

1954

1954 Firebrand

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The Firebrand







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1954

THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



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To

Sister Mary Joseph, O.P.

ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE FIREBRAND

<i>Editor</i>	PALMYRA PRATO
<i>Associate Editor</i>	HELEN HADLY
<i>Assistant Editors</i>	{ MARY JEAN CORRIGAN HONORENE PHILLIPS FRANCES QUINN
<i>Business Manager</i>	MARGARET McCAULEY
<i>Assistant Business Managers</i>	{ ADRIENNE CARLETON MERRIE WEBB
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MARGARET CAVANAUGH	S.M.M.
LEE LEE DOYLE	S.M.N.
SHIRLEY DOYLE	DOROTHY SLATTERY
MARY GEMSCH	SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR
CATHERINE HAMILTON	JOAN WARREN
ROSEMARY JOVICK	THE SENIOR CLASS

EDITORIAL

THIS is no world in which a graduate of '54 can stand still. As we look about us we can see that issues are drawn, struggles against oppression continue, and choices must be made. The situation of our small world, in which each of us will find ourselves after four years of preparation in the spirit of St. Dominic, is only one phase of the large world of today.

All free countries — regardless of size — clearly see that they must align themselves with the forces of freedom if today they, too, wish to remain free. Even the smallest nations see that it is impossible to remain in isolation in our shrunken world. Each country not only has to recognize its potentialities and limitations in relation to world affairs, but it must also put to constructive use its social, economic, and political resources.

We, too, will find that it is impossible to remain in a state of isolation if our works are to bear fruit. Each of us will be faced with varied and difficult problems, but we must use as our weapons the principles of an education that has given us a true sense of values. Issues peculiar to the way we choose — whether in the professions, in the religious life, or in the home — will arise and will have to be actively met. But no matter what the individual careers in our little worlds, the

forces of the larger outside world will still shadow us and they may have to be met. What problems we will have to meet we do not know, but of this we are sure: basically we must meet them all in the Dominican spirit.



HARVEST HOME

For the Litany of the Saints

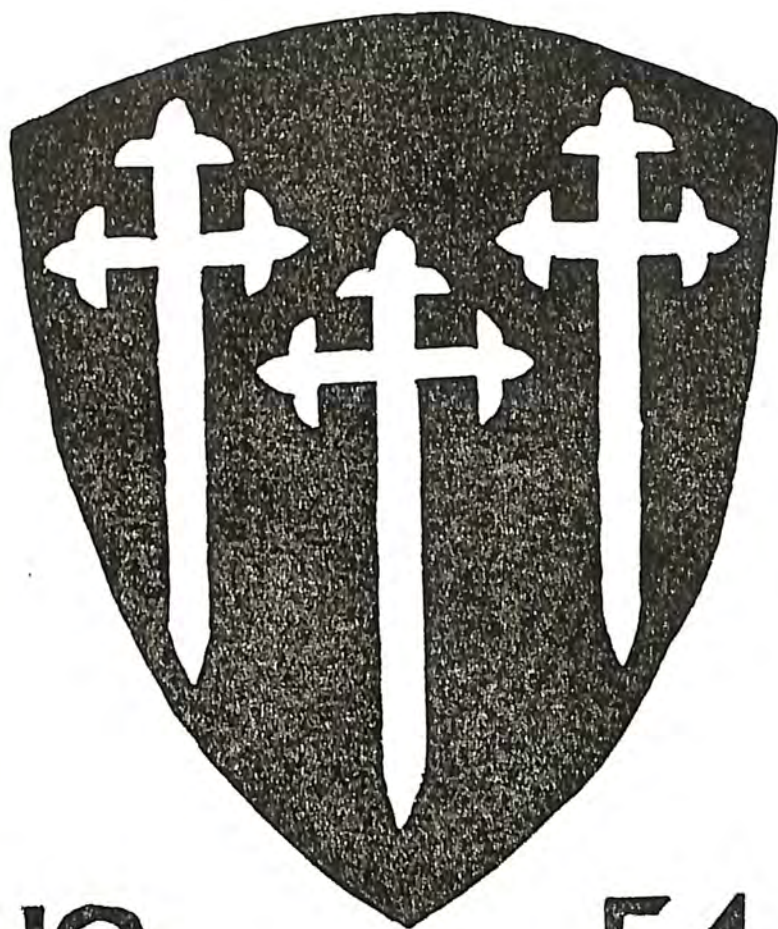
How this shining lyric twines
wonder in the hearts that hear it,
how the inmost vision prances
to *vivace* spirit-dances,
as each tongue so sweetly wrung
lauds earth's fairest, soars in clearest
winsome praises to God's dearest.

Happy they whose treasure, growing
with Love's vineyard's mystic climbing,
garners joy in harvest-homing
ringing to Eternity's chime.—
Lightsome goes each spirit stirred
to the singing of the Bird
fire-winging through blue
echo, echo, echo of the Word.

None so gay as Heaven-folk feasting!
How they frolic! Ever merriest,
lighter, lither, blither, dafter
than all else is sung saints' laughter:
Hear it scaling the sky-rafter!

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR
in *The Sign*

Author's Note — This poem is a tribute to the joyous, vivacious rendering given the Litany of the Saints by the Dominicans of San Rafael.



19

54



ANITA MARY ANTONINI

Stockton, California

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINORS: BIOLOGY, MATHEMATICS

Gamma Sigma
Class Secretary '53
Science Club '52, '53, '54
Music Club '53

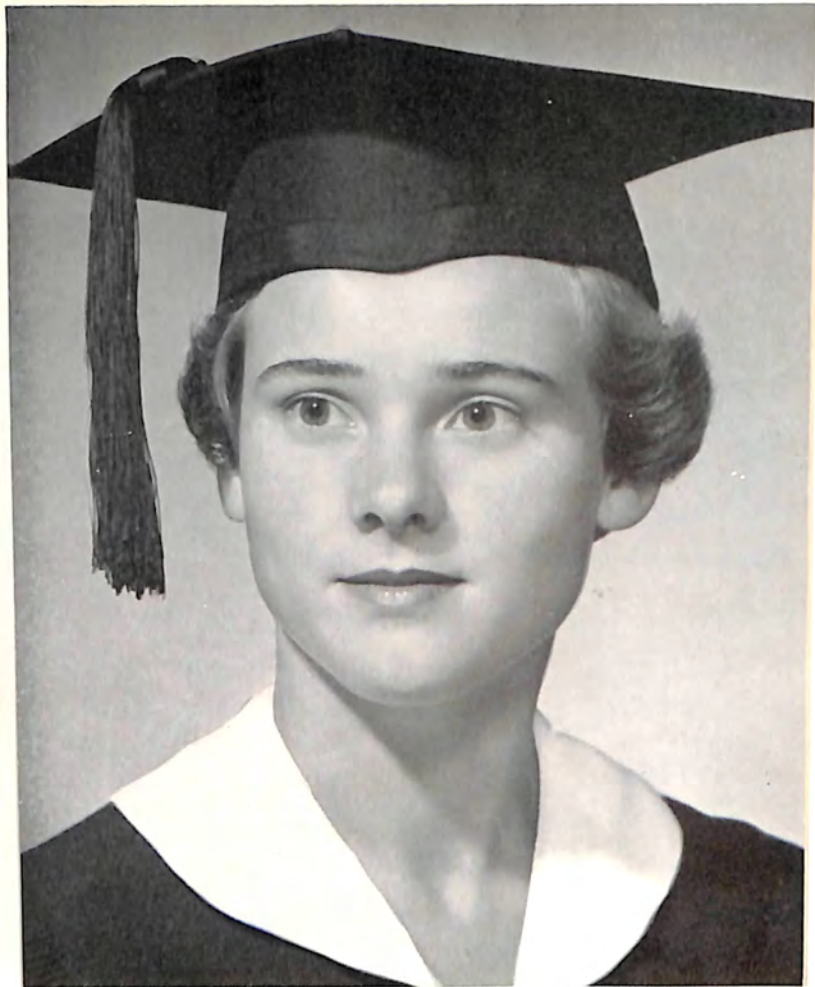
Spanish Club '51
Choral '51
W.A.A. Show '52

ANITA ANTONINI

AS YOU flip through a picture album, Anita's face is the one you overlook and then suddenly go back to study in order to make sure that such a lovely smile is really possible. It is a smile that lights up her eyes and seems to transform her. It's a mystery smile, for it is a medley of peaceful serenity, humorous fun, and a happy kindness.

Anita is the girl who gets "A's" from Father Curran, the one you want on your side in a game of "Categories" at Bolinas, a quiet person, a bright chemistry major and a member of the Honor Society. But her friends will remember more her gifts — far rarer than scholarship — of listening sympathetically and of putting herself out to help anyone who needs her.





MARGIT MARIA BATTHA
Hungary

MAJOR: BIOLOGY
MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Edgehill House Chairman '54
W.A.A. Secretary '53
Science Club '52, '53
Music Club '51, '52
Art Club '51, '52, '53, '54

French Club '51, '52, '54
Madrigal '51, '52
Choral '51
W.A.A. Show '52, '53
I.R.C. '54

MARGIT BATTHA

GAY, pretty Margit comes from another world— one time a world of bubbling champagne, courtly gentlemen, and merry Hungarian sleigh rides. Yet, she is truly the typical college girl in her love of fashion magazines and clothes, her enjoyment of parties, her complaints about school work, and her discussions with others on current problems. But she has something else, as well, which makes her as charming to watch as a lovely ballerina. There is a sparkle about her and a slight error in the proper placement of accents in her speech, which work an enchantment that keeps her weekend calendar filled with parties and dances.

She has an unusual talent for practical things, too. Her success as a teacher has been amply demonstrated and she cooks superbly. She designs and makes her own clothes — one might say that in Margit the Old World has taken on the “New Look.”





GERTRUDE ELIZABETH BLAKE
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS
MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Social Chairman '54
Executive Board '54
W.A.A. Vice-President '53
Fanjeaux House Chairman '53

Meadowlark Staff '53
Carillon Staff '52
Irish Club '51, '52, '53
W.A.A. Show '52, '53

GERTRUDE BLAKE

A LOUD intake of breath, with an underlying pedal tone of impending disaster, followed by a horror-stricken "Oh, you kids!" can introduce anything from the fact that Gertie's socks don't match, to the sudden realization that she has lost all her class notes. To say she is dramatic would be false, for drama consists in building the emotions falsely; whereas to her the little things are important and worthy of her emotions, and she pays in true coin; her basic makeup prevents any falseness in her.

A typical extrovert, Gertie has formed a mutual admiration society with nature. Extremely sensitive, herself, she is very careful of the feelings of others, even in her busiest moments — a trait that has won for her the love and admiration which she receives in abundance. Large-heartedness is the most outstanding of the legion of her virtues, and overshadows her faults almost to the point of obliteration. Gertie must have been Saturday's child for truly she is "loving and giving."





MARY MARGUERITE BRADLEY
Burlingame, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

University of California, 1952-1953

Social Committee '52
Spanish Club '51

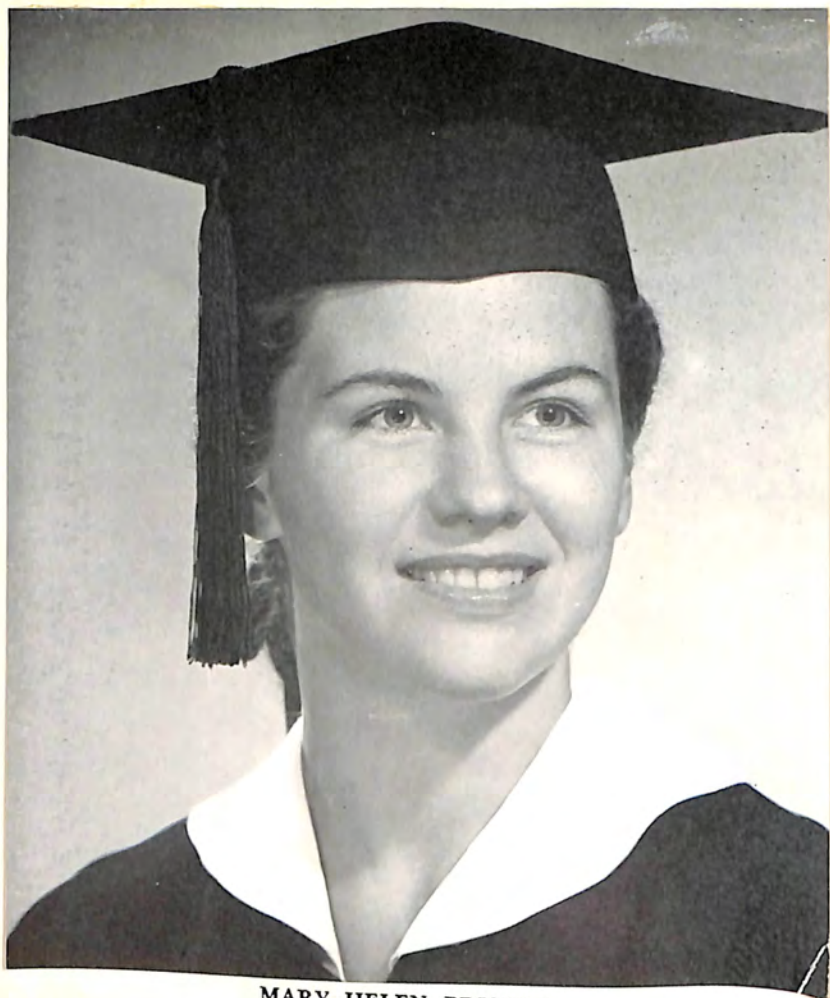
Irish Club '52
I.R.C. '52, '54

MARY BRADLEY

MARY is impressive in appearance, very pleasant to look at. Her curly black hair and large hazel green eyes tell one at a glance that she is Irish; she is very proud of her ancestral land. Her Irish warmth of heart is seen in her kindness and hospitality. She generously shares her Mercury (always the latest make for she thriftily turns the old one in) on Friday afternoons. Four or five of her companions often travel with her to her peninsula home, and when there is a dance in San Francisco as many as fifteen have spent the weekend with her.

Mary is a great water-skiing enthusiast as well as an accomplished equestrian. Her latest interest is golf, which we know from past experience, she will soon perfect. Her sporting interests are balanced by her cultural pursuits. She rarely misses a symphony, and although she is a history major she has taken many English courses for the pure love of reading and for the deepening of her appreciation of literature.





MARY HELEN BRISCOE
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: SPEECH

Symphony Forum '53, '54
Radio Players '52, '53, '54
Art Club '52, '53, '54
Program Chairman '53

Music Club '51, '52, '53
Choral '51, '52
Madrigal '51, '52, '53
W.A.A. Show '52

MARY HELEN BRISCOE

MARY HELEN is beautiful, with dark eyes and long, dark hair, which she frequently wears in distinctive coronet style. Added to this is a skill in dressmaking, in cooking, and in music, which we have all enjoyed for four years.

Her major field of Art and her electives in music and speech all required many hours of creative activity outside of class. Still she had time to pursue her interest in radio, often acting as musical director and assisting with the writing of continuity — contributions which won for her the coveted Radio Players' honor award. She accomplished all of this with her characteristic calm efficiency.

Mary Helen is now using her many domestic talents as the bride of a young engineer. We only wish she could have been with us to share the last semester of our college life.





ANN CATHERINE BUCKLEY
Medina, Washington

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ENGLISH

Firebrand Staff '53, '54
Meadowlark Staff '52, '53
Carillon Staff '52
English Club '53
Irish Club '52, '53

Art Club '51, '52, '53, '54
President '53, '54
Publicity Chairman '52
French Club '51
W.A.A. Show '52, '53
Poetry Cup '52, '53

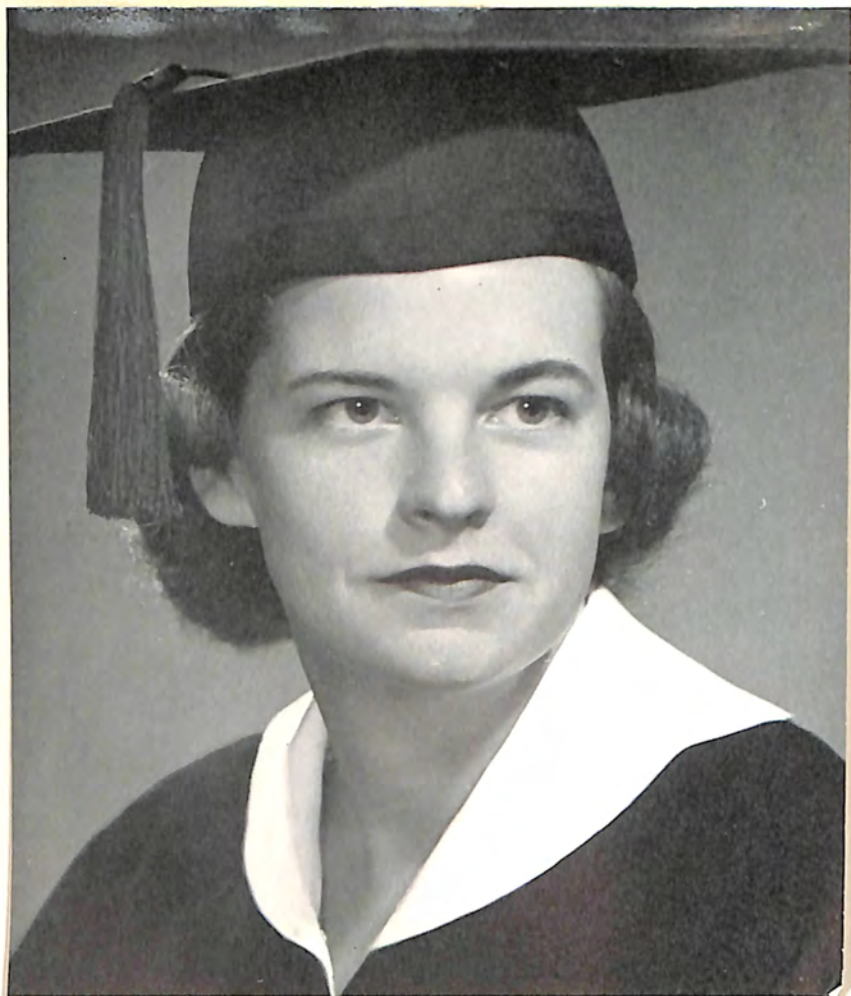
ANN BUCKLEY

ANN is like the subtlest of geometric figures — a circle. To make up the circle are hundreds of radii: sensitive poetic and artistic talent, fondness for clothes and parties, a feeling, at times, that classes, people, time and even pillow cases are expendable, a crusading spirit for orderliness, lovable wit, and a use of revolving gesticulations in explanations.

The tangents which touch this circle are every facet of life. Ann reads five assorted magazines weekly, has seen much of the world as the daughter of an Army officer, has a circle of friends who vary in personality extremes, and is found involved in every Class Day project — from writing volleyball cheers to painting the backdrop for the program.

There is no way of solving the puzzle of a circle. Ann's worries and emotions are transmitted into a poem and her notebooks are filled with fascinating sketches and notes in erratic penmanship. Her frenzied planning of trips to football games, musicals and parties has been known to end with Student Affairs Board notices or groans over conflicting dates to come. But she manages to unravel the confusion and is soon devising a new schedule for school and social activities.





ANITA MARIE BURKE

Seattle, Washington

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Transferred from University of Washington '52

Irish Club '53, '54

I.R.C. '54

C.S.T.A. '54

Choral '53, '54

ANITA BURKE

“WHAT did you say?” This expression shows that Anita has missed part of a conversation because of her prolonged laughter over a previous joke. Aside from this, it also shows her interest, and since we hear it so often, we know that she is nearly always interested in what goes on around her. Anita’s friends often take advantage of her by telling her fantastic stories which she has believed so often that now she rarely believes the truth. “You wouldn’t kid me — would you?”

Any thespian would be pleased to have Anita in the audience because she finds something good in all movies. Her enthusiasm is unbounded and so are her questions to the person sitting next to her. She carries this enthusiasm into all aspects of life and is a willing audience for everyone. An easy person to talk to, she makes friends readily.

Her uproarious laughter is heard at all hours of the day and night, yet even her smiles cease if an unkind remark is made about anyone else.





ADRIENNE DOLORES CARLETON
Oakland, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Firebrand Staff '54
Absence Committee '52, '53
Irish Club '52, '53, '54
President '54

I.R.C. '54
C.S.T.A. '54
French Club '51
Music Club '51, '52, '53

ADRIENNE CARLETON

ADRIENNE'S personality is many-sided. On the surface she is friendly and easy-going, always ready for fun and laughter. Beneath this veneer is the Adie who through four years has proved herself one of the most capable and dependable workers in the class.

We first knew her as the girl who had been to the Hawaiian Islands the summer before her Freshman year, and who was more than willing to tell us about it and to teach us Hawaiian dances. Her ability as a teacher has extended beyond the recreational sphere, and now she is exercising her talents on enthusiastic and responsive classes of children. The beautiful projects she has designed, and even more, the genuine interest in her pupils should assure her success in the classroom.

Her pretty face and jolly laugh add to her charm as a hostess. Many of her friends will carry with them grateful memories of Adie's warm-hearted hospitality especially to those who were a long way from home.





MARIANNE CECIL CARTER

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from University of British Columbia, Vancouver, Canada
C.S.T.A. '54

MARIANNE CARTER

THE influence of life in many lands has done much for the making of Marianne Carter. She grew up in England, near Stratford-on-Avon, and there was steeped in the love of Shakespeare. So fruitful was this love that Sir James Barrie tried to lure her into playing Shakespearean roles on the London stage. Her family frowned on this venture, but the love of drama has never left her. She finds an outlet in writing and arranging plays for her pupils and in producing them well.

She has lived in Paris and in the Philippines and she studied at the University of British Columbia. She has a passion for study — if she can study what she likes. Yet she is far from being a mere student. Beauty of every kind delights her; people in life as in literature interest her, and her creative ability sometimes takes form in sprightly verse-sketches of her friends.

Her wide inquiring blue eyes and a faint English accent impress her classmates. They are astounded at her (very natural) knowledge of the world and often entertained by her frankly expressed opinions. They think they may remember most her ability to carry a full college program, teach in grammar school and raise a daughter. “No wonder,” they say, “we admire her.”





YVONNE MENDOZA CASTILLO
Manila, Philippine Islands

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: MUSIC

Transferred from St. Scholastica's College, Manila '53
Music Club '54
Choral '54
Madrigal '54

YVONNE CASTILLO

YVONNE has known both the luxurious life of the Philippines and the rigors of the Japanese war. She came to us, enriched by these experiences, only in our last year; but almost at once she seemed to be a part of us.

She has added much to our lives by her thoughtfulness, and many will remember her delightful way of remembering birthdays as well as her sacrifice of sleep to type someone's term paper. Her peals of laughter over something that amuses her will be memorable, too, and how, when especially amused, she gives her neighbor a slight push to show her approval. (Once she caused the neighbor to go over backwards in a chair when the push showed unexpected strength, and another time, at a theater, Yvonne became very embarrassed when the neighbor turned out to be a complete stranger.)

Yvonne's swift strength in a volleyball game gave us another facet of life in which to enjoy her; but it is for the times when she has shared her clear soprano voice with us that she is unforgettable. When she sings the "Ave Maria," she seems to glow quietly, and all feel that here is a person with much of the saint about her.





BARBARA BARRY DALY

Eureka, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Social Committee '54
Spanish Club '51, '52
Irish Club '51, '52, '53, '54

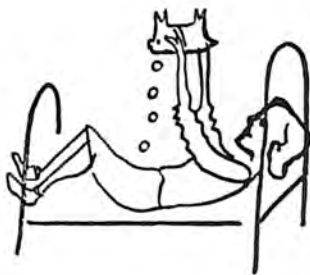
C.S.T.A. '54
I.R.C. '54
W.A.A. Show '52

BARBARA DALY

THE FAMILIAR cry, "B.D.," of Barbara's many friends may be heard at all times of the day and night. "B.D., do you have a cigarette?" "B.D., can I borrow your education notes?" "B.D., may I use your car to go downtown?" Barbara's generosity is unbounded and she will give you the proverbial shirt off her back, although the one thing she detests is people who will not speak out and ask for what they want.

She is an avid card player and is known for her knowledge of numerous varieties of solitaire. However, solitaire is by no means characteristic of Barbara. You will always find her as the center of a group whether it is a study or party group. In either case, you find she has a well developed sense of interest and understanding.

Barbara's self-composure, evident at all times, enables her to face the most difficult situation with poise. Many a time her quick thinking has changed a sorry situation into a merry one.





KATHERINE LEE DOYLE
Dixon, California

MAJORS: PHILOSOPHY, BIOLOGY

Gamma Sigma
Student Affairs Board President '54
Executive Board '54
Carillon Editor '53
Class Secretary '51
English Club '53
Spanish Club '51, '52
Treasurer '51
Secretary '52

Irish Club '51, '52, '53, '54
W.A.A. Board '53
Choral '51, '52
Schola '53, '54
Orchestra '51
Madrigal '52
Carillon Staff '52
W.A.A. Show '52, '53
Science Club '52, '53

KATHERINE DOYLE

IN LEE LEE, the staid philosopher is saved by a pair of sunny blue eyes, a scattering of light, attractive freckles, and a smile as Irish as her name.

She is the nearest approach to genius in our class — a brilliant scholastic record, a reputation for keen insight in her role of Student Affairs Board President, a master in the art of conversation, a valuable addition in any school sport, and gifted with a lovely singing voice and a fine ability for writing. Her efficiency and sense of responsibility, shaded with a feeling of superiority, would be annoying if it were not for a keen sense of humor usually directed on herself. Not many would find a habit of falling down at odd moments funny, but Lee Lee manages to make her “grammar school” knees with their scraped appearance a source of amusement; and even in her moments of irritation, she is usually making fun of that irritation.

Lee Lee's acts of kindness — which seem to have no limit — and her innate love of fun and of the ridiculous make her more than the run-of-the-mill genius. She is an Irish genius.





MARIAN JOAN ETTER
Honeydew, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Transferred from Humboldt State College '51

Irish Club '52, '53

President '53

English Club '53

Art Club '54

Y.C.S. '54

I.R.C. '54

W.A.A. Show '52, '53

French Club '54

MARIAN ETTER

IF YOU have ever wandered through a library you have received an impression similar to the one Marian gives you. She has a section on art, philosophy, psychology, sociology, literature, sports, fantastic fiction, and just about anything else you would find. She can bring forth treasures out of one section or of several to the delight of her friends. (To Marian, the word friend excludes no one.) She outdoes the library because she can not only bring forth its thoughtful atmosphere, but can also (and quite often does), bring out the utmost in hilarity and confusion.

Marian's originality can be seen in Lancelot the Ocelot (her favorite stuffed animal), in her fencing at unpredictable times, in her dress, opinions, and bright red convertible. Generous almost to a fault she does favors in such a humorous manner that you often fail to see the real thoughtfulness behind her actions.

Varied interests, unselfishness, seriousness veiled by an outward bounce and unfailing vitality — so we remember Marian.





CAROL GAIL GAMBLE
Suisun, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Irish Club '51, '52, '53, '54

Music Club '52, '53, '54

French Club '53, '54

Choral '51, '52

W.A.A. Show '53

GAIL GAMBLE

GAIL'S grandfather used to talk to her in the language of Ireland's Golden Age — Gaelic — which is perhaps why she seems like a golden, Irish sprite — tiny, with gold hair and eyes, a fondness for bright jewelry and gay nail polish, a high, thin voice when she is excited, a love for dancing and a certain wisdom behind her guileless smile.

Gail's is a sparking, subtle wit that most people miss; her conversation is colored by quaint sayings (like "Gail came in and Gail said . . ."), by clever, quick, sarcastic remarks which she often regrets, and by a voice which runs unexpectedly and blithely from high to very low.

Gail is a girl with definite likes and dislikes. To her, "All that glitters is not gold." She may be attracted by shiny officers' bars, but no one can win Gail by flattery or insincerity.





SYLVIA MARIE GHIGLIERI
Stockton, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

Gamma Sigma
Music Club '51, '52, '53, '54
Treasurer '52
French Club '51, '52, '54

Choral '51, '52, '53, '54
Madrigal '51, '52, '53, '54
W.A.A. Show '53

SYLVIA GHIGLIERI

"MY LIFE is my music" is a staccato refrain which is the background of Sylvia's being. Her debut with the Stockton Symphony in 1950 was the prelude to four years of study at the Dominican Conservatory of Music.

Her classmates knew Sylvia first as a quiet, intense, conscientious girl, squinting a little behind her glasses as she peered at her friends, at the bulletin board, or at a sheet of music. Her graceful, spidery hands were always moving, whether skillfully over a keyboard or as an added emphasis to her exclamation-pointed conversation.

Sylvia has given herself almost entirely to music—a reason perhaps why she seems to turn inward on herself, declining to venture into other fields as she could do so easily. Yet Sylvia says herself that she relates her music to religion, as she does, for she is serving God beautifully when she leads us unconsciously to a higher ideal by her brilliant playing of inspired compositions.





HELEN ANNE HADLY

Los Gatos, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: FRENCH

Firebrand Staff '54
Meadowlark Staff '53
Carillon Staff '52
French Club '51, '52
Music Club '52, '53

I.R.C. '53, '54
Vice-President '53
Secretary '54
W.A.A. Show '52, '53

HELEN HADLY

HELEN is a dreamer, but her dreams sometimes take shape, most often in an unconventional way. She can manage a summer in Europe as easily as an ill-timed trip to San Francisco. She has ideas, and on large subjects she can think clearly and talk well. Her deep convictions can not be shaken by the most plausible of lecturers. She may not always convince others, but she has clear reasons for convincing herself. Her creative power is seen in the verse she writes, and her determination to learn has taken the form of regularly attending a class that she has already creditably passed.

The fullness of her program seems impossible, but she has a gift of being able to sleep anywhere in any position at any time, and thereby, we take it, she stores up a mysterious energy. As a result, Helen often is the despair of her many classmates at the end of the day when she appears fresh and eager to begin work.

She can judge the value of a professor's work, but she is at a total loss when it comes to buying a cotton dress. She seems childlike and mature at the same time; her enthusiasms run high and her sweetness overflows. Helen would give of herself much more than she has the strength to give, but she gives a great deal.





NANCY DIANE JELLEY
South Pasadena, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Student Body Secretary '52
Class Vice-President '54
Student Affairs Board '54
Executive Board '52
Irish Club '51, '52, '53, '54
Vice-President '53

Spanish Club '51
Art Club '52
C.S.T.A. '54
Choral '51
W.A.A. Show '52, '53

DIANE JELLEY

PIQUANT face with vibrant brown eyes, and a slender figure encased in a carefully planned outfit give Diane an air of sophistication. If not pretty in the conventional sense, certainly her appearance is arresting. Modeling lessons assure a poised entrance — an occasionally planned maneuver may tend to further the impression of sophistication, but more often both entrance and impression are counteracted by a facetious lift of the eyebrow and a twinkle of the eye which warmly betrays her sense of the ridiculous. Though perfectly normal and matter-of-fact herself, Dinny has an inordinate talent for getting into preposterous situations; from these she extricates herself, not always without embarrassment. But in compensation, there is the wonderful story it will make in the telling. Not only a good story teller, Diane can on occasion argue skillfully. And here, if in earnest, she shows her deeper, more serious self. Her ideas may seem sometimes unconventional, but they are hers and come of both thought and prayer. Diane plans to teach and who can doubt that she will be — with her sincere love of people and just sense of values — an educator in the best sense of the word.





HELEN JANE LARKINS
Greenbrae, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION
MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Day Scholar President '54
Executive Board '54
Class Vice-President '52, '53
W.A.A. Board '53, '54
Carillon Staff '52

C.S.T.A. '54
Y.C.S. '52
Choral '51, '52
W.A.A. Show '52, '53

JANE LARKINS

JANE, a tall girl with a big contagious laugh, is one of the best-liked girls in her class. The number of confidences entrusted to her would probably prove startling if they were known, but, although Jane loves conversation, there is never a hint of these secrets in it.

Because she can fit in anywhere, is a hard worker, and can stir up enthusiasm in the most apathetic girl, Jane is a leader. Even in a class of leaders she stands out. Again and again others have realized her unconscious superiority and have united under her to achieve a fine team in sports, an outstanding day hop group or a successful class project.

Jane comes near to being worshipped by children. Something about this enthusiast with her hearty laugh, her understanding and her interest in everything makes it easy for them to love and admire her.





BARBARA JEAN LUCHETTI
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: FRENCH

French Club '51, '52, '53, '54
President '54
C.S.T.A. '54

I.R.C. '54
Choral '51, '52

BARBARA LUCHETTI

BARBARA'S costume for winter is not an ordinary coat and sweater-skirt combination — she adds two or three sweaters and is constantly shrinking deep into the bundle with a cold shiver. Like the cats which she is so fond of, she loves warm spots and spends many hours in the Edgehill kitchen, hunched in a chair, drinking hot coffee, and studying, or entertaining everyone present with her brisk, and sarcastic, but amusing conversation.

She gets very upset and excited over little things, as though they were the greatest crises in her life. Whether it is over a U. S. History quiz, a French class, or a game of "Sorry," she never fails to amuse us with her mile-a-minute, forceful speech.

In spite of her constantly repeated "I'm going out of my mind," Barbara is business-like and independent. Her school work and social life are evenly balanced, and basically, she enjoys both immensely.





CATHERINE MARIE MATICH

Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: SPEECH

MINORS: HISTORY, ENGLISH, LATIN

Gamma Sigma
H.O.O.D. Cup '52
Student Affairs Board '53
Executive Board '52
Class Representative '52
Class Secretary '54
Firebrand Staff '52

Meadowlark Staff '53
Radio Players '52, '53, '54
Pressboard '52
Troupers '52, '53
Irish Club '52, '53
English Club '53
W.A.A. Show '52, '53

CATHERINE MATICH

IT IS too tempting an idea not to compare Catherine to a Renaissance woman. There is her real love of learning, including such diverse fields as Greek literature, history, and science. Her conversation and writing have a flavor of the Renaissance; her beautiful speech is the graceful expression of innate refinement, while her writing is enriched by carefully chosen words and contrived phrases.

The sixteenth century lady was expected to excel in cooking, to be a practical business woman, to appreciate art and indulge in one of its various phases. Cath has all these prerequisites to some degree; most notable, however, is her highly-developed gift for dramatic art.

She loves beautiful things and is fastidious about her clothes and person. She sometimes assumes a slightly superior attitude, and her fury is sharp and cold, but her sense of humor is wonderful both in its warmth and in its wit. With casual acquaintances Catherine has an air of cool detachment. It is true that she dislikes those whom she does not respect; but her affections are deep and in them, too, she fulfills the Renaissance ideal that true friendship is a virtue worthy of the highest esteem.





CATHERINE MARIE MATICH

Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: SPEECH

MINORS: HISTORY, ENGLISH, LATIN

Gamma Sigma
H.O.O.D. Cup '52
Student Affairs Board '53
Executive Board '52
Class Representative '52
Class Secretary '54
Firebrand Staff '52

Meadowlark Staff '53
Radio Players '52, '53, '54
Pressboard '52
Troupers '52, '53
Irish Club '52, '53
English Club '53
W.A.A. Show '52, '53

CATHERINE MATICH

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MARGARET ANN McCAULEY
Bakersfield, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Gamma Sigma
Mother Mary Raymond Scholar
Student Body Treasurer '53
Firebrand Business Manager '54
Executive Board '53
House Regulations Chairman '54
Class Representative '54

Meadowlark Staff '53
Carillon Staff '52
Irish Club '51, '52, '53, '54
Spanish Club '51
Y.C.S. '52, '53, '54
Choral '51
W.A.A. Show '52, '53

MARGARET McCAULEY

IN HER philosophy courses Peggy learned that something can not be and not be at the same time, yet she comes close to proving this ancient truth untrue. Who but Peggy could be the stoic-faced thinker one day, and the next day, the excited instigator of a field trip to the A.A.? Who but Peggy so impressive in her proved reputation of frank justice and blunt coolness, could be so sensitive and sometimes effervescent with those she knows?

She is a dynamo of energy, as is evidenced by her speedy accuracy on the basketball court as well as at the typewriter, and her ability to turn out excellent term papers in minimum time. But on the other hand, nobody is more of a fiend for sleep. Curfew for Peggy comes early, and cat naps during the day are among her much-looked-forward-to events.

Peggy scorns obvious sentimentality, but we are sure that there are few who have had a deeper love for the College and the ideals it stands for. Perhaps this loyalty springs from her living actually what for most of us is an ideal. She directs every part of her life to her final end.





GUILHERMINA de SAMPAIO MOREIRA
São Paulo, Brazil

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

Transferred from Colegio das Conegas de Sto. Agostinho
Spanish Club '53, '54
Foreign Students Club '53, '54

GUILHERMINA de SAMPAIO MOREIRA

“WHO has mouth goes to Rome,” is one of the often heard catch-phrases of Willie — Willie, otherwise listed in the registrar’s office as Guilhermina Sampaio Moreira of Sao Paulo, Brazil. Willie who has the mouth, and the head, has gone and will still go places. She has gone to Rome, all around Brazil, and through thirty-eight of the United States during a summer camping spree. Being a Sociology major, she has gone through “Sosh” and “Econ” and American History in her Portuguese-spiked English, just to get a B.A. Willie drives, plays chess, drums a Brazilian beat with her Brazilian songs and spends hours arguing on the doctrines of the Blessed Trinity and the forgiveness of sin. Her well-earned B.A. she plans to put to practical and immediate use in remedying the sociological problems on her home plantation.

Yes, Willie has the mouth and the head, but more especially the heart, which has brought her to some of the warmest places in the hearts of her friends.





PATRICIA ANN MORRISSEY
South Pasadena, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SPEECH

Student Affairs Board '53, '54
Radio Players '53
Troupers '53
C.S.T.A. '54
I.R.C. '54

Irish Club '51, '52, '53, '54
Spanish Club '52
Choral '51, '52
W.A.A. Show '53

PATRICIA MORRISSEY

PAT'S natural gaiety and love of any social fun, from actual parties to just going out to a show or for dinner, have become very specially associated with her. So has her ability to carry on at any time an interesting conversation by her interest in what other people have to say. She is always slow in preparing for any occasion but once ready, the success of her carefully chosen, neat attire is immediately apparent. And Pat manages never to lose a sense of proportion in her fun; her gaiety is never overly gay, her thoughtful moments never somber.

Pat is not a continual party girl. There are times when an almost comical pained expression shows she is being forced into a situation against her wishes, but when she is once involved in a duty, whether she is pleased or not, the duty is fulfilled conscientiously and with determination.





FRANCES JOSEPHINE MUNNEMANN, R.N.
Santa Barbara, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: ENGLISH

Mount Saint Mary's College, Los Angeles, 1948-1950
Transferred from Saint Joseph's College of Nursing '53

FRANCES MUNNEMANN

IN THE September of '53 Fran arrived at Benincasa complete with baggage and a worried expression. (The worried expression was caused by the not-yet-revealed results of her State Board Examination.) When the notice that she had passed and was a qualified R.N. arrived, the whole class sighed in relief. Fran, with her long black hair, quiet way, and continual trips to San Francisco, was a mystery to us at first; but it was not long before we were eagerly awaiting her arrival upon any scene. She is especially welcome to a gin rummy game in the wee hours of the morning, for it is then that her excellent kibitzing and sharp humor add most to the situation.

We have mentioned that Fran has a quiet way; and she has unless she is upset. When something disturbs her, it really disturbs her. You can almost see Fran boil, but before long she begins to laugh, and the upset is over.

The key to her character is outward calm well flavored with sharp wit that adequately sizes up any situation in a few words.





FRANCES NORMA MURPHY

San Mateo, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Skidmore College, New York, 1951-1952

Irish Club '51, '53

Music Club '51, '53

Spanish Club '51

Art Club '53, '54

C.S.T.A. '54

Choral '51

W.A.A. Show '53

FRANCES MURPHY

FRAN is usually unorganized and often confused, her movements like a puppet's when its strings are being jerked up and down to no purpose, and yet, when it is important, she is efficient and thoughtful. She is childlike in expressing her happiness, and her laughter is infectious, often rising to a shrill, high-pitched note. She begins jokes and forgets the ending, or makes up a new ending which has nothing to do with the point; then she gets embarrassed, and pushes her shoulders up and her head down turtle-in-the-shell fashion.

Although Fran is amiable about all the fun poked at her, she is very sensitive. This makes her so sympathetic with others that more than once she has unconsciously turned laughter on herself to save someone else's feelings. Her charity forbids her ever to speak ill of anyone.





BEVERLY ANN PEIRA
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION
MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Spanish Club '51, '52
C.S.T.A. '54
I.R.C. '54

Choral '51, '52
W.A.A. Show '52

BEVERLY PEIRA

EVER since Bev came to college she has been beating a path between San Rafael and her San Francisco home. These journeys are not solitary, however, for Bev always invites a carful of people to go along.

On the surface, she seems to be extremely quiet; but then when you least expect it, she may also turn an imaginary gun on you and say, "Psssst — you're paralyzed!" After this and a few similar episodes you begin to doubt that Bev is as quiet as she seems. No one in the class can tell a joke as well as she and her secret in doing this is that she enjoys the joke so much herself that others can't resist it.

She has a mania for movies. Every Thursday night, regardless of the weather and of the many other things that should be done, she departs for the "Sneak" in Sausalito. Her car is filled to the bursting point and is off at 6:45 on the dot. (Can't be late for the movie!) The amazing thing about Bev is that no matter how many times she has seen the picture, she still enjoys seeing it once again.





FLORENCE PATRICIA PERRELLI
Gilroy, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Class President '53
President, Dominican College Chapter,
C.S.T.A. '54
N.F.C.C.S. Junior Delegate '53
Social Committee '52, '54
Firebrand Staff '54

Carillon Staff '52
Spanish Club '51
Art Club '54
Choral '51
W.A.A. Show '52, '53

FLORENCE PERRELLI

FLO is modern music — bright, abrupt, progressive, with suggestions of syncopation in her dress, her ideas and her manner of speaking that spotlight her among typical college girls. Her personality is a composition of strong, sure, emphatic beats, of keen, bouncy merriment, with often a suggestion of derision, of a contrasting sharpness and kindness. Through this composition runs sincerity that weaves all the fascinating, stimulating contrasts into harmony. It is no wonder that she commands attention and sets a pace for the rest of us.

Flo plays the piano, paints, and sews. Creative, rhythmic, witty, and staccato in her retorts, she has, moreover, the organization and level-headedness needed for success.





PALMYRA FRANCES PRATO

Linden, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Gamma Sigma
Firebrand Editor '54
Firebrand Staff '53
Class Secretary '52
Class Treasurer '54

I.R.C. '53, '54
Music Club '53
French Club '51, '52
W.A.A. Show '52, '53
Y.C.S. '52

PALMYRA PRATO

PALMY has built her life on a firm basis of knowledge of herself and of God's will. Thus, she can be nervously excited, she may become momentarily depressed, and she may complain of her inadequacy, but there is a strong undercurrent which never swerves beneath the momentary eddies above.

She is always a loyal Italian against an overwhelming Irish opposition, although the Hibernians may tease her for her indifference to wine and spaghetti. Yet, she has something for which her Italian ancestors have been celebrated in painting, music and literature for hundreds of years — faith and simplicity. Her calm, underlying faith, her unaffected admiration of the talents of others, and her pleasure in others' happiness would be as silly as a primrose stuck in among gay sun flowers but that the primrose is so beautiful in its unpretentiousness.





FRANCES ANN QUINN

Stockton, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from Stockton College '52

Class Treasurer '53

Benincasa House Chairman '54

Firebrand Staff '54

Irish Club '53, '54

English Club '53

Art Club '54

C.S.T.A. '54

Y.C.S. '54

FRANCES QUINN

EVEN Fran's smile is calm, and the Seniors' emotional seasons — the hilarity at the beginning of the semester, the dull passivity of February and March, and the tense periods of tests and term papers — although they touch her, are met in her basically reserved and serene way. Her hates are well-tempered with mischievous but unmalicious laughter (such as her perfect strategy planned over a two-year period against an unsympathetic teacher), and her most hilarious moments — fencing with Marian Etter or planning devilment — are made more enjoyable for her friends because of her underlying dignity.

Fran's laugh is the rippled tone of a low bell that creates an echo in everything it touches. When her eyes crinkle with laughter, it is not a contortion of the face that creates responding laughter in us, but a feeling that either such obvious enjoyment must be shared in, or that something we have only subconsciously enjoyed before is suddenly revealed to us as laughable.

But Frances is known, too, for her disapproval of those who laugh cruelly. Truly inborn in her is a golden mean.





BARBARA VIRGINIA SALMINA
Calistoga, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY
MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Gamma Sigma
Student Body President '54
McEnvoy Scholarship '53
Student Affairs Board '54
Community Service Chairman '53
Class President '52
Class Vice-President '51
Executive Board '53, '54

W.A.A. Treasurer '53
Social Committee '51
Absence Committee '52
Science Club '52, '53, '54
Secretary '53
Art Club '53
Y.C.S. '52
W.A.A. Show '52, '53

BARBARA SALMINA

BARBARA'S activities read like a college catalogue with an added appendix. She takes part in all activities of the college from the Student Affairs Board to hockey, and is always a hard working and fun loving participant — or, more frequently, a leader. The word leader is exemplified in Barbara, who, by always understanding her responsibilities before she undertook them; by seeing them through until they were pronounced, “well done”; by delegating authority gracefully, and by sharing a large part of the work herself, gained the high post of President of the Student Body.

The added appendix in her catalogue involves a great variety of characteristics. She can explode with fury, which never lasts long; she has been the master mind behind many a practical joke, and she has been everything from a hillbilly to a star fish in class plays. An American girl — bright blue eyes, a love of any kind of activity, an often disconcerting frankness, she has a multitude of friends.





CLARE ANGELA SCHNEIDER

Los Angeles, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

N.F.C.C.S. Chairman '54
N.F.C.C.S. Junior Delegate '53
Freshman Advisor '53
Executive Board '53, '54
Social Committee '53
Irish Club '51, '52

C.S.T.A. '54
I.R.C. '54
Y.C.S. '52, '53
Choral '51, '52
W.A.A. Show '52, '53

CLARE SCHNEIDER

BEAUTIFUL and gracious, Clare is noticeable in a crowd; her blond attractiveness and slender figure set off her stylish wardrobe. She is a girl of moods clearly expressed in her face and actions, unpredictable in her gaiety and gloom.

Perhaps it is fundamental shyness that makes her often appear quite distant, but there is a side of her that is warm and friendly. Because of her own diffidence, she understands the plight of newcomers and frequently has helped them feel at ease; this quality was apparent in her role as Freshman Advisor.

In contrast to her shyness, Clare has a strong streak of determination in her makeup. Once she has made up her mind to do something, one can be sure it will be carried through. An example of this was in her Junior year when she planned and executed a memorable bus trip to Los Angeles for herself and fellow southlanders, thus proving her potentialities for being the master of a situation.





PEGGY LU SHAFROTH
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

Transferred from Loretto Heights College, Denver, '52
Music Club '53, '54
Irish Club '53
Choral '53, '54
W.A.A. Show '53

PEGGY SHAFROTH

A WILLING performer for any class activity, Peggy has been contributing her talents as a dancer for the two years that she has been with us. She is a musician, too, and a fine one.

In any conversation, her individuality, her sparkling eyes, and her vitality, are a definite addition. Any novel bit of information gleaned from these discussions is always accompanied by wide eyes and the expression, "Imagine!"

Peggy is liked for her sense of fun, her sympathy, and her valuable aid to more than one foreign student as they struggled with the English language.





BEVERLY MAE SILVA

Stockton, California

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINORS: BIOLOGY, MATHEMATICS

Science Club '52, '53, '54
President '54

Spanish Club '51
W.A.A. Show '52, '53

BEVERLY SILVA

SHORT curly black hair, sparkling eyes, and a pleasant smile constitute one's first impression of Bev. The sparkle and the smile give assurance that she actually enjoys life. She is not only ready for a gay time any time, but also willing to give her time to others—for example, making the coffee on the Benincasa burner or baby sitting with her many nephews and nieces. Her part as the jovial and friendly Father Christmas in the St. George play was more than appropriate.

Her scientific and mathematical mind is reflected in her aversion to disorder. Because she is so orderly she is able to locate in an instant whatever she may want. This trait seems to impart to all her actions a certain briskness. However, although brisk she is never curt and her rollicking laugh gives a feeling of warmth to all who know her. Bev is an extrovert who has a sincere interest in others and who expresses freely her definite attitudes on any subject.





ALFREDA COLLEEN SULLIVAN
Mill Valley, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Spanish Club '51, '52, '53, '54
English Club '52, '53
Art Club '52, '53

C.S.T.A. '54
I.R.C. '54

COLLEEN SULLIVAN

COLLEEN Sullivan has blue-gray eyes that belie the quiet which her appearance suggests. She dresses in a well balanced, but somewhat subdued manner, occasionally wearing gay colors, otherwise appearing in grays that have a life that can be seen only up close. In fact, she's like that: you have to move up close to see her; she's not impressive from a distance. She's like a painting which grows more interesting as one studies it and can only be understood on detailed observation.

She's a small, fragile person with unfailing good manners. Her appearance and methodical way of working show her fondness for good order. On the other hand, when she passes time standing on kitchen chairs because she loves high places, then the wistful and whimsical in her comes to the fore.

Her future pupils should like her very much not just because she's kind, but because her kindness is spontaneous and sparkling.





MAUREEN SULLIVAN

Pasadena, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: FRENCH

Gamma Sigma
Student Body Vice-President '54
Student Affairs Board '54
Executive Board '53, '54
Class President '51
Class Representative '53
Absence Committee Chairman '53
Meadowlark Staff '53
W.A.A. Board '52

Irish Club '51, '52, '53, '54
Treasurer '53
Music Club '52, '53
Treasurer '53
French Club '51, '54
C.S.T.A. '54
Y.C.S. '52, '53
Choral '51
W.A.A. Show '52, '53

MAUREEN SULLIVAN

MAUREEN is a well balanced lass who can do a soft-shoe or harmonize with enthusiasm and ability, ably defend a point in ethics, or be the capable chairman of a Class Day program.

She has a clear, objective mind which often enables her to understand the problems of her friends better than they do themselves. Because she is warmly interested in people, she is always willing to offer solutions and sympathy.

The stubbornness and spark of Sully's personality contrast with her feminine appearance which is highlighted by a lovely smile and pale golden hair. Her gay dramatic ability is sometimes surprising, but consistently entertaining.

She has a keen aptitude for satirizing, but exercises it gently and only for a purpose. At times she can be exasperatingly vague, drifting into space when one is speaking to her, but her lovely laugh, always at the right time, inevitably wins all to her.





JACQUELINE ESTELLE THOMAS
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION
MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

I.R.C. '53
C.S.T.A. '54

Choral '52, '53
W.A.A. Show '53

JACQUELINE THOMAS

JACKIE is one of our invaluable day hops. Twice a day she crosses the Golden Gate, going to and from Dominican. On the way over her little black Ford stops to pick up one or more other day hops, whom she brings back after school. Often she has transported resident students to downtown San Francisco or to a bus station on these return trips. And often, too, she has made a second trip at night back to school to participate with the other Seniors in some class activity. All this, of course, bespeaks her gracious generosity.

In the warmth and sincerity of her personality, we have forgotten, but strangers note, the startling contrast of black hair, white skin, blue eyes and the faint rose flush that make Jackie a real American beauty. And even more startling to the newly acquainted — when she opens her wide blue eyes and begins to speak, they hear not pretty nonsense but eminent practicality.





BARBARA JOAN TIEMAN
Mill Valley, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: ART

Spanish Club '51, '52, '53, '54
President '53
I.R.C. '54

Art Club '52, '53, '54
Publicity Chairman '54

JOAN TIEMAN

JOAN Tieman's love is South-of-the-Border country. She has been to Zacatecas for summer school, to Cuba, the Bahamas, and Mexico, and now she dreams of a trip to Spain. The dream we see in the sparkle of her blue eyes when travel is mentioned, and in her interest in conversations about other lands — especially Spanish lands. Even Joan's art (with its big blocks of color and large simple designs) and her choice of bright, pleasant colors in her beautiful clothes, show a Spanish tendency.

Joan is a day hop and a shy one, but our class (which prides itself on having brilliant and radical personalities) needs quiet, serene Joan, dependable and likeable, to complement itself, as the class is a complement for Joan.





MARGARET PATRICIA WALSH

Altadena, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Spanish Club '52

Irish Club '52

C.S.T.A. '54

I.R.C. '54

W.A.A. Show '52

MARGARET WALSH

WHETHER it be a term paper or a battle of wits that needs the assistance of an alert mind, Bebe is a good person to call on. She will sit up half the night playing "Scrabble" or composing or typing a term paper, her own or someone else's — it doesn't seem to matter. She just doesn't like to go to bed at night, and as a result cannot seem to get up in the morning; so she does most of her studying in the wee hours. She cannot tolerate injustice in any form. Heaven help the person who commits the wrong if Bebe knows about it!

Just before Christmas in her Junior year, Bebe announced her engagement to Dink. After that most of her questions in the Education classes were concerned with ways and means of changing a California credential for a Michigan one.





JOAN ELIZABETH WARREN
Burlingame, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: MUSIC

Gamma Sigma
Class President '54
Symphony Forum '53
Social Committee '53
C.S.T.A. '54

Music Club '51, '52, '53, '54
President '53
Irish Club '51, '52, '53, '54
Y.C.S. '52
W.A.A. Show '52, '53

JOAN WARREN

TO SEE Joan at one of our class meetings is to admire her patience, her tact, her decisiveness, and her sound practical judgment. She has the self-confidence that is humility — truth — a recognition of the talents that have been given her. It is not surprising that she succeeds in everything she attempts, whether it be to lead us to our first Class Day victory or to teach efficiently in the elementary school.

She has loved music since she was a child. Grieg and Liszt are her favorite composers and she plays them well, but she prefers to accompany. Indeed, she seems to illustrate the dictum: "Accompanists are born, not made."

Joan is red-haired and blue-eyed but, although occasionally she is irritated, she has not the fiery red-haired temper. She has a way of snapping her fingers and muttering, "Wait a minute, wait a minute," when she is disturbed about something. Small things mean much to her, and she treasures every gift. Among her many cherished possessions are a potted plant given to her by one of her admiring school children and keepsakes from another admirer at West Point.





MERRIE ALICE WEBB
San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: ART

Firebrand Staff '53, '54
English Club '53
Spanish Club '51

Art Club '51, '52, '53, '54
I.R.C. '54

MERRIE WEBB

SHE'S one of those English majors, you know! They carry around those big, dictionary-like books, are the last ones up at night, and make records in the number of term papers assigned to them. Merrie Webb is no exception to the rule, but her love of laughter is what distinguishes her — even more than a real love for reading. How suitable then is her English name, "Merrie." We think so, for her infectious good humor has made her very popular since she gave up her status of day hop this year to join the resident students in their grueling weeks of trying to fit sleep, studies, school activities and social doings into just twenty-four hours a day.

Merrie is a girl with very definite ideas. Once, at midnight, as the Seniors were gathered in the Edgehill kitchen working away at last-minute term projects, she decided she didn't like the subject she had chosen for her project (which had entailed hours of arduous note-taking) and tore up an almost finished paper before the startled, sleepy eyes of the other Seniors. After joining in the general laughter, she began on another topic. Merrie has learned in art the value of self-expression rather than mere copying.





JUNIORS

FROM the opening day of the semester in September the Junior Class of '55 found itself entrusted with new responsibilities and powers. Each semester called for increased activity either of a traditional character, or one newly invented by fifty-three active minds. Snatches of songs, expressions and impressions best recall an increased capacity for finding enjoyment with one another and record, as well, the development of a mature unity.

FALL SEMESTER: "*Juniors all the time*" . . . *spicy Hawaiian leis* . . . *European-Tahoe travelogues* . . . "*Oh Little Sisters, we're proud of you!*" . . . The

excitement of returning and greeting old friends took a surprising back seat in September with the arrival of a large and delightful class of Little Sisters. Juniors suddenly found themselves stepping into the role of advisors . . . *Maiden Lane* . . . *Dragnet for shield* . . . *Steaks in the dark* . . . *charades and mental telepathy* . . . Small groups dissolved into a unit, a unit which could adapt itself to a serious discussion or to a party, with equal facility and interest.

Midterms . . . *Shield Day* . . . *Meadowlark deadlines* . . . Majors and minors were gingerly sampled and everyone settled down to shaping her course, both academic and future. Junior editors took over with great success the management of their new publication, *The Meadowlark*. Renewed class spirit was expressed in a new song on Shield Day. Lest we get too serious minded, however, "*Miss Popuil*" spun lively yarns! *Sign hanging at 2 a. m.* . . . *snake-in-the-box* . . . *Don't You Wish!* . . . Outstanding team work captured the volleyball championship for the third year! For "55," sportsmanship marked Class Day as never before as we bowed to our three time rivals, the Seniors. We may have lost but the Juniors made yet another gain: who will forget the sober criticism after each rehearsal? *Big-Game Fever* . . . *Term Paper Collapse* . . . *Turkey and pumpkin pie revival* . . .

We proved that the spirit of our class was not lim-

ited to the local scene but filtered out to influence and join with the spirit of others in work and play. *Y.C.S. study days . . . I.R.C. Model U.N. plans . . . Symphony Forum . . . N.F.C.C.S. mixer . . . Belmont Play Day.*

Work and play continued at our home away from home . . . *Christmas Play . . . tear jerkers that come in little blue books . . . Tangerine Party Blues . . . an outlet for the true Christmas spirit of giving in social work . . . HOME.*

SPRING SEMESTER: Renewed fervor was immediately employed by Junior members of the choral for its initial performance in the San Francisco Opera House assisting the U.S.F. Schola Cantorum . . . *basketball fever . . . Symphony Thursdays . . . Firebrand deadlines . . .*

Calendars were full, so were weekends and our hearts so we sent you valentines . . . *active minds in active bodies . . . ski trips . . .* through the spy glasses of our fellow classmates from abroad we viewed their native lands in the Foreign Students' International Fiesta . . .

Early in the semester with the intention of the Marian Year at heart we Juniors began our third annual retreat. So the spirit continued and increased in anticipation of the approaching Eastertide.

Three years' work found fruit in Gamma Sigma . . . *Bolinas and the sea . . . mixers . . . gab sessions . . . fren-*

zied work on term papers . . . hurry, hurry . . . the big day came and went . . . thanks to the class of '39 we presented the 15th annual Junior Prom.

As we look into the future we see but one year remaining for our class. But through the work, prayers, and play by which we have learned to live as a unit each of us shall remain a representative part of our class, carrying its spirit into every field we enter. And so we remain "Juniors all the time."

JACQUELINE ALTSTAETTER '55

MARY GEMSCH '55

OF ONE FELT PROMISE

Here in the harried confusion
Of hour-filled days,
Hope-stricken nights,
Disordered months,
I could despair
But for one baby cry
Out of the stillness
Of an Immortal Night.
And I know I would go
Through this toil countless times
To hear that first new breath
Awake again.

HONORENE PHILLIPS '55



SOPHOMORES

WITH our Freshman year behind us, we, the class of '56 entered our second year of college. Behind us lay the memories of happy times at Meadowlands, and before us great expectations of three more years of College. We were Sophomores!

The *Carillon* has been one of the busiest activities of our Sophomore year. The paper was completely in our hands; it was ours to edit. From the very beginning we hoped that we could do as well as the classes before us had done, and with the first issue neatly folded at our places at dinner we were reassured. Every important and passing event of the school year we captured in print. Editorials, features, sports news! The

busy months were filled with flash bulbs, page after page of copy, and clicking typewriters.

The Sophomore Informal, "I love Paris," came and went as a glorious event. In the flood of preparations tallies were decided, bids composed, and decorations planned. And before long soft music was filling a crowded room, and tiny specks of revolving colored light sparkling on happy faces, for the evening of October 23 finally came.

We liked our new home at Fanjeaux, and although we missed Meadowlands, the friendly, new atmosphere soon caught us in its web. We liked living with the Juniors. The wide, carpeted living-room was more than once the scene of busy meetings, and gay and bubbling laughter. Ten-thirty light curfews still were in vogue and we soon adopted the practice of covering windowed transoms with heavy, dark blotters. There was smoke room and telephone duty. What Sophomore would not recognize the familiar cry: "Sophomores, get that phone!" But what the Sophomores liked most of all about their first year in Fanjeaux were the unpredictable, spontaneous parties, which were the warm and lively sparks that helped kindle the tinder of happiness for two long and busy semesters.

Then there was Class Day with its happy, bursting spirit, its gayly colored decorations, its grease paint,

its cold cream, and its Chinese dragon. Hour after hour was spent painting the backdrop and making the tall buildings for the production of our play, "Sane Spectre." Our spare time was occupied with practices, with taping music, drawing programs, and fixing spotlights. We went through the usual frantic fears at the last rehearsals, but all went well at the end. It was an unusual play and we thank Dorothy Slattery for making it the success it was.

The calendar of academic events brought the Sophomore Symposium, and we decided that, perhaps, education was making its mark after all. We wrote papers on the "Arabian Influence on Western Europe" until we were sure that we knew almost every phase of the subject. People began to remark that it seemed more like the "Arabian Influence on Dominican College." It was strange how every magazine or newspaper we picked up carried some kind of news that somehow related to the Arabs!

And now as our Sophomore year draws to a close, we say "good-bye" to our big sisters, the Seniors, who are leaving us, and bid them farewell. Each of us is more than grateful to them for the example of unity and sportsmanship they have shown us, and for all the joyous times we have had together these past two years.

CATHERINE HAMILTON '56
SHIRLEY MILLER '56



FRESHMEN

FEELING a part of Dominican isn't a thing we talk about often. Things close to the heart are seldom spoken of. But they are felt. We have felt them. Was it on that first Monday evening when we joined hands in the Grove, singing "D.C." songs, that we first began to feel Dominican was our college? Or was it on Shield Day when we sang above glowing candles in the dining room, that we really became a part of the College?

For some of us it was the little things that brought us closer to our second home. Little things — like the time an upperclassman, remembering that she, too, was once a Freshman, helped us find a "lost" class-

room. Little things — like the way a dozen classmates helped make sure you looked “just right” for the all-important date. Yes, the little gestures of kindness, the smile that took so little effort yet made a homesick girl so happy played a big part in our lives those first weeks.

But big things were important too. Big things — like seeing the girl who did those hilarious record interpretations at the party last week, on her knees in the Meadowlands chapel, or noticing the girl who has “all those dates” saying her rosary at night. Yes, it was seeing and knowing that the classmates with whom we lived realized the obligation they owed to God that made us come to love each other and our College.

Laughter and fun played a share in our lives. Remember how surprised we were when the Freshmen from U.S.F. came to serenade us during the first week of school? Remember how busy the two telephones were the week before the Sophomore Informal? And how can we forget the time when on one of our bus rides to Santa Clara we all marched single file out of the bus on an emergency stop, much to the laughter of the service station attendants! Then there were our midnight trips to the Grove for a smoke until the fatal night! Appearing before the black-robed Student Affairs Board was another “first” in some of our lives. As the first semester neared its end, we deliberated to-

gether as to how and when to spend our "seventh" weekend.

We practically supported Corey's, King Cotton, and the new Red Fox, and we learned the art of obtaining seconds from Aurello. We sat up together the night before our first final, punchy from lack of sleep, laughing over anything anyone said. Even Robinson's *Ancient History* seemed funny at five a.m. Yes, it was the many laughs we shared, the parties held in our rooms, the singing around the piano — that made us love our second home — Meadowlands.

We learned a lot this year, too. We learned that love and knowledge walk hand in hand. Not just the knowledge that comes from books — but a knowledge of a way of life was ours. We learned that to be great is to be humble. Service to others, we found, is the outcome of love. We learned that in our lives, we have but one obligation to fulfill: "To live the passing moment well." And so we tried to live our first year at Meadowlands.

It was love, it was laughter, it was learning that united us under a shield of blue and gold — the Class of '57.

VALERIE PRIME '57

THE DOMINICAN SPIRIT

JUST what is spirit? The dictionary defines it as courage; vivacity; power of mind; essence. Yes, spirit is all this, but in an attempt to define that intangible something that most girls eventually get in their bones while at Dominican it involves more than these abstract terms. It is singing in the grove, parties in the Fanjeaux smokeroom just because you're tired of studying and feel the need of some coffee and harmony, playing furiously for the class in a tense volleyball game, untold hours of work behind a class office, the thoughtful moment that comes with Shield Day, the long autumn-night rehearsals, then the cheers, tears, and excitement of Class Day, and finally, the many quick, quiet visits to the house chapel, a black veil tossed over your hair. It is these happy times, and even the unhappy times, Freshman homesickness, that awful day of term paper deadlines, the empty mailbox, that make us aware of really belonging to, and being an intrinsic part of this college, small but distinctive in so many ways.

But it isn't just shared memories that constitute the spirit or the loyalty of a student body. Spirit goes deeper than that. It is a realization of what a school stands for and what it offers you intellectually and spiritually. We are not offered all the material advan-

tages that state-supported universities can give, nor are we guaranteed the glamour and coffee-dates-every-afternoon pace of the big co-ed colleges. But the Dominican College of San Rafael turns out, after four short years, with few exceptions, women equipped to face life and a brittle world with something more than just degrees, credentials and typical college memories. With the help of the faculty, our classmates and a Christ-centered philosophy, we develop a new sort of vision. We are able to see values in their right order, to see the world right side up, for what it is worth. And we have been given a shield to protect us and a weapon with which we can fight the obstacles, tensions, and anxieties of life. It is the sharing of the growing pains that had to precede the gaining of this sight and this weapon that make the real, strong bond of spirit in our student body.

The very smallness of the college also creates a bond of unity. We resemble a noisy, hard-working, close-knit family; each student is a distinct individual with something to give as a particular member. As in most big families, students and faculty pull through the misunderstandings and ups and downs because almost every long-standing member is fiercely proud of this Dominican Family, and because most of the offspring of this clan love one another with a family-tie intensity, even if they don't all like one another.

The realization of this spirit usually comes only in the upperclass years, or perhaps, not even until Christmas of our Senior year when, part of a string of flickering candles, we realize that this is the last time we will go caroling at Dominican. Or while we are working in the reference room some Saturday a couple of distraught looking Freshmen come in and we get a terrible urge to tell them that it's all more than worth it, or in the spring, while sunbathing at Bolinas, or while walking across the campus on the way to morning Mass we become aware of the strange, casual beauty of the campus, or when some night in the dining room, in the interim before dessert, we realize how much we like all these chattering people, or in the hush of the chapel when the student body has gathered to pray, the Dominican spirit may become a real and tangible thing to us.

We're quite sure that every member of the Class of 1954 has this spirit and loyalty. We are proud of our school, and of our friends and our campus. And we are also grateful. It is not possible for us to give in return all that we should like to give. But we can try our best to always hold high St. Dominic's firebrand, and, as we have sung so often in our school song:

"Be the fire you have given us, through the world sown."

ANN BUCKLEY '54

BARBARA SALMINA '54

LIONS AT LARGE

In Nashville, city parks are inertia now,
Are withered grass and brown magnolias on sidewalks
After screaming summer heat.

And from Tallahassee down through the Bahamas
There is a long still coolness
And scent of hurricane.

Already up the Appalachians chroma zig-zags,
Spinning, silling through coal-smoke valleys,
Making dusky pageantry of foothills
To climax,
Smoldering stained glass on Adirondack mountain-
sides.

It is the ancient peel of a hunter's horn
Through high wind hills
That is the silent roar down in Manhattan.
Gathering momentum, it can be
Heard even now
Beyond Chesapeake Bay . . .

Take care
In this dark season,
Be cautious in this hurly-burly
Hurricane season . . .
Watch . . . beware of . . .
A lion in the street!

A. B. '54



THREE ON THE AISLE

(We Drew Last)

... AND there we were, faced with four pink, flaking façades. Armed only with permission, ambition and volition we undertook to glamorize and modernize the heretofore uninhabited upper regions of the Edgehill attic. They say that necessity is the mother of invention and in this case mother had a tough job ahead of her.

Since we planned to beg, borrow, and/or steal the necessary furnishings to make our three-room "suite" look like anything but the three-room suite that our three-room suite looked like we returned three days early.

We're still discussing who's to blame for the color scheme — it's two lovely colors, gray and gray with occasional splashes (literally) of red and white thrown here and there in unartistic but debonair unbalance.

After much deliberation and even more coffee, we went downtown on a buying spree. Merchants stood in awe while we held forth on the shape, size and square footage of our room — in fact none of them had ever heard of a square room with nine wall surfaces and three ceilings, and now that we think of it, neither had we. Reconciled to our ever-mounting task, we purchased paint thinner, paint brushes, paint remov-

er, paint rollers, paint trays, coffee, cigarettes and paint (one and one-half gallons). By eight p.m. we had run out of coffee, cigarettes, and chit-chat; thus desperation and boredom forced us to ascend the forty-four stairs. Five hours later we descended the same one hundred and forty-four stairs for a final cigarette, looking like nothing so much as three people who had just painted a gray room. The room we had just left was indeed gray — the ceilings, the walls, the floors, the windows, the woodwork, the furniture, the corridor, the closet (clothes, *et al*) and our eyeballs. Unfortunately for the first three or four weeks we could not enjoy the fruits of our labor in the den due to the pungent, penetrating perfume of the paint, so we retired to the bedroom which fortunately had been redecorated during the summer. Don't misunderstand us, our labor was not in vain for here we are now faced with four gray flaking façades.

GERTRUDE BLAKE '54

LEE LEE DOYLE '54

FLORENCE PERRELLI '54

THE CLASS OF '54

THE CLASS OF '54 — a group made up of individuals. That would define any class, but when one mentions our class, the listener first thinks of individuals rather than of the group as a whole. Our outstanding characteristic is individualism — each girl in the class being noted for certain distinct qualities and characteristics of her own. This individualism has produced in our group many leaders. Perhaps that is why we sometimes have taken a long time to unite on an undertaking.

We often have been slow getting started — whether it be for Class Day, a dance, a sport, or some other manifestation of Dominican spirit — but once we were started, once the spark was kindled, there was no stopping us, and the flame of our spirit and unity grew and spread, so that our accomplishments were many. Light the torch we did on our Senior Class Day, when, after three years of placing second in the class standings (and wondering if we would ever come out on top), we achieved our long-time hope and won the day. Never will we forget the work and fun we had in preparing for our Trojan entrance, the game, and our underwater skit; never will we forget the pride and joy we felt as the results were announced, and long afterward.

Victorious we often were in sports. We started off

in our freshman year by playing in the Class Day volleyball game; each year our participation was repeated. Our athletic ability showed in all sports, and we usually came close, at least, to winning the inter-class contests. We could lose as well as win, and in such instances, the smiles on our team members' faces reflected their thoughts: "It isn't that we win or lose; it's how we play the game."

Our achievements extended also to the academic field. We had the largest number from one class ever to enter Gamma Sigma; nine were admitted to the honor society in the spring of our Junior year. Many more had averages of which to be proud.

We gained a few classmates and lost many in the course of our four years. Upon entering our college career, we had ninety-six. As graduates, we number forty. We welcomed our newcomers; we miss those who left. All participated and contributed something to the class and school. Our class members were active in all the clubs on campus; we were represented in student government, the literary publications, and fine arts programs. Our many interests are shown in the choice of our majors — science, education, sociology, music and art, speech, English, foreign languages, social science, philosophy. Our many talents have been shown in our participation in all types of programs on campus. Some of us also have hidden talents

which have been displayed only to the class or to a few intimate friends!

We are known as a happy class. And happy we are. We have found fun, laughs, and a good time in whatever we have done — attending a dance, or getting blind dates for one; drinking coffee and talking in the kitchens; staying up late to “study”; party-time in one of the residence halls; happenings at dinner, in class, at mixers, at assembly; singing in the Grove; discussing weekends; playing bridge in the smoke room; going out to dinner; charades at Bolinas; in our individual and group pastimes.

Our happiness lies not only in the fun and good times we have had. We are serious, and then, too, we are happy. Serious — when we have risen early to attend Mass at one of the chapels; when many of us have made the 54-day novena for our special intentions, or have joined in the Christmas novena before the crib; when we have sung the “Alma Mater” and “Dominican” at student body meetings; when we have meditated on the retreat conferences; when we have finally settled down to write term papers or cram for finals; when we have participated in Shield Day, Rosary Sunday, and Commencement; when we have considered what we are going to do after we graduate; when we think of all that we have received during our four years at Dominican.

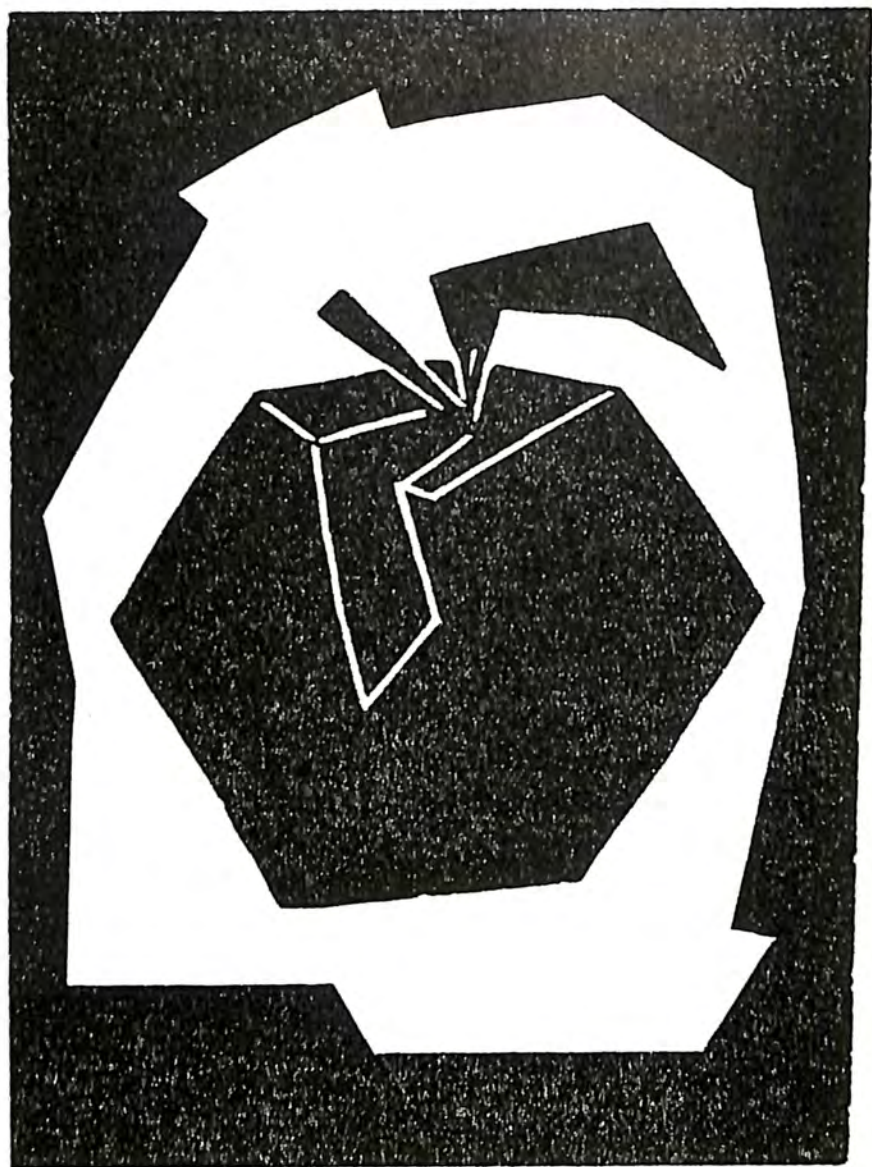
Perhaps the real reason for our being happy stems from all that Dominican and our class mean to each one of us. We rarely mention this feeling, but it is present. We, like everyone else, have done our share of complaining during the four years. But, if we haven't already, we shall soon forget the causes of our complaints. We shall long remember and be grateful for everything that has made our years so happy. Some of the memories are different for each girl, but many remembrances are the same for all. Our motto, "Truth Without Fear," has guided us through our years. Our shield has symbolized much for us. We have exemplified its significance — preparedness. As a class, we shall separate. But each of us will always remember her pride and happiness at being one of the Class of '54.

JOAN WARREN '54

THE MEADOWLANDS KITCHEN

THE YELLOW kitchen in Meadowlands is one of the meeting places that the Freshmen use at the two peak hours of the day. These hours occur five days a week between eight and nine in the morning and nine-thirty and ten in the evening. Then, over a cup of coffee and some food, (if any is available that isn't marked "Reserved") the events of the day to come or of the day past are discussed. A shiny white enamelled sink reflects the morning sun or, in the evening, the light which hangs from the ceiling. An old-style refrigerator, a large table surrounded by seven ivory-colored chairs, four small chairs, a Wedgewood gas range, which has seen better days, a gas plate, a cabinet for dishes, and a green blackboard on which the Freshmen doodle — all these things equip this kitchen with the vital necessities for preparing food and having a good time. This warm friendly kitchen, although it is not the most modern in the world, helps fill the requirements for small social gatherings.

ROSEMARY JOVICK '57



APPLE LIFE

Life is like the apple tree
Which grows from a brown wand tipped with green
To a glorious giant, made of rain,
Of sun-dreams, and the life between
Crumbling earth and a high-starred end.

The winds of Winter strip the limbs,
Which whimper sadly as they strain . . .
Like tortured crescents . . . to frozen sky.
Winsome Spring with her singing train
Touches the tree. The branches extend;
And the tree is a basket of braided twigs
Filled with fragile, mystic white
Whose fragrant secret is guarded by
Diminutive dragons who hum their spite.
At apple-time, the tree must bend,
Large with the burden of her love,
Awaiting with patient joy, with peace,
Deliverance of her heavy fruit . . .
Miracle gift in sweet release.

So life is the apple tree, a blend
Of sense, of spirit, peace and pain:
Shadow pattern on stirring leaves,
Soft tiptoeing of secret rain,
Crashing lightning's slash of death
And the cool, sweet calm of season's end.

H.H. '54

BENINCASA AND EDGEHILL

THERE is a quotation that starts, "There comes a time when the minds of men turn to thoughts of . . ." So also at Dominican there comes a time when the minds of Juniors turn to thoughts of Benincasa and Edgehill. Toward the end of May each year the Juniors make their choice as to where they will live during their Senior year. Will they leave Fanjeaux to take the path up the hill to Edgehill; or will they, instead, take the path down the hill and across the street to Benincasa? This decision, which must be made, leads to many worried expressions and fevered discussions.

During the time when the Juniors make their final choice the lights burn far into the night, and you can hear softly slippers making their way through the halls to rooms where the issue is being decided. However, while brows furrow and feet tread there are two places which stand quietly and wait. Benincasa and Edgehill, the current Senior class safe and happy inside of them, wear no such worried expressions. If they could, they would smile down on Fanjeaux; and it would smile back confidently. You see, these houses, wise with age, know what the girls have yet to discover: Edgehill is not better than Benincasa, and Benincasa is not better than Edgehill. For many years they

have safely held their occupants, and each group has found security and happiness within their firm walls. And so while the lights burn late in Fanjeaux the two houses patiently await their time to welcome the girls to the place where they will live their last year at Dominican College.

Now let us leave the Juniors to their decisions and more fully explore the houses that cause this quandary to arise. First we shall take the path up the hill. As we start out we catch no glimpse of the house that lies ahead for it is hidden by shrubs and large stately trees. It stands on the top of a small hill, and its steep, gabled roof seems to reach upward, in a gentle movement, to the sky. Inside we find the Edgehill kitchen, the center of activity. People, people everywhere, and nary a silent one, is what we behold. Some girls may be singing, some talking, and some attempting to study. It is a picture of life that we see — a life that welcomes all strangers and yet is a snug circle shutting out the worries of the world. (The worries wait for the serious discussion they deserve, which will occur far into the night when the occasion demands.) This is the Edgehill kitchen, but a few steps away lies the chapel which brings us back to the feeling that the house is reaching upward toward the sky. For the atmosphere here is also one of joy and welcome. This is a different type of joy, but the welcome is the same. The joy is that of

unity and peace with God, and the welcome is the same friendly, all-inclusive one. And so we see Edgehill — a lively picture and yet a very coherent one colored with sound principles and a Christian life which tie it all together.

Now, we leave Edgehill and walk back down the hill and across the street to Benincasa. Benincasa is a sedate looking house which stands on a small knoll of green grass. Inside we find two centers of activity: one, the living room with its air of comfortable and relaxed living, and the other, the pantry, with an atmosphere charged with concentration over cards, Scrabble, study, and talk. There are no strangers in Benincasa, as it opens its doors to all comers. Do you want to relax before the fire or have a friendly chat? If so, go to the living room. Would you rather have an earnest discussion or drink coffee while studying or playing cards? If that be the case just stroll into the pantry. Benincasa, as its name indicates, is truly a "good house," and provides a friendly and yet playful environment for everyone. The scene throughout the house is likely to be one of great seriousness, or the "anyone want to play sardines?" state of complete confusion. In either case there is still always room for the other.

Now we leave Benincasa and wander back up to Fanjeaux where the lights are still burning, waiting

to be shut out with the final breath of "I have decided." But we no longer worry with the Juniors because we have discovered the wisdom of these two houses, *our* houses — we are Seniors and have lived in them.

F. Q. '54

COLD RAIN

Whirling, cloud-mists massed on high
Slide across the dimming sky,
Shining strings of golden lights
Flood the brimmed celestial heights.

Burned and black cold-rain wreaths whirl
Touched with light-gloss, greying pearl.

Fierce and high the ice winds charge
Against salt sea-wall barrage.
Gold lights fade to ember-glow
As gales whip and blow, and blow.

Sky and sea convulse with pain
As God sends winter's first cold rain.

DOROTHY SLATTERY '56

A DOMINICAN GOOLASHA

HELLO, Slipper. Remember me? I'm Goo; Goo Lasha, you know. Hope you don't object to my sitting here next to the heater. Achoo! Weather is miserable outside. Achoo! I'm soaked. Sorry, didn't mean to drip on you; just can't help it.

You say you've never been out. You're lucky.

Oh yes, some do have a good time when they go gadding. You know, Capezio attended a very elegant affair last week. Walked on carpets as soft as velvet; said she fairly flew through the air. And Sandal had a grand vacation last summer; spent most of the time at the beach, even went swimming a couple of times and came back with a gorgeous tan. But, as for me — ! You know, I thought I had been forgotten. For some months I was cramped in a stuffy, dark closet. I almost suffocated when a coat fell on me and I couldn't get up for a week. How I longed to see the light of day!

Well, they pulled me out last week. "Oh," thought I, "now I will smell the flowers, feel the warmth of the sun, play with the happy people." (Saddle is always telling us about his goings and comings — which are most numerous and delightful. So I thought I knew what to expect.) It seemed rather peculiar to me that all they said was, "You wretched old things! What a nuisance!" Had I misunderstood them?

Next thing I knew I was being kicked, tugged and stretched. (I know I am a rather awkward size, but they can't reform me by pulling.) They didn't bother to notice that I was beaming my shiniest red smile or that I was really rather soft and warm inside. "Yet," thought I, "a glimpse of the world is worth these oversights and inconveniences." So off I marched, mustering up my spirits. Down the stairs, through the hall, right to the door — I could hardly wait for it to swing open — one step and I would be outside — really living, as all worthy footwear should. At last I took the step. Oh! It was all wet; they trod heavily and scraped me along the gravel as we went. At each step I became muddier. Soon the wet was dripping right inside me off the bottom of that clumsy old yellow coat. I began to shiver as my nice fleece lining soaked up more and more water.

At last I caught sight of an impressive building. Did it hold relief for me? Up the stairs they marched me. A glimmer of hope prompted me to wonder if I weren't to attend an important meeting, witness some notable performance. My chest began to swell with pride as I stifled a sneeze and tried to shake off some of the mud caked on my sides. As we neared the door they stopped. What! Indeed, they were tugging at me again and scolding. Scrape! A nasty old shoe nail ripped through my wooly lining. Swoop! I was up in

the air, then down with a thud in a cold stone corner. As they jerked open the door and tramped on into the building I could feel a warm draught which told me how comfortable it must be within, where I heard much chatter, laughing, and excitement. But there lay I, forgotten, unappreciated, in the hard, bitter outdoors.

And thus it is, Slipper. Every day they yank me off and on, call me names, then forget that I have served them. When they get me wet they scold me because I'm "cold and sippy." On the rare occasions, like today, when I am allowed indoors they fling me at the heater. That's why I'm all scorched on one side.

I'm not one for complaining, but something must be done. I've tried to put my foot down, but that only makes matters worse. I suppose I will have to be resigned to taking things in my stride. But, I'm warning them, you can stride a good Goo Lasha just soooo far.

M.J.C. '55

A LITTLE GREEN BENCH

HAVE you ever run across a little green bench with the fourth slat sagging? Probably not, unless during your explorations you ventured through the magnolia and spruce on Meadowlands' front lawn. Once there, you might have noticed an unpretentious looking bench of the same color as the flat-leaved bush backing it. You still might have passed it by unless you happened to be tired, or a little warm from the sun. Then you would sit down and in a few minutes come to the realization that this bench is really very charming indeed. It is far enough from the house so that the birds are not at all afraid. On your right, you can see a brown sparrow perched on a water spout, head bent sideways, drinking. Following a sound from above, you see a woodpecker beating time with his bill. Then you notice how bright the sky really is, and how striking are the palms etched against it. A buzzing startles you, and you quickly lower your eyes to see a big black bee settling on a piece of clover. Gay laughter floats through the air, and you realize that the time has come to part from Mother Nature's private corner. You stand up and take your leave, but not before vowing to return to this spot and the little bench that helped you gain so much peace.

MARY BRICHER '57



THE CAMPUS CHAPELS

THERE are many things about college we will remember after leaving San Rafael. The friendships and experiences we have shared will long remain in memories, and in our memories will be parts of the campus that meant much to us. The past is ours, and we hold with affection the vivid images that belong to it.

Among our deepest memories will be the campus chapels, for they are an important part of Dominican life. In them we can find a key to appreciating much that is Dominican. Essentially the chapels are alike, for they are all dedicated to one and the same purpose, yet each is different in form and personality. This is characteristic of much of the Dominican and College tradition — ourselves included — alike in spirit, differing in character.

The first chapel we will remember is the first we meet, the Meadowlands chapel. Its sharp, straight, dark lines are clear and purposeful. There is no softness about the room or its furnishings save perhaps in the moulded lines of the little dark wooden figure of the Madonna, so richly clothed in deep reds and blue and gold, but even her lines are straight. But there is security in its very straight-forwardness and its small size. The Beuron stations are sharp prints

of black on white. Curves and half curves appear only in hard Roman shields and helmets, on the arched, aching body of the Christ. And each curve is opposed by the stiff point of a soldier's spear or the rough beam of the Cross. The traceried windows let in clear, cold areas of light, but this is a room that can be warmed by the glow of candles on the altar and the feeling of union in prayer, especially when we make our first Christmas novena together.

In Fanjeaux, the chapel is on the top floor, and as we go up in space, we go up the scale in color. Light pours into the room itself through windows on right and left, touching the light oak prie-dieux and lingering in the soft draperies behind the altar. Subtle light tones blend and repeat themselves throughout the room. There is a feeling of seclusion, of hushed tonality, of subdued brightness in its atmosphere. Its quiet nature contrasts startlingly with its more flamboyant surroundings — the colorful, changing hills and sky just outside the rooms filled with a variety of sounds and bright colors down the halls. But this chapel is not out of place, for it is a subtle and effective reminder that the importance of our lives here and of all lives comes from their relation to the spiritual.

The Edgehill chapel is dark streaked with golden lights. It has been described as the elegant chapel. Elegant, perhaps, in its romantic history, its velvet

stripes and mahogany paneling, but above all in its simplicity. It is warmer, softer than Meadowlands, but it has not the airy light and brocade of Fanjeaux. Its richness is surprising when the late afternoon sun brings out every warm touch and gilds the room with lustrous color. Freer in space, more variable in mood and color tone, it is more alive in atmosphere than the others. It means much to us, for it is the last chapel that most of us will have in houses in which we live.

The peace we have found in the chapels, their closeness and comfort, and the austerity, light, and simplicity of character in them we will remember long. Of one spirit, of varying character, they stimulate artistic, intellectual, and emotional appreciations that are important to us now in accepting what the College can give us and applying it later.

C. M. '54

RETURN

You went away . . .
Summer's green diminished to brown,
Winter's scythe caught the dried leaves,
Snow-coated them
Turning them to soil —
Fuel for the hard shoots of spring.

Then summer,
Autumn,
Winter again, and you —
You still were gone.

I did not forget, but I
Filed you away
In a dust-grown box
Of high-school memories.
Not forgotten completely,
But you were away
And I filled in the emptiness
With moonlit dances and companionative
stillness.

HONORENE PHILLIPS '55

OF CAP AND GOWN AND MANY THINGS

THE EXPRESSION "cap and gown" is as familiar to us as "8:25's" or coffee on Tuesday night. It denotes many things — General Assembly, a groan when Sister says Sunday Mass must be graced by its presence, and worry over unpressed collars and "regulation" shoes which aren't always "regulation." It means gray skirts, and stockings and often an uncomfortable feeling on heads little accustomed to hats of any kind. It is seen in full force on Rosary Sunday or Shield Day as well as in a fearful semicircle form of seven solemn judges at Student Affairs Board meetings.

The significance of the cap and gown comes from the Middle Ages, the academic attire of the universities then, when the majority of the students were clerics. The cap signified, by a particular shape, the university to which the student belonged. This is still true in Europe, though the academic caps in the United States are for the most part similar.

The cap and gown is used in the Dominican College of San Rafael for many diverse occasions, the only similarity being that they are all of a serious nature. The first of these events occurs in the fall of each year on Rosary Sunday. The capped and gowned College marches into the Grotto, dedicated to Our Lady of

Lourdes, and, after singing hymns to the Virgin, marches to the main chapel, saying the rosary. The procession is a confused murmur, for the line is long, but it is beautiful.

In October comes Shield Day, when the Freshmen are formally installed in the College student body. As they wait, in cap and gown, on the Benincasa lawn, the other three classes file up to meet them. The various class shields are carried by respective class presidents and stand out boldly against the lines of black gowns. For the first time the Frosh see their own shield and learn its meaning — a motto to be their guide through the coming school years.

March brings the most important of the lectures demanding a General Assembly: the Sophomore Symposium, in honor of those being initiated into the Honor Society. Here the Sophomores prove that they have learned to be students and can justifiably wear the cap and gown.

And finally, after being seen at Mass on the feast days of many of the Sisters who have become important in the students' life, and at countless lectures and concerts, the cap and gown closes the year at Graduation. The Angelico auditorium is packed with row after row of black-clad girls as the Seniors walk solemnly down the aisle. Later they will kneel individually before the archbishop to receive their hood and

diploma. By that time they have learned to think and act in a manner worthy of the cap and gown. Now they must apply what they have learned to the world.

H. H. '54

MORNING AFTER

Old Lady Autumn must have been
In a racketty poker game last night,
Should have heard the way she carried on
Blowin' her top and actin' tight.

Today she's dignified and still,
But she don't fool me, none at all.
Her brown and yellow poker chips,
Are layin' where she let 'em fall.

H.H. '54

ANGELICO HALL

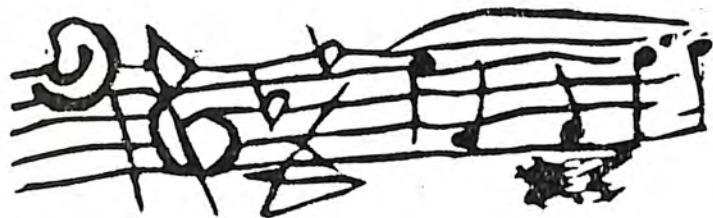
AS I WALKED into Angelico for the first time, my eyes betrayed me into believing it was unoccupied; however, my ears told me a different story. I had not walked down the corridor very far before I heard a plaintive tune sung by a violin bow. This melody soon intermingled with the throaty voice of a bass viola coming from another room down the hall. I turned the corner and bumped into the rumblings of the organ. Piercing through this sound came a racing, high-pitched trill like a bird trapped in a belfry tower. It was a flute, begging to be heard above all the other instruments.

As I went up the stairs, the sounds on the first floor diminished in intensity. But my attention was now drawn to a piano on the second floor that was speaking in a very knowing manner. As it became more excited about the subject matter, its voice rose higher and higher and finally came crashing down to a dramatic climax. I listened to it for a moment to see if I could recognize the language in which it spoke. It was not long before a familiar passage gave me the key. The piano was talking in Chopinism. Further along the hall I could pick up other languages — Beethoven, Mozart. Brahms.

It was true, except for myself I did not "see" an-

other person in the corridors. But my ears told me it
was a very busy building indeed.

ELOISE BECK '57



SHE WROTE WHILE HER BREATH LASTED

The Real Life Story of Sister M. O'Boniface

In 22 Volumes

An Abridged Condensation of Volume I

THE EARLY YEARS

by

SISTER M. EXHAUSTED, O.P.

Preface

AFTER the demise of Sister O' Boniface in the spring of 1983, all available material was given to the constant companion of her youth and almost equal literary luminary, Sister O' Charles, who had intended to write our subject's life, but who found her own brain-child, Sandy (of the famous *Sandy* series) too much of a literary burden and outlived Sister O' Boniface by only three years. In 1985 Sister O' Aloysius, who had been at one time secretary to Sister O' Boniface (and who was herself of equally gifted literary background) undertook the project. After collecting considerable material she found that reading, added to the toll of years and failing health prevented the prosecution of the work. It is to be regretted that neither of these two wrote this book, for few knew the mind of the genius as they did. I have undertaken the monumental task with great trepidation, aided by my subject's voluminous literary efforts — of which, fortunately, a large amount has been destroyed. It is with

the greatest humility I offer this work about her, who though perhaps not without peer in the annals of English Literature, was nevertheless certainly worthy to unloose the latchet of Shakespeare's sandal.

SISTER M. EXHAUSTED, O.P.

December, 2003

The Early Years

WHEN the 20th century was yet in her early thirties, amid the turmoil of the chaos called Los Angeles, there was born a child whose literary light was to illumine not only her own time, but that of all ages following — whose genius was to initiate a Golden Age in literature — whose career was to be the envy of all subsequent literary aspirants. Yes, Sister O'Boniface was born — of parents. From her earliest years, she showed signs of her future genius. Scorning a baby rattle, she cut her teeth upon an old fountain pen. She learned to walk with a book on her head. It is said that her first words were: "Hand me the ink, Mother — my fountain pen's dry."¹ From the day a fountain pen touched her fingers the famous O'Boniface child was never idle; she wrote and wrote and then wrote. There are samples of her early work to be seen on the

¹ There are some authorities who doubt the authenticity of this remark, but it is included in all the best sources.

wallpaper of the Los Angeles home of the Frank O'Sullivans which has since become a national shrine.

Writing her way through grammar school and high school, where her genius was but dimly appreciated, Sister O'Boniface took the decisive step of her life — the step which was to bring her talent to its full fruition. Packing up her numerous portfolios (Sister never destroyed anything she wrote — for the sake of posterity) she left the world behind and entered the convent. Little did she realize what the step was to mean. Far from stifling her talent, the atmosphere of the convent became a hothouse which nurtured her fertile imagination and cultivated her style.

The atmosphere became charged with even greater possibilities when Sister O'Boniface embarked upon her higher education. At the Dominican College of San Rafael she was molded and shaped into a master under the guidance of her renowned teachers — Sister M. Tartin and Miss Tara Floodgate Sailor. Under the aegis of Miss Sailor she began her famous "Glass Merchant" essays which have recently been bound in 10 volumes. Not only her teachers but her companions were most propitious for the cultivation of her writing. In the literary circle, of which she was the star-wit among University Wits, were Sister O'Charles (often called Sister Sandy) and Sister O'Aloysius — a quiet light, but bright.

The atmosphere was perfect; the stage was set; a star was to rise; a literary bud was ready to burst into full bloom.

To Be Continued — Be sure to get your copy of Volume II — “The Blooming Years.”

What the Critics say about SHE WROTE WHILE HER BREATH LASTED:

“This book is sensational. There should be a copy in every home.”—The O’Sullivan Fan Club of America.

“This book is a treat.”—The Junior O’Sullivan Fan Club of America.

“Goo.”—The Junior Junior O’Sullivan Fan Club of America.

“SHE WROTE WHILE HER BREATH LASTED is an . . . book, the like of which we have never seen, and hope . . . to see again.”—N. Y. Times.

S.M.M.



CHAOS TO CALM

AS I WALK out of the chemistry laboratory, the sharp, penetrating odor of hydrogen sulphide gas overwhelms my sense of smell, and many jumbled formulas whirl around in my brain. In an effort to rid myself of this poignant emanation, I set out for Guzman by way of the rose path. As the name indicates, a legion of rose trees flank this gravelled path. Each tree holds up a different colored bud as a sentinel flaunts his flag. The Peace Rose, deep red Stars of Holland, and pale yellow Eclipses offer contrast in hue and shape. Stretching its protective arms over the Eclipse, stands an English hollybush with its deep green, pointed leaves that should serve as a background for ruby red berries. A gnarled grape vine acts as a backdrop to set off the rare Helen Traubel rose tree which, when in bloom, exposes a soft pink bud in harmony with the mellow pale green of the grape leaves. In the slightest breeze, a fragrant, delicate lavender bush joins hands with the knotted grape vine. This lavender plant greets the first signs of summer with a spray of fragrant, lavender blossoms temptingly flaunting over its slender, gray green leaves. A mass of violets crawl among the rocks bordering the walkway. Nearing the end of my path, I discover that I have completely forgotten the mixed up chemistry

formulas circling my brain, and I arrive at my next class with a clear mind.

DAYLE ANTONGIOVANNI '57

EMPTY MAILBOX

To ponder and be silent
Is how my heart must remain;
Good and bad, a heaven and a hell,
Are the thoughts in which my hindered heart
must dwell.

To wait and be silent yet again
Is how the waiting heart must still remain.
Pretending somehow that it cannot see
Something of beauty that may never be.

MARGARET CAVANAUGH '57

JUST ROUTINE

HERE he sat — a small, miserable boy perched high on a tall, red leather chair like some midget criminal awaiting judgment. In one hot, trembling hand he clutched a small, smudged piece of silky, white paper. Five minutes ago he had never seen the paper. Five minutes ago he was just like any other boy, but that was five minutes ago. Something awful had happened since then. With worried eyes he gazed down at the scribbled pen scratches and carefully read each word over and over to assure himself that it really said, "You are summoned at once by the principal of Jefferson Junior High."

And now as the boy sat in the waiting room outside the closed office door, he sorted the heavy smells of cardboard cartons, mimeograph machines, and pencil shavings. The dry, warm, stuffiness of the room closed in about him and he longed for the fresh, crisp air of the out-of-doors. His head throbbed with the shrill shouts and bubbling conversations of students in the outer hall as they changed classes. The ringing of slammed lockers slapped against his ears and made his head hurt even more. The large, round clock on the opposite wall stared at him accusingly — ten after two. He squirmed in his chair. He stuck to the sticky seat and when he moved he made an irritating ripping

noise. A combination of fear and uneasiness tormented him. Blindly he groped for something with which to occupy his mind. His feet could not reach the floor. He stretched and pointed his scuffed loafers, but still they would not touch. He began to wonder how many inches they hung above the worn, green carpet. Probably three, or three and a half. He squinted, blinked his eyes and finally decided on four.

The door to the outer hall opened and a tall, thin, trouser-legged teacher moved in. He swept past the faded oak table and the hem of his grey gabardine overcoat slid over the top and left a streak cleared of dust. His black, shiny leather shoes squeaked as he strolled across the room and came to a halt at the faculty bulletin board with its tidy arrangement of P.T.A. announcements and invitations to meetings. From his back pocket he drew a large, wrinkled handkerchief, wiped his nose, and carefully returned the handkerchief to its hiding place. He turned to the wall on his right where the teachers' boxes were lined one above the other, and in a very business-like manner pulled a roll of printed papers from his private pigeon-hole. He scanned them, shoved them under his arm, and left the room.

The clock ticked — twelve after two. The boy as he waited was sure the other clocks moved faster. How long must he sit? A typewriter clicked nervously in the

next room, and the patter of a pair of high heels added to his anxiety. He listened. He heard a drum. Where was it coming from? Inside of himself, he thought as he thrust his fist against his chest and felt the bumping of his heart. That's where it was coming from. Why was it so loud? What was he so excited about? Just routine. Nothing to get all bothered about. He tried to wrap himself in the nonchalant attitude he had admired in older boys to whom this business was everyday, commonplace practice. Just routine. Just summoned to see the principal. His heart wasn't acting at all like it should. He looked around to see if he had been detected, but two grey-haired women counting bulletins in the corner seemed not even to know he was there.

It was silent outside now — the halls must be almost empty. The boy laid the paper in his lap, rubbed his damp hands on his coarse, corduroy pants, picked up the paper and began with painful attention to fold it in tiny geometric squares. Then he pulled his head up, straightened his spine, fixed his gaze on a light blue vase of tired, yellow marigolds on the oak table across the room, and tried to forget that there was something he was supposed to remember to worry about.

Could he have been summoned because of the crayon caricature of his teacher? He tried to remember.

He hadn't drawn any picture since that rainy day last January. Maybe someone signed his name to some picture. Perhaps he had been tricked. Maybe the principal thought he had started a fight. The last fight he could recall was last Monday. He wasn't even at school Monday. He had had a cold — ached all over — and his mother had made him stay in bed buried in warm blankets. The broken window! Was that what he had been sent for? Did they believe he had broken the window on the north side of the boys' gymnasium? He could see again the shattering shower of broken glass, but he hadn't held the wooden bat. He hadn't swung. What had he done? At last he gave up his guessing.

He twisted and turned and his face grew red and his ears felt like radiators. Again his attention was focused upon the clock. The big, black metal hand was on three now and it was a quarter after two. He uncrossed his right foot over his left foot and swung his left foot over his right. His mouth was dry and tasted like glue and his tongue felt like sandpaper. He tried to tell himself he wasn't scared; he just didn't like waiting. Now he was beginning to turn numb, and he had a spinning feeling in his stomach. He couldn't remember ever sitting anywhere else so long. As he was trying to remember where else he had waited as long as this, he saw a lady in a pair of red high heels standing before him. He was going to see the principal at last.

Sliding from the chair, he started toward the door. He wished he would faint before he reached the other side of the room, but he knew he was much too healthy. In a manner he hoped would look casual, he swallowed, grasped the icy knob, and opened the heavy, brown panel. After all it was just routine.

SHIRLEY MILLER '56

DEFINITION

What is a day?
Simply a thing to dream in,
To think of what might be
And that yet still to come.

SHIRLEY DOYLE '55

SO HARD TO DECIDE

HELLO! Is anyone going to sit here?" "No?"
"No, why don't you? Quick, take the last roll and we'll try to get some more."

"O.K. I'd like some coffee, too. Anything to keep me awake. I was up half the night trying to get my work done. By the time you go to all these club meetings there just isn't any time for homework."

"Well, how many club meetings are you going to? You're only supposed to belong to three, you know."

"Yes, I know that but I'm having a hard time trying to decide. There's the Art Club. Pat belongs to that, and they're always having crackers and cheese. I love cheese. And I hear the Science Club goes on field trips and then out to dinner. Of course, I don't like science. I've really been considering the Music Club because all the girls on my floor belong to that."

"Liz, don't you think you're going about it in the wrong way? You should join the clubs that suit your own interests and abilities. I've decided to join I.R.C. because current events interest me and I plan to major in Social Economics. Doctor Sokolowski directs our discussions of world problems and we send delegates to the Model U.N.

"I also belong to the Music Club because I want to develop an understanding of the classics. Several stu-

dents provide entertainment at each meeting. When guest artists perform in Angelico we have an opportunity to talk with them. Then too, we attend the symphony in San Francisco every week."

"Ees nice. I belong, too. And seence I come from Colombia I join Foreign Students' Club. We have songs and dances from our country, and we geeve — what you say? — show? — yes, for college every year. Anyone ees welcome. We have some 'foreign' girls whose home ees in Los Angeles!"

"Let me tell you about the Poetry Club. We meet every Monday afternoon and experiment in verse forms and meters. Our motto is: 'everyone is a potential poet'; so come and let the club help you realize your potentialities. Or if your talent runs in another vein you might like the Art Club. Besides crackers and cheese they indulge in projects such as the annual Fashion Show, making Christmas cards and taking trips to nearby art exhibits."

"Doesn't anyone appreciate serious discussion? I think a little of that helps; so I've been attending the Third Order meetings on Thursdays. Father Servente initiates the topics and gives points of practical value in Christian living. Along the same line you will find the Y.C.S. This deals with student-prompted Catholic Action on campus."

"I've been wondering what that club did. Thanks for telling me, Ginge."

“My Big Sister is president of the Spanish Club. They delve into Spanish culture and every year they give a play in Spanish. Or *si vous parlez français — oui?* — you will enjoy the French Club which is similar in its activities.”

“I’ve been sitting here holding my peace just long enough. You’ve skipped the MOST important one of all. Everyone belongs to the Irish Club. Why the very trees are green.”

“Oh! Mary Bridget, we wouldn’t have forgotten that what with March 17 and the Irish Fair at Fanjeaux.”

“Deah, you must visit the Drama Club. We daughters of Thespis, the Troupers, you know, have a simply marvelous time with our productions. We work like mad but it is such bliss.”

“Sarah, you’re really devoted to the stage and grease paint, aren’t you? But we do appreciate your work.”

“Thanks, girls. You’ve really helped me out of my dilemma. Now I can see just which clubs are for me. I think it will be the Music Club and the Spanish Club, then the French and the Drama and the Irish . . . and I mustn’t forget the

M.J.C. '55

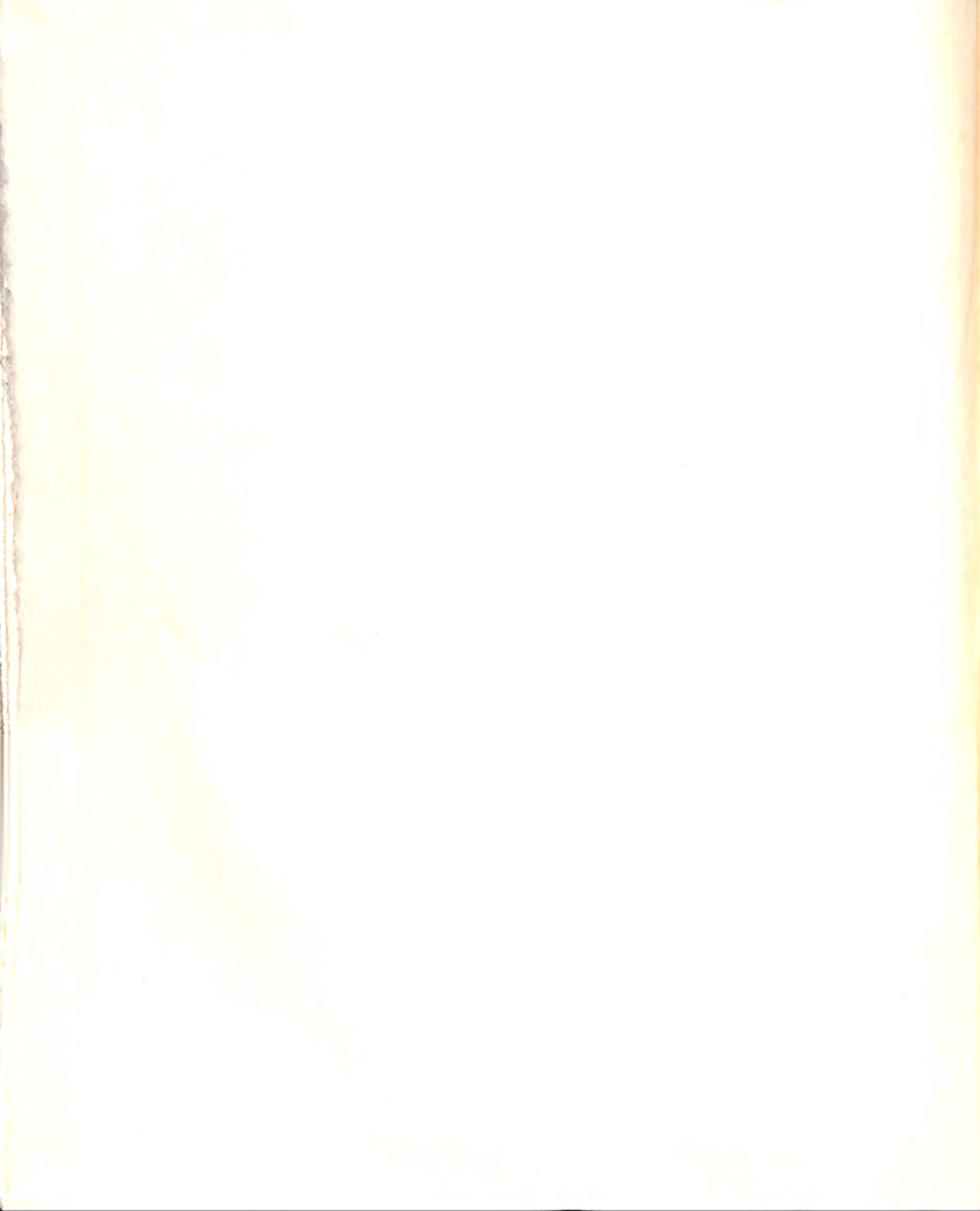
H.D.P. '55

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