOREST MEADOWS

A FEW MOMENTS of a rainy day walk should be spent under the protection of the bay trees in Forest Meadows, listening to and watching the rain drops "splash" on the leaves and ground.

The gnarled roots of the northwestern tree make an ideal seat, and leaning back against

the massive moss-covered trunk one delights in the quiet and security of the shelter. Overhead the branches of the four massive trees hemming in this spot, are interlaced forming a perfect roof, and the leaves are so thick that scarcely any rain falls through. Directly opposite, in the east, stands the largest tree; its ancient black trunk is covered with moss and the branches are outspread like gigantic fingers.

The flat, trodden floor of earth falls away abruptly into the creek, and there where the course of the stream bends away to the west stands the third tree pillar, its trunk holding tenaciously on to the bank with twisted, exposed roots. On the other side of the creek stands the southern pillar, gnarled, old; its tortuous roots writhe down the side of the bank, and its outspreading branches complete the leafy roof.

The cool air is heavy with the pungent odor of wet bay tree leaves and wetted earth, and the coziness of the dim retreat is intensified by the rain drops pattering on the leafy roof.

GENEVIEVE MENDONSE, '31.

A POEM

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH

(Believed to Have Been Written by Saint Theresa)

Heaven and all its joys eternal
Move me not to love Thee;
Hell and all its pains infernal
Do not move me.
Your wounds, affronts, and bleeding body
Fixed on that woeful tree;
To see you suffer so,
This moves me.
I would be moved without heaven,
Because I love Thee;
And fear Thee though no hell existed,
For love moves me;
You need not give to make me love,
For this I see:
If what I hope, I did not hope for,
Still would I love Thee.

S. M. C.

STARGAZING

LAST YEAR the stargazers used to walk to Inspiration Point to see the stars to the best advantage. We all remember with joy the walks through the Meadowlands gardens, up the road to Edge Hill, and on to the hothouses where we would stop to look at the northern sky and to learn new constellations or to point out our old favorites to any one willing to listen—then past the fish pond and out upon the road through the wooden turnstile. When we reached the curve in the road above Fanjeaux we would always stop to admire the warm lights in the windows below and to exclaim over the wide expanse of western sky visible to us. Then we would walk on to Inspiration. From the cross roads by the Signadou gate until we rounded the curve of Inspiration, we could see the stars shining brilliantly through the charred trees, once a eucalyptus canyon that obscured our sky. At Inspiration we had our fullest view of the heavens. There we would sit on the grassy hill and watch all of the east-

ern and southern skies and parts of the north and west. On these walks we learned a love for the stars and an appreciation of the beauties of the night. We were sometimes accused of starring just to get out of doors in order to enjoy a walk through the fragrant gardens under the dark trees and the glowing sky.

But this year we can prove that we love the stars for themselves alone. Now we go starring from the roof of Guzman Hall, our new academic building that stands just across the small wooden bridge from Meadowlands. From the roof we see the full circle of the heavens and can trace the elliptical course of the zodiac from east to west through whatever six signs are above the horizon. Here one gets a sense of the magnitude of the sky and yet the visible curve brings the stars closer to us and makes them more a part of our world.

On the roof of Guzman stands the platform for our much prized telescope, through which we gain a knowledge and an appreciation of the wonders of the heavens that no gazing with the naked eye could ever give us. The

first thrill that the telescope brought us was the sight of Venus. We had always known Venus as an exceedingly bright planet, and when the telescope arrived we wanted to see what change would be visible in her appearance; so we rushed to the roof to see the planet before she set behind Mount Tamalpais. We were inexperienced in the workings of our instruments and, as a flushed, nervous Physics student was trying her best to focus on anything just to save her reputation, Venus quickly set amid the cries of, "Please hurry"; "She's going down." The following evening, after a lesson in focusing, we saw Venus as a miniature crescent, a tiny moon, and her beauty repaid us for all our anguished moments. The delight in seeing Venus interested us in the planets. Saturn's rings were thoroughly satisfactory; and we focused on them repeatedly (this was a necessity as well as a pleasure for one of us insisted that she saw them backwards and had to be set right). Mars is the least interesting planet through the telescope for we have noticed little change in his appearance; we have not been able to see the moon

that "fairly buzzes" around him in seven and a half hours. Jupiter has given us real scientific excitement. The movement of his moons is a source of unending interest, even if now and then of disappointment. For example, one damp, foggy night we defied the elements and our better judgment to see Jupiter in eclipse, and his moon passed behind him and we saw nothing but Jupiter himself. Our own moon, provided it is less than three-quarters full, is v e r y satisfying when viewed through the telescope. The great craters are exceedingly interesting and we guess their immensity as we observe the long shadows around them.

The planets are much more fascinating than the stars, but many of the stars have a decidedly changed appearance in the telescope. The Pleiades remind us of an electrically lighted Christmas tree, and the Bee Hive amazes us. At Inspiration Point we scarcely concerned ourselves with this cluster. But now we understand its name, since we have seen it literally overflowing with stars.

Our greatest thrill came the night we saw

the nebula in Orion for the first time. Miss O'Connor, our director and the most ardent star-gazer among us, told us of the nebula and its magnitude and we thought ourselves duly impressed. But one look through the telescope left us breathless with an overwhelming sense of the vastness of the universe. Seen in the eyepiece of highest power the small, slightly blurred star, Theta, in the sword of Orion, resolves itself into a brilliant group of four starlets, set against a luminous mass of whirling gaseous clouds, and behind this, one sees into a dark immensity of space. It was unlike anything we had ever experienced, and there is no doubt that the gas is whirling at a terrific rate of speed, for the sense of motion is perceptible, so much so as to terrify one; the sight is astounding.

Sometimes the nebula is more brilliant than at others; this is due to its movement and also to the condition of the atmosphere. (It is always convenient to quietly silence a scoffer's lack of enthusiasm by saying, "The atmosphere is against us this evening.")

The nebula in Orion is one of the greatest

wonders the telescope has given us; and it compensates for many of our neglected walks. But we still go occasionally to Inspiration Point and our trips now have an added attraction, for we have with us the beauty of the night, the fragrant flowers, the dark trees, and the glowing stars; and we can remember what lies beyond our eyes, for the telescope has widened our vision.

BETTY BARRY, '31.

THE MADRIGALS

IT HAS long been our ambition to cultivate that most delightful kind of music, the singing of madrigals. English classes in the White room before the days of Guzman Hall used to attempt the few bars that John Erskine has printed in his book on *The Elizabethan Lyric*. In the second year that we tried to educate the school to appreciate music through learned articles in the *Meadowlark* we hoped at the beginning of the year to write a brilliant article on madrigals that would enable a select audience to listen learnedly to a madrigal concert prepared by the School of Music. Mr. Surette from Harvard had told us how spiritedly the young ladies in Massachusetts gather around a table and sing madrigals instead of doing mathematics, which their heads aren't made for anyway. And we who have heads made for mathematics as well as song should not lag behind our Eastern sisters. But the new enthusiasm created by Mr. Surette died and the year went by and we had no madrigals.

Another year passed without our concert, but a club had been formed and sang half-heartedly at noon recreations. There was only a flicker of enthusiasm. Our hopes burned low. Then the miraculous happened. The club found two hours a week when they could all meet together, and madrigal singing took root in the college. Frances Frehe, Edithe McKnight, Genevieve Mendonse, Eugenia Smith, Helen Stein, and Noel Vela made up the club, a group of young Elizabethans that would fit naturally into a candlelighted, sixteenth century hall. They made their first public appearance at the second semester musicale given in the Angelico Auditorium in April. The madrigals on the program were: "Shepherd, Shepherd Leave Decoying," "The Cobbler's Jig," and "Let Us Wander"; the encore was "Sumer Is Icumen In."

There were people in the audience who said they would travel a hundred miles to hear such singing.

Because the voices are unaccompanied one's attention is not distracted. In the chordal harmonies made by the setting of melody against

melody a person who understands music can enjoy the nuances of rhythm and stress clear of instrumental tones. To everyone that loves music, even without fully understanding it, the madrigals are delightful; they are so joyous, so light, the music so lively, the words so fresh and merry. There is in these songs a flavor of rustic merriment that recalls their origin, so finely and learnedly discussed in Mr. G. H. Fellowe's pleasant little book on *The English Madrigal*, a book that everyone interested in English verse and music ought to read. The madrigal originated in northern Italy in the twelfth century and the first printed form of the word was *matricale*, which means a "mother song," sung in the Italian "mother tongue"—a folk song, primitive and spontaneous. The sixteenth century madrigals still have something of the primitive and spontaneous. The making of them, song and music, fell in a happy time, when the lyric gift was cultivated by every gentleman of consequence and music was an essential part of a gentle person's education. It was a period of gifted musical composers; William Byrd and Thomas

Morley, Wilbye and Dowland and Weelkes were all living in 1600. The lyric spirit was alive in every English home, and Elizabeth, the queen, herself encouraged it and cultivated it. The composers sometimes made their own songs; more often they set the words of other poets to their music. Originally the madrigal lyric was a distinct stanzaic form; little by little this form became lost, and finally we discover that almost any short lyric can be set to madrigal music. Nor are all the madrigals gay; some of them are serious and even sad; a number of Byrd's songs are semi-religious in character. The madrigal song books are full of interest and surprise. And we learn that the madrigal as a musical genre "cannot today be defined in any concise form of words," nor can we distinguish between the madrigal and the motet, the pastoral, the Neapolitan, and the canzonetta, or little short air. But the word madrigal is the most common as it is the loveliest name. And the mirthful mood of the madrigals is the most alluring.

It is a rich treasure house of verse and song that the Madrigal Club is exploring. We

are very happy to be able to share their joys therein and to recapture through their representations, so much of the magic of sixteenth century music. We look forward to many more pleasant evenings made beautiful by their songs.

PLATO AND MODERN ART

PLATO's conception of an artist in his discussion of an imitator is a challenge to the art student rather than an indictment of art. Plato regarded the graphic portrayer as an imitator because in his opinion an artist studies the "apparent nature of appearances" rather than the "real nature of real objects." That is, when an artist draws a bed he draws it only as it appears to him, perhaps with two legs, the foot, and half of the head, instead of as it really exists with its four legs, its two sides, its head and its foot, all of which are indispensable parts of its real nature.

The "real nature" of an article such as a bed, is made by an artificer. Artificers make copies of the "one Form, which includes the numerous particular things to which we supply the same name"; all forms created by God, are thus the "idea" or plans of articles existing only in the mind of God. The divine "Form" of an article constitutes its only real existence. Without God's thought of the

"Form," it would not be possible for man to conceive of objects and make them. God constructed the "Form" of a bed for instance, and man constructed "the beds" that we know; the high and low beds, the iron and wooden ones, the dark and the light ones, the Chesterfield bed, the wall bed, and all the other beds that ever have been made. Each of these suggests in part the "real nature" of the one real object, "the absolute essential bed" that exists in God's mind. In like manner God is the creator of all articles, and men become the artificers of them. But the painter is not the artificer of this same article. He is only the imitator of that of which the other two were artificers. He imitates not the "real object," or the man-made production, but only the "apparent nature of the appearances" of what he sees. The concern of the artist is for nothing deeper than appearances. He is content with a portrayal of phantasm instead of a delineation of truth.

Of course, Plato's opinion of the artist holds for a great many graphic depicitors who have offered their work as art ever since civilization

began. All of us have seen copies of early art in which all four legs extend from the same side of a horse. This is, of course, a homely example of the art work which was produced with no regard to structure, or basic form; of work that portrayed the "apparent nature of appearances." But this type of art, modified to some extent, has existed right up to the present day. At intervals, however, during the progress of art, various schools have grasped the significance of Plato's remarks. They have then left off portraying just what they saw and have sought to depict the subject's fundamental form which was defined by Plato as its "real nature."

Such artists analyzed their subjects and expressed forms of existence. A new school of artists, interested in form, began work that culminated in Giotto's fresco figures in the Arena Chapel in Padua and the plastic, form-analyzed nudes of Michelangelo. Such depictions as these are not expressions of appearances but of the "real nature" of the objects. The subjects were studied from a point where two sides could be seen and, as a result of such

analysis, works of art began to suggest "real nature," rather than appearances. This kind of delineation has appeared in the work of the best eras of artistic reproductions of all countries.

A fine example of the power of basic form is shown in the Beuron stations of the cross in the Meadowlands' chapel. These stations are essentially idealistic and possess much of the design quality, yet they have great wealth of basic form. Throughout there is a certain statuesqueness, a plasticity that enables one to perceive instantly the depth of the object. In the second station, especially, is one struck by a sculptural quality. In the Roman soldiers, one feels the hollow behind the knee and in the neck, the breadth of the shoulder top, the muscle bumps, the broad front and the deep sides, the arm attachments, the squareness of the jaw. One's perception is drawn even beyond the "real nature" of the soldier to the basic idea of his physique, the rectangular form of his chest, waist, and hips, the squareness of his head and the different sections of his arms and legs.

This is the kind of depiction that prevents the artist from being circumscribed by Plato's classification of him. This more penetrating presentation is the only kind of work that the twentieth century artist will admit to be true art. His standards are, however, not based on new concepts. He selects only the best characteristics of artistic masterpieces as they have developed throughout the centuries, and now he is formulating age-old doctrines. Following these doctrinal principles, the artist strives to portray the basic form of all subjects which he draws. Strong in the belief of the theory that the three dimensions, length, breadth, and thickness, determine the existence of material objects, it is only natural that fundamental form predominates in everything he depicts.

Though the truth of reality is what he wants to interpret, in some instances he is attempting to go beyond this achievement. The contemporary artist simplifies a study until he arrives at the ideal conception of it; at times he goes farther and analyzes the ideal for form. The interpretations of resulting simplicity of form resemble as nearly as possible what the

artist feels was in God's mind at the time of creation, that is, "the real object." Never, of course, will man perfectly reproduce the Creator's ideas, but in supreme effort to do so as far as man is able, he is most certainly repudiating Plato's denunciation of him as an imitator.

CHARLINE D. ERWIN, '31.

AUTUMN

Autumn makes a gypsy of Dame Nature,
Clothing her in tattered shades of red;
And when she whirls and glides a Bacchic creature
Softens with leafy golden shoes her tread,
With purple grapes caught in her dark brown hair
She dances to the tunes the wild winds play,
Heedless of the gusts they blow to snare
The footsteps of a Romany so gay.
She dyes her brilliant blue-sky scarf anew
And dons her wavelet bangles of pure jade
And wears her necklace of white clouds askew
And uses scent of fog and wood-smoke made.

How she must enjoy this life so free
After a languorous summer under a tree.

GENEVIEVE MENDONSE, '31.

DRAMATICS

OUR PLAYS this year have been more varied and more unusual in character than those of any other year in our history. The Juniors began with two one-act plays, William Dean Howell's brilliant satire of the 1890's, *The Mousetrap* and Hall's *The Valiant*. We laughed at our sister's weakness, when we saw how her rhetorical claim to masculine valor collapsed with comical indignity when she was threatened with the presence of a mouse; and we straightened ourselves proudly when we saw the quiet bravery of the young girl in *The Valiant*.

The Freshmen gave the Greek drama *Antigone* (another play that centers about the courage of a woman). The Seniors presented the *Yellow Jacket*, a comedy unlike anything that we have ever given, a Chinese fantasy, whose creators' purpose is "to string on a thread of universal philosophy, love and laughter and the jade beads of Chinese theatrical convention." This play amused us partly because of the Chinese staging and partly because of the

episodes. It made us laugh to see the property-man asleep in a corner, waking in time to pile up tables and chairs to represent bridges and mountains; and to see a red cushion brought to the king to represent a woman's cut-off head, or the heroine limping "like a bird on one foot" because she has given her lover her slipper to shake when he has need of her. And it made us thoughtful to see how few and how persistent are the elements of drama as of life, when we saw the old morality theme, the struggle of good and evil for the possession of the soul of man, set into a pagan story, of an Oriental land, and enlivened with satirical and sparkling dialogue.

The Sophomores chose two short plays, *Yesterday* and the *Hour Glass*. The former represented the recognition of two English lovers parted for long years, a comedy of man's forgetfulness and self-importance and woman's constant remembrance. Yeat's drama, the *Hour Glass*, is an Irish morality, the theme, the summons of death. It represents subtly and beautifully the triumph of the Fool's faith over the Wise Man's doubt.

We ended our dramatic year with a pageant, Milton's *L'Allegro*, illustrated by scenes and dances, set at the foot of the knoll at the south side of the great bay trees in the canyon of Forest Meadows. The dramatization, cleverly arranged by Miss Helen Maher and the School of Music, gave great variety of incident and costume. There were personifications of Mirth and Jollity, Quips and Cranks and Wanton Wiles. The round Sun rose gayly over the hill top, preceded by a long, slim Dawn. Rustics danced on the meadows, Court Ladies trod stately measures, and Hunters rode by, blowing horns. The whole production banished "Loathed Melancholy."

People who have watched our college plays from the first crude production of *Camphaspe* in the gymnasium ten years ago declare that we have outdone ourselves. The Freshmen amazed their audience, but every other performance was equally well done. The emphasis has been placed on character and enunciation; staging has been subordinated wisely. But in the simple and effective sets used the art department have shown their talent.

ATHLETICS

THE YEAR 1930-31 from fall to spring was met with much lively interest. Physical Education classes were pleasant hours for nearly every girl, because she could choose from a large number of activities in season, such as hockey, baseball, basketball, fencing, tennis, golf, archery, interpretive, folk, clog, or tap dancing, swimming, riding, and canoeing. Hockey began early in the fall, and a large number went out for inter-class games. Those who didn't play, watched the games intently and saw the Junior-Sophomore team come through to victory. This year's all star team was composed of Angie Agius, Betty Barry, Margaret Cassassa, Cassie Cunningham, Mary Jane Dannenbaum, Clementia De Leon, Alice Elgoriaga, Hazel Gross, Elaine Josephs, Eileen Ryan, and Doris Richardson. Their record remains unblemished because no opponents were deemed sufficiently worthy to challenge them.

Basketball met an even greater appreciation. Meadowlands and Edgehill won inter-house

games, and because there was no play-off between the tied teams, the Seniors have kindly been conceded the inter-class championship title. Bernice Bannan, Betty Barry, Eleanor Beales, Mary Ferrario, Mary McSweeney, Marie Rooney and Amanda Whitthorne were the members of the Senior team. The W. A. A. production, the court scene from "Alice in Wonderland" appeared on St. Patrick's night. The audience greatly enjoyed the clever clogging and acting, but wished it might have lasted longer. Soon after Easter, the spring tennis tournaments began. There was faithful practice and the courts were always full. WaDaC, the college canoe, was launched and christened in the pool. Since then, nearly everyone has at least been in the canoe and has made an attempt to learn the fundamentals of correct canoeing.

The climax of the year's activities was the May-Day program celebrated in Forest Meadows, a playground that would set off almost any sort of play. Riders displayed their knowledge of good horsemanship; bowmen gave an archery exhibition; and there were

tennis games to watch. This event finished the athletic activities of the year. One now wonders what new advances this progressive department will make during the year of 1931-32.

EILEEN RYAN, '33.

ALUMNAE ORGANIZATION

THE CONSTITUTION of the Dominican College Alumnae Association has, as part of its first article, the following statement: "The purpose of this Association shall be to advance the interest of the Dominican College and to promote the welfare of its Alumnae." Some such statement appears in the constitution of all alumni organizations and upon the manner in which this purpose is or can be carried out depends the justification of the existence of the Alumni Association. As there are now four hundred and fifteen of the colleges listed in the World Almanac which have Alumni Associations, it seems safe to conclude that such associations are able to fulfill this purpose, but I thought that some few words about the work of the Alumni Association might be of interest to members, both actual and potential, who have never happened to think much about this topic and who have never done much except toss notices about this or that meeting into the nearest waste-paper basket.

At the Fifth Annual meeting of District Nine of the American Alumni Council held at Mills College on January 17, 1931, the topic of Alumni Achievement was presented for discussion in the form of these two questions: "What are Alumni Organizations achieving for the College?" and "What are Alumni Organizations achieving for the Alumni?"

In answer to the first question it was pointed out that in nearly all cases the Alumni groups have contributed financial aid to the colleges. Funds have been collected for various purposes; for endowments, for buildings, for scholarships and for other needs of the institutions. At Vassar College the Alumnae Association accumulated a three million dollar Alumnae fund to provide an endowment for teachers' salaries. For Alumnae groups who have not yet become very active in giving money to their colleges, this is, of course, a very inauspicious time to begin a drive for a large fund, but do not forget that generosity is more a condition of the mind than of the pocket book, and even small donations to Alumni funds when added together make it

possible for the Alumni to give gifts to the college that are worth while. The Dominican College Alumnae Association last year made its first substantial gift to the college in the form of a five thousand dollar scholarship and it is to be hoped that we shall be able to assist in the material welfare of our college more and more as we become a stronger organization.

The Alumni Association, however, is able to assist the college in other ways besides the giving of material aid. As Doctor Aurelia Henry Reinhart, president of Mills College, said at this same meeting: "The Alumni, after all, are the institutions. They are the fruit of the endeavor. They are the outcome of effort. They wield the wider influence on the teaching of the institution that has been building into the earth and towards the sky. It is they who, after all, make the contact out in the world . . . it is we who have gone out from the college walls from generation to generation who make the college itself." And again as the *Beloit Alumnus* says in an article entitled "Is the Alumni Body an Asset or a Liability to the College?": "A College grows

in confidence and prestige as its Alumni come to positions of power and responsibility. A College is estimated by the graduates it turns out. These are the men that commend the institutions wherever they go. It is the influence of these men that determines in a large measure both the number of students who go to the college and the type of students who go." It is hardly necessary to point out that where these Alumni are banded together as an active unit the strength of the college is thereby greatly enhanced.

In answer to the second question many associations, especially in the larger colleges, maintain employment bureaus; provide means for adult education, a thing of ever increasing importance, as people have come to realize that education is a life-long process; provide means of reunions and, in the case of the men's colleges, assist in the procuring of football tickets. Over and above this these Associations help to develop in the individual member the lovely virtue of loyalty and give him a means of taking part in that most important thing, the education of the Nation.

The *Alumni News* of Syracuse University makes two distinct classifications of students: "One kind joins the family circle; he becomes a member by the act of matriculation and remains in the fold as long as he stays on the mundane. He values the friendships and associations which he found by means of the college . . . He's regular! He belongs! When he left he took something away with him that he never found in a book, and proceeds to enjoy it the rest of his life. The other kind was a boarder. Just eating there you might say. When he has the last meal punched out of his ticket he goes away and tries to forget it. If by chance he is dragged to a class reunion, he finds fault with the arrangements and has a rotten time generally. Do not criticize him. He can't help it. All he got came out of a book and he missed the point entirely." It seems to me that this classification is enough to stir up among the indifferent a desire to take part in Alumni work in order not to prove that they "have missed the point entirely."

MILDRED MALLON PRINCE.

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