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The Firebrand

H. Sullivan

THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE
OF SAN RAFAEL

M C M ~~XX~~ V I I I

DEDICATION

*With love and appreciation
we dedicate this book to
Mother Louis*

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THE FIREBRAND

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EDITORIAL

THE ideal college girl is not one who comes to college to wear a gown and to say thereafter she has been at Dominican College. Neither is she the one whose parents have sent her here to be well disciplined and to learn how to play a good bridge game. She comes to college with a serious purpose — to gain an education and to make that education pleasant to both her college and herself. She does not think that the first element of education is to be shown the buildings on the campus and then to be initiated in the Blue Goose and Stapp's. She will earn the applause of her classmates not by her proficiency at varsity dragging, but by her enthusiasm over all the interests of her college and by her personal contributions to its activities. She has a neat and attractive room, but it is not a room cluttered with bedspreads that cannot be sat upon, desk lamps that give little if any light, bookcases whose shelves are lined with leather-bound books, their tops dusty and their pages uncut. She knows how and

when to use the library. She does not make it a place to repair to on rainy days when it is cold and lonely every place else, and she does not restrict her research reading while there to the jokes in the back of the *Literary Digest*. She studies because she has a lively curiosity. She is proud of high scholarship in herself or in her companions. She does not pity in her ignorance a girl that earns A's nor scorn her as a lack-wit. She is jealous of the good name of her college and expects her companions to uphold with her its ideals, for she knows that she and her fellow students are the college. She thinks well of her classmates when they conscientiously meet their student body responsibilities or take an active part in college activities; she never condemns with the words, "She is good, but she knows it." (Rather do something and know it than do nothing and not know it!) The ideal Dominican College girl is careful in her choice of companions. She does not select the group that plays the most and seems to stand highest socially. She rather chooses those with whom she can talk seriously as well as laugh heartily, those whom she can depend upon as companions in all her

varying moods. She takes advantage of the opportunities her college offers. She enjoys with her friends the walks in Meadowlands and Edge Hill as well as jaunts to Inspiration and the Falls. She goes eagerly to concerts and plays and lectures; she enjoys having a place in the college choir, in a pageant, or in an athletic contest, whether it be great or small. She goes devoutly to Mass, to Compline, and to the Rosary. Off the campus and after her graduation the ideal Dominican College student will be known for her friendliness, her frankness, and her seriousness of purpose.

IRMA ADLER

Major: ARTS

Art Editor, *The Firebrand*, '28
Executive Board, '27

Art Club

IRMA is an interesting composition of the artistic and the practical. The combination of outstanding characteristics of Italy and Germany proves to be interesting in her. The Latin influence contributes cast of features and general appearance—dark curly hair, dark eyes, and fine features. However, Irma's comfortable practicality and the generally efficient way she accomplishes things would remind one of a German grandmother. No girl in Meadowlands can make better coffee in shorter time than Irma, and the settled way she has of putting both her hands on her hips when declaring flatly that the subject in question is downright wrong always makes one think that her name should have been Bertha. In contrast to this rather domestic young woman is the other Irma, who is an art major. This Irma spends hours in a paint-smeared smock doing clever things with paint, dye, and leather. When she is working at something of this sort you realize what a composition she is—coffee and batik, immaculate blouses covered by stained smocks, and a Latin temper coupled with a pleasantness that makes her one of the most gracious girls in the Senior class.

LUCILLE BEHAN

Major: ENGLISH

Delta Alpha Epsilon

LOU is in many ways an object of envy for the rest of us. Those who are "a little plump" wonder why they can't be more like Lou, the proud possessor of a "white card"; those who are "a little slender" wonder the same thing; those who are too tall look enviously at Lou's five-feet-four; those who are too short also look enviously; those who have growing hair wonder why they can't put it up as neatly as Lou manages hers; those with short hair contemplate whether they'll look as nice as Lou if they decide to let it grow. Meanwhile, Lou remains happily unconscious of all this envy, and this envy does not create a dislike. She has a talent for companionship and conversation. She talks interestingly and easily, yet also listens in an easy, interested manner. Lou has a contagious enthusiasm and a contagious humor. It is fun to watch her laugh—her gray eyes animated with humor, her lips tightened ever so slightly, her nose twisted to one side in a tiny wrinkle, she laughs—a modulated, refreshing laugh, characteristic of Lou, who is modulated and refreshing in all she does.

MARGARET BOSS

Major: MUSIC

President Fanjeaux Sodality

Music Club

MARGARET is an example of that renowned preference—blonde and blue-eyed. She has also a very pink-white complexion which, together with her usual appearance in soft light colored clothes and her loveableness of manner, gives her a slightly babyish look. But Margaret's interest in music is that of a woman, not a child. Her enthusiasm as director of the Fanjeaux operetta brought forth a corresponding enthusiasm in the cast, revealed an unsuspected efficiency in Margaret, and made the operetta one of the leading successes of the year. Margaret is like that; when she is interested she is very interested, and when not, she simply doesn't bother. In crowds she is distantly gracious; to her own friends she is beautifully devoted.

MARCELLA BRICCA

Major: ENGLISH

The Meadowlark Staff, '25, '26, '27

The Firebrand Staff, '25, '26

Swimming Manager, '26

English Club

Delta Alpha Epsilon

Music Club

MARCELLA and Peter Pan would both agree that it is a dreadful thing to grow up. Marcella may not admit this affinity of interest, but deep in her heart she hates the idea of being an adult and everyone else hates it for her, because her youthfulness is a delight. Her eager face, her sparkling eyes, her lively little figure offer a pleasant contrast to the sophisticated young women who have to resort to powder and rouge and reducing methods for their beauty. Her freshness and spontaneity brighten our classes. She is always bubbling over with ideas, plans of great things—how she is going to educate her children or how the present educational system should be amended. Mary Wagner says that nothing entertains her more than a theological dispute in class when Rosella holds forth, an image of dogma itself, and Marcella with burning eyes goes searching for truth. Indeed Marcella is much more than Peter Pan. She seems to have had a magic power of taking all the youthful grace and charm of that fairy personage and then to have added to that a certain maturity of mind and an intense love for the finer things of life.

KATHLEEN DOWD

Major: ENGLISH

Twelfth Night

ONCE in a year book beside Kitty's picture was a little verse, "A modest violet, half hidden from the eye."

These lines perhaps describe one of Kitty's virtues, but they do not describe her fully. She is ever so gentle, but too attractively gentle to be "half hidden from the eye." Her hazel eyes are more expressive in a sweet way than those that quiver with excitement; her brown hair is soft and straight and her smile is warm. Then, Kitty is a student. Study perhaps means a little more to her than to the rest of us, and accomplishing something is comforting to her. She is moreover sympathetic and has a sense of humor. It is not a common sense of humor for often it is subtle. Kitty's friends are real friends to her. She is unselfish and trusting with them, and so gentle that none could be unappreciative of these virtues.

HAZEL FLETCHER

Major: HISTORY

Asst. Business Manager, *The Meadowlark*, '28 Delta Alpha Epsilon

H AZEL has that rare combination of black, black hair and blue, blue eyes. Irish to the heart, she represents the charm of Ireland in her vivacity, her eagerness, and her humor. After dinner when she is in the tea room with the "chocolate line" we laugh hilariously at Hazel's stories about herself until the newly-appointed member of the checking committee comes to tell us we are "abusing our privilege." The most renowned of Hazel's topics for exposition is her brother, "Dr." Paul, who has been described over and over again as "the handsomest, darlinest, *niciest* young doctor and brother in the world." Hazel never seems to study, though we know that History majors must; we have a suspicion that Hazel does her studying in private, but has many more interesting things to talk about in company, and so manages to do both to the satisfaction of both teachers and friends. Indeed, we hate to think of Hazel with books or spectacles; somehow it's easier to think of her in a very fluffy pink dress, and very high heels, on the arm of a *very* handsome young blue-eyed, black-haired young man who very much resembles herself.

MILDRED GORMAN

Major: HISTORY

Delta Alpha Epsilon

MILDRED is a girl of remarkable generosity. She grants a favor as if she were receiving one. She walks across the campus with a quick step, for she is always busy about many things, yet never too busy to do a favor. For instance, Mildred will meet a girl, and with a smile tell her she has a package in the college post-office.

"When may I have it?" the other girl eagerly asks.

"I am not supposed to give packages out until noon," Mildred replies, "but if you hurry over to the post-office now, I can let you have it before my next class."

One never minds asking Mildred a favor, for she looks at you with her earnest blue eyes, and assures you it is a pleasure.

On busy days when one needs something from town, and yet just hates to go, Mildred comes along, carrying her big black purse and wearing her brown coat. "I am going to the village," she says as she tucks her growing hair under her black hat, and then generously asks, "Is there anything I can get for you?"

BERENICE HARDY

Major: MATHEMATICS, CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS

Treasurer Student Body, '27
Treasurer Class, '27, '28
Business Manager, *The Firebrand*, '27
Basketball Manager, '26

Delta Alpha Epsilon
Phi Mu
French Club

BERENICE is a complex combination of rebellion and loyalty, of English stubbornness and Irish big-heartedness, of aggressiveness and sensitiveness. Since her freshman days, Berenice has always been outstanding and consequently very often misunderstood. Her sensitive nature, however, rebels against this being misunderstood. She hungers for friendship and has an intense devotion to those who understand and cherish the real Berenice. And there is much to cherish in her. A child in appearance, a woman in thought, she is a happy combination of both in action. Her short stature, fair fresh skin, waves of soft brown hair, and sincere eyes give an impression of extreme and charming youth, but the Berenice who has a private college faculty of her own to teach her advanced physics or chemistry which no one else in the college would dream of taking and who does her practice teaching in a high school chemistry class could scarcely be called a child. But it is not Berenice the child nor Berenice the Chem major whom we love—it is the Berenice whose youth invigorates and whose thought interests and whose friendship holds.

MARGARET HOWELL
Major: HISTORY

MARGARET is tall and slender and pretty. Her eyes are brown and her hair is brown, wavy, and always in perfect order. Her clothes, like her hair, are always as they should be. In fact, during her first three years of college she objected to taking gym because strenuous athletics muss one up so, but now as a Senior she has taken up golf because it appeals to her as a sport that one can take part in and still be perfectly groomed. Just now she is interested in getting herself a low, gray roadster, and we hope she will get a nice, smooth-running one which will match her quiet air of reserve that gives one the impression that she would rather observe the strenuous activities of life than take part in them. And what would look nicer than Margaret gliding quietly about in a perfect car to match her perfect self? On the campus one may see her almost any day walking with Florine Vanderbilt, her constant companion, or sitting beside Florine in the library taking endless history notes, for she is a history major. In her quiet way she accomplishes more than the girl who is always talking about how much she has to do.

ROSELLA KEMPER

Major: ENGLISH

Vice President Class, '25, '26
Executive Board, '26
Student Affairs Committee, '27
The Meadowlark Staff, '26, '27
The Firebrand Staff, '25, '26
Editor, *The Firebrand*, '27
Editor, *The Meadowlark*, '28
Assistant Editor, *The Firebrand*, '28

English Club
Delta Alpha Epsilon
Biology Club

THAT Dr. Baschab says Rosella is a philosopher, that her English instructors say she can read, that Mr. McCormac says that she has a sense of the obvious, might be of interest to us, since to each of those persons such statements mean, intellectually speaking, the highest praise. However, a philosopher who knows how to read and has a sense of the obvious might be suspected of being a formidable person. But one can have no such suspicion about Rosella, for although she is reserved, she is not formidable. One knows that only to look at her lovely hazel eyes. Her quick smile and her sense of humor are the more delightful because she is so often serious. She has been described as an all-around friend, the sort of girl who will enjoy things with you, sympathize with you, and scold you when it is necessary. She is not only a friend to her classmates, however, but she is also a friend to her college. She has shown this especially in her work for the college publication. She has edited both the *Firebrand* and the *Meadowlark* energetically, unselfishly, and with great success. Indeed, we wonder what we shall ever do without Rosella.

FRANCES KERCHKOFF

Major: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Class President, '28

Tennis Manager, '28

Riding Manager, '27

Twelfth Night

FRANCES is one of the few gym majors. A stride that indicates the athletic woman, generous proportions that are surprising and yet refreshing in this day of the boyish silhouette, and a remarkable honesty give a substantial backing to Frances' choice of majors. She may be seen on any school day from eight to four carrying a stack of anatomy or rule books under her arm, or clad in a gym suit hurrying to the field or the gym. This is Frances during the week—a Frances whom you would hardly suspect of spending a week-end in very feminine attire at teas, shows and dances, and having an ultra-feminine good time. And yet this seeming contradiction does exist, but to Frances herself it is not a contradiction. She has adroitly assimilated the enjoyment of both these kinds of life so that both are a part of her. Frances has the unrestrained breezy air of a person who likes action, plenty of room and fresh air, and yet she has the graciousness and charm of a society woman, and this unusual composition makes her one of the best liked girls in the Senior class and has made her the president of that class.

MARY KING

Major: HISTORY

Vice President Class, '28
Student Affairs Committee, '28
Business Manager, *The Meadowlark*, '28

Delta Alpha Epsilon
French Club

MARY impresses one as quiet. However, one discovers that it is not a love of reserve that gives this impression, but rather a dislike for public boisterousness. She is unpretentious to the point of obscuring her many fine qualities. She works hard in her studies and in college activities, but she demands loud credit in neither. She has been a most successful business manager of the *Meadowlark*, which is proof enough that she does not suffer from lack of energy; but in talking about herself and what she does she conserves her energy. Indeed, to look at Mary one knows that there is ample vivacity and wit in this tall, curly-haired, bright-eyed girl. Her friends will tell you that she is the liveliest of their group. We believe this is true, but for us her charm is in her gentle and unpretentious manner.

LORETTA MALONEY

Major: EDUCATION

President, W. A. A., '28

Assistant Editor, *The Firebrand*, '28

Spanish Club
Phi Mu

LORRIE has an Irish complexion, copper-colored hair that verges on red, hazel eyes set far apart, and a straight, generous mouth. She is tall and broad shouldered, and she holds herself erect. She has interests in every possible kind of activity on the campus, intellectual, spiritual, social, and practical. It is Lorrie who leads in her classes, who is the spirit of her sodality, who is always in demand for a bridge table, who manages picnics to perfection, and who makes the best coffee in Fanjeaux. Lorrie possesses a talent for friendship as well as learning; her heart is catholic as well as her mind. She has friends in every house on the campus. Moreover, Lorrie has a glorious sense of humor and is entertaining in a quiet sort of way; she has an amusing fashion of wrinkling up her nose, her head cocked on one side and her eyes twinkling into yours; and she is an artist at mimicking people, but in a way that never makes enemies. One of her finest traits is her sense of fairness. She would have made a wonderful crusader a few centuries ago, for she upholds what she believes to be right with all the staunchness of a medieval champion.

DOROTHY MCCARTHY

Major: HISTORY

Delta Alpha Epsilon

PEOPLE are surprised to discover that it is Dorothy who is the cause of the many merry outbursts of laughter at her table.

That is just it. Dorothy seems not only content with giving the world an impression of reserve and taciturnity, but deliberately insists upon giving such an impression. She enjoys her individual pleasures and tastes without studied conformity to outside opinion. Her independence reveals itself in the deliberateness of spirit in all she does. If she decides that she wants to make you laugh, she will make you laugh—consequently the convulsed dinner table—for she has an ample store of Irish wit. She is so small and slight that one would think that she could easily fulfill her desire to avoid unnecessary observation, but she has gifts which force attention. If you talk to her perhaps she will grace you with a bit of her humor, or she will smile with a twinkle of her eyes and a slight turning in of the corner of her mouth, or perhaps she will say quietly and in a very feminine voice, "Do you mean me?"

PEGGY McMULLEN

Major: FRENCH

Executive Board, '26
Secretary Class, '27
Secretary-Treasurer Class, '28
Swimming Manager, '26

French Club
Phi Mu

RELIABILITY, straightforwardness and efficiency mingled with a tender sweetness, are the keynotes of Peggy's personality. There is probably no girl in the senior class who can take responsibility with less rush or flurry and more dignity and grace. House mother at Edge Hill, she is both loved and respected by every girl there. At times, however, a spirit of mischief in Peggy that she usually keeps hidden by her calm demeanor seems to expand and envelop all of her, and then she will do the most surprising and unexpected of things with a sparkle in her big blue eyes and a gleeful little-girl smile on her full red lips. Always, from seven-thirty in the morning, when, winter, summer, rain or shine, Peggy arises, until nine-thirty, or, at the most, ten-thirty, when Peggy retires, she is the essence of neatness. Every hair in her wavy brown bob is in place; her sports clothes fit perfectly and are immaculate; the seams of her stockings are perfectly straight. So Peggy, sincere in everything she does, resourceful against difficulties, goes through life with a host of friends and a perfection of action.

GERALDINE MULCAHY

Major: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

President Student Affairs Committee, '28

Delta Alpha Epsilon
Art Club
Biology Club

A QUICK step, a smiling face, a word of welcome—it's Jerry. One is glad to meet her at any time on the campus, for whether she is in gym clothes hurrying to a game or in sports clothes driving her new Buick, she always has a second to stop and chat and perhaps give you a bit of interesting news. She has a way of knowing everyone and being liked by everyone. Even the small children in the grammar school shout greetings at her across the court from their windows. She has made an excellent president of the Student Affairs. It is easy to take difficulties to Jerry, for one can rely on her good sense and fair mindedness for a decision. Wherever Jerry is there is sure to be witty conversation, frank discussion, and an atmosphere of fun and cheerfulness. When we first meet her our admiration is tinged with awe of this tall girl with finely cut features and eyes which seem to penetrate through all the artificiality of life. Somehow her approval or disapproval seems to mean a lot to us. We want her for our friend. She impresses us as the kind of friend one could grapple to one's soul with hoops of steel.

BERENICE PRITCHARD

Major: ENGLISH

The Meadowlark Staff, '28
Fencing Manager
President Edge Hill Sodality

Delta Alpha Epsilon

FATE has favored Bee with an extra portion of personality. There is a subtle tact in her manners and her speech which enables her to get along perfectly with even those whom others might term "impossible." One could not imagine Bee hurting anyone nor could one think of hurting Bee. She is sensitive in such a quiet, unpretentious sort of way that one knows it is sincere. And yet Bee is not the person to let her consideration for others engulf her own ideas and opinions. She is essentially independent in her thoughts and she expresses them without hesitation or fear of condemnation. Everyone loves to hear her talk about anything—she does so in such an original way. She has a sense of humor even when the joke is on herself. Everyone seems to enjoy teasing Bee, probably because she takes it so good naturedly and always has amusing repartee ready. Her cleverness and wit are revealed both in the things she writes for the *Meadowlark* and the *Firebrand* and in her conversation. We always think of Bee as a person whom we tease and whom we like to be with.

NATALIE PROSKEY

Major: ENGLISH

Secretary-Treasurer W. A. A., '28

Tennis Manager, '26, '27

College Tennis Championship,

'25, '26, '27, '28

High School-College Tennis

Championship, '25, '26

Highest Point Winner, '25

Delta Alpha Epsilon

French Club

Spanish Club

Block "D" Society

ONE would never confuse Natalie with anyone else. She is Russian, very tall and big and handsome. When her thick, curly hair stands out in red-brown wires around her head she looks as if she has not quite grown up; when she parts it in the middle and smooths it into an embryo knot at the back of her neck one sees in her the woman she will one day be. She is easily moved to laughter, soft, giggly laughter; and her lively sense of humor goes off at the least provocation at the most unexpected and inopportune moments. Natalie's speech is as soft as her laughter. Some people describe her accent as almost English. She should be a singer, for she has a really beautiful voice, not cultivated because she took fright at her first singing lesson and refused to go back to her teacher. She is pleasant to talk to; in one breath surprisingly intelligent and even sophisticated, in the next a child. She is our tennis champion and has always been on athletic committees. She likes good pictures, good music, and good books, and she hates anything cheap or tawdry. Indeed, her ideals are high, and she wants to be a social reformer.

PAULINE QUINN

Major: HISTORY

Art Club

PAULINE is artistic in her appearance; she is tall with dark eyes set glistening by her even darker hair; she dresses in soft silks of becoming colors and lines. She has a calm and serene manner of talking and laughing which makes a much surer impression than that of the garrulous. She is artistic in her tastes; she likes good music — she is always the last one to leave the radio at Fanjeaux; she enjoys, sometimes all alone, strains from Chopin or Tschaikowsky long after the dial has been turned away from Dr. Straska's rendering of the "Varsity Drag." Pauline, sewing on some pretty lacy thing or working on some of her art work under a dim light at Fanjeaux, is a familiar sight. Her friends find enjoyment in her unique humor and in her good taste in everything, and they may well pride themselves on being objects of Pauline's devotion and examples of her good taste in friends.

ISABEL REECE

Major: FRENCH

Student Affairs Committee, '28
Head of Social Committee, '27

Twelfth Night
French Club

WE MIGHT call Izzy the planet of the senior class. She seems to have always been shining steadily and quietly through all the flickers, twinklings, shootings and glowings of the others. We can always expect Izzy to do her very best. She always looks her best, as also does everything which belongs to her; she always acts her best, but there is a sincerity and grace as well as self-confidence in her actions. To have Izzy for a friend is a tribute, because we feel that she picks her friends as she picks her clothes, her actions, her thoughts. There are times, however, when the steady light of Izzy's planet seems to possess a brighter glow, and that is when she is on the stage. Even when Izzy happens to have a minor role, that role often rivals and sometimes surpasses the more important ones in the play. And then there are times when the planet, steady as it is, twinkles and sheds a soft, warm glow, and that is when Izzy's humor reveals itself. When we laugh with Izzy we do not smile or giggle, we downright laugh. Again it is the ever-dependable Izzy—we can depend on her for the best in laughs as for the best in everything else.

HELEN LOUISE RUEGER

Major: HISTORY

Delta Alpha Epsilon

THEY say that chin betrays character, and in Helen's case that is quite true; for she has a good, strong, determined chin and her character matches exactly. However, she is not grim or masculine, for she holds her eyes wide open and they shed a softness which counteracts any hardness at all that her determined chin might suggest. Besides, her skin is of delicate coloring, and her lips are very feminine. Helen's strong will shows itself in her perseverance as a student and in her actions and speech. Her teachers speak highly of her; her conscientiousness and preciseness of action make every lesson as well as every deed her very best. At the same time, this rigor does not prevent Helen from being an agreeable associate. To her forceful will has been added a quiet congeniality which has won and holds many friendships.

ALBEA SCRUGGS

Major: ENGLISH—DRAMATICS

Executive Board, '27
Student Affairs Committee, '27

Twelfth Night

ONE could not say ordinary things about Albea because she is so different from ordinary people. She has a beauty that is unusual and hard to describe. One cannot say whether her individuality lies in her appearance, very dark hair, slender, graceful hands, and a tall, well-proportioned figure—or in her actions, which are always gracious and characterized by a smoothness of manner and striking self-confidence, or in her voice, which has the modulated smooth-toned clearness of an actress. Albea is one of our dramatic stars. She seems to have had a part, more often a lead, in all the college productions since her freshman year. She was Oberon in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Olivia in *Twelfth Night*, and Saint George in the mediaeval pageant. In acting, too, is Albea different. Each role played by Albea is an interpretation of her very own, and we feel that, had it been played by any other person, it would have lost much of the originality which Albea gave it.

AGNES SNYDER

Major: HISTORY

Point Recorder, W. A. A., '28
Secretary Meadowlands Sodality, '27

Delta Alpha Epsilon
Music Club

ONE does not become violently or suddenly aware of Agnes. She seems to grow slowly but steadily into the observation and affection of those around her. She does not illustrate an astounding new step of the varsity drag before the whole college, or loudly thrust her opinion upon you, or astound the college with a meteor-like appearance in any activity, but she seems to have a truer, if slower, method of gaining recognition. Perhaps you first notice her playing a very good game of tennis, then you remark to a companion at a basketball game that she is one of the speediest centers you've ever seen, then you hear her sing a leading part in an operetta, then you find out that she is a most conscientious student and that other girls are always asking her for help, then you talk to her and she proves not only a good listener, but also witty and interesting, though at all times she talks as she acts—with a quiet reserve and yet an impressive charm. Agnes is unobserved only by those who seek the flare of superficiality; those who look for the hidden spark of true merit in character find it kindled in her friendship.

KATHERINE SULLIVAN

Major: HISTORY

Class President, '25
President W. A. A.
Vice President Student Body, '28
Student Affairs Committee

Delta Alpha Epsilon
Biology Club

KATE is splendid looking, and thoroughly alive. She is tall and has brilliant hazel eyes and black hair that shines from vigorous brushing. She has a gift for getting things done and she is vital in everything she does. In Mary Wagner's absence she conducts a student body meeting with formal dignity and she fills law-breakers with a respect for the law; but at home in her own room, she is sympathetic and full of fun. Her friends both love and respect her.

FLORINE VANDERBILT

Major: HISTORY

Biology Club

FLORINE always looks contented with life — that is the first impression she gives us. Almost inevitably when we enter the library we see her working quietly; we notice her smooth, fair skin, her blue eyes, and her lovely brown hair with its natural marcel. She looks up, greets us sweetly, and continues her work, for she is a calm and intelligent student. Reliability would also characterize her, not reliability peculiar to consciously virtuous people, but reliability that has become a habit through the enjoyment of being reliable. Everyone likes Florine. There is nothing irksome about her. She glides through life, as it were, without bursts of emotion or splashes of gushing excitement. She is pleasant to be with because she is always cheerful. One never hears her grumbling. If she ever mentions having a lot to do—the chief cause for most grumbling—she does so laughingly as though it amused her. As she drives about in her little car she waves to everyone and picks up any weary schoolmate she happens to see walking to or from college.

MARY WAGNER

Major: ENGLISH

President Student Body, '28
President Class, '27
Freshman Advisor, '27
The Meadowlark Staff, '27, '28

English Club
Delta Alpha Epsilon
Music Club

TO THE freshmen Mary is the President of the Student Body, but to the rest of us she is much more than that—she is a person whom we love. She is both entertaining and interested. She says clever things, and she always has something really worth while to talk about, but she has also the gift of listening. She has a certain cosmopolitan air, an unfailing grace of manner that springs from real kindness, for her philosophy of life is that one should be as kind as one can. She has high standards, yet she is tolerant and with her tolerance goes a mature objective viewpoint. She looks on life with a sympathetic yet amused interest, but she is sensitive and she feels deeply, for she is an artist. From the days when she was Patience in her Freshman year, Mary's beautiful soprano has crowned every choral in every college program. She shares her other possessions with us as she does her voice, for she likes to enjoy what she has with other people. The springs on her bed are worn out from visitors that are always to be found in her sunny room, and half the campus mourn the passing of Hamilcar Barca, her ancient gray automobile.

MARIE WEMPE
Major: ENGLISH

Phi Mu

MARIE is beautiful to look at, interesting to talk to, and charming to be with. The first impression is of chestnut hair touched with gold, then lovely eyes and an oval face. She has a calmness which reminds one of a Renaissance madonna and a quietness which makes one aware of great capability and deep emotion. A visit to Marie's room is always a pleasure. She has a gift for conversation and has had unusual advantages in wide travel. Moreover, she has a delightful sense of humor, very youthful and refreshing. Yet her real charm lies in her responsiveness to others and in her talent as a listener. Such interest in one's affairs is very encouraging. We find it always pleasant to tell her about future desires and past pleasures, and even our secrets—she seems to inspire confidence in us.

LYDIA GRADUATES

IN THE fall of her senior year Lydia came back late. Every year before this one she had been back on time, if not a little early.

But on this last semester, rather as a gesture of freedom and because she realized that it was her last chance, she came back a week late. It wasn't the fun she had anticipated, somehow. After all, she was a bit too old for that sort of thing. Classes had all started and her roommates had taken possession of all the best closets and bureaus and desks in the room. Lydia was left the desk nearest the door, the one that caught everything. Cakes were always cut on her desk.

Lydia found that the new building made a great change in the college. It had a subtle influence that was hard to define. It marked the beginning of a new era that was hard to get accustomed to. The dining room at Edge Hill had passed, and though the new one at Fanjeaux was a vast improvement over the old one, still the old one had had its tradition, and one missed it. For three years Lydia had looked

with respect at the senior table there and the leather-upholstered, stiff-backed chairs around it. She felt a bit cheated that she would not get a chance to sit there. It seemed that she was somehow less a senior at the round table at Fanjeaux. She missed the living room at Edge Hill, too, where all the girls used to try to dance at once before dinner. Of course it was too small, but it had always been so homelike, and the living room at Fanjeaux, large and beautiful as it was, seemed a little strange.

There were so many new faces, too. It had never taken Lydia so long to get to know the freshmen before. This was the largest class that had ever come, that was true, but like the building, they seemed strange and of a different spirit. Lydia in an outburst of conservatism became an ardent devotee of the old order. She felt bitterly about all things new. She felt that the new things were trying to shove her aside.

The first time that Lydia really felt like a senior was on Shield Day. She marched behind the class president at the head of the line and felt very grand and dignified. She felt a little

bit sentimental, too, to think that this was her last Shield Day.

Another thing that made Lydia feel like a senior was the respect of the freshmen. One of them took her for a graduate student; another looked frightened when she spoke to her. They all looked up to her enough to ask her advice and to stand back to let her go through doors ahead of them. She wondered at times if her words of wisdom impressed them as much as the words of seniors had impressed her in her freshman days. She decided it wasn't possible. She remembered particularly a certain afternoon in the Meadowlands tea room when a senior with a large bread knife in one hand and a cup of tea in the other had expounded her theories on the education of children. Lydia and another freshman had sat in awed silence listening and thinking, "Ah, this is college life." Lydia was afraid those days had passed even as the tea room itself.

As the semester wore on, Lydia became adjusted and the things that had seemed new at first grew to be the natural thing. Christmas came and went. Examinations came after

Christmas this year, another thing Lydia resented a little as a breaking away from the old order. The second semester began. It seemed very queer to be on the very last six months of one's college career. There were times when Lydia sentimentalized about the best days of her life being at an end and idealized the friends she had made and the times she had had. Then there were days when she wasted hours figuring up the months, weeks, and days till commencement. Periodically, she had fits of conscience over the work she had not done, and she would work feverishly for a time. The eternal question of the future haunted her. She thought of teaching and the business world, of marriage, and a career. She envied people who knew what they wanted to do. She felt weary. Nothing in life seemed very worth while, and things that a year or two ago had been vital questions now seemed unimportant. She decided that life at best was rather a dreary affair, and she even attempted to write melancholy poems on the tragedy of youth.

Work on the *Firebrand* began. Lydia took

a great interest in her character sketch. Of course it flattered her. It had to. One really couldn't be publicly exposed. The flattery embarrassed her a little and made her feel hypocritical. But pictures had to be taken which were less flattering. Caps were so unbecoming and so hard to balance. In most of her proofs Lydia's neck looked out of joint.

After Lent things began to happen. Someone had a tea every Saturday. Everything was very gay. The different classes entertained the seniors with breakfasts, picnics, teas. The crowning touch was the dinner-dance at Fanjeaux the Saturday before graduation. Everything seemed glittering and unreal.

These last few weeks Lydia walked about in a daze. Commencement Day finally came. Lydia could hardly believe it was true. All her old fears of tripping up the steps left her and she walked across the auditorium laughing inside at the ridiculous idea that she, Lydia, was getting her degree. She walked up the steps, received her degree and her bachelor's hood, and took her place on the stage. Slowly the rest of the girls followed her, and when the

last one was in place, with the rest of the class Lydia slowly raised her hand and shifted the tassel of her cap from the right to the left side.

ROSELLA KEMPER, '28.

THE JUNIORS CONVERSE

THE class of which I am a member is luckily strong in its diversity. It is furnished with the greatest variety of talents, and we have the satisfaction of finding that there is no one in it who could not, in her senior year, assume full control of her chosen activity, whether it be athletics, music, or any other general responsibility that goes to make college life.

One Friday night at Fanjeaux I sat before the fire very late with this select group who entertained me with varied remarks, mostly on their individual interests at college. Carmel told me in her enthusiastic way about a big game—how the freshmen happened to beat the junior team this year; how she and Glad had their guards going around them in circles the first half. I could immediately vision her, with her black, boyish bob, scurrying good-naturedly over the basketball court, shooting a goal with her characteristic, underhanded throw. She was going on when Gladys chimed in with her enthusiastic emphasis that "Sister almost collapsed in her chair—she got so ex-

cited." Carmel and Gladys had become so interested in athletics that we feared we would hear nothing else for the rest of the evening but what constituted a technical foul and what a personal foul.

However, Margaret Strong, who had said nothing all this while, began her speech with a soft "Hum!" and told us that she wondered to see so many people of sense so very serious upon foolishness. Now, her special interest was centered in doctoring, and she told us that she was going to complete her medical course at McGill University in Montreal. Most of us spoke very sparingly on this subject, but we all listened attentively to Margaret and wondered at the same time why one so fair should be destined to be interested in such a career.

While we were thus musing, Aunitta Baird asked us if we had any suggestions as to how the annual lawn tea at Edge Hill should be arranged, and a discussion of all the social functions of the year ensued. We all congratulated Aunitta on the success she had made this year of the tea dances and the Sunday teas at Fanjeaux. Aunitta is always such an enthusiastic

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worker that even if we are not interested in a particular party, she by her enthusiasm seems to instill eagerness in us.

After this social discussion there was a pause, upon which Ada decided to speak. It seemed that she had lately been taken up with the heavy responsibilities of the dignified *Firebrand* and was in no way resting on it. She told us in a matter of fact manner that the staff was all worn out trying to describe the seniors at their best moments.

"We appreciate," said Ada, "their good qualities, but it is rather difficult, you know, to keep them all continuously before one's mind."

When a girl is thus liable to be vanquished by the responsibility of the *Firebrand*, one must necessarily sympathize with her. We all agreed then that no one is ever fully satisfied with any description of herself — no matter how laudable!

While we were talking about the *Firebrand* we started discussing possible topics for *Firebrand* articles. Katherine McAfee suggested that a good subject would be a comparison of Shakespeare and Horace containing proof

that Shakespeare was unquestionably greater than Horace. Whereupon Maureen McInerny sighed gently, turned her eyes heavenward, and argued softly that Horace had a more perfect style than Shakespeare. The rest of us remained silent on the subject, for we were in no position to say whether or not "*Maecaenas atavis edite regibus*" flowed more smoothly than "Where the bee sucks, there suck I."

It is not strange that, in such a group, a great variety of subjects can be brought up. Shortly after Katherine and Margaret had ended their argument, Agnes Temple told Madalyne Curry that Sister was lately becoming interested in an A. T. D. C. M. title for the music major students. "Heretofore, we have had no honorable titles for all our musical work," she told us, and so it was with great satisfaction that we heard about this new plan; we all felt certain that Agnes and Madalyne would be the first to achieve this honor.

I have never fallen into any common beaten paths of observation, but I could not help noticing Florence Bagley often stop suddenly in the street and exclaim:

"What a perfectly adorable baby!"

So I was not surprised when she said that she was giving piano lessons in the city and had "the most precious little pupils, one a little red-headed girl with lots of funny, tiny freckles sprinkled all over her nose, and was so homely that she was darling."

The fair understanding between Tудie, Noel, Jessie May, and Peggy is remarkable, as is also their mutual concurrence in having a good time. They told us about a dance they had all recently attended together. The conversation then drifted to a discussion of the use of powder and paint which, although a very hackneyed topic, crops into college girls' conversation now and then. However, Noel, by way of change in subject, took a sensible pleasure in relating the events of Kay Cahill's marriage. Then the four described the wedding in detail, ending:

"And we filled everything with rice—"

We knew that such happy girls must have thoroughly enjoyed themselves on this auspicious occasion.

Amid all this chatter I could not help but notice Mary Malloy, although she did not say a word the whole time. Those artists who are

most accurate in their remarks on the subject of dress must agree that Mary Malloy is well versed in the art of dress. I did not know Mary very well, but her quiet attitude and her good style impressed me. While I was thus being distracted, I heard a suppressed giggle which brought me back again to the conversation. It was about a coquette who had disturbed a sober audience in the auditorium. It seemed that she had been very playful and pretty and no one could help be distracted by her. Upon listening intently, I found out that the conversation was directed toward Anne Milisich. Anne seemed to feel rather shy at being the center of conversation, so we naturally then turned our discourse to other affairs.

We are all pleased to be merry, and Aileen Grace and Patricia Steffin are remarkably successful at making others merry. This gift of theirs had a very good effect on our gathering that evening. Anne Stoll was particularly amused by them. We were delighted to be distracted from a sober mood which seemed to threaten us. We all felt almost simultaneously that we should enjoy a few dances before retiring. Aileen and Anne were good enough to

harmonize some popular tunes and show us a few steps from the varsity drag.

After we were thus entertained, it became late, and we were obliged to postpone our merriment to the following day. However, this conversation, although generally light, gave me as pleasant an evening as ever I met with in college.

CATHERINE WEMPE, '29.

SOPHOMORES IN THE RAIN

THE middle of winter, pouring rain, dark skies, and galoshes—nevertheless, Dominican College en masse ploughs through the mud to the mail boxes. The sophomores seem particularly well represented this morning. They are distinguished by the uniform charm of their rain attire. The beret note seems to predominate, plus more or less ancient raincoats.

Cheerily plodding through an enormous puddle is Maxine Shea. In harmony with her fellows she has donned a simple blue raincoat (do I remember it from last year?) and a beret. Izzy Hudson joins her, garbed in an enveloping red number. Izzy may be said to strike a note of superb chic.

Bernidet Millerick is complaining bitterly as she stares at an empty box, "Never a soul writes to me—gull-ory!"

Janet walks along backwards (an old Chinese custom?) by the side of Bernie. She is

perusing an epistle of some length. She bursts into merriment and casually but thoroughly bumps into several passersby. Janie is garbed in an elegant ensemble of navy blue roughneck sweater with matching beret.

Suddenly, in the midst of a particularly vehement cloudburst, the two Virginias, Scott and Brown, charge up. "O-o-o-h!"—one of Virginia Scott's long drawn-out gasps—"Wait till you hear what just happened to me and Mrs. Brown."

"Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!"—"Mrs. Brown's" deep tones—and the two go off into shrieks of laughter as they attempt, rather unintelligibly, to tell their tale.

Esther Eachus in a bright yellow slicker dashes up to her box. "Not a thing in it," she wails, and starts to pull Eva Ferrario and Anne Milisich away with her.

"Just a minute, Esther, and let me look in my box. I *might* have something, you know," says Eva, and then she and Anne race to catch up to Esther's wild dash.

"How many letters did Marian Buebke get?" demands Elizabeth Jewell in bitter tones, "Marian always has a box full."

"Four," replies Marian Doyle, violently shutting an umbrella and almost annihilating Kay Hanlon, becomingly adorned in her plaid slicker.

"Well, thank heaven I get my mail at home. Did you ever see such a mob?" says Enid Everman as she elbows a way through the crowd. "Here's Zelda," she cries.

A blue Pontiac skids merrily up, and with a cry of, "Is the mail all out?" Irene Whalen jumps out and runs up the walk to the boxes.

"What difference does it make to you?" scornfully hurls Helen Haakinson. "You'd get your daily 'Special' if there was a flood."

Mary Haven starts to remark that Helen isn't noticeably lacking in "Specials" herself, but she is interrupted by a wail of "I've got a letter and no key!" It is Athene Stevenson. "Who," she inquires tragically, "has a key? Every single box around mine is closed. Why

do we have to have glass in them?" Eunice McCarthy and Veronica McAndrews offer keys, and finally a box five over from Athene's is opened. "Five!—and my stretching limit is four!" she wails. Several people try their luck unsuccessfully, and Athene is almost ready to perform the forbidden operation on the mail box when Pat Steffin dashes up, slickerless, hatless, galoshless, and quite thoroughly drenched. "Here, Pat, you try." Slowly and amid lusty cheering on the part of the onlookers, Pat draws the letters from box 147 out through box 187. Triumph over the non-breaking glass system!

Mildred Stevens is seen jumping energetically up and down. Strangely, there is no apparent reason for her action; suddenly a solution of the problem is brought forth—Margaret Matthews perturbedly inquires the motivating cause of her action.

"My box is on the top layer. It *would be*," she answers. "Can you see if I have anything?"

Margaret begins jumping up and down and finally notices a white envelope nestled in the elusive box. "Yes," she says, "there is something."

So Mildred borrows a key which fits a box about three below hers, and after considerable maneuvering, joyfully reaches in and draws out—a library overdue notice. (Margaret seems to have a burst of speed in her onrush through the rain towards Angelico.)

"My, there ought to be a rainbow with the Moon appearing in all this rain," exclaims Betty Colgan as Mary Rosalie and Clarice Hughes drive up in a new Moon coupe and then jump out to run up to the boxes.

"As a pun, that is horrible, Betty!" says Mary Rosalie.

Josephine Murray is on the porch showing a fascinated group some new steps of the varsity drag "a la galosh," but the interesting procedure is interrupted suddenly and effectively as Sister appears.

"Any of you with eleven o'clock classes,

hurry and get to them," she says, and shoos the late ones, who bound merrily, colorfully, and muchly "bereted" back to the halls of learning.

ALICE DUFFY, '30.

THE FRESHMEN RETURN

AT FIFTEEN minutes to seven Sunday evening, the large ferry-boat slowly whistled and nosed its way out of the slip, taking the freshmen from San Francisco to San Rafael and Dominican College via Sausalito. On board there were freshmen, freshmen, freshmen. Everybody was asking everybody else if she had had a good week-end.

In one corner Helen McCabe was telling Dominga Russell what a "perfectly gorgeous" time she'd had. "It was wonderful," I heard her say. Dominga listened interestedly and attentively. Dominga always is interested and attentive. That is a reason for her charm. In another group were Bernice Bannon, Christine O'Toole, and Billy Trainor. I caught a " . . . and he said" from Bernice as I passed. Christine broke in to disagree. I heard a heated, "Well, believe you me," from Christine that indicated that "he" had been wrong. Billy

interrupted the dispute with a worried air to find out who had written a theme. She discovered that no one had.

"I'll probably have to take a light cut," she wailed, "and I'm almost dead. I do wish these teachers would stop making us write silly themes." All within hearing agreed heartily.

"Norma Wylie's last theme was very funny," said Vivian Cousins. "I think she is clever." Again we all agreed.

"Bessie, didn't you think the circus was keen?" asked Margaret Bemmerly.

"I surely did," broke in Peg Tuohy. "I think the freshman class was well represented. Bernadette Maloney and Genevieve Mendonse were both good, and did you notice that Mary Quinn turned a forward roll over more girls than anyone else?" After more discussion we agreed that the freshman class was the best one in the school. That important matter settled, I moved on.

Eleanor Wilkinson and Ruth Rhodes were on a secluded seat studying chemistry. I

caught a jumble of HCl's and H₂O's as I passed. The three musketeers, Kathleen Kay, Margaret Mahoney, and Mary Ferrario, dashed up to find out just how much chemistry they knew. The triumvirate were worried, but even worry couldn't make them study, so they dashed off to gossip with another group.

The boat plowed through the quiet water. We were nearing Sausalito. The crowd moved to the front of the boat. The water foamed about the piles. Everyone pushed forward and crowded on to the electric trains. There was a last "All aboard!" as our train moved. In front of me were Mary and Lee Mahoney with Lucille Minahan and Kathleen Bagley. Above the intermittent shrill of the whistle, I caught snatches of an anecdote of "our mother" which Mary was telling. Farther down the car, I saw Betty Nevins, Dear-dear Carpenter, and Margaret Eddy crowded in one seat talking excitedly about a tea they had just attended.

The train slowed and stopped. We were at San Rafael. We crowded into the bus, stum-

bling over masses of legs and suitcases in the aisle.

"Ouch, my little foot!" came in a groan from Lucinda Hanify.

"Sit on my lap, Bobbie," said Helen Cochran to Barbara Denehy.

The bus jolted off. As it bumped along, occasional shrieks pierced the chattering. Florence Delport added to the excitement by dropping her bag. After much moving of legs and cries of, "Don't step on it," she regained it, and we settled down to the normal amount of noise. We passed the hotel and entered the Meadowlands gate. The bus drew up before the steps with much creaking of springs and groaning of brakes. Dorothy Cochella was the first to stumble out. The rest of the Meadowlands girls clambered after her. Isabelle Sheehy and Mabel Lounibos came running down the steps to greet us. "Hello, darlings," said Mabel, kissing us all enthusiastically. Isabelle swaggered up the steps. "It's a fine night, mates," she said, irrelevantly, and in a deep bass voice.

Then she laughed deliciously. The rest joined her and they entered the door on a burst of laughter. A car stopped behind the bus. From it emerged Charline Erwin and Lorraine Josephs. As we crossed the porch through the open door we could see Dorothy Duhem seated comfortably before the fire.

The last fifteen cents paid, we again jolted forward. Before we realized it we were at Edge Hill. Margaret McNerny sighed resignedly as she struggled out of the mass. The Edge Hill girls paid their debts and again the bus lurched forward.

The occupants of the bus were now almost comfortable. Katharine Geary sighed with relief as she stretched her legs. "Wonder what Marilyn and Virginia did this week-end," she said comfortably to Virginia Ross. Marie Rooney sighed lazily as the bus arrived at Fanjeaux. "Thank goodness, we're here," she ejaculated. Mary McSweeny was at the door. "Welcome back, girls," she greeted us. Inside, groups of girls were playing bridge.

Joyce Moran and Elva Flanders were standing before the fire, talking. As we came in, Joyce, editor of the *Shield*, our class paper, called to Mary Quinn to ask her if her article on the responsibilities of a freshman class president was ready. "Be sure to give it to me tomorrow," she added, running a nervous hand through her hair.

"I'll have it, Joyce. Don't worry," solaced Mary.

The eight o'clock bell rang. Gradually the houses quieted down. The tired freshmen wrote their themes, studied their chemistry, and went to bed. The work of another week had begun, another week of study, and gossip, and laughter at college.

DOROTHY WILLIAMS, '31.

SUMMER

The morning straggles on; from fields of hay
Come clattering echoes of the mowing knives
That seem to ride from here to there upon each ray
Of the hot sun; while on the farmer drives.

His horses push their breasts against the stalks
Of grain, drawing the farmer in his mow machine
While he sniffs up the sweetened air and talks
A "gee" or "haw," and scissors down another hay-
ravine.

He glances at the orchards prim with pride.
Some trees do offer fruits in ripened glow,
And some do promise better which they hide
With camouflage of green until it grow.

Yonder lie the pastures where his sheep
And calves and cows and horses graze and rest
Beneath great oaks, in grassy molds formed deep.
Then he reflects how plentifully he's blest,
And that of seasons he likes summer best.

HILDEGARDE KAUFHOLD, '30.

FANJEUX

FANJEAUX, our new building, is not only beautiful to look at but also pleasant to live in. The long arched corridors in the austere beauty of their design might adorn an ancient Dominican monastery in Southern France; but bright chintzes and comfortable chesterfields make a modern living room. The prints and engravings are the sort of pictures one may well live with. The lamps are many and festive; Fanjeaux is especially lovely at night when they are all lighted and glow softly through the trees. One then might imagine the building a feudal castle with spacious proportions, tall turrets, and gabled windows, not, however, a feudal castle dim with poetic but unpractical candle-light.

Fanjeaux is to us, however, something more than a perfectly appointed residence. It is one of the dearest dreams of the college come true. Only last spring we watched the builders lay the foundations. Later we used to risk our lives trying to walk on narrow boards through the construction, trying to picture the size and arrangement of the rooms. And even

when we left in May only the frame could be distinguished. But last fall when we returned we found Fanjeaux, a house that immediately won our admiration and now has taken a place in our affections as a home.

The newness soon wore away. The ordinary things of our college life created customs. Now every night, after dinner, the girls gather either to dance, play bridge, or talk. Irene cheerfully plays the piano for us and saves us from "Last Night on the Back Porch" rendered by Maxine Shea, or "Chopsticks and Variations" by Tudy and some co-pounder. Or perhaps Agnes Temple comes to the rescue and plays the latest popular pieces mingled with quaint old Spanish songs. Gladys Wren and Hazel have been patient tutors to all the now expert "varsity draggers" who, with this music as accompaniment, command the floor, while the beginners hide behind the big columns until they have become accomplished.

The seniors have become bridge enthusiasts. The all-senior four plays bridge regularly at the table in front of the fireplace. The senior bench, the first tradition of Fanjeaux, is held sacred by the players. Mary King

usually sits on it and lends a "senior air" to the game. There is much laughter at that table because Jerry will show her cards and Margaret Boss does enjoy making finesses. Pauline Quinn always used to be an interested assistant to anyone at the table in doubt as to the best play, but art work has taken her spare time completely of late. There is no more familiar sight in Fanjeaux than Pauline working on a needle-point bag or a bright-coloured negligee.

Then there are Marilyn and Virginia and Kay Geary and the rest who gather around in soft chairs and chesterfields and chatter about the movies, new outfits, and cinches, while in another corner Dominga and Kathleen Clark and Elizabeth Jewell and Mary Haven discuss deeper problems, such as the new principles in the Art Theatre or the difference between people who have objective points of view about life and those who have subjective points of view.

Fanjeaux is different from the other houses because most of the girls are freshmen, and the attitude toward school activities is therefore one of extreme eagerness. A freshman rings

the Mass bell long and loud at six o'clock. By six-thirty, contrary to an old Dominican tradition, one can hear the girls running down the halls and out onto the gravel walks. "You'd better hurry, Eva," someone shouts. "White veils today, Bobbie," calls someone else, as they are all hurrying to the chapel.

Even Saturday mornings are no longer sacred to rest. Tennis enthusiasts go in noisy groups to their game at seven or earlier. Once Carmel dropped her racket at five-thirty. Riding boots try in vain to walk quietly down stairs; but six-thirty is not too early for Mary Quinn and Anne Milisich to start out on horseback.

On Sundays, Fanjeaux assumes a particularly social air, for on that day hostesses and servers chosen from the student body serve tea to fellow-students and guests. Aunitta, our social hostess, always manages to plan a pleasant afternoon. The girls put on their best Sunday dresses and enjoy their friends in a leisurely fashion unknown during the week. Then those with guests make the most of their opportunity to be gracious. We hear them say with pride in their voices, "Don't you like

Fanjeaux?" or "Would you like to come out in the court?—it is always cool there." And we see them admiring the rose-beds in the court or walking towards the terrace to look at the young green grass under the poplar trees.

Fanjeaux is no longer a new building. It has developed a distinctive personality and it has already become closely associated with our lives at college.

BERNICE PRITHARD, '28.

LORETTA MALONEY, '28.

MEADOWLANDS

THE real meaning of Meadowlands came to me one morning as I was coming back from breakfast. The brown and white bulk of the house with its surrounding expanse of lawn and garden looked fresh and new-washed after the night's rain. Meadowlands is a comfortable, home-like kind of place. It has been a home to many girls, and when I thought of the four years I had spent under its expansive roof, I was sorry for the first time that graduation was so near. We had been talking of graduation on the way down from Fanjeaux and Kate agreed with me in a reluctance at leaving. Kate has also lived at Meadowlands since she came to college four years ago.

She stopped at the side gate and picked up the morning paper. It is due to her that the house at last has a paper which is now as much a part of the living room as the table on which it rests, under the hanging lamp. The lamp also comes under Kate's observant attention. She has often announced that it needs a new

covering, but no artistic freshman has ever taken the hint. Since it was redecorated two years ago its cretonne and georgette bottom has made an excellent tomb for countless generations of moths and other light bugs.

As we came in with the paper Isabelle Sheehey and the Twins were reading the previous day's comic section, but abandoned it with the fickleness of freshmen at the sight of the new amusement sheet. By this time it was nearly eight o'clock and the living room was filled with girls coming from breakfast, hurrying to their rooms to make beds or collect necessary books before assembly. The early morning atmosphere was one of purpose and activity. Even Joe's vigorous wielding of his murderous floor-mop in the adjoining Green Room added to the busy scene. With the blowing of the eight o'clock whistle everyone hurried downstairs and the living room was quiet except for the sound of running feet in the upstairs halls.

In the afternoon the morning's brightness

was forgotten in a spring rain that still suggested winter. A big, cheery fire blazed and crackled in the fireplace. Four girls who didn't have classes were sitting about it, reading or studying. The front door opened with a force not due entirely to the weather, and in came Marcella, fresh from the rain and two hours of practicing. She ran over to the fire and exclaimed while she pulled off her mittens:

"Has anyone anything to eat? Oh, dear, I'm so hungry. It's on days like this I wish we had the tea room like it used to be. Where's Anna Mary? Maybe she has some cookies in the press. What are you reading, Rosella?" addressing Rosella, comfortably stretched out on the settee before the fire.

"Oh—a new Literary Guild book."

"Sounds interesting."

All further interest in cookies was abandoned as Wag entered the group and an intensely literary discussion ensued. In the midst of the discussion the door opened again, and Berenice came in to join the group by the fire

with a, "My dear, I'm simply dead! All afternoon on one experiment. I'm a positive wreck as a result."

Just then the telephone interrupted the scene with its monotonous and persistent jangling. It rang for several minutes, and finally Sister's office opened and out came Dotty Williams to answer it. All the seniors looked relieved.

As we came back from dinner the friendly glow from the lamps welcomed us. The house looked even more homelike than it had in the morning. Joe had one of his huge fires going in the fireplace, and the room's warmth felt comfortable. Sister was sitting under the lamp, knitting a pair of little wristlets. She smiled at us as we came in.

As I climbed the stairs under the stained-glass window I remembered how nice it had been living at Meadowlands, and I solemnly decided it was for me the best house on the campus.

ISABEL REECE. '28.

EDGE HILL

THE round, orange lamp, called the "Sun," is glowing forth from its place of honor at the very center of the table scarf with the famous strips of velour on either end, tormented by each Edge Hill generation, although the subject of the first unwritten law, "Thou shalt not sit on the velour." The fire screen has been pushed to the center of the room; the couch, two arm chairs, and the wood basket are as near to the flames as safety will allow, each capacity filled with Edge Hillites in the midst of a friendly battle and a neglected bridge game. A passing stranger would misunderstand this violent banter and think there was a trace of enmity in the attempts at wit and satire, for, even if there happens to be a lull, Alice always rescues the fallen satire and brings it forth to crush Maxine's sparkling puns. At present the puns have been sufficiently squelched; Alice's venom has waned, but as "Bee Pritch" enters the room a low, impressive chant begins:

"Hello, Bernice, RoseMary, Marie, Antoinette, Car——"

"Oh, louder and funnier," nonchalantly, from Edge Hill's most imposingly named.

"Bee! A senior and using such slang!" cries Birnie, at the moment not arguing with her roommate. The chant continues rhythmically:

"Carmelita, Noel, Leslie, Maureen, Archimedes Pritchard, *Cynthia*," with a rising inflection on the last name.

Dear-Dear enters, calling for the keeper of the press. The press patrons are collected, the key is brought forth, and the doors are opened with pomp. In the meantime the phone has been ringing.

"Margaret Eddy, will you call Mildred or aren't you speaking today?"

Mildred descends six flights to talk to the sound of clanging coins and bantering voices, yet good humor has made the Edge Hill phoning system what it is today.

As eight o'clock and the hour for quiet

draws nearer, sounds from the living room increase: harmony from a well-known duet, impromptu compositions at the piano from the specially talented, and the stamping of the Varsity Drag. The eight o'clock bell rings out, tolling the efficiency of the Edge Hill committees.

A coffee crusade follows. After coffee, more conversation, the slow procedure of stair mounting, a few skirmishes from the third floor, and frequent rivalry from the Bluffy-Shearick suite, then study begins; for Edge Hill has, undeniably, its hours for study.

Yet aside from these hours for study, there is always a quiet air at Edge Hill. There are those who say that Edge Hill's day of glory passed with the loss of the dining hall, that the life of the college is now centered at Fanjeaux. But the loyal ones who have made Edge Hill their home—and there are none more loyal—know differently. Edge Hill's day will never be over. Casual observers know little of the

inner spirit of Edge Hill which will go on forever, varying perhaps, but at heart always the same.

ISABELLE HUDSON, '30.

A DAY SCHOLAR'S DAY

AFTER a cheerful breakfast at home the day scholar starts for Dominican College each morning with a happy heart. The walk to school is invigorating and delightful, and the beauties of the walk are impressive no matter what the weather is. Tall trees with mossy trunks, houses old and new, trim and rambling gardens, luxuriant thickets where wild roses twine, nettles along a little brook, and perhaps a plump green snail edging onto the sidewalk from rank and dewy grass—these are the things the day scholar sees on her way.

In springtime especially she thinks how beautiful it all is as she goes along and imagines how nice it would be to "cut" for the day and go for a walk on those hills that are peering at her over the roof of the Main Building. And, before she can get the delightful imagery of hiking and picnicking out of her head, she finds herself nearing the entrance of Angelico Hall.

She sees a Sister crossing the road to enter

Angelico. A melange of the tunes played by early practicers tumbles against her ear. Two or three teachers drive up in their cars and park, and begin to assemble their brief-cases. Trees and hills, though still in plain view, fade along with all thoughts of "cutting." The only concern of the day scholar now is to leave her hat in the day scholars' room and hurry to class; for the duties and tasks of the day have begun.

The day student then works until noon, either paying attention to teachers as she sits in a class room and vigorously takes notes, or studying in the library. There, in the light from the great windows, she sits with other girls, reading, learning, and poring over the big dictionaries. The time there flies so quickly and she is so absorbed that she does not look at the clock and is quite surprised when the librarian suddenly notifies her that it is noon, closing time.

The luncheon rendezvous for the day scholars is the lawn at Meadowlands, that is, when the weather is at all favorable to this picnic style. Two or three sit upon a bench, the

others upon the green grass. Here, the slender enjoy generous sandwiches and tempting slices of cake, while the plump content themselves with single apples or oranges. The conversation is about the same as that of any group of girls, clothes, books, diet, etc.—perhaps a bit of harmless gossip now and then. Sometimes two or three other students join this group on their return from luncheon at Fanjeaux, or teachers in the course of a noon-time walk stop and reveal their true selves, unhampered by the walls and formalities of a classroom.

The one o'clock bell rings too soon, but the afternoon passes even more quickly than does the morning, especially if one of the classes is held in the gymnasium or in the swimming tank or out in the hockey or baseball field.

After her last class the day scholar enters the wee room again which all have christened the "day scholars' room." She stands before her section of the common shelf and chooses from among her books those which she needs to study from at home. Then she puts on her hat, makes good use of her compact, and

leaves school with darting visions of the apple pie or ginger-bread which may be awaiting her at home.

Perhaps she is not now so entranced by the delights of the walk as she was in the early morning, and perhaps her books seem rather heavy, but tomorrow will find her bright and keen again, ready to begin another day.

HILDEGARDE KAUFHOLD, '30.

THE PERFECT FRIEND

THE world had only one perfect friend—Saint Francis of Assisi. He loved everything God created. He called the sun and trees his brothers and the birds his sisters. He became a servant for the poor and a beggar for the leper. His heart embraced the universe. Whenever there was anyone in misery or want, this troubadour of God came with his song and left happiness and peace.

At the last of the twelfth century, in the heart of the Middle ages, Saint Francis was born in Assisi. Pietro Bernadone, his father, was a well-to-do merchant. Francis was a happy child who loved to dress beautifully and have a good time. As a young man he was the ring-leader of a romantic group of troubadours who used to serenade the maids of Assisi. His appearance, dress, and manner were those of a prince; everyone in Assisi was Francis' friend. The young men liked him for his gayety and generosity, the ladies for his noble chivalry, the older people for his friendliness, the beggar for his kindness, and

the children for his understanding, playful nature.

When Francis was twenty-one the toscan rang in Assisi summoning the citizens to war against Perugia. Francis was anxious to make his friends in Assisi happy by conquering Perugia. He went to war, fighting with glistening armour while singing the provincial songs. In a fight or foray he and his little band were taken prisoners. Francis moved among his captive companions with his characteristic gayety keeping up their spirits and his own. There was one among them with whom for reason of cowardice or treason his fellow captives refused to associate. Francis made a special friend of this prisoner and then the others were kind to him, for they were all friends of Francis.

When the prisoners were set free Francis returned home in sickness. One night as he slept he had a vision, splendid with swords patterned after the cross in the crusading fashion of spears and shields and helmets hung in high armoury, all bearing the sacred sign. "Oh!" he thought, "I shall make my friends happy yet, for I shall achieve military glory."

He arose and went forth to fight for Apulia against Sicily. As he rode out to war the great gate in the wall resounded with his last boast: "I will come back a great prince."

Francis never reached Apulia, for sickness again seized him, and he had another dream in which a voice said, "You have mistaken the meaning of the vision. Return to your own town."

Francis was a bewildered and disappointed convalescent. Was he never going to do anything for all the friends he loved? One afternoon, as he was riding through the fields outside the walls of Assisi, a figure halted before him. He saw it was a leper. Francis' sensitive nature loved beauty, yet he felt a friendliness for the leper even though the horrible sight made him want to flee. He knew his courage was challenged. He paused for a moment, and then jumped off his horse, rushed on the leper, threw his arms around him, and gave him what money he could.

This incident was the crisis in Francis' life. Even in this leper Francis saw the magnificence of a beautiful soul which would live immortally. The cause for which he waged

his war was the souls of the whole world, and he turned from the provincial battle of Italy. At first Francis did not know how to carry on his work. Everywhere he saw souls whom he knew not how to help. He became for a while quiet and meditative. One of his friends asked him if he were in love. "Yes," he said, and he described his Lady Poverty. During this period Francis went daily to the church of St. Damian, an old shrine in Assisi which was falling to pieces. There he begged God to teach him how to bring people to Him. One day he heard a voice saying to him, "Francis, seest thou not that My house is in ruin? Go and restore it for Me."

Francis sprang up and went. He did not yet understand that the Master meant by His "house" the Church generally and not Saint Damian's especially. But he was happy in the smaller task, for this was his first occasion to give his friends an opportunity to know God better. He sold his own horse and several bales of his father's cloth in order to restore the church. Francis' father was infuriated. The matter was settled only in the court of the bishop, where Francis was told he must

unquestionably restore the money to his father. He stood up before them all and said, "Up to this time I have called Pietro Bernardone father, but now I am the servant of God. Not only the money but everything that can be called his I will restore to my father, even the very clothes he has given me." He rent off all his garments except one, a hair shirt. He piled the garments in a heap on the floor and tossed the money on top of them. Then he turned to the bishop and received his blessing and went out as he was into the world. It was a cold world at that moment, for the snow was on the ground. Yet Francis felt that the whole world was his friend. Thereupon, all saw that love for God had given Francis great love for mankind. The first to join him in his work were a wealthy citizen, Bernard Quintaville, and a canon named Peter. Together they built themselves a hut adjoining the leper hospital in order that they might also be friends to these unfortunate people.

Francis determined that his order should help everyone and love all God had made. He turned to the Scriptures for a rule of life. He opened the Bible at random and formed his

rules of life from three passages thus selected. The first was the story of the rich young man who refused to sell all his goods. The second was the commandment to the disciples to take nothing with them on their journey. The third was the saying, "The followers must also carry the cross." So Francis was truly wedded to Lady Poverty. He possessed the whole world with his love, and yet he gave all away.

Francis' spirit dominated his order. No order before gave the friendliness and love or received the success of that of Francis. People saw the joy and happiness in Francis' life and they sought to be like him. He treated everyone as a king, and to everyone he was a servant. He would exchange his clothes with beggars. Francis and his brothers begged for bread, but Francis was always careful to beg for the blackest and worst bread he could get. Yet he could always find a good meal for a friend. He found honey to keep the birds alive in winter. There was room on his shoulder for the birds and a canticle on his lips for the sun. Wherever he went he made the people realize he was their friend. He did not reform by lectures and rules but by the song of love and

the practice of charity. And Francis' zeal was contagious. Before his first order was ten years old it had five thousand friars.

Francis wanted to help women, as well as men, to lead lives especially dedicated to God; so he founded a second order. Clare Sciffa, a daughter of an Assisian noble, wanted more than anything else to enter a convent. Her parents opposed her wishes. Yet St. Francis befriended her just as he did everyone else. He helped her escape by night from her father's home to the chapel of the Portiuncula. There he drew up a second rule for religious life, and Clare became foundress of the great order of Poor Clares. The soul has a great friend in these holy women who spend their lives praying for everyone in the world.

Francis had not yet shown the full greatness of his friendship. He started a third order which has made many saints among the lay people. The virtuous and friendly life it helps one live has attracted among its thousands of members such great souls as Dante and Saint Louis.

The perfect friendship which endures forever makes Saint Francis of Assisi belong as

much to our age as to his own. It is easier for him to help us now than it was when he begged and sang in the streets of Assisi. He still helps those who suffer and want. He still loves everyone — the good, but especially the bad, because they need him most. He still is brother to the trees, and the birds are still his sisters. Today thousands of bare-footed Franciscans carry on the work of their founder. Today thousands of lay people find the day happier and heaven nearer because they belong to the third order. There is still many a youth who has wanted to do great things, and Saint Francis has shown the way. Many an unfortunate person has not despaired because he knew he had one friend. At the beginning of this century a prisoner in a cell at Reading Gaol wrote in his *De Profundis*:

“There is something so unique about Christ. . . . The unfortunate thing is that there are none like Him since. I make one exception—St. Francis of Assisi. But then God had given him at his birth the soul of a poet . . . and with the soul of a poet and the body of a beggar he found the way to perfection not difficult. He understood Christ and so he be-

came like Him. . . . I know also that much is waiting for me outside that is very delightful from what St. Francis of Assisi calls, 'My brother the wind, and my sister the rain'."

ANNA MARY DEVLIN.

HORATIO CARMEN IV

LIBER I

Winter so bitter is thawed
By spring's warm return and its breezes.
Small boys their boats are now careening.

The flocks seek relief from their stalls
And the ploughman abandons his hearthstone,
The dewy meads now no longer frosted.

Diana's bright shafts light the dance
That is led off by Venus—Love's goddess—
Hand in hand Nymphs follow the Graces,

Rythmically tapping the lawn,
While at the Cyclopiæ smithies
Great Vulcan beats ploughshare on anvil.

Fitly now do we deck
Sleek tresses in twines of green myrtle,
Or other flow'ret of spring's new bearing.

Here in the grove of the Faun,
At his shady altar we worship,
And burn lamb or kid as he wishes.

Ghostly death knocks alike
At the threshold of hovel and castle,
And smites king or hind. Happy Sestius,

Our short span of life doth forbid
That our hopes should look far to the future.
Soon death and fabled shades close round us.

Down in Plutonian haunts,
Where, when thy passing is over,
No dice choose the master of wine-cup.

Nor youthful Lycidas then,
May'st thou gaze at with fond admiration.
Now he draws men to hail, maids to love him.

HILDEGARDE KAUFHOLD, '30.

HAS THE MODERN UNIVERSITY GAINED?

IN ENGLAND an immediate result of the Renaissance was the popularity of culture. Matter to express, and manner to express it, was the enthusiasm of the day. Learning was no longer localized in monks and monasteries, and courtliness no longer restricted to the presence of royalty. Culture was broadcast as the latest foible in the aristocratic society of London, and culture was not only the new literary appreciation beginning with the introduction of Boccaccio and Petarch at court by returning ambassadors, but the application of that literary enthusiasm to life. There grew up a cult of word and look and gesture that made each trivial episode of every day as charming and dramatic as those Italian sonnets that Wyatt and Surrey had just made the rage. The English universities became the center of the new learning, and also, for those who had the wit to profit by precept and example, they were a sort of finishing school for the modern gen-

eration in the manners and behavior of their time.

The universities, sponsoring culture as they did, were in no sense private institutions. They were open to anyone who could, by way of public schools or private tutors, prepare for and pass the entrance examinations. The poor scholar reached Oxford only through the assistance of a patron. Consequently, the attendance was limited to a select group conspicuous either for social position or innate talent. The gilded youth of the city, then, mingled rather aloofly with genius in the rough, and the charity boy at least profited. For literary patronage was very much in vogue, and though your means be not up to the standards of your manners, still the semblance of poise and breeding always puts genius on a more acceptable footing.

In the life of the university there was ample time for mutual absorption between grace of birth and grace of intellect. Half the training in the colleges consisted of social intercourse. Students read and talked and argued, with each other, with their tutors, with every chance opponent in coffee house and tavern.

To begin with, their knowledge upon entering a university was more than that of the modern college graduate. Latin was the common medium of speech on the campus. The Greek and Roman classics were not subjects of study but of controversy. Intellectual discussion was no less inexhaustible than the vivid interest with which it was carried on. People steeped themselves in ancient lore and theory and liked it, because education was just then being done, and was a popular pastime as well as an intense, absorbing pursuit.

The university provided an education. But education did not mean an examination passed, a degree awarded. It meant the art acquired of living well; that is, living intelligently, appreciatively, gracefully, with a mind open to the beauty that is possible in every well-handled phase of life and manners trained by heritage or association to carry one favorably through any given social contingency. The university offered not only knowledge for itself, but the culture resultant upon long contact with the wisdom of students and teachers, upon time spent in an atmosphere of profound study and skillful eloquence. The sixteenth

century boasted some of the greatest scholars of new learning. Erasmus, expelled from the English court, devoted his intellectual immensity to the universities. Roger Ascham was a professor; Lyly taught his quota of aspiring youth. The text books of the period were so exhaustive that they are sources of reference today. The colleges were centers of culture happy in erudition, the mellow associations of centuries of wisdom revived and vitalized by the eager spirit of the Renaissance.

Form was indeed synonymous with culture then, as more or less it always is, but perhaps never in such conscious degree as in sixteenth century England. The university fostered and developed this culture as the *sine qua non* of an Elizabethan gentleman, the outward sign of inner grace that enabled one to express aesthetic alacrity easily, and to the point. Often culture had to be implanted whole, a guide to a creative instinct otherwise directed in wrong channels. Such was the case of one over-virile brick-layer's son, who went up to Oxford in all his essential roughness of mind and manners, and was so taught and trained and ground fine, so smoothed and polished in

mind and sentiment, that from his uncouth personality finally proceeded a dainty impeccable gift for posterity modestly beginning, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

In the course of time, as usually happens when form is insisted upon, a certain artificiality blighted the first spontaneity of the Renaissance. But artificiality has never been so effectively applied to daily styles and modes. Jonson's was a superficial culture, but none the less productive. When birth and breeding did not render a man eligible for the expression of himself in the style of the day, his college instilled the ideal of manners at the same time as it supplied his brain with material. Personal association with cultured people, whether it were the mature grace of his instructors or the courtly, foppish mannerisms of his student companions, transposed crude talent into that detailed perfection on which the fame of the period rests. A literary flair was the thing. Every courtier must needs be expert at coining an apt lyric, a sonnet to his lady love, his queen, his favorite flower. Sidney was the epitome of his time; his sonnets delighted the brilliant circles of his acquaintance as they

charm the casual reader now. Lovelace so far conformed to popular sentiment, hard as it must have been on his wooden reserve, as to write a lyric to Lucasta that we have with us still. The dilettante were all turning sonnet-eers. Wit was glorified, a quick retort taken for granted. Mind and manner reigned.

But back of all the mannerisms precluded in the revival of "poesie" and the art of making life a drama off the stage, was the attention to perfection, in word, verse, and stanza, that made the literary creations of an age devoted to manners famous in all ages: proof that the English universities cultivated the union of mind and manners constituting the productive, far-reaching culture of the Elizabethan Renaissance.

ELIZABETH SPLIVALO, '30.

A ROMAN MAIDEN CALLS ON HORACE AT HIS SABINE FARM

Lydia Corneliae Suae S.

How I wish you could have been with me last week when Father and I went to visit Horace on his Sabine farm. I know you would have enjoyed the visit.

I was overjoyed when Father told me we were to visit Horace the next day, saying at the same time, "And Lydia, you must rise early, so that we may start on time."

Of course I have been anxious to visit the farm ever since Horace has been living there, for his letters to father about how beautiful and fertile the place is have been most promising. Therefore, next morning I was up before anyone else, had my palla and hood on before Father had finished his breakfast, and was out seated in the palanquin before anyone else was ready to start. It was just a little before sunrise, and that is pretty early in August, you

know, when we set out, Father riding on his horse near the palanquin.

Well, Father and I and our attendants reached the farm about ten o'clock, and we were all rather hot and uncomfortable on our arrival, for the sun beat down hard upon the road through the Valley of Ustica. But the journey was worth all the discomfort. The farm and visit were even more interesting and delightful than I had anticipated. A boy came out of the court to meet us and take charge of Father's horse to care for during the day, while another boy led us into the house and offered us refreshment. All we desired, however, was a drink of cold water, and that a slave brought us, saying that it was from Horace's icy Baurisieren spring. I kept wondering where Horace was all this time, but after we had had our drink, the servant conducted us up a path to the top of a low hill looking down upon the clear flowing river Digentia. On the brink of the hill was an arbor, covered with grape-vines. In fact, the

whole side of the hill which sloped to the river was planted in grapes. The top of the hill was flat and shaded with a few old elm trees.

Horace was seated in the arbor at a stone table. He rose when we approached the entrance, and was most gracious to my father, greeting him as his "dear friend Torquatus." To me also he was very courteous and attentive, giving me a seat a few steps from the door of the arbor, whence I could see a great part of the farm.

He had evidently been writing just before we came, for his atramentum reed pen and papyrus were lying on the table in position for use. When he sat down again with Father, he pushed these writing materials aside and began to speak about affairs in Rome, asking particularly whether we had seen Maecenas or Augustus of late. In turn, my father asked Horace about his health. He said it was much better since he had been living in the country. However, I soon lost the thread of their conversation in looking about the valley. There were

orchards down on the other side of the hill, some apple trees—for I could see the apples which had blown down the night before still lying on the ground. Then there were olive trees, and pears, and along the edge of the orchards bee-hives.

Beyond the fruit trees were meadows, and then more hills. I hoped Horace would take us walking in the afternoon.

When lunch time came I was surprised and pleased to see the servants bringing all the service right up to the arbor. There they set the stone table with simple elegance. The only decoration was myrtle trained artistically over the board, and the plates and cups bright with polishing. Then the servants brought dishes of greens, dressed with golden olive oil, dishes of olives, peas, and round cakes of ground meal, besides honey, peaches, and nuts for dessert. They also poured the Massic wine into our bowls. I was exceedingly hungry, as you may imagine, after our long journey, and I ate this simple fare with the greatest eagerness,

which I would really be ashamed for my mother to see, for at home she has to coax me to eat even the fine turbot and pastry which has been prepared.

Horace entertained us during the meal with accounts of his life in the country. He said that he was accustomed to rise with the sun and walk about his fields for a short time each morning with a hoe, slicing off a weed now and then, or drawing rough clods away from the young trees. Often he said he took his hooked pruning knife along to try his skill in thinning out useless wood. Then he told us about his marble bath which he enjoyed especially after these morning walks, and about his fount of Bandusia. Till noon, he said, he works at his writing, usually in the arbor, and then in the afternoon he takes a long stroll through the wood-lands, along brooks, over rocks. I expressed great delight in such walks when he mentioned them, and he immediately understood my unspoken desire and offered to

take us with him on a walk that very afternoon.

So, soon after our siesta, we started out through the orchards and meadows, and then into the woods. Horace and my father talked continually, now about politics, and now about some peculiar species of plant they saw. Horace seems to know all about plants. But, nevertheless, although he seemed much absorbed with my father, he always saw to it that I climbed over rocks safely and that I did not slip in crossing a brook on a felled tree. I found lots of ferns which I dug up root and all and brought home so they would grow when I got them home. I have planted them now, too, but I don't think they're going to grow. Perhaps the ride home was too long for them.

On our way back to the house, Horace teased me about my sweetheart, Sybaris, and asked me whether it was I who had caused his apparent inattention to manlike pursuits. I laughed and was amused at this, but I was quite surprised when, just as we were depart-

ing from the Sabine farm that evening, he presented me with a scroll whereon was written an ode about my influence upon Sybaris. It really is unfortunate that the poor boy should be so lacking in martial pride just now.

Then all the way home I thought about our pleasant day, and our charming host. Father rode close beside the palanquin, but we did not speak very much as we traveled along. When we neared Rome the moon was just coming up, and before the thick atmosphere of the horizon had finished making her blush, we were home—deliciously weary but refreshed by our day on the Sabine farm.

Dear Cornelia, I shall be happy indeed when you come back to Rome again, but meanwhile I hope you are enjoying the summer months at your father's villa at Baiae.

Vale.

HILDEGARDE KAUFHOLD, '30.

PRACTICE TEACHING

PRACTICE teaching gave me my first adventure in the business world. I had heard all my life about what counted when applying for a position—neatness, efficiency, and punctuality. When I went to interview my practice-school principal, I prepared to display all of these qualities. I put on a blue suit with severe lines and polished my shoes for neatness' sake; I read a book on the art of teaching for efficiency's sake; and I left a half hour early for punctuality's sake. I felt like a Northwestern mounted policeman going off "to get his man," though man in this case happened to be a woman. To tell the truth, I don't think she even noticed my blue suit with the severe lines or my polished shoes; I couldn't bring into the conversation any of the points I had learned in the art-of-teaching book; and I arrived a half hour too soon, but at least I arranged for the time I was to return.

The next time I called at the school I was ushered into a classroom. There before me were forty wide-eyed little people who looked

as if they wanted to wiggle and whisper every minute. I couldn't imagine any of them growing up to be George Washingtons or Lindberghs, but how often had I heard in Education Classes that "from out of these ranks will come the great men of tomorrow!" My supervisor was considerate. She said I could just sit and watch. I guess she saw from my bewildered look that that was about the only thing I could do.

My observing, however, lasted but one day. I was asked to prepare to take the class at the second meeting. Every spare moment I had before that meeting, I studied the lesson, which happened to be Columbus' discovery of America, and when the fatal moment arrived for me to begin I felt certain that I could impress any audience with my knowledge of Columbus. But I didn't have even one opportunity. As soon as the teacher closed the door, there was a general uproar. One little boy began to play a harmonica; two more began a tumbling match; another took out a big hammer to play with; and one little boy took off his belt and gave it to me to spank them with. I tried to look severe, but the whole

thing struck me funny, and I laughed. How I have suffered for that laugh, for then they went ahead like licensed pirates! The teacher returned and rescued me. She never left the room again without instilling some fear into them. I learned my lesson that day—children under ten won't be good just to hear about Columbus.

Learning to talk to them individually was another problem. Many of them were foreigners and spoke broken English. One day a little girl told me a long story. I couldn't understand a word she was saying, but I had decided to try to encourage all my pupils, so I kept saying, "Isn't that wonderful?" when suddenly I began to understand that she was telling me how her father couldn't find any work.

Finding out a child's point of view was another thing that surprised me. They think the oddest things are thrilling. Once one of them came running up with a small package to show me. He unwrapped and unwrapped until I expected to see a square-cut emerald or an ivory elephant, but there was his little six-year-old molar, and he was as proud as he

could be. He gave me a vivid description of exactly how it came out.

Then, there are days when really nice things happen. Once some of the children were debating about the correct way of spelling Sacramento. I was asked to settle the question. I felt learned when I said "S-A-C-R-A-M-E-N-T-O"; for the teacher is always right.

Then another time the high school, which is at the other end of town, was giving a play and we were all to go. One of the little boys came up to me and said, "I've got an awfully big bike with a double seat; would you like to ride?" Maybe he wasn't being nice at all, but just trying to get an A, for I have heard of pupils doing such things. But who can blame him, for I have an A to get myself, and if I don't I shall never have a good little class of my own, with just a few naughty boys for variety, and be able to make use of all the things I have learned in practice teaching.

BERNICE PRITCHARD, '28.

UNACCOMPANIED SONG

THE music department has been following with interest this year the progress of a movement in England to establish unaccompanied song. An unaccompanied song is one which is sung either with no accompaniment or with the accompaniment of such simple and delicate instruments as the flute, the lyre, and the lute.

Unaccompanied song is not a modern invention. The true tones and the gay assurance of Italian singers are due in part at least to the prevalence of unaccompanied song in Italy. It is believed that song was originally unaccompanied in mediaeval Italy and that the organ was introduced into the church only to keep canons and congregations in tune.

Modern singing has developed to such an extent that the embroidery of accompaniment is not only often distracting but the original quality of the melody as well of the verse is often submerged by the embellishments of counterpoint and harmony introduced originally only to heighten the melody of the verse. As we listen to many of the loveliest of

modern songs we fail to understand the words, but we are undisturbed by this failure, for the brilliance of the counterpoint and harmony interest us primarily.

Unaccompanied song would minimize formal counterpoint and harmony. Of greater importance it considers the words, the melody, and the voice and personality of the singer. An unaccompanied song is beautiful insofar as it has been composed with an ear single to the music and rhythm of the poetry. The melody of the composer interprets the mood or thought of the poem and heightens its musical quality. It does nothing more. The perfect singer of unaccompanied song is somewhat of a poet as well as a musician and thus interprets the contributions of poet and composer with practically no help from instruments.

Concerts of unaccompanied songs make diverse appeals. The partisans are enthusiastic, the unattracted avowedly skeptical. It is claimed that a taste for the voice alone is an acquired one we are so unaccustomed to it, but that once one recognizes the possible beauties of the human voice by itself one finds in it as many sources of joy as in the voice plus piano

accompaniment. The tones and overtones of the voice heard in the fullness of its beauty may give one as much pleasure as the tones and overtones of a musical instrument. Heard against a background of silence "it reveals its possession of an arresting quality easy to appreciate but far from easy to define; differing utterly from any musical instrument, and more than can be accounted for by the mere difference in the character of tone."

The prime movers of this innovation in England are Herbert Bedford, composer, and Victor Dolmetsch, the musician and instrument maker, who, it will be remembered, inspired that excellent "musical" novel of George Moore, *Evelyn Innes*. Mr. Bedford has composed the music for several poems to be sung unaccompanied. Mr. Dolmetsch and his sons are experimenting with reconstructions of early types of string instruments and state that so popular have they found the movement they have work ahead for twenty-five years.

THE MEADOWLARK

THE MEADOWLARK is going through a period of transition. It is at present somewhat of a hybrid—part magazine and part newspaper. It has some of the characteristics of both, but the dominant ones are those of a magazine, and it should logically become one because as such it will fill a real need on the campus.

The *Meadowlark* as a magazine would do two things: First, it would carry on and enlarge the literary work it is doing at present, and second, it would conduct discussions of problems both of the college and of the world outside.

The literary side of the *Meadowlark* is already well established. The first place one goes for material is to the English majors. Naturally one would expect them to do the best writing on the campus. From them one gets essays, stories, and poetry. But besides this work of the English majors the *Meadow-*

lark has always wanted voluntary contributions from everyone in college. These two words have taken on almost magic quality; nothing thrills the editor as much as a voluntary contribution, particularly when it comes from the mathematics, or the art, or the music department. These we want always to encourage. The *Meadowlark* keeps high the literary standard, and it is a real achievement to get something published in it. Even people who pretend indifference ask for extra copies when something they have written is published. The *Meadowlark* is the literary spokesman of the campus and should become more and more like a literary patron in the days of Elizabeth, feeding its young talent not on money but on appreciation and encouragement. Some day the *Meadowlark* may foster real genius. How proud we may be to have gone to the same college as a Jane Austen or an Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Last, the *Meadowlark* should enlarge the department of criticism. It would publish

reviews of concerts and plays given at the college and outside, notes on art exhibits, and book reviews. It would develop appreciation and intelligent criticism.

Literary work the *Meadowlark* does already, but to discuss problems of a more or less social nature is to enter a new field. The editor would take the lead and discuss problems which arise out of activities on the campus, problems of government, perhaps, or the student's relation to her student body or athletic association. The editor might establish a student opinion column and challenge answers to her editorials. Students would have an opportunity in this column to voice opinions which they now discuss only with their friends.

But the *Meadowlark* need not discuss only local problems. It should discuss topics of world interest as well. The Current Events Club and the history majors should be encouraged to contribute articles that deal with national and international affairs. The stu-

dents would be interested and form real opinions about what is going on in the world.

There is more to the *Meadowlark*, however, than the finished book seen by the casual observer. Everyone knows that no book comes out by itself, but to really appreciate this fact one should be a staff member or an editor. There are many vicissitudes in editing a book. One plans, organizes, assigns, sees that the assignments are written, corrects, types, corrects again, takes the manuscript to the printer, sees that the printer gets it done some time before the next issue is due, corrects proof, makes up the dummy, corrects more proof, and finally sees the finished product distributed. By the time this is finished we know practically everything by heart, we have burned midnight oil and chewed up several pencils, but we love it all the more for the trouble it has been. There is about editing a book the thrill of achievement, almost of creation. This is the *Meadowlark's* inner life. Let its form go

through what changes it will, this side will
always remain the same, and it is for this side
that we love it .

—ROSELLA KEMPER, '28.

THE MEDIEVAL PAGEANT

ON May the nineteenth the college forgot its twentieth century ideas and pretended that it was a medieval town giving a Corpus Christi pageant. The college pageant took place in the Forest Meadows. No place could have been more fitting. The entire school took part; every one was in medieval costume and was occupied in some typically medieval occupation. There were archers, tumblers, knights on horseback, piemen, wandering minstrels, mummers, folk dancers, etc. Four plays were given: *Adam and Eve*, *Noah and the Ark*, *Abraham and Isaac*, and *Saint George and the Dragon*. Groups sang old ballads; the orchestra played from behind a screen of trees. The pageant began and ended on the sound of the Vatican trumpet notes.

This pageant was a revival of a typical medieval pageant, interesting from literary, historical, and dramatic points of view. The plays were adapted from medieval originals. *Adam and Eve*, *Noah and the Ark*, and *Abraham and Isaac*, mystery plays of the thirteenth

century, were dramatized Bible stories. *Saint George and the Dragon* should be a miracle play, since it concerns a saint, but instead it is a mummer's play, merely a lot of nonsense and fun. *Adam and Eve* was originally presented by the Grocers' Guild of the city of Norwich; one version of *Noah and the Ark* was given by the Shipbuilders of the city of York; *Abraham and Isaac* was given by the Scriveners' Guild of the city of Chester; *Saint George and the Dragon* was given by strolling players.

Groups of strolling players performed often on market days in small towns in England, but on Corpus Christi or on fair days in the cities. They presented interludes between the more formal mystery plays which were presented by the wealthy guilds. The mystery plays had been inherited by the guilds from the Church where they had been elaborated by rich costumes and charming music. The guilds made the plays extremely dramatic and vivid, for they used them as chief entertainment for their international guests at the great yearly trade exhibitions held at London, York, Chester, etc., the commercial centers of England. Mummers, sword dancers, tumblers, archers,

etc., the miscellaneous entertainers of lesser folk festivals and survivors of English folk traditions for ten centuries or more, were attracted to these greater cities for the annual fairs, though they eked out a living during the year traveling throughout the provinces.

In our pageant this year we strove to combine the beauty of the early music, the elaborateness of the costuming, and the diversity and quaintness of the performances.

The setting at the Forest Meadows was singularly appropriate. The circle of bay and eucalyptus trees shut out suggestions of everyday life as well as formed a background of beauty though of neutrality for the many colored costumes. Along the entire length of the north side of the stream the sets of entertainers performed, some in succession, some simultaneously, while the spectators sat about on benches or wandered at will to new groups that drew attention.

Two thousand spectators applauded generously and encouraged us to make this pageant a tradition of our college.

DRAMATICS

WITH the pageant on May 19, the dramatic calendar for the year closed. The department did not present a number of plays open to the entire school this year, but the three which were presented were well received. The first play, *'Op o' Me Thumb*, was given in the auditorium on Shield Day, October 21. Aunitta Baird, the title character, was well cast as a little half-starved London slavey. The other members of the cast whom the audience particularly enjoyed were Isabel Reece, Albea Scruggs, Esther Eachus, Constance Crowley, and Evelyn Roselli.

The Shakespearian play for the first semester was *The Taming of the Shrew*, presented on November 16 under the direction of Miss Mulholland. Alice McIntosh interpreted the part of the stormy *Katherine* with convincing reality. The audience went into peals of genuine laughter over Constance Crowley as *Petruchio*. And Maxine Shea as *Baptista* was splendid.

In honor of the feast of Saint Raymond on January 23, the college presented *Playgoers*, a modern play by Pinero. The parts were played by Mary Haven, Isabel Reece, Maxine Shea, Aunitta Baird, Esther Eachus, Anna Mary Devlin, Helen Dunne, and Evelyn Roselli.

The principal event of the year was the medieval pageant given at Forest Meadows, May 19.

The keynote of the pageant was a spirit of medieval festivity. Jousts, sword dances, pie-boys, monks, knights, ladies, and yeomen all lent an atmosphere of brilliant feudalistic quaintness. Modern means made it graceful and artistic. The variety of color, the beauty and exquisite simplicity of the folk music, all in such a suitable setting, made the whole production an unforgettable spectacle.

In producing the pageant, the art, music, and dramatic departments cooperated to make this ambitious pageant a rounded artistic success. The school is fortunate in having a faculty so interested in making a success of whatever we undertake.

ISABEL REECE, '28.

CLUBS

THE Art Club has grown this year from five to twenty-five members and has become an active school organization.

Behind practically every department of the college stands the work of the art section. We have made posters for plays and athletic games, place-cards for teas and dinners, illustrations for the year book, designs and costumes for the pageant.

There is also a social as well as practical atmosphere to the club. The greatest event is the exhibit of the work of the various students. This display was held twice this year in the form of teas, to which friends and fellow-students were invited. Besides this, the club, at different times of the year, has given suppers and luncheons for its members.

NORMA WYLIE, '31.

Delta Alpha Epsilon, or the Current Events Club, this year chose the motto, "A snare ever

lurks in the dark," and yet every other Tuesday night after Katherine Sullivan's announcement to a "be-sshd" dinner assembly that "there is Current Events meeting tonight," the club members religiously venture to Angelico Hall regardless of how dark or foreboding the night may be. But at the meeting the motto is upheld in all its significant glory. No one is left in the dark about Mussolini—either his defects or his virtues—nor about the private lives of the possible presidential candidates, nor about the Mexican problem. In fact, very often the members are so intent upon giving more light that a general combustion is threatened. But this is what makes the meetings the most interesting and most popular on the campus. The club has the largest membership in the college, and although it meets twice a month, it never lacks attendants. Never does it need allure with promises of cake or ice cream or even "tea and wafers." All Katie needs to do is make such an announcement as "Anna Mary versus Mary

Rosalie on the topic 'Al Smith for President' ” and all the members turn out en masse to view the battle and to lend reinforcement to a chosen side.

The Twelfth Night Club has initiated ten new members this year and has given three public performances as well as a series of one-act plays at the monthly meetings of the club. All of the plays were selected, costumed, and directed by the members. The aim this year has been to obtain convincing characterization in simple settings.

On Valentine's Day *The Dear Departed* was given in the White Room at Meadowlands. On May 8, at the annual picnic, this year at Edgehill, *The Constant Lover* was presented. At one of the January assemblies in Angelico Hall three one-act plays were given.

From the general interest shown by the students as well as by the members, there are great hopes for the club next year, and all who are interested are urged to try out for membership.

ATHLETICS

THIS year there has been a new attitude toward sports at Dominican College. No longer have the girls taken two hours of athletics only because they were required to. On account of the variety of activities offered there has been at least one sport that each girl actually wanted to take.

For the first time riding classes were formed, and many girls were enrolled for these classes. Forest Meadows makes an ideal spot for the riding ring. The classes, besides mastering the technique of riding, have practiced hurdling and other stunts which were leading events of the Horse Show. The first Horse Show held at Dominican College was one of the important events of the Field Day program which was the culminating athletic event of the year.

Tumbling was offered as a sport last fall and was received so enthusiastically that a tumbling club was formed. This club enables those girls who are interested in tumbling but who no longer take the classwork, to keep in practice. The tumblers took part in the

pageant and by their antics helped to create a truly mediaeval folk atmosphere.

For those interested in exercise purely for exercise's sake, Danish gymnastics were given. This type of instruction was begun for the girls who don't like sports but who wish some physical training.

Clogging has proved to be one of the most popular new classes. The already expert cloggers gave evidence of their enjoyment in the class by their eagerness to learn and out of class by their constant practice.

The most recent sport offered to the girls is golf. Now several classes go twice each week to the Marin Golf Club.

Fencing was introduced into the curriculum last year and interest in that sport has steadily increased. This year an extra fencing class has been arranged to satisfy the demand of the increasing number of girls anxious to receive training. Archery classes were continued, and swimming again attracted many students.

It is this wide variety of activities offered that has attracted the girls, with a resultant increase in athletic enthusiasm.

W. A. A.

THIS year practice for all teams has been held directly under the auspices of the Women's Athletic Association. Team-work has been separate from classwork. Because of class spirit and pure love of the game, the girls have supported the sports and made the interclass tournaments successful.

A rally, held the night before the championship hockey game, aided in arousing class enthusiasm. Around a huge bonfire in the athletic field each class presented stunts. The version of a gym class in 1900, presented by the sophomores, was particularly appropriate. The sophomore team won the hockey championship, and the season was brought to a close with the hockey banquet, at which the all-star team was announced.

The basketball season was an especially exciting one because of the unexpected victory of the seniors over the sophomores. The freshmen won the final game and championship by defeating the more experienced juniors in a closely contested game.

Scales, the gift of the 1927 and 1928 W. A. A., have already proved their worth.

Besides the actual team practice and the games, the W. A. A. sponsored the First Annual Circus at Dominican College. The practice for the circus was held entirely outside of regular gymnasium classes. The success of the circus was due mainly to the enthusiastic efforts of the freshmen and sophomores. The tumblers and cloggers made their initial appearances and were well received. The "Maitres d'Armes," the clowns, and the puppets gave enjoyment to all. Miss Adams and Miss Zecherle worked tirelessly to make this initial attempt successful and presented a program that well merits annual reproduction.

Field Day, which included in its program the Horse Show, the finals of the tennis tournament, and the interclass swimming meet, ended the 1928 W. A. A. activities.

LORETTA MALONEY, '28.

DIANA'S SHEEP

Translated from the German

What shepherdess is richest?
Surely the moon so bright
Who peeps above the tree-tops
And starts her day each night.

She comes when candles sputter,
When everything's at rest,
To make her trip across the sky
In silence to the west.

Upon her great blue meadow
A herd feeds in her keep;
For every star up in the sky
Is each Diana's sheep.

They graze in peace together;
Mean strife they never know;
So we, just as Diana's sheep,
Should keep peace here below.

HILDEGARDE KAUFHOLD, '30.

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