1941

1941 Firebrand

Dominican University of California Archives

The Firebrand

THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL

MCMXLI

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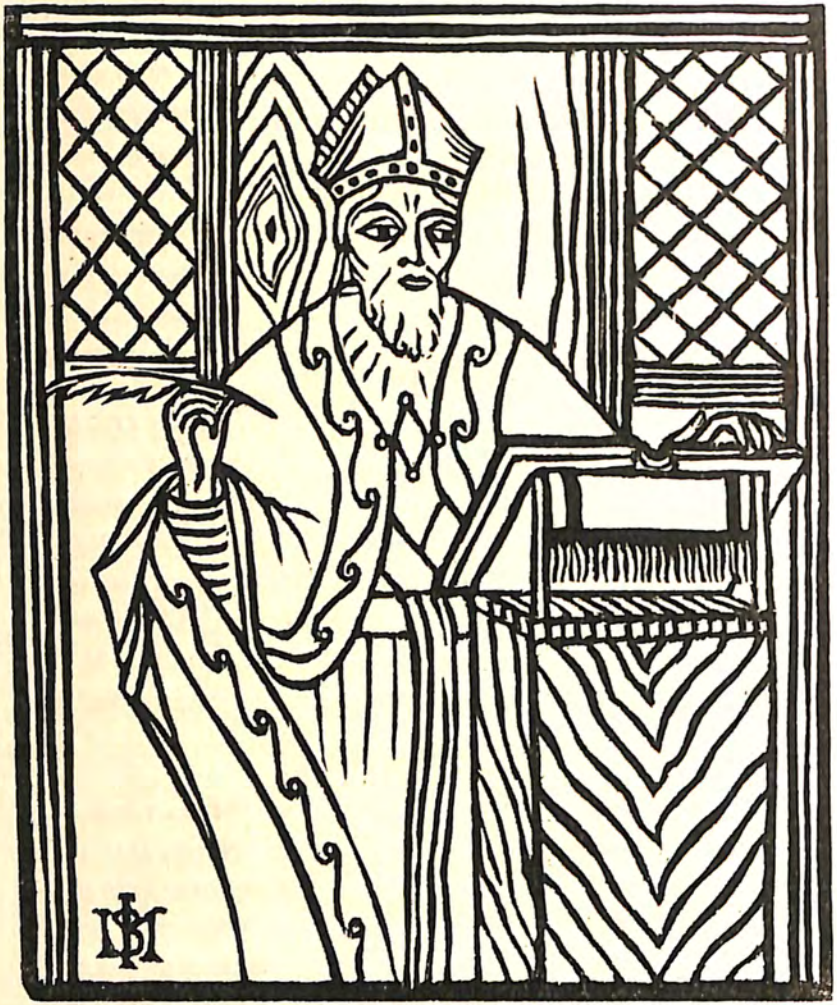


A CATHOLIC COLLEGE

A STUDENT graduating from a school that is, specifically, a college of architecture may reasonably be expected to have obtained there some acquaintance with the art of building. Similarly, a young man or woman graduating from a Catholic college should without undue optimism be required to possess, as a result, some understanding of the Catholic religion. If the object of a college is to educate, it would seem an obvious proposition that the object of a Catholic college as such is to educate in a Catholic manner. Yet however obvious in theory such a proposition may be, certain obstacles beset its realization in practice, so that while we assent to it on the plane of theory, it is possible that we deny it in the practical order.

In secular matters the standards of scholarship maintained at a Catholic college are determined in large part by the state institutions with which it must, in some sense, compete. These standards may be, on the whole, rather high, the level of required achievement being proportioned to the capacities of the students and the general conditions of time and place. The graduate can, in consequence, fairly be presumed to have some knowledge of these matters, and to have

acquired this knowledge as a result of the trouble taken by his instructors. In these matters he is, as our standards go, educated. But unless there has been a further effort on the part of his instructors and a considerable willingness on his own to cooperate with these efforts, it is possible that he is not similarly educated in religious topics. Even though he has received some instruction in doctrine, it may be either that this instruction has had less time given it than it deserved, owing to the burden of other studies, or that the student himself, feeling the need to relax somewhere, has found the religion class room most suited to that purpose. The consequence may be that his achievement in religious study falls far below the level of his other studies. The same person who in secular subjects may be a student of some worth, may entertain puerile and absurd ideas about even elementary doctrines. Church history may be for him a closed book; his acquaintance with the Scriptures limited to one or two of the gospels, or perhaps even to those fragments of the gospels and epistles that are read in the Mass on Sundays. If such be the case, he has, during his college years, added to the foundation of his knowledge of his religion obtained from the catechism only a few odd and confused pieces of structure which do little more than encumber the ground.

If a condition of this sort is tolerated, the excuse could either be that religious topics are of small importance in comparison with those of a secular nature, or that the average student is, in religious matters, incapable of understanding. At the Dominican College of San Rafael either premise is considered unfounded. Because it is a Catholic college, it is felt that pains should be taken to teach Catholic religion as a thing worthy of being understood. On the other hand, there is no reason for believing that an appreciation of religious doctrine cannot be expected from its students corresponding to their degree of appreciation of the classical works and the achievements of science.

It is recognized, of course, that Faith is of grace. True as that is, it would nevertheless be absurd to say that therefore it is unnecessary and fruitless to instruct a person in it. An educated person is required to have an explicit knowledge of his religion no less than of the profane subjects he has studied, and such knowledge will, in the ordinary course of events, increase his attachment to his religion. If a thing is intrinsically lovable, the better it is known the better it will be loved.

It is recognized also that instruction is not alone sufficient to bring about a proper understanding of one's religion. The knowledge of grammar, however

excellent, will not force one to an appreciation of a poem: something must be added which no one can, in the strictest sense of the word, give to another. But a situation favorable in greater or lesser degree to such an appreciation can indeed be created by others. This is an aspect of religious education which the Catholic college cannot neglect. It includes the maintenance of a sound, healthy atmosphere in which it is possible for Christian virtue to flourish; it includes inspiration and friendly encouragement, and abundant opportunity to know by living in its midst the beauty of Christian thought and Christian living. We feel, with a certain justifiable pride, that this side of religious education at Dominican College receives no less stress than instruction. As much effort as is humanly possible is spent to see that the student is led by all her faculties, by example and by precept, conscious and unconscious, to an appreciation of her religion. As a Catholic college it exists to teach the Catholic religion, and it recognizes that an understanding of that religion by the graduate is the crown of her education.

P. K. M.

BETSY BENNETT

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINORS: SPANISH, ART

Executive Board '38
Meadowlark Staff '38, '39
Firebrand Staff '39, '40
W.A.A. Board '39
Editor Meadowlark '40
President Spanish Club '41
Editor Firebrand '41

Sigma Delta Pi
I.R.C.
Schola Cantorum
California Student Teachers
Spanish Club

IT has been said that Betsy has the face of a cherub but that she is an imp. Certainly she has a Puckish quality which always catches the amusing and makes her chuckle even at herself. She is a mimic and keeps others laughing over her characterizations, her choice names for persons and things, her stories exaggerated for amusing effect. She says, "It's just my face that makes you think I'm a perennial seven-year-old, but I feel like fifty." And Betsy is serious. She likes mature company. She is a patron of the arts, of music, and of antiques. The sixteenth century baroque madonna at Meadowlands delights her. Lack of appreciation vexes her, especially of a fine choral arrangement or of the standard the school publications try to maintain.

Her school activities are innumerable yet she is always agitating for more leisure hours. Week-ends on the campus are hardly long enough for her. Stanford and San Francisco she enjoys, but her prime enthusiasms are Emily Dickinson, the polyphonic singing of the Cornish miners of the Mother Lode, and her home, Nevada City.

VIRGINIA BLABON

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

California Student Teachers Assn.
International Relations Club
Schola Cantorum
Spanish Club
Madrigals

VIRGINIA has a lovely soprano voice; this she has cultivated with great care throughout her college years. Her recitals have been a delight, therefore, not only for the clarity and fullness of her tone, but for her artistry.

She is not only an artist, but a person of character. She has allowed no obstacle to hinder her and she has faced difficult situations with courage and competence.

She is meek in Saint Thomas' sense of the word. Her sweetness and her natural manner make her charming always; one can not resist her ready smile and her warm sympathy.

MARY FRANCES DEGNAN

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Vice-President I.R.C. '41

Phi Beta Mu
Anne Hathaway Players
French Club
German Club

MARY Frances is Irish and proud of it. Extremely sensitive to the beauty of poetry, she is an Economics major. Her friends' characters are open books that she delights to read and wouldn't change a phrase.

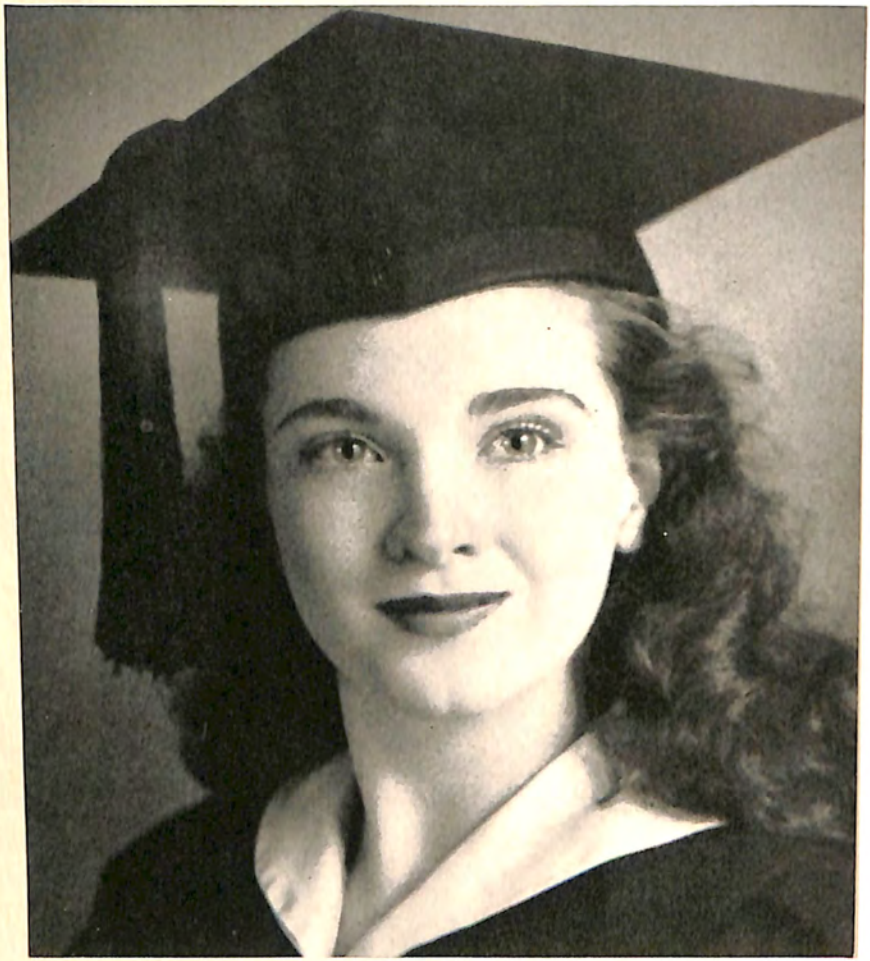
Totally unselfish, she is always kind and considerate. Her compliments are generally left-handed. Her strict honesty can never be doubted. She loves to equivocate.

She delights in the delicate nuances in the beauties of nature and in the personalities of her friends. Her descriptions of them are long and circumlocutive. She has a fine understanding of both sides of a question. She is tenacious and positive in an argument.

She is precise and insistent about her personal possessions. She never manages to have everything done on time. Wildy excited when she misplaces an article, she claims that she is always calm in an emergency.

Her honesty and deep faith are respected by her teachers and fellow students alike. Her quaint coined expressions are the delight and despair of her friends.

Her sharply perceptive blue eyes see deep into character. She takes people at their face value. To merit her love is only to be a fellow human being. To merit her admiration is the achievement of success.



JULIET DYCKMAN

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: FRENCH

Meadowlark Staff '39
Associate Editor Firebrand '40

Gamma Sigma
French Club
Spanish Club
Anne Hathaway Players

JULIE looks demure as a dove except for the half-veiled fire in her large green eyes and the determined set of her mouth. She has a goodly soft, sweet speech, a keen mind and a sometimes startling power of analyzing people she hardly appears to see about her. Her friends have occasionally found themselves written up in her stories. She has a nice sense of humor and laughs a sudden, full laughter.

She is intense in both her likes and dislikes; no one doubts them. Her affection is revealed often in a way she has of making gracious little presents; sometimes by a sweetly protective manner. With a deep feeling for the nobility and sovereignty of human beings, she displays an independence of spirit and a respect for those whom she feels need her attention and protection. She hates to have any person unappreciated and burns at what seems to her injustice.

She laments that although she has a sincere regard for her teachers she is often considered impertinent.

She is talented both in writing and in acting; some of her plays she has cast, directed, and acted in herself, but at times she finds her art "tongue-tied by authority."

She constantly maps out her day on a little chart, which she never follows.

CAROLINE GIBB

MAJORS: SPANISH, HISTORY

Transferred from San Jose State College '39

President Students' Affairs Board '41
President W.A.A. '40
President International Relations Club '41
Firebrand Staff '40, '41
Meadowlark Staff '40, '41
Gamma Sigma
Sigma Delta
Spanish Club
Anne Hathaway Players
Debate Group

CAROLINE was born on the island of Maui, but she has lived in California, mostly at Los Gatos, since she was twelve years old.

Her friends (and every one who knows her is her friend) might exclaim of her as of Jane Austen's "Emma," "regular features, open countenance, with a complexion—oh what a bloom of full health, and such a pretty height and size; such a firm upright figure. There is health, not merely in her bloom, but in her air, her head, her glance." Like Emma she is averse to any insincerity. Caroline radiates kindness. She seems to love everyone. In a complaining world she never complains. She never talks about herself, always about the person with her, and always she says the best thing that can be said. She has a rare tolerance and rare tact, and among her virtues, a sense of humor.

Her mind matches her personality. It is the humanities type of mind that sees things in the large, and in close relationship to one another. She has brought honor to the school, as a student, as an actor in our plays, as a representative of the college, but her greatest contribution has been in the moral force that she exerts through her winsome goodness.

MARGARET LEYVA

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: HISTORY

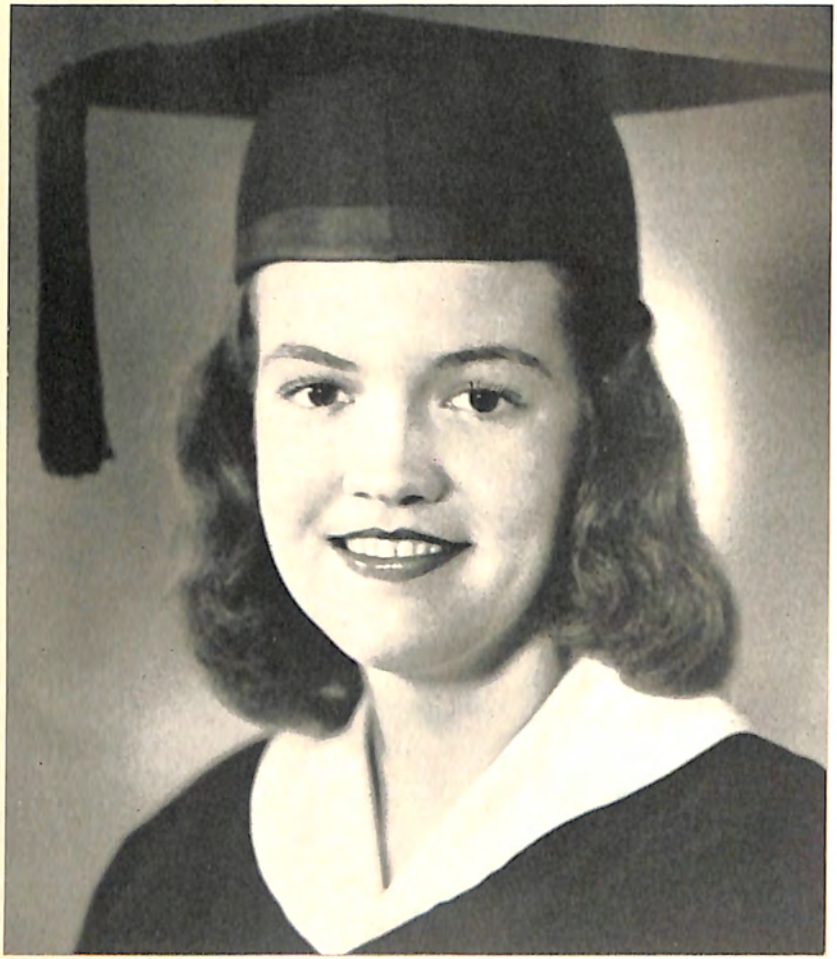
Business Manager Meadowlark '40
W.A.A. '41 Board
President French Club '41
German Club '41
Student Affairs Board '41

Pi Delta Phi
I. R. C.
French Club
German Club

MARGARET is slight; she has strong, clearly cut features, big blue eyes and a graceful, supple body. She is a lively person and enjoys life to the full. She likes to swim and play tennis or hockey and she won the last archery tournament because of her consistent good form and keen eye. She is always cool and calm during a game, but if her team wins she shrieks for joy.

She spent last summer as councillor at a Campfire Girls' camp. Now she can hardly go down the street without meeting one of her youthful summer charges who exuberantly cries, "Hello, Miss Margie."

She has a gentle nature that attracts children, and she loves her little dark-eyed sisters so much that she can not resist telling her friends about their original pranks and amusing remarks. Her manner is nearly always so soft and confidential that when you see her talking you feel that she must be telling a secret.



MARY ELLEN McCARTHY

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: FRENCH

Class Treasurer '40, '41
California Student Teachers Assn.
W.A.A. Board '39
French Club
Orchesis

THE first time we saw Mary Ellen become very excited was during the presidential elections last November. Her friends sat back startled and delighted watching her brown eyes flash as she talked. If it were not that she is always the essence of dignity we might then have expected her to pound her fist on the table.

Mary Ellen is like a Chinese doll, tiny, shining and very fragile. So cautiously delicate is she that she can usually be found in her bed at nine o'clock (weekends excepted of course).

Strenuous exercises do not attract her, but she has been chosen to adorn every dance for every program that has been given in the College since her arrival.

She hates to be bothered by economic details, and ironically has twice been elected class treasurer.

Always demure and soft spoken, if there are any things she dislikes intensely, she never airs them.

She must hate to make decisions. Even when she is playing bridge her partners wait while she consults the latest rule book before each bid.

CATHERINE McNAMARA

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Executive Board '41
Vice-President W.A.A. '41, '39
President Orchesis '38, '39
President Student Teachers
Gamma Sigma
French Club

CATHERINE has always been a gracious social hostess; her very quiet is engaging.
One was never aware of her preparations for a party, yet one doesn't forget her lovely table decorations, her smoothly organized teas and the dignity and friendliness of the formal dances she planned.

She is a perfectionist. Her classwork is done with utmost care. Her tennis game is flawless; she always looks well, unruffled, even after she has won a tournament.

She would rather read than exert herself too much. She may seem too quiet, yet she has more than the allotted number of invitations to college dances. And one day a little boy in the third grade chose her for his bride when she was supervising *"The Farmer in the Dell."*

ELIZABETH MILLS

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Attended University of Washington '39
President of Fanjeaux '41
President Gamma Sigma '41
Vice-President Class '41

Gamma Sigma
French Club
German Club

BETTY fulfills an ideal of stately, gracious womanhood. Yet when amused, she doubles up and laughs like a delighted little girl. Her clothes are distinguished and becoming; she wears them with the assurance of a professional model. She never poses, however, or aims for the spot-light.

Her school work and assignments are meticulously prepared and punctually handed in. Yet she is naturally disinclined to exert herself. She seems completely satisfied to do what she is doing yet she is always eager for a change.

Holding several offices, she is never officious. Her opinions, however, are definite and her own. And she is cooperative to a superlative degree.

Though a music lover and pianist, her major is English and Philosophy is her forte. She tends to her very delicate knitting, plays an exceptional game of golf, is an able swimmer and tennis player.

Appreciative of her friends, she is yet never blind to their faults. She commands the respect of her acquaintances, and is adored by her friends.

TERESA MORTON

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Secretary of Spanish Club
Spanish Club

TERESA has a spiritual radiance. She is dignified and gentle, but her friends know that what she calls the "Irish" in her flares up over injustices.

With her contemporaries, she is retiring. She has, however, a psychological penetration and a gift for graciously drawing out little children and older people. She is a staunch, loyal friend. She has spent sixteen years in this convent, yet she would prefer to be sitting near the waterfront, driving through the valleys, or digging in her garden, to coming to classes.

Possessed of a great appreciation for her beautiful home, she has a sincere sympathy and generosity for the poor and unfortunate.

With impulsive generosity, she thinks nothing of breaking up one of her lovely flower arrangements, or depleting a camellia bush, or driving many miles and hours to give pleasure to her friends.

CATHERINE O'DAY

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: FRENCH

Freshman Advisor
Vice-President Student Body '41
W.A.A. Board
Executive Board '41
Meadowlark Associate Editor '41
Firebrand Staff

French Club

KAY considers herself as "shy and reticent" as fond professors have pointed out. In class, indeed, her eyes never leave her book and she never looks at the instructor. Out of class, she talks to every "little ragamuffin." She wears glasses and looks serious and intent, yet she tells terrifically tall stories so convincingly that no one dares doubt them.

She hates to recite and blushes to the roots of her hair when called upon.

In the grove she confides her whole fantastic life cycle, starting with great grandfather who "taught Old English to the wild men of Borneo." She rarely ever converses with her teachers, but settles the weighty problems of her friends and decides their callings in life with far-fetched solutions.

She is vice president. She knows all the things that should not be done and how to do them best.

Literature from the Greeks to Hemingway is an open book to her. Her hair is copper colored and naturally wavy, but she insists that it is not red and that she needs a permanent. She always wears lovely solid colored cardigans and pleated, plaid skirts. She hates to "create with her hands" but writes smart, witty articles.

MARY THÉRÈSE O'GARA

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: FRENCH

House Council
President Sodality
Executive Board '40, '41
Head of House Regulations

French Club
Meadowlark Associate Editor '40
Firebrand Staff

MARY is like an El Greco Madonna. Instead of being antique draperies, however, her campus costumes are usually pastel cashmere sweaters and Canadian woolen skirts. She sits most elegantly.

Her contribution toward beauty has been partly in her rare appreciation for literature and art. Mary has even given us a new feeling for San Francisco, her home, she loves so the street-corner flower stands, the small shops where one can buy beautiful and original creations, the little old shops, and (each for a different reason) the tiny cafés like *"The Blue Lagoon," "The Shadows,"* and *"The Manger."*

In her writings we see her dash of originality, her independence of thought, her pacifism, her sympathy with the poor, her liking for modern painters like Picasso and Salvador Dali.

One can hardly imagine her lovely long hands pulling ropes, but they do very often when she and her brothers go yachting on the Bay.

ALICE JANE SANFORD

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINORS: SCIENCE, MATHEMATICS

President Albertus Magnus Club '41
Vice-President Gamma Sigma '41
W.A.A. Board '41

Albertus Magnus Club
Gamma Sigma
Schola Cantorum
California Student Teachers Assn.
French Club '38

ALICE JANE is a serious, travailing student. She is also the star of her team in the inter-class athletic games and she never misses one of the Tuesday teas.

A day-scholar, she has more enthusiasm and school spirit than most resident students. She is incessantly concerned about various duties, yet she is one of the gayest personalities on the campus. Always overladen with work she never complains about having too much to do. She takes a lively interest in class discussions. Gifted in science and mathematics, she has chosen an English major.

Intelligent and book-loving, she makes social gatherings merrier with her merry laughter. Extremely capable, by her helpful assistance she has indebted many schoolmates. Her cheerful personality and even good humor endear her to her friends.

ENID SHAPIRO

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SCIENCE

Transferred from Marin Junior College

California Student Teachers Assn. Gamma Sigma

ENID lives in Mill Valley. She came here in the middle of her junior year. She is a pleasant, intelligent person and she is thoroughly capable. She learned to knit in an incredibly short time and learned tennis, golf, and we suspect everything else, with the same ease and rapidity. The beautiful pieces of leather work she does in the art room are usually given to her family and friends.

She has so distinguished herself in the Education Department that she is already assured of a position in the school in which she did her practice teaching.

No favor seems too great for her to do. She may seem rather silent at school, but she is very gay and amusing on festive occasions, and especially when describing the field-trips of the nature study class.

JUNE STRICKER

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINORS: PHILOSOPHY, GERMAN

President Class '38
Secretary Student Body '39
Treasurer Student Body '40
President German Club '40
President Student Body '41

Gamma Sigma
Schola Cantorum
California Student Teachers Assn.

FORTUNATELY for the college, June, who has held most of the major student-body offices, is solid and cheerful, slow and thoughtful in making decisions, and never outspoken.

For four years she has studied hard and well. Self-sufficient and discreet, she is always hopeful of a remedy for any evil.

Her smile is sometimes impish but always kindly. She measures her time and invariably waits until week ends for her play; she neither hurries nor lags, but in a given time accomplishes much.

She sees the best in people and things. It's no fun to tease her because she never becomes upset, she merely laughs until the pest sneaks away feeling a bit ridiculous.

Extremely clever with her hands, she can make an evening gown in one evening. She has even mastered the art of bookbinding.

MARJORIE VIRGIL

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: ENGLISH

Business Manager Meadowlark '41
Business Manager Firebrand '41
Student Affairs Board '40
Executive Board '41
President Day Scholars '41
Secretary of Gamma Sigma '40
Vice-President of Student Teachers Association '41
Vice-President of French Club '41
W. A. A. Board '41
I. R. C.

"DON'T describe me as serious," says Marjorie; "anything but that," and she smiles at us, a full, generous smile.

Marjorie has a look of strength about her and one remembers how greatly her intelligence contributed to the first humanities group.

Very proud we were of her when the motet she composed for Dr. Silva's counterpoint class was included in one of our choral programs.

She is a good tennis player and a very good, as well as kind, driver; her car comes and goes each day brimming over with classmates.

Marjorie has been one of our most energetic business managers and an excellent leader for the day-scholars. Once, after a visit at Meadowlands, all her neighbors in the wing tried to induce her to live in their house for the rest of the year.

FLORENCE WANG

MAJOR: GENERAL SCIENCE

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

W.A.A. Board '39 to '40
Gamma Sigma
I.R.C.

French Club
German Club
Albertus Magnus

FLORENCE is one of a group of Chinese students who came to the United States from the Ching I High School of the Providence Sisters in Kai-feng, Honan Province, to prepare to teach when she returns to China.

"Yen," which means "inexpressibly lovely thing," she was called as a child, and throughout her four years here she has given us many lovely things. With the artistry of her race, which creates the poetically simple, she painted a single magnolia blossom, or cut a fine woodblock or wrote a sensitive poem.

Florence has a sage philosophy but the heart of a child, for she loves to fly kites in the spring.

"Ka-Ching", the name given her when she entered high school (as is the custom in China), means "be diligent." With this, too, she was well named. While here she spent many long, painstaking hours over her experiments in the laboratory, or at fine printing, or at her desk with her studies.

She was skillful and speedy on the hockey field or the basketball court, yelling a short "Hai" either in excitement or to disconcert her opponent; she always scootled swiftly away with the ball.

For the past year she has been doing graduate work at the University of California, waiting for the war to end before returning to her country.

GENEVIEVE WARD

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ART

Class Secretary '38
President Sodality '39
Class President '40
Class President '41
Secretary I.R.C. '41

International Relations Club
Phi Beta Mu

GENEVIEVE has Nordic restraint and occasional bursts of Irish enthusiasm. It is pleasant to see her quick, indulgent smile, or to watch her cock her head to one side and assume the subtly flattering attitude of a good listener.

She has the enviable gift of being a responsive listener as well, although she is tenacious of her opinions. As class president she has welcomed suggestions and carried them out. She has enjoyed symphonies and operas since before her high school days and seeks conversation and books concerning them. We like to go to her room on Sunday nights and tell her about our week-ends, and she responds by detailed descriptions of her own adventures.

She is the sort of person who cherishes old friends as she makes new ones, and shares the old ones with the new. Genevieve has a deep appreciation for art, and does some commendable oils and water-colors herself.

THE JUNIORS

THE spirit of the Junior Class—that's an elusive term. You can't draw a picture of that spirit. Of course it would be a little less confusing just to leave a blank page or two, to make it more impressive. But elusive or not, that is the only way to describe the Juniors. Of course this leaves us open to a lot of comment. Some people might say that's a good term—spirit. There's nothing in it. It just isn't. But those

deluded souls could be fittingly called materialists—rationalists and all the horrible terms that one who has taken philosophy for years and years can toss around at some ignorant person whom she wishes to insult.

But then that presents the problem, which is the most important—spirit or the letter of the law. In fact, to go even farther, why have the letter of the law, when the spirit is there?

To quote an over-used phrase, "we love our school and we want you to love it too." That could be the motto of the Junior Class, if we needed a motto. But we have spirit instead of mottoes. So our peculiarities are explained away satisfactorily, to ourselves at least, by saying that we love our school and everything else follows. When we go to the movies and neglect to leave an unfinished epic of the silver screen to come home on time, some people bound down to the letter of the law would say that we were disobedient, inconsiderate, and naughty. But that is not so—we love our school, our school loves us, and if they really love us, they certainly wouldn't want us to miss a stirring dénouement scene that was being built so dramatically. They wouldn't be that cruel.

And then there is the question of being upperclassmen, having responsibilities, setting good exam-

ples. But when you really think about the situation what have you? Let's see, here we are, upper-classmen, to modify the statement—lower-upperclassmen. But then what have you—terms.

Now the sophomores are really lower-classmen and lower-classmen don't have responsibilities, except ringing bells and answering telephones, and even then they are upper-lower-classmen, and we are lower-upper-classmen, so what's the difference, nothing but plain words—those chains that bind down the unintelligent—and not even words, just the placement of words. Even circus performers wouldn't stoop so low as to juggle words; they would rather juggle something else, balls, Indian clubs, or plates.

So there we are, we Juniors. And what have you? A class with spirit. Define it, picture it, name it, I dare you to! Well we get along blithely ignoring all tradition. Our minds are supposed to be cluttered with weighty things as life, and work, and majors, and minors. But we don't even know what number the philosophy books are under in the library. We don't even know what Article VI, Section IV is in our own constitution. We don't have to study schedules (class schedules are enough for anybody). We just don't. But we're happy—and after all isn't happiness what everyone is seeking? So on the night that one of us has

charge of the hall, it always seems to be the night one wants to play, so one does. And the house doesn't burn down, nor do the walls shake.

But the Juniors don't disgrace the school. No one gets upset. (Not very often anyway.)

THE SOPHOMORES

IF the name sophomore suggests a happy group, we are thorough sophomore. This year we feel neither weighted down by a great sense of responsibility nor bewildered by the newness of college. Eight jolly new girls from as far as Boise and Salt Lake City joined us to help in fun and frolic.

The junior year may be full of responsibilities, but we shall have our memories of Louise Boyd's extra-

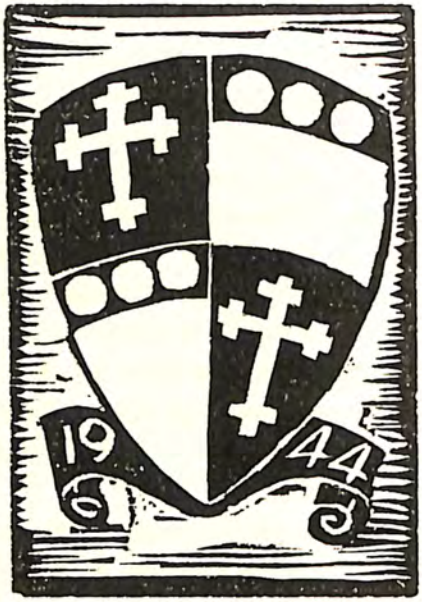
curricular course in model houses, Irene Libarle's gift for discussion in Religion classes, Pat Gibson's clarion call, "There's going to be a good upsetness."

We have for honorable mention a distinguished artist, Jeanne Dolcini, and as outstanding students, Edith Reed and Jane Randolph.

Our strong characteristic is, however, our comradeship shown during our weekend together at "Longsands," our house at Bolinas.

On W. A. A. Day our enthusiasm and coöperation brought more of our classmen across the finishing line first, put our cheering section in first place, and won the prize for our skit.

Notable were the swiftness of Jane Randolph in the races, the card stunts, Mary Louise Decker as a suddenly slender Juliet, and Elise Ryan as an eccentric "school marm."



THE FRESHMEN

THE driveway in front of Meadowlands was crowded that first day of school, and excited freshmen were carrying smart new luggage and beloved stuffed animals up the broad grey stairs. The inviting half-door was opened by friendly seniors, who piloted the new girls and their relatives to their rooms. Little by little the house became filled. Room-mates grew acquainted, shuddered at the rule sheets, and design-

ed interiors. After endless introductions, little groups formed. Nancy, Re, and Betty Grace began immediately to compare notes on Army and Navy life and travels. The campus was explored and at the end of the first afternoon the nickname "Pam" was decided upon for Margaret Moore, who liked the sound of it and thought it was the proper time to make a change.

Academic routine caught us almost at once, the first shock being the English A examination.

Individuals began to emerge: class spirit and class elections, and the importance of Shield Day gave us a sense of responsibility and a growing loyalty to the traditions of the College.

The newness of college began to wear off: there were general assemblies in cap and gown, chapel mornings, the growing love of the plain chant, informal chats in the grove or in front of the fireplaces, views of life expressed after bedroom banquets made possible by fond parents. Worth remembering, too, are the rushes for telephone calls and the eternal hope for mail, the drastic diets proposed before the important formals and the endless discussions afterward.

Gradual but increasing familiarity with the library catalogue and the realization of the importance of graham crackers grew with the months. The worried looks during midterms and the silent wakes when they

were just completed transformed Meadowlands; the happy smiles before holidays transfigured it.

Through companionship with one another we came to learn about far parts of the world. Barbara Bassett and Mary Anne Franey have given us new points of view about Arizona and New Mexico. Barbara has informed us in vivid words of the various Indian tribes, their native dress and their education. Mary Anne's tales are more personal, for she describes a lively life; horseback riding, picnics, journeys to El Paso, and the deliciousness of a temperature one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade.

Frank Norris once remarked that there are only three cities in the United States, New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco, that are romantic background for stories, and was properly put in his place by O. Henry, whom Catherine Simon or Alice White would second.

To be sure the San Francisco girls think that "west is San Francisco." They have proved the romantic quality of their City. They have brought us to know the cable cars, the joys of the beach, Chinatown and views from Coit Tower.

Nevertheless, Catherine Simon has shown her town, Douglas, Arizona as the setting for the most gruesome and romantic tales anyone tells us, and

Alice White's stories of Pittsburgh have furnished comfort to the heart of her house mistress. When the young and innocent argue that it is foolishness to object to their traveling through the dark streets of San Rafael unattended, Alice can always tell, as a warning, of one or more tragic murders—the stories are too lacerating to write—which have taken place east of the Mississippi, thus making the young and innocent think twice before they venture out alone at night.

From the beginning the Honolulu girls surrounded themselves with the Hawaiian atmosphere.

THE ISLANDERS

THERE are six Islanders in the freshman class, Roslyn, Frances, Peggy, Shada, Patsy and Dawn, Dawn a little apart from the rest. The first five make a definite group. They all have the soft Island voices that can rise in high excitement; they all pine for their islands; they miss the tropical fruits and flowers, the tropical foods, poi and luau (pig, in holes dug in the ground, its insides filled with hot rocks, its outside wrapped round with ti leaves). So much do they miss the true Honolulu rice that on Friday evenings they descend to the kitchenette and prepare themselves large pots of that wholesome delicacy.

They brought ukuleles with them and grass skirts, and holokus. They sing Hawaiian songs for us in groups and Frances Dower dances the hula as it is rightly done in Hawaii with delicate gestures of the arms and hands to interpret the words of a chosen song.

They love the Island lore, especially the eerie tales of Pele and her great and mysterious powers. Shada is their chief story-teller. To listen to her is to be carried to a world of kahunas, witch doctors and the spells they cast under the control of Pele, this goddess of the volcanoes, who has to do with evil spirits and causes

both good and disaster. As Shada talks, her eyes grow very large: one listens almost bewitched, almost convinced as her deep voice murmurs, "Years ago, there were great salt beds in Moanalua. A Hawaiian family lived near the salt deposits and gathered salt for the people on the island of Oahu. One day an old woman in black came to the door and begged for some fish, poi, and a little salt. The old Hawaiian who was the father of the family, seeing that the woman had fiery red eyes, recognized her immediately and gave her all the food that she could eat. Before she departed, she told the man to gather all the salt that he could find and move away from the salt beds, because there was going to be a great mud-flow, and no one would be able to get any more salt. The man followed Pele's instructions and soon after he moved away. Then came a great mud-flow. To this day no one has ever been able to find salt in Moanalua."

"Pele has many ways," says Shada, "to warn of things to come, of good and evil. There is the dog on the Pali (a pass in the mountains where one crosses to the other side of the island). When one is going over the Pali between midnight and the early hours in the morning and sees a tiny white dog start from the top of the pass and run down the wall along the road, all the while growing larger and larger and

howling weirdly, one knows that someone in one's family will die soon afterward. People living in the present day have seen the white howling dog, and always within a short while afterwards a member of their family has died."

We shudder and go to bed haunted by the Hawaiian banshee.

RUSSIAN REMINISCENCE

WHEN Lyla Bylinkin came back from celebrating the Russian Easter in San Francisco, she brought a very remarkable Easter bread called "koolich," and that started conversation on Easter in old Russia. Lyla is an orthodox Greek Catholic and her celebration was a week later than ours.

Somehow, she says, Easter Sunday seems more complete when her father recalls, as he does year after year, his boyhood memories of the great celebration.

"Right after midnight mass on Easter," he begins, "we would greet all our friends, exchange the three customary kisses on both cheeks, to signify brotherly love and equality before God, and then pile into 'troikas.'* At home we would break fast with a colored egg that had been blessed and a piece of 'koolich' spread with 'pascha.'

"Easter is a very great holiday, and for eight weeks, we prepared to celebrate it. The seven weeks of Lent we fasted from flesh meats, milk, cheese, eggs, and butter. During the week before Lent (we called it 'Maslinitsa,' Butter Week) although we ate no meat, we feasted on rich foods made from milk and eggs. The first week of Lent, we had no school. I shouldn't be

*Three-horse coaches, a Russian equivalent of the taxi.

surprised if one reason might have been that we children had too many stomach aches, but those rye pancakes smothered in whipped sour cream rolled around a piece of marinated herring were certainly worth a pain or two. It's queer, but the Americans don't seem to recognize them as a delicacy at all. Yes, we prepared for Easter on a grand scale.

"Throughout the seven weeks of Lent, we fasted. Palm Sunday, we would start a week of preparation for confession and Holy Communion, which we received only once a year. Every day in Holy Week we would attend High Mass, that lasted for three hours. On the day of Confession, toward the end of the week, we would ask forgiveness of all our friends and acquaintances for any ill we might have done them.

"At home, the concentrated preparation also reached its climax during Holy Week. Tuesday and Wednesday the 'koolich' was baked. Every household had its own special recipe, a deep family secret. The making and baking of this Easter bread was a ceremony. Into it went the richest ingredients, dozens of egg yolks, pounds of butter, candied fruits, currants, and cooking perfumes. The batter had to rise and be mixed three times. In its rising it was likely to fall at the slightest jar. To absorb any shocks pillows were placed under the table where it stood. Because of the

work and worry that went into its making, the best help we children could offer was to walk on tiptoe, or better still, keep out of the way. My grandmother's 'koolich' once fell, and the poor lady sat right down in the middle of the kitchen and cried for hours.

"The afternoon of Holy Saturday was a busy time for all of us. My sisters would put dry cottage cheese through a fine sieve and mix it with butter and finely cut up candied fruits, spices, and nuts. Into this a more experienced hand would fold the whipped cream before the whole mixture was pressed solid into a pyramidal form marked XV, a symbol for Christ is risen. This Easter food is called 'pascha.' Between the errands and the other excitement, we children would color eggs to exchange with our relatives. The giving of eggs on Easter was a tradition that we never broke. From this tradition, we have a saying now as to the heightened value of a thing done on time, 'The scarlet egg is dearest only on the day of feast.'

"All was to be joy at Easter, peace and forgiveness in the heart, and a symbolic feasting in the house. The festal food was prepared, our souls were clean through Confession, and we were ready for the feast. The dawn of Easter was announced at midnight by the continuous ringing and chiming of all the church bells in the

town. Then came the joyous singing of 'Allelujah' and a religious procession around the church. At home the house was dressed up in white, the best tablecloths gleaming, the table laden with rich food for breaking fast after our seven weeks of self denial, laden so plentifully that it would gladden innumerable guests during the following week of open house. A great feast Easter, one must share its joy with all one's friends."

SENIORS AS A FRESHMAN SEES THEM

WHEN microscopic pieces of cake are sold at exorbitant prices and when pink ears show through shorn raven locks: when white teeth flash into a sudden, indulgent smile: when Fanjeaux is upset hours before a holiday or a date. You know it's Genevieve Ward.

You know it's Caroline Gibb when two humorous blue eyes appear solemn in assembly, when psychology is applied at every opportunity, when puzzled freshmen are impressed with Dominican traditions . . . when unpleasant duties are accomplished willingly: when witty remarks are made off-handedly.

When a robust girl runs awkwardly to class or when a loud high voice is supplemented by wild gestures: when never a school day is spent abed; when presence of mind and poise are completely lacking, that is NOT Mary O'Gara.

When a round face is framed by a cloud of blond curls, when two brown eyes sparkle with enthusiasm, when eyebrows rise and fall in rhythm with conversation: when a serious attitude is adopted to make im-

portant announcements . . . when these announcements are topped with a Bennett "bon-mot," you know it's Betsy.

You know that it is Betty Mills if an earnest smile lights a pretty, serious face: if excellently made clothes are complemented by a Mills original necklace (made out of spaghetti colored with nail polish). If A's are achieved in philosophy; if a tennis racquet is tucked under one arm and if there is an Honor Society meeting.

When student body meetings are conducted with skill, when every suggestion is received with welcome; when every complaint is heard with sympathy: when mischievous eyes and deep dimples reveal a cheerful nature: when shining brown hair is always carefully combed: when important things are accomplished without attracting attention. That's our president! June Stricker.

If the dining room meets every holiday in festive decoration: if a slow blasé voice announces social events: if a quiet attractive girl is discussing the next dance: when more than average coöperation can be depended upon: if everything seems calm but interesting—that's Kay McNamara.

You are positive that it's Kay O'Day when a group of girls are howling with laughter and an attractive red-headed girl looks very sober. When tears cloud glasses at the dinner-table and a napkin has to pinch-hit for a windshield wiper: when clever stories and good ideas are expressed; when droll remarks; when least expected, better practical jokes are played.

If you think you see Alice in Wonderland tripping down through Anne Hathaway, stoop to catch the fragrance of an *Ètoile d'Holland;* and later see Alice changed into a South-American dancer, rhumba and tango conscious; when the dance is replaced by Amor, the able actress, don't be alarmed, it is versatile Juliet Dyckman.

THE REIGN OF TERROR

THE first bomb was dropped in the fall when we were told that Mortimer Adler of *How to Read a Book* was coming to San Rafael. A lecture is something we have cultivated a toleration for, but a seminar is another story. The thirty students invited to participate acted more like doomed people than honored ones. But as long as the book was not chosen, no one worried about something that was still pretty far ahead.

The next bomb that fell was terrific. With all the scholarly enthusiasm of an academic board, *The Confessions of St. Augustine* had been chosen. Just why they neglected *Alice in Wonderland* or *Winnie the Pooh* we will never know. The condemned row once again resigned themselves to their fate. Days, weeks, and even a month slipped by before a pre-examination panic seized the victims. The book store was flooded with orders for Everyman's edition of the *Confessions*. Anon, the yellow jackets shone in the sunlight in the grove, Forest Meadows, the patio. Always an ominous sign that no one could escape.

St. Augustine went through a lot those weeks before Dr. Adler's arrival. Worried students couldn't get all the joy they might have had out of the saintly

Numidian. One student even went so far as to wish sacrilegiously that he had never been converted. The more scholarly felt that they had time to argue whether he had a Haile Selassie complexion or not. As the date of execution drew closer, his philosophy was expounded from one end of the campus to another.

The philosophers on the faculty were stormed with questions. There wasn't a detail in Augustine's life that wasn't discussed. When the day arrived most of the students nerved themselves and with the air of early Christian martyrs prepared to enter the arena. These steeled nerves melted with the announcement via the "grapevine" system that Mr. Adler's plan of attack was to ask questions for two solid hours. There was nothing to do, however, but face the lion.

The finale to these months of nervous anticipation was not a let-down. Mortimer Adler kept his word and fired questions, and they were all carefully planned ones, which could not be answered fully unless one had studied the *Confessions* according to the plan he devised in *How to Read a Book*. In spite of everyone's terror of confirming her ignorance in front of this intellectual giant, the seminar came out fairly well, considering that "college is a place where nice boys and girls have a nice time with nice teachers" and that the aim of the modern college seems to be "to supply information by deranging the mind."

"MY DAY"

AROSE with the sun as is customary here, scarcely had time to dress and breakfast before assembly began. There a long list of extra-curricular activities was announced for the day. After a few moments of sleepy chanting I gradually awakened and pulled myself together to get into the mad swing of the usual school day. I sped to the grove to meet a handful of my colleagues. Out of the corner of my eye I saw that the stock was blooming beautifully. I'd been so busy the last month that I had hardly realized that spring had come. Hurriedly I made a mental note to snatch a few seconds some day to enjoy the spring flowers.

The morning sped by, I attended class after class. Had no time to digest any of the lectures. A five minute period gave me time to fly from one classroom to another with a fleeting glance at the bulletin board or a moment seized to say good-morning to the president's setter.

As usual the sun was high in the sky before I was conscious what kind of a day it was. I made a mad dash from Guzman to Rosemary Cottage to get my mail, but there was no time to read it. A class meeting took place between 11:50 and 12:05. On my way into the dining room some one remarked that the rainy sea-

son had been over for a week. Hastily I tossed my raincoat over a chair and wondered absently if I had been wearing it to bed.

Luncheon looked delicious but I didn't have time to sit down so I just looked longingly at the fresh pineapple that seemed to be such a favorite and tore back into the living-room to attend a W.A.A. Meeting. I hastened over to Benincasa for exactly six minutes of relaxation. One minute more or less would have thrown my whole afternoon off schedule. I was back in time to change for four o'clock tea. With my pumps in one hand and bathing suit in the other I literally flew down to the gymnasium. Swiftly I changed into my bathing suit, took a quick dip in the pool and a hasty shower, dressed and with my hair sopping wet I ran to my two o'clock class. On the way over I almost ran headlong into a girl that I had not had time to say "hello" to for three days. After a brief nod I flew up stairs and arrived in time to slide into my seat hot and tired and answer the roll call. During class I carefully planned how I would break the 4:40 record by racing up to Fanjeaux to change a badly damaged stocking and return in ten minutes for my three o'clock. Figured it out to be six hundred seconds so I felt pretty confident that I could make it. Budgeting time is making me a mathematical genius.

Speech Arts was over at three-forty and I still had a few minutes to dress for tea. Snatched two seconds in the grove hoping against hope that the guest speaker would not be on time. But he was a punctual Englishman, so there was no time to chat with anyone. The tea was pleasant and relaxing. The speaker gave some interesting lights on the international situation. I felt rather appalled at my own ignorance of foreign affairs but I have never had time to track down the morning *Chronicle,* let alone read it. The talk would have been a fine stimulus for some breathless table talk if the usual dinner announcements had not kept us from discussing it. . . . *Orpheus and Eurydice* practice at seven-twenty, a Students' Affairs Board Meeting in the reception room at seven-forty-two and one-half, a Golf Meeting by the piano in the living-room at seven-fifty-three, a dance committee meeting by the radiator, and a *Firebrand* meeting by the drapes at seven-one and one-half. With the aid of a few mental and physical gymnastics I managed to make all of them. By the time I had finished scrambling from one meeting to another it was pitch dark and I had to stumble and grope my way down to library study. Unconsciously I put my hand in my pocket and realized that I had not had time to read my mail. Running upstairs to the library I made a

bee-line for a book that I had been waiting for for three weeks, but it had disappeared, so I started a term paper that was due the morning before. The bell rang for dismissal before I had located all the books I needed. Snatched a few seconds in the grove to meet a new girl. Later discovered she had been at school for a month. Raced up the street to Fanjeaux resolving that among a thousand other things I would read my mail. As soon as I had my foot in my room the fire bell rang. Tore down and back as soon as the culprit was discovered. Losing no time I washed my hair and then tracked down an important text-book just before the ten-thirty bell rang. There was nothing to do but snap off the lights and jump into bed. Regretfully I looked at my letters and bitterly wished that they had been written in braille.

C. O'Day, '41.

CLUBS

A condition described in a somewhat exaggerated manner in Kay O'Day's "Day" explains to some extent why the club activities have not been great this year.

Because of the unsettled conditions in Europe, the spirit of "Le Cercle Français" has been saddened. It seems strange to have a meeting and not be able to sing the "Marseillaise." The chief activity of the French group has been the collecting of money to purchase milk for the babies of unoccupied France.

The French honor society, Pi Delta Phi, has welcomed one more honorary member, Mlle. Cécile Fouquée. Suzanne Dopkins has charmed the members by her delightful singing of French songs.

In October, the Spanish Club "Las Modernistas" held its customary candle-ceremony, to initiate the largest group in its history.

Members of our Upsilon chapter of Sigma Delta Pi attended the fall banquet of the University of California chapter at Berkeley. Antonio Sotomayor, Bolivian artist (well known to us for his caricature of Betsy Bennett) and member of the Alpha Chapter, reviewed Hispanic contributions to world painting.

At the following banquet of the California Chapter in April, Carolyn Magill was the Dominican neophyte initiated into the honor society. Professor Torres Rioseco of the University was the principal speaker.

"Las Modernistas" celebrated Pan-American Day in their traditional manner on April twentieth, with a tea at Benincasa. The party was somewhat smaller than that of last year. Father Mariano Sanchez O.P. talked on "Hispanidad," the debt of the daughter countries to Spain. Father Sanchez is from Palencia in Old Castile and professor of theology at the University of Santo Tomas in Manila but now residing at St. Albert's House of Studies in Oakland.

Señor Jose Castillo, a senior student at the University of San Francisco, accompanied group singing with his guitar. His repertoire seemed inexhaustible.

The International Relations Club has held more frequent meetings than any other club, for their purpose is to keep abreast of the times. Each member is responsible for the news of a different section of the rapidly changing world.

Panel discussions prepared our delegates to take part in the Regional Conference at Stanford University in October.

The first week in January Phi Beta Mu held their initiation in the Meadowlands white-room. Papers on

Blessed Martin of Porres and on Charity were read by Genevieve Ward and Kathleen Maloy.

Fifteen music enthusiasts had season tickets to the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Pierre Monteux. Almost every other Saturday evening, with what Herb Caen calls "the music-loving proletariat," they heard such artists as Rachmaninoff, José Iturbi, Dorothy Maynor, and Sir Thomas Beecham.

THE SPRING FESTIVAL

THE spring festival this year was a production of Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice*. On the stage were the three characters of the play, Orpheus, Eurydice and Amor, played by Caroline Gibb, Jeanne Dolcini, and Juliet Dyckman, and before each scene a chorus of narrators, led by Kathleen Maloy, and ballets by Happy Spirits and Furies. From the balcony the College choral sang with orchestral accompaniment. Fernanda Doria filled the contralto role of Orpheus; the soprano roles of Eurydice and of Amor were sung by Virginia Blabon and Suzanne Dopkins.

The music of Gluck has a sweetness and simplicity well suited to college performance. A libretto had been arranged from the poem of *Orpheus and Eury-*

dice by Alfred Noyes as it more nearly approximates the Gluck simplicity and adds what seems an appropriate romantic note.

There was but one back-drop, bare, but giving the effect of great space. There was also but one stage set, arranged in different planes. The descent or ascent on the stairs gave the illusion of change of scene, to suggest earth, heaven, or hell. The variation of moods was controlled by lighting.

The costumes were original in design, in Greek rather than modern colors. Both the sets and the costumes were designed by Miss Mary Elizabeth Plehn, the director. Miss Plehn has had unusual preparation, a degree from the University of California, four years of study at the Beaux Arts in Paris and three years of graduate work in the Yale School of the Drama.

The music was under the direction of Dr. Giulio Silva, the ballet was coached by Miss Iris de Luce.

NOTES FROM A SENIOR'S NOTEBOOK

AS we think over the concerts, lectures and exhibits presented to us during our college days, we realize that we have had something more than usual. With particular interest we remember those programs which had to do with foreign culture.

In the field of music we remember particularly the Wagnerian Festival singers. These artists, the most distinguished continental exponents of Wagner's art, gave in Angelico Hall an unforgettable experience of the beauty and the dramatic power of Wagnerian song. The work of Scriabin we came to know and love through the talks and recitals of Miss Lilias McKinnon. Miss McKinnon also gave lectures on memory which made us conscious of the beauty to be found in the structure of music.

Persons of interesting literary associations have also talked to us. Twice Mr. Maurice Leahy, editor of the Irish-American Review, was our guest at tea by the Meadowlands fireplace. His sincerity and friendliness enlivened his talks on Irish lore and on the national poet Yeats. Then, through Mrs. Maisie Ward Sheed, grand-daughter of Mr. Wilfred G. Ward, we were made to feel the vitality of the Oxford Move-

ment in which her grandfather played a prominent part.

In the field of art the numerous Arundel prints on the walls of our academic and residence halls have provided continual pleasure, and in our art gallery we have enjoyed a large number of exhibits. The exhibits of Chinese paintings were particularly interesting, for Miss Mary Grace Hamilton shared with us her sense of the beauty in Chinese art, and Florence Ka-Ching Wang explained the details in the paintings. After translating the poems written on the paintings, Florence satisfied further curiosity by eagerly explaining what scholars in the paintings were writing or studying, or, if the scene was domestic, what was in this or that pot, what a certain piece of furniture was used for, and the symbolism of decoration, the identities and social positions of the many men and women.

Art, as music and literature, have been presented to us in a setting of charm and informality. The happy spirit it created will always be remembered as a vital part of our years at Dominican.

BUY BRITISH

THE campaign to "Buy British" is making us acutely conscious of where college "dream wardrobes" come from. These weeks, every department store window is filled with crates stamped "England Delivers the Goods" and pouring out of them are woolen suits and skirts and tan goats' hair rugs and camels' hair blankets. They are all very lovely and they are probably the last shipment for a long time.

As we look longingly at our own light blue cashmere sweater, we touch it gently and resolve to take better care of it in the future, this little symbol of the time when almost everyone could have what England gave.

We start wishing the world situation weren't so confused when we reflect upon what is happening to our cherished labels like "Brooks" and "Harris." For so very long these names have meant the best in long, classical sweaters, in suits of roughly soft tweeds of brown and tan mixtures and subtle interwoven pastels.

And the other "English brands" that are American by-words, like Sheffields, gracefully wrought silver trays and tea sets, lovely Royal Doulton china, Wedgwood and Spode; dainty Queen Anne chairs, Sheraton tables . . .

REFLECTIONS ON APRIL TWENTY-THIRD

THE "little phrases" are buzzing again. The campaign goes from "Bundles for Britain" to "Buy British" to "Arms for Britain," the next, logically, is "Boys for Britain."

The war spirit swarms about us, and we start forgetting how a year ago we scoffed the nation of 1914 that jumped into World War I, "to save the world for Democracy." How we used to wonder that people could be fooled by such a glorious and empty plea, how they never realized the real reasons, the inevitable price.

It is hard to forget that there are many Britishers who are men as we are, that they are suffering, they are dying, as we might. The phrases creep into our minds and flash upon our imaginations—a picture of helpless, hurt men. No normal sense of sentiment can resist.

So we send the bundles and the arms to Britain. We may not stop to be mentally honest, but logically we must know that the next step will be "Boys to Britain." Because the "sentimental sense" is strong and we Americans lose ourselves in it, we forget perspective, forget to remember our debt to our own.

We think in terms of the phrases, we don't consider

the odds against "convoys"; we say that the draft is purely a precaution untainted by its natural purpose. Furthermore, in sweet oblivion and with mysterious mathematics we conscript our youth into an unsupplied army and navy—and send arms and planes abroad. Munitions factories speed up and millions work again to send to the workers into a depression afterwards, when the government has no more money?

There are two pretty possible results—Germany wins: with joint forces she makes a fabulous flight across the Atlantic and attacks an unfortified citadel —or she forces an economic blockade upon a penniless nation. Or England wins—is mistress of Europe. . . .

CHAUCER'S TROILUS

A STUDY IN MEDIAEVAL LOVE

WE first meet Troilus as he is wandering about the temple where all the Trojans have come to do honor to Palladion. His mood is far from devout, for he spends his time twitting his knights at their interest in the fair Trojan girls. Up to this very day he has scorned love and its "foolish gaits and ways" for he has felt that

> *"Nothing hadde had swiche might*
> *Ayens his wil that sholde his herte stere."*

Just as he was merriest, he saw the fair Cressida. That was his last merry moment.

Lovers in all ages follow about the same routine, the technique varying according to the custom of the time or country. Troilus, despite his youth, must have known all the rules of the game, for he was one of many princely brothers. However, his first act prepares the reader for an unusual love affair. According to the technique proper to that age, instead of seeking his lady when his "heart began to swell and rise," he flees to his home, locks himself in his room, and begins to sigh and moan. In those far-off times the lover did not reveal his love to his lady, until he had talked to himself about it. Troilus addresses such re-

marks as these, not to Criseyde, who might have been able to do something about it, but to the empty space.

"Good goodly, to whom serve I and laboure,
As best I can, now wolde God, Criseyde,
Ye wolden on me rewe er that I deyde."

When he grew tired of talking to himself he dashed forth onto the field of battle and astounded all men by his daring. This was more normal, according to modern standards, as the story of his deeds might come to his loved one's attention.

Troilus is not man enough to admit his love openly. He is afraid of what his friends may say. This regard for what others may say is very strong in Troilus. He admits,

"For by myn hidde sorwe y-blowe on brede
I shall bi-japed been a thousand tyme
More than that fool of whos folye men ryme"

Daily he cries out pleading messages to his lady, begging for just one kind glance. Raging up and down his room, he weeps so copiously that he nearly drowns in his own tears. Naturally as the lady lived in another palace all this was rather futile, for as Chaucer slyly remarks.

"Al was for nought, she herde nought his pleynte."

This might have gone on indefinitely, but luckily Pandarus, a very good friend of Troilus, overhears his

grief and induces him to tell him the cause. Then, with a determination to be unhappy, which seems to be a trait of Troilus's character, he bids Pandarus

"Be thou in gladnesse
And lat me sterve, unknowe, of my distresse."

He assures Pandarus nothing can help him, and falling in a semi-swoon declares,

"Nor other cure canstow noon for me
Eek I nil not be cured. I wil deye."

Pandarus very reasonably asks, "How can your lady be responsible for your death, when she doesn't even know you love her?" This was a new idea to Troilus. Apparently it had never occurred to him that Criseyde was not clairvoyant. With a rare flash of intelligence, he realizes that it would be unmanly and useless to slay himself and that he ought not to blame his lady for his death.

"For of his wo, God woot, she knew full lyte."

Plainly there is nothing of the young Lochinvar about Troilus. Even with an idea supplied by Pandarus and a stable of steeds at his command, he just sits and complains that Fortune is against him.

He sighs and cries out against her cruelty. With infinite patience Pandarus argues with him, until he tells the name of the woman whose cruelty has brought him to the brink of death. He does not ex-

plain how a person who does not even know him could be guilty of this cruelty. When Pandarus says the lady is his niece, Troilus graciously decides to live, if Pandarus will do something about it. But he must have something to mourn about, so he begins to fret over the possible effect on Criseyde of hearing this suit from her uncle. Pandarus, who out-Jobs Job in patience at last cries,

"For goddes love, I bidde thee a bone,
So lat me alone."

While Troilus is hovering between life and death in his palace, Criseyde sits in her "paved parlor" hearing her maidens read the Siege of Troy. With considerable skill and subtlety, Pandarus tells her that the life or death of his hero depends on her answer. To make her realize her great responsibility, Pandarus draws his knife and exclaims with "tears in either eye"

"But if ye lete him deye, I wol sterve:
Have here my trouthe, nece, I n'il not lyen,
Al sholde I with this knyf my throte kerven."

He adds this adroit touch,

"Allas, that God you swich a beautee sente."

In those poetic days this was a sentiment that no girl could resist, particularly a beautiful young widow whose wildest form of dissipation was reading about the Siege of Troy. Moreover, almost at that moment beneath her window

"This Troilus sat on his baye stede,
Al armed, save his heed, ful richely,
And wounded was his hors, and gan to blede,
On which he rood a pas, ful softely;
But swich a knightly sighte, trewely,
As was on him, was nought, withouten faile,
To loke on Mars, that God is of batayle.

. . . . . .

So fresh, so yong, so weldly semed he,
It was an heven up-on for him to see."

Criseyde feels in her heart a softly sinking motion, blushes a rosy red, and capitulates. She evolves some lofty reasons to excuse herself, but naïvely sums them all up in the very human question,

"To what fyn live I thus?
Shall I nat loven, in cas it that me leste?"

Besides, Criseyde, unlike Troilus, did not see much sense in apostrophizing the furniture. She had more of the modern idea of "nothing venture, nothing gain."

Pandarus reports his progress to Troilus, who joyfully exclaims,

"But lord, how shall I doon, now shal I liven?"

Pandarus suggests that he write a letter, and even instructs him in the finer points of the best current style in love letters. Troilus protests that he is afraid to write, but does very well, for, on receiving his letter,

Criseyde replies that she will be a sister to him. Pandarus has previously arranged with Troilus to pass Criseyde's house at a certain hour. He looks so handsome that Criseyde is greatly moved and consents to love him at a distance. Troilus is so elated at this message that he writes daily letters harping ever on his sorrows.

At last Pandarus arranges a meeting between the lovers. In this interview Troilus reveals his youth as well as the overwhelming awe of the loved one, peculiar to that age. He stammers and pleads so incoherently that Criseyde is forced to say to Pandarus,

"I wolde him preye
To telle me the fyn of his entente;
Yet wiste I never wel what that he mente."

He begs Criseyde to let him be her knight. When she agrees he is so overjoyed that he keeps Pandarus awake all night talking about it. However, his own lack of sleep has its compensation for now

"His olde wo, that made his herte swelte,
Gan tho for joye wasten and to melte,
And all the richess of his sykes sore,
At ones fledde, he felt of hem no more."

A joyful interlude follows for Troilus. Again Pandarus arranges a meeting. In fact without Pandarus, Troilus would still be home moaning love plaints to the palace walls. Pandarus pretends that Troilus is

wildly jealous and urges Criseyde to see him or he may kill himself. Criseyde weeps at the thought of Troilus' suspicions. This is too much for his super-sensitive soul and he falls in a swoon. Pandarus and Criseyde chafe his wrists and his palms and lave his temples with water. Massage and water fail, but Criseyde's kisses revive him. With a convulsive sigh he returns to consciousness.

In this scene, which Troilus thinks is the beginning of his bliss (for Criseyde accepts him as a lover), Criseyde makes a significant remark, "Is this a mannes game?" Surely this is no speech for a lady to make to her chosen knight.

In the same interview she says further as if speaking to a child:

"Now were it worthy that ye were y-bete."

These words mean nothing to Troilus and he is so happy that he performs prodigies of valor on the battlefield. He becomes the ideal knight, brave, courteous, compassionate and kindly to all men. Such is the ennobling influence of true love.

Troilus, however, was not meant for joy. For in a truce the Trojans agree to exchange Criseyde for Antenor, who has been a captive of the Greeks. Since this was decreed by Parliament, Troilus feels that all hope is lost. In public he maintains a normal manner, but

when he reaches his home he casts aside all restraint. He locks the doors and even the windows. He sits on his bed and "lyk a deed image pale and wan" gazes on the walls to which he has addressed so many lamentations. Then he lets himself go. He roars like a wounded bull. He beats his breast, rushes wildly from one side of the room to the other, dashing his head violently against the wall. He leaps in the air and hurls his body at the floor not once but many times. Even in our grief at the poor boy's suffering, we are forced to reflect that this must have been the age, not only of the body beautiful but of the body indestructible.

All this time the tears roll down in double streams. His sobs break forth so that he can scarcely speak, the poet says. By "scarcely" he means eleven seven line stanzas. "O fortune," Troilus exclaims, "what have I done? O God of love, O weary spirit, O lurking soul, O weary eyes. O all ye lovers." His overburdened heart can endure no more, and he falls in a swoon. When Pandarus arrives he is shocked at the appearance of his friend. He tries to comfort Troilus by wise and cheering words. He even suggests taking Criseyde by force. Troilus refuses because of his high regard for his country's honor and his father's solemn promise in parliament. Moreover he feels that this would be a dishonor to Criseyde, on whose name he will not

allow a suspicion to fall. Pandarus convinces him that true love has little regard for law, and so he decides to abduct Criseyde—if she consents.

Criseyde is as grief-stricken as Troilus. She tears her golden tresses, wrings her hands and sobs in black despair, until Pandarus tells her that if Troilus sees her in such a state he will kill himself. Criseyde tries to control herself, while Pandarus seeks Troilus. He finds him in a temple praying for death and debating the pros and cons of predestination, foreordination and free will, between his heart-rending sobs. When Pandarus finds him he says, "Who seigh ever a wys man faren so?" That is to say, "Can't you do something else than weep and moan?" These words are an echo of what Criseyde said on the night of their first meeting and again are significant. Pandarus, like the reader, is beginning to suspect that Troilus takes a certain pleasure in his grief, for he observes,

"A man may al by tyme his nekke bede,
Whan it shall of, and sorwen at the nede."

He tells Troilus to go to Criseyde, for he knows she will have a plan. In fact Pandarus has already suggested one to her.

When the lovers meet Criseyde faints first. Since Pandarus is not there to tell him what to do, Troilus does what is most natural to him, bursts into tears,

wrings his hands and begins to pray for her soul. Addressing a last rebuke to Jove, he draws his sword, for he will not live without his lady. The Fates, however, decree otherwise, for Criseyde awakens and saves his life. How happy she is that she has saved her lover! But again she makes a significant remark,

"That if a wight alwey his wo compleyne
And seketh nought how holpen for to be,
It nis but folye and encrees of peyne."

She works out a plan by which she may soon return, and the tempest of his grief somewhat abates. He warns her that if she is untrue to him or does not return he will die. Then in despair he suggests that they steal away together. Criseyde rejects this plan and advances such logical reasons that Troilus is convinced.

Troilus is always at his best before his public and we are filled with admiration at his self control as he rides out with the escort of honor to say farewell to Criseyde. No sign of sorrow mars his face, even when he sees her riding away with Diomede. Naturally as soon as he reaches his room he goes into his usual routine. Crying out against gods and men and sobbing out such questions as "Where is my owene lady lief and dere?" "What shall I do?" "Whan shal she come ayeyn?" "Who seeth yow now, my righte lodesterre?"

Solemnly he makes his will directing Pandarus to convey his ashes in a golden urn to Criseyde.

When Criseyde does not return on the tenth day, as she had promised, his grief is unendurable. However, he loves her so deeply that he can not believe her false. She is his ideal of all that is pure and loyal and steadfast. Not until he finds the brooch he has given her pinned to Diomede's cloak will he admit her faithlessness. From this moment Troilus is a man. There is a simple dignity in his grief that touches the heart. The heroics of his early love are gone. What can equal the pathos and sincerity of his words when looking at his brooch he says,

"Was ther non other broche that you liste lete
To feffe with your newe love"

and adds,

"I ne can nor may
For al this world within myn herte finde
T'unloven you a quarter of a day.
In cursed tyme I born was, weylaway!
That ye, that doon me al this wo endure,
Yet love I best of any creature."

Meanwhile Criseyde has given her love to Diomede. Diomede, older than Troilus, offers Criseyde a security and protection for which she is worldly enough to sacrifice the love of Troilus. Although she professes to love Troilus deeply the significant remarks quoted above hint that she regarded him as a

boy. The frenzy of his love, his uncontrolled grief and his boyish humility could not fail to arouse her love. His very helplessness and immaturity won her just as they did Pandarus. The reason Criseyde gives for accepting Diomede is more practical than romantic:

"His grete estat, and peril of the toun,
And that she was allone and hadde nede
Of frendes help."

His grief supplies a manly quality that before this has been lacking in Troilus. His character takes on dignity and depth. He no longer rants and raves and cries out on men and gods. His love does not turn to hate, for he speaks no word against Criseyde. There is a touching restraint in the few reproaches he allows himself to make and simple pathos when he says,

"That ye thus don, I n'have it not deserved."

Troilus makes no threats of death now. He rides forth to meet it. His hatred of Diomede increases his hatred of all Greeks. With a courage that astounds Greeks as well as Trojans he becomes the idol of all Troy. When at last he is killed by the cruel Achilles, he has proven himself a manly knight, a prince worthy of a kingly house, gentle and courteous, and the men and women of Troy declare that he was "withouten any peer."

Marian Murray '42.

SONG

O joy,
We did but seek thee
Through days full of sunlight
Nights bright with stars.

O gaiety,
We did but seek thee
Through days full of laughter
Nights bright with song.

O love,
We did but seek thee
Through days full of giving
Nights bright with gladness.

O joy, O gaiety, O love,
We did but find thee
Through days full of trials
Nights bright with tears.

Jane Abbott Crawford '40.

WAR

WAS Sherman right about war? Our own impulses are against it. Yet what do we students of this generation know about war, except the aftermath of the last war and the preparation for this one. We know of the hate, depression, disillusionment which followed 1918. What could war mean to those of us who know it only through the eyes of others? To some of us, at least, it means something disagreeable and unnecessary, an utter waste of mankind, of effort and of money. No peace is really lasting, no victory really a victory, even the victors lose. But do wars fail entirely? Greece found her soul in the Persian Wars; the United States hers in the War of the Revolution. And we found in the last war our stature as a world power. There may be, then, good in necessary defensive wars.

But what of the present war? How are we to know if it is necessary, if it is inevitable, if we have chosen the right side of the dispute, if we can win? Our greater contemporaries cannot agree; how may we students attain a measure of certainty? The President, for instance, whose policy began neutral, now stands for all-out aid to Britain. He maintains even that we must "fight for the supremacy of human rights every-

where" and for what he calls the four freedoms of speech, of worship, of release from want, and release from fear. More specific war abettors point out that a British failure would mean a German commanded British fleet coöperating with the Japanese fleet; German penetration of the United States from Canada and Mexico. Senator Byrnes of South Carolina waves the forensic flag of fear as he shouts, "Liberty was won because men were willing to offer their lives on freedom's altar. . . . We cannot let Great Britain down. If we do, Hitler may never let us up." But the grave Herbert Hoover counters, "America yearns for peace in the world. The freedom of men comes only in peace. . . . Is it to be the tragic jeopardy of democracy that if it would go to war it must adopt the very systems which we abhor? Peace must come from the prosperity and the hearts of men." Colonel William Donovan, President Roosevelt's principal European observer, further confuses one by reporting that Germany's greatest threat to the United States is an attempted economic isolation. South American markets depend to a large extent upon Europe. German state-dominated European industries would have at their mercy American economy based upon individual enterprise. The United States then would be forced to create a government trade monopoly also.

Germany, moreover, uses each conquered nation as a basis for attack on other nations. With England conquered she could outflank the United States on all fronts, with Japan in the Pacific, from Narvik to Capetown. And Germany will attack, Colonel Donovan believes, if she has planned to do so, regardless of provocations such as convoys. So we must have war whether we want it or not and whether we provoke it or not. Then we read the indictment of the United States by President Hutchins of the University of Chicago: We have failed to support human rights and dignities; we have exploited the Oakies, the negroes, the slum dwellers. We should eliminate these evils. We should aid Britain and China; yet we must avoid war, for wars destroying freedom, destroy democracies. President Hutchins does not make clear cut conviction.

Let us then turn to the question of the side we have chosen to support. Was our decision just? That Germany has cause in many respects no one denies; that she has many needs and grievances which should be satisfied all admit. That England has not been blameless in her imperialistic past we are fully aware. Yet sentimentally, linguistically, culturally, ideologically we are inevitably allied with the British people: Shakespeare, Milton, the Bible and the English Common Law. We are, moreover, repelled by the cultural

domination that Hitler has planned for his people at the expense of all the rest of us. And we are aghast at the brutalities of Himmler and his henchmen; we cannot allow such men to gain control of us.

Finally, can we win? Colonel Lindberg predicts a British defeat yet he contends that we are impregnable. Major de Seversky, on the contrary, an army aircraft designer and thus not unqualified to judge, believes us vulnerable to air attack. Paul Mallon, Hearst commentator, is convinced at least this week, of ultimate German defeat. Let us end our present search for certainty on this note of wishful thinking, though honestly acknowledging that we, even as our distinguished contemporaries, need perspective to see this great problem objectively and with a full wisdom. At present we do not believe that the United States can be defeated; but in our most lucid moments we wonder if this certainty may not be woven from strands and strands of propaganda which statesmen and newsmen and radio and newsreel men fashion for the mental ten to thirteen-year-olds that they judge us all to be. We remain confused.

Or perhaps, as Cordell Hull has written, it does make a very great "difference who wins, the difference whether we stand with our backs to the wall with the other four continents against us and the high seas lost . . . or whether we keep our place in an orderly world."

BRITAIN

AGES ago as the wind churned the waves of the wide waters, drove damp mists over unknown inlands, ruffled the silence of unseen bogs, men came sailing over the seas from realms of mystery to settle the isle of Britain. Among the first were the Celts, one of whose tribes gave Britain its name. Rome conquered them and made them Celto-Roman and Christian. It was these people who gave to Britain King Arthur.

Then came the vikings: the Angles and Saxons and Jutes, who had forsaken their fjords for adventure on the great whale roads. Restless with the vigor of their very being, they moved with the force of loneliness of mountain and sea; their daring and their tenacity made them heroes of spirit and courage. In Britain they established the foundations of a great kingdom, instilled their own ideas of courage and loyalty to king and home. *Beowulf* is an epic picture of them.

Danes conquered these people, but in defending their homes, even unsuccessfully, these English found their national identity; at Maldon the dying leader cried thus to his men:

"Mind shall be the harder, heart the keener,
Courage the greater as our strength grows less."

It was so. The English but bided their time, even for

a century; then arose the great generations beginning with King Alfred.

Again viking conquerors came, vikings transformed by two centuries or more of the civilization that was France. Great lords were these Normans, great warriors, more skilled than the English. They brought sophisticated tastes, diplomacy, a new language. They overran the land of the English, their kin yet not their kind. But the English spirit lived, the ideals of Beowulf and of Maldon persisted. Norman superficiality was modified almost out of existence. Chaucer and Malory are yet Norman-English, but Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Bunyan, and Milton are true English. Shakespeare makes Gaunt, who is England, say of his fatherland:

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England . . .

Burns wrote of the Scotch spirit of his forebears in

a spirit which Beowulf would have recognized and all the English who fell at the Battle of Maldon:

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victorie! . . .

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn, and flee! . . .

By oppressions, woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

The two poet-soldiers, who died in battle in the late World War, gave modern voice to this spirit. In part Alan Seegar wrote:

"I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—

I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair . . .

And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous."

And Rupert Brooke wrote this moving sonnet which he entitled "A Soldier":

"If I should die, think only this of me;
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer earth concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by her rivers, blest by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil washed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

The present conflict has found many voices for England's faith in her ideals of conduct. We believe that this faith is responsible for Winston Churchill's courage, for his people's deep devotion to him, and for his impressiveness throughout the world. We quote, however, from the beautiful and moving essay of H. M. Tomlinson, "The Cliffs of England Stand," which appeared in October, 1940, in *The Atlantic Monthly*:

"I still think war an obscene outrage to the intelligence. But this challenge by the Nazis is ultimate. If they have their way, then there will be no right or wrong, neither good nor evil. . . . Slavery is bearable, but the mind in chains is not. The heritage of the Renaissance and the Reformation . . . either will be kept on the British coast or will perish in Europe. I know that British traditions and affairs may perish if this is resisted, but they will surely perish if no resistance is made. That is all the choice we have.

"We have but one certainty today, apart from a multitude of simple and dutiful men. . . . We can depend only on the faith and resolution we can muster for another and a better beginning. . . .

"It was amusing, when midnight was at a standstill, as black as a pit (after the fall of France), to know that the people around were beginning to find themselves, were bracing up; to hear subdued, grim laughter. When the outlook is worse than dark, when the sky is like the prelude to downfall and eclipse, then for youth to cheer what confronts it may be as good an intimation as any other of immortality.

"One day without a prelude we were advised coolly (over the radio) that Arras and Amiens were occupied by the enemy. Why, was reality monstrous? Amiens in flames? That cathedral?

"The news ended. A man in the room rose, a man

of peace, called a pacifist by the careless. 'They are getting behind our fellows,' he muttered, and left. He returned in uniform to say farewell.

"It was clear they must fight for their lives. For their lives? That had become a lesser matter, past considering. It was for the treasure of life they must stand up, not for themselves. If the right to use the mind were not to be lost, as over most of Europe it was already lost, what apology would be left to mankind for its occupation of the earth? With reason no longer attempting to guide the affairs of men, who instead would be driven by the engines of power and pride, then death already had come; the adventure of mind under the stars would be at an end. . . .

"Despite the dismaying certainty that our enemy is such that he overwhelmed the formidable army of France in twelve days, we have found that we must continue to live by faith. . . . Faith is but knowledge surpassed. Well, we have some knowledge on which to support our faith. Enough has happened at sea to tell us that what Englishmen used to do with ships can still be done by our seamen. . . . Perhaps freedom, salt, and sunshine are preservative. We have also learned that the kind of men who long ago drove the Spaniards up-Channel, have taken their lively devices to the clouds, and spend the day and night cruising the sky between our land and Germany."

IRELAND

A RAGGED green coast between a white-capped blue ocean and a light blue sky is Ireland as a traveller fleeing Europe sees it. Such a traveller becomes aware of an invigorating freshness in the air, a freshness which is absorbed by the earth and the people of that island.

Such a traveller stood on the deck of a passenger liner approaching Ireland. Nearby stood a tall, blond priest who also gazed at the green coast. "Very invigorating," remarked the traveller. The priest looked around and agreed smiling.

"A fine nation, these Irish," continued the traveller. "I am always conscious of an Irishman when I meet one. There is a certain vigor which they carry with them wherever they go."

The priest agreed again and added, "I don't know of any other nation whose spirit one can recognize so readily."

"What makes them so? They are Celtic people, aren't they?"

"The majority, yes," continued the priest; "modern archeologists are finding traces, however, of a very ancient civilization, one which is thought to be even older than the Egyptian or the Sumerian, that of the

Firbolgs. In time a second people appeared, the Tuatha De Danaans, said to have come from Attica. Then came Milesians who developed a culture of their own before the Christianization of the Island. Their literature, music, art and religion reached a high point and served as a foundation for the future Christian culture. Unlike other primitive people, who would worship animals and trees, they worshipped the heavens. Their belief in fairies and other supernatural beings helped prepare for Chtristianity."

The traveller was pleased with the knowledge of his new acquaintance and questioned further, "What sort of people were these early Irish?"

"They were bold and vigorous, they loved beauty, the beauty of the out-doors, the beauty of woman. They were honest and they were treacherous and they had friendships and loves that lasted till death and faced death. Have you ever read the story of Deirdre and the sons of Usnach? It is a tale that nearly all the later poets of Ireland have retold and that old men in remote parts of western Ireland still tell. It shows much of the early Irish character, their joy in woods and waters, their loves and their destroying desires, their battles between kin and kin, their subtle humour, and the veiling sadness that they see over joy

and loveliness." The priest stopped as if contemplating his last words.

The traveller at length broke the silence. "St. Patrick was the first to Christianize Ireland, was he not?"

"Not exactly. There were Christian communities in southern Ireland, where the Pelagian heresy had reached, even before St. Patrick came. Pope Celestine had sent a deacon, Palladius, to combat this heresy, but Patrick was finally sent in 432. He had a burning desire to convert the island, particularly the pagan north. He had been held there as a captive in his youth, and had herded swine for his master Miliucc. Life on the mountains gave him much time to think and developed in him habits of contemplation. After some years he fled Ireland but he carried a memory of its people with him. He became a monk. In a vision a man, Victorius, came to him holding epistles, one of which he gave to him. The first words he read were 'The voice of the Irish'; and then St. Patrick heard also the voice of the people he had known in Ireland speak, "We pray thee, holy youth, to come and walk amongst us as before." Thus he was carried forward on his mission. He was consecrated bishop by the pope and then went to convert Ireland. His way was not easy, but he was stout-hearted. One of his most daring feats was the lighting of a fire at Tara on Easter eve

while the pagans celebrated a religious festival. An Irish bard had prophesied that the reigning dynasty would fall if a fire were lit on that day. And so it did, and Christianity has ruled there ever since. And for fifteen hundred years since Irishmen have carried Christianity to the ends of the earth."

"I have heard that continental *rhetorici* preceded St. Patrick," continued the traveller.

The priest smiled and said: "Yes, the *rhetorici* were learned men from the continent who fled the coming of the barbarians who at length overcame Rome. They formed the foundation for the great learning fostered for centuries in Ireland. Christian monks added much to this store, for their learning was not of the Roman source but Byzantine, from Egypt and Syria. For the first Christian monks in Ireland were Eastern as you may know, and seem to have been in continual communication with their fellows of the Levant. As a consequence their learning was fuller than that of the Latin *rhetorici* in many respects. They were teaching Greek in Ireland when even the learned scholars of the Roman world were quite ignorant of it. This close intercourse with the Levant had a marked effect upon Irish art as well as Irish learning. Have you ever seen a reprint of *The Book of Kells?* There is not a more beautiful illuminated manu-

script in the world with its geometric designs as masterful and as intricate as any Persian ones, its figures

most quaint and original and its Byzantine colors most moving in their singular beauty."

"It was St. Columba of Iona, 'the island of the Druids,' who nourished this culture, was it not?"

"Yes, St. Columba and many others in remote islands or in mountain fastnesses congenial to the hermit who is also a scholar. And it was St. Columba who took to the heathen Goths of the continent both the Christianity and the learning that had been nurtured in far off Ireland. Three great monasteries and libraries he and his followers founded in Europe: in France at Luxeuil, in Switzerland at St. Gall, in Italy at Bobbio."

"And in England?"

"Oh, yes, the Irish established many centers of learning in England. The great Bede was taught by Irish monks and also the great Alcuin, who was responsible for the renaissance of learning begun at the palace school of Aix-la-Chapelle by Charlemagne. But vikings took over the British Isles for more than a century, viking kings ruled Ireland, and scholars fled to the more peaceful continent of Europe. There, throughout the seventh and eighth centuries, roamed needy Irish scholars, the Scotti. They became the teachers of monasteries, great and small, of cathedral schools, of small church schools, and thus they contributed greatly toward laying the foundation for mediaeval learning which we know as scholasticism."

The priest was called away, and the traveller stood alone by the railing. Softly he said to himself: "How

beautiful is that consecrated bit of earth and humanity. How beautiful is that spirit which flows generously in the veins of our western civilization."

He stood there for a long time. The ship had stopped for half an hour to let passengers off into small boats and had again started upon its long voyage. It passed close to the ragged, green coast which lay between the white capped blue ocean and the light blue sky.

"How beautiful," thought our traveller, "how very strong and beautiful." The island sank under the sea in the distance. There was nothing left but the white capped, blue ocean and the light blue sky. But he knew that as truly as there was an Ireland behind the blue depths, so there was also a spirit—the Irish spirit, one almost divine, incorporated in human kind.

EDITH REED '43 for
The Sophomore Humanities

HOW TO READ A BOOK

"How few think justly, of the thinking few;
How many never think at all, who think they do."

MR. Mortimer Adler spent the afternoon of April seventeenth at Dominican. Early in the afternoon, he held a closed seminar on the *Confessions of St. Augustine,* and later he gave a lecture entitled *Why, What and How to Read.*

Mr. Adler began his lecture by stating that few modern persons know how to read because they are unprepared by the schools. He thinks that the young are not capable of progressing beyond the Trivium—*i.e.* the "tools" of learning: grammar, rhetoric and logic. They must know the symbols of thought and its rules before they can possibly think, but the curricula of modern schools slight or omit the tool subjects and include subjects that cannot be mastered by the young. The function of the school is to fit one for adult education, which should progress throughout one's life. The means of adult education are reading and listening.

After a thorough excoriation of much excoriated modern education, Mr. Adler proceeded to explain *why* one should read, *what* one should read and *how*. As to *why*: there are three reasons for reading: amusement, information and actual learning; one can be

said to really "read," when one does so from the third motive. Learning is an end in itself—apart from any "utility"—solely because it enriches life. Learning is not to be confused with mere absorption of information; it is a strenuous effort (never completely successful) to understand something above one's head.

As to *what* to read, the answer is GREAT BOOKS: a great book is above the head of everyone and is of course of extremely significant content; it requires numerous readings, for growth in comprehension.

Finally, the *method* of reading. In the first place, the preliminary reading determines what the book is about; divisions and subdivisions are noted. In the second reading one should try to discover the actual thought of the author; this is very difficult, on account of the defects of language as a vehicle of thought. The third and final reading should be critical; great books are not all "good" books nor free from error—in fact, no book is entirely free from error. The reading of great books is exhausting; if it isn't, it isn't real reading. One should take one's book to his study (or hers, perhaps? Mr. Adler was negligent of the feminine—quite as if it were negligible) and wrestle with its meaning unaided, making as much effort to understand it as if his life literally depended upon its mastery.

Mr. Adler was drastic in his denunciation of modern schools, modern teachers, modern students. The only school he knows which is attempting to give a liberal education is St. John's College. The others are all vitiated by utilitarianism, vocationalism or worse; in none is learning treated as an end in itself. There is no one in America today who has a liberal education —not a single person!

Teachers Mr. Adler classified as "major" and "minor." The major teachers are all dead; they are the authors of the Great Books (no great books are being written today; to appreciate the inferiority of modern writing, one need only compare the best of it with the great books of the eighteenth century); the (physically) living teachers are the minor ones. Their activities are futile, at best. The modern student's habitual procedure when he meets a difficulty in reading is to "run to Father (not conceivably to Mother) or to Teacher—or worst of all, to the Encyclopedia Britannica"—which is all wrong; his efforts should be utterly unaided, to be fruitful. He will need a guide of course —a tutor who knows just a little more than he does himself.

Despite the severity of Mr. Adler's judgments and despite the fact that his audience was largely of teachers and students, only one person arose in wrath and

stalked out in dudgeon, muttering "I am not a minor teacher," and pausing for a final baneful glare. The lecturer had a pleasant, humorous way of saying intensely unpleasant things; he was objective and mild in manner—without a trace of arrogance. It is not difficult to imagine that if he had lived in the Middle Ages which he admires so much, he would probably have lectured to teachers and students in the same vein—for Rashdall says: "Latin, it must be remembered, was the language of the medieval lecture room, and theoretically at least, of ordinary student life . . . but the want of proper grounding in the Latin language constituted one of the most glaring defects of the medieval system. . . . Numbers must have left the universities knowing little more than when they entered them."

And that one may at least harbor a doubt that the much berated "lecture system" is more deadly in our own age and country than elsewhere in time and space, consider what Henry Adams says: "He had thought Harvard was a torpid school, but it was instinct with life compared with all he could see of the University of Berlin. The German students were strange animals, but their professors were beyond pay; . . . he found only the lecture system in its deadliest form as it flourished *in the thirteenth century;*

. . . The professor mumbled his comments; the students made, or seemed to make, notes; they could have learned from books or from discussion in a day more than they could learn from him in a month, but they must follow his course if they wanted a degree." Poor teaching and poor learning are peculiar to no century. Rashdall gives a clue to the cause of the phenomenon in his chapter on the late medieval renaissance; he writes: "the schools of Christendom became thronged as they were never thronged before." Many of the throng, then as now, were not fitted by nature to read in Mr. Adler's sense. Intense cerebration is possible to only a minute minority.

* * * * *

In spite of Mr. Adler's theory of undergraduate incapacity to read great books, he did conduct a seminar on a very great book—the *Confessions of St. Augustine*. In his discussion, he was mindful of his method. About twenty students of the four years attended. Several members of the Faculty were present, to observe. In prospect, the seminar was something new and strange and horrifying, but the actuality was a stimulating, memorable experience. "What sort of book is it? Have you ever read a book at all like it? If so, where was the resemblance?"—were the opening

questions. Mr. Adler (safely) assumed that the students had not read the *Confessions* of Jean Jacques and remarked that they were very different indeed from the *Confessions of St. Augustine.* Discussion elicited that the uniqueness of St. Augustine's *Confessions* lies in the fact that they are an actual acknowledgment of sin—whereas Rousseau's confessions were probably written in self-justification, to refute the accusations of his erstwhile friends, Diderot, Grimm and Mme. d'Épinay. The contrast is enormous: the vast moral grandeur of Augustine versus the despicable meanness of Rousseau.

The elements of the *Confessions* are *prayer* (Augustine addressed himself to God throughout), *autobiography, philosophy* and *confession of sin.* Augustine himself was an African of the fourth century, passionate, proud, but having a great heart, a noble mind and a rich nature; Fr. Reeves O.P. writes of him: "all the influences that have gone into our civilization were focused on him: Semitic influences, through the Phoenician society in which he lived (and perhaps through inheritance); Persian influences, through Manicheanism; Latin and Greek influences through education by his father and by his masters; and Christian influences, through his mother."

In accordance with the "rules of reading," there

next took place a general cursory discussion of the content of the *Confessions,* of their division into three parts; first, autobiography, to the time of Baptism (books i-x); book x is an account of Augustine's "present state" (after Baptism) ; books xi, xii, xiii are devoted to an exposition of Genesis I, the history of the Creation (particularly with reference to Manichean errors on that subject).

Then there followed a detailed discussion of certain passages and certain aspects of the book: Augustine's long search for truth and the stages of his attainment of it form a major aspect. Even his becoming a Manichean was due to his desire for truth, as he explained to his friend Honoratus: "Thou knowest, Honoratus, that the circumstances which lead me among these men was their profession that, setting aside the terrors of authority, they would lead such as would listen to them to God by the plain and simple way of reason, and would rescue them from their errors." Augustine remained a Manichean for nine years. His deliverance began with his disappointment in Faustus, the famous Manichean bishop whose pseudo-science disgusted him.

Because his Roman students would not pay their fees (Augustine was a rhetorician), he went to Milan "where an austere and patient Providence attended

him": he read translations of Plato and Plotinus made by the rhetorician Victorinus, and thereby was his inability "to entertain the notion of sheer spirit" overcome; Plotinus shed great light upon the idea of God's Word. This dissolved a bond which had held Augustine to Manicheanism, its half-material concept of God, which he had found intelligible. At Milan he heard Ambrose's sermons and Ambrose persuaded him to a belated admiration of the Scriptures, which he had long despised on account of the "lowliness" of their style, as compared with that of Cicero. At last Augustine's search for truth was ended. He was a Christian by conviction. But his troubles continued; his will was weak. In book x he discusses his three temptations: "lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes and pride." Finally his will was healed by a miracle: one day as he sobbed and prayed in moral anguish, he heard a child in a nearby house singing a seemingly senseless jingle: "take it, read it; take it, read it;" he opened his scroll and read: "Not in riotings and drunkenness, not in chamberings and impurities, not in contention and envy. But put ye on the Lord Jesus, and make not provision for the flesh." The old life dropped from him like a garment.

Finally, it was concluded that the key to Augustine's life and his character is love: "he despised noth-

ing. The only thing he turned away from in his life, was evil; . . . he could not resist loving anything; the only way for him to resist loving his sins was to remember them exactly and to exercise his understanding upon them in order to see that they were not anything; . . . he recognized only goodness and truth as realities and showed evil to be nought, or phantasms and sensations next to naught.

S. M. S.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE AND OF ST. PATRICK

ALL the educated world is more or less familiar with the *Confessions* of St. Augustine; few know the *Confessions* of St. Patrick. The two works were written almost at the same time, for St. Patrick began his mission in Ireland in 432 A.D., just two years after the death of the great African. The differences in the two *Confessions,* however, are great, although there is in them a likeness the more significant when we compare the two saints.

St. Augustine ranks among the foremost Christian theologians and philosophers; his memory lives in his writings. St. Patrick was a great missionary, founder of the Irish Church; he lives "rather in the history of the race to whom he gave the Faith". St. Augustine was a master of rhetoric; St. Patrick lacked the gift of literary expression. Yet these two founders of monasteries experienced the same inner change, and this they have recorded in their *Confessions.*

Both write in the same spirit; both confess sins and weaknesses, St. Augustine's mainly those of doing, St. Patrick's of not-doing, but both *Confessions* are, in the true sense of the word, praise. Both saints record the happenings of their lives; both describe the re-

birth of the soul. St. Augustine tells the history of his life up to his conversion and, at that point, goes into a philosophical exposition of Scripture, praising God for opening the sense of Scripture to him. St. Patrick tells of his change of attitude towards God, and in the rest of his *Confessions* rejoices in the new man, praising God for permitting him to achieve his great work, the conversion of Ireland.

The lives of the two are strikingly different. Augustine was a precocious, somewhat spoiled child, "a pretty, prating boy". His early manhood presents an ugly picture. Lured by evil companions, he became enslaved by his passions and misled by heresy, also misleading others by force of his rhetorical genius. Not until his thirty-second year was Augustine baptized a Christian.

Patrick, on the other hand, was baptized as a child and remained a Christian throughout his life. Until his sixteenth year, however, he was careless in his worship. At this time he was taken captive by pirates and sold into slavery in Ireland. Whereas Augustine wantonly roamed the streets of Thagaste in his sixteenth year, Patrick was at that age learning the "reality of Faith". While he tended the flocks of his heathen master on the slopes of Slemish, his faith and his love of God increased. Of this experience he writes, "In a

single day I have said as many as a hundred prayers, and in the night nearly the same; so that I remained in the woods, and on the mountain; even before the dawn, I was roused to prayer, in snow, and ice, and rain, and I felt no injury from it, nor was there any slothfulness in me, as I see now, because the spirit was then fervent in me."

St. Patrick tells us that in his captivity he heard a divine Voice urging him to flee, and that he journeyed two hundred miles to a seaport. Here he obtained passage on a ship for home. Once freed he heard a Voice in a dream telling him to become a priest and go back to Ireland.

So humble was Patrick that he never ceased to marvel at God's grace in choosing him "to undertake so holy and wonderful a work". "Who am I, O Lord!" he cried, "or what is my calling, that divine grace should have so wrought with me, so that today I can so rejoice amongst the nations, and magnify thy name, wherever I am, not only in prosperity but also in adversity."

It was Augustine's pride in his own genius that prevented him from receiving grace for so many years. Upon discovering the grossness of his error, he cries out to Alypius, his friend: "The unlearned start up and take Heaven by violence, and we with all our

learning, see how we wallow." "There followed," says Alice Curtayne in a brief essay on the two *Confessions,* "that tempest of contrition in the garden and the beginning of Augustine's new life."

Perhaps the most striking contrast between these two works is in their form. So closely woven is the thought in St. Augustine's *Confessions* that the book requires many hours of careful reading. Although his work is deeply philosophical, however, his mastery of expression gives it clarity. His narrative is often swift and vivid, and many of his prayers are of surpassing beauty.

St. Patrick's writing is both incomplete and rude. His *Confessions* may be read in half an hour. Although his thought is not primarily philosophical, his meaning is often obscure and his narrative incoherent. He was aware of this shortcoming and in his old age laments, "Although I thought of writing long ago, I feared the censure of men, because I had not learned as the others who studied the Sacred Writings in the best way, and have never changed their language since their childhood, but continually learned it more perfectly, while I have to translate my words and speech into a foreign tongue. . . . Therefore, I blush today and greatly dread to expose my ignorance, because I am not able to express myself briefly, with

clear and well-managed words, as the spirit desires and the mind and intellect point out . . ." Nevertheless it is written," he adds, expressing a divine truth, "the tongues of stammerers shall speak readily and plain."

JANE RANDOLPH '43.

ELEVATION

An acolyte in crimson cassock flings
On the silenced air, the triple, tinkling bell.
Live jewels dipped into a small glass well
Guarded by two blond angels' outstretched wings
Seem the hanging lamp's red, golden flickerings.
Sun filters through rich dyes of pointed panes
Into the crepuscule of vaulted lanes.
Before the marble altar, a censer swings.
You, chasubled in green, while roses fragrant die
And candles lift their sacrificial light,
Anointed Wizard, raise your fingers high
Upthrusting tremblingly the flake-thin, white
Rotunda of the Host; her canopy
Beauty spreads here; we, adoring, bend the knee.

A. Beltrán Irwin Shone.

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