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The Firebrand

THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE
OF SAN RAFAEL

M C M X X V I

*To the Professors
of the English Department
in appreciation of
their interest*

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THE FIREBRAND

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EDITORIAL

WHEN we are distinguished grey-haired alumnae coming back to see our grand-daughters graduate, we shall be glad that we were here during the first ten years of the College's growth. Our grand-daughters will take for granted the position and traditions of the College. They will proudly uphold the traditions as their own, but we will say that we helped to make those traditions. Ours was the thrilling task of creating the spirit and personality of the College; we were here when the Dominican College of San Rafael was leaving the convent boarding school stage and becoming a woman's College, when the freedom and privileges granted us were startling for a convent college. They will fail to see why such privileges were startling. They will enjoy them; but they will not know the excitement of privileges yielded as a daring experiment. They will ask how Dominican College grew to be the place they know. Then we shall

say that there were two elements in her character. First, there was the spirit of true learning that the Faculty gave the College and the spirit of freedom with which we began. We shall tell how from the first the ideal of the College was to have a Student Body that didn't have to be told what to do and what not to do, that the founders courageously stuck to that ideal even when it seemed that people did need a hundred little rules with penalties to keep them in order. Then we shall say that we did the rest ourselves, that we returned such love and loyalty that our College could not help growing.

For if Dominican College is to become the place we dream of, it must be because of the love and loyalty of the Students. The faculty and administration have given us all they can, they have given us a lovely place to live in and a wealth of opportunity, but it is the students who must build up the spirit of the College.

Just at present we feel much too sophisticated to love our College. We feel that it is a bit young to be enthusiastic about anything.

We smile indulgently at our fathers and brothers who give their Alma Mater tender love and loyalty. Their College may be a tumble down old shack of a place but they see beyond the buildings and grounds; they revere and are grateful to the men who teach them. They point with pride to their fellow alumni. Their College may have a small Student Body and terrible athletic records, but when our fathers and brothers were there they went out for teams no matter how bad they were. If they were too bad to play they carried water. But men are simple that way; just because it happens to be their College they are fiercely loyal to it. But we haven't come to our College because it is a family tradition; our College isn't that old. We have chosen it deliberately because it offers us what we want in music or English or mathematics or because we yearn for knowledge.

We should rather live at home, but Dominican College has what we want. We view our Alma Mater objectively, not as if she were our own. Most of us take all she offers and

return nothing. It is time for us to lose that attitude. We must return something for all we receive. It is only when we have done something for our College that we feel that it is ours. The people that give up week-ends to rehearse a play, that tear their hair trying to get the *Meadowlark* out, that hold Student Body offices and lie awake at night over the mental and spiritual welfare of each student can never view their College impersonally again. They have done something out of love for the College. They belong to the College and the College belongs to them.

When we stop thinking of Dominican College merely as an institution with beautiful grounds and exceptional opportunities, and begin to think of it as our own College it will cease to be a new College with great possibilities and begin to be the College of which our grand-daughters will be proud.

S E N I O R S

MILDRED BELMONTE

MILLY

MILLY mothers everybody. In all seriousness she admits that perhaps it's just as well that she didn't adopt that little boy that she wanted to last summer. What would she do with him while she was at school? "But he was such a forlorn little boy and so bright."

When she was in the hospital she sent her flowers and presents to everyone on the floor. It wasn't that she didn't love her presents; she made her friends happy by getting excited over everything they brought her. She sat like a princess dressed in her finery and surrounded by her presents, but then she would remember the man next door and she would say, "Darling, do you mind if I send your nice ice-cream to the man next door? He was feeling blue to-day." Then she wonders why everybody laughs. People are always shrieking with laughter over the things Milly does and says. It makes her angry. "One thing I have," she says, "is a sense of humour, but I fail to see why people laugh at me."

ROSALIND FISHER

The reason we have for laughing is simply that we love her so. When we love people very much everything they do is so dear that it makes us laugh. The reason we have for loving Milly is simple enough too. The love that Milly expends on everyone can only bring a return of love.

CLAIRE GRAHAM '27.

ROSALIND

Dear Little Rosalind who left us Christmas to return to Manila! We heave a mighty sigh as we look at the empty place where only a small head and a slim pair of shoulders showed above the table. (Hers is the petiteness that makes the average person feel huge and gauche.)

Languid, yet with a remarkable amount of energy; apparently slow, but with an incredible swiftness of movement, (ask her room-mate), capricious of appetite, yet with a great love for rice and ice-cream, Rosie is a true child of the Tropics.

MARIAN FORRESTER

So quiet and detached is she that only those who know her well are permitted to enjoy the delight of her keen sense of humor. And while everyone knew that Rosie learned easily and well, few knew her extraordinarily fine thinking mind, so that one could have the joyful feelings of a Columbus in discovering the things she tried more to conceal than to disclose.

It is nice to think of her now, happy and laughing, with no more need for that little far-away look of longing—the look one sees in the eyes of those who come from lovely lands across the seas.

M. L. M. '26.

MARIAN

“You won’t describe me as belligerent, will you? That trait will be evident enough from my picture?” That is Marian, a most interesting combination of contradictions. As she says these words, she pushes back her glasses with a stubby forefinger and smiles the roguish

MERLE LE MAYER

smile of an elf. And yet Marian is not at all roguish. In fact, she rather dislikes anything but a serious spirit. She does not enjoy being made the subject of practical jokes, nor does she enjoy playing them. She is specially serious in her affections, all of which she lavishes on a few friends in an unreasoning, unselfish, thoughtless love. She would forego a pleasure rather than not share it with her friend. She is impulsively generous, which accounts for her improvidence. She is inclined to spend all of a generous allowance as soon as she receives it, although she knows that her home in Utah is far away and that it will be days before another check can come by mail.

Apparently apathetic, she is very sensitive and self-conscious. A trivial incident, a hasty conclusion that some one has slighted her, will cause her to be down-hearted for half a day. A pleasing trifle, the printer calling to say that the *Meadowlark* will be out on time, will make her smile an infectious smile and cause

MARY HELEN MAYER

her friends to be happy in her gay companionship.

Ten years away from home at a convent have changed her character much. By nature independent and self-willed, one to whom a prohibition means a stimulus to action, she has had decisions made for her so long that she is quite irresolute. The tender, shielding hands of nuns have made her helpless in the face of contingencies which arise outside of convent walls.

I cannot recall her in a characteristic situation, but I can easily imagine a characteristic situation with her in it—the sacred recesses of an editor's office, far removed from all material concerns; she is there, always most eloquent when by herself alone.—J. M., '27.

MERLE

Merle's hair is very black, her eyes are very dark and her skin is very fair. She makes one think of a gardenia on a black velvet

HELEN PITCHER

dress. She is slow and deliberate. She speaks so deliberately that one may have forgotten the last word she said by the time one hears the next one. She speaks of art and music in this deliberate tone, and one might think that she is affected. She is not affected; she knows what she is talking about. It is not only about music that she can be intelligent. Her conversation is always witty and interesting; she writes entertainingly and always with a fresh viewpoint. Her editor in making up the *Meadowlark* always says, "Well, there's Merle's music article. We won't have to worry about that" — which means that not only will the article be well written, and interesting, but that the editor won't have to ask Merle for it six times.

Because one values her opinion there is respect behind the way one laughs when she storms at the janitor who interrupts a rehearsal just when Merle is building up a speech to a proper emotional pitch, or when one is playing a dead shepherd, with her lying on the stage floor, and she destroys one's

MILDRED SEUFERT

atmosphere, by growling under her breath, in an artistic frenzy, "Those lights, the scene is utterly ruined!" It is with the same loving laugh that one helps her get a train. First she must return to the house for her umbrella. The train is waiting and the car stalls. She smiles a slow, charming smile and waits until the car is ready to go, as if trains were nothing. When her suitcase rolls off the running board into the mud, she laughs suddenly, surprisingly, and musically as she says, "If it had just waited a minute—I was just thinking of putting my hand out to hold it." Before she goes she must leave a pattern with the dressmaker. One offers to do that for her. She slowly spells out the name of the dressmaker and gives her address, the train whistles and is gone. Merle laughs less suddenly, but just as musically, and takes the next train.

Merle's deliberateness, her intelligence, her charming laugh are not her only qualities. Her friends love her kindness, sensitiveness and sympathy.

CLAIRE GRAHAM '27.

HARRIET SMITH

MARY HELEN

An epitome of the life of Mary Helen shows cosmopolitanism both of genius and of circumstance. She was born of parents of three Nordic nationalities; she spent her childhood on a farm in the joyous companionship of her brothers and sisters, and her youth in traveling from one large city to another throughout the United States. Especially have her dozen or more Alma Maters played a part in diversifying her life. The negative side of cosmopolitanism, the result of possessing many acquaintances, but few friends, of feeling alone in the midst of a multitude, is also evident. There flavors her every act a shyness that manifests itself in reticence, an innocence that is almost prudishness, a religiousness that is scrupulously inclined.

Let us take her in a typical situation. It is a few minutes before class. Mary Helen appears walking slowly and silently at the side of her favorite teacher, her face set with humble attentiveness. A year of hero worship at one of her Alma Maters has made her a "fidus

Achates." As she approaches, a crowd of girls surround her, each one voicing a question. "You take Greek. What is this letter?" "Please lend me your typed history notes. I can't read my writing." "Is this a French or Spanish word?" "Tell me the main idea in the chapter for Education." "How can I express this in better English?" "You didn't do more than five pages of Latin for today, did you?" Each approaches with such absolute confidence of receiving the desired information and of receiving it in an agreeable, self-respecting way, that it is evident that she has formerly "claimed kindred there and had her claim allowed." The example of a nun at another Alma Mater inspires her even to be cruel to herself in smoothing out for others the path of knowledge which she has found so attractive.

The instructor arrives. Mary Helen enters the classroom. Every moment of the class she is tense with attention. When asked, she answers without hesitancy in well-chosen words and concise statements, all in a modest

and sometimes even an apologetic tone of voice. Constant adulation and wonder "that one small head could carry all she knew" have filled her with no more conceit than is embraced in absolute self knowledge. The class is dismissed. Mary Helen goes to the door, joins her sister and walks away, for the first time talking congenially in the lively manner which she reserves for her sister, Joanna, alone—J. M., '27.

HELEN PITCHER

A group of girls on the porch at Edge Hill are emitting faint exhausted shrieks of mirth. They appear to be doing a set of rather un-rhythmical bending exercises. Of course, there is Hep in the middle of the group—likewise doubled up and gasping. Helen Esther Pitcher is so very funny, when she is funny, that she simply has to laugh with the others at herself.

Hers is such a beautiful silliness! It is one made of humorous ideas, born of keen per-

ception, and a joyous delight in living. She has that spark of fantastic absurdity in her humour that marks some of our more subtle writers and cartoonists.

In every way the seeming antithesis of the proverbial "good student," Hep manages to get all of her studying done without anyone noticing it, and she gets fearfully good marks.

Helen is awfully good to look at; slim, pink cheeked, (there is a sunned out-of-doors look to her skin), with laughing gray-blue eyes and dusky gold hair that chuckles itself into waves and ringlets about her small head.

M. L. M. '26.

MILDRED

"Choral is at four o'clock and we urge you all to be on time." The speaker, the object of all eyes in the dining-room, is the Student Body president. She is not very tall but stands erect with her feet close together, thus giving an impression of height. Her hair is light brown and waves about her

round, cheerful face. Her eyes are light blue and set far apart. Her chin is prominent and perhaps indicative of certain characteristics that are decidedly hers, strength of will and a well developed sense of duty. When she sees along which of two courses her line of duty lies, nothing will move her from that course. This is sometimes trying and uncomfortable for her friends, but one cannot really find it objectionable, for her sense of humor is such that she makes one see the amusing side whatever it may be. That same sense of humor often saves her. She cannot be heavy, or too serious because she invariably finds something humorous, perhaps in herself, at which to laugh.

She is extremely calm and matter-of-fact; one of those people who, given ten minutes instead of an hour in which to make a train, never hurry, nor become excited, nor miss the train.

Everyone likes her, even we Juniors who all semester have had to listen to that trying phrase, "It's a Senior privilege." She is so friendly and gracious that we cannot help ourselves.

M. O'T. '27

HARRIET

"Oh Harriet, you look just like a baby in that sweater!" The cry trailed off in a squeal of delight. The great blue eyes, no less blue for all the pinkness of the sweater, slowly filled with indignation and a hint of tears. This was just the seventy-sixth time in the same evening she'd heard those exact words, to the same accompaniment.

"I just hate people to say I look like a baby!" wailed the blue-eyed one. "I'll never wear this old thing again!" Gurgles from about the senior table.

"But darling, you *do*, you know," purred a voice. More gurgles from seniors. Outraged glare from Harriet. For Harriet, you see, is one of those rare little beings naturally innocent-looking, and naturally pink and blue and golden. She is the sort that girls adore, and tease, and that men want to rescue from bold wicked outlaws, flaming buildings and barking dogs. (Harriet is very much afraid of very nearly every kind of dog.)

Let it be known, however, that this thrice-

blessed child does not indulge in baby-talk. Everything about her is unstudied and divinely natural. She has plenty of "mind of her own" also, as the saying goes.

Harriet might easily be the reason why "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

M. L. M. '26.

JUNIOR JINGLES

Old Mother Goose, when she wanted to
wander,
Rode to D. C. on a very fine gander.
As with the class 'twenty-seven she mingles,
Playfully reads to the Juniors these Jingles.

Agnes'll tell us a story
About sister Kitty,
And now her story's begun.
She'll tell us another
About Hazel Fletcher.
To be sure her story's not done.

Mary and Claire translating Psyc
Upon a holiday.
The light gave out, they both gave up—
Claire she read away.
Now had those girls remained at school
To read light Greek in the dark—
Ten thousand cars to Claire's roadster
They both had had a lark.

Ceal so droll is a merry old soul,
A merry old soul is she.

We hear her state that boarding so late
Would seem an eternity,
If Helen's fiddle weren't such a fine fiddle,
And such a fine voice hadn't Ruthie.
Oh, there is nothing so rare
As can compare
To friends at old D. C.

Alice and Mary in the library
Were writing a comedy;
They hit on a pun, and thus did Act I
And said, "What bright girls are we."

What is Carlotta made of, made of?
What is Carlotta made of?
Neat ways precise and the stillness of mice.
That's what Carlotta's made of.
What is slender Kate made of, made of?
Tips and tales and Spanish details.
That's what slender Kate's made of.

One misty, moisty morning
When cloudy was the weather
Mary chanced to meet Joanna,

Both with notebooks bound in leather.
Mary began the questioning,
Joanna began to grin,
"I don't know, I don't know, and
I don't know again."

Margy, Margy, sits all day
Sewing a very fine seam,
While Edna all such indoor sports
Hygienic does not deem.

Little Miss Juliet, with her expression set,
Planning a menu for class day—
Florence soon spied her,
And came up beside her
And frightened her ideas away.

Ding dong dews
Pauline has the blues.
Who put her in?
Mary Ellen.
Who got her out?
Rose with "Mail's out."

Loraine and Margaret lost much sleep
A worrying about their cinches.
If they'd left them alone
They could have gone home
Waving the A's before them.

Naomi and Ruthie sat in a car,
Naomi and Ruthie rode near and far,
Not nature's attractions, nor daughters of
men
Could make Naomi and Ruthie walk to
Edge Hill again.

At last comes our Monie
Who lives in a stew—
She has so many lessons
She doesn't know what to do.
She writes a few novels
And it flies from her head
That she ought to be writing
Some sonnets instead.

—JOANNA MAYER '27.

OUR SOPHISTICATED LYDIA

IT WAS the first day of college. Lydia came languidly back from registration and sprawled out on her bed. She yawned and tapped her lips with the tips of her fingers. Ho-hum—getting an education was such a bother—but then one must be intelligent these days.

The phone rang and Lydia started ever so slightly.

"I suppose it will take months to get those Freshmen trained," she said; "they are so young and green, aren't they? Imagine children at that age in college; it's ridiculous."

"Listen, chérie," her room-mate put in, "you're still on the sunny side of twenty yourself, and as for being green—well, you were the greenest Freshman I ever saw. I'll never forget you the first time I saw you as long as I live—and that hat—you never would tell me where you got it—"

"Oh come off, Mary; every one is young once, even our mighty Juniors. I wish we had

some of their privileges though; we ought to deserve some after a whole year, don't you think so?"

"But they have a year's head start in the business of earning those privileges, you know."

A dutiful Freshman who had finally answered the phone put her head in at the door and shouted "phone." Lydia started to run for the door, then, remembering her dignity, she walked slowly out of the room. She returned some minutes later, her cheeks a shade redder, but otherwise the picture of indifference.

"Sister want something?" asked Mary over her shoulder.

"That wasn't Sister; that was Bill," Lydia answered, carelessly picking up a magazine.

"Bill!" echoed Mary. "Who is he?"

"Oh, just someone I met at the Lake this summer—rather young, you know, but a good dancer. I wish these college chaps would learn to talk about something besides bootleg-

gers, and football, and how pretty one is looking in the frock one is wearing."

Mary turned squarely around in her chair and faced her room-mate, "Say, since when has a dress become a frock and a boy become a chap, and where did you learn to say 'rawther' that way? If you're going to live with me you'd better come out of that and get back to earth."

"Don't be disgusting, Mary."

2.

Mary was studying at her desk one night; she turned around to Lydia who was stretched out on the bed reading a novel.

"For goodness' sake, Lydia," she said, "aren't you ever going to study? First you write reams to Bill, and then you sit around and read. Cinches are coming out soon, you'd better be careful."

"Don't be absurd, Mary," Lydia said without looking up. "You know perfectly well that that was only a note to Bill. One doesn't write long letters to men; it's bad for their egotism. And please don't go bothering about cinches;

I haven't time to study. One simply must keep up with one's reading, and when these modern authors put out a book about every other week there simply is no time to study."

Cinches came out the next week, and Lydia got two.

"Why this is ridiculous," she said with icy wrath. "I can't stay here any of these week-ends; I have engagements for every week-end for the next month. I shall have to see Sister about it."

Sister was kind but firm; Mary was kind but unsympathetic. Lydia kept only one of her many engagements; her bill at the circulating library decreased.

3.

"Come, Lydia," Mary said, "it's time to go to class meeting."

"Class meeting," said Lydia with scorn. "Don't tell me you are actually going to class meeting."

"Oh, come on," Mary coaxed.

"To see who they will elect yell leader for

this week, I suppose; oh, well, I'll go, but wake me up when it's over."

Lydia powdered her nose and walked lazily down stairs after Mary. One-third of the class was in the room, and the second third was out looking for the third third. Lydia sat down and hooked her feet over the rungs of the chair in front of her, put on her most bored expression and thought of other things. Finally the meeting was over. Lydia gripped Mary's hand and made for the door.

"These meetings get worse and worse," she sighed; "if they would only say something."

"Why, Lydia," Mary reproached, "lots of things happened tonight; we talked about giving the Seniors a party, and about the games—"

"Mary," said Lydia in tones of great disgust, "you don't mean to tell me that you can enjoy these games after you have seen real ones, do you? My dear child, I suppose you will go enjoying these trivial things to the end of your days—and those parties—"

"Well, Lydia," Mary answered indig-

nantly, "I never see you missing anything that happens around here."

"Does that prove that they don't bore me?" answered Lydia with a yawn.

4.

The Freshman and Sophomore classes put on "*A Kiss For Cinderella*" in the spring, and Lydia and Mary were ladies in the court scene.

"There's a rehearsal of our scene tonight, Lydia," Mary said one night after dinner.

"Is there?" answered Lydia with as much interest as if Mary had told her it was raining on the Equator.

"Aren't you going?" asked Mary.

"Of course not. I can't endure those stupid rehearsals, and besides I can learn how to walk across the stage without going a dozen times to be herded about like cattle."

The day of the play came; Lydia had been to one rehearsal and had not sewed a stitch on her costume. Mary basted her costume together for her, but Lydia was not pleased with the result.

"Am I expected to wear a thing like that?" she asked turning up her nose.

There was a special rehearsal called that noon, but Lydia did not go. Later one of the girls told her that almost all of the rented costumes had been given out, and she had better hurry over or she would not get one.

"Costumes?" said Lydia. "I wasn't told about any costumes. It's a pity people wouldn't ever let you know about things around here."

The girl looked at her and smiled, "They were given out at the rehearsal this noon," she said, and Lydia had nothing more to say.

That night, after their part was over, Mary and Lydia went up stairs to see the remainder of the performance.

"We'll just stay a minute," she said; "these amateur things get on my nerves." But Lydia and Mary stayed with no less interest than the most affectionate parents who had come to see their daughters bring honor to the family name.

"It was rather good wasn't it?" Lydia admitted on the way home.

5.

One night Mary was in a thoughtful mood.

"Lydia, are you ever sorry you came to college?" she asked.

"Why of course not; everyone goes to college," Lydia replied.

"I know, but think of the illusions you have lost. I could have wept when I read that description of how dirty Medieval castles were and that the ladies were beautiful but dirty. It's like finding out there isn't any Santa Claus when you are a child."

"Mary, you are positively naïve."

"But Lydia, think of Sir Launcelot's being dirty!"

"Of course he was and it's time you found it out. No really intellectual person has illusions; they are stupid misleading things; I have never had any."

"Lydia you have, too, had them; you told me just the other day that you cried yourself to sleep every night for a week last year after that midnight feed when you went to sleep instead of staying awake and being thrilled to

death, so don't laugh at me for wishing I had been a lady in a Medieval castle."

6.

Commencement week finally came after that last, long spring month. Lydia was packing her trunk for home. She hailed a Freshman to help her carry a tray down stairs, but the Freshman called, "Sorry. Haven't time," and ran on down to the tea room. Lydia flushed angrily and glared after the departing Freshman, then she shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, well, her Freshman year is almost over," she said to herself, and then an illuminating thought struck her. "She must be getting some of the Sophomore arrogance." And with the realization of what Sophomore arrogance is came Lydia's first touch of Junior tolerance.

ROSELLA KEMPER '28.

A FRESHMAN FANTASY

AEONS ago, there stood in a cool forest a tree shaped like a great magnet. Each year it grew heavier with all manner of fruits, and people passed and wondered at it and then ventured near it. And after once they had come within a certain distance they were drawn toward it by an unconquerable force, for the Tree bowed to the ground with gifts that mortals saw and longed to pluck. Now these gifts were both visible and invisible. Those visible were earthly possessions for which most mortals craved. The topmost branches which, as time passed on reached to the ground, bore crystal oranges wherein were choice silk gowns of pastel shades, and jewels that matched every shade. They sparkled with all the brilliance of the sun's rays and no one could miss their splendor. And near the oranges there were crystal grapes that were filled with gold. Further on there was a white crystal that held fancies and ambitions, each

one clearly perceptible. So every branch was laden with fruits to please mortals all during the ages.

One languid summer afternoon, centuries ago, when the sun had poured down an overabundance of heat there wandered into the forest a crowd of young maidens longing to hide themselves from the torturing rays. Soon each one separated from the others and went her own way. Now one chanced to come near the center of the forest where stood the Tree. She was very small with a delicate pointed face, yellow curly hair and wistful blue eyes. And the spirits (which were the invisible things on the tree) whispered to each other and said "Lo, it is Betsy." And they loved the little girl and hoped she would be attracted to the things which were good. Yea! then she saw the Tree and marvelled at it and drew nigh to see its beauty closely. She looked at the oranges, smiled slowly and passed on. When she came to the large white crystal, she remained still, not even smiling. Her eyes opened wide, for she saw trouble within its

globe, bitter trouble that other people were suffering, and she wanted to help them. She stretched out her little hands and plucked the crystal ball; but as she held it, it became so heavy that she fell beneath its weight, and two spirits picked her up and bore her afar off. Now another girl found herself facing the Tree. She was large and heavily built, with dark hair and eyes. And the spirits in the Tree smiled as they whispered "Marybelle." And Marybelle looked at the fruit and laughed, but when she came near a crystal ball she stopped and became interested. Inside the ball she saw people that wearied for entertainment; so she opened it, entered, and soon caused so much hilarity within that it bounced until it fell and rolled off into the forest. Then Flavia came near and she looked bewildered, so great did the Tree seem to her. She walked around, afraid to touch it until she saw tiny fairies seated in a pearl, laughing and talking. They opened the pearl and she went in and sat on a plushy white carpet. All were merry; for they played with great ideals

until the pearl faded away and nothing was left. Then there came into the wood another girl, joyous by nature, and the spirits in the Tree sighed but smiled as they said, "It is Margaret, whom we love." As she came near the crystal oranges she looked yearningly at the brilliant gowns and admired their beauty. Then she opened them, adorned herself in a rich white robe and danced gleefully into the distance.

Evening drew on and the sky darkened. Soon stars appeared in the heavens and a large pale moon slunk in and out among the clouds. But to the spirits night was as day and they never grew tired. And as they watched a small figure drew nigh to the Tree and trod softly about. The spirits leaned from the Tree and said, "Ah! Mary Bertha! She is a romantic little girl, let us see which gifts she will choose." But she seemed not satisfied with the things she saw and went sadly off and sat under a bush. A kind old spirit moaned to see her sad, and then made a cordial of four delights: Beauty, Kindness, Happiness and Ro-

mance. This he brought to Mary Bertha and she drank it, thinking it water from a woodland spring. Her eyes closed slowly and a smile lingered around her mouth, and she was lost to all things except fantastic dreams.

When dawn came a spirit of joy and youth seemed to hover over the forest. And a tall girl with straight yellow hair and bright eyes stole softly into the forest and she came in front of the Tree. She was a girl whom all liked, for she smiled with all and made everyone happy. She looked at the fruits and favored a pink and white apple from which looked a ring of girls who called to her, "Tudy, come and join us." She went in and when the pink door closed a slight wind came up and blew the apple afar off. But now the spirits laughed, for they espied Carolyn pulling Katherine after her. And when Carolyn came near the Tree she examined all the fruits, admitting the beauty of some and questioning the beauty of others. Nor did she wonder at the Tree, for to her it happened to be there and that was a pure matter of fact. But when

she came nigh a crystal ball, she saw a man, short of stature, with a round shiny head, a dimpled chin and small laughing eyes covered with gold rimmed glasses, and he was holding a large black portfolio in his hand. Now she called Katherine who was absorbed in helping a little spirit translate an Ode from Horace, and both entered the crystal and walked off with the man. Soon there passed by a girl, oval faced, with long dark hair. She noticed all things, but paid little heed to them, and she seemed not interested in them. She was about to go off, but then she heard soft plaintive music. Her countenance brightened as she saw a small piano in a crystal bubble. Right then she entered and played, nor did she stop until she had put her whole soul into the instrument. Soon she fell limp beside it and the bubble faded into the mist. The spirits sighed and said, "No longer will we hear Agnes play, but yet we will always remember her melodies." They did not mourn long, for soon a lovely girl came up to the Tree. And she had straight dark hair, large, round, dark

eyes and exact features. She stood erect and examined the fruits carefully. Now in a round lucid leaf she saw her ambitions, and the spirits smiled and said, "Wit ye well, Natalie has the will, all things are hers." And Natalie climbed into the leaf and worked until she had all that she willed. Then she lay down and slept.

Not long after Maureen came by and she looked worried. Wherefore the spirits questioned her and she answered, saying, "See all those people going to destruction, how can I help them?" Then she bethought to bring Margaret to the man with the black portfolio, and they sat under a tree and prayed. When her prayers were answered she smiled and rested peacefully. One of the spirits traced a gilded circle around her head and returned to the Tree.

All then was quiet until another girl rushed into the forest. She was short, with dark hair brushed back over her ears, and she looked nigh like a boy. Wit ye well, even the tree swayed when she laughed. When she

drew close she saw a large crystal in the center. Seeing it, she too kit from the tree, for therein were people looking at a game that they played with ball and basket. As she entered all hailed her and they brought her into the center of the field. She played, and a while after she threw the ball so hard that it hit the crystal and the crystal fell and was seen no more. And the spirits said, "Alas for Carmel!"

Soon then the spirits fell weeping and said, "Lo, all the damsels have chosen the things that are material, and none seek us." But then they opened wide their eyes for they saw a tall maiden with flaxen hair and fair skin approach, and they whispered one unto the other, "It is Louise. All hope! for she indeed doth think of great things." And Louise looked at the fruits and touched each as she passed along. But there was none that satisfied her. There were books; she read them all; there was a variety of material things; and she saw that they were passing. Now many called her frivolous, but she knew that they

were wrong, and she cared not what mortals thought. She did not want to leave the Tree, yet she found no gift to make her stay. And one of the spirits, wiser than all the rest, said, "Louise, thou hast laboured long to find true delight, and well must thou cast these things aside. And truly we tell you that your happiness is not in things material but those ethereal." Then they brought her unto the Tree and opened the heavens and she looked within. And what she saw no man could describe, but wit ye well, from thence forth she never thought of earthly things but saw only the marvels of the spirit.

Now as centuries passed on the Tree began to wither, and all things that were beautiful began to decay. They fell from the Tree and turned to ashes. The spirits left and went on high. And with the decaying of the tree, all things earthly passed away.

CATHERINE WEMPE '29.

THE ENGLISH CLUB

IT IS the end of a winter day; classes have been long and tedious. Tomorrow there will be more classes; we shall spend half the night preparing for them; but now it is five o'clock and we are going to the English Club. We put on becoming dresses and walk leisurely over. The light shines through the little trees around the Meadowlark House. The cups are on the table and there is a flame under the tea-pot. We walk up the two little steps and smile through the glass doors. There are all the people we have been wanting to talk to all week. They wave at us and motion us to push the door at the bottom. It sticks. Someone gets up and opens it for us. Everyone shouts "Hello," and the President says, "Oh you old sweet thing, so glad you could come." We take the chair offered us and everyone says, "What a becoming dress." We smile. Our friends seem so much more amiable around the table in the Meadowlark House.

Millie is telling a long funny tale as only

she can tell it, lifting her chin and tossing her head. "So," I said, "Dr. Horn, I can think of nothing worse than finding a husband in Alaska, an old prospector or something." That reminds Monie of a story about an Alaskan miner who was killed in a card game. "And when they buried him they put bottles at his feet and bottles at his head." Monie leaps up out of her chair, shouts, waves her arms and gives a vivid illustration of an Alaskan miner's funeral. Marian finds it a horrible story and says so, with her ten stubby fingers pointing ten different ways, each expressing horror.

Everything that is said seems extremely clever and amusing and makes us think of more amusing things to say. We can't wait till the laughter dies down for our funny speech, so we shout it above the laughter. It causes a new flurry of laughter, and we are so pleased that we laugh louder than anybody. Millie reads to us and then we all make clever comments and begin to laugh again. We laugh until the bell on the side of the house rings for dinner, and then we get into Hulda's car and ride up to Edge Hill. CLAIRE GRAHAM '27.

THE BIOLOGY CLUB

THE Biology Club is one of the oldest clubs on the campus, but it has not yet attained that elderliness which presupposes a conformed and conventional line of procedure; the program of the club is very informal and subject to change any time. Take, for instance, the luncheons which should be given every other Thursday and at which papers on assigned topics are read. The President informs everyone that there will be a luncheon at noon and adds "Please do not forget." About ten or twelve she rushes around to tell the members not to come because she couldn't find anyone to serve the luncheon, or because someone had not prepared her paper, or because Dr. Moore could not stay today or something like that. Usually when two hostesses are located, they are located too late to allow them to get the luncheon prepared on time, and so the President with the aid of a few of the more tactful members keeps the club waiting out on the porch until she receives the "high sign" from within,

and then she says, "Oh, yes, the luncheon! I nearly forgot it, the discussion was so interesting."

The luncheon itself must be managed with tact because of the inadequacy of eating utensils. The hostesses must see to it that one knife is put between those three persons who are least likely to let the general public know of their embarrassing predicament. And some way must be thought of to make the guests eat their salad as soon as it is put on the table, before the mayonnaise has had a chance to moisten the paper plates—else one is as likely to eat the bottom of her plate as not. The President very thoughtfully allows the two members who are to read the papers to satiate their hunger before she asks, "Will you read your paper now, please?"

It is as interesting to watch the different people read their papers as to listen to what they are reading. The timid members read their papers in a quivery voice as if reading their own death warrant; self-conscious members glance quickly around at every face at the

end of every line or so, and hurry through the paper with all possible speed. The self-assured members are few, but their reports are always interesting; they generally start discussions about drugs and the psychological treatment of diseases. Always at every meeting there are threats, more or less vague, of the impending initiation of the new members, and hints about how terrible the initiation is going to be. The members are interested and interesting and the club will some day be one of the traditions of the College.

MARIAN FORRESTER '26.

PICTURE OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE SOCIAL COMMITTEE

WHAT in the world is Juliet doing? She has a Social Committee look on her face."

"Oh, she's trying to find out how many sandwiches she can get on that table for the tea."

Juliet laughs deprecatingly. She doesn't like to appear to be thinking Social Committee all the time.

"No," she says, "I was wondering if we could pour out of doors."

Most questions as to what Juliet is thinking or doing reveal her planning very carefully all the details of a party, preparing for every emergency. Half an hour before the Christmas Tree she goes to town to get "a few little things in case any who ought to bring a present forgets." She is often seen with pencil and paper planning a menu. Her usual cry is "Do you know a good orchestra I can get for the Christmas party or for the

Mardi Gras?" If she goes to San Francisco in the middle of the week it is to select dishes or to order decorations. If she wears a worried frown it is because the invitations have not come from the engravers. It is only a little worried frown though. Perfect parties must have a few difficulties behind them, but one never hears of Juliet's difficulties. She never says that she is working hard. One sees her running here and there, or one sees her perched on the Meadowlands table re-covering a lamp.

"Juliet what are you doing that for?"

"I was going to send it to a decorator, but you see it can't be taken off so I'll have to do it myself.

CLAIRE GRAHAM '27.

THE MEADOWLARK

I DOUBT whether or not there is another college publication in the country which has gone through the vicissitudes of the *Meadowlark*; which has undergone so many changes of form, colour, and time of publication and yet which has not succumbed to those changes. Not only has the *Meadowlark* not succumbed, but it has gained strength even by those changes themselves. And we who have stood by the death-bed of the *Meadowlark* so often, waiting for it to breathe its last, and we who have seen it rally and fight for life and attain life by reason of the generosity of the students who contributed to the cause when the financial problem became acute, love the paper with all our hearts and souls because it has been so delicate. We have that same tender feeling for it that a mother has for her most sickly or deformed child and have lavished that much more care on it because it has been so delicate.

The *Meadowlark* has passed through all the stages that it is possible for one magazine to pass through: first it was a single sheet published whenever the literary talent of a small college of twenty students made it possible; then a brown covered quarterly which encouraged its staff by a brilliant financial career in the first semester and aged that same staff over night during the second semester when they faced appalling debt. *The Meadowlark* then developed into a monthly paper with no cover and three columns of rather small print. The material was generally good, and the paper became more and more representative of the student body, but it was not fully matured. Often the harrowed editor, holding up the dummy for a certain lecturer to come and make his speech, would, in the last stages of despair, write up the speech and send the paper to press before the lecturer made his appearance. Although we later editors have striven to achieve like feats, we have desisted in despair for we found that hers was an individual power vouchsafed to none of us since.

From the paper of three columns and no cover, the *Meadowlark* grew into a two columned paper with a cover on which reposed, with all the dignity and significance of the staff, a meadowlark holding with charming nonchalance a pen in the wrong foot. The paper became more and more representative of the student body; but a monthly paper had its drawbacks. The editor continued to age and grow grey-haired over lack of material as editors had done before. Frequently, with one of her more inspired assistants, she would sit up until the wee hours writing, rewriting, tearing up and writing again articles which a thoughtless member of the staff had failed to write and which had to go into a particular issue. More frequently toward the end of the term the task of making up the dummy, writing editorials at the last minute and writing snatches of things to fill in the gaping spaces in the dummy had to be sandwiched in between cramming for exes and term papers until it is a wonder that teachers and staffs did not go stark, raving mad.

At the beginning of this semester a dream about a small book with a coloured cover came true, and the change is a great improvement upon the marble slab look of the old *Meadowlark*. The green cover makes a lovely meadow for the new and beautiful meadowlark. But even with its new size, new, coloured cover and single column of print, the *Meadowlark* still goes through vicissitudes. Staffs have not changed since the birth of the *Meadowlark*, nor will they change for many ages to come; material assigned is still disregarded and left unwritten until the editor works herself up to an editorial frenzy and strikes the fear of the Lord into the hearts of her staff, and then that same editor worn by her frenzy loses inspiration for her own editorial; printers still make stupid, often amusing mistakes and typographical errors; dummies continue to puzzle and fret with their baffling persistence in refusing to adjust their sizes to fit the material which has to go into them. But, despite all this, the *Meadowlark* has a bright future and it has not yet attained

its full development. There is much room for improvement, and that improvement will come as the college grows larger and the attitude of the students broadens with years and understanding.

One of the most noticeable things about the growth of the *Meadowlark* is the attitude of the students toward it. When the *Meadowlark* was first published, there was a feeling of pride because of the novelty of having a school paper; this feeling became one of indifference as the novelty wore off; but now the students seem to recognize that the *Meadowlark* is their paper, that it represents them, and that to make it truly representative of them they must give their loyal support. All this signifies growth, and the more the personal feeling of ownership in the paper grows, the stronger the *Meadowlark* will become and the stronger it becomes the more influence it will exert.

But there is more to the *Meadowlark* than its trials; there is the social side. The members of the staff are bound together with the

strong tie of comradeship. The *Meadowlark* has fostered many of the sweetest friendships in the college. There is an atmosphere of congeniality, true comradeship and fun about the meetings which cannot be found anywhere else on the campus. And, without our being conscious of it, that atmosphere has become traditional. It is this personal feeling that has contributed to the growth of the *Meadowlark*.

The *Meadowlark* will go on into the future lessening its difficulties as it grows older; but editors for some time to come will continue to tear their hair in vain attempts to make come true today what is reserved for the future. We dream of a day when that hair-tearing stage will have passed and the *Meadowlark* will be compiled, sent to the printer, made into a dummy, and distributed without the tearing of one hair. And though we shall not have a hand in it when that time comes, we shall still be able to look back and say, "Ah, but you cannot appreciate the *Meadowlark* as fully as we who have accompanied it through its hardships—we, the past staffs, have

made this possible for you; you are but shining in the light of the glory we prepared by our work! We loved it with a feverish, intense love because we created it; you may be proud of it, but you cannot love thus because the hardest work was done for you before you ever saw the paper!"

Our dream of the future of the *Meadow-lark* is vague because we love it too much as it is; we see its faults and weaknesses, but we rise as a man to its defense when some misunderstanding, unfeeling wretch makes some adverse criticism. This is our child, and we love it.

MARIAN FORRESTER '26.

THE NOBLE PROFESSION OF TEACHING

PITY the poor girl who all unsuspectingly lets herself be registered in education courses. Having been educated she must find something to do. At present no editors are clamoring for services, no producer has heard how beautifully she did that character bit in the Sophomore play. Her friends are going to teach. Very well, she will get a certificate and pray devoutly to St. Joseph that she marry before she teaches very long.

She signs up for Principles of Education, History of Education, Educational Psychology. She thinks of the women teachers she knows, middle-aged, unmarried, dependent on other women teachers for companionship. She shudders and says another prayer to St. Joseph. But she refuses to think of herself as a teacher. She is only a Junior; anything can happen in two years.

Meanwhile she struggles through Education courses. Over the tea-cups she solemnly

discusses with other future pedagogues the function of the college, the unnecessarily long grammar school, the value of vocational training, the possibility of inspiring the mediocre, the training of adolescents. She becomes involved in heated discussions as to whether the state or parent should have control of the young child. Becoming alarmed over the questioned value of mental discipline and convinced by the overwhelming evidence against it that writers of modern educational text-books bring forth, she tells her father, a product of a system based on mental transfer, that he has been brought up all wrong, moreover that his sons receiving the same training are being educated all wrong. By a system of reasoning, learned through mental discipline, he calms her and she leaves her brothers to their reactionary teachers instead of undertaking their education herself.

Later, however, she upsets the family again by discovering that little Johnny, who receives excellent grades in school, has an IQ that shows him to be a moron and a very low-grade

one at that. Never will the family forget the grave look with which their learned daughter received some of Johnny's reactions to the Stanford Revision tests. They will never live down that moment when she divided his mental age by his chronological age. Her face was professionally blank, but the family knew the worst. How terrible when he did not know that the way to hunt for a lost ball in a field was to go round in circles! The family thought it rather clever of him when asked to trace with a pencil the course he would follow, to reply that he would tip the paper and let the ball roll out. But it seems that that was not the normal answer. Then she takes a field trip to a school for defective children and begins to feel a great urge to teach the feeble-minded. In vain she is told that it takes the feeble-minded to teach the feeble-minded. She feels a great call to lead the poor little borderlines to greater things. She stops praying to St. Joseph and decides to devote her whole life to incorrigibles and defectives.

CLAIRE GRAHAM '27.

SAINT AUGUSTIN

SAINTE AUGUSTIN is usually regarded as one of the greatest sinners who became one of the greatest saints.

I think this is apt to give one a wrong impression of his character. His greatness consists neither in his sins nor in his saintliness, but in the one source from which they both sprang—his need and capacity for love. So urgent was this need for love that he did not wait passively for it to come to him as the majority of mankind does, but sought it out eagerly, and at first erringly, in passionate and earthly loves; yet so great was his capacity for love that mere human affection, narrowed by time and marred by the imperfections of humanity, could not satisfy him, and his search led him ultimately to infinite love. In his *Confessions* Augustin tells the story of this search that is also the sincere autobiography of his soul and a most amazing love story. Beside it the chronicles of little human loves shrink to vague futilities. The loves of Paris and Helen, Paola and Francesca, Abelard and

Eloise, Tristram and Iseult, even Naoise and Deirdre become impermanent, unsteady shadows to the vital, soaring flame of Augustin's final love. It even rose above his tremendous intellectual powers, dwarfed them and made them subservient to itself. He was consecrated Bishop and received the title of Doctor of the Church, but above all he remains the saint of love.

In his *Confessions*, Saint Augustin writes not only from the point of view of the Christian, but with the single-mindedness of the saint. He sees his sins by the light of eternity and measures them by infinity. The evil of sin is in the intention—an apple stolen may balance the theft of a kingdom in the sight of God. For him all sins were infinitely wrong. Considering the circumstances of his life and his sins from a purely worldly point of view, Augustin was not so great a sinner. I do not mean to say that even as a little boy he was a model for a patron saint of childhood. He lied, stole, cheated and fought. He played ball with other little idlers when he

should have been studying his Greek. He did not know his lessons and his schoolmaster thrashed him soundly; then he prayed as he tells us in his Confessions, "though small, yet with no small earnestness, that I might not be beaten at school." We are inclined to say with Augustin himself, "So small a boy and so great a sinner." Had he been otherwise as a child in Thagaste he would not have been a normal little African of his time. Instead he would have been one of those traditional and conventional little saints that appear as young monsters of holy gentleness and sagacity to even the average child of a more temperate climate and decadent time than those under which the boy Augustin grew up in Africa in the middle of the fourth century. At that he was probably better than his playmates, because even as a child Augustin was too sensitive and too intelligent to enjoy the stupid brutalities which were, and still are, part of the recreation of youngsters in northern Africa.

His relations with Monica bring out most

clearly the wilful, lovable qualities of his character. As a son he was anything but a consolation to that gentle Christian lady during his youth and early manhood when he left the faith and decency to which she had trained him, to be emotionally a pagan and intellectually a heretic. Yet for all his passionate self-will and determined waywardness Augustin had for his mother an unfailing courteous affection. His father, Patricius, a generous-hearted, violent-tempered pagan, let Augustin do pretty much as he pleased after he had outgrown the discipline of his nurses. Monica tried to influence him with the earnest, gentle advice that mothers give their sons, but Augustin, at once too old and too young to accept it, scorned it out of a feeling of youthful, masculine superiority. He writes in his *Confessions*, "They seemed to me womanish advices which I should blush to obey." Not even Monica herself could count the tears she wept over the heart scald that the wildness of Augustin gave her. It is from the attitude of Augustin toward his mother in his *Confessions*

that we learn how great was the love between them. He writes of her love and suffering with an appreciation and understanding of their depth that could come only of having shared them fully. He pictures the woman Monica was—her gentle kindliness, rigorous asceticism, peace-making tactfulness, and resolute piety—with abounding tenderness. He claims her twice as his mother, because, as he tells us, "she brought me forth both in the flesh, that I might be born to this temporal light, and in heart, that I might be born to light eternal."

Augustin spent the most impressionable years of his life, from thirteen to sixteen, at school in Medaura, in a decidedly pagan atmosphere. The wholly pagan tone of his education at this period completely erased the effects of his Christian teaching at home. He read the comedies of Plautus and Terence, and the poems of Catullus and Ovid and Propertius, with avid delight. These pagan sensualists taught him that love was an end in itself—to love for the sake of loving. The effect

on Augustin's lively imagination and pleasure-loving temperament was inevitable.

After he had finished the course at the school in Medaura he came home for a years' vacation. He writes of this time, "The reins were slackened for me, beyond temper of security, to spend my time in sport, yea, even unto dissoluteness in whatsoever I affected." And Augustin goes on to ask, "What was it that I delighted in, but to love and be beloved? ———I dared to roam the woods and to pursue my shadowy loves beneath the shade."

At the end of the year he went to Carthage and continued to study rhetoric. "To Carthage I came, where there sang all around me in my ears a cauldron of unholy loves, I love not yet, and yet I love to love. To love then and be beloved was sweet to me, I fell headlong then into the love wherein I longed to be ensnared." These first loves of Augustin did not last long. They burned themselves up in jealousies and suspicions, fears and angers and quarrels. Then he found a mistress of whom

he writes in his *Confessions*, "In those years I had one—not in that which is called lawful marriage, but one whom I had found out in a wayward passion, void of understanding; yet but one, remaining faithful ever to her." This liaison seemed almost to have achieved the dignity of marriage. He carefully conceals her identity and every trace of her personality. We only know that he was sincerely fond of her. At any rate he remained faithful to her for nine years. They had one child, born against their will, whom they named Adeodatus, meaning Gift of God! The love that Augustin could not help giving his son took away the irony of the name. Adeodatus was a boy that Augustin would have loved naturally anyway. He had his father's brilliancy of mind and loveableness joined to a serener and more docile nature than had ever belonged to Augustin. He admits that Adeodatus constrained his love even as a baby and that he responded with the embracing love of his whole heart. Because of his very character this is the only kind of love Augustin had for anyone.

As far as his studies were concerned he did not fritter his time away in Carthage. He had a love of beauty and an intellectual passion that acted as a counter balance. He also had the practical nature of the African and a great deal of common sense even in those student days. At first, it is true, Augustin went about with "The Wreckers," a crowd of rowdy students who took a delight in terrifying new students and disturbing classes, but soon he formed his own quiet, rather dignified circle of friends, who were, like Augustin, more or less earnest young intellectuals. Augustin vividly describes the charming good fellowship that was theirs. Their whole pleasure was "to talk and jest together; to do kind offices by turns; to read together honeyed books; to play the fool or be earnest together; to dissent at times without discontent, as a man might with his own self; and even with the seldomness of these dissentings, to season our more frequent consentings; sometimes to teach, and sometimes to learn; to long for the absent with impatience and welcome the

coming with joy. These and the like expressions, proceeding out of the hearts of those that loved and were loved again were so much fuel to melt our souls together and out of many make but one." With what a depth of extravagant emotion and entire sincerity Augustin spent his love in return for the love of friends we may judge from the abandonment of his grief at the death of the unknown friend whom he mentions in his *Confessions*. Augustin had completed his studies at Carthage and returned to Thagaste. There he renewed a friendship with a young man who had been the playmate and schoolfellow of his childhood, a friendship that became, as he said, "as sweet to me above all the sweetness of my life." Then before the year was out his friend died of fever. Augustin remembered clearly in after life the poignancy of the pain of his loss. "At this grief," he writes, "my heart was utterly darkened and whatever I beheld was death. My native country was a torment to me, my father's house a strange unhappiness." His grief reached his very in-

most soul because, as he explains himself, "I had poured out my soul upon the dust, in loving one that must die, as if he would never die." Augustin's blind longing for love, subject neither to time nor death, had for awhile tricked him into a pit of sorrow, and he lamented his friend in the gloomy despair of paganism.

Augustin did not remain long in Thagaste after his friend's death. He returned to Carthage as a professor and a student of rhetoric. At the same time he continually sought to arrive at the true meaning of life. As a child he had studied simply to avoid being beaten because he did not have his lessons, then from the emotional and imaginative delight to be had from pagan literature. At Carthage, in what Augustin calls "that unsettled age of mind," he learned books of eloquence, wherein he desired to be eminent out of a damnable and vainglorious end, a joy in human vanity—thus, until in the course of his studies, he read Cicero's *Hortensius*, which made a profound impression on him. Of this

he writes, "Every vain hope at once became worthless to me and I longed with an incredibly burning desire for an immortality of wisdom." But he felt something lacking in Cicero also and turned to the Scriptures, but could not understand them. "For my swelling pride shrunk from their lowliness, nor could my sharp wit pierce the interior thereof." Then the Manachean heresy deceived him with the false promise of truth. He cried out years later at the memory of the disappointment of this unfulfilled promise. "O truth, truth, how did even then the marrow of my soul pant after thee, when they often and diversely, and in many huge books, echoed of thee to me, though it was but an echo?" He read Aristotle, books on various sciences and the liberal arts and even dipped in necromancy. He then met Faustus, the greatly extolled Manachean bishop and teacher. But none of them could satisfy the intellect or heart of Augustin. No nearer truth or peace of mind, mentally tired by his futile efforts, he sank for awhile into a mild skepticism and

lived "in proud dejection and restless weariness."

In this state of skeptical pessimism, Augustin left Carthage to teach in Rome and then a little later in Milan. He sent for his mistress and son; his mother and some of his friends followed him. Ambrose, the bishop of Milan, received him kindly. Augustin loved him as a friend and at first admired him as an orator, but finally came to listen to him as a teacher and became a catechumen in the Catholic Church. Though still without faith, he said, "I will take my stand where as a child my parents placed me until the clear truth be found out." At last he came to the conclusion that all he had been seeking, both for his heart and mind, were in the Catholic Church—in the faith of Monica which was his heritage.

Even then Augustin could not break easily or without pain from his old life. Monica had arranged a marriage for him and he had consented to give up, as an obstacle to Monica's plans, the woman he had loved so long.

Augustin tells us that his "heart, which clave unto hers, was torn and wounded and bleeding. And she returned to Africa, vowing unto thee never to know any other man, leaving me with my son by her. But unhappy I who could not imitate a very woman." Augustin at once reveals and veils a whole domestic tragedy in those terse words. He put an end to his intellectual difficulties about religion only to be torn by a spiritual struggle. Now that he had ceased to care either for worldly honour or profit in his desire to serve God, he really did not want to marry. But he was still "enthralled by the love of woman" and presently took another mistress. The new will to serve God was not able, he says, to overcome his former influence strengthened by age. "Thus did my two wills, one new, and the other old, one carnal, the other spiritual, struggle within me; and by their discord undid my soul."

A story a friend told him of two young officers who left the court to become monks brought about Augustin's actual conversion.

Tormented by the example of what he himself wished to do, and yet could not will to do, Augustin, after his friend had left him, rushed out into the garden and, in the bitterest contrition of heart, settled the question he had been evading. This spiritual contention is the climax of the *Confessions*, as indeed it was the climax of his life. Through it he obtained "the wisdom of immortality," which is infinite love. Monica rejoiced at this triumph of her prayers and tears when Augustin told her of his resolution.

He gave up his position as rhetorician in Milan and, with his mother, his son, the faithful Alypius, and a few people, he spent the greater part of a delightful year at a friend's villa near Cassicium. This time was a period of refreshment for his soul, mind and body, a rest from what had gone before and a preparation for what was to come. Augustin determined to live as a monk at Thagaste. While waiting a ship for Africa at Ostia, Monica died. From his conversion to Monica's death, they had lived together in such close spiritual

harmony that their lives became as one in singleness of purpose. Augustin writes, "Being forsaken of so great comfort in her, my soul was wounded and that life rent asunder as it were, which of hers and mine together, had been made but one." When he calls her death the sudden wrench of that sweet and most dear custom of living together that caused a mighty sorrow to flow into his heart and to rise in a tide to overwhelm him, "yet not so as to burst out into tears, nor to a change of countenance," and adds "still I knew what I was keeping down in my heart," we realize what a woeful strife it caused him to put such restraint upon his natural inclination to express his sorrow and also how greatly he has come to love his mother in Christ to be able to do so.

Very soon after Monica's death Adeodatus died. In him was broken the last of Augustin's strong earthly ties. He had lost all his human loves — his friend, his mistress, his mother and his son.

The next year he returned to Africa, free for his great mission, which was as yet hidden from him. After a brief interlude of leisurely peace as a monk at Thagaste, he was ordained priest almost against his will, and later was ordained Bishop of Hippo very much against his will. He submitted to the desires of the congregation, only because he placed in them the will of God. Still he found peace in this life not of his own ordering. Augustin's great love now became the pastor's zeal for souls. He spent himself tirelessly in this wider, mystic charity. Every soul was an object of his love because of its value before God. Augustin had at last found the fixed and immutable love. His whole life may be summed up in these two quotations from his *Confessions*: "Non dum amabam, et amare amabam, quaerebam quid amarem amans amare." "Fecisti nos ad Te, et irrequietum est cor nostrum donec resquiescat in Te."

MONIE RUDKIN '27.

SONNET

We met one time when rain beat on the world,
It was as if you opened up your heart,
And I my hidden, secret soul uncurled,
As if from all the world we stood apart,
And there, like children met in secret place
That each thought secret to himself alone,
We spread our histories out like olden lace
That lightly told what old friends had not
known.

Perhaps I shall not hear your voice again
Or ever tell you things you should not know,
But once we tasted joy and saw the pain
Of life and each our separate ways did go.
For one short space of time we two were
friends,
And I shall keep that comfort till time ends.

—Nancy Snow, '29.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE FACULTY

A PH. D. from Johns Hopkins as a mathematics teacher! And I was on my way to interview her for the first time. As I mounted the stairs, I formed a mental picture of her, complete to the last detail. She would be tall and manish. She would have stern features and a deliberate voice. She would be intolerant of the least hesitancy or inaccuracy on my part. So sure was I of her appearance that I decided upon the exact technique of the interview—technique which required bold action on my part. In answer to my vigorous knock the door was opened timidly by a person who was tall but not of a masculine build. I asked if I might see the mathematics teacher. As she graciously assured me that she was that person, her words with an agreeable Southern accent fell softly from thin, nervous lips. She was a far cry from my imagined mathematics pedagogue, but I liked the reality much better.

Sunday night. She was alone in the house. After saying fond "Goodnights" to her pet, she sat down before the fireplace. Drowsiness, overpowering drowsiness, was clutching at her brain, but she must keep awake. All those papers had to be corrected. What was Sunday made for except to correct Monday's papers? What was that? Slowly out of the fire a thin strata of white began to slide and pile up into square, white columns all around the room. Square, white columns loomed up on all sides and she was the hub. Then she began to realize what those stacks were — they were themes, millions of themes, all she had ever read in her life, and all to be corrected. Something wiggled through the themes, jumping from one stack to another—a fiery something, a lank, red S lying on its side. That was the red ink mark with which she connected the severed parts of a split infinitive. Another bigger, bolder, more fiery S squirmed through the themes. That was for dangling participles. Drowsiness, millions of themes, split infinitives, dangling participles, — the life of an English teacher.

An examination with atmosphere supplied by the instructor: a situation too terrible to imagine, you think. Well, there was candy to sustain us while we tried to remember the answer to six out of sixteen questions, but succeeded in recalling only that impossible story about mental telepathy. "And the next day I went to my uncle's house, and he showed me where he hid the money—the very place I had seen in my dreams." Question 2: What is imagination? I could not remember the definition, but that ghost story which illustrated it. "Then a huge, black-beast darting across the road went through the fence, and simultaneously there was an unearthly sigh." Finally, demonstrated instructions were given how to stagger out of this examination in a seemingly exhausted condition for the benefit of those members of the faculty who might not approve of an examination with atmosphere supplied by the instructor.

"You are dismissed." Like the storied review of life at the moment of death, all that

has happened in the last hour flashes through my mind. It seems years ago that that figure bending far forward in his haste entered the room and disposed of his brief case on the table and his hat on the piano. Is an education course interesting enough to be worth all the chills which run up my shivering spine even during roll call? The cards are being shifted in preparation for the grilling. Heaven grant that my name does not come first. My thumping heart is scrambling hopelessly the well-organized report which I practiced so brilliantly last night to my room mate. Is education interesting? Absolutely, no. The entire class must have formed the same opinion, for the professor dissatisfied with our brave efforts begins a spirited discussion for our edification. Is education interesting? My mind quieted now by the eloquence says yes. Again the class seems to agree with me, for everyone is listening with a rapt expression. But the grilling begins again. Is it my opinion that too much is expected of us in this class? Is education interesting? Frankly, I do not know. "You are dismissed."

Our history class is a soothing melody, a musical composition through which runs a theme with pleasing variations. When we are all seated around the table like a family group, the prelude puts us into the spirit. The instructor asks questions in a fatherly way that causes no nervousness. Even "I don't know" is accepted as a definite answer at least. A few playful notes of mock seriousness introduce us directly to the theme. "Don't you think that President Johnson should have been hanged? He criticized Congress in a LOUD voice." Then historical facts are presented in detail but with no distinctions without a difference. Slow notes like the music at an eminently respectable funeral tell us that another "unpleasantness" is soon to take place, when it will be our place to do the lecturing in gray books. The instructor advises us to be a little more explicit in the examination than the student who said that Daniel Boone was the son of old man Boone. Through the entire lecture runs the theme of facts which sing

in our brains long after class, because we like the variations.

* * * *

A stocky figure in black is approaching slowly down a flower-bordered walk. At his side are two happy girls. Their laughter rings out followed by his hearty, staccato roar subdividing into jerky chuckles. As they come nearer, my attention is attracted to his kindly face. The uniform pinkness of it accentuates the blue eyes, eyes which seem never to have burned in anger. There are no dead fires in them, but a hint of disillusion. His hair—what there is of it—is white. His mouth is tender in its sensitiveness. It looks like the mouth of a poet who could not speak. They have reached the end of the path now. They turn and walk back again—a loving father with his loving children.

JOANNA MAYER '27.

THE ROMANTICISM OF CLASSIC MAIDENS

WERE the Greek maidens romantic? Did they ever experience moments in which they were thrilled by an indefinable spell of strangeness, in which they were startled by an unexpected vision of mystery beyond the dull commonplaces of daily life? Since romance is a part of life, we expect to find the answer to this question by a study of Greek life or of its reflection in literature.

A glance at the conditions under which Greek maidens lived, leads us to expect the maidens of the times historically classic to be even more romantic than those of the times historically romantic. The girls themselves were beautiful, stately maidens with starry eyes and with rose lips parted to drink in the sweet breath of life. Animating these comely forms there must have been often incomprehensibly beautiful souls, for since the daughter usually inherits the father's genius, how else could it have been in the case of a daughter of an

Aeschylus or of a Plato? The youths were beautiful with a sacred, spirit-shaking beauty. The scenes around Athens were eminently romantic. The blue Aegean waves were fringed with cliffs that seemed less real than clouds. On the cliff tops temples stood, burning gold in the sunset or turning snowy fronts against the dawn. The rocks were golden with broom-flower, murmurous with bees, odorous throughout the year with thyme. Everywhere there was myrtle sacred to Love, and hyacinths stood straight on their stems, reminders of a youth slain at a lover's hand.

But, besides beauty, in all romantic adventure there must be a quest. The life of a Greek maiden offered excellent opportunity to chivalrous youth. All maidens were kept in strict seclusion in special apartments. They had to assist in the endless work of a Greek household. Some idea of the drudgery of that work may be gained by the thought that every piece of bread entered the house in a grain sack. The grain had to be winnowed and ground by hand. The flour had to be made

into dough, kneaded and baked. Every bit of cloth was made in the house. The house wife took the sheep skin, cut off the wool, carded it, spun it into yarn, and finally wove the cloth with excellent workmanship. Did a Greek maiden at her toil ever dream of a handsome lover who would come and take her away from this drudgery to a dream home where the only occupation would be to love each other? Incredible as it may seem, Greek literature does not picture such a maiden.

In the *Odyssey* there is Nausicaa, "like to the gods in form and comeliness, high of heart," dreaming of her coming marriage, inventing to her understanding father an excuse that she may prepare her wedding garments. At the river she meets Ulysses, with no trace of timid shyness, marvels at his beauty, and exclaims, "Would that such a one might be called my husband, dwelling here, and that it might please him here to abide." But, Nausicaa was the only child of an island king, and her marriage was of interest to every member of the tribe. And the *Odyssey* is so unique

in its attitude toward women that it has been thought that it was written by a woman, perhaps Nausicaa herself.

Among the dramatists Euripides is especially successful with pictures of young girls, but they are all virgin martyrs anxious to sacrifice themselves for their male relatives. Iphigenia, on whom Euripides lavished all his skill, is a young princess, daughter of the great King Agamemnon, betrothed to Achilles; yet the mere thought of marriage fills her with shame. "I hid my face in the soft wrappings of my veil," she exclaims, "and would not take my baby brother in my arms nor kiss my sister on the lips. I felt ashamed before them." Exiled among the Taurians she waits on the shore while the sea birds take wing for Hellas out beyond the barrier of the dark blue rocks and the great stretches of the unfriendly sea; yet there are no romantic possibilities, for instead of being an inspiration to the barbarians she vengefully sacrifices all strangers who happen on that shore.

The other dramatists all picture maidens

of beautiful heroism and exquisite innocence, the best of daughters and the most loving of sisters, yet not one of their maidens has any longing for romantic adventure.

As explanation of the lack of romanticism in Greek literature, we might offer the fact that life to the Greeks belonged to the category of the definite. Life to them was as a crystal in its well defined consistency. To them, to desire impossible things is a disease of the soul. The straining of the mind after the infinite, the desire to approximate in this world a dream of the ecstatic fancy, was among the impossible things.

Are we to believe t h a t any philosophy could utterly crush that fundamental instinct, especially of women, to hunger for the thrilling and the marvelous? Is it not easier to believe that the maidens of classic times were really romantic, but that the writers for some reason did not record their romanticism?

MARY HELEN MAYER '26.

THE DOOR OF SAINT CECILIA'S HALL,
(Copied from the Dominican Convent at Salamanca)

THE TRADITION OF MUSIC IN THE COLLEGE

FROM the year of the founding of the first Dominican Convent in California to this, the Diamond Jubilee of the order in California, the history of its music has been one of charm and significance. The first music teacher, in the first little Convent in Monterey, was Sister Dominica who had been Concepcion Arguella. Gertrude Ather-ton tells her touchingly romantic story in her novel *Rezanov*.

In the archives of the College Library there is a great book of programs which give their own history of Dominican musical events. The earliest, dated 1859, is worth re-printing for its naïveté and delightful ingenuity of arrangement.

PROGRAM OF EXERCISES
at the
ANNUAL PUBLIC RECITATION
of
ST. CATHERINE'S ACADEMY

Benicia, July 26, 1859.

FORENOON EXERCISES

Norma di Bellini.

Exhibition Song.

Emerald Valse Duet.

Examination in Reading.

Thy Daughters, Columbia.

La Fille du Regiment Polka.

Examination in Grammar and Analysis of
Words.

Song—"The Flying Girl."

Jenny Lind Polka (Duet on two pianos).

Song—"I am Leaving Thee in Sorrow."

Examination in Geography, Astronomy
and Globes.

Duet—"The Gypsy Polka."

Antoinette Polka.

Chorus—"Virginia Rose Bud."

Examination in Arithmetic.

"Ostrich Feather Gallop," Duet (on two pianos).

Examination in Philosophy and Familiar Science.

Song—"Ask Me Not Why."

Eleanor Polka.

Bonnie Eloise, Solo and Chorus.

French Dialogue.

French Chorus—"Pourquoi Dans Cette Enceinte."

This, all of it, in the forenoon! At what ghostly hour of the dawn must they have started? But apparently the examinations are over, for in the afternoon the program is entirely musical, seventeen numbers in all, including more polkas and duets with an address at the close.

How brilliant some of the early recitals must have been, with their preponderance of piano duo and duets and quartettes! In a program of 1889, there are no less than four piano quartettes, among them the Fourth Symphony of Mozart and the ever popular Marche Mili-

taire of Schubert. Years later a climax is reached in this type of ensemble with the performance of Liszt's Second Rhapsodie by sixteen girls at eight pianos. While such music is not strictly speaking a high form of art, it is undoubtedly a rhythmic discipline *par excellence* and holds an important place in an ensemble development.

In 1890, at the first commencement exercises in the San Rafael school, there was an interesting program of piano and vocal music, with one piece, "Profumi Orientali," for mandolins and guitars. Evidently these romantic instruments were long in fashion, because six years later we find "Divertimenta Sulla Traviata" played by an amazing ensemble of mandolins, guitars, piano, violin, organ and harp! The effect must have been charming, however, for there is something deliciously refreshing about such music. And can you not picture the dainty young ladies in their ample, crisp, white frocks and Gibson girl coiffures, performing with smiling, grave, dignity on this their day of graduation?

The last of these commencement exercises given in the old auditorium, now the library, was in 1915. From that time the programs change. The excitement of the next year was an outdoor pageant, *California*, arranged from Ina Coolbrith's poem. It was given in the olive garden with a full orchestral accompaniment. An interesting number was Richard White's *Little Dancing Saint*, an episode in the childhood of Sister Dominica (Concepcion Arguella). Both Ina Coolbrith and Richard White were present.

The outdoor masque with an original musical setting has come to be a peculiarly characteristic part of the musical tradition of Dominican College. *California* was followed by the *Hound of Heaven*, the masque of *Comus*, and the *Dream of Gerontius*, all with original music arrangement. In 1924 a medieval pageant of craft plays was given in the College grounds. In place of the orchestral accompaniment, wandering minstrels fiddled and sang medieval tunes such as *Sumer is Icu-men In* and *Begone Dull Care*. The masque

Comus was again presented last year with oral and orchestral accompaniment. This year Shakespeare's *As You Like It* will be played on the lawn at Edge Hill with an accompaniment of Elizabethan music and song.

From the beginning, in Monterey and Benicia, we have had a musical tradition of the best. The first Sisters who taught music had for their instructors such men as Trenkel, an American from San Francisco, who studied with Sherwood and with Amy Fay in Munich. The latter, who numbered him among her most gifted companions, says in her *Music Studies in Germany*, "He plays exquisitely—a thorough artist, and he looks it too, as he is dark and pale, and very striking—he is a particular favourite of Tausig's."

Heimbürger and Ernest Hartmann were two wonderful, old German pedagogues who influenced the early work of the Sisters. Heimbürger's great specialty was inventing technical and rhythmical exercises for isolated difficulties in composition. These inventions he always wrote most neatly in the margin of the piece under study.

Some of the singing teachers had their training from Ugo Talbo, an Englishman whose real name was Hugh Talbot, a well-known oratorio and operatic singer and a pupil of Sir Charles Santley. Carl Formes, a very famous singer of the times, was also a teacher of some of the Sisters. Oscar Weil, the beloved teacher of Mr. Albert Elkus, one of our present faculty, instructed some of the Sisters in harmony. "A gracious and cultivated man, one of very definite and uncompromising convictions," his one aim in teaching was to make sound musicians, and a lesson from him was to the student an intellectual adventure. The Liszt tradition in the school has been obtained from Hugo Mansfeldt, who lived and studied with Franz Liszt at Weimar. This wonderful musician and music philosopher is the dean of music in San Francisco, still concertizing and carrying on his splendid work in teaching. Far in advance of his times, Mr. Mansfeldt anticipated by at least thirty years the modern way of studying the Chopin *Etudes* by transferring the right

hand part for left hand study and in making octave study of the Gigues and Gavottes of Bach. There are teachers, and students as well, in the present Dominican School of Music who have known the charm of lessons from Mr. Mansfeldt.

Surely the growth and development of the College in all its parts, of which the music is a great one, must be a source of gratification to those who have watched and worked for it with such unselfish effort. The School of Music at present, with its fine equipment and splendid Faculty, offers boundless opportunity for the earnest student. The tradition now, as from the very beginning, is of the best. Through association, inheritance, art and music and travel abroad, links have been made between the old-world Dominican life and the present day progress. A somehow touching bit of this effort to bridge the old world with the new is a number of little, old, home-made books of Plain Chant, little books which are now the colour of old ivory, written beautifully, and with infinite care, by the first Do-

minican nun in California, Mother Mary Goemare.

Always on the part of the Sisters there has been an effort, inspired and inspiring, to give of the precious art and the liturgical inheritance which they have kept unbroken from the Middle Ages. And could there be a more beautiful home for the treasury and expression of the glorious inheritance of music than this lovely California?

MERLE LE MAIRE '26.

EMPTINESS

My little room is not the same; it seems
So strange, though everything is in its place.
It seems to have no warmth. The chair-backs
 bright,
The bed-spreads pink, they're not the same;
The book-case, and the dressers, too, seem
 bare,
Though they are as they were, with books
 placed
Side by side. The little perfume bottles
And the bowl of heather too, seem not to smile,
Or smell so faintly sweet. I wonder what
The matter is; I've thought it through and
 through.
It all looks just the same, and yet I have
The feeling that there's something missing
 there.
And then I look around the room once more—
I know now what it is, the something that's
Been lacking so—My roommate is not there!

ALBEA SCRUGGS '28.

(Reprinted from the *Meadowlark*)

THE IDEAL ROOMMATE

A Fantasy

THE ideal roommate is the one who accommodates her moods to yours, when it suits her convenience. She talks when you want to talk, and hurls a book at you if she doesn't want you to talk, yet she isn't a shrew, for you are privileged to act in like manner when she talks. She converses well, being able to talk about everything. She is particularly eloquent when she speaks about things that you argue she can't possibly know the first thing about. You later find out to your consternation that she not only knows about them but has actually experienced them. For instance, you argue about the distance one can travel C. O. D. You are thinking to yourself, "Neither of us knows very much about this," so you become very short with her when she waxes eloquent.

"After all, you only know as much as I do about it, and I don't know anything about it, really," you remark.

"Don't know anything about it! Why only

last week when I went to the country, I had to beg the stage-driver to take me on trust to the place where I was going."

"What's this?"

"Why, yes. I started off with one five dollar gold piece which only paid my fare as far as Calistoga and bought my lunch. I had to ask two stage-drivers to take me on credit to my loving parents."

"Well, I'll be a hot cup of tea!"

When you want to study your roommate becomes silent, but at the same time, unfortunately, she begins to read a very clever book. She thinks you would enjoy the clever sayings, and when you hear her chuckling to herself you think so, too. After she has interrupted you four or five times and you, deep in German composition fail to see the joke, you say distractedly, "Please, dear, I've got to study," and the room becomes silent like the silence of the dead. It is almost as cold.

Then you are checked for noise. "You are a noisy pair," says the executive board when you appear before the Complaint Committee.

"We haven't checked you for a long time, and there was noise in your section of the building."

To return to the roommate and her ideal qualities: she has an excellent disposition. (Indeed, she must have, to room with you.) She usually considers you before herself, but the one night you go up to study for an ex in Eileen's room and return late, tired and cross because you haven't studied all the answers to all the possible questions, she takes a vacation from being considerate of you and remembers that she ought to consider herself.

"I wonder if there is any hot water for a bath," you think to yourself. "Oh, of course not, at this hour." Then you fling open the bathroom door, and there is a whole tub full of steaming hot water.

"Oh, how darling of you. Thank you mill—"

"Don't thank me for you," says your roommate. "That is my tub."

You bury yourself in a book meditating sourly upon the loneliness of the truly worthy.

You and your roommate must have several similar interests. For instance, both of you like to drink milk; so, frequently, you bring milk from the dining room to refresh yourselves during study hours. Bottles accumulate to the number of nineteen. You think of decorating the woodwork with a border of milk bottles. Sister comes one day to inspect and begs you to get rid of those bottles. They are unsanitary, she tells you. You haven't cleaned them properly; besides the milk man is downstairs waiting for them. You must go to class, so your roommate has to take those bottles to the waiting milk man. You carry bottles down for the rest of the term, while your roommate hurls at you, "But I took nineteen down at one time!" You wonder when she developed the extra limbs necessary for such a feat.

Occasionally you and your roommate disagree. Please note the occasionally. On one occasion your disagreement springs from the irrepressible desire of one roommate to move the beds around late in the night-time, so that

the study lamp will give her more light to read in bed.

"You aren't going to move those beds tonight."

"But I am."

"It makes the room look such a mess."

"I'll put them back in the morning."

"No, we'll put them back tonight, or I'll take yours and you take mine."

"No, I'd have to move your bed farther than my own."

"Listen, I have an idea. You put your bed over in the corner, and I'll put my bed in this corner, and then *we'll leave them there.*"

"No, the light isn't any better that way, and it will be much more work moving the bed from the corner to the light, than from where it is to the light."

"Oh, you irritate me so. You annoy me dreadfully," the other roommate storms, as she helps push the beds about.

The irritant gathers all the reserved books which she has gotten from the library and puts them on the study table by the side of her

bed. She upsets her neatly arranged theme papers trying to find some note paper. She takes her pen, pencil, blotter and eraser in her hand and hops into bed. She adjusts the lamp to exactly the right angle and is about to reach for her first book.

"Are you going to study tonight?" the vexed roommate queries. She asks in a tone which says, "You aren't going to study tonight, are you?" You think, "Perhaps she is tired and wants to go to sleep," and, remembering your very recent disagreement you blithely chirrup, "Oh, no," and turn off the study lamp. When you attempt to turn off the upper light as well as the table lamp, your roommate flings at you, "I'm awfully sorry, but you will have to put up with that light for a *few* moments, because I am no bat." Since you started to go to sleep you might as well keep on trying. For the next two hours your roommate walks about the room on her noisy little wooden heels, cleaning out her drawers, rearranging the order of her clothes in the closet, laying things on your bed so lightly and shaking it so slightly

that you long to scream. Her work finished, she takes the study lamp from your table, puts it on the floor between the beds and proceeds to read by the little light "far into the night."

The next morning you both wake up, heavy-eyed from lack of sleep. During the day you "aren't speaking." By night-time you are so exhausted from the strain of your self-imposed retreat that you dance into the room common to your roommate and yourself with, "Oh, I say, did your bathing suit stretch last summer?"

Again I say that the ideal roommate is the one who accommodates her moods to yours when it suits her convenience, but you know in your heart that you wouldn't have her anything but what she is.

MARCELLA BRICCA '28.

ATHLETICS 1925-1926

AT LAST we have a hockey-field, a magnificent one, large enough to use as a landing-field and a hangar had we such a thing as an airplane. Now, at last, we shall have a place for the much longed for and dreamed of horse-show, provided, of course, that sufficient and beautiful enough animals can be mustered to supply our enthusiastic (and despite our riding-master's insinuations) capable horsewomen. Did he forget Monie, Frances, Flavia in his enthusiasm for Juliet? I am sure he must have, for they, as well as Juliet, are our pride and glory; although this year our greatest pride has not been in riding, but in basket-ball.

Every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday we have rushed in newly starched (supposedly starched) gym collars and cuffs onto the floor, a floor less highly polished and thus more safe than last year's gym where we frequently rose only to fall again and fought

strenuously and heatedly for an hour against the Freshmen. Did any college ever have such energetic and charming Freshmen? They were out for every sport and excelled in all. Speed and headwork stood them in good stead through the long training in basket-ball, but a little too stiff schedule of practicing caused them to lose the championship to the hard-working and ambitious Sophomores, who have not yet recovered from the shock of their victory. The Sophomore-Freshman game was sharply contested and there was beautiful team-work from center to forwards on both teams. The game ended with a close score of 18-20 that caused great excitement to the Sophomores and disappointment to the Freshmen, who showed marvellous sportsmanship and are to be congratulated. These are the Freshmen and Sophomores that played on the team:

Viola Ryan	}..... <i>Forwards</i>	Gladys Wren
Barbara Walker		Carmel McGlinchey

Natalie Proskey	}..... <i>Centers</i>	Mary Belle Bullard
Agnes Snyder		Betsy Whitney

Frances Kerckhoff	}..... <i>Guards</i>	Caroline Trouillet
Peggy McMullen		Lela Sheldon

Berenice Hardy	}..... <i>Substitutes</i>	Jean Bogle
Alicia McEvoy		Jeannette Yagerlehner
Marcella Bricca		Loa Bacigalupi
		Catherine Wempe
		Natalie Vincenti

The Seniors and the Faculty organized a basket-ball team and defeated the Juniors after a hard fought battle.

Keen interest has been shown in tennis this year. A ladder tournament is in progress, and a match a week has been played, despite the incessant cry of "Natalie, what do I do now, Jean has accepted a challenge, and Gladys can't play: nobody has challenged me, and I have to play two matches the next week?" "If it rains do we have to play two matches the next week?" "O! my foot's sore and I can't play." But the tournament will put an end to

Hockey begins next week. Miss Brandt will then mount upon her hobby and make us show our metal on the new field. The games should be excellent; the girls are all most anxious to begin.

We have added a new sport this year, Speedball, a new game, a combination of hockey and soccer. Frances Kerckhoff and Carmel McGlinchey as class managers picked good teams and put good matches on the gym floor.

Mount Tamalpais has still to be conquered; rain, holidays, exes and that "tired feeling" have done a lot to spoil hiking this year, but we did have one lovely breakfast hike to McNear's point! "Hot dogs" and coffee *and sand* are delicious after a long walk.

Our most athletic freshman, Gladys Wren, heads the baseball division; she says we are to have great games. She has aroused great hopes that we shall be able to play the high school on field day.

Moonlight, salt-water bathing, lovely scenery, a charming houseboat, a lonely grave facing the bluest of skies and seas, caterpillars (millions) lovely black and brown ones, Captain Lewis' steak, all went to make up the most glorious launch ride of the year. Our chaperons were delightful and one, we all know her well, told us charming stories of equally charming people and places.

The most important event in the athletic history of the college took place this year when the Athletic Association sent Mildred Seufert and Viola Ryan as delegates to the

National Athletic Conference held in Pullman, Washington.

That we have done well in sports this year we owe to our Athletic Board and to Miss Brandt, our faculty advisor. The officers of the board are Mary Shallue, president, and Marian Forrester, secretary-treasurer. The managers are Rosella Kemper, hockey; Juliet Clarke, riding; Marian Forrester, basketball; and Natalie Proskey, tennis.

This most successful athletic year will close May 13 with a field day between the College and the High School, followed by a banquet at which the cups will be presented to the winners, the numerals awarded and this year's all-star basketball team announced.

NATALIE PROSKEY '28

ATHLETICS 1924-1925

LAST year the *Firebrand* went to press before the results of the athletic achievements had been announced. So we give a summary of last year's events.

In order to make interest keener the college was divided into camps, the Ruffs and the Dominoes. Three silver cups, one large and two smaller ones, were offered by the Women's Athletic Association, the large cup to the side that won the most points in all sports. The Dominoes took the cup. Natalie Proskey won the smaller cup as the highest individual point winner in all athletics, and also the much contested College-High School Tennis Championship Cup, played for every year by the winners of the college and high school tennis tournaments.

The members of the all-star basket-ball squad were Carol Hanigan, Laura McGinn, Liveria Sawyer, Marian Forrester, Catherine Barry, Marguerite Lind, Ednah Rafetto,

Viola Ryan, Natalie Proskey, Julie Sullivan and Vesta Forni.

Numerals in basket-ball were won by Marian Forrester, Catherine Barry, Carol Hanigan, Liveria Sawyer, Vesta Forni, Ednah Rafetto, and Natalie Proskey.

The doubles in the college tennis tournament were won by Catherine Barry and Natalie Proskey. The singles by Natalie Proskey. Both received numerals.

Numerals were not given for hockey, but everyone who played on the class teams received points. Points were also given for the minor sports of riding, hiking, and swimming.

For the increased interest in athletics in the college and for the greatly improved organization of the Athletic Board we must give recognition to Miss Laurie Campbell.

WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

COLLEGE is a force that influences us according to our own individual temperaments. We get out of life mainly what we give, and this is particularly true of college. The effect of college depends wholly upon the individual and upon the particular aim of the college. The attitude of a girl toward college depends upon her response to college life. Parents must not expect a college to work miracles; quite often a college is forced to work upon the opposition of the student. College, however, is so powerful that any girl, no matter what her attitude, is influenced by it. The effect on each girl or individual depends upon the individual and will vary with the girl's character.

Girls from everywhere, girls of all descriptions come to college, from the flapper to the dig. There are shy girls and forward girls, dull girls and brilliant girls, practical girls and poetical girls, sensitive girls and thick-skinned girls, girls that study with little

result and girls that get results with little study.

The flapper wears the latest fashions. Mentally and spiritually she is afraid to show us what she really is. Her philosophy is to give and get amusement. She is morally courageous; this is her protection against her foolhardy actions. She is emotionally uncommunicative. She is a chatter-box; we know everything she thinks, but she does her feeling alone. She gives a brightness to life. She moans and berates her cruel parents for sending her to college, yet gradually, much against her will, she sweeps the cobwebs from her brain to make place for new ideas that will broaden and develop her. She realizes that her intellect must be exercised properly or it will grow stale. The *joie de vie* of college existence has begun to influence her.

The book-worm, the grind, comes to college gleefully. Her future is rosy-hued. How thrilled her teachers will be, she thinks, to have a student with whom they can converse in an intelligent manner! Unbeknown to her-

self she is a social moron, but social intercourse is forced upon her. Her flapper roommate eventually makes her endurable. A portion of the grind's brain gradually assimilates the value of her companions. Her friends, Shakespeare and Emerson, help to complete her education. Emerson actually wrote an essay on the subject of *Social Aims*, "One word or two in regard to dress, in which our civilization instantly shows itself. No nation is dressed with more good sense than ours. And everybody sees a certain moral benefit in it." So Emerson writes. And Shakespeare in *As You Like It* says that one finds

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

The *joie de vie* of college companionship has influenced the grind.

The shy girl comes to college. Painfully she meets new people with whom she must live. She suffers torture while being assimilated to college life, but her studies interest her, and occasionally she so completely forgets herself that she volunteers information.

Intimate contact with her companions impresses upon her the fact that they are human beings. They are here at college; so is she. She is just as bright in class, she finds, as most of them. Her personal appearance is equal to theirs. Why, they are only as human as she is. The shy girl awakens to the significance of the general equality of college life.

The mediocre girl comes to college. Sincerely she hopes that her monotonous thoughts and life will be improved. College at first seems to overwhelm her. Her companions are so intelligent that she doesn't seem to have any chance of success. Suddenly she realizes that somehow she is acquiring knowledge. When she is out in the world, people pause and accept her opinion. From somewhere within herself she has absorbed knowledge and is able to make use of it. Perhaps her knowledge is at first parrot-like and superficial; but she has the knowledge and life will but increase it. To her as to all girls comes a deeper significance of colleges as a society of persons having common duties and interests.

College gives to every open-minded girl a finer, broader valuation of life, more thought about life, greater desire for it and a fuller understanding of it. College gives a power to meet emergencies, responsibilities and opportunities gladly and spiritedly. Every girl that has ever attended college has an indelible mark stamped upon her. This mark affects each girl according to her own individual aim and need, it gives to the shy girl an appreciation of the general equality of college life, to the mediocre girl a deeper significance of college as a society of persons sharing their common duties and interests, to the bookworm the joy of college companionship, to the flapper the joy of college existence.

To every girl college gives something. To the girl that truly responds college gives high ideals, mental and moral strength.

ELEANOR O'NEIL '28.

DRAMATICS

WE HAVE always had a keen interest in dramatics and we have always given one or two plays a semester; but this year, besides the formal class plays, we have had plays and pantomimes produced entirely by the students in the Dramatic Training classes, and burlesques given at Meadowlands and Edge Hill, the latter especially good because they discovered new talent and gave the girls who have not time for dramatics a chance to play. They made enjoyment for the college; we have seen more artistic productions but none so gay as *Julius Caesar* or the *Radio Show*.

The plays of the Dramatic Club were more seriously given. This year we really began to put on plays and plan our own stage settings. We invited the public to see *Mansions*, *Fourteen*, *Rosalind*, and *Aria da Capa*. The Dramatic class gave two pantomimes, *At The Sign of The Cleft Heart* and *The Birthday of The Infanta*. The long list represents hard work and the success that hard work brings.

ON THE VALUE OF PRODUCING PANTOMIME

WRITTEN IN THE FRENZY OF PRODUCING
THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA

I BEGAN, with honourable intentions, to extol the value of a student's attempt to produce pantomime, but in all verity I can no longer pursue that worthy course. There is no value in producing a pantomime, as I, a harried director, see it. In the first place, just try—I throw my defiance in the very teeth of the public—just try to get fifteen or twenty of your erstwhile friends to one rehearsal, even one a week. And after you get them there, just try to make them keep still long enough to absorb a simple direction or two. And after they have seemingly absorbed, try to get them to carry out that direction. Yes, try it!

After you have worked yourself into a befitting directorial frenzy, I should audibly gloat and chortle to see you as a sweet and gentle princess, playfully romping with your

fellows whom you could more gleefully annihilate.

And if after hours of weary practice you still could not fit the action to the music and if you received your finished properties only to find that they bore but a faint resemblance to the articles you ordered and finally if, when the action began to run more smoothly, one of your players came to you with the news that she must withdraw — ah well — if you should commit murder and mutilate the corpse, I should be the last to scorn or censure.

And now, as an anti-climax, comes the truth. Viewing the matter impersonally, I can see the value of the student's effort to produce pantomime. In the first place, trying to act under haphazard, amateurish direction is of value to the cast as a lesson in quick-wittedness and self-control. And second, trying to direct one's fellow students is of value to the director as a thorough and efficient (though I cannot say painless) remover of whatever fragment of egotism she might have left after two years in college.

So it appears in the abstract, and so it would appear in my own case, if I could only see through my impenetrable gloom. Some day, when I look back from the heights of the upper classman, I shall appreciate these fellow sufferers as willing, intelligent and adaptable actresses. But at present I am buried deep in the blackness—I am merely the harried director.

IONE LANGE '28.

AT THE SIGN OF THE CLEFT HEART

MISS ALICE MARTIN wrote and directed the first pantomime to be given in the college, *At The Sign of The Cleft Heart*, a charming fantasy delightful to the person with a "not-too-grown-up" mind.

The curtain opened upon the heart shop of old Love (Alice Martin). There were hearts of every description, large, small, heavy, light; some cracked, some shrunken, some hate-black, some jealous-green; and there was one perfect young heart, which old Love adored.

Two shy, but eager, old maids came into the shop (Albea Scruggs and Madge Reniff) to find a heart for their own. They saw Love's best-beloved heart and wanted it, but he satisfied them each with a heart a little smaller, and a little more shop-worn.

Two children, a boy and a girl next entered (Flavia Sinnott and Betsey Whitney),

with downcast faces, their little hearts in their hands. They had quarrelled and were seeking consolation. Love polished the black spot away from each tender little heart, and the children danced joyously.

A young man (Vesta Forni) next appeared at the window, looked in longingly, then, with some hesitation, entered. His heart had been rejected and he had no further use for it, so he gave it to Love. Love was touched and in return offered his most beloved heart, but the boy impatiently turned away and went sadly out.

Mary Shallue, a lovely young maiden, then ran joyously in. She was looking for a heart to suit her roving fancy. Love offered her many, but none pleased. She found the sad heart of the young man and determined to have it. Love denied it, but she coaxed prettily. At first she danced gaily, saucily, then so sweetly that Love was won over. She ran out with her prize, and met a young man at the window. They stared at each other, slowly passed, then swiftly returned, oblivious of

everything, except that their hearts belonged to each other.

Some of the audience were too grown up to get the meaning of the pantomime, but there was universal praise for the effects in lighting and grouping, for the graceful dancing and the lovely color in setting and costumes.

I. L. '28.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA

A PANTOMIME of *The Birthday of the Infanta*, arranged and directed by Miss Ione Lange, ended a series of productions given by the Dramatic Training classes. Miss Lange took the part of the Infanta with decisive portrayal. The grotesque and distorted dwarf was convincingly played by Betsy Whitney. The entertainment in honor of the Infanta's birthday was delightful; there was an amusing bull-fight, a charming ballet dance by Mary Shal-lue, and a vivacious castanet dance by Isabel Reece and Madge Reniff.

The settings, costumes and group arrangement were beautiful and effective.

M. B. '26.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE AND LYDIA LANGUISH

THE RIVALS

SHERIDAN'S comedy, *The Rivals*, was presented by the Junior and Senior classes in November.

The character of *Mrs. Malaprop*, with her unfailing genius for saying the wrong thing, was ably and humorously interpreted by Mildred Belmonte. Marian Forrester played most convincingly the fierce and commanding *Sir Anthony Absolute* and Alice Martin, his charming and lovable son. Cecilia O'Day played the bold *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* with an appropriate accent. Merle Le Maire as *Lydia Languish* was as drooping and sentimental as any "Amoret." Monie Rudkin was the boastful but timid *Bob Acres*. Claire Graham was the level-headed *Julia*, Lydia's cousin and confidante, and Mary Shallue was the clever maid *Lucy*.

The play showed attention to effect rather than fidelity to detail. The eighteenth century atmosphere was well sustained, and the vigour of Sheridan's play was kept, without the sacrifice of smoothness. I. L. '28.

A KISS FOR CINDERELLA

THERE has never been such general praise for any play given by the College as there has been for "A Kiss For Cinderella." Those who think "the play's the thing" were delighted with the acting; those who care more about the reading said that never before had we given a play in which you could understand every word; those who demand artistic effects were pleased with the lighting, the grouping, the setting and the costumes.

Betsey Whitney was a typical Barrie heroine. She played her part so lightly and whimsically that we almost forgot the effort behind it. We pitied her in the first act, triumphed with her in the second, but we loved her best in the last act. Betsy did not make us feel the sadness of Barrie's ending. We did not feel that Cinderella was not going to recover. We loved her as Mr. Bodie and the children and her "romantical" policeman loved her.

Caroline Trouillet was a charming policeman, but she was more engaging as the prince

in the second act. With what nonchalance she cried "Let loose the beauts!" The whole second act was marked by good characterization. The King and Queen, The Lord High Mayor and My Lord Times were all definitely outlined. Each speech was pointed and the audience did not miss any of Barrie's whimsical lines. It was in the second act, too, that the grouping and staging could be best appreciated. One is liable to overlook the work behind the effects. The Freshmen and the Sophomores spent hours over scenery and costumes, but they do not begrudge their effort, for the pleasure of the audience repaid them.

CLAIRE GRAHAM '27.

A SONNET

Black beasts that crouch to drink the bitter
 tide,
Two headlands loom above the purple sea.
The kelp reefs, lying in their points' dark lee
Ripple upon the waves and seem to glide
And stretch, like snakes that seek where they
 may hide.
Blue shadows dart and quiver. Suddenly
The rocks and trees grow strange—become for
 me
Soft padding creatures slinking at my side.

A light within your window like a patch
Of orange sewn upon the dim blue gloom
Enchants the dusk against the stealthy harm—
For now I know you've left the door alatch
And keep tea waiting in the long sweet room,
And these brave thoughts my silly fears disarm.

MONIE RUDKIN '27.

THE INTERESTING GOOD

THERE is an old idea to the effect that the good are dull because they are good and the bad are interesting because they are bad. This is not true. The really good are always attractive, and they can be interesting; goodness is unattractive only when it falls into sentimentality or hardens into priggishness or Puritanism as expressed in the existence of the so-called "blue laws."

It appears to me that the general viewpoint on goodness is expressed very well in a parody of the old nursery rhyme that reads like this:

"There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good, she was very, very
good,
But when she was bad she was more interesting."

This belief accounts for much of the wildness in young people of to-day. They are

afraid to appear good because they don't want to be uninteresting. Girls, principally, too often believe that unless one smokes, drinks and is free one is a "back number" and will soon be "shelved" with the other "antiques." So, in consequence, they damage their health and ruin their reputations for the sake of being "interesting."

This youthful bravado is not peculiar to the twentieth century; it is seen in every age; one hears it in the old story of *Aucassin and Nicolette*.

"Aucassin the frank, the fair,
Aucassin of the yellow hair,
Gentle knight and true lover"

declares: "In Paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter,—for into Paradise go none but such folk as I shall tell thee now. Thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars, and in the crypts, and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of

hunger and thirst and of cold, and of little ease. These be they that go into Paradise, with them have I naught to make. But into Hell would I fain go; for into hell fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men at arms and all men noble. With these would I liefly go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither goes the gold, and the silver, and cloth of vair, and cloth of Inis, and harpers, and makers, and the prince of this world." But Aucassin is merely talking to hear himself talk, for he is in love with the sweet, most beautiful and most pious Nicolette, whom he loves all the more because she is good, and whom he marries in preference to the "sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers or three and their lords thereto also."

The young suffer from the old prejudice against goodness, not wholly through their own fault. Older people are often to blame for the awakening of false beliefs that make

unnecessary grief in the world. Many seem to believe that all the religion in the world should be cornered in a cloister, and a young girl who is good is teased until her natural admiration for the goodness of religious men and women is killed by the fear that she will be uninteresting. Thus the goodness that she should have carried into the world is lost because she is afraid of hearing her friends say, "She is too good for this world." The world needs goodness and the sooner it learns that dullness and goodness are not synonymous the sooner will it be happier. Negative goodness is often dull; and priggishness and Puritanism, which we miscall goodness, are always dull; but it is ridiculous to insist that good people are dull because they are good, for true goodness necessitates thought, a careful consideration of ultimate results and values. A thoughtful person, a person whose views are based on intellect, whose comparisons and conclusions are noteworthy, is necessarily interesting. And if a thoughtful person is interesting then the truly good person, being thoughtful, is interesting.

Still, one must admit that there is a good deal to be said for the interesting bad. For instance, Cleopatra, Byron, Lady Hamilton and Shelley are interesting, and we forgive them their faults, often thinking that we love them the better for their badness, when really we are forgiving them because of certain gifts which they possess. We are really interested in the beauty, the poetry, the romance or the tragedy of their lives. When we see real badness we draw back in horror or disgust; it is too hideous and disfiguring. Shelley was forgiven because of his poetry; Byron, because of his beauty and poetry; Lady Hamilton, because of her misfortune and beauty; Cleopatra, because of her beauty and executive ability; but when they are denuded of this brilliance and romance they are subjects merely for pity. M. Maurois in "Ariel" has given a very lovely portrait of Shelley, but through it one senses the wasted life of Shelley, his pettiness and triviality. The illusions one builds up around Byron have been shattered by E. Barrington's, "The Glorious Apollo," which

has exposed Byron as he really was, stripped him of all romance, left him frightfully coarse and vulgar with no redeeming features. Matthew Arnold sums up briefly all our feelings when he says of these, "interesting bad." "What a life! What a set!" It is true to-day that the most popular girl at a party, the most danced with and sought after is the wild one, because wildness has some sort of attraction for a time. But for this sort of popularity a girl must pay, for her attraction goes and she is left with a "reputation," and there is always the "kind friend" to inform people about her past life.

To return to the interesting good. If everything is taken from the good except goodness, they are all the more interesting because they are good. When the interesting good are placed against the interesting bad the good win, because there is something in the human heart, admitted or not, that makes us reverence real virtue—not a show of virtue, but real goodness. The Cleopatras, the Lady Hamiltons and the Byrons were never more greatly

and not so lastingly admired as many good men and women. Pico De Mirandola, perhaps the most charming young man that ever lived, painter, sculptor, mechanic, engineer, author, philosopher, and theologian was beautiful, charming and good.

The story of Mary Stuart whom men have loved not so much because she was bewilderingly beautiful, nor even for her tragic life, but because they thought she was good is another score for the place of goodness in the minds of men. She interests less if we believe that she was not good. We do not want to believe that she was not good, in spite of the proofs of her guilt.

In a heroine the audience asks not only heroism, but goodness. She must not be daring only, but good also; the moment she is daring but evil she no longer pleases but becomes the hated villainess.

Bernard Shaw in his "St. Joan" makes of the girl a slangy, swaggering individual who addresses the king on first sight as "Charlie." He suggests by his characterization that his

heroine is not good. I believe that the play is amusing, but I listened carefully to the remarks of the audience as they filed out of the theater and to my surprise some even were shocked at the irreligion and irreverence of the girl. "I thought she was so good," they were saying, "how ordinary and gross she seems; Shaw somehow has destroyed all my illusions." Shaw made the good Joan bad and the people found her less interesting bad than good, for a bad person is usually given credit for more daring and dash than a good one and the courage of Joan bad was more ordinary and less interesting than the courage of Joan good through all the temptations and discouragements that assailed her. It is fortunate that this is true, for it shows that there is that in human nature, however bad, that reverences the good. This is seen in the audience that does not like the bad Joan, but prefers the Joan of tradition, the Joan of the Interesting Good.

NATALIE PROSKEY '28.

SONNET

You tell me I am fair of face and form;
Others have voiced their pleasure in my wit;
Some say my heart is gracious, friendly,
 warm;
Some take great pleasure in the way I fit
My moods to always match their own;
And some have said my voice enriches song
And has a strength and beauty in its tone.

Oh I am tired of praise, and it is wrong;
For all these pretty charms they've graced
 me with
Are futile as a lovely painted cup
That cannot hold the bitter wine of life;
And I have fashioned life upon a myth,
And all ambitions I have offered up
To please some friend or smooth some awkward strife.

NANCY SNOW '29.

REVIEWING '25

YES, that's our year book. Yes, it is good-looking and quite different from the ordinary run of year books. We were very proud of it last year. You see we were the first class to attempt anything of that sort. We had never seen anything quite like it before. Oh, of course, the College always puts out a year book, but the usual kind that every college from coast to coast puts out year after year. You know the type of thing—class pictures, stories, snap-shots, biographical sketches, jokes and all the rest of it. The sort of thing you have seen a hundred times before. Look here, I'm sorry, but you'll have to handle that book not only carefully, but almost reverently. Why? Well, it's the only one in existence for me you know. Oh yes, my picture has something to do with it. After all I *sat* for that picture, and at the time people said the artist was inspired! She was a Freshman and a friend. Ever have your portrait done? No. Then that explains your lack of reverence towards mine.

Nice group of people? They certainly were. And I'd give much to have them all back, spread about our room again—that room which was the Mecca for endless discussions about every question under the heavens, regardless of whether we knew anything about the subject or not. And it was always adorned with the remains of "sustenance" that we constantly "craved" as an aid to conversation. Do you think there is anything in College or anywhere else to compare with the séances that go on when one is supposed to be studying? I don't. Our heavy and heated arguments that were interrupted countless times by people in the surrounding rooms that wanted to study—interrupted, but never discontinued altogether—are to me the best part of College.

Do I see any of these people? Oh yes, once in awhile. They are pretty well scattered though. I'll divide them into two groups for you. There are the pedagogues and those who are not pedagogues. Virginia Carrington belongs to the latter group. We don't

know much about her. She tutored for awhile; and the last I heard of her she was in Hollywood being one of a mob scene in some picture or other—looking for adventure, of course. I should like to travel with Virginia for awhile. We should have a good time. Too bad there isn't a feminine branch of the Marines—then Virginia could join and see the world. What an old peach she was!

Clara Wilson spent some time at art school, I think, and now she is at a business school learning how they do it all in five and a half days of eight hours each.

Margaret Conners is assisting in the Library at College. She is very interested in her work. It must be fine to get books hot off the press, and cut the pages.

Deborah Pentz, I heard from not long ago. She is in the Big City attending the New York School of Social Service. Her year is almost over. She has had an experience and a wonderful time. A year in New York after College isn't half bad is it?

Enaid Jones is finishing her fifth year at

Dominican College. She will be ready to teach in High School next August.

I saw Hazel Regan not long ago. She came back for the Retreat. She is not doing anything, but she tells me she is getting tired of it. After all it's rather hard to do nothing after years and years of school. College doesn't fit you for any sort of idleness.

And now these are the pedagogues. Alice Sylva is teaching outside of Honolulu. She is enjoying not only her teaching but the in-between times.

Hulda Moorhead is at the San Rafael High School teaching history. And one of her Freshmen assured me in an awed voice that Miss Moorhead did make them work "terribly hard." Yes, that was one of our own theories—that it should be pounded into them, you know.

Liveria Sawyer is getting along splendidly at the Petaluma Junior High School. Yes, she is teaching music.

Catherine Barry is teaching in the Parochial School in San Rafael. She, like the rest

of the pedagogues, is having a few of her theories, extracted from last year's famous Teaching English Class, badly shaken and trampled upon. We certainly thought we knew exactly how it was done then.

Marjorie Higgins, I haven't seen since the last hectic day when she was ecstatically clutching her sheepskin. She is teaching in Virginia City, Nevada. She enjoys it immensely. She had a capacity for enjoying things anyway. Her pupils no doubt are very fond of her, and I suppose she is deluged with pink geraniums and red apples.

And the littlest one—yes, she is teaching in a rural school not far from San Rafael. She likes it tremendously. She has a group of children that are splendidly responsive—a third grader who reads like a fifth grader and a little second grader who writes and spells as no other second grader ever could. And perhaps you remember your first cheque? I thought when I received my first "earned" money that Rockefeller simply was not in it!

MARIE SERFF '25.

SONNET

Oh, I shall surely come again another night
For you have given me a key to mock
At time and space that forge a cruel lock.
Through leaden panes an anchor lantern
bright
Will send a shaft of yellow, misty light,
And hail me blithely to your door. I'll
knock,
But you'll not hear. And though I wear my
frock
That's bright as flame, I shall be hidden
quite.
The friendly shadows patterning your wall,
Our smoke's blue scroll, the rubied light in
wine,
My chair's deep ease, our laughter and the
long
Moments of quiet when the bright logs
fall
To ash—all these within your house are
mine,
Because I keep the key—your nameless song.

MONIE RUDKIN '27.

(Reprinted from the *Meadowlark*)

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Humboldt Bank, San Francisco
I. Magnin and Co., San Francisco
Marin Feed and Fuel Co., San Rafael
Marin Riding Academy, San Rafael
Marshall, Newell and Co.
Mercantile Trust Co., San Rafael
H. Monahan, San Francisco
John W. McDonald, San Francisco
Dr. A. P. O'Brien, San Francisco
O'Connor, Moffatt and Co., San Francisco
J. H. O'Neill, San Francisco
John J. O'Toole, San Francisco
Podesta and Baldocchi, San Francisco
Robinson, Codoni Co., San Rafael
San Anselmo Mattress Co., San Anselmo
The San Francisco Bank, San Francisco
F. M. Shallue, Oakland
Sherman, Clay and Co., San Francisco
Fred J. Sherry, San Francisco
Shumate's Prescription Pharmacies, San Francisco
W. and J. Sloane, San Francisco
Sommer and Kaufmann, San Francisco
Sperry Flour Co., San Francisco
Tamalpais Bank, San Rafael
Tansey-Crowe Co., San Francisco
Western Refrigerating Co., Petaluma
The White House, San Francisco
Wm. F. Wilson Co., San Francisco