

1952

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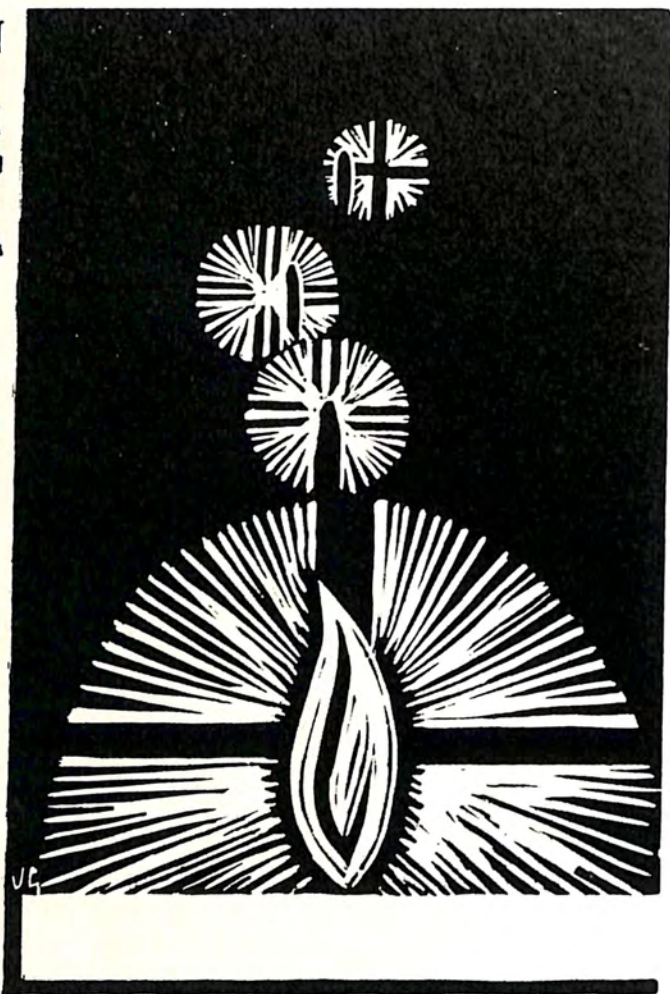
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# The Firebrand



# EX LIBRIS









# THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



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MCMLII

BRAND  
OF THE



To  
SISTER MARY CYRIL, O. P.

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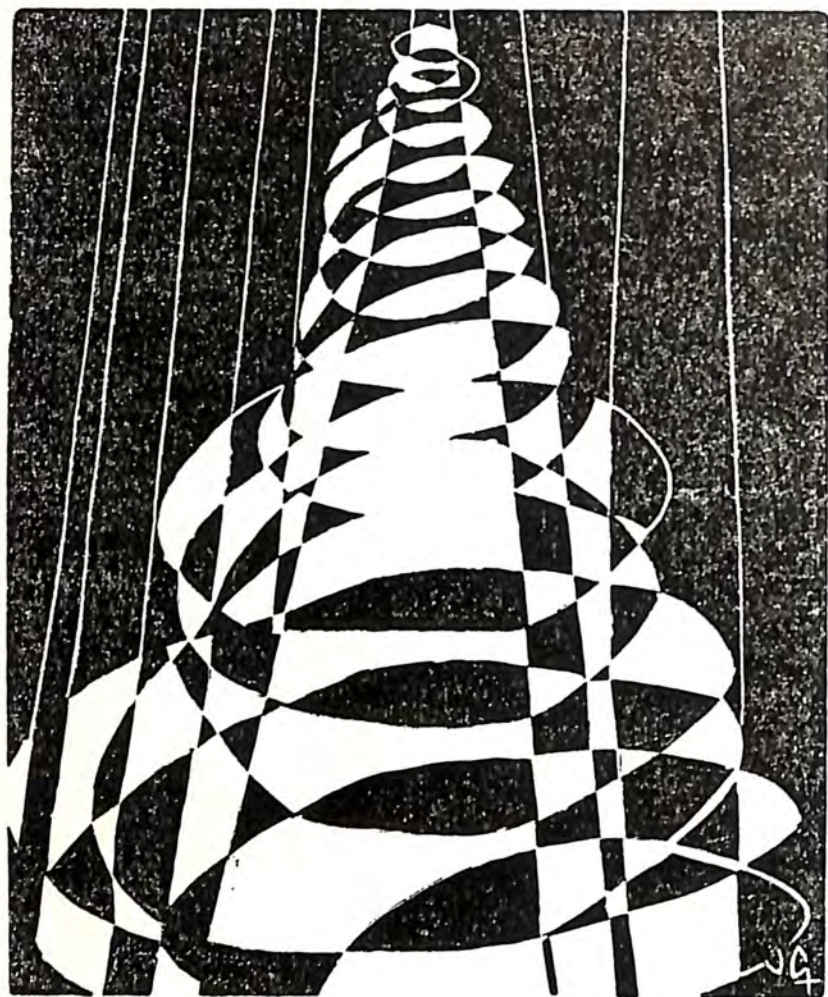
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## THE FIREBRAND

<i>Editor</i> . . . . .	LOUISE X. RYAN
<i>Associate Editor</i> . . . . .	THEODORA BUSCH
<i>Assistant Editors</i> . . . . .	{ ELEANOR G. LIVINGSTON ANNE MEAGHER NANCY SMITH
<i>Business Manager</i> . . . . .	VIRGINIA MURILLO
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i> . . . . .	CATHERINE MATTICH
<i>Art Editor</i> . . . . .	JOAN CULLIMORE
<i>Cartoonists</i> . . . . .	{ JOAN BALLENTYNE JOAN CULLIMORE
<i>Typists</i> . . . . .	{ CLAIRE DIEPENBROCK IRINA VON MALLINCKRODT

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JACQUELINE ALSTAETTER	HONORENE PHILLIPS
MARIA BATTHA	MARY RAGAN
ANNE BUCKLEY	JOAN RILLA
ELIZABETH COMAN	JOSETTE TIAMPO
LEE LEE DOYLE	JANE WARD
ANNE FROST	S. C. M.
DORIS GRUNBERG	S. M. N.
HELEN HADLEY	SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR
RUTH HANLEY	SISTER PETRONILLA MARIE
MARY HOOKER	THE SENIOR CLASS



## EDITORIAL

TO US on the brink of graduation college seems less an "institution of higher learning" than a revolving door that whirls us ever nearer to our entrance onto the street of the world. We have been waiting to give the door a final push, to whirl across the threshold as the people we have been furtively watching out of the corner of our major subjects these last four years. But the street on which we will walk is an uneven one in a constant state of repair. It is fought over, talked over, and in this respect the situation is not much changed from what it has always been—except the prime issue seems not the control of territory but control of the human mind. The chaotic state of the world today reflects with unflattering clarity the confusion that patterns man's thoughts.

It is for us not to conform to that pattern. We have had the opportunity to look beyond textbook-lore to grasp the truths that must enrich whatever we do in the world. The word "Veritas" that we have seen depicted with uncompromising simplicity in the black and white cross on the shield of the Order of Dominic, is the base of our knowledge. It is "higher learning" that scorns the pitfalls of rationalization and gives us courage in the face of opposing convictions.



On this firm foundation should rest the dignity of man and our belief that the work we do to repair our section of the street will not be futile.

This belief is not difficult to uphold while the street is yet on the other side of the door. As we approach the entrance, we may push the door more slowly lest its momentum send us onto the rough pavement before we quite realize that we have caught up to ourselves. When we have gained this realization, let us pray for the strength to consistently hold to the belief stated in the words of St. John, the Evangelist: "Have faith, I have overcome the world."

L. X. R. '52





JOAN LOUISE BALLENTYNE

Honolulu, T. H.

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: FRENCH

*Firebrand* Cartoonist '52  
Social Committee '50, '51  
Art Club '51

Sophomore Class Representative '50  
Fanjeaux House Chairman '51  
Executive Board '50

JOAN—Puddy, the contrast between name and nickname is significant of Joan Ballentyne. She is a compact of sophistication and fun. Short blonde hair, baby blue eyes, and a chortling giggle—likely to become a ringing laugh at any moment—so one thinks of her. At opportune times she dubs people and things with apt titles which may have either private or general meaning. “Charles”, her combination radio-record player is the custodian of her numerous record albums, whose contents include Les Paul and his “many guitar” recordings among the operatic and symphonic aristocrats of the music world. Of notable mention in her wardrobe are several uniquely embroidered cashmere sweaters which lend a “dress up” air to campus attire. In the Edgehill smokeroom she amuses an audience with her mimicry, and this talent for humorous entertainment was admirably displayed in her role of Doctor Ironheart, family physician to Saint George and the Dragon. In her drawings she is as quick to capture a likeness as she is to grasp the central idea of her academic subjects. She has a keen mind and is something of a critic. Her observations are always appropriate and not lacking in constructiveness.







MARIA BATTHA

Budapest, Hungary

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: ENGLISH-SPEECH

Gamma Sigma

HOOD Cup

*Meadowlark* Editor '51

French Club President '51

French Club '50, '51

Radio Players '50, '51, '52

*Meadowlark* Associate Editor '50



ONE'S first impression of Maria Battha is a clear depth in her blue eyes, blue eyes that sparkle with a keen and kindly interest as she helps to solve a problem, or that twinkle mischievously as she rattles away to the uninitiated in Hungarian, French, or German. But she has little time for mischief. She dashes from radio practice to San Marco with the haste of the White Rabbit who was her companion as Alice-in-Wonderland in the radio class play. Up with the robin and down with the owl, she utilizes every existing minute of the day with a faint hope that more will come from out of nowhere. The result—dozens of ceramic bowls and tea-pots, stories and articles for the *Meadowlark* and *Firebrand*, a high scholastic record, and the friendship of the entire campus.

She is neatness itself, and so is her room ninety-nine percent of the time. Two of her most cherished objects in that room are her HOOD cup and the statue of Our Lady placed just so on her dresser. The stirrups and Hungarian riding whip on her desk betray the Maria who loves the out-of-doors and spent many hours at home in Hungary horseback riding.





HARRIETT ALICE BERRY

Yuba City, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Social Committee '52

Irish Club '50, '51, '52

HATTIE finds the absurd in commonplace occurrences, and her merry humor has made her the chief cog in the Benincasa amusement wheel. A dauntless night owl, her social nature will cause her to seek company regardless of the hour. She laments her lack of piano lessons, for she is a progressive jazz fan and spends hours at the piano (during the day) picking out her favorite melodies. Words and their meanings intrigue her to the extent that she combines ridiculous sing-song jingles about herself and her friends. When her good nature is disturbed, an expressive "I couldn't care less" or a sarcastic "That's right" expresses her annoyance.

When making a decision Hattie is rather like her car, "Black Baby", which refuses to start until given a push down the driveway. She will procrastinate until the last possible moment before settling on a course of action. Only on rare occasions and to few people does Hattie's conversation betray her quick analytical mind. At such times, her views are definite, but she is reasonable if her conclusions are proved wrong and avoids as best she can situations which might hurt anyone.







**JEAN ANN BRADLEY**  
San Mateo, California

**MAJOR: EDUCATION**

**MINOR: MUSIC**

W.A.A. Secretary '50  
Music Club '49  
Irish Club '50

Choral '50, '51, '52  
Orchestra '49, '50, '51, '52

JEAN ANN is something of an enigma. Her seemingly quiet disposition is disturbed by any type of flying animal from mosquitoes to bats on the third floor of Benincasa. These send her running for cover with little shrieks of "Kill It! Kill It!" Aside from these harrowing experiences, her easy-going reserve is seldom broken. Even in argument she states and defends her opinions flatly, without becoming the least excited. . . . Her talents in the field of music are varied. She plays the harp and piano well and has also attempted to play the organ and flute. (Incidentally, she is one of those rare individuals who has perfect pitch.) Her outspoken remarks come as a surprise to one unacquainted with her direct manner, but her hearty laugh can dispel strain from any situation, and her bluntness is never meant to be unkind.







WINIFRED CATHERINE BRISBOIS  
San Mateo, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Music Club '49, '50, '51  
Irish Club '49, '50, '51, '52  
Campfire Group '49  
Choral '49, '50, '51  
Madrigals '49, '50, '51

Social Chairman '52  
Executive Board '52  
Art Club '51, '52  
Art Club Secretary '52  
French Club '49

WINNIE BRISBOIS is always in a breathless hurry. For this reason sport clothes seem as suited to her personality as they are to her slender frame. She will seize any opportunity to add a new species of sweater, skirt, or jacket to her numerous collection of "casuals". Far from casual herself, Winnie has a sense of the apropos that has contributed to her abilities as social-chairman. She usually speaks frankly of things which annoy her, and she will talk incessantly on any subject from practice-teaching to music. Her love of music may be seen in her appreciation of the classics, and in the enjoyment she finds in singing for others. She has a clear soprano voice and never has to be coaxed to sing.

She is greatly interested in children and has done camp counseling during the summer (possibly a reason why her expert diving was such an asset to us in inter-class swimming meets!) She has a knack for doing everything at the last minute and is willing to go to any length to insure the unfailing success of her hectic undertakings.





HELEN MARY CARTER

Cheyenne, Wyoming

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Spanish Club '49, '50

Irish Club '51, '52

I.R.C. '52

*Carillon* Sports Editor '50

Art Club '52



A SUDDEN burst of energy coupled with the realization of "much to do" sends Helen Carter into a world of intense concentration most profitable to her academic—and recreational standing. Her motto, "Do it now and get it over with", applies equally to a term paper or to the re-arranging of her bookshelf (sometimes done at midnight!) Because she can rarely be turned from her given purpose, Helen has time to play when her more procrastinating classmates are at last catching up with their assignments.

She has many abilities, and prevaricating is not the least of them. Without a betraying twinkle in her blue eyes, she will successfully convince an unwary friend that black is white. A true daughter of the West, she participates in group singing as enthusiastically as she talks, but those who sing with her are in danger of losing the original melody. In her quieter moments, Helen can become an interested listener, or she may speak of her three brothers or relate tales of the annual Frontier Days celebration in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Her own frontier spirit came admirably to the fore when she chose the most treasured souvenir of her summer abroad — a shilelagh!





BARBARA ANN CONN

Pasadena, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINORS: SPANISH, PHILOSOPHY

W.A.A. Board '50

Irish Club Co-Chairman '51

Irish Club '50, '51, '52

Spanish Club '49

Senior Class Treasurer '52

W.A.A. Secretary '51

BARBARA CONN cocks her head to one side and smiles with great friendliness. She is one of the best known girls on campus. She seems to be always engineering for someone or something. She has connections with Third Order, the Irish Club, the Spanish Club; we lose track of how many brothers she has—there seems always to be one entering Santa Clara, the Seminary, or the army. She has affiliations and can always get a date for a girl whose date has just immaterialized. Though she relishes fun-time and loves meeting people and people themselves, she thinks seriously and has earnest convictions.

Barbara is very talented with the tongue—philosophical, theological arguments are accompanied by the flashing of green eyes and heightening of color. She abhors people who will not speak out their ideas—it is not one of her faults.

It might be added that she blushes prettily and is an exhibition dancer of the Charleston in the Benincasa living-room.







**PATRICIA CLAIRE CONROY**

San Francisco, California

**MAJOR: EDUCATION**

**MINOR: ENGLISH**

Gamma Sigma

Mother M. Raymond Memorial Scholar

Student Body Treasurer '50

Student Body Vice-President '52

Music Club '49, '50, '51

Irish Club '50, '51

Y.C.S. '49, '50

I.R.C. '52

Choral '49, '50, '51

Schola '50

Madrigal '50

*Firebrand* Associate Editor '51

*Carillon* Editor '50

PATRICIA does not mind being one against the crowd; as a matter of fact the crowd goes on liking her whether she is with them or not. She can even disagree gracefully with authority, simply because she is a person of integrity and her convictions are respected. Her flashing blue eyes, the quick turn of her head, her gesticulations convey the energies of her mind. Furthermore, she has always a smile and a bright "Hello" and a few moments to pass the time of day. Her energies she can as well harness in concentrated study as in lively social chatter or in some unique Conradesque entertainment. We can understand how she enchants the children in practice teaching; she is gay, vital, imaginative and sincere. The *schola* will not be the same without her lovely strong soprano voice, nor the first line of Choral; the Executive Board will miss her sage counsel, Benincasa her really musical laugh. In short, the whole college will miss her much because she has contributed much.





LEORA RITA CROSETTI

San Mateo, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Music Club '49  
French Club '50, '51, '52  
I.R.C. '51, '52

Sophomore Class President '50  
Senior Class Vice-President '52

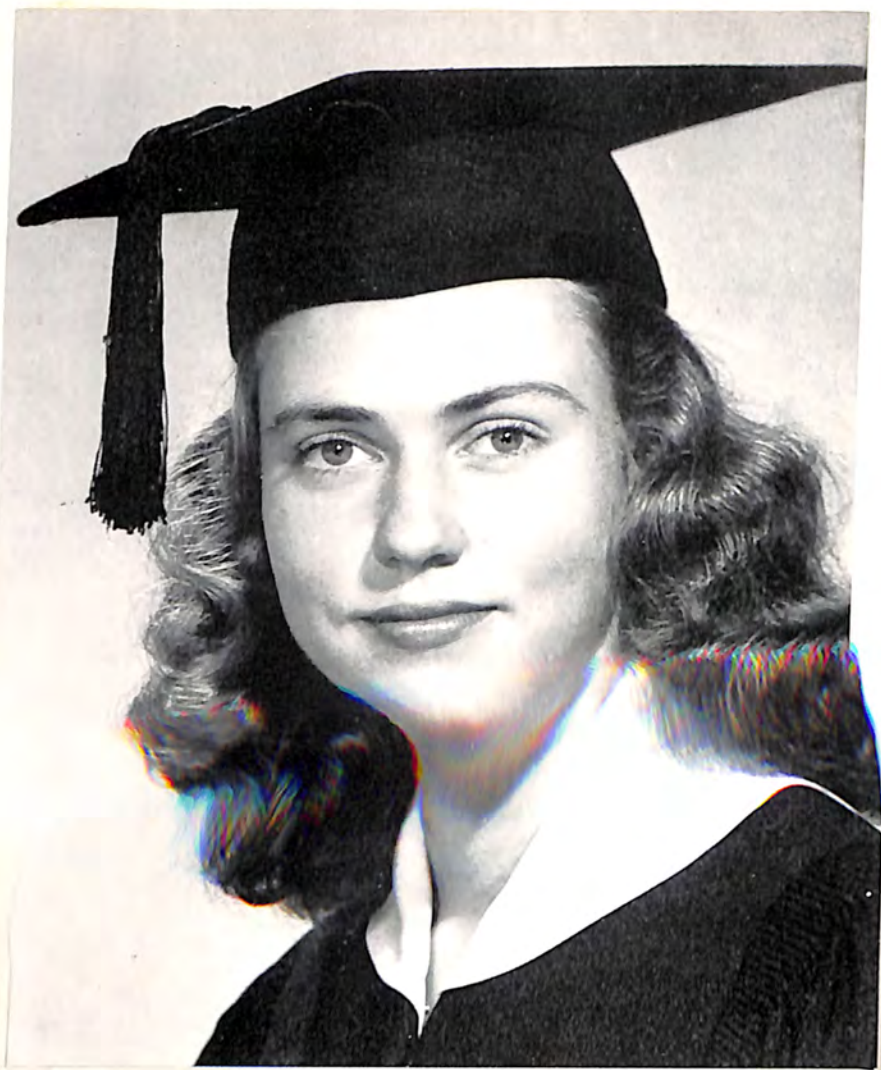


SHE IS casually late as a rule. Aside from this "tragic flaw", Leora Crosetti's wavy golden-brown hair, clear blue eyes, and willowy height give her the qualifications of a model. A full pleated skirt, neatly-tucked in sweater (usually with a collar), and a wide leather belt lend a Vogue look to her campus outfits.

Her height made her an invaluable member of the Volley-ball team and a glamorous "Margie" in our Junior Class Day show. She is fun-loving and teases pleasantly most of the time. When she is caught in a reflective mood she reveals a depth of thought surprising because unguessed. Always ready to do the unexpected, she feels no qualms about wearing bobby socks to a mixer or to the city. Conventions annoy her and she has no love for upholding tradition.

Whether giving an unruffled explanation of why she arrived at eight-thirty-five for an eight-twenty-five class or speaking as Senior vice-president, the vibrantly low tone of her voice assures the listener's attention. As her voice indicates, Leora is philanthropic in her generosity, firm in her loyalties, and quick to win followers and friends. Generally she is practical, and her common sense rarely fails her.





JOAN JOY CULLIMORE

Bakersfield, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: SPANISH

Transferred from St. Mary of the Woods, Indiana '49

Gamma Sigma  
Art Club '50, '51, '52  
Art Club President '52  
Spanish Club '51  
Irish Club '50, '51

Y.C.S. '51  
English Club '52  
*Firebrand* Art Editor '51  
*Firebrand* Cartoonist '51



JOAN CULLIMORE is quiet in a large group; in a small group she can talk earnestly, seriously, or spasmodically to the accompaniment of a soft purring sort of laugh. She is an artist and an idealist. One who has seen the crucifix she carved from a piece of driftwood understands how deep is her religious feeling, how finely artistic her carving, how bold her conceptions. Generous to the extreme, she will spend precious time in making a spiritual bouquet an exquisite work of art, in splashing a backdrop for a class or studentbody production, or in writing a script or an article.

A view of Joan's room reveals more of her personality than anything else. A bit of everything, dominated by art materials and text books reveals a busy girl exacting in her own way. Her depth of feeling for people and things is seen in a careful decisive pondering before any decision.

What we like most about her is that she makes ceremonies out of little actions; small things can excite her and be important to her. A pleasant trait, she is thus always alive and rarely bored.





CATHERINE DALE CURTS  
San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from College of Marin '49

Choral '50

CATHY has the personality of a barometer. The trimness of her small person, her rich blonde hair and blue eyes give her a wistful look not incongruous with her weakness for milk chocolate candy; but her surprisingly strong voice and very definite views reveal a firm determination to succeed in whatever she undertakes. She is an avid reader of historical novels which deal with the England of Charles II, and she has exceptional ability at one-finger piano solos.

Her home is in San Anselmo, where her main interests center around a certain L.C. with whom she can be seen each weekend playing golf with a skill worthy of Babe Zacharias. Other weekend activities include fishing or bidding a mad game of bridge. Hers is the enthusiasm of which cheerleaders are made. When she tells of an amusing occurrence in her practice-teaching day, the animated hand wavings which punctuate it suggest a cheerleader about to call for a "Yay, team". Because Cathy is sincere, the natural honesty of children may be one reason why she chose Early Childhood Education as her major. She came to us in her sophomore year from College of Marin and has been a lively member of the class ever since.







**DOLORES COURTNEY DAY**

Leavenworth, Washington

**MAJOR: EDUCATION**

**MINOR: ENGLISH — SPEECH**

Transferred from Holy Names College, Spokane, Washington '50

Irish Club '51

Radio Players '51

DOLORIS COURTNEY DAY has never been called "Dolores" since the name was given her. Until her Sophomore year in high school she was called "Patty"; then she felt "Courtney" was more grown up and has used her second name as her first ever since. She transferred to DC from Holy Names College in Spokane in her junior year. Her scorn of coffee in favor of tea, and her brown gingham checked glasses made us realize that Courtney enjoys being just a bit different. She is extraordinarily lucky, too. When the radio class raffled an Irish setter puppy, Courtney helped care for it, sold tickets—and won the dog! She even considered taking it on the plane to Washington with her. She finds nothing impossible and can always manage to get a date at the last moment. Horseback riding and skiing are two of her favorite sports. Should she attain one of her minor ambitions to "marry a millionaire and lead a life of ease" she would have a great deal of energy with which to enjoy them both.







PAULA FLORENCE DE CARLO  
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ART  
MINOR: EDUCATION

Art Club '51, '52

French Club '51

PAULA DE CARLO has a zest for living. One sees it in the merry serenity of her brown eyes, in the friendly way she will offer to help at the crucial moment, in her disarming explanations of small misunderstandings that cause breaches in the wall of friendship. She is an understanding confidante, but a close second to her interest in people is her interest in art. In whatever she paints, her use of color is dominant. The blue and green tones of her watercolors have been compared to Cezanne's paintings. She enjoys weaving useful things like placemats. At home her chief interest is gardening. It must be an unappreciative person indeed who fails to notice the first bud or new leaf on one of her plants.

She loves to be around children and is eagerly awaiting the day she will be able to combine her interest in people with her art as a full-fledged teacher!





DOROTHY MARIE DE FARIA

Sacramento, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: ENGLISH — SPEECH

English Club '52  
Radio Players '51, '52  
Junior Class Treasurer '51  
Irish Club '50  
N.F.C.C.S. Treasurer '52  
C.I.C. Representative '50, '51

W.A.A. Board '50  
*Carillon* News Editor '50  
Spanish Club '49  
Y.C.S. '49, '50, '51  
I.R.C. '50, '52

THERE is a sparkle in Dorothy De Faria's large brown eyes which reflects a lively interest in everything around her. Her interests have a wide scope—from social work to radio writing. The knowledge gained from her Sociology courses she applies to discussions of current problems. Her arguments proceed inductively—she will make wide generalizations from an isolated fact, much to the amusement of her friends. She is sympathetic, and, when not “generalizing”, her judgement in important decisions is sound. Her standards of value are high. She respects honesty in herself and in others. Perhaps because of this quality, she rarely doubts the word of her friends. Once in a religion class when called upon to answer a question she had not heard, Dorothy snatched at the first whispered straw that came her way. With a smile of satisfaction she quickly gave the illogical answer—“signposts!”







**FREDERICA WOERNER DUFFY**

San Rafael, California

**MAJOR: ART**

**MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION**

French Club '49  
Social Committee '52

Student Affairs Board '51  
Art Club '51, '52



FREDDY puts her artistic talents to practical use. When not painting a still life or sketching in charcoal, most of her time in San Marco is spent in the ceramics lab throwing pots. Most of these are casserole dishes (which she puts to almost immediate use, for she likes to cook!), but she also designs pottery ware and has managed to acquire a complete set of dishes in no time at all. Her definite ideas on color and design are carried over to the socks she knits from complicated patterns. A great deal of her knitting is done in the grove, for she enjoys being around people and can give a casual "how are you?" a ring of genuine interest. Her enjoyment of people never seems to be affected by the fact that she shares their common failing—that of liking her own way.





JEANETTE GUNNISON FISHER

San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Transferred from the University of California '50

JEANETTE FISHER has a flair for art and is an excellent cook—two talents which go well with her dual role of student and housewife. Even on those mornings when her teen-age daughter has been to the clothes closet first and appropriated her outfit for the coming school-day, Jeanette arrives on campus smartly attired in one of her plaid-skirted ensembles—occasionally with a pair of plaid shoes to match! When her semester schedule permitted, she willingly sacrificed a few last minutes of precious sleep to pick up the day-hop commuters who anxiously awaited the arrival of “Old Faithful”, the little green Chev that somehow never failed her! She likes to do things which are different, and considers crab-fishing with her family on their sailboat, the “Bearoness”, the most enjoyable different thing she does. She has been “make-up-man” for the Ross Valley Players and managed to give the performers in our class productions a professional appearance. While classes merit her undivided attention during campus hours, she likes nothing better than to go home for relaxation as “a plain dirt gardener”.





JOAN SHELDON GUESS

San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

Non-Resident Students President '52  
Executive Board '52

Sophomore Class Secretary '50  
Junior Class Vice-President '51



A TALL slim girl with curly dark brown hair, Joan Guess walks with a grace that is a result of her long training in dance—in which field she is a most versatile performer. She can do soft shoe, ballet or ballroom with the ease of the professional dancer, and in addition to her own performances she has been an imaginative choreographer for our class day productions. She spends much of her time increasing her knowledge of such artists as Matisse and Van Gogh, and has some clever ideas of her own along the artistic line. Her conversation is always interesting, for she is a doer rather than a thinker and relates many amusing tales—especially of her trip to Europe. As President of the Day Scholars she has been particularly efficient. When she is really interested in a task, Joan never shirks her responsibilities toward it.





RUTH MARY HANLEY

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Spanish Club '49

Senior Class Representative '52

W.A.A. Board '51, '52

Carillon Staff '50

W.A.A. President '51

Executive Board '51

Irish Club Co-Chairman '52

Irish Club '50, '51, '52

IT IS not only her red hair that wins Ruth Hanley distinction, but the graciousness so evident in everything she does. In the library, she will leave no leaf unturned to find an elusive book. At home, she enjoys giving her mother a rest and capably takes care of the family, a young sister and four younger brothers. Guests are always welcome at one of her numerous parties. Her hospitality is boundless; she will give a party to gratify anyone's casual hint. As her presidency of the WAA would imply, Ruth is good at sports, but she likes volleyball best. She dislikes to do anything aimlessly. Even when she goes downtown it is for a purpose. She is never content to window shop; usually she is on the lookout for accessories—hats, shoes, purses—and earrings! Other weekend activities include browsing through the library at home for books of Irish poetry.

She is sensitive to the moods of others and won't force her opinion on them. She herself is unassuming. When a task is given her, her quiet competence gets it over with as quickly as though Leprechauns took a hand in the doing!





DOROTHEA ADELAIDE JONES

Suisun, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Spanish Club President '52  
Art Club '49, '50

Spanish Club '50, '51, '52  
Choral '49



MANANA Y SIESTA" are two words from the languid Spanish she so enjoys that aptly describe Dorothea Jones. Although there is none of the Castilian in her heritage, the Spain of both the Old World and the New are fascinating to her. Like that of the Latins her slumbering disposition can occasionally rouse itself long enough to maneuver some unsuspecting classmate into a discussion of prejudice or to inform the ignorant that Suisun is *not* pronounced "sueysoon"! These volcanic phases are readily forgiven D. A. She is always ready to hem a skirt (for someone else) or to aid a bridge game in distress. Her own "calamities" do not upset her for long. She has a Micawber-like faith that "something will turn up"—and when something does—on to "*fiesta*"!





CELINE ANN KARAM  
Nogales, Arizona

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Troupers '50, '51  
Red Cross '49

Spanish Club '49, '50  
Art Club '50, '51, '52

SHINING black hair and soft dark eyes, which may be at times deeply contemplative, reveal Sally K'aram's Lebanese descent. She inherits a courteous manner, and her seemingly undisturbed composure make her pleasant to meet and talk to. A certain precise conscientiousness is evident in the fulfillment of her responsibilities, and she brings an intense concentration to whatever she does. Even her class notes are condensed into codes so that she may better absorb their contents! She has some artistic ability, but her forte is drama. She has been cast as a proud Spanish duchess and was a stately King of Egypt in the Saint George play.

Sally is soft-spoken and never intrudes upon the silences or conversations of others. The happy equilibrium between her academic and social life enables her to fully enjoy swimming, dancing, Lebanese food and the grapefruit of her native state, Arizona.





JOAN AILEEN KLINKAM  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Choral '49, '50  
Music Club '49

I.R.C. '49, '50  
Red Cross '49



JOAN KLINKAM'S long platinum blonde hair and fair complexion give her the look Chesterton might describe as poetic. Her sparkling disposition and gay laugh enliven the tales she tells of her ever-changing social whirl. Capable in the domestic world, she is chief cook for her father and excels in planning and preparing meals. But she does well in whatever interests her, from a scientific experiment to a concert number for the piano.

She follows all sports, likes hamburgers and onions, and strongly dislikes San Francisco fog. Because of her sociability Joan always enjoys herself and likes to see that her friends have as much fun as she does. Her hospitality on weekends is well known to students from out-of-state.





JOAN LOUISE LEONETTI

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: SPEECH AND DRAMATIC ART

Choral '49, '50  
Radio Players '51, '52

Red Cross '49

SHY and quiet, Joan Leonetti fits unassumingly into any situation. Her subtle sense of humor comes as a surprise to those who do not know her intimately. A well-aimed quip, delivered with her habitual deadpan expression might lead one to think she has missed the point of her own remark or that she is bored with it all. But Joan is interested in everything and enjoys watching the reactions of the group around her.

Her laugh is quiet—as though she were smiling aloud. Her soft voice can suddenly gain a tone approaching vigor when she is utilizing her dramatic talents in a radio production. Radio and education play an important part in her academic schedule and she hopes to use them both someday. She is dependable, unselfish, and will do anything for a friend. A tall, attractive hazel-eyed blonde, she dresses fashionably and well. She dislikes people who pretend to “know it all”. If one seeks her friendship, she responds readily; perhaps because of her shyness she seldom offers it.





ELEANOR GENE LIVINGSTON

Pacific Grove, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: MUSIC

*Firebrand* Assistant Editor '52

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

Music Club Publicity Chairman '49, '52

Orchestra '49, '50, '51, '52

French Club '50, '51

Spanish Club '52

English Club '52



ELEANOR finds many ways to cheer her friends, and her interest goes out to everybody. She believes the symphony is a cure for many evils, and on Thursday evenings she whizzes off to hear Pierre Monteux.

Her favorite spot at home in Pacific Grove is the attic where she delights in a view of the Monterey Coast and dreams dreams. Back on campus, those dreams become long tales about strange creatures and odd characters. Her animal stories often amused us, and even the Atlantic Board enjoyed her story of Tobi and the Black Seal. Though Nicolette and her feline companions receive her greetings with a familiar air, Eleanor misses her own pets — the discovery of a grey fluff on a sweater worn at home will make her happy for days.

Only books compete with her love for cats. *Winnie the Pooh* and *Alice in Wonderland* share her bookshelf with the English anthologies of her major. She longs for a library filled with story books rich in the spirit of makebelieve.





JOAN MARIE LYNCH  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINORS: SOCIAL ECONOMICS, HISTORY

French Club '52  
Choral '49, '50, '51

Irish Club '50, '51, '52

LYNCH — an Hibernian name Joan silently proclaims by at least three sweaters and one *warm* coat into which she “hibernates” every winter. Her preparations for bed somewhat resemble Admiral Byrd’s journey to the Antarctic, but she ignores all teasing on this subject with a calmness almost philosophical. “Hibernating” under a quiet reserve are an unexpectedly witty tongue and a flair for drama. Her performance as a haughty tight-rope walker one Class Day was memorable! Her amusing remarks are brief, always opportune, and she never laughs (aloud) at her own jokes. She is generous in sharing with others and has held several open houses for the class in her hospitable Marina home. Rarely do outside interests intrude on her time for study—a matter about which she is highly conscientious.

Her crop of short curly hair (which grows wide but not long) sometimes gives her the appearance of a knight errant—a fitting comparison for a girl of conscientiousness and generosity.





DOROTHY LORRAINE MANSEAU

Mare Island, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINORS: HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY

Junior Class Secretary '51

Gamma Sigma

I.R.C. Secretary '52

Junior Class Secretary '51

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

Y.C.S. '49, '50, '51, '52

Music Club '49



APPEARANCES can be deceiving—to watch her play hockey season after season one would think it Dorothy Manseau's favorite sport; actually a shortage of players combined with the irony of fate is the reason for her participation in the game. When studies are mentioned, she assumes an attitude of seeming unconcern—contradicted by the Gamma Sigma pin which she wears with pride. No advocate of student seminars, she prefers to work alone. She is never swayed by the opinions of others and is not afraid to argue her point when she is sure of it (in which case her opinion usually triumphs!) Not one to waste time, she constantly carries her knitting bag on her arm—to classes and to Corey's—lest an opportunity to add a few more stitches to the skirt of a knit dress be missed! Her weekends are spent in the dancing and cocktail parties of the Navy life which she lives. Dotsy is pleasant company. She is a good conversationalist, but is not unaware of the golden rule of society—listen to others as well as you would have others listen to you.





BARBARA JOAN MCGOVERN

Petaluma, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Art Club '51, '52

QUICK stepping, dark eyed, fair complexioned Barbara McGovern looks the kind level-headed person she is. Her friends seek her advice, for her opinions are direct and sincere. There is a gentleness about her which defies argument. She quietly offers her own ideas at their face value but lets others debate the pros and cons. She is an earnest scholar on campus. At home in Petaluma her attentions are divided between her three dogs (two dachshunds with the Teutonic names of Fritz and Struedle, and a fox terrier called Spike) and the television set. Her artistic inclinations come in here, for she often paints a still life while viewing the active pictures on the television screen. She has discovered the joys of skiing only within the last year, and whenever weekend time (and the season) permits, she heads her blue Ford to the snow country. For the past three years she has been absorbing Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. It may be another three years before she finishes it—but finish it she will, for Barb is not one to let anything hang in the balance.





MARGARET RUTH McGUIRE

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Gamma Sigma  
Albertus Magnus '51, '52

*Meadowlark* Business Manager '51  
Albertus Magnus President '52



WE SUSPECT Margaret McGuire's true calling to be that of efficiency expert, for she manages to do many things at one time. Aside from her practice teaching and chemistry experiments, she takes part in all campus activities and can always be counted upon to help avert a crisis (chemical or otherwise.) The Science Club knows her as an able president, while the class relies on her active support in seasonal athletic tournaments of hockey, volleyball, or basketball.

Although a day-hop, her life is not too remote from campus. Her home is only a block from school grounds, but she seems to spend more time in the sulphuric atmosphere of the chem lab than away from it. She is a versatile person. Behind her scholarly appearance lurks a spirit of contagious fun that changes quickly into a singleness of purpose as Marg goes back to her chemistry building in a search of the unknown!





EDITH DILLARD MILLER

San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINORS: ART, EDUCATION

Transferred from College of Marin '48

EDITH MILLER is not swayed by indecision. After three years as an officer in the Women's Air Force, where she met and married a handsome young major, Edith decided to go to college. She transferred here from College of Marin in January, nineteen-forty-eight, and has devoted herself to her English Major. She found a year little enough time for the study of Shakespeare. A strong love of travel has led her to take a semester vacation from studies three times to visit far corners of the United States. A strong love of duty makes her do what she believes to be right regardless of the odds.

As to extra-curricular, she gives herself to her home, her husband and the Air Force Reserve. Aside from these, she enjoys square dancing and takes moving pictures with her own camera.





**VIRGINIA MURILLO**

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: ENGLISH-SPEECH

Transferred from Barat College, Lake Forest, Illinois '49	
Gamma Sigma	Irish Club '50, '51, '52
Junior Class President '51	Social Committee '51
French Club President '52	English Club '52
French Club '50, '51, '52	<i>Firebrand</i> Business Manager '52
Irish Club Treasurer '50	<i>Meadowlark</i> Staff '51



WITHOUT seeming to be so, Virginia Murillo is a real student. Her French major is as much a part of her relaxing time as it is of her study time. She finds French novels, French movies, Edith Piaf, and Maurice Chevalier equally enjoyable. Her interests tend toward a forty-five record player to keep her posted on the latest Broadway musicals, and her monthly reading is incomplete until she has looked at the latest issue of the New Yorker. Her individuality is best seen in her manner of dress, which is meticulous and of a style distinctly suited to her.

A girl of many capabilities, Ginny was Junior Class president and exercised a flair for writing in the *Meadowlark* and *Firebrand*. Her well modulated voice makes her a pleasing narrator in "Dominican Broadcasts". She tells many interesting accounts of her last summer activities as a counselor at the Herald-Tribune Fresh Air Camp for underprivileged children in New York. Her favorite colors, red, blue, and pink reflect the facets of her personality. At a first meeting, she appears quiet, but there is a surprising bit of spontaneity in her nature. She dislikes "silly people" and has no time for triviality.





HELEN FRANCES MURRAY  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: EDUCATION

*Gamma Sigma*

*Executive Board Junior Representative '51*

*Student Affairs Board President '52*

*Carillon Staff '50*

*Meadowlark Staff '51*

*Spanish Club '49*

*Irish Club '50, '51, '52*

*Executive Board '52*

HELEN MURRAY is determinedly Irish. The "Isle of Saints and Scholars" is (with the possible exception of the medical profession) her favorite topic of discussion, and her academic standing proves her claim at least to the title of scholar. Helen always gives constructively of her time and uses her leisure moments to knit, write letters, or to make a friend more stylish by a reasonable facsimile of the latest hair cut. Although her frankness often leads us to tell her the tale of Curiosity and the Cat, she is truly concerned about her friends' "ups and downs" and will do everything in her power (short of administering vitamin pills) to set their world right again. She dislikes to go anywhere alone and even a trip to the corner mailbox can become for her a sort of minor safari.

Helen's desire for thoroughness enables her to see a problem through to a successful conclusion. Her practicality, and quick sense of justice, render her decisions in every-day affairs as impartial as even Solomon could wish them.





MARY LOUISE NACHBAUR  
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Student Body Secretary '49  
*Carillon* Business Manager '50  
W.A.A. Board '49  
Executive Board '49  
W.A.A. Vice-President '50  
Choral '49, '50, '51  
Madrigal '50

Spanish Club '49  
I.R.C. '49, '50  
Y.C.S. '49, '50  
English Club '52  
Irish Club '50, '51, '52  
Benincasa House Chairman '52



|| RISH caprice and German steadiness are mingled in the sometimes unfathomable personality of Mary Lou Nachbaur. Her vitality seems inexhaustible. Even after a full day of activity climaxed by a five o'clock basketball game, she marvels at the weakness of friends who are not enticed by the prospect of a walk to "Inspiration" after dinner. But her energy isn't limited to fun. When finals roll around, no one works harder; on the day a term paper is due, sheer desperation buries her—with typewriter and textbooks—in Benincasa's Gold Room. Such concentration on book lore may account for her readiness to take part in any discussion from a new movie to an exchange of philosophical ideas. Her interest in literature of all kinds has made her an habitu   of the English department.

A certain sensitivity is felt during her sessions at the piano. She can give a popular song all the chorded depth of a piano concerto. Although her dry narration of her adventures and mishaps "on the Continent" has sent a roomful of girls into choking laughter, she can rarely be persuaded to speak of the deep impression Europe made upon her.





MARY LOUISE OTT

Los Angeles, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Social Committee '52  
Art Club '51

Spanish Club '49

SOMETIMES moody, sometimes gay, Mary Lou Ott's disposition has as many facets as a prism. Her long blonde hair, well-defined features, and quietly poised manner convey an impression of sophistication. She has a large collection of fans which ranges from a creation of blue-green ostrich plumes to the compact folding variety. With her party clothes Mary Lou often puts on "airs". This is not affectation, but rather a spirit of mischief that revels in acting a part. She likes to plan parties as well as go to them and has been a practical member of the Social Committee. In her art work she is practical too. She wove the cloth for her grey-and-chartreuse tweed school coat, and for several of her skirts. She enjoys good music—notably the singing of the great tenor, Jusxi Bjoerling.

The reserve one feels at first acquaintance with her disappears when she wants to defend her views or introduce a "radical" idea. Her standards are high, and she is not shy about telling them to others. Mary Lou has strong family ties, but nothing irks her more than to find that the car which she shares with her sister, Carolyn, has quite suddenly vanished!





JEAN CONSUELO PARSONS  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

Red Cross Director '50  
Spanish Club '49  
Irish Club '50, '51, '52

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



JEAN PARSONS has clear brown eyes and short brown hair that curls exuberantly in the rain. Definitely the sporty type, she looks and feels her best in sports clothes. For the most part she is even tempered; her informal manner conveys a wish to make everyone in a room feel at ease. (Possibly she would rather be with a large group than a small one—she has enjoyed singing in the Choral but has no love for Madrigals.) Almost anything can become a joke to her, and her friends can not help but laugh with her. Though painting pleases her as much as music, she feels that she has no artistic ability, yet the chance to pick up a paint brush actually excites her. Jean has a great respect for facts and no difficulty in remembering dates and events—perhaps a primal reason why history is her main academic interest. A voluble talker, she can hold her own in a class discussion as well as in a grove tête-a-tête. This fluency united with her organizing ability made her a persuasive Red Cross Chairman in putting the local nineteen-fifty-one blood drive across. Even girls unaware they had any blood at all managed to find a pint somehow. But Jean's friends seldom refuse anything she asks.





ELIZABETH LOUISE PATRICK

Rio Vista, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: MUSIC

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

Spanish Club '49

AS ONE might gather from her nickname, "Dimples", Betty Patrick looks smilingly at life. When the corners of her brown eyes "crinkle" and her infectious laugh rings out, a serious atmosphere is completely banished. Her love of Chinese food might lead one to believe that she is a native of the Eastern hemisphere, but her opponents in bridge or volleyball know she is truly American! She likes to talk about fishing or her experiences at home in Rio Vista. Music, especially any part of *Aida*, delights her. She likes children, yet emphatically declares that "all of mine are going to be boys!" A devotee of the crossword puzzle, she doesn't like being "rattled" when she is trying to concentrate. Aside from such a disturbance, she is not easily upset, but people who disclose her secrets annoy her.





NÖEL ALICE PAYNTER

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Choral '49, '50

Social Committee '51

Irish Club '51

Edgehill House Chairman '52

Red Cross Co-Chairman '51



NOEL has a jaunty way of walking which causes even her hair to bounce. In fact, her friendliness and good nature lend a "bouncy" quality to her whole personality; and creating fun for others is what she enjoys most. Consequently, she has made an efficient and a satisfactory Edgehill house-chairman. Though her ability to cook was proved to Edgehill inhabitants only through the cooperation of Swansdown Cake Mix, it is rumored that she bakes delicious cakes (without help from packaged mixes!) during weekends at home for the charitable purpose of presenting them to her roommates. Her cakes must be as good as her intentions, for by Sunday evening only a thin slice is left to divide among three starving friends. With the exception of culinary art, Noel would have us believe she has no talents. But she likes to try her hand at oil painting and has even produced one good one!

She is at her best when she speaks of a topic that interests or excites her. Then her blue eyes open wide, her voice becomes animated, and her wide gestures appear to illustrate the story she tells so vividly.





JOAN MARIE PETERS

San Jose, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Spanish Club '49, '50

Art Club '52

Choral '49, '50

Social Committee '50

Irish Club '51, '52

JOAN PETERS has a great partiality for short hair, and regardless of current trends in the coiffeur world, her casual dark brown curls seem no longer one week than they were the last. In appearance, she is neat to the point of exactness and can choose from innumerable pairs of gloves to add the final touch to an outfit. But this carefulness in dress never interferes with her desire to be on time. She has no patience with tardiness in herself—or with tardy people; and honesty means as much to her as does punctuality. Complete frankness in her own speech has sometimes led to unpleasant consequences, but Joan usually complies with the wishes of her friends; and the unpleasantness doesn't last for long. Her laughter is likely to explode momentarily, and, without knowing the exact reason, those around her will laugh as heartily as she. For relaxation Joan likes to knit. In the evening, comfortably settled on her bed in a green quilted robe, tortoise shell-rimmed glasses set on her nose, she busily concentrates on a new sock pattern—the picture of surprising efficiency.





**VIRGINIA MARIE QUINN**

Stockton, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Student Body President '52  
*Carillon* Circulation Manager '51  
 W.A.A. Board '49  
*Firebrand* Business Manager '50  
 Student Affairs Board '51, '52  
 Y.C.S. '49, '50, '51  
 Irish Club Treasurer '50

Irish Club '50, '51, '52  
 Albertus Magnus '50, '51, '52  
 Sophomore Class Representative '50  
 Executive Board '50, '52  
 C.I.C. Junior Delegate '50  
 English Club '52



VIRGINIA QUINN seems at times shy and aloof, yet she is Student Body President. A person of variable moods, she enjoys the solitude of books, the quiet of the lab, the embers of a dying fire. But she may quickly turn from these quiet pursuits and impulsively suggest a prank or arrange an impromptu party. She has both depth and determination. Her logical mind, the persistence with which she weighs a question, and her sympathetic nature are qualities which make her effective as a leader. A bit of a procrastinator, she works quietly and manages to accomplish a good deal in a relatively short time. Although her convictions are strong and her views definite, she rarely forces her opinion on others. Her quizzically raised eyebrow signifies disapproval. She likes to discuss books—both contemporary and classical—and was instrumental in reviving the English Club. Always ready to lend a helping hand to bewildered Freshmen and new students, Virginia has been an example to those who know her. It is her selflessness we admire most.





COLLEEN MARIE REILLY

Stockton, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Meadowlands House Chairman '49

Senior Class President '52

Spanish Club '49

Irish Club '51

Choral '49, '50

COLLEEN REILLY is small and energetic. Active when the occasion arises, she drives the cumbersome Garden School bus and tactfully carries out the many duties required of Senior Class President. She usually takes the feelings of others into account before acting and often finds herself in a position she would rather have avoided because she can't say "No" to her friends. Her opinions are definite on many subjects, yet she never argues or loses her temper. She is alert and accomplishes things quickly and in an orderly way. Full of fun, she laughs readily and enjoys making other people laugh. Her greatest dislikes are insincerity and the "conversational I" as she terms egotistical people. Her brown eyes register everything from amusement to boredom—a characteristic which annoys her but delights her friends. She never dislikes anyone without good reason.





MARGARET ANN RIDGEWAY  
Bakersfield, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION  
MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Irish Club '50  
Student Affairs Board '52

Spanish Club '49, '50, '51  
Y.C.S. '49



NO ONE could dislike Midge. She is gay and vivacious, but also deeply earnest—so it is she is both a domestic and a party-time girl. At a party she is perhaps the liveliest guest, at home the most capable and gracious of hostesses. She loves just party-time all the time, but the mood, not the actuality. To her vivacity she adds an ability to dance, which has been one of the highlights of the class' dramatic productions. Thanks to her teaching, many of her classmates have improved their own dancing without the aid of Arthur Murray.

To see her bound from bed in the morning one would think Midge enjoys getting up, but her face manifests complete disapproval of the world until she has finished her first cup of coffee. She is extremely generous with her possessions and talents. She will quickly agree to help someone make a dress, repair a tear, take up a hem, or to give advice on knitting.

We think she will make the perfect wife. She avoids arguments that might grow in violence and complexity. She takes her duties seriously. She believes people can for the most part take care of themselves.





LOUISE XAVIER RYAN  
San Mateo, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION  
MINOR: ENGLISH

*Firebrand* Editor '52  
*Carillon* Feature Editor '50  
*Carillon* Staff '49, '50  
Irish Club Secretary '52

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

IT IS a question whether Louise Ryan's hair is black or dark brown; her eyes certainly are hazel and look long and steadily into yours when she asks a question or expects some sage piece of advice. The truth is, however, that she is better at giving advice than seeking it; she seems fated to inspire confidences. She has a sympathetic ear and better, an acid and witty comment on the situation and the maker of it. She does not magnify or condone; objectively and humorously she points out flaws and remedies. Her good dramatic sense launches the witticism at just the climactic moment. This particular dramatic sense has much to do with her talent for amateur librettos—her dialogues make the final production.

In fact, Louise does capably what ever she does. Note her writings for the *Meadowlark* and *Carillon*; her academic standing. Once she determines to take hold things happen—if only the night before. An avid curiosity has made her a good student, a wide reader, a participater in midnight conversations. Her writings are filled with the same abrupt humor as her conversations. It is the unexpectedness of her mingled with an unchanging earnestness that gives Louise her special charm.





MARILYN SUE SARGENT

Fresno, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: EDUCATION

Music Club '49, '50, '51

Choral '49, '50, '51

Madrigals '49, '50, '51

Orchestra '49, '50, '51, '52



MARNI, as Marilyn Sargent is called more often than not—more often than not in yellow sweater, plaid skirt, in saddles not exactly spotless, saunters about campus, curls up in chairs, and passes her subjects with the ease of a ten-o'clock-scholar—a fact which has disturbed faculty and administration more than once. She may not excel at books, but her excellence as a pianist is undisputed. Anyone who has heard her play from the stage of Angelico realizes that here is a girl with great talent, a reserve of power and control that could make her a concert artist of top rank; her interpretation, her technical skill, her performance are masterly. Whatever the reason may be Marni asserts that she would rather teach music to children than play in Carnegie Hall. She often entertains fellow Benincasa-ites with the leisured strumming of a piano opus concerning the faculty and current campus doings.

In short, Marni is a welcome rarity—she has the sensitive gift of the artist—without the artistic temperament.





WILLA CASE SMITH  
San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION  
MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Transferred from the University of Wyoming, Summer '50

TO BE a homemaker as well as a student is no easy task, yet Willa Smith maintains a happy balance between housekeeping and school work. Her academic history is a varied one. She attended Nebraska State Teacher's College, but three years intervened before she returned to the teaching profession. She served two years in the Waves and attended business college for a year. It is possible her household routine might have been helped by her service in the Waves, but it is certain that business school did nothing to increase her respect for things mechanical. The intricacies of any machine—from a typewriter to an automobile—she considers abominable. She will type only so long as the machine works perfectly, and learning to drive a car was what she terms “a frightful experience”.

She dislikes monotony. Her favorite color is blue liberally splashed with pink or red; and in spite of her regular housekeeping-study schedule, she is not averse to doing things on the spur of the moment.





ARLENE BARBARA SPILLES

San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: MUSIC

Transferred from Briar Cliff College, Iowa '50

Music Club Social Chairman '52

Music Club '51, '52

Choral '51, '52

Madrigal '51, '52



ARLENE SPILLES is a refreshing person to talk to. Her laughter starts at a soft roar and ends with a delightful squeak. A certain lilt in her voice enlivens whatever she has to say. Her matter-of-fact "speaking gesture"—standing with one hand on her hip, one foot stretched out in front of her, lends emphasis to her talk and she can entertain her friends with an endless variety of topics. But her ability to entertain doesn't end with conversation. An occasional burst of song reveals the surprisingly beautiful voice Arlene managed to keep hidden (for the space of a few months) in the depths of Angelico practice rooms. She can play any melody by ear and never refuses to give an energetic piano rendition of a tune—be it popular or classical.

Kind-hearted, Arlene is always ready to help anyone she can—whenever she can. Better than willingness, her word is as good as her offer. If she promises a favor, it is as good as done.





PHYLLIS VIRGINIA SUTLIFF

San Mateo, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

I.R.C. President '52

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

Music Club '49

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

Social Committee '51

Choral '49, '50, '51, '52

PHYLLIS SUTLIFF is usually even-tempered. She likes to knit, sew, and crochet, though she is most often found at the pastime of Madame Defarge. She collects long-playing records—mainly classical and “middle-brow” music. Her zest for travel was indulged by trips through the United States, Mexico, and Canada. (Her favorite city is New Orleans—creole cooking, no doubt!) It may be this lure of far-away places that first interested her in the IRC. She is conscientious and found her office as IRC president an informative and enjoyable one.

Small things, such as the demanding ring of an unanswered telephone, upset her. But her piercing shriek when she once discovered an infinitesimal mouse in her room was far from small!

Phyllis has deep loyalties. Only those closely associated with her realize the thoughtfulness and sincerity that characterize her friendships, the firm religious faith that keeps her world on an even keel.





JANE MARIE SWEIGERT  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Freshman Advisor '51  
Executive Board '51  
Student Affairs Board '52

Social Committee '51  
Choral '49



JANE SWEIGERT has an unlimited store of gay conversation with which she entertains those who join her in an after-breakfast cigarette. Her dominating feature is a pair of dramatically black eyebrows—a constant source of teasing, for they contrast markedly with her light brown hair and green eyes. When she talks, Jane's face assumes what her friends call "weird distortions". She will come in on the end of a discussion only to add emphatically what has been said two minutes before. We suspect her emphatic manner hides a vein of sensitivity which makes her alert to the reactions of others. Her enjoyment of psychological movies or ones which are "deep" is second only to her love of Spanish food—especially homemade enchiladas.

An Early Childhood Education major, Jane loves children, and what is more she can manage them. She likes nothing better than taking care of her small nephews and looks forward to the time when she will care for a growing family of her own!





JANE FRANCES WARD

Ross, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Transferred from San Francisco College for Women '50

Poetry Club '51, '52

English Club '52

I.R.C. '51

ANYONE seen Jane Ward?"

"There she is now, just going down the path. See, the little one in the bright orange coat. Must be on her way to the poetry class."—And the time spent in that class has brought her a hint of fame, for one of her poems was printed in the nineteen-fifty edition of the *National Anthology of College Poetry*. She has steeped herself in more prosaic branches of the English department too. In fact, she has taken almost every English course offered. This has resulted in heavy schedules, but her unruffled manner scoffs at the threats armloads of Chaucer and *Cymbeline* make on her off campus plans. She would like to put her knowledge of books to practical use by getting a position in a bookstore.

Aside from her English courses, modern art of any kind interests her. Jane is always redecorating her room at home, and, as she puts it, "Tearing up the rest of the house."—Rather a graphic phrase for one who seems as demure as she does. Yet her demure expression may hide a materializing quip which, in her next sentence, may set her companions into laughter.





ALICE MARIE ZWIERLEIN  
San Mateo, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Transferred from San Mateo Junior College '49

Music Club '51      I.R.C. '50

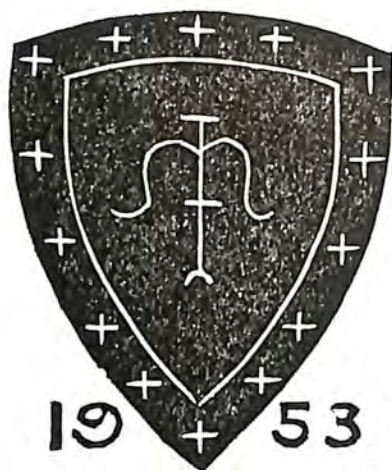
French Club '52



THERE is something of the Cosmopolitan about Alice Zwierlein. She has always wanted to travel, and this wish was gratified by the several months she spent in Europe two summers ago. Italy pleased her most. She found the country "so relaxing" and enjoyed the friendly attitude of the people toward Americans. She is not chatty, but her quiet graciousness makes her an easy person to talk to. It is perhaps her charming manner (coupled with a certain jauntiness) that enables her to coax a tan Chevrolet of middle age and uncertain health up a steep San Francisco hill—thereby proving to the skeptical passengers that courtesy and determination will win out every time.

Her interest in sports is a facile one. In winter she enjoys skiing, and she is a hiking enthusiast in summer. She likes to go to the Symphony. She is a graceful dancer. (But it took many sessions in the Benincasa living-room before she mastered the Charleston!) The best of the social graces are hers. It is not hard to picture her presiding at a state banquet for foreign diplomats!





## JUNIORS

THREE years ago the class of '53 came into existence and, with the help of its sister class, started on what someone poetically called the path of learning. The path seemed not only interminable but also full of traps cleverly designed to catch the unsuspecting Freshman. We had our share of falls, but last September found us welcoming our sister class to D.C. and trying to tell them things weren't quite as impossible as they seemed. We attempted to look calm and poised, as Juniors should, but inside we found that we weren't quite as poised as we should like to be — after all, this business of being upperclassmen was new to us.

But, in spite of our qualms, we found Juniors assuming more responsibility in school affairs — and doing very capable jobs. First of course was Nancy Smith, class president, assisted by Carmel Perucci, Anne Meagher, and Magda Battha. It was somewhat disturbing to find our classmates in positions of authority. When late for dinner we found ourselves explaining to Teddy Busch. If we were summoned to the Student Affairs Board we found Terry Lewis and Anne McGill on the other side of the table. But there was a brighter side also. Few could resist Nancy "refreshments will be served" Burns, and her invitation to come to the Irish Club. Joan Mayerle did justice to both the W. A. A. show and the Chemistry Building. Pug Stewart was writing the editorials for the *Carillon*, while Liz Coman went literary as editor of the *Meadowlark*.

All the Juniors joined in class activities. We became mildly famous for our athletic endeavors during which "the spirit was willing . . ." Class day was upon us before we knew it and this year we featured Pilgrims and Indians. Captain John Smith was indeed a dashing figure as he strode across the stage in search of Pokey. About half the class worried their way through December, January and February, with their ears glued to the radio while their eyes scanned the papers for weather reports. And

when the sun deigned to shine for a weekend, off they went with skis and boots for two days in the snow. When the snow began to melt, the gas buggies were pointed in the direction of Bolinas for more happy weekends. But for the Juniors, the climax of the year was our Junior Prom. On the big night, all preparations and worries faded when the first dance began.

Perhaps because of all this activity, maybe in spite of it, our third year passed even more swiftly than the preceding two. It is our hope that we have contributed something to Dominican this year, to show our appreciation for what we are taking away with us.

MARY JEAN LYNCH '53

#### DRIFT

Sadly I know  
That some things I once had  
Have slipped through my fingers  
Not being held  
Tightly enough;  
Something like a handful  
Of crystalline sand wind-taken  
As I looked at it,  
Or love I told myself would never end,  
Or poems that I thought  
Would write themselves.

JANE WARD '52





### SOPHOMORES

FOR THE class of '54 Meadowlands is a memory of famous first year fun and by the time spring had rolled across campus we definitely liked Dominican. But by the end of this year at Fanjeaux and our last years as underclassmen we discovered that something new had happened. We loved Dominican! That "It's our college" feeling had crept into us.

Perhaps living at Fanjeaux had something to do with this new development. There was bridge in the smoke room, singing on the second floor landing, "house parties" with our friendly foes and neighbors, —the Juniors, and ten o'clock Rosary in the moon flooded Chapel. Just being a part of the Sophomore

Class has much to do with it. We are an enthusiastic, close class—more serious and at the same time, more eager for fun. We have worked and played together noisily and happily, taking ten-thirties for shows and light cuts for term papers with equal ease.

From the very beginning of this year spirits were high, and we found ourselves victors in athletic events at the W.A.A. picnic and later in the season, hockey champions. Then came preparations for our greatest of class projects. The havoc of ticket selling, hotel hunting, and last minute arrangements, faded in the melodies that filled the Colonial Room of the St. Francis. The occasion: the Sophomore Informal, October twelfth. On Shield Day our red and gold crest found us singing new songs and old, and after the ceremonies, we laughed at the antics of our talented Mary Agnes Cunningham in "The Late Christopher Bean." With the help of Junior Pug Stewart, Lee Lee Doyle and her staff handled the *Carillon*, the Sophomore's "adopted Baby" with efficient care.

The Winter Formal and term papers were new items on our list of "Things Done" when Class Day came. Though we bowed to the talented Frosh, we had fun singing and dancing from New York to San Francisco and building a train that really, really moved. Barbara Salmina, our able president, kept things running smoothly, with the help of Jane Lark-

ins, team captain, and Sherry Strople, show director.

The second term whizzed by, with January snow trips, and February mixers, radio shows, and basketball. The Retreat and W.A.A. Show were March events, followed by Easter vacation and term papers in April and, finally, the Junior Prom and Bolinas trips in May. Thus, having completed the Humanities and decided upon majors and minors we have come to the end of our Sophomore year, another step in our preparation for life.

There had been fun-packed long week-ends, cold winter mornings trudging to Mass, hours of charades, deadlines, long distance telephone calls, and all the other things that went to make up our last year as "Little Sisters." We lived the year and loved it, and know now that we belong to Dominican and Dominican belongs to us, a two-way agreement the Sophomores hope will always hold.

ANN BUCKLEY '54

CATHERINE MATICH '54



19 55

#### FRESHMEN

A WARM, sun-drenched Sunday provided the setting for our introduction to the college. We became aware at once of the hospitality and friendliness which pervades the campus. Attempting to accustom ourselves to so large a family, we were confronted by a maze of strange voices, faces, and smiles, which soon identified themselves with the various personalities of future friends.

Shield Day was a proud day for us when we received the green and gold emblem of the Class of '55. The culmination of our gradual initiation came with Class Day, in which we were victorious, revealing our athletic and "histrionic" talents.



Unconsciously, we caught a great deal of the Dominican spirit and made it our own—the spirit of song. We were impressed by the arm-in-arm singing in the grove the first week, all the classes mingling, teaching us the traditional tunes of “Got Along Without You” and “Tell Me Why”.

We sang thoughtfully on Shield Day and joyously on Class Day, believing the words in our hearts. We sang in the grove after library study, the voices of a quartet lifting in spontaneous harmony; or, the sweet Hawaiian melodies flowing gently downward from the second floor.

We recall other things, too: charades in the candlelit Green Room the night the tree fell; nocturnal raids on the kitchen; endless pranks in the “round room”; hilarious pantomimes by an occupant of the lower hall; pajama-clad legs escaping out of sight of late visitors; all three pianos playing different pieces at the same time; quiet vespers watching the sun sink behind Tamalpais; jagged bits of green and gold paper from Class Day; puddle-skipping to early Mass in the light of the moon; a shiny station wagon asking directions to “Johnson Hall”; a “corpse” that prompted more than one scream; clang wars in Guzman furnace pipes; the peace of the ten o'clock rosary.

These and many other thoughts form a fast increasing store of what will become our cherished remin-

iscences. Throughout all of these, however, we will remember that we sang! Anywhere and everywhere, in our rooms, by the fire, walking from dinner, we sang! We were a class and we were happy.

"An angel whispered, 'sing', and we sang!"

MARY ELIZABETH RAGAN, '55

### BECAUSE YOU LEAD ME BY YOUR HAND

Hopping after Your foot-steps, Jesus  
Skipping as You lead me by the hand,  
Watching for a twinkle in Your eye,  
My heart and soul swing high  
Above the tree-roofs  
When You lift me up.  
And though tears may smart,  
A smile of courage gleams,  
As I waltz after You, Jesus,  
And trip along,  
Because You lead me by Your Hand.

JOSETTE TIAMPO '54

## "DOMINICAN"

WHAT'S in a name? wonders a newcomer to the Dominican College of San Rafael. She has yet to learn the significance of names. Every college requires adjustments that are sometimes difficult, but the Dominican College of San Rafael is extraordinary and so seem its problems. The freshman finds that here she must conform to a new standard. What that standard is she is not quite sure at first, but it seems to lie in the name, Dominican.

"Don't do that, girls; that just isn't Dominican," says an upper classman or a faculty member. "Smile, greet the members of our family with a bright 'hello' when you meet them on campus—even if it's before an '8:25'—That's Dominican . . . We aren't self-conscious about giving our talents—That's not Dominican . . . You study too much or (perhaps more often) you play too much—That's not Dominican." A strange use of vocabulary, a series of "is's" and "is not's"—all attached to that name "Dominican". Very confusing to a freshman or to anybody until the pattern of *being* "Dominican" begins to take shape.

Just what is the spirit in this name that makes us different from any other college? As the semesters progress, its meaning becomes clearer. To all, it becomes something very dear, an integral part of their

surroundings and finally a part of themselves. In some events this mark or pattern of individuality is more prominent than in others. To some, Dominican is the spirit of Class Day—the pervading ardor in the friendly competition united with an ever-present sense of oneness. To others, it is the thrill of caroling night, of red candle flames in coupled procession under the cold, clear notes of the chimes’ “Silent Night.” Dominican is for all the opportunity to receive a good Catholic education, to learn about God, to visit Him at Mass and in the chapels in our houses. These are all inherent parts of Dominican and can not be separated from it; but they are only spokes on the wheel.

Truth is the hub of our spirit. “Veritas fax ardens”, the burning firebrand of truth, is the motto of our year book, the principle of our shield. Truth is our aim, a burning torch that illuminates our minds and brings warm satisfaction. We love truth not only for the pleasure we receive in developing our minds, but for itself. In learning the reality, we approach God—Truth itself.

This aim is the basis of our actions, our virtues, our relations with others. We all have a true vocation to learn the truth, to defend it, and to spread our knowledge of the truth to others. We have a bond here—a bond that is so close that we become one as a



family. Each is important in our family; each member has something that only she can give and that she gives gladly because she thinks of the family before herself.

So it is in our residence houses. Each year a new set of girls moves into a hall. Each hall becomes a home before the year has passed, and many regret moving up a peg, because they will have to transfer to the other house. The next year the other house is just as much a home as the one left behind for the lower classmen. Conclusion—the residence halls are something more than an institution, something more than a place to sleep between classes. The halls are homes because the girls have made them so.

Don't be surprised, then, if a mother asks her daughter at home for the weekend when she is going "home". Dominican is truly home for nine months of the year, especially for the "out-of-staters" and foreign students. So we hear, "I'm going to stay home this weekend and get some work done." This is the result of the Dominican family spirit. It is gracious; it is friendly; it is generous. Knowing that someone cares brings a warm feeling of security. Dominican cares about her girls—about their guests, whom she welcomes as her own; about their dates, about the hours they keep, about their general welfare and happiness. The family rejoices at the successes of its

members; it worries about their troubles; it supports them when they fall.

Yes, Dominican is not self-conscious. We have something higher to live for than self; and, consequently, we are so much happier. We sing in the smoke room; we sing in the Grove. Even midterms do not dampen our spirits. "Oh, what's the use of worrying; it never was worthwhile . . ."

The Dominican spirit is as broad as it is happy. Truth is not one-sided. Neither is the Dominican student's personality so stunted. Truth encompasses all—all subjects, not only religious courses—all activities, not only intellectual ones. Although intellectual activities are very important to us, they are not the *all*. The Dominican College of San Rafael gives complete women to the world. How remarkable the many things that her girls can do well! The Dominican girl is active in sports; she is sociable; she is creative. So many extra-curricular activities crowd into the schedule; yet Dominican does all well. That's Dominican! No longer the silly adage that women can't think, an insulting statement that is a hang-over from the Dark Age! Our Dominican girls *can* think; they are interested in the truth, and they will see to the best of their ability that the truth reaches the world.

The Dominican College of San Rafael is a comparatively small college, but it is not limited by its num-

bers. Being small, we can know each other better; we can pay more attention to the individual. We are really comparatively cosmopolitan. In our little world, we not only have students from many states of the Union, but from Hungary, Germany, South America, France, and China. They are good for us. If we never travel, we may still see the admirable qualities of other places. Less provincial, we will be better Americans.

We are broad in another sense. In its simplicity, the college accepts each girl for the good in her—not for trivial reasons. What one wears is of no particular consequence; rather, what one *is*. One notices this democratic spirit in our student government. The students accept the responsibility of themselves. They encourage study among themselves. They contribute to each other's spirit, for enthusiasm is contagious. The officers directly see that the conduct of the girls conforms with our ideal, but each is responsible for herself. Here is the beauty of our honor system.

Truth is our guide. We must be true to ourselves and our spirit in seeking the truth. We must know and treasure our spirit lest others try to steal it from us to disfigure it. We have faults; we can not perfectly live up to our ideal, but we must keep it before us. The Dominican spirit of truth must become a part of us. It will enrich and uplift us. The truth will make us free.

A. M. '53

## STILLNESS WITH LILIES

A lily  
And cool Grecian pillars . . .  
Invisible microfilm twining lily-stemmed fingers,  
Surgical gauze reeking with catalogued pain,  
And ancient arches over Europe's bombed squares!

And a lily  
Where a soldier wakes and stares the wall;  
War and the world rush across its mirror,  
His eyes catch eyes in glass,  
Shallow wells of sorrow. Oh God!  
He weeps through tired hands,  
Putting on his overcoat of war  
He pours himself a cup of coffee,  
O porcelain cup of peace, white . . . and *clean*  
Is peace a shell we pour war into,  
Or is peace, real peace, fields and fields of lilies,  
White in sunlight?

ANNE BUCKLEY '54





power lines were torn down, and we typed term papers by candle light.

All kinds of weather, storms in particular, have affected men throughout the centuries. Many writers have recorded in journals and histories the violent results of nature upon their economic and political lives. But many others have read Christian signs of the hand of God into the weather. Poetry and prose never seem to tire of this impressive comparison. So why not call our recent storms a request from God?

A request for the storm of prayers that we could send raining and snowing on the gates of Heaven to cure a sick world. Since we are all being educated to an awareness of both the world and of Heaven we know that there is no other way out of the deadlock between Christianity and Communism.

We must enlist the aid of God and the Saints. Mary has given us the answer—prayer. Prayers as forceful and constant as the wind, rain, or snow that pours down on the earth.

T. F. B. '53

## GETHSEMAN I

We sleep,  
Hard rounded stones,  
Grey huddled sheep  
Deaf to Christ's white trumpet cry  
Deaf to His thin blue fluted sigh.

Seel  
Red torch-tears burn his cheek.  
Staggering near with restless feet  
He seeks  
A word of love  
No spirit from above  
Could give.

We see him through our sleep-slit eyes  
Yawning we turn but will not rise.  
Still He is there  
Standing  
Starving  
In earth's homeless air.

SISTER PETRONILLA MARIE

## DOCTOR SILVA

NEXT year the college will lose one of its most respected and well liked faculty members, Dr. Gulio Silva.

Born in Parma, Italy, Dr. Silva studied music in Europe, where he received his Doctorate, and held the position of Professor of Singing at the Royal Conservatory of St. Cecelia in Rome.

Dr. Silva came to the United States in 1921. Until 1926 resided in New York as head of the vocal department at the Mannes School of Music. In that year Ernest Block urged him to come to San Francisco to accept the position of Head of the Vocal Department at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, where he teaches voice at the present time.

A noted author, composer, teacher, and conductor, Dr. Silva's special study and research on the earliest forms of Gregorian Chant have attracted the interest and admiration of musicians and musicologists the world over.

In 1939, Dr. Silva became Professor of Music in the Dominican College of San Rafael. As a member of our Faculty he has written the two compositions for which Dominican students know him best—*The Mysteries of the Rosary* and *The Hound of Heaven*.

The most recent of the two is *The Hound of Hea-*

*ven*, a cantata for women's voices, written in two parts, with a soprano and a bass solo, and orchestral accompaniment. Dr. Silva liked Thompson's poem and so decided to set it to music. This liking is clearly shown in the beautiful interpretation and enriched meaning which he has given to the words through the medium of his music.

*The Hound* was written in 1949, and has been performed twice since then, in 1949 and again in 1951.

Perhaps the better known of the two compositions is *The Mysteries of the Rosary*, or, as we here refer to it, *The Mysteries*. The story behind the writing of this work is an integral part of our College. It was written for the late Sister Mary Dominic McGettigan, O. P., through whose help and encouragement its composition came to be. Sister Dominic died just after the completion and before she had the opportunity to hear it herself. *The Mysteries* are given by the College on Palm Sunday of every year.

Both *The Mysteries* and the *Hound of Heaven* have been recorded through the auspices of the Music Library Recordings. The recording was done by the Dominican choral under Dr. Silva's direction. The album of *The Mysteries*, made in 1949, is now complete. *The Hound of Heaven* was recorded this January, and that album will, it is hoped, be ready soon.



Though many pages could be written on Doctor Silva's work and compositions as well as on his personal excellence in the field of music, we know and love him for much more.

Those who have worked with him in choral and the Madrigals have benefited from his help and instruction. All have known his patience and his kindly sense of humor, his sharing with us of the beauties of his compositions.

He brings to us some of the flavor and charm of the Old World in his appearance, his speech, and his manners. After a performance, his acknowledging bow to the audience includes the work of the group he has conducted, and he is always quick to praise the performers. "Behind the curtain" he thanks the singers personally, and even the next day he has a word of gracious commendation although the performance might not have been quite up to par. His kindness and encouragement make effort more than worthwhile. His students grieve at their mistakes because of his grief.

Despite his great personal ability, he is never condescending when he works with us who are comparatively untrained in music. When he directs practices, his teaching is sincere and simple and always clear. He makes us feel that he is not working over or above us, but with us. His humor in pointing out our many

mistakes is not at the expense of anyone. He helps us to laugh with him.

He has often said when rehearsing either *The Hound of Heaven* or *The Mysteries*, that it is the words we must bring out, that they are far more important than the music. It is true that the words of any composition must be put across, but it is through Dr. Silva's music that those words have been given the meaning and feeling they represent and that can only be appreciated through hearing, or better yet, singing, that music.

This is but a slight tribute to Dr. Giulio Silva, who has given to Dominican College not only the beauties of his music, but the patience, kindness, and understanding for which we remember him.

ELIZABETH COMAN '53

## NIGHT MOTH

I perceive night,  
Touching star-pollen,  
Tasting nectar drops of moon  
In her iris petals.

A white angel  
Has feather-brushed me by,  
Touching the mortal edges  
Of my grey cocoon.

Carnal-chrysalis, I move, I break;  
Fluttering my wild butterfly of soul,  
I shake the burden-dust off my immortal wings,  
And fly the wide sky of night-flower  
Begging for eternity.

ANNE FROST, '53

Published in *The National Anthology of College Poetry*, 1951



## IN THE BROADCASTING STUDIO

RADIO is considered as one of the most powerful media of mass communication, but it must be remembered that radio is also an art, a highly complicated one that requires intense work and satisfies the creative instincts of many men and women in modern society. In the colleges and universities radio draws a growing number of students. Even on our campus it touches the interest of a small group of girls who are eager to be Radio Players.

There is work to be done in the broadcasting studio; lines must be read, characters brought to life, sounds created, music selected to heighten moods and atmosphere—and all of these synchronized, mixed and brought into focus. What explanation can be made for that undeniable impulse to “work in the studio”—what keeps the Players on campus for a Saturday rehearsal—why do they spend hours at fencing lessons to lend authenticity to a sound effect for *Hamlet*—why is a search for five seconds of the right mood music an exciting exploration rather than a boring experience?

The answer might be found posted on the Players' blue call-board in a quotation by James Boswell. “. . . the truth is, that in order to be a good player, there is required a greater share of genius, knowledge



and accomplishment than for any one profession whatever; for this reason: that the profession of player comprehends the whole system of human life . . .”

These words penetrate the deepest meaning of Player. In them James Boswell sets up a high ideal and a serious task for the Players, that require more than the mere techniques of reading lines and producing sounds. It calls the Players to share in their talents, to aspire for higher accomplishments and never cease to look for knowledge. The Players must realize that there is no value in talent and skillful performance unless there is a harmonious give and take among them. They must feel themselves into the same experience in order to heighten and complement each other's performance. This feeling of empathy, so basic in underlying the appreciation of beauty, creates an actual physical reaction that brings life into the performance and captures the imagination of the radio audience.

But talent, even shared, is not enough; James Boswell says the Player must have knowledge. The natural gift must be cultivated and expanded. Again, the search for knowledge must not end with the study of techniques and analysis in the abstract. An important part of this search will reach beyond the sound-proofed walls of the studio. The Players must study

people . . . observe their speech, actions and reactions and try to penetrate the thoughts and motives behind them. They must pay special attention to the individual characteristics which make one person different from another. In the studio books and discussions help the Players to comprehend what they have observed. These discussions open a completely new world to the Players; they connect separate facts learned here and there, in psychology, aesthetics and philosophy. These facts take on new meanings and lead to an understanding of human nature. As James Boswell so aptly puts it, our human life is a whole system; consequently, we cannot understand life unless we try to fit our knowledge of it into a systematized pattern. Knowledge and experience do little good unless they are related and translated into one's own terms, and there is scarcely a more fit medium through which one can do that than radio.

MARIA BATTHA '52





## GOLDEN GATE PARK

SAN FRANCISCO'S Golden Gate Park is the largest man-made park in the world. It covers practically four miles, one thousand acres of trees, grass, ferns, shrubs and flowers, playgrounds, museums, and athletic fields where once stretched miles of barren wastelands, rocky hills, and shifting sand dunes. It is difficult for us who come after to picture the planning and the labor that gradually effected this transformation, in the face of the jokes, jibes and criticisms directed against the enterprise. Following the creation of the first park commission by the California legislature in 1870, a nursery was established, in which were germinated seedlings of pine, cypress, and gum; hardy trees that were well adapted to the struggle that they must face. Wild lupine and grass were sown on the sand dunes for anchorage. Wherever they took root, seedlings were set out in the protection of their shelter. Gradually these took hold, providing additional shelter for the less sturdy plants; then great quantities of soil and humus were hauled in, and soon the vast reaches of rolling sand gave way to verdant hill, swales, and meadows.

In 1890, John McLaren became the superintendent of the park, a post which he held until 1943; and although it is by no means true that the Golden Gate



Park was entirely his work, his close association with its development has made it almost impossible to think of one without the other. He seemed to have the faculty of imparting his own enthusiasm for Golden Gate Park to fellow botanists and devotees of growing things all over the world. They sent him plants, shrubs and flowers which he succeeded in growing. The park has become especially noted for shade trees—almost every known variety from the deodar of the highest Himalayas to the banyan tree from the steaming tropic jungles can be found here. From the desolate sand dunes there have arisen thousands of cactus plants, firs, conifers from the snow country, palm trees, rhododendrons, rare tropical plants—virtually all the flora of the world can now be seen in the Golden Gate Park.

In the old days the Park also contained a large number of wild animals; but with the establishment of the Fleishhacker Zoo, many of the wilder animals were transferred from park to zoo. Now there remain only the aviary, and the herds of deer, elk, and buffalo which range in fenced enclosures. Besides the captive animals, there is no end of squirrels, rabbits, birds, and other creatures that scurry or fly through the thickets and the trees.

So it is that an afternoon in the park might well afford to the leisurely curious an education in the

kingdom of plants and animals. The wonders of the park, however, do not end with the fauna and the flora; the park offers as well rich adventures in the realm of man's cultural and artistic achievements. In the midst of this beautiful setting of rolling wooded lands and gardens are grouped museums, concert halls and art galleries.

A little to the west of the North Drive is the De Young Museum with its large collection of paintings, statuary, furniture, tapestries, handicraft, antiques, and other articles of ethnological or antiquarian interest.

Across the road from the museum is the Spreckles' Temple of Music, a sunken garden, strangely "roofed" with living trees, where open air concerts are given.

On the other side of the Temple, the Academy of Sciences, which is devoid of cluttering cases and dark dingy rooms so characteristic of the average Natural History museum, contains many realistic displays of wild life, in natural postures, and habitat, where the taxidermist and the naturalist have cooperated with amazing results.

Of equal interest, but perhaps of greater fascination to both children and adults, is the Steinhart Aquarium. An endless variety of fish and other creatures of the sea display themselves in multifarious tanks. Even the most casual observer stands spellbound before

these intricate and fantastic inhabitants of the marine world.

Then for sheer beauty and leisurely enjoyment there is the famous Oriental Tea Garden, with its hump-backed bridges, fanciful pagodas, cherry trees, and pretty Chinese girls in colorful shaams, serving afternoon tea.

A little further on is Stow Lake, which encircles Strawberry Hill. Boats for hire take one around the lake and are a constant source of annoyance to the swans, ducks, and mud hens which make their home there.

Beyond the lake are the "Portals of the Past" the marble entrance to an old mansion of Nob Hill, destroyed in the fire of 1906. These columns, erected at the edge of a beautiful little pool, are reminders of the San Francisco that was.

Toward the west the Park slopes to the ocean. At the Park's edge are the huge windmills which for twenty years pumped the Park's entire water supply.

At the south of the Park are huge Redwood trees and meadows, dotted with innumerable varieties of flowers, including rhododendrons with their rainbow-hued blossoms, perhaps unrivalled anywhere in the world. In memory of John McLaren, who had such a fervent love of growing things, there is a twenty-acre plot set aside for the mass planting of the rho-

dodendron bearing his name. How different must this same plot have looked to him some sixty years ago.

At the eastern entrance of the park is Kezar Stadium, opened on May 2, 1935. It has since been the setting for many important football games, track meets, and more formal ceremonies.

Just off the highway, in a valley safe from the hazards of traffic, is Sharon's Playground, with its picturesque "Children's House," and its endless variety of play equipment ready and waiting to be used.

It is of course impossible to catalogue all the wonders of the Park, but there they all are where once stretched wastelands of sand dunes and rocky hills. The Park Commission was right when it said in its first published report: "Golden Gate Park has proven to be the best investment that San Francisco has ever made." It has paid dividends of health and beauty and peace, of bucolic joys and memories to the children and citizens of San Francisco, to travellers from all parts of the world.

RUTH HANLEY '52



## YOUNG STAG

The young stag dreams out the high-day heat  
By a log in the muskeg swamp  
Where cliffs drop down to a broken bay,  
Where bracken waves, green and damp,  
With sun on his hide, and the log for shade,  
He lies in his hill-spread camp.

Red woodpeckers rattle among far trees,  
Thin snipe wail over wide moor,  
Marsh sedges rustle where muskrats squeeze  
Through tussocky ground towards shore,  
And never a move does the young stag make  
On the cliff where sea-eagles soar.

But when mid-day wanes past its noon-hot peak,  
The young stag rises and goes  
With his horned head back, and his scut-flage white,  
On high-stepping, black-cleft toes,  
Where heather and fern nest plover and tern,  
On the trail of the old stag's does.

KATE RENNIE ARCHER

## THE MIXING BOWL

|| HAVE been to every mixer dance at Dominican. I am a junior. By now I am supposed to be neat, sweet, and socially successful. Instead I am plain, vain, and socially unsuccessful. This condition has been achieved by two and a half years of imaginary faith in myself prompted by my more fortunate colleagues, who, through lack of experience and through the grace of God are unable to understand my deplorable fate.

I have been to my last mixer. Its events are typical, but sometimes the facts face a person for years before a person will face the facts.

It begins with the usual rain before the rainbow. Some of the pre-curl tortures and pre-mask masks which scalps and faces undergo suggest the possible inflictions of Purgatorio's Dress Circle. The Paradisio arrives at about 8:30.

I have a new dress, new shoes, new eyebrows, new hope, and a road map to my destination of femme fatale.

In the living room is a waitful display of feminine scholastics: the timid, the confident, the blasé . . . the milk chocolates, the chews, and the rock candy.

A group of young college men are cluttered about the front door, seeming indefinite as to whether they

have just arrived or are just leaving. I review my instructions: I have always been a success, I have never been a failure. My course is clear. I must pretend I am on the social committee. Radiant manifestation of success, I approach them and deliver my poised question.

"Would you fellas like to be introduced to some girls?"

Their reply is a deluge of the most confusing roar of masculine laughter I hope ever to experience.

Utterly terrified, I seek the seclusion of my room, the frankness of my mirror. I look fairly human, a bit tragic, yet anything but funny. I cannot cry. Instead I must reason this thing out, invent a new technique. An hour later I contrive the idea of passing out cokes.

I re-enter the dance via the kitchen and sporting a tray of wet bottles. I espy a solitary gent standing helplessly in a corner; he is my victim.

"Would you like a coke?"

"Oh, no thanks. Would you like to dance?"

"Oh yes," I say, trying not to scream. But the tray of cokes . . . troubles never cease. Where can I find six thirsty customers in sixty seconds without looking rushed? "Just a minute."

I slither through the crowd and deposit the tray on a table out of his sight. As I slither back to my vic-

tim, I realize that he has disappeared. Dejected, I join a group of friends across the room, where I hope that no one has just witnessed my misfortune. After a strained chat with them I realize that they have all been whisked away, one by one, and that I am left alone, again to contrive and reason. But there is no reason . . . except that I have failed.

Again I seek the seclusion of my room, the consolation of bed and sleep. But even as I try to sleep I hear the dance music. Every beat slips off the dance floor and hits me in the middle of the back like a big foot.

Then, finally, just as I have overcome the bothersome noise, a group of girls burst into the room, disgusted with me for having retired so early, and begging me to come down and "liven" things up by playing the piano. I am defeated by half an hour of arguing. I will have to get dressed all over again . . . but after all, it is worth it . . . to know that I am successful at something.

My fans greet me at the piano. I take my place on my one throne—the piano bench. Having finished my first number I look up in search of praise. But all my fans have vanished. No one seems to be at all aware that I exist.

When all the girls come bubbling up the stairs after the dance like spurts of soda water, I will be sinking into sleep.

ANNE FROST '53



## IF THE SHOE FITS

WHAT is it that makes a shoe a shoe? What is the precise essence of shoeness? Observe the shoes around you; in your closet, on your classmates, in the nose-smudged store windows, on the people passing by on the street, or anywhere. Since everyone, almost, wears shoes, your field will be practically limitless. You'll find yourself picking up a vast array of interesting, if utterly useless knowledge, aside from reaching a surprising degree of agility in mental gymnastics and the process of elimination.

From the shoes in your closet, you can see it isn't the shape that makes the shoe a shoe. The gray and brown Spaldings with souvenirs of terrain from the various scenic spots on the Dominican campus spattered liberally over them, and the bright green, carefully shined Capezios are both shoes, though the shapes are obviously not what gives them the essence of shoeness. After making a heart-breaking resolution to "do something about those shoes and that closet" you grab the pair with the run down heels and the turned up toes and start for the shoemakers.

The first stop on your tour in search of shoeity is the grove where you sit and look wistful until someone providentially says, "Let's go to Corey's for a cup of coffee." This assures you of the fact that by the

time you reach the "village" you will still have a pair of shoes to observe. Since the invitation has been issued at random, you have plenty of subject matter to aid you in your quest of shoeity. Keeping your eyes demurely downcast, you pursue your scheduled train of thought.

You take a quick look around you, mentally calculating for future reference on your file of valueless knowledge that shoes reflect a great deal of personality and character by their condition and whether they are for duty or beauty. The shoes of the girl on the right (you can't see her face since you are on the second layer and someone's shoulder is proving to be a slight obstruction) show her to be a girl to whom detail is important. The red leather picks up the red in the background of her plaid wool skirt, while whoever that is on the left is wearing a pair of clodhoppers that pick up nothing but mud. The knot in each lace points to the fact that at least she is inventive as well as forgetful. Your own shoes point you out to be a weak, undecided, vacillating person that does not know her own mind, since the leather has lost much of its natural color and luster under a coating of dirt, but the laces are a new snowy white. Now you know it isn't the shape, but since all the shoes seem to be of leather, could it be that it's the material that makes the shoe? As this thought preoccupies you, you don't

realize that you have arrived at your destination until you are catapulted rudely from the car. As you recover your dignity and uprightness, you find yourself looking directly into a window, a window with a sale sign propped against a rack of plastic shoes. Your self satisfaction vanishes like a box of cookies from home, leaving not even crumbs as a reminder of what was once there.

Your search seems hopeless, but the coffee perked up your energy and again you catch your train of thought. All you can seem to think about is that shoes reflect, in most cases only figuratively, a great deal about people's inner self. Then the connection clicks —people, shoes!! Of course, why didn't you think of an obvious thing like that before when you first started to look for shoeness. Now it's all too clear. People are just like shoes, in both it's the soul, or sole, as the case may be, that makes them what they are. Have you checked the condition of yours lately?

LEE LEE DOYLE '54

## EXCERPTS FROM A FRESHMAN'S DIARY

September 22, 1951

Dear Diary,

Class assignments keep me buzzing, and I see so many girls whose faces I don't recognize as I slide down Guzman's hall and skid into the classroom as the last bell rings. Of course, I know most of the Freshmen, but the only upperclassman I know is my big sister; she is a Junior.

. . . This afternoon she gave me a good idea — said I should join some clubs. I'll visit all and then decide.

. . . Today I went to my first club meeting, the Art Club. Joan Cullimore is president, and Mrs. O'Hanlon is the moderator. The club is a very ambitious one. Already they're planning to have a fashion show and tea in November when the members will model exclusive clothes. The benefit of the proceeds will be for the Art Building. If I lose twenty pounds in the next six weeks, maybe they'd let me model. In December they're going to have a Book Fair to raise more money for the Art Building fund, and next semester they'll give a dance in March! Mark that date to save!

. . . The Poetry Club under the guidance of Mrs. Kate Rennie Archer meets on Mondays. The aspiring poets learn to improve upon the poetry they write.



Some have had their poems published in national anthologies.

Another Monday meeting very important for me as an informed citizen is the International Relations Club, which they call I.R.C. The moderator, Dr. Sokolowski, helps us to understand world problems. Phyllis Sutliff, the president, asked me to give a report on the Iranian oil problem. Today we discussed the Japanese Peace Treaty. Won't my family be surprised when I go home and discuss these topics intelligently!

In April, the club is sending six delegates to a Model United Nations to be held at the University of Southern California.

Went to Fianna Og, the Irish Club, tonight; it's the largest club on campus. Sister Richard is the moderator, but she doesn't *look* Irish! The purpose as Ruth Hanley, co-chairman, explained is to further an understanding of Irish culture, through special speakers, by telling stories of Irish origin and by giving an Irish Fair.

October 4, 1951

Guess what! Miss Stafford, our French teacher, was telling us about the French Club of which she is the moderator. She says the club may help us to improve our accents and to learn about French people and French customs. So I went and there were

some French girls there who spoke French so quickly and beautifully. President Virginia Murillo reminded us of our plans to have a Christmas party, and we began to learn Christmas carols in French!

October 5, 1951

The Music Club had a meeting tonight and the president, Maria Silva, announced that those who wanted to buy season tickets to the Symphony should sign up for the seats they prefer. She explained that it is the Music Club's function to sponsor the sale of these tickets to the school. Maria read out the list of those who are to serve guests after the next concerts. Sister Dominic, the moderator, enthusiastically told us about the next concert artist and his program. Must put that on my calendar.

October 9, 1951

. . . I just discovered the La Tertulia Club, and since I used to take Spanish in high school I am more than eligible to join. We're going to go out for a Spanish dinner soon, and Dorothea Jones, the president, is beginning to make preparations for the Pan-American Day which is for the Spanish clubs of several bay area Colleges each spring.

October 10, 1951

. . . A new club has been formed on campus for the foreign girls so that they will be able to get to-

gether on the weekends for companionship because the campus is often very quiet on these weekends and it is much more fun to share that quietude. Bobbie Lee was just elected president of the club. They have chosen Miss Stafford (?) as their moderator.

. . . Midterms are just around the corner. I don't know where to begin—I'm so far behind in my assignments. Guess I'd better start cramming tonight. Sister was right when she told me I was going to too many club meetings.

October 22, 1951

. . . The reason for my two week silence is that I have been diligently studying. They really pile on the work here. My report card arrived while I was home for the weekend. I got two D's. Mother asked me what I did with my time, and I told her that I always utilized it; never wasted time. After a long talk we came to the conclusion that I was visiting too many clubs. Mother said it was time I chose the two or three which I enjoyed most. Then I could devote more time to my studies and more time to those few clubs. I've learned a lot from this episode. I guess "Experience is the best school for learning." But at least I now have many new friends in the "Cinch Club."

Wisely yours,

A Frosh

N. S. '53

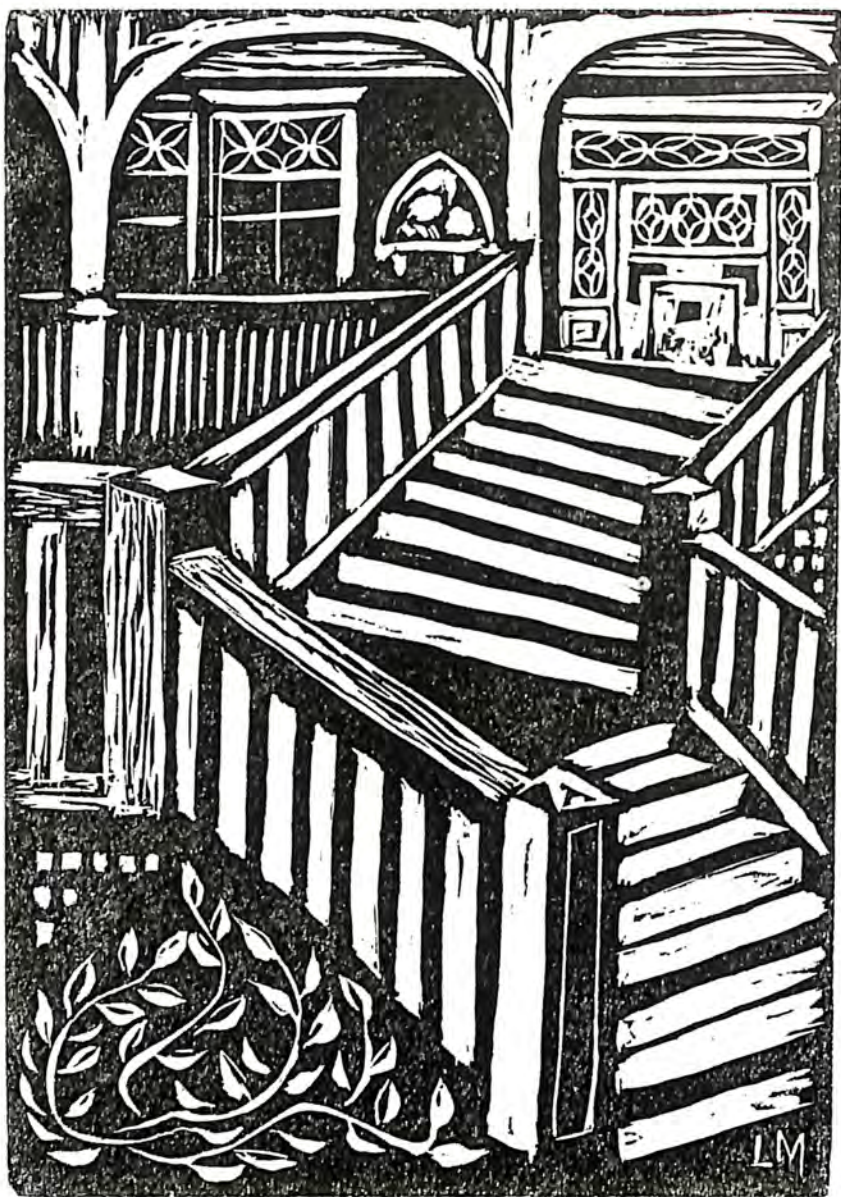
## THE BULLETIN BOARD

At the ringing of the bell, doors swing open and groups of girls trek from their classes. With books under arm, off they go in a confusion of paths. But each path leads first to a central spot, the bulletin board. A notice from the book store states that Mary Jones hasn't come after *General Zoology*. Little oblong notes with neatly typed names pinned conspicuously on the right report as if in blaring neon lights that the librarian has found some books to be long overdue. Fines must be paid! A mixer this Friday—"Will those who will be here please sign." Meetings! Meetings! Music Club, Art Club, Third Order, —all summon their members with appropriate notices of various colors—a black clef on a white background, geometrical abstracts or a formal note. Placed at an angle between unclaimed letters, the assembly notice beckons the reluctant.

The group begins to disperse and, as the last bell rings, the slap of leather against tile echoes along quickly emptying halls. The paths are no longer there, but fifty minutes later, converging before the bulletin board, they will meet again.

DORIS GRUNBERG '55





## THE MEADOWLANDS STAIRS

Have you ever noticed the characteristics of the three staircases in the old part of Meadowlands? The stairs leading to the spacious front porch are cheerful and friendly, immediately welcoming you. The wide white banisters and broad grey steps suggest the homelike atmosphere within. The bench placed conveniently on the landing contributes a spirit of hospitality to this entrance.

Of the two inside stairways that ascend to the second floor, the main staircase in the entrance hall impresses you with visions of the past. These formal stairs, with two landings and a broad balustrade, add grandeur and dignity to the reception hall. At the foot of the banister a lamp illuminates the staircase, while the translucent glass windows patterned in stained segments lend it an august air.

A more practical and useful flight of stairs is the narrow, circular one also connecting the first two floors. A curved railing guards these serviceable steps, while rubber mats prevent falls. The curvature of these stairs supports the use of circles in the appearance of this home, for example, the round room, the curving balconies, and rounded arches on the front porch. Thus, from these staircases you can feel the friendliness, the dignity, and the practicality of Meadowlands.

MARY HOOKER '55

## SHADES OF SAINT AUGUSTINE'S PEAR TREE

SAINT AUGUSTINE tells in his *Confessions* a remorseful story of a pear tree. Remorseful, but St. Augustine was tempted by the tree's beckoning branches and in this respect he is not without companions. On our campus there are several students, including my guardian angel's ward, who have discovered the sweet nectared "winter nellies" near Angelico Hall. Now two things can be said in defense of these offenders, either they are lovers of nature and think that by plucking the heavy fruit from its branches the tree will spring back into shape thus gaining years of longevity, or they are lovers of that ancient adage "waste not, want not". Those who belong to the second group have joined league with the crusade against famine. Of course there are those who think that by jumping for the branches they will be able to keep trim, and those who consider pears the mainstay in their fruit diets, but they are few and certainly outnumbered by the former groups.

One night it was rumored that several Troupers coming home late from a rehearsal were tormented by a craving desire for green pears. One gallant soul mounted the tree and shinnied down with seven bird-pecked dainties. The next day seven members of the



group were excused from class. "Up too late," they said. . . .

The pear season has died out now as nature has boarded up her house for the winter. And with a word of adieu to the season we whisper a tiny prayer asking God to bless the pear tree with many more fruitful years.

HONORENE PHILLIPS '55

## THE CAMPUS MIRROR

Like a mirror the locker room reflects the various events of campus life. Long, black gowns marching around the racks on hangers proclaim the arrival of a cap and gown ceremony. If sun-tan weather prevails, the locker room looks very bare, but when rain pours, yellow slickers and gaily checked raincoats droop limply from the racks; multi-colored scarfs, with a predominance of blue and green, drape the heaters; sodden umbrellas of every pattern and design, spread out on the floor, drip water everywhere.

One day of the week easily recognized in the locker room is Friday. Then the room resembles a checking stand, cluttered with overnight bags and suitcases of assorted sizes and colors, and with hat boxes and shoe boxes tossed on the shelf above; grey, beige, and white coats and jackets hanging below. To judge by quan-



tity and assortment of baggage, all of Dominican is leaving for the weekend.

Then one weekend, when vacation arrives, the locker room becomes silent and empty. No books jam the lockers, the little cubby-holed stand is empty of graded papers, and the letter box no longer overflows with out-going mail. Nevertheless, when next semester begins, the locker room will again become a mirror of daily college life.

JOAN RILLA '55

#### P. E. 160—MODERN DANCE

Synonymous with modern dance can be such names as, "the college girls' wheaties", "the cure all", or "if this can't put it where it belongs—nothing can!" Strictly, physiologically or psychologically speaking, modern dance is good for you. However, after one class a victim will wonder if it was worth evading her arch-enemy—basketball.

Modern dance exercises are very thorough. You discover muscles, (the hard way), that you'll bet never existed in a medical dictionary! As your friends, who now resemble pall-bearers, wearily haul your dilapidated frame onto its bed, you vaguely try to recall just exactly when *it* happened. An hour ago it was such great fun! But now. . . . Why at four-ten you were

meeting new people and even "getting friendly with the floor!" Actually that covers a lot of territory, like the inch of dust, and the splinters that cause a pin-cushiony sensation whenever feeling crawls its torturous path down to your flattened feet.

There were five exciting minutes when the teacher had you "walk like princesses!" Like little girls the class straightened up and, disregarding bedraggled suits and weary hair-dos, glided around the hall with all the sophistication of aspiring debutantes. No, that certainly couldn't have brought on a complete state of enervation. Come to think of it, though, things were already confused when directed to "Look at your hands. See how they move?" You noticed one hand was clutching a post for support, but the other really did look alive . . . at least it was hard to focus on.

Modern dancing is really creative. Much depends upon a good imagination. For instance, watch two people. One is galloping around like mad, creating—or trying to—the illusion of a horse. What the other person imagines he sees is questionable. Who knows, one of these days they may even create the idea of a dancer. That would be a modern twist!

JACKIE ALTSTAETTER '55

## QUEEN'S COURT

The snowy form of Our Lady of Grace beckons the rich greens and browns of the Fanjeaux court. A commanding and gleaming figure in bright sunshine, her light is almost too white. She stands a queen offering her limitless bounty of love to an empty court. The silent night better suits her. Then the once unflinching rays of the sun are caught second-hand from the moon—softened, lending the surface an aura of luminosity that seems to emanate from the figure itself. Enveloped in the delicate folds of her mantle she instills a spirit of thoughtful reflection; indeed, the beautiful orchid lei from Hawaii draped over her outstretched arms is proof that she is in the hearts of her subjects more often than is apparent to the pessimistic eye.

MARY REGAN '55



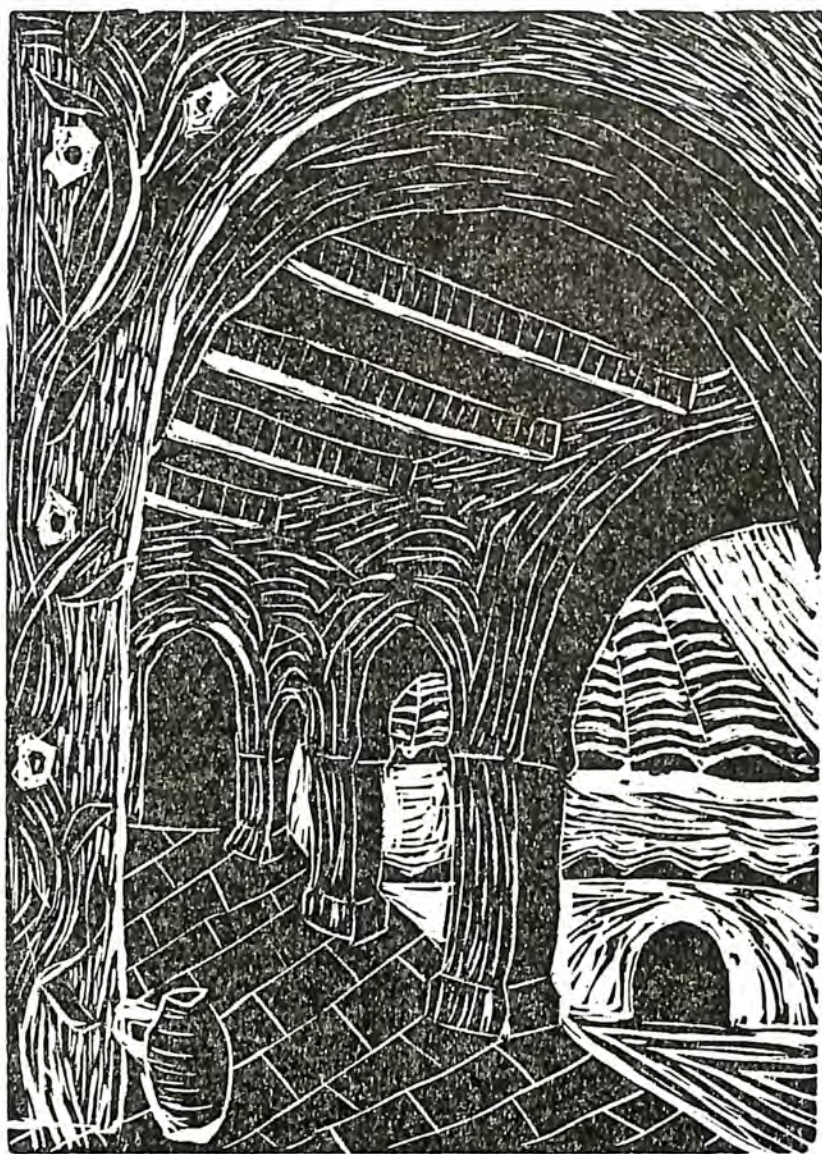
## THIEVES IN EDEN

Eden is no forsaken country yet  
While there are thieves that steal in under night  
Behind the avenging angel and his light,  
Purloining bits of wonder men forget:  
That flake of gold on hair the painter met  
Only in magic lands forbidden sight,  
And sometimes written words will burn as bright  
As if the angry guard were never set.

So still some crafty exiles will reclaim  
Fragments of Eden lingering in their art,  
Recapture still some glory from the blame  
And grains of bounty for their piteous part—  
Yet learn the terrible pangs, the righteous aim  
Of the swift angelic sword upon the heart!

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR  
in *The Commonweal*





## HOW SMALL OWL WAS BRAVE

AND THE letter that comes after C," continued Padre Carlos in his patient voice.

Small Owl put down the table leg he was carving and looked at his bare feet. He could not answer right away. What did come after C? The heat of the early afternoon California sun shimmered on the brown mud arches of the cloister, pierced through the live oak they were sitting under and made him drowsy. Little gusts of the east wind tingled his nose with the good smell of that red fuzzy fruit on the trees in the patio garden. Siesta time was hardly over; Tuhmaga, the bee, buzzed lazily by. Small Owl raised his head and looked into the eyes of the brown gowned figure.

"Z, Padre?"

"San Francisco!" moaned the good Padre, "will you never remember? Two weeks we have been working on this alphabet. It is D as in Deo!" The Padre's pudgy hand rubbed a three day stubble on his fat chin. "But come," he sighed as the deep tones of a bell rang out. "It is time for office in the chapel." He heaved himself to his feet and went slapping his sandals over the adobe bricks toward the chapel door. Small Owl followed him as noiselessly as the deer.

'Deo', Small Owl muttered to himself. He sighed, why oh why could they not understand that the Great



Spirit would be very angry with him, Small Owl, if he did not return to his tribe in time for Keepakasekah, the rites which make young boys braves. The Padres were kind, but they wanted him to believe such strange things. They had told him that the figure on the crossed sticks in the chapel was Deo, and that he was the only supreme being and ruler of all. This puzzled Small Owl. The spirit ruler was Runi, the North Star, and surely the padres must know that two great chiefs cannot rule the same land. Chief Marin, the brave leader of his own Lucatuit tribe had fought off *all* other tribes who had wanted to camp on the hills and in the valley of Wintun.

Chief Marin was brave, oh so brave. The arrows he shot went straight and far. He was like an arrow himself—so straight and tall and strong. Not a muscle of Chief Marin's mouth twitched when, as the last part of his Keepahkasekah, he had been put into the pit swarming with fierce stinging red ants. Chief Marin had kept a long fast too, and the Tolache root had shown him that his spirit protector was a great one—Yaogah, the bear.

Padre Carlos was not like an arrow, he was like a round stone. Chief Marin made no noise at all when he walked. Padre Carlo's sandals made noise where ever he went. Chief Marin could make a canoe go like lightning and he caught many fish. Padre Carlos had

a hard time making a canoe go even slowly and he used two paddles, one in each hand. His canoe did not go straight and he did not catch many fish. To be like Padre Carlos would never help a boy to make his Keepahkasekah.

Padre Carlos opened the chapel door; the iron hinges squeaked as they stepped inside and the smell of damp earth felt good to Small Owl. Padre dipped his finger tips in the stone holy water font and piously crossed himself. Small Owl docilely dipped his grubby fingers in after him and made the sign as he had been taught. He often wondered if Deo was not a water god—every time he came into the chapel he must dip his fingers in water and once a week the Padres sent him and the rest of the boys down to the water's edge and made him get wet all over and rub himself with amole, the soap root, to please Deo. Now Padre Carlos went up to the end of the hall to kneel with the Padres near the great table where he opened his brown book. Small Owl walked to the center and knelt with the rest of the Indian boys. He was the youngest boy, and the only one from his tribe. All the others could read and they were reading from little brown books something like the Padres'.

Small Owl stared at the great table. It had three big fern-like leaves carved on the front of it. On top there was that little box with the piece of cloth hanging



over the front of it. On either side of it stood two great torch holders of carved wood, and many little ones besides. The wood was polished 'till it shone like the wet sea-otter. He had wanted to touch the wood one day but the Padre had said 'no'. Right above the cloth-covered box was a large pair of the crossed sticks that looked like his tribe's symbol for the Great Spirit, the North Star, Runi. The figure of the man with few clothes—more like an Indian brave—was fastened by great thorns through his hands to the stick that went sideways. Small Owl figured that Deo had had to let himself be fastened to the North Star as part of his Keepakasekah. He wondered if he had been very brave. It looked as if someone had cut him with a knife too, like the one he used for carving, for there was a great hole in his side. If that was Deo though, he looked quite dead. Perhaps the Padres worshiped the spirits of the dead chiefs. His people believed that their chiefs' souls ascended to the sky as stars.

Small Owl wiggled restlessly. One knee was beginning to ache. He moved so that it was on a flatter part of the stone floor, and shifted more weight to the other knee.

Why must the Padres hunch over in such an uncomfortable position for so long when they worshiped Deo who, they told him, was the only supreme being

of all. Small Owl's people stood straight and tall with their arms outstretched and their faces raised when they talked to the Great Spirit.

The Padres were droning softly. The other boys were still reading from their brown books.

It had been four moons now since two Padres had come early in the morning to the camp ground of the Lucatuits, his people. The Padres had led by a leather thong, a strange furry, grey, four-legged beast with great long ears and a pack on its back. They had pointed to themselves and made the sound 'Padre'. Then they had made it known by signs with their hands and a few words that his tribe understood that the Padres wanted some of his people to come to live with them and learn their ways. There had been wonder in the eyes of his people at the appearance of these men with short hair and many garments who led a strange beast, but daring flamed in the heart of Small Owl. Each boy of his tribe was to look for some such chance to test his bravery and endurance before he was to be put through the tribal Keepahkasekah that he might become a young brave.

As Small Owl was thinking these thoughts, the grey beast had stuck its head forward, and laying its ears back, had drawn the skin from its yellow teeth and had made an awful noise which had echoed back from the hills. Small Owl had been terrified but while the

other boys had stolen away behind the tepees, he alone had stepped forward and said that he would go with the Padres. By daring to live with such a beast and the men who kept it, he would prove great bravery. The rest of the tribe including Nisuna, his father, and Naku, his mother, opened their eyes wider showing their wonder at him.

When Small Owl had gone a short way with the two Padres who led the grey beast, he had glanced back and had seen the whole tribe silently watching his departure from the hilltop.

The journey to the mud buildings of the Padres had taken two full days travel. That first day Small Owl watched every sign along the way with care, watched the grouping of clusters of oak trees, watched the bends and turns in the river—'Rio' the Padres called it. Small Owl watched all the turns, for he wanted to know how to find his way back, for his Keepakasekah would come in four moons.

He had also watched the strange actions of the Padres. As the sun climbed to the top of the sky, they stopped, tied the grey beast to a tree, made a sign with one hand across their face and chest and then had made sounds like little drums muttering in that language which he could not understand. The rhythmical sounds that they used when they were kneeling were not just the same as those they spoke to each



other . . . after they had given him some dried maize and beans to eat when the sun was at the top of the sky, they lay down under a tree and slept 'till the sun had moved down nearer the tree tops. He had sat by them watching the grey beast warily. Then when they had awakened, they had made signs and knelt on the hillside again, and had droned in their language for a long time.

Small Owl watched the landmarks all afternoon. That night he had lain awake long after the Padres had started gently snoring. He could see the outline of the grey beast against the sky.

The next morning before they started, the Padres took from the pack that the grey beast carried, a silver piece shaped like a half hollow ball, two little shiny objects which looked as if they had water in them, and a thick piece of hide which opened into many thin layers at a touch of their hand. Then they had taken out a pair of crossed sticks with a figure of a man stretched out on them. It was a little one like the big one over the table in the chapel. Small Owl had noticed then, how the sticks looked like his tribe's symbol for the Great Spirit, the North Star, Runi. It had given him a feeling that perhaps the Padres knew some things he did. He had tried to ask them about the sticks, but they did not understand him. So then he had pointed to the sky and they had looked sur-



prised, then pleased, and had patted him on the back. Then they had set the sticks with the man attached to them up against a tree and had gone through many strange motions, making sounds over the silver and the opened hide. They ate and drank a little too. At last they packed all the things away and, after they had all eaten some dried maize and beans, they loaded the pack on the grey beast, and had gone on again.

As they had rounded a mountain he had recognized Tamalpa lying on the mountain tops. He had heard often about her from the braves of his tribe. By the time there was no shadow from the trees they reached the top of one last mountain, and there below lay Muni Mini, a great water, which sparkled in the sunlight. Looking beyond he had seen land far across on the other side. Then they had gone down the hill and at the water's edge they had met two more Padres who had a Mutoma, (canoe) but it was unlike any he had ever seen. It was made of wood that was flat on both sides and had been fastened together. It had flat wood for seats too. The paddles looked like none he had seen, and they had four of them. The Padre at the end of the canoe nearest the land held the thong of the grey beast in his hand. Two of the Padres had taken two paddles each and had made the canoe start over the water. It must have been hard for them; they had grunted. The grey beast, towed behind, sank

until only his head was above water. His eyes showed white and he made terrible noises the whole way over—like a pack of evil spirits. They had arrived at the opposite shore when grey dusk had almost left the sky to the stars. The Padres tied the canoe to a post in the sand and had all gone up to the top of a little hill, leading the grey beast behind them. There, Small Owl first saw the mud houses.

Now in the chapel the walls seemed to be closing in on him and smothering him. Would the Padres never finish with their droning? He shifted the weight on his knees again. This was the day on which he must start back to his tribe.

If he did not go today, he would be too late for the Keepahkasekah. Every night since the day he came four moons ago, he had watched the stars before going to bed. Yes, this was surely the last day. As it was, he would have to run all night to cover that distance which had taken them two days coming. His muscles ached at the thought. The Padres did not understand though he had tried to explain to them for several days now. They had smiled, but there had always been the little shelf that he was carving for the small bottles that they used in worshipping the figure of Deo on the crossed sticks. He had finished the shelf but yesterday they had told him to make carved legs for a little table. They could not understand that if

he didn't return in time for the Keepakasekah that the Great Spirit would be very angry. The Great Spirit had the winds and thunder and sun and rain at his command.

The Padres rose from their prayers, their leather sandals creaking, and filed slowly out the side door. Small Owl followed to the cloister and went up to Padre Carlos.

"Padre," he spoke haltingly, half in his tongue, half in the Padre's, "Padre, I must return to my people. I must leave now, today, for in one sun I must be tested for bravery with the other boys of my tribe, so that I may become a brave."

Padre Carlos' placid forehead wrinkled and he rubbed his chin with his hand. "Well perhaps, in a few days. You still have two more legs to make for the carved table. Surely that must be finished in time for the feast of San Francisco, and you will know your letters by then. Run get the one you were working on as we sat under the oak tree in the patio and we will go sit in the work shop where the heat is not so great."

Small Owl walked slowly over to the tree to pick up the knife and unfinished leg. How he wished that he might run right out of the gateway, but that would not be an honorable thing to do, to leave in front of a man's eyes. He sighed and followed Padre Carlos down the arcade. They passed two old Indians, Juan



and Pedro, who were sitting with their backs against the wall weaving baskets. Padre Carlos smiled at them and asked how the work was going . . . Small Owl looked at them wonderingly. They no longer had thoughts of bravery. He could see in his mind's eye many moons from now other Indian boys doing the same things as these two. There was no test of strength here at the mission—it was only obeying the Padre's orders of when to rise and eat and kneel and work and go to bed. Even the burro had ceased to frighten him, for he was tame, too. Was this the sort of life a brave should lead? He longed to do things in his people's way again . . .

Padre Carlos walked through the door of the empty workshop, settled himself on a bench near the door and opened his little brown book. Small Owl drooped dejectedly on the floor beside him. Would Padre ask him about those puzzling letters again? Small Owl had not minded using his skill in making this table for the kind Padres, but why those hard letters, one after another?

Padre Carlos coughed gently. Small Owl picked up the knife and started carving. The oak chips fell softly about his feet like dry leaves that would fall soon now.

A wisp of his black hair fell into his eyes. He smoothed it back glancing furtively at the Padre as he did so. Padre was reading to himself now from the



little brown book, his lips forming each word carefully. Small Owl stayed bent over his carving. If only I knew who my spirit protector is, he thought, I could call upon him to come to my aid. Oh, coyote, is it you? Or is it you, mountain lion? Or perhaps you, owl? Never had he felt smaller or more alone. The mud walls of the work room stifled him like the folds of a thick blanket . . . A low buzzing sound caught his ear. He turned his head ever so little and glanced at Padre Carlos. The little brown book had fallen to his lap and his fat chin was resting on his chest. Padre was asleep! Surely it would not be dishonorable to leave now. The Padre would not see him go.

Small Owl laid the half carved stick down. He slid to his feet quickly and stuck the knife firmly under his belt.

"Padre," he said softly as breathing, "Padre Carlos, I must leave you. Do not be angry with me. Here, I will make you the sign of the North Star Deo. Maybe then you will understand."

Small Owl crossed the room silently and returned with another of the sticks to be carved for a table leg. He placed it softly on the bed of wood chips at the Padre's feet and laid the half carved stick across it. Then he sped through the open door, out from under the arcade, across the patio and through the open gate.

E. G. L. '52

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