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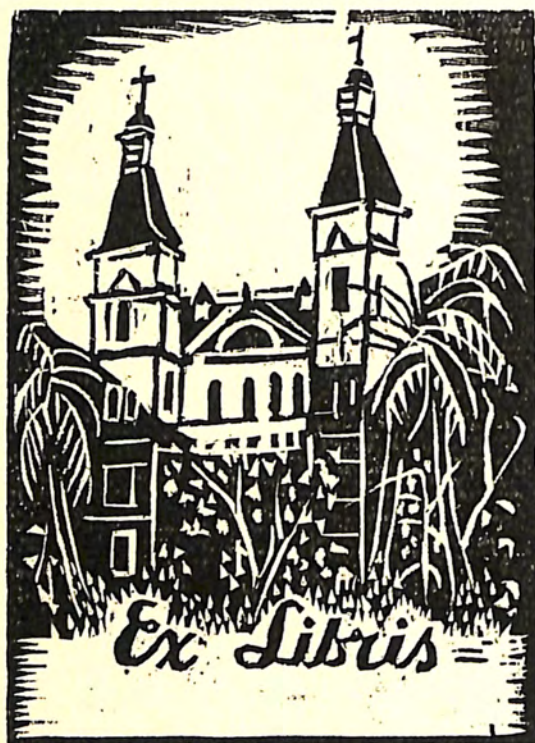
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The Firebrand





THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



MCMXLII

THIS FIREBRAND IS DEDICATED TO
SISTER DOMINIC
WHOSE INDOMITABLE SPIRIT
HAS BEEN A
CONSTANT INSPIRATION
TO US
THESE FOUR YEARS

THE FIREBRAND

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<i>Associate Editor</i> . . .	MARY CHAMBERS
<i>Art Editor</i>	DOLORES BAUMAN
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EDITORIALS

IN THE thirteenth century, at the time of the Albigensian heresy, Saint Dominic thought that many people were lost to the church because their mothers had neglected to give them proper Catholic training in their childhood. He established his first convent at Prouille in order that young girls might there learn as much as possible about Catholic doctrine, and thus be better prepared to teach their children as Catholic mothers. Each succeeding Dominican school or college for girls has been established for the purpose of training its students to take their places as Catholic women in the world.

Our college at San Rafael is no exception, and a student can best learn to appreciate it through a realization of what it can mean to her as a Catholic college. To a senior it is the place where she has lived for four years in a house where the Blessed Sacrament is always present, where she has learned as much as possible about her religion through classes in doctrine, scripture, and ethics, and where she has gone to Mass each Tuesday or Friday that she has been in

college. Through the knowledge that she can always attend daily mass, and that she can say her prayers each night in the house chapel, a student's sense of devotion is gradually developed. Whether she takes advantage of these opportunities or of those offered in the classroom, she receives invaluable Catholic training. There may be a senior who has made few friends, enjoyed few of the lighter classroom moments, and who has taken no part in extra-curricular activities. Yet if she has felt the force of Dominican College as a Catholic college, she has received the greatest gift which it can give her. In her increased knowledge and appreciation of her faith she has gained more than any mere educational processes could ever hope to give.

1 1 1

MANY of our readers seem to wonder what *The Firebrand* means, and why it was chosen as a name for the Dominican College year book. The name comes from a legend related by Jordan of Saxony, the earliest biographer of Saint Dominic. According to him,

while the mother of Saint Dominic awaited his birth, she dreamed that she bore in her womb a dog, and that it broke away from her, a burning torch in its mouth with which it set the world aflame. The firebrand of this prophetic dream was the symbol of the power of the doctrine of Christ which was to enkindle and illumine men's hearts through the ministry of his words, and of the burning zeal of Saint Dominic and his spiritual sons.

The hound bearing the firebrand is the emblem of the Dominican order, and their motto is *Veritas*. The editors of the first Dominican College year book chose the name *The Firebrand* because it is a symbol of truth and a peculiarly Dominican symbol. From the Dominican emblem and motto they drew the seal with its flaming torch, and the motto *Veritas fax ardens* which now appear on the cover of *The Firebrand*.



THE SENIORS



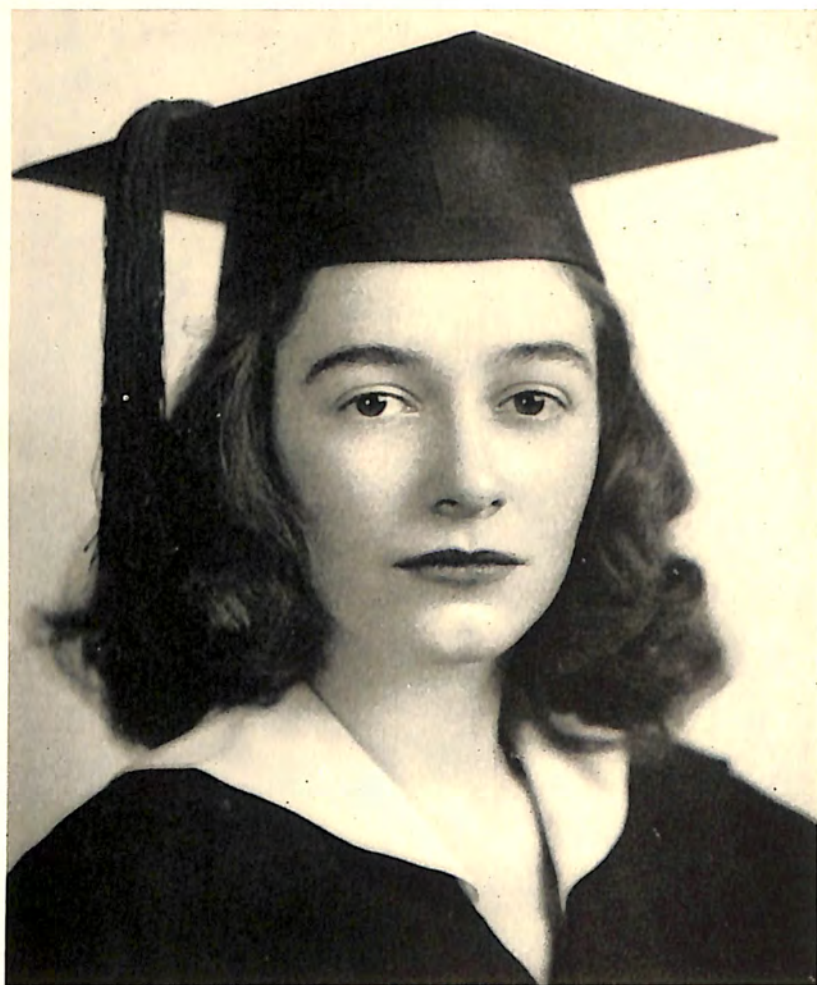
EDITH BICKNELL

EDITH BICKNELL, social hostess, is an education major and a science minor. She was born in San Francisco, but since her father is a naval officer, she has travelled a great deal. She has lived in Honolulu, Norfolk, Long Beach, Bremerton, and San Diego, but finally settled in Vallejo just before coming to College. She attended the Herbert Hoover High School in San Diego. In her sophomore year she was assistant business manager of *The Firebrand*, and in her junior year business manager of *The Meadowlark*. She is also a member of the I. R. C., the Albertus Magnus Club, and the W. A. A. and Executive Boards. She plays tennis, swims, and is an expert golfer.

JEANNE BRADLEY, editor of *The Firebrand*, is an art major and an English minor. She was born in San Francisco but has lived in Visalia since she was two weeks old. She attended the Visalia Union High School. In her sophomore year at college she received the scholarship cup, and in her junior year edited *The Meadowlark*; she is a member of Gamma Sigma. Her summers have been spent at Camp Santa Teresita where she has been both waterfront director and head counsellor. Her favorite sports are tennis, skiing, and swimming, and one of her main interests is music.



JEANNE BRADLEY



JOSEPHINE CALLOWAY

JOSEPHINE CALLOWAY is a history major; her minors are English and philosophy. She was born and reared in Tacoma, Washington. She attended the Dominican Upper School, came here as a freshman and spent her sophomore year at the University of Washington. She is a member of the I. R. C., the W. A. A. Board, the French Club and *The Firebrand* and *The Meadowlark* staffs. She is interested in music, likes to ride horseback, and has travelled a great deal throughout the United States.

EVELYN CASSIDY, an education major and a French minor, transferred from the San Francisco College for Women. She was born in San Francisco, where she attended the Convent of the Sacred Heart. She came to Dominican College in her sophomore year and is a member of the French Club, and the C. S. T. A., and has been assistant business manager of *The Firebrand*. She is most interested in music and sports.



EVELYN CASSIDY



MARY CHAMBERS

MARY CHAMBERS, assistant editor of *The Firebrand*, is an education major; her minors are English and philosophy. She was born in San Francisco, and there attended St. Rose Academy. She has been president of the class of '42 for the past two years; she is a member of the W. A. A. Board, I. R. C., and the C. S. T. A. Much of her time in college has been taken up with student body activities.

PATRICIA COLE, president of the student body, is a Spanish major; her minors are history and education. She was born in Dayton, Ohio, but moved to Iowa soon after. She lived in El Paso two years, then returned to Neola, Iowa, and remained there until she came to San Diego in 1938. She attended St. Joseph's High School in Iowa and the Herbert Hoover High School in San Diego, and is now a resident of Piedmont. She is a member of the I. R. C. and *Las Modernistas*, and as a junior was president of the W. A. A. This year her student body activities have been intermingled with wedding plans.



PATRICIA JANE COLE



RUTH FABIAN

RUTH FABIAN is a French major and a Spanish minor. When very young she began to travel through Europe. She was educated in Switzerland, Germany, and France. At the Sorbonne she was granted the *diplôme des professeurs de Français à l'étranger*. She has travelled in Greece, Italy, Japan, and China. For a few months she lived in Egypt, and she spent one vacation in Jerusalem. Five years ago she came to the United States. She transferred from San Francisco State College in her senior year. California, she thinks, is the most beautiful place she has seen and she would not wish to live anywhere else.

CATHERINE FAGNANI is an education major and a Spanish minor. She was born in San Rafael, and attended the San Rafael High School. She came to Dominican College as a freshman, as a sophomore transferred to the Marin Junior College, and returned here for her last two years. She is a member of the I. R. C., the C. S. T. A., and *Las Modernistas*.



CATHERINE FAGNANI



JEAN FERGUSON

JEAN FERGUSON, a French major and a philosophy minor, was born in San Francisco, but now lives in Ross. She attended Tamalpais High School and Marin Junior College and came to San Rafael in her junior year. She is president of Pi Delta Phi, and a member of Gamma Sigma, and of the French Club. Before coming to college she spent over a year in Europe living mainly in Sweden. She has a fine appreciation of music; her favorite sports are walking and horseback riding.

MARYANNA GALLAGHER is a sociology major and a Spanish minor. She was born in Bisbee, Arizona, and lived in El Paso, Texas, and in Vallejo before moving to San Francisco. She is a graduate of St. Rose Academy. In her freshman year she was a resident student, but her family moved to San Anselmo the following winter and she has since been a day scholar. In college she has been treasurer of the W. A. A. and representative of the day scholars.



MARY ANNA GALLAGHER



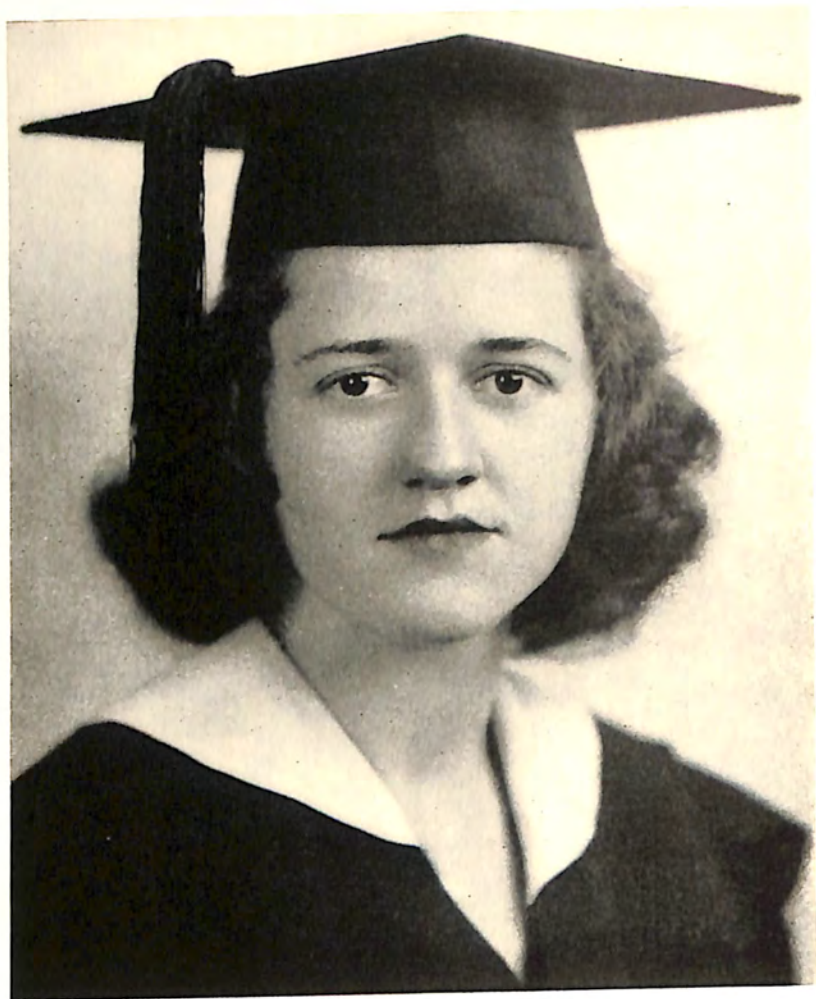
FRANCES GOICH

FRANCES GOICH, president of the Student Affairs Board, is an English major and a Spanish minor. She was born in San Francisco, but has lived in Petaluma most of her life; there she attended St. Vincent's High School. She is a member of *Las Modernistas*, Sigma Delta Pi, and the I. R. C. She has been on *The Firebrand* and *The Meadowlark* staffs, and on the W. A. A. Board. She plans to teach; her main interests are dancing and Latin America.

MARYANN GUILFOYLE, business manager of *The Firebrand*, is a history major; her minors are English and philosophy. She was born and reared in Lodi. She went to the Lodi High School and the College of the Pacific, transferring to San Rafael in her junior year. Here she has been on the Student Affairs Board, a member of the Spanish Club, one of the Ann Hathaway players, and vice-president of the I. R. C. Last summer she was one of the most enthusiastic counsellors at Camp Santa Teresita, where she made good use of her favorite sport, swimming.



MARYANN GUILFOYLE



PHYLLIS HURLEY

PHYLLIS HURLEY, vice-president of the student body, is an education major and an English minor. She was born in San Francisco, where she attended St. Rose Academy. She was class president her sophomore year and treasurer of the student body her junior year. She is a member of I. R. C., C. S. T. A., and the French Club.

PATRICIA KELLY is a history major; her minors are English and philosophy. She was born in San Diego, where she attended Villa Montemar Academy. She is a member of the I. R. C., the French Club, the Executive Board, is on the social committee, and is head of the house at Fanjeaux. She hopes to use her knowledge of history in the research department of a motion picture studio.



PATRICIA KELLY



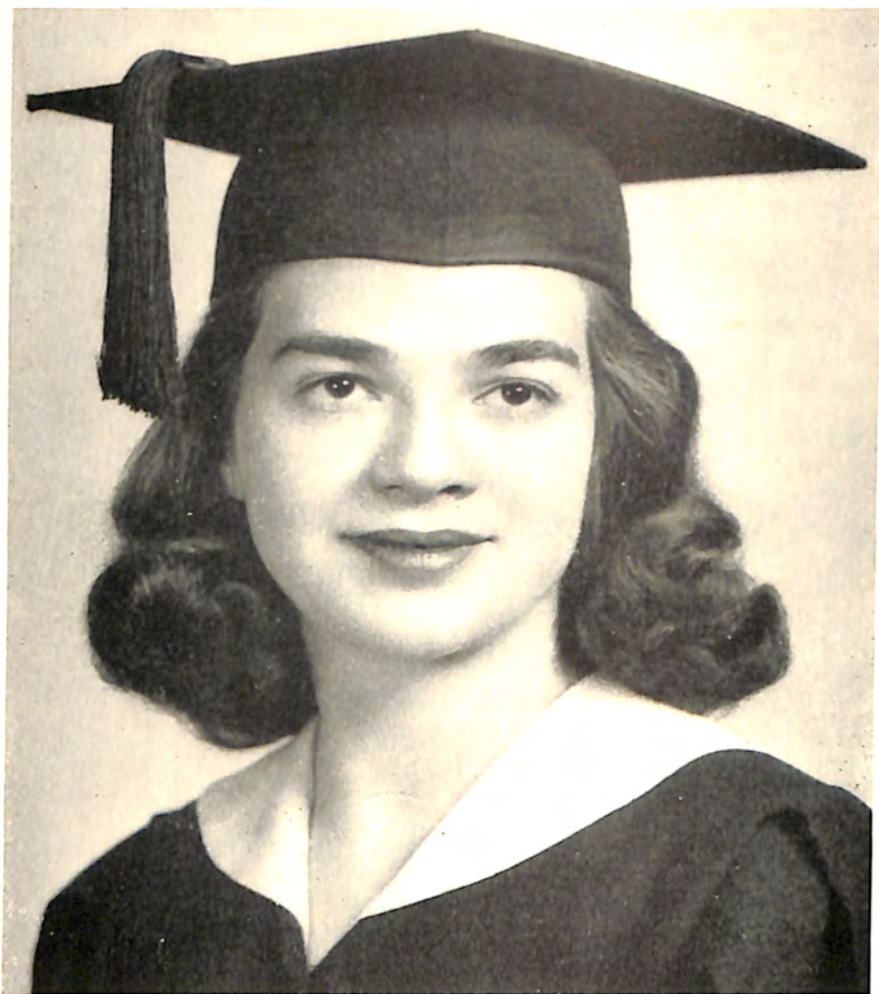
INEZ MARTINI

INEZ MARTINI, a French major and a Spanish minor, is one of the most travelled members of the senior class. She was born in San Francisco, and lived there and in New York until she settled in San Rafael, where she attended the Dominican Upper School. She is secretary of the Dominican chapter of Pi Delta Phi, and a member of Sigma Delta Pi, and of *Las Modernistas*. She has made thirteen trips across the continent, and has travelled in Europe, Mexico, and Canada. Her main ambition is to do work in which she can use her knowledge of foreign languages.

EILEEN MCAULIFFE, secretary of the Student Affairs Board, is an education major and a Spanish minor. She was born in San Francisco and graduated from St. Rose Academy. She is a member of the I. R. C., *Las Modernistas*, Phi Beta Mu, and the C. S. T. A. She has taken an active interest in athletic contests throughout her four years in college; tennis and swimming are her favorite sports.



EILEEN MCAULIFFE



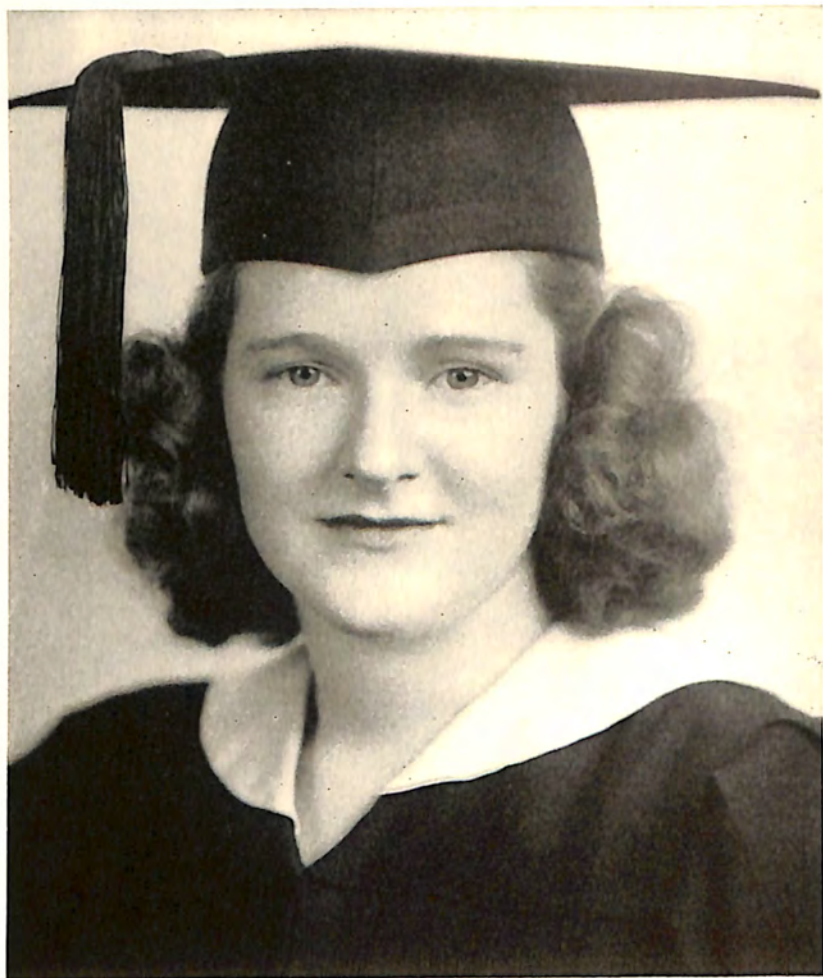
MARGARET MOORE

MARGARET MOORE is a sociology major and an English minor. She was born in San Francisco and prepared for college at St. Rose. She is a member of the I. R. C., Phi Beta Mu, the W. A. A. Board, and is on the social committee. Her interests are varied, but they are especially centered in her desire to be a social worker, and for that reason she spends her Sundays supervising a playground in San Francisco.

MARION MURRAY, an education major and an English minor, grew up in San Rafael and attended the Dominican Upper School. She has been on *The Firebrand* and *Meadowlark* staffs all four years and was assistant editor of *The Meadowlark* this year. She is also a member of *Las Modernistas* and of the C. S. T. A.



MARION MURRAY



MARY O'ROURKE

MARY O'ROURKE is an education major and a Spanish minor. She was born in San Francisco, where she attended Notre Dame High School. At the end of her sophomore year in college she took a trip to New York, and the following summer she was handicraft director at Camp Santa Teresita. Among her college activities are membership in the C. S. T. A. and the I. R. C.; she is also treasurer of the Spanish Club.

ARLENE REPETTO, head of the house regulations committee, is a French major; her minors are English and history. She was born in Stockton and there attended St. Mary's High School. She is a member of the W. A. A. Board, the Executive Board, Pi Delta Phi, and the I. R. C., and is president of the French Club.



ARLENE REPETTO



BETTY LU SNYDER

BETTY LU SNYDER is an education major and English minor. She was born in Vallejo, where she attended St. Vincent's High School. She is president of Gamma Sigma, and a member of the I. R. C. and the C. S. T. A. This year her interest has been divided between teaching and plans for her wedding.

FRANCES VAN TIGER is an English major and a French minor. She was born in Marysville and there attended Notre Dame High School. She has been on the W. A. A. Board and *The Meadowlark* staff, and is a member of the French Club and *Las Modernistas*.



FRANCES VAN TIGER



LORRAINE WARNKE

LORRAINE WARNKE is a history major and a science minor. Born in San Francisco, she now lives in Fairfax. She attended Tamalpais High School in Mill Valley. She is a member of the I. R. C., the German Club, and The Albertus Magnus Club.



THE JUNIORS

THROUGH force of circumstances the Junior Class has changed its motto from "quantity plus quality" to "quality if not quantity." Cupid and the war have played havoc with our members. Those of us who remain were glad to find that although we have diversified interests, we are a unified group. You will find us in almost every major department in the school. Two of us, Barbara Hartsook and Peggy Degan, who is following in her father's footsteps, have ambitions to become doctors. Two others, Mary Louise Decker and Frances Ruth McCarthy, are

in the primary education department. Mary Louise is also developing her talent for humor with dramatic finish. Ruth Agius is studying librarianship. Virginia Ringer is most active in economic research. Elise Ryan is using her study of economics in preparation for a career in advertising.

We may have achieved little undergraduate distinction, but we are a jolly, good-natured, and loyal group. We did, however, do one rather important thing this year. Brushing aside heavy obstacles we made the best of circumstances and brought the Junior Prom to Fanjeaux. Thus, we started a new era of dances on campus.

We, the Juniors, are a small class, but full of loyalty to the college and a spirit of independence.

JANE DEMPSEY, '43.



THE SOPHOMORES

IT is not much fun to be a Sophomore. You cannot wear hard heels in Guzman, and say, "I did not know," as Freshmen can. Neither can you stay out until two on week-ends as the upper classmen do. After being mistresses of Meadowlands, the Sophomores become the lowliest of the lowly at Fanjeaux. They ring the bells, answer the telephone and receive every "shh" in the halls. Fanjeaux can be ablaze until twelve o'clock, but lights are out for the Sophomore corner at ten-thirty. The Freshmen have receptions, the Juniors have their Prom, and the

Seniors have their Senior Ball. But the Sophomores have no dances given for or by them. The Sophomores must go to cinch study for every cinch. They are not given responsibility. When a Sophomore attains a position, the dignity sits uneasily because the honor seems the exception rather than the rule. Perhaps an exception to this uneasiness comes in their exuberant initiation of the Freshmen. But that feeling of importance is shortened when the Sophomore must return by nine o'clock on Sunday night, only one hour later than the Freshmen. Such persistent suppression would make anyone rebellious. It is perhaps a tribute to our innate goodness that our class has developed personality rather than rebellion. At least we have had a good share of responsibility and we have had some successes. Alice White is editor of *The Meadowlark*, Mary Lou Braden is the winner of the school tennis cup, and Anne Reilly is president of the W. A. A.



THE FRESHMEN

IT is a night after library study. The scene is a peaceful one—temporarily. Sister's knitting needles leisurely weave their pattern; Michael's tail thumps lazily on the hearth; the fire glows warmly behind the dragon andirons. But Sister's smile is tempered with the foreknowledge that this tranquillity cannot last. And Sister is right.

A burst of laughter is followed by the sudden opening of a door as Helen Elder and Mary Lyon, clowning again, troop merrily through the

room. While laughter still rings in the hall, the telephone jangles. Adelemarie Christensen dashes into the room shouting, "Is it for me? Is it Brunel?" Marian Rohlf, stopping to warm herself before the fire, turns to Sister murmuring, "Why all the excitement?"

"Well, if you-all had a big brother who was a football star, I guess you'd be excited, too!" drawls Rosalie Franey (months later Rosalie will still be heard vigorously denying any trace of a southern accent). Genevieve Vaughan now enters with Lee Wilson at her heels, busily entreating her to open the candy press.

A new group enters. Jane Weis is the center of attention as Barbara Gormley and Donna Williams admire her golden tan. Nell Degnan clumps in with Norma Quilici and Marcella Durham clamoring to autograph her cast (Nell broke her leg at Yosemite before New Year's Day and skied again in the Easter holidays). Before long a bright red R-E-N-O is inscribed on the cast. The refrain of "Blues in the Night" announces Alma Fuch's arrival; with her is Dorothy Dean Garner in utter despair over her short blond locks. Helen Ann Healy, the class

glamor girl, quotes dramatically, "We must rise above it!"

"Above what?" echoes Elizabeth Watson, standing very straight, her six-foot-long army scarf slung over one shoulder. Slightly baffled, Helen Ann seeks consolation in her fellow Portlander, Gerry Doyle, who, having consumed several sundaes and a coke at one sitting, is far more in need of consolation. Marguerite Lawrence, bemoaning her task of drawing a bomb for Dr. Carroll's defense demonstration, gratefully surrenders the job to her roommate, Maureen Mantle, who is generally acknowledged to be the class artist. "If you think that is hard," says Ginny Draper, dimpling attractively, "just try pronouncing '3-amino-phthalhydrazide.' "

Discussing the orchestra for the W. A. A. Circus, Neva Sohl, Phyllis Moad, and Florence Gruppo enter, sighing, "But when will we have time to practice?" Next to arrive are Varah Dietle and Margaret Sedgewick comparing letters from Oroville, but the importance of their letters diminishes as Elfie Kellner and Frannie Stevens excitedly wave in the air treasured news from Hawaii. The striking contrast of one jet-

black head next to a sunny golden one assures us that it is Agnes Feeney and Lucille Mulvey who are reading with interest one of Helen Winter's literary accomplishments. As Betty Doyle enters we all remember how helpful her friendly personality was that first night of school when we all felt so far away from home. Ethel Selvester comes in with an armful of books and a pocket full of mail. Charlotte Yerxa looks up to say incredulously, "More letters?" Betty Jane Smith questions, "Do you realize that you get more letters than anyone else in this school!" Ethel laughs and says, "Well as a consolation, I'll give you some cookies when they come tomorrow." "Toll House cookies?" cries Carol Haber, the after-Christmas arrival, who besides agreeing with the rest of the Freshman class on the very best kind of cookie, displays a splendid talent in art.

(But these are not the only members of our Freshman class, for how could we get along without the friendships and coöperative activities of our day scholars?)

As the living room clears, a few girls straggle down the halls to their rooms. Quiet is not to

come yet, however. Muffled footsteps tell that slippered feet are running back and forth between the rooms. One by one the lights go out; the footsteps come less frequently, finally cease completely.

Sister quietly ascends the stairway; Michael lies down on his blanket on the porch; a few embers smoulder on the hearth. One last giggle, a final slammed-door, and Meadowlands settles down for the night.

BARBARA JO BEALL, '45.

JANIE HELENTHAL, '45.

BETTY JANE CANN, '45.



THE BLACKOUTS AT MEADOWLANDS

THE night is peaceful. The starlit sky casts a comforting glow over the countryside. At Meadowlands, lights are blinking out, while the illuminated windows reveal to us the figures of college Freshmen huddled over their overdue classwork or their letters home.

Suddenly, a whistle shrieks out into the night air, rising and falling in a manner which Dominican students have been informed means, "lights out;" only this signal *must* be obeyed.

As we pass along the halls of Meadowlands, we notice that the shrieking of the whistle has found some echoes in Meadowlands. A few girls are running about with towels stuffed in their mouths "to protect against the shock of the explosion," while others have retired beneath their desks, in order to prevent being hurt "when the roof caves in." From one room, a sleepy voice makes a comment, "Now, we'll have a *real* excuse for not doing our work, thank goodness!"

We are walking calmly along the hall, when a mass of freshly soaped hair mops our face. "What'll I do?" wails a familiar voice, "I can't

see the faucet to rinse my hair, and my eyes are full of soap!"

A "Boom! Crash! Ker-plunk" in front of us reminds us that we are on the third floor, and that we have to descend stairs to get to the second floor, which all seems very logical. Some unfortunate soul has warned us in a painful manner that the stairs are very near; so we exercise full caution in creeping down them.

We notice that a powerful flashlight is coming along the hall and we authoritatively shout, "Turn off that flashlight. Can't you see that this is a blackout?" The flashlight is anonymously turned off, and we pass the culprit with the air of a general.

Farther down the corridor we hear running water! Someone is talking to herself in a most determined way. "I'll get my wash done, even if this is a blackout. This is the first chance I've had to do it, and I'm not going to let a blackout stop *me!*"

In another room, we hear a contented munching, and suddenly realize that no situation, no matter how serious, can curb what is commonly known as the "Dominican Appetite." We knock

on the door, and someone generously offers us a quarter-cookie. We politely accept it, and walk away, feeling hungrier than before.

We hear a loud crash, as someone overturns an unidentified article of furniture. The noise collects frightened girls, as a bowl of that precious carbohydrate, sugar, might collect ants. We hear a chattering similar to that of magpies, and, not to be outdone, join in the baffling conversations.

"... like a flashlight. They're awfully handy to have, especially when you ..."

"Go back to your rooms, girls. We'll just have to wait and see what ..."

"Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeee!" screams the all-clear siren, and we know that the blackout is over. Nothing has happened, except a few minor mishaps at Meadowlands. Some of the freshmen settle back to their work, others yawn and go back to bed. Radios are lulling sleepy girls with their sweet boogie-woogie tunes.

The night is peaceful. The starlit sky casts a comforting glow over the countryside. At Meadowlands. . . .

ELIZABETH WATSON, '45.

MILLY

MILLY is a model Dominican student. When she graduates there will be others in her class like her, but there will also be some who have not yet reached her perfection. For example, Milly has never cut a class even when the sky is a lazy blue and there is a light, spicy fragrance of stock in the air, and the damp earth smells fresh and clean. When the grass is knee deep and bright wild flowers dot the green hills, and when the sun is pleasantly warm and the bees hover round the honeysuckle, not even then does Milly desert her classes to sit on the wall with her feet dangling and her thoughts far away from considerations of econ or grammar.

Milly is punctual. She is in the classroom ten minutes before the second bell rings and has never had to run the four-forty to assembly. She is among the first ten couples at the school formals and signs up on Sunday night with a twenty-minute reserve. She has never experienced the anguishing fear of seeing white statuary nestled in the bushes near the Meadowlands gate at the midnight hour. The day cinches come out she

does not know the surge of emotions that begin in the pit of your stomach, settle in your throat and sometimes fill your eyes. When someone says, "The Dean wants to see you," she does not flash alternate shades of red and ashen white, but says evenly, "I'll go right in now." No matter how dire her need Milly would never slip a book from the reference room. She has never been reprimanded for noise, and a room with a fire escape is just another room to Milly.

In class she takes meticulous notes with no hint of doodling. She carries the teacher's books to class and erases the board afterwards. She does not ask leading detailed questions ten minutes before the bell to avoid being called on, and she always agrees with her instructor. She can quote the teacher's favorite texts and always has her assignments prepared.

She knows all the words to the school songs and contributes regularly to *The Firebrand* and *The Meadowlark*. She attends every Tuesday tea and passes out the Chant books on Thursday. She can tell you the name and history of every building on the campus and will find a periodical in the library in a split second. She has never

worn hard heels in Guzman and does not have to take two veils to chapel just in case. She would rather die than wear a stocking with a run, and always wears a white dress under her cap and gown. She buys her copy of *Time* downtown on Saturday morning, and she does not know where the grocery store is. Milly is a model Dominican student. When she graduates there will be others like her in her class, but there will also be some who have not yet attained her perfection.

ANNE REILLY, '44.



DANCING RECOLLECTIONS

FALL formals, Junior Proms, and Senior Balls —what happy recollections they bring. After four years of Dominican dances, laughter over amusing incidents and mental pictures of low lights and soft music have not faded.

When the Class of '42 were Freshmen, formals took place on Friday nights. At noon a surge of excitement rose over the dining room, and lunches were barely touched because last minute plans had to be discussed. There was the rush to catch the four o'clock bus or train, for this was in the good old days of the ferry. The Empire Room of the Sir Francis Drake Hotel was the scene of our first college dance. We were impressed by the venerable seniors and their "older" men, delighted that we shared in collegiate social life.

That year saw the first Dominican Junior Prom. The mirror-lined Colonial Room of the St. Francis reflected beautifully gowned girls in off-the-shoulder velvets, many hooped-skirts of taffeta, up-swept coiffures, a profusion of orchids and gardenias, and flashes from the pho-

tographer's camera. This was an ultra fashionable group.

The responsibility of arranging a dance by ourselves came when we were Juniors. High atop the Clift Hotel, the South American influence started its wave of popularity at that dance. Conga lines formed more than once during the evening. Many of us swayed to rumba rhythms, but Paddy Cole wasn't the only one who lamented that the orchestra did not play waltzes.

This year, with the war and its ensuing changes, the locale of our formals moved to the campus. With ingenuity and determined spirit, the Junior Class transformed Fanjeaux Hall into a Valentine haven. The charm of music drifting out to the lighted court and friendly laughter coming from a converted yet intimate living room, definitely established the popularity of campus formals. The fun of displaying hidden talent for decorative themes passed on to the Seniors who concluded their college dances with the Flower Ball.

Look back. What happy memories they are: the anxiety before a blind date's arrival; Father

Blank, the ever-faithful patron; hoped-for orchids that turned out to be rosebuds; a final glance in the mirror of the powder room; Ernie Hecksher's smooth, danceable tunes; the last-minute scramble for wraps; Monday morning talk-over in the grove.

FRANCES GOICH, '42.

FOG

The fog comes softly creeping,
Stealing over the sand,
Away from the endless motion
To the quiet and peace of the land.
He must come, oh, so softly,
For the waves are rough and wild,
But once across the sand bar,
He laughs like a runaway child.

MARION MURRAY, '42.



FOUR YEARS IN CHAPEL

THE chapel is the center of our college life. In the purpose of the college our hours in chapel have the highest significance. In them we should find the heart of the past four years, and remember, as we look back upon them, some of the happiest moments of our college days.

The chapel, quiet, spacious, perhaps even austere, seems unchanging to us. We find it strange to realize that only a few years ago the innovation of strict liturgical appointments caused a stir among the students. To us the chapel is a symbol of permanence, where every statue, even the dossal and the antependium seem only to accentuate its unchanging quality. For although the hangings change with the seasons, or with the feast, yet we know that with the advent of the next liturgical year, they will again become the same.

In looking back on our college life, it may be that the greatest changes can be seen through the hours that we have spent in chapel. It is rather difficult to be aware of the old days in Fanjeaux when an interior decorator has

changed the setting, and in thinking of the brightness and newness of our living room, our remembrances are blotted out by these later things which fog our vision. But in our thought of the chapel, we remember it as we have always known it.

In those quiet surroundings where the dim light falls on an exquisite dossal changing with the seasons and a tabernacle veiled in colors according to the feast, but itself unchanging, remembrances come of pleasant hours, old friends, things that will never be again.

A certain ray of sunlight diffused through a stained glass window, casts a bright gleam on some girl's head, and then we remember another girl we once saw just like that in chapel. Or perhaps a girl whose cap is warped brings back memories of Liz de Lorimier in her warped cap leading the school to Mass. A certain hymn, perhaps, or a Mass may remind us of a girl who once sat beside us, but never sang on key.

Retreats appear in startling relief, as in our memory each retreat master appears at the altar rail, lays his watch beside him and speaks to a group of quiet, black-veiled girls. Father Butler

in his black robe, with his missionary cross stressed strength of character and gave little hope for weaker souls; Father Dooley with his gray-ing hair and white habit made the road to heaven a happier path; Father Hyland with his soft voice and air of quiet devotion seemed to give us a feeling for such devotion; Father Murphy gave us practical advice.

Whenever we hear Cesar Franck's *Panis Angelicus* we recall Benedictions in the chapel when we sang with deep fervor or at least good training. And we remember our first singing of Compline and Vespers. We were Freshmen and accepted this undertaking as a matter of course, not realizing that a new tradition was beginning. We sang Compline as a feast day gift for our reverend Mother, and we sang it with enthusiasm captured from the Sisters. As we look back, even weekly Mass mornings stand out as happy memories of girls tripping singly or in hurrying groups, sleepy under a still starlit sky.

To dwell on these recollections is alluring, although often the duty of going to chapel seemed at the time just one more obligation. Yet even then as we stood, perhaps absentmindedly,

through the Stations of the Cross there was the underlying knowledge of stability, of security that only the house of God can give. A changing pattern of distractions may come and go when we are in chapel and when we remember our hours there, but beneath them is the unchanging. In those rare moments of clear thought when we are wholly recollected, we realize that in the chapel we reach the center of our life.

MARY CHAMBERS, '42.

NOUS TROIS

ARLENE, Jean and I are the three French majors of the Class of '42. Physically we are three, but in our love for French we are one. Each of us was attracted to French in a different way. Arlene, an interest in the French language gradually overcame her; Jean, a curiosity aroused during her travels incited her to seek the cause of the popularity of the French language in foreign lands; and I, my ancestors bequeathed me an undying love for France and her culture.

Four years ago, when our senior year seemed so distant that it was incomprehensible, we met in Mlle. Galliot's classroom, which we now call "our French room." Had you asked us what was to be our major, we might have answered, "French," because we liked it and it seemed to be the easiest subject. With the onslaught of subjunctives and pronouns "easiest" was replaced by a cold "interesting."

Until the latter part of our sophomore year French was to us a language which Frenchmen spoke and foreigners struggled to learn, a collection of irregular verbs and contradictory rules.

But one day we were introduced to Alphonse Daudet's *Lettres de Mon Moulin*, our first taste of real French literature. What gems these morsels were! And then came many French poems short and simple, but rich in beauty and thought. At last French had become something more than sentences in *Frazier and Square*!

In September of our junior year Jean joined our ranks. We were known as "*les trois bébés*," for the rest were seniors and fifth year students whose knowledge of French vocabulary and literature seemed limitless. What were we to expect? What would be asked of us? Classes were to be conducted entirely in French, we were told; notes to be taken only in French; French reference books to be read, "difficult because of their profundity;" lastly, "penetrating" criticisms written in French. A history major seemed most inviting! The first months were trying: reference books proved abstruse, red marks showered our papers, French lectures overwhelmed us. Nevertheless, our love for French triumphed. In the meanwhile the connection of French with our other subjects manifested itself more often. Jean proffered viewpoints on philo-

sophical questions and I began to compare French and Spanish literature. Arlene, an English minor, found that the knowledge of French was a great aid in the study of Chaucer, in whose poetry she recognized the influence of the *Roman de la Rose*, and in the study of Spenser, who borrowed so freely from Marot.

In our senior year we made further discoveries in French culture. Over in the south corner of "our French room" by the window through which the sun streams and outside of which "Old Glory" waves, we came to realize why the French language has had such a widespread influence. We learned, that like many other people, we were captivated by French because of its tone quality and exactness, the result of great care in the arrangement of words and nuances. This "*soin de langue*" instilled by the Greeks, who had settled along the southeast coast of France about the fifth century B. C., was not ardently practiced until the sixteenth century. Then Ronsard stirred by the beauty in the language of Homer, Anacreon, and Pindar strove in his poetry to display the beauty of the French tongue. Would it flatter Ronsard, we wondered,

to see his line "*Cueillons les roses de la vie*" on a handkerchief in a New York shop ambitious for French atmosphere, and did the girl behind the counter know that she was quoting Ronsard, Ronsard who enkindled the spark which became the flame of France's golden age, an appreciation of classicism?

"Pure classicism," those words flash through our mind, and our first thought is Racine. For us no writer seems to equal Racine. His language, overflowing with the beauty of expression, thought, poetry, and sentiment, makes us one with him; it is one heart speaking to another. And for us he is not only a very great writer, he is also a person. His life is in part a history of his times, of Louis XIV and his court.

"In Fragonard's portrait of Louis, which hangs in the Louvre, Louis looks so impressive," says Jean. He is impressive! Louis was the sun of his world. At Versailles he fostered a thirst for perfection: ladies of the court practiced curtsyng just so, and *monsieur le duc* remembered that when dancing he must point his toe in such a way and none other. To please the king all Paris sought perfection. "Les Salons de Mme.

Rambouillet" had been founded to "*degasconner la cour*," in other words, to refine upper society; Louis did the same work, but on a larger scale; throughout Europe he excited a longing for the niceties of life. Even the German princes took note, and built Sans Souci, Germany's Versailles.

On the new world, our world, Louis has left an imprint which will never be erased. Louisiana, Baton Rouge, Des Moines—who would change their names, or who would dim the French atmosphere which pervades New Orleans, where the people look as if they spoke only French and disappoint us when they speak English?

During these four years in our classes "we three" have found the greatness of French writers through the magic of a beautiful language. When we discuss this literature that we love, or when we talk of the contributions of Pasteur, the paintings of Degas, the music of Debussy, when we look at the pictures of the Gothic Cathedrals which are the masterpieces of the "little people" of France, "we three" feel that no one can crush the French spirit.

INEZ MARTINI, '42.

EVENTS AT ANGELICO

THE three most ambitious projects undertaken by the Conservatory of Music this year were the Christmas play, the Palm Sunday concert, and the Haydn program. Each was highly successful and each was an innovation in its own way. The planning and responsibility was undertaken by the faculty of the Dominican Conservatory. The Christmas play was a modern version of a medieval mystery play written by Gabriel Pierné. There was retained the spirit of the childish sweetness and naïve charm, but there was added the tragic note fitting in these times of the sacrifice of Christ the Saviour for men's souls. The scene was laid against a great triptych suggesting the windows of a cathedral. In the foreground was a hill and a cave. Within the cave were St. Joseph, the Blessed Virgin, and the Christ Child. Over the entrance of the cave hung a transparent drapery. Effective lighting added much to the sense of mystery. Up and down the sides of the hill children ran and danced, but it was a sweet play rather than a gay one. Songs by Pierné were interspersed with

French folk tunes which are based on early church modes. The performance of the college orchestra, chorus, and soli was responsible for much of the memorable beauty of the play.

On Palm Sunday the entire Conservatory of Music joined to give a concert of Sacred Music, such as we have never had before. The numbers of the program followed an aesthetic as well as historical sequence. The children of the preparatory department sang the *Victimae Paschali* in plain chant. The advanced department sang a contrapuntal Mass of the early seventeenth century by Lotti, followed by the early eighteenth century *Stabat Mater* of Pergolese which was sung by the intermediate department. Finally a hundred voices joined to sing the *Processional* of Cesar Franck. This *Processional* was so presented as to recapture as far as possible the spirit of Corpus Christi processions in medieval France. The music from the orchestra embodied the spirit of the occasion; the singing of "O Salutaris" by the choir was soft to suggest the singing of the medieval choir at the beginning of the procession near the Holy Eucharist. Such a song would come faintly to the ears of the

devout far down the long procession as it wound its way through the fields from station to station on its way to the cathedral.

Each year the Conservatory of Music devotes part of the second semester to the study of one composer. This year the composer was Haydn. The culmination of the study was a two-day program comprising the works of Haydn, including a dance interpretation of the *Surprise Symphony*. A second day readings were given from Thompson's *Seasons* and the choral gave Haydn's musical setting of this poem.

BEQUEST TO THE DOMINICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

THE Dominican Conservatory of Music will share with the Music School of the University of California in a bequest of approximately ten thousand dollars from Mrs. Leana Meyer (widow of Captain Conrad Meyer) of San Francisco, who died October 22.

Mrs. Meyer's will named the Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Company executor.

THE MUSIC CLUB

TO GIVE music students the opportunity to play informally, to discuss current problems and to compare common experiences is the purpose of the Music Club organized during this fall semester.

Lyla Bylinkin and Jean Marie Mattos were largely responsible for the club. No officers are needed, and Lyla is the chairman.

During the meetings, the club members play and discuss the problems found in the selections. The discussion beginning often with a picayune point, leads to beneficial debates on the purpose of music.

Besides the success of the goal of this club, that of mutual benefit, the first concrete attainment was the program given at a Tuesday tea in Meadowlands.

Because of the many activities added to the school curriculum by the war the music club has found it difficult to maintain regular meetings. Nevertheless ambitious music students entertain many plans for the future.

JEAN MARIE MATTOS, '43.

LAS MODERNISTAS

THE Good Neighbor Policy advocates a study of the language, customs and manner of living of our neighbors to the South. *Las Modernistas*, besides studying the Spanish language in classes, have captured the proper spirit in their various extra-curricular activities.

The seniors and the freshmen enjoyed meeting Latin-American personalities when they dined at International House on the Berkeley campus. The seniors listened to an instructive talk on the flags of several Central American Republics.

The Spanish Club celebrated the engagement of Paddy Jane Cole with a shower given according to Mexican custom. In Mexico, friends come bearing gifts to a new-born babe or a betrothed maiden. One March evening, *Las Modernistas* paraded before our honored member with offerings of home-made cakes followed by a set of cups and saucers and teapot in Mexican pottery, aquamarine, blown-glass sugar and cream containers, and salt and pepper shakers

hand-carved in wood, all arrayed on a tray wrought in Mexican tin.

This spring, Inez Martini and Frances Goich had the privilege of becoming members of Sigma Delta Pi, the National Spanish Honor Society. At the banquet which followed the initiation, they talked with prominent professors of Spanish from the University of California, namely Dr. Schevill, Dr. Morley, and our *padrino*, Dr. Torres, Mr. Candioti, the Argentinian ambassador to Japan, detained in San Francisco because of the war, added a distinguished note to the gathering.

The Spanish Club sponsored a Tuesday tea at Meadowlands. The guest speaker was A. de Saboia-Lima, Brazilian consul at San Francisco. His talk emphasized the continuity of United States-Brazilian relationships from the beginning up to the present day. His language and charming personality contributed the Portuguese element to Pan-Americanism.

FRANCES GOICH, '42.

THE CIRCUS, MODERN STYLE

HAVE you ever been to a circus, where the traditional three bears were only two? The third was drafted. And the dancing horse, who in other years tripped to the strains of an old country folk song, this year did the conga. Defense stamps were sold at the booths, in tune with the times, and a victory chorus stirred up interest in their sale. The evolution of a glamour girl certainly struck a modern note, as former styles were presented with all the poise of present day fashion models and the humor of a Bob Hope show.

But yet it was still a circus. Though it was in the gym instead of a tent, the decorations gave the atmosphere of a "big top." The large audience laughed uproariously and ate peanuts with the noise and enthusiasm that only a circus audience can attain. The clowns and the tumblers could only be found in such a show, and the fat woman and the tattooed lady are traditions that could not be avoided. The orchestra replaced the ancient calliope but we did have the stirring and inevitable "Billboard March."

Most of the atmosphere of the circus was contributed by Anne Reilly, the spirited ringmaster. It was through the spirit of coöperation that she achieved that the W. A. A. Circus was a success.

JANE DEMPSEY, '43.



SIGNIFICANT NAMES ON OUR CAMPUS

THE Dominican College of San Rafael is young, but everywhere we are surrounded by tradition and sentiment. One phase of this tradition appears in the names of the campus buildings. The halls, Albertus Magnus, Angelico, Guzman, Fanjeaux and Benincasa, are significantly called after great Dominicans or important episodes in a Dominican saint's life. One seldom hears a Dominican student call a campus building by any other than its proper name.

Our chemistry laboratory is called Albertus Magnus for the great Dominican scientist of the thirteenth century, the guide and master of St. Thomas Aquinas. The name is particularly fitting, as Saint Albert wrote scientific treatises on almost every subject and proved to the world that the church is not opposed to the study of nature, that faith and science may go hand in hand.

One seldom hears Angelico Hall called "the music building" or "the auditorium" though it

is the artistic center of the Dominican campus. Here we attend concerts, give our artistic best and are the audiences of great artists. We call the hall Angelico, significantly named after Fra Angelico, great artist of the Florentine school of the fifteenth century. Fra Angelico was a member of the Dominican monastery of Fiesole, which he entered in 1407. Frescoes of his can still be seen there. The Dominican student is familiar with his paintings for many beautiful reproductions of them adorn the walls of our buildings. Fra Angelico was convinced that to picture Christ and his saints perfectly one must needs be Christ-like, and he always prayed long before painting.

Guzman Hall is named after Guzman, the family of St. Dominic. In the year 1206, in southern France, St. Dominic for the first time mounted the steep slopes of the hill on which stands the town of Fanjeaux. St. Dominic had come to combat heresy. Here for many years he carried on his work against the Albigenses. Once he called a conference and to it flocked all the noble families of the region. Both Catholics and heretics had prepared summaries of the doc-

trines which they believed; St. Dominic's summary was chosen to represent those of the Catholics. The judges decided to submit both documents to Trial by Fire, a common mode of determining the right in the thirteenth century. A fire was lighted and the books of both contestants were thrown into it. According to Dominican legend, the heretical book was instantly consumed by the flames while that of St. Dominic remained intact. Not only did it remain uninjured but it was tossed out of the flames to a considerable distance. A second and third time it was thrown back into the flames but each time it sprang out as before; thus was proved beyond question the orthodoxy and sanctity of the writer. The conference at Fanjeaux, and the wonderful event with which it was said to have closed, brought conviction to many minds and St. Dominic henceforth came to be regarded as foremost among the champions of the Catholic faith.

Dante in the heaven of the sun makes St. Bonaventura say of him:

"Then with teaching and with will together, with the apostolic office he moved forth, like a

torrent that a deep vein out presseth, and his rush smote amongst the stumps of heresy most livingly where resistances were grossest.

"From him then diverse streamlets sprung, whereby the Catholic orchard is so watered that its shrubs have the fuller life."

As the Dominican senior mounts the gradual slope to her hall she may think of the fuller life that she is receiving from the order founded by St. Dominic, for in honor of him this hall is called Fanjeaux.

The second great Dominican whose family name has found a place on our campus is St. Catherine of Siena. St. Catherine, the twenty-fifth child of the Benincasas, took the habit of the Dominican Tertiaries in her sixteenth year. She had extraordinary personal charm. "Even when she was a tiny girl she had given people a strange, sweet pleasure. Her mother had a time keeping her best beloved little daughter at home. Her relatives and neighbors were always borrowing Catherine for the day because of the delight they had in her companionship."

All her life St. Catherine was selfless. "No one," it is said, "was ever in her company who

did not go away the better for it." And so the newest house on our campus is named Benincasa for the family of St. Catherine. It is a large solid looking house, with beautiful rolling lawns and large evergreen trees. Here the formal rooms of the first floor lend themselves well to social functions. In this building also are the beginnings of our Home Economics department.

These names of our campus buildings, full of meaning, will vastly enrich the memories of our college life.

MARYANN GUILFOYLE, '42.

THE MEADOWLANDS MEYER MADONNA

ON THE third Meadowlands stair landing is hung one of the many choice Arundel prints which the Dominican College campus so happily possesses, that of the Meyer Madonna. There it grows on all who live in the house as they pass it under constantly changing conditions of light and shadow. It seems so vital and vigorous, and yet so full of detail, that one feels it must be a picture with a story.

The story concerns Hans Holbein the Younger, who lived in Basle, Switzerland, during the Reformation, and the Basle Burgomaster, Jacob Meyer. In 1516 Holbein had painted portraits of Master Meyer and his second wife, Frau Dorothea, which had been widely acclaimed, so that the good burgomaster knew the artist's work and respected his ability. Meantime, the Reformation had come to Switzerland, and many of the townsfolk of Basle deserted Catholicism—but not Jacob Meyer or his family. To show his loyalty to the church, the burgomaster commissioned Holbein, about

1524, to paint a reredos or altarpiece, stipulating only that his whole family (including his deceased first wife) be included in it.

Hans Holbein solved the problem with characteristic ingenuity. Before the Madonna, and covered by her voluminous cape, kneel the six Meyers. At Our Lady's right elbow is Jacob, his clasped hands resting on his eldest son, who supports (according to a pleasant story) the Holy Child, while the Virgin holds the sickly Meyer baby. On the Madonna's left are the women of the family, the dead wife, Frau Margaret in her shroud, the beautiful second wife looking much older than in her earlier portrait, and her daughter Anne, who holds a rosary. The composition is balanced, the colors rich and clear with accents of deep Flemish red, but the chief charm of the painting lies in the obvious devotion and personal homage of the Meyer family. As Reinhardt has said, "The Virgin around whom the whole family is clustered, looks as though she were in the midst of her own relations." So the Meyer Madonna story has a happy ending—the painting became the painter's masterpiece.

M. J. F.



LES TRÈS RICHES HEURES
DU DUC DE BERRY

ON THE walls of the third floor of Guzman Hall, opposite the studio, hang the *Verve* reproductions of the miniatures of the Months to be found in the fifteenth century manuscript, *Les Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry*, at the Condé Museum, Chantilly. The prints are beautiful in themselves, reproducing the vivid yet delicate hues of the originals, pure blues, delicate pinks, rich golds, soft greens vigorously contrasting with somber browns and blacks. From a distance they give a pleasant effect of massed color, especially in the blue arches above each detailed representation of the seasonal occupation. Close study resolves these arches into drawings of the zodiacal signs set above the conventional chariot of the sun.

The *Très Riches Heures* was the crowning work of a great lover of books, a wealthy patron of art and lord of many fair manors throughout France. At the age of seventy he secured the services of the great illuminator Pol de Limbourg to create a prayer book that should be

nothing short of perfection. With his brothers Hennequin and Hermant, Pol began the work in 1409. The Duc de Berry died in 1416 and his book was not completed until almost seventy years later, by lesser artists than Pol de Limbourg. The Limbourg brothers had painted or designed some seventy-one pictures for the *Très Riches Heures*, among them ten of the Months. September and November were the work of Jean Colombe.

These miniatures are the most characteristic of the illuminations in the Duc de Berry's surpassingly beautiful prayer book, "The Very Rich Hours." The prayer of the Church is divided according to definitely specified canonical hours that begin with Matins, said originally just before dawn, and end with Compline, the twilight prayer said at the completion of the day. The Church's prayer is divided also according to the liturgical seasons of the year that fall within the natural division of the seasons, and further, according to the months. These divisions are all found within the Breviary, the book of the Divine Office. The fashion of placing a calendar, miniatures representing the months, at the be-

ginning of these mediaeval prayer books is but a natural development.

The Duc de Berry's calendar represents the seasonal activities with which the nobleman was familiar, against a background of castles and towns which he cherished. Fortunately the artist combined a talent for architectural drawing with a poetic feeling for landscape. The miniatures are divided, therefore, into a background of real and beautifully drawn castle wall and spire and a foreground of peasants of the manors sowing and reaping in rich and lovely fields, or of boar hunting or acorn gathering in deep French woods; or of the members of the duc's family, as refined and elegant as Arthurian ladies and gentlemen, and as richly clad as enchanted youths and maidens of a fairy tale, going in procession to welcome May or in betrothal ceremony on a mead before their castle. The miniature for January is an exception. Therein the elderly duc is shown entertaining at dinner a dignitary of the church.

Pol de Limbourg never forgot the reality of the scene which he painted, but this reality he presented as though seen through the eyes of

the noble duc, proud of his great castles and of his fertile fields. But the artist had more than a gift for pictorial representation. He was poet as well. Some of the greatest charm of the miniatures springs therefore from the sensitiveness throughout to be found in detail, color and accent. Of the illuminated manuscripts of the western world, only *The Book of Kells* is comparable with *Les Très Riches Heures* in interest and beauty.



IN DEFENSE OF FAIRY TALES

THERE is a surprising amount of controversy, today, over the fairy tale. Many of the present generation of mothers are unenthusiastic and even suspicious of their benefit to their children. These are realists who maintain that folk stories lead the child to believe "tall tales" permissible and that besides this ruinous effect on their morals, the time wasted on Cinderella and Snow White might be better spent on factual knowledge.

Such opinions are not universal, happily. Here and there a boy or girl, and a grown up, too, is still held spellbound by the fantasies and romances of Grimm and Andersen and by the more modern tales of Oscar Wilde and Lewis Carroll and those stories of the last decade by Marjorie Bailey. In spite of opposition, more fairy tales appear, and new editions are published of the old.

Fairy tales have their origin in the beginning of man, and because man never changes his hopes, his desires, his wonderings and his wild wish to escape wholly to the romantic, the fairy tale persists. Fairy land is the land of simplicity, romance, beauty and justice. There evil is ugly, good is beautiful. Witches and darkness and ugliness personify the bad while the good is all innocence, youth and loveliness. A jealous Queen who becomes a horrible old witch and brews deadly potions in a dark cellar is the enemy of a young and fair Snow White. A little princess with golden hair and pink cheeks is tricked by her scheming maid into the menial role of a goose girl but a handsome prince eventually rescues her. The certain power of the victorious good and the certain weakness of the eventually

conquered evil make for the universal cherishing of the fairy tale; for the hope of a just world is in the heart of every man.

The moral of the story is not didactically preached, however. A reader is beguiled generally by beauty to a realization of the good. This beguiling is through the world of the imagination. It is the quality of the imagination in the fairy tales which keeps them vital, vivid, and eternally young.

But there is more. Have you ever watched a little boy fighting an imaginary battle? Toy wooden sword in hand, he crouches, he snarls, he stalks his enemy. The child plays by himself. He will be the victor and, afterward he will judge the conquered. A little girl plays the less forceful role of teacher. She is a little tyrant in her own world of box desks. She scolds, she mimics, she preaches to an imaginary class. Make-believe is a favorite game of children, and fairy land is a wonderful world of make-believe already invented for them.

It is the blissful land of the imagination, a magic world where fairies and elves dance in whirling circles and flowers speak and buds open

to disclose tiny Thumbilinas. Here Prince Charming rescues the Sleeping Beauty from the toils of eternal sleep. Jolly dwarfs protect a lovely charge, Snow White. A little cat-mouse-rabbit creature like Rumpelstiltskin hops about shrilly defying the miller's daughter to guess his name. Here the wave of a fairy godmother's wand can change a common pumpkin into a gilded coach. The staunch tin soldier melts smiling to his death for he is watching a dainty paper dancer who floats like a sylph into the flames. The sweet song of a plain gray nightingale brings to Death, who is perched on the chest of the emperor, a "longing for his own garden, and like a cold, gray mist he passes out of the window." An ugly duckling changes into a graceful white swan, and a homely, hunchbacked cobbler, the Frog of Roland, who in a way personifies the motif of the whole design of fairy tales, is led to the greatest of human deeds by the example and guidance of the legendary characters who have become a part of him.

These tales are primarily for the young; for it is the young who understand best the world of make-believe. This spontaneous, exuberant play

of the imagination, the brightness and vitality
of the fairy tales, keeps them eternal; anyone
who is young-in-heart may enjoy them.

BETTY BURNS, '44.





FIACRE, THE PATRON SAINT OF THE GARDENS

ALL America is planting gardens, gardens for Victory. There must be no lack of vegetables during the war years and each gardener should invoke Saint Fiacre. A very special blessing should come from him to the Victory gardener, for the Patron Saint of gardeners knew the horrors of war. As a child he saw the heathen trample the beautiful ripening grain in his father's field and crush under their horses' hoofs the tender flowers in the castle garden. Once more the war lords are ravaging fields where a few short years ago kindly peoples tilled their fields and worshipped God in peace. Surely Fiacre, the saint of the garden is needed to bless the good earth and prosper the work of each sower of seed.

Fiacre was born in Ireland at the end of the sixth century. The heathen hordes were still strong in Ireland, and even the most powerful chieftains had to guard against their savage, unexpected raids. They struck at the churches of God and defiled the beauty of hill and vale.

These two things grieved the child Fiacre, for the beauty of plant and flower and the love of God were somehow one in his mind. Every day he worked in his garden and meditated on God and His infinite kindness, and every flower and plant he touched took on a rare and strange beauty. He lived a holy life and when he was eighteen he was ordained a priest. He retired to a hermitage on the banks of the Nore River, where the town Kilfiachre, or Kilfera, County Kilkenny, still preserves his memory.

One day a visiting monk told Fiacre of a monastery in Meaux, France, where men served God quietly in prayer and fasting and good works. Fiacre left his hermitage on the banks of the Nore and went to France. His *Acta* tell us that he arrived at Meaux in 628, when St. Faro was bishop there and France was at peace with all the world. Faro was kindly disposed to anyone Irish because he and his father's house had received many blessings from the Irish missionary Columbanus. Out of his own patrimony he gave Fiacre a site at Breuil surrounded by forests. Here Fiacre built an oratory in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a hospice in which

he received strangers, and a cell in which he might live apart from the world in prayer, fast, and vigil.

There is a legend that Saint Faro allowed him as much land as he could enclose in a furrow in one day. Fiacre selected a site and pointing his crosier earthward turned up the soil with its point. A good woman who chanced to see this strange sight was horrified to think that her bishop was being deceived by this strange priest and ran to Faro with the tale. (An Irish woman would have recognized the miracle at once and acclaimed the glory of God and His saints.) When Faro came into the wood and saw the straight, deep furrow opening before the crosier's point, he knew he was in the presence of a man of God and asked Fiacre's blessing.

Once again as when he was a child Fiacre took the warm brown earth in his hands and sowed and planted. Almost overnight the land about his place of prayer became a garden of such rare beauty that its fame spread to great distances. People came from afar to see. Many who came were suffering in mind or body. They looked at the flowers; they talked to Fiacre and

they were healed. Miracles took place in that garden. All over France men began to paint pictures and make statues of the Holy Man of the Gardens. An innkeeper of Paris had such a love of Fiacre that he named his inn Saint Fiacre and placed a statue of the saint above his door. Because this hotel was the first to rent out cabs, in time these coaches came to be known by the saint's name.

Fiacre had left his native land in search of solitude. He had sought out the forests and places afar from men. He had shut himself in a hermitage, but man had beaten a road to his door. He sought God in humility and lived a life of holiness. But men needed him and anyone who answers man's call for help cannot know solitude.

In the biography of Fiacre we find the sentence, "He lived a life of great mortification, in prayer, fast, vigil, and the manual labor of the garden." Would Fiacre have considered this mortification? In fervent prayer, in fast, in vigils in which he must have felt the nearness of God: and in the closeness to the good, pure earth, perhaps, he found that strength of mind

and serenity of spirit which drew men to him in life and led them to his shrine when his earthly life was over. Flowers, it is said, are fairer for those who love them. How beautiful must have been those flowers, planted and cared for by this gentle saint. As the furrow opened before the point of his crosier, the earth sent forth rare and beautiful blooms at his touch. He seemed to have breathed the purity and richness of his soul into seed, and plant, and flower. Even to this day gardeners invoke him as their protector and place his statue in their gardens that the earth may be fertile and peace of mind dwell there.

His statue shows the saint in his robe of white. In one hand he holds his crosier, entwined with flowers. In his arm he holds a wealth of flowers. There is an expression so kindly and peaceful in the saint's face that no true gardener can be happy until he has the little image in his garden. Across the Bay in the city of Saint Francis, the lovers of flowers are placing the statue of Saint Fiacre at the great annual flower display, to do honor to his name and to invoke his blessings on their gardens.

August 30 is the feast day of Saint Fiacre.

The people of Breuil will turn once more to their patron saint, praying that good, rich vegetables may spring from the soil of France to feed her children, and that once more on the highways of France pilgrims to the shrine at Meaux may replace the regiments of the enemy. Everywhere may all gardeners who love the good earth and the fruits thereof find an abundant reward for their labors. May the blessings of the saint come to them in this time of their country's need, bringing fertility to the soil and serenity and peace of spirit to the sower.

MARION MURRAY, '42.



GOING TO SCHOOL IN RUSSIA

THE pleasantest thing about my taking geometry in high school was that very often my father's help with some theorem would remind him of his days in the gymnasium of old Russia. On those evenings, especially if another one of our family friends was present, he would enjoy reminiscing.

He would usually start out by reminding himself of how many more problems he had had to work to exemplify a theorem.

"Of course, I was at the gymnasium of commerce where they laid especial stress on the practical side of mathematics, and they added courses in economics and merchandising to the regular academic work. We had other types of gymnasia that prepared for and stressed different fields. They were for those who intended to be priests, officers, or craftsmen. In the girls' schools, courses in sewing and drawing were required.

"In each of the gymnasia there was a doorman to greet the students and to take their coats and wraps. During examinations, he was supposed to prevent cheating by accompanying stu-

dents from and back to the classroom when it was necessary for them to leave. But it was during these expeditions that he might be bribed by unconscientious students to take the questions of an examination to someone who would work them out and send them back through the same route.

"This method, however, had its drawbacks. Once during a final trigonometry examination, the person hired to work out the problems by logs did not notice that a breeze had blown a page over. His answer, which was of course terribly wrong, was copied by twelve people. They were given a reëxamination, but for the first time in the history of that school's graduating class, as many as seven failed in their seventh year finals.

"Such dishonesty couldn't be used in the orals, which, like the written tests, were held at the end of three or four years or seven years. Orals were taken in the presence of almost the entire faculty. We drew slips of paper which had general questions about some period or principle. After answering those, we could be asked any question on the subject by any teacher present.

That made these examinations much harder.

"Our daily recitations were in the nature of oral quizzes, the grades of which were sent home every week. The teacher, however, asked questions that dealt not only with the day's lesson, but past lessons as well. So if you 'bloomed in the garden,' which is the Russian equivalent of cutting, you could be sure that you would have to recite sometime on the work that you missed.

"Teachers were quite strict in other matters, too, even outside of the classroom. The gymnasium forbade its pupils to wander in the streets after eight o'clock or to go to the theater on week days. At school, we had class deans who stayed with us for the seven years that we were there. They took charge right after the morning assembly of prayers and singing. Poor Stepan Ivanovich, our class dean! It was, I think, in the fourth year that we gave him so much trouble; that was the year when we took revenge on our history teacher by placing a dishpan full of water under his desk. That spring we students undertook the job of taking down the winter window, but the result was disastrous—the window crashed to smithereens."

The subject of class deans would remind my mother of Marka and Lenchka who always tried to get by an inspection of appearance with their hair frizzed. But every time, Maria Gregoriovna, the class dean, would conscientiously take a little water, part their hair in the middle, and brush it straight back into two braids that encircled the head.

"I remember," she would go on, "carefully avoiding Maria's eyes the morning after we had gone some place without our uniforms. We were often very tired of them, for we were obliged to wear them all the time, even to concerts and the opera."

"Yes, they were strict," my father would break in. "But in a way I wouldn't mind going back. Do you remember all the school balls we used to have, and the way we used to manage to get in at least four people on one opera ticket? The officials, even the railroad men, were lenient with us. We certainly had some carefree and happy times."

LYLA BYLINKIN, '44.

RETROSPECT

THIS is the Class of 1942 speaking to you. We are in a reflective mood, and we should like you to join us while we consider memorable things. When we left our respective high schools in the spring of 1938, we were told that we were at the "beginning of our intellectual lives," and that the world we built for ourselves in the next four years, our college life, would for all times be the bulwark against which so many of the activities and events of the world around us would strike. So we were warned to build it well. We heeded that advice, and, while the events of the world around us resounded with treachery, strife, conflict, and coercion, we were building our own intangible worlds which would stand up against any tangible odds: a true sense of values.

At first it was not easy building, for we tended to follow the consensus of public opinion. We did not realize that only rarely was intellect the source of public opinion.

Take, for example, the famed Anschluss which occurred in the spring of 1938, even

before we had ended our high school days. What was this Adolf Hitler doing to the German people and their country? Some thinkers told us it was Germany rising after a troubled sleep of twenty years, rendered inert by the humiliation of Versailles. They knew the true causes of the act; but they were opposed by those who wished to continue in "peace," at any price. And so it was decided by most people (whose interests and activities might be disturbed too much if the problem were looked at too closely), that Hitler's Anschluss was an act of "nationalism rather than of imperialism," and Austria was economically so crippled by the terms of 1919 that she could not stand alone anyway. We believed them, because we did not think clearly. After all, was it not right to want the German-speaking peoples united under one head? Here we stopped; we did not once consider what these people had in common with each other. And so we relaxed and let Hitler keep Austria, because it had been a "peaceful" invasion, and no one was hurt; we were enjoying our "peace." And this disturbing event of the spring of 1938 was soon eclipsed by

our feverish preparations for our new adventure, college.

Then we were disturbed again. This time it was in September, just a short while after we had come to school. We were in the midst of the maze of entrance examinations, registration, unpacking, and new acquaintances, when we heard that Hitler was again up to something. This time he had demanded the Sudetenland, or the German-speaking part of Czechoslovakia. We became more excited at this move; Czechoslovakia protested that with the Sudeten she would lose all her fortifications against Germany, and then further expansion by Hitler would be possible. The German armed forces, we learned, had been growing steadily, especially aircraft, which had gained marked superiority. There was a flourish of activity and protest on the part of the Great Powers, and Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain and Premier Daladier had even gone to Munich to see what they could do about it. We know now that although they went ostensibly to seek a compromise, their actual mission was to accept Hitler's demands on the

sole condition that the cessions be made peacefully. It was the same story all over: Czechoslovakia was sold into national slavery; the Czechs would have resisted Hitler to the end if more than just verbal support had been offered by the Great Powers. All that concerned France and England was the postponement of war and the "appeasement" of Hitler, and the promise that he would make no more territorial demands in Europe. He made the promise easily.

And while we were busy with freshman compositions, picnics in Forest Meadows, our first term papers in history, and a week-end at Bolinas, the whole situation was gaining in seriousness; the appeasers tried to hold out for the terms of Munich, but by March, 1939, the Republic of Czechoslovakia had ceased to exist; the Czechoslovakians had been right about Hitler's method of expansion. We were quite disturbed that this had happened, but we did little more than send our relief donations to the "lost" country and sympathize.

As soon as Hitler had acquired Czechoslovakia, he began to put diplomatic pressure on Poland. This time the situation was really seri-

ous; England realized it. The "Germanization of Eastern Europe with a view to a Greater Germany" was fast becoming a fact. For the first time in her history England authorized peacetime conscription, and began a feverish campaign of rearmament. All this was in the summer of 1939, when we were travelling around this big country of ours, or amusing ourselves at home. When we returned to school for our sophomore year, we found that one-half of the world had declared war. Hitler had overrun Poland; the English knew now that they could not trust a promise of Hitler, and so they took the big step into war. From that moment in September the English knew that either they or the Germans would survive the struggle, certainly not both of them. Then our first losses occurred, when the *Athenia* went down; we dimly realized that we were probably "in it"—perhaps.

That was the year we were new in Fanjeaux; we were enjoying ourselves—and going to school, too. Oh! we were terribly shocked at all that was happening "over there," but what could we do about it?

Here at home our government was passing a

Neutrality Act; "cash and carry" was our policy; at least we were going to be "smart" enough to keep out of this war, and to avoid the post-war stigma of "Uncle Shylock!" We isolated ourselves, and we made ourselves believe that what happened over there could not concern us over here.

And so time went on, and matters became worse. First it was a Germano-Russian Pact and Finland was mutilated; Franco in Spain was with Germany and Italy; King Carol was exiled from Rumania. Then with the Spring Drive of 1940 Norway was captured; Denmark offered no resistance; Chamberlain was replaced by Churchill; and in May the Netherlands were invaded; by June France had fallen and the English marvelously escaped from Dunkirk. After that began the endless air raids on London, but, in spite of high casualties, British morale remained unbroken.

By this time came another American summer, but it was a little different, because now we had decided that we too should have a peacetime conscription. We revived Pan-Americanism, and the Monroe Doctrine was given a new meaning

—to keep totalitarianism from our back door.

We were now upperclassmen. We had new privileges, and were proud of them. We also listened to the news more intently. We sensed that the war was getting nearer to us; even some of our old destroyers had been given to the British Navy to "help out." Still, as the echoes of war came nearer, the "America Firsters" decried war louder and louder. But we were very busy with our major subjects; they required a good deal of attention, so we studied. Perhaps we were beginning to remember what they had told us when we left high school; at any rate, we thought more; and our government finally acknowledged that we, as a nation, had a responsibility towards those who thought as we did. So in the spring of 1941 "cash and carry" became "lease-lend," and our non-intervention came to an end. But even then we thought economic warfare alone would be enough.

And then, before we knew it, our senior year had arrived. We found that while we had been concentrating upon Hitler's attack on Russia, the Japanese were becoming restless; they wanted to become the "yellow Hitler." We had confer-

ences with them, but we couldn't tell what they were plotting.

Then it came—Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. We were extremely excited: final week, blackouts, nervous parents, term papers, and war! It was almost too much for us to handle, but we pulled through and had what we called a “last” Christmas. Then we “dug in,” and each one of us found her part in the nation's defense, no matter how small.

After Christmas we settled down to work. We appreciated two things, that we were able to finish our education and that we could finish building our “intellectual bulwarks.” The war had made us more determined in our last semester; we were now seeking heavier armor. And we found it in our slowly but surely developed ability to “see through” the events and sacrifices of the moment to a just peace in the future. This time, we say, the peace will be “different.” But we cannot forget one thing: to make it lasting we must learn to measure all our acts in relation to one another; to place a principle behind every cause, and to find the truth at any cost.

And now we will soon be graduated. Our way,

they tell us, will for a time be difficult, but we are convinced that democracy is going to win. The battle will be long and hard, but in the end we believe that force will become secondary, and we will be fighting the battle of the mind. We are well armed; the true sense of values we have acquired will be our most effective weapon; our ideas founded on truth will be our citadel; and we will best overcome present cruelties by humane deeds prompted by love of neighbor and forgetfulness of self. For if we live and work with these aids, right must rise triumphant, and the just peace we await will be abiding.

JOSEPHINE CALLOWAY, '42.

HOMER SINGS

Outside the Skaian gate fierce battle raged,
The warfare that Ionian Homer sang,
And to themselves and to their flashing foe
Men brought swift glory mid the din and clang.

Inside the gate the women wove and prayed,
Andromache made ready the warm bath
Still wildly hoping Hector would return
Even as he fell before Achilles' wrath.

Tall warfare that; men fought like flaming fire,
Gods did not scorn to take part in that fray
Which kindled Homer to his golden song
In the great dawning of the Greeks' past day.

So long ago, so long ago, and still
The human ferments boil in man's mad breast,
Hector and Achilles walk our whirling star,
They do but pass in mortal garments dressed.

Above our heads the airships dive and drone,
Our gardens bloom, the sun shines after rain,
We too weave, garlands of beseeching prayer
For Mary's pity on a world of pain.

Piercing us comes the thought of Priam's son,
Whom Teucros' arrow smote with deadly speed:
His god-like head drooped heavy in its helm,
Teucros exultant in his glorious deed.

"As in a garden a poppy droops its head
Bowed by its weight and by the rains of spring,
So drooped his head within its heavy helm."
Piercing our hearts today does Homer sing.

S. C. M.

“GREY EMINENCE”

THE popular interest in the lives of great men is met by an increasing number of historical biographies; such biographies with their study of the past invite comparison and may lead to a better understanding of the present. Why and how the actions and ideas of a single individual have been of such consequence as to change the face of the earth is an enigma that challenges the modern biographer. He solves it by interpreting historical records in the light of modern psychology. Modern psychology, however, is not sufficient for a full understanding of any individual's historical background. The events of the past cannot be explained only by physical and economic causes but need complete understanding of the currents of thoughts that made these events possible. The biographer, furthermore, must not only understand but, in a measure have felt the challenge of the ideas about which he is writing. The measure of his understanding, his judgments, depends upon the sympathy he has for the idea which he is analyzing.

Aldous Huxley's biography, *Grey Eminence*,

is a study of ideas suggested to him as he considered the life of Father Joseph, a Capuchin monk and the very right hand of the statesman Richelieu. Mr. Huxley makes use of all of his intellectual and psychological perspicacity to explain why this Capuchin was at the same time a mystic and a power politician. Aside from his keen comments as an historian and scholar, Mr. Huxley is concerned with two ideas: mysticism, the search for ultimate reality, that is, God; and politics and religion, the two finite powers directing the fate of mankind.

Father Joseph-François Leclerc du Tremblay, born in 1577, came from a distinguished family. He was a precocious child, especially in matters of religion, and from early childhood was deeply devoted to the story of the Passion. (Later he became co-founder, guardian and spiritual director of a newly reformed order of nuns, the Calvarians, whose principal devotion was the suffering of the Holy Virgin at the foot of the cross.) His family educated him for a brilliant military or administrative career, and he made a brief appearance at the French court as Baron de Maffliers; but underneath his com-

pliance to filial and social obligations he had struggled throughout his youth to avoid the world of affairs. Through the great Pierre de Bérulle, with whom he had discussed theology at the age of twelve in the courtyard of his school, he entered the circle of Madame Acarie, where he found a group of people who combined great intellectual gifts with intense religious fervor. There he met Father Benet of Canfield, the great seventeenth century teacher of mysticism, and became his disciple. At the age of twenty-one François overcame the protests of his mother and entered a Capuchin convent as a Franciscan novice. Thereafter he led an ascetic life and had he devoted his entire being to the search for ultimate reality, God, which is the goal of mysticism, he would have been a saint. But a part of the strength and illumination which he found in prayer he lent to the disastrous scheme of Richelieu, to the politics which divided and maimed Europe for the sake of glorious France and which, ultimately, in Mr. Huxley's opinion, led to 1914 and the present war.

When François entered the cloister, he found himself among Franciscan brothers, who, fol-

lowing the tradition of their order, were especially concerned with missions, martyrdom, and the recovery of Holy Places. To this Father Joseph added his own special devotion to Calvary. "From the premise of Christ's sufferings," says Huxley, "the logic of emotion and imagination led to the conclusion that crusading against the Turks was among the Christian's highest duties." Such a crusade demanded a uniting of seventeenth century Europe against a common enemy, the Turks. Since 1624, when he reconciled Condé's rebels and Louis XIII (reconciliation and appeasement being one of the duties of a Capuchin), he had become Richelieu's unofficial chief of state. This dream of a crusade was used by the Cardinal to convince Father Joseph that France was destined to be the leader of the united European nations. The will of God and the glory of France then became one in the mind of the Capuchin. Untiringly braving all hardships of the roads, many times he crossed Europe on his bare feet; indispensable was his counsel, his spiritual authority, his tact. Richelieu entrusted him with all difficult diplomatic undertakings.

Father Joseph, ugly and poor in his coarse grey garment, never saw his dream of a crusade materialize, but he helped Richelieu to destroy the Hapsburgs and prolong the Thirty Years war; he was the most powerful diplomat of his time. And among the people of Paris as well as at the European courts Father Joseph, the "Grey Eminence," became an almost legendary figure.

In this, his first biography, Aldous Huxley reduces the huge bulk of materials underlying a study of seventeenth century politics to a neat outline. His attention is fixed mainly on Father Joseph. Other, better known historical figures, Gustavus Adolphus, Marie de Medici, Wallenstein, are only sketched, though sufficiently sharp-tongued to be almost caricatures. For facts, Huxley studied the horrors of the Thirty Years War with a magnifying glass over the realistic etchings of Jacques Callot. Excepting for the two chapters which contain the two important ideas of the book, *Grey Eminence* is written with the passionate acidity of a pamphlet.

The chapter, "Religious Background," gives a short history of mysticism, from the earliest metaphysical theories of the Hindus to Diony-

sus the Areopagite. Father Benet of Canfield, Father Joseph's teacher, was not only informed about the theories of the early mystics, he based his own teachings on a book of practical mysticism, *The Cloud of Unknowing*, written by an unknown writer in the early fourteenth century. Through certain spiritual exercises and the art of meditation, this book teaches that the true follower of Christ must "unknow" the world, its works and creatures, because these interfere with his loving God as He is in Himself. "Lift up thine heart to God with a blind stirring of love, and mean Himself and none of His goods." The love, the experience of God in Himself is a pure act of the will which excludes any discursive reasoning and vain attempts to understand that which by its very nature is incomprehensible. If the true follower of Christ has become so advanced in his spiritual exercises that he has forgotten all the creatures and their works, including his own, there remains still between him and God a feeling of his own being, of separate individuality. This last barrier can be destroyed only by "a full special grace full freely

given by God, and also a full according ableness on thy part to receive this grace . . .”

Father Benet based his teachings on *The Cloud of Unknowing*, and departed from it and the Dionysian tradition in only one point. He especially stressed the necessity of eliminating one's personal will to make room for the will of God. “Not my will be done but Thine.” He classified the will of God under three headings and thoroughly elaborated these distinctions. Yet, as Aldous Huxley points out, Father Benet does not sufficiently solve the question: Which are the *acts* that are in accordance with God's will? There are, Father Benet says, acts by divine authority, acts prohibited and acts indifferent. In the last class the intention is what counts. If while doing an indifferent thing, we dedicate our action to God, the doing of it will actually be God's will. But Mr. Huxley wonders about those acts which the individual performs, not for himself, but on behalf and for the advantage of some social organization, a nation, a church, a political party; he claims that there are no moral problems as difficult as those connected with these kinds of “indifferent” actions.

If Father Joseph erred from the way of perfection and became a politician, the fault is partly due to his teacher, Father Benet, who never discussed the relationship between the unitive life, the doing of the will of God and political action. Father Joseph was a patriot; what he did, he did for the glory of France, or rather for the glory of God through the instrument of France.

In one point, Father Benet departs from traditional mysticism and in this departure the author seems to see another reason for Father Joseph's failing: In the highest form of prayer, not unison with the godhead alone is demanded; rather the soul's contemplation of the image of Christ on the cross and annihilation of that image in God's essence. By this contemplation, in Mr. Huxley's opinion, the soul does not receive God, but only its own mental image of another person's goodness. Such contemplation, then, he contends, does not lead to complete self-annihilation. Father Joseph projected his selfhood into a country and got involved in politics; had he been a true mystic, he would have transformed his personality and would have abandoned it unto God. Instead, he came to believe

that political intrigues were in accord with God's will. He never reached the mystical goal, transformation of personality, or life on a plane of timelessness, an act which demands annihilation of all desires which can be fulfilled in time in favor of those which God fulfills eternally; thus, Father Joseph became a victim of his illusions, and a victim of Richelieu's statesmanship. Father Benet's reform, Mr. Huxley continues, united Dionysian mysticism with Catholic dogma; as it does not exclude imagination or, therefore, individuality, this reform has not led the followers of Father Benet to ultimate reality. In our time the pseudo-mysticism of race and nationality exalt biological properties of man; but true mysticism, centered in God and of highest significance for Christianity, is almost dead.

In this brilliantly developed chapter on "The Religious Background of Father Joseph," Mr. Huxley shows, it seems to me, a leaning toward Lamaism. Fundamentally he ignores the significance of the Birth of Christ and the founding of the Christian religion. One presumes that he reduces them to mere historical events which

today have no great importance for the individual. But the line of Christian seers still continues, inspired and informed through contemplation of God's ways.

The study of *Grey Eminence* gives Mr. Huxley the perspective to look at our own century and the problems peculiar to our time. Now even less than in the seventeenth century, he concludes, can the amelioration of society be achieved through large-scale political action. The means of such action, human instruments, are greatly increased, involving a multiplication of error and evil, which vastly outbalances the good it attempts to reach. Today, technological progress, wars and nationalism seem to guarantee a totalitarian world, with huge centralized governments, whose spiritual content is some form of totalitarian anthropocentrism. But as Mr. Huxley says, "A world made unsafe for mysticism and theocentric religion is a world where the only proved method of transforming personality will be less and less practiced. Such a world is bound to decay very rapidly. In a world inhabited by unregenerate or natural men, church or state can never become appreciably better than

the best of the states and churches of which the past has left us a record. Society can never be greatly improved until such time as most of its members choose to become theocentric saints."

In its scope, *Grey Eminence* is thus more than a biography; it is Huxley's confession. The brilliant author of *Point Counter Point* has written a number of loosely-plotted, intellectually over-charged novels. The ideas that have accumulated in our time are mirrored in the pointless intellectualism of his personages. Profoundly pessimistic, he satirizes these ideas by putting them into the mouths of eccentrics. Fundamentally, his very strong analytical qualities had not been accompanied by any moral convictions and seemed, therefore, futile.

The pessimism in *Grey Eminence* is no more the brilliant vanity of a restless mind; rather, it is the deep concern for the fate, one might say, the salvation of mankind. Humanity can only be saved from complete darkness through the effort of individual man. But unlike most writers in this time of distress, Aldous Huxley does not advocate any kind of social reform. With ardent seriousness, he urges that the indi-

vidual turn away from the illusions of time and the world, and by great effort and ascetic will, reach reality, which is God. In these days, when the individual seems helplessly involved in problems that by far surpass his sphere of influence, the call for individual spiritual regeneration is of very strong appeal and significance; Aldous Huxley's *Grey Eminence* is a thrilling book.

RUTH FABIAN, '42.

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