

1981

1981 Firebrand

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FIREBRAND

dominican college
1981



"Welcome, O Life!
I go to encounter for the millionth time
the reality of experience
and to forge in the smithy of my soul
the uncreated consciousness of my race.

Old father, old artificer,
stand me now and ever
in good stead."

- James Joyce





"ALL DEEP THINGS . . ."

It seems so strange to me that there is need for solace at College commencements; and yet, there is - a need for solace which becomes more intense as time progresses from Fall registration, at the beginning of the Senior year . . . up until this very moment. Even the new overwhelming question, that is, "So, what do you have lined up for next year?" has become less frequently asked than "Well, aren't you scared?" Well, really, with an impending barrage of theses, recitals, and comprehensive examinations, who could give such questions fair play, and who could not help but be disturbed by them? How we have spent our time here; how large the labors leading to this event have loomed in our minds, are made to seem insignificant against our mode of "survival" once we have graduated. Granted, knowledge is not much good until it is usefully employed, but then again, you cannot say we weren't gainfully employed in seeking knowledge out. And as this transition from an academic to a quote "real" world approaches, there is a real fear that we have lingered too long in the ideals which were a measure of our worth here. Moreover, in this age of specialization, the Liberal Arts are seen as a luxury: an ancient Western system, the utilization of which does not guarantee to "bring home the bacon." And bringing home the bacon is a big issue; for although there is responsibility in higher education - a responsibility to take a stand and to try to make things better - there is also the pressure of finding employment which will provoke the mind and stimulate interest as our more scholarly pursuits have - and garner a tidy income, at that.

We are expected to become "successful," a state of being so various that I hesitate to define it; but a college diploma seems but a small portion of it. Melancholy projections as such have caused us, for a time, to lose sight of what it was that kept us here: a desire to learn; to grasp, each for each, the ideas leading to the Big Truths. We would not have stayed had we not known that our quest was valid, and good. After all, those diplomas, stacked enticingly behind us, did not grow on trees.

If I were to offer advice, in light of all this, to this collection of individuals, my classmates, as I know them, I would defer to the words of the great scholar, Doctor Johnson. He wrote in Rasselas - the story of a few inquisitive souls who left their valley to find happiness in the world - that "To talk in public, to think in solitude, to read and to hear, to enquire and answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar." It is for us then, individuals from the start, to take our ideals, our responsibilities, and our relationship with a tumultuous world, and make a harmony of them.

If I were to offer a suggestion for the manifestation of such advice, I would remind you that Johnson says that we must hear; and I would then defer to the words of one who sought truth, and beauty, and a place in a world of increasing industry, increasing ugliness, lessening values, and, lessening faith. Thomas Carlyle, in his Essays On Hero Worship, wrote:

"All inmost things . . . are melodious;
naturally utter themselves in Song. The meaning
of Song goes deep. Who is therethat, in logical
words, can express the effect music has on us?
All deep things are Song."

I cannot think of a better metaphor than Song for our time spent at Dominican College; and it is only because we all, at this very moment, in this Forest Meadow, are part of the Song, that I dare to entertain such a metaphor. For in this small vicinity is represented much of what makes a harmony of Dominican, or any school like it: students, of course, and teachers, administrators, and Trustees, parents and friends, eucalyptus trees and a bright sky which is framed by them, wherever you look on this campus. But there are the deep things, the things which effected music in us also; our diplomas-to-be signify them in a small way. You see, just as the tension of contemplating the transition into a cacophonous world, from a harmonic world, drew us away, at times, long before this day; so can we likewise come back, at any time, in any situation, by contemplating the deep things, and remembering the Song. Better still, there is in each of us now the ability to make new songs - and an ability to join with the large harmony.

Let the music, the Song, affect you. I remember when, two summers ago, I worked at a huge corporate complex where I spent my days making Xerox copies of corporate manuals, and sending medicine labels to various corporate divisions. Shrill bells, reminiscent of elementary days, rang out daily, calling waves of executives, office and factory workers to work, to breaks, to an industrial cafeteria, and finally, home. The going outside, at least in the summer, was never pleasure. From mysterious pipes along factory walls came a spray of humidity; and the mill of employees intensified the heat.

Those employed in the more tedious levels of labor, and that certainly included myself, took the 11:30 lunch break. And so, at 11:20 of every day in the work week, workers would begin to line up, with purses or bagged lunches in hand, inside those industrial doorways - just waiting for those bells to ring. Amid that daily between-the-bell flux, there was always one man who piqued my sense of wonder, because he went slowly, in his gray jumpsuit, clutching an old-fashioned metal lunchpail. His was the happy, slowly-provoked face of one whose mind is simple; but he walked so happily, so slowly, so apart, and so secure in that his mid-day meal had been prepared, that there was a song in him - a different sort of song - perhaps no more complicated than "The Farmer in the Dell" - but song, nevertheless.

There was never a day here, at our College, when our ears did not at one time or the other attune to the cadent, low-toned convent bells, ringing their ordered music, signifying deeper labors, dividing our days, our semesters, and our years here into song . . . but so many things here, by their sheer music have affected us deeply - the sounds which, combined with our lately-earned ideals, we will remember, and which we will fashion, once we have left this place, in an entirely new manner. I do not think that my class-

mates will mind, while we are finally assembled, at least in sobriety, if I recount the sounds of the deep things - the songs, which kept us here.

Remember the scene on the library lawn last Mayday; as May-pole dancers were accompanied by whistling recorders and medieval lyrics - how this rite of Spring reflected the tradition of our learning and provided a maxim for any season; that of taking old things, deep things, and making them new.

While musicians rehearsed, in stops and starts, through open Angelico windows; pop music blared from Bertrand and the dormitories; a comment on taste, perhaps, but a part of the overall tune, nonetheless.

And somewhere in between, from the assembly hall of Guzman, which has become a dance studio of late, have come the sounds of record players, thumps, and the shouts of dance masters goading students into a harmony of movement.

On Wednesday nights, in the same great hall; but with chairs in the center rather than pushed to the walls, Gordon Sherman taught an alarming number of the students on this stage to love music.

There were poetry readings, which introduced such variety of verse and thought, and with the reassurance that with understanding and imagination, there is Song in the world beyond, and even helped in inspiring some to make a livelihood of Song.

In the computer lab, the mechanical music of numbers hummed; reminding us, that after all, music is founded in mathematics.

The tenor of these tunes though, have, and will continue, to vary with time; although for us they will be memorable. There are also the sounds which have not, and are not likely to change: the creek, after it has rained; and the way the eucalyptus trees bend and groan alongside it; when it is dark, and you are alone on the gravel path . . .

And if our future world is expected to be cacophonous rather than harmonic; don't think that our ears are ill-prepared - remember the gardeners with their leaf-blowers, who will never know how closely they came to a good, swift poke by means of the long, metal rods used for closing library windows - remember the roar of kilns behind San Marco, when they were fired up with all the fury of some alchemical experiment; not to mention the small, barking dog, posted regularly at the front door -

And even though you'd probably rather not, remember the familiar clickings of typewriters - what stories they could tell - sputtering their nervous song from the offices in Guzman, to faculty offices, to the dormitories and into homes; think how nice it will be, at least for a little while, not to hear their sound.

Remember though, that these sounds, for all their lack of melody, are part of the industry of the place; and remember that

when many voices conduce to a pleasing whole - that is harmony.

Take these external songs, then, these expressions of deep things, and make them inmost things; have them with you should you hear no song in your world; better still, carry them as measures of an always expanding understanding of what the deep things, the truly song-like things, really are.

Above all, remember that it was our great fortune to have been reared thus, in Song. Just as for the simple man at the factory, our mid-day meal has been prepared; like him, go slowly, and stay apart; but not beyond the realm of the harmony. Always listen for the Song, and rest assured that already, even as we sit here - educated - already we are successful.

Maria Hetheron

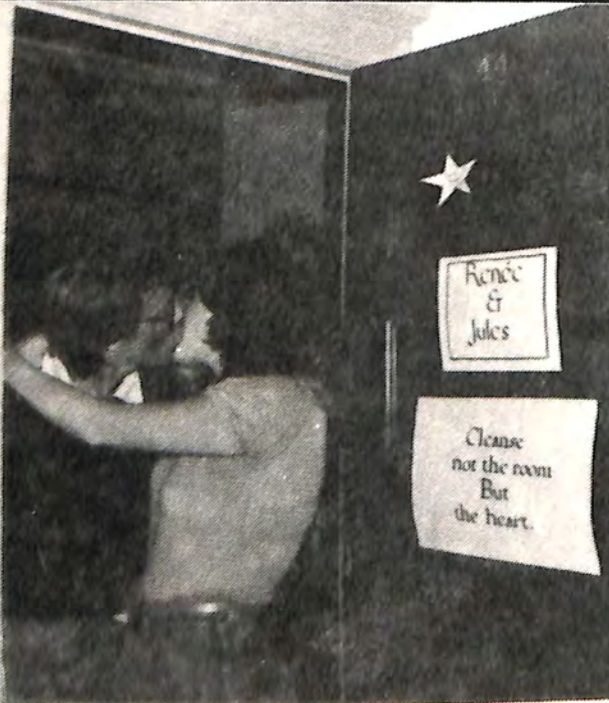




SHIELD DAY

Shield Day: besides being a day on the Fall calendar at Dominican, it is also a tradition and a memory. Held each year in September or October, it is generally the same. Classes end a bit early, people assemble to practice their songs one last time, and then groups file toward the assembly area in order of class - Seniors first, then down through Freshmen. Teachers, administrators, and a scattering of parents are already present, sitting on chairs assembled in a semicircle on the front lawn of Meadowlands. Each year some things are the same. Freshmen enter with nervous laughs and no clear understanding of what it's all about. They are all present because they have been told not to miss this event. They cast frequent glances about to make sure they are doing the right things. Sophomores, whose ranks have thinned since the previous year, enter with more "savior faire" but with (can it be?) wandering eyes and minds, thinking perhaps of the parties that are sure to follow, or speculating as to what Vern will serve at the banquet that night. Juniors are at home in the situation, and loving every minute. Relatively secure in their choices of majors and in their commitment to Dominican, they stand with friends and sing the alma mater without having to look at the handout where the words are printed. Seniors are the most complex group to understand. There are some tears, maybe, and many smiles, and much excitement. They are, after all, in the spotlight. They sing their class song with spirit, and while there are certainly those thoughts of dinner and of parties, there are also thoughts of "life" and of past and future. Every one of their thoughts and actions is touched with a certain wistfulness. After all, they have (by now) invested a good part of their lives in Dominican, and they can't help but notice how beautiful the late afternoon sun looks, shining through autumn leaves, or how poetic John Savant's words and voice are, or how truly lovely are the sentiments and the meaning of the shield tradition. Short speeches are delivered, there is a benediction, and the final song is sung by all. People leave the lawn and go to the banquet which follows. The grassy area is quiet once again. Twilight approaches in silence; it approaches, and is itself taken over by night. Everything, and everyone, has moved on.







THOUGHTS

I had always heard as a child that your college years were you best, and I tend to agree with that. Being at Dominican took a lot, but not as much as it gave back to me. You see, being 500 miles away from home you have to compensate, hence D.C. became a home for me. There I found the love and friendship that I will treasure all the days of my life. Many times I didn't appreciate this feeling, but being away from it really makes me aware how much Dominican was a part of my life. The friends that I made at D.C. will always be friends even if we don't see each other for years at a time, because the bond is still there and always will be. For at Dominican I have laughed and cried, lived and loved. It is a place I can go back to and find peace and tranquility, just like going home. Thanks, D.C.

John Regan

As an interested and sincere Dominican graduate, I feel that I must credit a group of people for their contributions not only to my complete education, but to the complete education of every Dominican student. In the first few weeks of my four years at Dominican, I was extremely homesick and constantly despairing over the fact that I was away from my family for the first time. I resented many different things. Soon, though, I began to make friends and to enjoy myself, more and more each day. Not only did I begin to enjoy myself more, but I also began to feel suffocated by the small size of the College.

Well, now that I am existing in an atmosphere quite different from that of the Dominican College community, I feel that I have again left my family. Through Dominican's size and the extremely interesting atmosphere, and of course through the individual concern of each instructor for each individual, every student has the possibility of achieving the highest level of education. This education can only be reached if the student pursues it for the purpose of gaining as much knowledge as possible. I guess I am saying that because of my particular involvement in all kinds of activities at Dominican, I have excelled as a Master's student and in the State of Nevada simply because of the one-to-one education I received at Dominican. Like most other graduates, I cannot express my thanks to those instructors, administrators, and fellow students who contributed to the happiness and successful learning process we have all shared. Dominican. It is truly an educational institution in all aspects of those words! Thank you, Dominican.

Linda Lang

"In fairyland there is no measurement of time; and, in a spot so sheltered from the turmoil of life's ocean, [four] years hastened away with a noiseless flight, as the breezy sunshine chases the cloud shadows across the depths of a still valley."

- Hawthorne

I think there must have been times when we all had our doubts, our fears - at least a vague awe - of the world outside Dominican. A Chevrolet world, I have been told; rather, I have been asked, "Why do you need a Cadillac education, just to face a Chevrolet world?" Why, indeed? Aside from all promotional consideration, I think that the question answers itself.

Who remembers the philosophical dilemma: "Does the educated man have the right - the duty - to show the peasant working in a shoe factory how miserable that assembly-line existence is?" I remember, if I reach far enough back into my freshman forebrain, and I have found that the answer lies in the fact that the question itself is badly put. This existence, these sometimes "meaningless" jobs that many of us misinformedly stated we'd never accept, are not miserable. It is the attitude - as Maria so beautifully put it in her graduation message, it is the inner song - that makes a life what it is.

In this Dominican has stood me - has stood us all - in good stead. We have not learned how to live. Rather, we have learned how to live what was so often, so abstractly, repeated to us at Dominican, as "the good life". The good life . . . we know what we can achieve, because we have learned what has been achieved by paupers and princes, by executives and elementary school teachers, alike. Most importantly, we have had the gift of time, regardless of how "years hastened away with a noiseless flight" - time to contemplate what it means to know, how to hear the song within, and how to share that meaning, that song, with those around us.

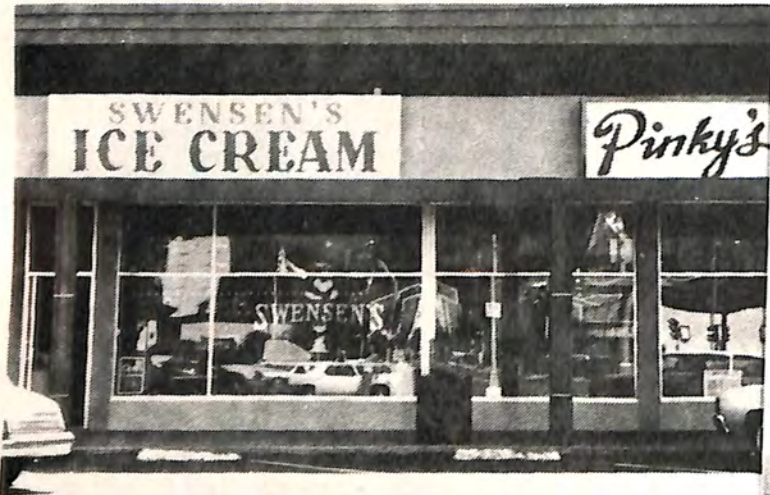
Had we not the time to find these things, perhaps the assembly line, the shoe factory - even the banks and the insurance companies and the clerical pools - would have devoured us, unconscious, and unknowing. Now, no matter where we are, no matter what we do or how "much" we are earning, we can aspire, we can share, and we can, "as the breezy sunshine", chase the cloud shadows across the depths of this still valley.

Kim Johnson

TWILIGHT MIST

Twilight mist alight your veil,
The cloud wrapped moon is silver pale.
On misted vales of summers past,
Twilight mist so soon to pass.
Feelings linger, then do leave,
Twilight teardrop of far gone eve.

Maria Williams





BOLINAS

Many of us have been lucky enough to spend time at Long Sands, the Dominican house at Bolinas. Long Sands sits atop a cliff overlooking the Pacific Ocean and a long stretch of sand that is Stinson Beach. Far, far distant, on a clear night, the faint lights of San Francisco are even visible.

The house itself is nothing extraordinary. It is rather small in size and a bit threadbare and worn, but so comfortable that it is a favorite place for weekends spent studying, thinking, sunbathing, and relaxing.

Those who have been there are familiar with the general routine. Upon arrival there are the faded slipcovers to remove from the chairs (which are, for the most part, a motley collection of comfortable wicker). There is the inevitable staking of claims, in the most friendly way. It seems that everyone wants one of the beds under the windows in the attic, where beams slope down to create small dusty havens, and the view is of tall grass in the backyard. The attic itself deserves mention: long and wooden, it is furnished just barely with the standard metal-framed (hospital) beds - Dominican seems to have a monopoly on those! - wooden bureaus, goose-necked lamps, and rickety chairs. The first time I went to Bolinas, I was surprised at the number of blankets, woolen and in all colors, that covered every bed in the attic. It seemed a case of conspicuous consumption - something the school is rarely accused of - but then I spent my first night sleeping up there. I could see stars through little chinks in the roof, and I could see my breath in front of my face. I piled every blanket I could find on top of my bed!

The downstairs area has a character of its own, too. There is the living room, with its wooden walls, linoleum floor, and stone fireplace that seems to channel more smoke into the room than up the chimney. And there is the window that takes up almost one whole wall, facing south to those City lights and the view already mentioned. There are bookcases with the oddest collection of books I've ever seen assembled: everything from old National Geographics to tidal charts to lives of the saints. There is the dining room, where windows catch all the morning sun and where tables put end-to-end have provided a near-family atmosphere. (Who could ever forget Fr. Jude and his "Molly"?) The kitchen is small, with coffee or tea always ready, and with snacks at hand for those who return from an afternoon on the beach.

Spending that afternoon on the beach involves more than it seems. There is the walk down from the house to begin with. Many routes are possible, but the one through the heart of town is perhaps the most interesting. The "beach" is small - depending on the tides - and it has been a surprise for many after spending some hours in the sun, to have to swim back to the spot they walked from earlier in the day.

Evenings spent at Bolinas are memorable. After dinner everyone usually gathers in the living room, whether to study or

to talk or to play cards, or whatever. An evening venture into town is possible, too. (Personally, I have never seen the dark so DARK as it was on the road winding down the hill one night!) Some choose to sleep by the fire at night; others spend much of the night whispering and laughing upstairs. These are among my happiest memories, and I know I am not alone!

No matter how one gets to Bolinas, and how one spends the time there, most people return a bit sunburned and infinitely refreshed to begin another week. Long Sands offers a break from the routine, and a chance to get reacquainted with self and with others.







CHRISTMAS

Christmas season at Dominican is, for many, the most special time of the year. Regardless of finals (or perhaps because of them!) the yuletide season - which occurs in conjunction with the end of the fall semester - is an especially warm and congenial time. As a season, it is complete with its own traditions which seem to mean more and more to us each year.

Who can forget the Christmas banquet, with centerpieces of shining holly and green or red candles? Or the carolling which followed the banquet? It was such a sight to watch students, faculty, and administrators form the long musical procession, each with a lighted candle. That procession eventually wound its way to the Convent, where we all crowded indoors (or faced the nuns who were on the porch above) to sing the well-known Christmas songs. I confess that I, for one, would get a lump in my throat and a catch in my voice while watching a small child (one of John Savant's?) singing "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful" in bright-eyed, high-pitched fervor.

Last year, thanks to the inspiration and dedication of many, the Senior Class staged the traditional version of the St. George play with costumes found in a hidden attic. Who could ever forget the ferocious dragon, or the delightful Arabian Princess? the haughty Turkish shiek? the musical Dr. Ironheart? our jolly Father Christmas? And last, but not least, the monster Blunderboar, whose menacing grown, amazing height, and thunderous footsteps caused many small children to cling to their parents in fright. (We, who knew the the monster's true identity, even had shivers!) The play was certainly as much fun to stage as it was to watch.

After these group events we would retire to private parties, or to dormitory gatherings in halls festooned with wreaths and garlands, twinkling lights and candles. Spontaneously, people would join in singing around a piano and soon, inevitable, Santa would arrive to distribute Kris Kringle gifts under the tree. It was then that we each found out who had been leaving the small gifts and notes in our mailboxes and on our doors.

The Christmas trees and lights remained up through the week of finals. They were the bright spots for many who spent nights typing or studying downstairs in lounges. In the same way the Christmas seasons were bright spots in those winter semesters.

"Our play is done, and we must be gone,
We can stay no longer here;
God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a happy new year!"

THE ST. GEORGE PLAY

Last night I woke up screaming a strange word. "Alicumpane!" I yelled. Then, it all came back to me: Sr. Nicholas standing there with a pained expression on her face. "No, John," she said calmly, "it's pronounced 'al-i-cum-pane'"

I guess it was obvious to her, as it was to the cast of the St. George play, that I didn't know my lines. So it was the day before the performance. So the play (a Dominican tradition) hadn't been performed in several years. So Sr. Nicholas and my classmates wanted perfection. Who was I to give it to them? I was Dr. Ironheart: the Carl Sagan of the Middle Ages. And I had my reasons for not memorizing my lines. It was almost Christmas. Like everyone else in the play, I was overwrought, underfed, and just plain tired. Like everyone else, I had papers to write, final exams to cram for, and trips home to contemplate. But why was I the only one who didn't know his lines? Laziness, I guess. Enough justification. I fled from the rehearsal, clad in the tie-dyed pink sheet adorned with a thousand beer pop tops. I ran to my room, script tight in my hands. Over and over I repeated the word which gnawed at the very core of my being. "Alicumpane, alicumpane, alicumpane, Rosebud (sorry, Mr. Kane!) alicumpane." What if I were to mispronounce it? I had such power! I could destroy thousands of years of Dominican tradition in one word!

Fortunately, my fears were not realized. The play was better than we could have hoped. Kim Johnson became the dragon; Maria Hetherton was the epitome of the Christmas spirit (Maria, where did you get such rosy cheeks?) and St. George (played by Jane Smith) got so carried away that he broke his sword during a fight. Logbearers, mummers, singers and dancers (along with the other colorful characters) completed the cast.

We were happy; our performance brought down the house. The applause was well received by everyone in the cast, but my happiness knew no limits when I heard the chorus cheer every time I pronounced "alicumpane" correctly. It think it was Mary Atwater who asked me the \$64,000.00 question, "Why did everyone applaud each time you said alicumpane?" If she only knew.

John Yoes





1 NORTH
Stinson Beach
EXIT 3/4 MILE



MEADOWLANDS

Meadowlands: English house with a hunt scene in a room painted hunter green; a house which faces, and is set in balance with, Mount Tam. Meadowlands, with a great, trellised porch and baby roses, pink against the brown, aspiring upward: how often did we argue whether it was a romantic house, or a rugged one? Certainly a Victorian one, and to look at the enlarged photo of the deYoungs, which hangs in the T.V. room (and with a mounted brass Chaucer on the door as a knocker - for shame!) - to look, I say, at the subjects of that photo; mirth-eyed and affluent amid a white-dress, straw-hat summer, one should also think the house is merry.

Merry Meadowlands - that is what our house became to us in the Spring, when we could end any argument, or justify any Sophomoric prank, by saying that we were young. Still moist from the pool, with kneecaps red and freckled as ever, we would loll for whole afternoons on the railing, wide as a bench, on our Victorian deck. It was desirable, naturally, to look out toward the distinctive trees of our grand front yard and, further upward, toward Mount Tam. Yes, as the Spring became warm, we glanced from the mountain to the trees as they propagated moist shadows, setting our sights, finally, to the lawn. Not students at all, but beings moist and freckled, we aspired no higher than that bladed greenness. And the old radio, aimed through the curved windows, was only turned off long after the deck had been deserted for the dining hall.

In future Springs, and Falls, as we were duly expected to seek out our truths, the deck gave way to better lit, less distracting places. The Wicker Room was grand for "studying together," and fires, and a variety of seating arrangements - and for grocery bagfully of popcorn, and boisterous roars of laughter (induced by the pressures of academia), and people peeking in through the sliding doors - and never accomplishing anything. For meeting new I.S.E. students of opposite sexes, one could "study" (actually a lot of my French assignments got done this way) at the redwood table inside the front door, distracted only by the click-jingle of the Dutch door, and the R.A.'s frets, and the T.V. room traffic, and the radio, the piano, and those boisterous roars from the Wicker Room. Anyone who would study in earnest went to the third-floor lounge, which would become, well by mid-November of the Fall term, and by mid-April of the Spring, a boar's nest of books, papers, unplugged coffee-makers, mugs, spoons, ash-trays - all none too clean. The table by the fire escape, on crowded nights, went to smokers, and the windows all around kept us from "losing touch." The fire-escape was also good for fresh-aired coffee breaks, and surprising the people in the room underneath. And it was a good place for watching sunrises, too . . .

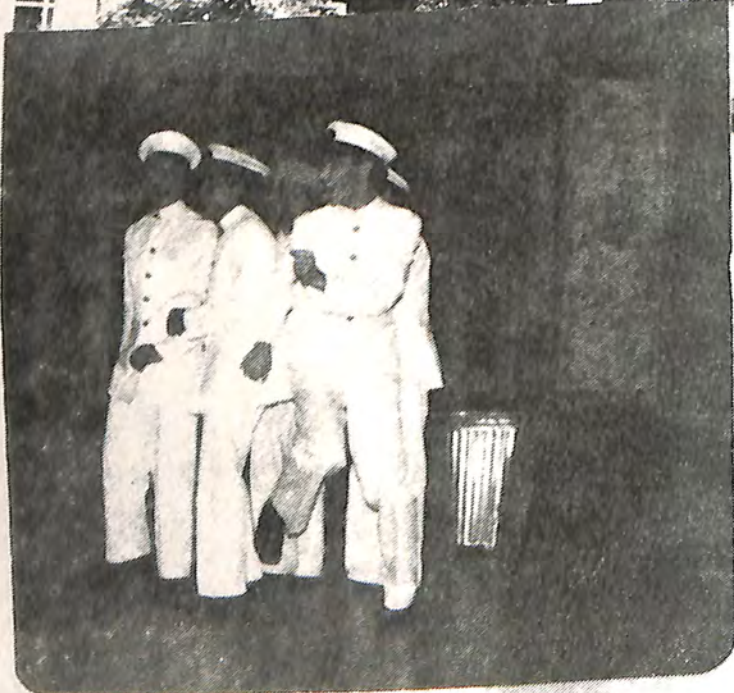
To watch how the sun, as it rises from the hills behind Meadowlands, lights the sky (Homer's "rosy dawn", for Sister Richard's sake), and leaves Mount Tam and the front-yard trees (the huge pine, the slender palm, the gnarled umbrella tree, most distinctly) black against it, is ample reason to stay up all night, or at least to rise early. Can there be anything like it in all of Marin?

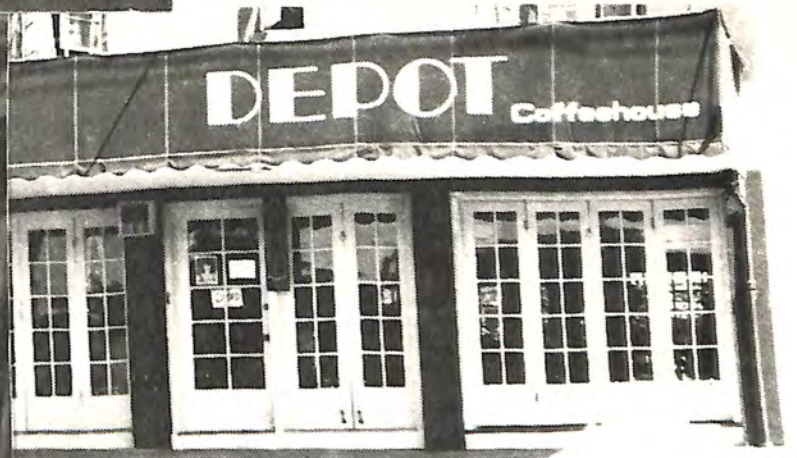
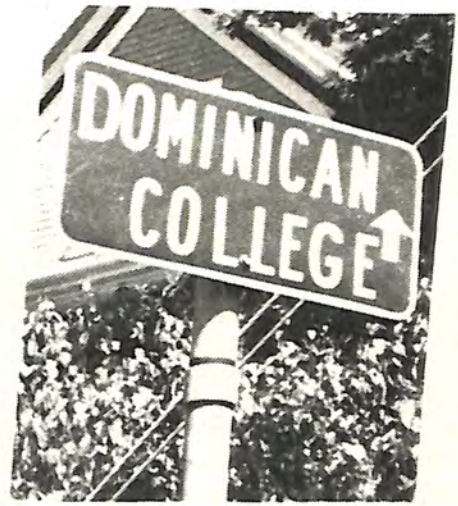
Directly behind Meadowlands is a grove of trees, an art studio, a brown wood house, reserved also for the arts, and a path well-beated toward the dining-hall, if not the library. For those with rooms at the back of the house, the grove, with hills and the crowning radar tower above, was a treasury of seasonal foliage: the golden dryness of Autumn, with the crunch, late-night steps of the security guard, and the brittle, ginger steps of families of deer, or the swamplands of Winter (the demise of my favorite rust-colored loafers), redeemed only by the exciting, stormy thrash of eucalyptus, and the spicy odor of a storm passed over. Then the new shade, the deep green meadow grass, and artists with their easels. Miss Scully had a roof-y deck outside her window - with the great SALVE behind it, fittingly, for there she would assemble us, in her Irish hospitality, for vodka left over from a dance, with fresh-squeezed grapefruit juice, as the tunes of the Big Band era played through the window, late, late, into a Friday afternoon.

Late, late afternoons, and early evenings of music! Musical Meadowlands. That old radio, or the grand piano - Mimi could play so well, with a cigarette ever burning - or the dance music filtering downward through the door of the Round Room of the Lindsay regime. Until the typewriters tood their wee-hour cue, there was always music in the common rooms of the house. I shall never forget one night, a Fall ago, when I sat at the top of the sturdy front stairs as Leon gave a piano concert directly below. The variety of the expressions on the faces below, focused either on our concert pianist, or lost in the abstractions of the melody, were extraordinary. Even those who would more typically be dragging with a screech of rubber around the front driveway, were beside themselves with the sound and the atmosphere of that place, at that time.

The variety of face, the spirit of the place - Meadowlands is empowered with the magic of transformation; and deck, dutch door, and music all lie open to anyone who would be transformed. Meadowlands: a house distinguished and steadfast, long-sighted, and true, regardless of time. An altogether true house - Meadowlands is a conveyor of truth, somehow, to the young, who are more often late to recognize it; and a conveyor of youth to those who have gleaned their share of truth.

Maria Hetherton





SPECIAL EVENTS

To be honest with you, I like jeans. Not designer jeans, mind you, but nice, faded, scruffy, comfortable jeans. They go with nice, faded, scruffy, comfortable sweatshirts and T-shirts and tennis shoes - and it seems that I'm only truly comfortable when I am wearing this type of outfit. I have a sneaking suspicion that many others share my feelings about this. But I have to admit that once in awhile I do like to dress up, and it very nearly takes my breath away to see all my friends in similar (nice) attire. This is the only time when I can be convinced to wear a necklace or two, some earrings, and a nice dress. Of course, getting ready for these events is an all-day adventure, including an hour or two (or more!) spent in the sun, trying to muster up a tan, and frequent forays to friends' rooms for some perfume or nail polish or wardrobe advice.

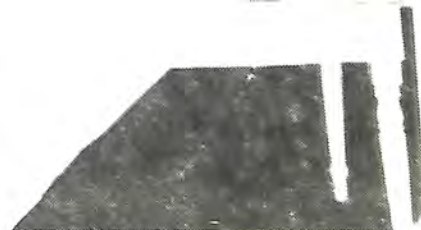
At Dominican I had a few chances to let this alter-ego of mine show its face to others. Remember the Boat Dances that the ASDC sponsored? They often included dinner out (depending upon finances and friends' plans), maybe at Sabella's or at Tiburon Tommy's. After that we would wait on the Tiburon dock in the chill clearness of an autumn evening to board our Harbor Ferry. That boat took us around the bay. Remember cheering out on deck as we went under the Golden Gate Bridge? Or seeing the "Ghirardelli" signs and the wharves from out on the water? Although the ceilings were low, it was fun to dance on the lower deck inside, or to talk at the tables up above. And the outer deck was nice for a breath of fresh air and a twinkling view of the City skyline . . .

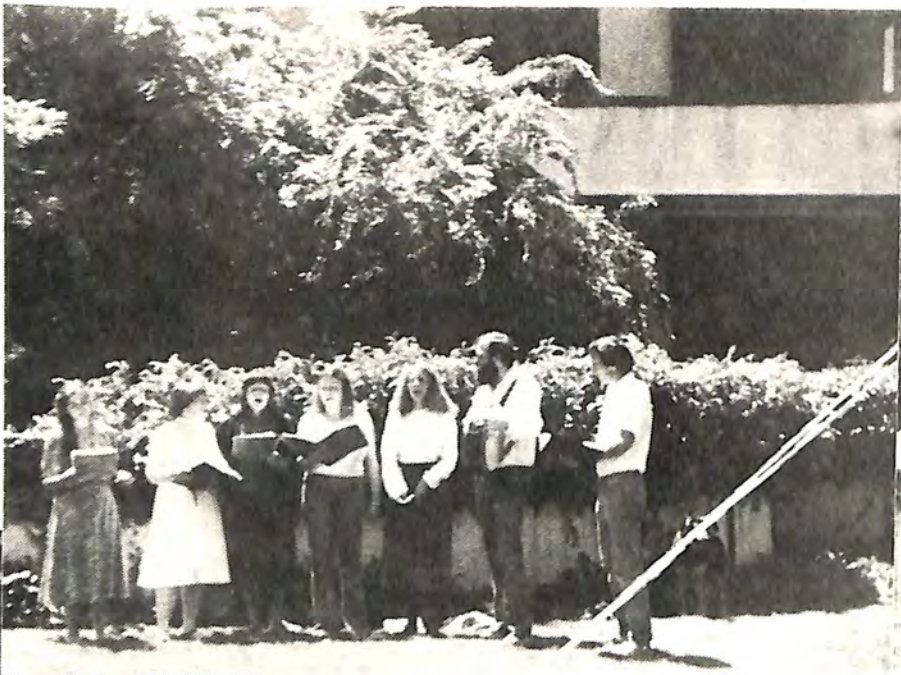
Then there were the Hip Swinging Affairs, to go back a couple years. I love Springtime dances, although I was always worried that I'd forget I was wearing a dress and it would catch on fire, on one of the "bag-candles" that graced the steps of Fanjeaux/Pennafort. The dances were held in the Fanjeaux Courtyard; one year there was even a huge white parachute draped over the courtyard from the windows above. If you don't remember the dance it must be because you had a little too much of that memorable punch. And the music - the Big Band tunes wafting down from the windows of Pennafort - wasn't it fun to dance to? My favorite sight from those nights was gardenias floating in huge glass snifters - I've never seen anything so elegant. The hors d'oeuvres were something else, too, and the lace tablecloths with the floral centerpieces, and the gilded matchbooks . . . I always felt as if I had wandered into one of F. Scott Fitzgerald's parties. The costumes were of a different era, but the warm-aired, lightly-dressed elegance of the passing evening called to mind Jay Gatsby's gatherings, where the early summer air was filled with music and laughter and light-hearted conversation. But there I go, rhapsodizing! Once I'm started, well, you'll have to forgive me!

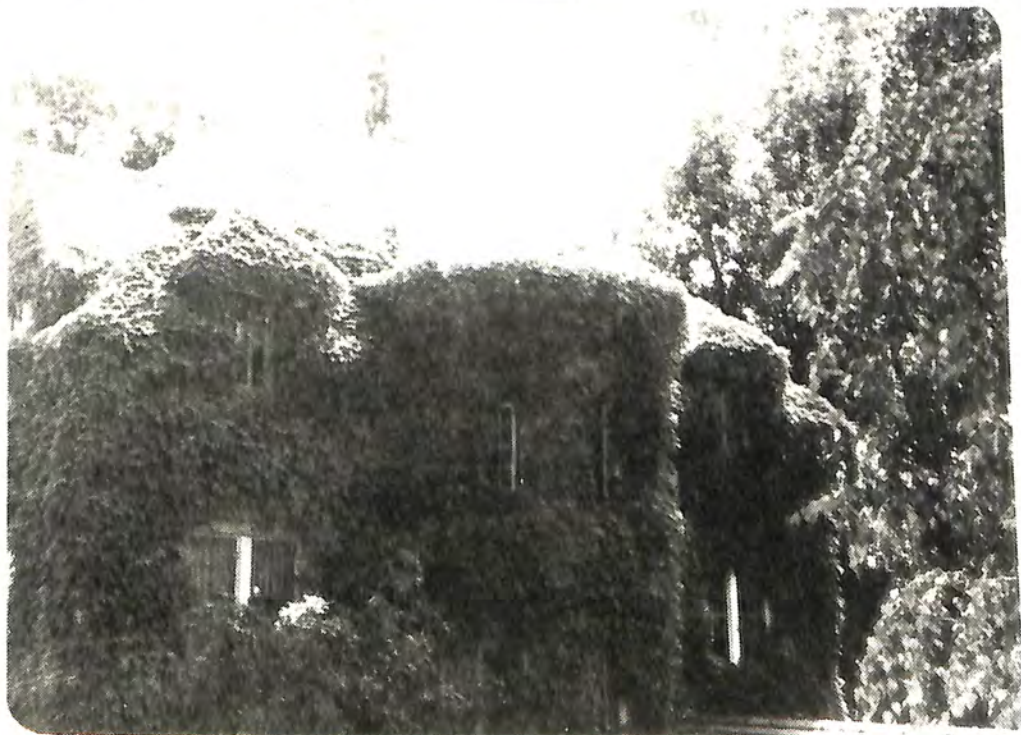
The Senior Exclusive deserves special notice. It, too, was held in Spring, and was a huge success. Do I need to mention that Annie Scully was the mastermind of this, just as she was with the Hip-Swinging Affair? For the Senior Exclusive I again put aside my jeans and sweatshirt, and donned the accoutrements of high fashion. That night was most memorable for me - will you ever forget the crystal and silver of the San Geronimo Country Club, with the long-stemmed red roses as centerpieces on each table? the dancing? the conversation? the toasts at dinner? The whole night was tinged with an indescribable quality of completion, as we contemplated Graduation and the end of school, a mere two weeks away.

Now I get up every day and go to work. I think back, often, to my jeans and old shirts and weather-beaten shoes, and I laugh a silent laugh at myself. It was such an event to "dress up" - for me at least - and getting ready for those dances was always such a thrill. So was seeing everyone else, similarly transformed. I know that I will never forget those dances. They are among my fondest memories of Dominican.

(Anonymous by request)







THE BIG BIRD

Several years ago the students of Dominican College became dissatisfied with the school mascot. They racked their brains, searched the world over, to find a new mascot and, finally, came to the inevitable conclusion that the penguin is a very good symbol for Dominican College.

The most obvious reason for this is the noteworthy physical similarity to be found between our illustrious sisters and the remarkable penguin. Certainly, any penguin you meet on the street is immediately recognizable by the snow white front which protrudes from his surrounding black velveteen cape. Equally, any Dominican sister that you meet on the street on a windy day is instantly recognized by the snow white scapular that protrudes from her surrounding black cloth coat. It is also notable that some of the sisters can only be said, like penguins, to waddle.

Dominicans, including sisters, students, faculty, and administrators, are akin to penguins, also, in that both are uncommon. I mean "uncommon" in that they are few in numbers. Considering the proliferation of birds in this world, of all sorts, the penguin is a very rare bird, so to speak, and considering the number of people that there are in this world, a Dominican is a member of a very small minority.

However, it may seem to some of us here that there are Dominicans at every turn. This is because we tend to flock together. Just as with penguins, if you are among them there seems to be an infinite number of them. So it is with Dominicans. But, in fact, there are tremendously large areas of land in which penguins and Dominicans are rarely, if ever, seen. Actually there are only four Dominican Colleges in the whole country and, as for myself, I have personally never seen a penguin in person.

Parallels can also be drawn between how penguins and dorm students live. For example, the dorms are notorious for not having any heat until the middle of the winter. Some of the rooms, besides that, have windows that do not close all the way, even when they are locked. Since I had one of these rooms, I was occasionally able to see my breath upon waking up some November mornings. I often felt that I would not even notice the change in temperature if ever I suddenly traded places with a penguin.

There is certainly a resemblance in the food many of the dorm students are forced to eat and the sustenance of a penguin. The food is often equally cold, mushy, and rubbery. In both situations it is also true that there is an extremely limited choice and often a few inedible objects mixed in with the meal.

The Dominican student and the penguin are also analagous in that both occasionally live on thin ice. The thin ice for penguins gets to be thin because the sun shines on it and melts some of the ice away. The sun, though, is only one possible reason for the thin ice on which some students tread. The warm

sun can lure undisciplined students away from their papers and books. This can also be accomplished by friends, music, alcohol, the phone, and more. The result is almost always the inevitable lowering of the students' grades. Then there is the student who, though diligent enough to get all his work done, still has plenty of time on the weekends to get into all kinds of trouble. Both the undisciplined and the idle student sometimes live on thin ice.

There are also some general characteristics in which the penguin and the Dominican student are comparable. If you have ever been near a flock of penguins during the courting season, you know that the noise can be deafening. It is like the noise that can be made in a dorm room with a stereo and ten people, especially if you are one of those ten people.

The resemblance between Dominicans and their venerable mascot stretches even to athletic abilities. Penguins sometimes seem to be rather clumsy. Car commercials never extol the virtues of a certain make in terms of the speed, grace, or majesty of the penguin. Dominican's athletic department, though improving all the time, has long been considered a joke by opposing teams. Some of our teams have been very good, I am sure, but the first basketball game in which I played ended with the humiliating score of 12 - 118.

Penguins do not even always stay upright when they travel. They move from place to place by alternately running and sliding. This running and sliding exactly describes the study habits of some Dominican students. I know this because I was one of those students, and so were some of my friends. What we would do is slide through most of the semester and then run, full tilt, to try to catch up at the last moment. I am sure that this is the way of many students because the population in the library the week before finals always increased at least two-fold. This can also be supported by the fact that many people stayed up until 3:00 a.m. studying during finals week.

The many likenesses between physical, habitual, and characteristic elements of the penguin and the Dominican made the penguin a very appropriate mascot for us all.

Lilla Roll



* * * * * YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS * * * * * FAVORITE SPOTS IN SAN FRANCISCO * * * * *

FAVORITE CAMPUS SPOTS

footbridge after a rain
area between Guzman/Science Bldg.
bench in front of Meadowlands
footbridge trolls live under
Sr. Martin's rose garden
Forest Meadows
Meadowlands front lawn
library lawn
Convent Chapel, garden
Gazebo near St. Thomas
roof of Meadowlands at dusk
my bathtub in Fanjeaux
Meadowlands RA table
Fanjeaux courtyard
pool

FAVORITE SPOTS IN MARIN

Bolinas - Long Sands
Depot
Mayflower
"lake"
Barrelhouse
Mt. Tam
Le Croissant at 7 a.m.
Sausalito bars
fire trail and radar tower
Headlands
Pt. Reyes
Grand Ave. between DC/downtown
wine country, Sonoma
Tiburon
park on Mission with swings
"my house"

FAVORITE SPOTS IN SAN FRANCISCO

North Beach
Golden Gate Park
Japanese Tea Garden
Sam Woh's
Cliff House
Ghirardelli Square
Marina
Fisherman's Wharf
Dr. Dill's house
Off-Broadway
Wine Cellar
Townhouse
Paul's Saloon
zoo
dance studios
cable car museum
Stephani & John's
Buena Vista

FAVORITE TEACHERS

John Savant
Dick Lumaghi
Dr. Dill
Sr. Nicholas
Dr. Fisher
Francoise Lepage
Jim Johnson
Bruce Willats
Sr. Barbara
Sr. Martin
Peggy Watters
Pat Hegerhorst
Mrs. Degall
John Sowle
Sr. Colette
Sr. Marie
Stuart Kaufman



FAVORITE ADMINISTRATORS

Sr. George
Barbara Bundy
Chuck Lavaroni
Sr. Aquinas
Janet Philo
Sr. Alicia
Mary - the phone operator



MISCELLANEOUS

favorite Nathe specialties:
Monterey Surprise
tostadas
chocolate chip cookies

favorite class
Italian Renaissance Art Hist.
History of the Novel
Chaucer, Victorians
Loving Music
any Dr. Dill history class

* * * * * YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS * * * * * FAVORITE SPOTS IN SAN FRANCISCO * * * * *

This portion of the FIREBRAND is devoted to what people are doing now, and to their favorite memories of Dominican. Undoubtedly certain parts are outdated already, but the combination of everyone's statements gives a fair idea of how some classmates have occupied their time since May.



LUCIA AVERSA spent the summer in France and Italy, "resting up after the thesis experience!" She is currently working at Mill Valley Imports after an "erratic" couple months spent switching jobs. She is glad to be settled and has many happy memories of Dominican.

ANNA BARBEDELATA's favorite memories of DC include "the Sister Ambrose days in Meadowlands - Room 58 - Gayle's laugh - the Presto-log adventure in the round room - the change of seasons around campus - Chaucer prologue 'Whan that Aprille with the its shooers soote' - rainy afternoons in Guzman classrooms - Sister Anita at the chalkboard - Robert dressed as Santa Claus in Meadowlands - Christmas parties - Longs Sands and Del Mar - and finally Graduation day in Forest Meadows!"

JOASIA CARSON spent her summer working and traveling to Canada with Frances Partridge ('80). In the near future, her plans are "to find gainful employment" and her favorite memories of Dominican include "the beautiful serene campus, the bells sounding the hours, being able to bring my big black Newfoundland dog to school and everyone liking her, the fine educational opportunities, the wonderful people - administrators, faculty, & students".

LAURA CHARTER: "I spent part of my summer, well, only 10 days, in Mexico contemplating the sun, my navel, and the natives. The latter part was spent looking for the 10-4 job, with a five week vacation. I settled for 8-4:30 and a 2 week vacation! In the near future, my plans include getting married to our ex-freshman class president, and planning for that big day." In a year, Laura would "like to be retired, living on a lush, tropical island - gain political control - and be crowned queen/tyrant of that island." Her favorite memories of Dominican include "Christmas carolling, boat dances, having hot toddies in the library, and visiting people in Meadowlands."

MADELEINE DeANDREIS: "I spent my summer in a building with asbestos ceilings as partial fulfillment of my career goals. In the near future my plans are to type the final draft of my book entitled 'How to Make a Humanities Education Personally Relevant' or 'Game Shows and the Liberal Arts'. In a year, I want to be eating something else besides peanut butter; I want to send Chase Manhattan a check in full; I want to start collecting rent instead of paying it; I want another pet besides my venus flytrap ... I could go on forever but I suspect this is all just idle dreaming. What I really want most, I guess, is to see J_____ at the Hookers Ball on Halloween '82, dressed as Liz Taylor in National Velvet. My favorite memories of DC include Colleen Sweeney dressed as the Dragon in the St. George play; as Glinda the Good Witch, watching my bubble careen onto the stage as if driven by a 502 suspect and then crash violently into a munchkin as the horrified crowd looked on; Graduation; long talks with Francois Lepage as we strolled through the rose garden reflecting on the matters of the universe and whether or not I would graduate; when the boat finally docked at the Boat Dance; Christmas Vacation."

Madeleine also added this note: "Never one to take anything too seriously, I thought I should perhaps amend some of the questions on the form with true facts. True Fact #1: I am teaching acting in San Francisco with the Academy of Media and Theatre Arts. After a summer apprenticeship with Lura Dolas, I am now on the other side of the desk gleefully doling out assignment after assignment, and punctuating my words with a solid oak ruler. I am very fortunate to have graduated on a Saturday and started working 'in my field' on the following Monday. I think that's something for Ripley's Believe-It-Or-Not! Love to all."

ANGIE FRATELLO: "Well, I'd say Graduation was the high point of my summer and that was in Spring! However, a trip to Disneyland and to Lake Tahoe were also great fun. In June, I entered the dreaded job market, and yes, it was as dreadful as I'd heard. But I did find a job in July and spent the rest of my summer happily working away. In the near future, my plans are to stay in my job at least another six months, then, who knows? Maybe I'll do a little traveling, or as much as I hate to say it, go back to school. In a year, I'd love to be making lots of money, traveling, and working about two days a week. In reality, I guess I want to have a job I like, maybe one where I can travel some, and have a nice apartment and still be in touch with my friends from school." Angie's favorite memories of Dominican include "Hip-Swinging Affairs, Christmas events (especially 'angels'), the Haunted House (God rest Dave Sobel), Ray Flores (a Dominican cornerstone!) - Graduation, and the first few days in late August, when everyone came back to school - Shield Days."

EUGENIA FULKERSON "enjoyed the first few months of the summer moving to and discovering San Francisco - and found my job in the nick of time. I have many great memories of showing my ISE friends the City before they went back home, frolicking on the cable cars and 'climbing streets' with Maggie Gove, my roommate. Good films, obscure cafes, and exposure to many interesting and stimulating social groups have intensified my experience and heightened my awareness. In the near future, my plans are to contact special interest groups for alternative policies on politics, energy, environmental concerns, food development, and to work with these. I am continuing my German and Latin, keeping in touch with friends, making new ones, discovering the City, making my apartment my home, reading, writing, playing guitar, and forming a small group of acoustic-minded musicians. In a year, I want to be entering graduate studies in a small college in Boston, or at CAL. Possibly continuing philosophical/humanistic studies, or maybe, something more practical. Actually, I want to be traveling in Switzerland and Germany. My favorite memories of Dominican include Christmas carols around the piano in Meadowlands ... coffee, coffee, coffee with comrades so that we could study, study, study ... the round room in Meadowlands before Art History exams, devouring Michaelangelo and pizza ... heartfelt talks until dawn, 'speaking the same language' with roses greeting me after class ... Sunday brunches, boat dances, poetry readings, red garter nights, and the great occasions of just plain everyday with friends and classmates in the picturesque (if sometimes smothering) Dominican College."

ED GLANTZ spent his summer "working in accounting, mostly. Oh, and unimportant things - like getting married (to Leslie Tipton, Class of '82) and traveling to Maui. I plan to move to L.A. in January '82 and work for a real estate investment firm as a broker/accountant. Hopefully also we'll buy a condo or a house soon thereafter. On my first Anniversary, I'll be best man for the guy who was best man at my wedding! I will also hopefully be established in the real estate investment field, and continuing my studies in accounting towards my CPA exam. Favorite memories of DC include partying in Pennafort, rooms 3, 12, 69, and 8 (8? it's all so hazy now!), socializing in Bertrand Commons, graduating, McNears Beach, China Camp, four semesters of tennis with Keith Shein, sponsoring dances in the Commons and playing DJ at all, etc., etc., etc."

MAGGIE GOVE: "I spent my summer moving to S.F. and found a job as a secretary for a real estate company. In the near future my plans are to travel to Italy and to France. My favorite memories of Dominican are of my time spent with the ISE students."

NANCY GRAY "spent March-August at Aircraft Maintenance Officers' Course at Chanute Air Force Base, Ill. I learned everything from electronics to engine management in five months! In the near future, my plans are to buy a house in San Bernardino, buy a basset hound, go to Hawaii, and learn to fly. In a year I will still be stationed at Norton Air Force Base as an Aircraft Maintenance officer. I hope to be assigned to Organizational Maintenance Squadron so I can spend more time on the flight line. I hope to start work on my Master's in Art History. My favorite memories of DC include Thursday night poker parties with Kim, Lilla, Bets, Diane, Allison, Bobbi, and Jenny; all-night drinking sessions with Bets and

going to ballet class the next morning; being in all those plays; 'taking the hill' behind Caleruega; my candlelighting; putting five dollars' worth of gas in my '69 Plymouth Satellite at a time; going to the 'Rocky Horror Picture Show' in Petaluma; late night munchy runs to Belli-Delli."

MARIA HETHERTON: "I didn't fill out the forms because, as usual, I don't know what I'm doing with my life! I figure that my speech pretty well expresses my feelings for Dominican and fond memories."

LINDA SAVAGE HUTCHINS is Chairperson of the Los Angeles TM Center. "My mother, her three sisters, nine of my cousins and I graduated from Dominican. I think we were attracted to the peace of the Campus, the inner silence as well as the outer serenity of luscious green and moist golden foliage. Also there is a great pull on the soul to live within Tradition, to step into a place where values and love have long been established."

VALOREE HUTCHINS: "Guess how I spent my summer? In July I went to Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico to attend a language school, Fenix Institute. While I was studying there, I took advantage of the opportunity to travel within the states of Mexico. I also met many people from many parts of the world and made friends. It was a lot of fun when I was not studying to pass the time observing, appreciating, and enjoying. In the near future, my plans are to continue my studies in the languages of Spanish and Greek while working as a bilingual assistant/intern at the Monterey Peninsula Museum of Art's 'Museum on Wheels'. This Museum is a program which brings folk art to communities and educational facilities. My favorite memories of DC include the memories of the friendships and acquaintances that have become very precious to me; the musical productions I have participated in which showed me how twenty or more people who do not know each other can become a working unit; the excursions that Lilla, Mark, Karen, Nancy and I used to take ghost-hunting; the many, many, many trips to Swensen's Ice Cream Parlor; singing 'O Magnum Mysterium' with Jenny; Nancy's Mouseketeer; Lilla's laugh; Penny's dancing fingers; Kim's popcorn; and waiting for the ivy to grow back. These are some of my favorite memories."

NANCY IRISH: "Well, I took my sweet time looking for a job. By July I realized it was time to start. I met up with some Irishmen here on vacation from Dublin, and by the time the summer was over, I had met ten or more of them. Usually I was the only American as well as the only girl. It was fun, but August didn't show signs of employment, and desperation set in. I got a job as a receptionist at Arthur Young (accounting firm) in S.F., and am now their Graphic Artist! I plan to make enough money to spend next summer in Europe. Of course, I'll stop by Ireland, then onto England-France-Germany-Switzerland-Italy, etc. Hopefully, I'll be gone by June, but maybe not till the Fall. In a year, I may have gotten rid of the travel itch, and can settle down to working!"

KIM JOHNSON spent her summer "in England and Scotland! I met Alison Archer ('80) in London, and from there we toured Cambridge, Bath, Dorchester, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, Windemere, Edinburgh, the moors, and the 'English Riviera' at Torquay. In the near future, my plans are to continue working while I either search for and find an unusual career - OR - save enough money to travel. In a year I want to be backpacking in the Himalayas, or riding a camel through Egypt, or bicycling through Italy, or sailing down the Yangtsee, or My favorite memories of Dominican include BEACH PARTIES!, Bolinas and Del Mar, the porch and the roof at Meadowlands, Poker Nights, Shakespeare at Edgehill, Shield Day parties, John Savant's 50th birthday, the barbecues, Pops in the Meadow, everywhere on campus after it rains, the sound of music coming from the upper level of Ann Hathaway, Fanjeaux at Christmastime, and of course, Graduation."

LINDA LANG: "I have spent my summer (at least a large part of it) looking for a job. That is probably very common among all of us! I have settled for a job in the new 'Fashion Show' mall on the Las Vegas strip as a mere salesgirl in Bullocks! As you can probably guess, yes, I did fall and I now reside in beautiful desert town U.S.A.! For those of you who know me, you can probably tell how excited I am about being back! Oh well! I am pursuing my Master's degree, at this point, as a part-time student. I hope to be a full-time student in January '82. I am beginning

to teach at a special school (very similar to Forest Meadows Development Center): I am teaching aquatics three times a week for four hours a day. My title is 'Graduate Assistant' and I get paid! Perhaps I will be able to save enough money to come to Homecoming! In a year, I hope to be close to finishing my Master's degree and returning to the Bay Area. That is my true home! If I am not able to return, I hope to have secured a successful job here in Las Vegas, but as they say, I did lose my heart in San Francisco! Most of the memories I have are of the traditional activities we encountered: Shield Day, Christmas, and of course, Graduation! The past year has left me with quite a few memories that will never be forgotten: all the class activities, and remember the St. George Play? I wish we could do it all again! Wait, no I don't - it's good for a memory and that's all! We shouldn't spoil it! And one last thing - for all of you who I did not get to say good-bye and good luck to - I'm saying it now! Take care! Please write! Hope to see you again ..."

GILLIAN LUDWIG is currently studying in France and living with a French family. She graduated in July and went to France in September. She was home in the Bay Area over Christmas and (according to reports!) is very, very happy.

JUNE HOGAN MACKES: "After meeting J_____ recently, I learned that I was not the only one that spent most of the summer looking for not only a job, but 'The Job'. I found 'A Job' at the American Red Cross which has become fun and a vacation compared with going to school. In the near future, my plans are to have a Halloween party like we did before I started college, and to prepare for the holidays with lots of homemade goodies instead of hiding in my room studying for final exams. What a treat! In a year I will be working more seriously on my career path in a position with more responsibility and creativity (and more money). I have to pay off all those student loans, right? My favorite memories of DC include finding a parking place when I was rushing to class, and surviving the Humanities Colloquium! (I regained my sanity!)"

JEN MENDES will present her Senior Project very soon; it is a collection of dramatic sketches dealing with 'Fathers'. After that she plans (possibly) to go across country with Madeleine, "seeing every state in the continental U.S." Jen is working full time in San Rafael. One of her favorite memories is "of the Maypole both years - making it at midnight ... One of the times, Sr. Aquinas walked across the lawn with the security guard in the middle of the night - we thought she'd run right into the tequila and lemons, but all she said was 'It's the elves!' and she let us do our own thing! I'll never forget that!"

PATRICK MERKLEY is working at Crocker Bank in downtown San Francisco and is also a member of the Dominican Alumni Board. He wouldn't divulge his favorite memories of Dominican, but we'll remember him as ASDC President and the best businessman in the class.

MAHIN MOSTOFIZADEH: "During the summer I spent most of my time at home resting! Sometimes I did gardening, read books, went to parties, and therefore occupied my time this way. Meanwhile, I spent a lot of time looking for a job - a very difficult task. I'm planning to establish my own business by employing my knowledge achieved during the four years at Dominican. My favorite memories of DC include the hours spent at the Art Department, photography lab, but especially and most of all the hours spent in Bertrand Commons during my free time. Dominican was a very good experience especially for the foreign students because people were very supportive and friendly. I'm very grateful to them for everything."

JENNY MURPHY: "I spent the summer working - nothing unusual! Oh, and I spent a week or so camping up and down the coast. We got to Seattle before the car broke down! My plans are to keep working at the law office (the same place that helped put me through DC!) and to save money by living in San Mateo. I leave for five weeks in Europe in mid-April and yes, I am excited! I also have a job on the side writing feature articles for a little Irish newspaper in S.F. My favorite memories of Dominican include the front rooms of Meadowlands, Graduation lineup, 'Positively 3rd Floor' at Fanjeaux, Shield Days, La Croissant, the

Alta Mira, seeing Sister Martin and Sister Justin in their rose garden, my mailbox, the night Maria's room caught fire, trips to San Diego (right, Mario????), wonderful roommates and fellow R.A.s, griffin andirons, Boat Dances, History of the Novel and Victorians in Junior year, 'The Crack of Doom' at Bolinas, my first job at DC with Sister George, and listening to John Savant read poetry."

LISA PATRICK "worked on two books most of the time, but took a month off to go on retreat. My plans are to finish the two books and to start a third. I will be working with my Mum as well, so I will be busy. I hope to squeeze in time to get married and, before that, to take a long-planned holiday. In a year I want to be working on my third book. Maybe even a fourth. In the midst of business and writing, I'd like to be planning/starting a family. My favorite memories of DC include talking to Fran Lepage and Beth White, listening to Dr. Dill's lectures, and having chats with Dr. Fisher in his little office. My most favorite memories are of Sr. Aquinas; she was a big help to me."

JOHN PIDGEON writes that he "spent the summer working at the Law Library in the Marin Civic Center as head librarian for about five weeks during the summer and part time the rest of the summer. I also went to Maui for about two weeks. I am attending Santa Clara Law School. I will still be there in a year, and maybe still able to fence, and I hope to working in the Courts up in Marin County area in a clerkship job with a law firm up there. My favorite memories of DC include the theatre at two a.m. before opening night with more work to go; parties in the round room of Meadowlands; the fencing team; Stage Crew; opening nights; Bruce Willats; John Savant; friendly R.A.s ?; Jim Powell and John Zilly; Stuart (the coach) Kaufman; winning the Western Intercollegiate Fencing title; Boat Dances; and Hip-Swinging Affairs."

JOHN RAGAN: "After Graduation I went to Puerta Vallarta, Mexico, for ten days and had a great time. Then I went to work for the City of Oxnard, Parks and Recreation as a Coordinator of the Playground Program which lasted until the end of August. Since then I am semi-retired. As for what I'll be doing in the future, God only knows; hopefully something that I will enjoy. Maybe even go back for an MBA. My favorite spots were the pool, the creek in Forest Meadows, and the Convent garden. All these places hold for me very special memories of special people at special times." (Editor's note: I recently spoke with John and heard that he and Deb Wiss are engaged; they will be married in San Rafael in August '82. He is very happy in what he is doing, although he was a bit elusive when asked about his job! He is working for the school system in some way in Southern California.)

JUDY RODRIGUEZ "worked as a weekend substitute counselor in the summer at the Cedars Development Foundation, which is a large group home for mentally retarded children and adults. In the near future my plans are to get a full-time job in education - probably as a pre-school teacher - and maybe start saving some money. In a year I want to be going back to school! I'll be applying to S.F., Sonoma, and Sacramento State; hopefully I'll get accepted to one so that I can work on my teaching credential and master's degree."

LILLA ROLL "worked at DC this summer. Good old DC! When jobs fall in my lap, I tend to take them instead of looking for another (maybe better) one. And the job at DC fell into my lap, so ... My favorite memories of Dominican include the Boat Dances; the night that Playboy pictures found their way onto some doors in Pennafort; beach parties; the first ISE groups; playing volleyball; driving Kanoe's car into the Gazebo; Red Garter nights; swimming at midnight; the entire first two weeks when I first started DC four years ago; Nancy Gray's candlelighting; poker every Thursday night for about a semester or two, etc., etc., etc....."

CHERYL RUPP is currently student-teaching in Southern California, and getting her elementary credential from Cal State Fullerton. She hopes to be enrolled in their Special Ed Masters program next Fall. "My summer was spent in many ways: I got my tonsils out, and I saw a lot of the beach!" Cheryl is currently teaching second-graders; before that she had a class of fourth-graders. "My favorite experience so far has been teaching the fourth-graders a unit on mythology - they

loved it, and I did too! They especially loved the story of Pandora's box. The pocket edition of 'Ovid' that we used at Dominican came in really handy - luckily I knew most of the stories in general, so I could tell the stories instead of reading them to the class, which I think they liked." Her favorite memories are of 'Rocky Horror Picture nights', of Philosophy classes, and of times spent with friends.

KATHY SHEA: "My summer lasted a total of two weeks in Mexico. I spent them basking in the sun, sipping margaritas, and attempting to beat Laura Charter at a game of backgammon! My summer ended the following week as I entered the 40-hour-week world of retail. Among my more pleasant memories of Dominican were those gatherings at 160 Palm with my pals, and walks up the fire trail in the early morning. As for the future, I have no specific plans - just to continue being healthy, happy, and half a bubble off!"

ANNIE SCULLY was finally cornered one night as she was listening to Vivaldi's 'Four Seasons'. "My favorite memories? Oh ... who can say which are the best of them all? There are so many ... my back deck in the afternoons, the house across the street, Gayle's laugh, my truck, TP, Mary Schlicting ... and of course the lawn mowers and leaf blowers outside Fanjeaux 201 and outside Lumaghi's classes ..." Annie is currently working at AJ's in Red Hill and saving money to go to Scotland; she leaves December 8, 1982 for at least a year there.

S. JANE SMITH spent her summer "working full time as a teacher at Cedars, with a one-week vacation in Pennsylvania & one week in Texas; lots of weekends sailing down the coast and across the Bay and up the Petaluma River. In the near future I want to get my own apartment in the San Rafael area, see a lot of friends, and visit S.F.'s museums, the Exploratorium, etc. In a year I would like to be living independently. The Peace Corps plans are still up in the air with tons of paperwork. I'll continue working at Cedars; perhaps I will return to grad school for a teaching credential and further study in marine biology - in a year or two. Favorite memories of DC include parties in people's rooms, walks on campus after a rain, enjoying my own room, talks with Sister Nicholas, spending time with good friends in academic and 'extra-curricular' pursuits, Bolinas weekends ..."

COLLEEN SWEENEY is "still working on my thesis!" and dividing her time between the writing project and her job. She is a salesgirl at A Woman's Place in San Rafael. She's "unsure of future plans" but is keeping her options open and enjoying life. A year from now we could see Colleen teaching, pursuing a Masters degree, or riding her moped through Europe! Her favorite memories of DC? "SPRINGTIME! That's it - everything about the Spring! Meadowlands decks in the day and in the evenings, and playing frisbee on the lawn, and just everything!"

JAY THATCHER answered the questionnaire in the following way:

How did you spend your summer? "I give up. How did I spend my summer?"

In the near future, my plans are: "Less of the same, only more so."

In a year, I would like to be: "teaching Movement Ed and/or Math at a private school in Oregon."

My favorite memories of DC include "Doing movement tutoring on summer afternoons in the gym and wondering if the building was hot enough to spontaneously combust. Morning runs in Forest Meadows. Believe it or not, dissecting the cat."

SHIRLEY WELLS spent much of the summer "in the backyard!" thinking back on Dominican and forward to her future educational plans. Shirley plans to attend USF in February '82, pursuing a Masters degree in Education - Counseling Psychology. In a year, she'd like to be "doing less and enjoying more." Her favorite memories of Dominican include the library, upstairs, "where I seemed to spend quite a bit of time," the good company in the Commons, and recognizing Dominican nuns in their habits all over the world.

PENNY WENDELL: "I worked during the summer, as I suspect many others did. I took the time to go on a very short trip to Carmel, San Francisco (hitting the places a Bay Area resident usually misses) and Marin. My plans are to continue my job at the Montessori House of Children in SF for a while until I can decide on a lucrative yet fulfilling career. I run a day care class consisting of three- and four-year-old children. Unfortunately the children in my class are not quite ready for Chaucer and Faulkner! I hope to go on to graduate school to study either creative writing or film, so that I can actually use what I have learned in my work. I do not believe that Dominican is an 'action' school. It is a place which makes people develop their own activities. I will remember the times I spent with my friends merely talking; from taking late-night hikes up to Panjeaux to visit, and the people hanging out on the wicker chairs in front of Meadowlands, to taking a break from shelving books in the Library by sitting on a cart watching the rain on the Library windows."

MARIA WILKINSON spent her summer "working as a messenger for Pounder's Title Company in Greenbrae. I played softball, partied, and didn't read one book! In the near future, my plans are to have fun! I'm trying to get into the Underwriting Training Program at Fireman's Fund. In a year I would like to be traveling in Europe. I would like to go to the Soccer World Cup in Spain next year. Future plans also include working with a firm or an agency that handles international adoptions. My favorite memories include sitting by the fire in Panjeaux talking with friends; sleeping on a mattress taken from the 3rd floor lounge in Ilah Duplantis' room; sing-a-longs; Shield Days; Belli-Deli runs; trying to find a car; all the smiles and laughter and good times."

MARIA WILLIAMS: "I took a month off after coming back home to Alaska, then I started to work. My first job was at a newspaper in the circulation department - I hated it. Then I started to work as a receptionist in a company. I spent a lot of time in the Chugach State Park hiking with friends. The Park is situated in the Chugach mountains around Anchorage. I will be teaching music full-time at the School of Music this fall. I hope to save enough money to go to Europe soon, maybe next summer. In the meantime I'll probably go to lots of movies! What I would like to be doing in a year and what I will probably be doing are no doubt drastically different from each other. I would like to be traveling to places like India and Tibet a year from now, making a pilgrimage to the most majestic mountain range in the world. What I will probably be doing is working, trying to save money for such a trip. My favorite memories are of all the times I spent with my friends, both the good times and the bad."

BETH WHITE spent part of her summer in Europe, even working for awhile at an ice-cream parlor in Zurich! She is home in Santa Rosa now, looking for a job ("anything!") and taking some classes. In a year she hopes to be more settled - heading for some type of a stable career. Her favorite memories of Dominican include TP'ing the Library; the St. George play; candlelightings; the Gazebo near St. Thomas covered with wisteria; the magnolia trees near the cafeteria when they were in bloom; Meadowlands; Gillian; "and the view from the third floor of Pennafort towards the Library at night when there was a moon and the trees were silhouetted against the iridescent sky." She also remembers the comraderie felt at the end of Senior year when everyone was sharing the trials and tribulations of theses and comprehensives.

DEBORAH WHITE is "employed as a music teacher at Our Lady of Mount Carmel in Mill Valley, also teaching fifth grade English." Her favorite memories include John Savant (et.al.), not having to do the opera last spring, all the trees, and Graduation.

CHRIS WHITE's favorite memories of Dominican are the English Department and Dr. Dill's Medieval History. He recovered from a broken foot over the summer and, like DEBORAH, spent time with a new passion - Photography - and did absolutely nothing connected with school.

DEB WISS spent "three highly educational weeks of the summer in Washington D.C. - my first time back East - and it was heaven! I had someone to do my wash and cook my breakfast. How do I rate! The rest of the summer was spent in the left armpit of California: Stockton. (Nothing more to be said on that subject.) I am presently attending Dominican's grad school, Department of Education, and thoroughly enjoying it. My plans in a year are to be teaching grammar school in the Marin area. My favorite memories include John Ragan singing 'Send in the Clowns', Thursday night card games in Pennafort 27, and graduating on time!"

JOHN YOES writes that he "spent the summer working. What am I doing now? Working. What do I plan to be doing in a year? Working. My favorite memories of Dominican include working (just kidding!), Bolinas, sing-alongs in Meadowlands, dinners at the Savant's, R.A. meetings in Pennafort, and Graduation!" John is currently working for a publishing company in San Francisco and keeping up with friends from school.





