

1953

1953 Firebrand

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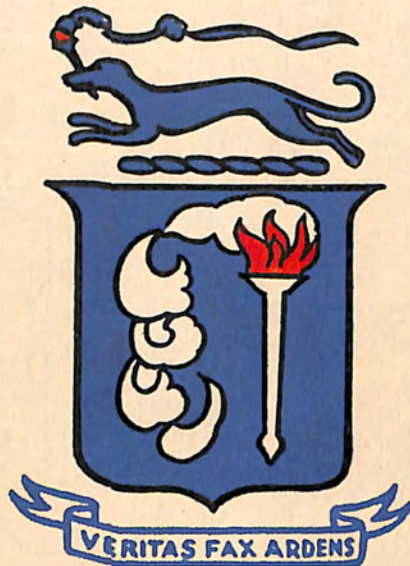
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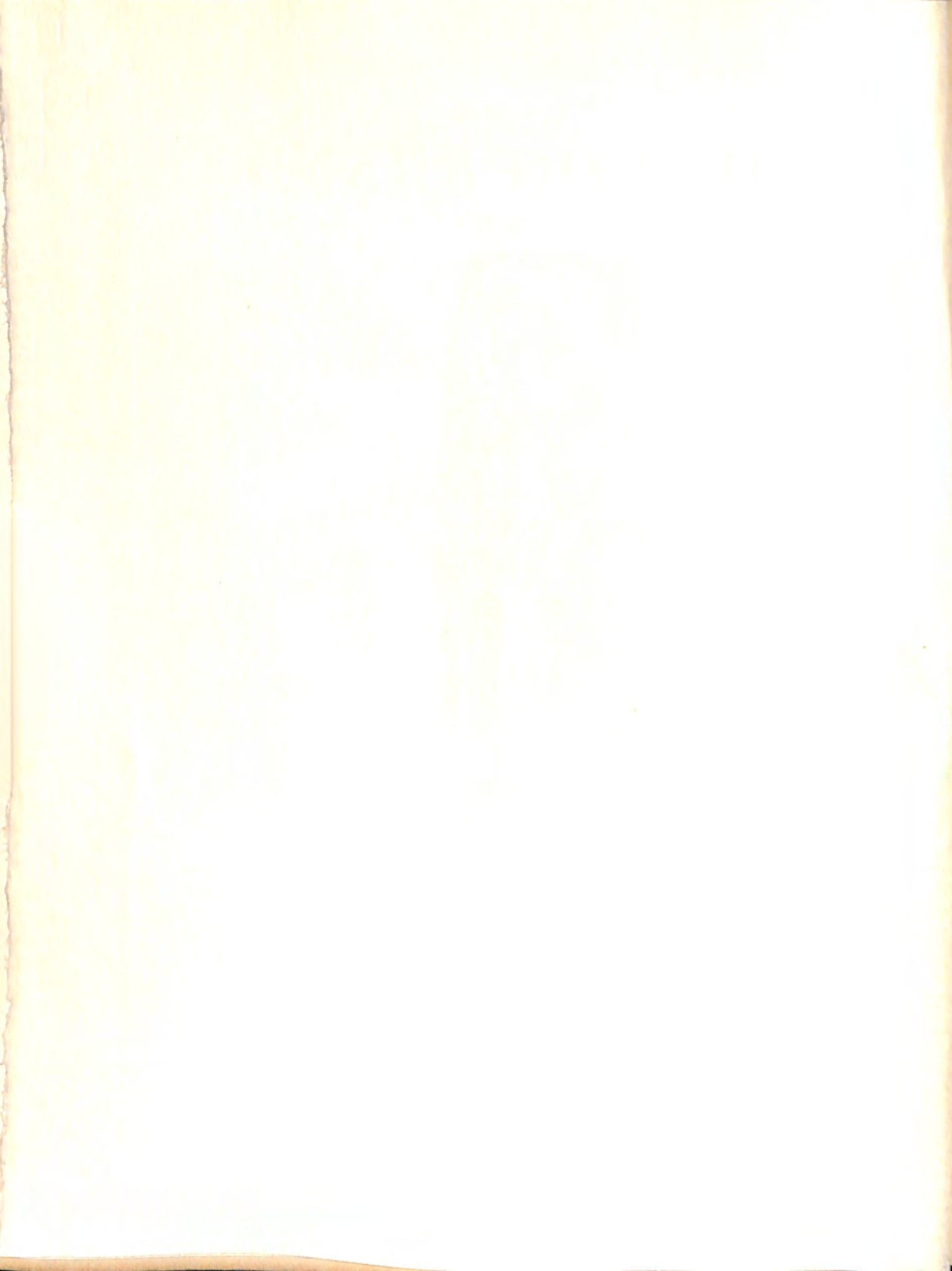
The Firebrand



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THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



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In deep appreciation for all that he has done
for us, the class of 1953 gratefully dedicates
this book to Father Joseph Servente, O.P.

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THE FIREBRAND

<i>Editor</i>	ANN MEAGHER
<i>Associate Editor</i>	NANCY LA SALLE SMITH
<i>Assistant Editors</i>	{ ANNE FROST CATHERINE VON WARTON MERRIE WEBB
<i>Business Manager</i>	ELIZABETH COMAN
<i>Assistant</i>	EILEEN POPE
<i>Art Editor</i>	MAGDA BATTHA
<i>Art Staff</i>	{ LORRAINE KARAM MARY HELEN BRISCOE
<i>Cartoonist</i>	LORRAINE KARAM
<i>Typists</i>	{ PALMYRA PRATO CLAIRE DIEPENBROCK

CONTRIBUTORS

JACQUELINE ALTSTAETTER	ANNE MCNIFF
KATE RENNIE ARCHER	JANET PARKER
ANNE BUCKLEY	HONORENE PHILLIPS
MARIANNE D'AMICO	MARY RAGAN
HELEN HADLY	S.C.M.
CATHERINE HAMILTON	S.M.M.
MARY JEAN LYNCH	S.M.N.
CATHERINE MATICH	SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR
JOAN MAYERLE	NANCY WISEMAN
SHIRLEY MILLER	ANN WULZEN

THE SENIOR CLASS

EDITORIAL

THE ANGEL in the bookplate is one of the Seraphim in silent adoration before Christ in a detail from Charles Connick's Western Rose window in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York. In the center of the rose sits the majestic Christ in a gold medallion, His pierced hands outstretched in glory. In petals radiating from the center, an angelic choir of Cherubim and Seraphim with trumpets uplifted announce the window's central theme of praise and prayer. Eight related pieces symbolize the beatitudes. In four petal units near the outer rim are the figures of the Evangelists, surrounded by the Seraphim who herald the New Law. Four triangular groups contain the four major prophets; the Cherubim around them announce the Old Law.

This window is a shimmering, vibrant mosaic—living, changing, moving in the light it filters and transmits. It is a symphony of melodious color, now soft, now louder, now gently flowing as water caressed by a breeze, now faster, more dramatic, like the pounding surf in a storm.

The symbols in the window bring us the message of the past far better than a literal, pictorial representation. Something of the spiritual exists in the symbol. In its abstractness it approaches closer than the strictly material ever can to the idea, closer to pure art,

which Maritain describes as an intellectual habitus.

In Connick's window, we see symbol not only in the figures, but in the colors and in the very sweep of the line. The symbolism has a universality surpassing any particular time, place, or circumstance. The elements signified—truth, wisdom, and love—are ever living. We see truth in the ultimate reality which the art expresses; the Cherubim, the Seraphim, the Prophets, and the Evangelists—all proclaim the truth, symbolized also by the field of cool, meditative blue in which the figures rest. Wisdom relates all to God. Symbolized by the Cherubim, it unites the Old Law and the New; it bridges the gap between Christ and man. Love is the focal point of the window; moving inward from the outer rim we pass the Evangelists, translators of the divine message of love, the beatitudes, the human expression of loving, the red-winged Seraphim, symbol of divine love, to Christ, who, in a fiery red garment, His pierced hands open to receive us, is Love itself.

This window should have a special significance to us at the Dominican College of San Rafael. Truth is the essence of our spirit; wisdom shows the relationship between infinite truth and its reflections in created things. Not only are all the fields we are learning reflections of God, but with His help, they are instruments of our own salvation and that of others. We must know our field, how it relates to other fields, and

how we can use it for God. Theology, the queen of the sciences, will show us this. We know, too, that unless our knowledge increases our love, we know in vain. As St. Thomas Aquinas said, the least love of God is better than the knowledge of all the world. Love, then, gives our knowledge its life. Fittingly does the Seraphim, the Angel of love, from Connick's rose window grace the bookplate at the beginning of our *Firebrand*.

The Catholic College is a stained glass window presenting in glorious harmony the heritage of the past, its influence on the present, and their union with the future. It is a dynamic organism, receiving life from the light of divine love and truth which it transmits to the world. Cut off the light source, and the color of the truths college offers becomes dark and dead; however, only an obstacle in our hearts can obstruct the way of divine truth and love. God wants to be known and loved more than we can realize.





IN COLOR, design and motto, our shield represents Our Lady. The field of blue set with a monogram M and twelve bordering stars of gold symbolizes Mary, the Queen of Heaven; the inscription, "Wisdom without blemish," presents Mary to us as the Seat of Wisdom.

"Wisdom is better than strength," says the Old Testament in the Book of Wisdom, and "the desire of wisdom bringeth to the everlasting kingdom." True wisdom, the wisdom of God, is what we are seeking in this pilgrimage of life; our shield indicates to us the way to attain our end, courageously and valiantly striving to follow Mary our Mother, who is "Wisdom without blemish."



MAGDA MARIA BATTHA
Budapest, Hungary

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: FRENCH

Gamma Sigma
Junior Class Secretary '51
Firebrand Art Editor '53
Meadowlark Art Editor '51
Radio Players '51

Art Club '49, '50, '51
Art Club President '52
French Club '49, '50, '51
W.A.A. Show '49, '51

MAGDA BATTHA

THE MAGYAR women are famous for their beauty, and Magda's heritage is evident. It is a beauty not only of looks, but of thought; it is both soft and startling, yet it is charming because of her wisdom in the art of being beautiful gracefully.

Magda has the smile of the ageless aristocracy of Europe, and her voice coats our American words with an accent of mercury and syrup. Her hands are skillful and expressive—she is familiar with all the tools of the artist's trade. She produces magic from a sewing machine or a pair of knitting needles, and even from the weaving loom.

An artist, Magda is a person who thinks and feels in abstractions. She is a suggestion, an implication, an essence distilled from realism by the warmth of her imagination. She is the careful whisper of just a certain color or the unfinished cry in a curved line. In her presence one senses the mysterious privacy of a snowstorm, the long silent bruise of her homeland fading away through a plane window at dusk.

To find the true Magda, one must search and listen carefully, for she is not an extrovert, but rather the sudden discovery of a red flower in a peasant design.





MARY IMELDA BRISBOIS
San Mateo, California

MAJOR: SPEECH AND DRAMATIC ARTS

MINOR: ENGLISH

Edgehill House Chairman '52
Drama Club Chairman '50
Troupers '50, '53
Radio Players '50, '51, '52

Choral '49, '51
Irish Club '51, '52
Spanish Club '50
W.A.A. Show '49, '51

MARY BRISBOIS

MARY smiles as easily as she frowns, and although seeming easily upset she is level-headed in a crisis. In her last year as Edgehill house proctor she proved that she is dependable in a domestic role. With the courage of her convictions she minces no words when a classmate is guilty of leaving an unwashed coffee cup in the kitchen, but it has also been her job to provide for the residents' endless appetite for snacks and goodies, and they have never found the cupboard bare.

She has not wasted her dramatic talents. Her impersonations and announcements have made her well known on "Dominican Broadcasts" from the radio department's early beginnings throughout her four years. The Radio Players now produce complicated shows, and the studio contains valuable equipment; she has had her hand, or one might say her voice, and certainly her energy and devotion in every step of the development.





MARY ANNE BRUSATORI
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS
MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Transfer from Arizona State College '50

Class Day '52

MARY ANNE BRUSATORI

MARY ANNE'S senior year has been her first as a resident student, but the experience has presented her with no problems, and us with a constant source of friendly pleasure.

Her personality consists of easy self-confidence, a fine musical laugh, a feeling for dry humor and the subtle hilarities of human nature, a dash of daring and deviltry, but also an appreciation of the spiritual and a true sense of right and wrong. She has a gift for making wry comments with a frankness that few people could get away with, perhaps because her expression is blessed with superb wit, and also because she never misuses her gift by being unkind. She is always ready for a good time, whether it is to be found at a large party among strangers or a casual meeting, but does not stretch this love for fun beyond practical limits. Where a situation calls for sobriety, her alert mind contributes intelligently.

Mary Anne's loyalty and unselfishness with her possessions, her time, and her thoughts, have made those who know her well, grateful to have her as a close friend.





ANN HELEN BURNS
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

MINOR: EDUCATION

Student Affairs Board President '52

Red Cross Chairman '51

W.A.A. Treasurer '51

Carillon Staff '50

French Club '52

Irish Club '50, '52

Chairman '51

Choral '49, '50, '51

W.A.A. Show '49, '51

I.R.C. '51, '52

NANCY BURNS

NANCY is a rare combination of all the best qualities of her Gaelic race. She is sentimental without being flimsy. She is easily warmed by a small and simple story, deeply stirred by the magnitude of a great piece of religious music. She is humble without false modesty. Although she admits such shortcomings as her inability to carry a tune, she is the first to suggest a song, the bravest voice in its execution, the most delighted in its fulfillment. Although never overbearing—her example is a subtle one—perhaps it comes from her quiet desire to perfect herself before criticizing others. She is social without being flighty; to miss a school dance would be to her a major tragedy, yet a quiet evening with coffee, friends, and bedroom slippers kindles a rich glow in her heart. She is cheerful without being dull; a friend's problem (and any of God's creatures is a friend) is always significant to her, sometimes saddening, but if she cannot solve it, at least she offers hope. One cannot help but love her.





BERNICE CARMEL CIMINO
Gilroy, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Senior Class Treasurer '52
Carillon Staff '50
I.R.C. '52

Music Club '50
Spanish Club '49, '50, '51
W.A.A. Show '49, '51, '53

BERNICE CIMINO

AT FIRST or parting glance, Bunny seems to have every good quality in a greater or lesser degree. It is as natural for her to be an amused observer as an instigator of fun—always with the happy faculty of knowing when a joke is a joke. Almost never has her contagious sense of humor failed her—or her classmates.

She has the quiet confidence of one who knows herself, and the art of being able to do justice to herself strengthened by humility. Perhaps her unswerving sincerity with others results from this sincerity with herself. Her charm is seemingly a composite of personality and character, in which good humor balances a conscientious and business-like nature. Things seem to get done in her earnest way without occluding time for play.

She maintains her poise unaffectedly whether at a formal dance or while playing the matador on a stage. She has been more than a mere addition to her class. Few can know Bunny and not be bettered in some way.





ELIZABETH ANN COMAN
Spokane, Washington

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Sophomore Class Treasurer '50
Freshman Advisor '51
Meadowlark Editor '51
Carillon Staff '50
Firebrand Business Manager '53
Irish Club '49, '50, '51, '52

Music Club '49
Spanish Club '49
Choral '49, '50, '51
Madrigal '49, '50, '51
W.A.A. Show '49, '51
Social Committee '52

ELIZABETH COMAN

ONE MIGHT say there are three degrees of knowing Liz. At first she appears efficient and organized. Later one begins seriously to wonder. And after four years it is obvious that this is a girl who gets things done. We are still a bit confused about the process, but there is no doubt about the product. An independent character, yet totally congenial and sociable, Liz has her own store of droll experiences to relate, plus endless interest in the engrossing chatter of her friends. She never laughs loudly; rather she will utter one single but appreciative chuckle, or when totally overwhelmed by the humor of a situation, her face will become red and tear-stained with quiet exertion.

Her needs and pleasures are simple. Her personality connotes an inner happiness which may come from the satisfaction of doing her best at what needs to be done. Late at night it is not unusual to find her typing (in a remote corner so as not to disturb anyone) or simply looking detached and meditative over a knitting project.

The possession of a car in her senior year has given us tangible evidence of her generosity when she feels she may be needed—whether to run an important errand—or to share the relaxing enjoyment of a coffee jaunt.





CLAIRE LOUISE DIEPENBROCK
San Mateo, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: MUSIC

Firebrand Staff '51, '52
Choral '49, '50, '51, '52
Madrigal '50, '51, '52
Press Board '52
Music Club Social Chairman '52
Music Club '49, '50, '51, '52
I.R.C. Secretary '52

French Club '49, '50, '51
Irish Club '49, '50, '51, '52
Spanish Club '49, '50, '51
Tennis Club '49, '52
Foreign Students Club '52
W.A.A. Show '49, '51, '53
I.R.C. '50, '51, '52

CLAIRE DIEPENBROCK

WATCHING Claire dance a fast Charleston or “Bunny Hop,” play on class teams, or work on a sun tan, one would not guess at first that she is an intellectual person. She is a thinker, however, sometimes to the point of being oblivious to the situation around her. She loves her sleep, but will give it up for late conversations on such weighty matters as politics, psychology, or philosophy. A note of scepticism appears in her own philosophy, perhaps because she knows life too well to trust it completely. In her joy in contemplating the deeper problems, she dislikes bothering with detailed study.

No one stays gloomy around Claire. She is always ready to liven things up with her realistic and amusing imitations of characters, or to provide musical background for a bridge game with her rhythmic arrangements of “Blue Moon” or “Beyond the Sea.” Claire loves to play the piano for casual groups or to harmonize in our spontaneous song-fests, but she has an intense fear of giving formal recitals.

Always a sympathetic listener, she offers advice to the troubled. “God love ya, dahling!” she will say vehemently, and you will laugh and forget.





MADLINE MARY FERRARI, R.N.
Ballico, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Transfer from St. Joseph's
College of Nursing '51
I.R.C. '52

Albertus Magnus '51, '52
Irish Club '51

MADELINE FERRARI

FROM experience comes wisdom, and this lively pint-sized edition of a nurse has savored both. Several years of hospital work have made her a witness to birth and death and intense suffering. She knows their names in Latin or Greek, but also the down-to-earth tiring routine, and the gratification of caring for the sick. She has been amused by the characters, edified by the saints, and filled with admiration of (and sometimes infuriated by) her superiors. She knows the endless potentialities of the mental ward, the serious indifference of the operating room, the grim task of reporting a child's death to its parents. These experiences, of which most of us know nothing, Madeline has brought with her to college, where the gifts of college will be added to her already well-balanced personality.

Although nursing is her very definite vocation, her active mind neglects no part of life. A subscriber to *Time* magazine, she keeps up on current events in all fields. An ardent symphony goer and music lover, her store of musical knowledge is unusual.

Behind Madeline's deep brown eyes lies a labyrinth of good will and human sympathy which few of us have penetrated; perhaps only those of us who have needed her.





ANNE REYNAUD FROST
Cape Cod, Massachusetts

MAJOR: MUSIC

B.M. DEGREE

Meadowlark Staff '50, '51, '52
Firebrand Poetry Editor '52
Firebrand Assistant Editor '53
Choral '49, '50
Madrigal '49, '50, '51, '52
Symphony Forum Representative '51
Art Club '51, '52
French Club '49, '50, '51

French Club Treasurer '50
Foreign Students Club '52
Music Club '49, '50, '51, '52
Poetry Club '49, '50, '51, '52
Orchestra '49, '50, '51, '52
Radio Players '51, '52
Troupers '50
W.A.A. Show '49, '51, '53

ANNE FROST

AS DIFFICULT to solve as a giant jig-saw puzzle and as easy to love as a cloudless summer day is this girl we have proudly claimed as our own for four years. We cannot deny that to some Frosty seems to be a hopeless despair; and even to us who have known and loved her, she has never ceased to be a source of wonder. To explain her life and loves on the common plane would be difficult, for her aspirations are not to be found in the normal range. Her world consists in a sympathetic interest in every person with whom she may come in contact; her way of expressing this interest is perhaps the key to her personality.

She is dynamic with a refined sensitivity that influences her every situation. And how many situations! How often has Frosty been the focus of attention—through a self-accompanied song, her far-reaching laugh or rumbling giggle, or some well-founded opinion.

She has been given unusual gifts of expression both in her poetical and musical senses and also in the artless gift of expression in her conversation. And Frosty has no fear of giving her all. We do not wonder that in nursing she will find her most boundless opportunity for giving of herself.





LORRAINE CECILE KARAM
Nogales, Arizona

MAJOR: ART

MINORS: SPEECH AND DRAMATIC ARTS

Social Committee '52
Carillon Staff '50, '52
Meadowlark Staff '52
Firebrand Staff '52
Madrigals '49

Troupers '49, '50, '51
Radio Players '52
Spanish Club '49, '50
W.A.A. Show '49, '51
Art Club '49, '50, '51, '52

LORRAINE KARAM

AS VERSATILE as Lorraine's personality are her talents. She is an artist in a wide sense of the word; for although her chief medium for expression is a paint brush or a bit of charcoal, she is also skilled in imaginative choreography, a creative ability which depends largely upon a sense of rhythm and an understanding of the relationship of music to its resulting dance. She has also given evidence of a dramatic flare, for she has been seen frequently on the Dominican stage, and has represented a variety of characters for the Radio Players.

Lorraine's charm is enhanced by her unusual Lebanese beauty—long black hair, white skin, and deep eyes. She is always a perfect lady, and gentleness underlies the many phases of her personality. At times she may indulge in the most surprising monkey business, although this may be disguised from those who do not know her well by her quiet movements and feminine voice. On more dignified occasions, such as a faculty tea or a formal, her personality is one of serious but warm cordiality.

At all times, her versatility is balanced by an understanding of the situation at hand, and a resulting sense of protocol.





MARILYN KATHERINE KELSO
San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: FRENCH

Transfer from College of Marin '51

Class Day '51, '52

MARILYN KELSO

JUST a little after the five-minute bell rings, a tall, trim girl will saunter into class, smile pleasantly at a few of her friends, sit down quietly, open her notebook to the last day of neatly written class notes and glance over them briefly to prepare herself for her class. And there you have in a thimble the essence of the character of one of our day-scholars, Marilyn Kelso. She is all of these things: prompt, neat in her work and dress, and well-prepared for every class.

Marilyn has that rare virtue of quiet dependability upon which teachers and classmates alike can rely: assignments are always done on time; if a car is needed to dash downtown for a class party or a Class Day project, Marilyn, with spontaneous generosity, offers her time and her trusty '41 Oldsmobile for the excursion.

Her pleasant, kind disposition is tempered with a healthy appreciation of humor which makes her an asset at class gatherings. A joke-teller can be assured of at least one responsive laugh if Marilyn is there.

Marilyn's mildness and serenity are as refreshing as spring water at the end of a hot day. Nor is her tranquility a sign of weakness, for she seems to have learned the Persian adage that "A gentle hand may lead the elephant with a hair."





BARBARA WAIKIN LEE
Honolulu, Hawaii

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Fanjeaux House Chairman '51
Foreign Students Club President '51, '52
Social Committee '50, '51
French Club '49, '50

Music Club '51
Spanish Club '49, '50
W.A.A. Show '49, '51

BARBARA LEE

IN HER own inimitable way, Bobbie has added to almost every occasion of note during her four years. Her laugh is her shadow, accompanying her everywhere and coming forth when needed most. She possesses that almost unique faculty of finding her greatest joy in the happiness of others, usually a classmate.

Sympathetic in her every relation with people, Bobbie has no idea of the many she has helped, through this very phase of her nature. It is no wonder that she is so able in a field requiring one who is young in heart—that of dealing with children. Such a lover of life itself will find it a task to grow old.

Almost inspiring is Bobbie's loving patriotism for her island home. Although she has accustomed herself to life on the mainland, she leaves no question as to where her heart lies, and belongs. Through selfless effort as president of the Foreign Students' Club, Bobbie has made it possible for girls from other lands to become a part of Dominican, while giving of their own culture.

As expressive as Bobbie's nature itself is her ability to convey the symbolism of the Hawaiian dance. In her lovely hands one can visualize the motion of a palm or the restlessness of a tropical wave.





SALLY KAWEHIWEHI LEE
Honolulu, Hawaii

MAJOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION
MINOR: SOCIAL STUDIES

Transfer from University of Hawaii '50
W.A.A. '52
W.A.A. Tennis Manager '52
W.A.A. Show '51, '52

Music Club '51
I.R.C. '52
Spanish Club '50
Art Club '51

SALLY LEE

THE UNCONCERNED girl subject to so many admiring glances can only be Sally Lee. Her perfection of carriage lends charm to any situation. It matters not whether she graces the basketball court or the ballroom, her consistency of noble bearing prevails.

Most remarkable in Sally on close observation is her unique interpretation of the phrase "to give." The fine art of giving oneself seems not to have been lost in her. She can pay no greater tribute to her friends (and everyone is a friend) than the simple rite of the Islands—the lei of flowers and the kiss of friendship; her formula is simple, and perhaps that is why it never fails.

On many occasions Sally has given to all her share of her Island heritage. Her every movement in portraying a native dance bears testimony of her love for her native culture. As a full moon accentuates the depth of the night sky, so does the whiteness of a hibiscus flower nested in her black hair enhance the natural splendor of her appearance.

Sally's journey away from her own has ended now, and we can well understand how her own will welcome her back.





PATRICIA ANN LENNON, R.N.
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY
MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Albertus Magnus '46, '52

Choral '46

PATRICIA LENNON

PAT was a freshman while most of us were still in high school, but came back to college after an absence during which she received her R.N. and worked at various medical positions.

Although her primary interests concern nursing, Pat is far from provincial. She has a definite intellectual streak and she is attracted by foreign cultures and unusual atmospheres. Her wanderlust showed its first signs when she worked in such distant cities as Washington, D.C., and New York. Her future plans include further studies in England and teaching in backward areas of Europe.

Pat's apparent aloofness belies her true personality which consists of a subtle sense of humor generously laced with a deep understanding of the foibles of human nature. These characteristics are fitting for her chosen profession in which they are greatly needed.





MARY THERESE LEWIS
Hollister, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Gamma Sigma
Senior Class President '52
Freshman Class Representative '49
Sophomore Class Representative '50
Student Affairs Board '51

Social Committee '51
Spanish Club Vice-President '51
Irish Club '49, '50, '51, '52
W.A.A. Show '49, '51

TERRY LEWIS

ALTHOUGH anything but cold and calculating (as evidenced by her success in practice teaching) Terry is basically a mathematician. An art which most of us dread, it is the particular line of higher functioning to which her mind warms. Many would in fact hesitate to call it an art, but Terry finds beauty in methodical analysis, in economy of method, in exactness and perfection. This is the ability which qualifies her in her chosen field, and which also makes her a capable executive in student offices, in scholastic matters, and even in directing a class-day skit.

Terry's taste in clothes has always been astonishing. Even at the early morning and late evening hours, when most of us "relax" to a degree which sometimes astounds ourselves, Terry never looks disheveled.

We showed our faith in her by choosing her as senior class president. She has not failed our expectations. Instead she has fulfilled her responsibility with efficiency and high-principled leadership.





MARY JEAN LYNCH
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Student Body President '52
Student Body Treasurer '51
Sophomore Class President '50
Freshman Class Secretary '49
Carillon Staff '50

Albertus Magnus '50, '51, '52
Irish Club '49, '50, '51, '52
Spanish Club '49
W. A. A. Show '49, '51

MARY JEAN LYNCH

MARY JEAN keeps herself organized in a droll manner. Lists are posted all over her room and we have even heard mention of a "list of lists." Without her little black book, says she, "I may as well quit school." There is something which is not on her lists, however, and that is her ability to check them off.

Her wit has often been called upon for inventing scripts, plots, and songs for various occasions, for she has a faculty of twisting trite humor into hilarious scenes and words. Although a biology major, she cherishes no intimacy with bugs and has a special fear of "little animals in the dark." She prefers company to solitude, and a trip to Corey's with a full car is always in line.

Mary Jean earned our love and respect before we elected her as president of the student body. In this position she is constantly in the public focus and her successes and shortcomings alike are unavoidably noticeable. Hers is a difficult task in which enemies may be made easily. But our previous feelings, both as a whole and as individuals, have deepened along every step of the way.





MARION FRANCES MAGUIRE
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

I.R.C. '51
Class Day '50, '51, '52

W.A.A. Show '49, '51, '53
Carillon Staff '50

MARION MAGUIRE

WHAT shall we say about Mickey?" we wondered when we came to her name. The spontaneous reaction was an affectionate laugh. Someone said "She's just a little joy!" and the move was passed unanimously. To break this judgment down is not difficult. Emotional and sensitive, Mickey cries and laughs easily, yet is good natured to an amazing degree. She is bewildered rather than angered at another's wrong actions, for to understand another's motive in acting stupidly the motive must be self-experienced. She trusts everyone, perhaps because her own sincerity is unquestionable. When something strikes her as funny, the joke turns from its subject to Mickey's famous squeals of convulsive laughter.

In her fourth year as a Dominican College girl and her first in residence she has revealed herself, as we expected, a truly gregarious person.





CATHERINE JOAN MAHONEY
Rawlins, Wyoming

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: EDUCATION AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

Social Committee '52

N.F.C.C.S. Commission Chairman I.R.C. '52

Carillon Staff '50

I.R.C. '52

Irish Club '49, '50, '51, '52

Spanish Club '49

W.A.A. Show '49, '51

Choral '49

JOAN MAHONEY

EVERYONE knows that Jo Maho is from Wyo. As she loves fun and people, she may be a small town girl at home, but is able to meet the demands of any group. She loves adventure and spontaneity, yet when there is a situation at hand which needs organizing, no one is more efficient and methodical.

For four years a string of Dominican dance bids dangling in her room has been growing longer and longer, evidence of Jo's sociability. A reliable date bureau, her supply of evidently arrangeable gentlemen for such occasions is endless. In fact, she seems to have connections with anything or anyone to which anything or anyone wishes to be connected!

In spite of her social capabilities, Jo takes a genuine personal Mother Hen attitude towards all, whether the protected one is actually a crying chick or a sometimes surprised fellow hen. For the asking, her sensible advice is always at hand, as is the blue Chevrolet with its identifying bronco on the license plate.





JOAN ANN MAYERLE
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Student Body Vice President '52

W.A.A. President '51

Student Affairs Board '52

Carillon Staff '50

W.A.A. Show '49, '51

Albertus Magnus '50, '51

President '52

French Club '49

Irish Club '50, '51, '52

JOAN MAYERLE

ALWAYS with an undercurrent of intensity, Joan is quiet. Her sense of humor is of the driest variety and, in fact, can hardly be distinguished from her sense of seriousness. Here indeed is the true poker-face.

Outside of her basic attraction to sports (skiing is an obsession) and science, her interests depend chiefly on her mood. A contemplative introvert, she dislikes unnecessary noise and large crowds; she prefers the intimacy of a few close friends. A secluded afternoon in the chemistry laboratory is to her a satisfying pastime, but if the hours are long she prefers music from her precious radio.

Joan is as dignified as a Thanksgiving dinner and as funny as a rubber hot-dog. She has a surprising weakness for horse-play and finds the physical helplessness of a tickled or otherwise tortured playmate the height of *Gemütlichkeit* and humor. But the serious moments which dominate find her a profound and ambitious thinker.





ANN MARIE MEAGHER
Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Gamma Sigma
H.O.O.D. Cup '51
Benincasa House Chairman '52
Firebrand Staff '52
Editor '53
Meadowlark Staff '50
Co-editor '51
Junior Class Treasurer '51
Madrigals '51

Irish Club '49, '50, '51
I.R.C. '51, '52
French Club '49, '50
English Club '51, '52
Y.C.S. '52
Albertus Magnus '50, '52
W.A.A. Show '49, '51
W.A.A. Secretary '51

ANN MEAGHER

MELANCHOLY, serious, idealistic, introspective, philosophical: these are some of the adjectives which describe Ann.

She was born under the planet Uranus, which signifies that she has a keen intellect, and the desire to strive towards perfection in everything she does. She likes books, politics, sports (an advantage on any basketball team!), drama, music (with a special fascination for Boogie Woogie), and mischief.

Ann intensely dislikes a messy room and distraction while she is deeply concentrating over a complicated chemistry problem, or figuring out house dues—one of the many jobs involved in her position as Benincasa house chairman. She also dislikes Republicans and crowds, and has morbid fear of bugs and bats. She admires the television programs of Bishop Sheen.

A slow walk with pondering footsteps is one of her distinguishing characteristics. Punctuality and careful planning are also in harmony with her nature.

Ann's diligence, will to succeed, interest in human problems, and fervent Christian spirit must help to fulfill her ambition—to be an excellent doctor.





ANNE MARIE MCGILL
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

Gamma Sigma
Sophomore Vice President '50
Student Affairs Board '51
N.F.C.C.S. Delegate '51, '52

Irish Club '49, '50, '51, '52
Music Club '49
Spanish Club '49, '50
W.A.A. Show '49, '50
Choral '49, '50

ANNE MCGILL

IT'S ALWAYS the Top o' the mornin' to you from Anne. If she has any serious problems she keeps them to herself, and has the fortune of being the type of person who can and does logically plan her way through her obligations and over any obstacles which may arise. And when that is done, it's done, and nothing to it. She studies without any evidence of strain, and a flustered friend will find her calm and helpful attitude contagious. Poised and friendly, she is a good conversationalist and an ice-breaking element at a social gathering.

A thing of envy is Anne's ability to take the neatest and most valuable class notes. Her special talent is telling ghost stories whose horrors are enriched by the usual comment that "this really happened," not to a friend of a friend of a friend, but to someone in her immediate family or acquaintance, and if so-and-so really "tells this better" we would rather not hear it.

Anne is capable of being very serious, yet laughs easily, a sound which is always preceded by an extra spark in her always twinkling Irish eyes.





CAROLYN LEAH OTT
Los Angeles, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS
MINOR: EDUCATION

Social Committee '51

I.R.C. '52

CAROLYN OTT

CAROLYN has a serene disposition, sensitive, but difficult to anger or disturb. She has a philosophical outlook on life and a rare ability to accept human beings as they are. Her realistic attitude is to her a source of pleasure rather than of cynicism or bitterness. These qualities, combined with her natural sympathy towards the problems of others, help to make a personality fit for social work, the vocation in which she is interested.

Punctuality and an always neat appearance are among her characteristics. When one is in a gloomy or complaining mood, her company is gratifying, her aura of sweetness and contentment contagious.

A casual visit with Carolyn is like finding a rainbow, whether it may be an extra bit of color at an already pleasant waterfall scene or a sudden ray of light in a dismal sky.





CARMEL ANNE PERRUCCI
San Jose, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Transfer from Saint Mary's College, Indiana '49
Junior Class Vice President '51
Senior Class Representative '52

Spanish Club '49, '50
W.A.A. Show '49, '51, '53
Art Club '51, '52

CARMEL PERRUCCI

CARMEL is an artist herself, and if another artist could very skillfully recreate her on canvas in the style of the Flemish school, one could find her essence in studying the portrait. The obvious subject matter would reveal itself—Carmel's appearance makes her a fitting model for a masterpiece. If the likeness was true one would see a very beautiful face which reflects and shades light like white marble, a delicate smile, an enviable texture to the golden brown hair, and a noble dignity in its style. Technique in the artist's handling of a suggestive background and the deep rich colors of his oil paints—the only possible medium—would reveal her personality. Colors would be at once serene and turbulent, dark and yet glowing. The shapes might be mysterious and indistinguishable, yet logically modulated, and finally all would resolve in the form of a half-open door. Beyond the door is a room. Again, one actually sees little of what is in that room, but feels the atmosphere which lives there and which pours through the door with a hesitant but warm glow. Few have been privileged to enter, but those who have, have found something sincere and loving and sweet, and, above all, infinitely faithful.





EILEEN IMELDA POPE
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: MUSIC

Firebrand Staff '53
Irish Club '49, '50, '51, '52
French Club '49, '50

Choral '49, '50, '51, '52
Madrigal '49, '50, '51
Music Club '49, '50, '51, '52

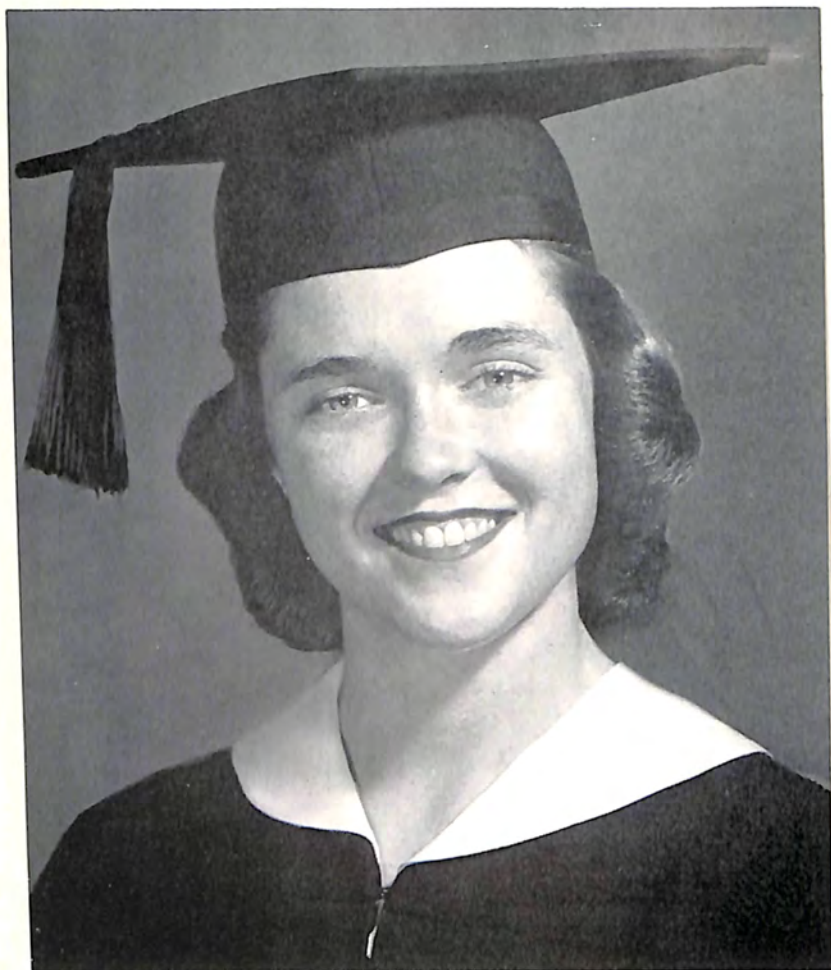
EILEEN POPE

IN AN unusual way, Eileen is a quiet person. Her laugh, which is often heard, is soft and musical. Her speaking voice is high but mild, and her singing is familiar and pleasant to all of us. She is not frequently silent; simply her volume is on low.

She loves sociable gaiety and has the poise, warmth, wardrobe, and appearance to enjoy herself amongst any type of group. Singing is not her sole medium for expression, for in spite of her usually feminine and delicate manner, she is able to attack the piano with surprising vehemence and emotion.

Eileen is always considerate and sympathetic. She is able to think deeply and seriously, and can organize situations—as we know—we who have heard her plan her stay in the Hawaiian Islands where she will soon be, under the name of Mrs. Ronald Troyan. We have all met him, and we think they are both lucky.





LOUISE ELIZABETH QUINN
Seattle, Washington

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Irish Club '49, '51, '52
I.R.C. '51, '52

Choral '49, '50
W.A.A. Show '49, '51, '53

LOUISE QUINN

LOUISE is at home in any situation; she has always claimed that she was a home girl. She never fails to amuse us all with a perpetual tale entitled "The Quinn Family" which adds a new chapter with every letter she receives from home.

Louise has never ceased to amaze us with her ability to get things done—and done well. Her self-confidence helps her succeed; she believes in herself, and others in turn put their faith in her. Her personality is one that attracts the young and old alike; perhaps a certain warmth and understanding in her nature is the reason. Louise has never been one to mince words; she has opinions on almost any subject and is perfectly willing to share them with anyone in her straightforward way. We can readily understand why she should prove a success in whatever undertaking she may choose.





SYBIL BERNADETTE SCHONING
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Senior Class Secretary '52
Carillon Staff '50
Irish Club '49
I.R.C. '49, '50, '52

French Club '49
Foreign Students Club '51, '52
W.A.A. Show '49, '51

SYBIL SCHONING

SYBIL is not hard to know. Even a glance at her is telling; with her impish brown eyes, her hair cut short in a lively mass of baby curls, her up-turned button-nose, her dimples and her grin, she gives herself away quickly. And even within a short visit one becomes familiar with her frisky laugh, for her heart is never sombre.

Sybil took leave of us for a semester during her Junior year to visit her parents and to study in Japan, which seems a remote country but not unlikely for Syb. If variety is the spice of life, then her life is well seasoned. She has contact with her sister in Rome, and friends everywhere. Folk-dancing is one of her favorite hobbies; her repertoire is vast and her skill well developed through talent and experience. Ski trips, long hikes, and membership in the Sierra Club are also befitting her nature.

On the whole, the out-of-doors is her kingdom, but her active and vivacious traits do not stop there. She has a knack for writing and kept her classmates embarrassingly well posted during her absence. Other of her indoor abilities are knitting, studying, and general conviviality.





MARIA EMILIA SILVA
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: MUSIC

Day Scholar President '52
Executive Board '52
Music Club '49, '50, '51, '52
President '51
San Francisco Symphony Forum '51
W.A.A. Riding Manager '52

Spanish Club '49, '50
Tennis Club '49, '50, '51, '52
Choral '49, '50, '51
Madrigal '49, '50, '51
Orchestra '49, '50, '51

MARIA SILVA

THERE are no secrets about Maria. As she herself has said, "Everything comes out eventually." And it comes out to anyone who is at hand when the thought strikes. It may be accompanied by a scream which through superb control becomes an intense gurgle, or by uproarious laughter, or a profound and sensitive frown. To make an understatement, Maria is excitable often to the point of hysteria. Being a day scholar must in a way be excruciating for her, for when there is news to tell (any tiny fragment whose insignificance is overcome by her vigor in its telling) she will appear on the scene vibrant with emotion, her arms will fly madly, her feet without any apparent order will cover a vast area as wildly as her thoughts.

Maria's big heart has room for anyone, although one would think it already full—with dogs, horses, and music. She performs with skill and artistry on both violin and piano, and for one who plays by ear, her ease at sight-reading is even more unusual.

Anyone who has ever admitted wanting anything in her presence, no matter how inconvenient the favor may be, knows that Maria is genuinely "simpatica" and unselfish. She is vivid with joys and tragedies, a few grievances and a great deal of warmth.





NANCY LA SALLE SMITH
Los Gatos, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH-SPEECH

Junior Class President '51
President of Dominican College
Branch, C.S.T.A. '52
Carillon Editor '50
Student Affairs Board '52
Firebrand Staff '52
Associate Editor '53

I.R.C. '50
President '52
English Club '51, '52
French Club '50
W.A.A. Show '49, '51
Radio Players '49

NANCY SMITH

WHAT a live wire! But her battery is charged only with good cheer. If something annoys Smitty one can be sure that it took a long time to bother her and that the situation is incurable. Even when she is weary she expresses her condition with such vigor as to contradict immediately any possible truth in the statement. Everyone must run down sometime, but one wonders if she ever manages to stop generating long enough to get any sleep.

What a small wire, too! in fact the smallest in the class, but not too small to have the loudest voice and the loudest laugh. One might also say the longest nails, for no one likes to laugh alone and a good poke in the ribs is a fine way to remind the unwary that something funny has just happened.

Perhaps a bright and booming "Good morning, ladies!" (at some dreadful hour) accompanied by wide open blue eyes and a smile characterizes Smitty infallibly. For to her a wonderful new day is born, full of endless opportunities to be learned, full of ways to reflect God's love through her unfailing service to others.





MARGARET ANN STEWART
Idaho Falls, Idaho

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Senior Class Vice President '52

Carillon Staff '50

Managing Editor '50

Editor '51

French Club '49

Music Club '49

W.A.A. Show '49, '51

Albertus Magnus '50, '51, '52

Secretary '51

MARGARET STEWART

PUG is versatile. Her chief interest is anything pertaining to medicine; a field obviously including human beings, their comfort and happiness. She has a flair for mechanics, vigorously enjoys all types of sports, and derives leisurely pleasure from reading.

Her tastes are interesting and cover a wide scope. She likes all types of music and listening to radio or phonograph is a favorite pastime. She prefers casual informality in most things: in recreation, in her appearance, in her associations with others.

Her likes and dislikes have a strong flavor and reveal something of an individual. She is terrified of crawling and fluttering bugs. She hates injustice, inactivity, and gum-chewing, and loves stuffed animals, a good joke, and celery.

Pug is quick to react and her impressions are long lasting. Her principles are high; she expresses her viewpoints openly and without fear, for her convictions are deep-rooted and backed by conscientious thinking.





CATHERINE VON WARTON
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: FRENCH

Gamma Sigma
Mother M. Raymond Memorial Scholar
Firebrand Assistant Editor '53

Drama '50
French Club '49, '50

CATHERINE VON WARTON

IMAGINATIVE but realistic, concise and diligent without fluster, with a noble sense of decorum, a European feeling for gaiety, a deep love of beauty, a giddy and charming giggle, a gift for music, energy for both books and skiing—this wide variety of fine qualities make up the poetic personality of the girl from Austria. It is an unusual personality, perhaps because she has learned ways of living and thinking from many countries of the world. Her scholastic record is evidence of something highly developed, whether it is her study habits formed during a childhood in Vienna, or her naturally absorbent and accurate mind.

There are no grades in European universities, but a soul full of love for life and learning needs no such stimulus. We missed her during our Junior year which she spent at the University of Innsbruck, skiing, folk-dancing, playing her accordion, studying, and generally feeling at home. The Bay Area is familiar territory, but her dreams are elsewhere. Nevertheless, when Catherine is present, *we* feel at home.





NANCY MARIE WISEMAN
San Mateo, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Social Committee Chairman '52
Student Affairs Board '52
Freshman Class Treasurer '49
Sophomore Class Treasurer '50
***Carillon* Staff '50**

I.R.C. '51, '52
Spanish Club '49
Choral '49, '50, '51
W.A.A. Show '49, '50
Irish Club '50, '51, '52

NANCY WISEMAN

NANCY has her own special way of being confused and getting into impossible situations—that is, situations into which no one else could get. How often her rare way of just being Wiseman has aroused howls of laughter from those who know her!

She is a home-lover but has sacrificed family weekends to perform her duty to the student body as social chairman. After a year's absence for nurses' training she was with us again; apparently when Nancy grows attached, she stays that way.

A blank stare from her bluest of blue eyes is not an unusual response. But behind the beloved countenance is a keen power of penetration—into situations and people, their thoughts, their feelings, the mechanics of their personalities. Though the stare may be blank, the inner reaction is far from that. Four years of co-residence should be enough to reveal obvious and minute faults alike, but it is impossible to recall anything but her utmost generosity and kindness.





RITA MARIE ZARO
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION
MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

RITA ZARO

PERSEVERING in her pursuit of education, Rita Zaro has proved that the seemingly impossible can be realized. Mrs. Zaro has succeeded in living two completely different lives, doing justice to each. To keep a family as well as one's professors happy is a task most do not even think of. She has been a constant source of delight and interest for those of us who have enjoyed education classes with her. Her endless supply of anecdotes concerning real children—their needs as well as their escapades—have served to give us information as well as many laughs. Mrs. Zaro demonstrates that the theories we are learning are practical and that ideals do not fade when these theories are applied.





JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIOR CLASS: it's a phrase that is the symbol for magic recollections—recollections of wit and talent, of study and religious devotion, of fun and frolic. It is an elusive phrase, meaning something a little different for each of us. Still, to all of us it does connote certain nonchangeable elements.

First, there is the class as a group. The Juniors are serious minded. Realizing that God is all-important in life, they try to make private prayer and college mass meaningful. Their majors and minors have been chosen to develop strong principles and future leaders, and that leadership has been shown even now by

the acceptance of the responsibilities that come with the status of upper-classmen.

They are hardworking; they become absorbed in individual and class projects: a party or a prom, an education chart, or an editorship, a basketball game or class day all call forth a like display of earnestness. But they are fun loving, too, and artistically temperamental as private art exhibits, short tempers and long discussion, their verse, style, ideas, poetry and politics prove.

More prosaically, the Juniors can be divided into the musical, the dramatic, the artistic, the scientific, and the athletic.

Sylvia and Joan are in the first division—they play the piano; Gertie, Fignution (imaginary star of an original opera of the same name), and Flo play at it.

For the dramatic we have the Morrissey, Matich, Malone Trio. And Mary Helen, Joan Tieman, Merrie Webb, and Ann are the artistic producers of our poetry, pictures, and prose.

Over in the science building, Barbara, Bev Silva and Anita Antonini experiment in the Chem Lab, while Palmy labors over logarithms, and Lee Lee and Margit plan biological warfare.

“And, ladies, it’s a great ball game, with Peg MacCauley up to bat, Janet Parker pitching some wild curves, and Isabelle safe on third.”

There is another group which must be added—the

unique group of Anita Burke and Waldo (her unseen playmate), and Marian and Launcelot (a reclining leopard).

Half of the class are busy learning to do all the things they don't know—so they can teach them to someone else, i.e., our future teachers. They are well known in certain fields of endeavor: B. Daly and Fran Murphy—units, Fran Quinn and Maureen—linoleum cuts, Clare—manuscript, Jackie Thomas, Bev Piera and Bebe—color charts, Colleen Sullivan and Barbara Luchetti—making arithmetic meaningful, and Jane Larkins—pamphlet reading.

In the line of fashions:

Fayette curls and trims our hair,

Diane tells what to wear.

Jean Nate fait le bon air.

And the Junior Class entertains. Gail and Adrienne give us music a la phonograph, Willy and Peggy divert us with songs and dances, and "Rocket Trip to the Moon" was planned for the entertainment of the entire college.

There are many other activities that come to mind in snatches as we think of Juniors: the beach . . . field trips . . . Irish fairs . . . Symphony forums . . . Spanish dinners . . . "the mail must go through" . . . Twenty-four hour class: American History . . . Coffee time . . . term papers . . . W.A.A. . . . skiing . . . Bordens.

All this is a basic formula. Add your own impressions and you have—Our Junior Class.

HELEN HADLY '54

CATHERINE MATICH '54

ANNUAL MYSTERY

Flight shadow on an Easter lawn,
A blossom's tissued whiteness, and
A flame-flowered coverlet on sand;
An orchestra of birds at dawn,
The strum of bees, the speechless fawn,
Each made by that same Craftsman's hand
Who through a golden wonderland
A silver spider web has drawn!
We feel the petal-fall of rains,
And see how joy of kingly sun
Is written on a moth's bright wing,
Or walk in summer's patterned lanes
To seek, as every age has done,
The hope-green puzzlement of spring.

HELEN HADLY '54



SOPHOMORES

THROUGHOUT the year the class of '55 has had its activities recorded in the *Carillon*. Both headlines and small print have chronicled the full year of a spirited, ambitious group striving to contribute its united best to every aspect of college life. We Sophomores wish to dedicate this review to our big sisters, the Seniors, who gave us example and encouragement to work, pray, and play and very soon to lead, according to Dominican standards.

NEWS

Early in September, hard ground work by our able committee followed by enthusiastic cultivating of

publicity by the entire class, resulted in the successful harvest of "Autumn Leaves," the Sophomore Informal on October 11. Within another few weeks we were applauding our Island, Oriental and Latin classmates in their initial but quite professional contributions to the Foreign Students' show. Then we got star dust in our eyes, started studying the heavens, and on December the fifth proved that "Once in a Blue Moon" Haley left the dipper in the Milky Way! And for once in the college history we won the Class Day Cup for two consecutive years. In March, after following historical and literary clues, we illustrated in the Sophomore Symposium how modern justice was rooted in the Middle Ages. Thus, with equal fervor we bunny-hopped, swayed, cometed and orated through the semesters.

"Viva la Sophomore Class"

EDITORIAL

On Shield Day, in recalling our motto, "Nothing is great unless good," we renewed our class spirit in order to face the year to come. Then we plunged into school life with the vigor of vacationed lasses and the expectancy of the young. But the serious side of our nature was manifest in the Sophomores' contribution to the National Federation of Catholic College Students, the fast growing organization which has distributed its benefits to each of us. Members of our

class actively participated in the NFCCS convention. The Christmas novena drew one and all into the tranquil atmosphere of the season; the quiet days of the retreat began the Lenten season with a closeness to the Perfect Victim. YCS also reaped its unpublished benefits with the help of Sophomore members. The year was based on a firm platform of charity and willingness to help ourselves and others.

"A friend on the left, a friend on the right"

FEATURE

Sophomores love parties! This was not hard to see from the school parties we gave for other classes, and birthday parties for ourselves. The cold but restful trips to Bolinas; the snow trips to Dodge Ridge; jaunts into the city for a play; the times we "beached" it; even the trips down to the Laundromat took us around together. We all have happy and humorous memories of blind dates ("some must turn out good!"); smoke room and telephone duty; those plumbers with the copper pipes. The games, the projects, the fun we had, made it hard to part in the springtime.

"In jolly good fellowship we will unite"

SPORTS

One Friday afternoon, to the surprise of all, our venturesome competitors, who struggled gayly

through old clothes and kangaroo hops, won the WAA races! This attitude of good sportsmanship stayed with our teams throughout the various seasons. After an extended hockey tournament our "well-greaved" players finally won top honors. Competition was close, but we qualified for the Class Day playoffs, and the long developing team work was victorious again as the volley-ball team captured the cup for the second season. But team work and fair play were not confined to these sports nor to the basketball court or baseball diamond—rather they influenced every phase of life here. We've learned the value of unity and hope to pass this on to our Little Sisters.

"Viva la Sophomore Class"

JACQUELINE ALTSTAETTER '55

MARIANNE D'AMICO '55





THE FRESHMEN

MEADOWLANDS, a mellowing brown shingle mansion in the sun, echoing with shouts and laughter and the music of phonographs—this will always be the first and dearest memory of our Freshman year at Dominican. First, the confusion and noise of getting acquainted, possessions settled, pictures hung and radios plugged in.

The friendliest of welcomes from our “big sisters” greeted us those first days. Our first trip to Bolinas’ sunny abode and wide stretch of foaming beach—the picnic dance that everyone enjoyed—then registration and classes began—first the decision of which

courses to take and, later, which ones to study during the crisp autumn nights. We learned the ritual of Corey's and Eugene's and the ever present comradeship of the Grove—our very own smoke room which Sister Richard had worked so hard to get for us—the songs and laughter of impromptu coffee and doughnut parties at Fanjeaux, with the Freshmen providing a variety of lively talent—the fun at mixers and the glamorous excitement of our first college formals.

Shield Day—and the Class of '56 felt its real belonging—our first mid-terms and the half expectancy of a dread “cinch”—coming home from a Friday night show to the warm invitation of a glowing fire in the Green Room—the frantic rush in preparation for Class Day, followed by the chilling fright of being awakened by shouts of “Fire!” at 5 a.m. and then the cold vigil outside of Meadowlands watching San Marco burn.

How time flew, and suddenly we were winding up to Santa Sabina, carolling with glowing candles—the let-down of release from the tension of finals, followed by a sudden new scramble to get ready to go home—the shouting reunions when we returned three weeks later, full of bounce but minus that recuperating sleep we had planned on.

Then the return to the routine of books, library, and 10:30 curfews—spring's first warm, lazy days, when the quince and daphne blossoms come forth—

the swiftness with which mid-terms catch up with us again—Easter vacation and the realization that the end is drawing near—the breathtaking magic of the Easter Monday Ball—again the intense concentration of being plunged into finals—and suddenly it's over.

The year has flown and now we are left with uncertain feelings of the first year's end. We've received an education not only in school work but in living with and understanding a variety of wonderful and interesting people. As the year closes, we know the memories we'll share will be good ones, and we'll always gaze at the familiar old stairway to Meadowlands with a special fondness in our hearts, thinking pleasant and grateful thoughts of the first year of the Class of '56 at Dominican.

CATHERINE HAMILTON '56
ANN WULZEN '56



REMINISCENCES OF THE SENIORS, THE HAPPY FEW

IT WAS a day in September (they say that three other Septembers have since passed) that we, then ninety wide-eyed and carefree young ladies, assumed long-dreamed-of roles as college students. Not two among us had converging feelings as to what lay ahead. Those first weeks we were as shy of each other as we were of the traditions of the Dominican College of San Rafael. How we would deny now that we set about to make our best impressions on each other, and how effortlessly did Dominican set about to impress us with her boundless simplicity!

We have known our share of worry about that well known problem of what we shall *do* when we leave. The not-so-well-known answer has given us its peace; it is not what you do that is important, but what you are.

How shall we ever put into words what we shall remember? How are we to describe in words that bond of unity among us, especially in time of crisis? How can we record those hours preceding the surprise of daybreak, those hours of conversation on every subject, of agonized cramming, of gayest hilarity without the image of every one of us who has joined in? How easy to forget all the momentous problems which seemed to threaten discord at every turn! What

ground for dissension was a subject like the backdrop for Class Day! What tremendous fun when no less than twenty heretofore unknown artists undertook to take the problem into their own hands and furnish a forest backdrop the world would remember! The world may have forgotten; the few will remember.

If we could preserve the feeling of peace which always comes when we have sung until hoarse — the singing, that remedy for all ills — overworking, underworking, dejection or exuberance. “Pack Up Your Troubles” seemed to be written especially for us.

Our happiest memories evolved from the situations in which the greatest numbers of us were gathered together — such memories as Bolinas weekends, ski trips, and even the collective pain and relief of finals. In all our varied endeavors throughout our years together, our success did not lie in our victories but in our united effort; for our victories were few. We seemed to have learned early that the importance in any competitive situation is to do one’s best; yet we were never so few that we remained unnoticed.

Must it seem trite to say that when one of us announced an engagement (or any less momentous news) we felt the shock as if it affected our immediate family? Whatever the reason may be, our happiness together has been due to more than a tolerant com-

patability — more than our mutual identity as the
Class of 1953.

NANCY WISEMAN '53

TREE

I am the drinking of
 the sweet sauterne of sunlight.
I am the sparkling champagne brook
 tingling, icy-bright.
I am the falcon-thought streaked bright
 into delicious blue,
The circling of the autumn leaf's
 pirouette in golden hue.
I am the velvet-green canyon
 fertility of cocoa-earth
I am the rock, the redwood-seed,
 the mountainside that gave the birth,
I am high song of creation, blowing
 music in harmony with God, with growing.

MARY RAGAN '55



THE LADY OF THE ROSARY

TALLES of visions, miracles, and prophecies often seem to us remote and far removed from our modern world, belonging properly in Bible history, in biographies of the saints, or in books of legends which we read to children. Yet our own streamlined twentieth century has produced such a tale of wonder: Our Lady herself appeared to three shepherd children with messages, miracles, and stern warnings for the whole world. What a thrilling proof of her great love for us, but how much there is for us to learn about this stirring story of Fatima!

The story is by now a familiar one: Lucy, Francis, and Jacinta, three shepherd children from the Portuguese village of Fatima, were peacefully pasturing their flock near Cova da Iria on the thirteenth of May, 1917, when a vision of a beautiful Lady in white appeared to them. She did not identify herself except to say that she was from Heaven, and asked them to say the Rosary every day and to offer sacrifices to God in reparation for sins. They were to meet her there at the same time and place on the thirteenth day of each month until October.

When the children related the incident, they were not believed by the villagers, who severely reprimanded them; but nevertheless, they were faithful to the meetings as the months went by. The Lady urged

them to make prayers of reparation to God and to make sacrifices for sinners; on one occasion she allowed them a glimpse of Hell and sorrowfully told them of the many, many souls who are fallen. To save souls, she asked that the world be consecrated to her Immaculate Heart and asked for Communion in Reparation on the first Saturday of each month. Among other prophecies, she predicted World War II, and that much suffering, martyrdom, persecution, and destruction of nations would take place before the final conversion of Russia and the triumph of her Immaculate Heart. To avert great world errors, especially wars, she urged the daily recitation of the Rosary for the peace which she alone could bring about.

On the thirteenth of October, the last meeting, the Lady, more radiant than ever, revealed her identity:

“I am the Lady of the Rosary, and I have come to warn the faithful to amend their lives and ask pardon for their sins. They must not continue to offend Our Lord, who has been so deeply offended. They must say the Rosary.”

After the vision, an extraordinary phenomenon took place: heavy rains ceased and the sun spun in the sky, throwing off great rays of colored light. The miracle was witnessed by over fifty thousand people present, but it was not until 1930 that the happenings of Fatima were declared by the ecclesiastical authorities as worthy of belief.

It was to urge us to say the Rosary, a prayer most pleasing to herself and to her Son, that Our Lady came; and for us, this story should have special significance. The Rosary is an important and outstanding part of Dominican life; legend has it that it was to St. Dominic himself that Our Lady first revealed this beautiful devotion, and the Order has taken upon itself the task of spreading and sponsoring the Rosary. What a privilege it is for us to be able to share in the Dominican tradition!

We don't realize enough the scope of this great prayer. In it we find the principal truths of our religion set forth in a form so simple and intelligible, yet presenting subjects so sublime that they remain "mysteries" even to our great theologians. The Joyful, Sorrowful, and Glorious Mysteries unite us with the thought of the Church in the different seasons set apart to commemorate the life, passion, death, and triumph of Christ. By contemplating through the Mysteries the sublime example set forth by Christ, we should humbly try to imitate His sinless life.

As a means of sanctification apart from the Sacraments and the Mass, there is nothing more effective than the Rosary. It is the devotion especially that merits the presence of Our Lord, and once He declared, "When two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

At the present day, in a world of misery and strife

and with a great enemy facing us, we should more than ever heed the message which Our Lady came to bring us. Let us devote ourselves to this powerful prayer which can bring the peace we beg, and we know that the Lady of the Rosary will not fail us.

C. v. W. '53



THE MASTER-WELDER

Spirit is caged, they said, its prison flesh.
Aquin replied: No part of us
but serves! He welded whole
man's grip on body-and-soul.

They said: The ancients lied,
their pagan light is dead. Thomas replied:
Reason was theirs, God-given!
And he reached, healing what time had riven,
purged dross, till all merged good;
no loss, sealing their sages
ours, blending one wealth of ages.

Wanly today: Man's mind and heart
(they say) are rent apart,
each in its alien distance kept
at war, crying our bitter need
somehow to find, bind, succor that shattered core.
St. Thomas stood intent
communing with Wisdom in the Sacrament,
till wholly suffused in Light, wholly in Love,
made one as God designed,
this titan man of mind
knew ecstasy, and wept.

Scholar and saint,
who forged great argument,
be it your way with us
no further to lighten mind
than love of humankind:
Oh, piteous,
let not our heart be blind!

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR
in Spirit



SCIENCE AND GOD

A CATHOLIC college education has many aims, the chief ones being to establish the student firmly in her faith and to make her a Christian humanist through the Liberal Arts; her major is not a hard shell of isolation.

The graduate is versatile. She has at least a fundamental knowledge of the Natural Sciences. She has entered the universe of the telescope with much interest and many misgivings. At some time during these studies she is overwhelmed by mathematical formulae. Suddenly through the maze of figures she realizes the vastness of this universe into which she has been introduced. She feels that there must be some power which maintains this order and which men who gaze at stars have attempted, in a very incomplete way, to explain through the very numbers which have so confused her. Even out among the planets she finds God.

From the enormity of the home of the asteroids she has traveled into the closer and even more immense universe of the microscope; for here she sees both the smallest units of her own world and the unseen one in its minute entirety. Here too there is bewilderment; the day comes when she finds herself engulfed by unpronounceable names which do not seem to follow any pattern of logic whatsoever. Soon, how-



ever, these names become secondary and she again discovers the Supreme Being who has given us these invisible plants and animals on which we depend for our lives; and her faith grows stronger through her own piecing together of the enigma. She believes more strongly than ever; but as William Blake with the tiger and the lamb, she wonders that the God who created the planets and put them in their orbits has also created the atoms and microbes and given them their indispensable work. No man of science no matter what his religion, if he has an open mind, can deny the existence of a Supreme Being. As Catholics we believe that God is everywhere; hence there is no more logical place to find Him, the Author of our life, than in Science, the study of the forces of life itself.

JOAN MAYERLE '53



SAN MARCO AND THE SCIENCE BUILDING

EACH is distinct and has a different function. San Marco is unusual looking with large windows on one side only. The science building is constructed conventionally and has numerous windows on every side. They are somewhat similar inside; each has adjoining rooms and a storeroom or press where the tools and laboratory equipment are kept. The science building is newer and has very fine acid-proof floors. San Marco has cement floors which absorb colors of both paints and clays. The science building is a little frightening to some who do not enjoy such horrors as atomic chemistry and nuclear physics. San Marco, however, attracts everyone; it holds a fascination for those who enjoy art as well as for those who are not deeply interested in it. San Marco's halls and rooms are always filled with exciting exhibits of well known artists as well as with other work than that done in the schools; the science building naturally has no interesting exhibits since experiments cannot be left indefinitely for everyone to see. San Marco has an atmosphere of gaiety and informality; the science building rather gives the impression of deep thought and quiet study. It is rather shocking when you go inside the science building and hear only the hum of the hood or the rattle of equipment. At San Marco there is always someone laughing or singing; there is also

the usual drone of the potters' wheels and the rather frightening roar of the firing furnace. The buildings are very different, yet they both have some strong attraction for me.

JOAN MAYERLE '53

POINT OF VIEW

Chinese philosopher, wispy sage,
Gazed at the lunar sphere,
Meditated on a lemon line
Circled in sky pool-clear.

The earth rotated on axis, and
Over on Irish sod
A seminarian stretched on grass,
Saw the moon, then God.

The earth kept turning. An ocean away
A magnate with hands in pockets
Looked at the moon, then figured the cost
Of manufacturing rockets.

ANN BUCKLEY '54

(Reprinted from the *Meadowlark*, March, 1953)

THE BOOK OF TOBIAS

GOING out the front door of Meadowlands, a little to the right, one can see a Della Robbia depicting the Archangel Raphael and a very young Tobias. Somehow the figures in this plaque seem remote as they gaze upon the passing generations. But they seem no more remote than the story which they are depicting. You can read it in the Old Testament *Book of Tobias*. There is no reason, actually, why it should seem so entirely unrelated to present day life, for it is about a very human family.

Briefly, the book tells of a very good man, Tobias, and of his wife, Anna, and his son, also Tobias. Tobias the elder suffers much in his early life at the hands of evil men and because of his good works. Finally, God allows him to be afflicted with blindness. Through this suffering Tobias and his wife remain faithful to God, until at last Anna begins to complain under the burden and Tobias asks God to help them.

God hears his prayer and sends the angel Raphael, in the form of a young man, to assist him. Raphael assumes the role of a guide for Tobias the younger, who is going on a journey to recover some money for his father. The two set out and one night Raphael tells Tobias that they will stay at the house of his father's kinsman, Raguel.

Now, Raguel had one daughter whose name was

Sara. Sara had been married seven times, but each of her husbands had been killed by a devil on the night of the wedding.

Tobias is somewhat startled when Raphael tells him to marry Sara; however, Raphael also tells him how he can prevail over the devil. Tobias marries Sara and succeeds in driving out the devil.

The party returns home and Raphael shows Tobias how to cure his father's blindness. After all this is accomplished, Raphael reveals that he is an angel, "one of the seven who stand before God." Tobias lives to a happy old age and his kindred are blessed for many generations, for "they were acceptable both to God and to men."

The story of Tobias throws some light on the mystery of suffering. When the members of his tribe adored false gods, Tobias did not. "When all ate of the meats of the Gentiles," Tobias refrained. He was faithful to God at all times.

And yet God allowed Tobias to be afflicted with blindness. Why should God permit this to happen to his servant, while evil men prospered in the midst of their sins? Tobias did not understand, but he received his answer from the angel Raphael, who said, "Because thou was acceptable to God, it was necessary that temptation should prove thee." In other words, God was pleased with Tobias, but He desired His servant to earn through suffering an even greater glory.

In the light of this narrative we can see the truth of the often repeated statement that God chastises those whom He loves. But then it is always easier for us to understand this truth when we read past history. It is, admittedly, more difficult for us to be as objective about present day suffering. When we think of the saints portrayed in the Bible they seem very remote and not quite human. It was all very well for Tobias to remain patiently faithful, trusting in God — but he didn't have to worry about income taxes or keeping up with the Joneses or any one of the thousand things that plague the people of our day. And even if such things had existed in those times, they wouldn't have affected a man like Tobias. Anybody who was that good, we are likely to think, must have had his head in the clouds.

Fortunately enough for us (because it makes the whole story more helpful) Tobias was very human. He supported a wife and a son and was successful, for he found favor with the king, Salmanasar. Tobias was a man of substance, but he was also what we could call “a man of the people.” Daily he looked after the needs of the poor and he was especially careful to bury the dead as the law of God prescribed. But Salmanasar died and was replaced by his cruel son who “had a hatred for the children of Israel.”

Still Tobias continued his works of charity — burying the bodies of those slain by the king. When the

king heard of these deeds he ordered Tobias to be killed. It must have been difficult for this charitable man to go into hiding and even harder for him to see his wife and son have to rely on the kindness of friends for everything.

After a time, however, the cruel king was killed and Tobias was restored to his former position. Once again he began to care for the poor and bury the dead. And his neighbor said, "Once already commandment was given for thee to be slain because of this matter; and thou didst scarce escape the sentence of death. And dost thou again bury the dead?" We can almost hear the angry neighbor continuing: "Wait until that Tobias gets in trouble again. Well, he needn't think that I'll stick my neck out for him *this time*." No, people haven't changed much since the days of Tobias.

Then God allowed Tobias to become blind, and his relatives immediately began the I-told-you-so song, saying to him — "Where is thy hope, for which thou gavest alms, and buriedest the dead?" But this taunt Tobias was able to endure.

It was more difficult to sit at home while his wife struggled to support the family by weaving, yet he was still patient. But when Anna, his wife, began to lose faith in God, and to nag Tobias for the time he wasted in almsgiving and charity — when this happened Tobias almost gave up. He prayed, asking God

to release him from his suffering, saying, “. . . It is better for me to die than to live.” And soon God heard his prayer.

Tobias and Anna loved their son deeply — even more so because he was the only child. So when the son went on a journey, the household waited anxiously for his return; Anna went daily to a hilltop near their home that she might watch the nearby roads. And all the time they worried — as parents do — with many misgivings about whether or not they should have let him go. Finally, one day Anna saw her son approaching from a distance and ran to tell Tobias. It is here that the reader sees a picture that is familiar in any age, for the dog which had been with the travelers broke away and ran ahead “as if he had brought the news,” barking and wagging his tail, to announce their arrival. It is also here that we see how human Tobias is in his joy and eagerness, stumbling out to receive his boy. “And the father that was blind, rising up, began to run, stumbling with his feet: and giving a servant his hand went out to meet his son.”

These are not the actions of a man who had no interest in this life. They are those of an ordinary human being — much like people we know today. The *Book of Tobias* is not a story of intense heroism; it is rather a chronicle of day to day sacrifice. All the sacrifices added up to great glory for Tobias and happiness for his son and for his son's children: “They were

acceptable both to God and to man, and to all that dwell in the land.”

In this book, the angel Raphael plays a very important part as God’s instrument to guide the young Tobias and to heal his father. But he has an even more personal relationship to us, for we live in a city named after Raphael and in a parish dedicated to him. In a very real sense, the angel Raphael is the guardian and patron of the Dominican College of San Rafael.

MARY JEAN LYNCH '53





PUSHKIN

COME with me. Take my hand and let us travel back through time to a country where my story begins. Come and let me show you the white, ice-covered plains, sprinkled with great, green plants; and the cold, sharp, barren mountains that rise to challenge the bleakness of a land lost in climate. My country—strange and mysterious to you—is Northern Siberia long ago. My subject—as familiar and lovable as the day is long—is Pushkin.

Once upon a time there lived a people who are labeled as the Samoyed Tribe, a peaceful people who dwelt on the plains of Persia. They lived happily from season to season off the benefits of their land, until the day invaders thundered into their valleys and poured upon their soil. The ways of war were not the ways of the Samoyed Tribe and so they silently moved away, taking with them their dog. They swept northward until they could go no further, and they settled in their new home, which we have come to call Northern Siberia. If we look back through the pages of the books that have been written on history to the first mention of man in Asia Minor, we find that originally there were only four breeds of dogs walking the face of our world, and that among these four is the Samoyed, the dog of the peaceful tribe that traveled from Persia to Siberia so many years ago. Today we no

longer have four pure breeds, for three of the four are extinct. All the dogs we now have, save one, are descended varieties and mixtures of the three extinct breeds. One dog and only one has come down through time to us unmixed for as far back as the dog lovers' pen can trace. That is the Samoyed.

The original color of the Samoyed varied from a biscuit tan to white and black. Perhaps climate in some way has affected their coloring, for today they are only pure white. The Samoyed is an air tracker, used in the past for hunting, but he is also useful as a sled dog. He has deservedly been called the "camel" of the dog world. A Samoyed can live up to two weeks without food and then regain normally within a short time, living off his fat in the same manner in which a polar bear does. No dog can be more sociable, more friendly, more sensitive and more eager to please than the Samoyed; and no dog is so badly in need of kind masters and companionship. Samoyeds train easily and are never too old to learn. They seem to know other dogs of their breed, for when two are in a group of mixed dogs, they will seek out each other as companions and leave the rest.

It is from a long line of distinguished ancestors that Pushkin descends. His great-grandmother belonged to a group of Samoyeds that were performing dogs in a circus. Her name was Kolva, which also happens to be the name of a river in Northern Siberia. She

was acquired by a kennel operator in Los Angeles. The kennel operator bred her to a Samoyed which was being shown in a Los Angeles dog show. Pushkin's great-grandfather's name was Russki. From this union of Kolva and Russki, Riga, Pushkin's grandmother was born. She was brought to Seattle by an army officer who was a professor at the University of Washington. Riga is as loved and cherished at the University of Washington as Pushkin is at the Dominican College of San Rafael. Riga was bred to a champion Samoyed named Storm King, who was brought directly from Russia when only a puppy and was being shown at a Seattle dog show. As a result, Trina, Pushkin's mother, was born. Her home has been in Portland ever since she was three months old. About two years ago, Trina met a refugee and thoroughbred Samoyed from behind Russia's Iron Curtain. He was a fine and fearless young lover by the name of Frosty. As a result of this meeting, Trina presented her family with a very special gift on Christmas Day—seven Samoyed puppies; and among them, so small and curious, looking up with his big eyes tightly shut was Pushkin, the most outstanding pup of the litter; the only one that ever went to college.

In the short time that Pushkin has been with us he has had a very peaceful and contented life. Those who can remember the day he first came can recall how small and lovable he was, a round ball of soft,

white fur. They can remember the time when he would nonchanantly wander into their classrooms, lie silently beside the desks and then when his fancy wished would stroll silently out the back door. They can look back to the time when he could boast of an almost perfect record of attendance at College Hour and other functions. Now he rarely does these things, but perhaps he feels that he has mastered the subjects he was most interested in, or that College Hour really does not have very much to offer a Samoyed. He is much more interested in watching games in the gymnasium or Forest Meadows.

An average day in Pushkin's life begins with his going to Mass with Sister Patrick; he accompanies her as far as the Convent's glass doors. He always prays before he eats and says the Angelus every noon with a loud howl—at least he has a well-balanced spiritual life. In the early morning hours he goes to Anne Hathaway where he plays with his favorite animal friend, Nicolette, the tabby cat. Pushkin feels indebted to Nicolette for she once defended him when he was engaged in a great battle, by taking an offensive against his aggressor, the Santa Sabina cat, Mittens. At noon-time he can be found in the wistaria arbor with the children of the lower school who love to laugh and play with him. In the afternoon he is likely to be seen anywhere, but he spends the greater portion of time by occupying himself busily doing nothing in partic-

ular in Sister Patrick's office, or involved in the strenuous activity of lying upon the cool, cement floor of Guzman Hall. It is here that I shall leave him, for he looks so tired and carefree. Perhaps a dog's life is not so bad after all. And now I have finished my story of Pushkin.

SHIRLEY MILLER '56


EPILOGUE

On the morning of March fourteenth, 1953, Pushkin died. He had just been brushed, and his fur coat shone white and clean in the sun. Over by the Lower School, he had spied his friend, the big, black Labrador called Satan. Always more adventurous than cautious, Pushkin had dashed into the street running to greet him. He never reached the other side, for a car hit him.

Many hearts were sad at Pushkin's death. Two hundred little girls at the Lower School wept bitter tears. His animal friends missed him, too. Who would dare suggest that the heart attack that day of his favorite tabby cat, Nicolette, was mere coincidence! The cool, cement floor of Guzman Hall is glaringly empty.

A.M. '53

CAMPUS TREES



THE DOMINICAN campus boasts an abundance of foliage and trees, and quantity is blended with quality in rare species and unusual planting. One can look anywhere and find this statement true. Bordering the sloping lawns of Edgehill and the stately house there is a wealth of rare trees. Catalogued among the collection are two specimens of the Cedars of Lebanon. In fact there are representatives from many parts of the world including a Japanese spruce and a German linden which came from the renowned "Unter der Linden" in Berlin. The former owner of the Edgehill estate, Mr. William Babcock, had a great interest in trees and developed a large and varied assortment on his grounds. In the collection one sees spruce and fir in divergence. These contrast with the large magnolia, tree of the South.

Taking the path up the hill on the way to Fanjeaux, one can't help but notice the bright ginkgo tree beside the hot house. In the autumn the golden leaves make the tree look as though the sun were nestled in its branches. And to carry this color scheme a step farther, Fanjeaux stands behind a row of sturdy, bright Lombardy poplars, that were at one time a low row bordering a rose garden. Of course this was before the building of the present residence hall.

Across the street from Fanjeaux between the post

office and Benincasa, in a small patch of grass, stands a silver spruce, beautiful in its symmetry. Near the Senior house stands a large sheltering palm, a native Californian, while to the rear a row of graceful eucalypti stand guard and provide a nesting place for the small white owls.

Following the path behind Benincasa, past the Cottage, a glance to the right offers a small grove of California redwoods. Turning toward the driveway entrance beside the chemistry building, Albertus Magnus, stands a small tree which dresses gaily for spring, a tulip tree. Although it is still young, in a few years it will be as colorful as its sister trees on the lawn of the Convent Mother House.

While we're looking at trees located around the Mother House, we can't overlook a most important member of the arboreal family, "St. Dominic's orange tree," originally a slip from the tree which the saint planted at Santa Sabina in Rome. In 1895 a Captain St. Hubert, whose daughter was a pupil in the Dominican Convent of Saint Rose in San Francisco, visited the convent of Santa Sabina while traveling in Europe. As he was especially interested in the Dominicans, one of the lay brothers gave him a slip, hardly three or four inches tall, in a pot, and sent it on to San Rafael. It waited for three months in the customs house, but luckily was well cared for by an official. Finally it reached the convent, and with great cere-

mony was planted in the garden. This slip has grown and given forth other slips, one of which is at the Novitiate. The original tree died just two years ago.

One can't stop here, for there are still many that remain to be seen on the other parts of the campus. So let's take the path leading past Anne Hathaway toward Guzman. Along the creek that runs through most of the campus one sees more eucalyptus. On the other side of the path is a grove of flowering fruit trees, pear and peach. The orchard is bordered with red bursting blossoms of the Japanese quince hedge. In the winter these fruit trees are bare, but in April they are a glory. We follow the path that leads behind Guzman toward the Grove and Meadowlands. There are so many trees here one isn't sure just where to look. Across the bridge stands an almost bare fir, and sheltering the benches and table in the Grove is an acacia.

Meadowlands is the proud possessor of several unusual trees. In the front yard standing highest and most majestic of all is a sequoia gigantia or "Big Tree." This is a specimen of the large redwoods well known in northern California. Further down the lawn toward the driveway is one of the peculiar monkey trees. And we must not overlook the flowering camellias growing in round tall bushes. Across the lawn and back to the house, here beside the front steps of Meadowlands is a liquidamber which was planted

by a class to take the place of a willow that had died. The tradition of planting class trees began in 1922. The Spanish yew of that year stands tall and stately in front of Angelico.

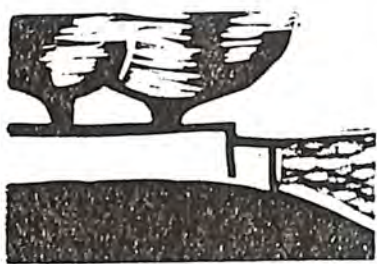
There is one specimen which cannot be overlooked, as it is our rarest and most prized addition to the campus collection. In a small plot behind the Smoke House stand two "Dawn Redwoods." The dawn redwood is one of the oldest known trees. One must look closely because ours are still in their infancy. The American Garden Society—forty busses strong—conducted by Mr. Cheney, who gave Sister Bernardine these infant trees, her greatest treasures, came two years ago to marvel at them and the way they have grown.

We can't neglect the tree of spring, the hawthorne. These bright members of the branch and bark club are natives of Ireland and England. They dress up the court behind the Main Convent in a pink glow.

Now this is merely a bird's eye view of the many trees which decorate, shade and collect moss over the grounds. But from what we've seen, a botanist would have a holiday investigating the sturdy bark and branches of the campus.

ANNE McNIFF '55

A BACKYARD VIEW



THE gray squirrel scurried up the hill to my right; his huge, bushy, plumed tail disappeared behind one of the many laurel trees. I continued to gaze up the steep slope for a few moments. It was mid-January now and

only a few patches of orange and yellow fungi colored the damp brown earth of the woods, but the bubbling stream to my left told me that the "Falls" would not be dry this season.

As the "Falls" are no more than a half hour's walk from the college campus to the range of the hills in the east, I make many trips at all times of the year—when the wild flowers are in bloom and the purple and white iris dot the green landscape and the salamanders congregate in the pool, when the dry yellow grass, hot sun, and hungry ticks try to discourage a trip over the "top" to look down upon the San Rafael Valley. From the "top," Mt. Tamalpais, San Pablo Bay, and the Valley lie stretched out before you. At twilight the lights from the clustered houses below flash here and there like those of a giant pinball machine.

The view from the southern tip of this range of hills is even more extensive, but the small table-top clearing from which both the East Bay and the Golden Gate may be viewed, is a good hike beyond the "Falls" —up the south fork of the stream that feeds the waterfall, along a steep slippery trail, and across the top of the range past the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey tower. Once on the point you can watch the San Rafael ferry steam into the Richmond pier. The Bay Bridge in the distance spans the gray-blue waters of the San Francisco Bay, from the outskirts of one apparently peaceful city to another, but the smoky haze lying above them betrays their industry.

It is hard to leave this spot where you can feel that you're "sitting on top of the world," but it is certainly easy enough to get here again and well worth the somewhat strenuous hike to the "top." By taking a new path home, you may be able to spot a few Mule-tail deer grazing on the hills or bounding through the manzanita and buckbrush. The downhill trip around the "Rim of the World" will seem much shorter as you weave down a seldom used road along the western slope and into the valley. There might be just time enough for one more look around before dinner. You can climb up the hill north of "Inspiration Point" to the top of "Signe a Dieu." "Hadrian's Wall" will serve as a fine perch from which you can gaze out over Fanjeaux, a ten-minute hike below.



It is then that you realize that you have never really been out of the College's backyard although you've been hiking for several hours and have seen a priceless exhibit of masterpieces. And what kind of a nature lover is she who doesn't even know what lives and grows in her own backyard?

JANET PARKER '54

WINTER HEART

Under midnight's winter moon
The fertile ground waits,
White and frozen
In an agony of patience.
Love is a tender pasture
Whose crop, without harvest,
Rots and falls,
Whose haunted soil will seal its grave
And harden.
Thus do I bide my nights and days,
Longing to yield
Milk and honey to your hunger,
But wondering
If the sun is dead.

A.R.F. '53

LULLABY FOR A MOTHER WITHOUT HER CHILD

Half sunken, half afloat
Your drowsy little boat
Drifts crying on my deep green thoughts
Oh sleep, my distant one,
And know,
That in my sea cave you were born
And my harbor wants you.

A.R.F. '53

THE MODEL UNITED NATIONS

“THE WORLD is what you make it.” Through his advanced technical knowledge, man has made the world a much more pleasant place in which to live. Myriads of jobs which he once performed by back-breaking, life-shattering toil are now quickly, easily accomplished by machines. His material comforts are modern, up-to-the-minute, multitudinous. Unfortunately, man’s social knowledge has not advanced as rapidly as his mechanical knowledge; modern machines can swiftly extend the hand of peace—and war—around the entire globe. Man has yet to learn to live amicably with men of diverse ideologies, governments, ways of life.

A great organization has sprung up within the last decade to combat this evil, to help earnest men to live together in a world so small that he *must* learn to cooperate with his neighbors, one or several thousand miles away from his boundaries. To meet the ardent desire of the peace-loving peoples of the world, the nations of the world have banded together to form a world organization which they call the United Nations. Its purpose is to create a global government of peace, superimposed upon national governments. Few people, however, know or understand the complex relations among the leading diplomats of the nations of the world, whose major goal is to accomplish peace.

For this reason the Student World Affairs Council felt that it would be valuable to the students of California colleges and universities to acquaint themselves with the actual procedures of the United Nations. The Model United Nations is a working model of a great and complicated organization which strains its every part to prepare the way for the accomplishment of real and lasting peace.

Early in the spring semester every school that wishes to participate is appointed to represent a specific country. Then begins a serious preparation on the part of the students to represent that country as it actually functions in the United Nations' assemblies. This spring the Dominican College of San Rafael was chosen in cooperation with Saint Mary's College to represent the Philippine Islands. The students go to the consulate of that country to gather as much background material as possible on the country and to learn directly from the representatives of the country, the views and policies maintained by that nation. The consulates are always eager to give the students as much information as possible in order that their country be represented accurately.

Research is conducted in current magazines, which acquaint the student representatives with the major problems and policies involved. These facts are then compiled by the students in card or paper form so that the information is easily accessible to them at the time of the conference.

In April, fortified with the facts they have learned, the delegation journeys to the campus of the University of California for the meeting of the Model United Nations! Now every bit of the material gleaned from the previous months of research is utilized as the delegates act the part of their country at the General Assembly, in the Security Council, at committee meetings, and at smaller assemblies and caucuses. The host university assumes the role of Soviet Russia and reacts to every resolution and proposition in a typically Russian fashion, vetoing any action not definitely in her favor. The other delegations follow a similar pattern, uniting in blocs just as is done in the real United Nations. The conference is truly a model of the United Nations.

At the conference there are a great number of outside observers; some of them are interested students and faculty members; others are actual representatives from foreign countries who have come to observe the workings of this student group, who are learning through the experience of participation how the United Nations functions.

After the convention the students return to their various campuses full of enthusiasm to tell their respective student bodies how the United Nations operates; they have been impressed with the realism of the Model United Nations and have now a greater understanding of the operation of such an institution and

of the importance of its mission. The Model United Nations, then, has accomplished its purpose; more than three hundred student leaders now have a keener interest in and a clearer understanding of the union of nations which are working together for peace.

N. L. S. '53

TARNISH

It was merely a tiny, shining thing.
But I polished it, to brighten it,
It was mine, and I wanted it.

You breathed with envious breath
And the shining bit was dulled by recognition.
It was still mine,
But I no longer loved it.

HONORENE PHILLIPS '55

CLUB BITS

SPANISH CLUB

“Spring is here at last and the time for señoritas one and all to join in the annual ‘La Tertulia’s’ Pan American celebration” — thus invites the splashing poster on the Guzman bulletin board. “A spirit of gaiety in Spanish costumes is the only requirement to join the fun. Swing to the vivacious ‘La Raspa’ with your señor of the evening. The chatter is fast and rings with laughter, rattling the colorful Latin American décor and scenery for the Spanish plays. Refreshments are lavishly served; ‘candies from Heaven’ pour from the shattered piñata. It’s the day of the year that revives a singing and dancing Spain which you won’t want to miss.”

IRISH CLUB

It will be a great day for the little people of Ireland and their friends when Irish hospitality turns Fanjeaux into the St. Patrick’s Day Fair in honor of the good Saint and our Sister Patrick on her feast day. A lilting tunefulness with witty skits, colorful booths, dances and chances bring all together in costumes of green for a good bit of Blarney from old Erin.

ART CLUB

Book Fair at Christmas, lectures, exhibits, and students' projects keep the leaves of the calendar whirling. Visits to the museums, decorations for the "Holiday Settings" in Meadowlands in December, Mr. O'Hanlon's talk and exhibit of his sculpture in the spring, films of Matisse and Michelangelo, and prosperous feeling of piling up proceeds from the Book Fair to assist San Marco, very much in need, kept the Art Club members on their toes and in the news.

MUSIC CLUB

Concert series Tuesday night! Distressing words and sure temptation to those who have left homework to the last minute. Everyone assembles in Angelico; concert begins and then, another world! Famous pianist, string quartet, or a distinguished singer fills the evening with relaxation and enjoyment. As the lights flash on, the club offers a casual meeting and mingling with the great to make fame seem less remote and perfection more tangible. Also there are Thursday evening symphonies for which all may purchase tickets through the Symphony Forum (which the Music Club represents at Dominican) and the student concerts, held at an intimate meeting in Sister Dominic's studio for enjoyment and criticism of one another.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

Currents of the times blow about campus all year from meetings held bi-monthly when Benincasa's living room is changed into an assembly of future diplomats. The continuing problems of the Marshall Plan, NATO, the Middle East, South Africa, India, Korea, Indo-China are viewed and aired as two members outline the issue; and a lively discussion follows. One item of the spring program is to brief students to represent an ideal country in the Model United Nations meeting at the University of California in April when Dominican College diplomats prove their worth before delegates from other campuses of California.

FOREIGN STUDENTS CLUB

The production of "Beyond the Sea" focused the college's attention on the Foreign Students Club. Their spirited song and dance in colorful native costumes gave us a glimpse of some of our neighbors' traditions in Hawaii, the Philippines, South America, China, and the European nations. The Foreign Students in their united effort have broadened our knowledge of their cultures and in giving themselves have become an integral part of the college.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS CLUB

Announcements of coming field trips to research laboratories, hospitals, chemical industrial centers; of

movies on current scientific problems; of fellowships and employment opportunities crowd the bulletin board in Albertus Magnus. The Science Club also posts articles to keep its members informed on recent developments in their prospective fields. It presents a partial picture of the practical future careers open to us — of science in action.

M. W. '54

GAMMA SIGMA

Every year, on or near the feast of Saint Thomas Aquinas, the Honor Society, Gamma Sigma, formally receives the newly elected members. It has become one of our traditions to entrust to the Sophomore Students of the Humanities the honor of entertaining the newly received members by a symposium centering about some topic in the Humanities. The class of '55, already known for their spirited determination to do well, won another distinction for themselves in the admirable way they conducted their symposium. Their topic was "Roots of the Ideas of Power and Justice in our Modern Thinking"; they discussed the ideas of government and social justice held by such famous men as Saint Thomas, Saint Dominic, and Shakespeare, and showed how these earlier sentiments have influenced our modern social and governmental institutions.



BATS

DU^E to the fact that I had an up-bringing which taught me to love all of God's creatures and to fear none of them, I have some rather abnormal attitudes concerning certain minority groups on the Dominican campus. Snakes and bugs fascinate me, and having given one particular case a fair trial I feel a personal responsibility towards upholding the innocent name of the bat populace.

To begin with, the bat has the distinguished title of being the only member of the animal kingdom (neither bird nor bug, that is) which can gain and maintain altitude. The other so-called "flying" mammals merely use their wing-apparatus to descend gracefully. The bat has poor eyesight, but is not totally blind. Nevertheless its aero-navigation ability depends chiefly upon its delicate ears which pick up echoes from the supersonic cries uttered for that purpose. Photographs have been taken to show how desperately close its furry body can come to a wall or other obstacle before it will turn artistically and avoid collision or even the slightest contact. As it is such a skilled flier, no self-respecting bat would allow itself to become imprisoned in a mass of hair (to say nothing of the shrieks) only to find the shaved-off mass its shroud, and its tomb some incinerator or garbage receptacle. Tales about bats and barbered maidens are merely folk-lore.

Bats, like the best of us, may use biting or scratching techniques in self-defense, but never in the annals of science has any variety of bat been known to spend a night sucking blood from a human jugular vein for the sheer morbid pleasure of doing just that.

Occasionally the bat carries a parasite or two; but as they are bat parasites, their interests are limited and one needn't fear their leaving the homeland for greener pastures.

As the bat's table manners are delicate and its habitat is seldom earthly, it is a remarkably clean animal and its disposition is timid and never malicious. I have never heard of anyone's keeping a bat as a pet, but when they are not afraid they are quiet animals. I once removed a bat from a wall and held him in my hand, having approached him tenderly. Upon examining his face closely, I noticed neat features and a sensitive expression, a quivering nose, and big soft lovable ears.

From my personal experience I suggest that you do not harbor any ill feelings towards this maligned, innocent, little animal.

A.R.F. '53

ON WRITING MUSIC

ANYONE can write music. That is to say, anyone can invent a melody, although training is required to be able to write it on paper, and genius is required to compose a twenty-one voice fugue. Nearly everyone doodles with pencil and paper, perhaps a few lines drawn on a phone book cover during a telephone conversation or a margin design on class notes, and more frequently than one realizes, nearly everyone doodles with the voice. When overcome by a strong feeling, one may find oneself uttering an original tune spontaneously; or when only part of a tune is remembered, one may find that a subsequent phrase has been invented. Some might call this singing incorrectly. Actually, an original melody has been composed!

Training in form and notation is the cup into which musical expression is poured. It contains the volatile thought and holds it together. It may be a big cup full of marvelous liquid; but sometimes just a demitasse, just a small taste, can be delicious in its own little way. Sometimes one scene or feeling produces a chain reaction, and a brand new picture evolves. I remember one sultry miserable evening in New York last summer when I relieved my thoughts of the heat by reflecting back on the past month in the French Pyrenees. Cool, fresh chords came into my mind like

a stampede of painted horses from a broken merry-go-round, and suddenly I had written a waltz.

One late afternoon I stood at the edge of the harbor in a Cape Cod fishing village, absorbing the intense stillness of the fog. A sea gull rose from a nearby piling. It cut the curved line of a major seventh and disappeared into the sky above the islands in the sound, leaving in its path the throb of an E minor triad. The final result was a "Seascape" for piano.

Of course there are the inevitable times when nature is more personal than is shown in the flight of a seagull—times when a college girl feels like the collective manifestation of every broken heart in the history of mankind. For these bleak hours the mournful groan of a cello is most relieving.

Not that I ever expect to hear the trumpets of the angelic hosts proclaim my triumph—but small-time composing is fun.

A. R. F. '53



PORTRAIT OF A SIBYL

OUR POETRY writing class had small-talked and shifted restlessly for twenty minutes, and we were about to break up without our professor, when we sensed, rather than heard or saw, her approach. Then the door swung open and there stood the poet.

Part witch and part angel, she had come to us, proud, serenely beautiful, and, to us undergraduates, marvelously old. She seemed to sail into the room like a triumphant, time-worn square rigger gliding into port, flaunting scars won in victorious battle against the adverse winds of a prosaic world. Even before she spoke she had begun to weave us into the magic world of intangible and lost spheres. The bare classroom walls faded into oblivion as our eyes and minds were caught, imaginations awakened by this strange Scots-woman with magnificent clear blue eyes, eyes that had seen other worlds and ages, instantly responsive eyes that crinkled with laughter, narrowed with cynicism, that sometimes seemed slightly wicked and, often, terribly sad. With finely chiseled features and alabaster skin through which a rose color translucently glowed, she reminded one of the fine profiles carved on an old cameo.

She moved quickly, with a regal uninhibited air and a courageous limp, her jewel-decked hand fluttering at the pert veiled and flowered hat that floated on

her snow-blue hair. We always waited eagerly to see what she would be wearing, and today's outfit was typical. Actually, some of her ensembles, fantastic to a degree that only her imagination could devise and which no tamer spirit could have ventured to parade, on her slim-stemmed body took on a continental, assuredly elegant air. The sometimes arrogant, sometimes wistful hats, the odd fur pieces, the coat always belted flapper fashion around her hips and the tinsel-sealed showy beads seemed lovely, on her, somehow.

Perhaps it was her Scottish sensitiveness for texture, her poet's understanding of color that taught her to create a Highlander's autumn with this nubby tweed, that soft bit of wool; spring magic with some end of silk and a wisp of chiffon. She also created moods with her combination of blended pastels. Sometimes she would wear grey and beige with pearl and creamy whites, sometimes warm coral and melon with hot scarlet. That day she was a sonata of cool blues and violets, and so we were prepared for lyrics and ocean tales.

By means of a rich Scottish brogue and a voice that could be soft and refined with sentiment one second and brash with anger the next, she poured out to us the treasures of her imagination and experiences. Such experiences! Born in Glasgow with the poet's strange affinity to adventure and tragedy, she lost her mother early, accompanied her father to the Crimea,

Bulgaria, and Rumania and had a poem published by the time she was ten years old. Later, upon seeking entrance to Glasgow University, she was still operating under the poet's star when, instead of writing the composition required for entrance, she whipped off a last-minute poem that not only gained her admittance but reaped her a scholarship as well. She graduated with a degree in education and, as was the system for teachers then, did her apprenticeship in the slum schools for three years.

Just before the first World War this lass from Glasgow fell deeply in love with, and married, a handsome young officer in the British Army. Shortly after the wedding he was ordered to France where he fought for two years. In the meantime, she, not one to be idle, was a saleswoman for Sperry Flour Company throughout England and got her degree in nursing, specializing in shell shock. Then life took the cruel turn that was to change the vivacious poet into the family provider, a hard business woman, a tragic gypsy. Douglas, her husband, came home from the war partially disabled as the result of mustard gas poisoning. Since then they have traveled all over looking for a suitable climate for him, living for brief periods in Europe, North Africa, Canada, Mexico and, finally, California. She provided during these years by teaching, nursing, and numerous business ventures such as maintaining a dress shop that catered

to the cream of London society, to running a motel in California, and, always, by creating. She has written six books and had countless newspaper articles and poems published. Instead of drying up her creative well these ordeals gave it more depth. Instead of making her bitter, it has made her more tolerant, more charitable (amazingly more for a fiery Scotswoman!)

Also during this period of migration and survival, she managed, somehow, to bear and rear a boy who is now an R.A.F. pilot with a poet's heroic heart and a fine baritone voice.

Today she was happy. Sometimes she would come to us wonderfully sad, sometimes exploding with anger over world issues, or the injustices done her by small mean people without souls. Always her moods were intense, and we would inevitably share them.

She read to us from a tattered anthology and a "Weird Tales" pulp magazine (mystery fascinated her), she confided to us her speculations about inexplicable phenomena on the ocean floor, she ranted about mediocre poets and politicians, she gossiped about the college faculty and London society (Queen Mary, "the wise old girl," and our poet corresponded), she praised, boasted, flayed and sang. We were inspired.

But why, why were we inspired by the rhapsodies of this mercurial sibyl? I doubt if she could answer that herself. She could brew a magic spell without

need of a recipe, without awareness of her art. Was it voodooism, a form of hypnotism? Perhaps God had given her the gift to create, that she might spread it, by her very presence, like a beneficent contagion. If so, we were, indeed, not immune.

Just as she was telling us, in lurid detail, about the time when as a girl she was shipwrecked off the Crimean Coast, the screeching class-bell sounded, slicing through the embryo of poems being born inside us, jerking us back to present time.

As she stuffed an array of papers into her sagging, threadbare bookbag we thought we detected a tired, discouraged look on her face. Then one of the students shyly handed her a short typewritten poem. The girl was wearing an anxious "Please like it" expression as the poet read the verses and as she read, her melancholy expression flashed into the familiar one of intense joy and pride.

"Why this is magnificent, my girl! Marvellous! Really quite subtle . . . what shall we call it? Must have a title, you know . . . Ah! You know how chant reverberates in a cathedral . . . setting up tensions, electrifying the air? . . . intonations . . . monotonous intonations. . . It's tension that causes the breakdown here isn't it? Monotony . . . monotones . . . 'Madness in Monotony?' 'Monotone Madness'? Perhaps just 'Chant?'" Pouring out praise effusively, fervently working on word pictures, her blue eyes glowing, she

was once again our indomitable Kate Archer, poet, prophet, sorceress, who would each time send us from her classroom rapt in a spell of verse-weaving and eager for her next charged descent upon our waiting spirits.

ANNE BUCKLEY '54

IN LIBERATION

Go, . . . like winged birds
Released from darkened cages,
Thoughts, set to words
And woven into pages;
Go from the shadowed silence
Of the mind
Into the light
That beats upon your kind.

KATE RENNIE ARCHER

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