

1933

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The Firebrand

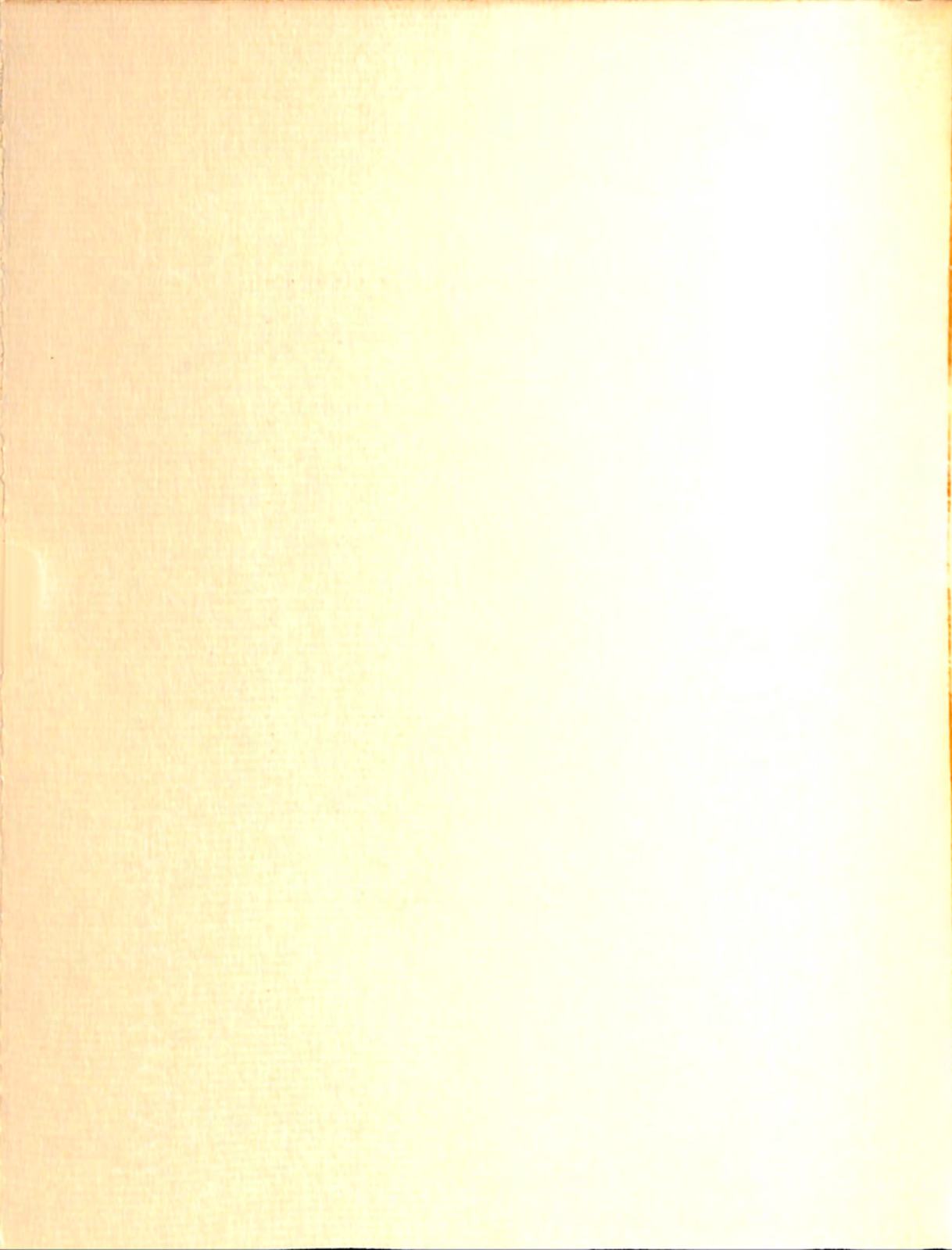


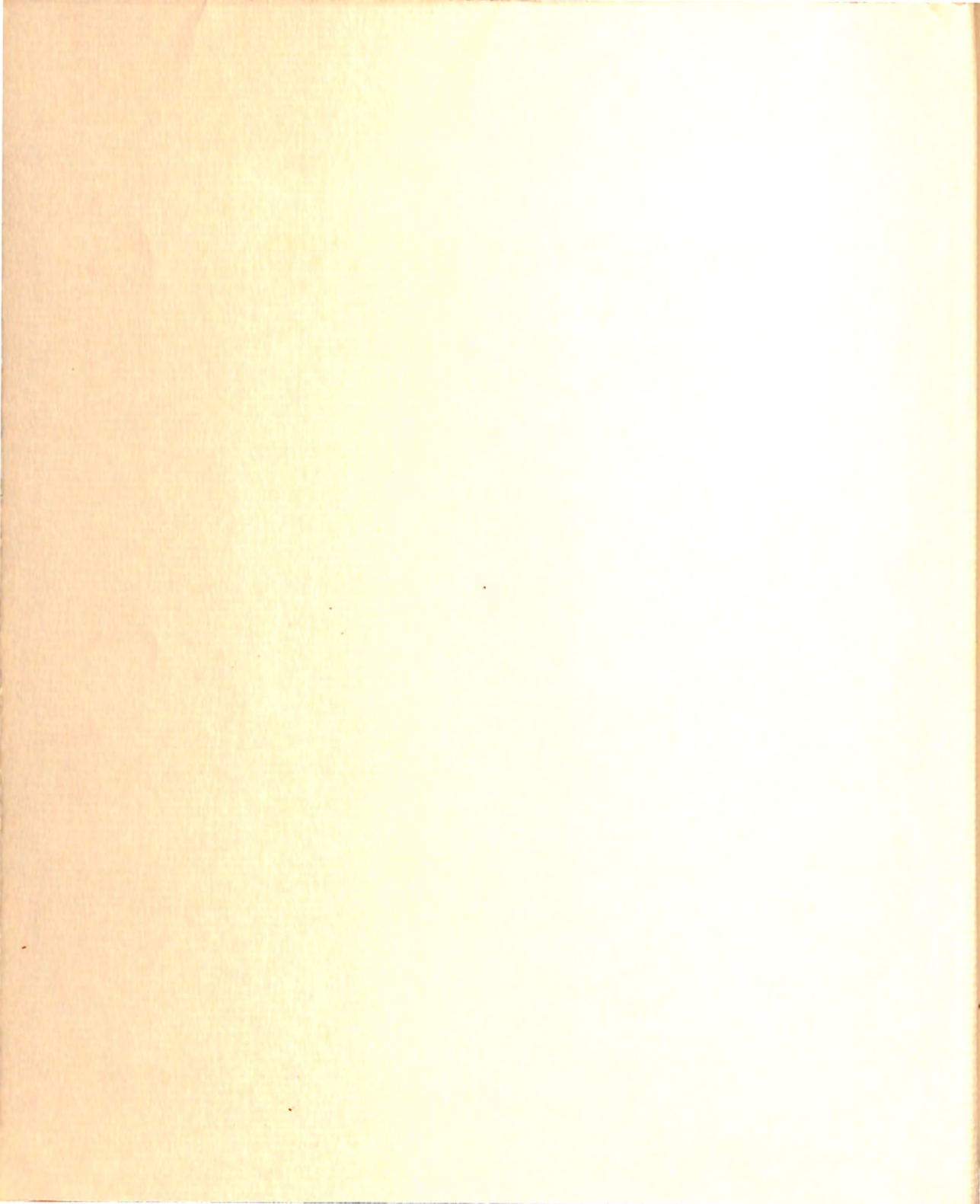
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To
Sister Mary Dominic
With Pride in Her Spirit and Vision
We Dedicate
This Firebrand

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THE FIREBRAND

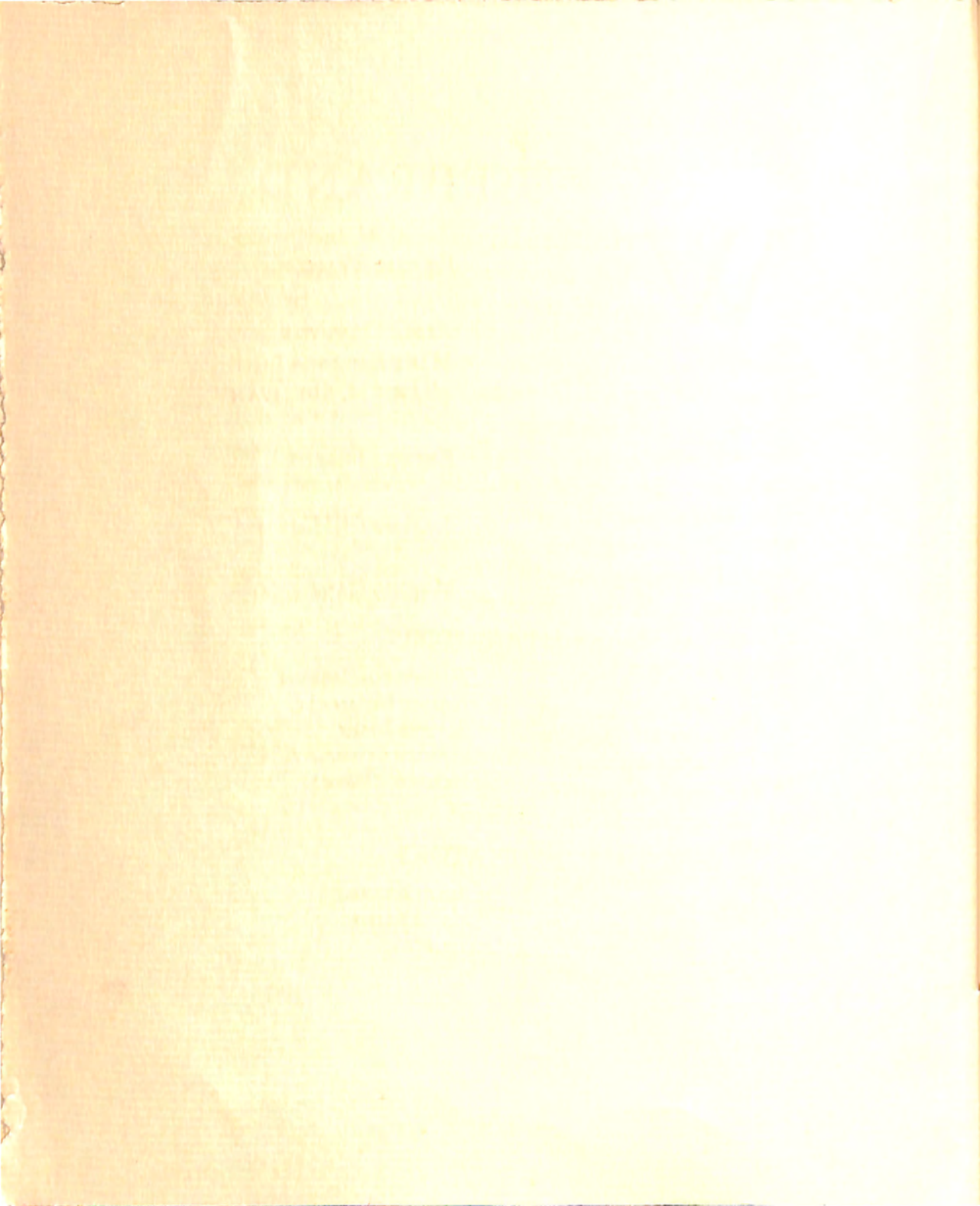
| | |
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EDITORIAL

WHAT is a book," said Alice, "without pictures and conversation?" Now our *Firebrand* this year has no lack of pictures, but there is a dearth of conversation; the intellectual and artistic ventures of the college have so absorbed the staff that we seem to have lost sight of our less imposing and more constant delights, our pastimes. In the editorial, therefore, if we can not converse we would at least make some amends by praising the lighter side of the college. Pastimes have been said to be an index to character, so we may be glad that ours have the charm of wholesome simplicity. They are for the most part light and gay, but we have higher flights as well.

Our amusements fall naturally into those of the week-end and those within the week. Week-end pleasures are both of the city and of the campus but tales of the former often make entertainment throughout the week. The city pastimes vary from shopping and afternoon tea at the Mark Hopkins to evening parties and the always new pleasure of home after absence. Campus pleasures are as varied

as the groups that make up the college. There are shopping tours to the village, days spent at Bolinas, and long evenings at the fire while the radio plays; bridge, dancing, popping corn and reading aloud; and some of us dare to supplant the radio by singing ballads at the piano. Then there are anxious groups at jig-saw puzzles, amusingly proud of each achievement.

During the week there are the daily visits to the tea-house and long walks in the hills, where the adventure of following queer-twisted roads ends at heights that on sunny days overlook the vivid blueness of the Bay. There are of course unfortunates who are susceptible to poison oak and must walk in more civilized paths. To them the road to town is pleasingly familiar. If the mail happens to have brought them a cheque the delights of feasting may be theirs, or they can patronize Mr. Woolworth's; or even Mr. Albert's for mittens or sweaters. Should any not be prosperous there is the unfailing consolation of graham crackers, which, be it known, one freshman considered choice enough to be given up for Lent. At night there is always the fireplace. Here the more conscientious talk about assignments, others knit sweaters which they will never complete or

compare notes on their sewing for the Missions; still others discuss in rambling fashion their philosophy of life, often interrupted by caustic comments from the more witty and less appreciative. There is one ardent group to whom astronomy has become a pastime. Even in windy weather they climb four flights of stairs to the roof of Guzman to study the pageant of the heavens. It is beautiful there on clear nights, in a world apart, with only the stars for light, and the telescopes to look into unknown worlds. The most exciting of these adventures this year was watching the Leonides at three in the morning with breakfast at dawn. There are also Spanish, Italian, and like clubs which mingle intellectual endeavors with conversation and tea. And there are the staffs of the periodicals, who labor with "prodigious bustle" and much merriment. To be sure the doings of these worthies (or unworthies) are regarded in two lights, as strain and as fun. Most of the college think of work on the publications as more pain than joy, but to the staffs it is pastime, if not "pure gain"; there is a matchless thrill in playing with "poor harmless paper that might have gone to print a Shakespeare on and was instead so clumsily defaced with nonsense."



EVELYN ASHER

Major: ECONOMICS, HISTORY

Current Events Club
Beta Phi
Spanish Club

VELYN ASHER is small and, above all, feminine in appearance. She has wide-open blue eyes, fair smooth hair, a quick smile and a lovable manner. She is always neatly dressed and she has a quiet competence about her that is seen in the sensible way in which she uses her leisure, now slipping away to the library where she quietly and thoroughly accomplishes her work while other people are idly enjoying life, now alone in the White Room practicing songs for the little children she loves to teach. Her gentle and friendly appearance draws lonely and troubled people to her, and her kindly sympathy keeps them her unwavering friends. Her strong will under her gentle manner influences them without their knowing it.

as the groups that make up the college. There are shopping tours to the village, days spent at Bolinas, and long evenings at the fire while the radio plays; bridge, dancing, popping corn and reading aloud; and some of us dare to supplant the radio by singing ballads at the piano. Then there are anxious groups at jig-saw puzzles, amusingly proud of each achievement.

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ADRIENNE BALCH

Major: FRENCH

Chairman Social Committee '32

French Club

ADRIENNE BALCH is tall and strikingly handsome. She often wears a mask of boredom, but she is in reality interested in everything about her, enthusiastic at the thought of an unexpected adventure and surprisingly interested in teaching. She is also impulsive and has a habit of making strong and definite statements, which, however, she unhesitatingly changes the moment she realizes that they are wrong. She is versatile in conversation and she enjoys keeping harmony among her friends, a large group, all of whom seem to have a turn for argument. Little children appear to awaken the loveliest things in her character. When she likes people she never ceases in her efforts to make others like them, too. Her favorite sports are riding and sailing, both of which she especially enjoys in her beloved Hawaiian Islands.



HELENE BARNEWITZ

Major: MUSIC

Music Club
French Club

HELENE BARNEWITZ is a vivid brunette, one of our most gifted and gracious singers, as pleased to take part in a chorus as to appear on the stage alone. She is a breezy sort of person, now lighthearted, now serious. Little things often seem of the greatest importance to her, perhaps because she has a temperamental side which she is striving to suppress. Some think she has unusually good judgment about people; others say that she idealizes her friends; and still others that she is cynical. Her presence is unfailing at the nightly rosary at Edge Hill, and she has been so successful as the head of that house that her subordinates say that she really had nothing to do.



NORA BERONIO

Major: SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS

Circolo Italiano
Sociology Club

NORA BERONIO has blue eyes and her skin has a delicate pallor accentuated by the smooth dark hair that she always wears classically drawn away from her broad forehead. She is impulsive and warm-hearted and sometimes moody because of trivial mishaps, but her sense of the ridiculous usually makes her see the comical side of even the most serious situation. Her store of anecdotes and stories seems to have no end. Politics and matters of state fascinate her. In any center of political discussion she may be found contributing information and opinions definitely and enthusiastically. She enjoys greatly a small group of sympathetic friends.



KATHLEEN BRESCHINI

Major: MUSIC

Music Club
Little Theatre Workshop
Circolo Italiano

KATHLEEN BRESCHINI has dark wavy hair, sharp brown eyes and a friendly smile. She is quiet and unassuming, but gives the impression of a brisk capability. She is kind, generous with her time and very sympathetic. College has given her confidence in her ability to the extent that one would hardly recognize the timid self-conscious freshman she once was in the well-poised senior. She is conspicuously industrious and has almost appropriated a music room at Angelico.



VIRGINIA CAIN

Major: SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS

Art Club
Beta Phi
Sociology Club

VIRGINIA CAIN is short and she has a rather plump figure. Her features are sharp and well-defined and seem all to point upwards in an impish manner. Her lips are usually parted slightly on the verge of an engaging smile. Whether at home or at college, she is always immaculately neat and well groomed from her hair to her shoe-laces. She is serious minded and has the ability to meet situations with a cool, level head. Strange to say, however, trivialities upset her so much that she can fly into a rage over the smallest and most unimportant event imaginable though she forgets differences easily. She is not a student by inclination, but she has remarkable application. If a heated argument is in progress, she is usually involved. She upholds her point far into the night and nothing will ever induce her to change her opinion.



CITA CAPUCCIO

Major: FRENCH

Circolo Italiano

CITA CAPUCCIO'S manner is as charming as her appearance. Her simple graciousness puts all about her at ease, and makes them eager to take advantage of her unfailing hospitality and generosity. She is both a sympathetic listener and an interesting speaker. Her conversation, moreover, is made more entertaining because it leaps suddenly from the serious to the humorous, and covers a wide range of topics on which she possesses an amazing amount of knowledge. No doubt much of this knowledge is due to the fact that she is an excellent student whose abilities range from foreign languages to mathematics.

She is a keen judge of persons, able to see the faults even of those nearest to her, but she is able to disregard these weaknesses even if they are annoying to her. When her temper does appear, it is shortlived, for it is impossible to darken her sunny nature for any length of time.



MARGARET CASASSA

Major: SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS

Executive Board '33
President W. A. A. Board '32
W. A. A. Board '31
President Class '32
Vice-President Class '31

Firebrand Staff
Sociology Club

ONE cannot think of Margaret Casassa and at the same time think of haste. Nothing about her is hurried; her actions are detailed and methodical; her speech is calm and inclined to be rather drawling, and not even in moments of greatest excitement does she lose her leisureliness of motion. Her unruffled exterior, however, is deceiving. She has keen and quick humor as well as a fiery temper, which dies as fast as it rises and is never followed by any petty action. She is willing to listen to an opposing viewpoint and if she finds it reasonable a sense of fairness enables her to come to just and wise decisions. An erect carriage and an airy tilt to her chin bespeak capability; a friendly glance for each passerby gives indication of general good humor and cordiality.



EVELYN CUNNINGHAM

Major: ECONOMICS, HISTORY

Spanish Club

VELYN CUNNINGHAM has freckles and beautiful orange-red hair, but she does not often display the fiery temper which commonly accompanies these physical characteristics. She has in general an even and good-natured disposition, although she is a bit blunt and outspoken. Idiosyncrasies bother her to the extent that she has no patience with people who say "Hello, how are you" at every meeting during the day. She often seems indifferent and is certainly reserved, but her friends find her a jolly and entertaining companion. Her room and her dress are always neat; she likes order, even to the economical measuring of her time. She is extremely conscientious and interested in her school work and she has an indomitable will and enviable courage.



MARIAN DALY

Major: SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS

Sociology Club
Albertus Magnus Club

MARIAN DALY is good-natured, easy-going and independent. No one ever knows what she will do next or what she will say. She loves telling fantastic stories and writing fiction-like letters. She has a charitable attitude towards both acquaintances and friends and tries to find something good in everyone. She has a distinct dislike for arguing, and always avoids becoming involved in the arguments of her friends. She enjoys athletics and is most happy when golfing or playing tennis. She is often impulsive and does things which she later regrets. She enjoys being with people and is seldom seen alone, but is always with one or two friends, of whom she has a great number.

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MARY FRIEDENBACH

Major: HISTORY

Secretary Student Affairs Board '32

Chairman Social Committee '33

Student Affairs Board '33

President Current Events Club '33

Spanish Club

MARY FRIEDENBACH is tall and straight and substantial looking. She has curly black hair and curly-lashed blue eyes, but strong angular features. She talks with a lisp which, with her shining eyes, belies occasional weightiness to be found in her conversation. She is often at heights of gaiety and good fellowship, but often, too, at depths of moodiness and a tart unsociability. Then it is as well to seek other companionship or to remember either the witty table conversations inspired by the flow of her inventiveness, or the happy and successful parties which she has managed. The girls at Meadowlands have depended on her for leadership and spokesmanship. Teachers and classmates predict that she will teach well because she once enjoyed herself so heartily when she took over a week of classes for an absent professor.



ALICE GIOVANNETTI

Major: HISTORY

Current Events Club
Circolo Italiano

ALICE GIOVANNETTI has a grave, kindly face, alert brown eyes and wavy red-gold hair. She is tall and lithe, able at various sports because intensity and stubbornness reinforce a native skill. She is the sort of person that helps to make things go smoothly in a house and is clever with her hands in sewing and knitting. Her room is always immaculate and in good taste, a restful room in which her friends like to gather. She is conscientious in her studying, always preparing her assignments well ahead of class demands. She can be depended upon.



JANE HEFFERNAN

Major: SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS

Vice-President Class '32, '33

Sociology Club
Beta Phi
Freshman Advisor

JANE HEFFERNAN once played the part of Venus in *L'Allegro* and Pandora in the pantomime of *Pandora's Box*. She was also an angel in *What Men Live By*, but she has a mischievous nature that pleases her friends and often brings herself to the verge of trouble. She likes to argue coolly for the fun of watching an opponent's excitement. She has a good mind and she is good company, a merry if inventive story teller. She is affectionate and sympathetic and she has a pleasant way of spoiling her friends.



HELEN JOHNSON

Major: HISTORY

Current Events Club

HELEN JOHNSON carries herself superbly. Her face is fine and delicately moulded and her hands would have arrested the attention of Van Dyke. She is usually kind, unless she feels particularly playful; then she delights in making people, especially lordly people, uncomfortable.

In spite of her haughtiness, she can enjoy the simple as well as the complex life. One of her great pleasures is to be alone listening to music and dreaming—no doubt of romance. But perhaps even more she enjoys presiding over a drawing room. Her sympathy is wide and she is interested in all sorts of people, especially in the unfortunate.

She does not pretend to be a student but she has a good mind and a good memory. Her greatest talent is story-telling, but one must know her in order to appreciate her stories. They are merely the fancies of an overly-fertile imagination, always intended to amuse and never to convince. When chided for their falseness, she laughs delightedly and says she hadn't expected anyone to believe them. She has some knowledge of herself, and she does sometimes work hard at overcoming her faults and increasing her virtues.



LILLIAN KING

Major: SOCIOLOGY

W. A. A. Board '31, '32
Firebrand Business Staff '31
Secretary-Treasurer '33

Tumbling Club
Spanish Club
Beta Phi

LIL KING is as shy and youthful in appearance as the meekest and most humble freshman. But this appearance is deceiving because she has a mature mind and a strongly developed character. She has definite ideas which she seldom changes in spite of the fact that she never argues her point. An amused and annoying smile twitching at the corners of her mouth is the only visible sign to show that she persists. She seems cold and unemotional towards even her most intimate friends, but those who know her say that she is always kind and considerate although she is not demonstrative. And in spite of this veneer of detachment, she is always one of the first to ease the bewildered freshman by a kind word or smile.



ELIZABETH LINDEKE

Major: CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS

Sociology Club
Albertus Magnus Club
Beta Phi
Little Theatre Workshop

ELIZABETH LINDEKE would attract attention in any group. She has a noble bearing that suggests the race of Vikings and her strongly moulded countenance gives the impression of an intense restrained energy. She has light blue eyes which often sparkle with humorous gaiety and an evasive dimple in her right cheek that partly contradicts her firm, cleft chin. During the week while she is at college she studies with rare concentration; apparently she never wastes a moment. She delights in study and has distinguished herself in science. Her relaxation comes during the week-end, perhaps no less intense. Few people on the campus pierce her reserve. Those who do so are fortunate for they discover warmth and faithfulness. She chooses her friends carefully and holds them dear.



MARY BARBARA LINS

Major: LATIN, FRENCH

Firebrand Staff '33

French Club
Seven Arts Club

MARY BARBARA LINS has the delicacy of a Botticelli and a very winning sweetness. Though the other students are with justice in awe of her scholarly powers they admire her greatly and are often indebted to her generous help in providing outlines and notes as well as seminar reviews before examinations. She is as a poultice on the hearts of her teachers. Her eagerness, her intelligence, and the affection with which she prepares her work compensate them for many dreary disappointments in the daily round.



ELINOR MARTIN

Major: FRENCH

President Class '33

French Club
Art Club
Little Theatre Workshop

ELINOR MARTIN is gracious and friendly. One cannot be near her without feeling the effect of her contagious gaiety. One would never guess that she has beneath this gay exterior, a cruel temper which she has constantly fought during her college life. She has succeeded well, for now her flares of anger occur only on infrequent occasions and are generally followed by repentant apologies. Always entertaining, she never lacks topics of conversation; she is ready at any moment with a bit of news or an opinion which she expresses with vehemence. Her vivacity, however, would lead one to doubt her word when she repeatedly and indignantly asserts that she really does not roll her eyes, at least not intentionally. She is very often in a dilemma over social engagements and educational assignments alike, but she accepts all with little worry and much optimism.



PATRICIA MARTIN

Major: SPANISH

W. A. A. Board '31, '32, '33

Spanish Club
Sigma Delta Pi

PATRICIA MARTIN is best known for her golf enthusiasm. She is always ready for a game, and when not playing, she enjoys life most by talking about golf and explaining various technical terms like "handicap" or "one-up" or "birdie" to admiring listeners. They never tire of her because, though she is ardent, she never overdoes golf, not even in spite of the various trophies she has captured in both her native San Diego and in Marin County. She always dresses in becoming sports attire of a color which harmonizes with her dark hair and eyes and ruddy sun-tanned complexion. Next to golf, she likes Spanish, which she speaks and reads fluently. She is popular, always friendly, amusing and easily amused, but unreasonably, she lacks confidence in herself. She is unconsciously naïve and she has a way of lifting her face with a half startled look in her wide brown eyes, but immediately she is full of graciousness and an altogether pleasant courtesy.



DOROTHY MCAFEE

Major: SCIENCE

Treasurer, Student Body, '32
Vice-President, Student Body '33
Vice-President Class '30

Albertus Magnus Club
Biology Club

DOROTHY McAFEE is a sincere and even tempered person, for whom her friends have an exalted admiration. She is sympathetic with one's joys as well as one's troubles and she can be trusted in matters small and great. She has held class and student body offices ever since she has been in college. Her particular interests are in mathematics and science and she is particularly happy when she is doing laboratory work. She has an unusually good mind, but her shyness and modesty have kept her from over-emphasizing her brilliance as a student or her importance as an officer.



BERNICE O'CONNELL

Major: HISTORY

President Student Body '33
Editor Firebrand '32
Editor Meadowlark '31
Secretary Student Body '32
Class President '31
Student Affairs Board '32

Biology Club
English Club
Current Events Club
H. O. O. D. Society

BERNICE O'CONNELL is a pleasant person to live with. She has an unusual sense of the values of life, and a delicate way of soothing the most irritating difficulties largely because she understands the moods of the mob as well as the wishes of the faculty. She has distinguished herself thus as an editor and as president of the Student Body. It is hardly necessary to remark that she is intelligent. She is also conspicuously alert, especially in class. She never fails to catch the brilliant remarks of her history professor, and she has a characteristic way of meditating on some problem suggested by her teacher and missed by everybody else until, when the class is about to be disbanded shortly after the bell has rung, she lures her instructor on to animated exposition that lasts until the professor waiting in the next class-room is about to lock her door. Although diplomatic, she is impulsive and sometimes thoughtless in the matter of expenditure, because it is easy for her to get what she wants, whether it be knowledge or worldly goods or the agreeable cooperation of her fellow students. Her enthusiasm is winning. She is quite irresistible when she goes out as a striving hockey aspirant, perfectly conscious of her inability, but enjoying the game just as if she were a one-man team.



SYLVIA PACHECO

Major: HISTORY

Current Events Club

IT IS rather hard to know Sylvia Pacheco, not because she is shy or really aloof, but because of her apparent attitude of indifference. This attitude is evident in a nonchalance which bespeaks her wish to be a little ultra. She has flaming red hair and sparkling brown eyes. She never gets particularly excited, but she enjoys everything she does. One notices especially her slow speech, knowing smile, and low, expressive laugh. She is a loyal friend, and is always a pleasant companion.



EILEEN RYAN

Major: ENGLISH

Meadowlark Staff '32, '33
Editor Firebrand '33
Editor Rambler '32

English Club
Seven Arts Club

THE eager, questioning look in Eileen Ryan's blue eyes reflects her attitude toward life. She is curious in the fine sense of the word; loyal in her friendships, discriminating in her general tastes, and alive to all the intellectual interests in the college. Ever since she came in her sophomore year, her executive force has been felt in the school publications. She has distinguished herself in athletics, being one of the first ranking tennis players and a member of the cabinet of Hockeytopia. She is fundamentally interested in study, although she may waver in her daily preparation; and she is full of embryonic ideas, which, however, she rarely develops. She brings to every interest and task an enthusiasm that, although it may be short-lived, awakens and delights her companions. She has a wide circle of friends, and is admired by many outside her circle, because she is tactful and unselfish.



GENEVIEVE SANGUINETTI

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Executive Board '32

Albertus Magnus Club
Art Club
Sociology Club

GENEVIEVE SANGUINETTI is a very definite person. She has clear-lined Roman features, white skin, thin lips, deep set eyes, and dark lustrous hair. She has a naturally keen mind, but although she likes to express definite ideas on a multitude of subjects and believes that with one look she can pronounce a person's I. Q., she has not yet acquired an abiding sense of values. Artistic as well as original, she has done a number of oil paintings and has several on exhibition in the Stockton Museum. Her room at Meadowlands will be remembered for its individuality and color and the group which she attracted around the fire or in the sunny maple room for their interest in her startling views of life and mankind.



BRUNA SARTORIO

Major: SPANISH

Spanish Club
Sigma Delta Pi
Albertus Magnus Club
Circolo Italiano

BRUNA SARTORIO is a dark, good looking girl who always has a certain air of smartness about her. Her clothes, which she makes herself, are always exquisitely neat and reveal her sense of style. Her tailored suits are the envy of her less gifted friends. She is generally very quiet, perhaps shy, perhaps remote. Her friends say that her conversation is witty and entertaining and that she makes clever comments on people and life in general.



EUGENIA SMITH

Major: Music

Day Scholar Representative '32
Student Affairs Board '33

Music Club
Madrigal Club

EUGENIA SMITH has poise and a gracious manner. She is extremely amiable, strong in principle and very capable. She is always willing to be of help in little things and larger. She is not only kind, but she is understanding; in consequence she has been a comfort to many a bewildered freshman and an admirable day-scholar representative as well as a member of the board of Student Affairs. She is an all around good student, but she is especially gifted in music. She seems to take pleasure in everything she does and she can always find something to smile happily about.



HELEN STEIN

Major: MUSIC

President Student Affairs Board '33
Secretary Student Affairs Board '32

Music Club
Madrigal Club

HELEN STEIN is striking in appearance. She holds herself erect and glances at those who pass her with a steely look in her freckled eyes. Her hair is blue-black and curly. She argues often, championing the causes which she thinks right, whether for students or faculty. Perhaps a greater gift of humor would lend grace to both her victories and defeats. She changes from one mood to another with quickness, yet she appreciates the quiet and simple life. The out-of-doors has always attracted her, and her room is constantly filled with artistically arranged flowers which she has gathered herself. She loves sailing and is never happier than when lying on the sunny deck of a sail boat acquiring an enviable and smooth coat of tan. She has spent all of her school life at Dominican Convent and College and has been prominent in student activities. This year she served as president of Student Affairs.



CAROLINE SULLIVAN

Major: HISTORY

Music Club
Current Events Club

CAROLINE SULLIVAN is tall, but too absorbed in dreams to care about being impressive. Though she is sometimes accused of absent-mindedness, those who have watched her faithful attention to reducing admire her persistence and intelligent planning. No one who has enjoyed the exchange of wit at dinner between her and Patricia Martin can forget its abundance and merriness. She has a sweet drawling voice that drawls even more sweetly when she is telling funny stories. She is never cranky and is always ready to interrupt her own pleasures to do favors for other people and she is generous in sharing the pretty yellow-tan car in which she looks like Cinderella in the metamorphosed pumpkin.



EILEEN WALSH

Major: SOCIOLOGY

W. A. A. Board '32

Little Theatre Workshop

A BLACK FORD comes dashing up to Guzman and out jumps an attractive girl, straight, blonde and slender, immaculately dressed, no hair out of place. It is Eileen Walsh. As she enters the building she has a smile and friendly greeting for everyone but she varies her friendships among constantly changing groups. She has the gift of finding contentment in any surroundings, simple or sophisticated. She is generous to the point of extravagance, impulsively so. When not driving in her spare moments, she may be found on the tennis courts playing spiritedly. She is a person who quite adorns our campus.



LILLIE-MOORE WATSON

Major: HISTORY

Current Events Club
Biology Club
French Club

LILLIE-MOORE WATSON has marked social talent. In a drawing room filled with people as yet but slightly acquainted, she can quickly change the spirit from timidity and awkwardness to genial good humor. Her laugh is infectious. Its heartiness suggests that there is much in life to be merry about. Yet she has a spark of temper, though she successfully keeps it hidden most of the time. She has definite likes and dislikes; she is generous to her friends and expects an equal generosity from them. She is devoted to her family and to Honolulu and its quaint customs and people.



ROSE MARIE WHITTHORNE

Major: HISTORY

Meadowlark Staff '32
Firebrand Business Staff '32

Tumbling Club
Current Events Club
Little Theatre Workshop

ROSE MARIE WHITTHORNE has vitality and enthusiasm to spare. Her interests are wide, varying from Japanese art to German movies. And as one interest succeeds another she hastens to share it with all she meets. She is light hearted and gay, to the point that she often disregards the more serious phases of life. This sometimes merges into laziness, especially where study is concerned. She is, however, a person whom responsibility changes, observable when as business manager of the *Firebrand* she was industrious and resourceful and highly successful. At the most unexpected times, she involuntarily drops her rôle of light heartedness to discuss with authority politics, foreign affairs or history. She is a devoted friend, considerate and unselfishly kind.

THE JUNIORS

THE juniors are active and ambitious and capable. They have not quite fulfilled their freshman promise in their admirable presentation of *Antigone*, but they have maintained the interest in periodicals so bravely begun in *The Rambler*. Though the class is small, the Meadowlark and Firebrand staffs are composed largely of juniors. And the juniors are largely responsible for the establishment of the Seven Arts Club, perhaps the most ambitious club which Dominican College has attempted. They are an appealing class. In spite of failures, their eagerness, their loyalty never wavers. One recalls the shortlived printed *Rambler* as well as the enthusiastic hockey and basketball games which they have valiantly lost. As seniors they should prove leaders in school spirit and school activity.

BETTY M. GARLAND '34

THE SOPHOMORES

VERSATILITY—that is the keynote of the sophomore class. Socially, athletically, scholastically they are equally prominent. Their philosophy of study is outstanding; it is at once the envy and despair of the rest of the school, for the sophomore policy is to “take things in stride,” and this they do with superlative skill. They do not profess to be the intelligentsia of the school. A carefree temperament carries them through the maze of endless assignments and leads them into the charmed circle of passing grades. This same temperament enables them to win a championship with a smile, and lose one with a laugh. But hidden under this assumed coolness is a dauntless energy—a “will to win” that simply won’t be downed. In proof of this, witness them quietly wearing the laurels of two basketball championships, along with a hockey award gained as freshmen. Their athletic prowess is rivalled only by their social graciousness. Entertaining the seniors, at their own autumn tea dance, amid the dignity of the junior-senior formal, they infuse just enough of a spirit of

quiet gaiety to keep things moving at a merry rate. They provide the perfect hostesses so admired at Sunday tea. All in all, the sophomores believe that in their varied interests they set the pace for the rest of the school.

FRANCES LEMMELET '35

THE FRESHMEN

TIMIDITY is not among the characteristics of this year's freshman class. Soon after our arrival we were shocking the sophomores with our familiarity, and, when our junior big sisters came to help us get used to the strangeness of college life, they found us in the best of spirits, suggesting that they join us in a game. We were irrepressible; checks and sarcasm were equally powerless against our exuberance, and the upperclassmen, at first horrified, gradually accepted us with as good a grace as possible. Unabashed by the disapproval of our elders we proceeded to plan our freshman entertainment for them with enthusiasm, and we at least enjoyed it to the utmost.

Our active interest in everything included classes, and we counted that week lost which had no serious debates between teacher and class in freshman English. Early in the year some one started a rumor that we were a studious group—a freshman is suspected of being the author of this. The rumor grew into a reputation, and we were then able to play marbles

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after dinner, introduce "Coffee Pot" and "Murder" to the dinner tables, and enjoy ourselves fully in the most childish manner without losing dignity.

Shield Day came and we were as intensely interested in that as we had been in everything before. We were serious for the first time, and we at last realized our position in the student body. But, though we now knew our place, we were not overawed by the other classes, and our reputation was so firmly set that it is doubtful that they noticed a difference. We still went into everything with a vigor, even rashness, as great as that of our very first days, and we still noisily enjoyed college. We won the hockey championship. We gave a Hallowe'en masquerade that made even the stateliest of our school mates join in the general hilarity. When the school was asked to adopt a missionary in China only the Dean's careful foresight prevented us from assuming the full obligation of his support, as our class wanted to do. Our freshman play, *Cinderella*, was enthusiastically produced and well received by the audience.

Then, when everyone was convinced that the freshmen could not be quieted, we surprised the college by miming the Stations of

the Cross with a gravity and reverence we were not suspected of possessing.

A class of contradictions—interested in school work, yet frivolous in free time, noisy and record breaking in acquiring checks, but deeply interested in the welfare of the school—it is hard to predict how we shall develop. Our outstanding characteristic has almost disappeared; we are no longer, as an upperclassman expressed it when we arrived, the “freshest bunch of freshmen” ever to invade Dominican College.

JEANNE HOLLOWAY '36

CONCEPCION ARGUELLO

THE DOUBLE SIGNIFICANCE OF HER STORY

MANY of us are acquainted with the names and the great achievements of the most illustrious Dominican saints, but we know too little of the legends of our own San Rafael branch of the Order. Yet the archives of the Dominican Convent at San Rafael are a treasure house of legends and stories set in a background of fascinating history. Their annals contain for instance one story that has been glorified by California poets and novelists, and another, that of Mother Mary Goemare, whose spiritual influence parallels the political history of California in the 1850's. These legends give us the romance of youthful love in Concepcion Argüello and the romance of desire for spiritual achievement in Mother Mary, through whose realized aspirations the long deferred yearnings of "the little dancing saint" came to be ultimately fulfilled.

The California of Concepcion Argüello, or Conchita, as she was familiarly known, was just growing into its Arcadian era. California was

far removed from an urban society, yet there was a continual whirl of pleasure for both old and young. There were some thirty thousand people in Alta California by 1806; "the missions, but thirty miles apart had been the first chain to link the long coast together; the ranches were the next, and the young people, with their incessant desire to dance and picnic, rode from one presidio and rancho to the next, and then again to the next. Great excitement welcomed the packet boats which brought mantillas and satins and embroidered shawls from Mexico, silks for rebozos (a simpler substitute for the mantilla), fans, laces for the ruffles of the men, fine linen, high combs, gold chains, and books for a few." The women were concerned with the rearing of families and the overseeing of servants whom they treated as subordinate children. The men were primarily interested in government and in militaristic pursuits. Their leisure was spent in siestas, love-making, bull-fights, and cock-fights; "they would have thought it a sin to waste time cultivating their minds." Always, a horse, and invariably a stallion, stood saddled and bridled, awaiting the pleasure of the ranchers. Leading

families of the presidios lived "in large adobe houses, white with red tiles, many of them on long irregular streets leading from the presidio . . . They lived in such state as was possible with the accompaniment of whitewashed walls and horsehair furniture." It was in such a house in the San Francisco presidio, one with straw-covered floors, so the old travelers tell us, but with deep, alcove-like windows, overlooking the not far distant bay, that Conchita was born. Her father, Don José Argüello, was commandante of the post at San Francisco. He was "not only an able and energetic officer; he was so good that he was called *el santo*; and although he had worked himself up from the ranks, he had married a Castilian, Doña Ignacia Moraga, and was the most eminent of His Majesty's subjects in the Californias." He was rather stern in dealing with his children but he was quick to see that Conchita was a remarkably bright girl and allowed her to take advantage of the schools established by Borica, one of the early governors.

Conchita was not only clever; she was as well the first of California's long line of beauties. Castilian loveliness she had inherited from

her mother. Of her George H. von Langsdorff writes: "she was lively and animated, had sparkling, love-inspiring eyes, beautiful teeth, pleasing and expressive features, a fine form, and a thousand other charms; and yet her manners were perfectly simple and artless." Of her most precious gift, great piety, there are stories beginning even in her childhood. Her mother had often told her of the Sisters in Spain, and the young Concepcion conceived a longing to enter the religious life; when she was older, she several times set sail for Europe where she might fulfill her desire. Always her ship was driven back by tempest or misfortune, and she eventually came to believe that it was her destiny to remain in California. It seemed that it was not for her to think of life in a convent and for the present she gayly resigned herself to the social whirl of the military circle. It is as La Favorita of the Presidio that we come definitely to know her. All were charmed by her gentleness and refinement, by her vivacity as well as her dignity, by the sweetness of her voice when she spoke or sang, and by her grace as she danced.

She was just sixteen when the *Juno* of Baron Nicolai Petrovich de Rezanov sailed in through

the Golden Gate, carrying not only her destiny, but what might have changed the destiny of three nations. Rezanov, protégé of Catherine II, staff of the ill-balanced and intractable Paul I, was one of the ten barons of Russia, and promoter of the first Russian expedition to circumnavigate the globe. As Russia's first ambassador to Japan, mortified by that country's scorn of the imperial eagle, he plunged himself into the interests of the Russian-American Fur Trading Company. During the winter of 1805-06, in New Archangel (now Sitka, Alaska) he saw his company enduring great sufferings and hardships because of severe storms and lack of food. He recognized California as the nearest source for relief through trade relations which he hoped to establish. From this hope came a dream which, due to a force outside his power, was never to be realized. He saw himself settled in California where he would welcome his compatriots who would eventually come to outnumber the Spaniards. Sudden hordes might even "descend from the north at the propitious moment and snatch the provinces from New Spain; nor was it California alone that Rezanov desired for Russia, but the entire Pacific coast

north of San Diego." He bought a barque, the *Juno*, from a Yankee skipper, and set sail for California. He was then forty-two years old; his driving force in behalf of both nation and company emanated at least partly from sorrow over the death of his wife, daughter of the merchant Sheilkov, who had conceived this Alaskan enterprise. "He was a remarkably handsome man, both in stature and the bold outline of his rather cold and haughty face, towering above the Californians, and always wearing one or other of the superb uniforms of his rank and time. It is no wonder that there was a face at every grille on the day of his arrival, and a Castilian rose above every little ear at the ball that night."

It was early in April that "the *Juno* reached the entrance to the Bay of San Francisco, hove to and lay outside until morning, when, with all sails set and wind in her favor, a straight run was made for the harbor." To enter Rezanov had to defy the Spanish cannon; this defiance was prophetic.

All foreign vessels were looked upon with suspicion, but in the absence of his sterner father, Don Luis Argüello received the voyagers

most kindly, albeit anxiously, and made Rezanov a guest in the presidio. "The hospitality was Castilian, unaffected, intimate and at the evenings' dances in this old building their barrego (that of the Russian marines) was more graceful than any inartistic tango." At the ball given in honor of Rezanov and his officers, the lovely Conchita, Don Luis' devoted sister, proved herself more than ever La Favorita, especially to Rezanov, to whom her youthful beauty and spontaneity were most appealing, and "that she should lose her heart to this superb and distinguished stranger, the first man of the great world she had ever met, was inevitable."

Rezanov had to await the arrival of Governor Arrillaga and Don José Argüello before the trading agreement could be fixed. Finally, he was allowed not to trade outright, but to sell the cargo he had brought, and with the money from the sale, to buy foodstuffs for his people. During the six weeks spent in negotiating, Rezanov saw Conchita daily. "There was a terrific excitement at the presidio when he asked Don José for the hand of his daughter," because in spite of his personal popularity with

her family, as a member of the Greek church, he was a heretic, and the daughter of *el santo*, "loyal subject of king and Church," should not be for him. That his betrothal to Conchita was dear to him is shown by his willingness to travel over the Siberian waste to St. Petersburg, to Rome, to Madrid, to procure permission for the marriage. Indeed, Conchita would be to him besides a loving and devoted wife, a link between Russia and Spain. As Rezanov sailed out of the Golden Gate bitterly regretting that he must be parted from her for at least two years, his dream seemed more than ever feasible, "as he saw the hills of San Francisco, white with the marble of palaces and gay with bazaars flashing with the golden roofs and crosses that had made the fame of Moscow—cupolas, spires, lofty towers with bulbous domes! And about this wonderful bay, which he had the wit to appreciate at a glance, a line of bristling forts, villas between, painted with the bright colors of Italy, and set in gardens sweet with Castilian roses. He was a great and practical dreamer, as the historians of his country testified after his untimely death; but the Fates were on the side of the Americans, and they had

willed that in the history of California his name was to shine not as a conqueror, but as a lover." His too great eagerness, defiant still amid the rigors of the journey overland, served not to bring him to his goal, but rather brought him to his death at Krasnoiarsk in March, 1807. Conchita waited, and the two years passed, but no word was heard of the departed Rezanov. Finally news came by slow way of schooners from the north, and the sorrowing Conchita turned once again to the desire of her early girlhood, administered to the poor and sick, not yet as a nun, but as a "Beata of the Third Order of the Franciscans."

/ / /

In far-off Europe, destiny was working to fulfill Concepcion's ultimate desire. The Very Reverend Joseph Sadoc Alemany, first Bishop of San Francisco, and a Dominican, on his way to California from Rome, stopped in Paris where he hoped to secure some nuns to assist him in his work. Mother Mary Goemare, or Sister Mary de la Croix, answered his appeal. She came from the Convent of the Holy Cross of the cloistered Second Order, a convent we all know from the closing scene of Rostand's

Cyrano de Bergerac. She was a Belgian, of good family, well educated, capable and of the robust constitution of her race. And, "although forty years of age on entering religion, she was as active and vigorous as a young girl. Her countenance bore a striking resemblance to that of Savonarola and by nature she seemed possessed of traits of character not unlike those of the great reformer." That she exerted herself for cultural advancement too is seen from her little now-ivoried books of plain chant that were to be written beautifully and with care in the new community. Two postulants from one of the convents of the Third Order, established by Lacordaire, accompanied Mother Mary on her mission. But when the three reached the Dominican Foundation in Ohio, two professed nuns volunteered to go in their places. One of these, however, Sister M. Aloysia O'Neil, who by the way, was foster-sister of Mrs. William T. Sherman and had a devoted friend in General Sherman, had yet to pronounce her vows.

Meanwhile, Mother Mary proceeded by way of Panama to California, where in 1850 she established the first California Convent, St. Catherine's in Monterey. This Monterey of

1850 "was not the Monterey of today. The town was then the capital of the state, but it consisted of only about two hundred adobe houses scattered in many directions with a mixed population of about five hundred. The idyllic simplicity of the days of the Spanish régime and the Franciscan Fathers, when people got more out of life with less of meanness and the vices of civilization, had vanished never to return. The town had then been occupied by the Americans for three years, and the usual riff-raff following the conquering army completely changed the complexion of Monterey. Moreover, the Mexican leaders who for the most part affected the liberalism of the day, left their impression on the simple faith of an earlier day. A short time saw the eighty years' labor of the padres undone. But amid a population consisting chiefly of half-naked Indians and discharged soldiers, the seed sown by the Franciscan Fathers needed just such a woman as Mother Mary to carry on the work of evangelizing and civilizing the Indians.

It was here in Monterey that Concepcion Argüello became the first postulant of the Dominicans in California, and in 1851 received

the habit as Sister Mary Dominica. It was here too that she began the teaching of music in the new school. Three years later, the convent was moved to Benicia, the new capital of the state. Benicia at that time was considered "a town of growing importance—a town of great promise. Beautifully situated on the straits of Carquinez it had been compared to Constantinople on the Golden Horn." And it lay on the direct line of travel to the mines of Nevada. The now fashionable St. Catherine's Academy was brought here too, where Sister Dominica taught until her death in 1857. Of her life as a nun, it is said: "Humble, pure, mortified, she hardly lived in an earthly atmosphere, but seemed already to taste the joys of the heavenly country." And we still delight in a little poem which shows her walking in the sunlit convent garden with another Sister, recalling how her father had so long ago found his Conchita dancing before a shrine of the Loreto and named her his little dancing saint.

ALICE DUFFY '34

EILEEN RYAN '33

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

THIS year, 1933, commemorates the centenary of the Oxford Movement, a movement best known through the person of Cardinal Newman who for so many people dispelled the spirit of doubt of God's care of man which settled down upon England at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The spirit of doubt darkened the minds of the greatest men of the Victorian Age, who faced it and attempted to answer its query. Few achieved an adequate answer.

Wordsworth gave the earliest expression to this darkness in his *Intimations of Immortality* by affirming:

"But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth."

Matthew Arnold went no further than a cry to his beloved to make him forget:

"Ah, love, let us be true
To one another, for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain

Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

Walter Pater perceived that only through faith could he dispell doubt, yet he never found that faith. Tennyson, likewise, discovered that only faith could make the pilgrimage of life an experience less than terrible and blind, but he went further than Pater and prayed:

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, who have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;
A beam in darkness: let it grow
And in Thy wisdom make me wise."

Carlyle took from Gœthe a philosophy by which one might forget the doubt, "The Everlasting Nay", in doing perfectly one's daily tasks and, through continually experiencing perfection, arrive at the "Everlasting Yea" of faith that God does govern our world.

Newman's doubts were different from those which beset the other great minds of the century. Never for a moment did he question the existence of God. That he knew to be the only real and vital truth of the whole universe. The existence of God was recognized by him, moreover, not objectively, but personally. Early in

his life he came to believe that "he was elected to eternal glory". It was this consciousness which confirmed in Newman a "distrust of the reality of material phenomena and which made him rest in the thought that the two only absolute and luminously self-evident beings in the world were himself and his Creator." This thought was responsible for Newman's intense seriousness and sensitiveness. From the time of his first conversion at the age of fifteen Newman experienced a succession of changes which were in reality a direct development of the one idea toward which he continually traveled—the finding of the True and Apostolic Church. When his mind was assailed for the first time by the doubt that perhaps the Anglican Church which he had cherished and loved was not the True and Apostolic one, his whole soul and spirit was wrenched by the discovery. And as he moves Romeward we see a slow, painful, interrupted progress, which was a matter of faith, a question and a solution of faith.

Cardinal Newman was convinced that God's care for and love of man is made manifest through the Church established by Christ and His Apostles. Though he considered the

world in its length and breadth and saw in it tokens only "faint and broken of a superintending design", looked upon its miseries, the defeat of good, the success of evil, the prevalence and intensity of sin and corruption, the whole human race "having no hope and without God in the world", yet he was not led to deny God. He was led, rather, to sense that here was a profound mystery beyond human solution. But he perceived and reasoned, "*If there is a God, since there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purpose of the Creator*". But God, in his compassion, sent Christ to save the world from the result of original sin and, as a means of tempering the mind, the emotions of man, he has established the Catholic Church as an infallible body. The Church was the "Everlasting Yea" for Newman.

Newman's conversion meant the end of the Oxford Movement, but his effect and influence survived even in the Anglican Church. Although loss of him seemed overwhelming and irreparable, and, although the Anglican Church was split into two parties by reason of this

movement, yet, on the whole, the gain was greater than the loss, Through it a dulled clergy became alive to the greatness and the dignity of their divine calling with its entailing responsibilities, self-sacrifice and holiness. For the Catholic Church, the conversion of Newman has had a profound and ever growing influence. It not only gave the Church Newman himself, but it also caused many to follow in the way that God had made clear for him. This Oxford Movement of one hundred years ago was the first link in the great work of reuniting once again the Church of England with that of Rome. It is largely due to the Oxford Movement that in England, Catholicism once more so strongly flourishes.

MARY BARBARA LINS '33

SUNSETS

(Translated from Victor Hugo)

II

Light leaves the skies, 'neath thin, transparent veil
From time to time a faint star ventures forth;
Night slowly mounts to evening's shadowed throne;
Part of the sky is dark, the rest combats the dusk;
Now, following the setting sun's red sombreness,
On darkening slopes grey twilight dies.

And there, its starry windows lighting up,
Its great cathedral with the jagged spires,
Towers of palace and towers of prison,
High bell towers, shadow-darkened dungeon—
Placed at the edge of the sky like a long, rough saw,
The city's thousand roofs jag sharply the horizon.

Oh! Who will take me to some tower high
That I may see the city like a wide abyss below,
And hear, listening to this city where we grovel,
Its great voice fade, its voice like a widow's plaint,
Which in the day sounds louder than the mighty
stream,
Beating wildly against twenty bridges.

That I may see there hurrying by
Stars of chariots meeting in the streets,
And people winding through the narrow square,

And smoke exhausted at the chimneys' tops,
And along emblazoned houses' fronts,
A hundred lights gleam, then pass, one by one.

That I may see the ancient city on its bed
Stretch out; that a heavy sigh may escape its lips
As if I heard it moaning in fatigue!
That, watching alone, standing on its forehead
 which I press,
Through a thousand deaf'ning sounds of sea and
 throngs,
I may watch the giant sleeping at my feet.

VI

The sun has set this evening in the clouds.
Tomorrow come storm, evening, and night;
Then dawn, its shining radiance marred by mists;
Then nights, then days, the steps of fleeting time.

These days will pass—will vanish in a mass,
O'er the face of seas, o'er the face of mountain slopes,
O'er silvery streams, o'er forests where there hover,
Like a vague, confused hymn the dead we love.

The face of the waters and the mountain slopes,
Young though furrowed, and woods forever green
Will be made young; the river of the fields
Will ever take from mountains the wave it gives the
 sea.

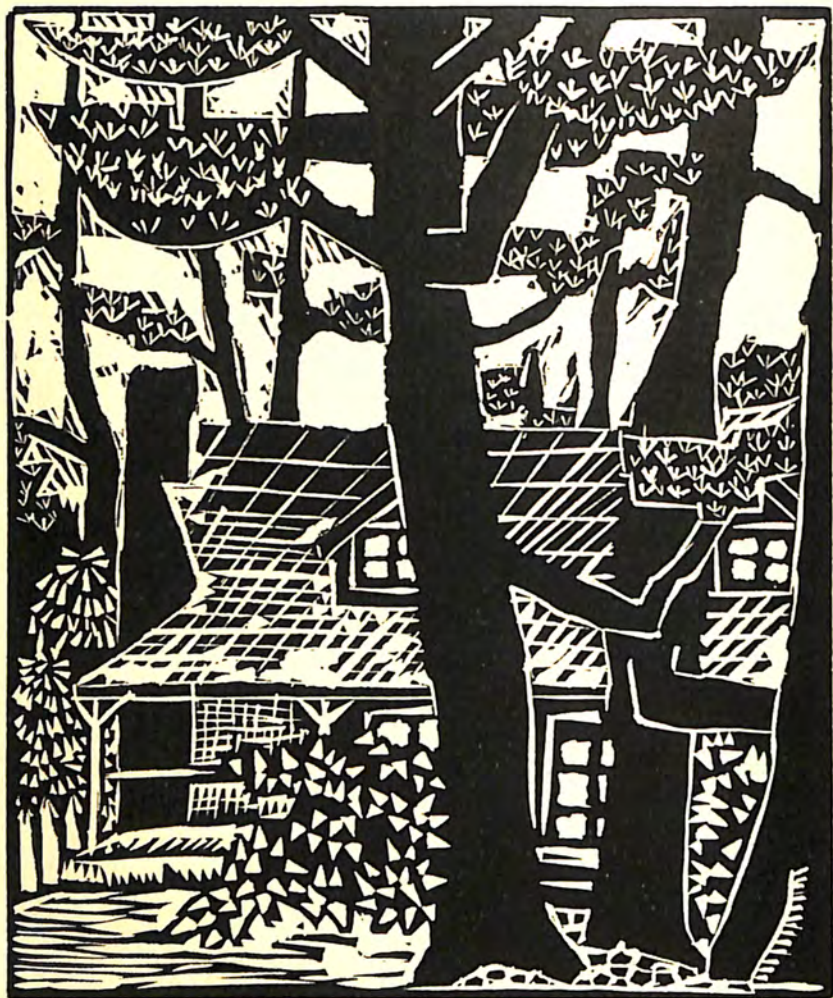
But I, who bow still lower my head each day,
Who walk indifferent 'neath the joyous sun,
In the midst of the festival I shall go away
And nothing will be lacking in this huge, radiant
world.

CITA CAPUCCIO '33

THE MOON

Slim and lovely and glimmering bright,
The young moon peers across the leafy trees,
Like a silver feather wafted high
On the wings of the April evening breeze.

BETTY M. GARLAND '34



FOREST MEADOWS

THE most striking qualities of Forest Meadows are its contrast of light and shade and its magnificent, almost awesome solitude. From whatever angle one enters these meadows one finds oneself surrounded by huge towering trees whose leafy tops cast a sombre shadow occasionally broken by silver-like filters of light. The eucalyptus trees fill the air with a clean, refreshing fragrance that is healthful and invigorating. The soft dirt beneath one's feet is covered with needles showered from the branches of surrounding pine trees. Many paths weave in and out among the trees leading on to fascinating, intricate bypaths.

At a time of day when there is no one else in the meadows the stillness is broken only by the raucous cawing of crows which inhabit the leafy branches of the trees, a plaintive call of a silver-throated bird which at times reaches a high joyful note, the scolding of small scurrying squirrels as they grip the friendly bark with a taut intensity for fear of invaders and if one comes very close, the soft purly running of

the creek sweeping liquidly among the gnarled roots exposed on its banks, the strong swishing of broad leafy branches on a windy day, a wind that is heard but not felt.

One may cross one of the rustic bridges and come to the brightness of the tennis courts with the adjoining green of the hockey field acting as a startling and pleasant contrast to the surrounding shade.

Calm sounds of nature are interrupted during school hours by laughing, chattering, brightly dressed girls as they improve on their "motions of tennis." During this time one forgets about the crows, squirrels, wind, and butterflies fluttering above the lawn and turns to the joyful sport of the game. A vigor is manifested that is a contrast to the lazy rolling of the brook and the calmness that is nature's.

Forest Meadows is an ideal refuge for either a sportswoman or a dreamer.

IMELDA GREENE '34

MARJORIE FLEMING

AS REFLECTED IN DR. BROWN'S SKETCH
OF HER

THOUGH little "Maidie" came "quick to confusion" with the measles when she was only eight, over a hundred years ago, yet her bright, chubby face with the "deep-set, brooding eyes, as eager to tell what is going on within as to gather all the glories from without, quick with the wonder and pride of life, eyes that would not be seen satisfied with seeing, eyes that would devour their object, and yet childlike and fearless", and the "mouth that would not be seen satisfied with love" shines out still through Dr. John Brown's sketch of her. Through it she looks straight at us, "fearless, and full of love, passionate, wild, wilful, fancy's child". His little story is imbued with Dr. Brown's own affection for "Pet Marjorie," her mother's pet and "Isy's", as well as that of everyone who knew her. And indeed "Maidie" with her faculty of "beloving" and wild hunger to be loved, had many friends. Sir Walter Scott especially adored her. She was the "lamb" he used to carry off in the neuk of his

shepherd's plaid to play with for hours and to recite his nursery rhyme "lesson" to, and he said of Marjorie, "she's the most extraordinary person I have ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does."

"Maidie" was indeed extraordinarily gifted. Young as she was, she had the poet's feeling and appreciative understanding, but withal the endearing freshness, the naivete, the impetuosity, the little "badnesses" of a child, which she almost daily confessed and earnestly deplored. She speaks to us still through her journals, her letters, and her verses, with the intriguing orthography lovingly left untouched.

In Marjorie's very first letter, written before she was six, her peppery little pen remarks that "Some horrid, fat simpleton says that my aunt is beautiful, which is entirely impossible, for that is not her nature." Then shortly afterward in her diary come bits such as these . . . "The day of my existence here has been delightful and enchanting. On Saturday I expected no less than three well-made bucks, the names of whom is here advertiesed. Mr. Geo. Crakey and Wm. Keith and Jn. Keith—the first is the funniest of every one of them. Mr. Crakey and I

walked to Crakyhall hand in hand in innocence and matitation (meditation) sweet thinking on the kind of love which flows in our tender-hearted mind which is overflowing with majestic pleasure no one was ever so kind to me in the hole state of my existence. Mr. Craky you must know is a great Buck and pretty good-looking." And again she records, "I am at Ravelston enjoying nature's fresh air. The birds are singing sweetly—the calf doth frisk and nature shows her glorious face." A few pages later—"My religion is greatly falling off because I don't pray with so much attention when I am saying my prayers, and my character is lost among the Braehead people. I hope I will be religious again, but as for regaining my character I despare for it."

Soon after she was six, "Maidie" began writing verse, mostly to her sister, her "dear love Isabella". She was quite familiar with poetry and even critical of it as we may gather from passages such as this in her diary: "Thomson is a beautiful author, and Pope, but nothing to Shakespeare of which I have a little knoledge. Macbeth is a pretty composition, but awful one." Marjorie tells us that she never read ser-

mons of any kind, but she writes, "I read novel-ettes and my Bible and I never forget it, or my prayers." She liked to read "the Fabulous historys about the historys of Robin, Dickey, Flapsey, and Piccay and it is very amusing for some were good birds, and some were bad, but Piccay was the most dutiful and obedient to her parents." Marjorie knew the characters of world history as well. She has a long poem on Mary Queen of Scots:

"Queen Mary was much loved of all,
Both by the great and by the small.
But hark! her soul to heaven doth rise!
And I suppose she has gained a prise—
For I do think she would not go
Into that awful place below;
There is a thing that I must tell,
Elizabeth went to fire and hell;
He who would teach her to be civil,
It must be her great friend the devil!"

The following lines are about Darnley:

"A noble's son, a handsome lad,
By some queer way or other had
Got quite the better of her heart,
With him she always talked apart:
Silly he was, but very fair,
A greater buck was not found there."

Our little "Maidie's" nature was growing ever richer. Not long before she died, she wrote to her mother: "I long for you with the longings of a child to embrace you—to hold you in my arms. I respect you with all the respect due to a mother. You don't know how I love you." The day before her fatal relapse, she repeated to her father Burns' lines of the publican prayer in the paraphrase, which again she recited the night before her death. This repeating of these lines stirred the depths of feeling in her soul and she begged to write a poem "to her loved cousin on the author's recovery". This was Marjorie's last work on earth.

"Oh! Isa, pain did visit me,
I was at the last extremity;
How often I did think of you,
I wished your graceful form to view,
To clasp you in my weak embrace,
Indeed I thought I'd run my race:
Good care, I'm sure, of me was taken,
But still indeed I was much shaken,
At last I daily strength did gain
And Oh! at last, away went pain:
At length the doctor thought I might
Stay in the parlor all the night;
I now continue so to do,
Farewell to Nancy and to you."

ALICE DUFFY '34

DON MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

THE humblest, most obscure life is worth infinitely more than the greatest work of art." So writes Miguel de Unamuno in his *Ensayos*. And he has always acted on the firm belief that to study mankind one may best begin on one's self. To read Unamuno's writings is to know the man. One does not have to travel to distant Salamanca; to know Unamuno one has only to read his essays, his novels, his poetry, or his philosophy.

Miguel de Unamuno y Jugo was born in Bilbao on September 29, 1864. When he was six years old his father died. Four years later Bilbao was besieged by Carlist troops. It is not difficult to imagine the effect which such a siege would have on any small boy's mind; especially was this true of the mind of the future author. The whole family sought refuge from the flying debris in the neighbors' cellars, and from there the young Miguel and his companions sallied forth to collect the spent shells. As the schools had been closed the children were free to play in the roofless churches and

half standing buildings and to conduct their own miniature campaigns and bombardments. From these personal experiences was to be born Unamuno's first novel *Paz en la Guerra*.

The religious atmosphere of Unamuno's Catholic home was marked by simple and heart-felt piety. As a youth Unamuno was a member of the Guild or *Congregación* of San Luis Gonzaga and could be seen walking in procession on the feast of Corpus Christi, the insignia of the order on his breast and a lighted candle in his hand. During adolescence his imaginative soul passed through a phase of spiritual ferment characteristic of youth, but it was fortunately tempered by the course of philosophy prescribed for his study for the baccalaureate. He received his introduction to such modern philosophers as Kant, Descartes, and Hegel from reading the Catalan philosopher Balmes. At once he plunged into a vertigo of metaphysics; he even transcribed into a two-penny note-book his own elaborate system of philosophy, "very symmetrical and bristling with formulas."

In 1880 Unamuno left his beloved native Bilbao for Madrid to continue his studies. He

was passionately fond of the rugged, sturdy country of his youth, so it was with tears in his eyes, he tells us, that he entered the capital. In all the years he spent there he was never completely happy; he was always troubled by a sense of isolation and homesickness, and at the same time he was suffering from poor health as well as mental and spiritual unrest. He took his doctor's degree in philosophy and applied for a professorship in psychology, logic, and ethics; failing to obtain this, he later tried for one in metaphysics. His failure to receive either was probably due to his independence and his contempt for the conventional curriculum. He made two more unsuccessful attempts and at last secured a professorship in Greek. Later he returned to his native Bilbao where he married and then took residence at Salamanca. Here he conducted classes in Greek and in the evolution of the Castilian language. After nine years he was appointed Rector of the University.

From his chair at Salamanca, Unamuno theoretically took part in the stormy politics of Spain during that period following her war with the United States. Not long able to content himself with theory, he entered wholeheartedly into practical politics. In speech,

pamphlet, and newspaper article he fearlessly denounced officials and corruption in the government, a course of action which led to his removal from the office of Rector. With the suspension of the constitution and the establishment of the military directory in 1923 by General Primo de Rivera, there came a cessation of liberty of speech. As a result of his protest against this tyranny, Unamuno received notice on February 21, 1924, to be prepared to leave within twenty-four hours for Fuerte Ventura, the most remote and barren of the Canary Islands. Packing a few necessities and putting in his pocket the Greek New Testament and a volume of Leopardi's poems, he awaited the escort. The news of the banishment of this patriot was the cause of outbursts of indignation both at home and abroad, and several times his followers and sympathizers sought secretly to effect his return. Even in exile his spirit was not broken. The fact that he publicly advertised his scorn of King Alfonso by decorating a mere camel's neck with the royal medal was a bit damaging to the royal prestige. When at last the government granted Unamuno permission to return, this constant

source of worry had already been kidnapped by friends and was en route to France. Paris, however, proved quite as unsatisfactory to his restless soul as Madrid had been some years past.

Unamuno is a man with a seemingly limitless capacity for work. One of the most remarkable and enviable of his characteristics is his power of reading. He is familiar with the literatures and cultures of ancient Greece and Rome and, in addition to these, he knows those of modern Europe and America; his extensive knowledge of languages has enabled him to read these in the originals. His versatile spirit is constantly manifesting itself in creative work which takes the form of essay, poetry, novel, philosophy, or criticism. He has taken a foremost place in the famous group of Spanish literati known as the "Generation of 1898." However, his interests are not confined to scholastic activities alone. He has been head of the University and a lively participant in municipal and national affairs.

If one goes early some afternoon to a little café called the *Círculo Salamanca* his attention may be attracted by the entrance of an arresting figure of a man half way through the fifties.

"He is clad in a double-breasted blue serge jacket with a rim of white collar falling over a kind of clerical waistcoat that is void of the usual triangular opening for the display of shirt and necktie, his head crowned with a round parsonical black hat." Sturdy health and energy seem to radiate from his erect carriage, his broad square shoulders, the proud set of his iron gray head, even the crisp curl of the trimly clipped beard which outlines the firm set of the jaw. His keen brown eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles are those of the man of action, those of a woodsman perhaps, which have been quickened by silent contact with the rugged nature of the mountain country. A stranger would never guess this man to be a philosopher. There is about him nothing of the sickly pallidness which one seems to associate with a life spent in study; rather, an appearance of the fighter Unamuno is known to be. At the café he takes his place in the midst of a circle of friends who gather daily to exchange opinions or discuss questions, for every Spaniard dearly loves to talk. This heterogeneous group is composed of doctors, lawyers, university professors and students, business men, poets, writers

of all kinds; the opinions and convictions are quite as varied as the group. As the discussion progresses a number of small children gather outside the great glass window; they are watching Don Miguel intently. With deft fingers he is folding bits of paper into various sorts of geometrical designs which will soon take form and shape and grow into astonishingly realistic little animals. With no small delight one watches the faces of the street urchins with their noses flattened against the pane; fascinated, they watch an ever increasing menagerie of pigs, chickens, frogs, and birds of prey growing from uninteresting looking squares of white paper.

Unamuno rises early, and after his mid-day meal and his discussion at the café he always sets out for a long walk, fair weather or foul. As the discussion of the *Círculo* is continued on these excursions it is no wonder that Don Miguel very often has the company of some interested friends. About dusk he returns to his study. This is an interesting room as it seems so much to reflect the occupant. It is a lofty, spacious, square room furnished simply with a huge square writing desk and a few plain

chairs. Its severity is relieved by the shelves of bookcases which completely fill the wall space; even the floor space seems to be almost covered with books. There is a small brasier underneath the table, which apparently sends forth heat but to the ordinary senses is scarcely perceptible. Undoubtedly this is the plain workshop of an intellectual worker. Having refreshed himself from his walk with a glass of ice cold water, Unamuno writes until the hour for dinner with his family. In the evening he is rarely attracted by the theater and prefers bed to almost any social function.

Unamuno's creed is based on the fundamental tenet of the irreplaceable value of the human soul. We are all made according to a definite pattern—all very true—but the ingredients which go into the making of the individual are never found twice in the exact same proportion. There is, therefore, only one Juan López or one John Smith in the world. The individual soul is precious because of its uniqueness and irreplaceability. Unamuno goes even further; in his *Tragic Sense of Life* he says that it is the duty of every one to discover what is unique about himself, to bring

it to light and, by expressing it, to impose it upon the world. In his *Niebla* he tries by a probing, sifting, analyzing, refining, and disintegrating of ideas to see whether the collective genius of our people may not gradually become more flexible, more subtle. This expressing of ideas takes courage because as society seeks always to impose conformity, it resents the unusual. Unamuno holds up the example of Don Quixote who seems to symbolize the warfare of the individual soul. Thus in his *Commentary on the Life of Don Quixote and Sancho* he urges his fellow countrymen to "emulate the quixotic qualities of courage and faith—faith even though it be an illusion—the quixotic tenacity of conviction and the quixotic contempt for the standards of worldly prudence—and for the authority of common sense and cold, mocking reason."

Any attempt to label Unamuno has always brought forth a storm of protest from the man himself. If a definition is demanded he replies that he is "a man of contradiction and strife." These contradictions within him are those of the "Catholic and the agnostic, the mystic and the realist, the vitalist and the rationalist, the

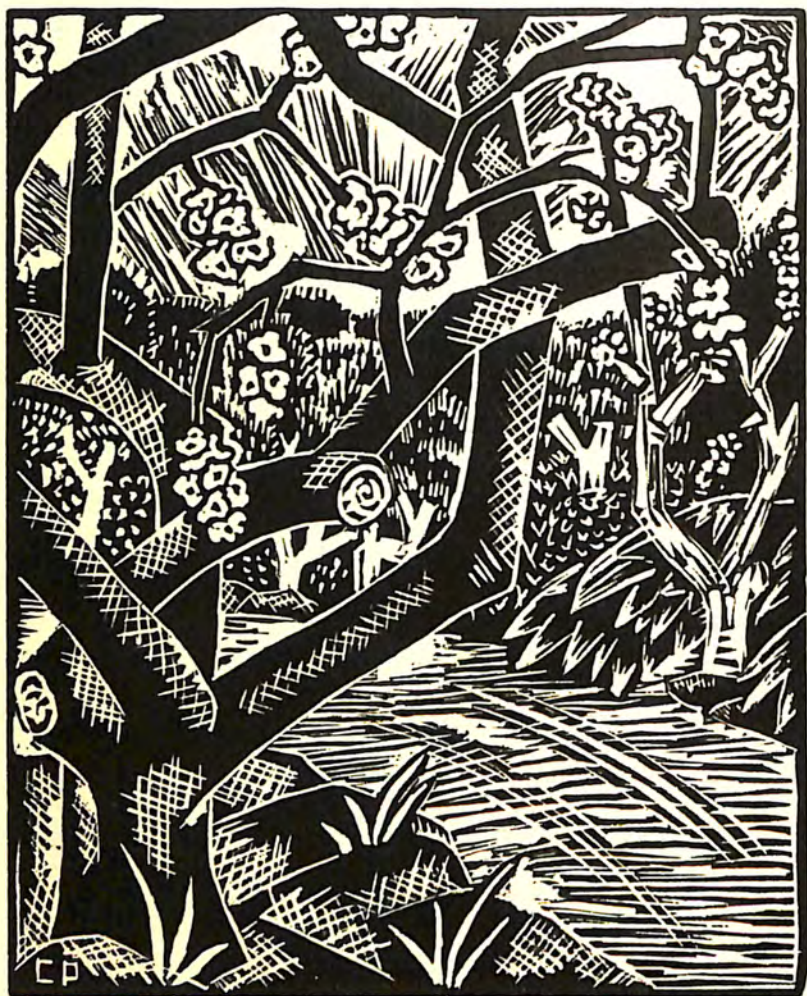
contemplative and the man of action—the contradictions inherent in a man who finds consolation in despair and peace in conflict.” If we are loathe to bind him within the narrow confines of a definition perhaps the vastness of his achievements and the broad scope of his aims are more fittingly described by those few words in which Giordano Bruno described himself—an awakener of sleeping souls.

ELYNOR LEARY '34


THE WEAVER

Time at her spinning wheel, the Universe,
Spins her threads of joy and tears,
Then blends and shades the colors on the loom
And weaves a gorgeous tapestry of years.

BETTY M. GARLAND '34



BY THE CLIPPED YEW TREE

NE of the pleasantest places to rest on a Spring day is in the Meadowlands' garden, the spot at the back of the yew tree, square-clipped in layers like a giant's pomponed hat. Here, sitting on the thick grass, one can see the sky and the top of Tamalpais above the pear tree drive. On one side, the lawn curves past the hydrangea bushes to the evergreens of the upper garden; on the other, above the mammoth marigold border, blossoms an apricot tree. What makes this place seem remote and secluded is the uninterrupted solitude and the continuous drone of bees. This quiet is unbroken for two or three hours at a time. Here one can sit and dream and, although the north wind scatters the leaves along the path to Guzman, it is always warm and cozy behind the tree. The smell of freshly-cut grass and warm, damp earth smoothes the nerves. But best of all, one can lean against the solid foliage of the tree without having millions of little insects drop out of it. All in all, this spot is a satisfying place to spend an idle hour away from the hurry and scurry of a school day.

FRANCES LEMMELET '35

RENAISSANCE EDUCATION

THE impulse of the Renaissance so strongly emphasized learning that the enthusiasm for study spread even to women, particularly to women of noble and wealthy families. This movement toward a wide cultivation of the intellect began in Italy where such women as Vittoria Colonna, Beatrice and Isabella d'Este, Bianca da Capello, Mary of Modena and the women of the house of Borgia occupied high places in the intellectual groups of their cities. In preparation for their roles as wives and patrons of the brilliant men of the Renaissance, these women received during their youth the highest education. As patrons of learning and general culture, Beatrice and her sister availed themselves of their positions as mistresses of two of the most brilliant courts of Italy to attract to their service a distinguished coterie of poets and artists. In thus gathering together eminent men of letters and of art and in providing opportunities for continued study and discussion, they took an active part in the actual development of the Renaissance. Vittoria Colonna is

probably even more famous than the d'Estes. She won the esteem of everyone with whom she came in contact. Michel Angelo addressed some of his finest sonnets to her and spent long hours in her company. She numbered among her literary friends such men as Castiglione, Cardinal Bembo and Luigi Alamanni. Castiglione was also among the intimates of the Princesses d'Este, as were Leonardo da Vinci, Raphaël, Andrea Mantegna, Nicolo da Correggio.

England, though late in catching the enthusiasm of the Renaissance, was not behind in achievement nor were her women backward. Particularly distinguished were Margaret More, daughter of Blessed Thomas More, Lady Elizabeth Tyrwhitt; and Lady Jane Grey, proficient in classical and European languages, skilled in the arts of music and literature, and learned in philosophy and dialectics. Lady Jane wrote and spoke Greek, Latin, French and Italian, and studied the beginnings of Christianity through the medium of Hebrew, Arabic and Chaldean manuscripts. The most complete record is that of Elizabeth Tudor, second daughter of Henry VIII, destined by him to be an ornament to his court as well as a source of

pride to himself. She began to study when most children have hardly learned their nursery rhymes. By the age of seven her formal education, that is, the study of Greek and Latin, had been begun under the guidance of William Grindall, son of the famous Archbishop of Canterbury. In accordance with the educational ideas of her day, study of these two languages was continued until she read them as easily as her native tongue. And, although Henry often expressed contempt for women, when it was a question of the education of his daughters he gave them the same scholarly classical education which he had received. Thus Elizabeth and her sister, the future Queen Mary, shared the tutors of their brother, the young Prince Edward. All of Henry's children inherited his pride, and Mary, Elizabeth and Edward competed sturdily with each other for intellectual supremacy. Elizabeth strove to surpass her older sister, Mary, and Edward to surpass Elizabeth. As a result of this competition, all were exceptional students. Their love of learning was so great that John Heywood wrote, "As soon as it was light they (Elizabeth and Edward) called for their books: so wel-

come were their 'horæ matutinæ' that they seemed to prevent one night's repose for the entertainment of the morrow's schooling." Edward and Elizabeth, scorning to write letters to each other in English, carried on their correspondence in Latin. As a result Elizabeth acquired a pure and noble Ciceronian style which she never lost, and even her English correspondence was tinged with these qualities of composition. Cicero and Livy were her favorite Latin writers, and Roger Ascham in one of his letters wrote that "from these two authors her knowledge of the Latin language was almost exclusively derived."

A spirit of Hellenism had a great influence upon her life. This was brought about by the fact that at the time when her formal education began, the first professorship of Greek was founded at Cambridge. She commenced the study of this greatest of classical languages under William Grindall and continued under Roger Ascham, who, in speaking of her studies in one of his letters, wrote, "The beginning of the day was always devoted by her to the New Testament in Greek, after which she read selected orations of Isocrates, and the tragedies

of Sophocles, which I judged best adapted to supply her tongue with the purest diction, her mind with the most excellent precepts, and her exalted station with a defense against the utmost power of fortune." A beautiful relation existed between Ascham and his pupil. Her interest in Greek was accentuated by an appreciation of his high ideals which made for a strong bond of sympathy between them. He once wrote: "I teach her the tongues to speak and her modest and maidenly looks teach me works to do, for I think she is the best disposed of any in all Europe." Later, when she came under the influence of her devoted step-mother, Katherine Parr, more stress was placed upon the study of religious works than upon Greek and Latin authors. It was then that Elizabeth made her translation of Margaret of Navarre's *The Mirror of a Sinful Soul*. Later, when she was under the tutelage of Roger Ascham, in speaking again of Elizabeth's studies in one of his letters, he wrote, "For her religious instruction, she drew first from the fountains of Scripture, and afterwards from Saint Cyprian, the *Commonplaces of Melancthon*, and similar works, which convey pure doctrine in elegant language."

By the time she was twelve, Elizabeth had studied French, Italian, Spanish, Flemish and Hebrew, which she spoke and wrote with facility. She had also gained some knowledge of the principles of geography, architecture, mathematics and astronomy, and had included in her curriculum the study of the sciences which in her time rarely formed part of the educational program of a princess. The study of poetry was merely a form of diversion for her leisure time and she would sometimes amuse herself by writing verses; these, however, were neither particularly bad nor good. Elizabeth was well versed in the science of music and, besides, she was an excellent seamstress. On the second anniversary of Prince Edward's birth, when the nobles of England showered upon him expensive gifts of gold and silver, Elizabeth gave him a little cambric shirt made by herself. She was at the time only six years old, but her exquisite workmanship called forth many compliments.

One of Elizabeth's well-known weaknesses was a prideful display of learning. Numerous anecdotes are told of her exhibitions of intellectual skill. Often breaking forth into Latin, which she spoke exceptionally well, she would

carry on a conversation with ease and fluency in that language in a loud voice in order to astonish a foreign ambassador or other dignitary near by. As Queen, it was often also her delight to astonish a foreign minister with the ease with which she could converse in his native language. The story of her extemporaneous oration to the Spanish ambassador, which she regretted that Essex had not been present to hear, is a well-known example of this inordinate desire for admiration. A book of prayers which she wrote in four languages was left carelessly around that all might see it.

Elizabeth had little doubt that one day she would reign as queen. Katherine Parr, her kind step-mother, also recognized this and on her deathbed said to Elizabeth, "God has given you great qualities; cultivate them always, and labour to improve them, for I believe that you are destined by Heaven to be Queen of England." Elizabeth held like premonitions, but she was clever enough to conceal her ambition. She betrayed herself perhaps only in the zeal with which she studied history, "the true science for royal students." She often devoted as much as three hours a day to the study of

this subject, and there were few books or manuscripts of history and biography in any language which she did not read. It is interesting to think of Elizabeth as among those monarchs who weighed the wisdom of Machiavelli's *Prince*.

But Renaissance enthusiasm was not confined to the nobility. An equal zeal for learning spread to homes of lesser rank; Margaret More, for instance, "the Ornament of Britain," has been justly celebrated for her talents as well as for her loyalties. Sir Thomas More had decided opinions on the education of girls. He stands foremost in the ranks of the defenders of women's education. He believed that it was as important to train their intellects as to train those of boys; hence his daughters received excellent educations.

Harpsfield, in his life of Sir Thomas More, wrote that Margaret was "nearest to her father as well in wit, learning, and virtue, as also in merry and pleasant talk, and in feature of body." The scope of her education was wide. In common with other accomplished women of her age, she composed in Greek and Latin, both verse and prose, and that most eloquently.

"Her wit was sharp and quick." Her knowledge of Latin was so extensive that she once corrected a corrupted passage in Saint Cyprian by supplying the right words. Another time in reply to one of Quintilian's orations she wrote a defense of the rich man whom he had accused of having poisoned a poor man's bees with certain venomous flowers which he had planted in his garden, and as Cresacre More wrote, "It was so eloquent and witty, that it may strive with his". Margaret More also made translations from the Greek. Her translation of Eusebius was excellent, though it was not printed out of courtesy to Christopherson, who had made one shortly before. Sir Thomas More and Margaret, in order to keep up the perfection of their Latin, would often make Latin translations of English passages. Margaret's were usually so excellent that they rivalled those of her father. Cresacre More wrote that "she made also a treatise of the *Four Last Things* which her father sincerely protested that it was better than his, and therefore, it may be, never finished his."

Besides being an excellent Greek and Latin student, Margaret also made an extensive study of philosophy and of music. She knew arithme-

tic and the sciences of the day. She studied astronomy and devoted much of her time to the pursuit of literature. She even turned her attention to medical science; her father in one of his letters to her wrote, "I earnestly hope that you will devote the rest of your life to medical science and sacred literature, so that you may be well furnished for the whole scope of human life, which is to have a healthy soul in a healthy body."

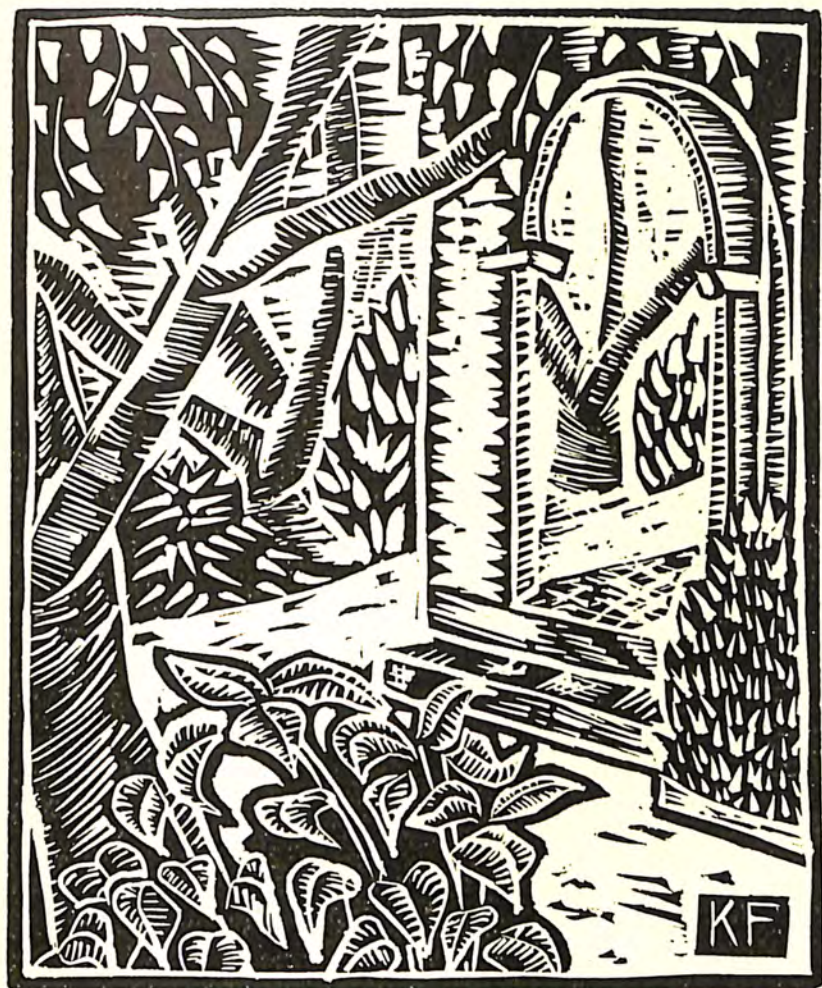
Even after her marriage to William Roper, Margaret More continued to study, her husband sharing in her studies. Her fame as a scholar spread even to Europe, but, true to her father's teachings, which had filled her with a hatred of vainglory, and which had taught her not to consider pride as the "end for which knowledge and virtue should be cultivated", Margaret remained a simple, natural and unaffected girl. She won the esteem nevertheless of all the great scholars of Europe. Erasmus wrote many letters to her and even dedicated to her his commentaries on certain hymns of Prudentius. She well deserved to be called "the flower of all the learned matrons of England."

Perhaps Roger Ascham has best summarized

the Renaissance ideal for women, particularly those of England in the following passage: "The lady Elizabeth has completed her sixteenth year, and so much solidity of understanding, such courtesy united with dignity, has never been observed at so early an age. She has the most ardent love of true religion, and the best kind of literature; the constitution of her mind is exempt from female weakness, and she is endowed with masculine power of application; no apprehension can be quicker than hers, no memory more retentive."

But, whither from us has flown this Renaissance erudition? Have we in the twentieth century any counterparts of the ladies d'Este, Colonna, or More?

MARY BARBARA LINS '33



OUR VICTORIAN TASTES

WE have adopted with delight Victorian style in hats, sleeves, and plaids as though they held a charm borrowed from far and almost forgotten parts. Yet, in reality, we have not yet lived beyond the confines of Victorianism save for a few sporadic gestures. We don't faint at proposals of matrimony, but we yet look with guarded glance at women who place emphasis on careers rather than cradles; and even the sub-deb now flaunts ethical theories with a Victorian unction of self-righteousness. Perhaps our delight in Tennyson's Victorian Arthur is as telling an indication as any of our failures to creep beyond the heaviness that clouded our nineteenth century grandmothers, who took pattern of the sober German-English queen and carried on the pallid flag of Puritanism.

We enjoy Tennyson as a master poet; we delight in the melody of his verse and his graceful retelling of legends, but what really thrills us is his moral ardor as seen in lines such as "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure" or "in the flesh thou hast sinned,

and mine own flesh, here looking down on thine polluted, cries 'I loathe thee.' ”

Tennyson's source, however, Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, is filled with greater reality, greater adventure, loftier aspiration, higher regard for moral values—not lifeless Puritanical morals, but morals consonant with the difficulties of the human pilgrimage. Most of Malory's artistic virtues Victorian Tennyson overlooked, so blinded was he by a narrow didacticism and the glamor of an arid morality possible only to a self-centered king who was half fairy.

The historical King Arthur was a barbaric Saxon chieftain, doubtless of great prowess but with few ideals other than those of the chase and battlefield. By the fifteenth century, he had become adopted by the western world as a legendary hero and was celebrated in great epic cycles of Wales, Cornwall, Italy, Germany, and Brittany as well as Norman England. Malory, Arthur's greatest English chronicler, read into the character chivalric ideals and love of the Christian Church, blended with Celtic mysticism and romance. Chivalric deeds, as Malory imagined them, are not historically

but rather ideally true. Chivalry, historians inform us, grew out of the need for the strong to protect the weak, a need for Christians to protect the Church when it was in peril from attacks by pagans. Chivalry was also an expression of class pride and prejudice when nobles were few, freedmen inconsiderable in numbers, and serfs innumerable. A gentleman's station could be told by his prowess as a horseman and as a fighter for causes which could never be interpreted as mercenary. One unskilled in horsemanship was scorned as much as was a coward.

The ideal of chivalry as expressed by Malory was "to fall not to vice or sin but to follow virtue by which one may come to fame and renown in this life and, after that short and transitory life to come to everlasting life in heaven." The influence of Catholic asceticism is felt in this ideal.

But Malory is more than the idealizer of an age remote enough to seem romantic. He is a prince of story tellers. His narrative is swift and exciting. His stages are crowded not only with adventure, but with many noble and interesting men and women. And on every page there throbs life, real, vigorous, even brutal, al-

most repulsive at times, but never with the seriousness of Spenser or the flippancy of Chaucer or the heaviness of Tennyson.

In his cycles Tennyson took Malory's legends, but colored them with puritanical didacticism. The adventure of the earlier legend was given a philanthropic purposefulness; love led to glory only through marriage; asceticism as a means of reaching the kingdom of heaven was displaced by loyalty of individuals to self-imposed ideals of which one of the greatest was the Victorian interpretation of marital love. Tennyson has eliminated the fire, adventure, and life to be found in Malory's version. He saw in the chivalric ideals only such ideals as were developed by the nineteenth century Puritans. But more than time separated these two periods; a whole civilization separated them. One was full of color, martial, eager, adventurous, unafraid; the other was pale, supernatural, proper, subdued and timid.

In the Malory version, sympathy is deliberately directed toward Launcelot as the greatest of the knights. His character, however, is not ideal but real. This we see best expressed in the praise bestowed on him at death by Sir Ector,

who recalled that he was brave, skillful, courteous, loyal. He was strong, but not strong enough to keep from weeping on parting from Guinevere nor strong enough to keep from swooning when she was buried; he was good among knights, but stern to mortal foe; meek and gentle, but only in the presence of ladies; a true friend and constant lover but to the wife of his king. Malory's Guinevere repents because, she says, "I trust through God's grace that after my death to have a sight of the blessed face of Christ and at doomsday to sit on His right side, for as sinful as I ever was, are saints in heaven."

Tennyson's Guinevere repents because, as she had feared,

"The smouldering scandal broke and blazed
Before the people and our Lord the King."

Guinevere in Malory's version does not hide herself and remain apart from human contact while she is in the convent but "so when she might speak, she called ladies and gentlemen to her"

Guinevere of the Idylls

"Had fled the court and sat
There in the holy house at Almesbury
Weeping, none with her save a little maid,

A novice: one low light betwixt them
burn'd."

a fitting setting for one who hid not because of sorrow or hope of gaining God's grace but because the scandal of her love affair had broken and spread among her people. The emotion and natural pathos as expressed by Malory in the last parting between Guinevere and Launcelot: "And when she saw him she swooned thrice . . . then she said . . . I require thee and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage . . . For as well as I have loved thee, mine heart will not serve me to see thee; for through thee and me is the flower of kings and knights destroyed."

And said Sir Launcelot, "For I take record of God, in you I have had mine earthly joy. And if I had found you now so disposed, I had cast me to have had you into mine own realm . . . Wherefore, madam, I pray you kiss me, and never no more."

Said the queen, "Nay, that shall I never do, but abstain you from such works."

And they departed. "And the ladies bare the queen to her chamber and Sir Launcelot went into the forest weeping."

In comparison with this Tennyson's version lacks emotion and human feeling.

"Passion-pale they met
And greeted. Hands in hands, and eye to eye
Low on the border of her couch they sat
Stammering and staring. It was their last hour,
a madness of farewells . . .
'The end is come, and I am shamed forever.
. . . but rise, and fly to my strong castle
overseas:
There will I hide thee, till my life shall end.' "

She answered

" 'Would God that thou couldst hide me from
myself!
Yet rise now, and let us fly,
For I will draw me into sanctuary
And bide my doom!' "

So Launcelot got her horse

"And rode to the divided way,
There kissed and parted weeping . . .
And in herself she moan'd 'Too late, too
late!' "

There is something fine, unafraid and strong about Malory's Guinevere and Launcelot. Tennyson's Guinevere and Launcelot seem cowardly, enjoying their amour until the moment when they were shamefully exposed.

Tennyson builds Arthur into a symbol of all

that he believes to be morally good in life. Arthur, the figure which he wishes us to admire, is ideal rather than real. His human attributes are drowned in self-conscious moralizing on Tennyson's part. For example, in Arthur's attitude toward Guinevere after he has learned of her sin:

“ ‘And all is past, the sin is sinn'd and I,
Lo, I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the
rest.
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and
know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,’
And while she grovell'd at his feet,
She felt the king's breath wander o'er her neck,
And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.”

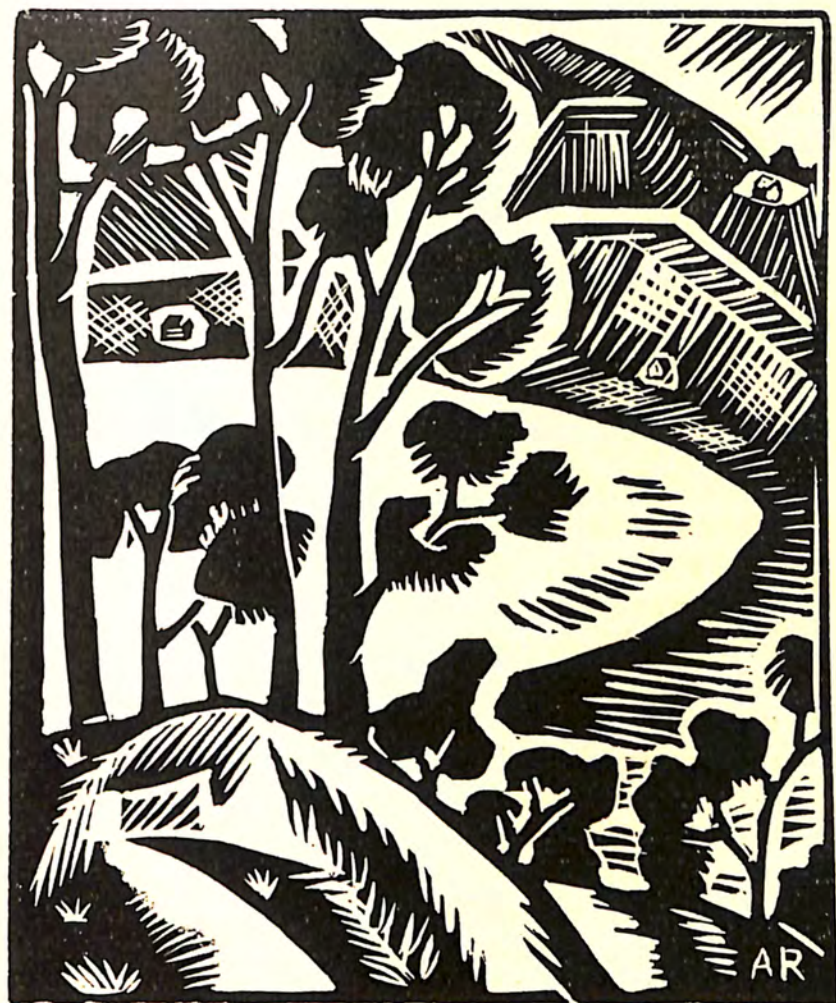
Malory's Arthur is not ashamed really to forgive Guinevere and take her back into his kingdom. Tennyson rejects the early accounts of Arthur's youthful indiscretions. In his story the kingdom is ruined by Launcelot's guilty passion but not at all through any weakness of the king.

Tennyson fails artistically in his attempt to make Arthur an idol to be worshipped by his readers. The sympathy of a critical reader goes to Guinevere and Launcelot perhaps for no other reason than that they are human. Arthur curiously enough acts more like a cad than a noble king. He is too conscious of his own greatness actually to take on greatness. Tennyson, indeed, gives the reader no more in moral teaching than does Malory, and his poems, though metrically beautiful, lack the fire, the naturalness and the power of the earlier writing.

Yet we, like Victorians, chant with Tennyson in joyous self-righteous unction, imagining ourselves in Arthur's place:

"I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I mark'd Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die."

IMELDA GREENE '34



JOHANNES BRAHMS

1833—1897

GREAT works of art, as Huneke has said, are "the arduous victories of great minds over great imaginations."

Wordsworth wrote that "poetry is the expression of emotion recollected in tranquillity." After emotion has been reflected upon and new capabilities of expression developed, it is subordinated to plastic beauty. "The romantic takes on classical perfection." Brahms made "the beautiful but fragmentary and wayward feelings" of Schumann and his fellows more intelligible; he clarified their turgidity, and subordinated their conflicts in a less complex harmony. He discovered "how rugged melodies, outlines, bold harmonic progressions, and the large spanned phases of modern musical thought could be organized and brought into that unity in variety which is beauty." He ever consciously schooled his titanic imagination. He was "last of the immortals, the one whom Bulow ranked with Bach and Beethoven, the one upon whom Schumann lavished both praise and prophecy."

Johannes Brahms was born just a century ago and died a few years before the nineteen hundreds. Outwardly, but only outwardly, his life was uneventful. In manner he was occasionally gruff, but by nature simple and generous. There are many endearing anecdotes related of him. This man whose great lyrical gift drew some fifty poets to submit their work to him, delighted in composing themes for folk tales to delight the children of Clara Schumann. Another pretty story which shows both "his modesty and catholicity of taste recounts how all the musical friends of the wife of Johann Strauss, the great waltz composer, were writing their names with phrases from their works on her fan. When it was his turn, the composer of the German Requiem wrote the opening phrase of the "Blue Danube" waltz, and underneath it the words "Not, I regret to say, by your devoted friend Johannes Brahms." His pleasures were simple and "homely, but his ambitions were inward and vital." This double note gives the key to the duality of Brahms' character. His unique greatness depends on his wholesomeness, sympathy and unaffectedness as well as on intellectual breadth and synthetic power.

"In music he prized equally the simplest elements like old German folk-songs or the Hungarian dances and the most complex artistic forms that have been evolved from them by creative genius. Like Bach and Beethoven, he spanned the whole range of human interests; deep feeling fills his music with primitive expressions and at the same time great intellectual power gives it the utmost scope and complexity." At times, in his life as well as in his works he sounded the note of the sublime, the austere. He re-echoed Spenser's and Milton's ideas of fame. He would make no concessions to popularity, the easy and tawdry triumph he despised. He did not seek to make an external impression. From the first he directed his thoughts and aspirations towards the realm of pure music. He kept before himself the ideal in tones; the highest, the most lofty, the purest, the most poetic. As opposed to the enthusiasm of his day for program music, he gave to his pieces a classic generic title such as *Intermezzo*, *Capriccio*, *Rhapsody*, *Ballade*. Though the idol of the Schumann circle by the time that he was twenty-one, Brahms yet withdrew from the musical world and imposed upon himself a long

course of the severest study, foregoing for a while the eloquent but ill-controlled expression hitherto his in order to acquire a broader, firmer, purer and stronger style—veritably another Horton.

As a composer, Brahms was classic, romantic, and modern. He was "a realist with great imagination, both classicist and romanticist, and led music back in its proper channels by showing that a phenomenal sense of form and a mastery of polyphony second only to Bach are not incompatible with progress, with the faculty of uttering new things in a new way." Like Wagner, Brahms expressed the romantic spirit, but unlike the other German composer, he developed romantic themes not through a process of exposition, but through a process of concentration. This treatment he evolved from his use of the old Dorian and Phrygian modes with fifteenth and sixteenth century techniques, and weaving together the polyphony of Bach and the homophony of Beethoven. And indeed Brahms uttered new things in new ways too. While he "absorbed with giant-like ease the individualization of voices and the severity of Bach, yet he is a mod-

ern among moderns." He "seems so near, so intimate, so full of vitality, while the romantic music has a flavor of the rococo, of the perfume of the salon, of that stale and morbid and extravagant time when the classics were defiled and Berlioz thought to be a bigger man than Beethoven." And Brahms' work is thoroughly modern in its thematic handling. "While the actual melodic germ is very small, the development into the leading subject takes it over a considerable range of rhythm and harmony and brings it to us with almost a song-like character. If very legato it is nevertheless most appealing and, earnest, in its harmonic treatment." Brahms' emphasis too is on the entire orchestral effect rather than the part of the individual instrument.

Brahms, it is true, had a lack of feeling for the purely sensuous side of music, for clear rich tone combination. This aggravated his occasional over-intellectualization, the dry formalism, into which in his synthesis and formulation he was sometimes led.

But these are incidental faults. Brahms' spirit is enduring. This composer, who at times wrestled with the pure idea recognized even

early in life that "feelings were valuable not for their mere poignancy but by their effect on the central spirit, and he labored incessantly to express them with eloquence and yet with control." Brahms' unique greatness among modern composers consisted in his ability to infuse "pure morning joy" into his music "in which all personal passion is made accessory to beauty."

ALICE DUFFY '34

MY LOVE IS A CANDLE

My love is a candle that never grows less
But ever gleams the same
And glows in my heart and lights all my life
With a white, enduring flame.

BETTY M. GARLAND '34



SAINT DOMINIC'S ORANGE TREE

THE story of the orange tree of Saint Dominic is entwined with the history of the development of the great Order of Preachers. The long chain of events which binds together the legend of this orange tree and the history of the Dominican Friars, finds its beginnings in the very character of its founder. Saint Dominic was the leading intellectual light of his age. This ideal knight of the Church, "valorous, chivalrous, magnanimous," founded his Order for the teaching of Truth. Dante wrote in his beautiful appreciation of Saint Dominic, "It was because of his love for the Divine Truth, and not for the world, that he became a great doctor in a short time; and he came before the throne of Peter, not to seek dispensations of tithes, or the best benefices, or the patrimony of the poor, but only for freedom to combat the errors of the world by the word of God. Thus armed with his doctrine and his mighty will, he went forth to his apostolic ministry even as some mountain torrent precipitates itself from a rocky height. And the impetuosity of that great flood, throwing

itself on the heresies that stemmed its way, flowed on far and wide, and broke into many a stream that watered the garden of the Church."¹

His weapons to combat the errors of the world were the *Epistles of Saint Paul* and the *Doctrines of Cassain*. Never for a moment did these books leave him; he always carried them, along with a copy of the *Gospel of Saint Matthew*, slung at his belt. Because of his intellectual genius, and because he taught the doctrines of Saint Paul, he was made Master of the Sacred Palace. And even today a Dominican Friar holds this position as instructor of theology at the Vatican.

Because of Saint Dominic's office as Master of the Sacred Palace in Rome, in 1218 Pope Honorius III gave him the convent and Church of Santa Sabina as a novitiate for the Friars Preachers. Here Saint Dominic carried on his great work of the preaching and teaching of Truth. A description of the Church of Santa Sabina is given in Père Lacordaire's "Vie de Saint Dominique". As he pictured the convent, "The Church of Santa Sabina is built on the

¹ *Paradiso*, *Canto XII*, line 82-105:

Aventine Hill. Its walls are on the highest and most abrupt part of that hill, just above the narrow shores against which the Tiber murmurs as it flows away from Rome, and dashes with its waves against the ruined bridge which Horatius Cocles defended against Porsenna. Two rows of ancient columns, supporting a roof, the beams of which are visible, divide the Church into three naves, each terminated by an altar. It is a primitive Basilica in all the glory of its simplicity. From the windows of the convent the eye wanders over the interior of Rome, and stops only at the hill of the Vatican. Two winding paths lead down to the city, one conducts to the Tiber, the other to one of the angles of the Palatine Mount, near the Church of Saint Anastasia. This was the road which Saint Dominic had to take in order to go from Santa Sabina to Saint Sextius. No path on earth has preserved more vividly the traces of his footsteps. Nearly every day for more than six months he descended it or climbed its steep ascent, carrying from one convent to the other the fire of his charity. Since then a colony of the children of Saint Dominic has never ceased to live within the walls of Santa Sabina. The

convent possesses the narrow cell where the Saint sometimes withdrew, the hall where he gave the habit to Saint Hyacinth and Blessed Ceslaus, and in a corner of the garden an orange tree planted by himself extends its golden fruit to the pious hand of the citizen or the pilgrim." This is the orange-tree about which the legend of the Dominican Order is woven.

Saint Dominic was very fond of trees, and had made it a custom to plant them at all his convents. At Santa Sabina he had planted with his own hands in one of the corners of the cloister, a young orange tree, which grew and flourished even as the Order.

Although the Order of Friars Preachers is the only order which has preserved itself intact to the present day, and is now exactly as its founder left it and intended it to be, yet there came a time in the late eighteenth century and early nineteenth century when the old vigor and strength of the Dominicans waned. Their schools were small and poor; their hospitals and convents dilapidated. The Order seemed to be in a state of decay, its vigor and glory but memories of the past. Now, at the same time, the orange tree planted by St. Dominic at

Santa Sabina was in a like feeble condition. No longer did it send forth new shoots. No longer was it covered with blossoms and fruit. It withered and seemed dead and its condition symbolized the condition of the Order. Dominicanism seemed, as Cardinal Newman expressed it in the nineteenth century, "a great idea extinct."

Suddenly there came a revival. The impulse was given in France under the direction of the brilliant though wrongly-directed Abbé de Lamennais through his journal, *L'Avenir*. The Abbé attracted to himself a group of brilliant young men among whom was Lacordaire, whose intellectual genius and powers of oratory had made him the special friend of the leader. Finally the Church demanded either the retraction of de Lamennais' wrong statements or his resignation from the Church. This man whose tragic life cannot but arouse a feeling of pity that such a brilliant mind should have been so wrongly directed, refused through pride to retract his statements. Lacordaire, recognizing the right of the Church, broke with the Abbé and found consolation for the sorrow caused by this rupture in the realiza-

tion of a vocation to the Dominican Order. He passed his novitiate at Santa Sabina. With him he drew such famous men as Besson, Requedat, Piel, Hernsheim and the Most Reverend Père Jandel. These men formed the nucleus of the group which through their enthusiasm and vitality brought about the rebirth of the Order of Saint Dominic. They gave the impetus which the Friars Preachers needed and from them came this second revival and triumph of Dominicanism. The Order of Friars Preachers was revitalized. The Order of Saint Dominic arose once again to the high place it had occupied in the previous centuries.

In the meantime, a similar rebirth had come to the orange tree! Suddenly from the old stalk there shot forth strong new shoots during the very same year in which Lacordaire had come to Santa Sabina. The withered tree grew and flourished, and once again was covered with blossoms and fruit. From the coincidence of its rebirth in the same year of the rebirth of the Order a legend grew. The orange tree became a happy symbol of the renewed vigor and strength of the Order of Friars Preachers. It was regarded as a prophetic sign of encourage-

ment to the new movement. Then it came to be regarded as a symbol of the material and spiritual welfare and development of the Order. Great care has been taken to preserve it. Today it has reached a marvelous height and is a just symbol of the full and rich development of the Order of Saint Dominic.

The next chain of events in the history of the orange tree is connected with our own San Rafael. In 1895 a Captain St. Hubert, whose daughter was a pupil in the Dominican convent of Saint Rose in San Francisco, visited the convent of Santa Sabina while traveling in Europe. As he was especially interested in the Dominicans, one of the lay brothers of the convent gave him a slip of Saint Dominic's tree. He put this slip, hardly more than three or four inches tall, in a little pot and sent it on to San Rafael. It waited for three months in the custom house, but luckily was well-cared for by one of the officials. Finally it reached San Rafael, and with great ceremony was planted in the garden. Sister Catherine, who had charge of the gardens then, expended loving care on the tree. She pruned and watered it regularly, and in the winter, to protect it from the frosts,

she would cover it carefully with sacks each night. Fortunately nothing happened to destroy it and, like its parent tree, the slip grew and flourished. It stands on the lawn in front of the Administration building, at the edge of the straight path across from Forest Meadows, the second tree from Acacia Avenue. It has grown tall and full and every year is covered with blossoms and fruit. Even the blighting frost of this unprecedented winter has left untouched this orange tree of Saint Dominic.

MARY BARBARA LINS '33

CROSSROADS

Why—on a day so full of spring,
When grass is green and sun is high,
And gardens glow—must we two stand,
Here at the crossroads, and say good-bye?

BETTY M. GARLAND '34



TO THE FALLS

THE EASTERN hills of Marin County have long been famous as inviting to trampers and picknickers. And each Dominican College girl of the least athletic or nature-loving bent has her favorite walk. It has always seemed to me that the walk to the falls is most delightful in the early spring when the heavy rains have left a clear stream flowing beside the path. I find myself running along over green meadows, under cool trees beside pleasant clusters of vines. The sun shines through the leaves making curious little figures and odd designs on the ground. I bend low to pass an overhanging bough, or shrink at the sight of poison-oak. Then suddenly comes a shaded glade; here imagination wanders to the creeping animals of a large forest as one walks a little faster. The stream crosses the path and there is no bridge, so I retrace the last ten steps and run to the edge where a flying leap lands me on the other side. The ground here is kept damp by the trees and I step on dead bark and press the water from it as I stride by. Now I hear the water falling on rocks—immediately

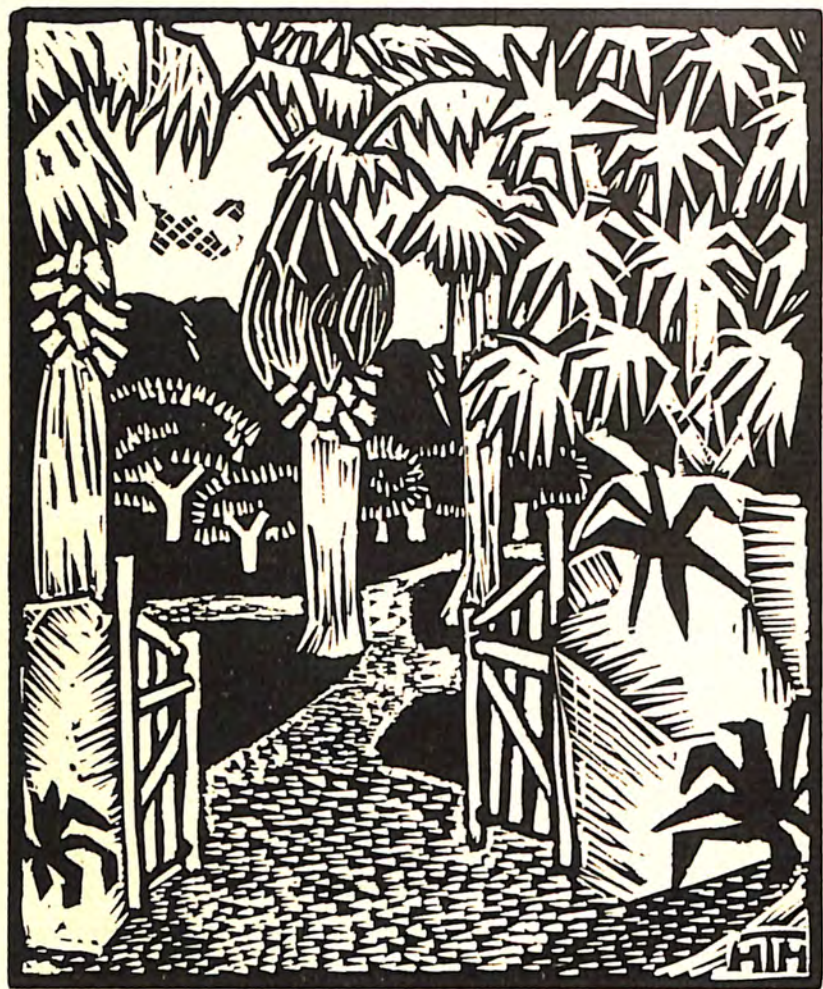
I run as though I had never seen the Falls before. I climb to the top of the huge pile of rocks, then under some foliage, and there, high above is a stream of water splashing over huge boulders.

It is not really a great waterfall. It is so small that, in fact, it fails to last the entire year. But there is grace in its long fall, and a compelling attractiveness. One can sit at its bottom and enjoy the splash and rustle of the water. And if ambitious, one can climb the fifty feet to the top. But it isn't really the Falls one remembers for this jaunt. It is the going and coming, the gentle hills, the sky atop their rounded crests, the leafiness, and the temptation to go on and on in joyous abandon to various pleasant experiences.

VIRGINIA FLANNERY '35

Sweet, heady wine from white stocks and roses
Amber dew from the blossoming tree;
All have been stolen, the thief I suppose is
That bold, buzzing fellow the reveller bee.

JACQUELINE—MARIE HARKINS

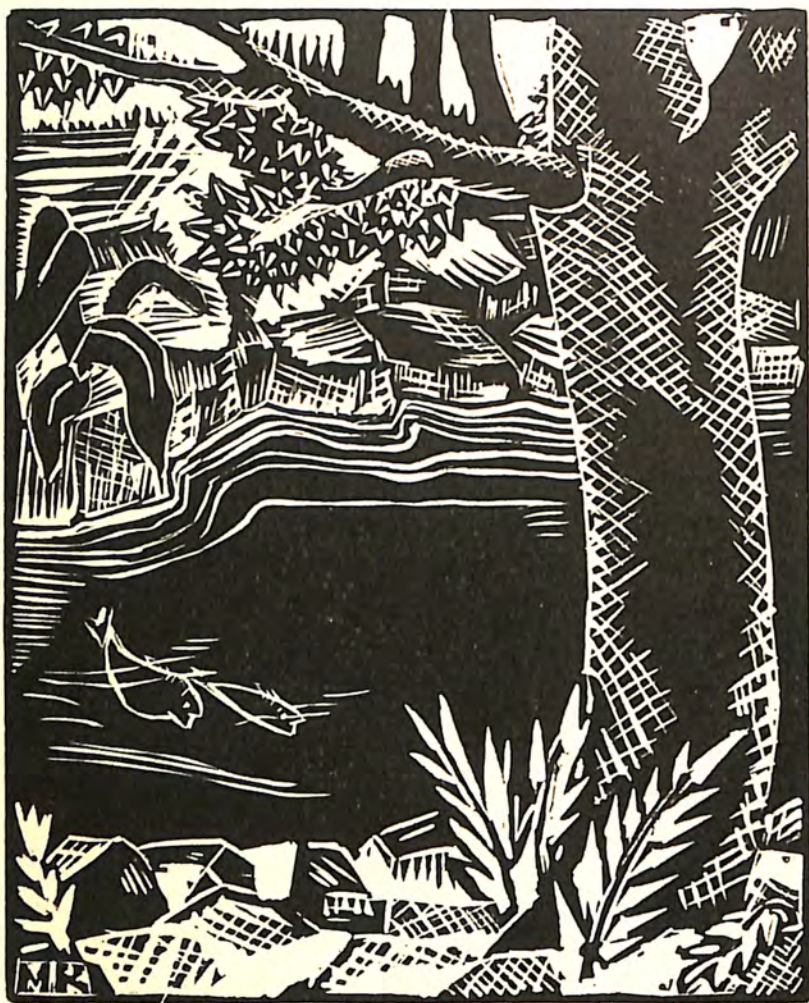


THE MEADOWLANDS GATE

TWO big stone posts with rustic swinging gates standing there solitary—the Meadowlands gates. Newcomers wonder why they are not joined by a fence or why they are there at all, but the seniors and even the juniors can recall for us the tall cypress hedge that used to enclose the Meadowlands garden, a thick, black, cobwebby hedge that was the last thing to send them on their way on Friday afternoons and the first to greet them as they approached the campus Sunday night. And during the week it used to be the first reminder that there would only be a “few minutes to Fanjeaux, the open fire, and dinner.”

It is odd to think of gates to a place not enclosed, but when one looks at these they seem quite as if they belong at the end of the long driveway. They have their use in barring out automobiles after nightfall, but to us they are the entrance to a sunlit garden.

HELEN HISERMAN '35



THE FISHPOND

THE fishpond is in a dark and lonely spot of mystery. All around is the sunny, gay color of the garden, but a short, breathless run up its few little stairs of approach and one is suddenly in this place of serene solitude. The white daintiness of a clematis vine greets one. Then appears the blackness of the sheltered rock-set pool flecked perhaps with stray bits of sunlight. Now and then a lazy goldfish glides along, and resplendent ebony water bugs dart and skim about the surface. One generally sits awhile on the old bench under the great tree and dreams, content to be half conscious of the fragrance of the garden nearby. Or perhaps one likes to climb childishly the tiny steps that curve behind the pool and view it from just above the water, fearfully watching not to be caught at this childish pleasure.

LOIS SMITH '35



THE BAY TREES

WEST of Edge Hill lies a bright meadow. A green-picketed fence encircles it, and the sun shines strongly down upon it. A border of trees girds it. At the back a thick curtain of bay-leaves sweeps toward the ground, a profusion of dark-green leaves, black and sombre, against the sunny meadow. One approaches these trees by a zig-zag path and explores behind the curtain. Here an unexpected scene greets the eye. Gray, gnarled trunks are contorted into strange postures, bending to the ground from a great height. A vast hall stretches beneath. A sense of mystery pervades the place. One feels that here in ghostly moonlight the festival of the Golden Bough might well be celebrated. The suggestion of a strange, dark temple is heightened by the pungent aroma of bay-leaves which, clinging heavily upon the air, might serve as incense for a tribal celebration. The sense of weird remoteness is heightened by grotesque Rackham figures in the trees; the gnarled trunks seem alive. Two broken limbs jutting out from one of the

branches form the mouth of a strange, prehistoric animal. Again they become a bird with queer anguished look. Such fantasies at length become too great. One is glad to come out and find the sunshine so near.

MARY BARBARA LINS '33

SPRING MORNING

Spring danced over the garden wall
Into the sleeping violets' green bed
And woke them. Petals unfolded at her call,
Trees bloomed white above her shining head,
Sunlight followed where she swiftly led,
Roses blossomed blushing at her kiss.
The world awoke! Across the lawns she sped
To call her friends to revel in her bliss.
Lord Love demurely walked among the flowers,
Laughter and merry Song in eager haste
To greet her ran with lithe-limbed Rhyme
And Colour and the young and carefree Hours,
While Youth, perched gaily on a sun-dial, traced
With careless finger the slanting shadow of Time.

BETTY M. GARLAND '34



MR. PEPLER AND THE MIMES

THIS spring the College has been honored by a visit from Mr. Hilary Pepler of Ditchling, England, who while he was here began a course in miming. For many years interested in child welfare work, he is also a co-founder with Father Vincent McNally, O.P., of St. Dominic's Press. His books are printed on the oldest iron hand press in England and nearly all on hand made paper. One of them, a book on mimes, he has presented to the Library. The Press is located on a farm in Sussex, in Ditchling, a Catholic Utopian community of printers, etchers, sculptors, wood-carvers, silver-smiths and weavers. The residents truly live in the spirit of the liturgy. Every day they meet in the village church to chant the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin and to sing Vespers and Compline. On religious festivals they give appropriate plays on the village green. Among Mr. Pepler's friends and neighbors have been Gilbert K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, Havlock Ellis, Sheila K. Smith, Frank Brangwyn, and Wilfred and Alice Meynell, through whom he came to know Francis Thompson.

Mr. Pepler's present visit to America is prompted by a desire to establish here a movement now taken up throughout Europe to break away from the artificialities of modern dramatic production. The object of this movement is to return to the vital simplicity of the liturgical plays of the Middle Ages, plays which sprang from the acts of worship within the Church, as the Mass, the Stations, and Rosary. Mr. Pepler is a Dominican Tertiary, and the antique mime which he sponsors, in which the actor has to *be*, through gesture, the word of the story teller, is an impressive medium of bringing audiences to realize, through a pure and perfect art, the sincerity which underlies a true expression of Dominican life.

Mr. Pepler maintains that modern drama depends so heavily upon stage scenery, stage costume and stage business that it has lost touch with basic dramatic issues and in this attention to mere decorativeness has gone far toward forgetting the responsibility of the actor as interpreter. Yet "the art of the mime . . . action, unaided by the spoken word, can be a complete mode of expression in itself . . . a handshake is sufficient to show cordiality or reconciliation

... We do not offer a seat or a light, nor make any introduction of one person to another, without employing some convention in the action . . . Above all, there are the great acts of baptism, marriage, death and burial . . . The secret of this success (of the mime), from a technical point of view, is that the action is reduced to the simplest and most significant movements performed without haste or confusion." Mr. Pepler takes as models for mimetic expression such naturalistic but formal gestures as those of the figures of Giotto and Fra Angelico. His ideal of dramatic presentation is to achieve a series of pictures as powerful in simplicity, restraint, and perfection as the lovely primitive paintings and mosaics which were supplanted by the exuberant and romantic and often far less powerful works of the Renaissance.

Such innovations as miming entails are quite in harmony with the aim of the School of Music to encourage and foster individual research. Originally scored rhythmical productions have been a characteristic part of the musical tradition of the College. Two of the most notable of these in recent years have been the pantomime premiere of Gluck's *Orpheus and*

Eurydice with a new libretto made by the School of Music from the poem of Alfred Noyes; and *Aucassin and Nicolette* done with tenth and eleventh century trouvère music, combined with the ultra modern ballets of Debussy, Ravel and Albeniz in the same musical idiom, modes instead of scales, sustaining a delightful and exotic harmony throughout. More closely related to miming were the two mediæval craft plays presented on the campus in 1924 and 1928.

Mr. Pepler remained in San Rafael for some weeks. After a few days of his tutelage, the Stations of the Cross were impressively mimed in the east garden of the Convent, and under his direction rehearsals were begun for a play especially arranged by him from the breviary and the *Book of Tobias* to be performed annually by the College students on the feast of Saint Raphaël. The score for the play is being arranged by the School of Music from the chants of the liturgy, ancient Arabian and Byzantine tunes, and a contemporary setting of the Psalms by Stravinsky. It is planned to make this training in the mime based on sources of religious drama a fixed part of the curricula of the English and Music Departments.

ALICE DUFFY '34

MARCH WINDS

O, wild March winds that wailing go,
Your every breath a note of woe,
Why do ye with such passion mourn
As if earth were of hope forlorn?
Is it because the winter dies
Before your early saddened eyes,
Or yet because the fair young spring
Must dawn to meet life's sorrowing?
The skies bend gray above the land,
The waves sob long upon the strand,
And loudly beats the icy rain
As if some giant wept in pain;
But periwinkles be ablow
Beneath the newly fallen snow.
O wild March winds be still, be still—
Good flowers close by every ill.

M. L. L.

THE SEVEN ARTS CLUB

A GROUP of students from several departments have banded together this year for a study of the development of culture in Western Europe. They have met once a week for from one to three hours and have read and discussed poetry, played and analyzed music, and considered the development of painting, architecture, and the minor arts of Europe from the advent of the Teuton to the nineteenth century. Membership has been open to all upperclassmen interested in the subjects under discussion, and no one has attended the meetings regularly who is not an enthusiastic student of art and civilization. This eagerness enhanced as it was by persistent curiosity, led to a quality of study and research which a classroom in general calls forth primarily for a term paper or a comprehensive examination. As a result, there has been talk among the members of books they want to purchase for themselves for further study or reference. And during the meetings there is so much correlation of ideas on varied subjects that class room work in many cases has been

illuminated by information gleaned or comprehension widened in the Seven Arts Club.

As the club develops and a nucleus of girls become well informed in the history of western arts, it is hoped that they may become affiliated with some larger group of students and patrons of art as *Les Compagnons de Notre Dame* and, through the inspiration of such affiliation, make contributions in artistic form both to an enlarged pleasure in beautiful things and to the honor of the Church. In imitation of *Les Compagnons de Notre Dame*, they might, here on the campus, mime beautifully a liturgical play which had been set by members particularly interested in painting, embellished musically by those interested primarily in antique and modern song, and acted by others whose talents or curiosity had led them to a study of mediæval and modern poetry and drama. A knowledge of the essence of the beautiful as it has been comprehended by artists whose opinions have counted, combined with a desire for as perfect and lovely a performance as possible, could easily lead to such presentations of religious drama as might be a pleasure to other than Dominican College audiences. How

thrilling it would be to accomplish something so well and so worth having done that members of Saint Dominic's parish in San Francisco, for instance, would invite us to present it for them. And how deeply thrilling it would be if Dominican College could come to be known as a center of artistic and intellectual endeavor where a movement was afoot not only of intrinsic artistic value but of glory to the Church.

THE DANDELION

A bit of gold a miser might have tried
To hide away; you see it as you pass.
A bit of sunlit cloud serenely tied
By unseen hands, upon the young spring grass.

LES COMPAGNONS DE NOTRE DAME

IN nineteen hundred and twenty-four Henri Ghéon, a noted French actor, gathered together a band of amateur actors, all of whom were Catholics, and founded a society which was called Les Compagnons de Notre Dame. The unusual ambition of his group was:

"Pour la foi par l'art dramatique,

Pour l'art dramatique en l'esprit de foi".

Membership was and is today limited to no social or cultural group, but is open to all who profess the Catholic religion as well as a love for art in its purest forms. The members of the society took a revival of mediæval religious drama for the medium of their expression. These they presented so simply, beautifully, and devoutly that they created a common spirit of enjoyment and piety between actors and spectators. Each year they present three major spectacles, first in Paris and then in other places as they are requested to do so, and often they go to remote provinces.

The founders of the society had hoped for a modest success, but that which they have received has been widespread. Many people have

declared themselves weary of modern drama with its trivial themes and pagan morals. Such people, on the other hand, have welcomed Christian plays, particularly those embellished by the combined efforts of a large group of artists of varied talents.

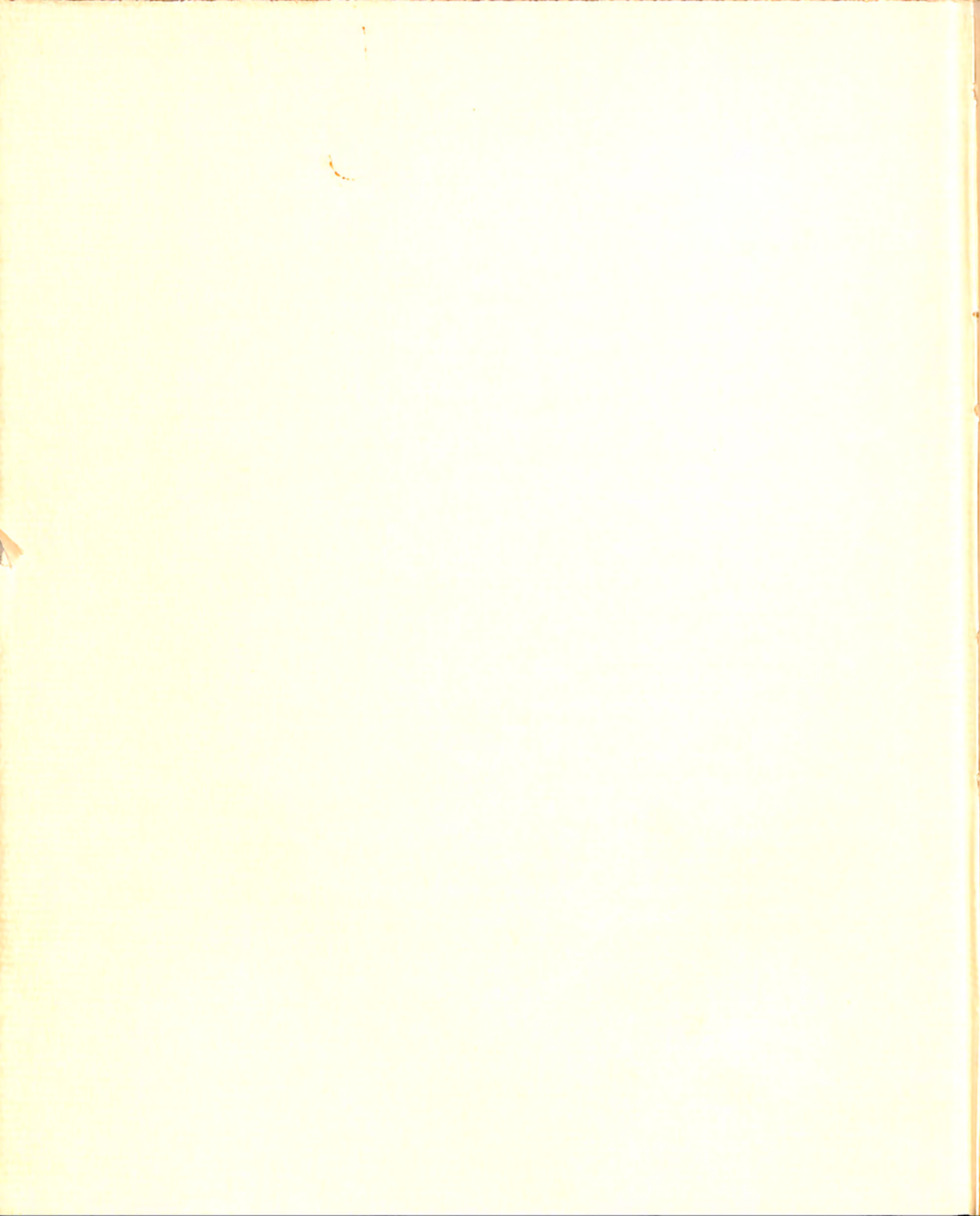
At present the membership of this society reaches almost a thousand and includes the greatest Catholic artists of our day. In harmony with the spiritual purpose of the society their meetings are held in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. And, in harmony with their artistic aspirations, they are held on the birthdays of famous artists, as Molière, Michel Angelo, and Bach. Works of the artist of the day are studied and other tributes are paid to his genius. Père M. S. Gillet, the present Master General of the Dominican Order, was the first chaplain of the Compagnons of Notre Dame. He formerly delivered the sermons of the birthday celebrations. He stressed particularly such principles of art or other contributions as the artist had made to general culture. His addresses proved so valuable as canons of artistic criticism that they were published under the title of the *Credo of the Artist*.

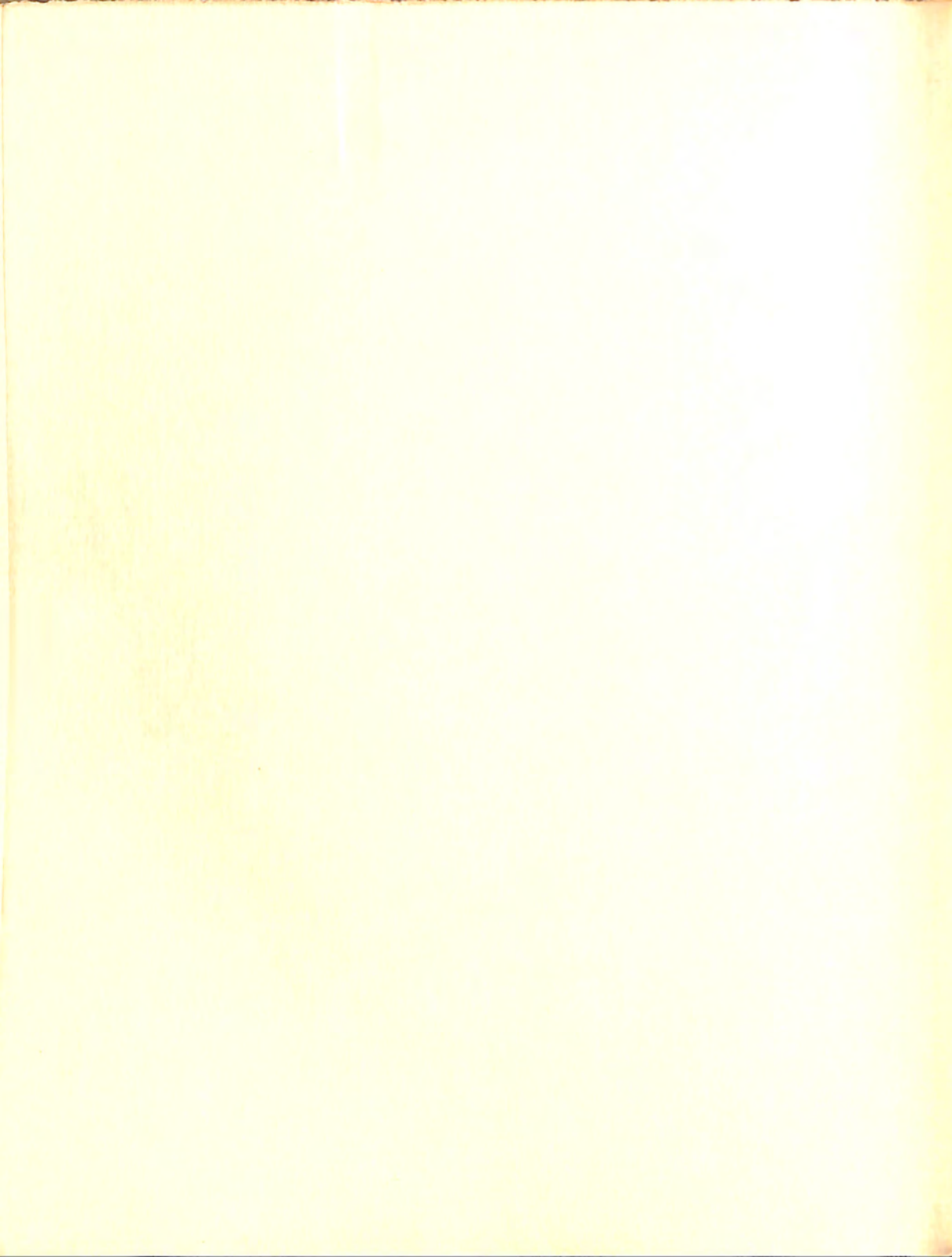
MARGARET MARSH '34
HELEN M. SULLIVAN '34

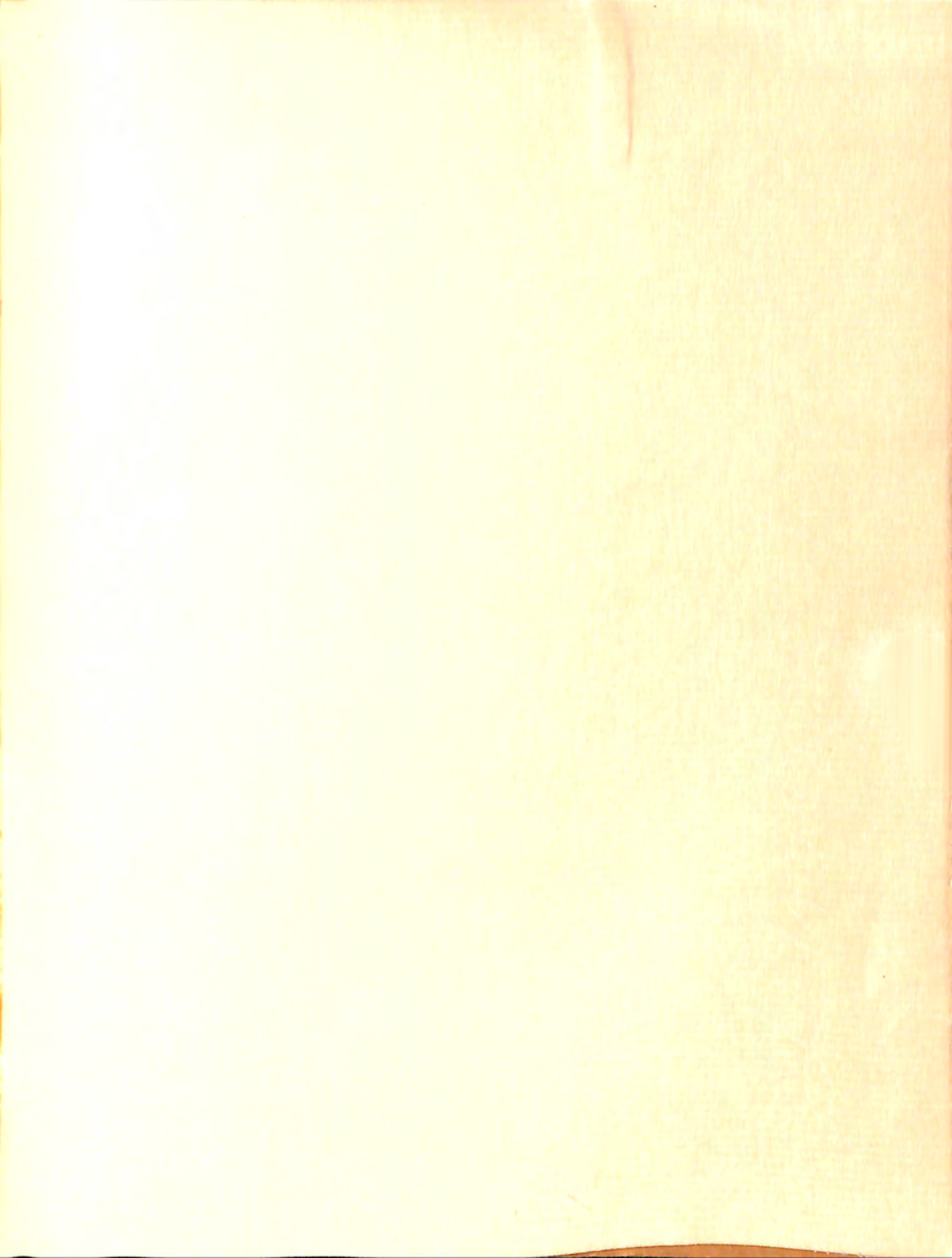
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