

1943

## 1943 Firebrand

Dominican University of California Archives

**Survey: Let us know how this paper benefits you.**

---

### Recommended Citation

Dominican University of California Archives, "1943 Firebrand" (1943). *Yearbooks 1940 - 1949*. 4.

<https://scholar.dominican.edu/yearbooks-1940-1949/4>

**Disclaimer:** It is the goal of the Dominican University of California Archives to serve as a research tool that is open and available to the public. As an institution established well over a century ago, there are materials throughout our collection that are no longer acceptable and not a reflection to the University's mission of social justice, dismantling racism, and promoting diversity.

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Dominican University of California Yearbooks at Dominican Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yearbooks 1940 - 1949 by an authorized administrator of Dominican Scholar. For more information, please contact [michael.pujals@dominican.edu](mailto:michael.pujals@dominican.edu).

# The Firebrand

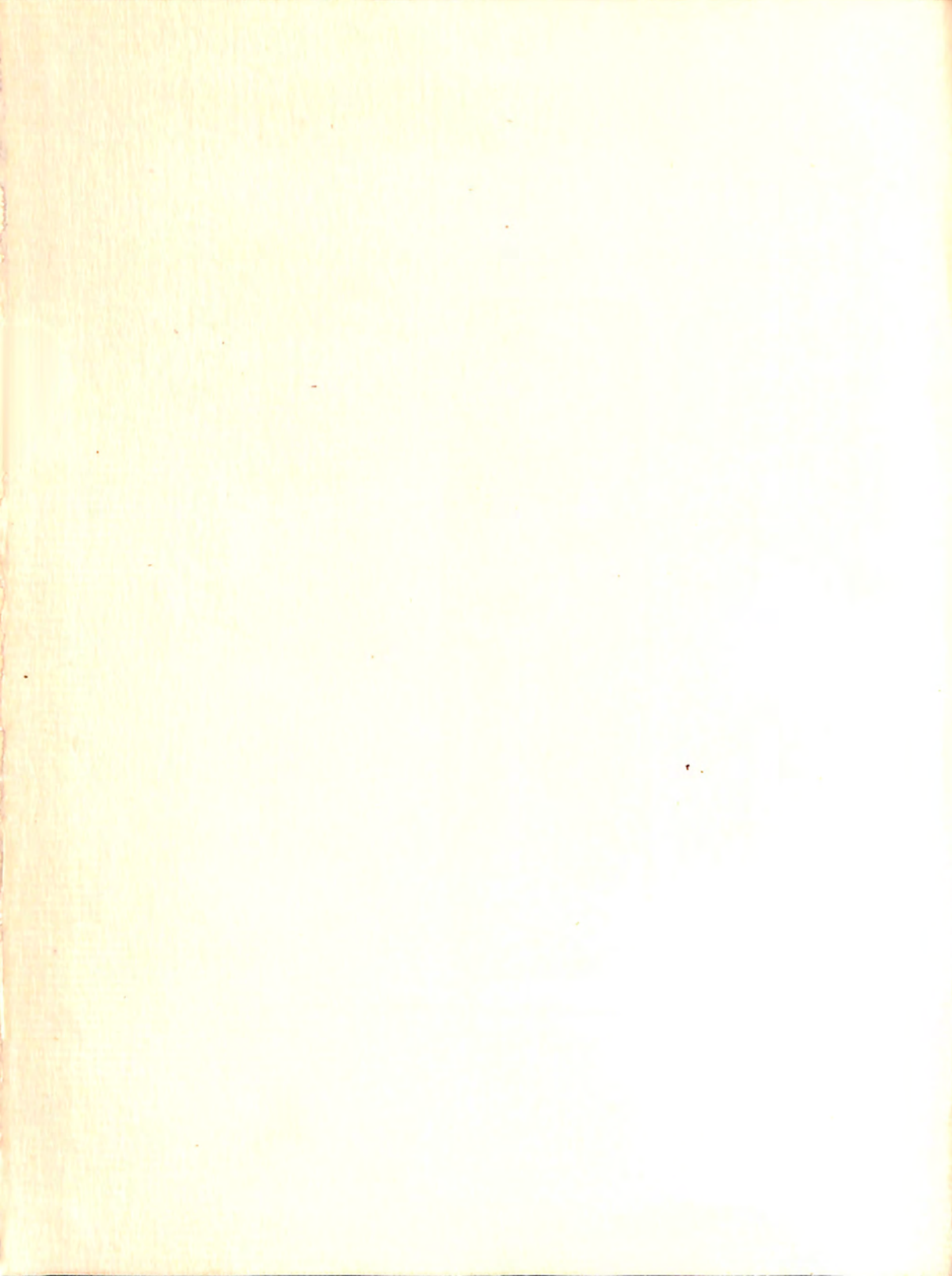












# THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



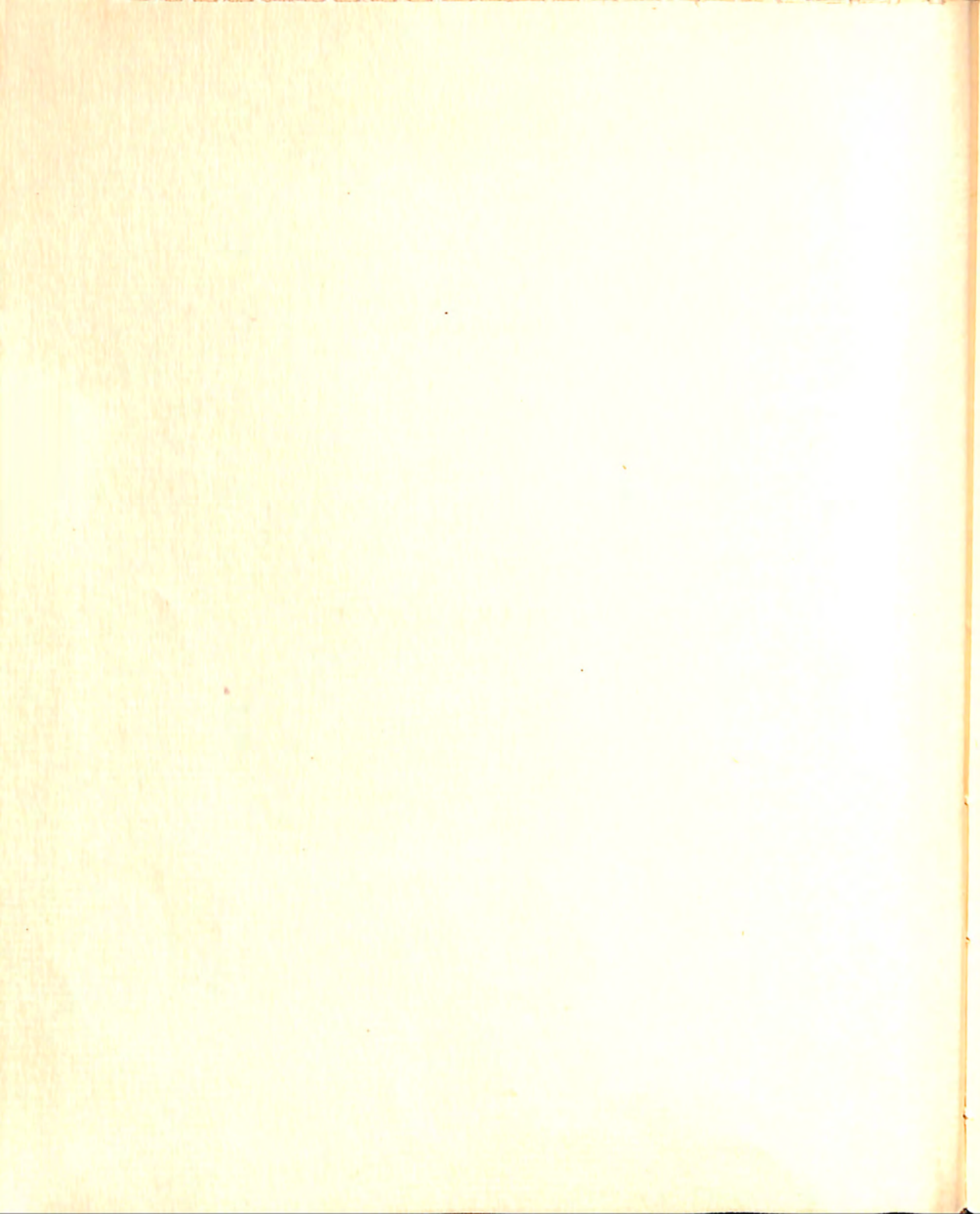
---

MCMXLIII





TO  
SISTER MARY DAVID



## THE FIREBRAND

EDITOR . . . . .	ALICE WHITE
ASSISTANT EDITOR . . . . .	JANE DEMPSEY
ART EDITOR . . . . .	MAUREEN MANTLE
BUSINESS MANAGER . . . . .	BARBARA BROWN
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS	PATRICIA CRIBBIN
	ELISE RYAN
	LORRAINE MCGUIRE

## CONTRIBUTORS

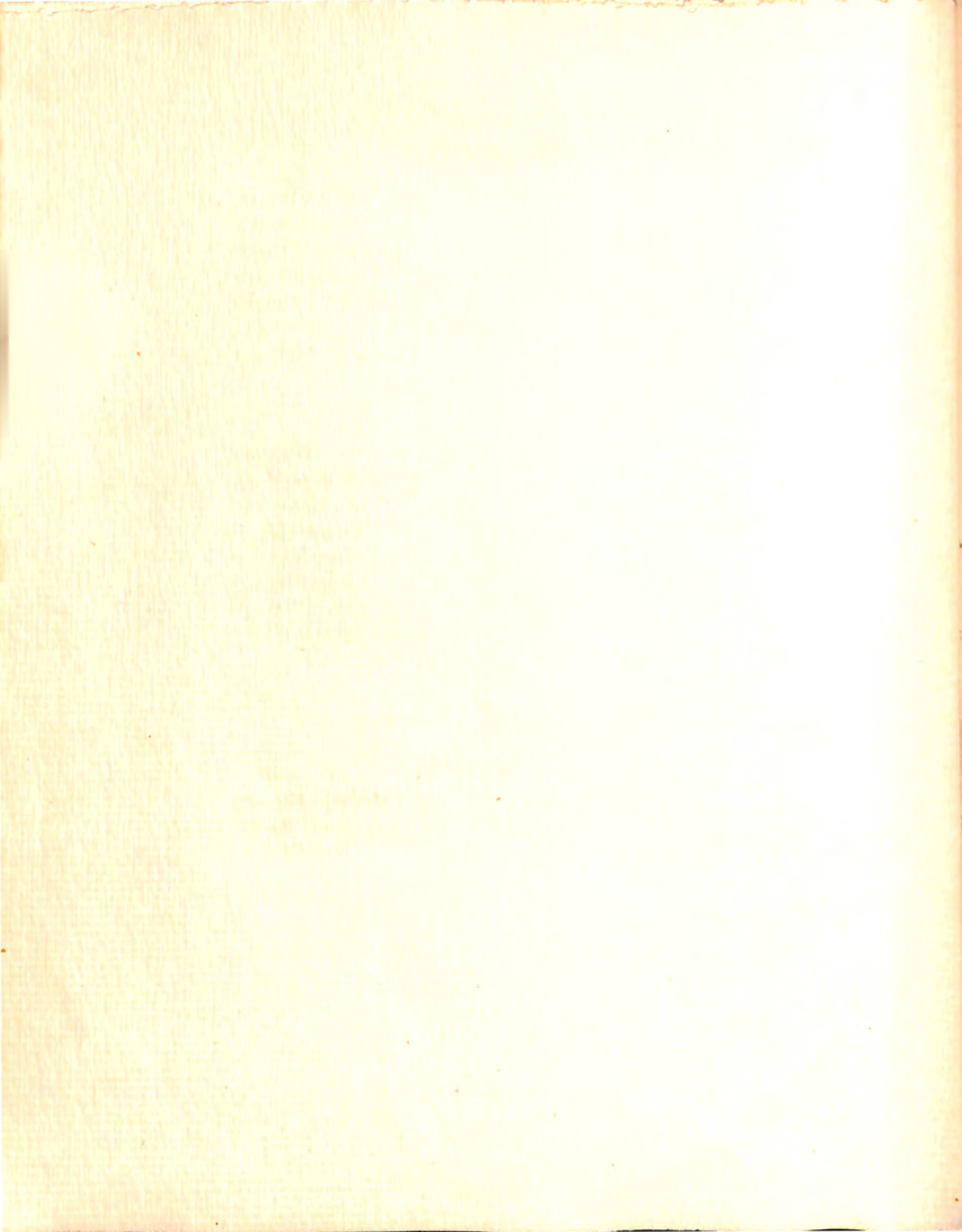
VIRGINIA ADAIR	MARY GIRAUDO
BETTY BARCHET	GABRIELLE HALL
BARBARA BEALL	LEE HARTWELL
BETTY BURNS	PHYLLIS MOAD
BETTY JANE CANN	MARION MURRAY
PATRICIA CLARK	JEAN ROSASCO
SUZANNE CRANE	ELIZABETH WATSON
JANE DEMPSEY	PADALO WHITE
HELEN ELDER	
MARNO PRINCE FREITAS	

S. M. W.

## ILLUSTRATORS

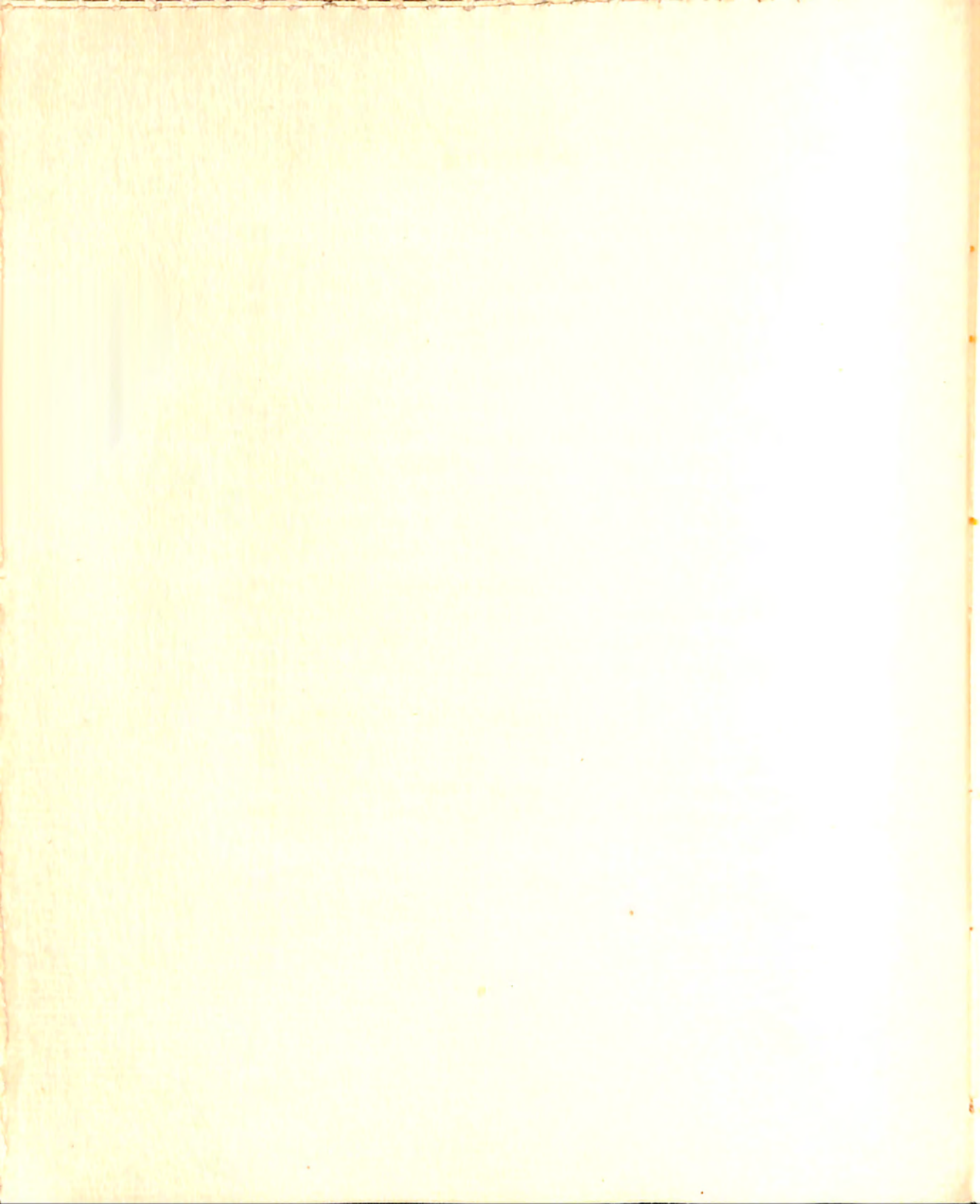
BETTY BARCHET	MARY JO MORKEN
MARGARET DEGNAN	VIRGINIA RINGER
NANCY HALE	JEAN ROSASCO





# CONTENTS

	PAGE
Editorial . . . . .	9
A Graduate's Prayer . . . . .	11
The Seniors . . . . .	12
The Juniors . . . . .	44
The Sophomores . . . . .	48
The Freshmen . . . . .	52
Youth in the War . . . . .	57
Moral Education . . . . .	60
Respite? . . . . .	64
Poetry and War . . . . .	65
Pearl Harbor Sunday, December 7, 1941 . . . . .	72
Corn-Fed Boys and City Lads . . . . .	75
Santa Sabina . . . . .	77
In the Chapel . . . . .	83
The Lure of San Francisco . . . . .	85
San Francisco—There Have Been Changes . . . . .	91
Hills or Mountains . . . . .	96
Music in San Francisco . . . . .	98
San Francisco as an Art Center . . . . .	101
San Francisco Bound . . . . .	105
San Francisco Bound—Walking Across the Golden Gate . . . . .	108
Le Printemps . . . . .	112
California Pastoral . . . . .	113
Sonnet—After Elizabeth Barret Browning . . . . .	115
The Inexplicable . . . . .	116
In the Art Gallery . . . . .	117
Music and Drama . . . . .	121
W.A.A.—From Fall to Spring . . . . .	124
Rosemary Cottage . . . . .	127
College Calendar . . . . .	129
Patrons . . . . .	134





## EDITORIAL

THE last year has been one that has wrought drastic changes in the world. Socially, politically, and individually people have felt them. No one has escaped the innovations of this widespread war which has taken a seeming death-hold on the world.

We at Dominican College have been most fortunate. Despite the war we have been able to continue our education and at the same time help to do our part. When we consider how interrupted has been the education of most boys of college age in this country, we can indeed feel grateful. We have experienced changes the war has brought; we have cheerfully accepted the rationing of sugar, coffee, butter, and other foods, of shoes and gasoline; we have planted victory gardens, cleaned our rooms, served in the dining room, bought war stamps, and worked for the Red Cross. We have not resented doing these things; we have enjoyed it. As conditions grow more pressing and more sacrifices are expected of us, we will be anxious and willing to do what we can.

Many from the graduating class of 1943 are going into fields very different from those they had planned when they entered college; they will find themselves in conditions wholly unknown to the graduates of

previous years. No matter what they do, it will be with the idea of doing what they are best suited for to help win the war. Those who teach will encourage economy and coöperation in the children; those in business, government or private, will exercise every means to assist; those in Social Service will have the great opportunity of aiding unfortunate people not able to meet the many and varied changes in the world with courage and fortitude; they can also help the soldiers who return to adjust themselves once more to a normal life.

Young women who have received, as the students of our College have, a sound moral education based on the strong Catholic teaching that gives courage to face reality, should be adequately equipped to meet life. They should be prepared to help others who have not been fortunate enough to receive such training to enable them to adapt themselves to a new order of things. Great should be the part of the Class of 1943 in the molding of the future social and political world.

## A GRADUATE'S PRAYER

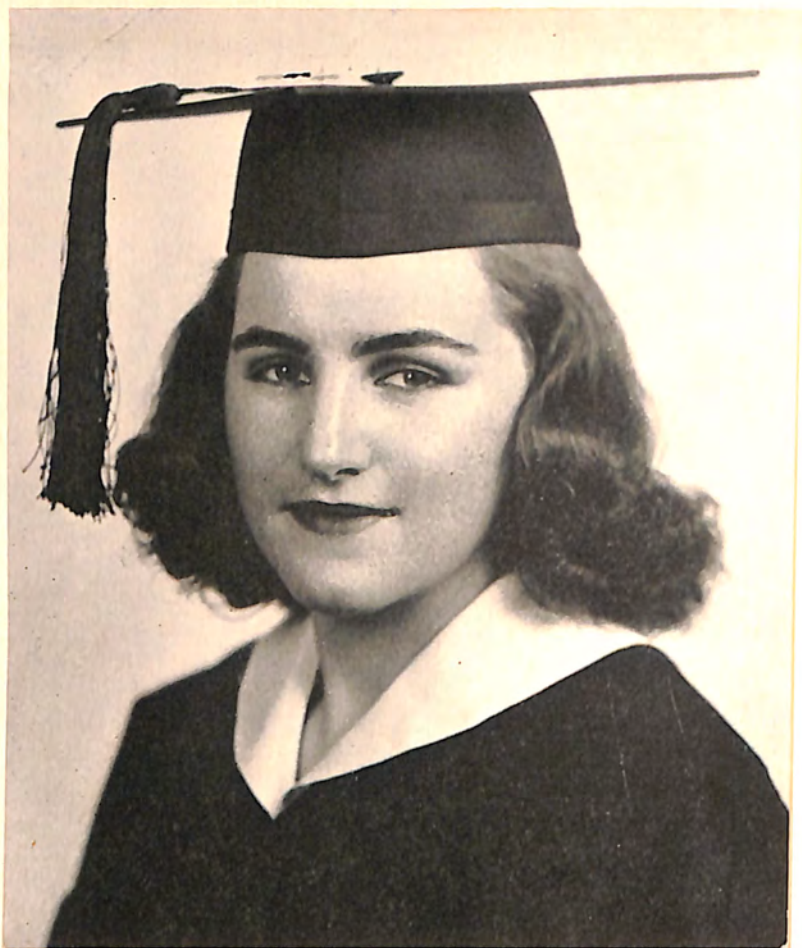
O Fountain-head of strength and grace  
Lean down and hear my prayer to Thee  
And lend me all I need to face  
The forces that encounter me.

O Virgin, lend me purity  
Of body, soul, of deed, and mind  
So it may light the way for me  
In the dark and chaos I will find.

O Mother, make my strength increase  
One hundred fold so I may share  
In building a new world of peace  
For sons and daughters I may bear.

MARNO PRINCE FREITAS '44.





RUTH AGIUS

MAJOR: HISTORY

Treasurer Class '41 '42  
Executive Board '43

I. R. C.

## RUTH AGIUS

SHE appears quiet and yielding as she almost soundlessly makes her way around the campus, but her large green eyes and sweet smile suggest power and sincerity. Her close friends say she is reserved in her opinions, but obstinate in her decisions. She rarely asks anybody's advice; and if impertinently advised she will act to the contrary.

She has a sense of humor, which shows occasionally in her short exclamations. She is considerate of others; though she rises early in the morning, she tiptoes around the room without turning on the light, opens her drawers quietly, and closes the door noiselessly as she leaves the room. She is one of a large family, each of whom she loves devotedly.

She often surprises even those who know her well by a sudden impetuosity. Although few have suspected her of being athletic, she showed her ability in basketball when the Seniors needed her most. It is evident at times like this that she is loyal and efficient in whatever she attempts.



MARJORIE BESSAC

MAJOR: HISTORY

Secretary Class '43  
President I. R. C. '43  
Confraternity of the Blessed  
Sacrament '43

French Club



## MARJORIE BESSAC

NEWCOMERS are attracted to her, for they are readily made to feel at home by her pleasant conversation and buoyant laughter. Her friends know that she fulfils her promise. In generosity and friendliness she cannot be outdone.

She is an authority on knitting. The Red Cross owes her many a garment that would never have been finished without her advice and help. She gives any desired information on house rules, which she knows thoroughly; she answers the telephone when negligent sophomores ignore it, but she does not fail to counsel the first one she meets on the duties of that class. She has a keen interest in current events and current problems; her enthusiasm shows best wherever history is concerned. As studious in quiet hours as the Clerk of Oxenford, she also, like that familiar worthy, has books at her bed's head. With these books she is as generous as with everything else; she lends freely of her reserves, believing that books are meant to be read. The most likable thing about Marjorie is her sincerity. Her kindness flows unceasingly from an inner joyousness and a desire to give out of her own stores.





BARBARA BROWN

MAJOR: EDUCATION

College Ensemble '42, '43  
Assistant Business Manager  
*Meadowlark* '42  
Business Manager *Firebrand* '43

## BARBARA BROWN

A DISTINGUISHED looking girl, slim and pretty, Barbara drives up to Guzman in a maroon-colored convertible every morning. She dresses in excellent taste, walks quietly through the halls and has a friendly smile and greeting for everyone.

She works earnestly at everything she does—whether it is playing her violin in the college orchestra or seeking patrons for the *Firebrand* or teaching the third grade in Corte Madera where all her pupils love her. She is always willing to offer her services in any class or school activity and when the Seniors need an extra player for the class tournaments Barbara can be depended upon for assistance. Her pleasantness and quiet graciousness make her a charming companion.



CLARE CARSON

MAJOR: HISTORY

I. R. C.



## CLARE CARSON

CLARE is a tiny blonde girl with a very sweet smile, whom one rarely sees in the halls of Guzman without an armful of books; she studies consistently and is interested in learning for its own sake. She has determination that goes into her pursuit of every end she seeks. In class, for example, she will discuss a particular point until its logic has been made absolutely clear to her.

The volumes that Clare carries are not always for school purposes. She reads most of the best sellers and many biographies. She is very obliging and so great is her charity as well as her love of books that she often gives her spare time to assist in the lending library of St. Dominic's.

She is as just as she is charitable; injustice, real or apparent, makes her righteously indignant. She feels intensely and she believes with the full strength of an Irish faith.





MARY LOUISE DECKER

MAJOR: EDUCATION

Vice-President Class '43  
Albertus Magnus Club  
Ann Hathaway Players  
Art Staff of *Firebrand* '43

## MARY LOUISE DECKER

MARY LOUISE has the slow and easy-going manner associated with the South. A creature of startling changes, the College first waked to the color of her personality in her freshman year when she played Crimson in Julie Dyckman's W.A.A. melodrama. From that day on her talents have been sought for every college presentation. She had the audience laughing and weeping over her portrayal of Abby in *The Late Christopher Bean*. Her greatest talent, however, is for art, but she wants art for her pleasure, not for her living.

She has definite ideas, which she expresses vividly and with pertinent gesture and darting glance. About herself, her own feelings and activities, she is singularly reserved. Few people on the campus really know her, but she always gives the impression of unsounded depths.



**MARGARET DEGNAN**

**MAJOR: SCIENCE**

President Sophomore Sodality '40	President Albertus Magnus Club '43
Student Affairs Board '42	French Club
Class President '42	Confraternity of the Blessed
President Student Affairs Board '43	Sacrament '43



## MARGARET DEGNAN

PEGGY is a composition of seriousness and light-heartedness. She studies science earnestly, for she is ambitious to become a doctor. This ambition leads her into many a debate over the place of women in medicine. She always holds her own and her determination is strengthened, not lessened, by each fresh challenge. She has been serious and just in her administration of the office of President of the Student Affairs Board, a difficult task, which she has made seem easy by keeping all personal implications out of it.

There is a rollicking Peggy, too, who finds it next to impossible to refuse to take a dare. She will do almost anything, and many an unsuspecting person has felt the weight of Peggy's audacity.

She is an engaging conversationalist; her interests are broad, and she is well-read. When she argues, and she has a passion for arguing, her reading gives her solid basis for many a point. One of her chief interests is philosophy.





DOLORES DE MARTINI

R. N. Transferred from St. Joseph's College of Nursing

Student Affairs Board '43  
Albertus Magnus Club

Spanish Club  
I. R. C.

## DOLORES DE MARTINI

DOLORES reaches hardly five feet in height. A vital personality, a little subdued, accompanies her small stature. Sometimes she is a lively talker, moving from subject to subject and allowing small chance for reply; at other times she is remarkably quiet.

Disliking affectation in others, she herself is sincere to the core. A fear of being misunderstood often prompts long explanations from her to rectify people's wrong impressions. Spotless white shoes and blouses neatly pressed are little reflections of her training as a nurse. She is an excellent nurse and has passed her State Board examinations, much to the pleasure of her friends on campus.

Her chief academic interests are Sociology and Science.



JANE DEMPSEY

MAJOR: ENGLISH

Executive Board '40, '41, '42, '43  
Secretary Student Body '41  
Treasurer Student Body '42  
President Student Body '43  
*Firebrand* Staff '41, '42  
Assistant Editor *Firebrand* '43  
*Meadowlark* Staff '41, '42

Gamma Sigma  
C. I. C. Representative '43  
French Club  
I. R. C.



## JANE DEMPSEY

LIFE in general goes easily with Jane. She has good looks and a good mind. She learns and pleases with little effort, yet she is capable of sustained endeavor. Her successful year as Student Body President bears witness to this fact. Her patience has been endless and her frankness is no less engaging than her tact.

Her facility in doing things perhaps accounts for her procrastination. She is certain to come out creditably in the end, however, in spite of prodigious excitement at the last minute. Actually faced with a situation, she meets it with unfailing poise.

Surprised, she opens her eyes wide for a moment and then bursts into an infectious laugh. This gaiety, her happy way of overruling little annoyances, and her real interest in things of consequence make her a desirable friend.





BARBARA HARTSOOK

MAJOR: SPANISH

Student Affairs Board '43  
Class Secretary '42

President Albertus Magnus Club '42  
Las Modernistas '43  
French Club  
Social Committee '43

## BARBARA HARTSOOK

BARBARA has an olive complexion, high cheek bones and dark brown almond-shaped eyes; when something amuses her the corners of her mouth begin to curve ever so slightly until a broad smile lights her whole face. To many she seems remote, but she responds fully to the few whose companionship she enjoys. She is an extremist, wholeheartedly for something or definitely against it. Her quick temper flares up when others are as definite in their opinions as she is in hers; however, her flash of anger soon gives way to amused laughter.

She shows her enthusiasm especially in her love of animals. A kitten who had had a bad fall once spent a week in her room under treatment, much to the eventual dismay of the authorities. To see her reconcile Roddie, the Fanjeaux collie, to Bob, the old white plow horse lodged temporarily in Roddie's pet quarters, is an illuminating moment. Her friends will long remember the horses at her family ranch in Bradley, of whom she was so fond and about whom she spoke so often and so glowingly.



JANE HULBERT

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

Class President '39  
Secretary Student Body '40  
Executive Board '40, '41  
W. A. A. Board '39, '40  
Phi Beta Mu '41, '43  
Absence Committee '41  
Fanjeaux House Mother '43

German Club  
I. R. C.



## JANE HULBERT

JANE can be recognized from a distance by her squarely built shoulders and the boyish sway of her body. Her once bobbed hair is noticeably "casual" as she comes nearer and in a low voice greets you with a broad smile.

Her appearance suggests that she is athletically inclined; her activity on the basketball court confirms this surmise, whether she referees a lower class game or plays with her own team.

Her consciousness of an untidy grove or sun room comes largely from her aversion to disorder, although it may be a remnant of her duty as President of her Freshman class. She has a rare way of managing people, for her pleasant approach makes her requests seem right and proper. She is both amiable and generous. Many were the times before gasoline rationing that her blue coupé headed for town, already crowded with passengers, stopped for just one more. She is always thoughtful, always willing, and by her cheerful example encourages others to follow. Full of school spirit herself, she is able to interest others in whatever she undertakes.



CATHERINE IRWIN

MAJOR: SCIENCE

Executive Board '42, '43  
President Day Students '43

Albertus Magnus Club  
Spanish Club

## CATHERINE IRWIN

KAY is tall and slender and walks with a swinging gait. She speaks in a soft voice and although she is not a great talker, when she does add something to a conversation it is to the point and not merely idle chatter. She listens with flattering interest; indeed her sympathetic eyes are her chief attraction.

As president of the day students she has been active in her duties and has surprised us with a great burst of energy over the furnishing of the day students' new room at the top of Meadowlands.

If one wishes to find Kay on campus the place to look is the Chemistry Laboratory. Here she spends many an afternoon of real pleasure, for she plans to become a laboratory technician.





FRANCES RUTH MCCARTHY

MAJOR: EDUCATION

German Club  
Albertus Magnus Club  
Gamma Sigma  
I. R. C.

## FRANCES RUTH McCARTHY

FRANCES RUTH'S golden hair, her blue eyes and soft voice make a quiet harmony. She is generally an unexcitable person, calm in the most nerve-racking situation; amiable in a matter-of-fact way about even unreasonable requests. She has a keen intelligence and unusual strength of character. Her seemingly quiet and enigmatic smile make those who know her but slightly miss her subtle sense of humor.

She is as reliable as she is unexcitable, no matter what her task. She loves study best, however, especially history, her chosen field.

Sometimes she flames, incensed over rulings against her wishes, forgetting that she has not made her objections known. When she sees the logic of a questioned situation she gracefully laughs at herself.



**VIRGINIA RINGER**

**MAJOR: ECONOMICS**

**Vice-President W. A. A. '42**

**Executive Board '43**

**Class President '43**

**Vice-President Student Body '43**

**Vice-President Student Affairs**

**Board '43**

**Confraternity of the Blessed  
Sacrament '43**

**Phi Beta Mu '43**

**C. I. C. Representative '42, '43**



## VIRGINIA RINGER

IN appearance Virginia has an attractive primness; actually she is very lively, and her wit is most enjoyable. She loves a grim tale, but she takes greater pleasure in funny ones, which she recounts well, amusing herself in the telling to the top of her bent. She has interesting ideas about things and people, and she would like to even up the unevenness of nature, especially in the matter of the unequal gifts of attractiveness. She likes to help prepare for parties, and stirs up enthusiasm for every school formal, but she loves ranch life and delights in riding horseback in the Bret Harte country which is her home.

She is industrious and ambitious. Her poise and her interest in people, the very twinkle of her eye as she talks, will do her good service in the personnel work for which she is preparing.



VIRGINIA ROCHE

MAJOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois

I. R. C.  
Social Committee '43

## VIRGINIA ROCHE

GINNY'S five feet two inches are accentuated by a quaint habit of walking on her toes. Her big brown eyes often have a look of wonder, due to her childlike trust; she will believe the wildest tale if it is told seriously enough. She has a way of drawing her brows together, a haunted look in her eyes, which may come only from the pressure of history readings or again from serious complications in her weekend plans.

Ginny's life is beset with complications. Whether she is leaving Fanjeaux for classes, or for the weekend, there is almost equal flurry. She magnifies every problem and laughs at herself for doing it.

Her eyes flash in an argument because she believes intensely in her point. Anything said against her beloved Chicago arouses her to a flame of indignation, until she realizes that she is being teased.





JEAN ROSASCO

MAJOR: ART

Transferred from Mills College, Oakland, California

Class Treasurer '43  
Art Editor *Meadowlark* '43  
Art Staff *Firebrand* '42, '43

President Dramatics Club '43

## JEAN ROSASCO

ALTHOUGH Jean is among the youngest of her class, she has a maternal way. She seems to know when anyone needs cheering up, she always has the proper remedy for the little ailments that trained nurses scorn, and she always knows how to do things. She is both practical and impractical, an artist who knows how to dress but not withstanding a well-filled wardrobe always has "nothing to wear." Her room is charming and it contains every article anyone ever needs.

She paints well and her mechanical drawing is as accurate as her sense of color is lovely.

Her look of calmness is belied by the hurry of her movements—even when she writes, and she is a great letter writer, one can hear the quick scritch scratch of her pen on the paper.

She will bring vigor to whatever career she chooses.



**ELISE RYAN**

**MAJOR: BUSINESS ECONOMICS**

**Class Secretary '41**  
**Vice-President Class '42**  
**Social Chairman '43**

**Phi Beta Mu '43**



## ELISE RYAN

HER thick dark hair sets off the whiteness of her skin and the deep blue of her eyes, which in repose have a quiet sadness but when she talks are most expressive and vivacious. It is Elise's charm and delicacy that one first remembers about her. She always seems fragile even if she is helping to change a tire on Q.T., her model A Ford, or racing up and down the hockey field. Daintiness characterized her activities as a gracious social hostess, especially her clever decorative schemes. Ambitious as were many of these schemes she never seemed perturbed over them.

She has definite dramatic talent, especially for comic parts and mimicry. She makes a superb villain or an equally good clown on the stage, and off the stage can keep a group of girls laughing heartily at the unpredictable humor of her original remarks.

This originality will undoubtedly bring success in the advertising ventures she looks forward to.



## JUNIORS

SO NOW it's our turn! For decades, Junior classes of the Dominican College of San Rafael have written in their annals memories of their third year in college. Poignant memories always, of Dominican—the formula old, the people new. To see our classmates in 1943 pigtails and moccasins, one would hardly find any resemblance to the former Junior classes, yet we are but the latest embodiment of an unchanging spirit, the same ideals still prevail, though the personnel changes.

Speaking of personnel, September found the original Junior class augmented by new blood, ten transfers from other colleges. It was such fun meeting new roommates and greeting old ones! Embryonic plans for room decorations became one of the chief topics of discussion and interest. We were proud, the night of the Fanjeaux Housewarming, when Connie's and Lodi's room was pronounced the most attractive.

After we had our Freshman "Little Sisters" well in tow, studies and school routine predominated, punctuated at welcome intervals by such week-end activities as the Fall Formal. Remember? Our favorite recollection is the light we saw in Jo Boss' eyes that night as she introduced her new husband to her Junior classmates. The grim prospect of finals brought us down to earth again. Christmas vacation proved a welcome respite, especially to those whom distance had prevented from seeing their families since September. War-time travel made Pat White's trip home to San Diego eventful, while Marianna's sojourn in Yakima was an equally popular topic of campus discussion.

Plans for a really eventful second semester took shape, with the Junior Prom as the principal focus



of attention. The clever Peppermint decorations (brain child of Franny) became a part of Dominican legend, as well as did the account of Mary Ann's enjoyable evening.

We'll never forget Class Day! Remember how forlorn Mary Lou looked amid the prima donnas? We loved Margot's professional rendition of the blues, and Gen's amazingly authentic version of a hen's cackle. We're all sure that Lyla and Lorraine are definitely destined to be maestros, and that Mardi will never forget the thrills and spills during the obstacle races before the plays. "Twenty-seven strong—not to mention courage" became our slogan on the day, and thereafter seemed to epitomize our new-found class spirit.

While in a reminiscing mood, we can't overlook the fact that the Juniors walked off with the basketball championship, thanks to the skill of such players as Pat Cribbin and Eleanor.

With "Captain" Betty at the helm, the W.A.A. production, *Show Boat*, was acclaimed a huge success. Our contribution was the Cake Walk in which black-faced Juniors frolicked.

Along with the highlights in activities during the school year, we couldn't fail to mention the pleasant

tea given us by the Freshmen. We'll always remember the little things, too—the famed hospitality of Gloria and the two Alices, and the cookies Rosemarie has whenever we're hungry.

G. HALL '44.

P. WHITE '44.





## THE SOPHOMORES

IT was so peaceful, sleeping. Little elephants were hopping over trees and we were jumping from cloud to cloud. A horrible reminder of stark reality awakened us.

My! Day!

After fumbling in the dark we finally silenced the alarm and wondered what day it was. It was Wednesday and it was seven o'clock, time to ring the bell. It takes two whole years of college life to escape this fate allotted to lower classmen. Ringing the rising bell in



Fanjeaux is one of many privileges to which a Sophomore falls heir.

This morning was somewhat different from other mornings, however. There was to be a terribly important final at nine, yes, but this was the last day of school! We tore down to breakfast after ringing the last bell and then barely made assembly. After a seminar in the Grove we took the fatal exam, or rather vice versa.

When we packed that afternoon we thought of the three months vacation ahead of us. Some would go east, others to Washington and Oregon. All of us would look forward to home, our parents, friends. We put last summer's bathing suit in the bottom of the trunk and wondered if we'd be at the beach this summer, if we would see our friends again before September. Agnes and Lucille would no doubt spend a week or so at the River, taking time off from summer jobs. Donna would be jaunting back and forth between Susanville and Reno. Ibbey would thwart the desert heat of Twenty-Nine Palms while she worked in the air-cooled offices of the Flying School. We must remember to write often.

At dinner everyone looked radiant in her favorite formal. We realized that we should not see the famil-

far and loved faces of our Seniors next year, shed a tear even, while singing *Auld Lang Syne*.

In bed that night thoughts came to us of the past semester at college, our friends, our class. With a warm feeling of accomplishment we reflected on the highlights of this, our sophomore year. . . . Jane Weis has been a wonderful president, always eager to see that we are not outdone in the buying of war stamps, or in any demonstration of school or class spirit. We thought about the hockey championship we won early in the year and smiled as we remembered little Nell Degnan running up and down the field at record speed despite her minuteness. On Class Day we felt the same spirit; it gave us first honors for the day. Patsy Cavanaugh and Margaret Jane Sedgwick were priceless as dashing young gentlemen of the "Gay Nineties" and Carol Haber and Betty Jane Smith as belles. We laughed aloud. Anne Sheldon, Jean Clausen, and Barbara Gormley's skit, *The Three Old Maids*, was inimitable. Come to think of it there's quite a bit of talent in our class. Betty Jane Cann's editorship of *This Week*, a "New Deal" at Dominican College proves that she is capable of managing a weekly well and that she has persistence and determination. Struggling to get articles in on time and "dummies" ready for the printer, Ibby Watson "carried on"

as editor of *The Meadowlark*. Barbara Beall, Neva Sohl, Phyllis Moad, and Florence Gruppo are all musicians — practically professional! We, ourself, once played in a recital in the third grade and wore a long dress. Mother thought we were so good. So did we.

Fanjeaux was peaceful now. Everyone else must have been asleep. Had we been dozing? Thinking of music reminded us of *Show Boat* and the clever dances, particularly the "Cake Walk" all arranged by Gerry Doyle. We thought of the sextette and our pleasure in their songs, new and old. Our favorite was *Tea for Two*. . . . Tomorrow we'd be leaving, but we'd be back next semester. The refrigerator behind Fanjeaux sounded like rain. A cool breeze blew through the open window. Tomorrow . . . soon. It was so peaceful, sleeping. Little elephants were hopping over trees and we were jumping from cloud to cloud.

HELEN ELDER '45.





## THE FRESHMAN CLASS

**M**EADOWLANDS has been a happy place this year, for the girls that live there have been full of fun and laughter. We have bright memories of carefree moments spent about our house, or in the gardens that surround it.

Many a winter evening we spent in the Green Room before the fire. Jinny, dark-haired and quiz-zical, would sit at the piano, improvising melodies, moving from one to the other at the requests of the

various groups clustered around; perhaps Catharine would join in singing, her dear sweet voice enchanting her listeners; Florence, Gloria, Peggy and Barbara would sit at a bridge table, talking vivaciously across it about the exploits of certain boys from U.S.F.

On warm afternoons between classes, we would sit on the porch basking in the warm sunshine and listening idly to the radio music that floated out through open windows. Chris, quiet and friendly, would be knitting a pair of socks, while Merry, with her soft southern drawl, might wonder if perhaps she should be at class, as Betty Barchet and Lee compared the quality of the sunlight to their Honolulu warmth. Even more of us could be found in the grove, chatting about anything at all, Madeleine, thinking about Farragut and her letters from home, Franny with her dark hair a perfect contrast to her golden-haired roommate, Pat, thrilled about her father's picture in *Life*; the sound of unrestrained laughter surely heralded the approach of Eileen and Suzy.

But our days were by no means all leisure. On the contrary, we spent long hours in class and study. Per-

haps the class most appreciated by the Freshmen was Father Kelly's.

"Those who have the blessed gift of being able to talk and listen at once should get down on their knees and thank God for it"—apropos of a whispered conversation in the back of the room; laughter, as one of his original tests appeared.

Then there were Humanities classes, where we squirmed in mental agony as Miss Hamilton took peeps at our "vacua"!—"Miss Morken, suppose you tell us the significance—."

There were also days of feverish preparation for various activities, our first reception, made glamorous by the uniforms of the Merchant Marine, our gay Hallowe'en party, to which guests came costumed as names of songs. We served the traditional cider and doughnuts, and our trio, Natalie, Doris and Noelle, sang the song of the moment, *White Christmas*.

In the beginning of the year we manifested our originality when we dramatized the song *Shortnin' Bread* to show the student body (as every Freshman class must) what we could do. For Class Day we gave a skit, *Pokey Huntus*, Brenda as the Indian Maiden, Mercedes in a bright plaid skirt, as Captain John



Smith, the Scenery, Trees, Brooks, and Curtain portrayed by other laughing classmates.

We were an athletic class, and point with pride to Pat Clark, our star tennis player, to Joanne and Betty McBride, outstanding our basketball team, and to Nancy, who revels in the water; in fact, we all enjoy swimming in the big old pool under the acacia tree.

There are many pleasant things in our memories, but there were also happenings not so pleasant at the time, but amusing to look back on—the dark mornings when we walked to Mass in the starlight, stepping gingerly to avoid stumbling over some obstacle in our path, afternoons when we returned empty-handed from the little post office, while others read their mail with beaming faces, the class meeting that initiated a system of hall proctoring at night, the Friday evening we decided to have an impromptu party of our own, and the heartbreak when our old standby's, St. Mary's and Santa Clara, couldn't come. We were in such straits for escorts that Father Blank offered to bring his friends in the F.B.I.

These are among the vivid memories of our first year at college, but there are a hundred little things that went into making our year what it was. Most precious is the friendly spirit we have felt for one

another from our first days of uncertainty and strangeness to these last days when we know one another as friends. In our first year at college, we have learned at least one important lesson, the art of living happily together.

LEE HARTWELL '46.



## YOUTH IN THE WAR

WITH the drafting of American teen age boys, it has been forcibly brought to our minds that this is largely a war of youth. Owing to the intensity of the pace which modern military methods set, older men have been found wanting in endurance, whereas the young can go on in the face of obstacles seemingly insurmountable, can overcome them, and have the physical endurance to go still further. Since, then, it is the youth who are fighting this war, we who are young naturally ask what is our attitude toward the war? What do we feel that we are fighting for?

Youth is fighting not to make America the mistress of the world, not to make her the dictator of mankind, but to preserve her way of life, the free way of life. That ideal is the motivating force behind our every action in this war—without it all would be lost. This is a war of democracy versus tyranny, and, since we believe democracy to be the only way of life, we shall fight for it with the last ounce of our life's blood.

We know that we are fighting for our land and our possessions as well as for our ideals, as we know that our souls are necessarily dependent upon our bodies and often, in spite of our noblest spiritual as-



pirations, we are inhibited by those bodies. We cannot escape this fact, yet we try always to follow and to fulfill the soul's aspirations, not the bodily desires. This analogy may be applied to the present war. We are fighting for our soul's aspirations, our ideals; the bodily desires, materialistic aims, are only secondary to the real point at issue which is the preservation of our freedom for ourselves and for all else who believe in it and who want it.

There are German youths and Japanese youths just like us, fighting for their ideals. Having conditioned themselves to tyranny, they may be right as far as they are concerned. What we object to, however, are their attempts to impose forcibly those ideals upon free peoples. We know that for us tyranny would be intolerable, and we aim to protect our free way of life so that all people of all times may live in a world free from fear and from despotism. We do not want to annihilate the German and Japanese speaking peoples, nor to make them economically dependent upon our democracies, for this in itself would be tyranny, the thing we are fighting against.

What are we fighting for then, our ideals, our materialistic aims, or both? We are fighting for both, but we are fighting first for our ideals, for those ideals

of freedom which were so deeply imbedded in the hearts of the American people in the year 1776 and which those same people have striven constantly to protect and perpetuate since that time. We aim, by giving our lives for our freedom, to restore to the world that peace and concord for which it was intended by its Creator.

S. CRANE '45.



## MORAL EDUCATION

IN THE long struggle against the secularization of education Catholics have had, for the most part, to carry on without support or encouragement from those outside the fold. It is therefore gratifying to be able to call attention to two recent statements by distinguished non-Catholics of ideas Catholic educationists have been insisting upon for years in all countries.

Mr. Walter Lippman, one of the most able and widely read of American columnists, observes that in American schools and colleges "we have gone very far towards abandoning the idea that an education should be grounded upon the deliberate training of the mind and upon a discipline in the making of moral choices. We have been told to jump over these ancient preliminaries and induct the pupil directly into the study of the burning issues of contemporary life. That produces a little learning and no wisdom, some acquaintance with a few books and no knowledge of human experience, a thin intellectualism which is not reason. It turns out reformers without moral restraint, humanitarians without human respect, philanthropists without philosophy, and enthusiasts without religion."



As an ardent believer in democracy Mr. Lippman urges that when the war is over the "restoration and the reconstruction of American education" will be one of the most urgent tasks waiting to be undertaken. The war has shown us the great need of trained vision guided by clear and moral principles. Unless the schools restore to the common man the heritage of his culture, the world will belong to tyrants, demagogues and mediocrities. "For men cannot remain free if they are not educated in the things which have caused men to conceive freedom and to cherish it and to enhance it."

President Robert Maynard Hutchins of the University of Chicago also calls attention to the pressing urgency of educational reconstruction. We have need, he observes, of something more than victory in war to save civilization. The war indeed threatens it with speedy and spectacular destruction, but civilization is moving toward disintegration just as surely through the operation of other causes. Hence no victory in arms can be in itself sufficient to stay the process. Materialism has taught men to look upon their neighbor only as a customer or a competitor or an instrument of production and to forget his eminent dignity as a human being. Colleges and universities, instead of providing a sounder view of life, have too often jus-

tified the mad scramble for material prosperity by putting out of the course of study anything which is not immediately concerned with making a living.

At the root of the evil are the false and amoral principles of materialistic philosophy, and its correction must therefore wait upon a change in our thinking. The "reformation for which the world waits depends upon true and deeply held convictions about the nature of man, the ends of life, the purposes of the state and the order of goods." This means, of course, that the reformation must be primarily an educational one: "We must reconstruct education, directing it to virtue and intelligence." If we cannot do this, the task of preserving the ancient decencies is beyond our power.

These admirable statements coming from men who command such wide attention deserve a cordial welcome. With the world shaken to its foundations by war and disaster there is more need than ever for a clear recognition of the philosophical sources of the modern catastrophe, and of the work of the school if we would have any real hope of winning through to a better order of things. It is a hopeful sign that we should hear men speaking again of the primacy of a wisdom that goes deeper than a knowledge of mechanical and technical things, and insisting once

more upon the urgency of the discipline of moral education. And it is particularly interesting to us, because a Catholic college is founded upon the conviction that true wisdom and discipline are available to all the world.

"Since education consists essentially," wrote the late Pope in his encyclical on Christian Education, "in preparing man for what he must be and for what he must do here below in order to attain the sublime end for which he was created, it is clear that there can be no true education which is not wholly directed to man's last end." And from this it follows inescapably that religion must be "in very truth the foundation and crown of youth's entire training; and this in every grade of school, not only the elementary but the intermediate and the higher institutions of learning as well."

K. M.



## RESPITE?

If tears and sweat and blood should be  
Arrested in their run,—momentarily,

Would you pause to wonder at the beauty  
Of wisteria on our pergola anew  
Proffering to interlopers peregrine  
Her fragrance mauve intensified by dew?

Would you stop to marvel at the meaning  
Of the moth in beige rejecting wilfully  
Clustered bounty pendant to fare flameward  
In the taut spring dusk enringing you and me?

If blood and sweat and tears should be  
De-stained, dissolved, effaced,—temporarily.

A. SHONE

## POETRY AND WAR

WAR is Hell and poetry is music. So, many modern realists believe, who have only time for news reports and none for the poets. Yet the poet offers a more vivid picture of the horrors of war than do the news reports. War is a passion common to men in all ages and has always been one of the great themes of poetry. The scene may shift from the plains of Troy to the swampy jungles of New Guinea, but the actors in every battle play the same roles. John Masefield was thinking of the crippled soldiers of the Boer War when he wrote

“The men of the tattered battalion which fights  
’till it dies,  
Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din and  
the cries,  
The men with the broken heads and the blood  
running into their eyes.  
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in  
the rain and the cold  
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales  
be told.”

Masefield was thinking of British soldiers, but for us his lines seem written for the American Expeditionary Force.

On December 7, 1941, the screech of bombs, the crash of buildings, the explosion of ships, the moans of the wounded, the whimpers of children re-echoed in our safely slumbering country and might have brought forth the heartfelt cry:

“America, bride of change!  
Thy cloistered hour is done;  
Time! Time!  
Time to awake; to arm;  
To scale the difficult shore!”

Undoubtedly Louise Imogene Guiney heard the tocsin of the Civil War ringing as she wrote, but our present cry is one with hers. Suddenly we have awakened. In a brief coördinated movement, a beautifully synchronized motion, we see with Walt Whitman,

“The young men, falling in and arming  
The merchants arming, the lawyer leaving his  
office  
The judge his court, the driver deserting his  
wagon  
The salesman leaving the store,  
The boss, bookkeeper, porter, all leaving.”

Each mother is loath to part from her son now, as she has always been, “yet not a word does she speak to detain him.” An aura of glory, of achievement enshrouds the distant face of the God of War. Man has



once again answered his call to arms. Does he see behind the glory the biting cold, the searing heat, the relentless rains, the endless marches, the crippled and the maimed, the faces of the dead? We can hardly think so. What he does see is the flag flying,

“Thick sprinkled bunting! Flag of Stars!”

He does not linger on the thought,

“Long yet your road, fateful Flag!

Long yet your road and lined with bloody  
death!”

Walt Whitman saw the tri-colored Stars and Bars usurping the rights of his Union’s “Flag of Stars”; we see the Star Spangled Banner. Whitman saw the blue and gray brothers of the Battle of Armageddon strewn on the ground; we see the olive drab uniforms of the United States Army.

The boyish, tan-faced pilots, the sun-beaten, cocky sailors, the smiling, determined soldiers go gaily forth, joking among themselves, mercifully not dreaming of “The dead on their back, with arms extended wide.” They go, never looking behind, living for today and thinking “Death will pass me daily, but his eyes on others musing, miss me.” They sally forth, most of them never to return. To the dank, miry jungles of New Guinea they go, to the

land of unmarked graves, where many a one might  
say with Whitman,

“I rose from the chilled ground, and rolled my  
soldier well in his blanket and buried him  
where he fell.”

To the burning brightness of Tunis they go, to the  
land of heat and dust.

“They march in the ranks hard prest  
And the road unknown, with muffled steps in  
the darkness

Their army foiled with loss severe and the  
sullen remnant retreating.”

To the tropical Solomons they go, to the land named  
“Peace”,

“Where they lie on the ground;  
Where their priceless blood reddens the grass,  
the ground.”

To the swiftly erected hospital units they go, in Af-  
rica, India, Australia and the Islands.

“The crushed head, I dress  
The neck of the cavalry man with the bullet  
through and through.

From the stump of the arm, the amputated  
hand

I undo the clotted lint, remove the slough,  
wash off the matter and blood.

I dress the perforated shoulder, the foot with  
the bullet wound,  
Cleanse the one with a gnawing and putrid  
gangrene, so sickening, so offensive.  
The fractured thigh, the knee, the wound in  
the abdomen—these and more.”  
And of many it can be said  
“Alas, poor boy, he will never be better (nor  
maybe needs to better, that brave and simple  
soul)  
While they stand at home at the door; he is  
dead already  
The only son is dead.”  
Still men go on, fighting, sweating, suffering, not  
knowing whether  
“They shall be victorious  
Or utterly defeated.”  
The ones, the lucky or unlucky ones, whom death  
has missed go on, and on, and on  
“Footsore and weary, some of them so fatigued  
Carrying the gun and the knapsack  
Dropping asleep in their tracks.”  
But still the surcease of sleep is denied them for  
“The patter of small arms, the s-s-t of the rifles;  
And bombs bursting in air, and the varicolored  
rockets.”



All these things, we know, they endure for you, for me and for Liberty! That they can rise above the smoke and the stench and the slaughter, Sergeant Brodie, an Australian soldier, lately "missing in action", has proven to us in a poem which we, without apology, reprint from *Time*:

"Almighty and all present power  
Short is the prayer I make to thee,  
I do not ask in battle hour  
For any shield to cover me.

The vast unalterable way  
From which the stars do not depart  
May not be turned aside to stay  
The bullet flying to my heart.

I ask no help to strike my foe,  
I seek no petty victory here,  
The enemy I hate, I know,  
To thee is also dear.

But this, I pray, be at my side  
When death is drawing through the sky  
Almighty God who also died  
Teach me the way that I should die."

MARNO PRINCE FREITAS '44.



HI

PEARL HARBOR SUNDAY,  
DECEMBER 7, 1941

SUNDAY is a day of peace and quiet—a day to attend Mass and pray to our God. But there was one Sunday in 1941 that was not like an ordinary Sunday. Instead, it was a day of death, destruction and war. It was far from being peaceful and quiet and there was no Mass. But there was plenty of praying—there was much to pray for. Yes, that Sunday was December 7, 1941.

I was awakened with a start at 7:55 that morning by distant rumbling and nearby anti-aircraft gun concussion. I turned on my radio just in time to hear an excited announcer shout, "Will all army and navy personnel, civilian doctors, firemen and policemen return to their posts immediately! Oahu is under enemy attack, presumably Japanese. It is necessary for us to go off the air, but keep your radios on for further announcements. Keep off the streets, don't use the telephones. Be calm, everything is under control!"

Soon the air raid wardens came around to tell us to fill all possible containers with water and to boil all water before drinking it in case it had been poisoned. We were told also to connect our garden hoses



to faucets and get buckets of sand and shovels prepared in case of incendiary bombs. Sirens of fire engines and ambulances were heard as they rushed to scenes of disaster. Occasionally there were whistles of falling shells and the droning of planes overhead. Towards Pearl Harbor there rose billowing clouds of black smoke from the inferno created by bombs and torpedoes as they penetrated the cold steel of our ships and set them aflame .

It had finally come—our beloved country was at war—undeclared war. We were the victims of a treacherous attack by the “peace-loving” Japanese.

From this day on Hawaii was subject to military control. This meant nightly black-outs, curfews at eight o'clock and ten o'clock for cars and pedestrians respectively. Our snow-like beaches were covered with tangled barbed-wire and the city was now an impenetrable fort. The ships slid silently and secretly in and out of the harbor. School hours were cut short so that students could work part of the day. We didn't see an orange, an apple, a piece of meat or a slice of butter for a whole month. We carried gas masks, passes and personal identifications everywhere we went. Everyone had to be vaccinated and “shot” for typhoid. We even had special money that would be no good to the invader if there was an invasion.

But America responded to the call. We increased our army and navy; we rationed gasoline, goods and shoes. We went without meat, butter and sugar so that our fighting men and allies could have them. The production of war materials was tripled. And that is where Dominican comes in. We, too, as all other Americans, have responded to the call. Every Wednesday has been set aside for the selling of War Stamps. Keen competition between classes brought the weekly sales to one hundred per cent almost every time. We feel sure that our contribution to the war effort has been a great one and pray that it will help our country on its way to victory and peace.

PATRICIA CLARK '46.

## CORN-FED BOYS AND CITY LADS

Corn-fed boys in caps of khaki,  
City lads,  
All marching bravely.  
Their steps are sure, their heads held proudly.

American bred—they have learned their music,  
That song of freedom that they swing to,  
Up from the years, through generations,  
With charged bayonets and roaring cannon.

With singing hearts and eyes uplifted they make  
their music;  
These corn-fed boys and city lads all marching  
bravely  
From Valley Forge to the Field of Flanders, from  
Tunisia to Corregidor.

I hear the song of Freedom clearly,  
In the tramp of feet I hear its music  
I see the banner still high, waving mid the blasts and  
dust and searing shrapnel.

V. ADAIR '46.





## SANTA SABINA

PERHAPS you have wondered why the Dominican Novitiate on the top of the hill beyond Fanjeaux is called Santa Sabina. You know, perhaps, that Guzman is the family name of Saint Dominic and that Benincasa is named for Saint Catherine di Benincasa of Siena. Angelico Hall has for its patron, not the famous Dominican friar and artist, Fra Angelico, but the "angelical doctor", Saint Thomas Aquinas. If you have studied Church history, you might recall that Saint Sabina was a martyr in the early Church, in the reign of Hadrian the Third, but it may seem difficult at first to connect a second century martyr with a thirteenth century order founded by Saint Dominic, to say nothing of relating her to a twentieth century novitiate.

The novitiate on the hill at San Rafael is called Santa Sabina because in Rome there is another more famous hill, the Aventine, on which there is a basilica called Santa Sabina, erected on the site of a noble Roman widow's mansion. This Roman widow, Sabina was converted to Christianity by the pious example of her handmaid and was martyred under Hadrian in 114 because she refused to offer sacrifice to the Roman idols. In 425 an Illyrian priest erected in her

honor a basilica which within five years was consecrated by Pope Sixtus the Third and in 549 was made the Lenten station for Ash Wednesday by Saint Gregory the Great.

The construction and interior of the church still retain their ancient features, and it is therefore one of the most interesting of the Roman basilicas. The entrance is by a wooden door which dates back to the fifth century and is said to be the oldest wooden door in the world. But the first interest of Santa Sabina to Dominicans lies not so much in its architectural value as in the important place it holds in the Dominican Order. Santa Sabina at Rome is rich in memories of Saint Dominic and his Order. In 1218 Pope Honorius the Third gave the Church of Santa Sabina and its adjoining buildings to Saint Dominic for his newly formed Order. It has been in the possession of the Dominicans ever since.

Santa Sabina has come to represent the core and fullness of Dominican life. There were formulated the customs and ceremonies of the Dominican Order. The Dominican devotions to the Eucharist and to the Blessed Mother were there lovingly practised. There Saint Dominic instilled into the hearts of his followers the ideal of the apostolic life of beneficent activity springing out of the fruits of contemplation, an ideal



made practical and real. Long hours of prayer and meditation there laid the solid foundation of the white-robed preachers who stemmed the tide of heresy and brought Catholicity to all parts of Europe by their preaching.

Several miracles after which Dominican traditions have sprung up occurred at Santa Sabina. One evening there was no food at the convent, so Saint Dominic sent two friars into the city to beg bread for their supper. They managed to get two loaves, but on the way home gave them away to a beggar hungrier than themselves. They returned to the convent empty-handed; nevertheless, Saint Dominic, in spite of a bare larder, bade the brothers come to table. The friars sat obediently before their empty places; to their astonishment two angels disguised as young men walked into the refectory bearing baskets filled with bread which they served to the hungry friars, beginning with the lowest. Today in Dominican convents this event is commemorated by the beautiful ceremony of the "angel baskets" served at the beginning of the meal by two white-veiled novices, or by two of the youngest sisters in the House. Charming prints of Sogliani's painting of this miracle hang in the Novitiate and in other houses on the Dominican College campus.

Another miracle at Santa Sabina, cherished by Dominicans is that of Saint Dominic's vision of Paradise. Our Lady showed him a glimpse of the saints in Heaven and he was appalled because he saw none of his followers. When he asked her why they were absent she unfolded her mantle and there he beheld them lovingly gathered close to her.

Saint Dominic has left many personal impressions at Santa Sabina. There in the Rosary Chapel Sassoferrato's finest painting records the vision in which Our Lady gave Saint Dominic the Rosary. There can be seen the cell which Saint Francis is said to have visited. There also grows the great orange tree planted by Saint Dominic's own hands. The very fortunate can have rosaries made from the wood of this tree. And anyone interested can see in the garden of the Administration Building at San Rafael a younger orange tree grown from a slip of the older one at Rome.

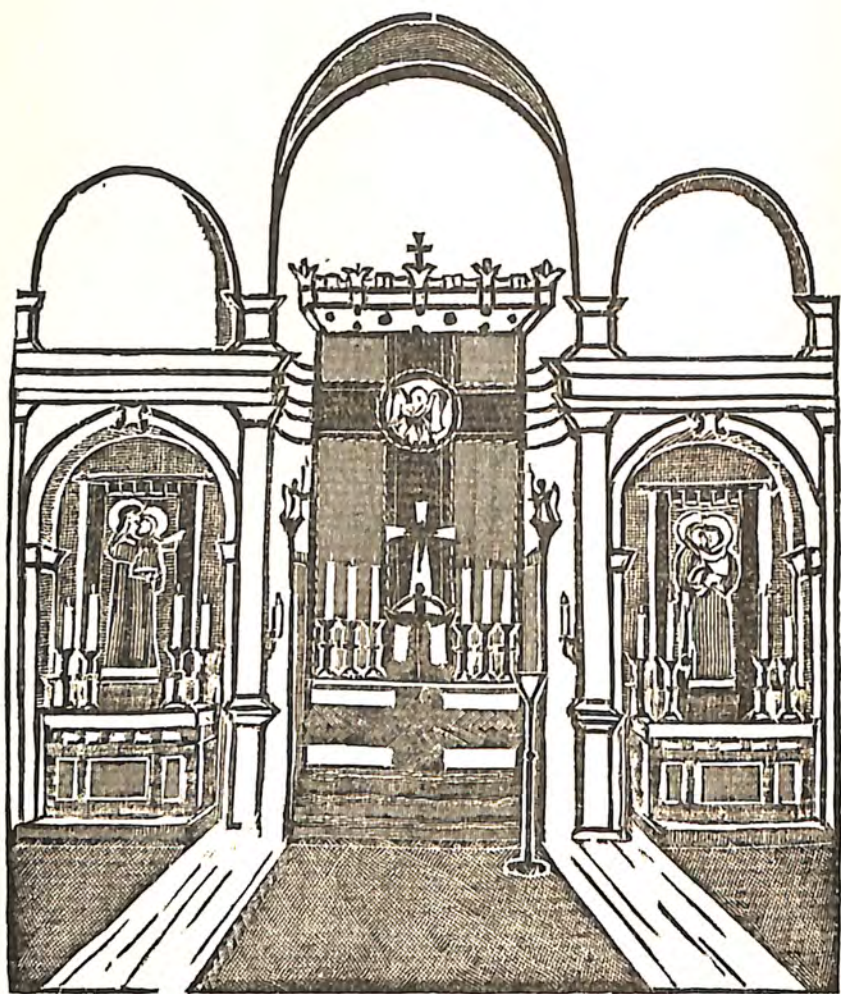
Memories of other saints live also at Santa Sabina. There Saint Thomas Aquinas found refuge while he was fleeing from the family who tried every means to divert him from his vocation. Saint Raymond of Pennafort, the great Dominican doctor who codified canon law, lived for a time at Santa Sabina. There also lived Saint Pius, Saint Hyacinth and Blessed

Ceslaus, who carried Christianity to the Poles, set out for their mission from the convent on the Aventine and there received the blessing of Saint Dominic.

From 1218 to the present day Santa Sabina in Rome has been associated with things Dominican. It holds the spirit and ideals of the Dominicans and of their founder. Is it, therefore, not inspiring for our Novitiate at San Rafael to be named after that convent where the novice master was a saint and his charges among the blessed?

S. M. W.





## IN THE CHAPEL

I often dream I see my Master passing by  
When tall trees rustle in the wind and sway,  
Or feel Him standing near when in full-throated  
song,

A bird's voice breaks the silence of a summer's day,  
But here, within the dimness of this quiet space  
His presence seems no longer veiled in mystery.  
I know that He whose beauty fills the world with  
light,

The Lord of Hosts, as Friend, waits silently for me.

Sometimes I see Him when alight with candleglow,  
The altar holds His Substance crowned in gleaming  
gold,

And fragrant incense rises upward with the prayers  
That faithful hearts in joyous hymns of love unfold,  
But now I am alone amid the shadows dim  
Cast by the flicker of the altar light;  
The flowers seem to lift themselves in prayer  
The only watchers through the lonely, silent night.

I kneel and lay my heart before my loving Lord,  
My restless heart that wistfully has sought Him long—  
The presence of the Infinite o'erwhelms my soul,  
Far off I hear the singing of an angel throng.

LEE HARTWELL '46.







## THE LURE OF SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO is not a city that must grow on one. The traveler who but enters the Golden Gate is immediately aware of her lure, her spirit, and her individuality.

San Francisco is the Rome of the West. Rising from the charging surf of the Pacific, are her seven hills, each with jurisdiction over a certain community, each jealously guarding its right to the picturesque. Nob Hill, now the fashion center, becomes even more significant by virtue of its skyscraper hotels which look down on the business center. Over its summit chugs the cable car, one of the last vestiges of earlier years.

Coit Tower atop Telegraph Hill overlooks the fishing boats and the piers where the great trading schooners glide by their "little brother" fishing vessels with their mighty cargoes from the Orient, the Canal and the North. It watches, too, over the Italian settlement where are found the best bakeries, the most bestatued and becandled churches and the merriest life. Because of Telegraph's proximity to the Bay, and its Bohemian glamour, the artist group has settled up and down its slopes and once a year, on the walls of their houses they display their major and minor masterpieces.

Russian Hill is less inviting. Rugged and dreary, windy and gray, it looms over the industrial area, and from its streets, named after the various states in the Union, one can look down on South San Francisco. To lessen the gloominess of its steep climb, however, is the view from the Northwest of the steamers in the harbor.

Mount Davidson, green with eucalyptus trees and marked with a white cross, is in the center of the residential section of the city. Once a year hundreds of pilgrims ascend the mild incline of the mountain to participate in the Easter services held there at sunrise.

On the rim of the residential area lies the Pacific Ocean. It curves around the Sunset and the Richmond districts, past the grey rocks inhabited by seals and geagulls, and passes the Cliff House which, built and rebuilt, has charmed all manner of people. The ocean waves lap softly up the sands of China Beach and then crash into the Golden Gate, ignoring the solitary lighthouse.

San Francisco has caught the spirit of the sea, its varying moods and contrasting colors. She has assimilated the sea's hardy, vigorous, and somewhat arrogant characteristics. When the ocean is calm and blue-green, and the waves slide up over the holes of

the sandcrabs, San Francisco basks in the sun, warm and bountiful. This is the time for a brisk walk along the Embarcadero or an easier stroll through Golden Gate Park. Here the rhododendrons gather spectators to gaze at their warm, vivid reds, pinks and magentas. Here the deer and sheep can be seen against a natural background of brown and green; and hidden behind the foliage a multitude of tiny lakes draw from the explorer a breath of pleasant surprise. Now the hills of the Lincoln Golf Course slope green down from the Legion of Honor and the beach swarms with sun worshippers.

There are times when the ocean is rough, when the angry surf surges up the sand to gray stone walls. The city grows dark. The streets are wet and slippery and the wind from the west blasts the workers scurrying from their business a bit faster.

Sometimes the ocean is grey and the white caps play hide and seek. Then the city is covered with her famed fog. This is her mood of mystery. The fog lights glimmer through the murk just as the yellow gas lights once blinked over the wharfs of the Barbary Coast which tempted souls with its glamour and recklessness.

On nights such as these, Chinatown lurks dark and eerie, its narrow alleys, its turreted buildings,



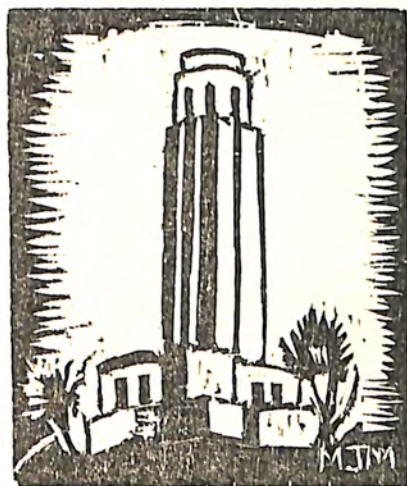
and odd, flat-faced shops converting it into an Occidental Shanghai. The women dress as the people of old China and bargain for hours over their merchandise of jade, ivory, or fine silk. This is the time to shudder at a dismal foghorn or to listen perhaps while an old seacaptain, who lives as near to the sea as the shores permit, tells of the wrecks on the reef at China Beach and of worried ships guided through narrowing straits and jutting rocks.

San Francisco is indeed a many-sided city. Industrial plants smoke and shudder on her south side. Her high skyscrapers tower on top of her hills and her theaters dazzle Market Street. National settlements in various quarters lend a picturesque touch to the city and foreign foods in odd little restaurants send out an exotic note to the diner. Pacific Street begins as a bustling, commercial way but grows sedate as Pacific Avenue with its spacious mansions and formal gardens. Mission Dolores recalls in its faded splendor, the days of Spain's vivid rule, its sturdy rose trees in the old graveyard flowering like eternal youth at the doors of mellow age.

San Francisco has the charm of a city cosmopolitan and intimate at once; set in an unrivalled natural beauty, mountain and sky always visible above the hilly streets, blue-green waters below. A city of color

and romantic allure—she is all this and more. San Francisco is the spirit of the west, a city of promise and fulfillment risen from the sordid restless port of the sixties and through the destruction of 1906 to become what she is, The Queen of the West.

B. BURNS '44.







## SAN FRANCISCO

### *There Have Been Changes*

FOR four years now I have been but a week-end visitor in my own city, San Francisco. Being a San Franciscan I have been, of course, steeped in the love and lore of the 'cool grey city of Saint Francis', and have considered it a locale set apart, different, with its cable cars jogging up the almost perpendicular streets and above all its beautiful background of mountains and hills against a fascinating harbor. But the changes that have come to San Francisco during the last four years (probably much the same as any other city's in war time) had been almost imperceptible to me until a slight incident brought the whole change into sharp focus.

It was on a street car. I was brought out of a pleasant reverie by a thin, high-pitched voice calling "Grant Avenue, next stop" and I realized with a start that the conductor was a woman. As I gazed around the car and at the people the new restless spirit of the city came close to me. Iron-helmeted shipyard workers, some young, hardy-looking men, others tired-faced, weary older men who seemed out of place in such clothes but yet had a look of content in their eyes, slumped wearily in their seats. "Zoot

suites" negroes with their broad brimmed hats, flamboyantly colored suits with baggy trousers and loose-fitting knee-length jackets leaned jauntily against the doors or slouched back on the chairs. Many women stood, some dressed in slacks, high-heeled shoes and short socks, fur coats draped casually over their shoulders. Such informal attire San Franciscans had been used to look down upon as "Hollywood", for we take a special pride in our well-groomed women. I noticed a plentiful sprinkling of uniformed men on this car such as we find everywhere during war time. A young, bashful looking sailor rose to give his place to an older man, a commander, who, from his campaign ribbons had seen much action in this war and the last. Two soldiers, a little older, drafted from small town, large city or farm laughed noisily and heckled the woman conductor. A grey-haired lady, rather proud of her A.W.V.S. uniform, sat stiff and straight. She was doing some good and needed work in canteens, I supposed. And all about me were the ordinary San Francisco citizens going about their ordinary business. Such a hodgepodge has come to be characteristic of San Francisco, and seeing them all together on this street car made me conscious as never before of the changed aspect of the city.

I could not but remember the tales of San Fran-



cisco's bonanza days when once before the city had been a place of hurly burly, of light and dark, of scuttling Chinese coolies, dark waterfront characters pitted against the luxurious wealth of the Nob Hill barons. Then there were Barbary Coast belles, miners who had come in from the Mother Lode, either just having struck it rich or talking about "next time", impressive personalities of the theater, renowned opera stars, members of vigilante societies and the ordinary San Francisco citizen going about his ordinary business.

All these thoughts raced through my head as I gazed at this strangely diverse group brought together on a street car. The people of these periods seem different, but are they so different as they appear at first glance? This conglomerate mass is, after all, like the first, seeking something here, money, fame, power or just work. The underlying spirit of the city caught the first of these varied peoples and welded them into a unity. Would it not catch the second group?

My thoughts went on to the other changes in my San Francisco, the outward changes. The bay is mined, we are told, and we believe it, for we see the markers bobbing up and down in an uneven line from the Marina to Sausalito. The submarine nets



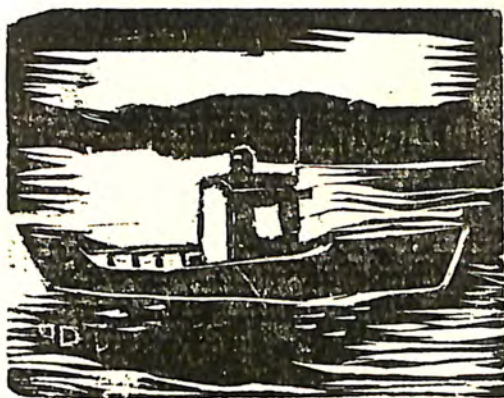
are there, for two tubby naval boats stand guard at the net entrance, opening them for a ship to pass through. Along the Embarcadero there is always movement, unhurried but constant,—troops going out, supplies being shipped to the far ends of the earth, damaged vessels in for repairs—activity everywhere in the Bay. This we know merely by hearsay, for the Embarcadero is now a closed section. And so, too, is part of Fisherman's Wharf at the end of the Embarcadero, where we love to take visitors, to show them the gaily painted, fishy-smelling boats and stop to have a crab cocktail (no matter if we really don't like it!). New houses, row upon row are springing up like jack-in-the-boxes near to the war plants where every day there is a greater speed and a greater need of them. The hustling spirit, the unusual mixture of people seeps into our brains but the most refreshing change is the revival of the spirit of camaraderie which makes aristocratic ladies stop to help young sailors, lost in a strange city.

. In the midst of this strangeness, this seeming confusion, San Francisco has not lost the beauty poets and all others who come here love. From the brow of the hill in front of the University of California Hospital one has a sweeping view of the city, the Bay and Golden Gate Park. On this spot one day a man

from Montana spoke to my mother and me. He was a tall, lean person with the keen, farseeing eyes that one finds in men of the sea and in men of wide open ranges, always looking to the horizons. He was impressed with the enchantment of the scene and he said, "San Francisco will always be blessed, for though she is a small city in area she has devoted so much space to a place of beauty, her park." He had lost two sons at Pearl Harbor, he told us, and San Francisco had given him a comfort and a peace through its beauty.

There have been changes in my city but they are outward. The spirit remains the same. It reaches through to many and offers them solace.

JANE DEMPSEY '43.



## HILLS OR MOUNTAINS

WHEN do hills become mountains? I asked myself as our taxi steadily climbed the steep grade of Nob Hill, which is typical of the rolling city of San Francisco. A hill is an elevation less than a mountain, I consolingly told myself, as the driver pressed harder on the accelerator pedal and continued to drive up the steep slope. I had been well informed before we made our trip to California of the awe-inspiring sights of this stupendous country. Oh yes, I had heard of the desert lands, the citrus fruits, the Redwood trees, the blue Pacific Ocean, most of all about "sunny California", but no one had mentioned the hills.

My family's home is in Maryland, but we were changing our residence to Hawaii, and were enjoying the sights of San Francisco before we embarked to sail for the Islands. The state of Maryland, compared to the state of California, is a rather flat country, but we do have hills. Our hills are low, slanting gradually, and rolling like the ones painters and poets create, but not straight up and down like the hills of the city of the Golden Gate.

After these thoughts quickly ran through my mind and I became accustomed enough to the semi-perpen-



dicular surroundings to sit back in some relaxation, I found myself staring straight ahead at a blank wall. The driver once again gunned his motor and proceeded to climb. This was too much for me and with my heart in my mouth I bellowed, "Please, not this one too, I don't feel like being a fly today." The driver, touched by my fear, made a detour, much to my relief. By the time we reached the dock where our boat was moored I came to the conclusion that my fellow Marylanders would agree with me that the hills of San Francisco are not hills but mountains.

B. BARCHET '46.



## MUSIC IN SAN FRANCISCO

THE DRONE of voices dies to a hushed murmur, latecomers cause a final flurry, and a last-minute rustle of programs is heard; the lights are gradually dimmed and the interest of the audience is focused upon the slowly rising curtain. San Francisco again witnesses an opening performance of its current musical season.

Whatever the season may be, symphony, opera or concert, it holds promise for another stimulating and enriching year in music for San Franciscans. Here in this cosmopolitan city is centered an interest in the arts that has been nurtured and developed for forty years or more. Those who can say, "I remember when—," will recall the thrill of hearing a newly organized symphony orchestra thirty-one seasons ago under the excellent supervision of Henry Hadley. Its renown spread under his direction and that of his successors, the famous conductors Alfred Hertz and Pierre Monteux, until, soon, visiting artists were regularly appearing as its guest soloists: the late Ignace Paderewski, who enthralled the world's music-lovers for many years as the "greatest" pianist; Fritz Kreisler, who reflects his Viennese soul, as he draws the bow across the strings of his precious

violin; the fiery performances and magnetic personality of José Iturbi; the almost complete perfection of the tone and technique of violinist Jascha Heifetz; these and many more have almost become a musical tradition of San Francisco.

The Opera also has become a tradition and has its share of well-known artists as well as the regular capable members of the San Francisco Opera Company. How often we have heard the names, Kirsten Flagstad, Lauritz Melchior, Lotte Lehmann, John Charles Thomas, Tito Schipa, Lily Pons, and Lawrence Tibbett, in connection with our own city's opera performances. These stars and others, such as the incomparable Marian Anderson, can also be heard at least once during a season of solo performances.

Fortunately, the musical form that is considered among true music-lovers to be the highest is far from neglected. Not only do the most outstanding string quartets, the Pro Arte, Budapest, Kolisch, Roth, and Coolidge, perform in our city, but a regular series is given yearly by the San Francisco String Quartet which is composed of members from the Symphony orchestra.

Fertile ground for musical genius, the city seems to produce more than its share of young talent, and numerous are the musical societies which supply it



with the opportunities for displaying its abilities. One evidence of the fact can be found in a Pacific Musical Society program of twenty years ago, on which a five-year-old violinist appeared in his first public performance, and an amazed audience foresaw a brilliant future for this young boy, Yehudi Menuhin. The San Francisco Musical Club, the Music Teachers Association, and the San Francisco Conservatory have all done their share in producing young artists.

No one can say correctly that San Francisco lacks opportunities for an excellent musical education; not only education in the sense of studying and performing, but of good listening as well. To say that San Francisco hears the best would be an understatement, and there are few excuses for not listening to the best. "We do not need to be educated musically—we simply need to guard against musical miseducation. Our own ears, unless they have grown so used to mediocrity that they have lost all their keenness, will do the rest for us."

BARBARA BEALL '45.

PHYLLIS MOAD '45.

## SAN FRANCISCO AS AN ART CENTER

### *From a Tyro's Point of View*

THE Palace of Fine Arts stands on the Marina Boulevard, the last memento of the 1915 Fair. At that time, it housed the finest paintings obtainable for the Exposition. Now ammunition fills its art rooms; and guards, rifles on their shoulders, patrol its premises. Passersby can still walk along rustic paths which wind about a decorative lake, or watch fountains sport rainbows against a clear, blue sky. Children still play on the green grass and watch the placid brown ducks. A stranger would feel peaceful here; even the children's laughter seems a little modulated and the swans float silently, imperiously graceful over the lake.

The building may return to its former status some day and visitors may once more pause before this or that masterpiece hung in its halls. But while art patrons are waiting, their need is filled by other galleries, for San Francisco is a recognized art center.

The Legion of Honor was a gift of the French to the American Legionnaires after World War I. While the Palace of Fine Arts is Roman in essence, the Legion stands in Grecian simplicity against the green hills and groves of eucalyptus trees which face toward

the ocean. The front of the building contemplates the Golden Gate and many an art critic forgets his mission while he views the blue sea set against the Marin hills and broken by the bright red span of the Bridge. The broad, white steps of the Legion lead to a gravel path which circles around a bronze statue of *The Thinker* by Rodin. Brooding, fist on chin, the Thinker's mood of deep concentration is proper to the peaceful meditative aspect of the whole setting. On both sides of the steps are two other bronze statues. One, the Spanish hero, the Cid, sits tall and confident on his horse; opposite rides Joan of Arc, a regal, somewhat calmer figure.

Up the gravel path through the great entrance door, to the foyer strolls the visitor. No one ever rushes here, no one talks above a murmur. The rooms are filled with masterpieces of every century and every country. The spectator can go from the primitive to surrealism in the space of the building itself. The exhibits change from time to time, but one or two rooms remain the same and they often appear to be the most crowded. People always come back to see the paintings they like best. Downstairs can be seen a china exhibit, rooms for photography displays and a little theater where every once in a while silent motion pictures from years younger in the art of the



cinema are presented to a giggling audience. On Sunday afternoons a distinguished looking gentleman plays a magnificent organ in the main auditorium.

Of all the art buildings in the city The Legion is situated most artistically. But over in Golden Gate Park the De Young Museum attracts many to step inside its modern doors. Here are coin collections, miniature boats, and pictures galore. Many a music lover who has finished listening to the band concert across the road completes his day by walking over the museum's shining floors.

In the Civic Center is the Veteran's Building. Its granite structure houses some fine modern exhibits and contains a theatre where the cosmopolite can see foreign pictures on the screen.

Telegraph Hill is the home of most of the artists, and no wonder. It is centered in the most picturesque and individual part of the city. From its heights, the artist may capture any mood he wishes. The heavy lapping of the bay and the anchored ships riding its tides may inspire him; or, perhaps, the vivacious Italian quarter would tempt him to paint a street scene. Then again he might wander down one of the steep streets and make a study of Chinatown, a study of its narrow, cobbled streets or its loquacious but stolid bargainers. Coit Tower, slender and solitary,

stands on Telegraph Hill's summit. It would provide material for any artist. It is itself the custodian of murals painted on its inner walls by various moderns.

This is but a superficial glance at the art world of San Francisco, the city whose natural beauty and intelligent appreciation have made her the realm of art lovers, the guardian of masterpieces, and the foster home of creative genius.

BETTY BURNS '44.



## SAN FRANCISCO BOUND

AT FOUR THIRTY-FIVE on Friday afternoon, the four-thirty bus for San Francisco pulls into the San Rafael Greyhound station.

At the sight of this familiar vehicle, passengers, mostly Dominican College students, leave coco-colas and fountain delicacies, scurry around to pick up hats, bundles, and suitcases, and hurry to the exit. As experienced travelers in sport clothes and low-heeled shoes they are better disposed to defend themselves in the rush than the inexperienced who wear high heels and furs.

At the entrance to the bus the usual fumbling for tickets detains the line. When the passengers are comfortably seated, the driver gives the last call. Already collegiate conversations begin, varying from plans of a coming school dance to new spring outfits to be tried on or purchased. The athletes argue about the results of the last hockey game while their neighbors discuss the current plays, motion pictures, and entertainments in the city. The fatigued are going home to recuperate; but most of the students have had a week's rest at college and look forward to an exciting weekend.

In the meantime, a group of last minute arrivals



from the College pours into the bus just before it leaves. Although they must stand in the aisle, they prefer this to taking the indirect route which will get them home a few minutes later. They spend half the trip becoming settled. To accommodate their suitcases in the aisle, they must stand in distorted positions, but somehow at last they are able to join in the conversation of the early arrivals.

As the bus approaches the Golden Gate Bridge, the relaxed perk up and the weary receive new strength. They pay less attention now to conversation as they focus their eyes on familiar sights, alert to get off at the right block, or to take a vacated seat. A few leave at each stop, stumbling down the aisle after they bid good-bye to their friends.

Even the late-comers have found seats by the time the bus pulls into the station. Then all rush for suitcases, search for misplaced stubs, and push towards the exit. As the last Dominican passenger leaves the bus, the driver sighs, wipes his moistened brow, and calls his next destination.

M. GIRAUDO '45.





## SAN FRANCISCO BOUND

### Walking Across the Golden Gate

IMAGINE! Standing up on the bus! People didn't realize that we had a long trek before us and were due to be quite fatigued in an hour or so . . . But of course, there were other people who probably felt the same way, and remembered as we did that even the Pacific Greyhound has to conserve on gasoline and tires.

So we stood up all the way from San Rafael to the Bridgehead, weaving from side to side, lurching forward when the bus stopped, and apologizing for stepping on everyone's feet. The bus driver was very obliging, and wished us a merry afternoon as we took leave of his conveyance.

What a lovely day! The wind blew through our hair and made us look like Elsa Lancaster, but the sun was so warm and the salt air so tangy, that we forgot about bandanas, and let the elements have their fun.

We began skipping along the walk, feeling like colts turned out in pasture. Our skipping slowed to a shuffle, and we decided as do all sightseers, to find out what the bridge went over. We knew it was the Golden Gate, but weren't there some houses below?



We stood at the rail and looked out and over, and realized how people get very dizzy from heights. Down . . . down . . . down into the San Francisco Bay our gaze traveled, slowing only to see what held the Bridge, with its masses of steel and concrete, up in the atmosphere. What we saw was an unbelievably large pillar of metal, and it went with our gaze, only farther into the Bay. After a few minutes of close scrutiny, we pitied anyone who tried to invade the city and hated them if they ever tried to hurt our Bridge.

Our Bridge . . . it lived and breathed human beings. It knew people from every level of life . . . the old man, the toes out of his shoes, who wanted to find a place to eat . . . soldiers, sailors, marines, from Maine, Minnesota, and Mississippi . . . civilians, war-workers, WAVES, college students . . . people who loved life, and those who couldn't stand the knocks of life and came to the Bridge for their last view.

The Bridge—the colossal link between “Marvelous Marin” and glorious San Francisco—and we were walking over it. The Bridge—around the first pillar and on to the suspension proper—a pause at the middle to enthusiastically greet any ship passing under us as it came in from the “peaceful Pacific.”

As we neared the other side we decided that the

Round House would be a good place to revive ourselves. After a very hearty repast, we continued our walk down the ramp, the longest and least exciting part of our trip. Cars flew by us at thirty-five miles an hour, and girls on bicycles sped past barely missing our toes. Our steps grew slower, and our spirits fell as the ramp descended.

The Yacht Harbor . . . our only desire was to sit on the most comfortable seats of the most comfortable boat and be rocked to and fro.

With mighty effort, we made the bus returning to San Rafael. Riding back over the Bridge, we experienced the same feeling that a pioneer of the days of '49 would if he returned to life and traveled across the continent in a streamliner train. We realized, of course, that one must always toil to find comfort.

E. WATSON '45.





## LE PRINTEMPS

These would we share, were you but here,  
Distant end of my shining thoughts,  
These would we share.

The first frog, uplifting  
From dampened clods of sobriety  
His uni-notal prayer, throatily  
To the cupola of blossoming peach.

The first hummingbird  
Down dipping, soaring, planing by  
The aureole, brief as a sigh,  
Of the cherry-plum rinsed in scented pink.

The first bee, tasting,  
Seigneur in vested velvetness,  
The transient as a touch largesse  
Of petaled foam that is pear in bloom.

Were you but near, these would we share  
Oh target of my wingéd hopes  
Were you but near!

A. SHONE

## CALIFORNIA PASTORAL

### A Road in Spring near Vacaville

A SOFT white flake of cloud rests on the roof of a great sprawling barn. The fresh sweet smells of hayfields blow all around, for farmlands stretch endlessly until they merge with the far horizon. In the great ditch paralleling the road the carp flash up to snap at tiny flies and flick back into the smooth water without a sound. In the meadow beyond, great jack rabbits play with the abandon of children, around and around, darting, dodging, as unafraid as in a primal forest.

From afar comes the cry of the wild goose, the exultant note of the strong of wing. We cannot see him, nor can we trace the flash of nearer song. He is hidden in the thick fleece of drifting cloud. But we do see the hawk poised, sinister and patient, waiting for the twitter of sparrows or a wee rabbit venturing too far afield.

The blatant crow of a rooster shocks the expectant quiet of the valley. A gleaming pheasant stops mid-road to listen, then disappears in a long trail of feathers and grass. Young lambs gambol in tall grasses, while the staid ewes stand mutely by. The March wind is playing merry games with the butterflies but

the lambs go tumbling after the gay, fluttering wings, staring in stiff-legged comical surprise when their playmates are whirled high into the branches of a giant eucalyptus tree. Now a touch of springtime pageantry shuts out the vastness of endless fields and we drive under a delicate pink and white veiled canopy of blossoming fruit trees, two miles of sheer wonder. At times the openings are large enough to give the illusion of a faery casement, through which we glimpse bits of an unfamiliar world. A sudden stir in the branches and a rain of petals fills the air and settles softly to earth with a beauty almost unbelievable and indescribably sweet.

MARION MURRAY '42.





## SONNET

After Elizabeth Barret Browning

How do I love you? Must one count the ways?  
I love you as a long forgotten lyre  
Buried beneath the Troy of ancient lays  
Would love the breath that blew its ash to fire  
Kindling again the songs that bring us nigher  
To the valor-shrouded ghosts of yester-years.  
I love you with a love that I aspire  
To identify with saints and sins and tears.  
So do I love you. Let me stay my fears  
That love is but a mortal gift of God  
To lighten man's dark journey through the years  
Until he sleep again in silent sod.  
No, mine from birth to last reluctant breath,  
I shall but love you better after death.

MARNO PRINCE FREITAS '44.

(Printed in *First the Blade*, 1943)

## THE INEXPLICABLE

What is it within me burning,  
Restless, seeks its counterpart?  
God-given spark of life eternal  
That knows no peace within my heart?  
Longing, still it seeks to capture  
Moments known before my birth,  
Sadly yearns to break the shackles  
Binding it to foreign earth.  
Dreams of joys but half remembered  
Wistfully it strives to grasp;  
Strains to hear celestial music  
Threads of song from out the past.  
Lonely being, held here captive,  
Citizen of long-lost land,  
Past and future in it meeting—  
Age-old mystery to man.

L. HARTWELL '46.

## IN THE ART GALLERY

ALTHOUGH our art gallery is small we have been most fortunate in having excellent exhibits throughout the year. And this is due largely to the fact that the College is a member of the American Federation of Arts. Through them many fine reproductions have been shown this year.

Perhaps you remember the first of the series circulated by the American Federation of Arts, *The Canterbury Tales and Chaucer's England*. There were excellent portraits of Chaucer and representations of the various characters of the *Tales* and the story of the *Canterbury Tales* presented with illustrations which suggested the character of the architecture, manners and customs and social order of the day.

The second of this series was *French Chateaux of the Renaissance and Their Owners*. This, as the first exhibit, came to us from the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston through the circulation of the Federation of Arts. The principal trend in this second exhibit was the origin and development of the Renaissance in France. Photographic plates of some of the famous old chateaux of the Loire and Ile de France showed the conflict between mediaeval ideas and traditions



and the new spirit of individualism as injected into all the arts of this period. Also included in the exhibit were reproductions of portraits of famous personages of the period, such as Francis I, Catherine de' Medici, and Mary, Queen of Scots, illustrations of examples of sculpture, tapestry, enamel work and pottery.

The *Chateaux* were followed by an excellent exhibit entitled *Reproductions of Works in the National Gallery of Art*. This included twenty-eight reproductions in color of world-famous works by such artists as Bellini, Botticelli, Goya, Hals, Raphael, Rembrandt, and Titian.

The next exhibit of this series was one of *Egyptian Art*, twenty-five enlargements of photographs made by Professor Hamann and his son, Dr. Hamann, during an expedition to Egypt in the spring of 1937. The photographs in this expedition were part of a large collection shown at Marburg University in 1937 at the time of a special meeting of the Committee from the International Association of Museums, then touring Germany.

These fine photographs give an excellent idea of early art in Egypt including architecture, examples of sculptural works and objects from the Tomb of Tut.

Another very enjoyable collection was *The National Gallery of Arts and Its Collection*. This was presented in the form of fifty colored slides, shown in the Meadowlands assembly hall. This collection was made by Lamont Moore, Associate Curator of the National Gallery in Washington, D.C. It gave us a "guided tour" through this great new museum, and showed the outstanding masterpieces of painting and sculpture in the splendid collections given to the nation by the late Andrew W. Mellon and Samuel H. Kress.

We were fortunate to be able to show later on an exhibit of *Ceramics of the Near East* by Henri Rivière, the Property of the California School of Fine Arts, obtained for us through the efforts of Mrs. Day. These reproductions were in color and gave us a delightful and complete idea of the pottery of this period.

Still another collection was that shown at the very first of the year—the etchings of a former student of Diego Rivera, Gertrude Brook of Marin County. It represents a complete file of the early California missions as well as a few works of other subject matter.

Our last exhibit shows the work of the students in charcoal, oils, and water colors and in mechanical drawings and handicrafts. Tea is served in the art


gallery the opening afternoon of this final exhibit. Everyone on the campus attends. One meets fellow-students, faculty members, and distinguished guests. There is sure to be good talk and sympathetic appreciation at this gathering, always one of the most pleasant of the year.

JEAN ROSASCO '43.





## MUSIC AND DRAMA

USIC and drama this year have been closely associated. In addition to the regular work of the departments, plays and concerts have flourished on the campus in a new spirit, a joyous overflow from the initiative of the students themselves.

The dramatic year began and ended with productions in the familiar tradition. The Shield Day celebrations concluded with two one-act plays, Barrie's *Rosalind* and Helen Gertrude Gaskill's *The Most Foolish Virgin*, carefully directed by Hedwiga Reichner. Even thus early new musical talent gave the greatest charm to the college drama. Padalo White, Catherine Hobi and Bethany Beckman, among the Virgins, delighted us by their beautiful voices.

At the Christmas dinner party the Saint George play was given in the Fanjeaux living room as usual with much singing of merry melodies. It was directed by the fifth year students, Frances Goich, Arlene Repetto, and Frances Van Tiger, with some valuable assistance from Mrs. Reicher. This jolly play came off with more than usual verve, even to the careful putting away of costumes, Morris bells and script for another year!

The next student productions were part of Class

Day. Mrs. Reicher's generous praise of the new talent she discovered here in both music and drama was added encouragement to the managers of the W.A.A. venture, *Show Boat*, in which the whole student body had part.

As a manifestation of the new spirit in the drama several one-act plays, encouraged by the Drama Department, were written on the theme of war stamp efforts, and the best one sent to the Treasury Department in Washington.

Another play, a version of Kenneth Grahame's *The Reluctant Dragon*, was half completed, to be acted by the students, but some one discovered Lady Gregory's *The Dragon* and that delightful comedy was to be given under Mrs. Reicher's direction as the first ambitious play of the second semester. Three dragons were obviously too many for one college in one year, so Kenneth Grahame's was left in peace for the time being, but, alas! Lady Gregory's had also to be pushed aside. The cause was this: the choral accepted an invitation to sing at the Opera House in San Francisco, and Dr. Silva's arrangement of Keats' *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, a program of music, dance and song, was already scheduled for the second week in May as a production of unique importance. We gave up

the idea of another play lest academic pursuits be swallowed up by music and drama.

Our adventure at the Opera House did not come about, but it was through no fault of ours. The faithful practice of the choral, in spite of our disappointment, was not in vain for we sang Lotti's *Mass* at the Palm Sunday concert.





W. A. A.  
FROM FALL TO SPRING

THE North winds do blow . . ." and so they did in the Freshman Class Day show as noble members of that class gallantly tripped across the stage in the guise of birds and bees or any other props needed to enhance the epic of Pocohantas and John Smith. Then back it was we went to the day of bustles and bonnets while mustachioed beaux and bewitching belles of the Sophomore class "Strolled through the Park" in their "Gay Nineties" Revue. Seasoned Seniors portrayed a living photo album of four years at Dominican College and mellifluous-voiced Juniors, with the immortal words, "Please, Girls, *do* fight!" ringing in their ears, retold the age-old tragedy of "Jack and Jill" as sung by a blues singer or prima donna. So ended a day early in February that had begun with the play-off of the basketball tournament—Juniors pitted against Sophomores—while class songs and yells nearly exhausted the hard-working rooting section!

Right on the heels of one good event came another, the W.A.A.-sponsored Picnic Dance—who was it who falsely stated, "After joy comes sorrow, laugh today and weep tomorrow?"—no trace of sorrow here

under the ivy-colored trellis in the Fanjeaux living room where gingham-garbed girls and sport-attired boys danced square dances or dipped cokes from the old brick well under the watchful family portraits of Mama and Papa, Big Sis and her Beau, Little Sis, and Brother.

But long before that, a swimming meet on an early autumn day with just enough warmth to make the swimming pool inviting and just enough cold sting to the water to make rapid swimming advisable, and just enough hungry swimmers and rooters to make dinner in the gym afterwards a real pleasure, had begun the W.A.A. activities of the year 1942-1943. Then came the rains and with them the hockey games. But even with the rains the gamers played on—and spectators stayed with them till the end!

Volley-ball, Ping Pong, Badminton, Tennis, and Archery tournaments kept staunch supporters of the W.A.A. busy until the first week of April when the old Show Boat was launched at the college gym. On board, while we sipped mint juleps and languished under a mellow moon, noisy pickaninnies, negro choruses, and soft shoe shuffles brought us bits of the deep South, and a heart-gripping melodrama fairly carried the audience away!

May, inevitable as Time is, followed April so

quickly that the end of the year was upon us before it seemed possible. The engrossing rush of finals and the solemnity of Senior ceremonies left no time for activities in the field of sport or play, but even as we packed up our tennis rackets and swimming suits and laid away our archery equipment we thought of the shortness of the three months' vacation and knew that September would bring us back once more to tourneys and meets and dances and plays—and for that we are glad, for it is of such stuff that good times are made .

B. J. CANN '45.



## ROSEMARY COTTAGE

AT twelve-thirty each day, the post-mistress forces her way through the restless group in Rosemary Cottage. A shout of delight rings out! All eyes are turned on her as she unlocks the door. It is stuck. Everybody rushes to help; somebody opens it. There is a general movement towards the boxes and the crowd presses tighter. Eager eyes watch the letters appear in the boxes and equally eager hands retrieve them. Chaos prevails. All voices, all attentions, all efforts center on the wall of small square windows.

From whom do these letters come? From home? Then a smile of contented happiness accompanies careful perusal. From a gentleman? Then ethereal bliss shines all over her face as she confides the news to her closest friend. From somebody in the service? Stirring excitement prompts the reading of passages aloud. No letters at all? Disappointment is softened by sharing one of somebody else's several.

Nine and a half minutes have passed and the last loiterer is leaving Rosemary Cottage. No longer does this firm, squat little building with gabled roof and clinging vines hold any interest. The tan-colored floor bears imprints of muddy feet and the scuffed wood-work betrays the impatience of many who have waited

there. The "U.S." engraved boxes are empty, some still flung wide open, and thumbed-over newspapers lie strewn across the table.

Rosemary Cottage, the house of so many joys and disappointments, stands bare for another twenty-three hours.

M. GIRAUDO '45.



## COLLEGE CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER 2—College opened!

SEPTEMBER 3—Dr. Lynn White of Stanford University, recently elected President of Mills College, introduced the freshmen to the ideals of the Humanities. A brilliant talk entitled *Humanities Without Snobbery*—the seniors present listened with keen interest—the freshmen were overwhelmed.

SEPTEMBER 4—Mass of the Holy Ghost.

SEPTEMBER 15—Pictures presented by Elizabeth Reynolds in Angelico Hall; amazing color photography of the intimate life of birds; even to the building of their nests.

SEPTEMBER 17—Freshman initiation and W. A. A. field dinner—a spirited and companionable evening!

SEPTEMBER 28—Fanjeaux Housewarming. Sophomores, juniors, seniors and fifth years played Emily Post to the freshmen.

OCTOBER 2—W. A. A. Swimming Meet. Our big splash!

OCTOBER 3—Freshmen reception given by the seniors—first informal dance of the year. Uniforms (Army, Navy and Merchant Marine), prominent; much gaiety; the end, too soon.

OCTOBER 4—Rosary Sunday. The whole College on campus by three in the afternoon, back early for the Rosary procession to the Grotto of Lourdes—dinner in the courtyard at Fanjeaux.

OCTOBER 8—Father Vincent McCarthy's appeal to contribute to the missions. A short talk, but so forceful that it was well remembered on Mission Day.



OCTOBER 13 — Meadowlands Housewarming — boxes from home and very, *very* new curtains!

OCTOBER 14—Senior Faculty tea. A noble gesture by the seniors and the Music Club, and an elegant afternoon for the faculty.

OCTOBER 19—Mission Day—contributions greater than ever before in the school's history!

OCTOBER 23—Shield Day. The freshmen gowns arrived just in time for this most cherished occasion, the welcome of the freshmen into the Student Body; device of their shield a cross and sword; fitting for this year when war tests our faith and courage.

The Shield Night plays—stirring performances, much new talent discovered.

OCTOBER 24—Feast of Saint Raphael, patron of the town of San Rafael. The college sang Schweitzer's High Mass.

OCTOBER 24-25—California Convention of the International Relations Clubs at the College of the Pacific. Betty Burns and Alice White, our representatives.

OCTOBER 25—Informal Tea Dance at Fanjeaux.

OCTOBER 27—Mr. Ernest Bacon's lecture on the Great American Opera—phonograph records of his score *The Tree and the Plain*, followed by an excited discussion lasting until six o'clock.

OCTOBER 29—The freshmen distinguished themselves as hostesses at the Hallowe'en party.

NOVEMBER 4—A cycle of songs set to music by Irmengard Charleton Horn, wife of Professor John Louis Horn, sung by Mrs. Wilbur Swanson. Particularly interesting was the music to the sonnet *How Do I Love Thee* by Elizabeth Barret Browning.

NOVEMBER 14-15—National Student Federation of America—conference at Stanford. The topic: *The Part of the Campus in the War*. The report brought back by Jane Dempsey and Patricia Cribbin stirred us to self-criticism that resulted in a strengthened war effort.

NOVEMBER 18—Symposium in honor of Saint Albertus Magnus and Saint Thomas Aquinas: The subject, *Medieval Contributions to Modern Civilization*. A stimulating afternoon. Father Meagher presided in place of Father Blank who was grounded in Salt Lake City.

NOVEMBER 21—Fall Formal—"a story-book ball."

NOVEMBER 25-29—Thanksgiving holidays. War gave us the fun of being safely late.

DECEMBER 8—Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Forty Hours Devotion began.

DECEMBER 9—French and Spanish Clubs initiation.

DECEMBER 13—Christmas musical program by the Music Department. A great deal of talent this year; each program a real joy.

DECEMBER 15-19—Finals! "I all alone bewEEP my outcast state."

DECEMBER 19—Christmas party—*Saint George and the Dragon*. Christmas carols indescribably lovely—because of defense regulations, sung only on campus.

DECEMBER 20—Christmas holidays begin.

JANUARY 6—Reopening of College.

JANUARY 22—Freshman informal dance at Meadowlands.

JANUARY 23—Feast of Saint Raymond of Pennaforte. Plain Chant at High Mass sung by the entire College.

FEBRUARY 7—San Francisco Opera Company performance of *The Barber of Seville* at Angelico Hall.

Marjorie Bessac and Connie Coleman in a Collegiate debate and forum, *Post War Education from the Catholic Viewpoint*.

FEBRUARY 12—Class Day! Celebrated in the gymnasium with exuberant spirit.

FEBRUARY 17-20—College Retreat marked by an extraordinary silence and sincere devotion. Retreat Master, Reverend William Butler.

FEBRUARY 25—*Scott's Marionettes* at Angelico Hall, a pleasant diversion; audience delighted, especially the young fry.

FEBRUARY 27—Peppermint Prom, the Junior dance, at the Fairmont Hotel—the room decorated accordingly.

MARCH 7—Feast of Saint Thomas. Celebrated by the College March 8.

MARCH 8—Panel discussion on rationing and other war problems, given by the Student Body in honor of Sister M. Thomas, president of the College. College students formally presented to Mother M. Margaret, O.P.

MARCH 17—Lecture at Angelico Hall by Chaplain Thomas Reardon, U. S. N. R., recently returned from Guadalcanal.

MARCH 27—Comprehensive examinations for the Seniors—a day of chill and shudders, "a necessary evil".

APRIL 4—Alfred Noyes in a lively lecture on *Poetry—Old and New*. Readings of his own poems. Afterwards tea at Meadowlands, and conversation.

APRIL 5—Elementary Student-teachers entertain at tea.



- APRIL 6—Secondary Student-teachers entertain at tea.
- APRIL 9—*Showboat*—a display of student talent appreciated by the audience.
- APRIL 10—At Home and Tea for High School Seniors from the Bay region; the campus seen through newcomers' eyes.
- APRIL 18—Palm Sunday Concert.  
Reverend William Flanagan, Professor of Sociology, installed as Monsignor, at St. Mary's Cathedral.
- APRIL 20-27—Holidays! A long wait this year. Holy Thursday and Good Friday, while we were on vacation, the alumnae came back for a Retreat. Reverend G. Clark, O.P., Retreat Master. Six college students volunteered to stay over and serve in the dining-room; enjoyed the experience.
- MAY 2—Concert at Angelico Hall by Dr. Gruenberg's music students. Excellent playing manifested talent happily directed.
- MAY 4—Feast of Saint Justin and Saint Catherine of Siena. High Mass sung by the College; a program at Angelico Hall in the evening.
- MAY 9—*Ode on a Grecian Urn*. College Tea.
- MAY 15—Senior Ball at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel.
- MAY 17—Seniors of Upper School entertained by College freshmen.
- MAY 18-26—Final examinations.
- MAY 26—Baccalaureate Day—Sermon by Very Reverend B. M. Blank, O.P.
- MAY 27—Commencement Day—Address delivered by Alfred Noyes.

## PATRONS

Miss Elizabeth Bennett, Kelseyville  
Albert's Incorporated, San Rafael  
Mr. Eugene P. Bessac, Riverbank  
Borden's Marin County Milk Company, San Rafael  
Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Braden, McCloud  
Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cahill, San Francisco  
Campion and Ward Pharmacy, San Rafael  
Mr. and Mrs. Leo Carew, San Francisco  
Carew and English, San Francisco  
A. Carlisle and Company, San Francisco  
Misses Evelyn and Elaine Cassidy, San Francisco  
Captain C. Clausen, San Francisco  
Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Coleman, Vallejo  
Lt. and Mrs. Stanley Corriea, San Antonio, Texas  
Mr. and Mrs. James Cribbin, San Francisco  
Davis-Schonwasser Company, San Francisco  
Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Decker, Plasterco, Virginia  
John P. Degnan, M.D., Livermore  
Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Dempsey, San Francisco  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank De Martini  
Eleanor's Beauty Shop, San Rafael  
El Camino Theatre, San Rafael  
First National Bank, San Rafael  
Miss Mary Foley, San Rafael  
A Friend, San Francisco  
James J. Gillick and Company, Inc., Berkeley  
C. Grosjean and Company, San Rafael  
Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Haber, San Mateo  
Hayden Brothers, San Rafael  
Herbert and Rohrer, San Rafael  
Lieutenant J. C. Herning, San Francisco  
Henry Hess Lumber Company, San Rafael  
Hibernia Bank, San Francisco  
Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Hulbert, Aberdeen, Washington

Mr. Phil R. Hullin, Sacramento  
 Miss Phyllis Hurley, Castroville  
 Miss Margaret Hurley, Martinez  
 Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Irwin, San Rafael  
 Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Jacobus, Chatham, New Jersey  
 Joe's Taxi, San Rafael  
 Kee Coleman Studio, San Francisco  
 Leonardi Electric Company, San Rafael  
 Lewis, Incorporated, San Francisco  
 Livingston Brothers, San Francisco  
 Lloyd E. Linehan, D.D.S., San Francisco  
 Looney's San Rafael Creamery, San Rafael  
 I. Magnin and Company, San Francisco  
 Marin County Wholesale Produce Company, San Rafael  
 Marin Journal, San Rafael  
 Homer E. Marston, M.D., San Rafael  
 Mrs. Florence McAuliffe, San Francisco  
 Mr. and Mrs. F. X. McGuire, San Francisco  
 Modern Eve Shop, San Rafael  
 Moore's Marin County Candy Company, San Rafael  
 Mr. and Mrs. A. I. O'Brien, San Francisco  
 Miss Jane Randolph, Seattle, Washington  
 Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Ratto, Alameda  
 William Reilly, M.D., San Francisco  
 Mrs. W. J. Reynolds, Ogden, Utah  
 Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Ringer, Ione  
 Roos Brothers, San Francisco  
 Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Rosasco, Jamestown  
 Mrs. Robert X. Ryan, San Francisco  
 San Rafael Chamber of Commerce, San Rafael  
 San Rafael Independent, San Rafael  
 Miss Alice Jane Sanford, Maxwell  
 Sheldon Oil Company, Suisun  
 Sheridan and Bell, San Francisco  
 Shreve and Company, San Francisco  
 Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Smith, Fairfield



Sommer and Kaufman, San Francisco  
Miss Betty Stevens, San Francisco  
Mrs. M. A. Touhey, Ione  
Misses Marjorie and Lois Virgil, Kentfield  
Mr. and Mrs. John G. Walsh, Freeman Hotel, Auburn  
L. L. Walsh, D.D.S., San Rafael  
Frank Werner Company, San Francisco  
Women's Athletic Association, Dominican College, San Rafael



