1945

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THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL

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TO OUR PARENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

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EDITORIAL

THIS year, as always, our college has about it an indescribable air of peace. Surrounded by its lovely campus, it still imparts to returning alumnae a sense of calmness, of complete detachment from the chaotic world of today.

From the general appearance of our student body, from our conversations and activities, one might think that we who attend the college are unaware of the rent world that exists about us. We are not unaware. As college students have always been, we seem gay and carefree once study hours are over. We are still warmly clothed, still scatterbrained, and, rarest of all today, still youthful. Our conversation seldom touches upon any matter of vital national interest; when the hourly newscast comes on over the radio, we are more than likely to flick the dial to another station.

But far-removed from the world as Dominican may seem, it is barely twenty miles from one of the largest ports of embarkation in the country. We walk on streets crowded with sailors, lonely lads for the most part, who have just returned or are on their way overseas. Twelve miles in the other direction lies a huge port of air embarkation; we know that every day wounded boys are flown from some jungle battle or sea fight to its hospital. Often we return from week

ends on busses full of soldiers and their piled-up luggage, en route to the field to be flown out in replacement. Almost every one of us has some dear one, far away, in danger of his life. We know, perhaps not in experience, but in fear for those we love, what war is. We know, too, that we are coming to the end of life as we have known it. We realize that we are among the last young Americans who will grow up with the extravagant sense of our own importance, of our isolation, of our freedom to expand and grow rich, to waste and bicker among ourselves. The dear, thoughtless conceit that has grown up with America will not belong to the next generation of Americans. What their lives will be we do not know. For although, as always happens, we have passed from stage to stage in our education with the assurance that we are to be the makers of the world in which we shall live, we are aware that whatever our lives and the lives of our children are to be will be conditioned for us by a generation which failed to avert the present disaster. What our world is to be we do not know; we can be sure only that it will be different. It remains for us, now while we have the opportunity, to adjust ourselves to meet whatever changes in our way of life we will have to face.

We can do so little to measure up to the standard of sacrifice that our young men are making, that we

should wish to accept any responsibility we can. The need for adjustment to a postwar world is clear to us all, and we can help, in some small way, the efforts of our fighting men, by doing whatever we can to prepare for this adjustment.

The ancient truth that this is a small world must be realized with greater significance. Never again can we feel secure within the boundaries of our two oceans. It is a small world and the peoples in it will and must learn to know each other better, to understand each other better than they have in the past. We Americans do not possess the only way of life; there are others, different and yet desirable for the locations in which they exist. We must learn to understand the conditions and heritages which have determined those various cultures. Europe and the Western world, its history and civilization, are in varying degrees of intensity the subject of study in all American schools. But the East, Asia and its countries, have been neglected in most curricula. We have been brought up on the maxim that "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet." This may have been true in a century of European domination; it cannot be true in a world where mutual cooperation will be necessary to preserve peace. East and West must meet and share.

In no case is this more true than in our relations with China. There are many reasons for us to attempt

to know and understand this country which has long been an enigma to us and to most Western minds. By her geographical position, China is extremely important in the share of the future world. Her peace and prosperity will be necessary for world peace. China's political status is also highly important; the policy we adopt toward this country will determine future order in the Pacific. And lastly, we must recognize that we have much to learn from these peoples who have fought for long years against an enemy that now faces us, fought through years of struggle without equipment or organization. We owe them the deepest respect, and it would be to our advantage to know more of this dauntless, patient country.

An appreciation of the innate sturdiness and dignity of the Chinese people, their present position in the world, and some aspects of the culture that makes the Chinese character what it is: these are the subjects to which the greater part of this book is devoted, out of present respect for a great people and towards a closer relationship in the future.

L. H. '46

SENIORS

BARBARA BEALL

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINORS: HISTORY AND FRENCH

Schola Cantorum
Music Club
Gamma Sigma
Pi Delta Phi

W.A.A. Board '42, '43, '44
President of French Club '45
Class Treasurer '44
Benincasa House Mother '45

BARBARA'S fluffy blond hair frames a pink and white rounded face; her eyes are greenish-blue. At first glance she seems a fluffy-ruffles person, a girl that an Englishman would compliment as "comfortable." So much the more amazing is her music, in its interpretation, its force, even its fire.

Everything she does she plans carefully and carries out with ease and competence. She is never nervous, but she will not play in public even for her friends, unless she has carefully prepared her music, and she is unwilling to play on a poorly-tuned piano.

She is candid in her speech and fearless, even to the point of defending Britain in a group of Erin's own.

It is pleasant to watch the quickly changing expressions that move across her face; to see her zest for what she is doing. She is fascinated by exotic places, and she loves the new. Next to music she likes the drama and she is a clever actress. She enjoys reading and is fond of Eugene Field's poetry.

ROBYN BOYD

MAJOR: SCIENCE

MINOR: ENGLISH

Spanish Club
President of Albertus Magnus Spring '45

Day Student Representative
Executive Board '45

ROBYN looks what she is: healthy, vigorous, well-balanced. She has sunny hair and bright cheeks, a few freckles are sprinkled over her merry face. She is one of a large family, which perhaps accounts for her amiability and fairminded outlook.

She enjoys dancing, horseback riding, and the daily trips to and from Mill Valley in her grey Ford, crowded with jolly friends. She is preparing carefully for her future work as a laboratory technician. In her chemical experiments she is unobtrusively accurate. A pleasant companion in the labors of the still, she jabs into a vein with quick precision but never with unholy joy.

Robyn is a good student. She absorbs lectures usually without comment, working out puzzling matters for herself. As President of the Day Students she is constructive and quite outspoken when the occasion demands it. Yet Robyn seems a quiet person; one is hardly aware of the force of her personality 'til suddenly one realizes that everybody likes her for the same reason.

BARBARA CAVANAUGH

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

President Student Affairs Board '45
Treasurer of Student Body '44
Executive Board '44, '45
Student Affairs Board '44
President of I. R. C. '45
Firebrand Staff '44
French Club
Gamma Sigma

PATSY has grown from the shy, somewhat retiring girl she was as a freshman to a symbol of just authority on the campus. Her moral indignation is powerful because it is not aimed at popularity; it gives her the courage to denounce fearlessly all injustice to or of the student body. Never petty or mean, she has a lovely sense of honor, and gives full credence to another's word. When she takes the floor at a student body meeting, she speaks with force and clarity; she is always constructive and never complaining.

A history minor, she has made an interested and efficient president of the I.R.C. She presided over the I.R.C. conference held here in October with gracious dignity.

She is warmly maternal. Her roommates depend on her for everything, from help in their studies to adjustment of a broken fixture. She loves to take care of her friends, reminding them to wear rubbers or warm sweaters. She has a pleasant dry sense of humor; severe as she appears to be to the culprit at a Student Affairs Board meeting, she often bursts out laughing when the offender has left the room.

GLORIA COZZA

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: MUSIC

Meadowlark—Assistant Business Manager ,43
Choral

Spanish Club
Drama Club
Music Club

GLORIA is a conspicuous illustration of the fact that man is a social being. She enjoys nothing better than just being in a group. She has many interests, so conversation is easy for her. She has something of creative ability, particularly in musical and artistic composition. Yet her chief enjoyment of aesthetics lies in the pleasure she takes in sharing her tastes with others.

She is eager to please, and hardly ever argues, both because she is extremely uncritical, and because being pleasant is more important to her than her own opinions. She desires friends, hating to be alone. She talks easily and with sympathy to anyone she meets, whatever the length of her acquaintance.

Gloria's interests are all turned outside herself. A happy person, she appreciates beauty chiefly because she enjoys communicating it. Companionship, sharing of interests, amiability, are her chief concerns. She loves those to whom she is bound by blood or friendship with a deep loyalty.

SUZANNE CRANE

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SPANISH

President of Gamma Sigma '45
Secretary of Spanish Club '45
French Club

YOU know, I was thinking"—and Sue forthwith launches into a quizzical question. She delights in speculative, balanced thought; her reasoning processes are deliberately slow and precise. She possesses at the same time, a critical aesthetic sense and a love of fine literature which probably determined her English major. She is earnest in everything, and unassuming without being self-conscious. She speaks somewhat infrequently, but what she says is worth hearing.

Suzanne's walk suggests a boyish strength, and she wears her naturally curly hair in a feather-bob, yet she is markedly feminine. She dresses well, her preference being for plaid skirts and tweed suits. She has a modest air and a definite distinction. Though she is very hospitable, often entertaining guests at her home in San Rafael, she chooses her friends carefully. She is a fine judge of people, and analyzes character with insight and charity. Her kindness, her gentle ways, her earnest happiness, are indicative of her deeply Christian spirit. She is an altogether fine person.

OLIVIA DALESSI

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: LATIN

OLIVIA is very reserved. She illustrates well the saying that still waters run deep. Silent as she is on most occasions, she can be roused to positive belligerence. Her likes and dislikes are strong, particularly concerning people. She has cultivated a love of Latin, sitting on sunny afternoons with Sister Paschal under the incense trees. Her teaching, however, is with small children. She is gentle with them, and has the right mixture of tenderness and strength of will to command their liking and respect.

Fond of athletics, well-knit and relaxed in figure, she excels in all forms of sport. The swimming pool is her particular delight.

Olivia is very close to her sister; both are quietly idealistic. Usually reticent and not given to self expression, she nevertheless has very definite and critical ideas, especially on ethical matters. Her loyalties are strong; she will defend almost to the point of being stubborn, that in which she believes.

NELL DEGNAN

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Spanish Club '42
Student Affairs Board '44, '45
Vice-President of W.A.A. Board '44
Phi Beta Mu
Vice-President of Student Body '45
Executive Board '45
Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament

LITTLE NELL" runs a perpetual marathon about the campus. She bustles all day long—a small, gay figure in the high green socks she affects during cold weather, or in the charming Tyrolean outfit for the week-end away. She is a persistent and avid arguer on any subject from communism to socialized medicine. Ireland is her life; all roads of her conversation eventually lead there. On the subject of its injustices she becomes extremely heated and it is useless to try to question her point of view.

She is eager to learn, although before finals she has a vicious tendency to chop off all her hair in bangs. She has a philosophic turn of mind, and has novel ideas upon a variety of curious matters. She knows what she wants and pursues it with vigor. She appreciates all forms of art and devotes herself, at home and at school, to painting the Yosemite she loves, in compositions as vigorous as herself. She is generous to a legendary degree. Anything she possesses, clothes, oranges from home, her home itself, are yours with or without the asking. Truly, she has the gift of a loving heart.

HELEN ELDER

MAJOR: EDUCATION

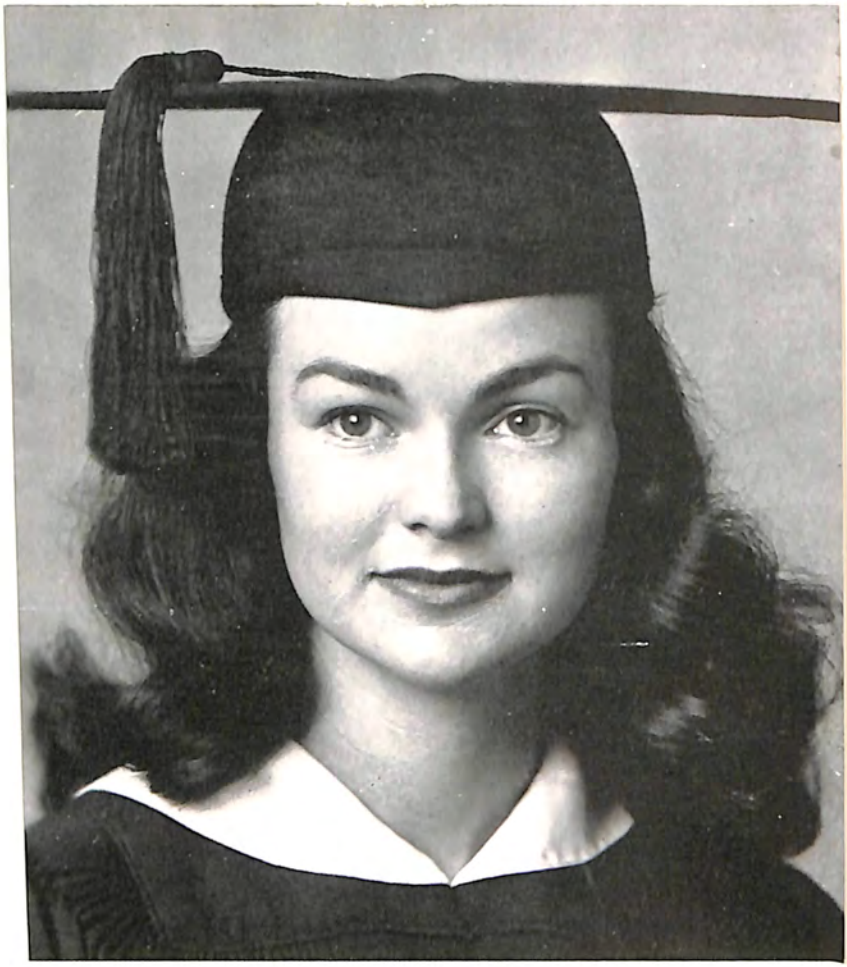
MINOR: SPANISH

Class Treasurer '42, '43
Class President Spring '45
W.A.A. President '44
W.A.A. Secretary '43
W.A.A. Board '45
President of Spanish Club '44
Treasurer of Spanish Club '45
Executive Board '44
Student Affairs Board '45
Firebrand Staff '44, '45
Meadowlark '43, '44
Gamma Sigma
Schola Cantorum

HELEN is pert and quick, although she can give one a baby-blue-eyed stare and talks baby talk without apparent embarrassment. A natural leader, through her four years of college she has been at the heart of every class activity. Her talent is most obvious in the various W.A.A. shows; she can play equally well a rag doll or a minstrel end man. She is enthusiastic and vigorous as a director of group singing or as cheer leader of her class, and contributed the harmony to her class sextette.

She is frankly a sentimentalist, and collects everything from dance programs to old envelopes. She says she loves to play the piano, and indeed, does beautifully,—but she stops after the first line. Like Jane Austen's Emma, she makes out elaborate schedules for her study and leisure hours, but rarely, if ever, has she been known to carry them out.

She has unusual maturity of mind. Domestic too, during berry season, she goes out a-picking around the campus, and later bakes a pie for her housemates. She has a firm hold on life, for she has learned to take the bitter with the sweet.



AGNES FEENEY

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

House Mother of Meadowlands '42
Social Committee '42, '43

Treasurer of W.A.A. '43
Spanish Club
I. R. C.

AGNES knows the charms of idling. She has the gift of persuasive teasing and can wind girls and professors alike around her fingers. It is seldom that one can withstand the disarming smile with which she accompanies her request. She has a clear, keen mind, a quick grasp of things; her reactions are usually expressed in phrases which she herself originated but which have become clichés about the campus. "Simply hysterical!" or "How sensational!" generally punctuate her conversation.

She is strikingly colored, her brows black and winged, her skin very white and her cheeks, rosy *au naturel*. She has always a casual attractiveness; but she becomes an entirely different person when she wears her hair up. As, after long preparation, she emerges with an air of brilliant dignity, her friends might well exclaim, "Thou art indeed translated!"

Vivid, languid, charming, Agnes is always deeply kind and she is generously hospitable. Perhaps it is desirable that she does not possess high flights of ambition, for the sincere naturalness of her personality is an end in itself.

ROSALIE FRANEY

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: HISTORY

Student Body President '45
Class President '42
Executive Board '43, '45
President of French Club '43
W.A.A. Board '43, '44
Freshman Advisor '44
Student Affairs Board '45
Phi Beta Mu
Albertus Magnus Club
International Relations Club

ROSALIE laughs infectiously, with gay spontaneity. She has a delicate, finely-moulded face, honey-colored hair, and a level brown glance. She makes a decorative as well as efficient student body president. Though homesick as a freshman, Rosalie's friendliness and capability gave confidence to her classmates, and ever since then she has been a leader of poise and gracious dignity. She has the quality of pleasing without effort. In spite of her capable leadership, she hates to exercise severe authority. She is at her best facing a group on an executive rather than disciplinary basis. She prefers economics to art and is quite at home in a business office.

Ready to sympathize with the troubles of others, Rosalie rarely speaks about herself. She is reticent and somewhat remote, though her detachment does not prevent her from getting along splendidly with others. In spite of her reserve, one feels about Rosalie that she is quick to understand. A gallant and beautiful St. George in the Christmas play, she slew her dragon with consummate skill.

MARY GIRAUDO

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: FRENCH

Class Treasurer '45
W.A.A. Treasurer '44
W.A.A. Board '45
French Club
Pi Delta Phi
Associate Editor Firebrand '45
Firebrand Staff '43, '44
Associate Editor Meadowlark '44
Meadowlark Staff '44, '45
Gamma Sigma
Schola Cantorum
Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament

MARY hastens about the college with a swift, unhurried movement. When she sits opposite you, she lifts her face with a look of eagerness, her lustrous dark eyes vivid in her strong oval face. A remarkable face it is, always pleasing and sometimes beautiful. Strength and a warm eagerness characterize her.

She always seems to carry the most difficult burdens of the student body, yet never gives the impression of being disgruntled. She is unfailingly courteous, with a true courtesy that comes from love.

She goes more than half-way to meet whatever is before her. In class she is well prepared and one feels that she takes joy from learning as an end in itself. She goes out of her way to be pleasant. Never forward, she gives herself fully to whatever she is doing or saying. She is often quietly witty, though her remarks at class or in a social gathering often pass unheard, so averse is she to being obvious. Nothing, whether class activity, the hockey field, or listening to anyone's troubles, is too trivial for her to give her full attention to. Mary has a generous soul.

VIRGINIA GRANVILLE

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Spanish Club
Albertus Magnus
Meadowlark—Business Manager '45

VIRGINIA is slender and has a fragile look, due partly to her white skin and large blue eyes, and partly to the sensitivity of her expression. In spite of her delicate air, she is a lover of the outdoors, an enthusiastic basketball player, and an organizer of no mean ability. She is a great aid to her class in the production of successful entertainment when original dramatic effort is required.

She loves the drama and is one of the Ross Valley Players. She has a thorough grasp of things dramatic and a good working knowledge of the stage. In spite of her capabilities, she needs encouragement, even prodding, before she can be persuaded to share her talents.

She is characterized by an appearance of maturity, yet her ways are often very young. She has a girlish charm. She is friendly and sometimes a little self-conscious. She loves social gatherings, picnics especially; few would guess she is inclined to be a little shy. She is very sensitive, which perhaps accounts for the understanding with which she portrays others.

FLORENCE GRUPPO

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: SPANISH

Music Club
Spanish Club

FLORENCE walks rapidly with a rhythmic vigor and often hums as she goes. She takes great delight in party dresses, and seems to have an inexhaustible supply, so often does she appear in new ones.

She thrives on excitement and delights in many friends. Her eyes, large, golden-brown and lively, and her rosy face, glow with eagerness as she recounts the details of her weekend parties or the zestful comradeship of the summers in Lake county.

Music is her major and her hobby. She plays both classic and popular music brilliantly. Most of her evening is spent composing melodies, chiefly waltzes this term; and then she turns her attention to her letters. If time remains she studies. Her work does get finished, however. One finds her studying before breakfast or during the lunch hour.

Florence is tenacious and has a deeply-rooted love of family. Subtlety does not interest her, but her happy curiosity, her liveliness, are unselfconscious qualities. Life is not a complicated thing for her; she has a warm and eager enjoyment of it.

MAUREEN MANTLE

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: FRENCH

W.A.A. Board '44
Social Chairman Spring '45
Class Secretary '44, '45
French Club Treasurer '45
Executive Board '45
Firebrand '43, '44
Meadowlark Staff '43
Social Committee '44

ONE notices first in Maureen her large warm eyes and curly lashes. She is neat but not fussy. Her face shows the happiness that comes from the calmness of her disposition.

Preeminently an artist, she is keenly observant of the world about her. She has an eye for design. An autumn leaf or a spider web along the way attract her minute examination. She illuminates with great skill feast day cards; her delicate lines and washes of color might be those of a painstaking monk working upon an Hour Book. Her oil paintings are, like herself, of a piece, solidly composite. Her colors vary from bright, almost harsh greens and yellows to soft Oriental blues and violets. She has a strong sense of form.

She is very tolerant and will always "give the devil his due." A sharp retort from her (rare as it is) is always followed by a gentle remark to ease its severity. She loves to chat, elbow-deep in suds, washing dishes, or lounging in a friend's room. She is friendly, conversational; an agreeable person to have about because of her reposeful temperament.

LUCILLE MULVEY

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

Class President '44, '45
Social Committee '42, '43

Spanish Club
I. R. C.

LUCILLE'S long fair hair is the envy of the campus, yet she totally lacks vanity. She delights in old-fashioned hair styles, and prefers comfort to fashion. She is always at ease and absolutely natural. Her smile makes one feel instantly the sweetness which is the keynote to her disposition. In her own home one sees her dainty ways and her graciousness. She is femininity itself in her love of knick-knacks, of decorative lampshades and pastel colors. A perfect hostess, she thinks of the little things that make a guest feel not only comfortable but honored by the consideration shown her.

At school she is an inveterate and therefore a wise procrastinator. She knows just how long things can be put off before they must be done. She has made a responsible class president her last two years, directing activity without driving at it.

There is a childlike quality about her that makes her very lovable. She is warmly affectionate and brings out this trait in others. A gift always excites her, no matter how small it is, because it means affection. Music is her favorite relaxation. She plays the piano for her own enjoyment and willingly uses her talent to entertain others.

YVONNE O'CONNELL

MAJOR: SCIENCE

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Transferred from San Francisco College
for Women,
San Francisco, California
Albertus Magnus Club

BEFORE the blazing fire which she enjoys building, Yvonne sits with a book, a magazine or a box of stationery, curled in Benincasa's least handsome but most comfortable armchair. In one year she has developed an affinity, not only for the chair, which may or may not be conducive to study, but for all of the inhabitants of the senior house, who often gather before the fire with her for hot chocolate in the evenings.

During finals her ash blond head is bent over her books; she studies hard for one of her endless examinations. Seldom seeming to be at work, Yvonne nevertheless accomplishes much. Her air of nonchalance disguises her academic interest; though one is apt to find a current best seller or a Time magazine as her companion before the fire, a text book replaces them at the eleventh hour.

She is in appearance reticent and reposed; further acquaintance proves her to be self-confident and to possess a ready wit. She has a firm will—perish the thought of persuading her to go down town if she has decided to spend the afternoon sleeping—one of her favorite diversions. She dislikes the hypocritical and the too forceful.

ETHEL SELVESTER

MAJOR: SCIENCE

MINOR: ENGLISH

President of Albertus Magnus
Fall '43, '44
Gamma Sigma
Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament

ETHEL is one of the kindest people and one of the best equipped to be kind in the college. She has a gift for science and has never hesitated to help less gifted workers in the laboratory. She readily assumes responsibility there. A reagent bottle marked with her signature can be used with absolute confidence. She arrives early and prepares solutions for all.

Yet she is not an austere scientist. She takes a happy childlike delight in little things, such as friendly bits of gossip. She is easily pleased. When she is amused, her unselfconscious laughter sounds spontaneously and without restraint.

She is a thrifty person and likes things for their practical value. She can make her own clothes and give herself a home permanent. She lives a down-to-earth application of her principles. But most easily remembered will be her eager friendliness, on the many occasions, for instance, when as postmistress she has listened to innumerable accounts of who sent our packages and how they happened to send them.

NEVA SOHL

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINORS: HISTORY, FRENCH

Schola Cantorum
Music Club
Gamma Sigma
Pi Delta Phi
W.A.A. Board '44
French Club

NEVA is practical and competent. She is extremely neat, and everything she does is thought out with clarity and precision. She loves to plan, and is quite capable of carrying out the detailed resolutions she has formed. Artistic and at the same time domestic, she can Kem-tone walls and cut out delicately patterned lamp shades. She is first of all a homemaker.

She is a small person, dark and slim. She has steady brown eyes and a quiet appearance; she is never obtrusive. At a party it is often she who fulfills the important but easily-shifted duty of refilling the coffee pot. She has a delightful but cryptic sense of humor; it is usually only after reflecting upon a conversation that one fully appreciates the acuteness of her remarks.

Neva has a gift of musical interpretation that comes from an ability to grasp swiftly essential purpose. She has worked faithfully to master the technique of vigorous precise playing. But her performance shows also a creative power which makes for strong and vital interpretation.

GENEVIEVE VAUGHAN

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Vice-President of Class '44
Student Affairs Board '45
Executive Board '45
W.A.A. Board '43, '44
Business Manager of Firebrand '45
Business Manager of Meadowlark '43, '44
French Club
Treasurer French Club '43
Albertus Magnus
Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament

GEN is gentle and dainty, and walks with a swaying willowy movement. Her blue eyes, large-pupilled, are trustful and never challenging; her straight glance is one of wonder and surprise. She has the happy quality of relaxed directness. She has not lost her loyalty to stuffed animals, yet she will go down in college history as one of the most astute and vigorous publication managers the college has ever had.

She likes sports. She excels in the less rugged games, and is particularly apt in those requiring deliberate dexterity. She is an alert and fair referee.

Her success in the economy of business also springs from her direct and simple approach. She grasps quickly the essential elements of a problem; she does all things calmly and with a singular lack of complication.

Unhurried and unworried, she has lived her four years of college life memorably by putting into them all the enthusiasm and good humor of her naturally gay disposition.

JANE WEIS

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

President of Class '43
Executive Board '45

Spanish Club
I. R. C.

JANE is neat in appearance and action. Her perfectly pressed collar and well-cared-for hands, her meticulous notes, show her fastidious taste. She is an organizer, president of her class one year and one of the sparkplugs of her group through all four. Yet she has a happy-go-lucky quality. She is seldom ruffled and is well inclined to take things as they come. She throws off disappointments with an air that does credit to her philosophy courses. Her walk is an indication of her disposition; she takes healthy strides with an easy-going manner. She is extremely adaptable and can enjoy herself in any company.

She is enterprising, as one sees in her original touches to class activities, and in the new songs and games she thinks up to liven her first graders. Jane delights in taking part in college productions and is equally pleased in any role, whether it be in the chorus or as the star.

She has a sympathetic curiosity, especially concerning affairs of the heart.

THE JUNIORS

SCHOOL has really started off with a bang! You wouldn't believe we are the same carefree girls of last year. If perchance you were looking for Suzy, Eileen, or "Mothy", about this time in '44 you would just have dashed into the Grove, but now you must walk up to the Library. Yes, things have changed!

Sixteen of us are living at Edge Hill; Madeleine is housemother and certainly handles the job well—she even has Marian toeing the line. From all reports and occasional visits, I can assure you that it's really a wonderful place. The Juniors gave a class dinner there that was truly gay. Not only did we make all of our future plans for fun but also for our future conduct.

Class Day was a panic. You would have enjoyed Rita Mae and Mercedes as dancing polar bears—while Mary Jo actually had Punkie, bathed, brushed, and be-ribboned for the occasion, jumping through a hoop. Bethany, abandoning song for the Terpsichorean art, led a group of the more graceful girls in a burlesque of the ballet; it was hilarious (especially June's original rendition—she got out of step and danced a solo unawares). Sis Ratto and Jeannie Kelly

led the class in the Grand Finale, *MacNamara's Band,* one of our theme songs.

During the Sixth War Loan drive the college had a successful Rally. The Junior Class sponsored a dart game and played at fortune-telling—Angie made a convincing Seer.

The surprising event of the year was the Juniors' "terrific" dance. Wednesday afternoon despairing hostesses almost gave up—there were no men. Friday afternoon the chaplain from Hamilton Field telephoned. Saturday at eight o'clock Mary McAvoy was waiting alone in the living room of Fanjeaux; guests usually do not arrive until nine. The doorbell rang. Then hundreds of uniformed figures crowded through the open door—and this was only the first detachment! Mary was almost swept away in the tide. Hastily she telephoned to Chris and Brenda and Virginia at Edge Hill; it was finally necessary to call for aid from the whole student body. For the next two or three days Edge Hill took on new tones.

At least two of us returned the call. Chris and Pat Mason, master weavers, visited a convalescent ward at Hamilton Field and helped set up small looms beside the boys' beds, and showed them how to weave the brightly-colored wools.

The accelerated program has made complications

in the junior class. The last semester has brought us new classmates recently sophomores.

Just three months normally lie between sophomoronics and the junior "prestige"—yet there is a world of difference. We and they are now upper classmen.

MURIEL FRIEDLANDER '46
S. L. M.

SOPHOMORES

I AM a sophomore. Just come to Dominican and see how much justified pride lies in that statement (and how much oppression in it). Nevertheless, we stand unbroken, and help staunchly to hold up the roof of the college, as well as to raise it, as any upperclassman will tell you.

To be serious, however, the sophomores are really solid. (Can't you see Rita saying that?) There are many groups with different likes and interests, but the main thing is, we can all unite, and really get things done, as evinced by the renewed social life that shows itself on Friday and Saturday nights. Of course, we cannot deny that so far the Sophomore dances have been outdone by the juniors' guests two hundred strong, but yet, we started it all.

Marie Nielsen brings us together, and with clear vision modifies any too-brightly colored plans. Nancy Bassett is the upholder of rights, and her fighting spirit helps us to conquer life (or rather, the government). P.K. tries to keep patriotism up and pocket books down (flat). Virginia Formichi sees to it that our tired bodies keep moving for the W.A.A., Marie Concannon that the class dues of last semester get paid, Tony and Jo that the jiving spirit does not cease throb-

bing between 8:00 and 10:30, Winkie, Carmie, Charlotte, and June, that smoke gets in your eyes.

However grim everything may look, we always find a way out of it—the show, a good romance, the Chemistry Lab . . . Mike's acting, Teddy's, Tony's, and Renee's music, Cathie's whistling, and Madonna's dancing all show the talent of the class. Are we vain? No. Are we wonderful? Yes. In any case, Sis, Helen Sweeney, and Vonnie give us a good laugh for our money.

Yolanda and Marie Taylor, on the other side, see to it that our bright minds keep busy by raising class averages. That brings us to a sad gate: learning. On it is inscribed the Humanities motto: "Life is a trap." "Farewell, Sweet Sleep," sighs a History student. "Amen," sighs a Conference student, "Requiescant in pace," sighs the Academic Council.

BEATA HAMBUECHEN '47

DEAR Brother Rat:

You asked what it is like to be a Dominican College woman, what she feels and what she does, so I'll try to give you a view of life here. You must remember that the first few weeks of being a Freshman are almost as difficult as your boot camp was. In fact, we weren't really considered members of the student body until we had survived our initiation; until we had worn silk stockings on our heads, unmated shoes, clashy clothes, and what is worst of all, no make up for three entire days. Being a Freshman, too, implies that we live in Meadowlands, that rambling brown and white house with its hospitable porch and its quaint rooms. There's a certain atmosphere about the house, an atmosphere that is almost traditional; the studded half door, the paneled redwood walls, and the cosy teal window seats in the entrance hall have a certain influence over us. There's the white room where we can entertain our friends and the green room that is our own special preserve. Perhaps most important to each of us is our own room. We've hung curtains, made skirts for our study tables, and dressed our beds with bright spreads to give them a "personal touch." And to complete them we have pictures of our parents and homes, of graduation, and of high school days, and there's not a room that hasn't photographs of Marines, Soldiers and Sailors. Margaret Brickley, our class

president, has our official class shield of purple and gold with the hound of St. Dominic and the torch of knowledge on it in her room, while we have miniature replicas of it for ourselves.

Our days are full; there is always something to be done. We wake up in the morning to the sound of bells jangled sleepily by a fellow classmate who has been tumbled out of bed by a screaming alarm clock. Fifteen and one-half hours later we are jolted to sleep by those same bells.

But when do we really live at Meadowlands? In the hours before and after dinner the house practically splits its shingles from the commotion inside. Up in their room that overlooks the court, Kitty, Ann, Barbara Alexander and Joanne delve beneath the study tables to see what they can find. Freshmen are always hungry. Sometimes when the urge moves her, Terry will call Jeannie and their roommates Carmelita and Carlotta down to the little kitchen to show them exactly how fudge is made. Oddly enough, by the time it's ready to be eaten connoisseurs like Pat O'Connor, Juliette, Phyllis, Nadine and Mary Helen are there to put in their spoons "just to try it." And some of us go up in the green room to sit around the fire, play bridge, and listen to the radio and play the piano. Usually the talk draws about home; then is the time that "E.J.," Maggie, Laura, "P.A.," Marilee and

Nancy start to expound the beauties of the states to the north, while Liz, Pat Conlan, Mona, and Peggy warm up to the praise of the Bay Cities.

But don't get the idea that all we do is make fudge or sit around the fire. On week ends Pat, Ann, Jean, Gloria and Louise are dashing out with their University escorts so they can make it back to Fanjeaux by one o'clock, and there is always some boy from home waiting in the white room for one or another of us. We never want for something to do or something to plan, whether it's a hockey game or a formal dance. Roommates are always having their fun; Evelyn and Katie comparing "Needle-Childs" and Ruthie and Elaine comparing their heights of four-eleven and four-eleven. Of course that brings up the subject of clothes. You should see us in the cold weather and in the rain! Some people call us collegiate but we just call it comfortable. Rain means trench coats, sou'wester hats, knee-length sox and a great temptation to walk into town. Hayde, Margie, Pat O'Connell or Bev don't need such temptation; but every time they take a hike the rains come. That is all a part of living in sunny California, just as taking Joe's taxi is a part of living at Dominican. But a few of us are independent of taxis, as Lil, who usually packs her car with Betty, Jeanne, Betty Lou and Telie. Some of us don't even have to go away to see the world; Toni and Barbara

Peters are always praising the view they get from their rooms on the second, or is it the third floor at the top of a tiny set of stairs. And from the outside come the day scholars, a continual source of wonderment to us. It's hard enough to get up in time for eight o'clock classes from Meadowlands, but Bonnie, Margaret, Carol, Henriette, Gerry and Jean come from the valley towns and yet always arrive on time.

I know what you'll probably be thinking as you read this: "A wonderful time, but do you ever learn anything?" Do we take advantage of the opportunity given us to learn for ourselves? Well, Brother Rat, to be a Freshman means realizing that there is a completeness lacking in our background. Our teachers are learned, brilliant, and when they draw from their seemingly boundless store of information to teach us we grope for the way, the right way. Sometimes we get discouraged and think we can never emulate them. And yet there is something that urges us on: an inner pride that says we must.

And so we study the past to understand the present. We learn from books, books written by people who, at one time, probably thought they never could accomplish what they later did. But college to a Freshman isn't mere impersonal book learning. College is teaching us to think and discover for ourselves; to delve below the superficial to the core. It is the opening of

new worlds to us, amazing worlds. We wonder at the words of Homer and Virgil, marvel at the theories of Pythagoras, the experiments of Lavoisier and Pascal. But most important of all, we are encouraged by them. Ours is to know, to learn, and to strive. Like the man in that poem we used to read when we were very young, we are chasing the horizon and saying with firmest conviction, "We Can."

Your sister and a Freshman,

MADELYN MEAGHER; '48

WINGED

For Lois Crane Berger

Thus would I have had him go
Flying boldly through the sky,
Since it was written that this must be,
Since it was fated that he should die,

In the midst of our brief interlude
Of intermittent, golden hours.
Thus would I have had him go
Relinquishing the beauty that was ours,
(This happiness was but a fragile loan),
While yet his wings were buoyant, strong
To soar and dip among the clouds
While yet his throat was filled with song.

This was the starkly harsh decree,
The summons came that he must die,
Thus would I have had him go
Navigating through the sky.

A. B. I. SHONE

CHINESE FAMILY LIFE

LONG, horizontal, reposeful lines mark the Chinese houses as they stand well-blended into the general scheme of the home garden. A Chinese home consists of a house and garden as an organic whole, in which there are always a poultry yard, a well, a few date trees, and plenty of space. As one stands outside the gate, one sees a small courtyard which gives no idea whatsoever of the expanse inside. The Chinese garden is characterized by studied irregularity. It suggests a wild landscape adorned by trees, mounds, creeks, bridges, a rowboat, a patch of vegetable fields, fruit trees, and flowers. Dotted in this natural landscape are man-made bridges, pavilions, long, winding paths, irregular rockeries, and sweeping roofs. There are no hedges cut even, no perfectly conical or circular trees, and no straight pavements.

Within the houses so well set into the natural background, live people of geniality, taste, and finesse—qualities which have long been present in the Chinese. Their social character is best seen during the leisure hours they spend at home. And how do they spend their leisurely moments? Lin Yutang, who well describes the customs of his land in *My Country and My People,* tells of the variety of their amusements. In general they eat crabs, drink tea, play shuttlecock,

gamble and pawn clothing, play at palmistry, gossip about fox spirits, quarrel with their tailors, criticize their politicians, read Buddhist classics and hold Buddhist séances, burn rare incense, and sleep. Or, more cultured groups might drink tea and appreciate the carvings of seals and the cuts of stones, learn to train pot flowers and care for orchids, boat on the lakes, climb mountains or visit ancient tombs, compose poetry under a tree or look at a storm on a high mountain. A sense of aesthetic value has been deepened in the Chinese by living in a country whose traditions and customs have sharpened his appreciation of beauty. His taste is largely formed by familiarity with the art of his ancestors in their old book-bindings, exquisite letter-papers, old porcelain, great paintings, and in all the ancient knick-knacks not yet touched by modern influences. In them one sees the understanding of tone and harmony and mellow colors, which the early artists possessed.

Curiously important to the Chinese is the art of eating and drinking. They are serious about their food and openly claim eating as one of the few joys of human life, a joy heightened when it is keenly anticipated, partaken of and then commented upon. Food is even the subject matter for poetry. Li Liweng, poet-dramatist of the Seventeenth Century, wrote about the cooking of mushrooms and all kinds of vegetarian

foods. The Chinese are moderate drinkers except where tea is concerned. Tea-drinking with them is in itself an art, to some persons almost a cult. With a teapot, the Chinese can be happy, wherever they are. They drink tea in their homes and in the tea houses, alone and in company, at committee meetings and at the settling of disputes. They drink tea before breakfast and at midnight. The best tea is mild and gives a "back flavor" after a minute or two. Such good tea puts everybody in a good humor.

In the average American home the women prepare the food and drink. But in all but the poorest families in Kianshu and Chekiang, the women do not even cook and sew; men servants are hired to do these things. For men are considered the better tailors and cooks. In every profession except marriage man has the advantage over women. In the ancient Chinese *Book of Poems* one reads, "When a baby boy was born, he was laid on a bed and given jade to play with, and when a baby girl was born, she was laid on the floor and given a tile to play with." But the *Book of Poems* contains no allusion to the suppression of women. For the original system in China was a matriarchal one, and something of this spirit still survives in Chinese womanhood. In the home the woman may not cook but she rules, while the man rules outside it.

With Confucianism came the seclusion of women.

The whole Confucian social philosophy stood for a society with an emphasis on distinction between superiority and inferiority. It encouraged the womanly woman and taught such feminine virtues as quietness, obedience, good manners, personal neatness, industry, respect for the husband's parents, kindness and courtesy to his brothers and friends, and all the other virtues a man likes to see in his wife. In the case of death, the husband's mourning period for the wife is one year, whereas the wife mourns her husband for three years; and while the period of mourning for the woman's parents may be three years, the wife mourns for her father only one year if the husband is still living. The maiden in her own home obeys her father; when she marries, she obeys her husband, and if he dies, her son. But every Chinese girl desires to marry. And to every girl in China, a home of her own is provided. Society insists that even the slave girls should be married off at the proper age. Marriage is woman's only inalienable right in China.

It must be remembered, however, that marriage in the Orient is not a matter of individual choice. It is in the hands of the parents. A man marries a "daughter-in-law" rather than a wife. And when the baby boy arrives, "a grandson is born." A daughter-in-law has more of an obligation toward her husband's parents

than toward her husband. A poem by Wang Chien (8th Century) reads:

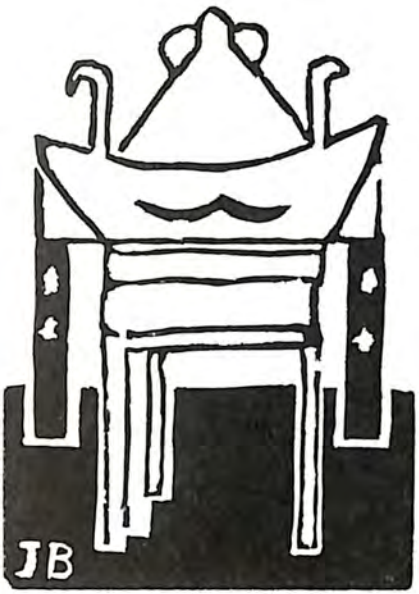
"On the third day, washing her hands,
She goes to make a soup of special savor.
She knows not how the parents like it,
And makes her husband's sister taste its flavor."

It is often an effort for a woman to please a man, but for her to please another woman is heroic; and many fail. The son, torn between loyalty to parents and love for his wife, never quite dares to stand up for her. But then the daughter-in-law bides her time to be mother-in-law in turn.

The woman's education is naturally unlike the man's. The girl has less childhood than the boy, and at the age of fourteen she is grown-up. She rises earlier than her brothers, helps around the home, and learns embroidery. In educated families she learns also to read and to write. She often spends three hours a day practicing her calligraphy, and might be routed out of bed at night by her father to make up neglected practice. The content of this education is limited usually to literature, especially to poetry, history, and human wisdom as absorbed from the Confucian classics. At painting and verse she often tries her hand; the writing of short lyrics seems especially suitable to woman's genius. The Chinese woman's poems are dainty and exquisite, not powerful.

The family system in China teaches the right mental attitude at home. Filial piety is considered the best of all virtues. Says Confucius: "Those who love their parents dare not show hatred to others. Those who respect their parents, dare not show rudeness to others." The family system teaches the child the first lesson in his duties to man, the necessity of mutual adjustment, self-control, courtesy, a sense of obligation and gratitude toward parents, and a respect for his elders. It gives man a sense of family continuity, thus satisfying his craving for immortality, and through ancestor worship makes the sense of immortality very vivid.

M. G. '45



SOME ECONOMIC ASPECTS IN CHINA'S FUTURE

CHINA, the land of expanse, mystery and ancestral pride, is frequently referred to as the land of the Far East. Yet, on looking at a map we find that to the citizen of the United States, China is more correctly the Far West. But is China even the Far West? We are living today in an age of planes, and in the terms of air geography China is not the Far West but

rather the Near North, for by traveling straight over the North Pole we would find ourselves in China in approximately twenty-five hours. Because of this proximity we might well note that China's welfare is important to us both economically and politically.

We might wonder what China has to offer the post-war world. We know her best cities have suffered from enemy occupation, her towns and villages have been demolished, approximately six million of her people have been killed and sixty million more have been forced to leave the homes of their birth, her trade has fallen off to practically nothing, and an appalling inflation has set in. Despite her battered condition, however, authoritative persons have stated that the new China holds great hope for future development. How and why, we might inquire, is this possible? The answer lies in her capacity to absorb much of the investment and unemployment of the world. Western China, formerly a backward section of the country, as a result of this war and of the arrival of the foreigner has developed industrially, bringing forth its vast resources of iron, coal, oil, tungsten, and other products. The war has given birth to a new world economic power with a need for capital, experts, technicians, industrial equipment, and manufactured goods.

Bankrupt, her land devastated, and internally disorganized, it would seem that China's only hope for

the future lies in the economic policy that she will adopt after the war; this may prove to be the most important part of her postwar planning. The international economy of the country must be consistent with this program of industrialization, and may in fact determine the trend of China's political development. For, in spite of the natural resources that may give this shattered country hope for new life after the war, China's reconstruction depends upon the powder keg of her political situation. She stands now in a state of political upheaval which threatens all plans of future development: she lacks unity. Yet at the moment this seems an unsurmountable problem, for a new constitution must be adopted; a constitution which must represent the variety of interests which make up her social body. It must be representative of the agrarian provinces, the professions, and business. It must be acceptable to both the existing government and the increasingly powerful Communists, and it must likewise do away with the one party dictatorship which appears at present to be only tolerated. Many plans have been proposed and contributed—perhaps the solution may lie with the National Peoples' Political Council which now has some semblance of organization.

Yet, regardless of the internal political affairs of China, her power in the international world of poli-

tics will be important. What her position will be at the peace table is not certain. What the ramifications of her financial and trade agreements are with foreign countries we, the American public, can only imagine, but we do know that already we have pledged ourselves to lend-lease agreements with the Chinese government to the extent of five hundred million dollars. We must realize, however, that at present serious difficulties exist between our governments, as is shown by our policy of interference in the distribution of lend-lease funds and the withdrawal of General Stilwell. We are still committed to an open door policy to uphold China's integrity and thus we have become a major factor in the balance of power policy in the "Near North." This places us in a precarious position for we can fulfill our commitments only by means of delicate relationships with imperialistic European countries, with Soviet Russia, and with the Chinese people themselves. China must be allowed to become a component part of the world's economic system; she must be neither exploited nor abandoned.

These then, are but implications of the issues that face China in the future. Her rebuilding is no small problem, but one with which we must reckon, and one worth any effort in terms of the security of the postwar world.

V. F. '47


DF

THE LETTER

Through skeleton of rose-vine whispers winter rain
and glistens down bare stems about the rusted box
damp now and dark, in which your soggy letter lies.

The postman's swinging leather bag where it has lain,
the busy bustle of the salt-sweet navy docks,
the ocean's silver curve beneath far, strange-starred
skies,
the weary thought-stretched width of world, oh all
unknown
toward which I reach in dream; each loses form
as do the letters on the rain-washed page I hold
grow indistinct. Your thoughts into yourself have
grown:

I see the rain-dark sky about me blue and warm,
and close we stand again in dying summer's gold.

L. H. '47

ART EXHIBIT

CHINESE PAINTINGS FROM THE CALIFORNIA COLLEGE IN CHINA

PERHAPS the truest understanding of a people comes from an appreciation of their arts, fine and practical. Towards this end, Dr. William B. Pettus, President of the California College in China (now for the duration of the war in Berkeley), lent us this fall an exhibit from his collection of Chinese paintings. These scrolls represented various schools, ranging from the Yuan and the Sung dynasties through successive eras to the present century. In them was much that furthered our understanding of the Chinese, both in knowledge of the technique of their artists and of the subjects which inspired them. The paintings, some on silk, others on gauze or paper, were accompanied by Mrs. Pettus' explanatory notes, that tell something of the period of the work and of its style and point out interesting details of composition, subject matter and history.

The greater number of the paintings were done in color, although the Chinese artist makes sparing use of it. The pigments, we learned, were made from ground stone and minerals, a process which produced tints so lasting that after five centuries they still retain their brilliance. More representative of Chinese

art in general were the pictures done in monotones of gray and white with a few bright touches to indicate the season or to emphasize some detail. In *Recluse Fishing in a Stream in Snow,* for example, the artist indicates snow by leaving the land colorless, and painting the rocks and sky grey. The sombreness is relieved by the minute figure of a warmly-clad recluse in a small boat, the inside of which is touched with warm blue and henna. Indeed, a favorite color combination is the peculiarly warm light blue with tans and brown reds; in *Autumn,* the top of every leaf is edged with henna while the sharp crags in the distance are indicated in touches of blue. In a comparatively late school bright profusion of color is used, as in *Entertaining a Guest in a Pavilion,* where the dazzling blues and greens of house and trees are splashed with pink clouds of fruit-tree blossoms. But on the whole, the Chinese consider work done in monotone finer, and, indeed, *Boat Ride,* a painting in monotone of the period from 960-1280, has a depth of feeling that the rather self-conscious, though more colorful, picture of a later date fails to express.

The Chinese artist takes great care in the preparation of the ink he uses in these monotones, mixing it freshly at each use. To paint in ink alone the artist must have perfect control of the various shades of wash ranging from darkest black to grey, and therefore great

skill was needed by the artist painter who confined himself to this type of work.

The Chinese artist was not, as the Occidental painter often is, a close imitator of nature. On the contrary, when he sat down to paint it was not before his subject. After much time—days, weeks, even years of contemplative study of his subject, during which he sought to impress upon his mind its unique quality—he painted from memory, with his mind fixed upon the thousands of details of style he had been taught—styles of trees, and garments, of physiology, even styles of indicating motion, which he had memorized in long years of study and in imitating the old masters. Departure from an accepted technique, which he had mastered perfectly before he began original composition, constituted the artist's individual style. Every detail of the living body in various positions was known to the artist in a formalization, and there were special techniques to be mastered in favorite subjects such as pines and bamboo. Intricate technique is well shown in *Ten Thousand Pines*. The trunks and needles of the trees are painted in monochrome with great delicacy, and rude dashes of color are splashed over them.

The bamboo, considered after calligraphy the most difficult subject for an artist, has many different points of style to be studied, and a painting of bamboo

by a good artist is very beautiful. Two different strokes might be used, either light or heavy, but both demanding consummate skill. The Chinese artist's control of his brush is marvelously shown in the long leaves; his perfectly shaded line was achieved in a single stroke.

Favorite subjects of Chinese artists were represented in the exhibit from Dr. Pettus' collection. Landscapes, usually consisting of masses of craggy rock and waterfalls, were prevalent. The Chinese landscapes are painted, contrary to our Western style, as though seen from birds-eye view. The wildness and majesty present in almost all of their pictured landscapes are unbelievable to us, but really exist in some parts of China. Human figures are usually represented as minute, in fitting scale to the magnificence of the scene around them. In a painting of the Sung Dynasty (960-1280), *Peaks after Rain in Autumn,* the Buddhist feeling of the age is reflected in the various levels of the picture, which gradually fade into infinity; at the lowest level tiny men sit drinking tea; above them are pines and waterfalls, and nearest the top, shaggy peaks climb upward, disappearing into the mist. In most landscapes, particularly the older ones, there is conveyed an inexpressible feeling of contemplation; the artist knew well how to transmit his love for the beauty of a spot.

Melons and Insects represents another favorite subject. The insects are done with the greatest care, and one feels a surge of energy in the delicately-painted creature that buzzes about the melon. Even the worm-eaten leaves of the vine are transformed to something lovely. Flowers, particularly sprays of blossoms, were frequently chosen as subject matter; *Sparrows and Plum Blossoms* is a marvelous example of brushwork; it shows dainty blossoms on a gnarled tree whose limbs are just sprouting little green nodules.

Portraits, as other pictures, are done in the absence of the subject after long contemplation of it. A Chinese portrait reflects rather a spiritual quality than a natural likeness. The head and other exposed parts of the body are painted with great care and detail, while the robes are indicated only by a few powerful strokes that give strength and character to the work as a whole. These qualities of Chinese portrait painting were well illustrated in the beautiful portrait of a young girl with chestnuts.

A Chinese painting compels the imagination long after one has left it, because of the singular ability of the artist to transmit mood rather than place. The perfection of technique which the artist brought to his work, together with the spiritual insight gained by long contemplation of his subject, make the Oriental scrolls as alive and moving for the Western modern

man as they were for the Chinese anywhere from this century to a thousand years ago.

L. H. '46

CHINESE BAMBOOS

THERE was once a legend in the Christian world that a man went mad and wanted to eradicate the sign of the cross from the earth, and soon he had uprooted his surroundings, and brought destruction upon all things he saw, and finally he killed himself, for he was made in the shape of a cross, and the last thing that greeted his eyes was the cruciform shape of the dagger in his heart.

If one were to take all the bamboo out of China a similar, though lesser result might be met with. It is almost a universal provider, and the question is really not what it is used for, but what it is not used for. So let us trace the story of bamboo. It is a graceful plant growing to great heights, and the valleys and hillsides of China are dotted with bamboo groves. The slender stalks are cut down and made into rafts to be floated downstream, pushed with bamboo poles by men in hats and raincoats woven from bamboo strands. When it arrives at its destination it may be put to any one of a hundred uses. The Chinese man builds his house of bamboo—it is beaten to a pulp to bind the plaster. His furniture is of the bamboo, as is his plumbing, his carpets, window screens, and his thatched roof. He eats the tender sprouts with bamboo chop sticks, he wraps his food in its leaves, and ends a good meal with a

smoke of his bamboo pipe. However, not only his material life depends on bamboo: the scholar's writing brush and his paper are of bamboo; the musician's wind instruments are made of it. The lamp he sees by is of bamboo and it lights the way to his bamboo sleeping mat. Versus this comfortable object, we find bamboo torture instruments.

The earliest Chinese historical records are written on bamboo, and the pictograph used for "book" is that of several bamboo sticks strung together by a thong. However, books were not only written on it, but also about it. Scientific treatises, legends, poems, everywhere you may find bamboo as a favorite topic. The Chinese man loved his bamboo, and said: "It is better to have meals without meat than to live in a house without bamboo."

Bamboos were dear and beautiful to him, as we see in a poem written about 500 A.D.:

"In front of the window is a clump of bamboos,
Green and azure, they are, in one word strange,
The South with the North leaves join,
The new shoots with the dry stems blend,
The moonlight pierces the tangled bush,
The wind comes,—it rises and falls,
The green beaks fly without restraint,
The children coyly stoop to peek.

How sad that the sheafs following the wind
From root and branch will long severed be."

Just as he painted it in words, so did he also with his brush. There are lovely collections of drawings and paintings of bamboo, which, though often seeming very simple, are almost impossible to copy. This comes about mainly because of the artist's concentration on the spirit. The Chinese painter will go out and sit looking at the object he wants to paint, for hours, to catch its very essence and its every change of mood. He may use the same lines to show a certain sprig in rain, or in a breeze; scarcely can we place our finger on the difference, but it is there. He has a feeling for the inner nature of an object, and he can show it in his painting. This comes from a deep love of the thing itself, and a patience to study it, and give it to others.

Thus the Chinese used an object of usefulness as an inspiration to beauty. Can we always say the same?

BEATA HAMBUECHEN '47

THE DOMINICAN SPIRIT IN CHINA

GO forth and teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Taking these words in their literal sense, our missionaries have gone forth into every part of the world bringing to pagan peoples the truths of Christianity. Among the most fertile fields of missionary endeavor are the vast regions of China. This land, although rich in ancient Oriental culture, overflowing in a luxuriant art, has yet to receive in any appreciable degree, the graces of Christ's teaching.

Missionary work among the Chinese was begun as early as the seventeenth century in the province of Tonkin. Here, after many and cruel persecutions, the first martyrs gave their lives for Christ. They were Dominicans, three of them Spaniards, and the fourth a native Tonkinese who had received his training in the Order of St. Dominic at the convent in Manila. Before they lost their lives, these men had converted and baptized numberless souls; their zeal while they lived was well rewarded. In death, also, they became symbols of the bravery and self-sacrifice that was to give to future missioners the burning desire for souls, a desire strong enough to overcome any considerations of self.

The Dominican spirit in China has been perpetu-

ated today by an American Missionary Society, a society strongly influenced and encouraged by the Dominicans in its early foundation. This society, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, is known as Maryknoll. Founded in 1911, its priests have helped to spread Christianity in China. Founded somewhat later, in 1920, was the Foreign Mission of the Sisters of St. Dominic, Dominicans of the Third Order. Popularly referred to as Maryknoll Sisters, they labor ceaselessly and tirelessly with the Maryknoll priests in all their mission fields, and their work has been especially notable in China.

The most horrible division of Oriental society is that made up of the ma fung lo, the numb ones, the incurable lepers. Father Joseph Sweeney of Maryknoll has dedicated himself to their care. He had heard about the terrible persecution of these people in South China, and when he came upon a settlement of them in a filthy bamboo grove in Sheung Yeung, he determined to live his life for them. He established an asylum in the Sun Wui grave yards. Before achieving any success, he had to battle not only the prejudice of the unaffected Chinese people, but also the suspicion of the lepers themselves. No one had ever even thought of aiding them, and now here was a man willing to expose himself to their disease and to give his life for them. Sun Wui, in spite of all trials, grew and developed into a widely known and scientifically advanced

hospital. In 1937, the Chinese Government gave the colony a large tract of land some thirty miles from Sun Wui. Here Father Sweeney constructed the mission settlement Gae Moon, which means "Dangerous Door." In the face of the invading Japanese armies, he moved his lepers to a new site, "to the Numb Ones' Paradise." Here he has labored ever since, labored to save bodies, but also to save souls.

Since the Japanese invasion of China, the role of the missioner has been made ever more difficult. He has been deprived of his religious faculties, mistreated, and interned. The harrowing experiences of Father Bernard Meyer and a large group of priests at the Hong Kong house when that city was captured by the Japanese, are now common lore. This priest and many more have chosen voluntary internment in order to remain with the people among whom they have lived and worked.

The roll call of brave Maryknoll missioners is truly long, and at its head stands the name of Father Gerard Donovan, their first martyr. He labored not long in mission fields when he was murdered by Chinese bandits after months of indescribable torture. Known as the "Laughing Father" because of his infectious gaiety, he was deeply mourned by all who knew and loved him, all those Chinese to whom he had brought the joy of knowing Christ.

All the world is now turning its interest, politically and economically, to the Far East. After the war, this interest will undoubtedly continue and increase. Many emigrants from the western world will go into China to aid her people, and among these will be the missionaries carrying on in the twentieth century the love and zeal of the seventeenth century Dominican Martyrs of Tonkin.

SUZANNE CRANE '45

CRY OUT, O MAN

Cry out, O man, who sufferest in life's climb,
And none may turn, or hear, or care a whit
About an atom in the infinite
Whose life unseen may start its pantomime . . .
A spark, flung up from pinwheels of blind time,
Then into God's good pattern firmly knit,
Yet though inside the pattern, a poor chit
Sprung out of dust—worthless primeval slime?
Cry out, yet none will hear your bleak despair
Tossed as you are into eternal space,
With little hope, or care, or none at all,
That fate from death your soul will tear,
Unless you learn, that in His mighty grace
God keeps you, if you follow in His call.

BEATA HAMBUECHEN '47

THE CHARACTER OF CHINESE POETRY

POETRY, like any of the arts, reflects the spirit, interests, and philosophic background of its creators. If we are to appreciate the poetry of China, we must examine the spirit in which it is written. The Chinese mind is trained along completely different lines than is ours; the philosophy which molded the poets' thought, the traditions that lay behind them, make their point of view somewhat different from that of western writers. But the subjects about which Chinese poets write are familiar to everyone, and the beauty and delicacy of their expression cannot but be admired.

In spite of, or perhaps because of, the fact that China as a nation has existed for some five thousand years, there is in its poetry little of the diversity of thought contained in Western literature. There is no passing from a *Beowulf* to a tale of courtly love, from the clarity of Neo-Classicism to the cloudiness of Romanticism, and the often enigmatic modern poetry of England and America. The Chinese have always lived close to the land; their poetry reflects the intimate knowledge of details in nature: of the changing seasons, the movement of wind in the bamboo, of streams and snows. Poems delighting in these manifestations, poems on love and friendship, and chiefly,

poems of parting, make the span of the greatest Chinese poetry. There is, of course, religious verse, and there are also war poems, but more often the poet uses his art to recall some moment when his perception of life was heightened by emotion to a fulness of appreciation. Indeed, the Chinese definition of poetry is "emotion expressed in words." The soul of the Chinese seems to be particularly moved by specific, momentary emotions, by highly personal, subjective perception of sensuous beauty, rather than the broad, sometimes vague emotion that the ideas of love, the brotherhood of man, or the soul's relation to God so often produce in the Western writer. Chinese poets delight in particularity. It is that which distinguishes a thing from every other thing in which they find perfection, rather than in that which binds it to the universe and to the rest of its species. A series of pictures, exquisitely colored, rich in subtle shades of meaning, they considered the highest art. A poetess called Ho P'ei Yu wrote the "Poem of Ten Ones":

"A flower,
A willow,
A fisherman
On a rock.
A ray of sun
On the river,

A bird
On the wing.
Halfway
Up the mountain
A priest slowly climbs
To a shrine.
In the forest
A yellow leaf
Flutters and falls."

(Translated by Dr. Henry Hart
in *The Hundred Names*)

Just that: *a* leaf flutters. Poetry that stops short of its meaning, so that the reader could complete its depth; poetry that suggests a train of thought rather than reveals it, is the poet's aim. A four line form called the "short-stop," which leaves the reader to complete the thought, was a popular variety of verse.

The preciousness of a moment of beauty, the depth of a fleeting emotion, are usually the qualities felt in Chinese poetry. A distant flute heard in the evening is the theme of this poem which illustrates the joy in the beauty of a single moment.

"The dewdrops cling
To the green bamboo
Like pearls.
The wind stirs lazily

In the lotuses
And their pale red petals
Flutter to the earth.
As the night wind creeps on apace,
The twinkling glowworms
Light my path,
And faintly, from a tower
In the east
Calls a bamboo flute."

(Huang Wan Ch'uing,
translated by Dr. Hart)

Brevity is a requirement of Chinese poetry; what cannot be said in a few lines is not worth saying. It is as though their poetry were the distillation of their emotion.

The Chinese mind is reflective rather than speculative. It accepts rather than rebels. Chinese thought was deeply imbued with the traditionalism of Confucian philosophy. The long unchanging centuries that lay behind the poets, the various political upheavals and the ensuing calm, gave them a placidity of spirit which it would be hard for a westerner, conscious of the shortness of his civilizations, to attain. Dr. Henry Hart, in *The Hundred Names,* says of Chinese poetry, "Half the poems in every Chinese anthology are on parting and its pain, but where is the cry to abolish

the political situations which imposed the forced separation?" There seems to be a profound quiet in the Chinese soul, which is well expressed by the Taoist maxim, "Do nothing and all things will be done."

Another significant characteristic of Chinese poetry is its lack of the love motif as we know it. Woman was a means of procreation, rarely more to the Chinese man. For expressions of tenderness, for the sharing of thought or beauty, he turned to his friends. The political system being what it was throughout the ages, an extreme bureaucracy, which forced great numbers of public servants to live in far corners of the empire, friends were often parted by state functions. Some of the most beautiful poems are of farewell:

"The good time will never come back again:
In a moment, our parting will be over.
Anxiously,—we halt at the roadside,
Hesitating,—we embrace where the fields begin.
The clouds above are floating across the sky:
Swiftly, swiftly passing, or blending together.
The waves in the wind lose their fixed place
And are whirled away each to a corner of Heaven.
From now onwards,—long must be our parting,
So let us stop again for a little while.
I wish I could ride on the wings of the morning wind,
And go with you clear to your journey's end."

(Su Wu, translated by Arthur Waley)

In spite of the fact that there are practically no love poems written from man to woman, the many poetesses honored in Chinese literary history, write charming lyrical expressions of love. Usually they are full of the quiet, resigned grief which characterizes much of Chinese literature: regret at passing youth, sorrow of death or of lost love. Thus does one Ka Jo P'un lament in the exquisitely simple lyric, *Gathering Bamboo*:

"Since you have left my side
My lord,
I have no joy in the jades
That once adorned my hair.
My love for you
Is deep as the waters of Hsiang,
And the tears I have shed in loneliness
Have stained the green bamboo."
(Translated by Dr. Hart)

The Chinese poetesses were highly honored by their countrymen, and indeed, are said to have given a far deeper insight into the vulnerable human heart than have the poets.

In one other respect does the Chinese poet differ from many western artists; that is, in the world's and his own conception of himself. He was neither the wild-eyed romantic, the youth setting out for high adventure, nor the rebel, the disillusioned recluse that

is our conception of many artists. He was a man of affairs or of leisure, at peace with the world and himself. We picture him sitting quietly in a pavilion above a bamboo grove, drinking tea or idly chatting. Stillness, rather than vibrancy, lies at the heart of Chinese poetry.

Most indicative of the Chinese character as shown in their poetry, is their recurring and basic love for nature. A love based on close observation, not so much on the grandeur of mountains and seas but rather on the minute and perfect loveliness of a plum blossom, or the drip of rain. A Chinese artist can rejoice in a worm-eaten leaf and paint it with the loving care an artist of Christian background would lavish upon a madonna. Perhaps the exquisite beauty of their nature poetry lies in the fact that the poet takes it for what it is. He does not look for moral meaning in the change of autumn to winter; he does not try to link himself in feeling to the waves of a stormy sea or to the spring sunshine. Sometimes, to be sure, he sighs that his youth has passed as lightly as the plum blossom tossed from a tree; his experience of nature is highly personal, but it never exceeds the limits of the delicacy and restraint inherent in Chinese art. Beauty is precious in itself; in this, their interpretation of beauty, the Chinese poet is romantic in a way different

from our romanticism. The significance of this poem lies in the perception of beauty itself:

"Slowly,
Over the mountain, piercing the haze,
The moonlight breaks
Through the green pine trees.
Its light shines
On a maiden fair,
Under a flowering plum.
Oh who can say which
The most lovely is,
The maiden, the moon,
Or the flowering plum."

(Hsi P'ei Lan, translated by Dr. Hart)

The hardiness of the Chinese people, their unflinching endurance of poverty, famine, tyranny, their present dogged fight to preserve their land, the toughness of fiber in them today is exactly what it has been through all the ages of their history. This is the song of a peasant, written anonymously about 2300 B.C.:

"From break of day
Till sunset glow
I toil.
I dig my well,
I plow my field,
And earn my food

And drink.
What care I
Who rules the land
If I
Am left in peace."

(Translated by Dr. Hart)

L. H.; '46

CHINESE INFLUENCE ON AMERICAN CULTURE

THE Orient has left its gilded impression on the brief centuries which comprise our past history. Not only has it played a tremendous role in laying the foundations for the discovery of America; it has contributed to our culture as well. Chinese trade imparted to early New England an unrivaled Oriental flavor. Twentieth century art and literature received their inspiration from the painters and poets of this far-away land. It is interesting too, that our emphasis on the "modern" arises from an unconscious attempt on the part of many to emulate the success of Oriental simplicity—keynote of a rich and ancient civilization.

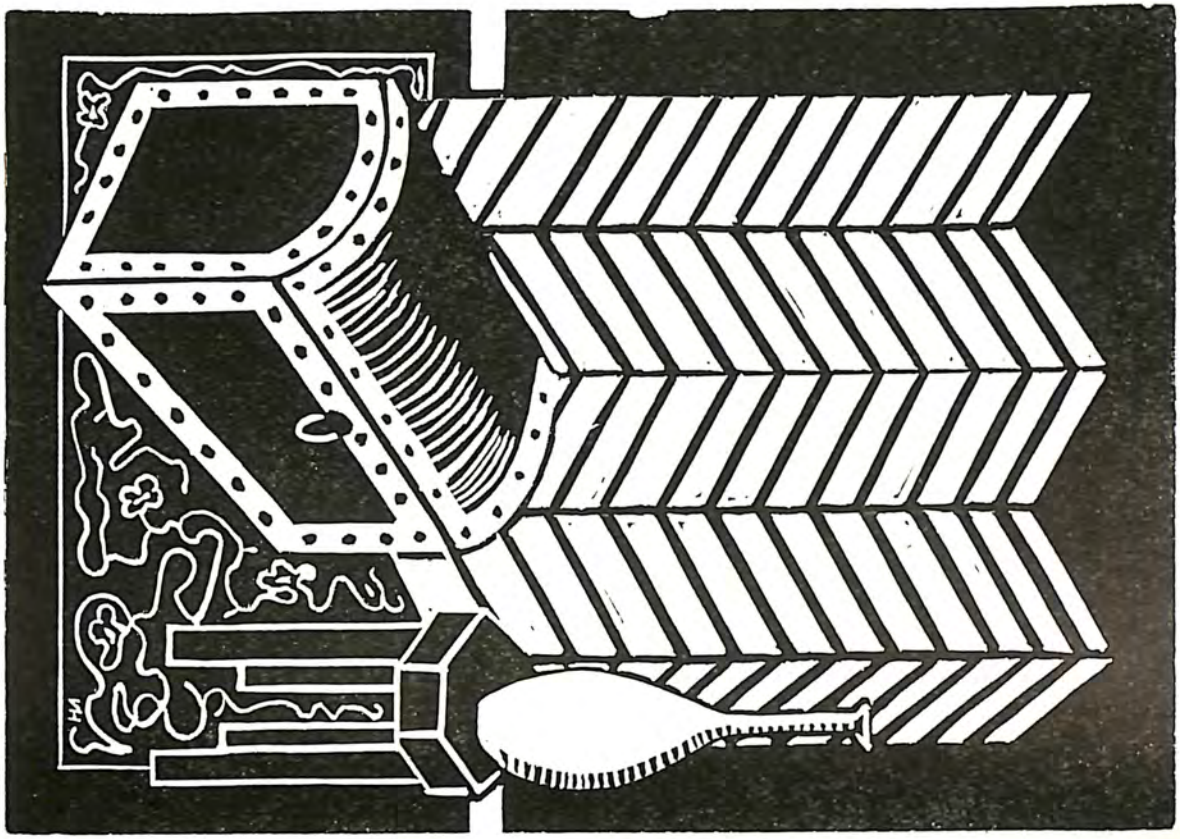
Indirectly, our nation owes its being to Marco Polo's memorable visit to Cathay. All medieval Europe, scholars and merchants alike, were dazzled by the descriptions of a culture which managed to arise and flourish unknown to them. The lure of an exotic East proved overpowering once wealthy nations tasted of its riches, and caravans were sent out to brave mountain barriers, snowy recesses, and trackless plains in the fiercest Asiatic weather. What merchants did return brought with them spices, gems, and rich

brocades, carved ivory and precious silks to flaunt before the eyes of luxury-loving patricians.

In a world impressed with wealth and display, it was not long before trade with the Orient was regarded as a necessity. But the merchants were confronted with a problem—how to supply all the demands of the affluent Europeans. Long before the Ottoman Turk extended his curved sword over the Mediterranean, he proved a menace to the caravan trade. The only solution lay in the hope of finding new and easier routes.

The Portuguese were the first to assert themselves—with the fond blessing of Prince Henry many a sailor skirted the African coast. Once successful, Portugal excluded all others from following in her wake. There remained, as a last resort, the cold Atlantic and the faint possibility of the Orient beyond its horizon. The search ended temporarily when, toward the close of the fifteenth century, Columbus stumbled upon America.

The second phase of the Oriental challenge was accepted willingly by the American colonials, Bostonians for the most part, once they braved forth, still fledglings, as an independent nation. In the mid-1780's the *Empress of China* and the *Grand Turk* returned from successful voyages, their holds laden with nankeen, Chinese silks, blue canton wear and malaca



canes—luxuries which were readily accepted in New England life.

In the formal houses of prosperous merchants it was not surprising to see Chinese porcelain, and silver, wrought by Paul Revere, standing side by side.

Another prized possession, the silk shawl, was a thing of beauty; often embroidered in a pattern of fierce symbols gleaming with metallic threads, or else rich in simplicity.

This contact with the mandarins of China imparted to America a new and exotic Oriental flavor. The aroma of cinnamon, sandalwood and tea drifting up from the long wharves, the scent of blue canton beads, perfumed and sprinkled with silver, the shrill cries of gaudy green parrots became at length as much a part of the local color of the New England sea coast as the pungent odor of bayberry candles, and the hoarse accents of the town crier.

In the same way, our culture assimilated in its formative period much that borders on the Oriental. Art and literature felt its dazzling imprint. While the craftsman Paul Revere and the painter Mary Cassatt were more profoundly impressed by the artist's use of line, Whistler and the Imagist poets allied themselves with the subtle art of the Chinese in still another way.

Whistler's "Arrangements" are in every sense of the

word Oriental; his use of flat planes, his "butterfly device," and the "high horizon line," are all effects contributing to a single brief impression.

The imagist poets, ushered into the American scene by Ezra Pound, achieved in poetry what Whistler had attempted in his "Arrangements." Pound invented the term imagist and "was the first to gather the insurgents into a definite group." Their aim was to present an *image*. "We are not a school of painters, but we believe that poetry should render particulars exactly and not deal in vague generalities." Ezra Pound's *In a Station of the Metro* ably illustrates their main tenet:

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
Petals on a wet, black bough.

Encouraged by this same poet, Amy Lowell wrote so akin to the Oriental manner that "the colors with which her works are studded seem like bits of bright enamel, every leaf, every flower lacquered to a brilliance." Her poem, *Night Clouds,* impresses the reader with its use of rich figures. Such phrases as "golden hoofs," "green porcelain doors" and "vermilion tongue," derive their color and elegance from the Chinese.

The nature of these figures is even more interesting when placed beside an ancient poem of Po-Chü-i:

"By the woods and water, whose houses are these
With high gates and wide stretching lands?
From their blue gables gilded fishes hang;
By their red pillars carven coursers run
Their spring arbours, warm with caged mist;
Their autumn yards with locked moonlight cold
To the stem of the pine-tree amber beads cling;
The bamboo-branches ooze ruby drops—"

Again, her *Wind and Silver* might easily be taken for a fragment of Chinese poetry.

"Greatly shining
The Autumn moon floats in the thin sky;
And the fish-ponds shake their backs and flash
their dragon scales
As she passes over them."

Another imagist, perhaps not as well known as Amy Lowell, but deserving study, is "H. D." In *Pear Tree* she strengthens the alliance between Western and Oriental poetry:

"Silver dust
lifted from the earth,
higher than my arms reach,
you have mounted.
O silver,
higher than my arms reach
you front us with great mass;

no flower ever parted silver
from such a rare silver;
O white pear,
your flower tufts,
thick of the branch,
bring summer and ripe fruits
in their purple hearts."

Other poets not included in this school have caught Eastern reflections, Adelaide Crapsey, Vachel Lindsay, and Wallace Stephens, whose *Domination in Black* is memorable for its delicacy of design:

"At night, by the fire,
The colors of the bushes
And of fallen leaves,
Repeating themselves
Turned in the room,
Like the leaves themselves
Turning in the wind."

The present day influences of the Orient are easily seen; they are all encompassing. Our art and architecture and our design give evidence of a trend toward simplicity and its equivalent, we call it "modern." Its source is in great measure the age-old Chinese culture.

What is even more interesting is China's influence on tomorrow. In looking back, it seems that we have only touched upon the surface of her ancient culture.

Surely, with the freer and more willing interchange of ideas, an already apparent result from the war, the future will undoubtedly entail a deeper appreciation and evaluation of her rich heritage.

PATRICIA MASON '46

RESOLUTION

THE sound of an air raid siren pierced the early morning silence. In the distance could be heard the droning of planes. Then bombs were dropped on the small Chinese village and the earth shook from the reverberation of their explosion.

An aged doctor fell to the ground, buried his head in the crook of his arm and waited—waited for what seemed an interminable period but what was really only a few seconds. Then the siren announced the disappearance of the last plane, gone as swiftly as it had appeared, leaving destruction in its wake. The old man got to his feet and looked about at a mass of ruins, once a hospital. Overhead, the temporary straw-thatched roof had caved in, the operating room was a mass of debris, the surgical equipment was strewn across the floor. The sound of terrified cries penetrated the doctor's thoughts and suddenly brought him back to reality. All about children were screaming—some in fear, some in pain.

Late into the afternoon a small crew of workers toiled; there was little space for the many wounded, and medical supplies were fast disappearing, but still doggedly they worked on.

The doctor removed his rubber gloves and stared into the perspiring face of a young boy. He nodded

to an attendant and the stretcher bearing the wan unconscious youngster was removed. Tired, weary, he turned toward the broken window and looked out over the village of old men and women who had remained behind refusing stubbornly to leave the homes of their ancestors; the village of old men and women who had extinguished the fires and were now clearing as best they could the small thoroughfares. Tears of pride trickled down the physician's wrinkled face as he thought of the poorly equipped soldiers who bravely fought on, the students who had gone to the mountains, the factories that had been removed piece by piece from the occupied zone to be laboriously reconstructed. His heart was warmed as he thought of the spirit of these old people who had remained behind to fight in their own way. The stooped shoulders straightened and new strength surged through the doctor's body as he turned to prepare for another operation. Yes, China was fighting and this child would live, for he and others like him were the hope of China—hope of the future!

V. F. '47

WHEN I LOOK OUT UPON A WINTER'S NIGHT

When I look out upon a winter's night,
So cutting clear and icy shining blue,
Halting unwary birds within their flight,
And tossing them upon the ground askew,
And then do later see the joyous spring,
With all its tumult of renewed strife,
Where drops of honey in the flowers cling,
And greener sap doth fill the trees with life,
Then do I ask, which way be best to take:
The clear cold path of heavenly reason's sight,
Which man to no emotion will forsake . . .
Or selfish passion's high ecstatic flight?
For, as the spring brings brightness to man's day,
So will the winter take it, and him slay.

BEATA HAMBUECHEN '47

CHINATOWN

IT is so much fun to go through Chinatown, especially at night when the lantern-shaped street lights, bleary in the fog, and the lighted store windows brighten the narrow streets. Then the neons glitter and show buildings painted yellow, green, and red and figured with Chinese calligraphy. The roofs and the marquees turn up in a curve at the ends, thus fashioned, it is said, to keep out in some mysterious way evil spirits.

Gay, noisy, busy people pass us on the sidewalks. Some of them go into Chinese cafes and cocktail lounges, from which we can hear music coming, sometimes Oriental and Hawaiian, but often just American. Others stop at food shops along the way to buy such things as dried fruits and codfish, chop suey ingredients, cocoanuts, or Chinese tea and candy. From these places comes an unidentifiable mixture of pleasant smells, pungent or faint at intervals. There are crowds waiting to be admitted to one of the theaters where they will see Chinese actors in a Chinese show. But many, like us, are interested mostly in the window displays.

We walk slowly and look long and curiously. In one window lie closely-woven tapestries, linen handkerchiefs and scarves embroidered in soft shades. Intri-

cately-worked lace tablecloths and bedspreads hang draped in the background. Ornate glassware and dishes painted with Chinese garden scenes, gold-plated, pearl-handled silverware, and vases and bowls of different shapes, rounded and angular, stand grouped nearer the front of the window. As we move along we come to a jewelry shop which shows a variety of jade bracelets, rings, pins, and earrings; and in one corner black-lettered signs advertise the value of small silk-wrapped packages of incenses and solid perfumes. But we enjoy most looking at the beautiful garments. Exotically designed are the sheer, white blouses, the capes and kimonas of pastel shades lined in contrasting pastel colors, and the long slim-cut gowns trimmed with fine lace.

As we near the end of our walk through Chinatown, we see the sturdy, impressive statue of Sun Yat Sen, leader of the first emigrants from China. With him came many who brought their own materials and re-created an environment as near as possible to the beauty, as well as to the ideas of comfort and habits of living which the Chinese of their lands had known. Then regretfully we leave the narrow sidewalks of this Oriental town and return to the wide pavements of the modern city.

M. G. '45

AUTUMN AND WINTER

'TWAS in the ancient days—so long ago that the little men on earth had not yet learned to write. And that is why we do not know this story.

In that time, all things were well ordered—everything came at the right time; all things were rightly valued, and all living beings were at peace, for no one thought himself better than the other. And then one day, a little seed of the tree of discord was carried away by a silly breeze, who had nothing better to do than to disobey the good God. And the silly breeze dropped it between the Autumn and the Winter. Autumn picked it up and showed it to Winter, and said: "This is one of my children: with its golden brown color, and its little spirit of life knocking away at its shell." And Winter was jealous, for she was barren. So she spoke: "What care I for the little seed of life—my works are better than yours." "Indeed," said Autumn, "how can you speak such falsehood? Let us prove whose works are better." So each took a little man and placed within him their own spirits. And the Autumn placed her son in the East, and she made him golden brown, and she gave him the riches she held: the fulness of the ripened sun, the bursting ears of corn, and the quiet content of the passing year. Then Winter fashioned her child according to her spirit: and he was

strong, and harsh, and he wanted power to rule all with his strength—and she placed him in the West.

And the child of Winter was not content in his house, and he strode forth to conquer. And he went forward farther and farther, till he reached the land of the child of Autumn. And the child of the sunny ripening came forward to meet him and gave his treasures to him. The little Western man breathed upon him, and froze him, and trampled upon him, and he ruled his land, and covered it with cold. And he took the wisdom of the Eastern man, which had grown in his peace and fulness, and he took its rest from it, and made it useful.

The child of Winter sat upon his throne and looked upon his conquest. And then he saw the child of Autumn, who lay bleeding upon the ground. And the good earth opened her arms to him, and caught the drops of his blood as they fell, and treasured them, for in each was the spirit of life. And all the country mourned the wounded little man, but the earth smiled and spoke to it and said: "I hold the object of your longing, and he shall be reborn, and give his peace and fulness to all, when Winter has lost his spirit, and is broken." And the land was content, and her warmth of joy melted the Western man away.

BEATA HAMBUECHEN; '47

THREE POEMS

The city swims in twilight now,
on grey walls opal washes lie;
lemon blue, translucid glow
spire-pastured plots of sky.

Heather soft falls spring dusk; soon
behind the nervous neon light
will the dainty-fingered moon
recall outmoded sweet dark night.

The strong flame which to my life gives light
presses fear shadows back into the night
quivering against bright force. A candle, waxen, cold
receiving bird-tongued fire's kiss of gold
cups tenderly the warmth that burns its flesh:

Flame-joy, feed on my phoenix heart, be fresh
to rage within sundimming, choking hold
of forest thoughts. Be gallant, glorious, bold,
against enchanting doubts ice-fingered fight,
make glacier rock-grey bleakness summer bright.

Oh mighty, surge me upwards, sing beneath the sky
while time's still shadow over me cloud-like steals by.

Harness the water's silver rage to throw
Adam's burden on its wheel-spin might,
Yoke from space fields high or rock below
Matter's force or strangely prisoned light;
Earthborn, ride the highways of the wind,
Hold bright-edged shields against disease's dart.
Trace the flame-haired comet's path, but find
Yourself a child with helpless yearning heart.
Dazzled, upon majestic heights you stand,
Gasp in thin air, too near the blinding sun;
As must an infant clasp its mother's hand
To walk, so must you learn, poor little one,
That He by Whom you are, your steps must lead,
Ere can you fill your aching spirit's need.

L. H. '46

EDGE HILL

FOR almost ten years Edge Hill has been uninhabited by the college. Now it is alive again with the laughter and happy faces of the sixteen Juniors who live there. Its opening is greatly pleasing to the alumnae who have lived in it in the past. The old house has been given new moss-green curtains for the dark-panelled living room; draperies, a cushioned window seat and a new altar for the circular chapel, but otherwise it is much the same as it used to be in the first days of its existence as a college building. Although it was at the begining of the year somewhat depleted in furnishings, it has quickly been transformed into a lovable and gracious home. Every week new books are added to its library, new pictures hung on the walls, new utensils put into the kitchen. We who live there take great pleasure in these gifts, and in seeing the house become more and more like the beautiful home it was.

Edge Hill, once the Babcock mansion, was first established as a college dormitory and dining hall in 1920. It was formally opened on August 30 of that year, the day of Mother Louis' golden jubilee. When Fanjeaux came into existence, Edge Hill was opened as at first to all four college classes. It was later made

into a senior house, and then reserved for both upper classes.

In 1935 the college was given Benincasa, which was closer to the other college buildings, and the novitiate moved into Edge Hill. An increased enrollment has necessitated using it again as a residence hall.

Edge Hill has the homelike character that all the college buildings possess in one way or another. It is a beautiful place. Its magnificence is apparent to the most casual visitor who does no more than walk through the now unclosed gates, but there are also a multitude of hidden lovelinesses in the grounds that reveal themselves only to one who searches for them.

The Edge Hill house matches the gardens. It is buff and slopes with the land, out of which it seems to grow, elegant but inconspicuous even when in the springtime it is hung with wistaria and deep red roses. Many gay turrets suggest the ornament and gaiety of the nineties. Wide porches half circle the house and a high and massive door opens into a square hall panelled with San Domingo mahogany and dominated by an angular staircase, its mahogany balustrades and newel posts delicately carved, its first landing decorated by a grandfather's clock in a plain and massive mahogany frame.

To the left of the staircase wide, low doors beside casement windows set high in the wall, open into a

living room panelled in California redwood. French windows look out onto the western lawns and a broad fireplace softens the rich austerity of the room. The furnishings left by the Babcocks are in keeping with the elegance of the panelled walls and are almost as varied as the trees in the garden. On the walls hang impressive portraits, in massive gilt frames, loaned to us by Dr. Mary Layman of the Stanford Lane Hospital. They are family portraits; one, a wistful little boy, another, the same youngster as a charming young man; in the dining room is his picture as a mature man. His mother, his sister and aunt, in the plumed hats and voluminous dresses of the day, occupy other positions on the wall.

Opposite the entrance to the living room a door opens into the chapel, once the Babcock library. In the back of the room on the mantel of the fireplace stands a little statue of Our Lady; her colors, blue and white, are hung behind her in a miniature silk dossal. Trees are so near the window that they sometimes give one a feeling of almost living in the outdoors. And yet the chapel ultimately leaves a sense of dim religious light, perhaps because the household are in it most often at evening where the vigil lamp throws flickering gleams on the high panelled ceiling.

The dining room of the old house has become a sort of sitting room. Its shiny table, usually decorated

with fruit or flowers, is often used to copy notes on. The old leather couch is drawn up close to the fireplace; we huddle on it with books and papers strewn all about, when the cold rain falls outside.

In the big kitchen with its old-fashioned gas range we gather sometimes in the late evening for tea or chocolate; on Saturday mornings late risers can prepare breakfast for themselves and sit around the large homelike table.

But most of all we enjoy the "solarium," the glassed-in porch where we sit in the evening after dinner to smoke, leaf through magazines, and chat. It has white wicker furniture, a small tiled table, and a piano which is very often in use with the latest tune or the *Girl with the Flaxen Hair,* a favorite among Edge Hill-ites.

The original lines of Edge Hill have been little altered. The house has the atmosphere of a private dwelling. Rules are few; no rising bells are rung. At Christmas the house had a festive air—the living room was festooned with greens, red-bowed cedar was laid before the statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe in the mullioned window niche; a little tree, brightly lighted, was set on the table. In the spring the house is decorated with sprays of flowering quince or cherry; at all times it seems a merry place, comfortable because those who live there care for it. D. H. S. L.

SONNET

The rose, once bloomed, cannot do else but fade,
And all the dreams of men may not recall
One blush of red, one scent that Summer made,
When lost to Winter's quenching, whitened pall.
The rose will die, as all, all creatures die
Who never are aware of their own life,
But go to death and never wonder why
They were, ere being, vanquished in the strife.
But man may grope and stumble in the throes
Of earth-bound sins, and yet have hope to rise.
Not half so fair as is the summer's rose,
He reaches out and grasps the perfect prize.
He thinks, thus is, and being, hoping, he
By thought lays claim to all eternity.

OLIVE BIDDLE '47

CLUBS

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

THE living room of Benincasa this year is the setting of pleasant and at times heated discussions of world events. The discussions are carried on in a two-fold purpose, to stimulate in the girls of the college an interest in the history-making events of the day and to endeavor to carry out the purpose of the I.R.C. which is to establish and keep peace in the world of the future. It is only through the past that one can learn to prepare for that which lies ahead, therefore these discussions are a necessary part of this club.

October 21, 1944, was by far the most important day in the calendar of the International Relations Club, for it was on this day that the college as a whole and the I.R.C. in particular had the honor of acting as host to Northern California-Nevada International Clubs. The day was one of great success due to the cooperation of the visiting delegates, the Sisters and students of this college.

This day did much to strengthen the resolve of the students of history at the Dominican College of San Rafael to keep alive to current events. The task they have placed before them has not always been an easy one, but the fruits of the labor are worth the effort.

BARBARA CAVANAUGH '45.

MUSIC CLUB

MISS RAY'S studio this year is the scene of very pleasant weekly meetings of music lovers. A glance at the audience would suggest that music lovers in this instance embrace music majors, music minors, "Troopers" currently rehearsing in the auditorium across the hall, mere lovers of music, and even faculty.

The pleasantness of the Music Club springs, it seems to me, either from the unprompted eagerness of the audience, or from the quiet and intense listening. It is as much the pleasure of being a member of so happy a group as of coming to know freshly, new music that makes me not want to miss a meeting.

During the fall, Neva and Barbara and Miss Ray all gave previews of larger concerts to follow. One of the special benefits of the club is that one may ask for a repetition of anything one likes and the performers are generous enough to give it. Sometimes one asks for a repetition because of the music's beauty, at other times because the music is new, modern, and strange, and we need to hear it the second time for a proper appreciation. It's a great comfort to the musically uneducated to be able to admit limitations in listening to music and to have one's limitations humored.

At the end of the concerts Miss Ray kindly plays records for those who can stay, and she has many lovely albums, both standard and new.

PHI BETA MU

STATELY and symbolic is the initiation ceremony of Phi Beta Mu, the Sociology Club. The seriousness of the occasion is marked not only by candlelight and white carnations, but by the wearing of caps and gowns, by a carefully planned procession and the reading of carefully prepared papers, one of which is always in honor of the club's patron, Saint Martin de Porres; all bear upon the society's high purpose, the furthering of a Christ-like love of one's fellow man.

Each new member is presented with a scroll of Phi Beta Mu's constitution and each member goes away from the meeting filled with a sense of deep responsibility and a desire to become, if ever so little, like Saint Martin.

The autumn initiation was largely attended; Dr. Foley, the guiding spirit of the club, presided; three papers were read, by Nell Degnan, Muriel Friedlander, and Mary McAvoy. At the tea which followed talk centered about the future doings of Phi Beta Mu.

BEATA HAMBUECHEN '47

SCIENCE CLUB

IN 1944-45 the Albertus Magnus Club has been very active. We began the year with the traditional initiation dinner. Because our number had increased so much we abandoned our usual restaurant feast and substituted a good old-fashioned wiener roast in Forest Meadows, at which we enjoyed the company of the Carroll family and Mrs. Jackson. Memorable were the roasting sticks our initiates stripped from the trees for us with no implements. Another departure from the traditional was our initiation ceremony. Instead of the plain oath, we added several chemical experiments and other odd initiation feats, which, for the benefit of the Freshmen and any future members, we will not disclose.

On November 21st we held a tea at Benincasa, and on November 13th we had there a very successful discussion on penicillin. We discussed its discovery, chemical nature, its uses and future production after the war. On February 13th we had a similar discussion on cancer, to which students not in the club were invited.

Another activity was our sponsorship of the "Pearl Harbor Blood Donor Drive". At least thirty college girls might have been seen stretched out at the Blood Donor Center on December 7th.

We have hoped to show the College that the Albertus Magnus Club is still very much alive, and we want to interest more girls in the pursuit of scientific fields. No one is fully rounded in education unless he has some foundation in science, and no one should be fully ignorant of the latest developments in this field, as they are perhaps one of the most important factors which will determine our future.

FRENCH CLUB

THE initiation of several new members into "Le Cercle Français" was the highlight of the first meeting called in the White Room at Meadowlands one October evening. Barbara Beall, president, presided over the Candlelight Ceremony during which those to be initiated advanced one by one before the president and stated their intention of joining and supporting the organization, and signed the roll of new members. Since the entire initiation was conducted in French, the new members were at first bewildered, but they soon relaxed and, after the ceremony was ended, they joined in the singing with as much zeal as the older members.

A program was presented during which the French Tricolor, given to the Club as a gift by the

Sisters, was brought into the room while those present sang the "Marseillaise" for the first time since France fell in 1940. Afterwards, conversation in French got under way, and the meeting adjourned with the serving of refreshments by the members of the Club.

Very special preparations were made for the first meeting of the new year, to do honor to the guest speaker, Mrs. Reena Piez. So impressed was Mathilde Carpy by the sandwich making zeal of Barbara Beall and her adjutants in the big Meadowlands kitchen that she perpetuated the scene in a snapshot.

At the meeting Mrs. Piez, a San Franciscan who has lived many years in Paris, sat by the big stone fireplace in the shadow of the tricolor and spoke to the Club on her impressions of that city. She showed pictures of the Arc de Triomphe, Notre Dame, and other beloved places of that city.

"SALUDOS AMIGAS"

ATTIRED in a large sombrero and gay mantilla, a tiny figure softly strums her guitar as she sings a Mexican melody—a short pause, then the stillness is broken with vigorous applause.

"Mas, Mas," the girls cry. "Oh, please, sing an-

other." With great dexterity Marcella obliges us again, this time with a tune about a jolly, robust peon.

Yes, by now you've probably guessed it—the Spanish Club meeting is in progress. The charming spirit of our neighbors in the South seems to have permeated the room, and shortly the entire group breaks into the refrain of *La Cucaracha*. By now this familiar tune is practically the theme song of this monthly get-together, and this October proved to be no exception—you see, we know all the words.

Dressed in the billowing yellow costume of her own Nichocan, Carmel whirls around the room, her castanets tapping out the difficult rhythm of her beautiful dance.

On this gay note the entertainment ends. Refreshments are served, and the formal initiation of "Las Modernistas," the Spanish Club, which had begun with the traditional candle ceremony and ritual, closes.

November 5, day of days, or rather, night of nights. Twenty-five of us are off to Berkeley via the Richmond Ferry. Here is our opportunity to apply our conversational Spanish!

Our hopes are shattered. Wartime International House is too small to accommodate us for the evening meal, but nothing daunts the spirit of *Las Estu-*

diantes del Colegio Dominicano de San Rafael. We're off to dinner at the Claremont to the accompaniment of the nightly orchestra.

Again we return to International House, there to meet several charming student representatives from the various Latin-American countries.

Now to San Francisco to visit the gay nooks of the picturesque Latin Quarter.

It's twelve o'clock. We're home, we're tired, but we revel in it all. Yes, we're a merry group with our attempts to capture the spirit of Spain and South America.

In the January meeting, Dr. Meléndez of El Salvador brought colored movies of Mexico, featuring the horse races, the architectural monuments of Mexico City, the Silver City of Taxco, and the Borda Gardens of Cuernavaca.

We're an ambitious group in our determination to master *el idioma de Cervantes.* So, the next time you see us on the campus greet us with *Saludos Amigas!*

MUSICAL PROGRAMS

THIS semester we have been fortunate in a series of musical programs given by artists in some way connected with the school. Once a month Miss Ray has played in her studio for any one interested, an opportunity to hear good music that it is sad to have to miss.

Sergeant Glen Sherman, who is stationed at Hamilton Field and uses Angelico Hall for practice to further his art while he is in the Army, kindly gave us a very beautiful recital in Angelico Hall, much appreciated by the students.

Mrs. O'Grady, Virginia Blabon, a graduate of the College and still one of Miss O'Connor's pupils, sang for us one Friday night at Meadowlands and afterwards joined with us all in singing. Her lovely soprano voice and her evident pleasure in singing for us and with us made the evening a happy one for everybody.

Particularly important, because of our pride in our Alma Mater, have been the concerts of our music majors, Neva Sohl, Barbara Beall, and Florence Gruppo. We can hardly say which one plays the best. Such perfection of their art by our fellow students makes us feel that we should try to gain as much in our own fields as they have gained in music.

In April, Dr. Silva's composition, "The Mysteries of the Rosary," was given for the second time. Also presented was "Alexander's Feast". The words of Dryden's poem were recited while the choral sang Dr. Silva's music to the ode, which was illustrated by pageantry and dancing.

(Reprinted in part from Meadowlark articles by
VIRGINIA FORMICHI '47.
MARY HENRICHSEN '47.
ETHEL SELVESTER '44.)

ART

THE art department has been particularly active on the campus and has enjoyed trips to museums in San Francisco. A greatly increased number of art students has caused the department to overflow to the damp, but satisfying clay room at Anne Hathaway. Its cement walls on which students will later practice frescoes, are soon to be painted bright yellow. Already this small studio has a workmanlike air about it; new sculpture stands, a glassed show case, and special clay cans have already been added.

Many students, encouraged by Mrs. O'Hanlon's enthusiasm, have come with the will to try, though some have never taken art before. Others have come to the History of Art class with a curiosity aroused by a friend who had enjoyed it. But the department and studio are most dear to the art majors. Something about the warm sun streaming in the window and the smell of turpentine gets into one's blood, like the effect of salt air on the sailor. Even the occasional unpleasantness of scraping a section of canvas with the palate-knife or sitting in a blob of paint cannot daunt our spirits.

The art gallery has showed exhibits of Chinese painting, watercolors of Samuel Newsom, prints of Eleventh and Twelfth Century Mussulman ceramics,

and much of the students' own work. A large group interested in art visited the Legion of Honor Museum to see the Renoir and "Sanity in Art" show; and some weeks later went to the international contemporary exhibit and motion pictures at the San Francisco Museum, which inspired them with ideas for cutting wood blocks and painting murals in the art room.

DRAMA

THE DRAMA this year has not made a great drain on the students' time. Yet there has been some dramatic activity. The two productions given in Angelico Hall were the Shield Day plays, *Jane Clay's Mother* and *Everybody's Husband,* and then Dr. Silva's musical arrangement of *Alexander's Feast.*

Early in the first semester, scenes from *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* were enacted by Marguerite Lussier, Virginia Formichi, and Frances Garibaldi in the Fanjeaux living room. After the Christmas dinner the *Saint George Play* came off with extraordinary *eclat* acted entirely by the seniors. (This is now a two-year tradition.) For weeks hazy rumors floated around in the second semester about dramatization of the works of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Finally the dramatic class presented the *Sonnets from the Portuguese* and some of Robert Browning's monologues.

In the gymnasium the Class Day plays and the W.A.A. Circus were greatly entertaining in their originality and humor.

THE WOMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

THE Women's Athletic Association has tried, through the influence and example of its leaders, to impress upon the student body the necessity of good sportsmanship and cooperation in the field of athletics. This spirit developed tremendously throughout the two semesters, and showed itself especially in the two most important events of the Association, Class Day and the W.A.A. Show.

We started our year with a swimming meet in October. This was followed by an exciting hockey season; the final game was played on Class Day, and added color and action to the events of the day.

We were fortunate to be able to obtain again the traditional yellow and white school blazers, which have not been seen on the Campus since the start of the war. And one could see Dominican College proudly displayed on suitcases, and windshields, and in letters in the form of decalcomanias and stickers. These novelties were sold to raise money for new gymnasium equipment.

The second semester was devoted particularly to basketball, volleyball, and tennis tournaments. The old Class trophies were brought out, dusted, polished, and presented to the class that won the highest number of points in all of the tournaments. We hope that

the activities of the past year have contributed greatly to our college education, and we are certain that every member of the Association will always remember our Sportsman's Creed:

"And when the one great scorer comes,
To write against your name,
He counts not that you've won or lost,
But how you've played the game."

PATRICIA CLARK; '47

THE CLASS OF '44

THE spirited members of last year's graduating class are still very close to the college and to all of their friends here. They have returned frequently, for special occasions such as Shield Day or the Christmas caroling, or just to join in a reunion of chatting and singing in the Grove. Many of them now have good positions in the business and professional world, while others have found fair Venus' call more impelling.

Gloria Bragg, Pat Durham and Mary Ann Franey are teaching in the primary grades in Vallejo; Lee Azevedo is handling a first grade in Stockton; Padalo White writes that she enjoys her teaching in one of San Diego's largest elementary schools; Marge Meader, who announced her engagement to Marine Lt. Al Garcia before Christmas, is teaching in St. Joseph's School of Nursing in San Francisco; Winnie Felder has received her nursery school-kindergarten credential at San Francisco State and is planning to teach.

Gay Hall is working for Pan American Airlines in San Francisco; Margot Wright is private secretary to a Navy contractor in San Francisco; Pat Cribbin and Lorraine McGuire are attending business school;

Betty Burns is in the registrar's office at Affiliated Colleges in San Francisco; Louise Gallagher, now a WAVE, is stationed at Treasure Island; Mary Lou Braden and Mardi Brennan, lab technicians in San Francisco, are living at the Sienna Club; Rosemarie Machado is doing social work for Catholic Charities in Sacramento; Marianne Burrows is taking craft work at Mills College in preparation for teaching in the Soldiers' Rehabilitation Program.

Frannie Lanini is married and living in Ferndale; Alice White is living in Pennsylvania with her parents while her husband is overseas; Alice Doyle announced her engagement to Navy Lt. Bill Mahoney during the Christmas holidays; Lyla Bylinkin is living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where her husband, David Dowd, is studying for his Ph.D. at Harvard; and Lois Virgil, who was married in January, is living in Florida, where her husband is stationed.

HELEN ELDER '45

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