

1935

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Dominican University of California Archives, "1935 Firebrand" (1935). *Yearbooks 1930 - 1939*. 6.

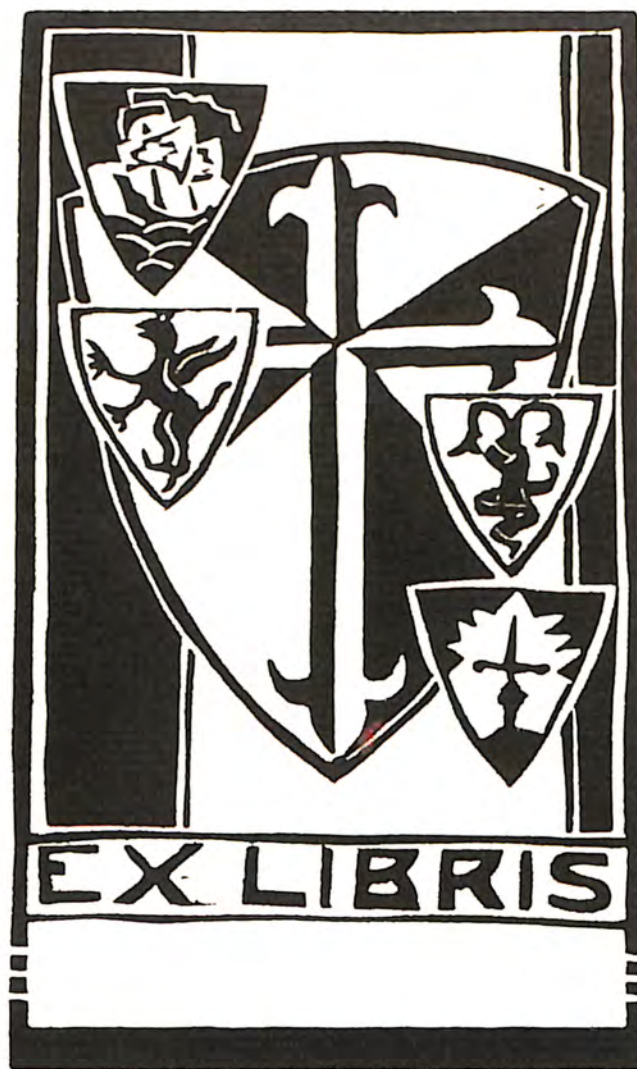
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# The Firebrand



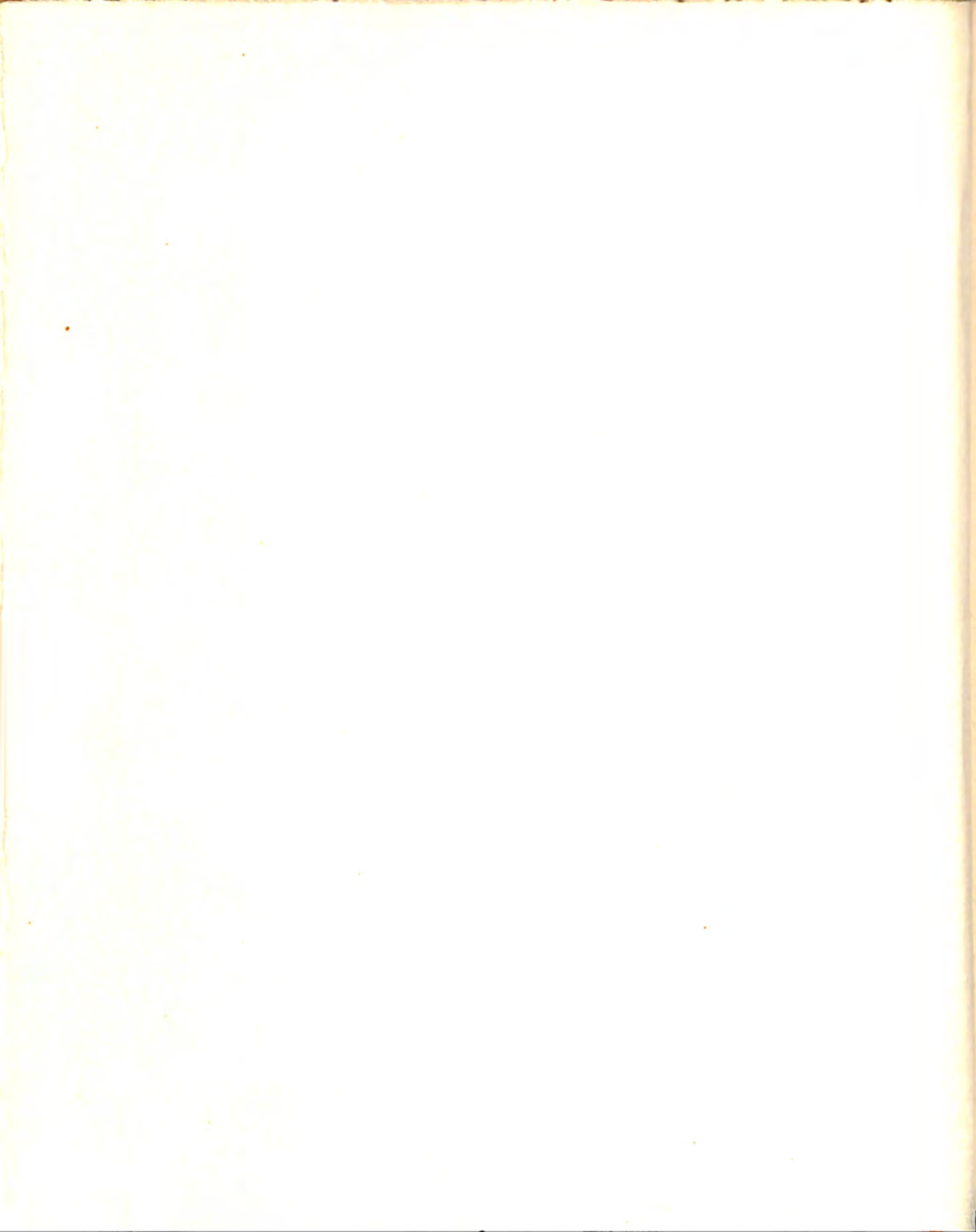












# THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE  
OF SAN RAFAEL

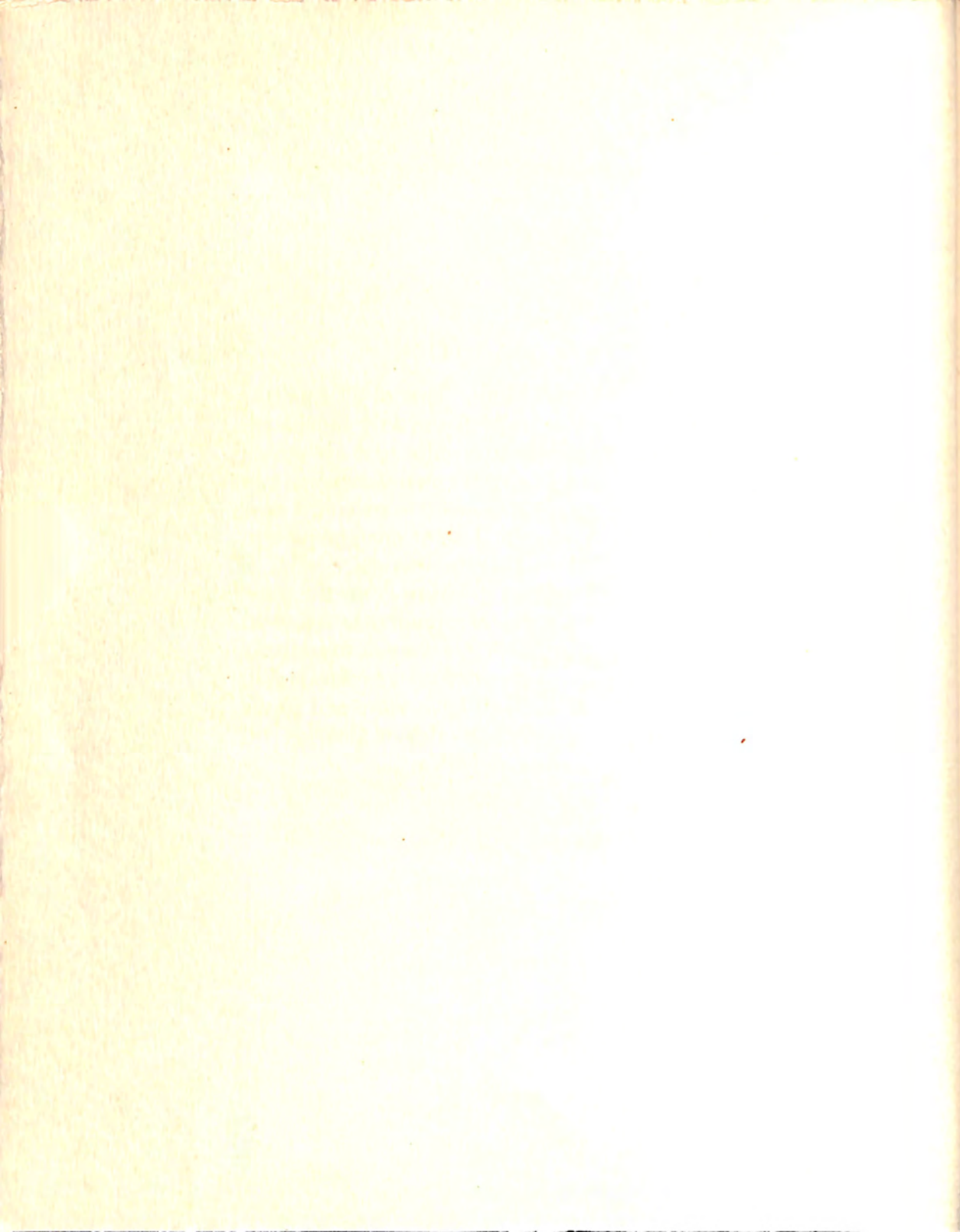
MCMXXXV





## DEDICATION

To the Blessed Thomas More, "best of all Englishmen," now saint on the rolls of the duly canonized, who in the sixteenth century educated his young daughters and thus wrote in his own defense and to our content: "Since erudition in women is a new thing and a reproach to the sloth of men, many will gladly assail it, and impute to literature what is really the fault of nature, thinking from the vices of the learned to get their own ignorance esteemed as virtue. On the other hand, if a woman to eminent virtue should add an outwork of even moderate skill in literature, I think she will have more real profit than if she had obtained the wealth of Croesus and the beauty of Helen."



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# THE FIREBRAND

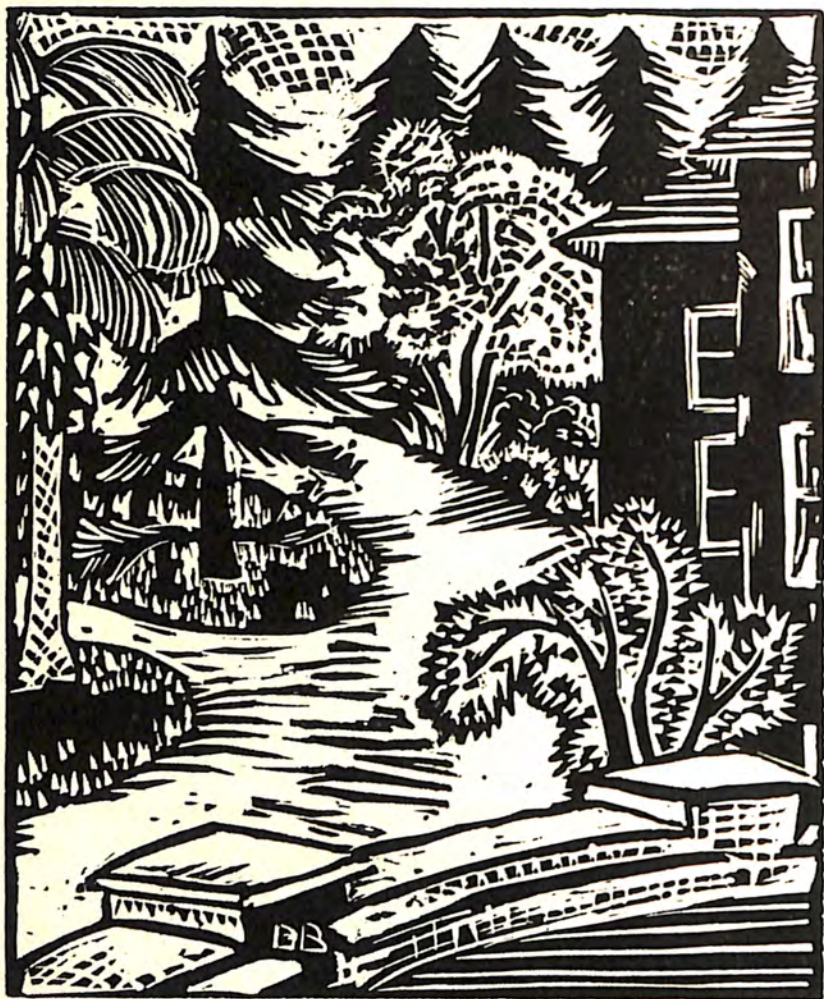
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CÉCILE GRANDJEAN	HARRIET McAFEE





## EDITORIAL

THE loneliness of our first leaving home and entering college seems comparable to no other feeling in the whole of life. Then, perhaps for the first time, we realize a complete loss of all the safeness and sturdiness of our lives heretofore; even we ourselves, in our tremulousness and unsureness, filled only with the consciousness of the great things we must do, are sadly changed. It is like entering into a great old beamed and cavernous attic, so large we cannot see its limits, yet filled in its dusk with shadowy, mysterious corners, overflowing chests and closets wherein, we know, lies all the fascination we have long associated with college. But still it is at first glance a high and lonesome place. The dear and familiar faces of home are sharply and definitely left behind us. There is nothing to help us visualize faces of friends to be. Only gradually we realize them; an indistinguishable blur at first, then more clearly, more definitely with time, the faces of our dear friends. Hard and gleaming outlines at first that with the years mellow and blend and soften. And these first friends with whom we share all the adventures,



the minor tragedies, the disillusionments of the realities of college, become our greatest friends, the friends we set apart in our hearts, the friends to whom we have gone for "advices and reproofs," for heartening and understanding, who have borne patiently with our "sallies of wit and trances of religion," whose advice has been caustic and healing and whose kindnesses have been, as Bacon has it, as the pomegranate, "full of many kernels." We are proud of these friends. Their comradeship has been something we gained ourselves, the first thing accomplished away from the shelter and advice of home. Their triumphs and defeats have become as our own.

But we have other friends, too, very dear, friends with whom we are sauntering leisurely through the "long preliminary conversations" that must precede the wholeness and completeness of friendship, a wholeness that perhaps one never reaches. Certainly there are few sweeter pleasures than in seeing in our friends a perfection that exists in no one or in turning a corner of his nature to find a rare and delightful trait unsuspected before. Special friends are all those with whom we have shared particular experiences; for it is "a certain tract of memories

shared in common that makes for friendship.” The experiences of school life have been ours; it may have been the hard and worthy pleasures of producing a *Meadowlark* or *Firebrand* or the lusty warring on basketball court or hockey field, or just the comfortable happiness of eating together, talking together, laughing together. In sharing all such these friends have come to have a meaning for us apart from mere acquaintances.

And four years of such friendships we have wanted this book to reflect; it must be learned to a degree, yes, but more than that, a happy, friendly book showing forth in its pages the sweetness and dearness of college—all else we have forgotten. Dear reader, we leave this *Firebrand* as a monument to friendship, to laughter, and to happiness, and as further proof that

“There’s nothing worth the wear of winning  
“But laughter and the love of friends.”



ELIZABETH BALL

*Major: ART*

Art Editor of *The Firebrand* '35

Art Club  
Little Theatre Workshop



## ELIZABETH BALL

THERE are two things that delight the heart of Elizabeth Ball: the pleasures of her work with brushes and charcoal and the charm of little children. When she was young, and still not of the youngest, she filled the house to overflowing with these smallest folk. She loved planning tea parties for them, playing with them, mothering them; there would always be some small one in need of comfort or a little loving for the wounds of a doll. Even today Elizabeth cannot drive past small children playing without stopping to talk to them.

Her seriousness is in her art. She works long at painting, drawing, and cutting wood blocks, and she collects any and all worthy art books. She is already looking into her future as a high school teacher, with a not negligible pile of pictures she might need for posters. For her own pleasure and a scrap book in the making she mutilates all magazines for colored prints.

When she is home she likes her radio tuned to the symphonies and operas, and if this is her will it is done in spite of any wistful young blond jazz lover about.





BERNICE BLENNERHASSETT

*Major:* HISTORY

Freshman Advisor '34

Delta Alpha Epsilon  
Drama Club  
Scola Cantorum  
Little Theatre Workshop

## BERNICE BLENNERHASSETT

WHEN Bernice arrived at Fanjeaux the second semester of our freshman year it was with a glamorous history behind her. At Mission High School she had been one of the notables in the Student Body. Her record had been such that she arrived on a scholarship. She had won debating contests and she had a worthy record behind the footlights, in singing and dancing as well as dramatics.

We called her Bernice Blah then, because Blennerhassett was too much for us to remember, and Blah it has been even unto today. We laughed at her horror of being late, leaving for a one o'clock class thirty minutes in advance and packing Thursday night to leave late on Friday afternoon.

Her work and herself she has taken seriously, putting the former before most of the "other things to do" about the campus; though we have felt her ability on the college stage and her efficiency in the skill of tap classes that she has trained as well as her own dexterity with the taps upon occasion.

Add compliment: She is a rare good listener.



BERNICE BLENNERHASSETT

*Major: HISTORY*

Freshman Advisor '34

Delta Alpha Epsilon  
Drama Club  
Scola Cantorum  
Little Theatre Workshop



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Add compliment: She is a rare good listener.



DOLORES BRANTLEY

*Major: SOCIOLOGY*

Sociology Club



## DOLORES BRANTLEY

FROM even her earliest years in Orland Dolores has had the instincts of a diplomat. She used to arrange for a friend to stand by with a granted "Yes" shining all over her face when Dolores needed to gain her mother's approval. She is truly a "social being" and friends for her are easily acquired. She enjoys talking. Her conversation is genial, and constant. Her words have a certain tang and her characteristic laugh is pleasant punctuation. She is oppressed by the usual. "If something exciting would only happen," she will say. She has promised Meadowlands an annual box of almonds and pomegranates to remember her by.

Living, working, or responsibilities are not things to be considered too seriously by Dolores, though she is always spoken of as having a good mind. Her moments of gloom are casual — generally she is happy. When she is particularly happy she does a funny little dance, or sings. Honest herself, she never thinks to doubt her fellow man; outrageous college stories she accepts in full faith.

Characteristic situation: Dolores presiding over the silver service at a Meadowlands tea.



ANITA BULOTTI

*Major: SOCIOLOGY*

Executive Board '35

Secretary of Class '33

W.A.A. Board '35

President Students' Spiritual Council '34

Drama Club

Italian Club

Scola Cantorum

Sociology Club

## ANITA BULOTTI

**S**OLITUDE is unpleasant to Anita; she is a sociable person who enjoys a quiet home life, yet revels in large functions.

In a group she is always a pleasure because of her generous, sunny nature. Conversation is one of her favorite pastimes; she has a gift for the comic, too, and a way of telling stories with lively gestures. We have all had reason to be grateful for her lovely voice, rich and brilliant, that she pours out unstintingly whenever we ask for it, at festivities in Forest Meadows, at formal teas at Edgehill, by the fireside at Fanjeaux when things have grown dull and someone says, "Sing for us, Anita."

Her character is not simple. She is positive in her likes and dislikes, yet she can be friendly with those for whom she does not care, perhaps because she is naturally sociable, perhaps because she has a distaste for friction. In spite of this distaste, however, she has a healthy delight in argument. She is never moody and rarely self-conscious, but her roommate pays her the fine compliment of respecting her for self knowledge.





KATHERINE BUTLER

*Major:* SPANISH

Circulo Italiano  
Scola Cantorum  
Spanish Club

## KATHERINE BUTLER

THE first time Boots went to school she cried. She sat in the alphabet and picture-hung room of the first grade and sobbed. It was only big Brother Howard called down from the eighth grade to sit with her who could calm her fears and alleviate this first strong aversion to learning. It would be impossible to talk to Katherine long without recognizing her devotion to her brother. There was the girl whose father was in the shoe business and who earned for William Howard the name of Boots. So many were the tales Katherine told of Boots that college has come to hail her by the same name. One knows her through her conversation. She gets a young pleasure from telling of week-end pleasures or special phone-calls. Her Spanish and its attendant duties furnish many vehement topics for discussion. Exes worry her; "Oh, I'm sure I got an 'F'," but she never does.





KATHERINE CASASSA

*Major: HISTORY*

President of Class '32  
Executive Board '33  
W.A.A. Board '33, '34  
President of W.A.A. '34  
*The Firebrand Staff '33*

Delta Alpha Epsilon  
Gamma Sigma  
Block 'D' Pin Society

## KATHERINE CASASSA

A CASUAL glance at Katherine discovers a certain aspect of nobility, which persons who know her well think representative of her mind and spirit. Of course no one can be always and everywhere "noble" and I am assured that Katherine reacts, on the whole, to the usual things in the usual ways, having no propensity to turn the other cheek or suffer in silence or to be otherwise unduly magnificent. She has, among some of her associates, a reputation for "indifference" (whatever that may mean); there is in her a lack of enthusiasm for laborious effort which makes her fall short of the best she might do, and there is also a certain reserve which seems to be the result of shyness rather than of unsociability; a combination of these qualities might spell "indifference."

Katherine is not a submissive person and she likes to be sure that she makes her own decisions. Concern for her personal autonomy sometimes causes her to pause in mid-career for untimely deliberation and once in a while she is vociferous against the "cruel and unusual"; however, she is not without gentle deference to the wisdom of the elders, which is somehow quite in character.



VIRGINIA FLANNERY

*Major:* ENGLISH

Vice-President Student Body '35  
Executive Board '34, '35  
W.A.A. Board '34  
*The Firebrand* Staff '34, '35  
President Students' Spiritual Council '35

Albertus Magnus Club  
Drama Club  
French Club  
Little Theatre Workshop  
Block 'D' Pin Society



## VIRGINIA FLANNERY

**F**LAN was born in San Francisco one July 29; she and Mussolini, we are reminded when the subject comes up. She early manifested the originality which characterizes her remarks of today. There was, for instance, the time she presented her mother with a pair of roller skates (small size) for her birthday. At an early age she went away to boarding school. "Where," she will say, "they certainly teach you to be independent," and where she developed a great admiration for Byron and Napoleon and discovered in herself certain latent talents. Upon any occasion she will tell us proudly of last summer's art course—the walls of her apartment are covered with large charcoals of Homer, Dante, Columbus, and numerous lovely ladies. And any one near her in Chant realizes she has a Voice! She is even, upon inspiration, a writer of lyrics, the stirring battle song for the Fumbler team, "The Flea Song" and "On the Isle of Alcatraz."

Direct she is, to the abrupt, and honorable to returning one cent apiece to twenty-six people. She enjoys getting her teeth into the logic and solidity of the German language.

Add ambition: Someday to visit India.



JOAN HARDY

*Major:* HISTORY

Day Scholar President '35  
Student Affairs Board '34, '35

Delta Alpha Epsilon  
Drama Club



## JOAN HARDY

**A**T HOME, when she was a child, Joan was quiet and gentle, loving her dolls, and accepting calmly the fact that she was the pet of her grandmothers, her cousins and her aunts. But outside, she confesses with a touch of pride, she was a bit of a tomboy.

And it is thus, even now. Joan has intrinsically the dignity and gentleness that have cast her for such rôles as St. Joseph in *The Nativity*, the Blessed Mother in the Christmas tableaux, and St. Michael in *The Miracle of St. Bernard*; that has made her represent the day scholars on the several boards and finds her their president this year. Yet away from school she is a great lover of all laughter and merriment. She is skilled alike in the kitchen and on the tennis courts.

Characteristic remark: "I don't care what you girls are going to do, but I'm going to—"



HELEN HISERMAN

Major: ART

Treasurer Student Body '35  
Art Editor of *The Firebrand* '34  
Art Editor of *The Meadowlark* '35

French Club  
Art Club  
Little Theatre Workshop

## HELEN HISERMAN

EVERY night when I was in high school," tells Helen Hiserman, "I would turn on Wayne King's *Song of the Islands* and race upstairs for bed, so I could pull the covers high and just listen. Then Mother would have to go down and turn it off." Upon any occasion Helen will tell you of the charms of Honolulu, of her friends and what they did and do. You can't know her without this background of swaying palm trees, slow haunting Island melodies (who will forget Helen's constant perturbation over the pronunciation of the Hawaiian of *Little Grass Shack*), or warm tropical waters. Once she was only saved from a tidal wave by clinging to a reef of coral; in spite of this she loves swimming today.

Helen's opinions are her own and definite, and it is no rare thing to hear those opinions forcibly expressed in a surprisingly soft voice to or at one or more of her fellow Motor Girls.

Art is her major and many a wood cut has come from under her capable tools for the embellishment of the *Meadowlark* or the *Firebrand*. She designs her own clothes, too. Could it be a certain nostalgia for the tropics that expresses itself so often in flowered dresses?





CATHERINE JOHNSON

*Major: SOCIOLOGY*

Sociology Club  
Little Theatre Workshop



## CATHERINE JOHNSON

CATHERINE was always a little shy of people. One of her childhood tragedies was suddenly finding a busload of Shriners gazing at her practice with a new set of golf clubs.

She traveled when she was young, to Mexico. Perhaps that is how we best remember her, on the train for home at Christmas, excited at nearing Vancouver and her family.

She was young when she went away to boarding school, finally reaching college earlier than most. She has always wanted to be an artist, but somehow is training for sociology. There is the indefinite interest of the foreign in Catherine (we are impressed with a British shampoo); we see this reflected in her room, though the East Indian dresser scarves and bed spread she assures us are just things she picked up at home inexpensively. Then there are the three good luck dolls on a small bookcase without which she never goes anywhere, and the red, strangely figured pillow from Sweden.

Independent and outspoken, she is still a good listener, and one to scorn even the smallest manner of untruth.



MARGARET JOHNSON

*Major: SOCIOLOGY*

Student Affairs Board '34, '35

Sociology Club

## MARGARET JOHNSON

SHE was stubborn, tells younger sister Bobbie. "I won't do it—I'll stand right here—forever," when urged to act against her will. Otherwise she was a peaceful child, playing "house" with her dolls under the dining room table as all little girls should.

College finds her unperturbed. There is a definiteness of opinion—an insistence, a calm immovability in what she deems the right. But the Mugs we see is a tall, slender girl dressed to a carefulness that demands comment. She is, remarks one with a sigh, the type who wears a linen suit all day without a wrinkle.

She is indifferent on the whole to most college enthusiasm, yet at a Meadowlands tea she is one of the most gracious.





NORMA KANE

*Major:* SOCIOLOGY

Block 'D' Pin Society

## NORMA KANE

**Y**OU know the minute you see Norma Kane slam the door of "Queenie" and swing her tanned self up the walk to Guzman what she was like as a little girl, never owning a doll, playing with electric trains and jacks or shooting beebee guns at snails, growing up in San Rafael, playing the bugle at summer camps, swimming, playing baseball, tennis, basketball, hockey, the captain of all her school teams, becoming what she is today, "well-coordinated and skilled" in any and every sport.

Most of our contact with Norma has been on the hockey field or basketball court, or watching her play off the finals of a tennis match. But once in a while she comes up for dinner at Fanjeaux where she sits quietly, chuckling with us though and keenly appreciating in that chuckle all that goes on about her.

Relaxing from her life of Physical Prowess she appreciates the excitement of a mystery story or the calm of a movie; and there is something about a parade—she chases them for miles.



BETTY KEENAN

*Major: SOCIOLOGY*

President of Class '35

Art Club  
Drama Club  
Sociology Club  
Little Theatre Workshop



## BETTY KEENAN

SHE GREW up in the bluffness and heartiness of Montana and its mountains. You know it the minute you hear her slow "miner's drawl." She has long despised all impotence and timidity. There was the little boy whose long blond curls were his Mother's pride and joy and which Betty one day clipped neatly off.

Life to Betty is something to be enjoyed now. All the uninteresting or trivial are things to be passed by. Mornings find her "puttering" long after everyone else is entombed in the process of learning, more than likely singing contentedly "Home on the Range." She is a person of interests. Around her room at Edgehill are the quaint porcelain figures she has modeled, on the wall hangs the crayon portrait she did of Betty Rethmeyer, and if you look on the shelf you will probably find one of the newer books comfortably beside a "Principles of Sociology."

She is attracted by the unusual. She was the first to cut "bangs," and now that "bangs" are so common she is stately in a coronet of braids.

Add ability: Her control of the subtleties of brogues or accents.



FRANCIS LEMMELET

*Major: ENGLISH*

President of Class '34  
Editor of *The Meadowlark* '35  
*The Firebrand* Staff '33, '35  
*The Meadowlark* Staff '33, '34, '35

Gamma Sigma  
H. O. O. D. Society

FRANCIS LEMMELET

WHEN Fran came to college she was Francis, a tall shy girl, bringing with her from four unobtrusive years at St. Rose High School a scholarship and a reputation for quiet seriousness. Her schoolmates found her pleasant, rule abiding, distinguished in her classes, and they laughed at her eagerness in hurrying home week ends. All this till Fran and Elsa and Catherine developed for themselves a name of note. Checkers became suddenly aware of quiet Fran, and many were the tales of room 224; the Spring dances, the plays, the salami feasts. There were other revelations too. She locked a recalcitrant roommate in the bathroom for two hours and a half. Her hair, cut short, discovered a soft wave. There was confidence in the flare of the hat she wore back from her week-ends—twice as gay now what with the Sterner Sex and all. So we've come to know Fran.

Add compliment: The nicest thing about her is a certain unconscious candor and a lovely charm as a hostess.

Characteristic situation: Fran telling stories to her Fourth Grade—"and the sea gulls swoop down—like this—and flap their wings—like this—"





LORRAINE LOUNIBOS

*Major: HISTORY*

Vice-President of Class '34  
W.A.A. Board '33

Delta Alpha Epsilon

## LORRAINE LOUNIBOS

THE House of Lounibos is a large one, and being one of six brothers and sisters does much to give one a definite mind of one's own, the power of defending one's opinions emphatically and succinctly, and also the realization, no doubt, of the futility of vain outbursts of temper and the power of a laugh when anger might be expected. When Lorraine came to college she was heard. The nightly and radical discussions she provoked could, in fact, be heard all over Meadowlands, but checkers arrived to find Lorraine almost dewey-eyed in her innocence and with the child-like piquancy of expression that at one time made her so meritably the choice for Puss-in-Boots in the Cinderella play. But of late years she has become quieter, more serious, one of the devotees of compline. Her interest in facts and arguments made her a history major. The ordeal of exes in wars and governments finds her calm. Perhaps it is because in her family she found the charm of boys and girls that she decided to be a teacher. And undoubtedly it is her knowledge of the deep value of a family that causes her to take special interest in the trials and struggles of freshmen.



GERALDINE MacDONALD

*Major:* SOCIOLOGY

French Club  
Sociology Club  
Little Theatre Workshop



## GERALDINE MacDONALD

SHE was born at Redwood City and brought up, by way of Sequoia High School, to be a lady. When Gerry was very small her mother frowned with such severity on any one who would stick out her tongue that she ran home in tears one day when a rude little girl stuck out her tongue at her. She shows further excellent early training in her abhorrence of an argument, though she seems somehow to have a genius for being the unwitting cause of many—as when it is her turn to call for someone in the Gilopp (the 1923 Buick phaeton owned and operated by the five “Motor Girls”) and from her mind blissfully slips all remembrance of when or where, and the Four are left to cool their collective heels in such patience as they can muster.

Yet surprisingly she is typically a MacDonald. As the stern and vigilant treasurer of the Motor Girls she collects all dues promptly and curtails the amount of gas with severity. Something new she keeps for a while before using it—just to look at and enjoy its newness.

Sociology has become for her not only a major but a hobby as well—even, she confesses, to making her love little babies.



JUNE MCGINNIS

*Major: HISTORY*

*The Firebrand Staff '35*

Drama Club  
Delta Alpha Epsilon  
O'Connor Award '35

## JUNE MCGINNIS

**A**S A CHILD June was so attractive in her round rosiness that her beloved Daddy could deny her nothing. She has still a way with her and it is still best not to deny her that way. But her generosity overshadows all the bad moods or even the diets. She has a "golden personality"! She is always willing to help the needy and to do her best for the honor of her friends, her family, or her school. It is June who fills her car with weary freshmen, who carries Meadowlarkers back and forth from the printers, and it is June who puts her whole self into the college plays, be they the pleasant nonsense of *St. George* or the high seriousness of *St. Bernard*. She has a so great capacity for enjoyment that her car alone, she declares, can make her "perfectly happy." Not even Father Baschab in Ethics has been able to out-argue her on the point that perfect happiness is impossible on this earth.





MARJORIE MCGURK

*Major: ART*

Art Club  
French Club  
Little Theatre Workshop  
Madrigals  
Scola Cantorum

## MARJORIE MCGURK

MARJORIE first began to show her artistic tendencies at the age of five when, with a disarming smile and a few bold strokes of the crayons, she succeeded in demolishing page after page of her father's medical books in an effort to draw "pitty" pictures. The punishment that followed left Marjorie undaunted, however, because today art is her leading interest, and she has done some arresting work, one of her masterpieces being a statue of a lady glamorously named Toinette.

Marjorie has a blithe air about her that has led to the nickname, McGlook. This nickname does not seem to fit her pink and white prettiness but it suits her happy-go-lucky attitude and her ability to laugh herself out of difficult situations.

Her great weakness is a flair for dramatic heightening which causes her to enlarge on little things that happen, often to her great if temporary misery.

We shall remember the charm of her voice and a certain smiling manner on the stage, at Angelico, or while receiving at the College Tea.



CLAIRE MOLENKAMP

*Major: ENGLISH*

Drama Club  
Spanish Club



CLAIRE MOLENKAMP

WHEN Claire was small, she used to climb trees. She would climb them and just sit there, munching an apple perhaps or swinging daringly by her knees, which, by the way, spent a hard youth, most generally swathed in bandages. Today finds Claire content. "I think," she says, "I should be perfectly happy if I could just eat all the time." There is a pleasant equanimity to her. The unkind remarks of her friends upon the subjects of her singing or her unfailing latenesses affect her scarcely at all, failing to handicap either her smiling cheerfulness, her songs, or her deliberateness.

For her pleasure she reads plays. In fact her interests are decidedly dramatic. She was one of those most commented upon of the much commended St. Bernard play.



KATHLEEN O'CONNOR

*Major: Music*

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR

**S**TRAIGHT hair, Dutch bob, glasses, freckles, pigeon-toed—" Kitty ruefully admits her past. She was one of the scorn-ers of dolls and energetic followers of the ball and bat. To good enough advantage, may it be said, for coming from Marin Junior College she has played hockey and basketball for the honor of the Class of '35 these last two years. She was one to take her piano lessons seriously. Serious she still is in her music—it is her college major and she plays in the Marin Symphony Orchestra and sings in the Marin Choral, duties which must take much of her time, for it seems she is here for classes and gone immediately. And she still "stamps her foot and does as she pleases."

She finds the strains of an orchestra, a gleaming floor and the charms of a worthy partner best for pleasure; though, too, in her quieter moments she is pleased by a drive through the country.





ELSA O'NEILL

*Major: HISTORY*

Treasurer of Class '35

Delta Alpha Epsilon

## ELSA O'NEILL

ELSA was born in Port Costa where she led what seems to have been an early life of mishaps. She used to swim with pleasure and abandon in the Carquinez Straits. One day there was a rip tide and only Elsa's brother chancing on the beach and seeing a pink bathing cap (it must have been pink) bobbing helplessly distant in the blue of the Straits saved her for four years of college and this character sketch. A serious illness at the age of twelve necessitated a quiet life for a while and bred in her a taste for reading copiously.

At college she met Catherine O'Reilly and they began a four year term of fun and staunch friendship. Their room has been the center of hilarious mirth night after night. They early became for obvious reasons the "Belles of St. Mary's." But Elsa is not all gaiety. She has a certain firmness about her, and she has been known to emphasize a spirited remark by dashing a *Concise Oxford* to the floor. She has indeed what goes with what the Dean once termed "a saucy little face."

The most pleasant things she does are planning, reading or perhaps swimming. Her greatest thrill is in cowboys—and Johnnie has a ranch.



CATHERINE O'REILLY

*Major: SPANISH*

Vice-President of Class '35

Delta Alpha Epsilon  
Sigma Delta Pi  
Spanish Club



## CATHERINE O'REILLY

CATHERINE has bad habits. "She is always doing Spanish," complains one friend; "she'll never stop to play." The sounds of any fun she doesn't share always arouse her, however, after a brief though worthy struggle, to one of her odd and unexpected laughs, and the Spanish is disregarded. She sings too, continuously. She sings to cheer herself, for her own pure pleasure, in the Choral, in the car, or at night when she and Elsa are in bed, arrayed in what appear to be night caps but really are efficiencies for holding the waves in place.

Even her Ford (willed her by brother Joe when he graduated last year from St. Mary's) has bad habits. The rumble seat always falls out and the horn has symptoms of a bad cold.

Figuring often and tenderly in the conversation of Catherine is Jackie, her thirteen-year-old Airedale, friend of her youth and "still the smartest dog in the world."

Catherine is often seen sewing, skillfully, may it be said, and more than likely it is something blue (her car is blue).

Add oddity: The "eyelids" gracing the headlights of the car.



EILEEN O'TOOLE

*Major: SCIENCE*

President of Student Body '35  
Secretary of Student Body '34  
President of Class '33  
Executive Board '32, '34, '35  
W.A.A. Board '34  
*The Firebrand* Staff '34  
*The Meadowlark* Staff '34

Albertus Magnus Club  
Sociology Club  
Drama Club  
Block 'D' Pin Society  
Pi Epsilon Nu

## EILEEN O'TOOLE

**E**ILEEN passed an energetic youth among seven brothers and sisters in being a Girl Different. She could skate faster and bat a baseball farther than any boy in the neighborhood. Beréted, polo-coated and independent, she went through high school. She graduated holding every major office, and was the life and soul of the basketball team.

Proud, quick-tempered, stubborn (her ancestors number among their Irish selves one St. Lawrence O'Toole), she came to college. Her greatest gift, which is knowing and leading people with ease and efficiency and to their own delight, her native charm and thoughtfulness, gained for her quickly a place among the great of the college until this year she is, as remarked by one of the faculty members, "one of the most human of Student Body presidents." She has grown up, too, and it's a dignified, though jaunty-hatted girl who spends a day in her beloved San Francisco, perhaps at tea, which is one of her delights.

Eileen's loyalties, opinions and beliefs are peculiarly and definitely her own, and woe to anyone who dares to attack in her presence the Irish, or the city government.





ANGELINE PERA

*Major: SOCIOLOGY*

President Student Affairs Board '35  
Vice-President of Class '34  
W.A.A. Board '34

Italian Club  
Sociology Club

## ANGELINE PERA

**A** CURLY-HEADED little girl in Dutch overalls (hating them) tagging determinedly after her big baseball playing brothers, undiscouraged by bunged-up knees and elbows, or dressed up and solemnly thrilled at shopping in big department stores with her beloved father, or, a little older, starched and friendly, loving to visit the neighbors and just stay.

So she was when she grew up in San Jose, and friendly and prone to visiting she has been at college. There is a certain frank camaraderie in her smile and her straight walk. We feel her interest in people, a friendly neighborliness about her—maybe in the way she says “Hello”—gifts which no doubt led to her interest in sociology as a major. She enjoys, we feel, the action and fight of a game of hockey and a rollicking good time. She is game, even to being a strong and conscientious president of the Student Affairs Board. And dear to her heart indeed is her new little niece.

Oddly enough, she has a rare skill with the needle and thread, knitting needles, too; fashioning for herself clothes of distinction.



BETTY RETHMEYER

*Major: HISTORY*

Art Club  
Delta Alpha Epsilon  
French Club  
Drama Club  
Little Theatre Workshop



## BETTY RETHMEYER

**I**N SPITE of a certain potency and dash in hats that are on the close edge of the extreme and a serenity of manner that passes for sophistication, Betty has a surprising conscientiousness in the burning of the much-maligned midnight oil—and a faithfulness in dawn-rising for mass. Too, she has had always and will have always, a stout sentimentality for all animals. There was the baby Billy Goat she was given one Easter in Santa Rosa, with thoughts of a “kid” dinner for some not too distant date in the mind of the giver. But Betty’s small mind made up, the relation of dinner to the kid became the fetching of the former for the latter. He grew into an esteemed old Billy Goat (blessed with that common failure of all goats) who lived to a mellow old age and died an honorable and lamented death. She was the one of the Motor Girls who conceived the idea of the charms of a puppy, to play about their room, the ample grounds of Edge Hill or the ample laps of the five in the car.

Add nice characteristic: A prudent frankness that is wary of feelings.

Surprising feature: Her blue eyes in a make-up that definitely states brown.



NORMA RICCOMINI

*Major: HISTORY*

Day Scholar President '34  
Executive Board '34

Delta Alpha Epsilon  
Italian Club

## NORMA RICCOMINI

**N**ORMA'S world is unbounded by the Stark Realities that depress the Unimaginative. When she was small it needed only a penny at the foot of the bed and the covers suitably arranged for "burrowing" to make her a successful miner, or the same bed by reason of the bounce in the springs to chug past the drug store, the Church or Mrs. Jones and fulfill her great longing for a car. She has one now, a bright new Ford.

Any story told by Norma is worth listening to. Even if the story has no point, the drifting gestures (the same she uses when reciting in class), the down-corner roll in her eyes, the drawl, further slowed by an uncontrollable giggle at crucial points, will have even the most bitter "after-the-ex" mourner laughing helplessly. Loyal to her kind, she herself laughs wholeheartedly at even the worst of Dominican humor.

When she works, however, it is hard and carefully, and her grades are well on the higher side of the history department record.





CAROLINE ROGERS

*Major: ENGLISH*

Transferred from The University of  
Oregon '34

B. O. N. G. Society

## CAROLINE ROGERS

THE most important things in life," says Caroline, "are a sense of humor and cleanliness." So thinking, she grew up in her own independent way in Spokane riding horses (her loved Zan she honors by any and all horse pins she can find) and being treated as a friend with judgment by her family.

She came to College as a Freshman, stayed out a year, went two years to the University of Oregon and returned here to graduate. It has been easy to get acquainted with her this year — perhaps because her own cardinal pleasure is in knowing new people, whom she judges keenly. She prides herself on her modern ideas. She is afraid of nothing and ready for anything that promises fun and continuously "promoting." There was the car she long imperiously demanded for ten dollars from every car dealer in San Rafael, at last purchasing with four friends Little Nell Bong for twenty-five dollars.

Her temper though short-lived is mighty, enough to bring her home from an irritating week-end hatless, suit-caseless, and raging.

Worthy of note: The rotating song list she has posted for bathtub singers, morning songs, noon songs and night songs.



LORRAINE ROUX

*Major: FRENCH*



## LORRAINE ROUX

LORRAINE used to have difficulty riding bicycles; many and frequent were the "spills"—perhaps that is why the Buick she long drove to school was such a safe, steady, substantial car; in it one's life was endangered neither by speed nor eccentricities.

Lorraine does her hair with a lacquered smoothness that fascinates us behind her in many a French class; it is of a darkness that makes a flame-colored formal the thing to wear. We are fascinated, too, by her seeming ease in acquiring A's, though the close friends who have penetrated a certain reserve tell us of long hours of study.

She has chosen only a few intimates, and woe to anyone who dares a word against these.



JUNE SCHIBEL

*Major:* ENGLISH

W.A.A. Board '35

Madrigal  
Ensemble  
Drama Club  
Scola Cantorum  
French Club

## JUNE SCHIBEL

**A**LL my life," said June, the morning she helpfully tried to carry the wrong Priedieu to the center of the chapel for Adoration, spilling the chant books and almost losing in the always tense race between the two nuns gravely bearing down the center aisle and the girls carrying the awkward kneeling benches, "All my life I have done things like that, and I guess I always will." People are always laughing at June. Her friends delight in telling of the "little Campfire Girl" going blithely away for a week-end fortified with a huge sleeping bag or teasing her about her "activities" which last till six o'clock every night. As long as one will listen, June will tell tales of the Skipelvitches in Russia when she was a little girl; how room was so scarce and the little Skipelvitches were so many their parents stupefied them with vodka and leaned them up against the wall so they themselves could sleep on the floor.

Still, life for June is essentially a serious thing. She is one of the few faithful who makes the long daily trek to Mass. She has a keen appreciation of music and poetry. For her own pleasure she keeps a scrap book of favorite poems.





LOIS SMITH

*Major:* ENGLISH

Editor *The Firebrand* '35  
*The Meadowlark* Staff '34, '35  
*The Firebrand* Staff  
Vice-President Class '32  
Secretary Class '34  
Chairman of Social Committee '34

Seven Arts Club  
French Club  
Albertus Magnus Club  
Little Theatre Workshop  
Drama Club  
Block 'D' Pin Society

## LOIS SMITH

IN LOIS' Baker High School year book were two warnings: "Don't fall down!" and "Don't be late!" By now no one notices when she arrives at dinner from five to thirty minutes late, though people still laugh at the time when in her eagerness to retrieve a tennis ball she slithered gracefully into the swimming pool, fresh starched gym suit and all.

Her college career has been erratic. "A person of aspiration and procrastination. One who has developed the pleasant art of nonchalance in the face of academic duties," defines one faculty member. She is a great admirer of all books and learning. One of her best loved possessions, however, is a small green volume of *Trivia*. Her efforts (she is one of the last in Fanjeaux to go to bed) seem to result in only a certain sleepiness in class. But, she assures her doubting friends, she will one day be famous. And here is *The Firebrand* of 1935.



BARBARA STAFFORD

*Major:* FRENCH AND SPANISH

Secretary Class '35

El Circulo Español  
French Club  
History Club  
Gamma Sigma  
Block 'D' Pin Society  
Delta Alpha Epsilon



## BARBARA STAFFORD

BARBARA was born in Russia. Her family left there at the outbreak of the Revolution when she was two years old, lived a while in Holland and then came to California. Perhaps it is this early traveling that developed the vagabond in her. She is a resident of Meadowlands during the week and on week-ends ("It's the gypsy in me") migrates to Fanjeaux, friendly and content where-soever there is an empty bed to rest her weariness. She is a welcome guest, perhaps because of her gift of telling a tale or perhaps because of her enthusiasm and interests which are expressed in the excitement and pleasure to which music, for instance, from *Carmen* or anything of Schubert arouses her.

She earned with seeming ease the A's that have made her president and charter member of the future Phi Beta Kappa. French is her major and languages her interest . . . an interest begun, perhaps, in the days when she spoke only French and Russian. At present one of her greatest ambitions is to go to Paris. Her restless energy expends itself in long walks, be it in the hills or down town. In town she must stop to speak to every little child she meets.



VENICE TODT

*Major:* FRENCH

Gamma Sigma  
Delta Alpha Epsilon

## VENICE TODT

SHE was a pretty little girl: starched pink dresses, long blond curls, hair ribbons; and she was always definitely though unobtrusively noted for the power of the brains behind those blond curls. Queer things, those A's of Venice. We see them in the faculty grade books, in marking on her papers, and for the first time we realize the quiet thoroughness that is seldom heard in class, in a Venice who admits that her most grievous fault is too great a love of sleep. She is German and reflects in herself the science and thoroughness of her race; deliberate as she is to lateness. Her recreations are unenergetic, an evening with Browning or a worthy biographer, perhaps the walk uptown to a movie, but the pleasures of dancing with a gay and noble youth do not appeal to her; she would rather sleep!





JULIE TREAT

*Major: HISTORY*

Delta Alpha Epsilon

## JULIE TREAT

SAN ANDREAS is a small town. There are on all sides foothills that encourage the climbing and adventurous hearts of small boys. And San Andreas was full of small boys when Julie was young, but not many small girls. So Julie climbed and played with Cousin Jake and his friends, and when they needed advice it was to Julie and her calm that they came with their problems and troubles.

Life for Julie has been always fundamentally a serene and unquestioned fact, though there are definite excitements and "flutterings" upon occasions. History notes undone she coolly finishes off the minute before class. She is unbothered by the uninteresting; she simply pays no attention. Knitting, in a house whose fireside group does not exist without needles and wool, does not hold enough charm for her to bother learning; she feels the same about driving a car. Even arguments in this School of Rights and Opinions fail to arouse her, and after only the briefest of objections Julie always mildly agrees. She is one, however, to take the duties of a committee seriously.

Characteristic remark: "I'm tired."



FAY WINTERS

*Major:* FRENCH

French Club  
El Circulo Español  
Delta Alpha Epsilon



## FAY WINTERS

WHEN she was a two-year-old baby on the ranch in Nevada Fay was tied to a horse's saddle and launched for her first ride. The fact that the horse ran away, the saddle slipped and she returned beneath the horse (still securely tied, however,) did not affect her future delight in riding. She grew up hating the fact that she was a little girl and doing all in her power to make herself into a boy: jeans, short hair, etc.

In college, however, she has stooped, and stooped with determination, may it be said, to even such frivolity as knitting. Blue or green suits she does for herself, a pointed hat for her roommate, a blue blanket for a baby. She reads a great deal, "things that suit my moods," walks long about San Rafael or in the hills. As it is planned her future is sparkling. "I am going to be a librarian and earn enough to live in France for several years, then I'm coming home, buy a ranch and raise horses—"

Add oddity: a dish of ice cream arouses in her a glow of contentment nothing else can.



LAURA LOUISE ZANONE

*Major:* ENGLISH

Drama Club  
Scola Cantorum

## LAURA LOUISE ZANONE

LOUISE transferred from junior college three years ago and long she was to us but a tall dark Person, known variously as Petrarch or Melpomene, for no particular reason but a certain fitness with her own names, who drove up and away in her large Buick, whose English notes were painstakingly complete and typed, and whose work was prompt and exhaustive. It was Louise at home that we first began to know and appreciate. It is a friendly home; and such an integral part of it is Louise that when she came to D. C. the family, including Baby, the Boston terrier, all moved to San Rafael with her. In this home we enjoyed Louise's books and Mrs. Zanone's pride in the dress she made for Louise's fourth Easter. Dinner there was a deeply satisfying one for College girls and ended with our first encounter with the "sweets of Hasty Pudding" (Printer's Pudding in this case) to our own delight and that of Mr. Zanone who was anxiously watching our reaction.

Worthy of note: The shining powderish blue Packard that is her graduation present.



## LOTTE SPORLEDER

WHEN Lotte was very small, very bad, and had two long braids down her back, she and her family lived in the Philippines, a time happy in the memory of Lotte who plans to return for the first time soon after graduation and who has already worried long over what to wear.

Lotte transferred from the University of California this year. We've seen her on her way to art classes, the value of which she is unwilling to weaken by any extra activity with the exception of the botanical sketches she does for Dr. Carroll. We see her driving her long car up to school, not stopping for people, she explains, because of the long and detailed explanation of how to open the back of the car. And though the ritual of classes is important to her, it wasn't important enough to keep her here when the desk arrived from her father and needs must be unpacked.

She likes travel, change. She plans to leave the state of California to teach when she returns from her trip. The type of person she most admires is one who combines beauty with brains.

## THE JUNIORS

**I**F VARIETY is the mother of enjoyment the Juniors should revel in happiness. In number we are the smallest; in diversity, the greatest.

Last year we relinquished our hockey championship, won so proudly and well as freshmen, but clung to the more genteel volleyball. Sad to relate this year even that sport was too strenuous for us. Perhaps the cars on which one small group holds an overwhelming monopoly are partly responsible for our lack of athletic prowess. Trim roadsters drawn up to the curb in front of Guzman spilling over with laughing girls, books propped duly unread before roving eyes, red brown road curving away under the sycamores: no wonder we cannot resist the temptation to cut gym!

Then that other extreme of locomotion that made its appearance on the campus shortly after Christmas: the noble bicycle! The Bat won its name one evening wheeling eerily in the court of the Administration Building—true to its appellation the beloved bicycle even squeaks! Soon the little red demon, Venus by name, joined the Bat. Traffic was rendered twice as dangerous for pedestrians after Mass, and life



was twice as much fun for the owners. So much more obvious than the perennial skates which are housed safely under the bed the bicycles stood by Fanjeaux's entrance until the dean requested good humoredly that the students "remove their steeds from the front door."

Yet for all the sheer fun we find in life we keep alive the interest in matters of weight we had as freshmen when we discussed education so heatedly and so long with our English teacher. The student membership of the Seven Arts Club—gone modern this year—consists of Juniors: students who thus can work as hard as they play.

When, on occasions of state, the Seniors sing with dignity, "Hail Class of '35—," the Juniors look from one to another with an alarmed but determined grin. Who will forget the audacious Bravos of our *Funiculi* on one solemn occasion? But we have several equally vivacious to choose from. Though only two or three of us know the words generally, we all sing heartily if not well; with grins of good fellowship we return to our places from such a public demonstration realizing once more our motto: *Vis Unita Fortior*.

PEGGY GLEASON '36.



## THE SOPHOMORES

**S**INCERITY is the essence of the sophomore class. A frank sincerity makes them comfortable and natural with their fellow students. They are friendly and unobtrusive, yet sincere even in the superior air which is their natural inheritance. This pervading sincerity shows in their enthusiasm on the field and in the gym. They play hard and in the clean spirit of fun, not too hopefully but patiently awaiting results; but they did win again the basketball championship. Because they work for their own pleasure, the sophomores can never be disheartened. A joy in doing things for their own sake is revealed in the faithful attendance at practice of the sophomore artists, in the persistence of the aspiring writers of the class who rewrite papers that are often finally rejected, in the regularity of their hours in the laboratory and in the library. However, although the dependable sophomores finish all the unwanted tasks bestowed upon them, they sometimes do so not without complaint.

But theirs is the most polite class in the school. They are the same obliging girls that they were as freshmen. Respect for the upper classmen

never lags, for they still step aside for their seniors. The school chose a sophomore for its social hostess. Their politeness has its roots in ease and naturalness and in good spirit—herein lies the wealth of the sophomore class.

GERALDINE LUCY '37  
VIRGINIA DE LORIMIER '37

## THE FRESHMEN

AS IS usually the case, the freshmen were at first labeled "cocky" by the upper-classmen. But this so-called cockiness was really a glorious feeling of independence and self-reliance. The freshmen felt at home almost immediately; they had conceived the proper awe and admiration for seniors and school traditions, yet they thought it best to put on a bold front.

It was a radical change from high school to college, but it did not take the freshmen long to become adjusted. After the trials of initiation week and the thrill of Shield Day they became an accepted part of college life. Indeed, the campus would have lacked something vital if it had not been for the ready grins and the exuberant spirits of the freshmen. At times, to be sure, these spirits may have reached alarming heights.

Towards everything in which they took part they contributed good-will and lively spirits. If they broke rules they did it thoroughly, and when they entered into dramatics and athletics they did these wholeheartedly.

Now as the semester closes the freshmen are



looking forward to their future years of college experiences with the same high hopes as when they began. College has cast its spell and the freshmen have become enmeshed.

ELEANOR WHEELER '38.

## DANTE'S ANGELS

WITHIN the depths of the Eternal  
Light of the *Paradiso* Dante  
"saw ingathered, bound by  
love in one volume, the scattered leaves  
of all the universe."

Thus his *Divina Commedia* pierces to the "inward harmony of coherence" in all things, in Hell, in Purgatory, and in Heaven.

There is the beauty of oneness, of unity, through Dante's poem. Sublimated in it are the mediæval qualities of symmetry of composition, of inclusiveness which brings in everything possible to illuminate and fill out a theme. But the unity of the poem is achieved as well through more subtle touches which are pure Dantesque. The part of the angels in the three *cantiche* of the *Divina Commedia* is significant in itself of Dante's vision of the harmony in the universe.

All through the poem the angels have much to do with carrying out the Divine Order. The angelic hierarchy are the movers of the heavenly spheres of the *Paradiso*, and in the *Purgatorio* angels ushered the spirits and Dante from one circle to another in their progress upward. In Hell itself God's angels can assert their might.

The coming of the heavenly messenger to procure Dante's entrance with Virgil into the city of Dis is proof that God's loving ministrations can extend even into the stronghold of the *Inferno*. At the gate Dante and Virgil were opposed by demonic angels who had set themselves against God, and throughout the Lower-Hell we find their fellows, the grotesque tormentors of the souls. The angels were the first creatures endowed with free will, and through the fall of some of them we see, to a degree at least, the self-frustration of rejecting "the good of the intellect," the Primal Love.

To Dante the most vital unity is a unity of spirit. Inertia is to him more inglorious than defiance. With the Trimmers in the Ante-Hell we find placed in supreme contempt

"that caitiff choir of the  
angels, who were not rebellious, nor were  
faithful to God; but were for themselves.  
Heaven chased them forth to keep its beauty  
from impair; and the deep Hell receives them  
not, for the wicked would have some glory  
over them."

The angels who revolted retain at least the fire of their nature, and Dante with his own intensity has a keen sense of the drama of the



"more than a thousand spirits rained from the heavens," who with such great disdain questioned his passage through the infernal kingdom. No fallen angels are found in the Upper-Hell, for as pure spirits they were not subject to temptations of incontinence.

The Emperor of the dolorous realm of the *Inferno*, Satan, stands fixed in the tip of the inverted cone as the center of all gravity. Even as he saw him there immovable in the ice of his own making, to Dante Satan is "the creature which was once so fair," and he declares:

"If he was once as beautiful as he is ugly now  
and lifted up his brows against his Maker,  
well may all affliction come from him."

As the most obvious remnant and parody of his angelic nature, under each of his three faces:

"there issued forth two mighty wings,  
of size befitting such a bird: sea-sails I never  
saw so broad.

No plumes had they; but they were in form and  
texture like a bat's: and he was flapping  
them, so that three winds went forth from him.

Thereby Cocytus all was frozen."

These winds Grandgent takes to be "the Satanic instigations, the inspiration of sin"—quite the reversal of angelic inspirations to good.

As to the unfallen angels, their number sur-





passes the power of human language or conception—yet each angel has his own specific quality of insight and love, in reflecting the divine love which breaks upon such countless mirrors, yet itself remaining ever one.

Numerous as they are, the angels are, nevertheless, individuals. One always remembers the angel ferryman who piloted Dante and Virgil across the sea to the shore of Purgatory. As he drew near, this angel appeared to Dante as

“a light coming o’er the sea—so swiftly, that no flight is equal to its motion.”

All the angels in the *Purgatorio* seem to carry with them the dazzling light, the perfect completeness of the *Paradiso*, and blessedness indeed seems writ upon the celestial pilot who with the sign of the Holy Cross dismisses his cargo of souls about to enter Purgatory. All through this realm of spiritual purgation angels are the guardians of the souls. To the garden of the negligent rulers at the limits of the Ante-Purgatory there descend each evening at Compline time two angels, in green raiment and with green wings. They come “from Mary’s bosom,”

“‘as guard of the vale, because of the serpent that straighway will come.’”

In the course of his pilgrimage through Pur-



gatory Dante met the angels of the seven passes as he went forth from the various circles. Each angel except the Angel of Liberality, who is not described, is delineated with a delicately winning stroke. Often too the angel is subtly presented to us as possessing the very charm we would usually think of as quite incompatible with his special virtue, however ethically desirable. The Angel of Humility is lovely with a quiet intensity, a

“beauteous creature robed in white  
and in his countenance, such as a beauteous  
star at morn appears.”

The Angel of Fraternal Love is dazzling, and he is “the blessed angel with the gladsome voice.” The Angel of Meekness, Virgil said to Dante, is

“a divine spirit that directs us to the  
way of ascent without our prayer, and conceals  
itself with its own light!”

—but also he radiates light, the illuminating power of reason as opposed to the blind fury of anger. Zeal we often think of as a trifle overbearing. Dante’s Angel of Zeal speaks

“In a tone so gentle and kind  
as is not heard in this mortal confine.”

And he has lovely swanlike wings with which

he turned Dante and his guide upward "between the two walls of hard stone." Parallel with the conception of the Angel of Humility we find that the Angel of Temperance is "glowing and red," and that when his pinions moved they "wafted ambrosial fragrance" to Dante's senses and stirred the wind he felt on his brow

"as the May breeze, herald of the dawn, stirs  
and breathes forth sweetness, all impregnate  
with grass and flowers."

And finally, the Angel of Chastity, who  
"in a voice more piercing far than ours"

bade Dante himself enter into the flames of the circle of lust but "to the singing beyond be not deaf," is in an exquisite phrase "God's glad angel."

In the *Paradiso* Dante's portrayal of the angels is burningly beautiful. We see them in the fullness of the splendour and the love of their natures, glowing with the peace that is passion and the passion that is peace. In the celestial rose where the redeemed are rank above rank as its petals, the angelic host.

"as it flieth seeth and doth  
sing his glory who enamoureth it, and the  
excellence which hath made it what it is,

like to a swarm of bees which doth one while  
plunge into the flowers and another while wend  
back to where its toil is turned to sweetness,  
ever descended into the great flower adorned  
with so many leaves, and reascended thence  
to where its love doth ceaseless make sojourn.  
They had their faces all of living flame, and  
wings of gold, and the rest so white that never  
snow reacheth such limit.

When they descended into the flower, from rank to  
rank they proffered of the peace and of the  
ardour  
which they acquired as they fanned their sides,  
Nor did the interposing of so great a flying multi-  
tude, betwixt the flower and that which was  
above, impede the vision nor the splendour."

And around the heart of the rose, which is  
Mary, Dante

"saw more than a thousand Angels making  
festival, each one distinct in glow and art."

The most individual and perhaps the most beau-  
tiful relationship we see in the *Paradiso* is be-  
tween Gabriel and the Blessed Virgin. At  
Dante's first view of the garden of Christ with  
Mary as its centre he beheld that

"from within the heaven descended a torch  
circle-formed, in fashion of a crown, and girt  
her and wheeled round her.



Whatever melody soundeth sweetest here below,  
and most doth draw the soul unto itself,  
would seem a rent cloud thundering,  
compared unto the sound of that lyre whereby  
was crowned the beauteous sapphire by which  
the brightest heaven is ensapphired  
'I am the angelic love who circle the lofty  
gladness that doth breathe from out of the  
womb  
which was the hostelry of our desire;  
And I will circle, Lady of heaven, until thou fol-  
lowest thy son, and dost make yet more divine  
the supreme sphere in that thou interest it."

And in the full vision of the Church Triumph-  
ant in the closing cantos it was again the "circ-  
ling melody" of whom Dante asked Saint Ber-  
nard:

"What is that angel who with such delight  
looketh our Queen in the eyes, enamoured so he  
seemeth all aflame?"

And joyfully Saint Bernard answered:

" 'Exultancy and winsomeness as  
much as there may be in angel or in soul, is  
all in him; and he would have it so,  
for he it is who brought down the palm to Mary,  
when the Son of God willed to lead him  
with our burden.' "

ALICE DUFFY '34.

## HORACE



The Sabine Farm among the Italian hills—Horace loved it; he invited his fellow Romans to visit it, to come back to its exuberant simplicity. Augustus needed Horace, however, when he came to rule. He needed someone to bring back the old intellectual Rome after the wars of Cæsar. The Augustan Age contributed the enduring of Latin literature: Cicero, Cæsar, Catullus, Lucretius, Virgil, and Horace; tradition has rightly called this the Golden Age of Rome. Virgil delineated, beyond any other poet, the ideals of his time and its past; but his grandeur prevented him from implying the moods of everyday life. These moods Horace, second only to Virgil, expressed as an interpreter of his day in poetry and as a critic of art in writing.

Horace was born south of Rome in Venusia,

a city colored by the old Greek culture of Magna Græcia. Happily this country boy studied at Rome and Athens. In civil war, with Brutus at Philippi, he fled after the cause was lost. He returned to Italy disillusioned and lost. But then from the man who had seen his world came a mellow observer. His early satires introduced him to Mæcenas, the prime minister and literary patron, who became his good friend and presented him with the Sabine Farm, so dear to his heart. Independent, intimate with poets and critics at Augustus' court, he made his works a mirror of Rome.

Before any other, Horace decided whether Roman letters should take the plain, sincere path or the ornate path. Queerly enough, there was a two-fold Horace, the provincial village boy of ordinary Italian ideals and the literary man of the city, finished in Greek culture and artificiality, who wintered in Rome and summered in the country. His farm won him, and he told Rome so. His lyrics domesticated the loveliest poetic measures of the Greeks and expressed in Latin impulse, beyond translation, his meanings. From banter to a friend or a coquette to admonitions to his reader to stay at home, away from the raging sea, his refine-



ment and compactness delight us—his etchings of Italian hills invite us.

No formal religion existed at Rome. Horace took what best suited him—and this was what best suited the middle-class Roman—from the Platonic theory, added a little common sense, and filled his works with this Augustan philosophy. The more a poet preached, as long as the metrics were correct, the better, thought the Roman; thus did Horace. He wrote in praise of Augustus as a "hero-god," as the Greeks wrote of their leaders.

More of a critic than a poet, Horace stated himself clearly. C. Lucilius of the Gracchi period had established the form of Roman satire; Horace followed him, but with a refinement of style and a softening of criticism that soundly rebuked his predecessor. His *Ars Poetica* pushed back toward classical Greek ideals. He demanded unity; to relieve worn-out words, he suggested breaking up clichés and refitting words into suggestive associations—as his own "integer vitæ"; he advised the study of a foreign language, for whose concepts new Latin words could be formed. Horace believed in traditional meters for particular themes and revolted against Catullus' scanzon and elegiac,

used indiscriminately. Charm of imagination, delicacy, and restraint the young writers learned from Horace. As a commentary on the literary wanderings of the day, the *Ars Poetica* is perhaps the most valuable document for the historian. In a literary epistle to Augustus, in the interest of contemporaneous poetry, Horace denounced Plautus, Ennius, and others for their slipshod style, praising his own age and the worth of its poetry.

This Horace, seen by his age, seeing his age, walked the streets of Rome and loved them. Others loved them; the tried Roman citizen did, but could not tell it out to readers of generations. Virgil soared to Olympus; he did not care about telling others how to come with him; but Horace absorbed himself in every little trifle of the day and helped. He tried to make others good and sensible in living through his poetry and to make them good writers through his criticism. He toiled on foot to bring all Rome to his Sabine Farm; now we see the good taste and intellectuality of that Rome because it chose the Sabine Farm, which itself is the reflection of the Augustan Age.

GERALDINE LUCY '37.

THE SABINE FARM  
*Translated by Theodore Martin*

My prayers with this I used to charge,—  
A piece of land not over large,  
Wherein there should a garden be,  
A clear spring flowing ceaselessly,  
And where, to crown the whole, their should  
A patch be found of growing wood.  
All this, and more, the gods have sent,  
And I am heartily content.

O son of Maia, that I may  
These bounties keep is all I pray.  
If ne'er by craft or base design  
I've swelled what little store is mine,  
Nor mean it ever shall be wrecked  
By profligacy or neglect;  
If never from my lips a word  
Shall drop of wishes so absurd  
As, "Had I but that little nook,  
Next to my land, that spoils its look!"

. . .

Close on eight years it now must be,  
Since first Maecenas numbered me  
Among his friends, as one to take  
Out driving with him, and to make  
The confidant of trifles, say,  
Like this, "What is the time of day?"  
"The Thracian Bantam, would you bet  
On him, or on the Syrian Pet?" . . .  
Yet all this time hath envy's glance



On me looked more and more askance.  
From mouth to mouth such comments run:  
"Our friend indeed is Fortune's son.  
Why, there he was, the other day,  
Beside Maecenas at the play;  
And at the Campus, just before,  
They had a bout at battledore."

. . .

Thus do my wasted days slip by,  
Not without many a wish and sigh,  
Oh, when shall I the country see,  
Its woodlands green? Oh, when be free,  
With books of great old men, and sleep,  
And hours of dreamy ease, . . .  
When, with the Friends I love, I dine  
At mine own hearth-fire . . .  
And then the talk our banquet rouses!

. . .

Whether to wealth or worth, 'tis plain,  
That men to happiness attain?  
By what we're led to choose our friends,—  
Regard for them, or our own ends?  
In what does good consist, and what  
Is the supremest form of that?

## JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

1685-1750



It is not too much of an exaggeration to say that the finest fruits of Bach's genius are found in his religious works. His family had been noted for generations for their stolid piety, as well as for their musicianship. So wholly was the family identified

with music that in Thuringia almost every musician, no matter what his name might be, was called Bach; and almost every Bach was a church organist.

Up to the time of Johann Sebastian Bach over five hundred sturdy chorales had been written, based on German *volk lieder*. These he rearranged and reharmonized for congregational singing and organ accompaniment. To this collection he added about two hundred more and of the highest calibre. His technic

and intellectual content were equalled by the gamut of human religious experience his chorales ran. His ambition was to restore to German church music the supremacy of noblest traditions. He carried to utmost degree freer polyphony based on more modern harmonic relations and sectional forms, which had taken the place of old modal counterpoint, and united to it Italian vocal monody for individual expression. Sir Henry Hadow defines counterpoint "as the combination of simultaneous voice parts, each independent, but all conducing to a result of uniform and coherent texture." Bach as interpreter of the religious spirit of the people discarded or rather enlarged upon counterpoint of which he was the master and developed polyphony to the highest point possible. For the new religion polyphony surpassed counterpoint because it appealed to the learned and ignorant alike. "Polyphony is flexible enough to allow unhampered play of individual character; counterpoint, in the proper sense of the term, is rigid and narrow, confining the artist within restrictions as hard as a mediaeval coat of mail." Bach's trifold power lay in his strength, technic and sincerity. "Nothing in music is more wonderful, perhaps more surpris-



ing, than the power and grip which these chorales have over all classes of musical listeners and over the singers themselves. In all choirs these simple four-part harmonic compositions hold singers and listeners probably more strongly than any other form of art. The Bach chorale has, in fact and in the supremest degree, a religious and mystic effect upon the hearer that cannot be analyzed or explained."

Another form of composition common in Bach's day was the chorale prelude: a well known chorale would be interwoven with other parts to bring out the beauty of the chorale itself and to express the loneliness of the composer's soul, perhaps, or his joy in the goodness of God. These miniature tone poems of Bach's covered the whole gamut of religious experience. Their exquisite beauty and richness of spirit disproves flatly the condemnation of those wooden minds that berate Bach as a mere mathematician. In *Auf der Tiefe ruf' ich* (of which the original was terse and far inferior in spiritual qualities) the variations sound exactly the suppliant prayer: "Out of the depths have I called upon thee, O Lord; harken to my crying and let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplication." No truer test can be made

of such a musical composition than that the form is so suited to the emotion that one is not conscious of the blending.

His *Passion According to Saint Matthew* marks the completion of the Passion as an art form. It is simpler than the *Mass in B Minor*, even than most of the cantatas; yet no work of Bach is so replete with poignancy and pathos. The *Passion* is essentially dramatic, and follows the ancient Catholic liturgical usage. Throughout the whole a single mood, one of depression, is maintained according to the Office of Good Friday; no hint of the Resurrection enters into it. In this respect it differs from Handel's *Messiah*, a lyrical oratorio (a particular form that Handel brought to its consummate perfection) that deals with Christ's resurrection and triumph, and is not liturgical.

Differing from the *Passion* is the *Mass in B Minor*. In this Bach reached the summit of his power: the vastness of scale, intellectual grasp, and majesty of power comparable only to Beethoven's *Mass in D*. Its length and difficulty prevent its use as a service Mass; yet, it sounds the depths of that spiritual and intellectual giant. In the *Wir glauben All' an einen Gott* Bach turned to the fugue. No form could be



more appropriate; the fugue is a structural synthesis built upon a single idea; therefore, that form expresses the idea of the oneness of God "an einen Gott." As Maitland writes, "... the whole of the choral numbers have a beauty of material, a splendor of intricate treatment, and a propriety in regard to illustrating words, surpassed in no music of earlier or later date."

Another side of Bach's genius illustrates his universality. Germans claim him as the master of the baroque as Mozart and Haydn are of the rococo. The musical counterpart of the architects of that period, Bähr, Neuman and the brothers Azam, is found in Bach. The aim of the baroque was the expression of buoyant and rich vitality in art, the leading on, the piling up to a great climax. Just as the notable buildings of that time, the Brühl Palace near Cologne and the Church of Our Lady of Dresden, were piled high with a wealth of beauty for the purpose of raising the spirit of the beholder so, too, the great *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor* and the *Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor* of Bach secured the same effect by a lavish use of meticulously graceful phrases, carefully balanced members and majestic rhythmic patterns.

But the baroque Bach would be forgotten.



It is through his cantatas, chorales, *Masses* and *Passions* that his giant faith shall stride down the centuries. Bach is indeed the greatest religious composer of all time. Palestrina of two centuries before was the musical exemplar of that intense revival of Catholic mysticism of which Saint Catherine of Siena and Saint Teresa of Avila were the religious. The soaring Gothic cathedrals reflect this selfabnegation, this leading away from human affairs to the infinite. But whereas in Palestrina heaven stoops to assist man; in Bach man, aware of his position, girds on his sword and strives toward the Infinite.

PEGGY GLEASON '36

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY

PHILOSOPHY aims at the determination of ultimate causes. The philosophy of history attempts to discover a plan according to which history evolves. It is an endeavor to explain universal history as a single whole resulting from the realization of a design which becomes more evident as a more comprehensive view of history is taken. If a purpose for the universe could be distinguished, history would be metamorphosed from a series of events to a rational process in which the past points to the future. The object then of the philosophy of history is to ascertain the "why" of history, or, as Kant designated it, a purpose of nature for the race.

Knowledge of the history of philosophies of history coupled with an awareness of what the philosophy of history aims to solve, makes one skeptical of the possibility of any such solution. The treatises which have been given the title philosophy of history seem to me to bear that designation without deserving it, because they either have not presented any plan at all or they have formulated an *a priori* plan. The invention of, not the discovery of, an historical plan

has been the usual procedure of philosophical historians.

The name, philosophy of history, is of recent origin; it was an eighteenth century innovation. The theory of a rational history is old, however. The Hebrews had a sublime belief in a divine scheme of the whole earth. Their theory seems, from a superficial point of view, to lack universality, for the Hebrews asserted a claim to the title of the chosen people; but Isaiah includes the "heathen" nations in the scope of the divine purpose when he prophesies that of the chosen people only a remnant will be faithful, that the gentiles will receive their inheritance and that all nations will ultimately come into the Church of God. The heathen interpretation of history was that of the Romans: that the gods had destined Rome to rule the nations. The Middle Ages had a theory of history based on Christian principles: history was part of a vaster process in which God and man were the principal participants. The Christians emphasized a divine element in history. Saint Augustine in his *City of God* formulates the Christian philosophy systematically; his theory begins and ends in revealed dogma. He considers history as part of a great struggle between the forces of good and



evil; the final issue is to be the triumph of good and the annihilation of the forces of evil.

The Hebrew belief in a divine plan and Saint Augustine's *City of God* are still valid and inspiring theories of man's destiny to millions of the faithful. It was not until the materialistic, skeptical eighteenth century, with its antagonism to all divine solutions, that there were conceived plans entirely divorced from all considerations but those of the "earth earthy." The modern method of reasoning is by the inductive method, but the modern philosophies under consideration have not been produced by that method; they are all *a priori* systems, produced by the deductive method, that is, in all cases where the philosopher actually presents a plan of historical evolution. The basis of the modern theories is the idea of progress based upon the idea of the perfectibility of man; the goal of humanity is assumed to be earthly welfare, and the test of all things modern is practicality. None but two of the modern theories discussed here, contributes anything practical to the achievement of the goal. In contrast, the Christian philosophy of history, according to Harry Elmer Barnes, "Was pragmatic to a degree . . . ;

it was 'philosophy teaching by example' with a real vengeance."

François Guizot, the modern whose philosophy I shall examine first, presents the elements of European civilization as they existed at the time of the fall of the Western Roman Empire: namely, the Church, the Empire and the barbarians; he traces the course of these three interacting elements from the fifth century to the present. He concludes that the general path of societies has on the whole been the same; they have had an initial period of origins, a second phase of trial and experiment in political unity, and a final period of development. Guizot did not pretend to attempt the discovery of a plan of historical evolution. His only effort was to present the course of the civilizing elements in Europe, with his assumption that the line of progress of societies is the same for all.

Henry Buckle's naturalistic theory asserts that the actions of men are part of a scheme of universal order. He assumed universal order and he stated no plan of that order. The best that Buckle does is to state that the condition of a given society depends upon the relation of the forces of nature and the forces of man to each other. Civilization is the result of intellectual



activity, and it can come only from man's ascendancy over nature. Thus Buckle determines the necessary conditions for civilization, but he completely neglects a plan of history.

George Hegel does succeed in presenting a plan of historical evolution. For that reason one might be disposed to admit that here is a philosophy of history. But the fact that his is an *a priori* theory prevents the admission. The modern conception of a philosophy of history is an attempt to *discover* an historical plan. Hegel did not discover; he invented. The facts are made to conform to the theory. According to his thesis, World Spirit, or Reason, reveals itself in the world by a gradual unfolding and thereby determines the plan of history: the Idea objectified.

*Dialectical Materialism* presents a theory of social change, but it in no way provides a design of historical evolution. It maintains that all history can be explained economically, but it does not maintain that there is an economic plan according to which history develops. Following the form of Hegel's logic of ideas, but substituting economic classes for ideas, Marx has represented labor (the "thesis") in conflict with capital (the inevitable "antithesis"); the



conflict is to produce the "synthesis": something different and better, namely the classless state, with exploitation gone forever.

James Harvey Robinson, in *The Mind in the Making* and Frederick Teggart in his *Theory of History* have speculated recently concerning history, and, while their works are usually thought to be philosophies of history, they do not resemble, even remotely, philosophy of history. Robinson asserts that the improvement of the world is possible if men preserve a critical, open-minded attitude, substituting the purpose to improve for the influence of tradition. Teggart pleads the necessity of correlating history and evolution and of substituting for a belief in progress a belief in the possibility of progress, *i.e.*, a belief not that progress is inevitable, but that it is dependent upon man's intelligent effort. Neither one produces a plan of historical evolution; neither one, therefore, has formed a philosophy of history. For that reason, their treatises only among those of the moderns seem to be of any practical value.

The opinion that Robinson and Teggart alone among the moderns have made contributions of practical value is prompted by the fact that they alone call upon man to help himself.

Undoubtedly their theories are not final and will be superseded by others, but their strength lies in their appeal to man's initiative and intelligence. They seek to exchange stupid passivity for intelligent activity.

KATHERINE CASASSA '35

POEM

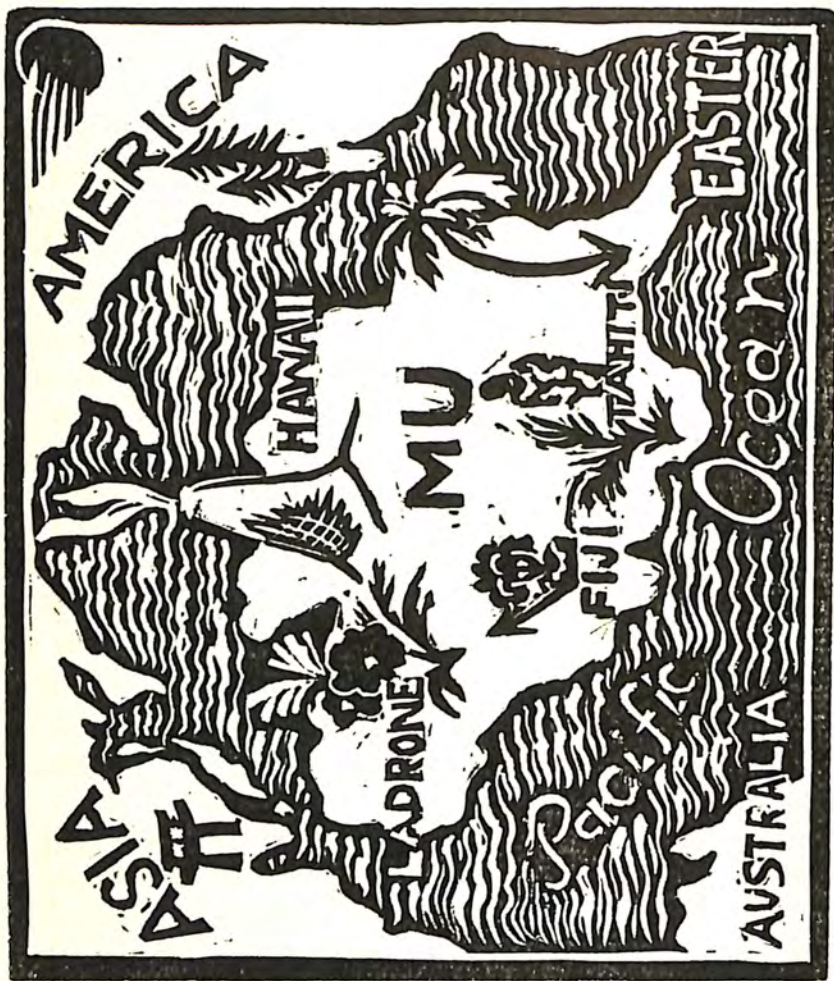
I like to walk where rain has fallen  
And left the ground a sprinkled brown,  
That oozes underneath my feet  
And crinkles, softly wet.  
The grass becomes a spongy carpet  
That spouts out little sprays—  
The blades, weighed down by water,  
Bend their small heights low.

VIRGINIA TRODDEN, '37.

## THE LOST CONTINENT OF MU

**O**NE night 12,000 years ago, the continent of Mu sank into a flaming pit and the waters of the Pacific closed over the burning maw. A few points of land only remained above water; today we know them as the islands of Hawaii, Fiji, Marquesa, Easter, etc. To these points a pitiful remnant of Mu's 64,000,000 people clung in desperation. Many of these were raving mad from the cataclysm; others were stunned to insensibility. Mu, the motherland of men, had disappeared from the face of the earth. Vanished were those green, rolling lands inhabited by ten mighty tribes, mostly of the white race, and wisely ruled by Ra, the representative of the one God. Gone were her proud ships that had carried people and produce of the motherland to shores north, east, and west to many colonies far and wide. Fallen were her temples dedicated to the one God, in whom all perfections found their fullness. The continent of Mu, the home of the first civilization, the birthplace of man, lay in vast gas pockets; during the same upheaval, that upheaval which made the mountains of the earth, there disappeared with Mu, Atlantis, the Bering land bridge, and the land





connecting North America to Greenland and Europe. Such tales as this appear in innumerable manuscripts, widely separated yet each verifying the other.

Colonel James Churchward, who has spent over fifty years in Mu research, came across ancient clay tablets carefully preserved unread in Asiatic monasteries. He induced an old priest to permit him to see them. Once the priest had tasted of that ancient wisdom (he was a scholar of dead languages, especially the Naacal, that of the first priesthood,) he and the colonel labored assiduously until the tablets were translated. Then Colonel Churchward extended his search into India and Burma; he found no tablets pertaining to Mu (rather he was not permitted to see any). However from the stone tablets of the Mayans (the *Troano* and the *Codex cortesianus*), from Valmiki's *Ramayana*, from the *Lhasa* of the Buddhist Temple in Thibet, from records of the cliff dwellers' inscriptions in the southwestern United States, and from hundreds of others as Egypt's *Book of the Dead* (whose very title, *Per-m-bru*, means "Mu has gone forth from the day"); from Plato's *Timaeus Critias* and from inscriptions on the ruins of Mexico, he has uncovered the story of Mu.



In spite of the divergency of times and countries records agree nicely. For example, the creation of the world as found in the Naacal Tablets (written either in the Motherland or in Burma) speak thus: "Originally, the universe was only a soul or spirit. Void and dark was the immensity of space. Only the Supreme Spirit, the great self-existing Power, the Creator, moved within the abyss of darkness. The desire came to Him to create worlds and He created worlds." This introduction is followed by a detailed account of creation. Then, "Let us make man after our own fashion and let us endow him with powers to rule this earth." Thus, whereas the Naacals brought their teachings from Mu to Burma, to India, to Egypt some 15,000 years ago, it would appear that Moses received the tradition contained in *Genesis* through the Naacals. The children of Mu worshipped God as the Trinity; the triangle, a symbol we consider Christian, derived from the Hebrews, is found in the Naacal writings and in the temple carvings of other lands. The sun, contrary to popular belief, not an object of worship, was considered the symbol of the consummate perfection of the Supreme Godhead. This symbol has been found in the robe



of a Kootenay Indian in British Columbia, on the Totem poles of the Maoris, in Mexico and Yucatan, in the South Seas, in Cambodia (both in the ruins of Ankor Thom and Ankor Vat), in India and Egypt. Among the most important teachings that have come from Mu is that which maintains that man proceeds from the Deity and must return to his source. Records of these beliefs are found on the remains of temples on the islands of the southwestern Pacific, on Easter Island, on islands of the Cook group, in the Gilbert, Marshall, and Caroline groups, in Panape, Ladrone, Hawaii; in fact, in the entire group that forms the outline of the lost continent.

On Tonga Tabu, a coral atoll free of all native rock and stone, stands an immense stone arch consisting of two pillars weighing some seventy tons each, topped by another stone of some twenty-five tons. Since the nearest rock is on an island over two hundred miles away this arch makes one wonder what kind of ships transported such monoliths. Other monuments are to be found in Burma, in Cambodia (the famous Ankor Vat), and in Yucatan.

In Yucatan stands the Uxmal temple, dedicated to the memory of "the lost land of the

West, Mu"; in Mexico, the Xochicalo pyramid (which Plato declared in his *Timæus* was an exact model of the Sacred Hill of Atlantis on which was built the temple in honor of Poseidon). Plutarch wrote in his life of Solon, "Souchis, the high priest of Sais, told Solon, also Psenaplus, a priest of Heliopolis, that 7000 years before the relations of Egyptians with the inhabitants of the land of the West had been interrupted because of cataclysms destroying the intervening country and because of mud that had made the sea impassable since the destruction of Atlantis by earthquakes and submersion." But the most thrilling discovery of all is that the Greek alphabet is an account of the destruction of Mu in Mayan.

Such is Colonel Churchward's theory of the lost continent of Mu. To all appearances he has mustered a formidable mountain of evidence; but the manner in which he leaps to conclusions and the slender chains with which he binds the diverse and separated lands together are not easily passed by one's scientific conscience. The archaeological worth is questionable; but the worth of this theory of Mu as a provocative of thought is beyond mere evaluation.

PEGGY GLEASON '36.



## THE CHARACTER OF THE LATE ELIA

(BEING A DISCOURSE ON LAMB AS A CRITIC  
OF HIMSELF)



I am well aware that in approaching Lamb as a critic, an essayist or a letter writer one can not do so too warily or with too much precaution. He possessed that peculiar and ingenious characteristic of confusing fact with fiction and fiction with

fact; what he says must be weighed and balanced against all his prejudices and sympathies and antipathies and his charming if odd delight in amusing those who knew and perplexing those who did not; it has been said of him that he believed truth to be too precious to be wasted upon everybody. To those contemporary readers of Lamb who knew him not, this curious bent of his for hoaxing and mystifying must at least have been a little annoying, but to the



modern reader reading Lamb for the first time it becomes more than just annoying, it is well nigh exasperating. However, to those who have acquired the true spirit of Lamb, to those who are acquainted with his life and who have read his letters and essays extensively this trait of his becomes both charming and amusing, perhaps because it is only then that one learns to distinguish the serious and truth-telling Lamb from the Lamb who is merely joking.

The entire critical world is unanimous in extolling Lamb as "that most delightful of essayists;" it is almost equally unanimous in extolling him as a delightful critic; yet howsoever delightful he may be, he is not considered a great critic, for with the exception of his bits on the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, he bases his criticism not on scientific reasoning but on prejudice and emotional sentiment. Yet under Lamb's critical writings might also be placed his criticism of himself, which though not in any one work is yet scattered throughout them all and is a true and penetrating piece of criticism free from prejudice and sentiment. With that subtle wisdom and comprehension which is characteristic of Lamb, he has stood apart and has criticised himself and

his works from afar; he knew himself above all else; thus his criticism is just and exact and therefore surpasses most of his critics then or since.

From the aspect of Lamb as a critic of himself perhaps the most valuable of his essays is that on *A Character of the Late Elia* in which in the guise of a friend he criticises his own character and style of writing with dry humor; and, half ironic though it may be, it is of particular value as a commentary upon his character, personality and manner of writing and on bringing to light why such persons as Carlyle misunderstood and disliked him. Of his *Essays of Elia* he says a little misleadingly, "Crude they are I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite things—villainously pranked in an affected array of antique modes and phrases. They had not been *his*, if they had been other than such; and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him." Crude his essays could hardly have been called. Lamb exaggerates a little there; not so, however, in saying that his affected use of "antique modes and phrases" was but natural to him. How could it have been otherwise to one



so steeped in Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn Burial* and Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Isaac Walton's *Compleat Angler*, and such other writers of the metaphysical school as Wither and Marvell; his mind was fairly saturated with them. Still speaking of the *Essays of Elia* Lamb says, "Egotistical they have been pronounced by some who did not know, that what he tells us, as of himself, was often true only (historically) of another;" and as if to prove his statement he cites the essay *Christ's Hospital* as an example in which under the first person, which Lamb says is his favorite figure, he writes not according to his own early history but Coleridge's; this same little device of disguising names and persons he has made use of throughout all his works. Thus Lovel of the *Essays* is John Lamb, his father; Bridget Elia is Mary Lamb, his sister; and Alice W—n, Ann Simmons. Lamb even appreciated the happy faculty he had of wandering from one subject to another—that faculty which accounts for his commencing an essay with a paragraph on Oxford in the vacation and ending it with a discussion on why the works of G. D. do not sell, and that same faculty which no doubt accounts for his versatility. In speaking of the



Quakers he says, "If my pen treat of you lightly—as haply it will wander . . ." and haply it did wander or else we had not the Elia essays.

Lamb speaks of his mind as being painfully introspective; perhaps this accounts for the sensitivity of his nature which in turn accounts for the length at which in *A Character of the Late Elia* he explains why those who did not like him hated him. He says, "My late friend (meaning of course himself) was in many respects a singular character. Those who did not like him, hated him; and some, who once liked him, afterwards became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern as to what he uttered, and in whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, and would e'en out with what was uppermost. He would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest; and yet, perhaps not quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it." And it is perhaps just this trick of his of jesting added to his love of practical joking which caused Carlyle to so misunderstand Lamb and despise him. Lamb adds also, "Your long and much talkers hated him;" this, however, certainly could not have been so else Coleridge, the most inveterate of talkers, could not have been his most cher-

ished friend. Lamb in criticising himself from this viewpoint of a friend tends to cover up what pardonable egotism he possessed with a veil of self-depreciation. Hazlitt in his essay *Of Persons One Would Wish to Have Seen* in which he describes a conversation which is supposed to take place at one of Charles Lamb's "Wednesdays" pictures Lamb as having a greater gift for conversation than Lamb in his essay would make us believe; in fact Hazlitt pictures him as the master and the center of the conversation.

Of his personal habits Lamb comments, "He was temperate in his meals and diversions, but always kept a little on this side of abstemiousness. Only in the use of the Indian weed he might be thought a little excessive" and with pardonable egotism he adds, "Marry—as the friendly vapour ascended, how his prattle would curl up sometimes with it! the ligaments, which tongue-tied him, were loosened, and the stammerer proceeded a statist!" In the same sketch he describes himself with dry humor as being "below the middle stature, cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably and is therefore more apt to discharge quibble



than in set and edifying speeches; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit, which, as he told a dull fellow that charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dullness."

One of the keenest examples of Lamb as a wise critic of himself is the fact that he realized that only when he was withdrawn from his everyday life as a clerk of the East India House and from the sorrows which filled his life could he truly reach the heights of his personality. In his *Autobiographical Sketch* he says of himself, "He is also the true Elia whose Essays are extant in a little volume published a year or two since; and rather better known from that name without a meaning, than from anything he has done or can hope to do in his own."

Perhaps the three most noticeable and the three principal concrete characteristics of Lamb's writing and of Lamb as a personality are the overabundance of prejudices, the reflection of his love for society and the city, and the reflection of his love and admiration of the past. Lamb as a critic of himself was aware of all three. Of his prejudices he says in the essay *Imperfect Sympathies*, "I am all over sophisticated with humours, fancies, craving hourly sympa-



thies; I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, ambiguities, and a thousand whim-whams." Of his love of the city—and the city to Lamb meant only one thing, London—he has written a whole letter to Manning in praise of London; and in answering an invitation of the Wordsworths to visit them in the country Lamb wrote, "Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead Nature." And of his attachment to the past he writes, "I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years,—from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective."

In ending his *Autobiographical Sketch* he concludes, "In short all his merits and demerits to set forth would take to the end of Mr. Upcott's book and then not be told truly." The same might be said of setting down all that he has said in criticising himself . . . yet without setting down all I think it can be seen that as a critic of himself Lamb can rank with the best of his critics then or now.

PHYLLIS MALTMAN '36

## GERTRUDE STEIN

**O**N a rainy afternoon in April, Gertrude Stein came to tea at Fanjeaux. A large personality, now laughing a deep, full-throated laugh at our stories, now taking us to task for vagueness in our questioning, now snubbing us outright for interposing a question at the wrong time, now fiercely indignant, now contemptuous because we declared we could not understand her. A vivid memory we have of that strange and massive person, so severe, so crushing, so determined to forecast her own future greatness by citations of the clouded risings of the stars of the world's truly great; an enormous yet half-hurt egotism; and at the very last a flash of unforgettable sweetness when our eager-eyed Jane darted out towards the genius about to disappear through the door and launched one of her mighty questions: "Miss Stein *won't* you tell us what you think is the end of poetry?"

The great person put her hands gently on Jane's shoulders, the strong-lined face crinkled into tenderness and we heard her say, "My dear, that would take me the rest of the evening. Go and read my lectures."



Many of us have been stirred to read her lectures and others of her books. Our reactions have been various, partly because of our different temperaments, partly because of the variations in Miss Stein's writing. Perhaps the steadiest opinions are that she has power, a rugged power that comes from a knowledge of people, rising out of wisdom born of sympathy and keen and curious observation; an almost uncanny knowledge of many kinds of people, a sense of places that she re-creates vividly by telling detail; a sense of life in its endless repetitions, its odd and little ironies.

At her clearest she is crystalline, as in the audacious *Alice B. Toklas*; but at her clearest she is not always strong. In her strongest, as in *The Making of Americans*, she is strong and clear, but dizzying in her repetitions (which she calls accumulations), ebbing and flowing repetitions that she seems to think give a sense of the rhythms of life; especially in the unabridged edition she frustrates herself by sins against the economy of style, ten thousand words where a hundred would do.

Her *Three Lives* is perhaps a lesser book than the *Americans*, less varied, less powerful, but penetrating and more readable. The good Anna



attracts one, her goodness is real, her affections for men and women and dogs who do not too much interfere. Malanctha Herbert is a strongly pathetic, if not a tragic character in her longing to learn the meaning of life, in her devotions, and in the rebuffs that crush her. The gentle Lena is neither attractive nor tragic, but she is portrayed with cruel power.

*The Making of Americans* Miss Stein wrote thirty years ago, the *Three Lives* was first published in 1909. When she finished *The Making of Americans* she says she knew she could make any kind of portrait she wanted to and then the fascination of doing it was gone. She wanted to be at new things, mystifying things that few if any can understand, and she wrote such works as *Portraits and Prayers*, *Four Saints in Three Acts*, *Tender Buttons* and *Lucy Church Amiablely*, where words follow along half the time in wholly unrelieved repetitions and in unintelligible heaps. Why does she do it? Perhaps she is imitating the startling or vexing modern French schools of painting, the daring works with which she hung the walls of her *atelier* in Paris where she gave them their first respectability. Provided her words mean something to her or please her in sound she does not think it

necessary that they communicate anything to the reader. Words are meant to represent states of mind she says. The reader is stupid if they say nothing to him. One should not ask to understand what Miss Stein does not choose to make clear. Discontent, she claims, is due to the newness of the thing; the public must be educated to accept modernity. A writer serves Mammon, not God, Miss Stein insists, when he is content to do as others have done. Most people, she declares, have no sense of words, their writing is flat. Mediocre writers are content with nouns when they should be using pronouns and prepositions; they weaken the minds of their readers by the use of punctuation that only defaces the page. Time will justify Miss Stein's arch-modernity, she argues, as it has justified Keats and Shelley and Blake and Wordsworth. Even Shakespeare is hard to understand. We think Blake great only because we are told so. Thus speaks Miss Stein.

A student of literature must recognize the grain of truth in these words, but this truth in no way justifies Miss Stein's obscurities. At no time has any intelligent reader ever found in any one of these writers strings of disconnected and apparently pointless words. Only one



trained in the Elizabethan idiom, it is true, can fully understand and appreciate Shakespeare, but even a clever child can read Shakespeare with some understanding and delight. Masses of Miss Stein's writing baffle the intelligent who approach it with real interest and open mind. The regret at its apparent stupidity is but deepened by one's sense of Miss Stein's real power. One can but wish that she could be content to perfect her actual gifts, to represent life so that it will be life even to the common reader.

S. C. M.

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ECHOES OF ONE CONTROVERSY OVER  
GERTRUDE STEIN

X: Charm as person—Magnetic power—Stuff and Nonsense!

Y: I don't think so.

X: *Some* is Stuff and Nonsense.

Y: Her purpose is not Stuff and Nonsense.

*Max Jacob* makes me angry—incoherent nonsense—

X: Stuff and Nonsense—Nonsense no Stuff!

Y: It is experiment—every thing needs experiment.

X: Mr. Skinner is right—her arm writes and she doesn't know what—

Y: She has no sense in choosing for publication. Many poets have made mistakes in publishing their own work; many times deplorably weak things were



published by both Wordsworth and Elizabeth Browning, for instance.

X: Pointless! Utter stupidities—ghastly—insane.

Y: Picasso believes in her.

X: Picasso is only a painter.

Y: Picasso is the greatest modern painter.

After the reading of some difficult passages—

X: Isn't it ghastly?

Y: It is ghastly the way one likes what she does after one has read much of her.

How silly, I thought today as I experimented writing in the Stein manner, to have bothered to teach commas and semi-colons all my life.

X: What a mind she has—what a pity to put such a blur between herself and her readers.

Y: The pity is that she prints her experiments. If she printed only her successes (*Juan Gris* is undoubtedly a success) she would be a powerful person—She is a powerful person—But she hurts her power by printing practice work. I am a Gertrude Stein enthusiast—in spite of this my anger knows no bounds at some things I can't understand—

She has penetration—

X: Undoubtedly!

I like her very much—although she 'snubbed' me when I met her—

Y: I think possibly the best thing she has done is *The Making of Americans*.

X: Why any person with such great talents should waste her time on drivel—

Y: It is a Belief—

X: It is an Obsession!

## MARJORY

(GERTRUDE STEIN DILUTED)

**T**HERE was wine and cheese and cheese  
and cheese and wine. Wine was there  
and cheese was there wine and cheese  
and cheese and wine. Or where. Red  
wine.

Flat bowl of the sea flat blue pale flat. Down.  
To be down to be round to be flat far down far  
wide around. Pale.

The sun widens the sky around and through  
and into and through and around.

She smiles happily but intensely but eagerly  
but warily. Happily but lonely but haunted  
perhaps smothered but haunted perhaps smothered  
but haunted crowding but not crowded.  
Not detached but crowded small but wide  
not quite free but swimming through above  
through splashing dancing gay but sad and  
unsure but assured but gay.

Perhaps a paraquet.

Perhaps a love bird.

Or as it is.

## SPRING



As I look out the window, the picture I see is like an etching of life: how beautiful, how uncertain, how delicate. The springtime, which has fought hard to bring warmth to us, is finally here; the young leaves on the tree near the window prove this. But

this picture of spring is as unsure as the pale sunshine on the bare bark of the tree, as uncertain as life. The quality of the colors possesses only a possibility of warmth: the lightness of the sky's blue, of the yellow green of the trees, of the dull brown of the earth. The faint light seems to reflect only some stronger sun of another world. The shadows under the green trees are black and suggest the cold and dark, but they do not oppress; they might move. Only a breeze moves the twigs on the tree by the window, but this breeze is a potential wind. The



twittering of the birds charms the ears, but it comes and goes with uncertainty. Even the good blue sky above finds a mar in a misty cloud, a reminder of the rains that have but recently passed and may soon return. This picture, so careful in outline, presents such a delicate beauty of form that it cannot fail to warm the heart. But it is only an uncertain loveliness, not real and sure and solid. It will pass as life's hope and joy and sorrow pass. Is life any more real than this gentle view of spring through the window?

GERALDINE LUCY '37.



## TEA



She swung through the lobby indifferently. People, she thought idly, were never very gay at the St. Francis. She looked at them critically: hats whimsical above rounded curls, the exactness of suits, gloves, shoes—exact smiles too.

Two years, she thought, and still the same. She paused a minute before the tiny counter of blithe colored oddities, glanced at the cool perfection of the diamonds from Shreve's, then she entered the large dimly lighted Embassy Room and settled down at a small table. Two years—and she wondered why she had come like this by herself: she hadn't called either Jan or Michael since her ship docked that morning. She had felt a need somehow to get acclimated, to get the feel of San Francisco in her, to be again a sane, carefully smiling, carefully suited person, to sense

the graciousness and dignity of this old city. They had been bitter, strong, boring years, those two in China. Blind, fighting years, no time for thinking or sentiment.

College: she remembered the first seeing of Jan. Tall, straight smiling Jan, her face harsh in an argument. It had been a queer friendship, hers and Jan's; real and jagged. The softness and sweetness of her college life she had shared with others. The walking long in the moonlight, the finding of new books, the thrill of minor crimes at school—Jan had never stooped to breaking rules—the long thoughtful fireside talks: all these had been with others. There had been constraint in the lightness they shared; only when it was the harshness and sting of soul to soul could they talk; it was funny that Jan had always come first. Though there had been the Teas. Tea at the St. Francis every Saturday. Sometimes it would be only she and Jan, sometimes others; but somehow the gay sweet motion of the music, the sense of well-being, of cool and ordered living, the courtliness of the waiter who asked, "Tea or coffee, please?" till he remembered and brought them coffee without asking had slackened the restraint that bound them and here they had talked and



laughed, hoped and planned. Some day, they said, they would work together, "You and I, Jan, we'll do big things." They shared interests here: the freshness and charm of the tall straight-haired blond who had come dancing in fine Mother-bought clothes time after time with the weak-smiled fascination of a dark haired youth—and then one day he came with another girl; the diamond bracelets on the wrist of the face-lifted lady of slight figure and short skirts; the little old lady and man who came one Saturday; the birthday parties; the bride-to-be confused in the spotlight and the strains of the wedding march. But when they parted at the door or on the corner it was a curt cool good-bye.

Then she had been graduated and there was Michael. Two months at Carmel, she and her mother and grave, serious-eyed Michael. All week there had been the warmth and relaxation of sun and talk; their friendship had been like that, as perfect and free and clear as the sun. She hadn't needed to tell him of herself, of things like how she loved more than anything swimming at dawn but never managed to get up; all things they knew about each other. But there had been Tea. All week they had played

and laughed, and Saturdays they had put on their stiff hard-civilized clothes and gone dancing; had driven a hundred miles to the St. Francis to go to tea and dance. And somehow when they had pushed through the revolving door and walked past the uncurious eyes of the people there, something left them. The music wrapped the emptiness that was between them, caressed it, made of it a moving lovely laughing thing but still emptiness. They would drive back to Carmel, silent, hurt, till the white sands, the clean salt tang, the moon on the water, met them, enchanted them; and once again everything was crystal clear. Only a tiny wee doubt. When it had been "—for all our lives, honey," she hadn't known. There had been a letter too from Jan, a plan, a chance to work together, building, and she hadn't known.

She had gone to China, gone as the secretary to a Smugness who was gathering facts on the home life of the Lower Classes—

And now she was drinking tea at the St. Francis, alone, and she had called neither Jan nor Michael.

LOIS SMITH '35

## TAMALPAIS

IT WAS pleasant that night to sit on the upper deck of the ferry and allow the chill night wind from the sea to seek in vain an opening under my snug collar. I was its last victim: it had forced all other passengers to retreat into the warm cabin and I alone remained to lean against the damp rail and look into the darkness. The black water was unretrieved from gloom by any ray of moonlight or the pinpoint sparkle from a single star, for both moon and stars were obscured by a thick blanket of sombre clouds weighing heavily over the sea. While engaged in contemplation of so dark a night, eyes half shut against the blast, I suddenly became conscious of a great whiteness spreading over the water from a single point of light in the distance. I imagined it at first to be the rays from a search light, but as I watched the fixed light disappeared, the glow resolved itself into a definite shape and came rapidly nearer. When it had approached to within a few hundred yards of the ship, I was able to discern the vague outlines of a human form, tall, straight, thin, and perfectly white. In spite of myself an insidious fear of the unknown



wormed itself into my imagination. In an effort to dispel it by reflecting that the cause must be some physical thing after all, I opened my eyes wider to make out the form, but the stinging draft forced them shut. When I looked again the figure had vanished and a voice was saying in my ear, "Odd sight, isn't it?" The calm of the tone of voice was in direct contrast to the tumult of questioning and dread that was taking place within me, and served in some measure to soothe my excitement. Yet at the same time the sound greatly startled me for I had not been aware of another presence. Evidently someone had come up beside me while my attention was fixed on the apparition. Since I made no answer, the voice continued, "I have seen it often while making the crossing. I was frightened the first time, but after hearing its story my fear has turned into a sort of pleasure for I think how happy the beautiful Tamalpa herself must feel in returning again to the place she loved."

It was impossible to see the face of the person speaking to me, but the voice was masculine and held in it a certain seasoned quality that betokens old age. After a pause it added, eagerly, "Perhaps you would like to know her story." I nodded, glad of a relief from the sen-





sation I had just experienced. Then standing at the rail and gazing out over the water where the tall, white figure had glided, I listened. Quietly, as if he had told it many times before and as if each word was dear to him, the speaker began: "The flawless beauty of the Indian maid, Tamalpa, was renowned throughout the tribes near and far. Around every evening fire were discussed, not critically but with wonderment, the qualities of her dark, shimmering hair, her compelling eyes, her cheeks in texture like the skin of an olive, her stately carriage. To gaze upon her once was to love her always. But few ever saw her, for she walked alone on the hill-sides and sought no human companionship; she cared for none. Her only joy was to feel the sun's rays on her face and its warmth seeping into her body. When the sun was hidden from her sight, an incomprehensible sadness weighed upon her which only the coming of dawn could dispel.

One day when clouds hung low over the hills casting a great shadow upon them, the forlorn Tamalpa came suddenly upon an Indian brave, tall of stature and lithe but as black as if a thousand shadows hovered round him. As she stepped back to avoid him, he said to her, "Do



not leave me, Tamalpa. I have traveled many days to find you. I love you and wish to make you mine."

Tamalpa recoiled from his stern appearance, answering, "I do not love you and will not marry you. Go."

No sooner had she said these words than a pillar of fire appeared before her from which stepped a young man whose very being exuded a golden radiance. At this sight the Indian hid his face in his black robes and retreated silently into the forest. When he had vanished the apparition spoke. "I am called Mohuani, the Sun God," he said. "I could not come to you until you had given your refusal to the brave known as Prayutuma, the Shadow God. Where he holds sway I cannot go, whether in the forest or into your heart."

And she answered, "My lord, I have felt your regard upon me long and have rejoiced therein. As it has ever drawn my body, so now your presence draws out my heart."

Mohuani took Tamalpa away to a beautiful valley where they wandered for seven days, rejoicing in each other's beauty, radiating the sun's glory wherever they went.

Just as dusk fell on the evening of the sev-

enth day, Prayutuma, the Shadow God, found his way into the happy valley. In the sudden gloom that his presence spread over the land, Mohuani's brilliancy was for a moment extinguished. Taking advantage of his opportunity, Prayutuma seized Tamalpa and concealed her in the creases of his black robe. The poor maiden struggled desperately to free herself from the oppressive garment, but at last, having worn away her strength, she abandoned herself to suffocation in its thick folds. When she ceased moving Prayutuma suddenly realized what he had done. In his cowardice he released her body and slunk away into the shade. Mohuani's grief was unquenchable and in order that he might never again set eyes on Tamalpa's place of death he caused the sea to overflow the valley and cover it from his gaze. Then he lifted the beautiful maiden to a high mountain close by, where she still remains, enveloped in the glory of the sun by day. But at night when Mohuani must leave her, Tamalpa's spirit returns to glide over the water that covers her happy valley, of all places on earth most dear to her, and dream once again of having Mohuani perpetually with her as in the seven days of their happiness."

MIRIAM WILLIAMS '38.



## CHINATOWN



The Chinaman came into California in the spring of '48 during the gold rush in the hope of earning two or three or four dollars a day in place of the ten cents that he earned at home.

He was a good worker, intent in anything he did. Wherever the whites and other foreigners went in search of gold the Chinese followed, to earn a livelihood. They became adept, then indispensable as launderers. The cleaner and more cultured among the miners at first sent their white shirts (which they used only on important occasions) to a laundry in the Hawaiian Islands to be starched and ironed and then returned some two months later. An enterprising young Chinaman, one Wah Lee, founded, then, in 1849, the first Chinese laundry, "Wash'ng & Iron'ng." Whereas the



Hawaiian launderers had charged five dollars a dozen for white shirts, Wah Lee charged but two dollars. Soon came white shirts from many places in the state from as far south as Monterey and as far north as Sacramento. Wah Lee's employees set up in businesses for themselves and by the early seventies none but Chinese remained successful in the laundry business, and these were all in San Francisco. With so many laundries in Chinatown, prices eventually dropped so low that a family of six could have its weekly washing done for one dollar and a half.

The Chinese went also into the cooking business. They opened their first restaurant at the end of Kearny Street. It was terrible food that they served which could be digested only with the aid of whiskey, especially that "American-born, pseudo-Chinese dish," chop suey. But the Chinese learned, till they are noted now for their love of the responsibility of giving or planning perfect dinners.

It was because they were too capable, perhaps, that movements arose to get rid of the "coolies" who inhabited one of the most promising sites in the city. They continued, however, as butchers, merchants, house-boys, cigar-mak-

ers, masons, carpenters and even barbers, and increased in numbers. Labor was in general too cheap for occidental standards; only the Chinaman was content with his wages.

The very picturesqueness of Chinatown seems always the same. The Chinese servant is often more than a servant; he is honest, loyal, loving, and sometimes a person of cultivation and refinement. But there are two sides to his life. Though he is a faithful servant, doing more than his duty for the master that treats him with respect, and a loving father, caring more for his children perhaps than their mother, he often leads a subterranean existence. It is hard to realize that these kind, gentle men and women of the kitchen are the same who after hours appear regularly in the dens below the streets of Chinatown, where white men rarely go. Before the earthquake many underground passages existed, such a maze of pathways that a Chinese who knew his way well could get from one place to almost any other point in Chinatown. In the den of a white cobbler in California Street and under his counter was a trap door; it could lead to anything—long passages, with rooms on either sides from which came murmurs of a mysterious life, vile odors

from opium pipes, walls dripping with exhalations of the earth, black plague in the air. At the end of the halls there was another trap door which led into a cellar. From there one passed through a Chinese grocery store into the daylight. There were several such exits.

For more than three generations Chinatown has maintained aloofness, modesty—but identity.

VIRGINIA DE LORIMIER '37.

#### BOLINAS

Night and sifted clouds on the shoreline  
And the low, rolling sea;  
Stars; a gleaming bit of phosphorus  
On the black, racing wave;  
Foam blown by wind from the southwest  
On the wet, gleaming sand.

PEGGY GLEASON '36.



## OF LAUGHTER



Although some people condemn laughter saying that it is the sign of fools or vacant minds and "hath only a scornful tickling" (Ches-terfield considered it "illiberal and illbred"), most of us, happily, deem laughter one of the greatest pleasures life has to offer. Bergson has said that "it is gaiety itself." Only those who hate gaiety and happiness could condemn laughter. They seem strange persons indeed who cannot laugh, persons devoid of youth, a good heart and a lively sense of fun. And for them we shall be sorry. An old proverb states that "he who laughs too much hath the nature of a fool: he that laugheth not at all hath the nature of an old cat." So it is; for after all man was made to be happy and to laugh. It is the ability to laugh as well as to reason that distinguishes him from the beasts.

There are many kinds of laughter, some arising from contempt, others with satire, some with talking nonsense, and much from slips and lapses of all sorts. But the greatest kind is that genuine heart-felt laughter whose source is "reasoned joy"; laughter without offense, born of high spirits, honest mirth, and a good heart, and laughter shared with another.

"Laughter without offense," Hobbes wrote, "must be at absurdities and infirmities abstracted from persons and when all the company may laugh together; for laughter to one's self puts all the rest into jealousy and examination of themselves."

Laughter is a pleasure because a form of play. Its essence is freedom and abandon. Laughing, we relax and are relieved. We momentarily forget ourselves, the present, and whatever unpleasanties there may be around us. Our high spirits and present joy are overwhelming, and we burst forth in an "audible explosion," that "pleasant spasm we call laughter." Outwardly there is only a distortion of our face and uncontrollable, usually contagious sounds, gentle, rippling or thundrous as the case may be, but inside there is that incomparable good feeling that can never be defined.

If laughter comes in a tense moment in society, ease and good feeling follow. And even two strangers who laugh together are united in a bond of understanding. Sometimes we are drawn to new persons because they bring with them the priceless sounds of laughter. Their laughter mates with ours. It is enough; we will have them for friends.

Oh, how the earth is blessed with the "grateful pangs of laughter"! Let those condemn laughter who will. We will sympathize, be the more thankful that we are not one of them, and feel blessed for this which, whether we be moved to it ourselves or encounter only the mere sounds of it, brightens our lives and adds immeasurably to the gaiety of the world.

JANE MALTMAN '36.



## OLD BOOKS



Cherished memories of old books, the favorites of our childhood, books we knew before we were admitted to the company of Thackeray and Dickens and Scott. I remember there were large volumes and small volumes and medium sized volumes and that all

with the exception of a few privileged ones had gayly colored backs and were filled with intriguing pictures, and, best of all, with large bold print that could be read under the dull light of closets and even at night without light when all the rest of the children were abed, if the moon was high and round enough. For all these old volumes I shall always covet a certain tenderness. They furnished my early dreams with all sorts of outrageous schemes and ambitions; they created new worlds of adventure

and peopled my fanciful world with personalities never to be forgotten and yet never to be seen—for what an odd assortment of characters they furnished. Certainly it was a cosmopolitan and democratic place, that world of my fancy. It included kings and queens and noblemen and sultans from the fairy tales and the *Arabian Nights*. By their side was Dibdab the Duck, and Dr. Doo Little and Epaminondus and Little Black Sambo, and then there were Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy, The Five Little Peppers and Penocchio, the marionette man, and, not-to-be-forgotten, the Tin Woodsman, the Cowardly Lion and the Scarecrow, all from the *Wizard of Oz*, that big blue volume with the thick white pages and the orange print. But most intriguing of all was the big glass cat which sat on the high walled fence and the monkey below who sat and watched the intricate workings of the cat's insides.

What fun it is to recall them all; each character in each volume returns from out the recesses of our consciousness accompanied by long forgotten thoughts of favorite nooks and companions and long forgotten incidents of our childhood. But all of them in our mind no doubt somewhat differ from what they were

or are in reality; for somehow under the lulling influence of reminiscence, little remains the same. Old friends, old pastimes, past adventures, all take on in time increasing glory, climb to new heights. It seems to me that unpleasant recollections recede altogether or increase with unproportioned intensity; the pleasurable associations, however, become somehow marvelously enhanced. Thus I suppose it is the same with these old favorites of our childhood, and therefore I shall never return to read them again. For what a disappointment it would be to find that Epaminondus wasn't funny any more, or that *The Five Little Peppers* was sentimental, or that *The Water Babies* and *Peter Pan* weren't so tragically sad as I remember them.

PHYLLIS MALTMAN '36.



## BOOKS AND VACATION



Some time has passed, I wager, since any of us has had leisure or the divine sense of irresponsibility necessary to pick up a book, one of our old favorites, and re-read it for pure pleasure. That privilege comes seldom during the

school year unless we be one of those possessing a rare spark of genius, one of those so gifted as to be able to accomplish the prescribed school work and yet have time to devote to one's own fulfillment and feel that it in no wise can be better spent than in reading. But such unhappily are few, and the less fortunate of us spend the most of each day of our school year worrying and fretting over work that is to be done and doing some of it. The predominant part of the remaining time is spent in prescribed reading, prescribed lectures and concerts; and the

little time that is left us we spend in recuperating from the trials of these our college days.

Yet, withal, we have our reward; summer comes when we are at our last resources; our final energy has been spent writing term reports to suit fastidious professors, reviewing or cramming for finals; the seniors, as if they had not enough, have their comprehensives to pass . . . or fail; not to mention graduation; and they, the more pity, have not even the pleasures of summer to encourage them. They have positions to find and life before them; but we, the undergraduates, have our reward in the summer vacation, those three blissful months of warm weather and idleness, three months to do with what we will. And what pleasures they hold for those who will spend the best part of them curled up in some cool corner with some favorite volume. What pleasure is in store for the book lover who can lose herself in tales of other days or in thought-provoking essays or in charming and intriguing letters, or best of all in exploring vast bookshelves of yet unknown delights, each volume with separate virtues yet to be tasted. What irrepressible pleasure is to be found in each one, in reading and rereading it at leisure, in making it, too, a favorite vol-

ume. Certainly each newly discovered treasure is just and merciful compensation for the tribulations of the work-worn and weary college student.

PHYLLIS MALTMAN '36.

#### IN COILLA DORACA

Darkened wood and a sanded floor and a tripod over  
the fire,  
Streaming pot of stirabout  
Slowly stirred with a wooden spoon by the woman  
of Innis Magrath;  
Seumas Beg and Bridget Beg in rapture over the  
steam,  
Telling tales of the Leprecaun  
That bury gold in an ancient crock by the foot of  
the white thorn tree.

PEGGY GLEASON '36.



## ON LETTERS

"An agreement and kind correspondence between friends is the greatest pleasure of life."

SIR RICHARD STEELE.



The diversions of college life are many, and letter-writing is one of the happiest and most common of them. Letter-writing, they say, is a decaying art. Perhaps so in the world as a whole, but certainly not in a col-

lege hall, for there it flourishes always. There are always letters to be written to our family, our acquaintances and our friends; so we spend all possible times in writing them: during classless periods; sometimes, though shamefully to be admitted, during lectures; in the leisure of late afternoons; and, the happiest time of all, in the quiet, late hours of the night.

Letter-writing is a pleasure because when we are in the mood it is good to talk to people and

to feel them listening with interest and sympathy. To most of us there is a strange enjoyment in passing on our experiences, expressing our feelings and communicating our ideas. Writing to our family, we may tell all manner of things, our problems, worries, and numberless little joys, and the seeming great things we think and do. It is fun sometimes to chat with acquaintances, filling pages mostly with words on what we do and on people we know.

Then there are those very solemn occasions, usually in the late silent night time, when, after everyone has gone to sleep, we, abandoning thoughts of study, unmindful of sleepy eyes on the morrow and oblivious of the growing lateness of the hour, sit up alone and talk by pen and ink to a far-away friend. Sometimes we gayly write mere nothings and nonsense, for "Tis the privilege of Friendship," writes Christopher Morley, "to talk nonsense, and to have our nonsense respected." More often we talk very peacefully and sincerely, opening our hearts, sharing with an unbounded confidence our experiences of mind and spirit, and filling our letters with tenderness and truth. It is on such rare occasions of "joyous discourse" that we realize and appreciate more than ever that



which Agnes Repplier calls "the thrice-blessed custom of letter-writing."

Yet one of the pleasantest incentives for writing letters is the thought of later receiving new ones in reply. Though the liking to write letters may be disputable, the love of receiving them is an ever proven fact. Certainly there is no question of our devotion to them. We haunt the post-office, wear to tatters the spirit and patience of our postmistress; our lives are bounded by circumscribed units of time, periods of one mail delivery to the next.

What delight and contentment when we are remembered with most any missive, be it from Pasadena, Portland, Oxford, or San Francisco, be it filled with idleness, wit, or wisdom. There are the frequent letters from home, especially dear, which speak of people and things of which we like to hear and saying they at home love us still and miss us much. There are the epistles of old acquaintances telling of movies, marriages, and new babies, and filled with experiences and chit-chat of all sorts. Then there are the letters from those with whom we have talked till the early morn, the mere handwriting of which causes us to smile and our hearts to be filled with gladness, letters "that content



the heart and provoke the mind," letters made of that which Emerson called "bark, steel, and mellow wine." How we love the letters and the friend! Reading, we smile; we think, intensely feel, and growing very humble, we stop and happily thank God for this which is so good and lovely.

Most letters are put away until answered, then answered are thrown away and soon forgotten. But some few we put away to be treasured and never forgotten, those few remaining "dear to us in all seasons and in all moods, a heritage of delight," not only while we are away at school, but "as long as life shall last." And for them there will be thanks forever more.

JANE MALTMAN '36.

## ON CAMPING

"Bed is too small to rest my tiredness,  
I'll choose a hill for a pillow soft with trees,  
Then draw the clouds up tight beneath my chin.  
God, blow the moon out, please!"

It is part of a great heritage to share in a camaraderie of fine folk and spaciousness of out-of-doors, a heritage that is the result of years of generous planning and untiring work of men and women who are interested in young people. We do not go out into the woods to be "tramps" and come back less civilized. Neither do we go in regimental troops and lead a modified army life. We go to camp (would that there were another name for it) first for the very fine reason that we want to go. Of course there are dozens of other forces enticing us away from hot dusty cities: swimming, canoeing, horse-back-riding, various handicrafts or nature lore, the pleasure of friendships, or merely the thought of a vacation in the mountains or by the sea. But the joyous value of our summers lies beneath skills and fun, in the fact that we are at camp because we want to be. What an ideal situation then is ours—young folk enjoying vacation and friends in a myriad of natural

beauties. What a wealth is ours "for the growing of our hearts." Without the artificiality of city life we are quite likely to find our better selves and to learn and understand a stronger thread of human relationship. Acquaintances form quickly and friends seem more closely allied.

"What is the tie that binds us,  
Friend of the long, long years?  
Just this—we have shared the weather,  
We have slumbered side by side  
And friends who have camped together  
Shall never again divide."

Summer camp days are filled with a medley of work and play. It is almost difficult to distinguish between the two because what we sometimes consider tiresome drudgery, at camp becomes clothed in the colored light of new experience. There are hobby hours, too, wherein we may widen our interest or follow our fancy, be it a leather tooled work of art, practicing a new dive, or a favorite story. Evenings bring us closer. Around a fire are informal discussions, reading aloud our favorite poetry, music and song—



"Before the fire we share our dreams  
With each new flame new vision gleams,  
And in the purifying light  
Our souls may reach a fairer height.  
Upon this hearthstone close is knit  
Comradeship into our lives—God shelter it!"

All the most precious things of camp seem to slip in unawares and too dear to be bought with gold, for we have learned to live with people, to lose our sense of strangeness for faith in friends and, in a certain feeling of possession of God's world, to free ourselves from the barriers of pettiness.

JUNE SCHIBEL '35.



## MEMOIRS OF A POSTMISTRESS



I was appointed postmistress at the beginning of the term and immediately set about to learn my duties. I assigned boxes and gave out keys, keeping account on any scrap of paper I happened to have handy at the time. After the misplacement of several of these scraps, I realized that I had started out with the wrong method, and set about to make an alphabetical list. This list, I must admit, is still not complete or entirely accurate for I had memorized most of the box numbers before I got around to improving my tactics.

At first I was slow and tremulous in putting out the letters so checked after I had finished distributing them, especially those of a certain senior who became outstandingly annoyed and cross when I made my first mistake. It was my

luck to have placed the letter of such a one above all others in the wrong box.

I was asked about the mail at all hours of the day and night, expected to remember whether each girl received a letter or not, and I was even asked the place of post-mark, who wrote the letters. At first I was inclined to be indignant at the presumption that I might be inquisitive, but after a while answers came mechanically with no thought as to the possible motive of the questioner.

On occasions when I was not to be found immediately, my friends were haunted and questioned as to my whereabouts and whether I had brought over the mail. Many times they wearied from such cross-examination and wished they had never seen me.

I am sure I shall never forget the night when I was awakened out of a sound sleep to answer an important call and after stumbling to the phone found that it was just someone in another house wanting to know if she had a package.

During the first weeks when I saw the downhearted and despairing expressions on the faces of my school-mates when I told them "no letter today," I felt as badly as they, and then got



terrified for fear it was my fault they were disappointed. I would proceed to search high and low to make sure I had not overlooked an expected letter; soon, however, I possessed no such foolish fears and felt no pity for disappointed people. But I continued still to be a little affected if Friday's mail brought no word from Porto Rico, for then I heard unbelievable dismay expressed in floods of voluble Spanish. Wednesday I found to be the busiest day, undoubtedly week-end dates were coming to life.

Although I am not of particularly *large* stature, many times I know I must have been mistaken for an expressman. On one occasion I was informed by a freshman that she would be receiving some packages and would I just bring them to her room. Another freshman, it seems, used to take home almost her entire wardrobe every week-end and then have it sent back at the beginning of the week. When the numerous large packages arrived on Tuesday, she was indeed a plaintive sight as she stood surrounded by large parcels exclaiming, "What will I do with all these boxes? I can't imagine what could be in them!"

About once a week I was taunted by a medium sized box marked in bold letters, "Fragile.

Cake." However, on Valentine's Day, I was fully rewarded for my year's services. I am sure I could tell the quality of candy from near and far, from expensive confectioners or from a mother's kitchen.

My duties came to a closing with the arrival of senior pictures, shoes, and graduation presents. The seniors honored me by showing me their pictures and asking my advice as to the best, and plagued me if their shoes were a little late in arriving. But as I handed them the graduation packages of different sizes and shapes, I could not but feel a little sad, for I realized that soon they would no longer be with us, and some perhaps we should never see again.

So a year as postmistress passed, a year in which I experienced annoyance and pleasure, but found, nevertheless, much memorable and interesting.

VIRGINIA VAUGHAN '36.

## MEMOIRS OF THE KEEPER OF THE CANDY PRESS



My life as the one in charge of the candy press at Fanjeaux has never had a dull moment. My popularity from eight until eleven o'clock at night is excelled only by that of the post-mistress at eleven in the morning. At the eight o'clock bell for quiet there is a

knock at my door. I utter a mechanical "Come in" and immediately start my customary search for the key. I have four possible places in which to look (not including the door of the candy press where I found it once) and since I seldom remember where I last put it I keep an impatient, starving customer waiting while I hunt. With it found, we proceed to the tea room and open the press. It is then my turn to wait while my rotund customer (most of my customers are of this genus), who always buys



peanuts, examines the entire stock and finally chooses peanuts.

I then proceed back to my room where a French report lies unfinished but I am hailed by a frantic freshman who is seeking "two nickels for a dime." Next perhaps it is my nightly client who is not eating candy in Lent and who consequently buys two bags of peanuts during the five spring weeks instead of one customary Hershey. Next it is a friend, very prone to pranks, who smuggles life-savers off the bottom shelf while I am reaching for Milky Ways on the top shelf. Then comes her accomplice in crime, offering a gold filling in security for two Hersheys.

And so it is. Every five or ten minutes there is a knock at my door and another trip to the candy press. If I am not home people have an uncanny gift of knowing just where to find me. Once, it was the night before finals, I think, I was even discovered studying in the store room, seeking sanctuary behind a pile of mattresses and bed springs.

The candy press has really many pleasant aspects. It is very convenient to buy candy at any time without having to arouse someone from a store room or from a bed at midnight.

At the candy press, too, I receive all the latest news and hear all the troubles of my various and sundry customers. I return at last to my room consoled with the knowledge that I have no such troubles or, if I have, with the knowledge that I am not alone in my agony.

BETTY ELDER '36.

## REMINISCENCES

*"For in the dew of little things the heart finds its morning and is refreshed."*

THE year has been a full one, fuller than most it seems. We returned in September, tanned, our sweaters, skirts and brogues strangely new, delighting in a certain forgotten eagerness intrinsic to our Dominican school mates; we were moved as always by the dignity of Shield Day, the first wearing of caps and gowns; we were impressed by the new theatre in Forest Meadows and by the concert and ballet we saw there; we played hockey; waved our hair and polished our nails for the Formals; loved the Christmas Carols more than ever, even to singing them all the way to the City when we started home for vacation; we were saddened the second semester with finals; wore "slickers" and rubbers longer than usual it seemed; played basketball; went to many concerts; were impressed by the efforts of the dramatic club; and thence to the sadness of graduation. In short the milestones of this year seemed much the same as always, and, in thinking them over, we have come to realize that it is not these large outstanding events, but



rather the little things, the things we might forget, things like the *Parce Domine* of Benediction during Lent, the *Anima Christi* of Retreat, the incense in the Chapel, the smell of eucalyptus leaves burning, the greenness of the first rain, the first wearing of summer dresses in the spring, Tuesday morning breakfasts of bacon and scrambled eggs, talking long around the fire at Sunday's tea, this year's special excitement of Student Body meetings, Thursday night dinner, the tamales on Rosary Sunday, things such as these have made school dear to us, and such as these we have set aside a special place for chronicling.

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On Friday afternoons there is a sudden emptiness of feeling in the moments after the laggard harshness of the bell. It is a too sudden relaxation from duties. Those three or four hours to fill stretch long. There is a

bleakness after the taxiing departure of friends.

Best to do, I find, in this sadness, is seek the Library—strangely enough at its most pleasant. Rummage idly through the shelves that before have yielded merely the Assigned. Find Kipling on a low shelf. Sit plunk down and browse through *Captain Courageous*. Take *Pride and Prejudice* or *The Christmas Carol* to the large table in the middle where the late afternoon sun makes warm the usual chill. Discover a lovely large book of Irish fairy tales, or a tiny book of verse by some nun. Maybe just lean lazily on the magazine racks and read the paper or *The Theatre Arts Monthly* or *Time*. All this warms the heart and comforts the soul, till perhaps the bell sounds for Benediction. And if it's a little praying you need, a veil may be borrowed from the Librarian, perhaps with gruff admonition for a prompt return.

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We feel the spirit of Friday nights first as we idle from dinner into the dimness of the living room brightened by only the fire and its small group at the far end—com-



fortable in sweater and skirt of all day, our hair still wanton perhaps from the walk home from town or Guzman. A certain warm spaciousness of feeling, a cool drifty sense of the slackening in the tension of the week, a warming of affection towards this small part of the college with whom we have shared so many weekends—a knowledge of the meatiness of this whole evening to do with as we will. (There is a week of things done to rest our consciences comfortably against.) Perhaps we draw the chesterfields close to the fire for a long evening with a pleasant book and a familiar orchestra . . . a walk perhaps. Sometimes we putter, rearranging our rooms, dusting, dresser drawers: pleasures when done with leisure. The more ambitious take Lux and their week's washing to the laundry. Nine-thirty, the dumb-waiter triumphantly produces matter for toast and chocolate. We talk as we eat, maybe perched on the radiator, the table or the telephone booths of the tea room—or perhaps in the room of a friend, long into the night.





Bed-time seems always a wonderful occasion, but even more wonderful at school; when on a cold night after a long day, our study ended, baths over, and visiting and roaming completed, we get into bed.

“Then the cool kindliness of sheets that soon  
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss  
of blankets;”

so warm and friendly, and the white, unwrinkled pillows piled high for a tired head; the quiet room, its only light at our side, and books, magazines, and letter paper by us to please our changing fancies and satisfy whatever mood. So we write letters or read: Montaigne, letters of Charles Lamb, a travel book of Tomlinson, or, if we are very weary, gay stories from *The Good Housekeeping*, so effortlessly enjoyed. In all, we entertain ourselves with that which brings a peaceful heart, sweet dreams, and quiet slumber. Ah, bliss it is then to be alive, at bed-time; “very heaven.”

The dining room was aglow with praises, heightened spirits and appetities. It was May Day, and we were having strawberry short-cake for dessert . . . the first of the season. To think of strawberries! Fresh, juicy, bright red strawberries that reminded us of sunshine, the country, and summer. Precious puddings and pies, even ice cream was nothing compared to this. We ate slowly, with miserly relish, meditating on the delicacy and inexplicable goodness, and saving until the last, for a climax, the last dab of whipped cream and the big strawberry on top. With what art and acumen we tried bribing the boy for a second. And how enthusiastically and intently we said Grace that night.



A part of each year at school is distinguished by the violets. It is in the early Spring, usually after a rain, that we gather them, the blue ones for a friend or ourselves, the white ones to be sent carefully away to Mother. The air is refreshing



and cool like the flowers and leaves, still wet with the rain. Picking them takes long; our bodies grow tired, but still we continue until we have a big bouquet, happy, humming "Who'll Buy My Violets" and thinking all the while of their sweet fragrance that causes our hands to smell like violets, and of their delicate and perfect beauty. And when they are all picked and put or sent away, we, still humming the song, ask with the poet

*"How could such sweet and wholesome hours  
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flowers?"*

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It is on Saturdays and holidays we go on picnics; two or three of us steal away from the others to spend the afternoon by the water or in the hills. In our old com-

fortable clothes we set out, peaceful and gay, each of us with a part of the lunch in one hand and in the other a loved book which is proverbially never opened, for we talk the afternoon away. We do not go far . . . to the Falls, perhaps, or to some sunny cove by the Bay. But wherever we stop, on the sand or under



the redwoods amidst the grass and ferns, it is always the same; we amuse ourselves by food and talk, indulging in those delicacies which delight and content us most, and talking all the while of school, play, books, or on being an Epicurean. Coming home, we pick wild flowers, jump streams, and we laugh and sing. Picnics are the niceties of eating, joy, "God's world," and comradeship.

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The enjoyments of the year would have been far less plentiful had it not been for those "dear delights," bicycles. They are of benefit in their sparing of time and energy, in the exercise and gay spirits they give, in the transporting of passengers and in the carrying, in their big wire baskets, of books to classes, lunches on picnics, the afternoon marketings from town, and our schoolmates' umbrellas, books, coats, and parcels of all kinds. But even greater are the pure pleasures they bring. Bicycling, we feel very young, light-hearted and free, speeding merrily along, with a gay com-

panion beside us, down the hill to town or riding leisurely in the sunshine on the road beside the bay. Although most fun comes in the early morn or evening, with a fleeting ride down a steep shady road, our hair blown back, the cool, clean wind in our face, and a sense of

“the open road,  
Healthy, free, the world before me,  
The long brown path before me leading  
wherever I choose.”

True, bicycles have their failings; they serve as incessant and usually successful incentives for cutting classes; they mar the dignity, perhaps, of the front porch at Fanjeaux. But, withal, who that knows them could help but love them?



Between classes Guzman's scholarly repose fades before bustling people, talk, and laughter. We unfailingly collect in halls to discuss, joke, or chat, or to read thoroughly the bulletin board for the hundredth time. In winter the

radiators are the foci of attention, and those who would be popular gather there; always at the height of our merriment we are duly hushed and reminded of the order of the building. Often we gather on the sunny front steps for a breath of air and to warm and refresh ourselves, or we rush to the library and an encyclopædia in hopes of a last minute's fulfillment of the history assignment or to a *Fraser and Squair* for French verbs. In the afternoons we join the pilgrimages to the tea house for a milk-nickel or a candy bar. Reminiscent of recesses in grammar school when we used to go on the acting bar or may pole, play hop-scotch or jacks, our between-class periods of play, although not long or strenuous, have still a like glorious touch. But with the last bell, scattering wildly to our classes like fiddler crabs on the sand, we leave Guzman to peace once more.



In my more bitter moments I think of my lost opportunities. They loom monstrous and unforgivable. I torment myself with the might-have-been, with thoughts of *cum laude's*, and applause, and silence for my opinions, of



silver cups, a well trained leanness, of the erudition of the Seven Arts, of the blasting and casual reply I might have made.

But again, when the world seems to lie at my feet, I see only sweetness gained instead of greatness lost. There have been no times when the pleasures of reading were so keen as the stolen moments with work piled high on the desk. And there is always a certain warming spirit of bravado in sitting in comfort in the show with exes and term papers threatening. Bed the mornings you've promised yourself a long walk and an icy shower—at no other times is it so delightfully warm and deliciously drowse provoking. After all, I think, the world should be only a friendly place. Perhaps the innate nobility in my soul is incapable of that harsh and stinging brilliant remark. But still, I think unrelentingly, you *might* have gone to the Seven Arts!



The Seven Arts Club is a weekly retreat of enlightenment and discovery, of reflection and entertainment. This year its proud members left the traditional and more conservative subjects of mediæval Europe and the

Renaissance to concern ourselves with the modern era: its music, painting, and literature. We discuss, with no great pretension, for none of us is a specialist, but with a serious simplicity, and many notes, the more significant of modern persons and the tendencies of the times. We play the records of Debussy, Sibelius, and others; study the paintings of the French and English schools; or read modern poetry, Sandburg, Millay, Stein. Not always do we approach these with understanding (at times we admit intelligibility to be beyond us) but always with a sincere anxiety and desire to learn and to appreciate. There is a joy in observing, criticizing, interchanging ideas, and forming opinions of our own; added thrills come with every new discovery, fresh emotion and conclusion.

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Four yellow-backed volumes in a row for the Libraries of our Lives. Four compact books that hold within their brown covers the dignity and essence of our college. Four books, the only things tangible we carry away from our years of school, books



whose pages are filled with the likenesses of our schoolmates or the results of their thoughtful and intelligent labor—whose fly-leaves bear the scrawled messages of our friends, gay, sentimental, casual, even as they themselves. Four volumes for our bookcases.

LOIS SMITH '35

JANE MALTMAN '36.

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ONCE again graduation, and seniors that leave us, and as all graduations are sad, so this one too; yet much more than ordinarily for how unusually dear are these seniors. Time and intimacy have forged with virtue friendships that shall endure forever, and laughter and sympathy have combined with agreeableness to form companions that shall not be forgotten. Always just ahead of us the seniors have gone, taking with an eagerness and enthusiasm the responsibilities and duties of the school upon themselves, that we might stand idly by, confident and light-hearted. With their going there comes in us a lost and empty feeling. No matter now the checks and scoldings they have given us, nor the initiation they offered when they were



sophomores and we freshmen. And the praises of them, especially their own, that we as rivals always pretended to deny, we admit these now.

There were the conversations, long walks, books, pranks, and little worries we shared together, and we are sad. Now they stand strangely apart from us, in cap and gown, enthusiasm lightening their faces, as one by one they kneel before the Archbishop to receive their diplomas. They are being sent out into the world . . . our friends, playmates, and companions. Some we shall see again; some never more. Yet thoughts of the joys we have met and the happiness of these years passed together . . . these shall dry our tears.

J. AND P. MALTMAN, '36.



## INFLUENCE

I lift my hand and cut the encasing air—  
No stir disturbs the robin on the spray  
Of hawthorne white with bloom; across the way  
The gnats hang restless, but not changed from where  
They poised in shapeless group a moment hence;  
The hound dreams on of rabbits seized at last,  
And shifts himself in sleep; a fly caught fast  
Struggles with death, webbed to a picket fence.  
None feels the power of my random act—  
And yet across the wilderness of space  
Star galaxies and nebulae afar  
In time to come will curve to counteract  
That alien motion. Though I leave no trace,  
My lifted hand disturbs a falling star.

S. M. D.

## DRAMATICS



Shield day this year was celebrated with the usual dignity and more than the usual fervor. *Quality Street* in the evening seemed meant to confirm the new born freshman pride, so charmingly was the play done; staged with the utmost simplicity, acted with winning grace and drollery. Miss Susan and Miss Phoebe made a flattering antique note by their dismay at algebra.

The next dramatic production was a return to the mediæval, the Oxfordshire play of *St. George and the Dragon*, given during the Christmas party at Fanjeaux. It was a jolly play, but it was also beautiful, a piece of rollicking pageantry not lacking the dignity of tradition in spite of its fun. We remember best the exquisite loveliness and the powerful thrust of Georgie Powers as King George, the elfin





grace of Betty Elder as the Merry Andrew, the saving boldness of June McGinnis as Old King Cole, and, through the gay and lively notes of fife and drum, the clear fluting of June Schibel.

Pleased with the mediæval, we next attacked, under the able direction of Miss Alice Brainerd, a fifteenth century mystery, *The Miracle of St. Bernard*, a play as dramatically interesting as it is spectacular; among the characters, a deserted bride, four of the deadly sins, Satan himself, Our Lady, the archangel Michael and two saints.

The performance came off creditably; indeed some of it was very well done. Miss Brainerd herself said that she "was proud of those devils." Jacqueline Harkins set a tone of fine sincerity as St. Bernard. In the heavens above, the Virgin, St. Nicholas and St. Michael had the vivid, clear brightness of a Florentine primitive. The use of the chant enhanced the effect of ethereal remoteness in the heavenly visions. The play as a whole was characterized by extraordinary charm of setting, costume, composition and color.



## HONOR SOCIETY

WITH the founding of the honor society in the College this semester an integral step has been taken toward the establishing of a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa on the campus. We believe that scholarship can hardly be of permanent value unless the student has a comprehensive view of education. One may excel in studies viewed as separate entities, yet not derive the full benefit of education. For education is a bridge that sinks its foundation in our natural capacities and rests its terminal on God. As Cardinal Mercier wrote, "The goal of the law of intelligence is the discovery of God." The educator labors under a heavy responsibility; but the student bears as serious a one. Under the direction of the teacher he must weld his bridge into being. Although this procedure is a serious matter, it is a joyful one as is appropriate to a means whose end is happiness. It is to this end we work; we hope to encourage fellow students to foster true scholarship for the welfare of the College and for their own happiness.

PEGGY GLEASON '36.



## THE FRENCH CLUB

MESDEMOISELLES, la séance est ouverte." This open sesame transforms the Ensemble Room at Angelico to the rendezvous of La Petite Cercle Française. The weekly meeting is conducted by President Betty Elder who pronounces the parliamentary phrases with the facility of a true Parisienne. Remarks are generally brief and conversation somewhat difficult amongst the members but we do sing lustily the *Marseillaise* and quaint songs collected for us by Mademoiselle Petitdidier. Here we come to the heart of the club, for Mademoiselle is the moving spirit. She began the society last fall, coached our first president, Barbara Stafford, and introduced us to the puppets she had made to act in simple French comedies. Hidden behind the puppet theater, she has manipulated her grotesque actors and impersonated their voices. These animated French funny-paper characters have appeared twice each month. Notable successes were *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and *Le Cuvier*. But Mademoiselle Petitdidier's activities were not limited to puppet shows. She arranged a Christmas party at

Meadowlands that we might celebrate Noel en français. We began the fête by singing *Entre le Boeuf et L'Ane Gris* with candle-light flickering about the crèche de L'Enfant Jésus. Then we sat about the fire drinking hot chocolate with gingerbread sabots symbolizing the wooden shoes that French children leave out for presents from the Child even as Americans hang up stockings for Santa Claus. A dainty corsage for faculty guests and the officers, a cadeaux de bonbons pour les membres and Mademoiselle's Christmas party was complete.

During the year, she has lectured to us on French poetry and the Sorbonne University. She illustrated with slides talks on the principal regions of France. At our informal meetings her guessing and memory games made us forget our temerity and just pretend we were French linguists. With all these ingenious ways has she helped our study by attractive practice and for such useful entertainment and kind assistance we say, "Vive Mademoiselle Petitdidier."

MARIE WELCH '38.

## ATHLETICS



I remember my first impression of Miss Gretta Mae Adams at Meadowlands assembly, telling us of the Fall sports, tennis, archery, swimming riding and hockey. "Ah, hockey, played on the most wonderful field in the world. I've seen

many college athletic fields and I know! There's no sight to compare with your own Dominican College field when the girls are active in a hockey game just as the sun is going down. The five o'clock shadows in the great eucalyptus trees surrounding the field frame the rich gold on the bright green grass, the cool dusk, a fast game—why, you'll simply love to play!"

All the vigor, enthusiasm and spirit that Miss Adams had that night proved to be well-founded, for we have seen evidences of it throughout the year: hockey in the autumn, at



which the upper classmen won, the W.A.A. Circus in February, swimming, tennis matches, a picnic and skating party in the gym, and an exciting series of basketball interclass games. Virginia Vaughan as president of the W.A.A. acted as secretary of the Woman's Western Athletic Conference at Mills College in April, accompanied by Virginia de Lorimier, president-elect, Eleanor Breen and Eileen O'Toole. Basketball received much attention. The class captains did mental juggling in choosing the line-ups for these all-important combats. There was Jeanne Pierson soberly eyeing her freshman group; Gerry Lucy leading the sophomores with the same gravity and skill that had distinguished her at hockey; Phil Maltman with the speedy juniors to rival Katie Casassa's senior warriors. The sophomores won in the exciting final game and retained the cup for another year.

MARIE WELCH '38.

## ALUMNAE NOTES

IT IS A SUSTAINING note at the Senior breakfast when an officer of the Alumnae welcomes the new graduates into the organization. The invitation holds a pleasant promise of continuing our association with the college and with each other, and also carries with it a definite prestige.

During the last few years the first Saturday in January has been Homecoming Day, an occasion for the happy renewal of friendships, gaiety, and gossip. Seeing old schoolmates makes time seem less fleeting, and erstwhile casual acquaintances become for us vital and enduring. After tea at Meadowlands everyone goes to Benediction, and this year we were particularly interested in the new liturgical altar, shown to us in the glory of gold antependium and tabernacle veil, even though the day was not a "very high feast."

Holy Week has been chosen for the Alumnae retreat, given this year by the Rev. Gerald Clark O. P., whom many remembered as an instructor. There was a larger group than ever before at the informal reunion after dinner at Fanjeaux, and then for three days we lived in an

atmosphere of conventual quiet with a deep sense of gratitude and peace.

Next spring it is planned to have the Alumnae bring their children to join in the Convent May Day over in the Meadows.

Our Alumnae Association has been active off the campus as well, in alumnae federations, in the American Association of University Women, and particularly in the Pacific Coast Association of Catholic Alumni and Alumnae. At the last convention of this Pacific Coast Association Mrs. Eugene M. Prince was elected their president for next year, and the meeting of the Association in the spring of 1936 is to be held on our Campus.



## IN MEMORIAM

Hushed be thy songs of vain delight  
Ye muses and ye satyrs fair,  
Unplucked be thy strings once glad,  
Thy golden harps now mute and sad,  
Our smiting grief to share.

Silence thy pipes, oh shepherd swains,  
Ye bards of years beyond the years,  
Bow low thy heads before the shrine  
Of Orpheus, while gods of death divine  
Thy sorrows and thy tears.

For Little Nell is gone; gone ere her youth  
Had spent its shivering fleetness in the Spring;  
Her rumbling purr is heard no more;  
Her silver body, throbbing on death's shore,  
In the great Unknown will sing.

Who would not weep for Little Nell.  
The honeyed meadows move and sigh;  
The woodland sprites gray-shrouded mourn;  
No more rings out Nell's silver horn  
Blasting the wind-drawn sky.

Alas, oh friends and foes, drown not  
Within thy grief, nor too despairing, sigh,  
For Nell lives on—in unknown hands  
Her spirit gleams, in foreign lands  
She thunders on, perhaps, in high!

JUNE SCHIBEL '35.



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