

1951

1951 Firebrand

Dominican University of California Archives

Survey: Let us know how this paper benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Dominican University of California Archives, "1951 Firebrand" (1951). *Yearbooks 1950 - 1959*. 2.

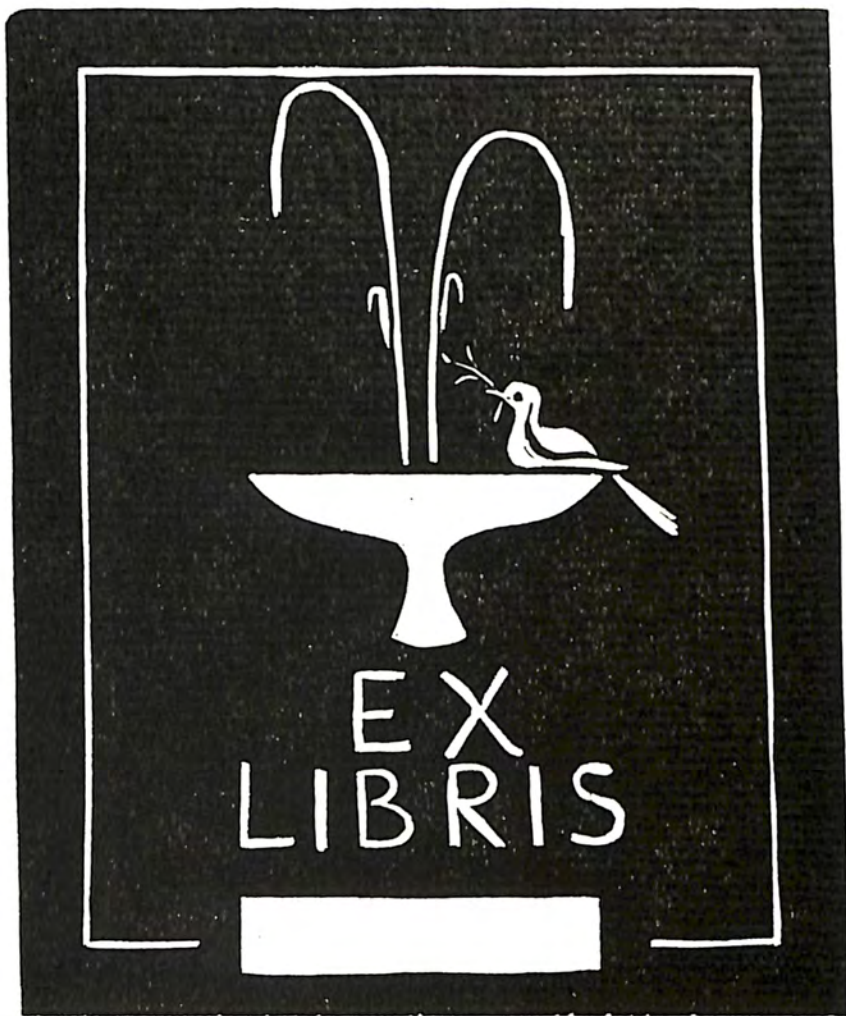
<https://scholar.dominican.edu/yearbooks-1950-1959/2>

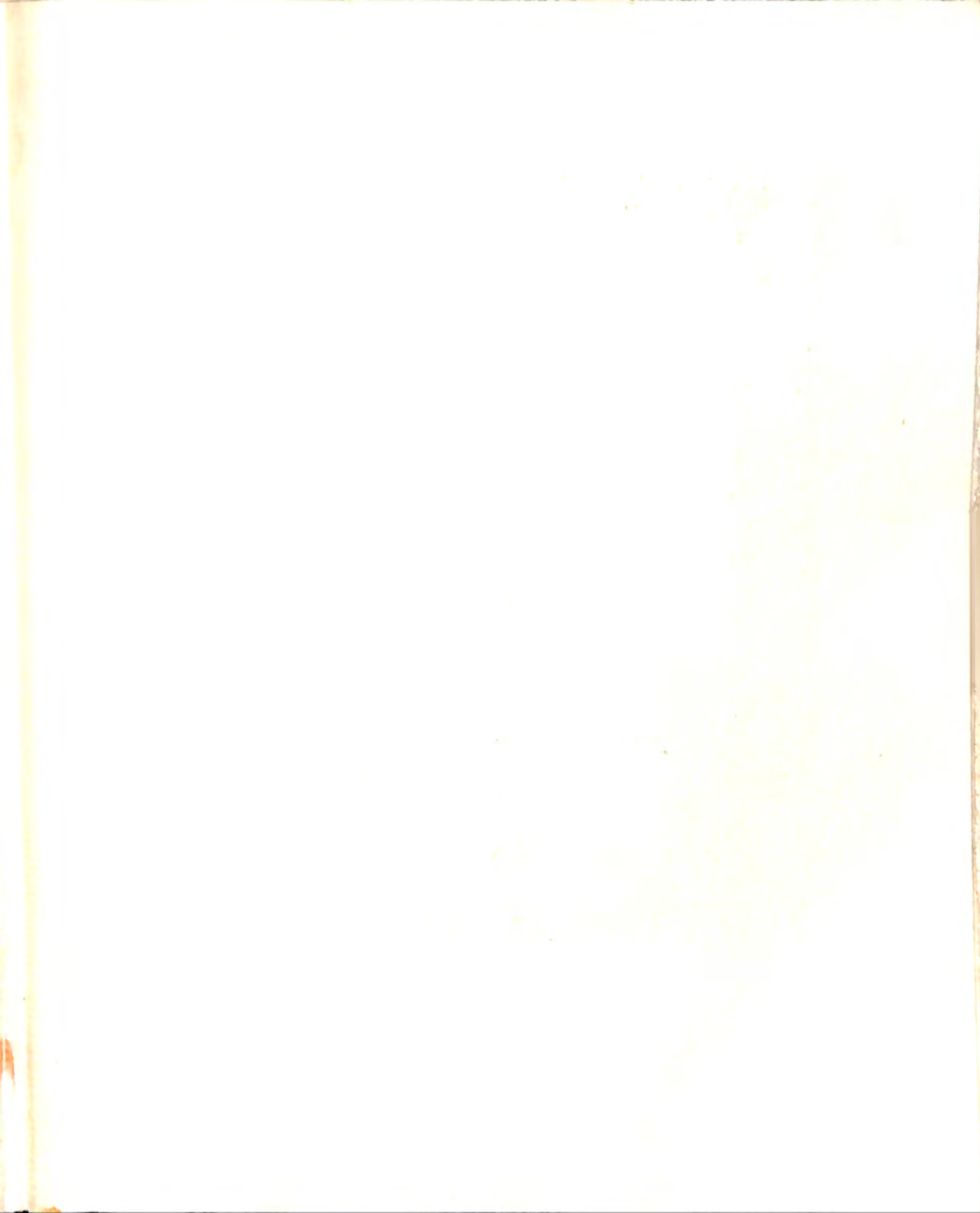
Disclaimer: It is the goal of the Dominican University of California Archives to serve as a research tool that is open and available to the public. As an institution established well over a century ago, there are materials throughout our collection that are no longer acceptable and not a reflection to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

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Dominican University of California Yearbooks at Dominican Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yearbooks 1950 - 1959 by an authorized administrator of Dominican Scholar. For more information, please contact michael.pujals@dominican.edu.

The Firebrand









THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



MCMLI



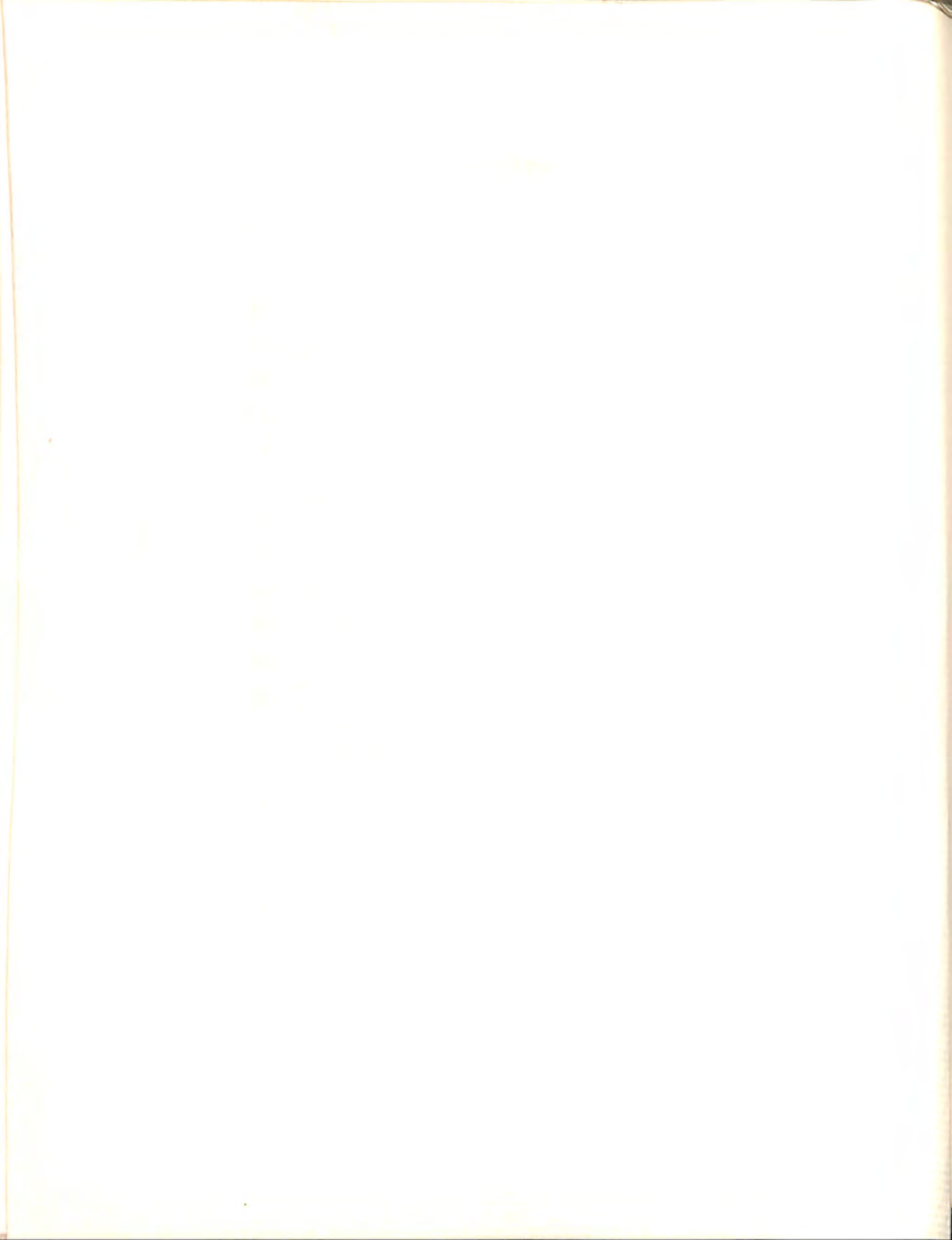
To
FATHER CURRAN

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
In Wisdom: Life and Peace—Magda Battha	End Sheet
Dove—Marie Cressey	8
Senior Shield—Magda Battha	13
Junior Shield—Joan Cullimore	128
Sophomore Shield—Lucille Slavin	131
Freshman Shield—Sally Martin	133
Apple—Barbara Hohlt	135
Senior Remembrances:	
Freshman—Marian McEntire	137
Sophomore—Ann Buckley	138
Junior—Winifred Brisbois	139
Senior—Maria Battha	140
Squirrel—Anon.	148
Dragon—Janet Parker	150
Bird—Anon.	153
The Constitution—Pamela Thorsen	155
Rabbit—Pamela Thorsen	156
Pots—Marie Cressey	160
'Cello and Stand—Janet Parker	164
Bridge—Lillian Machado	172
Dog—Pamela Thorsen	174

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Firebrand Staff</i>	7
Editorial	9
Growing	12
The Seniors	14
The Fifty-seventh Graduate	126
Juniors	128
Offering	130
Sophomores	131
Freshmen	133
Senior Remembrances	136
Clubs	141
St. Dominic and the French Revival	145
A Worthy Dragon	149
Practice Teacher	152
Student Government	154
She Who Lives at Home	157
Heart-Stable	159
On Throwing Pots	161
"Such A Lovely Program, Dear!"	165
Black Veils or White Veils?	169
Soliloquy	173
Why the Dog Sits on the Mountain	175
Tennessee Mantram	180



THE FIREBRAND

<i>Editor</i>	DOLORES SAGUÉS
<i>Associate Editor</i>	PATRICIA CONROY
<i>Assistant Editors</i>	{ ANNE CORNWELL ELEANOR MATHEU
<i>Business Manager</i>	VIRGINIA QUINN
<i>Business Staff</i>	{ LORRAINE VISTICA JOYCE CROSETTI
<i>Art Editor</i>	PATRICIA HIGH
<i>Cartoonists</i>	{ JOAN CULLIMORE PATRICIA HIGH
<i>Typists</i>	{ LILLIAN WANG JO ANNE RUCKSTUHL

CONTRIBUTORS

MARIA BATTHA	MARGARET MCCAULEY
GERTRUDE BLAKE	MILDRED MCMURDO
ANN BUCKLEY	MARY LOU NACHBAUR
THEODORA BUSCH	PATRICIA O'NEILL
MARY THERESA CAVANAUGH	ROBIN QUIGLEY
DOROTHY DE FARIA	HELEN RIGSBEE
ANNE FROST	S.C.M.
JOAN KING	S.M.N.
ELEANOR LIVINGSTON	SISTER PETRONILLA MARIE
ANN MEAGHER	NANCY SMITH
VIRGINIA MURILLO	SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR

THE SENIOR CLASS



EDITORIAL

WAR SEEMS to have become the rule rather than the exception in our generation. Few days go by without our hearing that some friend, khaki-garbed, is on his way overseas to fight: every paper and magazine we see is splashed with news of one international tension or another that may explode at any moment. We know that here at home people are gearing themselves for any conflict to come.

How does all this concern us, who are about to graduate? I think we can agree that we have been waiting a long time for the chance to put our education to use, to rear families, to become active citizens in a peaceful world we hoped would bud after the winter of World War Two. Another war, however, appears to be what we face. And while preparation for combat goes on, it is unfortunate that often the "why" of it all is forgotten, and things seem to be in a state of War for War's sake. But such a war as faces us today is only a means to an end—not a pleasant, but often an only, way to preserve the set of values in which we believe, even though to us it may appear to be an uncivilized way of protecting the advancement of our civilization.

In the face of all this, we are seized, and justifiably so, with a desire to do our part in keeping our beliefs intact—we have acquired certain skills, have formed our own set of values— and in some small way wish, even as Dominic, to “give to others the fruits of our contemplation.” Perhaps there are no qualms in the minds of those studying practical subjects such as Science, Economics, and Education; it is easy to see how they will be of immediate service to others. But there are some of us who may become discouraged about our progress, and begin to think we are wasting our time writing poetry, painting pictures, studying the philosophies of earlier days—while the fate of every man seems to be in question. “We should give up this Ivory Tower,” we say, “and turn our efforts toward practical means of attaining peace.” But we must not forget why we are fighting right now: to retain our freedom in order to enjoy the good things of life, so that people may still be able to write a poem, play a sonata, or fall on their knees somewhere and say a prayer without fearing that a bomb may suddenly fall in their midst. It is these immaterial things, the values of the spirit, which live and give life. Every

human effort rightly directed is aimed at peace, which gives us opportunity to pursue the highest activities of mind and of soul.

We who graduate this year will be expected to help in the contest to preserve these values. We should be able to do well in this task, because we have been taught the worth of interior as well as exterior peace. It is significant for us, the class of Nineteen Fifty-one, to have had the Dove as our symbol throughout our college years. We shall need the help of the Spirit of Peace as during the days of unrest ahead we keep in mind that it is not for war's sake alone that we struggle, but rather for the permanence of freedom and of spiritual qualities which we know to last long after soldiers' rifles have been cocked for the last time.

GROWING

We who have been living
a long time know
that it is a slow
thing, to grow,
an unknowing thing:

You may try and try
but you can't reach,
no matter how you stretch.

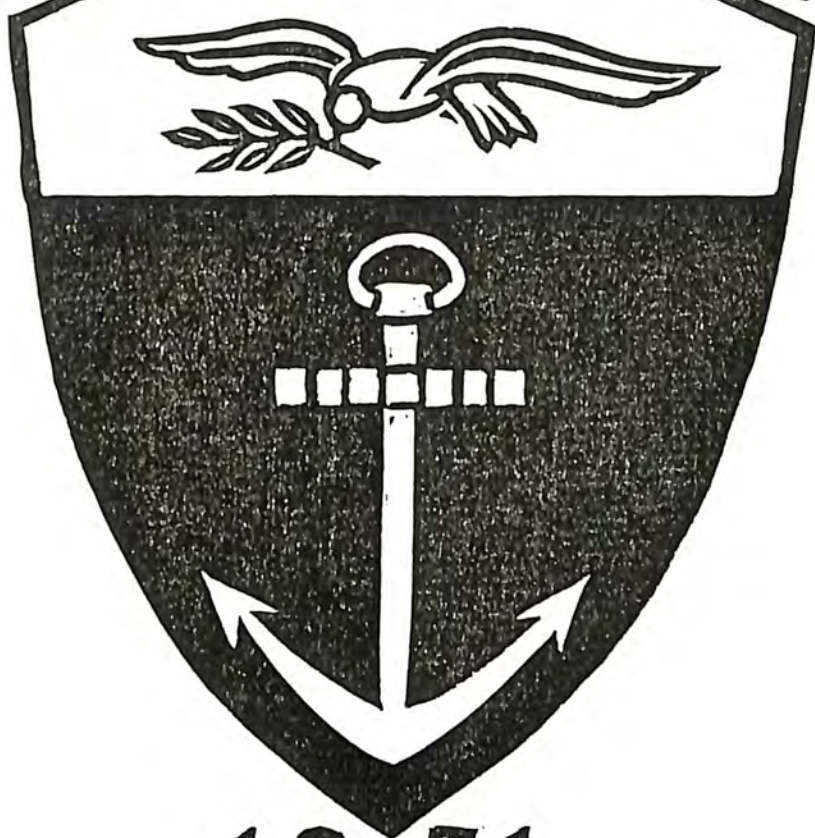
And where your eye sees,
your arm can't—
You fumble
a lot, and your feet stumble.

Then after years, many years
after people have stopped saying,
How much he's grown,
suddenly your arm leaps,
takes and keeps
what you've wanted.

And you stop still,
wondering,
your veins full of song,
staring at what you hold,
knowing
you can't be anywhere near old
who have been all along
and must be
still growing.

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR
in Spirit.

S. A. V. M.



19 51



BERNICE MCGEE ABREGO

Hamilton Field, California

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from the University of Missouri '49

Gamma Sigma

Albertus Magnus '50, '51

WHEN THE paint on the inside walls of their home began to fade, Bernice and her husband, Master Sergeant Abrego, decided to paint them. So they did. When her husband was transferred from Hamilton Field to Ohio in February, Bernice decided the best thing for her to do would be to stay here and finish school. So she did. Bernice always acts that way: matter-of-factly, and she dislikes indecision almost as much as she does mediocrity. In her two years here she has taken more than the average number of courses—this semester her schedule included three science laboratories—and because of her will power and her concentration she has always come out in the top ranks of her class.

She is active in the Science Club, and whenever there is a field trip on hand, Bernice drives. She is very interested in science and at one time she attended the University of Missouri Medical School.

She often entertains her fellow day scholars with tales of life in the W.A.A.C.s before she was married, but she would rather talk about what she is going to do after graduation—she might sell her green car and she might not, but she has already decided to leave for Ohio as soon as she possibly can. And she will.





MARY CATHERINE BUXTON

Eureka, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SPEECH AND DRAMATIC ART

Radio Players '49, '50

Carillon Staff '48, '50

Troupers '50

Irish Club '50, '51

IF SOMETHING "hysterically humorous" becomes a byword on campus, then probably it began with Kay Buxton. She loves to exercise her lively wit, which expresses itself in reports of shopping tours or in tales of woe, complete with gestures which never fail to regale her listeners. In the Fanjeaux living room before weekend dinners she occasionally leaps about with leggy arabesques and grinning looks at her audience, Buxtonizing modern dance! Her low-spoken quips and comebacks, never petty, are priceless. Who cannot appreciate more our faculty after Kay has interpreted their mannerisms?

Unlike many comedians, she has no off-days. She is one of the rare even-tempered ones among us, and can tolerate the most irksome of another person's moods; few have ever seen her in any personal disagreement. But she is not all comic. She is intrigued by good music and is content to sit quietly and listen to selections from among her many records. Her appearance suggests something of this more placid element in her personality. Slimness shows off her carefully-chosen clothes to their best advantage, giving her a Vogue-come-alive look.





ALICE VIVIEN CARLETON

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

MINOR: FRENCH

Gamma Sigma

I.R.C. '50

French Club '50, '51

Irish Club '50, '51

Red Cross Chairman '50

Red Cross '49, '50

W.A.A. Secretary '50

W.A.A. Board '48, '49, '50, '51

Carillon Staff '49

THERE IS a natural twinkle in Alice's eye since those who love fun usually twinkle. Teasing her friends with a completely sober face is one of her favorite pastimes, and she can take teasing as well as give it. As moods do, hers vary: she can be serious, gay or reflective to fit the occasion.

She has many interests, too. Always with several hobbies on hand, she looks constantly for more to absorb her. She knows how to ski more than a little, play the accordion, fly an airplane and raise cattle. An athlete, she is as much at ease on the Sun Valley snowbanks or the Forest Meadows hockey field as with Toni, her horse. But dearer to her is the companionship of her friends. She loves to hear what they are doing, and if she can help them, she does so with gracious kindness.

Her adventurous nature was satisfied somewhat by a trip to Europe last summer; to most people she has talked little about it, but we know she was keen to feel the spirit of the Europeans. But for all her active enthusiasm for travel, she was anxious to return. That's the best part of taking a trip, she says, "Coming home."





MARY THERESA CAVANAUGH

Lodi, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Gamma Sigma
H.O.O.D. Cup '48
Albertus Magnus President '51
Albertus Magnus Secretary '50
Irish Club '50, '51

Student Affairs Board '50, '51
Meadowlark Assistant Editor '51
Carillon News Editor '49
W.A.A. Treasurer '51
Y.C.S. '49, '50, '51

DON'T MENTION tests to Terry! She dislikes the thought of them; yet they never seem to hinder her, because she maintains a top scholastic average. Science courses demand much of her time and she seems to enjoy long hours in the laboratory.

Terry never seems to be bothered by incidentals. She appears almost detached at times, and taken up into the realm of her own thoughts, but she is not a self-seeker—she is friendly and well-liked. She takes pleasure in frequenting the theater and sees as many stage plays and foreign films as she has time for. She likes to go on field trips—as president of the Science Club, she has done much to make that group very active. One of the great loves of her life is Lodi; another, talking about it. Few people can offer a stiffer argument in defense of the grapes that grow in that vicinity. Another interest is reading. Dante she studied with deep appreciation kindled, she says, by his great imagination.

A term on the Student Affairs Board gave proof of her acute sense of fairness. As kind as she is just, she never turns her back on anyone who needs her help.





ANNE CORNWELL

Vallejo, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Firebrand Assistant Editor '51

Carillon Staff '51

House Regulations Committee '49

Social Committee '50, '51

Spanish Club '48, '49

Irish Club '51

Art Club '51

C.S.T.A. '51

ANNE'S composure of mind and manner communicates itself to others, be they her companions or the children in her classes. She can control any situation with an apparent minimum of effort and although she often appears passive, when something important happens she reacts in a typical active way. Anne says she works better under pressure, so she speeds up wonderfully at the eleventh hour.

Red is her favorite color; she has red dresses, red shoes, red jackets, and a red room. To this warm apartment she often retreats to curl up comfortably and read. She picks up every printed page she finds, and when she begins to read it, she soon becomes unaware of anyone else around her. A devotion to a wide variety of literature, especially historical novels such as those of Daphne du Maurier, has given her a broad vocabulary. She likes to draw almost as much as she likes to read; little delights her more than illustrating her friends' ventures by cartoons. She saves everything — valentines, tinfoil wrappers, sea shells—because she “just might *need* them sometime.”





MARIE ESTHER CRESSEY

Modesto, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Red Cross Secretary '50
Spanish Club '48
Irish Club '50
Art Club '49, '50, '51
Poetry Club '48, '49, '50

Y.C.S. '50, '51
Schola '48
Orchestra '48
C.S.T.A. '51

AT FIRST sight small, blonde Marie appears to be demure, quiet and studious—so she is. She is a worker, and has a way of overcoming obstacles with patience and unyielding persistence. But when fun is in the making she needs no second invitation to join the festivities, because she is determined to enjoy play as well as work. When she is in an exceptionally gay mood a resounding “Ooh!” in high C bursts from her—a screech as characteristic as her way of bustling from one activity to another. She never saunters.

Marie is companionable and it is pleasant to talk with her; she seldom just chats, but knits or sews at the same time. She does not like to waste her spare moments, so they are spent in utilizing her artistic talents to fashion something new and interesting. Often she may be found in San Marco throwing pots of unusual shapes, or dabbling in oils. Her art she loves for the pleasure it gives her, but she also plans to use it for her teaching.

In her work with small children she has shown a sensitive understanding. Her future kindergarten classes will benefit from the delightful children's books she is now collecting with care and discrimination; she wants her classes to love the fairy-tale world as much as she still does.





BARBARA LEE DILLON

Coos Bay, Oregon

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

Senior Class Vice-President '51
Junior Class Treasurer '50
I.R.C. Secretary '51
Social Committee '51
Carillon Staff '48

I.R.C. '50
Campfire Guardian '49
Irish Club '49, '50
Spanish Club '48, '49, '50
Y.C.S. '50, '51

SHE IS always ready to do someone a favor; her constant inquiry, "Anyone want anything downtown?" is an old refrain to her friends. And when she does go downtown, she usually brings back at least one box of dried apricots which she offers to every visitor to her room. A refusal brings forth Dilly's amazed cry: "What! You don't like dried apricots?" But she never presses this matter, or any other, further, because she sympathizes with other people's predilections.

Her sense of responsibility is strong. She will mail someone else's letter as unfailingly as she will turn in her own term paper on time. When she has finished one piece of work she turns to another with fresh determination, and no interest is half-hearted with her. Every once in a while her quiet sense of humor brims over, and when she is funny, few are funnier. Every so often she will spurt out with: "Let's do something *different!*" For her and her friends, "different" has meant, among other things, bicycle rides from San Rafael to Mill Valley and a motor launch cruise on San Francisco Bay.

She admits her limitations. Conspicuous is her need for eight hours sleep. When she says, "I'm tired," she goes to bed with as much system as when she prepares for an evening of consistent study.





MARY ELLEN DOHERTY

Arbuckle, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY

Edge Hill House Chairman '51
Carillon Feature Editor '49
I.R.C. '49, '50
Carillon Staff '48
Irish Club '49, '50, '51
Spanish Club '48

Art Club '48, '50, '51
Albertus Magnus '50, '51
Schola '48, '49
Hockey Team Captain '48
Baseball Team Captain '49
W.A.A. Baseball Manager '51

MARY ELLEN manages a dual personality. She has the sweet and gracious manner her name implies, along with an alarming delight in doing what is completely unconventional. Soon after she broke her leg in a ski accident, she appeared at a formal dance with her leg in a cast. She knew how to fly an airplane before she could drive a car.

She can do a variety of the more usual things, too. Because she is one who can make good coffee in great quantities, she suspects she was appointed house chairman for that reason. She would have us believe she is helpless and incapable as far as domesticity goes, but she knits and sews as expertly as she cooks. Once she searched out a broken sewing machine from its obscure hiding place, helped repair the motor, and gave several Edgellites lessons in dressmaking.

Mary Ellen is as noteworthy for her love of ranch life as she is for her unconventionality. She often extends the hospitality of Red Rose Ranch to her friends, and when she is away from home she takes pride in showing the "city girls" a newspaper picture of her sister "Bug" riding a bucking steer in a rodeo contest, or in exclaiming about a new hunting rifle her other sister "Mouse" has acquired. Even among her sisters she is distinctive in that she has no nickname.





SARAH AMARO DUQUE
Los Angeles, California
Georgetown Visitation Junior College 1947-1949
Transferred from Marymount College, Los Angeles '50

“LAUGHTER is not at all a bad beginning for a friendship.” It has brought dark haired, sparkling-eyed Sally close to her newly-made classmates. So provocative is she by her wealth of humor and unique expression that she immediately became known about the campus. Sally fits in with people; whenever there is any excitement going on, she is right in the midst of it. She can be counted on to ignite any gathering.

She tells tall and astonishing tales throughout the night about her varied experiences. Her background has made her a politician, an artist for many of the practice teachers, and an actress—witness her skill in portraying St. George! Tall and energetic, she was the spark of the volleyball team—indeed, a versatile person, and one who has never succumbed to the Benincasa canasta fad.

She bears the last name of her ancestors from the Basque country of Spain; her great-great uncle was the famous novelist of this century, Benito Pérez Galdós. She speaks Spanish a little herself, but she looks forward to communicating with her grammar school classes in English when she returns to Los Angeles to “collect those big red apples,” as she says.





MARION JOSEPHINE GALLAGHER

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Social Committee Chairman '51

Executive Board '51

Social Committee '49, '50

Carillon Staff '49

French Club '49

Irish Club '50

SOCIAL chairman—a fitting position for Marion, for her appearance, good humor and love of parties have helped make every social event a successful one. Her fair, naturally wavy hair contrasts with the darkness of her eyelashes and highly-arched brows, giving her a look of liveliness almost akin to effervescence. She can dance an authentic Irish jig, or sing an operatic aria with great force, if not quality. She does enjoy a good time, and the many parties which have taken place in the Gallagher rumpus-room are examples of her talent as a gracious hostess.

Marion knows a little about much and likes to apply her knowledge to solving crossword puzzles or games of charades. Her sharp wit produces spontaneous quips or as she calls them, “pithy sayings,” which infect and dominate campus conversations for weeks on end. Her Irish temper is as much a part of her as is her good humor, although in a lesser degree. She is always apologetic after an outburst, and ready to “straighten things out” whenever there has been a misunderstanding.





VIRGINIA CATIEL GARCIA

Salinas, California

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Transferred from Hartnell Junior College, Salinas '49

Albertus Magnus '50, '51

W.A.A. Board '51

Spanish Club '51

Orchestra '50

SMALL, FRIENDLY, shining black hair and a deep velvet-soft voice—a person everybody likes at once; that is Virginia. The liking deepens when one comes to know her. Her fellow students in bacteriology and mathematics classes profit by her kindness, for she generously shares her information with others. She has even told us why she always tears both ends off a drinking straw before she uses it: bacteriologists have proved that—!

Because Virginia is devoted to her classmates (and they to her), and because she loves all kinds of sports, she has become a star on many a senior team. She is especially fond of volleyball and hockey, and knows instinctively where the ball or puck is going to land; she is there to meet it with a blow that is surprising for a person her size.

Her one weakness is sleep. Occasionally, when the science majors wonder why she isn't in the laboratory completing an experiment, they just look at one another over their crucibles and smile. They know Virginia is at Edge Hill, looking at a dream-world through rose-colored slumber.





SUZANNE ADELE GERHARDT

Chico, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: BIOLOGY

Transferred from Chico State College '49

Albertus Magnus '50, '51

Drama Club '51

Art Club '51

C.S.T.A. '51

GIVE SUZANNE a soap box and she would probably make a speech on "Why Every Girl Should Vote." During election time much of her activity was directed toward campaigning for this or that Senator. She does not aspire to a congressional career herself, for she lives in a whirl of weddings, biology books, telephone calls, education classes and frilly hats. She whisks from one place to another in her little yellow convertible, "Madame Butterfly," and yet manages to balance her busy social calendar with a good deal of hard work.

Sue loves to give presents, and will pounce on the slightest occasion as one to surprise a friend with a gift. She also takes pleasure in writing letters, and has a long list of correspondents.

Jolly and good-natured, Sue is easily amused. She shows her appreciation for humor by first manifesting a jovial smile and then a unique laugh which can make the soberest of persons laugh with her and feel at home in her vivacious company.





MARY GRANT GOODPASTURE

Los Angeles, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from Los Angeles City College '49

Spanish Club Vice-President '51

Orchestra '50

Spanish Club '50

MARY CARMEN goes about her business with a quiet which is deceiving. If someone neglects to call her by her married name (once it was Father Curran), she corrects the offender with a flash of indignation, then placidly settles back into imperturbable silence. Something about her—perhaps it is her smile—seems to encourage teasing, but the teaser makes no headway, because Mary Carmen refuses to become annoyed, and often turns the joke back upon her tormentor.

She is exceptionally strong-willed and as earnest as she is determined. When she decides to do something she does it. Although during the Christmas holidays she assumed the duties of a married woman, she returned to college with as effective an interest in practice teaching and her academic program as before. Among other interests that have not suffered since her wedding day is her enthusiasm for Spanish culture. Her name, Carmen, is Spanish; her eyes are Spanish, as befits her Latin descent. She likes music, art and literature in general; her own instrument is the violin, which until Christmas she played in the orchestra. Partly because of her artistic sense, she takes pride in her wedding ring, which is uniquely engraved with orange blossoms of her husband's design.





MARGARET MARY HANNAN

Del Paso Heights, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from University of Mexico '50

Spanish Club '51

W.A.A. Show

MARY HANNAN was born on July fourteenth which might have something to do with her marked spirit of independence. Or perhaps that spirit has its source in her unmixed Irish blood, which helps her to solve many problems that would have proved stumbling blocks to others.

Her education has been of an itinerant character, reflecting her father's career as an Army officer. She attended seven different high schools throughout the United States; her first two college years were spent at Sacramento Junior College and her third at the University of Mexico, where, in addition to Spanish, she learned to read and speak German fluently. At last she came here, mature from experiences gained in travel, and in addition to attending classes in Guzman Hall she managed to teach advanced Spanish at the Dominican High School.

She is a stimulating companion and an earnest worker, and once her course is set, be it to study or to decorate her Angelico room with brightly-colored Mexican pictures, she shows determination and competency. Her diligence works best after eight A.M., for she admits she always deliberates—well, at least a *little*—about getting out of bed in the morning.





CLAIRE MARGARET HERLIHY

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

Student Affairs Board '50, '51

Irish Club '49, '50, '51

CLAIRE'S pert face and slender figure contrast with her uncanny ability to do almost anything she attempts. She has been at various times during her college career a skier, canasta player, knitter and tap-dancer. Her talents as a hairdresser are constantly in demand, for she can administer successful home permanents as well as cut hair skillfully. However, her progress in learning to drive has given her real renown. This year she graduated from the novice class into professional ranks with the acquisition of an operator's license. In fact, she drove so many different cars while practice-teaching that one of her pupils made the classic remark, "Mrs. Herlihy must have an awful rich husband!"

She is a night owl, and will scorn sleep entirely if she can find someone to share her wakeful hours. Amazingly enough, she is wide awake for seven-fifteen breakfast every day.

She has a good sense of humor, and can often be found passing her box of medicated throat discs in Ethics class as "after-luncheon mints."





PATRICIA ISABEL HIGH

Grimes, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ENGLISH-SPEECH

Assistant Social Chairman '48
Firebrand Art Editor '51
Firebrand Cartoonist '51
Carillon Staff '48, '49
Spanish Club '48, '49, '50, '51
Art Club '48, '49, '50, '51

Irish Club '51
Radio Players '50
I.R.C. '49, '51
Campfire Group '48
Y.C.S. '49, '50, '51

PATRICIA HIGH is complex above the ordinary. Four years have done nothing to dull the surprisingness of her. A first impression of purple shaded scarfed sophistication gives way before her deep brown, thought-reflecting eyes; the pleasure one takes in her easy grace of bearing turns to interest as her head lifts and her manner tenses at a discordant note in conversation, at a wrong tone in a painting, at a weak link in a companion's chain of thought—as with an “Oh do you think so?” she launches into a measured explanation of the whys and wherefores of a new approach.

Patricia is not just other than she looks; she is what she looks and more. She likes good talk—day-time talk; week-nights are for sleep, week-end nights for dates or for doing just what one pleases. She is no treader in the path of least resistance. When in her Sophomore year her calculations told her to transfer to a schools of arts and crafts to specialize in just art, she transferred. When after a semester her calculations told her she had made a mistake, she transferred back. Much thought went into the choosing of her major; her choice made, she stayed by it. Despite her full schedule, she has had time to do that water color for a friend's room, the posters for Class Day, time to write articles for the *Meadowlark*, to draw cartoons for the *Firebrand*, to take stock of values, and always to put first things first.





BARBARA IDA HOHLT

Santa Rosa, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Senior Class Treasurer '51
Fanjeaux House Chairman '50
Art Club Secretary-Treasurer '49
Art Club Publicity Chairman '50
Spanish Club '49

I.R.C. '51
Social Committee '50, '51
Carillon Staff '50
C.S.T.A. '51

BARBARA is a lively girl, but to look at her, one would not expect anything else. Red-brown eyes match exactly her red-brown hair, which, to the envy of her roommates, falls easily into crisp natural waves. True to her coloring, she is full of energy and impulsiveness. One may find her at eleven o'clock at night cooking a pot of rice, just for the fun of it. But she has nothing of the temper one usually attributes to a red-haired person. She is gentle by nature and of a remarkably good disposition. She possesses the enviable virtue of having a good word to say about everyone.

The most delightful thing about her is what she calls her "short attention span." It is true she is deeply interested in art, and the results of hard work show definite ability and talent, but almost every day produces a brand new plan for the future. So far her intentions have wavered from the inevitable air-line hostess long enough to include a position with the foreign embassy and the possibility of working in another country—Arabia, Germany or Brazil preferred. Occasionally the plausibility of such glamorous occupations fades a little, just a little, and her real desire to teach shines through. Then she begins to explore the rural geography of California, hoping to hit upon an isolated, yet enchanted spot, crowded with five-year-olds.





LOIS ANN JACOBSON

Fairfax, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SPANISH

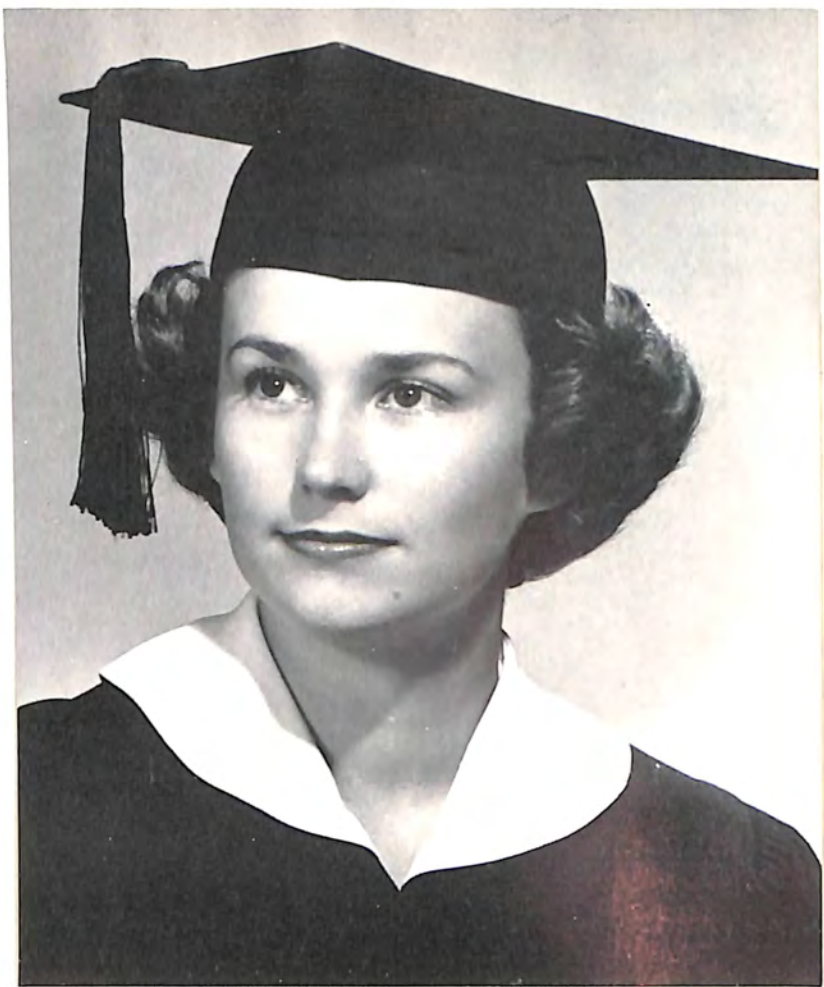
Transferred from College of Marin, Kentfield '49
Spanish Club Recorder '51

GOLDEN-HAIRED Lois is always on the move. She can be late for one class, early for another, but she seldom lets unexpected happenings disconcert her, and her eye is always focused on the bright side of life. She greets people with a smile always, and a gay "Hello!" and because she is deeply interested in others, has the quality of being a good listener. She is always frank in her criticisms; hers is a kind of frankness which makes her more likeable instead of less so.

Her interests are varied, and include a liking for sports—tennis and archery in particular. She prefers sport clothes, too, and most of them are plaids or plains in yellow and tan tones, to match her fair complexion and blonde hair.

Lois is a conscientious worker. She even put her major subject, Spanish, to use in her third grade class; by the time she left her pupils in February they knew the words to a song and how to say their names in that language. After graduation she plans to teach in Los Angeles, where she looks forward to finding "life and gaiety."





EDYTHE ARDEN JOHNSTON

Hollister, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: BIOLOGY

Transferred from the University of California School of Pharmacy '48

IT'S Chinese-dinner-night once a week for Edy; it would be more often if rules allowed and if her friends were content to subsist, as Edy is, solely on egg foo yung and soy sauce. As it is, even her friends who have no fondness for the Orient succumb once a week because she pleads so pleasantly and her brown eyes dance so merrily when friends acquiesce.

Edy has a soft, low voice of shifting intensity, which is in itself beguiling. Her voice modulates with her moods; occasionally there is no voice at all—Edy is among the missing, curled up in some corner with a book, most often not an assigned book. Her college assignments, however, she does with some rigor and less comfort—and efficiently, we assume, for her scholastic record is high. The energies that Edy stores up in sleep, in eating bean sprouts, or in quiet hours over books she expends with greatest delight in bowling, in an occasional spritely mental duel or in following events in the sports world. Edy has always at the periphery of her brain the latest score in baseball, the outcome of the hockey game, the results of the auto race. Some energy, of course, she saves for telephone conversations. In Benincasa when the telephone rings at midnight, the house is content to let Edy answer it—very odd, but it always seems to be for her.





JOAN MARIE KING

San Mateo, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: EDUCATION

Student Body President '51
Executive Board Junior
Representative '50
Sophomore Class Secretary '49
Carillon Staff '49

Firebrand Staff '50
I.R.C. '49, '50, '51
Irish Club Chairman '50
Spanish Club '48
Schola '50, '51

JOAN KING has earned the respect of every member of her student body. We have placed our faith in her; she has never let us down. We have laid our problems before her; she has always found a solution. What is more, she has led us pleasantly, so that we were glad to follow, glad to listen to her.

Not until her Junior year with her founding of Fianna Og did we begin to suspect Joan's capabilities; not until her Senior year did we fully appreciate the rare gift of leadership that was combined with her sincere humility and good-fellowship. She is totally unselfish; by nature shy and even self-conscious, she forgets herself entirely in the interest of the group. Her wisdom and efficiency in handling and understanding large situations, her far-sightedness which enables her to see things through to the last detail, her deep loyalty to the college—all these have made her the finest of student body presidents. Still it is Joan herself that we will remember. The deep voice singing in the grove, in Fanjeaux, in Benincasa; the chuckle and twinkle of the eye when things are going well, the full repertoire of group songs, the quiet way she has of just being kind and friendly—these are the things that have made her one of the best-loved and most respected girls on campus.





MILDRED LAVINIA McMURDO
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Cavillon Editor '49
W.A.A. Vice-President '50
W.A.A. Board '49, '50, '51
Irish Club Chairman '50, '51

Irish Club '49
I.R.C. '48, '49, '50, '51
Music Club '48
Ping Pong Manager '51

NO ONE these four years has been so likable as Millie, or upon occasions so exasperating. Direct and intelligent, she goes straight to the heart of matters. Stubbornness and forthrightness are as much a part of her as her Scotch-Irish inheritance which embroils her in occasional trouble. Millie has in her much of the perfectionist; even in minor things there is a just right—a certain shade sweater for every skirt, a certain phrase to capture a particular thought. If a thing cannot be done perfectly, Millie shrugs her shoulders and pretends it isn't worth doing. What she attempts she does thoroughly, with apparent ease, even laughingly. So with the *Carillon*, the Class Day skits and *Fianna Og*. Ireland she loves with a devotion that swerves only at the sight of kilts or the sound of the Highland pipes.

Rooted deep in Millie is a love of the San Francisco hills and the fog; a love of D. C. and of the friends, the laughter and the songs that are a part of it. On the surface she is casual, often deceptively abrupt—occasionally she frowns. Moody and strong willed when thwarted, of a sudden she flares up explosively. Her moodiness stems perhaps from a discontent — with imperfection — in herself and others. In her eyes is a look of far distant places—hers is a discontent out of which are made poets and philosophers and saints.





JUNE MARIE McNALLY

Fresno, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Art Club Secretary-Treasurer '51
Art Club '49, '50

Irish Club '50, '51
W.A.A. Show

JUNE never misses a thing. A person who is everybody's friend usually doesn't. She enjoys canasta, bridge or any other card game and is ready of an evening to play "just another hand," until the clock warns that it is near the witch's hour. She says it is difficult for her to stay awake after ten-thirty, but at the mention of a party or invitation to go somewhere, she is alert until all hours. She always knows what motion pictures are playing in town — but if her friends would rather, she is satisfied to go bowling with them, or to uphold the Democrats in a Benincasa living room political session. No matter how thick the discussion may become, with a smile and a calm voice she will support Democratic theories every time.

Whenever anything unexpected happens, June "knew it would all the time!" She has a thoughtful, friendly interest in people; she is never critical, and yet she knows how to give sound advice without pressure. Always of an even-tempered disposition, she can be counted on for anything, anytime—one might say she justifies this attribute when she comes into the Benincasa living room (when it is crowded with people, of course), and announces, "Never fear; McNally's here!"





JOAN RITA McNULTY

Ukiah, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SPANISH

Transferred from Mount St. Mary's College, Los Angeles '49

Spanish Club Publicity Chairman '51
Spanish Club '50

Irish Club '50, '51
I.R.C. '51

JOAN lives on a ranch, a new experience she loves and is always talking about. She was even pleased to be stranded there one rainy week-end when the Russian River overflowed. Her tales are filled with vivid descriptions of the interesting features of country life: baby lambs which must be fed with a bottle, and the adventures of her little brother and his pigs. These accounts keep everyone amused as well as more than a little envious. Joan has a clipped, matter-of-fact manner of speaking which may or may not be a "Southern accent," and her stories are always accompanied by an infectious chuckle, at once contagious.

She reads a good deal and can be found during her leisure hours with her nose buried in a newspaper, magazine, or some of her Spanish literature.

She must have at least two cups of coffee in the morning—"before I can do a thing!" And, of course, a chance for a third cup and some Ukiah talk makes her a most willing to-town companion anytime.





VIRGINIA HELOISE MARKHAM

Lanikai, Oahu, T.H.

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SPANISH

Spanish Club '48, '49, '50
Troupers '49

Carillon Staff '48
W.A.A. '49, '50, '51

THIS regal-looking brunette has a mischievous twinkle in her hazel eyes and a vitality that is hard to surpass. Even though a streak of deviltry makes her eager to partake in any escapade, her serious side shows itself when an assignment is due or a term paper deadline is to be met. Then you will find Ginnie poring over books and typing at a remarkable speed. But no matter how busy she herself is, she is always ready to type for a classmate or offer brilliant new ideas to a despairing fellow practice-teacher.

Next to conversation about that "fabulous place," Hawaii, Ginnie takes most pleasure in sailing, skiing, horseback riding, swimming—and sleeping. Who but Ginnie, who so loves to sleep, has been known to pour bucketfuls of water on a certain tin roof on Benincasa, to achieve sound effects that keep the sleepless one below wondering when the ceiling will fall in? Such tricks are all forgiven her, she has such winning ways. For example, when a package of fruit or cookies comes from her home in the Islands, she puts the box in a conspicuous place—lest a hungry friend or more may happen by! Ginnie does not think of herself as generous, but one has only to make her acquaintance to see how kind she is in sharing with others.





ELEANOR JANE MATHEU

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: BIOLOGY

Gamma Sigma
Firebrand Assistant Editor '51
Joseph McEvoy Biology Award '50

Meadowlark Staff '50
Carillon Staff '48

LEANOR has no imagination, this according to her own admission. But just tell her you don't believe in leprechauns! She herself has seen them, and can describe them to you, down to the pointed shoes they wear.

Fiction holds a special interest for her, and she reads constantly—sometimes Chaucer, T. S. Eliot, and Evelyn Waugh, whose *Loved One* she found in the realm of the revolting. Lest one think she is a bookworm, be herewith disillusioned—little could be further from the truth. She feels world affairs deeply, and from regular newspaper reading can hold her own in a political discussion. Adventure excites her: she has climbed mountains in rainstorms, and will chance miles of travel to go skiing no matter how icy and forbidding the roads threaten to be. Biology fascinates her: she is preoccupied with the *vie intime* of various germs and bugs. Lucky are the spiders who crawl into her garden; she will not kill them because she has learned that they eat harmful insects.

We might add that she entertains well; she has the qualities of a gracious hostess, even as she lacks those of the imaginative day-dreamer. But about those leprechauns—!





ELEANOR MARY MILLER

Arcadia, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: EDUCATION

Music Club President '51

Music Club Program Chairman '50

Music Club Social Chairman '49

Music Club '48

Social Committee '50

French Club '50

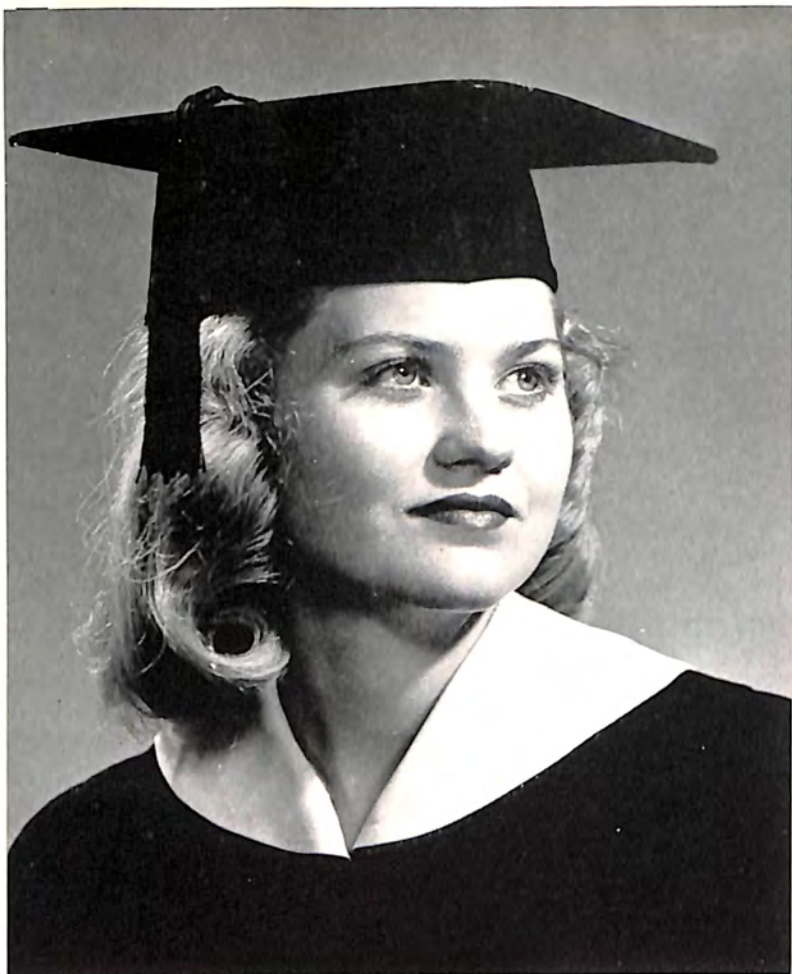
Y.C.S. '51

LEANOR bubbles. Even when she relaxes, her fizz never seems to flatten—she wakes up each morning with a start, bursting out excitedly, “What day is it? What day is it?” and always sits on the edge of a chair or piano bench so that the two back legs are tipped off the floor. She never walks anywhere; she scurries. People call her “Mouse” for that reason. She is always busy with one thing or another; always thinking herself late to class, late to anything; but she always manages to be breathlessly on time.

She loves people, and cannot stand life for very long without at least a few around her. She can be submerged in animated, hand-waving conversation in a moment. Beneath her vital personality runs a strong undercurrent, common sense, enabling her to adapt herself to any situation. She is always quick-thinking, always friendly, always interested in the opinions of others.

Music is her main interest, if we can limit her to only one. Nothing delights her more than an opportunity to speed to San Francisco to hear a symphony. She loves parties, and at the slightest suggestion, is ready to attend one. Often she plays the piano for entertainment—she can enliven any evening with her quickly-moving fingers and light-heartedness, so typical of her personality.





MARY HELEN MONROE

Glendora, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: BIOLOGY

Transferred from College of Notre Dame, Belmont '49
Albertus Magnus '50, '51

W.A.A. Show

SHE IS sophisticated and poised from the top of her blonde head to the tip of her polished shoes, and can accomplish much in a quiet, unassuming way. Practice-teaching takes a good deal of her time, but she is one who, in spite of the work involved, will always have her lesson plans handed in before they are due. Sometimes one cannot plan for the events that take place in a practice-teacher's life, she will admit. Many will remember those scenes on pouring-rainy mornings when Edy couldn't get her convertible to start, and Mary Helen would push the car down through the Benincasa gates. Somehow the roll downhill had a strange power over the workings of the motor, and the car would always start after that.

She is a devout Santa Clara fan, since she has two brothers who attend that college. Whenever Santa Clara plays a football game, she will be found clinging to the nearest radio, oblivious to all that goes on around her. If the Broncos lose, her spirit is never dampened; she answers all by a quiet, calm, "well, *really*—" She is not one to become excited over things; and perhaps Santa Clara will win the next game!





ELIZABETH ANN MURPHY
San Mateo, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION
MINOR: ENGLISH

Carillon Assistant Editor '49
Carillon Staff '51
Irish Club '49, '50, '51

I.R.C. '51
C.S.T.A. '51

||IZ enjoys life. Her friendly heart and kindly nature reflect her sincere delight in "just being alive." Her presence can relieve any tense or uneasy situation, for she is able to discover humor in almost everything. Consequently, she laughs a great deal—sometimes a high-pitched giggle and more often a throaty chuckle. Interspersed with her laughing moments are her serious moments; once in a while she will appear to be in a frenzy when she encounters bumps in the practice-teaching road, but this state passes as quickly as it comes.

She adores music, classical or Dixieland, according to her mood. Her collection of records is unbelievable, and with them she frequently entertains her roommates and half the people in Benincasa. She will be found at least once a week in the Larkspur Theatre, maintaining firmly that Hollywood movies are "*not* better than ever," and that foreign films, particularly British ones, "give me such a good feeling!"

Her favorite color, yellow, matches her sunny disposition. Both these qualities were evident on Class Day, when she appeared as Summer, completely enveloped in a huge yellow sheet.





BARBARA ANN NYSTROM

Burlingame, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

Benincasa House Chairman '51

Social Committee '51

W.A.A. Board '49, '50

Campfire Group '49

Red Cross '48

I.R.C. '50, '51

Art Club '51

BARBARA has enough determination, will power and directed energy for ten people her size. She is never idle, for she apportions her time to its full advantage, and works, plays and sleeps according to schedule. Her work includes the task of fulfilling her obligations as Benincasa house chairman, and her relaxation takes place mostly at the card table. She plays bridge, canasta, pinochle, pedro and solitaire with equal fervor and skill.

She excels at sports of the pool, turf and court varieties, and may always be counted on to support the class in any game. She is quick in everything she does; she thinks rapidly, speaks rapidly, and although she is known as "the walker," anyone who has ever accompanied her on a stroll knows the title "runner" would suit her better. She is often teased about winning medals for track, but she never slackens her pace, just as she never relaxes in a discussion; she will support to the end what she thinks is right. Barbara's frankness makes her a critic, and her straightforward opinions reflect her honest, candid self.





GERALDINE AGNES O'CONNOR

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Art Club President '51
Irish Club Secretary '50
Art Club Secretary-Treasurer '51
Art Club '49
French Club '48

Carillon Staff '49, '50
Campfire Guardian '50
Red Cross '48
W.A.A. Board '50
Y.C.S. '51

A QUIET self-assurance, a consistent sense of responsibility and a genuine warmheartedness go to make up Gerry's personality. She is a serious and industrious student who seems to have captured the happy medium between drudgery and frivolity. She has given much of her time to art—term projects, stage props for a W.A.A. show, or charts for her primary grades. Art is not her only interest, for we have seen her join her class in basketball, her less-skilled friends on a ski weekend, her roving companions on a hike to the falls or a jaunt downtown, and her roommate in endless early-morning discussions.

Not to be forgotten, either, is her natural feeling for people. She loves children, and enjoyed the experience of working with little crippled girls last summer as a nurse's aide. Her insight invites confidence, and a keen sense of justice causes her opinions to be respected; for her unswerving loyalty, she is sought as a friend. An abundance of enthusiasm makes her eager to learn, eager to take part in sports and club activities, or just have fun. She brings determination to all her undertakings, a determination which seems to say, "I'll do my best." We know she always will.





BILLIE MAXINE OLIN

Arbuckle, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

W.A.A. President '50
Executive Board '50, '51
Social Committee '51
Senior Class Representative '51
House Regulations Committee
Chairman '51

Irish Club Sergeant-at-Arms '50, '51
Carillon Staff '48, '49, '50
W.A.A. Freshman Representative '48
Art Club '50, '51

U PROARIOUS laughter from the smoke room— one can be fairly sure Billie is entertaining again with a tale of Arbuckle. She enjoys interpreting the humorous side of the people from her native town— or from anywhere, for that matter. She showed her own amusing self when she was practising for the St. George Play and in a characteristic drawl would greet anyone she met with the words “Who’s he that seeks the dragon’s blood?” She even cultivated an authentic roar, and made a most vigorous dragon.

Her earnestness carries into everything. She was able to gather all kinds of talent into an organized W.A.A. program in her Junior year, and her position as W.A.A. president was the natural outcome of an interest in people and leadership in sports. Basketball, baseball, volleyball and hockey seasons find her ready to take part in each game. She shows strength of character, too; her convictions are not as flexible as some might think—especially on politics. Her mood is most often a quiet one, expressed in slow, measured speech, but when there is a humorous story to tell or a game to win, she will show the vigor which has made her such a capable leader throughout her college years.





PATRICIA ELEANOR O'NEILL

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Student Body Vice-President '51
Junior Class President '50
Executive Board '51
Student Affairs Board '51
Executive Board Freshman
Representative '48

W.A.A. Board '49
Carillon Staff '49
Irish Club '50, '51
I.R.C. '50, '51

|| F TO BE Irish is to be gay but sober, witty but sensible, then Patricia is an Irishman through and through. She is gay, but moderately so; an occasional trick delights her sense of silliness and is often followed by self-conscious giggles. If she is disappointed, sad or angry, her face mirrors a quickly-passing displeasure.

Common sense seems to be a part of her; whatever she has to do, she does quickly and well and never seeks praise for it. She has always given her time and efforts unobtrusively and without reservation to her college life.

She seems to understand people and can guide them in their difficulties without their being conscious of her efforts. This tactful leadership was evident when, as class president, she unified the energies of the Juniors so they were able to win Class Day honors.

One of her greatest interests is history, past and present, and especially the colorful history of the "Emerald Isle." She is most rabid on the subject of Ireland and its connection with a certain "Imperialistic Government," and if provoked, will be drawn easily into a discussion that lasts until night becomes day again.





CECILE ANN PAYNTER

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SPEECH AND DRAMATIC ART

Junior Class Secretary '50

Social Committee '51

Song Leader '49

Spanish Club '48, '49

Radio Players '49, '50, '51

RARELY IS Cecile's calm, poised manner ruffled—
Even a minor catastrophe cannot make her change her pace. She is always well-groomed; every hair in place, each fingernail beautifully polished. She is as precise and methodical as she is neat; her class notes are brief and carefully written, her share of the room consistently in order.

She is not athletically inclined—she will lie in the sun all summer acquiring a lovely tan, but refuses to swim. She possesses a driver's license, but no one has ever seen her drive a car. She will gladly accompany you to the tennis court, bowling alley or ski lodge, but prefers casual observation to active participation.

Her soft, clear speaking voice is pleasant to hear; often on the weekly "Dominican Broadcasts," she has announced the programs of the Radio Players.

She loves bracelets and is seldom without one. Her vast collection is due to the fact that if she buys nothing else on her frequent shopping sprees, she comes home with a new trinket to dangle on her arm.





CLARE VIRGINIA POPE

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Irish Club '50, '51

CLARE loves gadgets. Anything from a tiny ceramic frog to an outside roadsign appeals to her, and her room is filled with all kinds of collectable items. Many times she has considered taking restaurant signs home, but she has staunchly resisted the temptation so far.

No one knows what she will think up to do next. She might decide to go for a roller-coaster ride, or spend an entire day looking in San Francisco shops for “just the right thing” to wear to a party. She is not an indiscriminate buyer; often she takes someone along with her to advise her. At school she is easily identified by her scarf and checked coat flying in the breeze as she trots along, head downward, in a great hurry always.

Her laughing eyes and shy, crooked smile indicate her good-naturedness, although it is not uncommon for her Irish temper to flare up. But her heat of mind subsides as quickly as it rises, and she often admits that, “I just can’t stay mad.” She seeks counsel from her friends constantly, but she knows what she is going to do from the outset, and only likes to hear what other people would do in the same circumstances.





MARIE THERESA PRITCHARD

Calistoga, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Transferred from San Jose State College '50

Albertus Magnus '51

W.A.A. Show

“ALL THINGS are passing, even finals—though the student may not be.” So Marie humorously parodies St. Teresa, but she herself always passes.

Her Welsh relatives were for the most part calm people, she tells us, and so perhaps it is the Welsh that has tempered the Irish in Marie to give her a usually peaceful outlook on life. She is seldom disturbed by mishaps, but she does revel when the counted-on three grams of glutamic acid turn out duly crystallized. On a walk she will frequently pause and exclaim, “Look at that bird!” and give the untrained companion a brief history of it. She is fond of examining things under the microscope, a practice which proved her to have oval hair. Being oval makes it curly, she says. (Round-haired people must wear pins and curlers to bed at night.)

On the side she is interested in music and men. She enjoys dancing, and she likes to knit, especially very small mittens for numerous nieces and nephews. Her spirit of charity is as marked a characteristic as her calmness; when a fellow Angelican is in bed with a cold, it is Marie who sees that she is well cared for.

She came to us from San Jose, Santa Clara and Belmont, and we're glad that she did.





ROBIN LINDSAY QUIGLEY

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

B.M. DEGREE

Gamma Sigma

Music Club Treasurer '51

Music Club '48, '49, '50

Radio Players '50, '51

Schola '48, '49, '50, '51

Orchestra '48, '49, '50, '51

THERE ARE many things we admire in Robin; one of them is her candid, thoughtful interest in people. One might call her an unordained confessor, so many times has she helped solve the difficulties of her friends, without ever forcing herself or her opinions upon them. Her understanding is extraordinary, and often she sees her friends' needs before they themselves are aware of them. She works quietly, never seeking credit in doing favors, but rather, finding personal satisfaction in that she can serve or please. She likes to leave small gifts in places where her friends will find them after she has gone; one knows it was Robin who left them a bouquet of violets or roses, her favorite flowers.

Next to people, she loves her fiddle; she plays well, and looks forward to putting her precise technique to use in a symphony orchestra. She is active in the radio department, and because she is always early for rehearsals, begins setting up the necessary equipment beforehand, so that the group will start and finish on time. As in everything, she sought perfection when she directed part of the "Alice in Wonderland" program; she guided the performers with a patience which, in the radio class and out of it, has brought her many friends.





GEORGINA KATHERINE RADONICH

Sacramento, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS

MINORS: HISTORY, SPEECH

Junior Class Vice-President '50
Spanish Club Treasurer '50
Social Committee '51
Spanish Club '48, '49, '50, '51
I.R.C. '50, '51

Troupers '51
Radio Players '50
Carillon Staff '49, '50, '51
Campfire Guardian '49
Y.C.S. '48, '49, '50, '51

WHENEVER troubles need airing, her friends go to Georgina, a girl with glossy brown hair and direct green eyes, who always has time for everyone. Georgina is like a clear brook: just as we behold our reflections in the stream, she mirrors the moods of others, for she is the first to rejoice in their good fortune and to feel deeply their problems. She is capable of drawing deep into her well of understanding where assuring words of comfort never run dry. She listens in such a way as to draw others out until invariably they themselves find their own solutions. Only when they are confused or their principles seem unsound does she give advice based on a grasp of truth. Usually soft-spoken, she is firm and assured when she defends a principle at stake. Even then her diplomacy asserts itself, and a familiar "I mean" softens her words.

Deep and yet effervescent, her many likes embrace her favorite topic, religion—which she will discuss at any time; mathematics—which she plans to teach; knitting—she has made two beautiful dresses and numerous pairs of socks—and she even enjoys licorice and fish!

Her kindness has made people treasure her friendship and has led her to take part in the Y.C.S. and other campus activities.





DOROTHY MAE RAINES

Sunnyvale, California

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Gamma Sigma
Sophomore Class President '49
Freshman Class Treasurer '48
Executive Board '50
C.I.C. Representative '50, '51
Albertus Magnus '50, '51

Irish Club '50, '51
I.R.C. '50, '51
Carillon Staff '48
Firebrand Business Manager '50
N.F.C.C.S. Representative '50, '51

SHE IS tall, enthusiastic, cheerful, and loves to sing immediately upon rising. Many a morning the singing continues throughout breakfast. It has occasionally lasted beyond her last chemistry lab. Her energy is admirable, sometimes indeed alarming. She brings it to doing well even that which she dislikes doing, to that which others would find impossible; she was for example, a splendid business manager of the *Firebrand* and for two years a successful representative of CIC. Her loyalty and love of the college have, of course, much to do with her success in school enterprises. Loyalty is certainly in her a characteristic virtue. She is fearless in defending a friend, in furthering any cause she feels to be right.

Her energies are by no means exhausted by college activities or academic achievements. A favorite expression is "party-time"; she has always enough energy for skiing, dancing, shopping—enough energy for weekend dashes to Sacramento, Sunnyvale, Donner Summit, Russian River or Santa Cruz. Though fond of people and places, Dottie is independent. She solves her own problems with the same characteristic energy with which she attacks everything else. She faces her own problems—quietly poised, head high.





MARY PATRICIA RAWEL

San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Non-Resident Students

President '51

Executive Board '51

Carillon Staff '48

Spanish Club '48, '49

PATRICIA is never unprepared for anything. As president of the day scholars she has manifested this admirable quality by knowing just what must be decided next, and by getting things done with the least amount of fuss. Through careful forethought and efficient planning she manages to be a good student and a successful practice-teacher, and these without neglecting her social life. She will not forget to write her term paper, nor will she be remiss in meeting a friend for luncheon in San Francisco!

Never impetuous, she will not substitute the less for the more important action. But hardly ever does she have to sacrifice play for work; she budgets her time so that both can be met. She is exacting, too, about her appearance. It is rare to find her without her blonde hair perfectly curled, her long nails polished, and her outfit "just right" for the occasion, be it a dance, ski trip or day set aside to paint the walls of her bedroom at home.

Sometimes talkative, sometimes secretive, she calls herself "half-extrovert, half-introvert," but she never goes to the extreme of either. Whatever her destiny, this moderation will keep her a thorough doer of anything she undertakes, be it serious or gay.





HELEN BROADFOOT RIGSBEE

Kentfield, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SPEECH AND DRAMATIC ART

Transferred from College of Marin '49

Radio Players '49

Troupers '50, '51

A COLLEGE STUDENT — the mother of three children! Helen Rigsbee is one of our admirations. She takes part in college affairs, an activity which makes us feel the happier, because we know she has outside interests which take up so much of her time: Brownies, Scouts, dramatics and three children. But no matter how many things there are to be done, she does them with a smile.

Her philosophy of life, "to be happy is to work hard at something completely absorbing," is definitely manifested in her zeal for teaching. Next to taking care of her children, teaching is the labor she enjoys most. But one cannot forget that she is a many-faceted person. She likes to act (incidentally, she has had a year's professional experience in the theater), and also enjoys listening to music for children.

Always a lover of school, she has returned to it with a mature mind and finds its fruits worth more to her after an eighteen years' absence. To have benefited so much from college, while at the same time never neglecting her homemaking duties, has kept her very busy, she admits. Busy as a Rigsbee, no doubt!





BARBARA ROSE ROTENKOLBER

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SPEECH AND DRAMATIC ART

Transferred from the University of California '48

Spanish Club '49
Song Leader '49, '50
Social Committee '51

Radio Players '51
Art Club '51

BARBARA insists that the hardest part of her day is waking up in the morning, but her roommates consider the task of getting her to go to sleep again that night much more difficult. Once awake, she ambles happily along, giving the impression that she is expending the least possible amount of energy. Yet she is really a most active and enthusiastic individual. She has large blue eyes which she uses as exclamation points to punctuate the many interesting stories she relates, usually over what she never terms a cup of coffee but instead an emphatic "hot cup of coffee."

She deplors the fact that she cannot carry a tune and claims her music course "does nothing—absolutely nothing—for me!" Even though she does not sing, her low, resonant voice enables her to read male parts well, and she takes part in many radio broadcasts. Her attempts to learn her lines, complete with facial expressions (and those eyes!) never fail to be most entertaining.

Friendly and good-natured, she takes a sincere interest in others, and is capable of giving sound advice when it is needed. She adores dogs, preferably small ones, and keeps her family and friends in constant anxiety with her threats to become immediate owner of every canine waif she sees.





BARBARA ANN ROWAN

San Quentin, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from College of Marin '49

Spanish Club Recorder '50

Spanish Club '51

PEOPLE SHE has never met before, people she knows well—Barbara is friendly to them all; to those close she radiates geniality and true concern. She is hardly ever without a smile, even when she sits behind the red steering wheel of her little tan Willys car and speeds toward Guzman Hall and her first class.

She has a variable sense of humor—seems to find a thousand things to laugh about, even during final week, but sometimes she is not first to see the point of a riddle. To the delight of her friends, who must explain it to her, she makes the joke seem ten times more hilarious than it had ever been before. But she never worries about such trifles; life is too full. She finds pleasure in many things, and loves to take long rides on warm Sunday afternoons, or stay home and make candy on rainy ones. She also enjoys football, not for the game itself because she doesn't "understand it very well," but because she thrills to the band music and the cheering crowds.

This girl, with curly brown hair and a few becoming freckles blending into a smooth complexion, looks the equable-tempered, agreeable person she is.





JANICE EVELYN ROWE

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

Sophomore Class Vice-President '49

Carillon Associate Editor '49

Senior Class Secretary '51

Irish Club '51

Song Leader '49, '50

W.A.A. Swimming Meet '48, '49

JANICE, who is also called Evelyn, is well known for her memory. Her class notes are usually brief; yet she can remember significant details of a lecture with an exactness which amazes her companions who write down everything. But the exception proves the rule; she forgets things, too. No matter how many suitcases she brings back to Benincasa on a Sunday night, she is no doubt destined to dash to San Francisco at least once during the week for the all-important something-or-other she left at home.

She loves to travel, and nothing pleases her more than discussing where to go, how to get there and how long to stay, especially if a ski trip is brewing. Last summer she travelled throughout Europe and came home with, among other things, a Swiss fruit bowl that plays music. Her interests run a wide range, and no matter what she is doing at the moment, she enjoys herself thoroughly. She is full of energy, especially after breakfast—just let her tell you the merits of the morning Fanjeaux fare!

She keeps herself well informed about present-day politics, and is also interested in the study of history. She has a quick mind, and one which manifests a spirit of giving, for she is willing to lend anything, even her car, to anyone at any time.





JO ANNE RUCKSTUHL

Oakley, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: HISTORY

Music Club Publicity Chairman '51

Music Club '48, '49, '50

I.R.C. '50, '51

Schola '51

OF A REFLECTIVE turn of mind, Jo Anne considers matters thoughtfully, and is never credulous, preferring to investigate the truth of a statement for herself before accepting it. Her sense of justice is noteworthy; along with a constructive critical judgment goes a supreme regard for each person's right to hold an opinion.

Although reserved by nature, she does enjoy fathering an occasional "idea," such as suggesting that she and her friends push their mattresses onto the Edge Hill balcony, for a night of much fresh air, much talk, and little sleep. At another time she will, in her quiet, purposeful way, make a roommate's bed because, she tells us, "I don't like to see the room messy."

She is neat in appearance too; she dislikes straggly hair, and the instant hers grows more than an eighth of an inch toward her Peter Pan blouse collar, away she goes to snip it off. With this same decisiveness she carries out clearly-defined projects, but she brings deeper thought to more complex matters. So with her music. At the piano she can rollick through the lively St. George music for Christmas entertainment, or play a Beethoven concerto with penetration.





DOLORES MARIE SAGUES

San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: SPANISH

Gamma Sigma
Firebrand Editor '51
Non-Resident Students
Vice-President '50
Music Club Social Chairman '51
Music Club '48, '49, '50

Spanish Club '48, '49, '50, '51
Carillon Staff '49, '50, '51
Meadowlark Staff '49, '50, '51
Schola '50, '51
Orchestra '48, '49, '50, '51

DOLORES MARIE SAGUES — a Catalonian name, a Catalonian personality, and a dark, vivid Catalonian beauty! Her character is as determined and clearly defined as her personality is vivid. Delightful is her quick laughter at the point she never misses, and we have come to expect from her clever verses for special occasions and witty articles for the *Carillon*. Often she more than justifies our expectations. She has a creative gift and she is fascinated by the power of words and the making of stories. Indeed, a sheaf of pencil-scrawled pages, a worn pencil stub, and a haggard look tell us that Dolores is deep in another plot.

Music challenges language as her major interest. She plays the piano with color and depth of feeling and she is an accompanist of rare skill. We like to remember the stunning picture she makes on the stage in a red gown that contrasts with her dark, rich coloring.

Liszt and "Angelico in the Winter" stand high among her dislikes, while Bach and embroidered mittens are her special loves. In her personal feelings she can be counted on as unwavering. Always thoughtful of others, always ready when she is needed, Dolores is one who stands solidly rooted in the Christian way of life.





YSABEL SCHONING

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINORS: PHILOSOPHY, EDUCATION

Gamma Sigma

Senior Class President '51

Student Body Treasurer '50

Sophomore Executive Board

Representative '49

Freshman Class Vice-President '48

Carillon Sports Editor '48, '49

W.A.A. Board '48, '49, '50

French Club '48, '49, '50

I.R.C. '50

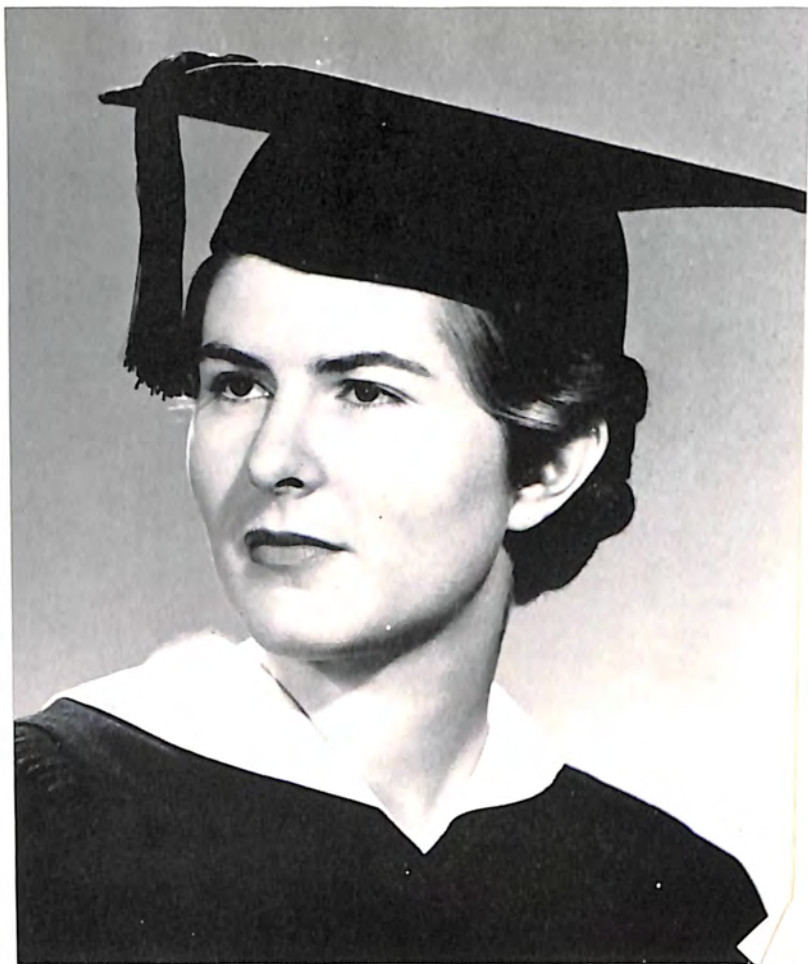
Y.C.S. '50

Y SABEL is a challenge to most of us—her boundless energy and controlled independence have led her to assume more responsibility than the average student. Her four years here have been crowded with student offices; and too, she has always been “très active” in the French club. With all this, Yssy has managed to finish college with a French major and a double minor; she has kept her grades above the average and during her senior year has managed family affairs while her parents went off to Japan.

Her college years have been as full of fun as of profit; she loves opera, ballet, skiing; she is one of the college's most accomplished folk dancers. She never misses a D. C. dance, and her own parties at Twenty Palm Avenue will not soon be forgotten by her classmates. Even her looks are energized by short-cropped naturally wavy red hair; her father refers to it as “copper wire.”

A cosmopolitan person in outlook and experience, she welcomes all people, loves them and draws out the best and the most interesting in them. Her smile and her hearty laugh are for everyone, and behind them is a deep reserve of energy, strength and high seriousness. An amazing girl—Yssy.





MARIANNE VIRGINIA SPELLMAN

Sonoma, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION

Art Club '50, '51

THERE IS no one else like Marianne. She displays distinction in everything—in the brilliant creations she “dashes off” in San Marco, the clothes she wears, and in her decided judgments of a Picasso original, a new book, or a current stage play! She likes to disagree for the sake of conversation, and often she startles people who don't know her by her “Marianne-ish” viewpoints. But companions are aware of her perversities; her clever critical sense and subtle humor can produce either blank looks or riotous laughter from a gathering.

There is a casualness about her work. Seldom rushed, assignments and laborious exams rarely disturb her. She has a knack for never worrying about anything. Only when circumstances delay her on Friday evenings from her homeward trip to Sonoma, does she show any sign of annoyance.

She never seems to be idle. Discovering some little-known volume in the library and browsing through it leisurely delights her; art magazines and current issues of “House and Garden” rarely escape her notice. She does not bother with trifles, and perhaps that is the reason why she enjoys life so thoroughly. Her generous, responsive nature is the constant delight of her friends.





DOROTHY LOUISE STEINER

Galt, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from College of Notre Dame, Belmont '49
Irish Club '51

W.A.A. Show

DOROTHY is one who does not seek periodic solitude; she likes to be with people all the time, and to go with them when and where they want to go. She loves to ski, swim and dance; she will listen to her complete collection of records (mostly progressive jazz) at one sitting.

She has interesting features: high, pronounced cheek bones and deep-set eyes, which can sparkle or penetrate. Her voice has a deep, throaty quality when she laughs and talks, which is often. In summer her tan is enviable, contrasting sharply with her long blonde hair.

Many a morning Dot has solved a transportation difficulty for stranded practice teachers by offering the use of her car. Once she had to retrieve it from the Union Square Garage where it had been left for some days.

She loves sea food and is in her glory on Fisherman's Wharf.





FRANCES EMANUELA STRACHWITZ

Reno, Nevada

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINORS: MATHEMATICS, HISTORY

Gamma Sigma

Albertus Magnus '48, '49, '50, '51

I.R.C. '48, '49, '50, '51

IF YOU WERE to go for a walk in the San Rafael hills and meet Frances on the way, you would wonder if perhaps you had not come upon a bit of Germany. She has the easy stride, the swinging, long-legged gait of an experienced walker. Even though Frances has become decidedly American, there is still much of the European about her.

Her manner is always natural; few people are not captivated by her way of telling stories. Being with her, one can see how her European background has helped her to adjust herself to an American setting, and to enrich her college life. She is sensitive to shades of meanings; but even though she loves to read, she spends most of her spare time in the science building. There she methodically sets up her chemistry apparatus and becomes excited when an experiment turns out as it should.

Her preference in clothes and in the doing of her hair is for the unelaborate; she looks particularly well when she wears her fine brown hair in two braids twisted over her ears, or wound into a coronet.





MARY LEONOR SWEET

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: MUSIC

Spanish Club President '51
Spanish Club '48, '49, '50
Music Club '48, '49

Carillon Staff '49, '50
Schola '48, '49, '50, '51

SHE HAS an orange personality, for in it are combined all the warmth of redness and the intensity of yellow. Her philosophy is that everything happily turns out for the best, and for her it always seems to. She is constantly being confronted with small misfortunes, such as losing the heel off her shoe on Market Street, and consistently arriving late for everything, but her carefree manner can carry her through any crisis. When she discovers she has two dates on the same night she will suffer the most profound anguish of mind, but fate always steps in and things right themselves in the end.

She has an extraordinary love for people, and enjoys chatting with anyone, anytime. She can meet strangers on the bus, in the public library, on the street, and strike up lively conversations with them as if she had known them for a long time. She is very easy to be with because of her gift for never letting a conversation die; all one has to do in her presence is to relax and let her do the talking.

She has expressive warm brown eyes, a quick explosive laugh and the friendliest of smiles. With her brightness of character goes a passion for the color that describes her volatile personality: she is pleased by anything from orange juice to an orange-colored dress.





JOAN ODILE TOO HIG

San Mateo, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINORS: PHILOSOPHY, HISTORY

Gamma Sigma	I.R.C. Corresponding Secretary '50
Student Affairs Board President '51	<i>Firebrand</i> Staff '48
I.R.C. President '51	<i>Carillon</i> Business Manager '49
Executive Board '51	Y.C.S. '48, '49, '50, '51
Student Body Secretary '49	Irish Club '50, '51
<i>Meadowlark</i> Business Manager '50	

JOAN is always ready for anything. During her college years she has taken a leading part in numerous school activities, among them sports; she has played many a game to see her class through. Her spontaneous laughter and high spirits can brighten any gathering. If a group of seniors are heard singing, one may be reasonably sure to find Joan in the midst of them. Hers is a clear, true voice that blends with others and yet can be recognized in a group.

In other things, too, Joan is a leader; she is the one to offer constructive criticism, to suggest the reading of a timely book or magazine article; to remind her friends that another classmate's birthday is tomorrow: "Let's buy her a cake!"

She feels deeply; sentimentality she detests. She is serious in her loyalties, although her way of joking or making a pun about something that means much to her might seem to indicate levity. She is interested in social work, an interest that springs from her genuine regard for the welfare of others. Her whole life is founded and guided by her profound faith.





LORRAINE MARILYN VISTICA

San Mateo, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

House Regulations Committee '49
Art Club Publicity Chairman '50
Social Committee '51
Spanish Club '48, '49
Art Club '49, '50, '51
Irish Club '51

Firebrand Staff '51
Carillon Staff '49, '51
Meadowlark Art Editor '51
I.R.C. '51
C.S.T.A. '51

FOR ALL her dignity of appearance, Lorraine is by no means of somber disposition or of the narrow way. If she seems occasionally quiet or asleep, it is the quiet slumber of an active volcano. A hearty laugh, a deep capacity for enjoyment, a real sympathy with others have made her many friends. True, driven beyond common patience, angered by a slanted remark, she can kindle into fiery indignation . . . but once over, it is over.

Lorraine is an optimist. Her philosophy, "everything happens for the best," can make the greatest disaster appear to be a mere inconvenience. She is jovial in personality and in voice; one may find her humming as she stands in San Marco, paint-daubed and smocked, conjuring up her personality into cones and cubes and colors; she does not mind even the weekly car-washing orgy.

Her punctuality is beyond the ordinary. Every morning she can be seen waiting for her fellow practice teachers. It isn't absolutely necessary that she leave until eight-fifteen, but to be safe she is ready to go at eight. That way she can relax for fifteen minutes while last-minute stragglers hurry.





LILLIAN LI-YEN WANG

Shanghai, China

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from the University of Shanghai '48

Albertus Magnus '49, '50, '51

I.R.C. '49

LILLIAN seems to belong in one of those old Chinese paintings, which on first sight are so pleasing in their precise gracefulness and gay sweetness, and contain behind their ancient traditions many new meanings which we can never fully grasp.

Tall and slender, she has a certain fragility about her, and a dignity that is augmented by her picturesque Chinese dress. She tells us she is moody, but she always seems ready to tease and to laugh. She is just as quick to become a loyal friend, and if need be, to help either the mind in explaining an assignment, or the body by providing clothes and money. Sensitive to the preoccupations of others, she is concerned over a fellow student's unfinished chemistry experiment, untyped paper — or uncured cold. Her interest in the viewpoints of others and her love for hour-long discussions make her defend strange ideas. No one could ever look quite as puzzled as Lillian when she does not understand something about the ideas of another. But when one does not grasp *her* path of thought—her surprise at such a lack of understanding remains hidden behind her wide, bright smile.





MARGARET LOUISE WEILER

Palo Alto, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Transferred from San Jose State College '50

W.A.A. Show

AT EASE anywhere, that is Margo. Her genial company has made her a vital part of the Sky Room at Benincasa.

She is often called Prince Valiant because of her haircut. She possesses some princely attributes too, such as her lively curiosity and fine enthusiasm. She never loses her good humor unless hers is an empty mail box, and she always seems happy, except when it's time to get up in the morning. A tactful person, she can turn off an alarm clock almost before it begins to ring. She is also quick to see the distresses of others, and is certain in her sympathy and help. She can be counted on to drop everything and play canasta, and is one of Mrs. Woodhead's best rivals. But her special skill can be seen in her half-finished blue sweater which has been in her knitting bag for seven years.

Although she lives in Stanford's back yard, a summer at Wisconsin has made her one of that University's most loyal supporters. She can be quoted as saying, "Wisconsin is going to the Rose Bowl!"

Next to the Indian mask in the Sky Room, Margo loves Lyman, her pink elephant, who hangs on a string from the ceiling. She lives for the day when this wonderful beast comes alive!





LOISANNE MICHELE WOLFF

Benicia, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

French Club '48
Irish Club '51

Carillon Staff '51

LOISANNE (spelled as one word, please, and *never* Lois without the -anne!) is an avid radio listener; her program selections include soap operas and mystery dramas; during the various sport seasons she listens to games. At election time she was one of the more political-minded Benincasa residents, with a stalwart fund of knowledge about absentee ballots, political parties and the right candidate. In the spring she transfers her attention to baseball and knows just as much about Major Leagues, pennants and Pacific Coast Conferences. And all year 'round she is a good housekeeper; she can make a burned chocolate pot shine, when everybody else has despaired of it.

Much of her vocabulary is original; her conversation is swift, bantering and sparkles with humorous observations, well-chosen descriptive adjectives and pointed sarcasms, all delivered with the straightest of faces.

Loisanne's soft jet-black hair is kept short, mostly because she is such a willing victim for anyone who wanders into her room, shears in hand, looking for something to cut. She is not so amiable, however, if her sleep is disturbed, for she is most content relaxing under a great mound of blankets, and hugging a hot-water bottle.





JOAN MARIE WRIGHT

Guerneville, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

Freshman Class President '48

Carillon Staff '49

I.R.C. '50, '51

W.A.A. Board '49, '50

JOAN has beauty, personality and intellect. Her true eagerness to learn is exemplified by the variety of subjects she pursues, academic and social. When she isn't in her "putt-mobile," traveling to and from classes or the school where she does practice teaching, she is sure to be found stretched out on top of her bed, reading. She has a keen memory and likes to talk about the novels, histories or short stories she has read. This power of retention is useful during examination times, for she has conducted many a seminar as her ever-questioning colleagues gather 'round.

She has a warm, friendly smile, which is always accompanied by a flash of dimples and sparkling, blue-grey eyes. Conscientious yet carefree, she can change her mood in a matter of seconds. She is rarely pensive, for any alluring suggestion to go to Corey's will bring forth laughter, and then the question, "Oh, do you really think we should go again—so soon?"

She is crazy about cats, and most of the nomad creatures who have made the campus their home have found in Joan a true friend. Anyone who has seen her photograph album at home will tell you that in almost every picture she is accompanied by at least one large, furry tabby.



THE FIFTY-SEVENTH GRADUATE:
GRETCHEN ZELL

MANY do not know Gretchen very well, but those who do, wish they didn't. She is not at all like the rest of her classmates.

Gretchen is never generous; in fact, she wouldn't lend anything to anybody, if she had four hundred more like it. She never gives her time to extra-curricular activities, either—here is where she again differs from the "other fifty-six," who can put off important assignments for club meetings, can begin to study at half after the eleventh hour, and come out with a high B plus or a low A minus in the next day's test. No, Gretchen must study a great deal; we'll never forget the time she stayed up memorizing her Ethics notes until three o'clock the morning of the examination, and came out with a D. (This statement involves no strict mental reservation.) Her temper rose that day, and for one week afterwards she scowled at the world—quite unlike her classmates, whose anger flares, but calms down as quickly.

She has no gay side and serious side—she enjoys the distinction of having only a consistently unhappy outlook on life. The world to her is a boundless vale

of crocodile tears, and even a tempting suggestion to go haunt the booths of a familiar downtown restaurant for a cup or three of coffee will be quickly refused by her. She dislikes the popular brew with a bitterness that is equalled only by her aversion to a good time.

No funlover is Gretchen; her idea of an evening well-spent (other than studying Ethics, of course), is one engaged in looking out the living room window. Knit or play canasta? Never! And she will do almost anything to avoid political discussions with her classmates. Why? She has no firm convictions at all—not even a few wobbly ones. She is not a good listener, and because of this she cannot help others in solving their problems. One cannot tease her about her lack of interest in the troubles of others, for she has no sense of humor whatsoever.

One might say Gretchen is a composite of all the things the other fifty-six graduates do not seem to be. And what will become of her after graduation? Few will want to find out, probably; they will be busy having too much fun being generous and witty and all the rest.

D. S. '51

A. C. '51



JUNIORS

AS WE TURN back the pages we see ourselves in the green years as fervent Freshmen eagerly awaiting the fate before us. The road looked difficult then, but as we followed along in the footsteps of our big sisters we found the way an enjoyable and successful one.

As Freshmen we discovered the path not to be as difficult as we thought, and before we knew it we were stepping through the magic mirror to the land of contentment where the Sophomores settled. Here we found happiness and a certain sense of prosperity

and hope for what was to follow. What we practised as Freshmen we started polishing up as Sophomores and hoped to expand as Juniors. We struggled profitably through Humanities, worked eagerly on our *Carillon*, and prayed fervently for improvement in our Junior year.

Then as we travelled further in this magic land of the Sophomores we discovered we had crossed a bridge and lo!—we were Juniors. Now came the time when daylight seemed to be growing closer.

We soon found that we had made many lasting friendships; had forged ties to others and to our college which should enable us to succeed well in what we hope to be in the years after graduation. And we found that college thus far had made it possible for us to fulfill our motto, "Caritas omnia suffert," "Love bears all things," and we were the better for it.

But our tale does not end here. We plan to travel forward to the golden land of the Seniors, to continue in the footsteps of the adventuresome classes before us, to practice teach, to take comprehensives, to graduate in Nineteen Fifty-two!

As Seniors we hope to continue the story we began to compose in Nineteen Forty-eight. We want it to proceed in the same spirit—or rather, in a steadily growing spirit—by improving the pattern which we have already established. We say this because we wish

to be close to Dominican College in thought even after we have passed out of her magic land. We wish to be remembered by her as she will be remembered by us—with warm feelings and grateful hearts.

DOROTHY DE FARIA '52

PATRICIA CONROY '52

OFFERING

Do you see?
I've brought you pretty things
That fell in yesterday's storm.
Petals from a flower
Blew across the path and settled
In among the needle-clumps
Of green and tan.
Red berries fell among the yellow leaves.
But none so beautiful
As the autumn-brown
Of your eyes.

ANNE FROST '53



SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORES. The Class of Fifty-three has reached the half-way mark.

The last two years hold the memories of many things, the story of a class growing into one group with one spirit. "We are the class with the spirit," goes our class song—gay and friendly, not always the best at everything, but found all over the campus, in every field of work and play.

"You know 'cause you'll always hear it," continues our song. Hear us you will, for we are a singing group. We can be heard singing "Smiles" from the Fanjeaux smoke room to the Grove before our history final.

Class Day. Oh! how surprised and thrilled we were to take the honors. We'll never forget our own awe in that moment of silence after "Our Lady of Fatima" was sung. Nor will we forget "North Atlantic" with Arctic U., Frozen Flossie, and the thirteen penguins with orange noses and grease paint on their gowns; that wonderful feeling of everyone working behind our President, Mary Jean Lynch, to make Class Day a success.

Dear to the heart of every Sophomore is the *Carillon*, with Nancy Smith calmly steering her frenzied staff through each issue, and Margaret Stewart managing the Monday morning standby, coffee and doughnuts. What fun we had riding down to pick up copy or read page proofs in the black and blue Buick, and putting out the second edition of the *Carillon Jr.*

Ski weekends, the Sophomore dance, kitchen parties, classes and exams, mixer dances, the Christmas novena, and Fanjeaux, Shield Day, "Ten-thirties," term papers, the "Mysteries of the Rosary" and our Big Sisters are but a few of the memories woven into these two years.

We have enjoyed our being Sophomores and we pray that in the coming years we can give our best to the College and take with us the lessons she has so lovingly taught. "We'll go along, singing our song,
Fifty-three."
THEODORA BUSCH '53



FRESHMEN

BRIGHTLY-DECORATED rooms, lilting ukulele music, and hard-working scholars are what greet us as we enter Meadowlands, the Freshman house. Here we can find the elements of a truly united, industrious and fun-loving class, the class of Nineteen Fifty-four. During the past year our college life has proven very exciting, and it affords many pleasant memories.

Uppermost in our minds are our memories of Class Day. How could we forget that day? Spirit and success were with us as our victorious Argyles' volleyball team was cheered on to victory. The day was made complete by our five-piece band whose music

thrilled the crowd. We also remember our first swimming meet and the many hockey and basketball games.

Still with all this activity, we did not forget the importance of our studies. We had Plato's *Republic* to read, the *Compendium* to analyze, Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to comprehend, the Roman Empire to visualize, frogs to dissect, and our "Parley-vous" to memorize. Yet we all worked hard and when final grades were sent out, we realized that our efforts had not been in vain.

We remember our mixer dances and the fun we had at the freshman reception. Also, at the formal and semi-formal dances, our classmates made the atmosphere one of laughter and gaiety.

How could we forget these memorable times? And how, in the grove standing in a circle with arms linked together, we would keep time with the marching rhythms of stirring college fight songs.

When it was our turn for talent, we always filled the bill. Our gifted classmates could easily be persuaded to play the piano, saxophone, trumpet, flute, clarinet or ukulele, or to sing or do pantomime acts for the enjoyment of all.

Always high-spirited by the unending force of class unity, we were most sincere in all our college ambitions, yet we were all equally sincere when at night

we would enter our small chapel and on bended knees, recite the Rosary for world peace. Praying together, we found the true value of a Catholic education, and fervently we asked God to guide us through our three coming years, so that in the future we could be a credit to our school—Dominican College.

GERTRUDE BLAKE '54

MARGARET McCAULEY '54



SENIOR REMEMBRANCES

“Golden Days in the sunshine of our happy youth,
Golden Days full of innocence and full of truth . . .”

TRITE LINES from *The Student Prince*, but lines which we have so often sung that now they seem to stand for the entire spirit of our college years. Of course, not every day was happy, nor all our pranks so innocent, nor all our blue books so full of wisdom; still as we look back over the four years the whole way seems flooded with sunshine . . . the whole way from the carefree Freshman life in Meadowlands through the melodious, mirthful days of Fanjeaux through our sage Senior existence. Already now as Seniors, we are caught up in preparation for life's business; we labor at practice teaching, keep laboratory hours in Albertus Magnus, splash paint in San Marco, practice at Angelico, worry over sociology problems. All this—even so, there is still many an hour whiled away by cozy fires, in noisy groups, or just walking through

familiar places remembering and reliving the days when. There is little logic in what we remember. The important things have become a part of us—the learning, the deepening faith, the graciousness of living that is a part of every Dominican student's inheritance. Indeed, the things that we remember are the



things we leave behind. Our Freshman days, for example, when the "Blue Card Club" flourished. Which of us will forget the night when they who loved fun more than study were denied the privilege of attending a dance at one of the better known Men's Colleges, and in rebuttal turned Meadowlands into a house without water, electricity, or sleepable beds for the returning merry-makers? We can never forget the long waitings with patient expectation for the cab man, who bringing food to the starving, had to lurk at the darkened entrance while lookouts were posted, and a check for a small fortune was given in exchange for cartons of steaming savory morsels. Unforgettable too, the vivid memories of the grove, where we sang any song from "Bongo, Bongo, Bongo" to the operatic sextet from "Lucia" with such gusto that a dissonant protest echoed from the neighbors. The more revered times, we remember too: Shield Day and the receiving of our motto, "Hope Is the Anchor of My Life," Class Day and our

parody of a bit of Humanities IA with *Agamemnon*, a parody that delighted not only us but our instructors. Most especially, at the end of our Freshman year, we remember the College Tea, the flurry of finals, graduation, and after it, the sad exodus from a beloved old home—Meadowlands.



Fanjeaux came to us as an entirely new experience; for a few days we were lost and lonesome in its long corridors. The thought that upper classmen would mingle with us was a staggering one; yet it wasn't long before we were joining their singing groups and card games. They seemed startled at our activities such as the impromptu rhythm band, where everyone pounded metal, clapped hands or beat feet to the tune of "Four Leaf Clover" and "Underneath the Arches." We kept our place, however, by answering telephones and ringing the ever-essential bells.

Our more serious extra-curricular activities of those by-gone-days include: long nights and disrupted days laboring over the *Carillon*, trying to uphold traditions made in the first two years of the paper's existence; that memorable event, the Sophomore Dance, and Class Day with a skit on the Nineteen Forty-eight election saga, that proved we were living up to the proverbially Sophomore name of "Wise Fool."



The transition from the Sophomore to Junior year was made without any striking memories, save that there would never again be uttered the scourging words, "Sophomore, telephone!" This year, to us, was one of deepened awareness of our college years, out of which grew an indomitable spirit of class unity, love, respect and honor for our College and its traditions. Our unity appeared when we surprised the whole school with a new and different Class Day production, "Dear Old Golden Rule Days," a movie written and produced by a "class that cannot be beat." The year ended with preparations for the Junior Prom, long hours of concentrated final study, and then we left not without sorrow our Fanjeaux home that had grown so much a part of our College days.

At long last that year arrived when the goal of our work drew nearer. Yet the joy and satisfaction lay cloaked in a shadowy sadness, for now our "Golden Days" were coming to a close; things like the graciousness of Fanjeaux "K" night refreshments, our "fourth and last Class Day" which brought us again face to face with how little time there remained, our very last Dominican Christmas filled with the reading of Christmas stories, carols and the rehearsal for the St. George play—our special responsibility. There

were still in the making memories of the hilarious tales of the practice teachers to keep us laughing, supper parties for the whole class, and as always there were those who kept nocturnal vigils by stage-whispering conversations and occasionally by expertly playing trumpets at some unusually inappropriate hour.



So many things for the Class of Fifty-one to remember. . . In time they tell us the years will merge and the details be forgotten. But the spirit of the four years we will not forget, the friends we will not forget. We will never again say the psalm at the beginning of the Mass:

“I will go in unto the altar of God
Unto God who giveth joy to my youth,”
without remembering and giving thanks for all this
that has been our College.

MILDRED McMURDO '51
PATRICIA O'NEILL '51

CLUBS

Spanish Club

Las Señoritas of the Spanish Club hold meetings twice a month at Edge Hill. "La Tertulia" is the name of the club and colorful posters announce its activities to the student body. Leonor Sweet was president of the club this year and Dr. Freda Mimrane acted as moderator. "La Tertulia" sponsors an annual Pan-American Day on campus when Spanish club members from several of the bay area colleges meet for refreshments and dancing—and old Spain lives again. Several times during the year the club reserves a large table at Maria's Pueblo and enjoys a real Spanish dinner.

Science Club

The Science Club, Albertus Magnus, was brought back to the Dominican campus only last year and already it is very active. Terry Cavanaugh presided over the monthly meetings with Mr. Thomas Pillsbury serving as moderator. Club activities included field trips to laboratories where interesting research is being done, movies on topics related to science, and lectures by men and women competent in their fields.

French Club

The French Club meetings were held every three weeks in the Edge Hill living room. Maria Battha served as president and Sister Gratia, as moderator. A Christmas party was the highlight of the first semester; students from all the French classes took part in singing the noëls and enjoying the continental flavor of the refreshments. During the second semester the club took on the production of a French play, in addition to corresponding with a group of students in France.

Irish Club

Fianna Og, the Irish Club, was started last year by Joan King and Rosaleen Doyle and already has a membership of nearly one hundred students. Mildred McMurdo and Barbara Conn were co-chairmen of the club this year and Sister Richard acted as moderator. Guest speakers, movies on Ireland, and excellent refreshments help the club to accomplish its purpose of spreading interest in Irish culture. The height of the year's activities was reached on St. Patrick's Day when the club presented a play and invited the whole student body to join them afterwards for singing and refreshments.

Art Club

The Art Club gave its annual mixer dance in April this year. The dance was a great success under the leadership of Geraldine O'Connor, club president, and Mrs. Ann O'Hanlon, moderator. The decoration committee deserved bravos for the startling and original props. Joan Cullimore showed her color slides of Mexico at one of the meetings.

Drama Club

Mary Brisbois headed the Drama Club this year and Mrs. Marion Cain was moderator. Club members included not only budding actresses but also students interested in the theater from the other side of the footlights. Play readings and discussions of performances seen in the city served to encourage club members to a better understanding and appreciation of the theater.

I. R. C.

The International Relations Club is one of our most active campus organizations. This year, with President Joan Toohig and Moderator Dr. Wladyslaw Sokolowski, the members of the club discussed many current topics. Themes for the discussions were announced on the bulletin board before the meetings so that members could come prepared to under-

stand and take part in the exchange of ideas. The I. R. C. is affiliated with the regional organization of clubs; Patricia O'Neill held the position of vice-president of the Northern California region this year.

Poetry Club

The Poetry Club met with Mrs. Kate Archer every Monday afternoon this year. The class worked on verse problems proposed by Mrs. Archer and discussed and analyzed poems written by girls in the class. Several members of the club have had poems accepted for publication in national anthologies.

Music Club

Eleanor Miller presided over the active music club this year, with Sister Dominic as moderator. The members of the club attended the San Francisco Symphony series in a group and also enjoyed special concerts during the season. This year the club sponsored several musical programs by guest artists such as Luigi Silva, Janet Graham and the Pasquier Trio, who played for the student body in Angelico Hall.

VIRGINIA MURILLO '52

ST. DOMINIC AND THE FRENCH REVIVAL

CATHOLICISM has always been challenged. In almost every age some false ideology springs up which attempts to lure men from the truth; it is usually a well-organized attack on the Catholic system, deliberately planned and cunningly adapted to interest and convince the various strata of society. The danger of the thirteenth century was the Albigensian heresy, which attacked the foundations of Catholicism and won millions to its cause. The trend of the heresy was a denial of respect for the body and for all purely outward manifestations of the divine; also an inclination to an exaggerated and one-sided judgment on the value of things of the spirit. It was logical that a religion which paraded its wealth and political power was not of a nature to bring much conviction of its truth.

In this age there arose a champion of truth and defender of the Faith in the person of St. Dominic. It was his mission to rescue the multitude from the insidious attacks of the enemy. Bede Jarrett remarks that Dominic founded his Order of Preachers "not for the purpose of following the old evangelisation through moral exhortation and denunciation, but rather to spend its energies on a highly cultured attempt to interpret the truths of faith in the language

of contemporary thought." To bring Christ to the people, Dominic had to dispose himself to the gaining of their confidence. By his silent example as much as by his eloquence he won the people back to Catholicism.

As in the thirteenth century the faith of Catholics was threatened, so today false ideologies with their sly but skillful schemes are attempting to undermine the foundations of Catholicism. A poignant example of this is the dechristianization of France. At the beginning of the twentieth century France was in a sorry state. Catholicism was considered an institution of the past. The rich went to church to bolster their respectability; the workers left the church which they considered in alliance with the bourgeois. Out of approximately every hundred workers, ninety-nine had no firm belief in a Supernatural Being; France was thoroughly dechristianized.

Eventually Catholics began to realize the necessity for a revival of Catholicism. Priests and laity became aware of their apostolate to carry Christ to their fellowmen, and a new Catholic Renaissance began. Militant Catholics began to move into every cell of society and make themselves felt. The Catholic revival embraced all strata of French life, but the newest was the approach to the workers. In the spirit of St. Dominic, the Dominicans are carrying on his mission today,

and are working to salvage the last remains of the Catholic spirit and rekindle the spark of Christian love.

Jacques Loew, O.P., a French sociologist, has written of the special Apostolate of the Dominicans among the workers in his book, *Mission to the Poor-est*. As a sociologist Père Loew has realized the futility of conducting surveys, formulating theories and gathering statistics, if they cannot be effectively applied to alleviate the problems of society. He believes, and has lived his conviction, that one must live with the proletariat to realize their sufferings and problems, to gain their confidence, and thus improve their condition physically and spiritually. Père Loew organized the system of the residence team and the priests' team which work as one unit. The residence team is composed of social workers, who take up residence in the slums where they share the misery of the people, and can therefore understand it. They put themselves completely at the service of the neighborhood; their apartments become the neighborhood center, where all social problems are solved. The priests' teams also established themselves in the slums, and have even donned overalls and worked on the docks and in the factories. They have done all this to gain the confidence of the proletariat, to show that they are not exclusively ministers of the rich and bourgeois, but

that it is their mission to bring the light of Truth to all men.

Working on the theory that one must first humanize in order to Christianize, these Dominicans, as so many others engaged in Catholic Action, are working to evangelise the masses. These men bring Christ to men by living Christ with men, by restoring what is human, by rebuilding society. When the priest returns home from his day on the docks, he celebrates Mass in his poor, shabby room. This living Catholicism takes on a new meaning to the workers; the Mass, the sacraments, brought so close to the people, become a vital part of their daily lives.

The Dominican priests, in the tradition of their founder, are combating the evil influences of materialism, and are presenting to the people living examples of Christian love. The Church is once more assuming her rightful place as Mother of the poor, and Champion of Justice.

MARY LOU NACHBAUR '52



A WORTHY DRAGON

HERE ISN'T a sadder sight in the world than a worn-out dragon. For many years on the Dominican campus such a tired dragon struggled to maintain the standards of dragonhood in the traditional St. George Play given at Christmas time by the senior class. His valiant heart felt sad as he looked through dimmed yellow eyes at his faded grey body and torn spines. He was a very small, very weary dragon, and a dragon fearful of losing his innards.

But one student, noticing his plight, decided that someday she would make for the school a dragon worthy of the name. The student was Mary Helen Power, now an alumna of the College. Miss Power had previously shown her interest and talent in play production, for it was during her junior year when she was W.A.A. president that Class Day performances were revived. Because she knew the class of Fifty-one especially well, it was not a coincidence that she made the dragon for them first to use.

Work on the monster began last November. It required one hundred hours to make; in fact, Mary Helen was still painting the finishing touches on the head late the night before the play. The head, made by using a wire frame covered with papier-maché torn in strips and smoothed over the frame, is stuffed



with shredded newspaper and cotton. Automobile reflectors are used for the eyes; the flashing lights are produced by small bulbs connected to a battery held in the hand. The head and horns are painted a brilliant red, the forked tongue, dark green tipped with red.

The lizardous body and tail are covered with overlapping scales made of a sateen-finished fabric heavily powdered with gilt. Through the ten-foot length of the body, the scales decrease in size to the red tip of the tail. A row of spines, traversing the center of the back, are about one-half foot high near the head and decrease to a few inches at the tail. The underbody of the serpent, similar to that of a lizard, is fashioned of padded chintz in gradating shades of chartreuse and grey.

To enable the wearer of the costume to look as dragon-like as possible, the head and club-footed pants are separate; the rest of the body is attached to a jacket which snaps over the shoulders. The sleeves also end in padded claws.

Next Yuletide this superlative mass of reptile will drag his huge, treacherous body over the path from Benincasa to Fanjeaux once again, in his annual trek to meet his adversary. He will roar, snort and bellow, and in every way prove a worthy and magnificent opponent of St. George. THERESA CAVANAUGH '51

PRACTICE TEACHER

TWO LITTLE words—innocent enough in appearance—yet once they have been linked with your name, your college life becomes strangely altered. You are never quite sure just when or how it happens, but even before the practice-teaching assignments go up on the bulletin board you have a vague and uneasy expectancy.

You wonder about the change when you find yourself poring over books and charts in Mrs. Luckhardt's room. You are a little self-conscious at the remarks made by your classmates over your change in dress, now that you have discarded sloppy sweaters and bobby-sox for tailored suits, earrings, and nylons. When you join your fellow-sufferers and beg Miss McKenna to "Give us a pep talk; we're scared," you realize *this* is just the beginning.

Now you have made the plunge. The first few days of observation go smoothly—it looks so easy when someone else is conducting a class of some forty super-active children. But the final day for observing comes and goes, and you, firmly clutching a lesson plan, begin to teach. It is not long before you come up against the hard fact that there is more to this task than first meets the eye. There is the matter of Junior's shooting spitballs just as you are giving forth

with one of your more priceless gems of vital knowledge. Then there is that little contest with Willie, who is trying to see how bad he has to be in order to disturb your heretofore unruffled good humor. You begin to wonder how you ever fumbled your way into the Education Department in the first place.

While nursing your injured pride there occurs that final humiliation, when small Linda points out that you have misspelled a word on the blackboard. There it is in white on black, and you thought you were cut out to be a teacher!

Shame-racked but outwardly brave you falter on until at last a glimpse of the goal appears, quite miraculously—the goal that makes all your pains dissolve suddenly. Oh blissful day, you have arrived; for there stands Johnny, all freckles and missing teeth, clutching in his dirt-stained palm one large and shiny red apple. "It's for you, teacher."

HELEN RIGSBEE '51



STUDENT GOVERNMENT

MORE than ever before, educators have come to realize the necessity for developing leaders. By giving undergraduates a share in school authority through self-government, administrators have found that students learn how to accept responsibility, and how to take an active part in spheres of influence in which they may some day find themselves.

Student government, properly so-called, is based on authority delegated by the administration, and depends on full cooperation between that administration and the student body. Undergraduates are given freedom to rule over those things which directly concern them, but they should realize that in so controlling, they are accepting a serious obligation. Rights carry with them many responsibilities and duties; freedom is by no means license. In the case of self-government, the students must conform to policies set up by the college; and even though they may have the energy to set forth new ideas, they have limited experience and ability, and must be guided in recognizing the necessity for basic rules.

The administration of Dominican College has given us every chance to develop and to appreciate what responsibility means. When in this past year we revised our Constitution, our first desire for limitless

privileges changed when we realized that the most efficient set of laws would be one to benefit the whole student body, not just a small segment of it. The purpose of the revision was to clarify our Constitution; to understand better our existing regulations and why they were laid down; to enforce these regulations, and to realize our obligations in student government. In revising, we asked for, and received, more privileges; but in being rewarded with such privileges our responsibilities were consequently increased.



The Executive and Student Affairs Boards have done their part in enforcing regulations through an active honor system; the strengthening of the system has been gradual but effective, and through its use students have not felt coerced, but rather guided in developing a sincere desire to adhere to regulations as set forth in the student Constitution.

There are many things we still must work for in student government; progress has been slow, but consistent effort in the right direction should not fail to bring eventual success.

JOAN KING '51



SHE WHO LIVES AT HOME

ONE OF THE most individual groups on campus is that of the day scholars. Their casual air and independent attitude have often been the cause of exasperation on the part of faculty and student leaders who work to unite every college function; but the reason the day scholars are not as active as many would like does not spring from lack of interest in college goings-on, but rather from lack of time.

If a day scholar had her way there would be thirty-six hours to a day, helicopter transportation to school, and no home duties. Then she could find time to stay over more frequently for dances, lectures and inter-class games. But the day scholar feels she receives just as much from her college life as the resident student—only in a different way. She respects the teaching she receives in Guzman Hall and fully realizes the benefits of a Catholic education—it is this incentive that may bring her many miles every day to San Rafael. She often puts off studying to browse a while through the newest books and magazines in the library; she appreciates the spiritual benefits received in annual college retreats. She too loves the warmth of the heater near the bulletin board where she chats with other day scholars and resident students before class. She wishes vacations weren't so short, or assignments and

the mile walk to town so long, just as any resident student does. She may spend only part of her day at school and the rest in other fields of interest, but her whole life is permeated with a youthful, active college spirit.

The day scholars, whose number has been growing steadily in recent years, have been given the lounge in the newly-remodelled Tea House for a noontime, between-classtime meeting place. The fresh green walls, brightly upholstered chairs and brick fireplace invite day scholar, as well as resident student, to come in and rest or talk.

The day scholars work with the resident students and wish they could be with them more, but even though they may not often share their after-hours together, they do hold one thing in common. Both attend a college which bases its philosophy of education on Dominican traditions. For all, this is an inseparable bond.

E. M. '51

HEART-STABLE

Come, gold Child
Where mute desires
Are oxen
Breathing silver into midnight,
Where old tears roll and drip
From moulded beams
And threaded webs hang
As loose grey dreams.
Come, rest your head
Within our sharp-straw hearts.

O Light of Love
We see not stars,
Yet hope with angels
At the simple sight
Of your love-lantern
Slowly moving
Through our winter's night.
SISTER PETRONILLA MARIE, O.P.



ON THROWING POTS

BEFORE I ever knew how, throwing pots fascinated me. For hours I could sit watching the agile fingers of a potter raising the soft, lustrous walls of clay into a cylinder, bulging it to a sphere or narrowing it to a slender neck. Spellbound I watched the procedure. Somehow it was like a solemn ceremony to me, a rite bearing the stamp of countless generations. I did not move and hesitated to breathe. When the pot stood finished I still sat there with eyes fixed on the fresh clay.

What impressed me so, I puzzled. Was it the mysterious cutting and wedging on the table before the actual throwing began? Perhaps the neatly lined-up tools caught my attention . . . or it may have been the phenomenon of the rising, expanding cylinder. But I felt it was something else.

Long after I myself learned to throw pots I found the answer to my question. But first I learned many other things: the way to wedge the clay to eliminate air bubbles and foreign elements from it. I found also that the tools render great services in critical moments, when the walls wobble or a shoulder turns lopsided. I learned how to trim a pot in the leather-hard stage, holding the tool with a steady hand and peeling off excess clay. Sometimes I polished the surface to

extreme smoothness or roughened it into an interesting texture to break monotony.

My first firing day rolled by and the kiln shelves were stacked with dry pots. The heat pressure rose and hours followed with much roaring while an infernal glow radiated from the little hole in the door. Next morning, with a tight throat and anxious heart, I watched the opening of the kiln. Had the pieces come through, or did they blow up in the heat? Potters' luck is very capricious, but I was lucky.

The headache of glazing loomed over me next. What a frustrating science, that of glazing! Mathematics and logic make up a formula for the glaze; the aesthetic eye tries to visualize a color that will suit the form; the craftsman applies the mixture; and the pious soul prays that everything will turn out well, without violent surprises. The pots are stacked carefully in the kiln once more, the pieces of pottery are stood on small white stilts to avoid touching one another. The roaring resumes; more hours follow in agony and prayer. Through the small hole one can spy the glaze melting and spitting in the glowing heat.

The following day the glaze kiln is unstacked and the ceremony ends. How one caresses the surviving pieces after these ordeals! Are these the same pieces which grew out of a mass of clay on the wheel-head? Yes, they are the same, but dressed in colored gar-

ments, firm and hard, with a sonorous voice if we ring them. All the pots differ; each is an individual, holding in its vigorous lines a bit of the person who threw it. Even among my own pots there are gay and sad ones, casual and solemn ones, made of tears, laughter and ponderings.

This is the answer to my fascination—the life, the vigor of each individual pot containing a bit of the creator's soul enclosed in its lines.

MARIA BATTHA '52



“SUCH A LOVELY PROGRAM, DEAR!”

“IT WAS such a lovely program—you played *beautifully*, my dear. . . Very nice. You played so *well*. . . My, what a *lovely* evening. . .”

Such were the comments that flew at me from all sides as I made my way down the crowded hall of Angelico after the concert. It most certainly had been a lovely program as a whole—in fact, I thought proudly, every program given from the Angelico stage merited all the praise it could ever receive. Not only were most people amazed at the caliber of the soloists in general, but moreover, they marvelled at the smooth, almost professional way the programs were run.

With a chuckle, I thought how surprised most people would be if they knew what went on behind the scenes to make the concerts turn out as they do. Take, for instance, an average program of piano and vocal solos, orchestral and choral numbers, and madrigals. You can be sure that a good many hectic moments are spent before the final performance is given!

The morning of the fateful day finds the department in an uproar. Orchestra members are scouring the campus in search of something white to wear for the evening's performance. When the stage is finally

cleared of nervous soloists—each either insisting on her turn to play on “the good piano,” or walking on and off-stage to practice bowing—last minute choral and madrigal rehearsals are held. Although the choral has probably been singing its numbers for a month or two now, comes the morning of the concert and only a handful know the beginning word *and* the corresponding note! This final practice is generally a cap-and-gown dress rehearsal, and the front row hemlines more often than not resemble an earthquake reading on a seismograph. With awe-inspiring faith that all will come out perfectly, and a final warning against bobbing one’s head (and thus having some sixty tassels bouncing about), the choral is dismissed and a madrigal rehearsal begins. Before Dr. Silva can strike the initial chord for the first number, gasps of surprise and horror emanate from the singers, most of whom have just realized that they are to wear formals for the program. “But Sister, I didn’t bring back my formal from home; what’ll I do?” “But Sister, does it *have* to have *sleeves* . . . ?” And so, after rehearsal, the frantic search to find a “borrowable” formal is on!

At seven-thirty, performers begin to drift in the back door of Angelico. They mill around restlessly backstage and in the choral room; as far as dress is concerned one couldn’t find a more fantastic mixture.

The choral members look quite dignified in pressed, regulation-length gowns and evenly-bobbed tassels. For some odd reason, dress manufacturers think that white is exclusively a summer color; and so, this being only the middle of January, orchestra members stand shivering in white starched organdy or crisp eyelit pique dresses, with contrasting blue lips. The soloists appear in shimmering pastel satins and bright tafetas which are somewhat robbed of their glory by the wooly red coats and yellow mittens worn to ward off the chill. The madrigalists make a charming picture—most of them tucked and pinned precariously into some far-sighted friend's formal, and one with a dotted Swiss curtain draped artfully over a strapless gown to give the effect of cap sleeves!

Things seem to be working out perfectly, and promptly at eight o'clock, the orchestra precedes Dr. Silva into the auditorium. The concert begins! Backstage is still a-buzz with activity. The soloists, panicky and pacing, or just numbed by it all, are pushed out on the stage one by one with a final word of encouragement: "Stand up straight, and for heaven's sake, smile!"

When the curtains close to set the stage for the madrigalists, formals and scapulars fly as all pitch in to move the table and chairs into place. This is just a teaser, however, for the real test is yet to come. When

the curtains close before the choral is to sing, panic really sets in. Pianos are pushed into the wings, and suddenly the perennial cry goes up (in a stage whisper, of course): "The risers, the risers . . . oh, for *goodness'* sake, get off the stands; they're not *ready* yet!" (Invariably some new sopranos and altos climb eagerly upon the risers before they are centered properly.) In what seems an eternity the curtains part and the choral renders the closing number.

Looking back, one wonders how such a beautiful performance could come out of all the hectic circumstances attending it. Perhaps the answer is, first of all, the participants' common love for music, and the spirit of fun and pleasure in being part of such a program; then, of course, the patient guidance of the music faculty. And just how does it all turn out? You have that answer on every side of you: "It was such a lovely program, dear!"

ROBIN QUIGLEY '51

BLACK VEILS OR WHITE VEILS?

BLACK veils and white veils . . . important items in our college life, a means of edification to some, a source of confusion to others. The students, by custom, wear black veils to Mass on minor feasts, for Requiem Masses, or during the penitential seasons, and white veils on the more significant feasts, the more joyful occasions. The sight of the warm blackness of *all* the veils may give one a stronger feeling of closeness to the Mass. *All* white veils on the major feasts joyfully reflect the lights, intensifying the tones of holiness and purity in the atmosphere. On the other hand, the vision of mixed veils jars one's equilibrium, one's aesthetic sense of proportion. Repercussions of this internal shock strike even those younger students, yet unaware of their aesthetic tendencies, who do not realize that their troubled day begins with a few black veils among the white veils on Mass morning. The reason for this inharmonious blending—the color distinction follows no clear-cut rule, at least not in the eyes of the student. Sometimes only slight shades of difference in the sanctity of the canonized demand a white veil instead of a black veil. Questions arise in the student's mind. Why should her patron saint or some other favorite merit only a black veil? Why the scattered white veil days in Lent? Her

problem is supposedly solved by weekly Mass schedules that list the proper color. But in spite of the schedule, black and white veils can be a source of embarrassment, confusion, and dismay to me and perhaps to any other Dominican student who likes to sleep until the last minute on cold mornings. As for me, I am not particular about the type of morning; I always like to sleep.

It is college Mass morning—typically clear and cold. The student awakens to the clang of an old, disgruntled bell—at least it *seems* ill-tempered at six-thirty in the morning. In her semi-conscious state, she has no particular thoughts, only a few mingled sensations: an impression of a disagreeable noise, a warm bed, a cold room, and a desire to drop off again into that Utopian state where she gets “A’s” in all her finals—even Logic. Her ego subdued, or for some such psychological reason, she allows herself to remain in that warm, prone position until the next set of noises fifteen minutes later—a bell this time ringing louder than before—scampering feet in the hall—a roommate telling her to get up and close the window so *she* can arise in comfort. The Dominican student is not one to argue at this time of the morning; she is up on her feet quickly or otherwise (more likely otherwise). She closes the window, dresses, and finds she has three minutes to reach college Mass on time. A moment of

indecision—white veils or black veils? She won't have time to look at the Mass schedule. No important Roman feast anyway, she thinks. She will take a chance on black. She arrives just before the priest enters the sanctuary. A feeling of relief as she made it on time, and then . . . a growing horror . . . A field of white before her, beside her, in back of her. A glimpse of black net on her shoulder. An increasing consciousness that she is not the same as the others. One black veil among two hundred white veils like a thorn among lilies, an ink spot on one's finger, a stain on the crisp, white collar of a college gown. She is as glaring as Rudolph the Reindeer's red nose. She realizes her mistake now, but all too late. It is an important Dominican feast that requires white vestments and *white veils*. In such a state of incongruity, she must suffer for the remainder of the Mass. At least the people in front of her won't see her, but *she* knows, and *God* knows. Perhaps He is smiling at her . . . ? She may receive extra merit for valiant perseverance in prayer under conditions of extreme trial. But couldn't she earn her heaven in some less embarrassing way?

Yes, black veils and white veils are a source of confusion to every Dominican College student at some time or other. Luck can't always guide the late sleeper's choice. Of course, there are the timid, unsure

ones who will stuff a veil into each pocket. But the only sensible solution for those who refuse to carry more than *one veil* and a Missal to chapel—read the Mass schedule the night before, or memorize the week's color arrangement every Sunday evening.

ANN MEAGHER '53



SOLILOQUY

The time is come, child,
For God and Copernicus
To reveal their messages.
(The intensity of their respective messages
According to their respective natures.)

The fat and comfortable world
Has ceased to revolve around you.
Acquire an orbit.
Revolve reliably.
Never deny the eternal gravity
Of the Center.
Never turn your face
From the Light.

The time is come, child,
To emerge from the margin of nonentity,
To step into the pattern of humanity,
And be absorbed.

ANNE FROST '53



WHY THE DOG SITS ON THE MOUNTAIN

MANY MOONS ago when the earth and trees and sky of this land belonged to the redman, when the brown hills had only animal trails across them, when the tall grey eucalyptus trees were unknown here, and when the greatest noise of the sky was the shrill cry of Wepeigan, the eagle, or Checkwa, thunder, there stood in the middle of a valley the Owaihetipi, or council house of a brave and fearless Indian tribe. Here lived the tribe's great chief Wadita Pasipica, and his daughter.

In the evenings Wadita Pasipica would squat in front of the door, light his pipe, and puff contentedly as he surveyed the vast hunting grounds of his tribe. Fine forests there were, full of bear and deer, and beyond, a great water where fish were plentiful. His heart would fill with pride and satisfaction at the thought of this fine territory that stretched so far.

But there was one thing that filled the heart of this chief with more pride and delight than any other—his daughter, Hanwiyampa, Moonlight. From the time many harvest moons ago when Wadita Pasipica had found her on the peak of Muni Yaini, Great Mountain, a tiny baby wrapped in silvery skins, and had adopted her as his daughter, she had thrived and grown tall and slender as Kapka, the pine tree, and

her voice was sweet like the tinkling of Tunessassa, the brook. Her step was like that of a leaf floating to earth, or the ripple of the breeze over the great water.

Fair as the pale moonlight she was, and her garments were always made of the softest white skins of the hunt, finely fringed and decorated with pale beads. As the moon grew large and waxed full, she thrived and became of even greater beauty. On these nights, she would make her way to the top of Muni Yaini. Here she would sit for hours on a great rock that was higher than an arrow could fly from the valley, her graceful head thrown back, gazing at the heavens. None knew what thoughts came to her through the long hours she watched the moon travel across the sky. Then as the moon slipped over the western horizon, she returned to her father's tipi—but as the weeks passed and the moon waned, she seemed to lose some of her radiance, and always stayed in the tipi at night, her black head bowed.

Many young warriors sought her hand, but all had received the same gentle but firm refusal from her red lips and dark eyes. Wadita Pasipica, watching her start out by herself to go up the mountain, often wished that she had some companion to go with her.

One evening at the time of the full moon as Wadita Pasipica sat smoking his pipe by the door of his tipi, a strange white figure loomed up in the distance. As

it came closer, he could see that it was a great white dog with long ears, the like of which he had never seen before. All the camp dogs were small and brown, and yapped incessantly. This great creature approached as noiselessly as the maiden Hanwiyampa herself, and sat down within a few feet of the chief.

Hanwiyampa, coming forth from the tipi to go to Muni Yaini, caught sight of the dog and gave a happy little cry. Her white moccasined feet sped to the spot where he sat. Kneeling beside him, she stroked his soft head. The long thin tail wagged gently.

"Nitotem, my parent," she cried, "It is my mother's dog, Ioskeha, the White One. She has sent him to me at last!"

The great chief's brow contracted. So the time had come. This was what Nakuwi, Woman of the Moon, had meant when she had given Hanwiyampa to him on Muni Yaini. She had said that Hanwiyampa was to live with him until . . . Then she would send warning . . .

Leaving Wadita Pasipica with his head bowed in thought, Hanwiyampa made her way to Muni Yaini with the dog moving silently before her. That night Woman of the Moon told her to watch. . . Once more as the full moon slipped over the edge of the western horizon, Hanwiyampa and Ioskeha came back to her father's tipi.

Many suns passed with no sign of danger. Then one night a runner brought word that the great and fierce neighboring tribe of Pokleetum, Black Feather, from beyond Muni Yaini was on the war path.

Wadita Pasipica and the warriors held a great meeting in the council ring just outside the camp, leaving only the women and children in the tipis. Wadita Pasipica left strict instructions with Chapawee, Beaver Woman, the old squaw who cared for Hanwiyampa, not to let the girl leave the tipi during his absence.

While the great tom-toms throbbed and the fire-light burnished the bronze skins of the braves who were dancing to Sagi Ohiya, the Spirit of Victory, in the council ring, the full moon came up. Its bright beams shone through the smoke hole of the tipi, where under the vigilant gaze of Chapawee, Beaver Woman, Hanwiyampa sat, head bowed over the faithful Ioskeha, the White One, at her feet. Suddenly before the old squaw's startled eyes, Hanwiyampa glowed, then faded away, and Ioskeha, rising, followed a wisp of moonlight out the door. Straight to Muni Yaini the moonbeam blazed its path. There, from the peak, looking down on the other side of the mountain, Hanwiyampa beheld, to her horror, the brightly painted faces of the Pokleetum tribe as they crept up the hillside. There were as many more than

in her father's tribe as the nuts in a pine cone to an acorn. The words her mother, Woman of the Moon, had spoken to her now came back clearly. She must act swiftly to help her father.

A slender beam of light flew like Tahi Chiwu, the fire bird, through the heavens, up . . . up . . . up . . .

When the strange light reached the great moon tipi, a silvery flap opened and Hanwiyampa, touching the shining floor, changed into a maiden again. Spreading wide the soft skins of the dress which her father had given her, she threw herself over the white fire in the middle of the great moon floor. The moon tipi was darkened, and the earth was left in blackness.

Terrified, the Pokleetum tribe looked up to the darkened heavens, and fled in fear.

* * *

Wadita Pasipica once again squatted in front of his peaceful tipi, and lighting his pipe, would watch for the moon rising over Muni Yaini. There he could see sharply outlined against the sky the shape of the faithful Ioskeha, whom Wacanda, the Great Spirit, had looked down upon with pity, and changed into stone where he sat, so that he too might always watch Hanwiyampa as she rose in the evening.

ELEANOR GENE LIVINGSTON '52

TENNESSEE MANTRAM

Crushed white ashes in big black hands
Tennessee soil and African sands.

Three shimmering stars drip from the tip
Of a perfect crescent of moon
Indigo flames stain the broad, black sky,
And smoke is a whispering loon.

Black bodies shiver, quiver and whirl
Drunk with the soulful chant
That beats through the breathing cypress and moss
While witch doctors mumble and rant.

Silky black eyes roll like flying dice
Candid eyes plead and are gay
Eyes that will never see jungle or kraal
Where lions and elephants play.

A crow screams across waking sky,
The tissue paper moon goes pale,
In the fire-empty clearing embers are lying,
And air hangs stagnant and stale.

Crushed white ashes in big black hands
Tennessee soil and African sands.

ANN BUCKLEY '54

PATRONS

Albert's, Incorporated, San Rafael
Ayers Paint and Supply Company, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Bannon, Los Angeles
Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Blake, Vallejo
Mrs. P. W. Blanchard, San Rafael
Borden's Marin County Milk Company, San Rafael
Mrs. Peter Bradley, Burlingame
Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Brisbois, San Mateo
Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Busch, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buxton, Eureka
Camgros Gravel and Fuel Company, San Rafael
Campion-Ward Prescription Pharmacy, San Rafael
Carew and English, Incorporated, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Carleton, San Francisco
A. Carlisle and Company, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Carter, Cheyenne, Wyoming
Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Cavanaugh, Lodi
Dr. and Mrs. J. Cieri, Piedmont
Mr. and Mrs. John Cimino, Gilroy
Coca-Cola Bottling Company, San Rafael
Compagno Fish and Poultry Market, San Rafael
Corey's, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. A. Crosetti, San Mateo
Mr. and Mrs. John Daly, Eureka
A. R. Dankworth, Incorporated, Los Angeles
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Day, Leavenworth, Washington
Mr. Jack P. Dillon, Coos Bay, Oregon
Mr. and Mrs. Henry I. Dockweiler, Los Angeles
Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Doherty, Arbuckle
Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Drew, Casper, Wyoming
Mr. and Mrs. Victor A. Duque, Los Angeles
Mr. and Mrs. George P. Egleston, San Francisco
Miss Gloria Ray Ellis, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Emard, Anchorage, Alaska
First National Bank, San Rafael
Gaffney and Company, San Francisco

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Gallagher, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Gamble, Suisun
Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Garcia, Salinas
Gasberg Photo Studio, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gerhardt, Chico
Granat Brothers, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hamilton, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hardin, San Rafael
Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Hawkins, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Healy, Burlingame
Herbert & Rohrer Jewelers, San Rafael
Mrs. Muriel Herlihy, San Francisco
Henry Hess Company, San Rafael
The Hibernia Bank, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert High, Grimes
Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hilger, Santa Barbara
Mr. and Mrs. John R. Hohlt, Santa Rosa
Frank H. Howard, D.D.S., San Rafael
The Independent Journal, San Rafael
Miss Alice Irvine, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. Harry O. Jacobson, Fairfax
Joe's Taxi, San Rafael
Miss Jean Kelly, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Kiernan, Stockton
Miss Mary Joan Kilkenny, Vallejo
Mr. and Mrs. Edmund T. King, San Mateo
Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Lee, Honolulu, T.H.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Leonetti, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Lewis, Hollister
Lewis Jewelers, Incorporated, San Francisco
Livingston Brothers, San Francisco
Mrs. E. V. Long, Pinole
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Lopez, Honolulu, T.H.
Lucas Valley Dairy, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Lynch, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. Philip B. Lynch, Vallejo
I. Magnin and Company, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Mahoney, Stockton

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Mahoney, Rawlins, Wyoming
Marelli Brothers, San Rafael
Marin Company, Incorporated, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Markham, Honolulu, T.H.
Mr. J. P. Matheu, San Francisco
Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Mayerle, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Mahoney, Rawlins, Wyoming
Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Mayne, San Mateo
Mr. and Mrs. E. C. McGee, Columbia, Missouri
Mr. George H. McMurdo, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. McNally, Fresno
Mr. and Mrs. Gerald A. McNulty, Ukiah
Mr. and Mrs. Carrol A. Miller, Arcadia
Mrs. Hodges Miller, New York, New York
Mr. Joe Mondo, Merced
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Monroe, Glendora
Judge and Mrs. Francis W. Murphy, San Mateo
William Nock Company, San Rafael
The Nut Tree, Vacaville
Mr. and Mrs. George A. Nystrom, Burlingame
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. O'Connor, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. Emil Offer, Honolulu, T.H.
Miss Kathleen O'Leary, Burlingame
Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Olin, Arbuckle
Dr. and Mrs. H. A. O'Malley, Rock Springs, Wyoming
Mr. and Mrs. Daniel J. O'Neill, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Packer, Jr., San Mateo
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Patrick, Rio Vista
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Paynter, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perrelli, Gilroy
Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Perrucci, San Jose
Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Peters, San Jose
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Matthew Piccirillo, Berkeley
Poehlmann Pharmacy, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Pope, San Francisco
Capt. and Mrs. P. A. Quigley, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. James A. Quinn, Stockton
Mr. and Mrs. Jack N. Radonich, Sacramento

Mr. and Mrs. Otis B. Raines, Sunnyvale
Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rawel, San Anselmo
Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Reilly, Stockton
Mrs. Helen Rigsbee, Kentfield
Mr. and Mrs. John Rossi, San Anselmo
Miss Mary Lee Rotchford, Spokane, Washington
Mr. and Mrs. George F. Rotenkolber, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Rowan, San Quentin
Mrs. William A. Rowe, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Ruckstuhl, Oakley
Miss Barbara Ruggles, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Sagués, San Anselmo
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Salmina, St. Helena
S. and W. Fine Foods, San Francisco
San Rafael Chamber of Commerce, San Rafael
Sawyer's News Agency, San Rafael
Davis Schonwasser, San Francisco
Sheridan and Bell Florists, San Francisco
Shreve and Company, San Francisco
Sommer and Kaufmann, San Francisco
Louis T. Snow and Company, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Spellman, Sonoma
Mr. and Mrs. J. Stefani, San Mateo
Mr. and Mrs. A. Steiner, Galt
Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Strachwitz, Reno, Nevada
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Sullivan, Pasadena
Mr. and Mrs. Sunderleaf, Portland, Oregon
Baron and Baroness Patrick Surcouf, Santa Barbara
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sutliff, San Mateo
Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Sweet, San Francisco
Dr. and Mrs. John C. W. Taylor, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. E. Preston Tiffany, Hollister
Mr. Joseph D. Toohig, San Mateo
Mr. and Mrs. Stephan L. Vistica, San Mateo
Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Wang, Shanghai, China
Mr. and Mrs. R. von Warton, Oakville
Webb and Rogers Drugs, (J. E. Nygren), San Rafael
Mrs. J. E. Weiler, Palo Alto
Mr. George R. Wolff, Benicia
Women's Athletic Association, Dominican College
Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Wright, Guerneville
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Young, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. E. Zwierlein, San Mateo



