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The Firebrand

Edge Hill

Sister M. Edward, C. S. D.

THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE
OF SAN RAFAEL

M C M X X I X

HIS EMINENCE
BONAVENTURA, CARDINAL CERRETTI

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THE FIREBRAND

Editor

CATHERINE WEMPE

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VIRGINIA O'HARA

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CHARLINE IRWIN

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LULU PLUNKETT

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MAE HEALY

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HILDEGARDE KAUFHOLD

AIMEE MARTINONI

MAUREEN MCINERNY

MARIAN WHITNEY

EDITORIAL

WHEN a college person speaks about education he immediately visualizes a college campus with numerous students going to various classes learning about the classics and sciences. And an educated person seems one who has a general knowledge of the subjects taught at universities. But education is more than this hackneyed content — it is something far deeper. First, the word “education” literally means “to lead out.” It is with this analysis in view, it seems to me, that we may conceive a true idea of education.

The Romans at their best thought of education as a means of help to a student by drawing out his interest, stimulating his thought and his talents, then developing them. The Romans had no formal school such as we have now; first Greek slaves were companions and tutors for the Roman children; later, many boys studied with one man, memorizing the classics to learn expression but spending the greater part of their time attempting to dis-

arm the thoughts of the ancients in a search for justice and truth. Thus it was the ambition of a Roman rhetorician to lead students to "think for themselves while their rhetorical studies would enable them to give just expressions to the fruits of their meditations."

When we think analytically of education, we think of it somewhat as the Romans did. An educated person is not necessarily one who has gone through numerous classes with numerous students, walked up on a stage and received a diploma; he is, rather, one who has been taught to think. It was a wise Yankee who said that a real university consists of a teacher on one end of a log and a pupil on the other. That is, the value of education lies really in discussions. For only through worthy discussions does a student learn to make his own deductions and form his own concepts. And only through forming one's own concepts does one come to an evaluation of life which is one's own.

There are some people who believe that experience is a substitute for concept building. But experience can at most teach a person to

avoid mistakes. A child must be burned to avoid fire, whereas a scientist knows enough to leave fire alone without being burned. Experience makes one dependent on facts rather than on concepts or ideas. Moreover, I have noticed that persons depending largely on experience for their knowledge have many blind sides. Many slightly educated persons, for instance, believe that the advent of modern inventions, such as percolators, is evidence of progress. But an educated man sees in a percolator nothing so very different from a prehistoric man's bronze urn, certainly nothing as beautiful. It is in deeper things that we differ from prehistoric man. It is through wider reasoning and enlarged general concepts that we have advanced beyond our ancestors and become more civilized. No longer, for instance, do we fear physical things and give them animation. Sticks cannot harm us purposefully, nor do thunder-storms or earthquakes seem personal acts of vengeance.

Again it is urged that if a man is prosperous and contented, it is foolish for him to seek education. It is further pointed out that many

educated persons have not achieved either contentment or happiness. And to a certain extent such criticisms are correct. Our religion has given us the key to perfect happiness through perfect faith. The most ignorant may have the greatest faith. But it is a regrettable fact that perfect faith is as rare as perfect education. And it is a fact that the ends of both are the same—a sweet contentment with life because of a perfect understanding of it. By way of education this contentment comes from an understanding of the laws governing life. And becoming educated is like a man learning to perceive beauty in a painting without a perception of what elements of beauty a painting may have. But, on beholding such a painting as a Madonna by Raphael, the most uninformed person takes a great joy in it and puts aside any interest he may have in mediocre pictures. He has found the secret joy of beauty. So a person with an education knows the joy of contemplation and the beauty of finding fundamental truths of knowledge. And he, therefore, has a capacity for happiness undreamed of by an uneducated man.

He realizes that his material welfare does not determine great happiness. He again has the enjoyment of being independent—that is, of being self-sufficient. He can be alone, and like being alone, because he can reflect. Again, he can be in any company and not feel out of place. Penetrating discussions interest him. And his independence gives him a certain ease and contentment in life that an uneducated person never receives. Now this ease cannot come from mere information gained from an attendance at classes, but at college one comes in daily contact with thinkers. The prime object in view is learning, and thinking is almost forced on college students. The atmosphere of the campus stimulates discussion and a search for knowledge—to quote Abbe Dimnet, “Intelligence is contagious”—so it would seem that going to college affords the quickest and most certain way of learning to think.

AUNITTA BAIRD

Major: ART

Class President, '29
Art Editor, *The Firebrand*, '27

Studio Art Club
Twelfth Night

AUNITTA is tall, slender, and demi-blonde, and it is universally conceded that she is ornamental; more than that, that she is very distinguished when she's dressed up, for she has unerring taste in dress. She is intensely and excitedly interested in whatever she happens to be doing, whether it be social or academic or what you will. As head of the absence committee, she wore herself out by her vigilance. She has been known to shut off a garrulous instructor with a hasty, "Yes, I see—," but in general, she is intensely in earnest, even in her academic pursuits.

On account of her amiable manner (Aunitta is mistress of that formal affectionateness which is impressive at afternoon teas), she is an (if not *the*) acknowledged social leader at Dominican College. She is always chairman of a committee on social affairs, and she never disappoints the admirers who have elected her to that office.

Aunitta's intellectual bent is decidedly artistic. She is an art major, and she has always

been prominent in dramatics. On account of a certain naive innocence that distinguishes her, she has been peculiarly successful in comic parts. One acute observer among her class-

mates attributes Aunitta's great popularity among the swains to this same naivete, which leads her to make puzzling statements which keep them guessing, and thereby intrigue them. Aunitta reciprocates the interest of the other sex—which, of course, is normal and

healthy. In a recent interview with one of her classmates who questioned her about her chief ambition, she confessed that it was to have an engagement ring.

Aunitta has many engaging qualities. She is sympathetic and her "too bad, dear," brings balm to many a grieving heart. She has no violent dislikes, and she has never developed any "particular" friendships. She is never

angry, though she is somewhat easily hurt, and tearfully so, but she forgives and forgets with ease.

But it is beyond all things Aunitta's zeal in campus activities, which we shall find it hard to dispense with. Hardly an assembly passes without an announcement from her, and no social function is a success which her presence does not grace — hence we pray for a citizen as good as she (if such there be) to replace her.

TERESA BANNAN

Major: MATHEMATICS, HISTORY

Vice President Student Body, '29
Secretary Student Body, '28
Vice President Class, '26, '27

Phi Mu
Delta Phi Epsilon
Tumbling Club

TUDIE is sweet, gay and friendly, serious in purpose, sensible and intelligent.

In a gym suit, racing down the hockey field, she is an excited person, determined to make a goal. In Educational Psychology we are not surprised to see her take the platform before class with Katherine McAfee and execute an intricate clogging dance merely for the satisfaction of knowing that she has remembered it. And still we are not surprised to see her attending math courses seriously, although she never studies late at night. She has varied interests. She loves popular music, enjoys bridge, and is fond of dancing. She dresses becomingly in soft pinks and blues, and always looks cool and refreshed. She is kind and has a contagious humor. Altogether she is a very likeable person.

LUCILLE CODO

Major: FRENCH

Delta Phi Epsilon

THERE were two things I particularly noticed about Lucile before I knew her very well — they were her deep brown eyes, and then her general knowledge

of history. I sat behind her in history class, and owing to the fact that I lacked an accurate knowledge of the subject, I was quite awed at Lucile's ready answer to any question that was asked in class. Later, on closer acquaintance, I watched her with unusual attention. Her naive interest in simple,

sometimes insignificant, details surprised and refreshed me. I first noticed this characteristic when she once found me with my hair sprinkled with Norwegian dry wash powder. First she laughed, then she asked numerous questions about the powder and the results, then finally she decided to try some. Upon closer observation, I found this interest to be the result of a curious, receptive mind and a rare

lack of affectation. This lack of affectation is probably another phase of her eager interest in simple details, and in my mind it is her chief charm. It is interesting to be with a person who notices and enjoys the "little things" that surround us and of which most people are unconscious. There is, however, another reason for Lucile's freshness—that is her sense of humor. Simple incongruities amuse her greatly. I have seen her laugh heartily at a disheartened driver gazing at a flat tire. Lucile laughs easily, but her laughter is pleasant because it is low and never in excess.

MADELEINE CURRY

Major: MUSIC

Day Scholar Representative, '29

M ADELEINE CURRY'S life is full of thrills, for her nature is one of vitality. She becomes alight with ecstasy over a new frock, or over the fact that a very popular girl has chosen her for a bridesmaid. And, when a teacher praises her for dutiful perseverance, or when she has risen a step higher in her musical achievements, her joyful excitement knows no bounds. With voluble eagerness she tells us about her thrill of the day, pats her soft hair, twinkles her eyes, and makes us feel almost as happy as she is.

Madeleine has a tan Ford which she guides with precision. Driving a car takes concentration, especially when there are many little music pupils to think about. As Madeleine sits at the wheel, her glance and gesture of excitement subsides — for she is occupied with her responsibility. And her fair face wears the same expression of heed and self-confidence that it does when she is at the piano delighting an audience with the evidences of her skill.

KATHARINE MCAFEE

Major: LATIN

President Student Body, '29
Treasurer Student Body, '28
Secretary Student Body, '26, '27
Freshman Advisor, '27
Class President, '27
The Meadowlark Staff, '27, '28, '29

Phi Mu
Psi Beta Lambda

WHEN I think of Katharine McAfee, I immediately call to mind her scholastic standing, for she has been an A student all through high school and college. But she is as sensible as she is intellectual, for she has refused to clutter her schedule with more courses than she knows she can do well. This refusal is characteristic. She is quiet and very gracious, but firm in her own ways. One of her schoolmates shrewdly observes that Katharine listens attentively to everything you have to say against her views and doesn't contradict at all; then she smiles and you know she is thinking exactly what she thought before. She might die for a principle, but she would not rage for one; she has been known to tell the truth in a most difficult situation, but she never thrusts frankness on one unnecessarily.

She is a pleasant person to live with because

of her consideration for others and because of her sense of humor. Students who do not know her as a scholar or as a friend will remember her as a diplomat by the way she has handled house meetings as president. Everyone knows the subtle way with which she continually disposes of a jumble of arguments and indecisions to the satisfaction of the general assembly. This is truly the art of a diplomat. But Katharine is much more than a diplomat; she has the one element that gives power over one's fellows — character.

CARMEL MCGLINCHY

Major: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Vice President W. A. A., '28
Secretary-Treasurer Class, '27, '29
Vice President Class, '28
Baseball Manager, '27
Basketball Manager, '28

Pi Epsilon Nu (Freshman
Cup Society)
Tumbling Club
Block "D" Society

CARMEL is short and athletic in build. Against her straight black bobbed hair her skin looks very white. Her eyes are eager, and there is a determination about her mouth and chin. But Carmel's generosity denies this impression. She is always willing to help another, however slightly she knows her, and no matter how much work she has to do, she finds time to listen to other girls' complaints.

Carmel is essentially an active person and, although her devotion to athletics, her major in Physical Education and her practice teaching leave her few spare moments, she is always ready to support any college function.

As a freshman, we believe Carmel answered the telephone as much during the year as the entire class combined. Is it any wonder, then, that the doting upperclassmen chose her for the representative freshman?

When Carmel leaves, the college will not only feel the loss of a diligent student but also an enthusiastic devotee to every college sport and a generous friend to her school.

MAUREEN McINERNY

Major: LATIN

President Student Affairs Committee, '29
Student Affairs Committee, '27
Vice President Class, '28

Phi Mu
Psi Beta Lambda

MAUREEN has generous, regular features framed by soft brown hair, which, though long, presents no problems to her, for she simply draws it back over her ears in a knot at the neck, and a more elaborate coiffure could hardly be more becoming. Maureen's robust health, her dignity or stature, and her handsome features suggest a classical Roman matron.

Maureen possesses true culture; for she strives for perfection in everything she does, and is frequently successful. Certainly she weighs carefully the value of each phase of her life and her work.

Her enthusiasm is not confined to classical culture, to the meaning and beauty of music, or to English composition, but includes all these accomplishments. In many other subjects, including Education, she is a diligent, interested student.

But she has still another interesting quality which somehow causes us to marvel most of all is her interest in athletics. In every sport

she takes up, there is a determination in her to become proficient. At the beginning of a semester, she may know very little about a particular activity, but after a month of practice

she is sure to be competing with people of much longer experience. In clogging, Maureen's endeavors are even more diligent than those of any freshman.

Anyone who imagines that Maureen is always calm and unexcitable has surely never observed her at a football game rooting for her favorite team. Even a letter may send her into

raptures. And in a game of basketball one sees a quite absorbed Maureen, her eyes intent on the ball, herself quite unconscious that a few wisps of hair have escaped on either side of her flushed face. Recall Maureen as she came in first in a race, with head and shoulders triumphantly thrown back. Then, what a contrast you will find when you compare such a

picture with another one of Maureen, as she placidly rises in student body meeting, gently but firmly admonishes new girls regarding Dominican rules, and proceeds to explain the penalties attached.

ADA NISBET

Major: ENGLISH

Editor, *The Firebrand*, '28
Editor, *The Meadowlark*, '29
Assistant Editor, *The Firebrand*, '29
Student Affairs Committee, '28, '29
Tennis Manager, '29

Psi Beta Lambda
Delta Phi Epsilon

ADA is tall, frail, demi-blonde and thoroughbred in appearance. In manner, she is straightforward and amiable, invincibly polite, and calm. She is gentle, never speaking ill of anyone and never endorsing ill-natured gossip; her embarrassed laugh and tentative "Well—" when she must listen to such gossip, I have on hearsay, but I can easily visualize it. The same acute observer, from whom I have heard of her manner in refusing to participate in gossip, thinks that Ada is subtly conceited, because she never recedes from her own opinion, no matter how great the pressure brought to bear upon her. The subtlety resides in her manner of refusing to recede, with the embarrassed laugh and the tentative "Well—." With due deference to my mentor, for whose acuteness of perception I have the most profound regard, I must say that this seems to me to be a case of *non sequitur*. Personally I say more power to Ada for "appreciating her own opinion."

Ada's predominant characteristic seems to be conscientiousness, which in some persons is

a most unamiable trait, but Ada has the supreme and rare gift of being good gracefully. Her conscientiousness extends to "activities" as distinguished from academic pursuits ("pas-

sivities?"). She is always on numerous boards and committees, and she takes them seriously. She may fall short of real effectiveness in these civic duties by reason of a certain want of ruthlessness in dealing with others. It is whispered by a few that she is "afraid" to displease the girls, and by other incendiary spirits that she is too complacent toward a froward and peevish faculty. There may be a measure of truth in all that, but I am inclined to discount it, since I have heard that she valiantly defended the faculty (in their absence) against an assembly of students raging against recent encroachments upon their solemn and sacred week-ends. Such temerity deserves the *croix de guerre*.

There is an aura of nobility and high-

mindedness about Ada perceptible to the most casual of her acquaintances — among the elders, at least — and most grateful to some of them. Her departure will be felt as a genuine loss to Dominican College.

JESSIE MAY O'BRIEN

Major: HISTORY

Student Affairs Committee, '29

Delta Phi Epsilon

A SHINY Ford coupe came bouncing up Acacia Avenue at a good speed. With a jerk it came to a stop in front of Angelico Hall, and the driver, with a frown on her forehead, called in a gentle voice that showed worry more than annoyance, "Have you seen Peggy?" to a girl who was crossing the road.

The girl responded that Peggy was in the library. "Oh dear," sighed Jessie May, "she ought to be here now!" Then she honked the horn of her new Ford three times and looked anxiously at the library window for a familiar face to appear.

Then she sighed softly, as though she had been relieved of a heavy task. Three girls came out of Angelico Hall and called, "Jessie May, will you take us down town?"

"Surely, I will! Hop in the rumble seat, and be careful not to scratch the paint," she cautioned. "Well, Peggy, here you are at last!" she laughed, as she released the brake. And off the jolly group of five went toward town.

PEGGY SCANLON

Major: HISTORY

Archery Manager, '29

Delta Alpha Epsilon
Studio Art Club

OFTEN I have found myself looking, fascinated, at Peggy's curly hair with its somewhat reddish tinge; I have examined her features and the expression on her face, noticed her actions, and then tried to remember everything I ever heard about her just to see if I thought it were true.

Those who are not intimately acquainted with Peggy think she is reserved, quick tempered, and inclined toward snobbishness, while her friends say she is pleasant and entertaining, and that her attitude of reserve is the result of mental preoccupation.

I have noticed her, when the corners of her mouth are slightly turned down and her eyes seem to be seeing everything but what is around her. A casual acquaintance, on seeing her thus, might think that Peggy is distant in manner and bored with her company. This attitude of disinterest, however, is due to intense contemplation of other things.

Other times I have noticed Peggy eagerly interested in her company and their conversation. On these occasions she takes an animated

part in their discussions with a pleasantness that is unusual because of its contrast, and with a reasonableness that is encouraging to her listeners.

I think this obvious change of manner makes Peggy pointedly interesting, for she can claim the charm of variety.

HENRIETTA SCHWAB

Major: HISTORY

WHEN I first met Henrietta I noticed her brown wavy hair and a friendly expression in her eyes. Later, on better acquaintance, I found her manner and conversation as friendly as her expression. Although her interest is usually focussed on everyday things, she is so enthusiastic that her companion unconsciously becomes as interested as herself. I have heard her talk of combination salads, novelty dresses and new fashions as if they alone were of importance. And I have seen her listeners respond by taking up the subject with as much interest as Henrietta.

Henrietta, though apparently never ruffled by worry, is often conscientious about her lessons to a point of worry. She is a good student, but her conscientiousness does not classify her as "The Conscientious Student" or "The Ambitious Student," but rather as one who is uncomfortable unless all her work is completed.

ANNE STOLL

Major: HISTORY

Delta Phi Epsilon
Spanish Club

THE B Street school children had just been dismissed for lunch, when a stout, little teacher with a thick, black binder under her left arm hurried down the school steps. By the time she reached the sidewalk, she was surrounded by children intending to walk down the street with her.

Anne was only a student teacher, but it is not strange that she should have her pupils flocking after her, because she is an enthusiastic little person, brimming over with tenderness and amusing conversation.

Anne has an iron will and certain set ideals, but she finds enjoyment in the little things of life. "Don't miss 'Quality Street'," says Anne, "because I'm in it. I say a few lines and stick out my stomach." Then she laughs and wrinkles her nose in a characteristic way.

Again in Anne we find the gift of story telling. At this art she is a magician. Once in a public speaking class she made a group of college girls feel as though they were back in their grade school days when she convinced them "How the Leopard Got His Spots."

AGNES TEMPLE

Major: MUSIC

Executive Board, '28, 29
The Meadowlark Staff, '28

Delta Phi Epsilon

AGNES TEMPLE is typically Spanish in her appearance, but in her mind and character, Spanish traits are modified by the Anglo-Saxon part of her inheritance. She has the Spanish incalculableness, dreaminess, artistic ability, tempestuousness, practicality, and cruelty (not the inquisitorial sort of cruelty, but the experimental sort, which delights in figurative pin pricks, where the victims are most vulnerable — or supposed to be so).

Agnes has a really extraordinary talent for the piano — an effortless facility which excites envy in the hearts of many beholders, who have music in their souls (so they say) but not in their fingers. But facility is not all; there is that in her playing which stirs profound emotions and makes one yearn to be high and heroic. Agnes has a curious tendency to almost regret her gifts; sometimes she expresses a wish that she had chosen to be a scholar. At such times she pores over Spinoza or Kant, in her moments of relaxation, thereby exciting the derision of all beholders.

HELEN WALSH

Major: ENGLISH

A QUICK, light step on the gravel at Meadowlands, a cheerful greeting to a girl across the lawn, a soft voice calling, "Can't you wait for a fellow?"—it's Helen Walsh wanting to walk to class with you.

In a few seconds Helen is at your side, and you have forgotten your last minute's review before class and find yourself smiling at the merry chatter of this interesting news-gatherer. Helen has a way of knowing everyone and everything about college, and of being liked by everyone. She has a smile or a kind word for all, but she cherishes few as friends.

Often you may find Helen in the library peeping into a book or writing a theme with all seriousness; but once her classwork is finished, she is like a fountain bubbling with joy.

Even when you first meet her you can feel the warmth of her friendliness. But it is during her short chats with you in her room, at table, or on the way to class that you fully enjoy this jolly companion who loves teas and bridge, is thrilled with aeroplane rides, and has done newspaper work.

CATHERINE WEMPE

Major: ENGLISH

Editor, *The Firebrand*, '29
Assistant Editor, *The Firebrand*, '28
The Firebrand Staff, '27
The Meadowlark Staff, '27, '28, '29

Delta Phi Epsilon
Psi Beta Lambda

PROBABLY everyone who will read this book knows how Catherine Wempe looks, but it seems to be traditional to commence these sketches with an account of external traits, and I must conform. Nature made Catherine small and (perhaps to compensate) somewhat gaudy. I think Aristotle would have classified her as a "self-depreciator" (one who claims less than belongs to him), for she occasionally, needlessly emphasizes this gaudiness, as if to give balm to others who might envy her the possession of the "real thing."

I am sorry to be unable to say that Catherine is dark, devious, subtle, and in precocious senility—all of which she yearns to be. She is absolutely honest, and sometimes disconcertingly direct. She has no "complexes." In fact, her most obvious trait is a certain mental, moral and physical healthiness. Next to healthiness (and perhaps a phase of it) is her love of her own personal freedom. She has a temperamental aversion to all entangling alliances, whether they be in the guise of would-be authority or

of something more tender and thrilling. This quality makes her a most satisfactory friend, for her reasonableness (that "masculine"

trait!) leads her to concede to others the same liberty which she values so highly for herself. Her friendships are thus devoid of the usual resentments and the squalls resulting therefrom.

I must insert a shadow or two to make this sketch as honest as its subject. According to Catherine's professors, her most unsatisfactory quality is a certain discontinuousness in her projects and performances. This may be the defect in her best quality, i. e., her love of liberty, but at any rate her instructors think that it would be more worthy of her first-rate intelligence to follow the beaten track more consistently. Time will tell!

JUNIORS

IT is eleven o'clock Thursday morning and the path between the mail boxes and Angelico is alive with girls hurrying back and forth.

Wanda Alward and Billy Trainor saunter along the path reading their mail, apparently untouched by the excitement of the other Juniors.

"Well, that was a good letter," remarks Wanda, "but I must go now and do some history notes. Good-bye, Billy, see you later."

"Good-bye, Wanda. Well, Margaret, why such a worried expression?" asks Billy of Margaret Andrews, who comes up with Katharine Hanlon.

"Well, you see," explains Margaret, "ever since my little talk with Dr. Horn, he calls on me every time and I'm not sure whether I know what the "Mental Age" is —"

"Oh, do you know that?" interrupts Eva with her squeaky voice. She has heard only the last two words.

"Maybe you do, Katharine?" asks Esther

Eachus, who has come up with her roommate.

"Oh, I'm not in that class any more —"

"Of course. I always forget — you ask Dr. Horn to explain it, Eva —"

"Say — I will not — I have to do everything around here," rejoins Eva in an abused voice.

"Oh, there are Zelda and Marjorie —"

"Yoo-hoo, Zel. and Marge — going up to class?"

"I should say we are! And right away, too, so all the chairs in the back row won't be taken."

"Well, you won't get mine —" hastily puts in Helen Haakinson, who has been talking excitedly to Mrs. Teall.

"Are you sure my card is in the bottom of the pile, Mrs. Teall?" flings Helen as she dashes off to Angelico.

"What's the matter, Helen?" calls Laura Kett, "Weren't you able to persuade Dr. Horn to lecture today?"

"I guess she wasn't," remarks Mary Lou Marley, and joins Laura.

"How was clogging today, Jo?" she asks of Josephine Murray, who comes up.

"Oh, fine, but I have to concentrate on Education. Let's go up to class."

Suddenly a familiar musical horn is heard, and Shea drives up in her yellow roadster. Out tumble Janet Blethen, Mildred Stephens and Bernidet Millerick.

"Thanks for the ride, Shea," shouts Mildred as she runs to get her mail.

"Bernie!" demands Janet, "Are you sure we haven't the second part of this chapter —"

"Oh, Janey, you make me crazy — always asking such silly little quest —"

"Good morning, Alice!" cheerily calls Bernidet to Alice Dicely. "I hope you know your lesson today."

"Oh, yes! I studied it very hard. Do you know it, Helen?" questions Alice of Helen Dunne, who comes toward them with Veronica McAndrews and Betty Colgan.

"Well, I studied it fairly well —"

"Oh, she's being modest," put in Veronica. "She only read the chapter over four times."

"She would," adds Enid Everman, who drives up in her Cleveland with Evelyn Roselli. "Helen is so conscientious."

"Well, you have to be in that class if you don't want to be scared to death, from all I hear," puts in Hildegarde, who is bound for Latin. "Isn't that so, Mary Ethel?"

"I guess it is," adds Mary Ethel Small, "and I am glad I am going to Art class this period instead of Education."

"Hurry, Hurry!" comes a call from a window of Angelico.

"Oh, dear!" they all wail, and hurry to join the rest of their brethren who await in fear and trembling the stride down the hall and up to the platform and the voice of doom saying, "Now will someone kindly volunteer to give me the topic of our last discussion and the exact point at which we discontinued last Thursday?"

KATHARINE HANLON, '30.

THE SOPHOMORES GO FOR A SWIM

IT'S so lovely today, that we will have swimming instead of basketball," Miss Adams announces emphatically.

"Good enough!" "That suits us!" and Amanda Whitthorne, Mirium Tuohy and their followers dash off to don their suits.

"Oh, Miss Adams, I look so-o-o fat in a swimming suit," wails Pat Deneen.

"But, Miss Adams, if you knew how I loathed swimming, you wouldn't ask me to go in," Mabel Lounibos laments, as she turns appealing eyes on the instructor.

"I can't swim! I have no desire to learn! Therefore, I think it would be foolish for me to go in," Margaret Beetam states, as if that puts an end to the matter.

"That's just how I feel," Katie Kelly chimes in. "I'm just scared to death of the water."

"I can't swim, either, but I'm going in to learn," Mary McSweeney declares, and, pleased with her announcement, struts proudly before the complaint-bearers.

"You'll get an 'A,' Mac," Phyllis Fry remarks, sarcastically.

"If you're not all in the tank inside of five minutes, you're all going to be marked absent, so you might just as well stop complaining and get busy."

There follows a grand rush for the dressing room, for everyone knows that an absence means one hour in the Library the following Saturday morning.

"Hang your clothes on yonder bush,

But don't go near the wa —

my word! This wa--ter is simp--ly fre-e-ee-zing!" chatters Bernice Bannan, first to brave the icy depths.

"Oh, Miss Adams, I think it is sih-wee to make us go in, in this kind of weather," Margaret Hayden sighs, while she dances up and down endeavoring to keep warm.

"We'll brave it together!" and the well-known triumvirate, Margaret Mahoney, Mary Ferrario and Kathleen Kay, invade the tank.

"Ruth and Eleanor! I don't see how you ever get in that way. If I didn't dive right in, I'd never get in," and Genevieve Mendonse puts her words into action.

"Did you ever feel anything quite so cold in

all your life? Why, I never could get in in a million——o-o-oooh!"

"What were you saying, Kay, when I so rudely interrupted?" Dear Dear innocently inquires.

"Oh, so it was you, Miss Carpenter? Well, take that." And the practical joker is initiated into the frigid waters without even entering the tank.

This evidently is the signal for a general splashing, and the poor, shivering little unfortunates, who haven't as yet the courage to indulge in the refreshing depths, are propelled into the water, without further ado.

"Oh, leave me alone! I just hate to get my face wet! Leave me alone!" Poor Lucinda Han-nify is evidently one of the victims.

"If you duck me once again, I'll scream," and Virginia Hudson gives an illustration that proves her statement was no idle threat.

"Girls! Girls! Listen to me a moment!" Vivian Cousins tries vainly to assert her presidential authority, then, as there comes a lull in the water battle, "Girls!! The High School are having classes in the rooms near by, so, please be quiet."

"They will have to get out, now, anyway. Their time is up."

"But, Miss Adams, we just got in," cries Christine O'Toole.

"That's not my fault. I gave you plenty of time—but you use half of your time finding reasons for not going in. Then, when you do get in, you don't want to get out."

"Let's race the length of the tank before we get out," Gladys Funke suggests. "Elva, you set us off."

"Oh good!" "That's great!" "Dot and Jo move over." "Marilyn, you're splashing me!" "Carolyn and Charline must you take up all that space?"

"Get on your mark! Get set! Go!!"

A vigorous splashing ensues—everyone getting in everyone else's way, but pretty soon, a slim, athletic figure glides easily ahead of the rest—Mary Quinn is a wonderful athlete.

This is just a picture of our class in bathing, but it is typical of the Sophomores. We take a little time—just a little—to get into the spirit of a thing, but, once we're in this spirit, there's no stopping us. VIRGINIA O'HARA, '31.

THE FRESHMEN

FRESHMEN, freshmen everywhere—the first few weeks of school it seemed as if we overran the campus. Everywhere one looked one saw us alone, in groups, in hordes. The largest Freshman class in the history of the college, we were watched with interest and curiosity as we struggled to adapt ourselves to our new life. It was a new experience for most of us — this being away from home, but how well we survived is now Dominican story.

Soon after school opened it was apparent that we were going to be a versatile class. We enthusiastically threw ourselves into every activity. When the call came for tumbling try-outs, off dashed the more athletic freshmen to show their skill as tumblers. Stars such as Denise Donlon, Ruth O'Connor, Frances Krieg, and Helen Davis were discovered among the class.

We went out for hockey a little dubiously perhaps at first, for it was a new sport to us, but with growing enthusiasm as we realized

that we could not let a little thing like hockey bother us. If we lost in the inter-class competition, it was not through any lack of spirit on our part.

Just when we thought we had mastered hockey, basketball took its place. This was not so bad, however. Most of us had had some experience with it, and wonderful talent was uncovered. Mary Lou Foster, Gwen Tuomey, and Moira Daly starred.

In dramatics we showed that we were aiming high by our work in the Greek tragedy, *Iphigenia*. The seniors decided that they did not have time for it, but time meant nothing to the freshmen, and out we came, eager to show our ability as Greek tragedians. It was mainly through the work of clever Mary Wintringham and Lulu Plunkett as Iphigenia and Orestes, and our talented president, Marjorie Keller, as leader of the chorus, that the play was such a brilliant success. Our selection of the spirited modern comedy, *The Beggar on Horseback*, for our class play showed our versatility. It was one of the cleverest plays of the year because of the spirit we put into it.

Tuxes and knickers were duck soup to us. It was weeks before the campus recovered from the effects of it.

That we were so good in athletics and dramatics does not mean that we were lacking in our scholarship record. In fact, there are freshmen among the "first ten" in college. Everybody recognizes the ability and intelligence of such students as Marian Whitney, Kathleen Drake, Mary McCarthy, Lillian Viedermann, and Josephine Fabilli.

So much for the freshman activities. Now for their characteristics. I leave them to our clever scribe, Aimee Martinoni, who puzzled over them for weeks. She acknowledged that the freshmen are "a wonderful class taken as a whole, and it's hard to pick an outstanding member." Sitting in her rose-curtained room, she despairingly scribbled the following remarks:

"Oh dear, I have to write up the characteristics of the freshmen. What shall I say? How shall I do it? Katie wants it clever; Sister wants it to have an academic air, and Miss Hamilton wants it perfect. Personally, I think that's too

much to ask of any freshman, even the really clever ones like Marian Whitney and Winnie Law. How can I delve into people's characters? I'd like to ask Mary McCarthy about Denise Donlon, but she's so studious I hate to interrupt her. Of course, Mary O'Neil, Denise's roommate, is always ready to talk, but she'd probably tell me that Den is good in athletics and has a fondness for green — as if everyone didn't know that already. I wish I were Mary Lou Foster. She thinks she is psychic and can read the inner depths of people's characters. I mustn't forget Helen Thornton, because she's freshman representative, or Margaret O'Connor, who is always doing something for somebody, and Anne Dornberger, who is one of the best sports I know. It would take an adding machine to count up the number of books she has returned to the library for her friends — and everyone on the campus is her friend. That reminds me of Katherine Fatjo, who is as lovable as she is clever. I know Gwen Tuomey's tender-hearted because she hates to cut up bugs in "lab." Her roommate, Evelyn Cunningham's, hair is her out-

standing feature, but I've never been angry enough with her to find out if she has a regulation "red hair temper" or not. I wonder why Helen Harrington's always late. When I close my eyes and try to think of Geneva Walsh and Betty Hopkins, all I hear is the steady click-clack of clogging. I shouldn't mind having their blonde hair. Speaking of blondes reminds me that I must mention my fellow-sufferer in French, Serena McCarthy. Maybe it's because she's usually worrying about it that every time I see Serena I think of French and a weak, scared little voice piping up, 'Je ne sais pas,' just to her left. It's lucky I do sit next to her, because she's always ready to help. It's hard to think with Frances Krieg and Ruth O'Connor making so much noise across the hall and Grace Tomley and Billie Craviotto discussing the tea dance, which promises to be quite exciting between Carmel Saunders dashing around trying to get the money and Mollie Hudson deciding which dress to wear. By the time I get through all the eighty odd freshmen I'll be as puzzled as Virginia Leonard usually looks. I wonder how Patsy Clyne is — guess it was just another of

her frequent but serious attacks of 'weekend-itis.' I must think of some way of working in Jenny Wrenn and her calory book and say that — oh, what's the use! I'll either have to resign from the *Firebrand* or take a course in human psychology."

Unfortunately, psychology is reserved for the upper class students.

AIMEE MARTINONI, '32.

ELEANOR EATON, '32.

BREAKFAST TIME

IT IS breakfast time at Fanjeaux. The early ones, those who have been to Mass and were the first ones in the dining-room, are walking leisurely down to Meadowlands to assembly. The dining-room is crowded, a few coming out, a great many just going in. The late comers fuss a great deal in hurried and exasperated tones:

"Can't we have some *hot* coffee, Boy?"

"And, please, some hot rolls!"

"Why can't we have strawberry jam for a while? It's been blackberry since last mid-terms."

A tinkle of a bell is heard and an electric shock seems to pass from girl to girl.

"The bell already! Why, it only—well, it is five to——!"

Chairs are hastily pushed back. Books are gathered from chairs, tables, sofas, and piano, and a host of vari-colored, vari-sized figures follow a white form down the road to Meadowlands. A few flying skirts are seen rushing down the steps from the upstairs of Fanjeaux

or in the door from Edge Hill and Meadowlands for a last-minute try for breakfast. The air is filled with cries of:

"Has Sister gone down?"

"Has she! Ages ago!"

"Come on, I can't wait any longer—start that diet of yours today and forget your breakfast!"

Finally all succeed in gaining the gravel path outside Fanjeaux. Intuitively, each girl seems to make each step just a little quicker than the last one, until one girl sets the whole crowd off by starting in to run. Everyone is relieved by taking the swinging gate at Meadowlands as an excuse for slowing down and catching her breath—one can't be rude and let it swing back into someone! By the time the fountain is reached, or perhaps the Meadowlands steps, a loud blast is heard—the eight o'clock whistle! There is an immediate spurt of speed. A military voice calls:

"Keep the line continuous and you won't be cut out! The minute there's a gap in the line, then the door will be closed!"

As if making a sacrifice for flag and coun-

try, the army responds to the command and makes a last heroic effort to get through the assembly door before it is heartlessly closed to the breathless, wearied, last-minute marathoners. Several sighs and several chairs squeak; later, everyone settles down in relieved peace. The worst part of the day is over! There will be pleasant peace—until the ordeal of breakfast time reoccurs the following morning.

SURPRISE!

IT IS a long-awaited for, yet dreaded event. For days before the air seems to be filled with an ominous mystery. Seniors are interested, juniors are worried, sophomores look tired and haggard, freshmen are almost hysterical. Everyone has a questioning look on her face, yet the question is seldom voiced. All want and yet do not want the answer. But at last the answer comes! No one breathes either question or answer, but word flies from gestures, movements, expressions, tones of voice, that the answer is at hand! There is an almost reluctant haste to get to the mail-boxes, and yet, when there, it is only the supremely courageous or supremely self-confident who can immediately peer through that little square of glass into the box. For once, it is when the box is empty that the owner cries joy to the heavens: "It's empty! I didn't get a cinch!"

THE MEADOWLARK'S OUT!

IT IS the interval just before dessert. Above the clatter of dishes and silverware are the voices of one hundred and fifty girls at twenty-five different tables talking about one hundred different things. There is a continuous low hum, occasionally broken by a few distinguishable words which rise out of the conversation for a few seconds.

"Class began early this morning."

"I tell you—"

"You know, I think spring examinations are unjust—"

"I saw her at the Mark last week-end, and my dear—"

"If you ask me, Plato is much more—"

"Nothing is more invigorating than a good strict di—"

"It's unfair, that's all, if Sister only knew—"

"I really think it is a bit too early to wear felt—"

"Have you done your Education yet?"

"No, my dear, he simply is too short for me—"

"Do you think it's going to rain for the week-end?"

"But don't you think Moliere is entirely—"

"Yes, she does look lovely in green—"

"But a permanent is just as much trouble, why—"

Suddenly there is a hush, and then almost complete quiet except for the hurrying footsteps of the serving boys and an occasional rattle of dishes. No one seems to find time even to criticise the dessert which has just been brought in; in fact, not one in ten knows what the dessert is but eats it mechanically without looking at it. Eyes are busy elsewhere. The *Meadowlark* has been given out!

ADA NISBET, '29.

THE MOON REVIEWS HOUSEMEETING

A LARGE pale moon slipped up into the sky and curiously peered through the window in back of the assembly room.

"'Tis a lovely night," cried the moon, "and all those Dominican girls have to sit in house meeting."

"Moon, you are an awful busybody, always peering into others' affairs," and stoical Mars looked hopelessly at the moon.

"You, Mars," said the moon, "are jealous because you are not close enough to the earth to see what happens. Furthermore, you and all the stars and planets ought to appreciate that I tell you everything that goes on on the earth. Without me you would know nothing about mortals!"

The stars blinked and laughed, but Mars remained distantly sober.

"The meeting is commencing now." The moon twisted his head slightly to see better. "The fine and check lists are not so long this week, and therefore the faculty on the platform is pleased — all the girls seem restless to-

night—I guess it's because I'm out in all my glory and splendor. It is a disgusting shame that they have to stay in nights, when I'm looking so grand."

"You're horribly conceited, moon," called the north star. "The girls are restless because the spring has come in all its beauty, and not on account of you."

But the moon snubbed the north star and continued his discourse.

"The girls lined along the right side of the room—the seniors, I guess—look unusually vivacious. They must be thinking about me."

Venus suppressed a giggle.

"Now one of the faculty is speaking on the advantages of Dominican College over other colleges. I know she is right. She has finished, and the girls stand and the two faculty members leave the room. The President is now bringing up an interesting subject, 'Tea Dances.' A circumlocuted argument will surely ensue. Just four or five years ago boys on that campus were as rare as diamonds in Woolworth's."

"You don't see everything all the time," smiled Venus.

"These arguments about Tea Dances," continued the moon, "always last so long and everyone tries to talk at once. I never know whether or not they'll ever reach a definite decision. Well—it is agreed now that the upper classmen will have the Saint Mary's boys over in gratitude for the royal way they were treated on the Saint Mary's campus. Girls are always so grateful," and the moon looked woefully heavenward.

"Hush, moon," said a tiny star, "you are getting cynical. It is not pretty for a good-natured person like you to get cynical. Anyhow, your own personal affairs are not of any interest at present."

"O Jupiter!" ejaculated the moon, breathlessly. "Can you imagine! Vive la Dominican! How modern these convents are becoming! The girls that remain over on week-ends can have the boys over Saturday evenings to play bridge and dance. I fear me I shall faint out of the sky."

"Collect and calm thyself, moon," said the phlegmatic Mars, disgustedly. "You are always going off at tangents. Your emotions get the

best of you most of the time. Tonight you are puffed up with joy and excitement into a great big, round, yellow ball, and you know that very soon you will be so depressed that you will look like a banana skin thrown into the air."

"Blither, you uninteresting Mars. How I'd hate to be you. You haven't even the fire and energy of the stars. Always the same, never changing, no glitter of happiness in your make-up. You are the worst of stoics. An old planet—."

"So are you —," interrupted Mars.

"Stop this argument." Mercury was getting cross. "Both you planets are always quarreling. It seems we can never have peace in this firmament. And now, temperamental moon, that you've drowned your emotions of surprise into those of anger—look down again on the earth and continue your discourse."

The moon, easily distracted, centered his interest again on the Dominican campus.

"There is a girl in the center of the room, a junior, no doubt, reading off a list of hostesses and servers for Sunday tea. I like that girl. She

is good-natured and (glancing at Mars) has plenty of vivacity. 'Any further business?' asks the President—and a freshman gets up. She is complaining that they serve so little food at Sunday tea that at night, when she retires, she is ill—I am entirely in sympathy with that little girl."

"Yes," said Mars, "if you were a mortal you would be a true epicurean."

"Stop this." Mercury's imperious voice again interrupted a would-be argument.

"The meeting is over!" cried the moon.

The girls streamed out of the door, linked arm in arm—returning to their respective houses.

A slice of moonlight lay on the lawn and partly on the mulberry bush.

"What a lovely night!" they exclaimed. "What a gorgeous moon!"

And the moon, with all masculine susceptibility to flattery, puffed himself up, smiled at Mars, and slid higher into the heavens.

CATHERINE WEMPE, '29.

BELOW INSPIRATION

The bay is calm and beautiful
tonight,
Only a quiet breeze ripples
the waves;
The setting sun sends from the
west its light.
Here's godlike peace. Dear Lord,
didst Thou pass by?

BETTY BARRY, 31.

CARDINAL CERRETTI

OUR college has had this year a privilege unique in its history. For three days we entertained under our own roof, his Eminence, Bonaventura, Cardinal Cerretti, the Papal Legate to the Eucharistic Congress in Australia.

Eagerly we awaited his coming. We even gave up our usual trips to town for fear we might miss the thrilling occasion of greeting a Prince of the Church. All we had heard or read of the glory of the Catholic Church and especially of her hierarchy came back to us. We recalled Macaulay's words regarding the Church "She may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of Saint Paul's." And we remembered Archbishop Hanna's eulogy delivered at the Eucharistic Congress, "Today I would leave aside the majesty and entrancing beauty of Christ's Spouse and tell you of her enduring power in administering unto the needs of the

human race, and as I tell the story of her carrying down unsullied the purity and the loveliness and the strength of Christ's wisdom, you yourselves will not fail to discern the sublime beauty and majesty of that work of God's hand." And there awoke within us a wonderful exultation.

As only a few of us had ever before seen a Cardinal, the splendor and dignity of our guest's position in the Church greatly impressed us. It seemed truly wonderful to have the Papal Legate say mass in our own chapel. The Holy Father's blessing which we received at the end of the mass seemed as though it had been entrusted to Cardinal Cerretti especially for us. Never before had we been so fully aware of the grandeur of our Church and yet never before had we felt so close to that grandeur.

We were honored by this visit of Cardinal Cerretti, because he is the Protector in Rome of the Dominican Sisters of San Rafael, a strong protector, for he is one of the ablest diplomats in papal circles. After the war, as Monsignor Cerretti, he was appointed Papal

Nuncio in Paris where he succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation between France and the Holy See which had been estranged since 1903. In 1925 when the new French government tried to overthrow these amicable relations even his enemies were forced to acknowledge his ability. In recognition of his remarkable work in this matter he was raised to the dignity of a Cardinal in 1925. The manner in which the French people took him to their hearts and rejoiced at his elevation is proof of the love he had inspired in them. The very government which he had been fighting conferred on him the highest honor, the *Grand Croix* of the Legion of Honor.

Naturally, we all expected Cardinal Cerretti to be a very grand person, but the amazing thing about him was his simplicity. Here was one of the greatest Princes of the Church talking with us in our own houses as though we were his children. The college students who were privileged to have a private audience with him told us that they had been troubled lest they might do something amiss in his presence, but that he had put them completely at

their ease the moment he entered the room. In his kindness to us, he won our hearts as he had commanded our admiration by his dignity; even our daily lives were not of too small moment to interest him.

We really feel that of all the titles of honor conferred upon him, the simple one "Shepherd of the Flock" is dearest to his heart.

MARIAN WHITNEY, '31.

A GREEK SLAVE CRITICIZES THE ROME
OF ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-
FIVE, B. C.

Pyladestes Cleombroto Suo S.

I COULD indeed wish, my dear Cleombrotus, that I had perished in those ghastly days of sack and seizure rather than to have survived only to be led away to this boring captivity. How much the gods favored you in allowing you to get speared up a bit instead of making you a slave I readily perceive whenever I look about me here in Rome. For I assure you that little have these Romans profited although they have deported our every man of worth and nobility and carried away all the treasures of art which they did not recklessly destroy. By the way, I saw two Roman soldiers playing dice on Aristeides' picture of Dionysus. The truth is they little understand us or our art and learning. What's more, they don't want to. All they want are success and comfort, progress and expansion.

Of course, dear Cleombrotus, there are those

who wish to "go Hellenistic" and they will pay any price however extravagant for our statues and pictures for the sole purpose of being in fashion. Would you believe it, they go so far as to think that the proper serving of the house can be done only by Greek slaves. Quite possibly. But so far Hellenism as a fad has brought them little culture.

But I must confess that there are a few who take their Hellenistic culture seriously. Such are of course in the upper classes only. These Romans seem to recognize the intellectual supremacy of Greece and are eager to avail themselves of Greek learning. What I have particularly noticed is that they are most desirous that their children derive benefit from our civilization. They seem to possess foresight enough to see that with Rome's growing importance their children will be called upon to fill positions greater than they themselves are filling. I dare say they feel that contact with Greek thought and culture will help them to lose their provincialism. That's what I and other teachers of Greek literature and art are doing—fitting these children for the future.

Really it's not half bad when you have a bright youngster such as I have. He hadn't yet become a typical Roman when he was given into my charge, and you may be sure I've done my best to create an atmosphere as wholly Greek as possible for him. So far the results have been gratifying. If it weren't for the pater, in this instance education and environment (the artificial one which I've created) would win out over heredity. But the pater insists upon the child's realizing what the pater thinks are the child's opportunities.

I'm referring to his insistence upon my taking the youth to a performance of Plautus's *Mostellaria*. "It's taken from a Greek original, you know; from Philemon's *Phasma*, to be exact," encouraged the pro-Greek father. But you know, my dear Cleombrotus, that even with Greek characters, Greek names, and Greek scenery, Plautus gives one nothing but the Roman manners of his day. No matter where the scene lies, one is always in the streets of Rome. Why he goes so far as to have his characters talk about "living like those Greeks" and "drinking like Greeks" when they are supposed

to be Greeks themselves. From that you can very well judge how little he succeeds in keeping up anything like an illusion on this point.

Why, my dear fellow, this Plautus is both rude and coarse. But I daresay he felt that "it was only fair that the customers should be served with what suited their taste." I can tell you that then and now the games of the circus, the wild-beast fight and the gladiators, the rope dancers, the merry-andrews, and the posture-masters are more to their taste than clever intrigue and brilliant dialogue. One does not find among the masses here the fine intellect of the theatre-goer of Athens. Aristophanes could never have depended upon Romans to appreciate his double-edged jests and splendid satire.

Aristophanes! I say, there's the master of comedy for you, Cleombrotus. It's Aristophanes not Plautus I want for my young pupil. What direct personal satire was his! What invective! He was absolutely fearless in his assault. Do you recall his parody on Euripides' poetical stuttering —

"Halcyons ye by the flowing sea
Waves that warble twitteringly,

Spi-i-iders in corners dim
Spi-spi-spinning your fairy film

O! Mother make me a child again for tonight!
I don't exactly see how that last line is to scan,
But that's a consideration I leave to our musical
man.

Quite a remarkable testimony — that — to
the intelligence of an Athenian audience.

What?

But for me Aristophanes's chief attraction
is his style's abounding comic force. I once
heard someone say that it resembled an im-
petuous torrent whose swift rush purifies in its
flow the grossness and obscenity inseparable
from the origin of comedy, and buoys up and
sweeps along on the current of fancy and im-
provisation the chaff and dross of vulgar jests,
puns, scurrilous personalities and cheap "gags."

Yet these vulgar jests which Aristophanes
claimed to have for the most part discarded
for something more worthy of his clever audi-
ence are just what these Romans most want.

And people with such desires could certain-
ly not appreciate all the niceties of diction and

metre and dramatic art discriminated in the comparison between Aeschylus and Euripides in the "Frogs." I even doubt their ability to appreciate this particular burlesque of Euripides' Prologues.

AESCHYLUS: And by Jove, I'll not stop to cut up your verses word by word, but if the gods are propitious I'll spoil all your prologues with a little flask of smelling salts.

EURIPIDES: With a flask of smelling salts?

AESC: With a single one. For you build your verses so that anything will fit into the metre—a leathern sack, or eider-down, or smelling salts. I'll show you.

EUR: So you'll show me, will you?

AESC: I will that.

DIONYSUS: Pronounce.

EUR: (declaiming)

Aegyptus, as broad-bruted fame reports,
With fifty children voyaging to main
To Argos came, and

AESC: —lost his smelling salts.

DION: What the mischief have the smelling salts got to do with it? Recite another prologue to him and let me see.

EUR:

Dionysus, thyrsus-armed and faun-skin-clad,

Amid the torchlights on Parnassus's slope
Dancing and prancing

AESC: —lost his smelling salts.

DION: Caught out again by smelling salts.

EUR: No matter. Here's a prologue that he
can't fit 'em to.

No lot of mortal man is wholly blest;

The high-born youth hath lacked the means
of life,

The lowly lout hath

AESC: —lost his smelling salts.

After having been brought up on such lines
you can imagine what my reaction to a Plautus
Prologue must have been. By the way, have
you ever read a Plautus Prologue, dear Cleom-
brotus?

"Mothers, leave your babes at home, for
babies' sakes as well as ours. Children, not a bit
of noise, if you please. Slaves, don't occupy
seats not intended for you; be content with
standing room. Claquers, don't applaud un-
fairly. Wives, don't interrupt the performance

with your chatter nor annoy your husbands who are come to see the play."

Unfortunately what follows after is not much better. The plot is absolutely banal. Its purpose is to prove that while the old man is away the young son will be extravagantly gay and what's more will be aided and abetted by his naughty valet. The father returns. You know the type, Cleombrotus, stupid, superstitious, demanding economy of his son and nothing more. The valet keeps master from entering the house and discovering son's true condition by asserting that the house is haunted. Finally the haunted house story is proved a hoax. But the son and valet are saved from the old man's vengeance by a friend's promise to pay the debts. Father's frugality, as usual, dictates his morality.

The impression came early and persisted throughout the evening that I was listening to the loud and vulgar ululations of a stage carpenter. Oh, yes, Plautus filled the position too. Quite a versatile chap I should say. The first scene fairly quaked with violent and abusive oaths and epithets, sounds sweet no doubt to

the slaves in the standing room but altogether too alarming for the ears of my young scholar.

Why fathers insist that there are such opportunities in Plautus' Comedies, *Cleombrotus*, is quite beyond my powers of comprehension. Why can't they see that the greatest opportunity lies in the reading of Aristophanes at home? Vale.

MAUREEN MCINERNY, '29

THE SEASONS IN MARIN

SPRING

The land bestirs itself once more
To breed and yield its fragrant store
Of flora. Grass or mustard weed
Or flower bursts from every seed.—
Baby-blue eye,—poppy wild,
Shooting star,—what little child
Does not go delving into all
Forbidden grain, brave water-fall,
Or tramp the hills to pluck them all?

Now drone with busy, humming zest
Winds that bluster from the west,
Tractors ploughing through the sod
Which, newly turned up, smells so odd.
Baby chicks now scratch and peep,
And budding trees awake from sleep.
Yet over all a mildness lies.
We feel it most as morning dies
To noon,—or field lark cries.

SUMMER

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

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

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

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

AUTUMN

Here on russet hill we stand
Resting in the mellow light
Of the autumn sun. On right,
And left,—on every hand
Stand the vines and orchards bright
With their reds and browns,—a sight
Truly beautiful.

Now the late pear hangs and sways
Like a heavy, golden bell,
Near where downy quinces dwell
Gath'ring flavor. Harvest days,
Weeks of busy pluck and sell,
Weary men, so they love well
Lazy autumn time.

Every day of fall bestows
Soothing peace from summer strain,
And a hope for gentle rain.
Still we gaze on russet rows
With a pang that these gay leaves
Winter from the vine bereaves
All too suddenly.

WINTER

Gold dawn is hid away,
But day-rays seep
Through dun and dripping cloud.
The dormant tree is proud,
For showers keep
Her jewelled with diamond spray.

Tomorrow's heaven is clear.
The sun darts sheen
And glint upon the muds.
On frost, on brooklet's suds,
On red-woods green,—
For mountains seem quite near.

Or fog drifts through the hills,
And settles low
In dismal, stealthy mass
To hug the very grass,—
And e'en the flow
Of ditch and brook bestills.

HILDEGARDE KAUFHOLD, '30.

MALORY'S ROMANCES

WHEN I was in the sixth grade, thoughts of Malory first thrilled me. Because Mother had always forbidden me to read love stories the thought of them tantalized me. Fancy, then, the eagerness with which I listened to my sixth grade teacher when she said, "This happened in the days of romance, a time which has never been portrayed as by Sir Thomas Malory. I hope that some day when you are older you will read 'The Morte d'Arthur.' "

Now the days of romance to me meant the days of love, and I resolved not to wait until I was older to dip into a recommended romance. Accordingly, I went to the Benicia library that very afternoon and found "The Morte d'Arthur" in a volume at least six inches thick. It was almost too heavy for me to lift! Surely so heavy a book couldn't be interesting even if it were about the days of love. So I decided that, after all, it would be better to take my teacher's advice and wait until I was older to read that great love story. Soon I forgot about

those days of romance, so well portrayed by Sir Thomas Malory.

Not till I was a college sophomore and my English instructor announced, "We shall next read 'The Morte d'Arthur,'" did my long-dormant eagerness awake. "You may buy copies of it in the book press," she said, and, as I pushed through the surging crowd at the press, I remembered the huge volume that had discouraged my youthful zeal. So I was both relieved and encouraged when Josephine Murray handed me two books, small and light.

I could hardly wait to get to my room to begin the story. Now should I spend hours with Arthur, the perfect knight. Naturally, because he was a perfect knight, he would be a great lover. I anticipated a tender yet powerfully emotional romance of Arthur and Guenever. I began to read, and I read and I read and I read. I read forty-six chapters about battles, quests, tournaments, encounters with wild beasts, births, deaths, and jousts. Then at last Arthur said, "My barons will let me have no rest but needs I must take a wife and I will none take but by thy counsel."

"Now, is there any that ye love most?" questioned Merlin.

And Arthur replied, "Yea, I love Guenever, the daughter of Leodegrance."

"Then Merlin went forth unto King Leodegrance of Cameliard," who "delivered his daughter unto Merlin. . . . When King Arthur heard of the coming of Guenever he made great joy for her coming. Then was the high feast made ready and the king was wedded at Camelot unto Dame Guenever in the church of St. Stephen, with great solemnity."

This was all there was! No meeting scene, no avowal of their love, no tender good night in the evening before the wedding day, nothing! I felt as if I had been searching in the dark for a light and suddenly had come into contact with a barred door. I looked again to see if Malory hadn't written perhaps, "As they two looked into each other's eyes, the one and the other, their hearts were kindled afire and flamed with intense love," but he had not. Tears of disappointment came to my eyes, but I consoled myself by concluding that Malory had most likely climaxed his romances.

I passed over several romances until I came to Palomides. Palomides had long been a name to build romances on. A great warrior, and as great a lover, a Saracen who sought adventure in the Christian world. So much I knew, but now I was to know that medieval Romeo more intimately.

Palomides intended to be baptized, but not until he "had carried on seven battles for Jesu's sake and had found a Christian woman," whom he loved and who loved him. He first became famous at the tournament in Ireland, where he was defeated by Tristram. Then he was madly in love with Isoud, and Tristram threatened his life if he ever came near her again. Such a threat, however, could not daunt the great Saracen. When Isoud and King Mark had been married a short time, Palomides carried off the bride. I surmised that the queen would admire his energy and return his love, but no! Tristram rushed after the absconding knight, rescued Isoud, and banished Palomides to serve King Arthur.

At the Arthurian court, Palomides battled for a damsel whose land was being stolen by

Sir Gonerries. He defeated the villain and was awarded the maiden. I thought that she was probably some great princess, but Malory did not even mention her name. Then Palomides defended another nameless damsel, who was also awarded to him. Next a man's wife fell in love with the brave knight and went to him, but he returned her to her husband. All of these ladies loved the Saracen dearly, but he cared naught for them. What became of them is a mystery, for soon Palomides was put in prison. When he escaped he went to England, where he met Isoud and Tristram, and again he did battle for that fair lady. Isoud should have rewarded him, but rather, she denounced him for attempting to kill Tristram. And after that "the oftener that Palomides saw Isoud, the heavier he waxed day by day, and all men marveled wherefore he faded so away." Instead of killing Tristram as any upright Saracen lover would have done, Palomides faded day by day through many chapters until he was a walking specter, for when he saw his reflection in a well, he was so startled that he lay down and lamented his lost beauty. Then

Tristram found him and challenged him to a battle. Some pages later they fought. Tristram saved the warrior's life on the condition that he be baptized. Palomides agreed, since he had now fought the seven battles for Jesu's sake. However, he had not found a Christian woman whom he loved and who in return loved him, and what is more, Malory never did find him a mate!

I now almost doubted that there could be a real romance in "The Morte d'Arthur." But because I doubted so intensely, I continued to read. Pelleas indeed seemed to offer romantic material. He loved Lady Ettard so fervently that he became her prisoner. Surely no writer could fail to make a stirring love story out of this plot. But Lady Ettard refused to have Pelleas a prisoner and sent him away. As he lamented his unreturned love, he met Sir Gawain, who promised to speak to the damsel. Gawain did as he promised, but in his own behalf, after he had told her that he had killed Pelleas. As the couple plighted their love, Pelleas rode into camp. Here was intrigue! I stopped reading to contemplate what other

authors would have had happen. Shakespeare might have had Pelleas ride proudly away, in utter disdain of the woman. Baroness Budevant would have made Lady Ettard so happy to see the good knight still alive that she would have appreciated his virtues and fallen in love with him. Conrad would have had Pelleas rush at Gawain and hack him into food for falcons. But Malory—? Pelleas sadly rode away. Then he returned! I knew that he would kill Gawain—but no! He wanted one more look at Lady Ettard. Once again he rode away, but still he returned—this time to see if they looked happy! Then he rode into the forest, where he fell in love with Nimue, that sweet lady who so easily made a fool of the wise man, Merlin. Here again was probable romance. Nimue, by means of magic, made Lady Ettard love Pelleas so much that when he said, “Away, traitress, come never in my sight,” she “died of sorrow!” Then in the second part of a sentence came the end, “and the damsel of the lake rejoiced Sir Pelleas and they loved together during their life days.” At last there

was a story where the hero and heroine at least lived happily ever after!

Then I came to the Tristram story. Here Malory could not fail. In the Tennyson, Bedier, and Robinson versions of this tale, I had found the hero an unsatisfactory, or to say the least, an inefficient lover, but *Malory's* Tristram, I was sure, would be thrilling.

Tristram and La Beale Isoud plighted their troth and he returned to King Mark's court, where he and his uncle fought over Sir Segwarides' wife. Apparently Tristram had forgotten Isoud, but Mark had not, for he ordered Tristram to bring Isoud to be his queen. I knew something unexpected would happen, and something unexpected did happen. Tristram obeyed his uncle!!

Tristram and Isoud crossed the Irish Sea and on the way they drank a love potion. Any reasonable lover would have sent word to Mark that the ship had sunk, and then he would have fled with Isoud, but that man did no such thing. "They met with many other adventures," said Malory, "until finally they came into Cornwall." However, it was not yet

too late. Tristram might have killed Mark. Family affection had not kept Mark from casting to kill Tristram, and Tristram had not been squeamish up to this time as to his morals. Why should he, then, have been so delicate in savage Cornwall when the happiness of the woman he loved was at stake? But delicate he was, and Isoud married Mark. Then Palomides carried off Isoud and Tristram rescued her. He might have been inspired by Palomides' example and have carried off Isoud himself, but he evidently believed in being original, for he returned her to King Mark.

Once, after he had been banished from the court, Tristram returned to see Isoud. Twelve soldiers tried to capture him, but he fought his way free and took Isoud with him. At last his deeds were worthy of a lover in those days of romance. Indeed, he must have thought "better late than never." After that, the lovers lived in a manor for a long while. One day, however, while Tristram was asleep in the forest, Mark came with a band of knights and recaptured Isoud. Then Tristram went to Ireland to have a wound cured. That man with

remarkable lack of memory married Isoud La Blanche Mains of Brittany and did not think of Isoud of Ireland until the evening of his wedding day. He immediately returned to Mark's court.

Now that the two lovers were both married to the wrong people, I wondered what could happen. Malory would justify high praise if he would fitly work out such a plot. He had Tristram bring home the brother of Isoud of Brittany, and that young man immediately fell in love with Isoud of Ireland, who tried to comfort him. Tristram became jealous and went insane, the only possible way, it seems, that Malory could get rid of him. He went into a forest, where he stayed for two years and met with over a hundred adventures. Word came that he was dead, and Isoud tried to kill herself, but Mark saved her. Then Tristram returned.

I did not believe that any woman could keep on loving such a man. But Isoud did, and since Tristram had failed to act decisively, she took the lead. She had a friend put Mark in prison and she and her dilatory lover fled to England,

where they lived in Lancelot's castle, Joyous Gard. For two years they lived together and Tristram had many adventures, because Isoud sent him to battle, since she was afraid that the ladies of the court would condemn her if she kept him always near her. Then Tristram had Palomides baptized, and I could find no more trace of any of them. I wondered if this was all. Then, the next day, my instructor showed me, in the middle of one of the numerous "roll calls" of the knights the passage, "Also that traitor king, Mark, slew the noble knight, Sir Tristram, as he sat harping above his lady La Beale Isoud, and Sir Tristram slew King Mark, and La Beale Isoud died swooning upon the corpse of Sir Tristram, whereof was great pity."

Such are the love stories, if they may be so called, of Sir Thomas Malory, that "great depicter of the days of romance!"

CHARLINE ERWIN, '31.

A DISCUSSION OF THE SOCRATIC CIRCLE

BEAUTY

Persons of the Dialogue:

The President of the Socratic Circle

The Observant Man

The Thoughtful Man

The Dreamer

The Business Man

Scene: The club reading room.

President: I have chosen as the subject for to-day's discussion "Beauty." For years I have been trying to pierce the secret of this emotional transport which affects me so greatly. I should like to have your ideas of what Beauty is and to see if you can help me to justify my devotion to the beautiful.

Dreamer: Do you mean that you wish us to give our own ideas of beauty, what beauty is to us?

President: Exactly. I want to see if I can draw from your observations a general conclusion which will cover my reaction. We will

proceed as usual, in order around the room as you are seated, beginning on my left.

The Observant Man: Well, the term Beauty, to me, means the beauty of nature which is present in the lowliest hamlet as well as in the beautiful lakes and scenery of Europe. The stars at night stoop down over the homeliest common with the same magnificence which they shed on the Campagna, or on the deserts of Egypt. But this beauty is not always recognized, for we are often immersed in beauty and our eyes lacking clear vision, we are unable to perceive the beautiful. It takes only a small thing to change our world for us. An unexpected ray of sunshine will make a common ordinary grass plot, to which we have long been accustomed, a sudden feast of delicate color, a spot of exquisite beauty. But we are not able, I have found, to summon Beauty at will; she comes unannounced, and springs up between the feet of brave and honest men. For true beauty and its perception are reserved only for those who have the good and beautiful within them.

The Thoughtful Man: I quite agree with the statement that the beauty of nature is not always in evidence. For I have discovered that much of the appreciation of the beauties of nature depends on the inner mood. There is often a time when a perverse dreariness holds the mind, a sort of dull apathy, in which Nature's beauties are colorless and dull. And then of a sudden the gentle and wistful mood flows back, and all the world is full of beauty to the brim.

It has always seemed to me, too, that there is a great deal of stuff both written and talked about the beauties of nature, rapturous expressions and phrases which, for the most part, are insincere. For there are many people, who, knowing that a certain appreciation is expected of them, describe in exaggerated or unreal terms the effects certain scenes have upon them. But on the other hand, there is in the hearts of a great many quiet people a real love for and a genuine admiration of natural beauty which is not expressed or perhaps not even consciously felt; people to whom the rich transfiguring

influences of sunrise and sunset, the slow or swift lapse of clear streams and the march and plunge of sea-billows are a necessary part of their existence; people whose greatest sensations of beauty are in the bewildering charm and aromatic scents of God's delicate toys, the flowers, and in the star-strewn spaces of the night. It has always seemed to me that the instinct for beauty is perhaps the surest indication of some essence of immortality in the soul.

President: So far, your arguments have been quite convincing and in accord with my own. What I am still seeking is the other aspects of beauty. Let us continue our discussion.

The Dreamer: Beauty is, for me, the charm which I find in poetry, in which the exquisite word pictures and varying rhythms lead me into an enchanted country from which I have no desire to depart. There are some poems whose charm lies in their illusive-ness. Imagine anyone trying to explain Rosetti's "Blessed Damsel." Yet when the mood is on us, we see her as she leans

"From the gold bar of Heaven:
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand
And the stars in her hair were seven."

In fact, there are some poems I think which are not meant to be read through. Take Keats' "Endymion" for instance. I, myself, have never been able to get on with it. Yet it is delightful,—that is the very reason why I do not care to get on with it. Wherever I begin, I feel that I might as well stay where I am. It is a sweet wilderness into which I am introduced:

"Paths there were many,
Winding through palmy fern and
rushes fenny
And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly
To a wide lawn

Who could tell
The freshness of the space of heaven
above,
Edged round with dark tree tops?—
through which a dove
Would often beat its wings, and often,
too

A little cloud would move across the
blue."

We are brought into the very midst of this pleasantness. Deep in the wood, we see fair faces and garments white. We see the shepherds coming to the woodland altar. We see the venerable priest pouring out the sweet-scented wine, and then we see the young Endymion himself:—

"He seemed

To common lookers-on like one who
dreamed

Of idleness in groves Elysian."

You'll ask me, 'What happened next? What did Endymion do?' And I must answer that I really do not know. For it has always been so much pleasanter, at this point, to close the book and dream "of idleness in groves Elysian." And the next time I pick up the poem, I begin, not where I left off, but at the beginning, and read it with the greater enjoyment because I have read it so many times before, for

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

For the poet, Nature becomes a mirror of

the soul, and answers instantly to each passing mood. Words come unbidden, and with the poet we

“mount to Paradise

By the stairway of surprise.”

The Business Man: Beauty for you, it seems, is a tranquil, comfortable influence, whereas for me it is a disturbing factor. Perhaps this is because the sense of beauty is so whimsical in its movements. Now I should never think of setting out deliberately to capture these sensations because it would be too futile a task. No kind of occupation, however prosaic, however absorbing, seems to be either favorable to this perception, or the reverse. It is not even like bodily health, which has its variations. And what preserves me from making a deliberate attempt to capture it is that it comes most poignantly and insistently of all when I am uneasy, overstrained and melancholy. My whole attitude toward Beauty is to live my life without reference to it, to be thankful when it comes, and to be contented when it is withdrawn. I recall that Bacon has said of it:

"Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last—" and that "the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express."

The President: Your contributions to our discussion have proved very interesting and I only regret that we lack the time to take the best parts from each argument and form a summary. Let us instead conclude our meeting with the summary of John Keats':

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that
is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to
know."

ENID EVERMAN, '30.

THE MEADOWLARK

MEMBERS of the staff of the *Meadowlark* have often been asked, "Why is it called the *Meadowlark*? Why don't you call it by a significant name such as 'Dominican College Eagle' or 'Dominican College News'?" These are thoughtless words that slander the beloved meadowlark by suggesting that we use the high-flying but unmusical eagle for our ideal, or, worse still, that we smother our aspirations for beauty or individuality by calling our magazine by the unfeeling name of "News." Can the magazine in which we describe the peak of Tamalpais, or a morning walk to the Falls, or laugh at others and ourselves together, be called "News?"

The name of "Meadowlark" in many ways seems to express perhaps not quite what the *Meadowlark* is, but certainly what we hope and want it to be.

In our Marin hills which roll leisurely from behind Edge Hill and Fanjeaux are fields and meadows, the homes of bright, yellow-breasted meadowlarks. A few aristocratic college

students who saunter only on highways may be unaware of the presence of the meadowlarks and may believe our meadows the possession only of the red-winged blackbirds which are conspicuous against green or yellow fields. But most of us, when we tramp, scorn man-made roads for the greater delight of walking ankle-deep in green grass or through waves of browning wild oats, and we often startle groups of meadowlarks that were invisible in the tall grasses. For the meadowlark is the true landlord of the field, though being of a sociable and friendly nature, he shares his meadows with many other birds. On any bright spring day you may hear a clear long tone ending in broken notes—the song of the meadowlark. It is a sweet and rich tone extremely pleasing in its peculiar individuality and equally as beautiful as that of the nightingale or of his cousin, the thrush.

Now, our *Meadowlark* does not desire to be conspicuous or pretentious. It has rather as its ideal a certain individuality and, whenever possible, beauty of tone. Perhaps it may never startle the world with brilliance or depth of

thought, but it does try to give pleasure and intimations of beauty to its own college by telling in a simple and attractive manner the thoughts, the feelings, and the doings of all the people of its college. Along with our gossip we strive after intellectual things and above all we try through the *Meadowlark* to stimulate the general interests of college. This year, the *Meadowlark* concerts and the *Meadowlark Pictorial* have been our new contributions toward a wider expression of Dominican College activities and interests. Perhaps our monthly magazine cannot claim the richness of tone and beauty of articulation possessed by its namesake, but it can and does use those qualities as its ideal — an ideal far enough beyond its reach to prevent stagnation but not so far as to make the reaching seem ridiculous.

ADA NISBET, '29.

THE CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

THE Current Events Club has indeed earned the jealousy of the gods by its unvaryingly happy career, nor has it any present fear of reprisal at the hands of peevish fate, for all goes well. The second President, Bernidet Millerick, is a worthy successor to the first, Katherine Sullivan, who was so good that a worthy successor to her was thought to be, like a "straight" A, a merely theoretical possibility. The new Secretary, Katharine Hanlon, is a rare example of that miracle, an executive who executes instead of waiting for things to execute themselves. She has produced a constitution which leaves nothing to be desired, and she is efficient in the regulation of membership and attendance.

The purpose of the club is to substitute national, international and even comic gossip for local prattle. The original, perhaps unwise, informality of the meetings has given way to regular procedure. The Secretary always calls the roll, now — a rite omitted heretofore. The subjects for discussion are disposed of by mem-

bers who have volunteered to do so at the last previous meeting. The reports are always carefully prepared and intelligent. Following each report, the reporter is asked many questions, which she invariably answers satisfactorily. After the reports have been given, general conversation follows. This is a relic of our original informality, which relic I hope we will always preserve. The resulting interaction of ideas does much to dispel that darkness against which our motto warns, as a "lurking snare." I am certain that, without these discussions, not one of us would have formed definite and sometimes passionate opinions about Mussolini (that old perennial!), the (current) Mexican fracas, Mr. Hoover (*and* Mr. Smith), the Roman Question, and so on. It gives one *such* an increase of self-respect to really know definitely and positively just what Bolivia and Paraguay were fussing about; just what and where and why Boulder Dam is (or is to be), what ails the farmer, and whose fault it is, and what's to be done about it, if anything.

The Abbe Dimnet says what is obviously true, that the quality of our thinking depends

upon what we think about (our "mental images"); if these images are of trivial things, then our thinking is trivial. Undoubtedly the Current Events Club tends to improve our "mental images." Also, the free discussion which we employ tends to enable us to form our own individual opinions upon matters deserving that exertion of energy, instead of adopting, as so many do, the stereotyped views of the "moronic multitude" — and this formation of individual opinion *is* thinking. If justification for the Current Events Club were needed, what more could we say for it than that its activities are conducive to the "art of thinking"?

RONDEAU

(Translated from Charles d'Orleans)

Dame Weather's dropt her mantle off,
And now at winter's wind doth scoff.
Her Garment is of sunlight bright
And shining blue, the sky's delight.

No beast, no bird, of all I know,
In his own jargon does not crow.
Dame Weather's dropt her mantle off
And now at winter's wind doth scoff.

The golden river in high glee
Now hastens on to greet the sea.
The streamlet and the fountain soft
Now toss their silver showers aloft.
Dame Weather's dropt her mantle off.

MAUREEN MCINERNEY, '29.

THE APPRECIATION OF MUSIC

THE full development of the appreciation of music comes about in a number of ways. Some people of course have more advantages for acquiring a full appreciation than others. Perhaps their parents or other close relatives are musicians, and they have not only inherited a taste for the best in music, but are able to hear good music at home. But whether they have these great advantages or not, certainly children of musical families receive many early impressions about music. Nearly everyone remembers the lullaby his mother hummed to put him to sleep, or the songs his father sang to amuse him. Moreover, in most homes now there is a victrola or a radio by means of which most parents see to it that their children hear more good and fewer tawdry melodies. Thus, inclinations to choice music are very often fixed during childhood, just as are inclinations to elegant manners of speech and dress, or refined tastes in food, or books. Moreover, the child with a normal fondness for music will profit by and reap the

pleasures of such guidance when he becomes a student of music.

Literary and historical studies are full of allusions to music, and, indeed, are fully related to it, as far as concurrences in style and sentiment are concerned. Musical appreciation, therefore, may develop considerably along with these studies, since succeeding periods of history and literature, as medieval, Elizabethan, classical, romantic, and modern, all make fascinating backgrounds for music. For instance, Wagner's operas, "Tristram and Isolde" and "Parsifal," make an appeal because they tell of knights, chivalry, and the legend of the holy grail, while "The Huguenots" by Meyerbeer is intelligible, hence interesting to us at a first hearing because of its musical suggestions of the sixteenth century — of Catherine de Medici, of Marguerite de Navarre, and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Then, too, a music period becomes more interesting as we understand its historic or literary backgrounds. Christmas carols and old lyrics of love or spring suggest the happiness of the Middle Ages — Yule logs, feasting,

fairs, and Maying. How quaint and sweet is "God Rest You Merrie Gentlemen" — how refreshing is the Cu-coo Song. Both seem far more simple and true to life than the madrigals of Queen Elizabeth's time. In the Cu-coo Song there is a real cow, a red lamb, and seed, while in Christopher Marlowe's madrigal, "A Shepherd to His Love," we are shown "pretty lambs," shepherds who do nothing but "dance and sing" on May mornings, "caps of flowers," and "melodious birds that sing madrigals" themselves. But the queen liked to listen to these ornate songs, and indeed, many of the madrigals were written in her honor, tinged with dainty flattery. Queen "Bess" was somewhat of a musician herself, in fact, for she could play the virginal; "not before people," to be sure, "but to shun melancholy." Besides the virginal, the spinet, the viol, and lute were popular at this time. Ladies loved to draw attention to their pretty, bejeweled hands as they played upon the spinet. Madrigals were often accompanied on the viol. Some of Queen Elizabeth's favorites were "Phyllida and Corydon," "Rosalind's Madrigal," and the lovely lyrics of Shakespeare.

Of the eighteenth century, we find literature and music "putting on great airs." Pope and Bach are typical of this period, but we are much more patient with Bach than we are with Pope. For, while both strove for strict classic polish and exactness, still Bach, as a musician, had the advantage of *tone*, whereby much of his natural poetic warmth might show itself. Moreover, in writing for music for the organ or forte-piano there was no opportunity for calling a wheat-field "the wealth of Ceres," girls "nymphs," or a red flower "blushing Flora." Besides, Bach did much for music by his orderly designing of patterns and scales, whereas Pope aided the art of poetry little.

An interesting comparison can be made also of Byron and Wagner, who lived at the beginning of the nineteenth century. One was a true poet; the other, a true musician. But Byron marred his poetry by his egotism, whereas Wagner rose through his egotism to powerful, beautiful expression of universal emotions. So that, Wagner's music has often been called "the music of the future."

Since Wagner's establishment of modern music, many musicians of different countries have been helping to develop their "music of the future." Norway has produced Grieg, who loved to picture the life of his country in vivid folk-song. The Bohemian, Dvorak, took a great interest in America and wove some old plantation songs into his New World Symphony, while MacDowell, an American, stands foremost as a founder of our American school.

Russia has, perhaps, made the most striking progress in music; and her literary progress may well be mentioned with that of England and America. For while Tschaikowsky, Korsokoff, and Glinka interpret their nation in gorgeous, rich melody, and whirling passion, Tolstoy and his neighbor, Joseph Conrad, stress downright reality, "the average man," and "the common lot," as do Galsworthy, Wells, and George Bernard Shaw.

But the most important step in coming to appreciate music is in learning to comprehend its inherent beauties. The art of listening to music requires a technical foundation for the ear as well as an understanding of the writing

and playing of music. We have to learn first to recognize the pattern of a composition as we hear it. We have to listen for the introduction, the principal theme, the repetitions, the transitory passages, the contrasts, and the climaxes in order to appreciate the beauty of the whole. And our ears must become more and more keen to capture each blend and harmony. As the rhythms and balances of phrases and of general structural patterns become clear to us and delight us, we recognize a flow and grace similar to the flow and grace of lines in beautiful statuary or in beautiful buildings.

And as the tone colors disclose to our attentive ears more and more of their richnesses, we take a delight in music akin to our more easily acquired delight in paintings. And growing acuteness gives us, in time, ability to recognize individual styles, whereupon we soon learn the beauties or eccentricities of the different artists. Comparison naturally follows, and this, supplemented by good taste, puts our goal within easy reach—the ability to recognize and enjoy good music.

HILDEGARDE KAUFHOLD, 30.

DRAMATICS

OUR dramatic productions this year have been marked by their variety of subject matter, and by their excellence. In our smaller productions we have ranged from sentimentality to farcical satire; in our larger productions, from *Iphigenia in Tauris*, a Greek tragedy of Euripides, to Gluck's *Orpheus*.

The Junior class began the dramatic season with Martinez Sierra's *Cradle Song*, a play set in a Spanish Dominican cloister. Josephine Murray as Sister Joanna, Mildred Stephens as the girl Teresa, and Evelyn Roselli as the Mother Prioress, supported by a finely trained cast, won just applause. The play showed no trace of amateur uncertainty. Understanding interpretations of the various parts, lovely grouping, and quick action made the *Cradle Song* a success.

The Senior class gave us a finished production of James Barrie's *Quality Street*. Katharine McAfee was charming as Phoebe of the Ringlets, Maureen McNerny was irresistible as

Miss Susan Throstle, and Ada Nisbet, the dashing Captain Brown, was captivating. But, the smaller parts were done as well as the star roles, and Madeline Curry and Carmel McGlinchey — two of Miss Phoebe's young scholars — furnished some of the most amusing moments in the play.

We were literally weakened by the Freshman comedy, *The Beggar on Horseback*, a satire on our modern, jazzy life. Too well did we understand poor, dazed Neil — Marian Whitney — when the cyclone of happenings was whizzed before our eyes. Our only moments of calm were when the quiet voice of Cynthia — Marjorie Keller — soothed our ragged nerves as well as Neil's.

Iphigenia in Tauris, the most difficult play we have ever attempted, was one of the best performances given by our college. Mary Wintringham as Iphigenia seemed actually to be the exiled Greek, torn between two conflicting emotions — intense longing for home, and a bitter rage against "her murderers." Mary's fluency and grace of movement, with her finely modulated voice, stirred the audi-

ence with the beauty of her part; while the chorus of Greek women relieved the tragedy and added grace and color. Beauty was the keynote of the whole production. The lyrics full of movement and the dash of waters gave the chorus maidens an opportunity to enchant us with their musical intonations, while their bodies moved in perfect rhythm—now slow and sensuous, now quick and light.

The great achievement of the year was the presentation of *Orpheus and Eurydice* by the college. The departments of music and dramatics combined to make this production a beautiful spectacle. As in the production of *Iphigenia*, there was beauty and grace, but the modern complexity of *Orpheus and Eurydice* made an interesting contrast with the simplicity of the old Greek drama. The nymphs and furies and demons danced, swayed and whirled with the rhythm. And Agnes Temple as Eurydice, and Carmel Saunder as Orpheus, pantomimed the movement of the lovers, while William Copinus and Ruth Williams sang Gluck's superb music.

HELEN DUNNE, '30.

GLUCK'S "ORPHEUS"

ORPHEUS" is one of the results of Gluck's endeavors to reform opera. To him, the conventional Italian opera was simply a succession of scenes which had to do with a more or less melodramatic plot and brilliant song. The story of the opera provided merely a slender thread on which to connect a series of arias for the star performers. And these arias were seldom intended to express sentiments in harmony with the theme of the libretto. The chorus that presented the story formed the background, while the stars appeared at intervals, giving bright and flaunting melody—pleasing in itself, but in no way connected with, or in harmony with the chorus music, or the tale. Gluck scorned this incoherent Italian method. He wished to unify and harmonize all three musical elements of opera: the orchestra, the chorus, and the solos. And these in turn he wished to make harmonize with, and reflect the main thought of the opera story. He therefore eliminated meaningless decorative trills in

the orchestra, and raised it from a position of mere accompanist to that of an interpreter of the mood and meaning of the play's main theme. And he also made the arias, as well as the choruses, embody the sentiment and effect the presentation of one dramatic story. Thus the arias became heightenings and continuations of the chorus moods. While the setting of the opera which had always been full of greater beauty than that of any other dramatic spectacle became, with Gluck, a contribution to the total emotional effect desired, but lost none of its pictorial warmth or brilliance withal.

So the impressiveness of the performance of *Orpheus and Eurydice* at Dominican College on May 15 was due to the harmonious cooperation of the orchestra, the choruses, the choral, and the actors, rather than to any one star performer among singers, actors, or musicians. It was really the blending of these several elements — all beautiful in themselves — that made the artistic total. In the pathetic mourning scene the graceful sorrow of the peasants, the subdued beauty of the music, as well as

the hushed choral, reiterated the sorrow of Orpheus, prostrate in the shadows of Eurydice's tomb. And in the scene, "Across the Flames," the effect was not produced primarily by the curling crimson flames of Hades, nor by the vehement activities of the demons and furies, nor even by the music, which did not rise above these to an emphasis of its own. For the pleadings of Orpheus, voiced in richest fulness by Ruth Williams, were answered by the choral in equal cadence. The whole scene breathes concordance, and is impressive because of its unity, and beautiful because lovely music, stirring drama, and gorgeous background all contribute to one end. Moreover, there is a foreboding note in all, of the tragedy about to happen, which increases in the following scene with Eurydice's perplexity on account of Orpheus' averted face. Still Orpheus, bereft of Eurydice whom he recovered from Hades, yet lost again through human weakness, is not in Gluck, as in the traditional version, the victim of a tragic, even melodramatic fate. He is merely given time to remourn his lost Eurydice, and to decide to take his own

life, when at the last minute, in true romantic spirit, Eurydice is restored to Orpheus for no other reason than to make a happy ending.

Indeed, all the lovelier possibilities of Greek drama and opera were suggested by the sketch presented in the auditorium. The narrators, a Greek chorus led by Patricia Tobin, were grouped as friezes on a marble wall; they read their lines with a grace as classic as the grace of their posing. And their seriousness and cool dignity both toned and framed all spectacular fervency, as well as did the whiteness of the setting, made the more white by dark, tapering cypress trees placed round. Moreover, the grace and simplicity of the Greek dances lent the refreshing note of rural nature, almost unheard of in the usual opera, while Amor (Mary O'Neil), with his dramatic lines and vigor, gave the final impression of Greek drama. And it might even be said that this element of Grecian dignity enhanced the beauty of the voices, by providing as it were, a smooth atmosphere upon which to glide forth throughout the performance.

But for spectacular warmth, liveliness of

pantomime, and color, Gluck depended entirely upon the opera, checking here and there any too great floridity. In the garden overture, color awakened the placidity left upon us by the first frieze of narrators. Nymphs in clear greens and yellows that realized our most eager conceptions danced joyously in pliant rounds about Orpheus and Eurydice (Carmel Saunders and Agnes Temple), portraying the contentment of their love. In the first scene, the "Garden Poisoned," dim light muffled and darkened the rich reds that clothed the peasants as they offered prayers and sacrifice in profound reverence. In the second scene, "Across the Flames," contrasting lights harbored the ghastly blues and greens of fury veils, and floated them over against the seething cavern of Tartarus, where demons kept their crimson flames in constant play. In the "Lost Regained" happy spirits came forth in the sun to rejoice for Orpheus in caerulean and roseate hues. And in the next scene, darkness fell again, for sorrow had returned. But this was finally effaced by the hopeful glow of Amor's torch, as he cried:

"Hold, Orpheus! . . .
Thine anguish well doth prove
Thy constancy and truth.
'Tis time the trial be ended."

Whereupon brightness shone in upon them, the nymphs and spirits danced again, and the music, having constantly harmonized with and been interpreted by the pantomime, swelled in triumphant evenness to proclaim that "Love hath triumphed."

Indeed, the unseen Orpheus, Eurydice, and Amor (Ruth Williams, Willaine Copinus, and Edith McKnight) added their glorious song to all the other beauties, making the whole presentation a delight to the senses. And the eight-piece orchestra directed by Mr. Hurtgen, together with the choral—always blending with the other factors of the play—brought out the music in all its exquisite delicacy and grace. The romantic production was, by all means, a beautiful adaptation of classical drama.

HILDEGARDE KAUFHOLD, '30.

PATHE NEWS

WE GO to the Warfield on any Saturday afternoon and always one of the units on the program is the Pathe News. In it we see the events of the world, among them Suzanne's and Helen's latest stroke, or the California crew rowing to victory on the Thames. Now let us sit back in a comfortable chair for a few minutes and allow our College's athletic activities of 1928-29 to be flashed on the screen before us.

The first event of the season is the Hockey Rally. The freshmen, sophomores, and juniors perform for our staid and stately seniors, who have graduated from the class of providing rollicking amusement for the rest of the College.

Preparation then starts for the interclass and championship games, with the hockey classes vigorously swinging their sticks and staging mock games. This practice is soon seen to bear fruit in the exciting games and final

presentation of the cup to the proud sophomores at the annual hockey banquet.

The fencing class, which now appears on the screen, responds with queer motions and actions to such calls as "pos-i-tion four" and "straight arm lunge" as they brandish their foils with seeming intent to kill. Meanwhile, the clogging class vainly tries to get into the character of the dances and still keep their shuffling feet going. Natural dancing will no doubt develop grace and rhythm in some after long and vigorous labor, but such perfection is an unhopd-for accomplishment for others, as the apparent difficulty of others in maintaining equilibrium.

Members of the archery class grasp their bows and adjust their arrows with all the authority of a Robin Hood, and are more than elated when their arrows only just miss the bull's-eye. Such seem confidentially to explain: "Your eyes must get adjusted, you know, and of course the wind does make such a difference." Volleyball does not seem to present such difficulties, but there is a great deal of determination in the way that the ball is

hit across the net. Here our struggling golf champions maliciously are tearing up the turf about the campus and loudly shouting "Fore!" to an innocent and unsuspecting passerby. We all cannot be an Edith Cross, but the interest in the tennis tournaments, and any games, shows that some, at least, aspire greatly.

Now comes basketball, that thrilling game, with the panting and breathless players urged on by enthusiastic side-lines to that basket which determines the championship for the junior-senior team.

Loud applause next greets the well remembered ring-master as he cracks his whip — the lion and tiger cower in fury, and the mischievous clowns scamper into place. It is a real circus, with soda, peanuts and pop-corn, but we have a little variety in the expert performance of the members of the Tumbling Club who are truly distinguished.

The horse show, with its jumping, musical chairs and perilous Roman riding, gives us a thrill — and last the running and relay races, and the baseball game of Field Day, fittingly conclude our year's activities.

Certainly we can leave our comfortable seats in the darkened theatre with a satisfied feeling that the athletics of Dominican College are not the least of its many activities.

KATHARINE HANLON, '30.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TEACHING, OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

MARY HELEN MAYER

(The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.)

A VOLUME by Mary Helen Mayer, the *Philosophy of Teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas*, has just been received. After obtaining the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Dominican College, Miss Mayer went to Marquette University, where she received the degree of Master of Arts. The book which is under discussion is her thesis, and it has been edited by the Dean of the Graduate School of Marquette, Edward A. Fitzpatrick, Ph.D. The work comprises a translation of St. Thomas' *De Magistro*, and an essay on the same. Of this essay, Professor Fitzpatrick in his editor's introduction, says: "It is truly remarkable, and it puts the *De Magistro* in relation to the whole system of St. Thomas. Both the translation and the interpretation are genuine contributions to education." Professor Fitzpatrick stresses the mod-

ernity of St. Thomas' views on education — e. g. his idea that education is a process of self-development, through self-activity. Pestalozzi, Spencer, Froebel, and Dewey agree with him in this opinion. Also, St. Thomas conceives education as an evolutionary process—"Learning is a passage from potentiality to actuality." Professor James describes the potentiality (the child's mind) as "a big, blooming, buzzing confusion," which by self-activity is evolved into actuality — or the orderly, "educated" mind.

The *De Magistro* is divided into four articles, or questions:

- (1) Whether man can teach, or God alone?
- (2) Whether anyone can be called a teacher of himself?
- (3) Whether man can be taught by an angel?
- (4) Whether to teach is a function of the active or of the contemplative life?

St. Thomas disposes of each of these questions, according to his usual methods, beginning with his "objections," which usually review previous solutions of the question. Miss

Mayer mentions the "unflinching honesty" of St. Thomas in stating these objections and she quotes two contemporary admirers of him: Dr. J. J. Walsh says that nowhere is there such a compendium of objections against the Catholic faith, as in the armory of St. Thomas, and Wicksteed (in *Dante and Aquinas*) says, "Again and again we read with amazement his concise and forceful expression of objections, against which he perhaps has nothing equally clear and penetrating to urge."

As to the first of the four questions: "Whether man can teach, or God alone," St. Thomas concludes that God teaches man principally, by giving him potentialities, and man can develop his potentialities, and a teacher can help him to do so, "as a physician helps a patient, applying medicines which nature uses as instruments in healing."

The second question in the *De Magistro* is "whether man can be called a teacher of himself." St. Thomas decides that man cannot teach himself. Not having any knowledge at birth, he has no materials upon which to start to work. He cannot supply the materials —

they come from his environment. The teacher is part of this environment. His usefulness consists in the fact that "his words have a closer relation to causing knowledge than mere perceivable things outside the mind the words of the teacher represent his concepts and these concepts are the distilled wisdom of a reflective mind."

The third question, "whether man can be taught by an angel," is thus interpreted in the essay: "Can even a teacher with a most inspiring personality and the most profound scholarship cause a pupil to learn, if the pupil refuses to cooperate?" The answer of course, is "No." The pupil may be influenced by his reverence for his teacher, but individual thinking is his privilege and his duty; he is free and undetermined in his interpretation of facts. St. Thomas here employs the comparison between the teacher and the physician. Even when the patient accepts the aid of the physician, his nature must do the principal work in healing; so too, even if the pupil accepts the aid of the teacher, his own self-activity must do the principal work in teaching. According

to St. Thomas, it is in the logical presentation of the facts alone, that the teacher can be said to teach. St. Thomas mentions two requisites of the effective teacher: (1) he must have the knowledge which he is to teach, "perfectly and explicitly," and (2) he must have the capacity to stimulate the process of self-activity in his pupil. The learner learns by "organizing his experience;" he "grope[s] his way toward an intuition of order in the midst of confused elements." The teacher organizes these elements, to make it possible for the learner to have an "intuition *with certitude*," of order.

The fourth question is "whether teaching is a function of the active or of the contemplative life?" The answer is, that teaching is character building, and as such it is a function of both the active and the contemplative life. The contemplator forms an image of his own character, and from the image, he abstracts what he ought to be — his ideal self. The result of this is a principle of action, and principles of action become plans for character building. Miss Mayer quotes from the *Contra Gentiles* to the effect that the liberally educated man

— the wise man (the *teacher*) “is a character architect, who in his personality is a harmonious union of scientist, philosopher, artist and saint.” As scientist, he has a comprehensive knowledge of facts, and a scientific attitude toward reality; as a philosopher, he reflects upon the meaning of life and “conceives a longing for the source of all goodness;” as an artist he is an architect of character, and he makes a work of art, a model of his Teacher — a Saint.

Miss Mayer closes her essay with a quotation from the *Contra Gentiles* on the happiness of the wise man (the teacher) “Blessed is the wise man that shall continue in wisdom (Eccl. xiv, 22),” for wisdom “is an infinite treasure to man, which they that use, become the friends of God (Wis. vii, 14).” Wisdom is the most delightful of human pursuits “because her conversation hath no bitterness, nor her company any tediousness, but joy and gladness (Wis. viii, 16).”

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