

1956

## 1956 Firebrand

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# The Firebrand



EX  
LIBRIS

The image features a bold, black-and-white graphic design. At the top, the word "EX" is rendered in a thick, blocky, sans-serif font. Below it, the word "LIBRIS" is also in a similar bold, blocky font. The text is integrated into a complex, abstract composition of geometric shapes and patterns. Above "EX", there are several rectangular blocks with vertical and horizontal lines, resembling a stylized bookshelf or a series of books. Below "LIBRIS", there are more rectangular blocks with vertical and horizontal lines, also suggesting a bookshelf or a library. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-century modern graphic design, with a focus on strong geometric forms and high contrast.





# THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



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MCMLVI



To  
SISTER MARY DAMIEN, O.P.



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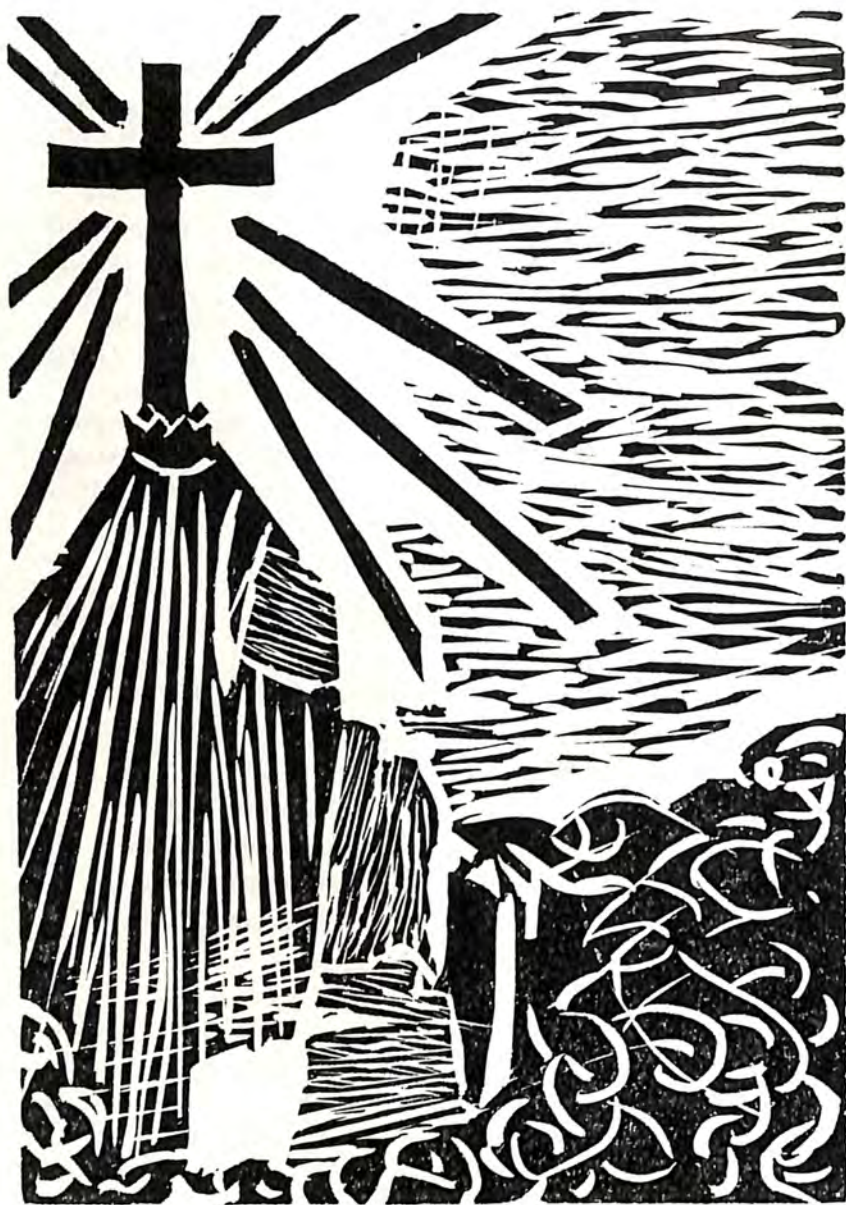
## THE FIREBRAND

<i>Editor</i> . . . . .	CATHERINE SHEA
<i>Associate Editors</i> . . . . .	{ ELEANORE BURCHETT KATHERINE HAMILTON
<i>Assistant Editors</i> . . . . .	{ PATRICIA ELLIOTT MARY BRICHER
<i>Business Manager</i> . . . . .	AILEEN FITZPATRICK
<i>Business Staff</i> . . . . .	{ MARIANNA BLOOM JEAN LEONARDI ANN McCANN
<i>Art Editor</i> . . . . .	MARY ALLEN
<i>Art Staff</i> . . . . .	{ DIAN APPEL MARTA BATTHA
<i>Cartoonist</i> . . . . .	MARY ALLEN
<i>Typist</i> . . . . .	JEAN SMITH

## CONTRIBUTORS

MARYBETH BARRETT	MYRA GRAY
DOROTHY DUNLAP BROWN	MARY HOSINSKI
LYDIA CASTILLO	PATRICIA McDERMOTT
ALITA CASTOR	FRANCE DE MERCEY
CATHERINE COLLINS	INES DU RIVAU
ANN CONNOLLY	SISTER M. JANICE, O.P.
CORINE ESTRADA	SISTER M. NORBERT, O.P.
JOANNE GEMSCH	SISTER M. RICHARD, O.P.
CAROLINE GISSLER	SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR

THE SENIOR CLASS



## EDITORIAL

*In my end is my beginning.*

T. S. ELIOT

BEGINNINGS merge into ends and ends into beginnings. Four years ago on our first day of college we were told that we were just beginning our education. The thought came as something of a shock. The twelve years we had already spent in grammar and high school were then nothing more than a preparation, a getting ready to learn. With each ensuing year in college came the realization that we were indeed only beginning. The more we learned the more we realized how little we knew, how much there was to be learned and how long it takes to learn anything. In our Freshman and Sophomore Theology courses just as we were exulting in the logical conclusion of a truth, another mystery would reveal itself. We were like the child trying to pour the entire sea into his little sand hole. We saw in our history courses the same endlessness, one event yielding to another, a veritable chain reaction in political theories and events which never ceases. In literature also we saw the ever-changing expression of the old eternal truths as each poet adds to them his own individual interpretation. Truth remains constant, while our concep-

tion of Truth is ever changing. There is such a multiplicity of facts and theories; it is the shaping into a pattern that is difficult.

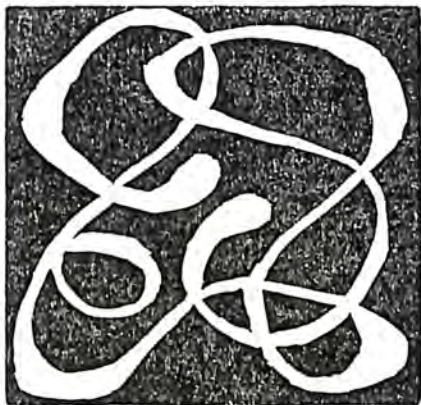
Patterns involve parts and wholes. We begin to see relationships. Each part is unique and important to itself, yet dependent on the other parts for its perfection. Without unity of parts there can be no whole. *Integration* became an important word in our vocabulary. Perhaps we best learned relationship of part to whole through our Humanities course. Before we could come to a full understanding of a civilization, it was necessary to study individually all the facets of its culture — its history, literature, philosophy, arts. These parts had to be then matched together as in a great jig-saw puzzle to form an understandable whole.

We may apply the relationship of part to whole to ourselves. We are each complete and individual, the most important person in the world to ourselves, and yet no one of us is an island unto herself. We, the parts, are dependent on Humanity, the whole.

Likewise we are better able to analyze the relationship of means to end, the sometimes hard to accept means and the always difficult to attain end. We learned not to mistake means for ends. We became aware of the true significance of things. We saw the proper relationship of the material to the spiritual, that the latter has a very real precedence over the for-

mer. We began to see the things that were really important.

Our class motto is "Sursum Corda" — Lift up your hearts. We must look up if we wish to learn. Just as looking down is dangerous when climbing the heights of a great mountain, so is it unsafe in our lives to look back on our past achievements. It is easy to become complacent. If we are to go on learning, we must realize that our past actions are never in proportion to our potential; that in fact we can never fully realize this potential. The oldest and most learned member of the human race is potential; he is still learning. We have in these four years at least begun to learn.



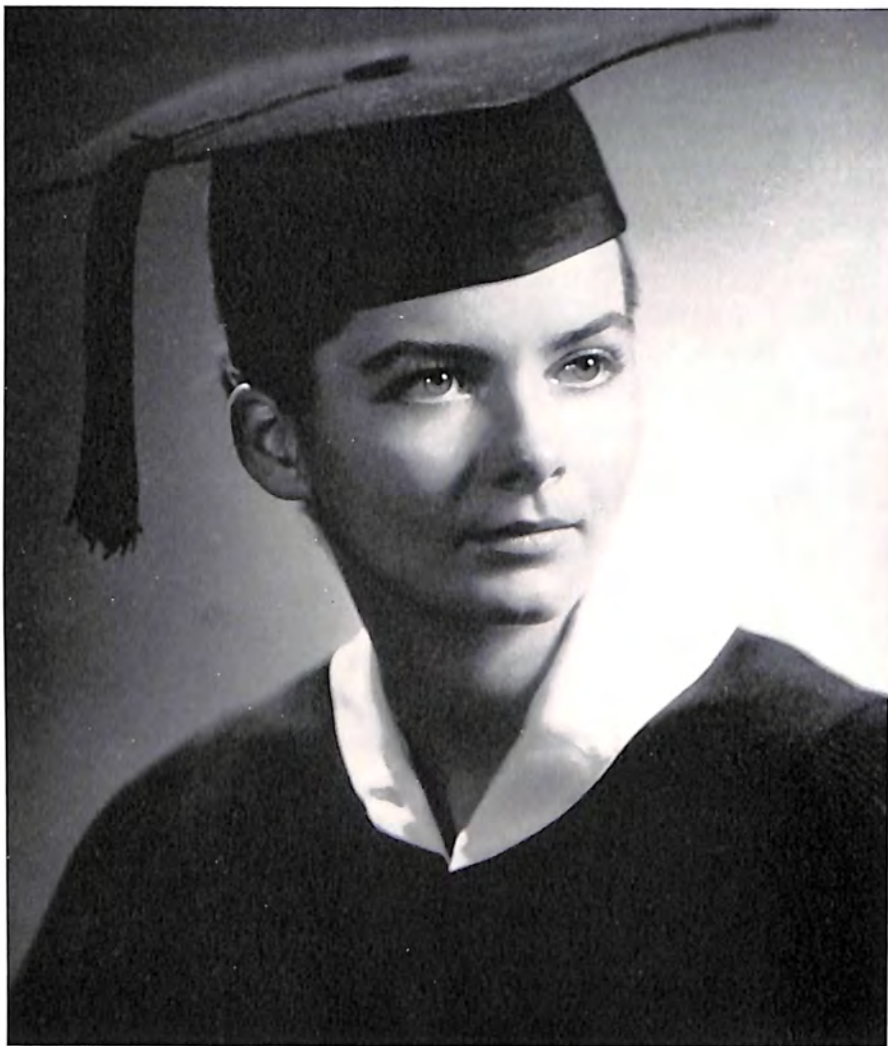


## SURSUM CORDA

The flood of years sweeps by with majesty  
And leaves but silent dust-tears in its wake  
To gather and collect. It does not take  
Minute detail of day that we may see  
In it a purpose; seeing, so might be  
Humbled in reverence mute to truly make  
Us fearing-wise. Thus spirit-freed we slake  
Our thirst for Light in all eternity  
If we, in loving, give ourselves. O may  
The vaulted heavens hear the centuried cry  
"Lift up your hearts." Then let truth's shining sword  
That points path-wearied souls to endless day,  
So smite our wills, that we, in echo high,  
May sing, "We have raised them to Thee, O Lord."

SISTER M. NORBERT, O.P. '56





MARY ALLEGRA ALLEN

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Transferred from San Francisco City College, 1954

Social Committee '55, '56

*Firebrand* Staff '56

Irish Club '55, '56

Art Club '56

English Club '56

## MARY ALLEN

MARY is a substance and accidents kind of personality. There are the studied mannerisms, the artistic vocabulary, the mundane views on literature, the consciously modulated laughter. And because these are so much on the surface, she appears a little forbidding. But the point is that they are on the surface; she is a deeply sensitive, retiring person who finds it necessary to establish a delicately devised rapport between herself and those who know her.

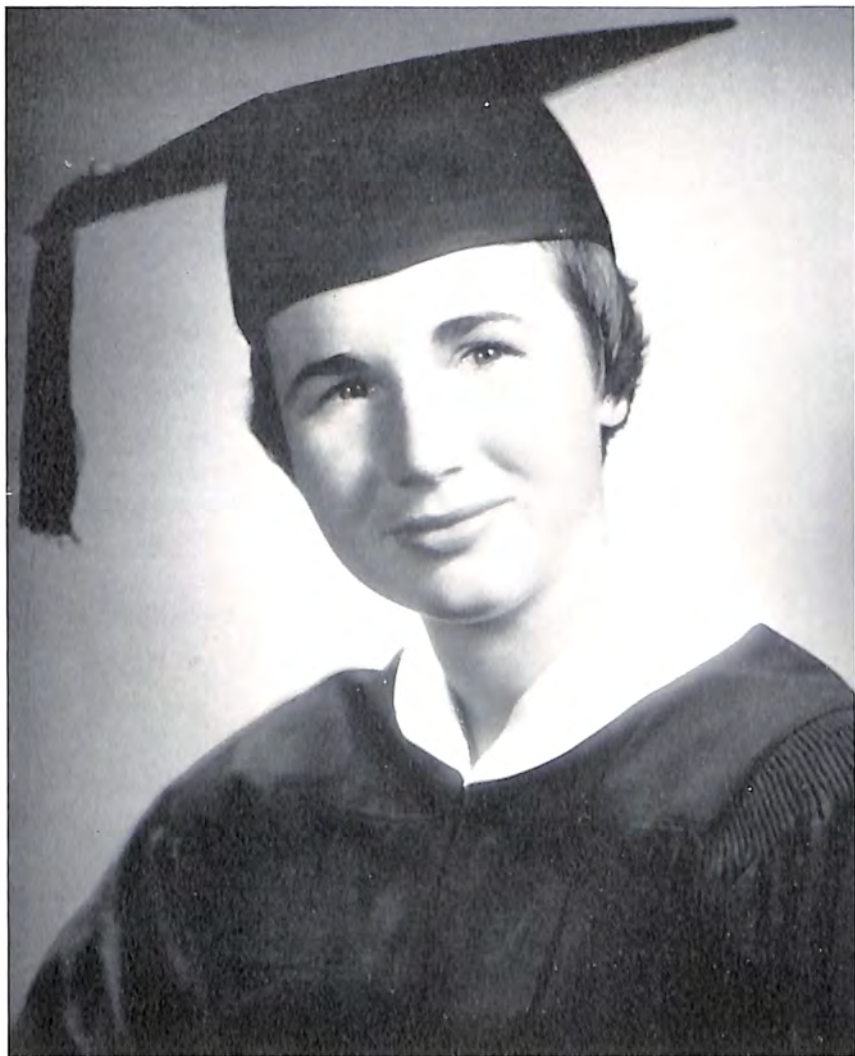
An extremely well-organized and efficient person, she brings a finesse to all her accomplishments; she has a real sense of perfection which appreciates a task skillfully done and brings under censure the shabby performance. Although a genuine artist who ordinarily observes and interprets life situations on an even keel, she is at her best in moments of supreme beauty or violent upheaval. Then her extraordinary human quality wrests from its nook the caution that usually permeates her doings and actually hurls itself out from unplumbed depths. And if — in these moments of spontaneity and sympathy — generosity took human form, it would be hers.



## DIAN APPEL

**O**BVIOUSLY DIAN is no introvert. Where the crowd is most dense, there she is in the midst nodding her bobbed head, waving an artistic hand, and relating her latest, oddest experience. She is enthusiastic about innumerable things, but ecstatic over art, sailing, swimming, and the sun. And she sighs appealingly, "I do so like people who laugh at my jokes." This is not to suggest that there is anything subtle or fuzzy about her sense of humor. It is perfectly straightforward and fluent; and her confrères enjoy her jokes — well, almost as much as she does. Her deep-set green eyes and tanned face reflect a real sunniness of spirit. She is consistently the retriever of her friends' morale. She is vivacious, friendly, a person of superlatives — her world falls into categories of things "fabulous" or "hysterical." She lives in the proverbial pink cloud. With an over-plus of energy, she darts about organizing social functions, collecting her "odd assortment" of men and her various relatable experiences. She loves life and people, and not just superficially. She is intelligently and critically aware of the world around her.





DIAN ELIZABETH APPEL  
Mill Valley, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION  
MINOR: ART

Transferred from Marin Junior College, 1954

Social Chairman '56  
*Meadowlark* Staff '56  
Class Vice-President '55  
C.S.T.A. '56

Art Club '54, '56  
Music Club '56  
W.A.A. Show '54, '55



MARYBETH BARRETT

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SPEECH

A.S.D.C. Parliamentarian '56  
Social Committee '56  
Radio Players '54, '55, '56  
C.S.T.A. '55, '56

Y.C.S. '53, '54  
Music Club '55, '56  
Irish Club '55  
Art Club '56

## MARYBETH BARRETT

BETH is blue-eyed, tall, bright red-haired, and wears a temperament to match. A social mercurial being, she likes milling about in the midst of great enterprises. Particularly, she likes being in the line of fire; for example, she likes to preside, and can do so with distinction — whether it be at one of the “rare” jam sessions in the Edgehill kitchen to the beat of progressive jazz tempo, or whether it be in front of the Radio Players' microphone to background music of another sort. She is “drama” to the bone, and fits into any role. Last year she played a charming Meg in *Little Women*; this year, a jovial king in *The Princess Marries the Page*, and a most persuasive Lady Borgia in *The Plot to Overthrow Christmas*. She can simulate an appearance of ease in virtually any situation. Actually, her most dramatically heightened exclamations are emitted when a moth or any flying thing veers into her orbit.

Though she is possessed of a keen sense of order, she is given to procrastination — even so, her articles and woodblocks for school publications and her term papers somehow beat the deadline. Inevitably, order dominates over other considerations. Whether in an academic or an aloof or a jovial frame of mind, Beth is always unique, interesting, and likable.



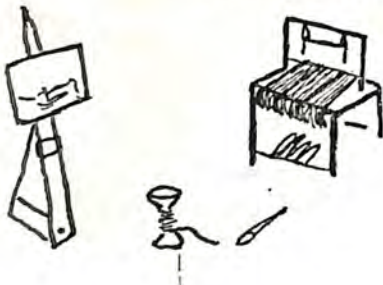


## MARTA BATTHA

MARTA intrigues everyone with her captivating smile, sparkling eyes and inquisitive expression. When conversing she shows genuine interest in all acquaintances and their experiences and usually adds an anecdote from her own wide background of experience gathered in her travels half way around the world: Hungary, Austria, Holland, Switzerland, and the United States. Paramount in Marta's dreams is a desire to visit again her native Hungary.

Perhaps it is this cosmopolitan flavor which works the magic. Perhaps it is her attractive simplicity. Whatever it is, it is effective, for Marta always "gets a man at a mixer," a unique feat. The answer might lie in her dancing, for Marta has a love and talent for dancing — whether it be ballroom, folk, or modern. Her movements are graceful and polished.

Marta is not only skilled in the art of the dance, but also in the art of designing, painting and weaving. In spare moments she sketches unusual scenes that attract her artistic eye. As she scans a fashion magazine, innumerable ideas arise for handmade original outfits for her wardrobe; she weaves unusual textiles; and she handles charcoal, water color, and oil paint with care and ability.





MARTA MARIA BATTHA

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Foreign Students Club '54, '55, '56

President '56

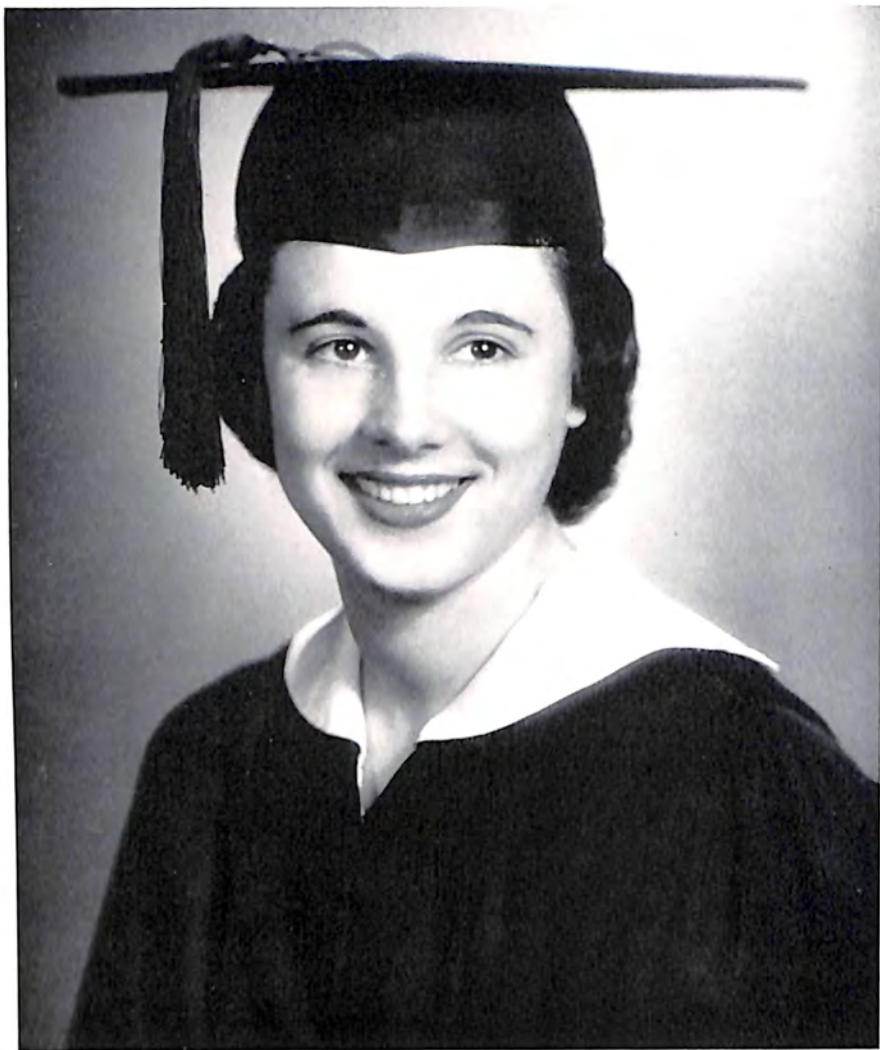
Art Club '53, '54, '55, '56

Vice-President '55

Music Club '54

I.R.C. '55, '56

W.A.A. Board '54, '55



MARIANNA MARGARET BLOOM  
Petaluma, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION  
MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

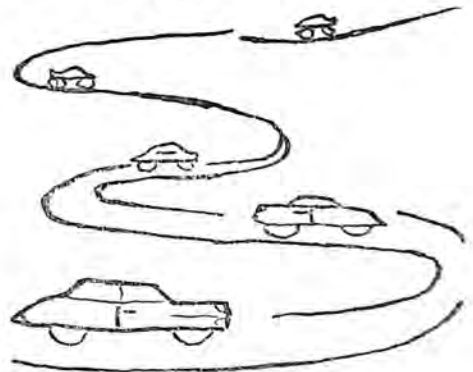
Gamma Sigma  
*Firebrand* Staff '56  
C.S.T.A. '55, '56  
I.R.C. '55, '56

Irish Club '55  
Choral '53  
Madrigal '55, '56  
W.A.A. Show '54, '55

## MARIANNA BLOOM

SHE IS perseveringly and painstakingly conscientious. A perfectionist, she sees implications of duties that most of us cannot grasp. When she is in charge of something it will inevitably and unerringly come to fruition — whether or not she has had much cooperation. But Marianna seldom has trouble receiving cooperation; her friendliness is quite disarming. Circumstances, not people, sometimes conspire to form pitfalls to her earnestness; she grows and transcends the difficult to real achievement. And in her lighter moments she laughs roundly at the occasional tenseness of her attack. In these lighter moments she will rhapsodize on the glories of the Russian River and particularly of the gracious old summer cottage which (Marianna has a mind for the particular detail) has been in her family since 1906. Or she will lament the passing of the “Bomb,” the 1940 Packard whose exhaust was the harbinger of Marianna’s arrival on the scene.

Straight and direct, she counts any effort of her own as insignificant if she can be of help. She couldn’t execute a bluff if she tried. One feels safe in the consciousness of her loyalty.



## ELEANORE BURCHETT

SHE IS HAUNTED by reality. She is an idealist who too keenly perceives the gulf that yawns between what is and what might be. Such perception has bred a kind of discontent with herself and with the world, but also a wonderful readiness to laughter even in moments of near despair. Swift to apprehend the incongruous, facile with words, Eleanore has always the apt phrase to embalm the moment's flaw. Invariably, she is good company. "Anything to escape reality," she mutters, as enticed from her books, she goes talking into the night. But reality pursues her. Too much of a perfectionist to hand in an assignment not exquisitely done, she spends the late hours scrounging about for the exact quotation — polishing and perfecting. Or, perversely, she refuses to hand in the assignment at all. One of the better English majors, she does not — curiously enough — escape in the literature of the past. She disclaims liking any book written before 1900. She reads the moderns — T. S. Eliot, Dylan Thomas, Hemingway, Bernanos, Graham Greene.

She hates the pretentious, the sentimental, the "phony." Her charity is real — the trenchant, cryptic remark often goes unspoken. Her greatest fault is a too spontaneous generosity.





ELEANORE ANNE BURCHETT

San Francisco, California

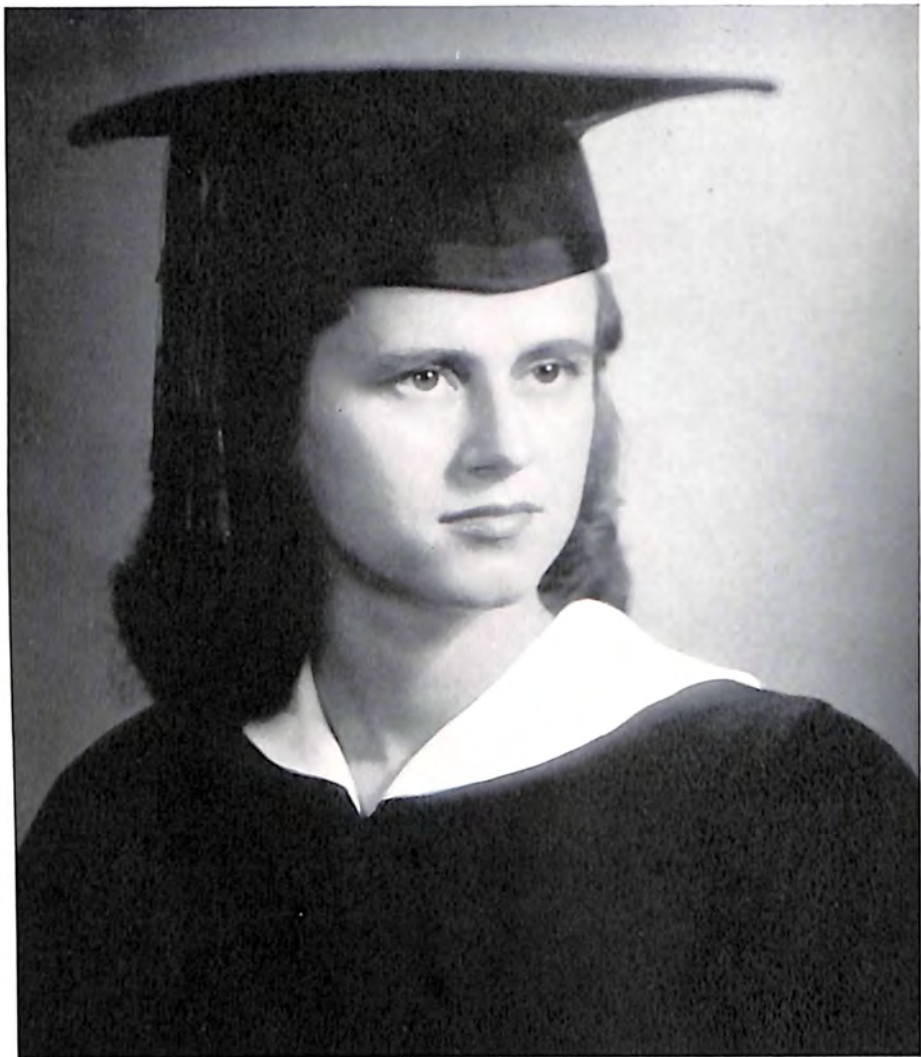
MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Transferred from University of San Francisco, 1955

*Fivebrand* Staff '56  
Associate Editor

English Club '56  
President '56  
I.R.C. '56



ALITA THERESE CASTOR

Seattle, Washington

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

MINOR: MUSIC

Transferred from University of Washington, 1954

Class Secretary '56  
Music Club '55, '56  
Third Order '55, '56

I.R.C. '56  
Choral '55, '56  
Student Artist Series '56

## ALITA CASTOR

THERE is a hyper-quality about everything she does. Lacking in the dubious ability to be superficially interested in many things, she heads toward a restrained fanaticism when something consumes her interest. And her loyalty to her current preoccupation — ballet, St. John of the Cross, piano — finds itself oblivious to someone else's apathy toward the same subject. She is determined; once Alita is possessed of a conviction, it becomes as irrevocably and irretrievably hers as the racing staccato speech or the independent toss of her head or the absent-mindedness which she despairs of conquering. Very rare moods of quiet interrupt her usual stream of sunny chatter. Tweed skirts, cumbersome boxes of frothy costumes, suitcases weighted with books — these are so much a part of her that they offer a glimpse of something more than the purely superficial. She has definite values and cares little or nothing if those values are not the popularly accepted ones; she is too intense and definite to be generally understood and appreciated. To her mind moderation appears synonymous with mediocrity; fathoming even a little of her depth is a rewarding experience.





## ELLEN CHELINI

WHEN ELLEN isn't to be found at her desk penning a note to one of her many friends, she is more than likely to be found at her loom weaving a few more inches to the colorful warp destined to evolve perhaps into a cocktail dress or placemats. Ellen's decorative sense is reflected in her attractive room and in her arrangement of flowers; her ability in artistic crafts can be seen in her swift molding of cups and bowls and vases on the potter's wheel and in her careful trimming and glazing of these ceramic pieces. Her sense of balance and form carries over into sports. She is agile at almost anything she tries. Seasonably she favors swimming, tennis, water skiing, ice skating. More notable is the fact that she hunts and can point proudly to a rack of deer horns as evidence of her skill as a marksman. She loves dancing — ballroom and otherwise. Her fast-stepping tap-dancing has featured in almost every class day program. At school she is alternately entertainingly blunt and gracious. At home she is always the perfect hostess.





ELLEN CHELINI  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY  
MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Tennis Club '53  
Science Club '54, '55, '56  
Secretary '56

Foreign Students Club '56  
W.A.A. Show '53, '54, '55, '56



GLORIA ROSA CHI

Taipei, Formosa

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Foreign Students Club '53, '54, '55, '56

Treasurer '54, '55

Secretary-Treasurer '56

Art Club '53

German Club '56

Science Club '56

## GLORIA CHI

THE SCENT of orange blossoms and the quaintness of an Oriental tea-house come to mind when one sees Gloria in her national dress. Though she is essentially Chinese in background and culture, her tastes are definitely American. She likes movies, hamburgers, and dances. However, this is all extrinsic. Gloria herself is a mixture of seriousness, shyness and abruptness. Herself very prim and proper, she is intolerant of any nonsense or horseplay in her less serious classmates. Gloria's very room reflects her personality; it is not only meticulously neat, but also artistic, decorated with her own water colors, paintings of Chinese scenery done in delicate and fine coloring.

One is surprised to find that this petite, very feminine person has chemistry as a major and math for a minor — subjects more befitting a rugged individualist. Her capability and advancement in both have prompted her ambition for a Master's degree; eventually she hopes to return to Formosa as a laboratory research worker.

Although Gloria has been in this country for only four years, she is a semi-annual commuter between here and New York where she spends Christmas and summer vacations with her sister.



## MERCEDES COJUANGCO

MERCY is the essence of dignity. Her shyness toward strangers is misleading, for Mercy's reaction is only a natural response to an unfamiliar situation. When with friends she is confident and at ease. She has a deep understanding and sympathy toward people which are best reflected in her attitude toward the other foreign students. She appreciates how they feel away from home and seems to take protective care of them.

Mercy has a variety of interests ranging from literature and music to movies and shopping trips. She would have liked to make a career of dancing, which she has always loved, but now she is studying industriously to become a lawyer. Her logical mind and her fair, unbiased judgment and even her experience as Student Affairs Board President will be of service to her in this field.

A person of real intellectual curiosity, Mercy is alert to economics, foreign diplomacy and current events. Most characteristic of her is her sense of duty toward everything she does; she follows each rule to the letter so as to set a good example; she conscientiously accepts responsibility for every job she undertakes.





MERCEDES MURPHY COJUANGCO

Quezon City, Philippine Islands

MAJORS: ECONOMICS, SPANISH

Gamma Sigma  
Student Affairs Board President '56  
Foreign Students Club '53, '54, '55, '56  
Vice-President '54

Spanish Club '53, '54, '55, '56  
Vice-President '54  
President '55  
W.A.A. Show '53, '55



JEAN ARMSTRONG CORNWALL  
Sebastopol, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: FRENCH

Transferred from Wellesley College

Gamma Sigma

## JEAN CORNWALL

SHE IS A STING to our complacency. She moves with centrifugal force through concentric circles of activity — wife, mother of five children, rancher, practice-teacher, and student absolute. Yet on campus she appears no more extraordinary than the rest of us. She looks not at all harried; she goes about not too preoccupied; she walks rather than runs; she has time for the amenities, time to chat about student life at the University of Innsbruck, or of the goat that just that morning bit her little boy, or of some other amusing contemporary minor-catastrophe. She has time even to be generous. She will stop and reduce the difficult complex concept to simple and lucid terms for the less mentally agile; she will offer wise advice drawn from her own experience, and give practical assistance to the less assured student-teacher. We suspect that, although she works hard, she exacts the unique pleasure from each of her many activities. How else explain all that she accomplishes — the innumerable “A” papers, the education charts done so painstakingly, the long list of required French novels read during the holidays? How else explain her equanimity and her smile? To appreciate the resonant depth of her character, she must be studied in context.





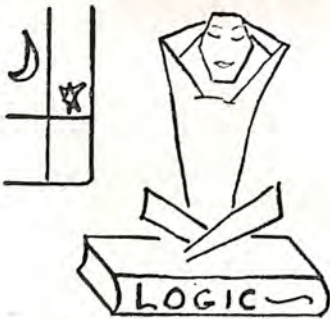
## BLANID DOYLE

SHE IS potential. Aiming at the distant point where the horizon fades into fuzziness, she is often befuddled in the presence of tangibilities. Thus the obvious values become devoid of significance; but, paradoxically, she takes umbrage at her own inertia.

Sincerity personified, she is possessed of a finely tempered empathy with the feelings of those around her. An unstudied calmness arising from a studied nonchalance emanates from her personality; Blamid's sense of whimsy restrains any violence within her.

Not logical in the scholastic sense — she has few inhibitions about the validity of a first premise — she can find a suitable explanation for the most outlandish of schemes. The more theoretical and preposterous the plan, the more acutely is she challenged in establishing its practicality or its plausibility. But with Blamid this process is more than mere rationalization; it is an admixture of escape, insight, and mischief.

She delights in non-conformity. And occasionally one suspects that it is one of her most powerful motivations. It is something of a balancing-the-scales mentality; disgusted with herd-dictated activity, she retains her integrity by sheer force of individuality.





BLANID ELLEN DOYLE

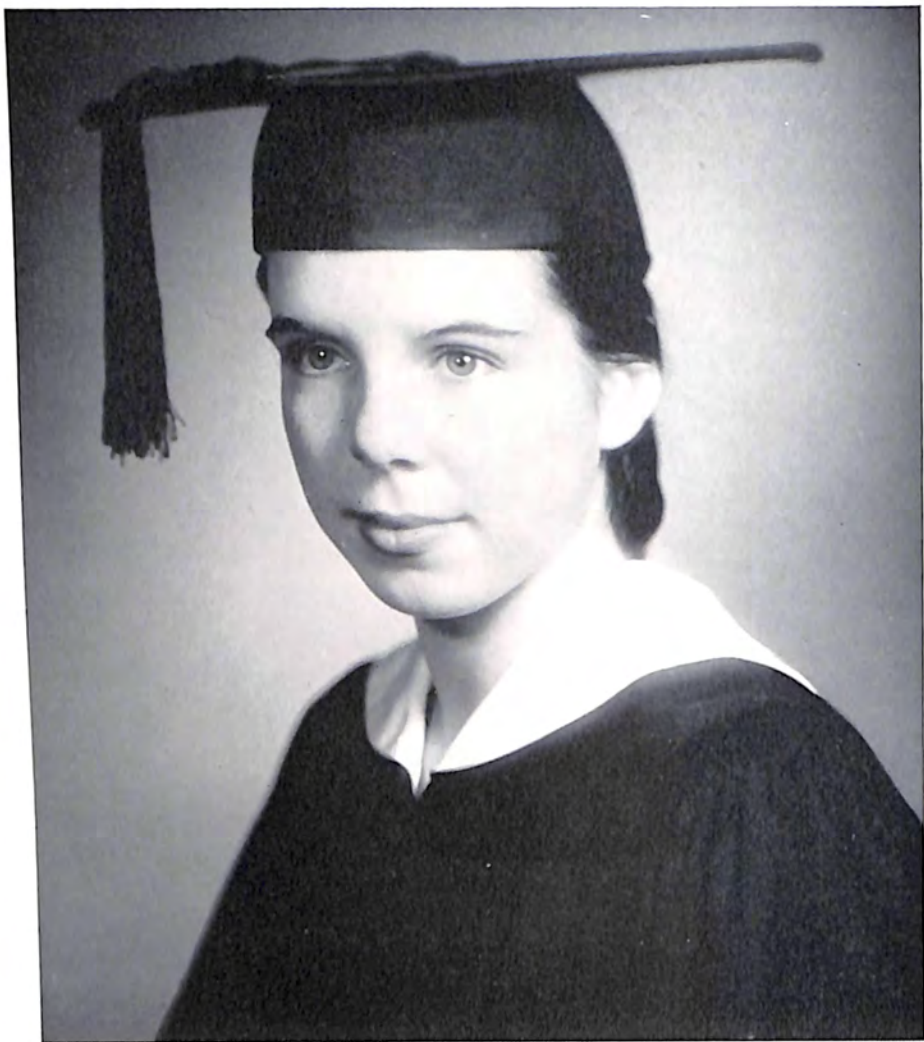
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH-DRAMA

*Carillon* Staff '54  
C.S.T.A. '55, '56  
Vice-President '55  
Troupers '55, '56  
Radio Players '53, '54  
Music Club '55

Irish Club '53, '54, '55, '56  
President '55  
Art Club '56  
English Club '56  
W.A.A. Show '53, '54, '55



PATRICIA ALICE ELLIOTT

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: FRENCH

*Firebrand* Staff '56  
Assistant Editor '56  
*Meadowlark* Staff '55

W.A.A. Show '53, '55  
English Club '56

## PATRICIA ELLIOTT

PLIÉ, PLIÉ, *ronde de jambe* to the sounds of *Swan Lake* or *Con Amore* ballets Patricia's mind — even when her feet are still and she sits in class, pen poised, waiting for the next line of French notes. Her time is magically apportioned between San Francisco Ballet dance classes, rehearsals, performances, and the demands made by a normal college schedule. Her greatest fault, she claims, is laziness; but it is nowhere in evidence. She seldom alights for very long, and when she does, the knitting needles are busily clicking as another dress, sweater, or sock nears completion. At home, she is either finishing a momentarily due English paper or busy stirring or tasting some delicacy from her charmed oven. Yet a kind of repose invests even the activity. Her movements are not hurried but rhythmical and sure. Like the typical ballerina, she wears her hair away from her face and gathered into a knot at the back of her head. She has humorous gray eyes and a face sometimes quite pale so that the faint freckles of the just out-grown little girl shine through. In love with her art, Patricia has always been glad to entertain school audiences with her graceful intricate patterning, and to train the less agile in the dance.



## AILEEN FITZPATRICK

A FAMILIAR sight on Acacia Avenue is a two-toned green Buick driven by a dark-haired girl in a red MG jacket. When the dark-haired girl steps out of the car, a mere observer might think that here indeed is "tall and stately Maud." When this same dignified young person greets a classmate with a "Hi Bubble-Head" and then goes into fantastic detail about a not so likely happening, the first impression would quickly vanish. Aileen puzzles acquaintances and close friends. She can be most serious; she has a genius for organization and an enviable executive ability. W.A.A. shows, summer camps, the business affairs of *Firebrand* have all attained order under her command. Yet these executive abilities seem not to carry over into the kitchen where to her friends' amusement she sheepishly bemoans that she knows only how to "cook steak and French fries." Aileen can be most lighthearted and fun loving. Her home and hospitality have been a haven for day-hops and resident students alike. What senior will forget that party after the St. George play? Her skill in making clothes is occasionally submerged in a greater loyalty to Joseph Magnin's, which might become bankrupt without her patronage.





MILEEN ANNE FITZPATRICK  
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION  
MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

President: Non-Resident Students '56  
W.A.A. Vice-President '55  
Executive Board '55  
*Firebrand* Business Manager '56  
Class Treasurer '54

C.S.T.A. '55, '56  
Irish Club '55  
W.A.A. Board '55  
W.A.A. Show '53, '54, '55



MAUREEN GARTLAND

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

W.A.A. President '55  
C.S.T.A. President '56  
*Carillon* Staff '54  
Executive Board '55  
W.A.A. Board '54, '55, '56  
Y.C.S. '53, '54, '55

Music Club '53  
Irish Club '55, '56  
Art Club '56  
W.A.A. Show '53, '54, '55  
Choral

## MAUREEN GARTLAND

MAUREEN is that ambivalent combination of bluntness and sensitivity. Straightforward to a fault, she finds herself sputtering or muttering the choppingly obvious implicit thing explicitly. But her own sensitivity rocks back on the statement and seeks to rectify — and usually does — the abruptness of her spontaneity. Her bubbling, choking, running-through-everything laughter has the faculty of shaking the discordant back into harmony — probably because its primary target is her own foibles.

Her “savoir-faire” and carefully cherished reputation for daring lead her into responsibilities for which she has neither the taste nor the time. And when all these tasks converge into a point, she is submerged in impossibility. In this situation she invariably yearns for escape: her sensibilities tear off on the tangential but her sense of justice heads for the center. Consequently her attainment usually hits somewhere on the circumference. Then with a sure boldness and a catch-me-if-you-can stroke she proceeds to reconstruct the circle. She is always herself, and her self-ness is refreshingly unsubtle.





## REBECA GIRALT

REBECA is in many ways unique. There is her special walk — a light bouncing step that might better be called a canter; there is her distrust of our weather which manifests itself in an umbrella in San Rafael even on a cloudless day; and there is her almost perpetually smiling face. It would seem a venial sin at the least to remain gloomy in the presence of her smile, and no one does. Rebeca, known to all as Nena, goes her own pace. She is not hurried. She loves to do things, homework included, in an orderly, unhurried manner. Whenever she is discouraged about multitudes of assignments, she will state in an anxious worried voice, "I have so much to do," and then without further ado she settles down to work.

Nena claims she has no special talents, but in fact she writes very lovely Spanish poems, and recites them with charm. And she has a very real talent for generosity. This talent has been especially appreciated by those in need of a little extra coaching in the intricacies of the Spanish language. On some nights, lines of girls can be seen filing in and out of her room, full of questions about translations from English to Spanish, and Nena has always just as much patience with the last who goes to her for help as with the first.





REBECA VICTORIA GIRALT

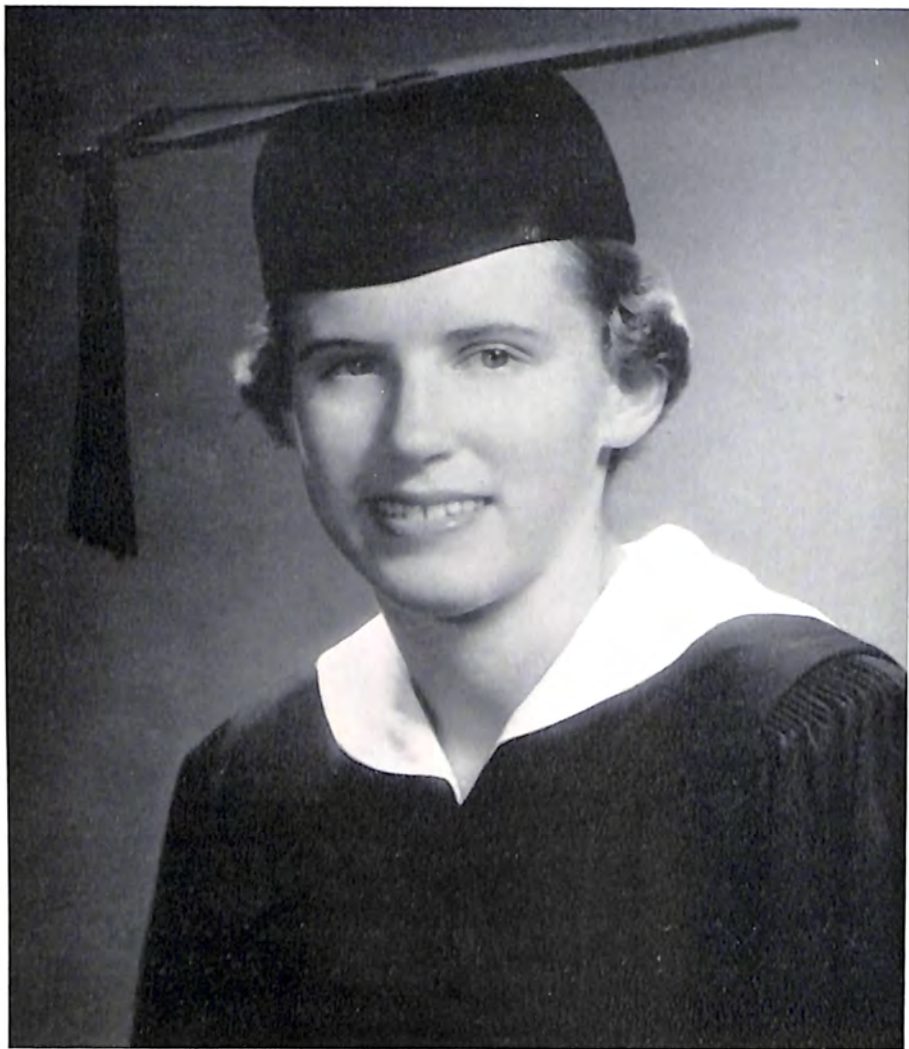
San Miguel, El-Salvador

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: SPANISH

Spanish Club '53, '54, '55, '56  
Foreign Students Club '53, '54, '55, '56

W. A. A. Show '53, '55



SUSAN AILEEN GORMAN

Mendocino, California

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Gamma Sigma  
Meadowlark Staff '55  
Class Secretary '55

Class Vice-President '56  
W.A.A. Show '54, '55  
Fanjeaux House Chairman '55

## SUSAN GORMAN

SUSAN has a way of getting herself into situations which she considers impossible. It is at such times that one is sure to hear her cry, "What am I going to do?" The sympathetic laughing answer of those who know her is, "Just be Susan." This she does with charm and efficiency, and it is enough. Part of "being Susan" consists in being prepared for a test two weeks ahead of time and on the day of the test still studying frantically, certain that she doesn't know a thing. Consistently, her grades prove the contrary.

Quite typically Susan has many likes. She has a fondness for sleep (although her usual bedtime is midnight), and for football games (though she admits she isn't quite sure of what is happening on the field). Her penchant is a weakness for shoes, and her indecision about them has made many a salesman at Sommer and Kaufmann's shake his head in impatient amazement. On the other hand, her dislikes are simple and few — namely, Liberace and hiking.

Although on occasions flurried and often indecisive, as a hostess Susan is calm and capable. The success of innumerable campus parties has radiated from her relaxed efficiency and enthusiastic efforts. Her light-heartedness and -headedness are peripheral.

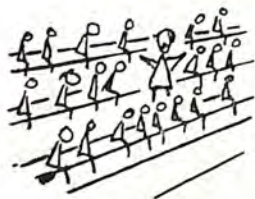


## ELIZABETH GRAY

**B**EHIND a retiring and rather shy exterior hides a pleasant, optimistic and amiable personality, with an unexpected sense of humor. Because of her pleasant disposition and genuine interest in each individual, Betty attracts many friends. Her spirited way of talking, further animated by her hand gestures and lively expression, make her a refreshing companion. Not only this, but she has a pleasing appearance with honey-blond hair and dawn-blue eyes.

Of great amusement to her friends is her complete helplessness, especially where anything mechanical is concerned. It was a sad day when her car "had to go to the infirmary." With complete bewilderment she was heard to say, "But I don't know how to drive a car that's being pushed!" Betty's real fear, however, is that she will one day have to drive onto the San Rafael-Richmond ferry; she's afraid she'll drive right into the Bay.

Betty's conscientiousness always gets her work done on schedule, but a good movie is too much of a temptation to her. With a hesitant smile and an "Oh, I really shouldn't go, but they say the movie is so good!" she can overlook an assignment.





ELIZABETH PAULINE GRAY

Martinez, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from San Jose State College, January 1955

I.R.C. '56  
English Club '56

C.S.T.A. '55, '56  
W.A.A. Show '55



ROBERTA IRENE GUY

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Transferred from Oregon State College, 1954

Art Club '55

W.A.A. Show '55

## ROBERTA GUY

A QUIET, by no means phlegmatic temperament, an equanimity of temper, and a friendliness make up Roberta's much-to-be-envied disposition. To this she has added a neat, attractive appearance and a poised manner — all the requisites not only of a popular student but of a teacher, which is what she is planning to be. She is very enthusiastic about her teaching, and animatedly recalls to us the little incidents that have happened during her day at the school. Bert had a good chance to practice working with children one summer when she was a counsellor at Camp Celio. There, her sympathetic and understanding manner with the children was noticed. Though a little shy herself, she soon had made friends with the shyest members of her class.

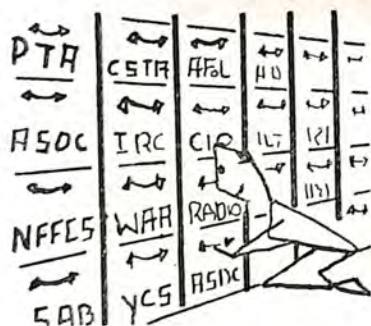
In a crowd she's quiet; still, everyone is aware of her presence. When she does have something to say it's significant. Her humor is dry. Bert's enthusiasm knows no limits when she likes what she's doing; but if she shouldn't enjoy it, she refuses to make much of an effort to succeed in it. But these occasions are rare, and generally Roberta's enthusiasm is as marked for her current occupation as it always is for her teaching.





## KATHERINE SUE HAMILTON

KIT IS SO many things. She is a sense of responsibility that assumes a task and brings it to fruition calmly and surely. She is irritation bordering on disdain in the sight of anything that offends her sensibilities; her preconceived ideas on the correctness of things brook no affront. She is loyalty in the concrete — there is very little of the abstract in her; even her ideals seem to be in direct proportion to her action: Kit always measures up. She is firm action — possessed of an almost vehement perseverance, she has little understanding of a temperament that finds itself caught in the quicksand of its own inadequate potential; her energy is always kinetic. She is either oblivion or deliberation — and in her case the line of demarcation is imperceptible — in what she does not see and in what she chooses not to see. She is genuine kindness relighting a spark in someone's hopeless discouragement, and because she herself is prone to discouragement, her effort is the more genuine and significant. She is thoughtfulness running through the veins of the imperviousness of others. And if there were really such a thing outside the confines of editorials and handbooks, she would be school spirit.





KATHERINE SUE HAMILTON

McCloud, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Gamma Sigma  
H.O.O.D. Cup '54  
Mother Raymond Memorial Scholar  
A.S.D.C. Vice-President '56  
A.S.D.C. Treasurer '55  
A.S.D.C. Secretary '54  
Student Affairs Board '56  
Executive Board '54, '55, '56  
Social Committee '53  
*Firebrand* Staff '55, '56

*Carillon* Staff '54  
Class Vice-President '53  
Radio Players '55, '56  
Irish Club '53, '54  
Music Club '54, '55  
French Club '54  
English Club '56  
I.R.C. '55  
Choral '53



MARILYN VIRGINIA HARRINGTON

Redding, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from Shasta Junior College, 1954

Student Affairs Board '56

Art Club '56

English Club '56

Music Club '55

W.A.A. Board '55

## MARILYN HARRINGTON

SHE IS MORE than a little Mona Lisan. And just as that lady's character is beyond discernment, so is Marilyn a personality difficult to crystallize in a few words. But Mona Lisa's inscrutability has never precluded speculation — and neither does Marilyn's. Besides, sometimes one gets a glimpse of what goes on behind that smile. There is the inflexibility of decision; she thinks, judges, and acts on principle that will not bend even in the presence of compelling human motives. She is invariably objective. There is the systematic arrangement of business and pleasure — when she plays she plays intensely but not for long. Marilyn simply is not comfortable unless she is at grips with the problem of the moment.

There is the indulged tendency to introspection that occasionally makes her a bit oblivious of those around her; she does not have an overwhelming need for company. But she thinks through the problems of life — again with objectivity — as they are presented in the modern novelists. Because she is firm and precise, she finds it difficult to accept the nonsensical. Above all there is a preoccupation with the abstract. She seems to be looking for a center.



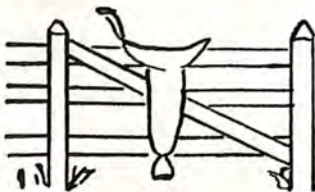
## MARY ANNE HARRISON

**H**ORSES, horses, horses! Crazy over horses, trophies, ribbons, and pictures of her own winner, Happy John — our Mary Anne. In the care of her pet quarter horse, the conducting of classes for eager learners, the arranging of pack trips for casual riders, the anticipating of horse shows, this lithe blue ribbon equestrian spends most of her free moments.

Summertime means to Mary Anne vacationing at Huntington Lake and moonlight rides on water skis. She relishes camping in the mountains and jokingly tells of sleeping with bears (her special fear) in Yosemite Valley.

Mary Anne's droll — sometimes caustic — wit and her experiences so wryly focused in the telling have prolonged the gaiety of parties and conversations, and have often been transmuted into clever articles for *Meadowlark* and *Firebrand*, and digested into innumerable letters to her friends.

Polished car, neat desk, pressed skirts, matching jewelry, and the peremptory refusal to store anything under her bed indicate a love of order verging on the meticulous. During these four years, the name Mary Anne has been synonymous with promptness, dependability, and efficiency.





MARY ANNE HARRISON

Fresno, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: BIOLOGY

*Meadowlark* Editor '55  
*Meadowlark* Staff '54, '55, '56  
Irish Club '53, '54, '55, '56  
Science Club '54, '55

Music Club '56  
Choral '53  
W.A.A. Board '54, '55, '56  
W.A.A. Show '54, '55



DIANE ANITA IMWALLE

Santa Rosa, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH-DRAMA

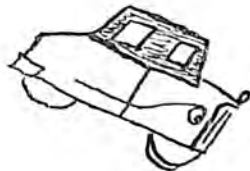
Transferred from San Jose State College, January 1955

German Club '56  
Vice-President '56

W.A.A. Show '55  
Troupers '55, '56

## DIANE IMWALLE

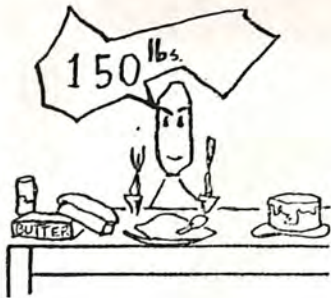
THERE is just nothing static about Diane. She is, literally, in a state of perpetual motion. "I have," she says modestly, "a great capacity for moving from one disaster to another." This may account for what one could only call the "storm-struck" appearance of her hair. Breathless exclamation marks punctuate her speech. Her interests move in a wide orbit. At the positive pole of her likes are British accents, cheese cake, and browsing through antique shops; at the negative pole are Jesuits, German operas, and going to bed early. Her ambitions are as far flung as her interests. She would merely like to "try everything." Among the everything is the desire to own and run her own nursery school. And this, with her love for children and talent in handling them, is quite within her capabilities. She has, furthermore, a particularly happy disposition. Naturally enough, there is no leisure time in her life; still, she claims an obsession for neatness and a high talent for good cooking. The fear of her life is that "Dracula," the jeep in which she daily appears and disappears, may one gloomy hour disintegrate in some mid-journey.

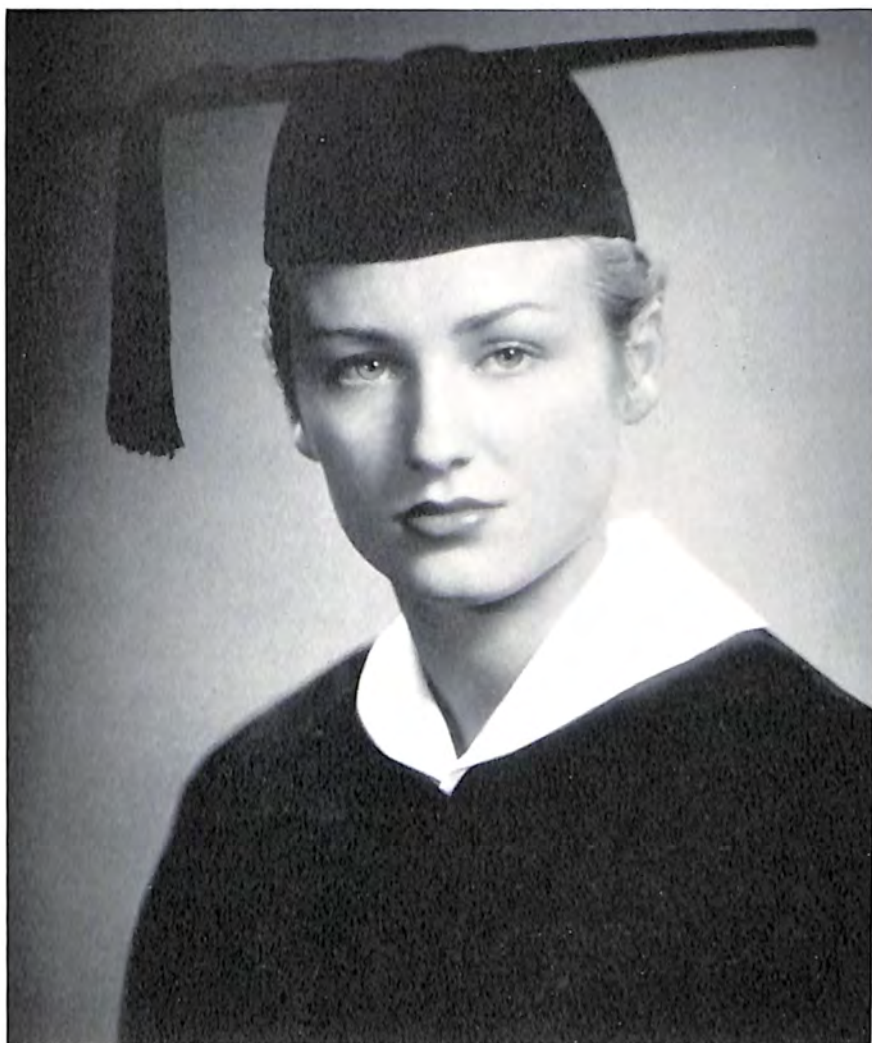




## THERESA ING

INFECTIOUS, spontaneous laughter, quick nervous energy, verve, varied interests in sports from golf and hockey to chess, an eagerness for parties — all these qualities somehow attach to Theresa. But they become as nothing when she sings. Melodic, high-pitched, controlled, lyrically beautiful — her voice. Her repertoire includes difficult operatic arias in several languages, English madrigals, and popular American songs. She is instinctively musical, but has submitted her voice to strenuous training and her mind to the intricacies of theory. Her love for music carries naturally into her day to day living. She is an appreciative attender of the San Francisco Symphony concerts and ballet performances. This interest in ballet has motivated her to do her own daily dance exercises with remarkable results. Pixie cap and tinkling bells adorned the costume of Coral Belle who danced on toe during the Senior Class Day skit. Outwardly Ting appears poised, slim — even fragile. But no one has a healthier appetite or more untiring energy. In truth, she seems a remarkable composition of the lyrical combined with plain common sense.





HERESA ALICE ING

Lodi, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

Music Club '53, '54, '55, '56

Irish Club '53

Third Order '56

Choral '53, '54, '55, '56

Madrigal '54, '55, '56

W.A.A. Show '53, '54



NANI WAIOLAMA LEE

Honolulu, T.H.

MAJOR: ENGLISH-SPEECH

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from University of Hawaii, 1953

Class President '56  
Social Committee '55  
*Carillon* Staff '54  
Foreign Students Club '54, '55, '56  
Third Order '56  
English Club '56

Art Club '56  
French Club '54  
L.R.C. '55  
Music Club '54, '55, '56  
W.A.A. Board '54, '55

## NANI LEE

NANI WAIOLAMA — “Beautiful Waterfall.” Beautiful and melodic the name, as Nani pronounces it; but the soft vowels give no hint of the strength of Nani’s character, nor of the practicality and objectivity of her thinking. To this, her outward appearance gives no more than the merest clue. Her voice is clear, her carriage rhythmic and erect, and she moves in unshatterable poise. A paper for literary criticism, the refereeing of a basketball game are executed with the same easy grace. The Islands and the destiny of her name may be reflected in this kind of effortlessness accompanying all she does. Nani is naturally charming; there is no reaching or straining after effects. At ease with everyone, everyone in turn is at ease with her. She just is herself. Some days find her amenable to golf; some days she likes to study, and at still other times she just wants to sleep. Which ever it may be, Nani does — in spite of what is going on around her — just what she feels like doing. And this explains, perhaps, why she gets so much enjoyment out of just day-to-day living.



## JEAN LEONARDI

JEAN is vivacious, congenial, magnetic. Her laughter is irresistible. People and activities center about her. Hers is no surface brilliance, but some intangible warm, open, human quality that makes her a special favorite among children as well as among her classmates. Her attractiveness has nothing to do with the charm books which she is teasingly accused of reading and which in fact are to be found in her library wedged between volumes on modern drama, radio, and primary education. A particular talent for drama coupled with mature judgment and good nature has inevitably implicated her in class, college and community productions — often as director. She can engineer a cast with wisely self-effacing tact. She does not strive for absolute perfection, for the flawless production. She is not tortured by demanding more than nature has allowed. The subtle, the ambiguous — any two-way-facingness — are utterly alien to her character. She is plainly open-handed and open-hearted. One senses rather than is sure that she is aware of problem — of the divine tangle of life.

RADIO PLAYERS





JEAN PAULINE LEONARDI  
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION  
MINOR: SPEECH-DRAMA

Student Affairs Board '56  
*Firebrand* Staff '56  
*Meadowlark* Staff '55  
Radio Players '54, '55, '56  
Troupers '55

C.S.T.A. '55, '56  
Secretary-Treasurer '55  
Choral '53  
W.A.A. Show '56



LOURDES THERESA MANALAC

Hong Kong, China

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Class Treasurer '55, '56  
Foreign Students Club '54, '55, '56

Science Club '55, '56

## LOURDES MANALAC

TO THE CRY of "Tennis anyone?" Lourdes will inevitably answer, "Wait for me!" Her prowess on the tennis court is duplicated in volleyball, swimming, skiing, or any other sport she undertakes. Moreover, she is as ardent in watching a game of basketball as in playing one.

Arriving here at Dominican College in her sophomore year, Lourdes was quite understandably homesick for her native Hong Kong. Although she quickly adapted herself to Dominican life, Lourdes still has periodic seizures of homesickness which she dispels by impetuously entering into any gaiety at hand or else by simply playing her harmonica.

Lourdes is a living contradiction of the belief that one must enjoy a subject in order to excel in it. Math is a necessary evil to her way of thinking; yet, Lourdes is preeminently a mathematician. In fact her mathematic abilities are so good that we have elected her class treasurer, a sometimes unpopular office, for two years in succession. Still, Lourdes has retained her popularity by using the subtle approach. With an embarrassed smile she asks, "Do you think maybe you could bring your dues tomorrow?"





## LAURETTA McAULIFFE

ONE IS AWARE of her. Her scintillation creates atmosphere; her friendliness kindles it; her gloom smogs it; her anger electrifies it. Probably her genuine interest in people and things is accountable for much of her influence (and influential she is); but the puzzling antithetical elements in her nature make the difference between a person who is merely popular and one who challenges. With an impatient whisk of her hand through her hair, she hurls herself into the problem at large, tosses aside what she considers non-essential and charges through to an efficient solution. Her fits of thoughtlessness are smothered by a thorough-going sympathy which frequently engenders one of her rambling monologues on the philosophical implications of art and life; but her own sense of "disorganization" alternately amuses and plagues her. She is at her best when something evokes a reaction of wholeness; part of Laretta is a sketchy effort. Invariably, it is the piano which evokes the wholeness. Artist to the center, she plays with skill and effortless intensity. She has a propensity for getting hopelessly involved in situations and a limitless fund of stories resultant from her diversified confusions. Crescendo-like, she adds climaxes to life.





LAURETTA MARY McAULIFFE

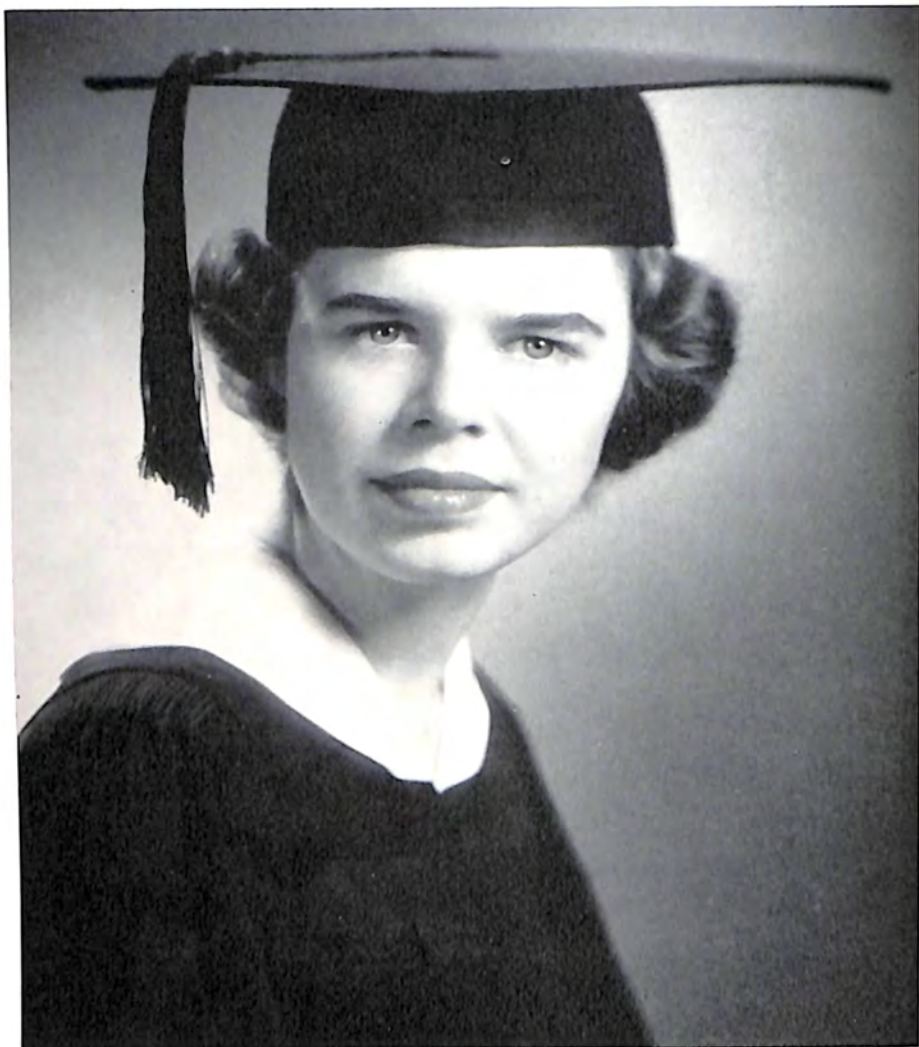
San Mateo, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: ENGLISH

A.S.D.C. President '56  
Student Affairs Board '56  
Executive Board '56  
Freshman Advisor '55  
Social Committee '53, '54, '55  
Music Club '53, '54, '55, '56

Irish Club '53, '54, '55  
English Club '56  
Choral '53, '54, '55, '56  
Madrigal '55, '56  
Orchestra '56  
Student Artist Series '56



ANN McCANN  
Salinas, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION  
MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Hartnell College, Salinas, 1954

Music Club '54  
W.A.A. Show '54  
I.R.C. '55

Music Club '55  
Foreign Students Club '55  
Executive Board '55

## ANN McCANN

ANN'S intense exuberance spills into the totality of her life. Ann's infectious enthusiasm arouses interest and excited responses in others. Many a night's slumber has been broken by a robe-clad, scarf-topped, clickety-scuffed figure flitting from room to room spreading the rumor of a party! Unpredictable, she may decide on the spur of the moment that it's the perfect time for a tennis rally or ideal for a little jaunt — a brisk hike down to the Public Library for five fascinating novels which she can't wait to peruse, even though she has a pile of assignments on her desk. Ann is truly the individual. There is, for example, her rather unusual assortment of fantastic hats, her love for the tales of Mother Goose and her summers spent in what she calls the "nut house," a shed used during the winter for the storing of nuts — and her friends add — also during the summer.

What is so charming about Ann are her delightful idiosyncracies: nail-polished glass frames, fear of spiders, detailed routine, clarinet lessons. Often her seeming suspension of disbelief so entices telling of fantastic tales that one becomes confused as to who is fooling whom. This seeming naiveté masks a good mind. Ann can expound even on a smattering of information with complete assurance and authority.

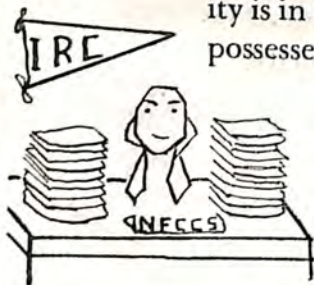


## PATRICIA McCREADY

PATRICIA is the critic of our class. She is critical both of her own work and that of others. She possesses an analytical mind and deplores mere memorization; nor is she satisfied with a superficial understanding of a subject, but must delve into the deeper meaning of things. She has definite ideas about the way a subject should be taught and is quite positive in these views. In her own words, she cannot stand "inane statements or definitions," and is perhaps too quick to challenge should one make such a statement. This critical attitude has its main outlet in I.R.C. and N.F.C.C.S. where she is quite expert in viewing current affairs and in conducting the business of these organizations.

Added to this critical attitude is a calm, almost stoic manner which can sometimes be exasperating to fellow classmates previous to an examination. She can usually be found before a test glancing through the *New Yorker*, for Pat is not a last minute student.

She is ultimately feminine, yet not frivolous. This can be seen in the way she wears her hair — either in a long blond pony tail or else lying in a straight cascade over her shoulders. Her one indulgence in frivolity is in the numerous and sundry pairs of earrings she possesses.





PATRICIA ANNE MCCREEDY

Monterey, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Gamma Sigma

N.F.C.C.S.: Regional Executive Secretary '56

Meadowlark Staff '55

Carillon Staff '54

Third Order '53, '54, '55, '56

French Club '53, '54

Art Club '53

English Club '56

I.R.C. '54, '55, '56

President '55



JULIE ELLENOR NODSON  
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS  
MINOR: BIOLOGY

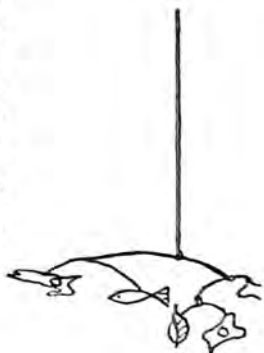
Art Club '56  
President '56  
Music Club '54, '55, '56  
Secretary-Treasurer '55

Choral '54  
Madrigal '55, '56  
W.A.A. '54  
English Club '56

## JULIE NODSON

A VOICE SINGS OUT, "Want a ride? Hop in!" You turn around; it's Julie. If you hop in, you are bound to end up over a hot cup of coffee and finding yourself involved in a conversation ranging anywhere from Bach fugues to C. S. Lewis' message in *The Great Divorce*, or at the least, you will find yourself hovering over the demands of art and life. Julie's exuberance is linked to a sensitive appreciation of the finer details of living and to a real creative sense. She finds great delight in dabbling in different art media. In her mind's eye, copper, small pieces of broken glass, and enamel have immediate possibilities for interesting jewelry; paint and brush soon decorate materials under her deft fingers, and a mound of clay may become with her a subtly poised figure or an artistically shaped bowl.

Her search for accuracy in expressing abstractions results in a curious use of words and half-ends of clichés which often evoke strenuous responses from interested listeners. Julie almost always adds fuel to group discussions. She is never self-centered; she is no damper of anyone's suggestions; she is quick to see another's worth as she is keen to criticize her own work and objectives. She leaves us a little breathless.





MARY JANE O'BRIEN

LIFE IS AN extravaganza. Jane will inflate the most insignificant detail until it becomes a major issue. If the thing is a production in its own right, she breathes easily and submerges herself in carrying out the drama to its most remote implications. Acutely perceptive, she can, in few words, epitomize a situation or a character. And because she is so aware, she finds tolerance something of a problem; this she solves by an easy acceptance born of rollicking laughter. But she is not simply a nonsense contriver; her outward display of erratic effervescence is frequently a superficial gloss sprayed on at will to hide the depths of personality that she cares to reveal to few. So when she is satiated with the give and take of banter — and the saturation point is reached more readily than is obvious — she finds it necessary to escape the mundane into a world of idealism. There is a deliberate quality about even her wildest impulses; occasionally she does something for the sheer joy that can be extracted from non-conformity. Always running directly parallel to life, some day she will reach out and grasp its totality to herself. Being Jane, she will not let it go.



HUN-EE!





MARY JANE O'BRIEN  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH  
MINOR: BIOLOGY

C.S.T.A. '55, '56  
Irish Club '53, '54, '55, '56  
English Club '56

Science Club '54, '55, '56  
W.A.A. Show '53



NOREEN JOAN O'SULLIVAN

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Treasurer: Non-Resident Students '56  
C.S.T.A. '56

W.A.A. Show '54

## NOREEN O'SULLIVAN

NOREEN has seemed quieter than some of us, but this may only be that she has been trying to get through college in three and a half years and commutes daily from San Francisco to do it. This last may also account for her breathless and preoccupied air; she has seemed sometimes almost oblivious of those around her. Made aware, however, that she can be of service to just anyone, she is eager and quick to do all that is to be done. So with class or college projects, once enticed into them, she is whole-heartedly present. So also with favors, no one in the class so happily grants a favor as if it were a real pleasure.

Quiet and aloof as Noreen may appear to be, she is a person of ideas and conviction. In class her mental disagreements are first reflected in a slow twisting of her hands together — then, in a sudden and quick waving of the arm. She must express her disagreements. Above all, no adverse remark about the Irish is allowed to go unchallenged. In conversation and group projects Noreen is characterized by this same tenacity of idea. She likes her own way of doing things — perhaps because they have been proved in the living.

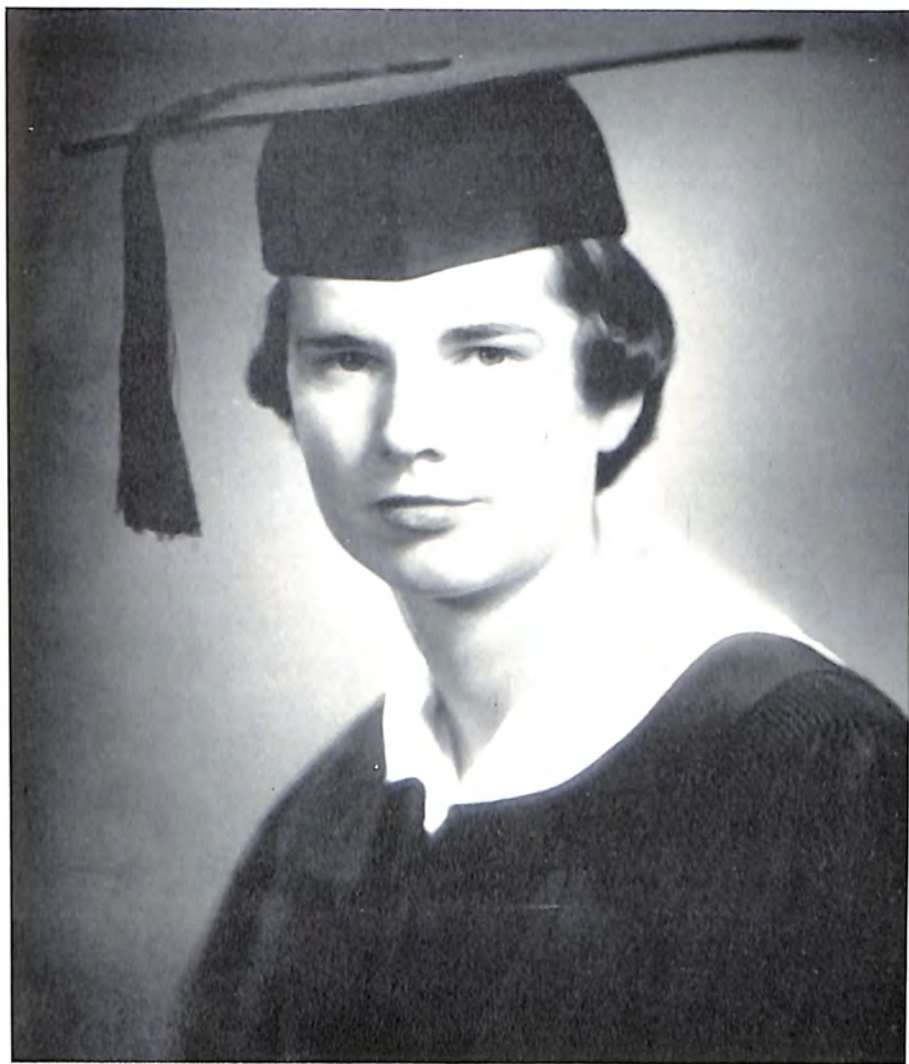


## CATHERINE SHEA

MIMI is concerned with realities. Hers is the practical intellect. Things do matter to her, and when she is earnest she is very earnest. The job done, she grows companionable — even relaxed and jovial. Her smile is the brighter for the seriousness that has gone before. It breaks out first along the corners of her very blue Irish eyes and then suddenly lightens her whole face. A kind of impish humor, good sense, and a stubborn integrity are part of her individuality and likableness. She wears well.

Mimi takes life on the run. Because she is competent and generous, she usually has on hand more than her own work to accomplish. With much to do, she is naturally impatient of delay. Her own decisions are quick, and always the prelude to action. Because she is concerned with ends, she is perhaps more eager to finish than to perfect. Her practicality and forthrightness are somehow deceptive. Beneath the surface, there is a keen sensibility; she is quick to perceive real worth and as quick to resent what appears to be imposition; she is alert to injustice in any form. Most appealing is her lack of affectation. There is with Mimi no attempt at false sophistication. This is not to imply that there is no complexity. The complexity is finely integrated.



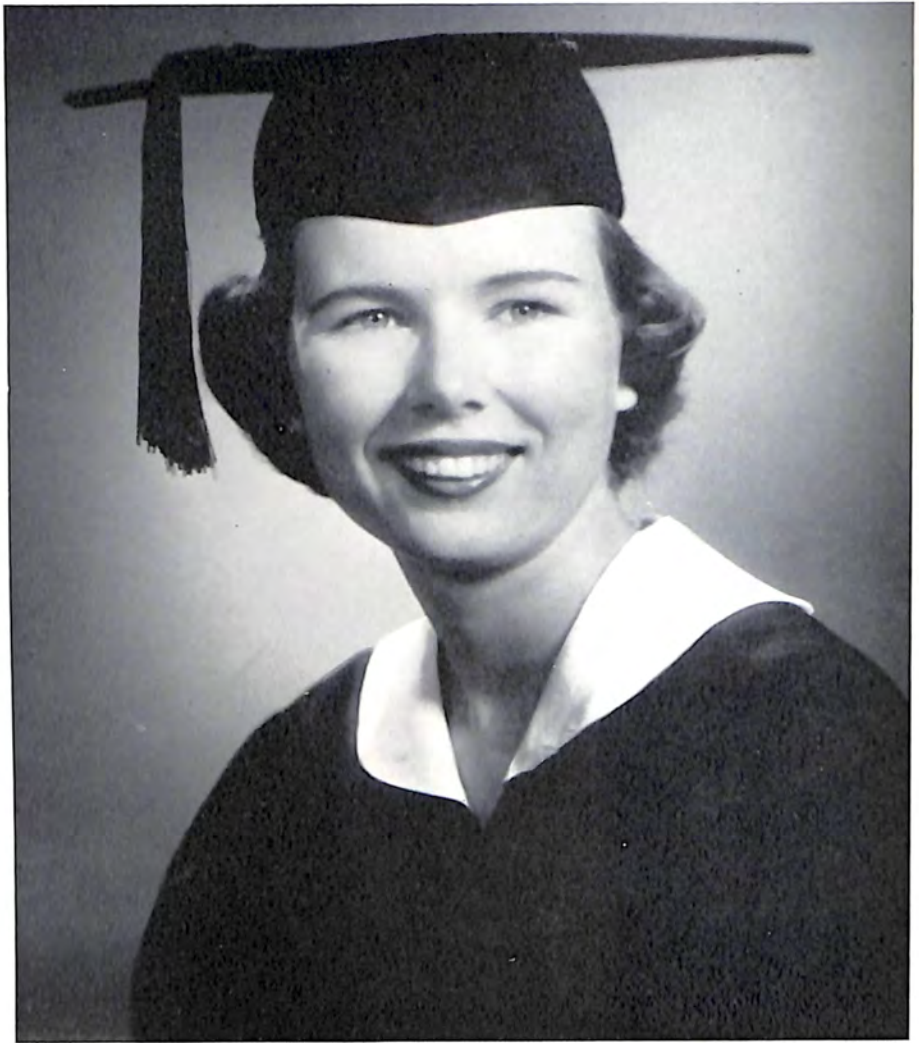


CATHERINE SHEA  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION  
MINOR: ENGLISH

Gamma Sigma  
*Firebrand* Editor '56  
*Carillon* Staff '54  
Class Vice-President '54

C.S.T.A. '55, '56  
Irish Club '53  
W.A.A. Show '56



JEAN MARIE SMITH

Gridley, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ECONOMICS

Class President '55  
Class Secretary '54  
House Chairman '56  
*Firebrand* Staff '56  
*Carillon* Staff '53  
French Club '54  
Treasurer

Music Club '55  
Y.C.S. '54, '55  
I.R.C. '54, '55  
W.A.A. Board '54  
Recording Secretary  
Choral '53

## JEAN SMITH

JEAN is an elusive "Puck." Often, just when everyone is convinced that her serious blue eyes are telling the truth, a gleam of deviltry will flash through them. Or when everyone is sure that nothing could ruffle her calmness, her Irish temper will storm through, but only for a minute, for instantly she composes herself. Jean's puckish humor often makes her the cause of confusion. Occasionally flustered by an embarrassing situation, she charmingly laughs about the incident and chalks it off as "another faux pas!" Besides her humor, Jean's understanding and genuine sympathy toward each classmate may account for her strong friendships and popularity. Gentle and unassuming, she loves to do things: travel, read modern novels, attend stage plays and musical comedies, play tennis or just chatter in the Grove.

Jean is a paradoxical "Puck." She is a leader whose influence is unconsciously realized and whose work is evenly apportioned to all members of the group. Her admirable example, conscientious performance of tasks, generous help, promptness and sincerity produce subtle but effective direction.

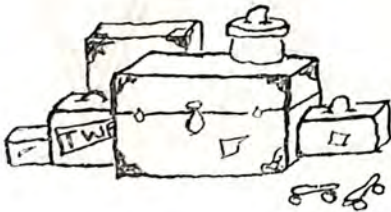
Neither too frivolous nor too reserved, not too "happy-go-lucky" nor too serious, Jean is a compromising "happy medium."

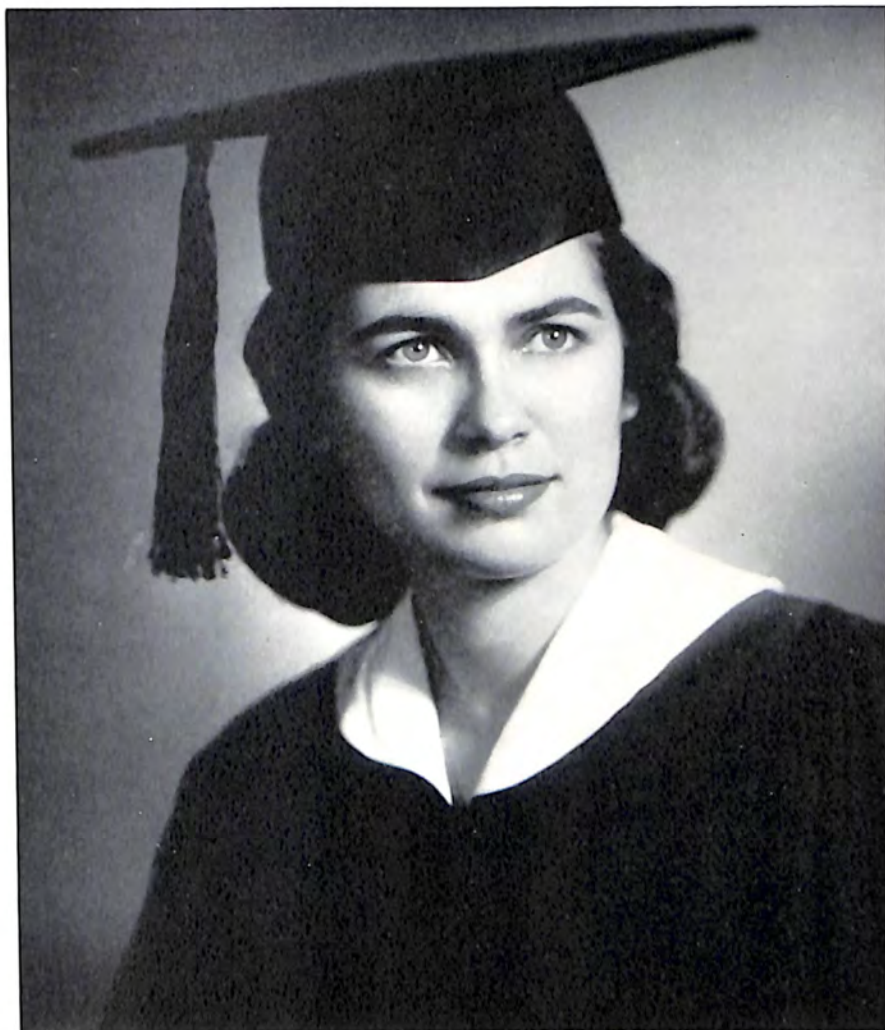




## JOAN SMITH

JOAN is from the Islands. In protest against the cool warmth of our California sun, she goes about in a great coat. Even in spring, she seems not to thaw. She is a tall girl, has long dark hair, a casual walk, and an appearance distinguished, but almost always serious and thoughtful. Her emotions are expressed in music; she plays the viola, sings in the Choral and Madrigal groups, and by herself — just for the sheer love of singing. As so many innately shy people, she gives an initial impression of being aloof and even disinterested. She is neither. Acquaintance proves her a sympathetic listener and a lover of talk. She is herself conversant with topics both immediate and far-flung. And, surprisingly, almost shockingly, one finds her equipped with a joke for even the unlikely occasion. In contrast to the rest of us, she works perseveringly to gain weight, but never does. She loves being on the wing, literally and otherwise. Vacations find her flying to the Islands, to Mexico, to Los Angeles, or just anywhere. The destination seems not so important as the mere suspension in air. Other modes of travel will do in a crisis. She will drive to the City, and she can be satisfied with horseback-riding of an afternoon. Her tragic-flaw is a propensity for just one more pair of shoes.





JOAN LORRAINE SMITH  
Honolulu, T.H.

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE  
MINOR: MUSIC

Foreign Students Club '56  
Music Club '56

Madrigal '56



JULANNE STAHN

Powell, Wyoming

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Student Affairs Board '55, '56

C.S.T.A. '56

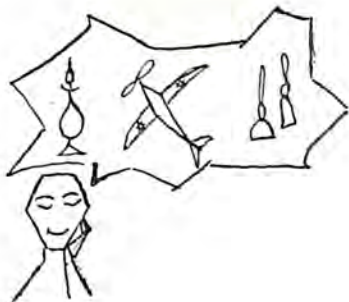
Irish Club '53, '54, '55

English Club '56

W.A.A. Show '53, '54

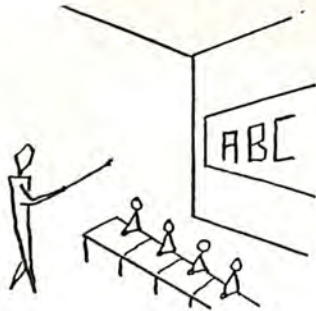
## JULANNE STAHN

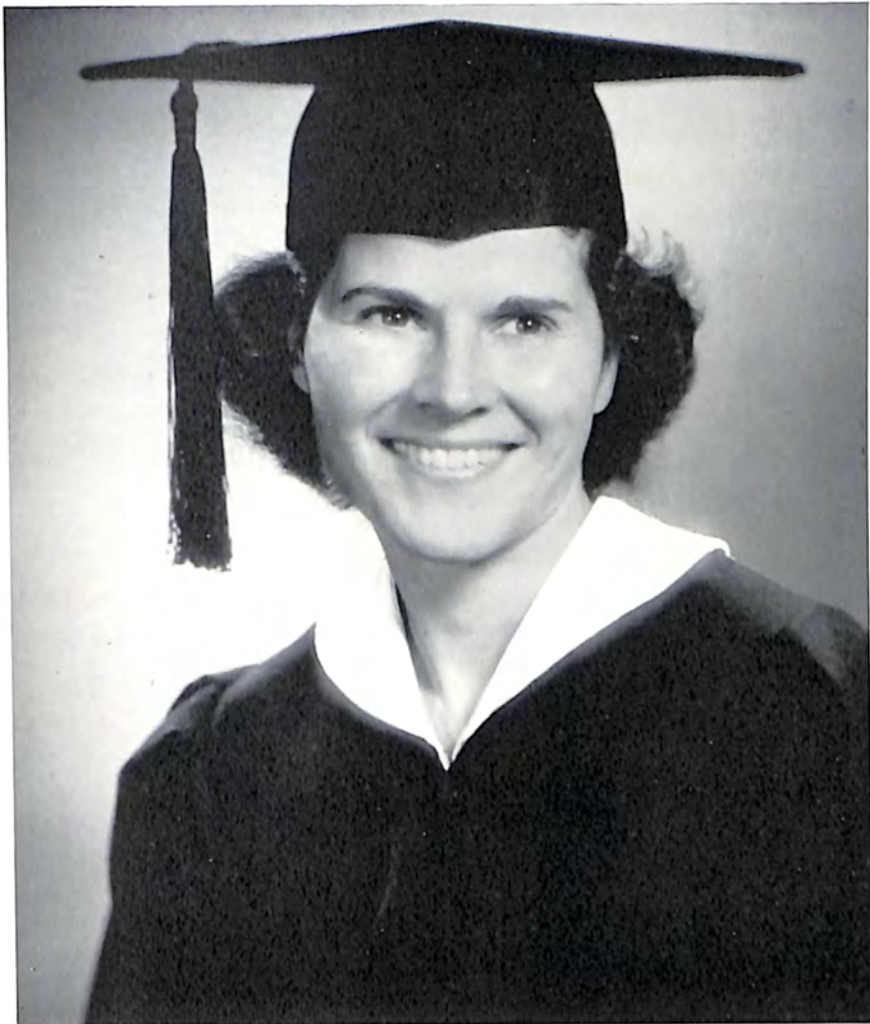
SHE RISES and falls on the waves of emotion. Because she moves so swiftly from hilarity to tragedy, the borderline between the two is not too well defined. Superb in extremities, she has a way of extending a situation to its limits of possibility and then feeling her way through to a conclusion. And feel she does — whether it be the horror of a French film or the chill of a kitten left out in the rain or the confusion of a friend in the throes of a term paper — Julanne possesses that quality of “negative capability” of entering into the situation and working it out subjectively. She is always aware of the potential content of sentiment in a situation; her delight revels when the barometer rises high. She is alternately driven with energy or completely exhausted; extraordinarily busy or having nothing at all to do; overwhelmed with the joy of living or desperately dejected. But somehow through all her vicissitudes she maintains her graciousness, sympathy, and I-just-stepped-out-of-a-Paris-fashion-plate look.



## KATHERINE TIRONIS

**K**ATIE has a horror of idleness; it is a fundamental principle with her that inertia is the source of confusion. This conviction has bred in her an intensity that is not absent in even her most insignificant action. An elaborate education unit or a quick greeting on the stairs at Guzman — each carries with it an “all-outness” of effort. With Katie, there simply is no insignificant thing. She wants to be a teacher, and that desire is something of a dedication, born as it is of a real spiritual interest in people, their far-reaching capabilities as well as their problems. And it is these problems that evoke her intensity at its highest pitch — she is always ready to discuss and to suggest ways of helping those who need help. Even her moments of recreation are spent in constructive activity; one simply could not imagine Katie wasting several hours over coffee and nonsensical talk. Instead, she rushes off to teach catechism or to play the organ in a parish church; generosity seems to be her motive force. She insists that perseverance is the key to success. If it is, no lock will be able to resist the master key in her possession.





KATHERINE TIRONIS  
Oakland, California  
MAJOR: EDUCATION  
MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE



ELIZABETH ANN WIECHERT

Live Oak, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

W.A.A. Show '54  
Art Club '56

English Club '56

## ANN WIECHERT

ANN APPROACHES life with a direct simplicity. In a group she is reserved and silent, not from a sense of unfriendliness but merely because she considers small talk unnecessary. When she does indulge in conversation, she is slow and soft-spoken, yet frank and to the point. Although she doesn't often express herself verbally, she does so in art and this expression is startlingly alive and vivid.

She is slow-acting, but she is not a procrastinator, nor can she understand people who are. In her casual way she never wastes a minute; she believes in doing an assignment as soon as it has been given. She apportions a certain amount of time to each task and never fails to follow through.

Ann is the "outdoor" type; she loves the country, horses, and sports of all kinds. Horseback-riding and skiing rank high on her list of likes. Other pastimes include the reading of Steinbeck, shopping at Lanz stores, and taking pictures. In fact she is a veritable camera fiend with all the necessary apparatus and attachments. Many an enjoyable evening has been spent in Ann's room simply viewing her pictures and slides.





## "THERE IT IS IN A NUTSHELL!"

WHO knows what? People put so many things in nutshells — sometimes appropriately. The real story of what goes into a nutshell begins with the tree; a blossom comes and then a little nut; the nut grows to full size, ripens, and then sheds its hull and drops off.

A chestnut tree now — it is substantial, large with deep roots and spreading branches; it has seen many harvests. Perhaps it can be likened to any established institution . . . a school, for instance, one that is deep rooted in years and traditions, one that has seen many commencements.

On the tree a blossom appears; to the school comes a freshman class. Impressionable, our particular class immediately recognized Meadowlands as its home away from home. The crackling fire in the Green Room was the cozy meeting place each evening during which Big Sisters' visits, parties and class planning were carried on before its warm hearth. Much of what went on that first year remains still vivid. Classmates can recall the cry of "Fire!" which rudely awakened them during the raining December night following Class Day. Robed figures shivered in the gray dawn as firemen battled the flames shooting from nearby San Marco. Less dramatic, but no less mem-

orable was our orientation into student life — long hours in the library, panic, examinations. Some of the knowledge we hope remains. Studies, class and sports activities, dances, relaxing picnics at Bolinas, lasting friendships — all influenced the early development of the Class of '56.

When a chestnut blossom fades a new form springs from it, one that is permanent, but — oh — so small that at first its growth comes in spurts as if it is compelled from within to increase its own stature. Likewise, this class seemed to feel an inner compulsion in its second year, a need to do big things: first, a cosmopolitan flourish with dancing couples; muted strains of "I Love Paris"; checkered table cloths; bright Parisien flower carts; then, in the intellectual vein, a period of intense interest in Arabic influence culminating in a symposium; publication of the *Carillon*; and finally, delving into the psychological sphere, a modernistic picture of geometric buildings crushing down on a human figure — a distortion of the "Sane Spectre," the Class Day production.

Incased in its green hull the nut develops to full size and a period of seeming calm ensues. But inside as the nut meat takes its final shape and turns from white to blond, the shell becomes hardened and darker. So a class passes another year, with calm and assurance now. They hold parties for underclass sis-

ters—informal fun: singing, smoking, sipping coffee. They have serious moments when standing straight and tall in academic dress a group is received into the honor society. They are taken up for a time with that inevitable festive occasion, *The Prom*: décor is "Rose et Rouge," and as dancers move in and out, shimmering lights cast pink and red shadows on bouffant skirts.

Now the chestnut is fully developed; its hull quickly dries and begins to peel away and the nut drops off. The class too, reaches its maturity and the senior year goes quickly. Each moment is full of excited activity as the culmination of the college days approaches. Traditional exercises such as Shield Day, Class Day, Senior Tea, unveiling of the Senior Shield window, and the Senior Exclusive Dance are somehow completed. Final moments of the year are taken up with a round of parties, comprehensive examinations and commencement exercises. In a whirl all these experiences, friendships, guidance, flash through each girl's mind as she receives her hood and diploma, symbols of maturity and growth.

A. McC. '56



## JUNIORS

THE JUNIOR YEAR is perhaps the most special of college years. So, at least, ours has been. We were upperclassmen, but a tinge of the carefree still hung about us. We had the liberties and privileges, but not yet the burden of responsibility that comes with seniority. More than the other years, this has seemed an amalgam of disparate elements. It has been a year of fun, but also of maturing interest in things of the intellect, of alertness to the contemporary world — a year of growing seriousness and one in which the very individual members of an individual class merged into one. Of the things that brought us

together, there was first of all time and the knowledge of one another that just day-to-day living brings; and there was Class Day.

What junior will forget our "Arabian Night" when they hear the familiar "Stranger in Paradise?" Who, in fact, will remember the original words to the tune of "Off with your head" and "You did not use your head"? The words remembered will surely be those sung so gaily and whole-heartedly by us in the "Palace of Shalimar" on the night of Class Day. This was our third Class Night. Each year visibly we had grown in our knowledge of ourselves and one another; each year the class had grown in strength of unity.

At the year's beginning, how many had lamented that the Juniors were to be separated into two houses! But the class did not disintegrate as a class because we were in different houses. In fact, being apart seemed only to bring us closer together. At Benincasa, anyone will tell you that around Class Day it was hard even to find one's own roommate in her room, so many were the Fanjeaux girls wielding paint brushes or busily pasting sequins on the turban programs.

The year was one of almost constant fun, yet there was an underlying earnestness that came with the realization that we were preparing ourselves for our own particular role in life. More and more we began to comprehend the seriousness of growing-up, to see

the necessity of preparing ourselves to play a Christian role in a hard and contrary world. Now, too, began the preparation in whatever was the particular choice of the individual. Future teachers, nurses, lab-technicians, social workers began to learn how to manipulate the tools of their specific profession. All of us began to see a kind of intellectual pattern shaping out of what before had seemed separate bits of information.

The last days of our Junior year come to a close; we must face seniority. The Junior Prom at the St. Francis Yacht Club came as a kind of fanfare to the finale. Each memory of that occasion will be a little different, as different perhaps, as the individual and her date. We played hostess and guest at the same time and enjoyed the pleasures of each.

And so, in this our second-to-the-last year, our Junior year, each of us has made herself stronger in class unity. As a class we have made ourselves a stronger part of the college — of the whole; and each of us has become more mature, more ready for life and living.

JOANNE GEMSCH '57



### CLASS OF '58

**A**TTENTION! Mark time. March. At the sounding of this call, you will hear the footsteps of the class of '58 marching in cadenced step through their sophomore year carrying proudly their red and gold banner bearing the motto: "Truth and Valor Conquer." With heads held high and pride in their hearts, each member of the class advanced as an integral part of a spirited regiment to uphold the mighty sophomore tradition.

Led by our General, Patricia McDermott, we began our second year by forming in rank and file order to win our first medal of distinction. Inscribed on this

medal were the following words: "Awarded to Company 'S'ophomores for distinguished conduct in completion of duty — 100% purchase of Student Body cards."

The next event of the year carried through to success by our company was the annual Sophomore Informal chairmanned by our Colonel, Clare Hasenpusch. The tremendous success of the dance, held in the glittering Rose Room of San Francisco's Sheraton-Palace Hotel, won yet another medal for Company "S": "Awarded to 'S' Company for distinguished service to the social life of Dominican — above and beyond the call of duty."

In the field of sports, the Victory Medal was bestowed upon the company for winning the volleyball championship. Leading the playing squad to victory, Captain Mary Trenerry had a splendid team fighting all the way to uphold the standards of Sophomorian custom.

Winning the Medal of Honor was the highlight of our year as members of Company "S." On a pleasant day in December, the company marched in rank in full array to begin our parade of parades leading to a well-fought encounter on the battlefield of class competition. Time, precision, and the desire to win so inflamed the company that we rose above our opponents in the glory of VICTORY.



Then, in the spring came our review of all the rudiments of training we had received in two years: the Symposium. St. Thomas More: humanist, lawyer, and writer, provided the theme for the review which we passed with flying colors. One more medal came to us as we saw how this Saint was an exemplar of the virtues of truth and valor which it is our aim to acquire as soldiers of Christ.

To pep up our company on those homesick and re-enlistment blue days, we always had our Sophomorian tub-bucket band to wash away our cares and enliven our spirit.

Not to be outdone in the literary field, our company strived to produce an informative school newspaper. The ultimate result of the efforts of our hard-working reporters and editors was a successful *Carillon*, meriting another medal of recognition.

Each member of our company has won her own private medal in the fields of loyalty, justice, and charity. We shall continue in this spirit mindful of the fact that Company "S" will never die; it will just rise up in rank to Company "J"uniors!

PATRICIA McDERMOTT '58

CATHERINE COLLINS '58



## THE FRESHMEN

IT'S FUNNY about classes — the way no two are alike. Have you ever listened closely to a singing quartet? If you do, you will notice that each of the four songsters sings a distinct melody. Yet each melody blends into a harmony.

We freshmen have assumed our positions in the Dominican quartet. Being freshmen, the youngest class, we took our places on the lowest rung, and sang the lowest melody, the alto part. Yet "alto" in Latin means high, and though we were the lowest class, we strove toward great heights — in spirit, in achievement, and in loyalty to Dominican. The methods we

used as we worked toward the top were different, perhaps, from the ways employed by classes before us. But wasn't this to be expected? If all four members of a quartet sang an identical tune, the result could never be as gratifying as a song sung in harmony. And so we strove, in an individual manner, in a manner peculiar to our class alone, but whatever the manner, we strove together. It was this togetherness, this bond of unity which was strong in success, stronger in failure, that stimulated our energies and inspired our efforts.

From their place of honor above the Meadowlands fireplace, our treasured shield, and the powerful motto "The Cross of Christ is Our Crown" — watched and guided all we did — making us study, winning our games, directing our activities, helping us pray, even snagging us a fellow or two at the mixers we held in our living room. From the very first warm day in September to the very last warm day in May, the College could not but notice the enthusiasm and dedication we showed in everything we did.

Our freshman year, our wonderful freshman year, is almost over now. With next year, and with each new year to come, there will be new responsibilities. The older we grow, there will be that much more expected of us, and that much less that we can get away with. But although many years may come, our Class of

'Fifty-nine will cherish always a lesson learned during this our first, our freshman year. It is a valuable lesson, a precious lesson — a lesson clearly shown in the defiant and courageous words of Henry Thoreau:

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.

ANN CONNOLLY '59





## MEADOWLANDS

WHAT was Meadowlands like when you went to school? That is the question that I have been asked to answer. Looking back now, when the daughters of my classmates are living in the house, I cannot see too great a difference. The people who live in a house make it what it is, after all; but there are some aspects of life then which are in decided contrast to the present.

If you had walked up the front stairs and had entered the main lobby of Meadowlands with me, you

would have seen almost the same room that you see now. A few articles of furniture have been changed, but the room is essentially the same. We did live in it more than the students do now. The reason for that is probably that the Green Room, the present most-lived-in room, was a classroom. The White Room (which you know as the Garden Room) was also a part-time classroom. So that left the central room for a gathering place. There was a table in the corner by the windowseats which was used much for studying and card-playing. The dragon andirons were constantly being polished by Valentine, the janitor, because there were such frequent fires burning to dull their brass.

The White Room, which was strictly white then, was the scene of a few upper division classes. Otherwise, I cannot remember that we used it very much. Of the three living rooms, the Green Room is the one which has changed most. It was strictly a classroom with tablet armchairs and professor's desk. We did not know that there was a hunting scene painted on the walls, which were the same shade as the ceiling, a pale green. Perhaps the hunting jackets were too gaudy for so staid a place as a classroom.

The present chapel was the library, that is, Sister Catherine Marie's office. It was furnished with the leather-topped table and chairs which are now in the

women's faculty room in Guzman. There were occasions when we sat in there in a social group, but the times when we were summoned there by Sister probably have made a more permanent mark on the memory. The chapel was upstairs, first in Room 44, and later in the Round Room.

The kitchen we did not know very well. It was reserved and not for general student use. An invitation to help prepare the ingredients for the marmalade each year was almost the only chance to gain entrance behind the swinging door. Our kitchen was downstairs. My chief recollection of it is the after-class gatherings over French bread and jam, if we arrived in time before the refreshments were gone.

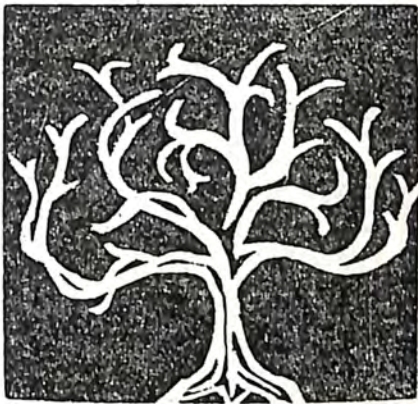
The population of the house was mixed, from seniors down to freshmen. It put fear into one to learn that the President of the Student Affairs Board was living across the hall. But we managed to have midnight parties at times. One in particular remains in my memory, even to the menu. We served canned pork and beans and hot chocolate! The hostesses and the guests numbered six, and of the group four are now Sisters. Perhaps we are "human" after all, and perhaps such activities are a reason for our knowing what is going on behind closed doors at times.

Gentlemen callers were rare. No one could visit a girl unless he was related to her. I recall one instance

of a girl who later married a very attentive "cousin." Tea dances, from three to six on Sunday afternoons, opened the door to gentlemen. These occasions were rare, but enjoyable, in a quiet sort of way.

Perhaps these reminiscences do not paint an inviting picture. But older students in the college can appreciate the fact that we could, if we chose, live in Meadowlands for four years. I chose to do so for three, and they were three very happy years.

S. M. R.







## OF ROSES AND WORDS AND WHALES

AND THE RAIN is prodding the earth to life. And the tough muddy brown water gurgles turbulently through the gutter. And the baptism of the gutter is necessary says Yeats. White whales and wine and roses pink green red white, and country sleep hurl their implications against the bulwark of representation and push it, asundering the comfortable smugness of words standing for just what they mean if they mean and if a white whale is really a sea-going albino mammal or the mystery of creation or the supremacy of nature or a philosophical quest-object. For we must bring our own buckets to the well of symbolism; the new fuses with the old and so for other men, other whales — Moby Dick is as transcendental as life.

Symbolism shoots a shaft of light through the prosaic, the pedestrian, and reduces the simple to various substrata levels of complexity, leaving its initial object more chaste for its christening. There is something infinitely clean about a symbol; it is taut in its own uniqueness. There is a surety that nothing else could embody what it represents. It is not the laziness that reaches out for the blatant, the obvious, and says now here is a dove and this is going to represent peace and over there is a flag and if I unfurl it in the

wind it will be patriotism and the post office and the thirty-eighth parallel and now here is something for you to think about and it is much better that I did not just simply say peace or patriotism or life is a barber pole. These are not symbols; they are signs that say I am using this particular thing because everyone who shares the same rubber stamp inheritance will know just what I mean. And probably I am not sure I do know what I mean. But these are not literary symbols — they are signs and maybe they are good and probably they are not so good and more than likely some other sign would be better. But these signs like slang have received the sanction of the status quo and continue with the commuters' trains and Foster and Kleiser and the Hit Parade.

There is depth in a symbol. Absoluteness and poise and integrity. It is as sacred as the liturgy, as urbane as J. Alfred Prufrock, as vulgar as Kafka's bug, as refreshing as Shelley's cloud, and as quizzical as the Albatross.

The nature of a symbol is ambivalent; it both reveals and conceals. It has an intrinsic slippery elusiveness that coquettishly hides behind its own selfhood and challenges figure me out if you can because it can be done but you will never be as sure of me as I am of myself. The genuine literary symbol knows its own worth and its worth is in direct proportion to its

achievement of that objective correlative with which Eliot is pre-occupied. It measures up to the truth to which it is wedded and there can be no divorce. But it is its precise evasiveness that makes the symbol exquisite and painful. It is the matter of who is carrying the bucket to the well and what is the quality of the bucket.

Some symbols have become so great and universal and transcendental that they have become a common fund for the poets. And for each poet and for each age they are contemporary and fresh and pure. But conversely they become more reverent for their use—the English-speaking rose of Yeats is more sanctified because it once spoke Tuscan for a Florentine. So the scrubby bush behind Anne Hathaway that produced a scrawny blossom this slushy swishing ominous February day has something to mutter about outside the limitations of its own nature. Dante lived in a world of certainty; thus his rose — even if it does offer four meanings — has shades more of definiteness than the rose of Yeats. It grew in a different garden in a different climate. The fading rose of the Irish Symbolist becomes many things: she is dark Rosaleen or Ireland herself; she is the work of transmutation of matter into spirit; she is the peace and catharsis resultant from the organization of elements; and finally (or perhaps not finally at all) she is woman. Sometimes his

rose is eternal. Sometimes she expresses through a many-petaled form the poet's quandary over fear and hope, quarrel and peace. Yeats' rose is subjective symbolism; like most of the moderns, it is personal and multiple in its elusiveness . . . and it is not the less great for being complex. But is this symbolism all things to all men; is it the sugary insipidity that runs through and never stops because it hasn't the sense to call a period kind of versified tripe that appears on the curlicue festooned pages of the thicker periodicals? Symbolism cannot languish in sentimentality; it is there intellectually and it has its basis in the literal.

I am engulfed drowned surrounded in symbolism. The trees that are threatening rebellion in the wind are knowledge and life and cross and Hardy's greenwood and the rude red tree of Dylan Thomas and the shallow dishonest tree that Kilmer couldn't have known that he was creating. And in the wild rhythm of the wind I think at last I have grasped in its fullness the sweep of Thomas's tree . . . it is counterpoint against a precarious melody and I have it and then the wind turns and the comprehension is gone and will it come again.

Out of a saint's cell

The nightbird lauds through nunneries and  
domes of leaves

Her robin breasted tree, three Marys in the rays.

And for an instant the sickening heady figs for breakfast are the sensuous temptations of *Ash Wednesday*.

At the first turning of the third stair

Was a slotted window bellied like the fig's fruit . . . Even the smutty glass dish of curled up cigarette butts on the yellow oilcloth covered Edgemoor kitchen table have an existence outside themselves. I look at them and they are the burnt out ends of smoky days and I throw them into the garbage can and wash the dish until it is no longer smutty because now it is morning again and the ash tray can be ready for a new feeling of finality and fatality again.

But the sea that yawns out behind the hills is life and death, beginning and end, flux, time, something for our fishlike souls to swim in, an object to be conquered and sheer peace. And across the bay the City rears its cryptic head and is many things — here we are at home . . . it is the twentieth century symbol par excellence. If you would visit hell wander through the streets of a city something like London; if you would enter into a dream of lifeless metal and stone and water, trudge around in Baudelaire's *Rêve Parisien*. Or see it as the symbol of adjustment to reality. Ultimately the City is the image of the world and I know at last why I cannot escape its fascination and sometimes I need it and sometimes I am sick with dread of its hulk. More than itself it is a symbol and

because it is it is at least a little infinite and hallowed and basic.

So the phenomenon runs through existence and catches it up for an instant and hurls it up before you and says here is the meaning of things face it and be alive for once because maybe it will not come again and the trees will soon be simply woody leafy structures and roses will be only fragrant beauties and whales will live in the bigger zoos and life will be measured out in coffee spoons if you do not drink it black.

And the rain is prodding the earth to life and there is no answer.

E. B. '56

## HOPE

Rash virtue, whose ambitious wing  
too little heeding stress of storm  
droops frayed on the gale, or plummeting  
lies grovelled with the lowliest worm;

vain mimic angel, plumage roiled  
in giddy brashness, wan display,  
what though the halcyon once beguiled  
rude winds to calm, that's myth today.

Now fast to the haggard's roost until  
some seasonal wisdom dawns; be shrewd,  
submit to leash and jess, with skill  
of vision chastening in your hood.

Mad innocent creature, battered sprite,  
my pretty hope, poor fragile thing,  
so wounded from your vaunted height,  
gird next with steel that filmy wing.

Stancher my bird turned weatherwise,  
come capable as the canny hawk,  
lurk out the gales or gently rise;  
circle, circle where you stalk.



Yet keep one sharper aim than all:  
guard with most care that buttressed wing  
whose sturdy lift makes my festival,  
homing sweet quarry in songs you sing.

Sarah Wingate Taylor  
in *Spirit*. Reprinted in *The Joyce Kilmer  
Anthology of Catholic Poets*.



## SAND DREAMS

GREAT green waves crashed against the sandy shore where a small, shivering child sat digging in the sand. The fading rays of the setting sun struck her shiny tin shovel as she worked. A gray-blue blanket of sky slowly gathered day into the night. It was the time when those who love the sea find the most pleasure in its beauty, and those who do not fully know its secrets find it most forbidding. A breeze skipped along the edge of the water and played among the strands of the child's sun-burned hair.

The beach was almost empty, for people had come and people had gone. All was silent save for the noises of the harbor; all was still save for the tiny specks of boats that disappeared, appeared, and disappeared again; and the scraping of a tightly held shovel as it cut at the sand.

With every sandy scoop a castle was growing under the child's hand. A long, deep moat stretched before her and kept back the running tide. With steady, untiring hands the child formed each window of the castle as if it were the most important of them all—tall, arched windows that overlooked the sea. And while she was building, she thought of her brother and how in the middle of a dark and half-forgotten night he went away to war; how he had broken his

last promise to her, for he never came back. Could she ever forget his deep-set eyes in which shone the determination of a candle in a winter storm. Yes, and the telegram had come on a night so very like the one in which he closed the heavy front door so tightly behind him and disappeared down the red stone steps.

Then suddenly she was modeling spacious rooms behind the windows. Her fingers pressed out walls and floors and made them strong and firm. She saw lacy, crystal chandeliers hanging above long banquet tables on which were spread great feasts. Everyone here was happy, laughing, and singing. Then she thought she heard her father call. She turned, but no one was there. No one was going to be there. Four summers such as this had slipped into time since her father had died and she had gone to live alone with her Grandmother.

Wasn't Grandmother odd with her strange, tall bottles and her empty glasses! Sometimes her silly spells were frightening, and sometimes they weren't. How long was she going to live with Grandmother? Where were all the things she used to like? Her friends with whom she played? The people she used to know? Now at last she had come to the turret. Turrets must be strong, for knights wage hard and heavy battles. More water, more sand, — dry sand for reinforcing, seaweed for shrubbery, for decoration.

Then she sat back and brushed the dry sand from her heels. Some day she would live in a fine palace. In soft red, gold and green silks and satins she would stroll about the beautiful gardens and think of the silly things she used to do, of the foolish things that used to happen. She would walk among green, gracefully hanging trees and marble birdbaths, and watch the birds splash and flutter in the clear water. She would throw great parties in huge ballrooms, and people would laugh, and smile, and speak to her and never know of her castles in the sand, her brother, her father, and Grandmother with her tall, tall bottles. Somehow she'd find a way to make it all come true, and she'd leave the small brown house on the wind-swept hill.

As the tide came stealing in on the beach on a chilling August afternoon, a castle towered to challenge its greater force, and beside it stood a child. Each wave came nearer, and finally three small drops of water trickled into the moat. Then suddenly the moat was filled and the water was lapping and slapping against the castle walls. And then like all her dreams, her castle fell. The walls crumbled, and disappeared in the white foam that bubbled along the shore. Picking up her magic shovel, the child slowly lost herself in the fog that had blown in from the silent sea.

SISTER M. JANICE, ex'56



## GLIMPSES OF LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS

FROM Heidelberg, Germany, Lydia Castillo writes to Miss Sarah Wingate Taylor:

I am writing to share with you some of my joys of London and its environs. That I do this may seem like sharing something old with you. Old, yes, because London is old, but not stale, never, ever stale. So, old it will be but with the age of Fleet Street and the Thames embankments of Plymouth and Cornwall, the spirit of excellent port and the serenity of the Channel on a warm summer day. For England was

warm, even hot, this summer of 1955, so hot, 90 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, that the English themselves were shocked, a thing as rare as the summer they were experiencing. I want to share with you who know London a few of my pleasures — the Shakespearean plays for one. In Macbeth, Lawrence Olivier was, I think, more Macbeth than Macbeth was, more filled with the milk of human kindness and yet because he suited the word to the action without “mouthing the words or sawing the air,” he was Macbeth. Critics bemoaned Lady Macbeth’s or rather Vivien Leigh’s rendition of the Lady. But Leigh, who looks kittenish (she is, I believe, of the same frail build that I am), did not act kittenish. *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, played in the open air theatre in Regent’s Park, was apropos to the park, the air, the flowers, the weather, complete with the moon and the stars. The natural scenery and Puck were most responsible for the success of the presentation. But what to me was the most enjoyable, most heart-lifting, excellent presentation was *Much Ado About Nothing*. John Gielgud’s Benedict was much better than his Lear; however, the show-stealer, the actress of the play was and will be for always, Peggy Ashcroft as Beatrice. Sitting in the five shilling seat with my head almost hitting the ceiling of the old Palace Theater, did not in any way hinder my enjoyment of and, if I may say my par-

ticipation in, the frolic and fun of *Much Ado*. I felt as though I were looking into an enchanted kaleidoscope, and so it was, enchanting and kaleidoscopic. Even now as I write you and attempt to share *Much Ado* with you, I have to smile — even laugh a little.

*King Lear* was unique, unique in that the sets were designed by a Japanese artist and according to Japanese stage decor, following it seemed, Japanese traditional play production. Even the music was rickety and fluty. The costumes plain and geometric, the make-up mask-like, the movements mechanical. The play, but for its being spoken in English, could have very well been presented by a Japanese Gerkaeraburka Company. And yet, of course, it was Japanese but with the modern touch which seemed to create an entirely strange, and even unique presentation. Gielgud stuttered and staggered a trifle more than Lear, and Cordelia spoke *à la recitative*, but I am prejudiced. I prefer *Much Ado*. Yet the London branch of the Shakespearean company did put on *King Lear* with much artistry and comparatively little artifice.

I thought *Lear* was a realized impossibility, but *Moby Dick* produced, directed, transformed into a play acted by Orson Welles, was the realized impossibility. You must see it if he ever comes to San Francisco. The English adore him. They think him greater than Olivier and Gielgud. Other plays I saw and en-

joyed, *The Bad Seed*, *The Boy Friend*, *My Three Angels*, and so many more. Theatre-going will be a nightly must for me if ever I stay in London. This and a weekly browsing time in The Tate or The National or the V. & A. plus drinking time in the corner pub, not so much for the ale, which is not exactly delicious, very un-German, but for the people — the middle and lower middle classes which for me, barring the human beings among the intellectual and aristocratic classes, make up the English people which the world does not know.

And the plains of Salisbury, the tiny sea and channel ports other than Penzan or Torquay, the country lanes of Porlock and the Cornish coast, the slag heap country, the hidden unplanned streams and lakes, not the English lakes, the mist on the bogs, and the wastes, not the London fog — all the small, inconspicuous but lovable things, like the middle and lower middle classes — are what make the England I met and loved.

I suppose you do understand what I mean. I'm afraid that if I try to explain I shall be not only striving to present a treatise but also dragging this letter to limitless ends.

I spent a few days on one of the Kyles of Bute in the southern part of Scotland, Rothsay it was. Then once again another island, this time, that of La Goja in the province of Pondevedra in western Spain. And



in all isles I remembered Clark's and neither of them, though having a charm all its own, quite measured up to Clark's with all its strangeness and remoteness and warmth.

Madrid, Paris, Köln, now Heidelberg and tomorrow München and after that Vienna, Switzerland, until finally Rome and still even when I am done with Europe, still the longing thoughts for Dominican. I guess it is because I am traveling alone; but Dominican will always be something special for me. After Rome — Greece, Turkey, India and perhaps even before India, Beirut and Jerusalem. . . .

LYDIA CASTILLO, M.A., '55



## SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGONY YEARS

GROOVED in time, traditions wear—some of them—smooth and dull; others, turning in space, grow twisted and thin; only the few wear hard and burnished and bright. St. George through the scouring years comes still burnished and bright. Every last night of the First-Half, he comes with the holiday singing of carols, Fanjeaux-candled dinner, gift giving, and packing for home. Tradition, routine, or ritual—the play comes inevitably as Christmas day or tomorrow's Mass. First in Fanjeaux—played to the motley throng of loud and laughing girls; then in Benincasa to the Faculty dined and wise and divested of chalk and the austere glint of the classroom. Now this St. George night the Faculty glow in Pickwickian joy-to-the-world. God-bless-us-all, radiant benevolence of Christmas cheer. In come the mummers pulling the great yule log all garlanded with green fresh boughs. Sharp scent of pine warms through the crowded room; the fire laps and roars



on the hearth. The senior carollers come bright-faced and gay-scarfed to gather round in the far corner — singing sweet and clear — as clear as the cold bitter sweet night outside the warm and rosy room. Clarion voiced the Turkish Knight comes crying: “Old Father Christmas! Clear the way, welcome or welcome not, Old Father Christmas.” The Faculty circles back against the patterned walls, and the children of Faculty members wedge closer together. Old Father Christmas enters bowing deep and wide—gracious as the long valleyed centuries through which he comes. The St. George play meaning this night how many things, reaching back into how many minds how many years? To the most, a gay bright patch on the evening. To the superficial scratch-on-the-surface freshman mind, something only to be got over between now and tomorrow’s plane leaving for home. To the sophomore — nothing, who within her surly mind contemptuously thinks, “Why the fuss, the furor, why the time to perform this so simple not hanging together repetitious old folk-play?”

Oh, I am Doctor Ironheart—fiddlededee hi ho  
I heal the sick with curious art  
Fiddlededee hi ho ho

and even the surly minded sophomore smiles. And the junior thinks, “Next year I will be the King of

Egypt's daughter — tall, lithe, black-eyed and white-browed — I will be Sabra the King of Egypt's daughter." And the senior thinks, "This is more charming than ever before." Dr. Mumford's British laughter rambles through the room; Dr. Rau nods indulgently. And the Alumna come back each St. George night these fifteen years thinks on the dragon — "This great new automatically blinking red-eyed dragon; the old dragon was a better louder roaring ramping dragon. One could hear distinct his roar and rumble: 'meat, meat, meat for to eat.' Beautiful the new dragon but tame and thin-voiced; old dragons are ever best." And Eddie, Dr. Aigner's little boy, what is he thinking? Not thinking at all, just feeling and wishing for the great giant to come — the great Blunderbore taller by two heads than anyone in the vasty room who last year hit his massy hair on the icicle crystalline chandelier and tinkled silver sounds through the cigarette-hazied air — just wanting to see again the giant wounded and lying on the floor holding his head and not dead at all, not at all dead, just pretending — the old giant Blunderbore. And the professor of English, through the subterranean dry back-paths of her mind sets in motion a whole stream of darksome facts: "Dead the dragon, the Turkish Knight and old Giant Blunderbore, and the doctor reviving them all as fast as they die. Death and Resurrection, Resurrection and Death.

The old eternal theme. Winter and Summer solstice — pagan, the old Plow Monday play — mere fertility rite. And the Morris dance and the Sword dance; once the swords were real and sharp and the scapegoat dead." The good Sister watching benignly young St. George kill the dragon, does she know all the dark pagan background of the play — yes, she knows and she does not care because Christ gathers all things to Himself — even the old good pagan ritual. The dragon is dead and alive and the Turkish Knight and the giant. The Morris dancers enter patterning, graceful and light. And the Dean thinks, "Are these the seniors who only last night seemed so superficial, brittle and hard?" "Hold men, hold, put up your sticks; End all your tricks; Hold men hold." It is over; the ritual, rite, tradition of the St. George Play. Next year it will come again with the holiday singing of carols; it will come again polished and bright, grooved deeper in time. Father Christmas, bowing deep and wide, flourishes his hat, pleads for beer and pudding in the pot, prays: "God A'mighty bless your hearth and fold; Shut out the wolf and keep out the cold." Outside the other students are carolling—beckoning all to come out into the cold, frosty and clear night, into the singing carolling candle-bearing night. And the yule log burns to embers and glows on the dark hearth. Death and resurrection and birth. Bright embers glow in the ashes.

## COLOR-BLIND

Gray as gloom the morning came.  
Once this pen saw a poem  
That needed to be written.  
Dark room, crumpled paper, dried pen.  
Groping search for a poem  
That is not there to find.  
Lady, listen.  
Breathe that poem.  
Mother, do you hear?  
Once I loved you.

Gray as gloom the morning came.  
Swirling wind  
Sent forth a single sharpened gust  
To freeze at last in fear-pent love  
Already chill-blained soul.  
Against a murky sky a single word.

Gray as gloom the morning came.  
But in its tin-like shadows  
A gracious fog left behind its vestiges of fading  
This paradox of peace.  
Must life-loathing be the price of love,  
Christ?  
Torn chopped shredded will.

The roaring of the ocean does not hush for icebergs;  
Its onrush does not cower at shallows  
But frantic laps panting across its waiting shore.  
Thus must I come.  
No saccharine delusion prompts surrender.  
No honeyed chalice here.  
Christ,  
If you would drink of me,  
Quinine wooden-spooned squeezed and squashed  
From the jungle of my love  
Will greet Your waiting lips.  
What need You have of bitterness I cannot say.  
To calm the fever of a Suffering Body.

Gray as gloom the morning came.  
Christ,  
Accept the homage of a broken pen.  
Scratch-scrape Your name  
On the slippery sheet of parchment  
That is the nucleus of my heart.

Gray as gloom the morning came.  
Peace can also be gray.

E. B. '56

## DANCERS ON STAGE – CINQUE MINUTA

### *San Francisco Ballet*

THE intermission is about over as the dancers slowly emerge onto the stage from the dressing rooms, checking as they come all the things about their costumes that distinguish a fastidious dancer — no loose hair, no loose ribbons on shoes, no jewelry, all hats fastened securely. Casually talking, laughing, joking; practicing, remembering, reviewing . . . some in groups, some alone . . . a humorous remark to the conductor as he goes down to the pit.

The overture starts, but still there is bustling activity on the stage — workmen, propmen, dancers — right until the curtain is going up; and then everyone mysteriously vanishes. Aside from a whispered “good luck” the joking and conversation have stopped, ears are keyed for cues, and one’s friends become light fantastical figures suddenly transformed into something beautiful, often awesome. There is no room for thought, nor even for last minute pointers. What is done in rehearsal is done in performance.

With the rising of the curtain comes a feeling of power, each dancer a queen over a black wall before her. It is there, and then it’s gone — and always there’s the feeling, “I certainly could have done that better, if only there had been time to think.”



In the wings awaiting another entrance, there is time to watch and criticize what is now happening on the stage, to congratulate after a difficult step has been well performed; and then much sooner than it seemingly ever was before, it's time for the next entrance —“how could this ballet ever have seemed so long before?” and again the feeling of strength combating with minutes, now seconds, seems to take over.

P. E. '56



## COMPONENTS OF PAIN

PAIN is an icy pond, stiffly covering inner peace with a sharp and glaring cold flat chill. Pain fills every cubic centimeter of a square white room, pressing and throbbing against the wall. It is as loud and wearing as the machine in a shoe-repair shop, or as numbly annoying as the drip, drip, drip of a faucet. In the day it is the drill in the street, tearing up the cement in a banging endlessness. At night it is a baby crying in the next apartment, and you cannot make it stop. There seems to be no measurement for pain, though it is said to have degrees. It may start innocently as dew filling the upturned face of a flower and then spill out into a deepening puddle until you swim in its endlessness; or it may surge upon you like a split in a dam, so that you are covered and do not fight the depths. Pain is the swarm of bees that buzz around your head on a summer's day; you cannot fight its presence. A sting would at least bring concentration, and the bee would die and cease to buzz. Pain is not localized — it engulfs the body until the body and pain are one. The mind no longer fights the garb you have adorned but forgets the feeling of wholeness, and what it is like to be free. Pain is as quiet as fear, as gentle as longing, as constant as loneliness, as loud as thunder, as fierce and as fast as a forest fire, and as

slow as time itself. It travels steadily with the bitterness of resentment, reaches its peak, and slows to the sweetness of resignation.

Pain is the first nail to a cross, and only through love of the Crucified do we find relief.

MYRA GRAY '58

### LORELEI SONGS

Lorelei spin!  
By marshland and stream  
Where wanderers wander  
Dreaming a dream.

Lorelei sing!  
And dreamers awake  
Not to the world but  
The world to forsake.

Sirens, dreamers  
Together join hands—  
World and its wrappings  
Drown in quicksands.

CAROLINE GISSLER '59

## DECEMBER 1955

DECEMBER 1955 — the year of the Great Flood! For some the date will be merely a reminder of another happy Christmas, but for many in California the date will bring to mind a unique Christmas spent listening to radio reports of flood conditions, a Christmas spent filling sandbags, a Christmas without a brightly lighted tree, a Christmas Mass in a school building, a Christmas dinner among strangers. Through all this disaster men, women, and young people volunteered their services, willingly and generously, to reduce the hardships.

A long sunny autumn, mild and dry, preceded torrential rains that poured in California during the early part of December. Warm, wet snow fell on the mountains. Winds blew up to eighty and one hundred miles per hour. Valley rivers rose, but without alarm until the storms during Christmas increased. The rivers, Sacramento, Feather, and San Joaquin swelled. The Sacramento River was controlled by Shasta Dam, but the pressure upon the levees of Marysville and Yuba City increased until the dikes broke on the Feather River one mile south of Yuba City.

Clear Creek, which extends from the Trinity Alps to the outskirts of Redding, rose. A farmer driving

his egg and poultry truck across the Clear Creek bridge reached the center of the bridge, when all of a sudden the bridge was torn loose from its suspension by the swift waters and a section of the bridge beneath the truck was swept down the creek around the bend. Here the ensemble was stopped by a dam of twigs and branches and the driver was rescued from his precarious predicament.

Our classmate, Ann Wiechert, Red Cross Volunteer at Sutter City High School Gym, was in charge of food ration tickets, locating missing members of families, care of children, filing interview information and administering first aid. Ann can hardly remember Christmas — Mass was said in a local school room, dinner eaten late and alone, strangers boarded in her home and others camped out in the yard; these people were evacuees from Marysville and nearby farms. The tension rose as farmlands near her home were flooded. After the waters subsided she continued to work in the Red Cross "Office" to help others through this emergency.

Jean Smith, a senior from Gridley, reported that families listened constantly to the radio. It was the only means of communication and direction because the telephone lines were not working. Yuba City radio station KUBA continued round-the-clock flood warnings, evacuation alerts and a missing persons



bureau. Self-sacrificing announcers maintained a constant vigilance in an effort to direct panic-stricken refugees, to obtain equipment for supporting the dikes, to send help and material to places of stress on the dikes that controlled the Feather River near Grid-

ley. For example, an alert for thirteen bulldozers at a certain levee was sent out via the radio announcer. Within five minutes of the announcement the bulldozers had already arrived.

Radio broadcasters gave practical directions for evacuation. Homes in Gridley, Chico and Colusa were opened to evacuees. Highways were lined with cars bumper to bumper leaving Yuba City. When the evacuees reached a point out of immediate danger, Red Cross and Civil Defense volunteers helped arrange food and lodgings for them. Civil Defense workers also directed and cared for missing persons. This crisis brought out the remarkable results of unselfish cooperation of peoples in distress.

The destruction in Yuba City was the greatest to the residents. Mrs. James Andreason, mother of one of our Alumnae, writes: "We have lost our lovely homes and everything in them. We had a beautiful tree — all the gifts for Christmas morning around it. But as we had but one minute's time, we were lucky to have fled with our dear family. With our coats over as much as we could put on, we fled to a relative's house, and reached there just as the water started to enter through the furnace ducts. We retreated upstairs. The house shook with the force of the first tidal wave. We could see parts of houses floating by and we watched all our cars being covered slowly by

water. We had no heat, light, phone, and only a bathful of water. In the morning the water was 19 inches deep in the kitchen. Although the furnace was gone, the four gas burners were working so I made breakfast for eighteen. I had boots on, but it was awful to stand in the mud. We stayed three days until the army came after us. All the first day we watched helicopters taking people off the roofs all around us . . . . When I went home after five days, my two canaries with mud on their tails, were singing for me. That they were jailed and still singing, gave me something to think over . . . . God was good to us . . . . I feel my blessings were many and it makes it easier to dig in mud all day for some little thing." (Excerpt from a letter to Sister Catherine Marie written shortly after the Yuba City flood.)

Some towns along the Russian River were entirely swept away. Guerneville, popular summer resort area, was severely damaged by the raging waters.

In Marin County the howling winds and heavy rains weakened the soil beneath sturdy trees and hillside homes. The appearance of Dominican College campus was slightly altered by the falling of favorite tall pines and cedars that succumbed to the dreadful storms. Numbers of tall eucalyptus in Forest Meadows fell so that the forest area resembles more a lumber landing than an athletic field.



Many furnaces in basements were damaged by quickly rising waters. Kentfield, Ross and parts of San Rafael were flooded by the torrents. Novato and Petaluma were cut off by flooding irrigation ditches over the highways.

Although Bolinas braved the holiday storms, the hurricane early in January left much damage in its wake. Long Sands, safely situated on a high cliff overlooking Bolinas Bay, was not harmed but the road up to the plateau was washed away. Wharves were lashed and broken by the fierce waves; hillsides dissolved in mud; homes were displaced from their foundations — the hurricane has scarred our unassuming village.

Residents of Fresno were warned by the events of Northern California difficulties, so began to prepare in advance for the strong pressure of turbulent waters and reinforced the weirs which control the irrigation streams. The climaxing work came on Christmas Eve when all hands went forth to clean the stream from debris, which was gathered and burned in bright bonfires that illuminated and warmed the workers striving to save their homes and property from destruction.

Acts of heroism, bravery, unselfishness, tragedy, realization of blessings have been demonstrated throughout this flood of December 1955. In spite of

loss of homes and belongings, ruined orchards and farm lands, damaged highways and bridges, most people accept this event humbly. "In the last few weeks we have grown more close to one another and realize that we can get along without all the modern gadgets." More fortunate citizens have been generous in donating clothes and money for the flood relief. Truckloads of clothes and furnishings have been sent by state-wide religious and community organizations to be distributed among the refugees. Some organizations have helped clean the homes and prepare them for re-occupancy. A local television station found generous responses to a financial marathon.

In these and other ways Californians have courageously met the disaster which threatened to ruin a prosperous valley. The flood itself has shaken us all out of our false sense of security and made us realize our dependence upon the elements.

K. H. '56

## SEA RINGS

In the wells of the sea  
Where mermaiden sings  
He sleeps in the coral  
Who carried our rings.

Weird sea plants have shrouded  
His loved lifeless head,  
And mother of pearl decks  
His violet bed.

The sea queens have gathered  
Bewailing his bones  
With instinctive rhythms  
In sea-woven tones..

Sea princess has stolen  
One ring for her mother;  
A fish caught in meshes  
Has brought me the other.

CAROLINE GISSLER '59

## BARBARA IN BRETAGNE

BARBARA is an old friend of Chantal. They knew each other in America during Chantal's visit. Now Barbara has come to France and her French friend is happy to welcome her to her native country.

Chantal lives in a spacious manor-house in Bretagne. Bretagne, its hills covered with pink heather and furze (a long-needed yellow bush peculiar to the region) is an individual country. The Bretagne sea-coast is strange, resplendently savage with its jagged outline.

As Barbara arrives at the house, she remarks on the large park surrounding it, and then on the old stone flight of steps. Both impress her very much. The entire family has grouped together to welcome her and it pleases her to see everyone so happy. Two boys take her suitcase. People come gaily into the house and greet her by saying, "We shall begin our acquaintance with a toast of Champagne." It's not dangerous . . . with a few cookies.

Marie sets the table. She is an old servant of the family and, with a big smile says, "I'm glad to see an American girl here!"

Before we go to dinner, Barbara is taken to her room; she is a little surprised at its large size. Its main features are highly waxed floors, two small carpets

patterned, hand-made; a table and four arm chairs of ebony, a bed with a lively creton canopy — so different from her own; the ceiling of brown wood. The chandelier in the middle of the room attracts Barbara's attention because it is lit by long cream-colored candles.

Barbara must hurry to dress before the large gong is rung announcing dinner.

Just after grace is said, Marie brings soup in a silver soup tureen and puts it on the table. Everyone helps himself to consommé with a heavy silver ladle. Soup is followed by a "Soufflet au brochet" and fresh vegetables with sweet butter; then, green salad, cheese "brie," and for dessert, "Crepes Suzette Flambées au Rhum." During dinner we drink wine — red and white — and bread is served in a little wicker basket. The conversation centers about Barbara's new country.

All go into the "Salon" for coffee, liqueurs, and cigarettes. The young people play cards while the older members of the family discuss politics and books.

Barbara whispers, "Where is your television?" Chantal smiles and answers, "We have none here in the country."

Then, Barbara sees something strange inscribed on the chimney above the joyously crackling fire. It

is the family's emblem, the escutcheon or "armes de la famille." Near the chimney there is a library where Barbara finds some Shakespeare and Kipling; the whole is a beautifully bound collection.

The following morning Barbara goes with Chantal's family to Mass in the old village church; there are very few people since the population is so small in Bretagne. After Mass, Barbara is delighted by the custom of going to pick mushrooms in the meadows, and Marie is happy to prepare "Chamignons à la crème" for lunch.

After many enjoyable days, the time comes for Barbara to go to Paris. She is sorry to leave Chantal and her family and friends from whom she has learned much of the customs, spirit — and most important — the traditions of the French people.

FRANCE DE MERCEY '59

INES DU RIVAU '59



## WE'LL TEACH JOHNNY

ONE brisk, golden-brown morning early in September twenty nervous, slightly apprehensive, but very enthusiastic students embarked on a memorable adventure. They traveled to local elementary schools for the first day of practice teaching. Each girl recalls the excitement as her master teacher introduced her new "helper" to the class. "Boys and girls, I want you to meet Miss Barrett" . . . "Miss Fitzpatrick" . . . "Miss Gartland."

The children in each class eagerly replied in a chorus of high- and low-pitched voices, "Good morning, Mrs. Bear It" . . . "Good morning, Mrs. Patty" . . . "Good morning, Mr. Garden!"

The day was one we had looked forward to for several years; one that we had been anticipating since we were accepted by the Education Council and assigned to various schools in Marin County. We realized how fortunate we were to be able to experiment with our job before we were confronted with a classroom of little "monsters" of our own, and excitedly we planned what would be the best thing to wear to class each morning.

But this care was minor in comparison to the problems that loomed up each day at school. What can we do about Robert who just won't keep seated in

one place for five minutes? How can we gain the confidence and respect of shy Betty who does not take part in group activities? How can we keep the whole class busy at the same time — some work so quickly and others lag behind? Our courses in methods had suggested ways, but occasionally on the spur of the moment our minds went blank for a solution. Then gradually we began to feel a part of the classroom, a member of the group. The children would help us and in turn we gained confidence by helping them to work an arithmetic problem, to open a thermos bottle, to zip up a jacket.

Each student teacher would thrill inwardly at the thought of the cautious admiration shown by the little boy who offered one of us his carton of milk (the modern day apple for the teacher). Another gave his teacher a picture that he had especially drawn and another presented her teacher with a bouquet of flowers from her own garden.

Back at Benincasa at noon time the table conversation always centered upon the morning's events. We all remember the episode of the student teacher who left the room to gather art supplies. When she returned the children reported that Bobby had made a great deal of noise while Miss S. was gone. Bobby was punished for his misbehaviour, but Miss S. was quite embarrassed when she later learned that Bob-



by's noise occurred when he stood on top of his desk, waved his arms wildly and called, "I like Miss S., who else likes Miss S.?!!"

What potential self-assurance must be in the personality of second-grader Ann, who confidently folded her arms and said to Miss J.S., "I'm glad you are going to take our reading group. I'm tired of Mrs. H., (the master teacher)."

Tense and uneasy incidents we also recall with amusement. One day Miss M.S. was reading to a rambunctious group of kindergarteners in the library. They had no more than settled down when she had to extract forcibly two mischievous characters from under the magazine rack. The supervisor chose this moment to observe her teaching!

Visitors and observers did come at inopportune moments. Miss L. can recall the time she left her lesson plans at home and had to conduct a reading lesson extempore while the principal and supervisor scrutinized the class. Miss B. shudders when she thinks of the word ISOLAITON which she printed in large three-inch letters on the front board during spelling period. This word remained in full view of all the visitors — supervisor, parents, principal — that came to her class.

Each day was a challenge to our ingenuity, our stamina and our patience. We student teachers

learned together, exchanged tips with each other, relied on the criticism and encouragement of our master teachers, worked hard on our weak points, spent long hours preparing lesson plans — all of which contributed to a vital, memorable experience.

Instinctively we feel the deep satisfaction that arises from seeing the inner growth of the children. How wonderful and delightful it was that Irene was able to read an entire page smoothly after a week's time under our guidance, or that Bruce was more thoughtful of others on the playground and enjoyed new friends as a result, or that our suggestions helped Susan to confidently give a report in front of the class. Each day our understanding of the children improved, and experiences, exciting or dreadful, were helpful in our relations and guidance. With much affection and regret we left our classrooms with a lump in our throats. But we couldn't help smile at Miss McC. who told us that she had written on the Daily Experience Chart "This is McCann's last day!" All of us were sorry to leave the new friends we had made, and confident that we have chosen a rewarding, personally satisfying profession.

K. H. '56

## A BIASED VIEW

WITH A ROAR, a screech, then a crunch, the cars come to a halt. With only seconds to spare, day students hastily climb out. Their pounding hearts keep time with their running feet — through the door, down the hall, their coats waving behind them. Catching their breath, they reach for the knob — often, too late. Class has begun.

Exaggerated? Well, only slightly. The non-resident students do seem inevitably to be in a rush. Each new day seems a merry-go-round of endless activities. One class gives way to another; only occasionally is there an hour for study and in that hour so much to get learned; only occasionally is there a coffee break. And always there is the eternal search for that important ride home. With too little time to waste, the day-hops must secure rides by their own ingenious system of communication: Shirley must ask Frances to tell Lorraine that Phyllis would like a ride home.

This rigorous schedule is sometimes relieved during noon-hour when day students take advantage of the quiet solitude of the deserted library. Here only the rustling of newspapers, and the turning of pages are heard. For a little while all tensions are forgotten, and there is peace.

But not for long. Suddenly, Guzman is loud with

talk. The academic quiet is shattered as discordant, excited voices review the morning's little problems: Mary's cold, Frankie's turtles, Michael's temper. The day-hop student teachers, of course! In a sense they typify the essential spirit of all the non-resident students. They have serious outside responsibility, and they are also students. They move in two orbits which intersect but must never clash. At the intersections, however, they bring a little of the outside in; they add color, enthusiasm, a certain confidence and freshness to the campus. They are an important part of it.

One twenty-five. Bells ring. Classes are resumed. The day students are once again caught up into the activity of the whole. In class, resident and non-resident students grow indistinguishable. Each is just a student. Pens move rapidly as the significant detail, the major ideas, are jotted down. Time, too, moves, and soon the last class is over and the day-hops are once again flying down the hall, out the door.

Despite the rush and busy schedules there is yet a certain solidarity — a communal spirit — among the non-resident students. This is especially evident in the heated atmosphere of mid-term, deadline, and final time. Then the locker room becomes a Hyde Park, woes are discussed and sympathetically heard.

Exaggerated? Well, only slightly.

CORINE ESTRADA '58

## SNOW IN PALESTINE

Was there snow in Palestine  
Where the Christ Child lay?  
Was there snow in Palestine  
Around the bed of hay?  
Was there snow in Palestine  
On Christmas day?

If there were snow in Palestine  
The world was cruelly cold;  
If there were snow in Palestine  
The hay was touched with mold;  
If there were snow in Palestine  
Earth's heart was hard and old.

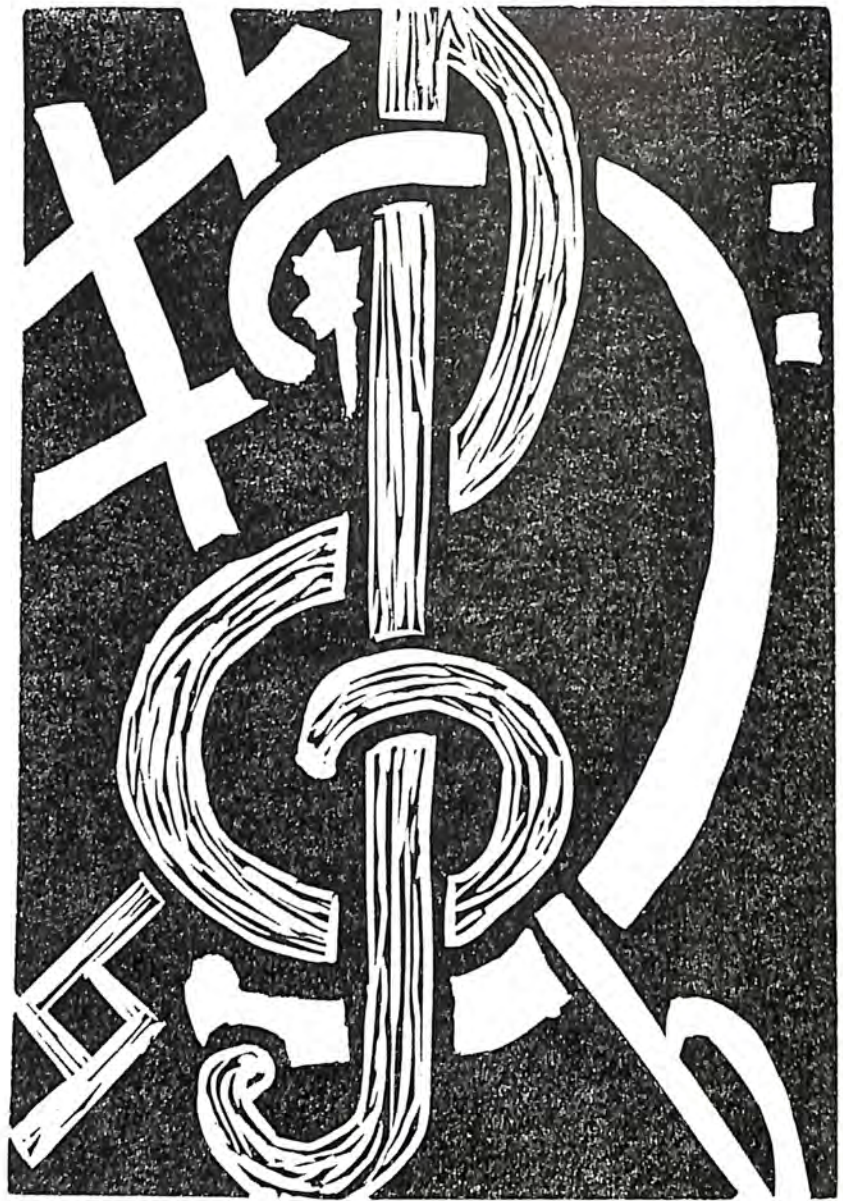
CAROLINE GISSLER '59

## THE MADRIGAL SINGERS

THE Madrigal Singers present a charming picture of girls in formal gowns grouped around a polished mahogany table on which are placed lighted tapers and a bowl of fruit. The picture is outdone only by the songs. For four years, the Madrigal Singers have been entertaining from stage and radio under the direction of Mrs. Winifred Baker.

Traditionally, the Madrigal Singers carry on a culture that has existed popularly for four hundred years. In the Elizabethan Age many musicians devoted their time to composing songs of three or four parts to be sung after dinner for entertainment. Today, such education is not the fashion. To the cultured Elizabethan it would be nothing to pick up a piece of music and read it at sight, much as we sit down after dinner and watch TV. The Madrigals were composed as part songs for the use of three to six voices, singing in small groups. They are characterized by the excellence of the verse. Our Madrigal Singers carry on this tradition and select many of their songs from the collection called *The Oriana*, written by leading madrigalists of the sixteenth century and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth.

M. B. '57



## MOZART AFTER TWO HUNDRED YEARS

TWO HUNDRED years ago this year of 1956, was born in Salzburg, Austria, the most naturally gifted and one of the most universal figures in the history of music, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

It is difficult to believe the completeness, intensity and variety of his musical gifts. He had a nearly perfect musical memory; he once wrote, after only one hearing, the entire five parts of a "Miserere," and he composed music so thoroughly in his mind before committing it to paper that he could write it out with almost no corrections. His freedom in musical creativity and his innate sense of what was beautiful in music were in perfect balance with the restrictions of the classical musical forms within which he composed, and, as he said of his own work, he did not "aim at any originality." He did not need to; the honest expression of his genius was more than enough.

In the simplicity of this genius, he could in hearing music of all types, in learning rapidly the technical aspects of his art, and in being acquainted with the cultures and with the great minds and personages of his era, combined with precise taste, what was useful to his music — discarding the rest.

He blended French, Italian and German styles. From earliest childhood, nothing technical in music



presented difficulty to him. He composed naturally; he was a virtuoso on the piano, violin and organ; he could improvise astoundingly. In touring all of the capitals of Europe to play for its sovereigns, at the age of six, he met most of the great personalities of the day, who praised his genius and in turn impressed him with theirs. So he gained a vital contact with the world of his time and, indeed, his music was nearly all commissioned for some specific event by some prince or Church prelate. He himself would play or conduct the performances, or for his operas, direct the singers and orchestra himself. His music was part of daily existence; and as natural and real: a series of dances for a fête of some count, a motet for a Church service, a piece of chamber music for some afternoon musicale, a symphony or concerto composed for a specific concert.

This contact with reality did not prevent Mozart's idealism from demanding the best of himself both in the quantity and quality of the works he produced. He wrote six hundred compositions, an average of thirty a year. The physical and mental energy involved alone was titanic. Symphonies, concerti, chamber music, operas, piano sonatas, church music, and many smaller pieces flowed from his pen like one long melody, the creative forces within him giving him no respite; on his deathbed, he was dictating to those

around him parts of his great unfinished "Requiem." This creative idealism was not daunted by the exhaustion of his task, or by the humiliation of grinding poverty or by non-recognition of his patrons or by abandonment of public favor — he once advertised a concert to which not a single ticket was sold. In the last ten years of his life he endured all of these hardships and more, but his spiritual nature can be said simply to have ignored them, for much of his greatest music was written in these years.

In him, the music itself was the emotion; nothing needed to be read into it.

It is interesting that each age has seen reflected in his music its own approach to the art. In Mozart's day, his music was often regarded as too emotional, too passionate and too melodic. The romantic age considered Mozart emotionally dry and superficial; Hector Berlioz found in him nothing more than "grace, delicacy and charm of melodies; the detail of workmanship," and for Schumann he invoked only "Apollo and the impassive beauty of the Greek temple."

By the middle of the nineteenth century, balance in appreciation of Mozart was achieved. Wagner understood the essence of Mozart well.

As for modern appreciation, critics now point out that because of the many conventions of the Mozar-

tian era in the writing of music, each criticism must be weighed in view of how well the critic can recognize what degree of emotion and musical thought would have been reached by such and such a departure from these conventions — in other words, the psychological reaction of a Mozart-day audience to these departures, for these reactions would be the only possible measure of his original meaning. From these critical considerations an increased understanding and more vital interest in Mozart's music as a living thing has resulted — important because he is one of the most often played and recorded composers today.

On the two hundredth anniversary of his birth, the entire musical world is paying homage to his memory; to Mozart who was buried in an unmarked pauper's grave. The Vienna State Opera with its gala re-opening, other opera houses with their Mozart operas, (including our own San Francisco Opera which performed *Don Giovanni*, considered by many the most perfect opera in existence), and all of the major symphonies are featuring concerts and festivals in his honour.

At the Dominican College of San Rafael, we too have had a part in the Mozart celebrations. Our Mozart Festival included an excellent cross-section of works from various periods. On three consecutive

Monday evenings, concerts consisting exclusively of Mozart's music were performed.

Mozart's opera was represented by a delightful performance of his first opera, "Bastien and Bastienne," written when he was but twelve years old. Dr. Giovanni Camajani directed the opera, with Sister M. Cyril, O.P. responsible for the staging and Grete Kehl-Tosier the choreography. "Bastien" was sung by Mary Bricher, "Bastienne" by Theresa Ing and "Colas" by Carole Zenner. Ballet leads were Patricia Elliott and Gail Maitre.

Chieko Sakata sang two arias from the "Nozze di Figaro," one of Mozart's mature and most perfect operas.

Church music was sung in the programs by the Choral, directed by Dr. Camajani. The "Justum deduxit Dominus" from the "Motet K 624" and the "Lacrymosa," from the "Requiem Mass in D minor," K 626, were sung with reverence and feeling. Linda Antongiovanni, organ soloist, and the Dominican Chamber Orchestra conducted by Mr. Tadeusz Kadzielawa played two "Sonatas for Organ and Chamber Orchestra," K 244 and 336 — a rarely heard presentation. These sonatas were written for the Archbishop of Salzburg, for whom Mozart composed much church music.

The orchestra played one of Mozart's early sym-

phonies, No. 29 in A Major, which though written when he was but eighteen, is in typical Mozartian style.

Especially enjoyable was the "Concerto in E<sup>b</sup> Major for Two Pianos," K 365, in which Laretta McAuliffe and Ann Harrington were soloists, for it is the only concerto which Mozart wrote for two pianos and this was its first performance in the Bay area. In this concerto, the two keyboards are coördinated in a contest of technical skill. Laretta and Ann achieved brilliance and remarkable blending of tone in their balanced and exciting rendition.

Three of Mozart's late quartets, the K 387, K 465 and K 499, were given a beautifully sensitive performance by the Griller quartet which Olin Downes, New York Times critic, regards as "the most perfect," in the field of chamber music.

K 387 is Haydnesque throughout, especially in the fugal finale and is a tribute to Mozart's regard for Haydn, to whom he dedicated a set of six quartets. K 465 is unusual in its slow movement and in the strangely lovely slow opening. K 499, typical of Mozart's mature works, shows a nice balance between superlative craftsmanship and the expression of diverse emotions. It was a fitting finale to our Festival.

Through the magic of Mozart's music heard during this Festival, and thanks to all of the participants

who made it a living thing, his music became more vital to the whole college.

In certain ways, Mozart can be likened to the great Dominican, St. Thomas Aquinas, for like him, Mozart maintained a central balance in combining the real and the ideal, but not sterile or academic was the result. On the contrary, his creativity in music was from a God-given gift of love of Him, of life and of music and was richly and fully expressed in the too short crescendo of Mozart's life.

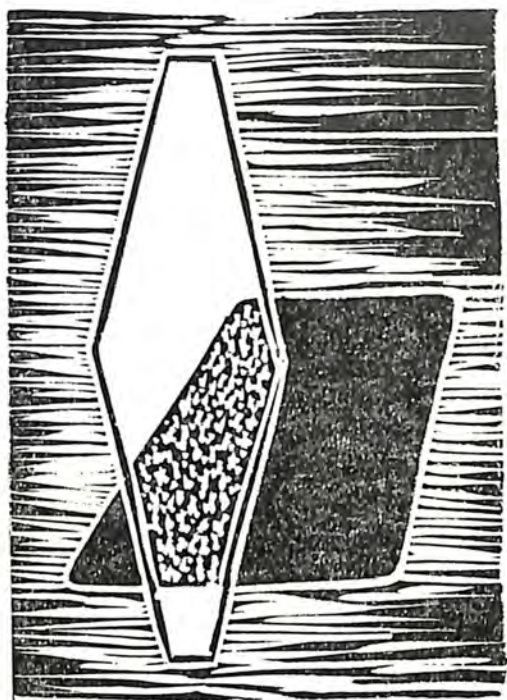
ALITA CASTOR '56

### TO AN ARTIST

Meticulous Bacchant, what alien vine  
Has yielded up the grape-gray-mauve and cool,  
Whose liquor fires you with exquisite line,  
And colors borrowed from a mystic school?

Satyr-craftsman, do your peaked ears  
Hear yellow fugues and blue-green symphonies?  
Do you have speech with crags, grim mountaineers,  
And have your fingers clutched a dryad's knees?

DOROTHY DUNLAP BROWN



## THE VOICE OF THE CAMPUS

THE RADIO PLAYERS of Dominican College . . . Through these familiar words the Bay Area has come to recognize the Voice of Dominican. Weekly since 1948 the Radio Players have sent that Voice out over the airplanes into the homes to find new friends for the college.

Radio, a phase in the growth of the Speech Department, had simple beginnings. The pioneer Players worked from the Angelico stage with only a movie projector amplifier and portable turntable for their equipment. But they had a real pioneer spirit and a burning desire to make the Voice of Dominican a familiar and welcome Voice as far as it could be heard.

Interest was aroused . . . letters poured in from all directions. People were beginning to feel they knew us. Our Voice was being heard, and we had to expand our output to meet the growing enthusiasm both on campus and off. The Alumnae Association recognized the long-range advantages in having a well articulated Voice to speak for the Dominican College of San Rafael and made it possible to increase our mechanical facilities.

The Radio Players have followed an entertainment program policy with the intention of presenting what we have and what we are. This has resulted in a widely varied list of broadcasts including dramatic productions, both original and adapted; vocal and instrumental musical programs; informal chats with representatives of several academic departments; and readings of poetry and short stories.

The Players have shown their versatility not only in the number and range of programs they have produced, but also in three memorable performances on



the stage. In the Fall of 1950, they produced and acted in Lewis Carroll's classic, *Alice in Wonderland*. In the Spring of 1952, they presented James Thurber's *Many Moons*. This past semester, the Players again donned costumes and make-up to present Edna St. Vincent Millay's fantasy, *The Princess Marries the Page*. Although the lights, the costumes and the audience might have been a new thrill to the Radio Players, they were very much at ease in their interpretation of lines and characterizations.

As far as facilities and programming are concerned, our radio performances are still in a stage of simple beginnings, and the Players are still pioneering. But our Voice has become a tradition that is known and respected by both students and the newly made friends in the Bay Area who listen to the Voice of Dominican.

MARYBETH BARRETT '56



## ALL ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON

THERE WAS no sound except the gentle rumblings of a closing elevator door. Behind the high counter of the receptionist's desk, Sue didn't even look up to see if anyone had gotten off the elevator. She put a last brush stroke of pink nail polish on the shiny nail. The manicure was in honor of this, her last day of work. After today there would be two weeks of shopping and packing before the trip north to school.

Quiet hung in the cool air of the elevator-lined hallway. Except for the daily parade of businessmen, policemen, cranks, people with "hot" stories, and the passing array of photogs and reporters, Sue had been isolated. Owing to the regrettable incident of yesterday afternoon, Sue no longer exchanged chit-chat with the corps of copyboys. During the crucial period getting out the three o'clock edition of the paper there had been nary a copyboy to be found in the city room. At this opportune moment Mr. Bradley, the publisher, arrived on the scene, sized up the situation, and inquired where all the junior members of the staff were.

Sue's first knowledge of this crisis came when Mr. Bradley strode through the double doors of the city room at the far end of the hall with a grim look on his

face. The entire crew of copyboys clustered at Sue's desk melted through the imposing and much used door leading into the inner offices. This morning a notice, typed in red, had appeared on the bulletin board in the city room stating that anyone found loitering at the receptionist's desk would be a candidate for dismissal.

Jim had sneaked out early in the morning to fill Sue in on all the details and then hurried back to his post in the teletype office. Sue missed the copyboys' company, but was not exactly sorry to see the pack of office wolves banished to their quarters. There had been a few trying moments during her two month tenure of office.

Now, with half an hour left of her last day, Sue was the only disturbing element in the still hallway as she twisted the cap on the bottle of nail polish. Through habit she glanced toward the glass partition to see if anyone had gotten off the now silent elevator. Propped against the partition that set the receptionist's cubicle apart from the main hallway was Johnny Grover. The twinkle in his pale blue eyes matched the infectious grin on his beaming face.

Sue's face registered surprise; her mind registered, "Oh no, not Grover!" The surprised look delighted the reporter, and abandoning the support of the glass panel, he came to rest against the counter.

“Do you realize that it has been exactly forty-seven years and seven months since I’ve kissed you?” he queried.

“So that’s how old he is,” was the sole thought in Sue’s mind. “He looks it too.” Aromatic whiskey fumes enveloped her as Grover stood grinning like the proverbial Cheshire cat. Casually pushing her chair out of reach, Sue parried with, “I guess it is! Your birthday must be in, in . . . January!”

“Right! May I sit down?” he asked.

“Go right ahead.” And Grover, swaying imperceptibly, eased into the nearest office chair in front of the counter.

Grover was feature writer cityside and acknowledged king of the office wolves. He had been the first to introduce himself when Sue began her work in June.

One morning soon after, he gleefully related to her the story of his son’s graduation from junior high; how he had arrived on the scene feeling no pain and precipitated a family crisis by dragging out the Daily Racing form and loudly figuring the horses.

Sue quickly learned to avoid all possible contact with him. Any messages for Grover she asked one of the copyboys to deliver. Today she had last seen him about two o’clock when he waved at her and then stepped into the “down” elevator.

"Have you been over at 'The Alley' all afternoon?" she inquired.

The answer was a satisfied "Yep," followed by "Have I told you in the last half hour that you're one of the nicest girls I know?"

"Well, now that I think about it, no," Sue responded, wondering whether or not this was going to turn into a battle of wits.

"Well, you are." Grover turned his blue eyes on her like a little boy that had just told his mommy that she was the best mommy in the world.

"I hear that it's your last day with us," he observed.

"That's right. Time for school again," she answered, thinking at the same time that Grover was one reporter that she was not going to miss.

"Where do you go to school?" he asked.

"Up north. . . Dominican College in San Rafael."

"Catholic school, eh? You know Art? He's Catholic."

Sue nodded and thought of coffee break conversations with Art when he had acquainted her with his escapades in and around the newspaper office.

Grover continued, "Art's been copyboy here for three years now, but he's way off base on a lot of things." Sue mentally agreed with him.

"Spent the afternoon with him over at 'The Alley,'" Grover went on, "Told him he ought to go down to

St. Vibiana's and talk to the priest. He wouldn't budge, but with a few more drinks under our belts, I told him I'd go with him. Well — the good padre nearly threw us out. But I told him it wasn't for me. I wasn't a Catholic, I just wanted him to talk to this young man. So Art went inside and I sat outside on the steps. When Art came out I knew it hadn't done him any good. He wasn't cooperating, just fighting it all the way. But then the padre takes me in and starts talking. And you know what?"

"What?" Sue responded.

"I've got an appointment to go back and see him next week!"

"No kidding!" was Sue's astonished comment.

"You know, I'm willing to listen to what the padre says, and if he can really convince me, then it's fine by me."

Sue weighed the information before she answered. "Well, I wish you the best of luck and I'll be very interested to see how it comes out."

But Grover's only answer was a slow preoccupied nod in Sue's direction. With his sparkling blue eyes and spreading grin he watched her start to tidy up the notes and papers on her desk. For a moment he remained lost in thought and then asked for a piece of paper.

"Is this big enough?" Sue asked, handing him a

piece from the appointment pad next to the phone.

"That's fine, thank you. You know, I've written a little poetry in my time. I once did a small volume for my mother. Pretty good, if I do say so myself. Let me write something for you."

Emerging for a moment from his mellow mood, Grover went into studied contemplation of Sue's wondering eyes as she rested her chin on her hands and watched Grover. She was fascinated and a little bewildered.

Watching him carefully pen a twelve line verse, Sue wondered about this man.

Both he and Sue were oblivious to a gradual quickening of activity in the hallway as the final edition got under way. Copyboys charged through the double doors of the city room at the opposite end of the hall and disappeared through the door next to the receptionist's desk with sheaves of proofs and copy in hand. Curious glances were lost on the receptionist and reporter who were concentrating on the writing of the poem.

The slow-moving minutes of late afternoon passed silently by until Grover, with the inevitable smile, handed the finished verse to Sue. She read it twice, the second time to reassure herself that Mr. Grover had really written the lines.

"Those are very beautiful thoughts, Mr. Grover.

I like it — very much. Mr. Grover's only reply was a happy, proud smile.

Traffic in the hallway steadily increased now as staff members, with the final edition put to bed, started home. Sue answered the "good nights" and "good-byes" while Mr. Grover hailed a copyboy and asked him to check on the female population remaining in the city room.

When all the gals left he would sleep off the effects of the afternoon on the couch in the powder room. He would then be in a reasonable condition to report for the early shift at two a.m.

Then, watching Sue lock the filing cabinet and telephone, he began his farewells. They were delivered in his best fatherly manner.

"Sue, you've been a very good audience, sitting here and listening to all this. But don't get me wrong. You've helped a great deal in satisfying my male ego. And now that you're leaving, let me give you two pieces of advice. First of all, you have a great capacity for life. Get the most out of it and enjoy every moment of it. And secondly, never hurt anybody. Go as far as you want, but the worst thing you can do is to hurt someone."

With this he rose slowly from the chair and offered his hand to Sue. It was a warm, firm, and hearty handshake.



"Good luck, Sue."

"Goodbye, Mr. Grover. Thanks for the advice and maybe I'll see you next summer."

Sue circled through the city room, said goodbye to everyone, promised to write, and closed up her desk for the last time. But all the while, her conversation with Mr. Grover went round and round in her head. When she stepped from the elevator and crossed the lobby to the street the signal on the corner was green. She crossed the car-crammed thoroughfare, and then crossed again so that she was catty-corner to the Mirror Building.

Her ride wasn't in sight yet, but standing in the brilliant afternoon sun next to the newspaper stand, a familiar figure emerged from the doorway of the Mirror Building across the street. With another reporter in tow, Mr. Grover was punctuating his earnest conversation with sweeping gestures as he crossed the busy street. It was but a few steps then before the two men turned into the little side street and passed quickly under the blazing red neon sign that silently shouted, "The Alley." She took the poem out of the pocket in her cotton skirt. It was not going to be an easy matter to forget Mr. Grover.

MARY HOSINSKI '57

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Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Barrett, San Francisco  
Mr. and Mrs. James Bloom, Petaluma  
Borden's Marin County Milk Company, San Rafael  
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Class of 1956, Dominican College of San Rafael  
Class of 1957, Dominican College of San Rafael  
Class of 1958, Dominican College of San Rafael  
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Golden Creme DoNuts, San Rafael  
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The Independent Journal, San Rafael  
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