1939

1939 Firebrand

Dominican University of California Archives

<https://doi.org/10.33015/dominican.edu/archives.1939.firebrand>

Survey: Let us know how this paper benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Dominican University of California Archives, "1939 Firebrand" (1939). *Yearbooks 1930 - 1939*. 10.

<https://doi.org/10.33015/dominican.edu/archives.1939.firebrand>

Disclaimer: It is the goal of the Dominican University of California Archives to serve as a research tool that is open and available to the public. As an institution established well over a century ago, there are materials throughout our collection that are no longer acceptable and not a reflection to the University's mission of social justice, dismantling racism, and promoting diversity.

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Dominican University of California Yearbooks at Dominican Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yearbooks 1930 - 1939 by an authorized administrator of Dominican Scholar. For more information, please contact michael.pujals@dominican.edu.

The Firebrand

378.794
D713Q
1939

THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL

MCMXXXIX

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorial	8
Senior Sketches	12
Juniors	62
Sophomores	65
Freshmen	68
Pope Pius XI	75
God with Us	79
Pope Pius XII	81
Two Mothers	83
Reflections after Four Years	90
White Spring	96
Don Quijote	97
Madame Pele	103
The Fourth Horseman	109
Author's Husband	115
The Education of Your Child	120
Girl and the Crescent Moon	122
Medieval Fairs	124
Random Notes from the Fair	130
Refusals	134
The Stellas	135
Promptness	140
Things We Love to Remember	142
Uninvited Guests	151
School Activities	154
Alumnae	169
Patrons	173

STAFF

Editor JANE ABBOT CRAWFORD
Associate Editor ROSEMARY FRIEDENBACH
Art Editor MARY HELFRICH
Business Managers, BETTY O'REILLY, JANET MUNSON
Assistant Business Managers . VERONICA SHANNON,
GLORIA BUCHIGNANI, MERRY CARLTON

Contributors

PATRICIA BANNAN	HANORIA MCCARTHY
BETSY BENNETT	JANET MUNSON
MARY BOTTS	MARION MURRAY
JEANNE BRADLEY	MARY O'GARA
BETTY BRISBOIS	ALICE JANE SANFORD
JULIE DYCKMAN	LORRAINE SELLECK
CAROLINE GIBB	ANNE SMITH
TALLULAH GIBB	CECIL STEFFEN

ELINOR WHEELER

Illustrators

BETTY BRISBOIS	HELENE THOMPSON
BERNICE HEINEN	FLORENCE WANG
MARION MURRAY	RUTH WIDENMANN
BETTY O'REILLY	JEANNE BRADLEY
JUNE RAWLINGS	CATHERINE FAGNANI

EDITORIAL

"I am come to cast fire on the earth and what will I but that it be kindled."

LUKE, XII, 49.

NOTHING is more symbolic of the force of the spirit than flame, for flame, kindled, purifies. Since we realize this power we must cherish the shield that we have taken for our own in the *Firebrand*, the hound bearing in its mouth a flaming brand, and the motto *Veritas fax ardens*, Truth is a burning torch.

As we ponder over this we realize that the Dominican idea of truth in education to combat heresy is but an older form of the spirit of modern Catholic Action. And we are reminded that truth never changes, no matter what the traditions or organs that arise to express it; that true ideals never grow out of fashion for they are timeless, like the spirit embodied in them.

The fire cast on the earth by Christ has been kindled for us; our college has done this for us. The teachings and truth of Christ, of St. Dominic and of St. Thomas are ours. As we awaken to this knowledge of truth we realize that we are to cultivate it, spread it abroad, for to whom much is given from him much is expected. When we remember that the primary aim of Catholic Action today, the laity working in

the spirit of the hierarchy, is to explain Catholic theology to the world, to make clear the truth of Catholic teaching in morals and in charity as well as in faith, to win and strengthen loyalty to Catholic truth—then we realize that our Dominican education has done for us those very things and that we in turn must carry the flame of the torch into the darkness of others. It is not enough to sentimentalize about mottoes, or ideals, or ceremonies. As students and graduates of a Catholic and a Dominican college our duties are serious, more far-reaching. In acknowledgment, in appreciation, we thank our Dominican Sisters for their teaching and their example. We cherish the spirit which has come to us with our flaming shield and our motto, a spirit that should quicken not only a religious order, a single group of Catholic students, but faithful “hounds of the Lord” everywhere who seek to kindle the flame of truth and to bear zealously the firebrand.

* * *

The words of Samuel Johnson—that men need not so much to be told as to be reminded—apply to ourselves as to everybody else. We all know, perhaps in an impersonal way, that life here at the college gives much that we could not quite have anywhere else. In what lies this peculiar gift, we ask ourselves. Is it

EDITORIAL

"I am come to cast fire on the earth and what will I but that it be kindled."

LUKE, XII, 49.

NOTHING is more symbolic of the force of the spirit than flame, for flame, kindled, purifies. Since we realize this power we must cherish the shield that we have taken for our own in the *Firebrand*, the hound bearing in its mouth a flaming brand, and the motto *Veritas fax ardens*, Truth is a burning torch.

As we ponder over this we realize that the Dominican idea of truth in education to combat heresy is but an older form of the spirit of modern Catholic Action. And we are reminded that truth never changes, no matter what the traditions or organs that arise to express it; that true ideals never grow out of fashion for they are timeless, like the spirit embodied in them.

The fire cast on the earth by Christ has been kindled for us; our college has done this for us. The teachings and truth of Christ, of St. Dominic and of St. Thomas are ours. As we awaken to this knowledge of truth we realize that we are to cultivate it, spread it abroad, for to whom much is given from him much is expected. When we remember that the primary aim of Catholic Action today, the laity working in

the spirit of the hierarchy, is to explain Catholic theology to the world, to make clear the truth of Catholic teaching in morals and in charity as well as in faith, to win and strengthen loyalty to Catholic truth—then we realize that our Dominican education has done for us those very things and that we in turn must carry the flame of the torch into the darkness of others. It is not enough to sentimentalize about mottoes, or ideals, or ceremonies. As students and graduates of a Catholic and a Dominican college our duties are serious, more far-reaching. In acknowledgment, in appreciation, we thank our Dominican Sisters for their teaching and their example. We cherish the spirit which has come to us with our flaming shield and our motto, a spirit that should quicken not only a religious order, a single group of Catholic students, but faithful “hounds of the Lord” everywhere who seek to kindle the flame of truth and to bear zealously the firebrand.

* * *

The words of Samuel Johnson—that men need not so much to be told as to be reminded—apply to ourselves as to everybody else. We all know, perhaps in an impersonal way, that life here at the college gives much that we could not quite have anywhere else. In what lies this peculiar gift, we ask ourselves. Is it

our Dominican background, heritage of scholars and of saints, of which we are reminded in the very Habits of the Sisters, the rich opportunities afforded us both on and off campus, the influence of our Marin and San Francisco surroundings, or is it an intermingling of all these? Good courses, interested faculty, opportunity to acquire science and culture, these we have in common with other colleges. A campus, quiet and beautiful, obviously that is ours. For some it seems too quiet, but we are just across the Golden Gate from San Francisco. It takes us hardly twenty-five minutes to reach the heart of the city over the latest wonder of the world, the longest and tallest single span bridge in existence, and from the heart of the city we can reach Berkeley in another twenty-five minutes across the very longest of all bridges. The sky-scrapers of a metropolis lie at our door, San Francisco with her Art exhibits, concerts, opera, clubs, her Chinatown—ours with a minimum of effort.

But after all it is the campus itself that gives us the things that we ultimately cherish most. It is here that we feel the force of the Dominican traditions of beauty and strength and sanctity of scholarship, derived from centuries within the Church. From the sanctuary of the chapel to the halls of the college we feel this beauty and this power that has been fostered

and cherished through the orders of the Church. Inevitably our outlook is colored by this inheritance. Through it our sense of life quickens; the significance of all things deepens. For us the Golden Gate Bridge and the Bay Bridge seem seven-league steps come true; the bay panorama viewed from our Marin County hills stirs the imagination with a new delight. The very quiet of our campus makes the city seem more alive.

To freshmen, perhaps, the week-end excitements off the campus seem all important in themselves; more mature students become aware of the true values that life on the campus helps them to discover and to bring to other experience.

We have the best in spiritual and intellectual learning. Our college offers us gifts incomparable and not to be duplicated. Every moment here is an opportunity which finds its place in the molding of our future; these given moments thread into a mesh which, by our receptiveness, will be deep enrichment. We too must give back in spirit what our school has given us, and in that contribution of Dominican spirit toward Dominican spirit we will have strengthened our own.

our Dominican background, heritage of scholars and of saints, of which we are reminded in the very Habits of the Sisters, the rich opportunities afforded us both on and off campus, the influence of our Marin and San Francisco surroundings, or is it an intermingling of all these? Good courses, interested faculty, opportunity to acquire science and culture, these we have in common with other colleges. A campus, quiet and beautiful, obviously that is ours. For some it seems too quiet, but we are just across the Golden Gate from San Francisco. It takes us hardly twenty-five minutes to reach the heart of the city over the latest wonder of the world, the longest and tallest single span bridge in existence, and from the heart of the city we can reach Berkeley in another twenty-five minutes across the very longest of all bridges. The sky-scrapers of a metropolis lie at our door, San Francisco with her Art exhibits, concerts, opera, clubs, her Chinatown—ours with a minimum of effort.

But after all it is the campus itself that gives us the things that we ultimately cherish most. It is here that we feel the force of the Dominican traditions of beauty and strength and sanctity of scholarship, derived from centuries within the Church. From the sanctuary of the chapel to the halls of the college we feel this beauty and this power that has been fostered

and cherished through the orders of the Church. Inevitably our outlook is colored by this inheritance. Through it our sense of life quickens; the significance of all things deepens. For us the Golden Gate Bridge and the Bay Bridge seem seven-league steps come true; the bay panorama viewed from our Marin County hills stirs the imagination with a new delight. The very quiet of our campus makes the city seem more alive.

To freshmen, perhaps, the week-end excitements off the campus seem all important in themselves; more mature students become aware of the true values that life on the campus helps them to discover and to bring to other experience.

We have the best in spiritual and intellectual learning. Our college offers us gifts incomparable and not to be duplicated. Every moment here is an opportunity which finds its place in the molding of our future; these given moments thread into a mesh which, by our receptiveness, will be deep enrichment. We too must give back in spirit what our school has given us, and in that contribution of Dominican spirit toward Dominican spirit we will have strengthened our own.

ROBERTA BREEN

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

Vice President W. A. A. '39.
Social Committee '36, '37, '38.
Social Hostess '39.
Student Affairs Board '38.
W. A. A. Board '37.

French Club.
Drama Club '36, '37.
Debate '38.
Block D Society.
International Relations Club.

BOBBIE doesn't look athletic, and so we are continually astonished at her perfection of form, her beautiful teamwork with Veronica in basketball. And her sportsmanship, of the best, proves itself even after long absences when she returns lifesavingly to play in a game. Born under the star of social leaders, it is she who conducts best a Dominican formal and plans most memorable dinner parties. And it is she who conducted the best-organized round table at the International Relations Conference, retiring, yet provoking conversation. Though Bobbie keeps somewhat to herself about the campus, she animatedly joins various groups when the talk is to her liking, and she is known always to put in a good word. She is much sought out for her level-headed advice, and she has a great sense of humor. Her multiplicity of interests, the afternoons reserved for the movies, substantiate the statement that she has a quick mind.

LOISANN BRICHETTO

MAJOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from Stanford University '36.

President Orchesis '37, '38.

Vice President Spanish Club '38,
'39.

Vice President California Student
Teachers' Association '39.

W. A. A. Board '37, '38.

Drama Club.

International Relations Club '38,
'39.

AT FIRST meeting, Loisann, known to us as L.A., impresses one with her formal dignity, her decision, her determined nature, yet she can be reasonably persuaded. It is a pleasant surprise to find her "off-guard" and unexpectedly witty.

Always completely honest with herself and others, she cannot be swayed and faces realities with frankness and sincerity. She loves a good time, whether at a game of bridge, a conversation, a dance, tennis or a round of golf. She is greatly interested in aesthetic dancing and has been president of Orchesis.

L.A. tempers her even disposition with periods of excitement when she becomes surprised or amused to the point of a shriek. For example, in her anxiety to see if the mail is out, she exclaims "Why, it just has to be!" She becomes confidential at times and her graciousness wins many friends. Her sweetness of manner and expression, her well-groomed appearance, her interest and eagerness in everything make her one of the most attractive persons on the campus.

GLORIA BUCHIGNANI

MAJOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Marin Junior College '37.

Meadowlark Business Staff '39.

Firebrand Business Staff '39.

International Relations Club.

German Club.

Drama Club.

**California Student Teachers'
Association**

A VIBRANT appearance, crisp black hair, vivid coloring, gleaming eyes, a rapidity of movement, immediately attract attention to Gloria. Her usually vivacious manner attracts people yet she will moodily depart from her wonted gaiety to ponder alone. Gloria has been best known for her dramatic portrayals of character parts and villainous roles. In conversation, her widely fluctuating, well-controlled voice easily interests others. She knows a great deal about many topics and can speak fluently on any of them. She loves to joke, to dance, to swim, and is active in Girl Scout work. Indeed, active is the word for Gloria. Her various moods, due perhaps to a combined heritage from Italian, Irish, English and French ancestry, are continually changing; she tumbles out her words when excited, and in the midst of a thousand worriments is always rushing home in Tippi-tin, her popular and hospitable bus.

JANICE BYRNE
MAJOR: EDUCATION

President Day Scholars Association '38.

President Albertus Magnus '38, '39.

Executive Board '38.

Secretary Class '36.

Gamma Sigma.

French Club.

Drama Club.

Debate Club.

Pi Delta Phi.

California Student Teachers' Association.

VIVACIOUS and versatile is Janice. Her rapid, bobbing walk and the quick upward toss of her head with its ever-changing array of curls, even the fluid quality of her voice, indicate her quickness of action. This quickness is also a characteristic of her decisions, of her likes and dislikes, and of her clear thinking. An ardent student of French, she is also a successful teacher of little children, a faithful member of the drama club, good in all class teams, and one of the tennis champions.

Janice and her classmates have liked her living at Fanjeaux since Christmas. She goes home Friday afternoons (to Mission Street in San Rafael) as if she were crossing the ocean, her suitcase as big as a steamer trunk and her eyes shining.

She does her work so well and so quickly that she always has time to help anyone who needs her, to do a bit of fine sewing or just to talk pleasantly with us in our rooms.

She delights in social life, especially dinner-dancing.

MERRY CARLTON

MAJOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from Stanford University '37.

President California Student
Teachers' Association.

Firebrand Business Staff '39.

MERRY slips quietly into Fanjeaux "a pencil-slim silhouette . . . subtle combination of pastel colors with the accent on the new fuschia shade." Her personality is true to her name; no matter how great her troubles she never inflicts them on her friends, and the house mother recalls her telephoning from Vallejo for late permission because "our house is on fire."

Merry's wit attracts all comers; and her puns sometimes of indifferent humor have threatened the solemnity of more than one assembly. Her gay tranquility gives way at one point. She hates being rushed. Her friends long since have given up trying to hurry her, and Matilda, her car, helps to keep her on time. Merry and Mattie, whose mellow, comfortable and completely lovable personality agrees with her own, are a rallying point for the light-hearted ones of the campus.

MARY CAVANAUGH

MAJOR: HISTORY

Executive Board '38.

International Relations Club,
'37, '38, '39.
French Club '36, '37, '38.
Gamma Sigma.
H. O. O. D.

MARY listens eagerly, leaning forward, her eyes glowing with interest, but she is the scholar of the college and she always has something to say. Whenever occasion demands she can pour forth her knowledge lucidly, illuminating our darker minds. Her brilliance gained her the name of "Maria Prima" in a philosophy class, and many call her that.

Her movements seem to match her mind, so quick are they; she never walks, but always seems lightly to run and no one ever sees her eat except in bird fashion. She reads hours at a time in the library and once she got locked in by mistake. Only a providential unseasonal return of the librarian saved her from spending the night there alone.

Football seems to excite her as much as her intellectual pursuits; she is an ardent rooter for St. Mary's. She prefers her books to the needle, but she loves above everything to go home, week-ends and week-days, whenever she can, always waving good-bye to her friends with an affectionate "Lambie" or "My Pet."

JANICE CHARGIN

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

Transferred from Stanford University '37.

Treasurer Spanish Club '39.

A VIVID, moody temperament reflects itself even in Charg's black hair, sometimes fluffed, bow-be-decked, or even "up" on her head. Always looking as if she stepped from a page in *Vogue*, she seems to choose her clothes to suit her momentary dispositions, for they are vivid and unusual as her own deep coloring. Frequent are her lamentations when, in search of a sympathizer, she stalks upon a group. Always in the midst of the tirade "Well I just won't, they can't make me"—she leaves in a huff. But Charg laughs a great deal, and the lisping future "social service worker" is often found relating her latest escapades to a group of hysterical companions. Innocent difficulties with her cars have acquainted her with every cop from here to San Jose. Amazing are her predicaments, everything happens to Charg. She really becomes excited in the heat of class discussions but she assumes a reckless attitude in the face of finals, disinterest in conventional activities; and in the midst of other peoples' excitement she makes unconcerned remarks on the necessity of dieting again or the remote possibilities of getting a degree.

Her week-ends prove the barometer for her moods the following week.

VIOLETTE CHASSEUR

MAJOR: EDUCATION

French Club '36, '39.

Schola Cantorum.

California Student Teachers'
Association '39.

VIOLETTE at first glance seems to be docile, while in reality she is not. When she makes up her mind to a thing, nothing can deter her from attaining her end; everything she does is done conscientiously, whether it be study, making candy or taking a picture of a friend. She is unflagging in her devotion to music and gives us a great deal of pleasure when occasionally she takes time from a busy day to play for us. Her pleasure is great in little things, such as making favors for a party or planning Saturday night suppers for the Stella Club. Her quiet humor creeps out unexpectedly so that when one meets it one is always pleasantly surprised. Violette is patient and kind in the fullest sense of the word. She will give up anything, go to any trouble to help us. She must be kindly in her teaching for her pupils cluster around her after school and write her letters so that her mail swells with each succeeding holiday.

ELIZABETH DE LORIMIER

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

President Student Body '39.

President Class '35, '36.

Secretary Student Body '37.

President W. A. A. '38.

President German Club '38.

Executive Board '37.

Meadowlark Staff '38.

Associate Editor Meadowlark '39.

Firebrand Staff '38, '39

Social Committee '36, '37.

International Relations Club.

Block D Society.

Albertus Magnus.

Drama Club.

Debate Club.

LIZ (so her friends, and everyone is her friend, call her) is our idea of a born leader. Four years ago when she rushed here enthusiastically preparing for a pre-Med course, everyone saw in her the future student body president. We always find her out in front, chin high, now as champion center forward in hockey, now presiding at Student Body assemblies with smiling, quick-thinking tact, or introducing important guests, now a striking figure at a college formal, or leading the Student Body into chapel. She is interested in each individual's problems and family, perhaps because of her own family of nine de Lorimiers, especially "smart little Tommy" in whose upbringing all Fanjeaux takes a personal interest. Elizabeth, to be sure, has her faults: her forgetfulness is amusing; her incredulity when she stares with childlike inquiry at jokes that have passed her by; her seeming lack of responsibility as she dashes off for a swim or a game of badminton at unexpected hours. But these imperfections are outweighed by her virtues. She has never been known to lose her temper. We are better for having known her, as is the school for her loyal and unswerving devotion.

ROSEMARY FRIEDENBACH

MAJOR: EDUCATION

Editor Meadowlark '39 II
 Associate Editor Firebrand '39.
 Treasurer Class '36.
 W. A. A. Board '37.
 Vice President Gamma Sigma
 '38-'39.

International Relations Club
 '36, '37, '39.
 French Club '35, '36.
 German Club '37, '39.
 H. O. O. D.
 Seven Arts Club '35, '36.
 Debate Club.
 California Student Teachers'
 Association

ALTHOUGH Rosemary is eminently practical she is, nevertheless, a romantic and confirmed idealist. One has to know her rather well to discover this quality, for she dislikes admitting it even to herself. She dislikes being thought of as essentially feminine, yet one wonders how such a dainty person can be a crack hockey player and a "dead-eye" at basketball. While she has a tranquil, well-balanced disposition herself, she is extremely sensitive to the rapid-changing moods of other people. Perhaps this is one reason that she made such a persuasive editor. Busy beyond most of us, she never seems busier than she is. There is little of the frivolous about her—she enjoys frivolity from the point of view of a spectator rather than that of a participant—but she is said never to neglect a chance for mischief. Her mind is ever active and she is always eager to learn. Her observation of character is lessened at times because she is inclined to be too charitable; her generosity is so quietly given that it is not fully appreciated—she is largely generous about the small but important things which are so often neglected. Although a conservative in her ideas and tastes she is surprisingly tolerant and unprejudiced.

CATHERINE GEARY

MAJOR: EDUCATION

Head of House Regulations '39.
Freshman Advisor '38.
Executive Board '38, '39.
Vice President Class '37.
Treasurer I. R. C. '39.
Executive Board '38, '39.

California Student Teachers'
Association.

CATHERINE is a composition of contradictions. A childlike shyness links with a firmness requisite for the Head of the House Regulations Committee. She strides determinedly down the hall to correct a noisy freshman and then smiles when she writes down the check. She is enviably athletic on the campus with her springing walk and her enjoyment of the outdoors; but on a week-end she becomes a different personality suiting her change in attire. To orders from established authority she opposes unvarying objections; to a request, she responds with a charming and appealing grace.

With acquaintances she is reserved and diffident, but her Irish eyes and shy smile captivate them. Her friends rely on the intensity of her affections, the strength of her unswerving loyalty, and her devotion to The Northwestern Pacific.

IRMA GILLE

MAJOR: NURSING EDUCATION
R. N. SAINT JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL
STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA

Albertus Magnus Club.

IRMA returned unobtrusively last fall after a three years' absence in training as a nurse. Many of us still remembered the chubby-cheeked Irma with the bluest eyes and longest fringed lashes, and blonde hair swept back and down, a top-knot of a curl up front. Warm in her old friendships, she has made many new ones in her own quiet effective way.

Whether she tells an amusing incident from the annals of the "cottage," or the sorrowful details of a disappointment, Irma always employs a vehemence surprising in one so small. And we shall miss the familiar sight of a small young lady zipping past Guzman in her blue "Anabelle" only to jerk to a stop before the side entrance and dash in one of two directions—to take charge of the infirmary invalids, or to take notes in a class.

KATHLEEN HALL

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

President Student Affairs '39.

Head of Meadowlands '38.

President of International Relations Club '38, '39.

Executive Board '38.

Social Committee '38.

International Relations Club
'37, '38, '39.

KATHLEEN can scold so agreeably that life goes on happily after the session is over. Responsible Kathleen, brave in any event, facing the Student Body with a sweet smile playing on her mouth, stern words on her lips, possesses a heroic self-control. This virtue, as well as her erect measured walk, and her executive ability belie her youthful years. Her gold-flecked eyes express a motherly interest in everyone and everything. Hers is the happy combination of intelligence, patience, and graciousness. Only Kathleen could have conducted our Pacific Coast International Relations Conference with such apparent ease. To any position Kathleen imparts an added dignity and devotes her full service.

Quite determined in her opinions, she remarks the inevitable "You think so" when unconvinced by anyone, and she is capable of subtle sarcasms and a surprising frankness. She laughs delightedly at pranks in which she has no part, or smiles, amused, at attempts to stir her quick sense of humor.

MARY HELFRICH

MAJOR: ENGLISH

Secretary-treasurer Class '39.
Vice President Class '38.
Editor of Meadowlark '38.
Meadowlark Staff '39.
Firebrand Staff '38, '39.
Art Editor Meadowlark '39.
Art Editor Firebrand '39.

French Club.
Drama Club.
Social Committee.

THERE is a dreamy expression in Mary's eyes that suggests her artist-poet qualities. Refinement, carefulness of speech, of thought, of every expression and action are Mary's. In her verse one is always conscious of these qualities, in her graceful prose, in her oils, her red chalk portraits and her woodcuts, even in the modest parts she has taken in plays. Behind disguises she emerges from her retiring personality and startles us with a screamingly funny characterization of Adolph Hitler. She adds much to our campus life in her quiet manner. An excellent listener, one loves to tell her an amusing happening, always sure of her slow smile and sudden laugh. Mary has carved innumerable woodcuts for our publications, written prose and poetry with fairy-like touch, designed spiritual bouquets that are the joy of the receivers.

She likes good table conversation, long walks, and swimming. She loves music and belongs to the care-free Saturday "Symphony in Tweeds" group. We shall always affectionately remember her as "Maria Secunda," a name she acquired in the History of Philosophy class.

VIRGINIA HOWELL

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

Business Manager Meadowlark
'38.

Orchesis.
Drama '38, '39.

FLAMING hair, very white skin, tilted nose, whimsical smile—an elfin face. A slight figure that seems made for the graceful dance in which she delights, a physical grace which is equalled by her skill in the arts. She has a flair for acting; very vivid was the impression she made when she came swiftly to our Lady as the Angel Gabriel. She spends many moments at the piano. Occasionally, in her soft hesitant speech, she takes time to dip into philosophical discussions. Thoroughly feminine, she is the belle of every dance and yet, eminently practical, she was business manager of last year's *Meadowlark*. She is impulsive and is at her best in spontaneous expression of herself. Gracious she is at all times, whether at informal gatherings in her home, or driving us back and forth from the village. A perfect hostess, she flits about in a quick vivacious way or sinks into a chair to talk sympathetically, seriously, or amusingly, to fit the mood of her guest. As one would expect, she has many friends.

HANORIA MCCARTHY

MAJOR: EDUCATION

President Gamma Sigma '38, '39.

Secretary Student Affairs Board
'37, '38.

Student Affairs Board '38, '39.

Albertus Magnus Club.
International Relations Club.
German Club.
French Club.
California Student Teachers'
Association.
Debate Club.

HANORIA is made up of surprises. Her brown eyes are so lovely and her speech so soft that one is astonished at the keenness of her mind and the pertinence of her analytical comments on life and character. And only this year we discovered that she has a gift for comic writing as well as witty speech. We used to think of her, first of all, as a scientist, but when she began her practice teaching she showed a surprising talent at cutting out animals for her first graders. We have learned also that she is an excellent housekeeper, and that she has a hobby of collecting recipes decorated with pictures of strawberries and cream, nut-trimmed cakes and such.

An army girl, she amuses us by her insistence that she is one of the war generation, even though born just four days before the end of the war. We picture her in many ways—in masquerade as Mussolini or a quaint little girl, in her more serious moments as center of a seminar in her room before an examination, or, again, planning a Gamma Sigma dinner.

She has learned how to meet adversity and while we enjoy most her soft-spoken wit and her comic sense we appreciate more her genuine and serious nature, and her loyalty.

JANET MUNSON

MAJOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from San Francisco College for Women '38.

Chairman Debate Club '39.

Business Manager Firebrand '39.

International Relations Club.
Drama Club.

JANET has a subtle tenacity of purpose and an effortless efficiency of procedure that always gain her what she seeks. She is one of the calmest and most serious members of the class, yet she is one of the youngest. She loves a joke, delights in extra-clever puns; when she hears anything approaching humor, she squints her eyes, and laughs, usually silently. Her low, soft voice pleases the ear as much as her beauty does the eye. Quite convinced in her opinions, she conveys the impression of always knowing exactly and completely what she is doing. Perfectly self-possessed always, she indulges in pointed sarcasms now and then, and her logical arguments are rarely beaten.

Actress "Première" of the college, she "gets across the footlights" just as successfully off-stage as she does in every production.

Janet has never encountered a situation she could not handle.

BETTY O'REILLY

MAJOR: EDUCATION

Secretary International Relations
Club '37, '38, '39.

Meadowlark Business Staff
'37, '38.

Business Manager Firebrand '39.
Secretary Regional Conference
International Club '39.

French Club.
Drama Club.
Debate Club.

WITH a determined set to her head, Betty rushes madly off somewhere to do something. She's continually rushing, or doing something. A veritable blonde dynamo, she adds a great degree of talkativeness to her other activities. Witty even when her big brown eyes grow bigger, browner, and sadder, she keeps everyone laughing. Punning and cross-fire are her favorite recreations, but she loves her vocation, which is teaching in the elementary school. Her vehemence of movement and determination to succeed always get her what she wants. Being business manager of this year's *Firebrand* was a proper task for Betty, the fountain of energy. Her friends sometimes affectionately observe that with her the end always justifies the means, but however this may be, we love to see the end in the making.

RELINA PUPPO

MAJOR: EDUCATION

Head of Fanjeaux '39.	Social Committee '38.
President French Club '39.	French Club.
Vice President Class '39.	
W. A. A. Board '38.	
Secretary-treasurer French Club	
'38.	
President of Sodality '37, '38, '39.	
Executive Board.	

RELINA smiles through life. Generous, kind, reliable, she guards others' concerns more than her own and works unselfishly for the good of all. Who can forget those classes cut in order that the Charity Bazaar might be a success, or the hours spent in decorating Christmas boxes amid the general bustle of the packing of suitcases, or the nights of keeping the house quiet that others might rest? There are, too, her more personal qualities. She loves a tidy room, the coziness of the Fanjeaux hearth with the weekenders for company, the simplicity of an impromptu picnic, the serenity of Inspiration Point at night, and the joy of daily Mass in the Main Chapel.

Some of us will miss her sudden outbursts of annoyance which pass as quickly as they come; her delighted giggles that more than once have threatened to disrupt the dining room waiting for Grace; her earnest concern as House Mother that all should be in order. But most of all we shall miss her smile of sympathy, a token of her deep good will.

PATRICIA RYAN

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

Treasurer Class '37, '38.

Secretary-treasurer W. A. A. '38,
'39.

Secretary Las Modernistas '37.

W. A. A. Board '37, '38.

International Relations Club.

Albertus Magnus Club.

Gamma Sigma.

French Club.

Block D Society.

PAT'S green eyes shine with "little-girl" eagerness, and her charming smile gives one a glad feeling. One notices first that she is slight in build, after that, the freshness and eagerness of her full-toned voice. Serious and gay she enthusiastically turns the business of life into a game and approaches her play with level seriousness. A fine tennis player, she makes a point of returning every ball and that is just the way she works in all activities. She likes life to be unexpected, yet she knows just what she wants and works tirelessly to accomplish her purpose.

When she is aroused to discussion, her eyes gleam with "inner knowledge" and she states her opinions with a tact that earns the admiration of her friends. Her winsome "littleness" proves no obstacle to her many athletic interests. One of her most curious hobbies is writing words backwards. She can always manage her work well enough to go to bed before the rest of us have started to study and has the reputation of the earliest to bed, earliest to rise. In the good, the bad or the indifferent, she searches out the best.

VERONICA SHANNON

MAJOR: EDUCATION

Business Manager Meadowlark
'39.

President Class '38.

W. A. A. Board '39.

Business Staff Firebrand '39.

Social Committee '38, '39.

Drama Club.

Spanish Club.

International Relations Club.

Block D Society.

California Student Teachers'

Association.

VERONICA is a born business woman. Her conscientious efforts to fulfill responsibilities make her the joy of those to whom the task falls of organizing charity sales or bestowing the financial success of a quarterly or a yearbook. Her versatility is evidenced in her social activities, her athletic powers, and her interchangeable major—education and sociology. Her initiative and independence showed in her practice teaching. In the always busy spring semester, she has devised and carried through two projects for her primary classes, and most of the campus knows about "The Father of Our Country," thanks to Veronica.

Fiery, independent, frank, at times to the point of being aggressive, Veronica shows her Irish inheritance in her dark curly hair, her eyes more hazel than blue, and in her inability to be worsted in an argument. Her most personal characteristic is a peculiar little trick of biting her small lips and putting her tongue in her cheek when she is pensive or very interested.

WINIFRED SCHWARZ

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

Secretary Class '36.
Treasurer Student Body '38.
Executive Board '38.
Social Committee '39.

Sociology Club.
French Club.
Drama Club.
International Relations Club.
Debate Club.
Gamma Sigma.

B LONDE Winifred's turned-up nose and husky voice go well together. A certain quickness characterizes her speech, and all her actions. Her ability to keep up a class discussion has been universally conceded and admired and her speedy talk is always having to be slowed down.

She is strongly religious and not given to indiscretions but she dislikes the idea of restrictions. The grove attracts her irresistibly. There she does her best studying and she studies well, for she is a member of the Honor Society. Her zeal and ambition appear also on the basketball court, where she has difficulty in keeping her feet; yet always keeps her head, as she comes up fighting.

Her very neat room which she shares with Bobbie Breen is done in red and white, bedspreads, rugs, even red leis on the mirror, and a red wolf-faced Micky-Mouse clock, so loud that no one else in the school could stand it.

"Winnie" is most amusing when she tries to straighten out difficulties that eventually take care of themselves, or mechanically talks to herself while she looks for misplaced articles.

HELENE THOMPSON

MAJOR: SPANISH

Art Editor Meadowlark '37, '38.	Gamma Sigma.
Art Editor Firebrand '38.	Spanish Club.
President Spanish Club.	Sigma Delta Pi.
President Sigma Delta Pi.	
President Day Scholars '39.	
Executive Board '39.	

HELENE is tall, and lithe; a flower is usually stuck in her black hair enhancing her dark loveliness and her gay clothes. She is interested in Spanish culture and she looks the personification of it with her dark eyes and lovely smile and the slow gay way she laughs. Helene spends much of her time up in the Art Studio. There her characteristic phrase, "But Mrs. Hamilton!" sounds to us as though the task ahead were simply impossible; yet she does ambitious wood-sculpturings, and designs feast day cards, or makes wood blocks with willingness and careful sureness. She dances with professional excellence. Generous with her talent, she delights us equally with her grace as a goddess in feathered headdress and sequins, or as a circus ballerina in toe slippers; and never will we forget the most charming dance of all, castanets clicking, when her little red slippers flash back and forth around the brim of a large sombrero.

RUTH WIDENMANN

MAJOR: EDUCATION

Vice President Student Body.

Student Affairs Board '39.

Executive Board '39.

Vice President Spanish Club '37,
'38.

Vice President German Club '39.

Secretary-treasurer of California
Student Teachers' Association.

International Relations Club.

TALL, slim Ruth wears clothes strikingly. With an artist's discrimination she has decided that classic sports outfits are her forte and she looks a designer's dream of the American Girl.

Ruthie, as her friends call her, would rather be nonsensical than sober. She makes a marvelous audience for jokes. Not only does she have mild hysteria (always before the story is finished) upon hearing an amusing tale, but it affects her for hours afterward. Her laughter is so hearty and contagious that it spreads to all within hearing distance.

But she can be serious, too. She strives conscientiously to fulfill her student body offices, for her ideals are high and demanding. She studies, but not so unswervingly that she doesn't occasionally drop her work for a bit of fun. She has unusual consideration for others and does those little things we all appreciate.

Her one fault is a temper, which is a sore trial to her, but we like it for the spice it lends her personality.

Seriousness, dutifulness, consideration thoroughly permeated with cheer, a bubbling fun—that is Ruth.

BARBARA WOODHEAD

MAJOR: EDUCATION

Freshman Class Representative
'36.

Executive Board '36, '37.

W. A. A. Board '38.

President Drama Club '38, '39.

Student Affairs Board '39.

President Class '37.

President Class '39.

Secretary Class '38.

French Club.

Drama Club.

California Student Teachers'
Association.

EVEN "Boobie" herself wonders how she does what she does as well as she does. With a finger in almost every activity, she appears the most nonchalant person in the college, and seems never to worry about attaining results. Talented in acting, she takes major roles in most of our plays. A gift for getting anything done makes her indispensable at any school gathering. She walks with an easy stride, her head up, moans much about the "musts," wonders, brown eyes big, how she can possibly make arrangements for the dances, finish her debate speech, select the best verse from the old *Meadowlarks*, and *Firebrands* for the college anthology, arrange for class pictures, and pick out the graduation shoes, not to speak of learning her part in *As You Like It* after a "flight home" week-end. "Boobie" can be serious or flippant as she pleases, and she charms us just as much when she solemnly discusses problems, discourses on the history and etymology of her nickname or outrageously denounces the drawbacks of being so busy. Above all she is an actress, child of moods, and the most pleasant of them all is when she dominates a group with her humorous observations and spontaneous laugh.

THE JUNIORS

WHOEVER said that in its third year of college a class becomes sophisticated was not referring to the juniors of 1939. Though this class has acquired a great deal of poise and restraint since they first entered college as shy, gauche freshmen and grew into carefree sophomores they still retain a natural exuberance, a love of fun and an originality which in past years earned them the name of problem children. This year, as they have assumed the responsibilities of upperclassmen, the juniors might be compared to an astute individual issuing orders and main-

taining discipline with a reminiscent mischievous gleam of the eye.

The juniors this year successfully planned and financed the first Junior Prom of the college, an idea suggested by Bette Weis and wholeheartedly supported by the class. They have set a new mark for club enterprises. Pat Bannan and Sue Seil (president and vice-president of the W.A.A.) revived the old idea of a circus and under Miss Millette's direction put on one of the most successful ever given. In the athletic field the juniors have shown enthusiasm if not astounding ability, making a favorable showing in the hockey, basketball and volleyball games. Two new juniors, Tallulah Gibb and Mary Crane, were acclaimed as stars by the class for their guarding ability in the basketball tournament; Marie Harris and Mary Quinn are rated not only the best badminton doubles in the class, but one of the best in the school. In the Art department June Rawlings does fine red chalk portraits, and she also plays leading roles in our dramas. The class claims also that two juniors, Frances Musso and Betty Brisbois, have the highest and lowest singing voices in the whole Schola Cantorum. Betty, in addition to her voice of great quality and quantity, has a business ability which has made her an efficient Post Mistress of the college for two years and treasurer

of the student body this year. The class, too, has prominent members in the French and Spanish clubs, and representatives in all the other clubs on the campus. Although the juniors as a whole are often accused of lacking interest in study, over one-fifth of the class are members of Gamma Sigma, the honor society. For the first time in many years, a junior, Jane Crawford, is editor of the *Firebrand*. Another junior, Florence Wang, from China, is master printer for the Press at Anne Hathaway.

The junior class shield, a gold crown and star on a background of royal purple, bears the motto "Virtus corona sua." The class has come to realize the worth and demand of this standard. They have discovered at last that virtue is its own reward.

ANNE SMITH '40

THE SOPHOMORES

WE SOPHOMORES have not become quiet and overly-serious now that we have put the problems of the freshman year behind us even though we received the blow of having to take over freshman duties again since Meadowlands was made into a freshman hall and we remained the youngest students in Fanjeaux. No, this year has been more of a coming-out party for us. Possibly we have become recognized because our ideas have become more practical, or it may be that our class is very well balanced.

We have intellectuals, talented musicians, artists, actresses, writers, debaters, and athletes. We have such active leaders as Caroline Gibb, who made a wonderful circus barker, and who has been elected W. A. A. president for next year. We have capable June Stricker, the secretary of the Student Body, and then the happy throng who chose the tune of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" for our class song, and the clowns who carried their buffoonery into the circus, and the group who made the Valentine party possible. Can such students be termed passive or indifferent sophomores? Of course not, so active are we that the early departure of one of our active, talented class members almost disrupted the school calendar.

Last year we thought that we were "flying with our own wings" to live up to the motto of our class shield. This year when we received our class bracelets, we found something resembling geese or wild ducks, or even inverted Washington seagulls, as the Donovan twins suggested. Finally some realistic moderns decided that they are Mercury's twentieth century winged track shoes.

With all our modern tendencies, track shoes and ragtime songs, we have shown our capabilities by the serious part we have played in both scholastic and extra-curricular activities this year.

Now, as we approach our junior year, we realize that much more will be expected of us than ever before, so we sophomores earnestly hope that we shall be able to use our talents well, and that we may possibly equal, if not exceed, the high example which has been left at the college by the women who have preceded us.

BETSY BENNETT '41

THE FRESHMEN

UP the broad front steps of Meadowlands, suitcase clutched tightly in hand, feeling strangely alone in the excited group of new-arrivals, each freshman came last fall, a bit uncertain as to what was expected of her, but determined to enjoy college life to the full. From that first day the entire freshman class took part in every phase of school life. With equal zeal they attacked the dirty white shoes of their sophomore sisters during initiation and the problem of writing a composition on the mid-day sky for their English class. During initiation week they wore long

black stockings and green bows with good humoured abandon and in the freshman program demanded of them they displayed various talents as well as a pleasant spirit of working together.

It was with great concern, however, that the upperclassmen watched their entrance, for they were to be the first freshmen to occupy a house by themselves. At Fanjeaux there was much controversy about the new freshman house, for some of the juniors were certain that the freshmen would now miss the pleasure of senior friendships, and the sophomores found themselves still the youngest members of the house. Some of the upperclassmen rejoiced at having Fanjeaux to themselves, while others thought that it lacked much of its usual liveliness. The freshmen, however, took possession of Meadowlands with great ardor. During the first weeks two seniors and three sophomores remained to watch over them, but the seniors felt themselves out of place in the midst of such youth and soon joined their friends in Fanjeaux. The sophomores managed to stay until Christmas, for one of them was head of the house, but at the beginning of the second semester they decided that they, too, must move up to Fanjeaux. Before leaving one of them complained that by this time the only hint which the freshmen had of their exist-

ence was in their checks. Their departure was hardly noticed, but the freshmen soon discovered that they were left alone for the first time in the history of the college. Meadowlands was distinctly a freshman house and continued as such for the rest of the year under a freshman head, and without a single upper-classman residing within its walls. Odd as it may seem the president was the only member of the class to live at Fanjeaux (her father had engaged her room before the freshman house had been decided upon), but she managed to make Meadowlands her semi-abode by visiting it as often as possible.

In their delight at finding themselves with a house of their own the freshmen explored it from cellar to attic. After their discovery of the more prosaic things like the laundry room and the kitchen in the basement, they proceeded to investigate the more intriguing region of the fourth floor. Here they found tiny rooms hidden up under the roof and an attic filled with mysterious old things. Their explorer's instinct led them to unearth all sorts of treasures in the attic, and they did not hesitate to make use of them. An old dressmaker's form, dragged down the stairs and dressed in a coat and hat, gave many a fright until the discoverers were ordered to return it to its place. From that time the attic remained locked in order to

protect the rest of its contents. Then the freshmen turned to the less exciting but just as enjoyable pleasures of a game of bridge before an open fire in the green room, or of sunning themselves on the circular porch outside the green room. Every evening from seven to eight the hall by the telephone booths became the most popular place in the house. Between discussing the last week-end's dates and making new ones, the telephones were kept constantly busy at that hour. It was like undertaking an arctic expedition to try to descend the back stairs at this time, for they were always covered with girls of all sizes and descriptions who would jump up *en masse* every time the telephone rang. Woe to the stranger who was caught in this stampede! Even one seasoned freshman fractured her foot in the *mêlée*. But after the eight o'clock bell all was quiet in the hall, and one might venture past without encountering any great danger.

It did not take the freshmen long to adjust themselves to the radical change from high school to college. Once the impressive ceremonies of Shield Day had been completed and they had sung their freshman song they felt themselves a part of the college. In fact if at this point the freshmen had departed they would have been much missed.

School activities profited by their presence. Al-

though they were not well enough skilled to win any of the inter-class games, they entered whole heartedly into all sports, supplying players not only for the freshman teams, but for all special teams as well. Several future dramatic stars appeared from their ranks who did all in their power to contribute to the success of the school plays. Freshman articles and woodcuts were accepted by the *Meadowlark* and the *Firebrand*, paving the way for further contributions in future years. They were so impressed by a tea at which the juniors, under Miss Foley's direction, read their best history term papers that they planned a like event for themselves to show their appreciation for Miss Foley's teaching and her kindness to them.

To be sure, at times the freshmen became too exuberant, for they would allow themselves to do nothing halfway. The same vigor with which they wielded a hockey stick was used to break rules, and then again to repent for their misdemeanors. When they became noisy, they became completely noisy, to the distress of the proctors. But their dauntless spirit has kept them firm in their desire to take their place in college life. They have proved that they are capable of running their own house, and they have grown to regard Meadowlands as truly their own. They have even had a picture taken of their class to hang in the

house as a remembrance of the first freshman class to reside there. Now as the semester draws to a close the freshmen look forward happily to the next three years for the resolution with which they came they have fulfilled, and they have become a part of the college.

JEANNE BRADLEY '42

POPE PIUS XI

PIUS XI possessed many titles—Pope of Order, Social Justice, Missions, Catholic Action. The list could go on interminably, for during his pontificate of seventeen years there were few things which Achille, as Pius XI, did not better by his touch.

The greatest of all his titles, however, is that of Pope of Peace—the elusive peace for which he unceasingly labored all the days of his life. His motto, "The Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ," he chose with his name. His first words as pope were "Pius is the name of Peace. Therefore, desirous as I am of dedicating my efforts to the work of world pacification to which my predecessor, Benedict XV, consecrated himself, I choose the name Pius XI."

To Pius peace meant not only the avoidance of war but the construction of a peace that would endure deep in the hearts of God's children, a peace that would make the world as God wanted it to be. This was the same peace he had sought and found as Achille Ratti in the quiet of the seminary, in the stillness of Alpine heights, in the scholarly atmosphere of the Ambrosian library. His was a peace not of resignation or acceptance of defeat but a peace for which he was ready to fight both to impart and main-

tain, for which he did fight, in every part of the world. The war which had displaced the peace between the Vatican and the Italian government for fifty years still cast its blot over the beginning of Pius's pontificate. Yet his first act as pope, blessing the whole world from an outside balcony at St. Peter's, foreshadowed his determination to end this "war" and to end the fifth imprisonment of the Holy See. These hopes he realized with the signing of the Lateran Pacts and with the confirmation of the treaty by Il Duce's visit to the Vatican. The pope had first made peace with his resident nation.

This was only a beginning of the work for the spread of peace, for Pius desired to bring peace into the hearts of all. The pursuit of this ideal gave rise to some of the greatest of all papal encyclicals concerning social life. Re-blessing and re-establishment of the marriage state, movement of Catholic youth education, instruction on labor problems were all employed as means for building the character of a new generation and for reconstructing the social order.

Pius declared Catholic Action to be the means of obtaining universal Peace, and he defined the new movement as "Participation and collaboration of the laity in the hierarchy of the apostolate" and placed

it by its very nature and purpose above and beyond any political group. In Catholic Action he visioned a union of the laity on a basis of unity of faith and functioning as a standing army against evil forces. Through his interest and approbation Catholic Action groups grew in all parts of the world. Those of the United States daily became more aware and more active in their realization of the principles set forth by Pope Pius.

It was the Holy Father alone who could muster the courage he advocated in condemning governments destroying the institutions of internal and international peace. It was he alone who dared to voice his opinions while civil governments sat by, silent. In his spirit of Catholic Action and the desire for the peace of Christ, Pius closely followed missionary activities; this interest, great before he became pope, earned him the student nickname "Africanista." His student dreams persisted, to become realities during his pontificate. He followed closely and supported, missions throughout the world. His ambition was to replace missionaries by native clergy; "India must be converted by the Indians" was a characteristic edict. He himself established a native diocese in India; he consecrated, also, six Chinese bishops.

Thus Achille Ratti, the two hundred and sixty-

first successor of Peter, labored to bring "Peace on earth." It is significant that God chose a time when the world seemed to be on the verge of war to take His Pacifist Pope to the Home of Peace. The Heavenly Father kept the heart of Pius XI unhurt from the shattering of the peace he held so precious.

We pray that the memory of the goodness of this great, good man live forever as a monument for all who crusade for peace and as the motivator of a purpose for which all participants in Catholic Action strive.

"Requiescat in pace."

BETTY BRISBOIS '40

GOD WITH US

Seek you Him in a star
To pluck down from afar
The reachless, faultless sun
With sightless striving won?
Nay, you but grasp the dust
That floats on star beams, gusts
Which flee the panting breath
Yet taunting, lead to death.

Seek you Him in the earth
In radiance of birth
In driven snow, in healing rain
In short-lived joy, in blinding pain.
And lo, the star descends from high
To light the task, to ease the sigh.
And flower bloom, the pollen's breath
Gladdens the life that lives in death.

JANE ABBOTT CRAWFORD '40

POPE PIUS XII

“**I** BRING you tidings of great joy; we have a Pope, the Most Eminent and the Most Reverend Eugenio Pacelli, who has given to himself the name Pius XII.”

With these words Caccio Cardinal Dominioni announced to the world the election, by the College of Cardinals, of the beloved Secretary of State to Pius XI as successor to the throne of St. Peter. The cheering crowds outside testified to the world's enthusiastic acceptance of the choice.

We, in the Archdiocese of San Francisco, were pleased not only because we knew his gentle priestliness, his deep spirituality, his wisdom and his fine diplomatic sense, but also because as Cardinal he had visited our city in 1936, had blessed our Bridge, had spoken in our Cathedral, had given us all in the Archdiocese of the City of St. Francis his Apostolic Benediction. Archbishop John J. Mitty expressed his realization of the honor at the Mass celebrating the occasion, “From the day when Junipero Serra broke the trail of El Camino Real, there has never come to our shores here, a more distinguished visitor.”

And now Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli has been made Pope, “the Servant of the servants of God,” the Vicar

of Christ on Earth, and we joyfully unite with the rest of the world in the prayer that he may have a long, glorious reign and that his days may be gladdened by peace, that "tranquility in the friendship of God" for which he has dedicated his Pontificate.

PATRICIA BANNAN, '40

Reprinted from *The Meadowlark*, March 1939

TWO MOTHERS

AFTER long years of growth and development it is fascinating to look back at beginnings, and since we are celebrating the ninetieth year of our Dominican Sisters in California, it is but natural that we should be interested in the women who began the labors which have made our existence possible.

It is to Mother Mary Goemaere that we must look first, but with her we must associate also Mother Louisa and the companion of their first years in California, Sister Francis Stafford.

To Mother Mary's courage we owe our foundation. The plea of Bishop Joseph Sadoc Alemany, made in 1850 to the Sisters in the Convent of the Cross in Paris where she was a novice about to be professed, moved her to offer herself as a missionary to help found the first convent school in California. Two postulants joined her, but they were exchanged in Somerset, Ohio, for Sister Francis Stafford and Sister Aloysia, whose name was later softened to Louisa for the Spanish children she first taught in Monterey. Mother Mary continued her journey to California with Bishop Alemany and Father Sadoc Vilarrasa while Sister Francis and Sister Aloysia remained in Somerset until the latter had made her final vows.

Mother Mary was a woman of forty, although she herself had but just completed her novitiate. A daguerreotype taken when she was in the fullness of her powers, shows a face of great strength, a broad brow, the eyes large, deep-set, and wide apart, eyes that seem to see far into things. It is a remarkable face that gives one a sense of spirituality and power; slightly it suggests Savonarola. Mother Mary, one may gather, feared God, her love being great, but she feared no man. She was tall and had the robustness of the Belgian race from which she sprang; no danger, no hardship could daunt her.

Mother Louisa, too, was of commanding presence, but her face, in strong contrast to Mother Mary's, is delicately moulded and of a classic beauty; her eyes were deep blue, her skin transparent in its fairness, her voice soft with the intonations of the south and perhaps of the Irish, for she was born O'Neill and a Virginian.

Sister Francis was English by birth. Her face is rounded, kindly in expression, and she lacks the height of the two Mothers. Her life was spent mainly in teaching younger children and her special delight was in preparing them for their first Holy Communion.

Mother Mary and her companions, the Bishop and

Father Vilarrasa (who was so small that once he was taken for the altar boy come to announce the priest), sailed to Panama by way of New York. The isthmus they crossed by mule back, one mule for the Bishop and Father Vilarrasa and one for Mother Mary. Once, it is told, when the first mule balked under his double burden, Mother Mary rode up and prodded it so with her stick that henceforth it traveled properly.

The party arrived in San Francisco from Panama, December 6, 1850, and after a brief stay proceeded to Monterey, Bishop Alemany's episcopal city, and there established Santa Catalina, the first convent school for girls in California, a plain adobe building which had belonged to Don Guillermo Hartnet but which served well for a day school and for a few boarders.

The children to be taught spoke only Spanish and Mother Mary at first spoke only French, but Bishop Alemany and Father Vilarrasa assisted with the teaching and by the time Sister Aloysia and Sister Francis arrived five months later, the school was well on. The Convent of Santa Catalina had a cosmopolitan beginning and a great tradition behind it. Mother Mary and the priests who gave so generously of their time and talents to the new school, brought with them the

teachings of St. Dominic and the culture of the old world. An hour or two in the amazing library of the Dominicans at the college of St. Albertus Magnus in Oakland gives one a sense of the intellectual interests, the sound and high scholarship of the men who made the beginnings of the Dominican Order in California. Mother Mary made no claim to be a scholar, but whatever she did she did with French thoroughness. Her account books and the transcripts of spiritual writings she made for her sisters throw light on her character, so exact and beautiful is her writing, and so fine the religious teaching on which she desired to nourish her sisters.

The school in Monterey flourished. Even in the famine year of 1852 the pupils numbered one hundred and fifty. A larger building had to be purchased, and, since even in good works pride lies lurking, Mother Mary may not have been without her moments of satisfaction when she looked at her Santa Catalina. But just as its roots seemed to have taken fast hold, circumstances required that the convent be removed to Benicia, then the capital of California. In August, 1854, Mother Mary was obliged to go forth again, this time carrying with her a novitiate and a school, all that had grown up with her in the new world.

The school at Benicia, called St. Catherine's Academy, grew well. Under the government of Mother Mary and later of Mother Louisa it became a notable establishment where young ladies were trained thoroughly in all the knowledge and elegancies of the day. But in the course of time difficulties came. The capital of California was removed to Sacramento, and Benicia ceased to be a centre of importance. In 1889 when she was an old woman, Mother Mary had to hear the words, "Either we must move the school to San Rafael or we must starve"; she saw the school and the novitiate moved to San Rafael, but this time she remained in the convent she had founded. Both she and Mother Louisa ended their days at Benicia; one may see their graves there, in the old Benicia graveyard.

Santa Catalina is but a ruin in Monterey; we in San Rafael directly inherit the traditions of St. Catherine's Academy, but a grammar school for boys and girls thrives at St. Catherine's Convent, and one still feels there the spirit of Mother Mary and Mother Louisa, austerity, strength, graciousness blended. One feels it in the old furnishings of the parlours, in the few ornaments and paintings, in the paved cloister gardens, in the relics of Mother Mary, her work basket and her clock, but most of all in the chapel,

large and richly decorated even when the convent was poorest, for Mother Mary would spare no cost for the chapel.

The older sisters still remember their first mothers in the convent. They tell amusing stories about Mother Mary, her quaint mistakes in the English tongue, her quaint logic in the demands she made, out of her own strength, on human nature, but they always speak of her with affection and reverence. If she was sometimes hard on others, she was harder on herself. "You do nothing," she would say, "for Mother Mary or for Mother Louisa, you do it for the least of your brethren;" so in the minds of her sisters and the children she taught she kept always an awareness of God's claim on the soul.

Mother Louisa was perhaps gentler, but her spirit was not frail, although her beauty was so delicate. It is told that her first night in San Francisco she could not sleep, because she had to keep the rats from running across her face, but that Sister Francis slept because she knew her companion would be watchful. Her life was one of joyous self sacrifice. She loved teaching and she loved sharing the recreation pleasures of her pupils, especially picnics, when the school would ride off in great wagons drawn by oxen. She is said to have been talented in writing,

but time never permitted her to write. Doubtless she did much better things in the care of the young girls who remember her with gratitude and affection. "I do still think," one charming grandmother remarks, "that Mother Louisa was a little hard to punish me for whistling," but nothing harder than that can be heard about Mother Louisa. "She was a southern lady," one of her sisters muses; "a beautiful religious," says another, and someone remembers the significant detail that when she visited San Rafael she was especially kind to the black cook, Corinna. Her charity, it seems, went out to all, as Mother Mary had enjoined, even to "the least of your brethren."

Humbly and proudly we look back at the women in whom we have our beginnings. Of themselves, they would say, they accomplished nothing. "Daughters of the Cross" they were rooted in Mother Mary's Paris convent that withstood the Terror and the July Revolution but, exiled by the laws of the early twentieth century, found refuge in Kain in Belgium, near the Dominican Monastery of the Saulchoir. A constant stream of prayer for Mother Mary and her sisters has gone up from the Convent of the Cross, rooted in St. Dominic whose strength comes for himself and for all his children from Christ.

S. C. M.

REFLECTIONS AFTER FOUR YEARS

"A UNIVERSITY is a place which attracts the affections of the young by its fame, wins the judgment of the middle-aged by its beauty, and rivets the memory of the old by its associations." These requirements of Cardinal Newman for an ideal university we seem to find in our own college. As a matter of fact, the Dominican College of San Rafael is still young, but it is old enough for its graduates, for even the seniors in the college today, to feel their memories riveted by its associations.

The idea of the college goes back to the year 1891, when Mother Louis realized the need for a Catholic College in this far western world. It took great courage to begin, since higher education for women is not possible without great cost, continual work, and sacrifice. The college in its present form has not existed since 1891. In that year, however, it was incorporated with the power to confer degrees under the state of California. A cultural school was then founded that has since developed into the College itself. The junior college was established in 1915 with three or four students living in St. Thomas Hall. The de Young estate was purchased in 1919, and in August of that year Meadowlands was formally opened as a junior

college. The fifteen students of the first semester, the seventeen of the second, lived and studied in Meadowlands. (The wing which includes the assembly hall, and the greater part of the present dormitory, had not yet been added.) The green room was used for a dining room, and inspecting professors interested in accrediting the school peered from the basket chairs in the white room at students who felt keenly that the future of their Alma Mater hung upon the quality of their class discussions. As the number of students grew, Ferndell was rented; then Edge Hill (now Santa Sabina) was purchased from Mrs. Babcock and the dining room was transferred there; Meadowlands was still used for classes. Angelico Hall was built and for a time served for college class rooms and college dormitory. The two science buildings were equipped, the physics building, thanks to Dr. Minor, one of the best small laboratories in the country. The first degrees were awarded in 1922 to a class of four students. In the same year the Dominican College of San Rafael was placed on the approved list of the University of California. In 1924 it was accredited by the State Board of Education to issue teaching credentials, and in November, 1926, it was named on the approved list of the Association of American Universities, an honor given to but one other woman's

FANJEUX

college on the Pacific Coast. In 1927 Fanjeaux was built. In 1930 the college became a member of the American Association of University Women. In the same year Guzman Hall was constructed. In 1935 the campus was unified by the acquisition of Benincasa, the long-desired Buck estate. Then came the open-air theatre in Forest Meadows. This theatre and Angelico Hall have become centers of musical appreciation for Marin County.

We may wonder how growth can be so rapid and yet not of mushroom character. The steady development of our college has a three-fold explanation: it has been from the beginning a community effort, its directors have been women of insight and vision who have strongly persevered through days of adversity, and, most of all, it has been deeply rooted in the Dominican tradition, proven through the centuries. Dominican College now stands among the foremost Catholic colleges in the country, a living memorial to Mother Louis, who first conceived the idea of a college, an idea carried out by her successor. A beautiful campus, a rich library, a chosen faculty have been given to us; we feel a unity of spirit, a high purpose underlying our college life. We are presented with a precious gift of Dominican background, heritage of scholars and of saints.

Our college has always possessed the traits of a medieval university. It is and always has been a centre of intellectual life for the neighboring people; here, there is a concentration on the essentials; the teacher, moreover, inspires and serves as a guide to more intensive study on the part of the student; a quiet, spiritual atmosphere leads one to learn thoroughly and pleasantly; and, underlying all, like the tones of the bass viol in a symphony, is the wealth of Aristotelian philosophy, the theology of St. Thomas, and the teaching of St. Dominic.

As seniors, we should like to predict that which "rivets the memory of the old by its associations." Alumnae who come back after an absence of years, women who have been successful in music, art, literature, business, in social service, as teachers and as mothers, often repeat that commonplace of regret, "If only I had appreciated what I was getting when I was here." First and foremost, we receive a Dominican education, one that has been thoroughly academic, guided by religion. Next we have made lasting friendships. Our class shield is a symbol of both heritages. Our formal acceptance by the older students, began our college career; the class shield, presented to us on that day, we have carried through the years. We wear it engraved on our senior rings

with the school shield. The same green and gold shield set in a stained glass window is unveiled in the Meadowlands assembly room the day before graduation. In the years to come numerous incidents will bring recollections of the friendliness and the inspiration of college days. Perhaps the burning of eucalyptus will recall a swift game of hockey in Forest Meadows; people gathered about an open fire will bring to mind a spirited basketball game in Hanify Hall while our less energetic companions clustered about the fireplace, or we may remember a W. A. A. dinner under the bay trees by the barbecue pit; an evening at the St. Francis will bring to mind a last college formal; at Christmas we may recall the hundreds of ice cream Santa Clauses as they were wheeled in, bright with tiny burning candles, amid the singing of *Jingle Bells*; a woman's club gathering will remind us of Student Body meetings, thoughtful or amusing; the music of an organ will summon a host of memories—the solemn dignity of a procession into chapel, Benediction, the beloved hymn of St. Thomas, *Panis Angelicus*, the unbelievably beautiful singing of a Mass. Much as our remembrances will mean to us after we have left school they will be, at best, passive, fleeting elements in busy lives. Our greatest joy will lie in the sure knowledge that we have shared in

the living, growing Dominican College of San Rafael,
that we have helped form its traditions, caused its
influence to be felt and its worth to be acknowledged
—that it is, in very truth, our Alma Mater.

R. F. '39

WHITE SPRING

White winter denied,
Spring bursts
White
On San Rafael
In pendant snowballs,
Banks of milky hawthorn,
Gales of cotton wood,
Lawns flecked by daisies.
The cotton wood
Flies
In late April
From the foliage of full trees
Without Guzman
On unseen breeze.
Tiny specks whirl
In milling storm
Of teeming white;
They sail down
To mat the green lawn grey
To blow, tumbling balls, down the marble halls.

MARY O'GARA '41

DON QUIJOTE . . . A PORTRAIT

(Translated from the Spanish of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547-1616), native of Castile, student of Alcalá de Henares, secretary to Cardinal Acquaviva in Italy, soldier at Lepanto, slave in Algiers, European traveler, Spain's greatest novelist and the most genial of the world's satirical humorists.)

IN a town of La Mancha, whose name I cannot now recall, there lived, not so very long ago, one of those noblemen who keep their lance in the lance rack, and possess an ancient shield, a bony nag and a swift greyhound. He was wont to consume three-quarters of his income on food; he was accustomed to have a stew, more beef than mutton, well seasoned, on every-day nights, odds and ends on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and once in a while, a pigeon by way of treat on Sundays. The remaining fourth he spent on raiment; a doublet of broadcloth and breeches of velvet for fiestas with slippers to match. On weekdays he wore a suit of fine homespun. His menage included a housekeeper just passing forty, a niece not yet arriving at twenty, and a general choreboy who saddled the nag and handled the pruning knife. Our nobleman was grazing fifty. He was of a sallow complexion, gaunt of face, cadaverous of figure. He was

an early riser and an enthusiast of hunting. Some say that his surname was Quijada or Quesada, but in this case there are differences of opinion among the authors who treat of the subject, although from likely conjectures, it is understood that his name was Quejana. But this is of little importance to our story. It suffices for the narration of events not to depart one iota from the truth.

Let it be known then concerning the above-mentioned nobleman, that during his intervals of leisure which occupied most of the year he devoted himself to reading novels of chivalry with so much liking and delight that he almost entirely forgot the exercise of the hunt and even the administration of his small estate. His curiosity and extravagance in this matter went so far that he sold many an acre of land, already sown, in order to purchase novels of chivalry that he might read, and thus, he took home as many books as he could procure.

And of all the books, none seemed to him so good as those the famous Feliciano de Silva composed. His clarity of prose and his devious manners of reasoning seemed to our nobleman as precious as pearls. He became more impressed when he began to read the flowery compliments, the challenges to duels, and intricately phrased passages such as the following ap-

pealed particularly to him: "The reason of the unreason that affects my reason weakens my reason to such an extent that with reason I complain of your beauty," or "The high heavens that because of your divinity divinely fortify you with stars and make you deserving of the merits that your merit deserves." This mania of reasoning resulted in the loss of the poor gentleman's judgment, for he made such great efforts to understand motives and penetrate meanings which even Aristotle himself could not have fathomed were he resurrected especially for this purpose. . . .

Ofttimes he had arguments with the priest of his village, (who was a graduate of the University of Siguënza) concerning the superiority in horsemanship of Palmerín de Inglaterra or Amadís de Gaula. Maese Nicolás, the barber of the same town, however, used to maintain that neither was the peer of the "Cavalier of Phoebus," and that if anyone were at all comparable it was Don Galaor, the brother of Amadís de Gaula, because he was the most adaptable to circumstances, because he was not too fastidious a knight, nor was he lachrymose like his younger brother, although he equaled him in deeds of valor.

Our nobleman, in fact, became so involved in these novels of chivalry that he passed his nights reading

from light to light and his days from dark to dark. Thus, from too little sleep and too much reading, his brains dried up to such an extent that he lost his sanity. His imagination became so filled with enchantments, conflicts, battles, duels, wounds, love speeches, amours, torments and impossible nonsense.

Having lost his sanity, he stumbled upon the strangest plan that a monomaniac had ever conceived in the world; i.e., he felt that in order to add to his personal honor and to do service for his country, he should become a knight-errant. This meant that he should go through the whole world with his arms and his horse, seeking adventures, practicing all that he had read of knight-errantry, righting wrongs, undertaking risks and dangers, in the pursuit of which he would gain eternal name and fame. The poor dreamer imagined himself already crowned as emperor of Trapisonda because of the might of his arm. Indulging in these agreeable thoughts, he was beside himself with pleasure, and hastened to carry into effect what he so intensely desired. His first act was to clean the armor belonging to his ancestors which had been left discarded in a corner, centuries ago, to accumulate mould and rust. He repaired and polished the pieces as best he could, but he noticed that a portion of the helmet was missing. His industry supplied with card-

board the omission, achieving the appearance of a complete head-piece. By way of test, he pierced it with his sword and ruined with one thrust the labor of a week. He could not help being disappointed at its facile destruction, and realizing the danger inherent in the fragile segment, he began anew to mend the helmet, fortifying it with iron bars inside. Finally, he convinced himself of its strength, but not daring to experiment again, he decided to consider his new attempt a very fine specimen of closed-in helmet.

Then he went to look at his nag whose defects exceeded Gonela's horse, but seemed to its owner superior to Alexander's Bucephalus or the Cid's Babieca. He spent four days in the contemplation of an adequate name, and finally resolved to call him Rocinante, a name, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous and significant for the supreme horse of the world.

Having been so successful in the name of his horse, he wished to rechristen himself appropriately. He thought for eight days, and finally called himself Don Quijote. . . . But remembering that the brave Amadís was not content with calling himself simply Amadís, but had added the name of his realm and fatherland in order to let it share in his fame, calling himself Amadís de Gaula, so our nobleman, as a good cavalier, wished to name himself Don Quijote de la

Mancha, which he felt declared vividly his lineage and fatherland, and by this addition to share the honor.

His arms polished, his helmet mended, his nag named, himself rechristened, he felt that he lacked nothing now except to find a woman with whom he could become enamored, because he reasoned that a knight-errant uninspired by love was like a tree without leaves or fruit, or a body without a soul.

It happened that in a town nearby there lived a comely peasant girl with whom he could have at one time fallen in love, although, it is understood, she never knew of his tender feeling toward her. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo. To her he decided to give the title of queen of his thoughts, seeking for a name that would not deviate too far from her own and yet be appropriate to a princess or a noble lady. He named her Dulcinea del Toboso, because she was a native of Toboso. He chose the name also because it was musical, exotic and significant, as were the names he had given to his horse and to himself.

CAROLINE AND TALLULAH GIBB

MADAME PELE'S KINDNESS

THE SUN beat down upon the roof of the house. Its heat penetrated into every corner and left no room for escape. Kemoo's heart was heavy within him for he knew what this meant. Madame Pele's anger had again been aroused and she would continue sending forth streams of molten lava until she felt herself avenged for

the wrongs done her by the Island people. Kemoo glanced about the room with a tender look; his eyes rested on the figure of his ancient mother, lying upon a tapa-covered couch. The heat had made her quite weak and little beads of perspiration covered her wrinkled brow; it was here that she had come to spend the rest of her days and Kemoo had promised in his heart to remain always with her. Their future now lay in Madame Pele's power. Yet Kemoo was

troubled for he knew he had done no wrong. Never had he failed, in passing the crater of Madame Pele's home, to place a tender green leaf or offering of food to the goddess, as a symbol of his devotion. Surely he deserved no punishment. He gazed out of the window into the gathering dusk and could see sparks of red in the distance. The crackle of burning brush and trees came to him through the stillness as the molten black stream coursed down into the valley.

Kemoo could picture the scene with closed eyes—puffs of smoke ascending from the earth which lay covered beneath a creeping, bubbling, dark carpet; sturdy trees vainly attempting to shake the licking flames from their limbs only to crash to the ground defeated; green vines snapped up by the angry torrents; the whole mountain side and valley a mass of swirling heat and destruction, anger and revenge.

As the evening shadows grew longer and the already dark sky took on an even darker look, Kemoo could see the red flashes of flame more clearly. The air which came in through the open window was parched and burnt, offering him no relief from the heat. A veil of smoke shut away the familiar vividness of the blue sky from his view.

Kemoo turned from the window in resignation

and went over to his mother. He knelt beside the bed to fan her brown face with a lauhala mat.

The sun's rays found their way through the windows, trailed along the floor and touched the burnished curls on Kemoo's bent head, dancing there in flecks of red gold. He stirred from his cramped knees and slowly rose to his feet; a look of wonder, even of disbelief, then great joy, seemed to mingle and fuse on his face as he stared out through the window. Amazed, he looked out upon an unbroken stretch of smoldering lava. Almost the entire floor of the valley, except the slightly raised section of ground upon which the house now stood, lay beneath a covering of blackness—Madame Pele was truly a great goddess, for she had indeed remembered the faithful.

MARY BOTTS '41

THE WRATH OF MADAME PELE

RED-HOT lava flowed down the mountain side. Madame Pele, the goddess of the volcano, was angry. She roared and shook the earth, pouring forth a stream of molten rock which threatened to wipe out the towns at the base of Mauna Loa. In the sleepy little town of Humnuila all was excitement. The water supply for the whole district would be destroyed if Madame Pele would not cease her angry attack. The natives prayed to their gods asking for help, but their prayers were not heard. The lava stream slowly coursed downward towards Humnuila and the reservoirs of clean water, leaving behind a bubbling black carpet in its wake. Bright tongues of fire reached out, licking trees and bushes, destroying all that they touched.

Worried officials of the army and navy posts on Oahu realized that the people would be helpless without water. Madame Pele must be forced aside. Giant bombing planes could change the path of the rapidly flowing lava. The natives shook their heads. Madame Pele would seek revenge for such a deed. She would put a "Kabuna" on him who dared defy her plans. In vain they begged the officials to resort to prayer. In the light of the early dawn four navy planes flew

over Mauna Loa and dropped bombs in the path of the boiling stream, turning away its direction. The reservoirs were saved. Madame Pele had been defeated.

Some weeks later three navy planes, flying low, crashed mysteriously over Pearl Harbor—one of the planes caught fire atop a huge oil tank. From a distance the flames leaping hungrily in the darkness resembled a miniature volcano. The *Honolulu Advertiser* carried the story in the early morning edition. Special mention was given to the work which the flyers had so recently done in stopping the flow of lava on the slopes of Mauna Loa, in defiance of a power that would surely take revenge.

MARY BOTTS '41

THE GROVE

It's a comfortable chair
Or the porch steps
Or just standing.
A saffron sky,
A light, fresh breeze
In a warm, dim grove.
Perhaps thirty girls at ease
One evening hour
Of chatter or plaint
Or the quiet of being securely alone.

A POETRY CLASS

THE FOURTH HORSEMAN

CHINA is said to be the original habitat of the bubonic plague, whence it traveled quickly to India, where it has become a part of the folk-lore of the country. There are many tales that describe the fantastic figure of a giant on one of the high mountains waiting to descend into China and India with his plague and sickness. From the markets of the Far East it traveled with the few traders to the coasts of Egypt and Asia Minor.

The first of the deadly plagues, known as the Plague of Justinian, appeared in Alexandria and Palestine, reaching Byzantium in the spring of its second year. To many victims there appeared phantoms in human forms. Those who were so encountered were struck by a blow from the phantom, and so contracted the sickness. Some locked themselves in their houses. But then the phantoms appeared to them in dreams, or they heard voices that told them that they had been selected for death.

The extent and the severity of the plagues of the days of Justinian were such that commentators like Haeser believe it to have exerted an influence on the decline of the Eastern Empire which historians have too often overlooked. A considerable part of the

known world was desolated by the disease; cities and villages were abandoned, agriculture was stopped, panic and famine were prevalent. Entire populations moved from the infected places and thus threw the whole Roman world into confusion.

The most widespread of the plagues, called the Black Death, ravaged the lands which bordered upon the Mediterranean Sea, from 1347 to 1350. The very importance of this sea made it a natural starting point for the spread of the plague. It then continued along the trade routes. In 1346 this plague had broken out in the city of Caffa, one of the greatest trading centers and a "crossroad" that led to Constantinople. This city was on the Black Sea, and according to the chronicles, had frequent contact with China. From China, it is feasible to conclude that it had passed through India and Persia, and arrived at Caffa, before it got to Constantinople. From Caffa it spread rapidly; through the Crimea it went by land to Europe.

A fearful outbreak of the disease followed. In Genoa even the members of the same families refused to tend their own who were sick, for fear of getting the plague themselves. The whole order of Genoa was disrupted. People fled from the inhabitants of Genoa who were themselves fleeing from their homes, and the entire Neopolitan coast was thrown into tumult.

In the trouble two freight ships were sent to Pisa, and thus the disease was spread all through Tuscany. In a few days one of the original vessels from Caffa sailed for Venice, taking the plague with it to that city.

From Genoa it spread in the opposite direction because four soldiers were supposed to have stolen a few blankets from a house which they found open and unoccupied. That night they slept under the stolen blankets and the following day went on with their march to Bibbio and Piacenza, where they fell dead late in the afternoon and infected all who came to view the strange corpses.

People grew to fear everyone. Terror of the spreaders of the disease became so violent that there were mob demonstrations, particularly against drunken messengers and aged people. There were often public executions of those who were supposed to have given the plague to residents of the city, and after an execution the fear would die down, but soon it would flare up again with a greater violence that was simply an expression of pent-up nervous strain.

In some parts of Europe it was the custom of sorcerers to tell their clients that the best way to rid themselves of the plague, if they had it or contracted it, was to mix with others as much as possible in order to give it to other people and thus be cured. This

superstition was one of the principal causes of the spread of the disease in Normandy. By river trading, the sickness was shipped up the Rhone River to Toulouse and later Paris. It spread in quick succession to Normandy, Brittany, Gascony, and Picardy, where the records of many towns show that as few as twenty of the whole population survived. Belgium and Holland were struck in the same sweep that took in all of the fiefs of France.

Austria, Bavaria, and Hungary suffered through infections brought across the Brenner Pass, from Padua and Verona. The northern kingdoms of Sweden and the rest were not affected by the epidemic until late in 1349, and then through their shipping.

The story of the spread of the plague through England is told in the writings of Henry Knighton, who lived in Leicester and was a boy at the time of the invasion. "Then the grievous plague," he writes, "penetrated the seacoast from Southampton, and came to Bristol, and there almost the whole strength of the town died, struck, as it were, by sudden death; for there were few who kept their beds for more than three days, or two days, or half a day. . . . Then the Bishop of Lincoln sent through the whole Bishopric, and gave general powers to all, and every priest, both regular and secular, to hear confessions and to absolve

with full and entire episcopal authority, except in matters of debt, in which case the dying man, if he could, should pay the debt while he lived, or others should certainly fulfill that duty from his property after his death. Likewise the Pope granted full remission of all sins to whoever was absolved in peril of death, and granted that this power should last 'til next Easter, and everyone could choose a confessor at will. . . .

“Sheep and cattle went wandering over the fields and through crops, and there was no one to go and drive and gather them, so that the number cannot be reckoned that perished in the ditches and hedges in every district, for the lack of herdmen; . . . Wherefore many crops perished in the fields for want of someone to gather them; but in the pestilence year there was such abundance of grain that no one troubled about it. . . . Meanwhile the king sent proclamations into all the counties that all the reapers and other laborers should not take more than they had been accustomed to take under a penalty of statute. But the laborers were so lifted up and obstinate that they would not listen to the king's command . . . and afterwards the king had many laborers arrested and sent to prison; many withdrew themselves and went into the forests and woods and those who were taken were heavily fined. . . .”

From England the plague was carried by ship to Bergen, Norway. In that country it took more than one-third of the inhabitants, and it was on the long runs from there to England and France that so many of the vessels lost all of their sailors, and drifted helplessly in the northern waters, to be wrecked, or just to wander. It is entirely possible that the famous legend of the "Flying Dutchman," the ship that has haunted the seas for so many years, never to be wrecked or caught up with, has some foundation, and that it is one of the many vessels that were made ghost-ships by the tolls of the Plague.

The whole moral stamina of the world was disrupted and there followed a period of lawlessness; high living became the order of the day. Peasant revolts upset all former political regime; a gradual decline of the clergy led eventually to the Reformation; and the high mortality rate among fine scholars caused a decline in learning lasting for many decades. There were far-reaching decadent effects of the plague in every department of life. In succeeding reaction, however, the conditions following the devastation of the plagues paved the way for new universal democracy founded in the initiation of guilds and the granting of charters.

JANET MUNSON '39

AUTHOR'S HUSBAND

MY WIFE is writing another book. She hasn't told me yet, but I know the symptoms. She is watching me closely, at all hours and functions of the day. I feel particularly self-conscious at meals, or when I shave, or play with the children (we have three of them). I know that I'll find the majority of my actions in her next novel, attributed to her inevitably tall, dark and distinguished hero.

Emily is beginning again to deliberately pick quarrels with me and to do what she fondly believes is flirting with me. I humor her, but, after ten years of married life, it is disconcerting to glance up from your newspaper and see your wife smiling roguishly at you while she slowly raises and lowers an eyelid in your direction.

The shock has never abated that I got the first time I read one of her books (*Romance in Pastelle*) and recognized that the leading male character was not only labeled with my name but that when he made impassioned avowels to the heroine he said most of the things that I said to Emily when I asked her to marry me. I was and am acutely embarrassed about the whole thing. Emily has a gushing, feminine following of several thousand who are not content to

read her trash but insist upon hearing her lecture as well, and *do*. . . . "My dear Miss Gossamer Gladstone (Emily's cherished "nom de plume"), bring your delightful husband. We are all so anxious to meet him," is included in every invitation to expound that she receives from her countless fan clubs and other women's organizations. For Emily always dedicated her works to "My husband, my inspiration." The first time I noticed this, I was deeply touched; men are by such demonstrations of a woman's devotion. I read *Romance in Pastelle* then, with a growing sense of horror at my own actual personal inadequacy.

It was only too obvious that Emily had patterned this hero after myself. But what a hero he was! I was ashamed of myself for Emily. I am tall, yes, but I most certainly haven't a "bronze torso with a splendid play of god-like muscles"; my every movement is not "as sure and graceful as that of some jungle panther."

"The bronze torso" drew the first blood. We live in the city, and I am a minor executive of a large firm; in other words I hold a "white-collar job." At that time I was not white, but I most certainly was not "bronze." I felt desperate. I was to be exhibited to the "Gossamer Gladstone Fan Club Number Seventeen" in two days. What would the "Gossamer Gladstone Fan Club Number Seventeen" think of Emily's

husband? I took sun-tan treatments. I still do. Twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays.

The hero of *Romance in Pastelle* became an obsession with me. I had to be as much like him as I possibly could. When I spoke to Emily (I was then beginning to feel that I should address her as "Gossamer" or even "Miss Gladstone") I tried to make my voice "deep and soul-strung" and my ordinary brown eyes "sear into her heart like a shaft of molten black ebony." I took boxing and fencing lessons, and went so far as to attempt to knock down "with a single blow of that powerful bronze fist that could open into the gentlest hand imaginable" a big heavy-set creature who accosted Emily on the street ("for a dime for a cup a' Java, Lady" I learned afterward). The man was, unfortunately, an ex-professional wrestler. I had arrived at lesson seven of the *Manly Art of Self Defense*. When I was able to get about again, I signed up for a course in wrestling.

The hero of *Romance in Pastelle* was a "magnificent sportsman," an "exquisite dancer," a "brilliant conversationalist," and a "devastatingly charming personality." For nearly three years I couldn't call my soul my own. Every hour, every day I lived *Romance in Pastelle*. At Emily's lectures I out-*Romance in Pastelle*-ed myself. This condition might have con-

tinued indefinitely, but Gossamer Gladstone published another novel, *Harken! My Heart Moans to Thee*. The hero of *Harken! My Heart Moans to Thee* had my middle name (all of which was carefully noted in the reviews and upon the gaudy paper folder). He, too, was tall, bronze, and had radiating eyes. But he was not the social success that the other had been. He was "sombre, quiet, intense." The strong, silent type. I was aghast. Was Emily trying to hint? I immediately broke off my *How to be a Brilliant Conversationalist* course, and at all social gatherings tried to "stand apart from the others, his dark moody eyes burning restlessly about him." I made unsuccessful, ludicrous attempts to be "fiercely protective," "insanely jealous," and "starkly a man."

The mental depression that *Harken! My Heart Moans to Thee* caused in me, was eventually raised by *The Blithe Spirit Reigns Supreme*. By this time, I was leading a "double life." At the office, I tried to be myself; at home, with the children, I was myself. But with Emily, who is very sweet, I tried to be the hero of her latest book. It wasn't hard, really. She played up so well that I almost believed at times that I had succeeded. But it is uncomfortable to have your wife reach surreptitiously for notebook and pencil whenever you open your mouth. Sometimes my self-

consciousness makes me long to forbid Emily ever to touch a pen or pencil again. Then she would probably use a typewriter. Women are like that. I defy any man, however, to forbid Emily anything; she is such a tender, romantic Alice-in-Wonderland with her wide dreamy violet eyes.

I love her. But we are approaching middle age. In Emily you perceive nothing of the Gossamer Gladstone. She looks like any other plump, loving and loved, little matron. But I; I arise at five-thirty every morning to do my roadwork and daily dozen. I exercise (violently) every afternoon. I watch my diet. I take my ultra-violet treatments. I even have scalp massages to guard against sparsity of the pate. I have to be her tall, tan, terrific hero. I don't want to be. I want to be fat. I want to have a bald spot. I want to be normal.

I am afraid to tell Emily this, and I am sure she will never guess. She is writing another book.

JULIE DYCKMAN '41

THE EDUCATION OF YOUR CHILD

DR. HORN has just had a new book published by the Stanford University Press, *The Education of Your Child*. It is a guide book for parents, unique in that it is concerned with the entire range of educational experience from the nursery school through the university. Unlike Dr. Horn's other books it is not a technical work designed for college students, but is addressed to parents. In it advice is given for the guidance of all kinds of children—the dull, the normal, and the exceptionally bright. Dr. Horn asks in all kindness that parents recognize their children's limitations, in order to save youth from a sense of shame and defeat. For the bright children he devotes a whole section to methods of fostering and conserving creative ability. Secondary education being dominated by the needs of the majority of children, who are normal, he feels that the needs of the exceptional child must be studied in especial and for this purpose he offers three chapters of practical suggestions including the final selection of a course. He also gives sound advice to help parents decide whether or not to send their children to higher schools.

Dr. Horn warns against specialization which prevents acquisition of general knowledge. Too often, he

reminds his readers, bright children choose electives that are easy for them, rather than the more difficult courses which they actually need. He advocates sewing, cooking, shopwork in metal and in wood as part of the secondary curriculum. Our present economic life, he observes, demands it. Well-endowed children tend to be awkward. Such children's aversions should be the very reasons for submitting them to the discipline of work with the hands.

Dr. Horn's book gives an idea of education as carried on in the schools; he does not propose to reform schools but to tell parents what is happening in them and what should happen. He gives standards for judging the child's progress in the elementary schools, explains the secondary school, its meaning and its purpose, and gives concrete advice in guiding the pupils' courses from year to year.

The value of *The Education of Your Child* lies in its being the very first book which gives parents opportunity to judge and to follow the progress of their children's education.

GIRL AND THE CRESCENT MOON

The Man-in-the-Moon has turned his face
And looked the other way.
Certainly very rude of him
Is the least that I might say.
And we must look at the back of his head
With its dark rugged mass of hair, instead,
(Which the barber cuts with a bowl, 'tis said)
But why does he act this way?

Oh why does he gaze far out in the blue?
There are hundreds of things, I'd say,
That might interest him right here in the town,
Such as steeples or people gay.
Is he watching the loitering sun go down?
Is he despondent, and wearing a frown?
Or a clouds' referee as they gallop around?
Oh why doesn't he turn this way!

Perhaps he's looking for sight of a star
To wish a fine wish on its ray
Whatever he's doing he's certainly rude
They should tell him with no delay.
For here stand I in my crinoline gown,
Stretching yards in the skirt when it's twirling around
On the daintiest candy-striped shoes in the town.
He ought to be sorry some day!

MARY HELFRICH '39

BACKSTAGE

You praise its golden art, the part
That shows in front. You grunt
Your disapproval down on clowns
Forsaking frozen smiles for frowns.
You measure step and start and stare.
Mechanics! Count you not the prayer?

JANE ABBOTT CRAWFORD '40

MEDIEVAL FAIRS AT CHAMPAGNE

FRANCESCO and his company of Venetian merchants plodded slowly through the heavy mud on the Mont-Cenis road. Now and again one of the pack animals would stumble and imperil precious packs of dyes or bundles of African furs. The long procession would laboriously halt to make readjustments. It was a long and tedious journey from Italy to the great fairs of Champagne, but once there Francesco would be well reimbursed for his hazardous travels. At Champagne merchants from the far corners of the world gathered to trade and to prosper. Champagne was the center of a rich, well-governed land. The meeting place of trading routes, it had become mistress of thirteenth century commerce. Special protection and privileges were granted the mer-

chants who came to the great fairs both by land, as Francesco had, or on galleys over the seas and up the rivers. Two hundred and ninety-one days of the year Champagne fairs were held, six of them, in rotation, beginning with Lagny in January. Then followed the Bar-sur-Aube fair on Shrove Tuesday, the May fair at Provins, the warm fair at Troyes from the Nativity of St. John to the Exaltation of the Cross, the fair of St. Ayoule at Provins continuing from the Exaltation of the Cross to All Saints' Day, and the last of the cycle, the cold fair of St. Remi at Troyes lasting till a week before Christmas. Each fair closely followed the closing of the preceding one but never did two fairs over-lap.

Francesco hurried his caravan over the rocky road, for it was only ten days until the second of January when the Lagny fair would begin. Once at the fair there was much work to do. Merchants were given eight days in which to register, unpack their goods, set up their stalls, and arrange for their lodging. The city, as Francesco entered, bustled with activity. Merchants dressed in the rich garments of the East mingled with the more drab merchants of Paris and the provincials of the Marne valley. Everywhere booths and stalls were being set up. Francesco directed his caravan to the house of Bodo, the fur merchant, who

was an old friend. He unloaded his goods at the subterranean warehouse, then went to build his stall. All about were fellow merchants. Men from Genoa, Pisa and Venice, from Marseilles, Arles and Montpellier, had come with cargoes of sugar, spice, dyes, or bales of Russian furs. From Cordova had come caravans of leather and on galleys from the East silks and all manner of embroidered tissues. And there were skilled artists and artisans, armorers from Paris and Poitiers, dry-salters from Nantes and Ancenis, wool-merchants from England, cloth merchants from Bruges, and linen merchants from the Rhine. Everywhere a cosmopolitan crowd jolted and pushed one another. Up and down the narrow crooked streets sellers and their assistants busied themselves at half-built stalls or pressed into shows, where there were jongleurs and buffoons with their trained bears and dogs, or flocked into taverns to drink a glass of ale or try their luck at games of chance. Finally all was in readiness on the ninth day. With the shouting of the cry "Haro, haro," the fair was opened.

"Haro, haro" rang through the narrow streets, as it had been shouted by the gaily dressed sergeant of the fair. Booths and stalls opened as if by magic. People bustled about. Merchants cried their wares in strident voices. First the cloth fair was opened. For

nine days there was busy selling of silks and woolens, brocades and tapestries. On the tenth day the cry of "Haro, Haro" rang out again, and the cloth merchants folded up their goods, loaded them on their mules, left their stalls, and wound their way through the streets to the great storehouse at the end of Lagny. Through the basement of the warehouse Francesco entered one of the subterranean paths under the city and went to the house of Bodo, the fur merchant, who was busy preparing for the fur sale beginning the next day. Here, Francesco conversed with the foreign traders and rested for the fur fair when he again would hurry about the streets, buying and selling.

After the fur fair came the fair of the "avoir de poids" or miscellaneous fair. Now merchants sold spices from the Orient, dyes from Phoenicia, salt and sugar from the South, hemp cord from India, ointments from the Near East, parchment and dates from Egypt. This miscellaneous fair was by far the most popular. Everyone crowded about to see the curiosities of far-off lands. Robed and cowled monks from the abbey and monasteries wandered about the stalls. Smock-frocked peddlers haggled with the dealers. Knights in armor and bejewelled ladies with draping headdresses and furred gowns pushed arrogantly against the peasants and bartered for the luxuries of

the Eastern merchants. Then suddenly all activity stopped for the fair was over.

After the fairs were over Francesco and his friends paid their tariffs and traded with the merchants. Five days of grace were then given the merchants for inventories, collection of debts, settlement of disputes, and the final close of their accounts. And it was at this closing time that the international banking was done. A Sicilian merchant sent money by a Florentine trader to redeem a note now due a Frisian wool manufacturer; a German bishop sent tithes to Rome by a Pisan caravan; the gold florin was sought in exchange for local coins by a trader who was on the point of sailing to the East for new stock. Very busy were the international money changers during this one time of the year, so that there was a bank in Lagny.

Francesco returned home to renew his stocks along with the others. A long weary trek it was now, through the deep dust, that named the Pie-Powder courts from the dusty feet of the traveling merchants. From Lagny merchants moved on by caravan or by galley, to Bas-sur-Aube, then to Provins, then to Troyes, then to St. Ayoul, growing richer in money and richer in wisdom from both observation of many men and many lands and from exchange of ideas with wise Europeans whom they met and the wise of other

countries from which they sought new stock. It was in Tarsus that Arabians, perhaps merchants, had discovered Aristotle and how much more in Athens, Byzantium, Alexandria. It was the Jewish traders who carried news of these cultural discoveries from land to land and by the wonder in their praise kindled eagerness in men of thought along the whole of the Mohammedan crescent and beyond, to thriving European cities that held fairs.

CAROLINE GIBB '41

LORRAINE SELLECK '41

RANDOM NOTES FROM THE FAIR

SOPHISTICATED San Francisco, with a host of regional and Eastern friends, drives, ferries or sails to hours of enchantment on Treasure Island. Wrapped in mink, it dines smartly at the Yerba Buena Club in an atmosphere of modern conservatism, it luxuriates in the Continental style of the French Palace of Elegance, or perhaps, to be surrounded by gleaming waters and shining chromium

and glass, it chooses Pacific House. It might decide on these or many other exclusive, richly furnished dining rooms, where knowing maitres d'hotel, hovering, suggest selections of the premier chef's deftly mixed dishes.

Then it wanders through the galleries of Old Masters, carefully scrutinizes contemporary decorative arts, or listens to music, for music of a sort sounds everywhere.

Or, in tweeds and flat heels, fairgoers lose themselves in the charm of the island, wander through its city of buildings, down its incredibly beautiful courts or along its teeming "gayway."

Spectators stand and gaze up a hundred feet at mighty Pacifica, Caucasian goddess by daylight, Oriental idol by night, as she stands in mute benediction. Beneath her lidded glance, spread layers of graduated steps, trees, hedges, mighty fountains in undulating tiers, huge compelling figures of stone, murals on massive walls.

As one drifts beside the gleaming waters of the Court of Reflection the tones of the Carillon come gently from the Tower of the Sun; or as one circles the tall spouting fountains of the Treasure Garden one is conscious of the heady fragrance of blocks of

hyacinths, the green scent of fresh-cut grass, the salt of sea breeze.

Perhaps a young boy pushes one in a white and blue "rolling chair"; perhaps a cooley pulls one in a jinrickshaw; or perhaps one climbs aboard the elephant train, which glides, toy-like, along wide paved streets, through imposing grounds, past Grecian urns and fantastic lanterns, past avenues of palms, an olive grove, beds of vibrant tulips, rhododendrons, decorative cabbages and beets, towering poplars and plumed eucalyptus, clouds of peach blossoms, past luffing sailboats and shouting sideshow barkers.

Perhaps one enters the great halls—of science, of arts, of foods. Here are new wonders, commonplaces of tomorrow: medicine's progress, science's discoveries, engineering facts—visions materialized.

And there are foreign contributions: Italy's marble façade, Norway's Ski Lodge, a feudal dwelling from Japan, a Chinese village, a temple from the Dutch East Indies, a palace from Johore. They are all to suggest the Fair's theme: Peace.

There a cassocked man walks with a Russian hound, a group of Caucasians are dwarfed by huge buff statues. There is a group of buildings about a court of deep green lawn, yellow daffodils and apricot walls. One opens glass doors, into the San Francisco

building, sees a giant black whale frolicking with water nymphs and spouting a gentle mist in the midst of a pool beneath fantastic white chandeliers; there are lounges deeply carpeted; richly, colorfully furnished. One leaves the building and wanders along lakes, watches rare black swans, weaves through courts and gardens, through pavilions dwarfed by brilliant gold reliefs and colored murals.

Night falls and a fairy land rises. An isle of crystal, blue and red, with a single pointed tower, jet set.

MARY O'GARA '41

REFUSALS

A fluttering moth that beats the window pane
In futile fluttering effort, light to gain
Sets one to think how blest are we
To have the infinitely precious faculty
That reasons for us that the glass is there
Which is the cause that blocks him from the glare
And hinders progress to the burning light
Attractive to his dulled sense of sight.
Alas, how worse than moth is some mankind
Possessing miracle of reasoning mind.
A world gone pagan but reveals the fact
Men are like moths, but worse, no lack.
They having mind and power to think, refuse it.
They having spark of intellect, don't use it.
Those who could fathom cause
Refuse to see His laws.

MARY HELFRICH '39

THE STELLAS

TOSCANINI was the founder indirectly of the Stella Club. There are six girls in Fanjeaux who are good friends. They became friends because they saw each other every week-end still on the campus. This was their common ground. When Toscanini's concerts opened, one of the sextet, who owned a radio, invited the other five to listen to the concert. That

night the Stellas with Toscanini began a whole series of Saturday gatherings.

At seven o'clock, Pacific standard time, a knock on the door ushered in Rosemary and her sewing. She was going to listen to good music but her dresses were too long, so while improving her intellect she would also improve her appearance. While Toscanini directed, Rosemary and Hanoria snipped, pinned and fitted, Violette harmonized, Florence and Mary clacked checkers around, while Cecil attempted to hear the music by putting her head next to the radio.

In school we had heard a song about a girl who, although she read and followed all the ads, still was no attraction to the opposite sex. The last line said, "and my friends all call me Stella." The little group decided that as they were real Stellas, they should form a club, which would meet every Saturday night to discuss woman's place in the home while listening to Toscanini. Miss McCarthy was elected president, Miss Chasseur, vice-president, and Miss Wang, secretary. Those were the only offices as the club had to have some plain members. The six-pointed star was adopted as insignia, and the Stella song taken as their anthem.

As concerts went by, the meetings improved. At the second meeting a twelve-cent cake was served.

The next time the price jumped to fifteen cents, until finally the least we had was cider and doughnuts.

When Toscanini finished for the evening the Stellas were just starting. Ten o'clock found them in a vigorous game of balloon volley ball. This finally led to a championship game between Miss McCarthy and Miss Wang. However as the balloon gave out before the opponents did, the winner is still uncrowned. From volley ball they went to hand tennis. This was played over a bathrobe cord stretched from the bed to the dresser. At the height of excitement the games were usually terminated suddenly by the sound of a thin strip of metal rapidly striking wood and a voice calling, "Good night girls."

Meeting followed meeting. Toscanini's baton waved yard after yard of music into room 218. Then one day Dominican gave a dance. True to their precepts the Stellas had remained at the old homestead, while more gifted girls went away dancing. But the lot of the Stellas was not an unhappy one.

There were five non-Stellas who were tired of blind dates or of asking their long-suffering brothers for aid. The non-Stellas sent the Stellas hand engraved invitations done by Julie, the fine printer, requesting their appearance at a formal dance. The Stellas donned formals and awaited the knock at the door

which would announce the unknown escorts. At seven thirty o'clock promptly, the Stellas were called for, given corsages which ranged from paper tulips to wild, thorny roses, and escorted to apartment 322, where Coca Cola cocktails were served. From there the happy couples went to the Circus lounge, usually known as the Gibbs' study den. After imbibing very sour lime concoctions enlivened by cherries, and devouring packages of licorice cigarettes, the escorts took the Stellas to the Sunroom dance hall. Here in the dim light, to Artie Shaw's finest radio transcriptions, the Stellas swayed or swooped over the polished floor. At intervals their faded spirits were revived with Betsy's Mistake, a punch consisting of Coca Cola, lime pop, apricot juice and milk.

A fanfare announced the floor show. The sensation of the evening was a marvelous hula dancer. Her long flowing hair and swaying grass skirt fascinated the provincial Stellas. After the third encore Dark Horse Weill said the dancer's name was Carolina.

At eleven thirty o'clock the maypole was danced around a light from which paper streamers were hung. The streamers were taken down and used for a jump rope. The Stellas played run under until nearly twelve o'clock, when the escorts took the Stellas to their respective doorsteps. The Stellas were

indeed tired, but happy as they gazed at their fading corsages.

Even though the Stellas are frivolous now and then they have an ideal. This is to encourage girls who think they haven't a chance not to be downhearted but learn to overcome their handicaps. If one girl is not exactly pretty, the Stellas feel that she should cultivate a pleasing manner of speaking. If she has little to say but is pretty she should just smile. If she can do neither, she can always buy a cook book. Thus the Stellas hope that their little club will be a guiding light for other Stellas who thought there was no hope. As the president reminds us, next year is leap year, so don't give up the ship.

STELLA STEFFEN '41

PROMPTNESS

PROMPTNESS is a trait that is greatly overrated or it is something mechanical. One does not have to be kind or understanding or self-sacrificing to attain it, yet, if you notice, prompt persons are always bragging about it.

"If I say eight o'clock, I mean eight o'clock," they boast with a self righteousness peculiar to the prompt, or "I was never late for school in my life," or "the neighbors set their clocks by me as I walk by every morning."

Why not? They are human clocks. Tick-tock, tick-tock! Never a tickety-tick-tock, or a tockey-tockey-tick! They live their perfectly mechanical lives attuned to the great god Time.

Breakfast is at seven. The glory of a spring morning may shine through the open windows. Birds call and trees whisper—but not for the prompt. It is seven o'clock; they see only bacon and eggs and the warning hand checking off the relentless march of time.

School starts at eight. The swallow is circling his nest excitedly; a strange new chirp comes from above.

The tide runs high and the little green boat bobs invitingly on the shining water.

The old lady with the talking parrot on a stick is passing the corner.

The prompt person hurries by and is proudly seated in her chair as her counterpart on the wall ticks eight fifteen. But I am congratulating the swallow, twittering with joy over his newly-hatched family. I gaze longingly at the little green boat, toying with the idea of jumping aboard and going out with the shining waters. I follow the parrot woman, who hates people as much as she loves parrots, and surprise an almost friendly look in her eyes as I offer Polly a cracker.

I arrive at school five minutes late. Prompt is passing to her classes. Her patronizing glance doesn't affect me this morning. In those five minutes while she was ticking along with the clock I was riding the trail of high adventure.

I am not prompt.

MARION MURRAY '42

THINGS WE LOVE TO REMEMBER

FANJEAUX

FROM the hill-top Fanjeaux looks like an ancient feudal castle, its pointed corner roofs pushing upward in the form of turrets. The driveway surrounding the building takes on the appearance of a moat; sluggish gray water stands still in the shadows of the late afternoon sunlight. The green patch of front lawn becomes the drawbridge over which fine horses may gallop carrying their riders to safety. Behind the walled-in walk at the rear of the building brave knights can crouch in readiness for battle. Barrels of boiling pitch adjusted on the roof could be poured over the side of the turrets at a moment's notice. Inside, a blazing fire warms the Mead Hall. The court assembles. In front of the fireplace a group of jesters joke and sing. Trays laden with food are carried in to be tasted and approved by the lord before serving the guests. Lights from the candles twinkle in the dusk. From the open windows gay voices float through the night. A bell

tinkles—not from some jester's cap, and the spell broken, Fanjeaux returns to modern reality.

ON THE LAWN

MARY BOTTS '41

The Meadowlands lawn smells warm and the steam of the damp grass rises to moisten the peach petals drifting to the ground in a pale, perfumed shower. Falling softly, the fuzzy, downy, golden acacia balls that cling to whatever they touch, send their cloying pollen even to the violet petals in the bed just across the path. The empty rocker behind the clipped bush sways, crunches the dainty blooms into the damp grass, and blends its warmish wicker smell with the aroma of the flowers. Soon the sunburned acacia balls will spread, untouched, upon the paths, and the lawn and rocker remain unchallenged in their place in the sun.

RETREAT

The joy of this year's spiritual retreat seems to be recaptured again and again with each visit to the chapel. The cool silence there, the bright purity of the burning sanctuary lamp and the bees-wax candles on the altar, the medieval coloring and texture of the antependium and altar hangings, the rich simplicity of the silver statues and candlesticks, the mellowness of the oaken side altars, the exquisite delicacy of the

flowers in the huge silver bowls, the soothing Latin of the priest, the folds in the ample vestments, the fragrant smoke of incense, the deep swell of the organ—a thousand details emphasize an incomparable peace and inner calm in one's soul. And though those days came and went so quickly at the beginning of Lent, the silence of an early sun and the quiet of the long evening shadows now recall some of the interior stillness we experienced. We think of the glory of a bursting awakening of spring, after dreary winter, as the Easter of nature, more glorious after its abstinence.

COMMENCEMENT BRIDGE

A surprise such as may sleep in any garden connects Angelico and the lower Meadowlands garden. The bridge, wide planks spaced wide, leads from the mossy fountain and shady lawn, a place for dreaming, to the sun-flooded shrub-bordered busy-ness of the gravel drive. For many, the only time for crossing is May 25—girls grouped in cap and gown—gay yet reflective with a spirit of detachment, as if each stood alone in anticipation of the parting soon to come. The new

crossers pluck at the hawthorne blossoms, but she who knows this haunt, rememberingly looks into the creek bed at the towering ferns, lilac leaves, eucalyptus saplings, and masses of summer roses, and ponders on the continual wonder of this enchanting spot. And she who looks behind for one last glance, as she crosses for the last time, and feels the moment of graduation loom close, thinks, "How beautiful, how joyous, this place of my youth!"

SPRING FEVER

No compelling desire, insatiable, to swing around Inspiration Point those wildly windy days of the early year. Yet if we did, lo, the invigorated feelings evident in disordered hair, wind-matted, cold, red faces still stinging from the last mad rush down the hill. But now comes the dire necessity to quell spring-fever symptoms—to run through the long lush grasses, to frisk carelessly like colts through the young sprouting poison oak leaves, to gather loads of wild flowers, to whistle exultingly through the broad grass blades, to sink exhausted by the roadside at the peak of the climb and drink in the panorama of the bay. Annoying, the classes, the duties, to tear us from the freedom of the sky and wind and flowers, and the breadth of far shorelines dotted, no doubt, with others as smitten as ourselves.

EARLY MORNING RISERS

Our friends the quail march majestically through an early shaft of sunlight across the deserted path. Sensitive to our transgression, they rise with a series of mighty whirrs and chucking, lose their bobbing top-notches in the depths of tall dewey grass and buttercups.

WISTARIA GATE

We call it that because the wistaria purples its stone sides and weathered lattice arch in the spring, inviting a haze of bees that hum in the cupped blossoms with the strum of a myriad of muted violins. Like a gateway to opportunity, Wistaria Gate opens across the street from Fanjeaux into a profusion of pastel blossoms breaking the cool green curve of the Benincasa lawn.

Yesterday the cold bare twigs stretched through the lattice, clutching at our attention, snatching a sun-ray only to cast its pattern on the walk; today clusters of amethyst blooms waft their perfume gently, smoothly. We clutch at stems to draw them closer, alas, beyond our reach. And lazily they pattern sun-rays into lacy silhouettes beneath our feet.

A FIELD IN FOREST MEADOWS

South-east in exposure, yet sometimes formidable with its dark masses of jungled buckeye trees and shaded, creeping vines, the end field of Forest Meadows bursts into a pool of gold with the coming of Easter. Mustard blooms there, acridly sweet-smelling, and the shifting haze of sweet-garnering insects makes the flowers seem to dance and sparkle in the sun. One thinks of the parable of the Mustard Seed. Surely it is good ground, this Forest Meadows!

HOW MANY DEGREES?

Today is an "est" day, the hottest of any March day in history. The answer to "Where is the usual rain?" is lost in the unfathomable blue sky of spring, noised away in the songs of the birds, and buried in the silence of the warm, deep-massed flower petals.

Almost unbelievable, isn't it, that we spent the lion days of March in cold walks, peering through wintry mists to glimpse the spread of bay, cities, islands which we knew lay behind the fog; today the scene, with great, rough, scattered hills emerges glistening, eternally fresh. And Treasure Island, "Our newest insular possession acquired without aggression," looms from the middle of the bay waters like a sprawling Aztec temple of gold.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS

The buildings on the campus get a new coat of paint—fresh cream to keep in step with our ideals and to fit themselves for Jubilee celebrations.

Sunny acacias that cheered dull days are gone—to take their place the hawthorn buds swell, burst in sprays of pinks and white.

New lawn sprouts under the hawthorn trees at the edge of the olive garden; a fine fringe of the forest for *As You Like It*.

Grand Avenue clearings of rose and oak grown brambles, bare the creek bank, make us wonder why all this activity. The neighbors think "perhaps they'll build."

Photographers appear, lugging a three-legged monster. They are getting ready to illustrate a new book. They peer at angles, duck beneath the dark cloth, pose the chosen few, hope to capture a personality, a freedom of lawn, flower, song, on a dull plate.

THE LIBRARY

In the late afternoon reflections, mellow and subdued, glance from the glass-topped missal cabinets to the angular pattern of the gleaming golden hardwood floor.

Smooth-rubbed volumes shine on the shelves, softly glowing with the same seasoned quality as the illuminated fifteenth century parchment manuscripts in their cases. Burnished lamp stands light the alcoves, catching diffused sun on their curving bases. The marble statue of St. Thomas looks in approbation from its high niche at the end of the room, where the most treasured books in the library are enclosed in the bookcases at his feet.

Through the tall mullioned windows we see the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the trees, the freshness of the wind through the leaves. If we look close and long, there flits the bird who outsang the piano melodies drifting from Angelico.

We wonder if the library always affected its lovers in this wise—the members of the Dominican order, whose bright-colored shields are carved on the ceiling beams, the girls of years gone by who left hand-designed emblems in their places between the windows.

J. A. C. '40

TO THE CITY

Now, when we miss the train to Sausalito, over we dash to the bus, ponderous annihilator of travel time. Looking out and down from the leather-smelling chairs we come to the Golden Gate bridge before we

know it. And zooming up its incline we gasp time and again at the immensity of its breadth and height, at the sweep of the view—San Francisco a tumbled study in geometrics, Alcatraz, a mammoth gray battleship, the bay bluer than the sky, swept with the foaming trails of long, lazy ferries, a ship, or steaming tug, a bobbing fishing boat.

Memorable is the excitement and fascination of getting out one more *Firebrand*—to the caroling of striped Sammy sparrows and the neighing of a team of horses plowing, medieval fashion, in the adjoining orchard. Innumerable distractions conspire to lure away our attentions, the brightness and noisiness outside, hummings, buzzings, singing of the feathered folk, champing and stumbling of the horses, a freshness of the early days of the world, a prevalent happiness of spirit, make us wish these busy week-end morning hours would go on, timeless, like an earthly heaven of satisfaction.

UNINVITED GUESTS

THE BEAMS of the noon-day sunshine through the almond and olive trees around the swimming pool and tennis courts; a group of day scholars on the green benches overlooking the court sit happily in the warm sunshine eating their lunches.

A cold and wet stroke on her leg suddenly startles one of the girls. Her look of surprise vanishes as a shaggy wheaten-brown body leans against her for support. "Well, if it isn't Happy," she cries, as all laugh and acknowledge the good-natured Irish terrier, whose name suits his disposition. Happy seldom begs but is contented to lie at one's feet or, more often, to lose himself in the maze.

But such manners are not singularly his. Once in a while, Spot, a bulldog with pink eyes and a few black patches on his white coat, visits the group. He is a nervous dog, unable to lie in one spot for even a short length of time. Instead he lazily meanders around the tennis court or the summer house.

The most vivacious of all the dogs that visit the campus and really the first noon-time visitor was tiny, fluffy Puddles, who, alas, has departed from this world. Her inexhaustible vivacity would tangle her among our feet, or carry her dashing around and

about the grounds, her grey and white fluff presenting itself to be petted again at very short intervals. As the first visitor she must have started the practice of walking between the feet of the lunchers and the court fence. No dog fails to do that.

We have had some beggars; a relative of the shepherd family would not give up one day until his begging was successful.

And another day begging was even more successful; a fox-terrier-cocker-spaniel came gazing with doleful eyes and rested his head gently against someone's knee. The pose seemed to be permanent and was sufficient to turn the coldest heart.

A tiny, dark brown dog appears once in a while and plays about, but he is haughty and hardly notices us. A recent, more friendly visitor, Fritz, a large police dog, enjoys chasing tennis balls, to return them grasped firmly between his shiny teeth. He frisks his big body around, thoroughly happy in his occupation. The presence of two dogs together heightens the sprightliness of such play. Puddles used to be in her glory on such occasions; she was never seen to flee from a dog of greater size. She was the general challenger, fearless and bold.

As we return to Guzman Hall for classes, the lank reddish-brown Michael lies basking on the brush

door mat at the front entrance, majestic, indifferent king of the campus.

They romp and rest, these carefree canines, while the warmth of the noon day sun settles upon the campus.

ALICE JANE SANFORD '41

FINDING OUT ABOUT THE I. R. C.

THERE will be a meeting of the I. R. C. at five in the white room at Meadowlands." After reading this notice on the bulletin board, I wondered what sort of a secret society the I. R. C. was. One knowing person deigned to answer a questioning freshman by saying very condescendingly, "Oh, that is International Relations Club." My, how interesting, I thought. They probably keep track of the

relations between different countries. That is, what Hitler said, what Mussolini said, and how the Giants' team is this year.

Someone mentioned the "interesting discussion about Peru in I. R. C." Aha, I decided, I. R. C. must be a mature current events club. Being then new at college, I couldn't picture a group of girls gathering at some appointed place and voluntarily talking about current affairs. Why, college girls are supposed to be frivolous, and they supposedly don't know what's going on in normal everyday life. But these did.

Week after week the I. R. C. had meetings. World problems were there discussed and dismissed candidly. I learned this from some of the members. What a storehouse of knowledge these people must have, I thought, to be able to belong to the I. R. C.

Then I heard rumors of an I. R. C. picnic. I thought, this can't happen here, could I. R. C. intellectuals deftly brush ants off sandwiches while discussing momentous problems? But the club had a picnic, which all enjoyed, including the ants.

The following year the club went on, and on, something like Time. Meeting followed meeting, till one day it was announced that our college was to be hostess to a group of colleges who were sending dele-

gates to discuss world problems. We outsiders were told not to "peek into the windows" and to act naturally if unexpected things happened and to dress like the pictures we see of college girls, and to be quiet while meetings were being held. All went well; we did our part. I. R. C. was a success. We ate in the tea-room amid many freshmen, singing lustily while beating time in the air with cake. I. R. C., itself, was very formal and dignified in the Fanjeaux dining room, with chicken, speeches, and handclapping.

After our lunch we peeked in the windows, unknown to those inside the room. I. R. C. consisted then of many pretty girls and attentive young men listening to a man waving his hands.

That is how I. R. C. looks to one on the outside.

CECIL STEFFEN '41

LENTEN MORNING

In the still, clear morning air
With sleepy eyes not yet aware
We speed our lagging steps and slow,
We leave our slumbering friends, and go,
Black-veiled, to Mass.

ANNE SMITH '40

W. A. A.

AN almost rainless fall and winter and an unusually warm and early spring have meant a very full schedule for the Women's Athletic Association.

First in the fall came the annual inter-class swimming meet and a picnic supper in the barbecue pit at Forest Meadows. A few weeks later sounded the first familiar crack of the hockey ball and soon followed wild cheering of the spectators at inter-class and inter-

club (German and French) games. Doughnuts and coffee warmed both enthusiasts and players. With the end of the season the champions, the Sophomores and the German Club Hockey Team, as well as the chosen "All-Star" Hockey Team, were honored at the annual banquet.

Tennis and Badminton continued almost uninterrupted through all other sport seasons with an unusually slim number of "wet-court" days; even Badminton moved from the gym to the lawn and sunshine. Veronica Shannon and Roberta Breen eliminated a large group of contenders to win the Badminton doubles tournament; Patricia Ryan and Janice Byrne were victors in the tennis doubles; and Florence Wang's quick, steady ability carried her through a long list of tournaments to win the final single's game of ping pong.

Crop and Saddle, the riding club, sponsored both in the fall and the spring many thrilling moonlight-supper rides as well as a morning brunch ride in the Marin hills. The golfers, too, spent many enjoyable afternoons on the fairways or the Marin Country Club straight through the year. Archers and canoers and especially swimmers found the warm days conducive to following their favorite sport.

Basketball called out an unprecedentedly large

number of players, with inter-class and inter-club games. Especially exciting was the game of "Irish vs. League of Nations" on St. Patrick's Day. The hard-played singles tournaments, the fast baseball games on the green diamond at Forest Meadows, the formal dinner and final awarding of merit blocks concluded the 1938-1939 athletic year.

To show that athletic clubs can play a fashionable role, the W.A.A. sponsored first a winter evening bridge party, and later a spring fashion show, both of which were enthusiastically supported. But the climax to all its social events was a real, mammoth, big-ring, side-show, peanuts-and-popcorn cir-

cus, complete with bleachers, barker, animals, acts, and band—all successfully managed by the W.A.A. vice-president, Sue Seil.

To keep in touch with athletic problems and movements in other college, our delegates, Pat Bannan,

acting president, Caroline Gibb, president-elect for next year, and Miss Claire Millette, faculty adviser, attended at Berkeley the Pacific Coast Convention of the Athletic Federation of College Women. The spirit of progress in the W.A.A. gained impetus from the discussions at the convention.

DRAMA

On Shield Day, their annual opening night, the Drama group set the temper of excellent production for the year. The medieval *Christmas Pageant of the Shearmen and Tailors* moved anew the spirits of those who had seen it before, and greatly impressed those who were unacquainted with its symbolic beauty.

In a lighter vein was the dramatic contribution of the Circus, with the seniors' presentation of the rhythm comedy, *June Clay's Mother*.

As You Like It was this year's major college production in outdoor pageantry. The play, given in the East Garden Court of the main building, was presented the same day as the senior tea.

SPANISH CLUB

ON Sunday afternoon, April 16, the sophomores and juniors accepted the invitation to tea of La Casa Hispana, Spanish sorority of the University of California, held at the chapter house in Berkeley. The guests of honor were the Latin American consuls of San Francisco and the Pan-American delegates to the Exposition.

The freshmen of the Spanish Club, accompanied by Dr. Shone, made a long-anticipated trip on the evening of April 18 to the Golden Gate International Exposition. The fountain designed by Antonio Sotomayor, Bolivian artist living in San Francisco, and the murals of Mexico's Covarrubias in the Pacific Building, were studied in detail. Then there was a tour of the Hispanic pavilions with special stress on those of Argentina, Brazil, the Philippines and El Salvador. In the patio of the latter's casita we were charmed by the hospitality of Delegate Jose Lila and his Spanish conversation over cups of delicious Salvador coffee while the Marimba band played familiar favorites.

A Pan-American day was celebrated on the evening of April 23 by a tea in Benincasa. Doctor Arturo Torres-Rioseco, native of Chile and professor of Spanish at the University of California, was the

honored guest. He gave a talk in Spanish on Pan-American ideals, aspirations and achievements. Manuel Topete, president of the Berkeley chapter of Sigma Delta Pi, discussed Pan-Americanism from the Mexican point of view, and Jose Campos, another Mexican graduate student from the University of California, played the guitar accompaniment for the group singing. These three caballeros from "south of the Rio Grande" were charming ambassadors and exponents of Hispanic culture.

SODALITIES

With a growing interest in Catholic Action, the class sodalities have met once every three weeks for discussions with Father Blank. The most important aspect of these meetings is the practical application of our religion. Not only have the groups learned much of Catholic theology but of current problems in the fields of Catholic theology and of current problems in the fields of Catholic education and of social, recreational and missionary movements.

Enthusiastic comment has attracted even non-members to some of the conferences. The Sodality members have looked forward to their meeting days and have been loath to leave the lectures even for dinner.

LIEDERABENDS

THE German club under Mrs. Brown's direction has had pleasant and enthusiastic meetings each month called liederabends. German songs were sung and German records played. The club was open not only to the department but to everyone interested in German culture.

One of the pleasantest evenings was spent in a European tour of moving pictures taken and shown by Mrs. Madie Koenig, a friend of Mrs. Brown's, who most kindly brought her projector from Los Angeles to entertain the club. The pictures showed us intimate as well as public glimpses of life in Germany, Switzerland and France, and they were the more interesting because Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Koenig and her family were in many of the pictures.

The club plans to end the year with a German evening in San Francisco. After dinner they will attend a German play.

CALIFORNIA STUDENT TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

With a rising increase in the ranks of our prospective teachers, all students in the education department have joined the new chapter of the C. S. T. A. President Merry Carlton arranged for the initial social event of the organization—a dinner given in the

second week of May at the Sleepy Hollow Country Club. The gathering was a gay one and it was happy in the manner of all last good times in college for those new teachers who would soon receive their certificates.

DEBATE CLUB

Carrying on valiantly after the vigorous sessions of last year, the Debate Club has been active under the chairmanship of Janet Munson. An addition to the regular student body meeting, the debates have given much information as well as amusement.

This semester, for the edification and instruction of all ambitious debaters in our college, a sample debate was conducted before the student body by members of the University of San Francisco debate team. In anticipation of an exchange visit of the same nature, the Debate Club predicts an invigorated interest in the activities next year.

THE FRENCH CLUB

THE French Club after some struggle has held its own. Relina Puppo resigned as president in the first semester and Tallulah Gibb was elected in her place.

The large and unwieldly groups of the first meetings have given place to a smaller circle of students really interested in French culture, and under the leadership of the new president the few meetings have been pleasant and worth while. At the last gathering Mlle. Galliot discussed French marriage customs with Mme. Brown, who supplemented her matter by a comparison with the German customs. The group asked as many questions as their courage and their supply of French permitted.

Elections were held for the coming year. Mary Crane was elected president and Mary O'Gara secretary. The evening was brought to a close by the singing of the *Marseillaise*.

FRENCH HONOR SOCIETY

Mu, our chapter of the National French Honor Society, Pi Delta Phi, has continued its activities under the guidance of Mlle. Andrée Galliot. Frances Musso, Janice Byrne, Tallulah Gibb, June Rawlings and Charlotte Lambert have been elected as members.

The chapter has been especially interested in *Deux Patries, Reveu trimestrielle de Pi Delta Phi*. A picture of our French house, Benincasa, appeared in the first issue, in the second a delightful article on "Notre Dame-de-Lourdes, Coin de France au Manitoba," written by Mlle. Galliot. An initiation banquet at Benincasa on May 2 closed the events of the year. Miss Olga Norstrom, president of Pi Delta Phi, presided at the ceremony. In addition to Miss Norstrom, the guests of honor at the banquet were the French Consul in San Francisco, M. Gaucheron, and his sister, Mlle. Gaucheron, and Professor Percival Fay, the chairman of the French Department at the University of California, and Mrs. Fay. The dinner was French in every detail, from the decorations to the conversation. M. Gaucheron felicitated the society on its cultural attainments, and congratulated the college for the excellent work it is doing. He also called attention to the tercentenary of Racine as of especial interest to the students of a women's college, since Racine's plays *Esther* and *Athalie* were written for the girls' school at St. Cyr. All those who were fortunate enough to be present agreed that the graciousness of the guests, the dignity of the initiation, and the delightful informality of the evening made it one long to be remembered.

AN EVENING WITH THE HUMANITIES

ON May Day in the white room at Meadowlands there was a crackling fire, and near it grouped about the round table were seven sophomores ready to share with us their pleasure in the Humanities. Through correlated study and individual research they had learned to know the people of the Middle Ages, and they had tried to make for themselves a synthesis of medieval civilization. From the introduction by Caroline Gibb, who was chairman, the guests were completely under the spell of the dignity and the charm which are so much a part of the Humanities course. In papers read by Marjorie Virgil, Lorraine Selleck, Mary Frances Degnan, and Julie Dyckman we were told of the architecture, trade, literature, and art of the Middle Ages.

The pointed arches, the rose windows, the statues of the Gothic cathedrals were made vivid to us. We watched the Crusades bring trade to the West, and saw the rise of the new middle class. We felt the simple religious spirit of the Middle Ages in their morality plays and the more cynical spirit of the Renaissance in *Dr. Faustus*. The illumination of manuscripts became a fascinating art to us, and made us a bit envious of the princesses to whom *Books of*

Hours were presented. In the four papers we were given a "humanities picture" of the Middle Ages.

The discussion which followed the reading of the papers proved to us the sharpness of the students' wits. With impromptu questions from Katherine McNamara and Catherine O'Day, and even more spontaneous answers from the authors of the papers the discussion grew more and more lively until the ringing of a bell upstairs reminded Caroline that the learned conversation must cease. The full and clear understanding and the enthusiasm of the seven students was proof conclusive of the success of the Humanities.

JEANNE BRADLEY '42

ALUMNAE

THE word alumnae has very little real significance to the under-graduate. The four years of college seem such a long time that one rarely stops to think that separation after Commencement must inevitably undermine the strength of many fine acquaintances. But those four years do pass quickly and it is then that one appreciates the word alumnae both as an idea and as an institution. The Christmas homecoming takes on a new meaning, the retreat during Holy Week, and the various college festivities throughout the year keep alive the old spirit of comradeship that might, without them, be completely destroyed. News of absent members is eagerly sought at these campus gatherings and shared with others and thus each year the bond between the old students is strengthened and their interest in those who have taken their place on the campus is aroused.

A good many of last year's seniors as well as those of preceding years returned for the annual Christmas celebration. Two of them have married — Mary Ellen Purcell and Catherine Swett are now Mrs. Robert E. Marskey and Mrs. Alan Dohrmann respectively and a third, Ellen Whitaker, has announced that her marriage to Mr. Edward D. Raddatz of Cleve-

land, Ohio, will take place in Spokane, Washington, on the twenty-seventh of May. Eleanor Watson has spent the year abroad combining study at the Sorbonne with travel in Central Europe. Mary Elizabeth Rathbone and Constance Carew are attending business school in San Francisco; Cecilia Azevedo is working toward the degree of M.A. in History at the University of California, and Louise Beronio, Jeanne Pierson, and Grace Hanifan are doing social service work in San Francisco, Lake County, and Nevada, respectively. Louise Evans is now a registered nurse at the Ross Hospital, Frances Sullivan is teaching at the Sacred Heart Convent in San Francisco and Gladys Risso is teaching in an elementary school near her home at Stockton. Marian Cosgriff has divided her time this past year between her home in Salt Lake City and Palm Springs. Betty Barboni and Elinor Wheeler have been here at College completing their work for a Secondary Teaching Credential.

As for graduates of earlier years several have entered into some new field since the publication of the last *Firebrand*. Jane Maltman is teaching at St. Vincent's Convent in Vallejo and Virginia Vaughan is doing substitute work in the Los Angeles high schools. Ellen Rehmet will receive her elementary teaching

credential in May and be married in June to Mr. Robert Streich of Inverness. Margaret Barry will receive the degree of Master of Sociology from the Catholic University of Washington in June. Caroline Rogers of the class of '35 has been leading an exciting life as a radio reporter. She covered the Pan-American conference at Lima for the Trans-Radio Press; and her last venture was covering the earthquake in Chile. Helen Karam is giving up her work in social service to marry Mr. James Purcell.

PATRONS

Alberts, Incorporated, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. James Andreason, Marysville
Miss Cecelia Azevedo, Livermore
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bannan, San Francisco
Dr. Arthur Barr, San Rafael
Benziger Brothers, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bolton, San Luis Obispo
Borden's Marin County Milk Company, San Rafael
Miss Eleanor V. Breen, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. William A. Breen, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Brisbois, Stockton
Campion-Ward, San Rafael
A. Carlisle and Co., San Francisco
Mr. E. L. Carlton, Vallejo
Castro's Garage, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. John Cavanaugh, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Chargin, San Jose
Mr. and Mrs. George A. Cheda, San Rafael
City of Paris, San Francisco
Kee Coleman, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Corbett, Vallejo
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Crawford, San Rafael
A. R. Dankworth, Incorporated, San Francisco
Davis-Schonwasser Company, San Francisco
De Gregory Paint Company, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. de Lormier, Pacific Grove
Dohemann Motor Company, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. Alan G. Dohrmann, Hillsborough
Eleanor's Beauty Shop, San Rafael

First National Bank in San Rafael, San Rafael
 Miss Mary Foley, San Rafael
 Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Geary, San Francisco
 James J. Gillick & Company, Inc., Berkeley
 Miss Elvira Ghiglieri, Stockton
 Miss Alice Giovannetti, Cloverdale
 Goldstein and Company, San Francisco
 Granat Brothers, San Francisco
 C. Grosjean and Company, San Rafael
 Miss Grace Hannifan, Tonopah, Nevada
 Hayden Brothers, San Rafael
 Mr. and Mrs. John Heafey, Oakland
 Henry's Taxi, San Rafael
 Henry Hess Company, San Rafael
 Herbert and Rohrer, San Rafael
 Hibernia Bank, San Francisco
 Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hulbert, Aberdeen, Washington
 Joe's Taxi, San Rafael
 Keaton and Dusel, San Rafael
 Mrs. Thomas F. Kiernan, San Francisco
 Lafargue French Laundry, San Rafael
 Leonardi Electric Company, San Rafael
 Lewis, Incorporated, San Francisco
 Livingston Brothers, San Francisco
 Looney's San Rafael Creamery, San Rafael
 Mr. and Mrs. Earl T. Lussier, San Francisco
 I. Magnin and Company, San Francisco
 Marin County Wholesale Produce Company, San Rafael
 The Marin Journal, San Rafael
 The Monitor, San Francisco

Niderost and Taber, Incorporated, San Francisco
Mr. Arthur R. Olsen, Redwood City
Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. O'Reilly, San Francisco
Miss Eileen O'Toole, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Petrich, Tacoma, Washington
Mr. and Mrs. John Dale Phelan, Visalia
Poehlmann Pharmacy, San Rafael
Mrs. Eugene Prince, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Quinn, San Francisco
Miss Mary Elizabeth Rathborne, San Francisco
Miss Eileen Ryan, Long Beach
San Rafael Chamber of Commerce, San Rafael
San Rafael French Dyeing and Cleaning Works, San Rafael
San Rafael Mill and Lumber Company, San Rafael
Dr. and Mrs. George A. Selleck, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. R. Schmidt, Redwood City
Shreve Treat and Eacret, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Slack, Piedmont
W. and J. Sloane, San Francisco
Sommer and Kaufmann, San Francisco
Van Der Maelen Cleaning and Dyeing, San Rafael
Miss Eileen Walsh, Sacramento
Webb and Rogers, San Rafael
Frank Werner Company, San Francisco
Western Manufacturing Company, San Francisco
Whitaker Pharmacy, San Rafael
Women's Athletic Association, Dominican College, San Rafael