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<https://doi.org/10.33015/dominican.edu/archives.1934.firebrand>

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The Firebrand

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THE FIREBRAND

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EDITORIAL

ELEVEN years ago our first *Firebrand*, appeared, a contribution of the class of 1923 to the college traditions. The foreword tells how the book came to be given its name. "We are calling our Year Book *The Firebrand*," its creators say, "not because we hope to set the world on fire with the burning brilliance of our writings, but because the flaming firebrand is a symbol of truth—burning truth which consumes all falsehood—and a particularly Dominican symbol. The Dominican Order all over the world, has for an emblem a dog, bearing a firebrand, and for its motto "Veritas." From this seal and motto, we have drawn our own seal with its flaming firebrand and our motto, "Veritas fax ardens."

Truth in burning intensity is the Dominican ideal; it has ever been the Dominican inspiration. Before the birth of Saint Dominic, the old writers tell, his mother had a symbolical dream: "She thought that she bore in her womb a dog and that it broke away from her, a burning torch in its mouth, wherewith it set the world aflame." Almost within Saint

Dominic's lifetime, there arose in his order the great schoolmen, Albertus Magnus and his greater pupil, Thomas of Aquin, seekers of intellectual truth as a natural basis for religion. These men sought knowledge in its fullness; Saint Albert was a scientist, and Saint Thomas not only philosopher and mystic, but poet as well in the beautiful *Adoro Te*.

Intellectual ardor enkindles one's whole being; it pierces to the heart in things lesser and greater. As students at San Rafael we have been taught in the tradition of the thirteenth century Dominicans—and though we are but women, and perhaps of less serious turn than Saint Dominic's first daughters of Prouille, yet may not the firebrand still have meaning for us? Our studies are not theological speculations, to be sure, but the scholastics' passion for exactitude, and their logical and constructive thought may carry over into our thinking more soundly and originally for ourselves. To them beauty came only with spiritual truth, and the mystical loveliness of a Fra Angelico from two centuries later may stir us to a deeper conception of art and the beautiful. The Dominican ideal of truth leads to a power to perceive, to

express and to enjoy with fullness. It would intensify our religious feeling, and to us on our less exalted plane its spirit would enhance the charm of pleasant experiences and associations, however trivial. It would be discerning—and for us the Dominican firebrand may signify finally the gift of the comic spirit, the genius of thoughtful laughter finely tempered, softened by warmth and sympathy, a sensitiveness to the amusing and otherwise delightful in life everywhere.

EDNA ADA BACCAGLIO

Major: Music

Italian Club
Schola Cantorum

SHE piles her brown hair blithely high above her bright face. And she smiles, merry smiles from just plain high spirits, breathless smiles at herself, for hurrying or forgetting. And then suddenly there is the seriousness in her—her music, for instance over which she spends long hours, and her ambition to establish Gregorian chant in her parish church. And a great love for racquets and horses.

MARY JANE BALLANTINE

Major: HISTORY

Treasurer, Class '34

Delta Alpha Epsilon
French Club
Little Theatre Workshop

MARY JANE is loyal, staunchly loyal; and she is warmly and sympathetically interested in her friends and their crosses and conquests. And she has many friends. She has too, a graceful appreciation of favours, and a gently unobtrusive way of supporting anyone who is in trouble. And then she has a giggle.

Her most strenuous sport is archery; her favorite studies, Latin and History—chosen after long deliberation, for she visited nearly every class in the curriculum to decide what pleased her best. Once she has been pleased, say her friends, she can study diligently.

Above the fresh coloring of her face, her beautiful dark hair is waved loosely back to a heavy roll. Her smiles, however, are what most of us will remember, smiles that seem especially meant for the ones they are bestowed upon—these and her bustling eagerness over interesting little things that might have seemed trivial but for her interest.

MADELEINE BENNETT

Major: SOCIOLOGY

W. A. A. Board '32
President W. A. A. '33
Vice-President Student Body '34

Pi Epsilon Nu
Sociology Club
Drama Club

ONE of Madeleine's friends always refers to her as "the little secretary" and explains this title by saying that Madeleine looks so capable. She is capable; moreover she is efficient and almost invariably right in her opinions.

She is remarkably pretty; her eyes are golden brown and her red gold hair waves softly about her delicate oval face that has the clear look that always recommends one for the angel's part in a play. Her smile especially reveals her personality; her eyes are very soft and friendly. She is the most obliging person in the world and is constantly going out of her way to be kind to people.

The pleasantest thing about Madeline is that she is such a nice person without being aware of it and without being annoyingly perfect.

ALICE CUNNINGHAM DUFFY

Major: ENGLISH

Firebrand Staff '33
Editor Firebrand '34
Meadowlark Staff '33, '34
Rambler Staff '32

H. O. O. D. Society
English Club
Seven Arts Club

Alice's red hair waves back satin-smooth from her broad, intelligent forehead. Her eyes are amber-brown and have a gift of shiny listening. She is quickly stirred to amusement, laughing much and easily, and like Falstaff she is a begetter of wit in others. She makes her studies, her hobbies and the people she knows seem interesting because of the twist she gives words and phrases in ordinary conversation. In class she has a habit of taking notes, not as others do, but with her eyes intent on the instructor, writing where she may on her paper. Her notes are mere scratchings to anyone else, but for her they contain knowledge not only inestimable but of such vast proportions that her notebook exceeds in thickness even the familiar fat Oxford dictionary.

Alice's dilatory manner as she stands on the front steps joking about Aurora, her dog, belies the existence of the thorough and intelligently prepared work she brings to class. Her pleasant manner and her happy nature make her an agreeable companion; her ability to see life as an amusing experience gives joy to her friends. She is sometimes disturbingly slow, and she is always much too modest.

DORIS LORRAINE DURHAM

Major: SCIENCE

Albertus Magnus Club
Drama Club

TALL, dark, and quizzically aloof is Doris,
yet somehow a vital part of the fun
of the small children often playing
around her. It is the affection she
lavishes on her adoring brother and sister, small
Patsy and Sonny, that leaves her little room for
general college frivolities. Yet Doris will always
stay over for the evening when the Chemistry
Club meets, and when the Dramatics Club gives
a play Doris has always carefully worked out
her own costume.

Perhaps Doris is happiest in a gym suit, engaged in a game of basketball with the Downtown team, or actively outdoors in a summer camp.

She is pleasantly intelligent in class, and pleasant always.

BETTY MULVEY GARLAND

Major: ENGLISH

Treasurer, Class '32
Student Body Treasurer, '33
President Class '34

Meadowlark Staff '32, '33, '34
Firebrand Staff '34
English Club

“O H! If I could only write poetry like Betty!” This comment is heard on the campus after each edition of the *Meadowlark*. Betty can, in fact, do well almost anything she sets out to do. She has, however, a faculty for letting things go till the last minute, especially college work. Then she has to rush madly to the library. There she settles her small self behind piles of awe-inspiring books, and with a quick jerk to the bridge of her glasses, she begins to study — for Betty has an adorable little nose from which glasses have a tendency to slip.

She is a competent person as well as a poet, not temperamental, although she admits that her peculiar sin is sloth. Her interests are varied; she loves Dante and Plato, weeps copiously at sad “movies”, laughs heartily at funny ones, and shivers with delight when they are “romantic”. Her ambitions have encompassed an immortal novel (now in the background) and a tragedy in embryo about Maximilian’s Carlotta, as well as a raw silk suit she’s knitting and would like to have in this sketch. She numbers among her many friends Jerry and McGinty, the Edge Hill cats.

HERMINE HARRIET GIROUX

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Sociology Club

THE night she came home after her first experience as a real social worker was the first time we have ever seen the usually calm and unflurried Hermine really excited. She was late for dinner; when she arrived her hair was slightly ruffled, her cheeks were pink and her blue eyes very bright. Her words fairly tumbled out as she related the day's happenings.

She will undoubtedly be an excellent social worker; she has a graciousness of manner and a winning sympathy. Moreover she is generous, and takes pleasure not only in giving, but in doing things for people. A most determined person, she is impatient at frustration.

As a rule she is gay, often refreshing us with her riotous fun; but once in a while she is very quiet and then we know she is bothered about something. She has, however, a fundamental tranquility, although it is coupled with a restlessness that makes her enjoy change.

MARTHA ELIZABETH GOODMAN

Major: MUSIC

Rambler Staff '31, '32
Meadowlark Staff '32, '33, '34
Student Affairs Board '33, '34

Music Club
English Club
Madrigal Club
Drama Club
Seven Arts Club
Twelfth Night Club

SOMEONE is playing in the auditorium, brilliant music, deeply felt. It is Bettie, unconscious of anything or anyone around her. The music sweeps to a dramatic finish; her hands linger on the keyboard as if loath to leave it. The music is over, she turns and discovers us, then smiles winningly.

Bettie's deep set brown eyes shaded by long straight "doll's" eyelashes, her loosely waved brown hair, and her slender hands with their long fingers may be romantically artistic, but her mouth betrays a sense of humor; she frequently amuses us with her clever foolery. She carries herself with a certain careless dignity that is distinctive, and it is her boast that she never really quarrels with people. She can always play a part for she has a decided flare for the dramatic, whether it be in table conversation, in a burlesque interpretation of *Carmen* or the leading rôle in *Christopher Columbus*. She is an enjoyable companion, gay and witty, but when she appears with her left eyebrow raised and a frown between her eyes, that is a sign that a "mood" is on and it is well to let her work out her problem alone, maybe through music or perhaps by thinking.

IMELDA JANE GREENE

Major: ENGLISH

Firebrand Staff '34

Seven Arts Club

DARK haired Imelda, grave and gracious in a drifting deep blue dress. Imelda's soft laugh, completely friendly. Imelda's serious brain for the deeper subjects of the *Firebrand*. Imelda's car proffered with such gentle charm we never hesitate to ask. Imelda's earnest interest in everything from puppets to the Seven Arts. Thus we've come to know Imelda.

JACQUELINE MARIE HARKINS

Major: ENGLISH

Meadowlark Staff '32, '33
Editor Meadowlark '34

English Club
Drama Club
Madrigal Club
Seven Arts Club
Twelfth Night Club

I DIDN'T like her when she was a Freshman and I know she didn't like me. I didn't know her then but, since, I don't know what I should have done if there had been no Jacqueline to console me in my troubles. She seems a person not easily disturbed. Nothing bothers her to the point of worry, neither term-papers, nor examinations, nor even editing the *Meadowlark*. She edited it easily. Jacqueline has many gifts, not the least of them her voice. It is a joy to accompany her, whether she sings at recitals or for pleasure, her own and other people's. Not only her voice but her lovely spirit have added much to the week-end gatherings at Meadowlands. Not only has her good taste helped to set the tone of these meetings, but her gaiety has made them sparkle. This same gaiety she carries into dramatic achievements, even to a jolly impersonation of the Emperor Diocletian.

We could say much more about Jacqueline, her little flares of temper, her quick repentance, her teasing, her gift of friendship. What we love most is her unselfishness and her laughter.

CATHERINE HARRIGAN

Major: FRENCH

French Club
Spanish Club
Sigma Delta Pi

CATHERINE has a live, intelligent face, clear cut features, and a calm demeanor. She is unusual in several ways. For instance, she is a diligent student who admits having gotten a headache following a learned lecture, and she is an ardent knitter who gets most pleasure working on a scarf belonging to a friend. Her dependability in classes is as gratifying to her fellow students as to her teachers, for she is always glad to help with French or Spanish or Scripture. Quiet as she seems, she is independent, and tenacious of her opinions, but she has the fine gift of being able to argue without losing her temper or her pleasant manner. Only with those she knows well is the vein of quiet humor in her brought out. Then she enjoys telling jokes even on herself. Her accustomed manner is one of quiet and judicial calm. She has made many friends in the one year we have known her.

AZILE CATHERINE KELLY

Major: FRENCH

French Club

WHEN Azile returned from her Junior year in Fribourg she seemed to have grown up — there is a new dignity in her bearing that one feels as she walks with her head held high, a look of calm disinterest in her green eyes. She does not concern herself unduly with other people, but goes along pretty much her own way. Yet she is never unkind. She has good school spirit, doing her part quietly without fuss or bother to anyone.

She gets people off to French theatre parties and safe back again with greatest ease. She always finds something satisfying to do on week ends, and if there's nothing else she contentedly knits. She has a charming gayety that shows itself in witty remarks and amusing pranks. She's fun to go to the city with as she always thinks of novel things to do. She likes as well to go to symphonies or to listen to concerts over the radio, and she herself is a good musician.

Her year abroad has developed in her a love of travel so great that she wants some day a travel agency of her own — and she promises us a "Round the World for five hundred dollars."

CHARLOTTE KILEY

Major: FRENCH, GERMAN

CHARLOTTE doesn't realize it, but she is almost entirely responsible for the knitting fad which has taken the college so by storm. The clever things she makes are the envy of nearly every girl in the school, deservedly, too. Perhaps the way she looks in gay suits has something to do with the new craze for yarn and needles. Blonde, fairly tall, and exceedingly graceful, Charlotte truly complements her handiwork.

As the head of Meadowlands, her tact quickly won confidence and her keen judgment respect. On the Student Affairs Board she has shown a fine objectivity. She has a strong sense of the fitness of things and she always sees the sin and not the sinner. Her sympathies go out to the needs of the poor. She is always the first to encourage Easter and Christmas boxes. She has varied interests. She studies German enthusiastically, and, just to go to extremes, longs to live in China. She has traveled widely and only such an exotic country can pique her curiosity. She'll tell you fascinating tales of her adventures too, should you be one of the few "chosen ones" but, if you aren't, she'll give you a gracious smile, nod, and continue knitting.

ELEANOR MARGARET LAFRANCHI

Major: HISTORY

Biology Club
Italian Club

ELEANOR is a girl at whom you smile and say "Hello" long before you know her name. Yet behind her smiling amiability lurks a very earnest desire to do all things well. Foremost is the wish to be a good teacher. It is a serious Eleanor who tackles her teaching problems, and it is the same serious Eleanor behind the laughing, sometimes even a bit impatient and hasty girl who plays tennis so well.

SOPHIE CATHERINE LAMPERTI

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Sociology Club

SOPHIE looks straight at one from her calm brown eyes. Not that her eyes are always calm; she has a sense of humor that combines friendly jocosity with a definite hint of satire. But her brows are so straight and her glance is so steady that the impression she creates has a blend of seriousness, thoughtfulness and candor. It is a patrician look, and Sophie is patrician in many ways. She is a thorough student with intelligent curiosities, so earnest in her social work that she prepared for this year's difficulties all last summer by voluntary case work. She is faithful without pretentiousness even in smaller things, and she is a generous and very gracious hostess.

ELYNOR SUSAN LEARY

Major: SOCIOLOGY

President Students Affairs Board '34

Sociology Club
Spanish Club
Sigma Delta Pi

ELYNOR does more than smile at one, she smiles broadly, whole-heartedly. She is tall and very straight, with dignity which her happy friendliness in no way diminishes. One is desperately in awe of her when she is presiding over the Student Affairs Board. She is truly serious then. And she is serious, too, in her love and understanding of poetry. Curled up in a big chair in front of the Edge Hill fireplace, she likes to read poetry as she listens to the radio, but when others come into the room, she lays aside her beloved book to join in the conversation. Although she is naturally reticent, one loses sight of this quality in her sudden bursts of enthusiasm for people and new interests. Her youthful face with its tilted nose isn't a bit like those reputedly belonging to social workers, yet her naturalness and her discerning tact are assurances of her ultimate success in this profession.

MARGARET MARY MARSH

Major: MATHEMATICS

Secretary Class '31
Executive Board '32, '33, '34
W. A. A. Board '32
President Students Spiritual
Council, '32, '33

Firebrand Staff '33
Meadowlark Staff '32, '33, '34
Seven Arts Club
Drama Club
Albertus Magnus Club

MARG has classic features and a noble bearing; she has a high, wide, brow, and blue eyes amused and confident. She has a keen sense of humor and a dry wit that demonstrates itself in a pleasantly startling manner at odd moments. The consecutive thought and thoroughness of a mathematical mind lie behind Marg's argumentative conversations. Whether there is a point or no point to the argument it is seldom that she cannot get the last word. She is never moody, but always maintains an even temper and seemingly never takes things too seriously. She has a magnanimous belief in other people and an obliging generosity that doesn't go too far.

RUTH LOUISE NELSON

Major: SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS

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

Sociology Club
French Club
Little Theatre Workshop

RUTH seems quiet and reserved, and so she is generally, but she has the happy faculty of being serious or light-hearted as the occasion demands. She is a thoughtful student and an amusing schoolmate who constantly delights her companions by her comical or naïve remarks.

Her firm chin shows that she has a will of her own, that she is not easily influenced and that she has definite opinions which she rarely changes. There is a humorous quirk to her mouth; trivialities amuse her and she seems to find life entertaining.

She is at her best during the delightful Friday night sessions in the Edge Hill tea room. There one sees her thoroughly enjoying herself, the center of a group of merry makers whom she entertains with funny and apt remarks.

ANN O'CONNOR

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Treasurer Class '33
W. A. A. Board '33
Treasurer Student Body '34

Sociology Club
Drama Club

ONE of the most familiar sights on this campus is Ann driving about in "Belinda," her beloved car. One can't see much of Ann when she's in "Belinda," just her small serious face in the window, but when she parks in front of Guzman Hall and steps out, her seriousness vanishes as she meets her friends. There is a certain charming piquancy about her. She's slight and dark, and very dainty.

She is fortunate in possessing common sense. She may have an occasional wild idea or plan, but as a rule she carries it out only after she has decided that it is sensible as well as feasible. Her large lustrous eyes look out eagerly at a world filled with adventure for Ann. She is devoted to her family and friends, but she often masks her affection under an amusing playfulness. She is very self-willed and determined; it is practically impossible to change her mind once she has made it up.

CECELIA PERRIN

Major: ART

Art Club
Little Theatre Workshop
Drama Club

CECILIA is completely efficient. Her efficiency, however, is not bounded by dull commonplaces, but reaches out to strange and different things. She weaves tapestries, she paints pictures, she designs original and brilliantly illuminated spiritual bouquets for every high feast. She plans stage sets for dramatic productions and patiently supervises their construction. A new dress to Cecelia means only a few hours of quick snipping and stitching and her dresses always have an air. She is athletic too, and once earned a life-saving certificate — now, busy as she is, she sometimes manages a brief swim to keep in trim. Sandwiched in somehow she finds time for all sorts of kindnesses.

Then one finds abruptly that Cecilia has a very real mind of her own. Miss Hamilton once gave her an A for telling why she disliked poetry. Her opinions, like her interests, are strange and different. And she is as efficient in defending those opinions as she is in developing her talents.

MARGARET JUANITA SOBERANES

Major: ENGLISH

MARGARET'S eyes are hazel, quiet, steadfast and luminous; eyes full of intelligence. She has beautiful auburn hair that *will* break out into stray curls although she draws it tightly back. Her oval face is serious and sweet, but one sees in it now and then a wee bit of stubbornness. And there's a gay quick flash of wit behind her quiet seriousness.

A great love of books has Margaret. Marks mean little to her, but she gets the heart out of everything she reads, steadily and with joy. She's a shy determined girl with every task unobtrusively complete.

HELEN MAY SULLIVAN

Major: ENGLISH

Vice-President Class '31, '32
President Class '33
President Student Body '34

Editor *Meadowlark* '32, '33
Editor *Rambler* '31
Firebrand Staff '33
Drama Club
English Club
Seven Arts Club

THE first impression that Helen makes is one of enthusiasm. We shall always remember her bustling about the campus, managing some school interest or other, from the freshman *Rambler* to the reception for the high school and junior colleges.

Her eagernesses are not only for activities but for people and causes. She is not carried away, however, for she has a cautious judgment that has stood her in good stead as an executive, as editor of the *Meadowlark*, and as Student Body President.

She is a jolly companion and she has been the centre of many groups. She is interested in everybody, and while not exactly sympathetic with the sinners on the campus she sorrows when their punishments are hard or often repeated. She has a lovely gift of laughter. In fact she laughs at everyone, including her teachers and herself. She generally takes herself seriously, however, and she has a charming stubbornness which she cheerfully likes to call determination. Her most spectacular gift is her talent for acting. She has a beautiful speaking voice, and she interprets convincingly serious or impressive parts.

THE JUNIORS

SPIRIT rides high in the Junior class. That is quite remarkable when one remembers that any class may be excused for quieting down to a hum-drum existence after three years. Not so the Juniors. True, some of their cherished ideals have become a bit blunted around the edges, but the spirit that made them the popular, rollicking Freshman class of nineteen thirty-one has come down uncurbed through the Sophomore and Junior years. It helps to carry them to the heights of success and softens the blow of unaccustomed defeat. It enables them to give their best, on the field and in the court, and if that "best" isn't quite enough, they can lose. But they don't like to lose, these Juniors. It surprises and bewilders them. Only a minute, however, and their gay impudent confidence is back, engagingly frank, like a small boy's grin. And it is only the observing who see a tiny glint of a new determination.

The Juniors are a class of Personality and Personalities. High on the roll of the great of Dominican are the members of the class of

thirty-five. There are the mighty in the world of sports, unequaled; there are great Leaders, famous smiles and laughs, a beautiful voice, even a Wit—and always the Reliable. But perhaps what distinguishes this class above all others is their loyalty. They're intensely loyal to their school and to their class, and most of all, they're loyal to one another.

FRANCES LEMMELET '35

THE SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORE classes are supposed to feel superior. They are reputedly distressed by the Freshmen's "truly childish antics." Not so Dominican College's class of nineteen hundred and thirty-six.

The day scholars, whose number is unusually large, dash back and forth in their bright machines, laughing, talking, studying occasionally, still huddled together in their cars. Gladly they play Saint Christopher to resident classmates begging for a ride to town.

The Sophomore president is one of those girls always chosen to pose for the school catalogue. The class over which she rules is proud of her. Even its pedantic members don't find it necessary to advise her; the gayer crowd are her friends.

Although there is quite a bit of athletic talent in the class, the Sophomores are invariably defeated in the big college games, though to be sure they did capture the volley-ball trophy. Perhaps this more ladylike sport appeals to their gentility. Be that as it may, the Sophomores at least are "splendid losers."

The class abounds with "teacher's prides," yet "blue slips" are to be found in Sophomore mail-boxes.

Gregarious, all of them, the Sophomores well may boast some popular individuals. They are an interesting class; yet as for a superiority complex, dare they have one?

GEORGIANA POWERS '36

THE FRESHMEN

THE senior class is to be admired, the junior class is to be respected, the sophomore class is to be taken for granted, and the freshman class is to be imposed upon. At least, that was the explanation given to us on our arrival at college, and of course, we did not dare to overstep the line of demarcation — for a time. We ran errands for the seniors, answered bells for the juniors, and made beds for the sophomores — there was no peace, but it was fun to have a senior ask a favor of you, or even a junior, and it was real fun, too, to be so intimate with a sophomore as to make her bed. It thrilled us to have an upper classman visit us in our rooms at night and thrilled us much more to have one walk or talk with us in broad daylight.

For the first weeks it was hard to settle down to work; we found college much harder than we expected. Our only consolations were letters from home which gave us confidence: "Don't fret, child," our families would write, "you should realize that it takes a long time to get adjusted to college life." We needed the

consolations, especially in chemistry, where we sat dumbfounded for two or three weeks of class lecture not knowing whether to drop, or work blindly for the cause of science. The laboratory experiments, at length, helped greatly, and soon we even discovered the meaning of Quantitative Analysis. We have come to find the laboratory entertaining. One frequently sees students running about eagerly describing the outcome of their experiments, not realizing that the book tells them what reaction is sure to take place. History and English have come to give us satisfaction too. At least we have become acquainted with Sophocles, Plato, Cicero, and Livy, Falstaff, and even Newman and Ruskin.

And yet we have been far from book-worms; in fact we have found time for both athletics and dramatics. We tied the juniors for the championship in hockey, and won the basketball championship from them in the most exciting game, it is said, of several years.

At Christmas, we thought we had established ourselves quite well in college, and we left in high spirits for our vacation at home. But we had to readjust ourselves once more, for

after vacation everything at school seemed different. The other girls still spoke to us, but they seemed to take us more for granted, greeting us often with no more than a quick hello. Why was it? It took us several days to realize that it was because we had at last become part of the school. Yes, we were fast growing up, and were no longer curiosities of unknown circumstances. We had become well acquainted, and there was no more acting on ceremony.

And now as the last semester draws to its close, we stop to think with a satisfied sigh of the many experiences we have had throughout our first year of college, fully understanding that we have slowly melted into our sophomore class.

VIRGINIA DE LORIMER '37

UNIVERSITY SKETCHES

HARMHAB

The shadow clock showed the tenth hour, north winds of the month of Athyr swept through the lattices of Lord Assurab's library and ruffled the gay tapestries. Unperturbed, within the shelter of the eaves, tur-

tle doves and pigeons conversed together of the return of spring, their low voices warm and vibrant above the soft splashing of the fountain in the court. Flies droned as they circled listlessly. Two house snakes lay long and motionless before the jars of law papyrus. Hunting cats yowled in the kennels. The days of spring fever had returned.

Harmhab yawned at Aahmes' explanation of the difference between a feminine *T*, a masculine *T* and a commercial *T*. Where had Lord

Assurab found so boring a teacher, he mused. He strolled to a window and shut his ears to hieroglyphs. His eyes rested on the busy traffic of the glistening Nile, on the obelisks of Queen Hatshepsut before the great Temple of Karnak in the foreground, then, beyond the river and above the date groves of the western banks, to the towering granite portraits of Amenothep III which stood before the cliff tombs of the distinguished dead of the royalty and nobility of Memphis. What had penmanship to do with Egypt's greatness, mused this son of Hotep, chief scribe of the White House. What either had astronomy, algebra or geometry? Now a man should know the book of the moral precepts that he might judge justly, and he should master the finer points of law and administration. But what had the descendant of Harmhab, nomarch of Alabastronopolis, to do with fine points of *T*'s or of any other letters? Young Harmhab had long chafed at his inability to begin a career. Surely his maternal uncle, secretary of the great master-of-horse, Eye, could take him as apprentice. His uncle would soon after recommend him to a post as superintendent of works for some wealthy noble. There he would learn to handle men and direct

building enterprises. Next he would obtain a diplomatic post, perhaps in Aswan, there learn the art of diplomacy as well as discover the extent of provincial bribery which everyone said was undermining the peace of the nation. A trained executive and a wise diplomat he would then be fitted to petition the great Eye for a place among the royal scribes. Once within the palace walls his rise could not be interrupted. No heights would be too great for him to scale. But Aahmes' polite formula of dismissal broke in upon his reveries and interrupted his pleasant dream. He turned languidly from the window and proceeded, not without dignity, to the side of his friend Asarhaddon.

Now he and Asarhaddon might bathe, array themselves in their finest linens and their crispest wigs and beards and proceed to the halls of the royal scribes. They would not stop for lunch nor for a siesta, but, having drunk one or two lotus goblets of dry wine, disdaining even the lettuce salad drenched with garlic sauce of which they were both so fond, they would enter Harmhab's crimson palanquin and be carried swiftly across the Karnak avenue of rams and down the long avenue of date palms to the royal administration building.

Here the friends often spent absorbing hours. Asarhaddon was a poet who had dedicated himself to the great god Osiris. He was not of the priestly caste but of a line of famous artificers and jewelers. The gift of stirring and beautiful expression was his as well as a spirit quickly kindled by beauty. He would always prefer to pause at the Temple of Karnak, the beauty of whose graceful and brilliant columns never left him unmoved. Their majesty, the mystery of the dim vastness of that forest of colonnades, the might and glory of the god whom he and Harmhab worshipped daily within the Temple were continual sources of inspiration to him. Harmhab's far different sources of inspiration were given imperative voice today. Through the corridors of the royal archives he proposed they wander now. Here, he urged, everything would speak eloquently of the eternal greatness of Egypt. Here they could contemplate the hundreds of scribes, scions of the most noble and gifted families of the nation, who were devoting their lives to the administration of affairs of state. Their seriousness, their intentness and their silence thrilled the patriotic Harmhab. No mere wills and deeds, no mere state contracts and plans for public buildings

did their recordings seem to him, but documents whose import was the preservation of the greatness and the justness of Egypt. He was convinced that one day he would be privileged to make a contribution to that greatness both noble and brilliant. Asarhaddon was content to dream that his slender papyrus of lyrics and his ten Asiatic tales would recommend him to a post of importance in either the public library of Memphis or the circulating library of the nobles. Wistfully he thought at times of lesser men who had held the post of Temple poet. But his ambitions were only for the creation of noble verse. And such perfection he happily meditated upon as he paced beside his eager friend down the lofty white corridors of the government buildings until it was time to return to the final four hours in the prosaic and sleepy classroom. There, refreshed by dreams and visions, the tediousness of the tutor, Aahmes, was not insupportable.

It is recorded that by his thirtieth year Asarhaddon had seen a play of his presented in the Temple during New Year's celebration, and that by his fiftieth year Harmhab sat upon the throne of the pharaohs', having been raised to that position by the suffrage of the populace as well as of the nobles. D. H.

MARCUS ANTONIUS HIPPIANUS JUNIOR

Marcus Antonius Hippianus Junior saw Marcus Senior approaching, toga billowing behind. That meant trouble and, having lived with his father for eighteen years, Marcus Junior thought that he knew wherein the trouble lay.

It was the "Wreckers," a fraternity of gay, young fellows like himself. Everybody who was anybody among the students of Carthage belonged. But the pater just couldn't understand that a man (aged eighteen) had to have relaxation from his studies. Rhetoric was no "snap," what with the new Greek Professor Menocritus acting like a slave driver. And those benches—they were getting harder and harder every day, and the professors demanded quiet, so the poor students were

denied even the comfort of squirming around. But take that new fraternity now. It certainly provided a fine way to get even with the professors as well as enjoy oneself at the same time. The method was to meet at a strategic point, then rush through one lecture room after another, startling professors and breaking benches. But the most fun was "ragging" the new students. This the "Wreckers" had down to a science. A favorite trick was to wait until one of them had entered the public baths, then throw his clothes over a nearby wall. And young Primus Flavius Appeninus still had a skinned nose from rolling a pea the length of the Via Magna.

Sometimes the Praetorian Guard interfered when the collegiate sports got too gay; for instance the time when the "Wreckers" locked Julius Andrianus Praetius in the Odeum for the night and then broke the iron gates at the entrance. The Praetorians had beat them on that occasion with clubs and, worst of all, had sent them home to their fathers. Marcus Senior had no sympathy with such high spirits. He believed that all such students of rhetoric, which involved all divisions of education, including science and philosophy, should spend

their leisure in meditative pursuits. His idea of "having a good time" was to go to the Odeum, or some other large theatre, sit attentively throughout a performance, and then perhaps have a musical party to sing over the new airs which they had just heard. This was the trouble. Marcus Senior was a whole generation behind the times; he couldn't understand the modern generation of young bloods like his son. To look at them, he mused, one would never think that their motto was "*elegans atque urbanus*."

At length the paternal interview was over—Marcus Senior had again stressed and restressed the point that he would have no son of his known as a popular young "man about town," especially when this same young man was to hand down to posterity a distinguished Carthaginian name. Full well did young Marcus understand his pater's lecture. That remark about the "young man about town" was occasioned, no doubt, by his little flirtation with Mida of the amber eyes. But what was a man to do? Carthage was known all over as "Carthago Veneris," the African Rome, and all believed in the old adage, "When in Rome do

as the Romans do." Marcus Senior failed to perceive that it was fear of being different that threw his son headlong into the earthly pleasures that Carthage had to offer.

"Well," sighed young Marcus to himself. "I guess I'll try again to be a perfect gentleman, and think of my future." Just then a laugh floated down to him, and, raising his head, he saw Mida on the parapet of her garden. With a discreet look down the Via Magna to see how far his pater had progressed on his way toward the Senate, Marcus Antonius Hippianus Junior walked toward the wall, smiling and murmuring as he walked, "I'll start reforming tomorrow."

FRANCES LEMMELET '35

TUAN LU

Tuan Lu was one of the Shu Ch'i Shuh or lucky scholars of the Imperial Academy at Peking. He was unusually "lucky" because, son of a poor farmer, he was allowed to associate with the brilliant poetic minds of the

great T'ang dynasty. He was privileged to speak with great scholars and to submit some of his own unworthy poetry for consideration merely because he had passed the entrance examinations.

Tuan Lu knew Confucius' *Five Classics* by heart. He knew that the world was the center of the universe, China the center of the world and the Academy the center of China. He knew that his teachers were to be worshipped with his gods and his ancestors. He knew that water flowed downward and that fire flamed upward and that tigers changed into sharks

when they jumped into the sea. But most glorious of all, he knew how to write measured, correct poetry. In the class-room he and other scholars discussed profound philosophies of the sages and he remained like the Sphinx while the teacher expounded one of the Classics. In leisure periods he wandered into the city with amiable companions to visit the taverns where they were respected highly because of the Academy badge they wore. White haired men condescended to talk to them in sing-song monosyllables of the glories of China. Gentle girls threw favorable glances their way — girls who were like petals and moonbeams. Tuan Lu was a poet. He was inspired alike by the beauty of the countryside and company of the tavern. He never tired of reading the poetry of his fellow students or of the bright star of the Imperial court, Li Po, who wrote with grace and humor:

“Rather then, than drink alone,
I'll make bold to ask the Moon
To condescend to lend her face,
The moment and the scene to grace.

“Lo! she answers and she brings
My shadow on her silver wings —
That makes three, and we shall be,
I ween, a merry company.”

He dreamed, did Tuan Lu. He dreamed of the future when he would be a member of the illustrious government. He dreamed of the flower he would some day meet. She would have feet which would leave the print of "gold leaves" on the dust of the road. She would have eyes, small and alive. She would smile as he read verses to her, verses which she would not understand. She would honor his illustrious position and his superior intelligence. He dreamed of the wisdom of the past, the knowledge of which he had well imprinted on his mind by the rigid memory classes of his youth. But most of all he lived for the present. The clumsily built arches and crude class rooms of the Academy . . . the barn-like "main building" and the ill kept paths were all part of a glorious palace in his mind. For inscriptions of illustrious emperors both past and present were written on the gates, and the corridors constantly echoed to the soft step of famous visitors from far off Persia and Turkey. The Academy was the heart of culture in China. Tuan Lu was one of its members. He was indeed heaven-blest.

IMELDA GREENE '34

BERTRAND DE MARSEILLES

Marble walls rose above a pine forest, resplendent against a crimson sky. Slowly the brilliance receded before blue shadows as night fell upon Provence. The fragrance of the pines deepened; among the shadows wan-

dered groups of lords and ladies and occasionally a sweet voice accompanied by a flute rang out upon the clear night. This was Castle Montfort, the school of the troubadours, the rendezvous of the greatest and most gifted of the errant singers of twelfth century Provence. Here Baron Guillaume de Montfort, patron and protector, had gathered his protégés, the most talented troubadours from the greatest courts of Southern France. Here they learned the elements of song, as well as the principles of courtesy, by which they had won renown in many lands.

Noble and gallant were all the singers of Guillaume de Montfort, but the greatest by far was Bertrand de Marseilles, who sang better than any other poet in the world. He was a youth of eminent birth, high endowments and great accomplishments, his character a composition of great talents and ungoverned eccentricities. He had an insatiable thirst for knowledge and adventure which had prompted him to wander through many lands. He had distinguished himself in numerous wars and especially in the service of Philip Augustus during the Third Crusade. He had traveled through Spain and Italy, always well received and always in love with beautiful women, for Bertrand was privileged as all troubadours. He had a complete disregard for conventions, and had distinguished himself at Montfort by frequent infringements of rules and numerous fantastic exploits, usually with disastrous consequences. His continual quarrels with troubadours from rival castles usually led to duels and always terminated in a week's imprisonment in the tower for Bertrand. In a controversy over the relative merits of Castle Montfort and Castle Tourette Bertrand crossed swords with Jean

Lebrun, and killed the troubadour of Tourette. Bertrand's talent as a singer, not his skill as a swordsman, alone spared him a disgraceful banishment, and only after a lengthy sojourn in the tower was he restored to grace.

Bertrand de Marseilles was a dreamer. Sometimes he stole to the rose garden west of the castle, where he could be alone with his flute, which he preferred to his boisterous companions. Here he could wander among the red roses and dream of the time, perhaps in the distant future, when he would compete in the "Jeux floraux", the great troubadour contest. Then he would give of his noblest efforts to the glory of Castle Montfort. Gallant lords and fairest ladies from all parts of France would gather in this same garden, brilliant with torches. First the ancient ceremony of the sparrow-hawk would be performed. This consisted in presenting a sparrow-hawk to one of the assembled nobles, which signified that he was to be master of revels—and host of the festival. At a sign from the master of revels, the troubadours would step up one by one to sing their canzos. They would be fine, splendidly bedight youths, but he, Bertrand de Marseilles, would surpass

all. Clad in scarlet velvet ornamented with gold, he would step forth within the light of the torches to sing his gay pastorella. The enchanted audience would proclaim him victor and he would kneel to receive from fair hands the golden primrose, traditional and significant award. Thus absorbed in fancy, Bertrand de Marseilles, adventurer, lover, troubadour, who sang better than any other poet in the world, walked in the rose garden of Castle Montfort practicing his gay refrain:

“Quant eu l’auzi desconortar
Ves leis vengui jostal riu clar
‘Bela,’ fi m’eu, ’per trop plorar
Afolà cara e colors:
E no vos qual dezesperar,
Que cel que fai lo bosc folhar
Vos pot donar de joi assatz.’
‘Senher,’ dis ela, ’ben o cre,
Que Deus a ja de mi merce
En l’autre segle per jasse,
Quon assatz d’autres peccadors;
Mas sai mi tol aquela re
Don jois mi crec; mas pauc mi te
Que trop s’es de mi alonhatz.”

"When I heard the sad lament
I came to her near the clear brook
'Beautiful one, weep not,' said I,
'For tears will mar your loveliness:
It is not seemly to despair
For He who gives the bush new leaves
Can give you joys enough.'
'Sir,' said she, 'I do believe
God will be merciful to me
Forever in that other world
As he is to sinners enough.
But here has he taken that one thing
That was joy to me. I am nothing to him,
He has gone away too far from me.'"

VENICE TODT '35

BROTHER THOMAS

Brother Thomas walked silently beside his aged companion, Father John of Wildeshausen. They were on their way to Cologne where Thomas was to enroll in the class of the great master, Albert. Thomas smiled as

he thought of Cologne. He tried to form a picture of Albert. He wondered if the city and the university of Cologne would resemble Naples. These and many other thoughts were passing through his mind as he trudged along trying to match his steps with those of his companion.

They reached Cologne and entered the city. They made their way to the Convent through streets filled with happy, busy people in gay costumes. At the Convent they were made

welcome by the Prior. The next day Thomas took his place among the crowd of students around Albert's chair. Albert looked with interest at the tall, large-framed boy before him, little dreaming that this silent, calm, quiet disciple would outshine him in the fields of Philosophy and Theology.

Thomas was interested in this gay group of scholars who noisily and eagerly asked questions which Albert good-naturedly answered. Perhaps the great teacher wondered why Thomas never asked any questions or seemed to have difficulties. Could it be that he did not easily grasp the subject matter?

Thomas, with his white cowl drawn over his head, sat apart turning the words over in his own mind and working out solutions to proposed problems. Because of this silence and his size, the jesters of the school soon named him the "dumb Sicilian Ox." They were rudely to learn their own stupidity.

Albert had placed a difficult proposition before the class, one taken from *The Book of Divine Names*, by pseudo-Dionysius. The solutions of the class were to be discussed at the next public disputation. A keen rivalry

arose among the students. Thomas, however, took no part in the lively conversations of his fellows. He wrote out the topics for a disputation, left them on his table, and then went to his other duties. A wind by chance blew the paper to the feet of Albert as he walked along the corridor.

"Concerning this question, the Names of God," he read, there are twelve points for inquiry:

- " 1. Whether God can be named by us?
- " 2. Whether any names applied to God are predicated of Him substantially.
- " 3. Whether any names applied to God are said properly of Him, or are all to be taken metaphorically.
- " 4. Whether any names applied to God are synonymous.
- " 5. Whether some names are applied to God and creatures univocally or equivocally.
- " 6. Whether, supposing they are applied analogically, they are first applied to God or to creatures.
- " 7. Whether any names are applicable to God from time.
- " 8. Whether this name God is a name of the Nature, or of the Operation.

- " 9. Whether this name God is a communicable name.
- "10. Whether it is taken univocally or equivocally as it signifies the nature of God, by participation, or by opinion.
- "11. Whether this name, He Who is, is the supremely appropriate name of God.
- "12. Whether affirmative propositions can be formed about God."

Albert was amazed. He could hardly believe that the paper belonged to Thomas. He determined to try him at the disputation which was to take place the next day.

The students gathered in the large hall which was set apart for public discussions. The distinguished guests sat with Albert in large arm chairs on a slightly raised platform. Thomas, in his white Habit and black Cappa, stood facing this group. He was calm and self-possessed. He took no heed of the crowd of students who were seated behind him, nor of the distinguished visitors in front of him. His mind was concentrated on the questions put to him by Albert.

"Brother Thomas," Albert exclaimed, "you seem to answer more like a master than a respondent."

"Master, I know not how to treat the question otherwise," was the reply.

"Very well, proceed as you think best, but remember that I have objections to make."

One by one Thomas answered questions and intricate objections raised by Albert. His fellow students were dumb. Was this he whom they had ridiculed because of his silence? Albert could restrain himself no longer. With blunt sarcasm he exclaimed, "You call this man a 'dumb Sicilian ox,' but I declare before you that so loud will be his bellowing in doctrine that it will resound throughout the whole world."

S. M. D.

BROTHER MICHAEL

It was a warm day in the autumn of 1316, and yet Brother Michael shivered as he stood on the bridge joining Dublin, on the south bank of the Liffey, to St. Saviour's Abbey, the Dominican monastery on the

north. The sun was still high in the heavens, and when it shone on the sparkling waters of the river beneath the bridge the whole scene seemed gay and secure in peace and happiness. It was useless to worry, Michael thought, and he laughed at himself for his fears, but since the victory of Edward Bruce at Carrickfergus, only a month or so before, rumors had grown stronger, and now there were reports that Edward, and possibly his brother, Robert Bruce of Scotland, would march on Dublin itself. Only last night Brother John had said that if such a thing came

to pass, the very walls of Saint Saviour's might be torn down to help rebuild the city walls, as a defense against the enemy. Michael had joined in the protesting chorus that had greeted that prophecy, but as he stood now, watching the river between the city and the Abbey, he wondered. How fair it looked, how peaceful in the glow of this afternoon sun! And yet, was not this the same river that made a whirlpool so black and treacherous, where its tributary joined it by the docks, that the city itself was called Duibh-linn, Black Pool, from that turbulent water? So far the community at the monastery had been prosperous. Invited to Ireland in 1224, only three years after the death of their holy founder, the Dominicans had come first to Dublin, and were welcomed by the Cistercian monks who gave them Saint Mary's Abbey. The Dominicans had changed the name to Saint Saviour's, and for nearly a hundred years they had lived in the monastery, teaching in the higher theological school they had begun on their arrival, and each Christmas morning presenting to the Benedictine Abbot, according to the one condition under which they had received the abbey, a lighted candle in token of the gift.

Michael was in his eighth year as a student at Saint Saviour's and he had learned more than classes in theology, philosophy, classics, and humanities had taught him since he had come to the Order. He had learned to feel the spirit that had made those first Irish Dominicans organize their school at once and then build a stone bridge across the river to enable the students from town to come to them. They had come, too. The citizens had so admired those first Preaching Friars that in 1238 they had built a church for them next to the monastery. The bridge had been a real achievement, the first good bridge the city had known; so long had the woven hurdle bridge been the only means of crossing the river before the Dominicans came that the town had been called Baila-at-Clait, basket bridge, as often as it was called Duibh-linn. Michael had the spirit of the founders, and he had the Irish youth's love for battle, too, though he scarcely realized it himself. Had his lot been different, if he had not come to Saint Saviour's, he might now be in the armies formed against Edward. He thought of that fleetingly, without regret, as he looked down for a minute at his white habit and felt the brown rosary swinging at his side.

He half wondered if he could have helped check the invaders, or if he would only have fallen, as so many had fallen, at Carrickfergus. But it was not fear for himself that made him shudder involuntarily at the thought of Edward Bruce. It was the cold dread that Brother John might be right, that Saint Saviour's might in truth be doomed. He looked at the river with a sudden surge of hatred. Ill omened, beautiful beneath the bridge, but with that black whirlpool such a little way beyond, he could not bear to look at it. He turned his eyes toward the city, the broken city walls and the towers of Dublin Castle, for a last look before returning to Saint Saviour's, then paced slowly toward the monastery. As he walked a comforting thought occurred to him. If the river was an omen of trouble following security, what was the stone bridge if not a symbol of the conquering of adversity by the monastery? Perhaps the stability it signified was the true augury. Perhaps Dublin would not be attacked, nor the Abbey be razed at all. Michael, in his heart, feared the truth, but as he walked toward Saint Saviour's in the setting sun of that autumn evening he hoped, hoped desperately, that he was wrong.

LOIS SMITH '35

JEANNE HOLLOWAY '36

PIERRE

Pierre stood in front of his lodgings, his thumbs in the belt of his heel-length black gown, his hood, which was usually worn low over his eyes in true academic style, crushed about his shoulders and his tonsured head

gleaming in the sun. He was now a Master of Arts. Two hours ago he had appeared before the Rector Magnificees, who ruled the University, to be examined in the Seven Liberal Arts—Grammar, Rhetoric (which included poetry and the elements of law), Dialectic, Arithmetic, Music, Geometry and Astronomy. Since his answers to the professorial jargon and exquisite arguments had been more than satisfactory he was now at the age of twenty-one ready to leave the University and cross the Petit-Pont to take up his life in the Cité.

He looked up, squinting in the bright sun, to the conglomeration of spires, Gothic arches, jaunty weather vanes, colleges and convents, taverns and hostels that made up the University of Paris in the fifteenth century. The Rue du Fouarre, where the schools stood and which got its name from the straw strewn floors of the classrooms, was violently alive. Pierre watched the pageant of University life: the students in their long gowns walked two by two; the bloods in short vests and soft leather shoes with a convenient dagger hidden on their persons, swaggered along; a Sorbonical doctor deep in contemplation, black and white robed Dominicans, or Franciscans in their brown rope-girdled robes mingled briefly in the crowd; the deep violet gowns of the students of the theological College de Beauvais added a brilliant touch to the more somber colors; on the street corner a juggler performed to a sarcastic audience of medical students while a student of Theology looked on in saintly dismay.

Pierre remembered his first arrival at the University, a shy, gangling boy of twelve who quailed before the examiners when he was presented for the Faculty of Arts. He recalled the

difficulty he had had with his tongue, used only to French, when he tried to mouth the official Latin which was the language of the professors and students alike. Two days after he registered his head had been tonsured and he had been brought to one of the University churches where he received Minor Orders. Then, he did not realize the significance of this act but later when he got into trouble in the Cité the officials were powerless to punish him because he was answerable only to ecclesiastical power. Because he paid for his board and education Pierre was classed as a "Portioniste" and as such could look with disdain on the "Boursiers" who were there under patronage or the "Martinets" who were non-collegiate and paid the "bourse" for their lecture directly to the professor.

Pierre saw himself as he was at fourteen when he applied for the Baccalaureate. He now stood before his examiners with an air of jaunty assurance that was typical of the Art students. He was examined on the Organum of Aristotle, Les Topiques de Boèce, Le Grécisme and Le Doctrinal. His glib tongue rattled off intelligent and witty answers in easy colloquial Latin and he was granted his degree. He remembered

the strictness of the college discipline at this time, all doors were locked at night and undergraduates had to ask permission to go out and then they had to go in couples. Often he and his friend Giles, after the Sacristan had rung the bell for night Angelus, would go to the Mule Tavern and there, in the warmth and pleasure of human companionship, they would write snatches of love lyrics, compose songs and argue until it was past the time when they should return; then they would run softly through the quiet streets, two black robed, shadowy figures, to their lodgings. He remembered with a smile of pleasure the Preaux-Clerks, a large meadow bordering the river where, on summer evenings, he and Giles would soberly promenade with the other students discussing current topics or enter into a game of tennis which often developed into a battle because of the keen rivalry between the students of various nationalities. Pierre reflectively rubbed the scar at the corner of his lip which gave his face a sardonic expression and which was the result of a dagger slash in one of these friendly battles. He thought of the lecture halls in the Rue du Fouarre and the hours he had spent in them parsing, scanning,

picking out grammatical figures in selected classical passages and then taking notes on the analyses and extempore lectures of the professor.

Pierre suddenly awoke from his reverie, stretched and yawned; the warm sun made him sleepy. Now, he remembered, he was a Master of Arts, he was familiar with Ovid, Aristotle, Donatus, he knew the histories of Boethius, Juvenal and Martial; he had studied the Bible closely and his poetic soul reveled in the *Chanson de Roland*, *Chansons de Geste*, and the *Roman de la Rose*. He drew himself to his full height, pulled his hood over his eyes, stuck his thumbs in the belt of his gown and went into his lodgings to settle his account and prepare to take up his new life in the Cité.

JACQUELINE HARKINS '34

BOODLES

Arthur Cholmondeley Fitzmaurice-Jellico, known to his more intimate acquaintances of Magdalen College (pronounced Mawdlin), as "Boodles," had ordered the Oxford hearse for half past five. For

Boodles had been sent down, and the hearse was the traditional and flamboyant means of exodus for such offenders as he. Now, at four o'clock, after two hours of squash with his friend Soames, he was preparing for the last tub which the scout at Magdalen would ever draw for him. In half an hour his fellows of the Royal Revellers were giving him his last tea in Lord Trevelyan's rooms.

Only this morning had the scout called Boodles with the usual "Half past seven, sir,"

always intoned in such a way that no one but Boodles or his kind could ever forget that chapel or roll-call came at eight. Most fellows kept chapel, or at least rollers, so as to avoid being hauled before the dean and probably gated; Boodles merely turned over as was his wont, and went back to sleep and dreams for another hour before his last breakfast and final packing up.

For Arthur Cholmondeley Fitzmaurice-Jellico had indeed been sent down. His tutor complained of sixty-two cuts within the last two years and the college books showed £22 6s 4d of fines. To the ears of the provost had come stories of one hundred infractions of rules, including being late for chapel, not keeping roll, being gated, and fined for each night of confinement. The climax came when he was reported minus his cap and gown rowing on the ice with chorus girls after failing to take even half the required forty dinners in the college hall during the preceding quarter. Expulsion was just; Boodles hadn't cracked a book at Oxford for two years. He had never handed a paper to his tutor; he was unaware of the fact that lectures were given at the university. He couldn't have told what he was supposed to be "reading for."

Oxford had nevertheless done its best for him. For, though Boodles could lay claim to distinguished ancestry and had been to Eton, the family finances were at a low ebb and only through the influence of right connections could he attain to a career. It was more chance than influence that Magdalen had invited him. But once firmly established within, Boodles spent his allowance with great flair on proper tailors and proper bootmakers. He had a gift for idling and was fortunate in achieving the friendship of George Lord Trevelyan who would take his seat in the House of Lords within three years. He had promised his comrade Boodles a foreign if not a home diplomatic post. So Boodles' matriculation, it seemed, had been a success. He was quite resigned to being sent down; so many aristocrats had been sent down before him that it was possible, almost inevitable, to ride the hearse to the station with distinction, especially with the noble membership of the Royal Revellers atop beside him. He would be waiting at his family's place in Surrey for Trevelyan to come of age, and Surrey was much nearer than Oxford to London and the fair Corinne.

EILEEN RYAN '33

NICHOLAS CHARITONOV

Nicholas Charitonov considered himself a "plaything of fate"—he did anyway in his least bitter moments, for he tried to comfort himself when he could. Charitonov's father and mother had been of the Intelligentsia,

and their mark of aristocracy had been so deeply impressed upon him that, young as he was at their death, he had never been able to forget their teachings. He still could recall his beautiful, queen-like mother in her magnificent court-dress, and his stately, erect father in his uniform resplendent with badges and emblems. And it was this picture, this memory of the lost power and prestige of his ancestors, that made Nicholas doubly resentful of his fate. In his present position he could af-

ford to spare no effort to hide this ancestry of which he was so very proud.

And now as he awoke in his dormitory barracks, disturbed by the clatter of cups and the sound of hoarse voices, his usual resentful apathy towards life was overwhelmed by the thought that today would be posted the results of the "chistka", the annual pre-election investigation of the secret police to make sure none of the "former people" had managed to enter the university of Moscow. Nicholas was one of the thousands of students who lived on the monthly allowance of twelve dollars and a half given all students, and who were being trained to do pioneering work in the name of Communism. He had managed to become one of these thousands only by carefully keeping his identity to himself. Even the children of "former people" had no place in the new scheme of things, and they were not allowed to go to the university. So Nicholas led the typical life of a communist. He belonged to the "Consomatsi", the "Young Communists' League", and he overlooked no opportunity to appear as radically communistic as possible. When he was most morbid he accused himself

of hypocrisy, but in his saner moments he consoled himself, and at the same time disgusted himself, by deciding that no one could possibly exist in the midst of such a turmoil of radicalism without imbibing at least the elements of Communism.

Now Charitonov lay in his cot and shivered, not so much from the thought of the futility of life as from the all too obvious draught which came through his few ancient blankets. He wondered whether or not he should get up for breakfast. He looked at his "comrades", who were sitting and eating around the long table in the center of the room, and decided that all men were animals but that he was not hungry enough to eat such food. His "comrades", oblivious of his denunciation of them, were absorbed in a discussion on student marriages, their mouths full of "kobbosa" (sausage) and weak tea drunk from the dirty cups of the evening before. They seemed to take an insane pleasure in celebrating the good fortune of two students who had just presented an infant patriot to the cause.

Charitonov shuddered. It was bad enough to have to sleep with twenty of these dirty, ill-

kempt fellows in this room no more than twenty feet square, without having to watch them eat and degrade all humanity. The windows of the room were closed on account of the intense cold of that November morning in 1930, and the damp odor of wet clothes hung up to dry by the all too inadequate stove made the air clammy and unpleasant. "No wonder", thought Charitonov, "that half of us are tubercular". And again he thought of getting up and leaving this repugnant place—but he remembered two things: first, that he had spent his two weeks' allowance drinking beer and vodka the night before, and second, that if he got up he would have to see the "chistka" list. The "chistka" did more than merely deprive one of the right to vote; it meant public disgrace, and expulsion from the university. "But after all," thought Charitonov, "what difference does it make if I am expelled?" Though he didn't have to earn a living immediately, in a year or two he would have to go out to the villages to pioneer. This work so foreign to his nature would be no better than expulsion. Even suicide, if the worst came to the worst, would not be so bad. To live, or to die—it was all the

same to Nicholas. His present life was a death in itself; his death might be for him the discovery of a real life. Charitonov had not quite lost his belief in Christianity, in spite of the many atheist meetings he was forced to attend. "Oh well", he decided, "it's almost as amusing as it is tragic to go on through life into infinity, wondering what will become of you. What is the use of worrying?"

Pulling the blankets over his head, Charitonov turned over and went back to sleep.

BARBARA STAFFORD '35

SHIZUKI

Strange child of East and West,
With downcast eyes and quaintly solemn face,
What twist of fate, or what unseemly jest
Of Time has set you in your place?
Staring with uncomprehending eyes
At noonday bustle in a hurried town
Do you wonder at its hurry, or where its pleasure
lies,
As you watch without a smile, without a frown?
You seem an alien in your native land
With spray of cherry blossoms in your hand,
Black shining slippers on your tiny feet,
Face of the East—and clothes from Market Street.

JEANNE HOLLOWAY '36

THE ROMAN BASILICAS AND THE HOLY YEAR

THE four great Basilicas of Rome, the "Royal Houses of the King of Kings," have been among the greatest sources of inspiration to the pilgrims of this year of Holy Jubilee. Rome has stood forth in celebrating this Jubilee as the city of Christian thought as well as the city of Christian art and culture. Only the catacombs are more ancient monuments there and nothing that Rome or any other center of Christian life can offer approaches the Basilicas in importance as evidences of the devotion as well as the artistic expression of the Catholic Church for sixteen hundred years. Infused as they are with Catholic inspiration these Basilicas are monuments of the greatest art of past ages. They stand representative of the ideals and the permanence of the Christian religion. They represent artistically as well as spiritually the impressiveness and the continuity of Christianity.

The most ancient Basilica still in use is that of St. Paul erected on the Bridge of St. Angelo over the Tiber on the way to the Vatican. This

Basilica, built with that of St. Peter in memory of the passing of a plague with the help of prayers of faithful pilgrims, replaced statues erected there immediately following the plague. St. Peter's has since been changed into the famous St. Peter's Church, center of interest in Roman art and architecture, but St. Paul's remains as the only one of the Basilicas built on the original jubilee plan, in the form of a perfect cross.

Next to St. Peter's in importance is the Lateran Basilica, or Church of Our Saviour, which was the home of the popes for nearly a thousand years. It was consecrated by Pope Sylvester in 324. Originally the palace of Plautus Laternus, who died a martyr for the Church during Nero's reign, Constantine remodelled it and had it dedicated as a Basilica in commemoration of his conversion and baptism within the palace. It is generally known as the Golden Basilica because of the priceless treasures which Constantine bestowed upon it. Destroyed by earthquake in 896, it was rebuilt by Sergius III in 904 and given the name of Saint John the Baptist, no doubt in commemoration of the baptism of Constantine within its

walls. It was in this phase of its architectural development that Dante saw and alluded to it in his *Divine Comedy* as "the Lateran, which transcended mortal things." No other Basilica has been of greater attraction to artists not only for the art treasures within its walls but for the view from its grand facade which overlooks "Alban hills, violet tinted, those Sabine summits tipped with snow; the Campagna to the right with its villas, that ancient gate and ruins at its side, of bricks steeped in Roman sunshine and beautified with Roman verdure."

Of great historical importance is the Basilica of the Holy Cross in Jerusalem, founded by St. Helena, mother of Constantine, sometime after the year 326. Originally her own palace it was remodelled by St. Helena into a typical Basilica in order to harbor the cross and insignia which she had brought from Jerusalem in thanksgiving for her son's victory in war under the Christian cross.

The Liberian Basilica of St. Mary the Greater was built by Liberius in 358. In commemoration of its miraculous origin rose petals fall from its roof every August as did miraculous snow on the day of its dedication. Its marble

pillars, mosaics and campanile attract everyone possessed with a "poetic curiosity." The relic of the Holy Manger treasured within its walls enraptures the religious.

The Basilicas are material things but closely associated with our spiritual ideals. From the traditional opening of the Holy Door on the first day of Jubilee Year until its close on Easter Sunday, the Pope has tried to direct the thoughts of pilgrims for a while not from material things but from worldly interpretations of the material. He would have artists and statesmen fulfill their duty with an understanding of its spiritual significance. His untiring, intense activity during this year is representative of the vitality he wishes the Church to symbolize. As he has stated: "The Holy Year is not merely retrospective in its purpose any more than the Church is which is in itself active and energizing."

IMELDA GREENE '34

ON A HIGH FEAST

IT IS a high feast, and one by one in formal cap and gown we file into the chapel to Piel's Processional. As we turn and follow each other down the narrow side aisle, we feel gloriously academic. Then we lose ourselves in a sense of the chapel, its sweetness, its almost luminous whiteness. Two novices are lighting candles on the altars, beautiful with white flowers. Lovely the chapel is always, and especially on high feasts.

Usually we go into the benches where we will, but today we are in procession. We pass the confessional and see that the Sisters are half-turned toward us, seated in high arched stalls, severely monastic stalls that lend a note of austerity to the chapel. Against them the familiar faces take on an austere strength we have not been conscious of before. We reach the center and turn two by two toward the main altar, genuflect, and find our way to our own places in the main body of the chapel.

ALICE DUFFY '34

Peacefully, with quiet hands,
The little wooden statue stands.
Salvaged from the wave-beat sands
Safe from windy ships at last
Safe from breaking hold and mast
The storm washed figure is at rest,
As her soul, desire driven,
Now has found its peace in heaven.
The ceaseless run of sun and rain
Has eaten gilt and crimson stain;
She wears simplicity again
Stark and stern, as yesterday
In Avila she went her way
With kind, grave eyes to work and pray.

Saint Teresa, pray for me,
That I may wear humility,
That I may know, as you have known,
The beauty of Our Lord alone,
That I may learn tranquility
Saint Teresa, pray for me.

MARIAN CLARE SAFFORD '36

THE CANDLE

I watched a candle burn before Thy Altar—
All white and straight and glowingly flame-crested,
Dying even in its flaming living,
It burned before Thee.

May my soul have a whiteness and a straightness,
A shining flame of faith that shall consume it
And yet give life that I may give Thee glory
Ere I die.

BETTY M. GARLAND '34

ROOSEVELT

“THE secret of Jefferson’s power lay in the fact that he appealed to and expressed America’s better self: her idealism, simplicity, youthful mind and hopeful outlook, rather than those material, practical and selfish qualities on which Hamilton based his policy. Jefferson’s political object was to prove that people circumstanced like the Americans were ripe for ‘a government founded not on the fears and follies of man, but in his reason, on the predominance of his social over his dissocial passions’.” The Jefferson-Hamilton conflict is perennial. Fiske says that all American history has run along the lines marked out by this antagonism, and *we* know that the passions of the Jefferson-Hamilton period still persist. Our modern Jefferson is not confronted by a modern Hamilton; the Federalists of today have no single leader. They most emphatically are not “men of wonderful charm” as Claude Bowers says their prototypes were, but they are, as were their prototypes, “singularly lacking in an understanding of their times and country,” and they have fallen because they also have regarded the people as “a great beast”.

A modern political theorist explains differences of political opinion in individuals as temperamental; any given person is by nature a reactionary, a conservative, a liberal or a radical; it is entirely a matter of spiritual endowment — or perhaps of hormones! There seems to be a measure of truth in this explanation, but circumstances as well as temperament are a determinant, particularly in the case of those whose temperament might make them liberal if their interest did not make them conservative or reactionary. As a current humorist puts it: "most of the people who have faith in the present system also have an investment, and things'll never get much better till they stop judging each new development by how it'll affect whatever business they happen to be in at the time." It would be easy to reduce the quadruple classification to a dual one — most persons base their political notions upon their estimate of the comparative importance of human rights and property rights. Those who recognize the superlative claims of property rights are commonly called conservatives. Professor Moley protests against this; he considers the President the truly conservative leader in the country:

"to be a conservative is to conserve, to save *human* values." Thomas Jefferson also regarded human values as paramount. He consistently ignored his own interest wherever it was in conflict with the conservation of human values; he was a slave owner, yet he opposed the institution of slavery in the nation and in his state; he was an eldest son, yet he opposed the institution of primogeniture in Virginia; he was a fastidious gentleman, an aristocrat by nature and circumstance, yet he had complete faith in the ability as well as the right of the people to rule themselves — and he formulated the best of arguments to support this faith: "Sometimes it is said that Man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he then be trusted with the government of others?"

Jefferson defined the sort of government he intended to conduct as President of the United States: "a wise and frugal government which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free, . . . and shall not take from the mouth of labor, the bread it has earned." For once at least, history is repeating itself. Charles Beard and G. H. E. Smith, in *The Future Comes*, sum up the Rooseveltian

economic philosophy as "a common effort for the common good"; they quote the President: "There are some who think in terms of dollars and cents instead of in terms of human lives . . . human beings must be kept alive, protected from want and maintained in health before properties can be made income producing." Roosevelt is like Jefferson in his tolerance of opposition and avoidance of violence. A contemporary historian says of Jefferson: "He was the most tolerant of revolutionaries; . . . accustomed as we are to the spectacle of patriots imposing their policies . . . by the most rigid tyranny, it is a relief to find one who preferred the slow process of reason to the short way of force." And Beard quotes the President: "In a world in which revolutions just now are coming easily, the New Deal chose the more difficult course of moderation and rebuilding."

In *Looking Forward*, published in March 1933, President Roosevelt wrote "not of politics, but of universal principles"—the principles which would guide him in the years to come. He appraised the situation as he found it; he described the rise of the financial titans between 1880 and 1930, their tyrannous monopoly of the rewards of industry, the piling up of

corporate surpluses which were used to finance the building of unneeded plants and wild speculation, the inevitable crash in 1929 with its tragic aftermath — “the greatest depression in history.” He specified the aim of his intended reform — “to insure every man a decent living; all other property rights must yield to that.” He then proceeded to “specify the specifications”. There would be national and state planning of production and consumption with a view to increasing the purchasing power of the ordinary citizen; planning for the better utilization of land, for the relief of the two greatest social evils, unemployment and old age insecurity; planning to relieve that long-suffering individual, the farmer, who paid 9% more for what he bought in 1914 and received 43% less for what he sold! In his interest and for other reasons, there would be a readjustment of the tariff. Mr. Roosevelt styles the Republican alibi — that the depression was world wide — “a classic of impertinence;” he says emphatically that the world depression was American made and two major causes were the Grundy tariff and American loans to backward countries. The evils of banking and speculation must be reme-

died. The savings of millions of ordinary citizens have been invested in stocks which have been the playthings of stock brokers; a recent Senate investigation resulted in the revelation of a \$253 investment in stocks by an "insider" in 1923, which grew in value during the "crazy decade" to 35 million dollars. This reads like *Alice in Wonderland*, but it is fact — not sober fact, however!

President Roosevelt's latest book (published this month) is eliciting much comment. The name of it is *On Our Way*; in a current magazine, under the general title "On Our Way, but Where Are We Going", four critics hold forth in parallel columns; the effect is diverting and enheartening. Norman Thomas, although he recognizes with sorrow that the President is certainly not a socialist, thinks "it is something after the waste years that we have a president who has courage, political shrewdness, a liberal point of view and a willingness to act." William Allen White, although (as might be expected) he thinks "deponent sayeth not exactly what it is all about, where we are headed and when we shall get there", yet he acknowledges that we may be sure of this: "that we are under the leadership of a brave man, sure of himself but

not cock-sure, generous, kindhearted and morally honest . . . a gentleman unafraid, leading a people out of the wilderness . . . a man fine, fair and free in dealing with men . . . a man of unwavering courtesy of mind and heart . . . having the grace of a courtier in a democracy." And that indeed *is* something. Adolph Berle thinks it absurd to ask where we are going after reading *On Our Way*; it is abundantly clear. Professor Moley describes the book as "an interpretation of President Roosevelt's course of action in the past year . . . in a wholly simple statement of facts." He deplores the apparent expectation of the critics of the New Deal that the President should foresee all future exigencies and that he should have plans ready made to meet each, prepared long in advance, and couched in terms that the simplest may understand! Mr. Moley says that the President's proposals lay the foundation for an evolutionary process of social reconstruction.

As to where we are going, even Mr. White can see the *route*: "a narrow isthmus between the precipices of fascism and communism". And President Roosevelt has often and often mentioned the *goal*: "the readjustment of the

capitalist system to insure to every man a decent living." John T. Flynn has christened this goal the New Capitalism; under the New Capitalism "opportunity does not mean a franchise to plunder. Individualism does not mean behaving like a predatory animal. Profit does not mean mountains of private gain. Private property does not mean the liberty to use it to the public harm." Mr. Flynn assures us that even "old" capitalists are casting around for a plan to make capitalism serve society; if he is not altogether *too* sanguine—that makes it unanimous!

S. M. S.

SEA PICTURE

The grey sea beats on jagged rocks,
White spray flies high.
Sea gulls rise in whirring flocks,
Loud, shrill their cry.
A breaker crashes—roaring, mocks
A sullen sky.

JEANNE HOLLOWAY '36

ADOLPH HITLER

IN THE early part of 1933, after a checkered career, Adolph Hitler, an Austrian by birth and citizen of Germany only since 1932, became dictator of Germany. Since then he has been constantly in the public eye, but nevertheless he remains something of a mystery because his platform is hazy and his supporters are not bound by any common political tie.

For those who are puzzle-minded, Hitler's platform should be attractive. It is true that Hitler and his party formulated a twenty-five point programme, but he has contradicted himself so often and has devoted himself so much more to schemes than to practice that, while his foreign policy is plain enough, his economic policy is not taken too seriously. Perhaps this is fortunate because it is generally agreed that it lacks constructive intelligence.

Here are some of the more important issues of his foreign policy as explained by himself in *Mein Kampf*:

First, the formation of a huge German Reich by the union of all Germans throughout Eu-

rope, and the expulsion from Germany of all non-Germans.

"The loss of racial purity ruins the fortune of a race forever."

Second, the denial of German war guilt.

"The guilt of the German government lay in the fact that, merely for the sake of preserving peace, it missed the favorable moment for action, got entangled in an alliance for maintaining peace in the world, and thus finally became the victim of a world coalition which opposed the urge to maintain peace in the world with a determination to bring on a world war."

Third, the cancellation of German war indemnities.

Fourth, the recovery of colonies.

"The question of recovering territories which a nation and state have lost is always, first and foremost, one of recovering political power and independence."

Fifth, parity and armament.

"A nation in a position such as ours will not be considered fit for alliances unless government and public opinion determine to coöperate in proclaiming and defending their will to fight for freedom."

Sixth, war with France, the arch-enemy of Germany.

"France is the permanent and inexorable enemy of the German nation; the key to her foreign policy will always be her desire to possess the Rhine frontier, and to secure that river for herself by keeping Germany broken up and in ruins."

Seventh, war with Russia for territorial expansion.

"Nothing but sufficient space on earth ensures freedom of existence to a nation."

Eighth, alliances with England and Italy, the common bond being opposition to France.

"England does not desire a France whose military power, unrestrained by the rest of Europe, is likely one day to run counter to British interests. . . Any increase of French strength on the continent means restrictions for Italy's future."

In his economic program Hitler promised agrarian reform by breaking up the estates of the Junkers, the landed gentry, that the poor might be able to buy land and that the smaller farmer might be rehabilitated. In the speech delivered after he was appointed chancellor he

did not mention this promise and it is significant that the Junkers still have their estates. He promised economic nationalization of trusts, banks, railways, and foreign trade, yet in a speech delivered in the Reichstag in March, 1933, he declared his government "would seek to promote private initiative with the fullest recognition of the rights of private property." He promised better living conditions for all. The number of unemployed has been lowered from eight million to seven million, but largely as a result of persecution of Jews and Marxian Socialists.

On some planks of his platform Hitler has remained consistent. These planks express his sincere and intense hatred for Jews and Marxian Socialists. In his universal punishment of them, Hitler has not wavered. He loathes them, because he can see in them nothing but deception and perfidy. He fails to see the benefits the Jews can bring a nation. In view of the intellectual achievements of the Jews, this attitude is incomprehensible in one who professes, and Hitler does profess, to know history. Is it not folly for a nation to thrust from its midst a people that has given to music a Mendelssohn,

to statecraft a Disraeli, to science an Einstein, and to medicine a Wassermann? To further demonstrate the intellectual ability of the Jew one needs but to cite from the faculty list of any large university. Hitler attempts to explain his opinion of the Jew's intellect thus, "His intellectual capacity is not the result of personal development, but of education by foreigners." But is it not a little ridiculous to think that in a race so individual as the Jewish race, and in a race which remains so individual in spite of its environment, the intellect alone should be vulnerable to foreign influence? Is it not all the more illogical in view of the great clannishness of the Jews which prevents their imbibing too deeply the traits of their neighbors?

Hitler's aversion for the Jews is so extreme that it has made him master of the art of invective. To appreciate this, turn to *Mein Kampf*. "His (the Jew's) character is not that of an organizer but of a decomposing leaven." Again, "It is the Jewish press which, in an absolutely fanatical campaign of calumny, tears down all which may be regarded as the prop of a nation's independence, its civilization, and its economic autonomy." And "None but a Jew can value

an institution which is as dirty and false as he himself."

Even more interesting is his justification of Jewish persecutions. "If the Jew, with the help of his Marxian creed, conquers the nations of this world, his crown will be the funeral wreath of the human race and the planet will drive through the ether once again empty of mankind as it did millions of years ago. Eternal nature takes inexorable revenge on any usurpation of her realm. Thus did I now believe that I must act in the sense of the Almighty Creator: by fighting against the Jews, I am doing the Lord's work." This divine sanction for the persecution of the Jews is certainly not sanctioned by Christ. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay," saith the Lord. And—Christ was a Jew!

Because Hitler believes that the leaders of Marxian Socialists are Jews, his persecution of Marxian Socialists is a corollary to his persecution of the Jews. He loathes Marxism because it preaches the doctrine of universal brotherhood of working men, which is, of course, directly opposed to his policy of nationalism. He says, "We now see that Marxism is the enunciated form of the Jewish attempt to abolish the im-

portance of personality in all departments of human life and to set the mass of numbers in its place."

The elements of Hitler's platform mentioned above show a lack of constructive, intelligent thought. It has been best described as "anti-Semitic, anti-foreign, anti-everything except Hitler."

Hitler has been ingenious in arousing support. He made each class, with the exception of the Jews and Marxian Socialists, believe that the Nazis would benefit it. In the development of this policy of something to all, the Jew was the chief weapon.

To the national-minded German banker, the international-minded Jew stands as an enemy because he is a better financier. To the German capitalist, the Jew's sin was the sin of superiority. So, although Hitler is mildly anti-capitalist, his denunciation of the Jew brought the capitalists rallying to his support. Their aid was pecuniary as well as vocal.

The German industrialist had his labor problems resulting from the Marxian theories that were rapidly gaining ground. Here Hitler appeared on the scene with the creed that Marxian

Socialism was a menace to German industry, that the Jew was the backbone of Marxian Socialism, and that he (Hitler) had a "divine" calling to rid Germany of the Jewish-Marxian threat. The industrialist, seeing a solution of his problem, supported Hitler.

The third and largest section of Hitlerite strength is the bourgeoisie. Hitlerism stands for the middle class, and, although thus far Hitler has done little for the middle class, he has its whole-hearted support. This is explained by the fact that the bourgeoisie has a dread of sinking to the level of the proletariat. This would be inevitable if Hitler's so-called Jewish-Marxian menace were realized.

The most recently uncovered source of Hitler's support is a group of European armament manufacturers bent on a Franco-German war or any war that will result in profits. Fritz Thyssen, German arms manufacturer, gave money to the Nazis to finance Hitler's election, coöperating with a great French armament firm which was animated by the same zeal for war and its resulting profits. In 1933, Hitler sued a German journalist for making the statement that Czechoslovakian and French armament

manufacturers had contributed to his campaign expenses. Yet on the witness stand he refused to make a direct denial of the accusation and thus far the accusation stands. Immediately after this incident French newspapers, controlled by the same French arms manufacturing firm that supported him, began a campaign of condemnation of Hitler. All of which makes it appear that Hitler sold himself to leading armament makers who know he is the man who can disturb world peace. He seems ready to sell himself to anyone who will support him.

Here we have the enigma that is Hitler; his platform, his power, his supporters, are all contradictory and puzzling to the observer. He seems doomed to fall if he cannot develop a sound economic program. If, however, by his oratory and ruthless force, he should succeed in keeping himself in power, there is still the question—after Hitler, What?

KATHERINE CASASSA '35

A SONG OF SAILING SHIPS

Sing a song of sailing ships
Bound for the Spanish main—
Great prows raised high
Against the sky—
On the open seas again.

Sing a song of sailing ships
Ghostly under the moon—
Black masts raised high
To the starry sky—
Rocked to the billows' tune.

Sing a song of sailing ships
Riding a stormy sea—
Sails flapping high
In a leaden sky—
Where the wind is strong and free.

Sing a song of sailing ships
In harbor once again—
Bare masts raised high
To a sunset sky—
Home from the Spanish main.

BETTY M. GARLAND '34

HORACE WALPOLE: DILETTANTE

Horace Walpole, the prince of letter-writers, was of the eighteenth century. His was the time of Queen Anne, of formal gardens and stately minuets, of Pope's mock heroic *Rape of the Lock* with its clinching cou-

plets. One cannot think of Walpole but as of this age of powdered wigs, of conversation as a formal art, of pleasure in the play of wit rather than in pure humor. Scintillating as he was, he mingled in all sorts of political and cultural circles, and yet rightly belonged to the gay dilettante club. He took things lightly in every phase of life, public and private, and, as Gamaliel Bradford in *Bare Souls* tells us, he even "looked like a dilettante: little, finical, dainty, airy, insubstantial, and to the day of his death he was one."

Quite naturally we think of Walpole in his toy castle at Strawberry Hill, "near enough to London to get all the gossip, and far enough to get a quiet nap if he needed it." Everything about the house seemed to belong to him, its mingled bits of Gothic and classic, its fragmentary goddesses, and the curiosities such as Cromwell's nightcap. Here Walpole wrote some of the letters which came to fill fifteen volumes with their reflections of the glittering surface of the world he knew. In one to the Hon. H. S. Conway, we read that Strawberry Hill was "a little plaything house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop (she was a dealer in toys), and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges:

A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd
And little finches wave their wings in gold.

Two delightful roads, that you would call
dusty, supply me continually with coaches and
chaises; barges as solemn as Barons of the Ex-
chequer move under my window; Richmond
Hill and Ham walks bound my prospect; but,
thank God! the Thames is between me and the

Duchess of Queensbury. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight."

Walpole was well enough established in the inner circle of the society of his day to poke fun at lords of England and at awesome ladies. Walpole, the dilettante statesman, scholar, author, and art connoisseur, "danced and chattered through it all from eight to eighty," himself the most cosmopolitan of wits. His is the time we think of refreshingly as the age of coffee and tea, says Heseltine in his sprightly book on conversation, and this author suggests "if brandy is the drink of heroes, may not the delicate flavours of these subtler intoxicants be the appropriate inspiration of the wit? Elegant in flowered waistcoat, impressive in full-bottomed wig, armed with the double authority of literature and politics, the wit occupies the very center of the Queen Anne stage."

Truly it was not for nothing that the heads of eighteenth century ladies and gentlemen were powdered to silvery whiteness, for they cultivated a certain frigid detachment of mind. This detachment formed the basis of Walpole's

toleration and his wit. Within himself he would not be stirred to championing one cause or another. He tells us in one of the letters, "I go to balls, and to the House of Commons — to look on; and you will believe me when I tell you that I really think the former the more serious occupation of the two." This viewpoint extended to his whole outlook on life. He watched it as a phenomenon, seeing in it the amusing rather than the pathetic. In a letter to George Montague, he exclaims, "Oh! we are ridiculous animals; and if angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them." Walpole, except for the three friends he loved as deeply as one of his nature could, made light of affection. "Our malice and our tears," he writes to Horace Mann, "are almost as transient as the lustre of the morning and the shadows of the evening, and almost as frequently interchanged. Our passions form airy balloons, we know not how to direct them; and the very inflammable matter that transports them often makes the bubble burst." In time, ironically enough, the diletante came to worship in his turn, and, as when she was seventy Madame du Deffand had worshipped him, so at the same age he became enamoured of the two Miss Berrys.

Throughout his life Walpole's sparkle and gay worldliness more than compensate for his general cynicism. He dipped into the social, intellectual and artistic life of the ultra of his era, and in his letters he captured for us much of its unique flavor. As Bradford says, "During all the last two-thirds of the eighteenth century Horace Walpole held a mirror to the faults and follies and fascinations of the great world. He devoted his time mainly to keeping the mirror bright, polished, and gleaming, and to enjoying mirror and reflection both,"—for himself and us.

EILEEN RYAN '33
ALICE DUFFY '34

PHAETON

He stood upon a high and windy hill
And saw, above, the splendid sweep of sky,
Below, the tossing sea, dull green and gray
And far out on the waves bright sparkling glints
Where sunlight gleamed down through the rifted
clouds.

He flung his arms out wide to try to catch
The wind that was so stinging in his face,
And his high heart was full and ached for joy
That Life was his and beauty—all the world,
The hills, the wind, the sea, for he was young!
—Being young he craved still something more.
Love, youth, desire within him surged,
He was a Man—a great Adventurer—
Untravelled skies his one great goal and lure.
He looked no more upon the lovely earth,
Too finite far for his young searching eyes
That sought eternity where wide skies spread.
Phaeton, Apollo's son, came forth
And took unto himself the Sun's bright car.
Proud, confident, and brave he mounted in—
Glorious youth, triumphant in desire,
He whipped the steeds. . . . The shining chariot
flamed
In reckless splendour through the shrinking clouds—
A few brief gorgeous moments he was king—
Phaeton ruled the sky! . . . A sudden swerve—
The golden reins slipped from his clutching hands;

One moment of wild terror Phaeton tried
To reach the shining ribbons back—too late.
Hurled from the sweeping skies he loved
The young god fell past all the sun-dimmed stars,
Swift as a gull that seeks the ocean's deeps,
Into the tossing sea, dull green and gray,
Under the far waves with their sparkling glints
Where sunlight gleamed down through the rifted
clouds.

BETTY M. GARLAND '34

SKETCHES

The sun shone in irregular streaks through the low, strangely shifting clouds. Here a patch of water shone with a hard white glare, reflecting its rays, and there the bay was leaden, dull, sluggishly moving into little

swells beneath its grey surface. Low clouds clung to the tops of the hills, and at Sausalito the wind carried the mist down the slope in soft white streaks until, at the bottom, one streak merged with another and all seemed to roll upward again together where the wind from the bay drove them back. Fog signals from passing steamers sounded perilously near, yet there was no sight of any ship through the fog. The base of the construction tower of the new bridge was wrapped in fog, but its top,

jutting into the sunlight above the cloud, was clear and sharp. The monotonously weird tones of fog horns and repeating signals from bell buoys followed us across the bay; it was with a sense of relief that we felt the ferry bumping into its pier and realized that we were in the City again, in a world of actuality after our eerie crossing.

1 1 1

It had been raining steadily all week, but even before this sunny Friday afternoon there could be no doubt that spring had come. In the midst of heavy downpours alternating with light showers the almond trees by the

swimming pool had budded and burst into fragrant blossom. The rain had beaten half the petals to the ground, where they were swept into patterns by the swirl of tiny pools of rain

water, and now that the sun had come out and the pools disappeared there remained an irregular design of petals on the glistening walk and steps by the gymnasium. The other blossoms above, still clinging to their branches, were hardly more beautiful, but their fragile grace made one look toward them, then suddenly beyond, where the flamboyant, gorgeous yellow of the acacia demanded attention. The vivid color of that tall tree by the grotto defied the daintier almond blossoms; its gaudy beauty seemed irresistible, yet lest any passer-by fail to see it, a heady perfume challenged the notice of everyone.

At Meadowlands there was more acacia in bloom, but there the flowering cherry trees, in warm rose beauty, were enough to compete with acacia. Just around the gravel path by the postoffice dainty plum blossoms grew in lacy profusion on the small trees which clung to the sides of the little stream, and water rolled over the rocks and murmured as enchantingly as any woodland brook. The rustic bridge seemed in perfect harmony with the setting, and looking back across it, at the plum blossoms and greenery by the water, the wooden postoffice, the

eucalyptus trees, and the gravel path beyond, and the brilliant acacia against the brown sides of Meadowlands, one felt again that, weather notwithstanding, spring had returned in all its glory.

1 1 1

Seven-thirty—dark sky but for a strange blue rim of light behind Tamalpais, a clear blue-green light that melts into the deep blue above, and itself darkens every minute. Tamalpais is a black silhouette; above its

clear cut edge a few stars gleam already. The Pleiades glimmer indistinctly, and over Meadowlands Orion and his Hound shine steadily, yet there is no moon to lighten the long shadows of the shrubbery on the lawn. The street lamp on the corner and the half hid-

den light by the bridge make the shadows that lie thick upon the grass and almost cover the gravel path before the house; they make the trees and bushes take grotesque shapes in the darkness, but the laughter heard from the big porch and gay singing from the game in the gym keep the grounds from being too terrifying. Three girls hesitate on the path for a minute, before plunging into the shadows, but, reassured, by the cheerful sounds from the house, they look back for a minute, link arms, and disappear into the darkness.

JEANNE HOLLOWAY '36

REMINISCENCES

CHRISTMAS PARTY

THEN came the Christmas party, the last party before vacation and the new term. The tables glowed with burning candles and were gay with bright favors. Wreaths of holly decorated the pillars between the tables, and even a huge cotton snow man came to join the party. Alumnae of last year, the year before, and years before that, as far back as '27, came back that night and joined in singing their class songs when the classes of the present student body sang theirs. Class songs and school songs filled the air during dinner, and when the lights were turned out for the traditional ice cream Santa Clauses to be wheeled in in the glow of their own tiny lighted candles the applause made the flames flicker merrily and nearly shook the snow man into a snowball. There was a rush for the Christmas tree in the living room after dinner and when Santa Claus stepped in from the court through the French windows he found the Freshmen sitting on the floor around the tree, the Sophomores and upper classmen sitting on the sofas and chair arms behind them, and the faculty in

dignity in chairs not too far away. The pile of gifts under the tree, gifts we had given each other, was soon distributed, and Santa's sly remarks were as appropriate and pointed as the gifts often were. Strange animals of rubber sponge, fat baby dolls, tiny doll skates, kindergarten stationery, a long rubber snake for a budding scientist; gift after gift was quickly unwrapped and explained in whispers to whoever might fail to realize its fitness. As the pile of gifts grew smaller and only the last few remained, one student after another slipped away to put on warm coat and mittens and get her red candle for the carol singing. Then, according to custom, we all gathered in front of Meadowlands and slowly wound through the gravel path, then across the road to the high school, and through the summer house to the steps of the court to sing for the Archbishop, who stood on the porch of the main building. "Adeste Fidelis," "Stille Nacht"—we sang all the old carols lustily, reading them in the flickering light of our candles; and still singing the "French Cradle Song," we passed through the court to the road again, and began to circle the campus, caroling. When we passed Meadowlands again at last the Meadowlands girls put

out their candles and called "Good night and Merry Christmas" as they went in, while the rest sang till the Edge Hill girls left the group too. Even after that, a few staunch souls sang on till Fanjeaux was reached. There the last candle was put out, the last sleepy "good night" said, and the Christmas party ended.

KNITTING

With retreat and its silence came the annual epidemic of knitting, but this time the end of retreat failed to bring the end of the fad. A fashion show of knitted dresses was given at Fanjeaux, and, with ambition renewed by the display, the students purchased balls upon balls of bright wools, gay bouclés, or heavy raw silk, and the knitting set in in earnest. Heads bent over flashing needles, the students sat about the fireplace in the living room even before breakfast. Still knitting steadily they wandered about the campus, and many a trip to the store downtown where instructions were given seemed to develop into a student body meeting. Before lunch and after dinner the needles continued to flash through the crimsons and blues, corals and whites of all the suits started with

such enthusiasm. A visit to a friend's room after the eight o'clock bell was an opportunity to bring one's knitting along, and when the checker came in to check for visiting, it was with knitting in hand. Teachers began to complain about the time devoted to knitting, but with new suits growing so propitiously there was no stopping the craze. Then the first few suits finished were proudly worn to dinner one Thursday night, admiring groups gathered about the wearers, and enthusiasm was redoubled. Finally, as piece after piece was finished, the all absorbing stage of the fad was over, and teachers breathed more easily again. But even now it is no rare sight to see one of the girls knitting on her way from Fanjeaux to the library in the evening, or a group sitting about the fireside chatting over their rapidly growing dresses and sweaters.

THE CIRCUS

Before the curtain the ringmaster's voice announced the most stupendous, tremendous, and colossal show in history. Behind the curtain blackfaced comedians hoarsely whispered their jokes to each other, the Strong Man care-

fully patted a strangely bulging muscle, and a lady of the gay nineties, in a billowing mass of ruffles and lace, bustled across the stage to adjust her escort's mustache. After her minced the Thin Lady in her tight dress, in painful pursuit of the voluminously skirted one. The tumblers, first on the program, lined up for their entrance and rubbed their hands nervously, awaiting their cue. The ringmaster bowed, the gym was darkened, and the team trotted into position on the stage as a friendly roar of applause arose from the audience. The circus had begun.

One act after another of the "greatest show on earth" passed before the curtain and did its part for an audience of faculty, high school and friends in front, and a no less interested audience of fellow actors peering around the curtain and between the flaps, or watching the shadows from behind. There were clowns and there was a fashion show. There was a tender love song from a swain in his canoe to the lady who sat facing him—and who would guess, to see her languid grace as she coquettishly twirled her parasol, that she was the same girl who had helped carry the canoe into place in the dark-

ness a minute before? A bicycle built for two was ridden before the curtain, and the laughter that greeted the pair of riders from the audience in front was echoed by the audience in back when the obliging couple repeated their ride for their fellow performers. Songs and dances and acrobatic feats, accompanied by Professor Swift's "symphony orchestra" made up the program, which was concluded with a great minstrel show, and when the entire cast assembled on the stage for the "grand finale" of "Hallelulia", not only the cast, but the orchestra and the first few rows of the audience joined in the chorus. The circus had been a success.

JEANNE HOLLOWAY '36

SPRING

Print dresses and bright piqués suddenly blossomed out on the campus, students took to sunning themselves on the warm side steps of Guzman when not in class, or chatting on the lawn between classes. Spring had come, after a long prelude of rain. Dressmaking began to flourish in every house—not as much as knitting to be sure, but it had its

devotees, to whom the pleasant sunny days meant possibilities of cottons and cool silks, and there were even a few who looked so far ahead to summer days that they began summer millinery early in April. There were others to whom spring seemed to bring no increase of energy, however, but rather a pleasant drowsiness after lunch, when all the rockers and benches in the Fanjeaux court were pulled into the sun and were occupied by those whose only efforts were bent upon acquiring a smooth tan. Tender sun-burned arms, and a dead white nose coated with cold cream shining in vivid contrast to the rest of a red face were the most conspicuous results at first, but gradually perseverance won and the sun-bathers slowly began to show a shade or two darker than their school-mates.

Despite the generally languid atmosphere, however, spring fever hardly touched many of the students. There was *Columbus* for instance, which hardly permitted such an ailment, and then there were the senior comprehensives. Though the seniors worried constantly about those trying examinations, they made a game of them at last and charged a five-cent

fine to anyone who mentioned comprehensives at a senior dinner table. A party was given after the comprehensives, the table paying for its celebration with the sum total of the fines thus collected. Student body elections came in the spring too, and campaigning for favored candidates took energy that permitted no spring fever. Spring is perhaps the pleasantest time of year at school, despite final examinations looming up at the end of the term. It is the time when the year, in retrospect, brings only pleasant thoughts, and vacation is near enough to cheer the most eager, yet not near enough for the flurry, excitement and worry of the last week of examinations, packing and farewells.

JEANNE HOLLOWAY '36

THE DOGS OF EDGE HILL: YESTER- DAY AND TODAY

Very often one sees Pluto, Dominican's favorite dog, ambling leisurely through the Edge Hill gardens with an "I-am-master-of-all-I-survey" air as he pauses occasionally to sniff the breezes. Always he is joined

by Teddy, Trixie and Ulysses, the Edge Hill dogs, and together all dash down to the lawn for an exciting game of tag. When I see them playing there, I am always reminded of the stories I have heard of the dogs who used to enjoy Edge Hill in the old days.

One sees at once that Edge Hill with its spacious lawns and gardens would be most attractive to any normal dog. But there is more than that to its charm. Many a bone buried in

an out of the way place can be excavated and re-buried for future reference—as the Edge Hill dogs and Pluto know. They realize that there have always been dogs at Edge Hill and they enjoy the proof.

Today Pluto, Ulysses and Trixie race about the lawn; not so very many years ago, fourteen happy little dachshunds scampered about there and barked vociferously at any strangers who happened to pass the gates. In two small graves on the Edge Hill grounds are buried Waggie and Tiny, both members of that merry company, and tales are still told of Valdie, the cleverest of them all, whose especial trick was saying his prayers with his little black paws carefully folded.

After the passing of the dachshunds came Brian, a beautiful red Irish setter, who, until his death, was the reigning dog at Edge Hill—and throughout the campus, for that matter.

Teddy is the oldest dog at Edge Hill today—a staid, sleepy black-and-white mongrel with a remarkably indolent disposition. Trixie is too much absorbed by her duties on the farm for one to observe her, but if she is anything like her four fat puppies who sojourned here for

several months, she must be really charming. After the puppies left, every one missed them so that Ulysses was heartily welcomed on his arrival and thoroughly appreciated. Ulysses is unique. He is a fox terrier not much bigger than when he was born and I am inclined to think that he is quite dumb. I have never heard him bark or even squeal. Insatiable lust for wandering and adventures gave him his name.

As I glance from my window now, I see Teddy, in one of his rare wide-awake moments, romping with Ulysses who wobbles about on short, unsteady legs. Trixie, tired after her game, is snoozing happily under a hawthorne tree, and Pluto, after a pleasant visit, is just vanishing through the gates, no doubt on his way down to Guzman Hall.

BETTY M. GARLAND '34

MOON OVER EDGE HILL

High and white the winter moon peers down
Through a poplar's slim and leaf-bare boughs,
Silver-frosting the slanting roofs and eaves
Of the quiet house still-sleeping in the night.
And sparkling on the dew-wet grassy lawns.
Here in the silent garden where I walk
All is silver—I am a mortal thing
Transgressing in a faëryland of light,
A fragile world of dreams, where I must tread
Lightly, lest a careless heavy step
Should shatter the clear silverness of peace.

BETTY M. GARLAND '34

IMPRESSIONS

BOLINAS

A WHITE HOUSE high on a cliff. Only a steep, winding path leads to it, or tall, straight coast guard steps. Breathless and laughing we fling open doors and windows, remove protective coverings of newspapers and cretonne and let the sun flood the gaily furnished rooms as we take possession once more of Long Sands.

A fire must be laid and lighted. Let the radio be turned high. Then a dip in the ocean, awful in its first icy coldness. Jerry Lucy refuses to take a dare and runs back into the water at the first gloating word. A pelican chases Katie Casassa and refuses to relinquish guard over her clothes. Hours follow in the hot sun of the beach; then about the long dining table to enjoy a generous steak dinner prepared by faculty hands. Evening falls upon Bolinas with stars brighter than anywhere else, pricked sharp against the night. The sea is molten and silver edged. The fire is hot on our faces after the cool of the night. At length comes deep sleep beneath the eaves.

GYM SUITS — HOCKEY

Green clad figures running, striving. A small white hard ball struck by wooden mallets, and white stockinged legs flashing in pursuit. The shrill blast of the whistle rising above the encouraging cheers of the jacketed, book carrying spectators. The crisp bite of the autumn air. The satisfying thud of the ball against the goal. The green and white Junior pennants, and the purple of the Freshmen in the final "big" game. The proud champions at the Hockey dinner. Miss Adams and the All Star team.

THE RAINS

Awaking from a warm and deep sleep, I heard the rain. The world was gray dark and wrapped in beating freshness;—clean washed and wet green the world. Breakfast is warmly pleasant these mornings. There's something about talking with the gentle pulse of the rain curtaining the windows. In the living room the fire blazes high and the chesterfields are drawn close. Then walking to classes, slickered and bereted, with books bulging jauntily. And the cold rain drenching my face, and me laughing and loving it.

BASKETBALL

The ball is shot across the floor to the center and the whistle springs the poised, lithe-limbed players into action. There is swift passing from hand to hand. There are running and dodging, and a sudden straight high leap to bring the ball down and swiftly reverse the play. There are panting collisions and falls. And all the time the whistle biting the air filled with the thud of feet on the floor and shrill cries of "Here" and "Shoot," and cheers from the sidelines. Two fingers from the referee officially mark the climax of a clever shot and a basket won.

TENNIS

White lines and a net across. White balls struck steadily in long graceful lines, their steadiness marked by the hard resonance of the swung rackets meeting their swiftness. White linen and brown arms; eager running back and forth; heads up; eyes alert. Power, speed, flashing skill, and always grace.

GOLF

The shining club flashes through the air and the white ball is clicked into a lofty climb through the blue air. Steady eyes watch till it settles gently down, a tiny dot upon the distant greenness. Long brown arms relax from the held grace of their swing. A bag is rattled up and with swift strides the girl follows down the fairway.

FOOTLIGHTS

The stage is brilliant at the end of the dark auditorium. Its brilliance attracts. Clustered securely on the edge of that brightness or around the smaller gleam at the director's table are the actors. Curiously indifferent to the wondrous things enacted on the stage above them, their only use for this shining spot seems to be the light it casts on their books or knitting. Huddled close against the light are the actors. A cue, however, snaps the lassitude and there is a sudden mad rattling of papers, hurrying of feet, business of climbing over fellow players—then the infinitely correct entrance. Other things too, arouse. The

Juniors one night had a discussion, a fiery discussion, as befitted the Juniors. And it took much effort of the calm voiced Mr. Sussmann to ease them into the lofty spirit of the *Nativity*. Mary Jane Ballantine had one line in *The Comedian* she could never remember. Worried the night of the performance, she was surprised when someone else said the line. And in the same play the curtain came down on Bettie Goodman's prized speech. One night Virginia Trodden crashed through the upper stage of *Columbus* onto a piano below. And Georgia Powers decided she should have nuts in her list of things for dinner in the presentation of *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife*. And also to arouse, there is always the Head of the Music Department. Actors quail before her wrath and jump to her bidding, and are surprised to find in her a latent ability with the drum. Once aroused, they are well aroused. They become a bit silly over saying "mahster" instead of master. They laugh too at Eileen O'Toole, who appears punctiliously twice a week to say, "I am your sister. Why did you leave me?"

LOIS SMITH '35

THE W. A. A.

THE W. A. A. is one of the most potent factors in College for fostering good fellowship. It is the W. A. A. which sponsors the seasonal tournaments as well as their crowning banquets. And it is the W. A. A. which achieves each spring a College Circus.

This year the association has sought inspiration beyond the campus. With sixteen other colleges they sent delegates to a Western Sectional Conference of the Athletic Federation of College Women, held at Santa Barbara in April. A program there consisted of lectures, discussions and a debate. The topics touched included health, which is a responsibility of the W. A. A., the stimulating of interest in the W. A. A. and the necessity of awards for W. A. A. activities.

On their return the delegates reported that the Dominican College branch is fulfilling the aim of the national association, that it offers on its program almost all of the sports offered elsewhere and that because of its fine organization, it has to cope with fewer problems than the W. A. A. of other colleges.

VIRGINIA VAUGHAN '36

ART

THE college has felt a new interest in art this year, and with so many things to stimulate it this is not surprising.

Both on the campus and off, our opportunities have been great, and from the craft classes in our own art department to the exceptionally good exhibits in convenient museums in San Francisco there has been something to attract each student. Two exhibits in the city were of particular interest to the students this year—the Ecclesiastical Art Exhibit of last fall, in which our college chapel cartoon by Miss Charlton Fortune was shown, and the Kress Exhibit of Italian primitives and Renaissance paintings which was shown at the de Young Museum, and of which it was said that not even in European galleries would it be easy to find such a comprehensive collection of Italian art of that period. On our own campus, too, art exhibits have not been neglected. Since the college became a member of the American Federation of Arts in September we have received several loan exhibits from the headquarters of the association in Washington, D. C.,

and these have been displayed in the Guzman Art gallery. There have been collections of water colors showing the modern trend in painting, two exhibits of modern travel posters, and a collection of prints of Oriental art objects picturing a strange and, to us, unusual type of beauty. Miss Leah Rinne, the head of the art department, who is now travelling in Europe, sent one of the collections of travel posters to the college, and when they were shown in the art gallery their novelty of style and striking designs attracted much comment. A collection of prints of such artists as Cézanne, Degas, Renoir, Van Gogh, and others characterized roughly as belonging to all countries and to the last hundred years, was also lent the gallery by Miss Christine Rinne.

Perhaps the most interesting classroom work has been the making of life masks. Plaster of Paris molds of the faces of the girls in the class were first made. The molds were filled with clay, and the clay glazed and baked. The Seven Arts Club, after watching a puppet play produced by one of the fifth year students, assisted by two friends, became enthusiastic about puppet making, and the heads of Falstaff, the

Mikado, Concepcion Arguello, Prince Hal, and a few nameless but varied characters in all stages of creation litter the small art room and keep the club busy. The art students are to begin designing back drops for the puppet stage as soon as enough puppets have been made and dressed, and already a puppet play has been written.

The one thing that may have reached more nearly all the students, however, was the series of lectures by Dr. Kurt Rinehart of Stanford University on various forms of art. Besides emphasizing the fact that the spirit of each age is crystalized in its art, Dr. Rinehart brought out also the mysticism of the changes in painting, sculpture, and architecture through the ages, and showed us why art is called "a grand-child of God." This unusual interpretation of art was of great interest, and the lectures were a fitting conclusion to the year's artistic developments in the college, since they gave a unity and interpretation to the variety of exhibits we saw this year.

JEANNE HOLLOWAY '36

DRAMATICS

SINCE Christmas, dramatics in the college have taken a new turn. In the autumn the Seniors presented a modern play, Henri Ghéon's *The Comedian*; Bettie Goodman, Helen Sullivan, and Jacqueline Harkins taking the leading parts. The central idea of the play is the influence on Genesius, the Comedian, of the role of a Christian martyr in the time of Diocletian. In spite of its great difficulty and its high seriousness the play was a success. It set the tone for the rest of the year.

At Christmas we still held to the idea of class plays. The Juniors gave the Coventry Mystery, the *Pageant of the Shearmen and the Taylors*, an interesting stage experiment done simply in the mediaeval fashion, the action and tableaux accompanied by carols from *The Cowley Carol Book*.

So great was the enthusiasm aroused by *The Comedian* and the Coventry Mystery that after Christmas a group from the different classes decided to form a Drama Club which would give all the plays of the college year. The first

production was a sparkling performance of Anatole France's *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife*, Bettie Goodman convincing as the husband, Georgiana Powers delightfully teasing as the wife.

This comedy was only a prologue to the great dramatic effort of the year, *The Book of Christopher Columbus*, by Paul Claudel. For three years the college had had Columbus in mind. It was once before cast for the whole school, but too late in the year, and with too full a cast. This year the Drama Club wanted to give it, and with the help of some volunteers undertook the daring venture—daring, because the play is so simple, so subtle, so mystical, and because the wierd music is, in Claudel's own phrase, a "true actor, a collective person with diverse voices," a part, as may be implied, that needs great talent rightly to interpret it.

Columbus had been given its first night, in Berlin as a grand opera "allied" with symbolic moving pictures. Grand opera was, of course, beyond our powers; we used the play made into two episodes by the Yale University Press. Mr. Irving Sussman, the director, further simplified the action, and the Dominican

School of Music orchestrated Milhaud's poly-tonal score for tympani, two flutes, two oboes and the pianoforte.

Cecilia Perrin made the stage setting from Jean Charlot's illustrations for the play. There were three stages rising one above the other, the second one subtly representing a ship signed with the Cross, the third one screened from the audience by a transparent veil.

Catherine Kenny reading with "light and competency" from a great red book unified the episodes of the play. She seemed as one of the audience, not mystic, yet deeply moved by the message of the man whose name means a dove and a Christ-bearer. Bettie Goodman as Columbus in Time brought out finely the tragic irony of the man who discovered a world and died in the meanest inn of Valladolid, his last possessions chains that had bound him and a mule that was his faithful comrade to the end. Helen Sullivan as Columbus in Eternity gave a subtly beautiful impression of the spirit of Columbus, the higher self that mastered him, driving him to renounce, to seek only to do the will of God. Georgiana Powers was exquisite as Queen Isabella in whom the

lightness, the loveliness and the deep spirituality of the play seemed most concentrated, Isabella who was Spain wedded to the sea with the ring that she tied to the leg of a dove, the same ring that the dove bore to the young Christopher Columbus in Genoa. Helene Barnewitz, the delegate for the mutinous crew, stirred the audience by the intensity of her cry, the cry of finite humanity longing half-crazed for family and friends and native land, crushed by the nothingness of the sea in its infinitude, finite humanity baffled by Columbus in Time who was driven by Columbus in Eternity.

The excellence of the cast throughout was highly satisfactory. The actors so lost themselves in their parts that there was no distraction in recognizing them as campus acquaintances masquerading. The Chorus of Posterity, the money lenders, the bystanders and the wise men gave a sense of mocking realism; among the minor parts June Schibel as the Marshal to the King of Spain, Virginia Flannery as the cook, and Anita Bulotti, bitter as the Accuser of Columbus, gave particularly vivid portrayals. The scene of the Aztec gods incited by Jacqueline Harkins as the Beadle added a note

of the grotesque and vigorously comic. The comic element was throughout artistic, coming only here and there, in the "Mañana" song in a scene at the court of the king of Spain, and in sly remarks by the worldly Chorus of Posterity and the very natural reader. The motive of the mule, Columbus' last renunciation, that poor animal on which Queen Isabella has to make her entrance into the kingdom of Heaven, was finely sustained. Introduced on the stage only through Milhaud's music, it was felt in its mysterious or its spiritual significance. Perhaps the great merit of this production of *Columbus*, a play so simple and so varied and so vast that we were fearful to attempt it, was that the actors kept always to the tone of the play itself, comic in spots, realistic, universal in its truth, essentially and profoundly mystical; they made the audience feel in the words of the Reader, that "it is not Christopher alone but every son of woman who is chosen to hear the call of the Other World and of that farther shore."

A. S. C.

PATRONS

Alberts' and Company, San Rafael
Elizabeth Ball
The Bank of San Rafael
Dr. Arthur Barr, San Rafael
Dr. Thomas Barr, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. Edward I. Barry
Blum and Hore, San Rafael
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