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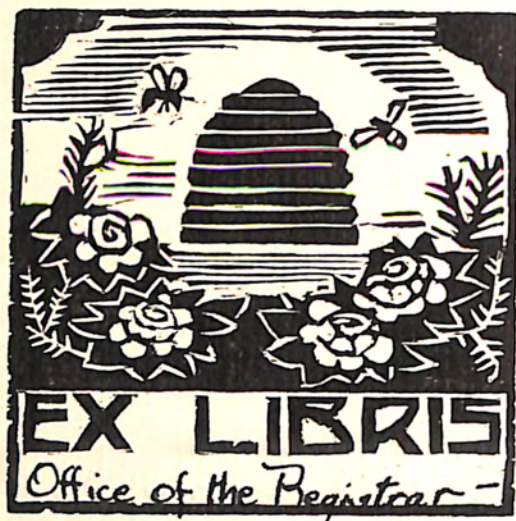
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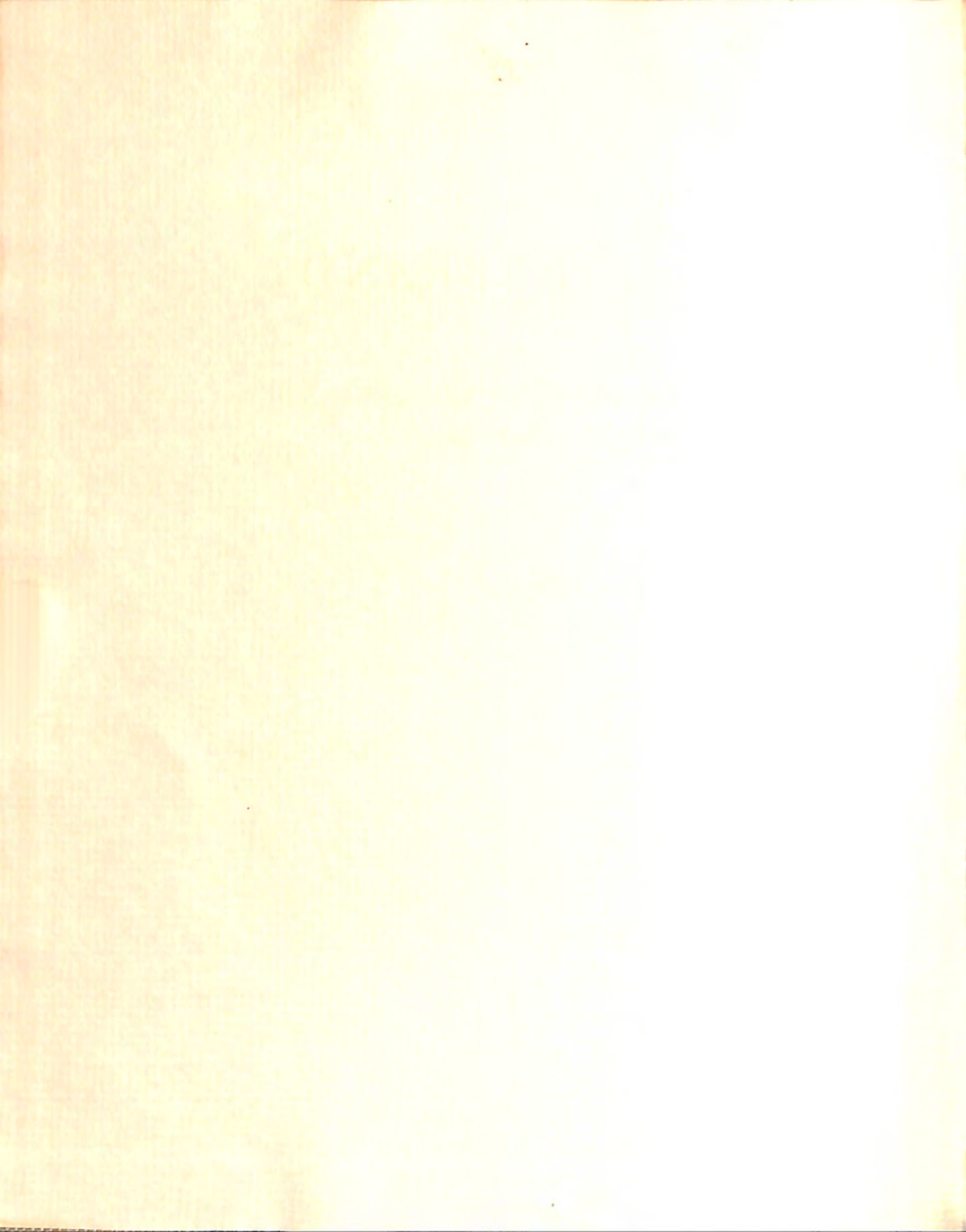
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The Firebrand





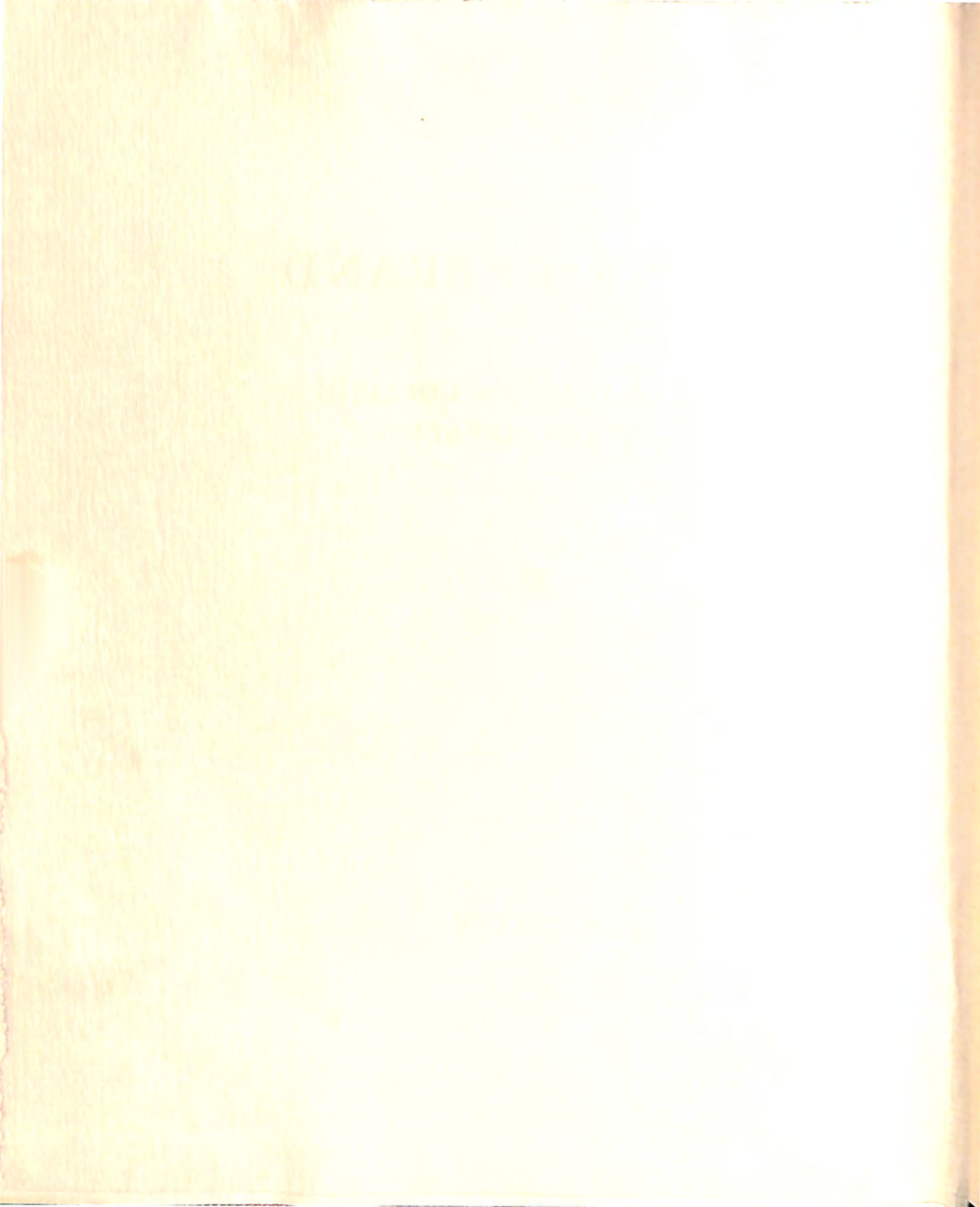


THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE
OF SAN RAFAEL



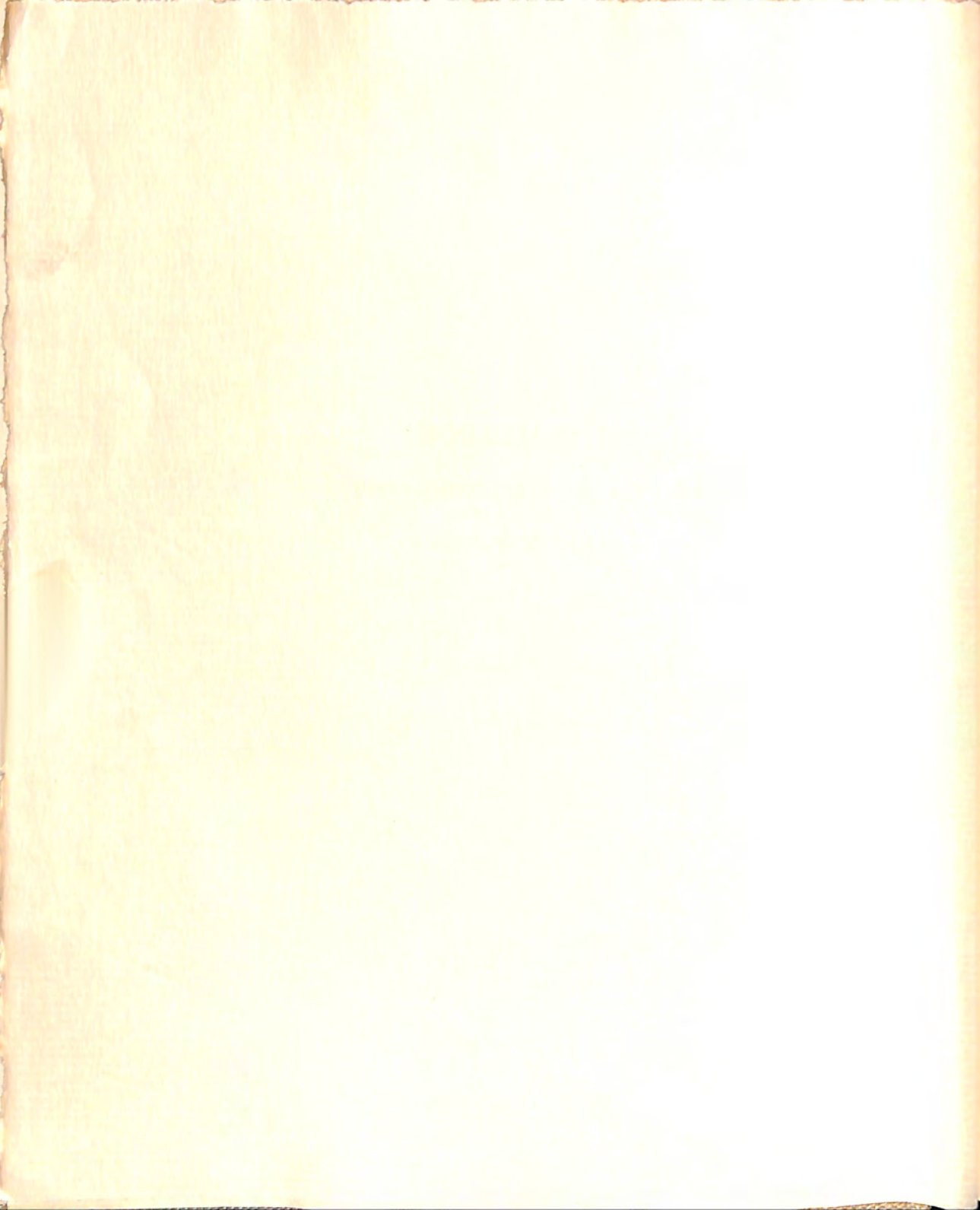
MCMXXXVII



TO THE ALUMNÆ

FOR WHOSE GENEROUS COOPERATION

WE ARE MOST GRATEFUL



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THE FIREBRAND

<i>Editor</i>	GERALDINE LUCY
<i>Associate Editors</i>	VIRGINIA DE LORIMIER ELINOR WHEELER JANE SMITH
<i>Art Editor</i>	CÉCILE GRANDJEAN
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BARBARA WOODHEAD	RAE YOUNG

EDITORIAL

How beautiful is the gift of this college to us and how rich! It abounds deep and far, beyond measure or acknowledgment. We have only to search to find where it lies.

We have found beauty in the splendor of great trees and in the joy of beloved gardens. If we take the path to Inspiration Point at evening and pause above the valley, we can see a wondrous expanse of trees sheltering our dwellings and filling the low ridges of the hills. And a calm breeze blows up to us. Or standing on the high porch of Meadowlands we can see two palms staunch against distant blue Tamalpais. Along a thousand paths we find fair flowers, beside Fanjeaux and Meadowlands and down through the Benincasa grounds. What more noble a gift shall we seek here than the deep peace and refreshment of such a campus?

It is said that "that country is the fairest, which is inhabited by the noblest minds". Here wise professors have shared with us individually the excellence of their learning and their philosophy. During our sojourn among them, they have guided our minds with personal concern and understanding. Around seminar tables the reaches of their knowledge flow to us—we have

only to receive. We have met new friends, eager and thoughtful, with lessons to teach. With us they have learned to "do the little things as if they were big things". Our College has brought together all of these fine school-fellows for us to know and to remember. What more lofty a gift can we seek than that which deep minds and kind hearts have bestowed?

Yet beyond this we have found an atmosphere containing the spirit of the Dominicans, filled with the blessedness of life's labor. This influence of peace and true living brings college people always back; for with our willingness the character of life here becomes a part of us and kindles a light that sustains us when we are far away. Here we are told how to make our own lives beautiful wherever we may go; we are reminded, "Ask and you shall receive; seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you."

G. L.

ˆ ˆ ˆ

OUR bookplate has been chosen because it symbolizes our desire if not our accomplishment in the *Firebrand*. The design is suggested by Swift's brilliant fire in the seventeenth century quarrel between the Antients and the

Moderns. In his stand for the Antients he tells a pretty story of a Bee that runs into a Spider's web, whence follows a dispute. The Bee is an advocate retained by the Antients against their adversary; the honours go to the Bee.

We should like to follow the Bee, for the Spider spins but cobwebs; he lives amidst dust and swells himself with poison. The Bee "visits all the flowers and blossoms of the garden for his enriching spoils". Indeed the Bee might well adorn a bookplate for the noblest library of books, since "by an universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment and distinction of things, the Bee brings home honey and wax".

Now our book we know is far from the noblest; we realize that it is but a slight thing. Its tone is continually criticized; it is said that we write too gently or too heavily, and that we avoid realism; our senior sketches are laughed at as eulogies instead of portraits, and this latter blame we know is true. We not only admit our failings, we even continue to perpetuate them deliberately. We are not scornful of the Moderns, and there are times when we could wish to enliven our writings by more spicy realism, yet on the whole we find it wiser to follow humbly the Antients represented by the Bee,

who in Swift's words spoke thus, "We have rather chose to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are Sweetness and Light."

G. L. S.





YVONNE BAKER

Major: MUSIC

Drama Club
Schola Cantorum
Spanish Club

YVONNE BAKER

YVONNE first distinguished herself at the Freshman entertainment when she sang, played violin and piano solos, and helped with most of the other numbers. She has always retained that same attribute—an ability and willingness to help, whether it be the needy freshman or some forlorn new student, or whether it be the decoration for a coming social event.

This year Yvonne left Fanjeaux for Meadowlands and began her teaching. So we do not see her sitting in the sun in the Fanjeaux court as we once did. She is not with us any more on week-ends, but fleets off to her home in Benicia. Still she always reveals her same old friendliness when she is about.

With a decided liking for dramatics and song, she has taken part in innumerable plays and operettas. This year she was a gentle St. Joseph in the Christmas Play. Besides her musical interest there are the good books she has read and her ability to discuss them.

Yvonne has a quiet, sweet way about her, has become a friend of many and the enemy of none.



MARGARET BARNARD

Major: SPANISH

Third Year University of California

Sigma Delta Pi
Spanish Club

MARGARET BARNARD

MARGARET appears rather reticent and quiet at first. She even seems disinterested and unsure in the classroom—that is, until she gives the benefit of her knowledge and begins to talk in her slow, dignified, careful way. One is always surprised at the amount and the value and the diverse character of her knowledge. She reads many books of all kinds with no set plan. But when she once becomes interested in a subject, she keeps at it until she has read and studied it from various points of view. If she is not interested, she will not bother. Anything Spanish fills her with enthusiasm; she knows and speaks the language well. She has done us honor at meetings of the Spanish Honor Society here and at the University of California where she was initiated as a member of Sigma Delta Pi this spring.

Under her quiet manner is a mischievous and rather happy-go-lucky nature, and involved situations find her complacent—her sense of humor covers them and she can make a quick turn of words in raillery or fun. She has a cosmopolitan interest in people of different lands. After spending her junior year at the University of California she came eagerly back.



MARGARET BARRY

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Business Manager *Firebrand* '36
Executive Board '34

Albertus Magnus '34
Sociology Club

MARGARET BARRY

SELDOM does one meet a more truly sociable person than Margaret. She makes one feel well-met and herself proves the gayness and optimism possible in this world. When a freshman, her spirited, mirthful attitude gave her courage to brave strange upperclassmen, to our amazement. She has an immeasurable liking for many people, and she is a great defender of her friends. She states her opinions confidently and we feel her sincerity and straightforwardness. When she studies she reveals the quickness and alertness of a good mind.

When her temper flares up as it does, because she thinks justice has not been done, she speaks out her feelings. Soon she calms down, though, and is amused at the situation. She likes to manage things and succeeds because of her commanding, friendly nature. The hospitality of her San Francisco home to many of us has been greatly appreciated.

We have missed Margaret's ringing laugh in the Fanjeaux halls since she began to commute from the city. And so now, we are glad as often as we find her on the steps of Guzman where we can hear her talk in her own jesting, witty way.



ELEANOR BREEN

Major: SOCIOLOGY

President W. A. A. '37
Secretary-Treasurer W. A. A. '36
Chairman of Social Committee '36
Social Committee '37
President Class '34
Vice-President Class '35

Block "D" Pin Society
Drama Club
French Club
Sociology Club

ELEANOR BREEN

ELEANOR's energy and animation have not died in all these four years. She came a high-spirited, joyous freshman and now with much gained of the wisdom of life, she still laughs often in her old hilarious way. She possesses an enviable cheer and contentment. She does not want things disagreeable.

Eleanor has worked hard and most willingly as Freshman President, as social chairman, and now as our vigorous W. A. A. President. It is seldom that she misses a school function. No matter small disappointments—she does not give up in disgust or hopelessness.

How much she loves her home! With delightful eagerness each week-end she hastens away. Yet we know that during the week she is very much at home here and that her devotion to her school is great wherever she may be. We have found her a person friendly and happy, always gracious, always charitably and encouragingly interested.



CARMEL CHEDA

Major: **SOCIOLOGY**

**Drama Club
French Club
Sociology Club**

CARMEL CHEDA

THERE is a liveliness and a generous spirit in Carmel. She is never at a loss for words—she speaks her mind to professor or student. Whenever Carmel is present at a discussion, she has something decided to say. And her opinions, for which she can present ample reasons, are quite definite. She is outspoken in her loyalty for her College. For sixteen years she has been at this Dominican school and her love and regard for its worth brought her swiftly back once after she had been six weeks away at junior college. Everyone who knows her speaks of her generosity, but most of us do not know that Carmel drives out to the country after classes to teach Sunday school.

And Carmel is an excellent driver in the country. However, in the city she has not driven often since the time she took the wrong way down a one-way street and met a street car.

That she is a tease I well know. Truly, she enjoys life.



ELENOR GARRISON

Major: HISTORY

Transferred from University of
Nevada '34

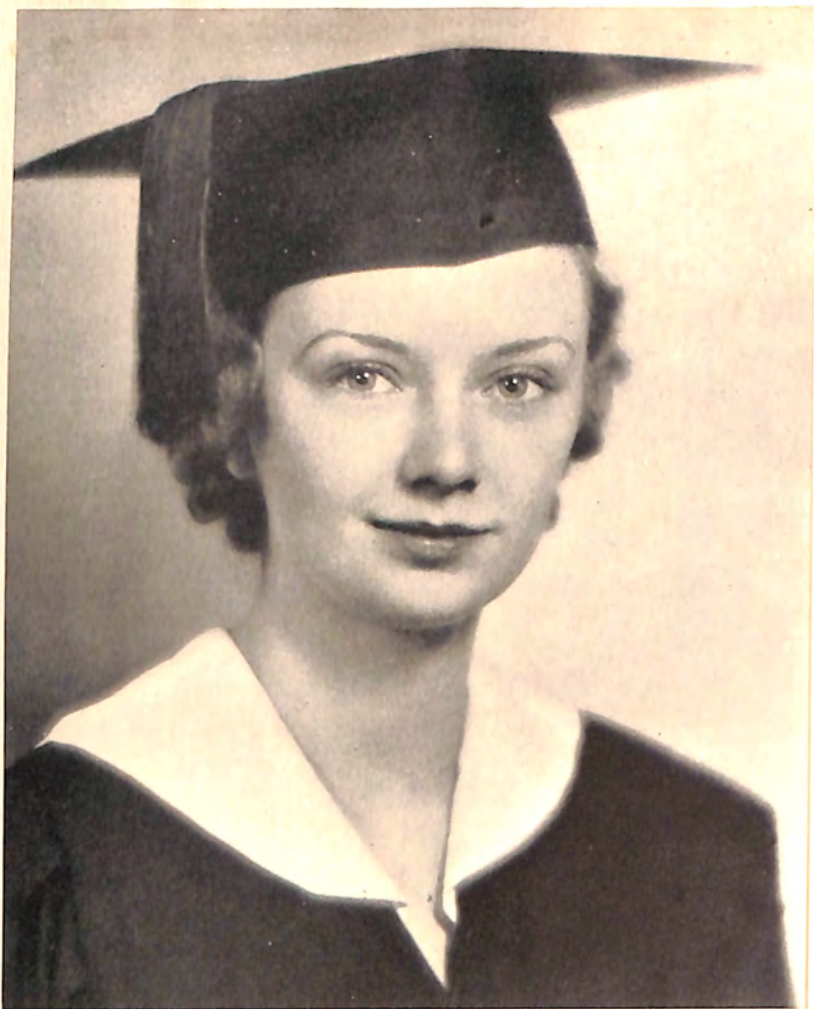
French Club
Delta Alpha Epsilon
International Relations
Club

ELENOR GARRISON

ELENOR's abruptness may remove the stranger from her world, but we, who know her, have discovered beneath this abrupt nature countless, endearing, fine things. In her opinion actions speak louder than words and her advice will arouse her friends when they hesitate in their difficulties. Indeed, when she speaks in her slow drawl, her deliberateness must make us alert. The fact that she possesses a quick mind and power of concentration lets her drift along without a care until a crisis, such as an examination, or perhaps a social affair, is upon her. Then she has new life and energy and with a glint in her eye begins to act.

Elenor is quite dignified. We have seen her carry that dignity into play-acting—with what unconcerned stiffness did she as the elderly aunt dance the Virginia reel in the W. A. A. Circus! She conveys true wit in but a single word or tone. And how she can make her friends laugh!

It is important to mention that Elenor is from the State of Nevada.



CÉCILE GRANDJEAN

Major: ART

Transferred from University of
Washington '34
Art Editor *Firebrand* '37
Art Editor *Meadowlark* '37
Firebrand Staff '35, '36
Meadowlark Staff '35, '36

Art Club
Drama Club
French Club
Little Theatre Workshop

CÉCILE GRANDJEAN

USUALLY one encounters Cécile in Guzman Hall determinedly headed for the art room. Her art work is her chief study as well as recreation. And it means much to us, too, for she, in unfailing kindness, cuts woodblocks for our publications, makes winning posters at brief notice, or paints lovely feast day cards.

She is true French in her lack of taciturnity, but her becoming flash of temper at a teasing remark rapidly subsides and soon she forgives. Any praise of her blonde fragile beauty that graces so many Dominican tableaux causes her cheeks to flame.

One can depend upon Cécile's interest in life's difficulties and always she will present a solution, no matter how unworkable. Perhaps her knowledge of what she likes and dislikes belongs to her artistic tendencies—she expresses vehemently her wishes. The anxious hurry of her life is an inherent part of her, but her sweet conviviality easily makes her halt on her way.



MARGARET HOWARD

Major: BIOLOGY

Albertus Magnus Club
Delta Alpha Epsilon
Spanish Club

MARGARET HOWARD

PEG has shown a fighting courage, an independence, and a sporting attitude that has made us like and respect her highly. Her joyful enthusiasm in the things she is interested in reflects in her face; we see her excitement when she speaks of her teaching and from hearsay we know how splendid a teacher she makes.

She reads as much as a novel a day with great zest. She is a good student, but not a bookworm by any means. She often leads in fun—she has a real spark of humor. Hers is the grace to see the value in a person and to understand one's idiosyncrasies and not mind them. She is proud and sensitive and naturally high-tempered, but from her confident manner we know that she retreats to her inner self when the cross-currents of life disturb her. She does not like to miss a week-end at home with her family; and we know that she has two brothers who are also very good comrades.

She appears somewhat reserved, perhaps shy. I think she does not know how well she is liked.



MERCEDES JORDAN

Major: SOCIOLOGY

President Day Students '36, '37
Student Affairs Board '37
Executive Board '36
Secretary Class '35

Sociology Club

MERCEDES JORDAN

ONE who has been with Mercedes in Father Baschab's class can readily tell of her interest in philosophy and ethics, of her intelligence, and her levelheadedness. She carries a calm zest into a badminton game, so that she cares more for the joy of the play than for the victory. And when there is argument her presence brings great consolation, for rather than take either side she attempts to reconcile both. One may not know where she stands. She knows how to mix academic and social life. In spite of the hurry of her movements she always offers peace in emergencies.

Hers is an eager, attractive face. You will see that she talks to you with a sincere intensity of expression and often you may catch the sunny twinkle in her eyes. Indeed, she sees the humor in life.

And I have heard that she revels in Sunday picnics.



CARMEL KELLY

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Delta Alpha Epsilon
Sociology Club

CARMEL KELLY

So often Carmel's extreme naturalness brings us cheer and relief. She is always her true self, frank and outspoken, with a little rise of Irish temper once in a while and more often with a good smile. She has a peaceful way about her and is kind in yielding to other people's wishes. She takes the world easily, expecting not too much of it. But she likes the happy things it offers and doesn't miss a social gathering or a bit of fun. Her teasing sense of humor comes forth at all times. Perhaps because she is the youngest of a large family, she has learned generosity and broadmindedness.

In her studies Carmel is conscientious and works strenuously. One sees her in the library in the early morning laboring over a term paper and late in the afternoon she is there again. She is quite serious about her teaching. Reliable for any athletic contest, she plays with the same sense of fun and good sportsmanship that characterizes everything she does.

Here at our College, she seems always at ease and content.



VIRGINIA DE LORIMIER

Major: FRENCH

President Student Body '37
President W. A. A. '36
Firebrand Staff '34, '35, '36, '37
Meadowlark Staff '35, '36, '37
Executive Board '35
W. A. A. Board '35
Vice-President Class '34

Pi Delta Phi
French Club
International Relations
Club
Seven Arts Club
Spanish Club
Block "D" Pin Society

VIRGINIA DE LORIMIER

I^N defining the man of character, Emerson has spoken of "the quiet spirit of honor which attends him." Surely it is the presence of this spirit in Virginia that has won our love and high regard. We feel an instant trust in her sound smile. She succeeds in conveying to us a certain confidence in all people and things. Her friends recall her delight in life as a freshman and her immediate appreciation of the college. A good part of her exultance in life must spring from her love of her home by the ocean and her pride in the eight brothers and sisters whom she shares with all of us.

Virginia dreams and philosophizes and aspires to high things with no pretensions, but with disturbing determination; she likes to loiter in book stores and to walk alone to Mass each day. The settled firmness of her opinions appears when needed, but always she reveals an expansive kindness; she greets everyone with a spirit of comradeship.

It is this earnestness of her attitude toward life and her never-dying joy in its beautiful side that makes felt her nobility and her kindness as she swings the gavel.



GERALDINE LUCY

Major: ENGLISH

Editor *Firebrand* '37
Editor *Meadowlark* '36
Firebrand Staff, '35, '36
Meadowlark Staff '35, '36, '37
Student Affairs Board '37
W. A. A. Board '35
Treasurer Class '37

Gamma Sigma
Seven Arts Club
Block "D" Pin Society

GERALDINE LUCY

GERRY is serious and sincere, in work or in play. Even though she is a person of procrastination, she stays up after nightly visits with friends to finish her work thoroughly and completely. Editor of both the quarterly magazine and the year book, and member of all the athletic teams, we have seen in her a whole-hearted interest in life and a true love of play. Her fine sense of humor often astonishes those not well-acquainted with her. "Oh, I didn't know Gerry was like that," they say, which pleases her very much. Her friends like her for her sincerity, though they accuse her of being frank to a point of tactlessness. The professors find her too humble in recitation for she often refuses to answer; her excuse is that she can't be too sure of her own ideas. She takes seriously her religion, her friends, and her books and no matter how hard she works, she unfailingly attends daily Mass. She writes letters with exceeding pleasure and she likes to take a journey in a train. Her high ideals she never loses sight of in spite of any failure of her hopes.



MARGARET LYONS

Major: HISTORY

Vice-President Student Body '37
Vice-President W. A. A. '37
President Meadowlands '37
Executive Board '37
Student Affairs Board '36, '37
Secretary Class '36

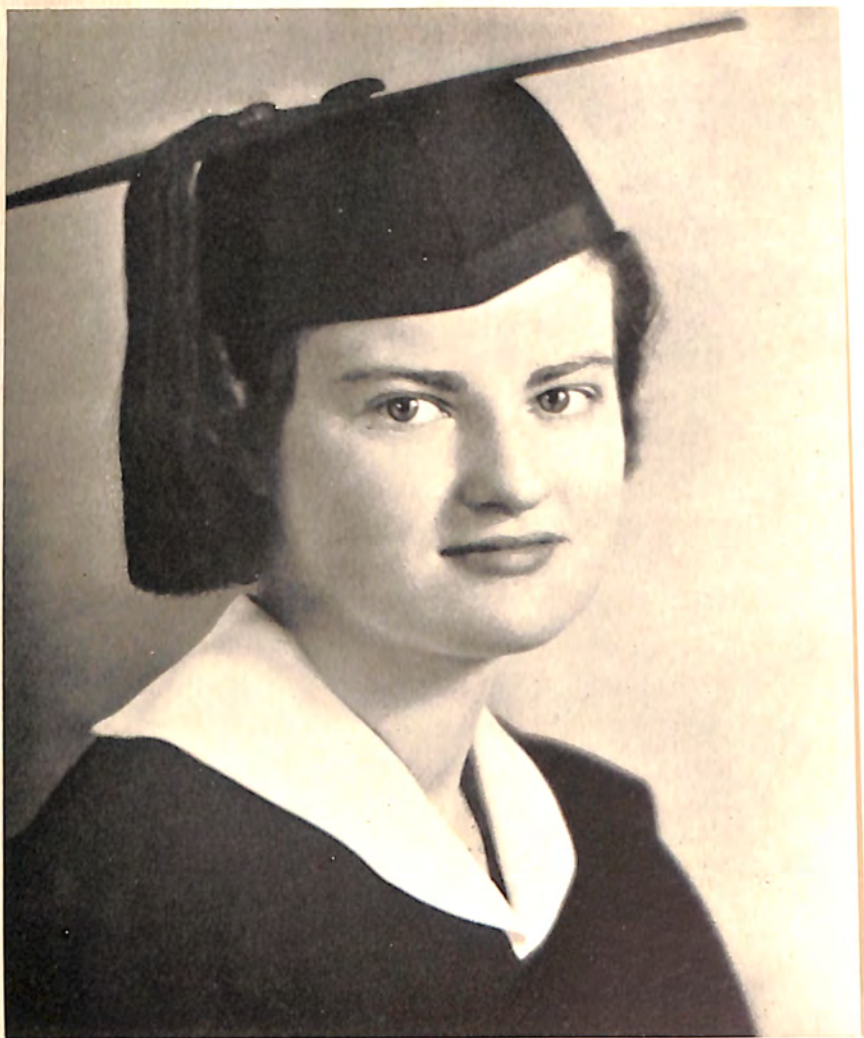
Delta Alpha Epsilon
Gamma Sigma
Pi Delta Phi
Block "D" Pin Society
French Club
International Relations
Club

MARGARET LYONS

MARGARET is distinguished by her understanding of what is just and right in this life. We know her to be honest and persevering in her opinions and reasonable and kind in her judgments. And in her there is a security and a sure bravery that brings her friends with their fears to talk with her. She has an astonishing power to push aside any obstacle when she decides to. She seemed to us not at all of an athletic turn until we saw how soon she learned to handle a hockey stick with a steady and threatening swing.

Renown has come to Margaret for the subtlety of her wit in side remarks and for her appreciation of the humorous happenings in our world. When she played that amazing stagehand, who read all the minor parts in "The Happy Journey", her utter seriousness brought tears to our eyes from laughter.

So do we value Margaret for her profound reasoning powers and her reverence, her silent fun and her friendship.



PATRICIA LYONS

Major: MUSIC

President Student Affairs '37
President Class '36
Social Committee '36
President Senior Sodality

Drama Club
Delta Alpha Epsilon
Schola Cantorum
French Club

PATRICIA LYONS

PAT has a true and fine enjoyment of people and things. Knowing her mother we can well account for this happy outlook. Like her mother, she gives generously to everything she does with the happy spirit of her Irish ancestry. When she was assigned to teach the subject of Alaska to her practice-teaching class, she had us all stirred up over her discoveries about that distant land. Of all subjects she likes best, she says, to teach geography, but she can hold any group interested in any topic though it be only happenings at school or at home in Vallejo.

Music takes an important part in her life, though she has neither the temperament nor the appearance of the conventionalized musician; yet, to hear her play our organ in the Angelico Auditorium, or to watch her hands on a piano, makes one aware of her talent. She carries her sense of happiness into all things, into studying or helping others, playing basketball or driving her beloved "Lena". Her patience is extraordinary.

We respect her kind justice as an executive. As a person, we love her for her loyalty, her complete selflessness, and her goodness.



PATRICIA MCCARTHY

Major: CHEMISTRY-BIOLOGY

President Fanjeaux '37
Secretary-Treasurer W. A. A. '37
W. A. A. Board '36
Treasurer Class '35, '36

Albertus Magnus Club
Gamma Sigma
International Relations
Club
Seven Arts Club

PATRICIA McCARTHY

PAT's broad-minded outlook on life can be traced perhaps to the fact that she left home early to attend boarding school. Her generosity completes an understanding and sympathetic nature which has won her many friends; yet through her independence she has learned the art of self-reliance; she knows the joy of solitude. Her thirst for knowledge is most obvious in her hard work at chemistry experiments over which she invariably toils to a successful end. As President of the Albertus Magnus Club, she has aroused a great enthusiasm among the student scientists. Sewing is the hobby in which she finds relaxation from her books and her many duties.

Practical and unsentimental, she proved capable as treasurer of numerous organizations and wise as head of the house at Fanjeaux. We have found her reasonable, kind and impartial. She sees why people are as they are and therefore does not blame them too much; moreover she has a sense of humor. Like Saint Catherine of Sienna, she is a peacemaker.

To her, "to work is to pray".



LENORE McWADE

Major: MUSIC

Transferred from San Francisco
College for Women '34

Drama Club
French Club
Schola Cantorum

LENORE McWADE

AMONG Lenore's aspirations is the perfection of the art of sound argument. It pleases her to philosophize and argue and she wants much to master logical means to make possible the winning of her point. An elder remarked of her at the age of three that she could out-talk a Philadelphia lawyer. Indeed, she can discourse well on many subjects. She is most willing to reverse her judgments on anyone or anything in the face of just reasons.

And then there are times when she has a pre-occupied way about her. Perhaps she stares out a window and, missing the conversation, asks for repetition, which her amused friends have long since ceased to grant.

Often she has a book in hand to read in snatches between classes. She is amazingly ambitious to do great things, such as to be an opera singer or to lead a symphony. She finds pleasure in reading or acting plays and she loves to listen to records of Debussy. She practices piano by the hour.

The pleasant surprises of life are her joy to give and receive.



ROSE MARIE MURRAY

Major: FRENCH

President Class '35, '37
Executive Board '36
W. A. A. Board '36, '37
Social Committee

Gamma Sigma
Pi Delta Phi
Sigma Delta Pi
French Club
International Relations
Club
Spanish Club

ROSE MARIE MURRAY

THE merry heart of Rose Marie has made for her a happy existence. It defeats quickly the frown that difficulties in her busy life sometimes bring. She has a fine sense of comedy because she sees the foibles of this life, but her laughter is only kind laughter. She is sincere and trusting, though in four years she has almost learned to see through the advantage taken of her believing nature. She has remained ever to be relied upon in all she says or does.

Never is Rose Marie seen unoccupied. She accomplishes so many things silently that we may not realize that she plays in all athletic contests, leads club activities, and always retains her high scholastic standing. We recall our exceeding enjoyment of her unselfconscious realness as the little girl in that clever play, "The Happy Journey".

She is quite practical and vain hopes and worries seldom disturb her. Her view of the world about her is kindly and she treats each person with understanding and a democratic spirit. How worthily did she receive the Freshman cup three years ago!



EILEEN O'HARA

Major: HISTORY

Transferred from University
of Nevada '34
Vice-President Class '37
Social Committee

Gamma Sigma
Drama Club
International Relations
Club
Schola Cantorum
Spanish Club

EILEEN O'HARA

To Eileen belongs a glad spirit. She has a mind to look on the happy side of things. With that same disposition she has worked hard since she joined us in her Sophomore year. And this year it was her wise and kind way that made her succeed in her practice-teaching. She was a good philosopher in our History of Philosophy class.

There follows from her optimism a restlessness and, work done, her constant "What shall we do now?" oftentimes drives her less-energetic friends to throw up their hands in dismay. She will grasp at a suggestion and carry companions off to put it into action. Without her, they have said, the week-end is less happy.

At costume gatherings Eileen dresses up and delights us. I remember her once as an old-fashioned lady with narrow, pointed high shoes, long, black dress, and spectacles on the end of her nose—such a droll figure.

One may know how easy and good she is in judgment of others, but one may not realize that she is deeply sensitive and is most quick only in finding fault with herself.



PATRICIA O'KEEFE

Major: MUSIC

Drama Club
French Club
Schola Cantorum

PATRICIA O'KEEFE

PAT is small and curly headed. She has a piquant face and an air of being undisturbed by the issues of life, great or little. Her congeniality and even temper make her an easy and comfortable person. It is rumored that the faculty sometimes think her too comfortable for her own welfare. One cannot but notice her calmness—even finals do not perturb her too much, yet she finds excitement in going out in the company of her friends.

She has two especially marked gifts, one for music and the other for dramatics. The former has been developed mostly through the driving power of the Head of the Music Department, the latter has flowered as naturally as ducks take to water.

She is known, as other enthusiastic day students, for her pride in her College. Her friends here praise her for her generosity and eagerness to share her home with them.



JEANETTE PLANTÉ

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Third Year University of
Southern California
Summer Session National
University of Mexico
Secretary Class '35

French Club
Spanish Club

JEANETTE PLANTÉ

JEANETTE is a small, vivacious person of an affectionate and sympathetic nature. She finds people extremely interesting and the friends she makes she holds especially dear and will do much for them. She likes to give advice, serious or otherwise, to anyone who asks it. High ideals make her restless for their attainment. We find her deeply religious, with a special devotion to our Blessed Mother. She faces the complexities of life with courage.

Then she has a subtle, humorous side. She enjoys doing crazy, unexpected things. In her room you will see countless ornamental objects, dogs and a big toy rabbit and frogs. This last summer she traveled in Mexico and became interested in that country—many are the stories she can tell.

Jeanette went away to Southern California for her junior year. But when she came back, she found the same comfortable place for herself among us. Indeed she belongs here in this atmosphere that she appreciates.



ELLEN REHMET

Major: CHEMISTRY-BIOLOGY

Gamma Sigma
Albertus Magnus Club
International Relations
Club
Seven Arts Club
H. O. O. D.

ELLEN REHMET

To say that Ellen's life consists mainly of books because she studies long hours and does excellent work, would hardly be inclusive. It is true that she desires exactitude and completeness of knowledge; that she takes faithful notes in every subject, whether it be chemistry, mathematics, German, or English. But the excitement of the little things in life easily removes her thoughts far from study. A party delights her in anticipation and long afterwards—she smiles broadly almost in spite of herself. And her intellectual curiosity carries over into a sometimes disturbing curiosity of what is going on about her. She can be teased with huge satisfaction.

However, when examinations are upon us, she retreats to the library or to her sunny Fanjeaux room, of which she is so fond, and works with determination and a serious mien. With this same will she has been an eager and a dependable President of the Honor Society.

Ellen's secret wish is to have a cottage in the country.



RITA SENEKER

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Transferred from Nazareth Junior
College, Kentucky '35
Firebrand Staff '37

Sociology Club

RITA SENEKER

WHEN first Rita spoke to us in her now-familiar Southern accent, we became aware of her charm. She came here from Virginia only for her junior studies, but it took little time for her to become one of us. Because Meadowlands attracted her, she lived there first and aroused much interest for herself and others in Catholic action. Now she teaches catechism in the country on free afternoons. She has high standards and likes those who fulfill them.

Her manner never allows one to feel that she has been imposed upon. Hospitable and generous, she naturally enjoys social life; yet her extreme gentleness places her apart from many of the more lively among us. Sometimes she appears naïve, but all of a sudden she comes out with a humorous remark which proves that she has thought through the whole situation and understands it thoroughly.

Back from the week-end she tells less of her success in social doings than of the little niece and nephews, who all adore her. Her niece, an Alice in Wonderland, delights refreshingly in "Rita" and the beautiful dresses that seem a part of her. She likes California second to her beloved Virginia.



MARY SULLIVAN

Major: SOCIOLOGY

Delta Alpha Epsilon
Gamma Sigma
International Relations
Club
Sociology Club
Spanish Club

MARY SULLIVAN

MARY's friendly way goes far beyond her easy, interesting conversation. It is seen in the generous sharing of the fruits of her study. One's fleeting knowledge gains new strength before an examination when she gladly and clearly outlines the entire course. Well do I remember her in our Freshman history class—with what energy she took notes, how she recited orals without hesitation, and how she laughed at comic situations. Her outlook on life is most encouraging.

The only subject whose solemnity to Mary forbids any hint of amusement is St. Mary's College. She knows its history from the beginning and is loyal to it next only to her own college.

It is an exciting moment when Mary starts up her automobile, "Green Flash", always fully occupied, and drives away in her own erratic manner.



VIRGINIA TRODDEN

Major: HISTORY

Head of House Regulations '37
Executive Board '37

Delta Alpha Epsilon
Drama Club
International Relations
Club
Schola Cantorum
Block "D" Pin Society

VIRGINIA TRODDEN

NOT many in this world are like Virginia, so abundant and selfless in giving in so many ways. Regularly she brings back presents after a week-end, cakes and such, almost anything one asks for, and these are not only for her good friends but for surprises to various acquaintances. And when has one asked her to write for the publications that she has not put herself quickly to it? She reads poetry continually. How happy we were that hers was one of the winning poems in our *Meadowlark* poetry contest this year.

Virginia has been a jewel in College dramatics. She can play any part, heavy or light, with a release and a sincerity that is true acting. She made a magnificent devil. After-dinner conversation she enlivens by her jolly humor. Into basketball she puts all her energy and her will. Her finished forward playing has won us many a hard game.

In spite of the earnest expression of her face she seems rather carefree—she would not want anyone to accuse her of sentiment. Actually she is quite a philosopher and capable of fond attachments and deep moods.



VERA WILSON

Major: LATIN

Transferred from Marin Junior
College '35

Gamma Sigma
Seven Arts Club

VERA WILSON

VERA has the charming traits of her English heritage. When she came in her junior year the high graciousness of her manner and her mild nature soon gained the admiration of the College. Her philosophy is cheerful, stable, and sensible. It is a joy to converse with her because she listens and considers well what is said.

The goodness of her mind proves itself in her Latin studies. She accomplishes her work and everything she does apparently effortlessly. Not that she is entirely student, for she likes parties and always is ready to join her friends in pleasures. She spends much time in her hillside garden at her home in San Anselmo and knows well the joys and troubles of the garden-lover. In her is the slow humor of the English which, when aroused, however, brings forth a splendid smile.

This is Vera, a most gentle, able, saving person, not swiftly perturbed, but with, we feel, a vast amount of reserve energy and courage.

THE JUNIORS

THE junior class has the dubious distinction of being the smallest class in the college but, as one member proudly explained, "It has quality if not quantity". Time has been good to the various members. Two years of serious study and concentrated recreation has neither dulled their wits nor dampened their spirits. The same minds that conceived the general dismantling of beds in Fanjeaux are still functioning perfectly but the dignity which comes with the status of upper-classmen forbids putting other equally brilliant ideas into action. In scholarship, drama, athletics, and extra-curricular activities the juniors have held their own despite the greater resources of the other classes. Six of its members are honor students, several have done excellent work in dramatics and the class as a whole has defended its athletic standing. Eleanor Watson brought glory both to herself and to the class by capturing the tennis trophy in the singles match, and the combined efforts of juniors and seniors defeated the lower-classmen in hockey. The class of '38 has had an interesting and varied career, but through its three years of existence it has held a place of honor.

ELINOR WHEELER, '38.

THE SOPHOMORES

WITH the passing of our freshman year has come a seriousness and quietness of manner. We seem to have forgotten our first year so filled with gaiety and lack of responsibility. Of an evening, we who used to laugh and play before the fire now seek a quiet cornered discussion or go slowly up to our rooms. We have taken no prominent part in activities nor have we been active in clubs and social functions. But this rather indifferent and careless air is only exterior. Underneath it is a newly-developed thoughtfulness and appreciation. We have outgrown our continuous round of frivolities and demand for entertainment and pleasures. We have assumed a sense of restraint and composure and find a pleasure in studies, undreamed of in our freshman year. We no longer exist merely for Friday afternoons and the expectations of a week-end in San Francisco or at home, but are becoming more content to stay at school, relaxing and studying.

Our spirit, too, is not gone but changed. In athletic contests, the sophomores boast the most contenders, not playing with the same wild abandon but with a new calm determination that has led to success. We cheer the

loudest for our teammates and play the hardest in the games.

Our individualities, which kept us from strong class unity, have blended and given us class courage and power. Our love and loyalty in our school has grown, making us both proud and humble.

So we approach the third, our junior year, with a respect for ourselves and others, and the knowledge that we have outgrown our frivolities and are assuming the inevitable dignity befitting juniors.

JANE SMITH, '39.



THE FRESHMEN

FILLED with a zest for life and an active gaiety, we entered college our spirit unsubdued by initiation week and the awe inspired by the upper classmen. We retained our light-heartedness and from it a feeling of class unity developed. We became suddenly interested in composing our class songs and in receiving our shield. We soon discovered that we had an outstanding bit of talent within the class, especially pertaining to music and dramatics. Throughout the year this talent has been portrayed by successive performances, such as the annual circus in which the freshmen took a leading part. We have not raised the scholastic standing of the college much, perhaps, but we have contributed something, if only by adding a strong alto section to the chant. Although independent as a class we do acknowledge and appreciate the upper classmen who by their friendly aid and advice have helped us to become a part of the college. The defeated team in almost all interclass competition, we have learned to become good losers and to develop sportsmanship. So we close our first year of college still possessed of eagerness and enthusiasm.

GEORGIE LA VOY, '40.



DOES SHE SMILE STILL?

BELOW the lofty arches, through the shadowed recesses of the Cathedral, Our Lady stands and smiles. Aside from the jeweled windows which shed rainbowed patterns on the soaring pilasters and hidden crevices, hers is the only visible light; she looks out over the vast Cathedral, above the head of the Infant Christ and smiles, and her smile is a gay, understanding smile which softens the somber atmosphere of Notre Dame de Paris. Yet, alas, Our Lady here in her niche in Notre Dame is our Lady of the Crusades, of the Troubadors, of Saint Louis, and Saint Thomas of Aquino; she was hewn and carved by her servitors of the thirteenth century, and it is for them she smiles. And indeed, they deserved her smile; they lived and worked to please her. Does not Henry Adams write that Chartres was built "to charm her till she smiled"? And surely the gargoyles of Notre Dame de Paris were carved and placed on the pinnacles of her Cathedral solely for her amusement, and who can doubt that the Queen of Heaven smiled, and was pleased? Did she not frequently descend from her place in Heaven to help her followers? Did she not even here in Notre Dame where Saint Dominic was one day

preaching descend to the pulpit and present him his sermon in an illumined volume?

To be sure she loved those hearty, mirth-loving children of past ages, and to be sure—I doubt it not—she loves her children of the twentieth century, but I doubt if we amuse and please her, if we make her smile in Heaven as she smiles here still in Notre Dame. Does Our Lady ever now descend to wipe our weary brows as she did the Jongleur's of Notre Dame? Have we, indeed, merited her heavenly aid? Have we built her cathedrals—piercingly beautiful, life-enhancing, inspiring cathedrals—as Chartres, Cologne, and Amiens—palaces far surpassing those of any earthly queen? Have we composed and sung her songs, or written her verse? Has her name been our battle cry as it was on the fields of Taillebourg and Constantinople? Have we, alas, done more than pray our prayers?

Oh, we may be better, more serious souls; I deny it not, but when did the Queen of Heaven prefer serious, successful souls? She loved her sinners of the Thirteenth Century who loved her as their Mother . . . the poor, the merry, the afflicted. She ever had little use for the banker, the merchant, intent on his own business, and, God forgive us, we are mostly

children of such, following in their same prudent, intent footsteps. The children whom she loved were humble; they had faith; the Blessed Virgin was their Mother and God's Mother; He could deny her nothing. "Faith worketh miracles"; she denied them nothing. She was ever notoriously noted for having more mercy and less justice. Didn't the honorable priest and prior, Gautier Coincy, himself, write of the devil who, apparently justly enough, preferred pleading with God in preference to Mary, for, says the Devil:

" 'Tis no use pleading with His Mother;
But God judges us so true
That He gives us all our due;
His Mother judges us so short
That she throws us out of Court
When we ought to win our cause.

/ / /

He loves her so, and trusts her so,
There's nothing she can do or say
That He'll refuse, or say her nay;
Whatever she may want is right
Though she say that black is white."

And in her mercy the Queen of Heaven pleaded not only the cause of the poor and the weak; she was also the friend of the humble scholars who treated her as an intellectual superior. There is the story told of Saint Thomas, that Angelic Doctor, who one day, being late

for Vespers, was hurrying down the corridor some minutes after the bell had rung. As he passed the Blessed Virgin in her niche, she opened her lips and said sternly, "Thomas, you are late". Thomas paused and with as stern an air and with a twinkle in his eye replied, "Mary, this is the hour of silence". Surely, Mary and the glorious angels in Heaven laughed gayly over the incident, even though we of the Twentieth Century are a little shocked by Thomas' taking such improprieties with the Queen of Heaven. The Twentieth Century has all too apparently lost a bit of that native humour which was God's gift to Adam, and that naïveté which enabled the Neapolitans of not so long ago to pray to Our Lady that she might send them along the highway some rich, pompous gentleman whom they might rob of a part of his bulk.

Alas, we have been all too busy amusing and seeking amusement for ourselves to think of amusing the Virgin. Not, certainly, that we are not in grave need of amusement or gaiety, nor that laughter is not, above all, a blessed thing. "May they rest in peace, who have added to the gaiety of mankind." But still — more blessed be they, by far, who have made the Virgin smile. PHYLLIS MALTMAN, '36.

PASTELS

A gnarled ancient peach tree blossoming
Slants heavenward upon the furrowed slope.
Pink and fragrant foliage decks its brown
As lavender becomes a white-haired dame.
A patch of bluegrass tumbles at its foot
Escaping sifting plow and soft-spun earth.
Behind the burst of pink the clouds reveal
A patch of new-washed sky of purest blue.
O pity that the deepening dusk o'er-cloaks
Such lovely tints, and seasons soon disburse.

MARY HELFRICH, '39.



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

ST. GEORGE, knight of holiness, patron saint of England, has become a friend to us of the college. We have all come to know his heroic character through the Oxfordshire St. George Play that is coming to be a jolly part of our traditional Christmas festivities. We have seen two pictures of St. George and the Dragon in the college, one by Vittore Pisano in the Arundel collection and the other a copy of a painting by Raphael. And students of Spenser have read of St. George in the First Book of the *Faerie Queene*, as the Redcrosse Knight, who represents holiness, reverence and Godly fear, the soul of the Christian.

Perhaps we may wonder how St. George has gained recognition in so many ways even in our small world, and we may want to know whether he was a real person and if so how he came to be the hero of the mythical story of the Dragon, so often retold.

St. George is a saint of great antiquity. In the light of modern study it can be safely affirmed only that the true St. George suffered martyrdom at or near Lydda in Palestine before the time of Constantine. The most ancient narrative of the Acts of St. George is filled with



extravagances of the kind that often grew up concerning a popular saint, so that history gives in to legend and authenticity is lost. Though the early Greek Church honored him as "the great martyr" and the records of early pilgrims mention Lydda as the seat of his veneration, his legend was not accepted by the Church in the West and in 494 Pope Gelasius placed him among the saints "whose names are justly revered among men, but whose acts are known only to God".

Before the Norman Conquest the legendary deeds of St. George had been translated into Anglo-Saxon, and English Churches were dedicated to him. However, the connection of St. George with a dragon is not traceable farther back than the twelfth century when Jacobus de Voragine of Genoa told the story in his *Legenda Aurea*. Near Lydda Perseus had slain the sea-monster that threatened the virgin Andromeda, and "George, like many another Christian saint, entered into the inheritance of veneration previously enjoyed by a pagan hero". Many English translations were made of this popular story, notably that of Caxton, *The Golden Legend*, in 1487.

According to the story as told in *The Golden Legend*, St. George of Cappadocia came to a

city in Libya wherein was a dragon who envenomed all the country. The people fed this dragon two sheep each day to keep him satisfied and when the sheep failed they gave him a man and a sheep. Finally the young people of the town had to be taken by lots. When the lot fell on the King's daughter, he had to give her up. St. George passed by the place where she stood awaiting the dragon. He offered to help her in the name of Jesus Christ, and when the dragon approached, St. George drew his sword, made the sign of the cross, and smote him to the ground. He bound the maiden's girdle about the dragon's neck and she led it away as a meek beast. St. George promised the people that if they would doubt no more, believe in God, and be baptized, he would slay the dragon. And they were baptized and he slew the dragon and smote off its head. This myth of the slaying of the dragon has persisted wherever the reverence of St. George the martyr has spread.

During the first crusade St. George became the patron of the chivalry of Europe for his aid to Godfrey of Boulogne. His particular renown in England dates from the time of Richard I, who placed himself and his army in Palestine under the protection of George. In

1222 his feast became a holiday in England. The large, red St. George's cross on a white flag became the ensign of the British navy. George, indeed, became the true patron of the English. Thus it was only natural that George and his famous deeds should have been one of the favorite subjects of the early English folk plays and that the mummers regularly performed such plays as the St. George play, with its Morres-men, that we give before the Fanjeaux fireplace. In this happy play we find St. George of Merry England and the old dragon accompanied by such famous Englishmen as King Alfred, Old King Cole, Giant Blunderbore, Father Christmas, and others.

Furthermore, the art of all Europe in church carvings, glass windows, paintings, will vouch to the fame of George. In many Italian paintings he is alone, wearing the shield and bearing the lance of the victorious Christian warrior, with the expression of the martyr. In the pictures of St. George and the dragon we find him sometimes represented as an allegorical figure, the victor of faith over evil, or in other instances as a historical and dramatic figure with spectators or with the princess praying in the foreground. Both of the pictures we are fortunate to have on our own campus are of St. George

and the dragon and the representations are dramatic and fanciful rather than strictly allegorical. The Arundel print is delightfully ancient and interesting. It is after the fresco by Vittore Pisano in the Church of S. Anastasia at Verona. Its coloring is delicate and the scene highly decorative. St. George is mounting his horse and the princess is bidding him farewell; the picture is filled with people and animals. In the background are palace buildings, a strange group of the various types of architecture at the time. Our picture of Raphael's St. George is charming for its simplicity and naturalness. We see George rushing upon the dragon as a hero fighting for his life and his lance has pierced the dragon. The rescued princess kneels in the background praying earnestly for him. This painting, which was presented as a gift to Henry VII of England, is now at Petersburg.

But of all the conceptions of St. George the most beautiful is Spenser's. How the tradition and character of George must have pleased him—George was a saint in truth as well as a model of true chivalry in legend, and above all he was the beloved patron of Spenser's England! Who better could be the champion of truth and the hero of the First Book of his *Faerie Queene*? It is a delight to see with how great an imagina-

tive insight and with what grace Spenser used the folk tale popular then as it had been long before. How well the dragon story suited his allegorical purpose! He knew the story as told in *The Golden Legend*. Also he knew Mantuan's ambitious version, from which he took such details as the watchman on the castle wall who called loudly to his Lord and Ladie when he saw "the dragon's fatall fall". He had read the tapestry poem by John Lydgate. Lydgate called George Christ's own knight, as also was Spenser's Redcrosse Knight, who fought against sin. Lydgate's "steel armed bright" becomes the armor of Spenser's Christian hero; the King's daughter becomes Una, or Truth, and the sheep the damsel was leading becomes "the milk-white lambe" led by Una, as a Christian symbol. In Spenser's allegorical use of the tradition St. George sets out to kill the dragon for Una, or Truth, but falls into Error. Una takes him to the House of Holiness where he learns the meaning of true faith and thereby is enabled to slay the dragon, which is evil.

To meet Spenser's St. George is a joy:

"A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Y cladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherin old dints of deepe wounds did remain

‘ ‘ ‘

But on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord."

We have only to read on to find the richness and the music of Spenser. There is his gentle description of the princess watching the fight:

"Which when his pensive Ladie saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soul assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray."

There is the power of Spenser's great dragon:

"So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th'earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift.

So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay."

Indeed our friend St. George and the legend of his slaying of the dragon will carry on down the ages, for he lives in folk tradition and in great art and above all, in Spenser, who has not only vibrantly retold the legend and made George an immortal hero in the world of the spirit, but who has done it with a beauty and melody that will never die.

GERALDINE LUCY, '37.

THE ALTAR IN SANTA SABINA

IN our little chapel of Santa Sabina, at Edge Hill, beyond Fanjeaux, there stands against a background of cloth of gold a dark, beautifully carved altar—a treasure. Father Nonne Svenson, a venerable Jesuit, born in Iceland over eighty years ago, an authority on Norse culture and literature, assured us of that. While he was in San Francisco he heard that the Convent possessed an antique altar that apparently had a Flemish origin, so he paused in his travels to come and examine it. After an half-hour of careful study he told us in his broken English, his blue eyes twinkling with excitement, that the altar was not Flemish, but Norse. Someone carved it out of Norwegian wood between the 11th and the 15th centuries. The inscriptions around the figures on the panels written in old Danish or Norwegian told him that, as the spelling of some of the words had gone out of existence after that time. Father Svenson translated the symbols on each panel. Around the carved scene of our Lord on the cross is written *Christi Karsfestels* (Christ's Crucifixion). So each panel has its title, *Christus Tagis Ned Of Karsit* (Christ Taken Down from the Cross), *Christi*

Begrafvelse (Christ is Buried), and *Christi Opstandels* (The Resurrection of Christ).



The grinning gargoyles at its base are very different from the German, French or Flemish gargoyles. They have a distinctively Norse character, with their fat faces and bulging eyes, and would distinguish the altar as Norse without the inscriptions. The fig-

ures carved on the projections between the panels are Nordic saints, one a bishop and a builder of a cathedral because he has in his hands the top of a pillar, the symbol of his accomplishment. Another who holds a pair of scales, Father Svenson called a king. An upright square built figure of a Norse woman with a little boy in her arms represents the Blessed Virgin. He recognized on the impassive face of another, Saint Olaf, a king and a martyr, Norway's champion of national independence and a great ideal of both Catholics and Protestants of that country.

The tabernacle, although quite ancient, has a much later date. The center door is probably

Flemish and the side panels were taken from some Norse carving in imitation of the masterpiece below. So we have a bit of Norse art over 600 years old in our little chapel. Father Svenson said the Bishop of Norway would come all the way to San Rafael just to see it, if he knew such a treasure to be in existence.

S. M. I.



THE LETTERS OF DOROTHY OSBORNE
AND ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

THE letters of famous and brilliant persons of the past are an introduction to their society, because the same effervescence shines through their letters as enlivened their conversation. Especially do the love letters of people who are gone bring them close to us and endear them to us. Their very intimacy reveals the character of the writers, makes us feel that we can enter into their lives and into their hearts.

The love letters of Elizabeth Barrett are of especial interest to us just now because of "Flush" and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street". Few of us know Dorothy Osborne and we must get acquainted with her mainly through her letters. Although little known to us, she yet was a personage in her time. Of noble birth herself, she married the great patron of Dean Swift, Sir William Temple, whom she met on the Isle of Wight under romantic circumstances. And here, writes Lady Giffard, Sir William's sister, "began an amour between Sr. W T and Mistress Osborne of which the accidents for seven years might make a history, & the letters that pass'd between them a Volum;

& though I cannot venter of it myselfe, I have often wished they might bee printed, for to say nothing of his writing which the world has since bin made judge off, I never saw anything more extraordinary than hers." Although Mistress Osborne finally, says her sister-in-law, "came to be at liberty by the loss of her Father," the misfortunes of her amour were not yet ended. The week before her marriage she fell ill of smallpox and her beauty destroyed. "But Sir W's kindness haveing greater tyes than that of her beauty, though that loss was too great to leave him wholly insensible, saw her constantly while she was ill, & married her soon after."

In the letters of these two women the difference comes largely from their times, and partly from the manner of their lives. Dorothy Osborne writes in the seventeenth and Elizabeth Barrett in the nineteenth century. The latter was an age of reaction, of individualism and romance, the former was formal, classical, and greatly bound by set patterns. Both women lived quietly at home with their families. Dorothy Osborne managed her father's household and cared for him during his illness. Her day was that of a country gentlewoman, quiet and pleasant, with many hours spent in the garden. She liked the biggest dogs that could

be met with; "A masty (mastiff)", she writes, "is handsomer to me than the most exact little dog that ever lady played withal." Elizabeth Barrett lived under the rule of her father and she herself was the invalid. Her day was spent in a back bedroom where she wrote her letters and poetry, played with Flush, her adoring cocker spaniel, and received a few privileged visitors.

Elizabeth Barrett had lived an invalid's life under the complete domination of her father for years. Life stretched before her—a road of everlasting sameness ending only in death—and then Browning entered. She had always looked upon him as the finest of poets and eagerly read all his work. It is not hard to understand her complete amazement and joy when Robert Browning wrote to her and later called on her. When he professed his love for her she could not understand, could not comprehend, this wonderful event. She continually pours forth expressions of love and gratitude in her later letters to him as, "Thank you, dearest dearest! . . . three letters today; it is certainly feast day with me. Thank you, my own dearest."

Dorothy Osborne had none of this reverence or gratitude for Sir William Temple. They had loved each other for years and suffered because

of their devotion. Yet Mistress Osborne's letters are gay and clever, though now and then a sentence like this reveals her tenderness: "If to know I wish you with me pleases you, 'tis a satisfaction you may always have for I do it perpetually."

Because of the difficulties in their courtships each woman feared her love would bring harm to her suitor. Elizabeth writes, "And the silent promise I would have you make is this—that if ever you shall leave me, it shall be (though you are not 'selfish') for your sake—and not for mine." At one time Dorothy, despondent, saw no hope whatever for marriage: "If you have ever loved me, do not refuse the last request I shall ever make you; 'tis to preserve yourself from the violence of your passion . . . for had you never seen me you had certainly been happy."

Their difference in style reflects the truth that these two women are individuals and yet are of their age. Dorothy Osborne writes simply and unaffectedly. Her sentences are terse and vigorous, more often than not, humorous, and many times critical as in the portraits she draws of her numerous suitors; thus of Sir Justinian Isham: "'Twas the vainest impertinent, self-conceited, learned coxcomb that ever yet I

saw." Elizabeth Barrett's style is full and personal. She writes everything she thinks and feels. Notice the detail of this passage: "Observe how the sentence breaks off! While I was writing it, came a 'tapping, tapping at the chamber door' as sings my dedicator Edgar Poe. Flush barked vociferously; I threw down the pen and shut up the writing case . . . and lo, Mrs. Jameson!"

Dorothy Osborne's letters reflect the quiet strength and beauty of her life. We are charmed by her love story and her restraint of feeling, amused by her wit, her anecdotes of famous people of the time and by her treatment of her various suitors. Her comments come from her keen insight into the follies and foibles of her acquaintances, yet her wit and raillery are often mixed with tenderness. Elizabeth Barrett's letters tell us of the tumult in her soul when Browning first told her of his feelings. We see the ecstasy to which she rises as she gradually comes to belief and sureness in Browning's love. We are moved by her affection for her sisters, her love for her stern father, her kindness to those many people who wrote to her, her absolute self-effacement in her desire for Browning's good—all these qualities endear her to us also. JEANNE PIERSON, '38.

POEMS
ARE
BAROQUE BLACK PEARLS

Deftly,
The soulless, twin-valved oyster spins
His meager, fricative existence
Into luminous, miniature moons.

Awkwardly,
You and I shape from the freed,
Shining nebulae of life's wheeling mass
Distorted, inky planetoids of verse.

A. BELTRÁN IRWIN

DUENNA

Clock, Clock, Clock!
With your white, rotund stare
And your black, distorted hands,
Who are you
That you dare
Brush the seconds,
Comb the minutes,
Braid the hours,
Tying Time's lovely, vagrant hair?

A. BELTRÁN IRWIN

AUTUMN AFTERNOON

A BLAZING September sun shone down upon two white-clad students languidly strolling out of the east door of Guzman Hall. With registration cards in their hands, they sighed, but then scampered down the rose tree-lined path, past the tiny rock garden perched on the ivy-covered banks of the creek—past the riot of delphiniums and hollyhocks that was the Shakespearean garden, then turned abruptly and crossed the shady wooden bridge that led to the orchard. Pale yellow apples lay rotting along the dusty path that twisted up through the center of the gnarled trees; blackbirds cawed harshly as they pecked at ripening pears. With a sudden swiftness, one of the girls snatched up a long stick and beat wildly at the branches of an apple tree. The fruit bounced down, hit the ground, and rolled along the path; eager hands snatched it up. With perspiring faces and graying shoes, the two girls now trudged up the path to the cool, green peace of the grape-arbor. They had no eyes for the fat, purple grapes that hung in heavy clusters, as they sank wearily down on the bench. But at length they sighed happily, as they munched. CLAIRE DOLCINI, '39.



WINTER EVENING

THE wintry darkness of six o'clock enveloped Palm avenue. Rain poured down in sheets. Wind shrieked through the twisting cypresses and thunder boomed intermittently. But through the noises of the storm came the klop-klop of fifty galoshes on the pavement leading up to Fanjeaux. The galoshes slopped steadily through the sheets of water that rushed aslant the roadway. One group after another passed under the pale yellow gleam of the street light; rubber raincoats billowing and flapping. Shivering groups of twos and threes huddled under one umbrella. Of a sudden, one cellophane umbrella was ripped from a student's hand, and tumbled, and was tossed against the picket fence. Books were stuffed hastily under rain-capes as the umbrella was retrieved. A little toy Scotty — wet and shivering — ran quickly across the gravel road. At Fanjeaux's driveway, the groups turned, and with bent heads hurried up the path to the door. There, heavy galoshes were tugged off, umbrellas hung up, and soon many dripping faces appeared in the bright dining-room. Gay and happy chatter filled the air, and warm breath steamed the windows.

CLAIRE DOLCINI, '39.



SPRING MORNING

IT was two minutes to eight on a fresh April morning in the dewy pinks and greens of the Benincasa garden. The bright sun streamed through the tall pine trees that stand behind the stately black and yellow mansion, and slanted downward on the wide expanse of new-mown grass. Rows of pink and lavender stock filled the air with heavy perfume. A fat cock-quail strutted grandly across the gravel path, his portly brood scurrying after him. Suddenly down the driveway of Fanjeaux came troops of chattering girls. They turned of one accord down Palm avenue except three who detached themselves from the group and hurried through the little iron gate into the Benincasa garden. The blues and yellows of their starched linen dresses brought splashes of color against the green of the trees; the gravel crunched beneath their fast flying feet. The quail stopped, tipped their heads inquisitively before darting into the damp sweetness of the violet beds nearby. An anxious glance at a watch revealed one minute to eight as one of the trio dashed up to the pink flowering quince, snatched off a blossom and hurriedly adjusted it in her hair. As they swung down around the white hothouse, and



onto the hard path underneath the shade of the cypresses, the eight o'clock whistle burst upon the air with a loud blast. With three surprised shrieks the last splash of blue and yellow disappeared 'round the corner of Meadowlands and into the assembly.

CLAIRE DOLCINI, '39.



THE CONSTITUTION

IT has been said that the Constitution "is but the body and letter" of which the Declaration of Independence "is the thought and the spirit, and it is always safe to read the letter of the Constitution in the spirit of the Declaration of Independence." Thomas Jefferson, the "Apostle of Americanism", stated in the Declaration that "all men are created equal", that is, equal in the right of liberty; and all "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." This last provision implies that the people are the ultimate repository, and the source, of sovereign power; therefore, a government must derive its power from the people, and consequently, can have only such powers as are expressly granted it by the people. Jefferson had been taught to distrust all governments; individual liberty was an obsession. Ideals, indelibly impressed on his mind by the French political philosophers of the pre-Revolution period, he determined must be accepted as a means of protecting individual freedom from the tyranny and oppression of governments and majorities. But the fifty-five members of the Constitutional Convention that had met in May, 1787, represented the

money, public securities, manufacturers, trade, and shipping interests of the young nation, while the small farmer and debtor classes had been virtually without representation. Therefore, on his return from France, Jefferson found no provisions in the Constitution expressly reserving the inalienable rights of man. In spite of the fact that these basic rights were considered to be implicitly contained in the original Constitution, and in spite of the fact that they were established in most of the State Constitutions, he immediately insisted that these basic rights must not be entrusted to implication or interpretation, but must be safeguarded by express Constitutional reservation. Because of his insistence, the first ten amendments, or the "Bill of Rights", were adopted, and it was not until their adoption had been insured that the Constitution finally became effective. The "Bill of Rights" guaranteed to the individual, freedom of religion, of speech, of press, peaceable assembly, and of petition; the right to keep and bear arms; it guaranteed to each citizen the right of privacy and security of person and property; it gave freedom from quartered troops in time of peace, and troops were to be stationed in times of war only in a manner prescribed by law; it guaranteed the right to a speedy and

public trial for the accused; excessive bail or unusual punishment was forbidden; it stated that the enumeration of certain rights were not to be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people; rights were reserved to the States or to the people that were not delegated to the United States by the Constitution. These amendments guarantee man's political integrity; they are the civil rights essential to freedom. The word "freedom", of course, implies the human right to acquire, possess, and use property. In spite of widely varying doctrines expressed at the Constitutional Convention, Madison probably stated the opinion of the majority of those present when he said, "that to secure private rights against majority factions, and at the same time to preserve the spirit and form of popular government, was the great object to which their inquiries had been directed." The founding fathers were anxious to assure protection to the minority of landholders as against the levelling tendencies of the masses without property. Gouverneur Morris said, "that property was the main object of society." Madison warned the convention thus: "An increase of population will of necessity increase the proportion of those who will labor under all the hardships of life and

secretly sigh for a more equal distribution of its blessings. These may in time outnumber those who are placed above the feelings of indigence. According to the equal laws of suffrage, the power will slide into the hands of the former. No agrarian attempts have yet been made in this country, but symptoms of a levelling spirit, as we have understood, have sufficiently appeared, in a certain quarter, to give notice of the future danger. In future times, a great majority of the people will not only be without land, but any other sort of property. These will either combine, under the influence of their common situation, in which case the rights of property and the public liberty will not be secure in their hands, or, what is more probable, they will become the tools of opulence and ambition, in which case there will be equal danger on another side." Thus, by the system of checks and balances placed in the government, the convention safeguarded the interests of property against attack by majorities. The House of Representatives, Hamilton pointed out, "was so formed as to render it particularly the guardian of the poorer orders of citizens while the Senate was to preserve the rights of property and the interests of the minority against the demands of the majority." Protec-

tion of the minority from the majority was thus a necessary concern of government. Madison wrote, "The majority . . . must be rendered by their number and local situation unable to concert and carry into effect schemes of oppression"; this comprised the greatest merit of the Constitution: the securing of the rights of the minority against "the superior force of an interested and overbearing majority." The Constitution provides some explicit limitations on the power of the federal government to attack the property of private persons, for example: no person may be deprived of his property without due process of law; and no money can be drawn from the treasury except under appropriations made by law. And who enforces all these provisions safeguarding property rights? It is the Supreme Court that stands as the defender of private property against the encroachment of popular legislatures. To quote President Hadley, "The fundamental division of powers in the Constitution of the United States is between voters on the one hand and property-owners on the other. The forces of democracy on one side, divided between the executive and the legislature, are set over against the forces of property on the other side, with the judiciary as arbiter between them; the Constitution itself

not only forbids the legislature and executive to trench upon the rights of property, but compels the judiciary to define and uphold those rights in a manner provided by the Constitution itself. The Supreme Court once characterized property as "the arch upon which civilized government rests," and said that "this once abandoned, everything was at stake and in danger."

Had it not been for one man, our Constitution would never have become the great power that it is. "We owe the establishment of the National Constitution, in the full force and efficacy of its real meaning, and in the plenitude of its grand design, to the judicial firmness, the intellectual courage, the sterling virtue, and the strong character of John Marshall." A President of the United States has said, "He found the Constitution paper, and he made it a power; he found it a skeleton, and he made it flesh and blood." He gave the power of interpreting and enforcing the National Constitution to one National Supreme Court and its subordinate tribunals. It was made their duty, when occasion arose, to declare to the legislatures, to the executives, or to the constituent citizenship of the States, and the nation, that this or that statute, this or that proceeding was

violating the law, and therefore null, void, and forbidden. He made the judges the governors of the government itself; and though not themselves armed with the power of the veto, they were endowed with the power of enforcing the law for the prevention of abuses of power. It has been through the exercise of the power to pass upon the validity of State statutes, under the Judiciary Act, that the court has largely controlled and directed the course of the economic and social development of the United States. The court has been severely criticized throughout its history and most especially within the past few years. However, it is a recognized fact that no organ of government can be devised that will be satisfactory to all people at all times. It must be acknowledged by the strictest censor that the court today fulfills its function in our national system better than any institution which has ever been advocated as a substitute. Quite appropriate are the sentiments of a lawyer in the anxious days just before the "Dred Scott Case". "Admit that the Federal Judiciary may in its time have been guilty of errors, that it has occasionally sought to wield more power than was safe, that it is as fallible as every other human institution. Yet it has been and is a vast agency for good; it has

averted many a storm which threatened our peace, and has lent its powerful aid in uniting us together in the bonds of law and justice. . . . Let us ask ourselves, with all its imagined faults, what is there that can replace it? . . . What shall we get in exchange? Discord and confusion, statutes without obedience, courts without authority, an anarchy of principles, and a chaos of decisions, till all law at last shall be extinguished by an appeal to arms." Whether the Supreme Court has erred in certain Constitutional decisions is a matter of opinion, but, in any event, it still remains the sole bulwark of the people against arbitrary seizure of power by officials or the Congress and it is supreme not only as the highest court of the land but in the loyalty of American citizens.

Like the intrepid spirit of Kent in Shakespeare's "Lear" ("Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu. He'll shape his old course in a country new") was the spirit of the adventurers in Constitutional government who shaped the old course of ordered freedom in a new country. But that spirit has been lost and the decay of the powers of the Constitution is principally due to the fact that certain persons have the mistaken idea that the Supreme Court has plenary power to keep the Constitution

within the boundaries ordained by the fathers. Unfortunately this is not true and slowly the waves eat away the sands and finally threaten the house that stands on the sands. People, as a whole, are devoted to the Constitution as an abstract principle, yet are indifferent to specific measures that slowly cause the disintegration of the structure. So that, in this mechanical age, we now have a state of affairs in which the individual has slowly been submerged in the group. George Washington predicted accurately when he said, "These (constitutional) powers are so distributed among the legislative, executive, and judicial branches into which the government is arranged that it can never be in danger of degenerating into a monarchy, an oligarchy, an aristocracy or any other despotic or oppressive form so long as there shall remain any virtue in the body of the people." And so it follows that "whenever there shall be listlessness for the preservation of the natural and inalienable rights of mankind, however wise, however durable its parchment, however great its red seal, it will perish with the sense of Constitutional morality that inspired it." Of course, there is, occasionally, the need for modification; our founding fathers foresaw and made provisions. Quoting Washington: "If,

in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the Constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way in which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation." President Roosevelt has written: "Our Constitution is so simple, so practical, that it is possible always to meet extraordinary needs by change in emphasis and arrangement without loss of essential form. That is why our Constitutional system has proved itself the most superbly enduring political mechanism the world has ever seen. It has met every stress of vast expansion of territory, of foreign wars, of bitter internal strife, of world relations. Let us heed the words of Abraham Lincoln: 'As the patriots of '76 did (rallied) to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and Laws, let every American pledge his life, property, and his sacred honor; let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty.' "

ROSEMARY FRIEDENBACH, '38.

“SWEDEN, THE MIDDLE WAY”*

THE economic disasters of recent years have led some people to conclude that collectivism must be society's ultimate choice among our methods of living together in the modern world; others conclude that “rugged individualism” is the only way. In reaching their conclusions these theorists overlook the fact that for a long time the countries of the Scandinavian peninsula have been living under a compromise system that allows the ordinary man to indulge himself in “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness”, perhaps more than any other system.

This compromise system is the result of the adjustments that the Scandinavian countries have made of the machine age to human welfare. It shows how a people can solve its economic problems by using common sense and reason instead of risking an outbreak of revolt and terror. It is an economic system that has worked and is still working; a system that provides for the production and distribution of goods with regard for the welfare of the com-

**Sweden, the Middle Way*—by MARQUIS CHILDS;
Yale University Press, 1936.

mon man and that gives a proud place to his human dignity.

The modifications of the capitalist economy that have gradually gained headway in Sweden during the past thirty years may be more apparent than real, and more perceptible to the visitor than to the native. The basic characteristics of patience, intelligence, perseverance, courage, and the homogeneity of the Scandinavian people account for the fact that there has been progress in these northern countries which the world-wide collapse has hindered but not destroyed. Social, political, and economic forms have had an opportunity to develop apart from the national hatreds of Europe. For over a hundred years the Scandinavian peninsula has been at peace. This fact is sufficient to set Sweden apart from all the rest of the world. Capitalism has been modified and controlled, and in many fields the profit motive drastically subjugated; the domestic economy has been made to serve the "greatest good of the greatest number".

The Swedes, inventive to a rather limited degree, began to borrow social and economic forms from the mainland of Europe and from England after 1860. They adapted and modified these to their own practical ends. The

political and economic life of the Scandinavian countries achieved a slow, careful growth that was impossible on the mainland. This evolutionary growth resulted in a way of life that is characterized by certain fundamental distinctions—of stability, of order, and of sanity. If anywhere in modern life a balance has been struck between “the regressive forces of an outworn individualism” and the “new collective order” it has been in the Scandinavian peninsula, and particularly in Sweden. Sweden is not Utopia, but by organic growth there has been evolved a certain wholeness and health that is extraordinary in the present period. It is a machine civilization, but the machine is not the master.

Swedish capitalism has been controlled in *two ways*. First, during the past four decades *Consumers' Cooperation* has slowly developed until today approximately “one-third of all retail trade and more than ten per cent of wholesale trade and manufacture for domestic consumption are carried on by cooperatives without profit”. And the results of this, in low prices and high quality, extend to the entire consuming population. Second, the *state's efficient competition with private enterprise* in many fields (such as manufacturing and assist-

ing in the building of cooperative apartments) has prevented private enterprise from establishing extortionate monopolies. To this must be added the fact of an all-powerful trade union movement.

If the test of an economic system is "the good life for the greatest number, and now", modern Sweden deserves careful study. For she has achieved a measure of "peace and decent living" that will serve as a standard for larger nations.

Cooperation originated in England and was an established movement before it found a place in Sweden. In its origins in England it had Utopian overtones. The weavers of Rochdale attempted to transform the profit motive and remake their society through cooperation. They founded a cooperative society and contributed the capital to found a retail store of which they themselves were the customers. The store sold at prevailing prices and paid dividends to the cooperative society members at a given rate; after the annual dividends were paid, profits were distributed among the members of the cooperative society according to the amount of their purchases. The philosophical implications of the movement interested the English quite

as much as the practical benefits which they might derive.

In its external form Sweden followed England's cooperative plan. Individual societies in towns and cities of the industrial areas enrolled members, each of whom subscribed a fixed amount of share capital in order to establish the retail store of the society. These societies united in 1899 to form the *Kooperativa Forbundet*, and its formation was the beginning of the rapid development of the cooperative movement on a national scale.

Swedish cooperators attempted from the beginning to keep their stores free from the institutional character they had acquired elsewhere. Unlike consumers' cooperatives elsewhere, they opened their stores to the trade of the public, and in a short time private trade began to recognize the implications of this new form of competition and to act in self-preservation. The result was lowered prices and improved quality.

The cooperative movement has concentrated on practical achievements, with little consideration for the ultimate aim of rebuilding society. It is very little concerned with short cuts to Utopia. Interest, energy, and will are concentrated on the cost of "bread and galoshes,

and housing and automobile tires, and insurance and electricity", all the necessities the availability of which makes for a high standard of living. The system has expanded until today the good cooperator in Sweden may live and die within his own system, a system based on production for use rather than profit.

The Cooperative has had a widespread development in Europe—both in the form of associations of producers and in the form of associations of consumers; the first are found most often in connection with agricultural products and act as marketing agencies; the second are retail stores purchasing for their members, who receive dividends and annually distribute profits from them. The membership of such associations in Great Britain in 1929 was over six millions, or about one-half of the families. There has been a strong cooperative movement in the United States in the rural Middle West, as a result of the depression.

BETTY BARBONI, '38.

IDEAL STATES

THE world in which we live is usually characterized by persons of a resigned nature as the best of all possible worlds. There have lived, however, some individuals who were so convinced that the world was badly in need of improvement that they set themselves to the tasks of producing plans for an improved society. These mental adventurers who were not content to leave well-enough alone have been, unfortunately, so numerous that an attempt to study all of them would be well-nigh impossible. But, fortunately, each of the historical periods has bequeathed to posterity a design for an ideal State that stands supreme in that period. A study of the ancient, the medieval, and the modern Utopian inheritance is quite within the scope of reason and is of tremendous interest because, while they differ in many respects, they are based on a common weakness. That weakness is Communism, which appeals to the authors under consideration as a panacea for the political and social ills of man.

That plan for an improved society which ranks highest among the ancients is *The Republic* of Plato, which aims toward the realiza-

tion of justice attainable only when the state is modeled according to a prescribed pattern.

The first consideration of Plato is education, of which there are two phases. The first phase, the common education of the citizens beginning with childhood, is the old Hellenic education based on the fundamentals of music for the mind and gymnastics for the body. Music here includes literature, a humane culture, as contrasted with scientific knowledge. The object of this education is to unite harmoniously beauty of form with activity of mind. The other phase of education is the special training of rulers. The best minds of the State are selected and subjected to a wide curriculum which is combined by means of dialectic into an ideal of all knowledge. An intensive study of philosophy is then made before these men turn to governing.

With these educational principles firmly established Plato proceeds to the core of his plan. He advocates a Communism growing out of a desire for unity of State. "The best ordered State is that in which the greatest number of persons apply the terms 'mine' and 'not mine' in the same way to the same thing." This universality of possession extends to property, wives, and children, thereby eliminating the

possibility of private interests and discord. The offspring of State-arranged unions would, logically enough, be State-reared. Plato makes a very convenient provision to dispose of inferior progeny by putting them away in some unknown place. With the execution of these plans the State attains a uniformity so that "it is most like one man". Harmony and peace are the natural result of such a uniformity.

Plato does not contend that the ideal State could be completely realized but he does maintain that a single change might revolutionize a State. Only when philosophers are kings "will this our State have a possibility of life and behold the light of day".

The medieval contribution to plans for better living was made by Sir Thomas More, who, chronologically, would be more properly placed among the modern, but who, in the realm of thought, is a medievalist.

The plans proposed by More in his *Utopia* are based on a fundamental idea of a community life which does not require the use of money. Idleness is not tolerated; each man, with the exception of the magistrates, is required to work six hours a day. In return for his labor each man is allowed to take what he needs for himself and his family from a common market, and,

also in return for his labor, his meals and those of his family are provided by the State. Because luxury is ridiculed in Utopia, greed is unknown.

Marriage and the family are greatly respected institutions in Utopia. The selection of mates is entirely up to individuals. Women are married out; the men, with their wives, remain at home under obedience to a common parent. The parent, or patriarch, is known as a governor and is the oldest man in the family. The maximum and minimum of family membership is determined by the State; an understocked family is replenished by the surplus of a family exceeding its limits.

The government of each city in Utopia grows out of the family organization. A Philarch, chosen annually, heads thirty families. Every ten Philarchs are headed by an annually-chosen Archphilarch. A Prince, heading the entire city, is chosen by the Philarchs for life. The Prince and an annually elected council govern the city. A great council, composed of representatives from all cities, meets annually at Amaurat, the principal city, to regulate inter-city commerce.

The best of the modern Utopian schemes is that presented by Karl Marx, who aimed at a

classless society ruled without force. "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs" is the Marxian formula.

The immediate aim is the conquest of political power by the proletariat. Once capitalism is overthrown, the proletariat, in its position of supremacy, will govern the State according to certain definite doctrines concerning property, family, women and education.

Abolition of bourgeois private property is necessary to rid the world of the evils of inequality of distribution of wealth and exploitation of the masses. It is not, however, the intention of Communists to eliminate the personal appropriations of the products of labor, but rather to eradicate the miserable nature of the appropriation as it is made in bourgeois society. Communism forbids no one to acquire the products of society, it merely makes impossible the enslavement of the masses by the few.

The family must be abolished because as it exists today it is a bourgeois institution based on private gain and is practically non-existent among the proletariat. Marriage would be replaced by a legalized community of women; children would be entrusted to the State. Education of children would be, of necessity, a State function.

Countries and nationalities would be abolished. Working men are without a country. They, therefore, would lose nothing by this abolition which could be accomplished only after the proletariat of each country had gained national supremacy and subsequently united to be internationally supreme. World-wide proletariat rule would sound the death-knell of national hostilities.

The share and share-alike theme is apparent in all of these schemes; moderns have not improved on medievalists and ancients in the matter of fundamentals for an ideal State. The remedy offered is still Communism which is no more practical now than it ever was. The weakness of Communism lies in the fact that the strongest of any group are going to dominate the weaker, because human nature is not so noble as our theorists would have us believe. The greatest difference between modern and ancient and medieval Communism is in the aim. The moderns have slipped from the nobility of purpose. Stephen Leacock analyzed the situation well when he remarked that Communism is "no longer a plan where all might be poor together, but a proposal that all should be rich together".

KATHERINE CASASSA, '35.

FROM FANJEAUX

The cool spring wind
blowing through the sky
pushes a great snowy cloud
on its way.
It rushes through the eucalypti
on the hill
which roar like the mountainous waves
of the sea;
their branches bend
with green leaves
shimmering silvery
in the sun.
In the pasture below
the quiet cows
grazing on the grass
that ripples
in the breeze
bask at rest.

VIRGINIA DE LORIMIER, '37.

THE REINSTATEMENT OF LATIN STUDIES

A MOVEMENT has been recently inaugurated in Middle West colleges to offset the danger of lapse which threatens the Latin and Greek classical studies. It is claimed that ancient classic literature is on trial for its life, so depleted is the enrollment of students in the classics from year to year. Teachers of Latin are justly becoming more than alarmed; they predict the ultimate overthrow of high reason to the mere arithmetic calculation of the trade clerk. They foresee, if present tendencies continue a few more generations, a nation of ant-like wage-earners, hasting hither and thither, bent on heaping up material goods in lofty, many-windowed Babel-like structures; the multiplication of these, block upon block, in ever-extending townships, crowding out edifices of worship and learning; and in the end, nothing to show for their brow-beaten labors but the bread of their mouths and the covering of their nakedness. If we step forward and say that there exists, for the study of Latin, besides cultural and aesthetic reasons, plenty of practical ones, too, most people will shake their heads and bestow upon us a look of commiseration. It will never have dawned upon them that this may

be really so; that actually time and effort will be spared in the long run, if this homeopathic dispensation be given an opportunity to act. Under these circumstances, the Latin faculty of this Catholic Dominican College makes its appeal to the undergraduate student body, to consider well what should be expected of a leading Catholic institution of higher learning, and ponder carefully over the practical arguments proposed in favor of taking up the serious study of Latin. Let us hope that the alarmingly low ebb of this pursuit is the turn of a full and overwhelming flush tide.

Firstly, Latin should be studied for practical reasons: First (because elementary) among these is the aid it can give to correct spelling. An observant Latin beginner will know that the word *separation* and its verb *separate* are spelled with an *a* in the second syllable because it is derived from the Latin verb *paro*; likewise, that the adjective *indispensable* has an *a* in the termination because derived from the verb *dispensare* in the *a*-conjugation, while the adjective *responsible* has an *i* in the ending because it comes from a perfect participle *responsus* having analogies with the third *e-i* conjugation. The Latin student will know how to handle most words of this type, after a moment's

thought, by assigning the derivative to its proper verb-root; hence the same will write *independence*, *credible*, *vulnerable*, *intelligible*, *inimitable*, *deliverance*, *correspondence*, *delinquency*, etc. To put the matter briefly, the study of Latin will in great measure emancipate the writer from the thralldom of the dictionary.

Closely related to this sort of practicality is the question of the choice of synonymous terms. Prospective writers and reporters with a normal amount of Latin knowledge will know why he should use one epithet rather than another in a given context, e. g. the adjective *inimitable* of a characteristic that is peculiar to one person and can scarcely be imitated by another: hence, *inimitable charm*, the adjective deriving from the Latin *imitare*, to imitate; and he will use the epithet *incomparable* when he wishes to express the *degree* of influence of such a characteristic; hence, *incomparable charm* will refer to the power of the charm rather than to its external beauty. Similar distinctions can be made between such synonyms as *difficult* (hard to do, *facere*) and *arduous* (requiring heated effort, *ardere*); between *universal* (all rolled into one, *uni-versus*) and *general* (attaching to or possible to all of one kind, *generis*); between *constant* (standing with or persisting with, *con-*

stare) and *assiduous* (sitting at or sticking to a task, *assidere*), and therefore he will avoid using *assiduous* with such a word as *friendship*, for example, but apply it rather to something that has to be done. The importance, then, of making fine discriminations will be readily understood, particularly by those intending to launch upon a literary career.

However, the language has something to offer also to those who have less high aspirations. We all have had our struggles with the complexities of modern scientific terms, that, far from decreasing in number, as one would suppose in an increasingly mechanical age, have overrun many, even sociological, sciences that formerly managed to do without them. Now, I will leave it to ordinary experience to decide, whether it is not more sensible, and ultimately more economical, to lay a solid foundation of the important elements of language in the medium in which a science is to be expressed, and which will serve to supply significance and understanding to all cases forthcoming, than to cope with each case separately and disjunctively, and commit the same to mechanical memorization, without a real, intuitive understanding thereof. Such, for instance, as is entailed in the mastery of *Materia*

Medica, which every nurse has had experience with, and the laboratory experiments of botany, zoology, chemistry, physics, etc., that most students to their misfortune know.

It may also be well to quote a few statistics of recent date, that we may not be thought to be merely generalizing. In the spring of 1936, the English Department of Detroit University conducted an essay contest open to freshmen. More than five hundred papers were submitted; the judges' decisions gave first, third and fourth places to freshmen Latin students. In January, 1937, the Department of Speech conducted a freshman oratorical contest. Six hundred contestants competed. First and third places were won by Latin students, from a class of twenty-two. In the spring of 1936, the winner of the Skinner Debate medal was a student of Latin; also, the winner of that year's oratorical contest was a student of Latin. These few points, which could be enlarged upon indefinitely, will suffice to show how practical the study of Latin can be.

Secondly, Latin should be studied for cultural reasons in general; that is, for wider reading appreciation in the various branches of knowledge, wherein it is a question of recognizing basic meanings of technical expressions;

and again, for more intelligent reading of the better books and periodicals of the day. It is not too much to say that practically all the longer, less familiar English words are of Latin or Greek origin. And it is a saving thing to note that particularly the Latin derivatives are in most cases derived from the ordinary elementary Latin roots, taken up very early in the study, and not the extraordinary or rare and infrequent forms. This means that two years of careful, painstaking study will give a solid sub-stratum of Latin root knowledge, of incalculable profit to the acquisition of scientific terminology.

Thirdly, Latin should be studied above all for aesthetic reasons. It were a disappointing thing indeed, if one, beguiled by the utility and extrinsic qualities of the language, should stop there and overlook some aesthetic aspects of the same. To treat this side of the question in any degree of completeness would require not merely essays but entire volumes. Perhaps the simplest and most direct way, in a paper of this scope, is to make a judicious selection of representative poetry, chosen for intrinsic qualities of form, beauty, and depth. The examples will be taken from the lyrics; it will thus be seen to what a degree of delicacy this "monumental"

language, as it is styled, can descend. The first selection shall be Horace's *Ode to Septimius* (Bk. II, Ode 6):

Friend Septimius, ready to go with me
On to Gades, nay, to Cantabria still
Stubborn of our yoke, and the Syrtean lea
Nigh Maurus seething:
Oh, may Tibur, by the Greek settler laid,
Be old age's home and reposeful term
To the weary wayfarer, comfort staid
From sea and warfare.
Whence if Fates unfriendly shall me debar,
Still, still will I seek sweet Galaesus' stream,
Bright with flocks of blanketed sheep, afar,
(Ruled by Phalanthus) Time-honored landmark.
That blest corner warm of the world doth smile
Past all else on me, where its honeyed store
Yields not to Hymettian; Grecian isle
Boasts not its olive;
Where the softened clime doth long spring bestow
And mild winters; yea, Aulon's vale most kind
To the fruitful vine, envies not the low
Clusters Falernian.
That dear spot, height blissful, to me and thee
Whispers welcome; there in death's peaceful hour
Set thy poet friend's glowing ashes free,
Due tear besprinkling.

An attempt has been made to render this specimen poem in the original trochaic meter (excepting the catalectic ending), so as to give some idea of the difficulties of prosody under which the Roman poet had to labor, and also to illustrate the quasi-mosaic structure of the diction, the terseness of which is so rigid that

the omission of one syllable would impair the integrity of both the pattern and the thought.

The second quotation is taken from the pure Grecian art of Catullus, in which vein he surpasses all other Roman lyrists. From his abundance it was rather difficult to make a choice, but simplicity of idea decided in favor of his *Ode to the Sparrow*, a lyric especially admired for the serio-comic association of the dead bird and the nether gloom of Hades:

Charms of Queen Venus and little Loves, lament ye,
And all Graces that crown lovely striplings!
Pet Sparrow lies dead, fondling of my lady,
Pet Sparrow, darling playmate of my lady.
Whom above her own soft eyes she cherished;
For, honey-sweet bird, as his own he knew her
Quite as well, mayhap, as she knew her mother.
From her breast never did he leave his vantage,
But now here and now there his small rounds hopping,
Solely to his dear mistress ever peeped he.
Who now stalks his lone way 'mid shadows darkling,
There whence all regress every man denied is.
Now a pest be on ye, shades pestilential,
Orcus named, that prey upon all things pretty;
Such the pretty sparrow snatched ye from our fingers.
O deed execrable! Woe, thou ill-starred Sparrow!
Thanks to thee, now, my darling lady's eyelids
Flaming red are with floods of bitter weeping.

To illustrate depth with simplicity, I select from Horace's *Ode on Spring* (Bk. IV, Ode 7), Arthur Lovejoy's translation:

All changes, and thou, too,
Must change, but canst not what thou once hast been,
Again be, as the air, renewing years.
Spring follows winter; summer and autumn fade,
Then comes again dull winter; thus repairs
The season's circle the loss itself has made.
But we, no more returning when death bears
Us hence, are all alike, but dust and shade.

It may be well to remind the reader that both these poets are studied in the first college years, neither of them requiring an extensive vocabulary, nor extraordinary familiarity with the language.

S. M. P.



ACHIEVEMENT

A flight of swallows in a silver sky
Through broken clouds and dying April sun
Sweeps its path across the world,
Swiftly, never stopping to attend
The way of man, the trend of human thought;
Dying greatness in the state of kings,
Grieving nations with their muffled drums,
Their black-draped flags, their somber death
march tread
Beneath the wingéd flight of birds
Which know no pausing for man's mournéd
dead,
No longing, nor ambition to receive
The adulation of a fickle world
That in its all-too-brief ascendancy
Drinks wine, unseasoned in the ways of grace—
With galling dregs of human love and hate.

How swift, how sweet and sure this swallow
flight
Across unbounded worlds of wind and clouds;
So small man's deeds, his state of changing kings
Before the power of the swallow's wings!

VIRGINIA TRODDEN, '37.

PLAUDEREI

WIR DREI, welche der aufgeweckten deutschen Klasse D angehören, möchten unsere Freundinnen einladen sich der Klasse anzuschliessen denn wir würden sehr gerne unsere vielen Abenteuer in der deutschen Sprache mit ihnen teilen. Jedesmal dass ich der deutschen Stunde beiwohnte, interessierte ich mich mehr für diese mir neue Sprache und sogar die einfachen Wörter die ich zu allererst lernte, wie zum Beispiel: Lehrer, Bleistift, Blume, Garten, Vogel, machten einen Eindruck der mir angenehm war. Ich fühlte mich in eine neue Welt veretzt und als wir anfangen etwas von den schönen Märchen zu erfahren, wurde diese eine gar schöne Zauberwelt. Mir war die Geschichte von dem Eselein besonders lieb. Eine Novelle war dann der nächste Schritt. Wir bekamen ein neues Buch. Es war natürlich klein; aber doch ein echt deutsches Buch und wir waren sehr froh damit. Wir lasen die romantische Geschichte bis zu Ende und kamen auf den stolzen Gedanken dass wir schon viel von der deutschen Literatur erfahren hätten. Inzwischen haben wir auch deutsche Lieder gesungen welche der lieben Schwester Franziska Freude bereiteten. Mir gefallen diese deut-

schen Lieder. Wenn man sie übersetzt sind sie nicht halb so schön, und es macht mir Vergnügen dass ich sie jetzt immer auf deutsch singen kam. Das zweite Jahr wird nun bald zu Ende kommen, und wir merken dass es uns noch nicht an Begeisterung fehlt. Wir hoffen deswegen uns immer mehr in die deutsche Sprache und in die deutsche Literatur zu vertiefen, und in besseren Zeiten können wir vielleicht alle miteinander nach Deutschland reisen.

ELIZABETH DE LORIMIER, '39.



ALFRED DE VIGNY

LE peu de chefs-d'oeuvre du poète romantique français, Alfred de Vigny, expriment la vie intérieure d'un poète sensible, poète, cependant, dont beaucoup de désappointements faussèrent sa philosophie de la vie. Il eut le don d'exprimer ses idées poétiques, et de les peindre avec grâce et délicatesse, mais il lui manqua la force morale de s'élever au-dessus de ses désillusionnements. Son pessimisme augmenta tellement, en effet, que ses idées devinrent bien défigurées. Nous admirons l'honnêteté de ses révélations mais nous regrettons son désespoir éternel.

Vigny naquit d'une famille noble à Loches en 1797, et comme la plupart des jeunes gens imaginatifs de son époque, il devint si empli de l'esprit de la Révolution qu'il entra dans le service militaire. Il trouva, cependant, que l'armée ne fut pas l'expérience magnifique qu'il l'avait rêvé; il partit, ayant perdu sa verve de républicain romantique, et il chercha ailleurs une vie plus intéressante. Il se lia avec le Second Cénacle qui se rassembla autour de Victor Hugo, mais il perdit enfin foi dans ce groupe, rompit ces relations, et travailla tout seul. Encore une fois, profondément blessé par l'infir-

délimité d'une actrice de laquelle il tomba amoureux, il se retira dans une vie de solitude presque complète. Dans cette retraite, l'univers intangible, enfin, lui devint si réelle qu'il écrivit, "Ce qui se rêve est tout pour moi."

La solitude devint la dernière influence dans la vie de Vigny. Elle le mena à cette compréhension toute française du lyrisme, qui est celle-ci: "To make of poetry a spontaneous overflow of powerful emotion, usually of sorrowful emotion." Le progrès et l'approfondissement de sa vue perspective et pessimiste se manifestent dans ses poèmes. D'abord, dans "Moïse," Vigny exprime le problème de l'homme solitaire par ce personnage biblique en lui attribuant la distinction du génie qui le rend différent des autres hommes. Moïse a été élu par Dieu et il le blâme pour sa condition isolée. Il devint ensuite sceptique, état qui l'empêche de se lier d'amitié avec Dieu. Le résultat est l'esprit de révolte. Ensuite, même le Christ dans le "Mont des Oliviers" fait des reproches à un Dieu indifférent, à un ciel vain et à un silence divin. Vigny croit, cependant, qu'il est devenu assez indépendant de Dieu pour mettre son dernier espoir dans la nature et dans la femme idéale. Son pessimisme devient encore plus profond, car au lieu de trouver la consolation, il

ne trouve que du désillusionnement. "La Maison du Berger" traite des cruelles lois de la nature plutôt que de l'Arcadie glorieuse. La nature, dit Vigny, est appelée une mère, mais elle est vraiment une tombe. En se rendant compte que la nature manque l'adoucissement qu'il cherche, tout ce qui lui reste est la femme idéale. Mais, hélas, cette dernière forme de communion lui échoue; il découvre que sa femme idéale lui est infidèle. Comme Samson dans "La Colère de Samson," il maudit Dalilah, "un être impur de corps et d'âme", en accusant la femme d'être le plus souvent notre adversaire que notre amie. Par cette malédiction Vigny maudit toutes les femmes, en manifestant son désespoir absolu dans toutes choses. Rien ne lui reste excepté la solitude. Voici sa réponse: comme le loup meurt dans "La Mort du Loup" ainsi mourra-t-il, en silence et en solitude, avec dignité mais sans consolation. Vigny sentit, plus tard, comme nous voyons dans "La Bouteille à la Mer", un faible rayon d'espoir où l'homme pourrait échapper à l'égoïsme en faisant quelque digne contribution à l'humanité.

Toujours est-il, en dépit de cette faible émotion humaine, que ce sont ses poèmes de pessimisme dont nous nous souvenons le plus. Le style du poète le montre grand artiste; sa poésie

renferme la sincérité, la dignité, et l'honnêteté. Vigny était, en plus, un symboliste de génie. Comme symboliste, il apprécia la valeur poétique de suggestion, mais puisqu'il était poète de la vie intérieure, il n'est pas toujours clair, et quelque fois il paraît inconsistant. Ses concrets symboles imaginatifs deviennent des réalités vivantes, cependant, et son style semble être meilleur là, où la pensée est le plus sublime et où le sentiment est le plus intense. Il a le don de l'idée poétique, l'idée qui parle à l'imagination qui supprime la raison, comme l'idée qu'exprime le poème "Éloa"—Éloa, la personnification de la pitié, née d'une larme tombée des yeux du Christ; ou dans "La Bouteille à la Mer", la dernière pensée d'un marin, portée au hasard dans une bouteille sur les flots de la mer:

"Les noirs chevaux de mer la heurtent, puis reviennent
La flairer avec crainte, et passant en soufflant."

Comme artiste, Vigny peint la nature avec une originalité incomparable. Il est remarquable, puisque Vigny n'aima pas la nature pour elle-même, qu'il pût écrire avec une telle grâce et force, comme par exemple dans les derniers strophes de "Moïse":

"Josue s'avancait pensif et pâissant,
Car il était déjà l'élu du Tout-Puissant."

En lisant "La Mort du Loup", on peut voir la forêt comme une réalité:

"Les nuages couraient sur la lune enflammée
Comme sur l'incendie on voit fuir la fumée,
Et les bois étaient noirs jusques à l'horizon."

Et dans "La Colère de Samson", il décrit avec délicatesse le tableau du poème:

"Le désert est muet, la tente est solitaire.
. . . . La nuit n'a pas calmé
La fournaise du jour dont l'air est enflammé.
Un vent léger s'élève à l'horizon et ride
Les flots de la poussière ainsi qu'un lac limpide."

Et ainsi Vigny, symboliste, nous montre le développement de sa philosophie de la vie, d'une manière très originale et avec beaucoup de beauté.

VIRGINIA DE LORIMIER, '37.



THE PUSHKIN CENTENNIAL

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN, Russia's great national poet and the soul of her Golden Age of literature, died one hundred years ago this February tenth. The centennial of his death has been observed not only in Russia, where the Soviet government hails him as "the rebel poet", but throughout the world, for he stands with Shakespeare and Goethe as a poet of no one age or nation. His poetry, like theirs, is universal.

Pushkin was born in 1799 at Moscow of aristocratic but impoverished parents. His career at the Lyceum was not particularly brilliant as he was more interested in books than study. He read voraciously, especially French works, and wrote French comedies to amuse his sisters. After leaving school his poetry attracted immediate attention. Established poets of the old school greeted him with enthusiasm. Indeed, Zhukonsky presented him with a portrait inscribed "To the pupil, from his defeated master". With the publishing of *Ruslan and Ludmilla* his reputation was made.

His career was short, successful, and turbulent. Exiled twice by the Emperor to different parts of Russia he made the best of the situa-

tion by writing some of his most famous poetry such as *Boris Gudonov* and *Eugene Onegin*. The remainder of his work, including epic and lyric verse and prose tales, was written at various times during his life at court and in society. A restless, fiery spirit, there was combined in him two distinct natures. As Solovein, the philosopher, says, "In Pushkin, according to his own testimony, were two different and separate beings; the inspired priest of Apollo and the most frivolous of all the frivolous children of the world." It was this second childlike nature which brought him to his untimely death at the age of thirty-seven. Furious at the court gossip about his wife and a guardsman, he called the man out and was fatally wounded in the duel that followed. Some say that the imperial physicians were suddenly and strangely incompetent. The wound, as diagnosed by modern surgeons, seems to have been comparatively trivial.

Pushkin belonged to no particular school. He rose to fame just when the quarrel between the so-called classical and romantic schools was at its height. He settled the situation by ignoring both and founding a new national literature. As Alexander Kaun has stated, "Modern

Russian literature dates from Pushkin and largely derives from him."

Pushkin's style is as distinct as his personality. Unlike the novelists, who came later and were indebted especially to him for his *Eugene Onegin*, he was not concerned with struggling humanity as such. Instead, "he neither mopes nor whimpers nor spits gall: he is joyous and sunny, he is a song to the future; he is a glorious affirmation of life".

Pushkin's place in Russian and world literature is assured. According to Maurice Baring, he is "Russia's national poet, the Peter the Great of poetry who, out of foreign materials, created something new, national, and Russian and left imperishable models for future generations".

ELINOR WHEELER, '38.

ALONG BENINCASA PATHS

THE air is motionless before the approaching shower. No breath stirs; even the flexible ends of the palms before the house at Benincasa are still.

Rows of spicy-scented stalk curve around along the garden path and open-faced pansies snuggle at the foot of the tall palm. Behind the beds of stalk the bridal wreath trails its graceful white branches before sturdy lilacs.

A rose opens its first bud on the nearby house; and beyond, over the trellis and on top of the low stone wall, hang garlands of lavender wisteria from gnarled branches like thick clusters of grapes.

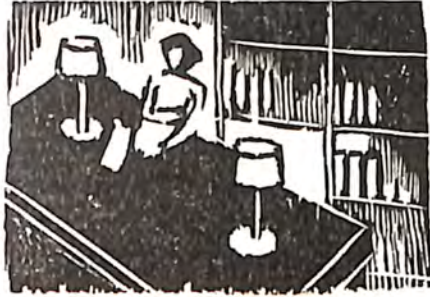
An army of bees set up a pleasant, if monotonous, drone in the beds of stock, a sound relieved now and then by the exuberant song of birds high in cypress trees silhouetted against the grey sky. Beyond, the lawn slopes and below a circular white pond sinks into the green of the grass, for swallows to dip into.

A quail cries in loud stacatto and is answered from the hill. Then, over the towering trees to the west, deep tones of the chapel bell slowly ring forth the Angelus and echo in the hills.

MARY HELFRICH, '39.

RETROSPECT

MARY sat in the library and thought how delightfully cool it was. Outside it was hot, so hot she was glad for the excuse to be



in there. It was Saturday morning and she thought of the girls who had left for San Francisco at eight that morning. Many times, in the past few years, had she sleepily called "Quiet!" at the clicking heels and excited voices. But in her heart she had envied them as she thought of her Saturday to be spent in the library. Now here she sat, her last Saturday, and she had done no studying, but dreamed of the last four springs of her life. She looked at the neat rows of books and shining hardwood floors and listened to the silence. How long it seemed since that first day she had come to school. She smiled to herself as she thought how early she had arrived that day. She had thought it was the wrong building, it was so deserted. And then her roommate had come, bringing her entire family up to the room. She had been too em-

barrassed to unpack before strangers so had waited till after dinner. But even then she had had to leave some things in suitcases as there were not enough drawers. She sighed at all the formals and afternoon dresses her father had had to take home. But the worst thing of that day had been dinner. How she envied those girls who chatted and laughed with each other. She just knew they were all seniors or at least juniors. After seemingly hours of meeting the same people over and over, she managed to get back to her room. That night was fun, though. She remembered the thrill she had when they rang the ten-thirty bell. She and her roommate had called to the girls in the next room, they were nice girls, and laughed with them over things she had always dreamed of laughing about. She remembered thinking, as she closed her eyes, that "College is just like the story-books!"

Was it really a month later they had housewarming? That night that took weeks of preparation and dusting and moving so that the Elders could go through the rooms and admire them in their company dress. It must have been though, because she and her roommate had gone to San Francisco two week-ends to look for curtains and bedspreads. They had not been

able to go that first week-end because she had had to go home to tell her family all about college.

“And, mother, I haven’t met anyone yet I don’t like. They don’t even treat us like freshmen.”

But the night of housewarming they had the new spreads, yellow, on the beds and the green curtains at the windows. She could remember rushing right up after dinner to be sure all the boxes were put away and the occasional shoe in the closet. After the smiling dignitaries, with their: “Isn’t this original?”, and “Now this is really charming”, came the critical girls.

“Oh, those are cute curtains. Where’d you get them? We nearly got some just like them, but then we decided to get the ones we have.”

“You have your desk right where I have mine. But don’t you usually have it out here?”

“Oh, I see you got some rugs!”

“What happened to your golf clubs? I thought you kept them here in this corner!”

The next day she had spent in putting things back where they belonged. That night Jack had come to see her and she had talked to him in the reception room. She smiled as she thought of the wide swing of the girls toward the door as they started up the stairs. Some of them had

recognized him by his picture and so: "Well, Mary, I just had to go back after the binder I left in the living room. It wasn't my fault I bumped against the glass door of the reception room."

She picked up her logic text, "The Science of Correct Thinking", but put it down again as she remembered her one experience of practicing for a play. It was the only play she had been in at college, and they had thrust her in that. It was fun, though, and afterwards she was glad. She had not really minded the nightly practices, but felt rather important, saying, "I'm sorry but I have to practice tonight." It did rather hurt, though, when her mother had remarked, "Why, but Mary, I can't see why you had to practice so much. You were just on the stage a minute and your father didn't even know which one you were."

Once more she opened the "Science of Correct Thinking", but odd thoughts kept running in her mind. Those days in May, her first graduation exercises in college; she was only a freshman but she loved those seniors and wept inwardly with them at thoughts of their leaving. "Practice makes perfect." That is right, it does. She could see the director calling out:

"I'm sorry, girls, but you will have to do it again. Keep your eyes straight ahead and don't look at your tassels."

They had finally got seated and then remained there for hours watching awkward seniors stumble up the steps to receive an imaginary diploma from an imaginary Archbishop. How silly those seniors looked as they stood on the stage glancing first at the ceiling, then at their feet.

But the actual day of graduation they had been serious, these seniors. Oh, how afraid she had been that Jean would cry. When it was all over, they had begun the recessional march. She laughed softly. They had had so much trouble getting out because the audience had filled the aisles, that there was no march.

This was four years ago and now she was a senior.

She glanced up at the girl who was coming up to where she was sitting. The other girl said:

"Oh, Mary, did they tell you all the seniors have to practice for graduation today at four?"

"Yes, thank you, I'll be there."

JANE SMITH, '39.

ALONG THE WAY

WE walk along the crunching gravel and down Acacia avenue. As we pass under the Cottonwood trees beside Angelico a variety of music whirls from the open window and sets us dreaming ourselves in Italy. An aria of Lucia from one window mingles with a Chopin waltz from another and a Beethoven sonata from the floor below to form an odd, but beautiful, modern symphony. The amusing thought crosses one's mind that the players are unaware of the effect they are creating.

Across the red road we follow the driveway curve, the exuberance of song behind growing continually fainter until only the soft tinkling of pianos remain. We travel by smooth lawns and under giant magnolias, past palms with narrow funnel-shaped trunks, across shaded Grand avenue, and through the picket gate to Forest Meadows where hundreds of tall, straight trees form a canopy of foliage against the sky. We follow the creek gully where a shallow stream flows. A large curve in the bank has given way with the rushing winter swell, but now clear water trickles over magnified pebbles at the bottom.

Over the narrow bridge we pass and cross
the meadow full of sunshine. Here the early
comers move swiftly across the courts or about
the hockey field. Talk and laughter fill the air.

A brown and white cocker spaniel frisks to
meet us, wagging his tail with gusto.

MARY HELFRICH, '39.



URA GOES TO A FORMAL

Wednesday night—8 o'clock

THE glare of a brown study lamp shone over the pile of history books and onto the plain bespectacled girl bent over the study desk. Her mousy, straight hair, pulled tightly over her ears, was twisted into a knot at the nape of her neck; her mouth relaxed into a smile, as she pored over *The Origin of Egyptian Mathematics*.

Across the room her curly-headed roommate lounged on the green bedspread. Suddenly she sat upright, flung down her magazine, and rested her chin in her hands.

"Ura," she announced firmly, "you've just got to go to the formal."

Ura started, slowly turned her head and hesitantly raised her eyes. "Oh, no," she gasped weakly, smoothing back her hair. "I can't go to the formal. Why I never considered going to a formal. No one would think of my going to a formal"—she laughed nervously—"I don't like dances and you know it."

"I don't care!" Her roommate rose from her bed, "You just have to go. Here you are a senior and you have never gone to one of the formals yet. You know very well you like to

dance and I know I could get you a blind date. I have a cousin in San Francisco and I know he'd love to take you. Just think of the fun," she pleaded.

Ura stammered, "Why, I couldn't—I—er"—

‘ ‘ ‘

"And you say," said Ura, her eyes sparkling as she tenderly smoothed out the blue taffeta skirt and paraded over to the mirror for the fifth time. "You say that you will get me your cousin in the city? And you do think this rayon taffeta from the ballet will look all right?"—she patted the skirt affectionately, "and Jane says I can wear her silver shoes. Oh, I'm so glad I decided to go," and she impatiently shoved her hair down over one ear.

"Why, of course," declared her roommate, her eyes twinkling, "and we can fix your hair—you can have it set downtown—and then I'll give you my silver tiara. We'll see about the evening wrap later. We can stay with my sister," she added.

"Isn't this exciting?" called Ura as she whirled over to the closet and unclipped the rhinestone buckle. "Only I wish," she added, in petulant tones, "I wish you could remember what John looks like. Even if you haven't seen

him for three years. You ought to remember him a little. Is he?"—she turned toward the mirror and shoved her offending hair down over her ear again—"that is . . . does he look . . . maybe like . . . something like Robert Taylor?"

Friday night at Martha's sister's

The old clock chimed eight as the two girls dashed up the stairs and into the guest room.

"Oh, my goodness," sighed Ura, as Martha sank down in the quilted slipper chair, "I am getting nervous already. Here it is, eight o'clock," she looked at her leather wristwatch. "Only an hour to get ready!"



Martha rose from the chair and laughed amusedly as she spread out her vanity case on the heavy walnut dresser. "For heaven's sake," she admonished, "don't leave on that leather wristwatch and don't," she added, warningly, as Ura twisted one curl over her finger, "don't talk to him about school."

"Why, of course, I won't," giggled Ura, taking down the blue dress. "I've read the sporting section of every paper since Wednesday and I know all about the races and everything." She thrust one foot into a silver sandal. "These are sort of tight," she added, painfully; "Jane only wears a size five . . . but I guess they'll be all right! Oh, Martha," she gasped, "I didn't bring any powder; can I use yours? And Martha," she added, desperately, "you'll have to fasten up this dress. I can't do it myself . . . Oh, do you think I'll look all right?"

"Oh, Martha," sighed Ura, as she nervously shoved her well-groomed hands through her hair, "you told them to come at nine o'clock and here it's ten after." She ran to the window. She dashed back to the mirror. "Do I look all right? Oh, what'll I say to him? Oh, dear, what if he doesn't like me?"

Suddenly the sharp buzz of the doorbell shot through the house.

"Oh, Martha," gasped Ura, "I've forgotten how to dance."

"Come on," commanded Martha as she started down the steps. "They're here!"

Ura moistened her lips—stumbled out the door and down the steps, clinging desperately to the bannister. The strange sinking feeling

became worse. "Oh, I can't go," she thought madly, "I'll say I'm sick. I'll say anything."

"Hurry, Ura," called Martha from the living room. Ura leaned over the bannister; then she stopped short! Was that John? That handsome looking creature with the black curly hair and the flashing white teeth?

"Why," she laughed weakly to herself, "why, he does look like Robert Taylor—he does look like Robert Taylor." She caught hold of the bannister. Then a light dawned in her eyes. Slowly and proudly she lifted her head and paraded majestically down the stairs, her taffeta skirt trailing behind her.

CLAIRE DOLCINI, '39.



IMA'S FIRST YEAR

THE sky smiled; a robin sang long and sweetly in the cottonwoods outside Ima's window at the front of Fanjeaux. Ima pushed aside her books, opened the window and then tripped eagerly toward the pink shirtmaker dress that peeped just beyond her closet door. She hummed excitedly as she drew the dress over her head, but the tune stopped abruptly. One hand and then the other clutched inquiringly to make sure that the snaps down the side were not closed, that the belt was not buckled. Another firm tug downward but the dress was definitely stuck. She pulled it off. With a thoughtful face she reached into the closet and took down the blue linen. She shut her eyes and took a deep breath as she pulled it firmly over her head but at her shoulders it stopped, tug as she would. In turn from the depths of the closet came forth green piques, yellow linens, white linens. All were tugged at wildly, some with no success, others with approximate. But with the best not even held breath would make the image that stared from the mirror look more lithe than an over-stuffed mannikin. Slowly, Ima hung each dress carefully in the farthest corner of the closet. With firm countenance

she donned again her blue serge skirt and ample pullover. Then she slammed down the window and made her selection from Shafer's anthology, Robinson's history and *Introduction to College Mathematics*; then spent the rest of the afternoon chasing, from before the stodgy pages, images that persisted in peering at her as from her mirror.

CLAIRE DOLCINI, '39.



I'D LIKE TO BE A COW

I'd like to be a cow with big black spots,
And fat with bulging sides all full of grass
So fresh and green. I'd roam the pastures
Like the rest, and swish my tail to shoo the flies.

I'd be so fierce, I'd moo and moo and moo.
And then, I'm almost certain some cows do,
I'd laugh. I'd laugh at all the foolish folk
Who scorn and merely tolerate us cows.

Of course I'd laugh and yet I'd sigh, because
It seems so sad to me that mortal men
Who walk so proud, can't see how fine it is
To sleep in pastures and to bathe in brooks.

Oh me! to be a cow with dreamy eyes
And rolling tongue and nothing else to do
But bask in the sun and think of many things.
I'll shut my eyes and long, and long, and dream.

JANE SMITH, '39.

CLUBS

THIS year the clubs have been an active and important element in the college. Spirit and interest have been shown in other years but never before has there been such an endless stream of activity.

The enterprising students of the lower-division were responsible for a new field of endeavor in the work of the French Club. They have edited a bi-monthly newspaper which recounts in clear, if not classical French, the highlights of the campus news. Besides conducting regular meetings the club members presided at a picnic in Forest Meadows and presented two comedies by Molière. The success of the first, *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, inspired the presentation of the second, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. Both were enacted with an accent and skill worthy of the Comédie Française. Another outstanding event was the soirée at Meadowlands at which M. Dondo of the University of California was guest of honor. Part of the program consisted of French songs sung by the students to M. Dondo's accompaniment on the accordion.

Pi Delta Phi, the French Honor Society, contributed to the cultural opportunities by spon-

soring a lecture on Modern French Art. It was given by Mr. Howe, Curator of the Palace of the Legion of Honor, who illustrated his talk with prints of the original paintings.

The Spanish Club, not to be outdone by the work of the French Club, devoted most of their energies to the presentation of a program for Pan American Day which was successfully celebrated at Meadowlands on April 14th. On this occasion the college chapter of Sigma Delta Pi, the national Spanish Honor Society, was assisted by members of the various other chapters in the bay region. Professor Torres Rio Seco, politician, critic and author, addressed the group and Senor Jose Topete, a student at the University of California, read a selection of Spanish poems. Professor William Reid, of Stanford, was Master of Ceremonies. The club has also assembled frequently to carry on its work of cultivating an interest in Hispanic culture by means of short programs of dancing and singing.

The fifteen members of Gamma Sigma, Honor Society, devoted their monthly meetings to discussions on the nature of a liberal education. Scholarly discussions at times yielded place to activities of a more social nature. At the first of the year a tea was held

at Meadowlands in honor of prospective members and the gaiety of the occasion proved to the doubtful that membership in the Honor Society does not imply an academic distaste for the more simple things of life. Another event of the same type was the formal dinner at Benincasa.

The members of the Albertus Magnus Club have carried on their work this year in true scientific fashion. They began with a dinner in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Carroll and have been continually active since with bi-monthly meetings and expeditions to numerous places of interest to these scientists of the future.

The purpose of the International Relations Club is to promote an interest in international affairs. In accordance with this plan the members meet twice a month to discuss topics of current interest. Four members, accompanied by two faculty advisers, took part in a general meeting of delegates from all such clubs in the State at the San Francisco State Teachers' College and a joint meeting with the members of the University of San Francisco was held here on the campus. The girls, however, sometimes momentarily forget their serious work in the interests of international peace and enjoy themselves thoroughly. Such an occasion was the

picnic with which they ended their meetings for the year.

Chopin, his music, life and background, formed the basis of discussion at the meetings of the Seven Arts Club during the first half of the year. This was followed by a study of eighteenth century music. The meetings are strictly informal and contrary to general opinion are as much fun as they are instructive. Records are played and analyzed and all criticism, orthodox or not, is welcomed.

Under the direction of Miss Alice Brainard the Drama Club has continued to give finished and artistic performances. On Shield Day the members presented two plays by Edmond Rostand, *The Romancers* and *The Lady Loses Her Hoops*. The next presentation was the Coventry Christmas Play, *The Pageant of the Shearmen and Taylors*, given as the traditional dramatic offering of the club for the season of Advent. It was beautifully done. The choir was particularly satisfying and the tableaux equal to last year's but the performance was not quite perfect. It was in *The Dream of Gerontius* that we achieved the distinction of a flawless production. At least, the delighted audience told us so. The play, or rather the masque, was adapted from Elgar's oratorio.

The setting and the pageantry pre-Raphaelite, movement, music, colour, interpretation were perfectly satisfying.



The depth of meaning in Newman's great poem was brought out in speech and dance and pantomime. June Rawlings, Barbara Woodhead and Claire Philips played the leading roles, Gerontius, the Soul of Gerontius and the Guardian Angel, intelligently and beautifully, and Barbara Anne Malory has been highly praised for her part as the Angel of the Agony.

The dramatic year was gaily concluded by a performance of the *Comedy of Errors*.

The outstanding feature of this year's athletics was no particular event, as is usually the case, but the amazing spirit and interest shown by the college as a whole. The hockey games, which ended in the triumph of the upper classmen, attracted an enthusiastic audience despite the chill of late afternoons in Forest Meadows. In like manner, the tennis tournament was given the whole-hearted support of the student body. At the championship game

between Eleanor Watson and Patricia Ryan the excitement was so great that not even the darkening shadows on the court were permitted to interrupt the game. Eleanor came out victorious. Pennants for hockey and the new tennis trophy were awarded at the annual hockey banquet in December. Members of the dance classes, who have been taking their work seriously this year, successfully illustrated what they have accomplished at a program given in honor of the feast of the Immaculate Conception on December 8th. Besides a number of group dances the program included a dance by Caroline Magill and Loisann Bricetto and a solo by Eleanor Watson. In the *Jongleur of Notre Dame*, Claire Dolcini was excellent as the pathetic little jongleur who, in his efforts to please the Blessed Mother, danced himself to death.

With spring the badminton and basketball season commenced and the Carnival, one of the major athletic events of the year, took place. Miss Ruth Kenefick, our new head of the Physical Education Department, and Eleanor Breen, president



of the Women's Athletic Association, took charge. Life on a southern plantation was the theme of the Carnival and the Topsy and Eva sketch, written by Marie Welch, hilariously carried it out.

From The Sidelines, the W. A. A. paper, is another and important reason for the added interest in sports this year. Edited by Marie Welch it has reported in sprightly fashion and with a personal touch all the interesting little details (which usually escape general notice) as well as the more important events. Jane Smith, Elizabeth de Lorimier, and Marjory Newell, with Marie, are particularly responsible for the success of the paper.

ELINOR WHEELER, '38.

APPRECIATION

WITH Browning I say, "How good to live and learn!" And what is best, how good to live where living is beautiful and learning is significant.

College memories are the happiest ones, where our learning is the essential part of living. At what other time in my life will I find at a picnic with some of my classmates such great pleasure in the sole conversation of the afternoon on the application of Aristotle's philosophy to our life of today? Nowhere else could I find companions who, during a bicycle ride into the country, enjoyed conversing over the wonders exposed in "Microbe Hunters", or discussing the medical advancement of Dr. Heiser. But these companions and pleasant hours of recreation were but a part of our "living". Our hours of study meant learning to enjoy an art, or literature, or a science in its true value. This appreciation was not one for the worldly utility of the subject alone, but also for an aesthetic enjoyment of it. College days brought our final opportunity for character development; graduation brought the realization of our womanhood. Even though the kindly guidance and advice of our teachers

helped us over our difficulties, we learned, more surely, that in our Creator is our final trust, hope and love. We learned to say and believe, "In Thee, therefore, O Lord God, I place my whole hope and refuge. To Thee do I lift up mine eyes; in Thee my God, the Father of Mercies, do I put my trust."

VIRGINIA VAUGHAN, '36.

“TWO YEARS GONE BY”

THE years close in behind me as the waves in the wake of a boat. They still gradually and settle from the tumult of my passage. And in their calmness is reflected many things . . . the splinterings of dreams . . . singing shadows . . . abandoned stones, large and strong that were the beginnings of building . . . and a world of the most beautiful colors . . . the blue of a bay with the sun on it, the gold of poppies, the green of a hockey field, the delicacy of violets—red for courage, blue for friendship, white for a chapel. The kindly may see therein a queer pattern. A pattern without purpose or end or beginning—varying with the sun, the moon and the winds. To me there is meaning and an exquisite hurt. I look back as a swimmer gasps oxygen through the race. Then I may look ahead—past this present mud hole—past those treacherous and so difficult rapids I must better—and on.

LOIS SMITH, '35.

ALUMNÆ

THE Easter Monday Ball was a stirring event. Apart from the accomplishment of its primary purpose, to make possible the 1937 *Firebrand*, it has brought the student body of the college into closer relationship with the alumnæ, has made them realize that the alumnæ are a vital part of the college. It was an alumna, Katherine Casassa, who proposed the plan for the honor of the college, and it was the alumnæ united with the college who loyally and generously helped her to carry out the plan.

When we undergraduates come back from the Christmas holidays, we usually see the setting of the alumnæ homecoming, the Meadowlands living rooms still in their gay deckings; and we hear echoes of the common rejoicing at the reunion. The faculty and the Sisters, many of whom are alumnæ, seem newly inspired by this meeting.

Just before Easter, we at Fanjeaux get our rooms in order for the incoming alumnæ retreatants, and those of us who stay over for the Easter vacation are interested and curious about the groups that go apart from us during Holy Week. But at the Mark Hopkins, Easter Monday night, we undergraduates who had

part in the festivities could see and feel the delight of former graduates at meeting one another and at seeing so many of the younger girls who will later join their ranks.

By our fruits are we known. It is the alumnae who can best show what can be gained from the college. And we are proud of what many of them have shown. As a whole they fall into large groups, those who marry early, those who teach and those who go into social work. The first group come back through the years with their little sons and daughters or with pictures of these charming children; the Sisters hope sometime to see a grandchildren's day with all the small fry tumbling on the green at Forest Meadows or at Meadowlands.

Professor Horne who, the alumnae will be glad to know, is hereafter to be wholly at San Rafael, plans a reunion of the educational group to tell of their experiences and of their successes. Among those notable in this group are Geraldine Mulcahey, who has been appointed recently as the head of the Physical Educational Department at Mission High School, San Francisco, Marian Cassin Patton, who holds an important position as President of the Board of Education at San Jose, and Madeleine Curry,

director of music in the Sunset Grammar School at Carmel.

In the convent, too, we can point with pride to many graduates from our college.

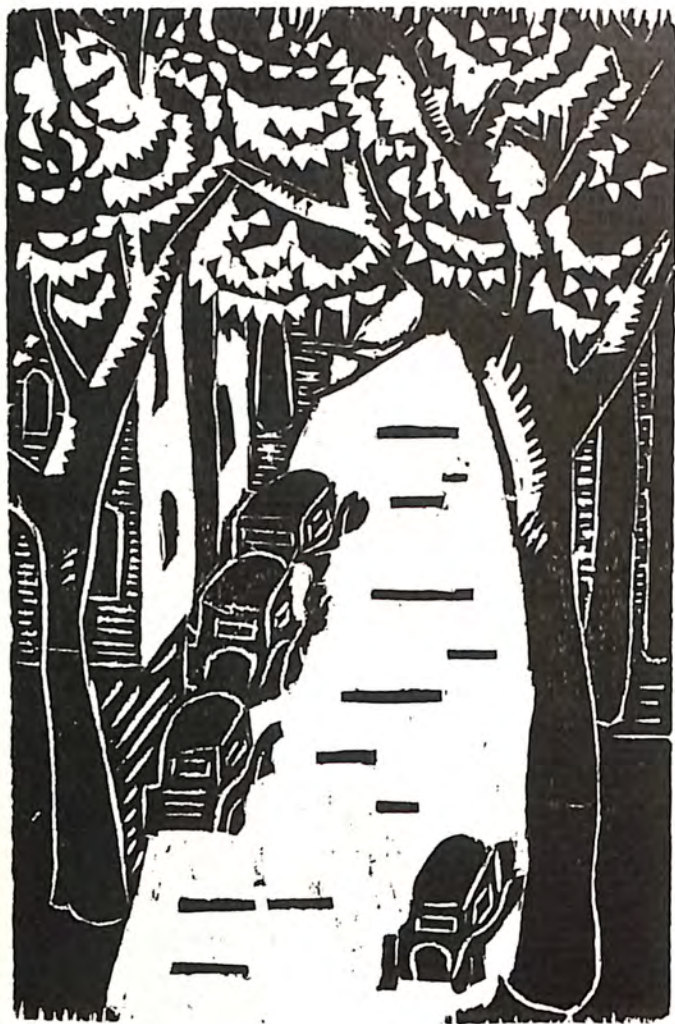
Social workers from our alumnæ have held important positions all over the State of California. Especial praise has come for the achievements of Nora Beronio, Katherine Hanlon and Deborah Pentz; the latter, editor of the 1925 *Firebrand*, as an executive for the Red Cross did thrilling work in reconstruction after the Long Beach earthquake and after last year's floods in Pennsylvania. This year she has been awarded a Commonwealth Fellowship at the University of Chicago where she is completing the work for her master's degree.

Mary Helen Mayer, in the graduate school of Notre Dame, Indiana, distinguished herself by her translation of Saint Thomas Aquinas' treatise on Education and her penetrating introduction to the translation.

Lois Smith has found the beginning of the journalistic career she dreamed on a newspaper staff in Portland, Oregon, and it is rumored that Monie Rudkin, that irresponsible young person so vividly described in the *Firebrands* from 1925 to 1927, publications graced by her poems and her flowing prose, has launched into a career

of authorship in New York where she lives married to a literary husband, but these rumors are volatile as Monie's self. Definite, however, and a matter of pride, is the latest achievement of Pauline Ivancovich, art editor of the 1936 *Firebrand*. At the San Francisco Art Annual, her painting, *Marin Hills*, was chosen by the recommending jury, for exhibit. Nine hundred pictures by contemporary painters and professional artists were submitted, and Pauline's was one of the one hundred and forty selected.

Many things go to the making of a college; three indispensable are the faculty, the library and the students—and the students become the *alumnæ*.



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