1950

1950 Firebrand

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The Firebrand

THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL

MCML

To
OUR DOMINICAN SISTERS
OF SAN RAFAEL
1850-1950

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THE FIREBRAND

<i>Editor</i>	MARJORIE HANSEN
<i>Associate Editor</i>	KATHLEEN O'LEARY
<i>Assistant Editors</i>	{ PATRICIA FRANKS DOLORES SAGUES ROSARIO VON WARTON
<i>Business Manager</i>	DOROTHY RAINES
<i>Assistant</i>	JOAN KING
<i>Art Editor</i>	LUCILLE SLAVIN
<i>Assistant</i>	MAGDA BATTHA
<i>Cartoonist</i>	JACQUELINE CAMILLE
<i>Typist</i>	CHRISTINE DOLAN

CONTRIBUTORS

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THERESE CAVANAUGH	PATRICIA O'NEILL
EVELYN CHILVERS	ROBIN QUIGLEY
DOROTHY DE FARIA	S. C. M.
ANNE FROST	SHELAGH SCOVILLE
F. G.	S. M. N.
ELEANOR LIVINGSTON	BARBARA STAFFORD
MARY JEAN LYNCH	MARION SZYPER
JOAN MARTIN	ELSIE TERHEYDEN
JOAN MAYERLE	CATHERINE VON WARTON

THE SENIOR CLASS

EDITORIAL

1950—A year of many endings and beginnings: the turning of the half-century, the Bach bi-centennial following close on the heels of the Chopin and Goethe centennials, and closer to us, the celebration of the hundredth year since the Dominican Sisters of San Rafael first arrived in Monterey.

And with endings we must pause in the silence of in-between, each to self alone, and seek our heritage, each drop distilled from the memory-experience of the past. So let the soul cleanse itself for communion with God that it may chalice its harvest, freed from chaff, in faith.

With endings there must be a beginning, an initial step into a new unknown, a continuation of life in a new channel.

For us, somehow, this will be a special beginning, more than just stepping from an academic life to that of a larger world. Ours is a twofold inheritance. We are the bearers of a hundred-year heritage rooted in a larger seven-hundred-year growth. More than that, we are they who must pass through the darkened curtains that hang, symbolically, between this today and tomorrow.

Whatever decision the world makes at this great crossroad it is for us to pass through the darkness. And it is to us that the weak, the aged and the young will turn for the strength of guidance.

Will we have faith, unyielding, unswerving, that will bear the weight of darkness? Will we be strong enough to take each offered hand, each failing grasp and stand firm through the pathless night, as crags through the ocean storm, till light shafts the deep with the quiet of rest, the green of watered pastures? This is our task.

Let us have faith!

M. H. '50

DAUGHTERS OF DOMINIC
1850-1950

Praise God!
One hundred years!
One hundred years, praise God,
Of praising God!

Theirs no gold princehoods,
Nor yet cardinals, robe-reds,
 tall mitres.
Theirs black-cloak anonymity
Shadowed and pioneer, traveling
 lonely ways.

These command only simple spires
 of flame
Slender in single hands,
Brightness that spirit-kindled, human
 flesh
Brings from stern altars.

These hold flame high till frontiers
Of dark are light-invaded, one by one.

Look back and note the roads the
 Dominic-women went.
Look down one hundred years, and see
How bright that road with single
 flames of faith
Strong to move mountains, to
 build schools, to teach,
Nameless. See how each one set
Her separate, small lit taper-star,
 into one glory
Of massed single flames . . .
 all luminate for God.

K. R. A.

RENE BROOKS

A TALL SLENDER girl with brown eyes and hair the shade of unpulled taffy, Rene is a many-faceted person. Her interests focus on week-ends in Berkeley, philosophical discussions and long walks in the woods, for she likes wild things growing. She enjoys, too, the rich browns and soft greens of nature, which she seems to have borrowed for her own dress.

Rene lives by night as well as by day. At odd nocturnal moments she may be inspired to write one of her melodious lyrics, but a leap out of bed might also be occasioned by an innocent Miller-moth that she wills to do away with. She has a particular addiction also to midnight conversations on "periodic cycles," a delayed reaction from Economics!

From the time she chose the two strong names, Michael Peter, for her baby brother, Rene has loved children. Now she is planning to do social work in child adjustment, partly because the field in itself attracts her, and also because she hopes that from it she may gather new material for the children's stories that she writes with such charm and penetration.

CATHRENE MARY BROOKS
San Diego, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL-ECONOMICS

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

I.R.C. '47, '48, '49, '50
Poetry Club '47, '48, '49, '50

Meadowlark Staff '47, '49
Carillon News Editor '48
French Club '47

PATRICIA ANN CADIGAN

Seattle, Washington

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Art Club '48, '49, '50

Tennis Club '47

PATRICIA CADIGAN

SHE IS primarily an artist. Unlike most students whose lives include their majors, Patricia's life is her major. She wishes heartfully that nothing more were required of her in the academic world than her work in San Marco. She succeeds in her studies because she is conscientious, but art is a work of love.

When Pat has an "idea" her green eyes gather a sparkle and jumble it with the far-away glance which bodes well for some fortunate piece of canvas. She is a "blotter" for other people's moods; her own moods escape in a direct attack with color and brush. The release comes with a finished, praiseworthy picture that never varies too far from the intricacies of abstraction.

Although she prefers no companionship while she works, when she is done she seeks her friends again, for she seems to need people. From this we find her at almost every social event which is sponsored by the college; she will tell you herself how profitable a social attitude can be.

She is an interesting kaleidoscope of temperament—quick and impulsive yet warmly constant to those who are closest to her. Varied as the colors she uses so well, Pat will always create brightness in whatever place she finds herself.

JACQUELINE CAMILLE

THERE'S a kind of unhurried, easy-going abandonment about Jackie, which, together with an occasional frank, witty comment, helps to make her a distinct personality.

Feather-bobbed, pixie-eyed, she can be seen shuffling across campus in a color-bright sweater like the lovable, sincere Raggedy Andy whom she so winningly played for the 1948 Class Day. She is an artist who uses her talents for her Alma Mater: posters for the dances, favors, cartoons for the *Firebrand*, spiritual bouquets—one can count on Jackie. Practical as well as artistic, she purchased her car with her own earnings. Once her interest is focused nothing can stop her though her route be circuitous.

She is always expecting and accomplishing the unexpected: feeling about the walls for secret panels, slip-sliding into the pond at Edge Hill, or precipitating herself down the clothes chute at Meadowlands to get back a lost slipper. She is a prankster! Her countenance blank, she has an unfailing answer for every situation, "How hysterical!"

On the side she is also a dancer. In the course of an evening of fun and frolic someone is sure to exclaim, "Come on Jackie, do the Charleston!"

JACQUELINE MARIE CAMILLE

Berkeley, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION

Meadowlark Art Editor '49

Carillon Cartoonist '48

W.A.A. Board, Publicity Chairman
'48, '49

C.A.F.C.W. Publicity Chairman '49

Firebrand Cartoonist '49, '50

Art Club Publicity Chairman '49

Art Club Secretary-Treasurer '50

Music Club '50

French Club '50

LOLA LILLIAN CASENTINI

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

President of Spanish Club '50
Social Chairman Spanish Club '49
Spanish Club '47, '48, '49, '50
Art Club '49, '50

Carillon Staff '50
Social Committee '50
I.R.C. '50
French Club '50

LOLA CASENTINI

SHE IS preeminently vivacious; she is tall and dark-haired and her rapid speech is made vivid by her own individualized phrases and expressive gestures. Gay, despite herself, even in moods of deepest despondency Lola can manage a great smile of greeting.

Her vivaciousness is not limited to English; she can be fluently eloquent or chatty in Spanish and Italian. She loves travel—new places and tongues and faces—which accounts for the detours to Italy and Mexico in her academic path. Something too of the Latin is in Lola's appearance; earrings and fancy rings. A flair for gay clothes bespeaks an interest in new styles.

An air of the excitable hovers over all that she does. In a variety of plans, from Spanish Club, ski trips to dances, she sparkles with temperament. With all her active interest, she is a serious student and always finds time to give more than a perusal to her textbooks; during mid-terms and finals she actually goes into hibernation.

As might be expected indefinite opinions and uncertainties have no part in Lola's makeup—"If there are ill-feelings, let them be brought out into the open, let a truce be made." A sincere friend, she takes advice as well as gives it—often in midnight sessions; and the next morning she cannot imagine why she is so tired.

MARY LEE CUMMING

A STARTLING memory for History dates, a box of chocolates offered to each room or to any one passing by her open door, and a naive "Really!" accompanied by wide-eyed incredulity—to many of us that is "Mel."

"Mel and Scov," joint authors of "The Glue Pot," a questionable but highly entertaining column in *The Carillon*, are paired together in our minds. They have a mutual love for horses and disagree most delightfully on cats. Mel cannot bear the company of this harmless member of "a great and treacherous race." We might add that she can be quite frank. She asks the most impossible questions in class and has a knack for being a source of much good humor.

Her spare energies are assuaged by enthusiastic and admired designings of homes and interiors, and last but not least, day or night, she can identify any Navy plane through the thickest of fogs.

MARY LEONTINE CUMMING

Watsonville, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

President French Club '50
Treasurer of L.R.C. '50

Red Cross '48
House Regulations Committee '49
L.R.C. '49, '50

MARY CAMERON DANERI

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Carillon Staff '47, '48, '49, '50
Carillon Circulation Manager '48
Red Cross '48, '49, '50

Social Committee '50
House Regulation Committee '50
Schola '47, '48

MARY DANERI

HER CHARM lies in her utter frankness, some say; others, that it stems from her diplomacy, that she is diplomatic to the point of being undiplomatic. Be as it may Mary Daneri is charming. We see it in her gracious handshake, in her sincere interest in people and things, in the vivaciousness and the trimness of her appearance. She dresses almost always in personality-suited, tailored designs which accentuate her ebony hair, Dresden-cut features and figurine stature.

Her activities belie her appearance; she has never been one to sit by and let things happen. She participates in everything wholeheartedly, which explains why her college days have meant much to her; more often than not she may be found engineering or helping some campus activity. Her interests carry, too, beyond the campus: one hears of her modeling and of her driving for the Motor Service unit of the Red Cross. Week-ends at home in San Francisco find Mary attending many a gay soiree, for her datebook is always well filled.

She delights in meeting people, and no wonder. She has a flair not only for repartee but for good conversation. This quality is evident most of the day—not all of the day, because even Mary herself says, "Don't speak to me before my first class."

EILEEN DEVINE

EILEEN has a talent all her own, for, though energetic, she has a love of sleep that no "atom bomb" (the beloved alarm!) can dispel. Shake her awake, it will take but a moment for her slumber to reinstate itself. Who has not been delegated to arouse Dee and who has been successful? Her eyes, likewise, are different, being a limpid green that reflect blue, or gray, in accordance with her surroundings. Of Irish-Italian descent she is strongly Italian in an Irish gathering, strongly Irish among Italians.

World and national affairs concern her, but not entirely, for this Edgehillite knows also the latest in canasta and bridge rules, the daily radio schedules and the current movies.

She shines in basketball and tennis; she has had a successful season of counseling at Santa Cruz and she is in demand as a referee for high school games. Here her physical energy has full outlet. Her artistic talent has its flare at San Marco, where she has left memories of canvases whose earthy colors rival Tamayo's.

ANNA EILEEN DEVINE

Vallejo, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

French Club '49, '50

Art Club '47, '48, '49, '50

Irish Club '50

Red Cross '48

Choral '47, '48

Tennis Club '47

SHIRLEE DI NAPOLI

San Jose, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Gamma Sigma
Secretary of Student Body '48
Freshman Adviser '49
Social Chairman '50
Tennis '47

Publicity Director of Student
Relief Drive '49
Art Club '48, '49, '50
Golf '48, '49, '50

SHIRLEE DINAPOLI

"WELL, I'm not going to worry about it," sighs Shirlee. Casual? By no means. The sigh comes only after she has worried herself and companions into a fine frenzy. It is her appearance that has successfully created the illusion of the casual, cavalier student—it is the soft brown eyes, the toss of her hair, the ease of walk and manner.

Actually Shirlee is a girl of positive accomplishments. As Student Body Secretary, Freshman Adviser, Social Chairman, she has been in and behind most of the campus activities. Her scholastic ability has rated her a membership in the Honor Society. The dark-eyed, clear, Roman featured "Shirl" does get things done in her own time and in her own idiosyncratic way.

Shirlee's originality crops up in all she does; it is most certainly evident in all that radiates from her art major; we see it in her love of modern art, in her unique interior decoration plannings, most especially in the last-word effect of her wardrobe.

It is undoubtedly too her shying from the usual that prompts the now not unusual query—"Wouldn't you just love some Chinese food tonight?" The answer: her car filled to capacity ready for town.

CHRISTINE DOLAN

CHRISTINE likes people and people like Christine. It is impossible to remain gloomy in her company. Her laugh, which bursts forth with minimum provocation, is the honest laugh of one who has no quarrel with the world, and probably never will.

Her manner is as uncomplicated by artificiality as is her character. She strolls onto the stage of Angelico to sing for us with her lovely, clear voice as unconcerned as she saunters into the Infirmary to spend, unresentfully, an "enforced" vacation.

Relaxed and leisurely, she is not one to hurry, or to be hurried. Her happiest relaxation is when she can inhabit the rose-colored mound on her bed, the tip of her nose and a wisp of hair sticking out; where one would expect a face there resides a tiny radio from which a gory detective story is sure to be issuing.

Never preoccupied with herself, she is thoughtful of others, but there is no fanfare about her acts of kindness. Among her loves is her college; it took one semester in the east to send her back to where she felt she belonged. Christine does have an irresistible weakness for fooling around and is a most appreciative

audience for the clowning of others. Her steady eyes, now earnest, now glinting merrily with some plotted deviltry, look straight at you. They are honest eyes and kind—in short, they are Christine.

CHRISTINE HILDEGARD DOLAN

Honolulu, T. H.

MAJOR: MUSIC

B.M. DEGREE

Music Club '47, '48, '49, '50

French Club '47, '48

Schola '47, '48, '49, '50

Choral '47, '48, '49, '50

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

JOAN DOLORES DONLON

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Junior Class Vice-President '49

Art Club '49, '50

I.R.C. '49

Irish Club '50

French Club '47

Choral '47, '48

JOAN DONLON

WHETHER she is twirling in a bouffant formal, or dashing around campus in a skirt, sweater, and scarf combination, Joan's appearance is eye-catching. Is it perhaps the just right combination of dark blond hair with blue eyes, ready smile, effervescent personality? Still, with all her captiousness, Joan is not unduly concerned with her appearance, or with herself at all.

She has a genuine understanding of the problems and complexes of others. Call upon her at any time, and she will give wholehearted attention to your most current concern. And more, she will give her time and energy to arranging a happy ending. She is a responsible person, the kind of girl who plays the role of Raggedy Anne or Class vice-president with equal competence. Her judgments are keen and discerning, her opinions precise; Joan's approval is important to her friends.

Her one vein of indecision stems from current hair styles: long or short hair? A favorite formula answers both queries: "Let's cut a little at a time."

ANN EASTIN

ANN is a golfer. One could almost assume this from her erect carriage and free stride. An athletic ability of sorts even resides in her fingertips: they knit busily wherever she is, and she insists that her mind, like Caesar's, can concentrate on other things concurrently with the intricate pattern of an argyle. That her coordination is remarkable can be vouched for by anyone who has sat beside her as she drives down the main street of San Rafael. However, neither by her coordination nor by her unusually winning smile, has she succeeded in eluding, bribing or otherwise manipulating certain traffic officers who insist that she may not park in front of Corey's for an hour without paying five cents.

Ann has a most delightful way of sliding humor into her moments of great perplexity, and such moments with her are many. They come when Milton's picture has vanished off her dresser, or when after vacations she tries to fit the wide array of tweeds, plaids, sport dresses and suits into the closet space that her roommate has not left. Though through perplexity and wrath she moves with a certain ease, the manner is perhaps deceptive, for she can at a moment's notice grow warmly enthusiastic over an unexpected B in ethics or an unlooked for A in education.

ANN EASTIN

Fresno, California

MAJOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Transferred from Fresno State

College '47

W.A.A. '47, '48, '49, '50

Golf Chairman '49, '50

Ski Club '48

Irish Club '50

Spanish Club

GLORIA RAYMOND ELLIS

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Edgehill Chairman '50
Social Committee '50
Spanish Club '47, '48, '49

Art Club '49, '50
I.R.C.

GLORIA RAY ELLIS

GLO has an originality all her own. Fashion-wise sleek black hair-do, green eyes, fair complexion, chic apparel combine with an inimitable "self." Glo's is an originality that functions best within the social group—Glo belongs; she adapts herself readily to persons and places. Witty, serious, thoughtful, merry—chameleon-like she changes with the occasion. And only mention a smoke, coffee, food. It is enough; Glo needs no second invitation to go down town. She is gregarious and a seeker after diversion, not because she is superficial but because she is quick of mind—the assignment is done too quickly; because she is intellectually curious she cannot sit and let the news come; because she is generous she must find people to be generous to—praise and compliments to others are part of her very nature, and her friends say that she is always ready to dispossess herself of her possessions. She seldom acts until she has seen both sides of the question; she is genuinely fond of good books and music, though magazines too have an interest for her. She is, as a matter of fact, apt to put off the more serious book, the heavier assignment till tomorrow. Glo so dislikes getting up early, going to bed early, being hurried; but with all and through all Glo is always glowing.

CHARLOTTE EMMONS

CHARLOTTE still has the air of a little girl, perhaps because of her close-cropped hair and her infectious laugh. Very agreeable and even-tempered in disposition, she is rarely angry and her brief flares are quickly over.

History is among her chief interests; she enjoys delving into the past, and she is faithful to the IRC because she is equally fascinated by the present. She is, however, far from being book-absorbed. Among her many delights opera is a favorite.

She is tender-hearted about animals, and her dog, Michael, is highly important to her. What the future holds for her we might easily guess—she looks forward to it and her sober plans include a master's degree in her favorite subject, History.

CHARLOTTE SHEPARD EMMONS

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ECONOMICS

Transferred from College of
Marin '48

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

PATRICIA DOROTHEA FRANKS

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Freshman Class Treasurer '48

Carillon Staff '47, '48

Spanish Club '47, '48

Meadowlark Staff '48, '49

Firebrand Assistant Editor '49, '50

Student Body Treasurer '49

Executive Council '49, '50

I.R.C. '50

Head of House Regulations '50

Senior Class Representative '50

PATRICIA FRANKS

PATRICIA is sensitive to loveliness of every kind, deep and unwavering in her affections. Delicacy and grace are part of her personality, evident in her manner and in her movements, especially when she dances. She has danced since she was a child and she has lent her talents enthusiastically to school entertainments. When she went to Nogales two years ago her scope of steps increased; she came back with many new subtle movements characteristic of the Spanish.

Her trip to Nogales was only one of many such adventures, for she has a yen to travel, which she usually pacifies during the summer months. Since her freshman year she has had various holidays throughout the United States with a peep over the border, into Canada, but this summer will find her trotting off to Europe. She likes to read; books have always held a fascination for her and she writes easily and pleasantly.

Friendly and thoughtful, she can always meet any situation unless it comes in the early morning; her natural rhythm is against early rising.

HELEN GRENNAN

NO PERSON on campus these four years has been so busy and so unassuming as Helen Jo. With dauntless energy and merry eye she has overcome such obstacles as lie in the way of a music major attaining a degree and a teacher's credential. There has always been so much for Helen to fit in: violin lessons, piano practice, team sports, orchestra rehearsals, YCS and social committee meetings, and Mass. The twenty-four hour day has just not been long enough. Besides which, Helen Jo is invariably the person asked to stay for the extra schola rehearsal, to do the extra chart, the demonstration lesson. As midnight draws near and there is still much left undone, her classmates say they hear the frantic cry, "I just must get organized." And she does. Next morning finds her at Mass eager-eyed and ready for new obstacles.

For all her busyness she has had time to make and keep many friends, time for the kind word, the understanding smile. Idealistic and sympathetic herself, she is occasionally hurt by the unawareness of others. More often, however, her quiet faith and ready laugh put even the most disillusioning of occurrences into God's pattern.

HELEN JOSEPHINE GRENNAN

Los Altos, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: EDUCATION

Freshman Vice-President '47
W.A.A. Secretary '48
W.A.A. Board '48, '49

Carillon Staff '48
Red Cross Representative '47
Social Committee '50
Student Affairs Board Treasurer
'49

FRANCES BORUM GOSTISHA

Larkspur, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from College of
Marin '47

Gamma Sigma
I.R.C.

FRANCES GOSTISHA

IF A MAN finds that rarity, a woman possessing both beauty and brain, say the men, let him marry her quickly. So Frances Gostisha's husband did, three months after he met her, two days after she was discharged from the WACS—no romantic preliminaries. Her husband was quite satisfied with her brain, but she insisted on having marriage and a college education. "I want to help you," she said, and tied her apron around her Franz. Then off she went to college, soon crises arose, but the adventure worked out well. With help at home, denied to most of us, she improved her beautiful singing voice, her penmanship and her wardrobe, scant because of her unpreliminared wedding. We have no doubt that she will help her husband, and we are often told that a woman who has brain as well as beauty has a very great chance of marital happiness.

MARJORIE HANSEN

ONE'S FIRST impression of Marjorie may be likened to the effect of a misty cloud, whose silent passing often remains unnoticed. Quiet and elusive, she moves softly but unceasingly in an endless whirl of campus activities. To those who know her but slightly she is the scholar.

Her interests are as cosmopolitan as her Shanghai background, and she is at ease either in the world of music or of science, of sports or of art, but it is in poetry that she finds her fullest expression. Almost any subject of conversation will arouse her to an enthusiastic and sometimes quite surprising personal opinion; her summation of the day's happenings is certain to amuse.

Unusual are many of her tastes and talents: she can make orange marmalade and she can milk a cow, she will lose herself for hours in the writings of mystical philosophers and is intrigued by the occult.

To those who work and play intimately with her, far from being a cloud, she is a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl full of intellectual curiosity and zest for life. Very revealing are her sudden bursts into song when she thinks there is no one by to hear her.

Fond of analyzing personalities, she is herself sincere and charming in her reserve and dignity.

MARJORIE MCGUIRE HANSEN

Mill Valley, California

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINORS: MUSIC, PHILOSOPHY

Gamma Sigma

Mother Mary Raymond Memorial

Scholar '48, '49, '50

H.O.O.D. Cup '48

Firebrand Editor '50

Meadowlark Editor '49

Archer Poetry Cup '49

Poetry Club '47, '48, '49, '50

Music Club '47, '48, '49, '50

ALICE McKINLAY IRVINE

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: ENGLISH

Student Body President '50
Sophomore Class President '48
Junior Class President '49

Carillon Staff '48
Music Club
Orchestra

ALICE IRVINE

"**W**HOLEsome," so Alice's friends describe her, and they are right. She is good for their morale, herself a healthy-minded girl. She is natural and friendly. Her pleasant way makes people want to follow her, and so she has been a competent leader all through her school life.

Her predilections are many: school events, romping in the snow, swimming, bridge, and dances. She takes part in all with the same enthusiasm. The colors she affects now are rusts and earth browns, which complement her Dutch-blond hair and dark eyes.

She writes verse, most of which she keeps hidden in a precious book. We have been told it is religious, but we do not know. We do know that she plays the 'cello with precision and deep feeling. This instrument, "that machine," she calls it, seems a very part of her.

Alice has an endless repertoire of songs, garnered from camp days, with which she entertains us in less classical surroundings than Angelico; and she contributes her harmonizing to our melodies. Indeed, Alice has become an integral part of the Dominican campus.

DOLORIS JOHNSTON

OUR DEE is a winsome lady with gracious ways and a mature outlook on life. She has a large circle of friends, men and women of varied backgrounds and varied interests. It is not strange, then, that she likes interesting conversation and takes her own part, being well versed in many topics. She dislikes chit-chat and quarrels that are about nothing, and although she takes pleasure in analyzing character, she detests gossip.

Her expressive face reflects her varied moods and lights up radiantly when she is pleased. She has great common sense and can laugh pleasantly at her own mishaps, casts and all.

She looks forward to her room in her future home. The walls will be done in Chinese red and green, and will be hung with modern abstracts; there will be one full side lined with book shelves, for she finds it hard to live without books. Books and Chinese art and Chinese philosophy, especially Confucius, are among the delights of her leisure hours. Her ambition is to be a clinical psychologist and she looks upon her education courses as but handmaids to psychology.

DOLORIS WHITEMAN JOHNSTON

Seattle, Washington

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from Hartnell
College '48

Spanish Club '49
Social Chairman, Music Club '49, '50
Schola '49, '50

LYDIA HELEN KARAM

Nogales, Arizona

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: EDUCATION

I.R.C. '48, '49, '50
Spanish Club '47, '48
Madrigal '47, '48

Irish Club '50
Choral '47, '48
Carillon Staff '48

LYDIA KARAM

LYDIA is a quiet but by no means somber personality. Little traits: twisting a certain curl while concentrated over a book, lingering while dressing, putting on a whiff of perfume when leaving for class, with the familiar, "I have to dash," are all a part of her. Further, trimness of person, faultless complexion, gentle voice are set off by large, dark, expressive eyes with twinkling, sometimes burning depths that dispel any fear of cold perfection. It is undoubtedly Lydia's immaculate neatness that speaks first to one of perfection; actually, however, we are aware only of the effect, never of the process. All that Lydia does is done with a gentle graciousness that has made her most pleasant company, be it a twosome, a threesome, or a crowd. Graciousness seems native to her; is it perhaps a heritage from the Syrian ancestry of which she is so proud, or perhaps a carryover from her beloved home in Arizona, "the land," she brags, "of cactus, lovely sunsets, and friendly people"? In any event, Lydia's composure and quiet grace are disturbed rarely; we notice the brightened eye, the quickened pace; ruffling comes only with such major occurrences as a third term paper due within the week, an SOS from either of her two younger sisters on campus, or a letter or phone call from her fiancé, Jack.

KAPIOLANI KAWANANAKOA

TINY has a deep tranquility and apparently an unruffled calm. In the midst of turmoil and confusion she remains unperturbed and goes about her tasks in typical Hawaiian tempo, but in a mysterious way she generally manages to get things done. She hates wrangling, and does not like to argue, but she can show disapproval by an effective silence. Considerate and kind, her thoughtfulness extends far, even to the bringing of leis from the Islands to her friends.

She is well-read, enjoys the unusual pleasure of thinking, and has a flair for writing and story-telling. How we loved those afternoons at Bolinas when she used to tell us her favorite Hawaiian fairy tales!

This last year a Ford coupé has solved her transportation problems (and those of her room-mates!). Country week-ends, shopping trips, the ballets and musicals she so loves are simplified for herself and her companions. Of course, she installed a heater in her car. Even in our warm California sunshine she "eski-mos" herself in a heavy polo coat and mittens!

MURIEL KAPIOLANI KAWANAKOA

Honolulu, T. H.

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINORS: PHILOSOPHY, FRENCH

Student Body Vice-President '50
Carillon Business Manager '48
French Club '50
Fanjiaux Chairman '49

Student Affairs Board Secretary '50
Executive Council '50
Choral '47, '48
Madrigal '47, '48
Schola '47, '48

AILENE FLORENCE KELSO

San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: FRENCH

Transferred from College of
Marin '48

French Club '50

AILENE KELSO

AILENE has the journalistic look! We can see her at her desk with a typewriter and sheaves of copy racing for the deadline, then just missing the last bus home. Yet she is not a bustling person but rather a quiet and amiable one.

She will enter a group silently but is always ready to take part in any suggested activity, and although serious, likes to enjoy herself at a dance and, especially, at a football game.

Next to San Rafael, Stanford lies closest to her heart; it may be that is why she favors the red in the plaids she wears so frequently. She spends many of her spare hours keeping up old friendships, but she is likewise interested in the new. She wants to go abroad, preferably to France, where her language interest lies.

JEAN KELLY

“DON’T feel sorry for yourself; there are many others worse off.” That is Jean’s philosophy of life. From it stems her willingness to help others in any way she can. She has done her tasks and held her offices not from any glory to be gotten, but mainly with the end of being able to help others. Her friends, too, know that she is always ready to listen to a problem, and they are always sure that Jean will understand.

Definite in her opinions and decisions, Jean dislikes uncertainty in others. She believes that you should have the strength of your convictions. In addition, being generally prompt herself, she is not given to waiting for others.

Her strength of mind and seriousness of purpose are concealed by blue eyes that seem constantly amused, peter pan collars and a love of good times. If dreams have their way, Jean will travel. After graduation her first destination would be Europe—a little later, South America.

JEAN ELLEN KELLY

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Freshman Class Secretary '47
Sophomore Class Vice-President '48

Junior Class Representative '49
Art Club '48, '49
Irish Club '50

MARY JOAN KILKENY

Vallejo, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: EDUCATION

Sophomore Class Treasurer '48

I.R.C. '48, '50

Irish Club '50

Firebrand Staff '49

Carillon Staff '48

Bridge Club Chairman '50

MARY JOAN KILKENNY

THERE is no one but Patricia Toohig to contest Mary Joan's position as champion talker of the campus. Her husky, far-reaching voice may be heard at almost any time, day or night, from Benincasa or Guzman, conveying her views on the current conversational trends. Fortunately her quick intelligence, rapid wit, and comprehensive interests have made her talk a diversion and a pleasure, else had she been strangled long ago. Not only Irish in tongue, Mary Joan is Irish in look and disposition: short dark hair frames black-lashed blue eyes; her disposition is mercurial—now exultant, now brooding.

There is something, too, of the tomboy, grown up among many brothers, about Mary Joan. Independent of thought and judgment, quick to defend her opinion, forthright to the point of bluntness, she pits herself against the world. Her healthy appetite, content with anything from pickles to ice cream, is, perhaps, also a carryover from her growing days.

In the present Mary Joan has seemed most happy talking over a canasta game, or relaxing after a phone call from Berkeley; most miserable when being chased down the Benincasa hall by flapping bat or fluttering moth—creatures which chase her deliberately, of course.

MARY MARGARET LANE

A BERIBBONED package or a lovely nosegay of fragrant flowers accompanied by a card with a cunning leprechaun is a sure sign that Mary Margaret has not forgotten the Irish thanks for kindness.

She thinks of herself as easy-going, nonchalant, yet her interest in sports suggests vigor. Many a time she has helped her class to win in swimming meets, or to cheer a football team to victory. She divides her attention between Stanford and Santa Clara games, for these colleges are attended by her brothers.

Biology is one of her minor sidelines. She can often be found in her study chamber, tapping busily on the typewriter records of interesting facts about rare insects of the Hawaiian Islands.

Although her future plans center for the moment around a teaching career in the primary grades, she hopes, someday, to turn to her second love, art. Indeed, she looks the artist, with the cloud of dark hair and her bluish eyes that seem bemused with life.

MARY MARGARET LANE

Petaluma, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: BIOLOGY

Transferred from St. Mary-of-the-Woods College, Indiana, '48

Irish Club '50

Swimming Meets '47, '48

MARY ALICE DEAN LANGBEHN, R.N.

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: HISTORY

Gamma Sigma

Choral '37, '38, '39

MARY ALICE LANGBEHN

MARY ALICE simply "hasn't time," yet somehow has managed to marry Bob Langbehn, return to college and the piano, and cope with two youngsters who always seem to pick study-time for story-time! She has a fine intellect and is not afraid of study; moreover she is determined and definite, and so, with her, things always get done and very well done.

She likes to cook and is an artist at spaghetti and baked dishes, her specialities; she also spends time efficiently on her children's wardrobes. Varied are both her interests and her accomplishments. She enjoys classical music and historical novels but not poetry or the eccentric tendencies of modern art. She is wary of extremes. She and Bob attend every professional football game possible and are working for their own home somewhere on the outskirts of San Rafael. They have not succumbed to the canasta fad but remain completely devoted to bridge.

One can count on Mary Alice to keep her word. What better proof than the fulfillment of the promise she made at the end of her sophomore year when she left college and joined the Navy Nurse Corps. "I will return," said she.

MONA MARTIN

MONA came from Hawaii as a Senior in the fall semester of '49, an Islander in her casual outlook, her friendliness and amiability. She has beautiful jet black hair and dark eyes that always assure you of her sincere interest in your conversation, and she has the well modulated, melodius Island voice. Although she came late and seemed weighted down by assignments to make up she calmly ended the semester with flying colors.

Hardly had she appeared among us than she became engaged. Her Bill, she says, is her helpful assistant in typing pressing assignments.

Art is one of her many interests. She paints with oils and water colors and experiments with interior decoration. During the Christmas holidays she turned her room into a quaint picture place, lovely in hues of gold and blue.

Mona now lives at Sebastopol, and is captivated by California's fascinations. She loves the beautiful flowers, the exciting Yosemite mountains, the unique atmosphere of San Francisco; but talk of warm Hawaiian waters and Hawaiian delicacies brings back many a yearning reminiscence.

MONA PRISCILLA NAHONOAPILANI MARTIN

Honolulu, T. H.

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Transferred from San Francisco College for Women '49

Art Club '50

THERESE MARIE MCAULIFFE

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

President of W.A.A. '49
Senior Class Treasurer '50
W.A.A. Board '47, '48, '49, '50
Volleyball Manager '48
I.R.C. '50
Spanish Club '47

C.A.F.C.W. Conference Delegate
'48, '49
Carillon Staff '47, '48, '49, '50
Executive Board '49
Choral '47

THERESE McAULIFFE

ALTHOUGH susceptible to excitement in competitive games, Terry is by no means the easily upset type. Tall, with long blond hair, just so bangs, expressive blue eyes, and soft voice, she is the essence of calmness in any emergency or on almost all occasions.

Deliberation characterizes her as a person. She first thinks, then says what she thinks, and then come what may, holds to it. Her opinions are thus not lightly to be contested. This thoughtfulness, along with a sympathetic and attentive nature, finds her acting as adviser to many. Common sense helps her get to the bottom of things.

Terry is a sports lover. Swimming, especially all-summer-long swimming at Russian River, pleases her best; basketball comes second. What energy she has left over finds outlet in such diversions as rooting, parties, chatting, reading "and they lived happily ever after" stories, and in the many jobs she successfully undertakes—such, for instance, as W.A.A. President.

Her exercise may help her in her intellectual achievements; she somehow manages to find time for study and achieves very worthy grades.

WINIFRED MAZE

THE CRY of "Winnie" through the halls of Edge Hill might mean any number of things. Some one either wants candy, has a message to convey or receive, needs general information on various and sundry matters or just wants to hear the developments of the day. She might be properly given the title of "Edge Hill Control Center," for she knows all the goings-on and has a conscience about answering and delivering phone calls. But Winnie means more than this. She is genuinely kind; nothing is too much trouble for her if she can be of help to anyone.

Her gracious generosity, her soft voice, her unhurried ways are of her native Islands. She seems Hawaiian when she dances "Lovely Hula Hands"; we realize then how graceful she is. Her room-mates would add that she has never forsaken the Island custom of living outdoors when she can. They call her a "fresh-air fiend."

She has devoted herself to Early Childhood Education "because she loves the little children." The Garden School will lose some of its atmosphere when she leaves, for she has become a fixed asset in the minds of the pre-school agers as well as in our own.

WINIFRED MADELYN MAZE

Honolulu, T. H.

MAJORS: HISTORY, EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

Music Club '47, '48, '49, '50

Spanish Club '47, '48, '49, '50

I.R.C. '50

Firebrand Staff '49

MARGARET MARY MILLER, R.N.
Palo Alto, California
MAJOR: BIOLOGY
MINOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS
Transferred from St. Joseph College of Nursing,
San Francisco, '49

MARGARET MILLER

TALL, serene and fair of hair, Margaret represents well her Nordic background. Yet, perhaps it is the Scotch-Irish in her green eyes that gives color and spice to her temperament. True to the Northland, she prefers country life, cool blues and greens and enjoys hiking and is keenly enthusiastic over team sports of all kinds. Her liking for animals is country-style, palominos and dogs—anything but cats, for cats lack personality.

She is the sort of nurse who would make illness almost a pleasure if she were there to take care of you, for she is an amazingly “comfortable” person. Such is her sense of humor that even her bitterest moments end usually in a burst of merriment, for she never takes herself too seriously. So delightful is her laughter that only to hear it makes one smile in sympathy. She does favors (not only for her friends) so graciously that she never gives the impression of doing a favor. With an apparent minimum of effort she has commuted daily from Palo Alto, nursed on weekends in the hospital there, passed her subject B six years after she had studied Spanish, secured her B.S. and two A’s from Dr. Sokolowski. “But then,” she explains, “his classes are so interesting.”

MARGARET O'CONNOR

PEGGY is smiling at the future and those who are close to her feel sure that the future is smiling back at her.

Gentle in her ways, she is yet an energetic companion and is often inviting her friends to join her for a game of tennis, dances or week-ends at her home. In her favorite attire, a peasant blouse and skirt, she will go for walks back into the hills for picnics or to collect wild flowers.

True to her name, she loves all things Irish, especially sentimental ballads and jovial Irish tunes. She can be as determined as she is gentle and fun-loving, and has been consistently an industrious and conscientious student.

MARGARET CLARE O'CONNOR

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Carillon Staff '47, '48
Spanish Club '47, '48, '49
Schola '47

Y.C.S. '49, '50
Irish Club '50
Junior Class Secretary '49
Choral '47, '48

PATRICIA MARY O'CONNOR
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Irish Club '50
Choral '47, '48
Art Club '49, '50

President of the Art Club '50
Social Committee '49, '50
I.R.C. '49

PATRICIA O'CONNOR

TALL and slight, her walk light and graceful, Patricia has a distinction of appearance matched by her fine intelligence. She has a phenomenal memory and a power to recall the smallest details. Well read and always eager for new information, she can discuss almost any subject: politics, history, music and art. Her gift for mimicry makes her particularly entertaining. One is likely to find her surrounded by companions but her moods are changeable; one minute she is bubbling over with laughter, the next moment quiet and retired into herself.

She is artistic in her appearance: her shoulder-length straight hair, the sweaters and scarves she wears so casually, her enviable all-year tan. In her art work the bold, frank lines are distinctively Pat.

Like so many of her classmates she wants to travel, but in Asia as well as Europe. She is not easy to know and rarely admits any one to a close intimacy.

KATHLEEN O'LEARY

HER MOODS are strong and variable, but they move always over an unchanging depth of character. Although quick of temper, even sometimes petulant, she is invariably upright and just and comes readily to see people and situations in true perspective. Howsoever independent herself and fine of character, she is never shocked at the weaknesses of others. She has a gift for knowing people straight off and has always for everyone a friendly word. Her jovial laugh brightens conversation in grove, Benincasa, and along the paths between; in a pensive mood she buries herself in books.

She gave herself freely to *The Carillon* from its first issue, and as editor in her sophomore year brought every issue out on time. In addition she has been active on the *Meadowlark* and *Firebrand* staffs. Skill in gardening and in the making of glorious bonfires on the Bolinas beach are lesser reflections of her genius. And she has livened with laughter, song, and uke many a hearth gathering. She is always ready to try something different, always ready to battle for a principle, but a little self-conscious of her earnestness, she tries to cover it with an off-hand, carefree attitude. Only the gray, penetrating, straight-forward eyes give her away.

MARY KATHLEEN O'LEARY

Burlingame, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Carillon Editor '48

W.A.A. Board '47, '48, '50

Red Cross Publicity '47, '48

Madrigal '47

Carillon Staff '47

Firebrand Assistant Editor '49, '50

Meadowlark Staff '48

Tennis Club '49, '50

Irish Club '50

Social Committee '50

Schola '47, '48, '49

ROSEMARY LUCILLE O'NEIL

Sydney, Nebraska

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Gamma Sigma
French Club '47, '48, '49, '50
I.R.C. '47

Student Affairs Board '49
Bridge Club '50
Irish Club

ROSEMARY O'NEIL

IT HAS BEEN said of Ronnie, "She comes late, but she comes." No matter what the hour or circumstance she cannot be accelerated. This is, perhaps, the clue to her accomplishments in the academic and social world.

Her long, pale-gold hair is, likewise, in no hurry to be cut despite the dictates of the fashion world—a world of which she is otherwise very conscious. Those who look further will note the beautiful shade of her eyes, a clear hazel.

Her ease of hours gives Ronnie free scope for a gracious hospitality that extends from the parties held at her home to errand-journeys in her car. There is always room in the O'Neil house for another overnighter—if you don't mind the wheezing of the salamander pup. A loyal native of Nebraska, we think her adopted California holds more than a little charm for her.

CECILE OSBORNE

IMAGINATION, determination and energy are an integral part of Cecile. Her laughing brown eyes are a key to her disposition; she is natural, friendly and always cheerful. She exists on almost no sleep, is the last to bed and the first one up.

She seems to us to accomplish impossibilities and she sticks to a task until it is done to her satisfaction. Her imagination and artistic talents are an aid to the farm units and charts she needs in her practice teaching. Cecile loves to draw and paint and to make things herself. Her originality can be seen in the interior decoration which she helped plan for the new Osborne home.

She is also an excellent cook and delights in trying new recipes; her achievements are appreciated by her frequent week-end guests, for she is well known for the constancy of her hospitality.

In addition to all her other activities she has found time for extra lessons in French in preparation for the year she is planning to spend in Paris, after a two-month tour of the continent.

CECILE OSBORNE

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Spanish Club '48

Art Club '49, '50

French Club '50

Irish Club '50

ALBERTA HELEN OVERTON

Petaluma, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Gamma Sigma
Spanish Club '47
Choral '47

Irish Club '50
Schola '47

ALBERTA OVERTON

A BEAMING FACE, round from smiling so much, Alberta is a bubbling person, so it's no surprise to find her attending all the campus social gatherings. She is at her "bubbling best," however, on the second rather than the first meeting. Yet she never stays anywhere too long for she is very close to her family.

Alberta is the essence of dependability, a boon to the campus treasurers, editors, teachers—to all who know her. In consonance with this trait are her cultural interests which focus on the old rather than the new. We can see this in the classical music which she so enjoys both on the piano and organ.

But Alberta is full of hidden surprises. Somewhere in that calm, placid nature lies an energetic swimmer and tennis player. And Alberta decidedly likes the movies; she misses none if she can help it. Then there is the adventuresome spirit in her that is partial to that dashing color, red, and ever so heartfully wishes to voyage to Hawaii. We feel sure that such a sunny clime would welcome her with answering smiles, a mutual bond of friendship.

MARY POPE

MARY is dependable, even at the oddest times. Rain or shine, she will go with you to mail a letter or cut a class; and if the professor is five minutes late she can be counted amongst the first to grab her books and start out the door with you. Her appearance, however, gives no indication of the staunch or adventuresome spirit within. She is slight of build, always neatly dressed, with appraising blue eyes and quiet manner. Interiorly there is that which makes a strong friend—sincerity and warmth and a shy, spontaneous sense of humor. Herself a good listener, she has yet always on hand a fund of stories which she claims is partially derived from her old Irish grandfather; the knack she has of telling them is all her own.

Her greatest tribulation, she claims, and we do not question it, is the inevitableness with which she comes forth with the wrong thing at the wrong time, at the worst possible time, in fact. Cats, fish, and people who call her *Mary Pope* (it makes her feel as if she hadn't a friend in the world) are lesser tribulations. Mary's weaknesses are red shoes, soft cuddly toys, and cokes—"Has anyone two nickels for a dime?"

MARY ELIZABETH POPE
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION
MINOR: ENGLISH

French Club '47
Irish Club '50

Y.C.S. '50
Schola '47, '48

MARY LEE ROTCHFORD

Spokane, Washington

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Choral '47, '48, '49, '50
Madrigal '49, '50

Music Club '47, '48, '49, '50
Irish Club '50

MARY LEE ROTCHFORD

MARY LEE is a salt and pepper mixture. We have seen her change from a "fun time girl" with qualms about Spanish to a Spanish time girl longing for her lost fun. Of course no one feels that the fun is really lost . . . there would be no Mary Lee without fun. No matter how angry one can be at her, when that particular grin slips a smile into her dark eyes the anger can just not go on. No sense at all, she feels, in worrying about little things; the things she feels really worth worrying about she is shy of talking of.

Mary Lee gives new lights to everything she does or says: the taking of a Spanish B exam, a day of practice teaching, dinner with Bing Crosby, through her unique telling is bound to be different. Every catchy phrase in use on the campus seems either to have been begun by her or quickly adapted to her. Red is her own color; it flashes forth in all she owns from clothes to car. A horse fancier from her early days, she still talks of her beloved Rex with fond affection.

Loyalty is one of her many lovable traits. We see it in the staunch defense of her state, Washington; in her love of family and her devotion to the Faith.

BARBARA RUGGLES

TO THE casual observer Barbara seems a pleasant and not overly interested student, but to the more experienced observer of human behavior she displays an earnest determination which seeks perfection. Regardless of the activities to which she turns her attention, Barb spares no effort in order to excel. With this comes a keen sense of responsibility; class work, the mailing of a letter, the payment of dues, or taking part in athletics, especially basketball, bring forth the same support from Barbara.

Her facility for relaxation includes conversations in the Grove, week-ends spent in seeing a tall, blond architect, parties and games of canasta.

Life to her is a challenge. If determination and responsibility are any criteria of success, the challenge will be met admirably.

BARBARA CLAIRE RUGGLES

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Gamma Sigma

Student Affairs Board '49, '50

W.A.A. Vice-President '48, '49

C.A.F.C.W. Corresponding

Secretary-Treasurer '49

Albertus Magnus '47, '48, '49, '50

French Club '47

Student Body Basketball Captain '49

Carillon Staff '47, '48

Senior Class Secretary '50

LOIS JEAN SCAMPINI

South San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINORS: LATIN, SPANISH

Gamma Sigma
President of I.R.C. '50
I.R.C. '48, '49

President of Student Affairs Board
'50

Executive Council '50
Spanish Club '47, '48, '49, '50

LOIS SCAMPINI

THE NIGHT of the 1948 Class Day skit—all the dolls in "Toyland" were sad over the disappearance of Raggedy Andy, when to their rescue came the tin soldiers led by their captain, Lois. And Lois has just as successfully commanded her college days.

She mastered her books from the first and, as president of the I.R.C. these last two years, has kept the students well informed as to current world problems. Her capabilities gained her the presidency of the Student Affairs Board, and she helped to give an impetus to the honor system, a furtherance of student government. She is always direct and sometimes abrupt, but she has the interest of her fellow students at heart.

On the other side of the mirror the reflection is quite different. Here is the Lois of slapstick characterizations; her specialty is mimicry. Then there is the great pose, one leg out and the great arm gesture—"Scamp" is involved in an argumentative argument! We think of the Lois with hopes of a family of six boys (no girls!), a deep interest in physical education, and Chinese chow, for pork-fried rice is as much a part of Lois as is Scampini. A long memory will be of Lois thrilling to soap operas because she finds them captivating, and true to life. A longer memory will be of her as dependable, honest and understanding.

LA VERNE SCHLEMMER

QUICK springy footsteps, a gay, tuneful humming—La Verne is approaching. She seems to meet life with a slow, warm smile and a merry “hello.” One to seek the best in others, she always finds the best. The soft clear blue of her eyes, the loveliness of her whole appearance are keys to her personality.

Her talent for language is perhaps owing to her interest in other people and other peoples; her gift for music she has cultivated to give pleasure to herself and to others. One notes her enjoyment in singing, quietly, to herself, as she scurries around busily, or exuberantly, to the elements, when she is in an energetic mood.

As forceful as she is gentle, she makes valuable contributions to the radio programs, for which the dramatic quality of her low, resonant voice so well fits her. Her enthusiasm has found a beneficial outlet in her presidency of the Music Club. We congratulate the fortunate fiancé who has won her to give up her Islands for California.

LA VERNE MARGARET SCHLEMMER

Honolulu, T. H.

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: ENGLISH-SPEECH

Transferred from University of Hawaii '48

Music Club President '50

Madrigal '49, '50

Music Club '49, '50

Radio Players '49

SHIRLEY ANNE SCHWAB

Santa Cruz, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Sophomore Class Secretary '48

Social Committee '50

Benincasa Chairman '50

Y.C.S. '50

Schola '47, '48

Madrigal '48

I.R.C. '50

SHIRLEY SCHWAB

MERRY brown eyes, a friendly smile, spontaneous mellow laughter, unique names for her companions, rascalish effervescence; so her room-mates see Shirley. Only after a summer's separation, they say, can one fully appreciate the loving nature that awakens affection in others.

Where Shirley is there are flowers. An ivy plant, a spring blossom on her desk, such adornments seem necessary to her happiness. Just as characteristic of her is the array of collegiate caps and megaphones on her dresser. She loves fun, society, picnics and mixers, the acquiring of sun tans at Santa Cruz that might pass for those of Waikiki, and yet she studies earnestly and is prompt to do assignments.

She shies away from arguments and her face clouds when people violently disagree, for she is always one to keep or make peace. As sincere as she is peace-loving and warmhearted, she impresses us by her humble admiration of her two brothers, who are in Holy Orders.

That she is engaged to be married seems inevitable; her fun-loving nature, her sweetness and simplicity would captivate any masculine heart.

SHELAGH SCOVILLE

SHELAGH'S appearance suggests strength, a Nordic power: Rhine goddesses and Valkyries, a slumbering passion for life that expresses itself in her verse, so difficult for most of us to understand.

When she writes, her imagination takes flights that have won her many a prize. She loves "the large view"; she has brooded tenderly over Christ's gratitude to Joseph of Arimathea, she is captivated by the gleam of moonlight on a pendant pear, and she is stirred to the depths over "the wild horses" let loose by human ideologies.

Yet the laughter-loving Irish fairies have had their part in Shelagh's making. She can laugh with power, and she has a great gift for amusing others. Her comic mimickries are superb and she is masterly at interpreting comic character. To these accomplishments she has added the painting of abstracts in her favorite studio, the sands of Carmel.

We're not quite sure how well she understands her immediate neighbors; trifles often vex her, but she can get on with a varied assortment of people, and her generosity is as large as the huge thermos she fills every morning with Basil's incomparable coffee, for the inspiritment of her classmates at Edge Hill.

SHELAGH SUZANNE SCOVILLE

Pebble Beach, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: DRAMA

President of Poetry Club

'47, '48, '49, '50

Radio Players '48, '49

Madrigals '48, '49

Carillon Staff '47, '48, '49, '50

French Club '49, '50

Choral '47, '48, '49, '50

Troupers '47, '48, '50

Spanish Club '47

Music Club '47

CARMEN ANN SEIJO

Sunnyvale, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SPANISH

Transferred from College of Notre Dame '48

Vice-President Spanish Club '50

Spanish Club '48, '49, '50

Art Club '49, '50

I.R.C. '50

French Club '49, '50

Choral '48

CARMEN SEIJO

CARMEN is a portrait of her Spanish ancestors, although she is a native Californian. Her brown eyes are languid but quick to discern, and a delicate complexion tells that she is protected from the sun. Her low husky voice is attuned to "the language of the birds" and is melodious in laughter.

Although she is not energetically inclined she enjoys golf and swimming in addition to her knitting and character sketching. She is conscientious about getting her school work done and is apt to worry unduly over trifles.

Carmen loves social life and can always be counted on to add a humorous touch to a party by her flourishing four-measure openings of several favorite pieces. She is going in for amateur photography and plans to make a collection of moving pictures of her travels. Her prospective tour to South America should give her opportunity for scenic pictures as well as ideas in the designing of her new home.

YAO-MING SHAW

A SUPREMELY fine foreign composition, delightfully flavored with Americanism, bubbling with enthusiasm and yet slightly mystifying; thus we may describe Yao-Ming Shaw from Nanking. The sparkle in her eyes, her perpetual smile, her gestures, betray the mischievousness of a nature-elf lurking within her soul.

Slang expressions are a natural part of her conversation, popular songs emanate from her radio at all times, and she hums snatches from them constantly. Always she is seeking for the new. Three minutes of instruction at a roller rink make her desirous of striking out on her bumpy own.

Her naivete, her eagerness, her sudden flare-ups of temper which as suddenly dissolve, her generosity of self in talent and tedious tasks serve to emphasize her childlike simplicity and ethereal make-up. Her paintings are always distinctive: Chinese delicacy of detail mingled with Western solidity of form characterize them. Perhaps they are romantic. Romance, everybody's romance, is Irene's chief absorption. She wants each fellow-student to have a love interest, and delights in the details of their dates as if they were her own.

YAO-MING SHAW

Nanking, China

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from National Anhwei University, China, '47

Art Club '49

French Club '49, '50

Choral '48

MARGARET MARIE SILVA

Sausalito, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

President of the Non-Resident Students '49, '50

MARGARET SILVA

NATURALLY curly brown hair and sparkling eyes belie the quiet softness of Peggy's charm. Unless she is with people she knows very well she prefers a listening rather than an active part in the conversation. Her personality and wit are well displayed with a small and close group of friends.

We could say that Peggy is essentially an enjoyer of life. She loves the background of hills in Sausalito, where she lives, and the beautiful view of the Bay from her home. Though she enjoys dancing and spends many of her evenings at group parties she is a home-lover and has no yen to travel. And with home come Al, the alley cat, and Flicka, her unbroken filly. Except for riding, Peggy is no sports enthusiast. Swimming, sailing and that horrid invention, baseball, are particular dislikes. But when it comes to "batting" for the day scholars as their president, Peggy registers a high scoring average.

LUCILLE SLAVIN

LU IS ONE girl who is very sure of what she wants; she is also lively, impetuous and extremely amiable. Art is her main interest. Her paintings, in their abstraction, atmospheric representations, and coloring, strongly reflect the hills and deserts of her native Nevada. Yet, she loves equally the miner's rocks; show her or name her any one and she will tell you its complete history.

The adventurous spirit of this brown-eyed brunette is well expressed in her devotion to Walt Whitman, and her interest in people and things is revealed by the quizzical look with which she views the world. Bright, laughable experiences, and honest, practical opinions liven a conversation with Lucille.

Any game of chance will capture her attention and her adroit handling of a situation is attributed, by most of us, to the fact that her home, Tonopah, lies midway between Reno and Las Vegas.

LUCILLE FRANCES SLAVIN

Tonopah, Nevada

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION

Music Club '47, '48, '49, '50
Art Club '47, '48, '49, '50
Spanish Club '47, '48, '49, '50

Firebrand '50
Meadowlark '49
Red Cross '48
Irish Club '50

MARION ADELINE SZYPER

Chicago, Illinois

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Transferred from DePaul University

'49

Gamma Sigma

I.R.C. '49, '50

French Club '49, '50

MARION SZYPER

"ZIP" is a dynamic person with a wide background of travel and experience. She was in Europe with the WACs and she spent one year in a law school to which she might some day return. A firm believer in the theory that "A man's reach must exceed his grasp," she aims high for the future. At present her first desire is to return to Paris for study, and there is a chance that she may go. She is frantically working up her French with this prospect in mind. Being of a practical turn, however, she has other irons in the fire.

Mature and intelligent, she is a thorough student and dislikes foolish interruptions either in class or while working. Although her sense of humor is keen, she is intolerant of practical jokes, and thereby often arouses the antagonism of the perpetrators.

She claims that she will continue in the field of history, but we who know her are expecting her to focus her energies on artistic endeavor, especially since someone has offered to buy one of her paintings, a still life study of two vases against a weird background.

The aroma of coffee suggests her presence; follow it to its source and she will be found alone or with her friends, strengthening herself with the stimulating beverage.

ELSIE TERHEYDEN

A SUDDEN SHRIEK—Elsie, desperately eluding a powdery-winged creature or effervescing in a gay conversational round! Such energy enters into all she undertakes from an array of term papers to dances and impromptu get-togethers. Even the individuality of her clothes, her tweeds, her bright cottons, partakes to a lesser degree of this same spirit.

Beneath her quick smile lies an organizing single-ness of purpose; she sets a goal for herself and there is little chance of detouring her. She possesses also that friend-endearing quality, a genuine interest in the good fortune of those around her.

Her energy and interest in people express themselves further in writing and in drama, in our college theatricals and in her work as news editor for *The Carillon*. As witness to her efficiency and popularity are her elections as treasurer for her class, for the fashion show and social committees; and indeed, her money troubles have been many. But nothing can overwhelm her like a pair of powdery wings beating the air, even at a distance.

ELSIE MARGARETE TERHEYDEN

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH-SPEECH

MINOR: DRAMA

Capillon News Editor '48
 Social Committee '50
 Junior Class Treasurer '49
 Troupers '47, '48, '49

Capillon Staff '47, '48, '49
 French Club '47, '48, '49, '50
 Spanish Club '48
 Art Club '50
 Radio Players '49

BEVERLY GERALDINE TEVES
Hilo, T. H.

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Senior Vice-President '50
Secretary I.R.C. '49, '50
Student Affairs Board '50
Schola '47

I.R.C. '49, '50
Music Club '47, '48
Spanish Club '47, '48, '49

BEVERLY TEVES

A BIT OF captured sunlight from Hawaii that bubbles forth in merry peals of laughter is our five feet of Bev. Long black hair, curling at the ends, shining, expectant eyes, a burnished cocoanut ukulele and two leis and there you have her.

So kind and easy is our Beepsie's disposition that her best intentions have a tendency to leg along, but she always manages to pull through at the last lap with a sheepish grin of sincere contrition. It's a familiar sight to see her midnight oil burning over sheaves of mathematical hieroglyphics.

She supplements her studies with an active interest in world affairs and presents herself at every I.R.C. meeting. Lately, she has added an extracurricular interest, football.

Even more than by her sweetness of nature she has endeared herself to us by a sincerity which culminates in the beauty of a deeply serious spiritual devotion.

PATRICIA TOOHIH

A LOGICAL mind, quick to see the point, she likes to pit herself against anyone who may stimulate her interest.

Her love of books makes her as perfect a companion for a secondhand shop rummage as for midnight talks on books, their authors and the enjoyment to be found in reading. One of her characteristic pastimes is to lie in bed listening to classical music. She finds it so restful.

She has been described as unassuming, brusque, considerate, humorous. We might add that she seems full of other contradictions. Give her a responsibility and you can be assured she will carry it out. Her courage and persuasive powers kept up the fainting bank accounts of the *Meadowlark* and *Firebrand* when she was business manager. "Don't worry," she would say, and she succeeded valiantly in those jobs whose importance is so often underestimated.

PATRICIA ANN TOOHHIG

San Mateo, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINORS: ENGLISH, PHILOSOPHY

Meadowclark Business Manager '48

I.R.C. '47, '48, '49, '50

Spanish Club '47

Firebrand Business Manager '49

W.A.A. Treasurer '50

Irish Club '50

ROSARIO VON WARTON

Oakville, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINORS: FRENCH, PHILOSOPHY

Gamma Sigma
Senior Class President '50
Freshman Class Representative '47
Firebrand Editor '49
Carillon Assistant Editor '48
Meadowlark Staff '48
Firebrand Staff '50

Secretary of W.A.A. Board '49
W.A.A. Board '48
Art Club '49
I.R.C. '49, '50
French Club '50
Executive Board '47

ROSARIO VON WARTON

ROSARIO is a synthesis of loyalties and heritages. Her praise of cosmopolitan Napa is as warm as her encomiums of San Francisco; a certain Austrian charm marks her, and makes more conspicuous a natural thoughtfulness and generosity; European influences have, no doubt, helped to broaden her interests. Her tastes are both intellectual and earthy, reaching out from old to new. Dipping to syncopations of a folk dance fills her leisure as well as listening to the cool notes of classics. While she enjoys the masterpieces of traditional art, her mind and curiosity are tantalized by the unpredictable modern school. Her close interest in literature alternates between interpretation of modern poetry and satisfaction in good prose. A like determination accompanies all she does, and so she makes good use of her time, which is seldom free from activities. Her mind effectually attacks problems ranging from philosophy to a knitting pattern and her independent thinking assures us of an opinion as frank as her blue eyes. A popular leader, she pursues fun and duties with equal eagerness. Her enthusiasm for skiing and harmonizing has proved contagious among her friends and her high and always sincere ideals have straightened many a waverer. It is significant that she is always called by her full-sounding, beautiful name, Rosario.

NANCY WALSH

"NEVER worry about little things, and when there's something to be done, do it and get it out of the way." So Nancy philosophizes with gay good humor. Nancy did not come to us until her sophomore year, but it was not long before her infectious laugh, knitting, card-playing, car rides, and C.I.C. activities made her well known on campus. It was her casual wind-blown naturalness that made us like her straight off; later we found that she has sensitive strains, and a deep well of determination that we might have seen foreshadowed in the strong chin and heavy eyebrows arched over blue-green eyes. Fortified by her own ideas, Nancy stands a firm ground by seldom yielding to suggestion. Still she is one for spontaneous action; much planning is not a part of her make-up.

Art plays an important role in her life. On the whole, she tends to modern painting tastes, but early American interior decoration schemes are her favorites. She loves good talk, and can laugh uproariously at even the poorest joke; in short, she is one of the sought-afters at any social gathering. Very enjoyable is her own stream of chatter about her summer trip to Europe; clothes, people, her brother, Father Don, parties, art, and topics galore!

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ANN MARIE WALSH
Oakland, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Transferred from College of the Holy Names, Oakland, '48

C.I.C. Chairman '49
Art Club '48, '49, '50

Social Committee '50
Executive Board '49

MEI-YEN WANG

Shanghai, China

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from St. John's University
Shanghai, China

I.R.C.

MEI-YEN WANG

THE WISDOM of Confucius has informed the mind of Mei-Yen, who comes from the land which gave us that great man. We are all still amazed at the intelligence of this girl who came here in her Junior year and has so well mastered the English language that she is able to rank with the best of the college.

She has learned to work sensibly, and so always finds time to relax with a lively round of chit-chat in Chinese with her sister and Yao-Ming or to jaunt to Larkspur or the "City" for home-food and a moving picture. Against a characteristic background of symphonic music one may find Mei-Yen busy at stitching a new gown—in Chinese style, of course! Americanization with Mei-Yen proceeds only so far.

Calm, quiet-spoken, she moves gracefully through our lives, as a quiet stream which flows gently by and is not recognized for its value until it has slipped away. In this manner she will leave the mark of her personality upon us who know her as well as one can know a fine, reserved person whose influence works subtly and unobtrusively.

JUNIORS

JUNIORS! Almost Seniors. Three years completed; and only one year left. Deep within us we know how much college has become a part of our lives, and we have learned that it has come to mean more than classes in Guzman, dances in Fanjeaux, and hours spent in the Grove.

There are many varied experiences of our Junior year at Dominican that we will never forget; Class Day, oh! how we waited for the minute that we could show the other classes our very own movie, "Dear Old Golden Rule Days," with typical scenes of the

campus as it was in 1920. The old jalopy which we rented for the occasion, with everyone piling in at once, Marion Gallagher and her brother chasing us around with their movie cameras, the old-fashioned, out-dated clothes of the '20s, and the vigorous dancing of the Charleston all helped to make the occasion a memorable one. Our practicing for and winning the volleyball games enabling us to capture Class Day honors; our class officers, Pat O'Neill, Georgina Radonich, Cecile Paynter, Barbara Dillon, and Joan King; Ysabel Schoning announcing the sale of Student Body Cards; Dorothy Raines, C.I.C. Representative, announcing the Holy Year Student Pilgrimage to Europe; the new members of the Gamma Sigma Society.

Billie Olin's doing a good job as W.A.A. president and specially making the W.A.A. show a success; Lorene Salmina, ably initiating our little sisters into the ways of college life and then taking a new name, Mrs. James Arbios. These are not our only memories, there are many more. June McNally and Evelyn Chilvers among the newly engaged; new members of our class Bernice Abrego, Virginia Garcia, Mary Grant, Lois Jacobson, Irene Mansfeldt, Mary Helen Monroe, Joan McNulty, Barbara Rowan, Dorothy Steiner and our two married members, Mrs. Joy

Hyatt, and Mrs. Helen Rigsbee, receiving a glad welcome, while some classmates who have left us were sadly missed; winter week-ends at the "Sierra Club," Soda Springs and Donner Summit, and spring week-ends at Bolinas; worries about unreceived letters, phone calls, new dresses and dances, but everything working out all right in the end; our successful Junior Prom at the St. Francis Yacht Club drawing great crowds.

This Junior year is not the end for the class of '51; we will have another year as part of the Dominican Family, gaining more experiences to put in our book of memories. Our only hope is that we may be able to live up to the principles we have come into contact with in both our academic and social life here at D.C.

PATRICIA O'NEILL '51

SOPHOMORES

"SOPHOMORE—wise fool," said Father Servente, and the Sophomore class was up in arms. Somehow we did not think of ourselves in just that way. Wise? No, but we had grown up in learning this year. We were not a group of sponges, absorbing only facts and being wrung dry in a final. We were beginning to think and to follow thoughts through. Wise, too, because we did not let studies take up all our time. Many days we slid Odo Iron Arm and Charles the Simple between the bookends and went off to enjoy extra-curricula activities.

The Sophomores planted seeds of friendship and reaped compliments with the "Enchanted Evening" at the St. Francis. With new dancing dresses and well-worn beaux (or perhaps it was the other way around) we gave the first off-campus dance of the year.

For Class Day we whipped up (it was a slow whipping) a skit that was a take-off on a Hollywood movie set. We let the cameras roll on our all-star production entitled "Far Away Places." In the directors' chairs Mary Lou Nachbaur and Virginia Quinn went Hollywood to the extent of pipes and argyle socks. Joan Guess, our choreographer, deserved an Oscar (or at least an Oscarette) for the wonders she worked with our dancing girls. Pat Libera almost started a stampede with her "Mule Train." Our choice for Bongo-bongo of the year was Phyllis Sutliff. (So you didn't want to leave the jungle, eh, Phyllis?). Kay Butier and Leora Crosetti perfected a grand slam to use in volleyball, but we were trumped by the upper-classmen.

Showing her real forte, Kay sang the difficult solo part in "The Hound of Heaven," Dr. Silva's oratorio. The Sunday performance for parents and friends was broadcast and received many favorable comments. Watch for Kay's debut at the Met.

Rony Doyle left college in February to go to France

where she hopes to study music at Fontainebleau.
With her went the most smiling Irish eyes on campus
and a friendly spirit that we all have missed.

We have enjoyed our year as "wise fools"—we
have studied hard and played hard too. We pray that
we have used our time well in our pursuit to become
sterling, Catholic women.

VIRGINIA MURILLO '52

OF PURPLE DRUMS

My love is like a tree of red plums moored
Under the sea, unmoved by sailing wave
Or ship, or phantom-vessel softly lured
From under foam. My soul, unsilent cave,
In measured rhythm of water beyond all land,
Roars hollow with the drone of sunken bells
Augmented and diminished. My will, a strand
Of cabled stars, lined static, only tells
Of night. In this there is surcease of time,
A green-clear wash from day, a far, tranquil
Roséd-cord of coral flying with the myme
Of fluted shells sung low to sands unstill.
My love is like a filled tree of red plums,
Helpless in purpled arcs of warring drums.

SHELAGH SCOVILLE '50

THE FRESHMEN

WE FRESHMEN have been a lively, happy group! Ever since our first day at college, we have loved it here, and have entered whole-heartedly into the Dominican spirit. Meadowlands, the Freshmen's second home, has held an atmosphere of easy friendliness and continuous gaiety, and has been constantly brimming with activity. The patient old house holds many fond memories for the Freshmen, memories of parties: welcome parties, student body parties, the Christmas party, birthday parties, room parties; memories of Open House night, of the Fresh-

man Reception, of class meetings, of club meetings; memories of hot chocolate and popcorn in the kitchen, of gatherings before the fire on cold winter days, of Rosary in the tiny chapel, of the excitement of leaving on Friday afternoons, and of the crowds, confusion, and congestion of cars on Sunday nights.

There are many other things the Freshmen have enjoyed, and will not soon forget: the class picnic at Bolinas, the bus trips to mixer dances, the Picnic Dance at Forest Meadows, the Shield Day ceremonies, the performance of the "Hound of Heaven" and the Mysteries of the Rosary, Class Day activities, Christmas caroling with candles, the Centennial Mass in Angelico Hall, the ski trip, our first college retreat, the Easter Monday Ball, the bridge games in the grove, the jaunts to King Cotton when someone had a car, ordering from Corey's, the San Rafael movies on Friday nights . . . All these activities, and many others, have helped to make our year such a pleasant one.

Many Freshmen have been known for their individualistic traits, and will always be remembered for them: Syd Hudson for her earrings, Teddy Busch for her monogrammed cashmeres, Marta Mejia for her panchos, Joyce Crosetti for her rain hat, the Garniers for their haircuts, Sybil Schoning for her laugh,

Frosty for her spontaneous antics, Maria Silva for her vitality, Betti Dills for her talent at palm-reading, Genelle Dollarhide for hers at hair-cutting, Val Lopez for her smile, Katie Jo for her comic remarks, Greta Swanson for her slenderness, Lela Dills for Bernie, and Mary Mayne for "the Colonel."

As a class, we've been a gay and friendly crowd. We loved our first year at college, we loved Meadowlands, we loved the Dominican traditions and have taken them to our hearts. And next year, as Sophomores and fully in the swing of college life, we will be carrying on our activities with more zest and enthusiasm than ever. Watch the class of '53!

CATHERINE VON WARTON '53

SENIOR REMINISCENCES

SENIORS—how long we looked forward to bearing this title and now after what seems an unbearably short time we have to give up our claim to the name. Looking back four years, what memories arise! Reminiscences which are so much a part of our lives here that they can never be forgotten. The more we search back, the more we remember. Autumn, winter, spring—college days dominated by the seasons. The weather sets the mood.

AUTUMN—the season of seasons where a long warm summer meets a cold wet winter, the season in which we come back to school. The first day touched with a magic excitement—old friends to be greeted and new faces to be matched with new names—the Freshmen lost in an awe of wonderment, the sophomores and juniors filled with gleeful greetings and seniors a little quiet in respect for their new position and a little nostalgic, for this is their last first day.

The first noon assembly, where you can sit with a relaxed body and let your mind play softly, as the

wind outside, with sleepy ideas about what the girls were like who own the shields that now fill the assembly room windows.

Shield Day with all its play of black and white against the background of the color of the shields which seem to repeat the color of the autumn sky and trees. Reds, blues and greens all intermingling to set the stage for the ceremony—The solemn presentation of the Freshman shield and the explanation of the other shields that follows—the long slow procession to the main convent and then benediction—the singing that swells and grows like autumn's wind seems to match nature's season and you feel you want to stay forever.

The stillness of the morning as you walk to Mass alone—afterwards the talk and laughter that breaks that same stillness, as gay groups of girls make their way up to Fanjeaux and breakfast. These are the things you can never recapture, yet these are the things you can never forget.

The school's first meeting with the new student officers, the tenseness with which the meeting opens, and then half way through, the relaxation that slowly settles over the room in the realization of a good choice, the result of a wise vote—The spontaneous

outburst of song in the grove after the meeting—the freshmen's eagerness to learn the tunes making you want to harmonize on "Mammy" and "You Can't Get to Heaven" all night—the song, "Tell Me Why," that ends every such get-together and which always seems to drop the bars of class distinction and make us all feel a oneness.

Mixer dances; no probing or pep talks are needed to stimulate the students' interest. All go to the first dance, yet somehow, as the years pass, the mixers lose that first excitement of youthful eagerness that they held when you were a Freshman!

It is in this season of new things that two of the student publications make their first yearly appearance on campus—*The Meadowlark* and *The Carillon*. Both of these publications you love, but somehow *The Carillon* has a special place in your world. It first came into being when you were a Freshman and you watched the growth till now the Freshmen take its appearance as a matter of fact.

So it is in the season of beauty and change that you have come back to school, back to Dominican. By the time winter has set in, everyone feels at home and has fallen into the swing of the studies, the play, the days filled with memories.

WINTER—the campus stripped of its leaves and flowers, a certain drabness pervading, as the rain pours down in torrents, figures dashing to and fro, heads down, vanishing quickly out of sight, moisture everywhere, dripping from the trees, seeping into the ground, into houses, puddles to be skirted, unnecessary excursions to be avoided, cessation of rain and invasion of cold, branches swaying with the wind. All of nature conspiring against us!

Fireplaces working overtime, groups huddled around them thawing out, cries for “Heat,” the reference room crowded to capacity, the knocking of radiators, assurance that warmth is trying to eek out, the aroma of hot chocolate and coffee, the crackling of popcorn and the harmonious blending of voices singing favorite songs, all add to a pleasant evening spent in winter at Dominican where the warmth of friendship steels us against the relentless forces of nature.

The love of music and the arts stronger than the elements, as groups venture forth to “the City” for symphonies, operas, ballets, art museums and plays to gain cultural experiences which mold minds to truer appreciation of “the arts.”

Class Day: The secrecy before, the close-knit feel-

ing of comradeship after, Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors equally enthusiastic, equally anxious to cooperate, loyalty to class spurred to a new high, ingenious minds inventing original ideas for skits, songs, yells, business everywhere, clandestine practices, the big day itself, excitement, restlessness, the campus decked in red, green, purple, blue and gold, trees, shrubs and houses wearing posters, last minute decorations in the gym, the all important game accompanied by loud cheers, as voices become hoarser and hoarser, dinner for once not appreciated as expectancy curbs appetite, the performance of skits, each class afraid, watching the performances in awe, long moments of suspense as judges deliberate, the decision, exultation of the winners, momentary disappointment of the losers. Then, a relief that all is over, everyone bursting into songs of congratulation to the winner, good sportsmanship pervading the whole day.

Finals creeping along unnoticed, the suddenness of their arrival, a shock to all, term papers hurriedly completed, a seriousness invading the atmosphere, as more and more flock to the library to hibernate there for the duration, Freshmen particularly scared, older classmen trying to give encouragement, sleepless nights, early morning risings, last minute cramming.

Then all is over, relaxation as each looks forward now with gay anticipation to Christmas.

Packing begins, long-sought-for objects come to light as rooms are emptied of personal belongings, suitcases and trunks are crammed to capacity, in midst of turmoil and confusion work is discarded momentarily, great rush and primping for the formal dinner, then calmness and composure as the groups sweep into the dining room, "Oh's" and "Ah's" of admiration and surprise at the festive decorations, overall surveyance of the scene, Seniors proudly, sadly, taking seats at the head of the room, joyous singing of Christmas carols, gaiety giving place to solemnity as the loving cup circulates from table to table, day hops glad to experience a "belongingness." After dinner the St. George play, the seniors enjoying it most of all, the usual frantic last minute worries about costumes, props, lines, the inevitable bungles bringing forth shrieks of laughter from actors and audience alike, the Freshmen trying to let their slight confusion pass unnoticed, everyone hurriedly grabbing candles, mittens, and caps in preparation for caroling. Benincasa the first stop, candles burn as voices burst into the old melodies. Seniors and faculty join the singers as they file into the blackness of night, the long picturesque procession thrilling by-standers, filling all

with the true spirit of Christmas. Wax dripping on mittens and coats, flickering candles seeming to merry the stars above, expectancy and awe as the carolers invade the privacy and peace of Santa Sabina, and search eagerly for familiar faces as postulants and novices beckon.

Then suddenly all is over, packing is attacked with new vigor, exchanging of Christmas presents, last minute messages to friends, a short sleep, cap and gown Mass and departures begin. Realization that time is all too short—slight feelings of remorse at things left undone. Resolutions to turn over a new leaf in January. The semester is over. With mingled feelings of joy and regret the group makes its exodus.

SPRING—greenness everywhere, the first buds of the roses, the small hummingbirds darting in and out of the quince hedge, the acacia trees suddenly bursting forth with their yellow flowers, the soft smell of the daphne; all calling us to enjoy nature's new birth. Suddenly, you can't take a walk in the warm sun to the Falls or to Inspiration Point without meeting a classmate. Everything is new and green and a restlessness fills your soul that can only be quieted by long walks to some lonely spot, a

spot where you can find peace in knowing that others with the same feelings have come here.

Spring means at last the longed-for week-ends at Bolinas, the strong smell of the sea, the adventurous walks down the cliff to the beach at night, the cool water on sunburnt skin, the fun of building your own bonfire in answer to one across the sands, the feel of the wet sand on your feet—the talk of getting up and hunting for clams at six in the morning, never doing it because you stay up too late the night before, talking of books, and poets and faraway places so that you are too tired to get up in the morning. Bolinas means all of this and more, the crazy snapshots you take, that for years will make you laugh and think of days that used to be. Going to Bolinas makes you know what fun it is to do things together; what enjoyment friends really are!

Retreat is always a serious business, for it's when we all settle back mentally and take a spiritual invoice. Seniors always place a little more importance on retreat, it seems, for it's the last they will ever make as students.

Spring does not come without worries, for with it comes COMPREHENSIVES. Examinations, slow terror, frantic study, dates forgotten, coffee by the gallons. Then suddenly, the agonies are over and you are so

glad that you want to laugh till the tears roll out of your eyes.

The Junior Prom, the last school dance for you. It seems nice that it comes in the spring when there are soft bright nights. The formals of white and pastels, the flowers on every gown, an almost sadness in every heart as you dance to the last strains of "Goodnight Sweetheart." Now the year is over and this is the last bid you add to your collection of memories.

The Senior Tea, first hint that the year is over. The Benincasa lawn looking its best, paths swept, the grove not looking like the Grove, bushes trimmed, parents and relatives discoursing with teachers, students graciously hostessing, gay multicolored formals trailing over green, and abundance of good appetites furtively replenished in hidden places. The last tea for the Seniors. Everything *last* for seniors. Stark realization that for them college is really over.

Finals—for Freshmen no longer a new experience, for seniors an old, old one.

Elections, a serious business, discussions, arguments over candidates, the last Student Body meeting, new officers proudly taking the places of old ones, seniors more and more depressed, stepping slowly, sedately out of the picture; the unveiling of the class window; speeches, songs, a few tears. . . . Planting

of the Senior tree, a solemn performance for those to whom it means "The Last," a forced gaiety as the first shovel breaks the soil—more singing. There is always singing!

The rush of *Firebrands*—everyone signing them—no time for reading them now.

Graduation long anticipated, dreaded, seeming to arrive all too soon, the auditorium filled with black-robed students, white-robed nuns, parents, friends, dignity and brilliance of the faculty procession, slow, deliberate steps of the graduates, absence of flowers and flourish, hours of practices forgotten as each girl comes forth solemnly and ceremoniously to kiss the Archbishop's ring and receive the long-coveted diploma; a proud feeling of accomplishment, the final message to graduates filling all alternately with joy, regret, courage, inspiration.

The parting, taken rather lightly by Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, painful for Seniors, last looks around the campus, at the familiar sights of houses, trees, teachers, friends, old memories and associations, filling eyes with moisture; promises to write, to come back, to remember—

To remember—we will always remember.

K. O'L. '50

R. v. W. '50

OF A HUNDRED YEARS

ONE HUNDRED years ago the Sisters of the Dominican Convent of the Cross in Paris had a distinguished visitor, young Bishop Alemany, just appointed to the See of Monterey in the far off Californias. He had come for a purpose. Could the Convent spare a few Sisters to help him found a convent on the Pacific Coast?

In the quiet life of cloistered nuns such an idea must have caused great excitement. America! Across the Atlantic! A tremendous journey to the very shores of the Pacific, nevermore to return to their beloved France! No wonder the Sisters were silent—all but Sister Mary Goemaere.

The spirit of adventure and the love of God were high in this strong Belgian woman who was just about to complete her novitiate. Without the slightest hesitation she offered her life for the mission proposed by Bishop Alemany. With two postulants she started on the long journey with the Bishop and his associate, Father Vincent.

When the party reached Ohio the postulants remained at the Dominican community in Somerset, and Sister Mary Francis Stafford and Sister Mary Aloysia O'Neil were chosen to go to California in

their place. Because Sister Mary Aloysia had not yet made her final vows she was to follow the group later. Mother Goemaere, with Bishop Alemany and Father Villarrasa set out on an adventurous trip across the country, part of the way by mule back, arriving in San Francisco on December 6, 1850.

In a bleak adobe building in Monterey was founded the community that now extends throughout the whole state of California and even across the borders of Nevada. The first postulant to enter Santa Catalina was Concepcion Arguelo, the heroine of Gertrude Atherton's romance, *Rezanov*. She became Sister Mary Dominica in 1851.

The sisters had hardly become settled in Santa Catalina in Monterey when their plans were upset by the Mexican Government. Northern California was now a part of the United States and the Mexican Government refused to allow an American bishop to exercise jurisdiction in Mexican territory, which included Monterey. Accordingly they moved to Benicia in 1854 and called the new convent Saint Catherine's.

Under the leadership of Mother Louisa O'Neil, who was chosen to continue Mother Mary Goemaere's work in 1862, Saint Rose Academy was founded in San Francisco. The scholastic standards of this school were at once recognized, and proved to

be very high when the students won honors and awards in the Chicago Exposition in 1893.

Shortly after Saint Vincent's in Vallejo was founded, Mother Joseph Dillon became head of the order in 1872. Other schools followed in rapid succession throughout California. Besides the many schools, the sisters have two hospitals—Saint Mary's, in Reno, and Saint Joseph's in Stockton.

Junipero Serra High School and Santa Catalina Convent, both in Monterey, are in the planning stage at the moment. It will be exactly one hundred years after Mother Goemaere opened the doors of the original Santa Catalina, that those of a newer, grander Santa Catalina will be opened again.

It was under Mother Louis O'Donnell that the Mother House and novitiate were moved to San Rafael in 1889. We wonder in her dreams did Mother Mary Goemaere ever visualize the college that would come into existence under the administration of Mother Louis O'Donnell in 1918? P. F. '50

THE SECOND HALF-CENTURY

A distinguished artist, a woman of the world, once compared Mother Raymond O'Connor, the second president of our college, to the great women of the Renaissance; Sister Dominic McGettigan used to

liken her to Saint Teresa of Avila and Saint Catherine of Siena. The two comparisons taken together give a measure of truth about a woman who was once the very heart of the Dominican Convent of San Rafael, a very great person whose name, after the way of things human, is now strange to the students of the college she had so large a part in founding.

The Dominican College of San Rafael is in truth one of the living witnesses of her vision and of her power. It was because the alumnae knew her so interested in opening ways of higher education to talented young women that they could think no tribute more fitting to her memory than an endowment for a Mother Mary Raymond Memorial Scholarship fund.

No biography of Mother Raymond has yet been written, nor is there any complete history of the hundred years of our Dominicans in California. In 1941 there appeared a book beautifully printed and beautifully bound entitled *The Dominicans of San Rafael. First Chapters in the Story of the Dominican Congregation of the Holy Name of Jesus in California. A Tribute by Many Hands*. The *Chapters* ended while Mother Raymond was still alive, and so, except for a veiled glimpse in the letters written to a young superior by Mother De Sales Kirk, the book

has no mention of her, nor of Sister Dominic Mc-Gettingan, who worked so closely with her.

One may read in the *First Chapters* sketches of the older Mothers of the Congregation done with warm affection, yet many who knew Mother Louis O'Donnell must feel that the portrait of her is inadequate. A devoted alumna once exclaimed sorrowfully, "It does not give even a shadow of her greatness." Mother Louis' sympathy, her tranquillity, her far-sightedness, above all her trust in God, made her both strong and lovable. She had furthermore the sense of humor ascribed to so many yet lacking in most. She had even the audacity and the independence that Father Pettitoes names as necessary for the composition of a saint. Mother Louis was the first president of the Dominican College of San Rafael.

Mother Raymond was the first dean and she succeeded Mother Louis as president. She was the sort of person that makes Dante's Beatrice seem possible, so great was her power over others. Her smile could light a whole day and a denial of her salutation could bring misery. She gave the impression that nothing she wished to accomplish could fail, that anything she promised was as good as done. To her the college owes in greatest part its buildings, its library and its accreditations. She made its name known from West

to East. Business men were amazed at her acumen, legislators listened to her arguments, educators were impressed by her ideas and her ideals, the students in her religion classes by her spirituality. She was continually learning from the people of all kinds that she constantly met, and if she sometimes made mistakes she was large enough to admit them; but her mistakes were not frequent; they only marked her as human.

Although the students today hardly know her name, it is her spirit that most informs the college. Those who knew her see and feel it everywhere, from the fine prints on the walls of our buildings to the austere beauty of the statues and the altars in our chapels; perhaps it is most of all in a certain sweetness and happiness of outlook that makes part of our character.

Associated with Mother Raymond in the life of the college, utterly devoted to her, and in her way no less dominant a personality, was Sister Dominic, the head of the Dominican Conservatory of Music. One may learn something of her in the 1944 *Firebrand*, in reminiscences from the point of view of a faculty member by Mary Grace Hamilton and of a student by Lyla Bylinken. "Every day," writes Miss Hamilton, "one misses her radiant and challenging

vitality." Those who knew her miss it still. In the neighborhood of Sister Dominic one could never be dull. One looks at her achievements almost with a sense of miracle: San Francisco Chamber Music, The Coolidge Quartet, The Wagnerian Singers, the Papal Choir on our campus, the great pageants in Forest Meadows evolving from continual excitements and toil, these things linger in our memories; her unbending requirements, her gaiety, her impulsive generosity, her iron will, even her flares of temperament that gave color to the campus. We who are older recognize the strength of those who are with us, see signs of betterment and progress in many directions around us, and yet grieve for the young who never had the privilege of knowing Sister Dominic. She erected no material structures, but her influence permeated the Convent and the college campus, and "Angelico, that fine building," it is said, "came into being as a tribute to the devotion of her friends and superiors."

She died two weeks after Mother Raymond. The college is immeasurably richer for their having lived, most blessed to have had in its formative years three such women as Mother Louis, Mother Raymond, and Sister Dominic, such women as one is fortunate to come upon once in a hundred years. S. C. M.

AD DEUM

Almighty God;

Leaven of the bread of my Soul,
Liquid for the thirst of my Being,
Light, toward which, moth-like I am drawn;

Oh Bountiful God;

All things are contained
In You, and are ordered
By Your fiat.

Spring walks the hills
And the earth answers
In a melody of bloom.

Thou art Lord of harvest, of season,
Lord of sun, of night, of time,
Of tide and tempest.

Thou One, Constant, Vigilant Lover,
The heart must seek you
Through winds of restless wandering
Or be forever blown.

May my will attend
My heart be pledged
And my soul attain
To You—
Humbly, with awe,
Forever.

Amen.

RENE BROOKS '50

ECHOES OF *THE CONVENT ECHO*

IT IS ALMOST impossible to suppress the urge to write which grows in young girls when they live and study together. There is always an irrepressible desire to amuse and entertain or bewitch friends with new-found ideas.

Our Dominican Sisters have always encouraged such creative expressions in their students and it was as early as 1862 that the first student publication, *The Convent Echo*, appeared in Benicia at "Saint Catherine's Academy for young ladies." This little paper, which continued to come out until 1867, had as high an aim as any campus publication of today. "Its object," writes the editress, "is to aid the young on their upward career of writing and composing." The *Convent Echo* came out several times a year on festive occasions, and was read aloud to students and teachers. It was written by hand on foolscap paper, "with many scrolls and ornamental capital letters." By a sad mishap the last issue preserved in the Convent archives got lost. We owe our knowledge of it to *The Meadowlark*.

In all the years subject matter seems to have changed little. Looking through any of the old *Firebrands* or *Meadowlarks* one can find throughout the

issues essays, stories, poems on the themes of friendship, love, and loyalty, but always there seems the freshness of youth about the articles, a feeling of freedom of expression, a satisfaction in creation. *The Meadowlark* and *The Firebrand* are the two oldest publications now on campus.

The Meadowlark, which got its name from the inhabitants of Meadowlands, came out in the early years of the college, when all the students lived and studied in Meadowlands. Its making was one of their chief delights and worries. They named their publication after the beloved meadowlarks that came to sing about Meadowlands; the name seemed to them, like their paper, unpretentious. This campus publication did not always have the cover that we see it in today, but at one time was even printed as a newspaper, and it did not always have but one editress a year as it does now. In 1928 *The Meadowlark* came out every month, with a new editress handling each issue.

There came a time when the students felt that *The Meadowlark* was not enough to satisfy the literary talent that developed within the expanding college. A newspaper, *The Rambler*, was introduced and was a success for a time, but disaster followed; for, although the college was a growing institution it was as yet unable to support three publications. The col-

lege, like any growing thing, had to expand, but this time it had tried to reach too far. When there came a decision between *The Meadowlark* and *The Rambler* those who loved *The Meadowlark*, attempting to be broadminded in the face of progress, were willing to give it up. However, the students, being at heart both traditional and sentimental, favored *The Meadowlark* and *The Rambler* disappeared.

In the years that followed other attempts were made to try to support a third publication, but since difficulties which could not be met always seemed to arise, these efforts all suffered the same fate of *The Rambler*.

In the past four years, *The Carillon* has made a stand next to *The Firebrand* and *The Meadowlark*. During the first two years of its publication, this newspaper came out bi-monthly and in the last two years it has come out once every three weeks. The students have not only faithfully supported and contributed to *The Carillon* but feel that it has taken its place beside *The Meadowlark* and *The Firebrand*.

The Firebrand has a significant place among our 1950 publications because twenty-five years ago the present format was introduced. Faculty and students wished for a more distinguished year book than the large magazine of 1923 and 1924. They retained the

name, seal and motto on the covering of the first two issues.

The color of *The Firebrand* has been a matter of taste and tradition; some years the covers have been brown, other years blue or grey. The staff of the 1948 edition chose grey, as that year celebrated the silver anniversary of the first *Firebrand*.

The Firebrand, in adopting its title, inherits a wealth of tradition and meaning, that we may brood over lovingly in this our centennial year. The Dominican Order has for its emblem a dog bearing a firebrand. Dominic's mother before the birth of her son, dreamed "she had in her womb a dog-whelp, with a torch in his mouth, whereby to set the world aflame when he should come to light," so says the Roman Breviary. Because the burning firebrand symbolizes the Truth which consumes all falsehood, the Dominican Order adopted the motto "Veritas." From their seal and motto *The Firebrand* has developed its seal with its flaming torch and its motto, "Veritas fax ardens."

The Firebrand, *The Meadowlark*, and *The Carillon* are in keeping with the ideal that the editress set forth so many years ago in one of the first issues of *The Convent Echo*, "to aid the young in their upward career of writing and composing."

K. O'L. '50

PAST DOORS THAT BAR

Oh, winds and clouds,
You may conspire forever
To bury me in mountainous shadows;
I shall but flame higher.
I am behind you laughing.
Dark one, you may speed the clock
Till the last hour summons the life of me;
But I shall be winged with wild music
Past doors that bar
Even you.

ANNE FROST '53

A LOVER OF LIFE

WIG ASKEW, a jovial face and an armful of children clambering over his short, generous person would indeed reflect Bach as the lover of life that he essentially was.

He was born into a long line of renowned small-town musicians of Thuringia, hence his boundless energies were early channeled into music. As the youngest member of a working musical clan he never considered himself or was considered as any more than one of the group, which might explain his modesty of temperament. We know, too, that he dedicated his compositions to the glory of God for he began his scores with J. J. (Jesu, Juva: Jesus, Help) and ended them with S.D.G. (Soli Deo Gloria: To God Alone the Glory). Perhaps this occurred when, orphaned at ten, he went to his brother in Ohrdruf and there entered a strongly religious Lutheran school where his faith became a serious part of his life. His genius thus directed, it only remained for his German inheritance, a capacity for hard work, to transform his potentialities into what many claim is the greatest music yet composed.

His career has been divided into three epochs: Weimar where his main organ works were composed,

Cöethen where he penned his principal orchestra and chamber ensemble compositions, and Leipzig where, until his death in 1750, he served as organist and choir director in the St. Thomas church and composed the bulk of his choral works.

Though Bach might be termed provincial as to habitat he was keenly interested in and influenced by the music of Italy and France, and eagerly seized opportunities to hear and study such music. The joyousness of his nature responded to this source of gay spontaneity that was lacking in the stodginess of the native music. He found these infrequent draughts of inspiration away from his work and would travel to nearby or distant towns to hear such famed organists as Buxtehude and Reinken. Thus refreshed, Bach would return to free his happiness in short, merry pieces or, on a spiritual plane, in larger, devotional works of praise.

One day while practicing an organ chorale in Weimar a man approached the great musician and praised his skill as an organist. Bach took his hands from the keys and turning to his admirer, replied: "There is nothing wonderful about it. You merely strike the right note at the right moment and the organ does the rest." Any lover of music was sure of a warm reception at his house, and his sociability seldom left him without visitors.

His good humors could have their bad moments. He could be irascible when the occasion demanded and his temper was stubborn, especially when he felt the best interests of his large family were at stake, for he was a family man and, of necessity, practical. He aimed for coveted musical positions both for the honor and for the salary gained. Even from relations of his own family he would expect full price for a manuscript. We can see his devotion to his not so small brood in the inventions and other short, illustrative musical pieces that he wrote for his children to take the place of tedious exercises.

Bach considered himself as nothing more than a capable workman and, when lauded for his achievements, would reply, simply, "I worked hard." Thus, we may think of Bach the genius. More poignantly, perhaps, some of us will think of a tired, elderly man taking time off from work to plod the miles from Leipzig to Halle to meet the great Handel, home for a few hours visit; he just missed him, never saw him again, and, turning back, retraced his weary way. Thus was Bach the man!

M. H. '50

D. S. '51

COLD CRIMSON

I held
a crimson pomegranate
in my hand and of all color
this was red.

It was ingled without fire;
fired and flame-laced in
red-cold.

I punctured the
pomegranate, took a
seed from it; and of all
light the seed shone scarlet,
within, light, scarlet drop
deep-glimmering.

The wet,
deep drop,
still as blood-tear,
orbed as wine-mulled pearl,
comes from fruit in pastoral season,
and of all perfection is color,
of bright seed and the pomegranate.

SHELAGH SCOVILLE '50

MADAME COLETTE

SHE BELONGED to that windy corner of Rue St. Pierre, just as the robust statue of William Tell belonged to the opposite corner of Rue De Romont. Her shabby booth might have stood there from the day the first students trotted down the narrow streets of Fribourg, and it looked as if it would remain to serve the last students as well. That at least was what Jacques, Roger, Nanette and the rest of Madame Colette's little customers thought. Her thin, bird-like face under the black kerchief gathered at least as many wrinkles as her full black skirt. The only difference between the two was, that while the tiny face never got rounder the stiff skirt definitely spread as the number of flannel petticoats multiplied with the cold winter days.

The icy wind driving around the corner of Rue St. Pierre was hard on poor Madame Colette all winter long. Still, that was the season she liked the best of all. Wrapping her feet in rags, huddling her back into a purple knit shawl, she tried to forget the cold. Her short, shriveled fingers were kept warm over her small stove, from which the delicious odor of roasted chestnuts and baked pumpkin rose in the crisp air.

At noon time and at five in the afternoon hordes

of little people, carrying books and ink bottles, attacked the shaggy booth. Mme. Colette scolded, complained about the noise, but deep down in her warm heart she loved her eager customers. She knew them all by name: Jacques, Roger, Michelle, the pale little Nanette, and the rest. She knew also that Jacques had just one hot meal a day because his mother was washing other peoples' laundry all day long to support Jacques and his three little sisters. Perhaps it was the wind hustling around the corner who told Mme. Colette that Roger's neatly wrapped buttered rolls were divided with Jacques at lunch-time. She was the one who scolded François for playing marbles on the street corner instead of going to school, but she did not mind when the noisy group played hide and seek around her booth after class. While heaping a big handful of chestnuts into the cupped red palms she heaped hundreds of comments and good advice too. More than once her shriveled fingers buttoned up Jacques's thin gray coat or tightened the sliding ribbons on Michelle's blonde pigtails. The chestnuts came for a sou, the good advice and attention gratis.

In springtime one could tell by the diminished width of her wrinkled skirt that Mme. Colette had discarded a few of her petticoats. Her purple shawl changed into a green one and she commented more

cheerfully on the weather. The smoky stove and the chestnuts were metamorphosed into violets and snow-flowers. This time Mme. Colette's customers were not so often children. Young girls and boys walking around under the budding trees after work-hours made each other happy with Mme. Colette's graceful bouquets. She knew these young people too, and shared their little problems which seemed to them so important, matters of real consequence to young loving hearts. She knew that Pierre would marry Julie as soon as he could start giving piano lessons. She guessed from the quietness of the pretty Swedish miss that her studies in Fribourg must be nearing an end and that she would soon leave the town and the nice young lawyer who walked at her side. Mme. Colette wanted to encourage her, to make her smile again; she could always cheer up Julie or Marie, but what would she say to such a fine mademoiselle? So Mme. Colette kept silent while she wrapped the thread around the bouquet for the pretty miss, perhaps with a little more care than usual.

Graduation time and sunny June arrived. Mme. Colette's booth was stripped of its red roses, white carnations and pale blue forget-me-nots. Then the students scattered. The little town became quiet and empty. Mme. Colette no longer had to complain

about noise. But her heart felt empty too. Her company was gone, and she felt so lonesome, so old sitting there on lazy summer afternoons. There were but a few pious women stopping for her flowers on the way to church in the mornings. Their gossip about the doctor's wife and Mme. Dubois's daughter did not interest Mme. Colette.

When the colored leaves started to fall in September, she rejoiced, for then children came trotting down the street again to school. Once more Mme. Colette could watch over them from the corner of Rue St. Pierre. Like flocks of little migrating birds, they drifted gaily into her lonesome life, and became her family again. Though they did not know it, the old woman with the wrinkled face and the big warm heart adopted them all. She watched over them all day, worried and rejoiced with them. Even at night when she closed down the shabby booth and went home, she carried the problems of her children with her. While eating her thick soup for dinner she did not stop puzzling over what she could do with little Nanette who grew paler and paler; or how to get some medicine for Jacque's mother who had a bad cold. Then she remembered to put out some thread and a needle to patch Michelle's apron next morning when she would pass by.

Mme. Colette turned down the wick of her little oil lamp. There was no one to bid her goodnight in the tiny cold room. But a happy little smile played around her lips as she reached for her rosary, and the beads passed slowly through her wrinkled fingers. She was saying goodnight one by one to all her children; the children who belonged to the big family of Mme. Colette on the corner of Rue St. Pierre.

MARIA BATTHA '52

AND YET

If I should put the moon words
Into earth words,
You might read them
Quietly, condescending
To the vagaries
Of just another poet.
And yet—
If I should put the moon words
Into earth words,
The moon would then be speechless
And poets' pens
Would scratch no more.

ANNE FROST '53

THE KNITTER

KNITTING, should you wish to define it, is to form a fabric by the interlacing of yarn or thread; and the knitter is one that is never seen without her knitting case on one arm and her knitting needles in her hands. One can't help noticing her. Without ceremony she plunks in her neighbors' rooms, usually situating herself on a newly made bed. This way she has a perfect view of everyone in the room and anyone who might come through the door. She knits as fast as she talks, stopping only long enough to count her stitches. She interrupts even the most intense conversations at any time with, "Oh, I dropped a stitch," or "Guess what! I have only four inches to go." No one really cares how many stitches she dropped or that she has only four inches to go. Nevertheless everyone must get duly excited with the news revealed by the knitter. She is usually knitting a pair of argyles, sweater and a tie. This causes puzzlement to the onlooker and brings about the well-worn question, "What are you knitting now?" She takes her knitting to all the lectures and concerts, and when someone drops a knitting needle at such solemn occasions, turns up her nose at the unfortunate one, quipping, "Amateur!"

DOROTHY DE FARIA '52

CAT LOVERS

CAT LOVERS? Yes, I'll be glad to tell you something about them. Most of them belong to an extraordinary category of the human species, but they are a likable and "amewsing" lot.

My late lamented friend, Dominic, pussyfooted after them continually. He claimed that the tidbits of food that they brought from the dining room were "purrfectly" wonderful. I, myself, Nicolette, consider the day quite catastrophic if at least two or three of them don't pick me up to scratch me behind the ears and down the backbone. There are those meticulous ones who brush the fur off their skirts hurriedly after they set me down, and there are those who pick the soft wisps off slowly and tenderly, remembering their own pets at home.

Before my friends Eight Ball and Pie Face met their untimely ends, we used to have great chats about

our latest "escatpades." "Well," Eightball would say, "it's happened again. No sooner had I settled myself at the invitation of a congenial group to join them in roast beef than authority overruled and I found myself catapulted out of the Fanjeaux dining room by the force of a determined caterer!"

Mewsing here in the sunshine, countless human tales come to my mind. For instance, the night that an ardent admirer had settled Dominic on a soft pillow in her room for the night and how disciplinary measures caused him to be removed to the cold doorstep. How they all envy me with my snug sweater-lined desk drawer in a certain room in Anne Hathaway!

Solomon, who is a new arrival to our "campuss" company, purred to me the other day that it was "mewsic" to his ears to hear the friendly welcomes of the feline fans and. . . . But here comes another Cat Lover to my spot beneath the lilac bush. She is calling me—"Here puss, nice kitty, kitty," and her outstretched fingers are wiggling enticingly. Now to revel in an interlude of "mewtual" enjoyment!

ELEANOR LIVINGSTON '52

APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY

IT SEEMED as though I had just dropped off to sleep when the alarm went off. The clock said six-thirty. I called Claire, but she just groaned, "Mnnn," turned over and went back to sleep. That was exactly what I felt like doing. My bed was soft and warm; but my nose, more accurate than a thermometer, I thought, told me the air of the room was much cooler.

Now would be the time to try my speech exercises. As instructed in yesterday's lesson, we were to learn to breathe from our diaphragms. Sleepers naturally breathe this way, so we were to carefully get up without altering this manner of breathing. I did not know exactly where my diaphragm was, but my stomach was moving up and down. That must be it. At any rate, I was not one to be stopped by an anatomical term. I was taking a course in speech—not anatomy. Slowly, cautiously, I lifted myself, but I must have exerted myself too much. My breathing went up to my chest. I was evidently breathing in my lungs now, where I had always understood one was supposed to breathe, but maybe I was wrong. I must lie back and relax so that my breathing would be right, and I would try once more to rise. Evidently I relaxed too much. I awoke with a start to read seven on my clock.

No time to bother with my breathing now! I was late for Mass, but I would try to make it for Communion.

I arrived at the chapel at seven-fifteen, slipped into the back, to find all empty and quiet. Don't tell me I was this late! Well, I would make a visit. Perhaps my clock was slow. But in about fifteen minutes, people began to dribble in. As I stepped out into the hall to discover what it was all about, I met Claire. "What brings you here early?" she asked.

"Thought I was late," I replied. "I left at seven o'clock."

"Oh! I see," she laughed. "I thought I told you. I set the clock ahead one half-hour so I would have more time to wake up. I like the psychology of it. That way I can be late and still early."

ANN MEAGHER '53

WEEK-END

A WEEK-END on campus! To the newcomer it doesn't seem a very pleasing prospect, nor is it so for many "habitués" of the campus, but there are those who honestly look forward to spending their week-ends here. To them it means much more than Friday night library study or the ritual of Sunday tea. They enjoy the sudden peace which settles over the college after the feverish mob has departed, and they

relish the air of tranquility as they seek the solitude of their rooms, settling down almost luxuriously to contemplate the many things which will occupy their time in the next two days. At last there is time to write letters, mend socks, wash clothes and do the many tasks which lack of time prohibits during the week.

Friday night all these odd jobs are performed, and it is with a feeling of proud accomplishment that the on-campus week-ender retires that evening. Saturday means a longer sleep, a few hours of study, and usually an afternoon hike in the hills, a casual stroll downtown, a tennis game, or a leisurely time spent indoors. Sunday often means a picnic at the beach, or, to the less energetic, a day of reading, knitting, listening to the radio and resting. All too soon Sunday night is here again and the peaceful atmosphere is gone.

"FRIDAY, Friday, Friday! It's here!" The week-ender repeats these words over and over, letting the meaning sink in slowly, luxuriously. For to her this is the day of all days; the day for which she lives all week long. Monday is spent dreaming about the week-end just passed; Tuesday is tolerated merely because it's one day nearer to Friday; Wednesday is "Separation Day"—the day which signifies the division of the week; Thursday is already exciting because the week-end is anticipated. Hair is washed, preparations are made for the "great event." And, FINALLY Friday is here! The week-ender walks around the campus in a cloud, anticipating great moments to come—two glorious days at home, or in the snow, or at Bolinas. Wherever they be, she is going to enjoy them to the utmost. Classes on Friday find her a very passive abstract attendant. Words float over her head—concentration is unbearable and impossible. The last class is an hour in her life completely wasted. She fidgets nervously, expectantly, and at the first sound of the bell she is off. She flies out the door, grabs her suitcase (which has been packed since noon and is waiting in readiness in the locker-room), swoops down the Guzman steps two at a time, and with a final vigorous wave of a "See you Sunday night," she leaps into a waiting bus or car.

R. v. W. '50

THE DAY SCHOLAR

WHAT makes the life of a Day Scholar different from that of a Resident Student? Is there really any difference?

The Day Scholar, like her boarding friend, has her Hairwash and Go-to-the-Show Nights. Sometimes she finds a weekday evening at home restfully quiet; other times the blare of a radio or the unending staccato ring of a telephone frequently would make studying in Angelico Hall at high noon simple for her. She likes to sleep in the comfortable bed to which she has become so accustomed; she dislikes hearing an alarm clock jerk her awake—"and at *such* an early hour in the morning!"

In the evenings the Day Scholar music student conducts a neighborhood music appreciation class as she practices in the living room; her English major Day Hop friend sits at a kitchen table or at a bedroom desk not far away typing her next day's assignments until the Dean of Women, her mother, announces, "Lights Out!"

On campus, the Day Scholar's routine is much the same as any Boarder's. She may walk up Grand Avenue to school at eight o'clock in the morning, or she may bounce up by car fifteen minutes later; that may

be the only pre-class difference in her first-to-the-Girls-Room-ink-bottle-then-to-History schoolday.

At noon she may go downtown to lunch, or to the Meadowlands kitchen. In warm weather, noontime may find her on the lawn in some sunny part of the campus; in the coming frosty days she will keep warm by the red brick fireplace in the newly-remodeled Tea House.

All these things characterize the Day Scholar as such. But what has made her life unlike that of the Boarder? Nothing, really—unless one considers the only noticeable difference between her and any Resident Student: she goes home more often, and without a suitcase. And the Day Scholar finds this combination home-school life much like eating her cake and having it, too.

D. S. '51

THE DOWNTOWNER

DOWNTOWNERS are by no means of the same type. They vary between those who walk and those who ride. The rider usually never owns her own car but manages to choose friends that do. She is both sly and clever and if a driver is not careful she will be half way to town before she discovers the Downtowner in the back seat of her car.

No day is complete in the life of the Downtowner unless she has made at least one trip to San Rafael, consumed several cups of coffee and cashed a five-dollar check at Poehlman's to buy a three-cent stamp.

The walker, who has become almost extinct because of the bus service, always rationalizes on her excess trips downtown. "The exercise is good for your figure" is her usual plea for company. This Downtowner never gets farther than Bordens and never eats less than a double-decker ice cream cone, "with lots of dip please."

Whether she walks or rides, the Downtowner is a connoisseur in her own right. She knows just when the coffee will be fresh, all the baking schedules of the pastry shops and on just what days Bordens is going to introduce a new flavor of ice cream.

K. O'L. '50

THE WALKER

THERE are those who stroll away their hours of leisure. Yet even among "the walkers" there is variation. Some are the slow, pensive wanderers. They know well all the paths that lead from Locust Street or wind off from the meadow. Their peace comes in quiet contemplation, in the solitude of aloneness when eyes can view the tall eucalyptus trees, and the purple brodiaea deep in wild oats. Their silent

thoughts, the prayers that they form as they walk, come easily in autumn when the trees are golden and the air is filled with the acrid smoke of burning leaves; and in winter when the air is nippy and gloves must be worn; and in the green, green springtime when the light rains fall bringing their promise of hills a-flower and sky deep blue. There is something quiet and serene about their hello to the intruder, and there is something enviably aloof about their turning toward the less frequented paths.

Some others are the brisk, jovial creatures who delight in gay laughter, who seek a companion for their sojourn. They know the paths through the hills, but they are discoverers in this respect and seek the unaccustomed ways, under fences and through the thick grass. But they also enjoy the walk into San Rafael. They like to window-shop in the town, for they are at home in the noisy traffic bustle and can mingle, quite at ease, with the crowd. Theirs is no toil, that walk with a heavy laundry bag tossed over a shoulder. It is fun and will be remembered with a smile in later years.

And also there are the true strollers, those who merely delight in walking slowly down from breakfast to Guzman or just between classes. They notice when the roses first bloom in Anne Hathaway gar-

den. They are aware of when the gardeners re-gravel the paths, and they know the positions of puddles in the winter rainy season as well as knowing just what trees are the most beautiful to see the sky through. These are they who walk to the post box after dinner, who understand the peace of quiet nightfall, for though they indulge only a little in the joy of walking, that which they do taste is concentrated and deeply lived.

Walkers are perhaps sentimentalists, but we know too that they are aware of some things which we perhaps too often neglect. They understand the beauty of God's material gift to us. And they share the happiness of His spirit when in bustling walks they laugh gaily or in quiet strolls they pray their thanks to Him.

EVELYN CHILVERS '51

NORTH WIND

Ice
Pipes a low melody, valleys it,
As a north wind shrieks down
 peaked slopes,
In white minor of etudes.

M. H. '50

MOVING

A FEW MONTHS ago the campus went through a very interesting phase. We had a moving-streak, buildings and all. The most fascinating procedure was that of getting the old tea house across the creek into the orchard.

It was quite a shock when we went over to gym one day and the lounge-to-be wasn't in the usual spot, but when this elusive structure appeared the next day in front of Albertus Magnus it was doubly shocking. It stayed in the same spot for almost a week. We began to worry. Then one day as we departed from lab we found the restless thing precariously perched over the creek. That really started us wondering. When it stayed right there for what seemed weeks we began trying to figure out what earthly good it would be, since no more than five of us could possibly be in it at the same time without fear of going into the water.

It was a vast relief when the worrisome thing finally crossed the creek. Then it sat right on the path to Benincasa looking quite weird at night. After a very long time it moved into the orchard and settled down to wait for the pouring of its concrete base. Now it is almost completely remodeled—this new addition to the campus which caused such a furor in the making.

JOAN MAYERLE '53

THE GROVE

SITUATED in a strategic spot, just to one side of the entrance to Guzman, the grove is one of the centers of attraction for students on the campus. Over it hangs an ever present haze which would delight the heart of any tobacco salesman. It is the scene of countless gatherings, and the benches are usually crowded before and after each class, before and after meals, before and after library study, and especially during the five minutes after the morning assembly should have started.

It is also a common weeping ground—for here the students gather to wail about the boy who didn't call, the "A" they didn't get, or the money that hasn't arrived.

The grove is the spot for that brief moment of relaxation between classes, for inside the smoke house there is always that eternal bridge game. Although it may not be the most beautiful place on the campus, it is nonetheless "a joy forever" to every Dominican College girl.

MARY JEAN LYNCH '53

DOMINICAN BROADCASTS

Chimes: Ave Maria

Announcer: DOMINICAN BROADCASTS!

Music: (Sibelius 1st Symphony) . . . Swell up 30 seconds . . . under . . . out

Announcer: The RADIO PLAYERS OF DOMINICAN COLLEGE take pleasure in presenting . . .

And so another weekly Sunday afternoon broadcast by the Radio Players is under way from their broadcasting studio in Angelico Hall. In the control room the board operator levels the mike volume and holds a record on the turntable in preparation for the next music cue, while in the studio the Players watch for the opening signal. A quick glance at a watch—the show is running on time. Though all is in order now, this same scene a few days before might not have found such timed precision, for the operator would probably have had the wrong record set to go, and the speaker undoubtedly would have been emitting tongue-twisted phrases followed by much amusement from the group. But the Radio Players, who began a series of regular Sunday afternoon broadcasts on October 9, 1948, have learned to shape a program within a short time period. Indeed, they had to in order to fulfill a rigorous schedule.

The students are organized into a regular production staff and spend quite some time on their respective jobs. A mid-week rehearsal often sees the sound technician off in a corner rubbing balloons or crushing lamp bulb cartons in an attempt to create the sound of ice cracking, while the music director will be listening to record after record to find the appropriate mood for a dramatic music bridge in the script. By this time, too, the other members of the staff have usually completed their tasks, for the scripts have been typed by the secretary or librarian, the rehearsals scheduled by the production manager, and program information sent out by the publicity director.

The Players present the programs in conjunction with the Music Department and Poetry Group which give to the broadcasts a wide interest range. This year the musical programs have been among the most pleasurable. There have been brilliant piano solos, and string solos. At Christmas time the madrigalists entertained with polyphonic arrangements of 15th and 16th century Christmas carols.

The poetry group has also made its contribution. One Sunday program was devoted to reading of poems written by students. Another poetry program, and one of the most colorful, was the Scotch Ballad

half-hour directed by Kate Rennie Archer. The Players write the continuity sections which make for unified presentations of these programs.

They have the most fun, however, preparing a dramatic play, for then the whole group can work together. Then there is laughter at a misplaced sound effect or at a girl trying to lower her voice an octave to play a pompous old king. The Christmas program *Why the Chimes Rang* and Edna St. Vincent Millay's *The Princess Marries the Page* were successes this year, but most outstanding was the presentation of *Little Women* in five consecutive weekly chapters. Besides enjoying the jolly escapades and tender heart-warming scenes with the March family, it was interesting to watch each of the Players develop her individual character to its ultimate depth of sincerity in the final chapter.

A proud moment was the installation of our new studio, a place of our own, complete with control room. At the official opening, we presented samples of broadcasting procedures, how cues are given, sound effects achieved, music brought in and coordination of parts maintained. With a year of regular broadcasting behind us, we have, indeed, made a beginning.

ROBIN QUIGLEY '51

ON GIVING

THE DOMINICAN spirit is a giving spirit.

Under the able leadership of Mrs. Mary Morgan, campfire groups, organized in the Physical Education Department of the College, have not only been enjoyable but extremely beneficial. Students who have a keen interest in children volunteer to be trained, so that they may assume campfire leadership in the summer. They come to realize that through association with groups of normal, healthy youngsters of his own age and the assuming of small responsibilities connected with group living, the delinquent child may be bettered and the average child strengthened, physically, morally, and most important, civically. They are taught that through this group association the youngster learns early the necessity of cooperation with his playmates, which cannot help but create an indelible impression which will remain with him in subsequent years and thereby result in his being a more capable business, social, and civic personality. The advantages for the leader of the groups are innumerable, particularly if she plans to be a teacher. She acquires a love and understanding of children, and is able to test her classroom methods.

"Have you any old clothes or books?" is a familiar

campus question. In answer to it, used clothes and discarded books are crated and sent to needy missions and war-ravished countries. The Pope's Children and the Bishop's Fund are organizations that we have aided in this way. We have also joined with the N.F.C.C.S. to help in the most important way of all, prayer.

Christmas caroling, as a Red Cross activity, gave pleasure to our singers this year. In woolen caps, mittens and scarves, we visited Lucas Valley, the old gentlemen's home where, ironically but quite unintentionally, we began with "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen." The old ladies' home, the hospital, the juvenile delinquents' home, and the Danish old people's home all welcomed us. At Arequipa, the tuberculosis home, we were doubly welcomed since we were the first group that had ever come to entertain there.

Small as are our efforts to help others, we are fast coming to realize that true happiness consists in giving and that the worthiest gift is not something purchased, but a self-giving.

JOAN MARTIN '53

TARGET

Forest of green
And deepness of tall tree,
Of splintered sun
And long of meadowed flower,
Be silent before the feet
Of my gentle archer, be mild
To the feet of my love.

To flying deer be called
Stillness of dawn,
To tranquil sheep be tilted
The ivory horn of quiet,
To wandered waters be told
This word and they will
Cease to laugh,
And let fleet wind convey
All flights of arrow to their mark.

Forested green
And tallness of deep tree,
Of splintered sun
And long of meadowed flower,
Be sad for my gentle bowman,
Be soft to the drops
Of his blood, cooled on field
Of dying.

SHELAGH SCOVILLE '50

CLUBS

FOR EVERY college student there is the academic and the social. For some the two are quite divided; it is a pity, their minds will grow warped and paralyzed and superficial. For others, the academic is carried into the social, deepening and enlivening the social; and the social is carried into the academic, activating and making it real. This is as it should be. The people who fuse the two are they who, making their education a part of themselves, carry it into the world. For the most part these are the students who belong to the campus clubs. The clubs form the borderline between the academic and the social. Interest and enthusiasm sowed in class bring people of like interests together. When people of like interests meet over coffee or chocolate, around table or open fire, when they begin to differ but slightly, real conversation begins—conversation that is a means of education and one of its most pleasant fruits. Further, it is through talk and the merging of interests and talents that goals are set and achieved, that ideas are crystallized into activity. With all this in mind, campus clubs are organized. The goals of the specific clubs are of course quite different, but each of them has this in common: each forms a nucleus for people

of like interests where, through conversation, lectures and exhibits, particular interests are deepened and broadened.

The politically minded belong to the International Relations Club, commonly known as the I.R.C. Consistently every two weeks this group has met in the Meadowlands White Room to discuss particular phases of international relations. With Dr. Sokolowski as its capable and stimulating moderator, each meeting has brought the student into closer and clearer contact with world affairs. Further, each meeting has given every member a chance to air her own views, opinions, and convictions on current matters, a good thing; and even more important, to help them to take their part in the new currents of the world. Members of the I.R.C. are kept ever on the alert since there are meetings with groups on other campuses for the I.R.C. is affiliated with the C.I.C., the Student World Affairs Council of Northern California, and the National Organization of I.R.C. Clubs. This year's National Confederation, to which each college that belongs sends two representatives, will be held at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

There are on campus clubs for those students interested especially in the arts. The Music Club has sought to unify the arts at its monthly meetings. The

most outstanding of the club's presentations was George Gruenburg, eminent pedagogue and pianist who spoke on the "Development of Quality in Piano Playing." At other meetings college faculty members gave lectures on the relationship between art and music and poetry and music; at others, music students of the college and guest soloists performed. In this way the Music Club members not only came in contact with talent from the outside but came to appreciate the talents of one another. The Art Club, under the direction of Mrs. Richard O'Hanlon, too has flourished this school year. Among the events that stand out was a motion picture on Siennese art; two speakers of special interest: Dorothy Friese, class of '48, who lectured on the ancient Indian art of Peru, and Genevieve Wilson, class of '49, who spoke on "Mexican Culture," interspersing her talk with bits about her trip to Mexico; one speaker of international interest: Jean Morris, who spoke in Angelico on "Modern Liturgical Art" and who exhibited her own work in San Marco during the month of January. Certainly not of lesser interest was an artist ball planned and sponsored by the Art Club. Those interested in creative self-expression, prose or poetry, gather together with Kate Rennie Archer in The Green Room for tantalizing discussions that bring in

every topic from politics and science to philosophy and art, past and present. At one gathering Mr. Jacobi, editor of *Variations*, read excerpts from one of his publications. The poetic results of these discussions are contributed hopefully to *The Meadowlark* and *Firebrand* and, this year, to the Radio Players as well as to the Poetry Festival, held in spring, which is conducted for both the college and high school levels.

Birds of a feather and birds of one tongue flock together. Spanish, French, and Irish have their special gatherings. The "Tertulia" is the name given to the Spanish club; the name, we understand, signifies a gathering where friends congregate to discuss their favorite topics of literature. Unlike the original "tertulias," which were held in cafes and homes of wealthy patrons of the arts in the sixteenth century, the Dominican Tertulia is held in the Edge Hill living room twice a month. A gayly painted Señor and Señorita appear on the bulletin board whenever a Spanish Club meeting is in the offing. The club has furthered interest in Spanish culture by the presentation of Spanish dances, songs, talks on various Spanish speaking countries, discussions and appreciation of classic Spanish records, and Spanish movies, to say nothing of Spanish dinners. The climax was the eventful Pan

American Day, a day dedicated entirely to Latin festivity. The French Club has by no means this year been a thing of the underground. On an average of once a month its members have met in the Edge Hill living room to chat and to be chatted to, to plan and to enjoy their own plannings. Among the many worthy activities and programs was a lecture by André Ferrier of the French Theatre of San Francisco. There was also the presentation by club members of the French play, *Les Femmes Savants*, by Molière; there was at one meeting a display of old and new books, at other times, French readings by members. The club's activities were not wholly intellectual; there were successful cake sales, a French dinner in San Francisco, and a quantity of clothing sent to France which was gathered and packed by club members.

Fianna Og (Young Irish), the Irish club, is a new group on campus started by enthusiastic daughters of Erin. Its apparent purpose is to provide a reasoned explanation for the love of the Irish that is in its members. Every third Wednesday night the members meet in the Fanjeaux living room to listen to reports on Ireland, its culture and its people—its people including ghosts, banshees, and fairies, all reported on by people who know them best. At first the

rule for membership was "no one with less than fifty per cent Irish allowed" but by popular request and demand, all are now welcome.

The C.I.C. (Catholic Intercollegiate Council) is not exactly a club within the college; rather the college as a whole is a member of the C.I.C. As a member it has joined with the six other Bay area Catholic colleges in working to achieve the goal of uniting the Bay area Catholic students during 1948-1950. The college took part in the Council-sponsored group meetings such as the I.R.C., Bridge and Foreign Language clubs; many of the Dominican students were present at the C.I.C. Informal Dance held at the Whitcomb Hotel on the 11th of February. The C.I.C. school year closed with the impressive "Mary's Hour" held in St. Mary's Cathedral on April 30.

Certainly it is evident, and if it were not, the clubs are flourishing proof that by no means the whole of a student's education is acquired in the classroom.

OF AWAKENING

The night was long,
The bud was tight enclosed,
Beauty lay stilled
In my heart.

Through night's slow length
I watched
For the silence to open,
Saw the first leaf
Part—yet knew it not
Till the shadowed curve
Lay still.

The young edges of depth
Matured
With emotional infinity
Till it seemed
Breath would not last,
Expectance could not
Fulfill itself.

For me was only the openness
Not the opening.
I watched yet saw not
Till night, freed from travail,
Released herself to the pale
 green wonder
Of dawn's birth.

The bud's sudden
Depths were bared,
Beauty's fullness was mine
As sudden light shafts the deep.
And the creeping, tearing
Music rising within
Pooled my soul in a great pulse
Of quiet.

M. H. '50

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