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The Firebrand

THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE
OF SAN RAFAEL

MCMXXXVI

WE
GRATEFULLY DEDICATE
THIS BOOK
TO
THE PRESIDENT OF OUR COLLEGE
SISTER MARY THOMAS, O.P.

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THE FIREBRAND

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EDITORIAL

COMING to college, we enter a strange new world. We step aside from the noise and unthoughtfulness of usual living; here we are to think, our minds and hearts to grow and to ripen. "Depart from the highway," says St. Chrysostom, "transplant thyself in some enclosed ground, for it is hard for a tree which stands by the wayside to keep her fruit till it be ripe." And from such a way we have departed.

What pleasantries and wonders await us, what new realms of work and play, what opportunities and possibilities are ours! The new world seems boundless, and we ourselves "almost free in it, with a boundless appetite for experience, for adventure." There are the experiences and adventures of the mind, the "perturb'd delight" brought by thoughts and books, the learning that, being thought upon, mellowed and made a part of us, becomes knowledge.

Yet sometimes there are even greater adventures than those of the mind; in these college days—books and studies, to be sure, and the honest joy that is in them,

"But most those Friends whose much lov'd converse gave
Thy gentle charms a tenfold power to please."

And above all friends are those with whom we have gone through school. Ofttimes it is not that these friends are any kinder or wiser than others in the world, but that we come to know them better. Friendships mellowed by the intimacy of four long years, "ripened by the warmth of kindred studies" and understood with warmth and gratitude and kindness after all that we have shared together—the long, long walks, midnight conversations, tramps in the rain, the sweet seriousness of Retreats, late afternoons upon Inspiration, when we "tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky," the countless jokes and fooleries which only we could appreciate, the laughter, even the tears.

Gradually the excessive seriousness found amongst freshmen goes. We come to take ourselves, our views more lightly; our attitude is touched with humour and tolerance and equanimity. College life is to be taken seriously, yes, but with a seriousness of the "smiling kind."

Ah, if our coming years could but continue as these days, with like delights of the mind, the desires and possibilities that seem to know no bounds, the peace, the friendships, humour and enthusiasms. Life then would be supremely dear, and youth truly immortal.

RAMONA CLYNE

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Sociology Club

RAMONA CLYNE

RAMONA, we find, is one of the few girls whose appearance suits her personality; most memorable are her lovely eyes, which somehow we feel are the "mirror of her soul," and they are beautiful, gentle, deep blue eyes. "Monie," as we have come to call her, is dignified and graceful, pleasant and good humoured, liking many things and disliking none intensely. Her family she loves dearly and counts the hours spent away from them, and so, though potentially she is a traveller, she assures us that only short trips are to her fancy.

She laughs easily, pleasant, gurgling laughter, and takes a special joy in telling jokes on her loved sister, Dolores. She delights in letters, which it seems she is always in the process of either writing or receiving, and she likes machines and coca-colas.

Then there is her unfailing devotedness. She is always one to be found at Benediction, and she is among the few who make "the long daily trek to Mass."

BETTY ELDER

Major: FRENCH

Executive Board '33, '35
Meadowlark Staff '33, '34
Firebrand Staff '36
 Class Vice-President '34
 Student Affairs President '36, I

French Club
 Spanish Club
 Delta Alpha Epsilon
 Seven Arts
 Gamma Sigma
 Pi Epsilon Nu
 Pi Delta Phi

BETTY ELDER

WHEN first a freshman, Betty seemed a delicate, studious, somber-eyed girl. But within a few weeks she was racing down the hockey field, riding about on her bicycle, and entertaining us with songs, French, Spanish, or funny old-fashioned ditties of innumerable stanzas. Her popularity that year won her the freshman cup. Generally she makes the most of her mind, but she has a happy way of studying without our being aware of it. She possesses one of the rare personalities that make both a best friend and a merry companion; her sane, optimistic philosophy has lightened many a serious situation, to say nothing of what her invariable sense of humour has done. She proves her unselfishness by constantly answering the telephone and by sharing every possession, from her bicycle to her bags of bananas. Her mild and even temper is disturbed only occasionally, perhaps by an argument on such subjects as French poetry, ethics, or the Constitution. The popularity of her freshman year she has never lost; no honor or no responsibility could alter it.

HAZEL GARATTI

Major: HISTORY

Vice-President Student Body '36

President Class '35

W. A. A. Board '35

President Spiritual Council

'34, '35

Spanish Club

Delta Alpha Epsilon

HAZEL GARATTI

HAZEL was a quiet, pleasant freshman, who fitted graciously into every phase of college life. She has gone through college making everyone feel that the world is right. Her brown eyes twinkle and her laugh is pleasant and contagious. However, her light-hearted manner does not mean that she is not serious. She has held many offices of responsibility. As head of the Spiritual Council she has had an amazing way of gathering large and interested groups. No one could resist her appeal when she wanted a congregation for charitable offerings, or a congregation for compline or for the Saturday evening Stations of the Cross. As head of the house regulations committee she has proved herself a conscientious and able leader. The lower classmen will remember her as the genial senior who was always the center of a group of laughing Meadowlanders. She has been stern in her capacity as head disciplinarian, yet her lovely drawling voice and understanding manner have made her easily approachable for vague explanations of why a check shouldn't have been given.

PEGGY GLEASON

Major: CHEMISTRY-BIOLOGY

Executive Board '36
Meadowlark Staff '35
Firebrand Staff '35
Class Treasurer '34

Albertus Magnus
Seven Arts
Gamma Sigma
H. O. O. D. Society

PEGGY GLEASON

PEGGY GLEASON brought with her from Saint Rose an awesome reputation which from the beginning of her freshman year at college continued uninterrupted. Unfortunately few of us knew her well as freshmen. She awed us. The high school legend concerning her became verified by the volume of Saint Thomas Aquinas' *Summa* in Latin in her room, by her mortifications, her strict attendance at Mass after the first retreat, her cleverness with clay and dexterity with the needle; all such and more built up a reserve between Peggy and her classmates which time has worn away but which still exists between her and the lower classmen.

It took time and our sophomore year to teach us that she possessed a ready wit and a thoughtfulness in remembering birthdays and feast days, surprising in one so busy and so earnest. We came then to see her sportsmanship in stooping to take part in pranks which her better judgment warned against, her gift and her generosity in writing for the *Firebrand* and the *Meadowlark*, and her infallibility in instructing us in Church rubrics. All of these have taught us to admire her.

ELIZABETH HERBERT

Major: MATHEMATICS

Transferred from University of
California, 1933
Class Treasurer '35

Albertus Magnus
German Club

ELIZABETH HERBERT

ELIZABETH has chosen a select circle of best friends and these friends tell us of her great generosity, her kindheartedness, her fondness for children, and her passion for Scotties. We, her schoolmates, however, see only hints of this as Elizabeth is, withal, though always pleasant, amiable and kindhearted, a reserved and dignified person who, after her last class on Friday, is off with no loss of time for her home in Vallejo, her car amply filled with schoolmates seeking destinations in the same direction. Obvious to all are Elizabeth's even temper, her independence and her capability; she knows what she wants to do and does it, whether it be a problem in her favorite subject, mathematics, or in her management as treasurer of the class. And what is more, whatever it is that she does she does well.

PAULINE IVANCOVICH

Major: ART

Transferred from Marin Junior
College, 1933

Student Affairs Board '36
Vice-President of Class '36
Meadowlark Staff '35, '36
Firebrand Staff '35, '36

Little Theatre Workshop
Art Club

PAULINE IVANCOVICH

THE first thing we appreciated about Pauline was her car. This between-town luxury was untarnished by any reluctant benevolence in Pauline's good-humored casualness. Then gradually we learned of her pleasingness as a companion, of her art, the surprising fact that this sauntering tweed-coated person was not an athletic ace—though she does enjoy pitting her strength against any comer. Here again her kindness discovered her: striking posters for major events, delicate designs for spiritual bouquets, wood-cuts for the *Firebrand* or *Meadowlark*.

Pauline's character admits of no circumlocution. Her directness is refreshing but sometimes breath-taking. There is an unassuming loyalty about her in which lies one of her greatest strengths. Strength is perhaps the quality one remembers of her most vividly, in the impression she makes as a person and in her art.

KATHERINE KEITH

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Transferred from University of
California, 1934

Delta Alpha Epsilon
Drama Club
Sociology Club

KATHERINE KEITH

KATHERINE is as vivid as she is intelligent. She has blue eyes which are ever so merry. Even when her voice grows determined and her eyes piercing as she argues, there still remains the twinkle. She loves argument because she has opinions and ideas; sociology, current history and ethics interest her and furnish matter worthy of the expression of opinion.

She has intense dislikes, too: boring people, jazz, aggressive animals; among them the latter prejudice dates perhaps from a dog bite suffered not long ago when she was skating down the hill near the old hotel. There are Katie's loves and likes, too, among which abide biographies, swimming, sleep, and anything "soft and woolly." Many can testify to the small stuffed furry animals that she has borrowed for a night or two. Yet despite the sleep and the woolly animals, she is a practical person who delights in sociological statistics, and likes American history better than ancient or mediaeval because when she studies it she doesn't seem to be romancing; it doesn't seem like a "fairy tale."

MARION LETHBRIDGE

Major: SPANISH

Transferred from University of California, 1935

MARION LETHBRIDGE

UNFORTUNATELY for us, Marion did not arrive on our campus until her senior year. Still three years were as nothing before her gentle graciousness, and it was only a matter of a few days before she was one of us.

A tall, slim brunette, she goes quietly and unobtrusively about her work, always ready to help a fellow student, and always a rare good listener.

Her soft, pleasant voice is a joy to hear, and her twinkling brown eyes and low chuckle indicate a sense of humour which is verified after only a few moments conversation. She has been described, to those who knew her not, as the "girl who smiles when she studies." Her pleasant humour, her sincere and even temper, during this one year, have made us wish that she might have been here four.

JANE MALTMAN

Major: ENGLISH

President Class '33
Student Affairs Board '35, '36
Meadowlark Staff '35, '36
Firebrand Staff '35
Editor *Firebrand* '36

Seven Arts
Delta Alpha Epsilon
Block "D" Society
French Club

JANE MALTMAN

JANE is a small individual who possesses a depth of feeling, a sometimes astonishing keenness of intellect and an ever varying sense of humor. All this we might have foretold when she first arrived at College equipped with two large volumes of Blackstone, an accordion, skates, and a somewhat dog-eared Emerson. Today, though Blackstone is forgotten, her enthusiasms are as intense and as varied; true, as a supposedly dignified senior her pranks are not so obvious, her skates have been replaced by the bicycle, and her love for Emerson, though still unquenched, has been rivalled by her love for Dante, Walter Pater, Browning, and others. Jane loves many things and loves them intensely and enthusiastically; there is Wagner, Beethoven, Schubert and such plebian songs as *Tea for Two*. But perhaps her greatest pleasure is in satisfying conversation; she has many friends, real friends of long standing whom one feels will be her friends forever. She has a talent for merriment and a gay and hearty laugh. The study of philosophy and writing she delights in to the point of seriousness, and with the publishing of the *Firebrand* one feels that a wish has been fulfilled.

PHYLLIS MALTMAN

Major: CHEMISTRY-BIOLOGY

President of Student Body '36
Student Affairs Board '36
Executive Board '36
Firebrand Staff '36
Meadowlark Staff '36
Class Treasurer '33

Albertus Magnus
Seven Arts
Delta Alpha Epsilon
Block "D" Society
French Club

PHYLLIS MALTMAN

PHIL was a freshman most persons knew not what to make of. She was quiet, reserved—yet there were the skating jaunts to town, her skill in a basketball game, and the perilous all-day mid-winter fishing trip in a row boat in the Bay. A senior, she is marked by the quaint charm of her appearance, and by a look of quiet strength. There exists behind her sober dignity a lively wit and humour, and an undaunted energy. In truth, she is a mingling of scientist and poet. Her love for bacteriology perhaps appeals to her love of adventure, her imagination, or a desire to help the world. And her writing, which abounds in *Meadowlarks* and *Firebrands*, is ever a delight, be it of foolery, fact, or beauty. She is practical, though she's a dreamer. Phil is a lover of solitude and books, and of her books none take higher rank than *The Essays of Elia*, *Pickwick Papers*, and *The Compleat Angler*. Six hours to her is ample time for sleeping and she is up early each morning for Mass. No one dislikes sentimentality, noise, and argument as much as she. Her disposition is rare for its goodness, and her common sense has saved many a day.

VIRGINIA MAZZINI

Major: HISTORY

Vice-President Class '35
Meadowlark Staff '35
Firebrand Staff '35

Delta Alpha Epsilon
Art Club
Drama Club
Little Theatre Workshop
Block "D" Society

VIRGINIA MAZZINI

NANA, as we ponder the question, was much the same entering college that she is leaving it, very short, charmingly pretty, possessing a sparkling personality, and always very merry, though chronically lamenting the woes of a student, to the pleasure of anyone near. Her stories, of which she has a bountiful number lacking a point, are laughed at, if not for themselves, for the teller; Nana's expression and gesticulations are irresistible.

She is the very efficient president of the History Club, with a fine knowledge of the intricacies of present-day history and politics. And with her presiding at the meetings, conversation never lags; nor are questions left unanswered.

She is one of the most original artists of the school; her paintings are delicate, sensitive, but definitely strong. She has, too, a knack of wearing clothes well. Formals and teas find her particularly distinguished.

Remember Betty Elder's song, "Oh, Nana Maz-zini"?

MADELINE MINNAHAN

Major: ECONOMICS-COMMERCE

Transferred from San Jose State,
1934

Sociology Club
Spanish Club

MADELINE MINNAHAN

MADELINE is tall and slender; her face long, her skin very white; her hair is dark, almost black. Her large brown eyes are wide open, watchful, as if she were waiting for something to happen that just does not happen. She is not unusually pretty, but good-looking. She has a slow smile, neither exactly gay, nor yet sad. She stands out in vivid contrast to those of us with whom she is intimate, and seems to belong to another age.

The daughter of Irish parents, she has perhaps taken from them a certain sense of discipline, some secret code of high behavior which guides her actions but which is never imposed on others. Underneath her quiet poise she has so many hidden qualities . . . gaiety, vitality, laughter and a fund of wit and wisdom. We cannot but regret that she is her most delightful best in the intimacy of her home circle, to which she flies longingly each week-end.

ANITA NASSER

Major: SOCIOLOGY

President Student Affairs '36, II

Sociology Club
Schola Cantorum
Madrigals

ANITA NASSER

ANITA and music and music and entertainments are somehow inseparable here at college; it was at the freshmen initiation four years ago that we were first charmed by Anita's voice. Since then at every possible occasion, Christmas parties, operettas and teas she has been delighting us, and not only with her voice. She is always pleasant company; most amusing is the humorous knack she has of twisting almost any word into a not too terrible pun. To those who do not know her, Anita is labeled as one possessing a superior air; however, her friends know that though independent, she is most humble; she even goes so far as to belittle her accomplishments as a singer.

Naturally Anita loves music most of all; she likes especially opera and more especially *Madame Butterfly*. An occasion to listen to opera is one of the things she never misses. Next to music she is interested in sociology, then French, which of all work manages to exact most of her time. Finally there is her green car "Junior," and to "Junior," Anita's generosity and her lovely voice certainly we owe many hours of pleasure.

ANN O'NEILL

Major: CHEMISTRY-BIOLOGY

Transferred from University of
Idaho, 1934

Albertus Magnus

ANN O'NEILL

LAUGHING, carefree Ann came to us in her junior year and without ado had, with her personality and her gift of spinning an amusing tale, made herself an intrinsic part of the college. During her two years here Ann has laughed herself into scrapes and out of them, has surprised us and herself now and then with an A in religion, has impressed us with her tact (her laughter amuses, never hurts) and has amazed us with her judgment in knowing when to stop. In her junior year she was one of the proud owners of the famous "Little Nell," now "in high." In her senior year she settled down and gave more time to serious study and to the organization of such enlightening societies as the "Young Republicans."

On the morning of an examination Ann's laughter ceases, her broad smile vanishes, and the whole College is turned upside down in looking for her lost book. It is seldom found, and Ann remarks, "Now I meant to study, but. . . ." Yet somehow the examination is passed, and life once more is gay again for Ann.

ELIZABETH PURCELL

Major: MUSIC

President Spiritual Council '34
Secretary W. A. A. '35

Schola Cantorum
Madrigals

ELIZABETH PURCELL

EVERY person who has known Elizabeth at college will always remember her for her absolute patience and unselfishness. She knows everyone and never is too busy or too tired to do something to make others happier.

A quiet dignity, a certain gentleness, a dependable friendliness, and the oddest chuckle have marked her presence here these four years. Graciously she has gone about her work and play which sometimes merges into one as when she practices or plays the piano or when, as practice teacher, she works or plays with the little children, whom she loves and who have become her fast friends. Always cheerful, she seems to possess the amazing quality of enjoying everything and being interested in everyone. Not until she was head of the house at Fanjeaux did we realize that she possessed something of a temper, though even then it arose only seldom and after more than just provocation.

She loves all good music, any book which grows so exciting that she can't leave it until finished, Pierce-Arrow roadsters, and amusing situations which bring forth that unique and disarming chuckle.

ANNA MAY RICKSECKER

Major: MATHEMATICS

Albertus Magnus

ANNA MAY RICKSECKER

ANNA MAY is an unusual person, always dependable, always the fine conscientious student, yet withal modest, gracious, smiling and friendly.

Since the days when she helped us as freshmen to win our laurels in our first hockey game, we have depended upon her willing support and her determination. Not only in sports, at teas, or plays, but in the solving of any problem that confronts us, she is among the most faithful and dependable. Nothing is too much for her.

Mathematics is her specialty. Her favorite recreation, she says, is tennis, and her opponents say that she is indeed worthy of their mettle.

With her graduation the college will lose not only a diligent student, but a true friend. Her companions who are left cannot but feel the loss of the cheerful, spontaneous talk that immediately arises when Anna May is present.

DEBORAH SULLIVAN

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Transferred from Sacramento
Junior College, 1934

Spanish Club
Seven Arts
Sociology Club

DEBORAH SULLIVAN

DEBORAH is tall and slender with shiny black hair and blue eyes—definitely Irish. Everyone will remember her gay light-heartedness and her ability to fit into any situation. Whether dressed in a bright kitchen apron, poking “little pig sausages” for breakfast at home, or dressed in a formal gown receiving guests at our teas, she is at ease. Truly Irish, she possesses a sparkling wit and her friendly manner is one of her greatest charms. When Deb smiles she makes everyone comfortable. She has a great enthusiasm for all sports, especially basketball. One of her prize possessions is a ribbon she won for riding in a horse show.

People may be inclined to think that Deborah is frivolous until they realize her interest in philosophy and social service. Far from being frivolous, she is conscientious and dependable. She does everything thoroughly and she applies herself to her studies with zeal.

PATRICIA SWEENEY

Major: CHEMISTRY-BIOLOGY

Executive Board '35

Albertus Magnus
Gamma Sigma
H. O. O. D. Society

PATRICIA SWEENEY

INDUSTRY with this copper-haired girl is but the chance indicator of the driving force by which she has reaped a constant crop of A's during her eight years at college and has put into action fine ethical principles. A good many of us know the hospitality of her home where we may quell for a while the ever voracious college appetite when we drop in to study for an ex, to knit, or just talk. She has a rich sympathy and ready hand for anyone troubled, whether it be by a physics experiment or a strange hole that appears in a piece of knitting or any of the minor tragedies of college life. Yet she can be just as playful as the next one with her chums on the lawn near Guzman in a paean of thanksgiving after finals, much to the annoyance of certain people trying to re-render conic sections. There's Pat serious or gay, but always the Pat full of determination who would "give her right arm to sign M. D. after her name." But such quixotic gestures are unnecessary for this resolute one; soon she will be so absorbed in her work that she will forget the M. D. she has the right to use, for with her it is not the having but the doing that counts.

VIRGINIA VAUGHAN

Major: CHEMISTRY-BIOLOGY

Executive Board '34

President W. A. A. '35

Firebrand Staff '36

Vice-President Student Body '36, I

Delta Alpha Epsilon

Albertus Magnus

German Club

Seven Arts

Block "D" Society

VIRGINIA VAUGHAN

VIRGINIA, or Micky, as she has come to be called from her quaint use of the ejaculation "Minny Mouse," is a dear person with a vivid and lively personality. She started out a happy-go-lucky yet dignified individual. She was full of enthusiasms, now in her immediate love of college, now in her wish to be a lawyer, the next day transformed by the reading of *Microbe Hunters* into a passionate desire to become a bacteriologist, a desire which somehow remains. In her school pursuits things of a scientific trend seem to evoke most delight, not always study, in her. Well will her schoolmates remember her devotion to the most harrowing war poets, her unhushable stories of escapades with cats in anatomy, and the time that she awoke the Dean in the middle of a rainy night to ask for a key to the lab, that she might hurry down to rescue from the rain the fish skeleton that she had left that day by the window sill to dry in the sun. A senior, Mickey takes life more seriously and more philosophically. To the downcast and oppressed she is sympathy itself.

JOSEPHINE YORG

Major: MUSIC

Secretary Student Body '35
President Class '36

German Club
Schola Cantorum
Madrigals

JOSEPHINE YORG

Jo is dependable. Her friends assert with devotion that "we can always trust and depend on her." She is quiet and unassuming. She speaks little of herself, no more of her troubles than of her accomplishments. But important in her is a charming sweetness exciting to discover behind the quiet and the dependability and forming with them the personality that made her secretary of the student body and president this year of the senior class.

She possesses a fine willingness and generosity. To be remembered are frequent accompaniments for Anita Nasser. German students appreciate her timely aid in difficult translations.

There is interest and pleasure in many things for Jo, but perhaps most in German and music. Her friends are disgruntled at "her nose so often in a German book." A symphony or opera broadcast she rarely misses, and she is devoted to "One Man's Family."

Her studying is accomplished by the clock, and she is abed each night by ten.

THE JUNIORS

IT is our third year, our junior year, that we have seemed to enjoy most, for it is in this year that we have learned to work well and to play well. Being upper classmen gives a certain self-confidence, and this in turn gives a certain feeling of ease and security. With open hearts we began our third year of college life.

Although the class has diminished in size since our freshman year, the spirit remains ever as high, and we are versatile. We have our artists and musicians, and a group of Thespians from Meadowlands, sober and dignified intellectuals, who often appear in astonishing comedy. We have athletes, too; for the third successive year we have won the basketball championship. In general, we all find pleasure in our studies; as a whole we are serious rather than frivolous. This year, however, we have played, perhaps laboriously, for we full well realize that we must heartily enjoy ourselves before we take on our responsibilities of giving an example of dignity and deep seriousness as seniors.

VIRGINIA DE LORIMER, '37.

THE SOPHOMORES

THE class of '38 has retained the same spirit of independence and good fellowship which characterized its members as freshmen. Light-hearted and high-spirited they conceal from the unobserving an underlying seriousness which springs out unexpectedly and results in an exceptionally high academic standing. However, they do not permit the pursuit of knowledge to interfere with the equally important pleasures of life. Rather do they skillfully combine the two and the checkers spend nights of misery endeavoring to calm the industrious sophomores, who believe that French should be studied aloud and the problems of economics settled irrespective of Lonely's authoritative statements.

The sophomores have many and varied interests which range from palm-reading to Standard Symphonies. They also regularly attend the local theatre, and it is no exaggeration to say that they see more pictures than any other class in the school, nor is it a reflection upon their intelligence or artistic tastes. They merely seek in pictures a necessary relaxation after class and an outlet for their eager interest in life.

Friday afternoon invariably finds the sopho-

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The sophomores have many and varied interests which range from palm-reading to Standard Symphonies. They also regularly attend the local theatre, and it is no exaggeration to say that they see more pictures than any other class in the school, nor is it a reflection upon their intelligence or artistic tastes. They merely seek in pictures a necessary relaxation after class and an outlet for their eager interest in life.

Friday afternoon invariably finds the sopho-

mores in a state of happy confusion. The majority of them pass the week-ends away from school, and immediately after class the rush for taxis and trains begins. However, Sunday night brings them back again with renewed interest in work. The sophomores find life exciting through the simple means of never permitting it to become dull. Hence, their characteristic vivacity and ever ready wit.

ELINOR WHEELER, '38.

THE FRESHMEN

INDEPENDENCE and daring! Unconsciously we built our class around these words. We rang the bell at four in the morning. We invaded the sacred precincts of the study hall, and we had a monopoly on cinch cards and telephones. We led conversations, never hesitating to express our views to the most learned senior.

Yet, college was a blow to us. And though during meals in initiation week recitations of the "Anterior Venae Cavae" of the frog spoiled our appetites and we suffered from entertainment of enforced talent of our own or of fellow freshmen, we followed the sophomores' every suggestion. But we also remember the encouragement and friendliness of the upper classmen during those first awkward days. From that first night of excitement we have been grateful for their visits and cheerful words.

We grew in a sense of class unity, but we are not a class to be led about blindly; too many of us have highly developed personalities, even eccentricities. We go on our ways, however, good will and enthusiasm tempering our daring.

JANE SMITH, '39.

L. P. Hamilton

ALMA MATER

Over the hills of San Rafael
Uplifts the sun;
A torch of fire has cleft the dark,
Day has begun.

Long, long the years, darkness denied us
Light of the mind,
You have upraised the torch
Mother benign.

Dominic's child, Mother well-born,
We are your own;
Be the fire you have given us
Through the world sown.

S. C. M.

EMERSON

ACCORDING to Emerson, Plato might have read the inscription on the gates of Busy-rane, "Be bold," on the next gate, "Be bold, be bold, and evermore be bold," but then on the third gate, "Be not too bold." And, indeed, Emerson himself must have read these words well because they bring forth clearly and truly the secret of his own life, which was courage. Perhaps this is why he has always been the particular friend of the young. Above all he liked the youth who not only dreamed of but sought after great things, the youth who forever kept an ideal high in his heart. The courage that Emerson wanted to give was the courage to face oneself, to find the true way to live and to live that way. He met this same challenge most bravely while he was founding a philosophy for himself during his college days at Harvard. He never ran away from himself nor tried to avoid the responsibility of using his talents nor lost himself too far in the business or gayety of the world. He once wrote, "Courage is nothing else than knowledge" and "things are knowable." He was a lover of all knowledge, of language and his-

tory, of literature and of science, and of the truth to be found in these. His joy in Milton, Shakespeare, Plato, and Montaigne succeeded in lightening his trials with mathematics. He

had such high hopes for the American scholar and for all men; he wanted them to think well, to read the meaning of life in the "Night and her stars"; to look into "the mind of the Past" through books, for "books are the best of things, well-used"; to gain power by not "sparing any action in which they can partake"; there is even, as he says, "virtue yet in the

hoe and spade, for learned as well as for unlearned hands." But Emerson, with his clear-peering eyes, in spite of his lofty ideas that encourage thought and energy on a mighty plain, had a good share of the common sense that wise men do not lack. He, the lover of youth and its joy and power, says, "I court laughing persons, and after a merry or only a gossiping hour, when the talk has been mere soap bubbles, I have lost all sense of the mouse in my chest, am at ease, and can take my pen or book."

True, Emerson was an idealist, but he anchored his idealism with a touch of skepticism, whose meaning to him was common sense. When he wrote of Montaigne as the skeptic in his *Representative Men*, he wrote something of himself. The skeptic is the prudent; he builds his house "under the wind but out of the dirt"; he is the considerer; he "believes what the years and the centuries say, against the hours." He learns "to bear the disappearance of things he was wont to reverence without losing his reverence." And to follow out this statement, he chose a quotation which shows his ingenuity and keenness in borrowing, "If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea." He passes over to youth what he learned as a youth, that one must have

courage to keep one's wagon hitched to a star in spite of the fall of objects which had only seemed to be the perfect representation of one's ideals. Only in this far was Emerson a skeptic, that he believed in nobility and the construction of a defense of wise expectation against the dangers that continually arise on every side. There was never the seed of disbelief in his soul. Faith in the inner truth that lives in all men was the foundation of his optimism. He honored Shakespeare as the type of the poet because he could "transfer the inmost truth of things into music and verse."

To have known Emerson would have been something. Walt Whitman calls him "sane and clear as the sun." He must have been one of those "rare pilgrims whereof only one or two wander in nature at once. His sincerity was so great that it must have revealed itself in the benevolence of his eyes and mouth, in his gentleness and his kindness. He spoke of Plato's "patrician polish, his intrinsic elegance"—these are the very qualities of Emerson. He was a cosmopolitan of the world within; he knew all men and wrote down aspirations which belong to all men. In truth, his notion of the grandeur of man and the great things he could accomplish is too noble and asks for much cour-

age, but his advice is a thunderbolt; it cannot fail to elevate all in its way. In his writings lives his philosophy of youth which sees the world about as a new beautiful place and man as an individual who can move mountains if only he try.

Just as Emerson's Aunt Mary urged on his muse of poetry, rousing his courage, introducing him to Oriental literature and believing in his "star," so he has the power to introduce youth to a sudden appreciation of the world of wisdom and knowledge and books. He has ever been dear to his followers because his happy faith in the heroic character of each and every man fills all his poetic words and tones. He set forth the ideals as old as the world in a strange, penetrating, unexpected way. His great gift was the power to express the nobility of the soul and all things in relation to it.

Many more young scholars if only they knew Emerson would in turn be won by his earnestness and culture. Let them read his essays on *Self-Reliance*, *Character*, *Heroism*, *Friendship*, his *Representative Men*, and others. There they will find something to make them feel anew the dignity of man, something to make them brave though they might more easily be middle-way, not good and not bad, something

to make them want to remind the world that they are friends of God. Emerson left a great inspiration to keep his reader young in hope and courage, all bounded with common sense, for always. He left a plea that man be faithful over a few things, beginning first with self.

GERALDINE LUCY, '37.

ARISTOCRAT AND DEMOCRAT

WE have somehow come to assume that Thomas Jefferson, the democrat, was humbly born, that Alexander Hamilton, "the little emperor," was of noble birth. Thomas Jefferson, patron of democracy, was a Randolph aristocrat. One can picture him seated on a veranda of his spacious home at Monticello, Virginia, sipping a mint julep brought to him by a negro butler. In contrast to this picture there is that of Alexander Hamilton, a hard working twelve-year-old boy of doubtful parentage, working in a merchant's counting house in the British West Indies to earn his own living. "By all the canons of probability," says David Muzzey, "Jefferson should have been the aristocratic Federalist and Hamilton the Democratic Republican. *Dis aliter visum!*"

Let us contrast the two men after the election of Jefferson in 1800. Their quarrel was over the elemental question, "Shall democracy or aristocracy rule?" Hamilton, though he knew monarchy to be impossible in America, wished to establish a next best solution, government by the "rich, the well born and the able." Jefferson hated all old-world ideas, all kings and aristocracies. He liked simplicity. On the day of his

inauguration he dressed in "plain cloth." Instead of driving to the capitol in a coach, he walked from his lodgings without a single guard of servants in attendance. In like circumstances Hamilton would undoubtedly have decked himself out in a blue coat with gold buttons, white waistcoat trimmed with fine lace ruffles, white silk stockings, and gold buckled slippers. He would have ridden in a magnificent coach and would have commanded dozens of liveried attendants. He would have delivered his speech to Congress in person, swaying the leaders and winning them to his leadership by enthusiasm and intensity.

Hamilton's oratory has been called "logic of fire." Jefferson, on the other hand, spoke poorly in public and was the first president to send a written message to Congress. Jefferson trusted in the integrity, the self-control, and the good judgment of people. He championed the New World movement for free men, free speech, and a free church. He advocated the abolition of primogeniture, a policy which estranged many of his aristocratic friends. One of them asked him to compromise by permitting the eldest son to have a double share of the property of his deceased father. "Yes," Jefferson commented, "when he can eat twice the allowance of food

and do double the allowance of work." Although he owned many slaves who were devoted to him, he wanted a gradual suppression of slavery. Hamilton had, on the other hand, ideas not unlike an autocratic king's. He once said, for instance, "Men are reasoning rather than reasonable animals."

After the victory of Jefferson in 1800, Hamilton wrote, "Every day proves to me more and more that this American world was not for me." Yet it was his influence that elected his enemy, Jefferson, through truly noble, patriotic devotion on his part. And he was not only noble, but greatly gifted, as Jefferson fully recognized. It was Hamilton who had stabilized the finances of the struggling nation. And no one contributed more than he to making a Constitutional Convention possible. Because of his loyalty to the Colonial cause, he argued at the preliminary meeting at Annapolis, more eloquently than any other, for such a convention, though he was directly opposed to all the principles he knew would be forcibly prescribed. At his dining table in New York, under the influence of his sparkling wit and banter, the most stubborn opponents to the Constitution succumbed. At the convention, however, as might have been foreseen, the aristocratic plan he proposed was not

favorably received, and thereafter he was forced to play an inconspicuous part. His plan, directly opposed to the one adopted, had provided for an elective president who was to serve till death (Jefferson established the precedent of limiting the presidency to two terms) "with greater powers than those of George III, an imitation House of Lords, and a popular House of Commons with a limited tenure." Even so, this plan fell far short of his ideal government. His distaste for the Constitution finally adopted never lessened. He spoke of it only as "better than nothing." But in spite of preferences, he reached the heights and became one of our "founding fathers" when he laid aside his prejudices and secured ratification of the Constitution by winning over votes of the leaders from dissentient states.

Jefferson's loyalty to the Constitution was due to his love of man rather than merely to a general loyalty to the Colonies. He went so far as to desire a Bill of Rights for the Constitution, an ideal acquired from his farmer father and from schooling in the West. In his efforts to republicanize the government and public opinion, he carried his dislike of autocratic authority so far as to receive officially Anthony Merry, the British minister (in gold and lace), in a

dressing gown with slippers run down at the heel. Even such titles as "Excellency," "Honourable," and "Mr." he thought distasteful. He wrote, "I am conscious of feeling no difference between the highest and lowest being on earth. Hamilton, utterly lacking in such fellow feeling, could not manage men; Jefferson was without a peer in the mastery of men. Even his slaves at Monticello worshiped him. At his home-coming they met him, unharnessed his horses and pulled his carriage up to the house. The common man hated Hamilton even as he despised the "mob." He called them "a great beast." Small wonder he received but twice an office at their hands. Claude Bowers has observed, "He did not consult, he directed. He did not conciliate—he commanded." He offended even Jefferson in the Cabinet because he believed himself to be prime minister. Jefferson, on the other hand, led rather than drove. He so insinuated his views into the minds of other men that they felt that they themselves had conceived the ideas and had convinced Jefferson.

But there are extenuating circumstances to justify Hamilton's seemingly harsh treatment of the common man. When he dominated the Federalist party, from 1791 to 1800, government administered by the "rich, the well born

and the able" was the only salvation for a young struggling nation. There were the debts of the Revolution to be paid, taxes to be determined upon to raise money for those debts, the currency to be stabilized to establish public confidence, even to avoid serious internal dissensions. With the purchase of Louisiana in 1803 Jefferson faced a new world: the westward movement, the construction of roads and canals, the United States coming to be prosperous, confident, united and powerful. The small farmer, particularly in the west, began to raise his voice, demanding equality and fraternity. By a queer twist of fate, Thomas Jefferson, the aristocrat, spontaneously supported these new-world democratic ideals, while Alexander Hamilton, the man of obscure birth, represented old-world aristocratic principles, dead issues for the time being in a virile, democratic nation.

ROSEMARY FRIEDENBACH, '38.

FRANÇOIS VILLON

Truant, drunkard, gamester, knave, thief and murderer he is called, yet François Villon is the first truly lyric poet of France. And though he wrote his verses almost five centuries ago, in a Paris far different from the present, he is considered modern, and especially of late has he moved and delighted his readers and become so popular as to furnish themes

for moving pictures, plays and light opera.

His life and character present vivid pictures and make the reading of his verse fascinating. Born in a Paris which was groaning under the domination of the English and decimated by epidemics and famine, Villon early became acquainted with suffering and sordidness. He received his degrees from the University of Paris at a time when that city teemed with

gamesters, knaves, thieves and rogues of every sort, and their ranks he soon joined.

His first major offense was the murder of a priest, who he claimed had attacked him. He then absented himself from Paris; after six months he returned in safety only to become implicated in the theft of five hundred gold crowns from the College of Navarre. For five years he escaped arrest for this by traveling through France and England, but he was at last imprisoned at Meung sur Loire for the summer. He received a pardon from the new king, Louis XI, only to return to his old life and to the few remaining colleagues who had escaped the gibbet. Two years later he was again arrested, this time for participating in a tumultuous affair, and he was sentenced to be hanged from the gibbet of Montfauçon. He made an appeal and, according to one critic, he is perhaps "the only man whom the muse has rescued from the gallows." The king commuted his sentence to that of banishment from Paris. After this his life is a mystery, for he left no further trace of himself.

The *Small Testament* and the *Large Testament* comprise his works. They are made up of reflections and jesting legacies to friends and enemies. Ballads, serious and humorous, are

included, and the two collections furnish a portrait of Villon himself, and of the sordid world in which he lived.

His moods are as varied as his escapades, but the sincerity of all his sentiments is impressive. He is at times careless, then tender, penitent, then frightened, his soul shuddering at the thought of death. Again he is cynical, as Stevenson has so well pointed out. In his *Large Testament* he bequeathed his spectacles to blind paupers, that thus equipped they might go and separate the good people from the wicked in the cemetery. Villon saw no difference between the good and the bad: "Here they all lie, to be trodden in the mud; the large estate and the small, sounding virtue and adroit or powerful vice, in very much the same condition; and a bishop not to be distinguished from a lamplighter with even the strongest spectacles."

His verses show also accents of ingenuous faith as he wrote, for instance, in his *Ballade to Our Lady*, "Such as He is, our Lord, I Him declare and in this faith I choose to live and die."

Despite his sincere faith there arose in him an intense fear of death. He is often called the "poet of death." This universal experience

he wrote of with a shuddering of his entire being. He contemplated with agony also old age and the skeleton of tomorrow as in his immortal *Ballade of the Hanged*:

"The rain has washed and laundered us all five,
And the sun dried and blackened; yea, perdie,
Ravens and pies with beaks that rend and rive
Have dug our eyes out, and plucked off for fee
Our beards and eyebrows; never are we free,
Not once, to rest; but here and there still sped
Drive at its wild will by the wind's change led,
More pecked of birds than fruits on garden-wall;
Men, for God's love, let no gibe here be said,
But pray to God that He forgive us all."

In a more soothing tone he spoke of death and the transitory nature of all things earthly in the *Ballade of Dead Ladies*, "one of the master-songs of the world":

Tell me where, or in what clime,
Is that mistress of the prime,
Roman Flora? she of Greece,
Thais? or that maid so fond,
That, and ye shout o'er stream and pond,
Answering holdeth not her peace?
—Where are they? Tell me, if you know;
What is come of last year's snow?

Not only was Villon cynical and then credulous, but he was humorous in his sorrow. When he cried he laughed as he himself said in words which have come to be synonymous

with François Villon: "In tears, I laugh." Even as Paul Verlaine, modern poet of France, he presents a paradox. Amidst all his misery and suffering he loved life and was ever young and laughing. It is perhaps because of this rare combination of sincere sentiments of universal appeal that the verses of François Villon continue to interest and delight.

BETTY ELDER, '36.

JACQUES CALLOT

LIKE the rest of the world we have become interested lately in the life and work of Jacques Callot, whose third centenary was celebrated only last year. Moreover, through the gracious kindness of Dr. Ludwig Emge of San Francisco, we have been privileged to study a comprehensive selection of the Callot works in our own art gallery.

Jacques Callot recorded the life of the early seventeenth century in a group of etchings, which are unparalleled by the artistic production of any other period. He lived at a time when the artist was an important person at court, one who organized fetes and pageants, designed costumes and machines and then made pictorial records of the celebrations which he had planned. He added glory to kings and princes by his pictures of their victories in war.

He was born in Nancy in 1592. His father was herald at the court of Lorraine and the boy studied art under the court painter, Henriet. He delighted in making caricatures of his friends, and was so determined to become an artist that twice he ran away from home to Italy. Tradition says that on the first of these journeys he traveled with a company of gypsies, who were

later the subject of a series of his most interesting plates, *Les Bohémiens*, to which we owe the sonnet of Baudelaire, *Bohémiens en Voyage*.

At length, with his father's consent, he spent three years in Rome studying under Tempesta, a celebrated engraver and dealer in religious prints. Here he learned the use of the burin and the art of cutting figures on a copper plate. Attracted by the fame of Giulio Parigi, one of the most important theatrical designers of the time, he went from Rome to Florence. At the gates of the city he was met by the messengers of Cosimo de Medici, whose duty it was to inquire of all those seeking entrance to the city what talent they brought which might enhance the ruler's fame. When Callot presented his work he was eagerly welcomed at the court. Cosimo took him under his protection and gave him a pension. Under Parigi's direction, he studied architecture and linear and aerial perspective. He also copied old masters to moderate his tendency towards the grotesque.

During his stay in Florence the funeral ceremonies were held for the Queen of Spain, wife of Cosimo's brother-in-law, Philip III. Callot and Tempesta were commissioned to record in etchings and engravings the important events in the Queen's life as well as the funeral cere-

monies. At this period Florence was gay with carnivals, fairs and pageants. Many of these Callot recorded on his plates. He was not restricted in his interests, however, but depicted many phases of the daily, as well as the ceremonial, life of the people. *The Capriccios* of 1617 depict everyday scenes; *The Gobbi* record his observations of the dwarfs. His memory is what we have come to call photographic; the pictures which he remembered and recorded are full of movement and vitality and an abundance of detail both important and refreshingly casual. At this time he perfected an invention which revolutionized the technique of etching and made possible a delicacy and grace hitherto unachievable on a copper plate. His reputation increased; wealth, honor and position at court were his; about his neck he wore a heavy gold chain, gift of the Grand Duke.

Upon the death of Cosimo he quitted Italy. Refusing offers to join the courts of the Pope and of the Emperor, he returned to Nancy to serve in the court of Charles of Lorraine. Here he did a tremendous amount of work and gained for himself an almost world-wide reputation.

From Nancy he was summoned by the Infanta to Brussels to design and engrave *The Siege of Breda*. While in Brussels he became a

friend of Van Dyke, who painted his portrait. Subsequently he was engaged by the French Monarch, Louis XIII, to execute in the same manner *The Siege of La Rochelle* and *The Siege of the Island of Re*. These plates display the unusual talent of Callot as historian and geographer. Upon his return to Nancy he witnessed the siege and finally the capitulation of his native city as a result of a characteristic Richelieu ruse. Again he was called upon by Louis XIII to engrave a plate commemorating the occasion. He refused, as he was too loyal to contribute to the celebration of the defeat of his country. Instead he designed his master work, *Les Misères et les Malheurs de la Guerre*, in which he depicted the calamities and horrors he witnessed about him. In consequence of the annexation of Nancy to France, he determined to retire to Florence, but died before carrying out his plans.

"Critics of art may observe in Callot's works the transition from the Italian style of the sixteenth century to the French of the eighteenth," writes Jules Lieure in his "Notes sur Jacques Callot." "The historian in this artistic storehouse finds valuable documentary material on military science, on customs and costumes and also on the classical features of the Italian comedy, the etcher discovers in their masterly treat-

ment a highly skilled hand employing an interesting technique." Callot depicts the most minute and numerous details without making his figures clumsy; his work is precise, exact. No slight or telling detail of dress or gesture escapes him, be it of hunchback, saint, beggar, soldier, mighty lord, peasant or gypsy. Backgrounds, details of architecture, animals, ships are all handled with the same interest in exact detail. Essentially, Callot's skill is one of reflection, he is a dispassionate observer of the world about him. By his clever device of accented perspective, he is able to picture tremendous groups in a small space. His etchings display a certainty of stroke and a lightness of touch which characterize the hand of a master, his work is one of the most important bodies of artistic production in the history of etching.

In range, his subjects are almost unlimited; he is interested in everything his world offered. He reproduces it with all its contrasts, the depth of its religious feelings in the etchings of the saints and of the passion, the brutality of its wars in *The Hanging*, and *The Wheel*, the glamor of its court in *Recompensed by the King*, the frivolity of its fetes in *L'Eventail*, and the cruelty of its poverty in *Les Gueux*. Callot captures the dynamic quality of huge crowds, of

moving figures in *Massacre of the Innocents*, and in the tournament in the background of *Saint Mansuy*. He has the happy faculty of combining a sense of humor with realism. In *The Hospital* legless victims of war are side by side with a prankster who throws a bucket of water from a well upon his companions. A small gypsy carries a huge inverted cauldron over his head, another is snatching a taste of a roasting fowl in the midst of the bustle of gypsy life. The good and the wicked, the noble and the out-cast walk across his plates with perfect equality, all these people of his age he records with the same sympathy, with the same perfection of line. In the works of Jacques Callot there is pictured faithfully and vividly a social history of the first half of the seventeenth century.

PATRICIA MCCARTHY, '37.

HOMER'S HORSES

THE *Iliad* lives on because throughout its pages the men and women of an ancient Grecian civilization march nobly and heroically. To the Homeric Greek war was the su-

preme test of man's course. Those warriors who rode into the confusion of the battlefield, and who came forth after great slaughter, their chariots stained with the gore of the enemy were, to the Greeks, the greatest heroes. But to me the most vivid examples of the true nobility and heroism of the poem are the proud ethereal coursers so stirringly depicted by Homer—those fiery steeds who drew whirling chariots triumphantly through the ranks of death.

The attitude of the early Greek toward the horse was one of admiration and respect. The breeding and the care of these animals was a noble occupation and a sign of prestige. Many of the heroes of the *Iliad* who come from afar to the shores of Troy are identified principally by their skillful horsemanship. The Dardan youth, Euphorsus, is "famed for the manage of the foaming steed," and Castor and Pollux are described as "one bold on foot and one renowned for horse."

The personal connection between men and their steeds was close. Horses were friends of man, not merely his servants. Often they were a gift from the gods, "horses of ethereal breed," bestowed upon some favored mortal. The steeds of Aeneas were heaven born and coveted by Diomed, who sought combat with their master only that he might make the immortal prizes his own and win glory by introducing into Greece their celestial strain. The greatest of the ethereal coursers, however, were those of Achilles; and while their master sulked in his tent they were driven in battle by the brave Patroclus—knowing no stop nor check as they flew from bank to bank, thundering after the fleeing Hector.

Horses were well-cared for and well-

trained—"practiced alike to turn, to stop, to chase, to dare the shock or urge the rapid race." Pandarus, Lycaon's son, unwisely sought the war on foot and left at home his "ten polished chariots" and "twice ten coursers" because he feared that if he brought them to Troy they might want for food in a beleagured town.

Hector cheers his horses by saying:

"Xanthus, Podargus, Lampus nobly bred,
And Aethon, now repay the generous care,
And pleasant grain which my Adromache,
Daughter of great Eetion, largely gives,
She mingles wine that ye may drink at will
Ere yet she ministers to me, who boasts
To be her youthful husband."

These sensitive steeds were, above all, loyal to their masters, and this quality served to foster a deep love in the heart of every warrior for his horses. Pandarus recognizes this loyalty when he refuses to drive the chariot of Aeneas, replying:

"Keep thou the reins, Aeneas, and still guide
The horses. With their wonted charioteer,
The better shall they bear away the car
Should we be forced to fly before the arm
Of Diomed; lest, taking flight, they range
Unmastered when they hear thy voice no more,
Nor bear us from the combat, and the son
Of Tydeus, having slain us, shall lead thence
Thy firm-hoofed coursers."

When the horses of Achilles behold the brave Patroclus slain before their eyes, they stand in sorrow and weep, sharing the human grief. Not even the lash nor the threats of Automedon could coax them into the fray, but they stand restive, obstinate in their woe, like marble statues. Their manes, that late had flown so gloriously as they galloped over the field, covered their hanging heads and trailed in the dust.

They were beloved because they were heroic and fought and died side by side with the bravest of the warriors. One feels that a great hero has fallen when an ill-aimed dart mortally wounds Pegasus, Achilles' steed. Automedon cuts the harness to separate the chariot from the dying horse and the car rolls slowly on over the plain, leaving Pegasus to rest among the fallen heroes of Troy.

The epithets Homer uses to describe horses reveal a deep appreciation of equine beauty. They are "heavenly coursers with flowing manes," or "milk-white coursers." But beauty alone could not have so endeared them to those fierce heroes. They were loyal friends and as brave as the men who urged them, prancing and snorting, across the fields of Troy.

MARY CASEY, '37.

BLESSED MARTIN DE PORRES, O. P.

“Loving humility is marvelously strong, the strongest of all things and there is nothing else like it.”

Humility was the great strength of the Dominican, Blessed Martin. His beautiful exemplification of this virtue has

brought him after more than three hundred years to the threshold of canonization. He was one of the sweetest and kindest men ever to live, and he lived the holiest of lives.

Martin was born in Lima, Peru, in 1579, of a Spanish father and a Negro mother. He grew up there in the utmost poverty among rich men, greedy for gold, and penniless natives. He who might well have been a mediocre member of a corrupt society entirely overcame his environment. His was the gift of giving. Day by day he gave away everything he had.

When he was a boy, he donated to the poor his mother's errand money—this kindness was his weakness. The Spaniards recognized the nobility of Martin. And his father, who had disowned him because of his Negro features, became almost proud of him; he sent him to a primary school for two years. After this at twelve years old he became apprenticed to a surgeon and he loved his work in the hospital. He worked and prayed continuously; his life never belonged to him but to God and man. When twenty-one years of age he satisfied his only desire and joined the Dominican Order as a Tertiary or helper; he did not consider himself worthy to be received as a regular lay brother of the First Order. So for nine years he served as a worker until he was finally forced by his superiors to become a brother. In the Convent of Lima he did the duties of barber, infirmarian, and wardrobe keeper. He did not care what he did as long as he had work to do.

Blessed Martin's humility not only led him to accept misfortunes optimistically but sent him forth every waking moment to look for less fortunate people to help. It was he who gathered contributions to build a refuge for the poor and afflicted. He spent his whole life either at the bedside of the sick or out in the

market place giving away food. He would sell his hat to give food to prisoners; he would walk five miles in the hot sun to bring the necessities of life to garrisoned soldiers; he was kind to Spaniards, Indians, Negroes and all men alike. That is why this man was a saint. He went out and planted fruit trees on a barren hill for the poor to enjoy. He defies those practical people who very reasonably believe that one should not give too much nor put oneself out too much for others. Martin considered himself as nothing except a tool in the hands of God. He practiced rigorous penances for the salvation of his own soul and for the release of the souls in Purgatory. Through these austerities his spirituality became stronger; he was able to move sinners. Even in his lifetime the laity and the religious revered him as a saint.

When Blessed Martin died in 1639 all Peru mourned him. They knew that they would never know another like the good Martin, who gave forth fruits from his basket to all in his way. His secret was humility, from which proceeded all the other virtues. He actually lived the life of a servitor of God; he lived the truth. He was fortunate, because Christ was his every thought and desire. He was able to live such a

good life from his realization that he belonged to God. He never ceased to serve. So it was that his black face was lighted from his soul within. The thousands whose prayers have been answered through him hope for his canonization soon. They want all people to know him and pray to him. Above all, should eager America look to him to point out to her the humble way, which is God's way.

GERALDINE LUCY, '37.

THE MENEHUNES OF HAWAII

"Ever in the legends of all nations,
In their simple ancient folklore there are found
Tales of Little Wonder-working People
Who help the souls eternal earthly bound.

"When History's memory dims, it turns to Fancy,
Or sees the past with wishful faerie eye.
And so, in ocean islands' olden story,
We hail the Menehunes of Hawaii!"

—WILL SABIN.

WE may compare the legendary Menehunes of Hawaii with the gnomes of Greece and of Germany and with the dwarfs of our own Catskill mountains. The Menehunes were less than three feet tall and of a very stout and muscular build. Their hairy bodies, red skin, short thick noses and beetling eyebrows presented an unpleasant and fearful appearance. But this terrifying exterior covered a kindly disposition and a desire to help mortals.

They lived in houses made of banana leaves in the mountains above Waimea on the island of Kauai. They ate silversides and shrimps, and were particularly fond of bananas. In fact, their only fault was that they would snatch away roasting bananas from the night fires of the Islanders. The oldest Hawaiians claim to have seen these little folk in their act of mischief.

We are also told that their conversation was like the low growling of dogs, and, when merry, their laughter was exceedingly loud.

They were prodigious workers and performed almost unbelievable engineering feats. But the strange little people worked only at night by the light of the full moon; when the first streak of dawn appeared, they dropped their tasks

and fled into the mountains.

The name "Menehune" means "stone-laborer." And indeed their works in masonry stand even today in some parts of the islands. One of their most important enterprises was the Watercourse of Kikiaola, which was situated near their favorite haunt of Waimea. It is said that in building this they stood in a line and passed each stone from hand to hand along a distance of six miles. And it is to be remembered that this took place all on one full moonlit night! Their work here greatly benefited the la-

boring people of Pailiuli, for it supplied a means of irrigation for their taro patches. Menehunes are also credited with building a heiau, a stone temple, at Mauoki near Honolulu.

A story is told that the wife of Kapai, chief of Wohiawa, desired to voyage to Kahii in search of her lost brother. So the Menehunes volunteered to build a koa canoe for her. They succeeded in completing the construction of the canoe in the Woolaui Valley, but daylight came before they could carry it to the coast, and so they left it in a ditch.

Other like stories are told by old Hawaiians to young listeners of these industrious little people of startling appearance and nocturnal habits. Legendary though they be, they are cherished on the Hawaiian Islands even as the small, legendary folk of other lands by the people who have come after them.

VIRGINIA VAUGHAN, '36.

TOMORROW

Will life be turned to sorrow
By tomorrow?
My heart but now bespoken,
Will it be tomorrow broken,
These footsteps light and glad,
Tomorrow dull and sad?
Will present hopes and joys in future years
Be turned to tears
Because all things change
With the turning of the spheres?

Oh, should your heart keep faith
Would it but meet a wraith?
That robin on the sill,
Will he return to trill
His song again as sweet?
Must pleasure pass so fleet,
Our joys akin to tears,
Because it's clear
I'll change, though they change not
With the turning of the spheres?

PHYLLIS MALTMAN, '36.

BEING A TALE

SHE was, as we grew up, rather a gray, transparent figure on our horizons, something like a bare-boarded radio station which transmitted not beautiful music but our labored renditions of *Narcissus*, simplified *Faust*, or *Tannhauser*; though that is not altogether fair. There were many who struggled through the "apple for a good lesson" stage and eventually became the town's musicians, winning pleasant acclaim from less kindly critics when they "went away." We never heard her play except perhaps in a stilted duet or two piano number in the yearly recitals. The music that throbbed in the gray shell of her life only trickled out to the world in the fine skill of her pupils. However we never wondered. She was just of a general drabness, with not a note, not a color to stop the eye or imagination. It was hard to remember what she looked like once you had finished your lesson. You could think of her voice, pleasantly insistent somehow, yet with the harmony of a gently struck chord, as she strove earnestly to fix an idea of tempo, of music, in the mind of a young impatience more interested in the sunshine out of doors.

We all grew up and went away to college—none of us musicians. One Saturday I met a young Englishman for lunch in the St. Francis. He was perhaps eight years older than I—had moved away from the town at a dimly remembered era of my life when I was possibly six. But many of the same people were still there, and he was very curious. We talked long past our avocado and persimmon salad. I, of course, was just as happy to be talking of those old friends as he was to listen.

"The Arnolds?—James is in Stockholm for an art course at the Royal Academy—Paul finishes law at the University this year—Jack Ragsdale?—married. A darling girl—came out from Trinity with Agnes Anderson—Yes, she's married, too—three little girls. Hardly seems possible, does it?—Bill Peterson?—No, just loafing—"

Then we gradually fell silent and toyed idly with our coffee cups.

"Oh, and Miss D.?" Of course, he must have taken those lessons too. And it was significant that the gray, wispy thought of her would drift gently into our memories after every nook and cranny seemed exhausted.

"Funny thing," he mused, "did you ever hear of her romance?" Romance was about as

astounding a word as one could use in connection with Miss D. It was as though he had said that Venus could wriggle her ears or that Lady Macbeth curled her eyelashes.

It wasn't a long tale. He had gone for a music lesson one afternoon in 1918. He was about twelve. Miss D. he found, to his great discomfort, sobbing bitterly in the arms of a tall, grave-eyed, khaki-clad officer, captain, he noticed with a boy's recognition of the importance of such things. He had backed away unobserved down the stairs that led to the studio. Even then he perceived that she blended into and was absorbed by the military bearing and uniform of her captain, that her sensitiveness faded against his definiteness. These impressions he explained to himself much later. "If she had married him," my friend remarked, "she would have been absorbed into his life just as she has since made herself an indistinguishable thing in the furnishing of music to the world." She came down a few minutes later, her face blotchy from hard weeping, and excused him from his lesson. A blessed and unexpected pleasure; he had run out to play baseball, he remembered.

"The Captain?"

"Never came back."

"But," I cried, struggling desperately to reconcile that shadowy dreariness of Miss D. with such realities as war and love and a broken heart, "but she was undoubtedly pretty then?"

"You know," he said, "I never noticed."

* * *

When I heard the end of the story, it came from Miss D. herself. A little bent, her hair insignificantly turned from mouse brown to a streaky gray, and still that indefiniteness, that quality of being there and looked beyond and through. Somehow you couldn't find an adjective to describe her. You wouldn't say kindly, or cantankerous, or sweet, or boring, or even queer. However, there would be no occasion for adjectives; no one ever spoke of her except as an excellent music teacher. She came to call the first time I came home from Paris. I was still young enough to be bold and uncaring for feelings, and mightily curious. So I asked her about the Captain.

"Well, my dear," she said, "there is very little more." She had gone to New York for that year of the war to study music. People found adjectives to describe the music that came from under her fingers that year: "magnificent interpretation," "astounding technique." You see,

her love and her music were bound up together, and she was an artist. It was an old story. The day the transport docked she had worn a perky little sky blue suit with a demure matching hat (Miss D. in sky blue!). Her eyes, she said, were blue. Well, and so they were. But, in spite of the gay color, she still preserved that quality of blending into her background and she became a touch of blue in a moving intricate pattern of color, a note in the crescendo of a symphony.

She stood where she could see the soldiers filing down the gang-plank; she was very proud and very moved. He came almost directly to where she was waiting; he was taller than most, thinner, she remembered, his eyes searching the crowd. They passed unseeing a gay dash of sky blue in a maze of yellows, reds, browns, and stopped. She was close enough to see the contentment seep into them at the sight of a tall girl whose beauty etched itself cleanly against those hot, restless colors. She was a cool blonde in severe black and white. Her face was sparkling with love and laughter as a wanton trickling stream would laugh with sunshine glinting on the pretty rocks beneath its shallow surface while a deeper pool could only lie quietly

pleased at the warm rays glinting greenly into her depths, keeping, perforce, lovely secrets hidden just beyond their persistency.

The girl had been a nurse overseas and he had been wounded.

After a long time Miss D. had very calmly wrapped and tied neatly her love and her soul and put them carefully away.

She retained her fine technical skill as a musician and passed it on to her pupils; but she never played.

LOIS SMITH, '35.

TO TEMPER MY DREAMS

"Names, the lure of names and places,
Stirring thoughts of foreign faces,
Ports and palaces and steamers,
Names are ships to carry dreamers."

MUCH have I travelled through cities and towns; I have roamed the earth's wide regions and sailed the seven seas; I have talked with the fisher-folk of Normandy, climbed the paths to the Forbidden City, and drunk tea in old Hong Kong . . . but only in my dreams. And I am not content to dream. I want to see things as they are; I must temper my imagination with realities.

So some day I'll hop a lazy freighter, passport in my pocket, and sail for thirty days; I'll lie on the hatch beneath the sun and gaze out over leagues of blue water. And thus to go to London!

"Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there."

But especially to just be in London, for there's so much to see and do in London. I'll visit the haunts of Johnson, Lamb, and Dickens, drink a toast to Mr. Pickwick at the old White Horse

Inn at Ipswich, go to Lloyds and see for myself the odds on the war situation, browse through the book shops of Bond Street and Picadilly, eat crumpets for the principle of the thing, and in the evenings at the Savoy Theatre hear rollicking Gilbert and Sullivan, because they somehow belong intrinsically to London. I want to see the changing of the guards at Buckingham Palace, visit the Tower and in my mind re-enact the drama of that place, walk down High Street and cross London Bridge on a foggy night. I wonder if it will be as tingling and clean as the fog in San Francisco? In Westminster Abbey I'll kneel at the feet of the dead buried there. And if it's summer, I'll steal a day from London and go down to Kew.

" . . . in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time ;

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London) !"

Then finally to leave London, with so much yet to see and do, and not wanting to go and not tired of it; for, as Dr. Johnson said, "When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford."

And because my heart would never rest in peace until I crossed the Irish Sea, I'll do just that; I'll visit the mystical and holy isle of

poets and saints, thatched villages amidst green hills, ancient ruins and leprechauns. And for the same reason I'll turn north to the land of Wallace and Bruce, the clans, blue lakes and purple heather. Like the rest of the world, I want to bicycle through Holland in tulip-time, then sail down the Rhine from Cologne, past green sloping vineyards and old, gaunt castles. I'll visit Heidelberg, the bustling city of Berlin, and quaint Bayreuth for the Wagnerian festival there; I'll sail along the Danube and hear Strauss waltzes though there's more than that in gay Vienna.

My travel mustn't be impressionistic, as modern travel is wont to be. I don't just wish to see signs on railway stations, get stickers for my luggage, and see "nature through a nebulous blur." My travel must be leisurely and thoughtful. Let me "live not in my self, but . . . become a portion of that around me." I'll want not the sight of the place but its very life.

France, I'll visit for her present, not her past. To me her past evokes principally thoughts on the flimsiness of Louis Quatorze, the crazed Jacobins and the blood of the French Revolution. No; I want to be in Paris in the spring, see the gay people and gay places, the flower markets and book stalls on the left

bank, dine at sidewalk cafés, hear Mass in Notre Dame, and be a student at the Sorbonne in the Quartier Latin. I'll conquer French, and, if it is true that to learn another language is to acquire another soul, I'll gain another soul to think and love with.

When winter comes and it grows too cold in Paris, I'll journey to Italy where the sun will still shine. In Milan I'll see the *Last Supper* because of all paintings that seems greatest, and her *La Traviata* given at La Scala. Venice won't keep me long; I'll hurry to Assisi, a little place but so much to see, "the city of mysticism," where Brother Francis made friends with the birds and founded his great order. I'll see his holy life relived in Giotto's frescos in the church of San Francesco. And then to go to Florence, for 'tis said

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
None is so fair as Florence."

Florence, the city of Dante and Petrarch, the cradle of the Renaissance. Because it is such a learned and lovely city, I'll need to dwell a long while there.

At least in my dreams it's the Rome Express that will take me to the Eternal City, where thoughts of conquest and Pagan emperors and

poets, Christian martyrs and barbarians, Michelangelo and the Holy Father and the power of Mussolini . . . thoughts of all these mingle into one; truly it seems the Eternal City. From modern Rome, I'll probably take a tram out to the Forum and the Colosseum. And not wanting to be bothered with architectural information, I'll leave the guide behind me. Once there I'll muse on the past and all the grandeur that was Rome; and probably feel sad when before me will stand only ruins, but ruins "spared and blessed by time."

Across the blue Mediterranean there lies Morocco, land of mystery, dark people in white robes, burning heat and strange music. And, oh, to go to Egypt, to sail up the Nile to Aswan, ride a camel through the Valley of the Kings and see the pyramids at dawn. Someday to go to Greece . . .

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung."

To walk through Athens, look for the porticos where Plato and Aristotle walked, thought, and talked, and find on the Acropolis what yet stands of the Temple of Athena; the pillars of marble will make me feel again the glory of ancient Greece and her ideal of the true, the

good, and the beautiful. "Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that, being nothing, art everything!"

To China I'll go by way of India. At India's railway stations will be crowds and noisy excitement, natives running back and forth selling brass trinkets and fruit, and I'll eat mangoes though they are dirty and I'm told that I shouldn't. In the cities there will be the sacred cows and Brahman priests, gem shops and twisted streets where Kim learned such cunning, beggars and wretched people, smells of the Far East, and heat. Then beyond will be the cool, clean, snow-covered peaks of the Himalayas. Perhaps I'll journey to the top of them, see if the wise men really travel in baskets and walk through closed doors, and live for hundreds of years. Then there's the Taj-Mahal; where exactly it is in India, I don't know, but I'm sure I'll go there. I'll arise early and see it through the mist in the morning, and I think that somehow it will be all as beautiful as it is in my dreams.

Finally the land of Marco Polo and Golden Bells and Ghengis Khan, world-old China, where winters are ice and snow, and the summers birds and flowers, bamboo and cherry-

bloom, where the people have an innate graciousness and culture and things must seem to breathe of learning, gentleness, and wisdom. I'll wander through the streets of Peiping in quest, perhaps, of a bronze stork or a ring of cool, green jade, or maybe both. I'll ride by jinrikisha to the Imperial City, visit the Bell Tower of Yung-lo and the Temple of Heaven, sip tea in the lovely old garden of a mandarin where a nightingale will surely sing. I'll live awhile in Hong Kong.

"Apes and ivory, skulls and roses, in junks of old Hong Kong,
Gliding over a sea of dreams to a haunted shore of song,
Masts of gold and sails of satin shimmering out of the East."

Though all these things I have done in my dreams, I'll do them in reality. I'll taste "the new found colours of the world like wine," and touch "the shores Ulysses never knew." Perhaps someday I'll even hear a banshee wail, watch the elephants piling teak, and be made love to in the Kashmir valley beside the Shalimar.

JANE MALTMAN, 36,
PHYLLIS MALTMAN, '36.

GIOTTO'S TOWER

I

Spring had danced across the Tuscan hills
And left them gaudy-flowered and new-grassed,
And roused a little restless sighing wind
That went a-whispering after where spring
passed.

It cooled young Giotto's sun-warmed face
And ruffled his hair. He stirred then in his
sleep

And woke and stretched and saw about him
there,

Content with sun and grass, his drowsy sheep.
He leaned his head against a gray old rock,
Nibbling a piece of grass and looking down
On his beloved Florence there below,
Towered and roofed and walled, a fortress
town . . .

The shepherd boy sat dreaming all alone,
And sketched his dream upon a broken stone.

II

By day young Giotto's tower is a poem,
Narrow-windowed, straight and tall,
Delicately carved and exquisite—
And sweet the bells of Giotto's tower call.
By night the tower seems unreal—a dream—
Ethereally lovely, ivory-pale
Against the dark blue night, amid the stars,
Too beautiful for everyday, too frail . . .
The Tuscan hills are still as green in spring,
And flowered, as when Giotto, looking down,
Beheld his Florence. Only now there rises,
Glorious, like a blessing, from the town,
Young Giotto's tower that he, all alone,
Sketched as his dream upon a broken stone.

BETTY GARLAND, '34.

A GOOD GIFT*

“ . . . gold, violet, and purple, and scarlet twice dyed, and fine twisted linen . . . the candlesticks to bear up the lights, the vessels thereof and the lamps, and the oil for the nourishing of fires . . . spices and oil for the lights, and for the preparing of ointment, and to make the incense of most sweet savor . . . ” The new altar in the chapel of the Administration Building echoes distinctly the note of the Ark of the Covenant in *Exodus*, yet in spite of its richness it is a throne of fine simplicity in strict accord with Rubrics.

In the making of this altar, our Dominican Sisters seem to be doing something daring and new—something that requires high courage—so different it is from the altars to which we have grown accustomed; but they are only taking the lead here in the West in a liturgical movement which has developed strongly in Europe and in the Eastern United States during the past ten years. This movement is not concerned, however, with innovations, but with carrying out exactly of ancient Rubrics, that have long been followed loosely or with exag-

* Reprinted from *The Meadowlark*.

generation. In our college chapel we have the first strictly liturgical chapel in the West. The requirements are set forth in Rubrics with the proverbial prudence of Rome: "quid fieri potest." It has been found possible in San Rafael.

The whole of the altar directs one's attention to the Tabernacle with its crown of iron crosses, on its top a pomegranate—the royal fruit that once appeared only on the table of kings. Our new altar in its simplicity, its richness of color, its symbolism is a perfect expression of liturgical art. It was distracting at first after the old familiar white one that never disturbed one's prayers; yet after careful study of the whole and of the several parts of which the whole is composed, one would not willingly relinquish it. It is a throne of splendor and simplicity befitting its royal guest.

"... And Simeon blessed them, and said to Mary, His mother: Behold this Child is set for the fall, and for the resurrection of many in Israel... and thy own soul a sword shall pierce..." Rouget de Villiers has given to us the love and sorrow of that moment in the silvered statue of the Madonna in our chapel. The young Virgin seems to ponder Simeon's prophecy as she turns toward the Child in her

arm, her face "old in grief and very wise in tears." Shadows in the dusky chapel heighten the intensity of that grief, and this intensity is but increased when on the severe oaken altar carved with the words "Magnificat Anima Mea Dominum" the four thick candles burn at each side of her. The smooth soft folds of her tunic echo her docility to the will of God. Her every motion arrested by the artist (however slight or gentle it may be) flows toward the Child she bears, her right hand, her right knee bent ever so little, the sorrowful face drawn toward the Child's upturned one. The Child Himself stands lightly on His mother's hand with His little arms wide stretched, His hand in blessing; his joyously upturned face with its button nose smiles at His sorrowful young mother. He seems to be rejoicing over Simeon's words, "a light unto the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." He seems to be offering Himself eagerly for His people—even as a baby to be flinging the shadow of the conquering cross upon the world.

In the alcove on the other side of the cool chapel, past the regal altar of the Blessed Sacrament, stands the statue of St. Joseph on a like oaken table, the words, "Amavit Eum Dominus

et Ornavit Eum" carved on its edge; and, as on that of the Virgin, there are also four massive silver gilt candlesticks, also like the six on the main altar, and an iron base that holds a silver bowl filled on feast days with splendid flowers from the convent gardens. Behind this statue, as behind that of the Virgin, hangs a dossal of golden brown velvet edged with interwoven white felt, repeating the cloth of the main altar. It rests free from the wall on a wooden pole tipped with golden tassels and wrought iron fleur-de-lis. On the simple reredos stands a most lovable St. Joseph, a statue formed like that of the Virgin, of red stuff that underwent several strange processes before it was silvered over. His strong right hand, heavily veined, grasps the sturdy axe that rests by his foot, a belt girds the tunic that falls in uneven, workman-like folds to his rough brogans. His left arm supports the Infant, who leans on his own little arm, crooked confidently on St. Joseph's shoulder, and smiles with the trust of a little one into the Saint's face. His other little hand grasps His foster-father's beard, and He seems, as He tugs at it, to laugh for joy at the tender understanding He finds gazing down upon Him.

St. Joseph and the Virgin both hold the

AUTUMN

FALL brings the dying glows of summer. That may be why we love it, because it is the season's last flare, mellow, different, exciting. A maturing sun shines on a world turned gold. Sloping hills are golden brown, leafy trees have changed hues to deep red, yellow and rust. The autumn breeze whistles through them, blows them to the ground, and swirls them around on Guzman's red dirt road. Such a breeze brings an exhilaration, blooming cheeks, and new joy. One cannot help but feel a love of autumn, its colors, its flavors, and its scents. In the Meadows orchard the rosy apple breaks from its stem, the grape arbor hangs with black clusters of the Concord. Along the winding drive one finds purple figs in their split skins, ripe walnuts fallen from the trees, pink hydrangia in bloom. Butterflies, white, yellow, and spotted brown, flit from branch to branch. The air is filled with pungent smoke from bonfires mixed with the dusty smell of the leaves. Autumn has its sounds, too. The breeze rustles through the dry leaves, sparrows twitter in the sky, the quail calls from behind the bushes, and a robin whistles from the garden croft.

At this season college comes again to life. Guzman's usually quiet halls echo with clack of heels and gay greetings. One hears much discussion of prospective courses, new faces and exciting summers. We all throng the Registrar's office—timid Freshmen, superior Sophomores, friendly Juniors and omniscient Seniors, imploring, demanding, and signing.

Autumn's first thrill comes in Forest Meadows on the green, with the first hockey game. Later, on Benincasa's sloping lawns the Freshmen are welcomed to college in stately ceremony on Shield Day. And at last, when Autumn scatters its departing gleams, we have our first vacation—Thanksgiving. Then the first heavy rains, freshening all the earth, stripping the last leaves from the trees and mantling the hills with green. And then approaching winter with your early mists, we welcome you.

WINTER

DAYS are short and nights are long. The sun does not shine often and when it does it is a pale disk to be glimpsed at occasionally through gray clouds that hang over the sky. Winter rains drench the earth and winter winds sweep it through bare trees and against the windows. The sound of the drops beating against the panes and the wind whistling through the eucalyptus warn you to remain snug and warm inside. Should you venture out you join the parade of odd figures in rubber galoshes huddled under umbrellas. They splash through slush and mud and their stockings get soaked, the water drops trickle down their faces, but they smile cheerfully. Winter does not daunt us. It may take away some beauty and cause discomfort, but it gives back more than it takes. The creek fills to the brim and flows through the heart of the campus with pleasant rushing sound. Because of the season's grayness the occasional flashes of color are intensified. Brilliant red berries are clustered on bushes. Green moss clings to many tree trunks. The rare English holly hereabout is alight with fruit. You can smell the damp fresh scent of soaked earth, and the tang of eucalyptus

is always in the air. Winter calls for crackling fires and books; popcorn and hot chocolate on cold nights. It sends us inside the gymnasium for sports, a few moments to be spent beside the huge fireplace, then an hour of basket or volley ball.

This season's best gift is Christmas. Never are spirits higher or faces happier than at the Christmas party. What season can offer more pleasure than that the singing of carols gives, when in bright mittens and scarfs we carry lighted candles and sing old Christmas songs. And we go home, the true Christmas spirit within us.

SPRING

IN winter one rushes away from meals to study. In spring one goes for walks. Something in the air brings an indifference toward duty and lures one away to find the new greenness of the trees, the opening blossoms of the lilacs that we pass on the way to morning assembly, and the summer house all covered with lavender and white wistaria.

In the cool, crisp mornings when the sun rises early, birds emerge and warble in choir, and sing all the day long. In the evening frogs croak and splash in the stream as we pass by. The fields abound in cricket songs.

Even sports begin anew, tennis and baseball, and best of all the swimming pool is filled to the brim. Lent comes, begun by the peacefulness of Retreat, and our lives, though put in order, are spent in denial. Then vacation! And after Easter, when we return, there are more blossoms and new flowers, and the cottonwood trees have left a blanket of white on the green lawns. Only six weeks of school remain, six weeks of crowded activities: fashion shows, the Formal, the yearly tea on the Meadowlands lawn, the *Firebrand* to get ready, and the mediaeval pag-

cant at Forest Meadows, then comprehensives for the seniors, and finals. It is with only half-eagerness that we look to Commencement. We are not anxious for spring to fade into summer, for the seniors to say goodbye. When we see them splendid in their caps and gowns and graduation hoods, their diplomas in their hands, that day is for us the last day of spring.

ANNA LOUISE LA VOY, '38.

SUMMER

BUSY spring days lengthen into summer; examinations pass; books are put away with a feeling of joy mingled with slight regret. Suddenly excitement fills the air as we send off packed trunks. For the past year we have lived on the campus together, sharing work and play; now each of us takes a different path. Near the door stands a trunk to be shipped to Hawaii. Its owner will return after three months on her cherished islands, brown and full of sunshine and laughter. Beside that trunk is one labeled "Puerto Rico." Its happy owner is perhaps more moved than any of us; she returns to the deep peace and sweet content of a native land after a school year or two of exile. We know also that she will have the deep satisfaction of Puerto Rico bananas and rice in Spanish style that we have heard so much about. All in a row, big black letters "NEVADA" on them, stand five trunks. The owners of these are joyous to return to desert sand and sage and desert lakes. Nearby is the trunk of one who is making her first trip to New York, and next is that of a girl who is sailing to Europe to see the "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome,"

perhaps timidly this time as Byron and Baedeker or Thomas Cooke shall guide her, but with eager anticipation. A hundred others bear charmed names of homes from Canada to Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Rockies. Summer will be glad and long and aimless. By September we shall return eagerly to incomparable schoolmates, to the realms of books, and to noble, exact and logical thought.

GRACE CANTLON, '38.

THE SHAKESPEARE GARDEN

OUR neighbors across the way have long been interested in a Shakespeare garden. They have advanced so far as to make knots and plant herbs; they have set up little green poles that bear on their tops Shakespearean verses, and they have fastened like verses on the pine trees under which grows their garden. We have watched them dig and plant, with pleasure in their activities, but no remote thought of emulation. A Shakespeare garden seemed for other places, other hands; it was enough for us to live with Shakespeare's poetry in the high reaches of our imagination.

Then we purchased Benincasa, and the old barn in the acres adjoining Guzman went down. Paths were cut through from Guzman, passing by the building that has come to be called Anne Hathaway House, partly because of its gables that have a look of New Place and partly because it has been given over to the Little Theatre Guild.

There was absolute need for a garden; Anne Hathaway House seemed to ask for a Shakespeare garden. The new plot of land itself seemed peculiarly adapted for our purpose; it is square and intersected with roads old and new;

moreover a few fruit trees had already been planted, a beginning for the orchard of so many Shakespearean scenes. Thanks to the generosity of Miss Hamilton, the Meadowlands library possessed Esther Singleton's volume *The Shakespeare Garden*, and a kind neighbor lent us for a precious hour some picture post cards of Anne Hathaway's Cottage. At once our imaginations took fire. There could be hollyhocks under the windows; that we decided. But beyond that simple fact we dreamed of grassy stretches, of walks between stately hedges, of honeysuckle-grown arbours, of borders in which masses of homely English flowers made a rich coloring of intershading tones. "And there must be," said Miss Brainerd, who has an especial interest in Anne Hathaway House, "a curiously knotted garden."

The President of the college was practically interested; the Prioress enthusiastic, the Prioress General, our former president, had long wished for a Shakespeare garden on the college campus. The head of the English Department, once convinced that a Shakespeare garden was a need, began her plans and her labours. Adventurously and innocently she began. The March *Meadowlark* had reminded her that "a garden is the

purest of human pleasures" and "the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man," so she thrust into the work.

If Vergil were alive he might write a georgic on this episode; hardly anyone else could charm it into poetry. There were delays and troubles. The land in front of Anne Hathaway which was to be a homely cottage garden massed with a variety of flowers, showed itself solid clay. It had to be dug up and filled with rich black earth before a seed could be sown. That was the beginning. More delays, disapproving and grumbling gardeners, the swift flight of time when duties heap up unseasonably and darkness falls suddenly in the few minutes left for gardening, these things, coupled with a basic ignorance of the ways of plants, made the little garden seem an almost impossible task. But the college got together the beginning of a garden fund; Miss Hamilton was a charitable and an enthusiastic helper, bold and heroic; and a few others lured or dragged in now and then, assisted in filling the black, yawning spaces with transplantings, some offered with generous zeal.

From afar came gifts: azaleas and rhododendrons, six stately rose trees, and a fat, thorny eglantine along with a slim copper rose dating from the sixteenth century.

Rumors, however, began to arise that people feared to pass Anne Hathaway lest they be impressed for watering or digging. Saddened a little, but undaunted, the amateur gardeners dug and planted. The azaleas bloomed, the rose trees flourished, the stretch in front of Anne Hathaway took on a look of life; the green things could be seen with the naked eye. The thorny eglantine put forth leaf buds and the copper rose showed little gray bumps visible on close inspection.

Griefs, of course, came in various ways; the old griefs that Vergil sang two thousand years ago and new ones, too. His gardens were not open to acquisitive and ruthless hands; the world remains the same with slight variations. The college feeling for the garden, however, is as a whole one of friendly, if amused pride, interest in the thought of possible development.

The "curiously knotted garden" may never come into being, yet we can hope for it; the thick-hedged ways may never be seen, nor the walks under pleached fruit trees, yet we can dream of them. And the orchard is begun; a young hawthorne has already faint pink blossoms; the rose trees half hedge one walk, fine ornaments if ruthless hands will spare them.

The plants in front of Anne Hathaway seem to grow more slowly than is the wont of California—perhaps they know they are parts of a slow-growing Shakespeare garden. Half humbly, half philosophically, the chief worker in the garden looks on the proportions of her task and remembers the great Elizabethan who sagely remarked: "Men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely."

S. C. M.

THE THINGS WE NEVER CAN FORGET

The first night of the first half, when dressed in light summer frocks, our faces tanned, our eyes bright and smiling, we all meet again. The most eager and affectionate of our school-mates have acclaimed our arrival in a receiving line of much waving and shouts and laughter early in the afternoon by the back driveway. Now at night we run into them, and the others yet to be greeted, as covered with hats and coats, we and they struggle down halls with trunk drawers and suitcases. And we visit one another in the agreeable confusion of rooms—each a mass of things undone. Half-unpacked luggage covers the floor and the beds are scattered with coat-hangers and girls, with their tales of vacation, their continued shouts and laughter. The new freshmen seem somewhat bewildered, the old students strangely at peace . . . pleased with this life that we love and the old familiar faces.

The click of the hockey ball on the green grass and the tenseness of the first game in autumn, when once again, after a lazy summer, we stretch our muscles in action, and again with our comrades on the grassy field below the blue sky and the swaying eucalyptus trees we play for the pure joy of playing—the antics of that one small white ball becoming once again the pivot of action; and then the next day's soreness of tired muscles.

The sound of the Angelus at twilight, the sudden stillness of all things, the quiet, the consolation of a moment's prayer; then the quickening of steps, the renewal of interrupted conversations, laughter

—the world goes on its way; the twilight merges into darkness, and the stars one by one begin to twinkle.

The cruel shrillness of the first rising bell each morning. It awakes with a terrible start. We seem to have just gone to sleep, and such a sweet dream is interrupted. Now the bed's so warm, the pillow and

blankets so satisfying and friendly. Sleepy eyes, finally opening, look out on the white hillside of grass and frost-covered housetops. We shiver and sigh a breath of white smoke. The bell again! Oh, the helplessness of free-will, the bleak austerity of college life.

1 1 1

The music of the organ as we near the chapel doorway, the full, solemn, yet joyful music, as, in the dignity of cap and gown, we march in slowly, single file, our heads held higher, and we more

erect than is our custom. The music submerges all meanness and cares, and fills us with ideas

and dreams. Something touches our mediaeval love of pageantry, our youthful egoism, or our proclivity to dream. Infinite possibilities are ours, and life seems unusually good and beautiful.

1 1 1

The singing of Christmas carols—from the first practice in morning assembly to that last, cold, clear night before Christmas vacation, when bundled in coats and gay colored scarfs and mittens, we

march together through the campus, caroling by candlelight. There is the tenderness of the French cradle song, the jubilee of *Angels We Have Heard on High*, and *It Was the Holl-y*, so catching that one day we proceeded to sing it even in the cold academic halls of Guzman. No matter the time nor place, nor song, we sing with merriment, tenderness, and joy—seeming to love with the humble shepherds or to shout the glad tidings with the angels themselves.

The shrill cry of the eight o'clock whistle and its special harshness when we hear it on the way to morning assembly; the instantaneous hastening of steps, as all the while we hope against hope that Sister might be late or the whistle wrong—then the helpless sensation of finding the assembly door locked and ourselves with a twenty-five cent fine.

1 1 1

The magic spell of the hot sun in the court at Fanjeaux, when near asleep, the sun burning our faces, we rest in easy chairs—just doing nothing. We are like sleepy, complacent turtles on sunny rocks in a stream. The past is forgotten, the future non-existent; studies, errands, schoolmates beside us, nothing matters; nothing is done.

"So many worlds, so much to do.
So little done, such things to be."

The first touch of spring weather—a cloudless blue sky, clear, warm sunshine, spring flowers and hills of blowing grass, and trees a profusion of light, tender leaves. We don linen dresses and white shoes, feel warm soft breezes, and smell daphne, acacia, and almond blossoms. Our fancy turns, not only to love—but picnics, walks, and cutting classes. Life seems gay, and everything is fine.

1 1 1

The last dance of the last formal when the orchestra in a medley plays *Rememb'ring, Auld Lang Syne* and *I'll See You in My Dreams*; the lights are as soft as the music, and we dance dreamily and contentedly, for all life seems graceful and sweet. Then suddenly the realization—this is the last dance and the last school formal. Others seem to have thought of it too, and the same time as we; dancing by, they tell us so with an understanding smile or a word. It's the last time that we'll all be together in just such a lovely way.

The Last Night of the Last Half with its tiredness, its bleak walls, the familiar room stripped of all that made it familiar and loved—the pictures gone, the odd trinkets off the dressers and the floor but a pattern of suitcases, tennis rackets and stray books; amidst it all the noisy excitement of packing, the hurried signing of *Firebrands*, and the anxiety of tomorrow's graduation; and underneath it all this strange sadness which somehow submerges the past months' delightful expectancy of going home—this sadness of leaving all that has been ours this past year—all this that is our school.

PHYLLIS MALTMAN, '36.

JANE MALTMAN, '36.

A DIALOGUE

FRESHMAN: I may not see you tomorrow, Senior. I came to say goodbye. But what a lot of packing you have yet to do!

Senior: That was nice of you to come, Freshman. I have just been thinking about you; yes, and about this packing, too. And I was wondering about your packing, if you had as much as we seniors to take away.

Freshman: Oh, no, I haven't very much. I thought before that I had more to take away, but in coming upon it I find that it is less than I thought. So I have finished my packing, but let me help you with yours. You seem to have been just sitting there on the floor, doing nothing.

Senior: You are right; I have been sitting here for a long time. There is much to do; yet I've just been sitting here thinking and dreaming. This being the last night, the finality of it rather frightens me. And there is more here to be taken away than I quite realized.

Freshman: Did you bring all this great mass of things to school with you when you first came?

Senior: No, Freshman, I brought along those things over there . . . the ideals and eager-

ness and enthusiasm and the liking for talk and the desire for friends, for I always take those along with me wherever I go. But most of the other heaps and bundles and boxes I have acquired at college. Some were given me; some I found myself.

Freshman: This is a heavy box; it looks as if it must be dull. I don't think I should bother about it.

Senior: Oh, perhaps not now. But I rather suspect that some day you will, though other people may think it is dull and uninteresting and insignificant, too. In there are literary criticisms and metaphysics and curiosity about great questions and all sorts of theories and ideas.

Freshman: It does seem a bit fascinating, Senior; but those bright little boxes, far more so.

Senior (laughing): Oh, those are filled with pranks and fooleries and uncontrollable laughter. They often got me into difficulties, but they gave me merry companions and are fine remedies when everything else fails. I suspect those little box-fulls will get me in trouble till I die. And yet I'll carry them about, for I shouldn't be able to live without them.

Freshman: What a lovely, seeming-important box this is; "for good grades" it says, but

how poorly filled; there is scarcely an A in it. Do you feel bad to be taking away so few of them?

Senior: Oh, no, Freshman, though perhaps I should feel bad, and ashamed, too. But you see, if I had that box filled now I shouldn't have had this whole trunk filled with such delightful, real, and lively things . . . leisure and idleness and cutting classes, long walks and dreaming and writing for *Firebrands* and *Meadowlarks* and reading books, and friends and long conversations. Those are the things that seem really to matter, this trunk-full, and the stacks of things in the cupboard.

Freshman: What a bright, shining cupboard. Look, what shelves and drawers of kindness and tolerance and lightness. How did you ever get it so filled?

Senior: Oh, almost every senior gets her cupboard so filled with these things. In these four years you can't help it. I wish mine were fuller.

Freshman: That little package, shall I put it in the suitcase?

Senior (seriously): Oh, no, Freshman; my wise teachers gave me that. It's the love of

learning and the trying to see significances. I'll keep that in my purse; I never want to lose it.

Freshman: What of that little box in the corner; you won't forget it, will you? It smells so sweet of almond blossoms, the eucalyptus trees in Forest Meadows, and the incense of Benediction. Oh, Senior, you are crying!

Senior (smiling): Yes, and I don't very much like to cry in front of people. But it's hard not to feel sentimental and sad on this last night. Three years from tonight you'll sit in your room with just such a collection of things to take away to keep for all your life. And you'll look at them, and talk to one little friend, and you'll think and dream, and feel somehow proud and grateful and happy . . . and yet, sad, Freshman, even as I.

JANE MALTMAN, '36.

THE FRESHMAN ENGLISH CLASS

At eight-fifteen o'clock one tends often to sleep, but there we never let blink an eye. We looked at the clock from time to time only in hope that its hands hadn't moved since last we looked. We inevi-

tably brought our daily themes to class, despite the limitations of time and the inexperience and inadequacy of our muse. In class eloquent arguments would arise from the essays we read, of Ruskin, Emerson, Schopenhauer, and Newman, and our own ideas on education, happiness, or ideal women, arguments which lasted not only through the period, but through luncheon, dinner, the entire day and far into each night. To be sure in that one year we settled every problem that ever faced the world. That was a dear class! What stirrings of the mind and liveliness and enthusiasm, unceasing influence and delight.

"When one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows."

AN OASIS IN THE DESERT

TO the harassed student of English literature, when the approaching comprehensive examination finds her dreams studded with names and dates in strange shifting patterns and an endless array of books to be read seems to stretch itself out before her eyes, there is one oasis in the desert of great literature, one respite in the valley from the too pure air of Parnassus. When literature has been studied in its relation to philosophy, to social movements, to the industrial revolution, to history in general, and to science, happy indeed is the moment when the student dutifully reaches for a Gothic novel—perhaps Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*—to continue her investigation of eighteenth century prose, and finds herself enjoying it rarely.

Here is a book wilder than the most melodramatic comic strip of today, more packed with unearthly horrors and mysterious happenings than the latest motion picture "thriller," more involved in its plot, harder to unravel than the most complicated efforts of S. S. Van Dine. This romantic novel was written in 1764 by an English nobleman who was merely a literary dilettante.

When it was published, Gray said that it engaged everyone's attention at Cambridge, adding, "it makes some of us cry a little, and all in general afraid to go to bed o' nights." That is hardly the effect it has now, but if we are no longer frightened by it, none the less do we enjoy it.

In the first place, the book discards cold logic and becomes a joyous *tour de force* of the emotions, as must any work in which strange spectres motivate the action, a long lost heir is discovered in peasant guise, at precisely the right moment, and the hero and secondary heroine marry in the end because their mutual grief for the departed heroine is such a congenial bond.

Conventual and monastic life seem to have held a fascination for Walpole not in the least impeded by his ignorance of their conventions or ideals. Not only did the hero's father enter a monastery after the death of his mother, but Matilda, all through the first part of the book, constantly threatened to enter a convent, and when she died her parents conveniently embraced the religious life when their final dramatic dismissal from the action of the story became necessary.

But it is the supernatural part of the book that seems most hilarious. The good Alphonso's hand or leg or helmet materializes in gigantic proportions from time to time, until at last, as a climax, he appears in his entirety, proclaims Theodore lord of the castle, and rises to heaven welcomed by St. Nicholas. It might be mentioned that Walpole's contemporaries, thinking the account a translation of a thirteenth century tale, found nothing unreasonable about the rest of the story, but were inclined to doubt the author when he came to St. Nicholas.

Not only Alphonso was apt to appear at any moment, the whole castle seemed subject to unearthly visitations. At one time the subject of an ancestral portrait slowly descended from the wall uttering deep groans, glided along the hallway, and slipped through a locked door to the room behind it. He was not seen again, nor was his excursion explained. He was merely part of the atmosphere in this thoroughly enjoyable Gothic tale. And if Walpole is no longer in fashion, at least he has grateful admirers among English students who welcome the relief from high literature he gives them on the eve of the great examination.

JEANNE HOLLOWAY, U. C., Ex '36.

IRRELEVANCY

PERHAPS I am utilitarian, if so my humblest apologies, but be as it may, I must take my walks for a purpose. Not that I have to have a destination—by no means; I may walk irrelevantly as others, but not in errant leisureliness; my irrelevancy must take me up. To walk through meadows, or valleys, or through streets of towns is not to my purpose; my walks must lead to the tops of hills. Any hill almost will do, but there is one in particular, a hill where a valley stretches below and leagues of blue sky above, where the wind blows in gusts and awakens the cold in starts. Here the purpose of my walks for four years has been fulfilled; walks which were taken when the cares of the world crowded in, when I was tired of the flat earth, the splendid people, polite conversations, and even myself. For four years, thus depressed, I've donned the old brogues and comfortable skirt, climbed the familiar path behind the stables, up the hill, across the stream, tramped through the fallen eucalyptus bark, swung myself under the cattle gate, rounded the few turns, and then finally arrived at just the right spot "where ill thoughts die and good are born," where the world and the cares below grow insignificant, where once

again the splendid people on the flat earth assume their true value, and I become once more "the captain of my soul."

Then when I have watched the last fragment of a cloud scatter over Tamalpais and the world once more is steady and sane, I walk on swiftly up the path, around the next hill where the wild iris and the sticky monkey flower grow. Then unexpectedly from the valley below comes faintly the angelus. I turn back; my walk once again becomes utilitarian—this time it's dinner.

PHYLLIS MALTMAN, '36.

VACATIONS AT COLLEGE

THERE are books which refuse to compromise with the convenience of the reader, and demand not only the right moment but the harmonious atmosphere," as there are places which refuse to compromise with the convenience of the vacationist. So it is with college. A vacation at college during school days is like reading Emerson on a street car, but a vacation at college during the holidays when all but the very few have departed for home is like reading Emerson before the fireplace in the evening in a dimly lighted living room.

Actually there exist but three real vacations to enlighten this rigid life of study, and of these three Christmas is somehow for all of us spent away from school; but there are still the Thanksgiving and Easter holidays when after all the partings are over there remains behind always one small handful and to these will come many pleasures in the next few days. Usually the group staying here consists of those who are too busy to leave, those who live afar, those who just prefer vacations here, and sometimes, sadly, those who have been campused.

The Thanksgiving Holidays are the first; they come at the beginning of the end of the first semester when term papers and unfinished notebooks loom before harassed students. True, these days of Thanksgiving are spent not on the main campus but at Bolinas, yet the Dominican spirit dwells there. Long Sands is ours. We arrive and with little or no ado take full possession of the cottage; we fold the furniture covers, generally straightening up the house yet never being too particular about its neatness; we hurry to choose the best beds in the dormitory for ourselves, make them up, and then we help store the ample supply of food into the kitchen cupboards. Perhaps if we are one of those who evade dinner preparations, we take a run on the beach, keenly aware of ocean breeze, the smell of shiny seaweed, the crunch of white sand under one's feet. Then, after dinner is over and our chores are done, around a sparkling fire we knit, talk, play cards, or just listen to the radio, while November winds whistle through the eaves, and we comfortable, peacefully warm inside. After a noisy midnight party which banishes all thoughts of past Thanksgivings at home, we fall asleep dreaming plans for the next day; perhaps we'll take

an interesting walk along the beach to gather old shells, queer looking sea animals in hollow rocks, strangely colored sea weeds, or maybe we'll go fishing off the broken-down wharf. Too soon such happy days are over; we return again to books but this time not for long, for Christmas comes, and we all disperse.

Easter brings the next long holiday and like Thanksgivings it comes when we seem tireddest. On this vacation the sun always shines brightly, perhaps because it's holy week. The first day we spend leisurely straightening our rooms for the retreat guests, then we depart for Meadowlands, our vacation dwelling, carrying books and baggage enough for a month's stay. Ignoring the tastes of the owners, we take complete possession of our new rooms and arrange them to suit our fancy. All this done, we further intrude, finding the balcony, and there bask in the warm sun till a cool evening breeze arises, all the while planning the vacation hours for work, wondering if we can finish the term papers we have laid aside for these days, finally postponing them till the first week-end after vacation. Even the meals are a treat, for we are served now at the main building which indeed is an interesting change. When dinner is

over then is the hour for the evening walk; "the walks at these times are so much one's own." As we leave the refectory in a body, we note that spring has touched the gardens of the main building, too. The hawthorne is blooming with bright pink blossoms alternating with white in a background of shimmering new poplar leaves, and beyond is the arbor covered with its clusters of white wisteria, purple intermingled here and there. Nothing is more refreshing than the rustle of a cool spring breeze through these leaves; it banishes any worry or care. We walk on, perhaps only now pushing the bicycles that we rode down to the building, and turn towards Meadowlands early to enjoy the radio for a short time, undisturbed. A bond of understanding envelops us and a growing warmth for these few with whom we have spent so many vacations. The ends of the evenings we pass in idle chatter or in reading books that we have put aside for such an occasion when time is plenty. The hours of retiring vary, an early hour or a late hour, no matter; with no disturbing thought of the morrow we turn off our lights, perhaps mentally planning a morning swim and another nap in the sunshine. And then all too soon this vacation, too,

has ended; we have acquired a tan, but alas for that poem for the *Firebrand*, the term papers and all those things we were to do. We settle down again once more to books and this business of being educated. Before us stretches long weeks of work and late hours—and then summer, and the long vacation.

VIRGINIA DE LORIMIER, '37.

A FIRST DAY

With my pulse beating abnormally fast and my cheeks flushed with nervousness, I entered a little building devoted to the activities of the first grade. Smiling strainedly, I introduced myself to Miss Robbins, the teacher in charge, and explained that I had come to learn the methods of teaching these twenty-five lit-

tle personalities before her. At first I was bewildered with the buzz and industry of the class, but I soon found out that the group was divided into five sections according to their abilities, and that the Bluebirds were the lowest in rank and must be given special attention.

My entrance had proved to be a distraction, and activity changed to disorder. To my surprise Miss Robbins said calmly, "My little soldiers make me so happy because they are so

good," and like magic the little pupils returned diligently to their work. I therein learned my first rule: never use negative criticism or commands in the first grade. From then on I drifted into the ideal of praise and constructive criticism.

Again I was startled when the reading lesson began, for I had forgotten that first graders lisp their Reader in an exceedingly loud monotone. When Peggy, a rotund little girl with long curls, had read her lesson perfectly, she announced that today was her birthday. The class and I then decided that was why she had read so well, for now she had grown to be a fine soldier of six.

Recess meant a scurry for coats and sweaters and a line of tall soldiers before the door. The children had to be told that this was recess otherwise some would run home thinking it dismissal time. On the playground it was my duty to keep the boys from fighting too much and be arbitrator in disputes over the rightful ownership of the hopscotch.

Once again in the classroom, first for a few minutes' rest from play, with heads down on the desks.

The number exercises which came next were interrupted by a mad patter to the window. An airplane, which I had not heard, passed over-

head. The boys insisted that it was a bomber, whereas the girls, characteristically pacifists, declared it a passenger plane. The heated discussion ended only when the wonder of the sky passed out of sight, and the lessons were resumed.

Song hour amazed me, for I discovered that these little ones could sing very tunefully with their pleasant voices. I particularly noticed that Tommy, the class mischief-maker, led the chorus with angelic sweetness. While I was admiring his talent, I learned that he had announced to Miss Robbins, after an outburst of temper a few days before, that he had the disposition of his grandfather, so his mother told him, and it was of no use to punish him.

Noon meant once more a struggle into wraps and a line of soldiers. After a reminder that this was lunch time and not recess, they scampered off in their various directions and I walked home slowly, reluctant to leave such fascinating little people.

VIRGINIA VAUGHAN, '36.

CLUBS

VITALITY would seem to be the keynote of clubs on the campus this year. Never have there been so many, such wide attendance, such animated discussion of their activities, and such jealous delight in them.

The History Club has met in the Benincasa library. There before the fire have gathered the many faithful and their generous faculty sponsor. Papers have been carefully prepared and discussions animated. Of the topics considered there has been no limit at any time; they have included the wranglings of the presidential year and the Constitution, of course, the affairs of the Supreme Court, Mussolini, Hitler and European countries from the treaties they have broken to the royal families, the Ethiopian war, problems of economics and so forth. The breadth of interest, the information, the divergent points of view developed, challenged and sustained have been refreshing.

Interest in foreign affairs has been intensified by Mr. Pajus from the University of San Francisco, who talked about international relations. He has enrolled the club in the International Relations Club which was founded by the Carnegie Institute.

The first semester the Seven Arts met in two groups; the smaller spent a morning hour each week in enthusiastic discussion of Russian art, music, and literature, the larger, which included also the smaller, gathered at Angelico in the evening to listen under stimulating guidance to the great composers, French, Russian and German. There was special interest in following the scores of the Wagnerian operas, as one heard records of them. These Wagnerian studies were supplemented by lectures on the *Ring of the Niebelungenlied* (the revival of which was this winter one of the musical sensations of San Francisco).

The second semester the two groups were reduced to one. Discussions were broken into a variety of subjects. One brilliant event was a Friday evening gathering in the living room at Meadowlands, which included all the week-ends, to hear Miss Ella Young talk on the Irish poets. Toward the end of the year the club's interest has centered first in Jacques Callot, a number of whose engravings, thanks to Dr. Emge, they studied in the art gallery at Guzman, secondly in an exhibit of paintings by our own Mrs. Leah Rinne Hamilton.

* * *

Among the things we never should forget—Miss Ella Young by the fireside in the living room at Meadowlands, talking to us of Irish literature and fairy lore.

Miss Young sits in a high-backed, antique chair to the left of the fireplace. Out of the great rounded stone cavern, flames flash behind the fire-dragons and cast dim lights on Miss Young's flowing purple satin robes. From the high stone mantle, candlelight falls on her delicate long face framed in iron gray hair that waves loose just above her shoulders. We feel rather than see the intense veil-piercing quality of her forget-me-not blue eyes, as she tells us first lightly of the little people who steal one's thimble and play various quaint tricks; then, rapt out of herself, describes a vision of the Sidhe, the "great Lords of Shadow" that drive the storm clouds over Chicago or haunt mortals on the slopes of Ben Mor. Archangelic creatures are the Sidhe, on their heads helmets from which wave back crests of living light; for a moment their presence seems to flash out amongst us in the shadowy room.

As we sit on the floor around her we come nearer and nearer to Miss Young in a great semicircle about the hearth and ask her ques-

tions, groping after some touch of her eerie world. Questions answered, Miss Young rises and gathers her black mantilla about her shoulders; the party breaks up regretfully and we go to bed to dream strange, mysterious dreams.

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The Albertus Magnus Science Club began the year with a dinner in "The Green Mill" at Cotati to initiate their new members. During the year they maintained their interest in applied science.

* * *

The Spanish Club has met in the White Room at Meadowlands and under the direction of Miss Clarke its members have been active in the face of many difficulties. One evening in March they presented for the Student Body a festival of Spanish songs, a short play, and a Mexican dance. They have gained particular recognition by the fiesta they presented in May. There was a rollicking bull-fight; Cecilia Azevedo sang "La Paloma"; Helene Thompson danced a Mexican Jarabe Tapatia and a Spanish dance (the Entrat of the opera *Carmen*), and the club sang songs in chorus. The program ended with the merry confusion of breaking a piñata.

Rose Marie Murray and Olga Sanchez of our Spanish Honor Society, the Upsilon Chapter of the national honor society, Sigma Delta Pi, were recently initiated at a joint ceremony with the University of California chapter at Berkeley. First a banquet was served at the Women's City Club. Then followed beautifully simple and impressive initiation rites and the welcome of the neophytes at a gay and informal reception. A short, stimulating talk was given on South America by Mr. William Berrien, Spanish songs were sung with enthusiasm by students and dignified professors. We then adjourned to the home of Mrs. Whitehead, where everyone spoke in Spanish, even the bashful ones who had to be chided into it. One heard snatches of conversation on varied subjects, the translation sponsored by the national chapter, for instance, the Golden Age of Spanish drama, Spanish in California, disputed authorships. When finally it was time to go home each took his leave reluctantly. It is in just so natural and pleasant a manner that Sigma Delta Pi attains its purpose of keeping alive and promoting interest in the beautiful language, great literature and high culture of Spain and other Spanish speaking lands.

The White Room at Meadowlands has also been the setting of many lively meetings of "Le Cercle Français." Grouped around the fireplace the members have had much discussion "en français"; they have played games and sung songs to the accompaniment of Miss Wittenburg. Enthusiasm was the greatest when, with a keen spirit of competition, all took part in a poetry reading contest. In cap and gown, with decorum and skill, each contestant repeated her poem. The winners were awarded beautifully bound volumes of French poetry. One delightful evening Miss Clara Teitelbaum played selections from Debussy and Ravel for the club. Now a movement is on toward making Benincasa a French house. Never has there been such campus interest in the French language; it is no novelty to hear animated discussions in the accent of Paris (especially perfect the pussy cat r's). We are grateful to Miss Wittenburg for the enthusiasm she has created, and we look forward enthusiastically to the new French House.

* * *

The Art Club is perhaps the most informal club on the campus; certainly it is the most industrious. They have made the many and excellent illustrations for the *Meadowlark*

and the *Firebrand*, they have hung and taken down the exhibits shown throughout the year, and again this year they entertained the school at a delightful tea when they transformed the Art Gallery into an atelier of their own.

The exhibits this year have been full of beauty and instruction as well. There were some beautiful colored prints of Metropolitan Museum art treasures, a collection purchased by the College so that it may be studied from year to year. Many phases of art are represented from Egyptian ceramics and Persian tiles to Bayeaux tapestries and Italian painting. Then there was a second exhibit of colored prints, also purchased by the College, of more than twenty famous but not too well known paintings from the early Italian and El Greco to Van Gogh. There was a most interesting exhibit of lithographs and engravings of nineteenth and twentieth century artists, some by California artists but the most memorable by Orocozo. A generous showing of original etchings and engravings of the seventeenth century French artist, Jacques Callot, was loaned us by Dr. Ludwig Emge of San Francisco. This exhibit afforded us a very precious opportunity of coming to discover for ourselves

many reasons why Callot is rated the greatest of French etchers. Such discoveries can be made by amateurs and laymen, of course, only through daily study of originals. Those who studied the prints with magnifying glass have learned much that will hereafter serve as standards and guides for future enjoyment of etchings.

ANNA LOUISE LA VOY, '38.

DRAMATICS

THE enthusiasm in drama kindled by the presentation of *The Mystery of St. Bernard* last spring carried to the beginning of this year. A large and interested group enrolled in Miss Brainerd's drama classes and tried out for the drama club. Virginia Trodden was made president of the club.

The first play presented was Ruth Sawyer's poetic one-act drama, *The Sidhe of Ben Mor*, given October 24, the Feast of St. Raphael, when we celebrated Shield Day. Marie Welch as Padraic the Piper acted with great charm, and Helen Karam as Sheila, the young Irish girl, "sick for the love of Ireland, just," was beautifully convincing.

The next production was the Coventry Christmas play, *The Pageant of the Shearmen and the Taylors*. Miss Brainerd omitted the ranting Herod scenes included in Mr. Sussman's presentation two years ago, and so avoided any marring of the play's reverence. The pageant was presented simply, with rare beauty of color and grouping. What the actors lacked in professional skill they made up by the spirit in which they played. "I did not feel as if I were

acting," said one of the shepherds, after the performance; "I was praying." The audience listened in tense silence; kind critics have said that the players gave the convincing reality of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Hauntingly beautiful was the scene at Bethlehem, so splendid the Angel Gabriel (Annette Conroy), so raptly lovely the Madonna (Patricia Patridge), so tenderly protecting St. Joseph, (Jeanne Pierson), so beautiful the color and rhythms of the whole. Miss Brainerd, our hardest critic, said that she was satisfied.

After Christmas, realizing that we are human and young and that we love our own age, Miss Brainerd selected for us three modern, one-act plays, sentimental, pretty and comic. The first, *Guests*, furnished many rôles and gave opportunity for charming picture, song and dance. Miss Brainerd hoped that it would make the eyes of the audience "stream with sentimental tears."

Thornton Wilder's *The Happy Journey* was delightfully done. The conversation and, even more, the pantomime were irresistibly funny; Jeanne Pierson as the father and Virginia Trodden as the mother were in perfect character and the laughter of the audience was almost regret-

table when it drowned the prolonged sobbing of Patricia O'Keefe as Arthur, the repentant little boy.

Jane Clay's Mother, a rhythm play, brief but extremely difficult to do well, so delighted the house that it was repeated as an encore the evening of the performance and later included as part of the athletic exhibit, *The Dominican Olympics*.

A memorable part of the dramatic year was the coming of the Globe Players to Angelico. We had a Shakespeare fiesta for two days, packed houses and the unusual excitement of seeing professionals on the stage and in the wings of our own hall.

A little disappointing, yet undeniably delightful too, was the presentation of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, *The Gondoliers*, given in Angelico the last week in April by the Chamber Opera Company of San Francisco.

The class in the Technique of the Drama staged two plays in Anne Hathaway House as a part of their class exercises, and the dramatic work of the year ended with the May Day Revels in the Forest Meadows. The upper and the lower schools of the Dominican Convent made part of the pageant; the younger children were

delightful as the animals for Noah's Ark, and the tiniest enlivened the afternoon by dancing as elves. Cecile Grandjean made a beautiful queen of the May and Virginia Trodden held her own as Noah. The dramatic year ended with even greater enthusiasm than that with which it began.

FACULTY PUBLICATIONS

IN *The Classical Bulletin* (St. Louis University) of October, 1935, appears an article, "The Old Is Better," written by the head of our Classical Language Department. Though the article gives telling arguments for tried methods of thorough drill for language learning, I should like to review the writer's fine tribute to the ancient classics which she teaches.

"These are," she writes, "the best thought of the past couched in a form apprehended as most satisfying because in harmony with the orderly and coherent processes of human reason." A study of these classics leads to the "acquisition of mental grasp and a certain resulting nobility of mental attitude Men (have) studied Latin through a desire to be immersed in the stream of traditional European life and learning which was felt to be the perfect and only way of finding oneself." Later she notes, "In these days of radio and public speaking, more attention than ever is being given to the living voice and to the self-reliance and initiative that control it. The modern youth is constantly confronted with the necessity of better self-expression; he must make nice discriminations in the words he uses, and be able to select them cor-

rectly and at a moment's notice. And where will he find the precision and flowing copiousness of language demanded for success if not in the pure and unadulterated waters of the classical fountain head?" Finally, she writes, "Study of these classics leads to the formation of permanent mental habits that will remedy the two outstanding defects of the unschooled mind, incoherence and indefiniteness of ideas."

In the same journal for May, 1936, appears a second article by this writer entitled, "Values in Interest," which considers the problem of creating interest in secondary Latin classes. After a need is admitted for varying methods of instruction and objection is raised against giving the name of language teaching to such projects as bridge and siege tower building, a positive program is offered: "Let the Latin classroom, for example, bear on the face of it that it is the home of Latin"; converse, though simply, in Latin and quote Latin proverbs as a class period beginning. Finally, and impressively, the writer states: "But, of course, every true lover of Latin knows that the greatest sources of interest lie in the idiom, the syntax, the rhythm, sonorousness and expressiveness of the language, and in the great literature that has come down to

us in Latin. These need but to be presented solidly and appreciatively by a teacher in love with the work to evoke most lasting and valuable kind of interest in the pupils." We are indeed fortunate to have such a one among us.

‘ ‘ ‘

During this past academic year Miss Dorothy Clotelle Clarke, the head of our Spanish department, has distinguished herself through her many writings which have been accepted for publication both here and abroad. She has reviewed nine books; the *Modern Language Journal*, the *Hispanic Review* and *Hispania* have each published one of her articles. Two of her books are to be published: one, *Bibliografía de Versificación Española*, by the University of California, the other, *Edición de las Diversas Rimas de Vicente Espinel*, by the *Sociedad de Bibliófilos Españoles*, Madrid, Spain.

MRS. HAMILTON'S EXHIBIT

THROUGH an exhibit of the work of Mrs. Leah Rinne Hamilton in the Guzman Art Gallery we have become freshly aware of the honor we have in possessing on our faculty one of California's leading woman artists. And we have experienced again the pleasure that we found in the Callot exhibit in an opportunity of studying originals.

Mrs. Hamilton's talent is versatile; she has done excellent work in oils, tempera, wood and woven tapestry, examples of each of which were included in the group shown here. On the whole the work gave evidence of regard for those things which we are taught to be the foundation of true art: she draws from the country, the people and the lives of the people she knows, her subjects are either pleasant or interesting, she is sensitive to the demands of unity and form, and her colors have warmth. Her colors have, in fact, a jewel-like quality, and though at times she uses the cooler colors, such as blue and grey, there is warmth in them.

First, let us consider the oils that seem so lustrous and alive. She does not always cover the canvas completely, but certainly always makes the most of her means. Using a palette knife for

the most part of her work, she paints as she draws without any evident outline. Of all the oils, *Winter in Munich* is the one I should like best for my own. In it there seems to be an influence of Cezanne. It vibrates; the design is beautiful throughout, and though she frequently uses blue and white, still there is atmosphere and sparkle that does not seem cold. The *Little Brown Table* is next in my estimation, for there is a fine sense of light and dark, a clearness, and that same sparkle. In the small *Still Life* there is a rich, juicy color that is most evident in the apples, and the light and dark pattern is very pleasing. *Little Johan* has almost the feeling of a water color. The larger still life has a beautifully thought out design, patterns of light and dark that have a lovely feeling and a radiant color. The *Portrait* is pleasing, with nice expressive eyes; one should note in this also how well the different shades of white are used on such a small area of shirt sleeve. Often in her portraits she uses large areas of blue and still keeps the feeling of flesh. *Girl with the Orchid* I enjoyed less than the others, though there is a pleasant use of repetition and the light is well used as a design.

Her inclusion of tempera paintings in the

exhibit is of particular interest to students because of their historical background. This type of painting originated with the Byzantines, and gesso-board is used, which is wood covered with plaster of Paris; this is sandpapered and the paint is mixed with white of egg. The paint is applied in layers; the top layer may be scratched so the second layer of color shows through, giving a feeling of illumination. Some of Mrs. Hamilton's tempera compositions show the Byzantine influence also in their gold leaf backgrounds. In these paintings modern life is portrayed in many phases. In the temperas she has a beautiful line and stroke and distorts very well for effect. The paintings are well thought out, painted mostly in planes, with effective light and line, and a magnificent color-quality. The most pleasing is *Childhood* with its deep understanding, delightful figures, beautiful color and effective line. The most powerful are *Spring of 1932* and *End of the Ride*. They are dramatic, but not overly emphasized, with a well-expressed feeling. *At the Opera* is also interesting with a fine glowing color and beautiful proportion.

Her tapestry is a splendid example of that type of work. Its design is interesting and its

colors gay and alive. It received highest award for tapestries at this winter's exhibition of the San Francisco Society of Women Artists. Her wood-carving in bas relief is a beautiful piece; though very simple, it has perfect unity and a fine aesthetic feeling. It is distinctive in the manner in which she carves down into the wood to bring the figures out.

Altogether, though I may be prejudiced through my admiration for her, Mrs. Hamilton is well deserving of her laurels. She is original, a quality so important in art, and still not radical; and her deep sympathetic understanding of life and human nature is well expressed in her compositions.

FLORENCE BROWN, '38.

MISS GRETTA MAE ADAMS

THE departure of an admired member of the faculty is ever sad, but none can be more sad than the departure of Miss Adams. Ten years ago Miss Adams came to Dominican College and found the Physical Education Department just beginning to become a reality. In fact, she recalls for us the days when she chased the cows off the baseball diamond in Forest Meadows before the commencement of a game. Through her ability and enthusiasm, and her vigorous personality she has built on the foundations of her predecessor, Miss Laurie Campbell, and brought the athletic department to its present status as a vital part of our college.

Not only have we all admired Miss Adams for her successful program of physical activities and her interesting classes in Hygiene, but she has been our friend, confidant and advisor.

Now she is to continue her life of unselfishness in a field other than teaching. We know she is anxiously awaited in the East, but we regret that our friend and teacher must leave us. Another will come to take her place on the campus, but no one can replace her in our affections and memories.

VIRGINIA VAUGHAN, '36.

A YEAR WENT BY

THE quarter-to-seven ferry from the city, how unreal and how familiar. It might more be a week-end than a year, though I did walk a little faster going up Palm Avenue. The Fifth Year's a contented remnant of the proud class of '35, I found quite aloof and familiarly noisy in "Fifth Avenue," a wing of Meadowlands. Virginia Flannery, Betty Rethmeyer, Marjorie McGurk, June McGinnis, Bernice Blennerhassett all practice teaching with surprising dignity. Helen Karam, looking very handsome, back after two years at the University of Arizona. After the excitement of seeing everyone, attended an A.A.U.W. meeting at the home of Evelyn Sharpe, encountering, en route, Miss Hamilton, just getting out of a lovely new car in the driveway of her very charming home on Grand Avenue. Miss Adams was at the meeting, so were Joan Hardy, Claire Molencamp and several older graduates. We ate gingerbread waffles and "reminisced" with much pleasure and laughter. The sun shone next morning—so a pleasant walk past the new Benincasa to Fanjeaux for breakfast, and the so-long-awaited pleasure of seeing more "dear friends." An old-time Tues-

day morning breakfast, but there were flowers in the center of each table. New faces seemed unbelievably many and the freshmen looked very knowable. Heard many tales of the "changes" and the fine times, but thought quite firmly that they did not begin to equal ours. My first moment of sentiment came when the early breakfasters sang, "Welcome Back," and my second, in the chapel when I discovered how truly I had missed the liturgical altars of controversial memory.

Reserved the pleasure of exploring Benin-casa for a lazy moment in the morning when all dear Sisters had been seen and greeted. Found it unbelievably spacious and quite as lovely as those glimpses from the road had seemed to make it. Have tried several times to "short-cut" through to Guzman, but think it simpler to follow the old, familiar road. Object of much pride at this present is the Shakespeare garden.

Wednesday brought all sociology people from the city, Anita Bulotti, Angeline Pera, Dolores Brantley, Mugs Johnson, an astonishing number are back, doing fifth year work in social service or practice teaching.

To lunch one day with Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Remmen, the latter might-

ily enthusiastic over girls' camps and Mrs. Hamilton with a very splendid exhibit in the art gallery.

A surprising amount of news. Jerry Leslie is married, Helen Lejeal Howard has a baby daughter, Dolores and Patsy Clyne are married. Visited Corliss Nolan Guenther's very charming apartment and understand Helen Glynn's marriage to Vin Greeley will be an event of October. Boots Butler is married. From the Islands came news of the weddings of Lillie More Watson and Adrienne Balch.

Friday evening was the formal, and so donned my best two-year-old finery and trekked gladly to the merry making held this year in the Palace and seeming to me one of the most pleasant of all times. A goodly number of alumnae were present and a very jolly and friendly spirit prevailed. Helen Thornton and Marie Rooney were there from thirty-one. Helen Johnson, Dorothy McAfee, Marg Cassassa, Bernice O'Connell, Jane Heffernan, Nora Beronio from the next year's group. From last year it was good to see Fran Lemmelet, Elsa and Katherine, all attending business college. Katie Casassa was there, Jerry McDonald who is doing social service work in the city.

Many of the class seem to be quietly at home, among them Catherine Johnson and Fay Winters, and in truth a rest was needed. Betty Keenan does volunteer social service work, Caroline Rogers writes for a Spokane newspaper. Eileen O'Toole is attending the National Catholic School of Social Service in Washington, D. C., June Schibel is at Columbia in New York. Lorraine Roux, Elizabeth Ball, Julie Treat, Lotte Sporleder, Norma Riccomini, Venice Todt, Barbara Stafford, all practice teaching in San Rafael. Louise Zanone is at Stanford. Helen Hiserman teaches and attends the University of Hawaii. Norma Kane is doing social service work and Lorraine Lounibos is teaching in Petaluma.

There are many changes. Life strangely enough has gone on.

LOIS SMITH, '35.

FINIS

PERHAPS it is selfish, but there it is; things will go on without us, and just the same. School will commence in September with the same eager excitement; classes will begin and new friendships will be made; the week days will be as long as the ones we knew, but still there will be the same wonderful week-end nights with nothing or everything to do; the high seriousness of Shield day will pass, and there will come the mingling of sadness and joy that is the Christmas party, "and we not there, and we not there." Of course, you say we can come back, but it will never be the same; that oneness with all this that is our school; it will not be there. We will come back, yes, but we will be wearing the wrong things—hats and the wrong shoes. We will return to the library and our shoes will click unfamiliarly, the students we don't know will look up with belligerent curiosity. We will go to Chapel and be put in the wrong seats and not wear veils. We will walk through the familiar gardens, but the familiar faces will not be there, and the students will stop to let us pass and smile politely. Things will have gone on without us; everything will be the same but us, and I am sad.

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