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<https://doi.org/10.33015/dominican.edu/archives.1932.firebrand>

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The Firebrand

Kathleen Kay

THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE
OF SAN RAFAEL

MCMXXXII

To
Our Librarian
Sister Mary Edward
we gratefully
dedicate this book

CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial	13
The Seniors	15
The Juniors	54
The Sophomores	56
The Freshmen	58
In Memory of Victoria Johnson	60
Winter	61
The Meadowlands Garden	63
George Washington	64
Maurice Baring	67
Fray Louis De Leon	76
Newman and Chesterton	86
The Comic Complement	91
Sonnet	99
Guzman Hall	101
The Zuyder Zee	102
Golden Gate Park	105
A Cat in the Garden	106
On Finding One's First Grey Hair	107
A Pen Portrait of Beauty	109
Week-Ends	111
Placidity	113

	Page
Edgehill	115
Morn in the Fanjeaux Court	117
Spring on the Campus	119
The Dutch Door at Meadowlands	121
The Side Entrance to Meadowlands	123
The Asses' Spring	124
The Flame	134
Loneliness	136
David to Jonathan	139
Angelico	139
A Program in Angelico	141
Cultural Aspects of Dominican College	142
The Meadowlark	144
Sonnet	147
Dramatics	148
The Art Room	153
The Alumnæ and Social Responsibility	154

THE FIREBRAND

Editor . . .

BERNICE O'CONNELL

Art Editor . . .

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Business Manager .

ROSE MARIE WHITTHORNE

Assistant Business Managers . . .

MARGARET CASASSA

HELEN LEJEAL

BETSY MCCARTHY

CONTRIBUTORS

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DENISE DONLON

ALICE DUFFY

BETTY GARLAND

BETTIE GOODMAN

JACQUELINE HARKINS

MANUELA HUDSON

HELEN KARAM

FRANCES LEMMELET

MARY BARBARA LINS

MARY McDOWELL

GENEVIEVE MENDONSE

MARNO PRINCE

MILDRED M. PRINCE

EILEEN RYAN

HELEN SULLIVAN

HELEN WILSEY

ROSE MARIE WHITTHORNE

EDITORIAL

OUR library is the most impressive possession of the College. Each one of us, from the lowliest to the loftiest, feels that in some way the library belongs to her. Whenever anyone comments on the beauty of the campus we are certain to ask, "Did you see the library?"

Two years ago, before we had Guzman Hall, the library was in the Main Building, a comfortable and beautiful room that we considered fully adequate, and so we were entirely unprepared for the beauty awaiting us when we first entered the new library. At first sight the new room seemed like a cathedral. As we entered from the corridors of Guzman, so light and new, we were struck by the contrast. This stately room seemed literally to have been here for ages. We had a sense of rich dark wood, of warm color, of shelves of bright-hued books stretching in long lines in close-packed cases below high-arched mullioned windows. There was a sense of space, of loftiness, of nobility in its proportions, a quiet that awakened awe. Then we silently began to examine the details.

We stopped before the cases where Suor Eufrosia's ancient chant books are guarded from profane hands; we observed the dark-stained tables and chairs; and we delightedly ascended the angular staircase to the balcony from which we could survey the whole. We felt sure that we had one of the finest libraries anywhere.

Our awe persists, generally, in the silence we observe in the library. If in a moment of indiscretion we forget our surroundings and start a whispered conversation the librarian quickly apprises us of our error. We accept the reminder shamefacedly, but as we go out are reassured by a friendly smile.

Though we feel we have gone beyond Carlyle's belief that "your true university is a library of books," for all of us the library is again and again a treasure house. Perhaps we go less often of our own accord than for the accomplishment of tasks set us, but we have discovered, nevertheless, the generous abundance of books and periodicals in all subjects, and the readiness of the librarian to borrow or purchase any needed volume.

THE SENIORS

PROLOGUE

IN THE thirteenth century "Oneman placed the cause of virtue and sin in the heavens, another here below." So Dante said, puzzled, on the mount of Purgatory, and Marco the Lombard assured him "The heavens set your impulses in motion."

In the sixteenth century Shakespeare's villains scoffed at the weaklings that put the blame of their dispositions on the stars; in the seventeenth century Sir Thomas Browne laughed at the astrologers but believed that astrology had some basis of truth; in the eighteenth century Swift is said to have given this pseudo-science its death blow in his famous *Prediction for the Year 1708 by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.*

We moderns, in general, think ourselves independent of the stars; the idea that "the heavens set our impulses in motion" still fascinates us, however; and Dr. Morris Jastrow tells us in a learned article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* that certain men of eminence have convinced themselves that astromancy (astrology)

has a foundation of truth; that it is a physical science just as much as geology."

Whether we have convinced ourselves or not that this is true, we are most of us enough interested in ourselves to be entertained by finding a key to our characters in the stars. Hence the fun of learning the position of the heavenly bodies that determined our fate, or at least our dispositions, when we were born.

The signs of the zodiac are most important, these twelve groups of stars that lie along the sun's path through the heavens and mark the months by their companionship with the sun; for it is they that "set our impulses in motion," that is, determine the sort of persons we are to be. If, for example, we are born when Leo, the lion, rises and sets with the sun, as Napoleon and Bernard Shaw were born, we should by heavenly right dominate everyone who comes under our influence.

Next in importance to the sign under which we are born is the planet whose good or evil influence depends on its position relative to our sign. It is this variation in the relations of the heavenly bodies and in the time of our birth that is supposed to determine our individual

characteristics. Judging from the discrepancies that we often find between what the stars promise and what the earth finds us, there must be variations in the heavenly bodies greater than even telescopes have discovered.

We have amused ourselves this year by trying to see how well the seniors fulfill the promise of their stars. Perhaps the correspondences are chance, and the discrepancies due to the truth that astrology is wholly false, or it may be possible that we do not know enough about the stars in their courses.

ANGELA AGIUS

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Treasurer of Class, '31, '32
W. A. A. Board, '31

Sociology Club
Tumbling Club
Spanish Club

ANGIE AGIUS is a quiet person. Her voice is low and she has friendly eyes that often shine with restrained joy. She has an unsuspected force; her principles are as strong as her affections are deep. She is an unselfish and conscientious worker, and as one born under the sign of Pisces should be, she is by nature honest. Therefore she was honored and burdened for two years with the office of class treasurer. She was also the treasurer of the W. A. A. Board during her junior year.

She has the good health which Pisces bestows on its subjects, and this added to a native skill has brought her tennis and hockey to all-star perfection. She has furthermore the capabilities as a teacher which her sign promised and has been one of our most successful practice teachers.

PATRICIA CLYNE

Major: MATHEMATICS

Secretary of Class, '30

Albertus Magnus Club
Spanish Club

PATSY CLYNE is an attractive looking person. She has large hazel eyes, ruddy cheeks and a mass of chestnut curls that tumble in a lively fashion about her pointed face. And she has the loveliest laugh, very deep and very young. Not to have heard her laugh is not to know her.

Few people, however, know her, for she is shy and reserved. She seldom displays emotion, whether she is happily excited or disappointed. She was born under the sign of Capricornus, the Sea-Goat, that faint, elusive constellation that hangs in the heavens like a great hammock—and therefore she should be practical and lacking in sentiment as well as shy and reserved. She has certainly, as her sign promised, good common sense, and she belongs to the Capricorn group that have a more specialized education since she is majoring in mathematics.

MARY CONNOLLY

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Sociology Club
Art Club

MARY CONNOLLY, a native of Libra, possesses the love of beauty which her sign bestows. A sensitiveness, almost a super-sensitiveness, hints at the idealistic side of her nature. Her idealism is shown in her scorn of deceit, her sense of honor, and her indignation at injustice. Balancing her sense of beauty is her propensity to see the comic side of everything, even when the joke is on herself. This makes her social service work easier for her, and this is one reason why she so often sits up late at night so that her next day's work will not be neglected because of the hours she has spent entertaining her friends with tales of her experiences. She never makes her work pay for her fun. This is another indication that she has the balance one expects of a child of Libra.

KATHERINE FATJO

Major: FRENCH

President of Student Affairs Committee, '32
W. A. A. Board, '30, '31
Little Theatre Workshop

Art Club
French Club

KATHERINE FATJO is among the natives of the sign of Virgo, and in character she is true to her sign. She is, both in reality and according to the predictions of her stars, a logical, systematic, and practical person, and she is intellectual rather than emotional. She is slow-tempered, calm and reserved. She is quick to notice values, and she is never unfair in her appraisal of others. She never speaks unkindly of others, but she is open and honest in her criticisms.

She has a strong sense of responsibility, and she successfully accomplishes whatever she sets out to do. This quality combined with her fair judgment has enabled her to fill her office as President of the Student's Affairs Board as well as she has done every task which she has undertaken in her four years at Dominican College.

MARY FERRARIO

Major: SPANISH

Vice-President of Class, '31
W. A. A. Board, '29, '30, '31

Spanish Club
Biology Club

MARY FERRARIO has the natural magnetism that is said to be a characteristic of those born under the sign of Scorpio. She is sincere and cordial in her manner, and generous and gracious when one asks a favor. Her serene disposition is one of her charms, but she is not monotonous, for her serenity is sometimes broken by a hasty temper which flares up unexpectedly. She is conscientious and competent, and handy about the house as Scorpio people are said to be. Her room is neat and attractive, always open to her friends who spend many pleasant hours with her there, although she is not typically an indoor person. We remember her as especially distinguished in athletics.

FRANCES FREHE

Major: MUSIC

Music Club
French Club

FRANCES FREHE was born under the sign of Capricornus, the Sea-Goat. As a true child of her sign she has amazing perseverance and endurance. She overcomes every obstacle in her path, and this is one of the reasons she has done so well in music. No matter what interruption may occur, she always amazes us by having her work perfectly prepared.

She is tall and slender, and her brown hair frames strong, straight features. She is conspicuous on the campus for her good looks and for her generosity. Many of us who know her hardly more than by sight, will long remember how she could always fit our tired selves into her brown car.

ELAINE JOSEPHS

Major: HISTORY

Vice-President of the Student Body, '32
Student's Affairs Board, '32
W. A. A., '30

Current Events Club
Spanish Club

DARK brown hair drawn simply back into a low roll, brown eyes, well-shaped brows, and regular features make Elaine Josephs one of the best looking seniors. She is amiable and attractive, and it is not surprising that she is a successful practice teacher. She brings something to her classes for which her pupils may well be grateful.

Elaine was born under the sign of Sagittarius, which confers honors and position, and the Moon translates these in terms of the public in whose eyes we have seen Elaine as a valuable member of the W. A. A. Board and the Executive Board. She has also admirably filled her office as Vice-President of the Student Body. She is reliable, consistent, and conscientious in her work. In the field of athletics her stick-to-it-iveness has carried her to stardom in hockey.

KATHERINE KENNY

Major: HISTORY

Current Events

Twelfth Night

PEOPLE born under Pisces are honest, so honest that they accept what is told them unquestioningly. Katherine Kenny is honest, but not so honest, as plotting freshmen will tell you, that she will believe everything she is told. Her teachers might bear this out also, for in her academic work she is always searching out the truth of things for herself. She questions her teachers and her text books, but this is perhaps due less to skepticism than to intellectual curiosity. She wants to learn for the sake of learning; she is indifferent to her grades.

It is also written in her stars that she is generous, indeed unwisely so. She doesn't enjoy being a martyr, however, but is willing to accept responsibility. Her stars say that she should be impressionable, intuitive, and lacking in logic and consistency, but she is neither illogical nor inconsistent. Still she has many of her proper astrological attributes, the most virtuous of which is charity; she is charitable "even to her enemies."

MARY HELEN KIGGINS

Major: Music

Music Club

MARY HELEN KIGGINS was born under the sign of Cancer, the Crab, which is dominated by the Moon and Venus. Venus, which governs love and art, may account for Mary Helen's talent as a musician.

A person of extremes, she is ever changing in temperament but has a continued under-current of tenacity. This tenacity leads to a sentiment for the past with a love of tradition, precedent, custom and habit. Yet the influence of the Moon, the fastest moving of planets, brings her a love for travel and adventure in foreign lands, and, in general, a search for excitement.

Mary Helen's appearance promises the tranquillity bestowed by Cancer, but since she is ruled by the Moon she is restless—a charming and complex personality.

MADELYN LIBARLE

Major: FRENCH, SPANISH

Treasurer of Student Body, '31
President of Class, '32

Sigma Delta Pi
French Club
Spanish Club

M ADELYN LIBARLE is a true daughter of Libra, the guardian of fair play. She scorns deceits, she has high standards, and she makes wise decisions. Her class mates wisely made her class president.

She holds tenaciously to her opinions, and she has been known to argue half the night until she has vanquished her opponents either by logic or by sleep. Her power to work quickly and well gives her leisure for such pastimes.

Madelyn's unusual appearance, her sun-browned hair, her high forehead, dark brows and heavy lidded eyes, makes her appeal to artists. Her alert mind makes her a pleasure to her instructors and her friends. She was well chosen not only class president, but also the first President of the Dominican College Chapter of the National Spanish Honor Society, Delta Sigma Pi.

SERENA MCCARTHY

Major: MATHEMATICS

Executive Board, '31, '32
The Firebrand Staff, '31

Albertus Magnus Club

ARIES is the constellation under which Serena McCarthy was born. Her character, however, does not hold altogether true to her sign; although she is practical, her aims are not dictated by material advantage. Her outlook, according to her stars, should be narrow, and she should be self-satisfied and unduly fastidious in her choice of friends. Anyone who is acquainted with Serena knows that she has none of these faults. But she follows the predictions of the stars in that she is discreet and sensitive. Although she is angelic looking, she has a touch of stubbornness and a quick temper, but nearly always we can say with the reader of her entrance examination in subject A, "This young girl is well named. She is serene."

Her major is mathematics and there is a story that in the physics class she always gets the problems before the professor's assistant. She has the Aries brain, but she has as well the Aries romanticism.

AGNES MILLER

Major: ECONOMICS, HISTORY

Sociology Club
Current Events

AGNES MILLER is a daughter of Aries, and as such her dominating characteristic should be leadership. But she is either too wise or too indifferent to worry about leading others. However, she herself does not follow stupidly. She has rather a tendency toward cynicism and sarcasm which makes her different from the average complacent student. According to her horoscope she should have a sturdy vitality, and be impulsive and over-enthusiastic. On the contrary, she is small and frail, and her large eyes, set deep in her small face, her regular features and dark brown hair drawn neatly back into a knot, attract attention and admiration. Moreover she is not impulsive but is poised and determined, and accepts difficult situations often with a sigh, sometimes with a smile, but rarely with any enthusiasm. She is content to spend her time with her chosen friends and merely laughs at the characteristics which Aries would thrust upon her.

LUCILLE MINAHAN

Major: HISTORY

The Firebrand Staff, '30
The Meadowlark Staff, '30

Current Events
Art Club

LUCILLE MINAHAN is a child of Scorpio in that she is inclined to keep her own counsel and live within herself. She is quiet, unassuming and apparently indifferent to what goes on around her. Few of us know her well, but her friends say she is well worth knowing because of her intellect and her keen sense of humor.

Mars, the ruling planet of her sign, must have been obscured or absent when Lucille was born, for there is nothing warlike about her. She is too indolent for warfare and she used to say that her greatest pleasure was to sleep. One would find her curled up in bed any hour of the day. There is a slow sweetness in her drawling tones, and she is slow in her movements, but the brightness of her eyes and her whimsical smile suggest that there might be an edge to her wit.

RUTH O'CONNOR

Major: SOCIOLOGY

W. A. A. Board, '30, '31

Sociology Club
Tumbling Club

RUTH O'CONNOR was born under Gemini, but she has not one trait that is predicted by her stars. Nor in her appearance, her small stature, dark hair, grey eyes and pointed features, is she what we have come to look for in her chosen field, that of a social worker. She directs all of her energy into this channel, however. She thinks and worries about her "cases" and even on week-ends she discusses her work, and constantly amuses us by telling of the things that happen on her sociological trips.

In her leisure she is an ardent swimmer and a tireless tennis player, as many of us have found out when playing opposite her. It would not surprise us if she were to go into aviation, because she is so keenly interested in this subject.

HELEN THORNTON

Major: MATHEMATICS, SCIENCE

Executive Board, '28
Freshman Advisor, '30
President of Class, '31
Students Affairs, '31, '32
The Firebrand Staff, '31

Biology Club
French Club
Albertus Magnus Club

HELEN THORNTON is a Virgo person. She is just; she deceives neither others nor herself and she is slow to anger, but when her anger is aroused one takes heed of it. She is mentally well rounded, but although she has veered in the choice of her major she always comes back to science for which she is well fitted. According to her stars she is practical, efficient, and painstaking. That she has literary talent we remember from the solitary article she once contributed to *The Meadowlark*. Her neglect of this latent talent may be due to her one fault. She was once interminably slow and persistently late no matter where she was going. Since her last New Year's resolution, however, her friends report that she has to wait for them. She never reproaches them, though, perhaps because she feels that she got them into the habit of being late. That she has conquered her fault is only to be expected, for to the Virgo person no task is too difficult to attempt.

MARTHA TUCKER

Major: HISTORY

Current Events

Twelfth Night
Biology Club

MARTHA TUCKER was born under Pisces, which is sometimes called the birth sign of poets, artists, and dreamers. Martha's dark hair, fair skin, and heavily-lashed grey eyes suggest an artistic and imaginative nature. She shows, however, that she is practical as well as æsthetic since she is successfully developing the power as a teacher which her sign is said to bestow.

Martha's friendly manner is one of her greatest charms. She is at ease, no matter what group she may be in, and her conversation is always entertaining. Moreover, she is a good listener. Her speech, however, never expresses her own thoughts or feelings, and, as a result, few of us are privileged really to know Martha.

GWENDOLYN TUOMEY

Major: ENGLISH

Sociology Club

G WEN TUOMEY is essentially thorough. When she decides to study she studies, and when she wishes to waste time she does it so delightfully that her friends might just as well decide to waste it with her, for her carefree spirit is quite contagious. Born under the sign of Scorpio she is, as she should be, a combination of strength and subtlety. She has practically complete control over her will, her intellect, her emotions and her psychic faculties. Perhaps her weakest point is a failure to adjust herself to her surroundings. She is inclined to live within herself and to be indifferent to those who are not her close friends. She has a strong personality and dominant will, and, on the whole, possesses all of the characteristics of a daughter of Scorpio.

THE JUNIOR CLASS

THE JUNIORS are a class of which even the members themselves may be justly proud. From freshman days they have striven to attain a high standard not only in scholarship, but also in all college activities. They may not have succeeded in all the enterprises which they have undertaken, but certainly their efforts have been praiseworthy. In their Freshman year they produced a play, *La Boite à Joujoux*, beautifully acted, and praised by everyone that saw it, but not a financial success. Instead, it left them heavily in debt. Not daunted, however, the class persevered, paid off their debt philosophically, and with good spirit learned the lesson that in this matter-of-fact era not even an artistic success justifies a financial failure. Since that time they have produced other plays, *The Hour Glass*, *Yesterday*, *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, and *Pandora's Box*, and they have done them all as well as they did *La Boite*, but they have incurred no more debts in their productions.

The Juniors have also made an enviable record in the field of sports—notably on the bas-

ketball court and hockey field. They have distinguished themselves on the golf links and have not been without glory on the tennis courts.

They are famous for the graciousness and charm of manner with which they accept social duties, and they are often responsible for the success of the College gatherings and parties.

They are willing workers, eager to be of assistance in any plan for the advancement of their school. They have taken an active part in the student government and have been willing and faithful members of the various executive boards.

As a class they have attained a remarkably high standard of scholarship for there are many keen minds and painstaking students among them. Though not prigs, as their record shows, they are earnestly interested in taking advantage of their opportunity to acquire knowledge. This year's junior class, you may now be willing to admit, is a class, take it all in all, upon whose like you will never look again.

MARY BARBARA LINS '33.

THE SOPHOMORES

SOMEONE has said that the greatest advantage of college is to help one find one's self, and that is what the sophomores are doing—finding themselves. One sees this in the joy they have in using their minds. They take real pleasure in such simple academic pursuits as going to classes and finding out things for themselves. They even enjoy classes that by general precedent are supposed to bore them. The sophomores are alive in everything they do; and there is nothing they can't do. Last year they presented *Antigone*, a very difficult play that many have hesitated to give, and they presented it well. They published *The Rambler*, the first successful freshman periodical since Junior College days; and, although they have now merged this popular publication with the *Meadowlark*, it is still discussed and praised. The sophomores are unusually capable. They have succeeded in making the *Meadowlark*, which they edit, a popular paper; for they have put into it the spirit of their class.

They are alive socially as well as intellectual-

ly, and original in establishing customs. The Sophomore Tea Dance is the result of this characteristic—the first sophomore dance ever given in the College. In athletics they are not champions, but they are interested, and they are always ready to help in everything of value to the campus. They are liked by both upperclassmen and freshmen, and they are the first sophomore class to be honored by an invitation to the exclusive Junior-Senior formal.

MARNO PRINCE '34.

THE FRESHMEN

HAPPY" may seem an unusual adjective to describe a class of college girls, yet how appropriate it is in this particular case. No other trait is nearly so outstanding in this year's freshman class as light-hearted happiness. Into every phase of action, be it study or play, the freshmen bring gaiety and joy. One cannot imagine them playing hockey or basketball without merry remarks floating all about or picture them silent and grim as they work industriously on the *Freshman Focus*.

What is greatly to their credit is that they are not hindered in their progress or success by their carefree attitude. The fact that they have won cups for both hockey and basketball and that their little paper has met with wide approval proves that their play and work make an excellent combination.

Not long ago I happened to overhear one of the upperclassmen remark that she'd give anything to have the attitude toward play of one of the freshmen. She seemed astounded that a certain person was dancing enthusiastically in

the living room at seven o'clock when she knew her to be burdened with assignments for the next day. Yet the dancer realized that she would be able to work better for the relaxation, so she danced joyously. It was from this incident that I gathered that I am not alone in my analysis of the first-year girls.

I wonder if the freshmen will all be of the same frame of mind when they are juniors and seniors? I am inclined to believe that they will; for happiness seems so vitally a part of their characters that I am glad to think and hope that they will never lose it.

MARY McDOWELL '35.

IN MEMORY OF VICTORIA JOHNSON

APRIL, 1932

She passed among us, gracious, young;
And as she went, behind her sprung
Fresh memories of kindness sown
Like winds well-doing o'er us blown.
Let us who stay weep not vain tears
Nor yet bemoan her wasted years,
For she has gone "where springs not fail,
Where flies no sharp and sided hail."
The years will bring but added grace
And leave of wench and wound no trace.
Immortal youth, immortal hope
Denied to us who darkly grope,
Alike are hers, most happy maid
Who out of pastures sad has strayed
There where she sings her blessed prayer
That we so live to find her there.

—S. C. M.

WINTER

Beauty enveloped in a clinging mist
Passed through the woods and scattered to the breeze
The last of autumn's glory; and she kissed,
Then crushed the ice-etched cobweb in the leaves.
She slowly passed the eucalyptus tall,
And passing, left the stark-white, slender tree
A tarnished thing. Then Beauty went from all
The glowing woods and we could no more see
Their wealth of color as she crossed the hill;
But lest she hurt our hearts with too much pain
She left some tokens: we can see her still
In spirit in that birch tree in the lane,
In that red maple leaf curled at the edge,
In those bright berries on that rocky ledge.

S. M. D.

THE MEADOWLANDS GARDEN AND ANGELICO

BROAD green lawns, densely foliaged trees and myriads of flowers make the Meadowlands garden one of the most beautiful spots of the campus.

In the morning the place is teeming with life. Busy ants trail back and forth; birds call to one another; and often an inquisitive squirrel stops scampering to rest in the shade of the tall trees. To the side Angelico stands bathed in the morning sun, and from within come soft sounds of music.

At noon time the place is a veritable garden of gold. From the underbrush by the bridge a flock of quail rise, startled by a footfall.

But it is in the evening that the garden is most beautiful. Peace and serenity are in every corner. The setting sun casts a pinkish glow on the white wall of Angelico, where the shadows of the leaves weave lacy designs. Night shadows creep in. The call of birds and the scamperings of small animals die away. Even the softest breeze becomes still, and soon the garden is wrapt in darkness.

JACQUELINE HARKINS '34.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

THE OLD AND THE NEW

IN studying the biography of George Washington one should consider two points of view. One should first read the older biographies, those by W. Irving, C. Lodge, and W. Wilson, for they give a picture of the Washington of our dreams, the Washington of history. They place him on a pedestal and sing praises to him. They call him "elusive" and great. To them he was superhuman; even his faults were virtues. He was cold marble. It is this Washington whom, as children, we love and look to for guidance. He is a hero of heroes. His serene face stands out in high relief in a time of strife and trouble. He is noble, strong and true. We love to hear the old phrase by Colonel Henry Lee, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," applied to Washington. We are proud of his deeds. He was never afraid to do his duty as he saw it. He was not influenced by the whims of his followers.

It was not until recent years that our hero was attacked. Now there are new biographies

which give us a different Washington. They show us his faults and aim to remove him from his pedestal. They contradict the old writers in that they show his faults and we find that he was not as great as we have believed him to be. They call him proud, vain, and haughty. They say that all his great accomplishments were for personal gain. This, at least, is not true, for he gave his service to his country as its Commander-in-Chief without pay. This was unselfish, but W. E. Woodward, who compares Washington to a modern business man, says that Washington could do this because he was a wealthy man, and yet how many modern business men would render such service without material recompense? Perhaps Washington had some characteristics in common with the modern capitalist, but his great character was not engulfed in this covering. He never allowed business to guide him in his decisions; he was fearless in his work. He did not hesitate to give himself to the cause of the American Revolution.

A modern business man is not thought of as hospitable, kind, or gentle. He is usually hard, cold, and calculating. But Washington was

noted for his aristocratic Southern hospitality. Washington Irving wrote that Washington's house saw gaiety and company all the year round. He was kind to everyone, and always gentle and loving with children. W. E. Woodward says that Washington loved to live in the public gaze and that he worked best before an audience; but Washington Irving wrote that Washington complained of being on display and longed for the quiet restfulness of his Mt. Vernon estates.

However, in our analysis of the real George Washington, we should study both the old and the new biographies. Thus we should have the realist of W. E. Woodward, the kind loving human being of P. Wiltach, and the great soldier and good statesman of Irving. Washington is then neither faulty nor perfect. He is an honest, kind man, who has been brought much closer to us. Although at first we may have been hostile to the attacks made on our hero, we admire him the more after knowing his faults, because he succeeded in spite of them. It is from both extremists, the old and the new, that we "know the image and the man."

ROSE MARIE WHITTHORNE '33.

MAURICE BARING

EARLY in his career Maurice Baring wrote three first-rate books: *Dead Letters*, *Lost Diaries* and *Diminutive Dramas*. The first two are imaginary letters and diaries written by famous people in history and classical literature, and the third is a series of short plays on the same subjects. All three, they are nonsense of the very best. To be able to write real nonsense is *the* test of the first-rate mind: so says a distinguished critic—and this particular nonsense of Maurice Baring's is probably unique in literature, certainly unique in modern literature.

These three books are first-rate both in matter and style: in matter because they show a scholarly familiarity with much that is greatest in literature and much that is most significant in classical history: in style, because, playing with such dignified subjects, the least fault in taste would jar unbearably. But there are no such faults. The brilliant delicate wit is unerring; and the farcical touches appear quite spontaneously, with an effect of seriousness which makes the reader laugh out loud.

One is a letter from Regan to Goneril, complaining about Cordelia and "her mumbling voice, which makes it impossible to hear a word she says." Another from a Roman gossip, tells how Antony meets Cleopatra at a disorderly evening party in Alexandria, at which the high-spirited Queen of Egypt strews the pavement with heated pennies in the hope that someone will get burnt fingers trying to pick them up. The thick-headed Antony, overcome with admiration, murmurs: "Wonderful woman—*wonderful* woman." In the story of Oedipus, the Sphinx asks the riddle: "What is it that runs on two legs, barks and is covered with feathers?" Oedipus answers: "A pheasant. And you put that in about the barking to make it more difficult." And the Sphinx, discomfited, owns that Oedipus has guessed right. Marcus Aurelius writes in his diary that the Games bore him: "Those Nubian lions eat the Christians without the least discrimination."

These books are fun. And the explanation of the apparent miracle by which the nonsense never jars is simply that Maurice Baring has a profound central respect, even reverence, for the object of his fun; and under all the flashing

wit you feel that respect, as hard and solid as a rock under the rippling waters. Also his historical sense is singularly alive: his pictures of the Past are given, without a flaw, in terms of the "goings-on" of foolish but amusing rich people in pre-war English society—a society of which Maurice Baring is an intimate member, and whose activities and angle of vision have pre-occupied him, if anything, too much. But not too much in these delicious books. Contemporary taste is so bad that by now they may be out of print. But whoever owns them is blest by Fate, because, like true classics, they stand endless re-reading.

In 1907 Maurice Baring became a Catholic; and a little later his diplomatic duties took him to Russia; and like many another imaginative English traveler, he fell in love with that mysterious land. Several books of Russian essays and stories appeared, in which he understands well enough the aristocracy of Russia, its odd ancient religion, its music and art, and, most of all, its air of infinite, brooding melancholy. He knew the soul of old Russia. But this emotional penetration was not accompanied by any intelligent political sense of the real drift of Russian

affairs: as late as 1914 he was in Russia, before war was declared, but despite the slowly gathering strength of causes other than the war, he did not in any way foresee the impending catastrophe of the Revolution and when it came about he could offer no light upon the indescribable chaos which followed the crash. The war claimed him heart and soul, and for its four years, too old to fight, he was on the staff of the Royal Air Force, just "behind the Front."

When the war was over his genius took an entirely new turn, and he began to write novels. The novel is the book form which is most to the modern taste; and his novels made his name over again and greatly increased his reputation. One of these, the first is *the Catholic* novel of our time. It is called *Passing By*. Its theme is, unequivocally, the divine unreason of the Faith. The story is that of a tragic love-affair. The childless wife of a rich man much older than herself loves and is loved by another man, known in the book as A. (Maurice Baring has an irritating habit of naming his characters with initials only. Perhaps he likes to reduce essentials as much as possible so as to make room, as it were, for the great spiritual denouements

which take place in his work; or perhaps it is simply a part of the exceeding lightness of his touch.) These lovers cannot be united because of the woman's loyalty to her husband. At the very end of the book, which is a short one, the husband dies suddenly, and the woman, free at last and still in love with A, discovers that she has a Carmelite vocation. She follows this grace and disappears into a convent, leaving the world bewildered and A broken-hearted. The essential truth of the work was immediately proved in the way in which it was received. In spite of the stir caused by a first novel from Maurice Baring, no one could understand the book at all. The real world behaved exactly as the world described in the book. The extreme subtlety of his spirituality could not be grasped by a public who were neither simple nor subtle enough.

A later and, in some ways, an even more striking book is *Cat's Cradle*, a long, slowly developed, carefully told story of a woman's life in elegant pre-war European society. This book, though describing the brilliancies and luxuries of the pre-war world, is told with the essential heart-break of post-war England, and

there is a thread of half-hidden anguish running through all the folds of the story. It makes painful if brilliant reading. Its theme is sainthood, and its story that of a woman whose exquisite regard for the happiness of others gradually costs her all her own happiness and finally her life. There is a genuine flaw in the concept in that it gives all the agonies of sainthood without giving the consolations: it is not a complete picture in spite of the solidity of its structure, and the infinite and various delicacies of its development.

C is an enormous book, in spite of its slender title, and a very boring book, too. It describes the endless comings and goings of rich people, some of whom have only initials, while others are permitted full names and titles. It is largely autobiographical, and its tediousness is curious, because Maurice Baring's real autobiography, *The Puppet Show of Memory*, is one of the most delicious books of memoirs that appeared in the flood of memoirs that followed the war. A diplomat, life took him everywhere and he met everyone. He is entirely charitable, if a little snobbish. The book is full of poetry and humor, the two great compensations for

civilization. He deals with his conversion to Catholicism in one paragraph! This is a record in freedom from egotism.

Distinguished converts generally write at least two volumes about their inmost spiritual experiences. It is probably the amazing swiftness of his spiritual intuition which carries him so quickly to the vanishing point of expression. Others plod heavily to the cliff-edge of expressible spiritual experience. Maurice Baring flies like lightning.

His poems are good, sometimes excellent, and have not received their just measure of recognition. They are traditional in style, and he is one of the rare modern masters of the sonnet. Their subjects are as various and far-ranging as his experience. There are some exquisite love-sonnets, some of which, not the best, appear in the anthologies. There is a sonnet on the great lovers of the past, Paolo and Francesca:

Borne restless on the never-resting air . .

Not for all Heaven would they exchange their hell
Who know there is no end to their despair.

There are poems about places: Greece, with
its colours of the dawn, where

A fisherman, a trident in his hand
Is wading in the water to his knees
And casting fishes to the shining sands.

Russia, with the infinite melancholy of her
vast plains, and a voice singing in the village at
evening:

The joy of love that's over in a day,
The sorrow of love that lasts a whole life long.

A poem on a soldier wounded in the Man-
churian War, far from home, and glad to die:

I shall not see the faces of my friends
Nor hear the songs the rested reapers sing,
Rested from labours of the harvesting
On those dark nights before the summer ends.
My wife will find another mate. My child,
Too young to know, will never grieve. But I
Have found my brother, and contentedly
I lay my head upon his knees and sleep.
My Brother Death, I knew you when you smiled.

There is a famous threnody for Lord Lucas,
killed in the Great War, and a lovely dedicatory
sonnet to another friend:

You too have travelled in the unknown land
And anchored by the unfrequented shore,
You too have heard the Stygian waters roar
And seen the foam of Lethe kiss the sand.

And as a traveller brings his spoils to him
More richly graced in might and bravery,
So do I bring to you these records dim
Of bright adventure in the fields forlorn—
To you who heard the blast of Roland's horn
And saw Iseult set sail for Brittany.

There is no religious poetry. Such spiritual
swiftness as Maurice Baring's makes the religion
itself the poem. Love is a silence: and of
perfect fulfillment there is no word to say.

ELIZABETH BELLOC.

Reprinted from *The Meadowlark*.

FRAY LUIS DE LEON

THEY call him "the most silent man ever known," and yet this Augustinian friar is remembered not only for his writings but for his heated controversies and his radical beliefs. It is said that in Castilla la Vieja, where he spent his youth, he hardly knew ten persons intimately and that he was chiefly characterized by his silence and melancholy.

When he was sixteen years old he joined the Augustinian Order at Salamanca. He was talented and was soon made Professor of Theology at the University of Salamanca. Certainly his fellow professors, many of them Dominicans, could hardly have realized the strength of their future opponent. He was young, of not very imposing build. He had a dark complexion and dark hair and beard. His eyes, the sad eyes of a dreamer, belied his character. As a monk he practised great austerity, but he was by nature a little arrogant and very sensitive.

As a result of frequent warm discussions in the halls of the University, a body of enemies sprang up against him. Many of them were members of the Dominican order. Their pre-

texts for attack were first, that Friar Luis had criticized the Vulgate version of the Bible on the ground that the translation could be improved; second, that he had a leaning towards new and dangerous opinions, *i.e.*, Lutheranism; and, finally, that he had translated Solomon's *Song of Songs* into Castilian, a thing prohibited both by the laws of the Church and the kingdom. Most stress seems to have been laid on the last accusation. The translation came about in a rather odd manner. A certain nun, whose ignorance of Latin prevented her from reading *The Canticle of Canticles*, expressed a wish to do so. The chivalrous mystic came to her assistance with a beautiful translation intended for her alone. Unfortunately a friend who obtained a copy of the work made some more copies and the unsuspecting Friar found himself before the Tribunal of the Inquisition.

His defense was instant, sincere, and direct, but he was nevertheless imprisoned at Valladolid for nearly five years before the Supreme Council of the Inquisition acquitted him entirely. He spent much of the time at Valladolid composing his *Nombres de Cristo* and writing some poetry. After he was set free he re-

turned to Salamanca. His entrance into the city was a veritable triumph. Everybody came out to meet him, and he was carried into the city amid the acclaim of the people.

Immediately after his release we should expect the most vivid reality in Friar Luis' mind to be the memory of those years in prison. If this was so he did not show it, and with supreme nobility of character and high moral courage he began his first discourse after his return with the words, "As we remarked when we last met . . ." and then continued as though five years of suffering had not intervened.

Whether he would or no, those years did influence his life. His health was severely undermined; inquisition prisons were not intended to strengthen. He did very little more writing, and that of a melancholy strain, but his influence in the University increased enormously and he was repeatedly elected prior of his convent. Persecution had served only to strengthen his power and to widen his influence.

Luis de Leon composed an immense number of books, most of which were based on the Bible, which as a religious he knew thoroughly.

His themes, however, are drawn from pagan as well as from Christian sources. He has well been called the Christian Horace, and he found much in Plato to admire and imitate. In fact, the whole of the *Nombres de Cristo*, the greatest of Spanish mystical books, is based on Platonism. It is a dialogue in imitation of the *Tusculan Questions* and is a splendid specimen of theological learning, eloquence, and devotion. The purpose of the work was to excite devout feelings by discussing the character of the Saviour under various names which were given to Him as man, *i.e.*, Shepherd, Way, Prince of Peace, and many others. The introduction acquaints the reader with three Augustinians, Sabino and Marcelo, who are to present the arguments, and Juliano, who is to be the judge. Sabino is the youngest and of a "sanguine" disposition, but Marcelo, who is really Friar Luis, speaks of himself as one of a melancholy disposition.

Los Nombres de Cristo, which combines beautiful language and philosophical thought, is essentially the work of a poetical imagination. The descriptions are lovely even from the very beginning when the Friars go out into the

garden to seat themselves beneath the trees and hear the fountains playing and birds singing. One of the finest passages is in the chapter on Christ, the Prince of Peace, in which Luis sets out to prove "the beauty of all harmony in the moral world from its analogies in the physical."

La Perfecta Casada, a book in lesser vein than *Los Nombres*, is based on the *Proverbs* of Solomon and is the most popular of Luis de Leon's prose works. The style is beautiful and simple; the language, sonorous and rhythmical. This work reveals an entirely different side of Friar Luis de Leon's character, for it shows his very remarkable knowledge of women, a rather odd trait in a mystic who had so many irons in the fire. The book treats of the duties of the married state and contains much sound advice. The author warns those who wish to be really good wives to avoid vanities and to be faithful to their domestic duties. He says that those who pass their time well will avoid the temptation of reading books of chivalry, of following worldly amusements, and a hundred similar vices. He makes fun of the woman who neglects her house "to warm the floor of the Church afternoon and morning," and throughout the

exposition he speaks against the vain and faithless wife while he praises the dutiful woman. Like most of the great mystics he has a great deal of common sense and practical reasoning.

Luis de Leon is the very greatest of Spanish poets. He himself did not consider his poetry of any value and as a result it was not published until after his death. Most of it was written during his youth, and the choice of subjects is rather restricted. The ease and grace with which he dealt with his themes shows that he was a true master of his art. His original poetry unites "depth and delicacy of feeling with beauty and perfection of form." One of his early poems, *La Vida Retirada*, clearly expresses his ideal of life:

Qué descansada vida
la del que huye el mundanal ruido,
y sigue la escondida
senda por donde han ido
los pocos sabios que en el mundo han sido.

How peaceful is the life
Of him who flees all worldly care,
Avoids all earthly strife,
And through hidden paths and rare
Makes his whole life a journey fair!

Spiritual peace was Friar Luis' great aspiration. He thought of the earth only as a prison from which he wished to be free. Once free, as a mystic he wished above all to find the truth. His works show a profound introspection and a searching for truth through a realization of the beauties of nature. He expresses these feelings in one of his most famous poems, *Noche Serena*.

Cuando contemplo el cielo
de innumerables luces adornado,
y miro hacia el suelo
de noche rodeado,
en sueño y en olvido sepultado;
el amor y la pena
despiertan en mi pecho una ansia ardiente;
despiden larga vena
los ojos hechos fuente;
la lengua dice al fin con voz doliente:
Morada de grandeza,
templo de claridad y hermosura,
mi alma que a tu alteza
nació ¿qué desventura
la tiene en esta cárcel baja, oscura?

"When I contemplate the sky,
Adorned with its starry light,
And then turn from on high,
To the earth enwrapped in night,

In dreams and oblivion bedight,
Both joy and sorrow then
Wake in my burning breast.
Saddened by thoughts of men,
My tears flow unsuppressed,
And my tongue utters this sad request:
Mansion of grandeur,
Temple of splendor and beauty rare,
That to your heights my soul must bear,
What impelling, worldly care
Imprisons me here in bleak despair?"

Although Friar Luis was so energetic and passionate, his poetry seems strangely free from the stronger passions which marked the man. Although he lacked solitude, meditation served to make him philosophical, and as a result he attained a serenity of spirit which balanced his active life. He is sometimes called the first of the modern nature poets. He omits concrete detail and seems to enwrap the landscape in a sort of poetic mist. His mysticism made him love reality as only one who sees God in all things can love it.

After his imprisonment he wrote very little verse. One poem which he left written on the wall of his cell has become famous and expresses his feelings well:

Aquí la envidia y mentira
me tuvieron encerrado;
dichoso el humilde estado
del sabio que se retira
de aqueste mundo malvado;
y con pobre mesa y casa
en el campo deleitoso,
con sólo Dios se compasa,
y a solas su vida pasa,
ni envidiado ni envidioso.

Here envy and base lies
Imprisoned held me;
Happy must he be
Who has not any ties
To bind him but to Thee.
He who poor, unsought
Retires from vain life
To learn what God has taught
Admiring what He wrought,
Avoiding thus all envious strife.

Luis de Leon seldom deviated from his religious themes, but his *Profecia del Tajo* is a patriotic poem of great fame. In Spain it is generally considered his best, marked as it is by natural, fresh, and flowing rhythms. Foreign critics are more apt to favor his poems on nature or the ode *En la Ascension*, which is beautifully lyric and flexible.

Friar Luis' "flamelike" poetry stood midway between the faultless verse of Garci Lasso and the Gongorists. Like El Greco he had thin, subtle lines which were full of grace and spirit. He was essentially a poet of motion, of living pictures — pictures which calm rather than excite, but which inspire and appeal. He was too far ahead of his time to be really appreciated by his contemporaries. It was the period of the counter-reformation and only the beginning of a reaction against classic form and monumental art; Luis de Leon "caught and rendered permanent the very evanescence of things" with a sense of form that belongs to the classicist, with a freedom typical of the romanticist, with an ease and beauty that belong to all time.

—S. M. C.

NEWMAN AND CHESTERTON

SOME critics read the works of Newman and Chesterton and comment on the similarity of their position and attitude; each turns from Protestantism to Catholicism; each defends his change and endeavors to gain others to his faith and belief. Other readers immediately discard any notion of similarity and stress the great contrasts between the calm, ascetic Newman, a man alone, and the ardent, aggressive Chesterton, a leader of a crowd. In both criticisms lies much that can be defended; yet careful reading and an unprejudiced attitude, especially as regards Chesterton, lead to the conclusion that they had much in common. Both are working for the same end—Truth.

That their position is similar cannot be contested; both Newman and Chesterton were born and raised Protestants. While still quite young, in our way of judging matters, they became disturbed by religious doubts; these they gradually dispelled by the clear reasoning that led each to the Catholic Church. Therein "lies half the interest and value," says Mr. Ward, of Chesterton's work, that "he has dis-

covered his arguments himself." This comment holds true for Newman, likewise; though his arguments may fail to convince his readers no one can doubt his sincerity of purpose or the truth of the motives that led him to change his religious allegiance.

Most Catholics appreciate Newman's difficult position; they honor him as a priest; and they value the great compliment paid him by Leo XIII, the elevation of Newman to the Cardinalate. Newman's vocation to the priesthood gives him that distinctive character that, for Catholics at least, always belongs to religious men and women. Hence, to find Newman preaching, writing, teaching of religion and religious matters is not unusual but to be expected. With Chesterton the situation is entirely different. If only Protestants objected to Chesterton the attitude might be assigned to prejudice, but the astonishing thing is that Catholics resent his manner of writing; he antagonizes them in much that he writes concerning the Church and his own conversion to it. Chesterton idolators blame the reader and remark, as one discerning critic writes, that "for people who do not love Chesterton (if

such there are) there is no hope." Chesterton iconoclasts retaliate with equal fervor. The causes for antagonism may lie on both sides, but no one can deny that Chesterton is belligerent, a fact that his opponents make much of, and his supporters turn to his credit. Theodore Maynard finds in this vehemence of Chesterton "a proof of the humility of the Chestertonian heart . . . He is so conscious of his own unworthiness that he is ready to strike his enemy on the face before the glory of the face of God." Certain it is that Chesterton does not belong to that class of whom he speaks in his *Challenge of the Cure D'Ars*, those "men of a somewhat milder type or tradition" who "have often defended Christianity and even Catholicism in a tone that we deprecating and tactful, and might have seemed to some to be even apologetic."

The reader of Chesterton has no doubt that it is Chesterton that is doing the talking, but underneath the aggressiveness is sound matter gained from his certainty in his faith. Newman's manner of writing is entirely different though at times he reveals a fierceness that recalls Chesterton. Fierceness, however, is rela-

tive and Newman's rises not from a sense of antagonism but from an earnest serious interest in the subject at hand and is tempered by his calm nature. However, that which each strives for is the same: Newman wants to lead men to the truth which he himself has found; Chesterton tries to make men believe what he believes because he knows it is the truth.

That Chesterton is as sincere in his purpose as Newman is no one can question who reads him thoroughly; in the manner of presentation lies the great difference. Newman wins his reader by the clear and simple expression of his deep and serious thoughts, and leads him, disposed in his favor, to an appreciation of the nobility of his personality, the power of his mind, and the worth of his thoughts and experiences. Chesterton, by his manner of writing, full of conceits and paradoxes, of wilfull exaggerations and deliberate nonsense, disposes his reader not to take him seriously (a thing that he actually states must not be done), and hence one misses much of the power of Chesterton's seriousness and purpose.

Newman might have considered much that Chesterton writes on religion irreverent; yet

Chesterton's writing is such as to stir up, says Mr. Ward, "a jaded generation." He deliberately tantalizes to provoke straight thinking. Yet a link does exist between the vital layman, Chesterton, who turns out a book at the least provocation that he may stamp his personality and thought on his generation, and the calm Cardinal Newman, who wrote carefully and slowly and only when he deemed it necessary. These two found that which satisfied their minds and souls in the Catholic Church but their conception of the faith of the Church is vastly different. Newman desires to follow the Light and in following gains peace. Chesterton's need is less quiet and he cries:

"Though Earth be filled with waters dark
My cup is filled with wine.
Tell to the trembling priests that here
Under the deluge rod,
One nameless, tattered, broken man
Stood up and drank to God."

THE COMIC COMPLEMENT

THE study of comedy is surprisingly enlightening. One thinks of art as a straightforward presentation of an ideal, to be enjoyed by all who come to know it. But, as one considers comedy, one finds its very nature puzzling; it must be disentangled in order to secure the promised light. The comic is that which provokes laughter because of its incongruity with things as they are. This incongruity is a matter of perception, not of reality. Mr. Charles Chaplin with his ill-fitting derby, his cane, his abbreviated moustache, blank expression and characteristic walk might not seem amusing to a savage straight from the jungle. And again such a person would probably not notice that last year's style looked funny in 1932. But the average civilized person naturally smiles when he even sees a picture of Mr. Chaplin, or someone else in yesteryear's queerly-cut suit or dress. The incongruity lies only partially in the representation, you see. It is fully appreciated only when the audience perceives it as it was first conceived in the mind of the artist.

Thus, for its true appreciation, comedy must be presented and also must have an audience. It is for this reason that comedy differs from the novel. A novel is thought-provoking about a point of view, as in Sinclair Lewis' pictures of the American bourgeoisie. The story gives pleasure at mere reading. The same is true of a philosophy that has been buried for a few decades. When it is brought out and read critically by a certain type of mind, it is enjoyed. But in comedy, perfect enjoyment and appreciation and pleasure are achieved only if it is seen.

"I suppose the art of the theatre," writes Sybil Thorndyke, New York dramatic artist, "is the only form of art of which the public is an integral part, the only form that is not complete without the audience." Thus, comedy, as a phase of drama, differs from the Fine Arts which exist in themselves. Drama is for the actual moment, not for all times. The audience is not a group of separate men and women. Rather, it is a single unit. But, unfortunately, it does not realize its position, and so, as Miss Thorndyke says, it eats too many bon-bons, and blows its nose and clears its throat very ill-manneredly. And she goes on to prescribe the

ideal pre-theatre dinner: it must be good, with good wine. Yes, a good dinner, but she adds that it must be spare. Else only cast iron and never wit could move the spirits of the audience.

The audience must sympathize spontaneously and freely with the temper of the play as presented by the actors. It must be in the spirit most conducive to sharing the ups and downs of the persons of the play world. For this reason writers have been influenced by the people who see their plays. Shakespeare desired to become wealthy and popular, so that he might return to Stratford as a fine gentleman; hence he wrote for the people who would patronize his productions. And it has always been that the dramatic artist must write to attract a society, else his art can never be produced and therefore can never be complete.

The complement to comedy, appreciative laughter of the audience, is not forthcoming unless the right presentation is given. When we read a play we enjoy the humorous passages, but not as when they are played before us by people who interpret the rôles realistically. Laughter is contagious, and when once it be-

gins, no matter how faintly, it ripples through an entire theatre, inspired by the players or by the more sensitive members of the audience.

So the success of the comic poet depends on whether or not he can make people laugh. And his ability is an art whose success depends upon society. Writers who do not bother to stimulate their audiences are unbearably dull. They must gain either condemnation or praise, otherwise theirs is not true comedy. The comic poet depends on the comic element for his success, for the comic element is the very essence of comedy.

Mr. Meredith writes that good comedies are rare in English literature, though the comic element abounds. The reason is the lack of a cultivated society with whom the comic poet can enjoy a harmonious relation. His opposition lies in the Puritan who won't laugh and in the Bacchanalian who perpetually laughs and giggles. His ideal society is balanced between the two. Furthermore, because he must draw his plot from this society, its members must have keen perception and current ideas.

Indeed, comedy's nature is puzzling. Comedy is often immoral in the conditions it por-

trays, yet moral in that it aims to teach right living through a "lesson." Its complement helps to convert its immorality into morality by appreciating it rightly. The audience sees comedy mimic the deeds of men so that it appeals largely to our sense of humor. It depends on staging effect for the essentials of its form and purposes. Our sense of humor combines the pain and pleasure. Thus in the contrast is the element of humor which prompts laughter, "the mark of the God, and the mark of the beast in man." The God laughs at our petty troubles and the animal has a cruel tone in his laughter. Laughter too often springs from a feeling of superiority and of pleasure in seeing another suffer.

"Were there no evil in the world," writes the moralist Laprade, "there would be no laughter, no anger, no tears." Only the intellectual laughs, as he isolates the object of laughter and sees in it some discrepancy with the ideal. Hazlitt says that we laugh at what only disappoints our expectation in trifles.

Still another effect of laughter is the purging of our feelings. In this, the comic writer endeavors to carry out the object of comedy: to teach

morality, whose birth lies in social convention. By sharing this discrepancy with convention, he causes moral laughter. And because laughter is essentially social it is contagious; here it is the attack of all society upon a particular portion of society.

For instance, in *Henry IV*, Part I, we laugh with Prince Hal at Falstaff because of his great attraction to eating and drinking. We see what it has done to him and, although we sympathize with him kindly, we shun following him. In like fashion, in *Campaspe*, we laugh at the absent-minded philosophers and kindly condemn their unconsciousness. In modern comedies we find immorality teaching morality consistently. St. John Irvine's *The First Mrs. Fraser* does this admirably. The first Mrs. Fraser regains the affection of her wayward husband, but not until after the comic poet has poked numerous thrusts of laughter at him. The artist here teaches the value of patience and perseverance.

In comedy, however, immorality must neither fail to arouse opposition in some measure nor can it arouse too fierce opposition. Its mood must be definite and must be felt by the

audience. Because we are prosaic most of the time, it is not easy to infuse a foreign spirit into us. Society has endowed us with certain habitually conventional sentiments. And, in the approach to comedy, our everyday behavior has to be transformed, and our education is turned backward rather than forward through the assistance of the comic poet. He takes advantage of us in this state and makes his characters appeal directly to the audience because they personify us, who, after all, are potentially the essence of vice. He will fail, however, unless he neutralizes the opposition by various technical devices. He hurries the action to prompt interest and attention, which invigorates the enthusiasm of the characters themselves. An example is in the Gadshill robbery in *Henry IV*; Falstaff's exuberance greatly enhances the act, and the interest of the audience, in its haste, has no time for protest.

Still another method is criticism through the minor characters. Shakespeare's management of Falstaff's associates shows this. He always keeps Falstaff thus in the sympathy of the audience. Falstaff even triumphs over the scruples of conscience that trouble his admirers.

Another play that admirably illustrates the technique of comedy is Sheridan's *The Rivals*. Sheridan interests especially through the vigor of his characters; Mrs. Malaprop whole-heartedly illustrates the fact that laughter is the desired reaction to comedy and the inevitable response to great comedy. Because surely only a Puritan could remain stoical within hearing distance of her lines, and a Bacchanalian would undoubtedly be ready for both mental and physical treatment after hearing her.

After all, a worthy comic poet deserves and will inevitably receive the laughter and attention of his audience. He must have both in order to be sure that his work is an art. He is telling the world what ails it, and he must do so entertainingly. Nevertheless, he must be emphatic. And, because fundamentally nothing is comic unless felt so by the audience, the thing is judged comedy only when there is laughter. Thus, the audience definitely complements the success of comedy and must be considered from the comic poet's very conception of his play. He must capture its sympathy and its co-operation for successful presentation. Comedy

belongs to the theatre and lives by the laughter of the audience. If it is great art, this laughter carries it from one generation to the next.

EILEEN RYAN '33.

SONNET

When I remember our dear sunny hour
Together on the green and sun-drenched grass,
I see again the marigolds in flower
And hear the leaves sing with the winds that pass.
I know once more that same sweet heart-content
That only your dear friendship brings to me,
The great sincerity of love that's meant
But left unsaid through our eternity.
Perhaps because we've never said the word
That tells how much we care, our love will grow
And fill our hearts with songs no one has heard
Save us, who, strangely, now have come to know
That we've no need of fragile words to say,
"We love always—tomorrow as today."

BETTY GARLAND '34.

GUZMAN HALL

GUZMAN is the one building on the campus whose classical design gives an impression of the austerity that discourages all outside thoughts when once the student enters those heavy glass doors. On either side of the smooth granite corridors are doors which shut off from interruptions the rooms in which are taught science, art, religion, mathematics, the humanities, and all courses that make up the curriculum of the liberal college. Within these same classrooms one may gain knowledge to fit her to take her place among the cultured people of the world. One may acquire information together with a technique to impart her knowledge to pupils or to her own children. Here, too, one may get the impetus to spur one on to great achievements, to a distinction that may redound to the honor of the college. Even she who gains least does not lack for greater wisdom, greater human understanding and greater faith for having sat in the classrooms of the learned and kindly men and women who, in Guzman Hall, are the professors of Dominican College.

FRANCES LEMMELET '35.

THE ZUYDER ZEE

THE ZUYDER ZEE! The name always intrigued me. Even in grammar school days under the infliction of geography when the name of every other foreign place was a bugbear, the Zuyder Zee sounded alluring. I wondered about it; what could it be like? The geography maps and text pictured it merely as some sort of water, but I was sure that that name of so much individuality could belong only to something of equal attractiveness. In my mind I planned a trip to Holland, already vaguely associated with the prim beauty of tulips, and on my trip I was going to sail across the Zuyder Zee.

It was years later that we were going abroad to Germany and Holland. Geography long past, both its horrors and the lure of the Zuyder Zee had faded from my mind, but something inside me started when I heard we were going yachting through the Dutch canals, and then across the Zuyder Zee to Volendam and Marken. Eagerly I awaited the yachting trip, and finally one bright morning we boarded an equally bright and shining little craft, a

little craft quite like any small yacht in any country, but Dutch in its crew and fare. The crew consisted of lithe, bereted, amorous newly-wed and energetic, ambitious Peter, steward, courier, captain, all in one; the blustery bereted mate, and Peter's Therese. How Therese got her name I could never imagine, for Dutch she certainly looked: a blonde and plump and emotionally inexpressive. Her slow wits had not yet sufficiently recovered from the wedding ceremony (pictures of which were proudly shown to us) to be able to perform any domestic feats other than to place before us the milk and cheese of her pastoral fatherland. For two or three days we slipped along the canals, through towns; early the third afternoon Peter rushed up to install us on the upper deck as we crossed the Zuyder Zee. Concernedly he fixed us in our steamer chairs, and then himself looked dreamily out over the front of the boat.

My chair was slanted off by itself, and I was alone to revel in actually seeing the one place I had learned of in geography that I had cared enough to imagine about. I had never been able to picture anything definite about this myster-

ious-named body of water, but somehow I had thought about it as the scene of a sort of water pageant penetrated with the local color of all Holland, delft China, quaint costumes, and tulips. And now at last there was the Zuyder Zee really before me; no carnival scene, but in another way more beautiful still. There was no festival gayety, but a deeper, purer, more tranquil, steady, and fruitful beauty. There were the little fisher boats, grey against the now white-clouded sky. There were the weightily dark-blue costumed fishermen of Volendam and Marken, bending at intervals over increasingly sagging nets. This was the Zuyder Zee; this its beauty, the calm and the fruitfulness of work — the soul of Holland.

ALICE DUFFY '34.

GOLDEN GATE PARK

THE JAPANESE tea garden was all loveliness in the afternoon sunlight. Innumerable people passed to and fro along the paths or sat at small tables drinking tea and eating rice cakes, Japanese style. Delicate white cherry blossoms drooped from tall slender trees and a few great purple wistaria clusters hung from the top of an arbor. I sat at the back of the tea house. There a large, white rooster with a long, graceful tail and a blue and red head strutted back and forth in his cage, and next to him a golden headed pheasant with a coat of many colors—red, green, blue, brown—posed for admiration. Little green love birds twittered and kissed among the branches of a small tree. High in the upper part of the garden sat a fat grinning Buddha—watching and approving. Later, below and hidden from this garden, I found a row of weeping cherry trees with dainty pink blossoms. But it was Sunday afternoon and the gardens were robbed of all peace. Here were many Japanese in conventional American clothes with their cameras and their children, talking, laughing, scolding, ad-

miring. Over in the corner beneath a particularly beautiful tree stood a wide-eyed black-haired boy of eight, straight as a stick, his hands held close to his sides, his head tilted at just the right angle, his mouth parted in a great smile disclosing one or two white teeth next to wide open spaces. His father stood facing him, holding a big camera. Suddenly the boy's mother called, "Wait a minute, honorable Father," or words to that effect in Japanese, and rushing over pulled up her son's rumpled stockings. Then honorable Father saw room for improvement. He turned the youngster side-ways, moved his head so that he was looking over his shoulder, then "Smile!" Click! and it was over.

HELEN WILSEY '34.

A CAT IN THE GARDEN

He rolls in the fragrant beds of roses,
Giving now and then a playful pat
To opening buds; then, sleepy, dozes—
This garden's heaven for an orange cat.

BETTY GARLAND '34.

ON FINDING ONE'S FIRST GREY HAIR

COMING across one's first grey hair is a baffling experience, baffling at any age, but especially so when one is yet a collegienne. Then indeed is there puzzled introspection concerning one's past, present, and future.

When one first lights on the new-silvered strand one gasps with confusion. Soon follow a jumble of emotions—some rooted in instinctive aversion, others in the new platinum craze—and varied speculations. They flood one's startled mind. The experience as a whole quite overcomes one, leaves one for a moment inert. Then out of the inertia comes a doubt as to whether the grey hair is really grey at all or only a synthesis of hair, face powder, and imagination. One frenziedly grasps for a brush and beats at the particular lock. It is real; it remains grey! The situation thus having been proved actual, not imaginary, it is time for careful examination and consideration. One separates the lock from the others and with half-closed eyes inspects it from as many distances and angles as possible. Even if one has never approved of

dyeing one's hair platinum, yet now, since it is changing itself, one should at least like it to go a fashionable shade. But no, no amount of twisting and turning will make the solitary strand look anything but a dingy grey, by no means platinum, and strictly not even silver. Then are called up mental pictures and anecdotes of the relatives who are supposed to have gotten grey young. There are quite a few of them, and one does not recall their having been particularly striking in any way, so perhaps it is the most natural thing in the world for oneself to have started greying before long. Surely, though, to have begun so very soon must mean something. Perhaps one has "lived" more intensely than one has realized, and the few cruel years have left their mark. One searches in the mirror for signs of blue shadows under one's eyes, for an eloquent pallor. No, one has never been beautiful, and even with greying hair there is no sign of being "pale and interesting." Can the future perhaps hold something as compensation for one's early fading youth?

ALICE DUFFY '34.

A PEN PORTRAIT OF BEAUTY

“**A**THING of beauty is a joy forever.”
That, of course, is a platitude, but none the less, like so many platitudes, true.

Beauty in a person is a most elusive and ever-changing quality; it needs an unceasing sagacity and a rare detachment of spirit. It is not only expressed in perfection of face or figure; it has numerous attributes. The epitome of beauty in a woman would be a person who was neither absolute nor idealistic, but intelligent at spare moments and elusive and charming continually.

Or, more specifically, a truly beautiful lady would live with admirable independence and enviable inconsistency in Paris or New York, not suffering from the bonds of a complex civilization, but intensely interested in human contacts and in mundane things.

The decline of formality will find its movement in her, as she will be the first to have discovered the undeniable *chic* in being natural. Such a one would not possess the very common habit of regarding herself as an indispensable ornament of the human race.

She would follow painting for pleasure, ride horses for exercise, and lie about in deck chairs on pent-house roofs. She would dislike people who talk about life, her conversation consisting chiefly of a narration of her recent exploits, actually designed to cast fresh glamour upon life.

Her eleventh commandment would be never to have an emotion that was unbecoming. Her synthetic intellect would be obviously created more for ostentation than for ease. She would not only realize the *joie de vivre* but would also actualize it. Living inconsequently in a world of consequences she would delicately personify that age-old proverb, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

MANUELA HUDSON '34.

WEEK-ENDS

THERE are as many different ideas about week-ends as there are types of people, especially in college where the week-end is one of the all important factors that go towards making college life enjoyable.

To the girl who is going to college simply because her family wishes it, the week-end is the whole week and the other five days are just a means to an end to be borne with as little complaining as possible. At the fireside gatherings after dinner she can talk of nothing but where she is going and what she is going to wear the next week-end. At dinner on Thursday night she is all smiles simply because the next day is Friday and the beginning of the week-end, a week-end made up of luncheons, teas and dancing, with something to do every minute.

Then there is the girl to whom the week-end means two whole days of uninterrupted study. Happily there are few of this type. All week long she plans out her work systematically so that when Friday comes she retires to her room immediately after dinner and begins the week-end rites. She appears for breakfast, luncheon

and dinner and regales her table companions with lengthy descriptions of what she has accomplished and how much is yet to be done. She greets Sunday night with despair because it means the noise and bustle of the other girls' return, visits from frantic students who have not prepared their work and are seeking her timely aid, and a general confusion that disturbs her peace and quiet and makes studying, although imperative, a bit unpleasant.

To the girl who remains at school the weekend is not as you might think a monotonous continuation of the school week. The beauty of the place alone is enough to make the weekend enjoyable. However, there are long walks or rides to be taken along old trails, almost entirely hidden by thick under-growth, to the summits of hills where, on a clear day, you can see all the surrounding country and the clear, translucent blueness of the bay. Or perhaps a launch ride will be planned. And then there is always the treat of a ride out to Bolinas with a swim in the ocean at the end of the ride and tea beside an open fire after that. If these things do not please the girl she can go to San Francisco on a shopping tour or just remain in her room

and catch up on lost sleep that is a result of mid-terms.

As I said before, everyone has different ideas about week-ends. Personally I like a variety of week-ends — a week-end of pleasure when I am in the mood for it, a week-end of rest when I need it, and a week-end of study when I have come to the end of my resources, and that is the only alternative.

JACQUELINE HARKINS.

PLACIDITY

A freshly gravelled walk between the beds
Of roses meshed in cobwebs, sun-light-spun,
And grass, close-cropped and green that widely
 spreads;
And quietness and peace beneath the sun.

Betty Garland '34.

EDGEHILL

AT THE end of two years of college life the junior discovers that she has lost the freshman ideas of boarding-school: a place with many people and many rules and much excitement, rooms furnished elaborately for entertaining one's friends, and studies at times of secondary importance. In place of these ideas comes a desire for a smaller and quieter house, where there are few people and no bells and few rules. So they come to Edge Hill and they are not disappointed. They find here a charming house set far back in the stateliest part of the grounds. They find no bells to awake them or to demand quiet hour or the putting out of lights. They are upper division students and do not abuse their privileges.

Edge Hill thus becomes a quiet well-ordered house, with the charm of friendly intimacy and the pleasantness of home.

HELEN THORNTON '32.

NOON IN THE FANJEUX COURT

A WIDE band of sunlight sharply divides the open north side of the court from the darker south side, where three high grey walls of Fanjeaux arise, broken at regular intervals by groups of windows gay with ruffled curtains. Floating through the long French doors that open onto the court come the strains of America's best dance orchestra, available through the radio just inside the living room. A few of the more energetic leave the comfortable chairs in which they have been getting the full benefit of the noon-day sun and dance on the rough flagging. The majority just sit and drink in the sunshine, gradually getting back the glad-to-be-alive feeling so easily lost during morning classes. Their bright colored dresses provide just the keynote of gayness which is characteristic of the court at noon. But suddenly the spell is broken by the five-to-one bell. The radio is silenced, the court quickly empties; no trace of the preceding care-free hour is apparent except in the slight disarray of chairs. This appearance of desertion remains until after din-

ner, when a few groups of two or three go out into the court to exchange confidences. At their feet little yellow patches of light come through the doors from the living room and fall on the still warm flags. Overhead all the windows light up, one by one, giving the court a sheltered and protected aspect. And high above all the moon scatters its light daintily on the tips of the bushes and dribbles its way down through the leaves to the stone floor where it forms shadow pictures.

FRANCES LEMMELET '35.

SPRING ON THE CAMPUS

THE quince flowers in gay profusion of cerise blossoms thrown into relief against fluffy acacia plumes.

The pungent odor of violet flowers and leaves washed by a shower.

Fragile loveliness of blossoming plum trees, hidden in garden corners or bends of the creek, followed in season by the delicate shell blossoms of the apricot trees; and, on grey twigs, clusters of white pear blossoms encircled by pale green leaves.

The festive look pink and white daises give to an expanse of green lawn.

Leaves and twigs thrown into a shadow, etching by night, lights on the white walls of Guzman.

A delightful confusion of pink rambler roses, periwinkle and moon roses around and under the bridge between the lower Meadowlands garden and Angelico.

Lilacs: pure white, royal purple, lavender, blooming in perfect profusion in unexpected corners.

Small, yellow and white rambler roses fes-

tooning themselves over the staid sentinel of the fish pond, an oak tree.

Wistaria, hanging in heavy fragrant clusters, climbing over porches, arbours, and trees, inviting swarms of droning bees to partake of spring nectar.

The slender trunk of a white birch tree gleaming like marble in the light of a full moon.

The multi-flowered rose-red and white hawthorne trees on the Edge Hill lawn, contrasting sharply to the quiet, dark appearance of the cedars and pines. A picture in silver and rose—brilliant, graceful sprays of hawthorne glimpsed through the outspreading branches of a silver fir.

The heady perfume of stock rising on the evening air benumbing all of the other senses.

The tree whose leaves are like miniature green fans, later turning pure yellow in the autumn-captured sunlight.

GENEVIEVE MENDONSE '31.

THE DUTCH DOOR AT MEADOWLANDS

THE quaintness of the main entrance to Meadowlands surprises. For, though Meadowlands is a large college residence hall, there is no formality to the wide Dutch door. The top of it is of glass set into scrolled woodwork, and more often than not it is wide open, allowing a broad shaft of sunlight to shine into the room beyond, while the rose petals and the wistaria leaves that will fall on the porch are shut out.

Looking in the door one sees a home-like room, well polished floors, a large stone fireplace guarded by two dragons and circled by old-fashioned comfortable chairs. The walls are panelled in dark wood, but the room is always bright with shining brass and graceful flowers.

Without, beyond a towering evergreen, rises the tip of Mt. Tamalpais, set in a great space of sky. Here black clouds gather in winter or race swiftly by; in spring the clear blue is seldom flecked even with tiny clouds. From this door one perceives comfort and gaiety within and beauty without. HELEN KARAM '35.

THE SIDE ENTRANCE TO MEADOWLANDS

THE stillness around the side entrance of Meadowlands is first broken in the grey of morning as the church-goers hurry out in twos and threes. From this time on the entrance is a scene of busy life.

At a minute to eight the whole college swings into view, some two hundred girls hurrying from breakfast to assembly through the wide-open door. Fifteen minutes later, as assembly is adjourned, they stream out. Later you may find groups standing around the door or sitting on the well-worn steps awaiting class periods.

The appearance of students newly dismissed from classes makes these loiterers aware of the late hour, and so they quickly disband. Some of the newcomers remain to enjoy the sun, others fling the door back and hurry within.

At dusk, as night draws near, the door is lost in darkness. Silence falls, wiping out the gaiety found in the light of day. Footsteps approach. They stop abruptly and you hear a click as the House-Mother locks the door for the night.

HELEN KARAM '35.

THE ASSES' SPRING

IN a certain green valley surrounded by steep hills there is a cool, clear spring called the Asses' Spring. This is enclosed and covered over by a roof, on the peak of which is a little tin weather vane in the shape of a donkey.

Every summer there come to the spring many city people, not only those who are sickly and in need of the clear, healthful waters, but also those in perfect health. There is a pale young city girl, well supervised by her mother and aunts; a hoary soldier who for thirty years has come and gone with the swallows; a misunderstood poetess with long, straw-colored locks; a mysterious widow in deep mourning—every type of person found at the average summer resort comes to the Asses' Spring. Wait—we have almost forgotten the principal person, the hostess of the "Golden Goose." She rules with an iron hand, cooks well, and treats both rich and poor with the equal rudeness which seems to have the same refreshing effect as May dew.

There is much argument about the origin of

the name, "Asses' Spring." Some say a thirsty donkey, by pawing the ground, accidentally opened a well; others maintain that the spring is so called because its water, like that of asses' milk, is beneficial to sick people. However, both of these stories are wrong. But this tale will be clear to everyone who listens.

For many, many years, when the mightiest tree in the forest was still an embryo, asleep in a brown acorn, people knew nothing of the medicinal power of the Asses' Spring. The guests who appeared on its brink were beasts of the forest or field, shepherds and wood choppers, hunters and charcoal burners. The people then praised the cool water and the animals did likewise in their own way.

One day two stood at the spring, one on this side, one on the other. He was a donkey and she a goose, both in the first bloom of youth. They greeted each other silently and quenched their thirst. Then the ass bashfully approached the goose and said, "Pardon me, miss, but may I accompany you?"

She bowed and would have blushed, but she could not, and then they went together through the grassy valley and spoke of the

weather. They had already gone a good piece when the ass stopped a moment and said, "Where are you going from here?"

The goose looked sadly at her companion and answered softly, "Do I know? Oh, I am the most unhappy creature under the sun!" And when the donkey questioned her again and urged her to pour out her heart, she told him her life story.

"I am called Alheid," she said, "and I am of an excellent family. My ancestress was one of the holy geese who saved the capitol—You know that story, don't you?"

"Ye-es," said the ass hesitatingly. He had really never heard of it, but he did not want to hurt the goose's feelings.

"Another of my great-grandmothers," continued Alheid, "was in very friendly relations with holy Martin. According to the rather gloomy tale, she is said even to have died with him. But now I shall no longer speak of my ancestors but of myself. I first saw the daylight at the same time with eleven brothers and sisters in our barnyard. I was our mother's favorite—but then in our family the youngest child is always the most gifted."

"Just as with us!" remarked the donkey.

"I shall pass over my childhood," continued the goose. "I played in the village pond and even in the fish pond in the castle gardens, where, in the society of the young swans, I acquired the grace of motion that people so often admire in me. Soon I had lost the yellow down of my youth and had developed into a young woman. Then one day in the barnyard came a man with a strong, crooked nose, two black, glistening curls, one on each side of his forehead, and a bag hung over his shoulder. The maid-servants crowded around and saw with longing glances the bright ribbons and scarfs that he took from his sack. I shall make this short. I was captured, my wings and feet bound, and given in charge of the stranger who gave in exchange for me a blue scarf decorated with red roses. Now came sad days. I was imprisoned in a narrow cell and fed noodles and barley-flour to fatten me for market. With horror I noticed that my circumference increased from day to day, and even the worry over my hopeless state could not make me grow thinner."

Here the donkey glanced out of the corner

of his eye at the figure of his companion and swore that never had he seen a prettier goose. With a grateful glance at the donkey, Alheid continued:

"On the last night—horror seizes me even now when I think of it—I heard terrified screams, which evidently came from the throat of my fellow-prisoner. I saw two eyes gleaming in the moonlight and heard a death rattle. A fox must have broken into the stall. Fear granted me strength; I forced myself through the bars of my prison and was free! I was saved. I flew to this valley where I shall stay until winter comes."

Then Alheid sighed and was silent.

"My story resembles yours, Miss Alheid," said the donkey. "Examine the black cross which decorates my shoulders—that will tell you everything; I am of the family of the Palm Sunday asses, and Baldwin is my name. My ancestral tree took root in Noah's Ark. Balaam's ass and the donkey with whose jaw-bone Samson slew two thousand Philistines are my ancestors. He was incidentally mentioned when the philosopher died between two bundles of hay. Nor shall I stop at the service of

my ambitious ancestors who started the branch line of the mule. My parents were inmates of a monastery and carried the pious monks on their begging trips. My elder brothers also served the monks, but they sold me to the monastery miller, and I, a Palm Sunday donkey, found myself working for crude people. Finally, however, in despair, I ran away and came to this valley where I intend to live."

So the donkey and the goose stayed in the grassy valley. They saw and spoke to each other and finally could live without each other no longer. They were happy and sad at the same time; happy because they loved and found love in return, and sad because they realized that they could never belong to each other.

"Oh, if I had only been born a donkey," mourned Alheid, and Baldwin, the donkey, sighed, "I would I were a little bird!" and he knew, too, what kind of a little bird he would like to be.

So the weeks passed. The donkey grew perceptibly thinner, although nourishing food was not lacking in the grassy valley, and the goose lost color in her bill and her eyes became cloudy.

Now there lived in a hollow rock in the forest an old owl, who was the cleverest creature in the district and from whom the forest animals often asked advice. When this old owl had heard the donkey mourning, she said to him, "I myself cannot help you, but wait until the beginning of summer. Then the White Sorceress comes to bathe in the spring in the valley. Confide your sorrows to her. Perhaps she will transform you; she has a strong power of enchantment.

Then the donkey went away, half comforted. On the evening before the first day of summer, when Alheid had gone to bed, he hid himself in the vicinity of the spring and waited for the Sorceress. He had not long to wait. Soon she came flying through the air in a robe of white swansdown. She stopped, took off her feather-clothes and bathed in the cool spring. The ass waited patiently until she had come out of the water and was seated on a stone combing her hair. Then Baldwin came out of his hiding place, scratched the stone with his forefoot three times as a greeting, and implored the Sorceress to change him into a gander.

The Sorceress shook her head. "That is a

strange request," said she, "but I can and will grant it." And she whispered into the attentive ear of the donkey, "Early tomorrow morning, when the sun comes up, pluck seven goose-feathers and blow them away silently. Then dip your head in the spring and you will be transformed into a handsome gander. Now go your way, and let me go mine."

The donkey thanked her and departed. All night he could not sleep, and as soon as he saw the mountain peaks reddened faintly, he rose and went in search of seven goose feathers. He blew these away as he had been told to do, and then dipped his head into the spring, and when he drew it out again, he saw, to his great joy, the reflection in the water of a stately gander with a long handsome neck.

As fast as he could, he hurried home to the bush in which the goose was living. "Alheid, my lovely Alheid!" he cried. "Where are you?"

"Here, my beloved," came the answer from the thicket and a pretty little donkey danced out of the bush.

"Oh, I am a donkey!" groaned the gander.

"Oh, I am a goose!" groaned the little ass.

Then they both wept bitterly while Alheid

related how she, following the advice of the owl, had sought the Sorceress, who, at her request, changed her into a donkey. Then the gander told his tale, often interrupted by sobs, for there were not two more unhappy creatures in the world than our unfortunate lovers.

But time healed their woe somewhat. Quiet sorrow took the place of sharp pain at their fate. One hope still remained to the unhappy pair. When the Sorceress returned at the beginning of the summer, they would go to her and ask her to help them. However, they must wait a whole year. Patience! Patience! And so Baldwin and Alheid lived together as brother and sister.

At last the day came when their hope was to be realized. With excitedly beating hearts the lovers went to the spring, this time together, and told the Sorceress their sad story.

"That is too bad," she said. "I am afraid I cannot transform you into your former shapes. But I will do something else. Would you like to be people? Shall I change you?"

"Yes," cried Alheid and Baldwin with one voice.

The Sorceress murmured some magic words

and told them to dip their heads in the spring. When they drew them out again, Baldwin was a handsome young man, and Alheid a pretty girl with red mouth and dancing eyes.

They thanked the good Sorceress and kissed her wand. She flew away and left them whispering words of love to each other.

They lived in the grassy valley and were just like other people. In the neighboring villages people did not know that Baldwin had been a donkey and Alheid a goose. They did not tell even their eldest son, until they were about to die. And he, in honor of his parents, named the house "The Golden Goose" and the spring "The Asses' Spring."

The Sorceress has stayed away a long time, probably because the valley has become too crowded. But still today almost every year there is found at the spring a couple that find they like each other just as did the heroes of our story.

Translated from the German.

BETTY GARLAND '34.

THE FLAME

I.

We two, content to be together, stand
And watch the molten, tarnished silver
Roll toward the blackness of some unseen land,
And feel the water beating rhythmically
Beneath the ship. In each untroubled heart
Is certainty; there's peace in everything.
Our love has been as quiet from the start
As it is now — content, unquestioning.
Abruptly there's a strange, new tensity
Between us, that we have not known before,
A strain that's born of peace too long possessed;
Inevitable things are now to be —
The unimpassioned love shall be no more,
The world waits breathlessly — strain's at its crest.

II.

It breaks — our love is all unbounded, free!
The stars, the moon, crash down about our ears;
There is no land, there is no molten sea,
There are no days, no nights, no bitter years;
The Universe holds no unshattered star.
Sad Time and all the world are swept away
And You and I are all the lives there are
And ours the love, too exquisite to stay.
Love rises limitless — it knows no bars —
To highest peaks of ecstasy we're whirled
Above the scattered fragments of the stars,
Above the tiredness of the Time-imprisoned world;
Alone in space that comets used to teem
Burns the white-hot flame of our incarnate dream.

BETTY GARLAND '34.

LONELINESS

Waves beating against the shore,
Long black talons reaching out,
Drawing my aching heart into their frozen depths.
Icy waves pounding on the sand,
Ghostly breaths freezing my soul within me.
I was a frozen thing on a frozen shore.
The treacherous tide crept slowly in about my feet
I knew it not
I was a frozen thing on a frozen shore.
We were alone
The sea and I.

JACQUELINE M. HARKINS.

DAVID TO JONATHAN

Oh, words are wooden when I try to tell
The beauty of a friendship in first sway —
The pale dawn lovely in its own soft spell,
Yet lovelier in promise of the day
That brings such glory in a splendid flare —
So is our dawning friendship, all doubt gone;
And since we understand how much we care,
Unlike the finite day, our love goes on.
“Behold short years shall pass away and I
Walk in a path by which I’ll not return” —
So said the prophet, and we cannot try
To see dear friends by backward look or turn.
We must go on, but there’s no cause for tears
For love will walk with us down all the years.

BETTY GARLAND '34.

ANGELICO

AT FIRST glance the side door of Angelico might seem insignificant, but in reality it has a definite personality. It gives forth a feeling of students coming and going, due, doubtless, to the appearance of the steps and door. The steps have the well-worn appearance that only grey stone can give after years of service. The edges, which once were sharp and well defined, now have become rounded and smooth by many a foot quickly coming and slowly going from a concert. The handle of the door shows the traces of countless hands that have grasped and pulled it many a time on their way to pursuits of notes, tones, intervals and chords. And as an added measure of just how much this entrance is used, which is a fair estimate of what we feel about activities in Angelico, all the little colored tiles in the entrance look much the worse for wear. That fact alone makes them more a part of all those who enter over them. Then, too, this entrance brings you into the heart of Angelico, makes you feel a part of it, not an outsider, as you often feel upon entering the main door.

FRANCES LEMMELET '35.

A PROGRAM IN ANGELICO

WE ENTER the classic portico of Angelico Hall, saunter along the non-skiddable rubber mat with a peculiar jerk, and finally relax into a rather comfortable seat which bears the D. C. insignia. Then our eyes become involuntarily fixed on the fascinating lattice work which conceals the organ pipes. Becoming self-conscious we contemplate, in turn, the conventional palms, used only on state occasions.

The Archbishop walks down the aisle and takes his place on the rounded platform to the right of the stage, in a high-back leather chair, the special one with arms. And somehow His Excellency always manages to appear comfortable on this uncomfortable throne. The other dignitaries arrange themselves on the remaining armless chairs, one of which is perilously near the radiator. The program is then presented with all due dignity and at the end the thoughtful Archbishop declares a holiday. Then, after hearty applause, we kneel in curves to receive His Excellency's blessing.

DENISE D. DONLON '32.

CULTURAL ASPECTS OF DOMINICAN COLLEGE

THE formation of the Seven Arts Club is one of the outstanding achievements of the present college year. This club is devoted primarily to the history of Western culture, the development of the seven liberal arts through the past ten centuries. *The Meadowlark* concerts of the past several years had paved the way for this new club. These concerts had presented to the student body examples of the development of European music and had included explanatory talks and illustrations by various students of literature, history, and music. Thus an interest in the history of music had been aroused and with this interest has come the desire for knowledge of other cultural arts. The Seven Arts Club has met this desire. The membership of the club is kept small to facilitate general conversation. Though there has been a general plan for each meeting, the individual preparations have been left to the discretion of the members. As a result each girl has been able to give to the other members of the group something of the

often remote beauty of the thing she has studied, because it has been studied wholeheartedly and been given spontaneously. And because the study has been dictated by choice and inspired by curiosity, the meetings have proved surprising in the funds of information displayed and the lengthy conversations that have ensued. The club has thus proved to be intensely interesting and immensely educational.

BETTIE GOODMAN '34.

THE MEADOWLARK

IT IS my firm belief that there is little else on the campus that is more fun and more work than a *Meadowlark* attachment. In *The Firebrand* several years ago one of the early *Meadowlark* editors wrote a delightful article on the exciting and uncertain life of her young magazine. Then she visualized a future *Meadowlark*, the offspring of a larger college. It would come out regularly, she thought, without last minute scrambles and scurries, with manuscripts pouring in and perfect copy following. But she did not envy the staff of this future *Meadowlark*, for she felt that although maturity would bring it excellent form and literary finish, yet it would lack a vital something that only struggling staffs and hair-tearing editors could give to it.

Our present *Meadowlarks* are her future ones. We now have the larger student body of which she spoke. But I can assure her that the *Meadowlark* has not lost a bit of its fun and spice. It still has every claim to the qualities that worried staffs and frantic editors may contribute.

Its life is threatened not only because, as formerly, there are too few people who write, but also because there have been new ideas presenting themselves. Each new idea demands the attention of students who would otherwise direct their complete attention to *The Meadowlark*. Last Christmas this valiant magazine was on the point of expiration. In the fall *The Rambler*, a bi-monthly newspaper, edited by the sophomores, had made a popular appearance and had won the support of many English students. Consequently, when the *Firebrand* staff was to be organized in January, there were three staffs upon the campus. There were not enough writers to fill them. *The Firebrand* was essential—its life, assured. *The Rambler* and *The Meadowlark* hung in the balance until finally at a White Room Tea, the literati decided that *The Meadowlark* should live. The old *Meadowlark* staff became that of *The Firebrand*, and *The Rambler* took over *The Meadowlark* with the added feature of a news section representing *The Rambler*.

Material is still as hard to get in on time as ever, and even to-day hounding editors are the

DRAMATICS

THE dramatic performances as planned for the year have been confined to the modern field, beginning with the eighteenth century and ending with the ultra-modern lyric drama of Paul Claudel.

The seniors and fifth-year students set the pace in dramatics with a production of *The Rivals*, which was greeted with enthusiasm. One would regret to see this eighteenth century accomplishment suffer even a temporary eclipse. The dramatic work of Sheridan marks at once the height of the reaction against sentimental drama and the most finished achievement of the English comedy of manners. Sheridan is not a psychologist but a shrewd and penetrating observer, and the province of comedy, in which he most readily moves, is that of situations and verbal virtuosity. *The Rivals* is a youthful, gay comedy and is one of the few plays of the eighteenth century which still lives on the stage and can never cease to amuse, thanks to Mrs. Malaprop's exquisite rearrangement of epithets and the unexpected variety of her parts of speech. The cast in this play was

excellent; one felt that the players "had achieved comedy not by restraint but by self-effacing unrestraint." Perhaps talent runs not only in families but also in institutions. *The Rivals* proved one of the most interesting and provocative plays of the year.

The pantomime of *Pandora* gave the juniors abundant opportunity to display their talents. Pantomime makes great demands upon the dramatic ability of the players, but their skill showed that they had been well trained for their difficult task. The quiet attention, the bursts of laughter, and the final applause showed that the audience penetrated the symbolic gestures and caught the lesson intended in the triumph of Common Sense. *Pandora* was followed by a one-act play, *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, which was also very entertaining. The characters of Private and Mrs. Dowey were particularly well chosen. It was delightful to see how the old lady's flattery subdued the haughty Scotch Private, drawing from him the farewell salute, "Old Lady, you are what Blighty means to me."

In the last production planned for the year in which the entire college was to take part,

The Book of Christopher Columbus, we come to something new and effective in the development of the drama. Here we have a lyrical interpretation of Christopher Columbus written by the distinguished French author and ambassador to the United States, Paul Claudel. This drama is so pregnant with beauty that it has inspired the composer, Darius Milhaud, and the painter, Jean Charlot, to produce what some consider their best work. Monsieur Claudel's genius is so profoundly mystical that he touches no theme without stretching its horizon, probing its psychological implications and linking it unexpectedly—generally through suffering—with the rest of the universe. The opportunities for such treatment in the epic of Columbus are, of course, almost limitless. This note is discovered early in the drama:

READER: I speak of the man foreordained by Providence whose name means a dove and a Christbearer, as his history is written in Time and in Eternity. For it is not Christopher alone but every son of woman who is chosen to hear the call of the Other World and of that farther shore, which may it please the Divine Grace to have us attain. CHORUS: Amen.

Monsieur Claudel has created a lyrical drama that is more than a presentation of various elements in the life of the great discoverer. With an imaginative faculty, at once bold and tender, he draws in vivid word-picture the outlines of a universal battle of the human spirit against disbelief and the might of natural forces. The classic influence is seen in the use of the chorus; in form, the drama is at one time realistic, at another it breaks into choral interludes, or even into the immemorial mould of the Church's liturgy. To this work Claudel has brought creative imagination and the symbolism of a significant orchestral setting.

The Claudelian drama is capable of powerful interpretation. But there is no denying that its demands are rather staggering—probably less to the actors than to the audience. As Katherine Bregy puts it: "Through the medium of ancient romance or very modern drama, Claudel is preaching the stark "heart-shattering secret" of renunciation—of sacrifice—the costly science of the saints . . . But because it is so simple, it takes strong nerves and a high heart to follow him."

Thus the dramatic year was to be concluded with a mighty gesture breathing new life into the classic drama. SISTER M. LOYOLA, O.M.

THE ART ROOM

IT'S a light, airy, gay place, the art room. Two large windows face west, embracing a view most conducive to art, a view of gentle California hills. Four other large windows afford a pleasing contrast to the feeling of distance by looking out on tall, green trees whose branches wave at just a short distance from the windows. Within the room itself color is the keynote—color on the walls, most pronounced in *Horses*, by Goldmark, less pronounced but very lovely in *Still Life*, by Cezanne. There is color as well in the original paintings by the students, on the little low bench where the subjects are placed and in the flowered or modernistic smocks of the artists themselves. Even here and there on the plain, wooden, sloping tables at which the students work, are spots of vivid color, there, no doubt, due to accident rather than design. Permeating the whole room is a spirit of goodfellowship and a freedom from the strict discipline so conscious in other classes. This freedom is never abused but rather is held honored in that one particular room.

THE ALUMNÆ AND SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY

WHEN the nineteenth amendment became a part of the Constitution on September twenty-first, nineteen hundred and twenty, the status of woman and with it, as a corollary, her social responsibilities, became, in the United States, the same as that of man. There were, of course, even before this date, those who suspected that she was capable of assuming, and was assuming, social responsibilities, but often the law lags behind the fact, and it was not until this date that with her new privileges she was deprived of all legitimate excuse for non-participation in civic affairs. This being so, it becomes little more than a truism to say that there is a special obligation upon the college alumnæ to take part, in so far as she is able, in the solution of the social problems of her community, of her state, and of the nation.

At this point it is perhaps timely to say that social responsibility, like charity, begins at home. Replicas of Mrs. Jellyby of "Bleak House" are with us in increasing and fearful

numbers. Many women, like Mrs. Jellyby, devote themselves to organized social work while their children run the streets and eventually become public problems, through neglect far greater than any their mothers have ever succeeded in solving. The task at hand is, of course, the one that should first be done, and it is quite possible that a busy housewife may have no time for activities outside her home. It is, however, one of the marvelous qualities of human beings that however much evidence there may be to the contrary today, they are capable of thinking, and a little sound thinking expressed in the ballot is one of the things of which this harassed world stands today pitfully in need. Possessing capacity for intelligent thought, the housewife, while dusting and washing and waiting for the kettle to boil, may ponder, to her profit and that of the whole world upon such problems as are presented by prohibition, by tariff, by unemployment, by communism, and by many more things that are of vital concern to her and to all of us.

For those who have more time or ability there is the possibility of still further participation in social service. Interest in relief work and

in character building agencies opens up a field so fascinating that once interest is aroused there is no need to urge people to remain in the work. But here good will is not enough. Common sense and careful thinking are indispensable, and the college-trained woman is needed to steer the public away from the Scylla of sentimentality and the Charybdis of pseudo-scientific generalizations.

We are living in a day when civilization is being challenged. Man who has harnessed the winds and conquered the sea, at whose command the air will carry messages and songs for thousands of miles and who has created such wonders as our great buildings and railroads, has, through lack of forethought, so failed in his solution of social problems that we have today this anomalous condition of millions starving in a land of plenty. With all his triumphs in other arts he has failed most in that most important art of living. With the college graduates, as a class, rests a large part of the responsibility for the correction of past mistakes; for if they will not assume this responsibility what hope can there be for a brighter tomorrow?

MILDRED M. PRINCE.

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